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MAGAZINE

July 1958

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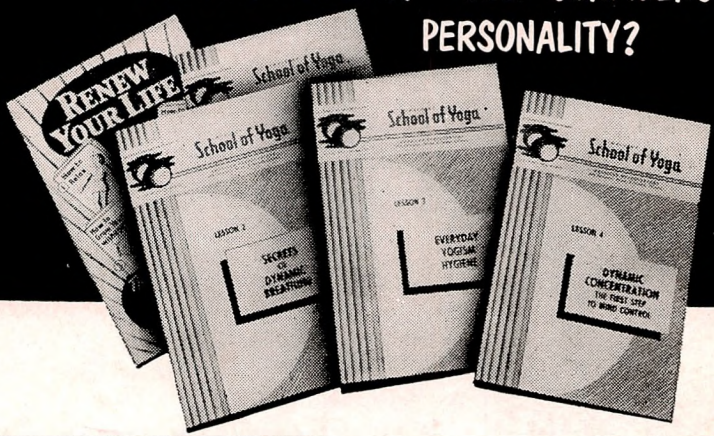


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Publisher: CURTIS FULLER
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Published every month by CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. Re-entered as second-class matter September 16, 1949, at Post Office, Evanston, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879, as amended by the Act of June 11, 1934; additional entry at Sandusky, Ohio, additional entry at Amherst, Wisconsin. We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Subscribers should notify us of address changes 30 days in advance to receive current issue without delay.

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THE BURNING SHIP MYSTERY

LAST NOVEMBER 2, the Japanese freighter *Meitetsu Maru*, inbound to Seattle, sighted a 70-foot white wooden fishing boat burning furiously 30 miles off Vancouver Island. A fishing boat usually carries a crew of 10 or more but there was no sign of survivors.

For five days U.S. Coast Guard and Canadian ships intensively searched 12,940 square miles of ocean. A crude, home-made chopping block imbedded with fish scales and a ruptured fuel tank with charred wooding fittings were found the second day.

Nothing has been found since.

No reports of overdue boats of that size have been received. No additional debris has been discovered. No claims for insurance have been made. No inquiries have been received from the families of missing men.

There are other strange facts in connection with this nearly incredible case.

The Japanese captain said a white light was seen near the burning boat from afar but moved away rapidly as the freighter approached.

A number of American "draggers" were fishing in the general area, but only one reported seeing a glow in the night. And the Coast Guard thinks even this sighting may have been flares from search planes.

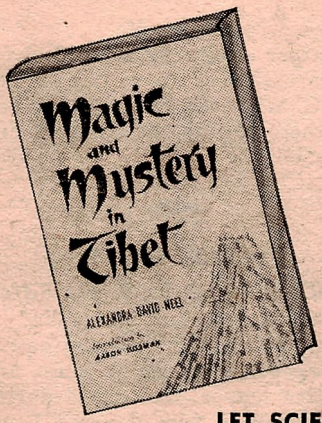


The ship was afire from bow to stern, as if set. Most ship fires center near the fuel tanks.

The usual debris that floats from a sinking, active fishboat was missing.

The fuel tank discovered was 18x24x40 inches. It had a strong odor of naptha, which is often used on the galleys of foreign boats but seldom by American or Canadian boats. Yet the fish scales on the chopping block came from fish native to North American west coast waters.

The *Mietetsu Maru's* skipper said he was able to make out part of a registry number from the side of the flaming hull. He said it looked like K-13-AC, with gaps between the figures and fore and aft letters. The letter "K" indicates the boat was Canadian—but every single ship with a "K" registry has been



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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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checked without results.

Weather conditions were ideal for the search. Coast Guard Capt. Frederick G. Wild said, "If anything had been there to find, we'd have found it."

AN IRISH SPOOK

CARRYINGS-ON OF of a different nature, but still allied to typical poltergeist phenomena in their randomness, senselessness and primitive humor, took place during February in a new terraced house in Finglas, County Dublin, Ireland, according to *Psychic News.*

When Barry Burke, a bookbinder, and his wife Mary moved into the house things began to happen.

Keys turned in locks with no one to turn them; brooms moved about the rooms; footsteps resounded through the house; cots and furniture moved apparently of their own volition, doors slammed, knocks were heard.

Mrs. Burke went home to stay with Mamma and Mr. Burke and his friend John McCormack stayed in the house to see what would happen. The first night all was quiet. The second night McCormack was waked by a tapping sound around 2 a.m.

"The cot started to creak. I gave Barry a nudge. Then I saw the cot turn away from the bed to the middle of the floor. There was no hand or nothing near it. Barry jumped up and began to pray and started sprinkling holy water."

They replaced the night light with a 100-watt bulb. Then they heard the dining room table moving

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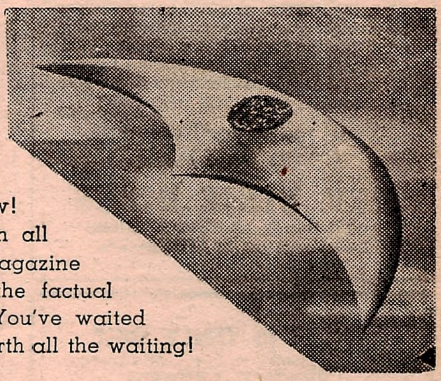
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as if being pulled over the bare floor boards. The dining room door opened and slammed shut.

"Then we heard footsteps coming up the stairs," said McCormack. "They were shuffling as if wearing slippers and it sounded as though someone was carrying a heavy load. They came right up to the bedroom door and seemed to stop outside the adjoining bedroom door.

"There was no bulb in there but we heard the light switch click on and off quite clearly . . . All this happened four times."

A LAST WORD

FROM CORNELIA OTIS SKINner, the actress, came an interesting anecdote called forth by the Seaford poltergeist case.

A few hours after the final curtain at the opening performance of *The Searching Wind*, Miss Skinner's first serious play, Miss Skinner, her husband, Emily Kimbrough and the play's stage manager were sitting in the living room of Miss Skinner's Manhattan apartment. The time was April, 1944.

"Suddenly," Miss Skinner said, "we saw a small liqueur glass just fall out of the cellaret—a cabinet with little wooden doors and places for four bottles.

"The glass was on one of the two tiny shelves. I can't explain what made it fall. It shattered on the floor.

"My father had always said he would drink a toast and then break the glass when I opened in a play," said Miss Skinner. Her father, Otis Skinner, a famous actor, had died



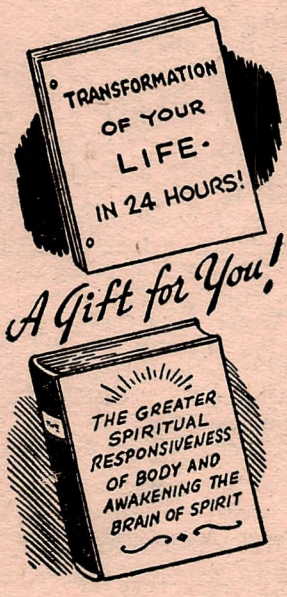
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two years before the glass incident.

MORE AND MORE POLTERGEISTS

WITH THE SEAFORD poltergeist out of the headlines as this is written, it is well to point out, as we never tire of doing, that this sort of thing goes on all the time.

At Tarbes, France, early in March, the Trebouil family moved out of their house because they were tired of tasting soap.

Edmond Trebouil, a 76-year-old retired policeman, found his soup tasted of soap. His 72-year-old wife denied indignantly that she had used soap in place of salt.

Since then the Trebouils noticed that whenever a piece of soap was brought into the house, half of it disappeared overnight. Soap flakes fell in every room from the kitchen to the loft, with particular concentrations in glasses of wine and saucepans full of coffee or milk.

Trebouil's grandson, Edmond Dabezies, 28, took a nap one day and awoke with his face covered with soap. Water from the tap lathered in a few minutes. So did water brought in by neighbors. The family also includes the Trebouil's 12-year-old granddaughter.

Health officials were puzzled.

THE VANISHING GLOP

IT WAS ROUND, about the size of a medicine ball, and it came down out of a clear sky in a North Dade (Florida) back yard on Friday, February 28.

Faustin Gallegos, a Miami police detective who lives at 1151 NW 116 Street, heard the "glop" hit. Gallegos, his wife and his mother rushed out to see what it was.

They saw that a "something" had spread itself on the ground and was "moving, working, like it was alive."

It was clear, had no smell, and glittered like crystal as it moved. Gallegos and his wife both stuck their fingers into it.

"We couldn't feel it," he told a reporter from the Miami *Herald*. "It was there. We could see it. But there was no sensation of touch when we poked our fingers into it."

Gallegos scooped up some of the stuff in a pickle jar when he noticed it had started shrinking. Within a half hour, he said, the large mass had disappeared completely, leaving no trace on the lawn.

By the time Gallegos got to the police station, where he hoped to photograph his sample, that had vanished too.

"We've been laughing about it all day," Gallegos said. "I told the boys I'd captured a flying saucer in a pickle jar. But, you know, I wonder if it's so funny."

NO, NOT SO VERY FUNNY

FATE READERS may remember a similar story, equally short, which gives a definite clue to the possible nature of some UFO's.

On September 26, 1950, four Philadelphia policemen saw an airborne object which also dissolved a half hour after it fell to the ground. Patrolmen John Collins and Joseph



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GEM VILLAGE (2)
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Keenan sighted the object as they cruised in their prowl car.

They called Sergeant Joseph Cook and Patrolman James Cooper and the four went to the field, near Vare Boulevard and 26th Street in Southwest Philadelphia, where the object had landed or fallen.

They turned their flashlights on it. It was about six feet in diameter and gave off a purplish misty glow.

Collins tried to pick it up and the part he had in his hands dissolved, leaving a sticky, odorless residue. The entire object evaporated before their eyes within a half hour.

Here is new confirmation of theories that some kind of space creature, or at least stratosphere animal may exist which science has not yet discovered. What the creature's metabolism is we cannot know, but the fact that when seen at night the "thing" seemed to glow, and in the daytime looked as though made of shining crystals is extraordinarily significant.

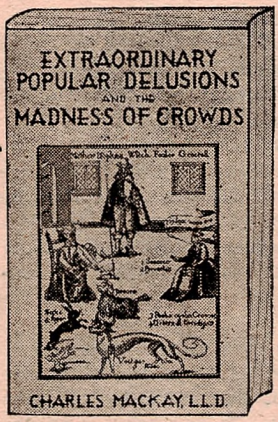
Scientists, please note!

CONTROL OF AGING

SCIENTISTS HAVE isolated an insect hormone that halts the aging process—in insects. Its golden-yellow oil, popularly known as the "Peter Pan Hormone," has been reported by a team headed by Prof. Carroll M. Williams of Harvard University.

The hormone is secreted by two tiny glands in the brains of metamorphosing insects during the larval or caterpillar stage. When the caterpillar reaches maturity the

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glands stop producing the hormone and the caterpillar goes on to develop into a pupa and then into an adult winged moth.

But if the hormone is continued to be given to caterpillars, they do not metamorphose but continue to grow as caterpillars.

It is not known yet (so the scientists say) whether the hormone will have the same effect on higher animals. If it does, it might keep even human beings at the same age at which they started to take it—though it will not make them younger.

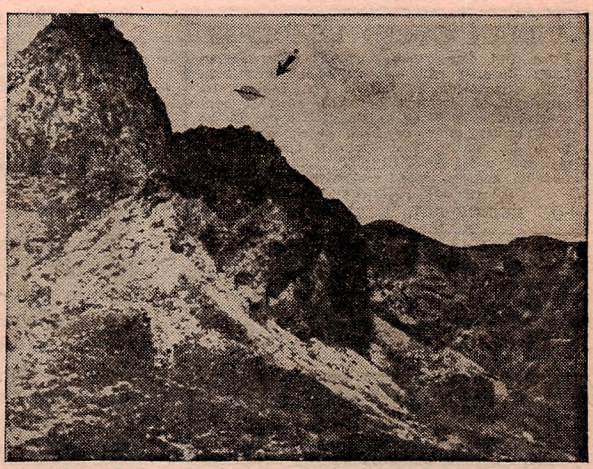
Even if it doesn't work on higher animals, Professor Williams declares it has much to tell us about the chemical engineering of growth.

KEEPING UP WITH THE UFO's

JUST SO YOU may understand that UFO's are still with us, we should report a few sightings we have recorded.

Calgary, Alberta, February 10: Dick Clark, of 617 Eleventh Avenue, West, saw a flying object at 5:40 p.m. It was cigar-shaped and instead of flying horizontally, flew vertically, like an upright telephone pole. As it drew near the southwest horizon it flipped over to a horizontal position and flew out of sight.

Albuquerque, N.M., February 21: Mrs. Joe Tondre, of Los Lunas, and her neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ridlon, watched a shower of shiny cobweb-like material fall onto a neighbor's farm a mile south of Los Lunas. It collected in trees, on wires, and around clothes pins holding a washing. It looked like tinsel.



This photo of a flying saucer is reported to have been taken recently aboard the Brazilian Navy survey ship *Almirante Saldanha*, while the ship was cruising off Trinidade Island, 700 miles off the port of Vitoria, Espirito, Santo State. The photo was taken by photographer Almiro Barauna, and the Brazilian Navy Ministry has vouched for its authenticity. (United Press.)

Kimberley, B.C., February 21: Last Friday evening between 9 and 9:30 p.m. a strange object was sighted. To some it seemed shaped like a large light bulb, to others round and to still others flat. The boys at the top of the ski hill said it was reddish blue, made a crackling sound and they could feel heat rays. Others said the object was oval and the light from it so intense it lit up the whole of the immediate area as bright as day. Over Kimberley it was low, traveling north. It hovered near Meadowbrook and was also sighted near Canal Flats and again at Invermore.

Oakland, Calif., March 11: A green-tailed fireball flashed across Oakland skies and disappeared behind the Berkeley hills.

Orlando, Fla., March 17: Fifty persons watched an oval-shaped bluish object for about 15 minutes, then it suddenly vanished. It changed from a brilliant white to orange after its bluish color; shot straight up, then came straight down. It didn't act at all like a weather balloon.

Wooster, Ohio (date unknown): Curious spectators watched an unusually bright, erratically-behaving object in the sky southeast of a Riceland truck stop. It looked like a bright star, and was still visible at 9 a.m. when the sun hid it from view. Observers who watched it through binoculars said its brightness seemed to increase and diminish in a pulse-like fashion at a regular rate.

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TO BURN OR NOT TO BURN?

CONFUSION SURROUNDED a report that two women, Mrs. Leroy Evans, of Albuquerque, and Mrs. Fred McIntosh, of Los Lunas, suffered radiation burns after exposure to a bright light from the sky.

Mrs. Evans said that she and Mrs. McIntosh were driving between Alcalde and Velarde on U.S. Route 64 on February 20. A white flash in the sky to the west attracted their attention. It was followed by a second flash which caused momentary blindness. There was no explosion with the flash.

Dr. Lincoln LaPaz, director of the University of New Mexico Institute of Meteorics, said the flash appeared to have been caused by an exploding meteor.

Mrs. McIntosh is sure that whatever it was, it was "an object." It traveled up the valley and appeared to go down toward the ground.

However, two minutes after the flashes Mrs. Evans felt a burning sensation on her skin. "It never has stopped burning yet," she said several days later. "I have felt like I had a fever and I have a lovely suntan I didn't have before."

A friend, Paul Boyett of Los Lunas who is a science and mathematics teacher, jokingly suggested the two women expose themselves to his Geiger counter.

Boyett told the Associated Press that the Geiger count registered up to 1,400 to 1,700 counts per minute when exposed to either Mrs. Evans or Mrs. McIntosh. The normal background count at the time was 40 to 70 counts per minute. The Geiger

counter was exposed to three other women who had not witnessed the flash. The count did not increase with them.

Examinations at an Albuquerque clinic indicated that there was no increase in radioactivity on the skins of the women, according to a later report. But there was no question that both had been burned by something.

FINAL WORD

WE HOLD in our hands from a certain Naval base, dated 1958, a four-page instruction from the commanding officer on the subject of "UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS, REPORTING OF."

It lists a larger number of points of the kind of information wanted on UFO's, including four places where message reports should be addressed for action and three for information.

There is an outline of 34 different points of descriptive information that are requested from UFO observers.

That's quite a bill of particulars for something that doesn't exist!

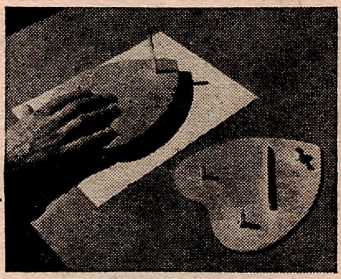
SOVIET TREASURE CAVE

THERE'S BEEN A fascinating mish-mash of archeological information in the newspapers recently.

● From Moscow comes word the Soviet mountaineers have been thwarted again in their attempts to enter the famed Mata Tash cave about halfway up the Kalak-Tash

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peak in the Republic of Kirghizi, near the Chinese border. Once an expedition got within 10 yards of the cave entrance but was stopped by a smooth wall of rock that sealed off the lower half of the cave. Legend has it that there is a rich Chinese treasure in the cave, left from an ancient culture that flourished more than 2,000 years ago. Archeologists have found nearby an ancient amulet, a whetstone and a Chinese saddle buckle from the period in question.

● From London comes word that Eskimo tools have been discovered in Malaya. To archeologists this provides additional evidence that the Malay peninsula was invaded by Mongol hordes about 2,500 years ago. The tools are "ulus"—the Eskimo woman's knife. The "ulus" are thin stone blades four to eight inches long and half as broad. They are characterized by two circular holes near the edge used to attach the knives to a haft by means of thongs. The knives were generally used for scraping hides and hacking at tree bark. Similar knives have been found in Arctic North America, Siberia, Tibet, North China, Southern Manchuria and Japan. The "ulus" were presumably adapted by the Mongols from the Eskimos.

● In Thessaly, Greece, archeologists have dug up a palace that may have housed Jason of the Golden Fleece. One of the pottery fragments found on the palace site was decorated with a many-oared ship. Apparently the palace was built in the late Mycenaean period around 1400 B.C., and was burned about 1200 B.C., Hundreds of tall-stemmed cups, forerunners of the champagne glass

have been dug up.

● Archeologists working near Pecs in south Hungary have established that a Negroid race of high culture lived there 6,000 years ago. Pillars and walls of a gigantic structure have been discovered. Paintings on some of the walls show men with negroid faces hunting tigers.

● From Nigeria, new discoveries cast additional light on an advanced Negro civilization that existed there around the 12th Century. Some remarkable thin bronze castings have been unearthed. One shows two figures side-by-side and arm-in-arm dressed in royal attire. A fairly heavy brass object resembles a drinking vessel in general form but depicts an elaborately dressed woman.



CAN ANIMALS THINK?

THE ANSWER to this question is yes, according to a report from Moscow. The Soviet News Agency Tass announces the discovery of a reflex in both animals and birds that enables them to make comparisons and to estimate future events.

Prof. Leonid Krushinsky, of Moscow University, adds this new type of reflex to the other two known kinds—conditioned and unconditioned reflexes. He calls the new third type "prognosticating" reflexes.

He explains that these are not a direct reaction to a stimulus at a given moment. They are inborn but come into action only when the creature has gained sufficient experience.

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Professor Krushinsky says he believes there exists in the cortex, or outer layer of the brain, a special apparatus, "an operative memory," which selects and records direction and speed of movements and other changes. This knowledge allows the animal to make forecasts and react accordingly.

THE RUSS & GRAVITY

THE RUSSIANS not only are doing a great deal of scientific research but they are talking.

Harry Schwartz, writing in the New York *Times*, discusses a broadcast from Moscow declaring that a new theory of gravitation has been unveiled by Prof. Kiril Stanyukovich. Professor Stanyukovich also declares that there is a possibility of diminishing or entirely destroying gravitational attraction. If gravity could be nullified, space flight would be vastly aided.

Professor Stanyukovich says that the origin of gravitational force is nuclear pulsation during which a special kind of radiation is emitted. These pulses occur at a frequency of billions a second. They emit radiations at a speed near that of light. Electrons also pulsate similarly, he declared.

As a result, the professor concludes that gravity is not a constant force but depends upon temperature. He suggests that the lowering of the temperature of matter to absolute zero will result in a great reduction of gravity and perhaps in its disappearance. Conversely, gravity increases as temperature increases.

LIVING HUMANOID?

A REUTERS REPORT from the Netherlands asserts that a strange animal resembling a human being has been captured near the South Sumatra village of Pabamulih. The creature is a female, estimated to be about 17 years old and completely covered with short hair.

Scientists have long been interested in reports that a creature resembling man was living in the dense jungles of South Sumatra. Many years ago the former Netherlands administration offered a reward to anyone capturing the beast, called "Sindai."

ADD ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE

TWO MONTHS ago we referred to Maj. Donald Keyhoe's being cut off the air because he departed from his script on the Armstrong Circle Theater discussion of UFO's. What was Major Keyhoe going to say when he was cut off?

"I was going to say that for the past six months our group has been working with a Senate committee on the secrecy of Unidentified Flying Objects. I was going to say that if they hold public hearings with the information we have given them, they would prove that these things are real! It will cause a sensation!"

Keyhoe declares that the Air Force knows flying saucers are real and interplanetary. He insists that twice—in 1948 and 1952—the Air Force was ready to release flying saucer information, but each time was halted by National Secu-

rity Council or Central Intelligence Agency officials who feared public hysteria.

POINTING THE BONE

ALBERT NAMATJIRA is Australia's most famous aboriginal artist. About a year ago Namatjira, a husky, strapping man, obtained full citizenship rights, which meant that he officially left the organization of his native tribe.

The tribe did not approve of Namatjira's leaving them. Shortly after "going over" to the whites, Namatjira burned his left hand in his campfire while sleeping. He was admitted to the hospital at Alice Springs after his hand became infected. Doctors amputated his index finger and he was discharged. Later he came back.

In the hospital again, Namatjira slowly began to die. Hospital medical men can find no reason for his condition.

But the people at Alice Springs know. They say that Arunta tribesmen have "pointed the bone" at Namatjira. The bone is pointed in a special ceremony and traditionally the victim weakens and dies. As of the middle of March, doctors despaired of saving the artist's life.

BRIEF NOTES FROM ALL OVER

● NEW REMAINS of early man found in the Sterkfontein caves near Johannesburg, South Africa, have convinced scientists that man's direct ancestor in that region was a far different creature than the Sterkfontein apemen discovered earlier. The new ancient man, called *Telanthropus*, walked erect and possessed a larger brain than the apeman in whose company his remains have been found. Both types are believed to have existed at the same time.

