APRIL 1960

FATE

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April 1960

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TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

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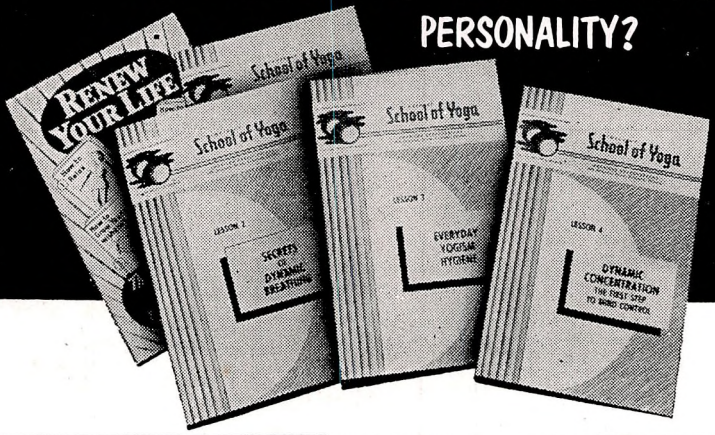
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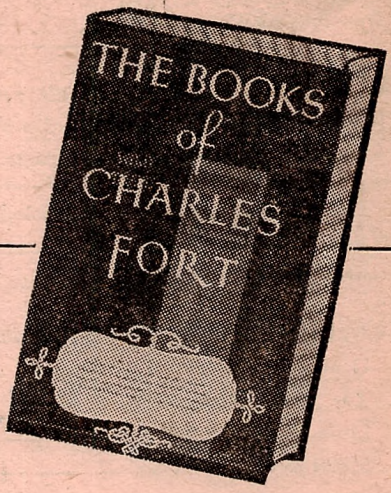
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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

The materialist philosophy in which the average modern scientist was reared has retained its dogmatic power over his mind, although matter itself has evaporated; and he reacts to phenomena which do not fit into it much in the same manner as his scholastic forebears reacted to the suggestion that new stars might appear in the immutable eighth sphere.
–Arthur Koestler, The Sleepwalkers

IN CONSIDERING the above statement it is well to remember that even much of Einstein's Theory of Relativity, now considered dogma by many scientists, is based upon *unproved premises.*

This was brought forcibly to our attention recently when it was announced that Harvard University physicists have found a means to test one of the crucial premises in Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

The premise in question states that there is no observable difference between acceleration produced by gravity and acceleration produced by other forces. Based upon this premise it can be predicted that gravity must distort light by shifting its wave length.



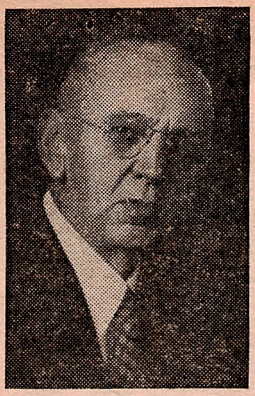
However, the amount of distortion is so small that if it exists it has not been measurable. The Harvard experimenters believe they have found a relatively simple way to test the premise by measuring the effects of gravitational pull on the wave lengths of gamma rays.

And what will happen if no gravity pull or distortion is found in the experiment?

"It would be quite revolutionary to the whole framework of relativity," says Prof. Robert V. Pound of Harvard in the understatement of the year.

COSMIC TRAGEDY

SEVERAL YEARS AGO this column commented on the fact



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that dolphins or porpoises, the warm-blooded, whale-like creatures that inhabit such places as tropic seas and Florida's Marineland, have large brains at least as convoluted as man's.

Since then a tremendous amount of work has been done in studying dolphins, particularly the bottle-nosed dolphin. Dr. John C. Lilly, a neurophysiologist with a Navy contract to research the matter, has already spent four years studying them and has become convinced they are by far the most intelligent beasts on earth.

Dolphins learned in one demonstration how to operate a pleasure-giving apparatus that took chimpanzees dozens of tries and sometimes required several tries from human beings.

Dolphins appear to have a complex language of wheezes, whistles, groans and buzzes but Dr. Lilly has not been able to develop a common language with them. One reason is that most of the sounds they make are at frequencies too high for the human ear to respond to.

But, alas for dolphins, even if their brains should turn out to be much brighter than human brains they probably never can make suitable use of them. Living in water they never can have fire. Being without hands they cannot manipulate objects. And so they are doomed to be mere beasts without the possibility of written words to pass along their culture. Nor can they have a use for firearms, organized warfare or even atomic warheads with which to threaten their brothers living in other parts of the wide wide sea.



MYSTERY MUSIC

SHORTLY BEFORE noon one day late in November, Mrs. Marie Shuey's living room clock began to give out poetry and music.

This was a most disturbing thing to 65-year-old Mrs. Shuey. Her clock had served faithfully for 10 years in her home at 1521½ West 50th Street, Los Angeles, and it never had produced any noise louder than a tick-tock.

"At first I thought my neighbor had her TV set on too loud," explained Mrs. Shuey. "But no, it wasn't that. I went over there and her TV wasn't even on."

Every day since, Mrs. Shuey's clock has started up with music around noon and by two in the afternoon it gets really loud. But Mrs. Shuey doesn't mind. It is good music and she still hasn't received a commercial.

A radio technician suggested that perhaps a loose connection is setting up a vibration in the electrical field.

What, even in clocks?

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DEAR EDAN WRIGHT

EDAN WRIGHT is a spunky woman reporter for the Chicago *Daily News* who in recent years has been writing a column of personal advice to readers. Recently she received the following communication:

"I work a shift from 4 P.M. to midnight. Two weeks ago, on my usual route home, I passed a hamburger stand and noticed that the light was still on in the kitchen. This was odd because the owner, whom I know, has always cleaned up and left by this time.

"It bothered me so much that I went around the block to look in the kitchen and, to my horror, I saw two men beating the owner with a gun. I leaped out of the car and ran to the door. It was locked so I ran across the street to his home—the only house nearby—to call the police.

"To my astonishment, the owner came to answer the door. When I explained what I saw he said I must be dreaming but we both went over to the restaurant to have a look. We went through the whole place and found no one, nor had his cash register been disturbed. So I felt like the biggest fool in the world.

"Three days later the owner was killed by some robbers. His register was emptied and he died from a pistol whipping.

"I don't wish to be taken for a fool by the police by telling them that I saw the killers because I don't know how I could have before it happened—yet I did. I could even describe them but the whole thing is so crazy I don't know what to do."

(*Miss Wright advised*: *"Go to the police. I can't guarantee that you won't meet skepticism or even scoffing but the phenomenon that you experienced has been substantiated by other people and scientists are exploring and recognizing unusual perceptions in the sensory field."*

ANOTHER KIND OF DREAM

DREAMS CAN have remarkable characteristics. Marine Sgt. Daniel O. Davis, a veteran of 18 years, has invented a life preserver which can be worn on the wrist like a watch and may be a revolutionary development in saving lives at sea.

The life preserver consists of a kind of balloon which is worn in a small case on the wrist like a watch. It is inflated by pressing a button.

Davis got the idea for his invention in a dream. In his dream he was drowning when all of a sudden a balloon popped out of his watch and saved his life. Since then he has worked to make the dream come true.



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THE SEARCH CONTINUES

NOW NO LESS a personage than Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Mt. Everest, will lead an expedition into the remote Himalayas to search for the Abominable Snowman. He has been granted a Nepalese permit and authorized to lead a 14-man expedition from September, 1960, to June, 1961.

The expedition is being financed by Field Enterprises Educational Corp., publishers of the World Book Encyclopedia, and is estimated to cost $200,000.

The Nepalese Government forbids the killing of the yeti but Hillary hopes to make a capture with a special gun which shoots a hypodermic syringe loaded with drug to a range of 100 yards. The drug is not harmful and has a tranquilizing effect.

Meanwhile, 32 members of a Japanese expedition were attempting to climb the 23,400-foot peak of Gauri Shankar in October and all members are believed lost.

CURE-ALL?

PANACEA *n. a remedy for all diseases; cure-all.*

The body's major defense mechanism against illnesses is called the reticuloendothelial system—RES for short.

The RES is a network of functions performed by groups of cells that come from the endothelium (or lining) of several organs including the liver, spleen, bone marrow and lungs.

All these RES cells are physically different but they all do about the same thing in combating disease. They envelop, neutralize or destroy foreign matter that invades the body. They are constantly at work and their activity increases greatly during an infection.

When people say you have "resistance" to a cold or other illness they are speaking about the activity of the reticuloendothelial system.

Now it is becoming apparent to scientists that the best way to control an individual's resistance to disease may be to control the action of the RES.

Instead of trying to knock out individual bugs, a chemical stimulation of the RES will itself offer the necessary resistance, kill the bugs and cure the victim.

So far, stimulation of the RES of laboratory animals has been found to combat bacterial and virus infections, to reduce cholesterol in the bloodstream, minimize the effects of botulism toxin, and even affect cancer.

Scientists believe stimuli for the RES may soon be developed. The laboratory stimulant is a fatty substance derived from the shell of a bacterium. It has been used by Dr. John H. Heller of the New England

"If people on earth could obtain just one glimpse of this!"



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SELF-STOPPING TRAIN

LAST MONTH we told about a runaway train, and as we write this there appear to be a rash of trains mysteriously starting up for no reason at all. At least no one has detected human culprits.

But this is a different kind of a yarn. On Thursday, December 10, around 1:15 A.M., a Southern Pacific train was rolling toward the 16th Street crossing in San Miguel, Calif. Suddenly the brakes went on and the train came to a sudden halt three blocks south of the crossing. The train crew checked the safety devices and could find nothing wrong.

They started the train on its way again and were rolling slowly as they neared the crossing—but still too fast to stop in time. For there, stalled in the middle of the tracks, was a car owned by Herman R. Harris, G.I., Camp Roberts.

The train was going slowly enough so that it just nudged the car off the tracks. Harris was inside but was not injured. If the train had maintained its usual speed through San Miguel it would have been traveling 50 m.p.h.

Trainmen never have discovered what caused it to stop in time to save Harris' life.

WITHOUT HOPE?

A YEAR AGO last November, James G. Todd, then 34, a postman, made what he believed to be a reasonably routine mail delivery to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. But the delivery was hardly routine, for in the package he turned over to the Smithsonian was the Hope Diamond, famed for bad luck it is widely believed to have brought to anybody associated with it.

Since he delivered the Hope Diamond, Todd's leg has been crushed by a truck; his wife, mother of four children, had a heart attack and died; he himself was thrown from an automobile in an accident and suffered a head injury; his leashed dog jumped through a basement window and strangled.

As recently as Mid-August, four second-story rooms in Todd's home were wrecked by fire.

But Todd doubts that any of his troubles are caused by the Hope diamond. "I don't believe any of that stuff," he declares.

WHAT NO DRUIDS?

STONEHENGE, the brooding circle of giant stones on Salis-

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bury plain in England was not built by the Druids after all.

Prof. R.J.C. Atkinson, an archeologist at University College in Cardiff, has confirmed what many FATE readers have known all along. The stone circle preceded the Druids by at least a thousand years and maybe more, Atkinson says.

In a guide book recently written for the British Ministry of Works, Professor Atkinson says that work on the circle at Stonehenge was first begun around 1,800 B.C. At that time there was just a circle of pits. About 150 years later, construction began on the huge outer stones of the circle. The work of bringing the stones to the Plain of Stonehenge may well have occupied 1,000 men for several years, Atkinson said. But they weren't Druids.

Professor Atkinson has concluded that Stonehenge differs from other prehistoric stone monuments in Europe in that it shows influences from the urban civilizations of Minoan Crete and Mycenean Greece.

"The names given to two of the stones, the altar stone and the slaughter stone, are popularly connected with the idea of human sacrifice," writes Professor Atkinson. "But they were invented by over-imaginative antiquaries only during the past three centuries and there is no evidence at all for supposing that human sacrifice was practiced at Stonehenge at any time during its long history."

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

MAN NEVER had a tail and neither did his ancestors!

This is the considered view of Dr. L.S.B. Leakey, British anthropologist who has made some of the greatest paleontological discoveries of all time, including fossils of the oldest known man.

There is no evidence to show that any of man's ancestors ever had a tail, says Dr. Leakey. He says that the coccyx, sometimes referred to as a "vestigial tail", shows that the vertebral column in man simply did not develop into a tail as it did in apes and monkeys.

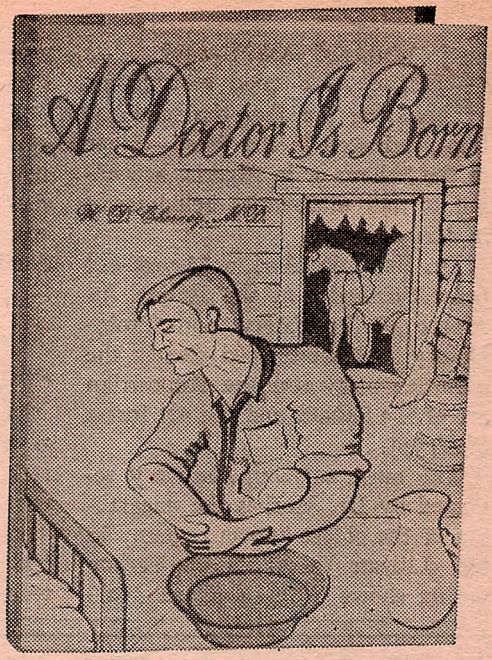
Dr. Leakey is convinced that the skull of the primate he dug up in the Olduvai Gorge in Tanganyika Territory is a man "if you define a man as an animal of the primate class who is able to fashion and use tools."

At the time Dr. Leakey's man lived in Tanganyika, the area was cool and rainy and populated by giant sheep and cattle, giant pigs and huge baboons—all vegetarians.

The remains so far uncovered indicate this early man was slightly under five feet tall with massive chest and shoulder muscles and spindly legs. His teeth and jaw were more human than animal-like.

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WHENCE EGYPTIANS?

THERE ARE good reasons for believing the Egyptian civilization originated in the West—either in the Sahara or in Algeria, according to new discoveries being made in the desert.

Dr. Fabrizio Mori, a 34-year-old paleoethnologist of the Italian Institute of Prehistory and Protohistory, has established clearly the affinities between the Rupestrian art of the Sahara and the art forms of Egypt.

The most amazing discovery reported by Dr. Mori is the unearthing of the oldest known mummy in the Libyan desert. Radio-carbon dating shows it to be about 5,400 years old—at least 400 years older than any mummy known in Egypt.

The mummy was that of a child, bent double, and wrapped in a goatskin. The abdomen had been incised and eviscerated and a sheaf of herbs had been inserted in the abdominal cavity.

WHENCE ARIZONIANS?

THE SAHARA and Libya may have been desert at the time grieving parents laid this child to rest there 5,400 years ago, but they were hardly as dry as they are today. Go back another 5,000 years and they were moist, well-watered, teeming with game—and men.

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And so too were the deserts of Arizona. Recently paleontologists from the University of Arizona excavated a 10,000-year-old "kill-site" on the San Pedro River near Hereford, Ariz. A "kill-site" was a place where early hunting man regularly killed his prey. Here he also butchered his victims and ate their meat, drying or smoking what he could not eat.

Within a space roughly 30x75 feet the University scientists uncovered the remains of nine elephants, and the bones of horses, bisons and tapirs. Scattered among the elephant bones were the fluted spearheads of the weapons which had killed them.

The "kill-site" was originally in a running stream and may have been a water hole or a bog. Many similar sites have been found in the United States, though few so old as this. Surprisingly, only two are known in Europe.



NEW CIVILIZATIONS

THEY'RE NOT precisely new—simply new to us. In point of fact they are both ancient and nearly lost . . .

Excavation of a Bronze Age village in Malta dating to about 1,350 B.C. has turned up a large stone mortar for pounding grain, two primitive mills for grinding flour, a roller, and pottery. The inhabitants had cloth because three spindle

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whorls were found that had been used for spinning yarn and other objects used in weaving. Bones indicated that the inhabitants obtained meat from sheep, goats, pigs and cows.

Man was known to have lived in Malta much earlier than the Bronze Age, but this is the first properly unearthed Bronze Age village. Oddly enough, in the excavations were found a well-worked carved stone slab that had been made by a much earlier people.

Meanwhile, archeologists from the University of California at Los Angeles have discovered rich remains of a previously unknown culture on the West Coast of Mexico. Artifacts include copper tweezers, needles, "money", and exquisitely decorated pottery.

FROZEN WATER — ICE

NOW YOU KNOW! The 40-pound cake of ice that plunged out of the skies near Taccoa, Ga., last October and nearly conked Farmer C. J. LeCroy on the noggin was frozen water!

We have this on no less authority than Dr. Irving Friedman, geochemist of the U.S. Geological Survey. But lest we appear to be giving Dr. Friedman too hard a time we should add some of the other findings he reported in Washington, D.C. last December:

The ice undoubtedly came from Earth. If this is so it could not have been from a passing comet.

It "pretty certainly" was not an accumulation of hail stones.

Geologists haven't got the source of the water pinpointed but they feel it probably came from a river or reservoir in southern or eastern United States.

They believe it dropped from an airplane.

It will be some time before scientists know all they want to about the composition and origin of the Georgia ice. But Dr. Friedman assures us—they're working on it.

MUD — EXPLOSION

BUT WAIT a minute. Hold everything. Ice isn't the only thing that comes hurtling out of the sky.

Mrs. W. O. Marney was ironing in the dining room of her home at 410 Burgess Street, Topeka, Kans., a few days before Christmas last year when she heard an explosion.

"It sounded like a bomb hit and the house shook something awful," she explained later.

She ran next door to a neighbor for help, fearing that fire would break out as a result of the blast.

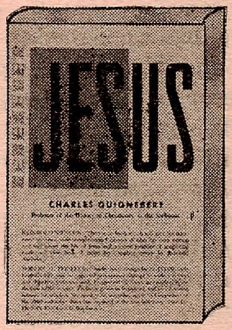
Also at home with Mrs. Marney was her granddaughter, Donna Humphrey, 17, who was wrapping Christmas presents at the time.

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Donna thought that the television aerial had collapsed.

When police and Federal Aviation Agency officials had completed their investigation, however, they could only conclude that a huge chunk of mud had come roaring out of the sky and blasted an eight-inch hole through the composition slate and roof planks of the Marney home. The attic was scattered with chunks of straw-caked muck.

Probabilities are that it was frozen when it struck but soon melted in the heat of the attic and of the impact.

Aviation authorities say that the mud must have dropped from a large airplane but they are puzzled because they never heard of it happening before. Police said they found tire-tread marks on the mud —unusual indeed after such an impact.

Nearby Forbes Air Force Base makes regular checks of its runways every day and there was no evidence of debris on the strips nor anything to indicate an aircraft had gone off the runway. As a matter of fact, a report must be filed immediately if a military airplane does go off.

A further difficulty to the easy explanation that the mud came from an airplane is that hardly any large planes nowadays fly with wheels down. And with wheels locked up how could mud fall?

COBWEBS IN THE SKY

TYPICAL difficulties in finding the truth about any kind of unusual phenomena are exemplified by a fall of "angel hair" onto three Georgia towns late in October.

Long strands of "disappearing spider webs" that looked as though they were falling out of the sun covered trees and rooftops in Washington, Sharon and Crawfordville. Fire Chief J. R. Rider of Washington said "at a distance it looked like it had odd-sized flakes in it. But when you got up close the flakes were gone.

"I don't know what it was. But I wouldn't touch any of it. And it didn't hang down. It stuck to the trees and the ends of it pointed toward the sky. By the next morning it had disappeared."

Sheriff M. B. Moore at Crawfordville said, "It was clear and the sun was shining bright. You had to stand in the shade and look toward the sun to see the stuff. It fell in long strings all over town."

But what was it?

One woman said it contained "little red spiders." But an investigation failed to turn up any spiders in the webbing.

Some folks picked up the strands and found they "evaporated" in their hands.

A chemist from Warner Robins Air Force Base collected samples and identified it as a "silver hal-

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ide"—which is used for seeding clouds.

Folks in Georgia couldn't understand this. October was one of the wettest on record and people didn't need any more rain. Moreover, on the day the cobwebs fell there just weren't any clouds to seed.

BRIEFS NOTES FROM ALL OVER

- A gray female cat named Piccadilly found its way from Austin, Tex., back to its home in Beaumont, a distance of 280 miles, last December 6. Took Piccadilly 96 days to cover the distance.
- Old Yeller, a nondescript mutt belonging to the Elmer Leathcow family of Kenosha, did better. The family started out with a trailer full of household goods from Princeton, Ind., to make its home in Kenosha last July. About 10 miles from Princeton Old Yeller jumped out at a stop and couldn't be retrieved. Changed his mind, though. Five months later he showed up at the Leathcow's new home in Kenosha—a place he had never been before.
- Three Pueblo Indians did a brief ceremonial rain dance at the Giannini Food Fair, 1145 Market Street, San Francisco, at 10 A.M. on December 12. Two hours later rain fell in San Francisco for the first time in 85 days.
- At least three medical cases have

turned up recently where sick persons have produced in their bodies a substance that looks like cotton, feels like cotton and analyzes like cotton—even chemically. In the best documented case, Dr. Tomatsu Tajiri, a Japanese physician, actually set up a motion picture camera to show the growth of the material continuously for 12 hours.

• The Italian news agency Continentale, which specializes in news from behind the Iron Curtain, contends that the Russians have made at least four attempts to put human beings into space—all of them failures. Continentale has repeatedly had other exclusive Soviet information which was later proved accurate. —*Curtis Fuller*

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RUSSIAN REPORT:

IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

A prominent Russian scientist advances amazing theories about the Red Planet, based on latest Soviet data.

