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TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

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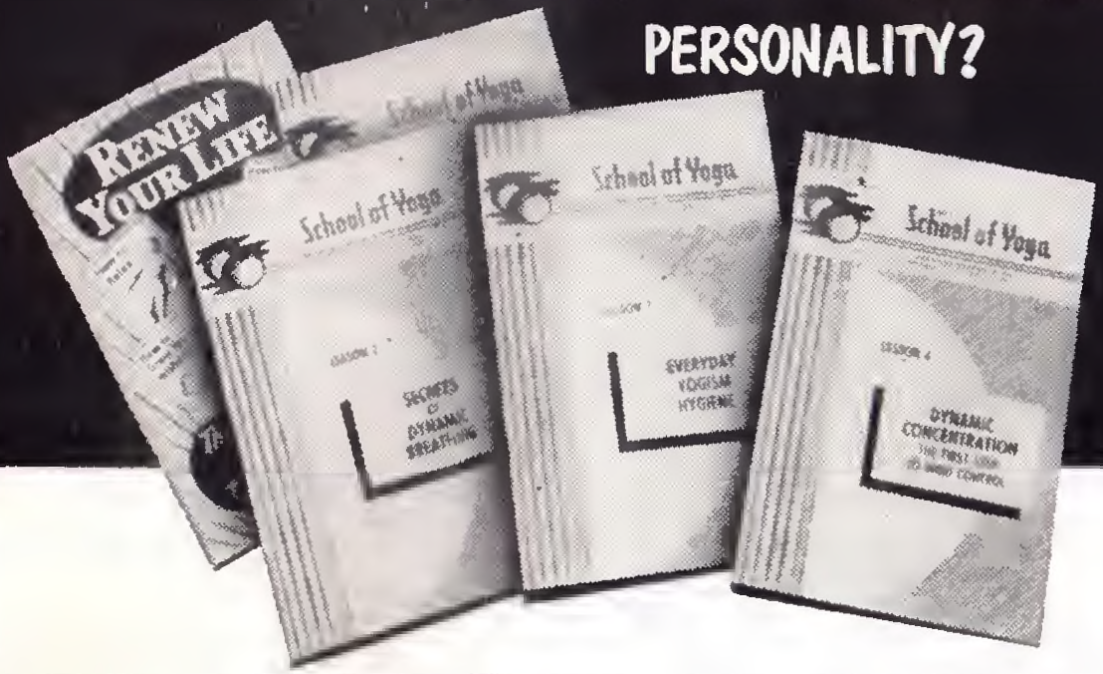
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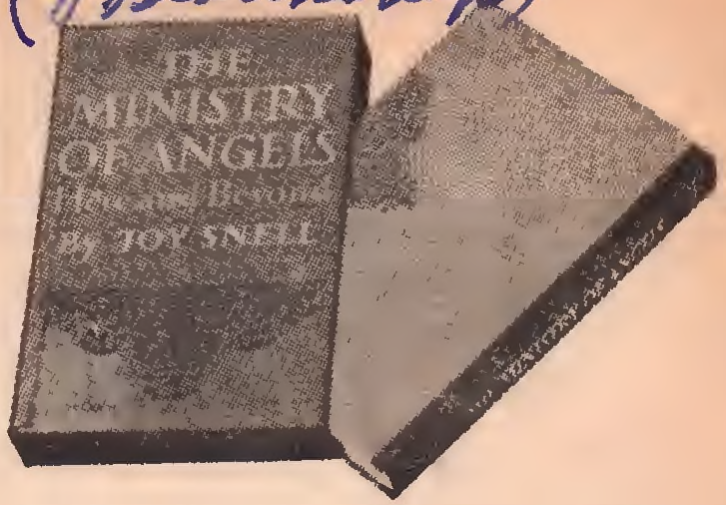
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QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to accept and take for granted, but to weigh and consider.

—Sir Francis Bacon



FROM THE GREAT SEA

CONSIDER THE WHALE and the porpoise. Once they were land animals, walking about upon the dry surface of the earth much as other animals do. But something happened. Their remote ancestors found it easier to make a living in the ocean and back to the sea they went. Now they cannot live on dry land.

Did the reverse process happen to Man?

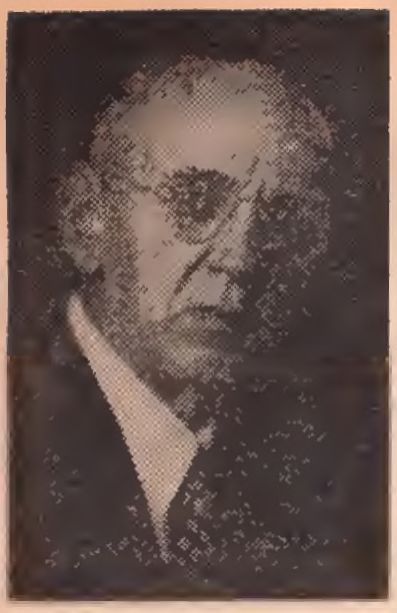
Yes, according to a sensational theory recently advanced by Sir Alister Hardy, a professor of zoology at Oxford University.

Sir Alister has spent 30 years gathering evidence that he believes offers definitive proof that man was derived from a "sea ape" and not from a "land ape." He reasons thus:

A million years ago there was intense competition for food and life in the forest. So at least one race of apes turned to the sea for forage. At first these land apes who turned to the sea waded and groped along the shallow bottoms and in the tidal flats. These creatures gradually learned to swim.

After thousands of years in the water these animals lost all, or nearly all of their hair, just as the whales lost their hair. But they kept the hair on their heads as protection against the sun.

They learned to stand upright because the water supported their bodies, and they developed longer legs than the land apes to help them swim. Their hands lengthened and straightened so they might feel along the sea bed for food and probe in the mud and between rock crannies. And their first need for tools, Professor Hardy goes on, was for stones to crack open shell



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fish. From these first halting advances, it was but a step for the sea apes to find that some stones could be chipped and sharpened into more useful tools. And by such tool-making man developed his brain.

(It should be noted that one of the few other tool-using mammals is a sea animal—the sea otter—and it uses stones in its "hands" to crack shell fish.)

Professor Hardy believes that the sea ape ancestors of man entered the shallow waters of the seas perhaps a million years ago and emerged a half million years ago. He believes his theory also explains why man can swim so well.

Could it also explain why most men feel a kinship with the sea and why so many human rhythms seem related to the tides and the moon?



THE UNNATURALNESS OF DEATH

LINUS PAULING is a Nobel prize-winner in chemistry and a bitter enemy of the testing of atomic bombs and all indiscriminate increases of radiation hazards.

Dr. Pauling recently exclaimed that he loves people and he loves life. He told the Faculty Club of the University of Southern California that death is "unnatural" and probably the result of pure human cussedness.

Researches that he and his associates have done on aging have led them to the conclusion that *man should live forever—and the reason he dies are unknown.*

"Theoretically," said Dr. Pauling, "man is quite immortal. His bodily tissues replace themselves. He is a self-repairing machine. And yet, he gets old and he dies, and the reasons for this are still a mystery."

Many of the effects of aging, Dr. Pauling explained, are brought on by bad living habits. "We constantly insult ourselves by doing things for which our bodies were never intended. And the result of these constant, recurrent insults is aging and death."

Cigaret smoking, for example, decreases the average lifespan of a man by one-fifth of a day per pack of cigarets smoked. Each cigaret consumed shortens the average man's life by 14.4 minutes—or about three times as long as it actually takes to smoke it.

Dr. Pauling's statements are not confined to lung cancer alone but to the total damage to health by cigarets. His conclusions are reached by studying the average death ages of smokers as compared with non-smokers.



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MRS. ELEANOR Roosevelt told this story in a recent

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newspaper column.

A taxicab driver picked her up, recognized her, and described a psychic experience he had had concerning her late husband, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The cab driver had worked for FDR politically and had always felt there was a particular tie between them, although he had never met the president.

One day before President Roosevelt's death he was working in the boiler room of a heavy Navy cruiser in the Brooklyn Navy yard. Suddenly he saw President Roosevelt standing beside him at his work.

"He told me he was leaving me," the cab driver told Mrs. Roosevelt, "and that I should carry on and do the best I could. It was so real to me that I picked up my tools and packed them away and went upside and told the man I had finished my work for the day.

"He said, 'You can't go off now," and I replied, 'Yes I have lost one of my best friends.'"

"Stories such as this are strange," writes Mrs. Roosevelt, "but they seem to indicate some supersensitive connection between people."

RUSSIAN PROGRESS NO. 1

NO ONE who has been acquainted with Soviet scientific



Sir Edmund Hillory, conqueror of Mount Everest, displays sketch of Abominable Snowmon, which he hopes to copture on his next expedition to the Himoloyos in September, 1960. Hillory recently visited Chicogo to orgonize the expedition, which is being sponsored by Field Enterprises Educotion Corp. U.P.I. Photo.

achievements doubts their tremendous capabilities. Recently Dr. A. R. Luria, a Soviet scientist devoted to the rehabilitation of children, gave the American Orthopsychiatric Association some startling reports of progress in his field.

• Ten years ago, Soviet homes were filled with feeble-minded children. Investigation revealed that only a small percentage of them were really feeble-minded; most were just hard of hearing. These near-deaf children fell behind in their classes, became frustrated and then hostile. Other children were found to have damaged brains; others had physical rather than mental defects. "We place no dependence on the intelligence quotient because no one can say whether an I.Q. of 75 indicates a mentally retarded child or one who is so emotionally disturbed or physically handicapped that he cannot make a higher score," says Dr. Luria.

• The Soviets have invented a "reading machine" for blind persons. It scans a line of type and thrusts up six little needles to create a kind of braille pattern on the fingers of the reader. In addition, this machine is capable of translating its responses into a signal that can be heard. Within 60 hours of practice a blind person can learn to "hear" the lines of type in any book.

• The Soviets are also using a



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RUSSIAN PROGRESS NO. 2

ANTARCTICA was a fertile continent perhaps 200 to 300 million years ago, Soviet findings indicate. They report discovering 10 kinds of ancient spores on Antarctica, proving the existence of fern-like plants at one time.

However, the already known existence of coal deposits in Antarctica would seem to have proven that years ago.

RUSSIAN PROGRESS NO. 3

THE SOVIETS have recently announced the discovery of a new planet in our solar system. If this is true, it means there are 10 instead of nine planets orbiting our sun.

The new planet is said to be very small and farther out than Pluto, which is the most recent planet to be found and is 3,500 million miles from the sun.

Existence of a farther-out planet has been suspected because of irregularities in Pluto's orbit. If the Soviets have indeed found and identified it—a matter which is still uncertain at this writing—

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RUSSIAN PROGRESS NO. 4

IN OCTOBER, 1959, the Russians released to the West photographs supposedly taken by Lunik 3 and showing the far side of the moon.

Now Lloyd Mallan, a science writer and aviation photographer, in a copyrighted article in *Popular Photography* contends that the photographs are a hoax—and in fact are not even photographs but a painting of some sort.

Mr. Mallan obtained prints of the original negative from Sovfoto direct from Moscow. Hence they were not marred by the scanning lines of wire transmission.

"I could see brush strokes with my naked eye," declares Mallan. A group of experts agreed that the "photographs" were a "rendition by brush on some kind of textured surface."

A few years ago Mallan made a trip to Russia and says that Soviet photographic and electronic equipment is not capable of performing such an epic feat as transmission from beyond the moon anyway.

WORLD PROGRESS, 1970

IN THE light of anticipated world developments in space

science, the Russian hoax, if indeed it is a hoax, seems like a childish and useless thing to do.

For within 10 years, men will land upon the Moon to see what it is actually like up there.

This is the prediction of Dr. I. M. Levitt, director of the Franklin Institute's Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia.

Within 20 years there may be a civilization there, Levitt says.

He declares that a nuclear reactor could supply the power needed and the Moon could provide everything else—food, water, air, clothes.

Man can extract water from rocks, and break down the water into oxygen for air and hydrogen for fuel. Food would come from algae. Nearly everything else necessary can be fabricated from the basic elements of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon and so on.

On the Moon, man will probably live in caves. He would bring along giant plastic balloons which would be inflated with atmosphere inside a cave, then sprayed with a setting plastic.

But first, Dr. Levitt admits, we've got to have manned satellites which moon explorers can use as space stations.

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PUPPY, COME HOME

PUPPY IS a four-year-old collie owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stout of Crossville, Ill. A few months ago the Stouts gave Puppy to a relative, Mrs. Arion Mackson of Russelville, Ala.

A month after going to Alabama, Puppy disappeared. Two months later he showed up at the Stout's home in Crossville, feet swollen but otherwise none the worse for wear.

"It's a dream come true for me," says Mrs. Stout, who had dreamed twice that Puppy was on his way home. "If he thinks that much of us, we'll never give him away again."



FLYING FISH

WHEN A Western Airlines DC-6B arrived recently at Los Angeles International Airport a maintenance crew found a live, five-inch-long fish on the wing of the plane. It resembled a mudsucker, and Howard Wetzel, a crew chief, and Walter Alvarez, radio repairman, kept it alive in a pail of water.

How did the fish get there?

The plane had taken off five hours earlier from Mexico City. It flew at an altitude of 14,500 feet at a speed of 285 m.p.h.

Did a frightened seagull drop it on the plane as it came in for its landing?

Or did it come from *Somewhere Else?*



THREE HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

NO, THIS is not poetry day. The heading above refers to the peculiar hagfish, a curiosity of nature that has three hearts. Count 'em! The hagfish is about a foot long and looks something like an eel.

Perhaps even more curious is that one of the three hearts has no nerves and has been kept beating outside the fish for several days in experiments.

And even more astounding, when the hagfish heart is reduced to a powder and injected into other creatures as a drug, it has the power to rejuvenate a weak heart, according to Jeffery D. Frautschy, assistant director of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, San Diego.



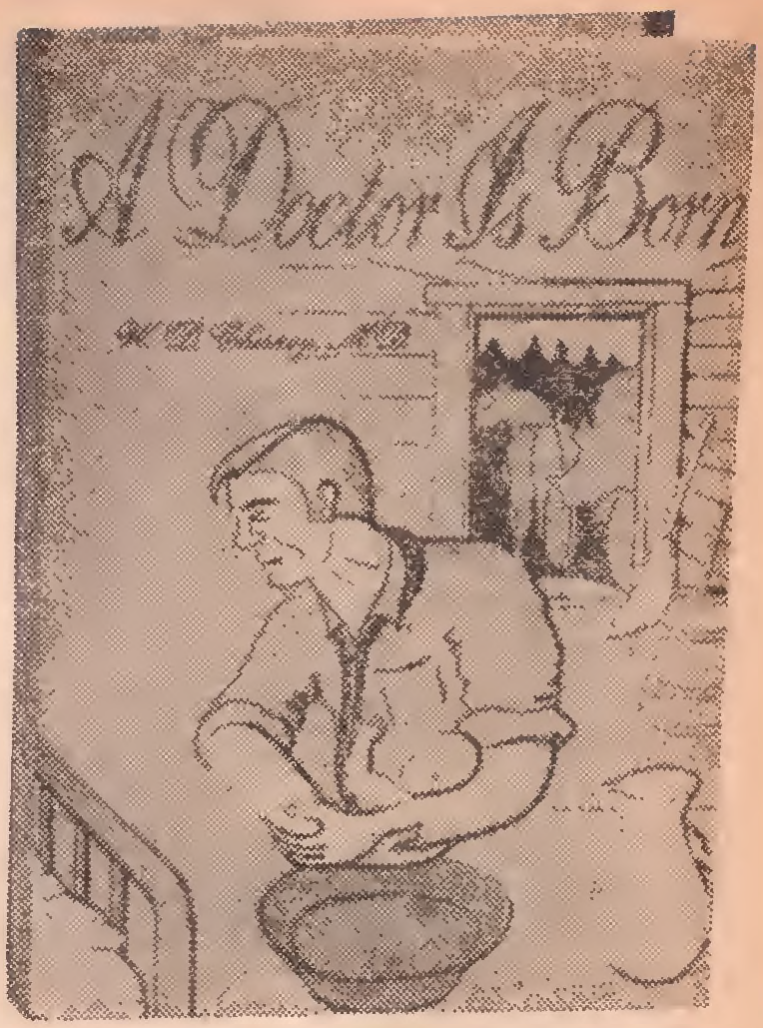
PRIVATE RADIO STATIONS

IF YOU hear voices, maybe your teeth are broadcasting. Alton Blakeslee, science writer of the Associated Press, has confirmed that on some rare occasions the metallic fillings in a person's teeth pick up and amplify radio signals—both music and commercials.

We remember a coal-burning

HERE IT IS AT LAST!

A BOOK BY A DOCTOR WHO DARES TO TELL THE TRUTH



about medical trade unions, malpractice, kick-backs, fee-splitting, unnecessary surgery, ghost surgery food poisons, poison sprays, drug monopoly, medical rackets and a host of other crimes against the traditions of the Hippocratic Oath. These are the lifetime notes of a General Practitioner, now too old to practice, but determined to reveal the evils that medical monopoly bottled up for a half-century. Here is a fearless indictment, backed up by documentary proof, of the terrible menace to public health of power-mad and money-mad medical associations, to say nothing of the all-too-many doctors to whom their Hippocratic Oath is meaningless.

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furnace once that for one or two glorious days played soft music.

More to the point, though, is the fact that this proves we all are bathed continually in the particular form of radiation known as radio and TV waves.

Does it harm us? Maybe, but no one knows for sure. What they do know, however, is that living things placed close to very strong radio and radar waves are affected in strange ways.

Some radio frequencies make tiny animals obey a curious radio-controlled dance. Others can make monkeys agitated and even kill them. Strong radar waves can cause eye cataracts.

Remember this, microwaves of radio, radar, X-rays, visible light rays, infrared and ultraviolet light rays are all exactly the same kind of energy. They differ only in their wave lengths. Some of these wave lengths we know to be harmful; others need a lot more research.

ANCIENT NEIGHBORS

IN THE MIDDLE of Sacramento —on the north bank of the American River near Watt Avenue—there was an Indian village known as Kadema.

Archeologists working in the area have uncovered remains going back at least 1,500 years and per-

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haps farther. Among the finds are Olivella shell beads, punched crudely in the center for stringing.

Archeologists have been working on the site for six months. Now they are hurrying to finish their work so they can learn what manner of men inhabited the pleasant river bank shortly after the birth of Christ and possibly before.

But they don't have much time; progress is catching up with them. Soon the bulldozers will roar in to transform the long-dead settlement into a bustling subdivision, complete with electric refrigerators and lamps, vacuum cleaners and picture windows . . .



POSTSCRIPTS

RECENTLY WE mentioned the peculiar radiators in the two-year-old brick and stucco home of Levie Richards at 966 Valley Street in the Vauxhall section of Union, N. J. The radiators were mysteriously filled with gas. At last report they were still filled with gas. No one yet knows why.

• Remember our recent yarn on the Baltimore "poltergeist?" Dr. Nandor Fodor, an investigator for the Parapsychology Foundation, who visited the house, felt that the "poltergeist agent" was probably 17-year-old Ted Pauls. "I say this boy is a 'wonder boy,'" says Dr. Fodor. "Look at his writing. This

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is all he wants to do. He is too smart for school. He rarely leaves the house. He should be a writer. I have given his ego a boost, an uplift. I do not think the explosions will take place again. This is my therapy."

• And for those of you who remember the exploding milk bottles in the Bibeau home of Worchester, Mass., we have a letter from Mrs. Bibeau who writes: "The milk bottle situation seems to be under control for now. The refrigerator company took the old refrigerator back and gave me a new one. The matter hasn't been solved as yet. The company is working on it and they will keep me posted on their findings . . . I don't care to say what I think caused it because I don't want to make any trouble for anyone. . . ."



UP THERE

IN 1909 THE astronomer Antoniadi reported the emergence on Mars, in the center of the Elysium desert, of a small green patch which he called an "oasis."

By 1939 this patch had disappeared but astronomers were able to detect the faint outlines of two channels on the northern and southern edges of the desert, at Cyclopia and Amenthes. These two channels slowly lengthened, last year they joined together after crossing from 1800 to 2400 miles.

And they joined at the exact spot where Antoniadi had found his "oasis" 50 years before.



THE MOONS OF MARS

WE HAVE mentioned the Soviet theory that one moon of Mars, *Phobos,* may not be a moon at all but an artificial satellite.

The Soviet Astro-Physicist Shklovski offered this specific theory at a recent Astronomical Conference in London to explain the slowing down of *Phobos* in its circling of Mars.

Some astronomers have made fun of Shklovski. Yet none has produced a better explanation.

Why? Aime Michel, the French mathematician and UFO researcher answers this question in a recent issue of *Flying Saucer Review.*

"The answer is simple enough: because there is no other explanation," writes Michel. "Why indeed should there be a slowing down in the movement of Phobos when there is none in Deimos which looks like its twin brother? What difference is there between them, if any? To all appearances, the difference is only one of position, their respective sizes being appreciably the same.

"Yet as a result of this difference, Phobos being the nearer, is



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exposed to the resistance of the limits of the Martian atmosphere. That atmosphere is exceedingly thin and to have any effect Phobos would have to be very light — in fact, *so light as to be hollow*. But there is no such thing as a hollow heavenly body: not unless it happens to be an artificial one. That, in short, is the situation and there is no getting away from it."

ON THE UFO FRONT

IN RECENT months there have been only a few UFO sightings. It also has been one of those periods when belief among authorities seems to be increasing—so much so that Michel is able to write:

"Perhaps those astronomers who believe least in flying saucers will be the first to prove their existence, and reveal their origin." He expects that within a few years manned rockets will be fired to take close-up photos of Phobos and Deimos.

Meanwhile there recently has been a series of incidents in which private individuals and private research groups are publicly challenging the U. S. Government on the UFO front. Of these the most significant, because of the importance of the men involved, is the public challenge of the United States Air Force by NICAP.

APRO, *Aerial Phenomena Re-*

search Organization, a group centered at Alamogordo, N. M., has notified Air Force officials in Washington that their group has in its possession actual evidence that UFO's come from outside Earth.

These two challenges are reported in detail elsewhere in this issue by Frank Edwards. But there are other challenges.

