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FRANK EDWARDS: The Plot to Silence Me

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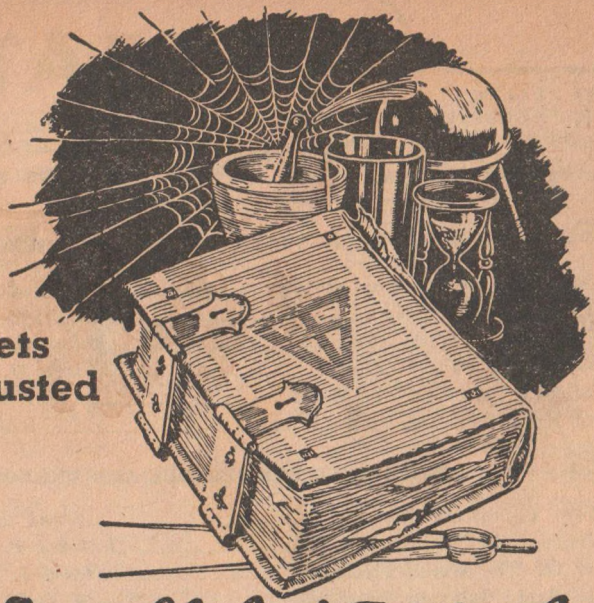
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THE STATUES OF EASTER

● Some time ago a French explorer, Compte D. de Chasseloup Labat, stood in a canyon in the Hogger Mountains of North Africa. The river which had cut the canyon was dry. High on a cliff overhead were carved two gigantic figures of men which seemed strangely familiar.

"Where have I seen similar figures before?" Labat asked himself. And then he knew: they looked like the statues of Easter Island. Ahead of the carved figures, as if leading the way, was a good luck bird.

Based on a chain of such coincidences, Anthropolgist Thor Heyerdahl, who last year ended nearly a year of excavation and exploration on Easter Island, has come up with what he believes is a unique theory on the migration of the residents of Easter.

Heyerdahl has by no means finalized his theory. He is still waiting for correlation of the data he produced, including results of the Carbon 14 tests. And in all probability he will announce the findings of his expedition in a forthcoming book.

However, he has already revealed enough to indicate the broad outlines of his revolutionary ideas.

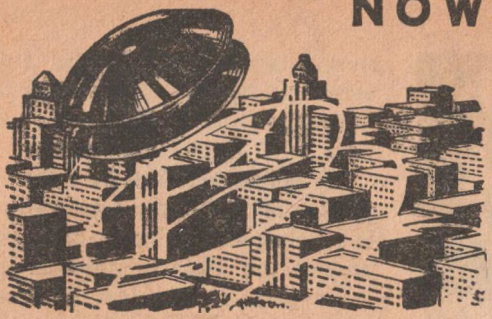


● Heyerdahl believes that more than 2,000 years ago a strange race of tall, red-haired, bearded, thin-nostrilled white men set forth from the vicinity of the Canary Islands and either sailed or drifted across the Atlantic to America.

Legend traces them in Mexico, where they were welcomed as gods. Heyerdahl thinks he has traced them down through South America to Peru and beyond. He believes they crossed the Pacific in balsa rafts and colonized Polynesia.

The gigantic ruins of Tiahuanaco

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near Lake Titicaca in the Andes were left by this race, Heyerdahl believes. Inca legends say they were built by "white men."

He points out that the only decoration of the Easter Island figures is a belt which is invariably carved around the figure's stomach. The same belt is also carved around every statue in the Titicaca ruins, Heyerdahl declares.

He points out the similarity of the statues to the huge monoliths left in the South American jungles. He says the narrow noses and thin lips of the Easter statues were obviously modeled on Caucasian ideals. He thinks the pointed chins indicated beards, and believes that the red hats or wigs, which all the statues originally wore, were meant to indicate reddish hair.

Heyerdahl also reports that when the Dutch Admiral Jacob Roggeveen discovered Easter Island in 1722 he found many "white men" among the natives.

THE VIKINGS OF NIPIGON

● On May 24, 1930, James Dodd, a prospector and railroad worker reported finding on the shores of Lake Nipigon in Canada historic remains which seemed to prove that the Vikings had visited this section of North America.

While dynamiting for gold near Beardmore, Dodd said, he turned

up the relics among the roots of a tree. They consisted of the remains of a sword, a rattle and an axhead.

For a quarter of a century the Beardmore relics were accepted as evidence that Northmen penetrated the heart of North America 1,000 years ago. Now the Royal Ontario Museum has reopened the whole case and has launched intensive studies of the find.

Dr. A. D. Tushingham, director of the museum's division of archeology, wants answers to two questions:

1. Are the relics genuine?

2. Were they carried to the site by a true Viking or were they planted there?

A field force of archeologists and scientists will go to the site of the discovery in the late spring—as soon as the ground has thawed sufficiently to excavate. Fresh affidavits are being taken from persons still living who have first-hand knowledge of the circumstances. Dodd himself is dead.

The relics, meanwhile, are being subjected to spectographic, x-ray and analytical chemical tests. Swedish scientists are being asked to supply data. Two ancient Viking swords are being studied for comparison; one was found in the River Thames in England, the other in the River Seine in France.

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the rattle appears to be a talisman, known as a rangel, which many Norsemen carried.

"If we can establish beyond reasonable doubt that both the relics and the site are genuine then we shall have proof that the Norsemen explored thousands of miles farther to the south and west in North America than their routes are at present known," Dr. Tushingham told the North America Newspaper Alliance.



MORE MAYA RUINS

● Russ Leadabrand, a columnist for the Pasadena, Calif., *Independent,* reports news of an unusual new archeological discovery in Mayaland. Leadabrand's source is the *Pemex Travel Club Bulletin,* published by Petroleos Mexicanos.

At Palenque, down a staircase of 43 steps, is a passage way. At the end of the passageway is an enormous flagstone. Through a narrow opening at the base of the flagstone archeologists were able to crawl into a large room.

The walls of the room are fantastically decorated with bas reliefs. In the center is an enormous altar. Within the room were found beautiful obsidian and jade figurines and other artifacts.

If this is indeed a new discovery it is one of the most unusual in recent years.

RING OF STEEL

● Leadabrand also reports this story. Does anyone have information as to its truth?

He says that an acquaintance told him that there exists in Sweden a gigantic steel ring about a mile in diameter, about two feet thick and four feet high, projecting out of the earth atop a mountain. After thousands of years, the ring is unrusted and uncorroded.

Within the ring, it is reported, grow kinds of shrubbery not seen anywhere else in the vicinity—possibly not in the world.

Sounds like a fairy tale. But if true, no lathe the earth ever saw or ever will see turned out such a ring.



RANDY ECKMAN DIED

● A year ago, in February, 1956, seven-year-old Randy Eckman, with the good wishes and prayers of America behind him, flew to Lourdes with his mother to see if a miracle could cure him of leukemia.

The miracle was not to be. Shortly after 11 a. m. on Sunday, February 3, Randy's grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Lanning, was with the little boy in his room at Chicago's Mt. Sinai Hospital. Randy asked Mrs. Lanning to call his mother.

Mrs. Eckman rushed into the



Evidence of a lost civilizaton that once existed in the heart of the Sahara, the above is one of the 400 reproductions of cave paintings recently brought back by the French explorer, Henri Lhote, who discovered them in the Tassili des Ajjer Mountains. Painting depicts a witch doctor or divinity with superimposed figures. Both Negroid and European types are represented in the cave paintings, the oldest of which appear to have been done 10,000 years ago. According to M. Lhote, 10,000 paintings remain to be copied and studied. They are concentrated in what once were densely populated communities and are evidence of a highly developed agricultural society in an area now considered unfit for human habitation. New York *Times* photo.

room. Randy was sitting up. "I ran to help him," Mrs. Eckman said. "I took him and held him. He just went to sleep."

Randy died exactly one year to the hour after he had bathed in the waters of the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.

WEEPING, BLEEDING STATUES

● At opposite ends of the nation, recently, strange things happened to religious statues.

In January a cedarwood Madonna in a small art gallery in Sausalito, Calif., across the bay from San Francisco, began to "weep".

According to Mrs. Frances Needham of the Marin Art Gallery, an elderly man on crutches viewed Madonna for some time, then asked permission to kiss it.

About two hours later Mrs. Needham noticed a thin yellowish fluid was flowing from the statue's right eye.

Mrs. Clara Bass, who carved the Madonna, believes that the tears may have been resin from a pocket in the wood which flowed because of the room's heat. Regardless, visitors soon began to pour into the art gallery for spiritual aid from the weeping madonna.

Across the nation—in Brooklyn, N. Y.,—tears formed in the right eye and blood dripped from the hands of a statue of Christ in the home of Jose Luis Incarnacion, at 201 Seigel Street. More than 5,000 persons trooped through the house in a two-day period in February.

"I was lighting a candle in front of the statue," Incarnacion explained. "Suddenly I saw a tear form in the right eye of the statue.

"Almost at the same time I saw the wounds of Christ's hands start bleeding. Then I saw the wounds get bigger and bigger . . ."

SOMETHING NEW ON MARS

● It takes a long time for astronomical observations to get out. For instance, on June 3, 1956, Robert S. Richardson was peering through the 60-inch Mt. Wilson telescope.

In February, 1957, the Astronomical Society of the Pacific got around to publishing his observations. Then the Associated Press picked up the yarn and shot it around the U. S. in minutes.

What Richardson saw was a network of irregular blue lines running through the bright red desert areas of the planet Mars. The observation was fleeting and Richardson noted several other details as the planet approached the earth but he did not see the strange blue lines again.

They were probably canals, Richardson reports. But they were different from the long, straight

lines heretofore seen by astronomers.

A FINE SAUCER SIGHTING

● The December issue of *FATE* carried Aime Michel's story on the Bocaranga sightings in Africa. Recently we received a letter from Paul T. Collins of Pasadena, Calif., with a detailed report of a very similar sighting he made on November 24, 1952, about 48 hours after the famous Bocaranga sightings.

Here is the report Collins made to the U. S. Air Force on November 27, 1952 — three days after his sighting:

"At approximately 3:48 p. m. Monday, November 24, 1952, as I sat in my car, parked on Sperry Street, beside the plant of Timm Industries, Inc., 5245 San Fernando Road, Los Angeles, I saw four spherical objects approaching from the northwest at an altitude I could not estimate, though my first impression was that they were not much over 2,000 feet high, and were fairly close (about two miles).

"The day was unusually clear, and the spheres were either emitting light of their own or else the bright western sun was reflected on their sides as they cruised in formation. in a direction which appeared generally eastward or southeastward.

"One sphere was flying out in front of the other three which were about equally spaced from each other. As they passed in front of me in a westerly direction, an Air Force two-engined bomber crossed in front of me in a westerly direction, between me and the spheres.

"At the moment when the bomber and the spheres appeared to meet and pass I would estimate the bomber to have been only about 15 seconds flying time from the Grand Central Air Terminal (although it was not descending for a landing there), and its altitude at about 1500 feet.

"If the pilot, or anyone on the right side of the bomber had been looking in the direction of the spheres they could not have missed seeing them, but the plane continued steadily toward the west. From where I sat, the spheres (all apparently identical in size) each *appeared* to be about as large as a nacelle on this bomber, but since the spheres were above the crest line of the Verdugo Mountains I cannot even guess their actual size."

THE CHANGED SHAPE

● "I got out of my car, keeping the spheres in sight all the time, and soon after the apparent meeting of the bomber and the spheres which were almost due north of

me at that moment, the spheres seemed to change shape slightly and to appear somewhat flattened or eliptical in shape. They seemed now to diminish in brilliance and size (probably due to a very slight haze in the north and northeast and also the rapidly increasing distance between me and the spheres), and turned somewhat northeasterly in direction and disappeared above Glendale and the Verdugo Mountains in a burst of speed so great that it seemed as though they practically melted into thin air.

"I could not distinguish any exhaust, nor was there anything like a vapor trail. Their movement was noiseless as far as I could determine, but the noise of the bomber could have drowned out any noise from the spheres while it was in my vicinity.

"The color of the spheres was gray, and duller than aluminum, though they seemed to have a peculiar lustre. Although they were plainly visible I could not discern any detail such as windows, exhaust ports, or any kind of power plant. If there were windows or other details they were too distant for me to distinguish. When I first saw them the spheres appeared to be cruising at about 200 miles per hour, but I could not make a careful or reasonable estimate of their altitude or size. It is impossible to guess what their actual speed was. The sighting lasted approximately one minute."



THREE OTHER WITNESSES

● "This sighting was corroborated by Al Manasero, an aircraft inspector, and another man, both of whom work, as I do, at Timm Industries. (*Editor's note*: *Since this report was sent in to USAF, two other men are willing to give their names to corroborate the sighting. They are Ralph Hicks and Charles Plant.*)

"Several of us watched for a few minutes, but the 'unidentified objects' did not return, or at least we did not see them again. . . .

"It is impossible for these spheres to have been weather balloons, because of the tremendous speed with which they disappeared. I have seen weather balloons, meteors, countless numbers of meteorites, fantastic displays of the aurora borealis, and various other strange astronomical phenomena, and this sighting could not possibly be confused with such phenomena, nor could it have had anything to do with lights reflected from objects moving on the ground or in the air, or with vague "blobs" of light caused by a contact of layers of air with different temperatures.

"I have been watching the skies for 40 years from Canada to Mexico, and from coast to coast, but

this is the first time I have ever seen anything that could be definitely put in the so-called flying saucer category." —*Paul T. Collins.*



WHAT IS TIME?

● One of our favorite mysteries is time. In Dunne's famous *"Experiment with Time"*, he proved to his own satisfaction, at least, that the human mind (or memory, if you prefer) can move forward in time as well as backward.

An equal mystery is the paradox arising from Einstein's Theory of Relativity. It is called the "time dilation effect."

Einstein's theory says that time is variable. The rate at which it passes depends upon the speed of the observer. If an observer should approach a speed nearly equal to the speed of light time would stand nearly still.

At the speed of light itself—which theoretically is unobtainable —time ceases to exist.

But if an observer were to embark upon a star journey at 99 per cent of the speed of light — which is theoretically possible and may happen some day—time would be slowed nearly 90 per cent. A man might be gone on a trip into space which would seem to take him only two years — but to the people left behind him on Earth he would have been gone 20 years.

REPORT FROM NEW ZEALAND

● The majority of Americans are no longer skeptical about UFO's. Not so observers on the other side of the world. The following reports reached us from New Zealand via John H. Andrews of Paradise, Pa. They aren't new; they occurred on September 4, 1956.

The sightings began at 6:42 p.m. when Squadron-Leader K. B. Smith, commanding officer of No. 40 Squadron, was coming in to land at Hastings, near Auckland, N. Z. Squadron-Leader Smith, incidentally, was a member of the Queen's Flight during the Royal tour.

He saw a glowing object with a white nose flash across the sky heading northward from Devonport.

"I was at 500 feet when I saw it," Squadron-Leader Smith said. "I kept it in sight until I touched down.

"At first I thought it was a jet, but then I realized it was not. The thing was travelling a horizontal plane, at a fantastic speed."

Squadron-Leader O. Stapel also saw the object.

Reports came in from all over the area.

A gang of longshoremen (they call 'em "watersiders" in New Zealand) was loading the Mataroa at Queen's Wharf in Auckland. They

said they saw an object with "about four windows in the side" traveling west across the harbor from Devonport. They said it was cigar-shaped with blue flame shooting from the rear.

Other observers mostly agreed the object was flying very low—maybe only 500 to 1,000 feet high, had a white light in front and a reddish or pinkish or orangeish tail. Everyone agreed that it was flying straight and level.

One of the most detailed descriptions came from Bert Thomson, a farmer of Kaponga, near New Plymouth. Thomson estimated the object to be 70 feet long, 30 feet wide and to be flying at 300 to 400 m. p. h. at around 1,500 feet. He said it passed over his farm about 1:30 A. M., when he got up to administer to a sick animal. He heard a hissing sound, and saw a white light followed by a blue light.

As the noise and lights came closer, Thomson said, he was able to make out the outline of the object. He said it had a turretlike "glass" nose, from which the white light came, delta-like rounded wings, a larger glass turret on the middle of the main body, from which the blue light came, and a tapering tail that he could not see.

If Mr. Thomson's object was the same as that reported by Squadron-Leader K. B. Smith, then he had one of the closest views of a UFO ever reported. He could see no wheels or markings on the object and claims he has "two perfectly good eyes."

Whatever the object may have been, there was no doubt about its identity in the mind of R. A. McIntosh, president of the Auckland Astronomical Society. You know what Mr. McIntosh said it was! He said it was "obviously a meteor."—*Curtis Fuller*

THIRTEEN WINNERS

JACK PIPE, 35, spent 13 quarters to buy 13 tickets in three different raffles in Brantford, Ont., Can. The result staggered professional odds-makers. Each of Pipe's 13 tickets won him a turkey: nine at the Shrine Club, three at the Canadian Order of Foresters and one at the RCAF Association.

THE PLOT TO SILENCE ME

The TV film on UFO's was ready for showing. A major network was interested—then the brass curtain fell.

By Frank Edwards

Editor's Note: Frank Edwards, the former Mutual Broadcasting System commentator, was probably the best known reporter of UFO phenomena in the United States when he was fired by his sponsor three years ago. Here, in this second of a series of exclusive articles, Edwards tells why he was fired—and he tells for the first time how the military tried to silence him. Don't miss future articles in this series by Frank Edwards!



AS I WRITE this article, the hillside which sweeps away from my study window is lightly brushed with moonlight. The jet pursuit planes are especially active. I can't see them, even in the moonlit sky, but their unmistakable express-train rumble leaves no doubt as to what they are.

Nor does the rash of reports of strange unidentified objects in the skies in this part of the nation leave any doubt why the jets are suddenly so active.

During the several years in which I was a commentator on the Mutual Broadcasting System I reported saucer sightings which in my opinion came from credible and competent witnesses.

Since the airline pilots were among the groups which sponsored my program I had access to the men who fly our thousands of commercial planes and they fre-

quently contacted me after they had sighted some of these things which the Air Force chooses to call "Unidentified Flying Objects."

My lot as the news commentator for the American Federation of Labor was not a happy one. My audience was tremendous and my relations with the AFL rank and file members were excellent but the president of that organization disliked me and as my popularity grew his dislike increased.

In fairness to him I think I should make it plain that he never at any time tried to suppress my reports on UFO's; the unpleasantness which existed between the president of the AFL and me was largely the result of my determination not to be pressured into making statements which I knew to be nothing more than propaganda. By the summer of 1954 a break had become inevitable; I sent in my resignation to the entire executive board on August 11 and three days later I was notified that I had been fired.

In a press conference on the subject of my severance from their radio program, the president of the AFL said that he had fired me because "he talked too much about flying saucers!" I knew, as he did, that this was not the reason.

In that summer of 1954 I was the only nationwide news source from which the public could get an occasional UFO report. I broadcast only 17 such brief reports in eight and a half months of 1954. But this included the devastating expose that 1954 was the heaviest sighting year on record (according to Air Technical Intelligence at Wright Field) although on that same day the Brass Curtain boys in the Pentagon were saying officially that there were virtually no sightings at all!

Shortly after I left the network I joined the staff of Hullinger Productions, a film organization that was making television movies at the sound studios of American University in Washington, D. C. Our first production was a half-hour film with the provocative title "What Do You Think?" which dealt with unidentified flying objects. As moderator of the fracas I was able to select the manpower for the panel. Willy Ley and Johnathan Leonard, science editor of *Time* magazine, opposed Maj. Donald Keyhoe and Capt. William Nash of Pan American Airlines.

The participants were keenly interested in their respective viewpoints and they did such a slam-bang job that we completed the entire film in one continuous take, a very unusual achievement for that type of production.

When the film was ready for showing the producer took it to New York and ran it for the ex-

ecutive of one of the biggest film booking outfits in the television field. They were enthusiastic in their comments—so much so that the president of the company instructed the sales manager to arrange personally for showing it to the networks.

When could we deliver the balance of the 26 films in the series?

The producer contacted the various scientists who had contracted to appear and sent word to the New York booking office that we could deliver the films for fall showing.

Then the brass curtain came down with a bang.

A major television network saw the films and decided they were good Sunday afternoon fare. Three days later they served notice that they "could not make the time available." A week later the booking office returned the film to us and sent a brief note to the effect that they had contacted all the networks and had found them uninterested.

The producer was bewildered by the sudden chill after the initial warm reception. I wasn't. I knew that certain disgruntled figures in the Pentagon were determined that I should not be able to reach the public through any broadcasting network. Thus I was not surprised when our film series on the *verboten* subject was squelched.

What would they do next?

The answer came quickly. They would offer me a job!

For several years I had known that my private, unlisted phone was tapped. Phone tapping in the nation's capitol is one of the major industries. A great deal of it can be justified under the guise of national security, which covers a multitude of sins. A great deal of it is nothing more than sheer cussedness.

At any rate, my phone was tapped and I knew it. Newsmen who called me never identified themselves because they knew I could recognize their voices anyway. When Major Keyhoe and I talked we were careful to say nothing which we would not want recorded at the Pentagon and upon occasion we were equally careful to say some things which the Pentagon would not want recorded, either! Wire-tapping is a double-edged weapon upon occasion.

With the inside information on my activities, apparently gained by tapped telephone wires, those on the other end of the line knew that I was working on a program to sell tape recordings to stations all over the country. If that happened they would be outmaneuvered again. Just to annoy them I had several friends make fake long distance calls to order my transcriptions for their "stations."

I was not surprised when my phone rang one evening and the caller identified herself as a public relations employee at the Pentagon whom I had met a couple of years before when she was working with a newspaper in the southwest. Would I be interested in a very special job at the Pentagon?

Perhaps. Just what kind of job did she have in mind?

Strangely enough she didn't seem to know except to say that it was *very special*—a consultant position of some sort (and being a consultant at the Pentagon is a ticket on the gravy train!) She inquired if she might report back that I would be willing to discuss the matter?

I assured her that she could. Next day I got a call from a fellow for whom I had long had real respect. Despite a serious physical handicap he had worked his way to a position of considerable responsibility and trust. He had access to the upper echelon at the Pentagon and he had often worked with me in past years to get across to the nation some clarification of reports which had been garbled or distorted. I had helped him and he in return had helped me.

When he phoned me as a sequel to my cryptic conversation with the lady public relations officer he was obviously making a call which he had to make rather than one in which he took pleasure. The manner in which he handled the call was the tip-off to me. Would I please have lunch with General Gamble in reference to the matter which had been brought to my attention the day before?

At the appointed time I was on hand at Willard's Hotel for the luncheon. The fellow who called himself General Gamble brought along a captain who had not been mentioned in the original arrangements. It was all right with me for I was going to record our conversation on a tiny wire recorder strapped under my arm and I had the feeling that the captain was there for the same purpose.

"General Gamble" got right down to business. Would I be interested in accepting a high level job with the Defense Department?

I replied that I would have to know more about it and I made it plain that I was not only doing all right financially but that I expected to do even better by selling tape-recorded programs to radio stations across the country. Just what sort of job did he have in mind?

The "General" was a bit vague on that. It was a very important task that he had in mind, so he said, and one I could do well.

No amount of probing on my part could induce him to go into detail. The job was important, period.

Did it involve national security? I asked.

