LIFE IN SPACE – WILLY LEY

FATE

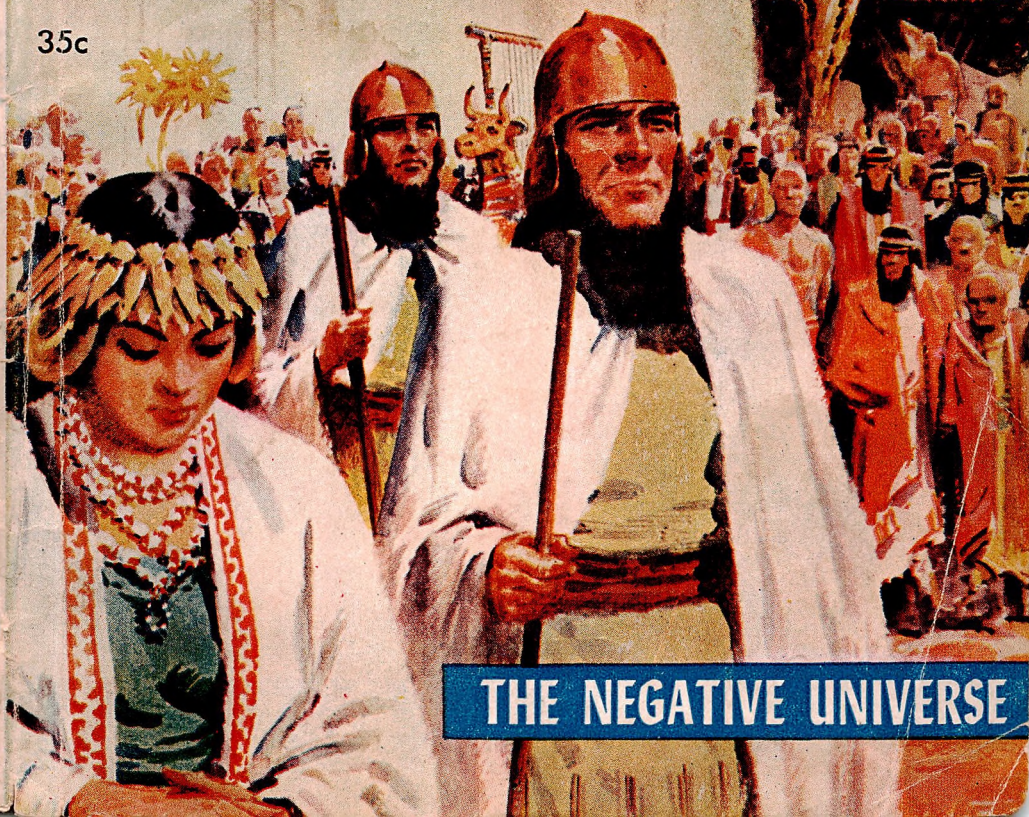
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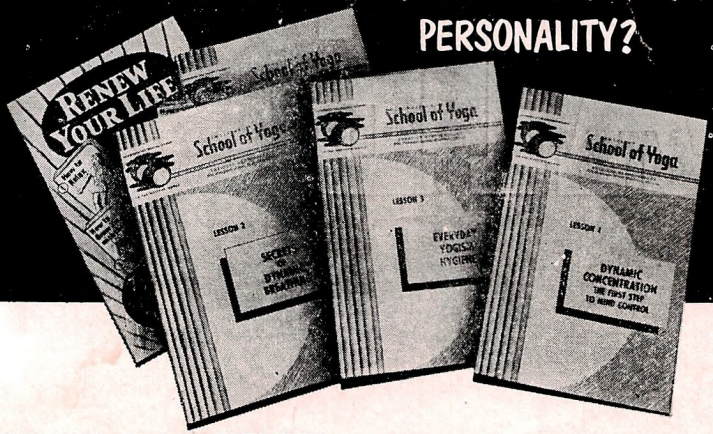


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WARMER WATER

SO MANY unexplained things are going on in this world that it's hard to select the most important ones for this column.

One of the more interesting, though, is that the Pacific Ocean is g e t t i n g warmer—considerably warmer. Of course, in recent decades the trend for the entire world temperature has been warmer but recent measurements in the Pacific are far higher than the long-time trend would justify.

In some areas of the Pacific surface temperatures are as much as 5.5 degrees Fahrenheit above the 1949-1956 average. The change seems to be Pacificwide.

Off California this warming has extended to a depth of a quarter of a mile. One scientist reports that over the 200,000 square miles of the California current region alone this represents the equivalent in energy of 560 billion barrels of fuel—about half the world's resources. It would have taken four times as much of the sun's heat as actually was received to warm this volume of water.

Scientists don't know where the warm water is coming from, either. Surprisingly, they don't think it comes from the south, but from the west or northwest.

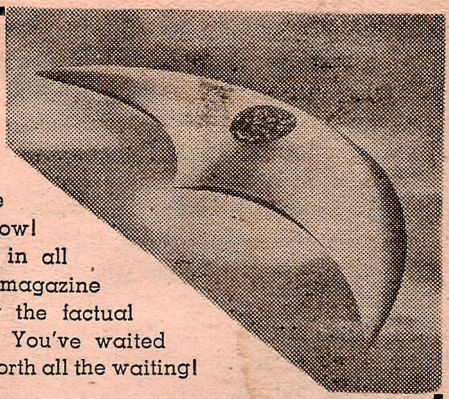


AND WHAT IT MEANS

Such a widespread change as the warming of the Pacific is more than just a curiosity—although FATE's interest is aroused primarily because it is indeed such a great mystery. But it has important and possibly dangerous effects as well. For instance:

- The world's weather is being affected.
- Hawaii had its first recorded hurricane.
- At Point Barrow, Alaska, the ice went out on the earliest date in history last year.

FLYING SAUCERS

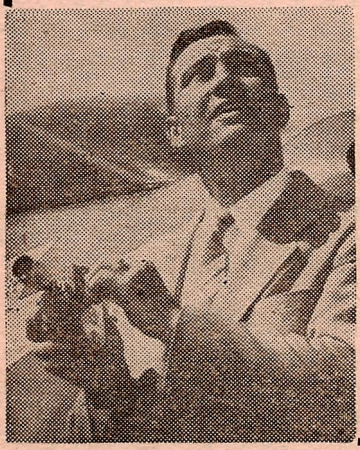


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• Southern fish are moving north. Dolphin were caught as far north as the California-Oregon border. White sea bass were taken off the Columbia River.

• If the trend continues, Alaska will grow so much warmer its entire climate will change; the permafrost could come out of the ground in many areas and the entire economy of the territory would be revolutionized.



"ONE KINGDOM"

It's also time we discussed the new theory of evolution propounded by Dr. Lawrence S. Dillon, associate professor of biology at Texas A. & M. Dr. Dillon presented his concept before a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Professor Dillon and his associates studied thousands of papers published during the past 50 years for data on internal cellular structures. He felt this might give a clue to the actual evolution of life on earth since previous classification systems based upon cell externals contain many weaknesses.

From Professor Dillon's studies, he has concluded that the nucleus and other organelles of the cells have undergone a series of steps that point to possible evolutionary development. He developed a new classification system based upon the development of the cell nucleus from the simplest to the progressively more complex.

Blue-green algae was found to be the simplest living thing (excluding the viruses, whose inner structure is not yet known). Next are several types of bacteria, followed by the yeasts, euglenoids, and so on, with the green algae and higher plants forming one of the two top branches and yellow algae and red and brown seaweeds the other.

This, then, becomes the basic diagram of the entire plant kingdom.

"The metazoa and ciliates also show a clear relationship to the yellow algae and seaweed branch.

"We thus are forced to conclude that all life belongs to only one kingdom, which in all honesty must be recognized as the kingdom of the plants. Hence, all animals, including man, are in reality a type of highly modified plant life, derived a billion years or so ago from a common ancestry with the brown seaweed."

Well, we could go on about this, but we'll let it rest. How do you like being a plant, friend?



ON TO INFINITY

We can't leave science, really, without talking a little about the size of neutrons. Do you know how big a neutron is? They run



How can the Tibetans float in air and walk on water?

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- How they bring back corpses to life.
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- How they learn to float in air and walk on water.
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* Madame Alexandra David-Neel was born in Paris and studied at the Paris Sorbonne under Prof. Ed. Foucaux, a Sanskrit and Tibetan scholar. She made several journeys through the East but felt most "at home" among the Tibetans. She devoted 14 years to the study of Tibetan mystic doctrines, philosophy, lore and customs. She explored vast tracts of Tibetan territory which no white traveler had ever seen before. Her books have been translated into many foreign languages, including Annamite. Madame David-Neel herself has been awarded the gold medal of the Geographic Society of Paris and been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

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about 10,000,000,000,000 to the inch. That's mighty small—so small in fact that if we imagine all the neutrons in a foot rule were each one inch long, the foot rule itself would reach the equivalent distance of from Earth to the Sun and back more than 12 times!

Nevertheless, scientists have studied this tiny little what's-it and come up with the best answers possible, considering the difficulties. And they have done the same thing to protons and have concluded that they're about the same size as neutrons.

Scientists did this by directing a beam of electrons with energies of 650 million electron volts. They studied the deflection of the electrons as they bounced off various atomic targets and so arrived at some ideas about the shapes of the neutrons and protons.

This is important! Instead of finding that protons and neutrons are material bodies, however small, with clear-cut surfaces, they don't seem to be material at all. Instead, they seem to be tiny clouds, dense at the core and gradually thinning out.

In addition, the scientists report that the nuclei of atoms themselves do not always have a spherical shape. Some of them are shaped like footballs. Others like pears.

All of this suggests that science is still a long way from defining

the ultimate particle. For if protons and neutrons are made of "clouds," what are the clouds made of? And if we get down to that, may we not find that they, too, are made of clouds?

Of what?

KEY TO THE ETRUSCANS?

Turning now to a science of perhaps more romantic type, let us speak again of the Etruscans, who have lately been given increasing space in this column because of continuing sensational discoveries about them.

The Etruscans, as you probably know by this time, had a wonderful civilization over a great part of Italy before the rise of Rome. They came from Asia to settle in Italy and built up a series of strong city states but were unable to develop a nation—preferring to remain split and individualistic.

One of the things that horrified both Greeks and Romans about the Etruscans was that they regarded women as equals, actually dining with them at their banquets. And to the progressive (they thought) Greeks and Romans, this was unthinkable.

One of the difficulties we have in understanding Etruscan civilization is that we can't read their writing. Couldn't is more accurate, for now Prof. Licinio Glori, a Ro-



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man expert, claims he has solved the mystery of the Etruscan language.

The key to it, oddly enough, was what appear to be a pair of Etruscan dice. Glori says his first translations were the numbers "lut" meaning five and "ei" meaning six. From this he went on to translate an inscription in which the two numbers appeared on an Etruscan burial vault at Perugia.

With this as a basis, Glori claims he has worked out the meanings of about 1,000 words found on Etruscan inscriptions.

Thus it may be that another historical mystery is solved.

. . . AND TO CRETE

While on the subject, let's turn to the accomplishment of reading Cretan Linear B, script, made by the late Michael Ventris. One of the problems of using Linear B to learn more about the Cretans is that nearly all of the clay tablets so far deciphered are simply inventories. But more and more of them, it seems, are being uncovered to yield data on the religion and economics of the Cretans.

And more and more authorities are becoming convinced that Creton Linear B is just a form of early Greek. Which would make the Cretans, Trojans and the Greeks of Homer all of the same race.

And just as sensational is the recent discovery in Turkish excavations that there was a definite link between the Sesklo culture of Greece and the culture of Northern Mesopotamia. Pottery dug up in both areas is identical. Both cultures existed about 7,000 years ago.

TICK, TICK, TICK

AN UNUSUAL development in a number of recent sightings has been the finding of radioactivity in the vicinity.

A Geiger counter registered radioactivity the next day at the site of Moore's sighting. Kenneth Locke, full-time paid Lake County Civil Defense Director picked up activity of 150 Roentgen strength. Strange pock-marks on a car were also measured and showed radioactivity of 35 to 40 Roentgens.

Physicists from Oak Ridge National Laboratory were johnny-on-the-spot to measure radioactivity where Everett Clark reported his sighting. They spaded up the area where the craft allegedly landed and measured the radioactivity but they did not report their findings.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Letia Kuhn of Madison, Ohio, also in Lake County, reported watching a large bell-shaped object as it hovered about 150 feet from her home on November 10. Dr. E. D. Hudgens of Madison, reported through Ken-

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neth Locke, the Civil Defense Director, that Mrs. Kuhn's appearance suggested the possibility of radiation damage, or of ultraviolet damage to her eyes. He said that she also had suffered shock.

THAT THE BLIND MAY SEE

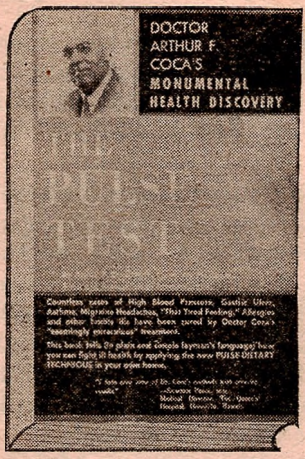
WHAT NEW CONTINENTS man may encounter in his exploration of the brain are unknown, but at least a very large island was discovered during a recent experiment in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles.

Betty Corstorphine of Newark, N.J., is 35 years old and has been blind for 18 years as the result of a brain tumor.

Dr. John C. Button, Jr., an osteopath of East Orange, N.J., has been extremely interested in the work done to map areas of the brain, and has devoted considerable time to nerve studies.

Dr. Button took Betty Corstorphine to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and an operation was performed on her by Dr. Tracy Putnam, director of neurosurgery at the hospital and former professor of neurosurgery at the Harvard Medical School.

Miss Corstorphine was given a local anesthetic. Two small holes were bored in the back of her skull. The surgeons put two insulated stainless steel wires, half the



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thickness of a human hair, through the holes and pushed them into the middle of her brain behind the eyes—the section associated with vision.

Miss Corstorphine was placed in a dark room. A photocell capable of generating a feeble electrical signal in response to light was put in her hand. The cell was attached to an amplifier that changed the impulses to an electrical frequency that might stimulate vision according to brain wave studies.

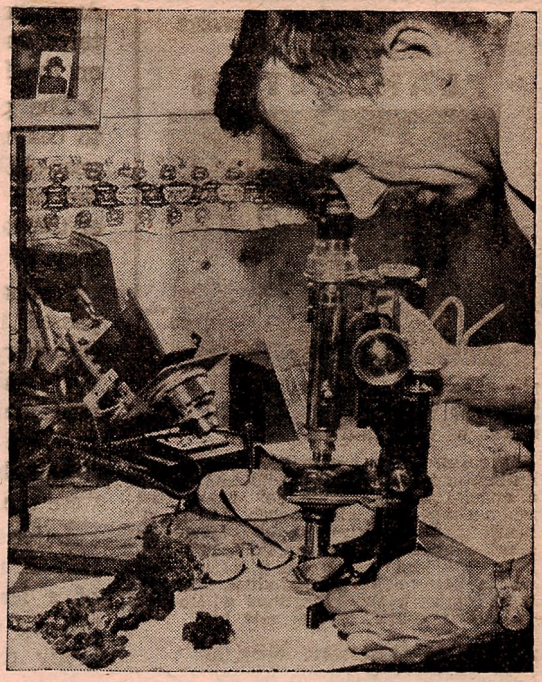
And with this setup, Miss Corstorphine, holding the cell, could actually perceive when the light in her room was turned on. She could tell whether the light was on her right or on her left. She was "seeing" light for the first time in 18 years.

With this accomplished, it may now actually be possible to construct a more elaborate photocell arrangement which would send far more detailed messages to the brain. Eventually, who knows, the blind may be fitted with sight aids as the deaf are with hearing aids.



NESTOR'S FATHER

An unusual discovery made in Greece was revealed recently when Dr. Carl W. Blegen of Cincinnati University announced that he had dug up a beehive tomb that



Dr. Nicholas Kohanowski, professor of geology at the University of North Dakota, examines fragments of an object which on December 15, 1957, fell from the sky near Langdon, N. Dak., setting a haystack afire. Dr. Kohanowski said that while similar, fused clinker material might be left by a meteor, he found in the fragments magnesium oxides which never are present in meteors. (United Press photo)

may be that of King Neleus, father of the fabled King Nestor. The tomb contained gold headbands, rapiers, daggers, bronze cauldrons, arrowheads, a figurine and other items.

Inscribed clay tablets dealt with manpower and spare parts for chariots and harnesses, which suggests that administrative services were carried on in the wing of Nestor's palace near the seaport town of Pylos, Greece. Total discovered area of the palace to date is about 400 feet by 246 feet—fitting for a king like Nestor, who played a major role in the Trojan war.

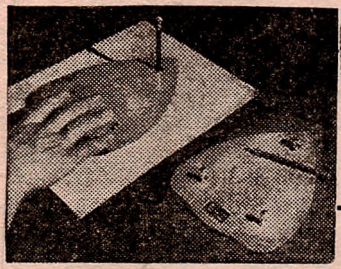


AUSTRALIAN POLTERGEIST

We hope that you, like we, never grow weary of the strange antics of poltergeists. *Psychic Science News* Magazine of Australia reports that Richie Hann, a TV cameraman, and a reporter for the Melbourne *Sunday Times* spent a night at a "haunted" farm 180 miles outside of Perth, in Western

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Australia. They took motion pictures and recorded what they saw on the farm of George Dickson.

The poltergeist activity seemed to center around Harvey, the 11-year-old son of the Dicksons, and the two men took a six-hour tour of the farm with Harvey. Here are some of the things they saw:

A small gravel stone apparently passed through the iron roof of the dairy and clattered into Harvey's milking bucket. Both Harvey's hands were busy milking at the time so he couldn't have thrown it and the only other two witnesses were the reporters.

Later they saw Harvey retrieve a pair of rubber boots from the top of a lemon tree. They had been missing two days. They were perfectly dry although 30 points of rain had fallen that night.

Mr. Dickson describes what he calls "two most fantastic hours."

"I took Harvey out to plough the orchard and it began with five stones falling around us.

"I came home to feed the pigs and milk the cows and was pelted with bones, stones, tins, pieces of bark.

"Once the cows went out it all started again. It seems strange, but whatever is behind it seems to try not to hinder my work around the farm."

Stones fell around Harvey as he sat in the Dickson's moving car

with all windows shut. The car was travelling at 40 m.p.h.

Once Harvey began to yawn and as he opened his mouth a bubble pipe appeared there. On another occasion, a badge Dickson wore on his hat was removed without his being aware of it. It was found pinned to the screen of the door.

HOLE IN THE GROUND

There was a heck of a big explosion one day early in December at the farm of William Blackburn, 12 miles northeast of Red Bay, Ala. When Blackburn went out to investigate he found a hole in the ground about 48 feet long, three to four feet wide and waist deep. Nearby were three smaller holes six to eight feet in diameter and two to three feet deep.

Deputy Sheriff Aubrey Patterson who examined the area thoroughly found that a barbed wire fence had been snapped in several places and the double wire of one strand appeared to be fused together—as if by heat.

Patterson and Blackburn thought at first the holes had been caused by lightning, but since the day had been clear they ruled that out. Patterson didn't believe the holes had been caused by dynamite—they were the wrong shape and dynamite wouldn't be likely to fuse wires. Large pieces of sandstone

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had been thrown out of the biggest hole for a distance of 40 feet or more.

Blackburn described the noise as being like a "big explosion" with a "long roar to it."

Experts from Third Army headquarters at Atlanta came out to look at Blackburn's holes. They reported "there is absolutely no evidence that anything dropped from either outer or inner space" to make the holes. They said the holes were apparently caused by lightning.

For our part, we don't believe it.



DREAM BABY

An eight-pound baby boy born just before Christmas may owe his life to the fact that Mrs. Arthur Mann of North Las Vegas believes in dreams.

A couple of weeks before, Mrs. Mann dreamed that she was called on to assist in the delivery of a baby. Mrs. Mann believes in dreams and immediately she began to study the family medical guide for proper emergency procedure in assisting childbirth.

And at 5:40 a.m. on Saturday, December 21, Mrs. Mann was waked by someone pounding on her back door. It was Airman 2nd Class James Gross who lives nearby and whose wife needed help.

Mrs. Mann found Mrs. Gross in the bathroom, complaining of a severe backache. One glance showed Mrs. Mann that Mrs. Gross had more than a backache. In just a few minutes Kevin James Gross was born right there on the bathroom floor with Mrs. Mann assisting like an expert, although it was the first baby she had ever helped into the world.



UFO WITH A RAY

A rather late UFO report from Natchitoches, La., about 75 miles south of Shreveport, is one of the most sensational to come our way.

Hestel Rayford, 32, an employe of the Rothchild Tank and Boiler Works of Shreveport, was driving on Route 117 from Shreveport to his home in Provencal around 11 p.m. November 20. He saw a strange object in the middle of the road, about a mile and a half from Provencal.

"I came over a hill and saw this object sitting in the middle of the road. At first I thought it was a truck. Then I saw that it was shaped like a football and was about 15 feet long and from eight to 10 feet high."

Rayford drove to within 100 yards of it when the object emitted "sharp, bright rays of light.

"I felt the car getting hot immediately, and stopped. The car

kept getting hotter and I got out and took cover in a ditch. In a matter of seconds the car burst into flames."

As Rayford lay in the ditch he said that he got a good look at the object which had the letters "UN" and some numbers painted on the side. The light rays, he declared, came from the top of the object.

After his car caught fire, Rayford said, the object "eased up about two feet off the highway, hovered near the car, and then went toward the south."

He said it made a sound like a Diesel bus as it roared away, and left a peculiar smell in the area unlike anything he had ever experienced before. He said he was within 15 feet of the object at one time and it was "army green" in color.