ANOTHER AF ATTACK

STILL ANOTHER organization, the *Unidentified Flying Objects Research Committee* of Akron, O., has attacked the Air Force explanation of the well-known UFO sighting on February 24, 1959, by a number of airline pilots. The most detailed report was made by Capt. Peter Killian of American Airlines.

The Air Force first claimed that Killian's companions and two United Air Lines pilots had seen the Belt of Orion. The Air Force at one time hinted the pilots might have been indulging in intoxicating liquors. Later, the AF officially announced that Captain Killian probably saw a B-47 refueling operation.

The Akron group has compiled a 24-page document, plus covers, available for $1 from P.O. Box 5242 Akron 13, O.

Reproduced in the manuscript, among other things, is a news story

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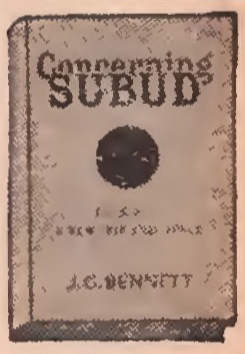
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written by John Lester of the Newark *Star-Ledger*. Lester reports that a group of more than 50 airline pilots, all of them veterans of more than 15 years, had called "absolutely ridiculous" the Air Force censorship policies on UFO's. Each of the pilots has sighted at least one UFO; the majority have seen several.

All have been interrogated by the Air Force and all have expressed disgust at AF policies. A pilot quoted by Lester declared that any pilot who fails to maintain secrecy after a sighting is subject to a maximum of 10 years in prison and a fine of $10,000.

John Lester says that a total of 450 airline pilots in all have joined the original group of complaining pilots.



WHY DISGUSTED?

WHY ARE the pilots disgusted? Here's a typical comment:

"We are ordered to report all UFO sightings. But when we do we usually are treated like incompetents and told to keep quiet.

"This is no fun, especially after many hours of questioning—sometimes all night long. You're tired. You've just come in from a grueling flight, anxious to get home to the wife and kids. But you make your report anyhow and the Air Force tells you that the thing that paced your plane for 15 minutes was a mirage or a bolt of lighting.

"Nuts to that. Who needs it?"



IT'S A CONSPIRACY

CHEER UP folks. If it's any comfort to you, things are this way all over. Reginald Dutta, a British member of the International Flying Saucer Observer Corps, declares there's an "international conspiracy" by governments to keep quiet their keen interest in UFO's.

Every government of any consequence in the world is still carrying on official investigation into more than 100 sightings a week, Dutta declared. Yet Britain's official policy is to play down the idea altogether.

Does this sound familiar?

Dutta complains: *"If you phone the Air Ministry you will be put through to a special department handling such queries and will be told that what you have seen is a meteorological balloon or a meteorite or something similar."*

But behind this department, asserts Dutta, there is another, tremendously interested in the subject.

"Once we managed to get their number," he told Joan Graham of the London Bureau of the Baltimore *Sun*. "When we asked

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them about flying saucers there was consternation. Two hours later we phoned back—but the number had been changed."

Dutta described two mass sightings in Britain recently. In March 1959, he says that a UFO hovered over London Airport for 20 minutes and was studied through binoculars by an airport official who summoned fighter planes. When the flights arrived the UFO made off "at incredible speed" and was officially explained away as the planet Venus shining brightly or the nose cone of a plane.

A TIME OF WONDERS

GRANVILLE BRADSHAW, a 67-year-old British millionaire, claims he has invented a new type of motor that will completely revolutionize the world's automotive industry.

Bradshaw is a world-famed authority; chief research engineer of the Royal Navy during World War II and the man who built the world's first radial power plant.

He says his new engine has only nine moving parts, is only a third the size of a normal auto engine, yet develops 30 per cent more power, weighs 70 per cent less and will run on any liquid fuel. He expects it will last for over 200,000 miles.

An equally revolutionary claim

has been made by Felix Sebba, professor of physical chemistry at Witwatersrand University in South Africa. Sebba claims that by piping air and a chemical "soap" or detergent as a reagent into seawater, a scum will form which can yield hundreds of tons of aluminum in a day and smaller quantities of other metals, including uranium, copper, possibly gold.

ALONE

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— Curtis Fuller

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SELF-HYPNOSIS

Its Theory, Technique and Application

by MELVIN POWERS

Foreword by Dr. Jean Bordeaux

Let us keep these wondrous minds of ours open as we delve into the mysteries of self-hypnosis. The author, through patient years of studying hypnosis and self-hypnosis, has translated some of these potentialities into actualities; and wants the reader to know what he has discovered.

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Margaret Foos displays heavy blindfold, then shows that despite it she can match reversed letters on paper sheet with letters on "scrabble" pieces. UPI photos.

THE GIRL WHO SEES WITHOUT EYES

While securely blindfolded, this teen-age girl reads fine print, copies drawings and identifies colors.

By Stuart Allen and U. P. I.

SINCE MARGARET FOOS' appearance early in 1960 on the Art Linkletter *People Are Funny* television program, the True Sight Church in Los Angeles, Calif., founded by her father, William Foos, has been deluged with enquiries and requests for more information on her remarkable "gift".

Margaret, a pretty blond, perfectly normal teenager, who has just been graduated from high school and is about to enter college, remains unmoved by all the activity surrounding her and her accomplishments. To her, this is nothing new. The only difference is that her demonstration on television this year

was before an audience of millions, whereas in the past she has demonstrated for smaller groups numbering to more than a few hundred but usually consisting of about a dozen persons.

"I just carry out the demonstration, my father answers the questions from then on," she said.

What does Margaret Foos do and how does she do it?

According to her father and teacher, there is nothing to it. Any normal person can do it and there is no mystery. Margaret Foos simply is able to use her sharpened senses to a greater degree than most people. Through skilled training she has extended her senses, by no means to their maximum, but to the extent that she is able to see without the use of her eyes.

Until Margaret was 14 years old she grew up a perfectly normal girl in a small Virginia town where her father worked as foreman of a salvage warehouse for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co. She loved to fish, keep pets and ride horses. She was intelligent and strong-willed and, when her father became interested in E.S.P. and began experiments using other children, she showed no interest at all.

"I knew what Daddy was doing. I knew that he was experimenting with other children, through blindfold games, trying to find out if they could sharpen their senses of direction and perception. I used to watch his youth groups playing and testing each other and used to listen to Daddy's delight when any of them showed marked improvement and ability. But I never participated and had no desire at all to be a part of these activities. I just wanted to ride horses and keep my pets," said Margaret.

According to William Foos, it was not until late 1956, when she was beginning to take an interest in boys, that Margaret displayed any interest in what he was doing.

"By now my experiments were showing real progress and a certain young man in my group was exhibiting more than the normal ability to perceive while blindfolded. Margaret became interested in him and, as a result, her natural desire to participate in activities with him prompted her to join the group.

"Margaret and I always have enjoyed complete trust in each other. This trust I believe, accelerated Margaret's development of "true sight" once she decided to participate. Her complete belief in me and unquestioning confidence in whatever I told her was right plus her own personal desire to become proficient in developing her perceptive power certainly hastened her development and enabled her to accomplish feats considerably ahead of her fellow group members."

According to her father, Margaret's training took about 80 hours over a period of about three weeks, during which time he worked with her steadily, step by step developing her powers from being able to distinguish large and small objects and find their positions on a table, to being able to distinguish individual features of those objects, including texture and later—color.

"Margaret's rapid progress did not surprise me although I must admit that, when she finally achieved full sight while completely blindfolded, I felt very humble yet highly elated," her father said.

The moment of final achievement was not remarkable, according to William Foos, who has given up all other activities to research what he calls "extended sensory perception" and to train people in its application.

"We had reached a point in Margaret's training when she could see almost as plainly with her eyes covered as she could with them open and uncovered. Margaret was describing objects but remarked that, while she could distinguish everything, the whole conception seemed fuzzy—as though she were trying to see through smoke. I told her that, if it seemed smokey, she should just blow the smoke away. Physically, this is all she did."

"The moment I blew the smoke away, everything suddenly became crystal clear," added Margaret. "Since I blew away the smoke, being blindfolded no longer presents any problem to me. I can see, through 'true sight', as clearly as with my eyes wide open—color, texture, detail—everything is as though I were looking straight at it."

As further proof of this amazing ability, she placed numbers of thick wads on a thick, opaque bandage and covered her eyes to the complete satisfaction of this reporter. There was no doubt in my mind or that of the photographer that she could not possibly see either through the cover or out of the edges.

I then produced a copy of a local Los Angeles newspaper and turned to the lightly printed and heavily compacted want ad section. Opening at a page on which was a display ad in one part of the page I asked her what she saw. Without a moment's hesitation she not only began reading the advertisement but also described the layout and sizes of print. She did this so fast that, looking over her shoulder, I had to ask her to slow down in order to ascertain for myself that she was 100 percent correct. She read type so small that I could not read it without a closer look. To complete this test, she traced exactly an original line drawing in the ad and then copied this drawing onto

another piece of paper, at the same time apologizing for the unevenness of her drawing and the mistakes she made in certain proportions—a misjudgment anyone could make in copying another drawing.

While the page was still open, I asked her what was to the right of the display ad. Without a second's hesitation she began reading a standard, minute-type, want ad column at such a speed that, had she been able to see through the blindfold she could not possibly have been able to make out such small type characters with such immediate clarity.

For the benefit of the photographer, I asked her to read a word that I would then write on a page and then pick the letters from a pile of "scrabble" tablets and place those letters over the letters on the page. To further complicate matters, I placed the page facing out so that it was upside down to her. Since she knew no foreign words (previously ascertained) I wrote the word "cheval", which is French for "horse". Margaret did not know the word nor how to pronounce it but spelt it for me and pointed to each letter. Without knowing exactly where the pile of "scrabble" letters had been placed, she immediately placed her hand on the pile and began sorting out the letters. There was no doubt in my mind that she would be able to find each letter and place them on the page exactly as instructed and within two minutes she had completed the word.

Something else occurred during this operation which left no doubts as to her ability to perceive with phenomenal clarity.

When she picked up a letter "H", Margaret remarked that this particular letter might not show up for the photographer since it was not printed as black as the other letters. She said that it had been worn and that the pencilled lettering that had been done over it was not dark enough.

I asked if there was a pen handy to mark it more distinctly and she immediately handed me a red pen out of two that were on the table, then apologized for its color and offered the black pen.

At no time during these demonstrations was William Foos able to signal to her or direct her in any way.

"One man thought I had X-ray vision and insisted on making a special lead mask before I gave a demonstration. Of course, it made absolutely no difference to me once I put it on," said Margaret, who also expressed a certain boredom with the whole thing just as any skilled musician would if asked to repeatedly demonstrate his ability to people who could see for themselves yet were still unwilling to

believe the facts.

One group of doctors tested her "true sight" for many hours and then insisted on placing 11 layers of thick wadding over her eyes and taping them.

"That really made me mad, especially since one of them admitted to me that he believed in my ability beyond doubt but still wanted to see more," she said.

William Foos has demonstrated Margaret's ability throughout the United States in the past three years. She has appeared for long sessions before distinguished groups of serious minded persons in the fields of medicine, parapsychology, religion, psychic research, government and security.

"Reactions are mixed to say the least," Foos said. "In demonstrating before one prominent medical authority for a considerable time, the doctor turned to me after it was all over and made a statement I never thought I'd hear. He told me that he knew everything Margaret had done was completely authentic but that he refused to believe in it further. He said that, to delve into this field and to try to apply it would shake 40 years of established practice and study," recounted Foos.

Margaret changed considerably once her paroptic vision reached perfection. According to her loving parents, the maturing process became greatly accelerated and she was no longer a little girl but a competely self-confident young woman, secure in her belief that she now had something very important to show the world.

Since Margaret's ability is not a supernatural gift but the result of careful development of her senses by her father, his explanation is of interest.

"It seems that when most people get an urge to investigate E.S.P. they are reluctant to see what is in front of them and keep their heads in the clouds looking for something supernatural. The sooner it is realized that we are dealing with an extension of the biological man, the better will be our understanding of these abilities.

"Our research has borne out the fact that each of the senses can be extended and the function of physical mind can cause an ionization process of air at unlimited distances and thus can be felt and interpreted by other minds sensitive to these disturbances. Rather than call it *extra* sensory perception, we like to speak of it as *extended* sensory perception — the extending of our mind to cause a disturbance close to the mind."

William Foos stated that there is nothing new about what he is doing. Much research and practical study has been done in this field

in the last century and in the early part of this century by prominent people in many countries. While many medical groups perceive but prefer to ignore the work of William Foos and its possible application, there are many who attach great importance to his activities.

Dr. Michael Ash, a distinguished British specialist who is both a surgeon and a psychologist and has a prominent Harley Street practice, said, after describing one of Margaret's demonstrations, "I witnessed at close hand a feat of perception by a subject under Bill Foos' direction. She did not have the use of her eyes as this function was eliminated by effective blindfold so constructed that all light was excluded. She was as accurate in her perception without the use of her eyes as a normal subject with them. There was no possibility that this demonstration was a fake.

"There thus was demonstrated a means of perception recognized in medical circles as radiesthesia. This type of perception depends upon ionization of the air at critical distances around objects. The pattern of ionization can be used as a means of recognizing the detailed nature of the objects.

"This ability to perceive is latent in most normal subjects and can be elicited by training and by autosuggestion. In the case of the subject shown, contact of the blindfold was a signal that the subject associated with this ability be manifest and on removal of the blindfold the ability submerged again. This matter is worthy of serious scientific attention by experts in psychology, biology and physics and I would gladly undertake such investigation myself."

Further approval has come from many religious science groups who see evidence in Margaret's ability of many things they propose—especially that the mind can be developed.

"True sight is not mind reading, is not magic, is not supernatural and is not secret and I can teach it to anybody in person or by correspondence. I have had some wonderful results with subjects who never have made physical contact with me. Once they have received my method, the development begins and results like reading books and playing checkers can readily be achieved," said William Foos, who claims that the foundation of his knowledge came straight from the Bible and a desire to understand many of the facts it advocates.

Dr. Louis Allen Seltzer, prominent biologist of Los Angeles, stated publicly after watching Margaret Foos, "In my opinion this demonstration of 'true sight' is the only authentic scientific demonstration

of E.S.P. It can be demonstrated in 100% of trial experiments; whereas any demonstration of E.S.P. out of Duke University has been a small insignificant percentage increase."

And what of Margaret Foos?

She is getting ready to enter college and study psychology. She still keeps her pets, including a small boa constrictor, and will continue to demonstrate her "true sight" with the hope that others may benefit by what her father has been able to achieve with her.

Echoing her father, she said, "We have only scratched the surface in developing our senses. The possibilities of applying what I can do are enormous. The challenge is stimulating and we have all dedicated ourselves to that end."

THE QUEEN BEE'S FEMALE WEAPON

ACCORDING to a report in the international technical journal, *Nature*, a queen bee guarantees that she is the only true female in her hive-world, despite the presence of tens of thousands of potential rivals, because she possesses a female chemical weapon of awesome potency.

The bee chemical was separated from the complex personal chemistry of queen bees by a team of chemists led by C. G. Butler, an English bee scientist. Their findings are believed to indicate that the much-admired "instincts" of bees, which have been thought to be the basis of the most perfectly regulated social order in nature, are nothing more than a series of interlocking and automatic responses of a chemical nature.

The queen bee may have as subjects as many as a hundred thousand workers, all of them female—the males, a few hundred in number, having no importance beyond their biological function. She maintains control over all with a potent chemical which she makes in her mandibular glands and secretes. The other bees, receiving it from her, are kept from becoming functioning females by developing egg-laying organs. This chemical, which appears to be an unsaturated carboxylic acid related chemically to the decenoic acid which seems to be the working part of royal jelly, also was found to prevent dissatisfaction and rebellion among the workers.

Why I BELIEVE in a LIFE BEYOND

From THE WILL TO BELIEVE, by Marcus Bach, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Copyright 1955 by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

The ectoplasm took on the form of a girl. She said she was my sister who had died 20 years ago.

By Marcus Bach

I AM CONTINUALLY being asked, "Did you really talk with your sister who has been dead for 20 years?"

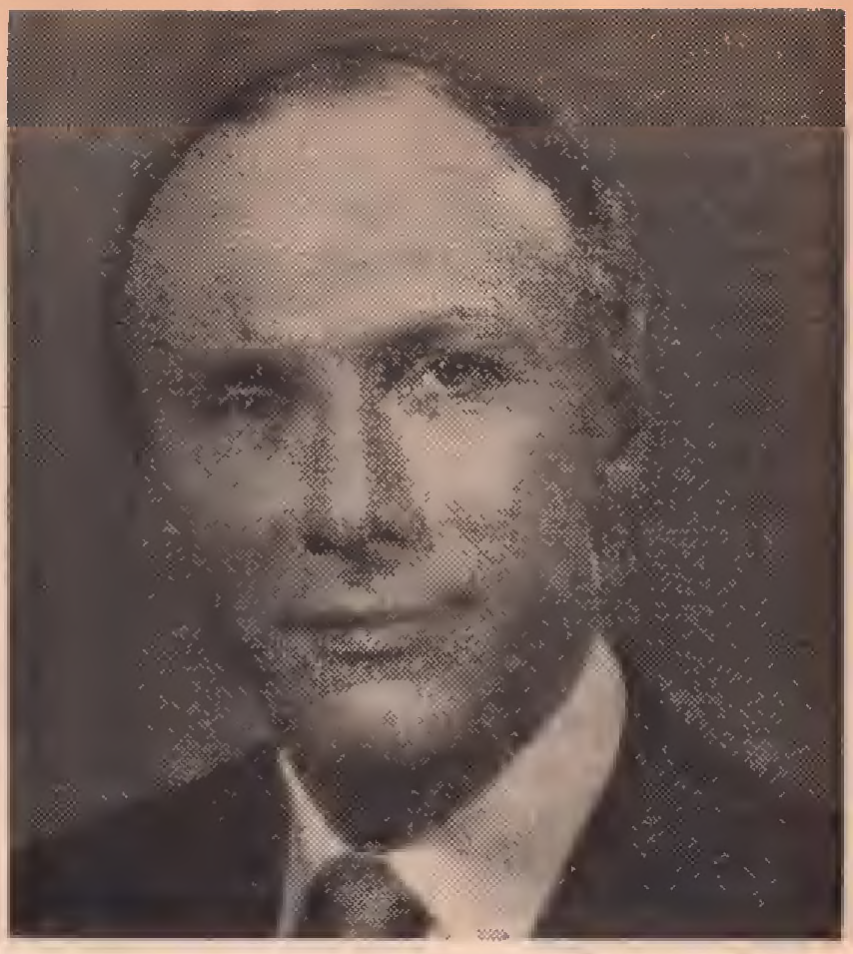
The question has been put to me with every possible inflection ever since the story was publicized several years ago, (in *They Have Found A Faith* by Marcus Bach, 1946, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.) and the desire to know exactly what happened is an indication of the deep-seated human curiosity about life after death.

In fact, the reason more people go to church at Easter than at any other time of the year is for this very reason: the allurement of the unknown and the instinctive desire to learn what lies beyond. The wish to solve the riddle is universal. Job put it into a phrase and we are still asking it, "If a man die shall he live again?"

I took a poll in one of my university classes, inquiring of the 150 students how many of them had an active interest in or a curiosity about life after death. Every hand went up. Then I asked how many believed in life after death. I was due for a shock. Only 60 per cent were willing to say they did. I respected their candor.

These young people are decidedly more honest and outspoken in their views than I was at their age. For at that time in my life I was held in awe by ecclesiastical pronouncements and restrained by a symbolism of language, the meaning of which I did not comprehend, but to which I subscribed because the minister said I had to. The language may have had meaning for him. It had none for me.

Not so with students today. So when I asked them how many were convinced that there was something in life—the soul, the spirit,



Dr. Marcus Bach is a professor in the School of Religion of the State University of Iowa. A noted theologian, he has won wide acclaim as a brilliant lecturer. He is the author of eight popular books, among them "Strange Altars," "God and the Soviets" and "Adventures in Faith."

the psyche, the life essence, the ego, the "God stuff"—that would live on after death, only 60 per cent said they believed. But even the "doubting 40 per cent" said to me, "Now about that sister business. Was there really something to it or was it a trick?"

The incident in question happened in a spiritualistic seance. I am not a spiritualist. I never intend to become one. I am not even a spiritualistic enthusiast. On the contrary, I think that some 97 per cent of what I have seen in "spiritualism" is hokus-pokus or self-delusion or mind-reading or chance or something that can or ought to be rather easily explained by any accredited member of the magicians' organization, the Linking Ring. But I am frank to say that after I have explained the 97 per cent, the residuum of three per cent has me baffled—and the "sister seance" belongs in the three per cent.

It happened at Chesterfield, Ind., where spiritualistic conventions are held every summer and where investigators have maintained that phenomena occur for which there is no known law. I was frankly skeptical and after several days on the grounds had the feeling that in most

cases the mediums played majestically upon my mental susceptibilities, leaving me quite as unconvinced as other mediums had during my years of seance sitting across the country.

There came a day, an early autumn afternoon, when I sat with three other men and three women in the basement room of a cottage for a materializing demonstration under the mediumship of one Fanchion Harwood. On this occasion I had permission to examine the room. We had entered by the outside cellar stairs. The door through which we had come was now locked. There was another door in the opposite corner of the room leading into another part of the basement. This was also locked. The walls were solid and so was the floor. The casement windows, locked, were covered by venetian blinds over which black velvet curtains had been drawn. The room was vividly lighted.

A black curtain was suspended in cyclorama fashion from one of the walls to create an enclosure some four feet in diameter and six feet high. This formed what mediums call the "cabinet." I pulled aside the curtain. There was a chair here with its back to the basement wall, and when I asked about this I was given the usual explanation.

"It is here that the materializing medium sits," said the woman whom I will call the "cabinet woman," Mrs. Harwood's assistant. "The cabinet shields the medium during the time the ectoplasmic force which builds the spirit forms is generated and assembled. This ectoplasm exudes from the medium's mouth and body in the nature of a gauzy, foggy, smoke-like substance from which spirits are formed by the spirit chemists."

"What about the lights?" I inquired.