Indeed it did, he assured me. I would be virtually my own boss, doing the job pretty much as I pleased. In case I had to travel I could fly in military planes for free, etc. Next to finding money this seemed like the easiest way to get it. How much? Eighteen-thousand-five-hundred per year, at least, although that could be increased by the addition of certain allowances if I found it necessary.

He evidently figured that I was taking the bait because he was beginning to smile. "General Gamble" was pleased with himself.

"And this job is part of our national security?"

"It certainly is," he replied.

"Very well then," I said. "I want to contribute whatever I can to such an important activity . . . . so I will just do the job for nothing a year!"

His jaw dropped. The "General" hadn't expected such a turn and he was unprepared for it.

"But you can't do the job for nothing, Mr. Edwards! We want to pay you."

I assured the gentleman that I was not only willing but insistent that I do the job, whatever it was, for free, as a contribution to our national security. Was he certain that I could do the job? Why?

The "General" then did a strange thing—he turned to the captain and nodded for him to take over.

The captain assured me that this job was a most unusual one. It would take me into some out of the way places and I would see some things I had never seen before. . . .and which few people *had* seen. I would. . .

Just to needle them I interrupted at that point and inquired:

"The things I would see are out of this world aren't they?"

My luncheon companions just looked at each other and neither of them made any effort to reply to the question. I followed it with another:

"How do you fellows know that I have any special qualifications for this job you're talking about?"

"You have shown a lot of interest in it," the "General" replied.

"Have I talked about it a lot—perhaps too much?"

"You have often mentioned it in your broadcasts—that is why we have contacted you."

It was apparent from his attitude that the "General" was not going to be led into giving me any inkling of the nature of the job. He was no longer smiling and I had the feeling that he was about to lose his temper.

The upshot of our conversation was that if they could put me under

contract the job was mine and I would find out more about it after I signed the contract. Would the contract swear me to secrecy? Yes.

I thanked the two officers and parted company with them in the corridor of the Willard. I made no effort to find out who they really were for that would probably have been just so much wasted time. Because of the peculiarly enigmatic approach I cannot be sure just what it was they wanted me to do, if anything. But there can be no mistake about one thing. . .the offer was being made to silence me.

Thus far it hasn't worked.

My duties as news director of a large television station leave little time for making speeches but such time as I have available is booked almost solid. And (wonder of wonders!) the organizations which book me make no bones about it—they want to know the suppressed facts about unidentified flying objects! Two years ago such a thing could not have happened but in those two years many things have taken place which have brought about a change in the attitude of the thinking public.

One of my recent addresses on this topic was made before a joint meeting of Rotary and Kiwanis in a large Midwestern city. It was the biggest turnout they ever had. During the course of the talk I asked those who felt that they had seen unconventional aerial objects please to hold up their hands. Seventeen hands promptly went up, hands belonging to lawyers, doctors, ground observer corps members.

I found after the meeting that one of those who held up his hand had been a former radar technician in charge of the radar at White Sands, N. M., on that historic day when a V-2 rocket took off, pursued by two unidentified flying objects in full view of all the bewildered brass.

At a college convocation program which I addressed on this subject, at their request, the attendance was the highest they ever had. Why? I think because so many of those present were fliers during World War II, men who unhesitatingly held up their hands when I asked how many had seen disc-shaped flying objects of unknown origin in flight.

The frequency with which other national magazines are now carrying "saucer" articles indicates two things: That FATE's pioneering in this field has not been in vain—and that the subject has become "respectable."

The fight to enlighten the public is far from over. The broadcasting networks frequently present crackpots who infest the "saucer" field. The networks seem to have no dif-

ficulty finding time to exhibit characters who make claims of fantastic experiences. But those same networks flatly refuse to permit informed discussion of the subject by qualified authorities.

I call this the technique of sneer and smear.

As a prize example I refer you to a network television program originating on the West Coast one night a few months ago. The announcer was interviewing an astronomer. Time was getting short and the announcer finally came to the last question, for which the astronomer was primed and waiting:

"Have you ever (snicker) seen a flying saucer?"

The astronomer turned full face to the television camera, curled his lip disdainfully and snapped: "No reputable astronomer has ever seen a flying saucer!"

This opens a new line of reasoning—a new yardstick for determining the existence or non-existence of celestial objects. If the astronomers haven't seen them in their telescopes—presto! they don't exist.

It just happens to be a fact that hundreds of commercial airliners fly over this nation every night. It also happens to be a fact that no professional astronomer has ever caught a glimpse of one in the tiny field of his telescope.

Unfortunately, this does not prove that commercial airliners do not exist. But it does prove that some men with big telescopes have small minds.

THE GARDEN OF CROSSES

By Paul Steiner

CORPORAL Teddy Watson, a British soldier killed in combat in 1940 during the British retreat, was buried in a small French cemetery near Dunkirk. But as a result of the confusion of war, no one knew which of the graves was his.

The dead soldier's mother, Mrs. Helen Watson, 72, of Ellerbuck, England, often wished that she were able to locate her son's grave. Recently she dreamed that she entered a garden of sunshine in which were hundreds of white crosses. Walking slowly, she stopped beside one grave and her son appeared.

The dream would not let her rest and she asked authorities to investigate. A short time later she went to Dunkirk and identified the grave plot she had seen in her dream. The War Office had notified her that the grave had been opened at her request and had been found to be her son's. A rosary, cigarette holder and a photograph belonging to the late corporal had been positive evidence.

The Dog Alone Sensed the MURDER

By W. J. Brands

The people at the estate saw nothing frightening about the brick platform—but the dog was terrified of it.

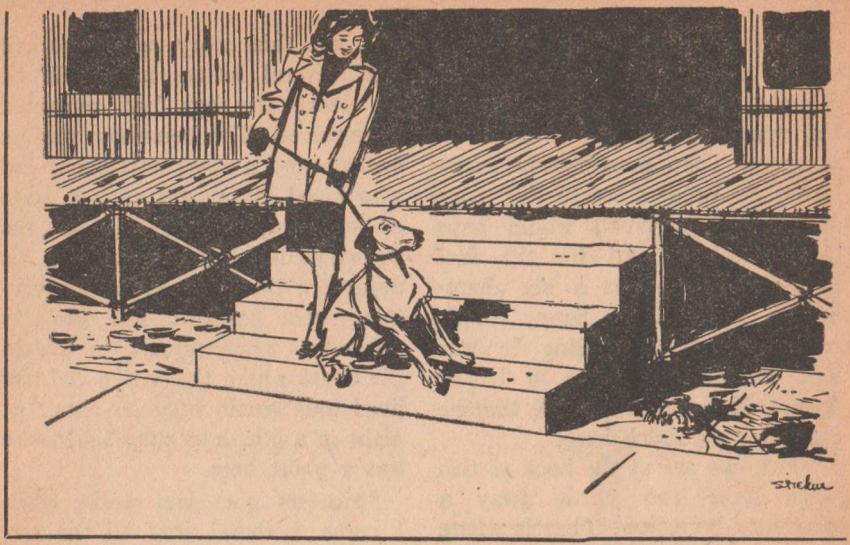
QUITE a party was assembled on the verandah of Purbatkotta bungalow. After October tea manufacture in India stops as the climate gets too cool for the growth of new tea leaves. So this becomes the delightful season for visits, ghymkanas, polo matches, and hunting. I had received my invitation to visit Purbatkotta at a polo match and now stood with Brown, the P. W. D. man, Jack Wedham, of the Police, a number of other tea planters, and our host, Chalk, on the bungalow steps.

An unusual brick platform had attracted the attention of one of the planters and he remarked to the host, "That is rather a posh arrival platform you have there."

"I agree with you," replied Chalk. "But you see the ground all round slopes towards the entrance at the foot of the steps. There must have been a lot of mud there in the rainy season. The funny part about it is that the fellow who built it never saw it finished."

"How did that happen?"

"Wood, who was manager here some six years ago, met a girl at a tennis party on a neighboring estate. She had come out to visit her brother during the cold weather. It proved to be love at first sight for Wood. After the lady had visited here during an out of season rainfall and stepped into a



puddle, he decided to have the platform built. What I tell you now, I heard from the man who followed him as manager here.

"It seems that Wood was sitting in front of the bungalow paying the labor force when the dahk-wallah (the post man) arrived. A pile of letters was placed before him and he glanced at them. One attracted his attention. He hastily opened it, scanned it and then called for pen and paper. He wrote a letter and then called for his houseboy. The lad was instructed to take it immediately to the estate where Wood's lady-love lived and Wood continued the paying.

"When this job, which took more than an hour, was completed Wood called for his buggy, packed a suitcase with some clothes and drove away.

"He never returned here. It seems that the lady's letter was a farewell missive in which she stated that she was returning to England, leaving the same night to catch a river steamer on the way to Calcutta. When Wood arrived at the estate he found that she had left for the Bramaputra ghat. He followed her and finally accompanied her right to Calcutta. There he married the girl and they went on a honeymoon to Darjeeling. It was a mad affair.

"You can imagine what the agents of the estate in Calcutta thought about this elopement—the tea garden was left without a manager. They immediately transferred my predecessor to this place and I believe Wood would have been dismissed but for the fact that his father was a big shareholder. So, when the happy couple returned from Darjeeling he was sent to another estate in Upper Assam. It was just as well that he did not come back here.

"You can see at the back of this place some 100 yards away a miniature bungalow. That is where Wood's native mistress lived. The place is empty now as none of my people wants to live there.

"When Wood's buggy came back from the ghat, incidentally, without the houseboy, this native lady left, vanished completely. Wood sent the manager who followed him here a few hundred rupees to be given to her as compensation for the sudden break, but the manager failed to trace her. All the servants denied knowing where she had gone, so that the money had to be returned to Wood.

"What annoyed my predecessor most was the fact that the houseboy apparently had gone with his master and stayed with him at the new place, even though he belonged to the labor force of Purbatkotta.

"When I took over the estate he told me this story and remarked that several letters asking Wood to return the boy had remained unanswered. The houseboy was an orphan and a most intelligent lad who loved his master and, in spite of being only 15 years old, ran the bungalow like clockwork. After his departure the manager said everything went haywire. The servants refused to stay, refused to live in the house where the native girl had lived and would only go about at night in a bunch as they said there was a ghost here.

"Matters got even worse when I came. I found that all the servants had vanished which obliged me to get a new staff from Dibrughur which proved a costly business, all the more so because they would only remain a month or so and then leave.

"However, the weirdest thing was that their fear seems to have enveloped my dog. He refuses to enter the small house where the native girl used to live and, stranger to say, will not enter the bungalow over this platform this way. That is the animal over there lying under the croton bushes. I will show you."

We all looked into the compound where a big dog was sleeping in the shade of the speckled leaves. Chalk called him.

The animal raised its head and approached slowly. When it reach-

ed the brick platform its hair began to rise and it showed its teeth. Stopping at the edge of the brickwork it would not come further although his master kept calling him. Suddenly the animal turned round, dived under the bungalow, and came padding in through the back entrance.

"How weird," remarked one of the guests. "Have you tried to pull him across the platform?"

"I have. I tied a rope around his neck and pulled him to the platform. When he reached it he went mad. I think that sooner than cross the place, he would have allowed me to strangle him. I never tried it again as I am rather fond of the beast."

"Have you considered that there may be something hidden under the bricks?" I asked.

"I have been rather tempted to look," said Chalk. "But I did not dare dig the place up as my agents might come and find me doing it. I'm afraid they would be displeased at my breaking up a part of the building."

The P. W. D. man studied the work with a professional eye. Then he said, "There are quite a number of deep cracks in the job, where a horse might catch its hoofs. I think you have very good reason for taking the place up. Anyhow, as you have some compunction about it, I can make a suggestion. We have just been rebuilding a culvert on the Rajghur a couple of miles from here. There is a pile of bricks, soorkhee (brickdust used instead of sand) and some cement left over. I was going to leave it there as it would be too costly to cart it back to our store. If you like, you can fetch it from there and replace the platform after you have dug it up."

All the guests acclaimed the idea. Chalk's objections were overruled. He sent for carts to fetch the material while some men were ordered to break up the platform.

As they started on the job and the dust began to rise, our party entered the bungalow and settled down to tiffin.

From outside sounded the hammering and the shouting of the laborers. Then there was a sudden silence followed by excited talk.

Chalk got up, saying, "I wonder what has happened now."

He went out to the verandah, followed by his guests. They found that the men had thrown down their tools. Their leader called out to the manager, "Sahib, there is a dead man here. We cannot continue this work as it is against our caste." He pointed at some bones showing in the hole.

"I shall have to get some Bowhris who don't mind this," said Chalk.

All idea of food was forgotten when the new gang arrived. Under close supervision, the hole that was a grave was carefully excavated. A skeleton lay there, with only a few rotted rags covering it. Among the rags lay a metal emblem such as servants used to wear in their puggarees. This emblem showed Wood's initials.

The visitors were astounded. Had Wood buried one of his men here?

Jack Weedham sent for his police syce and ordered him to stay by the grave. The others excitedly discussed the matter. At last one of them remarked: "I bet you it is the vanished houseboy."

"How could it be? Wood sent him away on his last night here, and we are told that the boy never returned. If he went with his master to the ghat, he could not have been buried here as the job was finished before the syce with the buggy returned," someone else said.

"Leave the matter in my hands now," remarked Weedham. "If I discover anything, I will let you know. I shall leave the sentry here and send another man to take turns at watching the grave. I myself shall have to leave now for the police station and start my investigation."

Some weeks later we learned the result of his work.

During the course of his love affair, Wood used to send letters every day to his inamorata by the boy. In this way the courtship became a matter for discussion among the servants and, evidently, the native mistress was distressed at the affair. She repeatedly told the servants how terrible it would be if a memsahib came to the bungalow to watch them all day long at their work. All the petty thieving and the commission on purchases would cease, she said. She had them thoroughly worked up against the idea of having a white woman in the bungalow. Then came the fateful night when Wood told his houseboy that the memsahib he wished to marry was leaving for Calcutta, and instructed him to hurry with his letter so as to catch her before she left. One of the servants reported the conversation to the native mistress.

The maddened woman sneaked into the big bungalow and got hold of one of Wood's, guns. When the houseboy came past her bungalow with the letter, she forced him at gun point, to enter her home, and ordered him to tear up the letter. The boy refused and hid the missive in his clothes. The crazy woman was threatening to shoot him when some of the other servants who had followed the two into the hut warned her that a shot would surely attract the attention of the master.

She gave a cruel smile and said, "All right, then go."

As the lad turned to leave she slipped a scarf over his neck; pressing her knee into his back she strangled him. In a few minutes the boy slipped dead to the ground.

Then standing at the door with the gun, the girl prevented the onlookers from leaving the house. Only after the master had left, did she allow them to move. She made them carry the boys' body to the open hole in front of the verandah steps. Here it was bricked up in the light of hand lanterns. After the gruesome work was completed murderess and servants bolted.

The next time we saw Weedham we asked him if the native woman had been arrested.

"She is dead," answered the policeman. "What I wrote you I heard second hand. My informant had learned the story from one of the servants who was present at the murder. He told him the woman died a year or so after the murder. My informant cannot tell me what has become of this witness, neither does he know where the other witnesses of the crime have gone. Anyhow, it would be useless to catch them as they could prove that they were forced to act at the mouth of the gun.

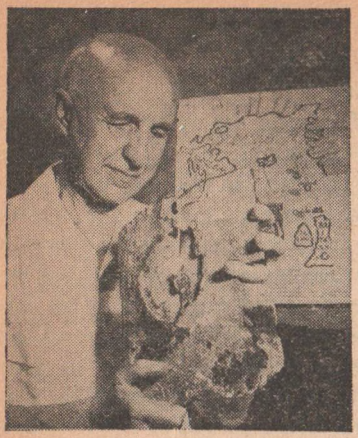
"After all the servants and the native mistress had bolted there was only one informer left in the bungalow, only one who knew where the body was hidden although he came to the bungalow six years after the murder—the dog. Somehow the dog knew!"

NOT A SAFE PLACE

IN SEATTLE, Wash., a snapped cable trapped 19 persons in an elevator for 45 minutes. The place was the Public Safety Building.

DISASTER ON DISASTER DAY

AS HUMBOLDT COUNTY, Calif., neared its annual Disaster Day on December 21, in 1956, a minor earthquake was felt. On December 21, 1955, disastrous floods swept over Humboldt County. On December 21, 1954, an earthquake struck Eureka and the surrounding area in Humboldt County and caused millions of dollars in damage.



Captain Arlington H. Mallery, with some of his archeological trophies.

By Edmond P. Gibson

The geophysical status of Greenland is in question — as the result of an ancient map which may trace back to the maps of a vanished civilization.

IS GREENLAND A CONTINENT?

WHEN CAPTAIN Arlington H. Mallery published the Nicolo Zeno map of Greenland in his book, *Lost America,* in 1951 he offered the map as an unsolved puzzle. Here is a map dating back, on the authority of the Zeno family history, to 1402 which shows the shoreline of Greenland with a mapping accuracy that was unknown at that period. The map is supposed to have been developed from earlier maps. It shows the seas in areas near Greenland which almost certainly have been covered with arctic ice for at least 500 years before the 1402 date. Further, the Zeno map shows land details in Greenland in an area which has been buried beneath a thick glacial sheet presumably for thousands of years. Among other geographical details the Zeno map shows a low area, apparently at about sea level, crossing western Greenland from west to east which is now buried at a great depth below the glacier.

The Zeno map was published in 1558. It has an accuracy paralleled only by maps made by the Phoeni-

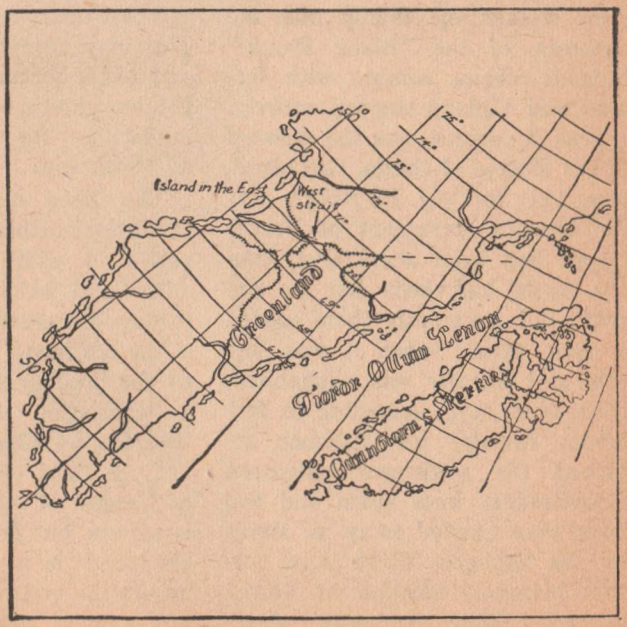
cians, Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians in the pre-Christian era, and by modern geographers working with the most modern surveying instruments. The Middle Ages produced no such accurate maps.

There is no doubt that many of the land features shown on the Zeno map were buried under ice at the time that Gunnbjorn discovered and named the Skerries on the east coast of Greenland.

In 870 Flokki, the Viking, reported ice in one of the northern fiords of Iceland, although at that time the climate was much warmer than it has been any time since. It may be presumed that while southern Greenland was ice free for part of the year at the time Flokki visited Iceland, part of northern Greenland was glacially buried even then. However, the Zeno map details the mountainous parts of the northern area as well as the southern.

Eric the Red, following a family disgrace, settled in Greenland in 983, founding the first Viking colony in that area. At that time the southern and western shores of Greenland were ice free during the

Zeno map dates back to 1402, shows Greenland split into three islands by straits. Copr. 1952 by Capt. Arlington H. Mallery.



short arctic summer and he was able to grow quick-ripening crops. But then, as now, the northeastern and central parts of Greenland were covered by the ice sheet.

After Eric the Red came the permanent Norse colonies of Estribyggd and Vestribyggd. These colonies supported themselves by their rude agriculture, by fishing, by raising cattle, and by uncertain imports from Iceland and Europe. They found some low grade ore and smelted iron in small hearth pit furnaces. However, the climate became increasingly colder in the 14th Century. The colonies grew weaker and finally with the outbreak of the "Black Death," bubonic plague, contact with Iceland and Vinland stopped entirely.

Ivar Bardasson was the steward of the diocese of Garda, Greenland, from 1341 to 1363. He reports that the western settlement of Vestribyggd had been abandoned, that the cattle had been left to run wild. But apparently there ensued a short period when it was less cold and the site was reinhabited, because in 1379, according to Icelandic Annals, the Eskimos attacked the settlement. Eighteen Greenlanders were killed and two boys were carried away as slaves by the Eskimos. There is no further historical mention of Vestribygged. What happened thereafter is a mystery.

The older colony of Estribyggd was cut off from both Iceland and Europe by its lack of ships and by the continual extension of the shore ice that separated the colony from the sea during the entire year. Estribyggd is thought to have perished about 1460 and the Danish archaeological expedition of 1921 found evidence that the Greenlanders suffered from gross malnutrition for more than a century before the few survivors starved to death in 1460. It is thought possible that a few Greenlanders reached the Labrador coast in the middle of the 15th Century and cast their lot with the Eskimos. This may account for the Nordic cast to the features of certain small Eskimo groups to the north of Labrador, and for the blond Eskimos of Steffanson.

The Zeno map shows a long southwest-northeast fiord which varied in width from 50 to 100 miles, and which separated southeastern Greenland from the rest of the continent. Bardasson described the fiord or strait, according to a translation taken from *Lost America,* as follows:

"...a fiord called Ollum Lengri or Longest of All. At its mouth it is narrow, but farther in very wide. Its length is so great that no one knows the end of it. It is tideless, has a great number of small islands in it, and there is a great

abundance of birds and birds' eggs in it. On both sides extend great plains covered with green grass wherever you go....

"In going further eastward toward the glacier, one comes to a large island called Korsoe on which is a general hunting ground of white bears, but not without permission of the bishop, for the island belongs to the Cathedral Church. From this point eastward, nothing presents itself to the eye but ice and snow."

Captain Mallery points out that the glacial ice was then closing the open strait between the Skerries and Greenland. He assumes that Korsoe was the large island at the southern tip of the Skerries, at Latitude 65, and that from this latitude northward the strait shown on the Zeno map already was buried under the glacier. Grain was cultivated in the northern parts of Iceland in the 12th Century but by the end of the 14th Century it could not be grown even in the southern parts of that island.

The Zeno map, which shows the Fiord Ollum Lengri open throughout its length and which details the long east-west depression near Latitude 70, leads one to wonder how anyone who lived at the time Zeno lived could have known these geographical details which even then were buried under arctic ice. Zeno could not have known these things first hand. Skilled mapmakers of an earlier era must have furnished the data from which the Zeno map was drawn.

Mallery feels certain that the Zeno map was at least partially copied from a map used by Bishop Henry of Garda, Greenland, in 1394 when he visited the Faroes Islands. However, the accuracy of the shoreline cannot be explained by reference to any map of that period. The Zeno map shows Greenland as two large islands rather than as a continent. And the seismic soundings of the Expeditions Polaires Francaises, 1949-1953, have shown that the larger island is cut in two by an east-west fiord.

What is known as the Gunnbjorn's Skerries on the Zeno map makes up the southeast island of three, but the southern shore of the Skerries is no longer as Zeno shows it; some of the land has sunk below the ocean level into what is now called Denmark Strait.