Compiled by Fate Editors

Editor's note: The following article was translated exclusively for FATE *from the Soviet book,* A Guest from the Cosmos *by Alexander Kazantsev, published by the State Publishing House of Geographical Literature, Moscow, 1958. It can be accepted as a view held in considerable respect by many, perhaps most, Soviet astronomers. The scientific data and hypotheses described have been discussed and debated by the Astronomical Society in Moscow.*

LIFE ON OTHER planets is possible. The idea of the plurality of inhabited worlds was advanced for the first time in the Middle Ages by Giordana Bruno. For this the scientist was burned at the stake in the Square of Flowers in Rome on February 17, 1600 by the Obscurants.

The materialistic conception of the universe affirms the inceptions and development of life on other planets wherever the conditions favor it.

The primary conditions for the existence of forms of life known to us are as follows:

- A temperature not higher than

+100° C and not lower than −100° C;

- The presence of carbon, which is the basic component in the make-up of living organisms;
- The presence of water;
- The absence of poisonous gases from the atmosphere of the planet.

If we search for these conditions in the universe among the countless stars and possible planetary systems, we find that all of these conditions can be maintained only under exceptional circumstances. But it is just this infinite number of stars and their possible planets that increases tremendously the probability of the existence of all of these conditions at thousands and perhaps millions of points in the universe.

Our neighbors, the planets of our solar system, are of special interest for us. We can, with reasonable accuracy, determine the conditions existing on the surfaces of these planets. In our solar system we must exclude the four giant planets of Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune from the group of life-sustaining planets. These are all perpetually ice-bound and surrounded by poisonous atmosphere.

Pluto, which is farthest from the Sun, is always dark and unbearably cold. Mercury, which is closest to the Sun, has no atmosphere. One side of it is constantly turned to the Sun and is incandescent. The other side is plunged in perpetual darkness and cosmic cold.

Only three planets have conditions favorable for life: Earth, Venus and Mars. They have acceptable temperatures and they have atmospheres. It is difficult to speculate about the atmosphere of Venus since it is wrapped in a thick pall of clouds but poisonous gases have been detected in the upper layers of its atmosphere.

Apparently the atmosphere of Venus is unusually rich in carbon dioxide, which, although necessary for life, in large amounts is fatal for animals but an excellent medium for the development of lower forms of plant life. The existence of early forms of life on Venus is not impossible but given the present state of our knowledge it cannot be proved.

The situation is different with respect to Mars!

FACTS ON MARS

MARS IS a planet whose mass is little more than half that of Earth. It is one and one-half times as far from the Sun as Earth. Mars makes a complete rotation on its axis once every 24 hours and 37 minutes. Its axis of rotation is inclined toward the plane of its orbit in approximately the same way as Earth's. As a result, the same changes of season occur on Mars as on Earth.

Mars is surrounded by an atmosphere in which no gases harmful to the development of life have been detected. Mars has approximately the same amount of carbon dioxide as Earth. It is thought that there is approximately one per cent as much oxygen on Mars as there is in the Earth's atmosphere. The climate on Mars is harsh and severe.

Mars is as old as Earth and went through the same stages of development. During the period when it was cooling and when its first oceans were being formed, Mars was covered by a thick mass of clouds just as Venus is now and as the Earth was in its Coal Age.

During this "hothouse" period of the planet's development, the temperature of Mars' surface did not depend on the Sun—a fact that once was true of Earth also. At this time the conditions on Mars were in every way similar to the conditions which speeded the appearance of life in the primitive oceans of Earth. A similar process could have taken place on Mars.

The first plants, similar to the horse-tails of the Coal Age, and other primitive forms of life could have developed in this hot-house period, while the planet was wrapped in a pall of clouds.

Only in the succeeding periods, when the cloudy pall was scattered, did Mars lose the particles of atmosphere trying to tear loose from it. It lost most of its atmosphere because of its weaker gravitational attraction. As a result, the conditions on Mars became very different from those on Earth. *Nevertheless, the forms of life could have adapted themselves in the process of evolution to these new conditions.*

At the same time it was losing its atmosphere, Mars also was losing its water, which evaporated into the atmosphere and, in the form of vapor, escaped into space. Gradually Mars turned into a waterless planet covered by deserts.

Today we can distinguish dark spots on its surface, spots which once were called seas. But if Mars did have seas in ancient times it lost them long ago. No astronomer has observed the reflections which would be seen on the water's surface.

The areas of Mars near the poles are covered alternately by a substance whose reflective quality suggests ice. As the Sun's rays heat one or the other polar region, this white cap (the more exact investigations of G. A. Tikhov show it to be green) contracts like ice that is not covered by snow and it is outlined by a dark belt (evidently of damp soil).

As the cold increases, the planet's ice cap begins to expand and the dark bordering belt is no longer observable. This has permitted the conclusion that the small amount

of water vapor contained in the atmosphere of Mars precipitates in the form of snow in the polar regions and covers the ground there with a layer of ice that is about 10 centimeters deep.

As the temperature increases, the ice melts and the resultant water either soaks into the ground or spreads over the planet in some manner. This process occurs alternately at both of Mars' poles. When ice melts near the south pole it forms at the north, and vice-versa.

ASTRO-BOTANY AT WORK

THE SCIENCE of Astrobotany is a new Soviet study founded by one of the Soviet's outstanding astronomers, Gavriil Andrianovich Tikhov, a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

Tikhov was the first to take photographs of Mars through colored heliofilters. In this way he succeeded in determining accurately the true color of parts of the planet at various seasons of the year.

The spots that were once called seas proved to be especially interesting. These spots changed from a greenish-blue shade in the spring to a tawny color in the summer and to a brown hue in winter.

Tikhov drew a parallel between these changes and the changes in the color of the evergreen taiga of Siberia. The taiga is green in the spring, bluish in mist; in the summertime it grows tawny and in the winter it has a brown shade. At the same time the color of most of the rest of the vast expanses of Mars remained unchanged—reddish brown, in every way similar to the color of Earth's deserts.

The theory that the Martian spots which change colors are zones of dense vegetation needed proof. Attempts to detect, through spectroscopes, the existence of chlorophyll on Mars, were unsuccessful. Chlorophyll, of course, is necessary for photosynthesis and plant life on Earth.

But Tikhov had an idea. When plants on Earth are photographed with the aid of infra-red rays they appear white, as if covered by snow. If the zones of supposed vegetation on Mars were photographed with infra-red rays and turned out to be similarly white, then the existence of vegetation on Mars would appear to be proved. Photographs were taken with infra-red rays but they did not confirm Tikhov's bold hypothesis.

Yet, this did not disturb the scientist. He analyzed the comparative reflective capacity of both Northern and Southern vegetation of Earth. The results were astonishing. Northern plants, such as cloudberry and moss, did not reflect the infra-red rays but absorbed them!

On photographs taken with infra-red rays, northern plants did not appear white, just as the zones of supposed vegetation on Mars did not appear white. Only plants which reflected the infra-red rays —the Southern plants—photographed white.

This investigation led Tikhov to deduce that plants in the process of adapting themselves to different conditions of existence, acquire the ability to absorb necessary rays and reflect unnecessary ones. Southern plants on Earth, where there is much sun, do not need the infra-red rays and so reflect them. Northern plants do need them and so try to absorb all the rays of the Sun's spectrum.

As on Earth, so on Mars, where the climate is especially severe and the Sun is miserly, the plants naturally try to absorb as many rays as possible. The Martian plants would be similar to those from the Arctic regions of Earth.

Tikhov also discovered why attempts to detect chlorophyll on Mars had failed. He became more and more convinced that plants on Mars and Earth had the same kind of developmental history. He discovered zones of vegetation in the vast deserts of Mars, and these zones of vegetation were similar in their reflective capacity to the plants which grow in the Soviet's Central Asian deserts.

Tikhov tells of the apparent mass blooming of some regions of the Martian deserts in early spring. In color and type this blossoming on Mars is strongly reminiscent of the huge desert expanses in Central Asia which, for a short time, are covered with a thick carpet of red poppies.

Not all scientists as yet share Tikhov's point of view. The task of the Section of Astrobotany of the Academy of Sciences of the Kazakh S.S.R. is to find new and indisputable evidence of the existence of vegetative life on other planets, especially on Mars.

CANALS ON MARS?

THESE STRANGE formations were discovered first by Schiaparelli at the time of the great opposition in 1877. To him they seemed to be a network of regular straight lines covering the planet. He called them "canals" and was the first to express the cautious idea that these were artificial constructions of intelligent inhabitants of the planet.

The outstanding astronomer Lowell devoted his life to the problem of the existence of life on Mars. He discovered and studied a tremendous number of canals. Lowell divided them into (1) main arteries which ran from the poles through the equator into the other hemisphere and (2) into secondary

canals which ran from the main canals and crossed the zones in various directions like the arcs of a great circle—thus following the shortest path over the planet's surface. (Mars is a planet with an even surface. It does not have mountains or noticeable changes in topography.)

Lowell discovered two networks of canals: one tied with the southern polar region of melting ice and the other with its identical northern counterpart. These networks are alternately visible. When the northern ice melted it was possible to see the canals running from the northern ice; when the southern ice melted the canals from the southern ice came into view, Lowell concluded.

All this gave Lowell the basis for identifying the canals as a huge irrigational network built by the Martians for utilizing the water formed from melting polar caps. Lowell calculated that the force of the water-pressure system of Mars had to be 4,000 times as great as that of Niagara Falls.

Lowell saw confirmation of his idea in the fact that the canals appear gradually from the moment the ice begins to melt. They grow in length at a constant speed, as if water were flowing through them at the rate of 3.4 kilometers per hour (2.1 m.p.h.). It was determined that the lengthening of the canal (or the water in it) moves a distance of about 4,250 kilometers (approximately 2,640 miles) over the surface of Mars in 52 days. Lowell also showed that at the points of intersection of the canals there exist spots which he called oases.

Nevertheless, Lowell's ideas were not generally accepted. The very existence of the canals was doubted. When Mars was examined through more powerful telescopes, the "canals" were not seen to be continuous but appeared to be groups of dots which the eye subjectively tried to combine into straight lines. The "canals" were said to be optical illusions of some astronomers.

But now an objective method of testing Lowell's observations came to the rescue. G. A. Tikhov, working in the Pulkovskaia Observatory, photographed the canals of Mars for the first time. During recent years the photographing of the canals has been conducted on an ever-increasing scale.

Their existence is definitely confirmed. Especially significant is the investigation of the color of the canals. It is similar in every respect to the changing color of the Martian zones of continuous vegetation.

The canals are calculated to have a width of 100 to 600 kilometers (62 miles to 372 miles). This has led to the conclusion that the canals are not really "canals" in the sense

of being open, water-filled ditches but are rather belts of vegetation which appear as the water flows through huge water conduits or pipes. Just as the water moves at the rate of 3.4 kilometers per hour, so the young growth moves at the same rate after the passage of a certain time interval. These belts of vegetation change their color in accordance with the yearly seasons.

The hypothesis about the existence of water pipes buried in the ground with outlets in the form of wells might reconcile the observers who see canals and the observers who see only individual points along straight lines. These points are reminiscent of oases of artificially irrigated vegetation in places where water pipes have an outlet to the surface.

The hypothesis about the existence of buried pipes is all the more natural since, under the conditions of low atmospheric pressure on Mars, every open reservoir would be subject to a rapid loss of water through intense evaporation.

The dispute about their nature still continues but the existence of the "canals" is no longer doubted. Some scientists reject the bold theory that the "canals" are works of intelligent beings and are inclined to consider them as fissures of volcanic origin. Such fissures, however, have not been found on any other planet of the solar system.

The "fissure theory", moreover, cannot explain the movement of water through the canals without the existence of a powerful water-pressure system.

Many astronomers are convinced that these geometrically regular belts, changing in length and color, evidence the activity of living beings who have attained a superior level of intellectual development not below that of the human inhabitants of Earth.

Note: As man enters the Space Age, research into this problem is expanding tremendously. Next month FATE *will discuss the latest American research and conclusions on Life on Mars.*

SCENE OF SIMILARITY

ONE Sunday night three cars ran into each other on the Martindale-Hinkleton road near Martindale, Pa. The drivers, all of whom escaped injury, were Lewis Martin, Paul Martin and Clayton Martin. None were related.



By Andrew E. Rothovius

DEATH gave 48 hours WARNING

He saw a girl's shadowy figure beside his bed and heard a low voice prophesy his untimely end.

THE POOR, FOOLISH girl, known to us only as Mrs. Dawson, had met a fate common in the cynical world of the 18th Century's English aristocracy, whose titled fops and rakes chased women with as much zest as they hunted foxes and gambled at cards. His acquaintances had hardly bothered to comment when the playboy, Lord Lyttelton, seduced this young married woman, and laid hands on her dowry to pay off his latest gambling debts.

However, this time the familiar story did not end with the victim's death—probably by her own hand—after the noble Lord had thrown her aside like a nibbled fruit core. From the mysterious realm of the spirit she returned to confront him and to predict, to the moment, the time of his own death. Her repeated appearances to Lord Lyttelton and the grim fulfillment of her prophecy are attested to by a host

of the great literary figures of that skeptical age, among them Samuel Johnson, James Boswell and Sir Walter Scott. In Boswell's famous *Life of Johnson,* the choleric sage is said to have obtained the account first-hand from Lyttelton's hard-headed uncle, Lord Westcote.

Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, divorced and in his middle 30s, had other claims to distinction than his rakish proclivities. He had expressed his atheistic views in a series of well-written but blasphemous *Dialogues of the Dead.* He was a talented orator and headed the Parliamentary opposition to Lord North's administration in the crisis following the French alliance with the revolting American colonies. Few men in British political life were more in the public eye than Lord Lyttelton on that evening of Thursday, November 25, 1779, when he retired for the week-end to his country house, Pit Place, near Epsom. He had just delivered in the House of Lords a scathing attack on North for his failure to halt the raids of the American sea rover, John Paul Jones.

Only a few of the large company of week-end house guests he had invited had yet arrived; but fatigued by his vehement oration he retired early. He had suffered for some years from sleeplessness and to a few intimates he had confided that since Mrs. Dawson's death a shadowy figure frequently appeared by his bedside. He had asked it to explain its presence, but it always faded away without replying. Insisting, however, that he did not believe in ghosts and that the apparition was merely a nervous reaction to the trace of remorse he claimed to feel for betraying the girl, he had sought relief in travel. Lately he had been sleeping better and the spectre had appeared less.

This night, however, he was soon awakened by a rustling of his bed-curtains. Thrusting them apart, he saw a dove fluttering toward the window. The dove suddenly vanished and in its place the familiar shadowy figure once more stood by his bedside.

Never before had it been so distinct and menacing. Lyttelton easily recognized Mrs. Dawson's features in the shadowed face. And now the figure spoke in a low voice, telling him that before the third midnight following he would be called to his last account. The figure vanished and in a few minutes the clock struck 12:00. The first of the three midnights had passed! If the whole thing were not a figment of his tortured conscience he had only 48 hours left in which to prepare to meet the Maker he had so long denied. He could not compose himself to sleep again and rose in the morning with a severe headache.

He told his week-end house guests that he had had "such a d—d bloody odd vision that if he had a particle of superstition in him, it would have unmanned him." As the day wore on he was able to joke about the warning, complaining that, for a man who had lived as he had, "48 hours wasn't much time in which to make things up." That night the lights burned late at Pit Place and in the revelry of wine and women the vision was forgotten even as a topic of conversation.

It was not until the next afternoon, Saturday, that Lord Lyttelton referred again to the subject, remarking that if he could but survive a few more hours, past midnight, he'd "really jockey the ghost." As the evening wore on, however, he grew depressed and silent. One of the guests, alarmed for him, pushed ahead the hands of the hall clock and 12:00 o'clock struck almost an hour before the actual time. The gay company laughed at the failure of the prediction and Lyttelton, suddenly cheerful again over having escaped, prepared to retire.

He was sitting up in bed in high spirits when his valet brought in his usual bedtime dose of rhubarb extract. The valet went out for a moment to get a spoon. When he returned his master had fallen back on the pillows. His eyes stared glassily at the ceiling.

The servant's cries brought the guests rushing into the bedroom. But they could do nothing for his Lordship. He was dead. Some one noticed that the bedroom clock, which had not been tampered with, had just struck 12:00—probably during the moment the valet had been absent.

Had Lyttelton died of shock on suddenly realizing, when the clock struck, that a trick had been played on him? Or had the spectre again appeared, to summon him? No one can answer those questions.

There was only the undeniable evidence of the dead man in the bed—and the strange message that arrived the following afternoon. One of Lyttelton's friends, 50 miles away at Dartford, in Kent, had dreamed that night that Lyttelton bent over him in bed, whispering, "It is all up with me—you see me for the last time." Uneasy over the dream, the friend sent one of his men riding to Pit Place to inquire after his Lordship's health. The messenger returned on Monday morning with an invitation to the funeral.

So strange a passing of so controversial a figure could hardly escape mention in all the leading periodicals of the day. The *Scots Magazine* of December, 1779, issued within three weeks of the event, carried a particularly full

account. Many theories were advanced to account for the prediction and its fulfillment. Some suggested that Lyttelton had poisoned himself and had planted the story of the spectral warning to forestall an inquest or autopsy. The examining physician, however, ruled out all possibility of poison.

Lord Fortescue, one of the few guests who had been at Pit Place on the Thursday evening, stated that his wife had lost a pet bird soon after her arrival at the house and that Lyttelton had wearied himself in searching for it. The next morning, in relating his vision, he had seemed to connect the apparition of the dove with his fatiguing chase of the lost bird. While this incident may have affected him subconsciously and caused him to see a dove at first instead of the shadowy figure, it does not help to explain the strange prophecy and its fulfillment.

Lyttelton's relatives, who had regarded him as a black sheep, accepted his death, and the manner of it, as properly retributive for the sort of life he had led. His stepmother painted a realistic picture of the fatal vision which she hung in the drawing-room of her town house in London's Grosvenor Square, where many notable visitors were suitably impressed by it.

A generation later the story remained fresh in the minds of the British reading public. Lord Byron appealed to the evidence of Lyttelton's vision as a precedent for his depiction of the spirit of Selim, hovering as a dove over the tomb of Zuleika, in his famous poem, *The Bride of Abydos.*

THE SPOON-FED APEMEN

SPOONS, made of animal bone and smoothed by use, evidently were used by man-like creatures 500,000 years ago. The artifacts were reported to have been unearthed recently at Transvaal, South Africa.

NATURE ASSISTED

AT THE Grover Cleveland High School in Caldwell, N.J., science teacher Dante Fiore told his physics class that he would produce lightning. As he prepared to switch on a high voltage coil to release a miniature bolt, lightning struck the building. It tore off a small portion of the roof, but nobody was injured.



Healer Eleuterio Terte blesses water for use in medical treatment of patients in shed adjoining his home. Blessed water takes on pinkish color, develops acrid taste.

BLOODLESS SURGERY by the *Strange Healer of San Fabian*

By Ron Ormond

As told to Jack Lewis

THE LENS of my movie camera was only inches from the heaving abdomen of the pain-ridden woman as the little Filipino's fingers seemed to disappear into her flesh.

I stared through the viewfinder, not daring to believe what I saw, as his fingers slowly rose, clutching a greenish, poison-loaded appendix. The woman sighed with relief and, at a signal, slowly sat up.

When I released the camera trigger the woman was smiling at Eleuterio Terte who is listed in Filipino governmental records as a farmer living in San Fabian, Pangasinan. Other sources, including governmental medical officials, unofficially list him as a charlatan, a quack, a hoax. But they haven't been able to prove this contention.

I stared at this quiet, unassuming Oriental, standing shirtless, per-

spiring, waiting for his next patient to stretch out on the makeshift operating table. The woman whose appendix—apparently close to the point of rupturing—had been removed in this bloodless, mysterious operation, already had joined a circle of friends and relatives who now were questioning her in low, awe-filled tones. She seemed perfectly at ease, showed no sign of the pain which had engulfed her only moments before.

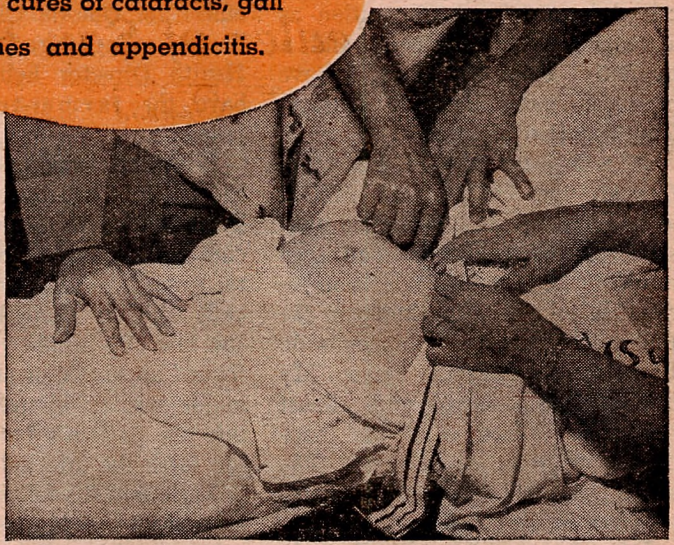
I was perspiring almost as heavily as Terte. My hands were shaking as I pushed a cigarette between my lips. Ormond McGill, my partner, stepped up to flick a cigarette lighter beneath my smoke and I turned to look at him, showing my puzzlement. The assurance I expected to see in his eyes, however, was absent. He was fully as mystified as I.

"What about it?" I asked.

"I don't know," he muttered un-

He appears to use only his fingers—yet his patients claim cures of cataracts, gall stones and appendicitis.

