MAY 1961 FATE TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN Vol. 14—No. 5 Issue 134

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TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

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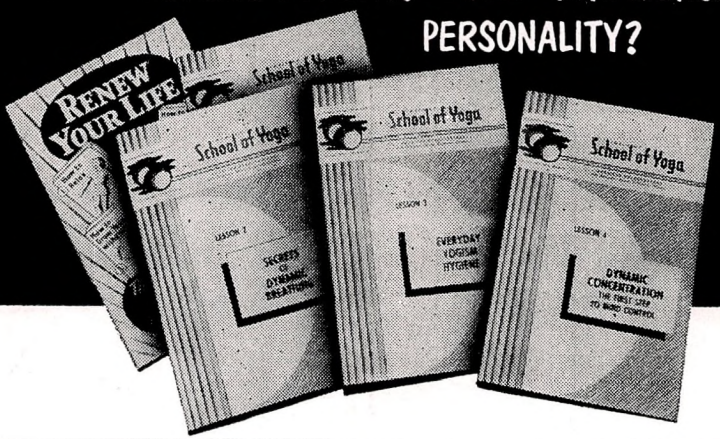
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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

There is a mystery in the very heart of creation, a mystery inherent in the way in which the world is made, and this mystery will not be wholly destroyed by any kind of materialistic investigation.

— John Rowland
(In "Mysteries of Science")

∞

THE MYSTERY?



DR. DENYS WILKINSON, 38, is a member of the Governing Board of the British National Institute for Research in Nuclear Sciences as well as a professor of nuclear physics at Oxford University.

Dr. Wilkinson implied recently in a talk over the BBC in London, that he believes in a kind of scientific "ghost." And he has offered theories that might make spirits possible within the realm of science as we understand it today.

He begins by explaining that although laymen are inclined to think there are many kinds of physical interactions, science up to our time has detected only four. These four account for everything that happens in physical reality as we understand it. They are:

- *Nuclear interaction.* This is a hundred times stronger than the electric force.
- *Electrical interaction.* Billions of times stronger than the weak force.
- *Weak interaction.* Trillions of times stronger than gravitational forces.
- *Gravitational interaction.* So weak that for all practical purposes it hardly exists. Nevertheless, it accounts for the motions of our earth, the stars and our universe.

Now Professor Wilkinson points out the puzzling fact that it is not necessary for all matter to enjoy all these four interactions. Thus, the neutrino is not affected by nuclear, electrical or gravitational interactions.

Uncounted numbers of neutrinos



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are bombarding earth as we write this and are emerging unscathed and unaffected on the other side. Only a few — one in a thousand million — are being affected at all, by the weak interactions.

The electron, for example, is not affected by nuclear forces.

As far as the electron and the neutrino are concerned, nuclear forces do not exist. And as far as the neutrino itself is concerned, our earth which is so huge, solid and factual to us is not even a wraith.

From this step, Professor Wilkinson suggests, perhaps there are forms of "matter" that are not subject to any of the four forces that we know about. Maybe this "matter" responds to forces completely out of our awareness — unknown even to instruments.

If this should be so, there may even be entire universes which interpenetrate ours and of which we are never aware — at least under normal circumstances.

Maybe some day we shall find a means of communicating with such universes through a new kind of interaction to be discovered.

Maybe some people have already discovered it . . . .



WHERE IS THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE?

WE DON'T KNOW whether this is pertinent to Dr. Wilkinson's theories but it seems to us that it is . . .

At any rate, astronomers, during recent years, have found that they have been able to observe only about 10 per cent of the matter that they calculate exists in the universe.

They have been able to measure the total mass of galactic systems (the vast kingdoms of stars) by measuring their gravitational effects on each other. But when the astronomers add up these effects and compare them with the mass of the stars they can see, the totals don't match.

Where is the rest of the matter they know is there — the other 90 per cent? And what is it?

At present we do not know.

IN DEFENSE OF APPARITIONS

A KIND OF cosmic humor must be involved in this story. A British scientist named A. D. Cornell decided to find out what kind of people see ghosts, how likely they are to interpret what they see as ghosts, and how they react after they have seen them.

His method was pretty simple. He dressed himself up in a white sheet and decided to haunt the cemetery of St. Peter's Church in Cambridge. Two research assistants hid nearby so they could administer smelling salts or whatever

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else might be needed. They might better have stayed home.

The cemetery is on a slight mound, clearly visible from the main road and footpaths which border it. During the time of the experiment, with Mr. Cornell cavorting only a few feet from the road, 90 automobiles, 40 cyclists and 12 pedestrians passed.

Of all these people, only four even glanced at him. And of the four, only one, a young man, followed up on the "haunt." He leaned over the cemetery fence and demanded to know what the alleged ghost thought he was doing!

Then Cornell got permission to walk across the stage in front of the screen of a movie theater dressed in his ghost costume. Later the audience was polled. Of the hundreds present, nearly half saw nothing at all. The rest said they had observed a vague figure but not one mistook it for a ghost.

In desperation Mr. Cornell appeared in a phosphorescent sheet on the lawn of a house while a party was going on. One of his aides among the guests cried out, "What's that?"

Everybody crowded over to the windows. There were exclamations, giggles and talky-talk, but only one person thought it was a ghost.

Seems as though people aren't as ready to see ghosts as some of the skeptics have imagined. Except maybe, in the case of the real thing.



THE GHOST OF SAMSON

WHILE WE'RE on the subject, the North American Newspaper Alliance recently reported that some of the 230,000 Arab refugees living in the narrow Gaza strip near Israel claim to have seen the ghost of a giant emerge from the hillside mausoleum where Samson is reputed to have been buried.

Those who believe they saw the apparition by day say it has a fierce face, long flowing hair and hollow "hate-filled" eyes. Others say they have heard strange rumbling sounds come from the ancient mausoleum at night.

The more superstitious of the Arabs are terrified. They fear that the ghost of Samson has returned to murder them and destroy their camps.

RED SKELTON REPORTS

RED SKELTON, the TV comic, recently told Hedda Hopper about two strange events that he is unable to forget. At the time of their interview, Skelton was recovering from a serious operation.

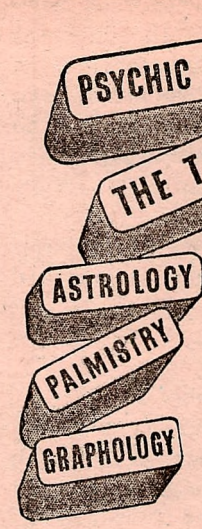
Skelton's young son, Richard, who died tragically of leukemia, had many pets but was especially fond of a white billy goat. Richard used to say to the billy goat, "When I go I wish you'd go with me."

The day after Richard died, the goat died.

The other incident involved Gene Fowler, the writer. Fowler was very fond of a white cockatoo in the Skelton home. When he visited the Skeltons he would talk with the cockatoo.

A few days before Fowler died Skelton heard him say to the bird, "I'll need your wings to take me where I hope to go."

When Red Skelton came home from attending Fowler's funeral a few days later the bird was dead.



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DEAR EDAN WRIGHT

EDAN WRIGHT, the Chicago Daily News columnist, frequently reports stories involving extrasensory perception.

The most recent one involved a housewife who was in the midst of washing her breakfast dishes when she had the overpowering feeling that she must see her sister as soon as possible.

The woman felt nothing could be wrong because she had seen the sister only the evening before — in fact she and her husband had helped her move into a new home.

The telephone wasn't installed and the woman couldn't call her sister, but the feeling bothered her so much that she couldn't continue her housework and had to drive 30 miles to her sister's new home.

There she found the sister helpless at the foot of the basement stairs with a broken collar bone. The husband had gone out of town on a business trip and she had no acquaintance with neighbors so wouldn't have been called on by them.

Once in the hospital, the sister said, "I kept calling to you and hoping you would hear me . . . ."

HOW DID I?

THE CORRESPONDENT concluded her letter to Edan Wright with the great and still unanswered question, "How did I hear her?"

If skeptics knew the answer there would be no skeptics and telepathy would no longer be doubted by most of the people of the world.

"How did I?"

More and more we read of theories which suggest that ESP faculties are normal but we all suppress them.

Recently a London psychiatrist suggested that babies pick up information telepathically from their mother's minds — especially such information as whether the child is loved or unwanted.

Dr. Joan Fitzherbert, medical director of a child guidance clinic, believes that her telepathy theory explains many factors that no one has been able to understand in mother-baby relationships.

How do mothers often know their babies are in danger even when they are far away? Dr. Fitzherbert asks.

Why do babies often become restless when their mothers plan to go out for the evening even though every effort may have been made to keep the information from them?

Dr. Fitzherbert is sure that one of a baby's main methods of learning is to get information from its mother's mind. Somehow most humans forget — or outgrow — this telepathic method after their reasoning powers develop.

Can they be induced to retain it? If so, how?



THE NERVOUS SIGNPOST

LITERAL-MINDED persons may find it easier to comprehend the following kind of a mystery. It is more concrete than the quicksilver mysteries of the mind.

Elmer Hinton tells us about it in the Nashville *Tennessean* . . . . Seems there's a signpost in the front yard of Lester B. Cole on the Elkton Road, north of Athens, Tenn. The signpost is a seven-foot steel pipe sunk in 20 inches of concrete below the ground.

This signpost just stands there and shakes all day long. Nobody knows why. Cole is a sign-painter and he put the steel pipe in the concrete in 1955 to hold a sign ad-

vertising his sign-painting services.

Within two weeks the pole had vibrated the foot-long sign right off, tearing loose the heavy screws that held it, Hinton reports.

Cole finally gave up trying to keep a sign on the post. Now it just stands there all by itself, shaking and shivering. Sometimes this pole whips back and forth as much as six to eight inches from its center.

The nearest railroad is two miles away. There's a road nearby but the post shakes when there aren't any cars in sight. State highway engineers couldn't find any answer though they studied that signpost.

But do you know what someone suggested? They suggested that maybe there's an underground stream there. That's what makes the signpost move, they said. An underground stream!

∞

EL NINO OVERDUE

ABOUT EVERY seven years — though sometimes it's six years and sometimes eight — a catastrophic ocean current comes sweeping down the West Coast of Peru.

It is a current of warm water and it overrides the cool waters of the

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Peru current, laden with their rich nutrients. This warm current is called *El Nino*.

When the warm current strikes, billions of anchovies die. The beaches become littered with dead sea birds which have starved. Torrential rains and floods come to the desert.

El Nino missed last year. It must arrive this year, and probably will be far more severe. When it comes the small fish will die. The big fish will remain in deep water. The Peruvian economy will suffer.

Why does *El Nino* follow a seven-year cycle? Dr. H. P. Berlage of the Royal Netherlands Meteorological Institute in De Bilt has connected it with the influence of sunspots, which themselves may follow a cyclical variation of six to eight years.



SEA SERPENT FISHING

BENEATH THE warm current of *El Nino;* beneath even the cool nutrient waters from the Antarctic off the coast of Peru, lies the 18,000-foot deep Peru-Chile trench.

Recently Dr. Robert Menzies, of the biology department of the University of Southern California, described how he fished for a sea serpent in this trench.

Dr. Menzies believes that sea serpents do exist and that they are probably giant eels. He fished on a dark and moonless night. Wisps of fog followed the ocean swells. He had a huge iron hook three feet long baited with a squid and with a 30-pound sinker. He used the boat's hydraulic cable with a 2½-ton breaking strength. He fished at 1,200 feet, which he estimated to be a likely depth for the sea creature he sought.

He got a tremendous, jarring strike and kept pressure on the line with the winch, but the creature, whatever it was, got away. The squid was gone, the iron hook was bent.

Why does Menzies believe the historic sea serpent is probably an eel-like creature?

He refers to the capture by Dr. Anton Bruun, previously reported in FATE, of a giant eel larva six feet long. The larva had 450 vertebral plates, while the longest adult eels we know anything about have only 105 plates.

If the larva eel with 450 plates grew into an adult on the same ratio of size as the eels we know about, it would develop into a creature 70 to 90 feet long, says Dr. Menzies.

But there may be even larger ones. He says that hundreds of Norwegian observers in the 18th century claimed to have seen monsters 600 feet long from head to tail.

"I can't prove it, but I believe



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the fish that hit and ran 200 fathoms under the sea could have been man's first nibble from a sea serpent," Dr. Menzies wrote in *This Week*. "I'm going back to fish with more and stronger hooks, and I think some day we'll land history's most elusive monster."

∞

THE VANISHING RINGNECK

JOHN REID told this story in the Spokane, Wash., *Spokesman-Review*. He was hunting last fall with Gene Hackney, a resort owner at Silver Lake, and Mike, Hackney's English setter.

Reid wounded a pheasant rooster and had the downed bird spotted pretty well in heavy cover. Mike pointed the bird and Reid parted the weeds. There he saw the ringneck sitting, blinking up at him. Gene also saw the bird and Mike was holding his point.

"Suddenly there was nothing there but grass. The bird had vanished with no sign of movement, at least that we had seen. The dog jumped back and looked surprised but he was no more so than we.

"Mike immediately began to work the area over but after nearly half an hour we had to concede defeat. The rooster had escaped."

Now anyone who has hunted knows that this is an almost incredible story, because even if Reid and Hackney missed the bird's escape the dog would not have. Where did the pheasant go?

We suggest a possibility . . . . It never really was there — at least at the time they thought they saw it. This little story is good for a lot of psychological and ESP speculation and probably your idea is as good as ours.

∞

BIG BIRD

FISHERMEN, women and others around Florida's Tamiami Trail in mid-winter were reporting a gigantic bird that, at this writing, had not been identified.

Eric Harnew of Miami said he saw a bird at Matheson Hammock Park that was bigger than anything he'd ever seen before. "It was flapping those huge wings and making a kind of rushing sound," he said.

Two fisherman from Sand Key reported a similar creature — much larger than the approximately seven-foot wingspread which is the biggest commonly seen in the area. The brown pelican, bald eagle and man-of-war bird all three have approximately that wingspread.

Still the reports continued to come in. One unidentified woman was said to have become hysterical after seeing a bird as big as a small airplane. Another lady told John Morton of the Miami *Herald* that the bird she saw "looked like a big vulture . . . wingspread about 55

feet. That's sorta unusual, isn't it?" she asked.

∞

THE VANISHING GULLS

THIS MAY not be a mystery at all, but at St. Helier, Isle of Jersey, in the English Channel, the gulls that enjoy the Grand Vaux reservoir have been disappearing like . . . well, like gulls.

Apparently there's some giant unknown fish in the reservoir that's gobbling down the gulls as fast as they alight there. It doesn't matter whether they come diving in after small fish or are just floating around peacefully. The gulls disappear.

H. Amy, a Jersey zoologist, has seen them seized from below and dragged underneath the surface. They're big gulls, tough and dagger-beaked, and hitherto there haven't been any fish known in the reservoir that are equally tough.

Mr. Amy is going to investigate, though. We just can't have gulls disappearing mysteriously without finding out what stomach they're going into.

∞

WHERE'S PAPA?

TEMPORARILY let's look into animal stories that are a bit less speculative. Take the whiptail lizard, for instance.

Recently Biologist Paul Maslin

Tiffany Thayer of the Fortean Society said: "Twice As Good As Ouija!"

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of the University of Colorado was given a $9,600 National Science Foundation grant to find out where the little whiptail lizards come from.

This might have earth-shaking consequences. Maslin has been fascinated by the whiptails since 1959. He collected 76 of them in Mexico and everyone was a female. With the $9,600 he'll try to find out where the males are — or if there are any males.

∞

STILL ALIVE

IT BECOMES increasingly likely that the rare Tasmanian wolf, once thought to be thoroughly extinct, still exists in the depths of the Tasman bush.

The Tasmanian wolf is a marsupial, relative of the oppossum and absolutely no relation to any wolves of the canine family. Nonetheless, it is wolf-like in shape, runs swiftly, and is a fierce fighter.

Dr. Eric Guiler of the University of Tasmania says the wolf has been seen in Tasmania on several occasions recently and is believed responsible for the chewed-up remains of sheep found in the hills.

∞

DOG STORIES

IN SAN DIEGO, a weimaraner dog named Katie and a pomeranian-chihuahua named Taco were caught by the incoming tide beyond the wildlife refuge fence near their home on the north end of Mission Bay.

Trapped by the waters, little Taco began to sink. Each time he did, Katie would grab him and bring him back to the surface.

Warren Mooers saw the dogs' plight and swam out to save them. First he brought Taco ashore. Katie hung onto the fence with her teeth until Mooers returned.

Both were taken to the veterinarian but Katie didn't make it. "She died of over-exertion and shock," said the vet. "She literally gave out from saving the little dog."

* * *

Minnie the Moocher is a little black dog that lives off the Wichita Falls airport. Minnie has learned that whenever Braniff airliners arrive at the airport she is likely to be given a handout. Braniff has sort of adopted Minnie.

But Minnie doesn't beg handouts from any other airliners. Here's a mystery. How can Minnie tell the Braniff planes from the others?

∞

THAT SIBERIAN BLAST

JUST TO KEEP you up to date we report that in recent days we have received two directly contradictory reports on the true causes of the catastrophe that levelled a huge area of Siberia and jarred seismographs around the world on June 30, 1908.

The mystery is still unsolved, according to an article in *Tass* by A. Zolotov, a Soviet engineer, who estimated the explosion as having the force of a thousand atomic bombs. Zolotov also commented that studies of tree burns suggest the amount of radiant energy present in relation to the total energy of the explosion is typical of a thermonuclear reaction.

No such thing, said two other scientists. The so-called "great meteorite" wasn't even a meteorite. It was the head of a comet.



A TRIP TO MARS

ASTRONOMERS, astro-physicists and others have speculated so endlessly and contradictorily on what Mars actually may be like that perhaps we can be forgiven for speculating a bit ourselves. We add that we bring to this job absolutely no qualifications acceptable to the gentlemen we quote below and whose statements led to our speculation . . .

Our reports begin with a bulletin from Wellington, N.Z., dated December 21 and reporting on a study, under the leadership of Dr. D. E. Wohlschlag, a marine biologist from Stanford University, Calif., of fish beneath the Antarctic ice. After several years of work some 120 species of marine life have been caught and recorded. Fishing is carried on to

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a depth of 2,000 feet and Dr. Wohlschlag comments that "the sea around here is quite rich in fish."

Our second pertinent comment comes from New York City one week later. There, Philip Abelson, director of the U.S. Geophysical Laboratory in Washington, told the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that even plant life cannot exist on Mars. Dr. Abelson declared that multi-cellular organisms cannot survive and multiply at temperatures much below zero or much above 100 degrees centigrade. Below zero their fluids freeze and above 100 they turn into tar.

The temperatures of all objects in the solar system other than the Moon, Mars and Venus rule them out as environments for the support of life as men know it, declared Dr. Abelson. Mars and the moon, however, are much too dry for things to live there, he said.

Third, a new Soviet hypothesis is that Mars actually may contain huge subsurface oceans and ice fields. The Russian popular scientific magazine *Priroda* in January published an article by V. D. Davidov suggesting that the surface of Mars may be primarily one of frozen oceans. This would explain the apparent smoothness of Mars' surface which astro-physicists have found puzzling.

According to Davidov's theory, then, the surface of Mars and its atmosphere are extremely dry but beneath are the great oceans which froze over millions of years ago. In the meantime, the ice has been gradually covered by volcanic and meteoric debris.

Our point is a simple one: If Davidov is correct, in the frigid seas, beneath the Martian ice there must be life just as there is life beneath our own Antarctic ice.



WHO WANTS TO GO ANYWAY?

ANYWAY, WHO wants to go to Mars? Scientists estimate we can probably put a man on the Moon by 1970 — and sometime later we can put a man on Mars.

But we've decided we're never going to make it if for no other reason than we can't afford to. Even with recoverable vehicles, used for as many as 10 flights, it's estimated by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration that a flight would cost about $33,000,000!



OTHER WORLDS

THERE MAY be easier routes to other worlds than those travelled by space ships. Recently Ralph Dighton, staff writer for the Associated Press, described his reactions from eating hallucinatory mushrooms in an experiment supervised by Dr. Andrija Puharich, author of the book *The Sacred Mushroom*.

"Magenta mountains melted into hibiscus petals, and the petals dissolved into a Niagara Falls of flowing diamonds," wrote Dighton.

"I kept waiting for the pink elephants but I forgot about them in a red-and-gold Oriental palace that faded into bright green snowflakes.

"Where I went I'll never know, but the things I saw were not of this world.

"Once I saw a bridge of light, something like the Golden Gate Bridge at San Francisco except that the other end was not fastened in Marin County across the bay, but on a distant star."

The investigators discovered that ESP abilities of the subjects increased under the effects of the mushrooms. For example, Dighton sat at a computer trying to guess what random numbers it had printed on a machine behind him and out of his sight. Before eating the first mushroom he had guessed right 14 times out of 99 (11 was pure chance).

Thirty minutes after eating a second mushroom he scored 28 hits out of 99, doubling his pre-mushroom score. Other subjects also showed a rise in ESP abilities.



MR. HUXLEY'S VISIONS

FAMED AUTHOR Aldous Huxley is one person who has spent much time investigating and speculating

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upon the kind of visions reported by Dighton.

"Some men have been able to move almost at will into the visionary world. Perfectly sane people can have visions," Mr. Huxley told Silas Pickering of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*.

"In the past, people talked about their visions. Today, for fear of being put away, they don't . . . . In most religions, the traditional means of inducing visions was through fasting, deprivation of sleep and total isolation."

But now visions can be studied more or less scientifically with the development of synthetic chemicals and other things capable of inducing visions without dangerous side effects.

Huxley believes visions are unlike dreams because they are completely unrelated to ordinary life. The faces and figures one sees in visions are never familiar, Huxley declares. In fact, he told Pickering, they seem to have no human counterpart at all. On the other hand, the emergence of visions seems to follow a regular pattern.

Huxley's visions are about 90 per cent demoniac, he says, and 10 per cent angelic. The angelic figures are immense and always in repose, never in action. He thinks that from such visions religious figures like Buddha may derive.

Huxley also believes that humans see the world in this visionary way when they are born. But as they mature they lose the ability.