In *Lost America* Captain Mallery contends that the Zeno map is certainly based on information acquired at a much earlier period when the arctic was abnormally warm, and when the shoreline and topography was not covered by ice. In an article published in the Chillicothe *Gazette* of March 1, 1952, he stated that he had learned that an ancestor of Nicolo Zeno, one Antonio Zeno, had made a journey

from Venice to Greenland in 1390 and had spent a winter on Gunnbjorn's Skerries. Mallery believes the Antonio may have had access to ancient maps either there or at the Faroes. The maps might have been Celtic, for Celts lived in the Iceland-Greenland area before the coming of the Norsemen and left Celtic placenames behind them. Whatever the sources of the Zeno map it was published in Venice long after the death of Antonio, by a direct descendant of his brother.

Captain Mallery suggests that such accurate map-making prior to 1390 argues that the North Atlantic was explored by a higher civilization than we associate with the Norse of that period, by a civilization that must be associated with the ancient world. Perhaps this also explains the Friseo map of 1605 which was taken from an old Icelandic chart then several hundred years old. The Friseo map has been assumed to belong to the period around 1200 A.D. and contains a fair replica of the Atlantic coast of America north of Maine to Baffin Island. However, it *could not* have been mapped at that period by any known map maker. Where did these accurate old maps originate?

In a recent letter Captain Mallery states that he has found that the Piri Reis map, used by Columbus, contains some of the same features shown on the Zeno map. He suggests that in part they were derived from a common source. Piri Reis ascribed his map to either early Greece or Phoenicia. If this is so the map was drawn in a truly ancient period when the northern seas were relatively warm and when knowledge had not been lost in the Dark Ages.

Perhaps when the ancient "Phoenician" carvings found on the rocks in Brazil have been adequately translated and satisfactorily explained, more light may be thrown on the obscure sources of the Zeno map.

Since Captain Mallery wrote *Lost America* the French expedition of Mr. Paul-Emile Victor has been working in Greenland, taking comprehensive soundings of the depth of the arctic ice and the surface levels of the land areas. From these soundings it is now known that the Zeno map shows accurately the Greenland land surface, in details unknown to our modern map makers until a few years ago. We cannot know exactly when the Zeno map was drawn but it is estimated that the facts were gathered some 2500 to 5000 years ago.

Captain Mallery received a letter from M. Paul-Emile Victor in 1952 which stated:

"Our seismic soundings, covering more than one-half of the surface

of Greenland, have shown, after a rough reading, some sort of a depression across Greenland. This depression seems to be below sea level."

On October 22, 1953, Captain Mallery wrote to M. Victor:

"Have you noted an island in the east-west strait, located at about 70 degrees N. Latitude and 43 degrees W. Longitude?"

On October 22, 1953, M. Victor replied that they had not located such an island, possibly because their seismic readings had not been made near enough.

However, the final reports of the French Expedition have now been published and their seismic soundings show islands exactly in the position shown on the Zeno map which was published in the Chillicothe *Gazette* of March 1, 1952.

The Ivor Bardasson description of the fiord, the recent Danish expeditions, the maps and soundings of the U. S. Navy Hydrographic Office, all prove the Zeno map to be an accurate chart of the sub-glacial topography of areas of Greenland now under a mile or more of glacial ice.

This is one of a number of ancient maps, which when combined with the metallurgical research described in *Lost America,* tend to prove that thousands of years ago there existed a high civilization which has disappeared. Mythological stories of such a civilization are upheld by modern research and ancient cartography.

Captain Mallery wrote recently: "The complete soundings of Greenland show a much larger inland sea than we had thought, but which was correctly shown on map published in the *Gazette* . . . Under enlargement the old map shows several islands in the strait and so do the seismic soundings."

Captain Mallery's contention that Greenland might be three islands has now been proved by surface expeditions.

Several American expeditions are now making geophysical explorations of the Greenland ice sheet.

The researches of Captain Mallery and of Mr. M. I. Walters, a cartographer formerly in the U.S. Hydrographic Office, were reviewed over the Georgetown University Forum on August 26, 1956, in a broadcast in which the Rev. Daniel Linehan, S.J., Director of Western College Observatory, Captain Arlington H. Mallery, and Mr. M. I. Walters participated.

It seems evident that revisions will have to be made in our present-day geographies, to make them correspond with the facts — and with the ancient Zeno map, which was charted by an unknown mapmaker, citizen of an unknown civilization, at an unknown time.



the THING in the tree

The branch moved under the weight of something that smelled loathsome — but could not be seen.

By Emmett R. Ray

THE ODOR of a rotten egg is very disagreeable. The stench of a decaying human body is infinitely worse. But they are as *Evening In Paris* perfume compared to the way the THING smelled.

I was setting chokers in 1937 for the Stanford Lumber Company at one of their logging camps high up in the Sierra Mountains. I have always enjoyed working in the woods, not only because the pay is good, but the hours seem short because they pass so swiftly; the food is usually the best obtainable and well prepared; the men are, as a rule, congenial and good fellows to work with. The life can be very pleasant. The season only lasts from late in March or early April until the first real snow-storms in the fall, ordinarily about the last of October. Of course, if winter was unusually late we sometimes waited

until well into November before breaking camp. Pulling rigging is hard work, especially at an altitude of 6,000 or 7,000 feet, but there are no soft jobs in a lumber camp.

There is enough danger connected with the work to make it interesting. Someone may fail to yell "Timber" soon enough to permit everyone to get in the clear before a 150 or 200 foot-tall giant comes crashing down. "Widow makers" are always present. A "widow maker" is a big dead, dry limb that hangs by a small splinter, by the bark, or that balances precariously on another limb. A "widow maker" falls swiftly, silently and sometimes fatally. There are such minor nuisances as rattlesnakes and bears also.

The first year that I worked near Long Barn, Tuolumne County, Calif., the camp's night watchman was an old timer named "Swede" Larson. One day I said to him, "Swede, does a rattlesnake ever bite anybody up here?"

"I yust know vun time," he replied, "a snake bite a lumberyak."

"What happened to him?"

"He didn't live five minutes." Swede said. "He just crawl off leedle vay und die dead."

"The man died? Didn't anybody try to doctor him?" I asked amazed.

"Hell, no! Dat snake — he die. The lumberyak he yust take big shot o' snoose. Dat feex heem purty good."

My choker-setting partner was a character called "Fish Willie." I never knew what his real name was. He, like most loggers, was a fatalist and believed that if you are going to "get it" you will and there is nothing you can do to prevent it. Lumberjacks may be rough and tough enough to make a rattlesnake back up, or to spit snoose juice in a bear's eye, but they are notoriously big-hearted, generous, and fond of kids. However, there are never many children in a logging camp, because the camp opens before school closes and remains open after school begins in September. And the company does not provide really adequate accommodations in their camps for families.

When the boss decides to suspend operations at the end of the season he always chooses two or three men to stay up there during the long, lonely winter months. Their duties are to protect the buildings against fires, trappers, hunters and wild animals. They keep a record of snow-depths and report them occasionally if they have a telephone. They shovel snow off the roofs of the buildings if it gets too deep and heavy; take care of the machinery and equipment, and are there when the gang returns in the spring. Since their

time is largely their own these men usually do some trapping to break the monotony, to avoid "cabin fever" and sometimes each other.

I imagine there are always plenty of applicants for the job, but Frank Clark, his wife, and I were selected to remain in camp during the winter of '37.

There was a small country store and post office over the mountain 10 or 12 miles away, and either Frank or I made the trip twice each month to get mail, newspapers, and magazines. No person realizes how valuable a newspaper, magazine, or a deck of cards can be until he has spent four or five months in an isolated, winter lumber camp. Likewise a cat, a dog, a pet chipmunk, or a pet squirrel becomes wonderful company. Sometimes we skied over the mountains and sometimes we used snowshoes, but whatever our mode of travel it was a hard trip to make during the daylight hours of a short winter's day.

It was on one of these trips to the store that I had the hair-raising, never-to-be forgotten experience with the THING.

The store was in a beautiful little valley two or three miles from the foot of the mountain which we had to cross. There was an old road extending from the store up the open valley and part way up the mountainside. The road had doubtless been used to haul supplies of wood and fence posts down off the mountain. At the point where it left the valley and began climbing the hill it turned sharply to the right and angled uphill on an easy grade. A large, spreading, low-limbed pine tree grew just above the road not far from the foot of the hill. It was the only tree for at least half a mile in any direction. Of course the road was almost obliterated by the deep snow, but we always followed it anyway simply because it led in the direction we wished to go.

The clouds were heavy and rather low on January 25, 1937, and the temperature was probably several degrees below zero, but there was no wind. Frank's dog was with me and about 3:00 P. M. we climbed the eastern slope of the mountain on our return trip from the Little Barn, Calif., post office. Shortly before we came to the pine tree the dog began barking furiously. I carried a high powered rifle and was ready to shoot but I could not see anything to shoot at. I walked slowly forward toward the tree and I saw one of the long, lower branches swing down and then back up as though something large had walked out near the end of it and jumped off into the snow. The limb bounced up and down. There was nothing to be seen but the

dog went absolutely crazy with fear. I have never heard such pitiful wailing and crying from a dog and it was impossible to get him from between my feet. He was wrapped around one of my legs and begging me with his eyes to pick him up and protect him, but I was intent upon determining what was frightening him. I went on up the hill as best I could, stumbling over the terrified dog who continued to sound as if a bear had him down and was killing him. I walked until I was only 10 or 15 feet from the tip of the still moving limb.

Then I smelled it!

I saw nothing, heard nothing, but apparently the dog saw and heard what I could not. He must have smelled it before I did, and it was the most awful, sickening odor that I have ever encountered. It was only a matter of seconds until I was deathly sick at my stomach and vomiting. The dog was sick and gagging also. But I have always been a determined, persistent individual and I wanted to see the tracks made by the THING. I kept going. The stink became more choking, more nauseating at each step but the surface of the snow remained perfectly smooth and undisturbed. Nor was there any living creature visible to me in that tree. I must have stayed around there too long because when I did attempt to move away I felt semi-paralyzed and so weak I was unable to travel in any direction except down-hill. Just a few steps and we left the horrible stench behind, but the dog and I both continued to be sick for a mile.

What was that THING?

I do not know. I guess I never will know.

FEAT OF FIRE

FIREMEN rushed to the scene when they received a report that a truck was burning on a street in Kobe, Japan. The truck contained a shipment of fire extinguishers.

EXACTLY AS ADVERTISED

GOLDSMIT-SYNDOR, Inc., a wholesale tobacco and novelty firm in Huntington, W. Va., advertised, "Our business smokes." Recently fire destroyed the firm's offices and warehouse. Fire Chief John Gallagher called it "one of the toughest smoke fires we have ever fought."

Were the strange green sky objects only meteorites? If so, why was there no trace of their striking the earth?

mystery of the GREEN FIREBALLS

By Edward J. Ruppelt

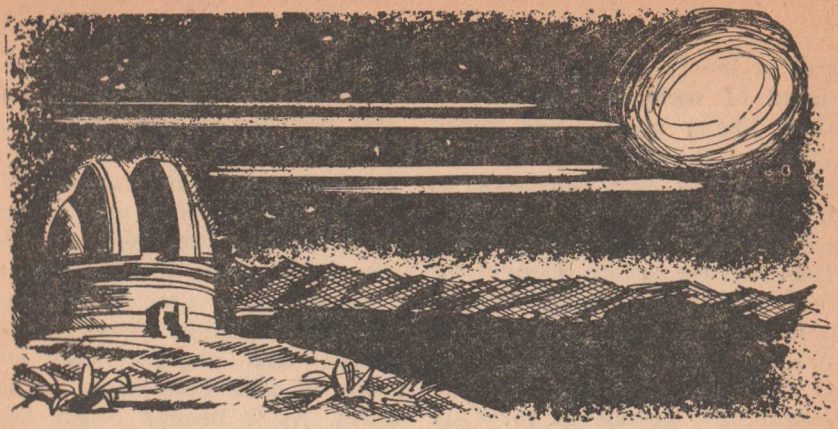
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AT EXACTLY midnight on September 18, 1954, my telephone rang. It was Jim Phalen, a friend of mine from the Long Beach *Press-Telegram,* and he had a "good flying saucer report," hot off the wires. He read it to me. The lead line was: "Thousands of people saw a huge fireball light up dark New Mexico skies tonight."

The story went on to tell about how a "blinding green" fireball the size of a full moon had silently streaked southeast across Colorado and northern New Mexico at 8:40 that night. Thousands of people had seen the fireball. It had passed right over a crowded football stadium at Santa Fe, N. Mex., and people in Denver said it "turned night into day." The crew of a TWA airliner flying into Albuquerque from Amarillo, Tex., saw it. Every police and newspaper switchboard in the two-state area was jammed with calls.

One of the calls was from a man inquiring if anything unusual had happened recently. When he was informed about the mysterious fireball he heaved an audible sigh of relief, "Thanks," he said, "I was afraid I'd gotten some bad bourbon." And he hung up.

Dr. Lincoln La Paz, world-famous authority on meteorites and head of the University of New Mexico's Institute of Meteoritics, apparently took the occurrence calmly. The wire story said he had told a reporter that he would plot its course, try to determine where it landed, and go out and try to find it. "But," he said, "I don't expect to find anything."



When Jim Phalen had read the rest of the report he asked, "What was it?"

"It sounds to me like the green fireballs are back," I answered.

"What the devil are green fireballs?"

What the devil *are* green fireballs? I'd like to know. So would a lot of other people.

The green fireballs streaked into UFO history late in November 1948, when people around Albuquerque, N. Mex., began to report seeing mysterious "green flares" at night. The first reports mentioned only a "green streak in the sky," low on the horizon. From the description the Air Force Intelligence people at Kirtland AFB in Albuquerque and the Project Sign people at ATIC wrote the objects off as flares. After all, thousands of GI's had probably been discharged with a duffel bag full of "liberated" Very pistols and flares.

But as days passed the reports got better. They seemed to indicate that the "flares" were getting larger and more people were reporting seeing them. It was doubtful if this "growth" was psychological because there had been no publicity — so the Air Force decided to reconsider the "flare" answer. They were in the process of doing this on the night of December 5, 1948, a memorable night in the green fireball chapter of UFO history.

At 9:27 P. M. on December 5, an Air Force C-47 transport was flying at 18,000 feet 10 miles east of Albuquerque. The pilot was a Captain Goede. Suddenly the crew, Captain Goede, his co-pilot, and his engineer were startled by a green

ball of fire flashed across the sky ahead of them. It looked something like a huge meteor except that it was a bright green color and it didn't arch downward, as meteors usually do. The green-colored ball of fire had started low, from near the eastern slopes of the Sandia Mountains, arched upward a little, then seemed to level out. And it was too big for a meteor, at least it was larger than any meteor that anyone in the C-47 had ever seen before. After a hasty discussion the crew decided that they'd better tell somebody about it, especially since they had seen an identical object 22 minutes before near Las Vegas, N. Mex.

Captain Goede picked up his microphone and called the control tower at Kirtland AFB and reported what he and his crew had seen. The tower relayed the message to the local intelligence people.

A few minutes later the captain of Pioneer Airlines Flight 63 called Kirtland Tower. At 9:35 P.M. he had also seen a green ball of fire just east of Las Vegas, N. Mex. He was on his way to Albuquerque and would make a full report when he landed.

When he taxied his DC-3 up to the passenger ramp at Kirtland a few minutes later, several intelligence officers were waiting for him. He reported that at 9:35 P. M. he was on a westerly heading, approaching Las Vegas from the east, when he and his co-pilot saw what they first thought was a "shooting star." It was ahead and a little above them. But, the captain said, it took them only a split second to realize that whatever they saw was too low and had too flat a trajectory to be a meteor. As they watched, the object seemed to approach their airplane head on, changing color from orange red to green. As it became bigger and bigger, the captain said, he thought sure it was going to collide with them so he racked the DC-3 up in a tight turn. As the green ball of fire got abreast of them it began to fall toward the ground, getting dimmer and dimmer until it disappeared. Just before he swerved the DC-3, the fireball was as big, or bigger, than a full moon.

The intelligence officers asked a few more questions and went back to their office. More reports, which had been phoned in from all over northern New Mexico, were waiting for them. By morning a full-fledged investigation was under way.

No matter what these green fireballs were, the military was getting a little edgy. They might be common meteorites, psychologically enlarged flares, or true UFO's, but whatever they were they were playing around in one of the most sensitive security areas in the

United States. Within 100 miles of Albuquerque were two installations that were the backbone of the atomic bomb program — Los Alamos and Sandia Base. Scattered throughout the countryside were other installations vital to the defense of the U. S.: radar stations, fighter-interceptor bases, and the other mysterious areas that had been blocked off by high chain-link fences.

Since the green fireballs bore some resemblance to meteors or meteorites, the Kirtland intelligence officers called in Dr. Lincoln La Paz.

Dr. La Paz said that he would be glad to help, so the officers explained the strange series of events to him. True, he said, the description of the fireballs did sound as if they might be meteorites — except for a few points. One way to be sure was to try to plot the flight path of the green fireballs the same way he had so successfully plotted the flight path of meteorites in the past. From this flight path he could determine where they would have hit the earth — if they were meteorites. They would search this area, and if they found parts of a meteorite they would have the answer to the green fireball riddle.

The fireball activity on the night of December 5 was made to order for plotting flight paths. The good reports of that night included carefully noted locations, the directions in which the green objects were seen, their heights above the horizon, and the times when they were observed. So early the next morning Dr. La Paz and a crew of intelligence officers were scouring northern New Mexico. They started out by talking to the people who had made reports but soon found out that dozens of other people had also seen the fireballs. By closely checking the time of the observations, they determined that eight separate fireballs had been seen. One was evidently more spectacular and was seen by the most people. Everyone in northern New Mexico had seen it going from west to east, so Dr. La Paz and his crew worked eastward across New Mexico to the west border of Texas, talking to dozens of people. After many sleepless hours they finally plotted where it should have struck the earth. They searched the area but found nothing. They went back over the area time and time again — nothing. As Dr. La Paz later told me, this was the first time that he seriously doubted the green fireballs were meteorites.

Within a few more days the fireballs were appearing almost nightly. The intelligence officers from Kirtland decided that maybe they could get a good look at one of them, so on the night of December

8 two officers took off in an airplane just before dark and began to cruise around north of Albuquerque. They had a carefully worked out plan where each man would observe certain details if they saw one of the green fireballs. At 6:33 P. M. they saw one. This is their report:

At 6:33 P. M. while flying at an indicated altitude of 11,500 feet, a strange phenomenon was observed. Exact position of the aircraft at time of the observation was 20 miles east of the Las Vegas, N. Mex., radio range station. The aircraft was on a compass course of 90 degrees. Capt. —— was pilot and I was acting as copilot. I first observed the object and a split second later the pilot saw it. It was 2,000 feet higher than the plane, and was approaching the plane at a rapid rate of speed from 30 degrees to the left of our course. The object was similar in appearance to a burning green flare, the kind that is commonly used in the Air Force. However, the light was much more intense and the object appeared considerably larger than a normal flare. The trajectory of the object, when first sighted, was almost flat and parallel to the earth. The phenomenon lasted about two seconds. At the end of this time the object seemed to begin to burn out and the trajectory then dropped off rapidly. The phenomenon was of such intensity as to be visible from the very moment it ignited.

Back at Wright-Patterson AFB ATIC was getting a blow-by-blow account of the fireball activity but they were taking no direct part in the investigation. Their main interest was to review all incoming UFO reports and see if the green fireball reports were actually unique to the Albuquerque area. They were. Although a good many UFO reports were coming in from other parts of the U. S., none fit the description of the green fireballs.

All during December 1948 and January 1949 the green fireballs continued to invade the New Mexico skies. Everyone, including the intelligence officers at Kirtland AFB, Air Defense Command people, Dr. La Paz, and some of the most distinguished scientists at Los Alamos had seen at least one.

In mid-February 1949 a conference was called at Los Alamos to determine what should be done to further pursue the investigation. The Air Force Project Sign, the intelligence people at Kirtland, and other interested parties had done everything they could think of and still no answer. Such notable scientists as Dr. Joseph Kaplan, a world-renowned authority on the physics of the upper atmosphere, Dr. Edward Teller, of H-bomb fame, and of course Dr. La Paz,

attended, along with a lot of military brass and scientists from Los Alamos.

This was one conference where there was no need to discuss whether or not this special type of UFO, the green fireball, existed. Almost everyone at the meeting had seen one. The purpose of the conference was to decide whether the fireballs were natural or man-made and how to find out more about them.

As happens in any conference, opinions were divided. Some people thought the green fireballs were natural fireballs. The proponents of the natural meteor, or meteorite, theory presented facts that they had dug out of astronomical journals. Greenish-colored meteors, although not common, had been observed on many occasions. The flat trajectory, which seemed to be so important in proving that the green fireballs were extraterrestrial, was also nothing new. When viewed from certain angles, a meteor can appear to have a flat trajectory. The reason that so many had been seen during December of 1948 and January of 1949 was that the weather had been unusually clear all over the Southwest during this period.

Dr. La Paz led the group who believed that the green fireballs were not meteors or meteorites. His argument was derived from the facts that he had gained after many days of research and working with Air Force intelligence teams. He stuck to the points that (1) the trajectory was too flat, (2) the color was too green, and (3) he couldn't locate any fragments even though he had found the spots where they should have hit the earth if they were meteorites.

People who were at that meeting have told me that Dr. La Paz's theory was very interesting and that each point was carefully considered. But evidently it wasn't conclusive enough because when the conference broke up, after two days, it was decided that the green fireballs were a natural phenomenon of some kind. It was recommended that this phase of the UFO investigation be given to the Air Force's Cambridge Research Laboratory, since it is the function of this group to study natural phenomena, and that Cambridge set up a project to attempt to photograph the green fireballs and measure their speed, altitude, and size.

In the late summer of 1949, Cambridge established Project Twinkle to solve the mystery. The project called for establishing three cinetheodolite stations near White Sands, N. Mex. A cinetheodolite is similar to a 35mm. movie camera except when you take a photograph of an object you also get a photo-

graph of three dials that show the time the photo was taken, the azimuth angle, and the elevation angle of the camera. If two or more cameras photograph the same object, it is possible to obtain a very accurate measurement of the photographed object's altitude, speed, and size.

Project Twinkle was a bust. Absolutely nothing was photographed. Of the three cameras that were planned for the project, only one was available. This one camera was continually being moved from place to place. If several reports came from a certain area, the camera crew would load up their equipment and move to that area, always arriving too late. Any duck hunter can tell you that this is the wrong tactic; if you want to shoot any ducks pick a good place and stay put, let the ducks come to you.

The people trying to operate Project Twinkle were having financial and morale trouble. To do a good job they needed more and better equipment and more people, but Air Force budget cuts precluded this. Moral support was free but they didn't get this either.

When the Korean War started, Project Twinkle silently died, along with official interest in green fireballs.

When I organized Project Blue Book in the summer of 1951 I'd never heard of a green fireball. We had a few files marked "Los Alamos Conference," "Fireballs," "Project Twinkle," etc., but I didn't pay any attention to them.

Then one day I was at a meeting in Los Angeles with several other officers from ATIC, and was introduced to Dr. Joseph Kaplan. When he found we were from ATIC, his first question was, "What ever happened to the green fireballs?" None of us had ever heard of them, so he quickly gave us the story. He and I ended up discussing green fireballs. He mentioned Dr. La Paz and his opinion that the green fireballs might be man-made, and although he respected La Paz's professional ability, he just wasn't convinced. But he did strongly urge me to get in touch with Dr. La Paz and hear his side of the story.