● Recently we described the mysterious loss of the modern tugboat *Jim Steers* in Long Island Sound. As we write, the *Jim Steers* still has not been found.

● Residents of Rio de Janeiro report seeing a "monstrous sea serpent with the neck of a giraffe, humps on its back and a long tail."

● A huge chunk of ice plunged through the roof of the James Carmine home, 2154 Fourth Street, San Rafael, Calif., on January 25. Typical speculation was that it had "fallen from the wing of an iced-up airplane."

● A hunch made possible the successful flight of the huge Atlas ICBM January 10. A test indicated that a metal pin only ⅛ inch in diameter had broken loose in the missile's fuel system. It could have been anywhere in the ground fuel supply system or in the intricate maze of tubing and tanks in the missile itself. A crew went over the Atlas for eight hours without finding it. But 41-year-old Robert G. Goldinger had a hunch it would be in the empty liquid oxygen tank of Atlas. Wearing an oxygen mask he was lowered head-first into the tank, with a flashlight and a hand mirror. He concentrated his search in a small narrow aperture of the tank and found the pin after a five-minute search—because of a hunch. —*Curtis Fuller*

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READ AND HEED the amazing book "The Coming Disaster" (95 pages) telling what the flood will be like, about when it will come, the warning to be had, and containing the astronomic, gyroscopic, mathematical and geological proofs, written plainly. These proofs are indisputable and all who have seen mechanical demonstrations leave convinced that the book is correct.

This is not a religious prediction, but is purely SCIENTIFIC. However, the Bible predicts it. Isaiah 13:13, "Therefore I shall shake the heavens and the earth SHALL REMOVE OUT OF HER PLACE, 24:20, "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard." See also Amos 8:9, 8:8; Haggai 2:6; Isaiah 10:26; 19:5; 28:17; 44:3; 24:20.

READ in this book (1) a letter from Nobel (prize) Foundation referring it to their physics committee: (2) the report of an analytical laboratory, and letters from the noted astronomers Dr. Frampwich-Gospatt, of England, and Dr. Malcolm H. Tallman of New York, confirming it; (3) many newspaper clippings, letter from Civil Defense Corps, and about 25 "run of the mill" fan letters; (4) our efforts to date to save civilization through this flood and our latest plans for it, including pressure on Congress to build balloons and boats; (5) our plan to prevent the flood by diverting the axis of the earth with atomic jets.

Eclipses are foretold with accuracy many years in advance. The prediction of the shift is along similar lines, only more complicated. On December 21, 1956, the sun rose in the wrong place, and about March 30, 1958, the earth shifted back to almost its proper place, going a little too far.

Recent terrific storms and slides in California, the many earthquakes, oceans warming, snow in Florida, etc., are all ominous warnings. "This Week" magazine of March 30, 1958, had a two-page article about another oncoming ice age.

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FATE

BOOK CONDENSATION:

Magic and Mystery in TIBET

Thought forms—living objects apparently created by concentrated mental activity—were witnessed in "The Land of Snow."

By Madame Alexandra David-Neel

Reprinted by permission of University Books, from "Magic and Mystery in Tibet," by Madame Alexandra David-Neel.

THE FASCINATION exercised by Tibet as an abode of sages and magicians dates from a time long back. Even before the Buddha, Indians turned with devout awe to the Himalayas, and many were the extraordinary stories about the mysterious, cloud-enshrouded northern country extending beyond their mighty snowy peaks.

There is no doubt that the reputation enjoyed by the "Land of Snow" for being a country of wizards and magicians, a ground on which miracles daily occur, is the main cause of its attraction over the majority of its worshippers. But now one may ask for what reason Tibet has been credited with being the chosen land of oc-

cult lore and supernormal phenomena.

Perhaps the most obvious cause is the extreme remoteness of the country, enclosed between formidable mountain ranges and immense deserts.

Men compelled to abandon cherished ideals incompatible with their stern, prosaic surroundings, are eager to transplant them to a more favorable fairyland. As a last resource they build gardens in the heaven and superterrestrial paradises to shelter their day dreams, but how much more readily will they seize upon the opportunity of lodging them in an earthly country. Tibet offers that opportunity. It has all the physical features of a true wonderland. I do not think it is exaggerated to say that its landscapes surpass, in all respects, those imagined by the fanciful architects of gods' and demons' worlds.

No description can convey the least idea of the solemn majesty, the serene beauty, the awe-inspiring wildness, the entrancing charm of the finest Tibetan scenes.

Must we conclude that the renown of Tibet as the land in which prodigies flourish, is entirely based on delusion? This would be as great an error as the uncritical acceptance of all the native tales.

The best way is to be guided by the rather surprising opinion of Tibetans themselves regarding miraculous events. None in Tibet deny that such events may take place, but no one regards them as miracles, according to the meaning of that term in the West, that is to say as *supernatural* events.

Indeed, Tibetans do not recognize any supernatural agent. The so-called wonders, they think, are as natural as common daily events and depend on the clever handling of little-known laws and forces.

All facts which, in other countries, are considered miraculous or, in any other way, ascribed to the arbitrary interference of beings belonging to other worlds, are considered by Tibetan adepts of the secret lore as psychic phenomena.

In a general way, Tibetans distinguish two categories of psychic phenomena.

1. The phenomena which are *unconsciously* produced either by one or by several individuals.

In that case, the author—or authors—of the phenomenon acting unconsciously, it is obvious that he does not aim at a fixed result.

2. The phenomena produced *consciously,* with a view of bringing about a prescribed result. These are generally—but not always—the work of a single person.

That "person" may be a man or may belong to any one of the six classes of sentient beings which

lamaists acknowledge as existing in our world. Whosoever be its author, the phenomenon is produced by the same process, in accordance with some natural laws: there is no *miracle.*

The secret of the psychic training, as Tibetans conceive it, consists in developing a power of concentration of mind greatly surpassing even that of men who are, by nature, the most gifted in this respect.

Mystic masters affirm that by the means of such concentration of mind, waves of energy are produced which can be used in different ways. The term "wave" is mine. I use it for clearness sake and also because, as the reader will see, Tibetan mystics really *mean* some "currents" or "waves" of force. However, they merely say *shugs* or *tsal;* that is to say, "energy." That energy, they believe, is produced every time that a physical or mental action takes place.—Action of the mind, of the speech and of the body, according to the Buddhist classification.—The production of psychic phenomena depends upon the strength of that energy and the direction in which it is pointed.

1. An object can be *charged* by these waves. It then becomes something resembling our electric accumulators and may give back, in one way or another, the energy stored in it. For instance, it will increase the vitality of one who touches it, infuse him with courage, etc.

Practices grounded on this theory and aiming at beneficial results are current in Tibet. Numbers of lamas prepare pills, holy water, knotted scarves, charms printed on paper or cloth, which are supposed to impart strength and health, or to keep away accidents, evil spirits, robbers, bullets and so on.

The lama must first purify himself by a proper diet and then concentrate his thoughts on the object which he means to empower, in order to load it with wholesome influences. Several weeks or months are sometimes deemed necessary for that preparation. However, when it is only a question of charmed scarves, these are often knotted and consecrated in a few minutes.

2. The energy which is communicated to an object, pours into it a kind of life. That inanimate object becomes able to move and can perform certain actions at the command of its maker.

The *ngagspas* are said to resort to these practices, to hurt or kill without arousing any suspicion that they are responsible for the casualty.

Here is an instance of the way in which the sorcerer proceeds.

Taking with him the object which is to be animated—let us say a knife destined to kill someone—the

ngagspa shuts himself in seclusion for a period that may last over several months. During that time he sits, concentrating his thoughts on the knife in front of him and endeavoring to transfer to the inanimated object, his will to kill the particular individual whose death has been planned.

Various rites are often performed in connection with the *ngagspa's* concentration of mind. These aim at adding to the energy which the latter is capable of generating and transfusing into the knife. Beings deemed more powerful than the sorcerer are either besought to cooperate willingly with him or coerced and compelled to let their energy flow into the weapon.

These "beings" are often of a demoniacal kind, but in the case when the murder is deemed a righteous action, useful to the welfare of many, lofty benevolent entities may be called in as helpers. These are always respectfully implored and no one attempts to coerce them. Some *ngagspas* think it useful to bring the weapon into touch with the man whom it is meant to kill or with objects habitually used by him.

Other adepts of the black art scoff at such a childish practice and declare that it discloses utter ignorance regarding the causes which may bring about the killing or hurting that is to appear accidental.

When the sorcerer supposes that the knife is ready to perform its

The Bardo —

This month's cover is Artist Catherine Stiehm's concept of the Tibetan *Bardo* —a kind of limbo in which the soul of the departed resides for a time after death. The spirit beholds, in turn, radiantly beautiful beings and hideous forms. He sees diversely colored paths and a crowd of strange visions. These apparitions frighten him. He is bewildered and wanders at random.

Beautiful houris may beckon to him. Strange beasts may pounce upon him. Men and women who, while alive, learned nothing about the *Bardo* and who enter it while absorbed in regret for leaving the material world, cannot profit from their religion or from the advice of the lamas who are officiating at their funeral ceremonies.

So they miss the opportunity of escaping the mathematically

work, it is placed near the man who is to become its victim so that, almost always, he may be led to use it. Then, as soon as he seizes it, the knife moves, gives a sudden impulse to the hand which holds it, and the man against whom it has been prepared stabs himself.

It is said that when once the weapon has been animated in that way, it becomes dangerous for the *ngagspa* who, if he lacks the knowledge and cleverness required to guard himself, may fall its victim.

Auto-suggestion is likely to result from the protracted meditation and the elaborate rites performed by the sorcerer while dwelling in seclusion, and it would not be surprising if some accident occurred to him. Nevertheless, apart from the stories of demons and spirits there may be a phenomenon similar to that which is said to occur when the phantom created by a magician breaks away from its maker's control.

Certain lamas and a few Bonpos have told me that it is a mistake to believe, in such cases as I have just mentioned, that the knife becomes animated and kills the man. It is the man, they said, who acts on auto-suggestion as a result of the sorcerer's concentration of thought.

Though the *ngagspa* only aims at animating the knife, the man against whom the rites are performed is closely associated in his mind with the idea of the weapon. And so, as that man may be a fit re-

FATE'S Cover

rigid consequences of their actions in the Tibetan concept of Karma. The roads to celestial happiness are behind them. The wombs of human and animal beings are offered them and, deceived by their hallucinations, they fancy these to be pleasant grottoes or palaces. They enter one or another of them and thus determine for themselves the condition of their rebirth. This one may be reborn a dog; another the son of distinguished human parents.

According to other beliefs, the spirits of the great mass of the people who have not obtained spiritual illumination travel like frightened sheep through the *Bardo* phantasms until they reach the court of Shinje, the Judge of the Dead. Shinje examines their past and inflexibly determines the circumstances of their rebirth.

ceiver of the occult "waves" generated by the sorcerer—(while the knife is not) he falls unconsciously under their influence. Then, when touching the prepared knife, the view and touch of the latter put into motion the suggestion existing, unknown to him, in the man's mind, and he stabs himself.

Moreover, it is strongly believed that without any material object for transmission, proficient adepts of the secret lore can suggest, even from afar, to men or other beings, the idea of killing themselves in one way or another.

All agree in saying that any such attempt cannot be successful against an adept in psychic training because such a one detects the "waves" of forces pointed at him and is able to discriminate their nature and thrust back those which he deems harmful.

3. Without the help of any material object, the energy generated by the concentration of thoughts can be carried to more or less distant points. There this energy may manifest itself in various manners. For instance:

It can bring about psychic phenomena.

It can penetrate the goal ascribed to it and thus transfer the power generated elsewhere.

Mystic masters are said to use this process during the *angkur* rites.

Lamaist *angkur,* literally "empowerment," is not an "initiation," though, for lack of other words, I have sometimes used that term in the course of the present book. The various *angkurs* are not meant to reveal esoteric doctrines, as initiations were, among the Greeks and other peoples. They have a decidedly psychic character. The theory about them is that "energy" may be transmitted from the master—or from some more occult store of forces—to the disciple who is able to "tap" the psychic waves in transmission.

According to lamaist mystics, during the performance of the *angkur* rite a force is placed within the disciple's reach. The seizing and assimilating of that force is left to his ability.

In the course of talks I had on this subject with mystic initiates, they have defined *angkur* as "a special opportunity" offered to a disciple of "empowering himself."

By the same method, mystic masters are said to be able to dispatch waves of energy which, in case of need, cheer, refresh and invigorate, physically and mentally, their distant disciples.

The process is not always meant to enrich the goal to which the waves are directed. On the contrary, sometimes when reaching that goal these waves absorb a portion of its energy. Then, returning with this subtly stolen spoil, they

pour it into the "post" from which they have been sent forth, and in which they are reabsorbed.

Some magicians, it is said, gain great strength or prolong their lives by incorporating this stolen energy.

4. Tibetan mystics also affirm that adepts well trained in concentration are capable of visualizing the forms imagined by them and can thus create any kind of phantom: men, deities, animals, inanimate objects, landscapes, and so forth.

These phantoms do not always appear as impalpable mirages, they are tangible and endowed with all the faculties and qualities naturally pertaining to the beings or things of which they have the appearance.

For instance, a phantom horse trots and neighs. The phantom rider who rides it can get off his beast, speak with a traveller on the road and behave in every way like a real person. A phantom house will shelter real travellers, and so on.

Such happenings abound in Tibetan stories so all this appears to belong to the realm of fairy tales and one may wisely assume that 99 out of 100 of these stories are purely mythical. Yet disconcerting incidents occur, phenomena are witnessed which it is impossible to deny. Explanations of them are to be found by the observer himself, if he refuses to accept those offered by Tibetans. But often these Tibetan explanations, on account of their vaguely scientific form, attract the inquirer and become themselves a field of investigation.

A story which is known and famous all over Tibet, will serve to illustrate the matter. Whether the facts related be authentic or not is of no importance to us. Our interest hangs on the explanation given of the cause of the miracle and the spirit which pervades the whole story.

Once upon a time, a trader was travelling with his caravan on a stormy day, and his hat was carried away by the wind.

Tibetans believe that to pick up a hat which has fallen down in such circumstances in the course of a journey will bring bad luck. So yielding to that superstition, the merchant abandoned his hat.

It was a soft felt hat, with fur laps that can be worn turned up or covering the ears, as the weather requires. Buried between the thorny shrubs where it had been violently tossed by the wind, its shape was hardly recognizable.

A few weeks later a man passing by that place at dusk noticed an undistinguishable form which seemed to be crouched among the thickets. He was not too brave and hurriedly passed his way. On the morrow he told some villagers that he had seen "something strange" at a short distance from the path.

Other travellers also remarked at that very spot a peculiar object whose nature they could not ascertain and spoke of it to the villagers. Then, others again and again had a look at the innocent hat and called the attention of the country people to it.

Now sun, rain and dust helped to make the hat a still more mysterious-looking object. The felt had taken on a dirty yellowish-brown color and the fur laps looked vaguely like an animal's ears.

Traders and pilgrims stopping in the village were warned that, at the skirt of the forest, a "thing," neither man nor beast, remained in ambush and it was necessary to be on the watch. Someone suggested that the "thing" must be a demon and soon the object, anonymous till then, was promoted to the rank of a devil.

As months went by, more people cast a fearful glance at the old hat, more people spoke about it and the whole country came to talk of the "demon" hidden at the border of the wood.

Then one day it happened that some passers-by saw the rag moving. Another day it tried to extricate itself from the thorns that had grown around it, and finally it followed a party of wayfarers who ran, panic-stricken, for their lives.

The hat had been animated by the many thoughts concentrated on

That story, which Tibetans affirm to be authentic, is given as an instance of the power of concentration of mind, even when unconsciously effected, and not aiming at a prescribed result.

HOWEVER interested we may feel in the other strange accomplishments with which Tibetan adepts of the secret lore are credited, the creation of thought forms seems by far the most puzzling.

Phantoms, as Tibetans describe them, and those that I have myself seen do not resemble the apparitions which are said to occur during spiritualist seances.

In Tibet, the witnesses of these phenomena have not been especially invited to endeavor to produce them, or to meet a *medium* known for producing them. Consequently, their minds are not prepared and intent on seeing apparitions. There is no table upon which the company lay their hands nor any *medium* in trance, nor a dark closet in which the latter is shut up. Darkness is not required, sun and open air do not keep away the phantoms.

Some apparitions are created on purpose either by a lengthy process of visualization or, in the case of proficient adepts, instantaneously or almost instantaneously.

In other cases, apparently the author of the phenomenon gener-

ates it unconsciously, and is not even aware of the apparition being seen by others.

In connection with these kinds of visualizations or thought-form creations, I may relate a few phenomena which I have witnessed myself.

1. A young Tibetan who was in my service went to see his family. I had granted him three weeks' leave, after which he was to purchase a food supply, engage porters to carry the loads across the hills, and come back with the caravan.

Most likely the fellow had a good time with his people. Two months elapsed and still he did not return. I thought he had definitely left me.

Then I saw him one night in a dream. He arrived at my place clad in a somewhat unusual fashion, wearing a sun hat of foreign shape. He had never worn such a hat.

The next morning, one of my servants came to me in haste. "Wangdu has come back," he told me. "I have just seen him down the hill."

The coincidence was strange. I went out of my room to look at the traveller.

The place where I stood dominated a valley. I distinctly saw Wangdu. He was dressed exactly as I had seen him in my dream. He was alone and walking slowly up the path that wound up the hill slope.

I remarked that he had no luggage with him and the servant who was next me answered: "Wangdu has walked ahead, the load-carriers must be following."

We both continued to observe the man. He reached a small *chorten,* walked behind it and did not reappear.

The base of this *chorten* was a cube built in stone, less than three feet high, and from its needle-shaped top to the ground, the small monument was no more than seven feet high. There was no cavity in it. Moreover, the *chorten* was completely isolated: there were neither houses, nor trees, nor undulations, nor anything that could provide a hiding in the vicinity.

My servant and I believed that Wangdu was resting for a while under the shade of the *chorten.* But as time went by without his reappearing, I inspected the ground round the monument with my field-glasses, but discovered nobody.

Very much puzzled I sent two of my servants to search for the boy. I followed their movements with the glasses but no trace was to be found of Wangdu nor of anybody else.

That same day a little before dusk the young man appeared in the valley with his caravan. He wore the very same dress and the foreign sun hat which I had seen in my dream and in the vision.

Without giving him or the load-carriers time to speak with my servants and hear about the phenomenon, I immediately questioned them. From their answers I learned that all of them had spent the previous night in a place too far distant from my dwelling for anyone to reach the latter in the morning. It was also clearly stated that Wangdu had continually walked with the party.

During the following weeks I was able to verify the accuracy of the men's declarations by inquiring about the time of the caravan's departure, at the few last stages where the porters were changed. It was proved that they had all spoken the truth and had left the last stage together with Wangdu, as they said.

2. A Tibetan painter, a fervent worshipper of the wrathful deities who took a peculiar delight in drawing their terrible forms, came one afternoon to pay me a visit.

I noticed behind him the somewhat nebulous shape of one of the fantastic beings which often appeared in his paintings.

I made a startled gesture and the astonished artist took a few steps towards me, asking what was the matter.

I noticed that the phantom did not follow him and quickly thrusting my visitor aside, I walked to the apparition with one arm stretched in front of me. My hand reached the foggy form. I felt as if touching a soft object whose substance gave way under the slight push and the vision vanished.

The painter confessed in answer to my questions that he had been performing a *dubthab* rite during the last few weeks, calling on the deity whose form I had dimly perceived, and that very day he had worked the whole morning on a painting of the same deity.

In fact, the Tibetan's thoughts were entirely concentrated on the deity whose help he wished to secure for a rather mischievous undertaking.

He himself had not seen the phantom.

In these two cases, the phenomenon was produced without the conscious co-operation of its author. Or, as a mystic lama remarked, Wangdu and the painter could hardly be termed the *authors* of the phenomena. They were but one cause—maybe the principal one—amongst the various causes which had brought them about.

3. The third strange occurrence I have to relate belongs to the category of phenomena which are voluntarily produced. The fact that the apparition appeared in the likeness of the lama who caused it must not lead us to think that he projected a subtle *double* of himself. This is not the opinion of ad-

vanced adepts in Tibetan secret lore.

According to them such phantoms are *tulpas,* magic formations generated by a powerful concentration of thought. As it had been repeatedly stated in the preceding chapters *any* forms may be visualized through that process.

At that time I was camping near Punag ritod in Kham. One afternoon I was with my cook in a hut which we used as a kitchen. The boy asked me for some provisions. I answered, "Come with me to my tent, you can take what you need out of the boxes."

We walked out and when nearing my tent we *both* saw the hermit lama seated on a folding chair next my camp table. This did not surprise us because the lama often came to talk with me. The cook only said, "Rimpoche is there, I must go and make tea for him at once, I will take the provisions later on."

I replied: "All right. Make tea and bring it to us."

The man turned back and I continued to walk straight toward the lama, looking at him all the time while he remained seated motionless.

When I was only a few steps from the tent, a flimsy veil of mist seemed to open before it, like a curtain that is slowly pulled aside. And suddenly I did not see the lama any more. He had vanished.

A little later, the cook came, bringing tea. He was surprised to see me alone. As I did not like to frighten him I said: "Rimpoche only wanted to give me a message. He had no time to stay to tea."

I related the vision to the lama, but he only laughed at me without answering my questions. Yet, upon another occasion he repeated the phenomenon. He utterly disappeared as I was speaking with him in the middle of a wide bare track of land, without tent or houses or any kind of shelter in the vicinity.

The creation of the phantom *Yidam* has two different objects. The higher one consists in teaching the disciple that there are no gods or demons other than those which his mind creates. The second aim, less enlightened, is to provide oneself with a powerful means of protection.

How does the phantom of the deity protect its creator? By appearing instead of the latter.

Incited by many wonderful legends regarding the power of ancient *tubthobs* to create *tulpas,* or thought forms, a small number of *ngagspas* and lamas endeavor, in great secrecy, to succeed in that peculiar branch of esoteric lore.

However, the practice is considered as fraught with danger for everyone who has not reached a high mental and spiritual degree of enlightenment and is not fully

aware of the nature of the psychic forces at work in the process.