"The bright lights will be turned off. Ectoplasm, with its quality of luminosity, shows up best in the dark or in semi-darkness. The seance will take place in a red light that will not detract from the materialized forms, and will be bright enough for you to discern one another all the while and to see me standing near the cabinet."

All of which sounded to me like the old routine.

Now there was a rap at the door and Mrs. Harwood was admitted. The door was then relocked.

Mrs. Harwood had been described as one who "wouldn't put anything over on you for the world," and that was exactly the impression this gentle and cordial middle-aged woman gave me. She greeted us warmly and then, in a businesslike manner, stepped inside the "cabinet." Two of the women satisfied themselves that our medium had concealed nothing with which to perpetrate a hoax and, this done, the assistant took her place beside

the drawn curtain. Mrs. Harwood now, so we were told, was going into a trance and we were requested to be in a reverent frame of mind.

"I have these requests," said the cabinet woman. "Be sincere. Please do not speak among yourselves. If a spirit appears and indicates it wants to talk to you, if it calls you by name or motions to you to come, get up and speak to it. I only ask that you will please not touch the spirits."

"Why shouldn't we touch them?" I asked.

"There is a connection between the spirits and the medium. When you touch the spirit you are really touching the medium and disturbing the conditions of the trance. When Jesus appeared to Mary in the garden after His resurrection He said, 'Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.' "

I had further questions but kept them to myself. For I must admit that I have always been of the opinion that the success of a seance depends as much on those who form the "circle" as it does upon the medium. By this I mean that if there is "something to" spirit communication, it must surely be a highly sensitized technique. I have always been all for cooperating, but have also tried to be on guard against trickery or deception or whatever might be hidden under the term "psychical demonstration."

So the assistant turned out the bright lights and gave the room over to the deep red glow of a gelatin-covered spotlight fixed to the wall directly over my shoulder. At my right sat a doctor of medicine from Texas, at my left a New York publisher of psychical literature. The others in our group of seven sat with us in a semi-circle, the room having sufficient light for them to be discernible to me at all times.

After a few moments of silent waiting, the cabinet woman suggested that we sing a song. Someone started, "I heard the voice of Jesus say." We sang one verse and were about to begin another when a childlike voice spoke.

"How are you, everyone?" it asked. "I am Twilight."

At this everyone responded, "Hello, Twilight. How are you?"

"I'm just fine," said Twilight.

She was chatty. "I think this will be a good seance," she babbled. "Oh, a very good seance, I think for sure. It is a good circle. Oh, it's a good day for a seance. Nice and sunny. Atmospheric conditions have a lot to do with seances. When the atmosphere is heavy, it is hard for the spirits to manifest. Materialization is hard then. Oh, yes it is. And we must have materializations! We just must have! All religions must have phenomen—how do you say it?"

Twilight giggled and I was annoyed, sure that this would be just another one of those things. Evidently Mrs. Harwood was a ventriloquist and this would merely be a duplication of what I had heard many times in many places.

Then a light flickered near the floor, a few feet from the cabinet and close to where the assistant stood. It was a luminous glow that came suddenly, tarried a moment, and faded slowly away. Twlight's chatter continued as the light loomed again. This time it mounted bright and shimmering and out of its smoky vortex a form began to appear. Something like shoulders. then a face was resolved as the luminescent stuff swirled into bodily form. Then a voice called one of the women in our circle by her first name. The woman got up, took a few steps, and said to the materialized form, "Yes, Mother?"

"How are you?" the "spirit" asked in a low whisper.

"I'm fine. Why didn't you bring Father with you?"

A man's voice said, "She did." And hovering suddenly beside the figure of the little old woman was the figure of a man. Then a third figure appeared, that of a young boy who whispered, "Mother, do you remember the walks we used to take?"

Mother said, "I surely do.'

"Then," said the boy, "let's take one now!"

With this he took his mother's arm and promenaded across the room, so close to me that I pulled back my feet. Throughout all this Twilight interspersed her childish chatter, and there were whispers from the materialized forms, together with laughter, low and pleased.

I drew my attention from this "out-of-this-world" demonstration to analyze the possibilities of deception and fraud. The room, to which my eyes had become accustomed, was sufficiently lighted for me to see that there were no tricks which any reasonable member of a magicians' brotherhood would obviously discover. There was something different and unusual about this seance and, for the moment at least, deception was ruled out.

Once when the three figures brushed by, a voice cautioned, "It is getting very bright."

At this the cabinet woman came over and put another thin sheet of gelatin over the spotlight behind my shoulder.

I was making mental notations of all that was happening—the hovering, swaying motion of the "spirits," the rhythm of life, in keeping with which was the rise and fall of the whispered voices, the suspended, throbbing motion

of the moving figures. I watched and said to myself, "Now, let's figure this out." But I had come to no conclusion when, at the end of an hour, numerous "spirits" had materialized and dematerialized and most of the sitters in our circle had been called up. Nothing had happened to me.

Then the swirling ectoplasmic stuff rose from the floor to take on the form of a girl. And as she grew, she spoke in a whisper:

"Marc, dear . . . Marc, dear."

I got up and walked toward her until we were some four feet apart.

I asked, "Who are you?"

"Don't you know me?"

"No, I don't know you. Who are you?"

She said, "Paula."

Some 20 years ago my sister Paula had died at the age of 23. Her child, Janette, had died shortly before her own passing. These deaths had been among the deep sorrows in our family, but time and travel had reduced them into forgetfulness. I had to confess that no medium or spirit or mind reader had plucked this name out of my mind because I had not once thought about Paula during this seance. I had, instead, been thinking about a friend of mine, a young man who had been killed not long before in a plane crash.

"How do I look?" the figure asked.

"You look fine," I replied.

The outline of the form and features resembled Paula, as I remembered her, sufficiently to make her recognizable at least. But then, the mind plays tricks and I am sure that her mention of other relatives who had died—and who sent "greetings"—helped more than this to draw me into a web of belief and credulity. The materialized form was like a "false front," a flat, two-dimensional body with a semblance of arms, clothed in a shadowy gray-white film. The face was typically mask-like. Paula used to wear her hair "page-boy style," and that is what the contour of this materialized "hair" was like. I would not be able to say whether the whispered voice resembled Paula's or not. I could not remember.

But this is what flashed through my mind. Could it have been possible for someone at Chesterfield —I had been there about a week —to have done some quick research on my family, and through a well-laid system of espionage to have come up with the facts about Paula's death and also Paula's description? It could be, though at three dollars for the seance someone was probably losing money!

But, let's say they did go to this trouble and get the facts; then what I saw before me must

be a puppet, voiced by a ventriloquist and manipulated in a most clever fashion. So the thing for me to do would be to reach out and touch this figure and find out for myself what this ectoplasmic stuff was really like.

I moved closer. I stepped slightly to one side so that the red light would strike Paula's face more directly. We were about three feet apart. She was talking about life in the spirit world and asked whether I had any questions. I had many: Have you seen Jesus? What is heaven like? How do you measure time? Can you be everywhere at once? What are the first experiences of a soul after death?

She had answers. "No one has seen Jesus. He is in the philosophers' heaven.

"Heaven is like thought that is made alive.

"I do not think about time.

"Thought can be everywhere at once.

"Death is like waking from a sleep. If the death is violent, the awaking is troubled. If death is quiet, the awaking is quiet. It is like that."

Then a thought came to me. "Paula," I said, "do you remember the catechism we kids learned at home?"

"Of course."

"What is the first question in that catechism?"

The answer came at once. "'What is your chief comfort in life and in death?'"

"Go on," I urged.

"'That I, with body and soul, both in life and in death am not my own . . .'" She interrupted herself to say, "Here where we are the words have a greater meaning."

Then quickly, breathlessly, she assured me that serving God means personal development. Death, she insisted, was not a violent result of sin. It had no sting. It was neither friend nor enemy. It was simply part of life, part of the divine purpose, and whoever tried to solve that purpose would find it had no beginning and no end. Several times she asked anxiously, "Do you understand? Is that clear?"

The whispering grew fainter. "I can stay no longer. I must go now."

"Paula," I urged, "one more thing. Will you put your arms around me?"

She said, "I'll give you a kiss. Come close."

"You come close." I said. I wanted her to come nearer the red light. She did. Her face was luminous, seemingly transparent, and without depth.

I leaned forward and lowered my head. Something like arms went around my neck. Something soft and flaxen brushed my forehead; it was only a slight sensation, al-

most physically unfelt. Then Paula or whatever it was de-materialized into the floor and disappeared.

I walked back to my chair and sat down.

"Was that all right?" Twilight was asking. "What do you think?"

I did not reply.

I did not know what to think.

The doctor leaned over and whispered, "What do you make of it?"

I had no answer.

We waited until the bright lights were turned on and the cabinet woman called to Mrs. Harwood, "Are you all right?" There was a stirring inside the curtain and in a moment the medium appeared. Either by design or circumstances, she gave the impression of being completely exhausted. I shook hands with her and told her frankly that this particular seance had aspects which could not be easily explained or quickly dismissed.

She agreed.

LEGEND OF THE SISKIYOU RAIN ROCK

RESIDENTS of Ft. Jones, Siskiyou County, Calif., reportedly believe that some five inches of snow fell throughout Siskiyou County in December, 1959, because they uncovered their famous Indian rain rock.

The rain rock is of soapstone and weighs two tons. Uncovering the rock, it is said, will produce rain or snow. Covering it will cause the weather to turn dry. Beating the rock during a severe drouth will cause a flood. The rock is so efficacious, it is said, that its magical powers must be used sparingly.

A county road crew working near Gottville on the Klamath River, found the rock in 1947. Dick Pepper, a leader in the Karoc Indian tribe, was questioned about the more than 40 holes ground into the top of the rock. He warned the crewmen to keep the rock covered or it would rain and snow all summer. The rock, he said, had been buried by tribesmen several generations previously after abuse of its magical properties had caused a disastrous flood on the Klamath River.

According to Pepper, Indians and forest animals pounded on the rock when in desperate need of water. This left the many holes and scratches now visible on the rock. Once rain fell, Pepper said, the Indians often had difficulty stopping it. He claimed the only way of ending a downpour was by completely covering the rock with mud.

FRANK EDWARDS' REPORT

Official U.S. Air Force policy is to pretend that UFO's do not exist or are not important. Yet here is the detailed account of an amazing official directive in which the—



AIR FORCE WARNS FLYING SAUCERS NO JOKE

ONE REVEALING press release from a source which could not be dismissed or ridiculed has at last created the long awaited crack in the Air Force policy of Unidentified Flying Objects.

Vice Admiral Robert Hillenkoetter, U.S.N., Retired, was formerly head of the nation's Central Intelligence Agency where he was in a position that gave him access to the flow of top secrets, including those dealing with the world wide scope of "flying saucer" activities. Now, as chairman of the board of NICAP, privately financed organization devoted to UFO research, he jarred the Air Force with a press release which made headlines all over the world.

His statement hit the newswires late in February. It pointed out that the Air Force followed a policy of pretending that the Unidentified Flying Objects were either unimportant or non-existent, while in reality they regarded the UFO's as a very serious matter. To support his contention, Admiral Hillenkoetter sent with his statement to the press photostatic copies of an official Air Force release, issued to all Air Force Commands

on December 24, 1959, by Major General Richard E. O'Keefe, Acting Inspector General.

It was a warning to treat sightings of UFO's as "serious business." It stated: "Investigations and analysis of U.F.O.'s are directly related to the Air Force's responsibility for the defense of the United States."

The AF directive continues:

"Unidentified flying objects—sometimes treated lightly by the press and referred to as "flying saucers'—must be rapidly and accurately identified as serious USAF business—

"Air Force concern with these sightings is three fold. First of all, is the object a threat to the defense of the United States? Secondly, does it contribute to technical or scientific knowledge? Thirdly, there is the question of how to explain the sightings to the public."

In conclusion, Inspector General O'Keefe predicted that *U.F.O. sightings will increase, along with an increase in public apprehension.*

Admiral Hillenkoetter added in his press statement that copies of the Inspector General's revealing order had been sent to the Senate Space Committee by NICAP. Said the Admiral: "It is time for the truth to be brought out in open Congressional hearings!"

That statement and the supporting photostatic evidence was released to the press in Washington on the late afternoon of February 27, 1960. It appeared in headline form on the front pages of U.S. newspapers on the following day, and by Monday it was being picked up and reprinted in foreign nations.

The Air Force policy of ridiculing the UFO's was confronted by the most serious onslaught to date. It could not reply with the customary snide dismissal it had accorded to most such assaults; Admiral Hillenkoetter's eminence precluded that sort of treatment.

The official comment, issued after the press wires had been kept waiting for hours, admitted that the order had been issued when and as Admiral Hillenkoetter had asserted. But the Air Force tactics then became clear—they were going to rely on the oblique retreat. Unable to ridicule the gentleman who made the attack they would minimize the attack itself by disqualifying the ammunition.

The Air Force confirmed that it had indeed issued the order to which Admiral Hillenkoetter referred, but explained that the order was part of a seven page regulation—"updating similar orders issued in the past" which made no substantive changes in policy "but which are rewritten, as a matter of course."

UFO'S SERIOUS BUSINESS

Unidentified flying objects - sometimes treatsd lightly by ths press and referred to as "flying saucers" - must be rapidly and accurately identified as serious USAF business in the ZI. As AFR 200-2 points out, the Air Force concern with these sightings is threefold: First of all, is the object a threat to the defense of the U.S.? Secondly, does it contribute to technical or scientific knowledge? And then there's the inherent USAF responsibility to explain to the American people through public-information media what is going on in their skies.

The phenonoma or actual objects comprising UFO's will tend to increase, with the public more aware of goings on in space but still inclined to some apprehension. Technical and defense considerations will continus to exist in this era.

Published about three months ago, AFR 200-2 outlines necessary orderly, qualified reporting as well as public-informstion procedures. This is where the base should stand today, with practices judged at least satisfactory by commander and inspector:

- Responsibility for handling UFO's should rest with either intelligence, operations, the Provost Marshal or the Information Officer - in that order of preferencs, dictated by limits of the basa organization;
- A apecific officer should be dssignated as reaponsible;
- He should have experience in investigativs techniques and also, if possible, scientific or technical background;
- He should havs authority to obtain the assistancs of specialists on the bass;
- He should bs equipped with binoculars, camera, Geiger countsr, magnifying glass and havs a sourcs for containers in which to store samples.

What is required is that every UFO sighting be investigsted and reported to the Air Technical Intelligence Center at Wright-Patterson AFB and that explanation to the public be realistic and knowledgeable. Normally that explanation will be made only by the OSAF Information Office. It all adds up to psrt of the job of bsing axperts in our own domain.

Officiol Air Force directive wos issued to oll Air Force Commonds on December 24, 1959. It wos made public by Vice Admirol Robert Hillenkoetter, U.S.N., Retired, former heod of Central Intelligence Agency, who said it contradicts Air Force policy on UFO's.

Having thus seemingly reduced the document to a mere routine publication the Air Force then produced its spray job—the same one which has served it so well in the past. It told the wires services that it has investigated more than 6000 UFO reports since 1947, including 183 during the last six months of 1959 and added: "No physical or material evidence—not even a minute fragment of a so-called flying saucer—has ever been found.

The Air Force statement was evidently conceived in haste and issued in confusion. For, repeatedly during the four years since the

formation of NICAP, the Air Force has denied that it attaches any importance to the reported existence of Unidentified Flying Objects. Instead, it has issued statements dismissing them as non-existent and their observers as misguided souls who would do well not to expose their ignorance.

But in the *explanation* issued in conjunction with Admiral Hillenkoetter's charges, the Air Force now made some very important admissions: First, that it *had* indeed issued the order exactly as Hillenkoetter had stated. Secondly, that it *had issued substantially the same order before.*

Therefore, the warning in those orders was not *new* evidence of Air Force concern, but merely *restated* evidence of concern over the menace of Unidentified Flying Objects. The Air Force, in a moment of discomfiture insisted they had issued similar and previous warnings.

The Air Force seemingly dismissed Admiral Hillenkoetter's demand for open Congresssional hearings "to bring out the truth" by repeating its tired old claim that it has searched long and diligently and found nothing.

Long and diligently? Without finding "even a fragment of a so-called flying saucer?"

This statement is fully as valid as the official claim that the Air Force attaches no importance to UFO's.

It is a statement that is convincing only to those who do not know that the government of Brazil, in September, 1953, sent to the United States Air Force, at USAF request, several ounces of metal which had, according to the official Brazilian report, dribbled from a UFO over the city of Campinas, Brazil, in full view of hundreds of witnesses. The molten metal was collected by police and military units, from roof tops, gardens, streets and sidewalks where it had spattered.

This was physical evidence from an unidentified flying object. It was divided between the Brazilian government and the United States Air Force for analysis.

Now this may not be known to the press section of the Air Force but it is most assuredly known to the top brass and it was a matter of common knowledge in Brazil where it was the subject of an official press conference and widely reported in the newspapers—in South America.

This same order to which Admiral Hillenkoetter refers also advises investigating officers, when assigned to UFO work, to "be equipped with Geiger counters, cameras, binoculars and containers for any UFO material secured."

They aren't real, boys, but be

sure to bring back the pieces!

* * *

SCARCELY HAD the tremors from the Hillenkoetter statement subsided before, from Alamogordo, N. M., on March 12, the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization "APRO" announced that it possessed some physical evidence of the reality of flying saucers and invited the Air Force to examine that evidence. APRO, a civilian group of UFO researchers headed by Mrs. Coral Lorenzen, told newsmen: "The most advanced laboratory tests, including spectroanalysis, indicate that this material could not have been produced by any known process on earth. It is a small portion of an extra-terrestrial vehicle which exploded in the earth's atmosphere in the presence of human witnesses."

The APRO director added that the material had been studied privately by various scientists, including astronomers and space-missile experts, members of APRO.

Mrs. Lorenzen further stated that, "the gratifying aspect of this case, however, is that we do not have to depend on the testimony of witnesses to establish the reality of this incident for the most advanced laboratory tests indicate that the residual material could not have been produced through the application of any known terrestrial techniques."

APRO offered the material in its possession to the Air Force for analysis—and the Air Force made qualified acceptance. It replied that it would accept the material and would analyze it—but only under the Air Force terms and conditions! That meant, as APRO realized, that the material would be dealt with behind the curtain of censorship at Air Technical Intelligence Center in Dayton, O. APRO would not be permitted to participate, nor even to have an observer present!

APRO could smell Operation Hogwash from Dayton to Alamogordo. To turn the material over to the Air Force for whatever results they might care to divulge later would have been asinine, of course, and APRO declined. The Air Force proposal leads to the assumption that it did not want the material to remain in APRO's possession, possibly because it already had similar material from the same incident and probably because it already had analyzed this material so that there was nothing to gain by accepting the APRO offer on any terms.

The APRO proposal was more sensational than Admiral Hillenkoetter's disclosures but received considerably less news coverage because of a tactical error in its presentation. APRO directed its release to Major Lawrence Thack-

er, currently Public Relations Officer for the Air Force, who is unable to make a decision involving a policy matter of such magnitude. This fact was evidently not known to the APRO director at the time of the release.

The group in charge of APRO (see FATE, January, 1959) has for years labored carefully and conscientiously to force a break through in the curtain of deception which has been woven around the UFO's. Through their monthly publication they have built a wide organization of credible contributors and this has paid off in excellent coverage of the UFO activities in South America. Thus it was that APRO first broke the story of the UFO that spilled molten metal over Campinas, Brazil in 1953. Later it was through the assistance of some eminent Brazilians that APRO secured the fragment which they offered for analysis to the Air Force in March of this year.

It is a piece of metal smaller than a quarter, one of thousands which showered down one day in 1957 when a silvery, disc-shaped UFO exploded offshore along a Brazilian beach, in full view of several competent witnesses. They report that the thing came toward the beach in a shallow dive, as though it might be trying to land. Suddenly, shortly before reaching the beach, it zoomed upward and exploded. Most of the debris rained into the ocean, but some of it was scattered along the beach. It was one of those fragments which APRO offered to the Air Force. The metal, so I am told, is pure magnesium about 3/8ths of an inch thick. Under high magnification, APRO's director tells me, the strain of the explosion is visible in the structure of the metal.

The Air Force side-stepped Hillenkoetter and countered the APRO offer with a proposal which was tantamount to rejection. But the publicity given the two challenges included headlines of the type which the Air Force long has sought to squelch. The two experiences left the Air Force in the position of having lost face. The long, hard battle to expose the fallacy of the Air Force position on UFOs had made progress.

* * *

THEN CAME the third blow, further widening the breach in the wobbling wall of censorship.

On September 24, 1959, Robert Dickerson of the Redmond, Ore., city police was driving along the highway when he noticed a strange, multi-colored bright light descending swiftly toward the Air Traffic Communication Station. At an altitude of only a few hundred feet the thing hovered for several minutes.

As Officer Dickerson drove slowly toward it the light changed color to a bright orange and moved rapidly to the northeast of the station. The station located the thing at 10 miles distant and at 3000 feet.

It then was reported to Seattle Air Route Control Center, while Redmond station continued to observe it. The object maintained a steady position, projecting long tongues of orange, yellow and green light or fire from its underside. These colored tongues of light varied in length and retracted at times.

The station says that when a high speed aircraft approached from the southeast the object was seen to be mushroom shaped. And it shot long red and yellow streamers from underneath as it rose rapidly and vanished above clouds at 14,000 feet. Twenty minutes later the UFO reappeared 20 miles south of Redmond at 25,000 feet altitude. Seattle Air Route Control Center was advised that the UFO was still 25 miles south of Redmond three hours after Officer Dickerson had first reported its presence. At time of the last report from Redmond station the thing was at altitudes varying from 6,000 to 52,000 feet.

The Air Route Traffic Control Center at Seattle reports that in addition to receiving the information noted above from Redmond it also received a report from Klamath Falls OCI radar station that the same object was being observed there. Seattle notified Hamilton Air Force Base that the UFO was in the area and F-102 jets scrambled to intercept.

Unless the highly trained employees of those various air traffic centers are all mental cases, subject to fantasies and hallucinations, it seems probable that they saw exactly what they were reporting and recording: Some sort of disc-shaped object with a shallow dome, glowing incandescently, capable of hovering, spewing forth varying streams of colored flame and able to streak up to 50,000 feet altitude in seconds when called upon to do so in order to elude interceptors.

