October 1963 FATE TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN Vol. 16—No. 10 Issue 163

FATE

October 1963

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TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

PDC

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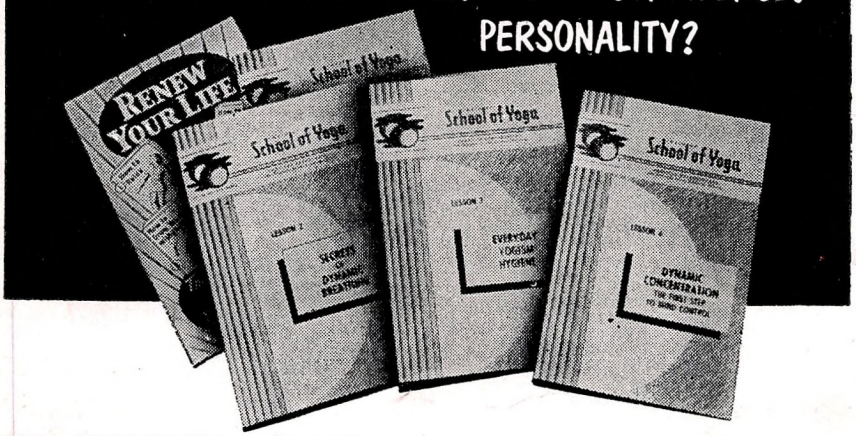
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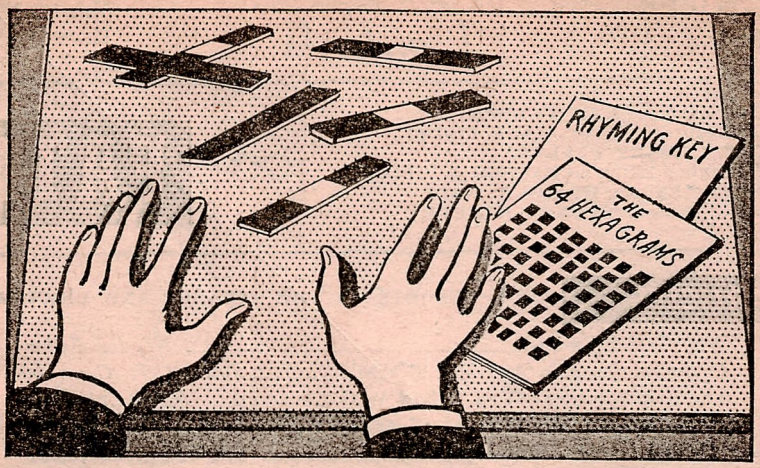
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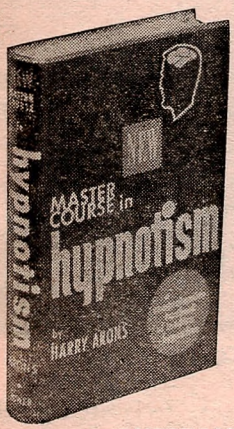
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QUOTE OF THE MONTH

More persons, on the whole, are humbugged by believing nothing than by believing too much.

P. T. Barnum

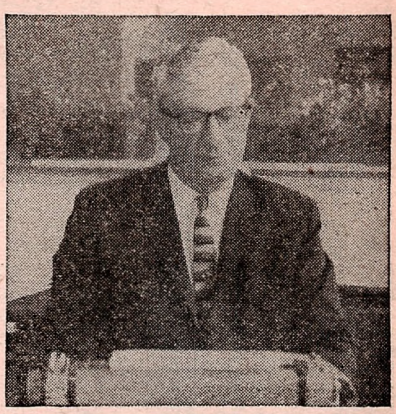
THOSE BEASTIES

AT THIS TIME of year we are deluged with various "monster" sightings and usually we write of them with a kind of sympathetic disbelief. The difficulty with "monsters" and strange animals being seen where no strange animals should be is that the witnesses so seldom come up with evidence.

As we learn more, however, the areas of our potential belief widen. Very often people are seeing *something*. Others, of course, are working their imaginations overtime.

There is no imagination, however, connected with the four-foot, 50 pound shark-like creature that was caught in the St. Clair River at Detroit on Sunday, June 16. It has been identified as a monkfish, a member of the family that includes sharks, skates and rays. To have arrived at Detroit under its own power this fish would have had to swim 1000 miles in fresh water.

Dr. Willis Mathews, chairman of the Wayne State University's biology department, feels it unlikely that the fish could travel to Detroit—even by means of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Monkfish never have been known to survive in fresh water.



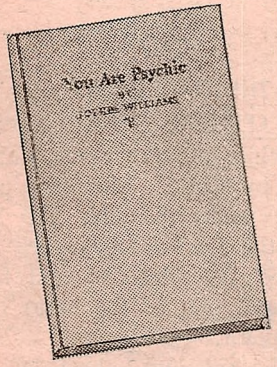
By Curtis Fuller

He suggests that it is "possible" the fish got to the St. Clair River "by some means other than swimming."

What other means? The same means by which frogs and fish fall in rain storms?

It is significant that even though the monkfish isn't known to survive in fresh water, this one seemed to be enjoying it. It was caught by Harold Kiss on a No. 14 hook baited with a sucker. He said it

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"tugged me all over the river." Some performance for a fish that can't live in fresh water!

∞

THE FIN "THING"

ARE OTHER SEA creatures moving into the Great Lakes, assisted by the St. Lawrence Seaway? It seems possible. The history of the sea lamprey which has decimated the whitefish and lake trout population of the lakes is a case in point.

In Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair, late in the spring, between 300 and 400 telephone calls were received by the Marina News about a "finned" creature swimming in the lakes. Observers describe a sort of "ribbed sail" cutting through the water, leaving a slight wake. It appeared to be sticking up into the air a foot or so.

Photographs have been taken but so far no one has had a look at the creature attached to the bottom of the "sail." Indeed, reports have been so numerous there may be more than one of the "sails" swimming about. Maybe there is a whole school of monkfish there!

