SEARCH FOR THE DALAI LAMA—

FATE

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MAGAZINE

HEALING IN THE CHURCHES

September 1957 35c





FATE

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

VOL. 10—NO

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UNDER THE SEA



• The greatest unexplored area of the Earth is not on dry land but under the mighty oceans that cover three-fourths of the earth's surface. Just how unexplored and how unknown the seas are was suggested by two incidents which happened within two days of each other last May.

The carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* was cruising about 40 miles off the coast of Florida on May 15 in an area where the water is shallow—only around 100 feet deep. The carrier draws 25 feet of water so it had about 75 feet clearance. Then occurred one of those mysteries that confounds students of the ocean. The Navy itself has been extremely evasive regarding the incident.

The *Franklin D. Roosevelt* hit something.

What it hit remains unknown. The skipper, Capt. T. W. Hopkins, said the *Roosevelt* "shuddered" on impact with the object. The Navy reported that damage "apparently was not too extreme."

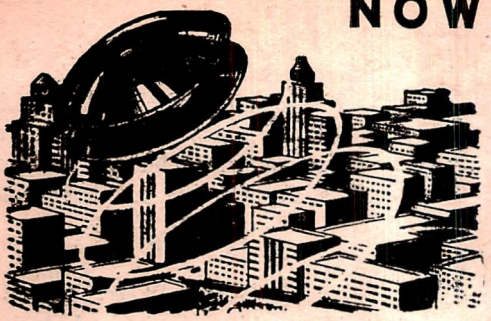
"I don't know what happened," Hopkins said. "I made my report to Admiral Cornwell and I can't say much other than that there were no submarines or anything like that . . . not at all."

There was an oil slick from whatever the huge ship hit. "I don't ascribe it to anything of a foreign nature or source," Captain Hopkins declared, whatever that means.

Capt. S. S. Search, Chief of Staff to the Commander of Fleet Air, Jacksonville, also explained nothing when he said: "We are limited as to what we can tell people at certain times, and I can't say what we've heard. But I think I would be inclined to discount such a report about submarines."

Thus two captains went to the trouble to deny that whatever the

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Franklin D. Roosevelt hit was an unidentified (Russian) sub.

But it must have been something mighty strange to damage the gigantic carrier and send a huge oil slick bubbling to the surface.

SOMETHING DOWN THERE

● Now this may be only coincidence, but it is a very strange coincidence. Two days later, Captain J. H. Hanson of the Danish freighter *Mary North* radioed that he had sighted a lighted distress signal buoy in the North Sea off the Netherlands. A message from him the following day said that the *Mary North* had stopped its engines and the crewmen were able to hear clearly from the engine room a strange knocking noise under water.

"We were unable to understand the signals," Hansen reported.

Upon notification of this radio message, the Dutch destroyer *Utrecht* was dispatched to search the scene.

It radioed that it had made "contact with a subject under water." Then it continued its observations by radioing that it "discovered nothing further."

The British also dispatched a destroyer to the scene. Nothing further was reported but the British Admiralty announced sourly that "there is no submarine be-

longing to any country missing."

The next thing we will undoubtedly hear is that the *Franklin D. Roosevelt* never did hit anything and that neither the *Mary North* nor the *Utrecht* made any contacts either.

A FAMILIAR TRAGEDY

● Readers of FATE know how often it happens but the police have short memories.

"It's one of our mysterious cases," said Chief Inspector John J. Kelly of Philadelphia. Capt. David H. Roberts, head of the homicide squad filled in the details.

It seems that a widow, Mrs. Anna Martin, 68, of 5061 Reno Street, West Philadelphia, was found burned to a crisp on May 18. Her unmarried son, Samuel, when he returned from work around 5 p.m., found only her torso remained and this was burned almost beyond recognition. Her lower limbs were totally consumed.

The fire had burned with tremendous intensity, yet had not spread.

Mrs. Martin's body was lying face down in front of her coal furnace. But the furnace was not burning; and there was no heat in it.

Newspapers, trash, cardboard and paper cartons and a large stack of mail order catalogs were within



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two feet of the body. They were not even scorched, although Dr. Joseph W. Spelman, chief medical examiner, declared that the fire, in order to destroy Mrs. Martin's body, must have burned at 1,700 to 2,000 degrees.

The floor joists above the body were covered with a thick soot but were uncharred. Most perplexing was a stain about four feet square that covered the floor around the body. Scrappings were obtained for analysis but Captain Roberts said that Samuel Martin, the son, is certain there was no oil in the house.

Detectives theorized that Mrs. Martin was killed by an intruder who then burned the body in an attempt to hide his crime. But there was no evidence of forced entry, nor sign of a struggle. Nothing was missing.

As this was written, police were putting it on their records as another unsolved mystery. FATE's editors feel this mystery is too frequent and it's time someone tried to solve it.



"GOD TOLD ME TO COME"

● Sam Woodson is a 39-year-old Negro construction worker who lives in Manorville, N.Y.

The day in May Sam Woodson, digging deep in a tunnel, rescued trapped Benny Hooper,

Jr., from the well into which he had fallen, he knelt and thanked God for his good fortune. Then as hundreds of people sought to shake his hand, he sat down and told the United Press how it happened.

"I heard about that boy at work and all of a sudden I got the sensation that God was saying to me, 'Sam, you must go and help that boy out.'

"I went home and told my wife, 'I'm going to see if I can help that boy.' My wife called her sister and they went to the church to pray for him.

"I went to the boy's house. People tried to keep me back but I pushed through. I was in and out of that hole all day.

"I kept thinking 'God told me to come here so the boy must be alive and I'll get him out.' I got tired but I thought of my little girl and it helped keep me going.

"I was digging carefully when I saw the jacket covering the top of Benny's head. I started to brush the sand away from his coat when I heard him whimper . . .

"Just then we started to cave in. I grabbed him a little bit hard and I heard him cry. I held on and took the coat off his head and he looked at me and started to groan.

"I didn't have a chance to talk to him. I talked to God. I had to

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yank Benny pretty hard because the sand really started coming. And when I yanked, John (Arambo, the worker behind Sam) yanked me to keep me from letting go. But we got him out . . ."

CALIFORNIA MYSTERY HOLES

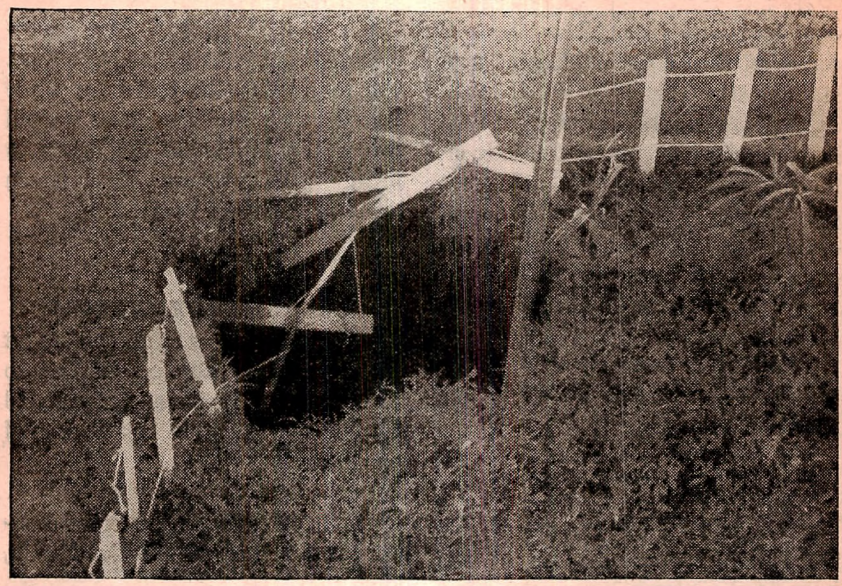
● Last month we reported a large mystery hole which opened up in a San Gabriel, Calif., backyard. Now there is another unexplained opening in another backyard in another California town.

Max B. Miller, of *Flying Saucers International,* investigated this second mystery hole and wrote us his findings.

But first of all, the Los Angeles *Herald-Express* of April 15 ran this story:

"Another mystery hole popped up, or rather down, in a Los Angeles backyard today. Manny Blumenfeld, who lives at 1575 S. Ridgeley Dr., reported to police that he went to investigate the barking of "Skipper," the family dog and discovered a three-foot hole in his backyard that wasn't there last night.

"Police measured the depth of the hole and discovered it to be six feet. However, there will be no sustained search for a disappearing garden hose or an embedded rocket as witnessed hereabouts recently. Landlord Harry L. Rubenfield had



Mystery surrounds this large hole which appeared suddenly in the back yard of Manny Blumenfield in Los Angeles, Calif. No pipes or cisterns exist in the immediate area.

a quick answer when asked what he intended to do about it: 'Just fill it up.'

"Best guesses were that the hole resulted from an abandoned cistern or oil pit."

Max Miller examined the hole the same afternoon that the above item was published and took a dozen pictures of it. One of these is published above.

Mr. Miller found the newspaper account slightly garbled. Mrs. Blumenfeld told him she watered her back lawn on April 14th. She saw no hole, but about an hour later Skipper, their boxer, started barking—at his newly found hole. She said he seemed nervous and frightened.

The hole was approximately seven feet deep and much wider underground than at the opening. No dirt was visible on the surrounding green grass.

When Mr. Miller first saw the hole it was two feet across, he said, but later several photographers made it several inches wider in order to get more spectacular photographs. Several days after the hole was discovered it was filled in. It took a half truck-load of dirt to fill it.

It was discovered that a cesspool had once been where the SW corner of the Blumenfeld home now stands. But this is a good 20 to 25 feet from the opening of the hole. As near as can be determined, nothing was below the hole, not even pipes. If a large underground cistern or some-such caused the cave-in it is hard to understand why it didn't cave under the weight of passers-over.

Max Miller ends his letter to us saying: "So there it is. What was it? Who knows?"



VISION OF ELIJAH

● Elijah Columbus Autry was born in Tennessee before the Civil War started and he died at 98 on April 13 in West Plains, Mo.

At 10:30 on that night the telephone rang in the home of Mrs. H. D. Green, granddaughter of Elijah Autry, who cared for him.

The call was from Mrs. Burrell Autry of Flint, Mich., saying that her husband, who was Elijah's grandson, was in bed with influenza and that he had just awakened from a dream in which he had envisioned his grandfather dead.

Mrs. Green assured Mrs. Autry that Elijah was as well as usual and that he had eaten a hearty meal that evening. "Tell Burrell not to worry," she told Mrs. Autry. "Grandpop's just fine."

When she finished the call, Mrs. Green went in to tell her grandfather Elijah of the conversation. She found that he had died while seated in his rocking chair. Burrell Autry had known of his death in Flint, Mich., before Mrs. Green knew of it in the next room.



DEATH FROM RADIATION

● While scientists quibbled about the dangers of atomic radiation to future generations a 22-year-old man died in London last spring of leukemia.

But was it leukemia?

David Morbin, a grocer of London and father of the dead man, said that the attending physician told him the leukemia resulted from atomic radiation in London's air.

The doctors asked the young man if he ever had been to Harwell, Britain's main atomic research center, worked on TV set construction, worn a luminous watch or had a luminous clock in his room. But the youth had never lived outside London.

One of the doctors told the father: "The air over London is full of atomic radiation. The boy is suffering from radiation."



PLANETARY COLLISION

● Somewhere around 300 million

years ago two planets, in orbits between Mars and Jupiter, collided. It must have been a smashing fireworks because we are still getting heavenly displays as a result in the form of meteorites which flash through the skies of Earth.

Dr. S. F. Singer of the University of Maryland recently discussed the cosmic accident at a meeting of the American Physical Society. He determined the time of the collision by measuring the age of six meteorites which are believed to be cosmic debris of the gigantic crash. This is accomplished by measuring their content of a light variation of helium.

Chances are that the heavenly bodies that collided were not true planets at all but smaller "planetoids." The collision broke them up into smaller parts called asteroids—which in turn are called meteorites when they fall on earth.

One speculation is that the collision produced so much dust it shielded the earth from the sun, thus bringing on the ice age of 300 million years ago.

The same collision is believed responsible for four visible asteroids which whirl through the solar system on eccentric orbits. These are named *Apollo, Adonis, Hermes* and *Icarus* and measure one to two miles in diameter. There is a possibility that one of these may some day crash into the earth.

If it does, it would carry the impact of 100,000 hydrogen bombs. Fortunately, there would be no radiation.



ANOTHER LOST CIVILIZATION

● New excavations in Sardinia have brought to light remnants of a civilization about which very little has been known. It includes discovery of stone buildings different from those anywhere else in the world.

They are called "nuraghi" and are two-story towers in the shape of truncated cones. They are built of huge stones laid one upon the other without mortar. The tops are rounded into a sort of dome formed by reducing gradually the radii of successive courses of the stones at the top. There was an opening at the top to admit light and air. The remains of at least 6,000 of these stone towers have been found in Sardinia.

Some were used as tombs, some as homes. Sometimes they were interconnected by tunnels and stairs. Large clusters of them formed a village. They go back at least to 1,000 B.C.

Among the ruins have been found bronze implements and bronze castings of figurines. The later show archers and swordsmen wearing horned helmets while the chiefs are shown clad in long mantles

and holding staves like marshals' batons.

Evidence suggests that the fierce Sardinians had a common culture but never coalesced into a nation. The island was filled with clans constantly at war with one another. Of all the invaders down through the ages none except the Romans ever succeeded in conquering more of Sardinia than the coast. The Romans did conquer Sardinia after a long campaign and the Sardinians later became mighty defenders of Rome. No later invader ever succeeded in occupying more than the seacoast—and that only temporarily.



THE TOWERS OF MALDEN

● In the South Seas is tiny Malden Island, only four miles by five and today uninhabited and uninhabitable—especially after the British hydrogen bomb explosion there in the spring.

Malden was not always so, according to information dug up by Jack Thornton, correspondent of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* in Fiji.

In 1825 a British ship, the H.M.S. *Blonde,* came upon Malden Island and sent an expedition ashore. The journal of a Mr. Bloxham stated:

"In one spot I observed what was evidently the work of human hands, though of uncertain date. It was a parallelogram of coral stones seven feet high. Lieutenant Malden, who had walked to another part of the island, reported that he had seen 40 such buildings, extending along the shore in a regular line."

These structures faced the sea, just as the stone statues of Easter Island look across the Pacific.

Between 1849 and 1928 several Australian syndicates produced guano there. About 35 years ago a New Zealand archeologist, Prof. Macmilian Brown, described one of the strange buildings.

"It has a lower terrace like the tombs of priests . . . It also affiliates with the pyramids of the sun and moon on the coastal belt of Peru . . . The temple described was 50 feet long and 20 feet broad."

Among the paradoxes of Malden Island, Dr. Brown reported, is that today it is incapable of supporting human life. Yet he estimated the work on the buildings couldn't have been done by all the people of the islands within a radius of thousands of miles.

Dr. Brown thought that the buildings were sacrificial temples. An American archeologist in 1924 concluded that they were meeting places and tombs erected by successive generations of Polynesians.

Today no one knows for sure, but the most unusual fact about the shape of the ruins is their af-

finity with the pyramids of Peru. This supports Thor Heyerdahl's thesis that one strain of Polynesians originally came from the west coast of South America.



BLACK MAGIC

● From Kampala, Uganda, came an even more fantastic story. Two Africans were sentenced to five years in prison because they worked black magic—and if the story told in court is true, black magic it was.

The schoolmaster testified that his school had to be closed when 30 pupils and their parents were bewitched after the children made fun of a new girl. The girl told her parents, who called in a witch doctor for revenge.

At school the next day two children who poked fun at the new girl fell down into trances. The girl demanded money before she would restore them to their senses. They recovered with an ointment she rubbed on their heads.

Next day when the girl demanded more money the schoolmaster threatened to call police. Then 30 pupils had seizures.

The incredible scene at the school was attested by two African priests, Father Damyano and Father Myumbe. They said that children who were sitting in class suddenly would rush out and start running around the playground "so fast they seemed to be flying." Some climbed high walls and others apparently climbed trees because they were found hanging from branches which normally would support only a bird. No one saw them climb the trees.

When the children were taken home it was found that their parents also were having seizures.

The school was closed and the local witch-hunter and the police found a collection of instruments and herbs in the home of the offending girl. When these were destroyed the mass seizures stopped. Besides her parents' prison sentence the girl was ordered to receive 12 strokes of the cane.



WITCHES IN ALASKA

● Angoon is an Indian fishing village on the west shore of Admiralty Island, about 70 miles by air south of Juneau, Alaska. About 375 Tlingt Indians live there with perhaps a dozen whites.

One day late in April, Don Dafoe, territorial commissioner of education, received the following message from Quintin R. Avery, Angoon school superintendent. It read:

REQUEST IMMEDIATE DISPATCH OF LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES TO ANGOON TO PROTECT SCHOOL CHIL-

DREN FROM MOLESTATION. SITUATION CANNOT BE DESCRIBED IN THIS MESSAGE. THIS IS URGENT REQUEST.

When law enforcement officials swarmed into Angoon they found the village an armed camp. Men carried guns and knives on the streets. Family had turned against family. In addition, a serious epidemic of a virus disease had made many persons sick.

The reason for the outbreak was weird midnight rites and accusations of witchcraft among the Indian population. Midnight ceremonials included the burning of a dead cat and midnight-to-dawn seances.



● The trouble began when an infant child of an Indian family died. Stricken, the family revived the ancient midnight rites of witchcraft.

Two young Indian girls who claimed magic powers participated in the ceremonies, between midnight and dawn. One man said he saw a man turn into a bird and fly away; others reported they saw a woman they believed to be a witch turn into a cat at midnight in a cemetery.

Hysteria increased in Angoon. During the ceremonies the girls identified certain people as "witches." The fear of reprisals spread terror through the village.

The girls also predicted that certain people would "get sick." When the persons named did "get sick" the terror mounted.

Federal authorities came into Angoon, remanded one of the 16-year-old girls to juvenile authorities, and the village began to calm down. But people were still "sick." At last reports a U.S. public health service doctor and nurse were flown in to Angoon to combat the sickness. A virus, they said.



THE SHROUD OF TURIN

● New evidence on the authenticity of The Shroud of Turin, which supposedly contains an image of the crucified Christ, is summarized in a book recently translated from the German. The author, Fr. Werner Bulst, S.J., tells how it took modern photographers to discover the likeness of the man who wore the shroud to his grave. They discovered that the likeness on the fine linen is actually a photographic negative.

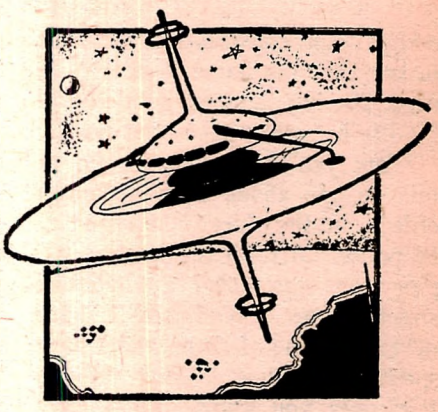
The imprints on the linen are the frontal and dorsal image of a man who must have suffered the agonies of crucifixion.

Father Bulst is convinced that the Shroud is Christ's but admits it could be that of some other victim of crucifixion. His book cites the evidence for his belief.

—Curtis Fuller

FRANK EDWARD'S REPORT

Do the flying saucers have a logical reason for visiting our world? Frank Edwards reveals an astronomer's amazing theory — and even more amazing evidence.



What Do Flying Saucers Want?

The old scientist chuckled as he closed the rickety gate behind us.

"Flying saucers, huh? To me it is a surprise that anyone would come to talk about such things! I have been retired so many years I thought that everyone had forgotten me long ago. Flying saucers! We shall see!"

I had heard of him through some of his fellow astronomers and he was so obviously pleased to be remembered that I was glad I had made the trip—even if he couldn't answer my questions.

It had been almost 40 years since he came to this country to work with his idol, Albert Michelson. He had helped Michelson plan the apparatus by which a beam of light was flashed from one mountain peak to another in 1926, corroborating Michelson's theories on the speed of light. Given a better press agent, my old friend might have gained a measure of personal fame for his work in the field of physics. But he was content to shine in the light of reflected glory, to work with other great physicists and astronomers and now at last

to sit on his porch overlooking the Pacific and dream.

With his permission I tape recorded our conversation. But he insists that his name is not to be used. Having shunned publicity all his life he wants none of it now.

"And you have come so far to talk to me about these unknown objects in the skies?" he asked as he paused to refill the knobby old pipe that resembled a deformed sweet potato. "Well, sir, I have never seen one of them, and I have spent much time looking through telescopes you know. But I have friends who *did* see them. More correctly I should say that I *did have* friends who saw them. When you get to be 84 you don't really have many friends left, only pleasant memories to keep you company—and an occasional, inquisitive young man who comes to ask strange questions! Now, where would you like to start?"

"Are you willing to admit the possibility of intelligent life other than our own in our own solar system?" I asked.

"Why not? Evidence we do not have one way or the other, if you insist on adhering to the accepted versions of such matters. But I am not so inclined. I think it is quite probable that there is life, *intelligent* life, on other planets in our solar system. Proof? No, we do not have proof if you insist that such creatures come in and submit themselves for inspection and approval. But evidence? Yes, plenty of that for those who have the patience to assemble it and to recognize it for what it is."

He kicked off his dusty shoes and slipped on a pair of handknit house-slippers made from scraps of old garments such as my grandmother used to make rag rugs so many years ago. The sun was down and the slight breeze dappled the bay. My old friend was silent so long that I feared he had forgotten what we were talking about. He hadn't.

"I was waiting for you to ask me about Mars. Everybody asks about Mars, you know."

"Is it your belief then that there is life on Mars?"

"My belief?" He chuckled. "Who cares about my belief? In science belief is nothing—theory is everything. More important, I should tell you about my theory. Then I'll tell you how I support my theory. Most of us get the theory first and then search for evidence to support it. In my case I found my evidence and then built a theory around it. Science has little time for the man who opposes theory and even less time for the man without a theory. Soooo—let us examine what I am pleased to call my evidence.

"First we must consider the possibility of life elsewhere in the

universe and perhaps not so far from us. It is an accepted belief that, given the right conditions as we know them, a planet will develop life as part of its aging process. Once developed, life may take many forms, some of which we might not recognize. Intelligent life will struggle with every means at its command to perpetuate its existence in the face of difficulties."

"You are thinking of Mars?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. It has all the signs of a planet that is older than ours—one that grew up and faded while we were still comparatively young. It also bears signs of having developed intelligent life—"

"The so-called canals?"

He smiled. "The canals—always the canals! Better they should have been called highways. For the sake of my theory I am concerned with something else which may be more important to the long view—the moons of Mars.

"Men had been peering at Mars through telescopes for more than 200 years before Professor Hall discovered that Mars had a moon. Six days later he discovered that it had two moons. Doesn't it seem strange to you that if these moons had been there all the time, as we are expected to believe, they weren't seen before? But no, my friend, after 200 years of seeing nothing around Mars we suddenly see Mars with two glittering satellites—and all in one week in 1877!

