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AN ASTRONOMER REPORTS ON UFO's to Frank Edwards

March 1959

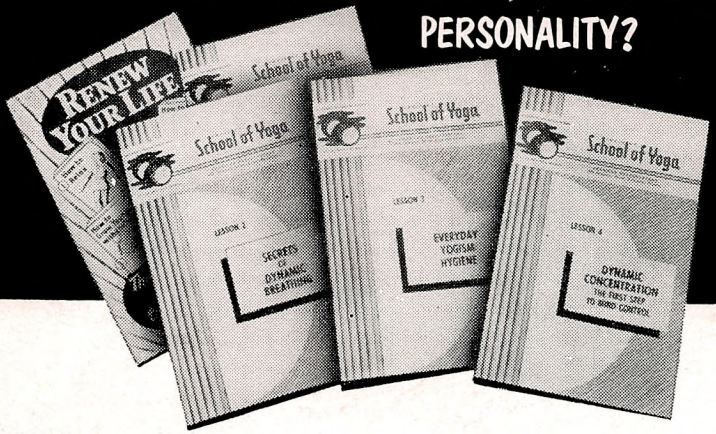
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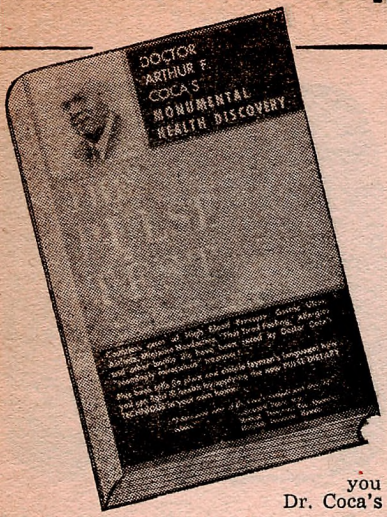
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gastric ulcer	and many other serious
gallbladder pain	conditions

WHO IS THE AUTHOR?

Dr. Arthur F. Coca, famed physician, medical director of Lederle Laboratories for 17 years, is honorary president of the American Association of Immunologists and founded the **Journal of Immunology.** He studied at the University of Pennsylvania and Heidelberg University and was Professor of Medicine at the Post Graduate School of Columbia University. This is the man who has discovered

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QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I believe that 'flying saucers' are piloted by supernatural forms of life who have observed earth for a long time. I call these creatures Uraniden and believe they are very intelligent beings."

—Prof. Hermann Oberth
Father of Modern Rocketry



DR. OBERTH who is quoted above is the teacher of U.S. Rocket Chief Wernher von Braun, an internationally-known German physicist and the pioneer scientist in world rocketry. He recently returned to Germany from a position with the U.S. Army's research and development center, Huntsville, Ala.

"If you strike out everything in the flying saucer reports that has been proved humbug, there still remains two per cent of these forms that cannot be explained by earthly means," he said.

In Germany, oddly enough, Dr. Oberth felt freer to comment on UFO's than he had in this country. His interview with the German newspaper *Die Rheinpfalz* also discussed the problem of getting man safely to the moon and the planets circling our own sun.

Man will have great difficulty exploring space with present-day power systems, Dr. Oberth explained. "It is only thinkable from space stations circling 312.5 to 625 miles above the earth.

"Chances here lie with electric-powered rockets, working on the principle of electric wind," Dr. Oberth continued. This makes a speed of 62.5 miles per second possible. They can journey for months at lower speeds.

The United States is working intensively on such an electric space ship, Dr. Oberth declared.

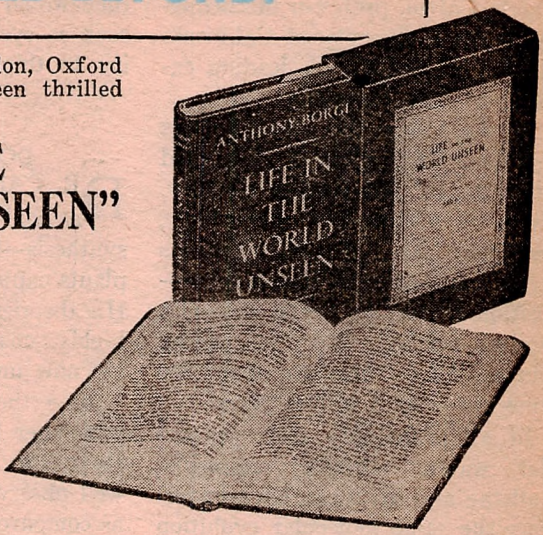
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This two-volume work reveals the experiences "after death" of Robert Hugh Benson, a widely-respected clergyman whose father, Edward White Benson, was Archbishop of Canterbury.

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universe and many of them are far more advanced than the humans on Earth. Their existence is "virtually inevitable," declares famed Dr. Melvin Calvin, professor of chemistry at the University of California and one of the world's leading experts on life chemistry.

In discussing the basis for his opinions, Dr. Calvin first quoted estimates by Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard University astronomer, that there are 100 million planets in the universe with chemical composition similar to Earth and with similar nearby suns as energy sources. All of them are about the same age—say 5 billion years.

In all probability their primordial water, nitrogen, ammonia, methane and hydrogen have undergone the same molecular evolution as Earth's. They have been changed into organic amino acids through radiation, electricity or cosmic-ray particles—and thence into enzymes with the ability to reproduce. Cellular life follows in more and more complex forms.

Dr. Calvin continued: "Since in the course of chemical and biotic evolution the appearance of man on the surface of the Earth has occupied only a very small fragment of time—namely only one million years of the five billion—it is clear that we may expect to find cellular life, and perhaps precellular life and post-human life, in many of these other planets."

The plants and animals on other worlds would not necessarily look like the ones on this planet but they would have similar properties such as eyes, hearing and the ability to think, Dr. Calvin believes.



DOWN TO MARS

DR. CALVIN first won fame as a bold experimenter in photosynthesis—the process by which plants capture energy from the sun. His theories of photosynthesis were highly controversial at first but are now universally accepted.

Nevertheless, it is important to remember how much disagreement there is on things that can be fairly well observed from our own planet as compared with speculation about the outer worlds.

Take Mars, for instance. In November, different scientists offered two widely differing opinions on the possibilities of life there.

Alan P. Lenham, a University of Chicago astronomer, reported that the dark areas in Mars appear to be lava fields and not large continents covered with vegetation. These dark areas appear to be a neutral gray in color and not green. He is supported in his opinion by Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper, chairman of the university's astronomy department, that there is no seasonal variation in the color of these dark

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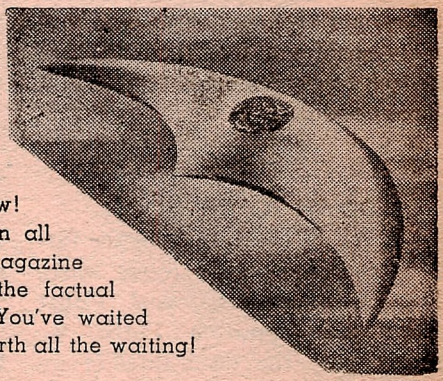
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spots. Thus there can be little or no vegetation on Mars. Nevertheless, Lenham reported seeing brilliant white clouds on several occasions during the Martian sunrise.

On the other hand, Prof. Ernst J. Opik, editor of *The Irish Astronomical Journal,* recently stated that the possibility of animal life on Mars cannot be ruled out. He says there certainly is plant life on Mars and although earth-type animals could not live there because of lack of oxygen other types might have developed.

DOWN TO THE MOON

AS WE SPIRAL in from the far-reaches of the universe where Dr. Calvin took us, past Planet Mars and approach Earth, we streak past the dead satellite we call the Moon.

It is really dead?

More and more there is a disturbed feeling in the minds of many scientists that the Moon may support life after all. The moon is less than a quarter of a million miles away from us and it ought to inspire more interest than it does. This omission may now be rectified.

For, also in the month of November, Dr. N. A. Kozyrev, recognized even in this country as a distinguished Soviet astronomer, announced that he had detected a volcanic eruption on the moon shortly after 3 a.m. Moscow Time on Monday, November 3. No reliable evidence of such activity has ever been known before.

The official Soviet news agency, Tass, stated that Dr. Kozyrev saw the eruption in the course of taking photographs of the spectrum of the peak of the crater of Alphonse.

Dr. Kozyrev's announcement was greeted by scientists here and abroad "with considerable caution."

DOWN TO EARTH

AMONG THE MANY celestial mysteries that remain unexplained is that of tektites—glassy objects found in widely scattered groups around the world.

Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize-winning chemist, has presented a theory of their origin which offers new ammunition to the believers in the catastrophic theories of history—that is, belief that many past human civilizations on Earth have been wiped out by tremendous natural (or supernatural) disasters.

Dr. Urey believes that tektites result from the collision of comet heads with the earth!

Such collisions "would result in a flame-like mass of gas at a very high temperature capable of volatilizing the comet head and melting surface rocks of the earth." High pressures capable of scattering the tektites then would be developed.

Dr. Urey believes that by the laws of chance comet heads must collide with the earth from time to time. He estimates the damage to the earth from such a collision as equivalent to that of a million or more atomic bombs.

Quite an explosion!



THE SOCIETY OF THE LIVING DEAD

A FEW MONTHS ago a 57-year-old woman named Lucy Sullivan died in East Orange, N.J. Hers was a long and terrible ordeal for Lucy Sullivan was sentenced to die 38 years ago along with 41 other women employes of a New Jersey watch factory.

There 42 girls sat on the benches of the U. S. Radium Company of East Orange in the 1920's, painting minute quantities of a substance containing radium on the dials of night-glowing watches.

No one in those days knew that radium emitted killing radiations, and to make matters worse, the girls kept a sharp point on the tiny brushes by tipping them with their lips.

Before long, the rosy cheeks of the girls turned ashen gray. Many began to lose their teeth and complain of severe rheumatic attacks.

It wasn't long before authorities found out why. Their bodies were literally on fire with "radium necrosis." They were doomed.

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With employes of a similar factory in Ottawa, Ill., the 42 East Orange workers were invited to join "The Society of the Living Dead." One by one they died, often after terrible amputations and always after horrible pain. Few lived beyond the age of 40.

Lucy Sullivan lived longer than any other member of the society, suffering fearful pains as the radium consumed the marrow of her bones.

But though all members of the Society of the Living Dead have now died, their sacrifice can help to dramatize one only of the implacable perils of radiation—the same radiation we can all suffer from atomic bombs.

A SERIES OF MIRACLES?

AGAIN IN September, according to Italian observers, the blood of St. Januarius liquified on September 19, feast day of the saint.

The alleged blood of the saint is preserved in the Naples cathedral and is normally caked and dry. But each feast day, according to tradition, the blood liquefies. Last September 19 the contents of the phial became liquid after the priests and faithful were at prayer for 10 minutes.

On three special occasions each year the phial is brought out and

held in the presence of what is believed to be the remains of the martyr's head. With few recorded exceptions, the liquefaction phenomena recurs each time—on the Saturday before the first Sunday in May, on September 19, and on December 16.

Another "miracle" in Italy is the stigma of the Crucified Christ which appear on the hands, feet and crest of Padre Pio, who recently observed the 40th anniversary of his first stigmata on September 20, 1918. Near the convent of Santa Maria Della Grazie, where the 71-year-old friar now lives, stands a modern 300-bed clinic hospital financed by donations to Padre Pio.

Among Americans who have visited the famous monk are Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's heart specialist, and Actress Loretta Young.

Still another unusual incident occurred in Italy last summer when two children of Latteria a Maratta Alta, a village near Terni, reported they had seen the Virgin Mary and that she had promised to appear before them again on Thursday, July 3. The children were Gino Armadori, 12, and Paola Piazza, 9. A crowd of several thousand, many of them invalids and cripples,

EDGAR CAYCE'S EVIDENCE FOR REINCARNATION

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MANY MANSIONS

Shortly after receiving her Ph.D. degree in psychology, Gina Cerminara decided to study the files of the late Edgar Cayce, probably America's greatest psychic. As her study progressed, Miss Cerminara discovered that Cayce's work formed the basis for a new approach to the ancient philosophy of reincarnation. This approach is the structural basis of her book.

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gathered that night in a farmhouse yard where the children said the Virgin had promised to reveal Herself.

No one saw her but sometime after midnight, while many devout still knelt in prayer, a light, an object or a beam appeared in the moonlit sky. A photographer tried to photograph it but in his haste made three imperfect time exposures of strange lights, which have served to deepen the mystery.

ON SCHEDULE

MRS. EVA DESCHNER kept telling her family in Houston, Tex., not to worry even though she was 95 years old and quite ill. "I'm not going to die before my 97th birthday," she assured them.

But of course time must pass and Wednesday, October 15, was Mrs. Deschner's 97th birthday. She died on that day, as she had foretold.

"She was always a strong-minded woman," declared her daughter.

An even more precise case has just come to us from the *Scottish Daily Express* and the *British Medical Journal.*

On Tuesday, July 15, George Blair of Househillmuir-place, Nitshill, Glasgow, told his doctor, Arnold Cowan, that he would die at 2:30 p.m. the next Thursday. His forecast was accurate to the minute.

Dr. Cowan wrote in the *British Medical Journal*: "The patient took hold of my hands, thanked me for all my attention, and then proceeded to tell me that I would not need to call and see him after Thursday, as he was going to die at 2:30 that afternoon."

Oddly enough, this also was a birthday death, for on Thursday Blair was 60 years old.

Mrs. Blair told further details of her husband's death:

"As the hour approached I was working about the house. The family was at his bedside and I was the only one missing.

"Just as the hands were coming up to 2:30 he called to me, 'Hurry, hurry, before it is too late.'

"I went to his side and knelt down. He took my hands, looked round at us all, and then seemed to relax.

"Right on the half-hour he put his arms behind his head and closed his eyes. He gave two big sighs. And that was all.

"He was happy when he died. He would not tell me why he was happy or what he knew, but there was something strange about him."

TWO LOOKS AT MR. EINSTEIN

IT IS an incredible fact that scientists are at each other's throats, disagreeing over the proven damage of atomic radiation but accept with



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hardly a question these days the late Dr. Einstein's theory of relativity.

Now one man has dared to question what it is fashionable to believe and he is a Naval scientist—Capt. H. C. Dudley of the U.S. Navy's Medical Service Corps and chief of the radioisotope laboratory of the Navy's large hospital on Long Island.

Followers of Einstein are compelled to believe that time slows down when a person or rocket ship attains a speed near that of light or goes beyond the gravitational field of the earth.

Nothing to it, says Captain Dudley. He declares that Einstein's mathematics concerning time has five errors and that these errors negate his entire theory of relativity.

It would take a trained mathematician to follow Captain (and also Ph.D.) Dudley's reasoning and we couldn't begin to do it ourselves, but for the mathematicians in the crowd we can offer this tight little summary:

Dudley says that the fundamental mathematical bases for the development of the theory of relativity are (a) n-dimensional hyperspace, (b) time as an independent variable, (c) utilization of three spatial coordinates and time, as four independent variables in the development of the "Lorentz Transforma-

tion", in two frames and reference and (d) the Einstein postulate that matter and energy are proportional.

There are five unproven assumptions in these mathematical processes which Captain Dudley claims never have been supported by observable, quantitative measurements, and none of them are capable of being proven by human observation. They are:

(1) Spatial coordinates, like time, may independently take on any value, from plus infinity to minus infinity, including a zero value.

(2) Convergence of parallel lines.

(3) Longitudinal contraction of a moving body.

(4) Two frames of reference may be utilized to describe the position and motion of two bodies.

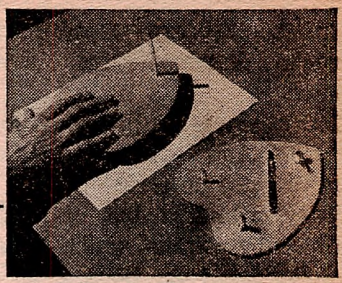
(5) Proportionality and equivalence of mass and energy.

Meanwhile, a series of tests conducted by scientists of International Business Machines and Columbia University helped to confirm the Einstein theory by proving that the velocity of light is constant in tests accurate to within one in one million million. However, just on the chance that unexpected factors may have intervened, the tests which were originally conducted on September 20 were to have been repeated on or about December 20.

Well, kids, you take it from there.

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WHERE DID THE FISH COME FROM?

WE'VE BEEN pretty long-haired in our column thus far and it's time to brighten it up with a little icthyology—a subject we haven't discussed for several months.

Icthyology is the biological study of fish. And over in Australia they've got a poser.

They've built a dam near Mary Kathleen, Australia, which is nearly 300 miles from the sea. It will eventually impound 3½ billion gallons of water to serve the town and the new uranium-ore processing plant that began operating on October 27, 1958.

The only water course leading into the reservoir, known as Lake Corella, is completely dry. And yet such huge numbers of fish have appeared in the growing reservoir, and have multiplied so rapidly that they threaten to block the "reticulation system" in the dam. (The dictionary says "reticulation" means "netlike".)

Fortunately, enormous numbers of cormorants have suddenly appeared in the desert and are gobbling down the fish in tons. But that still leaves unsettled the problem of where the fish came from.

WHERE WILL THE FISH GO?

WE MEAN THE baby eel being raised by Prof. L.R. Richardson of Victoria University, Wellington, N.Z.

Professor Richardson is a zoologist, formerly at McGill University in Toronto, and he explains that normal eels remain in a larval stage, in which their bodies are flat and they don't look like eels, until they are maybe six inches long. Then they change to the normal, round shape which is customary for adult eels.

But Professor Richardson's eel is different. It's already three feet long and still in the larval stage. He thinks it may get up to five feet in length before it turns into a regular eel. And from there on, who knows?

The significance of this eel is obvious, of course. It was caught by a commercial trawler last July and was still alive in November. It is probably an unknown variety and might be the young of a creature that will grow to a length of 30 feet—or longer.

This eel larva has a snake-like head similar to those seen on ancient dinosaurs. Its teeth are unaccountably large and sharp; its eyes are large and well developed.

Did anyone mention the word "sea serpent?" Discovery of an eel 30 feet or longer, with a snake-like head, might solve this age-old problem. Professor Richardson is doing his best to keep the baby alive to find out.

Several small shifts have already occurred as an ominous warning that

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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 8:8-9; Haggai 2:6; Isaiah 10:26; 19:5; 28:17; 44:3; 24:20.

I freely take an oath that God strike me dead this very moment if there is any substantial error in this book—Adam D. Barber, author. It has now been gone over and carefully checked by a scientific analytical laboratory, astronomers, engineers and others and no errors have been found.

Read in this book, letters from fans, scientists, astronomers, engineers and others, and our plans to save civilization.

1000 people have donated $3600 to help this program along.

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CONFIRMATION OF AN HYPOTHESIS?

BENEATH THE formal wording of the above title we seek to conceal the fact that we're going to talk about Abominable Snowmen —again. We've had letters from readers critical of this subject and begging us to desist, but it seems to us that the information that follows is too important to ignore.

It comes from Russia and it reports that a distinguished group of Soviet scientists have made a nine-month study of the Snowman and have "grounds to believe" that it exists. The Russians say that the center of the Snowman's habitat appears to be in the deserts of Tibet and Sinkiang Province rather than south of the Himalayas. A special Soviet "collective" there has been organized to try to track the Snowman down.

Earlier this year a Soviet scientist claimed that he actually saw a strange long-haired creature loping along on two legs. Tibetans call the creature "mio gio" say the Soviets, and describe it as an animal moving on two legs, with brown, shiny fur and long hair on its head. It is capable of eating both animal and vegetable food.

The Soviets also say that last year a hunter in the Lop Nor region of Sinkiang shot a Snowman, known locally as a "man-bear", and that the skin is now in the pos-

session of the chairman of the Kurl district.

So far the Soviet research has not been in the field but in correlating reports from hunters, anthropologists and other scientists in Sinkiang and in Communist China. They have collected all available material in the Soviet Union, China and Mongolia, and have engaged in extensive correspondence with others chasing snowmen in the Himalayas, Pamir and Tien Shan ranges and in southwestern Mongolia.

At this point they can say, as suggested by the title of this article, that the "hypothesis of the so-called 'snow-man' is gradually being confirmed."

HOAX IN CALIFORNIA?

THERE'S ALWAYS the problem of hoax in dealing with unknown creatures, and the words seems to explain the strange experience reported by Charlie Wetzel of Bloomington, Calif., on November 8.

Wetzel was crossing the Santa Ana River bottom about a half-mile north of the city limits of Riverside during the early evening. It was foggy, dark, and he dimly saw a figure along the left shoulder of the road.

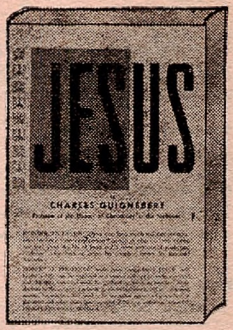
As he approached, it moved out onto the road and jumped in front of his car. He screeched to a stop

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and the figure lunged at him over the hood of his car.

"I swear it wasn't human," Charlie told police. "It had a longer arm than anything I've ever seen and when it saw me inside the car it reached all the way to the windshield and began clawing at me."