Terte's thumb and forefinger seem to penetrate flesh of girl as he seeks to extract her appendix. In a moment he displayed infected organ.



certainly. "I saw it happen, and still I don't know."

"You mean you believe it?"

"I don't know what to think. How in hell could anyone palm a fresh appendix!"

I had counted on Mac to spot any fakery that might be part of the bloodless surgery, but he had seen nothing to indicate that Terte had not actually reached through the woman's skin, into her body, to pluck out the badly infected appendix.

Ormond McGill and I started together in show business more than 25 years ago. Since then, we have gone our separate ways. Mac, using the stage name *Doctor Zomb,* received international recognition as a magician, an illusionist and a hypnotist. Over the years, I have produced more than 80 feature-length motion pictures.

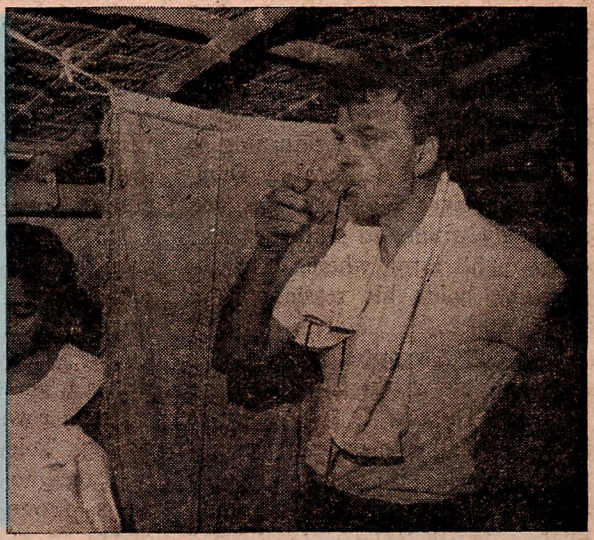
It was after one of his tours through the Orient that McGill looked me up and suggested that some of the things he had seen would make a terrific television series. He told of witch hunts in the Philippines; devil worship cults on Formosa; voodooists in Saigon. My interest was aroused and almost before I realized what had happened, we were on our way. The series was tentatively titled, *Adventures in the Unknown.*

I first heard of Eleuterio Terte in Manila and was inclined to scoff at his so-called mystical powers to heal. Mac, however, took it upon himself to check local newspapers and compile clippings on the San Fabian farmer. He learned that Terte's believers include an impressive array of lawyers, college students, professionals and businessmen.

Terte, we learned, had come to Quezon City to offer his healing powers to the ill and diseased. He promptly became the target of medical school graduates, scoffing newspaper reporters and, eventually, the police. Carrying out his healing processes at nightly meetings, he soon found himself termed a hoax by Dr. Petronio Monsod, health officer for Quezon City. The good doctor even urged Philippine Health Director Felipe Arenas to have the farmer-turned-healer jailed.

With the backing of the Union Espiritista Christiana de Filipinas, Terte offered to conduct one of his curative sessions before a panel of recognized physicians, public officials and, if desired, minions of the law. He would remove an inflamed appendix, or perform similar major surgery by passing a finger into the patient's body and bringing forth the infected organ.

Terte and his followers didn't receive even the courtesy of a formal reply to this offer of proof. Instead, he was stoned, then raided by



Ron Ormond, who shot motion pictures of Terte's miracle healings, tastes glass of the blessed water. He now found that the water, which he had tasted earlier, had a bitter taste.

the police. Upon the arrival of officers, however, Terte had disappeared.

He had returned to his farm in San Fabian, apparently disgusted and unhappy with the results of his pilgrimage to Quezon City. Charges had been made in the press that those responsible for the stoning had been dissatisfied "customers," also that he had accepted donations for his cures. None of these charges were proven and Terte's followers still steadfastly deny them. Terte, himself, declares he never has accepted any money or gifts for any of his "surgery."

Guillermo Tolentino, one of the Philippine's foremost sculptors, was responsible for our decision to visit Eleuterio Terte. Tolentino told us that Terte is president of the San Fabian chapter of the Union Espiritista Cristiana de Filipinas, a sect boasting 148 centers scattered throughout the island republic, with more than 3,000,000 members.

The sect is largely a spiritualist group, based on the Christian religion. The so-called Spiritist mediums do more than pass on messages from the spirit world, according to Tolentino. Many, like Terte, possess the gift of healing.

Terte, according to Tolentino, first had discovered his healing power in 1950 as the result of spiritual illumination. He had been

removing tonsils, kidney and gall stones, as well as the fatty material surrounding enlarged hearts, and immediately curing the afflicted, for a year prior to his ill-fated mission to Quezon City. Since returning to his farm he had deliberately shunned publicity. However, he was seemingly willing to treat any who came to his farm, where, on weekends he holds his sessions in a thatch shack.

The noted sculptor showed McGill and me a thesis written by Senorita Teresa C. Goba while studying for her master of arts degree. It deals with drugless healing and listed certain of Terte's accomplishments which she personally had verified. Included in these cases were the removal of the appendix from Segundo Talag, son of a physician; the removal of kidney stones from Professor Tomas Aguirre; the purging of the fatty tissue from the chest cavity of one Acela Franco who suffered an enlarged heart, and removal of a stomach tumor from the body of Jose Libunao. Senorita Goba had interviewed each of these former patients and was able to state that they considered themselves cured by Terte.

"Look, Ron, there has to be a gimmick to this somewhere," Mac declared stubbornly. "I'll go, but don't expect me to join the cult. I'm a magician, but I'm damned careful about paying my doctor."

"What about these people getting up and walking away when only moments before they've been in pain?" I wanted to know.

McGill only shrugged, frowning. "Hypnotism maybe. You can do an awful lot with post-hypnotic suggestion."

No one should know this better than Ormond McGill who has hypnotized 30 or more people on a stage in front of a crowd of thousands and then had them do strange things when they woke up.

Contact was made with the healer through Tolentino, and Terte finally agreed to let us film the entire day's proceedings. We hired a driver to take us to San Fabian and made the 250 kilometers (a little more than 155 miles) from Manila overnight. Mac and I tried to sleep but it was little use. Sections of the road were torn up and the rest was bumpy. Everytime I'd doze off, I would be brought wide awake by the sensation that the 1949 Ford was diving down a well!

It was morning when we arrived in San Fabian, and we had what passed for breakfast in a small cafe, then asked directions to Terte's farm. I caught several of the townspeople measuring us speculatively and couldn't help wondering whether they were trying to diagnose our particular ailments. It is doubtful whether even Senor Terte has a cure for curiosity!

San Fabian is a typical rural Philippine community with entire families cultivating the few acres that make them a meager living. Terte's farm is no different than the others. His home is a palm frond covered shack raised off the ground to keep vermin and rats from entering. In the rear is a long, low building which serves as a temple. While most of those present were farmers and laborers from the surrounding district, there also was a sprinkling of business and professional men from as far away as Manila.

The meeting opened with singing and readings from the Bible in the Tagalog dialect, followed by a great deal of sermonizing, a part of which was explained by our driver who also served as interpreter. These sermons were delivered for the most part by assistants serving under Terte.

Terte, a rather tall, thin man with a gentle, quiet face then rose to deliver his own sermon.

Our driver-interpreter explained that the sermons covered the basic theme of the Fraternity of Spiritists; the believers are referred to as a brotherhood rather than a religion, as members belong to virtually every religious denomination to be found in the Far East. The basic creed is God; its law, Love. Its aim is world peace based upon the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.

The unkind reports I had read in the press, written in 1951, nearly seven years before, had made jibing reference to the trances into which Terte put himself before performing an operation. Either the reporter had gone overboard in his description, or the healer had learned to do without such preparation. Or, perhaps it was just that there wasn't time. Of some 300 persons present at the services that Sunday morning, April 27, 1958, at least two-thirds had come to be cured.

One of Terte's first ceremonial acts was to bless the water which had been brought to the operating table in bowls, jars and pans by members of the gathering. Both Mac and I tasted the water as it was placed there. There was nothing unusual about it. It was just water. In sanctifying the water, Terte read scriptural passages from the Tagalog Bible, and extended his hands over the containers, fingers pointing downward. I watched closely; his face remained calm, but his lower arms seemed to swell, muscles and veins protruded, knotting; some unseen force was creeping down into his fingers, seeking release.

Suddenly, the water began to take on a pale pink color and there was a stir of excitement from the onlookers. McGill was watching closely, face twisted in concentra-

tion that was almost as deep as that on the features of the healer.

"Chemistry!" he grunted. "It has to be!"

"But did you see him drop anything into it?"

Mac's answer was a growl. I knew he had not. And, with his experience as an illusionist, I was certain he would have seen any chemical powder or any other substance that might have drifted down from Terte's fingers to cause the pink clouding effect.

Our driver explained that the water, once sanctified, could be taken home and drunk to protect one from witches and evil spirits. The idea of a Christian people believing in witches may seem ridiculous, but in the Philippines, the people have intertwined the age-old beliefs with the newer aspects of Christianity which they have come to accept.

Those seeking treatment had been registered by Terte's volunteer assistants and now awaited their turns. Before the first, a man suffering a cataract could be called, however, I saw McGill glancing disgustedly about the dim confines of the thatch temple. At my urging, our interpreter asked the healer if his operating table could be moved out into the sunlight so we could make better use of the color film in our movie camera.

Terte readily agreed to the move although in the open sunlight any props or trick gadgets he might have had within the darkness of the hut would not be present. Also, if his operations were dependent upon sleight-of-hand, it would be much more apparent.

Terte stood by quietly as some of his followers moved the operating table through the narrow door and set it up in the sun. It was little more than a long wooden rack covered by a thin pad.

As the man with the cataract took his place on the table, Terte stepped forward, rubbing alcohol over his hands and flexing the fingers carefully. A hush settled over the audience. As before, I noted the knotting of muscles in his forearm and the manner in which his veins stood out.

Our interpreter explained that Terte "operates" only when he feels the Spirit throughout his body, particularly in his fingers which become almost hot and exceedingly supple.

Terte first placed a cloth, dampened with the sanctified water, across the patient's eyes. I already was at the camera, the lens tipped down into the face of the patient, listening to the whirr of film running through the sprockets, as I watched through the viewfinder. Mac was at my shoulder, his breath coming in uneven gulps, as he watched.

Slowly the cloth was raised and Terte seemed to poke his forefinger and thumb directly into the man's eye. I expected the patient to flinch or show some sign of pain but not a muscle in his face quivered.

I gasped my amazement as Terte seemed to lift the scale of the cataract from the afflicted eye and dropped it into a jar of alcohol held toward him by an aide.

The next patient was Francisco Cisep, a well-known Chinese businessman from Manila, who was suffering from a huge, angry-looking boil on the back of his neck. Despite treatment by recognized physicians the running sore had refused to heal.

There was no sign of pain from Cisep as Terte touched the infection. Terte went through much the same ritual as before. When Cisep rose from the table the fiery, badly inflamed section had disappeared. All that remained were a few dry flakes clinging to the unscarred skin.

"I'll be damned!" Ormond McGill breathed in my ear.

At first, Terte wore a light cotton shirt and I knew that McGill was watching his sleeves, turned back at the wrists, but there was no sign of the magician's art. In time, the little man had perspired so much that the shirt hung on him in dripping folds. He quietly removed it and went on with his work, arms bare, body trunk and chest covered only by a thin undershirt.

A patient suffering from what had been diagnosed as a gall stone lay on the table, abdomen bared. Terte's right thumb and forefinger sank out of sight into the flesh, emerging a second later with the gall stone, which was dropped into the waiting jar of alcohol.

With each operation there was seemingly no pain, no bleeding, no open wound. During the removal of an appendix, both Ormond McGill and I thought we saw a smear of blood and a fresh scar. Moments later, though, any such signs had disappeared.

From another patient Terte removed what was allegedly a bit of diseased liver. Whether it was or not, when the patient rose he had the good color of excellent health in place of his sickly pallor of a few moments earlier.

Throughout the afternoon, as the sun beat down unmercifully, the patients passed one by one before the healer of San Fabian. His body was dripping with sweat but the aloof serenity of his features never changed.

Later, one of Terte's assistants and followers, 20-year-old Juan Enbarnal, took over to extract some teeth. The first man upon whom he "operated" was in obvious pain from a visibly abcessed molar. Yet,

the patient seemed to feel no pain as Enbarnal's fingers touched the tooth.

McGill was at the healer's elbow, watching every move, while I shot over his shoulder with the camera. There was an audible clicking sound as the tooth was released from the jawbone, yet the young man's thumb and forefinger seemed to touch it only gently. Both of us examined the tooth, new and raw, then examined the gaping hole where the tooth had been. But there was no blood. And the infected area had disappeared. The patient drank some of the sanctified water without any show of pain.

Later, speaking through our interpreter, we were allowed to interview patients we picked at random. All appeared healthy and were convinced Terte had performed a miracle; the items in the glass jars, floating in alcohol, had been removed by the healer.

We asked other questions, too. How much did they intend to give Terte for this miracle? The question was an insult to each of the patients. Give, perhaps, to the church of their individual faith, but not to Terte. He didn't want it! With five sons working his farm Terte, they said, has no need for our money.

The possibility that Terte planted stooges for our benefit didn't hold water. It would hardly be possible for him to have 200 stooges; and what of the other thousands who claim he cured them of illnesses—the lawyers, professors and reputable businessmen?

That evening as we drove back to Manila Ormond McGill was strangely quiet, staring down at the stacks of exposed movie film in cans at our feet.

"What's your verdict?" I asked.

He hesitated for a long time, then shook his head. "One of two things. Either that man's working miracles as he claims or he's the greatest magician in the world!"

He glanced up, scowling.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Remember that holy water we drank?"

I nodded. We both had drunk the pink-tinted contents from the same glasses we had tasted earlier. It had taken on an acrid, bitter taste.

"My sinuses were kicking up a real storm till I drank that stuff," he stated uneasily. "Right after that, my head quit hurting. I just now realized it."

We settled back in the seat, each of us wondering whether this little man actually works miracles of healing.

Ormond McGill and I still don't know what to think . . . but the motion pictures we took seem to prove Terte really did everything we think we saw him do.

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.

MURDER REENACTED

By Donald Mann

THE PENNSYLVANIA Dutch tell interesting ghost stories, and I have thought many times that the story tellers just might be telling the truth. This was my reaction the evening I sat in a gas station in Schaefferstown, in the heart of Lebanon County, and heard Russell Ruhl, an old timer in the area, tell of the "Brendle murder".

It seems that back in the early 1800's a family named Brendle started to farm the land just west of town. They built two barns and a house. The barns have since been replaced but the house still stands, practically as built, the front part log, the rear stone. Shortly after the family was settled and a routine had been established the older brother took offense at something the younger one had done. One evening, calling his brother downstairs he sank a hatchet in the back of the youngster's head. Instead of falling dead the boy ran screaming down the quarter mile lane and fell dead on the highway. The older brother disappeared and the murder went unpunished.

The story old man Ruhl told about what he had seen one night while spending a week in the old house on a bet was enough to curdle my blood. He claimed that on his third night in the house, which has stood empty 90% of the time since the murder, he saw the transparent forms of the brothers re-enact the



DONALD MANN

murder complete with blood and screams. He claimed that he fainted and only awakened the next morning when he could find no trace of what had gone on during the night.

When he finished his story several other men sitting around the station avowed that they had known people who had seen the same apparition. In fact, it seemed that the "ghosts walked" at fairly regular intervals. At the time I wondered if perhaps the local blades made a sport of suckering someone into spending a night in the old place and then scaring the daylights out of him with a little play-acting.

Several days later I told the story to a friend of mine, Richard McDermot. He had a really good idea. He suggested turning the old house into a night club, using the haunted house motif, perhaps complete with a re-enactment of the murder as a sort of floorshow. We became immediately enthusiastic about this enterprise and decided to visit the house the next afternoon to see how much work had to be done, and to try to find the present owner.

We agreed to meet at the farm the next afternoon but, between running into out-of-town relatives and suffering a flat tire with no spare, I arrived at the farm after dark. I did not expect to find Dick there but I took a flashlight and started to cross the field anyway. The house and barns are hidden from the road by a hill so I didn't see Dick's car behind the barn until I was within 50 feet of it. He had trusted the lane enough to drive in.

As I saw the car I also heard someone call out. Thinking Dick had seen me I was about to answer when I heard someone screaming, "Hilfin Ich! Mein kopf, mein kopf!" . . . "Help me! My head, my head!" Knowing Dick didn't speak German I immediately assumed that he had jumped a neighbor or someone for some reason known only to himself. This thought had just crossed my mind when Dick rounded the corner of the barn running at full tilt. He almost knocked me over. When he saw me in front of him he gave a chilling yell and broke off at a right angle, never slowing a bit. I took out after him and managed to stop him after about 100 yards.

When he finally was able to speak all he would say was, "Buy the damned place and run it. Leave me out! I've had enough."

I got him into my car and then went back for his. He wouldn't go near the place again. When we finally got settled in a local restaurant I got his story. Dick had seen exactly what the old farmer had seen 60 years before. I had not seen a thing, but those screams will stick with me the rest of my life.

About a week later I found the

owner only to be told that he had sold the place the previous day to a young Amish couple. It looks like I've tabled the night club plans for good, for more than one reason.—*Lebanon, Pa.*

SMOKY GREY "THING"

By Nellie M'Guire

DURING THE LATE war I, with my son Thomas, a child of four, was evacuated out of the City of Londonderry to Dullerton, Cullion, County Tyrone, Northern Ireland. There I had a very nice country house. We only saw my husband perhaps twice a week because he worked on the *News* and often had to "firewatch" also. He came out to us when he could; the rest of the time we lived there alone. And lonely it was too, especially at night.

This is a true story of what happened one dark, windy night in the winter of 1942, on a Monday or a Wednesday, I forget which and the date. But it definitely was either a Monday or a Wednesday as on no other evenings would my husband be expected out with us.

I always lit a fire in the bedroom and used to sit there and read to my son until near his bedtime. This particular night, in the middle of reading, we heard footsteps coming upstairs. I, thinking it was my husband, called out, "Wait til I bring a light."

I got a torch I had, opened the door and shone the light down over the balustrade so he would see better where to step. Thomas had come with me and was holding my free hand. Our cat, Tiger, came too and went to the top of the stairs. Something drew my attention to him. There he crouched on the top stair, his hackles raised, staring, staring downwards. Then he backed away, hissing and spitting, until he reached the bedroom where he tore round and round the room like a mad thing.

I took my eyes from him and looked downwards, at the same time wondering why my husband had stopped coming further up the stairs. At that moment my son began to let out scream after scream and to drag me by the hand. I think my heart stopped, for there on a corner of the stairs was a "thing," the like of which I never want to see again. It was shaped like a man, about six feet tall, swathed in a garment of smoky grey with a kind of hood hiding its face. Its arms were folded.

I breathed Jesus, Jesus, save us, protect us from this "thing". My hair, I'm sure, did stand on end. I stood there not able to move. I saw the figure fade away before me. I and my child, like the cat, backed into the bedroom. I slammed shut and locked the door. Only then did I remember that the train my

husband would come by would not arrive at the station, over half-a-mile away, for another hour and a half. During this wait I was terrified. At long last I heard the train whistle, then my husband's arrival.

During my nerve wracking wait I remembered also that my husband couldn't have come in, in any case, as the outer doors were locked and barred. I had to go down the stairs to unlock the door when he knocked. Passing the corner where I had seen the "thing" I almost fell with fear.

We never found any explanation for this terrible apparition but Thomas and I saw it all right. Other times we heard crashes and nightly there were thumpings.

My little son and I stopped on in that house until long after the war was over. Actually we stayed on there for four years after the incident and I always could feel a presence there. We always had a feeling of being followed and we had to change our bed into another room because the door, although it had a good catch, persisted in flying open no matter how often I shut it. And, too, we awakened several times feeling as if we were being smothered.

A clergyman, Mr. Metcalf by name, to whom I told this story said I should have left the house the next day after the incident. But even as long as we lived there we never found an explanation for the apparition.—*Londonderry City, Northern Ireland.*

THE GRAY MANSION

By Peter Hartmus

IN THE NORTH-WEST section of Portland, Ore., beyond a spiked, iron fence separating its lawns and its stately trees from the sidewalk, I used to see a tall, gray mansion with narrow windows and twisted chimneys studding its high-peaked roof. Round towers and gables pointed sharply at the sky in the "carpenter's Gothic" style which was popular in the late 1800's. Ruts, such as could have been made by carriage wheels, were visible in the wide-curving driveway under the canopied side entrance. Crystal-glass windows shone in the brick chimney at the side of the mansion.

Yet, old as the building was in style, the shingles looked as if they had been laid yesterday; the walls gleamed in a clean coat of gray paint; the carved railings and columns looked fresh from the adze and the saw; the filagree trim and carved cornices looked newly carved. The windows shone, reflecting the tall trees which stood on the lawn.

I walked by this place occasionally in 1941 when I lived in Portland. It was in an area bounded by Burnside, 23rd Avenue, 15th Ave-

nue, and Pettygrove Street. In all the times I passed it I never saw a car in the curving driveway—or a carriage. I never saw a person behind the spiked fence or a sign of life in the house. Always there was a frigid stillness about the gray mansion.

One day I walked where the house should have been and could not find it. Thinking I had missed the street, I passed through the neighborhood a few days later looking for it. Since that time I have made two methodical street-by-street searches but never again have I located the gray mansion or a trace of where it once might have stood.