"These moons do not have the rusty glow of Mars. One of them is almost white and the other is bluish-white. They are very close to the planet and very small, so small that they might easily be artificial satellites—stepping stones into space."

"Similar to the space bases we hope to build some day?" I interposed.

"Exactly! Their location would make them very useful to anyone who wanted to leave Mars—or to visit Mars. A satellite, you see, is a kind of two-way street; if you don't use it somebody else may."

"Are you suggesting that some intelligent creatures may already be using our moon?" I asked.

"You try to hurry me along! Let us go back to Mars and the shiny bits which we call its moons. Let us suppose that we lived there on a planet that had aged to the point where it was difficult to support our population because a large portion of our natural resources had been used up long ago. We find that we must use every drop of water so we pump it from the melting polar caps to the areas where it can be put to work. Would we simply channel it through open ditches—canals? I think we would not. More probably we would carry it through pipes and use it along

the pipelines to grow food and other plants; trees perhaps. This would create long green or bluish-green lines which would intersect at control points where pipelines from the polar caps met.

"In spite of all our cleverness we someday would find ourselves confronted with a grave decision. Unless we could secure the materials we needed in order to exist our civilization would perish. Long ago our astronomers had examined other planets; first, out of curiosity and then purposefully. They found a 'young' planet, lush with vegetation, warm, with plenty of water and minerals. Was it inhabited? The astronomers could not tell. The only way to determine that was to get close enough to see—and that meant crossing space."

"Somewhat similar to our own plans, isn't it?" I said.

"With one important difference, yes. We propose to make the trip out of curiosity disguised as scientific research. A wonderful blanket that covers many projects! Scientific reasearch! But I must not take twice to tell you the funny stories I know about things we have spent money for under that name. Let me go ahead with my theory.

"Oh, yes—we must visit that young planet called Earth. Our technicians know that we can make the trip and they create the machines for the long journey. Our first space travelers return with some strange tales. They tell us of finding the Green Planet inhabited by comparatively primitive beings, some of whom displayed hostility, while others regarded our space travelers as supernatural beings. Our men stayed long enough to teach two separated groups of these beings a few principles of architecture, including the simple pyramid. But the visitors from Mars had not come to dominate nor to teach, but to learn.

"The records of their visits were preserved in the legends of the primitive peoples. Traces of their pyramids and language similarities are to be found on both sides of the Atlantic ocean. Where you find the same type of architecture you find the same root words and, keep in mind, these primitive people were separated by an ocean. It is my theory that their similarities are due to these visits by the research groups first sent out from Mars.

"During the course of these early trips it was found that the satellite of the Green Planet was uninhabited. It lacked an adequate atmosphere but it was a great untapped source of raw materials badly needed on Mars. And, most important, anything lacking on the moon was readily available on the Green Planet a relatively short distance away. By the simple process of mining the moon and supplement-

ing the results from the resources of Earth, Mars could continue to support its population. Have I baffled you with my theory?"

"I'm not able to weigh some of these things on their merits," I replied. "But please continue. What about the prospectors on the moon?"

"Not so fast! Not so fast! This is to be a major endeavor and it would be foolish to attempt the job with craft that must be powerful enough to tear themselves away from the surface of Mars and propel themselves all the way to their goal and back. The logical thing is to build space bases—artificial moons—a few thousand miles from Mars. These must be large enough to handle sizeable quantities of the materials that are in transport, a sort of natural deep-freeze from which the products of the moon-mines can be distributed. Since distribution from overhead would be relatively simple a satellite as small as Deimos, estimated at five miles or less, would be ample."

The old scientist's pipe had long since gone out and he paused to refill it. Once the pipe was alight again he said, "If you smell something like honeysuckle this is it. I experiment with my pipe. I pick the honeysuckle blossoms myself, dry them and crumble them into the tobacco. I like to think it makes it smell better. I once tried crushed rose petals—fahh!—they took the skin off my tongue!"

"You were saying something about the satellites of Mars—"

"Yes, I was. They play a very important part in my theory. Since they were first discovered by Professor Hall in 1877 it is quite likely that they were not there more than a few years before that time. He used a very fine telescope, the 26 inch Clark refractor at the Naval Observatory in Washington, but there were many other fine instruments in existence at that time, and for at least 20 or 30 years before 1877. I take the position that since the telescopes were there and the planet was there and the astronomers were looking at it, the bright little moons which Professor Hall saw so clearly for the first time in 1877 simply had not been there very long when he found them."

"Have you found anything to support that belief?"

"In my opinion, yes. Prior to the construction of the moons of Mars any travel between that planet and our moon would by necessity have been limited. More frequent trips, made possible by the moons and their facilities, would be noted in the form of increased activity on the moon. For a couple of hundred years astronomers have reported tiny spots of light on the moon where no light should be

visible. These have been explained away as the shining tips of mountains, or even as volcanic action, but for the most part they are just ignored. You see, they do not fit the accepted theory that there is no life on the moon. They did not fit into any theory but mine—at the time!

"About 10 years before Asaph Hall discovered the peculiar little satellites of Mars, astronomers began to notice other strange things on the moon. They were using good instruments, these men—and they were seeing lights and lines and mounds and cavities which came and went in bewildering fashion."

"Such as Gruithuisen's claim that he saw lines which resembled the streets of a city? Too early for your theory, wasn't he?" I asked.

"Not necessarily. Gruithuisen reported in 1821 that he had found what appeared to be the streets of a city just north of the crater Schroeter. Many astronomers agree that there are some lines in geometrical patterns there; like the lines on Mars, some see them, some do not. But, my friend, you must remember that there were many others besides Gruithuisen who dared to fly in the face of accepted theory by reporting such things. Gruithuisen was early, yes. Too early? No. For you see if my theory is correct the moon had been having visitors for thousands of years before anyone on earth suspected it. Only by assembling the thousands of incidents since Gruithuisen can we begin to bring our picture into focus—"

"Thousands of incidents?"

"Yes, literally thousands. Between the time of Gruithuisen—let us say around 1820—and the discovery of the two tiny objects that circle Mars—in that period of about 55 years astronomers had recorded more than 1500 sightings of lights in the dark areas of the moon.

"Sometimes these lights appeared in patterns. There were rectangles and long, straight lines of lights. Birt and Schmitt and Neison and many, many other fine astronomers saw them. This is a matter of record, you know. But what good is the record if we ignore it?

"An aged planet sends out prospectors to mine the satellite of its neighbor. The neighbor suspects nothing for thousands of years! It is no wonder! For thousands of years the people in Europe had no idea there were other people living across the Atlantic ocean. If they could not believe that, why should they suspect that the moon itself was inhabited? It was only after all these things were seen and reported in the 19th century that some of us began to suspect what I regard as the truth: That

systematic mining operations have been underway on the moon for thousands of years and that such operations can explain the markings and the lights and the surface changes which have been reported and which are still being reported to this day."

"You're way ahead of me, Doctor. I recall only the 'moon-bridge' of O'Neill and the black line that Frank Darling and others reported in Piccolomini a couple of years ago. There were others?"

"Hundreds of others. By that I mean the tiny craters which appear and vanish, especially in and around Plato. Messier and Messier-A are lively places, according to the telescopes. Most important of all, I think, are the hundreds of small white domes which are seen on the moon. They are in most cases so small they are difficult to see. Possibly they are not more than 1500 feet in diameter. They were first reported in the closing years of the 18th century, when Shroeter devoted his time to Linne—but after 1870 they were seen in rapidly increasing numbers and now we know of at least 200 of them. They are not fixed, not permanent. Sometimes they are clustered in one place. . . sometimes a few of them vanish and crop up elsewhere. It fits my theory, you see, to regard them as huge portable structures under which the miners of the moon can work in a life-sustaining atmosphere. Are you hungry?"

Actually I was hungry but before I could reply my host said: "Please be patient with me for a few moments longer. Then we will come to my second theory. It will take care of your hunger.

"Now, through the ages these visitors to the moon will have noticed the development of cities here on earth. They will also have watched our slow and labored efforts to fly. Perhaps their own history covered much the same processes. Since they were getting almost everything they wanted from the moon, their trips here were rare. I trust that you have noticed that reports of huge aerial objects over the earth are most numerous *after* 1870?"

"Yes. At the moment I can think of the huge thing that zoomed down over the cotton field at Bonham, Tex. in 1873, and the thing over Sistersville, W. Va., about 1879—"

"Those things had lights on them —searchlights, in some cases. They were very large, these devices. They were the type of craft which could be built and launched most easily from space bases and they appeared only a few years before we first noticed that Mars had two tiny satellites which might have been artificially constructed and which

we had never noticed before."

I had a feeling that my distinguished host was leading me rapidly toward something which he considered extremely important. A moment ago he had piqued my curiosity with his remark that his theoretical "moon miners" were getting *almost* everything they wanted from the moon. What did he mean almost? I asked him.

With exasperating slowness he filled his gnarled old pipe again.

"There is an old saying that in the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king. You have heard it, of course?"

I nodded.

"On a planet where water is precious it becomes of great value. From the moon my theoretical, but by no means mythical, visitors might get enough uranium to provide power and heat; they might get all the aluminum and other metals they need for industry; they might get all the chemicals for coaxing food plants from exhausted soil. But from the moon they would not get water—none for themselves and none for their planet that needs it so desperately. If you were in their predicament, what would you do?"

"Get it from the earth, of course!"

"Of course. And that is exactly what the visitors are doing, in my theory at least. Think of all the reports of these objects, small ones now, being seen entering water, shining their lights under the water or resting on its surface. Not the big cargo craft, but small ones that can slip in, fill with water and unload it in the form of chunks of ice just outside our atmosphere—a very convenient storage place. Once in a while, if the ice is jettisoned too soon, accidentally or otherwise, chunks of it come crashing down to earth—mostly unnoticed, but occasionally crashing through somebody's roof, killing a sheep, or battering the hood of an automobile. On rare occasions these glittering chunks of ice which are circling the earth may be seen and thought of as possible satellites. . . . until they are taken away by those who hung them in the sky in the first place."

"'As for instance the small objects which Clyde Tombaugh and Dr. La Paz were hired to locate a few years ago?" I asked.

"Possibly—probably. Also the cluster of objects which Adler Planetarium reported in 1953, circling the earth for a time at an altitude of about 475 miles. They are quite adequate for my ice theory, especially since these objects vanished from their plotted orbit after a short time. Vanished? Or were linked together and taken away?"

"It would be the longest water

haul on record, beyond a doubt!"

"Indeed. Eventually, however, its results should become apparent. It is my belief that these regular shuttle voyages have been underway at two-year intervals, the oppositions of Mars, for just about 100 years. Only in the last 50 years have any appreciable changes been noted in the appearance of Mars, changes which fit my theory. The growth of the dark blue-green areas has been noted. In 1954 there was a pronounced increase in the size of Syrtis Major, a change which I interpret as the long range result of water from the earth and minerals from the moon, transported in what we called Unidentified Flying Objects, and intensively applied to its needs.

"There you have my first theory and the facts which I am pleased to call my supporting evidence. Now I should like to offer my second theory—that I am the best sauerbraten cook in this part of the country. Will you come in and examine the evidence?"

I did. He was delightfully correct about his second theory. And his first theory? Time will tell.

THE HYPNOTIZABLE PERSONALITY

ONE OF THE popular beliefs in connection with hypnosis is that persons capable of being hypnotized are somehow "abnormal" or "neurotic." In a paper published in the *Journal of Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis* for July, 1956, Theodore Xenophon Barber, of the Department of Psychology, American University, Washington, D.C., reported the results of experiments which indicate that hypnotizability is not related to abnormality or neuroticism and may possibly be related to desirable personality traits.

In his experiments Barber used 18 subjects—11 men and seven women, ranging in age from 20 to 40—none of whom had been hypnotized before. Each subject was given exactly 20 minutes of "hypnotic patter," followed by five standard tests of suggestibility. The subjects' ranks on a hypnotizability scale then were correlated with their ranks on 10 personality traits.

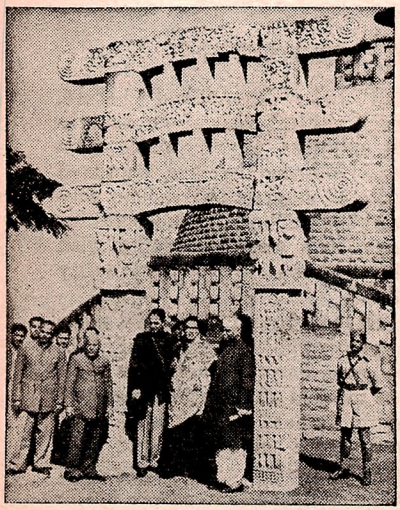
Barber found that the more hypnotizable subjects tended to be more carefree and less serious-minded and self-controlled; more leaders and less followers; more objective and less hypersensitive and suspicious; more interested in overt activity and less prone to be reflective and meditative. Also the more hypnotizable subjects tended to be more emotionally stable, sociable and friendly.

Search for the DALAI LAMA

The Lama hierarchy had a huge task—to find the child in whom the recently dead Dalai Lama had reincarnated.

By Douglas Hunt

THE OLD MAN was seeking a vision . . . of a young child who was born for the first time nearly 600 years earlier, and who has been reborn 13 times. Fantastic as it seems, his search was successful.



The Dalai Lama (center) stands under symbolic gate on visit to Buddhist center at Sanchi, India, during 2,500th Jayanti festival.

The aged Lama had been sent out from the *Gyu* monastery in Lhasa to find the new body into which the Dalai Lama had been reborn. The child would be the Priest-King, come back to earth for the 13th time to rule Tibet.

The year was 1876. Some months earlier the spirit of the Dalai Lama had left his body for the 12th time. It now became the duty of the hierarchy of Lamas to find the child in whom he would incarnate for the 13th time. The first step was to consult the oracles of *Ne-chung* and *Sam-ye*. They would give the general direction in which the search must proceed. This was done and a high-ranking Lama set forth.

His was no mean task. Deep snow covered the mountain passes, but he battled on through a blizzard which would have daunted



The Dalai Lama is believed to have been reborn 14 times in 600 years. He is shown on ornate throne at age of 15.

a younger, less purposeful man. For him there could be no greater honor than to find the child in whom the Precious One was reborn. Once he reached the lake in Tak-po known as "The Victorious Wheel of Religion" the secret would be revealed, the task nearly over.

Many strange things exist in Tibet; and not the least strange is the prophetic lake in Tak-po.

Sir Charles Bell, British Resident in Sikkim, Bhutan, and Tibet, and a close friend of the 13th Incarnation of the Dalai Lama, describes in his *Portrait of the Dalai Lama* how the lake gives glimpses of the future to those who visit it.

He writes, "The water of the lake is blue. You watch it from the hillside. A wind arises and turns the blue water into white. A hole then forms in this white water;

the hole is blue-black. Clouds form above this hole, and below the clouds you see the images of future events."

The vision the Lama was seeking would show him where he could find the beloved Priest and King whom he so recently had mourned. Of this he had no doubt.

And yet the lake was frozen solid and covered with snow. But the faith of the Tibetan Buddhist was not easily shaken. The oracles had sent him here on this quest. They could not be wrong.

A high-pitched shriek aroused him from a reverie. Wind such as only the traveller in the Himalayas has experienced came raging round the mountain crags. It lashed and whipped the old man's face. He bent beneath it, covering his head with his mantle. Round him the blast whistled and roared. The Lama waited. Hours of motionless meditation had accustomed him to that. In an hour, a day, a week the wind would drop, and then . . . then he would see what he would see.

He must have dropped into a meditative trance, for suddenly he perceived that everything was deathly still. The Lama peered out from his cloak. Below him lay the lake. What had been a blanket of white snow was now a sheet of ice, swept clear as a mirror. With a prayer of thanks the Lama waited to see what this mirror would show.

As the old man watched, a picture slowly formed across the ice. He saw a humble house with a peach tree flowering beside it, although it was months before the first trace of peach blossoms could appear.

Thankfully the Lama bowed his head. He knew now where to find the new Incarnation. There would not be many peach trees in full flower in mid-winter!

There was still more to come. That night the Lama dreamed that he saw a young mother with a child in her arms. The face of the child was clearly, unforgettably impressed on his mind. A few days later he found the house, the blooming peach tree, the mother and the child, just as he had seen them in the lake and in his dream.

This is no fairy-tale nor Himalayan legend. It is a factual report given to Sir Charles Bell by a former Prime Minister. It is one of the innumerable pieces of evidence which have convinced all Tibetans and many Americans and Europeans that the Dalai Lama is indeed what he is proclaimed to be —a highly evolved human being who returns again and again to this earth to rule his people. Always the searchers have been led by the oracles to the spot where they find their reborn Priest and King.

However, this mystic guidance

is by no means the only, nor even the most important, evidence. By itself it could hardly be considered complete proof.

Our Lama had no doubt that the infant he had found was the reincarnation of *Chen-re-zi,* patron saint of Tibet and so-called "god" of mercy and compassion, who since 1391 had been returning to the land of his adoption. But this alone would not convince the priestly authorities. More stringent tests must be applied.

The first test was to examine the child to see if he bore any of those physical marks, at least some of which are to be found on each new Incarnation. The babe, later known as the Great Thirteenth, had most of them. Most important of the physical characteristics are the two extra pieces of flesh near the shoulder-blades. Every Dalai Lama has these. They have an especial significance.

The spirit which incarnates in successive Dalai Lamas—if one can use the plural in speaking of a single individual—is recognized by all Buddhists as one of supreme mercy and compassion. He is often depicted as having several pairs of arms, this symbolizes his bounty.

Although the Dalai Lama is sometimes spoken of as a god, he is *not* a god since Buddhists believe in only one Supreme Divine Being. The Dalai Lama is a Bodhisattva, a human being who has advanced so far on the path of evolution as to be fit to enter *Nirvana,* but who deliberately has renounced paradise in order to return again to the world of men to help, comfort and exhort.

The two extra pieces of flesh which distinguish the Dalai Lama are symbolical of the extra arms of *Chen-re-zi*—or *Avelokitesvara,* as the Indians call him—since the Dalai Lama is the reincarnation of that exalted spirit.

Typical of a Bodhisattva are the large ears and the imprint of a conch shell on the palms of the hands. These marks also the Great Thirteenth possessed.

Yet even this was not enough to insure final acceptance. One last stringent test must be imposed. The babe whom our Lama had discovered was given this test when he was two years old.

Seated on a cushion he watched solemnly as several grave old men, with shaven heads, wearing the saffron robes of the Buddhist monks, placed a number of articles on the floor before him. What a marvellous array of toys for a youngster to choose from.

In silence the old men waited while the child unerringly picked out, first the rosary, then the drinking-cup and handkerchief which he had used in his last Incarnation.

He noticed only one thing more.

While the audience watched in breathless suspense the infant slowly stretched out his hand toward a long, heavy object. It was the Dalai Lama's *dorje* or thunderbolt, combined symbol of his priestly and his kingly office. If the child chose this ungainly object he must indeed be their reincarnated Lord.

From the assembled priests came a great sigh as he firmly grasped the sceptre and held it aloft. A moment he flourished the heavy wand of office in the air, a chuckle of glee escaped his normally solemn lips, then he placed it across his knees, and his features settled into the contented smile of one who has come home.

The final indisputable proof came a few years after the boy had been enthroned at the age of three. On hearing of the death of the chief of the Li-tang district he inquired what had become of the image of the Buddha which he had given the chief in his previous Incarnation. When told that it could not be found the boy laughed. The chief, he told them, had placed the image in a golden urn and hidden it in a beam in his house. If they would send for it they would find it there. The image was found exactly where the young Dalai Lama had said it would be.

Sometimes the Dalai Lama will lead a more or less quiescent life, devoted more to meditation and prayer than to the art of governing. The Great Thirteenth, who died in December, 1933, was in the fullest sense both Priest and King, loved by his people as few Incarnations have been before.

He led an exciting life. Twice he had to flee his country; once at the time of the British expedition under Sir Francis Younghusband, when he fled to Mongolia where he is no less venerated than in Tibet, and once he had to flee a Chinese invasion. This second time he took refuge with the British in India after several narrow escapes from the pursuing Chinese.

It was in India that he made his lifelong friendship with Sir Charles Bell, who later stayed with him in Lhasa after his return.

Sir Charles seems to have revered the Dalai Lama almost as much as his subjects did. He was impressed by his sound common sense as well as by his great saintliness. He speaks without scepticism of his "miraculous" gifts, such as the ability to appear in more than one place at once. Dr. Evans Wentz also refers to this faculty. The Dalai himself spoke of the practice as "disallowed in all sects of our religion, because it causes confusion in the work," but admitted that he had found himself compelled to use it on more than one occasion.

Many hours of the Priest-King's day are spent in prayer and meditation, and in the strenuous labor of blessing. The three chief monasteries alone contain about 20,000 monks. These His Holiness blesses every year, not in crowds but by touching each one individually either with his hand or with the tassel at the end of his staff.

When he travels he blesses, one by one, each member of the crowds who come from far and wide to see him. Moreover, everyone who is going on a journey is entitled to an individual blessing from him.

All living creatures are members of the Dalai Lama's flock. The Great Thirteenth was a great lover of animals, and his long prayers embraced all these "mind possessors", whose souls are as precious to the Buddhists as are the souls of men. Indeed, they will one day *be* the souls of men.

Once a year the Dalai sends a deputation to the "Parliament of Birds" which meets at a large lake north of Lhasa. A Lama addresses them on the importance of law and order and gives them a present of food from the Dalai.

The Dalai Lama is not the only "phantom body", as these Bodhisattvas are called. During the 1920's I saw, in Peking, another of these great Incarnations, the Panchen Lama. As an incarnation of the spiritual teacher of *Chen-re-zi* he is regarded by some as spiritually superior even to the Dalai Lama. This Incarnation, who died in 1937, was a man of great spiritual beauty as well as considerable worldly wisdom. When talking to him it was not difficult to believe that his was a serenity and a wisdom attained through living many lives.

These last two great Incarnations died within a few years of one another. In their present bodies therefore, they are both young men. It must not be assumed, however, that the Dalai Lama is reborn immediately. There is usually an interval of several months before he returns. The present Incarnation was born 18 months after he last "passed to the Honorable Field."

Sir Charles Bell was in Tibet again after the passing of his old friend. He tells how the whole nation prayed fervently that their beloved ruler might soon return. At one of the oracle temples a Tibetan friend begged Sir Charles, with tears in his eyes, to pray "in accordance with the custom of your religion" that the new Incarnation might soon be found.

"So for the welfare of Tibet we prayed," writes Sir Charles, "he in his religion, I in mine."

Their prayers were not in vain.

In 1935 the Regent saw in the prophetic lake a three-storied mon-

astery with a gilded roof and turquoise tiles. A twisting road led eastwards to a bare hillock. Opposite the hillock was a small house with eaves of an unfamiliar type.

For the story that follows we have the authority of Sir Basil Gould, who was present at the enthronement of the 14th Incarnation when the latter was about four and a half years old.

The oracles had designated the north-east part of Tibet as the district where the Incarnation would be found. By a happy coincidence —if one believes in coincidence— as the search-party arrived at Jyekun-do in eastern Tibet they met the Panchen Lama, who was returning from his long exile in China. They asked the advice of this great spiritual leader.