When Richard Hall, secretary of NICAP, asked the Air Force for its conclusions on this Redmond, Ore., sighting, three months after the event, Major Lawrence Thacker, Air Force PIO furnished the following reply:

"The Portland, Ore., UFO sighting of 24 September, 1959, is carried on the records of Air Technical Intelligence Center as "insufficient information." The ATIC account of the sighting fails to reveal any evidence of radar tracking or any success of the attempted intercept. It is the ATIC opin-

ion that this object was probably a balloon as evidenced by its relatively long period in the area (more than an hour, and the fact that unless equipped with reflectors balloons are not good radar reflectors. The average direction and strength of the wind at the time was south at 15 knots."

Under the censorship regulations imposed on those who issue public statements for the Air Force on this subject, the gentleman who wrote that letter could not have identified the Redmond UFO as anything except some conventional object, however ridiculous that identification might appear. It requires only a modicum of intelligence to realize that balloons do not send forth clearly visible streams of fire; they do not bob up and down from a couple of thousand feet to 50,000 feet, only to change course and sweep back down to their former low altitude. Thacker refers to the lack of success of the attempted intercept. This nation has fallen upon evil days if our jet intercepters are unable to intercept such cumbersome targets as balloons. If that is true, as he claims, then we are sitting ducks for any nation that wants to come and get us. Or, as seems more likely, Major Thacker was weaving another tangled web of deception—clumsily and unconvincingly!

He says: "The ATIC account of the sighting fails to reveal any evidence of radar tracking—"

If he is quoting the ATIC account correctly then the ATIC is doing a monumentally poor job of investigating such cases. For the official records of both the Redmond Communication Station and the Air Traffic Control Center in Seattle specifically refer to their radar contact with the UFO and of their radar measurements of its height and position as it moved about.

* * *

BY its own admission, the Air Force has repeatedly warned its various commands that the "flying saucers" are no hoax—that they constitute some sort of menace to this nation.

The same Air Force repeatedly has assured the American public that the so-called flying saucers are non-existent, largely figments of distorted minds.

Two such conflicting views cannot well come *honestly* from the same source.

If the Air Force is to persist in its claims that the UFO's are nonexistent then it can convince us by opening its investigation files to the public, something it repeatedly has refused to do in the past.

If, as the Air Force is telling its own personnel, the UFO's constitute a menace to the security of

this nation, then the people of this nation have every right to be told what that menace consists of —and the Air Force has the obligation to tell them, without further delay or equivocation.

AN AUSTRALIA-ANTARCTICA LINK?

MAGNETIC rocks discovered in Antarctica by a research team from New Zealand may be one of the most significant discoveries in recent years, according to a report by Dr. C. B. B. Bull, the team leader. Dr. Bull believes that the rocks may add another link in the chain of evidence indicating that Australia once was joined to the Antarctic continent.

A VARIED DIET

BONGO, a five-ton African hippopotamus, died recently at the Washington Zoo after 45 years in captivity. Zoo officials said that the following articles were found in the stomach of the hippopotamus: a man's pocketbook, a lipstick, a 25-caliber bullet, street car tokens, valve caps, nuts, bolts, screws, wire, several shell casings, about $2.50 in coins and half a bushel of stones. Bongo died as the result of a foot infection.

THE "GHOST" IN THE PHOTO

By Beverly Harris

IN HIS autobiography, the eminent educator, William Lyon Phelps, recalled a curious experience. He and his wife were touring Europe and one of their stops was at the Winchester house where Jane Austen, the noted English novelist, died in 1817. Mr. Phelps asked his wife to take a picture of the front of the house. She pointed her camera at the front door, which was closed. There was no one in front of it or nearby.

But the developed photograph showed a woman dressed in black standing near the door.

Professor Phelps had no explanation whatever for this, and he and his wife decided to call the unknown the ghost of Jane Austen. They carefully specified that the picture was taken on a clear day when every corner of the porch and of the front door could be seen distinctly and that absolutely nobody was there; nevertheless, the woman appears in the developed picture.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will poy $5 for eoch True Experience published. Stories should be less thon 300 words ond typed (double-spoced) on one side of the poper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Mogozine, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evonston, Ill. They must be signed by outhor ond the outhor's oddress must be given. Monuscripts will not be returned unless occomponied by o stomped, self-oddressed return envelope.

NEAR-FATAL WATER LILY

By Louise Mothoe

DO YOU BELIEVE in guardian angels? I do and I'll tell you why.

When I was a little girl, about 55 years ago, three blocks from where we lived there was a slough of quicksand. Anything unfortunate enough to wander into it was sucked down into a watery grave. This slough had a thick green scum covering it and just a few weeks after my own experience a neighbor's cow mistook that lush-looking green for the real thing and went down and never came up again. Many were the admonitions I heard to stay away from that evil spot!

One Sunday afternoon, being a little early for Sunday School, I wandered past the slough to a friend's house, but as she wasn't ready to go yet I decided to go back home alone. On the way back I spied the whitest, most beautiful water lily imaginable.

Forgotten were all the warnings and admonitions I had ever heard.

The water lily seemed to grow very close to the edge of the slough, so close that I would have no trouble at all reaching it—or so I thought. But, when I reached for it, it was farther away than I expected and I went in and down, down, down—until I was in the water up to my shoulders. Vaguely I wondered what would happen when the water reached my mouth.



LOUISE MATHAE

Then the sweetest music began ringing in my ears. And it happened! A strong hand grasped the back of my dress and I was slung, literally slung onto the dusty road 10 feet away from the slough.

Unhurt but badly shaken, I still had the curiosity to look around to see who had rescued me. There wasn't a soul in sight, not an animal, and not a sound to mar the S a b b a t h stillness. —*Lewistown, Mont.*

TELEPATHY, CLAIRVOYANCE, OR TELEPORTATION?

By Hank Evans

In the small town of Clive, New Zealand, it was 4:00 A.M., September 11, 1943. My mother awoke suddenly, trembling and physically ill from the horror of the vivid nightmare she had just experienced.

"It's Henry," she sobbed, as she woke my father. "His ship has been sunk and almost everyone has been killed. Henry and some other men are struggling to keep afloat in the burning oil on the water. Enemy planes are swooping down and machine-gunning them."

"Now, honey," Father soothed. "It was only a dream. They always seem real. You've been worrying too much about Henry recently and your subconscious has magnified your fears until they are out of proportion with reality."

But my mother could not be convinced. The following morning she cabled me asking for an immediate reply.

Her cable, on its way to me, passed mine, on its way to her. "Ship sunk. Do not worry. I am safe and uninjured. Love. Henry," mine read.

Of course, I never dreamed of telling her of the terrible loss of life, of seeing so many of my shipmates claw pitifully at their grotesquely burned faces and hairless heads before the water rushed into their lungs or enemy bullets riddled their bodies.

At the time of this catastrophe I was on loan from the New Zealand Navy to the British Navy and was serving aboard the British ship H.M.S. Abdiel. Some three hours after H.M.S. Abdiel was sunk the survivors were picked up by the battleship H.M.S. King George V and transported to Valletta, Malta.

It was not until I returned to my parents' home at 35 Te Aute Road, Clive, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, that I learned my mother had lived through the whole ghastly experience with me.

And not until then did I realize that 4:00 A.M. September 11 in New Zealand is exactly the same as 5:00 P.M. September 10 off the coast of the Island of Corsica—the very time and place my ship

was sunk.—*La Habra, Calif.*

WHO'S GOT THE GLASSES?

By Gladys Adams

ON JULY 13, 1947, my husband called from the back porch door, "Have you seen my glasses?"

I had heard him rummaging from room to room above the sounds of my washing machine, but I had no idea what he was hunting for. I looked up and shook my head.

"I'll go back to the office for another look," he said, and walked out of the door.

I stopped my wringer and ran to the door to call after him, "If you don't find them there come back. I can find them for you."

About 45 minutes later he was back to say, "OK, where are they?"

I shut off the washer and dried my hands. "I don't know," I said, "but I can find them. Let's go."

"Where to?"

"Drive to the job you were working on yesterday," I told him.

The red truck eased out into traffic and turned toward the Los Gatos Hills some 10 miles away. "Go slow," I cautioned him, "and stay over near the right hand shoulder in case I want you to stop."

He did as I instructed. There was a small smile around his mouth and eyes, but he made no comment.

In a short time he stopped the truck off highway 9 on Pierce Road beside a sloping hill between Cupertino and Saratoga. "This is the job," he said.

We got out of the truck to look around. "Where did you go?" I asked.

"Up the hill!" He pointed to a mound of freshly disturbed brown earth rising in a straight line up the side of the hill through a grape vineyard. Being the wife of a construction man, I knew the mound for what it was—the covering of a newly installed water pipe for irrigation. We started up the hill together.

He is more used to walking up hill in sandy loam than I am so he was soon ahead of me. Perhaps a quarter of a mile from the road I stopped. Directly in front of me was an untied green grapevine sprawling across freshly turned dirt and broken clods. Why had I stopped? I did not know.

I stepped around the vine and started up the hill. Something pulled me to a halt. I went back and carefully circled the vine again—nothing was there—just dirt and clods and vine. Again I started up the hill, and once again turned back. I moved slowly around the vine, not stooping, just looking down and taking one small step at a time. I went around at least four times. Suddenly, I stopped as

if I had hypnotized myself.

"Come here," I called without looking up. I could hear my husband coming down the hill dragging a shovel.

He came up to me. "Did you find them?" he asked.

"Dig here." I indicated my right foot and stepped away.

He shrugged his shoulders, but he did begin to dig.

As he turned the third shovelful of dirt the glasses—unbroken in their case—rolled across the ground. — *Santa Clara, Calif.*

AN ASTRAL JOURNEY

Zaidee Borden Bland

MANY YEARS AGO, when Oklahoma was a very young state and most of the roads in the western part of the state were mere cow trails, my husband, John, was a traveling salesman for Carroll Brough Robinson, a wholesale grocery company. He sometimes had to spend the night in the small western town of Wellington just across the Red River in Texas. The houses and buildings in this particular town were all frame, with the exception of a newly erected brick hotel. The old, ramshackle wooden hotel in the town, where my husband had a standing reservation, was a fire trap and I repeatedly asked my husband to change his reservation to the new hotel. He would not do this because of his friendship with the owner of the old hotel and the courtesies extended to him over long years when this had been the only hotel in town.

On the night of October 28, 1914, a sudden blizzard had blown up in the early hours of the evening. I knew that no heat would be provided in my husband's room in Wellington and that he was still wearing his summer clothing. I was worried about him as he took cold easily and had had pneumonia the winter before. I spent the evening fretting about his welfare and finally retired about midnight.

I had hardly fallen asleep before I seemed to be floating through the air near the ground, but did not touch it. I traveled the same path my husband took each morning, out the back door, through the garage, and along the road he had taken in his car the day before.

There was a three mile stretch where the wheels on the left side of the car were in Texas, while the wheels on the right were in Oklahoma and I knew when I traversed it.

I arrived in Wellington and went to the old, frame hotel where I expected to find my husband, but he was not there. I came out and went three blocks away and into the new hotel. Entering the new building from the south, I went through the lobby, up a short

flight of steps north, turned west, ascended a longer flight of stairs, then down a long corridor and entered a corner room. There I found him.

He was very cold and he was awake. I stood by the bed and said, "You need not be cold. There is a bundle of blankets and covers behind the washstand in the corner over there."

John got up, found the covers, and returned to bed.

When my husband reached home the next evening, I asked him why he was in the new hotel last night.

He answered, I saw you standing by my bed and you told me where to find the covers. I saw you quite plainly and I heard your voice as well. I was delayed by the dust and wind. When I arrived at the old hotel someone else had been given my reservation. I had to go to the new hotel."

I had never been on this trip with my husband but I described the route so accurately that John recognized every step of the way. I had taken only an astral journey. —*Norman, Okla.*

DEMATERIALIZATION

By Mr. Hans

ABOUT SIX YEARS ago, in 1954, I quit my job as an aviation machinist with Convair in California and moved to Puerto Rico. I bought here an all-concrete government-built bungalow in which a Puerto Rican family had been living. With the bungalow I acquired a small banana plantation where I live and work alone, growing bananas and making agricultural experiments and inventions. I have two patents and am applyng for three more. I have no employees, no visitors, and no domestic animals.

A year ago one evening late I went outside behind the house to cut some salad greens. I used a Marine Corps dagger with the handle lacquered red for this purpose. I had got to the corner of a large boulder on my way back to the house when I suddenly felt the knife, which I carried with the blade pointing down and back, jerked out of my hand. Startled I yelled, "Hey! Where is the knife?"

I looked around me on the ground, on and under the rock; I even raked the area where I had been when the knife disappeared. But it was fast getting dark and I waited to repeat the search the next morning. Despite my thorough hunt, however, the knife has never been seen again.

Several months after this I bought a pair of short sport pants at a rummage sale. I do not know why I purchased them; I did not need them and in the evening I threw them under a table beside my bed, planning to wash them in

the morning. But such a morning never came. For the next day the pants were nowhere to be seen. I had slept all night right beside the spot where I had dropped them. I do leave the windows and doors open for ventilation at night but they are all screened with hardware-cloth, securely.

Since that time many small articles, either just bought or for which I had substitutes, have disappeared. They have never been anything important, and their loss has not caused me any trouble. Once an old pick-axe worth $5.00 went and it has been the largest article to dematerialize so far.—*Yuguiyu, Puerto Rico.*

DEATH OF A KITTEN

By Buel Buzzard

I HAVE BEEN a Christian minister for 20 years and perhaps it goes without saying that I believe in the survival of the soul. My faith is based on evidence that at least, satisfies me. I have evidence of other *unscientific* phenomena also.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who are members of my congregation, were awakened one morning in 1930 by the frantic sobbing of their four-year-old daughter, Alice. By the time Mrs. Jones reached her daughter's bedside, Alice was in hysterics.

"Oh, Mother," she sobbed, "you are going to kill my kitten today."

"No darling," Mrs. Jones soothed. "Mother wouldn't hurt your kitten—you have had a bad dream."

"But you are," the child sobbed. "I saw you; you are going to kill my kitten."

Finally the child was reassured and Mrs. Jones went about her work of the morning, the incident almost forgotten. But then as she rushed out the back door with an armload of old newspapers to be burned, her foot came in contact with something soft. There was a crush of bones and looking down she saw the broken body of Alice's little grey kitten. In horror she snatched it up, intending to bury it. There was a scream from in front of her, "Oh, Mother, I told you that you were gong to kill my kitten."

Mrs. Jones is a teacher in our public school and has a degree in science, but she makes no attempt to explain this incident, nor do I. —*Neosho, Mo.*



Morey Bernstein (left) wrote book on Bridey Murphy and reporter William J. Barker (right) checked the facts.

Have the experts disproved the Bridey Murphy case? Here is a surprising report on who has been proved right and who wrong.

BRIDEY MURPHY REVISITED

By Harlan Wilson

THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY by Morey Bernstein was a best-selling book published four years ago. It describes the supposed memories of life in Ireland more than a century ago as reported by a deeply hypnotized woman. In the book her name is Ruth Mills Simmons, a pseudonym for Virginia Burns Tighe, a young mother of three children who lives in Pueblo, Colo.

The Bridey Murphy story was a sensation and became the center of an international controversy. Many persons attacked the book because it implied the existence of reincarnation. In some cases the attacks came from scientific sources, in others from religious sources. As a result of the widespread attacks and criticisms, there has grown up a general feeling that the Bridey Murphy case was disproved. This is not true!

Prof. C. J. Ducasse, of the philosophy department of Brown University, has recently reviewed the Bridey Murphy case in a newly completed book, *A Critical Examination of the Belief in a Life After Death*. The Chapter on Bridey Murphy was reprinted in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* under the title, "How the Case of *The Search for Bridey Murphy* Stands Today."

Professor Ducasse contends that

all the efforts of magazines, newspapers, psychiatrists and other "experts" who have commented on the case have not succeeded in disproving the thesis that it reports genuine memories of the life of a woman in Ireland more than a century ago. On the contrary, he points out that arguments brought forward by experts against the validity of the book have been disproved.

Since the book was published, FATE has run two long articles by William J. Barker of the Denver *POST* who wrote the first material on the experiments and who also spent three weeks in Ireland investigating the facts. Professor Ducasse draws heavily on the facts Barker reported in FATE but adds considerable additional information supporting the story.

AUTHOR BERNSTEIN, for example, has been dismissed by some authorities as an "amateur" hypnotist. Professor Ducasse points out that Bernstein had 10 years of experience with hypnotism before the Bridey Murphy experiments and that Bernstein was an amateur only in the sense that he did not charge for his services. Ducasse adds that Bernstein "is doubtless better equipped than were a number of the physicians and dentists in the seminars he attended."

Professor Ducasse outlines a number of Bridey Murphy's statements that have not yet been verified. He feels that a main reason for this may be that the "Bridey Murphy personality" seemed to be trying to upgrade her social background, and that instead of Bridey's husband being a barrister (lawyer) as she contended, he may actually have been a clerk, a bookkeeper, or farmer. As the personality came through the entranced Virginia Tighe, furthermore, it seemed to have only a vague idea of what Bridey's husband really did do, or even what a "barrister" was.

Professor Ducasse takes particular exception to a series of articles in the Chicago *American*. This newspaper's attempts to show that Virginia Tighe learned the obscure facts about Ireland in a normal manner in the United States "have patently failed" he declares.

Among the obscure facts related by Virginia Tighe under hypnosis that have been proved are the following:

- The Bridey Murphy personality mentions the names of two Belfast grocers from whom she bought food, Farr's and John Carrigan. After considerable research, it has been found that grocers by that name are listed in the Belfast city directory for 1865-66, which had been in preparation at the time "Bridey" died.
- Bridey mentions that at the

age of four (in the year 1802) she had been spanked for scratching paint off a metal bed. *Life* Magazine declared that iron bedsteads were not introduced into Ireland until at least 1850. This since has been disproved. They were introduced in the 18th Century and known to have been in use in 1802. (A re-running of the tape recording of this hypnotic session seems to show that the word Bridey used was not clearly articulated but probably was "little" and not "metal." Nonetheless, the incident clearly proves how wrong the "experts" can sometimes be.)

• The Chicago *American* makes much of the fact that it interviewed Virginia Tighe's relatives and friends in Chicago and elsewhere and says that they recalled incidents which the supposed Bridey Murphy personality related as happening to her. Specifically, the aunt who brought up Virginia in Chicago says that she remembered the bed-scratching incident and spanking, and that Virginia too remembered it and laughed about it when, at 18, she was given new bedroom furniture. Yet Virginia Tighe today has no recollection of such an incident, which seems odd when she is supposed to have remembered it at 18. Professor Ducasse points out in this connection that Virginia Tighe's relatives in Chicago "were opposed to the whole Bridey Murphy phenomenon on religious grounds."

• The Chicago *American* also makes much of its "discovery" that a Mrs. Bridey Murphy Corkell lived across the street from one of the places where Virginia and her foster parents once lived. The implication is that this provides the clue of where Virginia Tighe got the name for her trance personality. Today Virginia says that she never knew Mrs. Corkell's first name—in fact did not know her well at all. Still less did she know that her middle name was Murphy. When the Denver *Post* attempted to verify this, Mrs. Corkell "was not taking telephone calls." Dr. Ducasse then writes:

"But the reader will hardly guess who this Mrs. Corkell, whom the *American* 'discovered' turns out to be. By one more of the strange coincidences in the case, Mrs. Bridey (Murphy?) Corkell happens to be *the mother of the man who was editor of the Sunday edition of the Chicago American* at the time the articles were published!

Among other facts verified since various publications and experts denied them are:

• *Life* claimed there was no Queen's College in Belfast in 1847, where Bridey Murphy said her husband taught law. This is an error. Queen's College was ordained by Queen Victoria in 1845.

• Bridey refers to "burying" as "ditching." *Life* seems to take exception to this. However, Prof. Seamus Kavanaugh of University College, Cork, has said that "ditch" came to have the colloquial meaning of "bury" after the potato famine when so many people died they were actually buried in ditches because individual graves couldn't be dug.

• Bridey mentions a book on the "Sorrows of Deirdre." *Life* says the first mention of Deirdre's name in a book title is in 1908. Actually Barker discovered there was a paper-back entitled *The Song of Deirdre and the Death of the Sons of Usnach* in 1808.

• Bill Barker also found a number of other obscure facts that experts disputed but which later investigation has proven to be true. The songs the Bridey personality mentioned, save for two which could not be identified, were correct for the claimed day and time. The reference to the "black" something which killed her baby brother was accurate. "Black" meant malignant in the Ireland of that day.

Bridey used hundreds of words of that day and time and very few of them were wrong. In fact, some that the experts claimed were wrong have turned out to be correct, including "muffin", the word "linen" for "handkerchief", and others. Experts at first said that people didn't kiss the Blarney Stone in those days. They said Bridey couldn't have borrowed a book from a library in those days. The experts were wrong on both.

Several physicians and psychiatrists attacked the book on the grounds that Virginia Tighe must have learned these obscure facts (some of which the experts didn't know) in her own life and later attributed them to Bridey Murphy while under hypnosis.

Professor Ducasse replies that this attitude "is *not* scientific procedure; but is just piously conservative wishful thinking."

He quotes Dr. Jule Eisenbud, a Denver psychiatrist, that "psychology and psychiatry experts . . . were lured into talking more gibberish than Bridey at her worst."

In his summary of the case, Professor Ducasse does not contend that the facts exposed so far prove that Virginia Tighe is a reincarnation of Bridey Murphy, "nor do they establish a particularly strong case for it.

"They do, on the other hand, constitute fairly strong evidence that, in the hypnotic trances, *paranormal* knowledge of one or another of several possible kinds concerning these recondite facts of Nineteenth Century Ireland became manifest."

A DEAD MAN WROTE MY STORY

I cooked up a story to meet an editor's deadline—then landed in the fire when fiction became fact.

By C. V. Tench

ARE SOME of us psychic without being aware of the fact? At times are we especially receptive to influences from the mystic and unknown spirit world—if there is such a world? I have never been able to find a satisfactory answer to either one of these questions, but I do know for certain that on an evening I shall never forget a man long dead wrote a newspaper story for me.