* * *

OTHER ODD things dredged up from Lake Erie recently are a series of jelly-like creatures or colonies shaped much like a giant doughnut and about the size of a widened life buoy. They are dark

brown with scattered grey markings and a web-like growth in the middle hole. About two dozen have been found where apparently none were known before. Canadian authorities think they may be related to the sponge family but as far as we know they have not been precisely identified.

∞

THE CAT "THING"

A MORE CONVENTIONAL type monster has turned up near Fort Wayne, Ind., where, during the middle of June, Sheriff Custer Dunifon mustered about 40 volunteers to search the southeastern section of Allen County for lion-like animals reported by a number of residents.

Dunifon said that the descriptions boiled down to "two animals with long tails and catlike heads." Some dogs were molested by the animals but no livestock had been killed and there were no reports of escaped show animals in the area.

This is the kind of report that is repeated year after year all over the country. Monsters resembling cats are the most frequent. Very often footprints (rarely precisely identified but seldom those of dogs) are reported. And yet practically never is there any physical evidence that can be seen or photographed by responsible persons.

Does Your Memory Fail You?

A NOTED publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

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So what goes on? Do we conclude that everyone is hallucinated but me and thee? Are hoaxers in operation? Are such creatures making occasional break-throughs from and reentries into some other dimension? Are there cougars which roam the whole U.S.?

We don't know but we grow less and less inclined to dismiss all these reports out-of-hand.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

BIRDS AS WE know are guided by the stars in their nighttime migrations. It seems unbelievable but true that they seem to be born with inherited star maps and perhaps even computers to guide them across the lonely miles.

And now German biologists are telling us that toads have a similar ability to navigate by the stars.

They took toads from their ponds during mating season and placed them in distant ponds. Apparently the transplanted toads did not wish to reproduce and create new generations in the strange waters. Invariably they left the new ponds on the second or third night to migrate to their home waters.

What wouldn't an astronaut give for this ability?



HOW MYTHS ARE BORN

ON MONDAY night, May 13, a Burlington Railway train was running at 70 m.p.h. through the south end of the Burlington yards in St. Paul, Minn. Suddenly the figure of a man loomed in the darkness directly in the path of the locomotive. The train hit him head on.

Brakes squealed, the train pulled to a halt. But when trainmen retraced their steps they found—nothing. There seemed to be a depression in the gravel where a body might have landed. The front of the locomotive had a mark in the dust where a man-shaped object had been struck. But there was no dent, no victim, no blood.

So might have started a legend for which no answer could be found. Except that the "man" later turned out to be a dummy placed on the tracks by pranksters who then had spirited the "victim" away.



TWISTER?

LOUIS A. JOHNSON lives at 6223 Pineway, Houston, Tex., and served four years in the Marine Corps during World War II. On Friday, April 19, something happened to him that was more exciting than anything he had seen in two invasions.

Johnson was driving his Mercury automobile south on U.S. Route 75 between Madisonville and Centerville on a return trip from Fort Worth. He was travelling at 55

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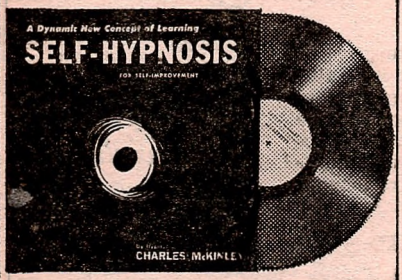
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m.p.h. Suddenly other motorists on the highway saw Johnson's automobile lifted into the air, turned complete about, and set back down on the highway—now he was traveling 55 m.p.h. in the opposite direction.

"I can't even describe the sensation," Johnson said. "When I realized what had happened, and that I'd come down partly on the shoulder of the road, I put the car into lower gear and eased to a stop. I didn't think the car was damaged but when I got to Houston, I found the oil pump wasn't working too well."

Eye witnesses felt that a tornado must have swooped down capriciously and picked up Johnson's car. But no one saw any tornado. Johnson didn't see a tornado either but he explained that "the trees are so high on both sides of the road you couldn't see one."

Now this is an amazing story. First of all, there is absolutely no evidence that there was a tornado. A tornado is suggested as the cause because it is the only apparent explanation that satisfies our concept of reality.

But consider the difficulties. No one saw a tornado. And mighty few tornados are able to lift a two-ton automobile into the air. Furthermore, consider that almost instantaneously an automobile going 55 m.p.h. in one direction is going

55 m.p.h. in the opposite direction. The shift in speed totals 110 m.p.h. without damage to car or occupant. This seems all but impossible, for the fact that the automobile was turned in the air would not affect its direction of travel. It should have continued travelling 55 m.p.h. south, the forces of inertia unaffected by the half-twist.

Two other observations also suggest it was not a tornado. The fact that the automobile was turned only half-way is evidence against because a tornado with enough force to lift a two-ton automobile should have been spinning rapidly. Furthermore, how could a tornado with that force move through trees that Johnson believes screened it from view, without also lifting a few trees?

The difficulty here, of course, is that if it wasn't a tornado, what was it? FATE exists to ask this kind of question. We only wish we could give the answers as easily.

∞

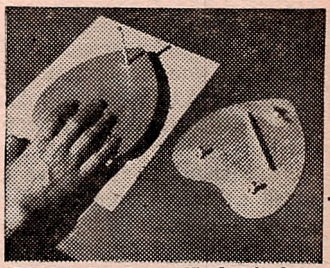
GHOSTS AND SUCH

JARMAN THE ghost is a harmless spook who has been quietly haunting a Tudor manor-house at Little Gaddesden, England. Jarman committed suicide for love of the heiress of Ashridge, say the citizens of Little Gaddesden. His apparition has been seen entering and leaving the manor house and

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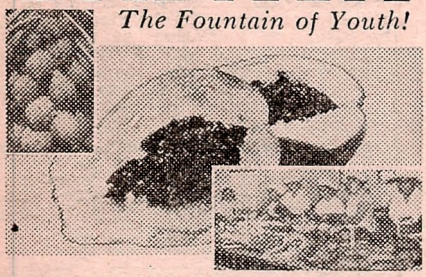
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EMENEL COMPANY Loma Linda, Calif.

he has the odd habit of watering his ghost horse at the village pond.