Comment: Rayford says he never drinks. His eyes are good. The parish sheriff's office confirmed that his car had indeed burned. On the other hand, there are no other witnesses to this sensational event.

If true it is one of the few cases on record in which UFO's have deliberately damaged vehicles, machines or property.



MEXICAN UFO

Another and better documented report on a rather unusual UFO sighting comes from Tampico, Mex., where it was translated from *El Mundo* by Robert F. Kottke, a FATE reader.

On the morning of July 31, 1957, Miguel Camarillo and Carlos Silva, technicians of Radio-Atlas, left for Ebano in a station wagon to install television apparatus and repair a number of radios. At the end of the day they returned toward Tampico. As they passed through Cacalilao they took on gasoline and resumed their journey. About three minutes out of town Silva saw a mass of reddish lights approaching them slowly at about 450 feet altitude. He shouted to Camarillo to stop. They both watched the object and then turned around and raced back to Cacalilao with the object following close behind them.

They stopped at the same gas station and shouted so that other people could see the UFO. More than 100 persons left their homes and watched the object for more than 30 minutes as it hovered near Cacalilao. Camarillo and Silva approached it closely enough to estimate that it was about 20 feet in diameter. They were unable to make out further details.

The object changed color "passing through all hues until it became an intense whitish blue." Then it disappeared, flying rapidly toward the south.

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Babylon

the magnificent

By Mary Margaret Fuller

Wicked, cruel, rich, strong, a showplace of architectural and engineering marvels, was this greatest city of the ancient world.

THE DESERT WINDS howl across the Euphrates marshes, across the arid sands, and across the nearby living city of Baghdad. They suck little dust devils out of the rubble. And the dust that the winds whirl up was once clay bricks, clay pottery and the clay flesh of what was the greatest city of ancient times—Babylon.

The city of Babylon prospered under Sumerians, Babylonians, Assyrians and Persians over a span of years that is longer than all the years since the birth of Christ. A million slaves died to erect its mighty walls and buildings; more teeming millions swarmed its narrow streets and broad avenues, traded with its merchants throughout the ancient world, or fell beneath the cruel war chariots of its rulers.

Babylon was all the Bible says and more. It was wicked, cruel, rich, strong. It was also inventive. The customs of a people dead for twenty centuries still affect us in our daily lives—from the laws and legal procedures that we still observe to our odd habit of telling time by a system of 12 hours.

She was a huge city. The mighty Euphrates River fed moats around her fortifications, canals that brought life to her fields, and was itself the important artery of trade. The banks of the Euphrates were lined with docks and quays where hundreds of boats brought commerce from the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea and, after overland journeys, from the Mediterranean itself.

The river, too, was lined with walls, and the streets leading to it were barred with gates of brass. Down the Euphrates came goods from Asia Minor and Syria—even from Egypt transported overland from Syria to the river.

We know more about the prices at which these goods were bought and sold than we do about European prices 200 years ago. We even know the names of the great merchants whose families traded with the peoples of far shores—we have their actual account records preserved in baked clay tablets. Through these records we learn that Babylon imported wood from Syria, metals from Armenia and Asia Minor, spices and incense from southern Arabia. We know how much business was done in a year by the big linen mills in Borsippa, near Babylon.

Practically anything in the ancient world could be bought in the great bazaars of Babylon, where artisans worked on the noisy streets and peddlers howled their wares of cloth, jewelry, sweetmeats —even popular songs.

Babylon was like present oriental cities in many respects. There were neither sidewalks nor sewers. If a building collapsed the ground was not cleared but another was built on the ruins of the old. Vermin and dirt were everywhere.

But Babylon was more than this. Huge processional avenues thrust through the city—one was 80 feet wide, lined by high walls decorated with the brilliant colors of glazed bricks and with bas relief.

When Robert Koldewey, one of the foremost excavators of Babylon, began to dig he wanted to check the statement by Herodotus that two chariots, each drawn by four horses could pass on the walls. He found it to be true. Koldewey had to remove as much as 77 feet of overlying material. He dug for 15 years with more than 200 workers. And he found that Herodotus was right.

Koldewey found the walls of

Babylon. He found the inner wall to be 22.4 feet thick, made of common brick. Next, 38.4 feet on the outside of it was an outer wall of brick 25 feet thick. The space between these walls had been filled with earth. Then there had been a wall of kiln-fired brick 12 feet thick lining the inner side of a moat which encircled all the walls. The moat was flooded during times of danger.

Guards patrolled these walls. There were watch-towers every 160 feet. Babylon was probably the largest walled city ever to have existed.

The Babylon, in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, was a fortress that probably no enemy on earth was strong enough to take. But Babylon did fall, undoubtedly betrayed from within. Nebuchadnezzar restored the walls of the Archatu canal, built a stone bridge across the Euphrates, dug other canals. He built huge palaces decorated with enameled and polished brick.

Koldewey uncovered many marvels in Babylon. He found a well where once a chain pump had operated to furnish a continuous supply of water. He found vaulted construction with true arches. He also found the remains of the Tower of Babel.

IN ANCIENT Babylon such towers were common, apparently stemming from the traditions of the ancient Sumerians. It is suspected that they were a mountain people. When they settled on the flat and level Mesopotamian plains they built themselves symbolic mountains to remind themselves of their origin.

These towers were called by the Babylonians *ziggurats,* meaning "mountain-tops." The Tower of Babel was 288 feet square and 288 feet high. It was built in a series of seven stages or terraces, covered with gold and decorated with blue enameled brickwork. The Tower was built by slaves and contained 58 million bricks.

It was built in a hollow, surrounded by a wall, with interconnected buildings used for the worship of Marduk, the great Babylonian god. The Tower of Babel, like the other *ziggurats,* was a public shrine. The lower temple contained an image of the god, half animal and half human, made of solid gold. The image was placed on a throne beside a large golden table and a golden footstool. Herodotus reports that the total weight of the statue and furnishings amounted to 800 talents, which would be worth about $24 million today. According to a modern estimate there were 26.07 tons of pure gold in the statue and furnishings.

The shrine at the top was of blue glazed bricks and could be

seen, gleaming in the sunlight, from miles away by travelers approaching the city. The eyewitness descriptions of the Tower come to us from Herodotus, who saw it about 458 B.C., which was about 150 years after it was built for the second time and while it was still in good condition. There had been a previous Tower but this had fallen into disrepair and probably had been torn down about the time of Hammurabi, around 1800 B.C., to be rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar.

In the shrine at the topmost temple was only a large couch and a gilded table. A woman was chosen to live there as consort of the god Marduk. Four times Babylon was conquered and the temple destroyed. Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar rebuilt it and on the latter's death in 562 B.C. the city was conquered by the Persians but Cyrus spared it—though Xerxes later destroyed it again—for all time.

Koldewey excavated perhaps the most famous street in Babylon—a processional way grander than any Roman avenue and perhaps the greatest boulevard ever built by man.

It was constructed as a tremendous trench, 73.6 feet wide and hemmed in by 22-foot walls. It ran from the outer city walls to the Gate of Ishtar. It was the primary route to the interior of the great city and had military value. Any enemy attempting to force the city had to pass along this easily defended street.

Brightly enameled reliefs of lions were spaced every 64 feet along the way, posed against a background of blue. The base of the pavement was brick, on top of which were laid heavy limestone blocks, each more than a yard square. The edges were breccia slabs with red and white veins. All were set in a matrix of asphalt. C.W. Ceram says that each slab had inscribed on its buried side these words.

"Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, son of Nabopolassar, King of Babylon, am I. The Babel Street I paved with Shadu slabs for the procession of the great lord Marduk. Marduk, lord, grant eternal life."

There were in Babylon, it was said, 53 temples to the great gods, 55 shrines dedicated to Marduk, 300 shrines dedicated to earth divinities and 600 dedicated to celestial divinities. Ishtar alone was mistress of 180 altars, and the gods Nergal and Adad, says a contemporary inscription, had 180 others.

So little was known about Babylon during the last century—at that time Greece and Rome were accepted as the cradles of our western civilization—that the Babylonians

were not given the credit they deserved for things that the Greeks and Romans adopted from them. But theirs was a great civilization 2500 years before the Greeks became strong. Leonard Woolley, who did so much digging in Iraq, wrote:

"The arch in building was unknown in Europe until the conquests of Alexander, when Greek architects fastened eagerly on this, to them, novel feature and they, and later the Romans, introduced into the western world what was to be the distinguishing element in architecture.

"Now, the arch was a commonplace of Babylonian construction—Nebuchadnezzar employed it freely in the Babylon which he rebuilt in 600 B.C.; at Ur there is still standing an arch in a temple of Kuri-Galzu, king of Babylon about 1400 B.C.; in private houses of the Sumerian citizens of Ur in 2000 B.C. the doorways were arched with bricks set in true voussoir fashion; an arched drain at Nippur must be dated somewhat earlier; true arches roofing the royal tombs at Ur now carry back the knowledge of the principle another 400 or 500 years. Here is a clear line of descent to the modern world from the dawn of Sumerian history."

THE REMAINS of a large building have been found in a quarter known as the *merkes*, which probably formed the center of a large business area. It is built on a trapezoidal plan. Three of its fronts, each some 40 to 50 yards long, are regularly indented like the teeth of a saw—as with some modern store front buildings recently constructed in this country. The plan is basically that of a series of courtyards, linked with each other by rooms.

The bridge across the Euphrates was a source of perpetual wonder to travelers. It rested on five stone piers which tapered in order to offer the least resistance to the water. The river bed has altered in the centuries since it was built and today the ruined remains of the bridge can still be seen on dry land. Indeed, the nearby modern city of Baghdad itself did not have a bridge until recent years.

The river and a canal system were the principal arteries of commerce and communication. Customs offices were set up along the riverbanks and in addition a sort of central exchange existed there to regulate business affairs. Rates of monetary exchange were controlled here and other rules affecting the business of the city-state.

While Babylon had a water supply from the Euphrates, there were wells and canals to supplement it. King Sennacherib built an

aqueduct from Jerwan to Nineveh to supply his capital with water. The water ran along a strengthened conduit with a floor of hardened earth, waterproofed with asphalt and lined with flagstones. It spanned valleys on arches and was fed by a number of small streams.

One of the unusual features of the walls surrounding the city were the gates, which were especially strengthened. Each gate was heavily reinforced both inside and outside with walls of bricks, pierced by an opening. The openings were controlled by archers posted atop the walls and gates so that even if attackers could force the outermost gates they were vulnerable to attack if they had to pass through the long narrow passageway of the gate system.

In the countryside surrounding the city stood houses surrounded by gardens, which in turn depended on irrigation water for their existence. The flow of water was regulated by a system of huge sluices while the distribution of water into the small trenches leading off the canals to the gardens was controlled by a drainage channel cut in the embankment which could be quickly blocked or opened.

Mesopotamia is almost as dry as Egypt. Virtually no rain falls and agriculture is solely dependent upon irrigation. In ancient days the countryside must have looked much as Egypt still looks today. In 1957, however, despite progress made by the modern Iraquis, little of the land has yet been reclaimed to agriculture. In ancient times yields were tremendous—far above world averages. Barley yields, for instance, were easily 30 to 40 times the quantity sown.

Maintaining the canals in ancient times was not only a necessity but an act of piety. Completion of a new canal was considered as important as a military victory or the construction of a temple. Records still exist from the royal chanceries to the provincial governors ordering this work.

When the canals ran below the level of the surrounding country the water had to be raised. If the current was fast-flowing, a kind of water wheel was used, with buckets around the edge. The current turned the wheel, filled the buckets and raised them. They were dumped automatically on reaching the proper height. The *shaduf* was used also. It was practically identical to that in use today, and consisted of a moving pole with a bucket on one end, counterweights on the other. The operator leans on the counterweights to raise the bucket which empties into a pool that feeds the irrigation channels. Draught animals too were employed.

Canal boats were towed down the canals in much the same manner as our own canal boats of a century ago, although they tended to be smaller. One record reports a rental contract for a boat with a capacity of 300 to 600 bushels, depending on how we read the figures.

We know many of the crops that were grown by the Babylonians—garlic, onions and leeks, for instance; saffron, coriander, rue, thyme and pistachio; lettuce and endive; a kind of carrot, beets, lentils, kohl-rabi; palms of many kinds including many vaireties of dates, and fig trees, grapes and olives. There were also apricots, plums, peaches and pomegranates. The most important grain was barley but millet was eaten and a starchy grain known as spelt. Grain became the primary unit by which the value of money was gauged.

The Babylonians used a plow made of hardwood sharpened to a point and possibly tipped with a sharp stone. It carried a vertical shaft ending at the top in a kind of a box which seems to have been a seed drill. Threshing the grain was quite primitive—by trampling (most common) or by flailing. The grain was stored in silos shaped like our present day silos. They were filled from the top and emptied by a trap in the bottom.

Live stock included the donkey, the horse, to a lesser extent apparently because the Babylonians didn't have a proper work harness, several varieties of cattle, various breeds of sheep and goats, all of which, with the cows, were milked. The Babylonians had butter and cheese. After the first millenium B.C. they made wide use of the camel. The Babylonian shepherds used sheep dogs.

HAMMURABI, who reigned around 1800 B.C. codified the legal principles and customs of ancient Sumer, which preceded the Babylonians. The code is governed by a clear concept of guilt. The spirit of the code is judicial with little reference to religious considerations. It abolished such personal approaches as the vendetta since the state replaced the individual as the avenger of injustice. Although justice was extremely harsh by our standards and many cruel punishments were contained in the code, its objective tone is reflected in the later legal codes of Justinian and Napoleon.

Babylon had state-supported medical schools, but much of the "medicine" actually was a kind of magic. The Babylonians were scientific astronomers. They developed a calendar which is far more accurate than anything the

world used up to 100 years ago. They reckoned the motion of the planets and determined the lunar revolution within four seconds. They used a rather cumbersome arithmetic but nonetheless were able to deal with higher numerical values than any civilization up to the 19th Century A.D. Part of their calculations were done by slide rules.

The Babylonians are generally considered to have been the inventors of astrology, but it is not the kind of astrology with which we are familiar. For example they did not have a zodiac until fairly late and did not have the precession of the equinoxes, which is also necessary in the kind of astrology known to us (and the ancient Greeks), until near the end of their history.

Babylonian astrology was based upon meteorology—the observation of the winds, colors of the stars, eclipses, the occultation (eclipse) of the planets, and so on. Nevertheless, the astrologers were consulted by all levels of society in all matters from important decisions to small details of their daily lives. The advice of the astrologers tended to be general and subject to rather wide interpretation.

Divinations were made from dreams, examination of the livers of sacrificed animals, and by certain omens, such as the study of the flight of birds, the spreading of oil over water, and so on.

Most of the practices of Babylonian magic were concerned with rituals to exorcise demons. The details of many of the rituals used by the priests are still preserved. The priests used these rites in defense against spells cast by sorcerers, for example, and both spells and exorcisms seem to be quite similar.

Wearing robes of red (antagonistic to evil spirits) the priest, in the name of the gods of heaven and earth, called upon his adversary by name to depart and to stop tormenting his victim. (By using the name of the magician, the priest thus robs him of power.) He called on the whole company of the gods to aid the sufferer and so exorcize the demon. He also conducted symbolic actions, such as burning substances which the evil spirits were supposed to resemble, and untied knots in which the sorcerer was supposed to have entangled his victim symbolically. Then a spell was cast to undo the original spell cast by the sorcerer. This spell consisted of making small images to be tortured and destroyed.

The priest traced circles with a magic wand round himself and anyone else he wished to protect and chanted: *"In my hand I hold*

the magic circle of Ea, in my hand I hold the cedar wood, the sacred weapon of Ea, in my hand the branch of the palm tree of the great rite."

BABYLONIAN RELIGION, though it changed somewhat during the thousands of years after it was taken over from the Sumerians, remained fairly static for much of the period.

The Babylonians believed in powerful gods who could move through the universe at will. Yet these gods looked like men and thought like men and had the same physical needs as men. The gods essentially owned the earth—particularly they owned the cities in which men lived—each god assuming primary lordship over a particular city. And the men who lived in the cities were the servants of this god, working for him, farming his fields for him, keeping the city for him.

In addition, each individual Babylonian had a minor member of the family of gods who stood in even closer relationship to him. This god was his personal god and would help him in trouble, help him to succeed and intercede for him before the mightier gods.

The Babylonians had a strong sense of sin—although their sins were not necessarily the same acts that we regard as sinful. If a man sinned he might offend his personal god and so he had to beg forgiveness or ask another god to act as mediator. Otherwise all was lost.

On death, the Babylonians believed they went to a shadowy, dusty home under the earth. Here their position would depend upon many things but not on how they had lived on earth—there is no evidence that Babylonian gods punished evil or rewarded virtue after death.

There were great religious festivals. In one city each year the king took over the identity of the god Tammuz, god of the pastures and the new vegetation of spring. In this ceremony he slept with the goddess Ishtar, who perhaps was portrayed by a priestess. The union was divine and symbolized the continuing fertility of the land.

At Babylon, Marduk had been raised to the position of chief god and all the other gods were subordinate to him. The most important festival was in celebration of the New Year. This festival lasted for 12 days and here Marduk actually "received" in his temple the other gods of the great cities in the shape of their statues. Marduk's actual disappearance, perhaps his death, appears to have been reenacted. Then grief changed to joy as the god reappeared and a gigantic procession was held,

with all the company of gods escorted outside the city.

Meanwhile a sacred drama depicted the plea of the other gods to him to be their champion in the struggle against Chaos. His victory and consecration as head of the pantheon of gods also was reenacted and the "fixing of the destinies" of his city of Babylon was determined.

The rest of the festival harked back to the days of nature worship with an actual consummation in a temple of the sacred marriage of the divine couple, represented by high priest and high priestess.

After this culmination of the festival the statues of the visiting gods were escorted back to their own temples in the provinces. Any trouble that prevented the smooth performance of the rituals was considered a bad omen.

It would take an entire book to describe all the Babylonian gods. The Babylonians never seemed to be concerned about their number or the various contradictions of their religion. Their beliefs stemmed from the Sumerians who preceded them and from other cultures. And these in turn revert to even more ancient origins.

WHAT HAPPENED to Babylon? Even its name was lost to the peoples of Mesopotamia, while preserved in such places as the Bible. It took the spades and sweat of a generation of archeologists to prove the Bible right.

And as for Babylon itself, it was not destroyed. It is true that Babylon was conquered many times. Often great sections of it were ruined but always rebuilt.

It is perhaps an anticlimax that Babylon did not die at the hands of a conqueror. It just withered.

After the death of Alexander the Great it fell to Seleucus, one of his generals. Seleucus built his new palace about 30 miles north of the old city, and around this new residence grew up the city of Seleucia. The king granted his city all the privileges possible. The trade routes changed to intersect there. The wealthy merchants moved to Seleucia, Antioch and Susa. Only the peasants and a few astrologers stayed in Babylon which remained for a time the fountainhead of Chaldean astrology.

Finally even astrology died out in Babylon. In the Fifth Century the walled-in wilderness of Babylon was used as a game preserve by the Parthian kings. Many of the kiln bricks and stones were hauled away to build neighboring cities. The mud brick walls collapsed. Eventually only a dusty mound and a little village called Babel remained as evidence that here once stood the greatest city of the ancient world.

By Charles B. Harnett

Interview with Therese Neumann

FATE presents an exclusive first-hand report on the famed Bavarian stigmatist.

I HAD BEEN IN Germany about a year, assigned as editor of an Air Force weekly newspaper, *The Landsberg Bavarian,* when I stumbled upon a news clipping from an antiquated issue of *Time* Magazine, telling of a stigmatist—one Therese Neumann—whose body bore the marks of Christ's suffering on the cross.

Eager for a human interest article to add color to a usually drab military news publication, I inquired in the nearby village of Landsberg and searched the Landsberg Air Base library for more information about Therese Neumann.

In Landsberg, a medium-sized village in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, I found surprisingly few who could tell me more than that Fraulein Neumann was be-

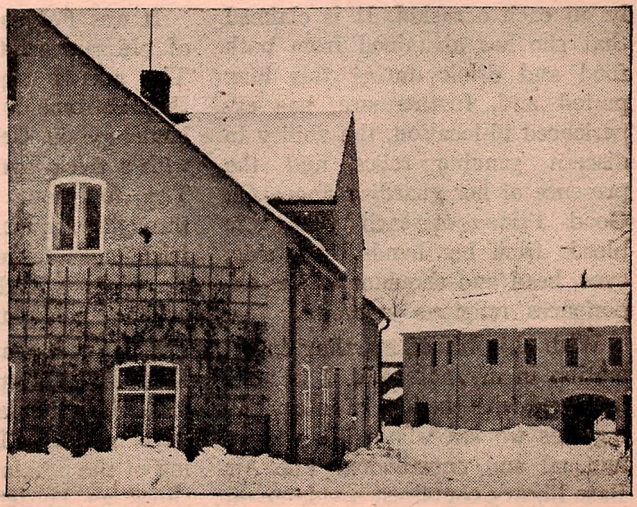


Photo by author shows front of Therese Neuman's home in Konnersreuth, Bavaria. This is scene of her famed religious "ecstacies," during which stigmata simulating wounds of Christ appear on her body. At right is inn where author stayed during interview.

lieved to be the only living stigmatist who regularly bled from wounds in her hands and feet—the only stigmatist who, on Good Fridays, suffered the agony of Christ's crucifixion. The town buergermeister and editor of the *Landsberger Nachrichten,* Herr Winklemeyer, gave me the following brief summary of the life of this remarkable woman:

Therese Neumann (aged 59 in 1957) first noted her unusual ability after seven years of illnesses that confined her to bed. In March, 1926, she experienced for the first time open wounds on the back of each hand and on the instep of each foot. From that time until now, the wounds have opened every Friday, bleeding profusely on each occasion. It is claimed that she has abstained from both food and drink during this long period and, furthermore, has experienced bi-location, the ability to discern genuine relics and the presence of her guardian angel. On Good Friday of each year, she bleeds from her hands, feet, side, eyes, head and shoulder as she experiences religious ecstacies.