At the time I was Western Correspondent for the *Montreal Witness,* my headquarters being at Vancouver, British Columbia. The news editor of the paper looked to me for 200 to 1000 words of copy daily, and usually I found an abundance of material.

Came the day when none of my customary news sources could supply me with anything worth reporting. Desperately I hunted all around town, but it was hopeless. No tragic accident had occurred, no sensational crime had been committed, there had been no outstanding public event. It was one of those days all correspondents dread —an absolutely dead day.

As I sat dejectedly in my office the phone rang. It was the telegraph office. My editor wanted to know why no copy. I told the telegrapher to wire back I had hit a dead day. Soon the phone again rang. The telegrapher read out a blistering reply. The paper was holding space for me and I must get several hundred words on the wire immediately.

"Okay," I snapped. "Tell them there'll be a few hundred words

ready in an hour."

I sat back in my chair, burning beneath the caustic wording of the editor's last wire. He wanted copy. Well, since there was no news all I could do was to fake something. It was an inexcusable thing to do, never indulged in by reputable newspapermen except as a last resort. But I had no alternative.

That morning the *Northern Queen* had arrived from Alaska and other northern ports. I had talked to passengers and crewmen. An uneventful voyage; not a line of copy. Okay! I would invent a story she had brought down with her. I started typing.

The chief subject of discussion among the passengers and crew members of the *Northern Queen*, I wrote, had been the story told by two prospectors from the remote northern wilderness of British Columbia.

Prospecting along the bottom of a sheer cliff overhanging a river, they had discovered the skeleton of a man. Clothing and any papers the dead man might have carried had been rotted to scraps by exposure to the weather.

A signet ring, a knife, some coins, a pipe and a metal match box were all they had been able to retrieve. So far these had been insufficient to prove the identity of the victim.

After burying the pitiful remains the partners had widened their search, reconstructing the tragedy as best they could. Apparently the man had tumbled over the edge of the cliff above.

The two prospectors made their way to the top of the cliff. Hunting around, they found an old overgrown trail which led to a crude-built, dilapidated shack.

Inside were a rusty rifle, a home-made tin stove, cooking utensils, an axe and tattered remnants of mouldy blankets. In one corner was a sizeable pile of gold-bearing quartz.

Their interest kindled by the quartz, the partners searched further. Finding where the quartz had come from, they saw they had stumbled across a rich find. After staking out claims they made their way to the nearest small town, Hazelton, to register their holdings.

The government official at the wilderness post had no knowledge of any prospector missing in the region they described, so, I concluded, it was extremely unlikely that the skeleton would ever be identified.

Thoroughly ashamed of myself for cooking up such an impossible story, yet determined to give the editor his few hundred words, I hurried down to the telegraph office.

"Well, I'll be darned," the telegrapher exclaimed after quickly

reading my copy. "Guess your editor knew what he was doing in hounding you. You've dug up a real good story—lots of human interest."

"Cooked up, you mean," I felt like saying, but kept quiet.

The paper also thought it was a story filled with human interest, for they printed it on the front page, with a good headline.

That was the end of it, I thought with relief. But a few days later I got a big jolt when I received a clipping of my story from the paper, together with a letter they had received from a woman reader.

The writer begged for additional details concerning the missing prospector I had invented. Her only brother, she wrote, was a prospector and was last heard from in the British Columbia wilderness north of Hazelton.

Could the ring and other things found at the scene be forwarded to her for possible identification? And if the remains were proved to be those of her brother, could she claim the mine, even though he apparently had never filed a claim and the other two prospectors had?

"Hot damn!" I exclaimed aloud after re-reading the letter several times. Why in hades had I ever faked that story and how was I going to wriggle out of this mess?

It would never do to admit I had invented the whole story, neither could I forward a signet ring and other articles which, to the best of my knowledge, did not exist. But what could I do?

I decided I would write to the government agent at Hazelton. He would reply that the story was no record of a prospector missing in the district. That would satisfy the woman who was inquiring and pull me out of an embarrassing tangle.

I quickly typed out a letter to the agent, enclosing the woman's letter and a clipping of the story. I told him the paper had asked me to get all further information possible. As the story didn't carry my byline I didn't tell the agent I had written it—or, rather, faked it.

I then waited hopefully, fully expecting the government agent would reply that the story was false, that some joke-loving northerner had probably put one over on a gullible young city newspaper reporter. Such a reply, together with a covering letter from myself should satisfy the woman reader.

A few days later the government agent's reply arrived. Smiling, I opened the envelope and read his lengthy and detailed letter—and it brought me bolt upright in my chair, wide-eyed and rigid. Instead of a brusque denial the agent wrote in part:

"The facts of the printed story are substantially correct, although I think the reporter embellished them somewhat. I recorded the claims in the names of the two prospectors after listening to their story, but cautioned them that their claim could be disputed if any relatives of the original finder, whose skeleton had been found, cared to do so.

"In addition, further investigation after the receipt of your letter has led me to the conclusion that the dead man was the inquiring lady's missing brother, Frank S. Holloway, as no other prospector is unaccounted for.

"I have found out that a man, presumably the dead man, had set out for the district where the remains were found. I am therefore forwarding the signet ring and other personal articles found at the scene of the tragedy to the lady reader for possible identification."

I was utterly flabbergasted. Here was something that savoured strongly of the uncanny, the psychic. I had written a straight fake story, conjured up by my own imagination, and now the letter in my hand declared my story to be the recording of an actual happening.

I decided I had better sleep on the matter.

The next morning I studied the government agent's letter closely. But there it was in black and white—in some mysterious manner I had faked a true story.

I wrote to the lady, enclosing a copy of the agent's letter. Weeks later I learned she had identified the signet ring and had contacted the two prospectors who had relocated the rich claim. Further negotiations led to their alloting her a one-third share.

But I remained sorely troubled. Finally, in sheer desperation, I visited a man recognized as one of the foremost authorities on spiritualism. After listening to my story he said:

"Of course, you are possibly one of the many who scoff at Spiritualism, therefore you did not realize it at the time, but you happened to be relaxed and exceptionally receptive when you wrote that story.

"The victim, Holloway, was cut off in his prime, prematurely, abruptly. His spirit would quite naturally seek a medium through which communication with his loved ones might be established.

"You thought you were faking a story out of the imagination, which is usually a somewhat lengthy process calling for considerable mental effort.

"You tell me you typed out this story in a few minutes. The whole matter is conclusive. You did not

imagine one word of the story.

"The spirit influence of the dead prospector dictated each and every word. A quite natural and obvious demonstration of spirit control. In short, the dead man wrote your story."

I had to agree, for never before nor since has a story come to me so easily. On that particular evening, for the first and only time in my life, I must have been psychic.

CONSISTENT JOCKEY

IN THE 1957 United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City, N.J., jockey Willie Shoemaker rode Round Table to victory. In the same stake in 1958 he rode Clem to victory against Round Table, who finished second.

TINY TORNADO

WHAT apparently was a small, isolated tornado visited the property of a woman in the Powell Valley Community near LaFollette, Tenn. It smashed windows, uprooted trees and bushes and hurled a lawn chair 25 feet across the yard. Neighboring houses in the area were not so much as scratched by the "tornado."

TOMORROW'S MADE-TO-ORDER CHILDREN

THE HEREDITY of human beings 50 years from now will be determined before birth by their parents, who submitted to certain radiation treatments. As a result, offspring of the future will be supermen, perfect in mind and body. This prediction recently was made by Dr. E. Vincent Askey, a Los Angeles physician and surgeon and president-elect of the American Medical Association in an address before the Hollywood Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Askey expressed the belief that today mankind stands on the threshold of an age in which he will control the evolution of the human race. Physicists and chemists, he said, already have found how to alter the composition of inorganic, or non-living cells through radiation. The structure of the chromosomes, — the carriers of hereditary characteristics—also could be changed through radiation. Thus hereditary defects could be eradicated and desirable characteristics could be emphasized. In this way science could produce a race which would be physically perfect, of extremely high mental capacity and having a life expectancy of 125 or more years according to Dr. Askey.

Long Island's

CRYING MADONNA



Rev. Papadeas and Archbishop Iakovas view weeping portrait. (UPI photo)

Hundreds report having seen moisture, like tears, appear in the eyes of this 8 by 10 portrait of the Virgin Mary.

By Mary Margaret Fuller

A CRYING MADONNA, the household icon of a devout young Greek Orthodox man and his wife, has been taken to St. Paul's Greek Orthodox Church at 110 Cathedral Ave., Hempstead, L. I., N.Y. During its first day there, it was viewed by an estimated 3,500 persons.

The Madonna began to weep on Wednesday, March 16. Mrs. Pagora Catsounis says: "I was kneeling before the icon at evening devotions. I saw a glint on the Madonna's face and looked closer. It appeared as if Her eyes opened and closed. Then there came these two drops of moisture, like tears. I

ANOTHER CRYING MADONNA

After the accompanying story had gone to press, another case in which tears appeared to trickle from the eyes of a portrait of the Madonna was reported. Some four weeks after he investigated the first case Father Papadeas was called to view a similar icon manifestation in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koulis of Oceanside, L.I., N.Y., four miles from the Catsaunis apartment.

The New York Testing Laboratories made a chemical examination of the tears exuded by the portrait in the Kaulis home and reported that they were of an oily nature and did not resemble human tears. The fluid, they said, contained only a trace of chloride, a major element in human tears, and one of the nitrogenous compounds usually found in teardrops.

could hardly believe my eyes.

"I intended to tell only my husband about it, because I did not think anyone else would believe me. I called him. My husband and I watched, and almost every hour the tears came although the eyes did not move any more.

"I just couldn't keep it to myself, and told a neighbor. I asked her to keep it to herself, because I wanted to tell Father George after Lenten services on Friday night.

"But these things have a way of getting around, and from Friday morning on people began knocking at our door to ask to see the Madonna. We have been letting them, as many as come."

Literally hundreds of visitors from many miles away came to the Catsounis' three-room apartment at 41 Norfolk Road, Island Park, L.I. There were 70 visitors crowded into the tiny apartment when Father George Papadeas, pastor of St. Paul's arrived there Saturday morning. He, and they, saw the Virgin's tears gently flow to the bottom of the frame around the picture and vanish. The priest held a special service before the shrine.

Banagiotis Catsounis, 23, a counterman, and his wife, Pagora, 22, a seamstress, are the owners of the portrait which is an 8 by 10 inch tinted lithograph. The picture, framed in glass, was given to the Catsounises by a Greek Orthodox nun, a cousin of Mr. Catsounis in Greece at the time they were married. It is a Byzantium-style lithograph of Mary. Thousands like it hang on the walls of members of the faith.

The Rev. George Papadeas said "This is a tremendous gift for this little family. I know this couple. They are both very devout. I would have been honored if this had happened to me. It is a good omen. I have known of similar wondrous happenings in Greece, but never in the U. S."

In reverent gratitude for the ap

parent miracle Mr. and Mrs. Bangiotis Catsounis permitted all persons who came to their apartment to see the picture. Mrs. Tally Angelone of 33 Norfolk Road watched the icon on Friday, March 18, and later said, "I will never forget it as long as I live. I looked once and came back a second time a few hours later and it happened again."

Mrs. Charles Luisi, another neighbor living at 25 Norfolk Road, saw the Madonna weep on Friday night and again on Saturday morning. "You hear about things like this but when you actually witness it the sensation is tremendous," she said.

Archbishop Iakovos, the highest Greek Orthodox prelate in this hemisphere, head of the diocese which includes North and South America, visited the Long Island home where the picture hangs after being called by Father Papadeas. He did not see the picture shed tears but he told reporters he was convinced it had from the eyewitness accounts of Mr. and Mrs. Catsounis, their priest and a number of neighbors and other visitors. Father George Papadeas said the picture apparently stopped crying after the house was blessed.

Archbishop Iakovos also conducted a service before the picture in the small apartment and declared the ground there hallowed. He said he saw the phenomenon as "a very good omen for some blessing to our nation or the world. Of course, there's no explanation that can be justified by a mere human being," he concluded.

So many hundreds of persons visited the Catsounis home that by the middle of the week the couple were in such an emotional state that they closed and locked their doors and went away.

The Virgin Mary's picture was removed from the Long Island apartment on March 23 and taken to the large St. Paul's Greek Orthodox Church in Hempstead. Ten carloads of churchmen escorted the lithograph to the church where it was placed before the main altar in a "liturgy of the pre-sanctified gifts" service that lasted nearly three hours.

The church was opened shortly after noon to accomodate the crowds that viewed and kissed the icon in its shrine of lilies and ferns. The line of persons frequently extended from the shrine back 100 feet to the entrance of St. Paul's church. It was estimated that perhaps 70 per cent of the 3,500 persons visiting the church were of faiths other than Greek Orthodox.

When Father Papadeas, two other priests and three altar boys left the Catsounis house with the icon several persons, including a reporter and some photographers, no-

ticed three white seagulls hovering over the home. Three similar birds were seen later flying over the church when the procession of cars carrying the icon arrived there. Then they disappeared.

The congregation gasped when Father Papadeas told them that it had been reported to him the three birds followed the cars. He said, in a sermon delivered in Greek, that the three birds symbolized the Holy Trinity and their appearance had religious significance.

About 20 persons at the church, reported they saw the Madonna open her half-shut eyes wide at about 5:30 P. M. An officer of the congregation said that the church caretaker, Stelios Laskas and the stenographer, Mrs. Fotinie Gaitanis, were called to check on this phenomenon and they confirmed it. They were not available for comment later and John A. Paul of Rockville Centre, vice president of the board of trustees of the church, said that as far as he was concerned the matter was an unverified report.

The pastor of St. Paul's church, Father Papadeas, said the church will be open until 10 P.M. each night for visitors who wish to see the picture of the Virgin. Within a few months a permanent shrine will be erected outside the church so that the Madonna that cried can be on view 24 hours a day.

This incident recalls the terra-cotta statuette of the Madonna which was reported to have shed tears in 1953 in Syracuse, Sicily. The Syracuse Madonna, which, stood over the bed of Mrs. Antonina Guisto Jannuso, in a humble cottage, began weeping on August 29, 1953, while Mrs. Jannuso was in childbirth. Tears were said to flow at intervals for five days and the doctors who analyzed them reported in a signed statement that they contained the same chemical elements as human tears.

CONTEST WITH A COBRA

WHILE at work in a reptile garden in St. Joseph, Mo., William White, a snake handler, was bitten by a deadly hooded cobra. The snake struck through a heavy canvas bag White was holding, and its jaw was dislocated when White jerked his hand away. Treated with anti-cobra serum, White recovered—but the snake died of infection resulting from its injury.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ernest G. Bentley is o writer, praducer ond director with WSVA Radio and Televisian in Harrisonburg, Vo. He attended public schaols and college in Atlanto, Go., hos been a window trimmer, clothing salesmon,engineer, boxer, pilot ond photographer. During World War II, he served os a lieutenant with the Mors Task Force, 475th Infantry, in China ond loter as a training officer with the Chinese Army. Photo shaws him in Koreo in 1950 while serving with the 5th Air Force, Mosquito Squodron.



China's Deadly MYSTERY BEAST

By Ernest G. Bentley

"Devil Tigre" was the villagers' name for the weird inhabitant of the mountain—a name it lived up to.

WHEN YOU STAND in the gateway of the Buddhist temple in the small village of Wha Chee, about 25 miles northwest of Kweilin in the western part of China you can see a small range of mountains. There are no trees on these mountains. All the trees were cut long ago and now even the lowest brush has been carefully gathered. Seldom a bush escapes cutting until it is as high as three feet. The Chinese use all these tiny sticks of wood for fuel,

and use them again as charcoal. Every ounce of energy is taken from the substance of the wood.

I mean to say, all the mountains are bare, except one. I saw this double peak with its open saddle at the skyline when I was in China in 1945. This mountain lies, as the crow flies, about three miles across the rice paddies southeast of the temple. On this one peak fully grown trees stand in unmolested splendor. This entire mountain is clothed in a beautiful verdant mantle, except for an ancient trail that scars its way up to the valley that divides the twin peaks.

One summer morning as I stood looking at the mountain one of my sergeants walked up behind me and said, "Wonder why that mountain has trees. None of the rest do."

"I don't know, Sergeant Utz," I answered. "They've picked the rest of the hills as clean as a fairway!"

"That's right, Sir. When we get in from inspection let's take a walk over there and look at her."

Sergeant Utz and I were members of a liaison team working with the Chinese Combat Command in the interior of China. The Chinese Communists, called bandits at that time, only gave us a little trouble once in a while. They'd shoot up a truck or hijack a convoy, but nothing more serious. We did, however, lose a regiment or two. They just packed up during the night and vanished toward the north. The fact that they took all the equipment and supplies we had issued to them for training didn't seem too great a surprise to the Generalissimo.

But back to my story.

The afternoon turned out bright and clear, with no haze. The atmosphere at that altitude is clear and visibility is almost unlimited. Sergeant Utz came in from his round of inspection with his M-3 grease gun slung over his shoulder. He carried two extra magazines of 20 rounds in his field jacket pockets.

"Say, Lieutenant, is that 38 all you're gonna carry?"

"Yeah, Sarge, I don't think we should run up against too many bandits out in those rice paddies."

"I mean to bust a few of those birds down along the river bank. Thought you'd want to get a few shots yourself."

I did have a few extra rounds of 38 special the boys at OSS had slipped me. Since we really didn't expect any trouble I just left it at that. Now I wish I'd carried a '03 with a scope on it.

We crossed to the river and took a few shots at the birds along the banks. We missed them but we did get a load of Chinese kids. The little ones spotted anyone going out to do any shooting and stuck to them like glue. After you fired a round they fought for the brass shells. Those brass shells went to

own and were traded for rice.

However, as we started up the slope that led to the mountain trail the little kids began to fall back. Even a burst from the grease gun and the cascade of bright brass didn't tempt them to follow us. They stood below at the edge of the paddies yelling their heads off. Neither of us knew enough Chinese to understand what they were yelling. They called the same words over and over and kept pointing toward the top of the mountain. They seemed kind of scared and they wanted us to come back down, that was obvious.

We shot up our ammunition. I did have three shells left in my revolver. While our impromptu target practice went on an old woman passed the boys and came up to us. The little fellows called and shouted at her, too. She turned her head without stopping and roasted them with rapid-fire Chinese. From the looks of the big woven basket-pack she had on her back, she was going for wood.

"Tex, those kids yelled the same words at her that they were yelling at us," I said. "She'll have the biggest fire in the village tonight."

"Wonder why the kids tried to stop her?"

"Sir, I don't know. They seemed awful excited about her going to the top of this damned mountain though!"

"Aw, to hell with this! There's nothing here we haven't seen all over the Orient! Let's get back to the compound. I don't want to miss supper if I don't have to."

"O.K. Lieutenant Bentley! You got the rank on me!"

We turned back down the path. Sergeant Utz was leading. Remember! The sky was clear. The visibility was perfect. Both of us were sober.

Suddenly I spun and pulled my revolver as I dropped to one knee. Utz whirled and slid behind a boulder. It came again! One of the most terrifying, unearthly, agonized screams I ever have heard spilled down from the top of the mountain! We watched. The little old woman ran into the clearing between the two peaks, then into the rocks on the other side. She was screaming. From the rocks she had just left rolled a dull cloud-like, amoeboid thing! It seemed we could see through it, yet, it had a definite course, a regularity of mass, but no true form. From force of habit I fired all three rounds from my 38. The range was about 300 yards. The shots had no effect on anything but Sergeant Utz and myself. The "thing" went into the rocks behind the old woman. Her screams rose louder, then stopped abruptly in the middle of one soul-searing shriek.

"Lieutenant Bentley! Let's get

the hell out of here!"

The Sergeant was talking to me, but I was already past him on the way toward the compound. The three miles back were very short.

After supper we told the group about our afternoon walk. Most of them laughed. The C.O. warned everyone of the danger of drinking Jing-Bow juice from the village. However, our Chinese interpreter was quiet.

"Major!" I called to him. "What does the word the little ones were calling to us mean?" I repeated the word as closely as I could in Chinese.

"It mean . . . Devil Tigre."

"That wasn't any tigre!"

"Sir," he answered. "I cannot explain. There are very strange happenings in the Orient that cannot be understood by the mind of an educated Occidental."

I left China. I left the Orient. Later I left the Army. But there is a view from the Buddhist temple in the tiny village of Wha Chee, near Kweilin, that seems as vivid as it did that bright afternoon over a decade ago. I can shut my eyes and see the barren, desolate hills and the one fresh green mountain.

I don't know why the trees were left on that mountain. The old woman knows. She's still there.

BENEATH THE CLOUDS OF VENUS

A STARTLING finding as a result of the first radio telescope observations of the invisible surface of the cloud-blanketed planet Venus was announced during a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Chicago.

A report by Dr. Frank D. Drake of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, W. Va., stated that radio waves generated at the surface of Venus can penetrate the thick cloud blanket and furnish information as to physical conditions on the planet. The radio waves are interpreted by newly developed, highly sensitive instruments for receiving radio waves from the planets and other distant celestial objects.

Dr. Drake said that analysis of Venus' radio emissions by him and his co-workers has shown that the surface temperature of the planet has remained close to 585 degrees Fahrenheit in the three years since the radio observations began. This high temperature, he stated, indicates that conditions as they exist on Venus today are unfavorable for life and probably rule out the possibility of life.



THE RIDDLE OF AGING

Is this Cayce-like reading, given by a clairvoyant in trance, the solution to why people grow old?

By Leon J. Ricks

ONE OF the most baffling mysteries of modern science is the question of why a living organism ages. According to all scientific observation and deduction it cannot happen — yet it does. When an independent section of tissue is maintained in the proper laboratory environment its cells continue to divide and aging does not occur. But tissue which is part of a living organism begins to age once full growth, as specified by the heredity-carrying genes, is reached.

If the answer to this riddle could be found youth and experience could be combined. Leadership would be improved. Old maids would be a thing of the past. The frustrating "over-40 employment problem" would be gone. The degenerative diseases (heart disease, cancer, etc.) would be largely eliminated. Women would retain their full beauty for a rea-

SCIENCE PROBES THE RIDDLE

What causes human beings to age? This question intrigued the minds of men long before Ponce De Leon set out to find the Fountain of Youth.

