JULY
FATE
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MAGAZINE
July 1961
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TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

Articles

Astrology . . . New Evidence To Support An Ancient Science
John C. Ross 25

Forest Of Disappearing Children
Stuart S. Allen 36

My First Interview With The Dead
Dr. Nandor Fodor 48

Adventures In Crystal Gazing
Rose Figiuoia 74

What Do Great World Religions Think Of Reincarnation?
Paul M. Vest 84

Stories

My Life Was Saved By A Dead Soldier
Herman Kane 33

I Walked With Bhave
Marcus Bach 42

The Night We Cremated The Mummy's Hand
Cheiro 63

The Typesetter's Warning
Hester N. Holcomb 71

Rajah Saw "Someone Who Wasn't There"
Danton Walker 80

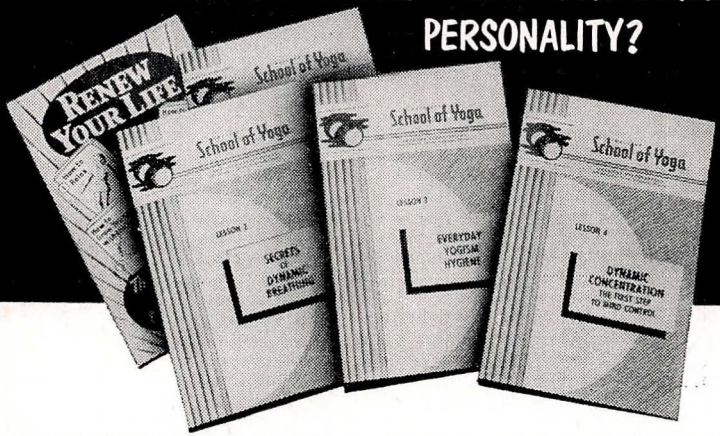
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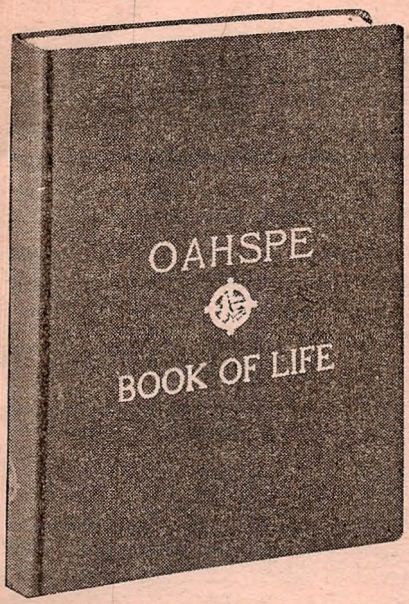
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Contents

Vol. 14—No. 7
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ARTICLES . . . **TRUE REPORTS ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN**

Astrology . . . New Evidence To Support An Ancient Science ..... *John C. Ross* 25
Forest Of Disappearing Children ..... *Stuart S. Allen, UPI* 36
My First Interview With The Dead ..... *Dr. Nandor Fodor* 48
Adventures In Crystal Gazing ..... *Rose Figiuola* 74
What Do Great World Religions Think Of Reincarnation? ..... *Paul M. Vest* 84

STORIES . . . **DRAMATIC ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES**

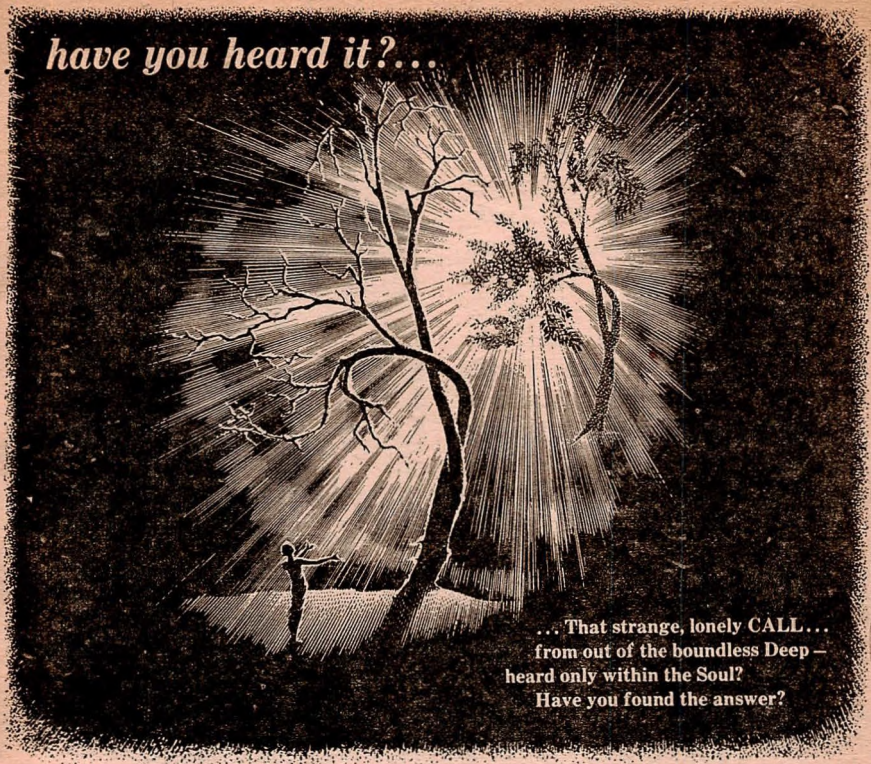
My Life Was Saved By A Dead Soldier ..... *Herman Kane* 33
I Walked With Bhave ..... *Marcus Bach* 42
The Night We Cremated The Mummy's Hand ..... *Cheiro* 63
The Typesetter's Warning ..... *Hester N. Holcomb* 71
Rajah Saw "Someone Who Wasn't There" ..... *Danton Walker* 80

FEATURES . . . **NEWS AND NOTES ON UNUSUAL TOPICS**

I See By The Papers ..... *Curtis Fuller* 6
Monstrous Word 32
Fate Loses A Friend ..... *Pauline Saltzman* 47
Healed By Hypnosis 56
True Mystic Experiences ..... *The Readers* 57
Fingers Of Fate ..... *Harold Helfer* 70
Meteoric Clues To The Earth's Origins 79
My Proof Of Survival ..... *The Readers* 93
New Books 99
Report From The Readers ..... *The Readers* 107

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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

If we took our largest telescopes to Mars, and looked at the Earth, the smallest single object that we could observe would be 100 *miles across. Nothing that we could see would give any hint that intelligent life had developed on the Earth.*
—Dr. M. W. Ovenden, Lecturer in Astronomy, Glasgow University

WITH THE ABOVE observation in the *Illustrated London News*, Dr. M. W. Ovenden proceeds to examine the case for life on Mars. He tends to dismiss the "canals" as uncertain but says that if they do exist, it is difficult to imagine a "natural" process that could cause them and he considers the theory that they are strips of vegetation as "not unreasonable".

Dr. Ovenden considers the fine network of lines as the problem in dispute. As to the broader objects there is no controversy.

On the other hand, a luminous object, if it were bright enough, could be seen even though much smaller than the 100 mile requirement of a surface object. Thus we know from the amount of sunlight they reflect that the moons of Mars, Phobos and Deimos, are



only a few miles in diameter.

Dr. Ovenden discusses the problem, which has been suggested by the Russians, of whether Phobos, the innermost satellite, might be an artificial satellite. Phobos is so near the surface of Mars that it goes around the planet in less time than the 24½ hours Mars requires to rotate on its axis.

Astronomers, including Russian astronomers, have observed that Phobos is accelerating in its orbit. It is getting ahead of the path it would follow if it were moving only under the attraction of Mars. Earth satellites speed up in exactly the same way because of the effect of the Earth's atmosphere which eventually causes them to



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spiral in and then to fall.

But here's the problem: If the atmosphere of Mars were causing this acceleration of Phobos then "the mean density of Phobos would have to be so low that it could not be other than a hollow spherical shell—a most unnatural satellite!"

Some astronomers, says Dr. Ovenden, have tried to escape this difficulty by theorizing a tidal action by Mars. But this would only be possible if the crust of Mars is of an entirely different composition than Earth.

"Others have chosen the more startling hypothesis that Phobos is artificial. Only time will tell who is correct."

∞

PROBLEM OF PRIORITY

DR. HARLOW Shapley of Harvard University Observatory recently expressed his feelings about life on Mars. There are no Martians—"at least above the low vegetal level" Dr. Shapley said in his pithy phrasing, "Nobody is there to talk to and if intercommunication is to be established, it should be one lowly moss talking to another."

Shapley spoke as a member of a panel of six physical and social scientists. One of them, British Historian Arnold J. Toynbee, declared that "no human beings have got very far yet in exploration of the spiritual universe. Therefore, the new worlds with whose life it is now most urgent for us to make contact are the spiritual worlds within themselves."

Dr. Shapley agreed with Toynbee that man has more urgent problems than searching for other forms of life beyond Earth—for example, the problem of an expanding population is "more important than space travel."

∞

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

WE DO NOT disdain the goal of Historian Toynbee; in fact the idea behind FATE is for an exploration of the spiritual universe. But every once in a while a series of developments comes along that calls our attention to the physical universe.

Such a series is the current discussion, exploration and development of the search for other life forms in space.

Most serious official view of this search, of course, has been taken in a study recently completed for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration by the Brookings Institution—a 190-page report that cost $96,000 to prepare.

The conclusion of the report is that discovery of life on other worlds could cause the earth's civilization to collapse.

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"While the discovery of intelligent life in other parts of the universe is not likely in the immediate future, it could nevertheless happen at any time," warned the report.

Even on earth, said the report, "societies sure of their own place have disintegrated when confronted by a superior society, and others have survived even though changed."

∞

PREPARE?

NOW THERE are a good many UFO research groups who are sure that official agencies of this Government are already aware of other intelligent life in space and that this accounts for an official "coverup".

The Government is afraid of the hysteria that would develop if the facts were known—so runs the argument.

Proponents of this view point to a series of reports and studies whose purpose is to break the news gradually. One of these is the Brookings Institution report.

Another is the Government's radar search program, Project Ozma, conducted at Green Bank, W. Va., which is endeavoring to pick up intelligent signals from outer space.

Still another is the increasing concern of Christian theologians with the posture they should adopt toward "nonearthlings." Catholics especially have been concerned with this problem.

Then, despite the skepticism of men like Dr. Shapley about an early discovery of intelligent life in space, there is a whole group of recent new finding suggesting that the conditions for even an earth-type life in Space are not as impossible as they once were believed to be.

For example, Soviet astronomers have reported evidence suggesting that the atmosphere of Venus may be similar to that of Earth. Previous studies had indicated that the atmosphere of Venus lacked oxygen. American scientists scanning Venus from a balloon observed what appeared to be evidence of water vapor in the upper air of Venus. Now Soviet spectrographs of Venus interpreted by Dr. Brian Warner of the University of London, confirm the presence of nitrogen, neutral oxygen and ionized oxygen.

Perhaps even more important is an analysis by modern methods of a meteorite that fell in France a century ago. The analysis was presented by three scientists at a meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences. One hydrocarbon found in the meteorite is a chemical cousin of a sex hormone. Another is a chemical cousin of cholesterol—the

fatty substance that plugs human arteries, causing heart attacks and strokes. Presence of simple organic materials in meteorites has long been known, but this is the first evidence of complicated organic chemicals.

The three men, Dr. Bartholomew Nagy and Dr. Douglas J. Hennessy of the Department of Chemistry of Fordham University, and Dr. Warren G. Meinschein of the Esso Research and Engineering Company in Linden, N. J. said: *"We believe that wherever this meteorite originated, something lived."*

Ah, but here's the rub. No one really knows where meteorites come from.

∞

PSYCHIC CHAIN

HERE IS AN almost classic example of psychic perception, with all its difficulties, tragedies, and inexplicable contradictions.

On Saturday afternoon, March 4, three teen-agers of Syracuse, N. Y., went to a pond on property partially owned by Herbert Rand, 1942 Valley Drive, Syracuse. They entered Rand's barn and "borrowed" a flat-bottomed square-end boat and a pair of oars.

The three rowed around the pond for a while, then two of them resumed their trip, letting the third, Edward Niedzwieck, 13, out on shore. The back end of the boat



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started to fill and the pair began to row frantically to shore—too late. The boat sank. Frank Ramsey, 14, was able to make it to safety. Robert Pouliot, 13, drowned.

How could one have interpreted the psychic warnings accompanying this tragedy—for there were plenty?

At 4:00 A.M. that Saturday Mrs. Patricia Ruffalo, of New York City, Mr. Rand's daughter, waked from a deep sleep. "I was suddenly taken with the strangest feeling," she said later. "Something terrible was about to happen at Dad's place. I didn't have any idea of what was involved. I only wanted to call him to make sure he was all right."

Mrs. Ruffalo did call, but the ringing phone could not wake her father at 4:00 A.M. She persisted despite the hour, and finally called Mr. and Mrs. William L. Schiedel, Rand's neighbors. Schiedel assured the distraught woman that her father was all right—he had seen him the evening before.

But Mrs. Ruffalo was only temporarily calmed. At 4:30 A.M. she again called her father—who still did not answer his phone. Then she called the Syracuse Police Department which sent Patrolman John F. Punch to the Rand home. Meanwhile Mrs. Ruffalo again waked the Schiedels who brought Mr. Rand to the telephone.

Mrs. Ruffalo told her father that she feared a tragedy of some sort would strike him or the home that day. She had a kind of "feeling" about it and that "feeling" told her that her father would be involved.

And, of course, Rand was deeply involved. The tragedy occurred in his boat on his property.

But this was not the only psychic warning involving Rand.

About 10:30 that same morning an invalid friend of Rand called him agitatedly. The woman, who remains anonymous, asked: "Are you all right? I had the most terrible dream about you and the place (Rand's home) last night. It was awful."

Rand assured her, as he had assured his daughter, that everything was all right.

And so it was—until 2:55 that afternoon.

∞

ON TIME

HERE'S A psychic warning more specific, without the precognitive angle, that saved a life in Kinnelon, N. J. during the late winter.

Mrs. Robert Magill was working about her house when suddenly she had a feeling something was wrong. She ran to the window, looked out, and saw her three-year-old son floundering in the icy water

of Kikeout Brook. She waded into the water and hauled out Michael who recovered consciousness after receiving oxygen.

∞

WHO CALLED?

SOME STRANGE things happened during a fierce blizzard that swept New England last February 5. One of the strangest occurred in Taunton, Mass., where firemen responded to a telephoned report of a fire on Williams Street.

They investigated, found nothing. Despite the blizzard, Deputy Chief Brayton Willis ordered four of his men to canvass houses in the area. They came to the house of Eugene R. Mongen on Harris Street nearby. As they pounded on the door, Mongen staggered into their arms.

Inside, the firemen found Mrs. Mongen lying on the floor, three young children lying on a divan. A resuscitator was required to revive Mrs. Mongen.

Yet there was no fire. The Mongens had been overcome because a charcoal burner had consumed most of the oxygen in the house.

A reader of Cotuit, Mass., who sent us this story, asks three per-

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tinent and important questions:

1. Who phoned a false alarm when there was no fire—and why?

2. What made the deputy fire chief order four of his men to canvass the area when there was no sign of fire anywhere—and in the midst of a fierce blizzard at that?

3. Why would the area canvassed have taken the men onto other streets?

∞

TEMPTING FATE

JUST ONE more note before we leave this month's premonitions.

On February 4, a young gunman wearing a white handkerchief held up the E-Z Shop Foods, at 1715 S. Prospect Ave., in Tacoma, Wash. He escaped with $500 from the till of J. R. Michels.

C. A. Hall of Tacoma, a FATE reader who sent us the clipping, writes that 10 minutes before the holdup his son and wife were in the store talking to one of the owners about a series of recent holdups.

J. R. Michels told Mr. Hall's son: "I have been working in super markets for years but have never been held up."

∞

POSTSCRIPTS

RECENTLY a long-time FATE reader in New Haven, Conn., took us to task for not following up the important material reported in the magazine.

"FATE had material on the Seaford Poltergeist incident, for example," she said. "And then—nothing."

To set the record straight, we did have a detailed follow-up on the Seaford incident based upon the Duke University report, but on the whole our critic's point is well taken.

We desire to point out, however, that we do follow up on as many unsolved cases as we can—but the basic problem remains that FATE deals in mysteries and most of these mysteries are never solved.

We also run a regular section of this column devoted to resolving many of these problems. It is called "POSTSCRIPTS."

∞

POSTSCRIPTS No. 1

MANY READERS sent us clippings over a Washington dateline reporting that the Federal Agency was investigating the story of an old airplane that apparently went backwards in time.

In January, 1960, so the story goes, the pilot of a new Cessna 182 reported that he had collided with a Laird biplane of ancient vintage. Neither plane crashed but when the Laird was finally located in a barn in Ohio, it had a log reporting a crash with "a strange metal plane." The FBI estimated the log was prepared about 1932.



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We do not ordinarily report our follow-ups on such stories, but to assure our readers of the facts, we can tell them that we located the original source of the yarn (many of the facts in the wire story were wrong). We discovered it was printed as a fiction story in a magazine called *Air Progress*.

The FBI also reported that it had not been asked to check the log of any Laird biplane.

Sorry, folks. It's still fiction.



FROM EVANSVILLE, IND.

A FEW MONTHS AGO we ran an item from Joe Aaron's column "Morning Assignment", telling how three Central High School Students had seen a woman garbed as a nun simply vanish before their eyes.

Everyone scoffed, of course. Nobody believed a word of it.

But now Mrs. Franklin Carter, of 807 South Garvin St., Evansville, reports that she does believe the story and she has her reasons.

First, says Mrs. Carter, the same thing happened to her in the same neighborhood when she was a young girl about 30 years ago.

She and a friend were playing near the intersection of Fifth and Court Streets, where she lived then. Both girls saw a black-garbed figure emerge *through* a closed door. She screamed and ran for her father who came and found nothing.

And just a few months before that, says Mrs. Carter, another group of kids had the same experience in the same neighborhood with the same black-garbed nun.



IN DEFENSE OF DR. SOAL

PERHAPS THIS heading is presumptuous. Dr. S. G. Soal, the British mathematician, is a distinguished psychic researcher who needs no defense from *us*.

But we feel obligated to set the record straight in regard to criticisms made of *The Mind Readers*, a recent book written by Dr. Soal and H. T. Bowden, which analyzes the telepathic abilities of two Welsh boys—the Jones brothers.

The criticisms of Dr. Soal's tests of the Jones boys were begun by a suggestion of Dr. Hansel of Manchester that the boys *could* have been signalling to each other by means of an ultrasonic whistle.

Immediately the critics of ESP theories set after Dr. Soal in full cry, working on the assumption that of course the Jones brothers had been signalling to each other by this means. What had been a suggestion was now proved.

Recently Robert H. Thouless, the British psychic researcher, made a most comprehensive analysis of the Soal experiments and

concluded in the *Journal of the American Society of Psychical Research*:

"Examination of Dr. Soal's figures does not support the hypothesis that the boys were signalling to one another by means of the Morse code. The observation that they continued to score highly when the experimenters switched without warning from one set of symbols to another makes it very unlikely that they were signalling to one another in any other way. The conclusion that they did not obtain their success by signalling to one another seems to be strongly indicated."

SOMETHING ROTTEN IN ROTTERDAM

SOMETIMES IT hums and sometimes it shrieks. The funny thing about it is that only the Binkowskis of Rotterdam, N. Y., can hear it. And it lives with them most of the time.

It all began back in February and was still going strong late in March.

It's a high-pitched, whirring, worrisome kind of sound and it permeates the Binkowskis and their property. They call it "our invisible monster."

Mrs. Binkowski was the first one to hear the sound. She didn't tell

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

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her husband, she said, until he began to complain about a sound which he kept hearing. Then the two boys, Robert 15, and Terence 6, began to hear it.

"We are all becoming sick with worry and lack of sleep," complained Mrs. Binkowski. "We are developing physical pains in our jaws and necks.

"It changes pitch at regular intervals, much like the alert heard on the Civil Defense network.

"It gets so heavy and oppressive that our family must get up in the night and leave the house. We don't get to sleep until after 2:00 A.M. these days and then the sound wakes us at 6:00."

The sound follows Binkowski on his job, and the sons to school. After about two hours away from home it begins to fade and finally stops completely.

Utility companies, radio stations, the nearby General Electric Company and others invistigated the Binkowski's sound. They couldn't find out where it came from.

In fact, nobody else has even been able to hear it.

∞

THAT MONSTER

THIS IS the monster season, and a FATE reader from Cloverlick, W. Va., sent us a clipping from the *Pocahontas Times*, a weekly paper published in Marlinton, Pocahontas County. "There is quite an excitement in the county about these monsters," our reader reports.

Here's the story in full from the *Pocahontas Times*.

"Well, the big monster was seen again, says Willie Barkley, his brother Stanley Barkley, and their friend, Clyde Mace, all of Cass, while they were at the top of Cole Run cutting wood with a power saw. Their guess is the monster heard the power saw running. He came out through the woods and almost up to them and just stood and looked at them for about five minutes and the men were so scared they couldn't run for about five minutes. But when the monster started towards them they took off like lightning; Stanley ran so fast he knocked his brother Willy down and strained his arm, and then Stanley fell and broke his glasses. He thought the monster would get him because he couldn't see to run very fast without his glasses. Clyde ran off and left his power saw in the woods. They ran all the way back to Cass. After they got over their scare they all went back to get the power saw but the big monster was gone; they didn't cut any more wood that day. They said the monster had real long black hair and the hair was turned wrong way up; it had two horns on its head and



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its face looked a lot like a monkey; its legs and feet looked like an elephant. The men said this was getting pretty close to Cass; Stanley didn't think much of it because it caused him to have to buy a new pair of glasses."

∞

THAT SNOWMAN AGAIN

TAKE HEART, snowman lovers, you have a friend. "The abominable snowman is as real as you and I, and some of his kind are walking around in the northwestern part of the United States."

That's the conclusion of Tom Slick, the Texas oil magnet.

"I thoroughly disagree with Sir Edmund Hillary's reports debunking the Yeti," Slick, who has hunted snowmen in the Himalayas, asserted.

"Hillary has produced only a small part of the evidence that has been gathered about the abominable snowman. We have considerable evidence that they exist," Slick says.

