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MAGAZINE

March 1958

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Our Timetable
To Space

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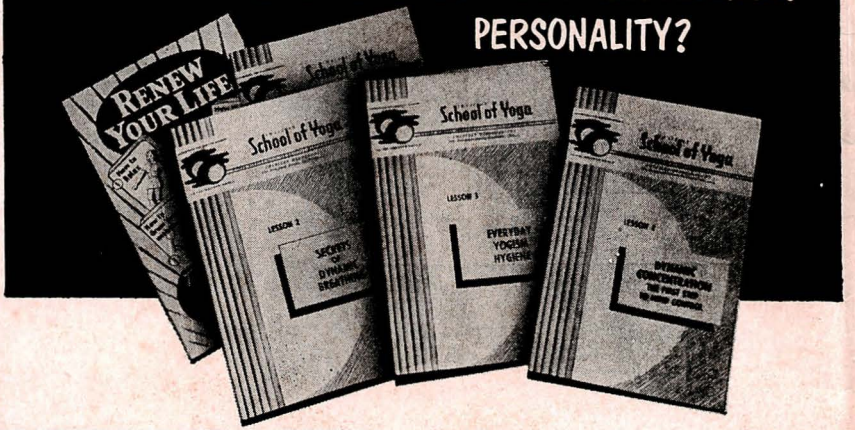
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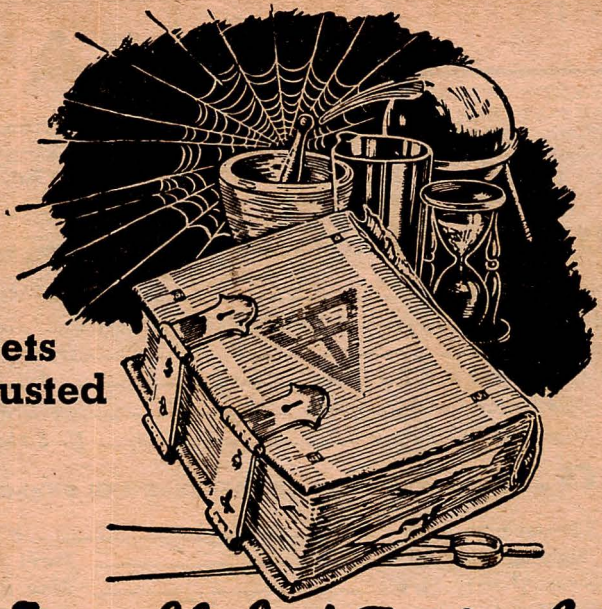
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Contents

FATE

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VOL. 11—No. 3
Issue No. 96

STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

Tokyo Space Ship ..... *Norman Sklarewitz* 46
Mind-Reader Who Trapped Alberta's Mad Murderer ..... *Alan Hynd* 49
Miracles At Sea ..... *Harvey Berman* 55
Amy Castile and the Hell-Hound ..... *Bill Wharton* 72
The Disaster of the Shenandoah ..... *Dede Smith* 83
The Five-Year-Old Father ..... *U. Sinha Gupta* 92

ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

Our Timetable to Space ..... *Willy Ley* 19
UFO Sightings and Alibis ..... *Frank Edwards* 27
Mars—the Mystery Planet ..... *Max B. Miller* 35
Ancient Electric Battery ..... *H. C. Goble* 60
Can Supermatter Conquer Gravity? ..... *C. F. Krafft* 69
They Baptize With Fire ..... *Francis Barton* 77
Royal Jelly—Miracle Food? ..... *John E. Malloy* 86

FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

I See By the Papers ..... *Curtis Fuller* 6
Witchcraft in West Germany 48
The Age of Life 59
They Caught A Spaceman ..... *Albert E. Helland* 62
True Mystic Experiences ..... *The Readers* 63
Fingers of Fate ..... *Harold Helfer* 71
A Spirit Mapped the Flight 76
New Books 96
My Proof of Survival ..... *The Readers* 103
Report From the Readers ..... *The Readers* 113

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THE WORDS "subliminal impressions" are going to be heard increasingly. Subliminal impressions are impressions received just below the levels of consciousness. Your unconscious mind notes them and records them but consciously you don't know it.

A whole new advertising approach is being built around the recent realization that advertising messages can be delivered to your unconscious without your conscious mind being aware of it.

For example, theater owners flashed on the screen signs pushing popcorn sales. The messages were invisible to the conscious minds of the theater-goers because they were beamed too fast for the conscious eye to see. Nevertheless, they registered on the unconscious mind and popcorn sales zoomed.

As you sit before your television set or in a movie theater, you may even now be getting subliminal messages beamed at you by advertisers. If you have a sudden urge to buy popcorn, or a new car, it may be because your unconscious mind has seen and recorded an advertising message which was sent too fast for your conscious



eye to take note of it.

In the advertising trade, this project is called Precon by its "inventor", Dr. Robert E. Corrigan.

The possibilities and dangers of Precon are obviously fantastic, but that isn't the primary reason they are being discussed here.

I mention them here because serious-minded businessmen actually are using advertising messages sent by a method which the conscious mind cannot even note. The unconscious mind does note them, and then instructs the conscious mind to act on a basis of the reception.

Yet, to many of these same solid businessmen, the field of study covered by FATE Magazine is

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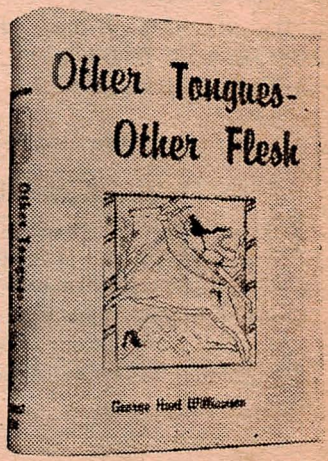
George Hunt Williamson

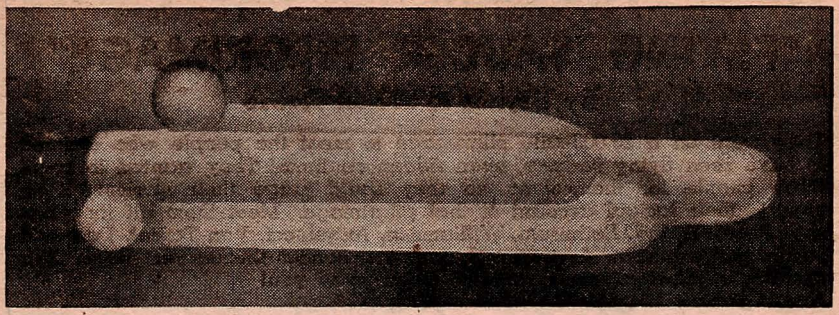
In more recent times, there has been a growing realization that on other worlds than ours, even in other universes, there are other living beings. The idea that earthbound man may someday journey into the heavens to discover other men and women, like or unlike himself, grows by leaps and bounds. Within man's soul lies the truth — mortals exist on other spheres!

In this book, many references and quotations are given from the latest authentic reports on Saucer phenomena. Because many believe there are contradictions in some of the reported happenings, it has been necessary to show that there is a great story and purpose behind all these experiences.

Here, in this book, is the history of OTHER TONGUES, and of OTHER FLESH; calm, scientific evidence that there are brothers of ours in the skies overhead.

We are not alone in the Universe!





This UFO was photographed by Edwin G. Leadford near Anaheim, Calif., on night of November 6, 1957. He said it flickered with a reddish light. United Press photo.

lunacy. "ESP? Nobody in his right mind believes in that". Yet ESP, too, is perception usually just below the levels of consciousness. Unfortunately, for the hard-headed, ESP may remain in the category of lunacy until we devise a method, say, of transmitting advertising messages by telepathy.

Then, look out!



BACK FROM THE HIMALAYAS

DR. ROBERT K. ENDERS is a Swarthmore college biologist just back from a remote corner of Kashmir. He has returned with his own theory about the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas.

"No such thing," says Dr. Enders. The footprints of the so-called yeti were possibly made by men wearing snow sandals to protect their feet from ice crystals.

Dr. Enders saw tracks along a snow-covered trail to Baltistan near Sonamarg in Kashmir that looked like published prints of the far-famed yeti.

The tracks, he found, were actually made by men wearing snow sandals woven of a plant that grows in the region and is worn by many of the inhabitants.

The sandals first wear out under the toes, so the imprint of the toes is clear in the snow. The imprint of the toes becomes more and more pronounced as the sandals wear out.

As for the word "yeti", Dr. William L. Straus, Jr., an anthropologist at Johns Hopkins University, declares simply that it is a garbled translation of the Tibetan word "mi-te", meaning red bear.

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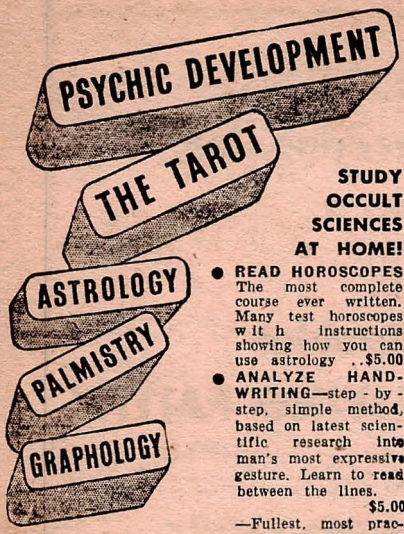
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It is a little difficult for this writer to understand how the tracks of the "yeti" could be made by human snow sandals yet the name itself be a garbled version of the Tibetan name for "red bear." The two ideas don't seem to support each other but as long as there is an unorthodox legend to be attacked, maybe the scientists don't care.

At any rate, the Chicago *Tribune* commented on the story with a rare flash of insight when it said:

"We do not offer the Ender-Straus theories as a final solution —though they sound plausible— but as evidence that for even the most outlandish phenomenon, a rational and soothing explanation can be found by someone who lives far enough away from it."

Meanwhile, Reuters from Hong Kong relays a report printed in the Peiping newspaper *China Youth* that around 1913 a group of Tibetans presented a captive abdominable snowman to General Ying Chang-heng, then commander-in-chief of the Chinese western expeditionary army.

The Chinese newspaper said that the creature was kept captive at Patang in Sinkang Province near the Big Snow mountain range. It was described as being only the height of a 12-year-old boy and looking "old and weather-beaten."

It was unable to speak, had a hairy body and short bow legs. "But using both its hands and feet, it could race along as fast as a horse."

SOMETHING UP THERE?

SOME TIME AGO we reported the phenomena known as "radar angels." A radar angel is briefly a "something" that shows up on radar screens but which cannot be seen visually. When aircraft are monitored to the scene, they also see nothing.

A while back we had a free explanation of radar angels and it was worth just what it cost. "Radar angels are simply insects flying high," we were assured by someone anxious to dispel the general puzzlement. "They show up on the radar screens, of course, but they are not seen because they are too small."

Now all this ignores the fact that radar waves are of such length that they can't show an object as small as an insect, so we were then offered the theory that maybe they weren't single insects but a swarm of insects. This explanation also has the disadvantage of being disproved by investigation.

Now Norman Beyers, a young meteorologist in the Missile Geophysics Program of the White Sands Proving Ground organiza-

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tion, is going to try to find out what the angels are.

He knows that telescopes have been focused directly at the spot in the sky where radar says the angel is and that they have seen nothing. He knows, too, that the angel often moves on the screen, and that sometimes it grows in intensity and at other times it fades. It may have a shape varying from lines to a series of dots.

Beyers will be monitored in an aircraft directly to the angels by radar ground stations and he will fly right through them. He will have such instruments as a refractometer to find whether refraction may cause angels. And some day soon we hope to report the results of his angel hunt.



SCRATCH ONE POLTERGEIST

ARMAND F. ALBERT, of St. Hilaire, N.B., Canada, about five miles west of Edmundston, lives in a two-story frame house. Last fall, Armand wasn't sure he could continue to live in the house; there was so much noise.

At times the windows in the house would shake and rattle. At other times there were periodic outbreaks sounding like the poundings of a hammer.

After being awakened at midnight Mr. Albert called in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

He thought it was pranksters. The mounties came but the noise continued. They stayed until 3 a.m. listening to the periodic outbreaks, the hammerings, the rattlings. Then they left.

Meanwhile, the noises got so loud that the neighbors complained. By morning the house was surrounded by more than 200 people listening to the strange sounds.

Then Assistant Provincial Fire Marshal Frederick Fourmier had an idea. He had holes drilled under the windows on one side of the structure and removed planks from between the building and the foundation.

According to the St. John *Telegraph Journal* "air moved in and the mystery was solved.

"The fire marshal had deduced that cuttings of dry and green wood placed between the walls for insulation had rotted, causing a chemical reaction which had formed gas.

"The 'ghostly' noises were caused by the gas trying to escape like 'water hammer' in a pipe."

Will the engineers among our readers please comment?

MR. MAYOR DOWSER

SPOKANE, WASH., shouldn't have any trouble from water shortage as long as Willard Taft is mayor of the city. Mayor Taft

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is also commissioner of public utilities by reason of his office and he recently discovered his ability to find water through dowsing.

"I was flabbergasted when I found I could find water with a divining rod," the mayor says. "Until a few months ago I thought it was a lot of nonsense.

"A friend of mine who holds a college degree in science found water in that manner and urged me to try it. Imagine my surprise to learn that I also have the 'gift.'"

It doesn't take any skill, Mayor Taft says. It's a case either of having the gift or not having it.

He said he feels under terrific tension when dowsing. "There's no physical reaction when it starts," the mayor said, "but you seem to tense up inside. Then, as you try to hold the divining rod steady, the strain is really felt across your shoulders, back and stomach muscles. When it's over, everything is gone except a soreness of the muscles, similar to that experienced after doing heavy physical work."

Mayor Taft uses a forked willow stick about 2½ feet long. He recently located a water line under the Spokane City Lines parking lot that he didn't know was there.



HOW TO PICK A WINNER

MARK THIS DOWN in your little black book but don't bet on it. The 1958 Kentucky Derby Winner will be "Jewel's Reward."

At a recent civil suit, Harry Levinson of Lexington was testifying as a professional witness in a case involving a purchased race horse. Mrs. Mabel Russell was suing Russell E. Thomas on the grounds that he sold her half interest in a race horse that he said could "win on three legs." Mrs. Russell complained that it never won even on four.

Levinson testifying for Thomas said:

"The fact that a horse never has won a race doesn't mean it isn't valuable. Now, you take the winner of the next Kentucky Derby, *Jewel's Reward*. His mother and father never won a race in their lives."



BRIEF SAUCER REVUE

TO attempt to report even in a paragraph each sighting of UFO's we have received in the past month is impossible. Clippings from all over the United States and Canada have showered upon us like snow.

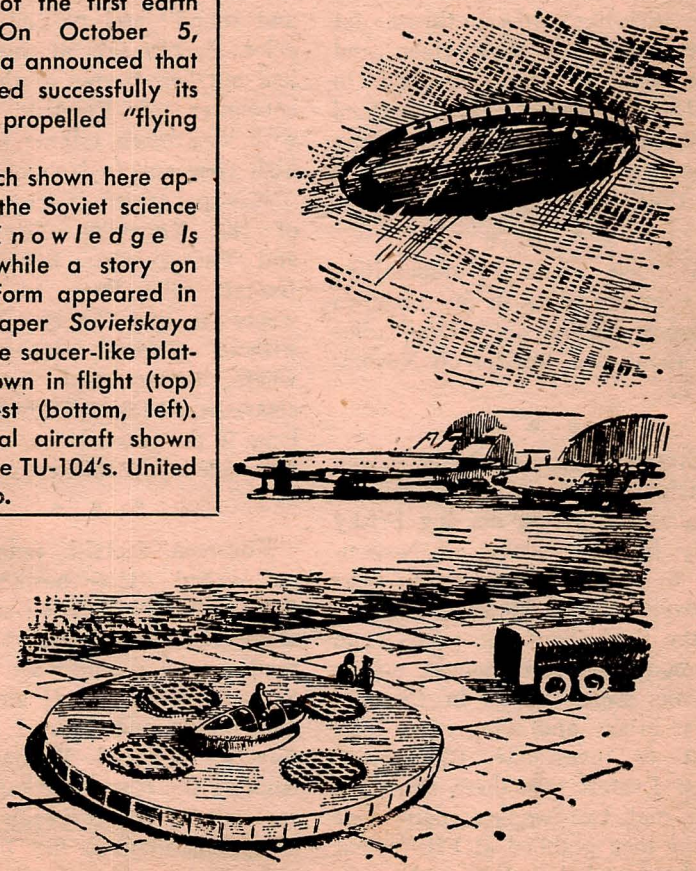
Let's review briefly just a few of them.

Fifteen hard-boiled and allegedly sober newspapermen, all staff members of the San Antonio *Express*, saw a bright and glowing ball-

SAUCER-LIKE CRAFT UNVEILED IN SOVIET CLAIM OF NEW SPACE ADVANCE

A new aircraft which looks remarkably like a flying saucer figures in a claim of still another space advance made by Russia in the wake of the launching of the first earth satellite. On October 5, 1957, Russia announced that it had tested successfully its first jet - propelled "flying platform."

The sketch shown here appeared in the Soviet science monthly, *Knowledge Is Strength*, while a story on flying platform appeared in the newspaper *Sovietskaya Rossiya*. The saucer-like platform is shown in flight (top) and at rest (bottom, left). Conventional aircraft shown in sketch are TU-104's. United Press photo.



shaped object hovering at an angle of 30 to 40 degrees above the south-southwest horizon after 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, November 7. The object appeared stationary and after about 10 minutes slowly settled down below the horizon. The object was colored green and blue. Its back appeared red and two stick-like objects thrust out from each side were green and blue. Police were "inclined to doubt" the reports they received of the object, although the newspapermen were watching it from the third floor of their building.

* * *

At Boise, Idaho, an unidentified voice broadcasting in an unknown language blotted out police radios for about five minutes on November 6.

* * *

Everett Clark, 12, who his school principal says is "a pretty reliable sort," was walking his dog Frisky early in the morning of November 6 in Dante Community near Knoxville, Tenn. He saw an object in the field about 100 yards from his home. Everett thought maybe he was seeing things in the dim light. Frisky and some other dogs went to investigate the object. Then Everett saw there were two men and two women there. One of the men grabbed at Frisky, but Frisky growled and backed away. Everett said they talked in a foreign language. When they saw Everett they motioned to him but he didn't go near them. Then they went back into the object and it looked like they were "walking through glass." After this the object took off sharply like a helicopter, but without sound, Everett reported. He said it was "long and round" and of no particular color. Everett said at this time he had not heard news of the alleged encounter of Reinhold Schmidt with "spacemen talking a kind of high German" in Nebraska.

Newspaperman Carson Brewer of the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* and Photographer Bill Dye had Everett take them to the spot where he saw the object. There, without Everett showing them where, Brewer and Dye saw a cigar-shaped imprint, about 24 feet long, in the grass. It was about five feet wide at the thickest portion.

* * *

Fourteen Scottish potato pickers, called "tattie-howkers" over there, were being driven on a truck along the Musselburgh-Edinburgh road around 5 p.m. when in swept a vivid green light. It grew bigger and bigger and seemed to hover directly overhead. Women in the back of the truck screamed in terror as the object began to hum along less than 60 feet behind. It was about 30 feet long and kept pace with the truck for a consider-

able time. The driver was used to lots of noise in the rear of the truck and refused to allow his attention to be diverted. He didn't see it.

* * *

Around 11 p.m. on November 6, Olden Moore of Huntsville, Ohio, a plasterer, was driving south on Route 86 from Painesville to his home. As he approached the intersection of Hart Road he noticed what he first took to be a meteor moving rapidly across the sky from right to left in front of him. As Moore watched, the object stopped, then split into two pieces. One part of it went upwards and the part that remained seemed brighter than ever and it kept getting brighter and bigger. When it seemed to fill a quarter of his windshield, Moore pulled the car off the road into a side road called Hart Road and got out.

The object kept getting bigger and bigger and seemed to be headed straight at his car. Its color changed from a bright white to a green haze, and then to a blue-green. It stopped about 200 feet in the air above the field. Then it began to settle.

Then for the first time Moore heard a soft whirring sound, something like an electric meter but a little deeper—or like the whir of the motor in an electric refrigerator. He stood by the car watching the UFO for about 15 minutes.

Moore said the UFO was around 50 feet in diameter and about 15 feet thick and disk-shaped. It seemed to be made of a substance that reflected brightly—like mirrored sunglasses. It was surrounded by a green haze, like a fog, and the color pulsated slowly, alternating between bright and dim.



THE GATE OF SOLOMON

THE STORIES in the Bible have received new support as a result of excavations at the site of ancient Hazor by Israeli archeologists.

They have found the massive and elaborate city gate that the Bible (1 Kings, 9:15) says King Solomon built there. They also have uncovered evidence that Hazor was fully destroyed by Joshua in the second half of the 13th Century B.C., as the Bible says and that it did not appear again until it was re-established by Solomon in the 10th Century B.C.

The findings further support the theory held by one archeological group that the *Song of Deborah* was accurate in not mentioning Hazor. This group has contended that Hazor did not exist as a city from 1150 to 1100 B.C. when Deborah stirred the Israelites against the Canaanites.

—Curtis Fuller

ANNOUNCING

The First Scientific Test to Establish Life After Death

THE SUBJECT: Eileen Garrett, noted author, editor of **Tomorrow Magazine,** President of the Parapsychology Foundation, and unquestionably America's greatest medium.

THE SCIENTISTS: Experts drawn from the fields of medicine, psychology, psychiatry, statistics, electronics, and psychic research.

THE PROBLEM: Is the Control who speaks through Eileen Garrett actually what he claims to be—a man who died in Basra over a hundred years ago?

To find out, the experts employed a battery of modern scientific tests to measure every facet of the personality patterns of **both** Eileen Garrett and the Control (Uvani)—for if the Control could be shown to have a subconscious mind independent and distinctly different from the Medium's, it would mean nothing less than proof of psychic survival!

The following are a few of the tests given first to Eileen Garrett as herself and then to Uvani speaking through Eileen Garrett in a trance state: The Bernreuter Personality Inventory, Page's Behavior Analysis, The Woodworth Neurotic Inventory, Five Thurstone Attitude Tests, The Rorschach Test, The Galvonometer (lie detector) Test.

Here are the complete, astounding results of the most dramatic and impressive test for "life after death" ever made — the first attempt to establish proof of psychic survival by means of the tools of modern-day scientific research.

You'll experience the excitement of being present at a great moment of discovery when you read—

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By Hereward Carrington

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FATE

Our Timetable to SPACE

How soon will manned spaceflight be achieved? A noted rocket authority gives dates for the necessary steps.

By Willy Ley

I SPENT THE WHOLE of September 17, 1957, at home at my desk. I make this statement without even looking at my appointment calendar—for this was not a quiet working day accidentally devoid of outside commitments. It was a day I had set aside in order to be at home and within earshot of my small desk radio. The radio was tuned to the station of the *New York Times* which broadcasts a five-minute news summary every hour on the hour and which, in case of very special news, will interrupt its music programs.

I waited for the news that the Russians had just placed the first artificial satellite into an orbit around the earth.

When evening and even midnight arrived without the expected news

flash I went to bed wondering. Had there been a failure on some unknown Russian rocket proving ground? Or were they simply not ready in time? I am still wondering about this point.

September 17, 1957, was the 100th anniversary of the birth of Konstantin Eduardovitch Ziolkovsky, the Russian rocket pioneer, who died in 1935. Since April, 1957, Russian delegates to various international scientific meetings—mostly meetings in preparation for the International Geophysical Year—had said in so many words that Ziolkovsky's 100th anniversary would be the occasion for "a very big celebration." Rocket experts took this statement to mean that the first Russian artificial satellite would be fired that day. The U.S. Air Force thought so too. So did Intelligence. And that is why I spent that day at home, with my radio.