Various theories have been advanced by medical science to explain aging. One of the latest is that announced recently by Dr. Ross A. McFarland, Professor of Environmental Health and Safety at the Harvard School of Public Health. According to Dr. McFarland, the aging process is a result of a decreasing supply of oxygen in the body. Dr. McFarland found that normal subjects, when deprived of oxygen, lost capacity for sensation, perception and judgment. These symptoms, he claims, parallel those in aging persons.

Dr. McFarland points out that hypoxia, or lack of oxygen, is not the sole factor in aging. But it seems more closely associated to aging than any other factor so far proposed, and he feels it opens vast new areas for biological research.

William King's discussion of aging—a product of his ability as a clairvoyant—is offered for what new light it may shed on a problem of universal interest. Authorities who have considered this theory feel it dove-tails rather neatly with known facts of anatomy and physiology.

sonable time instead of starting to lose it almost as soon as they get it.

From infancy to old age cells are dying from inevitable environmental irregularities (poisons, stresses, uneven oxygen distribution, etc.) and other cells are dividing to form replacements. During the growth period the dying cells are largely replaced and, moreover, the cell-building processes are able to keep up with rapid body growth, but after maturity is reached cell replacement mysteriously decreases and the rate of cell deaths (necrocytosis) increases.

I have been interested in the aging riddle since reading about some Russian rejuvenation experiments. Leading scientists now say it may be possible some day to control aging. I was struck by an exciting idea one day: Perhaps the subtle aging process, believed by many scientists to be closely related to the delicate nervous-endocrine system, would respond to

the power of hypnosis! In 1958 I wrote to the University of California at the Los Angeles Medical Center and also to a prominent psychologist-hypnotist about my idea. It was new to them but they responded that it might work, although neither of them felt in a position to try it.

I decided that hypnotic aging control might be facilitated by a conscious knowledge of the aging mechanism and proceeded to read all I could find on aging in five libraries and to interview and query various hypnotists and scientists. Somebody suggested that I try to find a clairvoyant who might be able to shed some light on the aging mystery.

I wondered whether anybody had ever thought to ask Edgar Cayce about the cause of and the cure for the physical ailment called aging. His son, Hugh Lynn Cayce, wrote me that there is some information on aging in the Cayce files but that it is scattered among the 90,000 pages of transcripts and has not been put together. He knew of nobody in the entire world who might be able to answer my question. I decided to look for such a person anyway.

About six weeks later and 14 miles from my home my search ended. This was on December 2, 1958. In El Monte, Calif., I met a practitioner of psychology and hypnotism, William V. King, who claimed that he could give clairvoyant diagnosis and advice under hypnosis. He himself was curious about the aging riddle and consequently agreed to give me some readings on the question without charge.

Little did I realize what a big project lay ahead. During the first three months of 1959 King gave me five one-hour readings while under hypnosis. I put many questions to him. I tape recorded each reading and made typewritten transcripts. He spoke very rapidly and positively and did not seem to be influenced by any ideas contained in my questions. In fact, sometimes he emphatically declared these ideas to be wrong.

Although many points in these readings seem rather vague, hard to understand and even improbable, although crude similes and non-technical language were employed, the general picture of the aging mechanism which he gave me is to my mind more original and logical than anything I had previously read or worked out myself—this, despite the fact that King is not a biologist.

Other theories of aging that I have studied seem more concerned with results than with causes and at least some of them apply mainly or only to certain portions of the organism. Many of them are chemical theories, as if chemis-

try itself can fully explain the basic causes of aging.

Physics is more basic than chemistry and borders on the field of metaphysics. So the most basic cause of any biologic phenomena would seem to be biophysical, i.e., within the area of atomic or subatomic biology. Certain specialists may be irked by this statement but I am fortunate in being a layman and thus impartial.

I was told that man ages simply because he does not live right, or because he is led to expect that he will age, or because man's collective soul development has not yet earned him the right to control aging. Instead of being given a lot of mystical gobbledegook, I was given, by William King, a biophysical theory of aging.

Environmental and psychological factors apparently do affect aging, but even an ideal configuration of these factors surely would not go very far in controlling the aging process, and the facts of animal life seem to indicate that there is an internal mechanism or cause for aging.

The King readings on aging imply that the mystery of life and the mystery of aging, two of the great scientific riddles of our world, are intimately related. They reveal, if they are correct, that it is the behavior of that unseen, undetected, unknown essence



Author Lean J. Ricks, a commercial photographer, has spent 1½ years on this study.

which differentiates living organic matter from dead organic matter, which insidiously turns a strong, spirited, young adult into a flaccid, lethargic, old person. Aging does not occur because of such superficial and localized phenomena as the gathering of cross-linked molecules in the body's cells, the accumulation of toxic substances, and the decreasing permeability of connective tissue—contrary to what some scientists have suggested.

It appears to the writer that aging is caused by the behavior of the life factor because we know that aging involves an unaccountable loss of life by an increased number of cells and the baffling failure of nutrient materials to be

converted into living matter in a sufficient amount to replace all of the dying cells. The nutrients, the chemical energy, and the gene patterns for sustaining youth are present, but the mysterious factor needed for the activation of life processes is not as much in evidence as it was during the earlier years.

William King, under hypnosis, called this factor which gives life to matter life energy or primal energy, using the phrase "irregular electrical impulses" in referring to it in the form it assumes to cause aging. He said that, in the aging process, the cells lose their ability to hold the life energy because the life energy acts so as to injure the individual cells. Very interestingly, the thing which gives life to matter also takes it away.

This explanation of the life factor and the age-producing factor were given by King after I asked him, "Exactly what do you mean by regular electrical impulses?"

He answered, "With age or the passing of time these impulses become less consistent. In early life, from the time of infancy, they start out basically in an even flow of energy or electrical current. With the passing of time this flow becomes irregular, secreting more energy but of shorter duration, consequently overcharging and burning out cells that it is supposed to supply with the life material."

I then asked, "What are the purposes of these electrical impulses in the first place?"

He replied, "Now we are dealing not only with the process of aging, but we are dealing with the processes of life itself, for this energy that is produced is the activating force that determines living matter from non-living matter. This is the life itself of the organism."

Earlier it was noted that artificially maintained, independent tissue can be kept from aging indefinitely. Since an organism ages evidently there are certain functional interrelationships between certain organs and/or systems which make the entire organism age. The King readings indicate that the brain, the organ most concerned with general body regulation and condition, and the adjacent pituitary gland which provides the stimulus for growth are both to blame. Please remember, the completion of growth coincides with the beginning of aging.

According to the readings the life-giving energy or substance of the supporting and molding electrical fields which surround all living things (reported by Burr and Northrop of Yale in 1947) is drawn into the brain (mainly the mesencephalon) and distributed to the body through the nervous system. The pituitary gland plays a very important role in handling

this life energy and the structural characteristics and condition of this endocrine gland and the condition of its growth hormone affect the smoothness with which the life energy is transmitted. The pituitary gland makes possible the entry and/or transmission of the life energy in the first place.

During the growth period life energy is utilized both for the "activation" of new cells and for the maintenance of old cells. When growth is completed cell production necessarily declines drastically and much less life energy is utilized. At the same time the growth hormone is no longer needed by the body.

Now life energy is required for maintenance only, rather than for both growth and maintenance. More life energy now is handled by the pituitary gland than is used by the body and the excess "burns out" the cells of this gland and causes a change in the composition of the growth of the hormone. The hormone change apparently is caused by the change in the condition of the gland. The gland deterioration and hormone alteration cause the life energy to be transmitted to the body cells in separate bursts, spaced a minute fraction of a second apart. The transmission was smoother earlier.

Since total quantity of the energy remains the same the amount of energy reaching a cell during the period when an impulse is received is greater than it was during a like period of time when the transmission was smooth. These sudden and separate high energy bombardments damage the portion of the cells which holds and utilizes the life energy.

Consequently the rate of cell deaths (necrocytosis) increases and the conditions for the building of new protoplasm and for cell division (mitosis) become less favorable. The body no longer is able to replace all of the dying cells.

I asked King if the transmission of the life energy becomes more and more irregular as the aging effects accumulate. I rather expected an affirmative answer. But he replied in authoritative, emphatic tones, "No." He said that senility increases because in each successive period of time the number of cells which need to be replaced becomes greater. In other words, during the first period after maturity only a portion of the dying cells are replaced. Only a portion of the dying cells are replaced during the next period. The cells not replaced during the second period are added to the cells not replaced during the first period, and so on. As cells are lost and

not replaced organs gradually become less efficient and tissues sag.

I do not entertain the hope that any physiologist will step into a laboratory and immediately investigate the above explanation of why people grow old. Neither do I have much hope that any researcher in the field of geratology will spend time deductively investigating these ideas.

As a consequence I myself decided to try to determine how much sense the ideas make.

The idea of an increased destructive force seems to fit in very well with certain considerations relating to wounds and the contour limits of the body. Wounds in an old person heal at a rate which involves a rate of cell production which would seem to be at least equal to the rate of cell division necessary to maintain permanent youth in uninjured tissues. Why, then, do people age—in view of the relatively low cell production necessary for enduring youth if a rate of cell production greater than this requirement occurs in the area of the wound of an old person?

Something which is absent in the area of a wound must be the cause of the reduced rate of cell regeneration characteristic of the mature organism. Perhaps this cause is provided by the contour limits of the body which are delineated by the genes.

When there is a wound—a gap unfilled with cells—the cells surrounding the gap are able to multiply very rapidly because of the lack of congestion or compression caused by the fact that the cells have not yet met and pressed against the invisible contour limit. However, the wound does heal less rapidly than it would in youth because of the increased destructive force and because of the surrounding senile tissue.

During the growing period the major destructive factor which exists after body growth is completed is largely absent and the contour limits at the same time have not been reached, so cell division is extremely rapid in both uninjured and wound areas. After growth is completed the congestion or compression caused by reaching the contour limits allows at least enough cell production for the replacement of all the cells which would die because of the cell degenerative factors (inevitable environmental irregularities, poisons, stresses, insufficient oxygen, etc.) which have existed since the beginning of the organism, but a major destructive factor largely peculiar to the adult period prevents a complete replacement of cells.

I have submitted this explanation involving life energy to numerous scientists. The general re-

action was that science knows very little about the pituitary gland, brain, and nervous system and it would be hard to prove anything one way or the other. A U.C.L.A. scientist implied that the "experimental design" I set forth should be investigated by a physiologist. A leading geratology researcher at the Brookhaven National Laboratory wrote that " . . . I honestly feel that some parts of the idea are reasonable to suspect . . . "

The particular destructive force Mr. King described is something that would almost have to travel over the nerves, if his general explanation is anything like correct, and in this connection it seems extremely interesting that the posterior lobe and the mesencephalon of the brain are largely composed of masses of nerve fiber the functions of which are matters of great perplexity to scientists. Furthermore, a mysterious bundle of 50,000 nerve fibers called the infundibulum leads from the pituitary gland to the brain and one of the readings indicated that these nerve fibers are required because a large enough quantity of life energy to serve the entire body must pass over them.

The anterior lobe of the pituitary gland is considered the master chemical regulator or gland of the body and it might be that the two lobes of the pituitary gland represent a chemical-electrical inter-regulatory agency, subordinate to the brain in respect to growth and aging. The nervous-endocrine system is already thought by many scientists to hold the answer to the aging riddle, and perhaps the pituitary gland is a major point of coordination between the nervous system and the endocrine system. This would resolve the mystification of one writer of an anatomy text who reflected that, since the pituitary gland is regarded as a hormone agency, it seemed odd half of it is nerve fibers.

If the life energy theory of aging presented here turns out to be correct it will be a major victory for those who believe that the mind of man transcends matter and can exist apart from the physical body.

I hope the scientists will give this their attention soon.

ONE LAST DIVE

TRAPPED in their car after it plunged off a pier into 30 feet of icy water in Troon, Scotland, James Todd, 45, his wife, Etta, 44, their son, Donald, 11, and James Robertson, 16, drowned. All were members of a diving club.



I Stepped Backward in Time

How else explain my visit to that oddly old-fashioned office—which ceased to exist after I left?

By Rena M. Vale

IT WAS LATE in October, 1928, and late in the day, when I reached the city. I remember that brown leaves fluttered along the brick-paved streets in tired swarms. A few, curling like dessicated human hands, clung forlornly to their parental skeletons. A threat of snow hung in the air: grey clouds pressed down and early darkness stalked the milltown streets.

Suddenly the lowering sun found a thin opening in the western clouds and its rays filtered through, touching and gilding mill smokestacks, blanksided warehouses and rusty factory buildings.

It was an unpeopled district I had driven into, disconsolate and brooding, as though poverty and all its ills dwelt in the houses of the milltown workers which were sprinkled between the mills and factories. A few cats skulked among the piles of leaves, evidently looking for fallen birds. Lean dogs crept along the cracked and dirty sidewalks, but there were no romping children. All was grim with age and decay.

I was tired, having driven over 300 miles on unfamiliar roads. I was driving alone from California to New York City. Leaving behind my flapperhood, bathtub gin, wasted nights, tiresome, routine jobs and a few maudlin admirers, I had set out to seek Fame and Fortune in the Big City.

When the sunlight broke through the clouds I revived somewhat and began to look for highway markers which were not always continued through cities in those days. A minor traffic incident brought me up sharply and I soon realized that somewhere I had missed a turn. A strange sensation swept over me. It wasn't fear, but rather an inexplicable exhilaration. I suddenly was rejoicing when I should have been annoyed. My spirits soared and I saw enchantment in all the sun-touched buildings around me.

I was tired no more. The strange and violent emotion had swept me to the pinnacle of tingling excitement. Nor did the exhilaration leave me when the sun disappeared. I drove around in the dusk thrilling to everything I saw. As I recall it, I wasn't searching—I had *discovered,* but the discovery was purely emotional.

At length I went to a hotel. It was a good hotel, for I was not in a mood for economy. I remember that I slept little, if any, that night.

My mood had not diminished in the morning. Again I drove aimlessly around the city, intoxicated with the beauty my emotion imputed to drab business buildings and sturdy brick homes. In the late morning I found myself in a rather narrow, short, brick-paved street near the downtown district. The buildings, somewhat shabby at that time, pressed around, supporting each other with common walls. North Division Street was the name as I remember it.

Uncertain of my course, I slowed the car. Then, as suddenly as it had possessed me, the mood vanished. I was in an ugly, narrow street off my cross-country course and feeling very foolish. I knew how I had gotten there, but certainly not why I had wanted to be there. I was ashamed of my emotional binge. After getting directions from a corner filling station, I was soon back on the highway to New York.

This strange mood never returned. Not even my first glimpse of Niagara Falls, the Woolworth Building or a storm-tossed Atlantic Ocean aroused me to anything like the high emotion I had experienced in that drab city. However, I remembered the experience in all its detail, and from time to time I related it to a friend or to a small social gathering.

One woman who believed in reincarnation assured me that I had

returned to the home of a previous existence. A Spiritualist said I had received a message from the Other World. A medical doctor attributed it to adrenalin released into my blood during the minor traffic accident—I think I narrowly missed a car that shot out of a dark side street. Another doctor guessed that it might have been a touch of brain fever. I was willing to accept the explanation of either doctor. It was due to some physical imbalance, I was sure.

Throughout the years following 1928 I passed through that city a number of times, each time recalling the strange emotional tempest of my youth, but in no way undergoing any recurrence.

However, again in October of 1956 I had occasion to stop in that city on business. I was traveling for my firm, a national press clipping bureau. There were a number of clients and prospects whom I wished to contact. I had made an advance hotel reservation in a good, old, well-kept place. It may or may not have been the one at which I had stayed in 1928.

The morning after my arrival I arranged a number of appointments by telephone. As it happened, they were all for the afternoon and I had nothing to do for the rest of the morning. It occurred to me to contact the local press clipping bureau. It was my habit to call on other clipping bureaus when the opportunity arose. There was one listed in the classified directory of the city. I had never heard of it before, which was not strange because I had had no occasion to refer to a local bureau in that area.

I called the number listed for the -------Press Clipping Service. A very snappy female voice responded, "-------Press Clipping Service. Good morning."

I asked for the manager. Then, in response to the business-like "Who's calling, please?" I introduced myself and explained that I was merely making a friendly call. The young woman—her voice sounded young—didn't give the manager's name but told me that he was out on a call or two and was expected back momentarily.

"Why don't you come over and see our little operation," she suggested. "If he hasn't returned by the time you get here you can look over the bureau and wait for him here. I'm sure he'll be glad to see someone from a national bureau."

Through some oversight I didn't ask the name of the manager. I merely checked the address, then I went out and got in a cab. I was not driving on that trip.

The driver asked me to repeat the address. I gave it again—45 North Division Street.

He consulted another cab driver at the stand in front of the hotel

before he started. Soon we entered a very shabby, run-down section of the town where brick-paved streets were narrow and crooked. After a few blocks the cab driver confessed that he was lost. He was new on the job, he said, and had never been in this section of town.

Almost without conscious thought I said, "Turn right at the next corner, go one block, then turn right again. You'll be on Division Street, and 45 is in the middle of the block." The driver gave me a look in the mirror and followed my directions.

When he stopped in front of 45 Division Street I had a feeling of slight dis-orientation as though I didn't quite know where I was or why I was there. Then I remembered the clipping bureau and went into the building. A tottery, bent old watchman stepped to the elevator. I told him I wanted the------ Press Clipping Bureau.

"Third floor," he said. I didn't consult the building directory.

The tired elevator creaked and groaned upward and finally panted to a stop on the third floor. Down the hall in the direction the old man had indicated I saw a small, old-fashioned sign reading-------Press Clipping Service." It was too new looking to match the surroundings, but clipping bureaus are odd places, especially the local ones, and I had seen so many nothing about them could surpise me nowadays.

I stepped into a large, light room, sparsely furnished with clean, new-looking golden-oak tables. They were bare except for green desk blotters that almost covered their tops—cutting tables that hadn't been used for much cutting. The golden-oak typewriter desk near the door was new also. The typewriter exposed in its well was a very ancient Underwood, yet it appeared to be in excellent condition. Even the gilt lettering on it was bright and clear. On the desk beside it stood an old-fashioned stand telephone, the kind on which the receiver hung suspended from a pronged cradle.

My thought was, as a young woman came forward, *Clipping bureaus are all odd, but this is quaint.* My conviction was strengthened as the young woman approached me. Her hair was neatly *marcelled.* She wore a loose, baggy pink sweater, a knife-pleated skirt, cotton lisle stockings and Mary Jane shoes! I had difficulty suppressing a smile as I introduced myself and handed her one of my business cards.

She puzzled over the card. I explained that ours was a national bureau and so forth; that I was merely dropping in to pay my respects.

"I'm Miss-----," the young woman said. "Mr.-------will be terribly sorry

to have missed you. He just left."

"Oh," I commented. "Wasn't it you to whom I spoke on the phone a short while ago?"

She shook her head in perplexity. "No. There must be some mistake. I've been here since eight o'clock and there have been no phone calls."

I then noticed that Miss----- spoke with a pronounced midwestern drawl, whereas the voice which had answered my call had been New York brisk.

"Perhaps I called the wrong number," I said to humor her. I decided she was a little mentally deranged—the odd setting and her peculiar dress and hair style!

"Did you call this number?" she asked, turning the odd old telephone around so I could read the number at its base. It was not the number I had called. I was puzzled but by no means troubled as I copied the number from the instrument.

Miss ----- told me about the operations of the little bureau. She did all the reading, cutting, pasting and mailing, she said, and also acted as Mr.-------'s secretary. He did the sales work and sometimes helped with sorting or opening the papers. "We've just gotten started," she continued. "Mr. ------- left the newspaper and established the bureau only a year ago, but we hope to grow." She indicated the bare tables with their bright green blotting paper covers.

I told her something of our multi-stage operations, and again I caught the light of disbelief in her eyes. It was peculiar, I thought, that she had never heard of our bureau and even more peculiar that she couldn't grasp the idea of clipping bureau operations on a large scale.

She cut me short by saying that Mr. ------- would be terribly disappointed over not seeing me, and urged me to stay until he returned.

I declined, feeling that I should go back to the hotel to check on calls that might have come in. Then, as a thought struck me, I added, "Why don't you and Mr. ------- have lunch with me?"

She couldn't go, she said. She had to watch the telephone. Since they were just getting started, they couldn't afford to miss a single call. She was sure Mr.------- had no other appointments and that he could accept my invitation. He would undoubtedly return before 12:00, she said, and she would tell him to call me. Or, if he missed me, I should call them.

"I must call the correct number this time," I laughed, and again checked the number on the odd old telephone.

There were messages for me at the hotel. I placed several telephone calls and arranged appoint-

ments I made no calls after 12:00 however, and waited in my room for Mr.-------'s call. I was rather anxious to meet the owner of that quaint little bureau.

When I hadn't heard from him by 12:30 I called the number I had copied from the old-fashioned telephone. After a ring or two an operator came on with a crisp, "What number did you call?"

I told her. A short silence followed, then she announced in the bored, lofty manner of telephone operators, "There is *no* such number, madam."

Madam was properly rebuked. I consulted the telephone directory again, and came up with the same number I had called that morning!

Again I called that number and was greeted by the New York voice, -------,Press Clipping Service. Good afternoon."

"Has Mr.------- returned yet?" I asked.

"Mr.-------?" There was sarcasm and ridicule in her tone.

"Yes," I said a little uncertainly. "I think—I thought he was due to return before 12:00, and—"

The young woman was having no more of that nonsense. "You *certainly* have the wrong information. Mr.------- has been dead for over 10 years!"

I was dazed, but I wasn't giving up. "But Miss ----- told me—" I began.

"Miss -----! *Miss* -----!" This time there was withering contempt in the young voice. "Miss ----- has been dead for five years! Where *did* you get your information, madam?"

"I was there," I said a little uncertainly, "at your bureau, 45 North Division Street, third floor."

"That must have been a *long* time ago," the contemptuous young woman snapped. "The third floor is used only for storage now. Our operations are all on the *sixth* floor—have been for years."

There was a question I couldn't resist asking: "When was your bureau started?"