Slick says that the Russians are absolutely convinced the snowman exists. He attacked Hillary's conclusions about the supposed Yeti scalp actually being molded hide from a rare Himalayan goat called the serow.

"There are two scalps," said Slick. "One was authentic. Hillary is dead wrong."

Slick has photographs of a bearded priest holding an authentic scalp, of sets of footprints, and of a partly decomposed hand that appears to be three times the size of a human hand.

He also questioned Hillary's theory that the mistaken footprints of snowmen were small animal prints enlarged by the melting of the snow. "Many of the prints we have found were made in mud," declared Slick. "You can't explain those away."

∞

AND NOW A MUDMAN

FOR YEARS there have been reports of semi-human creatures living in the Malay jungles. Now here's a new one. A game warden of Kulang says there is a creature out there that leaves 30-inch human-like prints in the mud and stands at least 10-feet tall. It gives animal-like cries.

∞

MONSTERS AMONG US

WELL, IT may be that our interest in monsters arises from the possibility that all of us have a little bit of monster blood coursing through our arteries.

This recently was suggested in the *New York Times Magazine* by Carleton S. Coon, curator of ethnology at the University Museum in Philadelphia, who has made a

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study of Neanderthal man that substantially changes our ideas of these progenitors of modern man.

Carleton Coon corrects our misconceptions about these ancient people. He says that the popular image of Neanderthal man was created by the French anatomist-paleontologist Marcellin Boule in 1911-13, who described a nearly complete skeleton as being the remains of a stunted, barrel-chested creature, walking with knees permanently bent; head thrust forward on thick, slanting neck; beetling eye brows; low and flattened nose; broad and stubby feet; and practically no chin.

This image is simply not true. The skeleton examined by Boule on which the description was based recently was examined by anatomists. It was found to have belonged to a male 40 to 50 years old, "rotten with arthritis." The forward thrust of the head was due to a "wry neck", and the stunted stature and stooping posture to arthritic lesions.

Instead, European Neanderthals were heavy-set people with deep chests, long trunks, short arms and legs—perhaps resembling Laplanders and Eskimos.

They were "just as competent hunters, and just as solicitous of their sick and aged, as are members of any non-agricultural tribe

living today," Coon concludes on a basis of known evidence. They apparently had religious ceremonies.

Their brains were as large as or larger than those of most Europeans today. Their culture and tools were probably higher than some belonging to existing tribes of *homo sapiens.*

Although no pure Neanderthals live today, they almost certainly mixed with later and more advanced peoples. The Neanderthal stamp is visible on many persons today—and it is invisible within us all.

∞

TRAINED HEN

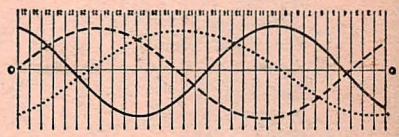
Russel, Kans. — Betty is a hen trained by Ray Hainke, owner of a garden shop here. Betty can do 14 tricks, including playing the piano, ukelele and drums; dancing, using both beak and feet; walking a make-believe tight rope; answering questions with symbols for "yes", "no", or "maybe." Betty also can pick her name invariably out of a set of four cards. They're a little soiled now, and Hainke tried printing new cards. But Betty couldn't recognize her name on the pretty new ones and Hainke had to go back to the dirty old ones. He still hasn't figured out what symbols she memorized but she always gets the correct card. —*Curtis Fuller*

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Astrology...

FATE

NEW EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT AN ANCIENT SCIENCE

Are the claims of astrologers valid? Here are the amazing results of a series of scientifically controlled tests.

By John C. Ross

IN RECENT years the age-old tradition of astrology has fallen into disrepute. As far as most people are concerned astrology may be an interesting parlor game but few of them really believe in it. And as far as scientists are concerned, astrology is for the birds. At any rate, it's not for them.

Apparently these prejudices are premature. Recently a clinical psychologist conducted a series of scientifically controlled investigations which seem to point unmistakably to the validity of many of the claims of astrologists. These claims in brief state that there is a relationship between the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies and the events which take place in human lives.

The man who has conducted this investigation and who has come up with apparently impregnable results is Vernon Clark, a Chicago area practicing psychologist. Clark has an M.A. degree from Columbia University and was a clinical psychologist in the Army and later for the Veterans Administration at Downey VA Hospital. He has been in private practice since 1952.

He is a modest, soft-spoken man who makes much more cautious claims than his findings seem to warrant. On the other hand he recognizes that if his discoveries are verified by other investigators they will be extremely embarrassing to many orthodox scientists—particularly astronomers and to fellow

members of his own profession—psychology.

Clark wanted an answer to one basic question:

Can astrologers, given only the birth time and place of any person, successfully describe this person in terms of (a) the profession he will select, (b) the illnesses he will suffer, and (c) the events he will experience in the course of his life?

First of all, Clark obtained the cooperation of a group of astrologers who belong to a professional association. Then he designed a series of three experiments intended to scrutinize the astrological claims.

In the first experiment, Clark collected data on 10 persons known to him but unknown to the astrologers. They were all engaged in well-defined professions and were old enough to make a shift in their activities unlikely. This group contained an herpetologist, musician, bookkeeper, veterinarian, teacher of art, art critic, puppeteer, librarian, prostitute and a pediatrician.

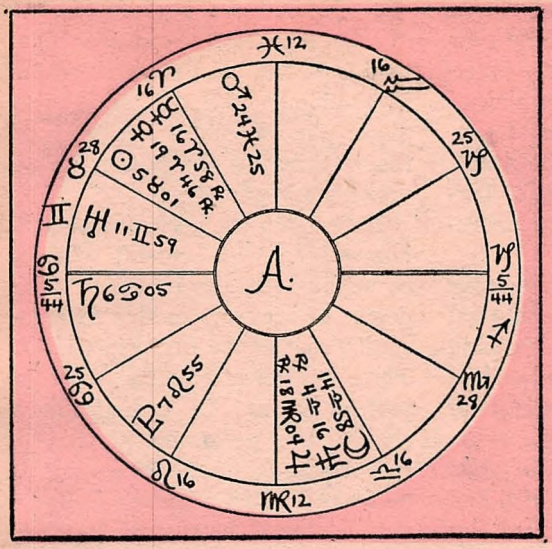
A brief description of each of these persons was written and presented to the astrologers in random order. The astrologers were given the birthdates of the same 10 persons and the horoscopes derived from these birth dates also in random order. They were asked to indicate which horoscope matched which case history. The astrologers achieved an impressive success. Their correct choices were well above chance. In fact, Clark's statistical analysis showed a probability of P=.01 which means that there was less than one chance in 100 that the results could have been arrived at by accident.

In order to establish that the astrologers were really making use of the horoscopes in arriving at their judgments and not resorting to ESP or some other unknown method, a *control group* composed of educated individuals who knew nothing about astrology was asked to attempt the same task, using exactly the same materials the astrologers had used.

In the case of the control group, the result came out almost exactly at chance expectancy. Apparently one must be a trained astrologer to interpret a horoscope.

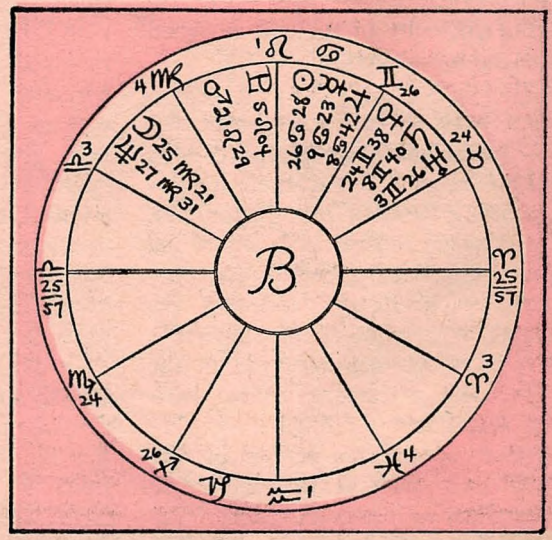
A close inspection of the materials with which the astrologers worked will help us to estimate the difficulty of the task they were asked to perform. The discriminations demanded of them were in many instances very fine. Note in the group of professions the presence of an art teacher, an art critic and a musician. All of these can be considered overlapping professions. Yet the astrologers were able to distinguish between them on the basis of their birthdate alone.

Even more interesting, the pros-



Shown here is one of the pairs of horoscopes used by Vernon Clark in his experiments, and which he asked astrologers to interpret. One of them is set up for the birthdate of a person who suffered brain injury at birth. The other is that of a highly intelligent person who never has been seriously ill. With only these diagrams to guide you, can you tell which belongs to the person with the brain injury? Clark's astrologers did — and with surprising accuracy.

Given the date, time and place of the birth of any individual, the astrologer draws a map or diagram of the solar system as it appeared at that precise moment of time. This diagram usually is called a horoscope. It is arrived at by means of exact mathematical and astronomical data.



titute and the librarian were born on the same day of the same year with only about five hours difference in time between them and, of course, at different points of geographical latitude and longitude. Here again the astrologers performed well above chance expectancy.

Impressive as these results may appear to be, Clark did not feel justified in making any sweeping assumptions. The experiments had to be repeated in a variety of forms. This has been done twice, with each new experiment designed to answer some question which had been raised, but not resolved, by the previous one. Moreover, each successive experiment was used as an opportunity to increase the level of difficulty of the task assigned to the astrologers.

IN THE SECOND experiment the astrologers were given 10 *pairs* of horoscopes. To each pair was attached a detailed case history describing an individual in all of the important departments of life. Further, each history included the dates of a number of important events which had occurred in the life, such as honors, crucial journeys, accidents or death.

One of the horoscopes of the pair was that of the individual described in the case history. The astrologers did not know and were not told that the other horoscope of the pair was a *spurious* one, that is, it had been constructed for a randomly selected time and place, plus or minus one year of the birthday of the person whose case history was given.

Here again the performance was impressive, with correct choices occurring well above chance. The degree of accuracy in this case exceeded that of the first experiment. Three of the astrologers achieved perfect scores, 18 scored above chance, two performed at chance. No astrologer of the group of 20 performed below chance. The statistical result here was $P=.001$, which means there was less than one chance in 1000 that the results could have been accidental.

Still Clark was not satisfied. He reasoned that a critic of the experiment might suggest that in writing the case histories which were given to the astrologers he might have, consciously or unconsciously, included some subtle clue to the correct horoscope. To avoid this possibility he devised a third experiment in which the astrologers were given no case histories at all.

In this case they were again presented with 10 pairs of horoscopes. One of the horoscopes in each pair was that of a person who had suffered a severe brain injury at birth (cerebral palsy) and who never has been able to walk, speak

or care for himself. The other member of each pair was the horoscope of a highly intelligent individual who never has suffered any serious ill health.

The astrologers were given no information beyond the two categories involved. They were simply asked to identify the horoscopes of the persons with cerebral palsy. As an extra precaution against supplying the astrologers with subtle clues, Clark himself had nothing to do with the selection of the persons whose birthdates were used. Instead he asked his colleagues in psychology to supply him these data from their own practices.

This, of course, eliminated the possibility of his having provided the astrologers with "typical" horoscopes—if indeed there can be said to be such a thing.

And here again, as in the first two experiments, the astrologers performed far above chance. The statistics give P=.01 —or less than a one in 100 chance that the results could have been an accident.

CLARK BEGAN his researches into astrology because it seemed to him that for an extinct science it was displaying extraordinary life. It had been pronounced dead and buried a thousand times over by the elite of the academic world but it still retained its hold over the minds and imaginations of men.

He observed that although astrology is suppressed under its true name it has an amazing way of creeping into science by the back door. Modern scientists, it seems to Vernon Clark, are scanning the heavens with as much curiosity and enthusiasm as the old astrologers did—and with the same ends in mind. And yet most of these scientists would be horrified to learn that the work they are doing has anything in common with astrology.

Anyone who surveys scientific literature of the past 10 years or so has little difficulty finding reports and studies that seem to support the basic hypothesis of astrology—that some sort of correlation exists between heavenly phenomena and earthly events. For example:

1. The July, 1959, issue of *Nature,* a foremost scientific journal published in London, carried a review of the work of the German geophysicist Rudolf Tomaschek. Tomaschek has studied all earthquakes having intensity of 7.75 or greater since 1900 and has established that these are correlated with the angulations of the planet Uranus. He found them to occur at a rate greater than chance on those points of the earth's surface over which the planet Uranus culminated or at which it was stationed at the nadir. Earthquakes which have occurred since the termination of this experiment have been

found to follow the same pattern. Dismissed by a prominent astronomer as " . . . *one dilly of a coincidence,*" Tomaschek's work may be one of the most important contributions to geophysics made in our century.

2. John H. Nelson, an engineer for RCA has studied electromagnetic storms (formerly attributed to sunspots alone) and has found them to be heavily correlated with the angulations of all of the known bodies of the solar system. More than five years ago he reported a predictive accuracy of 85 per cent and this is now reported to have increased. The curious fact is that the methods of prediction which he uses are in many ways similar to those developed by Ptolemy of Alexandria, an astrologer who lived in the 2nd Century A.D. Nelson himself has always avoided the astrological controversy. He is content if his methods of prediction *work* and appears to be disinterested in the astrological inferences which may be drawn from the fact that they do.

3. The neuropsychiatrist, Leonard Ravitz, has demonstrated that the electrical potential of humans, animals and plants follow the solar and lunar cycles. Nor is his work without precedent. It follows the same lines as the earlier work of Harold S. Burr of the Yale School of Medicine who had noticed similar effects some years ago.

4. The biologist Frank Brown of Northwestern University published an article in the April, 1960, issue of *Cycles,* in which he has demonstrated that the metabolic rate of animals and plants is related to the solar and lunar cycles, even when light, heat, barometric pressure and nutrition are held constant.

5. The Florida surgeon, Edson Andrews, has recently conducted a study of more than 1,000 cases, nicely distributed geographically, and has found that the possibility of post-operative hemorrhage is greatly increased at the time of the full moon. With a humor all too rarely found in scientific literature, Dr. Andrews threatens *"to become a witch doctor and operate on dark nights only, saving the moonlit nights for romance."*

6. There have been many other studies, conducted by Japanese and Italian chemists, investigating the tempo of the flocculation of bismuth chloride in water, and of human blood serum, as this may be correlated with certain disturbances of the sun. The results have been positive, and, to say the least, provocative, although the material is too lengthy and elaborate to develop here.

WITH THIS background suggesting that scientists them-

selves have found there is more than a grain of truth in the ancient claims, how can scientists remain so uncompromisingly hostile toward astrology?

Clark himself had studied the material referred to above and this essentially is what launched him on his own research work.

"The first thing I noticed about the experimental work already done was the primitive nature of the phenomena studied," he says.

"It has been concerned only with the upheavals of inanimate nature, such as the earthquake studies, or, beyond this, with the simple vegetative functions of living organisms such as the tendency to hemorrhage.

"But as a psychologist I wasn't content to let the matter rest there. It seems to me that psychologists must ask themselves whether such correlations between planetary positions and human experience might not also be observed in such complex forms as the selection of a marriage partner, the choice of a vocation, or even in the type of emotional and physical illness from which people may suffer at one time or another in their lifetimes."

Clark was surprised to find that there was one group of persons in the world who might aid the experiments he had in mind. These were, of course, the astrologers.

He recalled that they and their predecessors had been claiming for centuries that they could delineate character, predict events and diagnose illness solely on the basis of the positions of the planets at the time of birth of a given subject.

He also was surprised to learn that even though astrologers are no longer welcome in academic circles they are still very much alive and kicking. They maintain professional organizations, publish technical journals, and administer tests to applicants as a basis for certification to conduct their own work.

These were the people he tested in his experiments.

The conclusions Clark is willing to draw publicly are cautious. He points out that his tests should not be regarded as having *proved* astrology. "In science we do not prove an hypothesis or a theory," he explains. "We only fail to disprove it. The value of these experiments is just this—*they have failed to disprove astrology.*"

Nonetheless, Clark is compelled to admit that the astrologers performed with astounding success considering that they had only two meager clues on which to base their entire analyses. Those clues, of course, were *the birth date and the location of birth* of the subjects they were studying. Nothing more.

Clark hastens to point out the

elementary nature of his investigations to date.

"Although they have shown us that the astrologers who took part are able to make accurate choices beyond the chance expectancy, the experiments tell us nothing about the manner in which they use the horoscopes. But they do infer, and quite strongly, that such a thing as astrological technique does exist—and moreover that it is worth the attention and study of scientists in every field—especially in the areas of psychology, psychiatry, sociology and the like."

Certainly if Clark's work is extended and sustained by other investigators there will be no question about it: astrology will once again resume its ancient place among the sciences.

MONSTROUS WORD

ACCORDING TO Leo P. Bott, Jr., Chicago advertising man, what is probably the longest word in the English language is ORNISCOPYTHEOBIBLIOPSYCHOCRYSTARROSCIOAEROGENETHLIOMETEOROAUSTROHIEROANTHROPOICHTHYOPYROSIDEROCHPNOMYOALECTRYOOPHIOBOTANOPEGOHYDRORHABDOCRITHOALEUROALPHITOHALOMOLYBDOCLEROBELOAXINOCOSCINODACTYLIOGEOLITHOPESSOPSEPHOCATOPTROTEPHRAONEIROCHIROONYCHODACTYLOARITHSTICHOOXOGELOSCOGASTROGYROCEROBLETONOCENOSCAPULINANIAC.

This word of 311 letters, Bott states in *Bott-Shots* a newsletter which he issues to clients and prospects, was used in the Middle Ages as a means of demonstrating the extent to which even the English language is capable of forming enormous word monsters. The word is said to cover the whole field of superstitious divinatory practices which are as old as humanity. A literal translation of the huge word is said to be as follows:

"A deluded human who practices divination or forecasting by means of phenomena, interpretation of acts or other manifestations related to the following animate or inanimate objects and appearances: birds, oracles, Bible, ghosts, crystal gazing, shadows, air appearences, birth stars, meteors, winds, sacrificial appearances, entrails of humans and fishes, fire redhot irons, altar smoke, mice, grain picking by rooster, snakes, herbs, fountains, water, wands, dough, meal, barley, salt, lead, dice arrows, hatchet balance, sieve, ring suspension, random dots, precious stones, pebbles, pebble heaps, mirrors, ash writing, dreams, palmistry, nail rays, finger rings numbers, book passages, name letterings, laughing manners, ventriloquism, circle walking, wax, susceptibility to hidden springs, wine, and shoulder blades."



MY LIFE was SAVED by a DEAD SOLDIER

He was an enemy but I had prayed for him. Is this why he gave me a warning of mortal danger ahead?

By Herman Kane

THE FIVE SENSES are very important to the foot soldier who must see the enemy in the dark, must smell his presence and sense his unheard movement; the foot soldier has to be super-sensitive to survive. On my last combat assignment I felt I needed much more than my five senses.

I had been transferred to a rifle company in the Yonchon sector just north of Ui-Jong-Bu in the late fall of 1951. I had been in Korea for several months prior to that time, with other units, so infantry patrol duty and I were closely acquainted.

The men of Company C took me in quickly. Most of them were rather young but already battle-

hardened and very dependable in the fire fights that went along with almost every night patrol. Our positions, or rather our bunkers, overlooked a branch of the Imjin River and faced a series of mountain peaks. One tall bare peak, which we called "Old Baldy", rose above the smaller ones just 2000 yards north of us.

It was the ideal place for the Chinese to send patrols and it seemed to me at the time that the whole war must have moved to that one hill. Night after night we moved out, either in force to push them back off the hill, or in small patrols to listen and gather information.

As winter settled down the shallow river began to freeze, pieces of discarded equipment, along with other debris lodged against the rocks and froze in place. It made our patrol path easy to locate and follow on dark nights; even when the searchlight companies failed to locate a low cloud to direct their light into the valley. A piece of canvas, a broken rifle, even a small stick became a land mark to us.

Then one night just before the ice became solid a young Chinese soldier's body lodged in the rocks a few feet from the far shore. There he was frozen solidly into the ice a few inches below the surface. Someone labeled him "Dink the Chink," and he became well known in our sector. Some of the other company patrols moving back and forth across the river used him to find the beginning of their path across the ice.

I wondered about him a lot; he must have been near 16, with just a trace of beard on his face. He lay there a few inches under the surface of the ice, his eyes wide, his one arm raised almost as if in salute. Each time I passed the spot a feeling of compassion came over me. I would silently pass the time with him and say a little prayer; always moving just a bit to the side to keep from stepping directly on him.

The bushes started just at the water line; so after passing him I would grasp a handful of bush and climb up the bank to get on with the serious business of a very real war. Some of the fellows kidded me a lot about walking around him, but everything has humor for the combat soldier.

The afternoon of February 6, 1952, was an eventful one for me. I received my orders to report to Division HQ at 8:00 o'clock, the morning of the seventh, for rotation to the States and reassignment. Then to complete the standard operating procedure of the army, I was assigned to patrol duty that night.

At 10:00 that night we moved

out — just a four man patrol. We were to cross the river and climb the face of "Old Baldy" to set up an all night listening post. My feet led off automatically, the icy trail was familiar and a bright moon lighted the rocks below the ice. My mind rambled to the far-off other world. I wondered how it would seem to me after all the long months I had been away. Even the river seemed narrow tonight, we were almost across when my mind returned to business. I thought, this will be the last time I'll see my old friend "Dink".

Suddenly I was upon him! My right foot going down almost in his face! His raised arm waved wildly! I threw myself violently to the side.

Brruupp-p! A full clip of ammo went through a burp gun almost in my face.

The men behind me — Miller and Carmon — were killed. Johnson was badly wounded.

Sgt. Hal Johnson's report said, "Kane heard something and made a noise to warn us, but we weren't quick enough."

I said nothing. I did not say I was warned by a dead friend. I left for the States February 7, 1952.



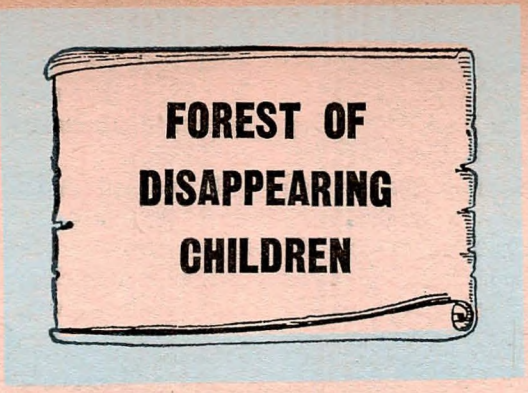
MUSIC IN THE BATH

MRS. Virginia Kimmey of Midland, Tex., was startled recently by what happened when she turned on the hot water tap in her home to take a bath. She said that suddenly, from the faucet, came the faint but distinct sound of music from a Midland radio station. Engineers at the station explained that a freak signal wave caused the faucet to pick up the music.