The Panchen Lama gave them the names of three young boys, one of whom he expected to be the new Incarnation of the Dalai Lama.

The home of the first of the boys was discovered, but he had died. Further search revealed the whereabouts of the second and the Lamas were hopeful that their search was ended. But when it came to the identification, by the child, of the possessions of the Great Thirteenth he ran away in terror, crying.

There remained only the third child and, in order that no mistake be made, a small stratagem was used. Kyi-tsang, the head of the party, disguised himself as a monk-servant while one of his subordinates, Lob-zang, pretended to be the Lama.

Arriving at the home of the boy the delegation entered the kitchen where the boy was playing. Lob-zang wore the robes of a high Lama. But like Shaw's Saint Joan the boy disregarded the impostor and ran straight up to Kyi-tsang, who waited in the background. "Lama, lama!" he cried in the dialect of the Am-do district.

The monk who was serving as interpreter then pointed to Lob-zang and asked, "Who is this?"

"Tse-trung," replied the boy, giving the correct designation of the latter's office. He also gave the name of Lob-zang's monastery.

On his body were found three of the necessary marks, and it is claimed that he identified all his former possessions. At first he picked up the wrong walking-stick, then threw it down, grasped the right one and would not let it go.

The present Incarnation was born in June, 1935. Owing to interference by the Chinese it was not until September, 1939, that he reached Lhasa. In February, 1940, he was enthroned.

Long before dawn the Ministers, Lamas, and representatives of foreign powers filled the throne room.

It was the day of the Tibetan New Year and the ceremonial was doubly elaborate.

When all were in their places a narrow strip of cloth was laid from the entrance of the hall to the throne which the Dalai Lama would shortly occupy—for the first time in this Incarnation. To the accompaniment of solemn music, the young child entered, supported by two officials in elaborate robes.

The progress of the child was slow and stately. Complete dignity characterized his every movement; his baby face seemed to emanate serenity and wisdom. Reverently he was lifted onto his large throne. Priests and ministers prostrated themselves before him.

It would be tedious to describe the entire ceremony, impressive as the crowning of an English Queen. Most tiring of all for the tiny child was the blessing. Each individual was blessed separately as he bowed before the priest who is a king. The hand or the tassel used by the child for the blessings was supported by the "All Covering Abbot", chief of the priestly officials of state. Throughout the child conducted himself with the perfect dignity of a gracious and experienced ruler.

The ceremony continued for several days, so that the child's physical body must have been weary almost to death. For the adoring multitudes the body counted little; it was the spirit of their beloved Master from whom they sought blessing. For the 14th time he had returned to them.

The Dalai Lama is still a very young man. As in his 13th life he has had to travel far from Lhasa, his beloved city.

Strenuous efforts are being made to flood his land with materialistic systems and thinking. Those who know Tibet believe these efforts will fail for, to the Tibetans, religion is the most important factor in their life. Day and night their prayers and those of their Priest-King ascend for every one of God's creatures.

It may be that the prayers of these people and their Dalai Lama will avail more than all the conferences and all the armies in bringing to this chaotic world the blessing which they—almost alone among the nations—have enjoyed for centuries; the blessing of peace.

MARITAL WOE

IN NASHVILLE, Tenn., Mrs. Richard P. Quirk was seriously injured when the car in which she was driving a friend home collided on a curve with another car. The driver was her husband who was on his way home from work.

Holy Buddhist Spring Flows Again

The healing spring long was dry—now during Jayanti year, Buddha's 2,500th birthday, it flows again.

By Anoma Mahinda

ABOUT 120 miles from Bangkok, the capital of Thailand (once Siam), stands a mountain which is shrouded in mystery, antiquity and occult lore. It is known as Kow Ngu, or the Mountain of the Snake. The name is said to be due to its snake-like shape as it rises, a solitary mass of rock and trees, from the smooth fields of emerald paddy. Actual snakes, most of them poisonous, abound in great number and variety. However, the local people deny that this has any connection with the mountain's name.

On the Mountain of the Snake is the oldest Buddhist shrine in Thailand. A lonely cave known as Tum Lue See, the Cavern of the Hermit, it has been inhabited by monks, off and on, for hundreds of years. Its earliest history can be traced back to about the third century before Christ.

A group of monks are said to have come to this place about 700 A. D., to give great impetus and new life to the Buddhist religion in Siam. They had journeyed from their home in India to become spiritual teachers to the Siamese. The group scattered all over the country but their leader, the senior monk, stayed in Tum Lue See.

Within a day or two of his arrival, tradition tells us, he performed a mysterious ceremony to make water issue from the rocks of the cave. It is said that water flowed where none had before.

This same man spent months carving into the rock wall inside the cave, an image of the Indian Buddha. On the base of the carving, he cut a verse of praise to the Buddha which, translated, reads: "Homage to Him the Blessed One, Arahant, Fully Enlightened."



Dark marks on chest of Buddha in Thailand shrine show where spring issues.

The cave soon became a place of pilgrimage. The monk was greatly venerated and respected by the people. The newly flowing spring quenched the thirst of the tired and weary pilgrims who had made the journey on foot. These pilgrims soon observed that those who had diseases and afflictions were cured after drinking this water. Its healing properties became widely known and it was called the Magic Spring. The sick visited it in large numbers.

The water flowed freely for hundreds of years. About a century ago it suddenly ceased. Then, as if to testify to its magic connections, a jet of water began to spurt from the heart of the Buddha's image which the monk had carved on the rock. This jet of water flowed only for a few months and then stopped, although the mark where it came forth is still visible.

The Hermit's Cave never lost its popularity as a place of pilgrimage. Up until the present day it has been visited by thousands of persons every year. Today, however, the pilgrims come in cars and buses — no longer on foot.

None of the present generation now living around the mountain had ever seen water flow from the old spring. It is little wonder that its sudden and mysterious reappearance, early in 1957, was greeted with wild enthusiasm. This new, magic flow of water is thought to herald some important event. The fact that this is a special holy year in the Buddhist world, a year which marks 2,500 years since the Buddha passed away at Kusinara, India, lends special import to the reactivation of the holy spring.

Many strange things have occurred already in this special year and the new flow of the Magic Spring is only another of them.

Once again Tum Lue See should release from suffering the thousands of pilgrims who will drink its water.



M'TAGATI

African Death Curse

By Michael Dugmore

The white woman was strangely ill—and growing worse. Had she been bewitched by the Zulu servant she had fired?

IT WAS ONE of those hot, humid Natal afternoons. It was 1947. The war was over. Night work on storing convoys for the long trip north had ended so I was home early from my job with L. J. Wilson's, the ship's chandlers. Durban was very quiet now, no more blackouts, no more milling troops ashore for a few hours of leave. Feeling worked out, I settled down to a pleasant evening of swing records.

I had scarcely set up my first deck of records for the automatic player when there was a knock at the door. It was my landlady, Mrs. Patterson.

"A native girl wants to speak

to you," she said. "She is waiting out in the back yard."

Putting on my jacket, I went through the house to the back. The servant girl from next door was sitting on the bottom step, nervously twisting her apron in her hands. I pushed open the screen door.

"Yebo, Intombazana," I queried. "What do you want of me?"

"Hau, Inkosaan!" she replied. "I would not trouble you but my mistress is in great need of your help!"

"My help? What can I do for her? I do not even know her!"

"Inkosaan, the servant from your house has spoken of you. You grew up on a sugar cane plantation and you understand the ways of the AmaZulu. I come to tell you that my mistress has been bewitched!"

Nine persons out of 10 would have laughed at her. I did not, for I know of the witchcraft practised by the African people.

"Tell me all you know!" I ordered.

The story she told was all too familiar. A kitchen boy employed next door, a Zulu who called himself Jesu, had irritated his employer to the point of distraction. The angry woman, Mrs. Lund, finding the boy's behavior too much for her patience, had sent him packing. What she said to the boy I do not know. Whatever it was, the boy found it insulting and he swore swift and terrible vengeance.

"My mistress is very sick, Inkosaan. The doctor has tried to cure her but I know he cannot. You see, I am an *isangoma,*" the girl continued.

"Why do you not wear the paraphernalia?" I asked.

"I cannot. How would I find work?"

"That is true. Take me to the Inkosigaas."

I knew something was radically wrong. The *isangoma* women, gifted with second sight, as many of these primitive people are, have extra-sensory powers little understood by the white race. If she said there was foul play, it must be true.

Mrs. Lund lived at Number 10, Prospect Place, a neat little cottage in a rather unkempt garden. The girl ushered me into the bedroom.

"Mrs. Lund, my name is Dugmore," I began. "Mkize, your servant girl, fears that you have been bewitched and, although you may not believe in such things, I assure you that they do occur from time to time. How do you feel?"

"Terrible! Terrible!" Mrs. Lund said. Propped up on four pillows she lay on her bed in a darkened room. Her face was fiery red. It glistened with sweat. Her eye lids, puffed up to ghastly, split half-

moons of flesh, could not open at all.

"Oh! Mr. Dugmore!" she muttered through swollen lips, "Help me! For goodness sake, help me! My doctor has tried everything but I get worse. My girl told me that I might be bewitched but I didn't believe it. I suppose it must have been Jesu. I was harsh with him but he was such a stupid fool that I lost my temper."

"It is not wise to do that with Africans," I told her. "They often use poison to get even, but apparently your boy went a lot further."

"I suppose he did. I am sorry for all I said, but it's too late! Can you help me?"

I told her that one of my laborers, Tosi Mzulwini, "man with heavenly powers", was a good *nyanga* (healer). If anyone could help her, he could. I asked Mrs. Lund to detail her symptoms. The dreadful swelling was localized in her head and neck, she said. All over her body there were strange red patches with small yellow puss centers. She had nothing else to complain of, although she felt very ill.

"Leave it to me, Mrs. Lund," I said. "I'll do all I can."

Next morning, I alighted from the Point Docks bus half a block from my usual stop. The laborers were busy at the Bond Store under Induna (head boy) Nani Mzobe, rolling coils of six-inch rope into the store. I called to Tosi.

"Tosi," I began, "have you ever known of a white person being affected by *m'tagati.*"

"I have, Inkosaan," he answered, "but the cases are rare."

"If I take you to a bewitched woman, can you heal her?"

"I am *M'zulwini*!" came his proud response.

I told Tosi Mzulwini the sick woman's symptoms and I asked him to be ready as soon after 5 o'clock as he could.

Mr. MacGregor, my boss at Wilson's, allowed me to use the Chevrolet pickup for the evening. I drove up to the Native Compound where Tosi stayed while working in Durban and, after a longish wait, eventually saw him emerge from the wide brick entrance. He wore a queer monkeyskin cap and carried a skin pouch slung from his shoulder. He climbed aboard and we drove up Point Road along the Esplanade, then down Gale Street to Frere Road and Prospect Place.

Mrs. Lund was only too glad to see Tosi. He crept into the bedroom in the respectful Zulu crouch, then stared long and hard at the woman on the bed. His eyes took on a strange dreamy expression.

"We must seek the *muti!*" he exclaimed suddenly.

I confess I was startled. I had

seen *nyangas* before but I had never participated in a cure. Tosi, sensing my interest, gave me a running commentary.

"First, I take the 'seekers' from my pouch, so. The two vials I place in the palm of my left hand, so. Now we must circle the house and if any evil *muti* is hidden beneath it the 'seekers' will locate it!"

My eyes glued to the two tiny vials of oily liquid in Tosi's palm, I followed him as he walked slowly around the house. The cement walk was still hot from the blazing sun. As we turned the northern corner of the bungalow, one of the vials leaped into the air! The other vial did not move at all.

"The *muti* is here!" exclaimed Tosi, excitedly.

Houses in sub-tropical Natal, South Africa, are built high above the ground, on brick "legs". This allows the breeze to cool the area beneath the floor and, at the same time, deters termites from working up into the wooden floors.

Doubled over, we crawled under the house.

Tosi probed every lumpy bit of soil with a short stick. After a few minutes, he struck something.

"Inkosaan, I have it!"

Sunshine dazzled us as we emerged from under the house. Tosi dropped his find onto the cement walk. My stomach knotted as I examined the largest item: a white fowl's head! It had rotted, become puffed and putrid. The eyelids were swollen so that the eyes were hidden. The similarity to Mrs. Lund's condition was obvious.

"I see you are observant," said Tosi. "Your face tells me you have seen the answer. The stick you will understand. I will tell you about it!"

In my horror, I had not seen the stick. Tosi explained that it was a twig from a hibiscus bush. Notches, neatly spaced along its length, he said, represented the number of days the bewitched person was to suffer before finally dying. This solved the mystery of the queer red patches—hibiscus flowers are large and red with yellow stamens.

Tosi removed his bag. "I must leave you now, Inkosaan. I have work to do!"

He withdrew to a far corner of the back yard. There he made a little fire with dried twigs from the avocado pear tree which grew there. Acrid smoke curled up into the deepening dusk. I watched, fascinated, from the back verandah. After long minutes of work Tosi rose from his haunches and came towards the house. He was bearing some glowing coals on an old piece of tin.

"Take me to the Inkosigaas!" he demanded.

The scene which followed was

macabre. Mrs. Lund, sightless on her pillows, was asked to inhale pungent fumes which arose from a grey powder sprinkled among the coals. A twist of newspaper containing some more powder was emptied onto her tongue and she was told to swallow the stuff.

"You must sleep, Inkosigaas!" whispered Tosi. "Tomorrow you will be well!"

I followed Tosi to the back yard after this ceremony. In answer to my questions, he told me, *"M'tagati* works up the spinal cord, Inkosaan. The evil *muti* makes its way to the brain, where it does its work. By inhaling smoke from my medicine the *muti,* which is still a distance from this Inkosigaas' brain, is driven back. The powder which she swallowed will dissolve into her system as an extra safeguard."

Smiling slightly, he looked into my face. "Few white people believe in this *m'tagati,* yet it has been used by my people for centuries. From generation to generation, from father to son, the secrets have been passed down." Here he paused, before saying, "It is a rule among the *nyangas* that we be paid a beast for every cure. You have no cattle to pay me, nor has the Inkosigaas, but I will accept 10 pounds ($30) for my work. Will you see that I am paid?"

"You will be paid, Tosi. Believe me, you will be paid!" I promised. "I take it that the Inkosigaas Lund will be cured?"

Tosi looked pained. "Tomorrow you shall see my cure. She will awaken weak but almost normal. Even I cannot work miracles! But, on the word of an *Inyanga,* she will be completely well within a few days. The hour is late, I ask the Inkosaan to take me home."

Mrs. Lund looked pale and still unwell when I saw her next morning but her swelling had disappeared. Within two days she was up and about. Her doctor, whom I never met, must have been amazed at her sudden recovery. Mrs. Lund was afraid to tell him of the *nyanga* cure, and the good man probably chalked up another victory for modern medicine.

TRAGEDY FORECAST

IN HIALEAH, Fla., on May 26, 1957, Ira O'Connor and Francis McKeon were killed when their speeding car struck a parked car and a house, overturned and skidded into Miami Canal. Police officers who investigated the accident found in the car a book with the title "Tragedy Trail."

FLYING SAUCERS in EUROPE

By Aime Michel

Meeting With the Martian

THE CENTER OF France has some spots which are among the wildest and most backward in Europe. The peasants and sheep-herders of these areas are known for their austerity and faithful clinging to the customs and morals some of which date back to the time of the Celts, that is to say, over 20 centuries. One would not expect to find among these people minds obsessed with science fiction.

However, it is in one of these very sectors that, for the first time in Europe, a man claims to have seen and even touched with his hand a being from outerspace. The affair took place September 10, 1954, at nightfall, three days after the sighting at Contay.*

It was 8:30 P.M. when Antoine Mazaud returned to his farm. "Are you sick?" his wife asked him. "You seem pale; and your hands are trembling. What happened?"

*See article 1, July Fate.

Madame Mazaud had good reason to be concerned. Her husband, a solid man in his 50's was a stable peasant, as sensible as he was robust.

"No," he answered. "I'm fine. But I had a bizarre experience, —really an inexplicable meeting."

His wife asked, "Who did you meet?"

"Who? You would better ask *What*. I'll tell you. But I forbid you to tell anyone. I don't want any trouble."

And Mr. Mazaud told this story:

He had worked all afternoon in his oat field. Around 8:30 night was falling and he decided to return home. Throwing his pitchfork onto his shoulder he took the path leading from the hamlet of Mourieras to his home, about 1500 meters away. This path twists between two hedgerows in a wild, hilly countryside.

While walking through a small

wood he put down his pitchfork in order to roll a cigarette. (I add this small detail so that the American reader will understand the character of this person and this place—far removed from the novels of H. G. Wells.) This task took him a minute or two after which he put his pitchfork back on his shoulder and started out again.

"I had taken only a few steps," he said, "when in the beginning darkness I found myself face to face with a strange being dressed in a peculiar way. He was of medium height and was wearing a sort of helmet, without earpieces, somewhat like a motorcycle helmet.

"My first thought was to defend myself with my pitchfork," he said. "I was scared stiff. The *other* also was immobilized. Then, very slowly, he came towards me, making a gesture above his head with an *arm*. I think he wanted to calm me, perhaps to greet me or to express his friendship. His other arm was extended to me but not in a menacing manner.

"I didn't know what to do. After a moment of panic, during which I was asking myself with whom and what I was dealing, I thought perhaps it was an insane person who had disguised himself. As he continued to come slowly towards me, making strange gestures like salaams, I decided that he didn't intend to attack me.

"He was in front of me. Then, as I still was holding my pitchfork in my right hand, I offered him my left, hesitatingly. He took it, shook it very hard and then, brusquely, held me to him, pulling my head against his helmet. All this took place in complete silence.

"I was recovering from my stupor. I took courage and spoke to him. He did not answer, but passed in front of me and went a couple of yards away into the heavy shadows of the woods. It seemed to me then that he kneeled. A few seconds later I heard a kind of buzzing whistle and saw rising, almost vertically, towards the sky between the branches a sort of dark machine. It seemed to be shaped like a cigar puffed out on one side and about three or four yards long. It passed under the high tension wires and disappeared to the west, in the direction of Limoges.

"It was only at this moment that my reason returned," continued Mr. Mazaud. "I ran in the direction he had disappeared but obviously it was too late."

Truth requires me to add that while telling his tale, both to the police and later to the press, Mr. Mazaud always said he regretted not having held his strange visitor by force and even "that I did not kill him with my pitchfork in order to know what it was." One must

remember that this peasant did not feel that he had been in the presence of a real man.

After Mr. Mazaud told his wife this story that night of September 10, 1954, he again cautioned her to repeat it to no one. "They would laugh at us," he said.

So naturally Madame Mazaud told her neighbor in strictest secrecy. And she, in turn, repeated it to the travelling salesman, who reported it to the police.

The investigation by the lieutenant of police of Ossel started on the 12th, two days later. Antoine Mazaud, in a very bad mood, had to be begged to talk.

The police went to the scene of the "meeting", examined the underbrush but found nothing suspicious. Two days had passed since the supposed meeting, and it had rained heavily.

Since there was only one witness, the police at first took the most reasonable view of the thing—that of an hallucination or a joke. They could find nothing to prove the peasant's story but at the same time Mr. Mazaud had an excellent reputation around the countryside. He was a hard-working man, taciturn, well-balanced and without imagination. The impression made on the police, the investigators, the journalists, by the man was the same. Here is how the correspondent from *Combat*, the intellectual paper of Paris, describes him:

"There is about his account an indisputable aura of sincerity. The investigators were not able to uncover the least fault or contradiction in his statements."

The Commissioner of General Information at Tulle (a position similar to lieutenant or captain with the FBI) was surprised, as was everyone, by the serious nature of the man who had been the unwilling witness of this strange being.

Lastly, it is important to mention that, until the arrival of the journalists, Mr. Mazaud had not thought of connecting his experience with stories of flying saucers, words which meant nothing to him during the first days following his observation. Now, however, he refers to his mysterious visitor as "this Martian".

The Bureau of General Information and the police would have placed his adventure in the category of day dreams—and I would never have mentioned it—except for one small detail.

The last words of his story were, "the object passed under the high tension wires and disappeared in the sky to the west, in the direction of Limoges."

While conducting their investigation the police discovered that on the night of September 10, a few

seconds after 8:30, the inhabitants of Limoges saw in the sky a reddish disc which discharged a bluish trail. It was flying from east to west. The reports of these witnesses were taken *before* the incident at Mourieras was known to anyone (the first newspaper articles are dated September 14). Among the witnesses is Mr. George Frugier, 30 years old, who reported his observation of the night of September 10. One cannot help noticing that the reports completely authenticate each other.

Mr. Mazaud said 8:30.

Mr. Frugier said a few minutes after 8:30.

The object disappeared to the west in the direction of Limoges, said Mr. Mazaud.

The disc arrived from the east and disappeared towards the west, say the witnesses at Limoges.

Finally, it is remarkable that in the case of Mr. Frugier, his own family started to take his story seriously only after reading in the papers of September 14th about the incident at Mourieras.

You may choose any one of the following conclusions:

1. Mr. Mazaud saw nothing at all—he invents Science Fiction novels in his Limoge colloquialisms while he rolls his own cigarettes.

2. Or he had an hallucination.

3. Or he saw a helicopter (we know about the agility of this plane and how it can slide between the leaves of the underbrush) and its pilot (whose passion is to kiss old peasants at night fall).

4. And that at the same time the inhabitants of Limoges saw nothing at all and by telepathy completed Mr. Mazaud's novel or else saw a slow-falling star called up by the reverie of the old peasant—or vice-versa.

5. Or you may conclude Mr. Mazaud and the citizens of Limoge saw a flying saucer.

If you find any of the first four conclusions reassuring let me ask you, just how far can you legitimately carry its applications? This is what the amateur explainers must once and for all decide. No doubt one could *prove* that Generals Lee and Grant were really only badly interpreted phenomena. But how would the soldiers at Gettysburg have felt about this?

In this particular case we shall see in a future article that less than an hour and a half after the incident at Mourieras, a similar incident, yet still more troubling, took place in the North of France.

A flying saucer landed and this time left traces.

This is the second of a series of six special reports on flying saucers in Europe by Aime Michel.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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THE TEAKWOOD TABLE

By Katrina Applegate Wood

AS A STEWARDESS during World War II I flew to many parts of South America, but Panama was my favorite spot for shopping and browsing. I had on my many stopovers there established a speaking acquaintance with the wizened old proprietress of an Oriental gift shop on Avenida Central.

One hot August afternoon as I strolled through the downtown section of Panama she beckoned me into her musty old shop. I followed her limping figure toward the back of the store, where she proudly showed me a new shipment of merchandise.

"Here is a little table I got recently that reminds me of you," she said. "See, it matches the color of your hair."

I felt drawn to the table as I rubbed my hand over its rich teakwood surface. It was about three feet long, two feet wide and as high as the average coffee table. It was rather unusual, with sunken Chinese characters around the edge and a temple carved in the center.

The proprietress told me it was quite old. It was the most beautiful piece of furniture I ever had seen. I felt I had to have it.

I asked her the price and was surprised to find that it was within my means. I told her I would



KATRINA APPLEGATE WOOD

take it, paid her quickly and left. I was afraid she might tell me she had made a mistake on the price. The musky smell of the incense burning in the store clung to the table as I summoned a cab and returned to my room at the old Tivoli Hotel.