With this bit of startling information in my notebook, I became intrigued with the idea of interviewing this woman whose life was so unusual and unorthodox. The Air Base library contained a volume on stigmatism that listed St. Francis of Assisi as the first stigmatist, or person capable of uncontrolled physical reproduction of the wounds of the crucified Jesus. Contrary to the belief of Landsberg townspeople, it listed not only Fraulein Neumann, but also one Padre Pio, of Foggio, Italy, as the only stigmatists living today.

After I managed to convince the officer-in-charge of the Public Information Office that a story about Therese Neumann would be of value and interest to thousands of Air Force personnel in Europe a jeep and German interpreter, Heinz Fischer, were assigned to me for two days' temporary duty at Konnersreuth, Upper Bavaria, where Therese Neumann lives with her family.

It was February, 1952, a month of pleasant wintriness in Bavaria. The narrow asphalt road wound through some of the most beautiful landscape in Germany, all topped with a thick layer of cottony snow. The four-hour journey took us through snow-capped hills with icicle-laden fences, and tall, majestic pines sparkling white in the brilliant sunlight.

When we neared the village of Konnersreuth (pronounced Kone-airs-roit), the last few kilometers were marked off with signs warning of the proximity of the Czechoslovakian border. At the edge of the village, a "Zollgrenzbizirk"

sign indicated the Iron Curtain only a mile to the east.

In the village we passed a convoy of American tanks, half-tracks and personnel vehicles such as constantly patrolled the border roads. An Army captain shouted from his passing jeep that the left fork of the road ahead was "Off Limits."

Konnersreuth, population 1,200, was typically simple and drab and spotlessly clean. A horsedrawn cart ahead of us had barely passed over its calling card before an aged woman, shovel in hand, leaped into the road ahead of us to collect the manure for her next spring's gardening.

The Neumann home was a stucco-on-stone, one-and-a-half story house much like the stereotyped architecture found in most of Bavaria. Interpreter Fischer estimated its age at 150 years, an age not uncommon for that part of the country. An inn stood directly across the narrow, cobblestoned street from the Neumann home and we decided to go there first—to arrange notes for our uninvited interview with Fraulein Neumann.

The innkeeper, a large man in larger trousers, brought us beer and condescended to answer questions. Yes, of course, he knew Therese Neumann. To him and the other villagers she was known as Resl, an abbreviated German version of Therese. I pictured a slight woman of delicate mannerisms. Resl was at home, he said, because he had seen her about the house only an hour before. The villagers had much respect for her, he said, and entertained no doubts but that her stigma was a miracle. He believed she was the only stigmatist ever to have existed. His surprise and subsequent suspicion was apparent when I informed him that 32 cases of stigmatization had been recorded, that each stigmatist was a Roman Catholic, and that all but 40 were women. However, he continued to answer questions in an amiable manner so long as our patronage was to his material benefit.

The proprietor told us disparagingly that some men of medicine who had observed her had diagnosed her condition as catalepsy, somnambulism, hallucinations, hysteria or auto-suggestion. The only intelligent people who have given opinions, he said, believe that the phenomena could be explained only as a miracle of God.

He advised us to talk with Father Josef Naber, village priest and Resl's confessor. Father Naber, he said, possessed several "relics" from the stigmatist, that we would be interested in seeing.

In Landsberg, Herr Winklemeyer had told us that Fraulein Neumann allowed no one to take

pictures of her. Therefore, before the trip, I concealed in my notebook a tiny Minox camera about two inches long, an inch wide and half an inch thick. It was firmly attached to the inside of the notebook's fold and a small aperture had been cut in the cardboard cover of the notebook to expose the lens. Cocking the shutter of this camera I proceeded with Fischer to the large wooden front door of the Neumann house.

A young woman answered our knock and informed us that Fraulein Neumann was not seeing visitors. We told the woman, who turned out to be a maid, that we had traveled many miles from lower Bavaria to interview Fraulien Neumann for an American Air Force newspaper. We were asked to wait in the vestibule.

A few minutes later the maid returned, cordially inviting us into a clean but sparsely furnished living room where we sat on a long, narrow couch of 1920 vintage. Presently a door opened and a stout, robust woman entered with brisk step, smiled courteously and asked if we were the persons who desired an interview. The interpreter made the introductions and we reseated ourselves facing Fraulein Neumann who occupied a wooden rocking chair.

As Fischer began a lengthy explanation of why we had come, I observed the stigmatist closely. She was simply dressed in the familiar costume of Bavarian peasant women. Although the room was warm, her head was covered with a black shawl. I noticed a large, red scab on the back of each hand, which she took no pains to conceal. She gesticulated freely as she answered my questions asked through Fischer.

I will give the interview verbatim.

Q. Fraulein Neumann, can you tell us first about yourself and your family?

A. I am the oldest of 10 children. I have five sisters and four brothers. I was born on April 9, 1898, which, incidentally, was Good Friday. Our family has always been quite poor; father is a tailor and does a little farming; he had a difficult time providing for us all until we were old enough to help.

Q. You are not married and never have been. Is that correct?

A. That is right. I always wanted to become a mission sister; but when the idea first came to me, father, who was at the front during the war, asked me to stay with the family until he returned because I was the eldest. When he returned from the war, I was ill in bed and it was impossible to study for the nunhood.

Q. I understand your stigmata stem from the illnesses you had early in life?



United Press

Therese Neumann, wound visible on one hand, is shown going to church in 1938. Weak from bleeding of stigmata, she is aided by nuns behind whom is Father Josef Naber.

A. I have had accidents and illnesses, yes. When I was 20 years old a fire broke out in a neighbor's barn and, of course, many of the townspeople turned out to help put out the fire. I helped by passing buckets full of water up to a man who was throwing the water on the fire. The fire burned quite a long time and we all worked very hard. After some time of passing buckets I felt a terrible pain in my back and found that I could not straighten up completely, nor without pain.

A few days later, I fell down the cellar steps here at home and hit my head on the concrete floor. When I regained consciousness, my vision was almost completely gone.

Q. You mean the injury left you sightless?

A. Almost completely. Then, five months later, I fell a second time —from a ladder in the barn. After this fall I had back pains and cramps in the same place as when

I first injured my back at the fire. I was unconscious sometimes for hours and sometimes for days at a time. My legs soon became paralyzed and by March, 1919, I found myself completely blind and bedridden.

Q. It is said that you have fasted completely from food and drink since 1926.

A. Not exactly fasted. You see, in 1919 when I had to remain in bed all the time I found it impossible to keep foods down; so the doctor said I must be fed only liquids. Then in 1923 the paralysis moved into my throat. By 1926 I could take no nourishment whatsoever, and it has remained so until now.

Q. Can you tell us just how your stigmatization began?

A. During the many years of being bedridden I had visions of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, my namesake. In one vision, St. Therese asked me, "Resl, do you want to be well again?" I answered her, "Anything is good: Life, death, health or sickness. I only want what God wants of me."

Q. And did your ailments improve?

A. From then on—on each feast of St. Therese—my health somehow showed a spontaneous improvement.

Q. And your vision returned?

A. On April 29, 1923—the same day that Pope Pius XI declared me to be "Blessed"—my sight came back.

Q. And the paralysis?

A. Two years later the Pope declared me "Holy" and I was cured. The paralysis was gone. The many bed sores were gone. Wounds and bed bruises on my left ankle, left knee and left hip were gone. New skin remained where scars should have been.

Q. It was then that the stigmata first appeared?

A. During Lent of 1926 I had a vision of Jesus praying in the Garden of Mount Olive. At the same time, a great pressure crushed my breast and I felt something hot running down the left side of my body. It was blood. It came from a wound in my left side. I was very frightened that I had acquired a new illness so I decided not to tell my parents. Then, the following Friday, I had a vision of the scourging of Our Lord and the wound began to bleed again.

On Good Friday wounds opened on the backs of my hands and on the tops of my feet. Father Naber was summoned to administer the last sacraments. The bleeding stopped after a while but the scabs that formed refused to heal.

Q. Were the wounds superficial or did they completely pierce your hands and feet?

A. It was in 1927 that they

went completely through my hands and feet. Then scabs formed also on the palms of my hands and bottoms of my feet.

Q. And you have carried these wounds with you since?

A. That is right.

Q. Your parents knew of all this?

A. As soon as they found out, they called Father Naber to the house and showed him the wounds. He said they were similar to those borne by Our Lord when he was crucified.

Q. Fraulein Neumann, you say you have not eaten nor drunk anything since 1926. Do you ever experience hunger?

A. I have absolutely no desire to eat. I believe it is God's will that I should not eat or drink.

Q. Tell me. Do you experience normal bowel movements?

(At this point, the interpreter balked. Apparently, however, Fraulein Neumann understood enough English to get the idea. She answered.)

A. You mean do I use the toilet? No. I have not since September, 1930.

Q. I don't quite understand. You said you stopped taking nourishment in 1926. Now you say you began having no normal bowel movements in 1930. How do you explain the period from 1926 to 1930 when you were having bowel movements but were not eating?

(She smiled and shrugged her shoulders).

A. God can do anything.

Q. Do you experience normal menstruation?

(Again Fischer hesitated, but stuttered through the translation.)

A. None at all since 1930.

Q. Has your weight changed to any degree since 1926?

A. No. It is almost always the same, that is, except during the Friday ecstacies when I bleed from one and a half to two liters (quarts) of blood and lose up to three or four pounds. But the weight quickly returns.

Q. Fraulein Neumann, do you believe this stigmata to be a miracle?

A. But of course! What else could it be?

Before we left, she added, "There have been bad things written about me. I believe you will write only good." To this I answered, "I will write what I believe to be the truth."

During the interview I snapped five pictures of the stigmatist, apparently without her realizing it. However, none of them showed on the film when it was subsequently developed. There had not been enough lighting in the room to cause a reaction on the eight millimeter film in the tiny camera.

We thanked Fraulein Neumann,

shaking hands in the German custom, and made our exit through the vestibule just as a woman of about 40 was entering. Fraulein Neumann bid us goodbye, extended the woman an enthusiastic greeting, and took her inside.

Fischer and I retired once more to the inn across the street.

This time 17-year old Franz Wachter, son of the innkeeper, took our order of lunch. We asked him if he knew Resl.

"I've known Resl all my life," he told us. "I have seen her in ecstacy twice, as most of the people of Konnersreuth have."

"What do you think about it?"

"We all believe that this thing must surely be a miracle. I think there is no one in town who does not believe it. As they say, 'Seeing is believing'."

The boy said that Resl had been employed by his father as a maid in the inn in 1917, shortly before the fire that led to her incapacitation.

Comparing notes, Fischer and I found that we had neglected to ask Fraulein Neumann a few leading questions; so we asked them of the boy.

"Do you know if she sleeps normally?"

"She sleeps as regularly as anyone else so far as anyone around here knows," he answered. "I don't believe the stories that she sleeps only three hours a week."

"Has she claimed that?"

"I do not know. But some magazine stories said that."

Franz Wachter remembered that, on one occasion, Resl had stated that when she is near a dead person, she experiences ecstacy wherein she can see if the soul of the departed goes to heaven, hell or purgatory.

"She was at my uncle's deathbed," the boy said, "and when he passed away, she had an ecstacy. Afterwards, she told us his soul went to purgatory. I have heard that, when a soul goes to hell, she makes terrible faces and speaks to no one."

"What else is she supposed to be able to do?" we asked.

"It is common knowledge in the village that she has correctly stated whether certain missing German soldiers were dead or prisoners in Russia. Some of those she said were in Russia have recently been repatriated."

"And you think all this is a miracle?"

"Everyone does. Look," he said firmly, "my own eyes have seen her bleeding from her hands, feet, side, head and eyes—from the same places where Jesus bled when He was crucified. And I have seen the expressions on her face. There is nothing on earth that can cause that!"

We asked the direction of the rectory of Father Naber, Konnersreuth's only Catholic priest. The boy gave us detailed instructions.

Before we had finished our lunch the lady who had arrived at the Neumann home as we were leaving entered. She chose a table beside ours and also ordered lunch.

Then, she turned to us and asked, "Did you find your interview with Resl informative?"

"Very much so," I answered. "Fraulein Neumann told you?"

"Resl and I are good friends," she answered. "I come to Konnersreuth often to see her. I am from Landsberg."

"From Landsberg? So are we."

Her meal arrived, but she hardly touched it as she became engrossed in our conversation. She was a frail woman who, like the stigmatist, wore a dark shawl over her head.

"Tell me," I said. "What is your impression of her stigmatic condition?"

"Her condition? The stigma is certainly a miracle. I have seen her with my own eyes . . ." Her reasoning was much the same as young Wachter's.

"Today, Resl told me I must go to Spain," she said. "I have much packing to do when I return to Landsberg."

"To Spain?" Fischer volunteered, astonished. "But why?"

"Mine is not to question," she answered. "Resl said I am needed there. So I must go. You see, I am a mission sister—a nurse."

"And you mean you are leaving Germany for Spain just because she told you?"

"Tomorrow afternoon."

Subsequent checking in Landsberg showed that the woman had worked at the city hospital there for over eight years and that she indeed moved away the following day. Her forwarding address was "Madrid, Spain."

★ ★ ★

Father Josef Naber greeted us cordially in his comfortable rectory, not far from the Neumann home. The ensuing conversation filled many of the gaps in the Neumann story.

Father Naber was a man of medium height, with white hair and quick, blue eyes. His hunched shoulders spoke of old age although his face was hardly wrinkled.

Our interview with him was as follows:

Q. Can you tell us, Father Naber, is it true that Therese has experienced bi-location?

A. Apparently that is quite true. One example I can give was when, during a special visit I made to Berlin, I said the Mass in a church that was unfamiliar to me. In fact,

during the ceremony, I had considerable difficulty unlocking the door of the Tabernacle and had to obtain a second key that would open it.

When I returned to Konnersreuth Resl told me that she also had been in Berlin. She described in detail the church and the trouble I had opening the Tabernacle. Later I learned that she had not left Konnersreuth.—(*To be continued.*)

DEAD MAN'S SHORTHAND

THE AMAZING story of a four-year-old boy who wrote a message in shorthand although he was not yet in school and did not know the alphabet recently was related by Dr. J. B. Rhine, noted parapsychology researcher at Duke University, in *The American Weekly*. The story was one of a collection cited by Dr. Rhine as indicating human survival after death.

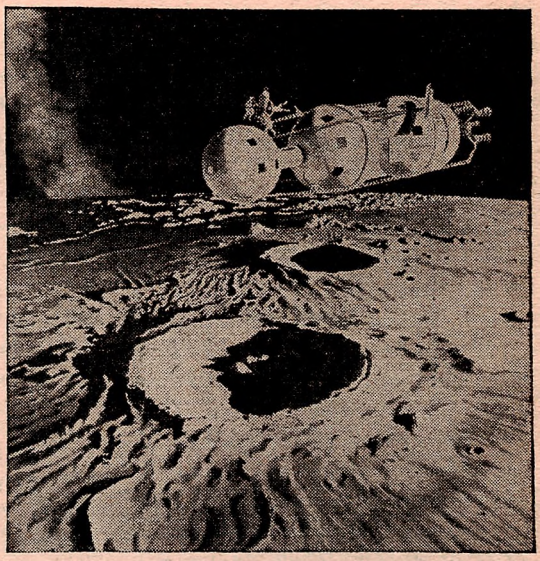
The boy's mother, who had been widowed two weeks before, owned a hotel. One evening she sat in the hotel lobby while the boy scribbled on a pad of paper. Presently he folded several of the sheets and placed them in his mother's mailbox.

The next morning a girl day clerk called the sheets to the attention of the boy's mother. The "writing" on them, the clerk said, looked like shorthand. She showed it to a stenographic teacher, who told her it was an earlier system, now obsolete. The teacher was familiar with this system, however, and he translated the characters the boy had written.

They proved to form an intelligible message, which began with a term of endearment used by the boy's father to address the mother. The message said that valuable family papers were hidden in a safe deposit box in New York. This unexpectedly proved the solution to a financial crisis caused by the father's death. What was most startling and impressive about the incident was that the deceased father once had been a stenographer and had used the system in which the boy had written the message.

OUT OF THE COFFIN

ENTERING a funeral parlor in Tres Arroyos, Argentina, Mario Gianca saw a man rise from a coffin and died of shock. The man was the undertaker, who had been measuring the coffin for a client of his own size.



An artist's conception of a future space ship hovers above the moon's surface, while scientists in space suits take close-up photographs. Such a trip has been planned in fine detail by rocket researchers like Dr. Wernher von Braun, who predicts ship will depart from a wheel-shaped space station 1,075 miles above the Earth. *(Collier's* photo from United Press.)

LIFE IN Space

Spacemen will encounter many perils —and the worst dangers are not of a physical nature!

By Willy Ley

When, in times to come, a space-suited man from one spaceship signals the occupants of another spaceship to open the air-lock for him he will probably be greeted with the time-honored formula "Glad to have you aboard." But, in this case, every word of this formal greeting will be meant. For the arrival of a visitor aboard a spaceship will always be a welcome break in the monotony which probably will be the greatest single source of danger in the early years of space travel.

I don't know whether there is any way in which a person, while staying alert, can "get used" to

boredom. This should be thoroughly investigated; such an investigation may be useful.

But let us begin at the beginning.

The first trip into space will, of course, be orbital flight, with the ship staying in an orbit around the earth for a rather short period, say 24 hours. During these 24 hours the first space travellers will experience all the sensations which go with space travel. They will feel completely weightless all the time, the sensation of support and of solidity will be gained only by strapping oneself tightly to a chair or a bed. While things will still be "to the right" and "to the left" for an individual the terms "up" and "down" will have lost all meaning.

The men will not even be able to speak about the earth "below." Depending entirely on the position of their ship while it is moving in its orbit on momentum only the earth may be seen ahead, or astern. It may be off to one side, it can even be "overhead."

It is this loss of "up" and "down" which has made some medical researchers worry about what they call "disorientation." I wish there were a simple way of explaining just what is meant by the term "disorientation." To say that it is the same as "losing the customary frame of reference" comes close to the meaning but is, to my mind, not much clearer. Being graphic instead of scientific one might say that "disorientation" is a mild panic, somewhat similar to the frame of mind of a man who finds himself suddenly pitched into a river. Even if he can swim he will flail and struggle for a moment until he says to himself, "All right, I'm in water, I will spread my arms and float up to the surface."

Nobody can say now how serious this disorientation is going to be. More specifically, nobody can predict how serious it will be for a particular person. There seem to be rather pronounced individual differences. Preliminary medical research with induced weightlessness in jet planes has shown that people fall into three broad categories in this respect alone. A small percentage are simply unwilling to even repeat the experiment. A much larger percentage do not really like it but are willing to repeat any time if necessary. Still another, and again small, percentage cannot wait to repeat, they like it. These reactions apparently have nothing to do with previous flying experience. Presumably the man who cannot stand weightlessness will never learn to like or even to tolerate it, no matter how many hours are expended in training and instruction.

Some other medical research experiments have shown that such strong individual differences exist in other areas too. Take the men who fly airplanes through dense and turbulent clouds at night. One man feels lost until he is out of the clouds or above or below them so that he can see either the stars in the sky or city lights on the ground. Another man simply looks at his instrument panel and feels perfectly reassured. Confidence in instrument flying can be learned by experience to some extent but always some learn it much faster than others. Probably some cannot learn it.

Digressing very slightly from the theme, I wish to mention another phenomenon, psychological in nature. Jet pilots who have been making long flights at very high altitudes, especially when the ground was covered by an overcast from horizon to horizon, have said that they experienced a feeling of "separation." The universe around them somehow becomes unreal. The earth is no longer below, it simply does not exist. The man feels alone, in the most literal sense of the word. There is nobody else. There is nothing else. He is "alone."

This strange feeling fortunately is not very strong. If a rare gust of high altitude turbulence shakes the plane the pilot immediately reverts to being a pilot who is flying a jet of this or that make and type to this or that destination. A radio call from the ground or from other aircraft has the same effect. And, of course, this "separation" never occurs when the pilot is not truly alone to begin with. It has never been experienced by members on a flight crew. In space travel, therefore, this phenomenon can be disregarded as a rule for there always will be flight crews. A man will be alone in a spaceship only as the result of an accident.

But to go back to the first orbital flight.

The flight crew will have been selected from among those who are happy, or at least contented, in a weightless condition. They will be the kind of people who draw strength from the correct reading of an instrument dial. So they won't be bothered by weightlessness and by disorientation. They will be busy checking all kinds of things and they'll carry on radio conversations with the major portion of the earth which is tracking their flight.

They will lead the spacemen's life in a few other respects, however. They will look out at the universe around them through windows which would be almost opaque. The radiation from the sun which strikes a ship in space is, in round figures, three times as powerful as the sun's radiation on

a desert at noon when the sky is perfectly clear. But it is not just a question of multiplying sunlight by three. Our atmosphere is absorbing solar radiation at an unequal rate. What we call visible light passes nearly unmolested except for being diminished in strength. But the atmosphere absorbs ultra violet hungrily, hence the solar radiation in space will contain a much higher percentage of dangerous ultra violet. It will also contain X-rays from the sun which never reach the ground, and it will contain radio waves of various wavelengths. Obviously the windows of a spaceship must be constructed to absorb all the X-rays and all the ultra violet and a large portion of the visible light too. Even so, the crew men should avoid looking at the sun directly. It is possible that the ship will have a "solar indicator," an instrument which tells the crew at any moment in which direction the sun is so that the men can behave accordingly.