THE HOMING WALLET

IN 1957 Jim Barrus of Cody, Wyo., lost his wallet while playing in a state basketball tournament in Laramie, Wyo. In the summer of 1960 the wallet was returned to him with the explanation that it had been found on a man arrested for vagrancy in California. A week later Barrus lost the wallet again, and a few weeks later it was returned to him with the explanation that it had been found on the shore of Jackson Lake in Grand Teton National Park, Wyo.



By Stuart S. Allen

United Press International

What became of the youngsters who entered this forbidding California forest and never were seen again?

SOME OF THE deepest mysteries recorded in recent years center around the forbidding Angeles National Forest, which occupies over 690,000 acres of some of the most rugged territory in Southern California. Many believe that the series of juvenile disappearances, without trace, in this sprawling wilderness is no coincidence.

The forest, embracing a quarter of the area of Los Angeles County, rises from chapparal-covered slopes behind the communities of Pasadena, Altadena, Azusa and San Gabriel. It contains some of the region's highest peaks, including Mount Wilson, site of the world-famous observatory. One of Southern California's most popular recreation areas—in winter for skiing and in summer for camping and hiking—it is well patrolled by Rangers and dotted with private and public camps.

Over what should be a scene of pleasure and carefree relaxation to the thousands who flock to it hangs an ominous shadow. Since August 5, 1956, four young children have vanished in Angeles National Forest as completely as though plucked from earth by some giant unseen hand. Despite the efforts of hundreds of highly skilled forest rangers, sheriffs, mountaineers, heli-



THEY VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE

Bruce Kremen, aged seven, of Granada Hills, Calif., disappeared in Angeles National Forest on July 13, 1960.

One of the first swallowed up by forest, on August 5, 1956, was Donald Lee Baker, 13, of Azusa, Calif.





Eight-year-old Tommy Bowman vanished in forest on March 23, 1957.

Brenda Howell, 11, of Fort Bragg, Calif., disappeared with Donald Baker on bicycle ride in forest.



Photos by United Press International

copter pilots and volunteers familiar with the area, nothing ever has turned up to indicate the ultimate fate of the youngsters.

The first chapter of the mystery opened one Sunday morning in August 1956. Thirteen-year-old Donald Lee Baker of Rockvale Avenue, Azusa, called next door for pretty 11-year-old Brenda Howell, his new friend who, on vacation from Fort Bragg, 150 miles north of San Francisco, was visiting her married sister Mrs. Mary Edwards. The two children set off on bicycles for a ride along the trails in the nearby forest, expecting to ride around the rim of the San Gabriel

Reservoir below the Morris Dam. Helen Baker, Donald's mother, had told him to be home by 8:30 A.M. in order that he could go to church with her by 9:00 o'clock. By evening, alarmed that no word had been received from the children, she and her husband Jesse, a chemical plant foreman, contacted Mrs. Edwards and, together, they notified the authorities.

Searchers soon found Brenda's bike and Donald's wine-colored jacket in the brush near the reservoir, leading many to believe that the children might have fallen in. While Navy divers searched the one-mile-long, 60-foot deep expanse of water, police from Azusa, sheriffs from the San Dimas Station and hundreds of volunteers began a systematic search of the area.

A woman motorist reported seeing them with only one bike, at 4:30 P.M. Two hours later a County Flood Control worker said he had seen them on one of the trails, while an Azusa service station attendant identified them as having passed his station on the evening of their disappearance at around 8:30.

Knowing that the children were extremely fond of each other though they had been acquainted only a few weeks, the theory of run-away puppy love was advanced; and, knowing that both were interested in farm work, the area of search was widened to include the metropolitan area and nearby agricultural districts. Brenda's frantic parents, Edna and Fay Howell rushed to the scene from Fort Bragg and, while hundreds scoured the forest, the L.A. County Sheriff issued an all-points bulletin for them.

After more than a week with absolutely no further leads, during which the grief-stricken parents of both children refused to give up hope or suspect foul play, the authorities called off the search.

But it was renewed with added vigor on October 23. On that date, sheriffs found Donald Baker's bike in a rack in the Glendora Elementary School yard. In the subsequent investigation Robert Lee West, one of the young pupils, readily admitted he had ridden the bike since finding it, hidden, in some brush by the reservoir on August 6—the date of the children's disappearance.

While reports of sighting them in Ventura County, as far north as Washington and Oregon, in Texas and even New York continue to be received by sheriffs even to this day, Donald and Brenda have never been heard from since their disappearence. No further positive clues have been uncovered as to their fate despite the fact that each and every report is thoroughly investigated and checked out. The

case remains open and unsolved.

THE THIRD CHILD to vanish mysteriously in the same forest was eight-year-old Tommy Bowman, whose disappearance is even more strange.

On March 23, 1957, young Tommy was hiking along one of the many trails in the Devil's Gate Reservoir section above the city of Altadena and the near-by Arroyo Seco Ranger Station, both of which are not very far from Azusa. With him were his five-year-old sister Janice, his four-year-old brother John, Eldon Bowman, his father, Gordon Wicks, his uncle, with his two daughters, Christine (8) and Maureen (5), whom the Bowman family were visiting from their home in Redondo Beach. Being an energetic youngster, Tommy ran ahead of the others to beat them down the trail to the clearing. He was only a few yards ahead when he rounded a corner and never was seen again.

Eldon Bowman, a Northrop Aircraft Corp. researcher, did not worry too much at not seeing Tommy ahead, figuring that the child would meet them down the trail. When the party finally reached the clearing and neither saw nor heard him, everyone began calling for him and searching the nearby brush.

Again authority in full force entered the picture. Within hours the area was bristling with 400 searchers, with helicopters, dogs, mounted patrols and beaters. Although the many holes and crevices into which the child might have stumbled had he left the trail were thoroughly investigated over the period of the next week, no trace of Tommy ever was uncovered.

This disappearance prompted the then L.A. County Sheriff, Eugene Biscailuz, to issue strong warnings to the public about safety precautions in the rugged Angeles Forest. The prospect of sex criminals being active in this wild area was stressed and the view that little Tommy might have been the victim of some maniac or deviate was not discounted, especially since a woman in Arroyo Seco Canyon later reported that she was positive she had seen a youngster of Tommy's description walking by her house crying on the evening of his disappearance. He was being followed by an unshaven man. Further investigation unearthed this man in the Forest area, but as no connection between him and the vanished child could be proved he was not detained beyond the normal period.

Northrop, the father's employers, posted a $1,000 reward for information and subsequently the usual number of ransom notes and crank calls were received by Mary Bowman, the bereaved mother.

Each and every one was checked out by the police without positive results. Some prosecutions were made but little Tommy never has been found.

INTEREST IN THE missing children was revived again on July 13, 1960, when six-year-old, blue-eyed Bruce Kremen vanished suddenly and quite mysteriously in the same general area within 300 yards of and within full sight of his Y.M.C.A. camp.

Little Bruce, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kremen of Granada Hills, a community in the San Fernando Valley, had just arrived at the camp, his first visit to the Forest, and was on a hike with a group leader and several other boys. He was wearing his blue jeans and a T-shirt, on which was inscribed "YMCA Summer Fan Club". His seventh birthday was only nine days off. The group leader noticed that Bruce was faltering and hanging back. He decided that, as this was the boy's first day out, the altitude (6,500 ft.) might be bothering him. Since they were still within sight of the camp, he told Bruce that he had better return instead of continuing the hike.

The adult halted his party, walked back a few paces with Bruce along the plainly marked and cleared trail and stood watching as the youngster sauntered back to camp. Assured that the boy was within yards of the settlement, he rejoined the other children.

Bruce Kremen never was seen again.

He never made the few yards to the camp—at least nobody ever saw him return. Neither did he show up anywhere else in the camp area.

For 12 days an army of 300 searchers combed a thickly-wooded, 10-square-mile area of forest in almost furnace-like heat before admitting defeat. The distraught parents never once gave up hope that Bruce at the time was trying to walk all the way home. But if this ever had been his intention, Bruce never made it. Like Tommy, Donald and Brenda, he too had vanished into oblivion. No clue ever was uncovered.

The possibility of kidnapping by a sex criminal again was raised—a theory certainly worth considering. The Angeles Forest, quite dense in spots, is a perfect hiding place and sex maniacs could find plenty of prey in the hundreds of campers who flock to the area in the holiday season. Rigid precautions have been taken by Forest Rangers and camp authorities in recent months with the result that no children ever are allowed to leave the private or public camps unaccompanied.

But how the last two little boys

vanished so suddenly and completely while so close to their companions is still a mystery that continues to baffle forest rangers and police authorities. Some trace of the missing children surely must have been left—a few bone fragments or a bit of clothing—but nothing has been found despite the most intensive search.

Late in 1960 experienced foresters reopened the Kremen case while searching for the plane and body of Mrs. Jane Liberace, former wife of band leader George Liberace, who vanished with a small fortune in jewels on a private flight from Las Vegas to Los Angeles. Although air and ground searches were carried on for days after the plane was reported missing, nothing turned up and this hunt also was called off.

Many thought the Angeles Forest had claimed four more victims (there were three others with Mrs. Liberace), but recently, after many months, rangers discovered the remains of the plane and its occupants in an almost inaccessible part of the wooded and hilly terrain—terrain which had been crisscrossed many times before without results. Despite the long exposure, the remains still could be positively identified, proving at least that, had the missing children died from injury, attack by wild animals, or exposure, some trace of them would have remained for identification.

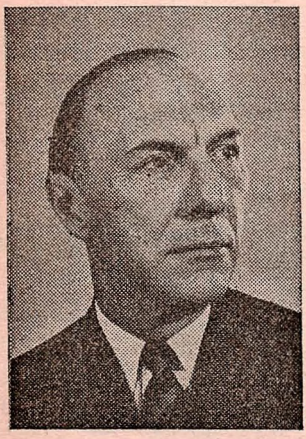
Some day we may learn the ultimate fate of at least one of the hapless youngsters who sought fun in the Forest and vanished. Authorities are loathe to make any official comment but many feel we shall never know what happened, that the missing children are lost for all time. Their relatives, however, cling to the hope that somewhere, sometime, they will turn up.

Meanwhile the baffling cases of the four missing children in Angeles National Forest remain in the active, unsolved files of the Los Angeles County Sheriff.

THE AIRLINE HOSTESS' HUNCH

A PREMONITION of impending tragedy evidently touched Trans World Airlines Hostess Patricia Anne Post, 21, one day in February, 1960. She sat down and wrote a letter expressing love and gratitude to her family in Shaler Township, Pa., near Pittsburgh, "just in case I am ever involved in one of those 'one in a million' air accidents." She died in a collision of two planes over New York in December, 1960. The letter, never mailed, was found among her possessions.

I WALKED with BHAVE



India's spiritual successor to Ghandi conducts a unique land reform movement—showing men the meaning of service to God.

By Marcus Bach

Dr. Marcus Bach is an internationally noted theologian, lecturer and author. He is a former professor of religion at Iowa State University.

WE SAT cross-legged, barefooted, some 200 people of India and I, our eyes fixed on the raised dais where a thin, bearded, bespectacled man, wrapped in a white homespun dhoti, sat as motionless as an idol. No doubt, to some he is an idol, for in all of India no one is more beloved than this man, 68-year-old Vinoba Bhave, Gandhi's successor.

The place was the tiny Indian village of Sivrampalli in Hyderabad State. The setting, a much-used canopy, some 30 by 60 feet, supported by rough poles inside which the barren country ground was covered with strips of faded green cloth.

The low, horizontal rays of the late afternoon sun touched the brilliant red turbans of the peasant people and the white "Nehru" caps of the men from the city of Hyderabad, as Bhave began to intone a religious chant in the Telugu language. The fervor in his voice held us transfixed despite the continu-



Vinoba Bhave, 68, is an Indian ascetic who has become Ghandi's successor as spiritual leader to India's millions. His land reform movement, in which property is donated to him for distribution among the landless of the nation, is reported to have blocked effectively the spread of Communism in many parts of India.

ous low rumble of bullock carts on the road beyond. He finished the chant and began to speak, this time in his mother tongue, Marathi. His theme was the need of changing men's hearts in order that the world be changed. Bhave has an idea: Everyone wishes to see the world improved, but everyone thinks it is the other person who needs improving. This, according to his view, is faith's newest link. His workable proposition is that man must begin to change the world by first changing himself.

Bhave began with himself shortly after the death of his leader, Mahatma Gandhi. But so poorly did he follow Gandhi in those days and so much did he talk that once, it is said, he sewed his own lips together in order to keep silent and meditate. His chance for service came 12 years ago when he heard about Communistic infiltration among the homeless and landless people of India. It dawned on him that if Communism advocated sharing and promised great results from its system, he would begin to demonstrate what spiritual sharing could be like. He gave his goods to the poor and started walking from village to village persuading landowners to give some of their acres to the refugees, the unfortunates,

the outcastes, to those who need.

"If you have four sons," he told them, "consider me as the fifth and give me my share." He, in turn, gave this portion to the homeless.

For 12 years he has marched through the sub-continent, quietly and persistently shaming men into charity. He inaugurated the Bhoodan Movement, (*Bhoo* for land; *dan* for donation) which now has gathered in nearly 29,000,000 acres; has set a goal of 60,000,000 acres; and has stirred the world with a practical expression of the concept of stewardship. In some regions it has stopped Communism cold. In others it has induced the blending of Hindu social service (karma-yoga) with Christian stewardship.

Following the evening chant, I wrapped myself in a blanket in an open field at the edge of the village of Sivrampalli. Several other men, who also planned to walk with Bhave in the morning, did the same. We were told that Vinoba and his 12 or more "disciples" were billeted in the village school. We slept under the stars, in surroundings peaceful and silent but for the occasional distant creak of a bullock cart.

As I lay looking up at the sky, caught in the spell of the man who has dedicated himself to a selfless cause, the prayer of one of his followers came to mind: "Make it so, dear God, that men need no longer sleep behind locked doors, or hide behind false promises, or be suspicious of each other because of language, color or creed. Let the people of the world be at peace with themselves and with Thee, and keep us ever more closely in Thy care."

The moon came up at 3:00. At 3:30 a bell rang softly in the village. A lantern flashed. A small group of the faithful gathered, and a chant began. At 4:00 we walked with Bhave through the dusky lane to the highway to start the eight mile tramp to Shamshabad.

No one spoke as we made our way through the shadowy, crisp morning on the road used by the bullock carts. Bhave walked with rapid, shuffling steps like those of a road porter hurrying under his heavy load; only that he walked erect, straight as his lean, emaciated, 90-pound body would allow; and the load he carried—land reform, land equality, stewardship—he was determined to carry until, like Gandhi, he would lay it down not of his own will.

We were continually stopped by small groups which, huddling around fires along the road, had been waiting to greet the saint on the march and to join us in our pilgrimage. Bhave wanted no obeisance. He allowed no one to kiss his hand, he asked no admiration,

he demanded nothing except silence and what he called the "inner search."

At 4:30 the Indian sun flashed its first streak of light across the world. The shadows of the countryside took on reality. The two-wheeled carts, the peasants who stood motionless, the men who held ceremonial drums without using them, and the old men who extended welcoming, trembling hands all became real. Life came to life along the Indian road.

Our group had grown to some 300 followers. My walking companions were a saffron-clad monk from a Ramakrishna Mission and a tall, well-dressed Indian businessman from Madras. There was also a young German woman in her late 20s who had walked with us since we started and a boy of 17, a gentle Indian lad who walked with folded hands. He spoke to me just once. "Bhave is a great man," he said. "He gives of himself just enough to make others give of themselves."

At 8:30 we arrived at Shamshabad. A crowd of 400 stood in obedient lines, silently. Some handed Bhave little strands of wool in memory of Gandhi.

Upon reaching the village hall, Bhave requested that I accompany him into an inner room. Here, seated on the floor, he adjusted his bifocal glasses and pulled a crumpled slip of paper from his pocket. It was a list of questions I had given him the night before.

He answered my first question in English by saying, "What is the Bhoodan Movement? Its aim is to transform society and to supply land to the homeless. Land was not created by man, but by God, and it belongs to all."

"How is the land distributed?"

"The Sarva Seva Sangh is the name of the federation of all the movements which Gandhi set up. It means the Organization to Serve All. This organization assists in the distribution of the land. When a gift is made, the land must be assessed. Afterwards there is a meeting of all who need land in or near the particular locality. Sometimes the landless try to get more land than they are entitled to. They will say there are more members in the family than there actually are. Usually one acre per person is given."

"What was the largest gift of land ever received?"

"A million acres from a maharaja."

"Do you feel that God is being worshipped through your type of stewardship?"

"God is worshipped through dedication. He is served through service to others."

"What message do you have for the young people of America?"

"They have their churches. Now let them truly live their religion."

"How does a man find god?"

"By seeing Him in himself and in his fellowman."

"Isn't sharing land easy for those who have more land than they need?"

"Sharing land," he replied, "is good for those who hold land dear. Let others share with the less fortunate the things they hold dear."

Vinoba Bhave is out to change men's hearts. He believes that if you can change enough men you can change the world.

"The government," he says, "is only a bucket. The people are the well. If there is no water in the well, how can there be any in the bucket? I go to the source of the water, the people themselves."

His technique is conversion of a kind that cuts across classes and creeds with a new sense of brotherhood and self-denial. India's president, Rajendra Prasad, donated his Bihar estate to Bhave. On his march to New Delhi, where he was summoned by Nehru, Bhave collected more than 25,000 acres of land along the way.

Since returning from India I have often thought of Vinoba Bhave. His latest itinerary calls for a walking journey of 160 miles in 20 days with stops at 20 villages including the usual plea for stewardship, reception of visitors and interviews with those who by their meeting with him feel that they themselves have vicariously shared in the sharing with the masses. I am sure that is why many of us walk with him. We believe in what he believes and we find in him a symbol of something deep within ourselves. Yet there must be many who feel as I do and who are ready to say with me, "I walked with Bhave, but Bhave walks with God."

SAME DEATH, SAME HOUR

RECEIVING a telephone call from Bethesda Hospital in St. Paul, Minn., that his wife, Emma, was dying, Fred J. Patrick, 70, rushed next door and asked a neighbor to drive him to his wife's bedside. The pair had driven only a block when Patrick gasped and slumped in his seat, victim of a heart attack. He was dead before the arrival of a physician, who fixed the time of his death at 8:50 A.M.—the time that his wife died of a heart attack at the hospital.



EDMOND P. GIBSON

FATE *Loses an Old Friend*

By Pauline Saltzman

EDITOR'S NOTE: We at FATE were shocked and saddened to receive from Pauline Saltzman news of the death of Edmond P. Gibson. A very good friend to FATE, Mr. Gibson contributed not only a great deal of material and ideas over the years but a feeling important to us—that we could count on him when we needed him. As Pauline Saltzman was a long-time friend of Mr. Gibson's, we asked her to write the accompanying obituary.

I ALWAYS WILL BE grateful to FATE for bringing Paul (as Edmond P. Gibson preferred to be called) and me together. Twelve years ago a mutual friend saw our respective articles in the magazine and introduced us. We developed a very close friendship, which extended to our families.

Edmond Paul Gibson, who died in his sleep on March 19, 1961, at the age of 62, delved indefatigably into the fields of parapsychology and psychic research. He was scholarly, scientific, passionately honest in his research and in the presentation of his findings.

Edmond Paul Gibson was a founder of the Wright L. Coffinberry Chapter, Michigan Archaeological Society, of which he was a past president. A friend to the American Indian, he was an adopted member of the Chippewa tribe. He served with the Red Arrow Division in World War I. Since 1936 he was an engineer for a Grand Rapids, Mich., architectural and engineering firm. He was a close personal friend of Dr. Joseph B. Rhine, with whom he had been associated in the parapsychology laboratory of Duke University. He is survived by his wife, Lottie; two daughters, Barbara and Pamela; a son, Arthur K.; and three sisters.

I like the comment my husband made about Paul after we heard the sad news of his death and think it bears repeating here: "Paul will now be able to learn for himself the very things he has tried so sincerely to probe for so long a time."

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MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE DEAD



By Nandor Fodor

A world-famed psychoanalyst describes the experience that convinced him that human beings survive death.

OF THE MYSTIFYING subjects included in psychical research, the examination of mediums and their behavior at seances is one of the most difficult to pin down to solid facts and principles. If the miraculous powers of communicating with the dead, visualizing distant persons or events, and mentally receiving previsions of the future are indeed capacities of gifted humans, there is no doubt that such amazing events appear sporadically.

A medium may produce a great deal of material that is off the subject, perhaps even false or the result of conscious effort, and then — in a flash — a message or statement will come through that is electrifying in its content. The

medium may have suddenly hit upon some source or bit of knowledge that is beyond anything he or she could have known through the ordinarily recognized five human senses.

As a perfect illustration of the emotion that can seize a person, as well as the doubt and disillusion that may accompany it, let me retell the story of my "first interview with the dead." It occurred in New York City in October, 1927, at the house of Arthur Ford, a well-known American medium. On this evening, however, Arthur Ford only acted as host; William Cartheuser, a young voice medium, conducted the sitting.

I can still see myself as I staggered out of the house after the seance into the clear star-lit night. My mind was in a whirl. I was overwhelmed. Going over the notes in my diary, which were made at that time, brings back vividly the drama of that stupendous evening.

When we arrived, about 17 persons were assembled. I was introduced to Cartheuser. Out of a pallid, sickly face ending in a sharp pointed chin, two eyes looked at me listlessly. The questions I put to him conversationally bored him.

Soon we sat down in a circle, ladies and gentlemen alternating. A shaded red lamp cast a feeble glow on the middle of the floor. Alongside were two light-weight telescopic trumpets such as are used in voice seances. Singing and conversation were to produce vibrations. I stared into the darkness, none too comfortable. It was very hot.

"It won't last long," they assured me. "The temperature drops when the phenomena take place."

Indeed, wafts of cold breeze did sweep past my face. Lights twinkled for split seconds.

In the red glimmer I saw one of the trumpets sway. Then it shot up and vanished in the upper darkness. Occasionally, it was revealed by the red light in swift motion.