Now, I ask myself, did that house really exist? Or was it a vision to me from out of the past? I guess I will never know.—*Sausalito, Calif.*

THREE WHITE LILIES

By Ruth Truffelli

IN 1921 I MARRIED my childhood sweetheart. Our marriage was not very successful; his love was horses and mine was dancing. In the first five years of our marriage we had three children and I was, of course, tied down with the children. He was tied down with work trying to support us.

After six years we knew that our marriage was definitely on the rocks. Neither of us seemed to care, but as I look back now I can see that we easily might have salvaged it.

My husband joined the CCC. The depression had hit the country and he sent me 25 dollars a month. Somehow I managed to pay rent and feed myself and our three children.

Two days before Christmas in 1934 I received a letter from him I shall never forget. It said, "Here is two dollars. I can't send you any more. I am using the rest of the 25 dollars to make a Christmas dinner for my girl. She is cooking it at her aunt's house. She is still going to school."

He was then over 30 years old.

We managed to live through the shock, the children and I. And when I didn't come through with a divorce he applied for one himself, accusing me of deserting him.

Soon after he married his little school girl. They had one child every year for five years. And I was told they would separate and be divorced, then would go back together again. Finally in March, 1957, they had an argument to end all arguments, literally as it turned out, and he left taking the truck with him. Three days later when his wife couldn't find him she notified the police. Then she found him herself, just above the house where he had taken his own life.

Of course, I was notified and my

oldest, married daughter, Carla, who had always loved her daddy no matter what he did was preparing to go to the funeral. She turned to me and said, "Pray, Mom, that God will let us know in some way that he has found peace."

We all did pray. I prayed long after I went to my room that night that we would know in some way that he was at peace, away from the turmoil he had brought on himself in life, and also that my three children would be safe driving through the night to the funeral of a father they hardly had known.

The next morning when I went out into my yard I noticed something white where nothing had been planted. I walked closer and there in my yard were three snow-white Easter lillies. They bloomed until the girls came back; then they just seemed to disappear. We dug down in the ground but could find no roots nor bulbs. Since that time nothing has grown in that spot.

Perhaps the three lilies were one for each of the children, sent by God to indicate and represent peace. We like to think so.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

MYSTERY OF THE TOPPLED TREE

BECAUSE an oak tree stood where they planned an addition to their home, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Thompson of Lakewood, a suburb of Baytown, Tex., decided in June, 1959, to have it removed. They called in D. A. Brown, a tree surgeon, who estimated that the job would cost $75.

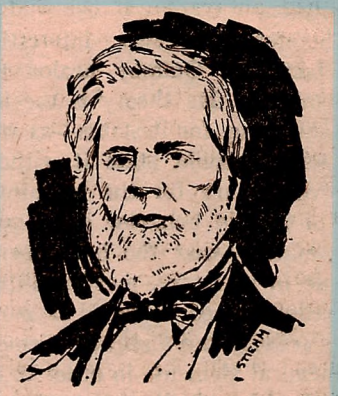
Thompson said he considered the estimate rather high, and Brown explained that this was because the tree was "sound as a dollar" and taking it down would be difficult. Thompson said he would think it over.

A few hours later he was cutting grass on the side of the house opposite that on which the tree stood. The day was hot, sultry and windless. Thompson heard a sudden, crashing noise. He found that the oak tree, 18 inches in circumference, had snapped off 10 feet above the ground and fallen.

There seemed no explanation for the strange occurrence. Tree surgeon Brown said he could not recall that anything like it ever happened before. He theorized that possibly a freak underground tremor had "touched the tree just right to snap it off."

Writings of this controversial healer indicate he was first to experiment with the mysteries of the human mind.

By Lee R. Gandee



DR. QUIMBY
Pioneer Parapsychologist

IN OCTOBER, 1957, FATE published an article by Virginia Stumbaugh titled *Quimby, Father of Mental Healing,* which tells of the controversy centering around Quimby's teachings and those of Mary Baker Eddy, who was his patient before she became famous as the founder of Christian Science. That article—condensing several hundred pages into two short paragraphs—hints at Quimby's methods of healing without, however, indicating the scientific importance of his theory because of the physiological process involved.

This theory may become the basis of a future development in medical science—a type of psychiatry in which atomic behavior provides the curative force. Dr. Quimby discovered that the sub-conscious mind controls atomic structure in the cells of the body and stated, in the 1860's, a postulate which Dr. J. B. Rhine must have considered when studying the psychogenic effects of psychosomatic medicine, but which seems so revolutionary that he probably hesitated to accept it as a possibility, even though all his famous experiments in parapsychol-

ogy lead, haltingly, to this same conclusion.

Therefore, however interesting the fact that Quimby healed the sick may be, his theory is the important thing, for it states—as well as Quimby could state it without any vocabulary for the technicalities of atomic behavior or of psychosomatics—that the body, being atomic in structure, must maintain a predetermined balance of molecular activity and a set arrangement of chemical elements in order to remain healthy; further, that the endocrine secretions regulate this molecular activity, and that the endocrine system is controlled by the subconscious mind and by the emotions. Up to this point there is no radical departure from the theories of medical science, but Quimby went ahead to postulate that the concepts held in the subconscious are materialized by this process.

Accordingly, the mind, accepting an idea, and given the stimulation of emotion, sets into action a chain of molecular activities which, by increasing the vibration of some atoms and retarding that of others, so alters the structure of the cells that they conform to the idea held, be it one of health or sickness. This, Quimby believed, was an established law of nature, and his technique was to replace the concept of disease with one of health, to remove the harmful emotions present in the mind of the sufferer.

It worked. If he could beat the undertaker to the case the sick person usually recovered, even though Quimby often was called in only after all hope had been abandoned, and sometimes when the patient was in an almost moribund state. Quimby believed the healing had religious significance because he considered that God had established the original balance of a healthy body and healing resulted in a return to this balance.

Thus, to him health, with its resulting happiness, was God's intention for man and he loved God for this beneficence, so he termed his method the Science of Health and Happiness and made joyous harmonization with God its ideal. However, this idea of God was a departure from the Calvinist theology of his time and place, and the clergy considered him an atheist. He infuriated the puritanical ministers of New England by proclaiming them misrepresenters of God, and by showing that they not infrequently caused disease by creating guilt complexes and filling the minds of their hearers with morbid ideas of human unworthiness and fear of eternal punishment. Quimby healed many who, he claimed, had received their initial mental infection in church. Indeed, any sick person who is also scrupulously religious should scrutinize Dr. Quim-

by's teachings carefully, for he is in an incongruous position and his infirmity suggests that he needs to reach a different understanding of the nature of God and of man's relationship with Him.

Quimby's theory of mentally-directed, emotion-triggered molecular behavior is the only one I ever have found which makes reasonable the instantaneous healings on record. In healings at Lourdes cancerous growths of considerable weight have vanished. And science is at a loss to say what became of the tissue which existed and then did not exist. Quimby's theory would allow us to believe that the mind of the sufferer, excited by the reputation of the place and by its atmosphere, can rise above consideration of the disease and glimpse a vision of wholeness which, activated by the intense emotion of faith, effects a sudden and massive electronic rearrangement in which the atoms of diseased tissue lose identity by the dispersal of their electrons, which either unite with atoms of sound tissue or pass outside the body to join atoms of the elements in the atmosphere. It is highly significant that reports from Lourdes mention a searing sensation of heat at the instant of healing, since any disturbance of molecular structure must produce heat. It is also significant that during the course of many diseases, changes occur in body temperature, and at death the body assumes the temperature of its surroundings.

If this theory is correct, it is no more unlikely that substance should disappear than that it should be formed, so if the necessary conditions are created—a vivid concept plus compelling emotion—the substance for cells of new flesh to restore a withered arm or an ear could be drawn in from the elements surrounding the body. This theory, with its expansion to include the phenomena of telekinesis, probably explains Jesus' changing of water into wine by a reordering of its atomic structure, and explains also all Biblical instances of the materialization of substance, be it oil, meal, loaves, fishes, or the coin which the disciples were told to render unto Caesar. These things probably were drawn in from the surrounding elements by Jesus' power to call the law into operation. There is nothing miraculous in combining elements to form new substances. But it is generally not understood nor thought possible that the mind can cause the combinations to take place.

It is impossible, here, to carry the implications of Quimby's theory to an adequate length, but to anyone willing to struggle with the complexities and obscurities of his manuscripts the ideas in them open the gates to a higher dimension of

power, one in which man becomes co-creative with God; a Logos, as Christ was. To Quimby the Biblical text "Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee . . ." was not so much a promise as a statement of cosmic law, for he proved that all our circumstances are the externalizations of our concepts, insofar as our emotions cause or allow them to materialize.

Virginia Stumbaugh evidently did not have access to the Unpublished Manuscripts, for she indicated that Quimby was not clairvoyant. That the many years during which he experimented with the mind before developing his healing technique produced clairvoyant ability, is very fully brought out in his own writings. He said, ". . . I then became a medium myself, but not like my subject (Lucius Burkmar). I retained my own consciousness and at the same time took the feelings of my patient." He says, then, that the disturbed emotions of the sick create a "vapor" around them in which all their ideas, right or wrong, exist, and that "this vapor or fluid contains the identity of the person."

Quimby adds, "Now when I sit down by a diseased person I see the spiritual form, in this cloud" (like the *aura*) "like a person driven out of his house. They sometimes appear very much frightened, which is almost always the case with insane persons. I show no disposition to disturb them and at the last they approach me cautiously, and if I can govern my own spirit or mind, I can govern theirs. At last I commence a conversation with them. They tell me their troubles and offer to carry me spiritually to the place where their trouble commenced.

"I was sitting by a lady whom I had never seen until she called upon me with her father to see if I could help her. The lady had all the appearance of dropsy. I took her by the hand. In a short time it seemed as though we were on the ocean. At length I saw a brig in a gale. I also saw a man on the bowsprit, dressed in an oil-cloth suit. At last he fell overboard. The vessel hove to and in a short time the man sank. This was a reality, but it happened five years before. Now to cure the lady was to bring her from the scene of her troubles. This I did, and the lady recovered."

Two points in the above resume are singularly suggestive. The first is the mention of an initial apparition of the spiritual body, which compels us to recall Edgar Cayce's opening comment when giving clairvoyant diagnosis, "Yes, we have the body." The other is that the lady, emotionally disturbed by the death by drowning of a dearly loved person, suffered from dropsy, which is characterized by watery

accumulations in the body. We do not know any more of the case than is stated here. It would be extremely interesting to know whether the circumstances leading to the man's drowning were such as to cause a feeling of guilt or responsibility on the part of the afflicted woman.

There is an interesting chapter in Gina Cerminara's book, *Many Mansions,* titled "The Karma of Mockery". If we knew that the lady who suffered psychosomatically from dropsy felt a sense of responsibility for the drowning, it would be more than suggestive that her body punished itself by creating a condition in which it slowly smothered in water. Since we do not know that she suffered a sense of guilt, we can only say that her mind was filled with strong emotion at the time that it was fixed upon a great quantity of water, and that watery accumulations developed. Either possibility has profound psychological implications.

One cannot escape the feeling that if psychiatrists were able to follow Quimby's method of ascertaining the initial cause of their patients' troubles, that is seeing the incident which started them, they would be much better able to bring them from the scene of their troubles. Clearly, the cures accomplished in such cases resulted from the casting out of an obsessing idea.

The above is by no means the most remarkable case recorded by Quimby. On one occasion he was called to see a man in Maine who believed himself possessed by a legion of devils.

Quimby recorded the visit in these words, "I have said that fear produced a chemical change in man's belief, and as matter is one element of his belief, this is liable to take form according to his belief. It was about 8:00 p.m. when I visited his room. Immediately upon entering, the atmosphere of the room produced such an effect upon me that I felt as though my hair stood on end, and it seemed as though the room was full of spirits. As I approached the bed he seemed frightened. I said, 'You are frightened to death! Why do you lie here?' He said he couldn't get up. I said, 'You are afraid of these devils; they scare you.' and 'When I came in they left, and are now standing out among the apple trees.'

"He said, 'They scared you a little!' That was a fact.

"He then said, 'These devils have taken me by the nape of the neck and the seat of my pants and laid me here, but I never spoke of it before.'

"I told him to get up and I would keep them away. He did so and got well.

"These devils followed me over two miles before they left, and then they parted and flew off to the

winds. They seemed like a swarm of bees. They varied in length from six inches to two feet. Each seemed to have a separate identity, and all the idea they had was to follow me. So all that was necessary was for me to keep up courage enough.

"These were spirits. The man had become sick from some nervous disorder, and was made to believe that he was full of humor. As he philosophized, he contended that the body was made of animal life, and this living humor was eating his very vitals, so the heat that passed off from his body was full of living devils, and as I came in contact with his belief, the atmosphere that I felt was the company of devils that he was with, and in the atmosphere I saw the spirits or shadow of his belief, and as I took in the atmosphere, I was impregnated with it, but the devils were to me shadows of his own make.

"So as my system threw off this heat that I inhaled, I could see these imps, and I shall not forget how earnest and determined I was to keep up, for it was the passing off of the disease from me."

This strange statement brings up, and possibly explains, the ancient belief in demon possession, and if the devils "were shadows of his own make" those of the Gadarene maniac may have been like them. This record of demon possession in 19th Century Maine revives the possibility that exorcism is a permissible practice in psychiatry, and may explain the efficacy of exorcism practiced by the Roman Catholic church. It is noteworthy that Quimby credited the devils with a sort of material reality, and explained that reality as the result of belief.

Quimby later said that he felt all the pains and the state of mind of his patient at the time that he treated him, so it is not unusual that he should discern the possibly imaginary devils in the foregoing case of possession. He was not only clairvoyant, but to a degree and in a way not frequently encountered. In modern times only Edgar Cayce seems to have practiced the same type of hypnotic clairvoyance to see the true state of another's body. One is struck by the close parallels between the earlier phases of Quimby's experiments and those of Cayce. The great difference was that Cayce was under hypnosis during his diagnoses, whereas Quimby was conscious and therefore able to comment on what took place.

Quimby employed Lucius Burkmar for these experiments before he became independently clairvoyant himself but space does not permit much discussion of these. Quimby devised a test to determine whether a person may be made truly clairvoyant under hypnosis. This test was simply to blindfold the subject and give him an open book to read.

Few could read it, but those few—and they were more numerous than one might suppose—were capable of seeing the body of the sick as it really was, of giving diagnosis, and of prescribing treatment even in language unknown to them (as Cayce was), and of effecting a cure of cases which hitherto had resisted all medication. Further, they could describe distant places as though present there, and dead persons as though they were at hand.

A letter of recommendation addressed to Nathan Hale, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and Dr. John Ware, of Boston, and dated November 6, 1843, written by someone from Belfast, Me., whose name has been worn away by much handling, says: ". . . I have good reason to believe that he (Burkmar) can discern the internal structure of an animal body, and if there be anything morbid or defective therein detect and explain it . . . He can go from one point to another, no matter how remote, without passing through the intermediate space. I have ascertained from irrefragable experiments that he takes ideas, first, directly from the mind of the person in communication with him, and, second, without reference to such mind, directly from the object or thing to which his attention is directed; and in both instances without any aid from his five bodily senses . . .

"His mind when he is mesmerized seems to have no relation to body, distance, place, time, or motion. He passes from Belfast to Washington, or from the earth to the moon, not as horses, steam engines, or light, but swifter than light, by a single act of volition. In a word, he strides far beyond the reach of philosophy . . . Mesmerism (hypnosis) as manifested by this boy lets in more light than any other window that has been opened for 1800 years. This may look like gross extravagance, but if you have the same luck that I have, you will not find it so."

If anyone wishes more than that testimonial let him find it in Quimby's manuscripts or in the excerpts from them, edited by Horatio W. Dresser, *The Quimby Manuscripts*, Crowell, 1921. He will be well rewarded. However, only in the Unpublished Manuscripts available in mimeographed typescript at some large libraries, or at the Library of Congress in Washington, can Quimby's full message be found.

The Lebanon, New Hampshire, *Free Press*, for December 3, 1860, published this letter, . . ."Not fearing to investigate the operation of the mind, he penetrated the region nothing but magicians, sorcerers, witchcraft, and spiritualists have ventured, and going far beyond them in his experiments, he arrived at the principle regulating happiness. . ."

Considering such public statements, it seems incredible Quimby has been overlooked for a century. The reason, of course, is that he was far too advanced for his work to be understood during his lifetime. To understand him, even now, one must know the work of Dr. Rhine, the life of Edgar Cayce, the theories of metaphysics, and the facts of atomic behavior. And one must have a spiritual concept of nature, understand something of hypnosis, suggestion, disassociation, and look upon psychiatry and psychosomatics as legitimate branches of medicine.

Even so, man is not quite at ease with Quimby unless, having experienced some profound insight, he realizes that the mystery that he has touched is the one which unifies the seeming diversity of Quimby's experiences and validates the claims that he makes. To such a one Quimby, more than any other, is the voice of Truth for a tomorrow when the Science of Health and Happiness will be the common possession of the human race.

THE MASCOT SENSED TRAGEDY

A STRIKING example of the foreknowledge of death often displayed by dogs recently was reported in *This Week* Magazine by Jhan and June Robbins.

During part of World War II a six-man bomber crew stationed near Tunis in North Africa had for a mascot a mongrel named Flak. Loyal to his six masters, Flak did not associate with the other airmen at the base.

Missions took place according to an irregular schedule, but Flak always seemed to know when the plane bearing his masters was about to return, for a few minutes before he would trot out to the flight line to meet it.

Around noon one day, while his crew was away on a mission, Flak suddenly began to howl with grief. Later that day, when the planes returned from the mission and circled the base before landing, Flak did not go down to the flight line. He already knew what the others did not learn until then—the plane bearing his masters had been shot down over Italy at the time he began his mournful howling.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

For some months V. I. Prewett, Jr., had been thinking about tearing down the smokestack on his hosiery mill at Fort Payne, Ala. But the $100 cost made him hesitate. Then along came a tornado and blew off the smokestack.

●

"No one but Allah knows the future," Nassrullah Abu Sinnih, 75, told his friend, Mussah Amneh, 80, in Nazareth, Israel. The two old merchants then made out their wills, leaving their properties to their sons. That same day both men died—of natural causes.

●

In Washington, D.C., Art Lamb, who is with a TV show, phoned Morris Fox, official of a transit company, and was told that the matter he wished to discuss would be handled by the concern's advertising manager, Leonard Wolf.

●

At a bus depot in Seattle, Wash., Mrs. R. V. Hubbard warmly greeted her mother, Mrs. Virginia M. Mitchell, of San Diego, whom she hadn't seen in many years. A minute later Mrs. Mitchell died in her daughter's arms.

After more than a quarter of a century with a New York radio concern, Mrs. Annie Visconti was retiring. Thirteen women who had worked with her planned a farewell dinner at a restaurant for her. The women, loaded with gifts, gathered at the restaurant but the guest of honor never arrived. They found her at her home. She had died while putting on her party clothes.

●

When two cars collided in front of the home of Mrs. Sarah Dixon of Harlan, Ky., the occupants of the autos were only slightly hurt. But Mrs. Dixon died of a heart attack.

●

While flying upside down at 10,000 feet near Hemet, Calif., an assistant fire chief lost his badge. It was returned to him by a camp worker. It had fallen into the worker's pocket.

●

Mrs. M. H. Todd of Mangum, Okla., had white hair in a spot on top of her head when she was 25. Today, at 72, her hair is white everywhere except that one spot. It's turned black.



the DREAM that solved a MURDER

By Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S.

Charles King was suspect in one of Canadian Northwest Mounted Police's most difficult murder cases. Accompanying photos are copyrighted by author.

Many bits of evidence pointed to the killer — but an amazing extrasensory experience clinched the case.

THAT EXTRA-SENSORY perception in the form of a dream helped to solve one of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police's most difficult cases, the famed "King Case", is a matter of public record. That the brother of the victim, 4000 miles of forest, wilderness and ocean away from the victim, should have dreamed the murder scene in complete detail on the very day and hour of its occurrence is certainly supranatural. To date, some 50 years later, no explanation is offered.

Staff Sergeant Anderson of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, the central figure in this case, was for many years a personal friend of mine, and related the story to me in the very barracks at Lesser Slave Lake wherein Charles King was confined, to the bitter wrath of all the trappers and traders in the country who insisted that it was a "blunder" on the



Sergeant Anderson, standing in center, rode a long trail to gather murder evidence. He is shown with Mounted Police at Lesser Slave Lake at time of case.

Sergeant's part and that he'd arrested an innocent man.

Andy Anderson was a big, genial, hard-featured Icelander with pitted face and ice-blue eyes. Andy would rush in where angels feared to tread. His enemies sometimes mistook his stubborness for stupidity, as he "blundered" ahead—*yet he always got his man!*

On this particular September morning in 1904, Andy was guiding his sweating roan along the winding trail to Lesser Slave Lake settlement when a guttural voice caused him to turn in the saddle. Padding behind him was Mistoos, Cree Indian Chief from the nearby Sucker Lake Reserve.

"Vell!" grinned the Sergeant, "and vat you vant, Mistoos, more grub?"

Peering cautiously about, the Chief spoke earnestly. A tall, black-bearded man and his partner named Char-lee, who walked with a slight twist, had camped at the reserve not long before. Two days later the *Shagonash* (Englishman) had disappeared; later, the other white man had ridden off with *all* the horses! There'd been much talk amongst his tribesmen. The chief had found

his cattle bawling as they pawed the ashes of the paleface campfire—as though they scented blood.

Impassively the Sergeant listened and rode thoughtfully towards the barracks. At dawn next morning he jogged into the encampment of scattered tepees and entered Mistoos' lodge, conscious of the veiled hostility of the young bucks. Mistoos waved his sinewy hand towards a couple of youngsters. "Napasise and Moonias," he said, "will tell you about their visit to the *Shagonash*."