When I returned to ATIC I spent several days digging into our collection of green fireball reports. All of these reports covered a period from early December 1948 to late 1949. As far as Blue Book's files were concerned, there hadn't been a green fireball report for a year and a half.

I read over the report on Project Twinkle and the few notes we had on the Los Alamos Conference, and decided that the next time I went to Albuquerque I'd contact Dr. La Paz. I did go to Albuquerque

several times but my visits were always short and I was always in a hurry so I didn't get to see him.

It was six or eight months later before the subject of green fireballs came up again. I was eating lunch with a group of people of the AEC's Los Alamos Laboratory when one of the group mentioned the mysterious kelly-green balls of fire. The strictly unofficial bull-session-type discussion that followed took up the entire lunch hour and several hours of the afternoon. It was an interesting discussion because these people, all scientists and technicians from the lab, had a few educated guesses as to what they might be. All of them had seen a green fireball, some of them had seen several.

One of the men, a private pilot, had encountered a fireball one night while he was flying his Navion north of Santa Fe and he had a vivid way of explaining what he'd seen. "Take a soft ball and paint it with some kind of fluorescent paint that will glow a bright green in the dark," I remember his saying, "then have someone take the ball out about 100 feet in front of you and about 10 feet above you. Have him throw the ball right at your face, as hard as he can throw it. That's what a green fireball looks like."

The speculation about what the green fireballs were ran through the usual spectrum of answers, a new type of natural phenomenon, a secret U. S. development, and psychologically enlarged meteors. When the possibility of the green fireballs' being associated with interplanetary vehicles came up, the whole group got serious. They had been doing a lot of thinking about this, they said, and they had a theory.

The green fireballs, they theorized, could be some type of unmanned test vehicle that was being projected into our atmosphere from a "spaceship" hovering several hundred miles above the earth. Two years ago I would have been amazed to hear a group of reputable scientists make such a startling statement. Now, however, I took it as a matter of course. I'd heard the same type of statement many times before from equally qualified groups.

Turn the tables, they said, suppose that we are going to try to go to a far planet. There would be three phases to the trip: out through the earth's atmosphere, through space, and the re-entry into the atmosphere of the planet we're planning to land on. The first two phases would admittedly present formidable problems, but the last phase, the re-entry phase, would be the most critical. Coming in from outer space, the craft would, for all practical purposes, be

similar to a meteorite except that it would be powered and not free-falling. You have myriad problems associated with aerodynamic heating, high aerodynamic loadings, and very probably a host of other problems that no one can now conceive of. Certain of these problems could be partially solved by laboratory experimentation, but nothing can replace flight testing, and the results obtained by flight tests in our atmosphere would not be valid in another type of atmosphere. The most logical way to overcome this difficulty would be to build our interplanetary vehicle, go to the planet that we were interested in landing on, and hover several hundred miles up. From this altitude we could send instrumented test vehicles down to the planet. If we didn't want the inhabitants of the planet, if it were inhabited, to know what we were doing we could put devices in the test vehicle, or arrange the test so that the test vehicles would just plain burn up at a certain point due to aerodynamic heating.

They continued, each man injecting his ideas.

Maybe the green fireballs are test vehicles — somebody else's. The regular UFO reports might be explained by the fact that the manned vehicles were venturing down to within 100,000 or 200,000 feet of the earth, or to the altitude at which atmosphere reentry begins to get critical.

I had to go down to the airstrip to get a CARCO Airlines plane back to Albuquerque so I didn't have time to ask a lot of questions that came into my mind. I did get to make one comment. From the conversations, I assumed that these people didn't think the green fireballs were any kind of a natural phenomena. Not exactly they said, but so far the evidence that said they were a natural phenomenon was vastly outweighed by the evidence that said they weren't.

During the kidney-jolting trip down the valley from Los Alamos to Albuquerque in one of the CARCO Airlines' Bonanzas, I decided that I'd stay over an extra day and talk to Dr. La Paz.

He knew every detail there was to know about the green fireballs. He confirmed my findings, that the genuine green fireballs were no longer being seen. He said that he'd received hundreds of reports, especially after he'd written several articles about the mysterious fireballs, but that all of the reported objects were just greenish-colored, common, everyday meteors.

Dr. La Paz said that some people, including Dr. Joseph Kaplan and Dr. Edward Teller, thought that the green fireballs were natural meteors. He didn't think so,

however, for several reasons. First the color was so much different. To illustrate his point, Dr. La Paz opened his desk drawer and took out a well-worn chart of the color spectrum. He checked off two shades of green; one a pale, almost yellowish green and the other a much more distinct vivid green. He pointed to the bright green and told me that this was the color of the green fireballs. He'd taken this chart with him when he went out to talk to people who had seen the green fireballs and everyone had picked this one color. The pale green, he explained, was the color reported in the cases of documented green meteors.

Then there were other points of dissimilarity between a meteor and the green fireballs. The trajectory of the fireballs was too flat. Dr. La Paz explained that a meteor doesn't necessarily have to arch down across the sky, its trajectory can appear to be flat, but not as flat as that of the green fireballs. Then there was the size. Almost always such descriptive words as "terrifying," "as big as the moon," and "blinding" had been used to describe the fireballs. Meteors just aren't this big and bright.

No — Dr. La Paz didn't think that they were meteors.

Dr. La Paz didn't believe that they were meteorites either.

A meteorite is accompanied by sound and shock waves that break windows and stampede cattle. Yet in every case of a green fireball sighting the observers reported that they did not hear any sound.

But the biggest mystery of all was the fact that no particles of a green fireball had ever been found. If they were meteorites Dr. La Paz was positive that he would have found one. He'd missed very few times in the cases of known meteroites. He pulled a map out of his file to show me what he meant. It was a map that he had used to plot the spot where a meteorite had hit the earth. I believe it was in Kansas. The map had been prepared from information he had obtained from dozens of people who had seen the meteorite come flaming toward the earth. At each spot where the observer was standing he'd drawn in the observer's line of sight to the meteorite. From the dozens of observers he had obtained dozens of lines of sight. The lines all converged to give Dr. La Paz a plot of the meteorite's downward trajectory. Then he had been able to plot the spot where it had struck the earth. He and his crew went to the marked area, probed the ground with long steel poles, and found the meteorite.

This was just one case that he showed me. He had records of many more similar successful expeditions in his file.

Then he showed me some other maps. The plotted lines looked identical to the ones on the map I'd just seen. Dr. La Paz had used the same techniques on these plots and had marked an area where he wanted to search. He had searched the area many times but he had never found anything.

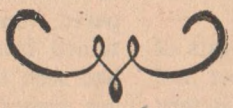
These were plots of the path of a green fireball.

When Dr. La Paz had finished, I had one last question "What do you think they are?"

He weighed the question for a few seconds — then he said that all he cared to say was that maybe someday one would hit the earth and the mystery would be solved. He hoped that they were a natural phenomenon.

After my talk with Dr. La Paz I can well understand his apparent calmness on the night of September 18, 1954, when the newspaper reporter called him to find out if he planned to investigate this latest green fireball report. He was speaking from experience, when he said, "But I don't expect to find anything."

If the green fireballs are back, I hope that Dr. La Paz gets an answer this time.



OUT OF THE SKY

WHILE hanging clothes in her back yard, Mrs. Mary Kinney of Melbourne, Australia, was amazed when a pair of trousers fell from the cloudy sky and landed neatly on her clothesline. Police investigated and found that the trousers had fallen from a plane.



ALREADY A WINNER

WHEN a $2,000 automobile was raffled off recently in Birmingham, England, Mrs. Jean Tovey, a 24-year-old expectant mother, bought a ticket in the name of "Miss Kim Tovey" because she hoped for a girl. If a boy, the baby would be named Mark. Although not yet born, Kim - - or Mark - - won the automobile.

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 COUSIN FROM S. AMERICA

Clementina E. D'Addario

UPON WAKING one morning in 1942, I said to my husband, "Have you a cousin John D'Addario?"

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"I had a vivid dream. A tall, dark, handsome man came to our door and said, 'My name is John D'Addario. I come from South America. I think that I am your husband's cousin.' "

"Never heard of him."

At 11 o'clock that morning, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see the man of my dream. He said, "My name is John D'Addario. I come from South America. I think your husband and I are cousins."

I was speechless. He pulled out his visa and presented it. There was his picture, with the name John D'Addario below it. I finally regained enough poise to ask him in. He said that he could only make a brief call.

When my husband came home, I told him what had occurred. He looked at me skeptically, as though he thought me a victim of hallucinations. Ten days later my husband received a letter from Texas. It read, "Dear Cousin Domenic, Sorry I missed seeing you. I come from South America. On my way to Texas, I stopped in Los Angeles. Having heard from my father that one



CLEMENTINA E. D'ADDARIO

of his brothers left Italy to come to America many years ago, I looked in the telephone directory and found one D'Addario listed. Should like to hear from you." Enclosed was a postcard picture of himself, taken in South America.

My husband was stunned. John D'Addario's picture was as I had described him. He tore the picture and letter into bits. But he must have kept thinking about it. Days later, he said to me, "I seem to recollect my father telling me that one branch of his family did go to South America."

We never heard from John D'Addario again.—*Pasadena, Calif.*

NURSE FROM NOWHERE

By Theobel W. Alleeson

THE FOLLOWING story was told to me by Mrs. Win Kay of Pacific Beach, Wash.

One day several years ago I was very ill and unable to move from bed. I had been ill for some time and the house was completely upset. My husband and sons had gone to work after doing what they could. We were unable to obtain help in our little town.

Alone, I prayed desperately for someone to come and help me. A short time later I was startled by a knock on the door. It was opened by a pleasant young woman with beautiful dark eyes. She came to the bed with a smile and said she had come to take care of me.

To my amazement, she at once began attending to my needs. She told me I looked like her invalid mother and she did everything for me that a nurse would have done. She scrubbed the floors and tidied the house. Then she made me a delicious soup and cooked dinner for the family.

Several times I asked her who she was and where she came from. She only smiled and smoothed my pillow. Late in the day she bade me goodbye and good luck and left. My men returned. They were stunned at seeing me clean and refreshed and the house in perfect order. They ate the stew the young woman had prepared and enjoyed it.

When I told them about my mysterious visitor they found it difficult to believe me. They later inquired of everyone in the little town, but nobody ever had seen a young woman who fitted the description of my lady of mercy. She had appeared in my hour of need and then vanished without trace.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE UNHEEDED WARNING

By Martha S. Fredricks

ONE SATURDAY night in May, 1919, I dreamed my boyfriend, Floyd Brown, asked me to go riding with him in his car to Indiana. As we drove along

the State road, we collided with another car. A plump woman got out of the car with her arm bandaged and in a sling. Her car was wrecked, as was ours.

The next day, Sunday, Floyd came to dinner and asked me to go riding with him to Indiana. I refused, explaining I had dreamed we would be in an accident and that in addition I wished to go to church that evening. Floyd laughed at me and called me a crepe-hanger. He said that there would be no wreck and that he would get me home early.

My foster mother encouraged me to go and finally I agreed. When we reached the boundary line of Michigan in Indiana, I told Floyd to take me home. He turned the car around and as we passed Crown Point on our way home, he said, "See, we haven't been in a wreck yet."

"No, but we aren't home yet, either," I pointed out.

Halfway between Gary and Hammond, Ind., we crashed into another car. My head went through the windshield and I was bleeding when we got out of the car to inspect the damage. The driver of the other car climbed out also — and she was the woman I had seen in my dream.

A tow truck towed both cars to Gary, and it cost Floyd $500 for repairs to both cars. I regretted that I had not heeded the warning of my dream. Had I stayed home instead of listening to my mother and Floyd, I would not have been hurt. — *Westmont, Ill.*

THE GOPHER OMEN

By Cecil de Vada

I WAS seven years old when I heard my parents discuss with some kinfolks the belief that when a pocket gopher throws up its mounds of earth night after night near a dwelling, someone in the family will die in a matter of days.

When I was 12 years old a pocket gopher began burrowing up its earthen mounds in the farmyard of a cousin. The burrowing pest approached the house with each successive mound, until its last one was very close. Then my cousin's little son died. After the death the nightly burrowing ceased.

My second experience of this nature occurred when a gopher began throwing up its earth heaps in a neighbor's yard, each heap bringing the animal nearer to the house. One night, in a fit of rage, the neighbor committed suicide — and the gopher ceased its nightly burrowing.

The third experience involved myself and occurred in September, 1946, when I was 47 years old. The farm in Lyon County, Minn., on which my wife and I were liv-

ing had a lengthy private road from the highway to the yard. One day I noticed that a pocket gopher had pushed up three or four earth piles on one side of the road. I gave it little thought. Several days later I saw that more earth mounds had been burrowed up, all going in a straight line toward our yard.

A few days later I developed a severe sore throat, which my doctor diagnosed as pharyngitis. Although treated daily at the doctor's office, I grew worse. I ran a temperature and my throat swelled up so that I could not swallow even a sip of water.

I kept up with the farm chores as best I could — and the gopher continued its burrowing. Each morning brought a fresh black mound, spaced six or seven feet from the one of the night before.

By the time the string of earthen mounds reached a third of the distance up to the yard, I had become a hospital patient, receiving a penicillin shot every four hours day and night. My worried wife visited me daily. I kept affirming to myself, "I shall not let it come to pass. . . .I will prove this thing false by not dying!"

I backslid only once. One day I asked my wife, "Is that pesky thing still digging up piles?"

After hesitating, she said, "I think it's all nonsense, but if you have to know, it is over halfways up to the yard now."

Neighbors were lending a hand with the livestock and late crops. Among them were elderly Germans and, as I learned later, they were convinced that my death plainly was omened by the approaching earth heaps in my yard — a fresh one every night!

One morning, after almost three weeks of suffering, the infection in my throat came to a head. I was placed on the operating table and my throat was lanced deeply. That afternoon my wife came into my room with a cheerful face for the first time.

"The pocket gopher quit digging last night," she announced. "The last mound was right up to the lilac bush."

And no more mounds were pushed up.

After I had left the hospital and was well on the road to recovery, I called at my doctor's office for a final dressing of the incision. We discussed my illness candidly, and my doctor said, "I was really worried about you. In my 36 years of practice I have had 10 cases of pharyngitis - - and lost them all. That was before penicillin came out. If it hadn't been for penicillin, you would have lost your life. That pocket gopher omen," the doctor forced a smile, "well, there are things on the night side of nature that make

you wonder at times."—*Russell, Minn.*

THE UNDYING DAISIES

By Elsa M. Goerner

FATE Magazine for November, 1952, tells of the death of Swami Parmhansa Yogananda and of his body remaining in a phenomenal state of immutability from the 7th until the 27th of March when the casket was closed.

Paramhansa Yogananda held his first class in the United States at Seattle, Wash., in 1924. I belonged to it and followed all his subsequent teachings.

At that time I lived in a small house by the sea. The bulk-head was covered with Shasta daisies. All day before one evening meeting the flowers seemed to draw me until finally I picked some for the Swami's classroom. I filled with greens a market basket containing three fruit jars, and placed the daisies in the jars. It was a warm June, but the flowers remained fresh.

At the meeting I gave the basket to the secretary who placed it on the stage. To my surprise the basket was on the stage the next night and the next — in fact, every night for a week.

On Sunday the basket was missing and Swami Yogananda asked for the flowers. Again they were placed near him, looking as fresh as when I had brought them seven days before. The Swami frequently mentioned them in the lectures he was giving.

When the class gathered on Monday we all heard a woman exclaim, "Heavens on earth, the flowers again! Aren't they ever going to die?" Quickly the Swami appeared and spoke inspiringly on "Everlasting Life," which always has remained fresh in my memory. —*Seattle, Wash.*

HIT AND RUN

IN OMAHA, Nebr., William Gundy, 47, a house-to-house salesman, was crossing a street when he saw a car bearing down on him. Before he could jump clear, the car knocked him down, continued on and hit a power pole. Gundy discovered that the car was his. He had parked it on a hill and the brakes had slipped.

The crippled and the sick say they were healed by this Bronx rabbi, whose prayers for divine aid are based on cabalistic computations.

By Lesley Kuhn, Sc. D.



RABBI SALAMON FRIEDLANDER

MIRACLE RABBI—Salamon Friedlander

LIVING in the mundane Bronx today is a recognized miracle man—Rabbi Salamon Friedlander. His temple is at 2176 Grand Concourse.

Except on various religious holidays observed by the strictly orthodox, Rabbi Friedlander's synagogue—a converted, buff brick, three-story-and-basement residence—draws a steady stream of callers. Nearly all these visitors bring a problem. Often it is a physical problem, with which the rabbi must deal by spiritual means. The caller may be ill, or a loved one may be sick, too sick to come to the rabbi in person. In some cases, the sufferer for whom the rabbi's intercession is sought is dying—beyond the help of doctors.

Just as some supplicants journey to the miraculous spring of Lourdes, so these distressed people—not Jews alone but Gentiles also—bring their burdens to this miracle healer.

They expect him to stay the hand of death and often the hand of death *is* stayed.

In 1954 and 1955, according to witnesses whose accounts are difficult to contradict, the rabbi's efforts brought about 28 cures, of ailments which were exceedingly grave and of long standing.

Where does Rabbi Friedlander get this power? In a way, he inherited it, although its acquistion depended also on study and on faith. He is a member of the mystical Hasidic sect of the Jewish religion. His title is "miracle rabbi", which is hereditary. He is also called a "zaddik." This word may be interpreted to mean the same as the Christian term, saint.

Certainly this kindly, bearded rabbi, wearing the exotic mink fur hat that is the special mark of the Hasidik rabbi, has a saintly aura about him as he receives, in his little office, the petitioners who collect all day on the temple benches on the other side of the door.

His father before him was a miracle rabbi, and his father's father, and so on back as far as he can trace his ancestry, for 500 years. His son, Erwin, who is 25 years old and already a rabbi, is preparing to carry on the family tradition of miracle works.

Five-hundred years, Rabbi Friedlander says, is but a short period in Hasidic history.

However, some Jewish historians say that the Hasidic movement goes back no further than the middle of the 18th Century—when its growth, at least, received a tremendous impetus. It was at this time that its teachings spread like wild fire and came to influence half the world's Jews.

But Rabbi Friedlander and the other Hasidim contend that the Hasidic line goes back unbroken to the earliest times of Jewish history. It is, they say, as old as the cabala, whose antiquity, reaching back to the great days of Assyria and Babylonia is not disputed by anyone.

With the mention of the cabala, a collection of old writings involving numerology, interpretations of the Scriptures and various esoteric ideas, we have come to something that is at the very heart of Hasidism. This magical cabala is regarded by thousands upon thousands today with the same hopefulness and veneration that it evoked in centuries past, when scientific thought as we know it today hardly existed.

The cabala, a more abstruse study even than the Torah, may be called the textbook of the miracle rabbis, of whom Rabbi Friedlander is the only living representative. The study of the cabala is encouraged only among a select few of the Hasidic rabbis. Its magic cannot be learned by ordinary mortals and is handed on by tradi-

tion from father to son generation after generation.

The cabala gives these spiritual leaders a sense of the all-pervading mystery of religious experience. The cabalist knows that what his senses perceive is but the narrow edge of what is deeply hidden, that the things of this world stand in secret contact with that which no eye ever perceives. To the cabalist, all things on earth are symbols of that which is in heaven. Cabalists are sustained by forces that flow from hidden worlds.

It is an unwritten law among the Hasidim that no man shall undertake the study of the cabala prior to his 60th birthday. But Rabbi Friedlander's case was an exception. Because he came of a family of cabalist miracle rabbis of an unbroken hereditary record 500 years long and because his father and his grandfather were world-renowned sages, he received a special dispensation allowing him to begin his studies as a young man. In fact, he began his investigation on his own as a boy when he hid under a bed and listened while his grandfather and his father discussed the cabala.

According to the cabalist, there is but one cause for disease, and one remedy—God. Between God and pain there is but one mediator —the priest, guardian of the body and of the soul.

Rabbi Friedlander does not endeavor to treat disease but, rather, to pray it out of existence. He seeks the mercy of God through prayers whose forms are indicated for each particular instance by the "formulas" of the cabala. Before he attends a sick person he learns the person's name and address and his mother's given name. On the basis of the significance the cabala gives to these data, he prepares a prayer for the particular case. Then he goes to the person's sickbed (usually) and says the prayer and gives a blessing. The beneficial effects become noticeable at once. For example, if the patient has fever the fever goes down. If he is pale, his color returns.

Though many members of the Jewish faith and of other faiths today scoff at reports of Rabbi Friedlander's miracles, the believers including non-Jews, are ready to cite specific instances of his remarkable powers.

A Roman Catholic, General Albert de Bartha, who twice was minister of defense in Hungary, Rabbi Friedlander's native country, and who now lives in New York, states that the rabbi was regarded with as much awe in Hungary as he is here. General de Bartha said that when the Nazis occupied Hungary they refrained from harming Rabbi Friedlander, for fear

of an uprising. (More than 600,000 Hungarian Jews were slaughtered by Hitler's hordes!)

Another Hungarian emigre now living in New York, Dr. Zoltan Klar, a physician who was a member of the Budapest municipal government for 17 years, told me how he himself was saved from death by one of the rabbi's miracles. In January, 1953, Dr. Klar was crossing a street in Manhattan, jay-walking in front of the Madison Avenue Hospital, where he was a member of the staff. His mind was on one of his patients in the hospital, and he was struck by an automobile.

He was carried into the hospital more dead than alive, unconscious and hemorrhaging in the brain. He survived the accident by the narrowest margin. But the brain injury completely paralyzed his right side. It was three months before he could leave his hospital bed and return to his apartment.

One day Rabbi Friedlander called on the crippled man, who bemoaned the fate that condemned him to bed or a wheel chair for the rest of his life.

"You will walk again," the rabbi assured him gently.

Dr. Klar expressed polite disbelief.

"Yes," his visitor insisted, "You will walk again today."

Then the miracle worker asked Dr. Klar the date of his birth and for his mother's given name. After making some computations on paper, he held his hand over Dr. Klar's head and said a prayer, a prayer which he knew to be the proper one for the case because of the data he had collated with the cabala.

"Now walk," he said.

Relating the incident later, Dr. Klar said, "There came over me an unbelievably strong will to walk. I got up and walked."

Dr. Klar, a lively, dapper man who carries a cane only for ornament, has been walking ever since.

A few months ago Rabbi Friedlander wrought a different kind of miracle. He found a spring and built a Mikvah (ritual bath) right in the basement of his temple in the Bronx. This, his followers will tell you, has never been done before. Nine broken bricks brought from the ruins of the Wailing Wall in Arab-held Jerusalem, 18 ancient Kabbalistic incantations rendered by Rabbi Friedlander—"he who attained the holy spirit and whose ears perceived the voice of heaven,"—and a spring burst forth in the basement.

Only "natural" water such as in a pool, pond, creek, stream, river, or lake—in other words water which originates from a spring—can be used in the Mikvah. Water which is drawn, carried, filled, or

conveyed can not be used.

Immersion in the Mikvah, as prescribed by Jewish religious purity ordinances, leads to the highest morality, righteousness, piety and service. It is also a talisman to prevent disease and so the maimed, the sick, the true believers and the seekers after vanished faith, men and women alike, come to bathe in Miracle Rabbi Salamon Friedlander's miraculous Mikvah —the only one of its kind in the United States.