While the medium was heard speaking in his place, it travelled around and gently touched various sitters. It "felt" my extended hand, it softly patted my head.

After a quarter of an hour of

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Nandor Fodor is a practicing psychoanalyst in New York City and also an internationally known psychic researcher. He is the author of nine books on psychic research, the latest being *On the Trail of the Poltergeist* and *The Haunted Mind*. His writings appear frequently in popular magazines as well as in journals on psychoanalysis. He is on the editorial boards of *Psychoanalysis* and the *Psychoanalytic Review*. He is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, the American Psychological Assn., and the National Psychological Assn.

this play, raps came from the trumpet.

That was the signal for talking to it. One rap meant no; two uncertain; three yes.

"Is it you, Fletcher?"

As if on the other end of a telephone, the voice answered: "Yes."

There was an outburst of joy and recognition. They seemed to know Fletcher. They said that he had been Mr. Ford's schoolmate, and that he was now in charge of the seance "from the other side."

The "spirit control" may be an idea somewhat difficult to grasp. This personality or spirit, may be considered either like an "alter ego" of the medium, or like a "doorman" to the spirit world. When the medium goes into trance, this personality makes itself evident through the changed manner of speech and the changed demeanor of the medium. This entity will always appear, with a particular medium and take "control" of the sitting. He (or she) will answer questions, try to get through to other personalities, and occasionally will help out by translating for hesitant or inarticulate spirits.

I heard whistling from the trumpet. Then a sonorous, pleasant, friendly voice said: "Good evening, my friends."

Soon the seance was in full swing. Sweethearts, fathers, and mothers came and talked. The conversation was flippant, trivial:

"I saw you writing a letter today."

"Why did you stop wearing your marriage ring?"

"When did you see Jimmy?"

I felt breathless, keyed up. The trumpet was not very clear. It was only Fletcher whom one could easily follow. He often stepped in to explain. He cracked jokes. His laugh was delightful.

The strain was easing. It was a social evening. People became quite jolly. So, I risked a request.

Could Fletcher bring someone speaking Hungarian? My wife was more practical. She wanted her brother, a brilliant artist who died very young. Fletcher was full of sympathy: "I will try. Have a little patience."

The trumpet clattered to the floor. Silence. Now it shot up in the air. I heard a voice. A cold shiver ran down my back. It sounded like a distant cry. It was repeated. Someone was calling my name.

"Who . . . who is it? Whom do you want?" I asked hoarsely in my native tongue.

The call was more explicit: "Fodor . . . Journalist!"

The last word shook me to the core. It was pronounced in German (although the word is spelled the same in English). It is the only German word my father ever used. He only used it when he

was speaking about me.

I stammered an answer. Craning my neck in the dark, in the direction of the trumpet, I listened with strained nerves to tatters of a terrific struggle for expression: *"Edes apa . . . edes apa . . ."* (Dear Father . . .dear Father.)

The voice vibrated with emotion. It made me hot and burning. I sounded unnatural to myself: *"Apam? Apam?"* (Father mine?)

"Igen. Edes Fiam." (Yes, dear son.)

I cannot describe the minutes that followed. From beyond the Great Divide someone who said he was my father was making desperate efforts to master some weird instrument of speech, trembling with anxiety to prove his presence by speaking in his native tongue: *"Budapest . . . Nem Ertesz? Enekelek . . . Magyar kislany vagyok."* (Don't you understand? I will sing . . . I am a little Hungarian girl.)

I didn't know the song. It had a two-line rhyme. Had I heard it before?

The articulation was excellent. The ring of the voice still haunts me. Is it easier for the dead to sing than to talk? Or is this only a confused memory about stammerers?

Then came fragments of speech . . . broken, half-smothered sentences about my mother and brothers.

A name was repeated again and again. I could not hear it clearly. Fletcher stepped in to help, and his strange imitation of foreign pronunciation brought light. I recognized the pet name of my oldest brother to whom my father was very attached.

The voice came from above. It was near the ceiling. But it came nearer on my request. It was still struggling for words. It gave me exquisite pain. Something important was being said and I failed to understand.

Fletcher took pity and explained: "Your father wishes to tell you that he died on January 16th. It is for the first time he tries to speak. That makes it very difficult for him."

The interruption brought relief. The voice became clearer. It gave me a message about my mother and sister. Then it said: *"Isten aldjon meg. Edes fiam."* (God bless you, my dear son.) Sounds of kisses. Silence.

It is over . . . No, not yet.

Fletcher spoke: "There is somebody here with your father. Somebody from the family who had an impediment of speech."

"A relative?"

"Yes."

I could not place him. Then, in a flash, I knew. It must be my father's favorite cousin who fell in action in the war. He was the only

stammerer in our large family.

Fletcher was glad.

The trumpet provided a fresh thrill. It spoke again, in Hungarian: *"Esti Ujsag."* (Evening News.)

My wife screamed. *Esti Ujsag* was the newspaper on the staff of which her brother was employed before he died.

"Sanyika?" (Diminutive of Alexander, the name of my wife's deceased brother.)

"Yes."

I felt her trembling with excitement. The voice was youthful and explosive. It spoke as my wife's brother would. "He" knew all about the family and was always around. He had but one regret: *"Szegeny Vilmos bacsi."* (Poor Uncle Vilmos.)

"Why, what is wrong with Uncle Vilmos?"

"He is not well. He will go blind."

We received the prophecy in dead silence . . .

The voice trailed off. Somebody asked how old he was. I answered: "Seventeen."

A rush of air. The trumpet came back and repeated in Hungarian: *"Tizenhet."* (Seventeen.)

This was the last personal note in this remarkable sitting. I was deaf to the rest of the proceedings. The voice of my father kept ringing in my ears: *"Isten aldjon meg, edes fiam!"*

My thoughts were back in Budapest. I could see him at the railway station. I heard him utter these very words as I boarded the train. I could see him sobbing, saying he would never see me again.

As I was making shorthand notes on a piece of paper which I could only feel in my lap, the trumpets nosed near and gently knocked three times on the top of my pencil. "What are you doing there?" Fletcher asked mockingly.

I expressed surprise. Fletcher laughed: "We have cat's eyes. Don't you know?"

Of the last part of the sitting I am not competent to write. To the people in that room it all seemed natural.

We left silent and thoughtful. Broadway was aglow with colors. Above, myriads of stars twinkled. In me there was a light which made the world a dark and dingy place.

My experience was more unusual than that of the majority. I was a foreigner on the staff of a foreign-language daily in New York. I had few friends. None of them knew about my old country relations. Yet the statements about my family were correct.

The voice spoke in Hungarian. Unadorned as the words were, my native tongue offers a variety of expressions for the relationship between father and son.

The voice made no mistake. My father was in the habit of using the very words. He had forgotten his German, years before. It was no longer spoken at home. The only word he retained was *Journalist.* He was very proud of his boy, the *"Journalist."* The Hungarian equivalent is *ujsagiro,* but he never used it. He preferred the German term.

The reference given as the date of his death was not correct. He did not die on January 16th; but he was buried on that day. I had forgotten both dates. So had my sister, the only one in America whom I could consult. But I found them inscribed in a prayer book which my mother sent me.

Elaborate frauds are not perpetrated without motive. Detectives would have had to have been employed to obtain such information. Inquiries would have had to have been made in Hungary, both regarding myself and my wife. Would such inquiries cover the case?

Uncle Vilmos, as predicted, went blind and committed suicide. I knew him as Uncle Willie. The use of *Vilmos* (the proper name) left me uneasy. I had the matter out with my mother-in-law two years later when I revisited Budapest. She opened her eyes wide: "Why, didn't you know? My boy, alone in the family, called him Uncle Vilmos. He was Uncle Willie to everybody else!"

Things like that are not accessible to detectives. Nor can they be explained by lucky shots.

Mind reading, I am afraid, is also an unsatisfactory explanation. I have wrestled with the problem of telepathy for years.

No one knows what telepathy is or how it works. But from experiments and observations we know how it *does not* work. It does not work in the way it would have had to to fulfill all the statements in this case.

The problem of Uncle Vilmos is a particularly tough one. We knew that his sight was declining, but neither of us was worried about it sufficiently to think of the worst.

However, the day on which he committed suicide will always remain in my memory. We were in London. He was in Hungary. I had gone to bed, dog-tired. My wife woke me up when I was half asleep. I felt irritated. She was almost hysterical: "A dreadful thing has happened," she said. "As I was falling asleep, I had a vision of Uncle Willie, foaming at the mouth and shouting: 'I will show you that I can kill myself!' "

I tried to calm my wife, saying that she must have been dreaming. I did not succeed very well.

Later, in Budapest, my sister-in-law told me: "We had an anxious letter from your wife and we answered her that everything was

O.K. We did not want her to know. But the fact is that Uncle Willie was, for some time, going from bad to worse. He tried to kill himself several times. Finally, he succeeded. He saved up his sleeping powder and took it all in one dose."

I asked what the date of the tragedy had been. It was the very night of my wife's vision.

Later, I discussed this sitting with Romola Nijinsky, widow of the great ballet dancer, Vaslav Nijinsky, and of Hungarian origin, who also had had sittings with Cartheuser. Several times she said to me insistently: "But he (Cartheuser) must speak Hungarian! How else could any voice have addressed you in Hungarian?"

However, I was due for a shocking surprise. When I spoke to Cartheuser before the seance, nothing seemed more remote to me than the idea that he knew anything about Hungarian linguistics. Yet, I was wrong. Sixteen years later, in 1943, I met Cartheuser again, at Hereward Carrington's American Psychical Institute in New York, where he had been engaged for a series of sittings. On speaking to Cartheuser, I learned a fact about which both he and Arthur Ford had been silent at the previous sitting: *William Cartheuser could speak Hungarian.*

When I saw him again. Cartheuser looked like a stranger to me, but he recognized my name and I reminded him of my first wonderful seance with him.

For the first time, I learned these facts of Cartheuser's background. He was born in America. His father had been a photo engraver from near Vienna. His mother's family name was Nemethy, a typical Magyar name. As a small child, he was taken back to the old country and they settled in Besztercze, Transylvania, where they lived until he was 16. At that time, the family returned to the United States, but soon after, they returned to Europe once more and he attended a German school for two years.

So, up to the age of 18 he had plenty of time to pick up the limited amount of Hungarian the voices had shown. He claimed to have forgotten most of it, just as he had forgotten his father's German.

This instantaneously divested my first seance of a great deal of the miraculous. However, to be fair about it, many essential issues of extraordinary knowledge were not shaken by this discovery.

Our second sitting was a trumpet seance, as before. Although Cartheuser had a harelip, no impediment was noticeable in the diction of the voices, but the foreign accent in his Hungarian now stood out unmistakably. Neither in physical character nor in diction did the

voice suggest my father; on the contrary, the evidence against it was very strong.

I was addressed in the same way as I had been 16 years before. It was the way we used to address father at home. There were two references to the past. One stated that Vilmos Bacsi (Uncle Willie) was over there. That statement might have been expected, but not the next one. In my original report, which *Psychic News* had reprinted, no mention had been made of the phonetic riddle which my oldest brother's name, as pronounced through the trumpet, had presented. Yet MorEESKa (Instead of Moe-ritzka) came through in exactly the same pronunciation as it had 16 years previously. If this was a case of repetition from memory, the voice clearly did not draw on my account in *Psychic News* seven years earlier. Encouraged by this unexpected occurrence I asked Cartheuser's Indian guide about the younger fellow, thinking of my brother-in-law. (Fletcher was no longer Cartheuser's control, he had become the spirit associate of Arthur Ford.) He answered, in English: "He is anxious about his folks over there. They moved into the country."

I denied that, forgetting that I was thinking back to the time of the first seance. It was a fact that for years they had lived in the country in their own house.

The voice of the Indian showed puzzlement, and retreated into saying: "More in the country now." So, he stuck by the truth, despite my misleading reply.

However, his anxiety was well justified. Shortly afterwards,both my father and mother-in-law were killed by the invading Nazis. This was knowledge that would be normally inaccessible to the medium; and this last information was no longer in Hungarian. On the other hand, another attempt at singing in Hungarian (of "My Magyar Fatherland") sounded very spurious. The song may have been correctly remembered but I was positive that my father could not have been behind it.

Thus, it looked as though there was a curious marching together of elements which appeared to come *through* the medium's mind with that which was coming *from* his mind. The trumpet did not seem to fill in any useful role. It did not "see." The gentle touch in total darkness, that so impressed me 16 years before, was absent. "Fletcher" was not present this time. Did his absence diminish the medium's potential?

My disillusion was great. Although many impressive statements from the first sitting remained, the outstanding features of it had now been swept away.

Looking back at the whole story, I must admit a certain wistfulness. The glory that I had felt over my first interview with the dead has now departed. I learned a great deal that was painful and disappointing; I came to the conclusion that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for any researcher to gain foolproof evidence of human survival after death.

HEALED BY HYPNOSIS

THE HEALING of a duodenal ulcer as the result of an experiment in hypnosis was reported recently in *Psychic News* by this weekly paper's Turkish correspondent, Jale Gizer.

Albert Tokatliyan, 37, a dentist in Istanbul, Gizer related, was suffering from a duodenal ulcer, as had been proved by X-ray examination. Despite medical treatment, he suffered periodically from characteristic ulcer pains.

A close friend of Tokatliyan's, Dr. Ertugrul Ozok, a parapsychology researcher, stated that hypnotic suggestion might relieve Tokatliyan's distress. Tokatliyan consented to an experiment which began on July 18, 1960.

According to Gizer, Tokatliyan proved an excellent hypnotic subject and soon was able to enter the most favorable state of trance. Dr. Ozok told him he could be healed if he were to free himself from destructive external health factors and have complete faith in the experiment. Later, with Tokatliyan again in trance, Dr. Ozok convinced him that the ulcerous tissues would be discharged from his body and that he would regain perfect health.

Tokatliyan, Gizer states, was unaware of what took place while he was in trance. Returned to his normal state, he reported feeling neither better nor worse.

Three days later Tokatliyan reported to Dr. Ozok that he had dreamed that the ulcerous tissue had been expelled from his body. The same day he had a slight diarrhea and passed some coagulated blood. The following day he passed tissues which reportedly bore the characteristics of ulceration and the edge which had been attached to the duodenum was cicatrized and brownish black in color.

Tokatliyan abandoned the medicines he had been taking and only kept dieting for a while. At the time Gizer's report was published, Tokatliyan's improvement had not been verified by X-ray examination. However, Gizer states, Tokatliyan now eats and drinks as he likes and suffers no discomfort whatever.

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.

THE ICE-COLD HAND

By Dr. S. Picone
As told to Dr. W. E. Farbstein

ONE SUMMER evening in 1958 I took my girl friend for a car ride on Route 30. It was a clear, starry night, the mountain road was cool, and we were both in a gay mood.

Coming back, we stopped at an eat-and-park restaurant and gave our order to the waitress who came to the car. She brought over the sandwiches and soft drinks, and my friend spread a napkin over her lap and took the food I handed her. Suddenly, for no reason at all, she gasped and stiffened up. The sandwich dropped out of her hand. I was shocked to see that her face had turned white and was covered with beads of perspiration. I touched her hand—it was clammy.

"What's the matter, Mary? What's wrong?" I asked.

Her lips trembled as she whispered, "I don't know. I'm frightened. Take me home."

I was alarmed. "Maybe I'd better take you to a hospital," I suggested.

"No, no. I'm all right. Only scared. Take me home, please," she said.

Fortunately, we were only a few miles from town. I kept glancing at her as we drove and I saw that she was becoming a little more composed.

"What's wrong, Mary?" I asked.

She sighed. "I don't know, exactly," she said. "While I was sitting there in the car I felt as if a cold hand—as cold as ice—had grabbed my heart and was squeezing it. I could hardly breathe. It made me feel sick all over."

And that's all Mary would tell me. She was still shaky when we got to her home. When I opened the car door for her she said a quick good-night and hurried into the house.

I was nonplussed. Mary never had acted that way before. She had always been a common sense, congenial and pleasant person. I

shrugged my shoulders and drove home.

I had almost forgotten the incident when the telephone rang in my office the next afternoon, and Mary was on the line.

She said, "I want to apologize for last night—and I want to explain. But first, I want to ask you what time it was when we parked at the restaurant."

"About midnight," I replied. "I know, because I had looked at my wrist watch when we pulled in there."

"That's right. And you remember my telling you about the cold hand squeezing my heart. It gave me the feeling that something terrible had happened to someone close to me, and that was why I was so anxious to get home. When I came into the house I frightened Mother because I was shaking like a leaf. But when she didn't greet me with any bad news, I felt relieved. I told her I had a terrible headache and went to my bedroom and went to bed.

"But I was still apprehensive and when the phone rang early this morning, my fears were realized. Aunt Jen in Brookline called to tell us that Uncle Will was killed in an auto crash on Route 51 just about midnight last night!"

"But Mary," I said, "that's merely a coincidence, that's all."

"No," Mary replied. "This isn't the first time this thing has happened. A few years ago, when I was filling an engagement in Erie, I had a similar experience in my hotel room. After dinner, while I was reading the paper, I felt an ice-cold hand squeezing my heart just as I did last night. I almost fainted. I thought it was acute indigestion—or maybe a heart attack. The sensation went away in a few minutes.

"But about an hour later my mother telephoned me from Pittsburgh to tell me that my favorite cousin, a girl only 22 years old, had died suddenly of a heart attack an hour before!"—*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

WHAT MAKES A MIRACLE?

By Betty Culver

IT'S A star-sapphire, certainly far from the finest of gems, nor is it even framed in the best of settings but since my husband died, I wear it always.

In 1945 when my husband was working in Detroit, Mich., for Howard Hughes, we moved our children from our home in Hollywood, Calif., to Lake Geneva, Wis., where their paternal grandparents made their home. It was a lovely old house, looking out over the lake and the youngsters took to the relaxed, rural surroundings with uninhibited zest. While I divided my time between Lake Gen-

eva and Detroit, they swam, fished and roamed the countryside.

Once in a while my husband managed to spend a few days at the lake and during one of his visits, on a fourth of July weekend, we had one of those hot humid spells, so typical of the summer months in the Midwest. One night it was so miserably hot that we went for a midnight swim, hoping to cool off. I was floating contentedly in the cool water when I heard my husband cry out angrily.

"What's wrong, darling?" I called.

"Not a blasted thing," he said, "except I've lost my ring in the confounded lake!"

We dived repeatedly in futile attempts to find his ring. Finally we returned to the house, tired and resigned to the fact that his star-sapphire had found a final resting place in Lake Geneva.

When he returned to Detroit the following day, I accompanied him to remain for the three weeks which marked the end of his work in Detroit. We bought a car and drove back to the lake where we found the youngsters less than enthusiastic about returning to California.

"Well," my spouse said with a shrug, "they're in no rush to get back to the Coast so I might as well get in some fishing. A few little fishies in exchange for my ring is not much to expect, would you say?"

Several nights later he suggested it was time to start for home.

"It's fine with me." I agreed, thinking happily of cool California nights. "But let's take a swim and cool off before we go to bed."

"You go ahead if you want. Right now I've had about enough of that lake," he replied.

"Okay," I said, "so sit there and sulk and I'll bring your ring back to you in a little while."

"It's been almost a month since I lost that ring," he said to my father-in-law. "Thousands of people have been on that beach since then but this magician is going out there and abracadabra back a ring that's probably five feet under by now!" He looked up at me and winked.

My step-daughter, Norma, must have thought I was crazy when I announced quite calmly, "Now I'm going to talk to St. Anthony and he'll show me where Pop's ring is."

As a child, I'd heard from my grandmother of St. Anthony, patron saint of lost articles, and although I'm not Catholic I've always been a non-believer with faith. So, standing in the lake water nearly to my shoulders, I talked to St. Anthony. Then, I moved slowly through the water and finally stopped to dig about in the sand with my toes. Suddenly, I

felt a hard object beneath my right foot.

"Quick, darling," I called to Norma, "I've found it! Dive after it because I don't dare move my toes!"

She came up a few seconds later *with the ring clutched in her right hand.*

Until his death, my husband wore his star-sapphire.—*Hollywood, Calif.*

THE EFFICIENCY OF ST. ANTHONY

By Frances Paelian

THE MYSTERIOUS efficiency of St. Anthony has always been a wonderful and even an awe inspiring thing to me, a protestant. How can we account for this power which immediately finds lost objects on condition that we immediately sacrifice a certain sum of money to the use of the needy? Although the miracle almost always works, I am a little uneasy about it and do not petition the Saint unnecessarily or fail to comply with my end of the bargain.

I first heard of St. Anthony in 1936 when I was a young girl away from home for the first time, staying at the Turk Street Y.M.C.A. Hotel in San Francisco. I was introduced to several boys my age there, who became most attentive. This was an intoxicating experience for a heretofore bashful young girl. I accepted a date with one to see Chinatown. I wore my proudest possession, a sable-dyed, stone martin scarf. We had not been out long when I realized that the light, silky thing had long ago fallen noiselessly from my shoulders. I was panicky. What would my parents back home say about my dating a "stranger"? How could I account for the loss of my scarf?

Without hope I placed a small ad in the paper and then followed the advice of a gaunt, pale woman at the hotel to pray to St. Anthony. The next morning a young man, beautiful as an angel, arrived with my scarf in his hand. He refused to accept a reward.

Another time my whole office was in a turmoil over the loss of the irreplacible lens of a special kind of camera. After tearing the room apart I finally appealed to St. Anthony. I immediately found the lens under my own desk.

Still another time I lost a very important clipping showing an engraving of Durer. I was to copy it for the jacket design of a book. When I lost it, I did not know the title of the picture or from what collection it had come so I could replace it. Saint Anthony led me to look between the pages of a book I had not read for ages. There lay the clipping.

A Catholic friend of mine left her new shoes in a taxi cab. She did

not remember the driver or license number, only that the driver had been menacing and aggressive. Knowing of my success with Saint Anthony she asked me to pray to him. She knew the man in the cab was not the kind to do her any favors, but that night she found her shoes in her mail box.

The last favor from Saint Anthony is my recent finding of an article on Zen Buddhism that I had lost after promising to give it to an important person. After exhausting all human efforts of search and accusing other people of taking it, I finally applied once more to the good saint. He told me telepathically it was in a bundle, tied with string on the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard.