Recently the villagers did Jarman a good turn. The manor house where he "or it" reputedly lives has been the pride of Little Gaddesden. When a builder applied for a permit to construct a modern home next door the local citizens felt it would be inappropriate beside the beautiful old structure.

The villagers fought the new development but instead of relying on the usual arguments of architectural integrity, historical value and the like, they claimed the residence would disturb Jarman. Sir Keith Joseph, Britain's Minister of Housing, sided with Jarman.

* * *

A SPOOK OF another sort is reputedly haunting the 50-year-old frame house of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Matthews of Keswick, Ont., Canada, and their four children.

Late in May, according to Mrs. Matthews, the "entity" first made its presence known. A brown skull and crossbones appeared on the kitchen floor. Later a brown stain resembling a woman wearing an old-fashioned hoop skirt appeared on a wooden kitchen chair.

Cupboard doors have been opening, dishes in the cupboards have been rattling, knocks have been heard at the front door (with no one to account for them). But now

the skull and crossbones, after getting steadily brighter, have disappeared, and Mrs. Matthews hopes this is an omen.

"We've had bad luck since we moved into this house 13 years ago," Mrs. Matthews says. "But lately our luck is changing and perhaps all of these unusual happenings are an evil spirit preparing to leave the house."

∞

SALUTE DR. MARGARET MURRAY

THE BELIEF IN witchcraft, hauntings, spells and evil spirits, as the above story suggests is old and widespread. FATE herewith salutes a woman who has done much to bring a rational approach to the study of witches.

She is Dr. Margaret Alice Murray, who celebrated her 100th birthday on July 13. Dr. Murray is a world-famed archeologist. She was born in Calcutta, studied at University College, London, and became junior lecturer in Egyptology there in 1899, retiring as assistant professor in 1935. Dr. Murray's first excavations were in Egypt in 1902, and since then she has excavated in Hertfordshire, Malta, Minorca, Petra and southern Palestine.

Among her many books is *The God of the Witches,* in which Dr. Murray presents evidence that witchcraft is not a thing of the Christian devil but represents sur-

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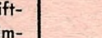
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viving remnants of the religion of the ancient pre-Christian peoples of western Europe.



WITCHCRAFT TODAY

THE DIFFICULTY of submerging such ancient beliefs is dramatized by events which occur regularly in our "modern age."

In Ciudad Victoria, Mexico, in the month of June, federal police uncovered a cult which apparently has been responsible for at least six human sacrifices—perhaps as many as 12. Two of the cult's members were burned at the stake, others were beaten unconscious and their living hearts ripped from their bodies. This seems like a weird mixture of ancient Indian sacrifice and ancient European witch lore.

The last public witch-burning in Europe seems to have occurred in Switzerland 170 years ago, but witchcraft still plays an important part in the lives of many people. This seems especially to be true in Germany where Johann Kruse, in a recent article in the Hessian Criminal *Police Gazette*, charges that almost every town in Germany still has its witch and almost every village its "devil's servant." Up to 70 lawsuits involving witchcraft are before German courts every year —but the defendants are only a fraction of an estimated 10,000

witch doctors still believed to be operating in Germany.

Kruse has singled out particularly for attack a book called the *Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses* which gives detailed instructions for banishing witches, and which Dr. Herbert Schaefer of the German Federal Police headquarters staff says has played a role in promoting "superstition."

Experts say the Moses book is a forgery.

∞

END GATE?

IT IS THE thesis of a recent book called *Dawn of Magic,* which has had remarkable success in France, that superhuman beings —mutants from human stock— are probably living among us ordinary humans today and that the world may never be the same again as a result of their influence.

One may well hope so, but this theory of Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, the authors of *Dawn of Magic,* cannot be true if the counter-theory of a Harvard University biologist is valid.

Dr. Ernst Mayr says it is unlikely that the human race ever will evolve into a race of supermen because all evidence suggests that the human brain has stopped growing. Man is nearing the end of the evolutionary process that lifted him from the apes.

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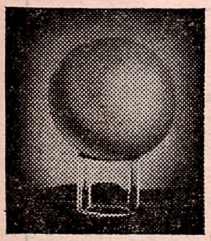
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Mayr reports that the most important trend during two million years of man's evolution from the man-like apes was the rapid increase in the size of his brain—an increase of three to four times.

"But this increase in brain size stopped about 100,000 years ago and there is no evidence that the brain has improved in any way since then," Dr. Mayr says. "Better brains suddenly became less important in evolution."

Maybe so, say Pauwels and Bergier, but they offer evidence that mutants probably exist among us who must, in self-protection, deliberately choose to hide their real identity. They point out that considerable areas of the brain are little used if at all—except possibly by geniuses—which is what makes them geniuses.

It certainly seems true that while the size of man's brain lifts him above the apes, there is absolutely no correlation among humans between brain size and intelligence.

Furthermore, 100,000 years may be but a few minutes in terms of development of a new species.

∞

FROZEN IMMORTALS

NOT LONG AGO a science fiction magazine seriously proposed construction of huge locker plants for the quick freezing of the

newly-dead. Their bodies would be kept protected under ideal conditions, to be thawed at some future date when medical science has advanced to the point where the cause of death can be repaired and the bodies brought back to life.

Outrageous though this idea may seem at first consideration, it is also the subject of a book privately published in 1962 by R. C. W. Ettinger, a science fellow of the National Science Foundation and professor of physics at Wayne State University, Detroit.

And now at least one promoter is trying to implement the idea, although admittedly vast research still needs to be done on freezing and rejuvenating of higher animals. The man trying to do something about the idea is Ilow C. Limb, president of Pathways, Inc., a San Diego investment firm. He has formed Bio-Med Sciences Association to encourage research by doctors, biochemists and biologists throughout the United States in this field.

"At the time of clinical death, the cells of the human body are still alive," Limb says. Quick freezing would preserve them until medical science would be able to cure and rejuvenate the dead body.

"Of course I have arranged to have my body quick frozen. I would like to have a look around

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the world in about 200 years," Limb declared. "Ultimate death will not be prevented but man will enjoy greatly heightened perception, about three times his now normal life span."

∞

VIVA COSMOLOGY!