BALLS OF FIRE

HUNDREDS OF sightseers have been swarming to the marsh country around Saratoga, Tex., to watch the fireballs. They bounce around the Big Thicket swampland at night and late in the summer Bragg Road, north of Saratoga, where the fireballs were seen most frequently, was crowded with sightseers.

Things got so thick that Sheriff Whit Whitaker had to post an order prohibiting firearms in the area. Some sightseers were attempting to shoot the fireballs out of the air.

In case you wonder what the fireballs are, any scientist can tell you. Dr. Edwin Hays, head of the biology department of Lamar State College of Technology, in Beaumont, Tex., explains that they are caused by "swamp gas" ignited by spontaneous combustion. Such balls of fire, says Dr. Hays, are not uncommon in marsh country.

We would like to challenge Dr. Hays and every other proponent to this old chestnut of a theory to prove it.

A common scientific criticism of psychic phenomena is that it is not repeatable under laboratory conditions. Well, we challenge the swamp

gas theorists to produce a little swamp gas under laboratory conditions, ignite it spontaneously, and produce their own little fireballs that go bouncing merrily along for minutes at a time.

Under laboratory conditions or any other conditions!

MYSTERIES

WE APOLOGIZE for having so much exciting information that we can't begin to cover it adequately in the small space available to us here.

• Mexican scientists are reported to be studying the miraculous picture of the Virgin at the Shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe near Mexico City. According to Archbishop Dario Miranda, they have discovered a tiny image of a human being in each eye of the painting and are studying them under a microscope.

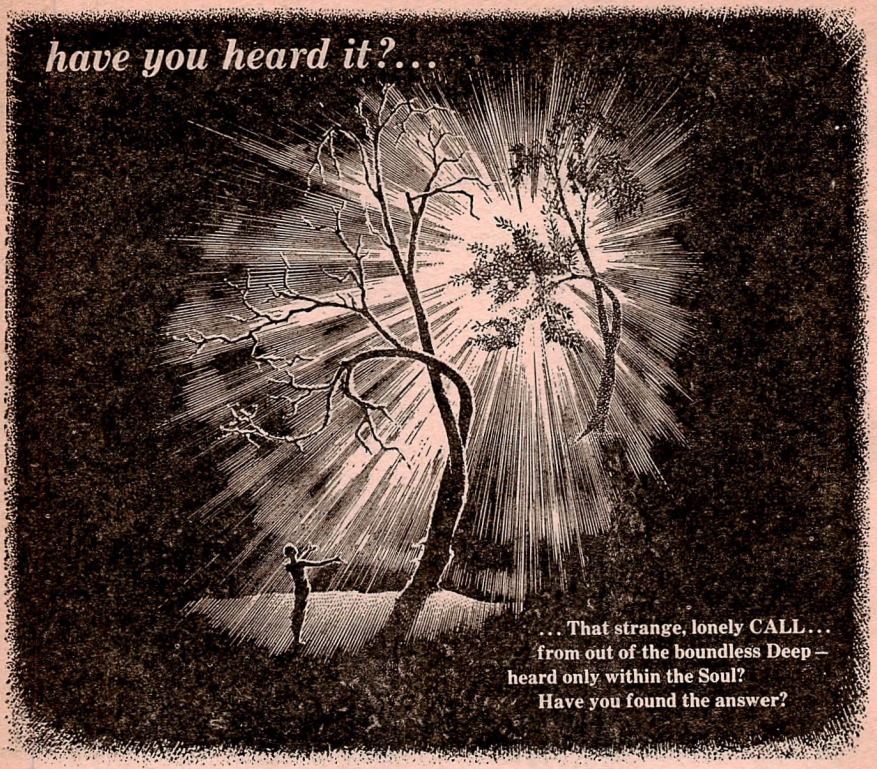
• U.S. Army engineers have found a huge boulder in the upper St. Marys River 12 miles west of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. It is believed to be the obstruction that sank the new 21,000-ton freighter *John Sherwin* on October 30, ripping a 300-foot gash in her side. This is a first class mystery. Thousands of ships, some of deeper draft than the *Sherwin,* have passed over this exact spot. How did the rock get here?

• Mrs. Robert M. Conlon of Culver City, Calif., was reading in her kitchen last December 6 when a large piece of ice crashed from the sky and through her aluminum patio cover. Six chunks of ice were strewn about the patio. Smaller chunks were in the yard. Damage was about $200.

• Erwin Pfeifer of Cleveland knew that the most dangerous gun was the unloaded gun. In December, he was target shooting with a pistol that carried seven cartridges in its magazine. With several persons present and counting, all seven cartridges were fired. Then the gun was placed down carefully on a blanket. It went off, killing Pfeifer. How could there have been eight bullets?

• We close with a note that the Royal Air Force has reported sighting dragon-sized lizards with wicked-looking flat heads lolling in the sun on two small islands off the west coast of North Malaya. The RAF said the lizards were up to 14 feet in length — twice the length of the largest monitor lizards known and much bigger than the Komodo dragons, which live on islands off Indonesia. The Federation Game Department has launched an investigation. The islands are uninhabited. Now we know why.

— *Curtis Fuller*



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FATE

Fun-loving Toby was a frequent visitor to our home, but finally we realized there was a certain danger in having as a guest . . .



the BOY who didn't know he DIED

By Peggy Juergens

THIS STORY seems amazing to me now, but at the time it occurred we all accepted it as quite natural.

During the two or three years that Toby and my brother, John, took turns in my brother's body so many interesting things happened that I cannot recall them all and I relate only those which remain most vivid in my memory.

Perhaps the story begins when my younger brother, John, was only three years old. Toby and another brother of mine, Milton, were in grade school — about the fifth grade, I believe — and were bosom friends. Our whole family loved Toby. He was fun-loving, a born tease, quick witted. He and Milton were together almost constantly. However, when they were in the seventh grade and John was almost five, we moved away. Milton may have returned to our former home to visit Toby once after that, I do

not recall. But John never saw Toby again.

The fall of Toby's senior year in high school we received word from his mother that he had been killed in a hunting accident. Those of us who remembered his gay, light-hearted ways mourned his premature death. He had been such a handsome, intelligent boy, so full of the joy of living. His death seemed to touch John and our baby brother, Dean, not at all. John scarcely remembered Toby; after all, he had been less than five the last time he had seen him. Dean would not have remembered him at all. Children soon forget; even adults must go on about the business of living.

But Toby was not dead and had no intention of dying. It was only a few weeks after news of his death had reached us that my youngest brother, Dean, came downstairs one morning, and rushed into the kitchen where Mother and I were getting breakfast.

"Mother," he gasped, "John is acting awful funny. He says he *isn't* John. He says he's Toby. Who is Toby, Mother?"

At that moment, we heard a clumping on the stairs; the exuberant leaping of a teen-aged boy who couldn't take time to come down one step at a time. The stairway door burst open and our mongrel dog, Jock, his hair standing on end, slunk under our old-fashioned kitchen range with a low growl. John leaped into the kitchen, shaking the house and rattling the dishes in the cupboard.

Only it was not John! It was John's body — in a way — and yet it was not. John was short and stocky and deadly serious about everything. "Old Judge" we had always called him since infancy. Now he looked taller and slimmer, with deep dimples, with eyes sparkling with mischief, and with a swagger. Toby had always been too lively to be quiet; no one was ever in doubt that Toby was around. On the other hand, John was quiet and soft spoken. There is no way to actually describe the change that had come over John. It was John and yet it was not John.

He rushed up to Mother and grabbed her in an enthusiastic bear hug shouting, "Hiya, Mom (Toby had always called her Mom) What's for breakfast?"

How can I explain our reaction? We all recognized Toby. But it couldn't be Toby! Still, it was! I do not recall that we felt any concern whatever that, temporarily, John had been pushed out of his own body so Toby could enter.

From then on, for the next two years or a little more, we accepted Toby unquestioningly whenever he appeared. John did, too. After his first feelings of confusion, he ac-

cepted the situation as matter-of-factly as we did. He seemed quite fond of Toby and, for the most part, seemed to bear him no ill feelings at having to share his body with him. Although he had no control over Toby, once Toby had entered his body, he knew at all times what Toby said and did.

My grandmother, who lived with us, was the only one upset by the situation. She stormed at us, quite rightly, we realized later. She complained we should not allow it. She said that John would have his personality destroyed — or worse. We turned a deaf ear to her warnings. John did not seem to mind Toby's presence and we were delighted to have him visit us. Gram had been fond of Toby, too, but this sort of thing she could not countenance. She would often get up and leave the room when John's personality seemed to evaporate and in his place Toby appeared. Toby insisted that we set a place for him at the table beside John. He had tastes in food very different from John's. John would be intent on his meal, when suddenly he would start eating from Toby's plate the food that as John he disliked and would not eat.

The other member of the family who did not enjoy Toby's presence was Jock, our dog. We often knew when Toby had come even if John were not in the room, or even in the house. Jock, with a low growl and hair standing on end, would slink under the range and nothing would induce him to come out as long as Toby was present.

Toby was often present even when John was not around. However, only through John could he project himself visibly or speak, but we often heard his swaggering step and felt his presence. Many times, he announced his arrival by picking up the kitchen table and making it dance while Mother and I (and anyone else who might be present) watched from the other side of the room

It soon became apparent to us that Toby did not realize that he was "dead." We asked him once if he had been home to see his folks and he replied sadly that he had, but that he thought he would not go back again. It was more fun to be with us, he said. When we asked why he said, in a puzzled tone, "They act as though I am not even there. They don't look at me or talk to me. They don't answer me and all my mother does is cry."

Little by little, we tried to help Toby understand what had happened to him. Once he did understand, he retained his naturally high-spirited ways. Eventually, he began to recall details of the hunting accident and to describe to us what had happened.

As time went on, he *did* become

a problem to John in many ways, just as Gram had warned us. We slowly came to the realization that perhaps she had been right in her forebodings.

Through some method which we did not understand, Toby was able to enter John's body and "use" it. Perhaps their frequencies were nearly the same. But the fact remained that their personalities were entirely different. One of them had to "give in" to the other and we all shudder now when we look back and realize what might have been the outcome had not our quiet, good, serious-minded John been very stubborn and strong-willed despite his quiet gentleness.

I said that he was fond of Toby and did not seem to mind being temporarily displaced by him. This was true up to a point. Toby had been a good student, but his irresponsible high spirits often had got him into trouble in school. He could not resist shooting spit wads or pulling the hair of the girl in front of him — things like that. Now he began to show up at school and get John into trouble. John came home in tears one day because Toby had slapped the desk a loud crack with John's ruler, bringing the wrath of the teacher down on John's innocent head. Toby would laugh aloud during recitation, make silly jokes and, in many ways, embarrass John.

Something had to be done and we gave Toby a good talking to about it. We told him that we loved him and he could live with us as long as he wanted to — and John would allow — or until he became adjusted to his new life, providing he did not do anything to embarrass John or get him into trouble. If he did, then he must leave. Just how we would have enforced this verdict, I have no idea.

But Toby promised better behavior in the future — on one condition — he wanted John to play football with the older boys. Now John was only seven or eight years old and small for his age. He never had been much interested in athletics largely due to a crippled foot, which was not apparent in his walking but was not strong enough for strenuous activity and has kept him from actively participating in sports for most of his life. Toby badgered and cajoled him until finally John gave in and asked the older boys to let him play football with them. At first they hooted, but not for long. Toby had been an all-around good athlete. He still was. To everyone's amazement, John was able to more than hold his own with the older boys.

I believe he was human in his satisfaction at becoming something of a hero with the older boys. But he was never truly enthusiastic about sports. It was Toby's enthu-

siasm and Toby's ability that made him good — not his own. And he knew it. He may also have wondered what would happen if the boys urged him to play when Toby was not there.

Toby plagued John in other ways, too. Profanity never was used in our home. Twice that I recall, one of my brothers had his mouth washed out with soap for swearing. In Toby's family, profanity was used freely. It was simply their way. Once John came in red-faced and said to Mother, "That Toby —he should have his mouth washed out with soap. He just used a naughty word. I told him that he can't come anymore if he is going to talk like that."

Toby also loved the movies. He did not care how many times he had seen the picture. We had only one theater in the small town where we lived but Toby had grown up in a town that had no theater and he simply could not get enough of the movies. He would tease Mother — as though he were John's age rather than 16 or 17 — for money for the movies. When John gained control, he would plead with Mother not to give Toby money for the show. "I've already seen it twice and I don't want to go again," he would say. Sometimes Toby would sulk over it.

Gradually, John began to gain the upper hand in the situation. His iron will was winning out and he was often able to overrule Toby. Once, after John became very impatient with Toby, Toby stayed away for two or three weeks. We missed him, but agreed sadly that it was for the best.

More and more, we were realizing how unusual the situation was and the harm that might be in it for John.

When Toby did return, we were happy to see him and asked him if he had stayed away because he was angry with John. He replied, "No, but I have to quit playing sometime. I have many things I must learn. They are sending me to school now and then I must work."

We asked what work he would do and he said, "Well, for one thing, with the war (World War II) going on, a lot of men are being killed suddenly and it is hard for them to adjust. Like me, they do not know they are 'dead,' " and he laughed merrily. "I, and many others, will help them to understand and to adjust to this new life here."

He was speaking with a new seriousness; a new maturity. He no longer sounded like a thoughtless, prank-playing teen-ager. "I won't be able to spend so much time with you anymore," he went on, "because I am so busy. But I will come when I can."

Toby did come occasionally after that, but his visits became farther

and farther apart. We knew that he was growing away from us. And that was as it should be. He was at last taking his rightful place in his new life. We asked questions and he gravely tried to answer them in terms we could understand but he found our vocabulary hopelessly inadequate for describing his new life. One thing was clear — he had adjusted to his new life and was busy and happy.

He regretted saying goodbye and we missed him very much. But we no longer mourned the untimely end to his youthful life. His life had not ended after all. He had simply broadened his horizons. For a brief time, we were the bridge between his memory of an old life from which he had been snatched so suddenly and the reality of a new life.

For a brief while, we were privileged to glimpse the continuity of life, the unbroken eternity that is ours.

If you should ask me, or any member of my family, how we could have been so unaware of the unusualness of the situation and what it might very well have done to my brother, I would have to reply that we can none of us explain it now. At the time, it seemed natural that Toby should come to us. We have discussed it many times since and marveled at our lack of doubt or fear.

One explanation could be that from the beginning, John was an unusual child with unusual abilities. Perhaps we felt that this was just another extension of his abilities. From a small child, he had been able to see blindfolded. We had even taped bandages on his eyes to eliminate any possibility of his being able to see. Long before he could read, he was able to run his fingers over the rough pages of a newspaper or the smooth pages of a magazine and spell out words written there — most of which he did not understand even when we told him what they spelled. He could describe a picture on the page accurately in every detail and tell us its colors. He could go through a deck of cards blindfolded and with the cards upside down, and name each card. Often, for entertainment at family gatherings we would blindfold him, turn him around and around in the middle of the room and then all silently move to a different place, after which he would point to where each of us stood. I cannot recall that he ever made a mistake.

But we were making a mistake — one of the many we made — by making him self-conscious in regard to his unusual abilities. Eventually, he came to loathe to perform. We had succeeded in making him feel as though he were an oddity. He rebelled. He still

does not want anyone even to talk about it.

The war was uppermost in our minds by then and one by one my brothers went off to fight. John and even Dean, the youngest, went into the army eventually, though the war was over by then. We have all married and moved to different parts of the country and become engrossed in our own families.

I assumed, if I thought of it at all, that John's unusual abilities had been lost. Therefore, it came as a surprise this summer when we shared a vacation with my parents, to hear Mother remark that the men where John works get quite impatient with him because he will not join their poker parties. She said occasionally, when they urge him long enough, he relents and plays, insisting all the time that he cares nothing for cards. He always wins. This makes it even more difficult for his friends to understand his lack of interest in the game. They do not understand, of course, that he feels that it is cheating for him to play cards with them. After all, he could tell what cards they hold even if he were blindfolded!

So, it is apparent that his "powers" have not been lost.

"I wonder," Mother mused, following her remark about the card games, "what would have come of John's ability had we handled it more intelligently; more scientifically; if we really had helped him develop it rather than accepted it as an amusing trick which entertained us."

I wonder, too.

I also wonder where Toby is now and what he is doing. I am quite sure that he is still busy and happy and that he has never quite lost the swagger in his step and the spark of mischief in his eyes. I wonder, too, if he comes to see each of us occasionally and mourns, as he did with his own parents, that we do not recognize his presence. We may not see nor hear him anymore—but we have not forgotten Toby.

PAIRED BY A PREDICAMENT

TWO DENVER, Colo., drivers ran the same red light at the same time on August 12, 1960, and were arrested by Patrolman James Snider. Their driver licenses listed them as George Pappas, 38, and George Pappas, 37, both of Denver. Neither had seen nor heard of the other before they met at the whistled summons of Patrolman Snider.

The Sergeant from Air Technical Intelligence Center says it's true and the Air Force is worried . . .

HAVE UFO'S "SWALLOWED" OUR AIRCRAFT?

By Tom Comella

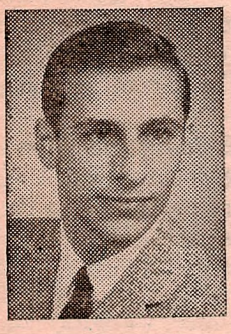
LET'S GO BACK to October 1955. A group of Cleveland investigators was in the midst of tracking down three UFO cases. Two of these cases were reviewed in January, 1959, issue of FATE and the third involved a purported contact with space people — a claim since proven false.

As a member of this group, I felt that the cases were important enough to warrant an interview with the Air Force UFO personnel and a call was placed to the Air Technical Intelligence Center at Wright Field. A Captain Hardin, then in charge of Project Bluebook, agreed to see us on February 4, 1956.

Four members of our Cleveland group met at Wright Field. The ATIC group included Captain Hardin, a Colonel Erickson of ATIC, Dr. Robertson, project physicist, and a Colonel Whedon of the Pentagon. The two most important cases presented to this group involved very low flights of unidentified objects over residential areas. We spent three hours going over the reports and our hosts were most cordial.

Discussion concerned the possible identity of the objects but nothing concrete was determined despite an effort by Colonel Whedon to discredit the cases as illusions, weather balloons or the like. The meeting was ended and we were told that we would hear further from ATIC although it was not their policy to discuss specific UFO conclusions with civilians.

* * *



CAN WE BELIEVE THIS STORY?

Tom Comella, the author of this sensational article, has been known to FATE's editors for several years as a competent UFO researcher. The story he tells here is all but unbelievable. Yet we believe the information was given to Comella in the way he describes. If that information is correct, this could be the biggest story of the age. If it is wrong, then "Sergeant Hill" and not Comella is mistaken. In support of the theory that UFO's are known to the Air Force but are being covered up because of fear, we offer two recent events: (1) The warning recently contained in the Brookings Institution research report prepared for NASA that the world is in for such a shock if other planets are inhabited that our civilization might collapse, followed by (2) President Kennedy's public suggestion to the Russians that we pool our space efforts.

NOT UNTIL JUNE — five months later — did the Air Force follow up the cases mentioned. At 10:00 A.M. on June 28 Edgar Smith, one of our Cleveland group present at ATIC called to inform me that Master/Sergeant O. D. Hill from Project Bluebook had just left his home and was on his way to mine.

Before he hung up, Smith told me that Sergeant Hill had made some startling remarks concerning Air Force planes being involved with UFO's. After Smith hung up he proceeded to write a report concerning his visit with Hill. This report is on file with the National Investigations Committee in Washington. Thanks to Smith's call I was prepared for Sergeant Hill.

The Sergeant spent most of our visit ridiculing the subject of "flying saucers." But after some rather pointed questions from me, his attitude changed. I told him, for example, that I did not share the opinion that scientists and airline pilots are easily deluded by conventional objects.

Then Sergeant Hill reversed his attitude with this bombshell statement.

"It is the mission of ATIC and Project Bluebook to prevent another Pearl Harbor," he said. He then described an alleged encounter with a UFO involving a military transport plane. If his story is really true it should have been the most sensational news of the age — and only the fear which must be

the source of the Air Force secrecy regarding saucers could have squelched it. After Sergeant Hill left, Ed Smith and I exchanged notes. The following is quoted from Smith's report:

* * *

Smith: "Why is your group so hard at work on UFO research?"
Hill: "To prevent another Pearl Harbor."
Smith: "I viewed the television program the Kraft theater put on the other night. Is it true that some of our planes are disappearing?"
Hill: "I must confess to you that it is true our planes have and still are disappearing from the sky."

(Smith was startled and Sergeant Hill suddenly became very serious.)
Smith: "Could you cite some specific cases?"
Hill: "Yes, but first I would like to state the fact that there is no longer any system of classification of UFO reports. However, the government has a few reports they were forced to keep classified only because if they were released they would reveal some military secrets along with pertinent UFO information."
Smith: "Please continue."
Hill: "I'll be glad to. However may I caution you I am not permitted to reveal any information to a group or individual if by so doing I would be going on the record, as I do not want to be quoted later."

* * *

The Sergeant did not appear disturbed by his obvious contradiction. First he told Smith there is no classification of UFO reports, then he said that he cannot "go on record."

Following is Smith's verbatim account of two encounters with UFO's as told to him by Hill. The dates and places were withheld by the Sergeant as still classified.

CASE ONE: "An Air Force radar station was tracking an F-86 jet fighter in to a landing strip after the jet had been dispatched to investigate a mysterious blip or UFO, seen on its radar scope. As the jet came in closer to the field the radar operator spied the UFO heading straight for the craft. The radar operator radioed the jet to climb at once but it was not fast enough. Before the eyes of the radar operator the two blips merged on the screen. Then there was only one. The radar operator tried his best to radio the one blip that was now speeding away, but he was unsuccessful. The jet was never seen again. Not even a trace of wreckage or a report of a landing was ever reported. We have classified this case as a mysterious disappearance."

Sergeant Hill continued. "The Air Force along with the Army made a thorough search of the *land area,* combing every square inch over which the jet had flown

but there was nothing."

Major Keyhoe has told of the now famous Kinross chase involving a jet chasing a UFO but that took place over water. Here Hill was admitting that such an event occurred over land, meaning that it would be relatively easy to find the wreckage of the jet if any existed.

I continue to quote from Smith's report . . . .