As everybody knows the age of space began about two and a half weeks later when Sputnik No. 1 took up its orbit around the earth. One month later it was joined by Sputnik No. 2. By the end of the International Geophysical Year, which is also the end of our calendar year 1958, space, in the immediate vicinity of earth, will be fairly cluttered with artificial satellites, especially since every satellite shot produces more than one body orbiting around the earth.

The third stage of every three-stage rocket that carries an artificial satellite is the one that produces the final burst of speed needed for establishing the orbit. For orbits of the type followed by the Russian sputniki* and planned for the American Vanguard satellites this velocity is 4.6 miles per second. Naturally the third stage which produces the orbital velocity stays up with the satellite which it carried. For some purposes it is considered necessary to separate the satellite proper, containing the scientific instruments, from this third stage. The American Vanguard satellites are to be separated so that every successful shot will result in two orbiting bodies. The American satellites fired by means of the Jupiter-C rocket probably will not be separated. Sputnik No. 1 was separated and produced *three* orbiting bodies, the nose cone being the third, while Sputnik No. 2 was not separated and produced only two orbiting bodies: the third stage with satellite being one, the nose cone being the other. By the end of the International Geophysical Year at least four more sput-

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The Russian word sputnik, pronounced spoot-nick, is a standard word, composed of the roots **s** (meaning "with") **put** (meaning road and, by extension, orbit) and the suffix **nik.** It has the general meaning of "travel companion" which could be either a person or an object. In astronomical usage it means a minor satellite. The plural is sputniki.

niki, about six Vanguards and the same number of Jupiter-C rockets will have been fired so that, even counting on a few failures, at least 20 bodies will be in various orbits.

What will come next?

Before trying to answer this question it is useful to look at the weights involved. The take-off weight of the Vanguard rocket is very nearly 22,000 pounds. The weight of the Vanguard satellite is 22 pounds. This means that 1000 pounds of take-off weight is needed to put one pound of satellite into an orbit. This comparison is perhaps unfair because the third stage goes into the orbit too and technically is "payload." But one may stick to the 1000 to one ratio by considering only the "useful payload." These figures, or rather the ratio, apply to Sputnik No. 1 too. It was fired by means of the Russian T-2 Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile which has a take-off weight of 85 metric tons, each metric ton being 1000 kilograms. The weight of Sputnik No. 1, also expressed in the metric system, was slightly over 83 kilograms so the Russians needed a metric ton of take-off weight per kilogram of satellite. This proves, among other things, that the Russian rockets, while bigger than ours, must have about the same ratios between their structural weights and their fuel loads and their payloads. It is also a clear indication that they actually used the fuel which they said they used, namely, highly refined kerosene and liquid oxygen.

For satellite shots with presently known and well tested fuels we have to count on this ratio; the weight of the "useful payload" must be multiplied by 1000 to obtain the necessary take-off weight. Hence a satellite of one ton of weight would need a three-stage rocket with a take-off weight of 1000 tons and this rocket would have to have a rocket motor (or rocket motors) with a thrust of about 2000 tons since the take-off thrust must be roughly twice the take-off weight.

A thousand ton rocket probably does not exist anywhere at this moment but rocket engineers know that it is just a problem of patient development to build rockets of this or even larger take-off weights.

At the present moment, taking at face value the rumors about the largest experimental Russian rockets in existence, a "useful payload" of half a ton seems to be the limit. This permits a rather large variety of experimental satellites. Even 100 pounds of useful payload represents all the scientific instruments that would do any good if put into orbits around the

earth. Two hundred pounds of useful payload permits any animal experiment thought necessary. With 500 pounds of useful payload a TV camera, with all necessary auxiliary devices, could be carried. Unfortunately, to be useful, a TV camera needs quite a lot of auxiliary devices. To begin with it must have a reliable power supply. So far everything done or planned has relied on battery power. Batteries are, of course, the simplest but they are heavy. Moreover, they have a limited life even if they are not used.

To augment battery power the silicon solar batteries suggest themselves and it would, of course, be possible to put the satellite into an orbit which keeps it out of the shadow of the earth so that the batteries are exposed to sunlight 24 hours per day. But the yield of these solar batteries is by no means all that would be desirable for this purpose. Unless the efficiency of these solar batteries is improved considerably in the near future they would be useful only in a rather large satellite, so that a considerable area can be exposed to sunlight at any given moment.

In addition to the power supply, which is a fair-sized headache at the moment, the TV satellite would also need what is technically known as "attitude control." In non-technical language it needs a device which keeps it from spinning, if it should spin accidentally, and which aims the TV camera. The camera should be aimed at the center of the earth or, rather, along the line which connects the center of the satellite with the center of the earth. If so aimed the camera will catch the maximum visible surface of the earth. This amounts to providing a slow rotation for the satellite. Its period of rotation must be the same as the period of its revolution around the earth. Strangely enough this result would come about "in time" without any artificial aid; in nature the moons of all the planets of our solar system do just that. But the term "in time" would mean several thousand years. Hence there must be an artificial attitude control. It can be done, but the device which can do it is likely to have a considerable weight.

The purpose of such a TV satellite would be research, especially meteorological research. With the aid of a TV satellite the percentage of cloud cover over the whole earth could be established quickly and reliably. Meteorologists could learn quickly to recognize the movement of air masses on their monitor screens. If they are lucky they may learn to recognize ice drifts in the polar seas and, just possibly, see the larger icebergs. Small details would inevita-

bly be lost in transmission. (It is a fine popular example of the loss of such detail to ask a TV watcher to tell what kind of earrings an actress is wearing, or even whether she is wearing earrings, unless she is shown in close-up.) Hence such a TV satellite would be a very poor bet for Intelligence work—"spying" in vulgar language—since fine detail just does not show. It is much easier to establish the location of a factory by asking the nearest traffic officer. Of course what really counts is not even the location of the factory but what goes on inside it.

To return to the all-important theme of useful payload it can be said that the next year or two will produce nothing but varying research satellites, perhaps up to and including a meteorological satellite housing a TV set.

In addition to the research satellites the coming year is very likely to see a shot to the moon also. Orbital velocity for a satellite near earth—say closer than 1000 miles on the average—is about four and one-half miles. But the rocket struggling up from the ground has to overcome air resistance and has to lift weight against the earth's gravitational attraction. Hence its "ideal velocity" must be somewhat higher than four and one-half miles per second. The term "ideal velocity"—coined originally by Professor Hermann Oberth in 1923—refers to the velocity the rocket would have for the quantity of fuel expended if it did not have to overcome air resistance and gravitation but burned its fuel only to overcome its own inertia. This "ideal velocity" is a very important concept when it comes to calculating rocket performances. What must be kept in mind is that the "ideal velocity" never actually is reached. The rocket may come pretty close to it, but will not reach it. Thus the rocket's "ideal velocity" for an orbital shot is somewhat over five miles per second. For a shot to the moon it would have to be seven miles per second.

The difference between these two figures is comparatively small so that a rocket which can throw 200 pounds of useful payload into an orbit can obviously throw a smaller payload to the moon, by accelerating its top stage to seven miles per second.

Existing rockets, used in proper combination, can throw their top stage to the moon. Such an experiment will certainly be made within a year.

The shot to the moon works in the following manner. The time required for a rocket with an "ideal velocity" of seven miles per second to reach the moon is about four days and two hours. The rock-

et would, therefore, be aimed at the point where the moon will be four days later. Rising, after all its fuel has been used up and the necessary velocity has been attained, the rocket will steadily lose velocity because of the earth's gravitational attraction. This velocity loss will amount to about 30 feet per second in the near vicinity of the earth and will gradually grow less as the rocket recedes. Some 23,500 miles from the moon the moon's gravitational attraction becomes equal to that of the distant earth. Then the rocket, which probably will be moving with a velocity of only a few feet per second when it is more than 200,000 miles from the earth, will simply fall to the moon. Four days and a few hours after take-off it will crash on the moon.*

That the rocket will "miss" the moon is most unlikely because of the moon's gravitational field. At a later date an attempt may be made to miss the moon on purpose. If that experiment is successful the rocket will be pulled around the moon by the moon's gravity but it would not become a "moon of the moon". If it manages to miss the moon by a few hundred miles it will describe a hyperbolic path. It will, so to speak, make a hairpin turn around the moon and then approach earth again, but it is almost certain that it will miss the earth too by a very much larger margin, of a score of thousands of miles. What would happen to it afterwards cannot be stated generally. This would depend on the precise distances and velocities of motion.

What would happen if such a moon rocket were fired at a time when the moon is not anywhere near the direction of its flight? The rocket would then escape from the gravitational field of the earth only to be caught up immediately in the much more powerful gravitational field of the sun. This does not mean that it would fall into the sun—unless fired in the direction of the sun—it does mean that it would take up an orbit around the sun. Such a shot would create a small planet.

All this can be easily accomplished by 1960.

The next big step is to get a man into an orbit. Our medical researchers, men like Professor Hubertus Strughold and Colonel Stapp, are convinced now that we can put a man into an orbit without any harm. This conviction has been reached through numerous medical experiments including the

* The figure of 10 hours for the shot to the moon which has been quoted in many newspapers in recent months was "obtained", if that is the proper word, by simply dividing the maximum distance to the moon, about 252,000 miles, by seven miles per second. This much simplified calculation is without value since the rocket does not, and cannot, maintain its maximum velocity of seven m.p.s.

famous high-altitude balloon flight of Dr. Simon. If there still had been any doubt it would have been dispelled by Sputnik No. 2 which carried an 11-pound mongrel dog which stayed alive and healthy for about 100 hours, or until it had to be killed because the power supply gave out.

However, for the orbital flight of a man a useful payload of more than a ton is needed. The orbital flight of a man is farther in the future than the unmanned shot to the moon, not because it involves a pilot but simply because a much bigger rocket is needed.

The technological development of space travel apparently will come about in several series of "bursts". The first burst is the one we are experiencing now. Rockets have grown large enough to throw research satellites into orbits. The same size, with a little addition and improvement, is sufficient also to shoot to the moon or to produce, if this is desirable for some reason, an artificial small planet that moves around the sun. But this size is not sufficient for manned orbital flight.

Rockets will have to grow in size —nothing else is needed—during the next three to five years to make manned orbital flight possible. When they have grown we will be due for another burst of new experiments. Once we have a rocket large enough to carry an airplane-shaped top stage with a spaceworthy cabin we will have not only manned orbital flight but also a permanent manned space station. A space station, of course, is just a very large artificial satellite, put into a permanent orbit—an orbit which does not touch the uppermost fringes of the earth's atmosphere anywhere. The manned space station is likely to be carried into the orbit piecemeal and to be assembled there. Because it carries a crew it will be a research device of enormous value. In fact, its potential usefulness is so great that it can almost be considered a commercial investment.

Once the space station exists a manned flight around the moon (at first without landing) has come as close to being reality as the shot to the moon is now.

The time element, quite easily predicted for the next few years, is somewhat harder to predict for this second burst of space activity.

It is reasonably safe to predict manned orbital flight by about 1965, possibly a year or two earlier. But how much time will go by between the return of the first crew from an orbit and the completion of the manned space station is a more difficult question. To design a space station, or rather to finish up the design with regard to the size and load-carrying capacity of a specific rocket ship,

might take two years. Building it might take another two years. Transporting it into an orbit could be done in about 20 flights—and there could easily be a flight a day. Re-assembling it in the orbit might be the work of a few months. All this adds up to about five years. But, of course, a lot depends on the size and the degree of elaboration planned for this first space station.

Roughly speaking we are 10 or 12 years in the future at this point. Say the manned space station could be operational by 1970. This would put the first manned flight around the moon in 1972 or 1973. The first landing on the moon might be made three years later. Again, it would depend to a very large extent on the size of the moonships and the degree of elaboration. If, for prestige, say, any landing on the moon is acceptable, even if the ship's crew consists of only a few people, this is one story. If, as would be desirable for scientific purposes, the first landing is that of a large and carefully organized scientific expedition, this is another story.

But all this is possible without new inventions of any kind. The materials now known can do it. The fuels now in use can do it. Nothing is needed but more experience in building bigger and bigger rockets. In fact, the fundamental assumption in establishing this schedule is that nothing new will be invented. This is a safe assumption, but not necessarily a correct one. If a major new discovery is made the schedule will have to be revised.



SPEEDING BEYOND REACH

WHEN Larry H. White, 18, of Van Nuys, Calif., failed to answer a court summons for speeding, his family explained why. He had been killed in an auto accident on the Long Beach Freeway—while speeding.

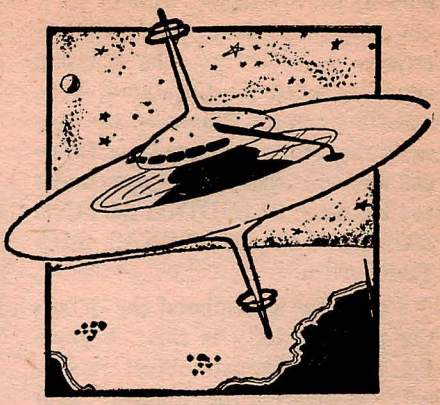


CAUSE FOR ALARM

IN NEW YORK CITY two ladder trucks, four engines, a rescue company and three police cars responded to a fire alarm. The location of the fire was a mystery until the men found that fire had broken out in a fire-alarm box—which apparently had sent in a call for help.

FRANK EDWARDS' REPORT

According to Air Force officials, those who report seeing UFO's are suffering from hallucinations. But, Frank Edwards says, since cars and tractors also respond to these same hallucinations then surely new alibis are needed.



UFO Sightings and Alibis

FOR YEARS THE Air Force has pretended that people who see the ubiquitous unidentified flying objects are suffering from hallucinations. Now that automobiles and tractors begin to suffer from the same form of "hallucinations" new alibis are in order—and forthcoming.

Let's look at the record.

The Russians startled the world by firing their first earth satellite in the first week of October. In the first week of November the world was startled again, this time by a rash of "saucer" sightings which indicated that the things were back in strength, bolder than ever before.

Because of the pattern in the story, I will cover it from the front pages of the *Indianapolis Star,* a very conservative publication which seems unable to make up its mind about the UFO's. In the past it faithfully has carried successive Air Force "explanations", however ridiculous. The *Star* also has carried, from time to time, banal yarns from an assortment of characters passing through Indianapolis with accounts of their space travels. Upon rare occasions this same paper has dealt sparingly with UFO

reports from credible witnesses.

Perhaps the paper was still editorially groggy from the Russian satellites when the Levelland, Tex., reports came in. Whatever the reason, the story appeared in three-columns on the front page under the heading, BLINDING FLYING SAUCER STOPS TEXAS MOTORCARS.

For those who missed the details the report briefly is this: A glowing red, egg-shaped object reportedly settled on the highway near Levelland, Tex., on the night of November 3rd. According to the United Press several motorists said that the ignition systems of their cars, as well as their lights and radios, failed to function when they approached the bizarre roadblock. Sheriff Weir Clem and Deputy Pat McCullough, who went out to investigate the reports, said they spotted the object streaking across the sky in front of their car. It was so bright, they said, that it lit up the whole pavement around their car for about two seconds.

Official "explanation": The glowing red object on the highway was ordinary ball lightning or St. Elmo's fire. The automobiles stopped because of dampness in the air which affected their ignition systems.

Let's examine this "explanation" which the Air Force tossed out so glibly.

Witnesses agree that the object which settled in the road was about 200 feet long and 30 to 50 feet in diameter. At half that size it would be the greatest accumulation of ball lightning on record and its presence in such mass would constitute a major phenomenon in itself! What the Air Force is saying in effect is that here is a phenomenon of staggering proportions which doesn't amount to anything. Not only did they try to dismiss one major mystery by labelling it another, but they threw in damp weather and St. Elmo's fire to knock out the radios and ignition systems of the approaching cars.

Fliers who have piloted planes bathed in St. Elmo's flickering blue flames know that it does not kill their ignition systems nor have any appreciable effect on their radios.

But motorists who approached the glowing red mass on the highway near Levelland, Tex., found themselves with dead ignition systems, no lights and silent radios. The weather remained just as "damp" when the object rose and sped away, yet after it was gone their cars functioned normally. The disturbance was directly due to the presence of that gigantic mass of whatever it was. Ball lightning does not occur in such quantity. St. Elmo's fire does not interfere

with radios and ignition systems. Therefore, the official "explanation" does not meet the known facts in the case and leaves the case unexplained, as usual.

This Texas sighting on the night of November 3rd was only the beginning. A few minutes after the red thing rose into the air and sped away, the same or a similar thing was seen moving briskly across the sky near Midland, Tex., and at Clovis, N. Mex.

Wednesday morning, November 6, 1957, the *Indianapolis Star,* in an unprecedented eight column banner headline on the front page, said:

G.I.'s DESCRIBE SPACE SHIP.

Sub-head: Object Sighted Often As MPs Relate Landing.

Military policemen stationed at the northern tip of the hundred mile long proving ground at White Sands, N. Mex., reported to headquarters that they had witnessed what appeared to be the landing and take-off of a controlled space ship.

Please note that these military police were working on different shifts at different sections of the range. They had not heard nor read any reports of the thing near Levelland, Tex., nor had they seen or talked to the other MP's who reported on the White Sands sighting.

Here, then, are reports by trusted military men, made independently of each other, which tell an amazing story.

Corporal Glenn Toy, of Kipanning, Pa., and Private James Wilbanks of Alabama report that they saw the thing about 4:00 A.M. Sunday morning (About two and a half hours after the sighting at Levelland, Tex.) They first noticed it as an unusually bright light high in the sky. Corporal Toy said, "The object came down very slowly to about 50 yards above the ground. It stayed there about three minutes just giving off a brilliant orange reddish light.

"Then it came the rest of the way to the ground fairly fast and at an angle of about 45 degrees and the light went out. This was about three miles from where we stood. It looked like a completely controlled landing."

Approximately 17 hours later another MP patrol on the White Sands range came in with a remarkable report. They were identified by the military at White Sands as Specialist Third Class Richard Oakes of Washington, D.C., and Specialist Third Class Henry Barlow of San Diego. They too were patrolling the great flat expanse of the north end of the rocket range, an area where visibility is remarkably good for several miles. Their sighting occur-

red a few minutes past 9:00 P.M. Sunday, November 3rd.

"We first noticed the object hovering motionless about 50 yards above the ground. Then it rose slowly into the sky and stopped again. Finally it got so high it just looked like a very bright star. All of a sudden the light went out and we didn't see it anymore."

This report by Barlow and Oakes agreed with the earlier report by Toy and Wilbanks that the thing was about 225 feet in diameter and shaped like an egg. The slower it moved, the redder the color of the light.

Official explanation: "It was the planet Venus."

Again, one possible miracle is deliberately replaced by another.

If the Air Force "explanation" is correct, then astronomy must be revised immediately. For, according to the Air Force, the planet Venus came down and hovered over a small spot in the New Mexico wasteland before it scurried back up, in a matter of a couple of minutes, to resume its time honored place in the Heavens. And obviously the size of Venus must be reestimated. What a shock it must have been to the astronomers to train their telescopes on Venus that eventful Sunday night, only to find that she was absent on a brief trip to New Mexico!

I am afraid that we will have to refile that one with the one about St. Elmo's fire on the highway in Texas.

★ ★ ★

In Danville, Ill., two State Police chased a glowing object which reportedly had been hovering near the edge of that city. The troopers had a bit of difficulty. As they drew near the thing their radio cut out. When the light sped away their radio came back on—unassisted.

From the Gulf of Mexico, where the U.S. Coast Guard cutter, *Sebago,* was on duty about 200 miles south of the mouth of the Mississippi River, comes this strange report:

At 5:10 on the morning of November, 4 the *Sebago* sighted a very brilliant object in the sky. On radar the thing was a good strong blip, travelling in concentric circles around the ship. Commander C. H. Waring, skipper of the *Sebago,* reported that it resembled a very bright planet and that by means of a sextant and radar sightings, as it streaked into a cloud bank, the officers on the ship computed its speed at about 100 miles per hour.

The Air Force dusted this one off quickly. Since no planets were visible at that time Venus got a rest. Since the thing had been seen going into a cloud bank it was

obviously a plane—a propellor driven plane, said the Air Force. Why? Because "it flew at 250 miles an hour".

See how the mystery quickly fades under this process? All you have to do is ignore the evidence as reported by the witnesses, forget about the brilliance of the object, divide the speed by four, and presto! You have a propellor driven plane.

The *Indianapolis Star* carried another banner headline on November 5th: WHATSIT MYSTERY PROBED. It dealt with the sighting in the Fiji Islands. (Where the yacht *Joyita* lost her entire crew and passengers so mysteriously a couple of years ago. Remember?) A minister and a group of Fiji fishermen reported watching a dazzling white circular object that hovered just above the water. The fishermen said it rotated slowly and on the top side of it a man-like thing was moving around. When they tried to approach it the thing emitted a blinding flash of light, quickly soared into the sky and vanished.

The unidentified flying objects which flitted across the front pages of the *Indianapolis Star* for a solid week made their last appearance there on November 11th, in a two column story headed: *State Troopers Chase Saucer*. This was an account of the previously mentioned experience of the Illinois state troopers who had trouble with their radio as they chased a strange light near Danville. Adjoining this story was a one column yarn from Dayton. O. OFFICIAL DENIES FLYING SAUCERS. It was the conventional kiss-off from Air Technical Intelligence Center at Wright Field, attributed to an unnamed spokesman who assured reporters that the Air Force has found no evidence of flying saucers in 10 years of study, etc. Since the Air Force never recognizes them under the name "flying saucers" the statement is completely meaningless. There was no mention of the study and pursuit of Unidentified Flying Objects, a project in which the Air Force is still very actively engaged.

After the appearance of this last item Unidentified Flying Objects vanished from the pages of the *Indianapolis Star*. Since November 11 more than 30 residents in Indianapolis have called the *Star* to report strange lights and objects in the local sky. Without exception they are told that the *Star* has just checked on a similar report and there is nothing to it! For reasons best known to itself, the *Star* suddenly decided there would be no more space ship or saucer stories and there have been none.

I mention this at some length because it seems typical of the

treatment of this subject by other newspapers around the country. Caught off guard by such dramatic developments as those in Texas and New Mexico they give the reports a full play. Later they resume their full measure of dignity (after all, everybody *knows* that flying saucers don't exist!) and, pretending they never heard of the matter, drop it cold.

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Meanwhile, the reports continued to roll in.

The *Bedford* (Indiana) *Times Mail* said in a three column front page story: UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS AROUSE INTEREST OF LAWRENCE COUNTIANS.

It identified one witness as Bert Collins of Bedford, who was driving home from Louisville. As he crossed a bridge over the White River a few miles south of Bedford, Collins reported, he noticed a bright light rising from low ground beside the road. He stopped his car on a hilltop, snatched his binoculars from the glove compartment and got a good look at the thing. In the drawing he made for the newspaper, the object is shown as having a flat bottom, shallow rim and shallow rounded dome on top. The front end of the dome glowed red, he said, and the rear was white like a fluorescent light. The thing finally moved rapidly away at low altitude and disappeared behind the hills.

The *Bedford Times Mail* ran two other front page stories of local people who reported strange experiences. THREE WOMEN SAY MOTOR IN CAR DIES AS THEY CHASE UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT. Pauline Baxter, Hattie Logie and Loren Turley reported to police that as they drove in Bedford on the night of Saturday, November 9, they noticed a strange blue-white light hovering behind the Free Methodist Church. Suddenly it veered off southwest, still at low altitude. They followed it to a new subdivision of Bedford, where it appeared to drop below a stone mill. As it got lower, the motor on their car died. It refused to start again until the light had reappeared and sped away.