"The white men gave us things to eat," Moonias told him. "Then we watched the Tall One sewing leather over the stock of his gun. Napasise," he grinned, "thought how foolish it was, as how could that make the gun shoot any straighter. He pushed a big needle through the leather with a big glove that hadn't any fingers."

"And the Tall One," interrupted Napasise, "had a big shining buckle on his belt. Wherever he went he was followed by a yellow dog that seemed to love his master."

"Where were they going?" the Sergeant inquired.

"*Otanark*—the settlement," responded the bright-eyed Moonias. "The second night the Tall One disappeared," he added significantly. "When Char-lee left three suns later he had to *drag* the Tall One's dog. It didn't want to leave."

The Sergeant followed the chief to the old camp site. "*Mistay picotay!*" Mistoos motioned towards the fireplace . . . "Plenty ashes—huh?"

A thick bed of ashes covered the site of the campfire. Already Andy was on his knees sifting them through his fingers, wondering at the large accumulation since the nights had been warm *and only a small fire would be needed*. His groping fingers encountered something hard—a piece of bone. Another and another! He put them carefully in the pocket of his tunic. They might be from a moose, they might not. Perhaps, he thought, the men had quarrelled and separated, you couldn't believe all the talk you heard amongst the tepees. Yet, something sinister could have occurred and he might be searching for an unknown killer.

Who could have imagined that the events that had taken place in darkness lighted only by the embers of a campfire, in that wilderness of sentinel pines and silent forest, already had been telegraphed, by some strange force, to the mind of a man 4000 miles away? Such was the case, as future events disclosed.

Some instinct caused the Sergeant to glance at the wall of shimmering willows. A tawny hand swiftly disappeared. He was conscious of a pair of dark eyes watch-

ing him intently. Next moment they too were gone.

The glimmer of water through the underbrush took him to a slough where the men evidently had gotten their water. He prodded here and there among the reeds with a stick while Mistoos ordered his son to bring a rake from his tepee. Slipping off his boots the Sergeant waded knee-deep in the slough, feeling about in the slimy mud with his toes while Mistoos dragged the bottom with a rake. Suddenly the chief emitted an exultant whoop and held aloft a battered kettle.

"*A-ogo*—dat's it. Dat's de kettle de white men used," the Indian boys were yelling.

Returning to the fireplace the Sergeant studied the earth, the grass, and even the moss under the willows, with an expert eye. Outlined in the damp moss were moccasin prints, a few days old, leading from the tepees to the camp and back again. Why, he wondered, had this Indian, whoever he was, approached the white men's camp by stealth? Did these people know more about the missing *Shagonash* than they were prepared to tell?

Returning to the settlement he was guided by some hunch to the log cabin of Moise Gladu. Andy's ice-blue eyes made a swift inventory of everything within.

"Well Moise," he smiled, "you sure got lots of traps. Figure on going trapping?"

"*Non, Monsieur,*" Moise shook his shaggy head. "Dem traps, dey belong to Char-lee King. He's come from Edmonton. Now he's figure on going back by de steamer and wants for sell dem."

There was a tug at the latch-string and a pleasant-faced man in a cowboy hat entered. By the slight twist to his body the Sergeant knew instinctively that here was Charlie King.

"Howdy!" the stranger nodded. Sergeant Anderson found himself looking into a pair of friendly eyes. The Sergeant led the conversation to King's trip in from Edmonton. The man spoke frankly. He'd met a stranger, called himself Leaman, near the sand-hills and they'd camped together on the reserve. A couple of days later Leaman had set out for Sturgeon Lake afoot, on a prospecting trip, while he remained there to rest the horses.

Returning to the barracks at Buffalo Bay Andy sent for Constable Lowe. "Better saddle up," he told him, "and leave for Sturgeon Lake." In a few swift words he described King's partner. "Search every Indian stopping-place and speak to every one you meet on the trail. Report back here as quick as you can!" he ordered.

When a week later Lowe, dust-

stained and weary, reported that no trace of a man answering Leaman's description had been found, the Sergeant sauntered up the trail to the Hudson's Bay fort. "I vant a warrant for Charlie King," he told McDermott, the factor.

The factor raised his shaggy eyebrows. "And *whut's* the charge?"

"Murder!" growled the Sergeant.

McDermott started. "A'richt, Andy. Hae it ony way ye like, but I'm thinkin' you're crazy as a loon!" His pen scratched over the warrant.

Lesser Slave Lake laughed next morning when word got around that the Sergeant had arrested King for killing his partner, all because he'd found some bits of moose-bone in the ashes of their campfire.

While King indignantly protested his innocence behind the bars at Buffalo Bay, Anderson doggedly rounded up the articles King had disposed of. Soon the police stables housed his four horses—each Bearing a Diamond C brand. In the shed were piled a big bear-trap, 40 fox-traps, canvas panniers, pack-saddles, and other things. Meanwhile, the *S.S. Midnight Sun,* upon which King was about to embark when Andy's muscular fingers closed on his shoulder, was chugging south across Lesser Slave Lake on her weekly trip to Athabasca Landing.

Again the Sergeant visited Mistoos' village. Again he sifted the ashes with a window screen of wire mosquito-netting. He was rewarded with more pieces of charred bone, a waistcoat buckle and a broken half of a cobbler's needle. With an excited whoop an Indian raised a pair of dripping top-boots from the water. As the Sergeant drained them a soggy bundle thudded at his feet. He sorted out the contents: a nugget tie-pin, a round sovereign-case, a broken watch-chain, an empty cartridge shell and a watch. Something glinted on the ground—a minute piece of steel. Hurrying to the camp Andy compared it with the piece of broken cobbler's needle he'd sifted from the ashes and found they fitted perfectly. The two bits of steel now linked the discoveries in the ashes with those found in the slough! And the sovereign case pointed to the owner having been an Englishman.

As he gazed over the greying waters of the dismal slough some hunch told Andy that beneath them lay the key to the mystery he was trying to unravel. But winter would be upon the land before permission could be obtained. Andy decided to pay for the draining of the slough himself.

After seeing Lowe off to Edmonton with his prisoner next morning, Andy returned to the slough.

Soon every able-bodied brave in camp was behind the business end of a shovel, helping to drain the slough. The draining proceeded without event for several days. Then came two quick strokes of luck. A perfect footprint, discovered near the campsite, corresponded with the boot that had contained the soggy bundle. And from the bottom of the slough a mud-stained square of metal was recovered. A half-breed, Cashir Cardinal, recognized it as the buckle from the belt of the missing man.

Then *Keewatin,* the North Wind, unleased his furies. A howling blizzard roared down from the Pole; Mounted Police brought out their short buffalo-coats, fur caps and moosehide mittens. As he stoked his iron stove Staff-Sergeant Anderson smiled grimly to himself. His next move would be to Edmonton to trace the man who'd owned the silver buckle, the sovereign-case and the nugget tie-pin.

Meanwhile, at the white-painted headquarters of "N" Division in Edmonton, Constable Lowe reported to Inspector Strickland and delivered his prisoner.

For 10 wearying, unsuccessful days Lowe searched the town for some clue as to King's movements the previous summer. At last in a saddler's shop on Kinistino Avenue he found a man with tattooed arms mending a pair of traces—wearing a sewing-palm on one hand.

"What's that thing?" Lowe asked casually, recalling young Moonias's story of the man with the gunstock and the fingerless glove.

"That," grinned the harness-maker, "is a sewing-palm. Learned to use one when I was a sailor."

"Sell many of them?" inquired the Mountie.

"No!" replied the tattooed man. "Last one I sold was in August to some guy going up Peace River way. He stuck around a couple of days sewing canvas panniers for his pack-horses."

Convinced he was at last on the trail of the missing Leaman, Lowe scoured the Edmonton stores. The Brands Inspector at Medicine Hat reported that no "Diamond-C" brand was registered in either Saskatchewan or Alberta. The horses must have come from across the United States border. Disappointed, Lowe attempted to use the big bear trap as an identifying medium since no experienced trapper would lug such a clumsy object around. At the Hudson's Bay store a grizzled trader remembered selling it. "Been here for years," he said as he ran his eye through the blotter. "Ah! Here we are. August 14th, Edward Hayward, 10 yards of canvas; 40 fox traps, a list of grub, *and one bear trap!* He paid by cheque. I've got

the cheque right here."

From an ancient cassette the trader dug out a cancelled cheque for $200.00 on the Bank of Montreal at Nelson, B.C., returned to him in care of Hayward, but never delivered to him. It was signed by Edward Hayward. With the cheque in his pocket Lowe strode towards the flats to make a round of the hotels. His mind was in a whirl. Was this Hayward the Leaman of King's story? At the Edmonton Hotel he got another break when he found on the register for August 14th the name of Charlie King, and below it that of Edward Hayward. He learned their trunks were still stored in the basement.

With his heart beating faster he knelt before a trunk marked "C. K." and drew from his pocket the keys seized from King. The first key did not fit. Neither did the second. The third shot back the bolt and displayed to his dissappointed gaze only a few of Kings old clothes, some letters from Salt Lake City, and the stub of a railroad ticket from Macleod to Edmonton dated August 13th.

Another key opened Hayward's trunk, disclosing some ship's papers and some discharge certificates. The man had been a sailor. A letter from a brother, George Hayward, in England and a receipt of a railroad ticket from Calgary to Edmonton were dated August 13th. That night Inspector Strickland wrote George Hayward in England about his brother Edward.

Luck now was with him. Lowe located the livery man who'd sold the "Diamond-C" horses to a tall Englishman named Hayward the previous August.

Then came a setback in the form of a report from Salt Lake City that King had been a hard working farmer without a stain to his character.

With plodding perseverance Sergeant Anderson located Hayward's bank account and picked up a devious trail that sent him crunching on snowshoes deep into the frozen forests of British Columbia. In the role of a lumberjack he pursued inquiries at one lumber-camp after another, until at last he located a signature on a payroll which corresponded with the one on the cheque. Three months of hard slogging brought him in touch with mackinaw-clad lumbermen who remembered Hayward and recalled the sovereign-case, the nugget tiepin and the silver buckle.

As Andy clambered aboard a train in the heart of the Rockies with his snowshoes under his arm a bronzed, middle-aged man with a tang of the sea about him was shown into Inspector Strickland's office. He introduced himself as

George Hayward, brother of the missing man. Pulling a stubby briar pipe from his pocket he asked permission to smoke.

"I find, sir," he said, "that a pull at the weed sort of refreshes my memory and I've a bit of a yarn I want to spin. Do you believe in dreams, sir?"

The Inspector smiled austerely. "Hardly, but go ahead."

In quick, precise tones George Hayward told of a strange dream that had troubled him in far-off England the previous September. He'd found himself in a wild country of swift-flowing rivers, poplar bluffs and gloomy pine forests. The picture had been clear as crystal. Two mounted figures had ridden past some Indian tepees, camped beside a slough and lay down to sleep. The moon shone brightly on their faces and he'd recognized his brother, Edward. What looked like an Indian woman had visited the camp and the men had started to quarrel. Fearfully he saw the other figure seize a gun, point it at his brother and pull the trigger. "Then," George continued, "I saw the killer throw my brother's body into the fire and toss some things into the little lake.

"So vivid was the picture," Hayward leaned tensely forward, "that I woke up trembling all over, expecting to find the assassin beside me. I read over Ed's letter where he said he was leaving for the Peace River country." From his pocket he drew a worn newspaper clipping. "Read that sir. I mentioned my dream to some friends in the Cross Keys, a tavern where I sometimes drop in, and it was printed in the local paper. You'll see the date's the day after my brother disappeared."

"*Amazing!*" exclaimed Strickland, momentarily jolted out of his composure. "How would you like to take a run out to Fort Saskatchewan penitentiary and see if you can identify the subject of your dream?"

Two hours later they stood within the grey stone walls of the jail, watching prisoners file past. Suddenly the Inspector felt Hayward's fingers close with an iron grip on his arm.

"That's him!" He was trembling with excitement. "The same man I saw kill Ed in my dream!" His accusing finger pointed directly at Charlie King—a man he'd never seen before!

The Sergeant's return was the signal for hectic activity around the Edmonton barracks. Soon the entire Northwest was enwrapt in the drama being enacted before a white wigged judge and a jury of weatherbeaten frontiersmen. From the bits of bone, the broken needle and the silver buckle, Andy

wove a web that brought 80 witnesses from the wilds of British Columbia, the ice-clad ranges of Alaska, the plains of Utah, the frozen forests of Athabasca and George Haywood from England. The combined evidence enmeshed the protesting prisoner. Bit by bit Andy fitted together his jig-saw puzzle till the grim story of Ed Haywood's murder was clear in all its macabre details.

With no previous acquaintance, Haywood and King had met in the Edmonton Hotel on August 14th having travelled together on the same train from Calgary the previous day. They formed a partnership. King was broke and Hayward purchased horses, saddles, grub and outfit. The bones found in the campfire and certified as human, told the gruesome story of the final dissolution of the partnership.

Still the murder lacked a motive.

"I've one more witness," said Sergeant Anderson.

The prisoner's face turned livid as the Seageant ushered an Indian girl into the witness-box. With shawl draped over her head and with downcast eyes she told her story. She'd visited the camp of the whites the night Hayward had disappeared, wishing to sell moccasins. She admitted that the time was midnight and that she'd made her way surreptitiously through the bush.

In her presence the men had started to quarrel furiously. Frightened, she'd plunged back into the bush. A gun had exploded behind her. She thought she heard a man cry out.

When the Sergeant had visited the reserve she was afraid she'd be held responsible for the quarrel and the killing. It was her brother who had watched the Sergeant's movements from the cover of the willows.

Once again Andy had "got his man." Charlie King paid for his crime upon the gallows a short time later.

The rigid code of the Northwest Mounted Police: *Maintiens le Droit*—Uphold the Right!—had been upheld.

George Hayward had the satisfaction of knowing that his strange dream had helped to visit justice upon the man who had murdered his brother.

THE BIGGER BITE

IN RIO De Janeiro, Argentina, Humberto Meneses Cotrim bit a poisonous Jaraca snake which bit him also. Cotrim later was reported to be in good condition—but the snake died.

By G. N. M. Tyrrell

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Report on Spiritualism

We tend "automatically" to reject psychic phenomena so we may understand the world in simple terms. But reality is actually far more complex than scientists admit.

TO BEGIN WITH I will ask two questions: 1. What are we? 2. What is the world we live in? Three centuries of science have tackled these questions and have discovered a whole multitude of facts; but they have not come to the end, that is to say, the more they explore, the more their field of exploration opens out.

One of the things that strikes me most forcibly about the discoveries of science is that everything soon passes beyond our comprehension. The universe is so gigantic that we can only understand one tiny corner of it.

One of the things that has struck me forcibly in recent years is that the common sense with which we live our practical lives solves or (apparently solves) all these questions without any difficulty at all. What are we? Animate bodies rounded off and self-contained like the other objects around us. What is our world? A universe of matter, space and time in which we live from day to day. There is no difficulty to common sense about these things; we are persons inhabiting bodies: there is no difficulty about that. Our daily life proceeds in time; there is no difficulty about that either, but directly we begin to think deeply about these things, difficulties arise on every side. Modern psychology has shown that there is something of ourselves beyond that which common sense

accepts, something which suggests that common sense is not showing us the whole picture of ourselves.

Again, with regard to the world we live in, time is the most difficult thing that scientists and philosophers have come up against. Common sense has no difficulty with it. That should surely raise a suspicion in our minds that the common sense outlook has been artificially contrived by Nature, not to show us the absolute truth but to give us a view of things which is best adapted to practical life.

But to return to ourselves, I said just now that modern psychology has shown that there is more of us than common sense reveals. But modern psychology has only taken one step over the border and that, in one direction. Psychical research and spiritualism have shown that there is a great deal more beyond.

Before considering the evidence of these two subjects I want to point out one thing. Common sense which penetrates largely into intellectual thought rests on a pragmatic basis. It is a product of evolution, made for practical utility. Each brings us to truth within the sphere to which it has been adapted, for within that sphere it is correlated with material facts. But outside that sphere it behaves very differently. It is no longer correlated with truth but with the kind of ideas which make for success in everyday life. One cogent example of this is that we are all persuaded by common sense that the world we see, hear and touch comprises everything. It is extraordinary how that conviction is unconsciously accepted in science and everyday life; and yet we see why it is necessary at the practical level. Without it our world would not be simple enough for us to live in.

Now this urge of common sense that the world we see is the whole, lies at the root of the resistance to psychical evidence. I want to dwell on this for a moment. You see, we have been adapted to our world both mentally and physically; and one of the features of mental adaptation to our world, in fact to the whole of the universe, is that it seems to be within our grasp. Unless we accepted this delusive conviction our world would not be simple enough for us to live in. But the obvious consequence of this is that our minds resist evidence for things which exist beyond the range of our practical world; and some of the most striking evidence for this is the evidence for telepathy, precognition, clairvoyance, etc., and communications that apparently come from those who have passed over. The resistance to this evidence is not logical; it is inspired by instinct. The rational

outlook would be that we see and understand only a tiny corner of the universe and very soon everything passes beyond our comprehension. This is *reasonable;* but the instinct which has formed us for practical success rebels against it. And this rebellion is not confined to the unintellectual, it is prominent in scientists and philosophers. May I remind you of one instance of this, that I mentioned in my book *The Personality of Man.* It was not a criticism of spiritualism but of careful work done by the S.P.R.

"On the 11th of February, 1939, the scientific journal *Nature* published a review of some books dealing with scientific psychical research. These books were entitled, *Evidence of Purpose,* by Zoe Richmond; *Foreknowledge* by H. F. Saltmarsh; *Ghosts and Apparitions,* by W. H. Salter; *Hypnosis, Its Meaning and Practice,* by Eric Cudden (all published by G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.); and *Science and Psychical Phenomena,* by G. N. M. Tyrrell (Methuen and Co. Ltd.). The anonymous reviewer of these books said: 'It can scarcely be denied that, viewed as attempts to claim scientific recognition, these volumes are of great interest. To one wholly untrained in psychical research and with no knowledge of what lies behind much of the impressive facade, the effect must be considerable. Only careful analysis and years of experience will weaken that effect, for it is but here and there that the authors under review cite cases as good which are clearly so full of flaws that suspicion of their critical faculties is aroused.'"

The writer of this criticism is, no doubt, a highly intelligent scientist, writing in the scientific paper *Nature.* Note carefully what he says. The effect of the evidence he admits to be considerable. Then he goes on to say: "Only a careful analysis and years of experience will weaken that effect." Note that he accepts the foregone conclusion that it must be weakened in the end. In other words, he does not apply the same attitude to psychical research that he applies to orthodox science. In orthodox science the mind approaches without prejudice and accepts whatever facts are presented to it. That is Francis Bacon's principle of "putting Nature to the question". But in psychical research the result of investigation is foregone. The critics *know* beforehand that close and prolonged investigation will dispel it.

I want to dwell on this because it has a very important significance. The Society for Psychical Research has brought experiments which demonstrate the paranormal right into the scientific field and

has clinched them up to the hilt. Spiritualists, as a whole, tend to regard these scientific experiments in card-guessing etc., as boring and also unnecessary. But they give rise to two important things. In the first place they form a cast-iron base for the paranormal to stand on. Secondly, they show with vivid illumination why it is that there is a universal tendency to ignore and to despise any faculties of mankind that go beyond the range of common sense. This latter is the thing I want to stress.

The card-guessing experiments are difficult to get away from because they are so definite and the chance-factor is dealt with by mathematics. Nevertheless all kinds of ingenious shifts are used to try to explain them away. But they are right on the edge of the paranormal.

Why is it that card-guessing and similar experiments can be so easily controlled? Because guessing a card is a conscious process, and if some of the guesses are influenced to a slight extent by telepathy or ESP, it is because the subliminal self has interfered to a very slight extent in the process. Anyone can sit down and write a number or say what he thinks a drawing is at a controlled time. He can look out for faint impressions of the kind of things the experimenter tells him to look out for—there control comes in too; and he can reject impressions of the kind that the experimenter tells him are no use. He can encourage, for example, faint impressions of cats, coupons or cauliflowers, but must repress an impression of Communist International. All this is very nice and helpful. But the whole thing is as nearly conscious as it can be; and the spoke put in by the subconscious is of the slightest possible description. All the subject gets is the flimsiest and faintest visual or other suggestions mixed up with all kinds of imagination. I claim for once to speak at first hand, for one of my few paranormal experiences was a series of successes in a single evening in guessing Mr. W. Carington's pictures. I got phenomenal successes, the pictures I drew being in some cases all duplicates of the originals. When I heard of it, I felt I was half way to becoming a medium. Unfortunately it never occurred again and my hopes of being a psychic died.

Well, these impressions were so faint and so mixed up with a swarm of the kind of shifting images which one sees when sitting with closed eyes that I do not know how I managed to pick them out from the rest. But it made me realize that the material which the card-guessing experiments have to go on is right on the fringe of subliminal activity. They are no more

than faint, fleeting, marginal products of the activity of the subliminal self. The only reason why the experiments are successful is because the statistical method forms a very sensitive detector of a slight departure from normal guesswork. To have the advantage of completely controlled experiments, you have to deal with phenomena which are so nearly conscious that they can be controlled at will. And these nearly conscious phenomena occur only on the periphery of the region of personality you want to explore; they are not representative or typical.