Smith: "Who do you think was responsible for this plane disappearing?"

Hill: "We do not know, but we are trying night and day to find out before there is another Pearl Harbor."

Smith: "Are there other similar cases?"

Hill: "Yes."

CASE TWO: "A transport plane with 26 persons aboard was rapidly approaching its air base some 10 miles from shore. Back on land at the radar station the operator was carefully tracking the transport plane and was in constant radio communication with the plane. Suddenly the radar operator spied a second blip on his radar scope. He immediately radioed the transport and advised the pilot to beware of the alien object.

"The UFO was traveling at a high rate of speed, about 2,500 m.p.h. It jumped about on the radar scope like a tennis ball. All of a sudden the mysterious blip headed straight for the transport plane and before the radar operator could warn it the two objects had united into one on the radar screen. The one remaining blip sped straight up at a terrific rate of speed. A surface search of the water in the vicinity revealed no oil slick although a general's brief case was found floating. The plane has completely disappeared."

At the end of his report, Smith writes: "The Sergeant said that the government had 200 top scientists from all over the world being paid to work on the UFO problem. Surely such expense would not be spent on some crackpot theory. I hereby swear that this report is accurate in every way."

The same story was related to me by Sergeant Hill when he arrived at my home a short time later. Hill made the following additional points during our discussion:

1. Many top ranking officials did, and still do, believe that the true UFO's are space ships from another planet.

2. An ATIC scientist for Project Bluebook is convinced that at least two other planets in our solar system are inhabited.

3. Project Bluebook follows the reports of the International Mars Committee very closely.

4. The famous Trementon movies

were proven to be photos of high flying sea gulls.

5. The Washington sightings on radar were due to air inversions.

6. The mission of Project Bluebook is to prevent another Pearl Harbor and the Air Force encounter cases with UFO's have officials greatly worried.

Before leaving my home, Sergeant Hill said he would be glad to return for a briefing if we would request it in writing and direct the request to ATIC. This I did in a letter dated July 14, 1956. An answer came from Wallace W. Elwood, 1st Lt., on July 24. It read: "It is a matter of regret that we cannot comply with your request, since, as you may know, this center does not brief non-government bodies on UFO's or any other subject." I relayed this answer to Sergeant Hill on July 26 but he did not answer. Why he said we would be briefed on UFO's when Lt. Elwood claimed this was contrary to AF policy is still a mystery.

My next move was to wire Hill at ATIC and ask to see him sometime in the future. It looked as if Hill had confided in us and planned to take us further into his confidence but that someone else didn't like it.

ABOUT ONE MONTH later Ed Smith and I visited Sergeant Hill at ATIC. Captain Gregory, who had replaced Captain Hardin as project head, took us into a briefing room and gave us a general rundown on how UFO reports are investigated. Nothing sensational came up until I asked Gregory point blank if his group had come up with any answer to the plane disappearance cases.

Gregory seemed shaken and left the room. Upon returning he asked if I had any special cases in mind. I said yes, that we had been told of cases where radar images of Air Force planes had merged with the blip of some UFO and that no trace was ever found of the planes involved.

The Captain said that "sometimes bugs or small birds get into the radar pattern, giving the illusion that they are maneuvering near planes that are actually miles away."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that a bug or small bird can so maneuver as to give the impression that it is being chased by a jet and eventually collide with it? Are you saying that a small object up close to the radar antenna can move in such a way as to coincide with a jet maneuvering miles away?"

The Captain looked nonplussed but I went on. "And how about the plane's disappearance? Is our little bird responsible for that too?"

Finally the Captain threw up his hands and said, "Well we just can-

not talk about those cases."

The rest of the conference was uneventful but it was apparent that Captain Gregory did not know that Sergeant Hill had leaked the disappearance cases to us. My question seemed to catch him completely off guard. We parted on good terms and I left with a new respect for Project Bluebook as well as proof of their secrecy policies. I was convinced that they were dealing with a problem of huge proportions and that other government agencies were also at work on it in different ways, using different methods. Recent events prove that this vital concern about UFO's continues to affect the government.

For those of you who have continually read only the public Air Force statements concerning UFO's, there is no flying saucer mystery at all. The AF has told you that observers of such phenomena are either mistaken or deluded. To those of us who have been behind the scenes of the UFO project, the situation is contradictory. On the outside the Air Force says "There ain't no such thing" and on the inside they say that UFO's are a serious business.

I have related my story for FATE to air openly this contradictory policy. Either the Air Force or some Air Force personnel is lying publicly, or lied to us privately.

I want to know which is true!

THE STRENGTH THAT SAVES

IN EMERGENCIES, as evidenced by news reports which appear from time to time, human beings are capable of displaying an amazing strength, which ordinarily bone and muscle do not possess.

In Tampa, Fla., recently, 16-year-old Charles Rogers was working under a station wagon when it slipped from its jack and pinned him down beneath it. His alarmed mother rushed to his aid. Although she weighed only 123 pounds and the station wagon 3,600, she lifted one end of it to free her son. The vast effort into which she unhesitatingly threw herself broke two vertebrae—but Charles was unharmed.

In Newcastle, England, 15-year-old Michael Little saw a 300-pound gate post fall on three-year-old Susan Brown. He gave a mighty heave and single-handedly freed the girl. After she was driven to the hospital in an ambulance the slimly built boy tried to move the post to clear the path across which it had fallen. He was unable to budge it and had to call on two men for help.

A clever thief seemed to be at work—but not even the famed Pinkertons could discover who or what was . . .

The Phantom of the Cariboo Trail

By John L. Zeller

THIS IS A MYSTERY of the Old West that has never been solved. It's been over 90 years since the phantom of the Cariboo Trail operated in 1863 and left the West mystified and terrified. Any clues that may have existed are, of course, long since disappeared and the file must be marked permanently, *unsolved.*

Nevertheless, the complete story as it was written in the old records is an interesting one and if any person has a solution to offer, let's hear it.

* * *

IN 1863 CONSTRUCTION of the new road from Yale to Cariboo in British Columbia was completed. It was considered one of the great engineering feats of the time, although the trail ran hundreds of feet above beautiful valleys and rivers and was somewhat dangerous. It led to Lilloet through the mountains and from there to Barksville in the untamed Cariboo country.

According to James Douglas, governor of British Columbia, the road was built to eliminate competition from Oregon in handling trade into British Columbia.

In the first two years of its existence little traffic went over it and often those who did take this trail never reached Cariboo. These disappearances were all blamed on the phantom of the Cariboo Trail. This mysterious *creature* first was acknowledged on August 5, 1863.

John Fillmore was traveling this trail with 50 pack mules loaded with supplies for miners along the Cariboo. On the night of August 5th Fillmore and his men made camp near Spence's Bridge. They unloaded their packs and set a guard for the night. Then something unusual happened. In the dark sky, high above them a strange white light appeared and moved back and forth several times before vanishing again. The camp guard reported that nothing else unusual occurred during the remainder of the night. However,

at daybreak it was discovered that three of the mules were missing. When Fillmore arrived in Cariboo he reported his loss to the proper authorities and the first victims of the Cariboo phantom had been officially chalked up.

Three nights later George Lateau, carrying gold on pack mules, made camp near Yale, the highest point on the trail. That night the guard reported some weird-looking lights which moved in a half-circle above him and then disappeared. Once again, as in the Fillmore incident, three of the mules were missing when dawn arrived. Every man in the camp was given the third degree but none confessed taking part in the theft.

The most puzzling aspect of these incidents is the disappearance of the mules. Even though men mounted on fast horses tried to capture the alleged mule thieves, their efforts were always in vain. Surely these missing mules had to be *somewhere* within short riding distance, mainly because of the treacherous road on which they had to travel. The camp itself was an open space dug deep in the rocks. Above was a huge cliff no man nor animal could climb. Below another cliff dropped nearly 100 feet down. A man trying to escape either up or down certainly would be killed.

Thus in the most baffling mystery that ever confronted the Old West mules and packs vanished almost every night along the Cariboo Trail and no trace was ever found of either.

The phantom of the Cariboo Trail became a topic of conversation from one end of the country to the other. Many persons were convinced that a "strange creature" lurked in the mountains; still others talked of devils or ghosts.

By November of 1863 the Cariboo Trail was practically deserted. In the following year, 1864, only $1,780 in gold was taken over it. Shipments from the States on this route almost ceased.

The cost of constructing the Cariboo Trail to the government of British Columbia had been almost one-million dollars, so every effort now was made to solve the mystery.

The Pinkerton Detective Agency was asked to capture the elusive "phantom". A trap was laid. It was publicly announced that a mule train carrying $50,000 in gold was to travel the Cariboo. Every man making this trip was a Pinkerton agent.

The men slept very little on the night they camped along the trail, mainly because of the unusual activity taking place. They all witnessed those weird white lights moving above them, as had been

reported in all the previous cases. Other than that, and also as in the previous cases, nothing else unusual was reported by the alert guards.

Nevertheless, in the morning three of the mules had vanished. Once again, efforts to catch the "phantom" had failed.

Early in 1865 the phantom of the Cariboo Trail ceased its peculiar activities. It disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

By 1866 the Cariboo Trail was back in business, with stage coaches, pack trains, and even camels traveling over it once again.

Soon this mysterious "phantom" was all but forgotten. However, it was never explained. How did it operate? How could mules suddenly vanish under the watchful eyes of guards? Where did the mules go? Nobody could lead them over the high cliffs and it was equally impossible for them to continue on the trail without being sighted. What were those weird lights?

The question remains: Who or what was the phantom of the Cariboo Trail?

DINOSAURS IN THE ARCTIC

A SET of nine footprints, 26 inches long and 23 inches wide, recently was offered to the Norwegian Academy of Science as proof that dinosaurs lived in the Arctic 120-million years ago. A Norwegian scientist, Prof. Anatol Heintz, reported that he and a colleague, Prof. Albert F. de Lapparent, a French geologist, found the footprints on a sandstone cliff on the shore of Spitzbergen Island, which is only 600 miles from the North Pole.

According to Prof. Heintz, the prints were made by two Iguanodons, lizards that were 40 feet long and 12 feet tall when standing on their hind legs in the half upright position they assumed when walking or running. Iguanodons had been numerous in Europe, but until now no trace of the reptiles had been found beyond southern Sweden. Discovery of the Spitzbergen prints advanced the Iguanodon's grazing area 1,200 miles northward.

Spitzbergen, today bleak and barren, once was covered with lush vegetation, Prof. Heintz said. Radical changes in climate caused the Iguanodons to perish. The sand of the beach over which they had walked hardened into stone, which was ruptured and folded into a vertical cliff above a sea which had sunk 10 feet.

Lazy Man's Yoga

- for losing weight
- curing colds
- learning concentration



By Jerry Victor

WOULD YOU like to learn an easy way to cure a cold?

Does the idea of conquering hunger and losing weight without a fight appeal to you?

Would you care to learn the art of concentration with positively no effort?

All these things can be accomplished when you use yoga.

But perhaps you believe yoga involves years of training and tremendous discipline if one is to achieve its loftiest aims.

Fortunately it is *not* necessary to be very dedicated if you are merely interested in using a few yoga techniques in order to obtain excellent results in the above aims toward more comfortable living.

You simply practice a few techniques of a lazy man's yoga, a concept first introduced in FATE in August, 1960, when methods for overcoming hot or cold weather, stimulating the brain, and improving memory were given.

Our principles remain high: We refuse to exert any physical effort. We wish to exert no mental effort. Each technique must be instantly effective, easy to apply

immediately and without practice. And each technique must be completely safe.

* * *

AN UNNECESSARY appetite often presents a serious problem to appearance and to health.

If you are a housewife on a diet you may be defeated by the fact that you have to prepare three meals a day. Or perhaps you work in an office and are hit by a feeling of hunger and thirst. You've already had your coffee break and the boss has been discouraging trips to the water cooler. Your stomach feels empty, your mouth parched. You can't think of anything else until these appetites are satisfied.

The yogis have a solution! You need not be deprived of needed nourishment but, at the same time, you can eliminate that unnecessary eating which often is an escape device, or else just a habit because you have nothing better or more interesting to do.

The method is simple. Turn your attention to the nape of your neck! Concentrate on this hollow for a minute or two and sensations of both thirst and hunger vanish, according to yoga authorities.

Classical sources give no explanation but perhaps the effectiveness of this exercise lies in the close proximity of the nape of the neck to the medulla oblongata. The medulla, at the base of the brain, is the key to the body's supply of energy. When stimulated through concentration it tends to bring about a readjustment of the forces of the body, rebalancing the unbalanced energies which brought about sensations which were translated as hunger and thirst.

Furthermore, in turning your attention away from these sensations and actively focusing on some other specific point in the body, you will naturally forget the original sensations because you can concentrate fully on only one thought at a time. This is the very nature of concentration.

* * *

WE ALL KNOW the importance of being able to concentrate. And it's easy to concentrate! Easy, when you aren't especially trying! Everyone concentrates on many things each day. But make a special exercise out of it and it becomes the hardest thing in life!

Important as concentration is, the modern world is set up to make it all but impossible to practice. Distractions are so many and frequent it seems the the world purposely tries to distract our minds.

The yogi needs to concentrate in order to pursue his great purposes, the westerner finds concentration no less a necessity for his worldly ways.

Yet when you try to concentrate

you probably notice that thoughts, memories, a host of unrelated ideas crowd your mind. Yogis refer to these irrelevancies as "monkey thoughts."

But suppose we approach concentration from a different angle. We have always believed it necessary to *work* at concentration. Now suppose we make no effort at all to concentrate.

Select a shiny object, whether it be a metallic decoration from the wall, a copper bowl, or something else that shines. Place this object at your eye-level, a convenient distance away, and sit and gaze at it for a given period each day. The length of time you choose for this period of concentration, whether a minute, 10 minutes, or half an hour, is up to you.

As you sit gazing at the shiny object, placed at your eye-level, do not attempt to think of anything in particular. Simply sit and gaze.

Maybe "monkey thoughts" will come; maybe you will feel drowsy. These impressions will subside. In a few days or a few weeks of practice sessions you suddenly will realize that your mind is completely empty.

When your mind is utterly empty of thoughts you can begin putting whatever you want to into it. You can concentrate!

Later as your ability to concentrate increases you may wish to concentrate on everything you do in daily life, from dressing in the morning to intense concentration upon your work and your observations of the world about you.

This continued practice and use of concentration will increase not only your ability to concentrate but your appreciation of life and your accomplishments as well.

* * *

WHEN YOU GET a tiny speck lodged in your eye it seems to be the biggest thing in the world. Everyone catches "something in his eye" occasionally.

How do you remove this mighty mite?

Some persons are able to turn the eyelid up and calmly remove the particle with the corner of a handkerchief or some other handy instrument. Certainly blinking or gentle rubbing toward the nose are dubious and time-consuming methods.

Next time some foreign matter gets in your eye, try this: Pull your eyelid out and down. Then blow out through the opposite nostril. Blowing the nostril on the same side as the eye with the mote in it doesn't produce the desired reaction. It just doesn't work that way. It is necessary to blow the *opposite* nostril.

Perhaps you think this method sounds ludicrous?

Let me point out that when you do it two things happen.

First, you cease to concentrate on your afflicted eye because of the effort demanded in blowing your nose. This alone naturally renders the eye less sensitive.

Second, the act of blowing the nostril opposite the eye with the mote in it produces a reflexive jerking of the eyelid. When it jerks up and down it is very apt to leave the offending particle deposited on the lower lash.

* * *

IS YOUR HEAD stopped up? Your nose running? Got a hacking cough?

Then you've got a cold. And medical science can't do a thing for you.

On the other hand, yoga—being a few thousand years older and consequently more advanced than western science—can help you.

Such exercises as *trikonasana,* certain cleansing breaths, postures, and purification procedures can be used to ward off colds. However, these won't do for the lazy man's yoga because they involve a little effort and thus violate our basic precept.

There's an easier way.

Centuries ago the yogis observed that one's breath changes from one nostril to the other. In good health you breathe through one nostril for two hours, then your breath changes automatically to the other nostril. Perhaps this phenomenon is new to you? You may believe that you usually breathe through both nostrils at once. Place your fingers near your nostrils and notice that you are breathing through only one nostril right now!

Occasionally check the changes in your breathing from one nostril to the other. You'll find that the breath changes about every two hours—when you are healthy.

When you are ill the balance between breaths goes out of order. If you have a cold your body is trying to rid itself of impurities and restore normal functioning. When you have a cold one nostril is usually blocked. If you allow the same nostril to continue blocked your cold gets worse.

People often have managed to cure a cold overnight by simply changing the breath flow at will, while at the same time eating and drinking nothing but hot lemon juice.

Place the fingers of one hand under the armpit opposite the nostril that is blocked and feel for a little lump. Next press on the lump for 30 seconds and no matter how blocked the nostril is it will clear and equilibrium of breath will be restored.

Or if you are lying in bed you simply can turn your head to one side so that the clogged nostril

will be above the clear nostril. This forces the blocked nostril to clear in order to take over the breathing.

Never allow the same nostril to be blocked for a long period of time.

It's advisable for a cold—if it is practical for you—to fast for 24 hours, keep warm, and drink plenty of hot lemon juice or cabbage water.

Bad eating and living habits cause colds. A cold is not an illness but a curative process, during which the body tries to cast out poisons. Hence, improving your habits provides prevention which is even better than the cure just described.

THEIR PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED

DURING THE Donner Ridge fire, the *Sacramento* (Calif.) *Bee* reported on August 22, 1960, A. W. Riedel of Truckee, Calif., seeing the flames approach his property, got down on his knees and prayed.

The fire, he said, reached the edge of a small sawmill in which he had invested his life savings. It swept by without damaging any of the equipment.

Later, he said, the blaze roared directly over his cabin. Two unoccupied cabins nearby were destroyed, but his was left standing, not so much as scorched, in a tiny island of green trees, surrounded by a sea of charred land.

During the height of Hurricane Donna, according to a story in the *Hunterdon County* (N.J.) *Democrat* on September 15, 1960, Mrs. Ethel Belmar was in charge of 25 worried youngsters at the Hobby Horse Nursery School, Flemington, N.J., of which she is owner and director. She had the children lie down for their naps and went into the kitchen where she glanced from a window at a 60-foot linden tree which stood 10 feet from the house. Suddenly, she said, she felt the ground shake and saw a large crack appear near the base of the tree. She thought it was an earthquake until she realized that the giant tree, under the impact of the hurricane, was falling toward the house. Horror swept her as she thought of the endangered children in the next room.

She related that she fell on her knees in the kitchen and began praying. Suddenly the wind stopped and a tremendous gust came from the opposite direction. It righted the tree and then pushed it over—safely away from the house.

Escape from Frozen Death

I was a victim of "Old Man Frost"—but the Chinese had a knack of restoring his victims to life.

By William Barrymore

THE FIRST SENSATIONS of death are quite contrary to what I had expected. In place of the pain and suffering normally portrayed by men as life flows from their veins, I had the soothing feeling of being lulled to sleep. So oblivious was I to my surroundings, that I only later learned my bier had been a ditch, half full of ice-choked water.

In Central Siberia the month of October is not what I would call comfortably cool. I thought this while trodding wearily along the narrow farm road connecting Altanka, last Siberian village, with the town of Manchuria on the Chinese-Manchuria border. It was 10 miles between Altanka and Manchuria, but I wasn't worried. I was dressed warmly enough to survive even the famous Siberian "purga," which is the Russian definition of a terrific blinding snowstorm.

Out of anti-communistic Military College, in one of the larger cities in Siberia, only six months previously, I had decided that the political climate was becoming increasingly unhealthy for the remaining members of the White Russian outposts in Eastern Siberia, particularly for me since I had been known to make anti-communistic speeches for students in various schools. In fact, when my decision to cross the border to Manchuria was made, the Red guerrillas were already patrolling the border and killing anyone who was shaved, who looked too clean, or who, in their opinion, simply did not have the general appearance of a Communist.

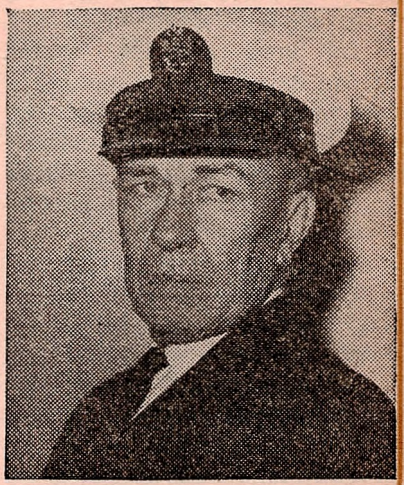
All this, of course, precluded any possibility of my traveling by

regular means. Trying to cross the border in view of the Red patrols would be just as suicidal for me as for anyone else without a Communistic passport—which I did not have.

There was one remaining alternative—to walk, avoiding everybody and everything.

A youngster of 18, I was in top physical condition due to the rigorous training I had received in the Military College. Over the hills, streams, and forests I went, feeding mostly on wild berries, grasshoppers and pine nuts in July and August, and in September catching fish in streams and "borrowing" eggs at night from isolated farm houses. I proceeded on my 254-mile walk to my destination: my mother in Harbin, Chinese Manchuria, a haven for White Russians.

Carefully avoiding all villages and roads, with few exceptions, I was nearing completion of the fourth month of my comparatively uneventful trip, not counting several "close shaves" when I came too near Red patrols, and once



About The Author: Chief William Barrymore, USN

William Barrymore at present is Chief Journalist and Sound Recording Engineer in the U.S. Navy, stationed at the Naval Training Center in San Diego. Born in Russia, he there attended grade school, high school and the Russian Military College (similar to West Point). He was commissioned a lieutenant of cavalry in the White Russian Army. After the revolution he fled Russia and made his way to the United States via Siberia, China and Japan. In Hollywood he became a technical advisor for silent movie companies and later starred in some 40 Westerns and serials. His acting career, he says, actually started at the age of eight on the stages of Moscow where he was taught by the famous director Konstantin Stanislavski. While in Hollywood he also was a technical director and directed 18 Westerns for independent companies. He later operated his own portrait studio and became an investigator for the Los Angeles County Sheriff's department. During World War II he enlisted in the Navy where, among other things, he learned teaching. He was an instructor at a school for private detectives and has taught Russian language classes. He operates a photo and sound recording studio and is associated with Little Theatre groups as director, actor and playwright.

when I almost suffocated surrounded by a forest fire.