Once the *tulpa* is endowed with enough vitality to be capable of playing the part of a real being, it tends to free itself from its maker's control. This, say Tibetan occultists, happens nearly mechanically, just as the child, when his body is completed and able to live apart, leaves its mother's womb. Sometimes the phantom becomes a rebellious son and one hears of uncanny struggles that have taken place between magicians and their creatures, the former being severely hurt or even killed by the latter.

Tibetan magicians also relate cases in which the *tulpa* is sent to fulfil a mission but does not come back and pursues its peregrinations as a half-conscious, dangerously mischievous puppet. The same thing, it is said, may happen when the maker of the *tulpa* dies before having dissolved it. Yet, as a rule, the phantom either disappears suddenly at the death of the magician or gradually vanishes like a body that perishes for want of food. On the other hand, some *tulpas* are expressly intended to survive their creator and are specially formed for that purpose.

Must we credit these strange accounts of rebellious "materializations," phantoms which have become real beings, or must we reject them all as mere fantastic tales and wild products of imagination? —Perhaps the latter course is the wisest. I affirm nothing. I only relate what I have heard from people whom, in other circumstances, I had found trustworthy, but they may have deluded themselves in all sincerity.

Nevertheless, I myself visualized and animated a *tulpa*. Besides having had few opportunities of seeing thought-forms, my habitual incredulity led me to make experiments for myself, and my efforts were attended with some success. In order to avoid being influenced by the forms of the lamaist deities, which I saw daily around me in paintings and images, I chose for my experiment a most insignificant character: a monk, short and fat, of an innocent and jolly type.

I shut myself in *tsams* and proceeded to perform the prescribed concentration of thought and other rites. After a few months the phantom monk was formed. His form grew gradually *fixed* and life-like looking. He became a kind of guest, living in my apartment. I then broke my seclusion and started for a tour, with my servants and tents.

The monk included himself in the party. Though I lived in the open, riding on horseback for miles each day, the illusion persisted. I saw the fat *trapa,* now and then, it was not necessary for me to think of him to make him appear.

The phantom performed various actions of the kind that are natural to travellers and that I had not commanded. For instance, he walked, stopped, looked around him. The illusion was mostly visual but sometimes I felt as if a robe was lightly rubbing against me and once a hand seemed to touch my shoulder.

The features which I had imagined, when building my phantom, gradually underwent a change. The fat, chubby-cheeked fellow grew leaner, his face assumed a vaguely mocking, sly, malignant look. He became more troublesome and bold. In brief, he escaped my control.

Once, a herdsman who brought me a present of butter saw the *tulpa* in my tent and took it for a live lama.

I ought to have let the phenomenon follow its course but the presence of that unwanted companion began to prove trying to my nerves; it turned into a "day-nightmare." Moreover, I was beginning to plan my journey to Lhasa and needed a quiet brain devoid of other preoccupations so I decided to dissolve the phantom. I succeeded, but only after six months of hard struggle. My mind-creature was tenacious of life.

There is nothing strange in the fact that I may have created my own hallucination. The interesting point is that in these cases of materialization others see the thought-forms that have been created.

Tibetans disagree in their explanations of such phenomena; some think a material form is really brought into being, others consider the apparition as a mere case of suggestion, the creator's thought impressing others and causing them to see what he himself sees.

IN SPITE OF the clever efforts made by the Tibetans to find rational explanations for all prodigies, a number remain unexplained, perhaps because they are pure inventions, or perhaps for other reasons.

A Tibetan generally admits that highly advanced mystics need not die in the usual way, but may dissolve their bodies when and where they like and leave no traces.

The interest still increases when the prodigy, instead of taking place in some lonely hermitage, happened before hundreds of witnesses.

I may say at once that I was not amongst the latter and that my information is derived from the account of men who affirmed that they saw the wonder. My only connection with the miraculous event is that I personally knew the lama who is believed to have vanished in a mysterious way.

The latter, styled Kyongbu rimpoche, was one of the spiritual teachers and religious advisers of

the Tashi Lama. When I visited Shigatze he was already an old man and lived as a hermit, some miles away from that town, near the bank of the Yesru Tsangpo (Brahmaputra). The mother of the Tashi Lama held him in high reverence and when I was her guest I heard several extraordinary stories about that venerable lama.

It was reported that as years went by, the size of the learned ascetic gradually decreased. This, according to Tibetans, is a sign of great spiritual achievement and legends relate how the bodies of some *dubtobs* who had been tall men, became reduced to minute proportions and finally disappeared.

At that time, the new temple sheltering the huge image of the coming Buddha Maitreya was near completion and a consecration ceremony was being talked of. The Tashi Lama wished his old spiritual adviser to perform the consecration rite, but the latter declined, saying that he would have passed away before the temple could be finished.

To this the Tashi Lama replied—it is said—by beseeching the hermit to delay his death till he had blessed the new building.

Though such a request may astonish the reader, it is in accord with Tibetan ideas regarding the power which high mystics possess, of choosing the time of their death.

The hermit promised to perform the consecration.

Then, about one year after my visit to Shigatze, the temple being ready and a day appointed for the *rabnes* solemnity, the Tashi Lama sent a beautiful sedan-chair and an escort to Kyongbu rimpoche to bring him to Tashilumpo's gompa.

The men of the escort saw the lama sitting in the chair. The latter was closed and the porters started.

Now, thousands of people had gathered at Tashilumpo for the religious festival of inauguration. To their utmost astonishment they saw the lama coming alone and on foot. Silently he crossed the temple threshold, walked straight towards the giant image of Maitreya until his body touched it, and then gradually became incorporated with it.

Some time later the sedan-chair with the escort arrived. Attendants opened its door . . . the chair was empty.

Many believe that the lama has never been seen again.

The occurrence was odd enough to hold my attention, but my interest was deepened by the fact that I had been acquainted with its hero and the initial circumstances that led up to the prodigy, that is to say with the request of the Tashi Lama regarding the con-

secration of the temple; and further because the place where the wonder is said to have happened was familiar to me.

We gathered the following opinions:

1. The lama had created a phantom of himself which appeared to have entered the sedan-chair and then acted as has been told in the temple of Maitreya. This phantom had vanished, as its master wished, when touching the image, while the lama may have all the time remained in his hermitage.

2. Or Kyongbu rimpoche had been able to produce, from afar, a collective hallucination.

3. Some suggested that the lama was already dead when the miracle took place but had left behind him a kind of phantom of his creation, which he sent to Tashilumpo.

4. I also remembered that a disciple of Kyongbu rimpoche had told me that, by the means of certain kinds of concentration of mind, a phenomenon may be prepared in connection with a peculiar event which is to take place in the future. Once success is obtained with the concentration, the process goes on mechanically, without further co-operation of the man who has projected the energy required to bring about the phenomenon. It was even said that this man is, in most cases, completely incapable of preventing the phenomenon which he had planned to take place at the appointed time. The energy generated, which has shaped itself in a certain way, is now beyond his control.

Much more could be said regarding psychic phenomena in Tibet, but the account of a single inquirer cannot be very complete, especially under the difficult conditions in which researches must be pursued in that country.

I earnestly wish that my account may awaken in some scientists, more qualified than myself for such work, the desire to undertake serious investigations of the phenomena which I have briefly mentioned here.

BOOK OF PROPHECY

AFTER A tornado severely damaged the American Lutheran Church in Fargo, N. Dak., a Bible rescued from the pulpit was found to be open to the following quotation, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more . . ." The words, from Ezekiel 21:27, were the first the rescuer saw as he grabbed the book.

SHORT COURSE in YOGISM



NO. 1 - How to

By Desmond Dunne

Are you one of the millions who suffer from tension, ill-health, frustration? Here is what Yogism—yoga stream-lined for modern Western life—can do for you.

This is the first of a series of articles written especially for FATE by Desmond Dunne, author of several books on Yoga and principal of the School of Yoga. Mr. Dunne's view is that complicated Eastern methods of Yoga need to be simplified for the fast-moving Western world. His word "Yogism" is actually his personal interpretation of Yoga.

CHARLES HENRY ARNOLD, Britain's oldest man, wrote at the age of 110:

"I certainly am not decrepit and helpless—I am still very active and my brain still is able to function quite normally. My general health is excellent.

"You can see in me a living example of the benefits to be derived from the practice of Yoga, which combines thought and concentration. I attribute my longevity to Yoga."

Mr. Arnold's achievement is something that very few of us can accomplish—even with the most rigorous training. But undoubtedly we can all do a lot better than we are doing if we work toward his goals.

Better than that, while aiming at a healthy and vigorous old age, we can strive for happiness along the way.

Living a full, rich and happy life is a simple matter—once you get the knack of it. Yet how many

Enrich Your Life



people go out of their way to be unhappy, discontented, frustrated? By their very approach to life they doom themselves to failure in everything they do. Life becomes such hard work!

This is so because they are caught in a trap—a trap of bad living habits and bad practices. For example . . .

Did you get up this morning after insufficient sleep, bolt down a hasty breakfast—perhaps no more than a cup of coffee—and then dash madly off to work? And then did you sit in your stuffy office all day, most of the time at a desk, without even a thought of exercise or relaxation?

If you did not you were luckier



than millions of your fellow citizens who did just that. If it were possible they would forget to breathe. But they will breathe because they can do so unconsciously—just about enough to keep them ticking.

As the day wears on they will eat a hasty, indigestible lunch, grow stiff in wind and limb . . . become constipated by inadequate exercise. They will worry and they will make others around them worry too.

What a way to live!

This attitude is not, unfortunately, confined to any particular age group. In older people there might be some excuse. They, more than likely, have lived a hard, vigorous life with many stresses and strains gradually building up nervous tension. But to find young people who, with their whole life before them, still act in this listless way is alarming.

These articles are written for the men and women who want to in-

vestigate Yoga as a way of getting out of this rut. They will act as a popular introduction to a vast and fascinating subject.

Yogism is a Life Science. It aims at making life easier to live. Whatever your walk of life, however young or old you may be, whatever your individual fortune, Yogism can help you.

Anyone who is prepared to study the four steps to more abundant living discussed in this series of articles cannot but prolong his life and, more important still, live his life more happily.

A man came to my office one day. It was a glorious day and he should have been happy. Instead he was grumpy, quick to find offense to anything said to him. He was losing his friends and the respect of his family. And this was worrying him.

Now, there is no magic wand in Yogism. You don't read it for five minutes and automatically find yourself better. It is something which has to be studied and practiced . . . with the basic desire for success.

I spent some considerable time and trouble chatting with this man —just as I am to you. Inch by inch I convinced and encouraged him to study Yogism. Shortly after he paid me another visit with a much happier story.

"I have experienced a marked improvement," he said. "So much so that it has been noted by my friends and family. Numerous persons have remarked that I look 10 years younger."

Here was a man who had allowed his body to rule his mind. The oriental Yogi's power over body proves that any man can retain robust physical and mental fitness for many years. —If he knows how.

HOW, in your busy life, when there seems little enough time to follow your ordinary routine can you follow methods practiced by Yogis who spend all their lives at it?

The first thing for most of us is to abandon the idea of practicing Yoga in traditional form. What we need is a new system adapted to present-day needs. This is exactly what I evolved after years of study in India.

Yogism is a synthesis of ancient Yoga teachings adapted to present-day needs. It has been supplemented by the discoveries of modern psychology . . . the two blending into a unified system, combining the fruits of East and West.

In this series of articles you will read about the four steps to abundant living I have developed. They are (1) dynamic breathing, (2) deep relaxation (3) deep contraction; all manifestly helpful in prolonging our days and making them

happy. Destructive thoughts upset the harmony of body and mind, so (4) dynamic concentration is another life preserver.

Health is a natural condition of man; disease is unnatural. Let us fix that point firmly in our minds. It is through drugless, natural methods that expansion of life will come.

Nature equips us well for life's journey. The human body is the most wonderful machine ever made. But if we take liberties with it trouble will arise. The bigger the liberty, the bigger the trouble; and the debt must be paid in full.

Many people I meet are convinced that their future lot in life is illness. Health for themselves, they believe, is somehow unnatural. Since they expect to be sick they are sick. We must dispel such negative thoughts at all costs.

Yogism *can* do this for you. It has done it for others. Typical is what one man wrote to me:

"All my friends confirm the benefits I have felt and say they have noticed a remarkable change for the better in my health. I was always living at tension and never knew how to relax properly. I feel 100 per cent better now."

This pupil had found the "secret" of proper relaxation.

One of the greatest living men, Sir Winston Churchill, owes a very great deal to having stumbled accidentally on this same secret. In 1915, when he was at the Admiralty, he worried so hard "that my veins threatened to burst . . . I had great anxiety and no way of relieving it." Painting came to his rescue. Then, as the years went by, he learnt to dispense with tension altogether. Painting had pointed the way and he was quick to learn the moral.

In the second world war, Churchill bore burdens that would have broken most men. Yet, though he was now a much older man, his personality glowed and thrived.

Why?

When the Churchill batteries ran low he simply re-charged them. He lay down and instantly relaxed. It became as simple as changing his overcoat.

I know a man who at 70-plus can stand on his hands on a chair. His physical fitness makes life really worth living for him; he looks and acts like a man 20 years his junior.

If only people would stop "feeling their age" . . . thinking that health is something quite beyond them . . . we would all be able to stand on our hands on a chair!

Most car owners pay more attention to their cars than they do to their bodies! They know that if they ignore the body of their cars rust will ruin them. So it is with the human body.

If only we could run our human bodies into a kind of garage we would see they are properly de-carbonized by deep relaxation and correctly fueled by dynamic breathing. We might also begin to appreciate that we can carry too big a load . . . that driving too long in top gear is not good for the engine.

Our evolution has taken us on a unique path of discovery and our achievements are vastly different from those of the Orient. But we may find that for all our modern conveniences we busy Westerners still can learn from the East.

Our scientific genius has given us more creature-comforts than the ancient philosophers dreamed.

But has it done us much good? For all our gifts it is now beginning to dawn on the civilized West that long life and happiness—the very foundations of living—cannot be gained by scientific means. They cannot be imbibed from a medicine bottle nor grafted from a gland.

The ancient philosophers of the East may have been ignorant of atomic radiation and all the deadly paraphernalia developed by the wise ones of our day. But they studied *life*—something which we, in our wisdom, have almost forgotten.

In succeeding articles I will tell you how to be really alive, active, mentally alert. How to enrich your life . . . to live to the full . . . to enjoy every minute of work or play.

In short, I will do my best to lead you gently along the road to longer life and greater happiness.

PHANTOM PAIN

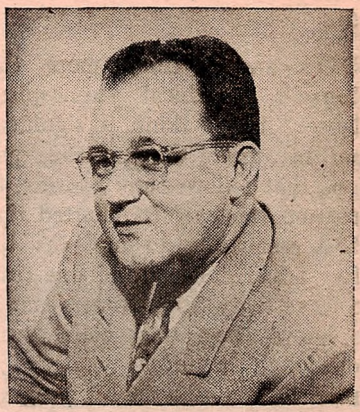
By Quentin R. Howard

IN SEPTEMBER, 1956, 12-year-old Paul Lewis of Harlan, Ky., was struck by a freight train while playing along the railroad tracks. He had to undergo amputation of one leg just below the right hip. For over a year the boy showed little improvement and complained of being in considerable pain.

Recently Paul's parents heard that a man in another community had found one of Paul's toes and was keeping it in a bottle of alcohol. The parents made a special trip to the man's home. Finding that what they had heard was true, they persuaded the man to bury the toe. He did.

Almost immediately the intense pain left Paul and he started improving.

FRANK EDWARDS' REPORT



Many difficult questions regarding the flying saucers are on the minds of most persons. Here are some of the most pertinent of the questions that are asked of a noted flying saucer researcher and his logical replies.

Some Answers to the Saucers

FOR THE PAST couple of years I have been the news director of a powerful and prosperous television station in the midwest. As developments warranted I have broadcast UFO sightings and other pertinent material. The public response has been gratifying and this has led, inevitably, to numerous speaking engagements, some of which I have mentioned in these articles for FATE.

At these public appearances I like to take about an hour at the end of the program for a period of open discussion. This, of course, involves questions from the audience and since these questions always follow a similar pattern I assume they are questions in the minds of most persons. By and large they are intelligent questions from thinking people; questions which deserve the consideration of all of you.

Recently I flew to Charleston, W. Va., to address the state convention of radio and television station owners. At their request the subject of my talk was Unidentified Flying Objects. Not all those present were convinced that the

UFO's are anything more than Menzel's mythical atmospheric "lenses" but I think it significant that, because of the numerous questions that followed my address, the program ran over its allotted time. Most surprising to me was that after I had finished and was ready to leave five station owners wanted to know where they could secure additional broadcast material in order to run a series of programs on the subject.

Two years ago this could not have happened. Even a year ago it would have been unthinkable, in the first place, for a state convention of broadcast executives to pay money to hear a discussion dealing with the realities of the much-maligned saucers; in the second place, to have them offer to continue such a series in public with their own money.

It is part of the changing picture of the UFO controversy. It could happen because millions of persons now know that the official "explanations" are phoney. As I have pointed out in past articles in FATE, the proponents of Operation Hoodwink are at their wits end for means to continue their threadbare policy of confusing, deceiving and ridiculing the American public. Thousands of persons know what they have seen and thousands more know what their friends have seen. It all constitutes a great groundswell of belated recognition that the UFO's are real and that they are not within our control. This recognition was inevitable and it constituted the greatest weakness in the policy of Air Force censorship.

One of the questions most frequently asked of me is: "What can we do to force the truth about the UFO's into the open?"

From time to time sporadic campaigns have urged people to write to their Congressmen and Senators, urging them in turn to prevail upon the Air Force to disclose the full story of the saucers. These campaigns have been conducted in good faith but it is my opinion that they constitute so much wasted effort.

From personal experience I believe that the only thing that impresses a Senator or Representative is a flood of communications addressed to him personally. Mail or telegrams dribbling in to the entire membership on Capitol Hill are lost. To be effective the mail must be focused on one individual or one committee—*certainly not spread thinner than one committee.* Even then it must be concentrated for delivery within a week or two or again it becomes dissipated and lost. The only way Congress can be induced to take action in the case of the UFO is to convince some committee that the demand is popular and widespread.

The reluctance of individual Congressmen to institute action is nicely illustrated by the double-talk given to Representative Peter Frelinghuysen (New Jersey, Republican) by Major General Joe Kelly, ASAF Liaison Director for Legislation. This title means that Kelly is the front man standing between the Air Force and Capitol Hill.

On July 18, 1957, the Air Force flatly refused to release UFO reports to NICAP, a private research organization headed by former top military men. Yet, two months later, on September 12, 1957, Major General Kelly blandly assured Representative Frelinghuysen that "NICAP has been given all the information in the hands of the USAF." The board of governors of NICAP promptly asked the Air Force to supply them with sighting reports which the Air Force was known to possess. Needless to say, no such reports were ever furnished to NICAP—Major General Kelly's claims notwithstanding!

This is by no means an isolated performance by Major General Kelly. In a letter to Senator Francis Case, (South Dakota, Republican) Kelly claimed that UFO reports are a matter of public record!

In a letter to Representative Lee Metcalf (Montana, Democrat) Kelly claimed that answers are furnished on cases attracting national attention.

In a letter dated November 15, 1957, to Major Keyhoe, director of NICAP Kelly declared that the Air Force would not release any UFO reports to NICAP and never had intended to!

Please note that Major General Kelly made these contradictory statements in writing to members of Congress, who are naturally sensitive about their right to have the facts from military personnel with whom they deal. But note also that not one of those Congressmen challenged Major General Kelly to explain his inconsistencies.

Until members of Congress are willing to demand the truth from the Air Force on their own behalf it is folly to expect them to demand the truth for anyone else.

So much for the "write your Congressman" routine.

Another question that frequently comes my way is: "Why haven't saucers landed or contacted us?"

It is only human to equate everything in terms of human experience, indeed, we are limited to that. But in the case of these mysterious objects which are believed to come from outer space it may not be possible to analyze their reasoning with the limited capacities at our disposal, just as it has been impossible for us to duplicate their propulsive system.

That they are thinking beings seems evident but beyond that we know little, if anything. What they look like, how they communicate—these things would give us clues to their motives, but we don't know what they look like nor how they communicate. There have been scores of "contact" reports. They have resulted in widely divergent descriptions of the alleged "creatures"—ranging all the way from golden girls in coveralls to three-foot gnomes and monsters with six arms and huge claws.

Their appearance may be of less importance than their means of communication. If they are of different chemical makeup than we then it is probable that their means of communication differs, too. It is possible that they are able to "converse" by electronic processes inherent in their bodies. Our own feeble brain currents may be rudimentary forms of a similar process, as yet largely undeveloped. Certainly there is evidence that they understand our radio signals. This was never more clearly indicated than on the occasion of their first mass visit to Washington, D. C. in July, 1952. As jets were vectored in on them by radio the UFO's responded with startling speed, oftimes flipping out of range before the jet could swing into line in accordance with the broadcast signals.

Until we know what the creatures are and how they communicate any attempt to figure out their intentions is idle speculation. On the basis of what we *do* know we can say that countless reports (especially those from France and Venezuela in 1954) indicate that the disc-shaped UFO's have made numerous landings. In these instances the creatures seen were generally short, stocky and plainly dressed, according to the witnesses. Their apparent lack of communication or contact at verifiable level may indicate that they cannot make audible contact. Speech as we know it is at best a physical development only a few thousand years out of our ancestral caves. What we call telepathy may be the first feeble groping toward a form of communication which older civilizations can be expected to have developed, just as they have developed a source of energy capable of conquering space. Our speech may be as outmoded as our chemical rockets.

Another question is: "Are these UFO's neutralizing the radioactive fallout in the earth's atmosphere?"

This question apparently stems from a hypothesis printed in one of the saucer magazines by a man who has been on all sides of the subject in his desperate effort to attract attention to himself. The question can be answered very briefly. If the UFO's are purifying the at-

mosphere by ridding it of atomic fallout, they are doing a mighty poor job. The radioactive fallout, in extent and duration, is exactly what it would be expected to be without them.

Question: "Are they here to save us from ourselves?"

It was inevitable perhaps that someone would propound the theory that the UFO's are angelic, at least by intent, coming here on a mission of mercy to the world. That's a mighty comforting hypothesis—and a mighty thin one.