HOW CAN A SIMPLE experiment solve the riddle of the earth's creation? In the United States, it would demand an appropriation from Congress and a billion dollar research laboratory.

But let us consider an experiment being conducted at the Institute of Geochemistry of the Academy of Science of the USSR designed to reproduce the processes of the geological evolution of our planet. The experiment required 120 hours, 20 grams of ground up meteorite and a fairly simple setup.

Academician A. Vinogradov asked: "How did the planetary matter segregate into several shells? (The latest geophysical methods of sounding our globe indicate it consists of a core surrounded by a "mantle" and a "crust.")

Vinogradov answered his own question in a recent issue of *Soviet Union*. "Most scientists believe that the earth was formed through the condensation of cold meteoric dust, which later underwent substantial transformations due, mainly, to the heat generated by radio-

active elements. This heat soon caused deep-lying rock partially to melt. The more fusible and volatile substances floated to the surface, refractory components gravitated downwards. Thus were formed the different terrestrial strata, including the crust, hydrosphere and atmosphere."

But how to test this hypothesis? Vinogradov's experiment actually attempted to duplicate the process in miniature.

He took 20 grams of powder ground from the stony Saratov meteorite, compressed the powder, and placed it in a quartz tube where it was heated by means of a high frequency coil moving slowly along the tube. This is the method of zone melting, widely used to purify substances.

As the smelting proceeded a segregation of the meteoric matter took place. Vinogradov reported: "Aluminum, silicon, potassium, sodium, uranium and many other elements moved to one end, where a crystalline mass was formed, resembling in composition the basalts of the earth's crust. The refractory residue produced an olivine rock rich in magnesium and iron, resembling the layers below the crust. The volatile substances, water, nitrogen and argon, which evolved in the melting formed two other spheres: the hydrosphere and the atmosphere."

by GINA CERMINARA

author of *Many Mansions* and *The World Within*

MANY LIVES, MANY LOVES

With lucidity, humor and eminent common sense, Dr. Cerminara explores the latest developments in the field of reincarnation and parapsychology. She reports on contemporary living psychics, among them one gifted in reading the minds of animals; surveys reincarnation as a theme in literature; presents data from the field of LSD research; and deals with the methodology of general semantics as an important corrective for some of the confusions of our time. "In some respects even better than the extraordinary *Many Mansions*."—Morey Bernstein, author of *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. At all bookstores, $4.95.

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Vinogradov warns that he does not want to draw hasty conclusions from his experiment but he believes that it prepares the ground for a "verification of some of the more widespread cosmological theories."

Equally important is the stunning simplicity of the experiment, conducted without massed teams of scientists or vast sums of money. Perhaps the days of lone scientists making great discoveries with simple tools and good brains are not gone after all.

∞

DUST OR SLAG?

WHAT ACADEMICIAN Vinogradov has done, of course, despite his modesty, is to reproduce in microcosm the creation of the world. If his experiment is valid, it may not be necessary to drill through the earth's mantle to find out what it and the interior are like.

Many other problems are crying for equally brilliant and simple experiments.

What is the moon like, for example? If the earth was made from an accumulation of meteors then isn't it likely the moon was too? Except that the moon is known to be light weight compared with the earth. In May, two U.S. scientists speculated that the moon was covered with a blanket of dust up to three feet thick. Not so, says Soviet Scientist V. V. Sharnov; radio astronomical observations have confirmed the presence of slag and so it must be slag that covers the moon. Can an experiment find out?

∞

GRAVITY MACHINES

WHEN IT COMES to free-wheeling speculation it is hard to beat Dr. Freeman J. Dyson, British-born theoretical physicist at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, N.J.

Other civilizations, if they exist, must have reached levels of development beyond our imagination, Dr. Dyson believes. He reasons that in terms of our solar system's life expectancy, our own technology is but a few seconds old.

Four years ago, Dr. Dyson suggested that an advanced civilization would have the means to redistribute the material of which its planets were made to form a shell that completely enclosed its parent sun. Population pressures would require such an effort, he said.

Recently he suggested that such civilizations might be using gravity machines instead of sunlight as their chief sources of power. Imagining a civilization orbiting around pairs of dim stars known as white dwarfs, which have tremendous gravitational energy, he said that a space vehicle could be orbited around one of these stars in the



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proper path to make use of its gravitational energy. It then could be slung off into interstellar space with a possible acceleration of 10,000 g's bearing extremely delicate payloads such as human passengers. Our own astronauts have had to prepare for only eight-g accelerations.

"It may be imagined that a highly developed technological species might use white-dwarf binaries scattered around the galaxy as relay stations for heavy long-distance freight transportation," he wrote recently.

White dwarf stars could circle each other at the unimaginable rate of once every 100 seconds.

∞

MARTIAN MYSTERIES

CARL Z. SAGAN of the Harvard University Observatory at Cambridge recently reported that if an astronomer on Mars had the most advanced equipment known to our scientists today he would be unable to prove the existence of life on earth.

Meanwhile, speculation on Mars and the possibility of life there grows apace. Early in June Caltech scientists announced the first conclusive detection of water vapor on Mars. There isn't much; they estimate perhaps only half a cubic mile on the entire planet. Meanwhile other Martian mysteries were

outlined at last June's Space Symposium in Denver. Among them:

● Mars is wrapped in a mysterious blue haze. For 20 years this was attributed to microscopic ice crystals. Ultraviolet observations have eliminated that possibility. What is the blue haze?

● The dark areas of Mars reflect two absorption bands in the infrared light spectrum typical of hydrocarbons, which hints at the presence of plants. But all attempts to detect absorptions typical of chlorophyll, the green stuff of Earth-type plants, have failed.

● The spring awakening of Martian "vegetation" migrates southward from the pole instead of in the opposite direction, as happens on Earth. What could account for that?

● The "dark" areas of Mars darken in the summer, which leads some scientists to believe they are covered with "vegetation." Yet they warm up at noon and cool off at night just as fast as the nearby reddish areas and a half hour after midday are about eight degrees hotter than the red areas, thought to be deserts. Such changes are inconsistent with leafy plants.