Now, at last, I was only about four miles away from the border. Beyond was safety from the Reds and beyond that was Harbin, my mother, and my friends, and the people who should be enlightened to the perils of Communism.

I felt great, especially for the last five days, not only because I had an ample supply of good food in my sack, a fur hat, a good pair of boots, and a below-the-knees "doha" (fur coat), but also because I found that some ranchers and farmers along my trek, having survived that bloody 1917-1919 revolution, had managed to remain friendly humans and had proved it by supplying me with warm clothing. I was asking God to bless them for their help.

It had rained the night before but now the temperature had dropped low enough to cover the puddles of water with a thin coating of ice. I looked at the white vapor escaping from my mouth with each breath and I wished for a cup of hot tea. I continued to walk trying to avoid the icy puddles of water. The appearance of the road indicated its lack of use. I thought of my mother in Harbin and I wondered what her reaction would be when she saw me for the first time in five years. She did not even know if I was still alive. In the distance, I could see the outline of the town of Manchuria.

I was so close but . . . . not close enough.

The sound of galloping horses brought me back to realization that now I might not see Manchuria any closer than from where I stood at that moment.

Two horsemen, riding short-legged, long-haired Mongolian ponies, fully armed with lances, carbines, sabres and Nagans (Russian military revolvers), came to a halt a few feet from me with their lances pointed expertly at the object standing between them—me. I looked at their armament, their stern facial expressions, their high-cheekbones, and the homemade red stars on the front of their fur hats and I knew then that I had been overtaken by the Communists. The horsemen were the foreboding Siberian Cossacks.

Through my fur "doha" I could feel the sharp tips of their lances, one pressing against my chest and the other midway on my spine. I did not move.

I was familiar with the procedure. I would be asked two questions and then given an order.

Where do you live? Why aren't you in the Red Army? And finally, *Turn around and start walking!*

My name would not matter. Answers, good or bad, would not

matter. The final results were *always* the same in *all cases. Walk exactly 15 paces . . . loud report . . . man lying on his face . . . puddles of icy water being melted by trickles of warm blood. One more human . . . no more. The sound of galloping horses fading out in the distance.*

I waited. The first question came.

"Where do you live?" asked one of the Cossacks.

"Three miles north." I did not tell the truth. "My Daddy died a couple of weeks ago and my Ma and I are by ourselves. I was setting rabbit traps. We don't have much in the house." I looked straight into his eyes. The sharp points of the lances were beginning to hurt.

"Why aren't you in the Red Army?" the second question.

From under the horses necks, in the distance, I could see Manchuria.

"I am!" I answered, lying indignantly. My life was at stake. "I told you my Daddy is dead, my Ma is alone, and I got leave from the Army." I made it up, hoping and not hoping.

My inquisitor looked at the other who said: "W-e-e-ell, lying or not, what's the difference?" He shrugged his shoulders.

Now for the third and final step, I thought. Somehow I did not feel the tips of the lances pressing against me anymore. I was just numb. Not afraid . . . just numb!

The horsemen looked at each other and laughed. Then the first one said: "Nice doha you have there. Take it off! I need one just like it for my brother." He laughed again.

The lances eased. I took off the doha.

"I think, I need the pants and the shirt for *my* brother," said the other Cossack. He too laughed.

I took off the pants and the shirt.

The Cossacks kept on laughing as they continued to order me to strip down to the bare skin without any complaints from me. I tied the bundle of my clothes with strips of linen which I had used to wrap my feet in the absence of socks and handed the bundle to the Cossack.

Then it came! The third and last step of the procedure — the order.

"Turn around and start walking!" The second Cossack prodded me with his lance, catching the side of my right leg. The tip of the lance went smoothly into my leg.

I turned. To the right of me I could see the town. So close . . . so unreachable. I started to walk. I wondered if my mother was thinking of me. Three . . . four . . . five.

The day was so clear I could almost count the houses . . . but instead I counted my steps . . . nine . . . the sound of galloping horses . . . 11 . . . 12 . . . blood, melting ice . . . 13 . . . one human no more . . . the sound of galloping horses fading in the distance . . . Yes! Fading! Gone!

I stopped. I was alone! Why wasn't I shot? Was it more thrilling for them to think of the naked body of a young boy slowly freezing to death?

There was Manchuria, warm and inviting. There was my mother waiting and hoping. There were people, so many people who didn't know the danger of Communism. I must tell them.

I started to run; I gritted my teeth; I prayed. Puddles of icy water were breaking under my feet and the hard, rough ground was cutting into the flesh of the soles. The frost was steadily and insistently squeezing my naked body into its unmerciful embrace.

I ran. There was something on the road — perhaps a bit of cloth? Yes! It was a sack, frozen stiff. I rolled it in my numb hands and then tried to wrap it around my body, but it wasn't big enough. If I could only . . . .

Oh, Lord — help me!!! I must get to Harbin.

I put the end of the sack in my mouth and drove my chattering teeth into the coarse burlap. My teeth connected clear through the burlap. I kept on chewing and tearing while trying to run and pray all at the same time.

I chewed two holes for my arms and one for my neck. I slipped the sack over my head like a sleeveless shirt, and I ran and ran and ran, praying.

Manchuria was getting closer and closer.

Just a little more. Perhaps only a mile. Just a small mile.

Oh, Lord! My mother, my friends are there! They are waiting! My work is not completed yet!

Just a little more and I would be there, across the border, among people.

I didn't make it. I stopped. Manchuria was moving right, then left in a crazy pattern — right and left — right and left.

I wanted to rub my eyes, but couldn't feel my hands.

As I looked, Manchuria was fading out in the distance, just like the Cossacks. It was strange to me that the fog was coming in so fast. I never knew there was any fog in Manchuria, especially in the middle of a clear day. And it was dark — so very dark.

The frozen ground came up and hit me in the face with a thud. I wondered if the icy puddles were melting under me.

* * *

I NEXT FELT I was lying on the bottom of the river. That was my fleeting thought. I couldn't move. I knew I was dead and I didn't care. Then the thought went away.

Again, the feeling of "being returned slowly and laboriously" came to me. I could breathe. For a moment it seemed almost natural to breathe submerged in water. The wet sand on the bottom of the river was soft and comfortable. The thought left.

Many times after that I "came back" to feel water all around me and soft wet sand under me. *How did I get here?* I asked myself but it didn't really matter.

I don't know how many times I "came back" and "went away." It was many times. I remained conscious for a longer period on each succeeding occasion, yet I was not curious about my situation. I experienced nothing other than the feeling of lying on wet sand on the bottom of a river. I took it for granted that, whatever was happening, it was as it should be. I simply was not interested.

Suddenly, I was able to open my eyes. The thought of opening my eyes had not occurred to me before. It happened without any effort on my part and I was mildly surprised. The sky above was black and I was still immersed in water on wet sand. To my right a large, blurred object wavering right and left . . . right and left.

Manchuria, I thought, *fading out in the distance.* I wasn't interested. I closed my eyes. The thought disappeared.

Next time I studied the object on my right. What I had thought was Manchuria now looked like a — man! It was! A living man!

The sky above was still black. *Cossack . . . came back . . . make sure I was dead!* Well, I was dead. Suddenly I wanted to laugh but I couldn't. I kept on looking at the blurred Cossack. I couldn't tell if it was the first or the second Cossack. The uncertainty concerned me. I wondered why. What difference which Cossack? I made an effort to focus my eyes but had to give up. The Cossack faded out.

Once more I was staring at the man. This time he looked different. I kept on looking and my eyes came into focus. The person was a woman! A Chinese woman! I directed my gaze back to the sky and I could see wooden rafters. I was inside a hut!

I tried to move, without success. I felt no muscle tension, no response to my efforts. I felt I had no body.

I looked back at the woman. She was chewing. I wanted to laugh. *A Chinese woman chewing a burlap sack!*

Again the images went away.

The next time I looked the object was an old man. He too was chewing. The next time the "chewer" was a little girl.

Little girls do not chew burlap, I thought, *it must be gum!*

The next time I saw a young Chinese man. Every time it was different. I made it a game to count the number of different "chewers" sitting near me before the first "chewer" came back on the scene. I thought that I counted 16 different Chinese of all ages.

What I had thought to be the bottom of the river was actually a bunk in a Chinese hut. *But why was the bunk wet? Where was I?*

One day I said, "Where am I? Why am I wet all over? How long have I been here?"

I asked the old "chewer." He didn't answer. He reached over my body and this time I could feel . . . yes! I could feel his hands clearing a spot on my chest with brushing movements. He reached to his mouth and placed part of its green contents on my chest. He then felt my legs and finding a dry spot, he replaced it with the rest of the moist substance from his mouth.

"We want to keep you wet with this moist grass," he said, "all the time."

He reached into a large sack beside him and took out a handful of brown grass and began to chew it. He chewed for some time, clearing drying bits of substance from my body and replacing them with the new, now green, supply.

The old man was relieved by a woman, and then, in relays, by the rest of the Chinese family of 16. One by one they chewed and replaced drying herbs on my entire body every day and night around the clock.

One day I heard loud and continuous noises in the distance. It sounded like a celebration of some kind.

"White people are showing their gladness for the coming of the New Year," the young man informed me while he busily replaced drying herbs on my body.

"Where are November and December?" I shouted as I made feeble attempts to sit up.

The young Chinese looked at me with a smile. "Ten weeks ago it was when we found you and brought you here," he said. "You were very much dead. Without any clothes Old Man Frost kills fast!"

The young Chinese smiled again.

"It did take a long time to bring you back to be alive," he said gently.

I was silent. For a moment I thought that the nightmare was back again.

"For the first six weeks we were not so sure," continued the young man, "but when you moved your eyes once we then knew your an-

cestors were not ready to accept you yet. It is good to have a large family like ours, so we are able to keep you moist with herbs all the time."

With that the young Chinese departed.

The old man was not proficient in his vocabulary but he was more specific.

"Old Man Frost likes to play," he said. "He catches our people some times in winter." The old man replaced some drying herbs and continued. "When Old Man Frost play with our people — they die — a little bit. We chew this grass and make our dead people be with us again once more."

He chewed for a while.

"But," he said, "your clothes were not present on you and because of that you died — very much. From our humble house we see far away two people on horses and one people not on horses; he lay down on earth very fast. After we know two people on horses not come back we go and see you."

The old man shook his head. "Maybe you very dead. We take you. You no bend at all — very dead!! But we have many family and we stay by you in our humble house with the sun and the moon. Keep you wet . . . all time . . . all of you," proceeded the old man. "You ver-e-ry dead, lo-o-o-ong time!"

He made hopeless gestures with his hands. "One moon we keep you wet. You no eat. We push good teas into you every sun."

I didn't know what he meant by "push good teas into you."

"We keep you here lo-o-ong time," he explained. "Pretty soon you no dead anymore."

The old man thought for a moment, then added: "Your 'Buddha' was good to you!"

I listened to the old man's kind and soothing voice and then his image began to blur. I blinked my eyes to clear them. The old man smiled and reaching over wiped my eyes with the corner of my bunk cover.

"Salt water falling from your eyes is good for you sometime," he whispered. "Don't need to allow it to fall in abundance. You see, your eyes are very red already, so you must replace your sadness with happy thought."

I turned my face to the wall and said nothing.

Time passed. I grew stronger with each day and had but one thought — my mother. She was in Harbin, waiting and hoping, not knowing. I had to get to Harbin.

Soon I was able to hold a spoon and a bowl. But for a long time I was allowed to eat nothing but mush and drink various kinds of tea.

I made no effort to communicate

with any white settlers of Manchuria. It would have been too dangerous because of such close proximity to the Communist border. I spent my days in the hut and ventured outside only after dark for a walk around three huts in the yard. These huts belonged to the same family and it was not unusual to see members of the family going to and from the huts at all times. Garbed in native clothes, in the dark, I did not attract any attention even with my white skin.

The long days were taken up with physical exercises, with learning Manchu dialect from my Chinese friends, and in turn teaching them to write and read the Russian language. They already spoke pidgin Russian. I found them capable and ardent students.

It was April when I said goodbye to my Chinese friends. I felt bad that I could do nothing for them in return for saving my life. Or should I say for bringing me back to life?

I would have been 19 on August 10 that year. I now wonder if I should have moved my birthdate two months ahead since I wasn't "alive" on November and December.

* * *

MANY YEARS have passed. I have had the opportunity to serve in the United States Navy during the Second World War and still am in the Ready Naval Reserve.

Many events important in my life have come and gone and some have been forgotten, but a New Year's celebration invariably brings back memories of a wonderful family and 16 Chinese who were my true friends. I think of them and I ask their Buddha to be good to them.

If you wonder what effect this incredible experience had upon my physical body I will tell you. At this time I have but three reminders — one stiff toe, legs that bear multiple scars made by Old Man Frost, and a round scar on my right leg where I was prodded by the Cossack's lance.

CLOUDY CLAIRVOYANCE

By Raymond C. Otto

PROOF that even those who are especially gifted cannot always predict the future is emphasized in the following item which appeared recently in the London *Times*: "The Clairvoyant Society will not hold its usual meeting this week due to unforeseen circumstances."

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay $5 for each True Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

HE WILL SEND ANGELS

By Hope Price

IF IT IS TRUE that we each have a guardian angel, then mine has been seen three times that I know of — each time by a different person.

My mother, Minnie Metcalf Miller, said that when I was three weeks old, and very tiny because I was premature, she was awakened in the night by a beautiful young girl bending over her.

Mother somehow understood from this beautiful visitor that her new baby, asleep in the next room, needed her. Mother said she seemed to understand that she would be facing a long ordeal so she dressed carefully and went in to me. She found me blue in the face and struggling for breath.

There followed a long battle with pneumonia in which Mother did not have her clothes off for several nights. She said the beautiful girl was there beside her every minute of the fight with death.

A kind neighbor also saw the beautiful girl and asked of my mother, "Who is the beautiful lady staying with you since the baby has been so sick? I see her come out on the front porch sometimes."

The beautiful lady disappeared when I was completely out of danger.

Years later, in 1934, she returned to rescue me again. I now had small children of my own and had just gotten a divorce. I had been told by my doctor that I must have a serious operation and an intensely religious woman named Lude was doing my housework. She was to stay with the three young children while I went to the hospital.

However, Lude seemed dissatisfied with conditions in our house as she was used to working in wealthy households with other servants. One afternoon as Lude entered the room with a vacuum cleaner a cat, who was calling on my cat, jumped through the window, breaking the glass. This was the last straw for Lude. She gave notice rather sulkily, saying she would

leave in the morning as she simply couldn't stay on.

I wondered what I would do! I couldn't leave three little children alone in the house while I was in the hospital. I finally decided I would have to call the doctor the next morning and tell him I could not have the operation.

However, early next morning Lude entered my room fairly beaming with good humor. She was wearing her white uniform.

"Breakfast is ready," she smiled.

"Why, Lude. How nice of you to get breakfast before you go," I said.

"Mrs. Price," Lude replied, "I've changed my mind. I'm not going. I had a vision last night. A beautiful young girl, an angel, came flying in to my bedside through that window the cat broke. She was all in shining white and surrounded with light. It lit up my whole room. She asked me not to leave you because you need me. I'm going to stay just as long as you need me."

So I went to the hospital comforted by the thought that the children were safely watched over by Lude.

In each case the angel was seen by a kind person with a good deal of spiritual understanding. They were the kind of persons able to see angels, obviously.

The lovely angel seems to appear when I need her most. I hope she always will. Perhaps someday I will see her myself. — *Portland, Ore.*

MY STRANGE IMPULSE

By Esther Blade

MANY YEARS AGO I attended the Marquette Grammar School at Harrison and Wood Streets, in Chicago, across from the County Hospital. At that time, to the best of my recollection 1910, the hospital was set way back with a beautiful garden in the front. It was my habit, and the habit of many of the neighborhood children, to run across the car tracks and wander among the different flower beds.

Adeline, one of my schoolmates, lived on Harrison Street just west of Marquette school. Because her father had a fruit store there she knew many persons connected with the hospital. They all called her "little red-head."

One day while I was sitting in school this strange impulse seized me: Go to the County Morgue *today!*

At afternoon recess I asked Adeline if she would take me there.

"Sure," she said. "But we will have to sneak around the back way."

Adeline and I entered the morgue unnoticed. We saw dead people in glass cases — a little child, a teamster who had been shot, and others. It seemed as though I was pushed

to continue on past the rows of cases. At one I arbitrarily stopped and stepped on a little box I dragged up so that I could see over the top of the case. There I saw a card with the name "Fred Wagner, Buffalo, N.Y." on it. That was the name of one of my uncles, and I knew he lived in Buffalo!

I rushed home to tell my mother. I was afraid to let her know that I had been in the County Morgue but, at the same time, I felt compelled to tell her my story.

Mother promptly called her sister, Mary, and asked if their brother-in-law, Fred Wagner, had been in Chicago recently.

"Yes," she replied. "He was here this morning. He said he was going to the bank and will be back."

Mother related the story of my visit to the morgue and of my finding the body of a man whose card bore the name, Fred Wagner.

Mother and Aunt Mary identified the body at the morgue; learned that Uncle Fred had dropped dead in front of a bank at 63rd Street and Cottage Grove Avenue. They made arrangements to ship his body back to Buffalo, N.Y., where they both attended the funeral.

I was about 10 years old at the time of this experience. I did not understand then, and do not today understand, what drove me to the County Morgue that afternoon so long ago. — *Chicago, Ill.*

INVISIBLE SAFETY BARRIER

By May Elliott

MY MOTHER, Mrs. Annie Needham, is now 88 years old. Many times I have heard her tell this true story:

"In 1899 when our oldest child was small, I was alone with Grandma N. who was blind. My husband was away with a threshing crew. We lived near Red Oak, Iowa, but there were no near neighbors and no telephones. However, I kept too busy to be lonesome.

"This particular day was hot and I looked forward to going into the deep, cool cave to take the butter and milk back after lunch. I liked to admire my neat rows of canned fruit there, too.

"But when I reached the second step from the bottom of the cave I found I could go no farther. It was as if someone stood in front of me and held me back. I simply couldn't get past. I came back up the steps and stood a minute, thinking. I knew nothing was wrong with me. I felt fine. I tried again. Again I could not pass the invisible barrier on the steps. I decided to take the milk and butter back to the kitchen and get the baby's clothes from the line before making another attempt to go down into the cave.

"As I went toward the line, carrying the clothes basket, I glanced toward the cave. It looked as if

someone had spread a big black cloth over the entrance of it. I was near-sighted even then so I went closer to investigate. There was a gaping black hole down below. Inside what had been the cave, it seemed there were tons and tons of black Iowa soil. Some of the large supporting timbers had given way.

"If I had been able to go down into the cave I would have been killed."

Obviously something not of this world saved my mother. — *Lamoni, Iowa.*

IN MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Rose Figinola

I WAS FRIGHTENED when I saw my first clear picture in the crystal ball many years ago. For a long time after that first vision I refused to look into the crystal but gradually I overcame my fear, and I have seen many extraordinary and true things in it through the years.

A Mrs. Haines begged me to look into the crystal ball for her in March, 1942, during the last war, when I was living in Yorkshire, England. I saw, in the ball, a lonely stretch of country with no trees or buildings in sight. I saw a plane falling. It hit the ground with a terrible explosion and flames and smoke rose into the air.

I was excitedly describing this to Mrs. Haines when her cry of horror made me look up. Her face was white with shock.

"My son is in the Air Force," she whispered fearfully.

"It may not be your son," I said lamely. "I only saw the plane. It could be anyone."

She went away silent and unhappy. I was miserable too, and sorry I had told her what I had seen in the crystal ball.

Three weeks later she showed me the telegram she had received from the War Office. Her son had been killed when his plane crashed on the lonely Scottish moors, two days after I had seen the vision.

On September 5, 1959, I wanted a job but was very undecided just what kind of job or where to look for it. I looked into my crystal ball, which I have had for many years, and I saw clearly a hospital, the Good Samaritan, here in this city. That same morning I went to this hospital and filled out an application. Two days later I started work there and am still there, very happy in my job.

In July, 1960, I looked into the crystal ball for Shirley Gann here in Phoenix and told her I saw her getting out of a two-tone, red and white car at a lakeside cabin among tall pines.

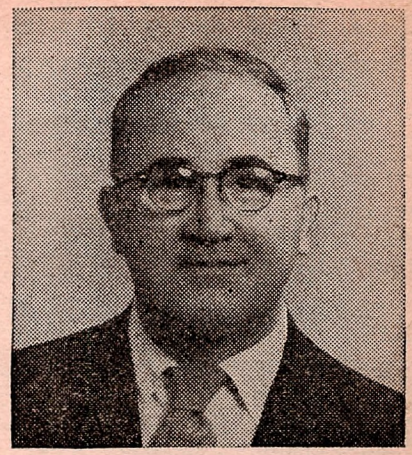
Shirley laughed and said there was nothing she would like better

but she knew no one who had a cabin at a lake, or the car I described.

Nevertheless, a month later when I saw Shirley she told me that a relative whom she had not seen for some time turned up unexpectedly and invited her to spend a week in northern Arizona at the cabin she had just acquired. The lovely scenery, the tall pines, and the lake were exactly as I had described but the car had been *pink* and white! —*Phoenix, Ariz.*

MORE THAN A HUNCH

By Henry J. Santon



HENRY J. SANTON

DURING MY LAST stay at Wordsworth Veterans Hospital in Los Angeles, Calif., about three years ago, I witnessed a strange psychic phenomenon.

The bed next to mine had just been readied when Mr. Carter, the new patient, arrived. In his early 40's, he looked as healthy as a professional weight-lifter and was apologetic and embarrassed when fellow patients asked "What's wrong with you, Buddy?"

The previous Sunday, so he told us, he had taken his new wife to the beach for a shrimp dinner. Strolling along the boardwalk afterwards he suddenly became dizzy. He did not really pass out, but was mighty glad that a bench was nearby. After resting for a moment, they went home by cab, at which time he felt fine again and tried to forget the whole incident. His wife, however, kept pleading with him to see a doctor, till he finally promised to do so.