After reaching Miami on my return trip from Panama, I had the table shipped to my parents' home in Richmond, Va. A few months later I went home on vacation.

I long had been interested in psychic phenomena, due to several uncanny experiences of my mother, but I personally never had had any success along this line. I had attended a few seances with nothing very unusual happening, and had had no luck at all with table walking.

So it was in a rather unenthusiastic mood that I allowed Mother and her friend to persuade me to "try out" my new table one evening.

We sat quietly meditating for about half an hour. Then Mother slowly started repeating the alphabet. Our hands were placed in circular fashion resting lightly on the table's surface with fingers touching.

Suddenly I felt a tingling in my arms, and the room seemed to become chilly as the table started tilting! My first thought (always the skeptic) was that someone in excitement was unconsciously moving the table. But as our hands were all resting lightly on it, I realized that this could not be. Besides, my father, who thought we were all "crazy" anyway was sitting in his armchair in the corner avidly watching for foul play. He will verify the happenings on that night.

By rapping once for each letter the sentence "Ruth's father is dead" was spelled out.

Ruth Johnson, one of the group at the time, was a family friend living with my parents in Richmond. She turned pale upon hearing the message. "That's ridiculous," she said. "Why, only last week I heard from father, and he is in excellent health." She stood up.

"This is beginning to depress me. Shall we stop?"

"Of course, Ruth," Mother replied. We were all uncomfortable and a little embarrassed.

Mother had just started to say something else when the phone rang. The call was a telegram for Ruth notifying her that her father had died at 2:00 P.M. that day.—*Monterey, Calif.*

MOTHER WAS NOT THERE

By Liston McIntyre

ON SATURDAY night, May 6, 1939, I had a vivid dream that my father, Eli McIntyre, who had

died in 1931, and I were walking into the yard of the old farm house at Alvy, W. Va., where I was born. At the time of this dream I lived in Akron, Ohio.

Father did not enter the house with me, I walked into the living room and saw sitting there two neighbor ladies I had known all my life, Mrs. Lenora Main and Mrs. Arzanna Bates. My mother was not there.

On Sunday morning I told my wife about the dream and said I expected a telephone call as I previously had had dreams that came true. My wife told me she would remain home to await a telephone call and for me to go to church, which was near our home.

I went and just after Sunday school convened, my wife came and told me my mother had died suddenly at 8:30 A. M. Mr. and Mrs. Herschell Wadsworth, the couple who had been living with Mother on her farm, had phoned us the news of her death.

I immediately left for Alvy and arrived at Mother's home about 4:00 P.M. Mrs. Lenora Main and Mrs. Arzanna Bates were sitting in the living room just as in my dream.—*Akron, Ohio.*

WHERE WAS THE HOUSE?

By Grace Hewitt

I USED to live only five miles from the home of my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christ Anderson, at Woodville, Wis. I was a widow with four children and, as my parents and I were very close, they came to see me every day.

In November, 1937, I planned to go to Brainerd, Minn., 500 miles away, to my sister's wedding anniversary. I decided to leave my two youngest children with my parents. A week before I was to go, I dreamed I was at my parents' home and only the foundation was there.

Two nights later I dreamed I was walking up the driveway toward my parents' home and again could see only the foundation.

After these dreams I feared to leave my little children with my parents so I took them with me. It was an exhausting journey, but at least it was without anxiety over the safety of my children.

When I returned home a neighbor lady hurried over to me and told me that my parents' house had burned while I had been gone. My parents were safe but the house had burned to the ground and only the foundation was left. —*Spooner, Wis.*

"SISSY IN THE I"

By Lois McFall

ONE DAY my mother and I were talking about my brother Floyd, who had died at the age of 12. Mother told me Floyd had

shown clairvoyant ability when he was only three years old. Even at this age he was slow in learning to talk and he grew very angry when he could not make himself understood. He could not say "water" and his version of it was "I."

One day in 1917, when Mother was washing clothes, she sent my two sisters, Bernice and Audrey, to play in Benton Park, which was three blocks away. Suddenly Floyd pulled at Mother's dress, saying, "Sissy in the I."

Absorbed in her work, Mother pushed him aside, saying, "That's nice."

Floyd pulled harder at her skirt, his face getting fire-red with anger as he insisted, "Sissy in the I, Mama, Sissy in the I!"

Mother stopped her work as she remembered that for "I" Floyd meant "water," and that the park had a large pond with a bridge over it. She wondered if one of the girls had fallen into the pond.

Unmindful of her apron and her mussed hair, Mother grabbed Floyd's hand and ran down the street toward the park. Before she reached it, however, she saw Bernice and Audrey coming down the street hand in hand. Bernice was soaking wet, her dripping hair plastered around her head.

Audrey said, "Mama, don't spank Benny, but she fell in the pond and almost drowned. I told her not to walk around the edge, but she did. A man heard me yell and he pulled Benny out. Then he walked away."

It is impossible for a three-year-old child to see three blocks, but Mother credited Floyd for having seen his sister in danger.—*LeMay, Mo.*

TONY AND THE DOVE

By Viola Murray

IN 1912 my brother, Tony, was five years old. He had brown eyes, curly blond hair which never had been cut and a winsome way about him that endeared him to everyone. He was Mother's favorite.

One day "Tony" became ill with pneumonia. He was rushed to the hospital but died within a week.

Mother became hysterical and had to be put under sedatives until after the funeral. She never knew in what part of the cemetery Tony was buried.

One day, shortly after the funeral, Mother decided to see our brother's grave. She threw a light shawl around her shoulders and slipped quietly out of the house without any of us noticing her absence. We lived on the outskirts of Missoula, Mont., and the cemetery was a mile away. As Mother trudged toward it in the dusk, she had no idea how she would find

Tony's grave, but she was determined to find it somehow.

As she entered the cemetery, a white dove appeared on the path before her. The dove hopped a little way, then stopped to look back at Mother. She felt compelled to follow the dove, and it led her to a new mound covered with wilted flowers.

As suddenly as the dove had appeared, it mysteriously vanished.

Although the flowers on the grave were wilted, the ribbons waving gently in the evening breeze displayed the words, "Our Beloved Tony."—*Portland, Ore.*

WAS THIS A MIRACLE?

By Lee Ann Morrison

EVER SINCE I was a child I had heard that some persons could stop a flow of blood by simply and silently repeating a verse from the Bible. This verse must be kept secret; a man could pass it on only by telling a woman or vice versa.

This method (or should I say "cure"?) was only one of many I had heard prescribed for various hurts and ailments. None seemed plausible to me, until I saw one work.

In 1936 it was the custom in our neighborhood to hold weekly prayer meetings, since at that time we had no church. Neighbors took turns and one night we met at our home. The weather was sultry, so we moved out on the lawn. Some of the children were playing a short distance away.

Just as the minister said, "Let us pray," I heard a low strangling cry and knew it was my son, Eugene. I rushed to him and saw blood streaming from his mouth. I thought someone had struck him, but was told that he had tripped and fallen, striking his chin on a board, which projected from a wooden driveway. With one arm supporting him, I hurriedly got him into the house. A runner had gone to bring a doctor.

By this time my son's clothes were soaked with blood and so was the front of my dress.

I tried everything to stop the flow, but in vain. Eugene was growing weak—he was bleeding to death!

My father, McClellan Towe, had entered the room, unobserved by me. He now spoke in a low, urgent tone. "Raise his right hand high above his head; also your own."

I knew he was sincere and I obeyed.

My father, raising *his* right hand, stood with bowed head. After a moment of silence he said, "That will do."

I looked at my son. The bleeding had stopped.

A charm? No! It was an act of faith! (Read Ezekiel 16:6.)

When the doctor arrived, he said that only a small fraction of an inch held Eugene's tongue in place. It was almost cut off.—*Williamsburg, Ky.*

THE VOICELESS MESSAGE

By Olive Peabody

ONE EVENING in 1938 I was helping my small daughter draw on the blackboard, when suddenly I heard the voice of my close friend, Mrs. A. E. Bertram, saying, "You must tell them. Hurry!" She was ill with a sore throat, but it was nothing to be alarmed about. I tried to rationalize and throw off the feeling that something was terribly wrong. However, it persisted so strongly that I called her home. There was no answer.

She and I had been reading with interest about experiments in extrasensory perception and had tried some of the concentration tests with quite a bit of success. I felt she was trying to reach me now.

In trying to locate my friend, I started by calling Denver hospitals to see if she might be registered as a patient. The very first hospital I called, St. Luke's, proved to be the right one. I was informed that she had been taken to surgery for an emergency operation.

I knew then what she wanted me to tell them! I was the only other person in our city who knew her carefully guarded secret concerning her lungs. Many persons still shy away from those who have had tuberculosis, and although she no longer was infectious, she didn't want it known that she had an arrested case. There had been so much damage to her lungs, however, that she had been warned never to take a general anesthetic. I asked if that was what they planned to use and got an affirmative answer. When I protested I was told that her husband had given his consent.

I knew time was short. I called my neighbor to stay with my youngster and at the same time asked her husband to drive me to the hospital. We made it in record time and I demanded to see the doctor in charge. He was angry at first and said, "What is the meaning of this? I was all scrubbed and ready. Now there will be a delay." When I explained her condition to him, he was grateful for the information.

"I can't understand why she didn't tell you," I said.

He answered, "Her throat is paralyzed and she can't speak."

She lived to thank me. "I'm so glad I got through to you," she said. "I couldn't make them understand." —*Denver, Colo.*



HEALING in today's churches

More churches are holding healing services as spiritual healing gains acceptance by clergymen and doctors.

By Alson J. Smith

ONE NIGHT NOT long ago the phone rang in the office of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church in Baltimore, Md.

"Is this the church that has the spiritual healing clinic?" asked the voice on the wire.

"Yes," was the reply. "Can we help you?"

"I think you are the only ones who can help me," the tired voice said. "I am calling from Washington. I am bed-ridden with a chronic heart condition. My wife has a bad case of arthritis. Neither of us can leave our apartment. We've tried everything and now we want to try God. Can you send someone over here to pray with us?"

The caller was a professional diplomat whose name is known all over the world. The church secretary who answered the phone gasped when she heard it.

"Just a minute," she said. "I will connect you with Mrs. Olga Worrell of our New Life Clinic."

Mrs. Olga Worrell and her husband, Ambrose, are charismatic healers who are on the regular staff of the Mount Vernon Place Church. They conduct the church's

New Life Clinic, one of a rapidly-growing number of spiritual healing centers in American churches.

"Please come," the diplomat begged Mrs. Worrell. "I will send my car and chauffeur to Baltimore for you."

Olga and Ambrose Worrell somewhat reluctantly agreed to go to Washington. They do not ordinarily do any work outside of the clinic. They went to the capitol and treated the diplomat and his wife by prayer, anointing with oil, and the laying-on-of-hands. Within three weeks the diplomat and his wife were both well enough to embark on a trip around the world!

Not since the days of Dr. Elwood Worcester and the "Emmanuel Movement" early in the century has there been such interest in spiritual healing within the churches as there is today. The "healing services" of the Rev. Oral Roberts, an evangelist, are telecast over a network of one hundred television stations in the United States every week. Four seminars on Spiritual Healing have been held in the last four years under the auspices of The Layman's Movement at Wainwright House, Rye, New York, and among the speakers have been Gerald Heard, the Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead, of London's City Temple, Aldous Huxley, Eileen Garrett, the Rev. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell.

In Baltimore hundreds flock each Wednesday to the two-hour sessions of the New Life Clinic.

In Philadelphia hundreds crowd the two Thursday healing services at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church where a towering ex-Marine, wearer of the Purple Heart, Dr. Alfred Price, is rector.

In Whitinsville, Mass., the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Western Massachusetts sponsors a "School For Pastoral Care" which features spiritual healing under the guidance of Mrs. Agnes Sanford and her husband, the Rev. Edgar Sanford.

The National Council of Churches has conducted a survey among the clergy which shows that 43% of America's Protestant clergymen claim to have had some experience with spiritual healing. In Great Britain more than 1400 clergymen study healing methods through the Church's Fellowship For Psychical Studies.

Is spiritual healing a fact? Does it really work? Is it something more than just Coueism or auto-suggestion?

There can be no question but that it works, and that it is not auto-suggestion. Here are a few case histories, soundly authenticated, that have recently come to this writer's attention:

In England a four-year-old boy was suffering from nephritis. The

doctor told his mother that he could not live. In anguish she wrote to the Rev. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, pastor of the Methodist City Temple in London and a leader in the spiritual healing movement. Dr. Weatherhead had his congregation and his "prayer groups" pray for the boy's recovery. He got well almost immediately. "It's a miracle!" the amazed doctor told the boy's mother. "You may tell Dr. Weatherhead that personally I am quite sure that prayer played the biggest part in your son's case."

In India an Indian schoolmaster was being treated for a tubercular infection by Dr. Howard Somervell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. The doctor advised the patient that it would be necessary to amputate his leg. The schoolmaster asked if the operation could be delayed so that he might try treatment by prayer. The doctor agreed. The schoolmaster and his friends began systematic prayers for his healing. The condition of his leg immediately improved to such an extent that the doctor agreed that the operation would not be necessary. In a few months the schoolmaster's leg was completely healed and he was able to run on it.

Dr. John Heuss, Rector of New York's famous Trinity Church, tells of a woman in his parish who broke her leg three times in succession. She was an elderly woman and the fractures would not heal properly. For two years she was confined to her bed. One day Dr. Heuss talked with her about the miracles at Lourdes and prayed with her. The next time he called, the woman was up and walking about. She told him that after his previous visit she had prayed until she was exhausted. In her sleep she heard a voice say: "Arise, you are able to walk!" And she was.

Yes, it works. It was Dr. Alexis Carrel who said that he once saw a cancerous sore shrivel up into a scar before his very eyes after prayer. For the benefit of the cynic who scoffs, "It wasn't cancer at all," I will add that Dr. Carrel once won the Nordhoff-Jung Medal for cancer research and presumably knew cancer when he saw it.

How does it work?

It works this way at the New Life Clinic, of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church in Baltimore, at a typical Wednesday morning healing service, beginning at ten o'clock.

Inside the beautiful chapel of the church and overflowing into adjacent rooms is a congregation of the lame, the halt, and the blind. They listen quietly while Olga Worrell explains the theory behind spiritual healing. Following this explanation there is a question period and a session of silent prayer, concluded by a hymn.

At eleven o'clock the actual healing service begins. Olga Worrell is dressed in black robe and white surplice. The chapel is dim except for a single votive candle above the altar. The organ plays softly and there is a sense of deep, timeless peace.

The organ stops and the healer begins a collect, which is taken up by a hundred voices. It is a prayer for cleansing and forgiveness (". . . for all we like sheep have gone astray"). Then there is another hymn ("Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart") and as the last notes die away the healer kneels, facing the altar. "We will now hold these friends in prayer," she says, and reads a long list of those who have asked for absent healing. Finally the intercessory prayers are ended. There is a scripture reading, followed by an informal prayer. Then the pastor of the church, Dr. Albert E. Day, preaches a short sermon on a theme related to the work of the clinic.

After the sermon comes the actual healing services, the "laying-on-of-hands". As the congregation prays, those seeking healing come or are brought to the altar rail, one by one. There is a brief whispered conversation with the healer in which the person seeking healing explains the problem. Then the healer places her hands on the head of the person to be healed, and prays. The prayer may last for a minute or less or may be as long as two or three minutes. On an average Wednesday there will be somewhere between 20 and 30 seeking healing.

Finally there is a concluding hymn and a benediction, after which both the healer, Olga Worrell, and the pastor, Dr. Day, are available for personal consultations.

This clinic can cite many healings:

A child was afflicted with four bad cysts. The doctor suggested to the parents that the child be "built up" preparatory to an operation. During this "build-up" period the parent brought the child to the New Life Clinic. After several healing sessions at the clinic the cysts disappeared completely and the operation was unnecessary.

Another child collapsed at play, ran a high fever, and lapsed into a coma. The doctor made a diagnosis of encephalitis—"sleeping sickness". The anguished mother called the New Life Clinic and asked for prayers for her little girl. The healer and the congregation at the clinic prayed. An hour later the child's temperature returned to normal. The next day she was out of bed and playing. All the symptoms of encephalitis had disappeared.

A housewife was suddenly afflicted with vertigo. The doctor made a tentative diagnosis of brain

tumor. In despair she came to the clinic. After the first session she was able to walk and after six sessions she was completely cured of the vertigo and no operation for brain tumor was necessary.

The methods? Prayer and the laying-on-of-hands are the chief methods used at the New Life Clinic, but the following are also emphasized: education with respect to habits and posture, the substitution of new habits for old, relaxation of the nervous system, the elimination of muscular contractures, and massage.

There are several things that are *not* done. Hypnosis is never used. There is no prying into personal affairs. No inquiry is made as to religious affiliation. The patient is not discouraged from seeking medical help. The patient is not told that he must "have faith". And no remuneration is accepted.

At St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, the Thursday healing service begins with a 15-minute sermon based on the New Testament. After the sermon, Dr. Alfred Price turns his back on the congregation and faces the altar. "Lord," he prays, "take my mind and think through it. Take my heart and set it on fire with love. Take these hands and through them bring to these, thy suffering children, the fullness of thy healing power. Amen." Those seeking healing then make their way alone, or with the aid of friends, to the altar rail. Dr. Price places his hands upon the heads of two people at one end of the line of those kneeling and prays quietly: "May the mercy of God and the love of our Lord, Jesus Christ, and the power of his Holy Spirit, which are here now, enter your soul, your mind, and your body for healing. Amen." The kneeling group then rises and returns to the pews as another group comes to the altar. When all have been blessed, the benediction is given and the service is over.

Why does it work?

The theory behind spiritual healing at the New Life Clinic, St. Stephen's and other church healing centers is one that is gaining considerable scientific acceptance. It is the idea of *archetypes*—that back of everything physical there is a spiritual idea or basis on which the physical depends, just as there is a photographic negative behind every print. This spiritual idea, or spiritual body (St.Paul), or archetype, has the power to mould the physical body which is merely an expression of it. This archetype, which can cloth itself in physical matter, can also discard undesired physical elements like disease. God, of course, is the author of the spiritual archetype and the process of healing is merely a matter of re-

ferring the patient back to God and to the basic and inalienable health of the spiritual archetype on which the physical body depends.

The new healing movement within the church recognizes two kinds of healing and healers: the *charismatic* (from the Greek word meaning "gifts") and the *sacramental.* Olga Worrell, for instance, is a charismatic healer. In charismatic healings, the psychic gift of the healer gets the patient back to God and to health. In sacramental healings the restorative work is done by the sacrament itself—baptism, communion, confession, etc. Often the charismatic and the sacramental are combined.

The present emphasis on spiritual healing grows logically out of Christian teaching and scriptural interpretation and represents, in many respects, a return to the healing emphasis of the early church and the ministry of Jesus. Far from opposing doctors, it enlists their cooperation. Many doctors work closely with the New Life Clinic, referring patients to it and accepting referrals from the Clinic. "We have never permitted any antithesis to be raised between what we are doing and what capable physicians, surgeons, psychiatrists, and psychotherapists are doing", explains Dr. Day. "We believe with Dr. Richard Cabot, of Harvard, that it is God who heals, whatever therapies are employed. We request those who come to us for help to have expert diagnosis and to cooperate with their doctors. We believe that all truth is God's truth—the truths of the laboratory as well as the truths of the altar."

Although the field of faith-healing is booby-trapped with fakery, spiritual healing itself is a definite fact. At Lourdes, at the New Life Clinic, at St. Stephens, at City Temple in London and in scores of other churches today men and women are experiencing the healing power of prayer and the sacraments. These are not "healings" merely of so-called functional or nervous disorders. At Lourdes a Medical Bureau made up of doctors of all faiths examines all patients both before and after they go into the Grotto. No hysterical or neurotic cases are considered. The testimony of many of these doctors, as expressed by Dr. Christopher Woodard, a Protestant physician who takes many of his own patients to Lourdes, is that literally "there are no incurable diseases."

The cooperation of doctors, ministers, priests, and charismatic healers is producing a new type of doctor and a new type of clergyman. It is giving new point to the statement of Dr. Ambrose Pare inscribed over the gateway of the College of Surgeons in Paris: "I dressed the patient's wounds; God healed him."

By Dorothy Les Tina

Suddenly and startlingly, the rose exploded. What seemed the only explanation was even more fantastic than the event itself.



DEATH'S Sign of the Rose

THERE IS A language of the flowers—but can it include a message from the other side? I think so. My friend, who loved roses, chose one to tell me there is no death.

When she was living, gay and witty Clare and I often discussed things of an occult nature. Clare was as firmly convinced as I of life after death. We speculated as to the peculiar problems that might be involved—and wondered why more persons do not send back proof.

The day she died I went to see Clare in the hospital. We did not think she was seriously ill. I spoke of a novel I planned to write. Though she appeared interested in what I said, I sensed an odd preoccupation. It did not occur to either of us to arrange any sort of signal for, in fact, I was confident of her recovery.

When the call came that she had died, I felt complete disbelief. I felt that if I only knew where to look I could find her again—alive and well. But the statement of death seems a final one. I could no longer see her nor call her. I could only think to her.

It was during her final illness that Clare told me of a visit she had once made to the Greenwich

Village home of a recently deceased poetess.

"I went to pick up something in her apartment," Clare said. Her blue eyes were solemn behind her glasses. "I had been given the keys, and I went in. It was very quiet. On the piano stood a bowl of roses and as I went past them I had a sudden sense that I was not alone. I felt the spirit of the dead girl was in the apartment, near the roses. It frightened me. I foolishly got what I came for and ran."

"Did you see anything?" I asked.

"No. But I *knew* she was there."

"How?"

"I just knew."

I believe Clare tried to show me, later, exactly what she meant by this sort of *knowing*. It was about a month after her death that I went to San Diego, Calif., to visit my parents. They had just built a charming, gray-shingled studio for me on the lot below their house.

The first night I slept there Clare came to see me.

I was asleep and then, suddenly, I was in the front room. Everything was exactly as when I was awake. . .which, I feel, is one clue to the validity of this sort of experience. In a dream one finds the surroundings distorted, or strange.

Now, however, the front room of the studio with its huge picture window overlooking San Diego Bay, and the eight-foot desk in front of it, was as usual. The new, braided rugs were bright on the floor, the books exact in their book cases, and the bricks in the fireplace clear and red. The room was neither light nor dark. It was as if my vision did not depend upon ordinary illumination.

In the rocker—and she always chose a rocker if there was one in the room—sat Clare. She looked as always, was wearing an ordinary dress.

I ran to her, overjoyed. She seemed amused by my delight.

That afternoon I had received a telegram asking me if I would take her place as wardrobe mistress of a big New York fashion show on which we'd worked together in previous years. I told Clare about it now, and that I'd decided not to accept, as it was too harrowing a responsibility. She laughed and agreed.

Then, before I could say any more, she suddenly said she would have to leave me. The odd part was that though she used a word *meaning* leave, it was a word with which I was not familiar. Despite that, I understood what she meant. The word had the connotation of "vibrating faster", as the result of which she would "leave". I began to cry, begging her to let me go along. She smiled and said, "Why, you can't go with me. You haven't lived half your life yet."