He said it was scaly, with a round face, fluorescent or shining eyes, and a protuberant mouth.

Wetzel got out of there very fast. He called police. Police found, among other things, two large footprints pressed into the bed of the river. There were also deep marks that looked like claws.

By the following Tuesday, however, things began to come a little clearer. Two youngsters had discovered more tracks in the Santa Ana River bed.

Behind a Riverside service station, a police officer found a blue terry cloth seat cover along with a pair of rubber costume clawed feet. The rubber feet matched the "monster's" tracks.

Still to be found were the face mask and the practical joker who had scared the daylights out of Charlie Wetzel.

"STRANGE FEELING"

FRED TRUSTY, 30, lives at 96 Riverside Drive in Painesville, O., out of Cleveland. He was building steps on a hill behind his

house one day last fall when he had a "strange feeling".

He dropped his tools and turned to look out toward a pond near his home. He saw the dying ripples of a splash that looked like a muskrat playing. Then, looking closer, he thought he saw a boy's cap floating on the water.

Trusty dashed to the pond 50 yards away, dived into five feet of water and came up seconds later with the unconscious body of his two-year-old son, Paul. Artificial respiration saved the boy.

THINGS YOU DON'T HAVE TO BELIEVE

- That Joan of Arc heard voices and saw visions because of a brain abscess due to tuberculosis. This is a new theory proposed by John Butterfield, a London hospital professor.
- That medical science is "trembling on the brink of the solution of the nature of life," as Dr. Morris Fishbein, former editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Assn.*, recently claimed.
- Pope Pius XII feared the month of September, and wrote his premonition in a letter to Cardinal Grente of Le Mans, France. It was in September that the Pope was stricken with his fatal illness, although death did not come until October 9.—*Curtis Fuller.*

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VOODOO

In The Magic Island

By William B. Seabrook

The bull, with lighted candles on its horns, was killed —and then the wildest voodoo tales came true.

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SOME OF THE black faces and whitened mud-walls stood out in high lights; other parts of the compound were in dark shadow. We of the family entered Ernest's house for coffee, and then I walked about in the crowd with Maman Celie. There was no one who had not either met or heard definitely of me, and my presence seemed taken for granted.

A bright moon was now rising over the mountains, and the ceremony was presently to commence. The drums ceased, and for the first time I heard the intermittent bleating of tethered goats.

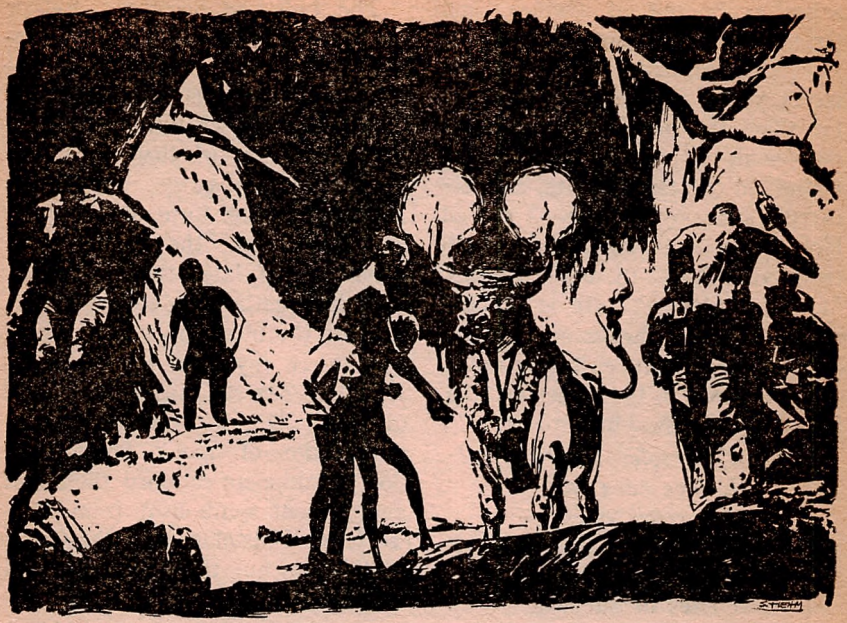
We ranged ourselves family with family, but serried in close rows, as people sit in church, except that there were no benches. We assembled seated on the ground before the *tunnelle*; I sat between Maman Celie and Rafael in a foremost row, all of us facing the *tunnelle* and the drums.

The drums began a new rhythm. It was the Damballa ritual march.

The celebrants approached, processionally, singing, from the mystery house. At the head came the *papaloi,* an old man, blue-overalled, bare-footed, but with a surplice over his shoulder and red turban on his head, waving before him the *acon,* a gourd-rattle wound round with snake-vertebrae. At his right and left, keeping pace with him, two young women held aloft, crossed above his head, two flags on which were serpentine and cabalistic symbols, sewn on with metallic, glittering beads. Behind him marched a young man bearing aloft, horizontally on his upstretched palms, a sword, and next the *mamaloi,* a woman in a scarlet robe and feathered headdress, who revolved as she progressed in a sort of dervish dance; next came marching, two and two, a chorus of 20 or more women robed in white, with white cloths wound bandana-wise on their heads, and as they slowly marched they chanted:

Damballa Oueddo,
Nous P'vini.

It would be best translated, I think, "Oh, Serpent God, we come." (Although Damballa, the ancient African Serpent god, remains enthroned as its central figure, this Voodoo ceremony is not the old traditional ritual brought over from Africa, but rather a gradually formalized new ritual which sprang from the merging in earliest slave days of the African tradition with the Roman Catholic ritual, into which faith the slaves were all baptized by law, and whose teachings and ceremonials they willingly embraced, without any element of intended blasphemy or diabolism, incorporating modified parts of Catholic ritual—as for instance the vestments and the processional—into their Voodoo ceremonials, just as they incorporated its Father, Son, Virgin, and saints in their pantheistic theology. Thus indeed all new religions are formed. Fully half the ritual and much of the symbolism of Judaism and Christianity were borrowed from earlier pagan faiths. The cross itself was a sacred symbol before Christ ever died upon it. And these blacks who were brought over from Africa with their own religion, older far than Christianity, were perhaps taking back transformed symbols and ritual practices which had originally been borrowed from their own continent when Moses led Israel out of Egypt. I am contributing nothing new in telling that a crucifix stands today on every Voodoo altar in Haiti. That fact is well known, for *houmforts* have been raided. But the presence of the crucifix has been generally misunderstood. Christian priests have imagined that it involved diabolic and deliberate desecration, as when adherents of the Black Mass, wor-



shipping the devil, turn the cross upside down and spit upon it and recite the Credo backward, mingled with obscenities. They have therefore cried horror and blasphemy and demanded that the *houmforts* be burned, never understanding that the crucifix transplanted to the Voodoo altar is reverenced and held sacred there as it was in the cathedral. True, it becomes the symbol not of *the* God but rather of one god among many, and this in the eyes of some will constitute, I suppose, an almost equally deplorable sacrilege.)

The *papaloi* stands beneath the *tunnelle*, facing us, the chorus of women sits in a semicircle at his right, a chorus of men forms on his left, the *mamaloi* whirls dancing before the drums, which cease as she falls prostrate.

Amid absolute silence, the papaloi says solemnly: "Solie' leve nan l'est; li couche lan Guinea" (The sun rises in the east and sets in Guinea).

This is the pronouncement of the Voodoo nature-mysteries. They have no conception of the earth as a revolving globe. They know that Guinea—their only name for Africa—lies eastward, and that the sun sinks in the opposite direction, in the west. Yet each morning it

arises again out of Guinea, and therefore must, in some mysterious way, have returned there. And the secret route it travels symbolizes for them the path by which their own souls go out of their living bodies, in the trance state, and are carried away by the *lois*—a sort of Holy-Ghost-like emanation from their divinities—to other worlds. "*Li nans Guinea*" (He is in Guinea), they say always of a person stricken into that ecstatic trance.

In response to the priest all sing, including the swaying crowd:

Cote solei' leve?
Li leve nans l'est.
Cote solei' couche?
Li couche lans Guinea!
(Whence does the sun rise?
It rises in the east.
Where does the sun set?
It sets in Guinea!)

Now from the mystery house was led processionally a small black bull, adorned for the sacrifice. And with what a catching of the breath I saw that there were lighted candles on its horns as Louis had foretold, that it was robed and garlanded and glittering!

The bull now stood dazed on a low platform which had been dragged meanwhile beneath the *tunnelle*, and we all knelt before it, while the women clothed in white chanted a wailing, symphonic choral, repeating endlessly the words, "*Mander ou pardon*" (O Lord, forgive our sins).

The bull had become a god or the symbol of a god. In *The Bacchae* of Euripides, the frenzied women of Thebes who tore Pentheus limb from limb when he spied upon the celebration of their mysteries in a mountain gorge, worshipped Dionysus in the form of a serpent and bull, and "the Orphic congregations of later times, in their most holy gatherings, solemnly partook of the blood of a bull, which was, by a mystery, the blood of Dionysus-Zagreus himself, the 'Bull of God,' slain in sacrifice for the purification of man." These Voodoo worshippers retained their bull and serpent symbolism from African jungle rites older than the Greek mythology, but the double parallel is interesting.

The wailing chant, the throbbing drums, the miraculous aliveness of their own belief in wonders to be manifested; the unearthly quality of the great, pale, moon-flooded mountain slopes that towered to the stars, the ghostly ravines and gorges that dropped down to blackness; the red-flickering torches close at hand—all this I remember now as a sort of dream, still more vivid, after a year has passed, than most waking memories. Yet if I should chance to live for 20 years longer, that general memory-picture may fade gradually. But there is one small thing tangled in with this, acid-etched so deeply that it will leave some lines, I think, when

my brain lies rotting. It was simple; yet I find it almost impossible to tell. It was the sound of the terrorized, shrill bleating of the white he-goats, tethered out there in the shadows, as it pierced through yet was always dominated, sometimes drowned, by the symphonic female howling choral of the women. It caused something that was elemental male in me, something deeper than anything that the word sex usually defines, to shiver in the grip of an answering, icy terror. Nor had this any remote connection with the fact that I, a white man, knelt there among these swaying blacks who would presently become blood-frenzied. They were my friends. It was a terror of something more implacable than they—a terror of the dark, all-engulfing womb.

But I forget that I am writing the description of a Voodoo ceremonial in the Haitian mountains, and that excursions among the terrors aroused by elemental nightmares in my own soul are an unwarranted interruption.

As the sacrificial beasts, goats, kids, sheep, were dragged into the *tunnelle,* the women's choral ceased and a mighty chant arose from every throat:

Damballa Oueddo,
Ou couleuvre moins!
(Damballa Oueddo, our great Serpent-God.)

I had become gradually aware of an increasing undercurrent of group fear among them, which now outwardly manifested itself in their chants, a fear of their own old, deadly jungle gods, a fear that the blood of beasts alone might not avail. They sang: "Ogoun Badagris, will you devour my flesh, and leave my bones for the morrow? I ask what are you going to do with me? My life is in your hands." They sang also: "Zandor, do not eat my child! Zandor, know your own people."

It seemed to me presently that in expressing their fears, they somewhat allayed them, that they writhed gradually less in agony, and the harmony was less somber, when they chanted: "Maitresse Ezilee, come and aid us. If a cock is demanded, we will give it. If a goat is demanded, it is here. If a bull will suffice, behold it. But if a goat without horns—a human being—is required for sacrifice, oh, where will we find one?"

They were supplicating Maitresse Ezilee, who is the Virgin Mary, to intercede with the old African gods, and make them content with the substitution of animal sacrifice for human.

This supplication was followed immediately by a peculiar dance done by the *mamaloi* alone, to the accompaniment of a powerfully accentuated drum rhythm.

The first three full notes were slow, heavy, explosive booms, and

the triplet came as a whirring, light splutter at the end. At each slow "boom," the priestess, holding herself straight and rigid as a lance, yet managed to leap upward like a jack-in-the-box or a figure propelled from a springboard. At the moments when the whirring triplet recurred, she stood rigid instead of leaping, and a galvanic shudder trembled through her stiff body.

Preparation for the sacrifices, meanwhile, went rapidly forward. A long wooden trough, carved from a tree-trunk, was borne in, coffin-wise, by four men and deposited on the low platform in front of the glittering and bedizened bull. Big wooden bowls, and heavy, common china cups were also brought, and a machete.

Neither in these preparations nor in any part of the all-night ceremonial did Maman Celie take active official part, though I knew that she was the chief *mamaloi* of those mountains. Throughout it all, she remained close beside me. I was destined to see her red-robed finally, but not upon this night.

In the actual slaying of the sacrificial beasts which now began, accompanied by deep chanting, there was no savagery, no needless cruelty, no lust of killing. It was a solemn, ritual business, though when once begun it moved swiftly. A goat was held by the horns, the sharp-edged machete drawn across its throat by the *papaloi,* and the blood gushed into a wooden bowl held by *mamaloi,* who poured it into the great empty trough before the bull, while the body was tossed out into the shadows. Thus, in turn, the goats and sheep were slain.

And now the bull, before whom, deified, this blood of other beasts had been poured out as an offering, must also die. It was the old riddle of the dying god made carnate and sacrificed miraculously to appease his own bloody god-head. Is it any wonder that the African ancestors of these worshippers, with such traditions of their own, had accepted also the Hebrew-Syriac version of this age-old riddle taught them by the early colonial Christian priests?

For this ultimate sacrifice, the sword was used. Four men with straining muscles sought to uphold the bull, to keep it upright as if it had been a tottering brazen idol, to prevent it from sinking down even in its death-throes, as the *papaloi* plunged the long, pointed blade beneath the bull's shoulder and through its heart. With a deep, choked bellow the bull sagged quivering to its knees, and was held thus by the straining men. The blood did not gush fountain-like as it had from the cut throats of the goats; it spurted in a hard, small stream from the bull's pierced side, where the *mamaloi* knelt with her bowl to receive it and transferred it bowl by bowl to the great com-

mon trough placed before the altar.

The *papaloi* and *mamaloi* now both drank ceremonially of the holy blood, then amid the crescendo excitement and surging forward of the worshippers, the 20 women robed in white, danced, leaping and whirling in a group like frenzied maenads, led by the *mamaloi,* while the priest now performed his purifying office, asperged them all, sprinkled them, deluged them, until their white turbans and the shoulders of their robes turned crimson. The worshippers, crowding now and frenzied, yet managed to respect a space in which these women danced, until the priest cried, "All the world approach," and the crowd milled before the altar to be sprinkled by the cleansing sacrificial blood. And brimming cups dipped up by the *papaloi* were now passed spilling from hand to hand, all madly eager, after tasting it themselves, to gain merit with the gods by passing it to the hands of others who might share it; thus, though a pandemonium, it was in the literal sense of the word a "communion," a sharing.

From this swirling, milling ceremony of purification, figures leaped out dancing and screaming glory; here and there in the crowd a still higher, shriller, more unearthly shriek announced the pentecostal, invisible, yet flame-like descent of the *lois,* spirits of the gods and of the *mysteres,* entering the bodies of individual dancers. This final phenomenon of ultimate and overwhelming religious ecstasy, as I observed it at this and at other Voodoo ceremonials seen subsequently, never became general or contagious. True, the entire crowd was now becoming frenzied and ecstatic, but they remained themselves in ecstasy. This other force, which struck a few separate individuals here and there like lightning, swept all self away, and those thus stricken became actually, in the technical, religious sense of the word, *possessed.* No need for me to insist here on the absolute subjective reality of this phenomenon. It has been common to all religions during periods of deep, mystical faith.

Not more than a dozen or at most 15 scattering individuals that night experienced personally this ultimate and self-destroying illumination, but the coming of the *lois* was a signal to all that the gods had been appeased, and were propitiously disposed, so that they could abandon themselves without fear to joyous, savage exultation.

And now the literary-traditional white stranger who spied from hiding in the forest, had such a one lurked near by, would have seen all the wildest tales of Voodoo fiction justified: in the red light of torches which made the moon turn pale, leaping, screaming, writhing black bodies, blood-maddened, sex-

maddened, god-maddened, drunken, whirled and danced their dark saturnalia, heads thrown weirdly back as if their necks were broken, white teeth and eyeballs gleaming, while couples seizing one another from time to time fled from the circle, as if pursued by furies, into the forest to share and slake their ecstacy.

Thus also my unspying eyes beheld this scene in actuality, but I did not experience the revulsion which literary tradition prescribes. It was savage and abandoned, but it seemed to me magnificent and not devoid of a certain beauty. Something inside myself awoke and responded to it. These, of course, were individual emotional reactions, perhaps deplorable in a supposedly civilized person. But I believe that the thing itself—their thing, I mean—is rationally defensible. Of what use is any life without its emotional moments or hours of ecstasy? They were reaching collective ecstasy by paths which were not intrinsically peculiar to their jungle ancestors, but which have been followed by many peoples, some highly civilized, from the earliest ages, and will be followed to the end of time or until we all become mechanical, soulless robots. It is not necessary to look backward to the Dionysian orgies, the bacchanalia, the rites of Adonis, or frenzied David dancing before the Ark of the Covenant. What, after all, were they doing here in these final scenes, when formal ritual had ended, that was so different from things which occur in our own fashionable and expensive night clubs, except that they were doing it with the sanction of their gods and doing it more successfully? Savage rhythm, alcohol, and sex excitement—yet there was an essential difference, for here was a mysterious something superadded. Lasciviousness became lust, which is a cleaner thing, and neurotic excitement became authentic ecstasy, the "divine frenzy" of the ancients. There is nothing so stupid and pathetic as an orgy that doesn't quite come off. Perhaps there is a deep mystical truth in the saying attributed to a much-misunderstood voice, "Whatever ye do, do it in My name." Perhaps if we mixed a little true sacrificial blood in our synthetic cocktails and flavored them prayerfully with holy fire, our night clubs would be more orgiastically successful and become sacred as temples were in the days of Priapus and Aphrodite.

Here certainly in these mountains, where sacrificial blood flowed free and all things were done in the name of the gods, the gods magnificently descended.

Next day there was feasting on the bodies of the slain beasts, barbecued whole, or cut up and cooked in iron pots. Nobody felt like going home. Some, still exhausted,

danced, not the mad *Rada* of the night, but boisterous, gay Congo dances. It was a time of rejoicing. Everybody was more or less drunken, even including Maman Celie.

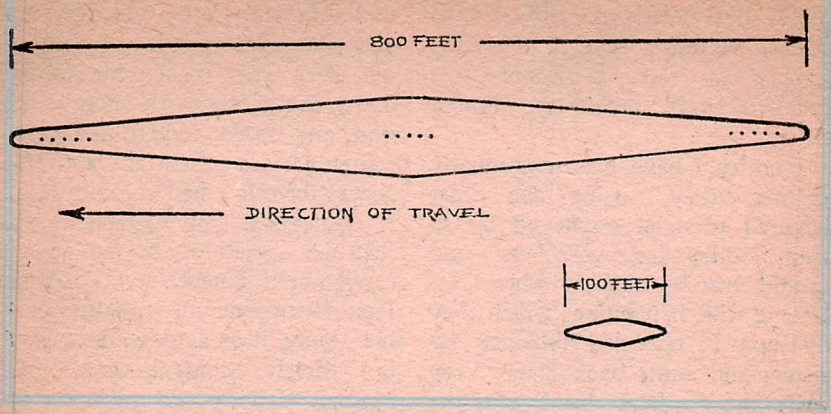
I notice I have been continually writing "they," using the time-honored pronoun employed by so many otherwise veracious and candid traveler-authors when describing wild happenings which they feel may be regarded dubiously by sisters and aunts back home. Very well: the truth. I drank like the rest, when the bottles were passed my way. I did willingly all else that Maman Celie told me, and now with good appetite stuffed myself with goat flesh and washed down the meats with more white rum, and dozed, replete and vastly contented, in the bright sunshine. It was for this I had come to Haiti. It concerned me personally. It justified something in my soul. I cared not if I never wrote a book. I merely wondered, without worrying—since it is impossible ever to be utterly content—how soon Maman Celie would take me inside her *houmfort*.

DEATH AT THE REUNION

WHEN their daughter and son-in-law failed to arrive on time for a Mother's Day reunion at their home near Weathersford, Tex., Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Wright became worried. They drove along the road to see if their daughter, Mrs. Velma Lineham, and her husband, Barney, might have had car trouble. As the car bearing the Wrights went over the crest of a hill it collided head-on with the car bearing the Linehams. Mrs. Lineham suffered a fractured hip and Mrs. Wright was killed.

GRIEF WAS FATAL

WHEN Mariano Rosalia, 35, ran over a fellow worker with his bulldozer in Cantania, Sicily, he was certain he had killed the man. Without stopping to investigate, he ran to a nearby well and drowned himself. The run-over worker, however, suffered only minor injuries.



An Astronomer Reports on UFO's

Frank Halstead is not only an astronomer who saw UFO's, but he believes they are space ships! He is a former curator of Darling Observatory, University of Minnesota-Duluth.