— Curtis Fuller



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By Jess Stearn

JEANE DIXON — the Capital Seer — Washington's wealthy, amateur soothsayer who accurately predicted the date of Franklin Roosevelt's death at his own request in a closed-door session at the White House, apparently has predicted the death or assassination of President Kennedy.

Perhaps unfortunately for the President, Mrs. Dixon has a record of dread accuracy in predicting disasters for world leaders. She foresaw the deaths of Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy and of United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold, both in the midst of life, and they died as she anticipated. And, of course, she gave President Franklin Roosevelt a never-before-revealed reading at his request.

The Kennedy prophecy is an inference based on a 1956 prediction of Mrs. Dixon's first published by *Parade* magazine. The reporter had asked Mrs. Dixon to forecast the results of the 1960 Presidential elections, and this was the answer: "As for the 1960 election . . . it will be dominated by labor and won by a Democrat. *But he will be assassinated or die in office,* though not necessarily in his first term." The italics are mine.

Long before I personally interviewed Jeane Dixon, I had heard

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jess Stern was for many years a special-feature writer for the New York *Daily News.* He has been an associate editor of *Newsweek* Magazine, winning the Page One Award in journalism. He helped unmask the "mad bomber" in 1957, disclosed the recent "payola" scandal, and his series of articles on juvenile delinquency won the Silurian Award.

Condensed from THE DOOR TO THE FUTURE, by Jess Stearn, Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N.Y., 1963.

of her wonders. Living in Washington, where she operated a profitable real estate business, she became known as the Capital Seer. Over the years she had read for many of the biggest figures in the passing Washington parade—Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, Estes Kefauver and Everett Dirksen.

She had correctly predicted every presidential election in the last 20 years, and confided to friends before the 1960 race that although Nixon would get the votes, he would not become President. In 1948, when Capital status seekers were scratching the Trumans off their guest lists, hers was the lone voice predicting a Truman victory — and her forecast was carried in the Washington newspapers before the event.

Hardly knowing the people involved, she has predicted murders, suicides, and divorces, and she has forseen disastrous fires, accidents, and drownings. On demand, she has forecast the finish of horse races, and once she visualized the number of a raffle ticket that would win a car—and blithely rummaged through a stack of raffle books until she found the right one, for her husband.

Without special knowledge, interest, or background, she has predicted all manner of world events, ranging from the war in Korea, an anticipated stalemate, to a revolution in Brazil and the partition of India. Her fame is so far reaching that foreign ambassadors have sought appointments with her for their rulers, more eager to see her than visit the White House.

Like no other psychic she has functioned in a goldfish bowl. On television once, she told a mocking former U. S. ambassador to Russia that Premier Malenkov, who had just succeeded Stalin, would himself be replaced in two years, and she described his successor. At the time, she also predicted that Russia would win the race into outer space before there was any talk about outer space, and added a prediction—which never made the newspapers—that the Soviets would eventually dictate the peace.

Mrs. Dixon uses a crystal ball for her predictions, but can see things just as well by glancing at people, or by communing silently alone. She never goes into trance, though she often prays for the guidance she needs.

Her visions come whether she is perfectly relaxed, or under tension. There seems to be no format. She was sitting under a dryer in a Hollywood beauty parlor when a lovely actress in the next chair casually mentioned that she was preparing to fly across the continent. Although the blonde beauty was a stranger, Jeane reached out a re-

straining hand and pleaded, "Don't make that trip."

A few days later the plane crashed in the mountains, taking the life of Carole Lombard, Mrs. Clark Gable.

Jeane's parents were German immigrants of a practical turn of mind. The father, Frank Pinckert, had made a fortune in Wisconsin lumber, and had retired early, moving to Santa Rosa, Calif. There had been no psychics on either side of the family. Jeane's older brother, Erny Pinckert, had been an All-American football star at the University of Southern California and later played professionally with the Washington Redskins. She had four other brothers, and they were all normal. But from childhood Jeane was something special.

Marveling at the child's gift, the family took her to a celebrated gypsy fortune-teller who lived in a covered wagon outside Santa Rosa. The gypsy read the others, and then peering into Jeane's eyes, picked up the crystal ball and gave it to her. "Someday," she said, "you will tell others."

Though very much in the limelight, Jeane has managed to avoid the cult of personality. "The Bible," she observes, "says that all events are foreshadowed. I'm only the means of communication, and I must keep that communication line clear."

Strengthening this spiritual link, she goes to Mass daily; ministers the education of deserving youngsters, Negro and white alike; grinds up carrot juice for sick old ladies, and personally supervises a dozen pet charities. Even if she needed it, which she obviously doesn't, she would not take money for her readings. "The difference between extrasensory perception and spiritual prophecy," she said, "is materialism; and the more material you are the less clearly you see."

Just as she has no patience with psychics who misuse their gift, she has no use for psychic researchers who try to entice her into their laboratories. "I have no interest in card tricks or gadgets that measure brain waves," she said, "or scientists who would make a science of something they know nothing about."

When I met Jeane Dixon for the first time I saw how readily her communication channel works. She rose, gave me a piercing look, and said as she took my hand:

"Many people have wanted to tell my story, but you are the one I have been waiting for."

I felt a slight chill up my spine —but didn't pursue the matter at the time.

There was little, superficially, to distinguish her from many other successful businesswomen. Her movements were quick and bird-

like; she seemed unable to sit still —grabbing telephones, reaching for a pen, snapping out directions. "An overactive thyroid," I speculated. She was dark and slim, with shadows under eyes that held mine evenly without blinking. But she seemed youthful, her age indeterminate.

I had never seen hands like hers. They were seamed with heavy lines, crossing and crisscrossing. Noticing my interest, she remarked casually, "A German occultist said people with hands like mine are born only once in 200 years."

Because of the rapport which we established, Mrs. Dixon ultimately decided to reveal through me the true story of sitting for Franklin Roosevelt. "I have decided to tell you about the session with the President," she said. "My friends, including a former White House secretary, advised against it, but I made my own decision."

"What influenced you?" I asked.

She regarded me with her penetrating blue eyes. "Whatever power I have," she said, "was given me to be used for others, and can be taken from me if it is misused."