I groaned "Oh, *no.*" But got out a ladder and brought down the package. The article was there.

All of this proves to me that great people, on reaching the spirit world are kind and loving enough to utilize their omniscience to aid those of us who are sincere. This should be the greatest inspiration to us. We are not alone, but in the company of those who "spend their heaven doing good on earth." —*Los Angeles, Calif.*

MESSAGE RECEIVED

By Shahzada Akbar

DURING MY career at Murray College, in Sialkot, W. Pakistan, I used to love Olive passionately. I was quite a good student and often stood first in my examinations. However, love taxed my abilities and a time came that even during the study hours I used to think of Olive and Olive only. The lectures delivered by professors lost all attraction for me and the result was that in a terminal test I got through at a margin.

My companions were quite astonished and some of the rivals even began to laugh at me. I was irritated and spent most of my time in thinking about the humiliation caused by my poor results. I met Olive, however, in a manner of usual affection and love and then went home. The situation at college still haunted my mind and it was exactly at 2:00 P.M. on November 26, 1949, that I suddenly decided to leave Olive. The remainder of that day I spent in complete harmony and I kept on studying til late at night.

The next day Olive did not come to college. I became curious and went to her house. Her mother told me that she had been absolutely all right till 2:00 P.M. yesterday afternoon. Then all of a sudden, she heaved a sigh and fainted. The doctor had visited many times to revive her but it was all in vain. I myself was seeing her senseless. Her mother told her about my arrival.

She opened her eyes and in a frenzy pounced on me crying, "Cruel boy! You are going to leave me!"

I was deeply struck and assured her that there was no such thing.

Olive recovered in a couple of days and from then on we remained very, very sincere to each other.—*Sialkot, W. Pakistan.*

THE MOVING LATCH

By Charlotte Gullick

MY MOTHER passed away in the month of March, 1917, in my home at Clifty, Ark. She had been blind and crippled with a broken hip from a fall during the last years of her life. Her age was 74. During the weeks previous to her death we had talked of the life beyond. One day I said, whichever one passes on first, let us, if we can, let the other one know.

Her last illness lasted only a week. She couldn't talk during her last few hours.

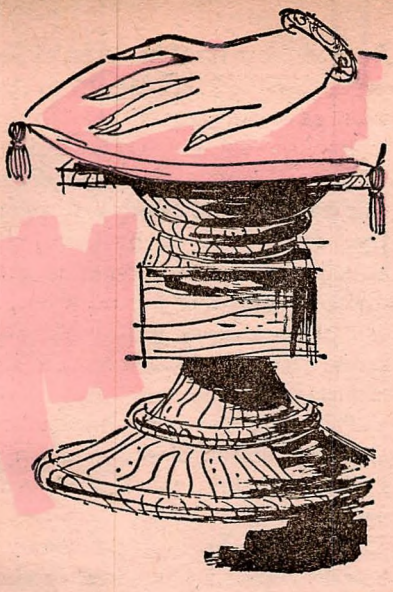
After her death she was laid out in her bedroom. The door to this room fastened with a thumb latch. While my brother John A. Donnell, and my sister, Sarah J. (Donnell) Winchester, and some neighbors, Mrs. Mary Marrs, Mrs. Mary Davis and Mrs. Zura Wisdom sat in the front room, the latch on the bedroom door clicked as if someone were coming through. The door did that several times that first day. Each time, everyone turned and looked.

This kept up for three months or more following Mother's burial. The door often came clear open. I tried bracing it but when I was away and then came home the door would be open a few inches. I knelt in the bedroom hoping for some contact with Mother's spirit but I didn't get any response.

The latch noises became fainter and fainter and finally ceased altogether. My sister thought the same as I that Mother's spirit was trying to contact me, and so did Mrs. Mary Davis.

My older brother, Thomas Donnell, who had passed away a few years before, appeared to one of his neighbors as he lay on the bed. They had made a similar agreement for contacting each other before his death.

Shortly after my brother's death, I heard his footstep on my doorstep. He called my husband's name twice and my name once but we did not see him.—*Torrance, Calif.*



I carried this gift from ancient Egypt for 30 years. It became the fulcrum for strange events—which became even stranger...

the night we cremated the MUMMY'S HAND

By Cheiro

THE MUMMY'S HAND was given to me over 30 years ago by an Egyptian out of gratitude for services I rendered him while I was at El Karnak. It has been seen in my possession by hundreds of people in various parts of the world where I travelled; the photo of it lying on a table was taken in my house in Paris in 1908 and the entire account of what subsequently occurred can be vouched for by my wife.

I passed some considerable time among the wonderful ruins of Thebes, that city spoken of in the Bible as "the city of Amon". While there I struck up a friendship with a very old man who claimed to be a direct descendant of the great race of Egyptian builders, the ruins of whose pyramids and monuments are the marvel of modern civilization. This man lived by himself in some ruins close to Thebes. Even his religion he kept apart for he continued to worship the old gods, Isis, Osiris, and especially Amon Ra, to whose glory the far famed Thebes had been created. He was an

educated man and why he lived in the lonely way he did is beyond my comprehension.

We became friends after I found him one day very ill and a considerable distance from his strange abode. I helped him to get back and later called with medicines and looked after him until he eventually recovered. He swore he owed his life to me.

Finally, when I was preparing to leave, the old Egyptian sent a message that he wanted to see me for the last time. It was the night before I left. I shall never forget that brilliant moonlit night as we stood side by side looking down the great Hall of Columns. One could almost read the hieroglyphs on the nearest pillars.

My Egyptian friend and I sat down on a huge square of stone and I asked him bluntly if he had something on his mind.

"Yes," he answered.

In that weird place, surrounded by broken sphinxes and images of long dead kings, very softly, as if afraid the dead would hear, the old man rapidly sketched out the chief events of the long years that lay before me.

What he told me seemed unlikely and the opposite of my ideas and plans. However, I must confess that all the leading events that I remember have been fulfilled in a most singular way. I was looking forward, now that the fever of my wanderlust had spent itself, to settling down in England or France to live a quiet, conventional life.

"On the contrary," he said, "you will wander from country to country; from land to land. It will be a period of three times 10 and toward the close of a great war you will begin a more settled life and know what the word 'home' really means."

This part has been fulfilled to the letter but in those far off days I laughed and told him he was wrong.

"It is because I am not wrong," he said, "that I am about to give you something that will wander round the world with you until it also reaches its appointed rest."

He had taken something from a small canvas bag under the folds of his burnouse. Reverently he laid in my hands a peculiar brown object that, for a moment, I did not recognize. Then the brilliant moonlight revealed the most perfect hand of a mummy I had ever seen.

It was the right hand of a woman, without linen wrappings. The skin shone like polished ivory. It was a long, delicately shaped hand, with beautiful almond nails on the fingers, some of them gilded as had been the fashion for the nobility in ancient Egypt.

I noticed how strangely cold it felt. It was so hard it did not seem

ever to have been a human hand. I marvelled at that wonderful lost art that could mummify to perfection.

Almost in a whisper the old man continued, "Will you take it? Will you keep it with you? Will you make a vow in the name of our ancient God, Amon, and call on your own God to bear witness, that you will carry it to the very ends of the earth, if need be?"

I felt I had to do it. Standing there in the moonlight amid the ruins of the broken temples of Amon, I bowed my head and asked my own god to bear witness that I would keep my promise.

Then the old man told me a strange story. Alas, I was too young to grasp the whole of the mystery. My brain was too full of my own dreams to allow a dream of 3000 years ago to make the impression it should have done. The sieve of my memory holds only the facts that the mummy's hand belonged to one of the seven daughters of the Heretic King, the predecessor of the great Pharoah Tutankhamon. History says that Tutankhamon married one of her sisters and by so doing became the king. History also says that when he became king he reverted to the worship of Amon and returned with all his court to Thebes, where the priests of the old religion held sway. The old man told me how this one daughter of the Heretic King had remained faithful to the ideals of her father. She remained in the new city built by him to the worship of Aten. Later, when Tutankhamon died she led her people against the army of the priest-kings of Thebes, and fell with the sword of rebellion in her hand on the first field of battle.

He went on to say that, although her body was embalmed by her relatives and placed in one of the kings' tombs, as befitted her rank, her right hand that drew the sword was severed from her body by the priests of Thebes and kept by them for hundreds of years in the temple of Amon. They preserved the hand in some special way, so that it remained naked and hard as ivory and was exhibited as a warning to those who would rebel against the great god, Amon.

"There it remained," he said, "until the destruction of the temples of Thebes. The priests cursed the hand and condemned it to wander in every country of the world, to know no rest until the lost tomb great Pharaoh Tutankhamon. Hiscovered and the history of the Heretic King, her father, given to the world.

"This hand was preserved in the temple of Amon up to the Mohammedan conquest in 950 A.D. It was then hidden with the papyri containing its story and was found in recent years by one of my ances-

tors, who were direct descendants of the priest-kings of Thebes. It has been treasured by us ever since. In giving it to you I am fulfilling the curse that was put on it—that it would one day wander over the world.

"This hand that I give you will be your companion. Guard it carefully until some day in the far off future it will desire to leave you of its own accord, and then you will not be able to keep it, no matter how much you may try to do so."

On reaching England I found that the plans I had made for a quiet life were knocked in the head and in a few weeks I was bound for the western continent of America.

It would be too long to enter into the details of the long period of travelling that lay before me. It is sufficient to say that after passing through Canada, North and South America, Australia and South Africa, I visited China during the Chinese-Japanese war; then Russia and nearly every country in Europe.

The mummy's hand was always with me. It became, as it were, part of my very existence.

At last the 30 years of travel appeared to be reaching its close. Finally in 1914 the great war engulfed Europe; destiny sent me to the middle of Ireland to make a substitute for coal out of peat.

One morning as I stood looking at the hand lying on its little velvet cushion on a table in the drawing room, I thought I noticed some change in its appearance. It did not look quite as rigid as before. To my amazement I saw that the first finger no longer lay flat like the others. It was lifted fully an inch above the cushion.

I pressed the finger back gently. It yielded to my touch and sank back. I felt the back of the hand. I could hardly believe my senses: it was no longer hard like a piece of polished ivory, but soft and clammy, and the marks of my fingers remained on the flesh.

Although I now went in to see the hand every morning, I did not notice any other changes until another month had passed. Then one morning I noticed the little finger had bent itself under the other fingers. Something seemed to glisten across the knuckles. I saw tiny little beads of dark red blood standing out across the back of the hand!

Every day these drops of blood increased in size until they oozed from the ends of the fingers and the velvet cushion became wet.

I could not believe that the hand of a mummy over 3000 years old could have such a thing as blood in it, or that petrified blood that might have remained could liquify.

Yet my fingers became stained red every time I touched it. It dawned on me that I would not be able to keep it in this state. I determined to save it. I called in the English chemist who was working in the factory and I told this man to do everything possible to save the hand for me. He was able to solidify it by steeping it in a solution of thin pitch and shellac, and so it was once more placed on its table.

For some months it remained in this condition; then the drops of dark red blood began to appear as before. It was with feelings of regret and sadness that each day I saw it slowly, steadily getting in a worse condition.

Finally the chief reason for my living in Ireland was gone and my wife and I decided to send our furniture back to England and clear out of the place. The drawing-room was dismantled until nothing remained in it but the mummy's hand lying on its velvet cushion on its table in the center of the room.

One evening my wife and I had been in to see it and were about to switch off the electric light and close the door when a crowd of masked men with ugly looking revolvers poured in through the back part of the house. These men were neither Sinn Feiners nor Republicans, but a band of desperadoes known in the country as "the looters", and right well they deserved their name.

Pushing past us, they rushed into the drawing-room and gave a howl of rage as they saw the empty room. What might have happened to my wife and me I do not know, but at that moment the leader of the band caught sight of the mummy's hand. The band of gold at its wrist probably attracted his attention. He caught it up and held it for perhaps one moment. Then, with eyes starting out of his head, he dropped it. Holding up his hand, dyed red with blood, he yelled, "Great, God! It's a dead hand!" He bolted for the door and the rest of the gang followed him out into the night.

We were leaving in a few days for England. But we had not packed the mummy's hand. It was in such a condition that we dreaded to take it with us. During the last few weeks it had seemed to be melting away. In several portions the naked bones had made their appearance.

I decided the best thing would be to cremate it and carry the ashes with us.

Not wishing to upset our servants, we did not start the fire until the house was shut up after 11:00 o'clock at night. We chose an exceptionally large fireplace in the old square hall and while waiting for the fuel to burn up my wife and I opened the glass doors of the

front porch which commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

The night was calm and beautiful. A brilliant moon lit up the copper beeches on the lawn. I spoke of that moonlit night among the ruins of El Karnak when the mummy's hand was given to me.

We re-entered the hall closing the doors of the outer porch behind us, and also the heavy oak doors of the inside hall. The flames were now so bright that we had no occasion to switch on the electric lamps. I went into the empty drawing-room and took up the little ebony stand on which the velvet cushion with the mummy's hand rested.

We both felt intense sadness. It was as if we were about to say farewell to some dear old friend.

Our resolution to cremate it was weakening when a curious thing occurred. The hand moved on the cushion! The first finger slowly raised itself and pointed directly towards the heart of the fire.

Reverently, I lifted the little ebony stand.

My wife asked, "Can we say some prayer?"

A verse from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* came to my mind:

Thy flesh have I given unto thee,
Thy bones have I fastened together for thee
Thy members have I collected for thee
Thou art set in order
Thou seest the Gods
Thou settest out on thy way and thy hand reaches
Unto the horizon and unto the holy place where
Thou wouldst be.

As these words died away I opened the heart of the fire and slipped the ebony stand, the velvet cushion and the hand into it.

It has been said of some people that "if an angel came down from Heaven they would not believe" but I am going to relate my wife's and my experience.

The moment the hand reached the heart of the fire long white flames of intense brilliancy shot from it. The perfume of the spices by which it had been embalmed pervaded the whole place.

We sat watching until all had disappeared, until only the red glow of the fire remained. Finally we turned away to go upstairs but we heard a strange noise at the outer doors of the porch—as if a whirlwind was forcing itself against them. We heard these doors open and saw the inner doors of the hall bend to a pressure behind them. With a crash they were flung wide open.

And nothing but moonlight entered the hall!

I think my wife and I would have preferred the sight of armed men to that uncanny silence.

Then far out in the glass porch, where a Passion Flower formed an arch of dark green leaves, something was taking shape, something so intangible that the moonlight seemed to shine through it. It moved towards us and in the deep shadows of the hall we saw the form of a woman. A wonderful face looked toward us. Nobility and grandeur seemed carved in every line. The eyes were large, deep-set, and shone with an inner radiance.

Slowly and majestically the figure moved farther into the hall. Her headdress of beaten gold, formed like wings of beetles, rested gracefully on her ivory shoulders. In the center of her forehead was a golden snake, the emblem of Egyptian royalty, while an enormous scarab held together a wonderful girdle of jewels round her waist. The jewels caught the white beams of the moonlight and scintillated like rainbows.

The figure reached a position opposite the large fireplace. For a moment she bent towards it, then turned completely around with two hands clasped together. For a second her lips seemed to move; we thought she was going to speak. Her eyes looked straight into ours. Then she glided backward through the hall and again onto the porch.

We followed. We could not help ourselves. When the figure reached the Passion Flower it dissolved. Only her wonderful eyes remained for a few seconds longer looking straight into our own.

Three days later, on November 3, 1922, the steps leading to the long lost tomb of Tutankhamon were discovered. Only coincidence? Perhaps. Yet Tutankhamon was the relative of that princess whose hand had been cursed to wander over the world until the tombs of her ancestors were found.



LOST AND FOUND

AFTER he discovered his car had been stolen, Woodrow Patterson, a soldier stationed at Fort Campbell, Ky., started hitchhiking to downtown Nashville in company with a soldier friend, to report the theft. The two were picked up by a man whom they found reason to hold until police arrived. The man was driving Soldier Patterson's missing car.



Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

When a fire swept through her Milwaukie, Ore., home at 2:00 A.M., Mrs. Reba Sylbester and her small children escaped because a phone call had awakened the widowed woman. It was a wrong number.

●

Donald Blair of Gilbert, Ark., drilled a well, looking for water, but didn't really mind when he didn't find it. He struck oil instead.

●

Edwin Thompson of Appleton, Wis., walking out of his home, fell down on the sidewalk, broke his ankle and lay there for some 15 minutes before his wife saw him. Then she ran out to help him, fell and broke her ankle too.

●

Three years ago Linda Burr, a semi-invalid, took up swimming as a therapy. Recently the 12-year-old rheumatic fever victim, a resident of Dallas, saved a boy twice her size who was drowning in a pool.

●

Elmer Deming, of Oregon City, a few days before his wedding, 50 years ago, broke his leg but went ahead with plans and was married in bed with his leg in a cast. The other day he fell down and thus observed his 50th wedding anniversary with a cast on his broken leg.

●

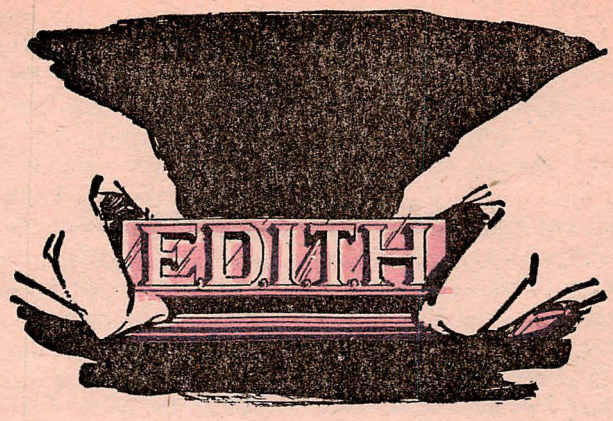
A black cat crossed in front of Domenico Olivieri in Alessandria, Italy. Mr. Olivieri tripped over the cat, fell, fractured his skull and died.

●

Michael Katchu of Pottsville, Pa., stormed out of his home during an argument with his father and fired two bullets from a rifle into the air to vent his anger. He then turned and started calmly back into the house. He slipped inside the door, accidentally discharged the weapon again. The slug struck him in the face, killing him instantly.

●

A Lebanon, Va., couple, both of whom were born on March 4, have 12 children, each born in a different month.



THE TYPESETTER'S WARNING

The dead newspaperman had a tragic message to deliver — and he proved he had not lost his old ability to break into print.

By Hester N. Holcomb
As told to Kenneth R. Holcomb

NONE OF MY family was sensitive, in the way Spiritualists use the word. My mother and her people were staunch Episcopalians but so many things of a type which defy ordinary explanation happened in her family that they grew accustomed to such occurrences.

My father, Myles Naylor, was in the newspaper business and at the time this happened was the editor of a newspaper in Yonkers, N.Y. It was just 10 days after the San Francisco earthquake and I was eight years old.

I shall always remember the day, Saturday, April 28, 1906. The weather was so warm that people left their doors open. We were living in New Rochell, five miles east of Yonkers. A trolley line connected the two places.

As always, my mother, Edith Traver Naylor, got up early to go with Father to Yonkers to help in the print shop. Mother was an expert typesetter. Small shops did not have typesetting machines and com-

posing was done by hand. This morning Mother planned to take me with her, because she would finish work in time to take me on to New York City to do some shopping. Mother dressed me ready to go.

My widowed grandmother, Harriett Traver, who was in her 61st year, lived with us. She was stout and red cheeked and I thought her very pretty. I did not realize that the redness of her cheeks must have been caused by high blood pressure, which was unknown in those days.

Grandmother bustled about and got the breakfast.

Mother had almost finished dressing and was seated at her dressing table combing her hair. Clearly as if he had been in the room, Mother heard her father, Robert Traver, call her name. At that time he had been dead a little over two years, since January 21, 1904, to be exact.

"Edith!" she heard him say. A second and a third time he said it.

I wasn't in the bedroom when this happened but I remember Mother rushing out to tell Grandmother that she had heard her father call her three times.

Grandmother took this in her stride. She said, "He wants to warn you of something."

"It's Hester!" Mother exclaimed. (Hester was me, her only child.)

After some discussion they decided I was to stay home. Mother was afraid for my safety. The shop in Yonkers was on the bank of a stream with steps leading from a rear door down to the water. This was naturally very attractive to an eight-year-old. I kicked and screamed and my Grandmother, bless her, turned me over her knee and gave me what I deserved.

Finally, Mother left for work.

Grandmother did up the dishes, made a pie and a cake and put them in the oven of the coal range.

I was on the front porch playing. Grandmother sat in her chair by the window. I could see her and I knew what she was doing. She was embroidering a flower on a dress she had made for me. I was to wear it to church next day.

Suddenly I heard a clicking noise on the window. Grandmother was rapping with her thimble on the pane. She beckoned me to come in. I ran in and saw that her face was all twisted. She was slumping in her chair. Also, I smelled smoke. And even though she was fast becoming paralyzed, Grandmother kept pointing to the kitchen. I ran out and found smoke billowing in it. Then I dashed out the side door shrieking with terror.

Two women from the house next door came running. They took the pie and cake out of the oven. A piece of paper had been left in the oven somehow—nobody could tell

how. This, along with the baked stuff, was creating the smoke. I kept trying to make the women see to Grandmother.

At last one of them glanced through the door into the dining room and saw her through the archway slumped completely in her chair. She was unconscious.

It is queer how your mind works. Even in times of great excitement it will notice small details. We had a Seth Thomas clock on the kitchen shelf. I recall clearly that as I ran screaming into the kitchen this clock struck the hour. It had a twangy note and sort of rattled as it sounded. One of the women later said her own clock had struck 10:00 when she heard me calling.

Mother, at work in the print shop, sat on a stool by a rack of type and with tweezers in hand reached for the different letters she wanted as she spelled out the copy. She put each letter, one by one, in a sort of tray made of metal she held in her left hand. Printers call this a stick.

Suddenly, Mother said, she felt as if a strong hand seized her wrist and guided her hand. And *in spite of herself* she put an "e", then a "d", then an "i", a "t" and an "h" in her stick! She had set her own name! Puzzled, but figuring it was because she was worried, she put each letter back in its place and resumed her work. Presently the very same compulsion seized her and again, despite all she could do, she set her own name in the stick. She called to Father and told him what had happened.

"It's like Dad was calling me in type instead of the way he did this morning," she said. "I'm terribly worried."

Father comforted her and she went on working. Then, suddenly she gave a cry. Once more her name looked up at her from the stick.