If we ask why we cannot supply the completely controlled experiments to the main phenomena of the subliminal self as well as to the marginal phenomena, the answer is that the major phenomena are not subject to the same degree of control. They occur when the consciousness of the subject is to some extent displaced and then the phenomena show a marked preference for being spontaneous and for not working to the experimenter's plan. One may apply a numerical check to test chance in certain cases, but one cannot control the major phenomena of psychical research in the same way that one can control the faint phenomena which occur right on the margin. When dealing with the major phenomena the experimenter must make up his mind to become chiefly an observer.

Some people seem to think that this means that psychical research is no longer scientific. This seems to me to be a complete mistake; for the test as to whether an enquiry is scientific is if it bases itself on the empirical fact and not on reasoning. Whether the fact is acquired by observation or by experiment depends on the nature of the material. An astronomer cannot control the stars; he has to observe them; but he is nevertheless a scientist. So are we scientists in psychical research even when we observe the phenomena we cannot control. The idea that nothing is scientific unless it can be dealt with mathematically seems to me to rest on a false idea of what science is.

Now to go back to the important fact that there is a universal tendency to explain the paranormal away. This was a thing that opened my eyes to a tremendous vista of truth. The card-guessing experiments show it even more clearly than spiritualism, because they are so cut and dried and so simple. Why is it that people do not rush towards these experiments, especially as some of them reveal future events that could not be guessed, as a most important avenue to new truth? Spiritualism has gone on for more than 100 years and psychical

research for 70; yet only a few take a genuine interest in them: the bulk of people do not say: "This is the avenue to enlightenment." They shrug their shoulders and smile and turn to other things.

Psychical researchers certainly take precautions and work with great care; but some of them press normal explanations too far.

They go further and inflate normal and ordinary explanations beyond reasonable limits. They keep on repeating card-guessing experiments over and over again, although they cannot reveal much about the paranormal because they are on the edge of it, without being convinced. I quoted one example in my recent book of a mathematician who said that although odds against chance were millions of millions to one, he thought the result might still be due to chance!

This diverts one's attention from the subject-matter to the minds of the critics. They ignore the paranormal or attempt to explain it away because there is something unconscious in their minds which prompts them to do so. I have hinted what this something is. It is an instinctive factor inserted in us by Nature to keep us concentrated on the path of practical affairs. I don't mean to say that this instinctive factor cannot be overcome. We can rise above it and some of us do. But the way in which we do it is intricate and I do not want to enter into it now.

Before speaking of communications from those who have passed over, I want to say another thing about the cut-and-dried experiments on telepathy, etc. They not only reveal the universal tendency to rejection; they show, in spite of being right on the edge of the subject, how far telepathy goes away from our world. Experimental telepathy suggests a transference of thought in this world; it suggests that something is going on like wireless telephony. This again is the tendency of our minds. The deeper we look into it the more telepathy is seen to go beyond our world. If someone mentally sees a card that someone else is looking at, the suggestion is that it has been flashed across in space. But qualitative and spontaneous cases of telepathy reveal something quite different. There is often a long interval between the event and its telepathic perception and what is received differs in detail from the event and in addition the percipient sometimes gets true knowledge which the agent did not know. Telepathy slips quite easily into the future and the past, thereby transcending the conditions of ordinary life. Telepathy, clairvoyance and precognition therefore take us right out of our everyday world.

This is a fact of great importance but I now wish to consider the communications that come through mediums from those who have passed away. I think it is very important, when considering this, to bear in mind what I have been speaking of with regard to our own mental nature. I mean the universal human adaptation to its surroundings. It seems to me extraordinary that so many highly intelligent and learned people, who recognize the adaptation of the human body to its surroundings, do not recognize that this adaptation has extended to the human mind. The way in which this adaptation affects us in psychical research and spiritualism is instructive, inculcated by a belief that we understand the whole of the universe and that nothing exists beyond the range of our conception. That belief or instinctive acceptance, in my view, lies at the root of all the scepticism and the almost ridiculous criticism of evidence for the paranormal. But I must say, and here I am to some extent criticizing spiritualists, that the same innate conviction inclines them to too simple a version of the facts they encounter.

Looking at mediumistic communications we see how they vary in quality. The very best are comparatively rare. In many we get a good deal of padding and sometimes nonsense. The psychologists put these communications down to temporary formations in the mind of the medium, but closer investigation shows that it is not as simple as that. Sometimes in a rather dull and unconvincing sitting flashes of truth come through and the center of them is like the person he asserts himself to be. Then we have better grades with less padding and far more veridical statements.

Most of my audience have had fuller experience of these communications than I have had and know well all the different varieties and changes in quality; but what I want to say is that both the sceptic who dismisses communications from the dead as mere psychological effects in the medium, and the naive spiritualist who accepts them all as literal messages are both under the influence of mental adaptation.

This is very natural and not at all easy to resist. What this adaptation hides from us is that the world goes on beyond our sight, touch and hearing and also that it comes intelligibly to our practical minds. We cannot understand what we call telepathy: we cannot understand what we call precognition: we cannot understand communications coming through mediums: they are beyond our limited scope. In fact I maintain that we cannot understand anything down to its fundamental base. The mysteries brought

to light in recent times by trying to understand the ultimate nature of matter are an illustration of this.

What are we? Commonsense says we are limited, conscious beings shut up in bodies. But I am sure that this is only an artificial picture of ourselves, forced upon us for practical reasons. We extend much further. The ancient philosophy of the East realized this many centuries ago. Ultimately, we are one with the Infinite.

But this extension of ourselves beyond the personality which demonstrates itself through the body is of the utmost importance. Here, in the body we are not only contracted: we are highly specialized as well. When we leave the body, we must surely expand.

Now with this expanded self I do not think it likely that communications between individuals would be at all the same as they are in this world. I do not think that communication with those who have passed over is at all like stepping into a telephone box and calling up someone in the flesh. All sorts of perversions are possible. I think it likely that an idea may be extracted from the mind of a deceased person without his knowledge and may come out through the medium dressed up in a fanciful imitation of the real person. Moreover, thoughts in the medium's mind may attach themselves to it.

It is quite possible that there can be many kinds of communications that we do not fully understand.

There are all kinds of ways in which communications can be diverted or distorted; there are ways in which some part of the mind of the medium can originate part of the communication. It is all very complex and difficult to understand, although it appears speciously simple. One of the reasons for this is that people are not the simple monads they appear to be: they stretch out beyond the temporary limitations imposed by the body. They pass beyond the range of our imagination. They cannot conceive what they are outside this world. Therefore the psychologist who attempts to explain mediumistic communications simply by saying that they arise from the medium's "unconscious" offers far too simple an explanation. He does not see how the reality of the human being reaches away from him and goes far beyond his grasp. But I must say also that the explanation of spiritualism at its naive level is far too simple also. It is misleading to assume that every communication that purports to come from a deceased person does so with the simplicity and directness of a message on earth.

I hold the opinion that the deceased persons are there and that links are established with them,

though not always and not with the simplicity that appears on the surface.

I should like to make another suggestion. How do we know that when we leave this world we leave matter entirely behind? What I suggest is that matter may possess properties which are not revealed by our bodily senses. I think psychometry affords evidence of this; for when a medium holds an object belonging to some person and by means of it becomes aware of that person's character and the events of his or her life, it is not the sensory properties of the object which give him this information. It is not the shape or the size or the weight or the color of the object: it is something not revealed by our senses. After all, why should not matter have properties which our senses do not perceive? We, in this world, are constructed on a thoroughly pragmatic basis; and therefore matter may be something in which we only perceive the properties which are useful to us. There may be far more of matter which we do not see. But this gives rise to difficulties for our limited minds. Spiritualists often refer to the "etheric body". If it exists, why should it not be composed of extra-sensory properties of matter; but these properties would be very different from the properties we do see. For example, if we had bodies after death composed of properties of matter invisible to us now, would they exist in physical space? Our minds tend to assume that they would: but do we mean that they would exist in the space of this world? Surely not; for if they did they would be composed of properties we do see. Would they be in a space of another world? That is unlikely; for then the other world would be a replica of this one. No; properties of matter which we do not perceive would go beyond the grasp of our every day minds.

Now I wish to say a word about physical mediumship. This is, unfortunately, difficult to investigate with accuracy and precision because there is a certain amount of fraud in it. Also the events take place in darkness or in feeble red light. I myself think that physical phenomena are highly illuminating and should be thoroughly investigated. What they tell us is this. All the properties of matter are revealed to us (or so we think) in the ordinary world. As I said before, we are urged by nature to believe that this is the whole universe. Surely this is a falsehood forced upon us from practical efficiency. I strongly suspect that inside our bodies physical processes take place which have some resemblance to the physical phenomena of spiritualism: but these in-

ternal processes are subdued and orderly: they are kept within bounds and given long names by physiologists. But when this psycho-physical machinery bursts loose and gets out of hand, as it does in the physical medium, physical occurrences, which do not take place in the everyday world around us, reveal themselves. I see no reason why this should not happen and I think the fact that these unorthodox happenings occur is of the greatest interest. Physicists should be excited by them: they should see a doorway to fresh discoveries. But they merely laugh at them. This is very interesting to me, because I do not feel resentment towards those who try to get away from the evidence for the paranormal: my interest turns to them—to their minds. It is their minds that I want to investigate. And when I slowly realized this, I saw what tremendous consequences result from the specialized nature of the human mind. It is not merely individual idiosyncrasies that turn people away from the paranormal. It is something deeply rooted in us by nature and it applies to other things besides the paranormal.

To sum up, then, I think we should look upon ourselves as portions of our larger selves; and upon our world as a portion of a much vaster universe. We have been made to appear to ourselves as complete creatures—rounded off, with minds as separate from one another as our bodies are. And the world we live in has been made to appear complete in itself as we see it in a very subtle manner. For example, our senses show us only things in space. Consequently a stone or any other object appears obviously and unquestionably complete in itself. But it may have non-spatial attributes which our senses do not reveal; then, by means of these, it might be united with other objects. But our minds reject this idea; they are *made* to reject it; for, if they did not, neither the world nor ourselves would have the simplicity which is necessary for practical life.

Now modern physics is beginning to discover the extending qualities of matter which entirely disrupt the view that the material world is simple and self-contained. At the same time psychical research and spiritualism are discovering properties belonging to ourselves which disrupt the same fallacy that we are self-contained within our bodies. I do not think that the faculties we call "paranormal" (call them anything else if you like) are queer or out-of-the-way oddities. They are universal human faculties; but they have not been assimilated to bodily functions as have ordinary sight, touch, hearing, thought, etc., because they would

not have fitted life in a material world. Evolution rejected them. At first sight it may seem that universal telepathy would have made life much easier. But if we think again, we will see that it would not have fitted life in the world.

What we are doing, then, is to investigate things the natural mind is against. I suggest that analysis of the mind of the critic be added to investigation of the paranormal.



DO MONSTERS ROAM THE U.S.A.?

TWO recent reports add fresh evidence to claims that strange, huge creatures are at large in the country. Late in October, 1959, two boys, aged 17 and 12, told police in Roseburg, Ore., that they twice saw a 14-foot creature prowling through the woods near Tenmile, about 15 miles southwest. They described the thing as hairy and manlike.

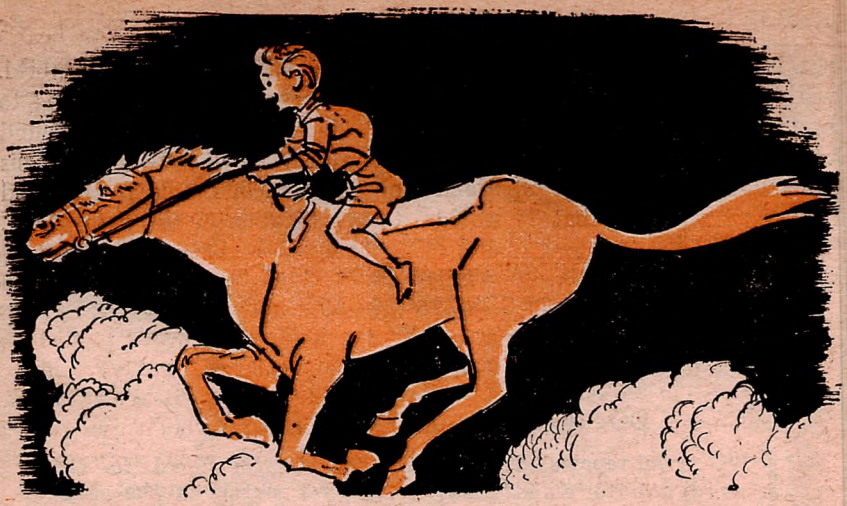
The boys, whose names were withheld by police, said their sightings took place two days apart. The second time they saw the creature, the older boy fired five shots at it with a .30-caliber rifle from less than 50 yards away. He said it ran off screaming. Officers who visited the scene found humanlike tracks, 14 inches long, showing five toes without claws.

Earl Taylor, 24, told deputies in Knox County, Tenn., that early in the evening of September 24, 1959, he saw a "monster" of some sort peer through a front window of his house on Clapps Chapel Road in the Northeast section of the county. He said it fled when he ran to the door. He described it as being some 10 feet tall and weighing over 200 pounds.

Taylor, the father of two small children, said he and a neighbor, John Rosenbaum, 24, sat under a tree in the yard to see if the creature would return. A short time later, Taylor said, they heard two loud thumps on his car. As they ran to where it was parked, they saw something run toward the woods.

Rosenbaum fired two shotgun blasts at the creature from a distance of about 40 feet but did not know whether he hit it. He expressed doubt that it was human. It was too big, he said, and moved too fast.

Deputies reportedly found two long scratches on the hood of Taylor's car, which he insisted had not been there when he and neighbors polished the car earlier in the day.



By Bob Lee Austin

Little Boy on a Ghost Horse

Ralph should have been in bed—and he was, but he was also riding a magnificent white horse in the moonlight.

IN THE YEAR 1904, on a farm near Alderson, W. Va., it was about eight o'clock in the evening and Mrs. Fay Baker sat in her rocking chair on the front porch enjoying the fresh, cool breeze after a hot, strenuous day of farm work.

The night was peaceful. The stars were bright in the sky. The moon hung in the firmament like a huge disk of burning gold. There was something strange about the moon tonight, and the stars, too, and even about the night itself, Mrs. Baker thought as she sat and rocked.

Mr. Baker was out at the barn doing his evening chores. The five Baker children were in bed, tired after working all day.

Suddenly Mrs. Baker heard the hoofbeats of a galloping horse. Then, in the field across from the

house, she saw her son Ralph, age seven, astride a beautiful white stallion. Ralph was laughing. He was laughing louder than his mother had ever heard him laugh before; but it didn't sound like a happy laugh. It sounded weird.

Mrs. Baker was startled and surprised, to say the least, for she had thought Ralph was in bed. But the great white stallion occupied her attention. She was obsessed with its beauty. In all her life Mrs. Baker had never seen such a beautiful horse. And her son was riding it like a professional horseman!

She watched hypnotically as the horse galloped swiftly past the house, carrying her hysterical son on its strong back.

"Ralph! Whose horse have you got?" Mrs. Baker called. "And what are you doing out of bed? Don't you know you've got to work tomorrow? Ralph, do you hear me?"

But the horse and rider were out of earshot.

Mrs. Baker watched as her son turned the stallion around about a half-mile from the house and headed it back toward her.

The magnificent horse approached rapidly. What a beauty!

Ralph's laughter filled the semi-darkness of early night with an eerie ring as the space between him and his mother grew shorter.

"Ralph! Whose horse *is* that?" Mrs. Baker called. "You hear me, Ralph? Stop that silly laughing so you can hear me."

But Ralph didn't stop laughing.

The stallion shot past the house.

Mrs. Baker watched until horse and rider dropped out of sight behind a hill. Then fear gripped her. She stood transfixed on the front porch, unable to move. Once again the night was silent—so silent she could hear her own heart beating.

Suddenly Mr. Baker came round the corner of the house, frightening his wife even more than she already was frightened.

"What in the world are you screaming about, Fay?" he demanded. "I thought something was wrong with you."

"Ralph!" she answered, pointing toward the hill behind which her son and the white stallion had disappeared. "Ralph! He just rode away on a horse—on a big white stallion."

Mr. Baker merely stared at her unbelieving.

"Well don't just stand there!" she snapped. "Go and find him. That horse'll throw him yet. Go on, get a hurry on."

"But Ralph's in bed. He went to bed before I went to the barn."

"Well he's not now. He just rode a horse past here not more than three minutes ago."

Mr. Baker began to believe his wife. "I'll get the lantern," he

said, and went into the house, his wife right behind him.

They went through the living room and into the bedroom where the boys were sleeping. It was dark in the room, but not too dark for Mr. Baker to count three small forms in their beds, the three small forms of his three sons. Ralph was lying on the outside.

Mrs. Baker counted them too. "I . . . don't un-understand," she stuttered. "I saw him just a few minutes ago. I saw him just as plain as day—riding a big white stallion. And he was laughing crazier than I've ever heard him laugh before." Mrs. Baker went over to the bed.

It was Ralph, all right. He was there.

Mrs. Baker put her hand on his forehead and quickly jerked it away. Ralph's skin was warm but clammy, like that of a person who has just died.

"Fred!" she screamed. "Something's wrong with Ralph! I—I think he's dead."

Mr. Baker rushed to his wife's side. He felt his son's wrist. There was no pulse.

Ralph Baker was dead, and hadn't been dead more than eight minutes.

At that moment, that *precise* moment, hoofbeats were heard outside the house, and laughter louder than Mr. and Mrs. Baker had ever heard before filled the night.

The Bakers ran out on the porch.

That magnificent white stallion was prancing around in the field across from the house; and on its back sat Ralph Baker, laughing like an imp.

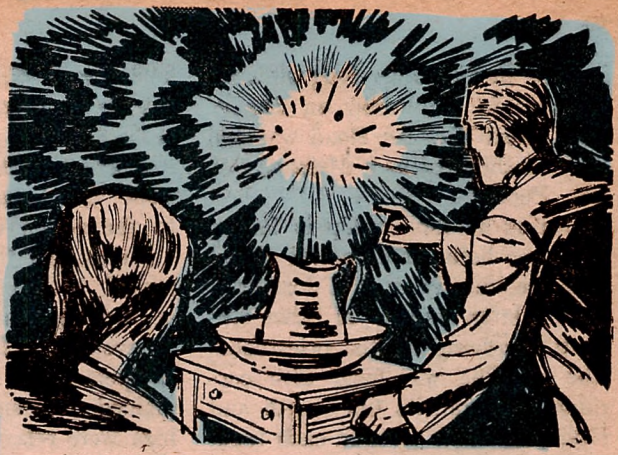
Mr. and Mrs. Baker were gripped with fear. They couldn't believe their eyes. Yet they both saw and heard the same thing, the great white stallion, with their dead son on its back, laughing a laugh that wasn't of this world.

Then the stallion reared on its hind legs; Ralph held onto its mane and together they shot away into the darkness.

Ralph Baker had ridden out of this world on a ghost horse.

MATTER OF IDENTITY

JOHN Hendrickson had some difficulty proving to Long Beach, Calif., attorneys that he was not the John Hendrickson they were after when they had his house attached as a suspected embezzler. The surprised attorneys found they had been misled not only by the similarity in names but by the fact that both men had wives named Virginia, a son named Jack and a daughter named Mary Carol.



MESSAGE FOR THE POPE

The mysterious glowing sphere appeared each night—and finally was given an opportunity to communicate.

By Peter Foxfire

DURING THE second World War, I was a prisoner of the Japanese and spent three years in a concentration camp in Shanghai, China. Since we were all civilians in these camps the treatment was not harsh and, aside from a shortage of food, the experience was, for the most part, a pleasant one.

My sojourn in the concentration camp was rendered the more enjoyable by the fact that my roommate, an English Jesuit priest, was a man of great erudition, a brilliant and inexhaustible conversationalist.

Although I am not a Catholic, my attitude toward the church is one of sincere respect and affection and my roommate, whom I shall call F. M., and I got on very well, spending the long evenings in conversation and the study of languages.

F. M. was a great raconteur and he had had considerable experience with psychic phenomena in which I was deeply interested at the time. Among the stories that

he told during those long summer evenings in the camp on Shanghai's Great Western Road was one which I think of as a Message For The Pope.

During his novice-ship in Rome, sometime before the Second World War, he was living in a dormitory with a large number of other students, studying for the priesthood. The building was long, with corridors that ran its full length and rooms on either side. In each room were two novices.

One night, in the room directly opposite to his, a strange phenomenon occurred. The rooms or cells were very plainly furnished with two beds, one on either side of the room, a small, common night table between them. During the night a luminous sphere looking something like a ball of blue fire suddenly took form and descended gently upon the little night table where it rested for some time before disappearing as mysteriously as it had come.

The manifestation was completely soundless and witnessed by both novices in the room. They discussed it with their fellows the following morning. The concensus of opinion was that it was a natural, if unusual, formation of marsh gas brought about by the swampy conditions around the building.

On the following evenings, however, the manifestations continued. They were observed but not in any way interfered with by the students who soon came to the conclusion that these materializations could hardly be attributed to the action of marsh gas.

Eventually the situation was reported to the superiors in charge of the dormitory and they spent an evening in the corridor in order to personally observe the unexplained phenomenon. Their findings were relayed to the pertinent authorities within the church and the following day instructions arrived from above.

That evening, in accordance with the instructions received, a sheet of clean white parchment was laid on the night table before the arrival of the fiery globe. The other novices were cautioned to remain in their cells although the doors of the rooms remained open and it was possible to see, from across the hall, what was taking place.

At the customary time, the luminous sphere appeared and, while the two novices lay motionless on their beds, descended to its habitual spot which was now covered by the parchment.

In the dim light of the dormitory, the glowing sphere shone clearly and distinctly as it sank toward the table. It appeared to hesitate momentarily, then it settled gently onto the parchment.