Her face took on a glow. She smiled, and impulsively reached over and took my hand. "When I first saw you I sensed that you would bring better understanding of this power—God's power—to an unbelieving world. And so I must do what I can to help you."

I listened silently, not wanting to do or say anything to break the mood.

Although it had been many years since she had sat down with the President, their meeting was as fresh and vivid as the day it took place.

"It was good of you to come," Franklin Roosevelt had said, as he pointed to a chair next to his. She sat quietly, waiting for him to speak, noticing how careworn he seemed. "For several days, since receiving that first phone call," she recalled, "I had kept my mind clear, so that all my communication lines would be open."

The President's desk was bare except for a miniature flag and the figure of an American eagle. He had cleared his desk, and his visitor had his complete attention. As they chatted, he seemed intrigued by the lines in her hands. "They are very old hands," he said.

"Yes, they've always been old hands," she agreed.

His mood suddenly changed and he turned to the war raging around the world. "Wars," he observed, "can never bring lasting peace."

She knew that he had not called her in to discuss the war, but she nodded understandingly and said:

"Mr. President, if you can make the Russians understand we are their friends, it will save much

trouble for us all later on."

"I've had a feeling about Russia for some time now," he said. "Something I feel quite strongly." He glanced up with a smile. "Would you call that being psychic? This feeling tells me that the Russians will never want to bomb us, and it tells me that our great trouble one day will be with another ally—of both ours and Russia."

"Do you mean China?" she asked.

He nodded, and suddenly the voice that had appeared so resonant, seemed to tire and fade. He sat a moment staring, and then sighed almost imperceptibly, speaking softly as though thinking to himself: "It is important to finish the things we start in this life." He looked into space, pausing a moment before he continued. "But as a rule," he said finally, "man doesn't live long enough to complete the work so important to him."

As she sat wordlessly, intently alert, the President toyed with one of the ornaments on his desk, lifted himself a little in his chair, and cocked a quizzical eye at his guest. "Tell me," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "how much time do I have to get my work done?"

It was almost as though she had been waiting for the question. Concentrating deeply, Jeane Dixon reached over and took the President's hand. "I felt an unselfish vibration as big as the world," she recalled of the man whose politics she had never approved. "His spirit was strong, though his body faltered."

As she held his hand, she felt his eyes on her, waiting for her answer. And as that answer came, she weighed the words carefully. "If I were in your place," she said slowly, "I would try to get everything done as quickly as possible."

He smiled. "Can you be a little more definite?"

Her voice came back crisp and impersonal. "Not later," she said, "than the middle of the coming year."

He seemed lost in thought awhile. "I understand," he said at last. "I had been hoping for more time."

Jeane returned her hand to her lap. "Are there any other questions, sir?" she asked.

He smiled again, patting her hand. "You have told me all I need to know."

She got up and bowed.

"Thank you for coming," he said, "and God bless you."

The interview was over. It had lasted just 20 minutes.

At the study door, she took her last look at the President. He was deep in thought, unaware even that

she was still in the room. "I felt a great wave of pity" she said, "for the lonely man behind the big desk, for he knew as well as I, the truth of what he had just been told."

Jeane Dixon's prediction of Dag Hammarskjold's death became an unfortunate truth during the very time that I was interviewing her. For weeks she had urged friends not to get up in the same plane with the United Nations Secretary-General.

The day that the newspapers were filled with the news of the Hammarskjold crash I interviewed the vice-president of American Security Trust Company, a man who was said to know witnesses who could attest to the fact that Mrs. Dixon had made this prophecy.

Mr. Nicholson had all the reserve of the banker bracing himself for a loan. "Can I help you?" he asked carefully.

I asked if he knew Mrs. Dixon and he nodded noncommittally.

"I understand she told friends of yours that the Hammarskjold plane was about to crash."

He shook his head, and I started up to leave.

"No," he said, "she told *me*."

I sat down again. "How did she say it?"

"She told me not to go up in a plane with Hammarskjold for the next couple of weeks."

"How long ago was that?"

"A couple of weeks ago."

"Did she give you any reason?"

"She said it wouldn't be healthy, and"—he drawled softly—"I guess she was right."

Just as clearly, years before Jeane has foreseen the death of Justice Frank Murphy of the U.S. Supreme Court. Murphy was already vacationing in his native Michigan, waiting to be secretly married within a week to a Forest Hills, N.Y., socialite, when Jeane, with the inscrutability of a Nostradamus, took the hand of Justice Murphy's secretary at a Washington dinner party and said sympathetically:

"I see you with a new job soon, in a new house, and I see the death of an older man very close to you."

The Justice's secretary, Miss Eleanor Baumgardner, replied that she, "...wouldn't think of giving up my apartment. And I've been with Justice Murphy for 17 years, in Michigan, the Philippines, and Washington, and wouldn't dream of leaving him. And everybody in my family is well, thank you."

Fleetingly, the thought had crossed Miss Baumgardner's mind that Mrs. Dixon might have meant Murphy, but the 55-year-old jurist had never seemed in better spirits. "I had the Justice's wedding ring in my purse," she recalled, "and was flying out to Detroit that week

with his fiancee for the wedding."

And then the wire came. The Capital's most eligible bachelor had suffered a heart attack. "We flew out as planned," Miss Baumgardner said, "but for an entirely different occasion."

After the Justice's untimely death, Eleanor Baumgardner changed her job, joining the Supreme Court secretarial pool; then, quite unexpectedly, she became foster mother to a sick friend's children, and took a house in Georgetown to give the children a home. Thus fulfilling in its entirety Jeane Dixon's prophecy.

Another of Mrs. Dixon's highly publicized prophecies had yet to be completely fulfilled although it has already come true in an astonishing degree. This prophecy was given on a national television program in answer to a question posed by former U.S. ambassador to Russia, Joseph Davies.

With an easy smile, the New Deal's leading authority on Stalin's Russia began discussing the recent rise to power of Stalin's successor, the round-faced, puffy-eyed Malenkov. "How long," he asked with a patronizing grin, "will Malenkov be Prime Minister?"