In that instant I awoke. I was in bed and I was crying.

Later I found that people objected to this experience. Clare did not really come to see me, they said. It had been merely a dream. They were very positive about it. So positive, in fact, that though I'd been satisfied Clare had managed to visit me on my first night alone in a new house, I, too, began to wonder if I had not dreamed it. After all, I had no tangible proof—nothing concrete had happened.

Then back in New York came an amazing series of signs—concrete enough to convince anyone.

I was working on my novel and living in a poorly-heated loft in Greenwich Village. Very colorful and Bohemian—and also very chilly. One bleak day I went past my favorite florist in the Village. His store was on the Avenue of Americas, below street level. I ran down the stairs to buy some rhododendron leaves with which to make the loft more cheerful. I told the florist, a sympathetic and friendly man, I was working on a novel and was somewhat discouraged.

"Let me make you a gift—" he exclaimed. He went to his cold storage and brought back a single red rose.

I was touched and grateful. Happily I carried the rose and the leaves home. I passed the apartment building on West 11th where Clare had lived, and I thought of her. Back in the loft I put the rose in a glass of water and set it on my desk. The room was cold. I sat close to a small, pot-bellied stove, looking at my desk some distance away and thinking of my book. I decided to write the rose into the chapter I was working on, as a symbol used by one of the characters.

The room was very quiet.

Suddenly, with a startling sound, the rose exploded! The petals showered down over my desk.

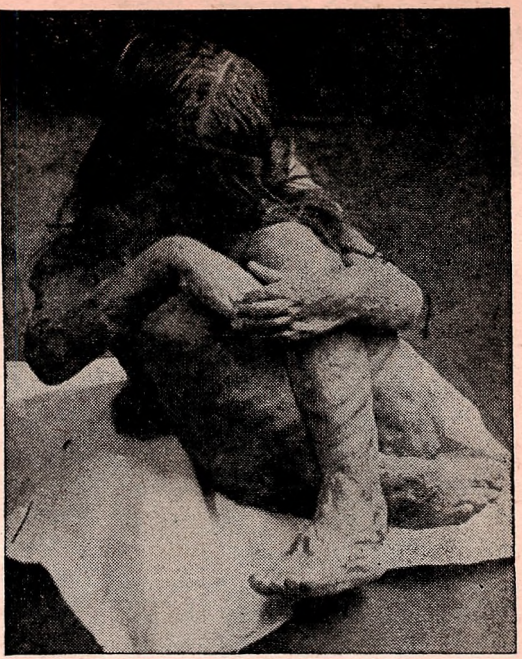
I sat there staring. It could not have been caused by a change in temperature, as the rose had remained chilled. It was not a question of the petals drooping, or dropping off one by one. No—the entire head of the flower had flown apart!

There was no further sound.

"Clare?" I asked the silence. There was no answer.

On the instant I thought of Clare standing beside the bowl of roses in the apartment of the dead poetess. Clare knew I would remember that story. The flower had spoken for her, assuring me that she still existed, was aware of me.

My book was published some months later. The dust jacket carried a drawing of a single red rose. . . .



Considered the only specimen of a vanished civilization, this frozen body of a nine-year-old Inca boy was discovered in an ancient burial vault on 17,000-foot Mt. Plomo in central Chile.

FROZEN for five-hundred years

EARLY IN 1954 the Museum of Natural History in Santiago, Chile, found itself in a unique and enviable dilemma. Through a fortunate chain of circumstances the museum had become the repository of a 500-year-old body that had been found, frozen, on a mountain top high in the Cordillera of central Chile.

Here was something patently beyond the bounds of possibility—an extant Inca. The Incas the Spaniards did not butcher centuries ago long since have gone the traditional way of all flesh. Yet here is a

specimen of that vanished civilization complete as to outer garments and intact in every lineament of physique and every body organ. The world of science had never hoped to see an historic Inca.

On the first day of February, 1954, (mid-summer in the Southern Hemisphere) a trio of Chilean Indian shepherds from Puento Alto discovered, on 17,000 foot Mount Plomo, three rectangular stone structures known to Chileans as *pircas del Indio*, ancient Inca burial vaults. Looking for treasure, the men entered one of the vaults and removing a thin layer of topsoil uncovered the frozen body of a nine-year-old Inca boy. The great altitude, with its perpetual cold, had preserved the body and the clothing through the intervening centuries.

This body was hardly the loot the men had hoped to uncover. There was left, however, one other possible source of profit—the sale of the mummy itself. The shepherds carried the frozen corpse down from the summit and deposited it in a cave at 10,000 feet elevation. Gradually, over the next few days, they moved it in easy stages on down the mountainside to a little town in the foothills. This slow descent helped preserve the body. Had it been brought directly to the lowlands, decomposition would have followed immediately.

One of the trio then went into Santiago to find a possible purchaser for the mummy. The body was referred to as *momia de Cerro Plomo*, although it was without artificial preservative or wrappings of any kind, and therefore, not truly a mummy. He had no success in finding a purchaser since the whole business was looked upon as a hoax. He then solicited the services of a friend who had a wider acquaintance and who set about establishing the genuineness of the relic. Radiological tests revealed the great age of the corpse and also the contents of the stomach, from which archeologists have been able to determine the daily diet of the

By Philip Ferry

The Inca boy froze to death on the mountain top. And here his perfectly-preserved body was found 500 years later.

Incas of that day. There were lice in the boy's hair, to the surprise of ethnologists, who had believed lice were brought to the New World by the Spanish Conquistadores.

Soon several sources were clamoring to buy the unprecedented treasure. At this point the government stepped in, pronounced the find a national treasure and purchased it at a modest price. It was still undetermined what to do with the body but since it was obvious decomposition would begin the moment the body thawed, it was deposited in the cold box at the University of Chile in Santiago. In time it was decided to place it in the permanent custody of the Museum of Natural History.

Authorities identified the boy as a member of one of the subject tribes who made up the widespread Inca Empire. The family, obviously of high social caste, came from the altiplano of Bolivia, likely from the region near the southern end of Lake Titicaca.

How can we reconcile this origin with the fact that the body was found on a Chilean mountain top 1000 miles south of Lake Titicaca? To begin with, the child was a sacrificial victim. Human sacrifice was common among the Incas and it was an honor to be chosen for sacrifice. The presence of the *pircas del Indio* and other religious structures, as well as traces of an ancient road in the region of Cerro Plomo, all point to some sort of sanctuary there, one dedicated to the sun, no doubt. Two theories have been advanced for the choice of the boy as sacrifice. One holds that the child may have formed part of the obligatory tribute of children exacted for sacrifice on certain solemn occasions in the empire. Those victims not sacrificed in the capital city of Cusco were distributed to the provinces for sacrifice in the principal sanctuaries. The second theory is that the father was a high government official recently transferred to the captured province of Collasuyo in central Chile and who offered the child in voluntary sacrifice to the Sun-God, supreme Inca deity.

The boy reached the mountain top *alive*. This theory is borne out by two clues: 1. The body is unviolated; 2. The fingernails are blue as can be seen at a glance at the body in its show cabinet. The human body turns blue with freezing. Had the boy been dead when taken to the mountain top, discoloration could not have occurred. He was marched in procession to the burial vault, drugged with *chicha* (corn beer) and in this stupefied state placed in a seated position in the sarcophagus. The angle of the body indicates the boy made some attempt to draw his short woolen

tunic down over his feet to keep out the cold. In this state he slowly and painlessly froze to death.

And here he was found five centuries later dressed in the same woolen garments, and from his mountain top he finally came back down into the custody of the Museum of Natural History in Santiago.

The problem confronting the museum authorities was how to preserve the body. The boy was assigned to the particular care of Dr. Grete Mostny, Chief of the Section of Archeology, Anthropology & Ethnology. Dr. Mostny, a native of Austria but a Chilean citizen since 1938, envisioned some arrangement that would preserve the body while permitting it to be placed on public display. The idea of a sealed vacuum cabinet was rejected on the ground the body should be available for study by ethnologists and removing it from a vacuum chamber would subject it to greater danger than keeping it frozen. But how keep it frozen indefinitey without humidifying it?

The final decision was to duplicate, in so far as possible, the conditions of cold and humidity that had kept it intact through five centuries in its mountain top sepulchre. There it had been sealed in a virtually airtight chamber by an enclosing wall of ice. A refrigerated cabinet with glass windows on all four sides was designed. In this receptacle the body of the Inca boy was placed and there it reposes, on permanent exhibit in the Museum of Natural History in Santiago.

The figure is startlingly natural. The features have the look of a youngster who has just dozed off after a day of strenuous play. The boy still is clothed in the original woolen garments. His feet are encased in ornamented leather moccasins. He wears a headdress of condor feathers. There are silver ornaments on his forehead and a broad bracelet of silver circles his right wrist. Around him are ceremonial objects which were found with his body, a woolen bag holding coca leaves, a small leather pouch containing the boy's childhood relics —hair, nail parings, milk-teeth.

Dr. Mostny does not consider the present arrangement the final word in the preservation of the boy. She fears perpetual refrigeration will shrink the body and alter its shape. She looks forward to the day when science will come up with some more satisfactory solution.

Some months back Dr. Mostny corresponded with archeologists in Norway who had just come into possession of a human body found interred in a peat bog there. The Norwegians wrote they were tanning their corpse as a means of preserving it. This procedure will,

of course, change the chemically component parts of the body as well as its appearance and color, a transformation the Chileans would like to avoid if possible.

The Chileans say of their prize *"Es una pieza unica en el mundo"* ("Here is a piece unique in the world").

Thanks to this moving exhibit the world may see exactly what a high born Inca looked like in real life—one who lived and died 50 years before the coming of the Conquistadores. This scion of a noble family went to his death in the heydey of the empire, before the Spaniards through treachery drove this proud race into oblivion. Here is one Inca treasure the conquerors overlooked. The shiploads of gold and silver they carted away are insignificant in the annals of man when weighed against the preservation of this wonderful, single human figure.

GHOSTS OF LONDON TOWER

ONE NIGHT, early in March, 1957, two Welsh guardsmen on sentry duty at the Tower of London were amazed to see what they described as "a shapeless white figure between the battlements." The figure vanished and the guardsmen were certain that they had seen a ghost. One of them hurried to report the incident to his sergeant-major.

The next morning London papers carried stories about the experience of the two guardsmen. They speculated that the apparition might have been Lady Jane Grey, who had been beheaded after reigning as Queen of England for nine days. The speculation was based on the fact that the ghost had been seen on the 403rd anniversary of Lady Jane Grey's execution.

Another apparition reportedly seen at the Tower of London is that of Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII's unfortunate second wife. On the night of February 17, 1933, a sentry was confronted by what he described as the glowing figure of a headless woman. He fled in terror, but merely was reprimanded instead of being court-martialed for deserting his post.

A few years before another guardsman had seen the ghostly figure of a headless woman approaching him. He had ordered it to stop and when it ignored his commands, he thrust at it with his bayonet. The point of the weapon went through the figure as though it were no more than mist—and the sentry fainted. He was court-martialed but promptly acquitted.

My dog, Tawny, seemed to answer my mental commands. So I climbed up on the roof for a unique test of his psychic ability.



MENTALLY *CALLING* TAWNY

By Guy Hedlund

ONE AFTERNOON in late October many years ago my hired man, named Johnson, and I were transferring poultry from an old building to a new one. It had started to snow. We had no difficulty in catching the hens but two guinea-fowl flew over our heads and were loose in the large, half-acre enclosure. We tried every way to seize the birds without success. I was getting very tired. Also I was worried as I was due at the Thomas A. Edison motion picture studio in New York for a leading role the next morning. I was at my farm in Hadlyme, Conn., and it was getting close to my train time.

I gave no thought to my dog, Tawny,* as I had whipped him two years before, when he was half grown, for killing a hen. Since then he avoided the poultry enclosure. I had tried several times to whistle him through the gate to catch woodchucks but each time he would lie down and refused to enter. He had not forgotten his whipping. For some reason the incident crossed my mind and I mentioned it to Mr. Johnson.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: Guy Hedlund's first story about his remarkable dog, **How Did Tawny Get Home?**, was published in the August, 1956, issue of FATE.

A moment later I heard a bark from a wooded patch a quarter of a mile away and I saw Tawny's long blonde form dash out of the woods and come bounding down the hill through the fields. A minute or two later he dashed through the road entrance and stood whining outside the poultry yard gate. I was astonished but I opened the gate. He looked excited. I pointed to one of the guinea hens and he was off. Within minutes he had leaped high in the air to catch one and had cornered the other in a bush. He returned to me carrying each bird and I removed it from his mouth. Neither bird was badly hurt. The one caught in the air had a small cut on one wing.

Tawny had learned how to carry birds and small animals without instruction from me. Occasionally, I had seen him pick up a kitten, carry it to a clear place, lie down and place the kitten between his outstretched legs and study the small creature with great interest. If the mother cat approached to retrieve her kitten he let her take it without protest. Yet when necessary he would fight to the death. I once had to grasp his throat with both hands and choke him nearly to insensibility before I could break his grip on the neck of a large German Shepherd dog which had entered the yard and attacked him. He ignored unfriendly dogs unless they attacked him first.

Several times after the guinea hen incident I tried to call Tawny into the poultry yard but again he refused to enter. I was puzzled as at that time I had not become interested in psychic phenomena such as "mind over space". I thought it was merely coincidence that the dog had arrived to catch the guinea fowl just as I was thinking of him. More evidence piled up before I came to question the "coincidences".

At the farm on Saturday nights I usually studied the part I was to play in a motion picture the coming week. Many times I gave the farmer-caretaker Saturday off as I enjoyed feeding and caring for the animals. I kept an actor's hours then, as now, retiring between one or two o'clock in the morning and rising around noon. I milked our one Jersey cow an hour or two after eating a "brunch" meal, and did the second milking sometimes at 10:00 P.M. or 2:00 A.M. During my night study Tawny invariably sought a dark room and slept. Often while reading a book or a script I became absorbed and forgot the time. Occasionally I came back to reality to glance at my watch and decide to feed the animals after finishing the reading of a page or a chapter. The time always varied but on each occasion Tawny would appear from his dark

room and walked to the exit door to wait. After he had done this several times it dawned on me that I had kept on reading after I decided to go to the barn, had made no movement, uttered no word. How did the dog know? I thought it was odd to say the least and decided to experiment.

One evening as a test I deliberately sat down with my book and read a page or two before deciding to visit the barn at 6:30 P.M., six to eight hours earlier than usual. I continued to read, awaiting results. Tawny appeared as usual and walked to the door. I did not wish to deceive him so I went to the barn, milked for a few minutes, gave the horses some hay and returned to the house. Assuming the dog would consider the visit accomplished for that day, I repeated the experiment at my usual time, seven hours later. The dog responded as usual.

Later I varied the experiment by going into the woods and pretending to fall asleep under a tree. As I stretched out on the ground I told Tawny to go home. He looked at me with a sad expression but lowered his tail and slowly trotted away.

After Tawny disappeared I lay on the ground for possibly a half hour before I sent a mental message for Tawny. He must have returned all the way to the farm, about three city blocks, but in a short time I could hear him tearing through the underbrush. In a moment I heard him beside me. I kept my eyes closed and he remained silent for several minutes. Then he whined. I kept my eyes closed and didn't move as he whined again. I felt his breath on my face, then on my hands. He walked around my body making a canine autopsy with heart-breaking sounds and I felt his nose on my leather belt. A moment later he seized the top of my trousers and my belt in his teeth and I felt a powerful jerk as if he planned to drag me off. I had no idea of his destination so decided it was time to end the experiment. I opened my eyes, rose to my feet and put my arms around him as he stood on his hind legs and kissed my face.

The next day I walked down to the mail box after locking Tawny in the barn. Mr. Johnson, the farmer, then carried me on his back to the low, slanting roof of our old Colonial home. There I hid in a depression next to the huge, fieldstone chimney. I was invisible from the ground. Mr. Johnson opened the barn door. I could see nothing from where I lay hidden. Later I was told that Tawny, suspecting nothing, sought the shade of the garage and appeared to go to sleep.

I heard the whistle which informed me that Tawny was free so I

called his name, mentally. Mr. J. was watching the dog from a distance. He said the dog woke suddenly, as if he had been called, looked about in all directions and ran around in a circle trying to locate the mental impulse he had received. I believe he must have recognized it as coming from me. Then, dashing about excitedly with his nose to the ground, he located my trail to the mailbox. But there it ended, as I had mounted Mr. J.'s back and been carried to the roof of the house, thus leaving no trail. Tawny seemed mystified and excited at the sudden ending of the scent and ran round and round the mailbox barking furiously.

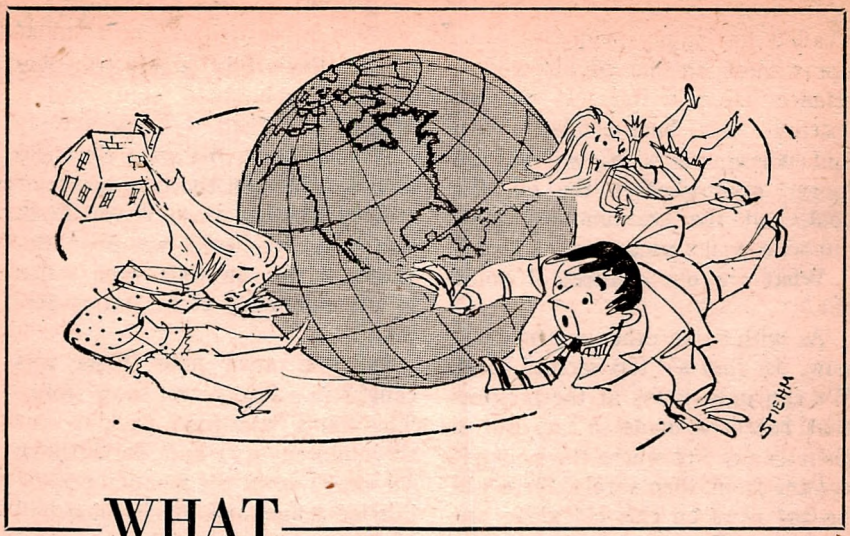
Sensing the situation by the direction of the barks and having anticipated the dog's reaction to my ruse I again called him voicelessly. Mr. J. later informed me that the dog suddenly ceased barking and stood still. Then, with a whine, turned and ran to the house where he sniffed at the front and back doors. I could hear his short, impatient barks.

Again I sent a silent message. He stood still with a slightly lowered head, then, giving a joyous bark, he tried to climb up the side of the house leaving scratch marks on the dark shingles. Next he made prodigious leaps into the air toward the eaves of the building. Several times I saw, from my hiding place, his nose and part of his head as it appeared for a moment above the low-lying roof of the old house. I soon crawled down from my niche to receive a happy welcome from the expectant Tawny.

I have not the slightest idea what "mind" is; but whatever it is, that mysterious animal, the dog, requires no mechanical device to receive its messages. Thus mind-over-space is perhaps more a working truth for dogs than it is for human beings. But who knows how these extra-sensory-perceptions work? Not I.

A QUESTION ANSWERED

ON TUESDAY, May 7, 1957, The Cleveland *Press* ran an item on Herb Score, young star pitcher of the Cleveland Indians. Was Herb Score destined for Baseball's Hall of Fame, asked the caption under his photo, or would some unusual problem cut short his career—possibly put him out of baseball for the rest of his life? During a night game with the New York Yankees several hours after the item about him appeared, Score was struck in the right eye by a hard line drive that caused severe hemorrhaging. Doctors feared at the time that the accident might permanently impair Score's sight.



WHAT *HOLDS YOU DOWN?*

Science says gravity keeps us from flying off into space — but why is one of nature's greatest mysteries.

By Gaston Burridge

THAT WHICH holds you down also holds us all back. Everyone would like to know what glues his feet. With space travel just around the next cloud it becomes important, even imperative, that we learn about the glue. So far, Science seems unsure. But the laymen, as always, have numerous ideas!

Gravity is one of the most complicated and mysterious of Nature's secrets. It sweeps the difficulties of splitting atoms for energy clear off the map. This enigma seems to cast a shadowy influence over even the very *centers* of atoms, their nuclei. Long ago we named our puzzle "The Force of Gravitation!"

If man can harness gravity he will have a power potential beyond

the wildest dreams of his wildest science-fiction writers. If we can "screen" this back-bender, when and where we wish, we will no longer care whether the oil, the coal, and the uranium ore holds out—we won't need any of them!

What are our chances of doing this?

As with some other matters just now, we find a "top secret" label. We can only guess at the progress that has been made so far. But if there is any fire where the smoke is coming from, then surely, there will be hot news on this old globe one day!

If *something* didn't hold us down we and everything else loose on this earth would have become space-debris long ago. The earth's outer surface travels a little faster than 1000 miles an hour at the equator. This clocks about 1500 feet a second! When we drive our cars at 60 miles an. hour we move over the road at only 87 feet a second. So it's quite a spin!

Perhaps an easy experiment will give us a more graphic idea of the power of gravitation. Take an object weighing a pound. Tie it to one end of a clothes line 10 feet long. Hold the other end of the line in your hands. Now, swing the weight in a complete circle once every two seconds. This is not very fast. As you turn the weight pulls fairly hard on your arms, doesn't it? But the weight is only traveling in the neighborhood of 31 feet a second!

Nikola Tesla, the great electrical inventor, learned the true power of gravity another way. When Tesla was young his health was poor. Because of this he took long walks in the mountains of his native Serbia.

On one such hike Tesla was caught in a heavy, wet snow storm. This snow was good packing (as the children say) and Tesla threw snowballs down the mountain as he hurried homeward. Each snow ball landed on the ground and rolled a little way, picking up more snow as it rolled. But all the snowballs stopped against an old stump, rock or fallen branch—all except that last one!

The last snowball began as the others had and grew slowly. But if found no obstruction in its path and down the steep mountainside it went, gathering speed and size at an alarming rate. Young Tesla stood amazed at the ball's speed and fantastic size. Now a huge mass of snow, it was scooping up rocks and tree branches like a steam shovel. Gravity's force grew with each turn; the churning white giant uprooted small trees, winding them into a rumbling bulk; soon, larger trees in its path could not withstand it. The sound it made was like that of stampeding cattle —

then it faded into distant thunder.

The great mixture of snow and debris churned down into a small valley with express-train speed. Out across the flats the ball darted. Crashing against the opposite cliff the sound of its explosion was enough to rock the ground—and to be heard for miles.

Nikola Tesla never forgot this display of the force of gravity.

In 1939 the press reported Tesla had worked out a theory for the mechanics of screening gravity. But his death prevented his giving this knowledge to the world.

We do not know how long gravity affects us before we are born, but we do know it is for quite a time. And unquestionably gravitation continues to affect our earthly remains long after our death. If we knew what happens to man—or any living thing—at death, we might consider whether gravity also affects the life-force, that which is gone when we die. Because gravitation appears to influence everything Universal, we can find excitement in pondering if this force also affects man's *thoughts,* and that which he calls his Soul.