During this flight the men will probably breathe the "spacemen's atmosphere" even though this would not be necessary for this particular flight. Our normal atmosphere consists of about 79 per cent nitrogen, 20 per cent oxygen and one per cent argon and rare gases, not counting water vapor. The pressure is around 14 pounds per square inch. People could get along just as well, and not notice the difference, particularly if the pressure were down to seven pounds per square inch but with 40 per cent of oxygen in it. And most likely the 60 per cent of such an atmosphere would not be nitrogen but helium.

This pressure reduction has various advantages. The ship must be airtight, of course, and in some cases a joint may not leak with seven pounds pressure per square inch but would leak slowly with 14 pounds pressure per square inch. A second factor is that the air would weigh less. For a newly built ship going into an orbit only for a day or so this weight reduction is entirely unimportant and would be absorbed in the safety margin anyway. But later on, when it comes to the building of a large space station this weight factor is noticeable. I remember how surprised I was when I calculated it for the first time and discovered weight savings that could be expressed in tons. The substitution of helium for nitrogen goes in the same direction and has a physiological after effect. In case of sudden loss of pressure the man who has been breathing helium instead of nitrogen for the last eight or more hours is less likely to come down with "the bends." More recent work has shown that a mixture of gases, instead of helium-oxygen

alone, might be further superior. This research is so far uncompleted.

The men on this flight would also be on "spaceman's rations." We can't foretell at this moment just what that will be except that it will *not* be food pills. I don't know how and when the idea of food pills got into literature—at any event it must have been introduced by somebody who had absolutely no knowledge of chemistry. A man needs so and so many grams of starches and of proteins per day. I don't know whether starch can be substantially compressed or not but it is rather certain that it, if it were compressed, would cease to be starch and would not be digestible.

While the first orbital flight would present many features surprising and even disturbing to an untrained person the main psychological problem of space travel, monotony and boredom, would certainly be absent. This first flight crew would be busy every minute of the flight.

The next step in space travel, after several orbital flights have been made, is the building of the space station. For purposes of discussion we can just follow Wernher von Braun's plan for the real space station of the future is not likely to differ from his plan in any essentials. The space station, then, would be in two-hour orbit at an average distance from the ground of 1075 miles—the orbit, incidentally, being as nearly circular as it is possible to make it. The station itself would be wheel-shaped with a diameter of between 200 and 250 feet. By making the wheel-shaped station spin slowly around its hub centrifugal force would be created which would produce a pseudo-gravity in the rim.

The purpose of the spin of the space station can be summed up in one word: convenience. Since the space station is going to be partly an "earth watch" station and partly a research laboratory in space it will, at any moment, house several dozen people who are not "spacemen." Nor will many of these people have a chance to become spacemen because they will be changed around all the time. Under these circumstances it will be an obvious necessity to make conditions in the space station resemble those on the ground as much as possible.

Imagine a sound proof, air-conditioned laboratory with very few windows. Imagine sound proof, air-conditioned sleeping and recreation rooms connected with the laboratory by passage ways. Imagine that everybody who goes there is obligated to stay for a specific length of time—three weeks—six weeks. Imagine that the weight of everything in this station, including

the people, is precisely one third of what we regard as normal. Imagine all this and you'll have a very clear idea about life in the space station.

Of course there will be entertainment for those not on duty—radio and TV programs from earth, movies for those who do not like the programs scheduled. And there will be a lot of work, but for everyone it will be the kind of work he likes to do.

Conditions actually will not be too unusual, except for the confinement and the fact that the rotation-produced pseudo-gravity will be only one third of "earth normal."

But when we go beyond the space station in our conquest of space we gradually approach more difficult aspects. Sometime after the space station has been completed there will be the first manned flight around the moon. It will be made along a narrow ellipse, beginning and ending at the space station's orbit and looping around the moon in such a manner that the lunar hemisphere which never can be seen from earth can be observed and filmed.

The total duration of this trip will be 10 earth days, about 240 hours. Of this period the first 33 minutes will be what might be called the "take-off," the time during which the rocket motors burn to accelerate the ship from orbital velocity to the velocity needed to go into the moon-bound ellipse. There will be a similar period at the end of the trip when the returning ship has to slow itself down to orbital velocity. And there will be a total of 100 hours during which the ship is close to the moon—roughly half of this time the ship will be farther from the earth than the moon.

The trip then breaks down into three days after "take-off" with nothing much to do but routine duties, about four days of high excitement near the moon, and then another three days of routine duties on the way back. During these 10 days weightlessness will prevail and the quarters in the ship are likely to be cramped. No matter how many physical and psychological tests you run on the crew members prior to the expedition you can't be certain what troubles will crop up during 10 days of confinement. It is partly for this reason that the flight around the moon is considered such an important step. It will be the first reasonably long trip into space; it will be a shakedown test for both ship and crew. On the other hand the duration will still be short enough so that nothing too serious is likely to happen. The problem will be to detect and to evaluate the signs of trouble to come.

For the 10 day flight around the moon is child's play compared to our next task, the trip to Mars. The one way trip will last 260 days—39 weeks. To be confined for 39 weeks, with comparatively little work, plus weightlessness, is going to be a strain of proportions which we cannot yet judge properly. A great deal can be done, of course, to provide entertainment. The expedition to Mars will be made by several ships and visits from ship to ship will be possible while en route. The stories and jokes which have grown stale and unfunny on one ship will be news on another ship.

Rocket and space experts (who generally agree much better among themselves than representatives of other sciences and professions) are especially in agreement on two things. The first: that the most difficult aspect of orbital flight is the re-entry into the atmosphere. The second: that the main danger of an expedition to Mars lies in the long period of almost complete boredom. Some researchers have gone so far as to say that maybe the white man—and the Negro who has associated with the white man and has become like him—are not temperamentally suited for these first long expeditionary journeys. Maybe the first ships should have crews composed of people who are not in the habit of thinking in terms of time; Chinese maybe, or Tibetans.

Other experts have suggested that we look into the problem of producing "long sleep"; nothing passes time as painlessly as sleep. If there is a safe and reliable way to produce "long sleep" it will certainly be used. How it will be used would depend on the method, maybe it will be possible for a man to sleep away a two-week period and then operate normally for a week or so until he can take "long sleep" again.

If the long weightlessness causes trouble by itself (this is something we do not know yet) something could be done about it. One could build the ship in such a manner that, once they have settled into their coasting orbit towards the planet Mars, they can be separated into two parts of nearly equal mass. These two parts would then be connected by a wire rope only and they would be set spinning around their common center of gravity. That way centrifugal force would produce pseudo-gravity just as does the spinning of the space station. Rocket engineers have considered this possibility for a long time but with some reluctance. Their reluctance is based entirely on the fact that this construction (and the wire rope itself) would add weight. But if it is necessary for the well-being of the crew this weight will

have to be added. If the success of an expedition can be bought by way of several hundred tons of extra fuel the expense is well worth it.

Having talked so much about the troubles of the crews in going to other bodies in the solar system it might be well to add a few words about what they will find.

For our moon, once it comes to landing, we know pretty well what to expect. The landscape will be rocky, crater-pitted, rough and incredibly dusty. The dust, of course, is the result of billions and billions of meteorites, most of them dust grain size themselves, having pounded the lunar rocks for millions and millions of years. While there may be a little "atmosphere" present it will be like our atmosphere 50 or 70 miles up. Barely detectable is all that can be said about it. Science fiction writers have dramatized the temperature differences that will be encountered on the moon. A temperature higher than the boiling point of water at noon, and something like 100 degrees below zero during the night. These figures are not wrong but they apply to the moon's equator only. If a ship lands nearer one of the lunar poles the night time temperature will be the same low it is at the lunar equator, but the day time temperatures will not climb so high. Of course the word temperature, as used here, refers to the temperature the rocks will acquire.

In considering our two neighboring planets we can, unfortunately, dispose of Venus in about one sentence. We know that Venus has a permanent cloud cover. And that is all we know. We don't even know what kind of clouds they are, although Whipple and Menzel have made out a good case for their being particles of water. But we don't know what is below these clouds. We don't know the temperature below the clouds. We can't even tell the precise size of Venus because we do not know the distance from the upper cloud layers, which we see, to the ground.

With Mars we are, in a way, much better acquainted. It is a small planet and three-quarters of its surface is desert. The other quarter consists of darkish areas which are best explained as being vegetated areas. We know that the air at the surface of Mars must be very thin, about like ours 11 miles up. And it may not contain any oxygen. We also know that the nights are cold, say about 70 degrees below zero. But in the dark areas, near the equator, the temperature can rise to nearly 70 degrees above zero in the early afternoon hours.

You may say that this is not a very pleasant planet. You are correct, but it has one advantage. At

least we know what to expect of Mars and can prepare for it. And the promise of being able to examine another planet and the life forms of another planet is a most potent lure.

The early days of space travel will not be easy. But such a fact never has stopped people. For at the very bottom of our mental make-up there is the conviction that difficulties have been created to be circumvented—or at worst, overcome.

FLYING WING OVER ALBUQUERQUE

THE RASH OF UFO sightings in the fall of 1957 brought publicity to a sighting, over five years old, of a flying object which ranks among the most unusual ever reported. The story, according to Wright Van Deusen in the Albuquerque *Tribune*, was told to him by Carl Hawk, 38, an employee in the engineering department of Sandia Corporation.

At 10:45 A.M. on April 23, 1952, Hawk said, he and a fellow employee, Marvin Harvey, were at Sandia Base. They watched a jet fighter shooting northward across the Sandia Mountains. The sky was clear, with only a few, thin clouds.

Had they not been peering skyward, Hawk said, he and Harvey would not have seen the strange object which came streaking through the sky from the direction of Tijeras Canyon. Hawk described the object as flat, rectangular and wing-like. Soundless, it was entirely black except for a distinct, bright-yellow "V" marking on its bottom.

"We could distinguish the color and design very clearly," Hawk told reporter Van Deusen. "This was no illusion or mistaken identity. It was some type of aerial craft."

Hawk estimated that the "flying rectangle," the rear corners of which he said tapered to sharp points, was some 2000 feet high and flying at a speed of approximately 300 m.p.h. Its over-all size, he judged, was some 60 by 20 feet. He could not guess its thickness as only the bottom was in view. There was no luminescent glow about the object as described in many UFO sightings, he said.

Hawk and his companion watched the object streak on an east-west course for 10 seconds until it disappeared in a cloud that seemed to be approximately over the downtown area of Albuquerque.

By Paul Brock

What keeps this amazing derelict ship intact—apparently able to defy the crushing ice packs of the Arctic indefinitely?

FLOATING GHOST *of the Arctic Sea*

A party of Eskimos saw her in March, 1956, a gaunt grey phantom creeping through the swirling snow and chopped pack-ice of the Beaufort Sea between Icy Cape and Point Barrow.

They recognized her at once. That tall single funnel and long rakish bridge could only belong to the *Baychimo,* the most amazing mystery ship of modern times, the floating ghost of the Arctic.

She was still intact and trim as the day she was launched, and sailing the Arctic seas with not a soul aboard her.

The *Baychimo* is the only derelict vessel in the history of the Arctic to defy the crushing ice packs and to escape destruction—apparently indefinitely.

Although the Eskimos who saw her in 1956 tried to reach her the weather, and perhaps the knowledge that three of the last band of Eskimos who boarded her lost their lives, stopped them. They watched in awe as the stately ghost ship moved away, for all the world as though her twin screws were turning again and her captain was controlling her from the empty bridge.

Since men have sailed the seas ghost ships have been common talk among sailors of all nations. And of all such ships the *Flying Dutchman* has been best known. Some claim, however, that the *Flying Dutchman* was a ship of men's imagination only and the stories about her vary. Another famous ghost ship was the *Marie Celeste.* Hers was a baffling mystery but



she made only one dramatic appearance.

The *Baychimo* is in a class by herself. Weighing 1300 tons, the *Baychimo* was a substantial, strong, steel built steamer belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. She was the second of the company's northern fleet to pioneer the opening of the vast trading territory around the Beaufort Sea, McClintock Channel and the end of the North West Passage into the Pacific.

The *Baychimo* took up the work of the schooner *Lady Kindersley* after it was crushed in the Polar Pack in 1921. The crew of the *Lady Kindersley* escaped with their lives following a nightmare journey over the ice.

Year after year from her home port of Vancouver, British Columbia, the *Baychimo* pushed through the world's most treacherous sea lane, covering 2,000 miles of the Western Arctic to visit the eight Hudson's Bay posts. She threaded intricate passages and uncharted stretches where shoal water was a constant menace, and the leadsman's life was a misery.

There were no wharves in that region. The *Baychimo* had in some cases to lie miles off her point of call because of shallow water. All outgoing cargo to the posts and incoming freight of bundled fur and mineral ore had to be loaded on scows and towed either to or from the steamer. And ice conditions permitted no shelter for the scows and launch. These had to be carried aboard the steamer all the way from Vancouver and back again.

Always it was a race against time, with the *Baychimo* hurrying to escape the relentless ice pack. No other ship had made the passage for more than two successive seasons, but the *Baychimo* stretched the record to nine years.

Every trip was filled with drama. Sailing out of Vancouver in the first week of July, 1931, the *Baychimo* made her usual fast passage of the Pacific, and sailed through the Behring Strait and Beaufort Sea. Night and day the crew, helped by Eskimos, worked feverishly under the long light of the unsetting sun. They reached the shores of little-known Victoria Land, an immense tract of unexplored territory which marked the end of the eastward journey, and then with a million dollars in bundled fur the ship turned her nose back toward Vancouver.

Howling headwinds hampered her progress but the stout ship plowed on, bucking the heavy seas. In the morning the crew watched fields of ice drifting and grinding and cementing themselves together. Only a small space of open sea remained around the ship. The men knew what tremendous pressure could be exerted on the ship by the ice. In a blinding blizzard, on October 1, the Polar pack closed around the staunch *Baychimo* and the crew scrambled to pack their belongings and escape on to the ice, believing that the ship would be crushed at any moment.

Captain Cornwall established a base on safer ice nearer the shore about a mile from, but in sight of, the steamer. With lumber and canvas from the ship's stores a rough shelter was rigged and a huge gasoline drum did duty as a stove. The captain and 16 members of the crew, taking up their quarters in this shelter, were prepared to wait nearly a year, until next summer's thaw might free the ship—if she miraculously resisted the pressure of the ice for that long. Cornwall radioed for help and a plane on skis managed to get through from Nome to take off three passengers and two crew members.

Coal on board the ship had to be conserved so the men spent gruelling days searching far along the nearby mainland for driftwood. They shot a bear to help eke out the ship's stores. Then a tribe of Eskimos discovered the camp and sold them reindeer meat.

Yet all their staunch loyalty to the ship, all their hardships and anxiety came to nothing.

On the night of November 24, there was a sudden change in temperature, a rise to 70 degrees. Such a violent and sudden change always signaled a storm. This time it hit with tremendous fury. A high wind together with a blinding blizzard held the men tight in their shelter

for three whole days.

When the storm abated the men ventured out into the grey twilight of a polar day. All about them fantastic ridges of ice loomed like miniature mountain ranges. The tremendous ice pressure had built hummocks 70 feet high. As they looked about this strange new world the men suddenly discovered that the *Baychimo* was gone, swallowed up by the fury of the storm, with nearly all their food and a million dollars' worth of top-grade fur. The steamer had been whisked away by a genie more powerful than any in the Arabian Nights.

The captain's wide knowledge of ice conditions told him that the ship had not been smashed, had not foundered. The thaw and following wind simply had moved the part of the sea ice containing the ship away into the unknown. For weeks, parties of men under Captain Cornwall, and Officers Sommers and Kively, searched over a wide area without finding the ship. Finally they gave up hope and moved to Point Barrow, 50 miles away.

They had just got there when an Eskimo hunter came hurrying to announce that he had found the ship. She had traveled about 45 miles south and west of her first position. A deal was made with the Eskimo. He brought several members of his tribe, and together with the *Baychimo* crew, they trekked across the ice to the ship and labored to salvage the valuable fur cargo. For 15 days every man worked like a slave until the greater part of the fur bales had been taken from the ship's hold.

In a series of blizzards the men began to carry the bales of furs back to the comparative safety of Point Barrow. When the men, gaunt and frost-bitten, returned for the last of the furs the black fury of the storms once again had swallowed up the *Baychimo*. Again it had vanished without a trace. The crew once more abandoned hope of ever finding it. A derelict in such a sea *must* be chewed and ground to death and sunk to the frozen depths. Never in the history of these Western Canadian waters had a derelict ridden in the ice floes more than two seasons. Usually they went to pieces very quickly after being caught by the ice, as had the *Lady Kindersley*, the *Baychimo's* predecessor.

Now that the crew definitely had abandoned the ship—or perhaps the ship had abandoned the men—it was decided that nothing could be gained by staying in that wilderness of ice. By radio the men once again asked for aircraft to pick them up. Nome, 600 miles south, promised help. On the appointed day two planes arrived and, in stages, the crew were flown out.

Back in civilization the men from the *Baychimo* described the disappearance of their ship which they assumed now was covered by a million tons of ice, forced down to a bleak and lonely end. The *Baychimo* had become just another victim of the Polar Pack.

Therefore, it was with unbelieving eyes, that five months later, on March 12, 1932, Leslie Melvin saw the ship in the ice, close inshore, several hundred miles from Herschel Island. Melvin, alone on a 300-mile dog-team journey from Herschel Island to Nome, was traveling light, so he could not salvage anything of value.

However, this latest view of the ship did not change the certainty of all experienced men that she would be seen no more. Yet, a few months later a party of prospectors reported they not only had seen the *Baychimo* but had managed to scramble aboard. They reported the ship in perfect condition.

A year later the *Baychimo* drifted past Point Barrow. Her progress was so even that it seemed a crew must be on board. By now the tribes all along the rim of the Arctic Sea knew the strange history of this ghost ship. The *Baychimo* had been formally abandoned by crew and owners. She was anybody's ship. Envisioning rich salvage, 30 Eskimos set off in small boats from Point Barrow. Aloof and stately, the *Baychimo* moved forward but the Eskimos finally overhauled her and scrambled on board. Eagerly they began to explore the silent hold. But the silence did not last. Suddenly the ship was filled with a mighty roaring as a tremendous blizzard bore down from the Pole.

Pan ice came first and then larger floes which began their old grinding warfare against the *Baychimo*. The Eskimos had not the slightest knowledge of marine engines, nor did they know how to steer so large a craft. For 10 days they drifted helplessly, terrified by their superstitious belief that the great storm was the *Baychimo's* way of freeing herself from unwelcome visitors.

At last the natives lowered themselves on what they judged to be a substantial ice formation. Presently the stout pan ice detached itself from the ship's side and began moving before the wind. The 30 natives could do nothing but wait on the ice formation in fear and hope. Now that the *Baychimo* was left to solitude the winds became kinder. Winds and currents together brought the ice raft to shore.

Three times great storms had saved the *Baychimo* from being brought back under human control. Having experienced a taste of wild freedom, the ship seems unwilling

to slave again for taskmasters or be taken down to quiet seas and civilized docks.

In August, 1933, she was seen moving slowly northward with the drifting pack ice. During that summer Eskimos sighted her several times and the next year the schooner *Trader* came upon the ghost ship now entering her third year of unprecedented life for a derelict of the ice-floes. She is the first ghost ship of her kind the Arctic has ever known.

Among those who boarded her from the schooner *Trader* was Miss Isobel Hutchinson, a hardy Scottish botanist gathering arctic plants for Kew Gardens, London.

It was a weird and depressing sight Miss Hutchinson related. Through the open hold she could see scattered samples of mineral ore, caribou skins, broken bales of fur, and pillaged cargo boxes, and still untouched cases of priceless anthropological specimens of primitive copper. These specimens were the result of perilous journeying and collecting by a Canadian scientist. In one corner of the hold a *Times History Of The Great War* cried out to be taken from an icy world where no one read. In the pilothouse a rusty typewriter stood silent. The charts of seven seas lay scattered on the floor. The Arctic specter now piloting the ship doesn't need them.

The schooner *Trader* steamed away leaving the ghost ship riding placidly on a great pan of ice. The *Baychimo* continued on her aimless way.

For a year or more no man saw the *Baychimo*. Then in September, 1935, Captain George Patterson saw her riding serenely near Wainwright, off the Alaska Coast. The self-sufficient ship appeared to be in no distress and slowly vanished to the north.

From time to time after that Eskimos reported the *Baychimo*, generally hundreds of miles from the last point of observation. Memory of the ghost ship faded.

Then Captain Hugh Polson sighted her in November, 1939, in the middle of an ice field. Hardly believing that the legend ship could be still intact he and part of his crew crossed the ice and went aboard.

Again the lonely deck felt the tread of sailors. The dark hold was explored with flashlights. The experts found the ship as seaworthy as ever.

Captain Polson wanted to bring in the ghostly wanderer but fresh floes were drifting in steadily and his men feared that if they stayed to experiment with the *Baychimo* they might lose their own ship. The season of navigation was late and ice formations already were alarming. Reluctantly Captain Pol-

son and his crew returned to their own ship.

Again the *Baychimo* was left to her wild freedom. Again the harsh forces of the polar sea had intervened to save the ghost ship from civilization. Since then she has been sighted a score of times. Her record has no parallel in the history of the world. It is as though some phantom steersman, infinitely wise to ice conditions, came aboard the *Baychimo* on that October day in 1931 when her regular commander and crew took to the ice.

The last time the *Baychimo* was seen by men was in March, 1956, when the Eskimos saw her in the Beaufort Sea between Icy Cape and Point Barrow. But this miracle ship of the Arctic may still be cruising her lonely way in the Arctic sea. There is no evidence that she has met the fate so long predicted for her.

Perhaps during this year's or next year's brief northern summer the *Baychimo* will show herself again, riding serenely out of the mists, haughty and elusive.