The first mass sighting of the saucers did not occur until two years after we exploded our first atomic bomb. In fact, we had exploded several of them before Ken Arnold spotted his weird aerial contemporaries. There has been nothing to indicate that the UFO's have been unusually interested in the atomic installations, tests or storage points. There has been nothing to indicate that to the Unknowns who direct the saucers we are more than a passing curiosity, merely interesting creatures crawling around on one of the minor globes of a boundless universe, worthy of inspection and examination.

It would be truly wonderful to be able to turn to some all-wise interplanetary intelligence for answers to our questions, for help to divert us from calamity. But like the theory that they are "purifying" the atmosphere, it remains unsupported theory.

Question: "Why the official silence regarding their existence and probable nature?"

When the saucers first burst upon the scene the Army Air Corps inherited the problem and sparred for time by announcing that it was investigating. This "investigation" was followed by the official statement that the saucers were natural phenomena or hallucinations. The sightings of July 4, 1947, witnessed by thousands simultaneously shot that "explanation" to tatters. Little by devious little, the official attitude developed: ridicule those who report saucers if they are less than prominent, suppress all facts which expose the weakness of the official position; offset as many cases as possible by following them with launchings of skyhook balloons, freak planes and hints that the Air Force is building similar craft.

No doubt the official policy was hurriedly conceived because of the spectre of another mass hysteria like that created by the Orson Wells broadcast in 1938, when a radio program of a war between the worlds sent thousands fleeing to the hills. Since that 1938 flap the world has gone through the horrors of a real war in which weird weapons and aerial bombardment took heavy toll of human life. For

a time there was reason to suspect that the saucers might be a secret Russian weapon. This was bad enough! If they were extra terrestrial and this became known the Orson Wells panic might seem like a picnic. So the official line played down the saucers, to avert mass hysteria.

Little by little it became clear that the UFO's were not Russian and they certainly weren't ours. Little by little the likelihood of their being interplanetary could not be overlooked. Our investigators arrived at this conclusion by 1952; the British reached a similar conclusion in 1954, the year Dr. Herman Oberth, heading the German UFO investigation, stated flatly that the things were interplanetary, intergalactic and that they were propelled by using gravity as energy.

The officials clamped the lid down tightly after the UFO's visited Washington, D. C., in mid-1952. They tightened the strings of censorship in 1953 by penalizing those who defied the edicts (JANAP-146 and AFR 200-2) and talked about the UFO's to persons outside the military. Britain ordered her fliers and scientists to be quiet on the subject. Dr. Oberth was flown to this country and placed under military security at Redstone Arsenal.

The lid was on.

I think the policy of silence and watchful waiting may have been a good one in the early days of the UFO excitement. Nobody knew what they were nor what to expect from them; nobody knew how the war-jittery nation would react to the prospect of being scrutinized from extra-terrestrial sources.

Even today there may be some small justification for the policy of silence. There are fringe cases in our society who would go off the deep end if they were told that the UFO's are operated by intelligent creatures from other worlds. These people would see little green men on their front porches every night. Jealous wives would be understandably skeptical of husbands' claims that they had been meeting glamorous girls who stepped out of space ships to hypnotize them with tinkling, bell-like voices.

There is only one workable answer to the problem. That is to terminate the ridiculous censorship as quickly as possible and replace it with a sane program of gradual disclosure. Eventually the truth must be made known. It almost broke through recently when many newspapers and broadcast stations referred to the sensational Levelland and White Sands sightings (November 4-5, 1957) as "space ships".

What will happen if the reality of the UFO's bursts upon the public suddenly, without warning? In

all probability the result will be pandemonium. Herein lies the weakness of Operation Hoodwink. It prepares no one for the shock which must eventually come.

Surely it would be more intelligent to prepare the public gradually, by piecemeal admission of the known facts! In my opinion present policy of contradictions, falsehoods, and misrepresentation, which constitutes the official attitude toward the American public, is both unwise and unjustified.

I have fought it for 10 years and exposed it at every opportunity. I have paid heavily for that, upon occasion. It brought me tapped telephones. I was followed by snoopers, some of my friends were subjected to the same treatment. Today I have at my disposal the facilities of a television station which enables me to reach a quarter-of-a-million people every evening and the pages of FATE magazine which constitutes an effective and far reaching national sounding board.

It is my contention that the American people can be trusted with the truth about the UFO's—and that they are entitled to it. The sooner the better!

FATE TAKES A COFFEE BREAK

By Paul Steiner

A 17-YEAR-OLD BOY, who had obtained a job as nightwatchman at a mine near Welch, W. Va., took his post seriously. One night he heard the approach of someone he assumed was an intruder. When the intruder failed to obey his command to halt, he took direct action and fired a shot. He collapsed with grief when he found that the "intruder," whom he had killed, was his own mother, who was bringing him some coffee.

Navy Chief Armand H. Kirouac, however, had a luckier coffee break. Stationed on the cruiser *Helena* at Pearl Harbor during the Japanese attack on December 7, 1941, he went into the galley early to pour some coffee. Seven of his shipmates followed his example. At that moment, an enemy torpedo struck the *Helena* and all the sailors who had remained in the crew lounge were killed.

Chief Boatswain's Mate Kirouac still likes his coffee—especially when the December 7 anniversary rolls around.

By Michael Dugmore



Inkoos, Don't Cross the Poisoned Line!

The road was the only one the trader could take—and the Zulu he had insulted had caused a curse to be placed on it.

MARSH RAN A SMALL Zulu trading store on the outskirts of the Prince Albert Reservation in Natal, South Africa. His store was located far from civilization. And on the day of the trouble it was a very busy place.

Five or six Zulus had returned from the gold mines on the Witwatersrand with their pockets loaded with notes burning to be spent. Native trade differs from any other. The African examines, compares, evaluates, and bargains for each item separately until he feels he has struck a good bargain. The fact that the price is well padded before the sale, with this very

thing in mind, does not appear to bother him. So long as he beats the trader down a few shillings he is content.

The stock carried by Marsh's trading post was varied and peculiar to the area. It included ploughs, shares, bright colored blankets especially patterned for tribal taste, khaki shirts and trousers, bolts of shimmering "silks," wide-brimmed hats, belts covered with brass studs, scarves, barrels of flour, mealie (corn) meal, whole mealies, brown "sugar" beans, white kidney beans, peas, sacks of sugar, potatoes, onions and yams. Propped up in a corner were long, bendy sticks of "m'fe," a sweet chewing cane. Glass bottles on the counter held every sweet (candy) dear to the Zulus. Every Zulu child entering a store is given some Zulu motto candies, for the quickest way to a Zulu's heart is through his child's stomach!

Marsh must have had a bad time of it on the fateful day. African women are hard to please; the men are harder. Apparently the intense heat from the corrugated iron roof and the pungent smell of stale perspiration and hippo grease led Marsh to do something he was to regret.

"For God's sake, make up your damn mind!" he muttered to a tall Zulu who had fingered half his stock during a long hour.

"You swear at me, bass?" queried the man bristling instantly.

"Take it any way you like, but take what you want and get out!"

Zulus have great pride and civilization has laid only a thin veneer over their natural warlike instincts.

"You do swear at me! Is my money not as good as another's? You speak to me as though I were a Kaffir!"

Marsh retorted, "You are a Kaffir. You're all Kaffirs! Get out of my shop, the whole damned lot of you. I've had enough for one day!"

Rage distended the Zulu's eyes; the whites glowed against his dark skin. "You call us Kaffirs, you white man. There is no more terrible word to use to a Zulu. We will go but we will not forget. Beware, I tell you, your days are numbered!"

Marsh had committed an unforgiveable sin. As he pushed the doors shut he should have realized this.

Back in the days of the great Zulu kings traitors and deserters were spat upon by proud Zulu warriors. Through the years the word kafula, meaning to spit, had been altered to the word, Kaffir. This word traditionally conveyed a dreadful slur upon the recipient.

Marsh should have realized his danger. Apparently he did not.

We heard this story from Marsh at the Gymkhana. Every year during the winter season, which comes

in July in the Southern Hemisphere, all the sugar planters, nearby Zulus, and a good sprinkling of city folks, made their way to a little dorp named Park Rynie, 40 miles from Durban and centrally situated in the sugar belt. On a large piece of open ground, not far from the Reserve, fences and a rough grandstand had been erected for the Park Rynie Gymkhana where horses were raced. The horses raced here were not to be found on any bloodstock list, nor did the city racing stables send any competition. This was a purely informal, rural affair where anyone could pit his favorite hack against his neighbor's. The kids had races too, sack races, egg and spoon races, and "saddle-up and run" competitions. Everyone knew everyone else and the atmosphere was friendly and congenial.

There was one important event called a tent-pegging competition. A broad, white "tent peg" is used. This peg must be lifted from the ground by means of a long, slim lance or "javelin." Only polo ponies have the training to keep a steady course to the pegs; other horses do not enter this race.

No one had better polo ponies than Marsh did. He had brought two of his ponies down to the Gymkhana.

Continuing his story of the Zulu incident, Marsh laughed, "You'll never believe this, but early this morning Magezane, my old house boy, pushed into my bedroom. His face was a picture of alarm.

" 'Inkoos', he said, 'There is a woman outside who brings very grave news.'

" 'What is it, Magezane? Speak up, man!' I said.

" 'Hau, my lord, the woman is Moyamehlo, a sangoma. She says she had a dream last night in which she saw a tall Zulu spreading muti across the road to the Gymkhana.'

"I told the old fool to buzz off and to tell the woman to do likewise. He wouldn't move. 'Inkoos, the woman is a good sangoma. She never lies. I urge you to take heed of what she says,' he insisted.

"You see, this is what a man has to put up with out in the bundu. You've no idea how difficult it was to get rid of the old boy. I sent the woman packing with a cheap bonsella (gift). But, would you believe it, Magezane hung around until I ordered him to send the horses forward. Even at the last minute, as I pressed the car starter, he thrust his head in at the car window and almost shouted, 'Inkoos, don't cross the poisoned line!'

"I ask you, have you ever heard so much tommyrot? How Magezane expected me to drive to the Gymkhana other than by the only road in the district, I can't say!"

Most of the crowd listening laughed.

I was only a boy at the time but I did not laugh. I knew even then of the efficacy of witchcraft and did not deride it as most people did. However, being young, I became interested in the various events and the conversation slipped to the back of my mind.

The open race for Zulu horsemen came just before the tent-pegging competition. Never have I seen so hilarious a scene! I suppose all the animals entered were horses, but in many cases they only vaguely resembled the species. No "silks" here! Huchas (loin cloths), blankets, khaki shorts, anything wearable, comprised the apparel of Zulu riders. Some had saddles; most rode bareback. In the helterskelter that followed every track rule was broken. Horses cut in, whips slashed freely at one and all, and from this boiling, tumbling mass of men and animals it seemed incredible that one should pass the winning post ahead of the rest.

The crowd rocked with happy laughter. Many still could scarcely see for the tears in their eyes as the polo ponies lined up for the pegging event. Once the hilarity had subsided, however, all were keen to see Marsh win the event, as he invariably did.

Best out of three runs, and a duel between any riders who tied: these were the rules of the pegging contest. A chorus of "Aahs" and "Oohs" greeted each run, until only two riders remained tied for winner. Marsh's opponent galloped steadily towards his peg, slanted his lance gracefully and—missed his peg. It seemed certain now Marsh had the contest in his pocket.

With all the time in the world Marsh took his stance, prodded his pony, with spikeless spurs, into a fine, steady gallop toward the peg. What happened next was a complete surprise. For no apparent reason the pony tripped, turned a complete somersault and landed on the hard ground with his rider beneath him! Judges nearby thought the horse had tripped over the haft of the lance. Actually, considering the rider's skill and experience, this seems impossible. Every foot of the ground was carefully examined after the accident but there was nothing there to cause a sure-footed pony to falter.

Unfortunately, and I say this sadly, Marsh was not killed in the fall. His body badly crushed, he lay for weeks in a state of shock and concussion. After many operations, the best that life could offer him was a wheel chair existence, a living death for one so fond of horses and of the out-of-doors. Even he, once he was able to speak

again, could give no reasonable explanation for the accident.

There was a great deal of discussion after the event. Those who had scoffed at the witchcraft story no longer were quite so definite about their views on the subject. Of course, some said that the effect of the sangoma's prediction had so impressed Marsh that he was psychologically bound to have an accident. Those who knew Marsh, however, did not take this seriously. He was hard headed and not to be scared. There is no doubt in my mind that Marsh's tragedy was caused by the curse of a witch-doctor. Most sensible people who witnessed the event agreed with me.

There are some things on this old world of ours that do not lend themselves to logical explanations. This was one of those things.

PSYCHOSOMATIC ILLNESS BY HYPNOSIS

SYMPTOMS OF psychosomatic illnesses have been produced in normal persons by hypnotic suggestion, according to a recent report to a meeting of the American Psychological Association in New York City. The experiment was performed by Dr. John A. Stern, Dr. David T. Graham and Dr. George Winokur at the Behavioral Research Laboratory of the Malcolm Bliss Psychiatric Hospital in St. Louis, Mo.

In the tests specific emotional attitudes were suggested to subjects under hypnosis. One of the experimenters touched a hypnotized subject on the back of the hand with an unlit match after the subject was told that the doctor would burn him. The subject also was told that the doctor had treated him unfairly, but that there was nothing he could do about it.

Although the subject was not burned, under the influence of the induced attitude his skin temperature rose. When another emotional attitude was suggested to the subject—a desire to strike the person who had "burned" him—his skin temperature fell. This, the experimenters said, is a symptom of a psychosomatic illness known as Raynaud's disease.

High blood pressure was produced in the subject when it was suggested to him that he did not know where a burn or a shock would be applied but that he must be on guard.

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, 845 Chicago Avenue, 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

SPIRIT DOCTORS TREATED ME

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

JUST AFTER I had passed my 77th birthday in February, 1957, it seemed expedient that I should have an operation to determine if the polyp in my stomach was benign or malignant. I sent an air-mail letter to Harry Edwards, the noted English spirit healer, telling him I would undergo major surgery at 9:00 A.M. on February 12. I received his answer that his spirit doctors would be on the job at the time. However, he advised me against surgery. I felt that I must know for certain about the polyp and went ahead.

A gastrectomy, no joke in a young patient, is far more hazardous in one 77 years old. I was under the anaesthetic for about five hours and regained consciousness in the recovery room, with someone massaging the coccygeal and lumbar portion of my back. I opened my eyes. I saw no one but the feeling of hands working on me continued.

I woke in the morning to find that some invisible agency was massaging my enlarged prostate. This continued for the next three days.

For the first time in my life temporary clairvoyance and clair-audience were granted me. I saw filmy spirit forms watching me day and night. I heard soft voices. I frightened some of my wife's folks by pointing out spirit forms.

I walked a few steps the day following my operation. On the second day I dressed and walked a bit in the long hall. On the third day I started eating without trouble with the two-thirds of a stomach I had left. I took increasingly longer walks in the halls. On the fifth day 20 stitches were removed and the nasal tube was taken out. I no longer took my meals in bed but sat at a table and ate like a human being. Early the seventh day I packed my heavy bag, walked down to the office and settled my bill. Then I walked a block in deep snow and rode 11 miles home.

Was I delirious when I felt spirit hands treating me, when I heard voices and dimly saw spirit forms? I was not delirious because my temperature was sub-normal. Was it imagination? One doesn't imagine a finger inside one's body, massaging a hypertrophied gland. And one does not imagine soft hands massaging a severely aching back.

Am I simply telling a tall tale? Why? A number of persons who know me as having a clear and analytical mind, heard me talking with and about someone they could not see.

Naturally, or otherwise, the surgeon claims he did it all. He is mistaken for persons 77 years old do not recover so quickly, if at all, following the loss of a large section of stomach.

Spirit doctors took away all fear of surgery, and to a great extent, fear of death. They treated me until I suffered very little pain. To them and to all those who aided me with their helpful letters and prayers, I express my profound thanks.—*Milton Junction, Wis.*

"LET THEM CLIMB THE HILL"

By Rose B. McCalmont

MY FIRST experience with what my father called the Fourth Dimension happened one Sunday night in July, 1907. My father, the Rev. Joseph Barricklow, had taken the family with him that day on his "circuit." He had preached at Howe Chapel, seven miles southeast of Okarche, Okla., in the morning, at another small country point in the afternoon and at Reading in the evening.

Going home after that last meeting, my father, mother, and I were tired and sleeping half-heartedly in the joggly carriage while my 14-year-old brother, Farrington, drove the span of mules. They had seemed as tired as we and had been taking their own time and way of getting home, almost dozing as they went. Then we were wakened by my brother having an argument with the team at a corner where he wanted them to go one way and they were determined to go another.

My father laughed and said, "Let them go. We can get home this way, too."

"I know that," my brother said, "but if they are so tired why do they want to climb that hill on the north side of Clear Creek when we can go this way and avoid both the hill and the creek?"

Again Dad laughed. "If they want to climb the hill, let them do it." Then, in a serious tone he continued, "Anyhow, there might be a reason why we ought to go their way, son. I've learned to trust animals. They live much closer to the Fourth Dimension than we."

"Fourth dimension!" remarked my brother with youthful skepticism.

"You'll live to learn, Son," Father assured him. "Animals are not fools. Give the little mules their heads and keep your eyes open."

Wide awake now, we jogged along at a faster pace, for the mules seemed intent on reaching some known goal. Soon my father said he smelled smoke. A glow appeared beyond the hill and Dad recalled that nearby lived a widower who had a little shack well back from the road in a grove of locust trees. It was rumored that he had a great deal of money buried somewhere on his premises.

As we drew nearer we saw that the widower's shack was on fire. Dad took the lines and urged the mules to a faster trot. Halfway along the rough drive to the shack the owner's dog, a fierce, ragged creature met us with shouts of urgent welcome, most unlike his appearance and reputation. He led us at a run back to the shack. The mules stopped in the yard and would not approach nearer to the burning house.

Dad announced his decision to enter the place and mother begged him to be careful. My brother had gone to the head of the team and was talking to them in gentle tones because, having brought us to the shack, the mules seemed anxious to leave. After what seemed a long time Father came out carrying a man from the shack—the owner. All his and Mother's efforts to revive the man were useless.

Later investigation proved that the man had been killed and the fire started, evidently in an effort to cover up the crime. As I remember it, the crime never was solved. If our little mules had not led us to the spot, it is likely that no one ever would have known it was a crime.

The two outstanding facts in my mind are that a team of stubborn mules led us to the spot, and a dog widely known as fierce came to find help for his master and accepted us at once.—*Janesville, Wis.*

WINGED OMENS OF DEATH

By J. O. Jackson

IN 1946 my wife was working in a dry cleaning pick-up station in Phoenix, Ariz. She and another lady were the only employees. One day while my wife was alone in the shop, a bird, common to the neighborhood, came and fluttered against the window and screen door. It tried for several minutes to get into the shop.

My wife told me about it that evening and neither of us thought any more about it.

Two days later we received a wire to come at once; my wife's

mother was very ill. Eight days later, on June 18, 1946, her mother, still a young woman, died with cancer of the lung.

At the time we thought nothing about the bird.

Then in May, 1956, we found the same kind of bird in our kitchen at home. Two days later we received a long distance phone call from my wife's father that her brother, still a young man, had died in Germany. Then it dawned on us that the birds somehow were connected with these deaths.

The Army flew my wife's brother to Fort Sill, Okla., his home base, and we went back to attend the funeral. His wife and children had been with him in Germany. They came back to Lawton, Okla., where they owned a home.

In December, 1956, just a few days before Christmas, we went out to our car port to get into our car. On the steering wheel sat the same type of bird that had appeared as an omen twice before. It stared at us just as the others had done and made no effort to flee. My wife began to cry, convinced there was going to be another death in the family.

Two days later we received a long distance phone call that my wife's sister-in-law had been killed in an automobile wreck between Lawton and Oklahoma City.

Now the first two deaths occurred in buildings. The third occurred in an automobile. The first bird tried to come into a building where my wife worked. The second came into our home and we never did find out how it got into the house. The third got into our car.

The one that came into the house sat and let me pick it up, making no effort to fly, until I turned it loose outside. The one in the car behaved similarly.

It seems unlikely that a bird could know of a death ahead of time, but three times in a row makes one wonder.—*Phoenix, Ariz.*

"HANG UP THAT PHONE"

By Albert S. Williams

MY WIFE was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation one night and I was left with the problem of finding someone to look after our two small girls. There was no one to run my office and I was already late for work.

Maids were hard to find in Nashville, Tenn., our home, during the early 1940's and one that could be trusted with small children was almost impossible to find.

I rushed over to my wife's desk in the far corner of the living room and started thumbing through her index files. I came to the heading, "Maids," and found the names of several women who had worked short periods for us. I pull-

ed a card marked "Annie. Very good with children. Trustworthy." According to the date on the card, it had been two years since she had worked for us and had left because of pregnancy.

I picked up the phone to start dialing when I noticed that a corner of the card bore the words "No phone." I didn't know Annie's last name. I thought that perhaps I could get a cab to go after her, but at that time cabs also were hard to get.

When I picked up the phone again, I heard the voices of small children. I was astounded for ours was a private line and I hadn't touched the dial, nor had I heard the phone ring.

"Why don't you hang up that phone so I can get my call through?" a woman scolded.

"Who are you calling?" I asked.

"I'm trying to call Mr. Albert Williams."

"Who is this?" I asked.

"This is Annie Weldon out in South Nashville. I used to work for the Williamses."

"And just why were you trying to call Mr. Williams this morning?"

"Well, I was just a sitting here by the fire with the children when something told me to call Mr. Williams at once; that something was bad wrong and that he needed me." After a sudden pause she demanded: "Who is this I'm talking to?"

"This is Mr. Williams, Annie. Get a cab and come over as quick as you can."

I was puzzled about how she knew that I needed her that day, and I am still puzzled about the incident some 15 years later.—*Montgomery, Ala.*

THE LIGHTS TURNED BLUE

By Mildred M. Akers

IN 1929, when I was in my teens, a girl friend, Wilma Reid, and I were employed as waitresses in a small lunchroom in Denver. Near closing time one evening in May, while our employer was out momentarily, a Mr. Christianson, who was one of our regulars, came in for a snack.

I was an asthmatic and had come to Colorado for my health. I hadn't received much benefit and one day during a severe attack Mr. Christianson placed his hands on my head. The attack subsided almost immediately. This amazed me. He assured me that this power was from God and he was only the instrument.