Over the world, the force of gravitation is directly responsible for millions of deaths each year. Consider the number of broken bones it causes. Strange as the words may read, numerous circulatory, intestinal and internal ailments are due to the body's inability to continually counteract "old man gravity"! Not only must our hearts pump all our blood through our miles of arteries and veins, but it must lift our blood's weight more than four feet, over and over, throughout life. This weight is gravity at work, too.

No wonder we stoop at 70! Gravity bends us down. Measure your height carefully any night when you retire, then again when you get up next morning. In the morning you will find yourself a little taller than when you went to bed the night before. Why? Because gravity pulls you down all day, as you stand or sit. When you lie gravity squeezes you together the short way, not the long way.

I asked a gravity research worker if gravity makes some places healthier than others.

"Yes", he answered. "Quite definite reasons force us to conclude the best site lies in the country, on a hilltop, the hill covered with pine trees!"

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"First", he replied, "because the air is better there. By better we mean it contains relatively more oxygen. Oxygen is one of the primary needs of the human body and brain. Over the years, the extra makes considerable difference."

"What has gravity to do with this?" I asked.

"Perhaps you have noticed on

cloudy, damp days, the chimney smoke sinks to the ground—seeming to cling there. This does not mean gravity pulls harder on cloudy days than on bright days. Gravity is a constant force. But the falling smoke indicates the air itself is lighter on such days, hence contains somewhat less oxygen—and much more contamination per given volume. Also, because the smoke sweeps low, we know the air has little movement—is nearer stagnation—so the polution elements are in higher concentration.

"In the country there is much less contamination to begin with. And on a hill-top the air has much greater movement under *all* conditions."

"But where do the pine trees come in?" I asked.

"Pine trees," he answered, "appear to manufacture and emit certain chemicals. Some of these chemicals are believed beneficial to living human tissue. They make their presence known through our noses. Turpentine, a pine-sap product, has been used in medicines since primitive times, and there are others. These exuded chemicals are drawn to earth by gravity. There is also evidence these chemicals acquire an electrical potential from the sun and/or atmosphere. Part of this electrical potency follows the chemicals to earth. On the way down, anyone present takes both chemical and electrical potential into his body through his nose and lungs.

"Thus, the extra oxygen available because of less contamination, plus the electrified chemicals, make a residence on a pine-covered hill, tops. There you are relatively much better off than elsewhere!"

The force of gravity is believed by most physicists to be nil at the earth's center. If there were a spherical hole there, say 20 feet in diameter, and a solid metal ball a foot through could be placed in this hole's exact center, theoretically at least the ball would remain suspended. But would it, actually? Probably not. More likely our sun's powerful gravitational pull would soon hold the ball lightly against that portion of the spherical cavity nearest it!

How far out into space does the earth's gravitational influence extend? We have no idea, but farther than the moon is away—i.e. more than 235,000 miles—for astronomers believe our earth's gravity affects the moon's movements.

Speed-of-travel in space keeps many a heavenly body out of a rival's gravitational clutches. When you stand outside on a star-filled night, and watch a "shooting star" fall, you are seeing a piece of space-debris which wasn't going fast enough to keep out of the toils of our gravity's long tentacles.

In addition to our solar system's nine planets, with their moons, there are more than 1600 other known pieces of interplanetary real estate circling our sun. These are large enough to be located and kept track of only with telescopes. Thousands more pieces, too small to be seen by any means, must be there also. These hunks of rock are called asteroids. Our gravity pulls millions of tons of "meteoric dust" to earth each year.

Asteroids follow erratic courses around the sun. Often, they get "lost". They are relatively small masses. The largest known is only about 480 miles across. Thus their own gravitational pull must be light. Probably they are irregular in size and shape. Sometimes astronomers call them "space mountains". They represent all that is left of a "heavenly collision" — when two forces of gravity fought it out and both lost!

Our own gravity reaches out and captures pieces of this material. We call them meteorites. The huge "Meteor Crater" in Arizona, a mile across and 600 feet deep, is the scar of gravity's ambition between 2,000 and 50,000 years ago.

A few students of geology and astronomy believe Earth has been struck many times by sizable pieces of interplanetary matter, and that some of the strikes may have caused a marked change in the earth's axis position. Such a strike could have caused the flood the Bible reports as occurring in Noah's time.

Suppose a great city were struck by one of these large meteorites hurtling in from outer space? No H-bomb could equal the explosion and destruction it would wreak!

What *is* the force of gravitation? Do we have a "ray", a "wave", a "field of force", or a "high speed particle"? This force has to be *something!* If it is something then the something can be discovered. Once discovered, its governing laws can be learned. When these laws are learned then can they be put to man's use. Only nonsense says the force of gravitation is beyond our tapping!

But we must be careful how we answer this question, "What is Gravity?" No one *knows* — but there are many ideas. Gravity appears to possess some characteristics of *all* the above designations. Yet *none* of them completely describe it.

A clearing house covering all available information on gravity and gravitational research is maintained by the Gravity Research Foundation. This Foundation was established in 1948 by Mr. Roger W. Babson, noted economist, and it is perpetuated by him. Mr. Babson is an admirer of Sir Isaac Newton, (1642-1727). He has collected many of Newton's original manu-

scripts. Newton was an early philosopher, also interested in mathematics and physics, who formulated some of the first laws covering gravity's actions. While Einstein's later work may have modified or added to the Newton gravity laws, they are still held as basic by a great many, and probably most, present day physicists.

The Gravity Research Foundation collects *all* kinds of material relative to gravitation. It has some 50 classifications. This material is filed according to its group and is available, free of charge, to anyone seriously engaging the subject. A researcher must go to the Foundation's headquarters in New Boston, N.H., to peruse this material. The trustees of the Foundation believe the organization now has the largest and best library and file of gravity material in the country—which probably means in the world.

To stimulate additional participation in gravitational research the Foundation nearly every year sponsors an essay contest. A gravity essay may cover any reasonable method of harnessing gravity, to reduce weight, to produce heat or power, to give motion, without using outside forces. All essays are limited to 1500 words. The first prize is $1,000. Copies of prize-winning essays and of all other submissions may be obtained from the Foundation at small cost. All essays submitted for competition become the property of the Foundation.

When this organization began in 1948 there were only eight names on its mailing list. Today the mailing list contains nearly 10,000 names!

Mr. George M. Rideout, president of the Gravity Research Foundation says in his thesis, *Is Free Power Possible,* "I believe that Gravity is a form of stored up 'magnetic' waves which, for a billion years, have been thrown out from the sun and absorbed by every particle which now attracts any other particle.

"However, because we do not know the *source* of Gravity, is no reason why it cannot be harnessed. We do not know what causes electricity, or even the source of the oil which we use. We all *do* know that in order to harness gravity, or any other force, a *differential* must be developed and used.

"Unless an insulator of electricity —such as rubber or mica—had been discovered, there would be no electric motors today. Even the simple windmill revolves due to the differential between the wind pressure on the two sides of the wheel."

Mr. Hugh A. Brown, an electrical engineer in New York for 40 years, believes gravity most certainly is *not* an innate attraction of matter for matter! Brown points

out that such attraction is contrary to Newton's First Law of Motion, and he points to certain of Newton's own writings on gravity where Newton indicates he does not believe gravity is an innate attraction of matter for matter. Brown also notes if gravity were an innate attraction of matter for itself the stars and planets would have crashed together long ago despite their apparent movements otherwise. Rather than moving toward one another, their routes appear to be driving them farther apart.

Mr. Brown believes the sun and the planets are held apart because all are charged with *like* electricity. In Nature "likes" seem to repell one another. Only "unlikes" attract!

For more than 20 years Science has felt certain there must be a high-powered particle in the nuclear family which is unaccounted for. This particle is of necessity a very small piece, traveling at tremendous speed—the speed of light or faster. They call this hypothetical entity the "Neutrino" or "little one". Neutrinos are believed to be from 20 to 800 times *smaller* than electrons. Electrons are so small you could heap a million of them on the head of a pin.

Now, the neutrino is so small, so fast, and so powerful, calculations require a lead shield a million, million miles thick to stop one! We are told neutrinos always travel in *straight* lines. They can zip through an entire planet, no matter how dense, as if it were not there. They can do this because they carry *no* electrical charge, hence are not attracted by the *unlike* electrical charges found in atoms—or swerved from their courses by other *like* electrical charges. Neutrinos can dive through the millions of degrees of heat found in the centers of stars (like our sun) unaffected. No other known nuclear particle can do all these things.

Science believes countless numbers of neutrinos are made every second. This happens in the "hearts of stars" from the same nuclear reactions which make those stars glow. Most, but not all, the neutrinos which come to this earth come from our own sun.

If neutrinos travel in straight lines it would appear they are not affected by the gravitational forces found in large masses of matter in space as light rays seem to be.

Nuclear physicists now have succeeded in taking pictures of the tracks made by neutrinos, so their existence is proven. These men now have begun to speculate on another particle which they have named the "antineutrino". If a neutrino and an antineutrino meet scientists believe there is a terrific explosion—terrific for the particle's size, that is. If these "specks of

specks" were the size of golf balls and met our biggest H-bomb would be a firecracker by comparison! It is quite possible when the neutrino and the antineutrino meet and explode "gravitational waves" are set up! Scientists think the neutrinos bear the same relationship to gravitational waves or fields as the "electrino" bears to electromagnetic waves or fields.

Dr. T. Henry Moray, of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been developing an electronic-nuclear device which he calls "Radiant Energy" or R. E. This mechanism is reported to produce *secondary* high-voltage, high-frequency electric currents possessing some quite remarkable properties. The *primary* source of this energy is held secret by Dr. Moray, but is conceded by him to be other than of terrestial origin. This could mean the source came from Cosmic rays, neutrino flow, atmospheric electricity or a yet generally unknown oscillatory vibration or groups of them.

While this device was not developed as an antigravator, we are told that under certain conditions the force of gravity is often, very *locally,* suspended while the machine is operating. Dr. Moray says the "vortex of gravity" has been reversed by him, using this energy and this device in laboratory experiments!

In his book, *Origin of the Universe and the Secret of Light and Magnetism,* Edwin Yates Webb, Jr., devotes a chapter to gravitation. Mr. Webb seems to believe gravity is a "push" from above rather than a "pull" from below. To Webb gravity is pressure created by an electric field filling all space. He chooses to call this field, "Arcandeum"—a powerful and mysterious elixir, all encompassing.

Distinguishing between a push and a pull is difficult when one is at the same time the subject acted upon. In practical power application, however, it makes little difference from which direction the force comes. The "screen" for a push would be placed *over* that which is to be relieved of pressure, for a pull, *under* it.

In 1906 a German scientist named Levetzoff, sometimes spelled Lewetzov, promulgated a new gravity theory radically different than any before presented. His work received scant attention. The rise of Einstein's Relativity theory might have doomed Lewetzov's Theory to gather dust forever had it not been for one Horst Pinkel, a high-frequency, alternating electrical current specialist. Pinkel saved Lewetzov from oblivion whether Lewetzov had anything or not!

The Lewetzov theory said all space must be filled with an unknown ray, whose waves, and/or particles come from *all* directions,

thus creating a balance which neutralizes them. These rays exert pressure on all bodies in space. The radiations, coming from all sides, render everything in free space weightless. (This seems similiar to Mr. Webb's "Arcandeum".) But when two bodies oppose each other, the balance of the rays which have *penetrated the bodies,* become greatly weakened. Lewetzov believed if man could artifically weaken these rays he would have a great source of power.

Electrician Horst Pinkel began experimenting in the 1920's. He wished to find out whether or not the Lewetzov ray existed! During 1929 Pinkel was sent to Russia under an exchange program. For one reason or another, Pinkel did not return to Germany. He is supposed to have established the existence of the Lewetzov ray between 1940 and 1942 while working with the Russian physicist, Goryev.

The ray is reported to have been measured and its characteristics discovered. These rays appear to alternate, in an extremely short time, from pure wave characteristics to a corpuscular structure—then back again. It seemed the Meson-particle fluctuations within the atoms have found a stable physical explanation! Further, Pinkel and Goryev discovered these rays penetrate the earth and lose considerable of their strength in doing so.

To apply that which they had learned, Pinkel and Goryev turned to *crystals* as the basis for their device. But they were not successful in discovering anything which could *completely* bar the short wave Lewetzov ray. However, a partial "polarizer" was found. This material—or combinations of materials—"fatigued" in about two years and became useless. We can assume the fatiguing process was gradual and continuous and rendered the device constantly less efficient. Crystallography—the science of crystals—has come to be one of the new branches of physics delving into the "why" of things. It is quite possible something of gravitation may be learned through this science.

What ultimately became of the research and the results of the Pinkel-Goryev efforts remains unknown. Should one be able to peruse the U. S. Government secret report No. 250/Ee, he might learn what became of Pinkel and his years of work. There are many rumors.

Can we safely conclude from the efforts Russia is *now* putting forth to "catch up" on *atomic* energy research that the Pinkel-Goryev results did not work out well? Or are we faced with the possibility that the final results were very good and Russia is "sitting" on the information. There are rumors that

the Lewetzov ray theory and some Pinkel information in its connection fell into the hands of U. S. Intelligence in 1952-53 and thus became known to our own scientists. But it is all a well kept secret.

In a recent book devoted to unidentified flying objects Dr. Hermann Oberth, well-known German rocket expert working in the U.S., is credited with saying in an interview, "We know of a material that will, in practice, insulate from the pull of gravity any object covered by it."

Mr. Rideout, of Gravity Research Foundation, contacted Dr. Oberth regarding this statement . . Dr. Oberth's reply, on May 20, 1956, was, "There must be a misunderstanding. I never said that I believed in a material able to insulate any object from the pull of gravity. On the contrary, when I remembered in a lecture this opinion of Mr. Pinkel I said that the attempt to find a gravity-proof alloy seems to me so, as if one would try to locate cages for elephants so that a mouse cannot pass through, since the gravity can pass through even the atoms, and by alloying metals we only set their atoms in a new order."

Remember that while Dr. Oberth speaks of knowing of no such "material" or alloy of metals, he does speak of the force of gravity passing *through* the atoms themselves. Neutrinos do this also! No mention is made of gravity's pull being eliminated, partly or fully, by a *counter action* of rays, waves or particles against it. Nor is a material whose *reactions* to light rays, cosmic rays, or neutrino particles could *generate* the necessary rays, waves or particles to reduce gravity's action ruled out!

Not only could our own gravity furnish vast power here on earth—if we can learn to screen and use it properly—but *interplanetary* gravitational force could well become a highly potent propellent for our future space-traveling ships. Mr. Arthur Clarke, Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, has discussed "G-Field" propulsion possibilities in his book, *The Exploration Of Space.*

The "pull" of gravitational forces is measured in "G's". Scientists believe different planets and stars have varying "G" values. Our sun has the greatest "G" force in our own solar system. Probably the sun's "G" potential is many million times greater than the earth's. Too, the *denseness* of a body, or its size, may not determine its "G" capacity. Rather, such "G" capacity could well be determined by that which is going on *inside* the body! While our sun's mass measures much more than any of its family—it is

many times larger than its *combined* family—science does not believe this star to be as *dense* as some of its planets. However, the sun's interior activity more matches its size! We might conclude that the "deader" a body becomes (or the colder) the less its gravitational force—down to a certain static level. This static level may also continue to decrease with time, but at a much slower rate.

Einstein said, "Matter is but frozen energy."

Sir Oliver Lodge said, "The electrons of the atoms, hence matter itself, is but materialized ether, which is analogous to a piece of string on which a slip knot is tied. The string is the ether, the knot being the electron—both composed of the same material, yet possessing different characteristics."

If gravitational force does influence "the very hearts of atoms", do we make too broad a statement in saying gravitational force is then of a higher potential than atomic force?

Perhaps in seeking to liberate atomic force and letting gravitational force go unchallenged we have made a mistake. On the other hand, it may have been necessary to first understand atomic power. Only time will tell.

Motive power from gravitational force may not be a reality on our tomorrow—but it will be a reality on *some* tomorrow.

GENIUSES FROM RADIATION?

DURING the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy at Geneva, Switzerland, in August, 1956, Sir Ernest Rock Carling, Medical Research Council adviser to the British Home Office, spoke on the subject of mutations. He expressed the opinion that "for the benefit of the human race as a whole in the future one mutation, which results in an Aristotle, a Da Vinci, a Newton, a Pasteur or an Einstein, might well outweigh 99 that result in mental defectives."

Mutations are sudden marked changes in hereditary characteristics. They occur infrequently and usually are unfavorable. They can be caused by irradiation, such as from atom bombs, atomic reactors or medical X-ray apparatus.

Prof. Ake Gustavsson, a distinguished Swedish geneticist, took issue with this view. The creation of a genius, he explained, is a much more complicated matter than that of an idiot. A single mutation could produce an idiot, but the entire cell structure is involved in the creation of a genius.

Delegates to the conference generally agreed that the long-term effects of radiation, whether atomic or from X-rays, was not known.

By Dorothy Bonner

We found shelter from the storm in an old house that was now an inn — but faced new peril when given . . .

THE ROOM where DEATH

SUMMER storms in the Rip Van Winkle country, along the lower ranges of the Catskills, come up abruptly and put on a noisy, flashy show, like the finale of a fireworks display. They can delight or terrify a child. Whenever I am in that vicinity during such a storm I am reminded of an odd experience I had there in 1926.

I was driving with my family, to our home in Connecticut after a trip to Canada, by way of the Albany Post Road when we saw flashes of lightning. I think I must have been 11.

When we decided to look for a place to stay until morning the long August twilight was already turning into night, and we had to drive slowly to pick out signs along the highway. We were in that area along the Hudson River where early Dutch settlers had founded their great estates. Some of these beautiful places, with their well kept lawns that met the river's edge, had been converted into tourist homes. In Ardsley-on-the-Hudson we saw a sign advertising meals and lodging. It stood at the entrance to a circular driveway, bordered by pines. The river could be seen beyond the front lawn.

A double Dutch door was opened by an elderly lady, who led us



LINGERED

promptly up a curved stairway to a large bedroom with long windows that opened on the driveway. It was a pleasant room with a great four-poster bed. Mother and I soon settled comfortably to sleep despite the rumbling thunder.

Sometime in the very early morning, it was still dark, I was awakened by hearing my name called in a soft, unfamiliar voice. I leaped out of bed and felt desperately for the light cord in the middle of the room.

"What's happening?" Mother asked, as I stood there, shivering.

I told her.

She said quickly, "That's strange! Awhile ago I thought *my* name was called." Almost at once she seemed to regret mentioning it. "Now, hadn't you better get back into bed? Probably we were both dreaming."

I hesitated to turn out the light but finally did so. The house was as still as a suspended breath. I started toward the bed quietly, afraid of any noise that even I might make. Suddenly I stopped. From the closet came a curious rustling sound.

Mother was silent for a minute, then as the sound grew louder she said, "Shall I get your father?" I didn't answer. "No, I'll open it."

I watched her go quickly toward the closet. Then I gasped. A bat flew out and swooped into the light. Mother laughed with relief.

After some frantic chasing we shooed the bat out the window. I began to wonder what the other guests must think of the noise from our room, but no one came to investigate.

Mother suggested I turn off the light again but I couldn't quite bring myself to do that. To dim it I draped a bathrobe around the shade where it swayed like a headless body. We both glanced at it uneasily.

"That thing's weird, hanging up there," Mother said nervously. "Wouldn't you rather have the light?"

It continued to swing and I took it down. By this time, we were thoroughly awake. Through the open window, the air was fresh, warm and sweet smelling. We sat near the window to watch the dawn.

But I was still uneasy. After awhile, I said, "Before that voice woke me, I had an awful nightmare. Something was strangling me and I kept on choking even after I woke up."

"Why, how odd! I woke up choking, too!" Mother said.

The lawn, I saw with relief, was brightening in the first light of the sun. Now the squirrels came leaping through the trees and the birds began busily pecking the ground. But the room's heavy atmosphere oppressed me and I welcomed Mother's suggestion that we take a walk before breakfast.

When we returned father was waiting for us on the porch. Neither of us mentioned the events of the night. I guess we thought he would be amused.

At breakfast I sat beside a small elderly lady. She wore a lace choker, even at that hour. She seemed to watch Mother and me with unusual interest. From what she said, I thought she'd been there for most of the summer.

"Did you and your mother sleep well last night?" She asked, her sharp eyes on me.

I told her we'd had a poor night.

Her eyes brightened, as she said, "You dreamed you were choking!" Then she sat back, waiting.

"How did you know?" Mother asked quickly.

"They put you in the master bedroom. Everyone chokes there!"

Mother was staring at her. "Why?"

"Now, what's all this business about choking?" my father said.

The old lady ignored him and leaned toward my mother. "A former owner hanged himself in that room. That's why." She told us in some detail about the loss of his fortune in one of the unsuccessful

French attempts to build the Panama Canal. With a nod she indicated our hostess, who was sitting at a long table near the door. "She never rents *his* room till last. Wonder why she didn't put your husband in it?"

My father laughed. "Maybe my wife and daughter look braver than I do."

But my uneasiness was growing. Neither Mother nor I went to the room to close our suitcases. My father did the job for us and was kind enough not to mention it.

While he was gone, I hurried through the long windowless hall to our car. The thick border of pines seemed close and watchful, and I glanced nervously up at the windows of our room. When we finally swung out onto the highway, I felt a welcome relief.

This experience wasn't mentioned again by my parents, at least not in my hearing. I had almost forgotten it when years later I was driving wearily through the Rip Van Winkle country on another rainy evening, and my car's headlights picked out a sign, swaying in the wind: "Ardsley-on-Hudson!" I read softly.

I had been hunting a place to put up overnight, but suddenly decided I would get on home.

THE GHOST AT THE INN

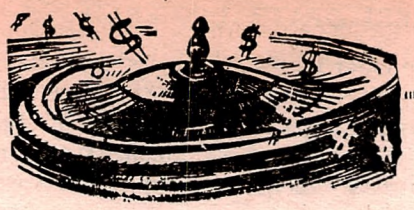
THE FERRY Boat Inn at Holywell, England, is reputed to have been haunted since the middle of the 11th century by a ghost known as the "White Lady of Holywell." According to tradition, she manifests at the inn at midnight each March 17.

A. D. Cornell of the British Society of Psychic Research claims he communicated with the White Lady on March 17, 1953. He said she told him her name was Juliet Tousley and that she had committed suicide in 1050, at the age of 19. She had hung herself because of an unhappy love affair with a woodcutter named Thomas Zoul.

Cornell and other members of the society reportedly have attempted to record an appearance of the White Lady using infra-red cameras, a tape recorder and a spectroscope. One such attempt was made on March 17, 1954. Apparently, however, the White Lady failed to appear.

THE RIGHT MAN

THE VOLUNTEER Fire Department of Newbury, O., recently set up a one-man publicity department. The name of the man placed in charge of it is Ivan Blaze.



The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

Charles Gilbert, of Hartford, Conn., reported this coincidence. He is a professional musician and planned to play at a resort in Moodus. Just before he was ready to leave his car containing $600 worth of instruments was stolen. He borrowed another car and other instruments and drove to Moodus. There, in a parking lot, he found his own car—intact.

●

"Naw, I don't want to go skiing. I might break a leg," said Attorney Duane Littell, of Denver, to a friend. He went horseback riding instead. The horse stumbled and fell on top of Littell who suffered a broken leg.