MYSTERY OF THE MAIMED HANDS

IN THE "halls" and "rooms" of a great cave at Gargas in southern France are over 200 strange handprints. All are alike in one respect—one or more fingers are lacking.

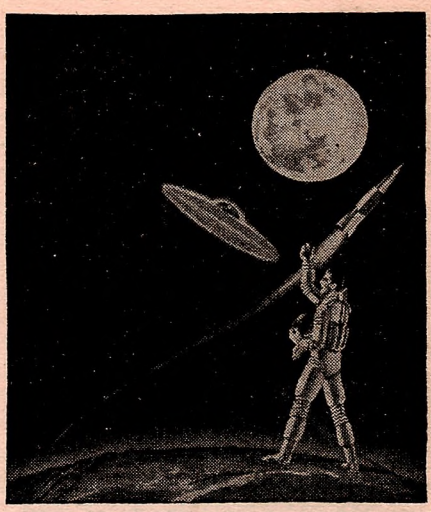
The prints are of both large and small hands, evidently those of women and children as well as of men. Some show only a finger or two missing, while in others all the fingers are gone.

The handprints are of two types, which archeologists term "positive" and "negative." In the positive type of print the hand evidently was painted with pigment and then pressed against the cavern wall. In the negative type the hand apparently was held against the wall and outlined with paint.

Some scientists believe that the weird handprints are records of self-maiming rites practiced by the ancient cavern dwellers to honor dead relatives or tribal chiefs. They point out that even today self-maiming rites are performed by primitive people. When a relative dies, the Bushmen of Central Africa remove a finger. In the Fiji Islands it is the custom to remove 100 fingers in mourning on the death of a chief. The Hottentots and even some Canadian Indians have performed such rites to drive away demons which they believed were causing illness.

FRANK EDWARDS' REPORT

Small rounded hills are being observed in increasing numbers on the moon. The question is: Are they "hills" or "domes" —natural or artificial objects?



From the Hills of the Moon

The January, 1958, issue of the astronomical journal *Sky and Telescope,* published by Harvard College Observatory, contained this interesting item on page 138: *A View Of The Lunar Crater Kies.* Under this heading the article says, "In recent years, amateur astronomers have been paying increasing attention to lunar domes, small rounded hills that are being observed in increasing numbers." The article is illustrated with a drawing of such a dome-like protuberance made by A. C. Larrieu of Marseille, France, as a result of his viewing the walled plain Kies through a 10 inch reflector telescope in October, 1954. The article also says, "This beautiful example (of the dome) has the small depression in the top common in these objects."

The presence of these domes has long been recognized by orthodox astronomers. It is now apparent that more and more of the things are being recorded. What they are, why they are being seen with increasing frequency are questions to which we have no answers at present. To blandly refer to them

as "hills" is to categorize them as natural formations. Coming from a science which prides itself on accepting nothing until it is proven, this unproven designation of "hills" for the moon-domes indicates an unexplained eagerness to dismiss the phenomenon.

Domes? Yes. Hills? Not necessarily.

Designating these domes as nothing more than hills is a convenient method of making them conform to the theory that the moon is uninhabited. But at this stage that is a theory and nothing more. And theories are just guesses until proved or disproved. To determine the presence or absence of life on the moon man must land there.

There are some intriguing aspects to these domes. More and more of them are being found and recorded even though the instruments in use today are not so vastly superior to those of 20 years ago. Nor has human eyesight demonstrably improved in this period. But on the moon more and more of these tiny rounded objects are being located. The change, then, must be on the moon.

If these domes are volcanic they constitute a most unusual type of volcano. Their shadows show them as *rounded* objects, rather than as familiar cone shaped outpourings of terrestial volcanoes and they show an uncanny preference for cropping out in level areas. Even more important, none of them ever has been seen in eruption. It is true that some astronomers have reported seeing what they thought to be volcanic action on the moon but in none of these cases was the result one of these strange domes. The possibility of volcanic cause is further supported by the presence of the tiny circular indentations in the tops of these domes. But the indentation is aways disproportionately small and always circular—so small and so clearly circular as to seem out of place on a volcanic mound of such size.

If we decline to accept the unsupported assertion that these domes are natural hills or (possibly) volcanic mounds of unprecedented regularity of size and shape, then we must be prepared to supply some other explanation.

In our experience here on earth, mounds are formed by weather, by volcanic action or by the hands of men. There is no indication that the erosive action of wind or water is at work on the moon; conversely there is plenty of evidence that they are not. We have already discussed the difficulties in accepting these domes as volcanic piles of recent vintage—and they must be recent to have escaped notice in years gone by.

We are left with the possibility that they are the work of intelli-

gent creatures of unknown origin and type.

This takes us out on thin ice, but ice no thinner than is treaded by scientists who blandly call the things "hills." Examination may show that our position, although unprovable, has a surprising amount of rationalization in it.

If the domes on the moon are the work of intelligent creatures then they are constructed for a purpose and their shape should suggest something of their function. By the same line of reasoning, the creatures who may be indicating their presence in this fashion are transients who come to the moon for a purpose. But from where, and when, and how—if they came at all?

In the September, 1957, issue of FATE, I devoted this space to a theory covering the possible origin, nature and purpose of the Unidentified Flying Objects. The originator of the theory remained anonymous by request. That theory noted that certain developments on the planet Mars have been followed by developments on the moon and by still further incidents on earth. Fitted together in chronological sequence they seemed to form a pattern. If they are not part of a purposeful and carefully planned program they certainly constituted a remarkable series of coincidences.

For instance, the astronomical study of Mars had proceeded for more than a century before Asaph Hall discovered that Mars has a moon. Six days later he discovered that it has two moons! Furthermore, the moons are brighter than the planet itself. Therefore, it seems logical to believe that the moons are not composed of the same material as the planet, because they outshine it. If they are of different composition, what are they? Since a century of watching failed to discover them, were they really there all that time or did they actually begin orbiting around Mars only a short time before 1877, when Hall first noticed them?

The dramatic suddenness of their appearance and the reflective difference between the satellites and the planet Mars is logical if the satellites are artificial structures, sent aloft as space stations. Such artificial satellites would facilitate the launching of devices across space. And if this is true then there should be some evidence of increased traffic in our own records.

Is there?

Certainly there is.

A search of old records will show that in the 20 year period following 1870 there was a marked increase in sightings of strange objects in the skies over the earth. A study will show also that these things were generally slow-moving cigar shaped devices, occasionally

described as having stubby wings, bearing vari-colored lights and, at low altitudes, emitting discernible chugging sounds. If they were space craft they were comparatively elemental in design. If they were not space craft what were they? Certainly nothing manufactured on earth at that time could perform as they did.

Morris Jessup, in his books on the UFO's, repeatedly has pointed out that in the decade after the discovery of the Martian moons there was a remarkable increase in UFO sightings on earth. Jessup's book *The Case For the UFO* (Citadel Press) is an excellent reference book for those who are interested in this subject. Strange craft abounded in the skies and on the front pages of the newspapers. Astronomers noted numerous changes on the moon, including lights and spots which popped up with disconcerting clarity, only to vanish in hours or days.

If the Martian moons are artificial the subsequent appearance of space craft over the earth and on the moon was a logical development. Since the moons were found and objects then appeared in our skies in considerable numbers, we are justified in entertaining the theory of their relationship, even if it is disconcerting to scientists and their theories.

Further, if we assume that intelligent beings sent their craft into our skies during the closing half of the last century then it is a virtual certainty that they established a base or bases on the moon. Used as a repair or refueling station, it would also serve as a place from which to observe our earth clinically at long range. It would simplify the task of keeping us under close scrutiny for whatever purpose.

Visitors to the moon must have shelter of some sort for protection against the drastic changes in temperature between the lunar day and night. The simplest form of shelter (to our earth knowledge) would be a hemispherical, plastic mound. It could be rolled tightly into a small space during transportation. On the moon it could be inflated. From the earth it would look like an inverted bowl. Some, spotting it for the first time, might call it a dome. Others, for reasons of their own, might call it a hill. The beings using it could call it home.

If these domes were to be used as bases for creatures breathing whatever atmosphere they contained it would be logical, perhaps necessary, for their spacecraft to land as near the dome as possible. For this reason, a slight circular depression on top of the dome would be ideal for the landing and take-off of disc shaped craft. We *know*

that disc shaped craft are being used. We know that these domes contain circular pits on their tops, so tiny they are almost at the limit of vision from earth. We do *not* know what relationship, if any, exists between the discs and the disc-shaped depressions atop the moon-domes but surely our theory that they are related is as good as any—perhaps better.

Please remember, more and more of these domes are being discovered. If they are natural upheavals astronomy has done an incredibly poor job of studying our nearest celestial neighbor—which I do not believe. If these domes are artificially constructed then their numerical increase is a logical development—identical, in fact, with our own plans for the conquest of space!

Once we have harnessed enough power to take us out into space our first trip in a manned vehicle will be a circuit of the moon. Our next step will be the construction of a space base, orbiting about 1,000 miles above the earth. This will serve as a platform from which space problems can be studied and where supplies can be accumulated through the use of relatively simple rockets as carriers. Spacecraft carrying men can refuel at this base, thus simplifying the task of getting off the earth itself. And after these things have been accomplished we can build a much larger base . . . an artificial moon so large that it probably could be seen by astronomers (if any) on Mars. Being weightless, it could be vast without being substantial.

If Russia and the United States continue their race into space it is quite conceivable that *two* satellites may suddenly appear in the skies—glittering things, brighter than the earth—to excite the curiosity of watchers on other planets. Unless, of course, they have long ago passed through the same experience and, therefore, already know what we were doing.

The chronological history of space travel from earth will consist of rockets, which we already have; manned aircraft capable of penetrating a few hundred miles out into space and returning, which, in the X-15, we will have in a few months. Then will come efforts to send camera-equipped rockets to the moon and back. The cameras will be followed by men. Using the moon as a port of embarkation for other planets, we may find that man's physical limitations in space will permit trips to Mars.

If we find Mars a cold, dead, dusty world it will come as a surprise to those who have interpreted the strange markings, the peculiar letter-like clouds and the flashes on Mars as indications of intelligent life.

Let us assume that the first men to reach Mars find it inhabited by creatures comparable to ourselves. Our first steps will be to ascertain just how far they have developed. We could, and would, do this by staying well out of harm's way (on their moons, if they are natural objects)—listening, watching, photographing. If they can fly we will test them to see how fast they can fly. If their craft cannot keep up with ours we will soon know it and then devote our time to more fruitful activities. Occasionally, we can slip in during the Martian daytime, take a quick look and some pictures and then dash back into space. Reporting back to our base by radio we may discover that the Martians are suspicious. In that case their astronomers conceivably, would be subsidized by the government to build gigantic radio telescopes. To deceive the populace the telescopes could be described as instruments to study the hissing of distant stars but in reality they would engage in scanning the heavens for our elusive space craft and its signals. For by studying the patterns of our transmissions their scientists would hope eventually to decipher them, just as we would be trying to decipher theirs!

Landing on an inhabited planet would be an extremely risky procedure and especially so if its inhabitants were warlike and inclined to chase our craft. We might make occasional brief touchdowns in extremely isolated areas but it is unlikely that we would ever try to make contact until many years of study enabled us to understand how and where to attempt it.

The plans our scientists make for venturing out into space sound startlingly like the recent history of the Unidentified Flying Objects—played backward. We have ample evidence indicating that Mars launched her satellites and her space craft long ago; that they may have used our own moon as a base for observing us and may in fact be using our moon today. That would explain the recorded sequence of the Martian satellites, the changes on the moon, the presence of discoid objects in our atmosphere, the strange radio signals and the giant radio telescopes which have been built.

It would also explain why several major nations are frantically trying to develop devices which can take a close look at the moon and possibly land there. The cost will be staggering and the people who must foot the bill are being told that such expenditures are necessary "for military reasons." Their statements leave the impression that he who first lands on the moon will rule the earth. Bunk! As a rocket base from which to bombard terrestrial targets the

moon is far less desirable than a space platform a couple of thousand miles above the earth.

Why, then, the frenzied struggle to reach the moon? What do the military leaders of the various competing nations mean when they assert that reaching the moon, regardless of cost, is a military necessity? What is the relationship between these statements and that of one of our greatest generals, who made a startling prediction and then refused to amplify his statement?

Next month I will try to answer these questions for you in a report entitled: *Myth Or Menace.* I'll give you the facts and you can form your own conclusions.

HOUSE OF THE PHANTOM FLAMES

A STRANGE series of fires that broke out in a frame house in Washington County, Ark., in the late 1920's still puzzles local residents, according to Caroline Clark, who told the story recently in the *Arkansas Democrat Magazine.*

One of the eye-witnesses to the fires was a man who at the time was the village storekeeper. One afternoon about 2:00 P.M., he said, he received a telephone call that the house was afire He hurried there and saw smoke curling up from the roof. A bucket brigade was organized and water from the well soon put the fire out.

A few hours later, the former storekeeper related, he heard that the house was afire again. This time, as quickly as the fire was extinguished in one spot, it broke out in another. Finally the volunteer firefighters carried all the furniture outside.

A woman who had assisted in this task said she was standing inside the house and saw fire break out in various unrelated spots. Flame burst from the woodwork beside her, a curtain across the room began to give off smoke, then a portion of wallpaper that had been torn back began to smolder.

The mysterious flames, she said, burst out even among the furniture that had been moved into the yard. A mattress began to burn, flames began licking at a chair, then a broom caught fire. She and the other volunteers maintained an all-night vigil in the yard, frequently being waked from sleep to fight new outbreaks of fire.

The frame house still stands in Washington County, but to those of the firefighters who remain today, the flames that threatened it remain a mystery. No person could have set the fires unobserved, no combustible chemicals were found, and the house was not wired for electricity.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

A Baltimore cab was involved in two crashes in the same month. Both times the other car was owned by a Virginia Mary Scott. The two women were no relation.

●

At Hopewell, N.J., two women drivers were given traffic tickets for trying to enter the approach to a one-way bridge at the same time. Both were red-haired, wore identical coats, and drove red-and-beige two-toned cars.

●

Alan Adams was visiting a Lexington, Mass., fire station when an alarm sounded and the firemen dashed out. Mr. Adams remained at the station alone not knowing the fire was at his home.

●

Thomas and James Goggin, 83-year-old Dunkirk, N.Y., twins died on the same day.

●

Jose Antonio Erro, 8, fell from the sixth floor window of an apartment building in Tafalla, Spain. But he was unhurt. He fell into the arms of his mother who happened to be entering the building at that moment.

●

A couple of hours after a car failed to make a turn and crashed into the San Diego, Calif., home of Nicolaus J. Haering another out-of-control car hit the home of Theodore Haering, five miles away from the first accident. The Haerings are father and son.

●

Although they live in different cities in different states—Bainbridge, Ga., Newport, Ark., and Lexington, Miss.—the three children of Mrs. Charles L. Wilkinson of Yazoo City, Miss., all live in homes on Pine Street.

●

Chicago police opened the door of a runaway hearse and found its driver dead. Apparently he'd died of a heart attack.

●

Nicholas P. Saccocia of East Bridgewater, Mass., went to a doctor's office for a routine check-

up, just to see how he was—he dropped dead in the office.

●

Donald Ramsey, policeman in Edinburgh, Scotland, ate a sandwich just before going on duty one night and swallowed a piece of breadcrust whole. A few hours later, when he challenged a suspicious character on the street, he was shot in the stomach. The bullet struck the breadcrust and was deflected. Physicians said otherwise the wound would have been fatal.

●

A family of birds brought death to a Silver Spring, Md., family. Mr. and Mrs. George Fisher Jr. and their two sons were found dead in their beds, asphyxiated by fumes from a faulty chimney flue. A nest that some starlings had built in the chimney was the direct cause of the tragedy.

●

A couple of West Concord, Mass., girls . . . Sandra Kunelius and Joan Haunes . . . went on a joy ride after winning a bicycle in a safety contest. They were killed as a result. The new bike they were riding together crashed into a car.

●

Pausing in a Nottingham, Eng., street to light a cigaret saved the life of John Ritherford. A second after he stopped a two-ton machine drill toppled off a truck and landed on the sidewalk just ahead of him.

●

In Casper, Wyo., Jimmy Bennett and Tom McFarlane, had been driving taxis for the same company for six months before they discovered they were brothers . . . who had been separated 20 years before.

●

A couple of years ago Ivan Smith of Austell, Ga., found a black leather, right-handed glove in the Marietta, Ga., bus station. Recently he stepped off a bus at Blairsville, Ga. and found the mate to that glove.

●

Unable to make up their minds what to name their new baby if it were a boy, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Tempalski, of Pittsburgh, decided that they liked Michael or Matthew or John. They had to use all three. Mrs. Tempalski gave birth to triplet boys.

●

Fifteen minutes after she left a Louisville, Ky., hospital Mrs. Elizabeth Seelye was back again. The car in which she was riding home was involved in an accident.

the GIRL who DIED TWICE



Marietta told an amazing story of having visited Heaven—but stranger still was the true prophecy she made.

By Pauline Saltzman

On a hot humid day in August, 1848, a strange, pathetic scene took place in the Berlin, N.Y., home of Mrs. Nancy Davis and her three daughters. The family was gathered around the bed of 25-year-old Marietta, who suddenly had fallen into a mysterious sleep. Dr. Emerson Hull, the family physician, was present; he was doing everything to arouse the girl, but to no avail.

For nine long days Marietta lay in her deep sleep. During this period no one could rouse her. When she awoke of her own accord she was in complete possession of all her faculties. Her memories of what had happened during her entranced sleep were fresh, vivid, and realistic.

Marietta told her friends and loved ones that while her body lay as though in death, her spirit had visited Heaven. She told them that the spirits she saw had foretold, to

the minute, her own death, which would occur in seven months.

Was all this a dream?

The Reverend J. L. Scott, the Davis' pastor, and minister of the Baptist church where mother and daughters attended, was a man far in advance of his time. Although astral projection and extra-sensory perception were unheard of, this man was profoundly impressed. In a series of interviews with Marietta the Reverend Scott took her story *verbatim,* thus preserving the complete story of what had happened to Marietta Davis, or rather to her spirit, during her nine-day period of sleep.

Here is the story the Reverend Scott recorded:

Marietta Davis had indeed fallen asleep, but her spirit was conscious.

". . . . Most earnestly I desired to know more of the reality of that state called by mortals immortality, for I had early learned that the outer world perishes. At length, meditating from day to day, and while laboring to determine the nature and tendency of the human soul, I became less conscious of external things, and my inner mind grew stronger and more active, until the dim shadows of the objects and interests of this busy life of mortals ceased with the expiring view, and my vision closed to the outer world. Then objects new and strange appeared. Still I knew not that I was retiring from the world of sorrow and human strife; nor did I understand that my spiritual vision was opening, and what I saw dimly moving before me was a reality, and the dawning of an immortal life.

"Still I seemed to be departing from some former condition and launching out into a boundless sea, and to be traversing unexplored regions, veiled in uncertain vision, and floating in mid-air over an immeasurable deep below. . . .

"Half-conscious of my present condition, with dreamy thoughts, I seemed to ask, 'Is there no one familiar with the journey I pursue, to guide me in my movements through the trackless space?' when lo! in the distance above me, I saw a light descending, having the appearance of a brilliant star, thither was directed concentrated powers of my perceptive being, until nothing was visible but the approaching light. As it advanced, its foreshadowing halo illumined the expanse about me, and my exhausted being received new life from the invigorating glory that beamed upon it. Gently I began to move, and ascending, drew nearer the source of that light which gladdened and quickened my spirit.

"As I approached it, I began to discover the outlines of what appeared to me a glorified human be-

ing. Gradually the figure became more distinct until, poised in the atmosphere before and above me, was an angel whose excellence far exceeded the highest conception of the fairest image of my human thought."

This spirit, "more lovely than language hath power to portray," moved silently towards Marietta. She saw that on its shining head was a crown which seemed to be a cluster of gem-like rays of light.

As the entranced girl wondered the spirit spoke, calling her by name. She told Marietta that she had been sent to guide those who now existed far from the earth. "But first, behold thy form in yonder world." The spirit pointed in the direction below them.

To her amazement Marietta saw her own frail, corporeal body around which were gathered her anxious family and doctor. She saw them clearly as they tried everything in their power to awaken her, unsuccessfully.

The radiant spirit now turned to Marietta and asked if she would like to see exactly what happens to human beings who have quitted mortality.

"Those who enjoy the blest abode do not suffer," she explained; "no sin or pain disturbs their calm repose." She touched Marietta's forehead, and the girl's vision was now opened to a new scene.

She saw people without number, all in the throes of death. Some were breathing their last in royal palaces; others were lying on rude cots in humble cottages. She saw others dying in gloomy prisons and dens of vice. Death also came in forests, deserts, wild waters. But around each dying figure, spirits had gathered.

Marietta's guide showed her that an Intelligence exists behind the motivation of planets and satellites which move silently and harmoniously.

She was led to the City of Peace where everything represented the ultimate in Perfection. Marietta heard glorious music and was acutely conscious of a warm aura of love. A pageant of "Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles" unrolled before her enchanted vision.

After this Marietta was led by her guide to two beautiful children, and learned that they had died in infancy. She was also informed that they now belonged in the "Seventh Sphere"— a state of utmost purity and harmony.

The boy addressed her: "Marietta, here we first awoke to the reality of our existence. Earth we visit . . . . but it is unlike Heaven. There we witness sorrow, pain, and death. Here only happiness and life abide." Marietta was now shown a tableau of this child's physical death: mother and father

were grieving silently beside a tiny coffin. Little did these stricken parents realize how happy their child was to be.