After this, Wilma and I often chatted with this man about different topics. Our favorite was the supernatural. Our families were not religious. We seldom had attended church and were quite ignorant concerning spiritual subjects. When

Mr. Christianson came in, we began to ask all sorts of questions as usual.

Mr. Christianson told us he was able to turn the lights in the lunchroom blue. We didn't believe he really could, but we begged him to try it. He went into a trance, or seemingly so. He closed his eyes and sat motionless. My friend and I waited skeptically. Soon, to our astonishment, the lights were as blue as the blue bulbs used on Christmas trees.

At that moment two late customers came in for a cup of coffee. As I brought the coffee to them, I asked, "Boys, what color are the lights in here?"

They laughed and said, "They're blue."

I laughed too and said, "Well, I was just wondering."

Mr. Christianson came out of his trance. We marveled at what he had done. It was an awesome experience. We talked in low tones at the end of the counter. The blue lights cast an eerie glow about the place.

"Now I'll turn the lights back to white," Mr. Christianson said. In a few seconds the lights were as bright as before.

The two boys left rather hurriedly. I often have wondered if they ever told anyone.

Wilma and I were just a bit frightened. Now married and named Mrs. Faulkner, she continues to live in Denver. We visit each other quite often. We have spoken of this incident several times. She said that she never tells anyone about it as they would not believe it. I told it a few times. My listeners looked at my queerly so I never mentioned it again. But Mrs. Faulkner and I know it to be true because we saw it happen.—*Colorado Springs, Colo.*

ERROR IN IDENTITY

AFTER A week in a San Diego, Calif., jail on a charge of failure to support a six-year-old daughter, Robert Lawrence Cole, 25, was released as a victim of mistaken identity. He and the man for whom he had been mistaken have the same first and last names and the same middle initial; both have young daughters and former wives named Geraldine; both are sandy-haired and have the same general physical characteristics; and both are cabinet makers.

How to run a HOME SEANCE

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

Does mediumistic ability exist within the circle of your family and friends? Here is how you may find it and put it to work.



THE POWER of certain mediums to break through the veil and put us into communication with those we have loved and lost is unquestioned nowadays by many of us. I know it is possible to hold conversations with those who are living but invisible to our eyes—if certain conditions are supplied. And these conditions can be supplied.

Every reputable medium I have known has discovered his or her psychic gifts in home seances. The Eddys, the Davenports, the Crandons, the Currans of Patience Worth fame, all discovered their psychic capabilities in home seances, in their own "upper rooms". Abraham Lincoln found that he was mediumistic in seances held in his Springfield home before he ran for the Presidency. Nettie Colburn Maynard, the medium who served Mr. Lincoln up to the time of his transition, developed her mediumship in her "upper room" in Bolton, Conn., a number of years before the Hydesville manifestations, in the "upper room" of the Fox family.

From the dawn of recorded history—possibly even longer—man has wanted a private spot where he may rest and meditate. He may wish to be alone to commune with his God. Or he may take Christ's words to heart, that where two or

three are gathered together in His name, He will be in the midst of them.

It must be clear to us that this "upper room" is now a symbol only, of privacy and safety. Earlier in our history a literal "upper room" was necessary because there a man could see his enemy approach before his enemy saw him. During the time that no man, outside the priesthood, could have or read the Holy Bible, it was essential that the layman read his forbidden book in an "upper room" so that sufficient time was available to hide the Book in case of interruption.

During the Pagan persecutions of the early Christians an "upper room" was still a necessity. Sometimes it was a loft over a ground floor; sometimes it was a cave or a catacomb, but symbolically an "upper room" none the less.

An "upper room" is necessary to many persons as a protection against the jibes and jeers of unbelieving friends and neighbors.

But today, all over the world, families are holding seances and developing every phase of psychic phenomena—automatic writing, independent writing, direct and indirect voices, materialization and spiritual healings in home seances.

It is safe to assume that our departed friends and relatives are as anxious as we to break through the veil and to prove that there is no death. It was the spirits of those called "dead" who opened the way when the Foxes and Colburns were ignorant of any modus operandi for communicating with them.

The most important step is to eliminate the greatest curse of mankind—fear. One should be positive with Victor Hugo that, "The tomb is not a blind alley. It is a broad highway that closes on the twilight and opens on the eternal dawn of immortality."

In the early '80s a number of Abe Lincoln's old friends used to visit Father's offices in Kansas City and Topeka and, as every one of them knew of Mr. Lincoln's psychic experiences and his profound belief in psychic communication between the seen and the unseen, it logically followed that they were interested in home seances.

We had about the largest house in Topeka—17 rooms, no bath rooms in those days. There were seven rooms on the first and second stories and one immense room on the third floor. My own grandfather was a red-hot Methodist and opposed to research in psychic matters so my father and the others decided to use the large room at the top of the house as their "upper room". A large table and about 20 chairs were carried up there. An old reed organ that Father had sent out from Springfield, Ill., in the mid-'70s was there also.

As far as we knew not one of those comprising the circle ever had been mediumistic.

The following information should be carefully considered for it will help to enhance the results and eliminate the dangers of your own home seances. May I say first that silly questions, to silly (earth bound) spirits, get silly answers. The opposite is equally true: sensible people, asking for sensible information from developed spirits, will bring sensible replies which positively prove that friends you thought dead still live and love.

Bear in mind that the act of physically dying does not confer gold crown, gold slippers, gold harp and angelic wings on the spirit of a good man. Nor is the spirit of an evil man automatically presented with a trident, cloven hooves, horns, and the wings of a bat. His spirit is just exactly the same in every way as it was one minute before his heart stopped beating in his physical body. It is a spiritual law that good attracts good. Evil attracts evil. Therefore, in seances held with respectable, earnest truth seekers and a medium controlled by good entities thus attracted, the information is good and, within limitations imposed on the psychic which are comparable to a radio or television set, the information is dependable. Your radio or TV does not give uniformly good reception —neither does a medium.

An even dozen friends and old Lincoln cronies assembled in our "upper room" at 1916 Lincoln Street, Topeka, that first night. We made a complete circle by clasping the hands of the persons next to us. My sister Mary played the old reed organ. I, being just a kid, was an innocent, ignorant participant. The kerosene lamp (we had no electric lights in our homes in those halcyon days) was turned quite low. Mary played church hymns on the organ to accompany the voices of the sitters. It was a rather warm evening as we began but before very long we began to feel currents of cold air where there should not have been any.

One very large man named Sain sat with us and was about the last man on earth one would consider psychic. His education was sketchy —I doubt if he had attended school five years in his life. But at the end of 30 minutes small, brilliant lights began dashing around the room and, without further ado, Sain was controlled and delivered one of the finest oratorial efforts I ever have heard. The entity, speaking through Sain's vocal organs, identified himself as the great preacher and temperance lecturer, Lorenzo Dow. I know that Sain used words he himself had never heard before.

After this lecture some close relatives of various sitters gave con-

vincing evidence of their spiritual identity by presenting evidence not known to the sitters, but which later was checked and found to be true.

During our third meeting, two weeks later, a voice absolutely unlike the voice of Sain, addressed my father as Ez (short for Ezra) and identified himself as Abraham Lincoln. I heard more than one of those who had known Honest Abe in life whisper, "That sure is Abe Lincoln's voice." And it seems to me, as I recall the messages subsequently received, that from that time on I knew the grand character of the martyred President, Abe Lincoln, as no one can now know him.

The voice of Lincoln said to Father, "Ez, Major Ritchie is here with me and he wants you to tell John and Hale (Major Ritchie's sons) not to attempt to force the return of the college grant because the college means a whole lot more to Kansas than to bear my name, Lincoln College."

A fairly long conversation was carried on with Father who identified the voice, the wisdom, the intonation and the character, as that of his old mentor, Abe Lincoln. After the circle had broken up for the evening Father gave us the history of the matter to which Lincoln's spirit referred.

Major Ritchie had accumulated a large acreage on the south west side of Topeka. Later he set aside some of this property to provide a perpetual fund to a college to be known for all time as Lincoln College. When hard times came on and it appeared that the college could no longer survive a wealthy miller offered to advance a large sum of money if the school name was changed to Washburn College. The Ritchie boys, John and Hale, came to Father and asked him to sue for the return of the endowment because of the breech of contract. In fact, right at the time of the seance my father was making a study of the situation pursuant to suing the college corporation.

Father accepted this message at face value and urged the Ritchie boys not to sue. In fact he refused to sue, making the Ritchie boys his enemies for life. They did not sue but went behind Father's back and settled a damage suit with the Kansas, Nebraska & Dakota railroad in order to avoid Father's already earned fee.

It has been said, with some basis, that Lincoln wrote and issued the Emancipation Proclamation under the urgings of the spirit of Daniel Webster. And Carl Schurz, United States Senator from Missouri, admitted in writing that Lincoln's spirit voice, heard at a home seance in Philadelphia, predicted correctly that he would hold that office de-

spite the fact that Schurz at the time was a resident of Wisconsin. I knew Carl Schurz and can swear that this is true.

When we first began to hold seances in our Topeka home back in the '80s my mother, a strict Methodist, was not very enthusiastic about it. But as she sat in the circle she had the most urgent desire—which she resisted for a long time—to pick up a pencil. The guides had told both my mother and my sister Mary that they could do automatic writing and later they did just that. The information that came through them was always factually correct.

One day, without saying a word, Father simply handed Mother a very old planchette, with ball bearings, to my best recollection, and Mother took her old lap board, placed a large sheet of wrapping paper on it, set the planchette on the paper, the fingers of her right hand on the planchette and almost immediately messages came through from deceased relatives and friends.

When Mother sat down to the planchette nothing could drive us younger children from the house. It surely kept us out of mischief for hours at a time. And let no one tell you we did not have juvenile delinquency in those days too. One of the marvels of Mother's mediumship was that, using the planchette, she wrote—or the spirits wrote—at least 10 times as fast as normally. Also the handwriting itself was entirely different for Mother always wrote in a small cramped hand, except when using the planchette. Mother's mediumship remained with her until she joined Father in her 83rd year.

As we went from the '80s into the Gay '90s the weekly seances took on a sombre tone. Warnings were given constantly that some sort of disaster was going to strike our country. It seemed the spirit controls could not tell us the exact sort of disaster that was soon to come upon us. Father was urged to liquidate much of his income property but failed to do so. The disaster came in the form of the Panic of 1893. Our family lost most of everything we possessed. Still we were better off than many others who were reduced to absolute poverty.

Father had been told not to trade his business building at 1123-1125 Kansas Avenue. The spirit voice warned that if he did he would sustain quite a loss. He traded. He lost. He was told that he would remove his family from Topeka to Kansas City and, although at the time he had no such idea, we did move to Kansas City where he passed on in 1920.

In our seance group there was no reason for trickery or fraud and there was none.

I have attended home seances in many lands and my assurance that man cannot die has been reinforced through the years.

I wish to repeat my former statement: if you are searching earnestly, honestly, sincerely for the proof that man cannot die you can discover this truth in your own home seances.

TRAIL'S END

WHILE DRIVING his car through Pennington Gap, Va., with his wife and daughter, Harvey Phipps, 53, of Dayton, Ohio, died of a heart attack. His car left the street, went through some shrubbery and, without injury to his wife and daughter, stopped in the yard of a funeral home.

THE HAUNTED MANTELPIECE

A WEIRD ACCOUNT of a ghost that went with a mantelpiece recently was published in the Irish edition of the *Empire News*. The mantelpiece originally stood in Dunsandle Castle in Loughrey County, Galway, Ireland. It was purchased by Christy O'Neill, a marble sculptor of Dublin, who had it moved into his workshop.

O'Neill said he was working late one evening when he happened to glance toward the mantelpiece and saw the shadowy figure of a tall man standing beside it. He walked forward for a closer look at the figure and was startled when it vanished. After that, O'Neill said, pieces of marble were thrown around the workshop, and his wife and grown-up children heard mysterious footsteps and strains of music.

Deciding to get to the bottom of these strange happenings, O'Neill returned to Dunsandle Castle. He learned that the shadowy figure he described had been seen in the castle several times over the years. It had not, however, been seen s i n c e O'Neill's purchase of the mantelpiece, which had stood in the quarters of a dead gamekeeper of one of the four barons of Dunsandle.

O'Neill, it is reported, returned home, broke up the mantelpiece and threw the pieces on a scrap heap.



PROPHETIC WORDS on Grandma's Mirror

The words seemed written in mist on the glass—and Grandma found that they were an accurate prediction of the future.

By Raymond J. Ross

Elizabeth Donohue was happily preparing for her 17th birthday. Downstairs she could hear the clear, happy laughter of her friends. Outside, on this May afternoon, the birds were singing; soft warm breezes ruffled the countryside. Canada was a lovely place, she thought, on this glad day.

Elizabeth Donohue was 17. Many years later she was my grandmother, but on this great day she was thinking that five months from now she would become the bride of Martin Fellows, an honest, young railroad worker. It is no wonder her heart skipped as she thought of the golden future she and Martin planned.

At the end of this joy-filled day Elizabeth Donohue went up to her bedroom—tired but happy. She had just thrown herself onto the softness of her bed when her eyes became glued to the mirror. For there on the mirror over her dresser, in misty words, was written "July 9." She jumped up and went over to the mirror. Some joker, she thought, and raised her hand to wipe away the words. To her amazement the words slowly evaporated. Suddenly frightened, she cried out. Within seconds her parents were in the room. Elizabeth's body was shaking, her voice was filled with terror as she told them of the strange date on the mirror.

"Elizabeth," her father said, putting his arms around her, "you just ate too much of Mother's delicious cake at your party."

"Yes, dear," her mother agreed, guiding her to the bed. "Your father is right, you ate too much."

As the days passed into months

Elizabeth Donohue had almost forgotten the mystic words on her mirror until one afternoon when Martha Peck, a neighbor, came running up the walk.

"Have you heard about poor Martin Fellows?" she cried breathlessly.

The question made Elizabeth's eyes dart to the big calendar hanging over the sink.

The date was July 9th. Elizabeth Donohue sank to the floor, her body shaking with sobs. As from a distance, she could hear Martha's voice describing how Martin had been killed a few minutes before, while at work.

It was nearly two years before Elizabeth Donohue could bear to look into a mirror again. Always it seemed to her the date of tragedy would be written there.

Five years passed and Elizabeth Donohue prepared to travel to Ireland to visit a relative. She was packing her suitcase when directly before her on the wall misty writing began to form. She stood looking at it—powerless to move. She read: "Don't." That was all—just the one word, "Don't," and she didn't board the ship. Three days after sailing the ship sank, without survivors.

"The first thing I did," my grandmother told me, "was to thank God for the warning. I was never again afraid when I saw those misty words forming. And they have appeared many, many times."

In 1928, when I was eight years old, my grandmother, Elizabeth Donohue, was preparing breakfast for my grandfather and me when I saw her stare into the large kitchen mirror. I looked too. I could see nothing. But my grandmother's lips were moving. I heard the words, "January 22nd." This was on the morning of January 20th.

Two days later my grandfather died in his sleep.

In 1948 my grandmother was still a very active woman. But she called me to her side one day as she sat listening to the radio.

"Raymond," she said, "do you see those words on the mirror over the fireplace?"

I looked. I saw nothing.

"Well," she sighed. "I do—I will pass away tomorrow night, but not here."

I actually laughed. "Come on, Grandma, you're well and active. Stop talking such rubbish," I said.

I was sent out of town on an assignment the next day and my editor, Robert Sperry, called me long distance to tell me my grandmother had been taken to a private hospital in Stratford, seven miles from Bridgeport, Conn., where we lived. I had only just entered the hospital when a nurse informed me Grandmother was gone.

Again, and for the last time, Grandma's mystic words had predicted truely.

Where did those words come from? Were they a projection of her subconscious or were they from some intelligence beyond this world?

Grandmother never knew. And neither do I.

"A PERFECT GHOST STORY"

WHAT IS described as "a perfect ghost story from a scientific point of view" recently was published by John Langston Davies, British psychic researcher, in *The People* newspaper.

During World War II, according to Davies, a boarding house on the South Coast of England was used as a billet for soldiers, who came and went at all hours of the day and night. Early one morning a fair-haired young soldier handed a package wrapped in green paper to the landlady and asked her to mail it to his wife. Only after he had gone did the landlady discover that the package was not addressed.

Hoping to find some sort of identification, she opened the package. She found it contained only some civilian clothes. She placed them in a cupboard, thinking the soldier might write, but he never did.

One day after the war was over the landlady returned to the boarding house from a shopping trip. As she walked upstairs, a fair-haired soldier carrying a package wrapped in green paper strode past her. She questioned her daughter about the soldier, but the daughter said nobody of his description had entered or left the house.

Certain that the soldier was the one who had given her the green package, the landlady went to check on it. She found the package in the cupboard where she had placed it. She opened it again and this time searched carefully through the clothes. In the pocket of a coat she found a photograph of a wedding couple—and she recognized the bridegroom as the fair-haired soldier.

The back of the photo bore the address of the photographer and a number. The landlady wrote for the address of the couple and when she received it she mailed the package. She received a letter of thanks from the soldier's wife, who said she had been puzzled over not having received some money which her husband said he had sent her for their baby. The wife said she had found the money in the toe of one of the shoes in the package. Her husband, she explained, had been killed at Dunkirk.



The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

In North Tarrytown, N.Y., Leo Legner fell to his death while inspecting a mausoleum in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

●

In Toronto, Ont., Constable Harold Beer arrested motorist Jack Lush and charged him with drunken driving.

●

Albert Jones, of San Jose, Calif., awoke when his cat tickled his ear. He thought the animal wanted out. It did. The house was on fire and they both climbed out of a window to escape just in time.

●

After reading an article, *Superstitions* are *Strong,* a retired New Zealand boxer wrote to the publication that ran the piece: "I can corroberate the power of amulets. The only time I was successful in a fight I had a lucky horseshoe in one of my gloves . . ."

●

When flood waters inundated the Tulsa, Okla., Mohawk Zoo the only casualties were three water buffalo. They drowned.

●

Bad luck seems to be stalking Australian big lottery winners. Herb Chun who won 30,000 pounds in a recent lottery died of heart failure. William Lane died of cancer soon after he collected 100,000 pounds. Arthur Dyer was run over and killed by an automobile in Sydney three weeks after winning 12,000 pounds in a drawing. The fourth victim, Harold Richards, won 78,000 pounds and died suddenly after moving into a more fashionable house.

●

Every day after breakfast, 5-year-old Henry Vollgraaff, of Capetown, South Africa, would leave his home with a little package of cereal. After some weeks of this his mother decided to follow him to find out what Henry did with the porridge. The woman got the

surprise of her life. She found her little boy feeding the cereal, out of his hand, to a four-foot cobra!

●

When a certain prisoner at a Tallahassee, Fla., jail heard he was to be released soon, he instructed a relative to have his suit pressed. Then, as he left jail, a sheriff was waiting outside to pick him up. The dry cleaner had recognized the inmate's suit as one stolen from his shop.

●

One Sunday morning last year, the Rev. J.H. Quering, of Winnipeg, Canada, told his congregation that it was the 97th anniversary of the founding of the Mennonite Brethren church. It was founded on January 6, 1860. He ended with an appeal, "It is a commendable custom to give birthday presents on anniversaries."

When the ushers added up the collection they counted exactly $97.

●

When a son was born to Mrs. Sheridan Knapp at a Waterloo, Ia., hospital, she was placed in Room 208, Bed No. 1. Her mother had occupied the same bed, in the same room, when Mrs. Knapp herself was born.

●

Dr. Everts A. Graham, St. Louis, Mo., whose studies on the relationship between cigaret smoking and lung cancer recently created controversy in the medical world has died—of cancer of the lung.

●

In a Knoxville, Tenn., court Carl L. Smith testified that the land he sought to purchase for a housing development was to be investment property, to support him in his old age. Then he dropped dead.

●

A little red hen at New Albany, Ind., lays a green egg almost every day.

●

Arraigned in court on charges of failing to pay alimony to his divorced wife, Salvatore Paladino of Middletown, Conn., told the judge he was in arrears because he had to spend so much money for treatment of a bad heart condition. The judge ruled against him. Mr. Paladino fell dead as be was walking out of the courtroom.

●

A sow on the farm of Mrs. Louis Rogers, Oakland City, Ind., gave birth to 10 piglets—all males.

●

Jerrold Beim of Westport, Conn., and his son were killed in an automobile accident. Four years later his wife and their daughter were killed in another automobile accident.

I FOUND GOD



During the night I started to talk to God. I didn't know how to pray, so I just talked. In the morning a miracle happened.

By Mary Owens

AS A CHILD I was taught to say "Now I lay me down to sleep" at bedtime and was told that if I wasn't a good girl God would punish me. That was the extent of my religious training.

As I grew up I attended various churches with the young people I knew, but only for the fun we had. By the time I married and had a home of my own my life was like thousands of others I suppose—unhappy. I was discouraged over the hard time I seemed always to be having; grieved over my sad marriage, worried over this or that. I never once realized the wonderful help I could have if only I'd let God into my home.

My marriage finally broke up and my daughter, Billie, and I moved into a little house in the San Fernando Valley. I became a real estate saleswoman but the going was rough. My daughter became ill and this time I worried with a capital "W." We were about to lose our house and I guess I was about to lose my mind along with it.

To top it off, our neighbors were (as I called them privately) religious fanatics. Our little houses were so close together that we didn't have to try to hear their voices and each morning I'd hear

this man say to his little children, "Now you must come to the table smiling. Smile now Miriam or no breakfast." Smile, smile, smile, hymns, hymns and more smiles—all before breakfast! Then, of course, came prayers and a pep talk. After three years of this I was fed up, especially as this neighbor tried to convert me every time he saw me. However, the truth of the matter is that everything this man did was successful and everything I did failed.

One night after we actually went to bed without a bite to eat, I started thinking about my neighbor and his "luck." My mind went round and round and at last came up with the idea that God must really hear prayers. Evidently God loved my neighbor because he loved Him also.

Sometime during the night I started to talk to God. It was just that. I didn't know how to pray so I just talked. I talked to God throughout the entire night. I started out saying, "If there is a God somewhere you must let me know somehow," because at this point I wasn't too sure. I said, "God, my daughter has gone to bed hungry and this is an awful thing for a mother to see. I don't want you to give me any money; all I want you to do is show me, in some way, that you hear me and I'll go to church and try to do as you would like me to do, but I've got to have an answer immediately because I'm desperate." This went on all night. By morning I was numb, but this is when I found God.