Watson Merry, Route One, Mitchell, Ind., wrote to the *Times Mail* that, on the night when the three Bedford ladies reported seeing the low flying light, he and his girl friend were driving down State Road 60 and they too saw a brilliant blue-white light. It swung in a light curving bank down toward their car, he said, leaving a faint bluish trail in the sky behind it. Just then the engine on Mr. Merry's 1956 car went dead. For 15 or 20 seconds the

motor remained dead, then, as suddenly as it had stopped, it started again. The light had swerved upward and away.

Perhaps the oddest of the incidents reported from Indiana involved Rene Gilham, a Terre Haute ironworker who lives near Meron, Ind. His children noticed a strange light in the sky slowly approaching their home. Gilham and his wife joined the youngsters in watching the thing. They describe it as a circular object about 40 feet in diameter. It hovered directly over their heads for about 10 minutes. One of Gilham's neighbors also watched the thing. When the neighbor and Mrs. Gilham and children went into the house Gilham stayed out in the yard, looking up at the strange disc which shot occasional bluish beams of light toward him. At the end of about 10 minutes the thing made a noise like a high speed electric motor, rose swiftly and streaked away.

That was on a Wednesday night. By Saturday Gilham's face and part of the top of his head was covered with burns. His doctor sent him to the Mary Sherman Hospital in Sullivan for treatment. Dr. Dukes said that Gilham's burns resembled those which are caused by overexposure to an electric welding torch. Gilham said that he had not been near a welding torch for three weeks nor near anything else which could have caused burns.

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The rash of sightings which followed close on the heels of the launching of the Russian satellites brought out a corresponding rash of "explanations" from the Air Force. Air Force ridicule was leveled at civilian and military personnel alike. The Military Police at White Sands were dismissed as ignorant ninnies who misinterpreted a fixed star as an object that performed weird maneuvers. The officers and crew of the Coast Guard cutter *Sebago* were ridiculed as benighted fellows who could not recognize a propellor driven plane. Major Louis Baker, an Air Force officer, and the 19 Air Force men with him who reported watching six Unidentified Flying Objects over Long Beach were rudely branded as hoaxers!

The sightings by credible observers were so newsworthy that they made the front pages from coast to coast, and even overseas. And, as usual, the Air Force waited a few days for the details to become vague in the public mind, then trotted out its shopworn "explanations".

One interesting step in the Air Force treatment is its yarn about investigating thousands of cases and finding only 1.9 percent of

them "unexplainable". This statement is said (by the Air Force) to be based on an extension of *Blue Book Special Report.*

That's great!

Table 1A in that *Special Report* 14 shows that 19.5 percent of 3201 cases remain unexplained—10 times the figure the Air Force claims in its "extension and summary" of that same report!

★ ★ ★

Leaving the Pentagon hoaxers dangling in mid-air on their own percentage points, let's look at recent events.

Man-made satellites entered into orbits around the earth; man-made rockets sped thousands of miles out into space. Unidentified Flying Objects promptly began to appear with great frequency and with considerable boldness. As the rocket launchings of 1946-47 were followed by the UFO's of 1947, so the satellites and rockets of 1957 were followed by the UFO's.

In the long run, the most important development in this field in recent months may be the change in attitude of millions of people who have become aware that they have been misled as to the nature and extent of the UFO problem. This in turn accounts for the widespread acceptance of the subject before service clubs, churches, universities and colleges.

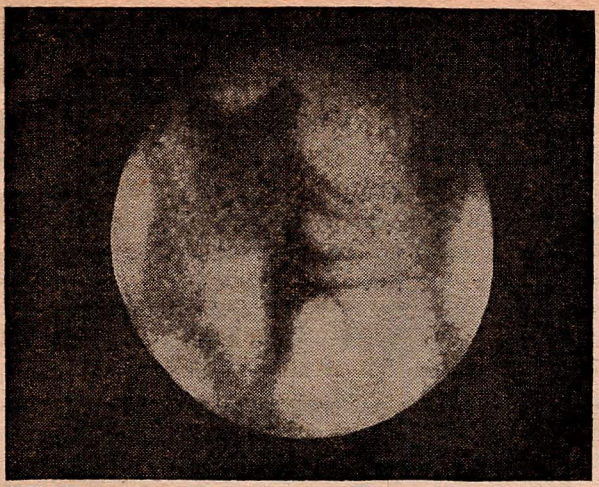
In the past month I have received hundreds of letters and phone calls reporting sightings; most of them end up saying: "I used to be a skeptic but not now!"

It all adds up to a slow but measureable advance toward the day when the public will have to be told the truth.

And, as more man-made devices are launched into space, you can expect more UFO's to make their appearance on earth. Calculated efforts to mislead the ordinary citizens of this and other nations must inevitably fail, defeated by common sense and sheer weight of evidence—furnished by the UFO's themselves.

It was Laplace who said: "Of knowledge we have comparatively little, but of ignorance we have a great deal!"

Perhaps some day we can balance the equation.



MARS–
the mystery planet

A variety of amazing phenomena seen on Mars by astronomers make it the most puzzling of planets.

By Max B. Miller

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ON SEPTEMBER 6, 1956 the Planet Mars made its closest approach to Earth since 1924. Not until August, 1971, will it again be in such close proximity.

From the inception of the science of Astronomy, this feature-ridden disc has, through the telescope, offered no satisfaction to the inquiring mind. It is probably the most unsolved riddle in astronomy.

Mars, like the other eight planets comprising our solar system, orbits around the sun in an eccentric or elliptical manner. And unlike Venus, the closest of earth's planetary neighbors, Mars is the first planet describing an orbit outside of Earth's. The 4200 mile diameter planet is roughly 35 million miles distant during its favorable opposition.

Although Earth-Mars oppositions occur about every two years and two months apart, only once in 15 to 17 years does an especially favorable, or "peak," approach come about. This is simply because of the planet's orbital eccentricity —sometimes bringing it closer to earth, at other times seemingly pushing it away.

While Mars was a "mere" (astronomically speaking) 35,120,000 miles away early in September, 1956, it will be ten million miles farther distant from earth during the next opposition in November, 1958. This outward movement will continue until 1963, when the planet will be at a distance of 62.3 million miles. Then it will begin its inward motion again, until the inception of a new cycle.

But let's start with the Mars that has enticed the imaginations of young and old alike.

Perhaps it all began when Giovanni V. Schiaparelli focussed his 8.75-inch reflecting telescope on the planet one night during the opposition of 1877. Suddenly the renowned astronomer glimpsed several long and narrow lines.

These lines he called *canali*. In his native language, Signor Schiaparelli's *canali* meant "channels." But in the translation, much to the everlasting horror of astronomers, this word was defined as "canals," or artificial waterways. By the time of his death in 1910, Schiaparelli had recorded a total of 113 *canali*.

Although the astronomical profession exhibited a dim view of the canal-phenomenon being created by intelligent direction, Schiaparelli is reported to have said he was careful not to "combat this supposition" that the canals were the "work of intelligent beings."

Unquestionably the foremost observer of the continually changing surface of Mars was Percival Lowell. In 1894, Professor Lowell built the quite adequate Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona —a region unsurpassed for the quality of "seeing" conditions, astronomy's prime requisite. This observatory today is still equipped with its excellent 24-inch Alvan Clark refracting telescope.

The professor's findings were dramatic to say the least. He charted a total of nearly 700 canals on the face of Mars, some as much as 300 miles in length. They intersected, he said. Where they intersected, the astronomer believed, were the "cities"— called oases —where the inhabitants gathered together to be near that ever-precious, and apparently dwindling, water supply.

Lowell believed that Mars was a dying planet. The "Martians," he theorized, were forced to construct these canals to retard the

water-vaporation process, and consequently to preserve their civilization.

Perhaps it was just wishful thinking, but 700 "charted canals" cannot easily be discarded. From 1894 to 1915 Professor Lowell and his staff carefully studied the planet.

"Mars is inhabited," Lowell finally concluded. "We have absolute proof."

The famed French astronomer Eugene M. Antoniadi—using the 33-inch Meudon telescope where perhaps significantly, "seeing" is not so favorable—claimed Lowell was mistaken, and had misinterpreted a series of "dots and dashes" for continuous lines.

Another observer, American John E. Mellish at the Yerkes 40-inch refractor, said that the Martian canals were nothing more than water-filled cracks and the oases merely volcanic crater-pits on the planet's surface. All three theories, to some degree, are accepted today.

DURING the opposition of 1877, Asaph Hall, of the Washington Naval Observatory, announced the discovery of two Martian satellites, or "moons."

The inner moon—named Phobos—is possibly five to ten miles in diameter and transits the Martian sky about three times per 24-hour period. Deimos—the outer moon—is slightly larger and circles the planet once every six days.

At the time these "moonlets" were first observed, such things as "artificial satellites" and "space stations" were not even dreamed of. However, the possibility that these satellites are some type of "way station to space" cannot be ignored. Their minute size and proximity to the planet, as is evidenced by their rapid velocities, give them an appearance quite similar to artificial satelloids.

The noted British scholar, Gerald Heard, in his *Is Another World Watching?* (Harper and Brothers, New York, 1951) suggested:

> "For the flash they (the satellites give—by which their size is gauged—could come more brightly from a far smaller body, *if* that body were for instance a gleaming globe or disk."

Other puzzling phenomena of our close planetary neighbor include the many reported observations of mysterious clouds (or "cloud-like" formations), and lights or flares.

Astronomers at Lowell Observatory viewed, for 70 minutes upon the night of December 7, 1900, a long series of blinking lights on Mars.

Professor Lowell believed they could have been signals, while the

eminent Prof. W. B. Pickering described them as "absolutely inexplicable."

A "dust-cloud-like" object was observed near the terminator of Mars by Lowell on May 20, 1903. It remained visible for several days. Several changes in the surface features of Mars were noted in mid-1909.

French observers Antoniadi and Jerry-Desloges found that the wedge-shaped *Syrtis Major* had a pointed tip in that year. And the *Phison Canal* appeared "doubled" on the 14th and 16th of September, but was its usual single feature on the 15th.

A new complicated canal system radiated from the unusually elongated *Lake of the Sun.* A month earlier, August 23 to 27, a "vast yellow cloud" covered much of the region near *Trivium Charontis.*

December, 1911, another "yellow cloud" appeared, this time south-southeast of *Syrtis Major.* It "changed in shape and size" from November 3 to December 23. Martian clouds are generally white and dissipate rapidly.

If there are Martians, they must have felt conspicuous in August of 1924. For that was the year when Mars swung around in its orbit to a distance of only 34.5 million miles—nearly one million miles closer than the 1956 approach.

From the 10th to the 12th of October, 1924, clouds appeared to project from the Martian surface and covered the large region known as *Hellas.* The dark areas of Mars appeared unusually dark. And the northern polar cap began to break up.

An extremely heavy cloud layer spread over Mars in 1926. Few *canali* were reported during this opposition.

June 4, 1937, Japanese astronomer, Sizuo Mayeda, observed an "intense flare spot" near *Sithonius Lacus* on Mars. At 500 magnifications through his 8-inch reflecting telescope, observer Mayeda viewed this phenomenon for a full five minutes. He declared it to be far brighter than the white clouds or polar caps.

At a meeting of the American Philosophical Society in April, 1938, Dr. V. M. Slipher, then Director of the Lowell Observatory, told the gathering that he had found "evidence of changes in the canal system of Mars, as if their pattern had been altered by design."

Little was heard of Mars for the next few years, as it slipped away from us. The planet gradually extended outward in its eccentric orbit during the war years.

For several years Tsuneo Saheki, of the Japanese Osaka Planetarium, was destined to observe one of

Mars' oddest phenomena: the "flare" anomaly. The noted Saheki has specialized in studying the Red Planet since 1933. Saheki's initial sighting was on the night of December 9, 1949, when he observed a luminous yellow cloud, 700 miles in diameter and 40 miles above the planet's surface. It was followed by a "brilliant glow" lasting several minutes.

His next observation came on December 8, 1951. This time he saw "a sharp, glaring spot suddenly appear on Tithonius Lacus." Saheki described it as being as bright as a 6th magnitude star (about the faintest dot the unaided human eye can pick out on an exceptionally clear night), and "decidedly brighter" than the northern polar cap. Although gradually changing into the appearance of a large cloud, the "flare" scintillated for about five minutes.

The third and final "flare" was viewed in July, 1954, when the Mars observer saw *Edom Promontorium* suddenly brighten for about five seconds. Although another astronomer, Ichiro Tosaka, missed the "flare," he did record the apparent extra brightness of the region. To this date there has been no satisfactory explanation for the mysterious "flares."

Saheki has suggested the phenomena may be of volcanic origin. But Dr. Dean B. McLaughlin, of the University of Michigan, attempted to discredit this theory by noting that if the great Mount Vesuvius eruption of 1779 had occurred on Mars, it would have had only a brightness in the 16th or 17th magnitude range—when observed from Earth—almost inconspicuous to the largest telescope. Dr. McLaughlin suggests exploring the possibility that these "flares" may be only sunlight reflected from ice-crystals in the planet's upper atmosphere.

A far more daring explanation involves the theory of the phenomena being created by the detonations of atomic or hydrogen devices.

The late John J. O'Neill, former amateur astronomer and science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune,* analyzed Saheki's earlier report. *Had* the phenomenon been of artificial nuclear reaction, he reasoned, we are faced with two possibilities. The first is that it was the detonation of an atomic warhead on an experimental guided missile directed from the earth. And, secondly, the possibility that intelligent beings on Mars discharged the device (or devices).

The science editor concluded that the phenomenon "remains a mystery."

In 1953 the International Mars Committee was organized to de-

velop a program for the 1954 and 1956 oppositions. It consisted of an informal group of astronomers, meteorologists, astro-physicists, and other experts.

The Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff was designated as the coordinating center for the project. The observatories of Bosscha (Java), Kodaikanal (India), Helwan (Egypt), Lamont-Hussey (South Africa), Pic du Midi (France), and Eva Peron (Argentina) were officially active in the program.

An additional 10 observatories—five in the United States, two in Japan, and one each in South Africa, New Zealand and Australia—cooperated unofficially. The American stations included Mount Wilson and Palomar.

A Lowell Observatory expedition to the University of Michigan's Lamont-Hussey Observatory at Bloemfontein, South Africa, was sponsored by The National Geographic Society in 1954. It was headed by Dr. E. C. Slipher, brother of the previously mentioned V. M. Slipher.

Their objective was to obtain as much information as possible on both the atmosphere and surface features. To do this, the "Mars Patrol" —as the group was officially known—distributed special lenses, filters and film plates to its members. The filters consisted of the colors light-blue, yellow, and red. The blue filters enabled photographs to be taken of only the planet's atmospheric belts, while the yellow and red filters penetrated the atmosphere to show surface detail.

It is difficult to estimate to what extent the cooperating observatories were successful in their programs. The findings of many of the foreign projects are still unknown.

However, it is known that Dr. E. C. Slipher did take some 20,000 photographs of the mysterious planet—many in full color—through the 27-inch Lamont-Hussey refractor at South Africa. Of these 20,000 photos, 50 percent are of a very high quality, and about 70 percent were described as "extremely useful."

On the other side of the world, the Mount Wilson Observatory, near Pasadena, Calif., focused both its 60 and 100-inch reflectors at the mystery planet. Astronomers Robert S. Richardson and Edison Pettit logged about two hours observing time on each of 20 different "good" nights. (*Good,* of course, referring to the so-called "good" seeing conditions.)

Using a Mitchell motion picture camera, the pair took a total of 4700 yellow-filter and 3200 blue-filter pictures utilizing both large telescopes. A one-third-inch image of

Mars was recorded on the motion picture film. However, probably because of the proximity of the planet to the horizon, only 40 percent of the pictures were rated as "above fair" to "good."

The Drs. Richardson and Pettit may have been the first to record a new and rather odd type of Martian phenomenon. Appearing only in the blue filter pictures—as it was strictly an atmospheric phenomenon—a peculiar "*W*-shaped cloud" covered an area on the edge of Mars of nearly 1100 miles.

But the mysterious object was in still another way unusual. First photographed at Mount Wilson on June 2, 1954, it was later photographed (the same W-shape) by Dr. Slipher at Bloemfontein from June 20 to July 4, an unheard of length of time for a cloud to stay in existence. Dr. Slipher voiced the belief that the cloud may have "reformed" every afternoon and dissipated each evening.

The Mount Wilson astronomers discovered that bright spots, or "knobs", were centered at the three intersections of the *W*. They were found to generally correspond to the oases of *Hebes Lacus, Tithonius Lacus, Ascraeus Lacus* and *Arsia Silva*. Stems of the *W*-shape seemed to connect to the canals of *Ulysses* and *Fortunae*.

Undoubtedly the most dramatic change of any Martian surface feature was in the canal of *Thoth*, or *Thoth-Nepenthes*. Here, in the relatively short period of one Martian year (687 days), this canal-like feature changed into an area twice the size of our isle of Madagascar, rivaling almost any outstanding feature on Earth.

Good "seeing" conditions prevailed at Bloemfontein, South Africa, where the National Geographic-Lowell Observatory expedition had been sent. An unusual number of the canals stood out to the eyes of observers. Dr. Slipher, regarded as one of the world's foremost authorities on Mars, reported that one canal ran for 1500 miles without a bend. Occasionally one canal would run directly through another—"something no sensible river would do."

EARLY in 1956, the author called Dr. Slipher at the Lowell Observatory. (As the year's opposition was not due until the coming September, the astronomer was scheduled to remain at Lowell until late spring or early summer.)

"Do you believe the expanded scope of the 1956 'Mars Program' will prove, with some degree of finality, *if* Mars is inhabited?" the author asked.

"Not directly," Dr. Slipher replied.

The reason for this, he told me, was that the primary function of

the International Mars Committee is to obtain the best possible measurements of the planet's atmospheric composition, temperature readings and variations, details of surface features and a myraid of other objectives too numerous to mention. When all of the final data is in and correlation and analyses have taken place, then we may have "the answer."

Mentioning the *canali* enigma, Dr. Slipher told me that many astronomers hold the view that the canals are definitely not of intelligent construction. "But," he added, "it is equally difficult to explain them as natural features."

The author injected a rather touchy question by asking the astronomer to estimate the percentage probability of the canals being intelligently constructed.

"Under fifty percent," was the reply.

In attempting to pin him down to a more specific answer, I suggested a 25 percent probability. Dr. Slipher responded in the affirmative.

Contacting Dr. Robert S. Richardson, at the Mount Wilson Observatory office in Pasadena, I put the same question to him.

He took the conservative viewpoint, by saying there was no "proof" that the Martian canals were anything but a natural phenomena. He did say, however, that he had seen three canals—describing them as "streaks"—during one of his observations in July, 1954.

In his book, *Exploring Mars* (McGraw-Hill Book Co. Inc., New York, 1954), Dr. Richardson commented upon the intriguing *W*-shaped cloud.

Mars, he pointed out, is named after—unfortunately!—the god of war. And the letter *W* "immediately suggests the word *War* . . ." But that wasn't all.

The astronomical telescope, as most of us know, *inverts* the image. Therefore the object would actually, if viewed correctly, be the letter *M*—for *Mars?*

"We shudder," added Astronomer Richardson, "when we think of the impact this information will have on that part of the population of the United States who write letters to astronomers!"

Still writing on the Martian cloud, the author commented regarding the *W*-shape:

> "White clouds have been photographed on Mars many times before, but so far as I can discover they have been of irregular form and have lasted for only a few days. What conditions on Mars could have produced line-like markings a thousand miles in length that remain fixed in position for a month or more?"

Elsewhere in his fine book, Dr. Robert S. Richardson deplores the *lack* of acceptable photographs of the canal-phenomenon. But he added that since such relatively long durations are required to photograph the planet, usually from one to five seconds, these intricate lines would expectedly be blurred on photographic plates. The eye, of course, can catch such fleeting objects in a fraction of a second.

But while rummaging through some lantern slides at Mount Wilson after writing the foregoing and yet prior to its publication, Dr. Richardson said in addendum, he found a faded envelope containing four lantern slides from Dr. E. C. Slipher at Lowell. The photographs were taken in 1909 and 1916. Several of the 1916 photographs showed definite "streaks."

An opinion had apparently changed.

"One doesn't have to imagine these streaks," wrote Dr. Richardson. "They are in plain sight for all to see."

What about 1956?

It takes years to thoroughly examine and collate astronomical data. For this reason only an extremely minute percentage of information is available at the writing, and this is probably incomplete. Undoubtedly the most promising new developments for 1956 are the three newly unveiled devices to simultaneously view and photograph the planetary phenomena.

These devices employ a TV-like system, of great light-gathering ability and resolution The light from an astronomical body is focused upon an image-orthicon tube and then is photo-amplified and projected on a kinescope screen.

The greatest advantage of such a system is its tremendous light amplification. It can, for example, "make" a 200-inch telescope out of the Yerkes' 40-inch refractor.

For something like Mars, it will mean that photographic exposure time can be cut to about 1/25th to 1/50th of a second, a fraction of the time now used for direct-plate photography. And that is only the beginning. It is difficult to estimate at this time how far the system may be perfected even in the near future.

This "Lumicon" and kindred devices, many astronomers feel, are the only hope of resolving the *canali*-mystery without first going to Mars. The extremely brief exposure durations may easily "catch" the brief periods of super-seeing, when the intricate lines of Mars' surface stagger some astronomical imaginations.

These TV-like systems were used during the peak 1956 opposition, and are in use at this writing. If these devices are as satisfactory

as now believed, much new knowledge of the mystery planet may be revealed at any moment.

In 1956, as in 1954, Dr. E. C. Slipher again headed the Lowell Observatory-National Geographic expedition to the South African observatory.

Thousands of amateur astronomers and amateur astronomer groups throughout the world spent endless hours observing the Red Planet. Unlike other hobbyists, most amateurs are recognized as accurate and valuable observers, and have contributed much over the years to the study of our planetary neighbors. Their instruments are not usually large, ranging from 6- to 12-inches in diameter, but of unexcelled quality for their size of aperture. The larger telescopes of the professional observatories magnify the atmospheric turbulence and "poor seeing" as well as the Martian disc itself, so their usefulness is extremely limited. For this reason, the 200-inch Hale telescope atop Mount Palomar is virtually never turned towards the enigmatic planet.

One group comprising professional and amateur astronomers alike is known as the Association of Lunar and Planetary Observers. Their bi-monthly journal, *The Strolling Astronomer,* publishes the reports and observations as they are communicated to them.

Here are typical findings for 1956 concerning Mars:

From mid-August, a gigantic yellow dust cloud spread over nearly half the planet's visible surface, obscuring much intricate detail. It has been described as the most violent dust-storm in astronomical annals of observations of Mars. Dr. Sadao Murayama, of the Tokyo National Science Museum, first observed the cloud when 1400 miles long and 300 miles wide, on August 16.

A one-second "flash of white light" was spotted on the eastern edge of the Martian disc (near Ausonia) on August 25 by amateur astronomer R. R. Richardson, Jr. After the flash, the astronomer said, a white spot extended "beyond the limb," and remained visible for a total of 30 minutes.

On August 30, University of Chicago astronomer, Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper, reported that a "dust cloud," invisible the night before, took a form 1000 miles in length and 30 miles wide. He observed this "unusual phenomenon" from the McDonald Observatory of the University of Texas.

The following day, he said, the cloud elongated to a length of 3000 miles and had a width of 250 miles in the strange shape of the letter "W."

From Auckland, New Zealand, amateur astronomer R. A. McIntosh reported the Martian ice cap melted three months earlier than usual in 1956. He said this would "create some excitement."

In Japan, Dr. Michikazu Onishi sighted several of the elusive "canals" in the planet's northern hemisphere, at Kobe. He also observed several "white clouds" near the polar regions.

Tsuneo Saheki of the Osaka Observatory described a comet-like object near Mars. Other astronomers voiced doubt that the phenomenon may have been a comet.