There were many other divine revelations. Marietta Davis was privileged to witness re-enactments of Christ's death, His trials and Passion. She saw and heard the repentance of Judas, Calvary, Christ's last struggle, His entombment, resurrection, and ascension.

Then the final chapter of Marietta's strange experiences begins. "The period at length drew near when I was to return to the world . . . at last the spirit addressed me.

" 'Marietta, for a season thou art to leave us. We love and deeply sympathize with thee. Thou art beloved by all . . . Marietta, we joy in the precious promise of thy return at a time appointed.'

"This spirit who had addressed me pressed me to her heart . . . . Present reflections upon that scene fill my soul with ecstasy, and to attempt its description is in vain.

" . . . . With my former guide I descended to earth; and entering this room where my body lay, I soon awoke. Presently I wait the hour which I know is determined, when I shall go hence and enjoy the fruition of those realms of bliss, where my spirit obtained its assurance to come . . . ."

In strict accordance with the prophecy, Marietta Davis lived for seven months and died at the exact time she had predicted. So surely had she known the hour of her death that when it came, she chose a favorite hymn and began to sing it with her mother and sisters. As they sang, her spirit took its flight so gently that for a while no one's attention was distracted from the music.

After Marietta's second and final death Reverend Scott's notes were correlated by him into the book he entitled *Scenes Beyond the Grave* which was first published serially in the *Mountain Cove Journal.* It attracted as much attention as Bridey Murphy attracted in our own era. Due to great public demand, *Scenes Beyond the Grave* was published and became a best-selling book in 1856.

In his preface, the Reverend Scott wrote: "The style of Marietta's narrative is peculiar. She regretted her inability to express her conceptions of what she had seen and heard so as to give a definite idea of the glories of the heavenly world. I have not felt at liberty to change the style of her narrative and, as far as possible, have employed her own language. Having received the story from her own lips, I have so preserved it as to make it in truth the relation of her own experience."

The publisher, Stephen Deuel, of Dayton, O., also had something to

say in the preface: "Whether she saw and heard what she related, or imagined it, is of but little importance. I, however, unhesitatingly state it as my firm and unwavering belief that the spirit of Marietta Davis, like John the Revelator, while his body was on the Isle of Patmos, visited scenes beyond the grave, and there saw and heard what she relates . . . ."

Further substantiation is entitled *Authentic Testimony,* signed by Mrs. Davis and her daughters, Susan and Sarah Ann. An important portion reads as follows:

"She was not of open religious habits, being disinclined to religious conversation. During the revival in the winter of 1847-48, her mind, as you well know, was religiously exercised, but she could not realize what others professed . . . .

"During her short stay with us, after she came out of the trance, she related what she said she had seen, heard and learned during her sleep; but much of what she told us she said she wished should not be mentioned then, for the world was not prepared to hear it. The trance, as you published it, as far as we can recollect, is correct . . . ."

Dr. Hull's corroboration is also included in *Scenes Beyond the Grave,* also known as *Trance of Marietta Davis*:

". . . In the summer of 1848, with yourself (Rev. Scott), I visited the widow Nancy Davis, of this town (Berlin), in the capacity of medical attendant upon her daughter Marietta, who had fallen into a state of catalepsy, or trance, in which she remained nine days, and from which to awaken her human skill seemed unavailing. When she returned to her normal state, she related much of a remarkable character, which she said she had learned while in the trance.

"Having read portions of what you have published in the *Mountain Cove Journal,* I am prepared to give my testimony as to its strict correspondence to what I heard her relate before her death."

Perhaps Marietta herself had glimpsed the truth when she enjoined her family and friends not to mention her experience *"for the world was not prepared to hear it."*

ACCENT ON SAFETY

A NUMBER of things happened in quick succession when an employee at a Milwaukee, Wis., industrial plant dropped his safety glasses out of his shirt pocket. He stepped on them with his safety shoes, skidded, fell and broke his ankle.

NEW CURES by FLORIDA'S PSYCHIC HEALER

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the October, 1954, issue of Fate we ran an article titled "Florida's Psychic Healer," which reported on the remarkable healings claimed to have been performed by Clinton M. Stone of 447 S.W. Third Ave., Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Since that article appeared, testimonials to other healings by Mr. Stone occasionally reached our desks. Unfortunately these were not sufficiently detailed or numerous enough at any one time for a further report in the magazine. Recently, however, we received notarized statements from several persons, claiming to have been helped by Mr. Stone, and these form this present, up-to-date report on his work.



By Guy Archette

"I had muscular dystrophy, which medical science cannot cure—but I dance since healer Stone treated me."

CLAIMING TO have been relieved of an ailment that had made him a near-invalid, D. L. Esterdahl of Moline, Ill., is one of numerous persons who credit their recovery to the psychic healing of Clinton M. Stone, 77, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., a retired bridge-builder and former harbormaster.

In 1954, Mr. Esterdahl states, he was suffering from acute hypertension. He was on a diet of little more than boiled rice and was unable to play golf, his favorite activity. When several doctors had told him there was no cure for his hypertension, he turned to Clinton M. Stone, about whom he had read in a FATE Magazine article.

After a series of treatments received from Mr. Stone during vis-

its to Florida each winter, Mr. Esterdahl says his hypertension now is under control. His diastolic pressure is 90 and his systolic pressure is normal. He no longer suffers from the headaches which in the past made him extremely despondent. He enjoys a normal diet and once again plays golf. He feels that he owes his life to Clinton M. Stone.

Mr. Stone believes that natural, although super-normal, healing powers from doctors in the spirit world operate through his hands. He takes the view that his healing work supplements rather than conflicts with medical science. He does not encourage ailing persons to seek his help unless regular medical treatment has brought them no relief.

Mr. Stone gives treatments in his modest home at 447 S.W. Third Avenue in Fort Lauderdale. His waiting room is said to be crowded with patients. He does not charge for his help and accepts only small free-will offerings.

Another person wishing to testify to the healing ability of Clinton M. Stone is Corydon P. Purdy, 61, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Mr. Purdy says he had suffered from headaches for many years, but in 1956 they increased in severity until they were almost unbearable. At the same time he developed severe stomach cramps and apparent intestinal stoppages. He visited numerous doctors in the hope of obtaining relief and repeatedly underwent complete examinations, but he was not helped.

Finally Mr. Purdy went to see Clinton M. Stone. In his notarized statement to FATE Magazine he says, "Mr. Stone gave me regular treatments six days a week and gradually I improved. The cramps, however, while much milder, refused to leave me entirely. In October, with Mr. Stone's approval, I had a complete set of X-rays made and, to my amazement, they told the story. The X-rays showed scar tissue from ulcers in my stomach but no ulcers. In other words, I had had ulcers but Mr. Stone had cured them. The stoppage in my intestines was also gone. Within a month the cramps were gone entirely and I could eat as I wished again. I began to feel really good and my strength began to come back to me.

"I was 60 years old and this return to health meant a great deal to me. I had a good winter, improving steadily. However, this spring we had an epidemic of intestinal flu and it hit me May 16th with full force. This time I knew what to do. Mr. Stone went to work on me immediately and within a week I was working again. Now for the past month I have felt better than at any time in the last three years.

No headaches, no cramps—all gone.

Mrs. Joan Andrea Sheridan, another Fort Lauderdale resident, says that some six years ago, while seeing her daughter and son-in-law off on a plane to Jamaica, she suddenly was seized with severe pains in her left knee. These pains did not subside but gradually grew worse. Medical attention brought her only temporary relief.

Later, while on a visit to New York City, she sought the aid of a specialist, but to no avail. It appeared to her, she says, that none of the doctors she consulted really knew what was wrong.

After her return to Florida she thought that chiropractic treatment might relieve her condition. This, however, proved unsuccessful. Painful osteopathic treatment produced no helpful result.

"Knowing that I had covered every available avenue," Mrs. Sheridan says in her notarized statement to FATE Magazine, "I at last looked up Clinton Stone, whom I knew slightly. He is a kindly man, in short, a humanitarian in the true sense of the word.

"I am no fanatic. Was it my subconscious mind or what have you that prompted me to seek spiritual aid after all human endeavors failed completely? After the first treatment I knew then and there that this was the answer.

"To be quite frank, at times when the treatments became very severe I almost gave up, but something always prompted me to hold on, and after about eight weeks I was completely without pain. To this day the pain has not returned."

The most remarkable of the testimonials to the healing powers of Clinton M. Stone is that by Rochester Hart Rogers, Jr., of Fort Lauderdale. He says, "My trouble, muscular dystrophy, became apparent about 10 years ago, shortly after my release from the Navy.

"The first indication that something was wrong was the deterioration of my golf, tennis and skiing. Later, running became difficult and my walk became ungainly, not to mention my dancing. I suffered no pain or discomfort of any kind. I knew only that I had a weakness which affected primarily my hands and ankles. The most convincing evidence of this weakness was revealed when I participated in a soft ball game. I muffed chances that should have been routine outs, and was unable to grip the bat tightly enough to hit the ball.

"I visited several doctors before I found one who was able to diagnose the disease. He had no remedy to offer, for as yet medical science is unable to arrest the dis-

ease, let alone cure it. In children, muscular dystrophy is a quick killer, but in an adult (I am 38) the disease progresses slowly. In its final stages it has a debilitating effect on the brain, a prospect much worse than any physical deterioration.

"About five years ago I began taking treatments from Clinton M. Stone. Since then I have been making steady progress. Within a year I was able to run easily and my walk improved. I was able to resume dancing and to take lessons. A few months ago I took third place in a dance contest.

"After three years of treatment I was able to climb the 161 steps to the top of the Statue of Liberty, keeping up with the others. Also by this time I managed to play a little tennis, but my game is not yet what it once was. My walk is almost normal and my grip is strong enough for most purposes."

TEXAS MYSTERY LIGHTS

PERSONS driving at night along Highway 90 between Alpine and Marfa, Texas, often report seeing a strange light on a small peak in the Chinati Mountains. The light is visible from as far as 50 miles away.

Settlers in the area told of seeing the light over 70 years ago and since then many self-appointed investigators have attempted unsuccessfully to find the source of the light. When approached, either by air or over the desolate terrain, it suddenly vanishes.

The mysterious light is not always visible and it is not stationary but appears to move. When watched through binoculars, its glow is seen to fade from visibility and then to return again a short distance away. At times it appears to be a double light, and at other times its intensity is seen to wax and wane. One moment it may be just a tiny, barely visible gleam, the next as glaringly brilliant as an automobile headlight.

As yet the nature and origin of the light are unknown, but many theories have been advanced to explain it. Old Indians say it is the campfire of an Apache whose spirit had been condemned to haunt the mountains forever. Other explanations for the light range from fox-fire and swamp gas to uranium deposits. The most widely accepted theory is that the light is due to the reflection of moonlight on a large mica vein. However, critics point out that this does not explain the movements of the light and that a large mica vein would have been discovered by now.

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

HEALED BY FAITH

By Dr. Frank Reinfried

IN 1890, when I was a child of four, I lived with my grandmother, Ursula Lurker, in Griesheim, a little town in the Black Forest, near Baden Baden, Germany. I was very ill and totally unable to walk. Several prominent doctors had given me up.

On Corpus Christi Day it was the custom for a religious procession to go through the town. As the Blessed Sacrament approached the house Grandmother lifted me out of bed and, carrying me in her arms, hurried outside to meet the procession. As the Blessed Sacrament passed by she, in the name of Jesus, implored God to cure me, whereupon I forced my way out of Grandmother's arms, stood on my feet and ran back to the house, to the great astonishment of everyone.

I instantly had been made perfectly whole. Grandmother had the faith that moves mountains.

The doctors were unable to furnish any natural explanation for my recovery.—*El Paso, Tex.*



DR. FRANK REINFRIED

KISSED THROUGH E.S.P.

By Arlene Sinnett

ONE COLD evening in the winter of 1957 my whole family was assembled in the living room. Father was comfortable in his big

chair, I stretched out on the divan, and the children sprawled on the floor in front of the television. Even Chris, our pet collie, was curled up in the corner.

While resting, my mind wandered to the article on telepathy I had just read, and just for fun I decided to try an experiment. Directing my mind to my daughter, I concentrated on the following command, saying it over and over to myself: "Come over to me and kiss me on the mouth." I even kept my eyes on her, so determined was I to get my "message" through.

She was so engrossed in the television program, however, that she failed to respond to my mental summons. Imagine my surprise when our big old dog got up, ambled over and licked me square on the mouth! The reason that this was so startling was that she had been well trained from puppyhood. She had never been allowed to get near our faces and always had respected our authority.—*Wichita, Kans.*

THE VOICE IN THE CELLAR

By Mrs. Frank Hibbs

IN 1907 my parents rented a five-room frame house on a large farm near Athens, Tex. One day as I played in the hallway a strange sound brought me to an abrupt stop. I was seven years old.

"There, I hear it again," I told my sister, Essie, 11, and my step-brother and step-sister, Henry, 15, and Susie, 11.

Then all heard it clearly and shuddered with one accord. The sound was a woman's voice groaning in unbearable anguish. It seemed to come from the cellar.

We frightened children rushed into the kitchen, where we urged Mother to come quickly. "Somebody in the cellar is hurt," we explained.

Mother wiped pie dough from her apron and followed us back to the hallway. The moaning of a woman in extreme pain was distinctly audible. Then it ceased. Mother's face turned pale.

Father entered the house a moment later and immediately was surrounded by a babel.

"Somebody's dying in the cellar," I cried above the others.

"Jack, you have to take a lantern down there and see," Mother added.

Father looked dubious, but he got a lantern and proceeded down the steps to the cellar. We children watched him flashing the light into all the corners. He came back up, looking annoyed.

"It's just your imagination," he said.

During the next month we became convinced that the house was haunted. The moaning of the woman was heard several times a

week by Mother and us children, but never by Father. The moaning always was the same, and the woman always seemed on the verge of death, as though she had borne all the suffering she could stand.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Miller, a hard-working couple from the neighboring ranch, came to visit. As they sat chatting in the parlor I abruptly informed them, "Our house is haunted."

"Is it really?" asked Mrs. Miller condescendingly. She resumed her conversation about crocheting.

"Yes," I continued. "The lady's always dying, but we are used to it now. Only Papa doesn't believe we hear it, because he never does."

Mrs. Miller looked at Mother in alarm. "Tell me about it," she asked.

Mother gave her all the details, from the first time we had heard the moaning to its exact sound, describing it as "without a doubt the sound of a dying woman in great pain."

The men now were listening too.

"Henry," said Mrs. Miller, "that is poor Mrs. Duncan." And to the group she added:

"Mr. and Mrs. Duncan lived here around 10 years ago. He worked his wife and children so hard they were nothing but skin and bones. They all were afraid of him.

"I brought Mrs. Duncan some soup one day and she was too ill to eat it by herself. I fed it to her and asked if she didn't have relatives to come and help her. She replied that her husband wouldn't permit it, and that he forbade her to see a doctor.

"She died not long afterward, and I have no doubt but that she died in agony and that her ghost is still being tortured. This farm has been rented many times since Mr. Duncan moved away with the children right after his wife's death. No wonder it never stayed rented! Poor Mrs. Duncan!"

Father and Mr. Miller just laughed at their wives, who were looking frightened.

"A fine case of imagination!" the men agreed.

Several days later Father was smoking his after-dinner pipe when suddenly he said, "I hear someone at the door!" He got up and walked into the hall toward the front door. In the hall he stopped and stood motionless for quite a while. Then he turned and came back without having gone to the front door.

"Guess I was wrong," he muttered when we asked what was the matter.

The next day Mother gathered us children together and said, "You know the big old ranch at Italy, Texas, where I've always wanted to live? Well, we are going to

move there as soon as we can pack."

"Why so quick, Mama?" I asked.

She grinned at us. "Papa heard our ghost last night. He wants to be out of here by tonight."—*Boerne, Texas.*

CLAIRVOYANT VISIT

By Lucile Wanamaker

IN 1900 my mother, Mrs. Loretta Morris, married and moved from Louisiana to Texas.

Since she was the youngest member of her family, her leaving saddened the others, especially an older sister, Mamie, who had done much to make her childhood a happy one.

Mamie had been born with a veil over her face and had unusual mental gifts.

A few months after Mother married and left home, Mamie suddenly fell ill. As she lay in her bed, my grandmother sat beside her and held her hand. Mamie looked up and said, "If I could see Loretta just once more I would die happy."

Grandmother told her not to speak of dying, that soon she would be well and they could take a trip to Texas.

Mamie closed her eyes and relaxed. When she looked up again, she told Grandmother a strange story.

She said, "I have been to Texas and have seen Loretta. She wore a white blouse, a black skirt and a cook apron. She was standing in front of a cabinet, making biscuits. She looked happy. I walked through the house." Here Mamie described in detail the furnishings in each room.

Not long afterward Mamie died. Several months later Grandmother paid Mother her first visit. She was amazed when she walked through Mother's house and saw everything Mamie had described. She saw even the clothing Mother had worn the day Mamie clairvoyantly had visited her.—*Fort Worth, Tex.*

I HEARD THE CALL

By Mary Martin

IN THE winter of 1917 my husband and I moved to Elk River, Idaho, which to us was a new part of the country. My husband had gone ahead of me and I arrived in the little mountain town in zero weather to find that there was a flu epidemic and that my husband had been stricken. He had been taken to the company's isolation hospital where volunteer nurses were working.

A friend of my husband's met me and my small daughter at the station when we arrived and gave me the key to the unfurnished house my husband had rented. It was a Saturday. A kind merchant in town

sent a man to put up a stove he loaned me.

I went to the hospital, where I was told I could not see my husband. About 2:00 A.M. the next morning I woke to hear him calling, "Mary, Mary, help me!"

The call was so urgent that I rose, dressed and, leaving my six-year-old daughter alone, I ran through the snow to the hospital.

I was told that my husband was all right and, in fact, was sleeping when the volunteer nurse last looked at him. I insisted my husband was in danger and I threatened to go upstairs and see for myself if she didn't wake the doctor. Seeing that I meant what I said, she fetched the doctor. I crept partly up the stairs after him and heard him say, "My God, this man is dying!"

Quick work saved my husband's life. After his return home he told me he knew he was dying and thought of us alone in a strange town. He exerted his fading energy and called me, knowing I would hear him. Only because he felt I would get his message was his life spared.—*Montrose, Calif.*

THE GLOWING ANGELS

By Ida Chittum

IN THE summer of 1938, when I was 18 years old I went to visit my sister, Ethel Lawrence, who had a poultry farm about 20 miles from St. James, Mo., in the Ozark Mountain country.

One evening I was given the job of going along the creekbank to find the ducks as they were late coming in.

As I went happily along I noticed a plant which looked like a garden carrot. I pulled some and chewed on it as I guided the ducks homeward. I did not know I was eating a poison root called wild parsnip by the natives.

As I entered after putting the ducks up, my sister told me I would have to sleep alone in the house that night, as she had to stay in the big brooder house with a bunch of new chicks, to keep an eye on the heating equipment.

I went to bed feeling about as usual but awoke during the night deathly sick. Was I delirious? Over the top of my bed angel-like creatures hovered, distinct and bright, casting pale light from themselves all about.

"I'm dying," I thought and tried to raise my hands towards the beings above me.

"You must get off of this bed," they seemed to be telling me.

"I want to," I thought in return, "but I'm so weak I can't move."

"You must! Roll over, roll off the bed and crawl. Your body must move so you can vomit and be rid of the poison."

I rolled weakly, almost believing myself in another world, and fell to the floor.

The pale creatures were all about me now. "Crawl, crawl!" They seemed to urge me to my hands and knees, out the door and up the rough path. The darkness was broken by the pale light they cast about me.

I stopped, wanting to lie down on the path, not to move again. Yet insistent whispers urged me to crawl once more until my trembling hand reached and turned the knob of the brooder house door. I glanced around, but in the bright streak of light from the brooder house, I was alone, with a very worried sister.

In a few days I recovered. This is the first time I have ever told of my strange experience that night, for who would believe me?—*Findlay, Ill.*

THE PHANTOM CANOE

By Jan Nicholass

IN JULY, 1944, as we watched a summer sunset from the porch of our vacation cottage near Auburn, Maine, my mother, father and I witnessed a strange happening which has no explanation other than the one I give here.

As the last glow of the sun dipped behind the woods on the further shore of the lake, we noticed what appeared to be a canoe gliding out from the shore, which was unusual because at Brakeman's Point only deep woods lined the shore and because of deep drop-offs no cottages had been built for several miles.

My father brought out field glasses and we distinctly saw the canoe skimming along the shoreline in the dusk as if self-propelled. No one was in it, yet it moved smoothly along.

Suddenly my father exclaimed, "It's capsized!" Taking turns with the glasses we saw the bottom of the canoe in a spreading ripple of water before darkness covered that spot. My father explained afterwards that it was a mirage.

However, several years later, I asked him if he remembered the incident and he answered by bringing out an old newspaper, dated July 26, 1944, and opening it to a column titled "25 Years Ago Today." The first item read, "Four people were drowned at Brakeman's point last night when their canoe capsized about 15 feet from shore. Because of deep water on that end of the lake no bodies have been recovered up to this time. None of the four could swim. . . ."

Was this a mirage?—*Bennington, Vt.*



Coronation of a DEAD QUEEN

Beautiful Inez was dead—but faithful Don Pedro would not allow even that to keep her from being his queen.

By George H. Smith

Inez de Castro was the most beautiful woman that Don Pedro, hot blooded young heir to the throne of Portugal, had ever seen. She was so stately and lovely that she had earned the name *cala de garca,* or heron's neck, because of the high proud way in which she held her head.

Don Pedro looked on this beauty and forgot his wife, his duty to his father, the king, and everything else he had once valued. She had come from Spanish Galicia with the princess Constanza, Don Pedro's bride, and when he saw her he fell deeply in love with her. He was faithful to his love for her as long as she lived and even after her death.