The company physician, who he consulted next day, considered acute indigestion a possibility but could not find anything wrong with him otherwise. Though Carter was satisfied with this diagnosis his wife was not. She finally succeeded in persuading him to have a thorough check-up at the Veterans Hospital.

The ward doctor listened patiently to his tale before ordering the regular routine examination.

On the third morning, shortly before breakfast, the nurse came bursting into our ward and headed straight toward Carter's bed.

There, she delivered a lecture for the benefit of all. Declaring categorically that the nurses' telephone was exclusively for hospital and emergency use, she told Carter that she would make an exception this time in view of the fact that his wife sounded so terribly upset.

Apologizing, Carter withdrew to her office. When he returned, griping about women's edgy nerves, he related the gist of their conversation. His wife had just waked up from a nightmare in which she saw him on the operating table where the doctors stated that he had waited too long. For a while Mr. Carter said he did not have a chance to squeeze in one word as she was crying hysterically. Although his X-rays had not even come back yet he eventually promised he would never let them operate.

During breakfast some patients discussed hunches while others dismissed extra-sensory perceptions as nonsense. The nurse refused to commit herself. Carter sat silent, listening to both sides. The debate was still going strong when the doctors arrived for their daily round.

Many of the men in the ward were anxious to continue the conversation after the doctors left our ward, but Carter began to get his things together.

He told us he had just been informed that his X-rays disclosed an advanced stage of malignancy requiring major surgery. Carter told the doctor he had already promised his wife not to go through with it.

That afternoon we saw the Carters silently leave the ward and wondered whether it was more than a hunch that came to Mrs. Carter that night. — *Los Angeles, Calif.*



TRAILS THAT CROSS

CHICAGO *Sun-Times* columnist Irv Kupcinet reported recently that when he checked into the Savoy Hotel in London in 1953 to cover Queen Elizabeth's coronation, he opened a drawer and found the personal belongings of an old friend, Harry Hannin of the Globe Trotters. Kupcinet related Hannin wrote him of just having checked into a room at the Hotel Meurise in Paris, where he opened a drawer and found a tie with "Kup" on it. The management told Hannin that Kupcinet had stayed in that particular room a few months previously.



By Leona Elliott



MARY ANN GLENN

PELE, THE ancient Hawaiian fire goddess, comes in many guises so few can recognize her. One who does, and who repeats Pele's predictions of disaster to the day and hour is Mrs. Mary Ann Glenn of Honolulu.

Mrs. Glenn desires to remain anonymous — and to protect the anonymity of persons all over the world whom she has helped. Nevertheless, I have managed to learn some remarkable things about this remarkable woman.

Friends have told me they have seen her levitating; they report out-of-the-body experiences; they have given me precise details of predictions that came true; they report healings, psychic experiences and tremendous clairvoyant and psychometric abilities.

When John Ford, the film director, dropped anchor in Hawaii recently, Mary Ann Glenn was the

Mary Ann Glenn—
HAWAII'S WOMAN PROPHET

This lady mystic has predicted volcanic eruptions and tidal waves—with the aid, she claims, of Hawaiian goddess Pele.

first person he went to see.

He found a statuesque natural blonde *haole* (white woman), with a simple, warm-hearted manner. Her complexion is clear and she has never worn make-up. Mrs. Glenn is of Norwegian and Swedish ancestry and came to Hawaii from Seattle in 1927 — long enough so that she considers herself a native. She even lapses into pidgin English when surrounded by friends. She is a widow with two grown sons.

It is said that Pele, the most feared pagan goddess of Hawaii, has appeared to Mrs. Glenn for 30 years. This is indeed remarkable, for the Hawaiians say that Pele never becomes visible to a *haole*. Mrs. Glenn doesn't like to talk about Pele, however. To her Pele is sacred.

It is said that Pele was seen by several people in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel shortly before the last volcano erupted. She appeared as a beautiful young girl. When asked to describe Pele, Mrs. Glenn said, "She can be lots of things. Sometimes she's an old woman and sometimes she's a young girl."

Does Pele's appearance mean that trouble will follow?

"Oh, yes, definitely. We're going to have a big destruction around here. Many things are going to happen and 1961 won't be a good year at all. We're going to have plenty trouble you'll see."

Mrs. Glenn went on to explain that Pele and all the other ancient gods are angry because white men are destroying the beauty of the Islands. Outlawing the *muumuu* as fitting apparel for school youngsters is also angering the gods, Mrs. Glenn claims.

It was Pele, Mrs. Glenn says, who enabled her to predict both of last year's volcanic eruptions in Hawaii — at Puna and at Kilauea Iki. A few months later she prophesied, to the day and the hour, when death would ride into Hilo on the tidal wave.

Shortly after the first part of 1960, when the outer islands were putting up dykes to divert the volcanic rock and lava flow, Mrs. Glenn said that several spirits appeared, begging her to go on the air to warn against such meddlesome building.

She spoke over the radio program of a popular Hawaiian announcer, J. Akuhead Pupule, although she had considerable difficulty convincing him that she should appear. Pupule feared that she would frighten his listeners when she appealed to the workers to stop work on the dikes.

"The spirits told me that Pele was angrier than ever," she said. "If work was not stopped on the dikes they were going to come to Honolulu and take everything."

After her broadcast the construction was stopped and "Pele settled right down."

Before Mrs. Glenn left the station Akuhead asked her, "Now what can you tell me about myself?"

"You won't be on this job much longer," she told him. "You're going to be fired, but don't let it worry you because you'll get a much better job."

It may be coincidental that an October 20, 1960 newspaper carried an item stating that Akuhead reported he was fired from the station "because when Henry J. Kaiser wants to know my opinion about something he tells me what it is." The news item also discussed several bigger jobs Aku had been offered and was in the process of negotiating.

Mrs. Glenn went back on the air more recently to warn the people that the Hawaiian gods are still *huhu* (angry). Waikiki, she wants it understood, is not New York. Building skyscrapers and co-op apartments must cease if the gods ever are to calm down.

"I do hope something will be done to teach people how to live," she said on the radio. "It's dog eat dog in Hawaii today. There are even self-styled gypsies in town to bleed unsuspecting people of their money. All Hawaiian gods are angry. The people here are in need of an awakening and you can expect anything to happen right now. There's a dormant volcano in the waters off Waikiki Beach. Get back into the spirit of your simple, but smart ancestors before Pele decides to let this hidden volcano erupt."

Mrs. Glenn does not always foretell disaster. Long before Bill Quinn had any idea of such a thing, Mrs. Glenn called him to predict he would be Hawaii's next governor. She predicted statehood for Hawaii and to the exact day.

Although she has nothing against Jack Kennedy, she foresees a devastating war during the next Democratic administration.

A convert to Catholicism, Mrs. Glenn was baptized only a few months ago after two requests she made of St. Jude were granted. A devout person, she makes 13 novenas a day before her home shrine.

She has the gift of tongues as detailed in Mark 16:17. These tongues are said to be a mixture of Egyptian and Chinese, interspersed with many other languages. Some of her spirits speak in this mixed language, but Mrs. Glenn has no difficulty understanding them.

Mrs. Glenn scorns the use of tea leaves, cards, or the ouija board. "I was born with second sight," she explained. "I just look at you and give a psychic reading. I don't need props of any type. Things just come to me."

In her own life, Mrs. Glenn always knows what's going to happen. She admits to being a great worrier. When she knows something bad is going to happen, she can't just relax and forget it.

St. Anthony is one of Mrs. Glenn's favorite saints, but she feels closest to Blessed Martin de Porres, a Negro lay brother who died in 1639 at the age of 60. Mrs. Glenn notes a strong similarity between her life and the life of this lowly but noble Negro servant who was born out of wedlock.

When asked to explain how revelations are made to her, Mrs. Glenn admitted that it is virtually impossible to tell another in words how these things happen.

She hears no voice. She sees no visions. She asks the questions in her mind; and the answers come to her, sometimes immediately. Sometimes she doesn't understand them and asks Our Lady or the saint to repeat.

"I see and I hear from the other world," she said, "but then again I don't actually. You see, it is impossible for me to tell you how these things become real to me."

After several unfortunate experiences Mrs. Glenn has found the wisdom of locking the door when she enters her shrine to pray.

One afternoon a neighbor dropped in unexpectedly to return some sugar she had borrowed. When Mrs. Glenn did not answer her knock she slipped in the back door to put the sugar on the kitchen table. Before leaving, the neighbor peeked into the shrine. What she saw convinced her that Mrs. Glenn was no ordinary woman.

The neighbor ran for help. She was shaking so it was difficult for her to make herself understood. Finally she managed to pull a bystander into the house.

"She's in there," the woman chattered, pointing toward the shrine.

They walked into the small colorful room where Mrs. Glenn was kneeling before the crucifix with her arms outstretched like the arms of the cross. But she wasn't kneeling on the floor. She was three feet above the floor, and nothing was under her bent knees! Nothing at all! That's the way the story was told to me.

On another occasion a friend tiptoed into the sanctuary to find Mary Ann lying prostrate on the floor, her arms stretched out to make a cross. The friend reports that a light was radiating from her head flooding the entire room like a giant candle. The friend tried to lift Mrs. Glenn's body but it was rigid and heavy as rock. She called Mary Ann's name, tugged frantically at her muumuu, then fled in panic.

"She's dead," the friend cried.

A relative hurried to the shrine. "Oh," this relative sighed. "I might have known it was only Auntie in a rapture. Let her alone. She'll be all right. You'll get used to the things she does in time."

Many healings have been attributed to Mrs. Glenn, who in turn says only the Lord heals.

One woman had been adjudged hopelessly insane and plans had been made to have her committed to the state hospital. The poor woman said the Devil kept chasing her and hitting her with his tail. She woke up every night screaming.

Mrs. Glenn looked into the woman's eyes and told her she was healed. In an instant the woman seemed perfectly normal. She is leading a full and happy life today.

World travellers come to Honolulu to see Mrs. Glenn. Sometimes they stop her on the street to beg a relic of her costume. Many thank her for the food she brought them, the sicknesses she healed, the faith she restored.

Mrs. S. J. Kennedy, of Hauula, Oahu, Hawaii, was dining with Mrs. Glenn in a little restaurant in Waikiki shortly after the war when a small Chinese woman walked up to the table and then fell flat on the floor.

"Mrs. Glenn, it's you," she cried. "How can we ever thank you? You came to me every day while I was in that German concentration camp, bringing me food and warm clothing. You saved my entire family."

Before the small woman burst into uncontrollable sobbing she offered Mrs. Glenn all the money she had in her purse, an amount over $300. Mrs. Glenn refused the money, gave the woman her blessings and bade her go upon her way.

This is a typical incident in the everyday life of this amazing woman.

How does Mary Ann cross the waters to help these many people in need? Certainly imagination can have nothing to do with it. The food and help is real. Yet she has not left Hawaii even once since her arrival 34 years ago.



MARVEL IN A MEETING

BOYD BURRELL of Canton, N. C., traveled to Veronica, Calif., in August, 1960, having heard that his father, Rev. Jesse Burrell, whom he had not seen for 35 years, was living there. After getting off the train he hailed a taxi, the driver of which told him he had two passengers who had given him the same address. Boyd found the other passengers were his father and his stepmother.



The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

After returning to Medford, Mass., by plane from a vacation in Italy Guiseppi di Chiara and his wife turned on their TV and saw the first American TV program they had witnessed since leaving for their European vacation. This first show was soon interrupted with a bulletin about a plane crash in New York. It was the same plane in which they had crossed the Atlantic. Fortunately for them, they had left the plane in Boston.

●

Station KFAB, Omaha, Nebr., ran a promotion which promised a one-year university scholarship to the first baby born at 11:10 (the stations frequency). The following Sunday, a baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Valere Thaden at exactly 11:10 A.M. Mr. Thaden is an engineer for Station WOW-TV, Station KFAB's local competitor.

●

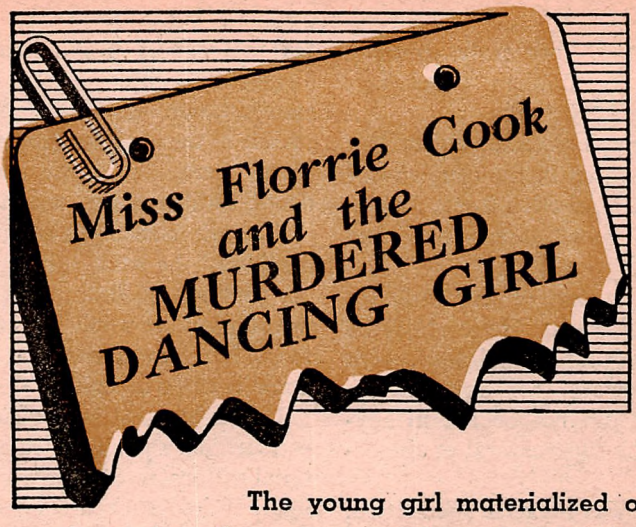
When the Palomino grapes used to make Sherry wine are grown outside of Spain's Jerez area the resulting wine is not Sherry, but an ordinary white table wine. No one has ever been able to explain the reason for this.

●

When police and a physician rushed to the home of Dean Byrd, in Edinburg, Ind., after being notified he had suffered a heart attack, Byrd told them blithely that there had been some mistake; he felt fine and knew nothing about the call. However, the visit turned out to be prophetic. A few hours later Dean Byrd suffered a serious heart attack.

●

A University of Nevada student, tossing and turning while dreaming, managed to fall out of his upper bunk and through an open window to the lawn some 20 feet below. A fraternity brother saw him get up off the grass and quietly return to his bunk. The next morning he woke up with bruises but he had absolutely no memory of the fall at all.



The young girl materialized out of the air—to face the man over whom she had been killed.

By Cheiro

SEVERAL OF MY experiences of the uncanny have been in association with Miss Florrie Cook, a medium who underwent hundreds of tests at the hands of Sir William Crookes, the famous scientist.

Incidentally, I may mention that at one of the seances at which I was present the spirit of Lady Crookes appeared and made several communications to me, particularly referring to a "Phillip" of whom I knew nothing. I, therefore, wrote to Sir William detailing the communication and hoping he could shed some light upon it.

The following is his reply:

7 Kensington Park Gardens
London W.
October 15, 1917

Dear Sir:
Pray accept my sincere thanks for your letter of the 12th inst., and for the messages from my dear departed wife. It is very blissful for me to get such messages.
All the information given or referred to is quite accurate. The "Phillip" referred to was a brother of mine who died many years ago.
Believe me to be,

Very truly yours,
William Crookes.

* * *

SOME YEARS before the Great War I was often in the company of Robert W. Macbeth a Royal Academician of great talent who has since died.

He was a man of extraordinary culture and charm. He would often discuss my professional work with me, but always took care to emphasize he did not believe in anything of the supernatural or the occult.

"Bosh," was his terse summation.

One evening I was dining at his house and it appeared from the conversation that his wife had been reading a book on haunted houses, ghosts, and apparitions. I could not resist the temptation to add a few experiences of my own, having spent a good many hours investigating various uncanny happenings in old mansions throughout the country. From this the talk turned naturally to spirit manifestations, warnings of impending death, and other similar subjects.

Finally I related several instances, that had come personally to my knowledge, of those we call dead coming back and showing themselves to the living.

Macbeth waxed furious against such an idea, declaring that only women and fools could believe such things were possible. He declared that at seances people were humbugged by conjurors and that no manifestation could be produced outside of the medium's rooms where there were, he contended, trap doors, hidden wires, and so forth.

"If you could get one of your mediums," he said, turning to me, "to produce anything right here in my studio that would be something to go by. But it can't be done. I know it can't be done!"

I thought of Miss Cook with her extraordinary power of causing materializations to appear even in the light. I had such a long series of experiences with her mediumship that I felt justified in taking up the challenge.

The presence of this medium in any part of a house was often sufficient to produce the most unbelievable phenomena, even in rooms where she was not actually present. But I also know that whatever the magnetism or vibration that causes such manifestations, it is something that can not be called on to order and I had experienced some blank seances with her when nothing whatever happened.

It was difficult to know how to act with such a pronounced skeptic as Macbeth, for I realized if I sent for this medium and nothing happened my friend would become a greater skeptic than ever — if such a thing was possible.

"Would it satisfy you," I asked,

after a moment's reflection, "if I gave you the name and address of a medium you could send for yourself?

"This will avoid any appearance of collusion on my part," I said. "If this medium comes and gives you no satisfaction — if nothing happens — you will give no fee. But if, on the contrary, even one spirit appears and proves to your satisfaction that it is the spirit of somebody you knew in life, you will pay the medium double for coming so late at night. Is that a fair offer?"

Macbeth laughed. "Yes, that is quite fair. Give me the name and address."

He went into the street, hailed a cab and sent for the medium.

It was only the week before that General Sir Alfred Turner and I had been present in Sir William Crookes' house when not one but several spirits had materialized and walked about the room in full light; from this and other experiences I had with this medium, under the most trying and severe conditions, I felt convinced that she would not shirk or try to evade whatever test my friend Macbeth demanded.

The cab returned in half an hour with the medium. She entered the studio. I thanked her for coming and told her that my friend wanted her to give us a seance but that she would have to agree to whatever conditions he imposed.

Miss Cook, a fragile little woman, looked alarmed for a moment, for I must admit Macbeth's face was not very friendly or encouraging.

"Miss Cook," he said, "I don't want to be made a fool of. I believe you mediums play all kind of tricks on credulous people. To come straight to the point, the test I propose is this: first, you go with my wife to her bedroom, leave everything you have there, put on her dressing gown, return here and allow me to fasten you into a chair and seal the knots with my own seal. Last, I will place your feet in a tub half filled with plaster of Paris. When it sets I shall be satisfied that you can't move about and play any tricks. If, under such conditions, anything occurs I will be so satisfied that I will give you double your fee. But if nothing happens you will get nothing.

"I am not a hard or cruel man but I won't be made a fool of. Do you understand?"

Miss Cook did not answer for a moment. Then very quietly she said, "You must realize that I never can guarantee to get results. Sometimes, no matter how I try, nothing whatever happens. Although your skepticism is against surrounding me with the right atmosphere, I will agree to your condition. But, on account of your outlook on this

subject, whether anything happens or not, I refuse absolutely to take any money tonight."

In about 30 minutes all was ready. Miss Cook was tied up in an oak chair, the knots were sealed by Macbeth's own seal. Her feet, to above the ankles, were set in plaster of Paris.

We took our places in the far end of the studio, close to the lighted lamp on the piano. Macbeth locked the door, put the key in his pocket and sat down beside me.

For fully 10 minutes we heard nothing but the medium breathing heavily. She appeared to be in a deep trance. Macbeth, with a smile of satisfaction on his face, lay back in his chair smoking a cigarette.

Suddenly we all saw something floating in the air. The light from the lamp did not penetrate the far end of the studio which opened into the dining room, but slowly the object floated into view.

Slowly, but clearly and distinctly, there appeared the form of a young woman. The head, face and body as far as the waist became very clearly developed. There was no mistaking, the apparition was that of a young girl.

Moving forward she came to within a few feet of Macbeth and stood quietly looking at him.

"Monsieur," she asked in broken English, "do you remember me?"

"No," he answered. "I do not."

"You will when I tell you my story. I have good reason to remember you. It is many years ago," she said. "You came to Algiers. Do you remember the dancing Arab girl, Monsieur?"

Against his will, as it were, Macbeth answered in a low voice, "Yes. I do remember. But what mystery of the unexplainable is this?"

In her quaint, broken English the girl continued, "You remember making a picture of me? Jealous eyes were watching. My lover was waiting for me at the door and heard me say I would come to your hotel the next day."

There was a pause.

"Ah, Monsieur, did you wonder why I did not come? Now you may know. I was stabbed to the heart! Killed by my lover, because he said he loved me so much."

The apparition faded. The voice died away.

Robert Macbeth wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and looked around him with a dazed expression.

"This beats me," he said at last. "I had clean forgotten that episode in Algiers. It was years ago. I saw an Arab dancing girl and thought what a wonderful picture she would make. I found she had been a model for other English artists and could speak a little of our language. I made a sketch of her during one of her dances and got her to prom-

ise she would come to my hotel the next day. When she didn't turn up I assumed she had found some other job.

"I did hear a rumor of a dancing girl being killed in one of the bazaars but such incidents are common in the native quarter. But this all must be the truth. I have that sketch still in my possession."

* * *

IN SENDING this story to FATE Countess Mena Hamon, widow of the famous Cheiro, wrote: "Letters corroborating facts of this narrative are among the documents held in trust to prove the truth of this story."



MOVED BY A GHOST

THE STRANGE story of how a ghost apparently influenced a young married couple to move to what once was his own home was related in a November, 1960, issue of *Weekend Magazine.*

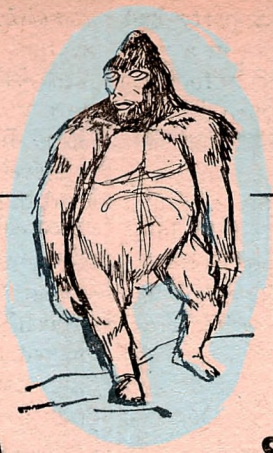
According to the story, Charles and Susan Lee had a new home in the vicinity of New York City. Susan was alone in the living room one night, knitting, when she glanced up and saw a strange man standing in the doorway, looking at her. As far as she knew, she and her husband had the only keys.

Tall and dark-haired, the man wore a white tunic, with a sash, and trousers tucked into high white boots. Before Susan could overcome her fright sufficiently to question him, he strode arrogantly through the room.

Two weeks later Susan was hanging curtains when she felt compelled to sing a song which was unfamiliar to her. She jotted down the words and showed them to her husband, expressing mystification over what had forced her to sing.

Then, for no apparent reason, her attention was caught by an advertisement for a house for rent in nearby Carmel, N. Y. When she and her husband inspected it, both had an inexplicable desire to own the property. They mentioned this to the owner, who said he had been trying to sell the house, and a deal was made.

After they moved in, Susan and Charles learned that the house once had been owned by a former tiger trainer named James Raymond. They also learned that Raymond had been fond of Stephen Foster songs, and Susan discovered that the song she had been so strangely forced to sing was a lesser-known work by Foster. Another detail she learned was what sort of costume tiger trainers had worn years ago—a white tunic with a sash, Cossack pants and white boots.