Among the beneficiaries of the grace sought for them in the rabbi's prayers is a young baker, Harry Kalinsky, who also suffered a blood clot on the brain, among other severe injuries.

One evening in March, 1955, he was attacked on a Brooklyn street by three hoodlums who sought to rob him. During the terrible beating they gave him, his skull was fractured, he developed a blood clot on his brain, and pneumonia set in. When he was brought into Beth El Hospital, in Brooklyn, the doctors told his mother that he would not live through the night.

His mother made a frantic telephone call to Rabbi Friedlander. She asked him to come to her son, begging him to hurry as the boy might die any moment. The rabbi assured her that it was not necessary for him actually to be there to make a prayer for her son's recovery, and that he would offer a prayer at once. It is a long trip from the Bronx to Brooklyn. He obtained the necessary data about the boy over the telephone. He studied this cabalistically and, accordingly, made his prayer. Kalinsky, though remaining in a coma, did live through the night. Gradually he improved, though it was only after 25 days and many blood transfusions that consciousness returned to him. In two months he was walking again and on his way back to good health.

Following his discharge from the hospital, Kalinsky said, "I never believed in this hocus-pocus before, but this is something; this is really something. It's a miracle, all right. In the hospital, the doctors and nurses called me 'the miracle kid'. "

Mrs. Saddie Goldberg was in Mother Cabrini Hospital with intestinal cancer. After Rabbi Friedlander prayed for her, she made a complete recovery. As a token of her gratitude, she presented Rabbi Friedlander's synagogue with a Torah (Holyscroll).

Mrs. Fanny Margolies was dying of a gall bladder disease. She had been in many hospitals. Finally, she was brought home from Doctor's Hospital, 229 Mount Eden Avenue, the Bronx, to die. After Rabbi Friedlander prayed for her, she recovered.

There were many others.

Doctor Thomas L. Garrett, psychiatrist and psychic researcher, has investigated many of Rabbi Friedlander's reported miracles. Dr. Garrett says, "Gifted with peculiar psychic sensitiveness — call it 'the sixth sense' or what you will—the fact remains that Rabbi Friedlander has, at times, extraordinary insight and foresight far exceeding normal human powers, and many of his accomplishments must be described as miraculous."

"Of course it is God who makes the miracles," said Rabbi Salamon Friedlander. "I only ask God that he listen to my prayers."

GREENWICH VILLAGE GHOST

A GHOST, described as "the blurred figure of a man in 18th century clothes," is said to haunt a pre-Revolutionary War days house in New York City's Greenwich Village. The ghost is believed to be Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury under George Washington, who died in 1804 after being shot in a duel with Aaron Burr.

The house stands at 27 Jane Street and has been occupied since 1939 by Jean Karsavina, an authoress. Hamilton died in a house at 80 Jane Street, which was demolished several years ago. The house he is said to be haunting now, almost 200 years old, was the home of John Francis, the doctor who attended him after the fatal duel with Burr.

Through the years, Miss Karsavina told a reporter from *The Village Voice*, a Greenwich Village weekly newspaper, she has heard footsteps, creaking stairs, opening and closing doors—and constant flushing of the toilet.

"I suppose a toilet that flushed would be a novelty to someone from the 18th century," Miss Karsavina is quoted as saying. On one occasion, she adds, she went to investigate the noise and found the toilet chain still swinging.

Miss Karsavina explains that she herself has seen the ghost only as a faint, blurred shape. Her upstairs tenant, however, claims that one night a man "in 18th century clothes, with his hair in a queue," walked into her bedroom. He looked at her, she says, and then walked right out again.



ROBERT E. GRAFIUS

RED Circled Date with Death

I stood in an inferno of Nazi shell-fire — on a calendar day that my aunt back home had marked in red.

By Robert E. Grafius
As told to Elsie Grafius [his mother]

IF ANY SOLDIER has ever gone into battle without being scared, I never have heard of it. I was Private First Class, 1st Platoon in Company L, 405th Regiment, 102nd Infantry Division, saw plenty of action, and I was plenty scared most of the time.

Perhaps I had more than the average feeling of fear because of my Aunt Tiny. She had taken my going into the service in a peculiar manner and the things she said and did before I left had a strong effect on me all through the war.

Aunt Tiny always had been close to me. When I was a little boy and during my adolescence she had seemed to sense any difficulty I happened to be in and she was always on hand to help me out. My mother said that Aunt Tiny had extra-sensory perception, that she knew beforehand what was to happen.

I don't know that I actually believed she had this power but the morning I left to enter service she was inconsolable. She seemed filled with foreboding. She was ill at the time and I went up to her bedroom to say goodbye. Suddenly she sat up in bed and grasped me by the shoulders.

"I see destruction. . .destruction. . .all around you. Walk carefully, Bobbie, and pray constantly. I'll be with you wherever you are."

She passed her delicate, sensitive hands over my face and then turned to the wall. Sobs shook her. I left the room unable to speak. I could not comfort her for I too was filled with foreboding. It was as if a cold wave washed over me and I was gasping for breath. Maybe Aunt Tiny could foresee. Maybe she saw what was ahead.

This was the thought I had to contend with, beyond the ordinary fear every G. I. has. There were moments of such narrow escape that I often found myself laughing hysterically in the middle of heavy battle. There was the time I had my bayonet shot in two and my shovel handle shot off and not a mark on my hands. There was the night the German patrol passed within 10 feet of our foxhole and my buddy who was on guard got buck fever and froze. I used my auto rifle with good effect but don't think I wasn't scared. My knees knocked together like castanets.

Gradually, as I lived through battle after battle, I seemed to sense a certain immunity. It came to me clearly one morning as I lay on the ground between two knocked-out tanks. There was no other survivor within my sight. I had the feeling that I was being covered with a protective envelope and that the protection emanated directly from Aunt Tiny.

One night I was pulling guard duty in a German town when the Jerries started throwing in heavy fire. Robert G., I said to myself, it's time to get yourself under cover. I ducked into a little brick shed in a barnyard and waited for the barrage to lift. It was really a heavy one and through the shrieking of the shells I seemed to hear Aunt Tiny speak. She seemed to be warning me.

The barrage grew heavier and I struck a match to see if there was anything in the shed to protect me. I gasped as I saw row upon row of 105 mm shells clear to the ceiling. A few feet from the door was a truck. Careful scrutiny showed that it too was piled high with ammunition. This shed must be the enemy's target. There was only one way out. I would have to run across the field toward the bursting shells. Something seemed to hold me there. The truck was struck through the steering wheel, a deep hole was made in the hood but the ammunition in the truck was untouched. The roof of the adjacent barn caved in but I stood unharmed in the doorway. It seemed an eternity but the little brick shed was never hit. Aunt Tiny's protection saved not only me, the ammunition too was spared.

Week after week I walked unharmed through hell's fire. My

buddies dropped off one by one. Things piled up until I thought I could bear no more. Then came the advance toward Berlin and the war was ended.

Months later I was back home sitting in the kitchen, having breakfast with my mom and aunts. Aunt Tiny still looked frail but Mom and my other aunt looked as if they had been licking wildcats while I was gone.

They kept asking me questions and I kept racking my brain for humorous events to tell them. There wasn't any sense in making them live through the horrors and hells of war. I wanted to forget the whole thing.

I told them about the funny things my buddies and I used to do in trying to make our foxholes livable. One day we found a little stove and dug a large addition to our hole to accommodate it. It added a note of cheer and warmth but it melted the frozen ground and gobs of mud dropped in our coffee.

"You'll have to invite those special buddies here for a visit," my mother said.

My closest buddies! They were all gone!

I looked across the room to avoid her eyes and it was then I noticed the red ring on the calendar.

"Why the ringed date and why don't you turn your calendar to the present month?" I asked, to change the subject.

"Oh, that red ring? Aunt Tiny put it there. It's nothing important." Mother looked over at Aunt Tiny and the queerest expression came over my aunt's face.

"Don't say it wasn't important. It was, and still is important. I'll prove it to you." She turned to me. "Where were you, Bobbie, the night of January 3, 1945, and what were you doing?"

"Gosh, Aunt Tiny, it's hard to remember. That was during the battle of the Bulge. Why do you want to know?"

She leaned across the table toward me. Her grey eyes looked straight into mine. She was willing me to remember.

"I'll tell you what you were doing. I've told your mother before. She doesn't believe me. Now I'll tell it again and you can back me up. You were standing in a brick shed filled with shells. Time bombs were bursting all around you. A truck filled with ammunition was standing a few feet from you. It was struck, and the barn next to you was hit. You were protected. I saw a shell headed your way. It was diverted. I saw you light a match. I knew your fear when you saw you were in a shed piled high with shells and you realized the shed was the target."

Aunt Tiny stared steadily at me.

"Where were you that night? What happened? Tell your mother, so she'll believe me."

How could I ever forget it? I looked again at the red circled date. Allowing for time differences, Aunt Tiny's red circle was right on the dot.

I nodded. "You're right, Aunt Tiny. It was just as you saw it. You must have been there."

"I was there. And that wasn't the only time. I went with you many days and nights."

I knew she spoke the truth. She had been my protection. I looked across the breakfast table at her small body and was filled with awe as I thought of the power she possessed. It is something I cannot understand. But I accept it because I experienced it.

THE PROPHECY OF HEINRICH HEINE

by Juliette Laine

A STRANGE anecdote handed down to us from historians of musical matters is that of the clairvoyance or extrasensory perception of the German poet, Heinrich Heine.

This famous writer and mystic was a close friend of the celebrated opera composer, Vincenzo Bellini. One evening Heine attended a party in Puteaux, a suburb of Paris, where Bellini was living.

The young composer was playing one of his own compositions at the piano when Heine suddenly left his chair. Walking slowly across the room, Heine placed both his hands firmly upon Bellini's, on the keyboard, stopping his playing in the middle of a brilliant passage.

Everyone stared in silent surprise, then gasped in horror as Heine said solemnly, "Dear friend, make ready. You will soon die."

Bellini tore his hands from Heine's grasp and drew away from him in terror. Turning toward the guests, Heine went on, "Ah, yes, it is a great pity that genius so often dies young. Remember Raphael, Pergolesi, Mozart, Byron and now . . . ."

Bellini turned ashen and desperately made the "sign of the horns" with his fingers which superstitious Italians believe will avert the Evil Eye.

Three days later he was dead—at the age of 34—from what variously has been called "acute intestinal fever" or "inflamation of the bowels."

HE COLLECTED ON

History was made when the night watchman was granted medical compensation for disability caused by a UFO.

By Emil Slaboda

HARRY J. STURDEVANT, 66-year-old veteran of more than 20 years as a night watchman, sat trembling in his auto. His stomach felt worse than the time he was overcome with mustard gas while fighting with the allies in France during World War I. His sense of smell was gone. His hearing was affected. Water ran from his eyes. And he was alone.

For almost 30 minutes he sat stunned behind the steering wheel of his running auto, in a lane alongside the Delaware River in Trenton, N. J. He was armed with a blue-steel revolver but he wondered what protection it could give.

Finally Sturdevant maneuvered his vehicle down the lane to the trailer from which he made his rounds on the partially-constructed East-West Highway project, a new super thoroughfare being built on the outskirts of the city.

Picking up the telephone, he dialed police headquarters on Chancery Lane and blurted out his message—"I just saw a flying saucer!"

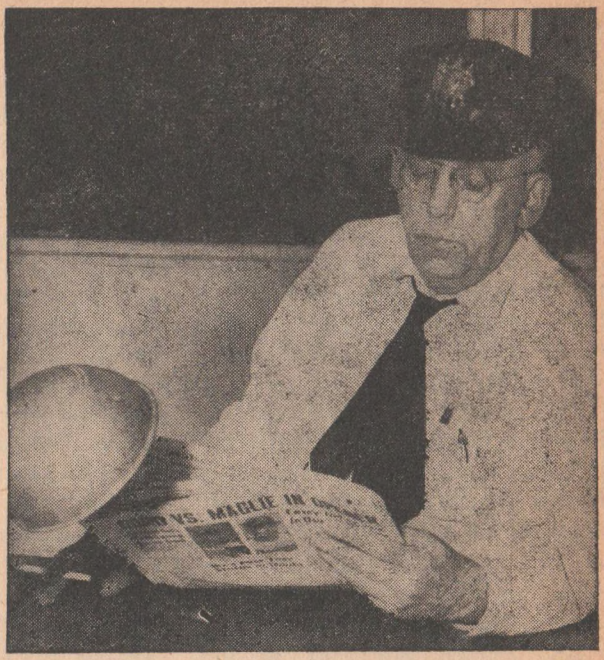
His sighting, shortly before 4 A. M. on October 2, 1956, made history six weeks later when a New Jersey State Workmen's Compensation referee upheld Sturdevant's bid for medical expenses on the grounds that it was his duty to investigate everything within sight, smell, or hearing—including unidentified flying objects.

Such a decision amounts almost to an admission by the state that flying saucers do exist. For the first time in recorded history an object from outer space was blamed for the disability of an earthman.

The referee, Leonard B. Willits, who sat in on the hearing between Sturdevant and his employer, the Herbert Elkins Inc., construction firm, ruled that it did not matter whether Sturdevant really saw anything. The important point was that the watchman thought he saw something, and it was his duty to investigate.

Sturdevant claimed medical compensation from the Elkins firm for injuries he said he suffered when a large, cigar-shaped flying

A FLYING SAUCER



Harry J. Sturdevant, 66, has been a night watchman for 20 years. Injuries he says he suffered when a saucer shot past him while he was on duty led him to file claim for medical compensation.

object zoomed past him while he was on duty. The watchman testified that he had been able to work only a few days since he saw the object out over the river. He said the object appeared first "as a red light in the sky," and then in a matter of seconds, "it shot down past me and went into thin air.

"It was about 60 to 100 feet long and about 15 feet in diameter, shaped like a cigar," he explained. "It had no wings, and no fins—I heard no propulsion from it except a hissing sound like escaping steam."

Stuttering sometimes, the watchman continued his story, "It gave me the greatest shock of my life. There was a smell like sulfur or brimstone. It was something I had never smelled before. I don't know what it was except it was very nauseating and it made me very

sick. I lost my sense of taste and smell; my throat would not swallow properly."

Sturdevant explained that he had collapsed in pain, but had managed to crawl to his parked car. "I stayed there for half an hour before I was competent to drive.

"I don't want to talk about it anymore because I want to forget the experience. That was the first time in my life I was ever scared of anything," he concluded his testimony.

An Elkins Co. representative, however, disputed his claim, and pointed out that Sturdevant's trouble "might be with his imagination, not his eyes, ears, and nose."

The decision was made minutes later in the watchman's favor.

Sturdevant's experience at the river's edge was only one of a series of sightings in that area during the past year. Furthermore, almost at the same moment, the object was seen by two other persons, one of them a newspaper circulation route manager.

On October 3, the night after the UFO sighting, a United Press photographer, Louis Gunkel, Peter Tonti, a prominent restaurant owner, and I paid Sturdevant a visit in his kerosene-heated trailer. I had arranged the interview after two Trenton detectives, Lt. Adolph Miller and Lt. Ernest Louis questioned the frightened man and came back convinced he was telling a true story.

We felt great sympathy for the watchman when he broke into tears as he relived his experience of the night before.

"I was standing at the bottom of the concrete steps just across from Rotary Island," Sturdevant explained. "Suddenly it appeared. First as a red light in the sky above the Reading Railroad bridge about a mile up the river. In a matter of seconds it shot down past me, only about 15 feet above the water. Then it swooped upwards about 500 feet and disappeared."

Sturdevant wasn't certain of time, only that the incident "happened within seconds." He declined to accompany us to the spot but gave us specific directions as to the location. We drove over to the site and I parked my auto facing the river bank, left my headlights on, and aimed a large spotlight at the bottom of the stairs leading to the water.

The night sky was clear, although a wispy fog hung over the river. We could see Rotary Island plainly, about 100 yards from the shore.

According to Sturdevant's story, the UFO had passed between him and the island. I estimated his 50-yard guess was correct.

We were driving back to my newspaper office when a police cruiser hailed us. The two members of Trenton's Bandit Patrol yelled, "Say, did you hear the latest about Sturdevant's flying saucer?"

They told us that one of my own newspaper's circulation route managers had also witnessed the UFO. He had mentioned the incident to the policemen when he overheard them talking about Sturdevant's experience.

I almost broke speed records getting back to the office where I hunted up Peter Borza, 38, of 2076 Pennington Rd. He makes his early-morning delivery run through the Hiltonia section of Trenton. He drops off newspaper bundles to stores and newsstands between 1:00 and 5:00 A. M. every day.

"Did you actually see the flying saucer?" I asked, almost holding my breath.

Borza said he was driving his station wagon on Parkside Avenue, two blocks from the river, shortly before 4:00 A.M. October 2nd.

"I was just about to make a turn near Cadwalader Park when I spotted this object in the sky," he explained. "It was high in the sky. I guessed it to be about the size of the moon from where I stopped my wagon."

Borza's description differed only slightly from Sturdevant's. Where the watchman said the UFO had a glowing, reddish appearance, Borza said it was white. But Sturdevant witnessed the object from only 50 yards away; Borza saw the UFO high in the sky.

"You won't believe this, but it was the second time I saw a flying saucer this month," Borza added. He explained he had witnessed a similar object in the skies over Hamilton Township, a community adjoining the city, about a week earlier.

When *The Trentonian* hit the street with my story the next morning, we found another witness to the saucer sighting.

A five-year-old Parkside Avenue boy had seen the saucer too. The time factor was the same. His parents, who had passed off the youngster's story as a dream, took a new view of the incident after reading my story. They phoned.

The child shared a bedroom with his nine-year-old brother. The youngster had waked shortly before 4 A. M. on October 2nd and looked out the window. He had seen a "big lighted ball with a tail."

Whether these two additional witnesses to the UFO influenced the Workmen's Compensation referee in his decision I cannot say.

But it seems that for the first time a visitor from outer space has influenced the State of New Jersey.

The Elements Challenge Fate

The weather plays many a strange trick—especially when impatient man tries to predict or influence it.

By Paul Steiner

● Less than a fortnight after a Waco, Tex., furniture store advertised a "sink or sell" sale, a two-inch downpour caved in its roof doing $50,000 damage.



● An Albuquerque, N. Mex., watering crew, out to water down the city's dirt streets, got stuck in the mud when the heaviest rain in many months fell.



● A public prayer service for rain scheduled in Tom Griffin Park in Olney, Tex., had to be moved indoors because of heavy rain. The service was changed to one of Thanksgiving.



● Aborigines in Darwin, Australia, had to stop a ritual rain-making dance when a downpour drenched the area.



● Soprano Astrid Verney was forced to cancel two appearances in Washington D. C., when her ship was temporarily delayed in mid-Atlantic. At both concerts she was to sing an aria from Weber's "Oberon", titled, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster."



● The Tokyo Weather Bureau marked its 75th anniversary with a prediction of "clearing skies and fair weather." It rained all day.



● In Dallas, Tex., rain washed out the annual picnic of local meteor-

ologists and weather observers.



● Walter Wolfe, a Charleston, W. Va., forecaster predicted on a November day that the temperature would go down to 22 degrees. It did—and the radiator on Wolfe's car froze and burst.



● In Cuiba, Brazil, heavy rains washed precious gold nuggets, one weighing 54 grams and worth about $60, into the streets of the business district.



● In Unidalla, Ga., a thundercloud rolled over the town at noontime turning the sky so dark that the electric eye turned on all the street lights.



● A drive-in movie near Minneapolis was partially wrecked by a tornado during a revival showing of "Gone With The Wind."



● A Grand Rapids, Mich., radio newscaster, reassuring tornado-jittery listeners, told them they had nothing to worry about. "There are no tornadoes in this area," he said. "I repeat, don't worry, you are in no. . ." At that point his voice ceased — silence ensued. It was several minutes before he could get back on the air to explain that lightning had hit the station's transmitter, causing a power failure.



● Seconds after Carl Raymond, of Brockton, Mass., parked his car in front of a local store during a bad storm, got out and went inside the shop, a high wind hurled a 150-year-old tree onto the car and sliced it in two.



● Waterville, N. Y., recently experienced a water shortage when the reservoir was washed out during a heavy rainfall.



● Paul Watte, a Kansas City weather forecaster who had predicted a light snow for his area, was late to work because three-foot snowdrifts blocked the roadways.



● During a flood at Exford, England, water seeped into a house where R. W. Steer, a helpless cripple, lay on an air mattress. Slowly the mattress rose atop the water, carrying the old man towards the ceiling and certain death. Firemen, passing outside, happened to see Steer and snatched him to safety just in time.



The Weinsberg Prison Ghost

The prison was securely locked and guarded—yet a weird visitor came nightly on a strange mission.

By William H. Gilroy

ONE OF THE CLASSIC hauntings of modern times, attested by unimpeachable witnesses, under conditions that negate fraud, is that of Weinsberg Prison in Germany.

The haunting took place in a cell on the second floor of one of the block-houses within the prison walls. This particular block-house has been considered escape-proof for over 200 years. A brief description of the general lay-out of the block-house explains why this is true.

The lower floor has no windows and the only entrance is through a narrow passage, closed off by four heavily guarded doors. On the second floor the windows are 22 feet from the ground and are heavily barred with two-inch iron

bars spaced four inches apart. The block-house is surrounded by high prison walls having but one gate which is kept guarded day and night.

The outside world first learned of the haunting when Phillip Mayer, deputy-warden of the prison, sent a report to the Magistrates that a prisoner named Elizabeth Eslinger was being visited by a ghost. In due time the Magistrates petitioned the prison physician, Dr. Henry Kerner, to examine the prisoner and to report on her mental and physical condition.

His official report read as follows: "Having examined the prisoner, Elizabeth Eslinger, confined here since the beginning of September, 1835, I found her of sound mind, but possessed with one fixed idea, namely, that she is and has been for some time troubled by an apparition which leaves her no rest, coming chiefly by night, and requiring her prayers to release it. Having now, in compliance with the orders of the Magistrates, observed this woman for 11 weeks, I am led to the conclusion that there is no deception in this case.

"Mrs. Eslinger is a widow, aged 38, in apparent physical health; but who claims that she has always been a ghost-seer, though never till lately had any communication with them; that now during the months that she has been in prison she is nightly disturbed by an apparition that had previously visited her in her own home. When at home the apparition did not appear in a defined human form but as a pillar of cloud, out of which proceeded a hollow voice, signifying to her that she was to release it by her prayers from the cellar of a woman in Wimmenthal, named Singhaasin, whither it was banished or whence it could not free itself.

"The ghost now comes in a perfect human shape and is dressed in a loose robe, with a girdle, and has on its head a four-cornered cap. It has a projecting chin and forehead, fiery, deep-set eyes, a long beard, and high cheek-bones which look as if they were covered with parchment. A light radiates about and above his head and in the midst of this light one sees the outline of the spectre.

"Both she and her fellow prisoners declare that this apparition comes several times in a night. He often comes through the closed door or window but they can then see neither door nor window, nor iron bars; they often hear the closing of the door and can see into the passage when he comes in or out that way. He most frequently enters by the window and they then hear a peculiar sound there. At times all sorts of noises are heard.