Inez was born in the early part of the 14th Century and raised at

the court of Juan Manuel, Duke of Panafiel. She and Constanza, the duke's daughter, grew up together almost as sisters, so when it came time for the princess to marry it seemed natural that Inez should accompany her friend and cousin as lady in waiting. Natural or not it was the greatest mistake of Constanza's life, for her husband, the *Infante*, heir apparent to the throne, Don Pedro, son of Alphonso the Proud, fell in love with Inez instead of with his bride, Constanza.

Born at the royal palace at Coimbra in 1320, Don Pedro had some trouble with the important business of marrying and staying married. At the age of eight he was betrothed according to the custom of the time, to the Infanta Blanca of Castile. But the intended bride was found to be of unsound mind and the marriage pact was dissolved. At 16 Don Pedro was married by proxy to Constanza and four years later saw his bride for the first time. And when she came to Portugal at last she brought with her Inez Piares de Castro.

Inez became Don Pedro's mistress to the dismay of his father and the scandal of the court. Alphonso sent Inez to Alburquerque, a palace some distance away, but even this did not discourage the enamored young man. He saw her as often as he wished, openly defying his father in order to do so.

About this time Constanza was found to be pregnant and in 1345 she died giving birth to a son, Don Fernado. Now Inez de Castro returned to the side of her royal lover.

In the years that followed Inez bore four children to Don Pedro and thereby sealed her doom.

"Who will rule Portugal? The child of Constanza or the first born of Inez?" were the questions whispered at the Portuguese court. "Will the bastards take the place of the legal heir? After all he loves the de Castro woman above anything in the world."

These whispers came to the ears of the proud old king and his face became stern and cold. The three men who reported this gossip to the king were his favorites, Pedro Coetho, Diego Lopes, and the Chief Justice, Alvaro Cencalves. "The brothers of Inez de Castro have grown powerful both here and in Spain. They plot to place a de Castro on the throne of Portugal. Perhaps they plot to do so even in your life time," these men told the king.

"Marry again," Alphonso ordered his son. "Marry again so that more than one heir will make Portugal safe."

"No," replied the prince. He pleaded that he had not yet gotten over the death of Constanza. The king's face turned black at

this obvious lie.

"He hopes that Don Fernado will die and that he can then make the litter of his mistress his heirs," the three de Castro enemies whispered to Alphonso. "She must die before Portugal will be safe."

On January 7, 1355, the king finally gave way to his advisors and to Lopez, Coetho and Cencalves and the others who agreed with them. These men, together with the king, rode the few miles to the palace at Quinta des Lagrinas where they knew Inez was alone with her three children.

They burst into the lady's presence, armed men with faces set in stern resolve or reflecting the hate they bore for the de Castro woman. Inez fell on her knees before her lover's father begging for her children's lives. The courtiers could see that the old man's heart was softened by her beauty and her tears. When his grandchildren added their pleas to their mother's, the king could not stand firm against them. He turned away and started out of the castle.

Not so the three chief plotters. "If we fail now we are done for," they told each other. A few minutes later the screams of Inez echoed through the vaulted rooms as they fell upon her with their swords.

"We have slain the woman who would take your place on the throne," they reported to the king. Then they had her body buried at once in the Church of Santa Clara.

When news of this brutal murder reached Don Pedro he rode at once to the strongholds of his friends and raised the flag of rebellion against his father. The brothers of Inez hurried to his aid bringing an army with them from Galicia. This army overran northern Portugal. The prince beseiged the important city of Oparto which was saved from capture only when the king himself led an army to its assistance. The bloody and destructive civil war well might have ended with the king being dethroned had not Queen Beatriz succeeded in bringing her husband and son together, prevailing upon them to make peace. Peace came on August 15 but on terms that made Don Pedro co-ruler of the kingdom. In return for this, he called off the rebellion and agreed to forego revenge on the men who had killed his love.

"Don Pedro has agreed to forget his revenge," the old king told his three courtiers, "but I know my son. I am an old man and cannot protect you after I am dead. If I were you, I would put myself beyond his reach while there is still time."

The king was right. Don Pedro waited only until his father had died to take his revenge. The three murderers had taken the king's ad-

vice and had fled to Castile. But in 1357, when Alphonso died and Don Pedro became king of Portugal he sent messengers to the Court of Castile where his nephew, Peter the Cruel, ruled. "The murderers must be returned to me!" Don Pedro ordered.

Coetho and Cencalves were returned. The third man escaped. The first part of Don Pedro's revenge was at hand. He watched with pleasure as torturers cut out the heart of one man through the front of his chest and the heart of the other through his back. As their dying screams faded away he turned to the second part of his revenge.

Portugal was to witness the strangest proof of love ever shown by a man for a woman. Don Pedro announced that he had been secretly married to Inez in 1354 and that she now would be crowned Queen of Portugal. This was revenge on the nobles and courtiers who had supported and encouraged the actual murderers. The body of the once beautiful Inez was exhumed and brought to the capitol. There it was dressed in full coronation robes and seated beside Don Pedro on the throne, the same throne for which she and her children had been slain.

The courtiers stared in wild eyed amazement as the decaying corpse was placed on the throne. They gasped as Don Pedro gave the command to begin the coronation ceremony which would make her Queen of Portugal. They blanched in horror as they were forced, one by one, to pass before the richly robed body and do homage by kissing one of her desiccated hands.

But even then Don Pedro was not through honoring his beloved. He commanded that Inez be buried in a tomb of white marble more magnificent than any in existence. Standing above her sepulchre is a crowned statue of the beautiful woman who became Queen only after her death. Don Pedro had his own sepulchre placed foot to foot with Inez's so that as they rise on the Judgment Day the first sight to greet the lovers' eyes will be each other's faces. As one final touch he had the story of her life preserved in detailed pictures on the wall of her tomb, ending with a scene of the Last Judgment in which he and Inez are shown looking down from heaven into hell at the suffering faces of her murderers.

These two still rest today in the Abbey of Alcobaca, foot to foot, waiting to look on each other's faces on the world's last day, and waiting also to see their enemies in hell.

THE NEGATIVE UNIVERSE

Here is a concept that may explain much that we have called "supernatural"—a new concept of reality.

By John R. Young

WOULD YOU be amazed to realize, suddenly, that you are standing in the center of some flaming star, whose temperature is a million degrees centigrade? Would you be surprised to feel yourself interpenetrated by some strange, unworldly being or, perhaps, by creatures or animals, or *people,* like yourself?

This may be exactly what is happening to you, at this moment! And you are unaware of it, nor could you ever know it with your external organs of sense, for this universe which may exist in the same time as the universe in which you stand exists in an entirely different type of *space.*

The universe in which we live, which we may call the "positive" universe, is made up basically of two main types of particles called protons, tiny massive bodies having a positive charge, and electrons, tiny, less massive bodies having a negative charge. As all atoms are made up of these particles, they constitute all matter as we know it. The earth, the sea, the sun, our bodies themselves are combinations of these minute particles. Their positiveness and negativeness cause them to attract one another in a fashion similar to the sun and planets of the solar system. The protons at the center of the atomic structure play the part of the solar system's sun and the electrons play the part of the planets circling these tiny suns.

Some time ago a brilliant British physicist, Dirac, concluded from his mathematical theories that

there are levels of energy which are *less* than zero energy, particles whose mass is *less* than zero mass.

An American physicist, Anderson, led by Dirac's hypothesis searched experimentally for such particles and *found* them. Dirac had reasoned that if some titanic burst of energy knocked one of these negative universe particles out of its place a "hole" would show up in our universe as a particle of positive mass, similar to an electron, but with a positive charge. This would rush immediately to the nearest electron, and the two would mutually annihilate themselves in a burst of radiant energy. The energy necessary to cause such an occurrence, reasoned Anderson, might be found in cosmic rays, those mysterious high-speed bundles of energy which bombard our earth from some unknown source in space.

Using an instrument known as a "cloud chamber," Anderson actually photographed evidence of the existence of such a particle. When the cosmic ray "knocked" a hole in negative space, this hole appeared as a particle in our space, causing a track of ionized particles to appear in the fog-like atmosphere of the cloud-chamber. The path which this particle traced in the cloud chamber was the opposite to the one an electron would have traced, therefore, Anderson knew he had discovered a new particle and he called it the "positron."

More recently, physical scientists have developed ways of creating energy in amounts comparable to cosmic rays by accelerating subatomic particles so that they achieve velocities close to that of light. At this velocity their mass increases so that when they strike a given target they smash into it with energies much like those of cosmic rays. Using such devices these scientists have "punched" holes in negative space whose results in this universe have given rise to the "anti-proton," the subspace analogue of our proton, the positive building block of our type of atom. Of course these new entities have but a short existence in our universe, for they immediately seek out the nearest proton, and both particles are changed to radiant energy.

This completes the picture.

Since both positrons and antiprotons have been shown to exist, they make up the constituents necessary for anti-matter, the negative universe. The anti-proton would make up the negative atomic nucleus, and the positron the negative planetary electron. Since negative atoms could exist, it is possible that in sub-space these atoms are built into structures similar to the structures in our universe; it is possible they form the luminous gaseous interior of stars,

galaxies, solar systems. It is possible that intelligent beings like us exist in this negative space and that they interpenetrate us without our being conscious of them.

Or is there, after all some nexus between our universe and theirs?

Perhaps this would explain poltergeist manifestations, perhaps, even flying saucers.

THE DOCTOR'S BRIDGE TO LIFE

IN SEVERAL of his published works Dr. Baruk, a French psychiatrist, refers to a premonitory dream he had when he began his medical career. He writes that the dream was fulfilled in such a startling fashion that it impressed itself indelibly on his mind.

Shortly after he had been appointed medical superintendent at Charenton, a well-known French hospital for nervous diseases, he dreamed one night that he was crossing a stream. The bridge across which he was walking suddenly collapsed and he fell into the water. He was drowning when one of his friends, a surgeon, caught his hand just in time to save his life.

The next day, he said, he was walking to his office at the hospital. As he passed a crumbling portion of the wall on the hospital grounds, a mentally ill patient seized one of the loose stones and struck him on the head with it. Dr. Baruk suffered a serious skull fracture. Fortunately, the surgeon friend of whom he had dreamed was at the hospital and he at once performed an operation that saved Dr. Baruk's life.

WRECKED TO MUSIC

IN SAN MIGUEL, CALIF., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones were listening to a tune called "The train came through the middle of the house," being played by the jukebox in their restaurant, when a Southern Pacific freight hit a truck at a nearby crossing. Fourteen gondola cars loaded with sugar beets careened off the tracks and one crashed into the restaurant. Jones and two other persons were slightly injured.

IS MY HOUSE

By Peggy Pearson

The family renting my lovely house in Texas told a strange story—a shadowy lady was visiting them at night.

SOME UNKNOWN thing crept into our lovely home in Blanco, Texas. Some frightening apparition began to be seen there after Allen and I moved away. We first heard of it from our friend, Gracie Clifton.

But why would a disembodied spirit haunt a lovely new place like ours? Ghosts belong to old houses and to history it seems to me.

Thirteen years ago my husband, Allen, and I bought a fine tract of virgin land south-east of Blanco, Texas. There had never been a house on it. There certainly were no graves anywhere nearby, for we looked before we bought and old John Cox, the oldest man in that locality, told us he knew of no burials closer than two miles.

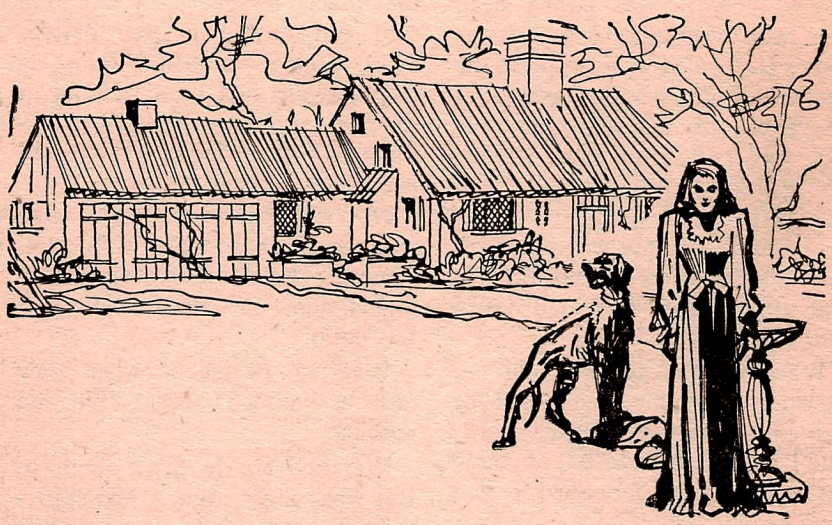
Right in the center of our 100 acres we built our beautiful dream house. It is French Provencial with small, diamond-paned, leaded glass windows and a long, sweeping roof of flat, white tiles. It has two stairways. The front stairway curves upward from the living room and the back stairs descends straight down to the kitchen. The huge living room has a flagstone floor and a built-up fireplace. The master bedroom is downstairs and the fireplace in there is of old Dresden tile. I love every inch of this house, not only because it is lovely but because it contains all the dreams Allen and I so carefully collected over the years and then put together under this one perfect roof.

However, in 1952 we found it necessary to go to California for an indefinite stay. My husband's elderly uncle and only living relative, Robert Shand, wanted us to stay with him, so we rented our house to friends of Gracie's. They were a fine young couple with two small sons. The arrangement seemed a pleasant one for everyone concerned.

Then something weird began to happen.

Gracie wrote that she and her husband, Roy, were visiting their friends, the Mackfords, at our house one night when about mid-

HAUNTED?



night their dachshund, Fritz, who was sleeping in front of the fire let out a horrible, blood-curdling howl. He jumped up and ran under Roy's chair. They all looked toward the master bedroom, which was the way the frightened dog was looking and saw the blurred shadow of a woman standing in front of the dressing table. She was dressed, Gracie said, in a flowing Empire gown. Thinking only of a prowler, they rushed into the bedroom—but there was no one there. Roy added a post script to this first account, saying that the Lady was wearing what looked like a night gown to him.

There never had been anything frightening or mysterious in the five years Allen and I lived there, except one night when Bossy, the cow, managed to get into the garden during the night and then walked right through the screen door into the kitchen. That was a bit scary but not supernatural. We dismissed the idea.

Through Uncle Robert we had met some very nice young people and did our best to be contented in California. Then one night when we were playing bridge at the home of some friends all at once I felt I couldn't breathe. I shut my eyes and saw, as plain as day, a fright-

ening accident. A small boy in yellow pajamas was falling head over heels down our back stairs at home. He landed in a heap on the kitchen floor and lay still. My bridge partner reached across the table and patted my hand saying, "Peggy, don't you feel well? You look so pale."

My husband pushed back his chair and hurried to me. But by that time the picture had faded and I recovered.

When we got home I told my husband about my vision and he wanted me to see a psychologist. But I did not wish to tell anybody anything. Later, I wished I had gone.

Soon after this episode Gracie wrote a short note saying that four-year-old Tommy Mackford had fallen down the stairs and dislocated his shoulder, but was on the mend now.

I felt I could have dictated the description of the accident myself. Allen and I both were upset and talked of flying back home at once. However, things settled down to normal again and we pushed the incident to the backs of our minds —until the night I dreamed again that I walked through our house and lingered for a while in front of the big fireplace. In my dream I then went out to the patio to see the dew gleaming on the white sloping roof. Everything was serene, and my dream was so real that when I awakened my feet were cold and wet. Even the bottom of my nightgown seemed damp, as if I actually had been walking in the dew. I told my husband everything should be fine now for it had been such a beautiful dream.

Nevertheless, there was a note with the next rent check. It said, "Saw the Empire Lady again four nights ago; she was standing in the patio."

What do people do when they own a haunted house? We did nothing.

We tried not to think about it. But when night came it was uppermost in our minds. Some nights I worried about it so much I could not sleep without a sedative.

About a week after receiving the last note I had a nightmare about the place. I dreamed that Chaco, our big dog who had died the summer before we left, met me at the front gate and he and I went to the rhubarb bed to cut some rhubarb. I stepped on a thorn and had to lean against the bird bath to pull it out. I was barefooted. The thorn was so deeply imbedded that I cried and Chaco cried too. Just as I got the thorn out I woke up. My husband was shaking me. He wanted to know why I was crying. I told him I had dreamed of Chaco and he, knowing I had loved the dog, seemed to under-

stand. I was ashamed to say I dreamed I had a thorn in my foot, although my foot still pained me.

A week later we had another letter from Gracie. Her friends had decided to move. They had seen the Empire Lady again. She was leaning against the bird bath and had a big dog with her. They told Gracie they had been awakened by a dog's crying and looking out in the clear moonlight night had seen the Empire Lady and the dog. But by the time they got downstairs and outside there was nothing there at all, not even a foot print.

The Mackfords moved out of our house in January, 1954. New tenents moved in during June and seemed content for a time. Then they, too, began to see shadows.

On October 1, 1955, Allen, my darling husband, died. And I have moved back to my haunted house.

So far I have seen no ghost—but I keep hoping that one dear ghost will come.

TRANCE IN THE COURTROOM

IN MILWAUKEE, Wis., recently Jacob Apsel, 59, a hypnotist, obtained dismissal of a $20,000 alienation of affections suit against him by means of a trance.

The suit had been brought against Apsel by Sylvester Werra, 44, who charged that Apsel had won his wife's affection by convincing her, through hypnosis, that she and Apsel were married in 1776 during a previous life. Apsel contended that Mrs. Werra was the one who had told him of their previous "marriage." Werra said he would withdraw his suit if Apsel would end his "control" over Mrs. Werra through post-hypnotic suggestion in the presence of the court.

As Judge Harvey Neelan watched, Apsel sang a hymn of five stanzas and commanded Mrs. Werra to sleep. A moment later her head fell forward in a slumber. Then Apsel held under Mrs. Werra's nostrils a bottle of ammonia, saying it was "cologne." Mrs. Werra sniffed at the bottle and agreed.

After thus having demonstrated that Mrs. Werra was in a deep trance, Apsel told her, "I command you to return to your former relationship with your husband. Show him respect and love. Do you understand that I will have no influence on you and that I no longer will be able to hypnotize you?"

"Yes," Mrs. Werra said.

Apsel then counted to five. Mrs. Werra awoke and left the courtroom, whereupon Judge Neelan dismissed the suit.



NEW BOOKS

PRAYER CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE, by William R. Parker and Elaine St. Johns Dare—Prentice-Hall Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N. J.; 270 pages, $3.50.

Dr. William R. Parker is a professor at the University of Redlands, Calif., who escaped a nervous breakdown by a new approach to prayer. From this resulted an experiment in prayer which he set up to verify his personal experience and to see whether it would work for others. His experiment thus may be said to continue in an expanded form among the readers of his book.

In 1951 Dr. Parker organized a group of 45 persons in an experiment to find which of several methods would yield the best results in freeing the individual from neurotic and psychosomatic difficulties. The group of 45 was split into three groups of 15 each with no special differentiation as to their specific problems. Fifteen of these people came from the University. Thirty composed a cross-section of the public in the vicinity of Redlands who had personality problems to be treated. There was no requirement made as to the beliefs of the "guinea pigs," which ranged through various shades of religion into agnosticism and atheism. However the subject had to agree to cooperate in whatever section of the experiment he was placed. Dr. Parker said that the whole group was composed of the psychologically "lame, the halt, and the blind."

Control Group I consisted of 15 subjects who submitted to psychotherapy for two hours each week, for nine months, the length of the school year. They had been advised by their physicians of their need for psychotherapy.

Control Group II consisted of 15 subjects who were practising Christians. They were to engage in Random Prayer, on their own ini-

tiative, to solve their own problems. They were to pray each night for the nine months duration of the experiment.

Control Group III was known as the Prayer Therapy Group. This group also met weekly for two hours. Each member of the group went through elementary tests as the Rorschach ink-blot test and the Szondi picture test in order to get some inkling of their basic personality problems. (These tests were also used in Group I.) In some cases additional analysis was made by the Thematic Appreciation Tests, Sentence Completion Tests, and Word Association Tests. On the basis of these analyses, the subjects were able to recognize their real problems on unconscious levels and they were enabled to direct their prayer toward known objectives.

How Group III succeeded magnificently in the final analysis and the complete failure of Group II to manifest improvement provides the author with interesting material for study in the latter half of the volume.

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FLYING SAUCERS — FACT OR FICTION, by Max B. Miller. Trend Books, Inc., 5959 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 128 pages, $1.00.

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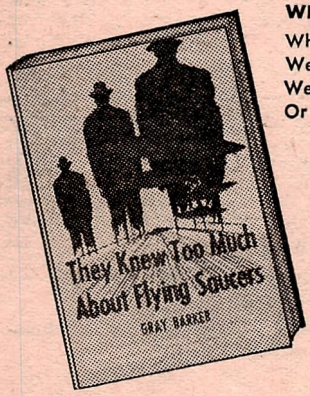
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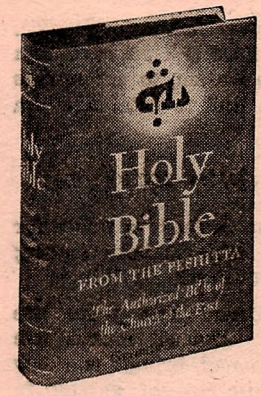
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Isaiah 19:10—And they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish.

Lamsa's Aramaic Translation

Nevertheless for David's sake did the Lord God give him an heir in Jerusalem, to set up his son after him and to establish him in Jerusalem.

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.

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.

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King James: A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things.

Peshitta: 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.

Aside from its value to students and to the devout generally, the volume is handsomely printed and bound, with a three-piece cloth cover and a most attractive jacket. It is printed on 30-pound (India) Bible paper and has a stained top.—*Chester S. Geier.*

CREATION, by Mary Samuel Downing. Vantage Press, New York, N. Y. 70 pages, $2.00.