It was very early in the morning but time seemed to mean nothing to me. The phone rang. When I said "Hello" a voice I hadn't heard in many months answered. The voice belonged to Arthur Behning, a man I had talked to on the phone at the real estate office where I worked. I had looked for a house for him but couldn't seem to find what he wanted and I had forgotten him. My first thought was "why does he have to bother me this morning?" Then I asked him if he was still looking for a house. He said, "No, I found one quite awhile ago." Then he began to talk:

"Mrs. Owens, I don't know what religion you are; it doesn't matter. I just want to tell you something. A few years ago, I cut my finger off accidentally. I picked it up, put it in a bag and looked straight up to Heaven and said, "Dear God, playing the piano is my life. I must have my finger back, so if you will let my hand be all right I promise to help those who need help."

Mr. Behning told me he took his finger to a doctor and told him to sew it back on. The doctor said he

couldn't do such a thing because in time gangrene would set in and then he would have to take his arm off. But he refused to be put off and after some argument the doctor was persuaded to sew the finger back on. Mr. Behning told me on the phone, "If you saw my finger today you would never know what had happened. There isn't a trace of a scar and the finger operates perfectly."

At this point I was wondering why he had called to tell me such a story. Then he said, "As I promised God to help those in trouble I want to help you." And very casually, as if it were an everyday occurrence, he added, "God told me last night you were troubled and I was to tell you He heard you and for you not to worry He will take care of you."

I was stunned. I made him repeat it because I didn't think I was hearing him correctly. The words came out the same a second time. When I told Billie what had happened she said she also had spent the night talking with God.

I expect there is no need to say what this miracle (and it was a miracle) did for us. I completely lost my weariness. I went down to the office. A man I knew casually came in and asked if I would like to help out for a few days in his office. I earned $40, which was the most money I'd seen in quite a while. From that time on things have gotten better and better. We are back on our feet; we even breathe easy now.

I kept my promise to go to church. It wasn't easy to find the right church for us and we spent a year attending different churches, reading up on the religions of the world. We finally found what we were looking for in a tiny chapel that has given us the peace we needed. God lives in our home now. It is wonderful not to be afraid anymore.

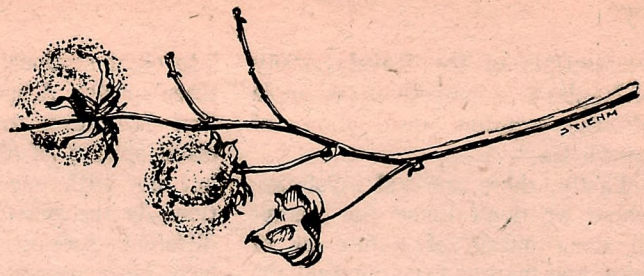
Whenever I tell this story listeners ask, "What happened to this man who changed your life?"

I am pleased to tell them, he and his wife are now our very dear friends. They go with us to the Holy Family Episcopal Mission and we pray together.

Mr. Behning tells me that the night I was praying so hard he couldn't sleep. He got up and went into the living room and lay down on the davenport. He kept thinking of me, which he thought was strange. His boarder, who worked on the swing shift, came in some time during the night and asked him why he was still up. My friend said, "I don't know. I keep hearing the words 'Call Mrs. Owens.'

Actually he doesn't remember all that he did say to me.

But he knows that it was through this message that I found God.



The International Cotton Mystery

The distribution of cotton presents one of our greatest puzzles. Why is it found where it is?

L. Sprague de Camp

WE ALL LOVE mysteries. In fact, some so love them that they make up mysteries where none exists.

Mysteries fall into three classes. First, there are pseudo-mysteries, where the answer is known but some folk prefer to pretend it is not. The Pyramids are an example of this kind of mystery.

Second, there are man-made or synthetic mysteries. These arise because, while the knowledge existed, it was allowed to die or was wantonly destroyed. Thus many Classical Greek texts vanished forever when Christian Roman Emperors persecuted pagans in the fourth and fifth centuries, and owners of libraries burnt them lest they be accused of unfaith and fed to the lions. More were destroyed when Constantinople was sacked by Crusaders in 1204 and again by Turks in 1453. Later examples are the burning by Diego de Landa and his merry monks of nearly all the native literature of the Mayan Indians on the ground that it was "superstition and lies of the devil." The burning by the German army in 1944 of the 200,000 books and

manuscripts of the Royal Society of Naples is a more recent example of the wanton destruction of knowledge.

Lastly, there are real mysteries, where we don't know the answer to some puzzle of nature or of man, and may or may not find the solution in the future. There are many of these. For instance, why does the earth have a magnetic field? What is the hereditary mechanism of genius? Why do living tissues age? How can we decipher the written language of the pre-Aryan civilization of the Indus Valley? What guides birds on migration-flights across oceans?

And how did cotton come to be distributed as it is?

COTTON, ONE of our most commonplace materials, certainly does not sound mysterious. Yet, the evolution and domestication of cotton offers as dark a puzzle as that of the Indus writing.

The facts of the cotton-conundrum are these: The name "cotton" includes about 20 species of the genus *Gossypium* of the mallow family, some wild and some tame. Some of these species readily cross and produce fertile hybrids, though these hybrids may die out after a few generations. Other pairs either will not cross at all or else give only sterile hybrids.

Thus we can divide *Gossypium* into eight sections, each of two or three species. A species of one section hybridizes readily with another species of the same section but not with one of another section. As the geneticists put it, the different species of one section have chromosome patterns enough alike to be "compatible," or have the same genome. Species of different sections have different genomes, and their chromosome patterns are not compatible.

The eight sections of the genus are as follows. I have left out the Latin names but have listed the parts of the world where each section grows:

1. wild ..... Australia
2. wild ..... California-Mexico
3. wild ..... Mexico-Peru-Galapagos
4. wild ..... Arizona-Mexico
5. wild ..... Africa-Arabia
6. wild ..... Somaliland-Arabia-Sind
7. domesticated ..... Africa-Asia
8. domesticated .... North America-South America-Egypt

Wild cotton-plants are all perennial shrubs or trees, growing up to 30 feet tall, living in hot, dry climates with lots of sunlight. A favorite dwelling-place is the dry stream-beds of semi-desert lands. While the shrubs can grow in damper climates, they cannot bear

the competition of other plants growing thickly. They all have seeds coated with hairs, from the faintest fuzz up to half an inch long. These hairs are useless for weaving because they are straight and stiff, with thick walls and round cross-sections, which do not grip one another.

In domesticated cottons, on the other hand, a mutation makes the walls of these hairs thin. Hence, when they dry out after growing, they collapse into a twisted ribbon-shape. Being twisted, they grip one another and can be spun into strong threads, like fibers of wool and linen. Such fibers are called lint, and the cotton-plants that bear them are called linted cottons.

The oldest domesticated cotton fabric is from the sites of the Indus Valley civilization, in what is now West Pakistan. Although the exact dates of this civilization are hazy, it arose about 3000 B.C., a little after the Sumerian civilization, and was destroyed by the barbarous Aryan invaders from Central Asia around 1500 B.C. Red-dyed cotton fabric, belonging to the same species as the modern Indian domestic cotton (Number 7) was found sticking to the side of a silver vase dug up at Mohenjo-daro.

Some earlier examples, perhaps going all the way back to 3000 B.C., have been found in graves. But this cotton was not used by itself. Instead, it was used as a filler or adulterant in linen cloth, because it is too short—less than half an inch long—to make a strong weave by itself. All the cottons of Number 7 are descended from this early Indian tree-cotton.

Now comes a curious thing. The Number 7 cottons are not closely related to the Number 6 wild cottons, as you might expect from the fact that one species of Number 6 grows in West Pakistan. Instead, Indian domestic cotton is shown by its genetic makeup to be a descendant of Number 5 cotton, found wild in southern Arabia and the drier parts of Africa.

Evidently men brought lintless cotton from Africa or Arabia to the Indus Valley thousands of years ago—perhaps before 3000 B.C. This is our first puzzle. Who brought cotton over all that distance, and why should they have carried lintless cotton, which is no good for cloth-making?

We can give only tentative answers to these questions. Currents of migration of dark-skinned folk were flowing back and forth around the shores of the Indian Ocean before history and kept on flowing during historic times. One such current took a Malayan people down the African coast to Madagascar and perhaps to the region of

Zimbabwe. A flow in the other direction may have carried cotton to India. The reason for taking it was probably that, at that time, it was used for cottonseed-oil.

Once established in India, cotton underwent several mutations of which the pre-Aryan cotton-growers took quick advantage. The first mutation flattened the fibers, making it possible to use them as a filler in linen weaving. Later mutations lengthened the fibers until they could be woven by themselves.

This plant was still a tropical perennial tree which could not be grown above the frost-line because the cold killed it. The cotton-tree spread slowly over India; to Indonesia; to the warmer parts of China (by 700 A.D.); to Guam; and westward along the coast of Iran to the shores of the Persian Gulf. In Classical Greek times it reached Arabia and Africa. In the 16th Century A.D. it was being grown and woven in the Rhodesian kingdom of the Manamatapas or Monomotapas, the last native rulers of Zimbabwe.

Then another mutation changed the plant from a perennial tree to an annual bush, which grew so fast that it flowered and seeded in the year in which it was planted. This kind of cotton spread to places too cold for perennial cotton. If frost killed the plants in the fall, no matter; a new crop could be reared from seed next year.

Even when the climate let the plants live more than one year, growers found it expedient to get rid of the bushes after picking, and to raise a new crop each year because a better quality of cotton was thus obtained and because insect pests were thus kept under control. This annual cotton spread widely over the Old World. It was raised in Central Asia and in many parts of Africa. In Africa it took the place of perennial cotton, which went out of use except for magical purposes.

Such was the state of cotton affairs at the time of the Age of Exploration in the 16th Century A. D. In the New World, the Spaniards found Peruvian and Mexican Indians weaving cottons that were often better than Asiatic cotton.

Some of these cottons were annuals and some perennials. A Mexican annual cotton became the ancestor of modern American upland cotton. The Spaniards took Peruvian tree-cotton to the northern coast of South America, where it mutated again to a cotton with a still longer fiber, about an inch and a quarter long. This cotton was then transplanted in the late 18th Century to the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas, becoming our modern long-fiber Sea Island cot-

ton. The frosts of this region soon eliminated the slow-growing strains of this species and made it, too, into an annual. Then it was taken to Egypt, where it gave rise to modern Egyptian cotton.

Now comes the real puzzle. When we examine all the species of cotton we find that all the Old World cottons and all the *wild* New World cottons have 26 chromosomes in each body-cell. In the New World domestic cottons, however, we find twice this number, or 52 chromosomes in each body-cell. (Sex-cells, of course, carry half as many in each case.)

Somewhere along the line, the normal quota of chromosomes in domestic New World cottons was doubled. Geneticists have found that the genome of Number 8 cottons is, in fact, made up of two complete sets of chromosomes from different ancestors. One set is that of American wild cotton. The other set of chromosomes is that of the East Indian cultivated cotton we know today.

Now, the Peruvian cotton in tombs goes back to about 1000 B.C. That means that, somehow, Indian cotton must have gotten to Peru before that time. But how did it get there? How did it hybridize with the native lintless cotton to produce this new long-fibered cotton with a doubled chromosome-number?

THERE HAVE BEEN many speculations about migrations across the Pacific. Heyderdahl has noble Nordics from Peru sailing westward from South America to people the Pacific isles. Gladwin insisted that the American civilizations were founded by venturesome Asiatics who paddled eastward across the Pacific settling the Polynesian islands on the way.

However, Polynesian landings in Peru in the 13th Century A.D., can not account for Indian cotton which is known to have grown in Peru in the 10th or 9th Century B.C.—over 2,000 years earlier—*before* Indian cotton reached Guam, which is so much closer to the Asian mainland!

There remain three possible ways for the cotton to have reached South America. One is that it could have been carried overland by cultural diffusion through Siberia and Alaska, as the bow probably was brought to the Americas in the early centuries of the Christian era. But the plant could not have been grown in the cold of Siberia and Alaska.

Nor is it likely that anybody would make a 10,000-mile trip in one unbroken dash with a bag of cotton-seeds on his back. Migration among preliterate peoples is not like that. People crowded out of their own lands move on a few miles until they find new country

and settle down to exploit it; then the next generation in the same way goes a few miles further, and so on.

It has been suggested that there was once a land-bridge across the Pacific, which sank, leaving the present Pacific Islands. This is ruled out by geology. The whole vast area of the central Pacific is a deep basin of basalt, the kind of rock of which continents never are made. The Polynesian islands are all volcanic, having grown up from the bottom of the sea instead of settling down into it.

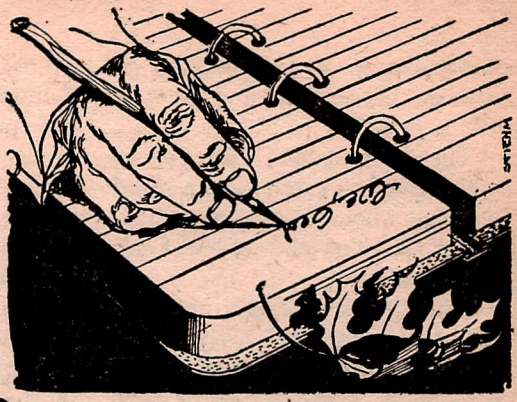
Finally, there is no evidence of any race or nation sailing about the central Pacific in the second millenium B.C. If the Polynesians—the greatest navigators ever to cross the oceans without either the magnetic compass or the full-rigged ship—could barely make it to Peru and soon found the voyage too long and risky and exhausting to be worth the effort, how could some remote Pacific predecessors, with less knowledge of shipbuilding and navigation, have performed such a feat?

And, if such an ancient race of seafarers existed, what became of them? Surely they would have settled in the islands as the Polynesians did later, and they, or at least their archeological remains, would be there still. If their techniques had been advanced enough for such voyages, they probably would have survived down to historic times. For, while features of civilization requiring large manpower and strong government, such as the Roman roads or the irrigation-system of Iraq, may be swept away by the downfall of empires, more modest technical advances, which single men or small groups can practice, are seldom lost once they have been mastered.

Well, you answer it; with some real evidence to back your theory, too. No Venusian superman flying cotton-seeds across the Pacific in saucers will satisfy me!

SPECTRAL NUISANCE

POLICEMEN at Ardfinnen, Ireland, claim the police station there is visited at one o'clock in the morning by a ghost that bangs on doors and pushes around furniture. They believe that the restless spectre is that of a beautiful red-haired girl who died on her wedding eve 150 years ago by a fall from a horse. They consider the ghost a "darn nuisance," and say they do not know why it haunts them.



Promised IN BLOOD

The two friends made a solemn blood pact—the first to die was to communicate with the other.

By Bill Wharton

I BELIEVE THAT man's soul is immortal and that if man's will is strong enough he not only can return after death to someone close to him, but he can at the moment of death make his passing known to anyone psychically linked with him." Geoffrey Garner looked up from the green turf of Edinburgh University's campus ground at his intimate friend, Henry, Lord Brougham, and studied the young man's face. "Do you believe it?" he asked.

Brougham shrugged. "My sister had a vision shortly before my mother died," he said, "of a funeral cortege, but I have not gone into the matter of life after death seriously. No man has ever returned from the dead . . ."

"There are things which no man has explained," Garner interrupted. "The truths of the Bible are being proved scientifically every day. If the evident truths which one can see are being proved, why shouldn't the spiritual assertions in the Bible also be true? I am convinced that if two people are close enough, or make some pact, they can contact one another after death or let one

another know at the moment of death of the death of a member to such a pact."

"Then," Brougham said, "let us make a pact here and now, a blood pact, that whoever dies first will appear to the other and let him know of his death."

Garner took a small notebook from his pocket and his penknife with which he whittled a stick to a sharp point. Flattening out a large leaf, he pricked his thumb with the point of the knife and allowed six drops of blood to drip onto the leaf.

Lord Brougham in turn took the knife and pricked his own thumb and allowed six drops of his blood to mingle with that of Garner. Garner then took the sharp-pointed stick and wrote in his notebook:

"We, Geoffrey Garner and Henry Brougham undertake to communicate one with the other upon the time of death whosoever shall die first." He signed the note and handed the stick to Brougham who dipped it in the blood and signed it. When the page was dry Garner placed it in his pocket.

At the end of that year of 1816 when they were graduated the two men parted for the first time since their college days. Garner was appointed to the Civil Service and sent to India; Brougham became a diplomat. After writing to one another for some time, the two men gradually drifted apart.

Lord Brougham became one of Britain's most famous 19th Century ambassadors. He spent much of his time in Russia as a diplomat for the British Government and in the years that followed forgot about Garner and the death pact they had made.

Thirty-six years afterwards, on December 19, 1852, Lord Brougham was at his ambassadorial post in Moscow and had attended a late night banquet. He returned to his home cold and tired and thought that a hot bath would help him sleep.

Geoffrey Garner could not have been further from Lord Brougham's thoughts as he relaxed in the bath. He had, as he recorded in his diary, forgotten about the very existence of Garner and their old boyhood intimacy.

"I was lying in the bath," Lord Brougham wrote in his diary, "and enjoying the comfort of the heat after the freezing I had undergone, when I turned my eyes towards the chair on which I had placed my clothes as I was about to get out of the bath.

"On the chair sat Garner, looking calmly at me."

Lord Brougham was stunned for a moment for it was the Garner he had known many years ago; time had not changed Garner in anyway; he still had the fresh look of youth. There was no mistaking the

features Brougham had known so well.

"How I got out of the bath I don't know," Brougham wrote in his diary, "but when I came to myself I was sprawling on the floor and the apparition was gone. The vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it."

The impression the vision made on Brougham was too vivid to be easily forgotten, as he noted in his diary that same night of December 19, 1852.

"So strongly was I affected by what I had seen," Lord Brougham wrote in his diary, "that I sat down at once to record exactly the time and date and what I had seen while all the particulars are still fresh in my mind."

Months passed and the memory of his experience in the bath gradually grew dimmer. Ten months later, in October, Lord Brougham returned to Britain and went for a visit to his family home in Edinburgh.

The first news he received was that Geoffery Garner had died in India. The man who had made the blood pact with Lord Brougham as a youth had died a few minutes after 11:30 on the night of December 19 in India—at the approximate moment when Lord Brougham had seen his apparition in the bathroom in Russia.

HOMING PIGEON MYSTERY

THE ANNUAL 500-mile race held by the Midwest Homing Pigeon Association on June 8, 1957, ended strangely.

Early in the day 1,500 pigeons were released at the starting point of the race, Norfolk, Neb., and were expected to fly to lofts in more than a dozen cities in the Chicago area. By the following evening, however, Elmer Van Rengen, president of the Midwest Homing Pigeon Association, said only two of the birds were reported to have reached home, one in Elgin, Ill., and the second in St. Charles, Ill.

Van Rengen theorized that something had interfered with the homing instincts of the birds. He said, "Perhaps the birds ran into an atomic fallout or these current sunspots put their compasses into a spin."

Mass Psychology ---

A NEW DIMENSION IN HUMAN BEHAVIOR?

Dr. Russel Raymond Voorhees has spent years researching the philosophy of mathematics. Out of his studies has come a description of human behavior that he calls "mass psychology." To many persons, the event described here would seem to be clearly extrasensory perception. This Dr. Voorhees denies. Yet it is just as fascinating as if it were.

To other persons, Dr. Voorhees' article seems to fit into the pattern of "field theory." Possibly field theory explains both ESP and what Dr. Voorhees calls "mass psychology." It obviously deserves a great deal more research.

SOME YEARS AGO I went to Ybor City, Fla., which is a part of Tampa, with a population composed almost entirely of Cubans and Spanish. The signs on the stores in many instances are in Spanish and Spanish names predominate. Along most any street in Ybor City one hears much more Spanish spoken than English. It's almost like being in Latin America.

A day or two after arriving in Ybor City I discovered that there were some 16 cafes that were operating a Spanish gambling game called "Bolita."

It is important that the reader understand how the game of Bolita is played.

Bolita consists of 100 numbers from 1 to 100 inclusive. Chances are sold on any of the numbers that strikes the gambler's fancy, at a dime a chance a number. The winning number pays 80 to 1 or a winning of $8 on a 10-cent chance. There are no restrictions on how few or how may chances a buyer may

Does the psychology of people in the mass affect the outcome of such things as games of chance? Something more than chance seemed at work in these "bolita" games!

By Dr. Russell R. Voorhees

purchase on any number or any group of numbers.

These 16 cafes had nightly drawings of numbers and on Sundays and holidays there was also a matinee drawing. The drawings clearly showed the game was on the level and not crooked in any way except that it was being run illegally. Every drawing had a few witnesses picked at random from among the ticket buyers.

When it came time to hold the drawing these few invited witnesses were led to a rear room in the cafe. There was a table in the room and on the table was a square board with 10 slightly gouged-out hollows and 10 rows of hollows.

In each of these hollows a ball rested with its number uppermost. The balls were arranged in numerical order with ball No. 1 in the top left hand hollow and so on to the ball with No. 100 in the hollow at the right hand end of the 10th and last row. Witnesses were asked to see that all of the 100 different numbers were in their proper places. Around two sides and the top of this square board there was a strip of wood. The bottom had no strip.

When the witnesses were satisfied that all numbers were included the promoter or banker of the game, with coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, would take a pillow case and, after showing the witnesses that it was completely empty would dump the 100 balls into the pillow case. With the balls inside the pillow case, the open end would be tied with a shoe lace. This produced what looked like a large bean bag except that balls took the place of beans.

The banker then would take this large "bean bag" and toss it to one of the witnesses who would catch it and in turn toss it to another witness. After a little of this the banker would point to one of the witnesses and ask him to catch

the bag at the next toss but to try to catch only one ball. Generally a witness would grab a couple or more balls through the pillow case but he would quickly release all but one, holding that ball in his hand with the pillow case between his hand and the ball. He then would hold his hand up and allow the rest of the balls to settle in the lower portion of the pillow case.

The banker then would tie another shoe lace below the held ball, thus tying the ball into a section of the pillow case with the other 99 balls free in the rest of the pillow case. The first shoe lace then was untied and the 99 balls not selected would be rolled out onto the previously mentioned square board with the hollows. This was then taken away so that the table was completely bare. The pillow case was spread out and the second shoe lace untied. The one remaining ball then rolled out onto the table. The number on that ball was the winning number paying 80 to 1.