By Frank Edwards

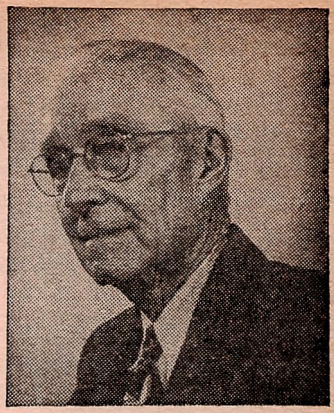
SPEAKING FROM the standpoint of a veteran professional astronomer, Mr. Halstead, what are your views on the probability of sentient beings on worlds other than our own?

"Sentient beings? I am quite willing to go on record as saying that I believe now and have long believed that the existence of intelligent creatures on other worlds is almost a certainty. Now, I am not willing to speculate that they must be humanoid to meet the intelligence level of human beings. They may be of different form than our own. They may even be chemically different than earth life of comparable mental attainments. But I am confident that such creatures do exist and I am confident

that some day we shall find them."

Why do you feel that they exist, Sir? On what do you base your belief?

"Much of astronomy is based on the application of natural law as we understand it here, projected into distant points or compared with analysis of conditions existing on other celestial bodies. What I am saying is that we believe that similar conditions produce similar results—not necessarily *identical* results—but similar. Brilliant suns grow old and yellow and finally die in darkness. Planets, as we know from our own earth, age too. We believe that planets probably pass through stages during which conditions exist which enable life forms to develop, for life appears to be a part of the universe itself—the end result of certain conditions which are likely quite common. We know that the stars—that is, the suns, that compose the Milky Way—the same galaxy of which we are a very small part—we know that those suns—those stars—all contain identical chemical elements. Those elements may vary in amount from sun to sun but they do not vary in their nature as elements. The stars are made of the same stuff as the sun and the earth—of that we are certain."



FRANK HALSTEAD

But there can hardly be life as we know it on blazing suns, can there?

"Probably not. I did not have in mind life, or sentient beings, on suns. I had in mind that the Milky Way, our galaxy, contains 100 billion suns, large and small. And the Intelligence, the Creator if you will, which brought those suns into being brought them out of the void by similar processes. If we are willing to accept our own thesis that similar conditions, similar processes, produce similar results—then we must accept that a very great number of the suns in our own galaxy are surrounded by planets which are identical or very similar to those in our own little solar system. We must also be prepared to

accept the probability—perhaps I should say the certainty—that intelligent life has developed on many of those planets. On the older systems those intelligent beings would be far in advance of us. Our powers of comprehension might be inadequate to understand or appreciate their way of life—their advanced technologies. We might look, to them, as a monkey looks to us."

What about the likelihood of life elsewhere in our own solar system?

"For a long time many astronomers and others who have studied this subject have inclined to the belief that life of some sort probably exists on Mars and Venus. I believe that myself. Now I don't say that the life there is a duplicate of life on earth, for the conditions may have prevented that. Mars might be too old, or too dry, or too cold—we don't really know. Venus might be too young, and radio readings indicate that it is rather too hot for anything except some simple form of plant life. But, like so much we must deal with in this interesting field, we are forced to rely on speculation until, of course, we can either go there ourselves or send instruments to investigate and give us the answers."

Have you ever seen the much discussed lines on Mars?

"No, sir, I've never seen them. However, I have known many very competent astronomers who have seen them. You just have to be looking with the proper combination of filter and angle and instrument in those fractions of seconds when the viewing is so good that the lines are visible. I've never been so fortunate. But I accept the word of competent men who have seen them and have drawn what they saw."

Mr. Halstead, since you accept the reality of the lines would you please tell us how you account for their existence?

"Their existence must be due to nature or intelligent beings. Our present knowledge of the lines indicates that they are hundreds, sometimes thousands of miles long. They appear to run in straight lines. If they are natural formations then they are without parallel anywhere within our knowledge. I don't believe they are natural formations—mere cracks—following the great circle route across the face of Mars!"

Then what do you think they are?

"Not canals! I never placed much credence in that theory. It would not make sense to transport water in open canals on a planet where water is assuredly scarce. But if they are aqueducts, that

would economize on water, and the water fed out from the aqueducts would account for the changing, blue-green borders which are reported along the lines. The meagre polar caps on Mars indicate to me that water is scarce. The lines indicate to me that *someone* has gone to great lengths to get water to places where it was needed, with a minimum of loss.

"Already, you know, we have sent men aloft in balloons, high above most of the earth's smoky, turbulent atmosphere, to take pictures of Mars. Above the atmosphere they should get pictures which would show much detail not available to telescopes on earth. I do not know what those pictures have shown but it would not surprise me to learn that they show enough detail to confirm the existence of the lines we have been talking about."

You say you have not seen the controversial lines on Mars. Have you ever seen any other unusual object while viewing Mars from your observatory, Mr. Halstead?

"Yes, I have. I have seen the ice caps on many occasions, of course. And one time several years ago, when the viewing was exceptionally good, I saw a very bright spot which I assumed was a cloud formation. It was reflecting sunlight to a much greater degree than the dull surface of Mars."

Did you have any reason to believe that this bright spot you saw was not a natural object or formation?

"No, sir. It was just a bright spot, probably a big, bright cloud. I see no reason to suspect that it was anything more complex. I don't believe that it was."

Mr. Halstead, we have been devoting quite a bit of time to Mars as the possible abode of sentient beings. Perhaps there are other bodies in our solar system where intelligent beings exist and where we have seen phenomena which might hint at their existence. Do you know of any such possibilities?

"Personally, do you mean?"

Yes, personally.

"No, sir, I do not know of any such evidence or hints myself."

From the way you answered that question you intrigue me into asking another along the same line. You say that you do not know of any such indications or hints yourself. Have you ever heard other professional astronomers discuss such indications?

"None of them have ever discussed it with me."

Then have they ever discussed

such a thing in your presence without actually directing their conversation at you?

"No comment."

I am not trying to pry into any confidential relationships between you and your fellow astronomers, Mr. Halstead and I sincerely hope I haven't offended you—

"Not at all. It's quite all right."

Let's turn our attention to the moon for a moment. Have you ever seen anything unusual on the moon, Mr. Halstead?

"Yes, I have. It happened on the night of July, 6, 1954. My assistant at Darling Observatory, Mr. Raymond Matsuhara, and myself and 16 visitors all observed a straight black line on the floor of the crater Piccolomini. We did not see it move, of course. It was just a straight black line in that crater where no line has been before. We watched it for several hours. Bad weather prevented our viewing the thing for several nights after that and when we did get another good look at it the line was not visible."

Did anyone else see the same thing?

"A well known amateur astronomer in New Orleans, Mr. Frank Manning, reported the same line in the same crater that night. He says that he called Tulane and that they confirmed his report. I know that we saw it from our observatory. I think Mr. Manning also saw it."

Have you ever seen the phenomenon known as the moon-bridge?

"No. I have looked for it many times but I have never seen it."

You have stated that you believe that intelligent beings exist elsewhere in the universe, possibly, or probably developed far beyond our level in some instances?

"Yes."

In that case they would long ago have solved the problem of crossing space, would they not?

"I think that is a reasonable assumption."

Such space travelers might conceivably have visited earth, then?

"This is pure speculation, or almost pure speculation, but I think we should assume that we have had such visitors. The folk tales of many ancient races refer to strange visitors from the skies and there is oftimes a lot of truth in these legends, as we have learned. I feel that we have had visitors from space—just as I feel that in the universe we are not alone. Through the years I have discussed this prospect with many of my fellow as-

tronomers and almost without exception their convictions were identical to my own."

In your opinion, Mr. Halstead, could the unidentified flying objects of our time be space ships?

"Frankly, sir, they could hardly be anything else!"

Why do you say that?

"For a number of reasons. The technology of mankind is not presently capable of producing anything comparable to the performance of the UFO's. Again, I have found that many of my fellow astronomers share this opinion of the controversial UFO's. Some of them expressed the conclusion that the UFO's are space craft based on some distant solar system.

"Mr. Edwards, I have watched the skies all my life. I have good eyesight and am quite familiar with such things as wild geese, balloons, temperature inversions and clouds. I do not have hallucinations. I can't imagine how the public can be misled by the ridiculous 'explanations' offered to them from official sources as to the real nature of these objects reported by credible and competent witnesses."

Do you know any professional astronomers who personally have seen UFOs?

"In addition to myself?"

You saw one?

"My wife and I saw two, to be exact. We saw them clearly. Ann and I were on a Union Pacific train, crossing the Mojave Desert. It was the Challenger, a fast train."

When was this, do you recall?

"Oh, yes! It was the first day of November, 1955. We were on our way to California—about 100 miles west of Las Vegas when it happened. My wife Ann was sitting next to the window and she called my attention to an object which she saw—something moving just above the mountain range. Our train was running parallel to this range of mountains and this object was moving in the same direction as the train, just above the mountains. I first thought the thing was a blimp—you know—one of those cigar shaped dirigibles. That's what I thought it was at first. But as I watched it I realized that it could not be a blimp—they are only about 200 feet long. And this thing was gigantic. It was about 800 feet long. I could estimate that because it was so close to the mountain ridge where trees and clumps of trees were visible for comparison.

"While we were watching the cigar shaped thing, for four or five minutes as it paced the train, we noticed that another object had joined it. This second object ap-

peared very suddenly—in back of the first one."

What did this second one look like?

"It was a disc-shaped thing. Both of them were very shiny we noticed. But this second one was disc-shaped. If my estimate of size on the cigar-shaped thing was correct then the disc-shaped object would have been about 100 feet in diameter, flat on the bottom with a shallow dome on top."

What happened after the second object appeared?

"My wife and I watched them for another two or three minutes. They were moving at about the same speed as the train and they were very close to the top of the ridge, not more than 500 feet above it, I should say. Then they began to rise, slowly at first and then much faster. In a matter of seconds they had risen so high that we couldn't see them any more from the train window."

Have you known other astronomers who have had similar experiences?

"Yes."

How did they describe their experiences?

"I would prefer not to try to tell their stories. I know what I saw and I limit myself to describing my own personal experience.

"May I say something more on this same subject?"

Certainly, Mr. Halstead.

"What I want to get off my chest is this. The official policy of ridiculing credible witnesses who report such experiences is a deplorable thing. The witnesses are embarrassed by official demands that they produce some tangible evidence of their experience. Imagine that! By this line of reasoning the only way we could prove we had passed a friend on the street would be to pull out some of his hair or tear a label off his coat—otherwise, we obviously didn't see him. All over the world credible witnesses are reporting experiences similar to mine. Holding these people up to ridicule does not alter the existing facts. The time is long overdue for accepting the presence of these things, whatever they are, and dealing with them and the public on a basis of realism."

Why do you think the official policy in this country, among others, is primarily a policy of derision toward UFO reports?

"For those with closed minds, for those who find it unpleasant or difficult to revise their basic thinking, this policy offers an easy escape—ridicule. Non-thinkers enjoy

ridiculing things they do not understand. It was a wise choice of procedure by the government."

Mr. Halstead, do you feel there is any relationship between the UFO's and the moon?

"I think it is quite possible. In space travel the moon would make an excellent way station, whether you were going out from the earth or coming in to look it over. Without elaborating, let me say that I know that some of the finest telescopes in big observatories are being used to keep a close watch on the surface of the moon in the last few years."

When the first men set foot on the moon what do you think they will find?

"I think they will find that other intelligent beings have been there before them, perhaps very recently. Our curiosity about *them* is not necessarily greater than their curiosity about *us*. Sooner or later our paths will cross. It may well happen on the moon."

More about Mr. Halstead: Frank Halstead is a highly respected professional astronomer who for more than a quarter of a century was identified with Darling Observatory at Duluth. He served an apprenticeship under Darling and was curator for 15 years after the observatory became part of the University of Minnesota. Now retired, he speaks fearlessly about such topics as UFO's and life on other worlds.

MOOD MUSIC

WHEN the body of Rex Jones, 17, was found in a half-filled bathtub at his home in Huntington, W. Va., with a record player clutched in his arms, it was determined that he had been electrocuted by a short-circuit in the machine. Also in the tub was a record titled, "Train To Nowhere."

SURPRISE IN REVERSE

WHEN Capt. Frances O'Keefe, an American Air Force nurse, arrived in Paris on a surprise visit to a friend in the French air force nursing Corps, a surprise awaited her instead. She learned that her friend, Capt. Michaela de Clermont-Tonnerre, had gone to the United States to pay her a surprise visit.

SEARCH: For a Man Who Writes Like This

By Marketa Morris and Patricia Smith



Alice Gerstl spent years hunting for one man whose handwriting she had envisioned. Then she found him . . .

I ENTERED this strange drama about a week before Christmas in 1920 when I received a letter from Alice Gerstl asking me to invite her to my house at Hellerau, a suburb of Dresden, for the holiday. That was not unusual since we were close friends, but she also requested that I invite Otto Ruhle. This surprised me for I was amazed to discover that she knew him. *I was even more amazed to discover later that she didn't know him at all.*

When Alice Gerstl arrived at my home on Christmas morning she was eager to talk with me. I ordered coffee sent to the study and joined her there. She appeared excited, her blue eyes were brilliant and her color was high. She had an air of great expectancy.

"Marketa," she said, "I have a story to tell you that is going to amaze you as much as anything your patients have told you in their wildest fancies. Only, this is a true story. Look! See here!"

She held up a small leather volume. "This is a diary. I have kept it since I was 16 years old. But examine it. Do you see anything about it that is quite different?"

She handed me the thick little volume. I studied it. There was something different about it, but . . . oh yes!

"It is the writing," I said.

"Exactly," she cried. "The writing! Would you say that it doesn't look like my writing?"

"No, it does not look like your writing, but it does have a strange-

ly familiar look."

"Oh, yes," she laughed. "I am certain it is familiar. But this is my writing. I did write this diary. I have kept it since I was 16 years old."

She was as excited as a little child over a coming pleasure. Some of this excitement rubbed off on me and I looked to her eagerly for an explanation.

"When I was 16 years old one night I had a dream. I saw a handwriting as similar to this as it can be and still not *be* this, which after all is my own. I became obsessed with the memory of that handwriting. It was then and it still is clearly impressed on my brain, as clearly as your face is as I look at it.

"But more than that. I had a feeling about the writing. It seemed to me that my destiny was involved in that handwriting. It seemed to me that this must mean a man. But, of course, that was all my intuition, you understand. There had been nothing but the writing itself, and that was not intelligible.

"I became obsessed with it. I had a fear of losing the memory of that writing, and at the same time a desire to be associated with it. All so very strange! But the method I came upon which pleased me was a diary. I would record events and thoughts in the handwriting I had seen in the dream. And so I began this journal.

"Then, you remember, after we graduated from Prague, I met Constantine Notaris, the young officer in the Greek army who was attached to the embassy there. I fell in love with him and I became engaged to him. However, I had developed a terrible fear in connection with him. I was afraid that the writing of my dream would not be his. This fear was so overwhelming that I refused even to look at anything he wrote and I would not receive letters from him even when he went home on vacation. I was most adamant about this and he humored me.

"It was on one of these vacations he was killed in a fall from a horse. At his funeral I was bewildered by a new terror. Supposing that the handwriting *was* his. Would that mean my life, too, was over. I made up my mind I should never find out. And then I knew that I could not live in such doubt.

"The problem was settled for me. After the funeral his mother came to me. She had an envelope in her hand. She said, 'My dear Alice. When my son became engaged to you and we had not met he wanted me to know you as he knew you, so he wrote me this letter describing you. It is a beautiful thing. But I believe that now you should have it, not I. It belongs to you.'

"Ah, how long I stared stricken into her eyes. She must have taken

it for grief at the memory, however. Then I forced myself to lower my eyes to the envelope. The handwriting was not the same! I grabbed the letter, covered it with kisses. I sobbed and kissed her. Perhaps I should have been ashamed that it was joy that caused my tears and my emotion, but it comforted her for she misunderstood it.

"That night again, I dreamed of the handwriting. Somehow I knew *that* contained my destiny, and not poor Constantine.

"The years passed. I took my degrees. I learned to speak and write and think in 11 languages. Though I made my living lecturing all over the world, it was all quite beside my real desire. And that desire evaded me.

"Then one day two weeks ago, I wandered into Henri Soor's picture gallery in Munich. I was tired and went back to his office to sit down. There on his desk was an envelope and on the envelope was the handwriting of my dream. I reached for it. I sank down into a chair and I couldn't form a thought. There Henri found me.

" 'Henri,' I said, in hardly more than a whisper. 'Whose handwriting is this?'

"He took the envelope. 'Otto Ruhle's,' he said.

" 'Who is he?'

" 'You don't know? No, of course, you might not. He is a politician, a member of the Reichstag. He is . . . I suppose notorious for his extremely liberal philosophy.'

"What did I care about all of that. I went to the heart of the matter. 'How can I meet him?'

" 'Well, he is a very good friend of your good friend, Marketa Morris.'

"And that my dear Marketa brings us to the present moment."

I didn't know what to say nor just how to react, and then I was inspired. I went to my desk and found Otto's letter accepting my invitation. I brought it over and compared it to the diary. They were very similar. Gently Alice Gerstl took the letter from my hand. Her eyes had a strange fire as she examined it. She looked at me hesitatingly and then slipped the letter into her diary. After all, didn't it belong to her?

The doorbell rang. Otto Ruhle had arrived. Alice started a little but she maintained a calm appearance except for the unusual light in her eyes.

I went into the foyer. The maid was just admitting Otto. He came toward me with that tremendous energy of his which made large rooms seem small. He took my hands and thanked me with enthusiasm for my kind invitation. Then I led him to the study.

"Otto," I said. "Do you remem-

ber in your love for handwritings, you were examining some letters I had in the interests of graphology, and one letter caused you to say you felt a very nice lady had written it. Well, this is the nice lady of the letter."

I finished the introductions, being myself confused in the general emotions. But I doubt they had heard me, for they were regarding each other with sublime awareness which excluded all else. I left them alone.

When I returned an hour later I knew something of importance had happened. Later they told me they knew immediately each had found his destiny when they saw each other. They were engaged within a half hour. It could be no other way.

They married soon after this and each year on their wedding anniversary they wired me, thanking me for their joy—which somewhat embarrassed me for I had only performed the formal introductions and served tea.

Perhaps you will think this strange love story had a tragic ending. I cannot tell.

Alice Gerstl never wrote, after their marriage, in her visionary handwriting. Otto's political beliefs forced them in 1933 to go to Mexico to live. There their devotion remained unfailing until 10 years later when Otto suddenly died of a heart attack.

When Alice learned of his death she appeared calm enough, but that night she took a large dose of sleeping tablets, and in the morning her maid found her body. With it was this note written in the famous visionary handwriting: *Do not think to rescue me for life has lost its meaning.*

Editor's note: Mrs. Marketa Morris, co-author and the person who brought Alice Gerstl and Otto Ruhle together, has been a practicing psychologist in New York City for many years. She recently retired and is living in Milwaukee, Wis.

THE WORLD'S DEEPEST SPOT?

A RUSSIAN expedition in the Pacific has reported finding the greatest ocean depth yet discovered, according to Tass, the Soviet news agency. Scientists on the ship *Vityaz* said they had sounded a depth of 35,948 feet—almost seven miles—in the Marianas Trench off the Philippines.

ESP... HOW TO WIN WITHOUT CHEATING

By Dr. Russell Raymond Voorhees

I could see the winning numbers in my mind the instant before the ball was thrown. I won repeatedly.

THERE IS A great misconception on the part of the public concerning so-called gambling games. A sizable segment of the people of the world, unfamiliar with sciences in their advanced forms, look upon horse racing, roulette, dog racing, to mention a few of the so-called games of chance, as gambling. Actually they may or may not be games of chance.

Let us take roulette for example. If a roulette table is not rigged with magnets, if the dealer does not palm an almost invisible wire gate, if the table is properly contructed and evenly balanced, roulette is definitely not a game of chance. By the same token an honest horse race in which the horses are not doped, in which the jockeys do not pull their horses is not a gamble in any sense of the word. In short, any so-called gambling game that is run honestly, need not be a game of chance. Science can be used to forecast results in these games or races and consequently these results are not a gamble.

There are a number of sciences



in their higher reaches that can be used to forecast results in these so-called gambling games but of the several sciences that are applicable I prefer mathematics, particularly as applied to time and space. It is surprising how mathematics, as applied to time and space, can be used to foretell winning numbers at roulette, winning horses at the race track, winning numbers in bolita. You can learn to win—without cheating.

The application of the philosophy of mathematics will vary with each researcher. For the most part few researchers will divulge their formulae because in most instances they are personally useful and have been developed through years of research. I have spent something like 50 years researching games of so-called chance with the aid of the philosophy of mathematics. During that time I have worked out some very revealing formulae which, when applied, produce results. But even if few will reveal the actual workings of their formulae, most will indicate the springboard from which their research started.

The key to the application of mathematics to a so-called gambling game to forecast results is a knowledge of what happened in the same kind of game in the past. Before one can predict results in a roulette game, for instance, it is necessary to know what numbers already have appeared as winners. And right here it should be pointed out that every roulette table, even when located in the same establishment, is an individual unto itself. Each table will show a different sequence of numbers. So to begin research for winners in roulette, you must have a consecutive listing of the numbers that have appeared at that table. This listing should contain at least 100 consecutive numbers. A study of these numbers will disclose the pattern of the table when certain precepts of the philosophy of mathematics, as applied to time and space, are properly applied to the tabulation. The same applies to other so-called gambling games. You can pick winners for them all by means of the philosophy of mathematics if the immediate past record of each game is known. It is all very much like history. What happens today all over the world is the same as what happened in the past when conditions were identical.