For a few moments it hovered over the surface as if engaged in some activity and then began to fade. No sooner had it gone than the novices, acting according to their previous instructions, arose, carefully covered the parchment with a cloth and, placing it upon a tray, delivered it to their waiting superiors.

The belief was that the parchment was then taken directly to the Pope and that he alone saw it. In any case, both novices agreed that the erstwhile clean parchment now bore an inscription in what looked like Latin.

Even if the novices had, in the dim light of the cell, been able to read the inscription, they were under strict orders not to discuss anything they might have seen and it is doubtful if anyone other than the Pope ever saw the message.

Regardless of the source of the message, its transmission must have been the primary purpose of the glowing sphere for it was never seen again. I have always wondered: What was this message for the Pope?



THE LATEST "MISSING LINK"

DISCOVERY of a skull which he considers to be the long-sought link between man and the South African ape-man, Australopithecus, was announced recently by the noted British anthropologist, Dr. Louis S. B. Leakey. He said he and his wife unearthed the skull in the Olduvai Gorge, Tanganyika, in July, 1959. He has given the age of the skull as between 600,000 and 1,000,000 years.

Dr. Leakey reported that features of the skull, which was almost intact, were its huge teeth, small brain cavity and very large face. He has concluded that it is part of the remains of a youth of about 18 who had lived mainly on nuts and just had begun to eat mice, snakes and lizards and other small creatures.

Dr. Leakey regards the Olduvai skull as a convincing piece of evidence in support of Darwin's view that man and apes evolved from common stock. It is, he believes, the oldest skull yet discovered of tool-making man. The site on which it was found contained examples of extremely primitive stone culture, as well as the bones of animals, birds and reptiles.





MARGERY Was "The Greatest"

A researcher who knew Margery tells why he is convinced that she produced genuine phenomena.

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

A GREAT DEAL of controversy has centered and still centers around the mediumship of Margery Crandon. I am pleased to have this opportunity to defend this much maligned woman from my own knowledge of her and my own experiences with her.

During the years 1922 to 1928 I lived in and around New York City and Boston where I became acquainted with Harry Houdini, a native of a Wisconsin town not far from where I now write, with Dr. L.R.G. Crandon and his wife, Margery Crandon, and with Mr. Malcolm Bird, Secretary of the Scientific American Committee to investigate the Margery Crandon Mediumship.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is Dr. W. D. Chesney's reply to Alson Smith's article, *Margery Was A Fraud!*, which appeared in the March issue of FATE Magazine.

Since the American Society for Psychic Research cannot be accused of any bias in favor of Spiritualism, the following informa-

tion from the *Journal* of the A.S. P.R. should be of vast importance in considering the quality of Margery Crandon's mediumship. The following is from the *Journal* for 1926-27, Vol. 2, Page 840:

"The facts here chronicled constitute conclusive proof of the existence of Margery's supernormal faculties. And the strongest sort of evidence that they work through the agency of her deceased brother, Walter."

This statement was made despite the fact that all this time Margery was working under the admitted skeptical, often dishonest trickery of several of the investigating committee. Houdini was on the committee, although he rarely

Photo shows hand of "Walter" which materialized during Margery seance. Its fingerprints, in wax, reportedly matched those left by Walter in life.



attended. Malcolm Bird openly accused Houdini of dishonesty in slipping bits of rubber under the switch of a bell box to prevent its operation. In the pitch dark of the seance room the spirit voice of Walter, speaking through Margery, called on Dr. McComas to take the box into the light and investigate. This was done and small pieces of rubber from the eraser of Houdini's pencil were found lodged under the foot pedal. A flashlight photo showed another of Houdini's attempts to prevent the ringing of the bell.

I was given one of the photographs of Houdini's trick—that failed. Dr. Crandon personally handed me that and other photographs, in the late '20s in Boston.

Here is more from the A.S.P.R. *Journal*:

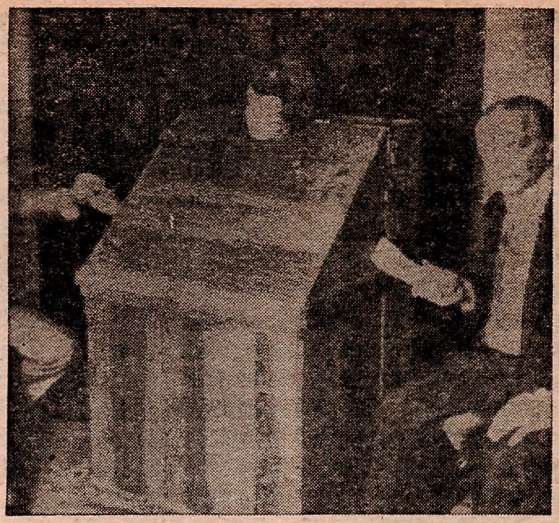
Every member of the investigating committee made and signed a guarantee that the ectoplasmic rods extruded from Margery's body would not be touched by anybody without being granted this privilege by Margery's control, her deceased brother, Walter. Dr. Wood, who is credited with inventing the Wood filter (a means of filtering out white light while permitting u l t r a-v i olet to pass through) broke his word in regard to this. When he felt the ectoplasmic structure creeping over his wrist he seized it and squeezed it roughly. Margery was made violently ill and suffered hemorrhages for about 10 days thereafter. She lost many pounds in weight also.

Dr. Wood took a powerful flashlight into the seance room. This also was against the rules set up by the Crandons. It had a Wood's filter over the bulb so that an intense ray of ultraviolet was shone into the medium's face. This, too, made Margery quite ill.

In 1924-27 when Houdini was attending an occasional seance and then dashing away to put on his show I spoke personally with three members of the investigating committee who stated that they were tired of Houdini's boast that he could duplicate every phenomenon that Margery produced, provided he was granted the same properties. Dr. McComas cornered Houdini and drew up a contract which stated that Houdini would duplicate the Margery phenomena. Houdini signed it in front of witnesses.

Shortly after this signing an independent voice came through Margery stating that this was what the spirit forces were waiting for, that they were going to do things no human had ever done before. The voice also predicted Houdini would leave town and never appear to conduct this experiment.

This is what happened. Without notice of his intention Houdini left Boston.



While in this cabinet, fully controlled by Houdini and Dr. Prince, Margery produced a variety of amazing phenomena, Dr. Chesney states. He believes Houdini evaded reproducing the phenomena under identical conditions.

Here are but a few of Margery's phenomena that were photographed and documented by affidavits:

1. Moulages of materialized spirit hands.

2. Bertillon marks made in dentist's wax. The finger marking did not correspond with any of those belonging to the sitters. Later a finger impression of Walter's was produced. Still later the same Bertillon was picked up on one of the razors he had used before the accident that killed him.

Even as Dr. Prince admitted, "A Bertillon of a finger means nothing less than an individual."

But Walter had been dead for many years.

3. Ectoplasm extruded from Margery's ears, mouth, breasts, umbilicus region, and from the female genitalia. This ectoplasm formed itself, or was formed by spirits, into voice boxes or artificial larynxes, from which spirit voices spoke. Usually these voice boxes were lying in Margery's lap while the independent voice of Walter saluted everybody. He sang songs and whistled tunes he had known when he and Margery played in the yard of their parents' home in Canada.

4. Often after a seance Margery would pick up a sketching pad and with brush and indelible draftsman's ink present long messages in

excellent Mandarin Chinese ideographs.

After considerable difficulty a Chinese professor translated the messages into English. He said the messages appeared to originate from some entity that lived in the days of Confucius. Of course, Margery, in her normal state, could not have written one single ideograph.

5. A heavy wooden, tight-fitting box, much like a steam cabinet, was provided. There was a hole for Margery's head, one for each of her arms. Her arms were wired, taped and strapped to the box. The hole in the top fit close up under her chin. In addition, Houdini, or others attending the seance, held Margery's hands. In this cabinet Margery was completely immobilized. A voice trap was placed over her mouth to prevent her even whispering. Nevertheless, Walter came through, "kidded" Houdini, whistled and sang.

Time after time, Margery was given a large amount of water to hold in her mouth. This water was measured carefully before she took it and measured immediately after Walter's booming voice ceased speaking. It never varied in amount more than a couple of teaspoonfuls. Surely no one can take two or three ounces of water into his or her mouth and then sing in a strong baritone or whistle a gay hornpipe as Walter did.

A further procedure, followed to eliminate any possibility of ventriloquism, was to slip a balloon into Margery's mouth and inflate it with a small pump until it filled the buccal cavity. Walter and many other spirits only talked the more.

Before going further into the matter I want to remind you that my knowledge of Houdini, Malcolm Bird, Sir William Crookes, Dr. Tillyard, Dr. Crandon and, last of all, Margery is not hearsay. I knew them all. And to say that Margery Crandon is a faker is to impugn the honor and character of all of us who believed in her. I am now approaching my 80th birthday and would not endanger the future that every man will have according to his just deserts in an insincere, mistaken defense of Margery.

I *saw* Margery sitting in the cabinet which was just large enough to hold her body, her head protruding through the hole in the top, her arms sticking through the holes in the side, her hands held by witnesses and at the same time wired to the cabinet frame. And while I *saw* Margery is not hearsay. I knew delicate druggist's balance many feet away rise and fall in response to the requests of the sitters. Photographs reproduced in the *Journal* of the A.S.P.R., 1926-27, show some object, invisible to the human eye, on one of the scale pans when the beam descended.

And I *saw,* and Horace Leaf *saw,* Houdini *saw,* and the committee for the *Scientific American saw* Margery, locked in that small cabinet, take a mouthful of colored water and hold it in her mouth while independent voices came through from all over the room. I *saw,* we all *saw,* a rubber balloon put into Margery's mouth and inflated until it completely filled her buccal cavity and, nevertheless, the independent voices of three separate entities were heard.

To get a more complete picture of the abilities of Margery than I can hope to give you here, to see what other witnesses to her phenomena have themselves stated you should read Malcolm Bird's book, *Margery; Edge Of The Etheric,* by Arthur Findley; the *Journal* of the A.S.P.R. for 1926-27, which contains photographs and statements that prove absolutely that Margery was never discredited.

At times, even when Margery was not in trance, when she was at the dinner table, musical instruments far removed were set in action and Margery certainly could not have done this by normal means.

One of the most reputable and conscientious investigators of the Margery mediumship was Dr. R. J. Tillyard, F.R.S., Entomologist to the Commonwealth of Australia. Dr. Tillyard came to Boston to test Margery Crandon. She willingly acceded to his test conditions. Dr. Tillyard and Margery entered a room alone. The door was locked on the inside and the doctor kept the key. Margery was seated. She was bound to the chair with long strands of adhesive tape. This tape was applied to Margery's hands and feet and around her bare wrists and ankles. The tape was drawn very tightly. At intervals a blue indelible pencil was drawn across the tape and onto her bare skin. Margery could not have removed the tape, nor left her chair.

The lights were turned off by Dr. Tillyard after the voice trap had been placed over Margery's mouth to prevent a single sound from her. Despite all this, the independent voice of Walter came through with great power. Fingerprints were made in dental wax which did not conform to those of either Margery or Dr. Tillyard.

Dr. Tillyard wrote this letter to Sir Oliver Lodge on August 10, 1928:

"It seems to me impossible to find a single flaw in this wonderful result . . . But my object is to record scientifically that they did occur, that they are part of the phenomena of nature, and the science which is the search for truth and for knowledge can only ignore them at the deadly peril of its own future existence as a guiding force in the world. This seance

is for me the culminating point of all my psychical research. I can now say, if I so desire, *Nunc dimittis* (Lord, let thy servant depart in peace), and go on my way with my own entomological work . . . I only ask that you and your family will accept my statement as absolute truth, knowing me as you do."

In the late '20s Margery went to Canada and, under perfect control, she duplicated every phenomenon she had produced in Boston. While in British Columbia the spirit of Katie King again manifested and was photographed. It was unquestionably the same Katie King who practically lived in Sir William Crooke's home for the two years of 1871-1872.

For these reasons, factual, verified and documented, I suggest that Margery Crandon was the greatest medium America has known.

Author's Note: *I only want to make the truth universally known. I am not in the business of selling photographic copies of psychic evidence. However, I will gladly have photographic copies made of any or all photographic evidence I possess and send it upon request, for the photographer's charge. But if you write to me please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. My postage bill is astronomical.—Dr. W.D.Chesney.*

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE

IN THE morning of July 7, 1959, Mrs. Madeline Andress of Brockville, Ontario, Canada, was upset after waking from a dream in which she saw her son, Gary Latimer, 20, lying in a roadside ditch, covered with mud and blood. She was so convinced that he had been killed that she phoned the police and asked if her son had been in an accident.

The radio log of the Ontario Provincial Police, Brockville Detachment, showed that the call was received at 9:32 a.m. on Tuesday, July 7. Constable the police did receive a report concerning Gary Latimer. While returning from a trip to Toronto with two other passengers,

Three days later, however, Leonard Reid, who was on duty, said there was no report of an accident involving Mrs. Andress' son.
his car struck a paving machine parked on a strip of highway. Gary was seriously injured and his two passengers were killed. He was found covered with mud and blood, and in the same location as in his mother's prophetic dream.

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THE STRANGE WOMAN

By Lorinda Poling

BACK IN 1942, during World War II, my husband and I quarreled. The argument itself is long forgotten but as long as I live I shall never forget the night which followed our bitter words.

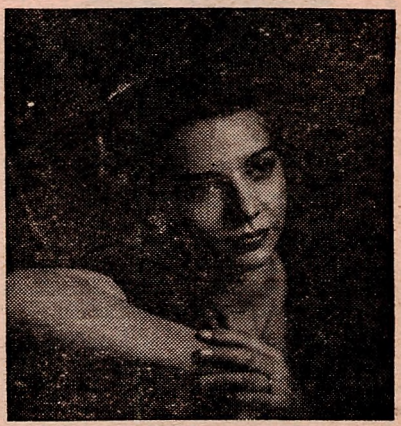
I was so angry that I left our apartment on Mechanic St., in Jackson, Mich., taking a suitcase and calling over my shoulder that I would return the next day after he had left for work for the rest of my clothes.

The first hotel I went to was the best and I was only mildly disappointed when there were no rooms available. The second largest hotel was full to capacity also. By the time I had trudged to the third, fourth, fifth and last hotel I was weary, but not concerned. After all, there were Motels, weren't there?

I went to the telephone booth in the lobby of the last shabby hotel and called every tourist home listed in the directory. The answers were all variations on the same theme, "Sorry, lady, but there's a war on . . . haven't got a thing."

My feet were beginning to swell. I called a taxi and asked him to take me to the bus terminal. I went into the rest room and tried to freshen my face. The straps on my high heeled suede shoes were now stuck to my stockings where blisters had broken. My reflection in the mirror looked dejected and bedraggled. It had rained and my page boy bob had become a stringy mess.

A little old lady very kindly asked me what the trouble was. "I haven't any place to go," I said pitifully.



LORINDA POLING

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"I've had a quarrel with my husband and I *can't* go home!"

"Did you try all the hotels," she asked.

My chin began to quiver. I told her I had tried everything. "I guess I'll just have to stay up all night," I said and a tear rolled down my face.

"I have an extra room at my house, dear," she said gently. "Come home with me. Maybe in the morning things will seem different to you."

I went with her gratefully, thinking only of a bed to sleep in.

The house was an old one in the north-east section of town, on Maple or Elm. It was brick, set far back from the street. A moss-grown brick walk led to the front steps. Huge shrubs lined the walk on either side and towering trees hid the sky. In the house everything was quiet. From the dimly lit entrance hall, off to the left I could see a big room illuminated only by the light from a fire in the fireplace. I could vaguely see the outline of book shelves.

"That's the library," the little lady said. "You come upstairs with me and I'll show you to your room."

We went up a wide staircase to the second floor. She showed me to an enormous room with antique furniture, even a canopy bed! It was a beautiful room but it smelled musty, as if it hadn't been used for a long time. She explained that the bathroom was just down the hall and that she would leave the hall light on all night long. Then she said goodnight and I heard her go down the stairs.

I took a towel and washcloth from my suitcase and went to the bathroom. I was amazed at the size of it,

at the old-fashioned tub on legs, at the marble fixtures. Everything in the house seemed very old.

In the morning I was awakened by a small tap on the door. "Breakfast is ready, dear," called the lady who had brought me home with her.

I dressed quickly and went downstairs. She called so that I could find my way to the kitchen. With her was an elderly man with a pleasant face and kindly manner. She introduced him as the "Judge."

We talked through breakfast, small talk but pleasant. I wondered if I should offer to pay for my room but ended by thanking them as graciously as I knew how.

The little lady put out her hand and touched mine as I was leaving. She had the kindest blue eyes I have ever seen. "Don't do anything hasty," she said quietly. "Go back to your husband. Give your marriage a chance. You are both so young."

The "Judge" said, "Mattie and I were separated for many years and all because of a foolish argument! Take your time, young lady, and think this through."

I called a taxi from a drug store down the street and went straight home. The newspaper from the night before still lay on the front porch and I automatically picked it up as I entered the apartment. My husband had left a pot of coffee on the stove for me, and a note. I read the note, then poured a cup of coffee and opened the newspaper.

On the inside of the front page was a picture of the "Judge." His obituary was under the picture! I read the obituary with a pounding heart. He had died the day before! That meant that he had died before

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I met him! My eyes rushed on through the print and I had to read the column three times before I was able to take in the full meaning of the story.

The "Judge's" life had been very unhappy, according to his obituary. When he was a young attorney his bride had committed suicide. For many years he had been a Justice of the Peace. He had continued to live in the large brick home where he had brought his bride after their marriage.

Still clutching the newspaper in my hand I called my husband and told him I was sorry for the quarrel. Then I glanced back at the article in my hand and saw that I had time to attend the funeral.

As I sat there in that dim funeral home, with its heavy odor of roses and lilies, I looked vainly for the little lady with the kind blue eyes. I didn't see her but I know she was there. And I am sure that she knew I had come to say again, Thank you both . . . for so much.

—*Middletown, O.*

GOING WHERE?

By Mattie Stables

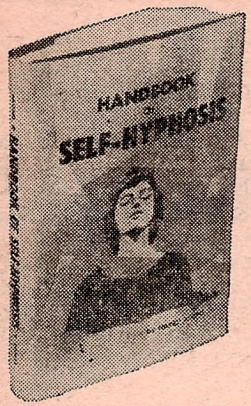
GRANDMOTHER! Come back! Where did you go?" I called when she disappeared as suddenly and inexplicably as she had come.

I was 17 years old when my paternal grandmother, Martha Wilmuth Epes Hardaway, appeared before me one night, radiant and lovely in a misty white garment. She had an ethereal sweetness about her that made me feel great awe.

She lived near Blackstone, Va., on Pleasant Hill plantation, and I, who lived in Durham, N. C., had not seen her for a long time. So, being

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Harry Arons is Editor of HYPNOSIS Quarterly and author of MASTER COURSE IN HYPNOTISM, TECHNIQUES OF SPEED HYPNOSIS and TRAINING CENTER and founder numerous magazine articles. He is Director of the ETHICAL HYPNOSIS and National Executive Secretary of the Association to Advance Ethical Hypnosis. He is also the original Chairman of the Guidance Clinic for Retarded Children, Essex County, New Jersery.

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very fond of her, I ran toward her crying, "Oh, Grandmother! You look like a bride!"

But she waved me away, seeming to float backward, as she said, "Don't touch me. I'm going to see about your Daddy."

In my dream I ran forward calling to her; but a strange force stopped me. A voice whispered softly, "She's gone."

I felt that some significant thing was happening to me and, suddenly, I realized I was not really asleep but had come out of what must have been a trance. I was not afraid but I was strangely, uncomfortably disturbed. I felt the need of company so awakened Mother with whom I slept.

Mother checked the time as she always did when she waked in the night. It was 1:10 a.m. I told her about my dream. Her back was toward me and she turned over suddenly to say, "Now, that is strange! I just dreamed about your Daddy." (Daddy had died at Blackstone in 1908 when I was 15 months old.) "He appeared from nowhere, looking his handsomest in a new black suit; but he wouldn't let me near him. After we'd talked a few moments he turned to go. I said, 'Wait! You haven't kissed me yet.' But he glided backward, saying, 'Don't touch me. I'm going to see Mother.' Then he vanished," she said.

We finally settled back into troubled sleep after Mother said, "Mother Hardaway must be ill. I will write and ask her health tomorrow."

The next morning we received a telegram saying that Grandmother had died at 1:07, during the night. This all occurred on January 15, 1924.

—Durham, N. C.



NEW BOOKS

FLYING SAUCERAMA, by Dr. Frank E. Stranges, Vantage Press, New York, 1959. 115 pages, $3.00.

The Rev. Frank E. Stranges is President of the International Evangelism Crusade. In *Flying Saucerama*, the Evangelist attempts to bring the UFO problem before the public to "explain and illuminate what has previously been shrouded in the darkness of mystery, fear and plain superstition."

Unfortunately, Dr. Stranges misses his mark by a long shot. He admits that he lacks many of the answers, and the undated and undocumented UFO reports that comprise about 90 per cent of *Flying Saucerama* do nothing to resolve the enigma.

This work, for all practical purposes, contains no original material and merely recounts the data uncovered by NICAP and similar organizations. But even this material is completely unsupported by dates (even years) and sources, making it worthless for any legitimate research.