It happens that I have spent many years doing research in the philosophy of mathematics and I saw in bolita an opportunity to make some experiments. It did not take long for me to discover that there was a definite pattern to the winning numbers. Further, it didn't take long to discover that the pattern was completely different for each of the 16 games. In short each game was as individual as a person, with its own pattern of behavior as to the reappearance of numbers. I set up charts for each of the 16 games and these charts plainly showed that, with almost mathematical accuracy, the same numbers reappeared.

Now a remarkable thing happened. Every night and every afternoon on Sunday and holidays there had been just about the same crowd of men milling around Ybor City in the cafes and buying chances on the various numbers that appealed to them. The crowd didn't change much from day to day or night to night. And over a period of several months the charts showed no noticeable change in the regularity with which numbers repeated.

Then something happened in Tampa which adjoins Ybor City. Billy Sunday, the evangelist, came to town to hold a revival. Billy Sunday discovered bolita and launched an attack on it one night at his revival meeting. The next night there were crowds of new people milling around the streets of Ybor City and in the vicinity of the cafes running the games.

They were different people. It was self evident that they were not the type to be found where

gambling was. They knew nothing about gambling and less about bolita. Most of them could not even pronounce the word. They didn't know what numbers they wanted—only that they wanted some numbers. The old crowd who had been playing bolita was still there but this new influx outnumbered them.

Now for the mass psychology angle. The charts that I had set up for each of the 16 games became useless. Fluctuations were immediately erratic. It was anybody's guess what numbers would come up and when they would repeat. After about a week of trying to solve the mystery I gave up and took a trip through the southern part of Florida, returning to Ybor City the day after Billy Sunday concluded his revival in Tampa.

Once more I got out my old charts and continued my research where I had left off. I added the numbers coming out of each of the 16 houses to their proper charts. At first I found the same erratic behavior that had been evident when I left.

But only for a day or two. Gradually the fluctuations became less erratic. In a week or less the old patterns returned and each game could be charted as accurately as before Billy Sunday came to town. I remained in Ybor City for several weeks after this and found that my charts maintained the same conformity to individual pattern as before.

What is the explanation for all this?

Before Billy Sunday came to Tampa the crowd playing the game and milling around the cafes where the games were playing varied but little from night to night and from afternoon to afternoon. The variance was not enough to make any decided change in the mass psychological reaction.

But when the people who had heard Billy Sunday preach came in, they added an entirely new and different element. They created a new mass psychology, different and stronger than that the old crowd had produced. This upset the entire reaction. The new reaction lasted until the new people went away. Then, with the old crowd dominating once again, the old patterns reasserted themselves.

The editors of FATE read Dr Voorhees' article with intense interest. They feel it is a significant contribution, opening up new pathways into the unknown.

We were especially interested to observe that Dr. Voorhees is convinced the mathematical pattern he has charted are completely "normal"—even though the numbered ball was invariably chosen honestly and by chance.

It is almost as though a psycho

kinetic effect were at work here. Or—if the pattern is provable by the theory of mathematics—perhaps all the mathematics that have "proved" the existence of ESP in the past are wrong. This would mean that ESP is only a mathematical aberration.

So we wrote Dr. Voorhees for a fuller explanation of some of his points.

For example, we asked him, Aren't you mis-using the term 'mass psychology'?

Dr. Voorhees: I cannot go along with you in that I have used 'mass psychology' wrongly. Mass psychology is the sum total of effect produced on the people at any given place. Every person, regardless of who he is, has an effect on events taking place where he is located. The sum total of the people in a theater, for instance, is the mass psychology of the group in the theater at that time.

The Editor: How did this concept affect the game of bolita in Ybor City, then?

Dr. Voorhees: All of the people in Ybor City had, to some limited degree, an effect on the bolita games BUT it was only those who milled around the streets, going into first one cafe and then another, buying their numbers and actively playing the game, whose effect on the game was pronounced. Day by day this group varied little so the sum total of their effect was constant. The Billy Sunday people added a new factor to the mass psychology existing at that time and upset completely the results of the bolita game.

The Editors: But Dr. Voorhees, even granting that the players had such a field effect as you describe, how did this affect the people who selected the numbered balls that determined the winners? Isn't this really a form of extra sensory perception?

Dr. Voorhees: Being able to forecast what numbers would come out was definitely NOT the result of extra-sensory perception. It was strictly scientific achievement based on the philosophy of mathematics.

In doing this research I naturally had some definite data on which to work but I was also completely in the dark in regard to other data. For instance, every person milling around where the games were played had an effect on the games but it would be absolutely impossible to obtain the reactions of these many people and incorporate them in my charts. So I took what definite and known data I had, which was the numbers that had come out, and from that springboard worked out what numbers would come out.

I might add right here that it is

all based on what has happened before, which is an axiom in all research work. What has happened will tell always what will happen. I found in my Ybor City research that every bolita game had its own distinctive pattern. There were 16 games when I was there and I made charts for all 16 games. And in every instance each chart was different from every other chart. There was an individuality about each.

A forecast of what number would come out at one house or game meant absolutely nothing as to what would come out in the other 15 games. I have done some research with roulette and found the same thing to be true.

The Editors: But what MAKES the same pattern prevail? Don't you think this could be ESP?

Dr. Voorhees: Let me be more specific about the difference between mass psychology and ESP. Let me repeat again that mass psychology is the mass effect or reaction exerted by people at any given time and at any given place.

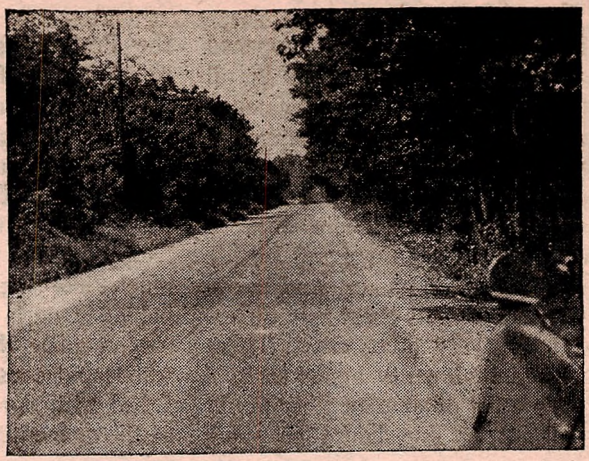
I formerly traveled a great deal and after living in Asheville, N.C., for some time I took a train for Kentucky. I found Asheville to have a very negative mass psychology—evidently resulting from the concentration of Protestant religious activity there. I am a Protestant but I have found that the Protestants can be very narrow in many of their convictions.

At any rate, I always felt a sort of depression in Asheville. I sat in the train with this same depressed feeling when suddenly there seemed to come over me a happy feeling that in essence was much like the sun coming from behind a dark cloud. It struck me so forcefully that I looked at my watch and consulted the time table I had with me and discovered that at the moment this feeling of happy relief came over me the train had crossed the state line and left North Carolina. So I was no longer under the influence of the mass psychology prevailing in that place—

As a newspaperman I have gone into an office and the minute I entered known I wouldn't get the interview. That was mass psychology also.

The Editor: Don't you think that in a certain sense we are getting ourselves confused by the meanings of words? For instance, other people might call your feeling that you wouldn't get an interview a "hunch." Don't you think there is still something here that suggests telepathy —or the interactions of a group of minds forming the pattern of numbers you charted in Ybor City through psycho-kinesis?

Dr. Voorhees: I prefer to call it "mass psychology."



This mile-long stretch of road is patrolled by an eerie guardian—a glowing ball of light that seems to have intelligence.

Maryland's Ghost Light Road

By H. Charles Robertson

On the clear, sultry night of July 16, 1952, a coppery-tinged moon peered down on the eastern shore of Maryland. On routine patrol, a Maryland state trooper, Robert Burkehardt, and his sergeant drove their patrol car through Hebron. Leaving the town, they turned onto a short cut to the main highway. Originally planned for a railroad, it is a mile long, level stretch of sandy lane. Skirted on either side by luxuriant forest, it is desolate and dark.

It was just before midnight, about a half a mile away, they spied a round glow above the center of the road. It was moving to-

ward them but emitting no beam, and they mistook it for an old car with one dim light. Intending to reprimand the oncoming driver, the officers proceeded slowly. The light continued directly for the patrol car. To avert what seemed an imminent collision, the trooper swerved to a halt at the edge of the road. A cloud of powdery sand swirled into the air.

In the settling dust they stared at a shimmering orb hovering hood-high between the beams of their headlights. The policemen started their car. When they advanced, the object receded—as though obeying an intelligent control. At varied speeds during the pursuit, the tantalizing luminescence kept an even distance ahead. In desperation, the officers made a final sally. When they reached 40 miles an hour, the weird light vanished.

At the station in Salisbury, the baffled men related their experience to fellow officers. Fearing ridicule, they did not file a written report. On the following night, Mr. Burkehardt and five other men on foot were able to surround the fire ball. He said, "It was impossible for it to escape. We closed to within a few yards and then the thing went out. It lit up again in a field nearby."

On strength of these men's testimony, the lieutenant promised an authorized investigation. The radio

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dispatcher revealed that calls frequently are received from persons claiming to have seen the light. He ventured, "Usually they say it is about three feet off the ground and seems to be about the size of a headlight. It has a yellowish glow, not much brighter than an oil lantern." He denied having seen the apparition himself.

A newspaper story in *The Salisbury Times* of the trooper's adventure brought hundreds of persons to Hebron. After dark, for days thereafter, both sides of the narrow road were lined with cars parked bumper to bumper. The curious were armed with items ranging from cameras to shot guns. The more persistent individuals kept their eerie vigil until dawn.

On the night of July 17 a photographer thought he got a picture of the phenomenon. Published the next day in a *Salisbury Times*, the print showed streaks and blurs. Faulty manipulation of the camera was blamed. Another journalist, from New York City, left empty-handed when the light failed to show.

I interviewed dozens of persons. When queried, one woman, who now operates a lunchroom in Hebron, replied, "Yes, I've known about the light for years. When I was a little girl, my daddy drove a team of horses. Just after dark, we came upon the thing in the middle

of the road. It began moving along in front of us. It didn't frighten the horses so Daddy whipped up the team and tried to run it down. We never caught up with it."

A young woman gave the following account: "A couple of weeks ago, my husband and I went out for a drive. It was a hot night but quiet and cool on the old road. We parked for a while. Then down the lane I saw a light about the size of a soft ball float from one side to the other. We turned on our headlights but saw no more."

A 70-year-old negro worker named Ford who has spent his entire life in Hebron, remarked, "I have walked that road as boy and man. I've seen the light many times. It is about the size of a grapefruit. I have seen it go off and on, and up and down the length of the road. Several times I tried to catch it, but it always floated away."

A few legends are told, purporting to explain the light. One concerns a girl said to have been murdered in an old tumble-down frame house which still stands at the end of the road. Her murderer was hanged in the room where the crime occurred. After the execution the enraged husband of the victim is said to have severed the man's head from his body. From that time on the light began to appear—

Another story says the light is the haunting spirit of the foreman

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who directed construction of the roadbed. Allegedly, he hid a fortune in gold near an old oak at the north end of the lane. One day he failed to report for work and was never heard from again.

A farmer, Agi Johnson, who lived along the right-of-way is supposed to have found the railroader's gold and become rich overnight. Sometime later he committed suicide by slitting his throat. His widow, now 80, still lives in Hebron.

Another interesting report comes from a man from Delaware who, in 1947, saw a roundish, steady glow about two feet above the roadway. He got out of his car to investigate, walking quietly toward the object. As he leaned forward for a better look at the light the buttons on his shirt began to fluoresce a greenish hue. Startled, he backed off and the glow faded.

Scores of homesteaders in the area will say they have spotted the thing at one time or another. A Mr. Hughes, who lives at the north corner of the road, described the apparition as like a basketball, issuing a dim, yellow radiance.

Recently the old road has been surfaced with macadam and officially named Church Street, Ext'd. No identifying signs have been erected, however.

When you are in Hebron, if you care to find it, I suggest you just ask for Ghost Light Road.

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FATE will pay $5 for each story published in this department. Stories should deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to "Survival" Editor, FATE Magazine, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill. Manuscripts must give author's name and address and include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

THE SPECTRAL SLAP

By Lena Cohen
As told to Mercedes Mantione

SIXTY YEARS AGO, in May, 1897, Ethel, my first child was born.

My husband Abe, then a traveling peddler of clothes, hardly eked out enough from his countryside sales to give us more than the barest necessities. Consequently we lacked a cradle for the baby and little Ethel slept with us in our double bed, nestled between the wall and me.

Of course this arrangement was ideal for nursing, and the "milk station" was at the baby's disposal any hour of the night. There was no such thing as a systematic feeding schedule back in those days.

One night, when Ethel was just a month old, I fell asleep shortly after I'd lain down with her. Abe was away for the week on his customary country route, which took him far from home with his horse and buggy.

Home at the time was a cheap five-room frame house on Clinton St. in Bay Shore, Long Island. We had rented the house after our marriage a year before.

Three months later, my beloved mother-in-law had passed away. I knew her only those few brief months and loved her from the first. She long had been an invalid, but her spirit never wavered. During the last months of her life, I did what I could to ease her misery. And in her gratitude she (may she rest in peace) would say that I was a daughter, not a daughter-in-law. When Ethel was born there was no question but that she should bear her grandmother's name.

On the night mentioned, I must have fallen into an especially deep sleep. In a vivid dream the life-like image of my mother-in-law appeared before me. Distress was etched sharply on her drawn face.

"Lena! Lena!" she cried out to me. "Wake up! Your baby is hungry!"

And as she spoke she raised her hand and brought it down on my back with a stinging whack.

The pain seared into my consciousness, waking me with a startled gasp. Instantly I was horrified to find I was lying squarely on top of the baby.

How long I had lain like that, crushing, stifling my tiny daughter,

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I have no way of knowing. But I do know her deceased grandmother saved her life. In some inexplicable manner, she of the indomitable spirit had bridged the gap between our two worlds when her tiny namesake's life was in danger.

For a long while after, the slap that had somehow been transmitted to my back, retained its lusty sting. But I didn't mind that, for to me it was reassurance of a loving presence watching over us.—*Patchogue, N.Y.*

ADVICE FROM CHARLEY

By E. Frank Laurin

AS A YOUNGSTER I lived in Gold Run, Calif. Though gold mining there had petered out, I dreamed of finding a fortune. A favorite mining spot of mine was a shallow creek near a thick stand of pine, about one mile out of town. Here I would dig or pan by the hour until shadows on the mountains warned it was time to hike for home.

Often at this hour I noticed an old man climbing the trail. He carried a pack, and was dressed in patched clothes and old-fashioned high-top boots. He'd pass without a word, eyes straight ahead, coming without any warning, and vanishing before I could speak to him. But one day in 1909 he said in passing, "Son, there ain't no gold in that crick."

Casually I mentioned him one day while visiting a neighbor, Paul Thatcher, "He's a miner," I said, "because he carries a pick and a pan." I added he wore a funny, spotted deerskin vest, and had a

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puckered scar under his right eye.

The neighbor, a life-long resident of Gold Run, burst out: "That sounds like Old Charley Sauerman. He mined in that canyon. The scar was caused by a fall on his pick." Then he gave me a strange look. "But Charley's dead—died over 20 years ago."

I was a little upset by my experience as visions were ghosts in those days, usually seen by people of unstable character. Today I'd go back with the hope of seeing Old Charley again. But at 14 I gave up gold digging to raise rabbits, not wanting to mix with visions, which pleased my uneasy mother.—*Tucson, Ariz.*

THE TALL WOMAN

By Mathe Boynton-Hamilton

IN SEPTEMBER, 1946, I drove from my home in Tryon, N.C., to keep a dinner engagement with friends living not far from Columbus, N.C.

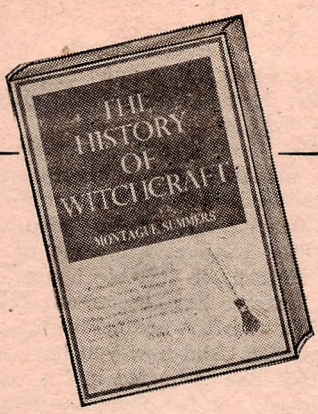
When I arrived I was told that two of my hostesses, Patricia and Ruth, would be delayed for half an hour or so on account of tire trouble. While waiting for them, I walked around the garden with Mrs. Pensinger, their mother.

I happened to look back at the big house and saw the figure of a tall woman slowly pacing in front of the many-windowed facade. I noticed that the woman paused occasionally to look into the windows.

I asked Mrs. Pensinger who the lady, acting so strangely, might be.

"Oh, that's Miss Lansier, the daughter of the famous English painter. She used to own this farm. She left it and her money to my

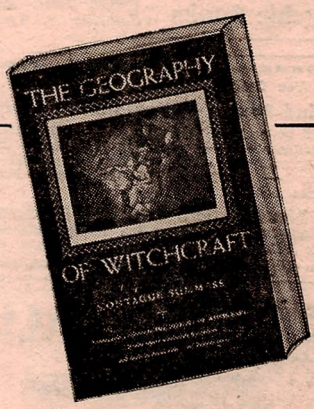
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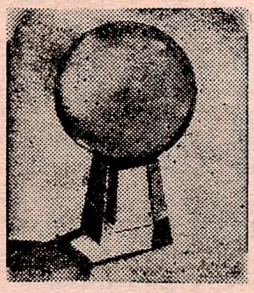
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daughter Patricia, whose benefactress she was. She tried her best to foster Patricia's talents and so make a great actress and singer out of her. And she helped Patricia a great deal.

"Miss Lansier was extremely tall for a woman. She died several years ago, but evidently she cannot rest in her grave. After she died, my daughter Ruth and I came to live with Patricia in this big house; and Miss Lansier has become our friend too. We all often see her walking in the garden. And now you have seen her too! She is buried in the woods she loved, not far from the house."

I was startled by the information that the woman I had seen was dead; but at the same time, since she had looked so lonely, I felt sorry for her.

As I looked back toward the house, I noticed that Miss Lansier had vanished.

Later we walked over to her grave and placed on it some pretty flowers we had picked. It all was so natural and simple. I was told that her small dog was buried at her feet. He had died soon after she did—but no one ever saw him walking with her.—*Tryon, N.C.*

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD

By K. H. Isselstein

IN THE middle 1890's my parents bought a farm in Perry County, Ohio. One hot July evening I induced my next older brother, August, and another older brother, Bob, to go down to the big valley for a swim after we finished our chores. Our neighbors had a private road most of the way after going through our woods and pasture. We had to pass two old log cabins along the

way where the early settlers had lived before the roads were built along the ridges as most of them are to this day.

We had our swim and on our way home it was getting dark as we passed the first cabin. A quarter of a mile farther up the little valley we came to the second cabin which stood about 80 yards back from the road against a little hill. As we passed we heard a terrifying scream. It sounded like a woman. Even our shepherd dog bristled and growled.

Big brother Bob and the dog ran toward the cabin to help whoever was screaming in such mortal terror. August and I watched from the road. If anything had come out of the cabin it could not have gone far without our seeing it. After Bob and the dog had been inside the cabin for about two minutes and nothing had appeared outside, we also ran toward the cabin. We searched everywhere, even the cellar, but found nothing.

After our search we followed the road to our nearest neighbors, at the top of the ridge, and told them our experience.

The lady looked at the calendar and said, "Yes, this is the date on

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which we always heard the same screaming when we lived in that cabin. We were told that back in the early days, shortly after the cabin was built, an Indian killed an aunt of mine there with an arrow. Her husband ran in from the fields, too late to save her, but he killed the Indian with a bullet from his rifle." —*Spokane, Wash.*

MY ETERNAL COMPANION

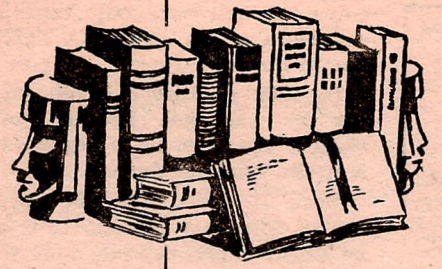
By Louis Lascocco

WHEN I WAS eight years old my dog Blackie, a mongrel to which I was deeply attached, was struck and killed by a passing automobile. I cried bitterly, for Blackie and I had been inseparable companions. I took him with me almost everywhere I went and at night he would sleep at the foot of my bed. If he heard a strange noise in the middle of the night he would whimper and scratch at the footboard of the bed.

One night in November, 1930, about two months after his death, I was waked by the familiar whimpering and scratching at the footboard of my bed. The smell of smoke came to my nostrils. I ran to the kitchen and saw a huge blaze there. Quickly I aroused my parents and the tenants in the other apartments and we all managed a safe escape.

The fire, which apparently had started from sparks which had jumped from our coal stove and and ignited newspapers on the floor, almost completely destroyed our three-family dwelling in East Boston, Mass.

I am convinced that Blackie, my devoted companion, returned to warn me of peril.—*East Boston, Mass.*



NEW BOOKS

INSIDE SAUCER POST . . . 3-0 BLUE, by Leonard H. Stringfield. Civilian Research, Interplanetary Flying Objects, Cincinnati, Ohio. 94 pages, $2.50.

Leonard H. Stringfield, one of the more literate of the UFO fanzine editors (the now-deceased ORBIT Magazine), has written a lucid and conservative account of his personal experiences in researching UFO's, and his present beliefs in the great flying saucer controversy.

Stringfield details his evidence that UFO's are interplanetary vehicles directed by intelligent creatures from outer space. He outlines the difficulties that intelligent laymen researchers are up against when they attempt to run down individual reports. Underlying his book is a current of frustration and puzzlement that any conscientious man must have when he can find only part of the jig-saw, and meets up with the apparent censorship and obstructionism that has silenced so many witnesses.

Although a great deal of this book is basically a rehash of what is familiar to anyone who has studied the UFO problem in recent years, the last part of Stringfield's book, where he cites case after case of suppression of evidence by Air Force officials, is the most interesting. He offers evidence that UFO's are indeed dangerous and cites a number of cases in which he says they are responsible for downed aircraft. He does add something to Major Keyhoe's evidence for the *"Flying Saucer Conspiracy"* and we recommend his book particularly for UFO fans.

An interesting sidelight is the discussion of many of the personalities familiar to those who read saucer fan magazines.—*Curtis Fuller.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN RETURNS, by Harriet M. Shelton. Evans Publishing Company, New York. 232 pages, $3.95.