At the same time, in applying the philosophy to solving so-called games of chance you must remember that a correct forecast cannot be obtained every time. There is a sound reason for this. Surrounding every game of chance exists what is known as mass psychology. This is the combined influence of everyone playing the game at a given time, everyone in the establishment

where the game is being played, together with others more remote who, for one reason or another, exert an influence on the game. If all of these influences could be keyed and tabulated it then would be possible, theoretically at least, to pick the winner every time. But this is impossible. At a horse race everyone watching the race, every owner, every jockey, even every horse exerts an influence on the results. The combined influence by all of these personalities is known as mass psychology. So, in researching so-called games of chance remember that the data available for the researcher is limited. The best you can get is the past history of winners, winning horses, winning numbers. And even with this limited amount of data you will find that the proper application of the philosophy of mathematics to games of chance can produce startling results.

However, mathematics is not the only science that can be applied to these so-called gambling games to forecast winners. ESP, Extra Sensory Perception, means the use of senses above or beyond those of the average person. With ESP you can hear things that others cannot hear, see things that others cannot see, sense things that others cannot sense.

In Habana, Cuba, some few years ago I discovered a little game of so-called chance that was set up just off of the Prado, across from Central Park in the center of Habana. A brief survey of the game in action indicated that winning it by the application of the philosophy of mathematics would not be very easy. But it did appear that it might be won by means of ESP.

First, let me describe the game. It was set up in a store. There were two long tables with a space between them. There was a seat for each player, and on the table directly in front of each seat was the series of numbers from one to nine inclusive. In the center of the space between the two tables stood a wire waste basket. This waste basket had nine circular holes cut in its wooden bottom. These holes were just large enough to permit a hollow rubber ball to fall through when the ball was tossed into the waste basket. Of course, the ball could fall through only one hole at a time.

On the wall of this store, in plain view of all of the players, there was a long box with a frosted glass front. In back of this frosted glass front was a line of numbers beginning with one and running through nine inclusive. Behind each number was an electric light.

Each hole in the waste basket was connected to one of these numbers so that when the ball dropped through a given hole it would trip

a switch and light up number seven, for instance. Each of the nine holes in the wooden bottom of the waste basket was connected with one of the numbers in the glass case.

The players used money instead of chips.

Intending to apply ESP to this game I took a seat at the table in front of one of the series of nine numbers painted on the table. I held the exact amount of money I intended to play in one hand. Then I assumed a conscious sub-conscious state of mind, as a psychologist would term it, and fixed my gaze intently on the frosted glass box on the wall in front of me. I banished all conscious thoughts from my mind and thus saw nothing but the frosted glass front of the box.

The dealer running the game would ask some player to toss the ball into the waste basket. In the fleeting, split second before the player tossed the ball and while he still held it in his hand I would see the winning number. Instantly, when I saw the number I would slam my bet onto that number on the table before me. This had to be done with great speed otherwise I would be disqualified, on the basis that I had placed my bet after the ball was thrown.

Time after time I saw the winning number in that split second before the ball actually was thrown, and by acting quickly I got my bet down before the ball left the other player's hand. I found that after a session of from 15 to 30 minutes I would get a severe pain in my neck at the back of my head. When I quit the gaming room and strolled down the Prado for a half hour or so the pain would disappear.

One advantage of attempting to win so-called gambling games by means of ESP, instead of the philosophy of mathematics, is that at times much or all of the influence of mass psychology can be eliminated. This will depend on the power of your will. Naturally, such a game as has just been described is surrounded by the combined influences of all the players, the owners and all others connected in any way with the game and in its immediate environment. Mass psychology continues to exist but a player with a strong will can by-pass this and see the winning number prior to its lighting up.

While I was winning consistently at this game the dealer tried to break up my winning streak by holding the ball out to me to be thrown. When he did this I simply waved the man aside without breaking my complete concentration and without interference with my ability to see the number before it was lighted.

The dealer of the game was evidently the owner also and he didn't like to lose to me so after I had

won over a period of several days he disqualified me several times claiming that I had placed my bet after the ball hit the basket. This was not true but there was nothing I could do about it. By this time I had won the game often enough to know that it was not a game of chance except for those who did not know how to win it. I now forgot this game for other research in the science of winning.

The use of ESP in winning games entails a far greater strain on the winner than does the application of the philosophy of mathematics. Some may not be affected as I was but in my case a pain in the neck was always part of my reward for 15 to 30 minutes winning time.

I prefer winning by the philosophy of mathematics despite the fact that mass psychology prevents me from picking a winner every time. Besides the variants of mass psychology the player must guard against going into a psychological tailspin when he piles up a sizable string of wins. The tendency with many players is to plunge and this is generally fatal. Their formula for playing is forgotten; their winnings go down the drain. But if a player has enough self-control to stick to the formula that his research has shown him is the way to win he can win on and on and on!

A MOTHER'S PREMONITION

WHILE at work in Modesto, Calif., Mrs. Paul Stratas had the feeling that something was wrong at her home in nearby Hughson. She phoned her father, Harry Schulze, and asked him to check on her son, Nicky, 13. Schulze arrived at the house five minutes after a shotgun had fallen from the handlebars of Nicky's bicycle and discharged, killing the boy.

A FORTUNE IN TRASH

IN 1955 a grateful patient gave registered nurse Stephanie Beutens, of New York City, a portfolio of 5000 three-cent stamps honoring the United Nations. Often tempted since then to throw away the stamps as trash, she recently checked on their value with a rare stamp dealer she heard by chance on a television show. She learned the stamps now were worth $42,000.

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.

BEAUTIFUL BOYS AND GIRLS

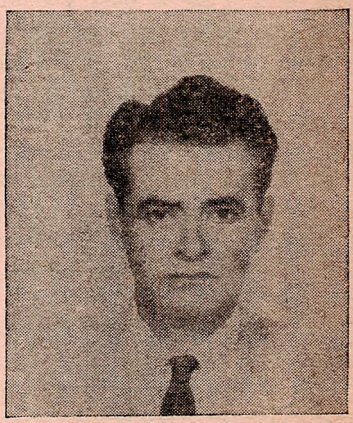
By Joseph H. Castro

IN 1920 I was a five-year-old farm boy. My father was a landowner in the town of Montana, Puerto Rico. Among other assets he owned the bakery and pastry shop, the small pharmacy, the grocery store and a large tobacco leaf processing plant. He then built a large two-story frame building and housed in it the first good school in the community. Our home was a small house about 100 yards due northeast from the school building. Neighbors dropped in frequently during the evenings.

One evening Mr. Cerezo, the third grade teacher at that time, and someone else were visiting with my parents. They were talking on the porch. What were they talking about I don't remember, but their conversation was constantly interrupted by sharp cries, loud noises and healthy yells coming from the house of Mr. Leo Gontze, our close friend and neighbor. Leo's house was about 100 yards east and 300 yards south from ours.

As the noise increased my parents and guests became upset and my father said, "This is too much. I will talk things over with Leo in the morning and tell him to stop this unholy, silly business or move out."

How I ever got up the courage to break into the grownups' conversation I don't know. In those days children were punished severely by their parents and kinfolks when



JOSEPH H. CASTRO

they interfered with the conversation of the adults. But I said, "Dad, Leo is not doing anything unholy. There is nothing wrong at his place. Don't you see all those beautiful boys and girls and those gentle and nice men and women floating in the air surrounding Leo's house. The children are of all sizes and the men and women are of all ages. They are so happy up there, dressed in vaporous silk gowns and dresses that float in the air with them. They are looking this way and are smiling to us. Some of them now are floating very close to us. I hear their voices but I can not understand. See them! They float in and out of Leo's house. They cannot be angels because they carry no wings. They only float."

My father ordered me to my room with a stern look. I remember I started to cry and then he came to me and was very tender. It was then I spoke up again, "Dad, do not talk with Leo. Don't make him move away."

My father never interfered with Leo's seances. But we moved away to another house. I remember people used to say that Leo was a spiritualist.

As I said before, this happened many years ago. My father was a member of the Presbyterian Church then. Now he is one of its elder deacons. I myself am a Presbyterian. But that early vision is as clear in my mind as the evening it happened. Were I a Michelangelo, a Da Vinci or an El Greco, I am sure the world would have a masterpiece.—*Miami, Fla.*

PRECOGNIZED EMERGENCY

By Jo Ann Young

I LAY BESIDE my husband who was sleeping soundly. I was relaxed, peaceful, waiting for sleep to come. I could hear a plane zooming noisily overhead, the clock ticking, the deep, measured breathing of my husband.

I could see some of the bedroom furniture as well. The room was not in complete darkness because a neighbor's outdoor light came faintly through our drawn shades. Against the wall at the foot of the bed was the mahogany chest-on-chest. The outline of the closet door was clear; so was the bookcase and the dressing table. I could even make out the pattern of the wall paper, the light stripe that was white and lacy and the darker one that was turquoise.

As I thought about the wallpaper an incredible thing happened! The wall to my left simply disappeared! It melted away and I looked out into dark nothingness for what seemed like several minutes. Then, where the wall had been was another room. This room did not appear to be close to me, nor did it seem like a moving picture super-

imposed upon the wall, although like a motion picture, it was in black and white. I distinctly remember that there was no color at all; not even the skin of the people in the scene had color.

But there was reason for the lack of color, for I was looking at a hospital scene—a hospital bed with someone on it covered with a sheet, and two surgeons in skull caps and gowns. A tall surgeon stood with his back to me. He was bent over the patient so I could not see the upper part of his body. The person on the bed was tall also, but I could not discern whether it was a man or woman, alive or dead.

On the other side of the patient was another surgeon who seemed to be examining the figure on the bed closely. He was a short man. He had to bend very little to study the patient. As I looked at him he raised his head and I saw him clearly. He was young, dark-haired, with a bright, cheerful face although it wore a thoughtful, preoccupied expression now.

As I wondered who the sheeted figure was and why I had been shown this picture the room disappeared. Again the bedroom wall, with its striped paper, was back in place. I lay on the bed, far from sleep now. The clock still ticked, my husband's breathing was as measured.

After a while I fell asleep.

Two months later I had reason to remember this vision. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, my husband was stricken with a ruptured appendix. He was rushed to the hospital and operated upon. Before and during the operation I prayed for his recovery. But after waiting two hours without seeing the surgeon or knowing the results of the operation, I was almost hysterical with worry. I left the waiting room to search for the doctor or a nurse or anyone who could tell me about my husband.

I found a doctor, still in his operating cap and gown, and questioned him. As we talked I felt that I had seen him before. Yes, he knew about my husband's case. He thought my husband had an excellent chance of recovery; he had come through the operation well and was now back in his own room. Yes, the doctor said, I could see him.

For the next few days, while my husband's life hung in the balance, I was comforted by the cheerfulness of this young doctor's words, and whenever I thought of him I had that sense of having seen him before, but I still could not remember where or when.

Then one night, after having been at the hospital nearly all day, I rode home on the bus. Suddenly, I realized that this present experience was what the hospital scene

in my vision had meant to foretell. The figure on the hospital bed was my husband!

The facts backed up my feeling. My husband's surgeon had been a tall man, as was the surgeon in my vision. My husband is tall, as had been the sheeted patient on the bed in my vision. The other surgeon whom I had seen so clearly was the young doctor who had told me the results of the operation. No wonder I felt I had seen him before!

Now, although I shall remember this experience as an example of the strange and unexplainable powers of the mind, I cannot help hoping that if ever I have another precognitive experience it will foretell happiness and good fortune.—*Seattle, Wash.*

HOW DID THE ASH TREE KNOW?

By Thomas C. Violette

ON MARCH 23, 1905, we moved onto a farm in Rehoboth, Mass. Two weeks later, on a Sunday afternoon, we noticed a man and woman in our yard. They seemed more interested in the property than strangers naturally would be so my wife and I went out to see who they were.

They introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Brown, the previous owners of the farm. They said they had sold it four years before and this was the first time they had visited the old homestead since they sold out and moved away.

Mr. Brown seemed particularly interested in an Ash tree in the front yard and finally he told us this story:

"Fifteen years ago this month, on a nice Sunday afternoon, my wife and I went for a walk around the farm," Mr. Brown said. "On our way back, near the woods, we noticed this little Ash tree. It was only four feet tall then and it was so pretty my wife suggested we take it home and plant it in the yard.

"We both went at it. We uprooted it carefully and then my wife took hold of one end of the little tree and was helping me to carry it. 'You don't need to do that,' I said. 'It's not heavy.' But she said she wanted to do her share of the work so that when the tree was grown big she could share equally the comfort of its shade.

"Of course, this was all in fun. When we got home we decided to plant the little tree where you see it growing now. We had a lot of fun planting the tree, each one of us careful to do his share, like two young kids.

"When we were through my wife stood a few feet away from the tree and said, 'I hope it will grow good and when it's big enough to cast a shadow on warm summer days you and I will sit together in its shade.' "

We thanked Mr. and Mrs. Brown for telling us the interesting story of the Ash tree and invited them to come back and sit in its shade any time. Mrs. Brown told us the only thing she regretted leaving when they moved away from the farm was this tree. "Whenever I look at it, she said, it brings back pleasant memories of the day we transplanted it."

Mrs. Brown never came back again to enjoy the shade of the Ash tree for during that summer she took sick and died on September 1, 1905.

A few days after Mrs. Brown's death I noticed the leaves on one side of our Ash tree were turning yellow. At the end of a week the leaves on that side of the tree were all down on the ground. But the leaves on the other side remained green and healthy. One side of the tree never had leaves again, although the other half of the tree remained healthy for the next 22 years.

Then Mr. Brown died on September 8, 1927, and a few days after his death the leaves on the other half of the Ash tree, which had remained in good health after Mrs. Brown's death, turned yellow and began to fall. Soon the tree was completely bare.

I let the tree stand until June of the following year before cutting it down. I wanted to see if new leaves would grow again on the tree in the spring. But no leaves came. The tree was dead. I cut it down and examined it thoroughly to see if I could find any sign of disease. I couldn't find even a worm hole. American White Ash are usually healthy trees.

I believe that Professor Albert Einstein was right when he said that every living thing has a spirit. —*Rehoboth, Mass.*

ADDRESS FROM THE AIR

By Gloria Wharton

IT WAS rather late in December of 1956 and I was in a hurry to finish addressing my cards. I had my little book open with the addresses turned up for out-of-town friends but many of them were not up-to-date as several persons had moved.

Turning to my husband, I said, "Do Joe and Eunice still live in Omaha?"

"No. They moved in July. I think he said they'd be living in Ohio."

"Shall we wait, then, to mail their card?"

"Have to. Ohio's a big place. You can't make up an address," he said.

That night as I was tidying the kitchen I suddenly had a feeling that they lived in Cleveland. Perhaps I'd heard Eunice mention that fact. But still I had no address.

I went to bed and my mind was

still on the business of getting Christmas cards out. Suddenly, as clear as a picture, I saw an envelope with Joe's and Eunice's names on it. The address was 3810 Olmstead, Los Angeles 8, Calif. I jumped right out of bed and wrote down the address quickly, before I forgot it.

In the morning, we received their card. A short note said, "We'll miss a lot of cards this year because at the very last minute Joe was transferred here from Cleveland. Our new address is 3810 Olmstead, Los Angeles 8, Calif."—*East Millinocket, Me.*

THE SORROWING TREE

By Ila McAfee

MANY OF the native Spanish-American people living in this small community of Canon, N. Mex., saw the sorrowing tree. It happened only a few years ago, in August, 1951.

The tragedy which caused the tree to mourn had taken place the night before I passed the spot. A father, Juan Valdez, had mistaken his own 14-year-old son for someone or something else and had shot the boy, Agustin Valdez, as he came along a bush edged path at the foot of the tree in the deep dusk. The bullet penetrated Agustin's chest and he ran across the road to the home of Nasario Gonzales screaming, "My father shot me."

Neighbors came running as the boy collapsed. Mrs. Gonzales called Dr. Domingues who arrived a few minutes later to find the boy dying on the floor of the Gonzales home.

The next morning early, before much traffic had disturbed the road, I took a friend from Canon on an errand. I had not heard of the tragedy and she told me about it as we drove along.

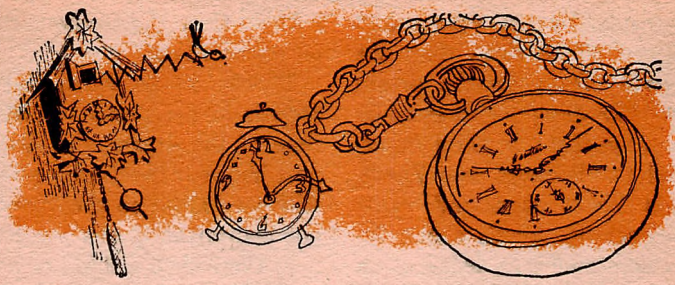
When we came near the spot where the boy had died we saw the tree. A very few scattered leaves still hung on its branches, but all over the ground, under the tree and strewn across the highway, were its heavy crop of summer leaves—now dry and slightly yellowed.

In the night it had wept over the tragedy which had occurred at its feet.

No other tree in the vicinity had lost any leaves. It was mid-summer and this was not the slow dying of a drouth stricken tree. Inquiry revealed that the leaves had all been green on its branches the day before. They all had fallen in that one night. All of us, and there were many, who saw this were much impressed and remember this sorrowing tree.

I still see the tree when I pass that way. I saw it yesterday; it was dark green, strong, flourishing. It is not a dying tree. It wept only once.—*Taos, N. Mex.*

Do We Have the Right "Time"?



Perhaps the world's most perplexing mystery is how men can see both forwards and backwards in time.

By Alson J. Smith

"TIME," cried a perplexed Saint Augustine, "what is it? If nobody asks me, I know. But if I am asked, I do not know!"

What is *time?* Is our concept of it as an absolute the correct one? Through the centuries a large and impressive body of evidence has accumulated to indicate that time is *not* an absolute and that our conception of it is as naive as Aristotle's firm belief that the earth was flat and the stars fixed.

Precognitions have appeared regularly in the literature not only of psychical research but of science itself for more than 2000 years. The Bible is full of them. The London Society For Psychical Research has compiled a file of more than 1000 proven premonitory dreams. They pop up in the daily papers quite monotonously.

For instance: On a Friday evening in late July, 1958, 17-year-old Betty J. March, of 147 Ashmont Street, Boston, casually told her mother that on the following morning she and her boy-friend, Paul Zanet, 24, were going to drive up into the White Mountains for a day's outing, returning to Boston that night. Zanet was a graduate student at M.I.T., a mature and capable young man, and the day's drive to the mountains and back was one that thousands of Bostonians take every summer. The weather was pleasant and Mrs. March was not at all concerned.

When Mrs. March retired on Saturday night the young people had not yet returned. She was still not concerned, but no sooner had she dropped off to sleep than she had a vivid dream. In the dream she "saw" her daughter, dressed in black pedal-pushers, a white sweat-shirt, and tennis shoes, and Zanet, attired in khaki shirt and pants and also wearing tennis shoes, lying on a high mountain ledge. Rain mixed with sleet drove in on the huddled figures, the wind screamed and howled. A voice said, "They are dead." Then Mrs. March woke up.

Thoroughly frightened she called the Boston police and told them about the dream. They alerted the New Hampshire state police, and early Sunday morning they discovered Zanet's car parked near the base of 6288-foot Mount Washington, the highest peak in New England.

Although the weather at the foot of Mount Washington and in New England generally had been good on Saturday, it had been a different story near the peak, where the temperature had dropped to 39 degrees and a cold, driving rain mixed with sleet had been driven by 75 mile-an-hour winds.

Searchers found the bodies of the couple huddled together under a ledge about a quarter of a mile from the summit. They had died of exhaustion and exposure. Betty was wearing black pedal-pushers and a white sweat-shirt, and Zanet wore a khaki shirt and trousers. Both had on tennis shoes.

It was all as Mrs. March had *seen* it in her dream. At the exact time of the dream, the medical report showed, the young people had still been alive, so precognition and not clairvoyance was involved.

Is there such a thing as precognition? The parapsychologists tell us that apparently there is, for laboratory experiments under rigid test conditions at Duke and elsewhere give odds of 400,000 to one against *chance* being responsible for the positive results obtained. There is a power or capacity of the mind that is not limited by space or by time. The implications of this discovery are staggering, the principal one being that our concept of time is erroneous, or at best incomplete.

There seem to be four identifiable types of general precognitions: trivial, beneficial, non-beneficial, and detrimental.

A trivial precognition is one which may take place only a few minutes or seconds before the actual occurrence of the rather unimportant event previsioned. For instance, F.W.H. Myers tells about a certain Mrs. C. who had a vivid dream of being chased by a monkey. Mrs. C. had always disliked monkeys, to be sure, but the dream

appeared ridiculous because there were very few monkeys in England where Mrs. C. lived. However, the dream disturbed her and she recounted it to her husband. He suggested that she was just nervous and, since it was a pleasant afternoon, might profit by taking their two children for a brisk walk. This she did, taking them down a lane which ran along the side of a high stone wall shielding the residence of the Duke of Argyll.