Jeane peered intently into her crystal ball, and said with an easy conviction that matched the ambassador's: "He will be the premier for less than two years, and then he will be removed."

The ambassador's smile broadened. "No Russian chief of state is ever replaced," he said with emphasis. "He either dies, like Stalin, or is shot." His eyebrows went up. "You know, I happen to know something about this subject. I wrote a book about it."

Jeane stood her ground. "I'm sure you're better informed than I, Mr. Ambassador, but I still see Malenkov being replaced." She looked Davies in the eye. "And his replacement will be a portly military man with wavy hair, green eyes, and a goatee."

Davies snorted. "I've been in Russia for years," he said, "and I never saw a Russian who looked like that."

"I'm in no position to contradict you," Jeane retorted, "but that is what I see." She took another look into her crystal ball, and her face suddenly grew grim; her eyes burned with a new intensity, and the words now came streaming out. She was oblivious not only of Davies, but of the curious knot of people who had grouped around her.

Like a prophetess of old, her voice soared: "I see a silver ball spinning into space, coming out of the East, which leads me to believe that Russia will be the first to put a satellite into orbit. And I see the ball changing into a dove, then

sinking its claws into the scalp of a completely bald man, but not drawing blood. And then, it looks to the East, meaning that someday Russia will determine the peace."

There was an awkward silence as she finally stopped. She had been much too serious for anybody to laugh; her figure, as she tautly held out an arm, far too impressive. And she herself, as she glanced around, was sobered by the realization of what she had predicted. She had gotten more than she had counted on, but she knew she was right. "The newspapers mentioned the space prediction," she said later, "but nobody referred to the Russians dictating the peace."

We have yet to realize peace. But the rest of Jeane's prophecy is now history. Twenty-three months after her televised crystal-gazing, Premier Malenkov was replaced by Marshal Bulganin, a portly green-eyed military man with a goatee, and in 1957 the Russians put the first sputnik into orbit.

But the science that puts men and machines right out of our world and into space cannot even begin to explain our Jeane Dixon — the Capital Seer.



THE ESKIMO'S HEALING SONG

AN EXPERIENCE with Eskimo spirit healing is related by explorer Farley Mowat in a recently published book, *People of the Deer* (Colletts, London). The book is the result of Mowat's researches among the Ihalmiut Eskimos of the Barrenlands of Northern Canada.

According to Mowat, the daily lives of the Ihalmiut are rooted in mystical beliefs. He relates that during a wilderness trip with an Eskimo friend named Ootek, he developed severe stomach cramps and feared appendicitis. He was given cups of hot tea by Ootek, but these did little to relieve his pain.

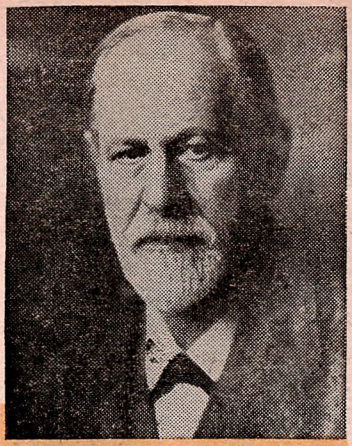
At last Ootek suggested that he be allowed to help Mowat by singing his spirit song, or *Irinjelo*. These "songs," handed down from parent to child, are used by the Ihalmiut to treat the ill.

Mowat states he agreed, although he had no faith in the healing power of a mere song. Filling a tin cup with water and holding it in front of him, Ootek began to walk around the tent, singing monotonously in a minor key. Occasionally Ootek spoke to the cup, commanding the evil to leave the white man.

After some 10 minutes Ootek instructed Mowat to drink the water in the cup. Suddenly, Mowat reports, he realized that his pains had gone.

Twice, while arguing with his rival, Carl Jung, the great Sigmund Freud suddenly, strangely fainted. Was he the victim of a psychic attack?

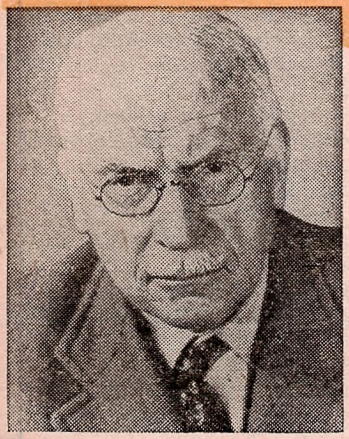
By Nandor Fodor



Sigmund Freud achieved world-wide recognition as the founder of psychoanalysis.

WHY FREUD FAINTED

Carl G. Jung, who Freud hoped would be his successor, established a rival school.



ONE OF THE curious puzzles in the history of psychoanalysis is why Sigmund Freud, its great founder, fainted twice in the presence of Carl Gustav Jung, who established a rival school.

I offer here an unusual theory: Freud did not faint but was made unconscious by Jung's psychic attacks.

Over the years only Freud's ver-

sion of how he happened to faint has been available. It was known, for instance, that the faints took place during heated discussions between Freud and the man whom he once expected to be his successor.

But now Jung's own report of these incidents has been revealed in his forthcoming official biography, *Memories, Dreams and Reflections.*

As the evidence will establish, Jung previously had demonstrated to Freud certain astonishing abilities that suggest Jung was a physical medium.

Now that we have obtained the data for a retrospective analysis, let us unravel the psychic story behind the long-standing mystery of Freud's fainting spells.

Ernest Jones, Freud's biographer, records the two faintings out of their chronological order. In *The Life And Works Of Sigmund Freud* (Vol 1., p. 31) he writes first of the fainting in Munich on November 24, 1912. His eyewitness account is as follows:

"As we were finishing luncheon (in Munich's Park Hotel), he (Freud) began reproaching the two Swiss, Jung and Riklin, for writing articles expounding psychoanalysis in Swiss periodicals without mentioning his name. Jung replied that they had thought it unnecessary to do so, being so well known, but Freud sensed already the first sign of dissension that was to follow later. He persisted, and I remember thinking he was taking the matter rather personally. Suddenly, to our consternation, he fell on the floor in a dead faint. The sturdy Jung swiftly carried him to a couch in the lounge, where he soon revived. His first words, as he was coming to, were strange: 'How sweet it must be to die!' Another indication that the idea of death had some esoteric meaning for him."