Drs. Robert S. Richardson and Robert Leighton took several thousand color photographs of Mars through the Mount Wilson Observatory's 60- and 100-inch telescopes. One project was the hope of discovering if Mars had a third satellite. No data has so far been revealed.

At the Western Amateur Astronomers convention Aug. 30, 1956, at Flagstaff, Arizona, the site of the Lowell Observatory, Research Chemist Wells A. Webb told the gathering that he believed the Martian canals were created by life on the planet.

He related how he compared the reported canal-pattern of Mars to known phenomena of accidental or intelligent creation: spider-webs, mud-crack fissures, communications patterns, and the like.

Mud crack fissures intersected in threes, spider web strands in fours. But, Webb said, only man-made arteries, such as railroad patterns, gathered in higher numbers like the canals. All of which brings this rather meager information as much up to date as possible.

When all the data is in; when the new observations are correlated and placed in their proper perspective; when the information unveiled by recent scientific approaches to resolving the Martian mysteries are examined, re-examined, and placed in the light of the latest knowledge on the subject—then the world may learn for the first time if Mars is inhabited by intelligent life. But more likely we shall have to await newer knowledge and further discoveries in this fascinating field.

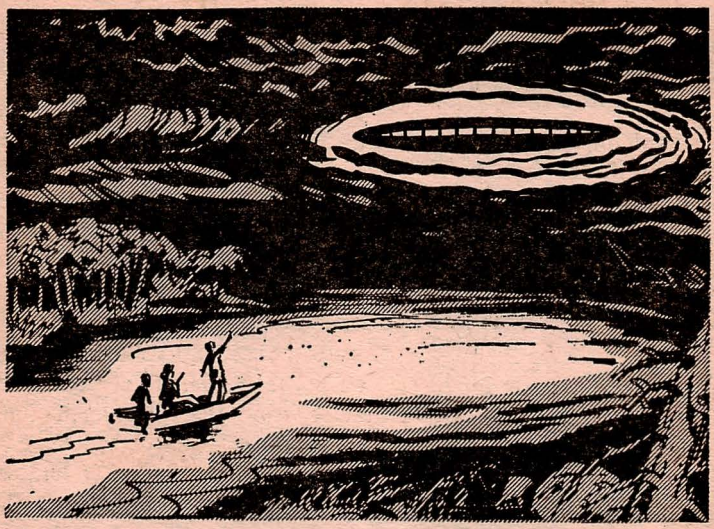
Soon we may learn if the canals are only optical illusions, misinterpretations of natural surface markings and fissures, lichen, or cobwebs before tired eyes . . .

Soon we may learn if Percival Lowell, the pioneer, was right when he told the world: "Mars is inhabited. We have absolute proof."

Or we may have to wait until we get there.



Tokyo Space Ship



By Norman Sklarewitz

The long, white object sped silently across the horizon. It was bathed in an eerie, pulsating light.

I HAVE JUST come from interviewing the first American to see a UFO in the Orient.

For more than an hour he gave me a vivid word picture of the sighting in the precise, technical language of a trained engineer.

The eye witness was Wilfred S. Hardy, of Corona Del Mar, Calif. He is a civilian employee of the U.S. Army in Japan, assigned as assistant safety engineer at the big Tokyo Engineer Supply Center.

Here are the facts of this important UFO sighting as reported exclusively to FATE.

Hardy, his wife and a Japanese boatboy were duck hunting on Lake Imba-numa on the Bozo Peninsula about 50 miles from Tokyo

on November 11, 1957. They had been out most of the day and shortly after dark the boatboy poled their flat-bottomed craft out of the tall reeds and across the still water toward shore.

Suddenly the trio saw an incredible sight.

A long, shimmering object cut silently across the horizon.

"It was a space ship," Hardy told me quietly, with no hint of doubt in his voice. "It wasn't a flying saucer, not a meteor, not an airplane—and not an hallucination."

The Californian is an engineer and he tried to assemble every bit of evidence to document his amazing sighting.

He snapped his flashlight onto his watch: it was 5:55.

He took visual sightings as quickly as he could. The object was about 10 degrees above the horizon, moving from north to south below the planet Venus which then was rising brilliantly in the western sky.

"The ship was perhaps 10, 15 or even 20 miles away," he said. "It was too far to make out such details as windows or antenna, if there were any. But it was long, at least 200 feet long, perhaps as much as 500 feet—depending on the actual distance it was from us."

The object held to a perfectly level course, at a speed that Hardy described as being like that of a jet or perhaps faster. His estimate was 600 to 800 m.p.h.

Body of the UFO was white, not a painted white but a glowing white.

It wasn't the size nor speed of the object that held the three persons spell-bound. It was its eerie, pulsating light.

"It was surrounded with shimmering colored lights," Hardy told me. "It looked like the object had its own Aurora Borealis—reds, greens, blues and yellows. I've hunted a lot in northern Canada and have seen the phenomena many times; it was almost the same."

In addition, the UFO had what appeared to be an exhaust flame shooting out from its aft section. The colors of this propulsive flame were red and purple.

"We had the space ship in full view for about 10 seconds," Hardy said. "That may not sound like a long time but as we watched it was plenty long enough to see every detail."

It was so bright, in fact, he said, that it cast its reflection on the waters and "lit up the whole lake."

After we talked, I had an artist draw a number of sketches. Hardy picked out a cross between a zeppelin and a cigar as the shape closest to what he had seen.

He would not be shaken from

his conviction that he had seen a UFO and that his description was accurate. "I've done surveying in Saudi Arabia and know what objects look like when seen through heat waves and when viewed at great distances over an unbroken surface. I didn't mistake this for any falling star or for Sputnik either," he said firmly.

As is generally the case with UFO sightings, this one was not restricted. At precisely the same time that Hardy made his check—5:55 p.m., hundreds of Japanese residents of the Tokyo area reported a "fireball". Their calls flooded the switchboard of the Tokyo Astronomical Observatory for several hours.

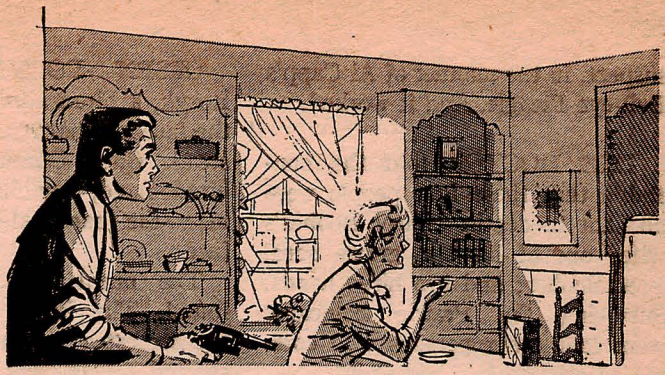
WITCHCRAFT IN WEST GERMANY

RECENTLY the Ministry of Social Affairs of West Germany ended a year's investigation of the practice of witchcraft in the state of Lower Saxony. Dr. Rolf Bunnemann, who was in charge of the study, reported the belief in and the practice of witchcraft to be so widespread that the ministry has launched an educational campaign to combat it.

Village and peasant life in Lower Saxony has retained many of the patterns formed during Medieval times. Residents in the area of Lueneburg Heath—a 60-mile expanse of low, rolling land between the Weser and Elbe Rivers—particularly were found to be living a static existence. It was reported that 65 per cent of the rural population in this area held some degree of belief in the supernatural.

A recent report of the German Medical Information Service on the incidence of superstitious belief in the German Federal Republic estimates that 10,000 persons were engaged in the medieval practice of dehexing. A majority were described as fakes, while a lesser number were said to be firmly convinced that they had the power to lift curses and combat evil spirits. The more well-known exorcisers, or *Hexenbanner*, were reported to charge up to 500 marks, or $120, for removing a supposed curse.

Health officers found that so-called witches were believed to be capable of causing their victims to suffer from warts, fainting spells and skin eruptions. In many cases of illness a physician was not consulted because of the fear that witchcraft was involved and that medical treatment might provoke the witch to inflict even greater suffering.



MIND-READER
who trapped Alberta's Mad Murderer

Inspector Hancock "couldn't believe it" but there was all the evidence—turned up by Mentalist Maximilian Langsner.

By Alan Hynd

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FOUR YOU SAY, doctor? Four people *murdered?*" Const. Frederick Olsen, of the Alberta division, RCMP, could hardly believe his ears. In Mannville Alta., Canada, about 9 p.m., July 9, 1928, Olsen was talking to Dr. Harley Heaslip, a physician, who was calling from the large and prosperous farm of Henry Booher, five miles from Mannville.

"The Boohers are patients of mine," the doctor told the veteran investigator. "It happened sometime after supper. I've no idea who's responsible."

"I'll be right there," Olsen said.

This was the curtain-raiser on Alberta's most baffling murder case, a mass slaughter so insoluble that police risked the horse laugh in their desperation. They called in a Vancouver mind-reader and hypnotist to put the whammy on their

suspect, in the manner of Al Capp's Evil-eye Fleagle. And it worked.

THE DOCTOR told the constable that these four people were all shot to death: Henry Booher's wife; one of his two grown sons, Fred Booher; and two hired hands. Surviving the Prairie holocaust were four other persons who completed the Booher household.

Two survivors, teen-age daughters of the murdered woman, left the farm immediately after supper, to attend a basketball game in Mannville. The other two were the father, Henry Booher, and his 21-year-old son, Vernon.

"Henry Booher and Vernon were in the fields after supper," the doctor added. "Vernon came in about 8:30, discovered the quadruple killing, and phoned me."

When Olsen entered the house with Dr. Heaslip, Booher and his son, Vernon, were staring at their wife and mother. She was slumped over the dining room table, shot through the back of the head.

Dr. Heaslip said, "Vernon's brother is out in the kitchen."

Fred Booher lay face downward. Olsen leaned down and saw Fred had been shot, several times, in the face. "He was coming into the house," Olsen said to the doctor. "He heard the shots that killed his mother, and was shot down as he entered."

OLSEN FOUND WILLIAM Rosyk, a hired hand, shot through the face in a barn behind the homestead. Gabe Goromby, a second hired hand, lay in a bunkhouse near the barn, also shot in the face.

The murder weapon was not found. The killer didn't disturb the homestead or the bodies, which seemed to rule out robbery.

Olsen concluded Mrs. Booher, the only one of the four victims shot from behind, had been the killer's prime objective. If Fred Booher had been shot in the kitchen, before his mother was killed, she wouldn't have been sitting in the next room, picking strawberries. The two hired men were probably shot after the deaths of Mrs. Booher and her son, perhaps because they recognized the murderer.

After supper, Olsen learned, Mrs. Booher had begun the dishes; the girls had gone to a basketball game; the menfolk had gone to different parts of the 200-acre farm. The hired hands, Goromby and Rosyk, and Fred, the doomed brother, had been working within sight of the homestead. Vernon and his father, however, had gone to distant points of the property, not within sight of each other.

Olsen now wandered around the kitchen, poking here and there, looking for everything in general, and nothing in particular. He ab-

sent-mindedly dipped into a basin of dirty water near the body of Fred Booher. "Hello!" he said. "What's this?" He was holding an empty cartridge shell. "The murderer," Olsen mused, "was careful to pick up all his shells. But this one landed in the basin of water. It just might hang him."

THE SHELL WAS from a .303 calibre British rifle. The Boohers owned no such rifle.

A .303 British rifle had vanished from the home of a man who lived nearby. The man himself, above suspicion, had no idea who stole it. The shell Olsen found had easily identified markings; the stolen rifle had been used by the killer. But where was it?

Olsen, in close contact with Henry and Vernon Booher, turned abruptly one day. He caught Vernon looking at him with intense hatred.

"Vernon," asked Olsen, putting into words the first question that came into his head, "why don't you have a girl?"

"I don't like girls," said Vernon. Which put an idea in Olsen's head: to find out *why* Vernon Booher didn't like girls.

The answer was in Mannville; a pretty miss there had been sweet on Vernon, Olsen learned. But she gave him the heave-ho six months earlier.

"On account of his mother," she said. "Mrs. Booher was always making remarks about me," said the girl. "She was trying to poison Vernon's mind against me.

"Well, Vernon stopped seeing me about six months ago. He *was* paying attention to the lies his mother was telling him about me."

"What kind of lies?"

"About my morals. I'm a good girl, and Mrs. Booher told Vernon I wasn't. I said, 'Vernon, go ahead and believe your mother if you want to.' I told him that I didn't want to go out with him again."

"And you never did?"

"No, and he was sorry, too, believe me."

OLSEN DROVE OUT TO the Booher farm, and put it squarely up to Vernon: "Did you hate your mother?" Vernon gave the Constable a black look. "Vernon," Olsen said, "you killed your mother—and the others."

Vernon asked, in a very mild tone, "Have you found the rifle?"

The officer shuddered at the coldbloodedness of the query. "No," he said.

"Well," said Vernon, "how do you expect to convict me? I'll never confess, you know."

Vernon Booher, charged with murder, was taken to Provincial Police headquarters at Edmonton.

He was confronted by Inspector William Hancock.

"You might as well confess, Vernon," said the fatherly police inspector.

"That's what you think," said Booher.

Day followed day. Hancock was letting Booher have everything in his legal bag of tricks, but Booher wasn't vulnerable. The inspector could never get a conviction without a confession. And the inspector knew a confession was out of the question, unless he could find the murder rifle, and convince Booher his fingerprints were on it.

Inspector Hancock was reading the paper one night, when he saw a story from Vancouver. A mind-reader, Maximilian Langsner, claimed to have solved crimes in various parts of the world, by reading the thoughts of criminals.

Hancock's superiors would think he was off the trolley, he reflected, if they heard that he called in a mind-reader to solve the Booher crime. But Hancock was quietly desperate. Hancock told himself this mind-reader couldn't do any *worse* than police had done. The Inspector called Vancouver, crossed his fingers and hoped for the best.

TWO DAYS LATER, Maximilian Langsner, a dapper 35-year-old, who looked like Adolphe Menjou, the movie actor, arrived in Edmonton. Langsner wore clothes like Menjou, too, and carried a walking stick as if he had been born with one.

"I can tell you what you're thinking, Inspector," he told Hancock. "You think I'm a fraud. You are trying me through desperation."

"It doesn't take a mentalist to know that," said the Inspector.

"But I would like to explain to you how I work," said Langsner. The little man had dark brown eyes, compelling and luminous, like those of Al Capp's Swami. Langsner said he was born in Vienna, and studied mental telepathy in the Orient.

"Take a case I solved not long ago in Berlin," said Langsner. "They had a prisoner locked up for a jewel robbery. They didn't know where the jewels were. I sat outside the prisoner's cell, and 'tuned in' on his mind, just as you would tune in a radio program. I got a complete picture of just where the jewels were hidden. Simple."

"Not so fast," said Hancock. "You say you *tuned in* on the prisoner's mind? How?"

"Mental telepathy has become a lost means of communication, through centuries of disuse," said Langsner. "Before men could talk, they communicated with each other through telepathy."

"Go on," said the inspector.

"The human mind sends out electrical impulses," Langsner explained. "Certain other human minds, trained and particularly sensitive, can receive the impluses from other minds."

HANCOCK OUTLINED the Booher case. "I want to know where Vernon Booher hid that rifle," he finished.

"Easy," said Langsner. "If the rifle is important to you, it's important to him. His mind will, therefore, send out strong impluses."

"Frankly," said Inspector Hancock, "I am skeptical. But go ahead and try."

Early in the afternoon, Langsner walked along the corridor of Booher's cell block, carrying a chair. He sat down immediately outside of the bars of Vernon's cell, and began staring at the prisoner.

Booher ignored Langsner. The little mentalist didn't mind. They all ignored him at first; in the end, they all broke down. It was just a question of time.

Not a word was exchanged.

During the fourth hour, Booher began to sweat. He turned to Langsner and let loose a torrent of oaths. "I don't know who you are," he roared, "but I wish you'd get the hell away from here!" Langsner just lit a cigarette, and continued to stare at Booher.

During the fifth hour, Vernon dropped down on his cot, apparently exhausted. Hancock appeared at the end of the corridor, and Langsner motioned him away. Booher had turned away from Langsner, after the explosion during the fourth hour; now, as he sat down on his cot, he looked up at the mind-reader.

This, Langsner said later, was the moment he had been waiting for. Booher exhausted by suspense, was no longer able to fight; he no longer had the strength, in fact, to look away. He was like a hooked fish.

Five hours, to the minute, after he had taken his seat outside Booher's cell, Langsner got up, Booher fell back on his cot, and went into a deep sleep.

LANGSNER WALKED into Hancock's office. "I have a very clear impression, Inspector," he said, "of a rifle hidden in a clump of bushes, 500 or 600 feet from a farmhouse. Let me have a pencil and paper."

Hancock looked over the mentalist's shoulder, as Langsner sketched a farmhouse, a clump of bushes, and two trees—one tree about halfway between the house and the bushes, and another tree just beyond the bushes. Only a part of the house was sketched—the part

of the house nearest the point where the rifle was supposed to be hidden in the bushes. But the part of the house that was sketched looked exactly like part of the Booher homestead.

When the sketch was completed, Hancock asked, "What color is the house you've drawn, Mr. Langsner?"

"White, with red shutters," said Langsner. That was the color of the Booher homestead.

Hancock drove Langsner to the Booher property at twilight. The Inspector looked at Langsner's sketch when he got out of the car. The house, the two trees, and the clump of bushes were just as they were in the mind reader's sketch.

"Ah," said Langsner, "that must be where the gun is." He pointed to the clump of bushes about 200 yards distant. Then, incredibly enough, he ran to the bushes, quickly explored them, and was standing with a .303 British rifle in his hands when Inspector Hancock reached the spot.

HANCOCK WAS TOO dumbfounded to say anything. Langsner showed no indication he considered he had done anything out of the ordinary.

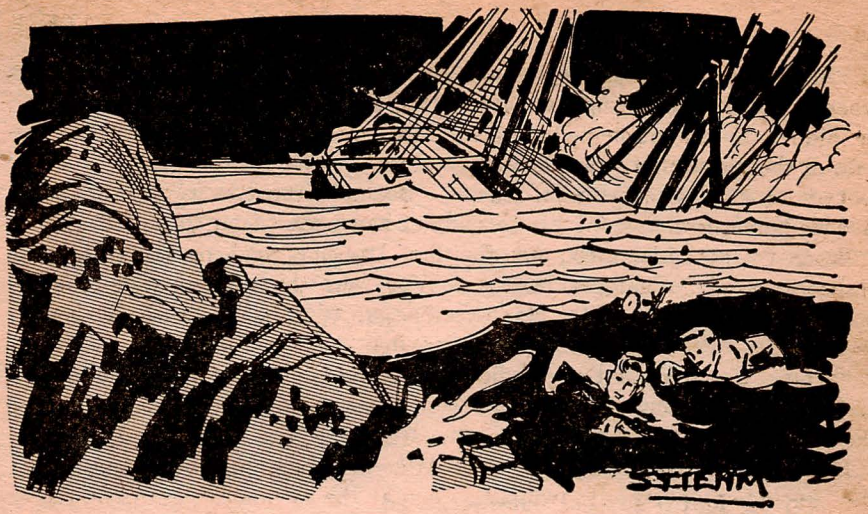
Back in Edmonton, Hancock showed Vernon Booher the rifle, "We have," he lied, "found fingerprints on it, Vernon. Your fingerprints."

Booher wanted to know how the gun had been found. Hancock told him Langsner had read his mind. "You were thinking so hard about the gun," Hancock heard himself saying, "that you projected a mental picture of where it was hidden to Mr. Langsner."

That was too much for Booher. After more sessions with Langsner, one at the farmhouse, scene of the crime, with the Booher girls staring at him from around the farm kitchen stove, he confessed. As Olsen deduced, Vernon's hatred for his mother, because she had broken up a love affair, motivated the crime. Fred Booher, and the two hired hands, had been removed as witnesses. Then Vernon carefully secreted the rifle, and phoned the alarm to Dr. Heaslip.

The day Vernon Booher went to the gallows, Hancock fell to talking about Langsner with some newspaper reporters. Langsner had long since left Western Canada for the Far East.

"Boys," Inspector Hancock told the scribes, "I saw that little fellow operate with my own eyes—and I still don't believe it."



"His Wonders to Perform"

MIRACLES AT SEA

By Harvey Berman

The series of disasters was strange enough—but even stranger, they seem to have been arranged for one purpose.

On a blustery October morning in 1829 the schooner *Mermaid* set sail from Sydney, Australia, for Collier Bay on the west coast of the continent. Captain Samuel Nolbrow was at the wheel and there were 18 seamen and three passengers aboard. Rarely have 22 sea-going souls been subjected to greater privations or caught up in a more fantastic chain of events than were these persons. The series of incidents that followed their setting sail defy the imagination and are probably without parallel in the history of man against the sea.

For three days the *Mermaid* followed her course without mishap. The wind was fair. The sky was

clear. The glass was steady. Sydney was far astern when Captain Nolbrow went below, as he usually did during the uneventful voyage around northern Australia, leaving his vessel in charge of his second in command. The crew, for their part—once the skipper had gone to keep company with his "wee little Scotties" contained in a case of good English whiskey purchased just before sailing time—lolled about the deck basking in the sun, and attended to their few duties.

On the fourth day out, however, the wind died down abruptly and an uneasy silence fell over the becalmed *Mermaid*. The quiet and the lack of motion suddenly wrenched a red-nosed Nolbrow out of his stupor and back to the helm of his schooner. On deck he noticed that the barometer was falling and that the sky was a sullen wall of darkness. His crew stood idly by, waiting for whatever was coming.

Shortly before midnight—when the *Mermaid* was in Torres Strait, a treacherous body of water separating Australia and New Guinea and strewn with a thousand and one traps for a ship—the storm hit. High winds ripped through the schooner's rigging and hurled mammoth waves over her starboard rail. Hard rain beat down relentlessly. Frantically, Nolbrow watched the *Mermaid* being driven toward a ridge of rocks to the north. Desperately he attempted to stave off disaster. Nothing, however, would turn the ship from its storm-driven course, from its rendezvous with destruction.

Three hours after the storm first hit the *Mermaid* struck a coral reef. With a hiss and an impact that rocked the vessel from stem to stern, her bottom was ripped away and the angry sea poured into her hold.

"Abandon ship," Nolbrow ordered.

Disorganized seamen and passengers hurled themselves over the side and started swimming toward an immense rock jutting out of the water about 200 feet downwind. In the panic and the darkness it seemed certain that the loss of life would be heavy. Yet, later, when the exhausted Captain Nolbrow pulled himself up onto the rock—having been the last to abandon his ship—a count revealed that all 22 persons aboard the *Mermaid* had made it to safety. Incredible but true—not a single life had been lost in the violent sea that had sunk the *Mermaid*.

Three days elapsed before help arrived. Finally, the bark *Swiftsure* hove into view and picked up the *Mermaid's* survivors. Continuing on her course then, the *Swiftsure* headed west.

But disaster struck for the sec-

ond time. Passing close to New Guinea, the *Swiftsure* found herself caught up in an overpowering current—a current that was not indicated on any of the excellent charts of the area. And the *Swiftsure* was dashed to pieces against rocks which jutted out along the coastline. Again the order "abandon ship" was given. This time two crews abandoned ship—the survivors of the ill-fated *Mermaid* and their rescuers from the *Swiftsure*. And again, all aboard were safe.

Aid was not long in coming this time. That very same day the *Governor Ready*, with a crew of 32, sailed over the horizon. The castaways were taken aboard the schooner and the *Governor Ready* clapped on sail and resumed her trip, sailing to disaster even faster than had the *Mermaid* and the *Swiftsure*. Only hours after the rescue the schooner caught fire and three sets of survivors lowered the *Governor Ready's* longboats and rowed for safety. Around them lay hundreds of miles of water—a vast expanse through which few vessels traveled. The outlook was not bright. Nevertheless, by some miracle, the government cutter *Comet* appeared. A storm had blown her off course. Sighting the exhausted seamen she headed for them. By evening all survivors had been taken aboard.