As they passed the Duke's coach-house Mrs. C. was amazed to see a monkey appear suddenly on the roof—the exact monkey of her dream. In fear and wonder she cried out, "My dream! My dream!" The monkey, hearing her, jumped from the roof to the wall and began chasing the fleeing Mrs. C. and the two children. A coachman, hearing the commotion, ran out of the coach-house and captured the monkey.

The monkey—certainly a rarity in England—was a very valuable one kept by the Duchess of Argyll as a pet. It had gotten loose and jumped to the coach-house roof a few seconds before Mrs. C. and the children appeared.

A beneficial precognition is one that does the recipient some good. Mr. Wade Stevick, a businessman of Southern Pines, N. C., had a rather vague premonition that something was about to happen that would take him away from his business for an extended period.

He says:

"The previous day I had made several collections, but for some reason I had kept in my safe that day much more money than ever before. I usually paid all bills by check. I had finished to a quite unusual degree all carpenter and repair work, procured ample necessities, and, to make a summation, there was not one detail left undone which would have caused someone else to do anything unusual in connection with my business while I was away.

"About 7:30 P.M. Saturday, December 30, a telegram revealed that my mother, at her home in Ohio, had dropped unconscious (never revived) from a cerebral hemorrhage. This caused me to be away from my business until January 10." (Journal of the American Society For Psychical Research, Vol. L, Nos. 2-3, 1956.)

Although the event dimly precognized was tragic, the precognition was beneficial in that it enabled Mr. Stevick to put his business in order ahead of time.

In the third category of precognition, non-beneficial, the future is "seen" quite clearly, but the previsioning does not result in any change of events to the benefit of the one doing the precognizing. An excellent illustration of this non-

beneficial type is the following:

In early July, 1750, the sloop *Liverpool* docked at Oxford, Md., with a cargo consigned to Mr. Robert Morris, the father of the great Revolutionary financier. It was customary in those days for the consignee to go aboard a ship carrying his cargo and be entertained by the captain, after which he would receive a salute from one of the ship's guns. Mr. Morris, however, had had a dream in which he "saw" himself having dinner with the captain and then being fatally wounded by the salute fired in his honor as he left the ship. He apologized to the captain, told him about the strange dream, and asked to be excused from the dinner. The captain demurred and promised that in view of the dream no salute would be fired, so Mr. Morris reluctantly agreed to go aboard.

When it was time for Mr. Morris to leave the ship, the captain asked if he would not change his mind about the salute. "You know, a glass of grog is served to every sailor immediately after a salute," he said, "so the crew don't take kindly to the arrangement."

They argued about it for awhile, but finally Morris agreed to let the salute be fired provided it should be done when the boat taking him ashore was a safe distance away from the *Liverpool* and either the captain, who was going ashore with him, or he himself, gave the signal to fire. The captain agreed.

The captain and Mr. Morris pulled away in a small row-boat. But before they were out of range, a fly settled on the captain's nose. He raised his hand to brush it off and the gunner, thinking he was giving the agreed signal, fired the salute. The ball splashed harmlessly into the water well away from the row-boat, but the wadding from the gun struck Morris on the arm, breaking the bone. Blood-poisoning set in, and on July 12, 1750, he died!

In this case the precognition was distinctly non-beneficial, and may even belong in the detrimental category.

In detrimental precognition, the precognizing seems to actually help produce the result, usually undesirable, that is foreseen. For instance, in the 1957 Kentucky Derby the odds-on favorite was a horse named *Gallant Man*. *Gallant Man* was owned by Mr. Ralph Lowe and was to be ridden by one of the country's top jockeys, Willie Shoemaker.

On the night before the race Mr. Lowe had a strange dream. In it he "saw" *Gallant Man* leading, coming down the stretch, only to be pulled up short of the finish line by the jockey while another horse shot past to win. The next morning he warned Willie Shoemaker: "Don't pull him up short, Willie!"

Willie gave him a queer look; never in the entire history of the Kentucky Derby had a horse been pulled up short of the finish line.

When the race was run the next afternoon, *Gallant Man* had a comfortable lead coming into the home stretch. Then, as the horses pounded towards the finish line, the crowd was amazed to see Willie Shoemaker mistake the 16th pole for the finish line and pull up *Gallant Man*. *Iron Liege* thundered past to win by half a length.

Mr. Lowe's precognition was detrimental in that it helped to bring about the result previsioned, since the idea of pulling the horse up short would probably not have entered Willie Shoemaker's mind at all if Mr. Lowe had not mentioned the possibility.

These are the general precognitions.

There is also a category in which the previsioning is vague, not entering into the consciousness at all. This is called *subliminal precognition*. A hunch, for instance, is a kind of subliminal precognition.

Mr. W.E. Cox of Southern Pines, N.C., has conducted an extremely interesting study of subliminal or hunch precognizing, based on railroad accident rates. The chief sources for the study were the Interstate Commerce Commission's annual lists of all accidents on Class One railroads. Mr. Cox limited his study to the 35 railroads which had one or more accidents in the periods between 1950 and 1955, supplementing his analyses of the ICC lists with personal correspondence with the Vice-Presidents or Traffic Managers of the 35 roads. His method was to compare the passenger-loads, both coach and Pullman, at a certain check-point on the day when an accident occurred on a particular train with its normal load on that day, and the passenger-load for the week during which an accident occurred with its normal load for that week. Making due allowance for the operation of chance, Cox established mathematically the amazing fact that in a large majority of the accidents the passenger-load for that day and that week was either the lowest or next to the lowest of all the days and weeks studied! He concluded that the only explanation for this consistently lower number of train-riders on accident days or weeks was subliminal precognition—in other words, many people who would normally have taken the train on the day or during the week of an accident had a hunch that something was going to happen and stayed off the trains during that time.

Just as the mind apparently has the ability to look forward in time, so it seems to have the ability to

look backward. Retrocognition has also been the subject of laboratory testing at Duke and elsewhere, and while it has not been established statistically as firmly as has precognition, nevertheless the tests have strongly supported its existence. A good illustration of retrocognition is to be found in a little book called *An Adventure*, which was first published in 1911 and has been republished as recently as 1947. It was written by two estimable English ladies who were also distinguished scholars, C. Anne E. Moberly, principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and Eleanor F. Jourdain, a member of her staff who later succeeded her at St. Hugh's.

The two Englishwomen, traveling in France, visited the Petit Trianon at Versailles in August, 1901. The Petit Trianon, however, was quite different from what they had expected. The air was still and oppressive, and both women later confessed that, without saying anything about it to the other, each had felt like screaming with nervousness. There were no other tourists about. The buildings did not seem to be where current maps located them, and some were not on the maps at all. The gardeners and others whom they encountered were dressed in the clothes of another era and spoke archaic French. They saw strange-looking people and heard strange noises. A pretty woman, dressed in a long-outmoded cape, sketched in a garden, and an evil-looking man with a pock-marked face followed them about. Everything was odd, eerie, and old. The two teachers finally retired from the Petit Trianon, baffled but relieved to be out of the strange atmosphere.

Later they returned to the Petit Trianon and discovered it to be quite different than it had appeared on their first visit. There were crowds of tourists about; gardners, attendants and gendarmes were dressed as they should be, and everything was in the right place as shown on the maps. The Petit Trianon they had seen the first time had disappeared!

There then began for the two scholarly Englishwomen a long process of comparing old maps, documents, and fashion books, and an exhaustive correspondence with French historians and other authorities. Their research finally convinced the ladies that the Petit Trianon they had *"seen"* on the occasion of their first visit was not the present day Petit Trianon but the Petit Trianon as it had been at the time of Marie Antoinette—1789! The documents they offered in substantiation of this theory were taken seriously enough to be accepted by the Bodleian Library.

If precognition and retrocogni-

tion are facts, then time is not the absolute we have assumed it to be. Maurice Maeterlinck, the playwright, speaks of a "plurality of times which are merely pure conventions" and questions our smug assumption that there is only a single dimension of time—the one we know. Immanuel Kant observed that our conception of time might be due to the special pattern in which our sensory apparatus has evolved; the true order of the universe, he thought, might be quite otherwise. And there have been fictional (and fantastic?) questionings of our time-concept, like Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backwards,* and H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine,* to say nothing of the theorizing of today's science fiction writers.

One theory of time which would accommodate precognition and retrocognition is the one advanced by the late J.W. Dunne, a British engineer. After a long study of precognitive dreams Dunne developed a theory of *serialism,* which holds that reality as it appears to science has to be a series of regresses reaching back into infinity. The time-barrier, according to Dunne's theory, is really non-existent and is merely the creation of consciousness, and there is a faculty of the subconscious which pays no attention to the alleged barrier.

Another interesting theory is advanced by Dr. C.D. Broad, an English scientist. Dr. Broad believes that there may be a second dimension of time lying at right angles to our familiar dimension, and that something which is *future* in our familiar dimension may be *past* in this second, unfamiliar dimension.

Still another time-speculation is based on the idea, generally accepted in psychology, that the "present moment" in which we act is not a mere point-instant, but occupies a definite period of duration. Within this "specious present" there is no present, past, or future, but rather a graduation with respect to clearness of apprehension of whatever lies within its compass, maximum clearness being at the exact center.

Do we have the right "time"?

Probably not. The great pioneering of the 21st century may well be done on this time-frontier. Here man may discover the greatest of his natural resources.

Time! What is it? We do not really know. But tomorrow we may begin to know.



Catfish from Heaven

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," they always say. That was true of the fish that fell in our yard.

By Rose B. McCalmont

IN THE SPRING of 1918 we were living in the 800 block on Kentucky Avenue in Lawrence, Kan. That was the year we ate a catfish from the sky.

There had been a mid-afternoon rainstorm with a great deal of wind from the southwest. The storm, as I remember it, was unusually severe. The water in the street overflowed the curbing and lay an inch deep or more over the yard. We stood at the front door watching it, Mother, Dad and I.

My father, the Rev. Joseph Barricklow, ran out across the porch to measure the water in the yard. Stooping off the low porch he put his thumb at waterlevel on the yardstick. While he was stooping there, Mother and I saw something fairly large land out in the yard. We both shouted in the same breath, "What's that?"

Dad looked up and asked, "Where?"

We pointed toward something floundering several feet out in the yard. Dad shouted, "It's a fish!" and went after it. Mother warned him, "You'll be wet to the skin!" but he replied, "I'm wet already,"

and went on after the fish. He reached for it but the fish flopped out of his reach and he waded on.

Realizing it would be next to impossible for him to capture and hold it with his hands, Mother told me to go after the big kettle and be sure to bring the lid.

When I returned with the big kettle and lid Dad had chased the fish toward the porch. He reached up and took the kettle from me. Then holding the kettle on edge he let the fish flounder into it, then quickly righted the kettle and popped the lid on.

Dad handed the kettle to Mother and she and I went to the kitchen while he waded around to the back-porch where he took off most of his wet clothes before coming into the house. Mother held the kettle under the tap and I ran water enough to cover the fish. It was a catfish such as I have caught in Kansas waters more than once—a big catfish measuring over 20 inches and weighing two and a half pounds.

In our excitement we forgot about the rain and tried to explain to each other this fish-from-heaven. Dad suggested that a draft of wind must have taken the fish up from the Kaw River, which ran through the north end of town, and carried it into the air, whence it had landed in our front yard. However, there was no report of a tornado in the area that afternoon and the wind was blowing toward the river instead of away from it. We were all of a mile and a half from the river at its nearest point which was beyond Mt. Oread (Kansas University site), so the fish would not only have had to travel a mile and a half through the air but would have had to be carried several hundred feet upward to have reached our front yard from the Kaw River. And on this day it would have travelled against surface winds.

Yet, it landed in our yard alive and with a good deal of fight in it. It must have taken Dad at least 10 minutes to land it in our kettle.

At any rate, we ate it and it tasted just like a good catfish should taste, neither more nor less heavenly!

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

IN POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y., Joseph Benedict McCoy, a furniture mover, waived examination when arraigned on a burglary charge before Judge Bernard McCoy. He was committed to the county jail by Judge McCoy to await grand jury action. The two men are brothers.

MYSTERY PAINTING in St. Louis Jail

By H. N. Ferguson

They found this drawing of Christ on the jail wall one morning and no one ever learned who sketched it or how.

ON A RAW March morning in 1932 a cold, wind-driven rain whipped around the corners of the gray, forbidding building which is the Central Police Station in St. Louis, Mo. The Department janitor was making fast work of his task of cleaning the cells.

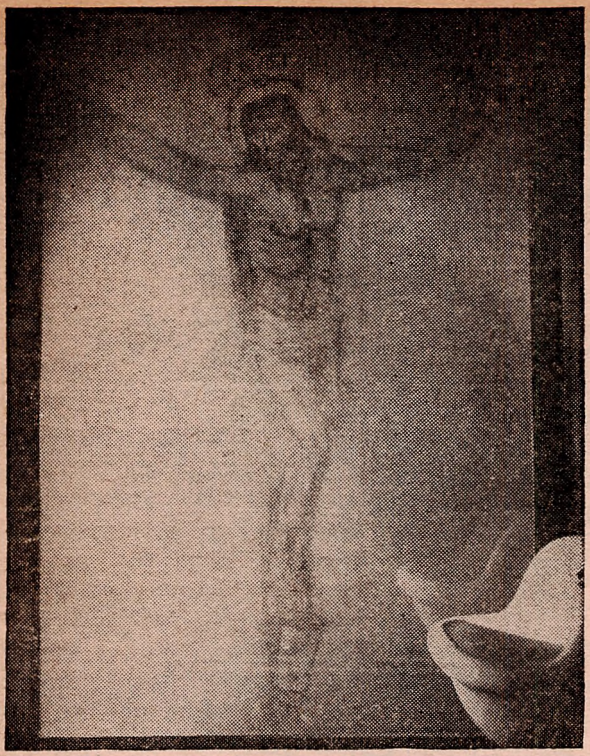
He entered the section of the jail officially known as the "Men's Holdover"—a segregated area where drunks picked up during the night found asylum until morning. The janitor entered Cell Number 8—and stopped dead in his tracks. With mouth agape, he stared fixedly at a beautiful lifesize drawing of the Crucified Christ sketched on the bleak cell wall.

So began what has proved to be one of the great unsolved mysteries of the St. Louis Police Department.

For in the 27 years that have passed since that morning the Department has been unable to determine the identity of the artist who drew this remarkable picture. Perhaps he is now long dead. At any rate he has made no effort to come forth and receive the plaudits that await him from the thousands of persons who have marveled at the genius displayed in his mysterious work of art.

Perhaps he has good reason for remaining anonymous. It may be that he has no desire to receive recognition for a painting conceived in such surroundings. Perhaps he is afflicted with the knowledge that never again could he hope to attain such heights. Or, perhaps the elusive artist just doesn't care.

Thousands of eager sightseers have visited Cell Number 8 just to gaze upon the life-like picture inscribed upon its wall. The drab, iron-barred room has become a



Drawing of the Crucified Christ on cell wall is considered work of a genius. Artist and materials used are unknown.

shrine. To prevent damage from enthusiastic visitors and to preserve the work against possible fading, it has been covered by a plate of glass.

Not only the curious find their way to the cell. Many art experts have studied the drawing. But not even the best of them has been able to determine the materials used by the artist in his work. They were not long in ruling out the most likely ingredients—things such as oils, chalk, pencil, crayon and water colors. They only shake their heads in bewilderment and admit their inability to name the material used.

Of course the greatest mystery of all is the artist himself. What sort of genius could produce such a masterful piece of work under such hopeless conditions? The Police Department assigned some of its best

men to the case. A search of the jail records has given no clue to the identification of the artist who occupied the cell.

The peculiar thing is that no single individual ever spent more than a few brief hours in the detention cell at one time. Obviously, if the work was completed in one visit the artist had to work with unbelievable speed. But the intricate detail of the drawing seems to eliminate such a conclusion. A more reasonable assumption is that the artist was confined in the cell on several occasions before completing his work. But if this is true, how did the painting remain hidden from the eyes of the Department janitor until its completion?

Today the identity of the artist is as much a mystery as it was in 1932. But a fantastic surmise has been advanced as to the materials used.

"The contention now is," says Colonel Jeremiah O'Connell, Chief of Police in St. Louis, "that the material composition of the Christ Crucified masterpiece is nothing more than a rubber heel and burnt matches. But," he adds cautiously, "this has not been definitely established."

FORTUNATE FAILURE

ARTHUR GREENWAY was waked in his Birmingham, England, home by an alarm clock which went off two hours early —the first time, he said, it ever failed to ring at the time set. He found his house in flames and had just enough time to wake his wife and four children and telephone for firemen.

JUST AS PREFERRED

ELEVEN-year-old William Smail of the Canal Zone, Panama, was overheard to say that if he had to die, he would prefer to be electrocuted. The next day, as he fished with his father on the Amador Causeway, a severe electrical storm broke. The boy left the shelter of his father's car to retrieve a knife he had left behind—and was killed by a lightning bolt.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

Shortly after Don Davis, 60, entered a Battle Creek, Mich., hospital he was introduced to his roommate—Don Davis, 55. Both men were suffering from pulled back muscles.

●

In Paris a son was born prematurely to Mrs. Marie Bourdon after an auto accident in which her husband was killed. Twenty-two years before, Mrs. Bourdon herself was born prematurely after her father was killed in an automobile crash.

●

Inmates of the Philadelphia prison have been given a new task—manufacturing bullets for policemen.

●

Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Day became mothers within a few hours of each other at the Lethbridge, Canada, hospital.

●

Dreaming that she had died, Mrs. Charlotte Stoner, of Brighton, Eng., awoke and got up to make a cup of tea to calm her nerves. She found a letter pushed under her door addressed to "executors of the late Mrs. C. E. Stoner." It related to the estate of another woman of the same name and age who really had died.

●

Walder Goins rose during a church service in Lafollette, Tenn., and declared, "Any time the Lord is ready to take me, I am ready to go." Then he dropped dead.

●

When 4-year-old Gregory Stade of Milwaukee caught his hand in the clothes wringer his mother extricated him and rushed with him to a hospital. While she waited for Gregory to be treated at the hospital, a police ambulance screeched up—bearing 10-year-old Alan Stade, who'd caught his hand in the same wringer while trying to turn it off.

●

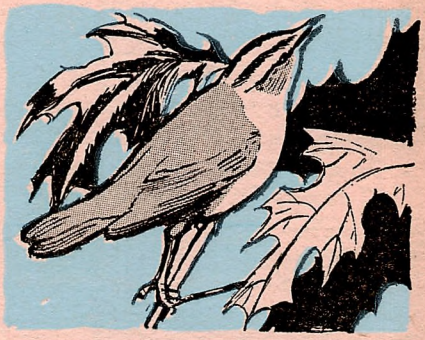
In Sebewaing, Mich., a boy noticed a bird overhead and, as boys will, pointed his finger at it and yelled, "Bang! Bang! You're dead!" The bird, a pheasant, fell limply at his feet. Apparently it had flown against a guy wire at that instant and broken its neck.

Psychoanalyzing

A PREMONITION

Can the mind read the future to fulfill a deep emotional need? The case of the bird-watcher suggests it can.

By Martin Weingarten



CAN THE MIND transcend time and space to see the future? Recently psychiatrists have reported some cases of startling premonitions that later came true.

A patient of Dr. Jule Eisenbud, a practicing psychoanalyst, awoke one morning with a feeling of awe and exhilaration. He was certain that when he got to the park that day he would see the astonishingly rare worm-eating warbler.

The 55-year-old semi-professional ornithologist and bird-watcher knew that the worm-eating warbler can be observed in New York's Central Park on only one, or rarely two, consecutive days—when it stops briefly in the course of its annual migration from South America to its nesting grounds in New Jersey. At this particular time, only one, or at the most two, of these birds will alight. Then nothing more is seen of them in the park until the following year's migration.

The patient knew that the worm-eating warbler already had been seen in the park by bird-watchers, which made it almost a certainty that he would not see it this day. For the warbler never has been known to make a second visit during the same season.

Yet, despite all these considerations, he dressed and went to the park. When he reached the park he strolled about aimlessly for 10 to

12 minutes. Then he came upon what appeared to be unmistakably the rare bird—"flitting about entirely unconcerned with the miracle of its second visitation."

The patient became excited. He immediately went in pursuit of other bird-watchers to confirm his discovery. He found several of them some distance away and persuaded them to follow him to the spot. When they arrived the bird had vanished. The other bird lovers expressed their doubts about the authenticity of his sighting. It must have been a more common variety mistaken for the rare one, they said.

The patient left the incredulous group and took off in a general northerly direction. Once again he spied the bird, about 10 feet away. There was no question in his mind. This distinctively striped bird with the jaunty air *was* the worm-eating warbler. He hurried back to the other bird-watchers. Once again, by the time they reached the site the bird had disappeared.

Very much disheartened the patient decided to leave the park. He had not been walking for more than two minutes, when he came upon the warbler for the third time. (In such cases it is assumed by bird-watchers that only one bird has been seen unless two appear simultaneously.)