When he is angry, or in great distress, they perceive a strange mouldering, earthy smell. He often pulls away the coverlet and sits on the edge of the bed. At first the touch of his hand was icy cold, since he became brighter it is warmer. If she stretches out her hand she cannot feel him but when he touches her she feels it. He sometimes takes her hands and places them together, to make her pray. His sighs and groans are like a person in despair. He says he was a Catholic priest in Wimmenthal and lived in the year 1414; and that, among other crimes, a fraud committed with his father, on his brothers, presses sorely on him.

"In order to satisfy myself of the truth of these depositions, I went to the prison on the night of October 15th, and shut myself up without light in Mrs. Eslinger's cell. About 11:30 P. M. I heard a sound, as of some hard body being thrown down, on the side of the cell opposite from where the woman sat; she immediately began to breathe rapidly and told me the spectre was there. I laid my hand on her head and adjured it as an evil spirit to depart. I had scarcely uttered the words when there was a strange rattling, crackling noise all round the walls which finally seemed to go out through the window; and the woman said that the spectre had departed.

"On the following night it told her that it was grieved at being addressed as an evil spirit which it was not, but one that deserved pity; and that what it wanted was prayers and redemption.

"On October 18th I went to the cell again, between 10:00 and 11:00, taking with me my wife and the wife of the deputy-warden, Madame Mayer. When the woman's breathing denoted the spectre's presence, I laid my hand on her and adjured it, in gentle terms, not to trouble her further. The same sort of sound as before commenced but it was softer and this time continued all along the passage where there was certainly nobody. We all heard it.

"On the night of the 20th I went again, with Justice Heyd. It was a rainy night and, in the prison, pitch dark. Justice Heyd slept sometimes; I remained awake all night, and mostly sitting up.

"About midnight I saw a light come in at the window; it was a yellowish light and moved slowly; and, though we were closely shut in, I felt a cold breeze blowing on me. I said to the Justice, 'The ghost is here is he not?' He replied, 'Yes'. The light now approached me and I could plainly see my hands and arms; and at the same time I perceived an indescribable odor of putrefaction; my face felt as if ants were run-

ning over it. Then the light moved about and went up and down the room; and on the door of the cell I saw a number of little glimmering stars, such as I had never before seen. Presently, the Justice and I heard a voice which I can compare to nothing I have heard before. It was not like a human voice. The words and sighs sounded as if they were drawn up out of a deep hollow, and appeared to ascend from the floor to the roof in a column; while this voice spoke Mrs. Eslinger was praying out loud. I am certain that she had nothing to do with the voice.

"On December 9th, Madame Mayer and I spent the night again in the cell. It was moonlight and we both sat up and watched Mrs. Eslinger. Suddenly I saw a white shadowy form, like a small animal, cross the room and then there was such a noise at the window that I thought all the panes were broken. She told us it was the ghost and that it was sitting on the stool. We then heard a walking and shuffling up and down and, although I could see nothing, I felt a cool breeze blowing on me and out of this the same hollow voice I had heard before, said, 'In the name of Jesus, look on me!' By this time the moon had gone and it was quite dark; and when the voice spoke I saw a light around us but still no form. Then there was a sound of foot-steps walking toward the window and I heard the voice say, 'Do you see me now?' And then for the first time I saw a shadowy form stretching up as if to make itself visible to us. During the rest of the night I saw it repeatedly, sometimes sitting on the stool, and at others moving about; and I am perfectly certain that I saw it. How I saw it I can not tell; it is a thing not to be described.

"Mrs. Eslinger prayed the entire time and the more earnestly she prayed the closer the spectre went to her. Sometimes it sat upon her bed.

"About five o'clock, when 'it' approached Mrs. Mayer, she said, 'Go to my husband in his chamber, and in his chamber leave a sign that you have been there!' 'It' answered distinctly 'Yes'. Then we heard the door which was locked and bolted, open and shut; and we saw the shadow float along the passage and at the same time we heard footsteps shuffling along.

"In a quarter of an hour we saw 'it' return entering by the window; and asked him if he had been with her husband and what he had done. He answered by a sound like a short low hollow laugh. Then he hovered about without any noise and we heard him speaking to Mrs. Eslinger while she still prayed aloud. After six o'clock, we saw

him no more. In the morning Deputy-Warden Mayer mentioned with great surprise that his chamber door, which he was sure he had fast bolted and locked, even taking out the key when he went to bed, he had found wide open.

"In closing my report I admit that I am mystified as to just what I really did witness during the past several weeks. It is most difficult for my medically trained mind to even admit the existence of spectres, let alone write of my viewing as well as hearing them. All I know is that I did see and hear something that came and went as it pleased in that heavily guarded prison and in spite of every precaution taken to obstruct its admittance. I, therefore, can not offer any explanation as to how the phenomena was brought about but can only re-iterate my previous statement, that I did see and hear something that I believe came from another world."

To say that Dr. Kerner's report created a sensation is an understatement. It actually was front page news for six months and was the subject of many a Sunday sermon throughout Germany.

The Magistrates, having satisfied themselves that the case was not fraudulent, extended an invitation to the men of science to investigate the strange phenomena and to solve the mysterious riddle. And, although nearly 50 learned men accepted the invitation and most of them heard the noises, saw the lights and the figure, none came up with a scientific solution to the problem. Try as they did, none could duplicate the awesome voice and the united efforts of 10 men did not make the bars shake and rattle—as the spectre, did with apparent ease.

Two famous German surgeons, while waiting in the prison courtyard for admittance to the cell, claimed they heard extraordinary noises which they could not account for—especially the sound of falling peas and gravel, which seemed so close by that they involuntarily covered their faces. They addressed the "Unknown" and asked him to repeat the phenomena once they were inside the cell. Not only did he do this but actually pelted them during the entire night they spent there.

Two physicists, Drs. Sicherer and Fraas, upon entering the cell, saw a thick gray cloud near Mrs. Eslinger's head. Then they heard a great pounding followed by heavy foot-steps, the opening and shutting of the cell door followed by a terrific concussion that made them think that the block-house must surely collapse. In a moment or two they saw the apparition. These phenomena repeated themselves eight times during the night.

In Dr. Sicherer's official report, submitted at the request of the Magistrates and the Supreme Court, he stated that he had observed the phenomena as carefully as if he were working on a problem in his laboratory. Not only did he examine Mrs. Eslinger and her cell with the utmost care but he examined all the other prisoners and cells on the second floor as well. In spite of this scrupulous investigation he found no grounds for suspicion, no clew to the mystery. Scientifically the phenomena appeared to him as utterly inexplicable.

Dr. Fraas' official report confirms Dr. Sicherer's in every respect, and in addition he several times saw a light moving about the room. He also felt the pressure of a hand on his forehead each time before the apparition came and, although he did not mention his sensations, Mrs. Eslinger always told him that the ghost was beside him just as he felt the pressure on his forehead.

Deputy-Warden Mayer had been the first to report officially the strange happenings at Weinsberg Prison but he was never fully convinced that the phenomena could not be explained as "fraudulent tom-foolery." After his wife and Dr. Kerner became convinced as to its authenticity he told Mrs. Eslinger that if she wished to convince him she must send the ghost to his room.

Afterwards he reported as follows: "The night after I had said this I went to bed and to sleep, little expecting such a visitor; but toward midnight, I was awakened by something touching my left elbow. This was followed by a pain; and in the morning when I looked at the place I saw several blue spots. I told Mrs. Eslinger that this was not enough and that she must tell the ghost he must touch my other elbow. This was done on the following night and, at the same time, I perceived a smell of putrefaction. The blue spots followed."

Deputy-Warden Mayer further related that the spectre made its presence known in unmistakable fashion, by duplicating the phenomena of the prison cell in its entirety. Although he never saw the apparition too distinctly, he did see the yellow light and the faint outline of its body and always felt the cool breeze when it approached him.

For the remainder of Mrs. Eslinger's term in prison, through February 11, 1836, the ghost would visit whomsoever she desired; and would always make its presence known by noise, cool breezes, odor or touch. Many persons saw the yellow light as well as the apparition itself.

When the time came for Mrs. Eslinger's release the ghost promised to visit the prison cell even after she was gone. And he did. The second night after her release, Deputy-Warden and Madame Mayer and two other witnesses saw the yellow light, heard the approaching footsteps, and finally saw the apparition. When Mrs. Mayer asked "him" to produce some new sounds, he did so immediately by imitating the sound of a flute—and repeating it whenever she asked him to do so.

However, the ghost soon took its departure; not only from the prison but from Mrs. Eslinger as well. During the months that he haunted her he often entreated her to go to Wimmenthal, where he claimed to have lived, and pray for him. After her release from prison, on the advice of her friends, she decided to make the trip. Some of the friends who accompanied her claimed to see the apparition as Mrs. Eslinger knelt and prayed for him. One of the witnesses, a Mrs. Worner, offered to take an oath that she had seen the apparition of a man, accompanied by two smaller spectres, and that she saw a light like that of a falling star. She also stated, "When the prayer was ended the ghost went close to her; then I saw something like a white cloud, that seemed to float away; and after that we saw no more."

When Mrs. Eslinger had finished praying she fell over in a dead faint. Upon being revived she disclosed that on bidding her farewell before he ascended—which he did, accompanied by two bright infantile forms—the ghost had asked her to give him her hand. After wrapping it in her handkerchief, she complied and "a small flame had arisen from the handkerchief when he touched it; and the marks of his fingers—like burns—were left on it."

This however, had not caused her to faint; she was terrified by a troop of horrible animals that rushed past her as the spectre floated away.

From that day to this the Weinsberg apparition has not been seen nor heard.

What it was or where it actually came from no one really knows. But something super-normal visited Weinsberg Prison and was witnessed by many sober, sane and reliable persons.

By Frank Edwards

All were astonished to find that by sticking rods in the ground they clearly could hear . . .

Stubblefield's

Voices in the Wind

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WAS RADIO broadcasting actually born on a farm near Murray, Kentucky, in the summer of 1885?

There is considerable evidence to that effect. There is even more evidence to support the contention that Nathan Stubblefield, a self-taught electronics expert, was giving public demonstrations of wireless voice transmission at least three years before Marconi went on record with his feeble spark-gap discoveries.

Stubblefield was a tall, thin chap with piercing blue eyes and a reticent manner that kept his circle of intimate friends to a minimum. His farm was a poor one, and Nathan eked out a living for his family by installing telephones.

One night in 1885 he came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Holt, farmers like himself and among the few whom he trusted. "If you could come over to my place Sunday afternoon," said Stubblefield, "I would like to show you something that I have been working on—something that nobody else has ever been able to do, I reckon."

The Holts were on hand when the day came. Stubblefield led them to a point about 200 yards from his house, where a small box was mounted on a stump. At his suggestion they took a couple of telephone receivers out of the box and placed them to their ears.

Years later Mr. Holt still recalled that night vividly. "It was amazing!" he said. "We could clearly hear Stubblefield's son talking to

us from the house some distance away; we heard him count up to 10 and we heard him ask us how we were feeling and then he played a tune on his French harp. There were no wires of any kind connecting us with the telephone in the house—just two iron rods which we stuck in the ground." As he walked to their buggy with them, the lanky inventor was unquestionably pleased with the impression he had made, so pleased that he almost became talkative.

"With this invention," he said, "I can talk anywhere at any time, without wires. There is no limit to the power of this instrument. I am still working on it, still trying to perfect it."

Many of his close friends urged Stubblefield to patent his method of transmitting the human voice by wireless, but he refused. Finally, however, he yielded to their persistent entreaties and promised to give a public demonstration of what he called his "wireless telephone system." Permission was granted for him to use the Court House grounds at Murray, the county seat of Calloway County. On the Saturday when the event was scheduled, Murray was crowded with folks from miles around. Some came to scoff, of course, but most of them were just curious onlookers.

Stubblefield had set up two boxes about two feet square and approximately 250 feet apart. Between them was a concrete walk and all could see that the two boxes were in no way connected. When his arrangements had been completed, the inventor raised his hand for silence. He spoke into the telephone mouthpiece at his end in a rather low tone, inaudible 10 feet away, but clearly distinguishable to those around the other box across the Court House lawn.

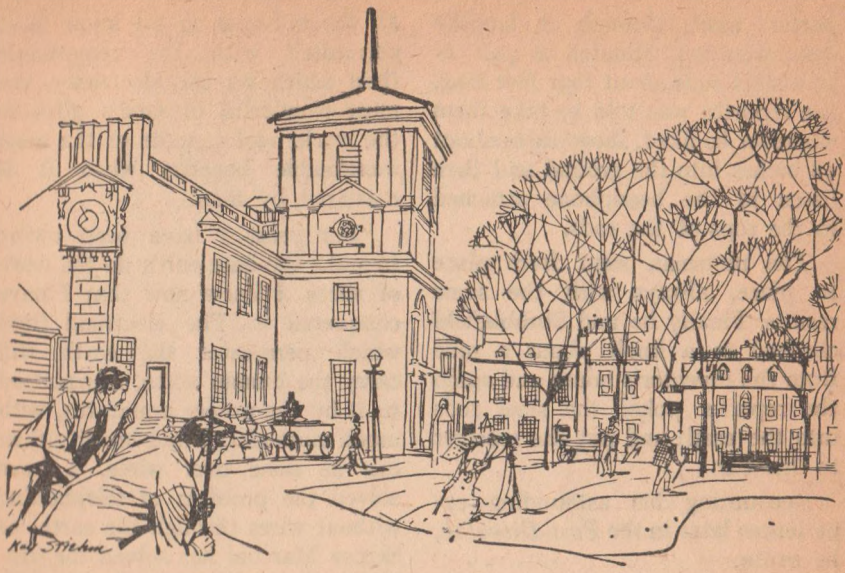
"Very well, Bernard. Let us start the experiment. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, sir. I hear you very well. Can you hear me?" The crowd packed around Stubblefield heard his son's voice clearly.

"Bernard, please count up to 10, then count back down."

It was an old story to Stubblefield and his son. They had been talking to each other by wireless telephone for seven years when they put on this first public demonstration at Murray. The crowd around each of the sets could hear the distant voices. Those around Nathan's receiver heard the boy counting, heard him reciting poetry and heard him play a couple of tunes on a mouth organ.

The crowd was amused but not impressed. Stubblefield was infuriated by their snickers. He had demonstrated wireless transmission of the human voice to people who neither understood nor appreciated the magnitude of his achievement.



Now he bundled up his equipment and stormed back to his farm, angry with himself for having agreed to the demonstration in the first place.

It was 1892. Wireless transmission of the human voice was already a reality, but only in that remote part of Kentucky. The world had never heard about the miracle.

The years dragged by. Marconi won world acclaim for his ability to pick the sparks from his primitive transmitter out of the air. Only Nathan Stubblefield knew how to send voices and music through the air and the earth, but who ever heard of him?

The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* heard of him and they wrote and asked him to demonstrate his invention for them, at his own time and place. For weeks there was no acknowledgment of their request, then they received a post card which said simply: "Have accepted your invitation. Come to my place any time. N. Stubblefield, inventor."

When the representative of the paper came to his humble home Stubblefield's natural reticence vanished. Perhaps he felt that at last he too might share in some of the fame and fortune that was being showered on others. On January 10, 1902, the inventor and the re-

porter went through a lengthy demonstration. Handed a pair of thin steel rods about four feet long, the reporter was told to take them wherever he liked, shove them about 18 inches into the ground and then listen to the headphone attached to the tops of the rods.

The newsman went from place to place, always with the same results. Finally he and Stubblefield climbed to a knoll about a mile from the inventor's house and again the reporter poked the steel rods into the earth and put the receiver to his ear.

Recounting his astounding experiences later in the *Post-Dispatch*, he wrote:

"I could hear every syllable that the Stubblefield boy spoke into a transmitter as clearly as if he were only a dozen feet away across a room!"

How did Stubblefield accomplish this miracle?

"By years of hard work—long before I ever heard of Marconi," said the lanky, cantankerous farmer-inventor. "I had the idea of sending messages through space as far back as 1880 but it was several years before I could even start working on it. This solution is not the work of a minute. It is not a mere inspiration, but the climax of years of thought and hundreds of hours of experimenting.

"The earth, the air, the water—all the universe as we know it is permeated with the remarkable fluid which we call electricity, the most wonderful of God's gifts to the world and capable of the most inestimable benefits when it is mastered by man.

"For years I have been trying to make the bare earth do the work of wires. I know now that I have conquered it. The electrical fluid which permeates the earth will carry the human voice, transmitted to it by the proper apparatus, with much more clarity and lucidity than can be done over wires. I have solved the problem of telephoning without wires through the earth, as Signor Marconi has solved the problem of sending signals through space. But I can also telephone without wires through space as well as through the earth, because the medium I use is everywhere."

Stubblefield was in one of his extremely rare talkative moods and he went on to describe how he had buried what he called an "earth cell" in the ground near his home. It drew its energy from the flow of electricity in the earth, he told the newsman, and it produced enough power to run a tiny electric motor for two months and six days, or until Stubblefield got tired of hearing it hum and turned it off.

The newspaper feature story on his system of wireless voice transmission brought Stubblefield to the

attention of prominent people. He received invitations to demonstrate his invention before scientists, newsmen and financiers, in both Washington and Philadelphia. In May, 1902, he bundled his transmitter, his batteries, and the rest of his paraphernalia into a big black trunk and bought tickets for himself and his son. At long last, it seemed, the world had taken cognizance of the taciturn inventor from the Kentucky hills.

The tests at the nation's capital were conducted from the little steamship *Bartholdi*. Two wires trailed in the water behind the vessel as it chugged upstream. Several hundred yards away, at an inn on the Virginia side of the river, a dozen distinguished witnesses waited for the outcome of the experiment.

In the pilot house of the steamer Stubblefield adjusted his batteries and receivers once more, then stepped back.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "please place these receivers to your ears and you will hear messages being sent to us from the station on the shore."

They heard—and they marveled. One of the witnesses was the owner of a telephone system of conventional design. He told Stubblefield that his wireless system would revolutionize the industry and he asked for prices on installation at Charleston, South Carolina. Others were equally as enthusiastic after the test.

But Nathan had more to show them. At his suggestion they went ashore, where he gave each of them a receiver attached to wires between two short steel rods. The witnesses sauntered around over an area within half a mile of the inn, sticking their rods into the earth and listening to Stubblefield talking to them by wireless.

The *Washington Evening Star* reported the story in bold headlines on May 21, 1902: *BY LAND AND WATER* — First Practical Test of Wireless Telegraphy — Heard for Half Mile.

The remarkable invention of Bluegrass farmer. Wireless telephony demonstrated beyond question. Public tests on Potomac to the Virginia shore. Test interesting, little short of marvellous!

The subsequent demonstration in Philadelphia on May 30, 1902, produced more journalistic enthusiasm, but no tangible results. Stubblefield went back to Kentucky to wait and hope. He was beset by promoters who wanted him to let them exploit his discovery in various stock-selling schemes; he refused to be swayed by their promises of quick wealth. Upon the advice of a friend in Murray, he hired an attorney and patented

the basic principles of his wireless voice system.

Nathan Stubblefield was the classic example of a man with a better mousetrap who was ignored by the world. Suspicious, embittered, and poverty-stricken, his family drifted away from him and he became a virtual hermit, living in a flimsy shack on his stony farm.

One night in the spring of 1928 he came to the home of a long-time friend, Mrs. L. E. Owen. Nathan was ragged and unusually thin and Mrs. Owen thought he looked feverish.

"I want you to write the story of my life," he said. "I want you to tell the world how to take light from the energy of the air, just as I took that same energy to transmit voice, long before the days of what we now call radio. That energy is everywhere, free for everyone. It will make the night bloom with light just as it is now filled with music. Light without cost wherever it is needed! I want you to write about it, because there are men who would stop at nothing to steal my discovery!"

A week later, two friends noticed that Stubblefield's shack looked deserted. They found his body lying on an old door between the bedroom and the earthen-floored lean-to that served as a kitchen. A cursory examination by the coroner produced a verdict of death from natural causes. Stubblefield's friends and neighbors suspected murder.

Perhaps better than anyone of his time, and certainly better than those to whom he demonstrated his broadcasting system, Nathan Stubblefield saw what his invention could mean to the world.

Standing in that windswept woodland in January of 1902, he said to the reporter from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*:

"I can send messages by my method through the earth, the water or the air, and the curvature of the earth means nothing to me. I claim that my invention is practicable for sending messages from a central distributing station over a very wide territory. Anyone with a receiving instrument could receive weather news from Washington, for example, or from some nearer point. Eventually it will be used for the general transmission of news of every sort. It will convey messages between the land and the sea, between ships and lighthouses, from any point on earth to any other point on earth, for the all-enveloping medium of carriage insures that."

Nathan Stubblefield, the self-taught electronics expert, had described the future accomplishments of the broadcasting industry before the industry even existed. He had suspected, and had to some extent utilized, the earth forces which

Einstein long afterward included in his "unified field" theory.

If the broadcasting industry ever establishes a hall of fame in honor of its departed great, perhaps it may condescend to accord a little niche to the memory of Nathan Stubblefield, who said of himself with sadness and with undeniable accuracy:

"I have lived 50 years before my time!"

ROUTED BY TELEPATHY

THE STRANGE story of how the wrong train proved to be the right one recently was told by C. B. Colby in his column "Adventure Today" in *The Daily Item*, Port Chester, N.Y. The story, Colby wrote, was related to him by a woman who is his neighbor.

The woman had visited New York on a shopping trip and planned to return to her home in Briarcliff Manor to keep an appointment that evening. When she arrived at Grand Central Station to catch her train she noticed that the "Twilight Limited" for Springfield, Mass., was to leave shortly and passengers were hurrying to board it. She often had taken that very train to visit her father, who lived in Westfield, a small town near Springfield. Although she had no intention of visiting him this particular evening, some urge which she was powerless to resist made her board the train for Springfield instead of the one that would take her home.

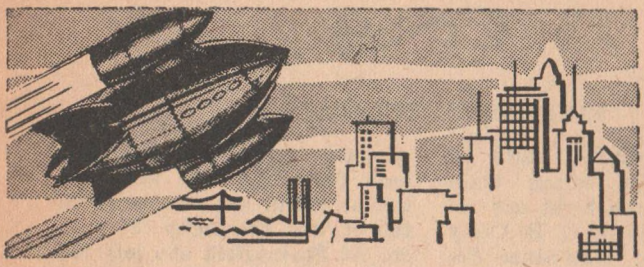
As the train sped toward Massachusetts, the woman repeatedly told herself she had been foolish to take this particular train, but somehow she felt it was the right thing to do. At Springfield she left the train and took a bus to Westfield, where her father had been living alone since the death of his wife.

His house was dark when she arrived there, but she found the front door unlocked. As she entered and switched on the lights, she heard her father call her name. His voice sounded very weak.

She hurried upstairs to him, switching on other lights as she went. When she reached his bedroom she discovered why her unpremediated trip to Westfield had seemed so right. Her father was seriously ill, too weak to turn on lights for himself or to call for help.

Later she explained that she had made the trip to his home on a strange impulse and she asked why he had called her name even before he had known who was in the house. He merely smiled and said, "Why, I knew you were coming."

SPACE SHIP over DETROIT



ON MAY 8, 1955, I saw what I believe was a gigantic space ship sail over the city of Detroit.