Three ships lay at the bottom of the sea and not a single life had been lost. The crews and passengers of the *Mermaid*, *Swiftsure*, and *Governor Ready* were all aboard the *Comet*, hungry, weary, but alive.

For a week all went well. But the *Mermaid's* crew, believing that they must have a Jonah among them, was strangely silent. The crew of the *Swiftsure* huddled in one corner while the seamen of the *Governor Ready* sat in still another place. The *Comet's* sailors, meanwhile, shunned the company of all three crews, looking upon their guests with uneasy suspicion.

Their fears, as subsequent events proved, were justified. A sudden storm blew up and by the time the winds and the rain subsided the *Comet* was a doomed ship. Four crews now took to the water. The men aboard the *Comet* launched a longboat, while the other three crews floundered in the violent sea, desperately attempting to keep afloat on odds and ends of wreckage.

Eighteen hours passed in this fashion, 18 hours of fighting the cold sea and the hungry sharks that circled the floundering men. Hope was nearly gone when the packet *Jupiter* came up and rescued the exhausted sailors from what had seemed certain death. When the captains of the four lost ves-

sels checked their men they discovered that for the fourth time all hands had been saved. Somehow, despite four successive disasters, the complete companies of four sunken vessels—every last man of them—were still together, still alive.

Yet, it is hard to believe, the misfortunes of the *Mermaid's* crew and the four crews that had rescued them, were not over. Two days from port the *Jupiter* struck a reef and sank. This time the *City Of Leeds* was nearby. A rescue was quickly accomplished and the *City Of Leeds* continued towards her destination.

Now misfortune of another sort appeared. This time a passenger, an elderly Englishwoman, fell gravely ill. Dr. Thomas Sparks, the ship's physician, gave her only a few hours to live.

During these last hours there was only one thing that the woman wanted. Delirious, she called constantly for her son, a boy she had not seen since he ran away to join the Royal Navy, nearly 15 years before. Finally, coming up on deck, Dr. Sparks cast about for a sailor who would match the age and general appearance of the vanished youth the patient spoke about. He found a perfect substitute among the crew of the *Mermaid.* Thirty years old, tall, with blue eyes and dark hair, the man even had been born in England. Moreover, when asked to help the young man proved willing to deceive the elderly woman so that she might die in peace.

Together, the doctor and the seaman went below. Outside the woman's cabin the physician turned to his accomplice and told him what he must do.

"Listen carefully, lad," he said. "The poor woman's name is Sarah Richley. I want you to pretend that you're her son, Peter. Got that? Remember the name—Peter Richley—don't make a mistake."

The sailor was no longer listening. His face had turned white and he leaned against the wall in the narrow companionway. Sparks looked at him in astonishment.

"There, boy, what's the matter?" he asked. "Don't tell me you've lost your stomach for this act of mercy."

The seaman, barely able to talk, whispered, "I needn't repeat the name you gave me, Dr. Sparks. I mean. . .I mean. . .that I won't forget it. You see, sir, my name *is* Peter Richley, and the old woman you say is dying in there must be my mother, that I haven't seen since I left Yorkshire 15 years ago come this Whitsunday."

Thus one good circumstance came of this amazing saga of disaster on the high seas. Fate had brought together Sarah and Peter

Richley even though it had sacrificed five vessels to do it. At the same time not a single life had been lost. All of the five captains were cited for valor and advanced in rank. All of the cargo destroyed was covered by insurance. It appears the insurance companies paid for Fate's whim.

Further, the reunion achieved more than the doctor had expected of it. Mrs. Richley was so happy to see her son that her condition immediately took a turn for the better. As a matter of fact, she lived for nearly 20 years more, in a house her long-lost son built for her in Sydney.

THE AGE OF LIFE

USING radio-chemical methods of dating, Prof. Arthur Holmes of the University of Edinburgh claims to have established "beyond reasonable doubt" that primitive forms of life have existed on earth for at least 2,000,000,000 and probably 3,000,000,000 years. Former estimates of the age of life usually have been around 800,000,000 years.

Prof. Holmes' conclusions are considered remarkable because, according to the most recent calculations, the earth is 4,500,000,000 years old. Prof. Holmes, reputed to be one of the most distinguished geologists in Britain, has devoted years of study to rocks in which fossils were found. His work has the support of numerous geological experts who conducted independent investigations into the age of rocks and the fossils in them.

Prof. Holmes' new estimates are based on discoveries in Canada, Britain and South Africa of the remains of algae, fungus spores and protozoa in the most ancient rocks in the world. These rocks were laid down under water in the form of sediment. They became sandwiched between radioactive rocks of later origin, which can be dated by comparing the tiny amounts of different forms of lead contained in them.

One rock sample, from the Bulawayan rock system of South Africa, was judged to be 2,640,000,000 years old. The most ancient sample, from rock systems in Southern Rhodesia, was estimated to be 3,300,000,000 years old.

Prof. Holmes said that algae in the Southern Rhodesia rocks must have existed about 3,000,000,000 years ago, and life itself must have existed a long time before that, since a great deal of evolutionary activity had to take place before such relatively complex forms as algae appeared.

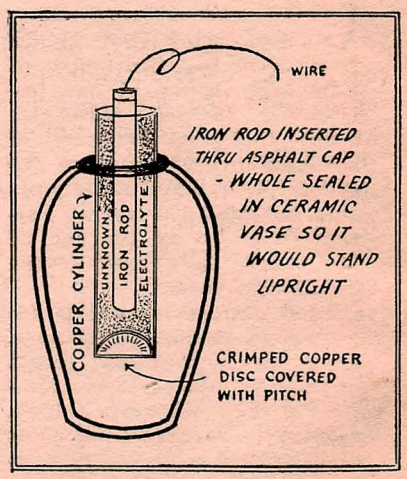
ancient ELECTRIC BATTERY

The object unearthed by the archeologist is peculiar — it strongly resembles a certain "modern" invention.

By H. C. Goble

THE PARTHIANS, who lived as an independent nation southeast of the Caspian Sea until 226 A.D., used, if they did not invent, a practical electric battery at least 200 years before the birth of Christ.

Twenty years ago, Wilhelm Konig, a German archeologist at the Iraq Museum, began excavations in a hill near Baghdad. A Parthian village had been discovered there by accident. During these excavations a peculiar object turned up. It strongly resembled a modern dry-cell battery. Konig learned that four similar objects, plus rods suggesting present day bus bars, had been found in a magician's hut at Seleucia, some miles down river.



Konig's search took him to Berlin. There he found in a museum 10 more dry-cells like the one from his original digging . . . except these were broken down into their component parts . . . as though

someone had been interrupted before assembling the pieces into a working battery.

Konig described his findings in a book published in German, *The Lost Paradise*. And that famous astronomer, rocketeer, historian, archeologist and student of all knowledge, Willy Ley, reported the find in some American journals.

Here it came to the attention of Willard F. M. Gray, of the General Electric High Voltage Laboratory, in Pittsfield, Mass. He volunteered to build a duplicate of the Parthian battery. Ley gave him dimensions, diagrams and a metallurgical analysis.

The duplicate battery, in which Gray used copper sulphate instead of an electrolyte which is still unknown, works perfectly and is in the Berkshire Museum at Pittsfield at the present time. My information does not give its output, but it seems logical to assume 1.5 or 2.0 volts per cell, unless the long vanished electrolyte of the Parthians was vastly more efficient than any known today. Which, of course, it might have been.

The cell consisted of a cylinder of sheet-copper, about the same length and width of two modern flashlight cells placed end to end—or about 5 inches long and 1.5 inches in diameter.

The edges of the copper cylinder were soldered with a 60-40 lead-tin alloy (comparable to the best of modern solders.) A copper disc was crimped into the bottom of the cylinder and on top of this was a layer of pitch or bitumen to insulate it from the electrode.

The electrode was an iron rod placed in an asphalt stopper which was shoved into the top of the copper cylinder. The unknown electrolyte, of which no traces have been found, filled the space between iron rod and copper cylinder walls.

Gray proved that copper sulphate would work very well as an electrolyte, but it could equally well have been acetic or citric acid, both well-known in Parthian times. Or it could have been an unknown compound far more powerful than anything known today.

It is assumed, although no reason is given for this assumption in the material thus far published, that the current from these batteries was used for electroplating by Parthian metal workers.

Since the Parthians never showed any remarkable abilities except in military tactics, it is thought that they got the secret of the battery from the Sumerians or the Babylonians. It was not much before 250 B.C. that this nomadic, warrior race got out of the saddle to settle down and to build cities—so it seems unlikely they invented the battery.

But obviously someone invented it—and it wasn't Volta in the early 1800's.

Again we are face to face with the idea that nothing is new under the sun—that we only rediscover knowledge familiar to the ancients milleniums before our time.

THEY CAUGHT A SPACEMAN

By Albert E. Helland

IT IS A matter of record that a spaceman was captured and released during the 13th century, although the incident was not interpreted as such.

At the time Europe still was in the Dark Ages, but in the north historians and scalds kept literature alive. To them we owe what little is known of that period.

One of the manuscripts which have survived is the *Speculum Regale*, or *King's Mirror*. A combined book of etiquette and general knowledge, it contains a terse description of a strange incident. A brief translation from the Old Norse reads:

"There happened something in Cloena borough which will also seem marvelous. In this town there is a church dedicated to St. Keranius. One Sunday while the population was at church hearing mass, an anchor was dropped from the sky as if thrown from a ship, for a rope was attached to it, and one of the flukes of the anchor became caught in the arch above the church door.

"The people all rushed out of the church and marveled as their eyes followed the rope upward. They saw a ship with men aboard floating before the anchor cable, and more they saw a man leap overboard and dive down to the anchor as if to release it. The movements of his hands and feet and all his actions appeared like those of a man swimming in water. When he came down to the anchor he tried to loosen it, but the people rushed up and seized him.

"The Bishop was present when this occurred and forbade his people to hold the man, for he said it might prove fatal as when one is held under water. As soon as the man was released he hurried up to the ship, and when he was up the crew cut the rope and the ship sailed away out of sight."

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

DOUBLE DEATH

By Patricia W. Seubert

MY FATHER, E. M. Witt, and our fox terrier, Sandy, were inseparable. From the day we got Sandy, she chose him as her master and, in spite of the affection showered on her by the rest of the family, she remained loyal only to him. This attachment was carried to the point where she slept at the foot of his bed at night, followed him wherever he went, and when he left for several days without her, refused to eat. We finally discovered that if we placed her food upon an article of his clothing on the floor, she would eat just enough to exist until he returned.

In February, 1948, my father became seriously ill. It was obvious after the first week that he would not survive.

Sandy became very listless and sat at the side of the bed looking at him mournfully. She refused food completely. On Sunday of that week, Sandy curled up in the corner of the living room and died. She had been in apparent good health.

Early the following morning, February 9, my father died. This happened at Parkston, S. Dak.

My family has theorized that Sandy could sense impending death and consequently died of a broken heart. I am inclined to agree with



PATRICIA W. SEUBERT

them.—*Oakland, Calif.*

FRIEND OR FOE?

By Barbara Lang

IN 1936 I lived with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morris, and my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Morris, Jr., on a large farm near Douglas, Ga. One night we walked home from a visit to a neighboring farm. The road, like most country roads at that time, was sandy and narrow, seldom traveled by cars as there were so few houses.

As we walked Grandfather noticed what we thought was a car light behind us. We often had seen farmers driving old model trucks with just one light and we assumed that this was what we saw.

The bobbing light approached until it was about four feet behind us. We had stepped aside to let it pass, but it stopped and bounced up and down in the air at about waist level.

We now saw that it was not a truck or car light. The size of a basketball, it was just a dull, cold white light. We had the weird feeling of seeing something that supposedly did not exist.

Needless to say, we all were frightened, mainly because we did not know what the light was or whether it might be dangerous. Walking as rapidly as we could, we soon were home. The light followed, maintaining the same distance behind us and bobbing up and down.

When we entered the house and closed the door, the light stopped in the front yard. Then it came bouncing up to the window as if to peek in at us odd creatures. We had the feeling that it was enjoying our fright.

After about 20 minutes the light rose into the air, passed over the field fence and, still bouncing up and down, disappeared into the woods, leaving us to wonder if it were friend or foe.—*Phenix City, Ala.*

THE BRIDE RAN AWAY

By Heather Hume

I WENT to bed tired one night several years ago. We had been up late discussing my daughter's wedding plans. In the morning I was supposed to take to the newspaper, for publication, her picture and wedding announcement.

That night I dreamed I saw a bride waiting outside the church. Her face was not clear to me, but her young figure was familiar. I heard the church wedding march begin. I saw the minister come and stand before the altar, where the groom already was waiting.

Then the young bride turned to me with tears in her eyes. As she lifted her face to me I saw it was

my daughter. She shook her head and cried, "I can't go through with it! I just can't!" With those words she turned and fled down the street.

I awoke but felt so uneasy I did not take the wedding announcement in to the paper as I was supposed to. Nor did I tell anyone of my dream. Two days later my daughter came home in tears. She explained she had learned, quite by accident, some facts which made her feel the wedding would not be a wise one. My dream had been one of foresight!—*San Jose, Calif.*

MY WANDERING EARRINGS

By Imogene Riley Stover

ON AUGUST 15, 1945, my two small sons, Riley and Don, presented me with a birthday gift of a pair of sterling silver earrings in the shape of a crown. I put them on at once, overjoyed at the beautiful gift and marveling at the good taste of the boys in selecting it.

I wore the earrings for the rest of the day. When I prepared for bed I wrapped them in white cotton and placed them in my heirloom jewel box.

A week later, as I dressed to attend a school P.T.A. meeting, I decided to wear my crown earrings. I reached into the jewel box for them but they were not there. I searched the entire room but to no avail.

Two weeks passed and one day, as I cleaned the inside of my dresser, I came upon an old purse. Looking inside the coin section, I found the crown earrings. Again I placed them in the jewel box.

A few days later, while preparing to attend a community affair, I discovered that the earrings no longer were in the jewel box.

Six months passed and the earrings were almost forgotten. One day I opened my jewel box—and there, on the white cotton, were the crown earrings. I decided then and there to put them in a place from which they would not disappear. I put them into my box at the bank and felt quite smug when I returned home.

A few months later I visited my bank box to obtain some papers and I looked inside the wad of white cotton in which I had placed the earrings. They were gone. I took the cotton home and immediately put it into my jewel box.

I am now patiently awaiting the return of my earrings. I have implicit faith that they will return from their wanderings eventually. —*Kansas City, Mo.*

DOUBLE INTUITION

By Genevieve Chester

MY HUSBAND'S brother, Harold Chester, was partially

blind, and for that reason it was our custom to take him with us for a drive in the country every Sunday.

One Sunday in June, 1939, we picked up Harold and had driven no more than two blocks, when suddenly I blurted, "I don't want to go!" My husband, Charles, pulled the car over to the curb and kept the motor idling. His first thought was that I had taken ill, as I was expecting a baby in two months. I assured him that I never had felt better in my life, but that I had a strange feeling and wanted to return home.

Harold was in sympathy with my request. He said he was familiar with what he called "intuition" and encouraged me to hold my ground. My husband, thinking the entire incident ridiculous, grudgingly drove me home. I admit that I felt rather foolish standing in front of the house as they drove off again.

I did not feel so foolish two hours later when the hospital called to inform me that my husband and his brother had had an accident. A front tire blow-out had forced the car off the road and down an embankment, causing it to turn over three times. My husband had a broken leg and three broken ribs. My brother-in-law had a broken jaw and head injuries. What would have happened to me and my unborn child if I had been with them?

I recalled how my brother-in-law had believed in my intuition and wondered why he had not left the car with me.

Before long I had what seemed the answer, for when Harold was released from the hospital he had fully regained his sight!—*San Francisco, Calif.*

PROPHECY ON THE MOOR

By Thora L. Hasselmann

IN NOVEMBER, 1878, after my parents had been married about a year, my oldest sister, Marie, was born.

My mother became gravely ill the next day, falling into so deep a coma that the doctor pronounced her dead. He told my father, Hans Jensen, to go to town and bring back a coffin.

This happened out in the country, some miles from the town of Korsor, Zealand, Denmark. My father harnessed the horses to a wagon, and in the darkness drove over the moors, toward town.

He did not care what happened to him now, as he thought he had lost his wife. He drove recklessly. At times the wagon wheels hung over the edge of the deep, water-filled holes of the moor, but somehow the horses kept the wagon from falling into them.

Then he roused suddenly from

his despairing grief as he became aware of somebody standing close behind him.

A hand was laid on his shoulder, and a man's voice said, "Don't worry, your wife is not dead. She and your daughter will bury you."

Not for a second doubting this statement, Father turned the wagon around and returned home, where he found his wife sitting up in bed and asking for something to eat.

She told him, and later the doctor, that she had heard every word spoken, but had been unable to give any sign of life.

My parents lived a long and happy life. They had several more children, of whom I was one.

As I grew up, I often heard my father say that he would die before my mother; and when he did die, she and one daughter walked sorrowfully behind the hearse that took him to his last resting place. —*The Pas, Man., Can.*

THE STRENGTH OF A WISH

By Frankie Mayo

IN THE fall of 1937, my husband and I were staying in Silver City, N. Mex., with my parents. He had no steady job, and as we were expecting our first child, he took any odd jobs he could get. Some friends of ours wished to go deer hunting. They had a ranch about five miles outside of town, two school-age boys and a small girl, as well as horses and cattle to feed and care for, so they asked us to stay on the ranch while they were away. They offered to pay us a small sum in addition to free room and board. I was very heavy on my feet, not too well and unable to do much, but my husband said we would stay out on the ranch if they would take the little girl with them.

There was no car and we had none to go into town. The boys rode to school on horseback, and were supposed to bring back the few groceries needed during their parents' absence. There was no phone or mail delivery, and we did not go into town during the 10 days of the hunting season.

On November 10, I went to bed around nine in the evening, leaving my husband and the boys sitting in the kitchen next to our bedroom. I had been in bed only a short time and was in that drowsy state between waking and sleeping, when suddenly I found myself on the path leading to the front of my grandfather's house in Oklahoma.

The wind was cold and gusty and a few flakes of snow were falling. The sky was gray and overcast. My nightgown whipped around my legs and I was aware of my heavy body as I labored up the slight rise toward the porch.

I even could feel the cold gravel on my bare feet.

When I reached the steps I could go no farther. Standing inside the screened door was my beloved step-grandmother, Mrs. Lelah Picaman. I knew it was her although the gloom left her features too shadowed for identification. Then I heard her sweet voice, which had made me her willing slave when Grandpa first brought her home when I was 10 years old. She said to me lovingly, "No dear, go back. Remember me as I was."

I began crying bitterly, and once again was in a New Mexico ranch bedroom. My husband rushed in to see what was wrong, and I told him over and over, "Grandma is dying, I know she is dying." He kept insisting I'd had a bad dream, until finally I believed him and went to sleep.

When our friends returned a few days later they drove us back to my parents' home in town. Mother silently handed me a telegram. I said, "I know Mother, Grandma is dead." She had passed away November 11, the day after my experience. It was only then that they told me they had known for some time that Grandma was dying of cancer, and that it was her wish that I not be told.

Some years later I visited the aunt who had been with Grandma when she died. When I related this story, she told me that the weather had been as I described it, and that Grandma had spoken of me in her last lucid moments the day before she died. She remembered how we had loved each other immediately, how like her own grandchild I had been. She had wished to see me and had wondered what my child would be.

I always hoped that her dying wish was granted—that she did see me as clearly as I heard her lovely voice for the last time.—*Alamagordo, New Mex.*

ALL THUMBS

WHILE decorating a goal post for a football game at an Oklahoma City, Okla., high school, Johanna Lochhead, 15, fell and fractured her left thumb. A few days later, while practicing for a football game, her brother, Roger, 16, also fractured his left thumb.

CAN SUPERMATTER CONQUER GRAVITY?

An experimentally established fact suggests that man may overcome gravity through use of "supermatter."

By C. F. Krafft

THE USE OF "supermatter" (a condensed form of gaseous ionized matter) for spaceship propulsion recently has been suggested. The disintegration of this "supermatter" would liberate large numbers of positive ions which not only would give the entire spaceship a positive charge, but also would propel it, by repulsion, from the liberated ions if they all are sent out in one direction.

Such a positively charged spaceship would have an antigravitic action by virtue of the Biefeld-Brown effect, which is the tendency of a charged condenser to move in the direction of the positive charge. *This is not a theory but an experimentally established fact.* It can be explained on the basis of the ether vortex concept because, in a charged condenser just as in a hydrogen atom, there is a direct flow of ether from the positive charge to the negative charge. This necessarily reduces the ether pressure on the outer side of the positive charge and increases it on the outer side of the negative charge. If we accept the modern view that the force of gravity is caused by a pressure gradient in the ether, then such a difference of pressure on opposite sides of a charged condenser would force the condenser in the direction of the positive charge.

A positively charged spaceship or flying saucer, in conjunction with the earth, would constitute such a condenser. Although the earth is always at zero potential, it would be negative relative to the

positively charged spaceship. The ether, therefore, would flow directly from the spaceship to the earth and this would reduce the ether pressure on the upper side of the spaceship. Such a reduction of ether pressure immediately above the spaceship would result in a lifting force in direct opposition to the downward pull of gravity. By controlling the intensity of the electrostatic charge it should be possible either to keep the spaceship hovering in mid-air or to move it vertically upwards.

If gravitational forces can be overcome in this manner then inertial forces would probably be affected also. In the usual methods of propulsion the driving force is applied mechanically at only one place. This produces an undesirable inertial reaction upon the pilot and would kill instantly any human pilot at the acceleration frequently observed in the movements of flying saucers. With electrostatic propulsion of the kind suggested above, the driving force is not applied mechanically but electrostatically to spaceship and pilot alike. The pilot therefore would move along with the spaceship without experiencing serious inertial reaction.

This scheme has another interesting possibility. A person could wear, next to his body, a metallic belt containing a supply of supermatter undergoing gradual disintegration so as to keep his entire body positively charged. His body, in conjunction with the earth, then would constitute an electric condenser and be subject to the Biefeld-Brown effect, relieving him of at least some portion of his total weight.

REAL GONE

A STRONG wind, whipping through Ionia, Mich., knocked over the screen at a drive-in theatre. The theatre's roadside billboard read: "Now playing: 'Gone With the Wind.'"

WON AND LOST

ALEXANDER E. ROBINSON, a 15-year-old high school boy living in Aurora, Colo., won the $100 first prize in a safety poster contest. While replicas of his winning poster were displayed on billboards, the youth was killed in an auto accident.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

On the Island of Hoopuloa, Hawaii, a church rang its own requiem. The bell tolled during a volcano eruption as a great wall of lava swallowed the building.

●

Edward Zeidler, Pittsburgh, Pa., apparently awakened to find his wife dead of a heart attack during the night. The next day a neighbor, noting lights burning in the Zeidler home, investigated and found that Mr. Zeidler also had died during the night of a heart attack.

●

Twins Roland and Donald Bezella, Milwaukee, Wis., who were born at 9:13 Aug. 13, last year reached their 13th birthday. Their mother, whose birthday is July 13, was in room 413 at the hospital, and had been married 13 years, when the boys arrived. Ronald and Donald, who each have 13 letters in their names, were baptized on the 13th Sunday of the year and were graduated from eighth grade on June 13.

●

When Frank Hurley of Chicago began gasping for breath, his brother, Walter, telephoned for the doctor. When the doctor got there Frank was dead. So was Walter, who had collapsed immediately after making the phone call.