This is said to be a story of Creation as revealed to the author through psychic experience and through automatic writing. Mary Samuel Downing "sensed an ability to envision individual atomic energies or atoms manifesting on the different planes of the universe." As a result, she became convinced of "the existence of spiritual energies in interplanetary space. . . and a continuity of life through the power of the spirit."

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DEATH IN A DREAM

By Mrs. C. H. Chamberlin

IN the summer of 1938, after I had been married to my second husband but a while I dreamed I was shot by an assassin. I stood by and watched an officer shoot the killer and then lay out my body decently on a bench. After this I began to walk.

The country, barren and hilly, was totally unfamiliar with no one or nothing but me anywhere on it. I was dead; but surely there were other dead people, my father, my mother, my three brothers, my first husband and my baby. And certainly the man I had just seen shot.

I wished to find someone, anyone. On and on I walked. I saw no one. Nothing. The light faded. Darkness closed in around me. Then suddenly my husband's voice shouted in my ear.

"Honey! Honey! Come back to me! Come back to me!" he called.

I tried to answer; tried to move. I could do neither. On and on the call went like a needle stuck on a record.

"Honey! Honey! Come back to me!"

Finally, after how long I do not know, a glimmering of consciousness came to me. I was in bed. My husband's frantic voice rang in my ears. I tried to speak, to turn to-



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ward him. My body would not obey my commands. Desperately he struggled up in bed and turned me over. I plopped like a log. But a little life had come into my hand. I patted him. He settled down with a long sigh, never having awakened.

For long I lay, gingerly trying my disobedient members. Finally I fell into an uneasy sleep. With morning my awakened husband held me close.

"I dreamed you were going away from me, going away forever into a strange land," he said shakily. "I could not follow. All I could do was call for you to come back. I thought you were never coming." He shuddered at the memory.

"I know," I said. "I dreamed I was dead."

He raised on his elbow, started to speak, stopped. A ghastly look came over his face. He reached to the bedside table and handed me a mirror.

One look shocked me. The skin under my eyes, around my mouth and at the edge of my nostrils was blue. It felt cold and lifeless. My fingernails were blue, my toenails and the palms of my hands. My whole body still was rather unmanageable. Later in the day my husband noticed a place in my eye where the white seemed to have congealed.

The blue left my nails and my palms and I regained the use of

my body after a few hours. The blue on my face took a week to go away. The spot on my eye is still there. A doctor looking at it years later said I must have been very close to death at some time for that spot to have formed.

You explain it if you can. I can't.—*Los Alamitos, Calif.*

THE STUMBLING MAN

By Eva Burton

ONE NIGHT in 1933 my husband and I were on our way home from my grandparent's house, which was about a mile down the road from where we lived, out in the country near Elkhorn City, Ky. The night was quiet and bright, with few clouds. The moon was about three-quarters full and we could see the road clearly.

As there had been a great deal of rain that spring, the country road was rutted and had great holes here and there. A cattle fence and willow trees bordered the road on both sides. My grandparents owned the land through which the road ran.

On this particular night my husband and I were quarreling about who should carry something Grandma had given us to take home. As we walked along, nagging each other in a childish way (we were, in fact, hardly more than children), we heard someone approaching along the road.

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We saw the figure of a large man, stumbling and swaying from side to side. Small rocks seemed to scatter as he walked in this manner. We recognized him as Zeke Anderson, who had owned our little house until my grandparents bought the land a few years before.

Zeke was widely known in our mountain country as a drunkard. On the other hand, he was considered a jolly person and many liked him in spite of his faults. He worked in the coal mines, which outside of farming was the community's main support.

On this night Zeke seemed to be especially drunk and to be cursing and praying in the same breath.

"What do you suppose Zeke is doing up here?" I asked my husband, forgetting our little spat.

"I sure don't know," he answered. "But he will never reach town in that shape."

"Let's see if we can get him to stay at our house tonight," I suggested. We had known Zeke all our lives and were too young to be afraid of him.

"We will try," my husband said.

Zeke was about 20 yards up the road. We saw him clearly as he staggered forward. Then we came to a large hole in the road and had to look down to assure our footing. When we looked up again, Zeke was gone. There was no

place he could have concealed himself, yet he had disappeared as completely as if he had fallen into the earth.

The next morning we set out for my grandparent's house. At about the same spot in the road where we had seen Zeke, we saw a neighbor riding toward us. When he was within speaking distance, he said, "Did you hear the news? Zeke Anderson was crushed to death last night in a cave-in at the mines."

Recalling what time we had started home the previous night, we estimated that Zeke at the time

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we had seen him was lying under tons of slate, four miles away.— *Odessa, Tex.*

HOMECOMING

By Marion P. Graham

THE NIGHT Mike saw the ghost I learned about gooseflesh! Mike was a lovable mongrel, part airedale, part shepherd, and an important member of our family. He appointed himself nursemaid to our baby, Lyn, the day we brought her home from the hospital. Every evening, after satisfying himself that Lyn was safely asleep, he joined the family in the living-room. He would lie in the archway from living-room to central hall from which a staircase circled to a balcony into which the bedroom doors opened. Here he could keep an eye on the door of the baby's room.

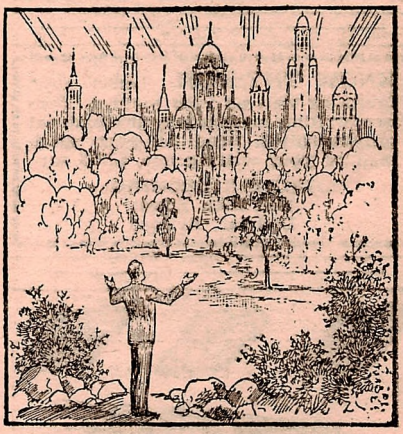
One evening in 1935 I sat reading in an armchair opposite the archway. The house was completely quiet, save for a subdued crackle on the hearth and the moan of the wind in the beech trees outside breaking the country stillness.

Suddenly Mike raised his head and looked across the hall toward the darkened doorway of the dining-room, ears erect, body perfectly still. With infinitely delicate movements he rose to his feet and stalked into the hall. Slowly his head turned as he very intently

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watched something I could not see emerge from the dining-room, traverse the hall and mount the staricase.

With flesh creeping, I slipped over to the arch to watch him. In absolute quiet he slithered up the stairs. His toenails, which usually clicked merrily on the hardwood floors, made no sound. He moved around the balcony to the baby's door, eyes still fixed on something invisible to human sight.

It evidently passed the nursery and halted before the door of Grandfather van der Veer's old room, empty these past nine months, since he died. Mike stared at the door a moment, suddenly wagged his tail gently and gave a soft bark, his usual sign of welcome to the family.

Two or three minutes later his whole body relaxed, he shook himself, trotted briskly down the stairs, gave me a reassuring look and settled back in his usual spot. As plainly as words he told me Grandfather had come home and all was well at our house.—*Hollywood, Calif.*

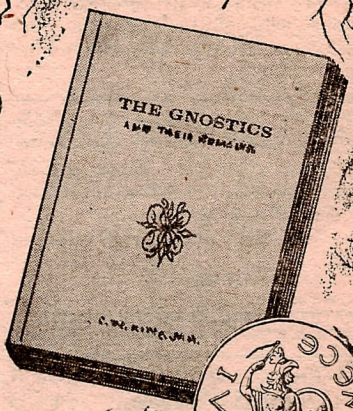
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MY MOTHER died in April, 1935, after a lingering illness. My sister, Mrs. Minna Moore, who had almost constant care of her and who was very fond

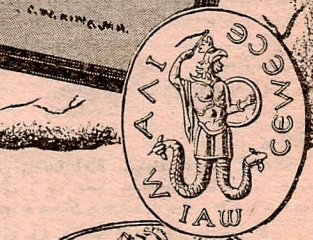
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of Mother, was practically a nervous wreck afterward. She could not relax or eat and, worst of all, she could not sleep. This was the first death in the family, and her mind was a turmoil of questions and wonderings: Where was mother? Did she have consciousness or knowledge of us who were left behind? Was she really at peace and without suffering?

Minna needed help of some sort badly. Her husband began to think of consulting a psychiatrist about her.

One evening in May, 1935, Minna lay on her bed in the twilight, unable to sleep but trying to relax. She swears she was wide awake, trying as usual not to think.

Suddenly, she said, she heard Mother call her name. She opened her eyes and saw Mother standing beside her bed. Then Mother told Minna that she must pull herself together, that everything was all right, that she was happy and without pain. Mother said she wanted Minna to stop wondering about her and to learn to sleep again. Then Mother was gone.

Minna said she dropped off into a sound sleep and that she never again found it difficult to sleep normally.

She felt certain that Mother had come back to comfort her grieving child.—*Comanche, Tex.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

MOVING YELLOW LIGHT

One night in July, 1957, about 25 minutes after midnight, I went out on the front porch just before going to bed. I looked up at the sky, noting that it was a perfectly clear night. Then, out of the northeast, I saw appear a moving yellow light which was a little brighter than the brightest star. I'd say its speed was about 500 m.p.h. and its height about 30,000 feet.

I obtained my 8x40 binoculars to get a better look at the object. Through the binoculars the object seemed to give off a kind of glow and appeared oval or oblong.

As the object neared the house, it made a slight turn and headed southeast toward Beverly and Salem, Mass.

In the morning I called Hanscom Field at Bedford, Mass., and was told I must have seen a weather balloon. At the time that explanation seemed logical as the balloon may have been covered with a luminous paint.

However, on September 25, 1957, at 7:15 p.m., I saw a weather balloon in the northeast, just hanging in the sky. I decided to wait



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until dark to see if this balloon glowed after dusk. It did not. As a result, I've come to the conclusion that what I saw earlier that summer was not a weather balloon. —*Gregory C. Melvin, Methuen, Mass.*

SUBMERGING UFO?

Around noon one day in February, 1955, I was walking toward the beach at Ocean Beach, near San Diego, Calif., when suddenly something made me look up. I stopped, amazed and fascinated at what I saw—a huge geyser of water with the rear end of what looked like a space ship protruding from the top. I watched, spellbound, while the geyser subsided, a short distance from the end of a rocky breakwater (which, by the way, since has been removed).

At the place where the geyser disappeared was a ring of what looked like woolly clouds, but they did not act like clouds as they did not move although a strong wind was blowing.

I waited for 20 minutes to see what else would happen, but nothing changed and finally I left. I still wonder about the incident. I've heard that the space people can send their space ships to any depth under the sea and create an air bubble around them so they can emerge and walk around in it.— *Annabell Culverwell, Jerome, Ariz.*

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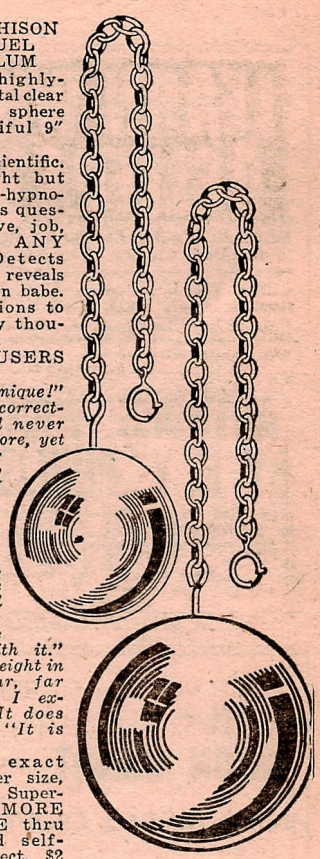
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PREDICTION ON SAUCERS

According to an International News Service dispatch from Paris, dated October 11, 1957, the weekly magazine *Aux Ecoutes* predicted that in several weeks Russia will announce she has been building flying saucers for the past four years.

The report said a Professor Sonstein directs the flying saucer research tests near Moscow and is assisted by German scientists who perfected the V-1 and V-2 rockets of World War II.

Sonstein recently described in a Soviet magazine what he called a practical version of a flying saucer and said he would not be surprised to see one in Russian skies.

The object he described was exactly like the description of flying saucers which so many Americans claim to have seen.—*J. B. Garinger, St. Helena, Calif.*

BOUNCING LIGHTS

For several years I lived on a mountain near the town of Warrensburg, N.Y. One moonlit night in the winter of 1946 three of us —a young man, my daughter and myself—were driving away from a farm that was some distance back in the woods. There was a lot of snow and we had to drive down a rather sharp incline to the main road.

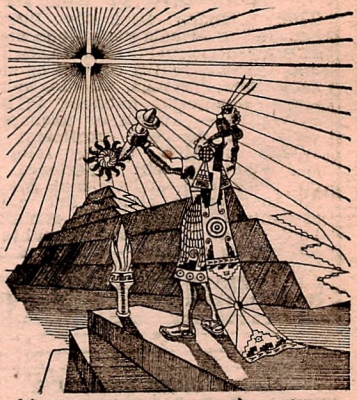
On my side of the sleigh I saw

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three balls of light, one about the size of a musk melon and two smaller. They bounced along on top of the snow and disappeared. About half a mile ahead on the main road, we saw three lights in the tops of tall trees on the left.

Then we came to the turn that led home. This was near the end of our journey, about two miles in all. Here was a rail fence and I saw the three lights again, bouncing along the top of the fence. When they reached the end, they just disappeared.

We all were much interested in the lights. My husband said, "Fox-fire," but the boy did not agree. The lights were bright and looked like small moons. I often have wondered what they were.—*Gertrude Fuller, Stamford, Conn.*

"THOROUGHLY PLEASED"

I was thoroughly pleased with the articles by Dr. C. F. Krafft and Gaston Burridge in the October issue of FATE. I wish to thank you for publishing them—and thus evidencing an open-mindedness quite unequalled by the editorial staffs of all the leading scientific magazines and journals toward the Krafft rationale.

After some 45 years of over-centralized electron-cloud shells, caviar nuclei, photons, mesons and an endless army of other "—ons," it appears that the physics and

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A STRONG IMPRESSION

On Friday, September 20, the name "Sibelius" came to my mind and puzzled me all day and the day following. I had no recollection of such a name and attempted to locate it in the biographical sections of books I owned.

I asked some college boys who live in the same house, but they never had heard of such a person. Still the name kept coming to mind.

On Monday evening, while listening to the Firestone Hour, I heard the announcer say that the Firestone Orchestra would play "Finlandia," a composition of John Sibelius, who had died on Friday at the age of 92.

I have been a professional singer but know little of symphonic music. So I am puzzled as to why this impression should have been so

strong.—*Allis E. Hill, Sacramento, Calif.*

MEMORIES OF DREAMS?

For many years I was bothered by memories that I could not connect to my own life. I have studied Dianetics and have almost total recall—back to before I was six months old—so this phenomenon was mystifying and tantalizing. These memories that somehow were not memories were very vivid: places I had been to, shows I had seen and theatres I had become so familiar with that I always sat in a particular seat—

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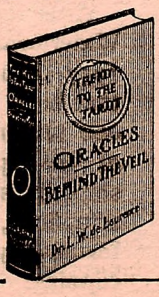
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things like that. Yet while I could recall every detail of the exterior and interior of these theatres, I could not connect them with any town or locality I ever have been in.

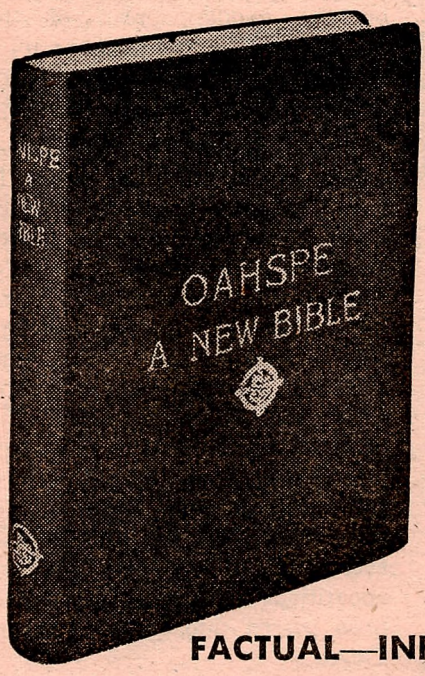
Then, one day, I found the answer. These pseudo-memories were the result of dreams. I dream a lot when I sleep—vivid dreams in which I seldom appear. When I do, I seldom am myself. Instead, I may be a German officer in Bavaria, or a Zulu warrior in Africa.

In such dreams conversations always are carried out in the local language, which I understand perfectly—until I awaken. If I am lucky, I remember enough of the dreams to write a few words down, spelling phonetically. Whenever I have found a person who spoke the language and showed them the words, the result always has been the same—the spelling was wrong, but the words were right.—*Lon G. Eaddie, Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE "WATERTOWN" SPECTRES

After reading "Affair of the S. S. Watertown" in the November, 1957, issue of FATE, I recalled that back in the late 1920's someone sent me a newspaper picture of the apparitions following the ship. This picture I pasted in a scrapbook, which I still have. Unfortunately there is no date on the clipping.

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Apparently the picture appeared on the middle spread of the Minneapolis *Sunday Tribune* rotogravure section. The picture is 15 inches wide and nine inches deep.

Under the picture is a caption which says that Seamen James T. Courtney and Michael Meehan died aboard the gasoline tanker *Watertown* on January 6, 1925. Meehan was asphyxiated by gasoline fumes and Courtney died trying to rescue him. They were buried at sea between San Pedro, Calif., and the Panama Canal. The next day the first mate told Captain Keith Tracy that Courtney and Meehan were following the ship. Thereafter the captain and every man of the crew saw the apparitions daily until the *Watertown* passed through the Panama Canal.

Captain Tracy reported the experience to the port superintendent at New Orleans, who suggested that he obtain a camera. When the *Watertown* passed through the Canal into the Pacific Ocean, the apparitions were sighted again. The captain exposed a roll of film and sent it to the port superintendent, who had it developed. Only the one picture published in the Minneapolis *Sunday Tribune* was successful. It clearly shows a skull and a fully fleshed head inside a circle at the right of the photo. Captain Tracy and the crew

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of the *Watertown* identified the head as that of Meehan.

As the next voyage was stormy, no further photos were taken, although the apparitions occasionally were visible. Then the *Watertown* was transferred to the Atlantic, and the ghosts no longer were seen. The sailors believed that Courtney and Meehan were unable to follow the ship through the locks of the Canal.—*Edward Mylod, Glen Ridge, N.J.*

FORGOTTEN PHENOMENA

I was interested in the article, "Discovered—A New Form of Energy," by Gaston Burridge.

The older physics books such as Ganot's *Physics*, reprinted in 1910, mention that the electric aura can be felt with the hand and that specially built points generate enough energy to put out a candle.

The explanation is that the electricity escapes from the points of cones and pyramids. If the surface has no points, the force, being self-repulsive, leaves the surface at the same intensity.

The phantom cross on the Lutheran church in Florida may be the result of negative emissions which can be produced in a dark room, usually in the form of a star.

Old physics books contain many phenomena which have been dis-

covered, investigated and then forgotten. Any force such as the electric aura or wind, which can be felt with the bare hand and still not seen, was certain to attract the attention of investigators.—*John Finn, San Francisco, Calif.*

"SEPARATE DEVELOPMENT"

The bibliography at the end of the article, "Quimby: Father of Mental Healing," in the October, 1957, issue probably explains why the author has misunderstood the origin of Christian Science.

It is true that Mary Baker Eddy was at one time a patient of Quimby's, received temporary relief from his healing method, and paid tribute to what she believed to be the basis of his healing. However, it was from her own independent spiritual experience and study of the Bible that the system of Christian Science grew.

It is not true that the manuscript attributed to Quimby called "Questions and Answers" was later incorporated in her own 1870 pamphlet, "The Science of Man"—as can easily be seen by a comparison of the two. As Quimby's son George himself wrote in a letter quoted in the *Quimby Manuscripts*:

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grave feeling that my father was in any way connected with 'Christian Science.'"

It is not our purpose to disparage the achievements of any individual. We only wish to make clear that Christian Science came from an essentially separate line of development.—*Will B. Davis, Manager Committees on Publication, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.*

KNOWN TO BE TRUE

At times I have thought that some of the stories in FATE were just made up and not true. In the October issue, however, was a story, "A Nightmare Come True," by Lillian A. Ryan, that I know to be true. Mrs. Ryan has had several experiences.—*A. C. Harris, North Palm Springs, Calif.*

QUEER BIRD

I recall having read in FATE several years ago a report of someone seeing a bird as large as a Piper Cub airplane. In April, 1922, I saw such a bird, but as I was alone I did not mention it. The bird was winging its way north, flapping its wings like a blue heron. It was a little lighter than a heron and flew 20 to 25 miles per hour.

On March 28, 1957, a young man rushed into my house saying, "There's something big up in the sky." I went outside and saw di-

rectly overhead a bird as large as a Piper Cub, flapping its wings with a lazy motion as it flew north. A week later another young man rushed into the house to report that a big bird was flying past. Sure enough, one was. It was flying lower than the bird of the week before.

I called the American Legion club in Renovo and asked the steward if anyone there had reported seeing a big bird flying north shortly before. A man who had just entered the clubroom said he had seen a big bird. I asked him the size of its wingspread and he said, "Twenty-five or 30 feet." Two weeks later another big bird flew northward.

The Indians told of an immense bird called the "Piazzi," the destroyer, that could carry off a full-grown deer or a man. The Indians claim the bird still survives. Does this bird, like the Arctic tern, nest in the Arctic summers, then fly south to the Antarctic to spend the winter in perpetual daylight?

—H. M. Cranmer, Hammersley Fork, Pa.

For further information on the "Piazzi" or "Piasa," interested readers are referred to the article, "The Monster on the Rock," by Norbert Hildebrand in the March, 1954, issue of FATE.—Ed.

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