"I can't stand it, Myles," Mother told my father. "I'm going home."

She ran to get her jacket and hat.

Father glanced at the clock. "It's 10:00 o'clock," he said. "Better hurry. A trolley leaves in five minutes."

Within the hour she knew.

Not I, but her mother was the one that Robert Traver had warned her about. He, from the other side, had known that his wife, although she appeared so rosy and strong, was finishing her life here. Grandmother died at six that evening.

As for my new dress, I never wore it. We kept it for years, the needle thrust into it, ready to embroider another stitch, just as Grandmother left it.

Mother always felt that it was very natural for her father to warn her through her typesetting. For, you see, he had been a printer, and a well-known newspaper man in the West in his day.

adventures in CRYSTAL GAZING



My crystal ball had revealed many true visions. Why did it now only show black curtains for a woman who sought help?

Part Gypsy, Rose Figiuola has acted in English and French movies and has traveled all over Europe as a circus performer.

By Rose Figiuola

"CAN YOU really see things in it?" everyone asks me when I tell them I have a crystal ball.

When I was 15 years old my gypsy grandmother, Reni Cooper, of the Cooper Tribe of English Gypsies, gave me a crystal ball. Today, after many eventful years, it is still my most treasured possession.

My grandmother instructed me to sit for 10 minutes every day and look into the ball. I was to be careful not to strain or to try to see anything. I was just to look. She told me I must do this each day at the same time, in the same chair, in the same room. I asked her why and she said it is most important to practice regularly under the same conditions each day.

I did this faithfully for one month and all I ever saw were the reflections of the room.

Then my grandmother told me to do the same thing for another month, increasing the time to 15 minutes.

At the end of the second month I was rewarded by my first vision. One instant I was looking into the crystal ball, seeing only reflections,

and the next instant the reflections were gone and I was looking at a white temple with a golden door which had strange hieroglyphs on it. A white robed figure stood on each side of the massive door. This excited and scared me and I must have moved suddenly because in an instant the vision was gone, and I was looking at the familiar reflections of the room again.

After I recovered from the fright of my first vision I resumed my regular daily session with the crystal ball. Sometimes I saw vague shadowy forms that meant nothing at all, but most of the time I continued to see reflections.

I was getting somewhat discouraged when I had the impression to concentrate on something definite while I was looking into the crystal. This was the next important step. I discovered that it is necessary to have a purpose, such as finding a lost or mislaid article, or news of a friend who should have written weeks ago.

It is best of all to look into the crystal ball for someone else. Get someone to write a question then concentrate on that.

Sometimes I see clouds or mist in the crystal when I first look, but not always. Then I see a clear distinct picture as if on a very small television screen, usually in color, sometimes in black and white.

Occasionally, when I have been concentrating, nothing appears in the crystal but in my mind a clear detailed picture forms. These images in my "mind's eye" can be recognized and understood by the person to whom I describe them.

At other times no pictures appear in the crystal ball or in my mind, but ideas and thoughts come to me and always they prove to be the answer to some question or problem unknown to me.

Sometimes I have received impressions all three ways when concentrating. First a picture forms in the crystal, then comes a mental image followed by ideas, all of which usually prove correct.

I remember one time when I was looking into the crystal ball for a very dear friend, the name Woods came into my mind continually. My friend tried hard but was unable to place that name. She had no relative or friend, past or present, by that name.

I told her that her eldest son, who was in the Navy, was going to be married. She said this was most unlikely as he showed no interest in girls and never mentioned any particular girl in his letters.

Nevertheless, not long after that, I met my friend at the local supermarket and she told me her son had come home on leave and had brought with him a young woman whom he introduced as his future bride. Her name was Kathleen

Woods! They were married on his next leave, and I went to the wedding.

I remember once doodling while I was looking into the crystal and found that I had written the name Walter several times. The lady was a complete stranger to me and I had not known that she was a widow or that her late husband's name was Walter!

In my many years of crystal gazing I have found that looking into the ball is a very effective means of concentration. It enables you to shut out all distracting outside influences, to enter the world of the subconscious where the veil is lifted on the past, present and future. I have learned to concentrate so completely while reading the crystal ball that I can be oblivious to everything, nagging toothache, violent headache or loud sounds.

I knew one professional crystal gazer who could give a consultation at a large table while her four children played Indians and cowboys, chasing round the table, screaming, whooping and yelling. It often bothered the client who was afraid she might not hear all that was said, but it didn't faze the seer in the least.

Symbols play an important part in crystal gazing. Knowing how to interpret them correctly is very important. The horseshoe, for instance, is a symbol of good luck. So is a white horse. A tree particularly an oak tree, is a sign of increasing prosperity. The rainbow is a sign of a promise or wish fulfilled. Flowers stand for loved ones and friends. Signs of the Zodiac will indicate the month when certain events will occur. A casket or a new grave is the crystal's way of indicating death. A broken wedding ring means a divorce. A broken or frayed piece of rope will indicate a break between friends or partners.

I had a strange experience many years ago that taught me a lesson. A woman acquaintance brought a friend who was in deep sorrow, hoping that I could help her as I had helped others. But when I looked into the crystal ball all I could see was a black curtain across the center. I tried to concentrate, but it seemed I was up against a wall.

I explained that I was unable to see anything, and I suggested that we try again in a few days. Annoyed, the woman left abruptly.

A week later I understood the reason for the black curtain. My acquaintance came to tell me that her friend was dead. She had died of a heart condition three days after her visit to me.

I have seen the same black curtain a few other times and it always means that I am not to attempt a reading. I never go against it.

People have asked me if I tell everything I see. Well, it all depends on the person for whom I read. Most people are sensible and will heed warnings without worrying, but there are many nervous types who would worry themselves sick over an adverse reading. On several occasions when I have held back certain information I have not regretted it.

I have in mind one incident that took place in England during the war. A young married woman, who was pregnant, and whose husband was in the Army somewhere in North Africa, came to me in tears one afternoon. Her husband had been reported missing.

In the crystal ball I saw a convoy of trucks crossing the desert. The first truck hit a landmine and there was a terrific explosion.

As Ann had received no details concerning her husband neither of us had any way of knowing whether this was true or not. Later information proved this vision to be correct.

I hesitated to tell Ann that I had the impression that her husband had been killed by the explosion. Instead I told her not to give up hope, as so many men who had been reported missing were eventually traced as prisoners of war.

Several times she came to see me and I still told her not to give up hope. Then the baby was born, a darling little girl she named Shirley Ann.

When Shirley Ann was three months old she brought her to visit me and then, about a year later, she came again with the child and told me her husband had been officially listed as killed.

"You knew all along he was dead, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I knew."

Then I asked her, "What would you have done if I had told you that right from the first, before Shirley Ann was born?"

"I would have killed myself!" she replied. "It was the hope you gave me that he might turn up as a prisoner of war that kept me going!"

"Now that you have Shirley Ann are you glad or sorry I didn't tell you?" I asked, as Shirley Ann's baby fingers reached out to touch the crystal ball.

"I am glad," she answered. "You gave me hope when I had none; you gave me courage to go on living when I didn't want to live. Now I have something worth living for!"

I saw Ann once more. She came with a bright new wedding band on the third finger of her left hand. She had just married a fine man who adored little Shirley Ann, whose foremost desire was to love and protect them both.

Another time, when I was giving

readings at a fund-raising garden party for the Red Cross, I was consulted by a very nervous young woman. At the end of the reading, when she stood up to go, she said, "I am very glad you didn't mention one thing."

"What was that?" I asked.

"That I would be left a widow," she replied, "That is my one great fear. I am very much in love with my husband and if I thought I was going to lose him I would do away with myself. I would see to it that I went first!"

I believed her and was glad I had not mentioned the indication of widowhood which I had seen.

I have been asked, can anyone *see* things in the crystal ball? I think it is possible, if the desire is strong enough, if the individual has the patience and perseverance to look into it every day, at the same time, in the same place, possibly for months without getting discouraged.

About twice a year, especially if it has been used a good deal, I hold the crystal ball under running water to remove accumulated psychic emanations. Then, at the time of the next full moon, I magnetize it by placing it where the rays of the moonlight will fall on it for about half an hour. Then I put it away in its black velvet cloth. I do not let strong sunlight or electric light fall on it, as this will destroy the magnetic power of the crystal and make it difficult to see clear pictures.

Can I *see* for myself in the crystal ball?

Yes, I look upon it as a good friend. It has shown me where to find jobs, warned me of dangers, and has given me comfort in times of sorrow and despair. And it has made for me a host of wonderful friends, seen and unseen.

★★★★★★★★★★★

When we wrote for the name of Rose Figiuola's grandmother she replied, "You ask for the name of my grandmother. I'll answer you with an old Romany jingle:

"Coin se deya, coin se dado?
Pukker mande drey Romanes,
Ta mande pukkeravava tute.

Vardo-mescro minro deya!
Rossar-mescri minro dado!
Coin se dado, coin se deya?
Mande's pukker'd tute drey Romanes;
Knau pukker tute mande."

which translated goes:

"Who's your mother, who's your father?
Do thou answer me in Romany,
And I will answer thee.

A Cooper I have for mother!

A Hearne I have for my father!
Who's your father, who's your mother?
I have answered thee in Romany,
Now do thou answer me."

★★★★★★★★★★★

METEORIC CLUES TO EARTH'S ORIGINS

A SUDDEN upsurge of scientific interest in meteorites has resulted from a prize-winning report which presents evidence indicating a direct link between meteorites and the asteroids, the "small planets" circling the sun in orbits heavily concentrated between the paths of Mars and Jupiter.

The report, awarded the Newcomb Cleveland $1,000 prize at a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was made by Dr. Edward Anders, 34, associate professor of chemistry at the University of Chicago. Dr. Anders stated that study of radioactive elements present in minute traces inside the visitors from outer space was providing new knowledge about such fundamental questions as the origin and age of the chemical elements, the origin of life and the age of the earth and the solar system.

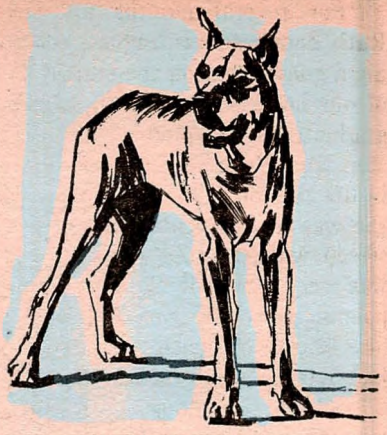
Dr. Anders described meteors as "the most ancient relics of the early solar system, the raw material of which the earth and its living creatures are the final product." Nearly five billion years ago, he said, a primitive radioactive dust cloud separated from the rest of the Milky Way Galaxy. In the next 100 million years, asteroids of less than 300 miles in diameter formed in the dust cloud. Decaying radioactivity heated the mass and possibly produced volcanoes.

In the next 100 million years some asteroids coalesced to form planets. Other asteroids cooled to sub-zero temperatures and remained in orbit in a heavy concentration between Mars and Jupiter. This was about 4.5 billion years ago.

The earth apparently was formed 150 to 200 million years after the formation of the asteroids. Dr. Anders said this date is based on recent information from the study of the products of extinct radioactive isotopes in meteorites.

Since then the asteroids have been circling and colliding with each other, producing cosmic rubble at an estimated rate of a billion tons a year. Meteors from this rubble occasionally strike the earth's atmosphere, the smaller ones burning up from the friction and the larger partially surviving as meteorites.

If there was a spirit world, the dead girl had written, she would communicate with someone in the family at nine that night. And at nine a Great Dane named . . .



RAJAH Saw "Someone Who Wasn't There"

From SPOOKS DE LUXE, by Danton Walker, copyright 1956 by Danton Walker, published by Franklin Watts, Inc.

By Danton Walker

A STORY concerning the strange behavior of animals in a time of crisis was told me by Donald S. Rockwell, manager of Columbia Pictures of Panama, Inc., who now resides in the Republic of Panama, but was in New York on a business trip when I met him.

The story devolves from a personal tragedy in his family which is still very vivid in his mind—the suicide of his younger sister, Ruth Rockwell. The incident made front-page news at the time, not only in the United States but also abroad, and continued to be written about in magazines long afterward because of its peculiar circumstances. Her death marked the first time in history that a woman had committed suicide by leaping from a plane.

"At the time, I was manager of the Sound-on-Disc Division of the Columbia Phonograph Company, with offices on Fifth Avenue," Mr. Rockwell told me. "My wife and I were living at Brook Farm, Crestwood, in Westchester County, and I commuted daily to my office via the New York Central. Our near neighbors at the time, I recall, were the retired actress, Laura Nelson Hall, and William Robison, the songwriter and radio broadcaster.

"For several months my sister Ruth had been visiting us, occupying a guest room on the second floor of our house. She was 18, a recent graduate of a seminary near Brewster, New York, and had everything in life to look forward to. However, she was moody and apparently obsessed with the idea of death. She was very fond of Sidney Lanier's poems, especially one touching on 'the beauty of death,' and after she had left us we found in her room a book on astrology, with certain marked passages dealing with the end of life.

"My mother was a deep student of astrology and the so-called occult mystery teachings, hence a firm believer in reincarnation. From earliest childhood Ruth had absorbed much from lectures on these subjects and discussions of kindred topics.

"On Armistice Day, November 11, 1930, I had gone to my office as usual, intending to put in only half a day, but found myself detained there by a business emergency. Around 3:00 o'clock I received a phone call from the police at Tuckahoe, asking me to remain at the office until they could reach there with my wife, saying they would explain later.

"Around 4:00 o'clock my wife arrived at the office in the company of two policemen from Tuckahoe, who had driven her down in a police car. She then broke the sad news that my sister Ruth had leaped from a plane over Valley Stream, Long Island, and was killed. The plane was one of those small ones, holding no more than one or two passengers, which in those days took sightseers up for a brief ride, charging something like five dollars per passenger. The Valley Stream police identified Ruth by papers in her purse and phoned the Tuckahoe police, who then notified my wife.

"The pilot remembered that she had seemed very nervous when she boarded the plane. Later, he turned around to see how she was faring and noticed that her hands were



Danton Walker, called "Mr. Two Million Circulation" by *Time*, was a columnist for the New York *Daily News* for 19 years before his death.

clasped, in an attitude of prayer. A moment later, he felt the plane lurch, whereupon he looked around again and found her gone.

"When my wife and I reached home, after dining in the city, we discovered that the furnace fire had gone out and the house was quite cold. We went upstairs, but instead of going to bed immediately, we sat down to try to reconstruct the events of the day. Still wearing her coat, my wife had seated herself on the bed, propped up with the pillows at her back and pulled a comforter over her knees for warmth.

"She recalled that when Ruth left the house that morning she had remarked that she 'might not be back in the afternoon.' My wife then recounted to me the strange behavior of the dog.

"The animal, a Great Dane named Rajah of Rangoon, was an extremely intelligent dog, gentle and well-behaved at all times. Both my wife and I were very fond of him, and Ruth shared this feeling. I remember seeing her, many times, seated in a high-backed Italian chair in the living room with Rajah sitting on the floor beside her, putting up his head to be stroked, turning it first to one side, then the other.

"My wife recalled that about 3:00 o'clock that afternoon she was seated in the living room, when the dog suddenly ran upstairs but immediately returned, carrying a pillow in his mouth, which he put down at her feet. He then raced again to the second floor, returning this time with a coat, which my wife recognized as one of Ruth's. A third time, Rajah went upstairs and came back with one of Ruth's hats. He then lay down on the floor, with his head on these objects and emitted great convulsive sobs, like a human being.

"Quite baffled by this performance, my wife took the coat and hat upstairs to Ruth's room and put the pillow back where it belonged, on the day bed on which she slept.

"About a half-hour later came the phone call from the Tuckahoe police, notifying her of Ruth's death. Apparently the strange behavior of the dog had taken place *almost exactly coincident with Ruth's leap from the plane.*

"Rajah was still distraught when we returned home that night. He was lying on a scatter rug in the bedroom when my wife seated herself on the bed. A few minutes later he leaped up and, barking furiously, bounded across the room to the casement windows that looked out on the driveway. Then he turned to the bedside and put his paws on my wife's knees, as if to protect her, meanwhile snarling and growling in a way we had never known him to do.

"A moment later, he returned to the window, where he resumed his savage snarling, with his forefeet on the window sill and the hackles standing up on his neck—something we had also never seen before. I hurried to the window and looked out. There was no one in the yard or on the driveway, and the brilliantly lighted street was deserted. Rajah was evidently disturbed by something that we couldn't see. After a time, we managed to quiet him down.

"Glancing at my watch, I noted that this episode occurred around 9:00 P.M. In a farewell note Ruth had written, *'If there is a spirit world, I will attempt to communicate with someone in the family at nine o'clock at night.'*

"Several times after that the dog behaved strangely. Once he dashed out of the house and approached a bush in the yard, barking in an enraged manner. Investigation revealed nothing near the bush to account for his fury. On several occasions, he seized my wife's dress in his teeth and attempted to detour her around something—*something invisible to her*—in the dining room and hall. At one time, my wife said she felt she had seen a stranger, a dark-skinned man resembling a Hindu, pass through the house. I began to fear that the shock of Ruth's death and the strange behavior of the dog were beginning to undermine her health, for she had become intensely nervous.

"After a few weeks, however, these manifestations ceased and things returned to normal in our home. Rajah never again acted so strangely, but I did notice him many times sitting beside Ruth's favorite chair—the high-backed Italian chair—and putting up his head, apparently to be stroked by someone who wasn't there."

PREHISTORIC CAVE ART IN RUSSIA

DISCOVERY of a cave in Russia with Stone Age wall paintings of two mammoths and a horse, the first such prehistoric cave art found outside Spain or France, was reported recently by Georgi Vakhrushchev, Soviet paleontologist. He said the Soviet Academy of sciences has sent an expedition to the cave, which is located in the Bashkir Soviet Republic on the western slope of the Urals near the White River.



WHAT DO THE **GREAT WORLD RELIGIONS** THINK OF **REINCARNATION?**

Reincarnation is a neglected doctrine in modern times — but the traditional stand of religions may surprise you.

By Paul M. Vest

NOWADAYS more and more persons of the western world are accepting reincarnation and its complementary doctrine of karma as the most logical working explanation of the mysteries of life and human destiny. Many taking up the subject for the first time, however, will be surprised to learn that reincarnation is a teaching of most great religions of the world, including Christianity.

So profoundly rooted is reincarnation in universal religious thought that researchers and historians have found various forms of the belief among primitive peoples of all races and in all parts of the world. From the barbarian tribes of darkest Africa to the Indians of North and South America; among the aborigines of Australia, even in Arabia the belief in metempsychosis, or reincarnation, is prevalent.

Going back into antiquity we find reincarnation was an impor-

tant part of the religions and philosophies of the greatest civilizations of the old world such as Babylonia, Greece, Rome and India. In ancient China reincarnation played an important part in the mythology and folklore of the Chinese people.

In view of its universality, investigators can only surmise that the belief in reincarnation developed naturally along with the beginnings of religious thought in all races, or the universality of the doctrine indicates a common ancestry for all races of mankind somewhere in remote antiquity.

At the dawn of Christianity reincarnation was a generally accepted belief in most parts of the world. There is historical evidence that many early church fathers too were in accord with the ancient doctrine. But with the swift spread of Christianity the teaching became more and more obscure and eventually was opposed by the church.

For the basis of the new religion was the teaching that Christ came into the world to save those who were "lost." The "lost," according to certain early writers, were those who had failed under the ancient laws of Jehovah, which was the law of retribution. Under the new dispensation of the grace of Christ men were granted salvation from sin through faith and repentence. The harsh law of the older religions which demanded an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," were to be replaced by a religion of mercy and forgiveness. Hence in the religion of Christ it would no longer be necessary, or even desirable, for men to reincarnate. If they adhered to the teachings of Christ and lived by faith they were granted remission of sins.

In certain other countries, such as India, it was clear that the teaching of reincarnation had definitely retarded material as well as spiritual progress. Then, even as in India today, a believer in reincarnation was predisposed to accept docilely the conditions into which he was born and to make little effort to improve his lot. His lethargy was the result of a steadfast belief that he had innumerable earthly lives to live. Patiently resigning himself to his state, he abjectly waited for death to liberate him to a subsequent birth into more fortuitous circumstances. Many persons believe that the lack of material progress in India today, as well as the generally wretched living conditions there, may be attributed in great part to the strong belief in reincarnation.

When we consider these facts, the wisdom of the early Christian church founders in opposing the doctrine becomes even more evident. However despite the opposition, there remained within the early church

a fairly large body of reincarnationists. Among these were Origen, Jerome, Clement of Alexandria, Pantaenus, Synesius, Nicephorus, Gregoras, Irenaeus, Plotinus, Augustine and Porphyry. Certain sects also continued to hold to the belief; these included the Gnostics, Basilidians, Valentinians, Marconites, Manicheans and Essenes. As time passed and the dogmatic theology of the church gained strength some of these men and sects refuted their belief in reincarnation. From that period on until the Middle Ages, the ancient teaching was gradually veiled insofar as the Christian world was concerned.

It is a commonly held belief that in the year 537 the Council of Constantinople condemned reincarnation, but a careful review of available information reveals this is not true. An excellent explanation of this misunderstnding is found in the *Wheel of Life,* by the Reverend A. Henderson, Vicar of St. John de Sepulchre.

He writes, "A further objection which exists in the minds of many is based on the supposed condemnation of the doctrine by the church in the Fifth General Council of Constantinople. A careful consideration of the historical situation makes it abundantly clear that the question of reincarnation was not even raised at the council; and that the condemnation of certain extreme tenets of the Origenists was an act of Mennas, Patriarch of Constantinople in the provincial synod. In this he was instigated by the Emperor Justinian who ordered him to procure the subscription of the bishops to the anathema. This local synod was held in A.D. 543, while the General Council did not meet until 10 years later. It is easy to understand, however, how this extra-council sentence of Menas was, at a later period, mistaken for a decree of the General Council."

The condemnation of Origen according to the records, did not result from the actual teaching of reincarnation as many believe. Lutoslawski explains the situation in the following manner: "This condemnation refers only to a very peculiar form of the doctrine of pre-existence, implying the fall of perfect spirits who had already reached heaven . . . such a radical extension of palingenesis (reincarnation) deserves condemnation, but leaves untouched the real old tradition, according to which reincarnation corresponded to the Christian conception of purgatory."