RUSSIA SEEKS THE SNOWMAN

Multiplying reports lead U.S.S.R. scientists on a hot search for a new prize in the cold war.

By Frank Volkmann

DIEHARD RUSSIAN Marxists have always maintained that the *Yeti,* or abominable snowman, is a romantic fiction dreamed-up by Western statesman and used as a pretext to spy on the frontiers of Nepal and Tibet. Recently, however, they have done a sharp about-face on the subject — for good reasons.

In January, 1958, a Soviet scientist, Dr. Alexander G. Pronin, reported that in August of the previous year, he had seen a snowman in the Baliand-Kiik valley in the Pamir Mountains. Dr. Pronin is a senior scientist of the Geographic Scientific Institute of Leningrad University and was in this region as head of the Hydrological section of the International Geophysical Year joint expedition of the Uzbek Academy of Science and Leningrad University.

He saw the snowman, or *galub-yavanna* as they say in Russian,

quite by accident. His party had been wandering for days in a wild region of mountain, thickly forested and encrusted with hardened snow. Near the top of a 1,500 foot cliff, silhouetted against the darkening sky, he noticed a strange creature.

"At first," he said, "I thought it was a bear but, having collected myself, it became clear that this was no bear but a man-like creature. It walked out of its cave for a distance of some 200 yards and then disappeared beyond the edge of the cliff."

Dr. Pronin watched the creature for about 10 minutes and would have followed it but for the difficulty of the terrain. He returned three days later, however, and observed it again.

"This time I was able to see it more clearly. It was a man-like creature walking on two feet in a slightly stooping manner and wearing no clothes. Its thick-set body was covered with reddish-grey hairs, and it had long arms," he reported.

Dr. Pronin's report provoked considerable criticism at first. Why, it was asked, had he waited a year before publishing his observations? Meteorologists who had been stationed on Glacier Fedchenko II, in the area where Dr. Pronin had worked, disclaimed any knowledge of a "man-like creature" or anything similar to one. "We do not believe Pronin's statement," *Komsomolskaya Pravda* quoted them as saying, "and we think that a true scientist would not publish a discovery until it had been verified many times."

Nevertheless, these scientists intended to return to the Pamirs at the first opportunity to search for the non-existent beast.

Shortly after Dr. Pronin's report a well-known Chinese cameraman offered corroborative testimony for the existence of a snowman in the Pamirs. In 1954 he was filming three associates on Mount Muztahl-Atu at an altitude of 20,000 feet when he saw two snowmen. It was early in the morning, he said, and the sun had not risen high enough to impair his vision. He had a very clear view of the creatures. They were not especially tall and stooped slightly as they descended a rocky slope. They were half a mile in front of him.

More evidence of a snowman came to light in July (1958) when another Soviet scientist, Prof. B. Porshnev, reported their existence in the remote desert areas of Central Mongolia. These creatures were described as a Neanderthal-type man covered with a thin reddish-black hair.

Prof. Porshnev pointed out that similar creatures had been found in other parts of Asia linked to Mongolia by unexplored mountain ranges. Possibly, he suggested, they

represent some primitive race of apemen once common to all of Asia but now confined to inaccessible mountain regions. He got his information from a Mongolian zoologist named Rinchev. According to this scientist Mongolia's snowmen are about the same height as the native populace but have round shoulders, low foreheads and walk with their knees bent.

Subsequently a Russian newspaper, *Culture and Life,* undertook research preparatory for a joint Soviet-Mongolian search for the creatures. They turned up some important new information. To begin with they found that Mongolian histories recorded the presence of a snowman in that country as early as the 11th Century. There were old legends, also, that spoke of evil, hairy men who lived in caves and came out only at night. They were often credited with magical powers, being able to transform themselves into humans, under which guise they stole human children and reared them as their own.

In 1939 during a disturbance with Japanese troops on the Mongolian-Chinese frontier, Mongolian troops shot three strange animals described as hairy, dark-skinned half-men. Several years later a Mongolian chemist encountered one such creature on a field trip. He was resting on a shelf of rock on the side of a mountain and eating some lunch. The snowman — if that, indeed, is what it was — emerged from a crevice in the rocks and started to root in the ground with its hands — much as an ape is observed to do. Occasionally it stood up and put something into its mouth, presumably a grub or root, and then bent down and resumed digging. After awhile it became aware that it was not alone and seeing the intruder fled back to the crevice.

By 1958 Soviet newspapers and magazines began to show considerable interest in the creatures that Western statesmen had created out of whole cloth. Even scientific institutions rejected the current "legend" explanation of the snowman and suggested that more information be collected.

Then a Soviet Army colonel, Vasgen Karapetyan, came forward with a remarkable story. In 1941 he was stationed at a tiny outpost in the Daghestan Mountain region of the Caucasus where he actually examined a "wild man." It had been captured by local residents far up in the mountains where a race of such creatures had long been known to exist.

The story that Karapetyan told Russian newspaper reporters went like this: Three Daghestan hunters came upon a strange spoor near a mountain stream; being unable to

identify the tracks their interest was aroused and they followed them high into the mountains. When they reached a rocky plateau near the summit they lost the spoor and split up to search the region. In about two hours one of the hunters saw the tracks again at the entrance to a narrow cleft in the side of the mountain. Beckoning his two comrades he again gave pursuit and by the middle of the afternoon came to the end of the cleft. There, crouched under a rock shelter and whimpering pitifully, was a strange creature. It was nude, barefoot and "unquestionably human." It spoke no human language, however, but chattered inarticulately and whined when it was most frightened.

"Its chest, back and shoulders," said Karapetyan, who saw it several days later in the native village, "were covered with fluffy hair of dark brown color. This wool reminded me of a bear."

The creature was prodded from its refuge by long poles and with the use of ropes and after a furious struggle was finally subdued. The creature was not vicious although it resisted strenuously, biting and clawing at its antagonists. It was uncommonly strong for its small size (it was about four and one-half feet tall) and repeatedly threw-off the hunters. They immediately identified the creature as a "wild man" one of them having seen a similar creature as a youth in the same region.

Offhand this story sounded authentic enough and it certainly came from a reliable source. But why were scientists not informed of the capture of the creature when it happened? Why, indeed, was it not brought to them?

Colonel Karapetyan waved such questions aside. "It was the war. In the confusion and difficulty these things were not as easy as they seem now."

Most Soviet zoologists took him at his word and in 1959 two expeditions were organized to search the Caucasus region. The first came from Kiev University and set out early in the year. It found the peasants of Daghestan very talkative on the subject of its pursuit. They knew of the "wild men" and had seen them many times. The young ones were like normal size human beings but the adults were "giants" covered with brown hair.

While this expedition was unsuccessful in capturing a wild man, or even sighting one, it collected an extensive dossier of information. Hundreds of peasants who had allegedly seen or heard of the creature were interviewed. Old records were checked and references to "wild men who lived in caves" were found. They even examined one of these caves where they were told the

creatures were supposed to live.

In general, the reports were so favorable that a second expedition was outfitted. This one came from the USSR Academy of Sciences and it re-explored the same area. Acting as a guide was the Daghestan hunting inspector, V. Leontiev, a man ideally suited for the task. In 1957, while camping in the mountains, he shot at a wild man. It was a tall, upright-walking creature that looked, for all the world, like a hairy human being.

"The night before I shot at the creature," Leontiev reported, "I heard a strange scream. It didn't resemble the roar of a lion or the howl of an animal or bird. Nor could such a sound have been made by an ordinary human."

Leontiev said that stories of "wild men" had been circulated in the Daghestan mountains since he was a child. The creatures were always "nude and barefoot, with broad shoulders and hair like a bear." They walked in the manner of a man but some of their actions were "more like an animal than a human." They were most frequently seen roaming the glaciers of the high mountain regions.

Ralph Izzard, a London newspaperman and author of the popular book, *The Abominable Snowman* (1955) reported last year that the Russian Academy of Science had appointed a highly qualified panel of scientists to promote investigation of this creature and compile a dossier of available evidence. Shortly afterwards in Moscow Russian officials sponsored a "summit conference" on the subject though details of this meeting were not reported. Izzard claimed that Russians no longer regard their snowman as a "legend" but take it "very seriously."

Assuming that they exist then, what are these creatures? Are they to be identified with the Yeti of Nepal and Tibet? Or do they represent a different type? No one knows, of course, but the general consensus of scientific opinion is that they are not the same as the abominable snowman of the Himalayas but are another kind related to them. Professor Porshnev contends that they are a primitive race of "apemen" which have developed purely on an animal level as distinct from a human level.

Similar theories have been advanced by Zoologists P. Sushkin and Prof. N. Sirotinin of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences; by Prof. S. Obruchev, of the USSR Academy of Science, and by E. N. Pavlovsky, Russia's greatest zoologist. But despite the theories of her scientists, despite even her success in launching sputniks and producing two-headed dogs, Russia has not captured one snowman. She is still looking for them in the moun-

tains of her eastern provinces, though; now sure that they exist she is no doubt anxious to be acclaimed their discoverer. For it seems that the snowman-hunt is no longer an amiable scientific preoccupation but a tough international race. All of the participants are aware that the prize has more than scientific value.

DID LIZZY HEAR ANGELS CALLING?

By Marguerite Aldrich

ELIZABETH McCULLOM was born on a farm in Barnet, Vt., in 1788. Her parents were settlers from Buchanan Parish, Sterlingshire, Scotland. According to the story told about her in the Vermont newspaper, *The Caledonian*, dated February 2, 1865, Lizzy was a sweet child with a gentle and winning disposition, greatly loved by her parents and friends. She had few playmates at that early date in the settlement of this country, but for that very reason, when they did meet they had a merry time.

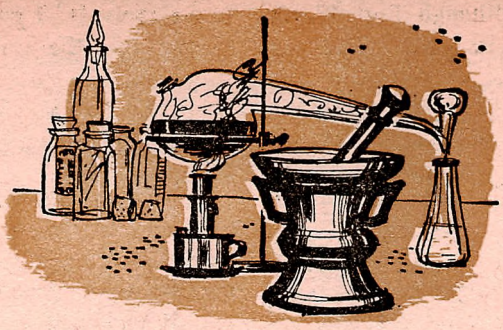
One beautiful summer morning when Lizzy was 14 years old she asked for permission to visit the farm of a Mr. John McNabb a few miles distant to play with his children who were her own age. Her parents agreed and she set out on horseback.

She was about halfway to the McNabb farm, *The Caledonian* reported, when her attention was caught by the most delightful music she ever had heard. She was in a perfect wilderness, with only a small clearing here and there. Who was singing or where the mysterious music came from, she was unable to determine. When she peered in the direction from which she thought the sounds issued, they appeared to come from some other quarter. She listened in rapture, completely charmed by the harmonies that surrounded her, and finally the music faded and was gone.

Arriving at Mr. McNabb's in a state of happy amazement, she told of her experience on the road. Her listeners were deeply interested, but none attached any significance to her story.

When night came and she had not returned home, a search was made. Her horse was found quietly feeding near the roadside and the lifeless body of Lizzy was discovered near the place where she had said she heard the music in the morning on her way to the McNabb farm.

Nothing was found to explain how she died. The only thing noticeable or remarkable about the body was that the face wore an extraordinarily pleasant expression. How Lizzy lost her life or where the music came from was never learned.



My Mother's CANCER CURE

Every other remedy had failed. Now at last was the time to try that generations-old treatment.

By Johnnye Henderson

IN THE spring of 1958 I sat and talked with my mother on the old front porch of my boyhood home. As was the custom during our infrequent visits, she got out the family album, showed and explained to me about the latest additions to her huge and growing list of grandchildren. Mother was spry, with sparkling eyes and a shining face despite her 75 years.

When our conversation lagged, she laid the album aside, got up and went into the house. In a few minutes she was back with a quart fruit jar filled with alcohol. In it a worm-like object, about one inch in circumference and an inch and a half in length, floated around as it had for the past 30 years. Printed on a label on the jar were the two words: "My cancer."

I remembered when father had sold chickens, turkeys and his prize brood sow for the money to take Mother to a specialist in Fort Worth, Tex. That was when she first had found out that the growth on her neck was a cancer.

They had left home early that morning for in the 1920's it was a long, hard trip from Jacksboro to

Fort Worth, although Fort Worth was only 50 miles away. That was the beginning of a series of doctors and hospitals that lasted for years. Always hoping and praying, raking, scraping and borrowing. Things finally got so bad that Father had to take a job away from the farm. He worked almost day and night, advising and trying to help me manage things at home.

After three years Mother heard of a famous doctor in Dallas. He cost a lot of money and we sold almost everything on the farm. Father almost cried when he sold his milk cow. When the money was raised Father decided that I should make the trip with Mother, as he couldn't afford to miss the work.

We went down on a Rock Island train, arriving in Dallas at noon. Mother was in high spirits as we hurried to the doctor's office. We waited for what seemed like hours for her turn. When she was called I walked the hall and cried. It was late when she came out. She had a drawn, worried look which left her face as soon as our eyes met. We stayed at a hotel that night and, on the way home the next day, she talked a great deal about what we must do to help Father get out of debt. By now everything was gone and the farm was mortaged to the hilt.

I didn't question her much; I could tell she would rather not talk to me about it. I guess she wanted to spare me the worry. I did ask, "Are you going to be all right?"

"Sure," she said and started to talk about getting a new start in chickens.

That night after she and Father had gone to bed they talked a long time in whispers. I tried not to listen, but Father got loud enough for me to hear plainly that he was opposed to her trying to take the cancer off herself.

"You'll kill yourself," he said. "Don't try it for awhile; we'll do something."

It soon got worse and Mother couldn't sleep at night. Very often I would wake up to hear her walking the floor.

Father was called away for two weeks on his job. He gave me instructions about what he wanted done while he was away, and how to contact him if needed.

The first night he was gone Mother talked to me for a long time. She had a recipe written on faded brown paper. It had been given to her by her mother, who in turn had received it from her mother. It went back for over 100 years. It seemed that my great, great grandmother had used it to remove an external cancer from herself, long ago. Mother seemed to have a great deal of faith in it, as she did many of the other old remedies that had been handed down

in her family for generations.

"I'm going to try it," she said.

The next morning she wrote down what she wanted me to get at the drugstore, and sent me to town with the last few dollars in the house.

That night Mother went into the kitchen and prepared her remedy. There are those in my family who have the recipe. I never wanted it, preferring to forget. This I do know, that for the next 10 days and nights Mother, with the aid of two mirrors and a small pointed knife, applied the mixture to the cancer on the back of her neck. As the paste started to eat at the cancer, Mother walked both day and night. She didn't feel like talking and I could be of no comfort to her no matter how hard I tried. She could only sleep a few minutes now and then, sometimes dozing a while in a chair. On and on she walked, never taking her shoes off. She must have walked hundreds of miles, across the pastures and the fields, around and around the house. Sometimes she would stop long enough to put some more medicine on her neck, then back she went to her walking.

About the fifth day, she seemed to ease up a little, taking more interest in things around the house, but never ceasing to stop every few hours to put more of the salve-like stuff on her neck. She lost a lot of weight and looked bad. Every time I looked at her, I would feel an ache inside of me. Often I would walk by her side not talking, just walking and suffering with her.

On the seventh night, exhausted myself, I lay on my back on the porch and looked up at the stars. "Oh, God," I whispered, "why does my mother have to suffer so? Why can't it be me?" There were so many things I didn't understand.

Mother came onto the porch with a chair and sat near me. She sat quiet for a minute with her hand on my shoulder. When she spoke she said: "It's getting easier now but I can still feel the medicine gnawing at the roots of the thing. I have faith that I am going to be all right."

I went to sleep holding her hand.

The next morning when I awoke I heard Mother moving around in the kitchen. When I walked through the door, she looked up and smiled. It was the first time she had smiled like that in many months.

"I know I am going to be all right," she said.

On the 10th morning I went to the field to plant corn. As I made the long rounds up and down the rows, I often glanced at the house anxiously. About 10:00 o'clock I looked up and saw Mother coming across the rows. She was hurrying. I stopped the team and started to meet her. When she came closer I could see that she was crying and

holding something in her hand. My heart sank! Then I saw the expression on her face. Her tears were tears of joy! She showed me the worm-like object in the jar, turned and showed me the round red hole in her neck. It looked bad at the time, but it healed to leave hardly a visible scar.

When Father came home two days later, Mother showed him the cancer in the jar and the hole in her neck which had started to heal. It was one of the only times I ever saw tears in his eyes.

That was in 1932. On my visit with her in 1958, I stood behind her and looked at the scar on the back of her neck that in some ways resembled a star. And I thought of this woman, my mother, who had cured her own surface cancer and lived on to raise 15 grown and healthy children, to see them all married, and to become a grandmother many times.

That day she and I walked around the farm together, up and down the same trails that she had walked in the greatest trial of her life.

As we neared the house Mother said, "You know, son, when you and I came back from Dallas that day many years ago, it looked like the end of the world to me. Actually, it was only the beginning."

My mother, Lizzie Henderson, died of a heart attack in May, 1958, when she was 75 years old.

I have often wondered through the years how much the old recipe and how much my mother's faith and determination contributed to the cure.

A RAIN OF DOLLARS

EACH YEAR in Prescott, Ariz., a group of business men don Indian costumes and perform the Smoki rain dance for the benefit of tourists. The dance is supposed to bring rain and the Smokis stand to collect on a $2,000 insurance policy in the event it does. In the summer of 1960 rain fell on the second day of the three-day celebration and the Smokis collected on the policy.

NINE BULLETS FOR NINE LIVES

POLICE in Atlanta, Ga., in September, 1960, had reason to believe in the fable about a cat having nine lives. A woman reported that one of her cats appeared to have gone mad and asked police to kill it. The two officers who answered the call found that the task required nine bullets—six from one officer's gun and three from the other's.



The SHY MONSTER of LOCH NESS

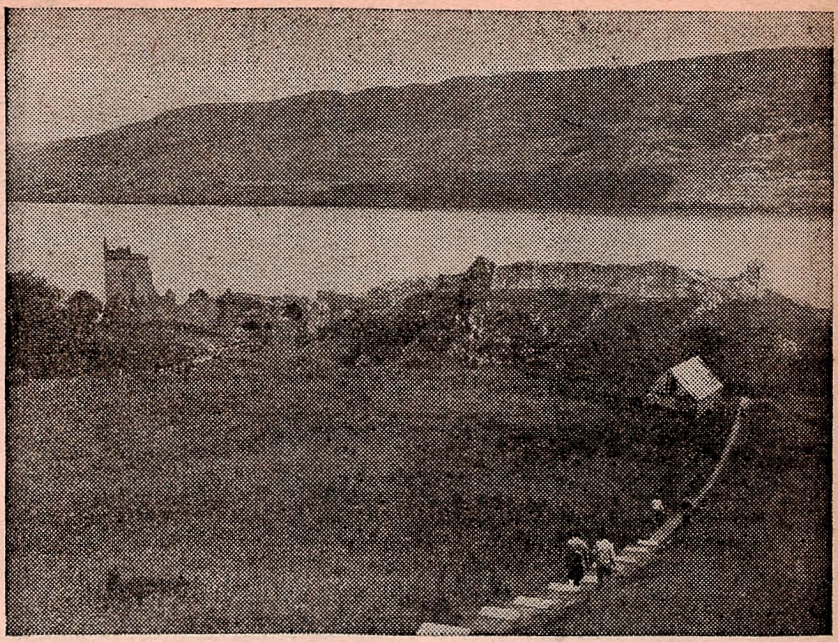
"Nessie" may avoid the limelight—but new research techniques are putting the famed what's-it on stage.

By Paul Foght

SCIENTISTS RINGED the shores of Scotland's Loch Ness with elaborate sighting and photographic instruments for the 1960 monster-viewing season, but Nessie didn't cooperate.

However, the concerted effort by teams of biologists, zoologists and photographers did produce three pieces of evidence which have allowed one scientist to construct a hypothetical picture of the world's most famous monster.

The first exhibit is two photographs of wave patterns made by an unseen animal swimming near the surface of Loch Ness last summer. These pictures, made by the team headed by Maurice Burton, D.Sc., are being studied by experts including naval architects because a body moving through the surface of the water creates a characteristic bow-wave and wake.



The waters of Loch Ness in Scotland are the scene of numerous sightings of famed mystery beast. At this point on lake lie the ruins of Urquhart Castle. (UPI photo)

These disturbances are strong clues to the shape and size of the body which causes them.

The second piece of pro-monster evidence is an old photograph which is given new credence by current expert opinion. In preparing their assault on the monster's lair, scientists prepared a detailed study of alleged snapshots of the Loch Ness animal. The most famous of these photos, a shot made in April, 1934, shows the head and long slender neck of the monster, and often has been denounced as a fake. A new photographic analysis of this picture has disclosed faint sets of ripples in the water around the protruding parts of the monster's body. Photo experts reported that fakery of geometry and the "varying degree of wash and counterwash" in the photo would be virtually impossible.

The third and final bit of pro-monster evidence is a statistical survey which the men of science made while they waited for Nessie. Although the first mention of the "fearsome beast" of Loch Ness

was made in the sixth Century by St. Columba, the first modern sighting of the creature was reported in May, 1933. Since that first sighting, 3000 eyewitness accounts have been recorded.

Analysis of these 3000 reports showed that the majority of sightings were in glassy calm weather. Dr. Burton feels that this fact tends to rule out the sceptical explanation that the monster is an illusion created by shadow or wave-action.

Further statistical analysis tends to dispel the popular picture of the monster as a beast with three humps on its back. Dr. Burton's analysis found that one-third of the reports tell of one hump and another one-fourth describe two humps.

The most important statistic, in Dr. Burton's opinion, is that one-third of the reports tell of a long neck with a small head, either alone or in conjunction with one or more humps.

From these three forms of evidence, Dr. Burton has constructed a hypothetical Loch Ness monster. He sees the animal as a vertebrate reptile, fully adapted to an aquatic life, having a body like a long-necked penguin, but probably having two sets of flippers instead of the penguin's single pair. This conformation is not too remote from the body of a prehistoric plesiosaur.

More biologists and more photographers will hit the beaches of Loch Ness for the 1961 season, but Dr. Burton warns that experience in photographing wild animals proves that they'll have to be very lucky ever to capture a portrait of the Loch Ness tourist magnet.