"Nineteen-twenty-seven," came the somewhat startled reply.

"Thank you." My voice was weak. In fact, I was weak all over my entire body.

With a flicker of regret I thought of Mr. ------- calling my hotel that morning in 1928 only to be told that I had checked out.



Death in the Stars

Dryden the poet was a believer in astrology—and his calculations predicted a fatal day for his newborn son.

By Robert E. Pike

AN ARTICLE in *The Wonderful Magazine,* a monthly journal printed in London in 1793, which, as far as I can discover, did not continue beyond this first volume, stated:

"Mr. Dryden, with all his understanding, was yet weak enough to be fond of judicial astrology and always used it to calculate the nativity of his children."

The article, titled *A Remarkable Story Of Mr. Dryden The Poet,* went on to say that when his lady was in labor with his son Charles and he had been asked to withdraw from her room he laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies present to take notice of the exact minute of the child's birth

and to tell him.

About a week after the baby was born Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell his wife that he had been calculating the child's nativity and had observed with grief that he was born in an evil hour—for Jupiter, Venus and the Sun were all under the earth and the lord of his ascendant afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn.

"If the child lives to the eighth year," John Dryden said, "he may die a violent death on his birthday; but if he escapes then, of which I see little hope, he will be under the same evil direction in his 23rd year and if he should escape then also the 33rd or 34th year is, I fear—"

Here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of his lady who could not bear to hear so much calamity prophesied for her newborn son.

The August eventually came when Charles Dryden was to have his eighth birthday.

Mr. Dryden was planning to visit his brother-in-law, the Earl of Berkshire, at Charlton in Wilts. Mrs. Dryden was going at the same time to visit her uncle, Mordaunt.

When the couple came to divide the children Mrs. Dryden wished to take Charles with her. But Mr. Dryden was resolute and they parted in anger; he taking Charles with him. Mrs. Dryden was obliged to be content with John.

When the predicted fatal day of Charles' eighth birthday arrived Mrs. Dryden's anxiety caused her to have such a violent fever that her life was despaired of, until a letter came from Mr. Dryden assuring her that Charles was well. Six weeks later she heard the story of the fateful day.

Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being thought superstitious or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting anyone know that he believed in astrology and, therefore, could think of no excuse, on his son's birthday, for not going on a hunt which Lord Berkshire had set up.

However, he did take care to set his son a double exercise in Latin, which he taught his children himself, and ordered him not to stir out of the room until his return.

Charles was doing his exercises in obedience to his father's command when, as ill fate would have it, the stag made toward the house and the noise alarmed the servants so that they hastened out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand and led him along with them. Just as they came to the gate the stag, being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push and leaped over the courtyard wall. The dogs followed and threw down

a part of the old wall. Poor Charles was buried in the ruins.

However, he was got out; but so much bruised that he languished for six weeks in a dangerous way.

Thus the first part of his father's prophecy was fulfilled.

In his 23rd year Charles was in Rome and became dizzy from the heat and fell from the top of an old tower belonging to the Vatican. He recovered from this accident also, but thereafter remained in poor health.

Finally, in his 33rd year, having returned to England, he was drowned at Windsor, being taken with a cramp as he was bathing in the Thames with another gentleman. He called for help, but it arrived too late.

Charles Dryden's father's prophetic, numerological calculation proved all too true.

It is, of course, impossible to tell, at this late date, and from this *Remarkable Story*, whether Dryden's astrology was true and accurate or whether the whole sad tale should be credited to the effects and power of mental suggestion.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S HAIR-RAISING MIRACLE

IN A letter to *Psychic News* an English housewife who signed herself as Mrs. Brown of Blackpool, Lancashire, recently reported an amazing experience in healing. She had been interested in healing for some time, she wrote, had attended spiritual services and had been told by a medium that she had a spirit guide who was a healer.

Her husband, however, was skeptical. During an argument one evening she asked him what she could do to convince him.

Mr. Brown, who had been bald for 20 years, replied he would be convinced if she would make his hair grow.

Mrs. Brown related that she felt she had to do something. Although she had made no previous efforts to heal, she "felt impressed" to hold her hands over his head.

Mr. Brown was reported to have felt heat from her hands. After four attempts his nose began to bleed as an indication that something was happening. A month later, Mrs. Brown wrote, his hair started to grow "and is getting along fine."

My PROOF of Survival

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

DID MY COUSIN RETURN?

Dr. Larry Sneed

OUR KIND neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Conders, came over early on this hot Sunday morning, many years ago now, to invite us to a seance and lecture to be given that day in a private home in Washington, D.C., by a very refined and cultured friend, a spiritualist, once a resident of Washington but more recently from Chicago.

Mr. Conders explained that they had known Mrs. Bloome for a number of years while she was living in Washington. That they could personally vouch for her devotion to her work in occultism.

Following so soon after her operation and hospital stay, my wife was afraid to face the Washington heat, but insisted that I make the trip with the Conders and Mrs. Bloome.

Arriving a little late, we found ourselves in a large room with chairs arranged against three walls of the room. Each chair was occupied except for the three left vacant for us at the very end on one wall. The seance got underway and to my surprise the room was amply lighted, not dimmed as I had expected.

Mrs. Bloome opened with a familiar hymn, a short prayer, and a few verses of Bible scripture. Then she gave an interesting short talk on the science of occultism. After finishing this wonderful lecture Mrs. Bloome started at the opposite end of the line from me with her individual readings.

Everyone seemed pleased at what was told them except the few who received rather unpleasant messages. She told Mr. Conders she could see him leaving Washington hurriedly within a few days, to go to a close relative who had suffered an accident.

Within two weeks I saw him, while on my way to work, running with a suitcase in his hand, to catch a street car for the Union station. A tornado had struck his sister's home in Tennessee, torn the roof from the house, instantly killed her husband.

When Mrs. Bloome reached me, the last person in the line, she seemed somewhat puzzled. She said, "I do not quite understand about you. You handle a great deal of cash money each day, going into thousands and thousands, far more than any bank in the country usual-

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ly handles. But, of course, I am back in Washington! Evidently you work in the cash room of the United States Treasury."

I admitted this, and told her that I sometimes handled more than 200 million dollars in a single day.

She proceeded to tell me of my course in medicine which I was pursuing in the evenings, mentioned what a wonderful future lay ahead for me in this new work, and asked me to wait for a few minutes after the others had gone. Mr. and Mrs. Conders remained with me.

Mrs. Bloome explained that someone from the spirit land appeared to be trying desperately to contact me. She closed her eyes, then began describing a man as minutely as if she were looking at him. She stated that his first name was "Jim", but said the last name was too long and faint for her to decipher.

I told her it was "Templeton." I explained that Jim Templeton was reared by my family and that we had grown up together as brothers.

She asked me if I had any special question to ask him.

I said that I had been told he called my name with every breath during the last 48 hours of his life and always had wondered what he wished of me. When I had reached his bedside just 10 minutes before he died he had smiled to me, but did not have the strength left to speak to me.

Mrs. Bloome again closed her eyes. Then she said that standing beside this man now was a woman. This woman, she explained, is not your mother because you have her in the flesh right here in Washington. But the man was deeply concerned over the welfare of this now

spirit woman and that was the reason he kept calling for you—to get your promise that you would provide for her too. He asks that I say to you that he is pleased, indeed, over the arrangements which you made.

I answered that this woman was my mother's sister, our aunt. That she had lived with us and had given us the same care, love, and affection which my mother had; that, of course, I was bound to see that she too was fully provided for. This I had done for the remaining days of her life.—*Macon, Ga.*

UNCLE CHARLIE CAME HIMSELF

By Lela M. Alwine

I WAS BORN on a prosperous tobacco farm near Roxboro, N.C. My mother's parents, brothers, and sisters lived in a village not far from us and my earliest recollections are of spending a great deal of time with all my Fulcher relatives.

When I was about six years old my parents sold the farm. My father accepted a job with a tobacco firm which kept him traveling. Father liked to have Mother go with him and I was left with my grandparents. Their family consisted of a young Uncle Jessie, just seven years older than I, two aunts, Lorena and Dora, and a totally blind uncle in his early 20's. I loved Uncle Charlie dearly, so after going to live with them I became his devoted slave, following and guiding him every place he wished to go. In our small village I soon became known as Uncle Charlie's eyes. I was precocious apparently and learned to read at an early age, reading adult books when most chil-

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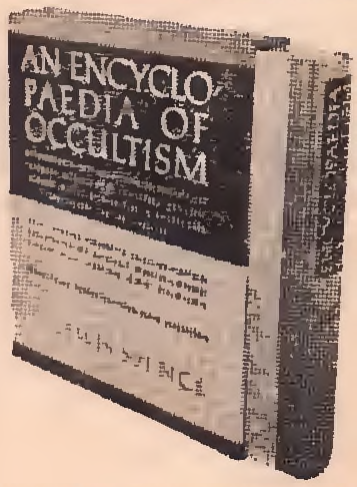
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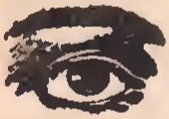
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dren were learning their alphabets. Perhaps this was because I had no companions my own age.

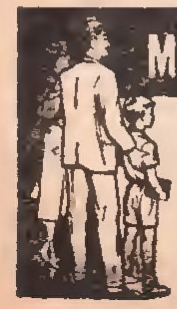
Uncle Charlie loved to have someone read to him and this no doubt spurred me to great effort, to be able to read the things he loved. We also spent hours wandering in the woods listening to the birds' many songs, the wind sighing through the tall pine trees.

On rainy days, when we tired of reading, we would sit by a log fire while Uncle Charlie strummed his guitar, or played wild, haunting melodies on his banjo. He was an accomplished musician. I know of no instrument that he could not play, although he never had a lesson.

When Mother and Father would decide to take me on a trip with them I was always unhappy. I never wanted to be far from my beloved uncle.

Our family was not very religious but I never was allowed to miss Sunday school or church. My uncle saw to that. Due to Uncle Charlie's early training I have been deeply religious all of my life, with a firm belief that prayer can accomplish anything.

His total blindness came from a doctor's error, which made my grandmother very bitter. He himself held no animosity. His motto was, give to all the best of yourself in love, tolerance, kindness, and



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The winter of my first year at school went well. I soon got over my homesickness and made many friends among my classmates. Christmas and Easter vacations I rushed eagerly home, happily anticipating being with my beloved uncle. Summer vacation arrived and after spending two weeks with my parents, I had the rest of the long, lazy summer with my uncle and grandparents. What a wonderful time we had!

September came all too soon and I was back in school.

Just before Christmas in 1923 an influenza epidemic hit with such force that the school was closed. We were all to go home. I had one close friend in school, Edna Crabbe, a day student who lived just outside Raleigh. She and I decided that I could spend a couple of days with her. We were required to have permission from our parents to do this but knowing that, with the flu raging, this would not be granted we decided to do it our way. I was put on the train along with several other girls going in my direction. I managed to lose myself from the other students and left the train at the first stop. There Edna and her boy friend were waiting for me in a car.

We had a very happy time; but when I awakened on the third day of my visit I felt a strange urgency to get home at once. However, I could get no train until morning.

STRANGER THAN SCIENCE

By FRANK EDWARDS,

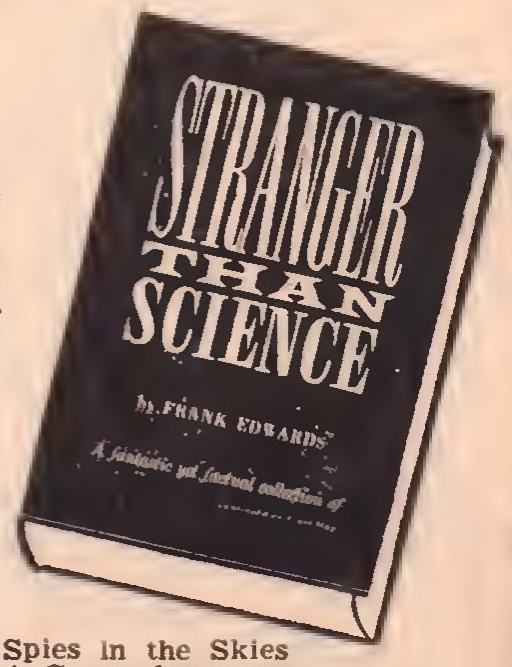
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It was after midnight before we retired that fourth night. Edna had twin beds in her room and I had the one nearest the large bay window. I lay in bed unable to sleep, watching a big, beautiful moon come up. I must have dozed for suddenly I was sitting up in bed with the feeling that someone was in the room with Edna and me. The room was bathed in bright moonlight and there, in a straight-backed chair by my bed, sat Uncle Charlie. I could see his lips moving but no sound came. The moon shone brightly on his face. His eyes no longer looked blind, but blue and beautiful. I was not frightened but I must have reached for him and cried out as the next moment he was gone and Edna had her arms around me trying to quiet my sobbing. I kept telling her something had happened to Uncle Charlie.

I finally calmed down and Edna went back to bed while I sat huddled in a chair waiting for the dawn. A little past 5:00 o'clock, on December 16, the telephone rang and, without considering it might not be for me, I rushed downstairs.

Aunt Dora finally had located me, having tried the school and been told I should have been home two days ago. She had asked for the names of my friends and had called one after the other during the next 24 hours.

Uncle Charlie had been conscious to the last. He must have realized he was dying, and he had asked many times, "is Lela here yet?"

He died at exactly 3:00 o'clock that morning. His last words were, "Tell Lela."

But I think he came and told me himself.—*Palm Springs, Calif.*

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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 numerous magazine articles. He is Director of the ETHICAL HYPNOSIS TRAINING CENTER and founder 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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CAT'S HAIR COMB

By Vicki Childs

IN 1957 MY AUNT, of whom I was very fond, died suddenly. She had been greatly attached to her cat, an outsized black Tom who went by the name of Slim. He pined so much for her after her death that we were forced to have him put down.

About six weeks after my aunt's cremation I was rushed very ill to the hospital. One night previous to my operation day I was restless and in spite of sleeping tablets did not sleep. It was winter time and I was in a single room facing some large gardens. It was a cozy room with two large windows and two radiators. It was, in fact, very warm. But suddenly I felt cold and the room was icy. The window nearest me opened wide and my aunt floated into the room. In her hand she held a large comb and its teeth were made from her cat's hair.

Gently she stroked my chest with this comb and said, "Don't be afraid! Slim and I are near and where I stroked you the surgeon's knife will work swift and sure. I promise you."

By the night light I saw her go through the window, still holding the cat's hair comb. Gently the night was closed out again. The air of the room and I became warm again. I stretched out my hand to touch the radiator near my bed and it was boiling.

For a long time after my recovery I would hear the comb I had used in hospital being gently moved on my dresser. I completely recovered and the comb never moved again. —*Yoevil, Somerset, England.*



NEW BOOKS

FROM THE TABLETS OF SUMER, By Samuel Naah Kramer. The Falcon's Wing Press, Indian Hills, Calarada. 293 pages, $5.00

It seems almost incredible that in the past 100 years, archaeologists working with the cuneiform inscriptions and hieroglyphs found on clay tablets scattered at various sites in the near East have succeeded in reviving the dead languages of Babylon, Egypt, and Sumer.

The major work of deciphering the clay tablets of Sumer has been done in the last 50 years, opening up a new chapter in ancient history. In Sumer which lay about 10 miles south of Baghdad was found a language related to the early Iranian peoples and possibly to that of ancient India. It seems to have been sandwiched, historically, between an earlier language of Semitic type and a later language, also Semitic, that of Akkad and later Babylon.

Considerable credit for deciphering the tablets of Sumer is due to the specialized work of Professor Kramer, the author of this book. He is an authority who probably knows as much about ancient Sumer as any living person.

Among the interesting discoveries found in the Sumerian cuneiform is that the people of Sumer seem to have invented and utilized in their culture many "modern" discoveries which we attribute to the very recent past. Among the "firsts" discovered by Professor Kramer are startling items, which appear in Sumerian script written between 3,000 B.C. and 1,500 B.C., after which time the Sumerian began to merge into the Akkadian.

The rather amazing find of an organized school with textbooks dating back to 2,500 B.C. was made about 1902, but only recently have the clay texts been translated, and they show that the chief concern of the school was to teach writing, with secondary interest in such issues as theology, botany, mineralogy, mathematics, and the zoology of that long-gone day.

An extremely human document found on a Sumerian site of 2,000 B.C. is written by a school teacher who recounts how a boy who was having a bad time in school improved his marks by inviting the teacher to his home, where his father wined and dined the teacher and the teacher began to take an interest in his backward charge. This is un-

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Another clay tablet from 2,000 B.C. describes in detail a Sumerian hero by the name of Enmerkar, the ruler of Erech, who waged a "war of nerves" in the most modern style against a very powerful city-state called Aratta.

Perhaps Sumer had the "first" Moses. It had a legal code about 1,900 B.C. predating Hammurabi by almost two centuries. Discoveries in Sumer have disclosed a "farmer's almanac", an experiment in forestry, a study in cosmology, a treatise on ethics, the first recorded map (of Nippur) made to an exact scale, and a "Noah" who parallels the Noah of the Bible. Here also we find a case of literary theft, or "borrowing."

It would seem that Sumer had developed a very high culture before it was overthrown by Akkad. It was a culture that was fused with that of Akkad and was still in evidence after the Sumerian language was forgotten. This culture may hold the answer to many archaeological puzzles that have plagued the archaeologist working in the near East. —*Edmond P. Gibson.*

THE COPPER WIRE, by Grace L. Macdonald. Exposition Press, New York, 1959. 96 pages, $2.50.

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Author Macdonald's "wire" may be only a new way of connecting up with familiar metaphysical notions, but it carries a current which many will find stimulating.—*Guy Archette.*

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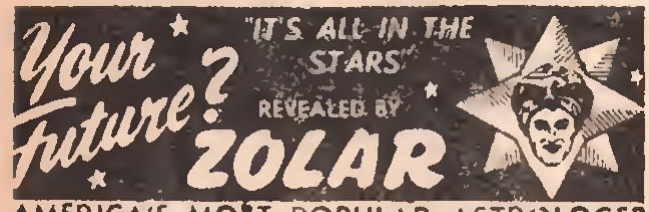
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10-18 to 1, and even higher.

The experiments were carried out under varying circumstances, all scientifically controlled. Some were held on a soccer field with distances between "sender" Ieuan and "receiver" Glyn measuring as much as 150 feet. Others were held indoors with sender in one room and receiver in another. Still others were conducted in the rooms of the British Society for Psychical Research.

The chances of trickery on the part of the boys seems remote; utmost care was taken to determine whether a signal or code was being used. In several tests, Jack Salvin, a telepathy faker of reknown and investigator of ESP claims, observed the boys for signs of collusion. His conclusion was that the use of codes or trickery was impossible. (The boys achieved phenomenal scores in these tests). British scientists of considerable standing were witnesses to many other tests, adding their weight to denials of trickery. To avoid the possibility of the boys using miniature radio sets for signaling, they were tested in bathing suits. The test results remained inconceivably high.

An interesting and significant series of experiments was carried out with the boys in an hypnotic trance. On the first try, Glyn scored 11 correct out of 11. Other tests of this nature had outstanding results.

It was found that when tests were conducted without hypnosis, best results were obtained when Glyn took time to concentrate on each card and Ieuan would be in a daydream-like state but with his body rigid and tense.

In one of the book's 14 appendices, Dr. J. B. Rhine, while admitting

his differences with Professor Soal's methods says the tests are "striking evidence of ESP."

Professor Soal, as a result of the experiments, strongly feels that ESP is at present "utterly unpredictable and incomprehensible. Glyn and Ieuan have taught us little or nothing about the nature of telepathy. It seems more likely that we shall have to resort to biology and the physics of brain functioning for any light on the mystery."

The reader is inclined to put the book down (only after having finished it), with the thought that either it unquestionbly demonstrates ESP, or else two adolescent country boys have managed to hoodwink some of Britain's greatest scientific minds. In light of the evidence, the latter would seem most improbable. —*Charles B. Harnett.*

FROM OUTER SPACE TO YOU, by Howard Menger. Saucerian Books, Clorksburg, W. Va., 1959. 256 pages, $4.50.

Here is a book which challenges belief. Fortunately for skeptics, it has two values which may carry to any reader: entertainment and thought-stimulation.

Menger praises George Adamski, one of the first claiming to have ridden in a "saucer" or UFO; and photographs of "saucers" by Menger are quite similar to some in Adamski's book. This is not to declare for or against either of these asserted saucer riders, but to state a similarity, whatever the facts are.

Howard Menger, born in 1922 in Brooklyn, N. Y., and reportedly a sign painter by trade, has received quite some publicity for his "space travels" on WOR (Long John Nebel program) and other radio sta-

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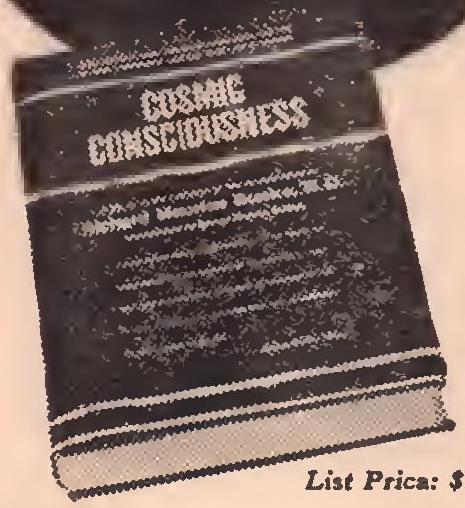
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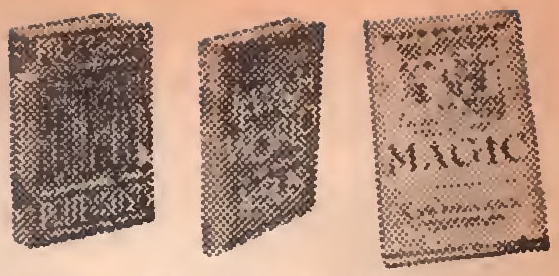
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tions; though many if not most of his "sponsors" (including his publisher) reserve judgment as to the objectivity of his narrative. The tale itself makes good reading; albeit more careful editing would have caught occasional sophomoric fumbles of syntax and vocabulary ("Whomever was in the cabin," p. 115.; "every . . . thoughts," p. 175, etc.), but these scarcely may be noticed by the casual reader of the fast-moving story.