●

Loretta Moss of Woodland Hills, Calif., was born on February 18th; her mother was born on February 19th; her father was born on February 20th; her sister, Kathleen, was born on February 21st and, sister, Margot, was born on February 22nd.

●

While Dr. Norman Leet of Oakland, Calif., was addressing an audience on *The Vagaries Of Heart Attacks,* he collapsed and died.

●

Billie and Polly Sue Jones of Hazel, Ky., and Billie and Polly Sue Jones of Benton, Ky., met for the first time in a hospital at Murray, Ky. The couples, unrelated, became the parents of daughters.

●

The Rev. Leonard Tingle, London evangelist, was struck and killed by lightning while singing *Have You Any Room For Jesus?*

Amy Castile and the HELLHOUND

The hound was huge, black—and transparent. It stared at the pretty schoolgirl with bared fangs and growled.



By Bill Wharton

AMY CASTILE stopped suddenly as she came around a bend in the narrow lane leading up to her home on the outskirts of Beccles in Suffolk, England.

Twilight shadows were just beginning to lengthen on this quiet spring evening in 1923, but the attractive 16-year-old schoolgirl had no eye for the leafy beauty around her.

Her normally calm blue eyes filled with terror as she stared at a part of the hedge bordering the lane about a dozen feet ahead of her.

She heard it again, a soft growl, and suddenly the head of an enormous hound emerged from the hedge.

For a second the girl and dog stared at one another, then the dog turned and padded quickly along the lane towards the girl's house as Amy emitted a piercing scream.

Terror-stricken the girl burst into her mother's cottage. "I've seen

it again!" she screamed. "The hellhound has been here again."

Mrs. Maude Castile tried to calm the girl. "There is no such thing as a hellhound, child," she admonished. "It is pure nonsense."

The girl looked up from the chair onto which she had thrown herself. "It is not nonsense, Mother," she replied. "This is the third time I have seen this same dog. Come and look, you must see its marks in the sand."

The woman and girl left the house to examine the lane and there, clearly imprinted in the fine dust, they saw foot prints of a big dog.

The young girl was in such a state of nerves that she refused to leave her home at any time after sunset or to be out so as to arrive home after sunset. To convince her daughter that she was imagining everything, Mrs. Castile called in the famous psychic investigator, Morley Adams.

Adams had heard about the "Hellhound of Beccles" but placed little faith in the story because he had never been able to find anyone who had actually seen this ghostly hound which was said to haunt this particular lane.

On receiving Mrs. Castile's letter, however, Adams decided to visit the lane and to investigate. Shortly before his arrival Mrs. Castile and her daughter went to shop in the little neighboring town of Bungay and it was getting dark when they alighted from a bus near their home.

As they approached the lane Amy Castile became very agitated. Her mother took her hand as they entered the lane but they had gone only a few steps when the terrified girl stopped.

"I hear it growl," she said. "It will appear now."

"You are silly, Amy," her mother snapped. "I can hear nothing."

"It is growling just like it did before Mrs. Jones died. I know someone is going to die. I can see the dog only when someone—"

She stopped suddenly and pointed a tremulous finger ahead of her. "There it is!" she screamed.

"I see nothing," her mother declared, gripping the frightened girl's hand.

"There by the holly hedge," Amy cried. Amy suddenly grasped her mother with her left hand—and instantly the older woman saw a massive black hound staring at them with slavering jaws and fangs bared.

Mrs. Castile, unfrightened, stared in disbelief because she could see the hedge right through the dog.

The dog turned, as Amy had previously described, and loped up the lane toward their house. Amy removed her left hand from her mother's arm and immediately the

dog vanished from Mrs. Castile's sight, although the girl could still see it.

The next morning the mailman, making his rounds, told them that a neighbor, Mrs. Rupert Swift, had died in the night.

That same day Morley Adams arrived and began asking questions of people in the neighborhood. He talked with Amy Castile and her mother and examined the lane where they had seen the dog. The footprints were gone because a light rain had fallen in the night. But Adams discovered three men who also had seen the dog. In each instance some person living in the immediate area had died within 24 hours after the dog was seen.

These men had told no one about what they had seen because, they said, they did not want to seem foolish. Adams decided that he would try to see the hound for himself and spent six days waiting near the spot where the dog had appeared. He saw nothing.

He knew from experience that this might be a case where the hound appeared only on specific occasions, as when some person closeby was about to die, or to a highly psychic person like Amy Castile. Talking the young girl into staying in the lane with him for an hour each evening at sunset was difficult, but she eventually agreed.

On the second evening the girl suddenly became tense next to Adams.

"I hear it," she whispered.

Adams heard nothing. When Amy Castile's terror-stricken eyes fixed on the holly hedge, Adams reached out with his left hand and closed it over the girl's left hand in a firm hold.

Instantly he saw a massive black hound, the largest he had ever seen, half emerged from the holly hedge. It was staring at them with bared fangs, and a low growl came to his ears.

He released the girl's hand and the dog immediately vanished, but as soon as he touched her hand he saw the dog again.

It came into the open and Adams, totally unafraid, realized he could see through it; the hound was completely transparent. It advanced a few paces towards the man and girl, then it turned and loped off up the lane.

Adams released his hold of the girl's hand and carefully examined the ground where he had seen the dog. There, clearly imprinted in the soft dust, was a set of prints made by the dog.

He took some photographs of the prints and that same night developed them, examining the still wet negatives under a light. In them he could see almost nothing but when he took the negatives to

a photographer the next day to be enlarged the faint impressions left by the dog's feet became visible.

Adams was satisfied that the dog was ghostly and that it came from one certain part of the holly hedge everytime it was seen. With the help of a policeman he started investigating the glebe land behind the hedge the next day. Prodding around until, towards afternoon, he found what he sought—a part of the ground which appeared to be richer in surface vegetation than the immediately surrounding land.

Digging down carefully, Adams had not got far when he came upon the remains of a hessian sack, rotted away and containing the bones of a huge hound. He studied the bones which he laid out above but could find no trace of any bone injury which would account for the dog's death. The nature of the cord's knot around the opening of the sack told Adams a fuller story than the bones.

It was quite apparent to him that the dog had been put in the bag, the mouth of the bag securely tied and the dog was buried alive.

It was not until months afterwards, Adams discovered that some 30 years before a man named Askin had lived in the cottage where Amy Castile and her mother now resided. Askin had a daughter of six and one evening while she was on the way home from a piano lesson she had been attacked by a neighbor's dog and so severely mauled that she died in the hospital.

Frantic with grief, Askin had insisted that the dog be destroyed but for some reason Adams could not fathom the court had refused the order. Soon afterwards the dog disappeared. It was thought that Askin had killed it but the police were not particularly interested and when no trace of it could be found, the matter was dropped.

For nearly 30 years the mystery of the vanished hound had remained unsolved. Its owner moved to another district and the whole matter was forgotten until Amy Castile and her mother came to live in the cottage.

Amy, Adams declared, proved to be a highly psychic girl and her presence was enough to bring the asphyxiated hound from its grave. Once her overpowering psychic influence brought the dog from the dead any person with some slight psychic influence could bring the dog back, thus other persons also saw the dog. Even a person with no psychic influence whatever could see the ghostly hound if he touched Amy's hand.

Adams reinterred the dog's bones at another spot and for some months afterwards kept in touch with the Castile family. Up to the time, five months later, when they

moved from the area Amy had not seen the dog again.

There has been no report since the girl's removal of anyone else having seen the dog known in Beccles and Bungay as the hellhound.

A SPIRIT MAPPED THE FLIGHT

THE STORY of how a spirit message guided the famed French aviatrix Adrienne Bolland in her lone flight across the Andes Cordilleras recently was told by Fred Archer in *Psychic News*.

Mme. Bolland was packing for the flight when a woman appeared at her hotel and asked to speak to her. The woman explained that she had just come from a Spiritualist meeting where a spirit had asked, through the entranced medium, if anyone present could speak French. When the woman said she could, she was told to take a message to Adrienne Bolland.

The message was that during her flight Mme. Bolland would see a lake shaped like an oyster. She was then to turn left and to fly forward until she saw a mountain shaped like an upside-down chair-back, where she would find a pass. She was not to turn right at the lake as it would mean disaster.

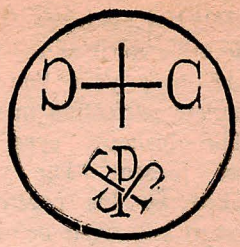
Mme. Bolland considered the message significant since she knew her plane could reach a height of only 13,000 feet and the peaks of the Andres Cordilleras are more than 18,000 feet high. There were a few passes as low as 12,600 feet—if she were able to find one.

During her flight she came to the oyster-shaped lake, recalled the warning and turned left. Had it not been for the message, she said later, she would have turned to the right, where she had thought a pass was located. According to Fred Archer, Mme. Bolland believes that the message which predicted the existence of the oyster-shaped lake and made her perilous flight a success came from her dead father.

THE LONG WAY HOME

ANTONIO PERENZIN, a 70-year-old naturalized American from Alameda, Calif., returned to Aosta, Italy, for a surprise visit with his sister, Maria, 63, whom he had left in Italy when he emigrated to the United States as a boy. He fell dead at her door.

THEY BAPTIZE WITH FIRE



A recently founded religious sect in Italy bases its strange baptism rite on the words of John the Baptist.

By Francis Barton

THE YOUTH did not flinch. Pulling his clothing down with his own hands he bared his left shoulder, exposing the flesh above the heart.

A priestess, dressed in flowing robes upon whose breast was emblazoned the emblem that the youth was now about to receive on his living flesh, approached him. Tenderly she washed his exposed shoulder with rose perfumed water.

Then a bishop, his robe also marked with the mystical symbol of their religion—a cross flanked by two letters "C," back to back—made the sign of the cross over the youth's breast, thus consecrating it. Then turning solemnly to the small, hushed congregation the bishop spoke. His voice was austere but his words were simple, some of them quotations from the Bible, some of them his own:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ said to Nicodemus, 'verily, verily, that if one is not reborn of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God.'"

The bishop's eyes lifted towards the congregation for an instant. Then, addressing himself more specifically to the youth before him, he continued:

"You have superceded the baptism of water with Christ-like work. With this second baptism of fire of the Holy Ghost you are reborn in the spirit. Persevere in the way of the Most High Lord Creator, awaiting that the Kingdom of God

be fulfilled on earth. May the regenerative spirit of the Holy Ghost watch over your body until the complete perfection in God."

The bishop's eyes lifted to those present. The youth, now flanked by his parents, stepped forward and knelt before the bishop. His shoulder remained bared and ready.

The bishop prayed for a moment, then said, "With my priestly episcopal dignity of the Universal church I baptize you with the Fire of the Holy Spirit of God for your spiritual evolution in the Eternal Spirit."

The priestess stepped forward. In her hands, on a silver tray, was a small silver urn filled with consecrated boiling olive oil. In the oil, red hot, was the silver seal of baptism.

Quickly the bishop took the miniature branding implement, its head about the size of an American 25-cent piece. With a steady and deliberate hand, the bishop pressed it into the boy's flesh. The youth did not flinch. Only his lips moved, in prayer. When the silver brand was lifted it left the red seared seal of the Universal church of the Davidian Rite—the cross flanked by the two "Cs" which mystically signify the first and second coming of Christ. Below the cross and the two "Cs" are three other entwined letters—"P, F, S"—signifying the Italian or Latin words, "Padre, Figlio, Spirito Santo" (Father, Son and Holy Ghost) of the Christian Trinity of Godhead.

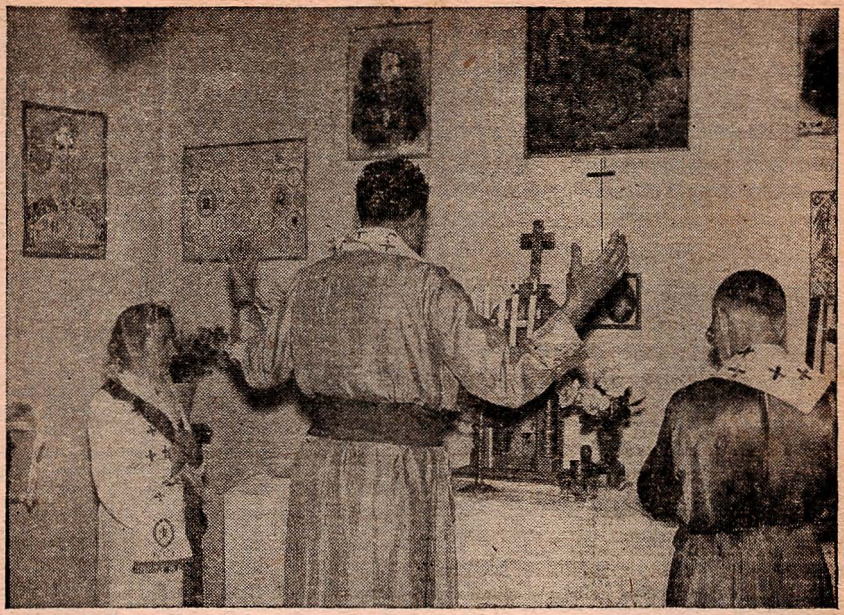
Now the emblem on the boy's flesh was hot red and not too distinct. Later when the fieriness disappeared the lines of the symbol would be clear and distinct, an indelible sign of his membership in the sect.

The youth rose. His place was taken by another. The brief ceremony was repeated. For the girls, as a precaution against injuring the tender flesh of their breasts, the emblem was impressed on the back of their left shoulders.

When all the candidates for the fiery sacrament had received the brand, the bishop prayed again. Then the entire congregation sang a hymn.

Thus ended a basic ceremony of the Italian religious sect that believes its founder, David Lazzaretti, was the "New Adam," and Elias the Prophet of the fiery chariot, and John the Baptist all in one and returned to earth as the "consoler or comforter" promised by Jesus Christ to the apostles at the time of his transfiguration and at the last supper when He encouraged his sorrowing apostles by saying:

"It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the



Priestess Elvira Giro, Bishop Leone Graziani and assistant hold services in Universal Church of the Davidian Rite. On walls are photo of founder and symbolic drawings.

Comforter will not come unto you: but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment." (St. John, Chap. 16, verses 7, 8.)

David Lazzaretti died a martyr's death on August 18, 1878. At the time he was leading a procession of his followers. Many of them were wearing rather fantastic robes and uniforms, according to their rank in the sect.

Lazzaretti himself wore a flowing black robe and, under it, a blue mantel lined with red. He wore a plumed hat. This was his uniform of "Prince and Betrothed" in which three days earlier—on the Roman Catholic feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary—Lazzaretti had proclaimed a pact between heaven and earth. That day, August 15, 1878, had been his day of triumph. He had proclaimed to his followers what he described as his nuptials with the spiritual mother. His face glowed with religious fervor. The ceremony had been held on the craggy, barren peak of Mount Labro, in

Arcidosso, in central Italy. It is on this mount that Lazzaretti's followers hold their annual night-long ceremonies on each August 15, and it is here, too, that many of the candidates for the sacrament receive their baptism of fire.

As that procession of nearly 80 years ago wound down the mountain, some of the nearby country and mountain people began to jeer. Lazzaretti had urged his followers to pay no heed. They had had a little trouble like this before. He ordered his followers, then about 4,000, to sing hymns. They sang. But the jeering increased. Some of the villagers began to throw rocks.

At this point Italian Carabinieri police intervened. They told Lazzaretti to disperse his followers. They accused him of plotting against authorities.

Unperturbed, Lazzaretti replied, "I advance in the name of the Divine law. I am your King." Lazzaretti still carried the scepter and wore the emerald ring that had been used in the nuptial ceremony on the mountain peak.

The police again ordered him to disperse his followers.

But Lazzaretti, his face afire with religious fervor, again replied, "I advance in the name of Christ, prophet, duce and judge. If you wish peace, I bring peace; if pity, pity; if blood, here is my breast."

More rocks were thrown. Some of David's followers were struck. So were some of the police. Suddenly one of the Carabinieri lifted his carbine and fired. The bullet struck Lazzaretti in the forehead where 10 years earlier he mysteriously had received the symbol of his church during a fiery night of prayer. He fell to the ground. He never spoke again. But he suffered for nine hours before he died. He was 44 years old. The sign on his forehead, which he had sought to cover by wearing his hat low, was visible.

David Lazzaretti had received this symbol, he told his followers, after spending 40 days and 40 nights in a grotto, praying intensely. Here he had survived what he described as the trial of fire. The grotto became a fiery furnace. Describing it in his writings, he said that there was thunder, lightning and earthquake. Mary the Virgin then appeared, and St. Paul and St. Peter, the apostles, and the Archangel Michael. Lazzaretti was ordered to found the church of Davidian rite and as a sign St. Peter struck on his forehead the fiery symbol of baptism.

David Lazzaretti was born on November 1, 1834, the Roman Catholic church's feast of All Saints. His father had a transport business and it became young David's task to carry the mail to the villagers. He was born and bap-

tized a Roman Catholic.

Early in his youth, however, he claimed to have received special and celestial signs. He established an order of hermits and of the Militia of the Crucifix of the Holy Spirit, whose "Grand Celestial Monarch" he claimed to be. After his fiery experience in the grotto he began his mission in earnest. Despite opposition he persevered.

After he fell, mortally wounded, his followers were scattered for a time. The leaders were jailed for 14 months, then released. A tower and chapel they had built on Mount Labro fell into disuse. Its bell, in fact, was removed and now hangs in a nearby Roman Catholic church.

Followers of David Lazzaretti still are trying to regain this bell, as well as the scepter and emerald ring that Lazzaretti wore at the nuptial ceremony between heaven and earth on Mount Labro. These, Lazzaretti's followers say, had been given to Pope Pius IX with the request that the Roman Catholic church recognize David's mission as being the work of God. Communications by the sect's present leaders to the Vatican, however, have received no reply.

Members of the sect continue quietly in the footsteps of David Lazzaretti, abide by his teachings, faithfully preserve their mystical rites and return each mid-August to Mount Labro. Here, they have repaired the stone tower that Lazzaretti and some 70 of his original followers erected in 1870 and topped with a huge wooden cross that still looks out over the valley of Arcidosso. It is a circular construction of stones, fitted together without mortar.

Only recently have followers of David Lazzaretti again become entangled with Italian law, and as a result their activities have become more generally known. Charges of "lacerating" a youth, Carlo Danieli, 21, were brought against the sect's high priest and bishop, Leone Graziani of Rome, who had administered the sacrament of baptism of fire. Graziani, a powerfully built, magnetic personality, was declared innocent by the Italian judge who heard the trial and who ruled that the ceremony had been performed with the consent, even the desire, of the subject. The rite of baptism of fire is not administered until the candidate is at least 17 years old, legal age of consent under Italian law.

The sect also faced other charges recently, stemming from its annual pilgrimage to Mount Labro, for which Italian police claimed the sect had not obtained police permission. These Italian police regulations, sometimes applied to sects that have not been officially

recognized by the Italian state, have been repeatedly contested in courts and usually ruled to be invalid under the Italian constitution that guarantees freedom of religion to all.

In addition to invoking its rights under the constitution, the Universal church of Davidian Rite also maintains that it has observed its ceremonies on Mount Labro for many years. The case now is before Italy's Constitutional court. Rulings in similar cases already given by the court indicate that the sect will be upheld. The sect also is trying to obtain recognition from the state and an understanding with the Roman Catholic church, from which its followers—most of them Roman Catholics originally—were excommunicated years ago.

Followers of David Lazzaretti object to being described as a protesting sect. A recent communication from them said:

"We do not protest against the Catholic church. We do not protest against the Church of Peter, but maintain that we are co-heirs and sons of the same promise made by our Lord Jesus Christ and are the followers of the promised comforter, David Lazzaretti, and of the Holy Ghost, spirit of truth, who renews us in all things.

"We do not protest against the Roman church that was our guide in reaching this happy task. But the time has come that we must establish our removal between us and the Roman church."

David Lazzaretti's followers believe it is their mission to unite all religions in their Universal church and that their rite of baptism by fire is the baptism of the Divine right. They quote as their authority the words of John the Baptist, who said:

"I indeed baptize you with water, unto repentence; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." (Matt. Chap. 3, verse 11.)

IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

JAY FEATHERSTONE, 17, lived for 10 years in Japan, where his father was a civilian attorney for the U.S. Army. Recently Jay and his family moved to Heidelberg, Germany, when his father was transferred to the Army's European headquarters there. A short time later Jay was informed that he had won the national prize in an essay contest. The prize was a trip to Japan.

THE DISASTER OF THE SHENANDOAH



I saw the vision as if it were on a movie screen. A dirigible was breaking in half in the air. I saw its cloth cover ripping— and men falling head first.

By Dede Smith

IN 1925, WHEN I was a young girl, Mrs. Clesen and her two children came by one fall day to get me to go on an all-day picnic with them in the park. I mention this so the readers will know that I was out of contact with any form of news for the entire day. And we did not own a radio which, at that time, could have been only a crystal set. Therefore, I had no way of learning of the tragedy of the *Shenandoah* beforehand.

As we were eating our lunch Mrs. Clesen remarked on my strange silence. She said I had not spoken two words all morning. The children complained that all I had done was "just sit there."

That is how I happened to tell them of a horrible vision I had had the night before. I said that I was still feeling depressed about it; it had been so terribly vivid.

I had waked up from a sound sleep screaming. I had sat up in bed wide awake and staring in horror at a scene I shall never for-

get. There, before my eyes, a dirigible was breaking in half in the air. One half was slowly sagging downward while the other half remained horizontal.

I could see the grayish cloth of the dirigible ripping apart. It floated downward, slowly ballooning outward and inward as it fell. I saw hills and trees and white blotches on the ground which I thought were patches of snow—but which I have come to believe were lights and shadows.

I saw men falling from the dirigible. I saw them hurtle head first, turning over and over as they fell, their legs and arms jerking this way and that way. I saw them strike the trees, glance off, and hit the ground. I continued to scream.

I saw this vision as if it were on a movie screen the size of my bedroom wall. It seemed to be somewhat away from the wall, as if the screen had been lowered between me and the wall, about 10 feet from me.

I covered my eyes with both hands to shut out this awful sight but I still saw it. Therefore, the vision must have been independent of my physical vision—I must have seen it with my inner eye.

I was alone in the house at the time this occurred, which is the very reason Mrs. Clesen came to take me on her picnic. I continued to cry for a time and slept fitfully the rest of the night—it was no wonder I was sad the next day. It was the most horrible thing I have ever endured, although I have had other visions.

The children suggested we would hear of a plane wreck but I said, "No! It was a dirigible. It was *not* a plane. It was a dirigible. Like that one called Goodyear—but it wasn't that one. It was another dirigible."

That evening as we walked to the streetcar line on our way home we heard the news boys crying, "Extra! Extra! All about the fall of the *Shenandoah!*"

The children both screamed at once, "Your dream . . . your dream . . . that's your dream."

We bought a newspaper and I quickly scanned the article to see if it was a report of my vision; it was not a dream, as I was awake. It was the same in every particular. That was all I wanted to learn. I could not bear to read the details of the tragedy; I had been through it once.

UP TO THE time FATE Magazine asked me to check the news stories of the *Shenandoah* disaster I never had read a full account of that dirigible's tragic fall. Upon the request from the magazine, after the acceptance of the account of my vision, I copied

the following report from *The Indianapolis Star,* of September 3, 1925, from microfilm:

"The *Shenandoah* crashed in the rugged hills of southeast Ohio, near Caldwell, in the early morning hours of September 3, 1925.

"Caught in a squall when attempting to ride out a storm the ship's massive framework broke in twain more than a half mile up in the heavens and plunged, in two parts, to the ground. Captain Zachary Lansdowne and 13 officers and enlisted men died in the part which broke loose and fell to earth. The 22 who survived were in the forward part which floated forward and landed safely.