WELL LOOKED AFTER

DURING some recent construction work at Shorehaven Beach Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., according to Robert Sylvester in the New York *Sunday News*, Boss Mal Deitch found that a tree which was scheduled to be cut down contained a bird's nest with a new crop of fledglings. He delayed the work until the birds were able to fly away. The tree came down and Deitch, examining the nest, found that part of a child's Sunday school card was woven into it. A barely legible quotation on the card read, "The Lord looks after His creatures, large and small."

Nauseating fear engulfed me as my ESP "receiving set" flashed an alarm. It said little Bobby, away on a hike, was drowning.

By Esther Cox Todd



MY PRIVATE WIRELESS

EXTRA-SENSORY perception is at present a sometimes thing. Through ESP we sometimes know things by some means other than seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and touching. But as yet we cannot use ESP in a practical way. We do not know enough about it to summon it at will.

This is not to say that when we are able to use ESP it is not practical. However, as more time is given to the study of extra-sensory perception perhaps it will not be long before we can learn to control the use of this power.

At least we no longer burn gifted "witches" at the stake!

* * *

ON A DAY IN June, 1934, my husband in our station wagon and a friend in another car drove a

dozen little boys off for a day of hiking and swimming. Ellen, temporarily serving as our maid, was making a casserole and baking cookies as I straightened the music studios and arranged materials for later music appointments. My main business is giving piano lessons but I also do a lot of accompanying.

The woman who came to vocalize that morning was almost a stranger to me but I had heard she recently had experienced a tragedy so I tried especially hard to keep her entertained. After our music practice together I invited her to lunch with me in the yard.

We were comfortably eating our simple meal when, all at once, I was overcome by nauseating fear. I excused myself and went into the house. Ellen, in the kitchen, seeing my white face, pushed a chair under me and brought me a drink of water.

I gasped, "Bobby E. is drowning!"

Bobby was one of the little rascals who had gone on the outing.

In a few minutes I was perfectly normal again. Although I had been sure Bobby was drowning, now I knew that he hadn't drowned.

After my guest left Ellen and I discussed the incident. She thought I had been working too hard and was just nervous. I didn't know what to think.

Toward evening the two cars pulled into the driveway. I hastened out. Jostling and pushing along with the rest was Bobby E.

I asked, "Did you have a good time, Bobby?"

"Yeh! Yeh! Did you have a good time, Bobby?" the boys jeered.

"That will do!" my husband commanded. "Bobby has learned his lesson today. Let him alone!"

After all the boys were gone I said to my husband, "I don't believe I'm going to be able to stand your taking the boys out on trips. I worry all the time you are gone and I had a terrible fright today —I thought Bobby E. was drowning."

My husband looked at me queerly. "When was this?" he asked.

"Just at 1:00 o'clock. I remember the 1:00 o'clock whistle blew while I was sitting there in the kitchen."

"As a matter of fact," my husband answered, "Bobby could have drowned if Morse hadn't gone in after him.

"We had our lunch out by the Clackamas river and the boys were playing around in their bathing suits waiting for an hour to elapse after eating. Morse was already in his suit while I was picking up the remains of the lunch. We told the boys not to go down to the river until we gave the signal. Bobby didn't wait for Morse's whistle. Not only that! He jumped in

farther down where we had told the boys it was too dangerous for swimming. Fortunately we heard him when he yelled for help — Morse jumped in and pulled him out. He certainly gave us a scare but I think he will not do that again."

Wesley continued, "This did happen at 1:00 o'clock. But how you knew is beyond me."

Another time I had an ESP message from my husband was during the depression, in November, 1931, when we were very short of money. He had taken the car to look for work. As in the other instance, I was playing accompaniments for a friend. I began to feel faint so my friend opened the window, but I continued shaky, ill and scared.

I said, "This will sound ridiculous to you, but just now Wesley had a car accident."

She didn't argue with me but asked, "Is he hurt?"

"No," I answered, suddenly relieved. "I don't believe he is. At least not much."

Just then the telephone rang. When I took down the receiver a man's voice said, "Is this where Wesley Todd lives?"

When I said yes, he continued, "Now about that car accident —"

My heart sank. "How bad is he hurt?" I cried.

"He ain't hurt at all. But what I want you to tell him when he comes in is for G--'s sake not to go running down to the police station and report it. He was so d--- mad at me I didn't get to tell him I'll pay for fixing his car, and more besides, if he won't report it to the police."

However, Wesley was already on his way to fill out the report.

Later I asked my husband, "Do you remember thinking about me when you had the accident?"

He said, "Yes, I did. I thought, 'How can I tell Esther about this? Fixing this car is going to cost us money and she won't like it.' "

Another time, before we were married and when Wesley was in the army, I hadn't heard from him for several weeks. Nevertheless, one day in July, 1918, I knew he was coming to see me. I was working in an Arlington, Ore., bank and I kept going to the door and looking down the long main street.

Another girl who worked with me asked, "What are you looking for?"

I said, "Wesley is coming in on the afternoon train."

She said, "I thought you told me you hadn't heard from him for ages."

"I haven't had a letter but I know he's coming today." I laughed, "You'll see!"

Wesley did come as I expected.

In the spring of 1924 when our son was a baby I travelled with him from Spokane, Wash., to St. Maries, Idaho. A "milk train" ahead of us

was wrecked and we, with the other passengers, were put off our train at a small station, in the middle of the night. We had no phone in our home so I didn't know how to get hold of my husband except by *thinking*. I was not well and had gone to Spokane to see a doctor. Fellow passengers worried about me and the baby sitting there in the unheated station.

Confidently I told them, "My husband, some way, will hear of the wreck and come for us in the car."

Sure enough, Wesley got my ESP message so strongly that he got out of bed, got out our old jalopy, drove down to the depot. There he learned about the wreck and where to find us. In a short time the baby and I were safely home.

Fifteen years ago I received the strongest ESP message I've known. This time it was not from my husband but from my eldest sister. In 1946 her husband worked in the shipyards. She worked in a downtown store. They lived in a suburb of Portland. Their normal procedure was for him to ride home in a car-pool then, a little later, he would take their car and pick her up at the store at 5:30 P.M.

On a dreary March day he went to work the same as usual but toward my sister's quitting time he called the store, told them he was ill and couldn't come for her. He urged them to tell her to come home as soon as she could. She took a taxi home but she arrived too late. He had died of a heart attack.

Knowing nothing of this, I was giving a piano lesson. About 6:30 P.M. I lay down on the couch to rest before getting supper. I was nearly asleep when something told me to get up and put on my coat. To do so I had to walk into another room to get the garment. This was an effort for me. Even at that time I had a lameness which has since put me in a wheelchair. Consequently you may know I was not obeying an idle whim.

As I stood with my coat on wondering what I was supposed to do next the phone rang. It was my sister. She said, "Esther! It's Carl! He's gone!"

I said, "Have you had the doctor?"

"Yes," she said. "But, you don't understand. A doctor can't do anything! It was a heart attack and he's gone. I've been trying to get Mother on the phone but I can't. The doctor's been here but I can't think what to do next. "

I promised to get Mother right away and be out there immediately. "Call some neighbors to stay with you until we get there," I told my sister.

I called a taxi. The driver helped me into the car. We picked up Mother and drove out to help my sister as best we could. She cer-

tainly had sent out a strong call for help, even before the telephone rang!

* * *

IT IS NOT only in important matters that we use ESP. But because there is no sense of shock accompanying the ordinary message about an ordinary subject we often dismiss it as coincidence, or don't think about it at all. We ought to be aware of our gifts.

PATTERNS OF DESTINY

HISTORY HAS a strange way of repeating itself—even when it concerns the lives of average persons. The case of Edward S. Hobbs, 26, a Harrington, Del., farmer, is one example of a remarkable, recurring pattern often noted in news reports.

On March 22, 1959, Hobbs dozed while at the wheel of his red and white 1955 sedan. It ran off Delaware Highway 16 and was wrecked as it was jammed between two trees. Hobbs was unhurt but was charged with reckless driving by state police.

On New Year's Day 1961, Hobbs again dozed at the wheel of his car on the same highway and ran into the same two trees. The same state police officer investigated and charged Hobbs with the same offense. Even Hobbs' wrecked car was the same make, model and color as the first one, which he had liked so much that he had purchased another one just like it.

In January, 1957, Miss Louise Baker and Mrs. J. B. Draper were in the hospital at Oswego, Kan., at the same time for treatment of fractures. In December, 1960, both were reported back in the hospital at the same time for the same reason.

Miss Baker fractured a leg in a fall while rehearsing a group of children for a Christmas cantata at the Methodist Church. Mrs. Draper, a correspondent for the Parsons *Sun*, broke an ankle while delivering a paper which a substitute carrier had missed.

In Milwaukee, Wis., recently Detective Roy Rieckoff took a 50-year-old man named Harold Rist into custody on a worthless check charge. He discovered that 30 years before his father, the late Robert Rieckoff, also a Milwaukee detective, had arrested the same Harold Rist for forgery.

The Creative Principle Behind PRAYER

Startling theories on how and why prayer works resulted from a 35-year study by novelist Mary Austin.

By Jerry Moss

MARY AUSTIN'S Indian serving woman had fallen ill. Diagnosis showed an abscessed lung which was sure to be fatal within a few days. However, at the woman's request a medicine man named *Tinnemaha* was brought in from Fish Lake. He prayed for the servant and she was healed.

This aroused Mary Austin's curiosity. She had never been religious, yet, this medicine man of the Paiute tribe had demonstrated that prayers are at least sometimes answered.

Before the medicine man, *Tinnemaha,* could leave she questioned him thoroughly as to his method of prayer. The Indians do not pray to a god but to a principle existing in all created life. This principle is accessible to man, indeed responsive to him. *Tinnemaha* insisted that no one could get help from the Friend of the Soul of Man, as he called this creative principle, simply by asking. You have to make a veritable motion of your soul, "Here," he explained, moving his hand over the region of his solar plexus.

"When you climbed up to the Friend by rhythmic motions and noises you laid hands on Him, and the thing you wanted happened," Mrs. Austin later related. "All I have ever learned since from Indians of their method of prayer does not go much beyond that."

She reasoned that, to the primitive, prayer is an explicit motion of the inner self that puts one in touch with the living principle that controls the "existing emergency,"

ABOUT MARY AUSTIN

Mary Hunter Austin, who died in 1934 at the age of 65, was well known for her many books of stories about the Southwest, including *The Land of Little Rain, The Children Sing in the Far West* and *One Smoke Stories*. She discussed her mystical ideas in the non-fictional books *Everyman's Genius, Can Prayer Be Answered?* and *American Rhythm*. Described as having been a born rebel as well as a born writer and mystic, she grew up on a farm run by her father, a former Civil War captain, in Carlinville, Ill. She graduated from Blackburn College in 1888, and in 1891 she married Stafford Austin, a California rancher and teacher. Their only child, a daughter, was born an imbecile. She placed the child in an institution and in 1896 separated from her husband, a failure both at ranching and teaching. Fascinated by Indians, she studied Indian legends and customs and began writing of them. She did much to preserve Indian folklore which otherwise would have been lost.

whether it be need of healing or need of rain. Therefore, all such prayer methods must be based on "intuitive apperception" of mind-stuff diffused throughout creation and accessible to the individual mind.

Realizing that such psychologists as William McDougall supported the idea of the efficacy of prayer as having some scientific basis, Mary Austin deliberately set out to learn to use the Indian method.

Her first discovery was that the value of the Indians' sustained rhythmic movements and noises rested in their power to break the tension of immediate circumstances. In this stage of prayer one becomes detached from the problem, mentally and emotionally.

Mary Austin experimented with the drum, the piano, and the dance. She learned that the drum was excellent for producing the required state of detachment because one can play it and dance at the same time. Dancing, she decided, is no more than a completely integrated rhythmic movement, sustained until all rhythms of the physical being are gathered together, to the exclusion of all other bodily sensations. This rhythm can be persisted in until all other sensation is absorbed by it.

Hand in hand with detachment is the necessity for altering the mental attitude, of tuning in with the creative principle underlying successful prayer. For this Mary Austin experimented with symbolic gesture and dress. She found their function was that of suggestion, enabling the petitioner to "get into the creative principle" in the same way a scientific experiment enables the experimenter to "get inside" the substance that is the object of research. By going through the constructive gestures of an act one gets closer to the

causative efficiency of that act, and thereby nearer to making it take place. This is the rationale of the device we call "ritual."

Her experiments with the symbolic use of smoke indicated its further suggestive power in Indian ceremonials. Smoking helps lead the mind into meditation, cutting one off from the habitual mental attitudes, leaving the mind free for the pure meditation indispensable to prayer.

Singing, rhythmic movements, smoking, repetition of somnolent phrases, anything which creates an isolation from ordinary thought patterns is helpful. In fact, *any* ritual acts which quiet the mind aid in securing a feeling of detachment. All these are methods of *suggestion* used to take the attention off the immediate present so it may turn to the creative principle behind prayer, Mary Austin decided.

In time Mary Austin became expert in making the Indian prayer gesture of setting in motion the inner self, carefully tuned and timed to the motion of the universe in the field of activity she wished to effect, whether this was health, success, or something else. Not having previously established any modes of prayer in any formal religion, she found it easy to move freely in any direction suggested by any individual emergency requiring prayer. The trick to "tuning in" to the activating force is to vary one's attitude according to the activity.

While keeping her old friend Dr. Woodin entertained, during his illness, by playing poker with him, she began to believe that poker is played with the deepest level of "card sense," with aptitudes which are almost completely subconscious. Card sense was near prayer sense, Mrs. Austin decided. (She saw no irony in this declaration.)

Card sense lies not far beneath the level of deliberate intellectual consciousness and can be deliberately set in motion to influence the situation. As she sat playing cards, struggling with half submerged activities in the minds of the other players — coordinating with them, dominating, or surrendering at times — she theorized that primitive tribes avoid this kind of mental struggle between individuals because they work together as an integrated group. This puts them in line with the creative activities in which they are engaged.

Consequently she decided to work with activities of a forward moving nature. In her field of Folk Arts her mind was integrated with the movement of her group interest.

Later when she visited Italy, she believed that among the saints,

as among the savages, prayer was not so much a thing asked as a thing done — a linking of the individual mind with supernal sources of power. She found in the Church the same use of ritual for breaking the tension of immediate things by inducing detachment, the same uses of posture, color, dress, gestures, and other symbols for affecting attitudes of mind.

Here again, "fetishes" — objects which the mind can associate with its desire — were being used for their power of suggestion, she believed.

But the saints had gone so much farther than the Indians in personifying the force behind every human activity that the psychology of their time could supply no words by which their prayer gestures and techniques could be explained.

She thought that the earliest saints never had any more real existence than had the Indians' Rainbow Boy or the Thunderbird (the operative forces behind the storm). In all religions, the names given to identify the power did not matter — *whatever name was called, something always answered* — she said.

Some saints represented a mothering power; others can be appealed to when in need of husbandly care and protection; St. Anthony of Padua will help find lost items; St. Francis favors money-raising. Mary Austin made practical use of these sources of power in her prayers. However, she never regarded the saints as real, surviving entities but only as individualized personifications of the activating principle in nature. The entire fabric of human existence is made of such qualities as "mothering," "husbandly care," "prosperity," and numerous other elements. The closer you come to calling the activating principle by an explicit name — denoting an explicit quality — the better it works. And, by endowing it with the warm personality of a specific saint you give it further warmth and intimacy.

The Indians and the saints both emphasized the necessity for detachment as a preliminary to prayer, was her belief.

Mary Austin concluded that you must separate yourself from all emotion in regard to the thing you are praying about. The prayer may be answered even if accompanied by emotion but the answer will be stormy and abortive.

The writings of the saints contain two explicit methods of prayer. One consists of thinking yourself into the picture of the answered prayer, seeing yourself in it, living in the conviction of its accomplishment. The other method centers about realizing the essential property of the answer and through that realization entering

into the possession, Mary Austin said.

The indispensable process of all methods is the clear realization of the effect that is desired. For this reason both the Indians and the Christians worked at personifying the end desired. In this effort the saints were especially successful in personifying the whole field of human endeavor.

These are the elements of prayer — the detachment induced by techniques of suggestion, the tuning in on the subtle activating force behind the field of activity, the realization of the nature of the effect desired (through picturing the desired end or through sensing its essential property), and the exact personalization of the activating force in nature according to the specific field of endeavor the petitioner is engaged in — which Mary Austin slowly uncovered beneath the obscure practices of world prayer.

All this theory of Mary Austin's was based on her own scientific experiments in prayer. Like a true scientist, she worked for 35 years investigating before deciding she had enough information to state her theories.

Even then, she felt that her research was insufficient to warrant a *comprehensive* book about prayer, for she was still unable to give an account of the exact structure of the Godhead.

Mary Austin cautiously concluded that prayer is a self-originating gesture of the human mind to meet a corresponding gesture working within the constitution of the created universe and that perhaps God is but the activating element in all Spirit.



FISHERMAN'S LUCK

POLICE in Manila, Philippine Islands, recently reported that while Carlos Umbos, 29, was fishing in Pampanga a fish leaped into his mouth. He choked to death before the finny obstruction could be removed.



MYSTERY WEED OF THE ARCTIC

A TROPICAL weed called buskamarant reportedly has been found growing above the Arctic Circle in northern Norway. Experts are unable to explain how it arrived there from South American areas or how it survives in a cold climate.

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GOODBYE

By Louise W. Crahan

IN 1944 WALTER J. Hill, son of James J. Hill founder of the Great Northern Railroad, asked my mother, Marion C. Whitney, to marry him. Both had known great heartbreak and disappointment and I was delighted when, late in life, these two lonely people found happiness together.

Business matters concerned with Mr. Hill's holdings in Montana required his presence there for several weeks, and the couple planned to wed when he returned to California. Mr. Hill had been in Montana about a week when someone knocked on our door early one evening. I was dressing to go out and, thinking my date had arrived, I called to Mother to answer the door. Seated before the mirror in my bedroom, I heard her open the door. I heard the almost inaudible murmur of her voice and then the slow closing of the door.

Moments later she entered my room.

"That was Walter," she said in a perplexed tone. "Something must be wrong. I didn't expect him back for at least another week. When I opened the door, he just stood there looking at me, saying nothing. When I asked him to come in, he shook his head sadly, and turned away."

I ran to the front door, opened it, and scanned the deserted twilight street. Where could he have gone in those few seconds it took Mother to tell me about him?

Soon my date arrived and during the pleasant evening I nearly forgot Walter's strange visit. I arrived home after midnight to find Mother pacing the living room in a nearly hysterical condition.

"After you left," she explained between sobs, "I received a long-distance call from Walter's business manager in Montana. Walter dropped dead of a heart attack tonight in Livingston, Mont.,—at the same time he came to our door here."—*San Diego* 1, *Calif.*

AUNT BARBARA WARNED US

By Bruce Kaplan

MY AUNT BARBARA died on May 5, 1960 .She was 61 years old.

Three months later, on August 17,

my parents and I were invited to a party. The night before the party, about 11:00 o'clock, my mother and I looked up from our books to see Aunt Barbara standing before us. We were both frozen for a moment; but we did notice she looked very weary.

She said, "I have a message for you. Don't go to the party. Now I can rest."

Then she was gone.

We decided not to go to the party and we stayed at home that night. At about 10:30 we smelled smoke. It seemed to be coming from the den. We rushed into the den to find that our television set had burst into flames and that the walls of the room were already on fire. Fortunately we managed to put the fire out before it did too much damage.

But if we had gone off to the party, as we certainly would have done if Aunt Barbara had not warned us, our house would probably have burned down.

What is the explanation for this?

Both my parents and I can see only one—that my aunt returned from the afterlife to give us a message that saved our home, to warn us of an incident which would have greatly influenced our lives.—*Glencoe, Ill.*

MIRACLE IN A FOXHOLE

By John Backus

As told to Audrey Kramer

WAR! INSECTS, sweat, K rations, sweltering heat, Japs, and fear that clutched at your vitals and gnawed at your heart were the phantom specters which were our constant companions during the nightmarish months of the war in the Palau Islands in the Pacific. To me the fear was the greatest burden because it had to be endured alone, in silence.

We prayed and sometimes we believed, sometimes we doubted, but always we looked for a miracle to assure us that God was real and our prayers were heard.

The Japs had us outnumbered. We were tense and exhausted when they started shelling us again on Sunday, September 17, 1944. We were ordered to dig in. Night was closing down and by the time I had finished digging my foxhole the shells were coming closer. Utterly exhausted, I was about to lie down in the hole when I heard a voice speak to me, quietly but firmly.

"No, John! Not here! Don't stay here!"

It was a woman's voice unmistakably clear and familiar. I spun around looking for her but there was no one there. Tired as I was I couldn't ignore her warning, so I moved over about 100 yards and dug another hole. It was pitch dark when I finished and shells were landing all around us. In the flash of one explosion I saw my sergeant make a dash across the clearing and dive into the foxhole I had dug and abandoned. The next instant there was the whine of a shell low overhead, an explosion, and then stillness. It was a direct hit on the foxhole I had left. My sergeant never knew what hit him, but for him the war was over.

For me God became very real that night. The voice I had heard was that of my grandmother who had died 17 years before.—*Downers Grove, Ill.*

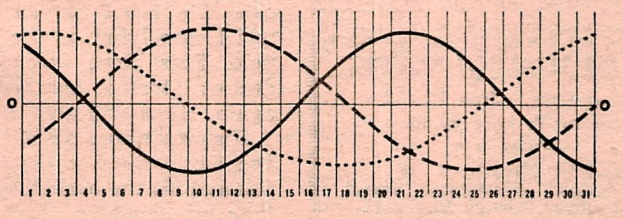
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RETURN TO EARTH

By Mrs. W. H. Wibbels

SOME YEARS AGO, during the holiday season my daughter-in-law's father, James Stone, a retired master plumber, was asked as a personal favor to climb an electric light pole and there repair a transformer; otherwise there would be no lights at the Country Club for the children's Christmas party.

Mr. Stone obligingly climbed the pole and there, through some accident, he was electrocuted. Of course, he fell to the ground. However, when he came down he hit his body over his heart on an old bucket which was lying at the base of the pole. This blow, according to the doctor, started his heart beating again. He is still alive but crippled.