This time, however, the inconstant bird held its ground until the patient returned with his witnesses. Viewing it at close range and through field glasses, they declared it to be a genuine worm-eating warbler.

How can the ornithologist's sharp anticipation of this highly improbable event be explained?

Dr. Eisenbud considers any explanation based on normal perception "very roundabout and improbable." The patient assured him that it was most unlikely that he had heard the call of the bird from his apartment where it might have flown past early in the morning on its way to the park. First, no one ever has heard the call of the worm-eating warbler outside its nesting ground. Second, the patient never has heard it at all and could not have identified it.

Dr. Eisenbud also rules out the possibility that the patient saw the bird in the park the day before the incident reported, only to repress the memory of it into his unconscious. If the warbler had appeared on the previous day, in all probability other bird-watchers would have seen it too by the end of the day. As it was, a number of other birders independently reported seeing the bird on the day of the patient's experience.

Besides, Dr. Eisenbud feels, if one were to attribute the whole matter to coincidence, "one would,

of course, have to relinquish the hope of making psychoanalytic sense out of what happened, since it was not in the premonition alone that the patient stood to gain under the circumstances, but in the fact of the premonition followed by its fulfilment."

Just exactly what could this patient gain by somehow peeking into the future? The doctor suggests that the premonition, combined with its realization, served to restore an unconscious equilibrium. This balance had been severely disturbed by a series of recent events. The following incidents occurred at the crucial time when the patient was approaching the end of his psychiatric treatment and was therefore most vulnerable:

1. Several days before the warbler episode, the patient's wife had gone out of town, *leaving him alone* in his apartment.

2. On the day immediately preceding that of the bird's appearance: the part-time maid *failed to show up* to make his breakfast and straighten up the apartment.

3. And the patient received a telegram from his secretary, *on whom he was very dependent,* stating that *she was permanently leaving his employ.*

To most persons these events, though upsetting, would rarely prove disastrous. But to the unconscious of a man recovering from mental illness they might spell catastrophe.

Unconsciously the patient had placed his wife, maid, and secretary in the role of "Mother." His real mother had neglected him in his early childhood. Now it seemed that these "mother figures" were likewise abandoning him. Indeed, all at once, the patient was bereft of every conceivable source of affection, comfort, and assurance that is psychiatrically associated with the maternal role.

So the infant that always remains in the unconscious mind set about seeking a way to relieve its anguish. According to Dr. Eisenbud a symbol had to be found to replace the recently lost images (wife, maid, and secretary) of "Mother."

Consequently, when sleep relaxed most of the patient's body his unconscious mind continued to function at full capacity. Perhaps it could not find a suitable Mother substitute in its past memories. Perhaps through frustration and conflict, the patient's mind found the key to a more fruitful exploration of possibilities.

It took a leap in time—into the future. There it pounced upon the knowledge that the worm-eating warbler would put in a surprise appearance. With this information, the patient's unconscious mind could create a self-convincing illusion by identifying the bird with

"Mother": Mother had not abandoned him. He could summon her up at will!

Dr. Eisenbud believes, moreover, that it was the fore-knowledge that the warbler-mother would appear that brought on the patient's feeling of exhilaration the morning of his experience. His was the emotion of an infant—separated abruptly from Mommy—knowing it would soon be at her breast again.

The doctor believes that the extra-sensory faculty used unconsciously by his patient is a normally latent capacity of the mind. Consequently he sees the necessity of revising certain currently held physical doctrines of our present-day universe.

OMEN OF THE HOOT OWL

A STRANGE incident in which a hoot owl figures as an omen of death has awed Paris residents, according to a recent syndicated news story by Paul Ghali. A friend of his, Ghali writes, is a well-known diplomat whose home is in the Place Rue St. Florentin, next door to the United Nations regional organization offices. The diplomat had as a guest a woman cousin who was a refugee from the 1956 Hungarian revolt.

At breakfast one morning in October, 1958, the woman appeared tired and worried. When her French diplomat-cousin asked what was wrong, she said she had heard an owl hooting outside her bedroom window. This had alarmed her, she explained, because back in Hungary, where she had spent most of her life, an owl would hoot at her bedroom window each time a relative or a close friend was going to die.

Ghali relates that the diplomat scoffed at this story. He pointed out to his cousin that there were no trees near her courtyard window in which an owl could roost. Besides, he said, he knew of no relatives in Paris or in Hungary who might be about to die.

The next morning the French diplomat appeared at the breakfast table looking tired and solemn. He reported that he also had heard the sinister hooting of an owl during the night. He thought the owl must have been perched on the roof of either the American Talleyrand Hotel or the French Navy Department across the street. However, he still did not believe it was an omen.

A few hours later the diplomat received a telephone message that the wife of his first cousin had been killed in an auto crash 50 miles from Paris.

I grew heartsick as I watched my brother slowly waste away. The doctors did not help him and our family had almost given up hope. And then

I WITNESSED A MIRACLE HEALING

By Sam Diaz Pumara
as told to Hazel I. Diaz Pumara

ARE CERTAIN individuals so blessed that they can cure sickness by incantation alone? Are words, accompanied by puzzling ritual, sufficient to cure an ill man when all methods of medical science have failed?

There was a time when I would have said no to both these questions. Today I answer with the account of my personal experience. I witnessed a miracle healing—a miracle healing accomplished by the use of words spoken over a sick man.

In 1932 my parents, my brother and I lived on an *estancia* about 60 miles west of Buenos Aires, Argentina. We raised cattle, linseed and corn. My experiments in electronics kept me busy much of the time, so the bulk of the work was carried on by my father and my younger brother, Dick. The work was heavy for in those days *estancieros* in Argentina did not have labor-saving farm machinery.

Dick was normally a very slender person. When the summer became exceedingly hot he drank large quantities of water, wine, and beer. Before the harvest was over Dick began to complain of pain in his stomach.

Over a period of time we consulted all the doctors within our reach, without relief for Dick. We took him to general practitioners and to specialists in Buenos Aires City, within the bounds of our income. Even the specialists recommended only an elastic abdominal support; they said he had a fallen stomach.

Dick bought the prescribed support but it only made him feel worse. Within two weeks he could eat nothing. Water made him sick. An hour after he tried to eat his head would begin to ache violently.

Finally the only thing the doctors could recommend was complete rest with his body at an inclination of 10 degrees. It was hoped that his fallen stomach would right itself with rest.

By this time it wasn't difficult to get Dick to rest. He had grown thinner and weaker, with headaches increasing in intensity and duration until they were constant.

Nothing seemed to help and we practically gave up hope. We resorted to prayers.

One day a handsome young *gaucho* came to the *estancia* to talk to father about our herd. We had known Julio for some years and respected his opinions as much as we valued his friendship. When lunch time came Julio gratefully accepted Father's invitation to eat. It was at lunch that he caught sight of Dick. Unable to eat, Dick nevertheless came to the table.

"My friend, what is wrong?" asked Julio.

We explained Dick's illness and the hopelessness of the situation as far as help from the doctors was concerned. Before we had finished our story Julio stopped us. "I know of someone who can cure Dick," he said earnestly.

"Who?" we all asked in unison.

"I know an old man, a *curandero,* who lives not far from here. All he does is say religious words to you and *pronto,* you're cured."

The name *curandero* must have brought the same thoughts to my family as it did to me. Our religion had not actually taught us that the age of miracles was long gone but such was the unspoken teaching which was everywhere evident among the religious people of Argentina.

Who in Argentina had not heard rumors of the marvelous healings of the *curanderos* and who had not openly or secretly ridiculed them? *Curanderos* were usually very poor, nearly always uneducated persons who reputedly healed by the use of words. No one called the words prayers. They were just *palabras.*

A few persons had told us they had seen *curanderos* heal the sick. But we were educated and considered ourselves intelligent folks who deplored the ignorance of those simple ones who believed that words alone could heal.

But Julio was insistent. "Dick, I am going to take you to see this *curandero.* If you don't come willingly I will take you by force. I know that he can cure you."

We of Spanish ancestry pride ourselves on our gracious diplomacy. One does not offend a guest if of-

fense can be avoided. When we saw Julio's determination we knew that we must accept his offer. Then, too, we were desperate to find help for Dick.

That same afternoon, Dick, Julio, and I drove Father's car 30 miles across rich farmland, on dusty dirt roads, to the old man's house which was set at the edge of a corn field.

Julio called, "Don Juan, are you there?"

From the corn field came a voice, "Here I am."

In a few moments an aged Italian came from the field to greet us. He was about 70 years old, we learned later, but the hard life of poverty had left its mark on his face and stooped body. He looked ancient. His faded trousers were patched, and the patches were torn. His shirt was tattered and his feet were bare. Around his waist he wore a black *faja,* a width of wool which Argentine laborers wrap round and round their waists to support their vital organs from the strain of heavy lifting.

"What brings you here?" he asked Julio.

"I'm bringing you a sick friend who needs your help."

"Come in, come in," said Don Juan, waving us towards his little house.

It was a three-room house without plaster on the walls. The brick floor was dusty where many of the bricks were broken out and missing. The furniture was scarred and broken. We went to the kitchen where Don Juan motioned for Dick to sit on a small three-legged stool.

"You will be cured by a Power beyond my power. It is the power of God," he said.

Don Juan removed the *faja* from his waist and substituted a rope to hold his trousers in place. He gave one end of the *faja* to my brother. Dick held the end of the two yard length of wool in his right hand, close to his chest as Don Juan instructed him. Don Juan held the other end of the *faja*. He measured again the same length. As he was measuring and folding, he repeated words which sounded as though they might be Latin. The only words I recognized were "God", "Mary" and "Christ".

In the midst of this ritual, Dick turned to me and winked, as though to say, "Imagine such silly stuff!"

I was perplexed. Why should our friend, who certainly knew better, bring us to such an ignorant old man? How could anyone believe that folding a piece of wool while saying some unintelligible words would cure a fallen stomach? It was absurd. I finally excused myself and walked outside of the house.

I was amazed when I reentered the kitchen to find Dick as white as chalk. He was complaining of severe pains in his stomach. The old man was still muttering. Suddenly Dick's pains disappeared as quickly as they had come.

Now the old man took his *faja* from Dick and wrapped it around his own waist again.

"You will be all right," Don Juan said to Dick. "But for two days eat nothing but soup and boiled potatoes. The following days eat everything that is put on your plate."

Dick said, "Impossible, I haven't even been able to drink water. How can I eat food?"

Don Juan answered quietly, "The power of God is great. Do not ignore it!"

Dick rose from the stool and came to where I was standing with Julio. "A strange thing did happen while he was saying those words. I felt for a moment as though my stomach was going to be pulled right out of my mouth," he said. Then he suddenly touched his forehead. "My headache! It's gone. My God, something has happened! It is the first time in months that my head has not ached. It is absolutely clear." The look on his face was one of complete amazement.

Don Juan refused payment. "We cannot take money for these things," he said. "If we do, the Power sent to us will vanish immediately."

We walked to the car and Dick, who had been too sick for months to drive, asked to drive home.

We thanked Don Juan again and started for home. We hadn't gone half way when we saw a beer garden along the roadside. "I'm going to stop for a beer and some cakes," Dick announced.

"You can't risk it," I said, and Julio tried also to talk Dick out of stopping. We reminded him that Don Juan had told him to eat nothing but soup and boiled potatoes for two days. But Dick was determined and told us that he was hungry, so hungry that he would take a chance on more pain and discomfort.

In the beer garden we ordered beer and cakes. As I saw the order placed before Dick I was sure that this would be a real tragedy. We watched Dick consume the large draught of beer, ravenously eat the cakes and call for more. We returned to the car and started home. Dick still felt wonderful.

Our parents were waiting and eager to hear what had happened when we arrived home. They were surprised to see Dick driving the car. I told them my impressions of our experience. Dick told them his, and Julio added his assurances that the cure was permanent.

Finally Father said, "If all you say is true, and it seems it is, a miracle has happened."

After two days of eating soup and boiled potatoes under Mother's watchful eye, Dick still felt perfectly well. The third day he called for a huge serving of fried eggs and afterwards ate a complete meal of roast beef and vegetables.

We all waited and watched, expecting every moment to see Dick double up with pain. But he continued to get better. His strength returned, his color was good and his whole outlook became optimistic and cheerful.

Don Juan had spoken the truth when he said that from the day of his cure, Dick would be all right. The healing took place 25 years ago and never once have any symptoms of a fallen stomach or its resulting distress recurred. Today Dick's health is wonderful, no complaints, no ailments.

So you see, a sick man can be healed by words spoken to God. I know this is possible. I saw it happen.

A STEP TOWARDS PROLONGING YOUTH

SCIENTIFIC investigators have known for some time that metamorphosing insects secrete a juvenile hormone during the caterpillar stage. Now the discovery that the jellyfish and the cow also secrete this hormone was announced recently by Dr. Howard A. Schneiderman, zoologist, and Lawrence I. Gilbert, graduate student of Cornell University.

Experiments have shown that this hormone prevents the premature development of an insect from a caterpillar into an adult moth. Not until the insect stops secreting the hormone at a certain stage does the metamorphosis take place. It also has been observed that when the hormone is supplied artificially the insect remains in the caterpillar stage without maturing.

The Cornell researchers reported that they had obtained a chemical with similar effects from the cortex (outer layer) of a cow's adrenal glands. When administered to insects, the chemical had the same effect in preventing metamorphosis to the next stage as the juvenile hormone from insects.

Schneiderman and Gilbert also report having isolated a chemical with juvenile hormone activity from the jellyfish, one of the most primitive forms of life. They believe this indicates that the hormone exists in most if not all animals, including man. However, what function the hormone may have in higher animals is unknown as yet.



a new slant on Ghosts

Are ghosts just "echoes" of the past, picked up from things like walls by human minds in the present?

By W. G. Matters

AT A CERTAIN point on the main highway near Bristol, England, a passing motorist thought he saw a corpse on the pavement. As he approached it dissolved and disappeared. At the same spot another motorist had the shock of his life when an arm appeared in front of him and a ghostly hand slowly gripped the steering wheel.

Investigation by newspapers established that a gruesome accident had occurred at that point on the highway. Readers were left wondering: Could there be any connection between the reports and the accident?

Dr. Henry Price, Oxford University's distinguished professor of logic, is one of many trained investigators who thinks there is. He believes these queer experiences may be manifestations of past events, brought to the minds of persons who are able to "pick up" a kind of echo from the past. He puts forward the idea that inani-

mate objects, such as walls and stones, have a memory which can be transmitted to receptive human minds. Certain events, the professor suggests, leave "some trace of something" in material objects at the place where they occurred. It is this "something between mind and matter" which affected the motorists' imagination.

This explanation is part of a fascinating general theory which the professor has developed to assist the investigation of spontaneous supernormal phenomena. Most of the odd facts psychical researchers have collected concern mental phenomena — telepathy, clairvoyance, apparitions, hauntings and the utterances of mediums in trance. These are covered by the term "paranormal cognition," the process by which a person obtains information without the use of memory or rational inference. Information acquired in this way may come from the past, the present or the future. According to Professor Price, it is transmitted as telepathic messages which can be received in some unconscious part of the human mind. These messages or ideas then express themselves in the conscious mind, but the forms they take are strange and confused.

"The paranormally acquired idea seems to express itself in whatever way is easiest in the circumstances," said Dr. Price. "It might take the form of a hunch or an unreasoned impulse such as people experience when they sense a friend is in danger. In a sufficiently sensitive person the idea might present itself as an apparition or in his production of automatic writing or speech."

Take the typical story of a landowner who had an odd experience at the time when, unknown to him, one of his tenants committed suicide. The landlord was reading one evening by the shuttered window of his study when he heard the garden gate open and close, then footsteps hurrying up the path; through the shutters came the sound of labored breathing. Then an appalling shriek echoed through the room, dying away into sobbing pulsations of agony. Outside there were no footmarks in the snow; the landlord's wife heard nothing.

In another case two living persons are involved. A young man, parted from his fiancee, imagined he visited her at her house. He wrote her a letter describing how he had called and greeted her on the stairs, putting his arm around her waist. She, too, wrote to him— the letters crossed in the mail— telling of an experience she herself had had, similar in detail.

Telepathic communication in the present, that is, from one person's mind to another's, is generally accepted. The same is true of pre-

cognition, where the information obtained is about future events. It would seem that telepathy is in some degree independent of the physical time order. Professor Price puts forward two alternative suggestions to explain how messages originate from the past.

If you believe in an after life a ghost could be a message-idea received by telepathy from the surviving mind or personality of some one who is dead.

If you accept the materialistic belief that human personality dies when the body dies, the phenomenon can be explained as retrocognition, which Dr. Price defines as "knowing backwards." In this case telepathic contact is made back through time with the thoughts and emotions experienced by a dead person when that person was alive.

THE OXFORD professor prefers the survival theory in the case of ordinary apparitions which, he says, often show signs of intelligence and purpose. On the other hand, haunting apparitions usually perform a simple stereotyped routine of actions which they repeat every time they appear without conveying any useful message. Hauntings may be surviving personalities obsessed with some special memory, but because they seem pinned to one building or locality Dr. Price thinks they require a special explanation; hence his inanimate-objects-have-a-memory theory.

Dr. Price describes himself as an "undenominational theist." In his view there must be something like an "impersonal collective unconscious" to which individual beings are linked through a deep level of the unconscious mind.

"We are satisfied telepathy is at work," Dr. Price told me. "But our research does not show how it works. All we can do at present is provide the conditions in which it might be encouraged to operate."

It would appear that all through the ages man has been seeking to provide these conditions. The fortune teller's tea leaves, the crystal ball, ouija boards and the many other adjuncts employed by people claiming psychic powers might all be bracketed together as aids in the process of making their telepathic powers work. Perhaps these do no more than assist the practitioner to concentrate his mind to the degree necessary for his paranormal powers to operate. Perhaps the secret is hypnosis which has been defined as a state of intense concentration.

Professor Price's general theory attempts to provide for the first time a working hypothesis which, if found acceptable, will take much of the mystery out of the phenomena we call supernormal. Some

time in the future perhaps the hidden powers of the mind will be brought under voluntary control. The prospect could be frightening. Yet nothing will prevent modern thinkers from seeking to penetrate what we now regard as the strange world of the unknown.



THE VISION OF POPE PIUS XII

A FUND OF evidence exists that the hand of God stayed the hour of death of Eugenio Pacelli, the late Pope Pius XII, according to Harold Schachern, religion writer of the Detroit *News*. Schachern recalls the story, made public in November, 1955, and confirmed by Pope Pius, that on the morning of December 1, 1954, the Pope had a vision in which he saw Jesus Christ standing at his bedside. This vision, it is reported, gave the Pope comfort and strength, enabling him to overcome a ravaging illness that had him at death's door.

In 1954 the Pope's health took a downward trend which his physicians were unable to halt. By December 1 Pius XII's heartbeat had declined to a weak flutter and the doctors gave up all hope. They were certain he was dying and it is said that the Pope himself knew this. According to his own account, as he lay alone on his bed he heard a voice say distinctly, "There will be a vision." He fell asleep but woke as the first rays of dawn lighted his room. As he recited a favorite prayer, "Anima Christi"—"Soul of Christ"—he saw Jesus standing at his bedside, "silent in all his eloquent majesty."

Pius reported he was convinced that Jesus had come for him and he expressed his willingness to go. A few minutes later, however, the vision vanished. Thereafter the Pope's recovery was rapid. He is said to have been stronger in 1955 than he had been in years, giving audience to almost 400,000 pilgrims and making 60 major speeches.



COFFINS FOR THREE

WHEN A truck carrying three burial vaults slowed down for a railroad crossing in Paulding, Ohio, a car crashed into the rear of the truck. The three occupants of the car, Edward E. Short, 33, James King, 42, and Frank Keller, 37, were killed. The truck driver was only slightly injured.



"Sister Belle Was Just Here!"

Father's dreams always seemed to come true. So we worried when he dreamed of a visit from his sister, Belle.

By Clara Lester

THE NIGHT WAS bright with moonlight, the heat hung like moss to the walls and ceiling of my room. It was July 10, 1923, and I was nine years old. I lay in bed, unable to sleep, watching the leaves of a tree just outside my window. I had heard my father call mother to him, through the thin paneled walls that separated our bedrooms.

"Old woman," my father said, in his childish voice. "My sister, Belle, is dead. I just saw her in my dream."

It had been many years since my father had dreamed. Several years back he had experienced a stroke. As a result, his mind had become child-like. He had ceased to dream, as in the past. Now I felt my heart begin pumping with interest. My father's dreams always had been both inspiring and intriguing to me. Hearing him declare that he had dreamed again, sent me flying to his room.

Mother stood beside the iron bed. The kerosene lamp threw striped patterns across my father's thin, pale face. He always had been a little man, never weighing over 98 pounds. As long as I could

remember he had worn a white beard. His coal black eyes seemed to pierce mine, as they always had. There was only one difference, tears slid down his cheeks, softening the brilliance of his eyes at that moment.

"I looked," my father said, "and Belle was standing by my bed. She told me that she had just passed on from the mortal life that I am in. When I asked her how she could be here beside my bed, she answered quickly, 'You are dead in sleep and I am dead in body.' "

Mother and I exchanged looks and father continued, "She told me not to grieve for her and expressed regrets that we had not been able to visit each other more in this life."