I wasn't looking for UFO's that evening as I sat in my living room. It was a warm, spring evening about 7:15 P. M. I got up to close the front door because the light coming in there was dimming my view of the television program. I stood in the doorway. I often study the sky and speculate on the next day's weather just as you do. I saw the sun setting behind the houses across the street. There was a light breeze from the southwest, which usually means warm weather in our locality. The sky was a milky, hazy blue. There were low clouds to the northwest. Almost overhead I noticed a long narrow shape that looked like a vapor trail. These are commonplace. Nearby Selfridge Field sends many types of planes over this area. I paused a minute or so to watch the vapor trail dissipate in the calm evening air. I expected it to drift northeast with the wind. After about five minutes the long pencil-like shape not only held itself together but now was moving *west*. The object was tilted in the air at about a 30 degree angle, the low end pointing north. A quick check of the clouds in the N. W.

The long narrow object moved slowly from east to west. It appeared to be 10 miles high—and a mile in length.

By Dominic Sondy

assured me that the wind blown clouds were proceeding in a different direction than that of the space object.

A quick telephone call to my friend, Frank Gallagher, set him watching with binoculars. He spotted it immediately and followed it along. His wife, Mackie, saw it also. I returned to watch from my doorway. My wife and our neighbors, Joanne Milow and Mary Lou Ramsey, confirmed what I saw.

As we watched the pencil-like shape moved in an arc toward the horizon. The angle increased till it tipped past the vertical and vanished from sight. From the time I spotted it almost overhead till it vanished over the horizon was about 20 minutes. The object appeared white or light colored. It was apparent that the ground haze obscured the object enough to make it look very high. It looked as large as a new pencil held at arm's length.

The ends were perfectly square. No detail, lights, flames or anything else were visible to me. Frank was able to see a little more through his glasses. He said the object had a reddish-orange glow around the middle. We reported this incident to one of the local papers immediately. The reporter taking the call said they had received similar reports. However, nothing regarding the UFO was mentioned in any of the papers.

For several days I sketched, measured and figured. I discussed the matter with other UFO researchers. We compared this sighting with other sightings. Frank Gallager has a very complete file of UFO data and our work was cut out for us.

There had been more UFO reports that same day. At 9:30 A. M. in Rockford, Ill., the local Ground Observer Corp reported a UFO. Jets were scrambled from a nearby air base. They shot at an object and it exploded in mid-air. The newspaper account said that our pilots had shot down a weather balloon. An eye witness said that a small object came out of the exploding UFO and vanished straight up. A thorough search of the ground below the explosion disclosed nothing. The story ran:

Friday, April 8, 1955— *Rock-*

ford Register Republic JETS BLAST BALLOON NEAR CHERRY VALLEY

Flame Noted As 3 Planes Rip Target

Three air force jets, a weather balloon and an interloper from out of nowhere added up to an aerial display beween Rockford and Cherry Valley about 9:30 A. M. today.

John C. Gregory, executive secretary of the Winnebago county civil defense council, said he witnessed the weather balloon blowing up between here and Cherry Valley after the jets made a pass at it.

Just prior to the explosion, Gregory said he saw a burst of flames.

After the balloon exploded, Gregory said, another flat spherical object described as a "brilliant white" shot by the jets at a high speed, going from southeast to northwest.

The jets were from O'Hare field at Park Ridge. Air force officials at the field said the weather balloon was sent up from Minneapolis.

Gregory watched the show from atop the old city hall building after he had received a report from a Rockford resident who saw the same display.

Was there any connection between the UFO seen in Rockford, Ill., and the one seen in Roseville, Mich., just north of Detroit? The giant space ship seen over Detroit was stationary. The earth rotated beneath it, giving it the appearance of motion. Its height was over 10 miles. The closest I can figure its length is one mile; its diameter about 300 feet. I feel these estimates are very conservative. If they were doubled or tripled they would still be plausible.

A close study of the timing shows that the giant ship was over Rockford at 9:30 A. M. If it circled the earth every two hours, until seen by me at 7:15 P. M., the schedule works out to the minute. However it only appeared to circle the earth. In reality it was motionless as the earth turned beneath it. Due to its height, if it were seen from horizon to horizon travelling east to west, it would stay in sight about 30 minutes.

Suppose the ship was out of sight while over Rockford at 9:30 A. M. Let us further suppose it circled the earth and was over Rockford again at 11:30 A. M. Allowing two hours, at the same pace, the circuit would be completed again at 1:30 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M. If it passed over Roseville again at 7:15 P. M. this would indicate that the air distance between Roseville and Rockford would be covered in the

following 15 minutes. If this theory is to be borne out we have to think in terms of a space craft so large and so high that it would be almost 300 miles away and still visible to the naked eye. Fantastic? Perhaps.

But it is public knowledge that in the famous Captain Mantell case over Godman Field, Ky., a UFO was sighted at the same time in three states, Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana.

On Saturday, September 8, 1956, at about 8:00 P. M. I was watching the moon with our 60-power, reflector telescope. With the focus set at Infinity I saw a black silhouette pass from left to right over the bright face of the new moon. This shape was sharp and clearly defined, indicating a tremendous distance from earth. It was foot-ball shaped, pointed at the front and slightly square at the rear. It left a trail of orange sparks.

I wish someone could shed some real light on the mystery of these UFOs.

I FOLLOWED A HUNCH

By Clara E. Jones

IN 1925 I accepted a position as governess to two lovely children in Newton, Mass. Since my home at the time was about 15 miles away, I called a taxi to carry my luggage to my destination.

After we had driven a few miles, I instructed the driver to stop at the first drugstore. Why I did so I never shall be able to explain. I knew only that it was urgent.

The taxi driver let me out at a drug store and I phoned the mother of the children, explaining that I would be unable to come as my aunt in Ridgefield Park, N. J., was seriously ill and that I must go to her immediately.

All the while I wondered why I was telling such a falsehood. Yet I had no control over my actions. Returning home, I informed my parents that I was leaving immediately for New Jersey. They knew I made it a rule to follow my hunches and offered no objections.

When I arrived in Ridgefield Park, I found that my aunt, Mrs. John Lindley, was seriously ill, and I remained there for several months, taking care of her. Strangely enough, I had not corresponded with my aunt for a long period and therefore could have been aware by no ordinary means that she was ill.

Whatever the explanation for my knowledge, I always shall be grateful for having been able to be with her when she needed me most. She and my uncle had been very kind to me as a child.—*Boston, Mass.*

By Candida Dee

My dreams predict the future—but in symbol form. When I dream of shoes I know I am going to take a trip.

Do You Heed

THROUGHOUT my teens and early adulthood I dreamed many dreams. Usually on the following day the interpretation of the dream would come to me in a flash. When I acted on these inspirational flashes everything went well. When I disregarded them I suffered. Finally I concluded that what we call "intuition" is the translation of dream-memory into workable ideas.

When I was carrying my son I believed I would not live through my confinement as I had been told that I could not bear a child. At night I often felt myself slipping out of my body. I died a hundred times, up until the month before he was born when I had a dream.

In my dream I was walking through a desert. I saw before me a pyramid made of great blocks of gray-green stone. A huge giant of the same color stood before the Temple. I realized he was the priest of the Temple and that if he caught me he would sacrifice my life on the altar. He was so very tall, my head came just above his knees, I thought perhaps I might pass him without being seen.

But he did see me and pushed me into the Temple. Just as he was about to take my life something frightened him. Suddenly he thrust two bottles into my hands saying, "Drink these." Then he ran from the Temple.

A black shrouded figure entered



Your Dreams?

as I was about to drink from the bottles and I recognized Death. He took the bottles from me and motioned me toward a slit in the wall. I looked out and saw many ox-drawn carts wending their way across the desert. They had solid disk wheels and were piled high with naked corpses flung in grotesque postures.

Death somehow made it clear to me that he had substituted other deaths for mine—that I was saved.

When I woke the next morning I knew I would live. I started rearranging my life accordingly. I began to sew a layette. I became interested in my baby. And, of course, all went well.

Whenever I dream of blood or of fish I receive unexpected money. I remember one dream in which I caught and cooked an enormous fish. It tasted horribly bitter. In a few days I received a check for 300 dollars—in a nasty letter. It was a bitter pill but necessity made me swallow it.

When I dream of shoes I take a trip. My dream-shoes have carried me to many parts of the world. One particular time I dreamed I couldn't find a pair of shoes I was hunting. This left me undecided as to whether to move on or to stay in Granada, Spain. I had become emotionally involved and just couldn't decide what to do. Three weeks later I dreamed I found the shoes. The next day I bought my

railroad ticket and left Granada, completely free.

A few days after I arrived in Mexico City I was in an automobile accident. I suffered three cerebral hemorrhages, concussion, with double vision. I couldn't feel anything in my body except a burning sensation where two ribs had been torn off at the spine. I spent many months in the hospital making little improvement. Then one morning I greeted the doctor saying. "Doctor, I'm going to get well."

"How do you know?" he asked me, smiling.

"I dreamed last night I went through a school filled with noisy children and entered a church. The noise had bothered me so I asked an attending priest if there was another way out of the church, so that I would not have to return through the schoolroom. He took me by the hand, led me through a door behind the altar, then down a long passage to a door that was open into a beautiful garden. To go through an open door is to start a better life. So you see I'm going to get well."

From that morning my recovery was rapid.

I have been helped, warned and punished through my dreams. Whether my subconscious is responsible for this guidance, or whether an external agency provides it I don't know.

But I find I'd better mind my dreams.

THE HOME FIRES BURNED

FIRE CHIEF T. J. Houston of the Cloverland community near Houston, Tex., recently went to San Antonio to buy a new fire truck. While he was gone, lightning struck his home early one morning. The house burned to the ground.

REUNION IN A ROBBERY

RECENTLY Roger Pegram, 30, was sentenced to 10 years in prison for robbing a shoe store clerk, Mrs. Juanita Springs. During the trial, it was found that Pegram was the brother of Mrs. Springs. They had been separated as children and had not seen each other since.

MIND OVER SPACE

THE MYSTERY OF TELEPORTATION

By Nandor Fodor

Snatched Up in the Spirit Net

THAT SPIRIT JOHN KING could cast a wide net for mediums appears from the story of Miss Lottie Fowler's adventure as told in *The Medium and Daybreak,* February 23, 1872. According to a letter to the editor, signed by H. Clifford Smith, Miss Lottie Fowler always turned a deaf ear to stories of the marvelous phenomena which occur under physical mediumship. Being exclusively a mental medium, she considered the carrying of objects, and far more the carrying of the human body from place to place an impossibility, and every mention of any such thing met with her utmost incredulity. "This," wrote H. Clifford Smith, "renders the phenomena or manifestation which I witnessed on Saturday night, the 17th of February, the more remarkable.

"At the usual time I went to the house of Messrs. Herne and Williams, to attend their customary Saturday evening seance. A few friends, with whom I have frequently sat on former occasions, were present, and a gentleman and lady who I do not remember having met previously. With the mediums, the number who entered the seance-room (which has been so frequently described with reference to the aerial transport of Mrs. Guppy) was eight. Having taken our seats, Mr. Williams proceeded to close the folding doors, leaving the gas burning brightly in the front-room. He locked the doors and handed the key to a lady who was present. He then took his seat and we waited in the usual manner, little expecting what was about to take place.

"Two minutes could not have elapsed before I felt the passage of some drapery overhead, and directly afterwards all exclaimed that some person was on the table, and various conjectures were made as to the person it could be; this could only be decided when a light was obtained, when I, who was nearest to her face, recognized her

as Miss Lottie Fowler. She was in a deep trance. The pulse, however, which I felt immediately, was full, but rapid and fluttering, as a person's under the influence of great excitement. Afterwards this subsided and became gradually weak and feeble, but rapid, as in a person in an extreme state of exhaustion.

"During her trance, she was frequently influenced by a spirit, 'Annie', who spoke distinctly in her own characteristic way, and endeavored to describe the manner in which she was brought. She stated that her medium would sleep and remain in the trance condition until half past eight, but that we were to continue sitting and wait for further manifestations.

It would take me too long to enter into all the interesting particulars of the seance, or of the conversation held with 'Annie'. Suffice it to say that Miss Fowler with some difficulty recovered consciousness at half past eight precisely. The time, which I carefully noted, when she was so suddenly brought into our midst, was a quarter past seven.

"Miss Fowler when she awoke from her trance became exeedingly excited — would not credit what had happened, but seemed rather more willing to accept the idea that she herself was mad, and it was long ere she would listen to anyone who tried to assure her of the fact of her perfect sanity.

"When she was come sufficiently to herself she gave the same account of herself which the spirit 'Annie' had previously given—to the effect that she had left her home in Keppel Street, Russel Square, at seven o'clock, proceeded to the corner of Tottenham Court Road, and there entered an omnibus going up Oxford Street, as she was on her way to Mrs. Gregory's.

She felt sick but that was all that she could call to memory; she knew nothing more until after her return to consciousness in our midst. I think, notwithstanding all her previous obstinacy, she will in future credit the spirits with the power of carrying not only lighter objects, but also herself."

In spite of the frequency with which John and Katie King demonstrated their uncanny ability to snatch people away, their missionary effort failed. The spiritualists were convinced, but the world-at-large refused to take notice. On no occasion was this made clearer than when their next startling coup was performed, this time in the Guppy home at 1 Moreland Villas, Highbury. The victim, a well-known photographer, was a skeptic, a Saul among the spiritualists. He was carried from the locked seance room to a stable at 29 Kingsdown Road, a distance of a mile and a half. The design might have been to deposit him as

a companion to a horse inside the stable, but the power failed and he was dropped on the roof from which he rolled off into the yard, creating considerable commotion.

The photographer is called Mr. Blank and only years later was his identity as Mr. A. L. Henderson revealed. The date of the event was November 2, 1873. On November 14 a long and detailed report, with the names of all the participants of the seance affixed, was submitted to the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard* and the *Daily News*, but publication was flatly refused. As a result, the report saw the light only in the December 5 issue of *The Medium and Daybreak*.

We omit the preliminaries about the locking of the door, with the key being left inside and the curtains carefully drawn, and begin at the point where the sitters, directed by raps, were asked to wish for something. They expressed their desires as follows: Mrs. Guppy, that someone might be carried out of the room; Mr. Fisher, for some cigarettes, five of which were brought; Mrs. Fisher, for some pencils, three of which were brought; Mr. Guppy, for some grapes, a bunch being brought as also were some walnuts presumably at the request of Mr. Volkmann for fruit.

The report continues: "After these events, which occurred while all present were holding hands, a very violent rocking of the table commenced and was continued for some little while during which time chairs were removed from under two of the visitors (Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Blank) and were heard to be moving about the room. By reason of the violent movement of the somewhat cumbrous table we had much difficulty in maintaining an unbroken circle and some of us now and again momentarily lost hold of each other's hands. We kept up, however, an animated conversation when to the general surprise both the voice and hands of Mr. Blank were suddenly missed, he having ceased to answer us notwithstanding our repeated calls to him. Whereupon a light was struck, and the fact revealed that no Mr. Blank was in the room. More than ten minutes could not have elapsed since the last time the gas had been extinguished to the moment of discovering Mr. Blank's absence, while from first to last we estimate the sitting as of twenty minutes' duration.

"All eyes turned instinctively to the door and it was at once observed that the table covering placed at its foot, to exclude the light, was undisturbed although the door opens into the room. The handle of the door was then tried but only to assure the party that the door was still locked, the key

being found in the lock in the inside of the room as left at the commencement of the seance. The windows also were found closed and the shutters thereof duly fastened to the satisfaction of all present. The house and garden were then searched, but the only further discovery made was that Mr. Blank's great coat and hat were also missing, but not his umbrella. Mrs. Blank shortly after this search, and fearing to lose the last train, took her leave at about half past ten o'clock and about fifteen or twenty minutes after her husband's disappearance, taking his umbrella with her. The remainder of the party then stood at the table in the light, and were informed by raps that Mr. Blank was a considerable distance off, had been carried away, and would not be seen by us that evening.

"It is necessary here to add that the room in question contains no means of egress or entrance other than the door, the chimney and the windows, and is devoid of lengthy curtains, cupboards or other means of concealment. Its walls were papered throughout some three months ago and its floor is covered over the entire area with a carpet (nailed down at the edges in the ordinary manner) upon which again are two pieces of druggeting also firmly nailed down and presenting no traces of recent disturbance. It must also be stated that the door of the room could not have been opened during the seance without detection through the letting in of light; for the room-door faces the street-door which has glass panels and the nearly-full moon was affording considerable light notwithstanding the cloudy and wet weather prevailing on the night in question.

"So far we have concisely stated our own experiences as confined to the sitting-room at Highbury. We now proceed to record the statement we have received from Mr. Blank, as made by him partially by letter and afterwards in full detail to the various members of the seance individually and collectively. This statement (given to us by Mr. Blank under promise that we should not divulge his name in any report we might publish) is briefly as follows:

"That Mr. Blank has a full remembrance of the seance above recorded, his last impression of it being the violent rocking of the table. That his next impression was one of semi-consciousness, in which condition he felt himself as rolling from off a roof, his left hand tightly grasping something. That in a dazed and confused state he then found himself on his feet in a paved yard surrounded by walls and outhouses. That he tried a door which entered into a stable

where was a horse. That on trying another door he was assailed by cries of 'Police', that voices from a window or roof above him then accosted him asking 'Who he was? what he did there?' etc., etc. That he replied by asking 'Who are you? Where am I? I'm not drunk', and so on.

"That his voice was then recognized by the persons to whom he was speaking, who immediately addressed him by his name and let him into the house by way of the yard door. That he then found himself in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Stokes and family (recent acquaintances of his) in their house at No. 29 Kingsdown Road, Holloway. That the family had just finished supper, the time being five minutes after ten o'clock or thereabouts. That during supper he had been a subject of their conversation.

"That as soon as he had sufficiently recovered himself from his nervous condition he told them of the seance at Highbury and *that he was wholly unconscious of how he got into their premises;* That they examined his clothes and found them free from such moisture as might reasonably have been expected on such a rainy night, his boots, except under the soles thereof, being soiled by dry mud only, and presenting no traces of recent walking or running. That his face, however, was pallid and covered with perspiration. That his breathing was not unusually rapid. That a stain of reddish-brown paint was found on his left hand. That he had on his grey coat and hat. That he made inquiries for his umbrella which could not be found. That he was informed by Mr. Stokes' stable-boy that the distance between Highbury and Kingsdown Road was two miles. That after staying a short time to refresh himself, he departed, and by cab and tram-car reached his home where he found his wife had arrived about half an hour previously and in a state of much alarm."

This report in *The Medium and Daybreak,* which has been quoted only in part for brevity, was signed by P. Greck, 56 Hereford Road, Bayswater; Felix Proszynski, 56 Hereford Road, Bayswater; William Volckmann, 12 King Edward Road, N.E.; Margaret Fisher, 155 Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road; Edward Fisher, 155 Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road; Arthur Larkham, 32 Tollington Road; Samuel Guppy, 1 Moreland Villas, Highbury Hill Park; Elizabeth Guppy, 1 Moreland Villas, Highbury Hill Park.

The balance of the report states that the writers obtained direct testimony to all such parts of Mr. Blank's statement as was possible for the Stokes family to verify or

contradict. Three of the sitters paid an early visit, without appointment, to Mr. and Mrs. Stokes at 29 Kingsdown Road. They questioned the family thoroughly and examined the stable-yard and surroundings of Mr. Blank's arrival. They concluded that any possibility of trickery or collusion could be ruled out.

Mr. Blank, alias A. L. Henderson, could have conceivably tricked his friends. If so, he never came out with an exposure. On the contrary, a confirmation is quoted by Robert Cooper in *Light*, December 14, 1895, as follows:

> It was afterwards rumoured that Mr. Henderson had in some way played a trick, but on his calling one day at the offices of *The Spiritual Times* and being questioned on the subject, he maintained the truth of the occurrence which he said was a mystery to him.

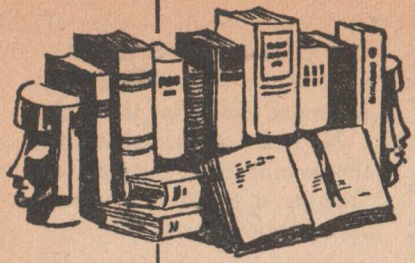
The remarkable thing in all these transportation stories is that while those who had not witnessed them frequently expressed skepticism, not once did any witness raise an accusation of fraud or suggest a method by which the feat could have been normally accomplished.

The only way technically to explain the transportation phenomena at the Herne-Williams residence, for example, is to suppose that a trap door in the ceiling of the seance room opened into the bedroom above. But there was no trap door—no investigator has suggested its existence. So the next logical question is: were Herne and Williams ever caught stage-managing a fraudulent transportation?

The answer is no. Both mediums have been accused, and legitimately so, of fraud at a later time, but on different grounds. Herne tried his hand at faking spirit photographs. Williams, after his partnership with Herne had been dissolved, tried to fake materializations.*

A trap door in the ceiling at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street would not have been sufficient. Block and tackle would have been additionally needed, but no evidence of machinery ever was found in the upstairs-downstairs, hide-and-seek game of Messrs. Herne and Williams. The discovery of the same mediums in fraudulent production of different type of phenomena does not affect the case of transportation. Sooner or later, all mediums are discovered in fraud, not because they always were fraudulent but because constant mediumistic practice often has a debilitating and demoralizing effect.

* Nandor Fodor: **Encyclopaedia of Psychic Science** page 405.



NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

THE HUNGRY EYE, By Raymond F. Piper —DeVorss and Co., 516 West 9th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; 145 pages, $3.00.

This is an "Introduction to Cosmic Art" by one who has more than 100 "cosmic art" friends and 2,000 examples of Cosmic Art from 64 countries. The author has traveled widely in gathering material, and many artists speak with enthusiasm of his "monumental work," of "international significance. . . opening new paths to the art of tomorrow. . . one of the whispers of the coming spiritual age."

In Paris, the author tells us, he "underwent a transformation in the realm of aesthetic experience," analogous to "religious conversion." He found that "beauty proved to be one of the most effective and joyous ways of finding oneself, good friends and God."

Most of us will endorse his description of so much "modern" art: "crude, chaotic, patchwork, theatrical, wild . . . leaving one completely baffled." What we want is "significant art," but we are given "geometrical models, technical swaggers, egotistic novelties, idosyncratic symbolisms, enigmatic splurges, phantasmagoric daubings and tittilating technical gimmicks."

The Cosmic artist, however, Mr. Piper says, "starts with nature and ends with God." Thus the cosmic artist has "cosmic consciousness," which Mr. Piper considers "any kind of conscious linkage with this beautiful ordered whole which is the total universe."

Cosmic Art "blends metaphysics, theology and aesthetics." It is "transcendental . . . reaching into the fringes, if not the depths, of the infinite."

One needs to have some experience of the "mystic consciousness" to appreciate this work.

The present book is a "compact anticipation of the large, illustrated volume to follow, which is designed to be an 'artistic pantheon.' " It has seven illustrations, including a striking one of Cosmic Rhythm,

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Creation, Faces of Gautama Buddha and Christ Awareness, with a line drawing of the Cosmic Eye, by Raymond Katz, on the jacket.

My advice is not to wait for the coming feast but to treat your "hungry eye" to the present work as an appetizer.

STRANGEST OF ALL by Frank Edwards — Citadel Press, New York; 233 pages, $3.50.