The writer claims to have received, for many years, messages through clairaudience and clairvoyance, through trance and trumpet mediums, and through her own inspirational writing. She was told she had been chosen to perform a service, and was urged to write a book. Abdul, a "guide", communi-

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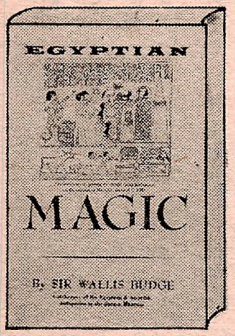
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cates through her, and from Lincoln she receives thoughts which she has to put into words.

In 1952 she saw Lincoln standing by her bed. In the "other world," she says, he is regarded as a great spiritual leader.

Book II deals with the psychic life of Abraham Lincoln. It is said he always was psychic and, when President, often was guided by spirit influence. He had dreams with omens, including his famous dream of the scene in the White House while his body lay in state, and predicted his own assassination.

In 1863, the Boston *Gazette* said: "Mr. Lincoln, we are well advised, is as confirmed a Spiritualist as there is in the United States." Through Mrs. Glenn, a



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EGYPTIAN MAGIC

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The same man who translated the famed "Book of the Dead" now brings us EGYPTIAN MAGIC, revealing the unique system of magic existing in ancient Egypt. Where others invoked the aid of benign beings to combat threatening evil, the Egyptian priest commanded darkness as well as light. He used his powers by spells, enchantments, amulets, pictures and ceremonies accompanied by potent words spoken in a certain manner.

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medium, he is reported to have said: "I was a Spiritualist from the crown of my head to the tip of my toes."

This excellent book should have its place in every library of psychism and Lincolniana.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

VANISHED CITIES, by Herman and Georg Schrieber. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 344 pages, $5.75.

This book of vanished cities presents the results of historical inquiry and recent archaeological research into the mysterious disappearance of many of the famed cities of the past. Some of these cities had long and splendid lives lasting many centuries. Some endured for milleniums. Others flashed into historical prominence for a much shorter period. This they have in common: They all have ceased to be cities. However their ruins contain many facts which can explain their rise and their subsequent fall.

The Schreibers' volume throws fresh light on the problem of mythical Atlantis. It explains the depopulation and long unexplained disappearance of the Etruscan city of Cosa. It seems to have been destroyed by an unexplained plague of mice, for which no pied piper found a cure.

Many of these vanished cities were destroyed by the elements: floods, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. Others grew too rich and too proud. They were a target for "have not" neighbors who generally succeeded in destroying the loot for which they fought. The cities destroyed by war are another group.



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Those interested in the mysteries of vanished cities will find this volume an unique source book. It contains 35 drawings, 68 photographs, and 3 maps. It is ably translated by Richard and Clara Winston.—*Edmond P. Gibson.*

THE NATURE OF MAN, by Colonel Arthur E. Powell. Vantage Press, New York. 295 pages, $3.95.

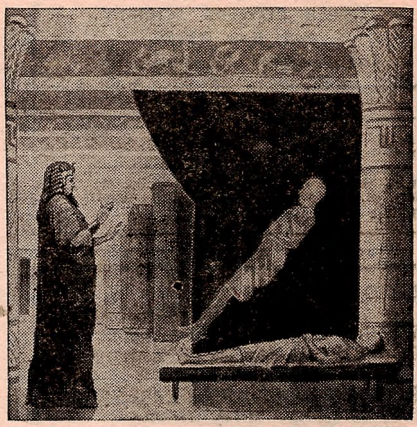
Interesting, informative and easy to read, this book should be of special interest to readers of FATE as it stresses the need to study the psychic nature of man if one desires to follow the admonition of the Bible (and Socrates): "Know Thyself."

"If we are to ascertain the nature of man, a study of his psychic nature is absolutely imperative," the author affirms. "The whole vast, intriguing, incalculably significant field of psychic phenomena awaits the long overdue attention of official science, as soon as our 'scientists' decide to get out of the blinker business, open their eyes and face the facts of life as they are."

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when mutual affection exists, there is telepathic rapport between animals and humans. In fact, ample evidence is given in a chapter on "Animals" to justify the belief that man's psychic powers (ESP) evolved from primordial ancestors common to both beast and man.— *Walter M. Germain.*

TOWARDS THE HEREAFTER, by Reginald M. Lester. Citadel Press, New York. 191 pages, $3.75.

This book is by the author of *In Search of the Hereafter* (published in 1952 in Great Britain, and in four other countries), who spent four years of intensive research into psychism, finding that most people are interested in survival and healing. He considers that psychic phenomena should be only a stepping-stone to higher knowledge. Unfortunately, so many do not go beyond message-hunting. He found that "gifted mediums in this country can be counted on the fingers of one hand . . . the majority are very mediocre." They practice their gifts before they are fully developed, and the money-element is dominant.

Most of the book deals with healing. The author reports meeting many of the best-known healers of today, and cites examples of their successes. He finds healing coming to the fore, with long waiting-lists at nearly every healing-center. He describes various methods of diagnosis: locating a pain-center by tingling of the fingers, or seeing a bright light over it; receiving impressions from the "control;" or reading a patient's history from the aura. Some heal entirely by what

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is called animal magnetism.

There are interesting chapters on color healing, animal healing, mentioning Tomkins, the modern St. Francis of Asissi. The author speaks of the Churches' Fellowship for Psychical Study, and the suppressed majority-report of Archbishop Lang's Commission of Inquiry into Psychism.

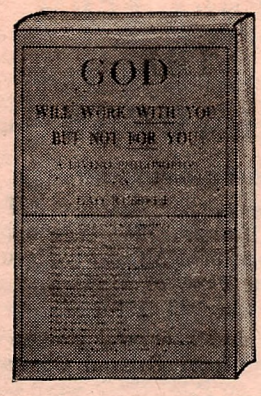
The book is an admirable survey of the whole position of psychic healing today and is highly commended to those approaching the subject for the first time.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

COSMIC REVELATIONS, by Theophany. Vantage Press, New York, N. Y. 65 pages, $2.00.

The author, who prefers to be known by the pseudonym "Theophany," is described as having an exceedingly well-developed psychic power and as having experienced years of psychic communications. She claims to have received messages from such famous persons as Emanuel Swedenborg, Florence Nightingale and Albert Einstein. She discusses the nature and theory of telepathy, citing her own experiences and those of her spirit communicators.

The author paints a rather routine picture of existence after death. The Beyond, she says, is a spiritualized version of the terrestrial world. Spirits converse by telepathy and can travel instantly from place to place. Morally sound souls reach planes that are radiant and marvelous, while morally depraved souls end up in planes that are dark and depressing.—*Chester Geier.*

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

PEAR-SHAPED UFO

I read about the "Teardrop UFO" seen over Tampa, Fla., in the November issue of FATE. I believe it is the same type of UFO that we saw on October 23, 1957.

My son, daughter and I were on duty at the local Ground Observer Post. At 9:00 P.M. there were very bright golden flashes to the south. They were repeated at intervals. I reported them and was informed that no doubt there was aerial night photography in that vicinity.

This display was interesting so we kept watching the south. About 9:30 P.M. an object, first observed high and above the center of our vision, went down toward the southeast horizon and disappeared. It was blue with a white light surrounding it and definitely was pear or teardrop shape. It moved slowly and did not resemble any meteor we ever had seen.

It apparently had no connection with the bright flashes as these still were visible when we went off duty at 10:00 P.M.—*Gladys Mraz, Deland, Fla.*

STEADY-BURNING LIGHT

On the night of December 5, 1957, I saw a UFO while lying in bed and looking out of the window. I was trying to locate the Big Dipper in the north sky. I could see only the

"pointers" or the two outer stars which form the edge of the dipper away from the handle and which point to the "north star," Polaris. The rest of the constellation was hidden behind trees.

As I looked a white light like a star moved across the north sky at about a third of the distance from horizon to zenith in a west by north direction at about the speed of a jet plane, which I thought at first it was, until I realized it was a steady-burning light, not flashing as lights on airplanes do, and white instead of green or red. This was between 12:00 midnight and 1:00 A.M.

My 13-year-old son and his cousin saw an identical light moving horizontally across the sky in a south by east direction early in the evening in the latter part of August, 1957. These lights moved too slowly and too horizontally to be meteors.—*Judy Fitch, Santa Cruz, Calif.*

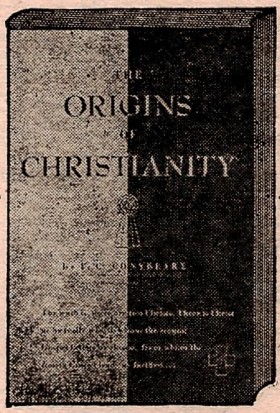
OMEN OF MT. RAINIER

At 3:12 on Thanksgiving Day, 1957, I was at the interesection of 1st Avenue and Pike Street, here in Seattle, waiting for the traffic signal to change. I happened to look toward Mt. Rainier, which was clearly visible. On a rocky ridge at about the 11,000-foot level a bright flash of light appeared suddenly on the brown rocks not covered by snow.

I have seen this flash of light a number of times over a period of years. It always means tragedy on that mountain, and this time I felt an urge to alert the Rangers on Mt. Rainier and the Mountain Rescue Team. However, I was too far away and did not do so.

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A short time later I heard over the radio that a climber on Mt. Rainier had failed to return and that rescue squads were seeking the missing person. They searched until dark and the next day four feet of snow fell on the mountain. To this date, December 6, the missing climber has not been found.

What is the mystery of the bright flash of light?—*John M. Anderson, Seattle, Wash.*

TEALEAF TV

Early in 1956 I had a most amazing experience with tealeaf reading due to the influence of an article in a back issue of FATE loaned to me by a friend. I do not now recall the name of the article or the month of issue (*"How to Read Tea Leaves," January,* 1954, *FATE—Ed.*) However, after reading the instructions, I carefully brewed a cup of tea and drank it. I merely was curious and expected nothing to happen. But as I gazed earnestly at the leaves in the cup, I received a complete and clear picture of an event that apparently was happening at that precise moment.

As I gazed at the tea leaves, a miniature picture unfolded; I saw a sandy beach beside a large body of water, with a jungle in the background. As I watched in awe, the tea leaves shaped into landing barges and aboard each were many tiny planes, their outlines clearly formed by tiny rolls of tea leaves. The planes were unloaded on the beach, the barges meanwhile gently undulating with the surging tide. After the last plane was unloaded, all took off from the beach and flew toward the interior of the jungle,

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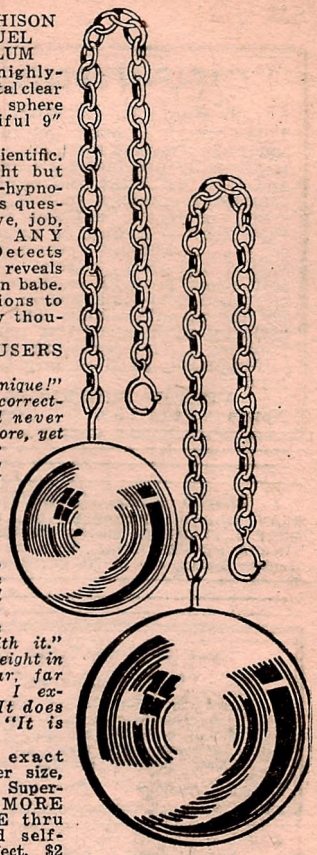
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following a river I could plainly see in the background.

I was so astounded and impressed that when my husband came home from work I told him of my experience. I had the radio on to get the evening news broadcast. While I was speaking to my husband the news broadcast was interrupted by a special bulletin describing a flash revolution in South America. To my despair since, I do not recall the name of the country involved although the next day's paper carried a picture of the exact scene I had witnessed in the tea leaves.—*Florence Sharpe, Elko, Nev.*

CLAIRVOYANT BLACKOUTS

When I was in the 8th grade I used to black out. I wouldn't fall, but everything in front of me would become black and my head would seem to spin. At these times I saw things that neither I nor my folks could explain.

In the spring of 1946 I had my first strange blackout after my cat caught a bird. I ran the cat into a corner and got the bird away from him. Making a nest for the bird in our basement, I left it there for about two hours. Then I went to see how it was.

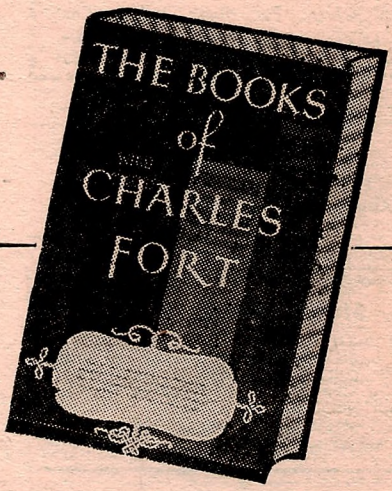
When I reached the top of the basement stairs I blacked out. In this state I saw that the box into which I had put the bird was empty. When I finally went down into the basement I found the bird gone. My father told me he had let it out of a window.

Some time later, while near a swamp, I blacked out again. This time I saw a kitten trapped in a hole. When I recovered my senses I

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went to the swamp and found the hole. Looking into it I saw a kitten, covered with mud, trying to get out. I pulled it out, placed it on the sidewalk and let it go.

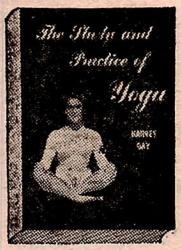
This has happened several times since and always with animals.—*Mrs. L. W. Bresters, Cuba, Mo.*

SARCASTIC SUBCONSCIOUS

Is the subconscious mind controlled by suggestion, as is generally believed; or does it exercise an independent judgment, at times at least? I've pondered this question since having had the following experience in the winter of 1954-1955.

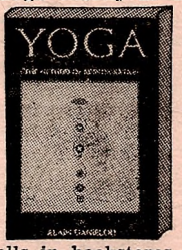
I was driving home to Peoria, Ill., from a visit to Chicago. While still some miles from home I said to myself, "Well, so far, so good; as yet

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I haven't had an accident." I added forcefully to my subconscious, "And don't you dare let anything happen to me all the rest of the way home!"

Mine was the first car over the highway after about an inch of snow had fallen, covering the pavement so that one could not see where it ended. I was traveling at 40 m.p.h., when the right back wheel ran over the pavement and dropped some six inches. This drop and the effort of the wheel to climb back onto the pavement threw the car at about a 45-degree angle across the highway.

At the same time I apparently became unable to steer the car. It ran across the highway, striking a six-inch-thick cedar post in a barb-

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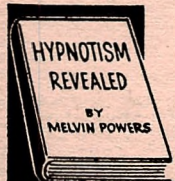
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ed wire fence, scraping the side of the car on the wire and ripping the left front fender. Then, as nicely as you please, the car went back on the highway and stopped in the lane heading toward Peoria.

While the car was bouncing over the rough places I felt or heard a voice within me say, "No accident, eh? What do you call this?"

Another car, coming up behind me, hurried to my aid. I reported I was not hurt and continued on my way.—*S. J. De Young, Peoria, Ill.*

BOLD, INTELLECTUAL FATE

Many thanks for the learning, pleasure and happiness your magazine brings each month. Although it delves into bold areas of speculation, it never loses its human touch or its intellectual, well-documented tone.—*Jocelyn O. Burns, San Francisco, Calif.*

THE MENTAL UNIVERSE

Relative to your interesting article, "Haunted House on Berryhill," in the January, 1958, issue of FATE, you may be interested to know that my own researches into parapsychological phenomena suggest that not only are poltergeist activities directly traceable to the mind of the so-called carrier, but that the entities apparently are integral components of the mind of the carrier, and by the same token the outer world itself is an integral component of the mind.

We must arrive at a new view of internal and external relations in order to understand poltergeist phenomena and to understand the real nature of the universe quite apart from the anomalous activities



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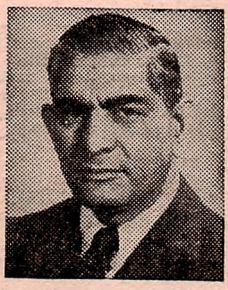
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of the mind as evidenced in paranormal phenomena.

Our minds seem to be related to and to be bound up with the so-called external world in a way scarcely realized by the naive realist who is and who must be unconscious of this connection. We do not know, for example, what is between your mental image of a table or chair and my mental image of these objects. The "betweenness" of these two sets of images—yours and mine—probably is not physical space but something for which as yet we have no exact terminology.

The effect of space probably is an *effect* or a resultant of complex and interrelated activities of our minds such as would occur on an extra-conscious level. In other words, space probably is not an antecedent cause in our act of perception but is a created result. Thus, one does not *perceive* space but *creates* it on an extra-conscious level.

There probably is some kind of division between individual minds, but as I have said, that division may not be spacial. Certainly during the state of dissociation—whether this dissociation is detectable or not—the mind's cosmic relations are altered with the result that paranormal phenomena are produced.

According to my own impressions of dissociative phenomena, the world is a collection of images which may be considered as being the constituents of a cosmic mind of which we are individual members. The physical nature of things may be but a particular restricted segment of a continuous and pervasive process that fundamentally is mental. Such a view I consider as compati-

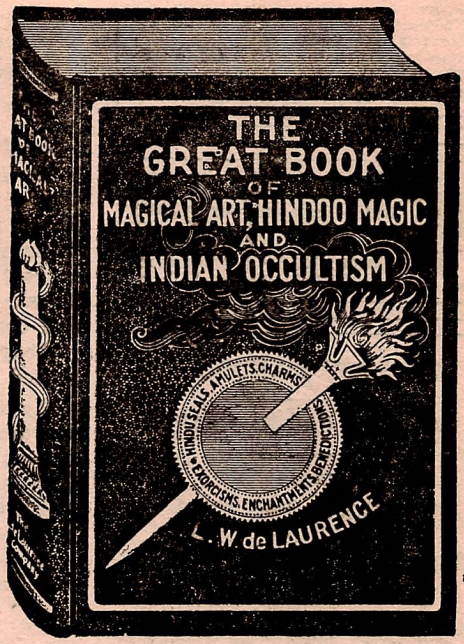
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ble with the alleged occurrence of poltergeist activities.—*James Baker, Jr., Lakewood, Ohio.*

FROGS FROM THE SKY

I have just finished reading the article, "The Day It Rained Frogs," in the May issue of FATE. It reminded me of the time, around 1888, when I was a small girl living in the village of Wilsonville, Ala., about 27 miles from the town of Talladega. One summer afternoon it rained frogs. They were about the size of the end of a man's thumb and there were thousands of them. Nobody in the vicinity ever had witnessed such a phenomenon before.

My father's theory was that the sun drains water from streams into the clouds, and in so doing draws tadpoles into the clouds also. In the moisture of the clouds they develop into frogs and come down to earth with the rain.—*Mrs. E. Williamson, Glendale, Calif.*

CORRECTION ON THERESE

I doubt that the article, "Interview With Therese Neumann," by Charles B. Harnett in the April issue of FATE was written after a personal interview with Miss Neumann, because she is rather peculiar where interviews with newspapermen are concerned. It seemes to me that Mr. Harnett just gathered information from some rather ill-informed people. For instance, on page 38 of the article it says.:

Q. And your vision returned?

A. On April 19, 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.

Now I am a German myself, and I have seen Therese Neumann in her agony on Good Friday, 1949. I have read a lot about the matter, and I have spoken to many persons who know Therese personally very well.

The above quotation from Mr. Harnett's article is complete nonsense, because Therese Neumann never was "Blessed" by Pope Pius XI, nor was she ever declared "Holy" by any Pope of the Roman Catholic Church. You should know that saints are "Blessed" or declared "Holy" only after their death and only after a thorough investigation by Vatican authorities. If Mr. Harnett obtained his information from Miss Neumann at all, then either he misunderstood her or his report was careless.

The above quoted answers actually should read as follows:

"On April 29, 1923—the same day that Pope Pius XI declared St. Therese of the Child Jesus as "Blessed" (the day of the beatification of St. Therese by Pope Pius XI) my sight came back.

"Two years later the Pope declared St. Therese of the Child Jesus as "Holy" (this refers to the canonization of St. Therese) and I was cured."

Roman Catholic authorities would be able to verify my explanation.—*Faust F. Werner, Cleveland, O.*

ORIGIN OF REINCARNATION?

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person of high standing in his or her former life—but never a common man or woman as you and I. As strange as it may seem to the unbeliever, there always is some truth to these statements and here is why.

Research in biology has shown that man has in his hereditary makeup 48 chromosomes—24 for the male and 24 for the female. These chromosomes carry all the characteristics of the new individual. Any new generation has the chromosomes which have derived in major parts from many generations of ancestors, perhaps even 50 or more generations removed.

These chromosomes consist of many parts or units called "genes," and always are present in groups of two. One pair of genes may control the color of the hair, eyes, skin, others the body height, tendency to be fat or lean, to be a fast or slow thinker, etc. When a male gene is stronger than the female gene which it joins (or vice versa), this pair of genes will predominate over all other genes and the male characteristics of generations removed will control the new individual.

As extraordinary as it may sound, we all are more or less related. A male and female may have the same ancestors, 50 or more generations removed. When such a male and female produce a new individual, it sometimes happens, although rarely, that both memory genes combine and reincarnation is born. The new individual inheriting these memory genes from distant forebears may have some ancestor who was a king or a queen, or some other highly placed person. Such an individual will actually "remember" vividly

certain places, events, persons, conditions, etc.

These persons refuse to discuss reincarnation calmly because they "know" that they lived before. What they don't know is that they live with the memory of their remote ancestors. Reincarnation merely is a latent ancestor memory and not a race memory as some think. If the reincarnationist would accept this explanation, the precept would cease to be and no further argument would be possible—*B. E. Roessling, PsD., Green Cove Springs, Fla.*

ESP AND THE ITCH

One day last summer my husband, our two children and I were riding in the car when I felt the urge to reach over and scratch my husband's ankle. He turned to me in surprise and asked, "How did you know that my leg itched?"

I was as surprised as he was and told him I merely felt I had to scratch it. Later in the summer the same thing happened again, except that this time his back itched. These things have happened with no conscious thought on my part. If I try to think of what my husband is thinking, I draw a blank, but if he itches I know of it.

Also, if my husband has an ache in his back or in his muscles, I usually can locate it without any hints from him. He laughingly accuses me of reading his mind, but I believe I do not do this. Occasionally I do wonder whether I make him itch or whether he causes me to scratch. I have this peculiar empathy only with my husband.—*Doris E. Bray, Hayward, Calif.*

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