It is, therefore, readily apparent that the actual doctrine of reincarnation as a means of attaining ultimate unity with God has never been proclaimed anathema by the Christian church. Nevertheless after the Synod of Constantinople the popularity of the belief declined

rapidly throughout Europe.

Certain heretical sects such as the Manicheans and the Albigenses continued to teach the doctrine, but these movements deteriorated after years of bitter strife.

During the Middle Ages only a few advocates of reincarnation were to be found in the western world. But surprisingly enough some of the most illustrious of these were of the church; among them were the beloved St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order; the wise Irish Monk, Johannes Scotus Erigena; St. Bonaventura — The Seraphic Doctor; and the Dominican Monk, Thomas Campanella, who was exiled because of his belief in rebirth.

During the 13th Century interest in the ancient belief increased markedly because of Dante's great writings. In his *Divine Comedy* he vividly presented the divine drama of the soul's evolution. In the book he depicts mortal death, descent of the soul into purgatory, ascent into realms of heaven and ultimate return to reembodiment upon earth.

Giordano Bruno, in the 16th Century, took a definite stand in favor of reincarnation for which the Inquisitional Court condemned him to death at the stake. Persons who accepted his heretical teachings were similarly in danger of being burned to death.

It was during the confusion and uncertainity of the Renaissance Period and on through the 18th and 19th Centuries that the doctrine of rebirth gradually gained strength and was accepted by many eminent philosophers. Among these were Bruno, Van Helmont, Francis Bacon, Bonnet, Bohme, Fichte, Goethe, Hume, Von Herder, D'Israeli, Lavater, Lichtenburg, Lessing, du Prel, Schlegel, Schosser, Swedenborg and Benjamin Franklin.

In the latter part of the 19th Century and in the present 20th Century the ancient doctrine of rebirth has gained considerable general public support, and acceptance by some of the greatest thinkers and poets of the time. The list of eminent men who publicly have acclaimed the teaching includes Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Edison, Hawthorne, Sir Oliver Lodge, Bulwer-Lytton, Henry Ford and many, many more.

Within recent years the noted Episcopalian, Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, stated that there was no conflict between this "oldest creed" and modern Episcopalianism.

The late venerated Cardinal Mercier of Belgium made the statement that a belief in reincarnation in no way conflicted with modern catholic dogma.

It must be stated, however, that as a general rule the doctrine is not recognized by either orthodox cath-

olic or protestant authorities.

It is the opinion of many unbiased investigators that considerable biblical evidence for reincarnation may be found, although, certain references are subject to personal interpretation.

Today it is generally believed that Jesus was educated by the Essenes, an early ascetic religious sect. Members of this sect believed in reincarnation and were students of the arcane wisdom of the Egyptians. They were probably the most devout people of their day, worshiping the invisible Father-God whose will and teachings they endeavored to make their way of life. It was their custom to let their hair and beards grow and they wore a single, white, seamless garment, as did Jesus during the years of His ministry.

If Jesus were brought up among these holy people he was familiar with the teaching of reincarnation and the law of compensation. But from the evidence in the bible it is apparent that He taught these doctrines in a much more indirect manner than had the initiated priests before Him.

* * *

A CAREFUL study of the ancient Egyptian sacred *Book Of The Dead,* reveals a form of reincarnation, transmigration of souls, to have been an essential feature of the religion. The mystic volume is basically the story of the classical pilgrimage of the soul through life on earth, purification in the after-death state and return to earth for additional experience on its journey toward ultimate union with Deity.

The ancient historian Herodotus wrote of the Egyptians: "The Egyptians are also the first who reported the doctrine that the soul of man is immortal, and that when the body dies the soul enters into another creature which chances then to be coming to birth . . . . . When it has gone all the round of all the creatures of land and sea and of the air, it enters again into a human body as it comes to the birth; and that it makes this round in a period of 3,000 years."

Although the above quotation includes a belief in transmigration (incarnation in lower animals) as well as reincarnation, it is the belief of modern metaphysical writers that transmigration was the popular teaching whereas the hierophants of the Mysteries were instructed only in reincarnation.

* * *

THE MOST ancient and greatest of early Aryan religions is Brahmanism. The beginnings of this great religion are lost in antiquity; therefore, it is not possible to state when the doctrine of reincarnation was first taught in India. Some authorities claim that an even

older race of eastern red men taught the early Brahmans. The ancient books which contain their mysteries are called *The Upanishads,* or *Books of the Teachings of the Secret Wisdom.* In the Max Muller translation of the *Chadogya-Upanishad* is found the following verse:

"Those whose conduct has been good will quickly obtain some good birth, the birth of a Brahmana, or a Kshattriya, or a Vaisya. But those whose conduct has been evil will quickly attain an evil birth."

The greatest of all Hindu scriptures is the beautiful *Bhagavad-Gita* (The Lord's Song), which is a part of the *Mahabharrata.* The *Gita* is the Brahman's bible, his rule of conduct and his way of life. The basic tenet of this sacred book is the Hindu's concept of rebirth. The following quotations from the *Bhagavad-Gita* emphasize how reincarnation is the Eastern way to spiritual purification and ultimate union with God:

"As a man, casting off worn-out garments, taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new." 2:22

"For sure is the death of him that is born, and sure the birth of him that is dead; therefore over the inevitable thou shouldst not grieve." 2:27.

* * *

With the birth of Gautama Buddha and the rapid rise of Buddhism in the 6th Century B.C., a resurgence of faith in reincarnation and karma spread throughout India. The founder of Buddhism, after forsaking his prince's heritage of wealth and royal honors for an alm's bowl and the life of an ascetic, attained illumination at Buddha-Gaya while deep in contemplation under a Bo tree.

Buddha devoted his life to teaching the doctrines of karma and reincarnation. He left no actual writings, (nor did Jesus) but following his death, his disciples compiled records of his words of wisdom and noble deeds. Thus Buddhism became a great world religion. A few quotations from the Buddhist writings on reincarnation follow:

"He in whom there are no sins whatsoever originating in fear, which are the causes of coming back to this shore, that ascetic leaves this and the further shore, as a snake its old, worn-out skin." *Uragasutta,* 15.

"Having . . . . rent the bonds, ... I shall not again enter into a womb." *Dhariyasutta,* 12.

"He is like a lake without mud; no new births are in store for him . . . ."

"Some people are born again; . . . . those who are free from all worldly desires attain Nirvana."

"Those who again and again go to the world with birth and death,

to existence in this way or in that way — that is the state or ignorance . . . . The wise do not go to rebirth." *Dvayatanupassanasutta* 6:10

* * *

AMONG MODERN Parsees the orthodox do not accept reincarnation as a part of the religion. Nevertheless, the sacred writings of Zoroastrianism contain definite references to the doctrine. In the *Zore Pastan,* a book of the old Persian orthodox believers, we read:

"According to Faredun's opinion, a man's soul departing from this world, ascends until it reaches the Mountain of Fire which lies under the moon. If it is entirely pure and stainless it would easily cross the fire, without any disturbance in its course. Then it would be an angel. On the contrary, if it is rather impure or stained during earth life, it would not be able to get over the fire. Then it returns to earth . . ."

And further on: "If the soul, during earthly life does not purify itself, remains ignorant and cherishes any worldly desires, afterwards it must return, and take physical bodies one after another until it is quite pure, as stated by Faredun."

* * *

SACRED BOOKS of the Hebrew religion include the *Talmud* and the *Kabbalah.* In the *Kaballah* we find the following references to rebirth:

"He who neglects to observe any of the 613 Precepts, such as were possible for him to observe, is doomed to undergo transmigration (once or more than once) till he has actually observed all he had neglected to do in a former state of being. *Kitzur Schlu,* p. 6, Col. 2.

"Sometimes the souls of pious Jews pass by metempsychosis into Gentiles, in order that they may plead on behalf of Israel and treat them kindly." *Avodath Hakodesh.*

"Cain had robbed the twin sister of Abel and therefore his soul passes into Jethro." *Yalkut Chadash.*

In the *Talmud* it is stated that the soul of Abel passed into the body of Seth and was then born in the body of Moses.

In the *Zohar,* most mystical and arcane of Jewish sacred books, is found the teaching that men are reborn into the world until they attain liberation from rebirth.

The great Jewish historian Josephus, in the *Jewish War,* Book II, writes, "They say that all souls are incorruptible, but that the souls of good men are only removed into other bodies.

"Do ye not remember that all pure spirits who are in conformity with the divine dispensation, live on in the loveliest of heavenly places, and in course of time they are again sent down to inhabit sinless bodies."

THE SACRED book of Islam is, of course, the *Koran*. Moslems declare that not even so much as a comma or word of this "Book of Divine Wisdom" ever has been changed. It is the final authority in everything pertaining to religion, morals and conduct in the Islamic world. One *sura* in the *Koran* is accepted by some Moslems as evidence for belief in metempsychosis. It states:

"God generates beings, and hence they return over and over again, until they return to Him."

Although this quotation appears to be a definite statement of the truth of rebirth, it must be stated that rebirth is a disputed point among orthodox sects of Islam. Modern devotees tend to ignore any inference of reincarnation in the *Koran* or in the allegories pertaining to it in sacred writings.

* * *

TAOISM and Confucianism were the two great religions of ancient China. But confusion arising from the numerous sects and different beliefs makes positive statements concerning early doctrines difficult. Some authorities state that in Taoism and other early indigenous creeds, the doctrine was implied rather than stated directly. In Tao "The Way" (to unity with Deity) may include the path of rebirth.

During the first century of the Christian era, Buddhism spread into China and with it more positive teachings of reincarnation. Since then reincarnation has become an important part of Chinese belief. Precepts found in the early Chinese Buddhist writings are quite similar to those of India.

The mythology and folklore of early China is rich with colorful fables of reincarnation which depict rebirth in many strange and fantastic conditions.

* * *

THE NATIONAL religion of Japan is Shintoism, however, many consider it rather a patriotic cult. The sacred scriptures of Shinto have to do almost entirely with the sacred ancestry of Japanese emperors and vivid accounts of the ancient gods of Japan. Actual doctrines of the religion are not very clearly defined in the sacred writings.

Early in the Christian era Buddhism spread into Japan and, as in China found acceptance among Shintoists. Today its precepts are mingled with those of Shintoism in the Buddhist sects and all except Zen include various aspects of reincarnation and karma.

* * *

THE SIKH religion is among the most modern of great living religions. Founded in the early part of the 16th Century by Nanak, it has exerted considerable influence upon both the religious and secular life

of the East. Today, at Amritsar, it's architectural masterpiece, the Golden Temple in the Pool of Immortality, is a showplace of India along with the Taj Mahal.

A strong and direct reference to reincarnation in the sacred writings of Sikhism is found in the following:

"Sayeth Nanak, this Spirit-Ego, bound by Karma, recurs." *Bhairon, Guru* III

* * *

IT IS readily apparent that references to reincarnation and karma, both direct and implied, are to be found in the sacred writings of most, if not all, of the great religions of the world.

Within the last 50 years the doctrine has become an established belief in the western world. This modern teaching of an ancient principle has undoubtedly given many persons an entirely new and more sanguine philosophy of life. It has answered for them what had heretofore been inscrutable and insurmountable problems of human life and destiny; problems which faith and orthodox church dogmas could not fully satisfy. To these persons the doctrine has given logic to support their faith.

Persons in the western world who do accept the doctrine of reincarnation doubtless do so with reservations; i.e., it can be regarded as a possible extension of knowledge rather than embraced as a substitute for the doctrines of Christianity.



ONE EASY LESSON

WHEN Marlin Townsend of Memphis, Tenn., acquired his young German shepherd dog, he obtained a book from the library on the care and training of the pet. Before the boy had time to read the book, it was reported, the dog ate it.



DUPLICATE FRESHMEN

RECENTLY, for the first time, Juris Janson met Juris Janson on the campus of Indiana University, where both are freshmen. Both are 18, were born in Riga, Latvia, came to Indiana in 1951 and live in the same dormitory.

My PROOF of SURVIVAL

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

GHOST RIDER ON THE PRAIRIE

By Evelyn L. Tschabold

I WAS BORN on my parents' homestead on the broad, seemingly flat, prairies of North Dakota, in Kidder County. I love this land with its uncluttered look and its great openness. As a child my spirit wandered free with its winds—except when I was in school.

Summers my brother, Howard, and I struggled to drown out flickertails with unnumbered heavy pailsful of water. We played Billy the Kid through the secret passages in the cat-tail bottoms. Once we found a brown flint arrowhead. We had three Indian tomahawks. We rode horseback or played in the dirt in the garden.

Winters were warm with family get-togethers. We had holiday dinners with wild duck deep-frozen, since hunting season, on the north side of the house. We had card parties on Saturday nights. I was happy and interested in everything I heard and saw.

The first time I saw the stranger on horseback I thought I knew him. I certainly thought he was real. I know now that I lack depth perception in my vision, otherwise I see quite well.

We were expecting our cousin, Raymond Moores, to join our game of Whist in the living room. He is a favorite of mine and I remember watching for him, off and on, through the big front window. He was to come on his pony when he had finished forking hay to the cows and had done the milking. He had about a mile to ride.

So I was not surprised to see the figure on horseback coming up the road tracks, across the snowy garden place, and on past the front of the house. I ran to the kitchen, got a chair and climbed up to watch him put the horse in the barn. However, when I finally looked out the window above the sink he had disappeared.

It was much, much later, after dark in fact, when our cousin rode in. He looked at me oddly when I asked him if he had a saddle on his pony.

The next time I saw the figure on the horse I was not much older. Again I was in the front living room window. This time I tried my hardest to see who he was. I even pushed the thin lace curtains aside and followed his progress through the yard with my eyes close to the glass the full width of the window.

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After another unsuccessful trip to the kitchen window I realized that there was something mysterious about this rider.

During the next three or four years, between 1920 and 1924, I saw the strange rider several times, sometimes in winter, sometimes in the summer. I would look up suddenly and see him coming. Always he rode from the southwest toward the northwest.

I was never afraid until, when I was eight or nine, I suddenly became uneasy at the sight of his passing, especially after my brother asked me what I was looking at. Shortly thereafter I lost the ability to see him. This loss was gradual. I might see just his leg or a hoof of the horse disappear around the corner of the barn or granary and know that once again the strange rider had passed us. For a time I would look up from my play knowing he was there but not seeing him. Yet I could follow his progress through the yard and out across the pasture toward the setting sun.

Recalling my impression of the rider's outlines and posture I feel sure he was an Indian. The horse always moved at a medium-paced trot, neither fast nor slow. The rider sat slumped forward, his head drooping. I think he had a blanket around his shoulders, for his torso was not outlined.

Since we left the Dakotas to live on the West Coast I have often thought of my happy childhood on the prairies of my birthplace. It thrills me to think that we were first on the land after the Indians.

But I have wondered what psychic accident allowed me to see into the spirit world. I'm sure it was an

accident for I felt no connection with the figure on the horse. He did not have any purpose in showing himself to me, I'm sure.

It was just an accident.—*Tacoma, Wash.*

THE INVISIBLE TWIN

By Edna Gregory

TWELVE YEARS ago, on November 15, 1948, my youngest sister, Sara Petty, gave birth to twin babies, a girl and a boy. The little girl, named Priscilla, only lived nine days and never did come home from the hospital. The little boy, Philip, wasn't expected to live either for sometime but he survived and is well and strong.

After Philip got big enough to walk and talk and eat at the table he was forever telling his mother to bathe sister whenever she gave him a bath, to set a place for sister at the table, to hold sister's hand when they walked down the street. He also would talk to his sister's unseen presence.

We all thought this was just a childhood fancy.

Then one bright sunny day in June, 1951, I was looking out the window and saw Philip coming up the walk toward the house with a little girl just his size. The little girl was dressed in a pink dress. She came all the way up the walk with Philip and entered the house. Then she vanished. This was in broad daylight, at 11:00 o'clock in the morning. Thereafter, I believed Philip when he spoke as if his twin sister were at his side.

My sister had a similarly con-



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vincing experience. A little girl voice woke her during the night calling, "Mother! Mother!" in her ear. Sara somehow felt it was a warning and she went up to Phil's room, got him up and took him into her own bed. Within a few minutes he became very ill, had a severe hemorrhage and would have bled to death except that my sister was right there with immediate care and help. Priscilla had managed to take care of the brother who constantly tried to take care of her.

My nephew and I were both born with veils over our faces.—*Athens, Ga.*

ANNOUNCED REBIRTH

By Leah Rae Goodwin

ABOUT SIX months after the passing of my three-year-old, youngest son, Daniel, I tried to write *carrots* on a grocery list and wrote *love* instead.

"Look!" I yelped. "The pencil wrote by itself!"

My family soothed me and suggested I wasn't well.

Patricia, my 17-year-old daughter, offered to finish the list. The pencil jerked in her fingers and wrote *Love Dan.*

"Jeeps!" my son Jim exclaimed, "The joint's haunted." Jim is 15.

During the next few years many questions were asked and many answered. If Dan didn't know the answers he would ask or he would look in what he called, "the big book". I received enough information to fill a big book, earth style.

One night I felt restless and knew Dan wanted to say something important. I received the following message: "You will pass over in three of your days. I catch you."

I informed my family of my coming demise, cleared up all my affairs, made out my Will and happily sat down to wait. My husband was in stitches.

"The three days will be up tomorrow," he said. "You don't even look sick. Ask again."

I did and the pencil scrawled, "Not you, Mother. Message for Millie."

Millie was my husband's mother. She died quite suddenly the following morning, February 7, 1958, of a heart attack. She was only 61.

When the next message arrived there was less scoffing but a great deal of puzzlement.

"Dan grow body."

I had conceived no children during those years but now the messages stopped and in time I brought forth another son, September 16, 1959.

We call him David now but he looks and acts the same as Dan.

Incongruous as it seems, Dan and I were able to communicate over a supposedly impassable barrier. Now, the only way I can communicate with this one-year-old is through physical attack aimed directly at his very material rear.—*Carlsbad, Calif.*

VISIONARY GRANDMA

By Mildred Jokela

MY SISTER-IN-LAW, Joyce, who I met and visited for the first time during the summer of 1959, and I enjoyed talking about our beliefs in a life hereafter and in reincarnation. Joyce told me the following story in support of some of her convictions.

She never had met my mother who passed away on January 27,

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1950, as it was not until the following year that Joyce and my brother, Charles had met and married.

About a year after they were married they had a little girl whom they called Lana. One year later little Peggy came along. When Lana was only two years old she started to talk to an imaginary person whom she referred to as Grandma. My sister-in-law became quite curious. Most of the time Lana talked to her grandma in the bathroom, but occasionally in the hallway, too. When Joyce questioned the child she would say emphatically, "My Grandma." Joyce finally dismissed it as a child's fancy.

One day my brother, Charles, and his wife, Joyce, decided to haul out a stack of old pictures. One of the pictures was of Charles' and my mother in her wedding dress. In her hands she was holding a large bouquet of white lilies, and in the background was surrounded by large red flowers. My little niece, Lana, literally squealed with delight when she saw this photograph. "Oh, that's Grandma," she said.

This was the first time Charles and Joyce had ever shown the child this picture or any picture of her grandmother, who after all had been dead before she was born.

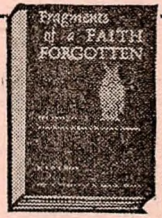
Joyce said that the hair on her arms literally stood on end. She realized then that my brother's fondest wish had come true, that his mother had lived to see his children. Mother must have appeared to Lana in her wedding dress because she knew it was the only picture they had of her.

After this the child no longer spoke to an imaginary, or visionary grandma.—*Detroit, Mich.*

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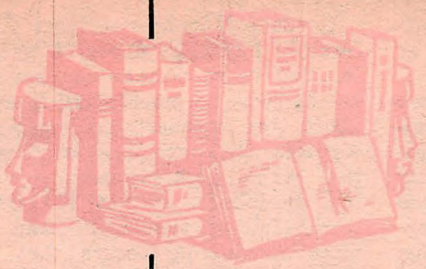
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NEW BOOKS

THE CHALLENGE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, A Primer of Parapsychology, by Gardner Murphy. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1961, 276 pages, $6.00.

Psychical research is a field in which unlimited possibilities for expansion of thought are interwoven with the folklore of the ages. Scientific investigation of mind-reading, hauntings, mediumistic communications, etc. is so new that it has yet to win respect among many of those who consider themselves to be objective observers of life. But it is also true that once a scientist does delve into the unknown with serious intent either to prove or disprove its phenomena, he almost always is captivated by it.

Such a one is Gardner Murphy, a distinguished psychologist who is the author of *Challenge of Psychical Research.* Dr. Murphy is Director of Research at the Menninger Foundation, a past president of the American Psychological Association, and the author of a number of wide-ranging books. For 45 years he has been flirting with psychical research, and still he makes no claim to know the answers.

Challenge of Psychical Research is subtitled "A Primer of Parapsychology," yet its appeal will certainly be to those more advanced in the subject than the first-grade level. Murphy's aim, he says, "is to offer exhibits of data; to suggest ways in which data may be interpreted; and to leave the reader to decide—or to decide not to decide—what to make of it all."

In his chapter on Spontaneous Cases Dr. Murphy deals with a number of cases famed for their evidential nature, including the unusual dream of Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, who dreamed of a woman's severed head hanging on by her teeth to his hand, and shortly thereafter learned of the suicide by decapitation of a woman named Mrs. Sarah A. Hand. Chapters on Experimental Telepathy and Experimental Clairvoyance go rather deeply into some of the more outstanding studies in the field, as does the chapter on Precognition.

Under the heading of Psychokinesis Dr. Murphy includes an experiment by Mrs. Laura A. Dale (his collaborator in writing *Challenge of Psychical Research,* who was for some years Research Associate for the American Society for

Psychical Research), and the Pratt-Forwald experiment conducted at Duke University.

The topic of Survival introduces the reader to various standard spontaneous cases which seem to indicate evidence of survival of bodily death, and also some of the more intricate and evidential cross-correspondences, including the famous "Ear of Dionysius." Regarding this he says: "Struggle though I may as a psychologist . . . to try to find a 'naturalistic' or 'normal' way of handling this material, I cannot do this even when using all the information we have about human chicanery and all we have about the far-flung telepathic and clairvoyant abilities of some gifted sensitives. The case looks like communication with the deceased."