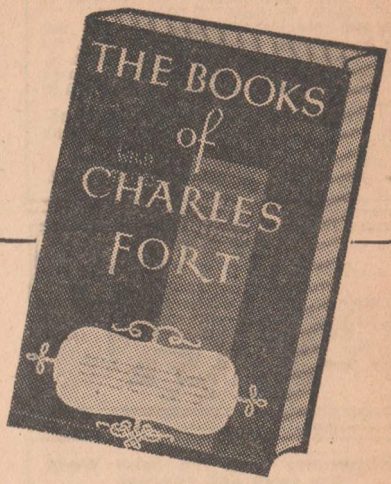
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not read them at bedtime, or you will be saying, "Just one more," all night long. These yarns are too good to be gulped. They are to be sipped and relished, one or two at a time.

WHAT RADIESTHESIA IS AND WHAT IT CAN DO, by Bruce Copen, F.B.R.A. — British Radiesthesia Association, 3 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1, England; 20 pages, 1/6.

Radiesthesia is detection of radiation by means of the centuries-old pendulum, which some 90% of people are said to have been found able to use. The operator acts as receiver and transmitter, detecting and interpreting radiations from every person and object.

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The entire procedure outlined here links up well with the achievements in radiesthesia claimed by the De la Warr laboratories in Oxford, England.

This well-written little brochure definitely is of value to students of the subject.

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THE PHANTOM SOLDIER

By Eileen Hart Prentiss

IN NOVEMBER, 1918, one of my two brothers was in France with the Army and the other, in the Marines, was expected home soon on a short leave before going overseas. My mother, my sister and I were alone in our Lorain, Ohio, home.

One cold night after we had prepared for bed and turned off the lights, my sister and I sat at our bedroom window and watched the snow falling. Soon the lawn was covered and the street light made the snow sparkle. Mother's room at the top of the stairs was still lighted. Our old-fashioned house had no upper hall. The stairs went directly up to Mother's room.

Our Fox Terrier, asleep on a chair by the front window downstairs, suddenly growled as she did when a stranger came around. We saw nobody and so we called down through the floor register to quiet her.

The door at the foot of the stairs squeaked open and there was the sound of someone starting up the stairs. Mother called out, "Who is there?" As she went to the top of the stairs the footsteps stopped.

Mother saw no one on the stairs but she opened her bedroom window and called out to the man next door, who was visible through a window as he sat in his dining room. He came running when he heard Mother's urgent call. Another neighbor, about to enter his house across the street, also came running.

The dog continued to growl until the two neighbors came. We went down to unlock the door for them. Both front and back doors were bolted on the inside. We all had heard the dog, the footsteps and the squeaking of the door, yet the neighbors found nobody in the house and said their's were the only footprints in the snow-covered lawn outside.

The neighbor from across the

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street said he had noticed a young soldier walk up to the house and enter it. He had thought that one of my brothers had come home. Neither neighbor, however, had seen anyone leave when Mother called out the window.

Three weeks later, just before the Armistice, we were told that a boy who had lived in the house before we bought it had been killed while fighting in France. He had been killed the day before we had the visit from the phantom soldier. —*Denver, Colo.*

THE HAUNTED ORCHARD

By Mabel Luce York

WHEN I was a child we lived on a ranch in the Ukiah Valley in northern California. There was an old rail fence bordering our peach orchard on the north and we called it the "rick-rack fence" because of its irregular line.

One evening in the fall of 1892, when I was 12 years old, the cows did not come in to be milked at the usual time and my father said, "Mabel, go down to the first pasture and start the cows home."

I ran gaily down the trail near the rick-rack fence. Suddenly I stopped in my tracks for a small boy was kneeling on the other side of the fence and peering at me through the second and third rails. I stood wondering if I should go back and tell my father there was

a boy in the orchard when he stood up and waved at me with his skinny arm. I waved back and suddenly he vanished.

I ran on, looking over my shoulder. Before I had gone very far, the boy was there again, peering between the second and third rails, with eyes so big they were like sockets in a skull. Then he was gone for good, and a huge tumbleweed moved across the field although there was no wind.

When I returned with the cows I walked on the other side of old Bossy, my legs barely holding me up. I felt safe only when I heard my father's voice saying, "Come, Bossy, here is your feed."

The following Spring my father tore down the old rail fence and built a picket fence bordering the trail to the cow pasture. Men were put to work digging holes for a prune orchard which was to extend from the peach orchard to the railroad.

My brother, Sam, who was 21 at the time, dug into a grave on the high point of the field. He called us to see the foot-end of a child's coffin, exposed where the spade had knocked off a piece of the outer box.

Sam turned to me and asked, "Shall I open it up and take a look at the skull?"

"Oh, no," I answered quickly.

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"Leave him to rest where he is."

Sam turned quietly and began to spade dirt onto the small coffin. I brought the best-looking prune tree I could find in the nursery stock and together we planted it over the little coffin.

A family named Harbard once had owned the ranch and my father inquired of some of their descendants. They told him that a strange man and a 12-year-old boy were buried on the high point of that field.

"Grandma Harbard" was a fine old pioneer woman who gave shelter in her home to any one who asked it. A man and boy, "just traveling through," had come to her door, very sick with diptheria, and she had nursed the boy as best she could but he had died. It was supposed the man died of the same disease.

I always have been glad the little boy came and waved to me—and glad that it was my privilege to see that he was left to sleep in peace.—*Long Beach, Calif.*

VISION ON THE HIGHWAY

By Dana Howard

FATHER Albert Weinig was a familiar figure on the streets of Desert Hot Springs, Calif., and on the highways out of the village because of his characteristic, old-model automobile. He had served St. Elizabeth's Church in Desert

Hot Springs for several years.

I was away for a few months and on my return I missed the little priest. Inquiry revealed he had been transferred to another parish, but nobody seemed to know just where. Two years passed and Father Weinig was forgotten.

I spent Christmas, 1956, with friends in Hemet, Calif. A violent sandstorm came up and not until the morning of December 27 did I dare venture on the highways back to my desert home.

The lonely road between Hemet and San Jacinto was completely deserted. I had not passed a single car in two or three miles when suddenly Father Weinig's familiar old car hove into sight. It came toward me slowly and as it passed I saw Father Weinig's face and his short body, characteristically huddled at the wheel.

I intended to turn and call out the season's greetings, but just then a sandhill obscured my view. When it was gone I looked through my rear view mirror, but the priest's car was nowhere in sight. I thought it strange that the old car had disappeared so quickly.

The next day, December 28, I read on the front page of the weekly newspaper that Father Weinig had died on December 24 as he was preparing for midnight mass. I had passed him on the highway on December 27 about three miles from the church he had

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I HAD SPIRIT HEALING

By Helen L. Carlson

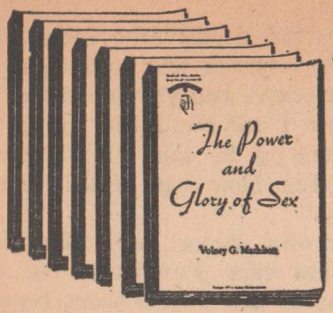
MY ONLY brother, Howard, died after a short illness in August, 1934, at the age of 31. He and I had been close all our lives and I felt his loss keenly.

In February, 1936, I fell and broke my kneecap (patella). X-rays showed a complete quarter-inch break across the bone. As I always had been healthy and active, I was dismayed when my doctor told me I would have to enter the hospital and have my kneecap wired together. The patella is a floating bone and wiring it was only to make the contact necessary for healing.

I dreaded going to the hospital although the injury was keeping me pretty much an invalid. My doctor had cautioned me numerous times to stay off my leg in order to avoid infection.

As I lay in bed one day, thinking about going to the hospital, I heard Howard's voice say, "Get up and walk on it, Sis."

The command was spoken twice. In my happiness at hearing Howard's voice and knowing he was so close to me, I got up and gradually put my weight on my leg. Two weeks later, at my insistence, X-rays again were taken of my kneecap. After developing the



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plates, the doctor who took the X-rays returned and said to me, "I see you've had your operation."

When I told him I had not been operated on, he said, "It's a miracle. The bone has healed completely."

My own doctor said, "This is the first time I've known of a healing of this sort, without benefit of surgery."—*Kissimmee, Fla.*

KINDNESS FROM BEYOND

By T. V. Hoyt

IN 1952, a few years after my mother's death, I acquired a young pigeon and named him Bingo. He was a beautiful bird and became very devoted to me.

When I had yard work to do he would fly down and sit on my shoulder. One afternoon he flew down and perched on a power mower I was running and lost two of his toes.

I bandaged his foot and because he appeared to be in great pain I gave him a child's size aspirin tablet. I put him out on his roost, remarking to my wife that if I should wake during the night, I would give him another aspirin as it seemed to relieve his pain.

I went to bed and about three hours later was waked by my mother's voice saying, "I would give Bingo another aspirin if I were you. He seems to be suffering quite a lot out there."

The moon was shining through the window at the side of my bed and I saw Mother as distinctly as I ever had seen her in life.

She faded from sight. I got out of bed and went out to Bingo's loft. The bandage was off his foot and his actions indicated that he was in agony. I gave him another aspirin and dressed his foot. He seemed to get immediate relief and eventually recovered.

I have not seen or heard from my departed mother since, but I know that she came to me that night when the little pigeon I loved so dearly was near death.—*Sumter, S. C.*

WAS THE PROMISE KEPT?

By J.P.J. Chapman

OVER 40 years ago I was more or less engaged to a girl, but my means were limited and another man came along who could give her a "better time." We parted with the understanding that she definitely was to marry him.

Then World War I broke out. In 1915 the man this girl had chosen was killed at Hill 60. The war dragged on and eventually those that were lucky returned home. During this period I met the girl who is now my wife.

The first girl was rather at a loose end after the war and expressed the desire to make up with me. I told her I was sorry and

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that now we could be no more than just friend. Although this woman eventually married, she wrote me whimsical letters over the years. About four years ago my wife showed me a death notice in a daily paper concerning this woman.

A short time later my wife was called away from home for a few days and I was left alone. One evening as I sat thinking of past events, the woman who recently had died seemed to be thrust into my mind.

Eventually I lit my pipe and turned on the radio. Searching around, I tuned into Luxembourg. The announcer came on the air and said, "We are now going to play a re-issue of a record that was very popular many years ago—*Winter,* by Brian Grumble."

I was astonished as I had wanted this record for a long time. I had given a copy of it to the woman who recently had died and had been unable to obtain another. She had offered to return it to me, but I had politely refused. She then had said, "If ever there is a chance of getting one, or telling you where it can be had, I certainly will let you know."

I believe that my thinking of her that evening and turning on the radio in time to hear the news that the record had been re-issued were no coincidence.—*Parkstone, Dorset, England.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

A BLUE - GREEN LIGHT

It seems flying saucers are back again over our moonlit desert, after an absence of about a year.

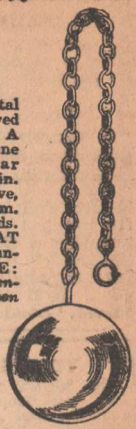
On the night of February 13, 1956, Mrs. D. Dyer and Mrs. Emma Hazelwood were sitting out in Mrs. Dyer's patio in Palm Springs. The night was balmy, the moon full. Suddenly they saw a strange light about twice the size of the moon, moving swiftly across the moonlit sky. They described it as blue-green in color, somewhat oval in shape and emitting a radiance. Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, it blanked out, despite the night being as bright as day.—*Dana Howard, Palm Springs, Calif.*

ANOTHER DEATH CLOCK

When I read the article "Our Clock Chimed Death" in the February issue of FATE, I just couldn't believe my eyes. My grandparents had a Seth Thomas clock that chimed death on three separate occasions, each one before the death of one of their grandchildren. The clock chimed for no other deaths except these.

The strange part is that the

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clock had no mechanism. When it ceased operating there was no shop in the vicinity where it could be repaired and, since Grandmother thought the clock was too pretty to be put in the attic, Grandfather took out the insides and used it for seed storage.

Like Mr. Bathlot's article, this also happened in Illinois. And like Mr. Bathlot's step-father, the father of the children that died ran the pump house for the Illinois Central Railroad.

Do you wonder that I was amazed when I read the story?—*O'Helen Sullivan, San Francisco, Calif.*

OBIT ON HELENE

This is to inform your readers, particularly those who answered her advertisements in the April and May issues of FATE, that "Helene," Jeffers, died in Denver on Sunday, March 3, 1957. Her death apparently was due to a blood clot on the brain suffered on Friday night, March 1, when she was attacked in her office by a man who struck her over the head with a pop bottle.

She was released from a hospital Saturday as apparently all right and then dropped dead Sunday morning. —*Glenn Brill Advertising Agency, Denver, Colo.*

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death of Helene Jeffers. We know that the many readers of FATE who have expressed satisfaction with the help and advice received through the advertisements by Helene Jeffers will share our sense of loss. — The Editors.

INVISIBLE PLUMBING

Here is a proposed solution to one of the mysteries in a spring issue of FATE, concerning a statue of the Virgin which occasionally was observed to be "weeping."

Not long ago the urge came over me to paint a brightly colored opus to cheerify my little one-room apartment. The only paper on hand which was long enough for what I had in mind was a roll of white shelf-lining paper. It was too slick and too absorbent for oils, so I decided to use mat colors. These depend for success on the use of water, but I used glycerine since water would have caused the paper to wrinkle.

As is commonly known, the chemicals used for pigment, although inert, do assert a few characteristics peculiar to each pigment, such as transparency, viscosity and the amount of time required to dry. Hence I wasn't too surprised to find the yellow colors still wet after several days, although I did think it unusual. Eventually they too were dry (and as was inevitable



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from the beginning, the paper was wrinkled) so the picture got hung without ceremony.

Then came the revelation. Whenever I cook with sufficient steam, the yellow patches become wet again. To put it in a word, this substance is deliquescent, contingent on the humidity. This is not intended to suggest that the person who painted the eyes of that statue (or painted over them) used my formula, for many salts behave this way; but that this effect could have been achieved quite by accident! The invisible plumbing might better be disconnected with

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a damp cloth and new paint rather than by moving the statue to a nearby chapel.—*Richard S. Bolin, Seattle, Wash.*

IS THE HYPNOTIST HYPNOTIZED?

The rising interest in hypnotism, medically and otherwise, prompts me to ask a question about this field.

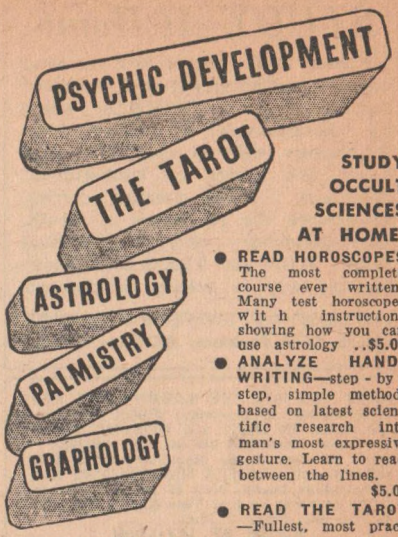
Most operators agree on some form of sound or sight concentration to produce the hypnotic state. Since both operator and subject employ the same method, who isn't hypnotized? Isn't the hypnotist, who believes the method will work, also hypnotized? He too has to conform and concentrate.

Does the difference exist in that the hypnotist considers himself dominant, or in control, while the subject accepts a subservient role? In other words, isn't the only difference an agreement as to who is in charge?

It would be an interesting experiment to give the subject the post-hypnotic suggestion to turn and give directions to the hypnotist. Has this been done?—*Alberta Elliott, D. Sci., Greenville, S. C.*

MYSTERY PLANE

Whatever happened to the XF-5U-1, the plane that revolutionized the concepts of flying? This plane was developed for the United States Navy some time in 1946, being re-



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leased in 1947. It carried two 4000 h. p. engines, with a speed of over 450 miles an hour (the true speed was not disclosed).

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Also it is strange that the saucers appeared in the continental United States around this time. What is at the Avro Company in my country? Could it be that the flying saucer is built here and flown here? Reports issued to pilots state that under no conditions are they to shoot at or in the direction of an unidentified flying object.

I think there is more to the saucers than what either of our governments want to disclose at the present time.—*Gordon Melnyk, Transcona, Man., Can.*

SOLAR PLEXUS TECHNIQUE

In the November, 1956, issue of FATE is an article, "How To Hypnotize By Telepathy." As is well known, it is necessary to get the subject between the normal and the subconscious or superconscious before suggestions are accepted in the full sense. In some experiments I conducted at a distance I made a point of directing my suggestions to the solar plexus, at a point directly above the navel and a short distance below the breast bone. I find results are

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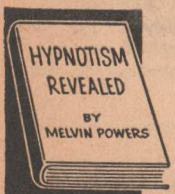
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much more rapid when employing this technique.—*Thomas E. New, Santa Monica, Calif.*

CHANDA'S PSYCHIC GIFTS

In your October, 1952, issue you published an article about my youngest daughter, Chanda Evette Carmelle. The gist of the article was that she could find any lost article within one minute.

Soon after that article was published, her ability seemed to vanish. About nine months ago, we noticed that her ability to find lost objects was returning. At the same time, another, new ability is appearing.

It came to my attention with a childish argument. Chanda had invited two little girls up to the house to play cards with her. She had several card games, such as Old Maid, Rodeo, etc., that her grandmother had given her.

I overheard the two children accuse Chanda of cheating. I smoothed it over, but noticed whenever children came up to play card games, it ended the same way. No matter who dealt, Chanda seemed to know just what the other person needed or was going to put down.

Recently my older daughter, Charm, had a young man named Harvey up to the house. Harvey told of a game, which he had seen on Dunninger's program, where five cards were selected by one

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person and laid face down on the table. The first person would concentrate on one card and another person, opposite him, would try to guess the card. The method was for the first person to touch each card and mentally say "no" except when he came to the card he had selected, when he would say "yes."

The game was explained to Chanda and tried. The first time she missed. Then the method was explained more carefully. The score at the end of the playing time was seven tries and six correct guesses.

Just how far this gift will develop remains to be seen. We do not talk much about it, for it was when Chanda began to get too big a sense of her own importance that she lost the gift of finding lost articles. —*Ria Carmelle, Chicago, Ill.*

"ANTI-RUSSIAN PROPAGANDA"

The only points in Mr. Robert N. Webster's article in your March issue that are not obscure are the anti-Russian propaganda and the attempt to propagate the tenets of Jehovah's Witnesses, who seem to have displaced the Jews as God's chosen few.

If the author had done more research, he'd have found that it is the general consensus that his reference, the Apocalypse, should have been eliminated when the Bible was assembled by the Council at Constantinople. I recommend

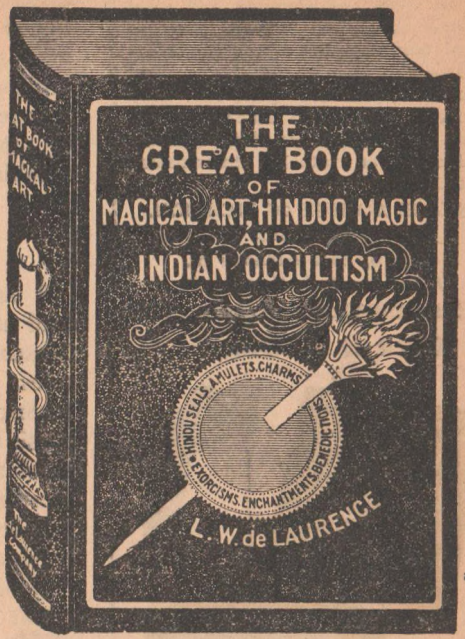
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some study of the history of our Bible and the world conditions existing during the periods mentioned in the Bible before attaching symbolical significance to ordinary occurrences, in order to "prove" personal theories in regard to the ultimate disposition of mankind.—*A. Hare, Washington, D. C.*

"CRACKPOT EXEGESIS"

I have read with dismay your lead article on Armageddon in the March issue. The country generally owes you solemn gratitude for having exposed the crackpot exegesis being put out by some "Bible scholars," who reportedly are taking Revelation, Chapter 16, to refer prophetically to atom bombers destroying Russia. If there are such "scholars" in Russia, they no doubt are seeing the angels with vials of wrath as being soviet bombers destroying Washington.—*Bill Rawlinson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

"THERE IS REINCARNATION"

I am writing to tell you there is reincarnation, although I do not remember living a previous life. I bought a Ouija board and at once the spirits of my mother and grandparents communicated with me through it. They told me I lived before and committed suicide because of ill health. I have not felt well all my life. I am being given

another chance to overcome the death desire in this life.

They always are with me and now I do not need a Ouija board. They write to me with pen and pencil on paper. There is nothing to fear about the spirits of your loved ones. They are the same as in life and love you just as dearly.

I could fill a book with all the experiences I have had since getting in touch with my departed loved ones. Had it not been for your magazine, I would not have bought a Ouija board and would not have had this wonderful report to give.—*Adelle E. Cassab, Los Angeles, Calif.*

WARNINGS OF DEATH

In January, 1914, my father, a man of strong character, passed on after a stroke at the age of 75. The evening he had the stroke my teen-age sister, who was staying with a family five miles away, was sitting with the rest of the family around a table when she heard three loud knocks on an inner door. She was the only one who heard the sounds.

She rang up at once and, when told of Father's stroke, said, "Papa will only live three days," which was correct.

In 1934 my mother, Mary, had a hemorrhage of the stomach and one of my older sisters in San Francisco was waked out of a

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sound sleep by our father's voice saying, "Mary, Mary." She sent a telegram inquiring about Mother and we told her she was better.

A few months later, however, Mother grew weaker and my sister heard the same voice saying, "Mary, I am coming for you this time." My sister came up here at once, just a few days before Mother died.—*B. F. Dunlap, Eureka, Calif.*

FAKERS TO THE CONTRARY

FATE is to be most highly commended for publishing Capt. Brietz' article in the March issue. Sad to say, there are many fakers in Spiritualism. But Spiritualism should not be condemned because of the crooks.

Some of the most consummate rascals ever to come within my range were clergymen, lawyers, doctors, even Masons. But should we condemn Christianity; lawyers like Lincoln and Justice Holmes; doctors like Albert Schweitzer, because of the rascals?

Too many good people believe *Falsum in uno, falsum in omni.* Such a mental attitude is unwise, un-Christian and unjust.—*Dr. W. D. Chesney, Milton Junction, Wis.*

TANTALIZED BY FATE

I have been reading FATE for many years and enjoy every issue. FATE gives us information about current psychic matters and in-

teresting past events from all over the world. I would not want to miss a single issue. Of all the magazines I read, FATE is the only one of which I can make the above statement.

Have you ever thought of publishing FATE fortnightly? It is tantalizing to be compelled to wait a month!—*Alexander McCormack, San Francisco, Calif.*

FEATHER CROWN CRISIS

I have read about the feather crowns in FATE and recall a strange story told to me 10 years ago by a Mrs. Eurice, still living in White Marsh, Md., and a Mrs. Smith, now dead.

Mrs. Eurice said her son had been seriously ill and the doctors had given him up. She and Mrs. Smith, the boy's grandmother, had gone to what they called a fortune teller, who told them to take apart the pillow on which the sick boy lay. She said they would find in the pillow a feather wreath, or crown, half closed. They were to burn the wreath, because if it closed the boy would die.

Mrs. Eurice and Mrs. Smith returned home and did as the "fortune teller" had told them. They found in the pillow a wreath nearly closed. They burned all the feathers—and the boy got well at once.—*Mrs. Ethel Larkin, Media, Pa.*

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

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

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

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