His experience from the time he was electrocuted to the time that he fell and hit the bucket, as he related it to his daughter, Barbara, always stays in my mind. He said he heard the most beautiful music and had wonderful feeling of peace.

When he landed on the bucket all the wonderful peaceful feeling was gone. He said he was disappointed as he wanted to keep that heavenly feeling. However, he came back to reality and has suffered terribly since.—*Indianapolis, Ind.*

THE DOG SAW A GHOST

By Louise Justice

OLD SHEP HAD belonged to my husband's mother. When she died everyone thought he would grieve himself to death, and he could always be found either lying beside her grave in the country cemetery at Mosheim, Tenn., where we lived or beside her chair by the

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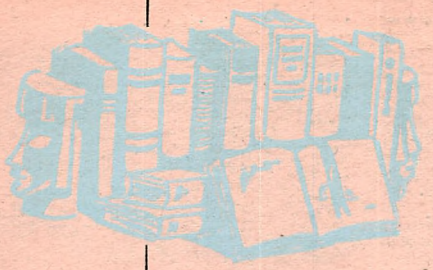
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fireplace. The dog often behaved strangely, as though he could see or hear something we could not. He would gaze upward intently as though looking at someone, or he would dash to another part of the house expectantly. Sometimes he paced to and fro in the garden as though walking with someone there.

One morning in 1951 I stayed home from church because of a cold and sat in Granny's rocker by the fire. The dog lay beside me. Presently he looked toward the door and began thumping his tail! Then he rose and walked forward expectantly, looking up at something I could not see. I found myself suddenly frightened and I fully expected to find someone in the dining room just beyond. The dog kept looking back at me, so I rose and followed him a few steps. Suddenly I had the strangest feeling, as though a *presence* stood there with us, and feeling a sudden chill I called out, "Who's there?" I felt very cold and weak with fright for of course, there was no one there. Shep had turned and gone to lie down beside Granny's chair again. His tail was still thumping and his eyes lifted to something above him which I could not see. Then the fur on his back slowly rippled, as though being stroked by an unseen hand! I fled upstairs.

I must have fallen asleep for presently I heard sounds from downstairs which indicated that the family had returned from church. I went down to help with dinner and found all of them gathered around Granny's empty chair, where Shep had died, apparently in his sleep.

All of us like to think Granny came for him.—*Loves Park, Ill.*



NEW BOOKS

THE SECRET BOOKS OF THE EGYPTIAN GNOSTICS, by Jean Doresse. The Viking Press, New York, 1960. 462 pages, $6.50.

For more than a century, interest in the origins of Christianity has prompted scholarly speculation about the part played by the mysterious Gnostics, whom the early Church Fathers condemned as heretics but whom pagans identified as Christians. Unfortunately, our meager knowledge of Gnosticism was derived largely from the polemics of its opponents, the Christian "heresiologists" who exterminated the rival doctrine from their ranks by 500 A.D.

So ruthless was this persecution that before 1946 the world knew of only three Gnostic manuscripts that had escaped patristic destruction. But in that year the Coptic Museum at Cairo acquired the first specimen of what eventually proved to be 13 manuscripts, including some 40 "new" treatises, written in Coptic on papyrus, "nothing less than the sacred library of an ancient sect" of Egyptian Gnostics.

The importance of this discovery is evident in that 30 of these "secret books" (reserved for initiates), presumably found in a big jar in an old despoiled cemetery near Chenoboskion, Egypt, date from the Third Century A.D., whereas the oldest parts of the New Testament in manuscript (also from Egypt of the same period) are merely *fragments*.

The full text is given of only one treatise, *The Gospel of Thomas*, containing some 120 "sayings of Jesus", many of which correspond to accepted Gospel and invite what M. Doresse regards as "hazardous hypotheses". Calling this "one of the most ancient and precious apocrypha known," he ventures "the prudent conclusion" that it may contain Christian elements which are "prior to the composition of the synoptic gospels and independent of them . . . " But in so doing, he reveals his true allegiance by apologizing for such suggestive inquiry, excusing himself on grounds that Origen, St. Jerome and St. Augustine before him indulged in similar studies!

Despite the promise in so great a discovery, M. Doresse—who was the first to identify and inventory the manuscripts—labors under grave handicaps. He writes only from "rather hurried notes" of "an

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incomplete examination" of the papyri; and he has little sympathy for his subject, hurling at the Gnostic sects (likened to "poisonous fungi") such epithets as "perversity", "impure", "travesty", "horrible", etc.

The earliest masters of the Gnosis (illumination) were Samaritans of Palestine and Syria, led by Dositheus and Simon Magus, counted as chief disciples of John the Baptist. Gnosticism soon penetrated Egypt and reached Rome where Nazarenes, Ebionites and other Gnostics were the "earliest occupants" of the catacombs, turned out by later Christians. They were astrologers and reincarnationists, honoring a succession of Saviours whose predicted births coincide with the "epochs" of kingdoms. The latest was Jesus, in whom was manifest a divine Spirit (Sophia), previously incarnate in Zoroaster, derived originally from Seth, third from Adam and precursor of spiritual humanity.

They taught that "the gospel came forth, in Jesus, from a new God superior to that of the old Testament", and that the God of Genesis, creator of the material worlds, was himself the offspring of spiritual emanations descending from the Supreme God, "unknowable, without beginning"—surely a more philosophic conception than that of the Biblical Jehovah, concealed by a rock and showing his "back parts" to Moses (*Exodus*, 33, 23).

The physical body was considered the "prison" of the soul, and the world as a "cavern of oblivion" from which the soul, reawakened by divine illumination, could eventually

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escape, eluding the clutches of the Demiurge and the seven planetary Archons, and so re-ascend in spiritual essence to its original identity with the Supreme Father-Mother. To this end the Gnostics practiced asceticism, chastity, vegetarianism, and maintained sacraments, baptism and initiations about which little is known.

Most authorities have believed that Gnosticism was a nebulous system subject to the caprice of individual seers and their chaotic revelations. But, on the contrary, these new finds reveal it as the product of a body of initiates "meditating upon a specific mythology", representing "a very ancient form of Christianity . . . extremely demanding in its ideals". M. Doresse traces this "admixture" of Christian and pre-Christian elements to the pagan mysticisms of Greece, Egypt, India, and, more directly, Iran (Babylonia).—*Walter A. Carrithers, Jr.*

YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE THROUGH PSYCHIC POWER, by Jo Anne Chase, as told to Constance Moon. Permabooks, New York, 1960. 114 pages, 35c.

Fans of psychic matters, more accustomed to parting with several dollars for a new book in the field, will welcome this excellent paperback addition to the literature.

The author, who devotes full-time to psychical counseling and training, gives a 10-point program by which the reader may develop his own psychical abilities. Mrs. Chase has had such success with her clients that it may well be the plan will be successful with those who are able to achieve step 3. This amounts to what is commonly termed "attune-

ment", which does not come easily with everyone.

The further steps seem to represent application of the Law of Attraction, so widely popularized as "the power of positive thinking." To illustrate each step, Mrs. Chase cites various of her own psychical experiences or those of her students.

Even one not interested in developing one's own powers will certainly find the experiences absorbing reading. All in all, a book worth many times the asking price.—*David Techter.*

THE SKY PEOPLE, by Brinsley Le Poer Trench. Neville Spearman, London; and Saucerian Books, Clarksburg, W. Va., 1960. 224 pages, $4.50.

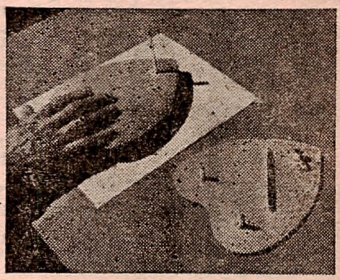
The Sky People, according to the author, are those Great Ones who for millions of years have been visiting our earth, assisting us after cataclysms to establish new civilizations and bringing much-needed light and wisdom.

He relates that the Bible is replete with stories of Fiery Chariots, Pillars of Fire, Whirlwinds, Clouds, etc. How else, he asks, would the Israelites, who at this period of their history were a nomadic people, describe space ships other than by terms used in their every day speech?

Mr. Le Poer Trench also claims that Apollo, Hermes, Prometheus and other Greek gods, together with the Egyptian deity Osiris and the Biblical angels, were all visitors from space. In his opinion the whole concept of Greek mythology leads us to the hypothesis that the gods and goddesses who come down from the sky and mingled with mortals were indeed Sky People.

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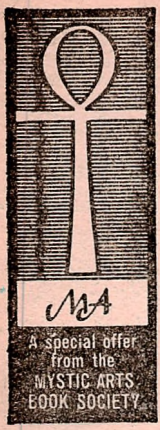
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According to Mr. Le Poer Trench, there are two stories of creation in the Bible. The flood of the first Noah, he states, took place on Mars, and Noah's Ark in reality was a space ship which brought the remnants of the Martian civilization to this planet.

Among other things, the author presents the startling idea that the blood of the Sky People may course in the veins of a large part of the human beings who currently inhabit the earth. He believes that the world contains two basic types of people — the "Galactic Dominants," whose space heritage is more pronounced, and the "Adam II Dominants" who represent the opposite side of the cosmic family tree.

The book covers a great deal of ground in tracing the activities of the Sky People through the folklore, mythology, religious texts and historical records of many races. Although Mr. Le Poer Trench offers much documentation, one may suspect that in not a few instances he is indulging in something of a flight of fancy as well as in considerable wishful thinking. His references are the sort which may be given a variety of interpretations. It often has been pointed out that Bible references, in particular, can be taken out of context to "prove" just about any thesis one wishes to advance.

This is not to say *The Sky People* is lacking in interest. On the contrary, it is likely to delight and fascinate those who enjoy conjecture about the origin and purpose of "flying saucers"—particularly those who enjoy accounts of contacts with "space people." — *Orpha Romine.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

OBJECTS IN SPACE

I have read with great interest the articles in FATE Magazine on sightings of strange objects in the heavens. I have two startling sightings to report.

In the fall of 1959 I was observing the moon through my four-inch reflecting telescope, fitted with a 130-power ocular. Details of the moon were amazingly clear and sharp.

Suddenly two dark objects appeared and traversed the face of the moon, about one-third of which was in shadow. The objects were cylindrical in shape and no protuberances were visible on either. The shape of the objects was well-defined, which meant that they were in deep space and of tremendous size. Both were identical in shape and size and were visible for about 10 seconds.

On June 28, 1960, I was scanning the skies. It was clear and the stars were sparkling like diamonds. I was in no hurry to retire on such a beautiful night, particularly as my vacation had started.

I noticed what appeared to be a searchlight beam on a cloud low in the northwest and was perplexed as to how this was possible on such a clear night. As I watched, the elliptically shaped light came overhead rather slowly and I was startled to realize it was very large,

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blotting out the stars as it passed overhead.

I was unable to make out any details of the object, but the center of it was darker than the background and it was perfectly round. The rim of this object was fascinating. A brilliant yet soft white light, it pulsed with a rhythm like that of heart beats. It would diminish to a light orange and then expand into a brilliant, deep white.

This light, at apex of dilation, comprised about 40% of the bottom of the craft. This pulsing was continuous and was obviously the source of power for the strange craft.

At no time was there a whisper of sound from this object. I observed it for about 12 seconds.—*John Roberts, Hamilton, Ohio.*

A SPACE SHIP

About 10 years before the first flying saucers were reported in the newspapers, I saw what I am certain was a space ship.

I was employed for 37 years as a car inspector by a railroad west of Chicago. About half of this time I worked from 6:00 P.M. to 6 A.M., or from 4:00 P.M. to midnight.

Whenever I had a little time I went out on clear nights and marveled over the number of stars to be seen. One night, without a cloud visible in the sky, I saw an object flying east at about 60 miles per hour. It was two or three miles east of me and, I judged, about a thousand feet above the ground. It appeared to me to be about 18 inches in diameter and about six feet long. The rear end was pointed like a sharpened pencil. I was unable to see the front end.

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I saw no lights in or on the object, nor did I hear any sound from it, perhaps because of the distance between us. Later that evening I told the telegraph operator what I had seen and he said, "I saw it, too. I wonder what it was?"

I wondered then, too—but now I know.—*Fred H. Berlin, Elgin, Ill.*

EGG-SHAPED UFO

I wish to report the sighting of a UFO last year (1960). While on the front porch of a house in Tryon, N.C., about 7:30 P.M., I saw an egg-shaped object pass over some nearby trees. It was yellow with black markings and seemed to be moving at a very fast clip from the northwest to the southeast.

At the time of the sighting the sky was clear and no stars were visible.—*John P. Uptegrove, Gulfport, Fla.*

STOPPED CLOCK

When my parents married in 1882 they bought among other things an American-made wall clock. This clock struck the hours only.

My father passed away in 1917 and when I visited my old home town my mother and my sister told me that on the day my father died, the clock stopped striking the time.

I investigated and found that a tiny spring wire was broken. Coincidence?

During a visit to Germany in 1920 a good friend told me of a strange experience he had while in the German army during the war on the West Front. The front, at that time stationary, was very close to a badly damaged French village.

My friend said he and another soldier discovered a house which

was in better condition than the others. There were a couple of beds in the house and they decided to sleep from then on in these beds instead of in their bad-smelling dug-out.

After some days, my friend told his partner one night at bedtime that he was not going to sleep in the house as he had a feeling something would happen. The other soldier did not take his hunch seriously and slept alone in the house. During the night enemy airplanes came over and dropped bombs. The house was hit and the skeptical soldier was killed.—*Fred H. Berlin, Elgin, Ill.*

THAUMATURGIC THEFT

I have read quite a number of issues of FATE as I am interested in phenomena which are difficult to explain for reasons given in the following experience.

About the year 1929 I was in the Navy, attached to a destroyer tender at anchor in San Diego Bay. I had an elderly friend who lived in the back country near Ramona, Calif., and it was my custom to spend my leaves with him.

Returning to San Diego after one of these visits, I spent the night at a small hotel as I did not have to report in until the following morning. The lady who operated the hotel took me to one of the rooms and unlocked the door. She took the key with her when she returned to the office, explaining that I would not need it as it was almost midnight and I would not be going out.

The door was fitted with a Yale night lock and as I closed it I

STRANGER THAN SCIENCE

By FRANK EDWARDS,

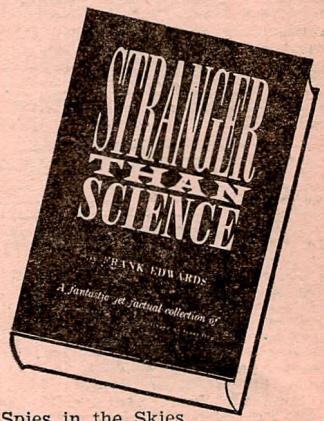
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heard the lock snap into position. Next I turned on the light by means of a switch hanging over the bed. This was the only switch as no wall switch had ever been installed.

The room was small, with a single bed to the right of the door, a small dresser placed at a 45-degree angle in the left corner and a straight-backed chair at the foot of the bed.

I removed my uniform, turned the trousers and jumper inside out in the regulation manner and placed them on the dresser with the jumper on top. I then placed my car keys and wallet on the jumper and put my white cap over them. Finally I turned to the light switch and snapped off the light.

At that instant there was a sharp explosion or report of about the intensity of a 30-caliber rifle shot. It seemed to be in the room. I at once switched the light back on, took a quick step to the dresser and picked up the cap. My wallet and car keys were gone.

The first thought that entered my mind was that there must be a trap door in the room. I made a systematic examination of the walls, floor and ceiling, but found nothing. The only window in the room, near the right corner of the dresser, was fully covered by a screen, and a layer of dust between these showed they had not been disturbed.

About this time I had the most eerie feeling I have ever experienced. I donned my uniform, left the hotel and spent the rest of the night in my car. I kept the car in a garage and had a spare key in the office there.

How objects as material as car keys and a leather wallet can dis-



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appear into thin air is a mystery to me. I am absolutely certain there was no way a human being could have gained access to that room and committed the theft so quickly. —*Stanley T. Price, Bremerton, Wash.*

SUSPENDED ROCK

A few years ago my husband read about a rock suspended in air somewhere in Asia (as he recalls). We've been unable to find the book that tells of this phenomenal rock. Possibly one of your readers may have read of this and can tell us where to find this information. We would greatly appreciate it.—*Mrs. A. S. Taylor, Ogden, Utah.*

GADGET FOR TELEKINESIS

I received your circular letter advertising FATE Magazine. In your letter you state, "Objects can actually be willed to move by the human mind."

You are correct. I have demonstrated this phenomenon many times with a little gadget you can construct in about half an hour. Quite a few persons can demonstrate this phenomenon to a greater or lesser extent.

The gadget may be made from small broom straws and a close-grained cork. From the cork cut two cubes about one-fourth of an inch square and one cork cube a little larger. With a small needle make holes through the exact center of each cube. Cut two straws about one and a half inches long—they should be exactly the same in length—and insert them in the cork cubes, so that the two smaller ones, at each end, are connected to the larger one, in the center. A broken

needle is inserted through the center cube so that the point projects about one-sixteenth of an inch. The gadget is balanced on this point, on the underside of a wine or whisky glass.

Straws about one inch long may be inserted through the center of the bottom side of each end cube and pieces of each snipped off with scissors until the gadget balances. The whole assembly should be covered with a large glass jar to protect it from being moved by your breath or by air currents.

You can easily turn the gadget right or left, stop or start it, by moving your hand over it in the desired direction. After making this test, test for mental control. Simply concentrate—picture in your mind—for the device to move right or left and stop as desired. Look at one end of it and project in your imagination a propelling force to make it move.

At times I have been able to move the gadget only slightly, or not at all. Other tests, a few hours later, were more successful. In making these tests, it is best at first to be alone as other persons may counteract the effects desired. —*Ernest W. Boyd, Tabor, Iowa.*

BLISTERED TONGUES

The phenomenon of "speaking in tongues," mentioned in the January issue of FATE, is a concomitant of religious emotion.

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feel a violent urge to give vocal expression to his feelings but be unable to do so in intelligible words. Hence, the primitive gibberish known as "speaking in tongues." Having expressed himself, the speaker feels relieved and relaxed.

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I am happy to inform you that I received the "Mystic Eye" in July, 1960, and I am pleased with it. It is just what it is said to be, and it works if one will sit quietly, relax and concentrate, especially at night when more or less one is in a receptive mood and can feel the helpful and beneficent spiritual forces.

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I was sitting in my dining room about 11:00 P.M. on September 12, 1960, concentrating on the name of my beloved wife, Louise, who died in 1942. Love covers many phases and territories. It was not imagination, but I heard her say, just as I knew her voice, "Dear, I have never left you." Until my contact with the "Mystic Eye," I had never heard her voice.—*Charles I. M. Lewis, Washington, D. C.*

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In connection with your request for readers' opinions regarding an index, by all means issue a cumulative index to date, and thereafter annual indexes with a new cumulative index every 10 years. You realize FATE is an institution absolutely exceptional in the occult field and is of inestimable value to researchers. We have the entire back file, but it is difficult to find any particular subject when needed. Tables of contents often are too vague and give only general information.

By providing an index you give serious researchers a means of access to the vast store of knowledge available in past pages and will attract to FATE the more serious students, who will come to depend on FATE for their basic reference.—*Ernest C. K. Brown, Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico.*

MEMORIES OF CHEIRO

It is a favor and a great privilege to know a marvelous person like Cheiro (Count Hamon). He was not only a wonderful palmist, astrologer and numerologist but a great humanitarian as well. I congratulate FATE on publishing so many stories by him.

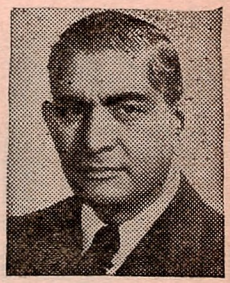
I, too, was a pupil of Cheiro, attending the night classes which were held on Los Feliz Boulevard, between Hollywood and Glendale.

After a class lesson, Cheiro always regaled us with some anecdote concerning an interesting experience he had had. One night he told of going to the home of Mr. Levi Z. Leiter, in Chicago, and on reading the hand of the daughter, Mary, he told them that one day she would "rule as a queen but

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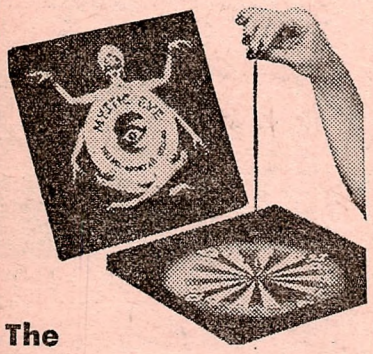
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would not be a queen." She later married Lord Curzon who became Viceroy of India. They had three daughters, the youngest of whom was Cynthia.

On the night Cheiro talked of the Leiters he asked me to be sure to attend Friday night as he was bringing his wife to the meeting and wanted us to meet in the library after the lesson. Friday night the Countess met me with outstretched hands, exclaiming, "What a coincidence! You are the image of Cynthia!"

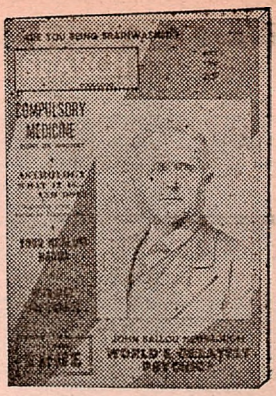
It seems that the Curzons and Hamons were neighbors in England, and the Countess said, "Cynthia was in our house more than her own home."

I then told them that Mr. Leiter and my father were first cousins.

It was probably the same nurse Miss Andree mentioned as attending Cheiro's last illness who said there were no flowers in the house, but that the scent of "invisible flowers" was almost overpowering, while "very faint whisperings of invisible persons almost drove her wild."

Cheiro gave me a copy of "the only poem I ever wrote," as he expressed it, called "If We Only Knew." Nobody acquainted with this great man could ever forget him. His was an impressive personality, and a woman I knew in Hollywood at that time said she had met him when he first came to America and "he was the handsomest man I ever saw." He led an unusually interesting life and was replete with anecdotes and stories of people, well known and otherwise, whom he had met. — *Mrs. C. B. C., Long Beach, Calif.*

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PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA

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