Then Father's mind seemed to slip into its child-like existence and Mother motioned me from the room.

Back on my bed, I began to recall other dreams of my father's. Most of his dreams had taken place before my birth, but Mother used to take me on her lap and tell me about them. She would first quote from the Bible, "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams:"

My mother felt she had proof that Father's dreams did come true. My father's dreams had such an inspirational weight, that they affected my entire life for good.

My father had his first dream in 1886, while he was living on a small farm near Wainright, Ala. It was during that period in history when the Mormon church was being persecuted. The southern people were deeply opposed to this strange doctrine, and many wild tales were told concerning the men in derby hats with their secret-looking grips, who called themselves missionaries or elders.

One cold wintery morning my father got out of bed, made a fire in the fireplace and called to my mother, "Get up, old woman, I have just had a dream and I cannot interpret it."

He told her this story: "I was walking along the street and it was snowing. Since I had never seen snow before, I feasted my eyes. Suddenly I saw a group of people. They were laughing and making fun of something that lay upon the ground. As I came near, I saw four small babies lying in the snow. I wondered why the group did not pick them up and take them to the warmth and comfort of their homes. But they did not. I made my way through the crowd and asked, 'Would you like to come home with me?' All four babies spoke up saying, 'Yes.' Then they cried."

Neither of my parents could interpret this strange dream. So, putting it aside on a shelf in his mind, my father went about his daily chores. It was Saturday, the day on which the corn must be ground. Taking his buggy, small son and the family's grain, he drove to the mill. There he discovered the mill had broken down. It was quite a long way to the next settlement, but the family must have bread. He put the grain back into the buggy and drove on to another small community.

When he arrived there he saw a group of people standing around something on the ground. Making his way nearer, he saw four men sitting on black grips, with derby hats in their hands. His eyes took in the scene. The group was laughing and jeering at them. The four men neither commented nor answered. My father rushed forward and blurted, "Would you men like to come home with me? I'm a member of your church."

They all jumped up and cried at once, "Yes." Then tears slipped down their cheeks. At that moment, my father remembered his dream. It had come true. He sent the elders home in the buggy, with my small brother. A neighbor from a near-by farm had offered him a ride when the corn was ready.

As the buggy came over a hill near home one elder said, "Son, there is your house."

"But how do you know?" My brother asked.

The elder replied, "Last night we were lost, cold and hungry. No one would let us stay the night. We stopped in the woods, after spending a considerable length of time on our knees in prayer, we lay down and tried to sleep. I had something like a vision. In it I saw your house, just as I see it now. I was told that there we would find refuge."

To our family that was a sobering experience. We never had doubted the possibility of dreams coming true, now we knew for certain that they do.

When my father was baptized into the Mormon church, his brother joined also. But neighbors and friends became cool and impolite and as a result, my uncle was not as diligent a church member as my father.

One morning my father said, "Ross is coming outta the church, old woman. I saw it in a dream. And he will never change his mind to return."

That night my uncle came to our home and stated that he had decided to come out of the church. He would not listen to Father's pleas. He never returned to the gospel as taught by the Latter-Day Saints or Mormons.

After we moved from Wainright, Ala., we settled on a small farm

not far from Uriah. My father had heard that money was buried somewhere on the old homestead and he spent some time looking for it. One night, in a dream, he was sitting on the porch steps. An old man came up to him. Father knew that he was a spirit so he addressed him thus, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, what do you want?"

The old man answered, "I have come to show you where the money is buried."

Father got up and they walked toward a grove of peach trees. Just then a dog barked and awoke my father.

All of us children were disappointed that this had happened. Later, after we had moved to another farm, we heard that a pot of money had been found under a tree, in the very direction the old man was walking in Father's dream.

After my father returned to peaceful sleep, that July night in 1923, Mother came and sat beside me on my bed.

"I believe, with all my heart," she said, "that his sister, Belle, is dead."

"How can we find out for sure?" I asked.

"I shall write the family," Mother replied.

After Mother returned to my father, I settled down and tried to sleep. But I kept remembering another dream that had saved the life of my oldest brother.

An old southern house apparently was haunted and the family living there had become more than just frightened. As a result, neighbors would go, "sit up" with them, and try to find the source of the many strange noises. My brother was a teen-ager and on this particular night he took Father's shot gun and went along with a crowd to "sit up".

Our family retired. Shortly afterwards, however, my father jumped out of bed and began pulling on his clothes. "Our son is in danger," he told Mother. "I must hurry if I'm to save his life."

"Go back to bed," Mother said, "and stop worrying. Our son is all right."

"No," my father replied. "I was visited by a Heavenly Being, in a dream. I was told to go after my son as quickly as I could." With those words trailing after him, Father ran from the house into the night. For as far as we could hear he ran, calling my brother's name.

Inside the other house, my brother had been selected to go outside and investigate a noise. With gun in hand, he was walking toward the back door, when he heard Father calling him. He turned and walked out the front door to see what Father wanted.

Later they caught a man who

confessed that he had lain in wait, just outside the back door of that house, and would have shot anyone who came looking for him that night.

On July 20, 1923, we received a letter telling us of the death of Belle Thompson, Father's sister. She had passed away on the night of July 10, 1923. Another of Father's dreams had come true.

That was the last dream my father ever had, although he did not die until several years later.



THE PHANTOM CYCLIST

A GHOSTLY cyclist who appears to haunt a certain spot along a road called the Kingsway recently was reported in the Dundee, Scotland, edition of the *People's Journal.*

In the late fall of 1956 Edward Meakin, director of a Dundee firm called the Forfar Company, was driving east to Dundee along the Kingsway after taking his sister-in-law, Sheila Roger, to her home in Invergowrie. It was shortly after 11:00 P.M. and it was raining. As Meakin peered into the path of his headlights he saw what appeared to be an old man on a bicycle cross the road and disappear into a side road.

Several days later Meakin passed the spot in daylight and was surprised to note that there was no side road where he had seen the cyclist. The road at that point was hemmed in on both sides by quite high grassy green banks.

One night some 18 months later Meakin was driving his sister-in-law to his home in Dundee where she was to stay with his wife. Again he saw what appeared to be an old man on a bicycle cross the road approximately 100 feet ahead of the car. Miss Roger saw the figure also and asked where it had gone.

Meakin said he was certain that the figure was the same one he had seen on the previous occasion. He added that the sighting had occurred at the same spot along the Kingsway and at the same time—shortly after 11:00 P.M. The figure, he said, seemed to float across the road in a bent position as if hunched over bicycle handlebars. According to Miss Roger, the figure wore a cap and the bicycle wheels looked like circles of smoke.





Dr. Nandor Fodor investigated the amazing poltergeist case detailed in this article. He is a practicing psychoanalyst and author of books and articles on psychic phenomena.

on the trail of the POLTERGEIST*

By Curtis Fuller

IN THE MIDDLE of February, 1938, the London *Sunday Pictorial* carried sensational headlines:

GHOST WRECKS HOME,
FAMILY TERRORISED

Two reporters of the newspaper described their observations in the home of L. Forbes in Thornton Heath. An invisible source, they asserted, had smashed eggs, saucepans, wineglasses before their eyes. Can openers, coal, rugs flew through the air.

The next day the *Sunday Pictorial* sent not two but five report-

*ON THE TRAIL OF THE POLTERGEIST, published by Citadel Press, New York, 1958 Copyright by Dr. Nandor Fodor. 222 pages. $3.25.

ers to the Thornton Heath home to observe the remarkable events. All five saw things but each formed his own conclusions. At the end of their visit three could not decide whether they had witnessed paranormal phenomena; two felt they had not despite the fact that an egg cup had shattered while held in one reporter's hand although nothing visible had struck it.

Can psychiatry explain poltergeists? Here is a report on a psychoanalyst's study of one of the most baffling cases on record.



Five days after the disturbances began in the Forbes home on February 19, 1938, Dr. Nandor Fodor, then director of research for the International Institute for Psychical Research, and now a practicing psychoanalyst in New York City, arrived on the scene.

Dr. Fodor was a skilled observer, a psychologist but not yet a psychoanalyst. He had plenty of time to investigate the strange affair and he had all the resources of the Institute behind him. The result is this report, published 20 years later, dramatizing the tremendous difficulties and complications that accompany such an endeavor.

For the Thornton Heath case is certainly one of the most fascinating of modern times and one of the most complex. Phenomena were witnessed which certainly appeared genuine. Other events were just as clearly fraudulent.

As a matter of fact, the complexities of the case were so great that they convinced Dr. Fodor such matters were primarily psychological problems and turned him toward a new career. His conclusions that the disturbances sprang from a basic sexual trauma in Mrs. Forbes resulting in dissociation was considered disgraceful by the Institute which demanded his resignation. His report was confiscated and only legal action brought about its return.

THE THORNTON HEATH poltergeist case centers around a frail semi-invalid, Mrs. Forbes. She was a remarkable woman and the phenomena which she apparently produced included psychic scents, apports, psychic shoplifting, breaking glass and crockery, flying objects, trance personalities, projec-

tion, self-mutilation and other mysteries.

The first and perhaps the simplest kind of incident associated with Mrs. Forbes was the breaking of china and glassware. At least 60 tumblers and wine glasses shattered under unexplained circumstances during the early poltergeist manifestations. A typical instance held to be evidential occurred under the eyes of three witnesses. The glass jumped out of Mrs. Forbes' hand and almost instantly burst in mid-air with a loud ping. The ping sounded as if the glass had been struck by a hard object, such as a small hammer. But in no case was any such object seen. The ping and destruction of the glass could not have been caused by Mrs. Forbes' hands alone.

Before the eyes of one of the investigators, Dr. G.A.P. Wills, a saucer suddenly appeared about two-thirds up from the floor in a doorway. It remained in this position long enough to be identified. Then it split in half with a loud crack and fell straight to the floor. The kitchen was well lighted and Dr. Wills was positive the saucer had not hit the wall.

This type of phenomena became so common that Dr. Fodor and others had many opportunities to witness it. The crockery moved so swiftly they were unable to determine the start of its movement. Then in mid-air there would be a sharp "ping" followed almost instantly by the shattering of the crockery or glassware. Dr. Fodor uses the term "phantom hammer" to explain the effect he is trying to describe. When a saucer a quarter-inch thick broke in the middle, Dr. Wills, Dr. Fodor and then Shaw Desmond and Michael Becker tried to break a similar saucer in their hands but could not. Nor could they break a similar but thinner saucer.

Objects associated with Mrs. Forbes kept disappearing and reappearing. In one experiment the experimenters put Mrs. Forbes into a heavy overcoat owned by Dr. Wills and played a "vanishing game." Mrs. Forbes sat in an armchair with her arms folded. She announced she had a feeling as if a hand were in the coat pocket. Dr. Fodor put in his hand and pulled out a missing imitation diamond clip. They permitted Mrs. Forbes to walk about with clasped hands, watching her closely, following her, and then holding her clasped hands. After the little walks test objects invariably vanished but always turned up either in the coat pocket or somewhere else. The biggest of the objects was a penknife. Here is one of Dr. Fodor's notes:

"10:28 p.m. We put a cut crystal into one of the pockets. Dr. Wills walks up with her. They come

down. The crystal is gone! I go up with her and come down. Dr. Wills looks into the pocket. The crystal is back, warm! We leave it there, and I walk up with her again. When we come down her clip is gone. Dr. Frayworth walks up with her. I tell him how to hold Mrs. Forbes' hands sandwiched.

"'I held her hand,' he said. 'Mrs. Forbes felt something moving in the pocket. I touched the pocket from the outside. Something was moving. I put my hand inside. There was the clip.'"

IN ANOTHER CASE observers examined Mrs. Forbes' hands and then asked her to clasp them. Countess Wydenbruck put her right hand above the clasped hands and a Mr. Purtcher his left. The countess reported a "throbbing and pulsating" from Mrs. Forbes' hands. Dr. Wills photographed the procedure. When Mrs. Forbes said that the movement had stopped the observers removed their hands, Mrs. Forbes unclasped hers and in them was a tortoise shell cross with gold filigree work.

Dr. Fodor said that he could find no fault with this experiment.

Yet at the same time he was well aware that among what appeared to be genuine phenomena Mrs. Forbes was producing fraudulent phenomena. Throughout his long investigation he found "the genuine and the fraudulent marching in queer procession."

Then there are incidents which seem startling but which Dr. Fodor skirts carefully. About a series of living apports (birds, white mice, etc.) that Mrs. Forbes produced, some were clearly fraudulent but in general Dr. Fodor diverts our attention to psychological considerations without discussing the veridical possibilities of the others.

Yet he does not hesitate to venture opinions on other cases. There was the case of an apport of violets which Mrs. Forbes said fell from the air into her bedroom. Fodor visited the house with Dr. Graham Howe, a medical psychologist, and his wife. They all smelled the scent of violets distinctly, in some places stronger than others. Significantly, they could detect no trace in Mrs. Forbes' bag.

Later, Mrs. Forbes reported another shower of violets, although again there were no witnesses which Fodor considered completely reliable. Nevertheless, in her presence thereafter the observers repeatedly smelled the violet scent distinctly. Sometimes it alternated with the scent of roses. Many persons smelled these scents and they could not trace them directly to Mrs. Forbes —they only appeared and disappeared in her presence.

Psychologically, Dr. Fodor suggests the possibility that Mrs.

Forbes may have produced the scent psychically and that it, in some way, related to the death of a friend which had made a great impression on her. The friend's name was *Violet* Hamilton and there is a strong association in some of the violet phenomena with horror and death. In trance, a personality purporting to be Violet Hamilton speaking through Mrs. Forbes said that she brought the violet smell.

However, Fodor is careful to point out that the existence of Mrs. Forbes' psychological trauma in regards to the tragic death of Violet Hamilton does not explain the phenomenon itself. He comments:

"How the forces of the unconscious can be used to produce a smell of violets I am unable to say. As I cannot suggest any means by which, in the conditions related, the smell could have been produced in a normal manner, I conclude in its favor as a supernormal phenomenon."

THE INVESTIGATION proceeded for several months. Mrs. Forbes was a willing subject, undoubtedly too willing. When she could not produce phenomena by supernormal means she still produced it—by fraud. It was discovered that some of the apports she produced had been secreted in her body cavities.

An X-ray examination revealed objects hidden beneath a breast. Based upon this evidence, Dr. Fodor felt that the entire series of apport experiments was invalidated. Yet he did not have it in his heart to blame Mrs. Forbes. "A dissociated woman is not necessarily bound by considerations of ethics and logic," he says.

Nevertheless he has to admit that some of the apport phenomena were obviously self-evidential. It was only in the controlled experiments, when Mrs. Forbes knew she was expected to produce phenomena that the apports appeared always to be surrounded by doubts. When they happened spontaneously they seemed real. Of this situation, Dr. Fodor comments: ". . . in an atmosphere of greater freedom and mental stimulation it is possible for mysterious things to happen."

From this point on Dr. Fodor's investigation is largely a psychological one. He gently informed Mrs. Forbes that her frauds had been discovered. But he did not abandon her for it was obvious that she needed help.

It was his view that her frauds could be inspired by the same abnormal impulse that produced what appeared to be genuine phenomena. "The first apports were so little defined that they fell into the general class of poltergeist manifestations. The neurotic origin of such disturb-

ances is almost the only outstanding fact which we know about them. A traumatic impulse is a signal from the unconscious of trouble below. The first apports (coal throwing) were clearly due to such signalling."

So, according to Dr. Fodor's theories, many kinds of paranormal phenomena are allied with each other, may have the same causes, and are created by the human mind. He proceeds farther in developing his theory.

"Mediumistic development," he insists, "is usually due to an injury of the psyche. A developed medium is a more or less adjusted personality who has found a constructive outlet for her pent-up energies.

"An unadjusted personality is not easy to deal with. Dissociation brings in its wake a good deal of cunning and an ability of self-expression both on the conscious and unconscious level. Dissimulation and mystification is almost inevitably practiced, both deliberately and unconsciously, and simultaneously there may be an uncontrollable outburst of psychic energy producing manifestations of which we have yet no understanding."

In continuing his psychological investigations of Mrs. Forbes, Dr. Fodor concluded that the injury to her psyche was probably the result of her being raped by a male brute when she was a young child.

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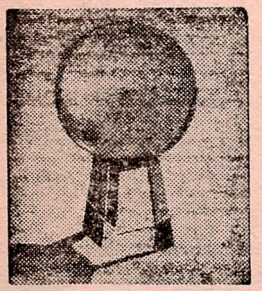
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But before he could complete his study the council of the International Institute for Psychical Research felt he was overstepping the bounds of his job. They considered it was reprehensible to trace psychical phenomena to a sexual neurosis and the study was brought to a close.

Dr. Fodor himself turned to the study of psychiatry and became a psychoanalyst, although still retaining an overwhelming interest in psychical matters. Today he is more concerned with their psychiatric causes and motivations.

The whole study presents a fascinating excursion into an unusual aspect of psychical research. Whether readers will agree with Dr. Fodor's viewpoints, and his idea that mediumistic activity itself may represent a form of self-therapy by permitting affected persons to make a better adjustment to life appears to be immaterial to the main point.

And that main point is still, in our view as opposed to Dr. Fodor's, not the psychological basis for psychic phenomena but the overwhelming fact of their existence and the still unknown mechanisms of their operation.

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NO GREATER LOVE

By Lauga Geir

The following story was submitted to me by the late J. J. Erlendson of Cavalier. He has sought all available sources to verify his statements including an interview with Jon Olason, nephew of Mrs. Long. Miss Kristbjorg Kristjanson of Mountain, N. D., also contributed information from the Thorgeirson Almanac for the year 1929 pages 58-59. This is the most authentic record now available of this incident which happened in March, 1881 or 1882.

The day dawned mild and calm. A blanket of snow shrouded the Village of Mountain, N. Dak., and covered the roofs of pioneer cabins, little houses, yet so big that there was always room for the homeless.

Such a place was that of Hallgrimur Jonsson and his wife, Nybjorg, living on what is now the Johannes Anderson farm, half mile west of Mountain. Sharing their home was a comely woman in her early thirties, Gudrun Long, with her two children, Borghildur, age 9 and Vilhjalmur, age 7. She had been in this country only a few years having come to America in 1878. She was born in Nordur-Mulasysla, Iceland, in 1850. At the age of 20, she was married to Sigmundur Long. For some time her husband was an innkeeper at Seydisfjordur, but in a comparatively short time, they were separated, and Gudrun with her two children sailed for America, going directly to New Iceland near Gimli, Manitoba, where her half brother, Metusalem Olason was located. Later he and his brother, Gudni, became homesteaders near Akra, N. Dak. After the first winter in Canada, Gudrun brought her children to Mountain, N. Dak., finding refuge with Hallgrimur and Nybjorg Jonsson.

On this particular day Gudrun seemed somewhat depressed. This mood probably prompted a desire



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to see her intimate friends. Looking through the window she announced, "This being such a mild day I have a mind to go visiting. I plan to walk with the children to Gardar. I want to see my good friend, Asta, wife of Benedict Johannesson."

"I hate to see you go that distance on foot," replied Nybjorg. "Why not wait til later?"

"No, this is a good day," insisted Gudrun. "I shall first stop awhile in Mountain at Thorlakur Jonsson's place."

Among the notable homes in the community was that of Thorlakur Jonsson and his wife, Lovisa Nielsdottir. Gudrun Long with her children made a short visit there but soon prepared to leave for Gardar.

Lovisa Jonsson protested. "Walk to Gardar? My dear, do you realize that it is six miles to Gardar and the snow still on the ground."

"I agree," echoed her husband, Thorlakur. "The weather is uncertain and traveling on foot with children this time of year isn't good. Why not wait til later?"

"Yes Gudrun, Why not wait? Perhaps you can catch a ride with some one later," suggested Lovisa.

Gudrun's reply was positive. "No, Lovisa, I am used to walking and the children are healthy, the weather mild. Don't worry about us; we will get there."

So it was; no persuasion could

stop her. Late that afternoon Gudrun Long and her children trudged the road south, bound for Gardar.

Not long after they left the wind began to howl. Threatening clouds overcast the sky, and snowflakes were falling fast. A North Dakota blizzard in all its fury was sweeping the prairies. Soon it was pitch dark. No one knew whether Gudrun and the children had reached Gardar. One hope remained, that she might have reached some home not too far from the road.

That night Nybjorg Jonsson woke up with a start calling her husband. "Hallgrimur, wake up. Gudrun Long is dead. She is dead I say."

"What are you saying, woman? Dead? How do you know she is dead?"

"She is. I know it. I had a dream. I saw her coming in through the doorway, snow clinging to her garments. She stood at the foot of our bed, but said nothing. Then she put her hand under the bedcovers and touched my foot. It was an icy hand, so cold it sent shivers through me. Just now I saw her fade through the doorway."

"There is nothing we can do now," replied Hallgrimur. "It is still dark; we must wait for daylight."