"Lieutenant Commander Rosendahl says, 'I heard the struts breaking and saw the nose of the ship parting from the control compartment. A second later I heard another crash which must have been the control ship hitting the ground. It was in this compartment that Captain Lansdowne and the others were killed. The nose of the ship started across the country at about 25 miles an hour speed brushing trees, a house or a barn. We handled the nose as if it were a free balloon and landed safely at Sharon, 12 miles from the first crash.'

"Lieutenant Lansdown had a premonition of his coming death. Mrs. Lansdowne said, 'The night before he left he said it would be his last trip. He said he wanted to go on the trip because he wanted to die when the ship crashed!'

"Lieutenant Lansdowne requested a postponement of the trip of Secretary Wilbur but the secretary refused to postpone it saying that at this time the publicity value of the trip was very great.

"Mrs. Lansdowne, too, had a premonition of disaster. At 6:15 A.M. today she awoke suddenly, went to her sister's room and said she 'felt' as if something had happened. The *Shenandoah* crashed at 5:45 A.M."

ON CHECKING the *World Almanac* for 1925 I find that the moon was full at 2:53 P.M. September 2, 1925. The full moon would account for the intense shadows which I thought were patches of snow in my vision.

Why should I visualize the disaster of the *Shenandoah?*

There is no reason.

It just happened.



ROYAL JELLY... miracle food?



Amazing claims are made for this substance from bees. Does it cure ills, restore virility and add longevity?

By John E. Malloy

HAS SCIENCE, at long last, stumbled on a real fountain of youth?

Biologists all over the world are quietly researching a product that is called royal jelly. While current reports are cautious and conservative, phrases like "unusual reaction", "strange ingredients" and "tremendous unknown substances" are creeping into them.

The increasing interest shown in the subject itself would appear to indicate that something of importance is being learned.

Royal jelly is the food which "nursing bees" feed to the Queen bee. It is not honey but is a pasty, bitter tasting substance. When freshly secreted it is milky white in color but it soon turns yellowish.

Any newly-emerged bee fed with this substance becomes a Queen bee with all the bodily miracles involved. The Queen bee is twice the size and weight of other bees. And more important—her life span is increased from the two to six months of the other bees to four to eight years!

A current press release from the Cornell University Research Laboratory on royal jelly states: "It is difficult to understand why mere food is capable of causing so many differences between the Queen and the worker bees."

In France where research on royal jelly started it is being sold over drug store counters. In that country the claims made for it are borne out only in isolated cases but some of them are being made by doctors and nutritionists—men of high reputation. They go like this:

"After taking royal jelly, women in menopause regained their ability to have children."

"It grows human hair on the bald."

"Given to chickens, it made them lay twice as many eggs. Very old chickens began to lay again. Old roosters, ready for the stew pot, recovered their reproductive capacities."

"Six chickens were impregnated with cancer. Three received royal jelly. They recovered. Three didn't. They died."

"In many cases it has given men and animals extraordinary virility."

"It has increased the life span of animals greatly and added to their weight and stature."

"It produces a general feeling of well-being that is deep and lasting."

"It cured a young woman suffering from neurasthena in four days. The lady then reported a 'deep joy I never before felt'."

"A 90-year-old medical man, carrying his years like a youngster, says royal jelly is responsible. He refers to it as 'a real fountain of youth'."

Two French doctors reported that two patients suffering from Parkinson's disease—one with agitated paralysis—took royal jelly and apparently a cure was effected in both cases.

These, of course, are only a few cases out of thousands reported.

The Pure Food and Drug Administration in Washington says flatly: "Many claims made for royal jelly are extravagant." And, as always happens, articles like "Is Royal Honey a Hoax?" have begun to appear.

On the other hand, one scientist with whom I talked told me, "If this product can do for human beings what it does for the Queen bee, it will give human beings a youthful life span of over 1,000 years."

It is an amazing fact that the Queen bee is capable of laying 2600 eggs, or more than twice her weight, in a day.

Scientists McClesky and Melampy reported, that royal jelly contains a substance which has the ability to inhibit the growth of bacteria or actually destroy them. This, they said, doubtless accounts for the excellent keeping qualities of royal jelly.

A graduate student at Cornell undertook the study of royal jelly for his thesis and has been working on it for the past two years. He reports that some ingredient or ingredients in royal jelly tend to deteriorate if kept at normal or refrigerator temperatures for even a few hours.

This is just one example of the confusion still surrounding this

fascinating subject.

The researchers so far have been unable to recreate the product by means of chemical synthesis. Some scientists say that royal jelly contains some substance which doesn't seem to show up in their test tubes. Still others say that they have discovered the component parts but that there's a "strange life" to the various acids involved that makes them more than normally active.

Professor I. Bordas of Paris, France, calls it a form of radioactivity. He expressed the belief that "Among the components of royal jelly there exist accumulator-bodies of radioactivity which grant the jelly certain inductive attributes that cannot be explained solely by the presence of the vitamins therein."

Professor Bordas who is a highly regarded nutritionist, says further that in making royal jelly rather than honey, the bees search for the most radioactive flowers from which to extract the pollen. He says that some flowers are more radioactive than others. As proof of this he recalls that on an expedition to Brazil there was found to be a great clearing in the woods where the natives refused to go. Wild animals, approaching the spot, turned and fled as if in fright. The professor said it was found that the clearing was full of wild orchids which gave off a tremendous radioactivity. He added that he had discovered this by the "sensitive emulsions" method used in nuclear physics experiments.

American researchers suggest that the key to the wonder of this food is a certain pantothenic acid. They note that this particular acid is 17 times greater in concentration in the jelly than it is in the pollen of the flowers from which it is made. They conclude that bees, through their glands, produce the stepped-up acid. They have impregnated fruit flies with royal jelly and found that it gives them vastly longer life. They impregnated fruit flies with pantothenic acid and this also gives them a longer life span.

Researcher Hely describes experiments on royal jelly done with rats which he says suggest the presence of a sex gland stimulant. He used 20 21-day-old rats. Into 10 of these rats he injected a small amount of royal jelly. At the end of 26 days, he reported, the injected rats showed what he called "a significant increase" in weight and increased sex activity.

Scientists Townsend and Lucas separated royal jelly into four main divisions. They found that when the fatty material it contains is added to the diet of fruit flies it causes a "marked increase" in maturation and increases their egg laying by 60%.

In a paper presented to the International Congress of Biogenetics in 1935, Scientist Egger reported that "favorable effects of royal jelly have been found in clinical studies of old age."

Royal jelly is so new a product to scientific study that it is impossible to state, except in theory, whether it has any considerable effect on the age of human beings. It will take a half century to determine this. For that reason most American drug firms are offering their jelly solely as an experiment. They are not even claiming therapeutic value for it. It's too early in the game.

In this connection, however, it is interesting to note that Professor Bordas, called in France "the father of royal jelly", is a healthy, hearty 93 (at this writing) with what French papers describe as an outstanding memory, an ability to read small print without glasses, and an astonishing amount of what the French call *joie de vivre*—lust for life. He is reported to be continuing his research in his retreat at Egletons, France, and to be taking royal jelly daily.

Scientists in Germany, Mexico, Canada, Russia and the United States have now taken up the study of this strange food.

Typical of the cautious investigations in this country is the preface to a Cornell University press release. It says:

"During recent years, articles have appeared in the press describing the alleged values of royal jelly for human uses—in medicine, as an ingredient in cosmetics, and the like. It has been stated that royal jelly will do many things, from restoring important ingredients to the skin to curing certain diseases.

"Realizing that biological products are becoming of increasing importance in modern medicine, scientists are reluctant to state that royal jelly doesn't contain substances which might be of importance. For this reason interest in research work on royal jelly has been greatly increased."

Preparations containing royal jelly and designed for cosmetic use are being imported and are appearing in American newspaper and magazine advertisements. They are skin creams mostly, said to restore youth to skin. These are not pure royal jelly products but a mixture containing other ingredients.

Not long ago the French government authorized the use of royal jelly for intramuscular injections. It is being used widely in hospitals in that country with "amazing results".

I talked with Mr. Emmett Bell, Massachusetts bee keeper, who has

been selling royal jelly. He's a retired engineer who began keeping bees as a hobby.

"To begin with," he said, "these scientists have to have a slow approach. Anyone who made a statement about a *magic potion* such as this and later was proved wrong might be laughed out of his job and out of his profession."

"Magic potion? Aren't these strange words from an ex-engineer?" I asked.

"No sir! This product—and this product alone—can make any ordinary new-born bee into a Queen bee, can make that little bee live from eight to 16 times as long as his fellow bees and grow three times as big. Now if a doctor were to tell you that, with a certain food, he could make any young baby live eight times as long as his contemporaries and grow to three times their size, you'd say he was a magician, wouldn't you?"

I admitted I would.

"This innocent-looking stuff packs tremendous power," he said. "I don't know the why or wherefores and I don't think anybody else does—yet. I began to have calls for it. So I decided to extract some. It's a long, hard, tedious business."

I asked, "If this stuff is so powerful, couldn't it work harm on some?"

He said, "I haven't heard of it doing harm. I haven't read of it doing harm. And I haven't seen any harm."

I agreed with him. Leafing through 100 documents and papers, even articles debunking royal jelly, I found no instance where adverse effects were reported.

I asked Mr. Bell if he took it himself. He replied that he sure did. I asked him if it was doing him any good.

"Well, I've always been in pretty good health," he said. "But, tell you what! Come round in about 50 years and I'll let you know whether the longevity part works with me!"

The Department of Apiculture at the Ontario, Canada, Agriculture College recently has issued a 14-page report on royal jelly. They did a careful analysis, using microchemical methods among others. The so-called water portion of the product was said to contain an "acid not yet isolated". Which, of course, takes us into the unknown again.

Scientist Chauvin, according to this release, reported that he administered intramuscular injections of royal jelly (a dosage of 7 to eight milligrams) to adults. He says the result was "a strong increase in basic metabolism", a better blood condition, and a feeling of euphoria. This euphoria, or high happiness, was reported in a book

on royal jelly by a French author. Unlike the lift from alcohol, or tranquillizers, or benzedrine, the euphoria engendered by royal jelly seems to be quite lasting.

Some French nutritionists regard royal jelly with apparent awe. Henry Savoie wrote in *Ce Matin*: "Royal jelly is a generator. It has something in common with the mysterious life-giving rays of the sun. There is a life in it that is not the life of mere food or the chemicals that we know. I believe it shares something of the secrets of the universe and I would heartily recommend that it be studied and studied—and then studied again."

In the United States beekeepers are finding the demand for royal jelly increasing almost daily. It is not easy to keep up with this demand. The process of producing royal jelly for the general market is a complicated one. The beekeeper removes the Queen from the hive. The bees then go into frantic activity, finally selecting a newly emerging bee to be Queen. The baby bee is gorged with royal jelly. This royal jelly is then removed by bee men using delicate instruments.

It takes many hives "worked" in this way to produce one ounce of royal jelly. It has been estimated that it takes almost two million bees working slightly over three months to make one pound of royal jelly. No wonder it is sold by the milligram! However, it is also true that it takes very little royal jelly to produce results. It is a highly concentrated food.

Another factor in the scarcity of the product is that when the bees are producing royal jelly they are not making honey.

There are various capsules and compounds on the market now containing from one to 10 milligrams of royal jelly. These can be purchased at most health or nature stores. Since freshness may be a factor, however, it is best to get in touch with producing beekeepers or their salesmen. The price for a 30 day supply is about five dollars.

THE HUNCH PAID OFF

MILTON FLEISHMAN, 27, of Philadelphia, Pa., had a hunch that his wife would have twins. He took out an insurance policy with Lloyd's of London, under which he would receive $2,000 if twins were born. The premium on the policy was $70. His wife gave birth to twin girls.

The small boy spoke as though he had lived a previous life. Most amazing was his claim that he had four sons and a daughter.

By U. Sinha Gupta



the FIVE-YEAR-OLD FATHER

WHILE LEAFING THROUGH the book, *Lord Veda,* by an anonymous author, I came across the following on page 11:

"In recent times there have been two instances of transmigration of soul in India. One of them is the case of a girl, named Shanti, who recognized her former husband and relatives. Another instance is found in the case of one Parmanand, who was born in Saharanpur (India). Parmanand lived and had a shop at Moradabad. He died at the age of 39 on May 9, 1943, leaving sons, a daughter, widow and brothers. On March 15, 1944, a son was born to B. L. Sharma, a professor of Intermediate College, Bisauli, in the district of Budaun."

At the age of three years Sharma's son began to show signs that he had lived a previous life as a resident of Saharanpur. He said his name had been Parmanand.

I have made inquiries both in

Moradabad and Bisauli. Dr. K. B. Dikshit, a well-known citizen and physician of Moradabad has given me the following details:

Parmanand died on May 9, 1943, at Saharanpur. He was suffering from some severe abdominal trouble and was given a hot bath just before his death.

To Mr. Bankey Lal Sharma, a professor in Intermediate College, Bisauli, District Budaun, a son was born on March 15, 1944. In astrological horoscope the child's name came out to be Parmanand but, as Professor Sharma's elder son was named Varmodh, the new baby was called Parmodh. When he was three he announced that his name was Parmanand. He talked of Moradabad. When he accompanied his father to a local market place and his father bought him some biscuits he said, "These biscuits are of inferior quality; you should get biscuits from our shop at Moradabad."

He began to talk of soda water and he asked his father to take him to Moradabad. "If you take me there I shall show you my big shop," he said. One day he went out and was late in coming home. When he returned his father asked him where he had been. He replied, "I have come from Saharanpur. My tummy became wet and I died. Now I have come to Bisauli." This reply surprised everybody. They could not make head or tail of it.

Sometime later Parmodh went to visit Pandit Ram Saran, his maternal grandfather. There also he spoke frequently of "my shop at Moradabad." He added that he had four sons and one daughter, that he was one of four brothers. When asked their names he could only say "Mohan" or, later, "Mohan Brothers". He would say, "If you take me to Moradabad I shall show you my wife who is quite big and my sons and daughter."

This thing became the talk of the town. Lal Raghunandan Lal, a rich man of Bisauli, spoke of it to Sahu Nand Kishore, a relative of his and a brassware merchant at Moradabad. Nand Kumar and Nand Radhey Shiam, two sons of the dead Parmanand, happened to go to Nand Kishore's brassware shop to buy utensils. The latter said to Parmanand's sons, "We have received a letter from our uncle at Bisauli and he has asked if there are any big soda water and biscuit factories at Moradabad."

The sons said, yes, they owned them.

Nand Kishore said, "There is a strange boy at Bisauli. He is talking about these factories. Did anybody die at your place about five or six years ago?"

Nand Kumar, son of Parmanand, said that he lost his father about that time.

Sahu Nand Kishore then told Nand Kumar, "At Bisuali the boy is about five years of age now. His name is Parmodh but he prefers to be called Parmanand which he says is his real name. He often says that he has four sons, one daughter and a wife at Moradabad, where he owns a house, a shop, a big biscuit factory and a soda water factory."

The sons of Parmanand carried this story to their uncles who went to Bisauli immediately. There they learned that Pramodh was visiting his maternal grandfather. But Professor B. L. Sharma promised that in the near future he would visit Moradabad with his problem child.

On August 15, 1949, Professor Sharma, together with his son, Pramodh, and other relatives, reached Moradabad by morning train. They were met at the railway station by Mr. Karam Chand, one of the late Parmanand's brothers, other relatives and a few friends. Professor Sharma was introduced to Mr. Karam Chand and shook hands with him. The boy embraced him most affectionately, and climbed into Mr. Chand's lap. When the child was asked in whose lap he sat, he replied, "This is my elder brother."

It is said that during almost their entire stay in Moradabad the boy was either in the arms of the late Parmanand's brothers or those of Nand Kumar's, Parmanand's son. Professor Sharma could not persuade Pramodh to come to him.

On the way from the railway station to town Pramodh, of his own accord, recognized the Town Hall. The tonga, in which the boy was riding with Karam Chand and Nand Kumar, was intentionally halted far from their shop. When they got down the boy led them to the shop of Mohan Brothers. Next he recognized the house in which the late Parmanand had lived. He correctly pointed out the places where he, as the late Parmaand, used to sit and keep his cash. Of his own accord he went to the place where the late Parmanand had said his prayers. There he bowed down reverently. Then he asked to be taken to "my shop" downstairs. From there, unguided, he threaded his way to the soda water factory. Here he asked, "Who has been working this machine in my absence?" After this he inspected the whole machine and explained in detail how it worked and how aerated waters are manufactured. He was correct in every particular.

From here he led the way to the biscuit factory. When he reached there he said, "This is the bakery."

"But what is a bakery?" somebody asked.

"I used to make biscuits here."

After this they went to Parmanand's former home and here Pramodh pointed out some rooms that had been added since "his death". This was true.

He recognized his daughter, Prem Lata, his other sons and his wife. He spoke to them of things which no outsider could possibly have known and, also, answered all their questions correctly.

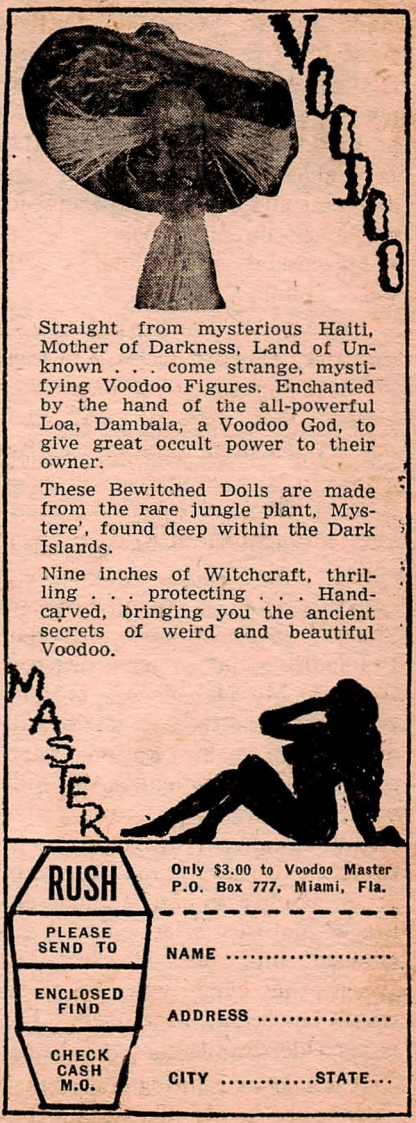
When the time came for Professor Sharma, Parmodh and their party to depart a most poignant scene took place. The entire family of the late Parmanand was in tears. The boy had to be torn from them against his will.

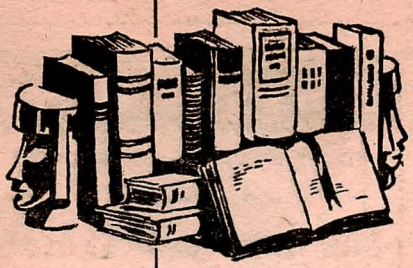
At a later date the boy was taken to Saharanpur, the birth place of the late Parmanand. Among other incidents there he pointed out a man who had owed him money and told the amount of the debt due from him. The debtor admitted the obligation.

★ ★ ★

Parmodh Sharma is alive and well. Just the other day I met a respectable gentleman from Bisauli and he said the boy, who lives next door to him used to tell this story to almost everybody. But now his parents have forbidden him to speak of it.

He is an ordinary, normal child in every other way.





NEW BOOKS

THE WORLD'S STRANGEST GHOST STORIES, by R. Thurston Hopkins—World's Work, Ltd., Kingswood, Surrey, England; 237 pages 15/-

England has been noted for several ghost hunters who have made careful investigations in the field of the paranormal, who have documented their findings carefully, and who have published their results in such a manner as to be of interest to the general public. Among these might be mentioned Andrew Lang, Harry Price, G.N.M. Tyrrell, Lord Halifax, Sir Ernest Bennett, Sir Shane Leslie, and last but not least the author of this book.

Mr. Hopkins is the author of books and articles on a wide variety of subjects. He has brought to the discussion of dreams, ghosts and apparitions a keen and subtle intellect. He throws new light on old cases and presents and makes a study of many new cases which have not been published before.

Mr. Carroll Levis, the famous radio and television commentator of the B.B.C. writes a fine introduction to this book, in which he analyzes his own dream experiences and gives his views about them. Mr. Hopkins takes up the first seven chapters of the book with a competent study of dreams and their peculiar relationship to the future. Here are detailed many dreams that provide excellent evidence for foreknowledge and precognition. He retells dreams of this character that later permitted the dreamer to alter his course of action and the dreamed future to some extent, and so avoid the dangers that lay ahead in the dream future.

I know of no book in which the ghost stories are told in more pertinent detail and are so carefully discussed as to their basic significance. Here we have a psychic researcher who makes a very fine analysis of the evidence

and explains it in a most matter of fact sort of way, without doffing his hat to the current preconceptions that color so much of our scientific thinking. Above all, Mr. Hopkins' manner of handling a ghost story is certainly as entertaining as it is analytical. He writes with a dry sense of humor that is rare in this field.

For anyone interested in a well-organized ghost anthology which at the same time entertains and instructs into the nature of haunts and haunting, this book will prove of exceptional interest. The casual reader who picks it up with the idea that ghosts are constructions of an overworked imagination is apt to close the book asking himself why these ghosts do what they do and why so many of them are behaving in such a purposeful manner.—*Edmond P. Gibson.*

THE INEXPLICABLE SKY, by Arthur Constance—The Citadel Press, New York, 1957; 288 pages, $3.95.

Arthur Constance says his library contains 16,000 books—primarily reference—and 2½ million press clippings. The Canadian-born Briton claims also to have spent the past 30 years researching into "the unusual, the macabre, the inexplicable." With a writing style reminiscent of Charles Fort's, Constance is considered by many to be a well qualified reporter in

3 Mystic Keys

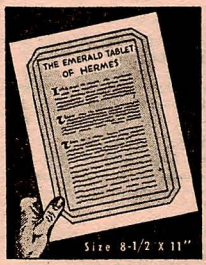
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his field of interest.

The latter third of this volume discusses the flying saucer enigma. Other subjects discussed include astronomy, meteors, lightning, auroras, "falling fluids" and other anomalous phenomena. The author exhibits his ability for intensive research in the chapter "The Flying 'Thing' of 24 March, 1955," which will be new to most American readers.

As to flying saucers, Arthur Constance says there are "ultra-dimensional fields in which, I am very sure, the real explanation of U.F.O. phenomena await our research." He feels that there are more "efficient methods" of exploration, including those "indicated by extrasensorial and parapsychological discoveries in recent years. Such methods of exploration are not handicapped by time and space considerations."

Constance believes our research into UFO's and interdimensional phenomena is inhibited by "Spiderism," which he defines "as the tendency to interpret the entire Cosmos in terms of one's own limited consciousness, coupled with the tendency to reject all suggestions, experiences, and data which appear inconsistent with the fitted-together facts of one's own limited field of observation."

The inexplicable Sky shows Constance to be possibly the most lit-

erate of the UFO authors; although the British style may prove tedious to some American readers. Continuity seems rather stretched in places. Nevertheless, the author displays a penetrating insight into many aspects of these baffling phenomena.

Much of *The inexplicable Sky* expresses the author's vehement opposition to "orthodox science." "I have no respect for materialistic atheism, nor for intolerance, nor for bigotry, wherever such attitudes of mind may be displayed," Constance writes in his preface. He gives some space to debunking Dr. Menzel and his book, *Flying Saucers*.