●

The main mill of a Chester, Vt., firm was destroyed by fire while the town's new fire engine sat on a nearby railroad flatcar, undelivered.

●

"I've had a feeling all day that I've missed an appointment," wrote 85-year-old Ellen Walsh, of Brooklyn, N.Y., to her son in the Army. Then slipping on a dark blue raincoat she walked to the corner to mail the letter just before midnight. There was a screech of brakes in the blinding downpour as Mrs. Walsh crossed the street. But the brakes could not hold the car on the slippery pavement and Mrs. Walsh kept her appointment—with death.

●

Mrs. Ernest Domoney, with her two children, was visiting a friend in Verona, N. J. She was persuaded "against her better judgment" to have an extra cup of coffee before she and the children left for home. As a consequence they arrived home only minutes after an explosion demolished their ranch house in Pompton Plains, N.J. The trio had had a real coffee break.

●

John Letcher, a 25-year-old

building contractor of Grisborne, New Zealand, died because the soles of his rubber boots were nailed instead of stitched on. He was electrocuted while using a portable electric saw. An inquest revealed that except for the nails, Letcher would have been completely insulated.

●

Carol Lewis, 16, of Batavia, N.Y., tossed a bottle with her name and address in the Atlantic Ocean. She received a letter two months later reporting that the bottle had been picked up at Dingle Bay, Ireland, 16 days after it was thrown into the ocean. It usually takes two years for a bottle to float across the ocean and Carol claims that her bottle has set a record.

●

Deputy Sheriff Rowland Chrisman, of Beattyville, Ky., turned his dream into a nightmare—for a moonshiner. One Friday night he dreamed "so plain" about a still under a cliff on a nearby creek that the next day he took two deputies and went after it. They found a man operating a "three-barrel" still just as the sheriff had dreamed.

●

Of four youths who recently escaped from a North Carolina prison one was Carl Crooks and another was Charles Hooks. A third member of the quartet was J. W. Laws.

A German bullet fired during World War I finally killed Gianni Franconieri, of Locri, Italy. Hit during a battle in 1916, the bullet lodged in Franconieri's chest. It never was removed. The other day Franconieri was picking cherries in his orchard when he slipped and fell 12 feet. His chest struck a rock and the bullet was dislodged from its place. It pierced his lung and he died soon afterwards of an internal hemorrhage.

●

State Representative Leonard J. Bartunek, a Cleveland Republican, finished 17th in a primary election, thus qualifying for the general election in November. He finished 17th in that contest, in which 17 persons are elected. He was assigned desk number 17 and Post Office Box 17. And, as a climax, his wife gave birth to a son on March 17.

●

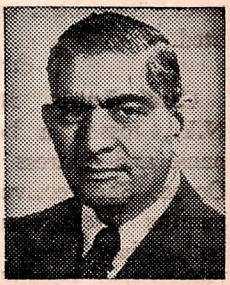
A meadow lark which sings like a cardinal has puzzled Port Credit, Ont., bird-watchers Only one explanation seems to make sense: the meadow lark must have been adopted, at an early age, and brought up by cardinals.

●

In Los Angeles, Walter Moon invited friends to his home to help him celebrate his 100th birthday. After inviting them he went to bed early and was found dead the next morning.

He Sees Tomorrow IN YOUR HANDS

Famed palmist Mir Bashir says palms show not only character and ability but the shape of the future.



By Harvey Day

EACH WEEK DOZENS of people hurry through the West End of London on their way to consult Mir Bashir. Mir Bashir has a gift few humans possess—he can see into the future.

Mir Bashir learned his science from a *guru* (teacher), in the Himalayas. This *guru* had sought him for years, taught him to translate the signs on men's hands and then returned to his retreat, his life's work accomplished.

When Mir Bashir landed in England ten years ago he dumped his luggage at a hotel, hailed a taxi and said, "Scotland Yard, please."

At the Yard he asked for someone in authority. "I am the foremost palm reader in India," he explained to a taciturn official, "and I intend to practice in London. You are welcome to investigate my movements as well as my work."

In England the Witchcraft Act, passed by Parliament more than 300 years ago, has never been annulled. The police are empowered to take action against any palmist, astrologer, clairvoyant or seer who, in their opinion, is battening on the public. But the police are evidently satisfied that Bashir is no charlatan. The 10 maharajahs who paid him retainers amounting to more than 2,000 rupees (360 dollars) a year were also convinced of his genuine ability.

Among his clients was a rich Marwari who relied on Bashir's advice to play the stock market. "A Marwari," they say in Bombay,

"will skin a flea to get its meat." This particular man was parsimonious—even for a Marwari. He was also extremely religious and early each morning prayed hard for success in business. Throughout the day he swindled his clients. "Religion and business," he maintained, "do not mix and must be kept strictly apart."

He consulted Bashir regularly between 1939 and 1945 and on one occasion was given advice which enabled him to net 40,000 rupees (7,200 dollars) in a few hours. But he haggled over the fee of 30 dollars which Bashir had made him pay in advance, for he knew his man. "Money comes to money," wailed the Marwari, "so, Bashir Sahib, give me back my rupees!"

In the early days of his practice Bashir rented a small office in the dingy industrial quarter of Bombay and every Saturday afternoon when the factories closed he read, without charge, the hands of mill workers who poured from the factories.

The owners and managers of the factories in the district heard of his powers and consulted him, also. One morning Bashir visited a factory manager who was his client and laid a sheet of paper on his desk. "This is the hand print of a man who works here: What does he do and how much do you pay him?"

"Oh, Abdul," said the manager, "he's a laborer and he gets a rupee (about 18 cents) a day."

"Well," advised Bashir, "give him a better job. Train him, for the man's a genius in his own way and should be making a four-figure income."

Despite his faith in Bashir, the manager smiled. But he did promise to give Abdul an opportunity. In less than six months Abdul proved of such value to the factory that he was making the equivalent of 3,000 dollars a year. Then he set up in business on his own, and in two years bought the factory he had worked in!

In the course of his work in India Bashir collected more than 50,000 prints and made detailed readings of them. After he had analyzed thousands of them he realized that an amazing pattern was forming before his eyes. The hands of most of the young women showed clearly that some form of emancipation soon would take place in India. The hands of the young men showed that they soon would be living in a country free from foreign domination.

Time and again between 1939-1942 he wrote in articles, "The world is on the threshold of a new era," for he could not ignore the cumulative evidence in the hands both of the Hindus and the Moslems. Their hands told a tale of communal strife and torment. He

synthesized his findings and prophesied the independence of India, the emancipation of women, the abolition of caste, the partition of India and Pakistan, the resulting chaos and strife to be followed by peace and consolidation.

In 1936, 1937 and 1938 he told scores of princes that their fortunes would ebb; he told *zemindars* (landlords) that their lands would be confiscated; he told politicians of political tragedies or gains to come in the future.

One man who noted and commented on these predictions was Carroll Alcott (then an editor in China) who met Bashir in Hollywood in 1954. C. Baretto, who was Editor for Reuters and the Associated Press in Hyderabad, wrote, "His predictions are wonderful for their accuracy."

His personal readings were even more startling. One day in 1935 a mother sought his advice about her son's career. "Your son," warned Bashir, "will be in extreme danger if he goes on the water. Whatever you do, keep him from the river." She went home and told her son that under no condition was he to go boating—a sport he loved. However, unknown to her he went boating with friends and was drowned. The accident, together with Bashir's warning was reported in a Lucknow paper. As a result of the report he lost all his clients! They were frightened to seek his advice lest they, too, should be told something terrible. Mir Bashir was compelled to move to another province.

Early in 1938 an obscure civil servant came to have his hand read. "You will become head man in your province," said Bashir, "and no one will be above you."

"That is impossible," commented his client, Abdul Raschid. He left Bashir apparently feeling he had been robbed.

But his promotion came so soon after and was so rapid that he too became a regular client. Later Bashir advised him, "Go on leave. When you return there will be a higher post waiting for you." Raschid did take a vacation and when he returned he was offered the post of Governor of Kashmir. Ever after when Bashir visited Kashmir, he was the Governor's guest.

In 1927 a travelling ticket collector on the railways sent a colleague to Bashir. "You will become a wrestling champion," predicted Bashir, "and later you will grow rich and famous in some artistic field." This man, Rashid Anwar, won the wrestling championship at the Indian Games and was sent to Europe for the Olympic Games in 1928. It was while touring Europe after the Games that he was given a chance to appear in films. He

became an actor and today is one of the biggest film producers in India—a tremendous step upward from his former 120-dollar-a-year job.

Bashir's father was the friend of a famous religious leader. The old man was disturbed when his son embraced his unusual profession, so went to his friend for advice. "Send Bashir to me," said the Man of God, "and I shall knock some sense into him."

When Bashir presented himself the patriarch, who had a long white beard, snorted, "Well, what's all this nonsense I hear? You've been practicing magic? . . . Here," he thrust out his hand, "tell me the future."

Bashir realized that if he failed he would have to find some other way of earning his living. He scanned the lines on that revealing hand and after having told the old man a number of minor things gritted his teeth and plunged, "Your wife," he hesitated, "her time is due. She will fall ill, but she will not recover."

The interview was at an end.

Months later Bashir was in Kashmir when the urgent message came to him that his father's old friend wished to see him. "Bashir," confessed the old man, "my wife is ill, just as you predicted. Look again at my palm and see whether there is some mistake."

The palm was scrutinized once more and Bashir shook his head. "No, sir, there is no hope. Her time has come."

The old man, who a moment ago was agitated, now grew calm. "It is the will of Allah, whose name is Blessed. Thank you, my son."

He departed and reached his lodgings in time to speak a few words to his dying wife. (Bashir has a number of letters in his possession, written by the old man in 1938 and 1939, in which he refers to Bashir's predictions and to the death of his wife.)

A famous medical man whose name cannot be printed, now a member of the Indian Parliament, was so impressed by Bashir's accurate diagnosis of ailments from evidence seen in the hand long before normal symptoms became apparent, that he became a firm believer in palmistry. He studied under Bashir and now uses the hand to assist his own diagnoses. He is able to detect the presence of disease in its early stages and so cure many more patients than would otherwise be the case.

In 1938 Bashir warned Jagdish Sethi, the film star, "Curb your wild spending otherwise you will become a pauper." He added, "But you will learn your lesson and rise to stardom and wealth again." Sethi refused to be warned. He spent so wildly that he was soon in debt and

was forced to sign a long term contract tying himself to a big film company for many years, to his disadvantage. Today, however, he is more famous than ever. (Sethi lives in Bombay.)

About the same time Karan Dewan, then an extra in films, came to see Bashir. "You are an actor," said Bashir, "but fame has not touched you yet. Don't despair, for one day you will be a great star." How true this was, for Karan's name is known in India as well as Clark Gable's is known in America.

Many businessmen consulted Bashir. Among his clients was the late Sir Dorabji Tata, head of the great steel concern of Tata, at Tatanagar who admitted reluctantly, "I don't know how he does it, but many of his predictions come true."

As his practice grew Bashir discovered that although all men love to be told of good fortune, no one likes a harbinger of evil tidings. He advised men about the vocations for which they were fitted. The head of one educational institution became a pupil, learned the art of reading vocational tendencies from hands and used this knowledge to guide students in his college.

In his search for truth Bashir was also so indiscreet as to tell politicians about their impending downfall. He gazed at their palms, unearthed their innermost secrets, and as a result made powerful enemies. Among his clients were the late Sarojini Naidu, Patel (who was hated and feared) and ministers of state in both India and Pakistan. Many politicians imagined that he would reveal their secrets either to their rivals, or to the authorities. So, unwittingly he made enemies even of those he helped. He made friends, too, who when trouble came assisted him. When he was beaten and hounded from his home in Kashmir his friends smuggled him out of the state.

In Bombay his life was threatened and a plot to murder him unearthed. The city grew unhealthy for him; but a powerful member of the government whom he had befriended came to his aid, secured him a passport and a passage to England within 24 hours, and with the best of his considerable library and palm prints, Bashir was hurried abroad.

His worldly belongings were destroyed. His files containing 50,000 prints and readings, his unfinished manuscript of more than 300,000 words dealing with all his findings—which would be dynamite if they fell into the wrong hands—were, so he imagined, lost.

When he realized that his life's work had been destroyed Bashir nearly lost his sanity. He had seen all this turmoil and destruction in his own hand, but knew no way

to avoid the fate that was his.

Fortunately a friend salvaged many of the prints and a portion of his manuscript and eventually dispatched them to England, where they arrived only a year or so ago.

In London Bashir lectures on the hand, takes a regular class of pupils. Slowly he picked up the threads of his life again. He has been working on another book to replace his lost manuscript, but the work is held up again and again, for many people need his help.

He mends broken lives; he helps persons to success and happiness. He spends far more time over his clients than his fees warrant—but then, so do doctors and other men who are more interested in their work than in financial gain. To him palmistry is a call.

He has saved at least a dozen Londoners from suicide; he has patched up scores of marriages that were headed for the divorce courts, and he has helped doctors to diagnose cases that baffled them, for unknown to the British Medical Association he numbers many doctors and surgeons among his clients.

About three years ago *Tit-Bits*, a periodical with a circulation of more than a million and a half, tested Bashir by asking him to read the hands of famous film and stage stars like Dianna Dors, Elizabeth Allan, Ronald Shiner, Vera Lynn and others. He was tested also by Van Damm the producer, Delderfield the playwright and Neville Duke, the air ace. The hand of each celebrity was thrust through a hole in a curtain, so that Bashir could not see who was on the other side. Each reading was taken down by a stenographer and witnessed by a panel of eminent persons, among them a judge. In every case Bashir not only told the sitter his (or her) profession, revealed a number of events and incidents in his or her past which no one else could have known and, of course, predicted something of the future.

All these readings were published in considerable detail, week by week, in *Tit-Bits*.

He was invited also to read the hand of the editorial staff of *Everybody's Weekly*, and the extremely accurate results were published for the benefit of its million or more readers.

Unlike most seers, who are apt to be vague, Bashir gives dates of both past and future events. He looked at my hand in 1949 and told me that I came to England on April 10, 1927. The exact day was April 2. In 1951 he told my wife that her father, who had never had a day's illness, would die 18 months later on February 9, 1953. He died on February 2, 1953.

Needless to say, he never pre-

dicts death to a client for most people fear death, though they shouldn't if they really believe that the hereafter is a much pleasanter place than the world in which we live.

Bashir's predictions are not invariably unpleasant; most of the things he has told me have been good to hear. He told me, "You will write a book in a year's time and it will be a success." He told my wife, "You are negotiating for a cottage in the country and you don't think you'll get it; but you will."

The cottage was sold to a singer named Gabriel, but he tired of it after six months and offered it to us. We now live in that very cottage.

One evening in February, 1954, a friend of ours, Major Felix Jay of the Royal Army Educational Corps, spent an evening in our flat in Chelsea, London. Bashir arrived. Jay was planning to leave the Army and had applied to Southampton University for a post as extra-mural lecturer. "Will I get it?" he asked Bashir.

Bashir made a study of his palm. He scribbled calculations. "You will get a letter on March 17th," said Bashir, "offering you the post." The letter came, as Bashir predicted, on March 17th and Jay got the job.

I know a fair amount about palmistry, but I wouldn't dream of setting down a date for any prediction. How Bashir does it, I don't know. That's his secret. I only hope he'll arrange to leave the secret, after his death, for the benefit of posterity.

TERRIFYING DREAM COME TRUE

by Aaron H. Downer

IN DECEMBER, 1956, 10-year-old Keith Gilbert of St. Johns, Newfoundland, Canada, was a patient in a tuberculosis sanitorium. On Christmas Eve he woke up screaming. The night nurse hurried over to him and he sobbingly explained that he had had a "terrible dream." He could not recall what it was but it left him so upset that a nurse had to stay at his bedside the rest of the night.

In the morning hospital staff members had the sad duty of telling Keith that his father, R.C.M.P. Constable Clayton Gilbert, had been killed during the night in an automobile accident at Brookfield Bridge.

Keith's dream and his father's death had occurred at about the same time.



Glimpse of the Past on Current River

I saw campfires near my tent and among them were Indians and men in 16th century armor. Was it a dream?

Reprinted by permission from the St. Louis POST-DISPATCH.

By Leonard Hall

THERE ARE STORIES one hesitates to tell because they seem plainly to come under the heading of tall tales and do nothing to bolster one's reputation for veracity. For reasons which will appear, however, it seems this one can now be told.

It was in early autumn of 1941 and, at the end of a day's floating on the upper Current River, we had made camp in a flat meadow through which flowed one of the big springs characteristic of this stream. As we sat around the fire after supper, we speculated idly about who might have been the first white men to traverse this Ozark country. Then because the evening was chilly and the day had been

long, we moved the bedrolls into the tent and turned in. To this day, 15 years later, I have never been quite certain whether what followed was or was not a dream.

In a matter of moments we were asleep—and perhaps two hours later I awoke with the strange sensation of hearing a murmur of voices outside the tent. This often happens when you are camped beside running water and I put it down to the singing of the spring branch along its rocky bed. But then my eye caught the flicker of firelight from the far side of the meadow, perhaps 100 yards from the tent, and the movement of figures around this fire. And leaning to one side for a better look, I glimpsed another fire, and then still another.

This was too much and I crawled from my blankets and stepped out through the tent flaps. To my amazement, the clearing was ringed with a dozen campfires, and between them moved shadowy figures. Some of these, as my eyes cleared, I readily identified as Indians; tall, bronzed fellows who were naked except for breech clouts. Their shaven heads were adorned with what any teen-ager today could have identified as pony tails. But there were other figures harder to identify and in the space between the fires I seemed to catch the dull glint of metal; and then from the darkness behind, the unmistakable stamp of horse's hooves and an occasional nicker. On the heads of some of the figures sitting about the fires were odd hats, looking strangely like the casques or un-visored helmets worn during the 16th century. At this point I decided I'd eaten too many bass for supper or perhaps mixed one too many with branch water; and so crawled back into my bedroll and was soon asleep. In the morning I was so certain I'd been dreaming that the incident seemed not worth mentioning to my companions.

Now after 15 years, I'm not quite so certain, even though my common sense tells me it had to be a dream. Digging back through some old records of Spanish exploration, I find this interesting story. In the early autumn of 1541, just 400 years to the month before the adventure I've recounted, it seems entirely possible that two small hands of Spanish conquistadors—the first white men to enter the territory that is now Missouri —may have passed within a few days' march of each other in this very Current river country. One of these bands may well have camped for a time beside the spring where I saw my shadowy figures.

One of these Spanish bands was captained by Coronado who had set out from his capital in Nueva Galicia on the Pacific coast of

Mexico, in the year 1540, to find the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. These turned out to be the pueblo dwellings of the Zuni Indians in Arizona and quite bare of gold or precious jewels which the Spaniards sought. But vague tales of riches to eastward lured Coronado and his band on their march. They crossed the head of the Rio Grande and Pecos, wintered on the lower Rio Grande, then traveled on fairly well-defined Indian trails some 800 miles to the northeast. Often for days they were in herds of buffalo and as often met new tribes of Indians. Finally they reached the Ozarks, a land of many rivers and springs where game was plentiful, as well as plums and grapes; and where the Indians lived in villages and raised some corn, vegetables and melons. At last, reaching a great river, they planted a wooden cross with the inscription "Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, General of the Army, arrived here." Then the expedition turned back toward the sunset and the Pacific ocean which they eventually reached, though Coronado soon vanishes from history.

Meanwhile, Hernando DeSoto, lured by tales of fabulous riches brought back to Spain by Cabeza de Vaca, landed with an army of Spanish knights in the Bay of Tampa and set out on his own search for gold. The journey of his wanderings is not quite so well docu-

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mented as that of Coronado, whose historians accompanied him. Yet we know he crossed the Mississippi close below the mouth of the St. Francois in the summer of 1541 and marched north up Crowley's ridge, finally arriving in the granite hills which flank the sources of the St. Francois and Black rivers. Along the way he met Indians who can be identified today as Kaskaskias, Arkansas and Quapaws.

Aways, as with Coronado, the band of DeSoto was lured ahead by tales from the Indians of great cities and vast riches. Always, like Coronado, he was doomed to disappointment. Yet it seems certain that in this month of August, 1541 the two intrepid leaders with their hardy bands must have passed almost within hailing distance of each other, somewhere in the Current river country. Perhaps one of them —but which one—actually did camp in the little meadow where I saw the gleam of their campfires and the flames glinting from armor turned dull on the long march. History has it that Coronado heard rumors from Indians of an army from Florida somewhere in the country and sent a runner with letters, though the messenger failed to find DeSoto's force.

And this is the tale, at any rate, of the first white men who saw the sparkling rivers of the Ozark country. Did I see them?



NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

THE CHALLENGE OF REINCARNATION, by Charles E. Luntz—Charles E. Luntz Publications, 411 North Tenth St., St Louis 1, Missouri; 154 pages, $3.95.

This book claims to present impartially the case for and against reincarnation, and the claim is just, the writer being scrupulously fair to both sides of this "thought-provoking subject." He points out, correctly, that reincarnation, as usually understood by Occidentals, is "a caricature of the real thing," having nothing to do with "transmigration"—humans being reborn as animals, or vice versa; that it is a grave misconception that the human personality is reborn, or that rebirth is instantaneous.

Justly, he states that reincarnation almost never is given a fair hearing, both theology and materialism being arrayed against it; that some early Christian sects accepted it, including the Gnostics and the Cathari in the Middle Ages; and that Giordano Bruno taught it. By the time of the Reformation, it had been suppressed by orthodox churches.

In the Bible there are at least half a dozen indications that reincarnation was generally accepted, Josephus "stating unequivocally that the Jews of his time believed in reincarnation." It has been described as "the religion of another chance;" Patience Worth compared it to "pouring old wine in new bottles; annihilation. . . .would be unjust, indefensible and purposeless." Correctly understood, each rebirth is a projection of only a portion or aspect of the persisting ego, providing experience which, in between-lives intervals, is built into the ego as faculty and character. Rebirth thus is merely "going back to school", to continue one's education. There being no good reason for remembering past lives, it is a



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blessing that we do not normally remember them.

The author cites the famous Shanti Devi case, mentions the many thousands of records of Edgar Cayce, and the thousand or more cases collected by Sir Alexander Cannon. He dwells on belief in reincarnation as a powerful deterrent against killing, including war, and in fact against all anti-social behavior, not because of "punishment", but because of inevitable "consequences."

This book is valuable, not only as an exposition of what reincarnation really is, but also as a model of objective presentation.

SHANE LESLIE'S GHOST BOOK—Sheed and Ward, New York; 160 pages, $3.00.

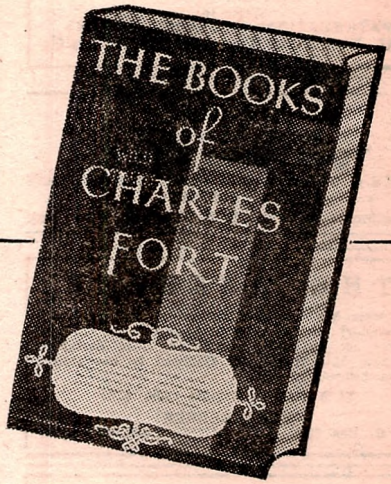
The author is a Roman Catholic priest, who writes strictly from that point of view. His object is "to collect instances of ghosts, apparitions and messages from the other world which have come under Catholic cognizance or suggest Catholic interpretations."