At daybreak Hallgrimur was out summoning Thorlakur Jonsson and other neighbors to search the road

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to Gardar. The storm had then abated. They followed the road south stopping at the home of Kristjan Backman, which is now the Arni V. Johnson's residence. No one there had seen the wayfarers. The men continued their search southward, seeing nothing till they came to Sigmundur Laxdal's quarter section, about three miles north of Gardar. There they noticed a stick with a handkerchief tied to it emerging from a snowdrift. On investigation they found the children buried in the snow but unharmed. A short distance away, by a boulder, was the scantily-clad body of the mother, frozen to death.

The bereaved children told how their mother had removed her own coat and other wraps to bundle them up in and then buried them in the snow, admonishing them not to stir until she returned. She was going to find her bearing before going farther.

"It was such a long night," wailed the tearful children. "We were so scared we couldn't sleep and we prayed constantly as Mother told us to do."

Now the long night was over, but there was no living mother to cling to.

Thorlakur Jonsson assured the nine-year-old Borghildur that she could be a member of his household. She remained there until she

was married at the age of 18.

The seven-year-old Vilhjalmur was adopted by Bjorn Thorlakson.

Gudrun Long's story remains a symbol of the purest motherly devotion. The curtain separating the living from the dead, so seldom penetrated, was opened by a mother's love—love stronger than death. —*Edinburg, N. Dak.*

I'LL SEE HIM AGAIN

By Ione Mercer

DURING WORLD WAR II my husband and I operated a small grocery store and meat market in Black River, N.Y. Help was very hard to get during that period and we finally managed to persuade a

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retired meat cutter, Mr. Willis Moffett, to work part time for us.

Mof was in his 70s but was very alert and he knew his business. He taught Gordon and me many things and was so kind and considerate that we grew very fond of him.

After about eight years, in 1946, we sold the store and Mof again retired. We moved to a different town but we kept in touch with Mof and when he entered a nursing home in Limerick, N.Y., we went to see him and sent him things frequently.

On July 19, 1949, Mof died and my husband was asked to be a pall bearer. With sad hearts we started for the funeral. Mof had been a grand old gentleman and we had lost a dear friend.

Just when I thought I would burst into tears, I saw Mof before me. He was smiling and I distinctly heard him say, in his half teasing way, "Why, Ione! You look like you were going to a funeral!"

It was all so real I was about to answer him when the vision faded and Mof was gone. But with him he had taken all my sadness, had lifted the weight from my heart. I knew, without doubt, that Mof still lived, was happy and at peace.

My husband, sitting in the car beside me, was unaware of Mof's return. But I am sure Mof was there and that I will see him again someday.—*Cape Vincent, N.Y.*



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a hospital bed, while doctors discussed his condition. He felt no pain or fear and had a sense of complete release.

As a result of this experience the author embarked on a search for enlightenment as to the nature of the survival of the soul after death. He experimented with mescalin. After many trials it was found that, while he was under its influence, his superconscious was able to answer questions asked by interested persons. The answers, recorded on many thousands of feet of sound tape, covered such subjects as reincarnation, hypnotism, consciousness after death of the physical body, the value of certain gems as psychic aids, ancient civilizations, life on other planets, and many other subjects. The book presents the most pertinent or significant of these questions and the answers given to them.

The book will be of interest to the reader embarking on an exploration of his own. The seasoned explorer, however, may feel that it often falls short of giving details on questions for which he would like answers. —*Guy Archette.*

UFOs CONFIDENTIAL, by George Hunt Williamson and John McCoy. The Essene Press, Corpus Christi, 1958. 100 pages, $3.00.

UFOs Confidential is divided into two sections. George Hunt Williamson opens Part I with a breathless "cloak-and-dagger" style chapter on alleged "Radio Contact With Outer Space." Unfortunately, the amateur radio operator through whom Williamson worked, Lyman H. Streeter,

Jr., died several years ago and we have only the author's word for what he says transpired. The author does not discuss his "contacts" using a ouija-board-type arrangement, which comprised the bulk of his first book, *The Saucers Speak!*

Williamson's second chapter is devoted to "The Silence Group." Maintaining his highly melodramatic style, Williamson charges "that there is a 'Hidden Empire' working secretly in the world and plotting its downfall." He goes on to state that every king, president (including Eisenhower) and dictator is "a tool of the 'Hidden Empire'" who "wave flags and scream: 'Patriotism.' and thousands of young men, women and children die so that a vast war machine will be fed."

Williamson claims that the mysterious group of "Internationalists" works through motion pictures, radio, television and magazines "to weaken us to the point where we offer no resistance to their propaganda of lies." He declares that the United Nations "has wilfully and deliberately plotted to transform itself into a super One World Government that would absorb the United States, destroy our sovereignty and void and nullify our Constitution.' Don't be fooled by the U. N., for it is Anti-Christ from first to last . . ."

The "space intelligences" will do nothing to prevent an atomic war, Williamson relates. But he foresees a greater danger in a cosmic "dust cloud" which the earth is supposedly entering, and which he believes will eventually cause the earth's axis to shift. He points to earthquakes,

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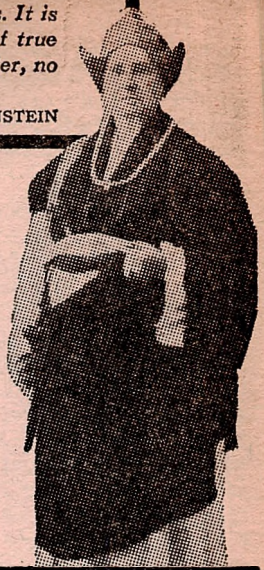
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strange weather and "increasing cosmic ray bombardment" as effects from the "outer fringes" of this cloud.

The book's co-author, John McCoy, provides marked contrast to Williamson's frantic style of writing. Less readable but more literate, McCoy devotes Part II to a more intensive discussion of "Why"—in his opinion—we are being "visited."

Co-author McCoy explains that the earth is nearing the end of a 26,000 year cycle of evolution—hence: UFO's. "Now a time has come in the evolution of Earth when man must be ready to enter into a higher consciousness and vibration," he observes. "Otherwise, he must incarnate elsewhere in order to learn the lessons that will enable him to someday take his place in the dawning of a New Age on another planet."

In seeming contradiction to his co-author's claim that all the world's evil originates from the "Internationalists," McCoy reflects: "If we will but look within, we will find that any trouble we are having in the world stems directly from ourselves. Yes, we as individuals must make as many drastic changes within as we will see things changing without."

For those who are interested in the "great international banking conspiracy," this book will provide plenty of excitement but little information. The UFO reader will wonder why the book wasn't titled: *The Political Aspects Affecting the Proximity and Frequency of Visitations by Space Intelligences.*—*Max B. Miller.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

OBJECT OF BEAUTY

In September, 1955, as a favor, I drove two elderly persons to Louisville, Ky. They had purchased a car here and did not feel up to making the long drive home. As we passed through Indiana—near Muncie, I think—we sighted a most beautiful glowing object which seemed to hover a few feet off the ground.

As I was driving 60 m.p.h., I could not stop immediately. However, I braked the car sharply. To our amazement the object, which was circular and huge, was moving away so swiftly and silently that it became a mere pinpoint of brilliance in what I estimate to be under three seconds. It was a clear autumn day. Visibility was unlimited.

The most striking thing about the object was its unearthly radiant beauty. It glowed like pure crystal.

I have given this experience much thought and am convinced that the object had an extraterrestrial origin. Nothing of earth could have duplicated its feat. I also am convinced that an object so beautiful must be the product of a beautiful civilization.—*Charles Van Every, Detroit, Mich.*

OBJECTS IN THE SEARCHLIGHT

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the beam scanned certain portions of the sky its light was reflected from star-size objects stationary in the air.

When the beam stopped on any of these objects, it moved slowly out of the light.

On my way home I looked up again and saw four of what I think were the same objects in formation, moving around in the beam from the searchlight. The operators of the searchlight seemed to know what they were doing.

There was no noise. Around each of the objects was what seemed to be a vapor.—*James Schwartzmeyer, New York, N.Y.*

SITE OF GROWING SAND

I have received requests for the location of the "desert of Maine," regarding which you ran a letter by me headed "The Growing Sand" in the November issue. In my letter I related how a patch of sand appeared on a farm in 1935 and kept growing until now it covers about 500 acres. The spot is situated in the confines of Freeport, two miles off the main highway, Route One. This is between Portland and Brunswick.—*H. K. Palmer, Albany, N.Y.*

FORECAST ON TYRONE POWER

In 1957, during one of our mind attunement phases of endeavoring to increase the ESP potentials of a subject by special techniques and not concerned with anything in particular, we picked up what indicated the death of Tyrone Power.

The subject, a doctor, saw a face described as Tyrone Power's. He also saw a house and its rooms,

heard the words "Die, die, die," and saw what was described as Tyrone Power's mother. There were other interesting details.

At this date, November, 1958, after the death of Tyrone Power, we release the information. At the time we obtained it, we did telephone a report to a motion picture magazine in Hollywood. We were told that the subject was too controversial. We urged them to remember our report as we felt it was indicative of Tyrone Power's passing over. Had our information been published, his death might have been avoided.—*Leo E. Wagner, Whittier, Calif.*

DR. CHESNEY ON "SPIRIT HANDS"

Mr. Haglin of Tempe, Ariz., is so obviously looking for the truth that his letter deserves a reply. This should interest all FATE readers who may have been deceived by Houdini.

I met Houdini in Boston when he was on the committee to investigate the medium Margery. His conduct was such that the members called him disreputable. He made a contract to do anything that Margery did, but after witnessing just a bit of the spirit phenomena, he skipped town forthwith.

Everybody wishing the facts can find them fully reported in the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research, 1925-1927. In fact, the *Journal* declared that the Margery phenomena were supernormal and came through her deceased brother, Walter.

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graph on page 73 of the September issue. Just what kind of a glove would Houdini have used to get such a moulage? Look at it closely and you will see the absolute impossibility of withdrawing a rubber glove from the hot paraffin, and the clasped hands from the paraffin glove. You can see the skin structure, even some warts.

Turn to page 71 and note the statement of the reputable moulage maker, Gabrielli. Hundreds of the leading scientists of Europe saw the Kluski-Guzik phenomena and gave their unqualified approval.

I am not being "smart," Mr. Haglin, just pointing out facts. If you'll ship a couple of square miles of Arizona climate up here, as we go into Wisconsin's nine-month a year winter, all will be forgiven. I used to live in Tombstone and Tucson and loved it.—*W. D. Chesney, M.D. Milton Junction, Wis.*

EXPERIMENT IN TELEPATHY

I enclose my check for one year's subscription to FATE. I thoroughly enjoy it from cover to cover.

Let me tell you about what happened just one hour ago (on November 17, 1958). I read Elsie Bulow's article, "How to Use Telepathy," in the October issue. Since I truly believe that some persons have such powers, I decided to experiment. I mentally pictured my daughter, Lorraine, who lives three miles from me. I asked her to please telephone me. Less than five minutes later my telephone rang. My daughter said, "Hello, Ma, how are you?"

I said, "I am about to faint," and related to her what had happened.

I do hope that this was no coincidence but rather a sample of the great power given to all persons if they will but believe.—*Mrs. Fred Hartley, Milford, N.J.*

CORRECTIONS ON "JOYITA"

Since 1949, I've been an avid reader of FATE, and I'm delighted to see that throughout the years it has steadily grown in scope and circulation. It may be of interest to you to know that FATE is available here in Hawaii even as on the Mainland. Presently, having just moved to the island of Maui, I'm delighted to find it is available even here.

Having established that I'm a reader of FATE, more or less of record, I'd like to comment on an article on page 76 of the November, 1958, issue, entitled "The Ill-Fated

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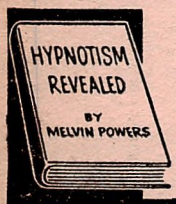
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Voyage of the *Joyita*." Normally, I would not criticize FATE in any manner. I do not do so now. However, I can speak authoritatively with reference to the *Joyita* and I'm sorry to say that the above-referred to article is incorrect in some particulars.

I've been aboard the *Joyita* many times. I knew Captain T.H. (Dusty) Miller quite well. I know Captain Gerry Douglas of the British colony ship *Tuvalu* which found the Joyita wreck. I have in my possession the first pictures taken of the wreck of the *Joyita* at the time it was discovered by Captain Douglas. I also have in my possession a copy of the official report of the Joyita Commission as released simultaneously in Apia and New Zealand on April 12, 1956.

The *Joyita* was 69 feet long, rather than 60 feet. On her ill-fated voyage she carried nine passengers and a crew of 16, not a crew of four. Captain Miller of the *Joyita* did not "leave the ship's radio behind because it was out of order and he had been unable to locate a repairman." The *Joyita* at the time had on board two receiving sets and a transmitter. The transmitter, however, was not very effective, due to a break in the aerial lead, 18 inches above the transmitter. The break was of long standing and could have been discovered by a competent radio technician. The superintendent of Apia Radio offered his services to Captain Miller before the ship sailed, but Miller did not avail himself of the offer. Competent repair service definitely was available in Apia.

A British yacht didn't discover the *Joyita*, and when discovered the

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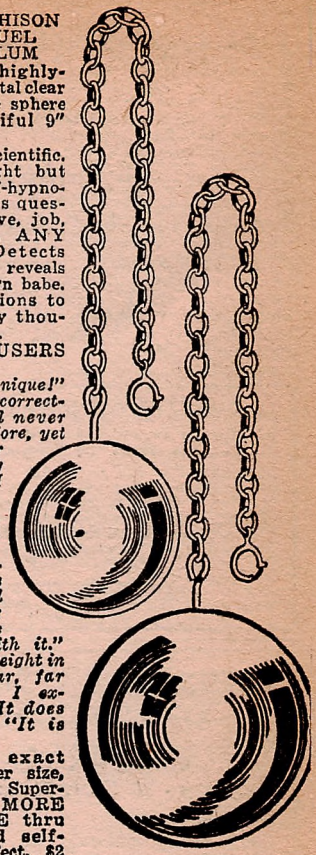
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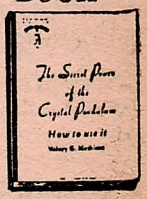
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Joyita was not aground on a reef. The drifting hulk of the *Joyita* was discovered in the early morning of November 10, 1955, by Captain Gerald Douglas of the Gilbert & Ellice Islands Colony ship *Tuvalu*. She was in a water-logged condition, with no persons aboard, north of Vanua Levu, Fiji. The cargo of foodstuffs had been partly jettisoned.

The *Joyita* does not today lie abandoned in Suva Port in the Fijis. She was sold in September, 1957, to a Fiji planter at public auction. She was reconditioned and put back in service. On January 7, 1957, the *Joyita*, tagged as a "hoodoo" ship, struck a dangerous horseshoe reef and was abandoned. Later the *Joyita* floated off the reef under her own power. She again was reconditioned. Last week a news dispatch from Suva reported that the *Joyita* was to sail again, completely reconditioned. It also stated that her owner had been offered fabulous sums for her, especially from persons in the U.S.A. who wanted to do everything from putting her in a museum to using her as a traveling sideshow.

The errors in the FATE article might be due to the many conflicting articles which have been published about the *Joyita* since its discovery as a drifting hulk.—*Jeanne Booth Johnson, Maui, Hawaii.*

ROPE TRICK OR HYPNOSIS?

In reading the article by Paul Brock on "The Indian Rope Trick" I noted the opinion of the experts that a crowd cannot be hypnotized. I think I should tell you that back in the 1930's I worked for a man

named William Stewart, or Stuart, at Portland, Maine. Mr. Stewart was the Port Warden of the City of Portland and a devout Christian Scientist.

He said that in his younger days he was a subaltern in the British army in India and with a regiment of foot (what we call infantry). One night after the regiment had bivouacked a group of fakirs came out from the native town and asked the company commander if they might entertain the men.

On receiving his consent, they stretched a rope tightly between two trees. Climbing on each other's shoulders, they stood up on the rigid rope. They then walked from tree to tree. On the return trip they walked the rope *upside down*, that is, with their heads nearest the earth.

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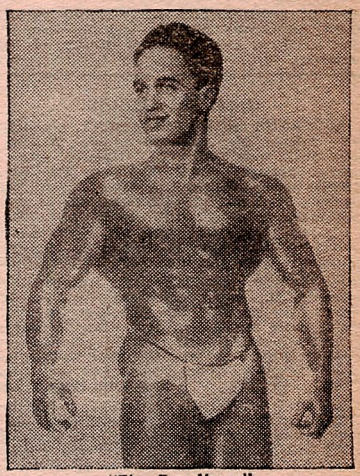
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A sergeant major took several pictures of this demonstration with his camera. When the pictures were developed the trees were there, the soldiers and fakirs were there—but there was no rope tied to either tree, nor anyone performing anywhere near the trees!

If this was not mass hypnosis, then what was it?—*Bertram W. Hanscomb, Kennebunk, Me.*

When I was a boy I was apprenticed in 1892 to the British Shipowners Co. of Liverpool, England. My first two years were spent in the East Indies and I was in Calcutta for two Christmas Days. I have seen the Indian Rope Trick not once but several times.

Captain Maloney, our skipper, wanted to find out the truth about the rope trick. Figuring that a camera could not be hypnotized, he gave me five rupees to take a photograph when he gave the word. I took the photograph as the fakir performed. It showed the rope still lying on the deck, the boy still standing beside the fakir. Everyone would have sworn the boy was up the rope. So you see it was mass hypnosis.—*Herbert H. Wilkins, New Westminster, B.C., Can.*

CONSPIRACY AGAINST FORT?

As a result of the advertisement in FATE, I bought a copy of *The Books of Charles Fort.* The books were a revelation to me. Since reading them I am impressed by the lack of mention Fort receives in saucer magazines. Could it be that all saucer publications are deliberately ignoring the fact that sightings, etc., were common even before 11



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years ago? What stigma is attached to Fort? It looks as if the "Flying Saucer Conspiracy" is a conspiracy of journalists instead of Air Force generals!—*Cecil P. Roberts, Lancaster, Ohio.*

HEARING DOTS AND DASHES

Louise Whitney's letter about hearing dot and dash signals in the December issue interested me, for I also have heard them for a long time. Unlike her, I hear them while sitting or after retiring. It seems to make no difference whatever.—*Lois E. Dahler, Buffalo, N.Y.*

There is a lively possibility that Louise Whitney of Roxbury, Mass., and I unwittingly intercepted the same signals. Our experiences are identical.

The winter she mentions, I was in Smithtown, N.H., about 70 miles northeast of Roxbury, and at this address had been intercepting signals on and off for two years. The previous winter I received them loud and clear, day and night, for nearly three months. Early sleep was impossible, so I grabbed my dictionary from the outset and began learning the code as listed on one of the back pages. It worked fine except that the operator was a professional of long experience and was using a short-code system known only to the company. Mrs. Whitney can rest assured that she missed nothing of entertainment value.

At first I, too, thought I'd intercepted a neighborhood "ham" (which might have been amusing), but the general content of the messages ruled that out. It was paper work

transmitted by a shipping outfit—either a railroad freight office, or a fleet of cargo ships plowing the Atlantic. I suspect the latter. I never did unravel the code name of the company, or I would have contacted them to learn what frequency they used—and perhaps also to learn something about my own built-in equipment, of more interest to me than their cargo, which always was the subject matter; in short form, such as "900 gls m frz sld l tk."

Weeks later, long after the pickax brigade probably had gone home with blistered hands, it would dawn on me that the message belted out that night apparently bore the sad tidings, "900 gallons of molasses frozen solid in No. 1 tank." What else could "frz sld l tk?" Mustard? Marmalade? It's anybody's guess.

I've picked up the signals only once since moving here. I was so tired that night, I frankly admit to letting go with a few unprintables which apparently succeeded in overloading my eavesdropping fuse, achieving the desired short-circuit. Haven't heard a beep out of them since!—*Karla Dorn, Shirley, L.I., N.Y.*

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My husband recently introduced me to FATE and I became very interested. I obtained all the back issues of FATE that have been published and in one of them found the answer to what has been a big question mark in my life. Sylvan Muldoon told of experiences similar to mine in what he termed "astral projection."

He could have been telling my story, so similar are our cases. I

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began astral projections (it seems so good to have a name for it) when I was 12 years old. It happened naturally and without any psychic knowledge or training. It happened simply because I longed to see the face of someone I loved dearly and my spirit left my body in search of that person.

After that I wanted to stay in my physical body and fought astral projection with all my strength, but in vain. However, there is one difference about my experiences. The line or cord of a grayish color that Mr. Muldoon mentioned either is not detectable or does not exist in my experiences, for I am completely free of my earthly self when the second me leaves my body.

There is some danger involved, but I feel unfavorable vibrations when danger is near and return to my body at will. I have gone under the sea, soared to heights unknown, gone back in time and had many other adventures too numerous to detail here.

I know how Mr. Muldoon felt when he floated up to the ceiling and beheld his body lying on the bed. That is exactly how my first experience was.

These astral projections are now so familiar to me that I think nothing of them. I never have known of anyone other than myself who has had them.

When Mr. Muldoon's story was published eight years ago, persons who had these astral projections were being sought. I hope I am not too late to get in touch with Mr. Muldoon or his associates.—*Elma Royer Smith, Billings, Mont.*

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