Gardner Murphy concludes *Challenge of Psychical Research* by saying that "a good many readers will wonder why so much 'fuss' is made about the special challenges or wonders that are associated with that which goes beyond the existing disciplines. Is not the whole world full of wonders?" And yet when "something occurs that appears to *transcend* the ordinary known relations of the organism to time, space, matter, and energy" we have a "breakthrough into something which at present we must call unknown, tying it to the known as best we can, but ready always to emphasize the unknown and see whether *new principles*—utterly and genuinely new principles—may be necessary in order to give a rounded interpretation . . .

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"Psychical research may turn out to harmonize and integrate with other new perspectives," Murphy adds. "It is more likely that it will be a 'thorn in the flesh,' necessitating some basic rethinking in basic new research, and playing a large role in the functional shift to a new way of looking at life and mind."—*Susy Smith.*

A LIFE AFTER DEATH by S. Ralph Harlow. Doubleday & Company Garden City, N. Y., 1961. 264 pages, $3.95.

Once in a blue moon a man of prestige and stature states frankly and publicly that he believes immortality to have been proved through the evidence of paranormal phenomena. Such a man is S. Ralph Harlow, retired Professor of Religion and Biblical Literature at Smith College, and an ordained minister of the Congregational Church. His most recent book, *A Life After Death,* affirms his conviction that he actually has been a witness to phenomena which he believes to be conclusive evidence of survival.

Shortly after the death of Dr. Harlow's sister inexplicable occurrences began which prompted him to investigate further the field of psychical research. The more he delved into the subject the more convinced he became that his sister actually was communicating with him, and that many other psychic phenomena also are of definite significance as proof of immortality.

Dr. Harlow has not hesitated to speak out about his interest during his lifetime, and he has found that many people with whom he talked, including some of his pupils, fel-

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low teachers and clergymen, also have had experiences with the supernormal.

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CAGLIOSTRO, by W. R. H. Trowbridge, University Books, New York, 1961. 334 pages, $6:50.

In July, 1776, there appeared in London one of history's baffling personalities, soon to be called the arch-imposter of the age and king of quacks, Count Alessandro di Cagliostro. If a master charlatan, Cagliostro's debut was entirely out of character, for at once he fell victim to swindlers. Having made some amazing profits at gambling on numbers reluctantly read by Cagliostro from a "cabalistic ms.", a

phony "Lord" and "Lady" conspired to steal the ms, from him, and, failing this, brought him to court on a charge of "witchcraft!"

Similarly, Cagliostro attracted maximum notoriety when, in the Diamond Necklace Affair, he was cast into the Bastille, victim of the false accusations of the swindler, Madam Lamotte, who engineered the 1,200,000-livre fraud, and who was convicted by the same Parliament that acquitted him. Finally, at 47, he was imprisoned for life in the Papal dungeon at San Leo, convicted by the Inquisition of having officiated in a Masonic Lodge at Rome.

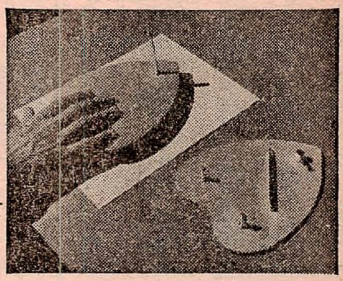
What then of the charge that "Cagliostro" was simply a pseudonym for Giuseppe Balsamo, Sicilian swindler? In this remarkable analysis (ignored by timid encyclopaedists for 50 years, and now, fortunately, reprinted), Trowbridge exposes the rotten seed of slander sown by Cagliostro's enemies and nurtured by stupid prejudice.

At *best*, the identification of Cagliostro with Balsamo rested on the testimony of: (a) "a rascally attorney who had been 'convicted of perjury and exposed in the pillory'"; and (b), of handwriting "experts" dominated by the King's Minister in France, who, after the Diamond Necklace Affair, conspired to offset the Queen's unpopularity by securing a new scapegoat.

Cagliostro, after being driven from France by Louis XVI, despite his acquittal, and having escaped kidnapping by the Minister's agents, fell victim to the Minister's propagandist, a professional blackmailer-journalist, Morande, "one of the greatest blackguards of the age."

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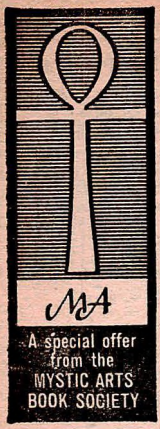
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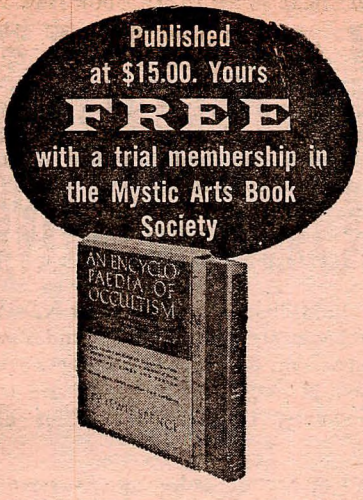
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But it was the "mistrust that mystery and magic always inspire that made Cagliostro . . . easy prey for calumny." After leaving England in 1777, in company with his wife, he had traveled about Europe, distributing alms, working "miracles", and healing the sick (generally treated to a few drops of mysterious liquid from a vial). He refused to take pay or to give explanations to envious doctors, who consequently joined the tormentors hounding him from country to country. Everywhere he went, Cagliostro was greeted by Freemasons (whose bankers, Trowbridge conjectures, provided Cagliostro's lavish funds), to whom he "invariably furnished some proof of his possession of 'supernatural' faculties" —faculties which he even professed to "transmit" by the rituals of his special "Rite of Egyptian Masonry."

Indeed, the strongest evidence against Count Cagliostro would seem to be merely that he professed to demonstrate what amounted to gold- and diamond-making, talismanic protection, prophecy (including prediction of death and accidents), clairvoyance, "apports", the "direct voice", and evocation of "the shades of the dead"—all of which were used to further his "supreme ambition." This was to restore Freemasonry to "its 'original Egyptian' character" by reviving primeval revelations which "prophets, apostles and fathers of the Church" had subverted, and so bring about the "regeneration of mankind" and "'evoke' the Revolution, which the noblest minds in Europe had dreamed of for a hundred years."—*Walter A. Carrithers, Jr.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

VAMPIRES VOUCHED FOR

Many modern-day persons think vampires are a joke, but I happen to know a lady who with her brother and his family had immigrated to Canada some years ago and who vouches that vampires are real. She states that her grandfather had told her about them and his experiences with them when he was a young man in Germany over 90 years ago. He maintained that all this was true and passed it down to his grandchildren at their home near the German Black Forest.

A vampire, he said, is a dead body which continues to live. At night it sucks the blood of the living, whereby it is nourished and preserved. The common belief was that those bitten by a vampire died within a week or so and they in turn became vampires.

According to a story related by the grandfather as true, in 1850 a young woman by the name of Pedro Kisk who lived near the Black Forest was engaged in her sixteenth year to a young man in the military service. When her young lover, Kunard Schoss, returned after finishing his military duties, preparations were made for the wedding. But Pedro noticed that there was something strange about her lover. His eyes seemed haunted and he fell into unaccustomed brooding silences.

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At last Pedro demanded that Kunard tell her what was causing his depression. He said he had a feeling he would not live long. He was reluctant to explain, but she pleaded with him and finally he said, "What I fear is something worse than death. It happened while I was stationed at Cossova. The village was one where it was rumored that sometimes the so-called dead visited the living."

She stared at him in horror. "You mean vampires?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "And one night I was visited. The monster sucked the blood from my neck. I followed the vampire to his grave and drove a cross through his heart. Then I burned the body to ashes, but although I destroyed him, I have the feeling I will die and become a vampire myself. So stay away from me."

For a week he kept himself locked up and refused to see the anguished girl. True to his premonition, he missed his footing while climbing stairs, fell and died of a skull fracture.

A month after he had been buried several villagers reported having seen Kunard stalking through the village in the middle of the night as if in search of something. Two who had tremblingly declared that he had sunk his teeth in their necks died within a week.

The magistrate called in the militia to quiet the frightened village and after a conference ordered Kunard's body publicly disinterred. On an August day Kunard's coffin was opened and the villagers hardly were surprised to find that he looked like one more alive than dead. His face was fresh and firm

and there was blood on his lips.

"Kunard is a vampire!" the villagers shouted. "We must drive a cross through his heart and burn him to ashes."

The bodies of the two villagers were treated in the same way, and it is said that the village never again witnessed any manifestation of vampirism.—*Irene Bird, Reginia, Sask., Can.*

ROSICRUCIANISM UNOBSCURED

During the many years I have read your magazine, I always have been surprised by the enlightenment, information and truth of its articles. I never have taken issue with any article to date, but I now wish to state that I must correct some misconceptions in the article in the April issue, "A History of Rosicrucianism," by A. G. Mackey, C. T. McClenachan and R. de Leon.

On page 80 the article states, "Indeed, the historical descent of the Rosicrucian Society is hopelessly obscure." And, "Equally obscure is the historical background of the Rosicrucians in the United States."

I do not know how these learned authors glossed over the history of Rosicrucianism without having copies of *The Book of Rosicruciae*, in three volumes, published by the Beverly Hall Corp., of Quakertown, Pa.

These books contain names and dates from "Jean de Meund, born in 1260 and a favorite at the court of Philip the Fair. De Meund completed the *Roman de la Rose*, begun by Guillame de Lorris, another alchemist."

Other illustrious names are those of Raymond Lully, Arnold de Villanove, Nicholas Flamel, John Tri-

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themius, Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, Theophrastus (better known as Paracelsus), considered the "Father of the Fraternitas Rosae Crucis," who died on September 1541.

Then we have others, such as Count M. De Saint Germain, Cagliostro, Marquis de La Fayette, Eliphas Levi Zahed, Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Ethan Allen Hitchcock, John Brown, George Lippard, Abraham Lincoln, Pascal Beverly Randolph, Alexander Wilder, to mention but a few of the many Masters and Initiates of the past, belonging to the true fraternity, and its formational background.

There is nothing "obscure" about these facts.—*Michael J. Campione, Riverton, N. J.*

NOT NOAH'S ARK

I do not believe that the "Noah's Ark" reported seen on Mt. Ararat in recent years was Noah's Ark. Noah is said to have taken into his Ark, besides his numerous family and relatives, every bird, beast and crawling thing, some by pairs and some by sevens. In addition, he is said to have taken aboard food suitable for each kind of living thing, besides food for his family—enough to last *all* for *one entire year.*

The description of the allegedly discovered Ark indicates it was not large enough to hold all the above life and substance. The food alone would have required a vast amount of storage space. How could so many animals, some of huge size, have found room? Even if crowded together, could they have remained in one spot for an entire year with no chance to exercise? And would

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not the "population" have increased in the course of the year?

All sorts of questions arise when one considers the situation that would have existed aboard the Ark. How would the food have been kept from spoiling before the year was up? How were the valuable animal pairs protected from the carnivorous animals, as well as from the poisonous animals and insects? Where did the flesh-eaters obtain the flesh they needed for food?

No, the real Noah's Ark would have had to be of gigantic size—much larger than the largest modern ship. The Ark claimed to have been discovered on Mt. Ararat cannot possibly be the real thing. It may be an ancient ship preserved for thousands of years by being entombed in ice—but it definitely is not *the* Ark.

My belief is similar to that of Emanuel Swedenborg, who wrote that the Great Flood merely was symbolical, signifying the sweeping from the earth of the evil that gradually grew on it after the time of Adam and Eve and the dawning of a new era of spiritual good, beginning with Noah. This came about slowly, so that hundreds of years and many generations were required finally to establish the New Dispensation.—*Hazel E. Monte, Renton, Wash.*

"IT WORKS"

The Pasquini divining rod advertised on page 115 of the April issue is no fake; it works. But a beginner needs some kind of instruction as an incentive, or at least he needs some associates.

I started using the instrument a little less than a year ago, and

now it sure is "snowballing."

Your illustration shows the "Pasquini No. 4," which is the two-cavity rod invented by Professor Elio Pasquini of the University of Rome, Italy, if I am not mistaken. You don't necessarily fill both cavities. The one furthest away from the steel spring serves as amplifier. It takes a sample or vial one-fourth of an inch in diameter by two inches in length. The other cavity takes any mineral sample no larger than a navy bean.

If you are a serious experimenter you will collect mineral specimens. Books on minerals are easy to obtain in any book store. Then you need a good map, or a set of maps, of different scales. Use the one of the smallest scale first, and so on up. Scan it with your rod. If uncertain of your progress, re-read the accompanying instructions.

This field is as old as history and has a future without end. It is a field which is not overcrowded and in which there is no depression for an experienced operator. The Good Books says, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." All you have to do is to go out and find it—and the quickest and easiest way to find it is by means of radiesthesia, or divining, or plain dowsing, if you please.

Please refer to me any readers who may be in doubt about the efficacy of your Pasquini divining rod. It will be my pleasure to hear from radiesthesists through your good offices.—*Alfred Newcomb, Mira Loma, Calif.*

DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES?

The comments by Rex Eidson and

STRANGER THAN SCIENCE

By FRANK EDWARDS,

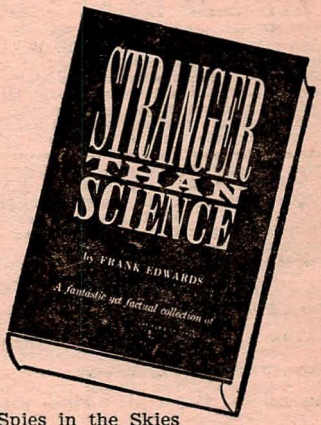
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Kelly Anderson on the Oregon Vortex in the April issue of FATE are interesting and obviously sincere.

Human nature being what it is, no one likes to admit that he has been deceived by appearances in any project, recreational or other, for which he has paid the price of admission.

However, once the "mystery" has been explained, continued failure to accept the facts indicates either stubbornness or stupidity, sometimes both.

My interest in this phenomenon dates from the late 1940's, culminating in the establishment of "Mystery Hill" in 1954.

I can guarantee to duplicate every trick employed at all similar places anywhere (there must be more than a dozen by now), just as anyone can who knows how. All that is needed is terrain where the slopes—preferably w o o d e d—lend themselves favorably to the basic requirements. Many can be produced indoors, as at the Perception Demonstration C e n t e r at Princeton University and at The Franklin Institute in Philadelphia.

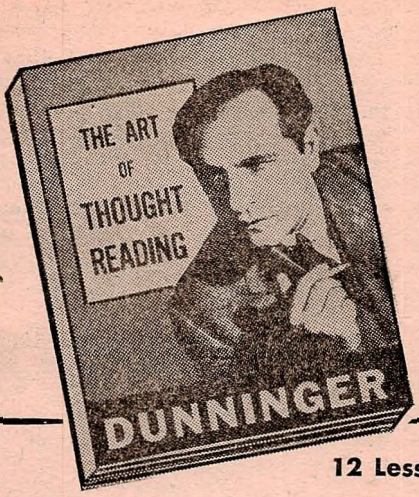
Please be assured that no such thing as a natural vortex of force has yet been discovered anywhere on the earth's surface, whether gravitational, magnetic or "terralinear," to quote John Litster, originator of the Oregon Vortex.—*Kenneth F. Hill, Saint Davids, Pa.*

"ASLEEP FOR A YEAR"

Wake up, "Rip!" You've been asleep for a year. See page 11 of the April issue of FATE.

The Nepalese rulers were here *last* April, not next April as you say.

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And you mention a forecast by the court astrologers of Nepal regarding "a colossal earthquake for this year" (1961).

What the Nepalese astrologers say is that we are "going down," that the continents of the new world are to sink beneath the ocean on or about February 5, 1962. If not the continents, then at least the Pacific shores. This is due to the fact that the continent in the Pacific, Mu, is rising, thus forcing the shores of the Pacific to submerge.

At that time, February 5, 1962, there will be a stellium of six planets in the sign Aquarius and this includes the eclipsed new moon plus the South Node. It is enough to make anyone shudder.

This is the only serious "blunder" or mixing of facts I've ever seen you make. Even so, FATE always is *must* reading for us who think.—*Mary Elsnau, Prescott, Ariz.*

ANGELIC TONGUE TWISTERS

I wish to congratulate FATE for publishing Gustav Gumpert's story, "Did I Speak With Angels?", inasmuch as it presents highly controversial matters to the religious world, and by so doing speaks the truth where it is needed most.

Needless to say, the difficulties of transplanting and interpreting a superior and unknown tongue are enormous—one with which our language hardly is fit to cope, because of inherent limitations. I can't imagine that it was a simple matter either for a "superior" messenger, or a group of them, to use English. Therefore, I assumed words that could not be translated into English were given in Angelic, and that all

the answers contained a mixture of both tongues. Unfortunately, Mr. Gumpert did not specify which portions of the answers were in Angelic and, of course, this information would be of inestimable value to the student.

An urgently important illustration of this will be found in the answer to the first question, "Is there life after death?"

First, we have a reference to "time," and our oneness with it. Regardless of our current equipment which enables us to divide time in segments (presumably for the purpose of engraving details in slow motion upon memory), actually, time has no beginning or end—but it does have a middle, and that middle is "now," or the "now time sense." It is from this mid-perception point that our "superior educator" relates his remarks.

Next, he remembers our time sense as a "series of rooms" which we walk through. I think the choice of the word "rooms" is particularly good, and likely was given in English, as aside from having a solid, three dimensional ring to it, we've been taught (or we've noticed it in our dreams) that the word "rooms" is synonymous with consciousness, states of mind, and even moods.

The last sentence, however, may baffle many persons, as a discrepancy, or inconsistency, does occur here. Since the over-all tenor is so uncommonly sound, one suspects language difficulties. It is where he assures our continuance, because we "are a great circle that begins nowhere and ends nowhere." Bear in mind that he consistently views all opposites from the mid-point as one and inseparable. Consider: "The

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physical and spiritual are of one substance." Then he goes on to show that this applies to all of life, and all necessarily must include both plus and minus energy scales, this time frame, or any other—each phase carrying its own three dimensional equivalent.

By the same token, neither can you separate great-small, nowhere-everywhere, or the circle from the straight line—*ad infinitum*. In a truly superior tongue, I think we'll find that two opposing ideas always are expressed as one word, because they are thought of as one.

I am sure Mr. Gumpert's "messenger" meant this, but for the sake of clarification, I should appreciate Mr. Gumpert's asking him to qualify this portion of his statement; and to forestall any sense of embarrassment by the request, I'm equally sure that even an archangel would be delighted to answer it, for to a "superior educator" an alert student is a joy forever.—*Karla Dorn, Shirley, L.I., N.Y.*

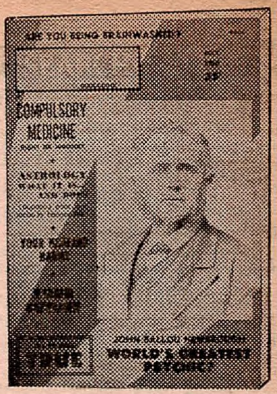
HUMMING IN BELLMORE, N.Y.

This is in reply to the letter regarding the "Big Hum" in the March, 1961, issue. It may help to explain such incidents for other FATE readers.

The writer of the letter is correct as to the sound of the "Big Hum." For several years I have heard this humming which is in the air and can be heard outside at times, but is more noticeable indoors. As if penetrating down from the sky, it does have the sound of a motor, or even may be likened to the buzzing of bees, or the noise of escaping gas or air. In daytime or at night, the hum can linger for

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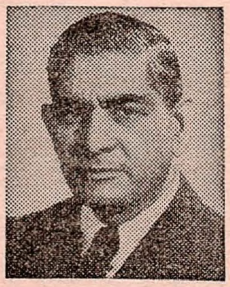
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hours, at a very low pitch, as if in the distance. At times it becomes very clear as if nearby in the neighborhood. It also seems to reach a high pitch as if directly overhead, outside, yet making a room or porch feel as if thousands of bees were gathered together, producing a sensation of vibration in the air. It stops and starts abruptly.

At times when the hum is quite clear I have been aware of a hot prickly feeling down my spine or between my shoulder blades. It may last only for several minutes, but I have felt as if a heat ray were focused on me. At other times the feel of this downward heat will cause me to have an itching sensation. If I scratch a red swollen mark instantly will appear on the part of the skin irritated. Yet in half an hour the itch and the red scratch marks disappear. Ordinarily a scratch mark will be noticeable for a few days.

Also, at times of the humming, an odor of gas or of fetid green plants is very strong. This odor can make one feel faint and sick until it suddenly goes. In summer I thought that the green trees and shrubs might be a cause of the odor, but it is present in winter also.

I live on the south side of Long Island where waterways lead out into the ocean. I am about a mile or two from it, but I doubt that my location has any connection with the "Big Hum."—*Mrs. C. W. Floyd, Bellmore, L.I., N. Y.*

HEALING DREAM

About three years ago my mother acquired a bad X-ray burn on her face caused by the removal of

(*Continued on Page* 129)

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a skin cancer. She was under a doctor's care, used various salves and ointments, but nothing helped.

About six weeks ago I dreamed I was with her in her home. We were standing in front of the dresser mirror in her bedroom, and I said, "Why, Mother, your face is all healed and you no longer need be embarrassed by it." (She was quite sensitive about her face and refused to go anywhere.) I could see the healthy, new pink skin, completely healed without a scar.

I immediately wrote her of my dream. Our letters crossed in the mail—she had had the identical dream the same night and immediately had written me. Her face began to heal at once and now shows a marked improvement.—*Icie M. Marlow, Willows, Calif.*

ANSWER TO ICE FALLS?

FATE and the newspapers have reported falls of ice from the sky of late. Perhaps FATE already has printed the answer in the story "Did Jones Chart An Unknown World?" in the April, 1957, issue.

There may be a ring of liquid gases—nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen—circling the earth. Of late the U.S.A. and Russia have been putting satellites into orbit. A satellite plowing through said ring may knock loose a gob of liquid gas which falls to the earth. When it reaches the atmosphere the oxygen and hydrogen form ice, the oxygen and nitrogen form air. The air honeycombs the ice so it weighs only half as much as solid ice. Pure luck that one of those ice chunks hasn't landed on somebody's head!—*H. M. Cranmer, Hammersley Fork, Pa.*

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136



PARAMAHANSA YOGANANDA

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(2) A yogi is one who practices Yoga: scientific techniques to attain divine realization.

(3) There are several kinds of Yoga:

- Hatha Yoga—Postures for physical health.
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