The reviewer questions the value of *The inexplicable Sky* as a reference book, and the lack of an index is unfortunate. Errors were rather prevalent throughout the text; for example, it was stated the human ear could detect as many as 3,000 cycles per second, while 30,000 would be a closer estimate; and the three-quarter-mile in diameter Arizona crater was said to originate from a meteorite 150 miles in diameter (nearly three times the area of New Jersey), which would have made it large enough to vaporize the Western United States, if not a good portion of this planet.—*Max B. Miller.*

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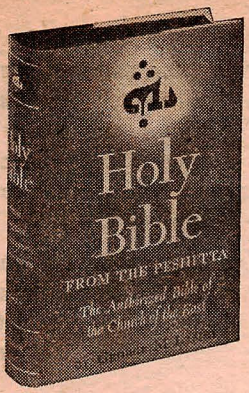
THE HIGHER SPIRITUALISM, by John C. Leonard, Spiritualist Press, 48 Old Bailey, London E.C. 4; 457 pages, 21/.

An admirable account of Spiritualism and its history, this book is based on extensive reading and quotes from a large number of books, many rare and out of print. Starting with Andrew Jackson Davis, the great American seer, often called the Father of Spiritualism, we are given the story of Early American Spiritualism, Spiritualism in England, and More Recent Spiritualism, justice being done to all the best-known workers and writers. Follows a succinct account of the Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism, the Psychical Constitution of Man, the process of Death, Life in the Spirit World, and finally Spiritualism considered as Science, Philosophy and Religion, with a note on the Future of the Movement, its place in the world, and the eventual supercession of the medium by independent development of the individual, using his or her own psychic powers consciously.

While reincarnation is described as "childish and illogical", the author appears not to understand the Oriental idea of this ancient doctrine. Also I think he errs in believing that Spiritualism implies "complete extinction" of animals after death, and their total inability

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Ecclesiastes 10:19—A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things.	Bread and wine are made for joy, and oil makes life merry; but money brings one low and causes him to go astray in all things.
Isaiah 19:10—And they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish.	And all those who make strong drink for the drinking of the people shall be humiliated.

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Matthew 6:13—And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.	And do not let us enter into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
Matthew 19:24—And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.	Again I say to you, it is easier for a rope to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

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to use reason, as taught by A. J. Davis, who is quoted with apparent approval. Nor will many agree that Spiritualism "defines the Deity", or that "it is easy to comprehend what God is, and where and how He lives in the universe.

Apart from these conceptions, the book is extremely valuable as history. It would be excellent to place in the hands of an inquirer and should be on the shelves of serious students.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

THE MYSTERIES OF MITHRA, by Franz Cumont—Dover Publications, New York 10, N. Y.; 239 pages, $1.85.

This paperbound volume is presented as a definitive account of a colorful Oriental religion which originated in Persia and spread rapidly through the Roman Empire in the first centuries of the Christian era, achieving such strength that Europe almost became Mithraic. Dr. Cumont, an authority on classical religions, tells how Mithraism originated and how it particularly became associated with the Roman Army. Piecing together fragments from monuments and texts, he reconstructs the mystery teachings, secret doctrines and hidden organization of the Mithra cult. He also analyzes Mithraic art, some 70 illustrations of which are contained in the book.

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GRANDMA AND THE SHARK

By Darla Hancher

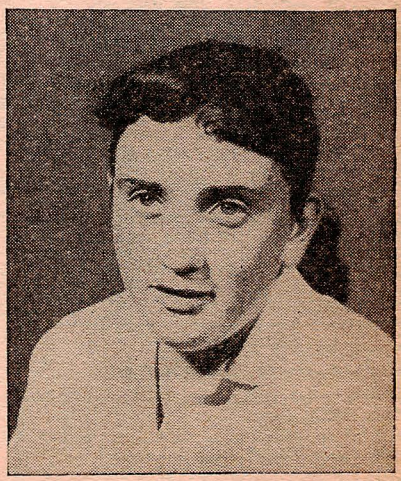
I WAS 12 years old in the fall of 1956 when my grandmother, Bess Head, died. She and I had been very close and somehow I feel she still is near me. As the result of a recent experience, my parents as well as I now are convinced that this is so.

On the afternoon of July 2, 1957, I went swimming in the Pacific Ocean, out beyond the breakers. I climbed on my rubber surf mat and lay on my stomach while I paddled with my hands and feet. Once a wave tipped the mat, causing me to roll off into the water.

As I pulled myself back on the rubber raft I was surprised to see that I was the only one in the water. Just then I heard Grandma's voice calling, "Darla, Darla, come in quickly!"

I looked towards the beach almost expecting to see her. Again Grandma called my name and so urgent was her summons, that I began to paddle for shore with all my might. Just then a big wave appeared—seemingly from nowhere—and carried me swiftly to the beach.

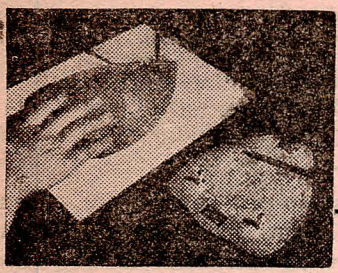
As I came out of the water people rushed up to me, all talking excitedly. It seems that a shark had been sighted near me and everyone had come out of the



DARLA HANCHER

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water. When I climbed on the mat after falling off the shark was seen to dart directly at me.

The people said that as I started paddling towards safety they clearly saw the shark's huge tail as it dived beneath the mat, missing my legs by inches. To the onlookers also, the wave which carried me to safety appeared out of nowhere!

It seemed a miracle—but I know Grandma was part of it.—*Hermosa Beach, Calif.*

JOURNEY TO PARADISE

By Walter R. Lockhart

BETWEEN some persons seems to exist a bond of affection which not even death can sever. Such was the bond between my mother and my brother, Fred.

In 1930 Fred suddenly fell ill and died. Mother was so shocked by his death that she never completely recovered.

One summer afternoon Mother became drowsy and relaxed on the bed. She fell into a coma-like state from which we could not wake her. The next day the doctor tried also, but with no success. "A sort of suspended animation and beyond help," he told us.

For several days Mother lay as if dead. Then suddenly she sat up, climbed out of bed and went to the kitchen. "I'm hungry," she announced as if nothing had happened to her. Father and I were

astounded by her recovery.

At the table Mother told us that while she lay in bed she had taken a journey to Paradise. She said, "Fred came for me and took me in a boat across a lake to a wonderful place where time stood still and there was no night. I stepped or rather floated from the boat onto the flowery shore, for I was so light I hardly touched the flowers with my feet. I was greeted by many people, some of whom I knew and a wonderful calm settled over me, a contentment I cannot describe.

"At length Fred told me I must return to mortal life. I begged to stay, but he said, 'No, Mother, not this time. But when I come for you again this will be your eternal home.' "

Mother no longer cared to live after her wonderful experience. When she died three years later I

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could not grieve or wish her back, for I felt she had returned to the Paradise she had longed for.—*Denver, Colo.*

MIDNIGHT MELODY

By Catherine Durr

ONE EVENING in November, 1935, Mother was preparing supper and I sat at the piano experimenting with different arrangements of "The Last Roundup." The music had been given to me the week before by my 16-year-old cousin, Millard Sharp. Now, as my fingers played variations of the theme, I thought of this boy who was only three months my senior, and a growing uneasiness troubled me.

I had no brothers and often pretended that Millard was my twin. We not only liked the same games, music and radio programs, but seemed almost capable of reading each other's thoughts as well.

A bad cold of Millard's, complicated by asthma, had developed into pneumonia, and the day before, he had been rushed to the hospital and put in an oxygen tent. I anxiously waited for my father's return from the city with news of the sick boy.

When Daddy arrived a few minutes later, he smiled at our anxious faces.

"Millard seems to be a little improved," he said. "When I left

the hospital, he was resting comfortably and his breathing was easier. However, his fever is still high. The doctors expect the crisis tonight. Things seem more encouraging than they were yesterday, at any rate."

In the middle of the night I awoke from a sound sleep to hear violins plaintively playing "The Last Roundup." At first I thought I was dreaming or that the radio had been left on. The music increased in volume as more instruments took up the theme until a full symphony was playing the song. I sat upright in bed and was completely enveloped by sound.

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That's Millard's favorite piece, I thought to myself.

There was a brilliance in the room, yet no object was visible except the luminous hands of the alarm clock. They stood at 11:58. The music continued, then diminished in volume. Then Millard appeared before me, his face radiant with joy.

"Don't cry, Catherine," he said. I felt his hand on my shoulder. "Things are so much better this way. I didn't want to live, not since I got asthma. It took the fun out of life. Try to make the others understand, and please don't cry for me."

Then he was gone and silence filled the room as completely as the music had a few moments before.

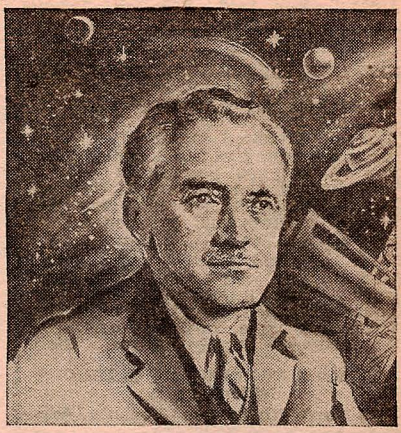
I must have screamed for the next thing I recall is that my mother was holding me in her arms telling me I was having a nightmare.

"Mother," I sobbed, "Millard is dead!"

"Nonsense, dear," my mother soothed me. "You just had a bad dream. If anything had happened, someone would have phoned. Now go back to sleep. Everything is all right."

At 9:30 the following morning, Mother, Daddy and I stood at my cousin's door. We had stopped to get the latest news from the hos-

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pital regarding his condition.

A neighbor woman answered Daddy's knock.

"How is Millard?" my father asked.

For a long moment the woman looked from one to the other of us.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Didn't anyone let you know?" she asked softly. "Millard passed away last night. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp are at the funeral parlor now."

"Could you tell us what time it happened?" My Mother gave me a strange look.

"It was near midnight," she said. "You know, it was the queerest thing! The poor child must have been delirious. He fought the oxygen tent, even pushed it away, and kept saying over and over that he did not want to live. Imagine! Then, they said he started to hum that song, 'The Last Roundup.' I remember the exact time now. He died at 11:58—just two minutes before midnight."—*Saratoga, Calif.*

THE VANISHING LADY

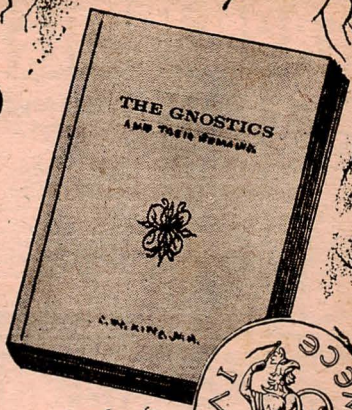
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wife, Katherine, the youngest of my three daughters, and a Mrs. Barton of Goring-on-Thames, who had stayed with us as a guest, and I saw a ghost in the house.

There actually were two spectral visitants, but the most persistent was a lady who appeared from the basement. Mrs. Barton saw her in the summer of 1949—not at night, as might be expected, but on a glorious morning at half past eight.

Mrs. Barton told us that as she turned in the kitchen door she saw the figure of a woman in a silvery gray dress, and that "a light seemed to be shining around her." Her feet were off the floor. She disappeared into a wall.

My wife, my daughter and I also glimpsed this spectral figure, which usually disappeared through a wall and then appeared on some stairs.

Mr. Bardens visited us at the rectory to investigate our experiences. He examined the architecture and found that the stairs had been walled up at the point at which the figure disappeared.

My wife consulted reference books to date the style of dress worn by the ghost and put the period at about 1730.

We grew to be quite fond of our ghost. When one of our daughters got married, "Mrs. It," as we called our spectral visitant, was invited to the wedding!—*London, England.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

UNDULATING LIGHT

The following true incident was told to me on August 23, 1957, by Mr. Chester Hagie, who lives in Annadale, Staten Island:

"I was in the bathroom at 5:00 this morning and, glancing out of the window which faces the southwest, my eye was attracted by a light which at first glance appeared to be a star. After watching it a few seconds, I decided it was no star because this light was moving with an undulating motion like a cork in a current, bobbing up and down and swaying from side to side.

"When it moved to the left, it glowed red on the right side and just the opposite when it moved to the right side. Then it turned a blue color all over, a blue resembling that of an electric arc. This color appeared every time it bounced upward.

"I watched the light for several minutes to make certain that my eyes were not deceiving me. Then I went to the bedroom and looked out of the window, watching the light through the branches of trees. This time I was positive of its

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movements, having the branches as markers.

"The incident was so phenomenal that I woke my wife and called her to the window. We watched the light together for several minutes, then returned to bed, leaving the light still visible.

"My wife said to me, 'Don't tell anybody about this—they'll think we are crazy.'

"At 5:40 I got up. It was daylight and I saw nothing where the light had been 40 minutes earlier."—*Clifford A. Marshall. Staten Island, N.Y.*

UFO TO THE SOUTHWEST

I am enclosing a clipping of a news item which appeared in the Tulsa *Daily World* on September 18, 1957. It tells of a "mystery flying object" sighted over London and described as a luminous, blue-green in color and shaped like a cigar.

I am postmaster at Peggs, Okla., and I wish to report that immediately after sunset on September 16, 1957, four friends and I saw an exact replica of the object sighted over London. It first was seen in the west, not very high above the horizon, and seemed to be traveling in a southwestern direction. We looked at it through binoculars. The central part of the object seemed to be purple and green in color. It did not seem to follow the curva-

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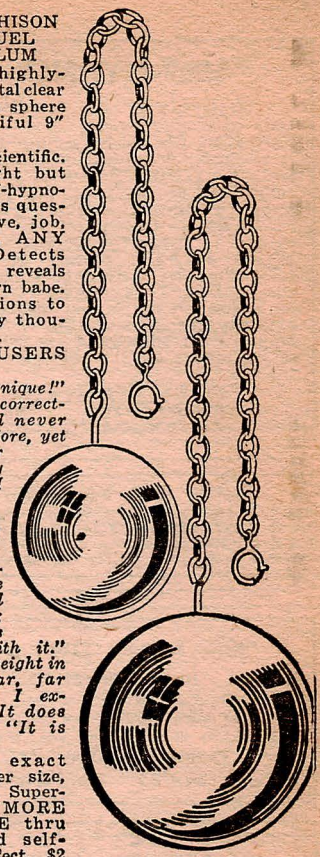
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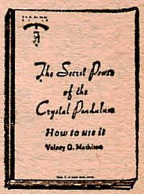
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ture of the earth, but gradually faded from view toward the southwest.—*C. M. Welch, Peggs, Okla.*

BALL-SHAPED UFO

In 1956, while delivering newspapers, I saw in the sky a strange object that looked like a steel sphere. It was flying rather high and had two small squares that looked like windows. At first it seemed soundless, but later I heard a faint hum.

The object had no wings or tail and definitely was not a plane, a balloon or anything else I ever had seen. I watched it until it flew out of my range of vision, which took about five minutes.

I know many will be skeptical, but my belief is that the object was a spaceship from another planet.—*Douglas Jansen, Xenia, Ohio.*

BRIGHT UFO

On February 1, 1956, while walking to a neighbor's in bright sunlight, I saw a UFO which looked like the planet Venus at its brightest, except that it seemed to have several colors. It was near midday.

This bright light was traveling westward without noise when suddenly it turned to the north and disappeared under clouds near the horizon. I wrote to my local radio station at Ticonderoga, N.Y., and

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got an answer in a local county paper which said that I had seen a government weather balloon. I wonder.—*Leon Brittell, Moriah Center, N.Y.*

UFO IN THE ROAD

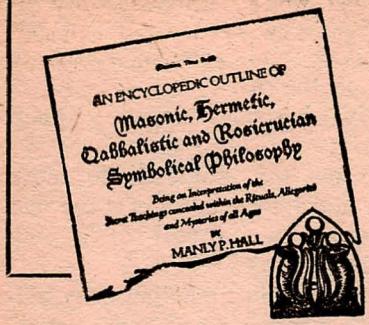
At 11:00 P.M. on December 23, 1954, my husband and I were driving home from work in a pouring rain. As we recently had moved into a new sub-division, we were sliding around in the mud of unfinished roads.

We were one of the few families who as yet had moved in and there were great expanses of open fields around, although the subdivision was on the edge of the city, a few blocks from an airport. There were as yet no street lights and there were no houses with lighted windows.

The rain was coming down so hard that it was difficult to see even with the windshield wiper going full blast. As we neared the corner of Washington Street, where we were to turn right, I saw a brilliant light as large as the car apparently falling from the sky. It was descending so rapidly I thought a plane was burning and falling.

I slowed down and my husband and I asked simultaneously, "What is it?" We rolled down the windows to see outside. The light continued its direct descent in front

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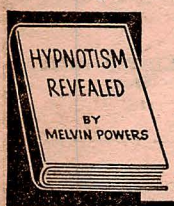
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of us, coming down to within 25 feet of the car. I slammed on the brakes. The light continued descending and seemed about to fall on the car.

My husband yelled, "Jump out!"

I was too paralyzed to move and heard the brakes of a car and then another, squeal to a stop behind me.

The brilliant, blinding light suddenly stopped about four feet above the ground. It hovered for a few seconds and then took off straight up. It was out of sight in seconds.—*Hazel Leggio, San Lorenzo, Calif.*

UFO'S AND IONIC EFFECTS

In the December, 1957, issue of FATE Aime Michel tells of a French UFO which left a shallow trough in the ground with the earth deposited all around it. He concludes that "only science fiction can explain the affair."

I wish to take issue with the above conclusion. In my own article in the October issue, I tried to show that the UFO's use ionic propulsion in which large numbers of positive gaseous ions are shot out from the motor by electrostatic repulsion, and these would produce exactly the effects described.

Their first effect would be to heat up the surface of the ground



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so as to evaporate every trace of moisture and thus render the surface layer a nonconductor of electricity. Continued bombardment of this surface layer would then charge it with positive electricity until the electrically charged particles of earth break away from one another and fly apart by electrostatic repulsion, but will eventually settle down again over a larger area. Since only the loose particles of earth thus will be carried away, the roots of the surrounding vegetation will remain in place, exactly as was observed. A closer examination probably would have shown

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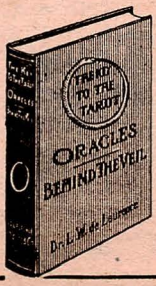
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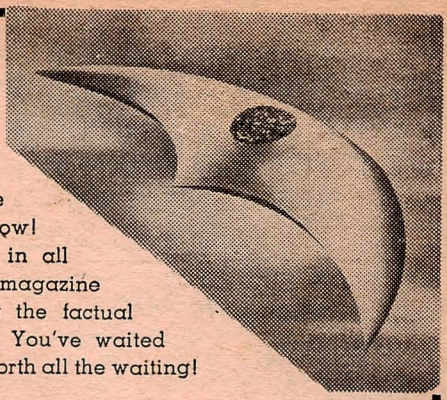
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that some of the finer root fibers were charred. In the recent Ontario sighting, such a charring was observed.

That the thrown-up ground was not radioactive is not surprising because if the positive ions were produced from a form of "supermatter" as I have suggested, then the process would not involve any radioactive disintegration of atoms but only the separation of atoms from one another. This does not involve science fiction but just straight science.—*C. F. Krafft, Annandale, Va.*

VERIFYING A UFO

I was much interested in Nick Sciurba's report of a UFO in the December issue. I too live in Chicago and can verify Mr. Sciurba's sighting. I too saw a pulsating, star-like object somewhat to the northwest close to the horizon. But unlike Mr. Sciurba, I had both a 7x50-power binocular and a 60-power Newtonian type telescope with a 125-power eyepiece, with which to view the object more closely.

I too saw the object on July 17 and again on July 18 and 19, three nights in a row, each time during the twilight hours. I didn't see the July 11 sighting as I was on vacation in California.

I got a good look at the object through my telescope and found

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it was not one object but two. The second object, which was a blinking red light, was practically on top of the yellowish light. In the binoculars it looked like a star, brighter than Venus and amber in color. But through my telescope the yellow light was a thin crescent while the red light was circular and blinking or, you might say, pulsating. The circular red object disappeared into the crescent-shaped object. As they moved still further northwest, the white crescent, shining brightly, suddenly faded from view.—*Dolores Raimondi, Chicago, Ill.*

"NOT OPTICAL ILLUSION"

I wish to disagree with R. E. Walters of Columbus, Ohio, who stated in the October FATE that "magnetic centers" are the result of optical illusion.

In 1956 I had occasion to visit "Odd Acres," two miles east of Winona, Mo., on Route 60, and to become acquainted with the owner, Mr. Thomas O'Bannon, and family.

No "optical illusion" will explain the weird effects that gravity has there. A ball tossed away from you will curve and hit your body. A large person can lie along a wall on a two-inch ledge, three feet off the floor and not fall. If you walk in the door in a normal manner (even with your eyes

closed) you will end up in a heap in one corner of the building—as my daughter painfully discovered.

Water runs uphill at Odd Acres and, although I know that this can be produced by optical illusion, I made several experiments which convinced me that such is not the case there.

Mr. O'Bannon says he discovered the weird effects at the spot when he tried to build a shed. He is an excellent carpenter, but he found that his walls all were out of plumb—unless he was standing inside, and then they looked right.

I am an artist and my stock in trade is perspective, lines and angles. I am firmly convinced that something beyond normal gravity operates there. I am not alone—many investigators more qualified than I had been there and gone away convinced.—*June E. Weidemann, New Athens, Ill.*

APOLOGIES

In the August, 1957, issue of FATE I referred interested persons to an article on the Holy Shroud of Turin in the April, 1949, *Reader's Digest*.

I wish to extend my sincere apologies to those who failed to find this article in the issue mentioned. The April, 1949, *Reader's Digest* that I referred to was the British edition.

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were identical until recently when I tried to show a friend an article that had interested me. It was not in his copy. We found that my copy was Canadian and his American.—*Robert S. Fuller, Grand Cayman, B.W.I.*

NEW ADDRESS

We have received many letters from FATE readers as a result of the article "Healing In Today's Churches" by Alson J. Smith in the September, 1957, issue. We feel, therefore, that readers will be interested to know that the New Life Clinic now meets at the Mt. Washington Methodist Church, Falls Road, Baltimore 9, Md. The Clinic meets every Thursday at 11:00 A.M.

My husband and I are Associates of the New Life Clinic, which is a separate organization and can meet in any church.—*Mrs. Ambrose A. Worrall, Baltimore 18, Md.*

MYSTERY FIRES IN POLAND

I was greatly interested to read in the October issue of FATE about the mysterious fires in Africa that never burned anything. This is nothing new to those living in the state of Lomza, Poland. My mother often spoke of seeing strange fires there. She said that one she often saw was about the size of a large bush—some five

feet high—and never did any damage that anyone could find upon investigation.

Often, when my mother and her family returned from church on Sundays, they would stand and watch it. They could not approach it closer than some 20 feet as it would move away. This took place at noon, not at night and from a distance like the African fires.—*Mrs. Paul Dukes, Cleveland, Ohio.*

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I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for a very pleasant, if short, friendship and to wish you a long and prosperous life in your work for the enlightenment of humanity.

I wrote this while still in the body and made arrangements to have it mailed to you after my passing.—*O. A. Ostby, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Dr. Ostby was the author of a story in the December, 1954, *issue of Fate and of True Mystic Experiences in the May,* 1954, *November,* 1954, *and January,* 1955, *issues. He was* 94 *years old.—Ed.*

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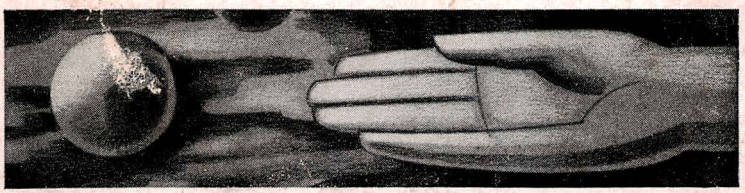
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