He writes, "The return of the spirit is a possibility recorded in Scripture, and is not outside Catholic doctrine." In fact, "the subject of Spiritualism is of some anxiety and even interest to Christian Churches;" yet, "there is very little in Spiritualism which is not paralleled in Catholic history. . . .

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The Church is not interested in psychical phenomena unless connected with cases of canonization." When the Church investigates, 99% of "paranormal doings" are "swept aside by the Devil's Advocate"—the official investigator. "It requires a miracle to prove a miracle in Rome. . . .Human evidence, however, is insufficient for a matter of doctrine or faith. Religion necessarily goes very much behind or beyond evidence." Archbishop Temple is quoted, seemingly with approval, that it is "undesirable there should be experimental proof of man's survival after death. . . . Faith, presumably, is preferable."

The author is well aware of the danger of impersonation, quoting St. Thomas Aquinas that it is "one of the stumbling-blocks of modern Spiritualism. Manifestations may be genuine, but not the manifester."

Shane Leslie's interest seems to go a little beyond the strict confines of ecclesiasticism. In addition to nearly 20 pages about poltergeists, he draws on the collections of Father Bernard Kelly, Lord Halifax's two ghostbooks, Professor Sayve's *Remininscences,* Sir Ernest Bennett's *Apparitions and Haunted Houses,* Augustus Hare, William Stead's *Real Ghost Stories,* and a host of others.

The book deserves the attention of the student of psychism.

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VISION IN THE NIGHT

By Willa Benton

DURING THE latter part of World War II I met Jake Westorlin and we fell deeply in love almost immediately. He was a handsome young soldier, recently transferred to the army post near my home town. We seemed destined for each other.

Before we met, Jake had requested a transfer to the Paratroopers division. Now, when parting was cruelty, his request was granted. That very day he would board a train for Columbus, Ga., for paratroop training. For three months Jake and I would not see each other.

I got off from work that day so that we could be together as long as possible. We walked the streets and in the park, hand in hand. Suddenly Jake suggested that we immediately get married. I agreed with him that it might ease the pain of parting, but felt a little reluctant because of my family's reaction. But in the end we did what many other young couples did in those days. We were married by a Justice of the Peace, and Jake left on the train a short time later.

Three months seemed a long time, but eventually it passed. Jake spent a few days leave with me before embarking overseas. We had a short but glorious honeymoon, and then he boarded the train. Mother and I watched him walking down the aisle, looking for his seat number. Suddenly Mother turned to me and said, "Paula, what is wrong? You are as pale as death!" She told me later that I answered, "I'll never see him again," but I cannot recall having spoken. The next day I gathered my belongings and went to Jake's mother in Wisconsin, to await his return. This had been his request.

In Jake's small home town I obtained a job in an office. Now and then I got a handful of let-

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ters from Jake. I received two letters the day before I had the vision. In the letters he said everything was all right. But I woke the next morning with the conviction that Jake was dead. It was so strong that I moved as if in shock. I did not go to work. Mother Westorlin was distressed about me, but I could not persuade myself to reveal my dream.

Secretly, I packed my bags for my return home. In the afternoon I saw through the window a telegraph messenger stop at the house. As a rule, I would have rushed to the door, but now I seemed para-

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lyzed. Mother Westorlin opened the door.

"It's for you," she said, her face blanching.

"I know," I answered. "Jake's dead." Mother Westorlin broke down, but I could not cry. I could only sit numbly. Finally we pulled ourselves together and Mother Westorlin asked how I had known.

"I had a vision last night," I revealed. "Jake came into my room. He wore a large bandage over his head and most of his face. I saw his lips move, as if he were trying to tell me something. Then he faded into the darkness." It was only after I had told Mother Westorlin of my vision that the tears flowed from my eyes. —*Fort Bragg, N.C.*

THE VOICE IN DEATH VALLEY

By B E. Roessling, Ps.D.

IN JUNE, 1918, I was a member of the famous Keystone Division, Pennsylvania's own 28th Combat Division, which had been ordered to support the front line in the Aisne-Marne sector. We were stationed in a small, narrow valley immediately in the rear. Receiving orders to dig in, we used our trench shovels to dig small dugouts which protected us from everything except a direct hit.

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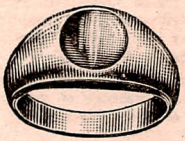
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casualties every day. For this reason the boys named this place "Death Valley."

One day I was dozing in my foxhole, side arms close at hand, knapsack at my feet, my weary head resting on my folded coat, which contained my billfold. I usually carried the billfold in my shirt pocket over my heart because it contained a photo of my wife, a few personal papers and numerous francs. No shelling was going on at the time either by us or the Germans and the air was heavy with a foreboding quiet.

I was settling into a deeper sleep when I heard my nickname called. The voice had an urgent tone. I thought I was just dreaming but I wondered who among the boys knew me by that nickname, which was used only by my immediate family.

I heard my nickname called for the second time. The voice seemed much closer and more urgent. Puzzled and with an eerie feeling, I



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sat up and looked around. Most of the boys were resting in their foxholes, while a few were sitting up, cleaning and polishing their weapons. None of the men sufficiently close to me seemed trying to attract my attention.

When the summons came a third time it was screamed into my ears. Frightened this time, I leaped from my foxhole and raced down the slope. After I had covered about 30 feet I heard the rumbling and whine of a German shell. I knew by its sound that it was going to fall very close.

At once I dropped to the ground and buried my face in the dirt. The shell exploded so near at hand that some of the scattering pieces hit my helmet.

When I regained my composure and returned to my foxhole, I saw that it had disappeared. In its place was a large shellhole, with here and there fragments of my equipment and tattered shreds of my coat and knapsack. It had been a direct hit.

I shuddered to think of what would have happened had I ignored the call. Puzzling over who could have known my nickname, I now remembered that only my mother had used it and always with that endearing inflection in her voice. Mother had been dead for four years. She had died young and per-

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haps my subconscious could not eradicate the memory of her tragic and untimely death. Had it warned me, or had the admonition come from my mother?—*Jacksonville, Fla.*

HESTER CAME BACK

By Marie L. Benoist

DURING WORLD WAR II, I worked in the Treasury Department in Washington, D. C. and here I met Hester Marshall. She was considerably older than I, but because she had such a likeable personality, she and I became close friends. After work we sometimes went to a late show, and often we went to Huyler's candy store across from the main Treasury and had a light dinner.

Hester was a Christian Scientist and I was a Catholic. We both were unmarried. I had been engaged to a young man who had just been killed in the Battle of the Bulge. For this reason we often talked about death and spirit return. Someday, we said, we would find out. I told Hester whichever of us goes first should communicate with the other if possible. However, neither of us took this seriously.

After the war Hester was transferred to another part of the Treasury, while I took a job in private industry, staying in Washington,



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D. C., however. We still met at Huyler's and went to a late show. Since the death of my boyfriend I had become discouraged and had thought of giving up the Catholic faith. Among the faiths that attracted me was the Mormon Faith, although I also attended several Protestant churches.

Hester began to complain of not feeling well, and one day she told me she was resigning her job and going back to her home in Detroit. She left and for a while we corresponded. Presently her letters stopped, and I heard from her no more.

One day about a year later, in June, 1951, I went into Huyler's to have a soda and saw Hester, dressed in black, sitting at the table waiting for me. I was surprised to see her. She looked younger than I ever had seen her look. Strangely, she was not wearing any of her jewelry, not even her prized ring.

I sat down and ate with her. She drank a cup of coffee and ate a sandwich. She said she had come

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to Washington especially to see me. She told me that I must stay with my Catholic faith, and that I was going to have trouble with a relative I trusted.

I asked Hester what had happened to all her jewelry, and she said, "Marie, where I am now I don't need jewelry." She walked to the street car with me, and when I invited her to go out to my home with me she declined. She said she and I would meet again some day and I would understand everything then.

Three days later, remembering that I had forgotten to ask for her new address, I called the Treasury Office where she had worked and asked for her address. They told me Hester had died in March, 1951, three months before the day I met her in Huyler's. I knew then I had seen Hester after her death, and that she had come back to let me know. What she told me about my relative came true; and I have returned to my Catholic faith as Hester advised me to do.—*Santa Barbara, Calif.*

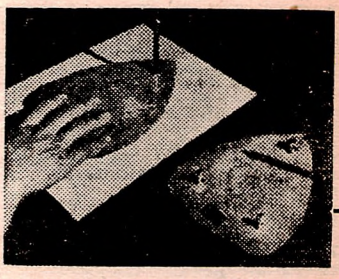
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bed. It was very quiet in the house. I imagined myself floating on a cloud.

During this time, something strange happened. Although I seemed asleep, I saw the room clearly. Everything in it was the same. I actually could see my four-year-old son on the bed beside me.

There was a knock on the door. I found it hard to arise. With difficulty I got to the door. It opened only about 12 inches and refused to budge an inch more. I saw a form partly hidden behind the door. Two hands beckoned to me. As I stood there, a hand reached out and touched my forehead. It was cool and soothing. I suddenly felt wonderful. I tried to see who my visitor was, but could not.

I said, "Nana, is that you?" The hands waved frantically, then reached out and caressed my face gently.

I know it was my grandmother, Elizabeth M. Hill, who had died several years before at the age of 86. The arm was covered by a blue sleeve. The last time I saw Grandmother before she died she was wearing a blue coat. The hands were shaped exactly like hers, with the knuckles swollen from arthritis.

I awoke on my bed and found my headache completely gone. I had a strange feeling of well-being. I know my grandmother visited me.—*Chester, Pa.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

UFO OVER ATTLEBORO

On March 1, 1957, as I was getting out of my car in Attleboro, Mass., I glanced at the sky and saw a round object. It looked like two saucers stuck together, one on top of the other. It stopped for a moment and threw out fiery sparks. By the time I turned to my wife, Ruth, and told her to look, the object was gone out of sight.

This object appeared to be the size of a freight car, only round. — *Patrick J. Crisileo, Cleveland Ohio.*

UFO OVER MISSOURI

While watching the televised Republican Convention on Tuesday evening August 14, 1956, my wife Gertrude called out, "Ed, come and look at something!"

When I hurried out to the terrace she pointed toward the moon, which was half full. Across it had just passed an object moving due west in swift level flight. It glowed red like a hot soldering iron.

At first I thought the sun was shining on an ordinary airplane flying high enough to catch the light of the sun, which had set. The object was devoid of any familiar

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marking like the root or tip of a wing—no rudder, no windows, no motor, no exhaust trail. I live about six miles east of an airport and see many airplanes. The object seemed not to be one as it had the outline of a safety pin, more blunt in front than in back.

Finally the object passed into the edge of one of a group of scattered clouds in the southwest. I saw the vapor close around the object as it entered the cloud—but it did not emerge. I was puzzled to note that the entire group of clouds was powder blue, without any touch of sunlight.

I ran for the telephone. The clock said 7:55 P.M. The airport weather bureau had a busy signal, so I called an airline office. The clerk obliged by reading the weather report: Scattered clouds at 10,000 feet. Now I had something to work on.

I measured the angle of the moon with a home-made sextant and came out at about 15 degrees, which at a height of 10,000 feet gave the distance of the object by trigonometry—over seven miles.

My wife and I both agree the object was as long as the moon was wide. Since the full moon sustains an angle of 31 minutes plus five seconds, an object one-half this diameter at seven miles would, by trigonometry, be about 175 feet long. But why would it glow red?

And why would it go into a cloud and not come out?—*Ed Oldendorph, St. Louis, Mo.*

FLIGHT TO ANCIENT TIMES

In February, 1954, my husband was working on the railroad out of Bonners Ferry, Idaho. I was unused to having all the responsibility for our two children and found it difficult to relax and sleep at night.

At that time FATE ran an article on how to relax by looking at a dim, steady light. One night I lay in bed thinking of what I had read and also wondering what the future held for my family. The room was dark but a little light came from a street light. I fixed my eyes on it.

Suddenly I felt as though I were falling through space. Then, just as suddenly, I found myself in a large room where pillars of stone rose to the ceiling. The floor was of beautiful rock slabs, the walls were of rock, or what looked like it, and on the walls were beautiful woven tapestries.

I was standing in bare feet and wore a sack-like dress of rough cloth, something like burlap. On my head was a cone-shaped hat, with the same type of cloth as the dress trailing from the tip of the hat to the floor.

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stood on the floor near me. I had another, smaller vessel in my arms and was pouring something from it into the larger ones.

At this point I began fighting to return. When I did, I was so frightened I never experimented again. I know I had not been dreaming.—*Doris M. Meyers, Oakridge, Ore.*

CHRIST IN THE WINDOW

I saw a vision of Christ when I was eight years old.

One evening I was standing in the kitchen, watching my mother doing her chores. My two younger sisters were sitting at the table with their backs to the windows.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to the window and there I saw Him. He wore only a cloth around His middle. He had thorns on His head and looked very sad. He vanished an instant after I saw Him.

A short time later my mother died, leaving four children. The vision I saw is as vivid in my mind as if it had happened just a few minutes ago.—*Salvatore Alfieri, Pasadena, Calif.*

WARNING ENTITY

About 14 years ago I had a strange experience in connection with a religious tract called "The Devil's Confession." I was in my office about 3:00 A. M. and, having no work to attend to just then, I

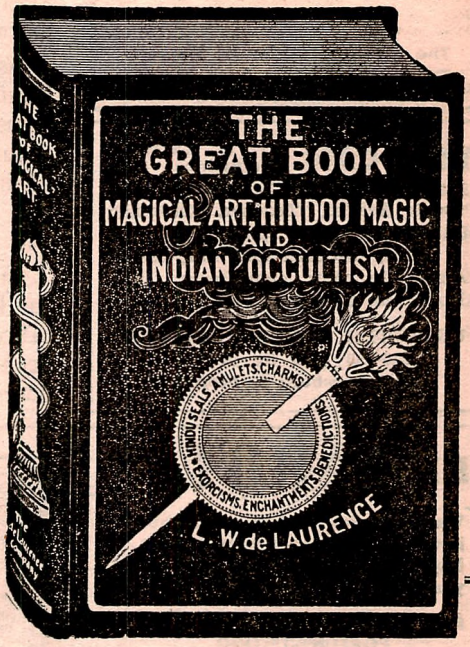
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began folding some leaflets in preparation for distributing them in Freeport, Pa., where I lived, after I got off the train in the morning, before I returned home.

As I was folding "The Devil's Confession" these words were impressed suddenly on my mind, although the source seemed to be an invisible entity outside me: "If you distribute these leaflets you will get into trouble."

In the morning, as I distributed the leaflets along a street, a police officer accosted me and told me he had seen the papers I left on doorsteps. He said I couldn't dis-

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tribute them in his town and that I had to have a license.

I explained that the Supreme Court had ruled that the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press authorized free distribution, that this included the right to distribute printed fact or opinion from door to door and that any local ordinance requiring a license was unconstitutional and void. He said, "Borough ordinance runs this town. If you attempt to distribute the leaflets I will place you under arrest."

I knocked at a door and offered the tracts. The officer placed me under arrest. Later, however, upon

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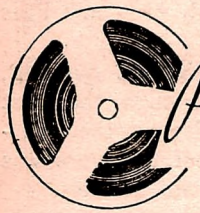
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my declaration of constitutional rights, I was released.—*Walter B. Brauning, Tarentum, Pa.*

SHADOW OF THE CROSS

I have a friend in Bradley, Ark., who is an artist and does paintings for schools and the like. One day in 1956 she began work on a painting of the Virgin Mary for a friend of hers. The weather had been cloudy and misty for several days and it remained that way as the painting neared completion.

My friend was not certain whether or not the painting had enough shadow in the face and she placed it near a window to study it. She stared at the painting for a while, worried about whether or not the painting was good enough to give her friend, who now lives in Georgia.

As she looked at the painting, the sun broke through the mist and clouds and fell upon the painting. The shadow of the cross was visible for a full two minutes.

The artist felt this had come in answer to her worries and it was with an easier mind that she gave the painting to her friend.— *Leon Thompson, Seattle, Wash.*

RUMBLES IN PENNSYLVANIA

The article, "California Mystery Blasts," in the April issue of FATE was mighty interesting. Here in the northwestern corner of Clinton County, Pa., we heard such rumbles



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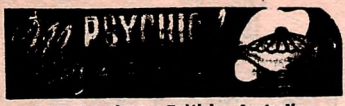
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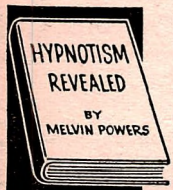
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for 20 years, beginning in October 1901, and continuing at intervals until December, 1921. They came from southwest of us, down where the coal mines of Bitumen, Pa., were operating.

The rumbles lasted about two minutes from 9:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M., two or three times a month. The coal ended at an old fault and waste water from the mines ran down into it. The final blast came at noon on a cold December day. This time the ground shook enough to rattle windows and doors and to shake down a few chimneys. The last rumble lasted three minutes. It caved in the old workings and the water no longer ran down the fault.

As for the California rumbles, I have been waiting years for that to happen. But only FATE dared print it! The West Coast mountains are full of dormant volcanoes. Now many great dams have been built in that region in the last 50 years, causing great strains on the strata and creating crevices down which water seeps. When it gets down far enough to turn to steam it causes rumbles and explosions. It is stirring up heat which will melt the plugs in the volcanoes, which some day will break loose with a greater bang than an H-bomb.

Indians told of the "Big Freeze" of 100 years during which no farm-

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ing could be done north of Mexico and the Gulf. Snow on the mountains formed great glaciers. Then the volcanoes erupted. This 100 years was from 650 to 750 A. D. Later there was the "Little Big Freeze" from 1450 to 1500. Again the volcanoes broke loose and 350 years passed before it ended with the last eruption of Mt. St. Helena in 1845.

People living in the West may not believe this, but in 79 A. D. Vesuvius erupted. In 1883 Krakatoa blew its top. In 1902 Mt. Pelee erupted, killing 30,000. In 1912 Mt. Katmai in Alaska blew up and created the "Valley of 10,000 Smokes." All these volcanoes were supposed to be long dead. — *H. N. Cranmer, Hammersley Fork, Pa.*

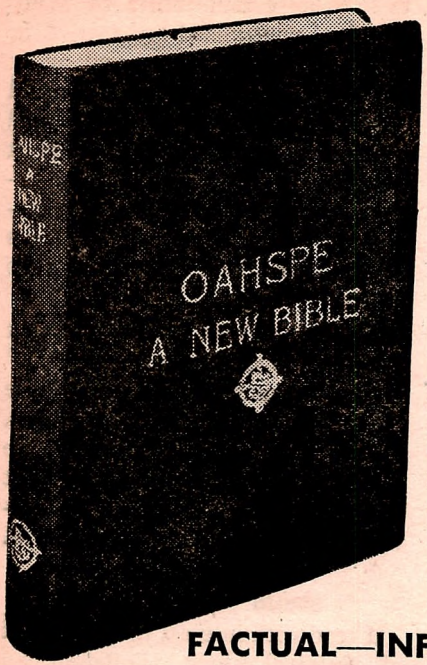
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to such an extent that I knew my love had neutralized my fear of it. With my own babies and older step-children watching, I would sometimes take up out of my coal range a burning cob and hold it tenderly, lovingly, in my hand — knowing no fear, only love and communion with God who was its Source, and therefore knowing no injury.

Since the Bible points out that "Perfect love casteth out fear," fear alone must be the only cause of injury to anyone or anything. This is the "faith" Kuda Bux, the famed fire walker, must have meant when he said, "Faith is the answer." — *Nellie Heuer, Peoria, Ill.*

BRUNO AND THE RUG

I read with interest the My Proof of Survival story "Followed by Queenie" in the May issue of FATE. I have had a somewhat similar experience.

While cleaning the basement one day recently I came upon a small rag rug which I had laundered a short time before. It was clean, but perhaps a little musty. My dog Fido had died on this rug and, thinking of him at that moment, I told myself I would not use the rug for wiping feet. I laid it aside on a small stack of magazines.

Later in the day my new dog, Bruno, began barking in the basement and I went down to investi-

gate. He was standing about three feet from the stack of magazines with the rug on top. I picked up the rug and Bruno nearly bit me, which he had never attempted to do before. I put the rug down to see what he would do with it, but he only barked.

I put the rug away in a box. Every day after that Bruno barked at the box and finally I burned the rug in the incinerator. Bruno watched and when it had burned down he came to my side and wagged his tail joyously.

I have a rather guilty feeling about burning the rug—for I wonder if I burned Fido.—*Imogene R. Stover, Kansas City, Mo.*

"MAN WAS ALWAYS MAN"

I am writing in answer to the article "Has The Missing Link Been Found?" in the May issue of FATE. My information came to me from the spirit of St. Luke in automatic writing through a medium. St. Luke stated that there is not, nor ever was, any connection between man and animal, that each is a separate creation. Man was always man and never an animal.

St. Luke wrote through the medium: ". . . man did not evolve from the beast or lower animal, but was always man, the creature of God, perfect in his creation and wholly natural. There was nothing supernatural about him and he

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never possessed any nature of the superman . . . He has never been anything more or less than the perfect creation of his Maker, although he has degenerated in his qualities and in the exercise of his will.

"Man was not created with any of the Divine qualities, but was made the merely natural man that you see now, without the defilement of his soul qualities . . . That is, when he was created he was in perfect harmony with the will of God and His laws, and when he shall be restored to that harmony of unity with these laws, he will then be what he was before the fall.

"So the idea that man was created with something of the divine in him and that he lost these divine qualities when he fell into an imperfect condition, is all wrong. The great truth connected with man's creation is that man was created perfect, that as regards his order of creation or the qualities of his moral and physical nature there could be no progress, for the next step in progression would be the divine."—*W. J. S. Tacoma, Wash.*

THE FOUR COLUMNS

In April, 1957, my mother and I visited friends in Clinton, Mo. We stayed at a motel and one night I had a vivid dream of driving down the main street of Sedalia,

Mo. I saw a large public building, the front of which was supported by four huge columns of Corinthian architecture. Then the scene faded and soon I awoke.

The following morning Mother and I learned from a friend that our cousin, a woman about 77 years old, had died and was to be buried in one of the large cemeteries in Sedalia. (Her funeral services were there, too.)

Since Clinton is only 40 miles from Sedalia, we decided to attend our cousin's funeral services. As we drove down Broadway in Sedalia, we passed a large building with four columns in front—exactly like the ones I saw in my dream.

I don't know whether the dream was a true premonition or just coincidence.—*Mrs. John Eversole, Caledonia, Mo.*

MYSTERY IN A QUARRY

Among the many strange things found during excavations in various places in America is the strange hole found in solid rock at a stone quarry in McDermott, Ohio. When the hillside was dug away to get at more stone to quarry, the workmen saw a circular hole in the stone, like a well, about 50 feet deep. The hole was filled in during the quarrying.—*Romley Lordier, Portsmouth, Ohio.*

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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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