Upon arrival on the Moon, Menger relates, he and the Venusians who manned the saucer were met by "attractive ladies in flowing pastel gowns," who "offered (us) refreshments." Green cheese was not mentioned; however a potato brought back to earth as a souvenir was said to test high in protein content.

Menger writes that he was then take on a cross-moon train ride, shown "advanced horticultural operations," and "shown how clothing was cleaned by a kind of high-frequency sonics;" then, "after four days of this lunar junket, we were treated to a huge dinner by our hosts . . . Before we knew it (once again in the ship), we were back on Earth."

Menger has a chapter titled "Witnesses," but fails somehow to mention their names, or to quote them. He does quote his father, who has since died. However, no one can deny that the word makes a good chapter heading. Perhaps the most valuable section of the book is an appendix (by G. H. Earp-Thomas) on a possibly unrelated subject, "A New Concept of Nutrition." This may be worth the admission price.—*W. Jerome Beaumont*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

PULSATING UFO

I and four others saw a flying saucer at fairly close range here in Santa Maria about four years ago. I have also on many occasions seen what appeared to be stars moving at tremendous speeds—at times large groups of them.

On one occasion I had stepped out onto the porch to look at the stars and to admit a friend who had come over. I had been looking at a seemingly fixed star above the high school directly opposite our house. My friend's gaze followed mine just in time to see the "star," which I had been observing for a full two minutes before her arrival, suddenly take off at fantastic speed and disappear. Needless to say, we were not only amazed but a little stunned at such an obvious phenomenon.

My friend, her two sons and my husband, the latter at that time a dyed-in-the-wool skeptic, were with me one night about a month later when we saw another strange object in the sky. The date was New Year's Eve, 1955. My husband and I were driving home from the grocery store at about 7:30 P.M. when I noticed an unusually large and somewhat golden star in the sky overhead. I said nothing because of my husband's theory that only crackpots commented on anything in the skies, speculatively or otherwise, that seemed at all unusual.

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I was surprised when about halfway home he pulled over to the curb, stopped the car and remarked, "Doesn't that seem like an unusually large and brilliant star up there? I don't recall ever seeing one quite like it before."

I told him I had been watching it ever since we left the store and thinking the same thing.

We watched the star for a few minutes, finally deciding it was just a star of unusual brilliance. When we reached home after a drive of some 10 minutes from where we had parked, we saw that the "star" was directly over us, seemingly twice as large and shining with an intense golden brilliance. It also appeared to be slowly coming closer.

Leaving my husband to cope with the groceries I ran next door and called my friend, the one who witnessed with me the star that moved. She was at that time a member of the local Sky Watch. She came out with her two sons, one on leave from the Navy Air Force.

As we watched the UFO it was obvious it was coming closer. It was also getting larger until a few moments later it had assumed the size of the full moon.

My husband joined us in time to witness a rather amazing phenomenon. The round, sphere-like object started to change color, pulsating rapidly at the same time. Both the beautiful color changes and the pulsations held us spellbound for about 10 minutes. Then the object slowly moved in a southwesterly direction toward the ocean and shortly was hidden from our view by hills.

The boys jumped into their car and sped in pursuit on Highway

101, but although they all but broke the speed laws they found no trace of the object, which should have been still visible had it continued at the slow speed at which it went from our view.

Other persons in town saw this object, but were told it was a weather balloon. Do weather balloons normally or even occasionally pulsate as this object did, while changing color through the entire spectrum?—*Rita N. Barnhart, Santa Maria, Calif.*

"RAMP" ON THE MOON

One night about 11:30 I was looking at the moon through my telescope. I had a lot of power as I have a four-inch Unitron that has a 7-mm. eyepiece with a Barlow lens.

The moon was in the first quarter and the seeing was very good. I saw what looked like a ramp projecting upward from the surface of the moon at about an 18-degree angle. It was perfectly straight as was the shadow of it on the moon. It looked like a six-inch metal scale with one end tipped up.

The "ramp" seems to be a permanent fixture, and I doubt it is a natural formation. I think it was built by someone. —*L. H. Dierking, Detroit, Mich.*

MORE ON THE MOON TOWER

As a result of my letter headed "Tower on the Moon" in the January, 1960, issue of FATE, I received many requests for additional information and hope it will be of value to those interested.

Since my original sighting of the tower on September 6, 1959, I have

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seen the tower twice. I viewed it in October for a short time, also in November for a couple of hours.

To those interested in observing it, the tower becomes visible between the second and fourth night of the early moon. It is visible only one night with good definition and contrast. Its top half can be seen even before it leaves the Terminator line (or line where dark and light meet), but it is best viewed just after it clears the Terminator line.

During my viewing of the tower in early November I called a friend who owns a 12½-inch reflector-type telescope. He was able to find the tower and join me in viewing it. He is of the opinion that the tower is of luminous material and that the top of it is shaped like a spearhead or diamond.

What may be described as an activity of light seems to exist about the enlargement at the top of the tower. To some of my friends who have viewed it with me it appears as luminous bodies moving around the top. But to me it appears as flashes of light at intervals of about one and a half minutes.

The tower is at the northeast corner of the very large crater Janssen. It is in the Fourth Quadrant at approximately 42 degrees longitude and 40 degrees latitude. The tower appears to lean or to point slightly to the west-southwest.

Also, those who seek the unusual on the moon's surface will find interesting viewing in the area known as Meton at the almost due north end of the moon. At every opportunity for two years I have viewed four unique dark blocks lying in a large walled enclosure. They are very large objects and lie in a per-

fectly straight line east to west. They seem to be exactly the same size and appearance and to be spaced exactly the same distance apart. In shape and arrangement they appear too perfect to be natural formations.

They are located due north of Alpine Valley, a well-known landmark. The objects greatly resemble city blocks viewed from an airplane. They also are visible for only one night each month, and this as the moon nears its half phase.—*Denver M. Hensley, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

"EXAGGERATED OR FALSE"

This letter comes your way in regard to a most recent article which appeared in your February, 1960, issue, "The Men Who Ride in Saucers," by Max B. Miller, page 32. On page 36 reference is made to Dr. Wm. Suther, who spoke at the AFSCA Convention.

Mr. Miller has made several statements which are either slight exaggerations, or entirely false about Dr. Suther, who *is* accredited as a metaphysical teacher, although he is only 16.

Although Dr. Suther is unconcerned about the above-stated statements, Mr. Sabbath, who is our Legal Advisor, has advised us that either one of two courses should be taken:

1. Legal action against your magazine and Mr. Miller.

2. An article to be written by one of our staff in defense of Dr. Suther, to be published in your magazine, uncensored.—*Carl L. Barton, Secy. No. 5, General Office, Chicago Youth Sanctuary, Avarian World Youth Movement, Chicago, Ill.*

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"ERRONEOUS AND INEXCUSABLE"

On reading the account of the Statler Hilton Spacecraft Convention, Los Angeles, in the February issue of FATE, I was appalled by the wrong information written by Max B. Miller in his report of George King, our chairman.

To begin with, I asked people to make no noise or move about during the *transmission—NOT* "experiment" as you erroneously term it.

Secondly, the Being who spoke through George King while George King was in Yogi Trance was *MARS SECTOR* 6 and *NOT* "the twentieth sector of Mars" as reported.

Such mistakes as these are inexcusable.

Max B. Miller reported that George King was charging mountains throughout the world for the benefit of members of the Aetherius Society *alone* to act for their safety in the event of a world catastrophe.

This statement by Max B. Miller is a downright lie!

The truth is that Mr. King acts as a channel for the Space People to send certain Spiritual Energies into mountains. These Energies are for the use of ANYONE who wishes to avert a catastrophe. IF or WHEN a catastrophe comes to this earth, these Charged Mountains are *not* designed to save ANYONE from "death"—i.e., being released from the physical body.

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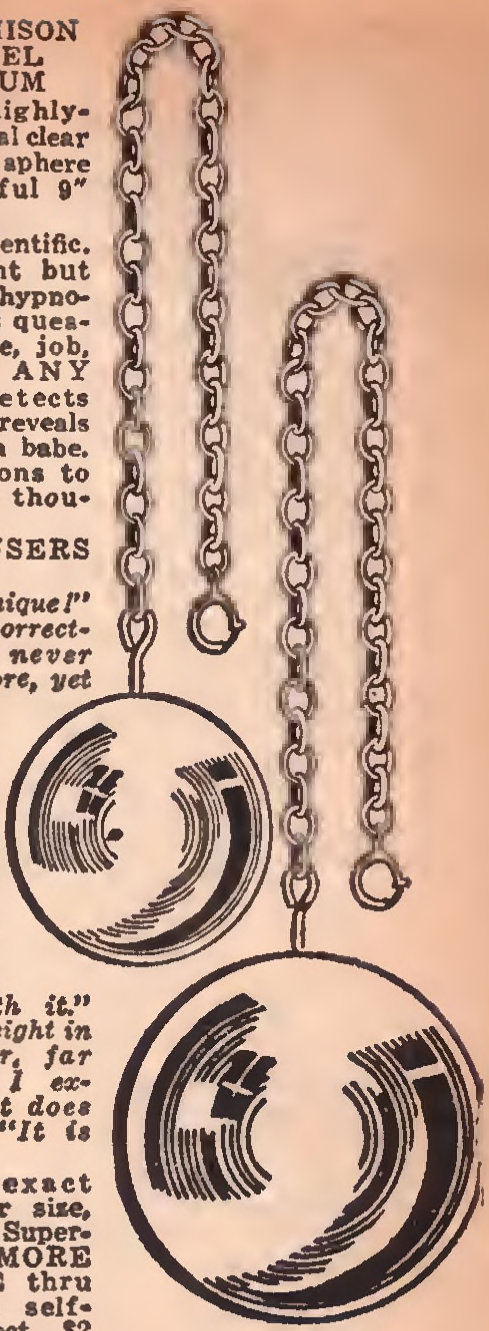
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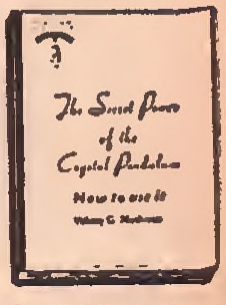
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ment govern this planet. By continual use of these Charged Mountains in this way it is hoped to STOP a world catastrophe. I repeat, *these mountains ARE NOT "Catastrophe shelters" for the miserable few who are bent on saving their own skins in time of catastrophe.*

In your report of this you have completely "twisted" the teachings of our Chairman, George King, into the very NONSENSE that he has been fighting ever since he landed in this country.— *Keith Robertson, Chairman's Assistant, Detroit, Mich.*

RE MENTAL IMAGES

Nat Rapport excellently presents in the March issue the current scientific concepts of the electronic reality of mental images. Much research, especially that of the world's leading electroencephalographologist, W. Grey Walter, makes it rather apparent that there is no such thing as physically storing mental images in the mind, and that such images are dynamic expressions of electrophysical energies.

Validation of this occurs in electropsychometry, where surge responses are observed on electrical indicating meters when an examinee recalls images up a painful past event—while there is a reverse electrical response on a pleasant recall. We commonly refer to mental image phenomena as "image energy patterns."

As a consequence of one having suffered injurious, degrading mistreatment, as an infant, as a child, or often even later, by ignorant, distressed or confused parents or other persons, one may, in adult life continually express confusing, self-limiting distorted image-energy

patterns, or systems of mental images, that make it impossible to live a full, happy life. To an increasing extent, it is now possible, by scientific modalities, to reverse distorted mental image patterns, and consequently also to reverse their harmful, illness-creating effects into constructive. positive life expressions.—*Volney G. Mathison, Ph.D., F.I.A. (Inventor and Manufacturer of the Mathison Electropsychometer), Los Angeles, Calif.*

"RAINBOW EYES"

There is a large mirror on our living room mantelpiece and each day I look into it more or less accidently. Today (March 19, 1960) I was watching television and I got up to change the channel. As I did so I looked at myself in the mirror and was shocked to see rainbow circles around my eyes.

The colors were dark blue on my eyeballs and going outward they were white, then yellow, then orange, and the outermost color was vivid red! The circles were large, about the diameter of a doughnut.

My aunt, who happened to enter at the moment, remarked that my face was white as paper and asked what was wrong. I told her what I saw and she came to the mirror and looked at me in it. She was surprised to see the rainbow circles around my eyes.

She said the phenomenon might be due to the mirror, but I have looked into this mirror every day and never saw anything except my normal features. Today I was shocked to see I had rainbow eyes. I still have them.

Is anything wrong with me? Can anyone help me?

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I also have an almond-shaped mark on my forehead, between my eyes. It is as big as an eye. I would be deeply grateful if someone could tell me what all this means.—*Nicholas P. Debelo, New Orleans, La.*

A DEATH EXPLAINED

In your March issue, page 22, under the heading "No Comment," you have a paragraph stating that Mrs. Virginia Mottern, wife of Edward Mottern of New York, was found by him seated in a chair at 1:30 A.M. one day last summer and that the chair was smoldering. She died of burns.

Lest readers get the idea this is all a mystery, I feel it is my duty to send in this information.

Mrs. Mottern was a heavy drinker and smoker. She was known to be careless about cigarettes because of drinking heavily and not being aware of what she was doing. She had been a schoolteacher for a professional children's school. I knew her through friends who had children in her class. Eventually drink became an obsession and she remained at home, not even able to go out for a walk.

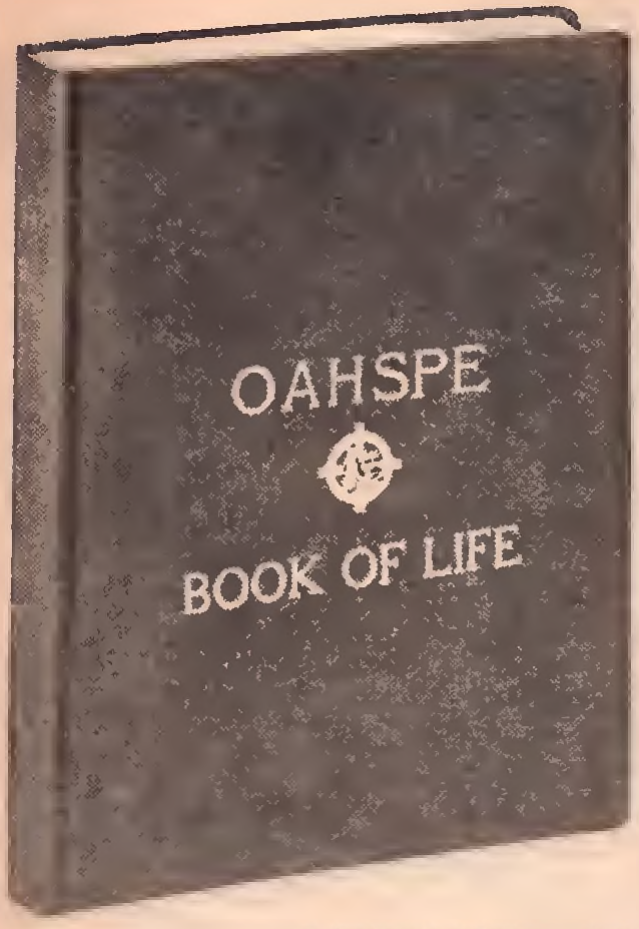
Since my name is known, I wish it left out of any publication at this time.—*Name Withheld, New York, N. Y.*

SWEEPING AWAY THE COBWEBS

The cobwebs that puzzled Georgians (FATE, April, 1960 page 22) were *gossamer*, which is well-known in both the Eastern and Western Hemisphere.

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tive aircraft. The spiders ride the cobwebs to travel to other localities. They are skilled aeronauts, know how to make use of air currents and how to choose weather conditions favorable for their flights.

Individual threads of web often meet in air and get entangled, especially when the tiny aeronauts are as numerous as they were in Georgia. That is why gossamer sometimes takes whimsical forms. —*Anatolij Bojko, Los Angeles, Calif.*

THOSE "INVOLUNTARY MUSCLES"

I have read Mr. Hanscom's letter in the April issue with interest, but I do not agree with his conclusions either as they appear in his printed letter. He mentions "control by involuntary muscles" and what controls involuntary muscles? I have always thought it was the subconscious mind. If this be so, could not the contents of the subconscious mind be at fault?

For instance, let us suppose that one is a salesperson. We are taught that the subconscious mind is an accumulation of former experiences. Sales people are not noted for being overly concerned with "huing to the line of truthfulness." So if we spent years in this type of vocation, then perhaps our subconscious would lose the ability—if ever it had it—to distinguish between the truth and what we want to hear.—*Naomi J. Carlson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

SHATTERING EXPERIENCE

Last summer I purchased quite a large bottle of expensive perfume and placed it on my dresser along with several other bottles of perfume, cologne, etc. While preparing



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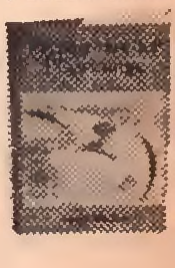
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my evening meal, I heard a faint "ping" in the bedroom and found the bottle of perfume had shattered into bits. None of the other bottles were damaged and I supposed that because of the heat, or an imperfection in the glass, the damage had occurred.

This Christmas I received another large bottle of equally expensive perfume. At 2:00 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by an overpowering odor of perfume and I found the second bottle also shattered to small pieces. Nothing else on the dresser had been touched.

Perhaps there is a logical explanation for this. The bottles were not shaped alike, the brands and odors were not similar.—*Wilma Richardson, San Bernardino, Calif.*

SKY ICE AND DEUTERIUM

Refer to the article by Paul Foght on ice falls in FATE, February, 1960. On page 29, in alluding to the studies on the recovered ice, it is stated that the reports note that there was no radioactivity.

I agree with the conclusion that the absence of radioactivity does not preclude an extra-mundane source. But I am led to inquire whether the analysis included a determination of the ratio of deuterium to hydrogen in the recovered water. A ratio the same as that found in normal water would be inconclusive, but to discover a different ratio would certainly suggest an unearthly source.—*Everett L. Gayhart, Captain, U.S.N. (Ret.) Daytona Beach, Fla.*

I do not possess a complete analysis of any of the ice samples. The

(*Continued on page* 128)

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ice from the Georgia fall is now at the Smithsonian Institution under the supervision of Dr. Edward Henderson. I have written to Dr. Henderson asking for a copy of the completed analysis, but have yet to hear from his office.

The absence of measurable radioactivity would seem to suggest that the quantity of deuterium present would be within the parameters of normal water supplies—the concentration of deuterium in some mineral waters producing measurable radioactivity, as I understand it.

Of course, any effort to measure radioactivity is valueless if the sample is older than the half-life.—Paul Foght, Evanston, Ill.

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AMBER AND ELECTRICITY

In his article "The Ancient Puzzle of Amber" in the February issue of FATE, Author Willy Ley states correctly that amber's Lithuanian name is *Gintaras*, meaning "protector" or "defender."

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I doubt if *Gintaras* is derived from the verb "ginti" meaning defend or protect. "Ginti" also means to drive domesticated animals to or from a field. Some neologists of the Lithuanian language call electricity *Gintra.* It is known that amber or *Gintaras* has some bearing to electricity, thus *Gintaras* has some affinity to electricity.—*Anis Rukas, Chicago, Ill.*

PREMONITIONS

I am one who preferred the exciting picture covers on FATE, but if the majority of readers consider the picture covers too gaudy, I'll go along with the conservative type of cover. FATE is a grand magazine—by all means keep up the good work.

I've had a few psychic experiences, such as the time a friend and I decided to go for a bicycle ride in the country in N.S.W. Australia one fine, warm afternoon along rough, winding, hilly roads. My mother warned my friend that she had a strong feeling he would have a bad accident if he went. Going down a steep grade, he got into a patch of deep, loose gravel and was thrown from his bike, sustaining numerous severe cuts and bruises.

I once dreamed that a scaffold I was working on with my brother collapsed under us while we were putting up weather boards on the side of a house. The next day we built just such a scaffold and started putting up weather boards. Suddenly the scaffold gave way beneath us. We fell to the ground but were not injured.—*Frank Sudlow, Victoria, B.C., Canada*

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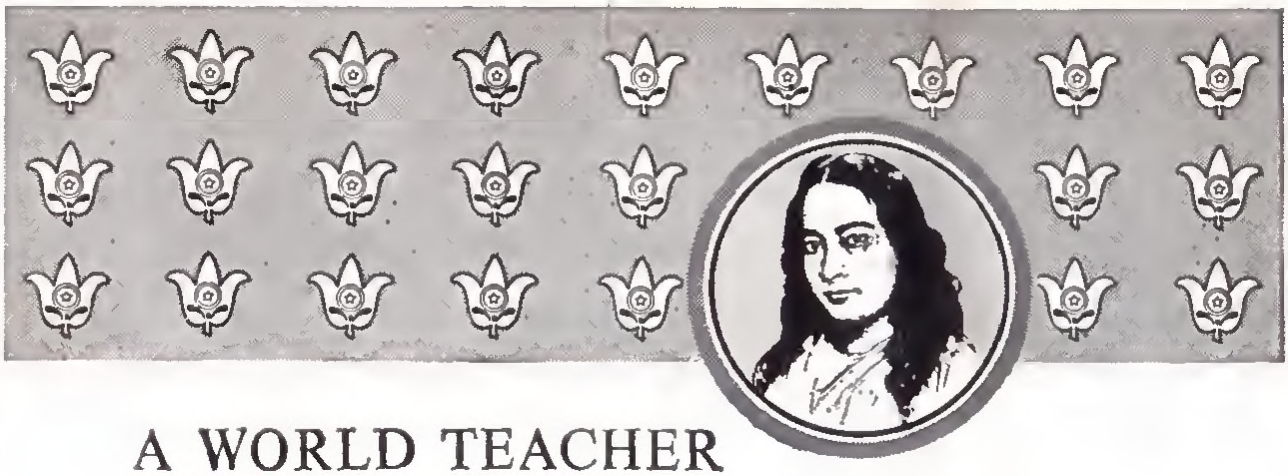
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CITY- SAN JOSE STATE- CALIFORNIA

Signed Thos Wyatt

Please present this card at the door.