One interesting addition is 24 pages of photographs, principally contributed by UFO Photojournalist August C. Roberts. However, 14 of the 62 illustrations are admitted fakes (presumably to show the simplicity in simulating UFO's,) and another 10 photographs were reproduced from this reviewer's own book, *Flying Saucers, Fact or Fiction?*

Summarily, the book is poorly organized and offers nothing that has not been brought to light many times before. But at least another minister has come to the defense of UFO's, and if this fact might impress some skeptic the reader knows, *Flying Saucerama* is probably not without its propaganda value.—*Max B. Miller.*

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF RADIESTHESIA, a Textbook for Practitioners and Students, by Abbe' Mermet. Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York, 1959. 230 pages, $4.95.

Abbe' Mermet is a very remarkable diviner and dowser whose fame in France and in Switzerland has spread across Europe. His fame is probably equal on the Continent to that of Kenneth Roberts' remarkable Henry Gross in this country.

In both persons, we see the

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strange dowsing faculty at its peak. Like Henry Gross, Abbe' Mermet has had astonishing results from his practice of the dowsing art. Unlike Gross, who used a forked twig, Mermet has worked successfully with various forms of the pendulum. With it, he has located water, oil, gas, and minerals at their sites. He also has been successful in finding such substances when using his pendulum over a map. He has used the pendulum as an aid in the diagnosis of disease and he has succeeded in some cases where the doctors were completely at a loss as to the nature of a disease.

Radiesthesia as such seems to be a more pretentious name for dowsing, and as Abbe' Mermet uses it it includes a number of aspects of psi phenomena which occur entirely apart from the pendulum. Mermet's radiesthesia includes such phenomena as clairvoyance, psychometry, divination, telepathy, and retrocognition. The pendulum seems not to be any more essential to these phenomena than is the pencil to the automatic writer. All of these phenomena are lumped together by the parapsychologist under the category of ESP or extra-sensory perception.

The Abbe' states that he is not a physicist nor a biologist, "nor do I pretend that I am able to explain the phenomena of radiesthesia." With that statement he should have contented himself, but instead he gets involved with pseudo-scientific explanations which involve such subjective unknowns as mental rays, solar rays, luminous and non-luminous rays, which seem to him to emanate from hidden objects to disturb his pendulum. These he associates with other unknowns such as occult lines of force, magnetic

images, and strange invisible intangible oscillations which affect his pendulum.

In dismissing Abbe' Mermet's explanations for the phenomena, it is not well to dismiss the techniques he describes which may be of help to a budding dowser. The explanations are assuredly of no help to anyone, but one feels that the Abbe' has worked out these strange hypotheses in order to avoid what he fears might be an association with occultism and magic. This association is very real.

On the fly-leaf of this book, Abbe' Mermet quotes from Leibnitz: "Before the phenomena of nature it is necessary to observe, to study, and to be astounded at nothing." This is a praiseworthy motto, but perhaps Leibnitz should have warned: "Do not misinterpret your data."

With due allowance for the Abbe's explanation, this book is a vivid account of the phenomena observed by a very remarkable man, who did many impossible things and upset the materialistic thinking of many European scientists.—*Edmond P. Gibson.*

STRANGER THAN SCIENCE, by Frank Edwards. Lyle Stuart, New York. 303 pages, $4.95.

This worthy successor to *Strangest of All* is a collection of happenings, "factual, fantastic, fascinating," which at present, science cannot explain. Coming from a master news-analyst, known to millions on radio and television, it goes without saying that it is admirably written, concise, wholly readable, and highly informative, as well as exciting.

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Stranger Than Science is an excellent book, in my opinion. Of course, it is practically all FATE material, much of it already having appeared in the magazine, although Edwards does not specify sources of particular items.

The book is an antidote to conceit, narrow-mindedness, bigotry, and a spur to investigation. But, alas, Edwards again and again deplores that Science—so-called—first investigates, and then, unable to explain, buries mysterious phenomena, no matter how well authenticated, in forgetfulness.

For those who find most interesting just those happenings which as yet we cannot explain, this book is IT. It will keep you guessing, probably for the rest of your life. Well done, Frank Edwards!

—*Arthur E. Powell*

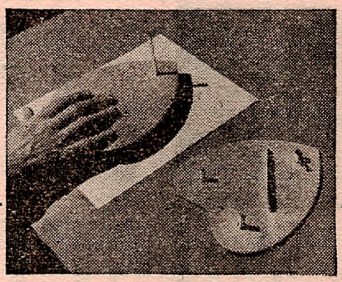
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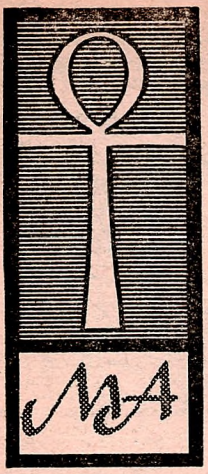
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so they are understandable.

Dr. Mishra blends the physical and breathing exercises with the "Oriental psychology" side of Yoga, in fact gives the theoretical aspects as a "reason" for the exercises. We need not be unduly perturbed at some untranslatable terms, or even some poorly translated by Dr. Mishra, for the simple reason that the available English words already mean something else and the conceptual framework is different. Here are time-tested mental disciplines of the "natural order;" the inner doors to concentration, which yield to practice only, are at least rendered visible by this excellent manual. Thus Dr. Mishra shows Yoga to be, first, physical; second, a system of psychology, possessing interesting stimulus-points, and whose difference from Western theories may bring us new insights.

A third aspect of Yoga is that some of its practitioners, including Mishra, treat their findings in regard to "mind over matter" (of which that called "suggestion" in the West is an elementary form), as a "substitute" for what we Occidentals term religion. Yet one may benefit from the psychological exercises, and the physical *asanas* without any compulsion to postulate pantheism.

Mishra's method is affirmative, not argumentative. Some of the meditative techniques he presents can be useful to anyone for relaxation, just as the "healing suggestions" are quite consistent with Christian "prayer." All things considered, the book is solid fare for the student of Yoga, as well as for the reader with an inquiring mind on the subject.

—W. Jerome Beaumont

REPORT FROM THE READERS

BIG AND LITTLE UFO'S

One night in the middle of October, 1959, my brother, Saul, my son, Danny, my niece, Peggy, and I were riding along a highway. We saw three flying saucers to the west of us, and they were playing tag in the sky as though they had nothing else to do. Then directly ahead of us, which was southeast, we saw a big red light. It soon came so close that it looked huge in the sky. It stopped and hovered in the air for 20 minutes, as we timed it.

We were busy looking from the big steady light to the three smaller ones to our right. They finally stopped playing around and became motionless. As though it were a signal, the big light began to move, and the smaller ones followed.

It approached slowly and as it passed overhead, we got a good look at it as it was not too high. It was shaped like a cigar, and on either side it had rounded wings with lights under them, four to each side.

The big UFO was similar to one we had seen previously in daylight. At that time we saw one of the smaller objects come up under the thing and latch on under the great oval wings. We did not believe what we saw at first, thinking the big object might be a refueling plane. But it was not shaped like any airplane we had ever seen. I am

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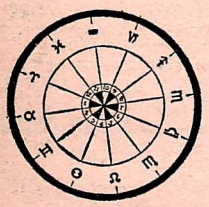
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certain it was a ship from outer space and that the little ones hooked on somehow to the underside of the big one.

I spend a lot of time out at night, looking for the unusual, and if people looked at the sky more often they would be surprised at the things that go on up there.

—*Trudy Van Riper, Kerrville, Tex.*

GLOWING OBJECT

On September 13, 1959, I sighted a glowing object that seemed to have appeared suddenly in the sky almost overhead. It was a burnt-orange in color, which gradually became a pale-orange. I concluded that the object was made of a transparent material, like glass.

When first seen it had the blue sky as a background, and I was looking straight through it. Then the orange color appeared, combined with the blue, and then became a paler orange. It glowed from within. The glow was weak and did not reflect onto surroundings.

The total viewing time was 10 seconds or less. I doubt that anyone else saw the object, as it was not spectacular. It appeared to be two feet in diameter.

I would describe it as weirdly soundless—quite ghost-like. By the time I had run into the open, from behind the house, the object had disappeared. If it had resumed its original transparency, it easily would be quite invisible.

The object left a trail of light which faded slowly. This trail definitely was not flame, but much the same as the glow from a neon light.

The time was 7:59 P.M. Viewing conditions were excellent, with a high full moon and thin clouds. The

object appeared to be approximately 50 feet distant and at an altitude of between 40 to 50 feet.—*Frank C. Haglin, Tempe, Arizona.*

FLIGHT OF UFO'S

On October 28, 1959, I and many other New Yorkers witnessed a flight of genuine UFO's. For me this was a thrilling experience and one inspiring a certain amount of dread. I admit that prior to this sighting I was somewhat skeptical about the subject of UFO's.

Arriving at my apartment in New Rochelle, N.Y., I noted a bright light in the eastern sky. It was about as bright as the planet Venus at full brightness and around it was a sort of luminous mist.

The time was 5:40 p.m. Knowing that the planet Venus had not yet risen and also that it could not possibly be in the position of the light in question, since I had observed Venus the previous night in close occultation with the moon, I watched the unknown bright light and saw that it was moving comparatively slowly from a southeasterly position towards the northeast. It apparently was describing a great arc in the sky.

To the far southeast of the UFO I saw what appeared to be a twisted jet trail or trails. Slightly to the west of the object and a little above it I saw a small light winking at about two-second intervals. This small light, certainly not a star, was traveling with the UFO.

Excited, I hurriedly obtained my telescope and at 40-power I noted the UFO to be extremely bright with a white light to it. However I could make out no details of the object. Scattered about the UFO I



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clearly saw possibly 50 smaller UFO's, all proceeding in the same direction as the main object.

For some 10 minutes I observed the flight through my telescope, until the formation disappeared in the Atlantic Ocean.

Immediately after my observation I phoned the Air Force Base at Mitchell Field, Long Island. I just managed to get out the words, "I want to report—" when the Air Force telephone operator cut me short with, "It's already been reported. All wires are busy. Thank you."

Within an hour of the sighting officialdom came up with a story cleverly concocted to fool the public into believing that the mysterious object was nothing more than a "balloon." It was said that the balloon was a 10-story-high affair made of thin plastic coated with aluminum. This mammoth contrivance was supposed to have been sent aloft some 250 miles in a magnesium container carried by a two-stage rocket launched from Wallops Island in Virginia.

Despite what anybody says, I maintain that what I and thousands of others saw was not a balloon. I know what I saw through my telescope, beyond any doubt whatsoever: a large, brilliantly luminous unidentified object accompanied by 50 other luminous unidentified objects of lesser size, all traveling in the same direction and at about the same speed as the large object. The smaller objects were not stars for they were moving with the large object at a tangent to the galactic orbit.

From the fact that the large UFO had a tenuous aura about it, I

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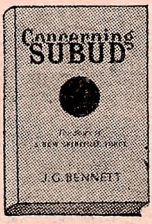
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would estimate that it was not more than 10 miles high. Its luminosity evidently was illumining the atmosphere about it. The actual size of the object must have been enormous —much more, I would say, than that which the military ascribed to it.

By way of refuting claims that the UFO was a balloon, the military says the rocket carrying the balloon was launched at 5:40 p.m. (E.S.T.). Yet I observed the balloon at 5:45 p.m. To me it seems ridiculous that a rocket could be launched in Virginia at 5:40 p.m., eject a deflated balloon from its nose cone, inflate said balloon to a size of "10 stories high" in five minutes and have it fully inflated over Long Island, N.Y., by 5:45 p.m.— unless the balloon were in orbit. However, the balloon was not in orbit, according to the top brass.

If, as the military says, the balloon was carried to a height of 250 miles by rocket, then it possibly could be inflated in five minutes since the gas filling it would have tremendous pressure in the extremely rarified atmosphere at such an altitude. However, such pressure, released in such a short time, certainly would cause the balloon to rupture or even to explode.

Lastly, if a balloon not in orbit were released and inflated at an altitude of 250 miles, how could it possibly just drift 300 miles or better from Virginia to New York in five minutes? It would need more than a tornado behind it to do that. —*Archie Flory, New Rochelle, N.Y.*

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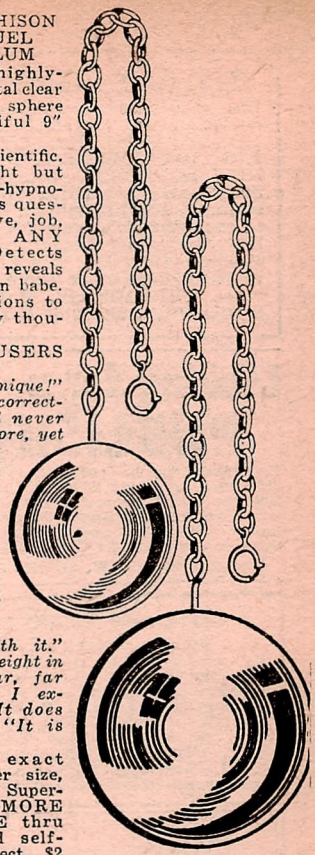
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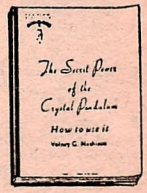


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about in its pages is flower psychometry. A description would be of interest to your readers. I specialize in this and occasionally give a service at the Victoria Spiritualist Church in Victoria, B.C.

I regard this phase of phenomena as absolutely fraud proof—*if conducted under test conditions.* It positively eliminates the frequent accusation of mental telepathy against mediums who give messages in the ordinary way in churches or public circles.

In flower psychometry the congregation are asked previous to the demonstration to bring a small button-hole flower, attaching to it some small article which they can positively identify, such as a length of colored thread, a colored button, an earring or tie clip, etc. The flower is to be worn for a few hours before the sitting.

The flowers are placed on a large table in the church or hall, with the medium out of sight, preferably watched, so that there is no possibility that the medium can see who brought any certain flower.

At message time the medium stands at the table, selects a flower and gives a message to the owner. As a further precaution an opaque screen of some sort can be erected in front of the flower table and the medium to prevent any person in the audience from seeing if the flower selected is his. This absolutely eliminates the possibility of the medium becoming telepathically aware of the sitter's knowledge of ownership. Only after the message is given may the medium show the flower, describe the indentification and ask the sitter in the audience to verify ownership and state whether or not the message was accurate.

I would not consider it fair if a medium picked a flower and said, "I am holding a marigold and there is attached to it as identification a small piece of silver paper and a little blue button," and then gave the message. This would create the possibility of the medium being in attunement with the sitter.

Of course, a dishonest medium could have stooges in the audience bring flowers with identifying articles known to him. But this can be eliminated simply by the medium giving a sufficient number of accurate messages to persons positively known to have no connection with him, particularly persons in a strange town being visited by the medium.

A typical message I gave at my last demonstration is as follows: "A spirit companion of the sitter comes in holding a small black dog that was killed two weeks ago by a car." Then I said, "The flower is a bouquet, combining five different flowers, rose buds, daffodills, etc." The flower was claimed by the sitter, who said the facts given in the message were correct.—*Rene Harris, Victoria, B.C., Canada*

A HOAX

I am writing in regards to the filler on page 61 of the February issue of FATE, about the Pittsburgh woman with cancer and one year to live inheriting two million dollars from an uncle in Scotland.

For the record, a few days after Pittsburgh papers carried this story, they carried another stating that the whole thing was a silly, pointless hoax. The woman named never had cancer and never inherited a dime from anybody. Just publicity-hungry, apparently.

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I know you would want to publish a correction of this canard.—*W. E. Farbstein, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

COMMENT ON COAL BALLS

In the January issue of FATE I read a letter by Mr. Reese Mikel, Alexandria, Ind., in which he asked for information about coal balls.

I am giving a brief explanation about coal balls which can be read in the book, 1,001 *Questions Answered About the Mineral Kingdom*, by Richard Pearl.

Coal balls or coal apples are rounded bodies of mineral matter found in coal. These bodies consist of carbonates, iron oxide, sulfides and clay, shale or sand. They often are found in clusters and may be as small as a pea or as large as one found in England weighing two tons. In Colorado a great many coal balls are found in the form of shiny, rounded lumps. Coal balls often have been found to contain beautifully preserved plant fossils.—*Eloise Mehan, Vancouver, B.C., Can.*

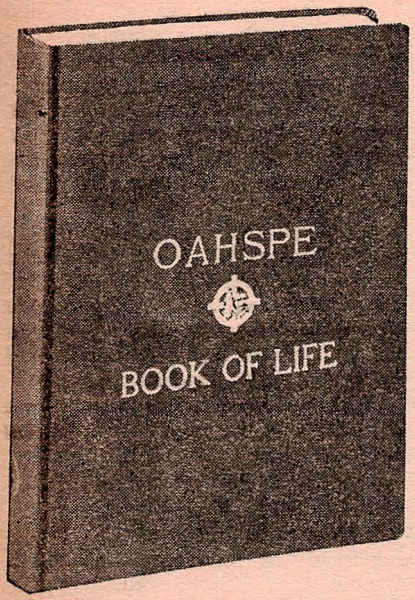
I am writing in response to a reader's inquiry concerning "coal balls" in the January issue.

About 35 years ago, when I was a young boy, one of my schoolmates picked up just such an object from the cinder-paved schoolyard. It was about the size of a golf ball and was very heavy for its size.

After several of us had examined it, the finder decided to test the hardness of the object by hurling it against the concrete sidewalk, causing it to split cleanly into halves.

To our great surprise, we found embedded inside a small, gold-colored, fossilized fern leaf. It was

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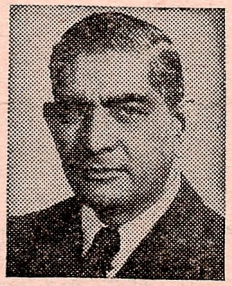
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The split halves also showed that the "coal ball" was composed of a greyish metal, which I now know was iron pyrite. The golden color of the fern leaf fossil within this chunk of iron pyrite was due to the oxidation of the pyrite, forming what commonly is known as "fool's gold."

What puzzles me is, how does a piece of vegetable or mineral matter become embedded in solid metal? I can understand how fossils become embedded in sedimentary rock deposits, but iron pyrite is not formed by sedimentary deposition.

Perhaps some other reader can explain this angle for us.—*Milan Rafayko, Lexington, Ky.*

FATE AND R.A.P.

I have most issues of FATE, having read the magazine since 1948. I note that R.A.P. (Raymond A. Palmer) sold out some time ago. When did he do so? I believe you should answer that question in FATE, for quite a number of persons probably think he still owns part of the magazine.—*R. L. White, Mesa, Ariz.*

R.A.P. relinquished all his interests in FATE *in February,* 1958. *He is not now connected with the magazine in any capacity, but devotes his entire time and attention to publications of his own.—Ed.*

"MUSCLES, NOT MIND"

I read with interest of Mr. Costello's tests with the "Mystic Eye" as reported in the December issue. At first try, I also got answers to every question, and I thought that

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at last I had something. But being a curious man I experimented.

Holding the pendulum until it was perfectly still, I asked such questions as, "You *are* a fraud, aren't you?" If I looked at YES, the pendulum began to sway in that direction. I could command it to stop and it would slow down and stop. It dawned on me that I could *direct* its answers by looking at either YES or NO.

So I have come to the conclusion that the pendulum is controlled by involuntary muscles, not by mind (in the sense of pure mind power). I'd hesitate to follow any decision it made for me. Mr. Costello no doubt will view me as a heretic, but I'd advise him to try the experiments I did and see what he thinks then.—*Bertram W. Hanscom, Kennebunk, Maine.*

Hm-m-m . . . It seems that at times those "involuntary muscles" can give wonderfully accurate answers to questions on which the pendulum operator lacks even subconscious knowledge—the location of oil and missing persons, for instance.—Ed.

"DECEIT AND DOUBLE-TALK"

I have just finished reading "The Mysteries of Christmas" in the January issue. This article without a doubt is a slanted account, full of religious deceit and double-talk.

Every informed person well knows that Christmas is a pagan holiday celebrating the "return of the sun" and was stolen and adopted by the early Christians because they could not destroy it. This biased writer fails to make this historical fact

(*Continued on page* 129)

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clear, which a writer should do if he is intellectually honest.

I wonder at times which side you are on—fact reporting or something for everybody? Why not stick to mysterious happenings and phenomena?—*Fred William Renz, Indianapolis, Ind.*

CHUCKLING OVER "SUDS"

The letter "Disappearing Suds" on page 116 of the January issue gave me a lot of chuckles!

We lived in the country for many years and often found the "suds" on our garden paths—where snakes had passed and left their "droppings." First time I saw them I called my husband's attention to them and he (ex-farmer) laughed at me (ex-city gal). Oh, ho, ho!—*Ethel B. Egy, Chico, Calif.*

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When my nephew finds an underground stream, he gets down on his haunches with a straight switch, holds it straight out and in a few seconds it starts to bob down. The number of times it bobs is the number of feet to water.

In the hundreds of streams my nephew was located he says he has never missed the depth by more than six inches. —*B. F. Dunlap, Eureka, Calif.*

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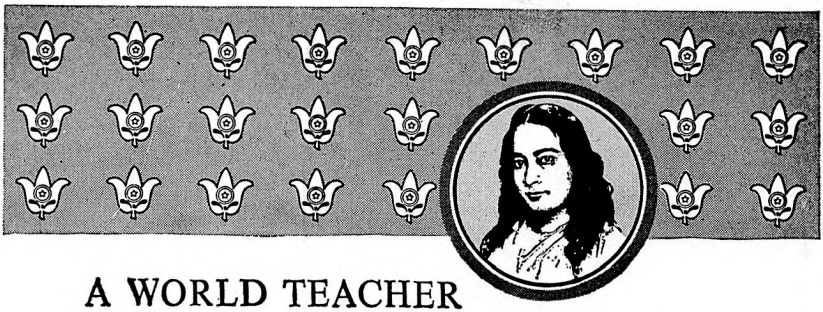
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