Later, in a letter to Jones, Freud explained that 10 years before, in the same room of the Park Hotel, he had had a very painful experience. He had had his final quarrel with his best friend, Wilhelm Fliess, whose sick bed he came to visit. In other words, Freud attributed his fainting to a sudden invasion of his mind by bitter memories that he could not face.

The explanation is lame and it misses entirely the outstanding fact that it was in Jung's presence that he fainted: that this was the second time it happened, and that on both occasions there was acrimony, with mutual resentment, in the air.

The first fainting occurred in Bremen three years before the Munich black-out. About to embark on a lecture engagement in the United States, Freud, Ferenczi and Jung — the latter having had

an independent invitation—found themselves together. Freud was the luncheon host. Both he and Ferenczi argued with Jung.

The principal argument was an indelicate invasion of Jung's private life. Jung was a teetotaler and neither Freud nor Ferenczi felt there was any sense to the fanatic anti-alcoholic tradition of Burgholzli in which Jung was raised. They persuaded him to wine with them. As Jones reports this part of the story:

"Freud did his best to laugh him out of it. He succeeded in changing Jung's previous attitude to alcohol —incidentally with serious after-effects on the relations between Jung and Bleuler—but then fell to the ground in a faint. (Ibid, Vol II., p. 146.)

Jones completely fails to realize that this bibulous incident was no laughing matter for Jung. Nor did Freud and Ferenczi understand the breech of manners of which they were guilty.

Freud explained later that this faint was caused by the return to his memory of his death wishes against his younger brother, Julius. When Julius had died, his unconscious triumphed. Now he had another triumph. He won a victory over Jung.

As later in Munich, death wishes were under discussion at the moment. This time, Freud actually charged Jung with death wishes against him. Jung denied it and stated that Freud attached too much importance to death wishes. It was during the heat of this discussion that Freud collapsed.

Jung's version of these two fainting spells of Freud was not available until now. *Atlantic* Magazine, November, 1962, published an advance chapter from Jung's forthcoming posthumous book, *Memories, Dreams and Reflections*. In the chapter "Jung and Freud," as recorded by Aniela Jaffé, Jung ascribes Freud's fainting in Bremen in 1909 to a discussion of "peat-bog corpses." He confesses that he had confused these prehistoric corpses with mummies in the lead cellars of the city. Freud got annoyed and wanted to know why he was so interested in corpses, and then fainted. Afterwards, says Jung, Freud accused him of having death wishes against him.

"I was more than surprised by this interpretion; I was alarmed by the intensity of his fantasies, so strong that, obviously, they could cause him to faint."

Jung had reason to be alarmed but he was wrong in thinking the fainting was due to Freud's fantasies. He should have remembered his first visit to Freud a few months earlier. That time, it was he who had been irritated. Freud refused to take Jung's parapsychological

interests seriously. Jung says that he had difficulty in checking "the sharp retort" on the tip of his tongue, and suddenly had a curious sensation:

"It was as if my diaphragm were made of iron and were becoming red-hot, a glowing vault. And at that moment there was such a loud report in the bookcase, which stood right next to us, that we both started up in alarm, fearing the thing was going to topple over on us. I said to Freud: 'There, that is an example of a so-called catalytic exteriorization phenomenon!' "

Freud answered that he was talking nonsense. Jung retorted:

"To prove my point I now predict that in a moment there will be another such loud report."

No sooner had he said it than the same detonation occurred again in the bookcase.

Jung says he never found out what made him certain of that prediction. He just knew that the report would come again. Freud was flabbergasted. From that moment —Jung says—Freud mistrusted him. On the other hand, Jung had a strong feeling that he had done something against Freud. Because of it, he never discussed the incident with him afterwards.

This is a fascinating story. When Jung called the detonation a "catalytic exteriorization" phenomenon he admitted that it came from within himself and that it represented, in an indirect manner, aggression against Freud. He *had* done something against Freud. That is why he never mentioned the subject again. He felt guilty.

Jones did not understand this. He heard the story second hand. The day was March 25, 1909. He says that Jung regaled Freud with astonishing stories of his experiences and "also displayed his powers as poltergeist by making various articles in the room rattle on the furniture. Freud admitted having been very much impressed by this feat and tried to imitate it after Jung's departure. He then found, however, obvious physical reasons for any faint noises to be observed, and he remarked that his credulousness had vanished together with the magic of Jung's personality. He wrote at once to warn his friend (Ferenczi) to keep a cool head in the matter." (Ibid, Vol. III. p. 383.)

Jones' account is garbled. It shows his ignorance as to what a poltergeist phenomenon is. But if the incident was described with that word by Freud, it may have been instrumental in gaining his interest in 1938 for the manuscript of my book, *On the Trail Of The Poltergeist*. For the very appreciative letter he wrote to me I owe then, in a sense, a debt of gratitude to Jung as well.

It was not the first time that telekinetic phenomena occurred in the presence of Jung. His doctoral thesis in 1899 ("On the Psychology of So-Called Occult Phenomena") was written on his experiences with a spiritualist medium, his own cousin (which fact—it being a personal involvement—he kept a dead secret from his scientific confreres).

While writing the thesis — according to Aniela Jaffé in *Tomorrow,* Spring, 1961 — a heavy walnut table split with a crash in the home he was sharing with his widowed mother and his sister, and afterwards a bread knife, stored in a drawer, split into four pieces with a loud bang.

Jung's mother, grandfather and grandmother were mediumistic. They saw ghosts, communicated with spirits and had precognitive experiences. Jung inherited their psychic strain. He had sat with Rudi Schneider in two series of experimental sessions under Baron Schrenck-Notzing's direction and witnessed materialization and telekinetic phenomena.

He never published anything on these seances, but he admitted having seen a ghost in a haunted house in England (FATE, October 1961). His explanation of the specter as a projection of some mental content from his own mind is rather lame.

Every sign points to the assumption that Jung could be considered a physical medium, hence the question arises: did he attack Freud in Bremen in the same psychic manner in which he produced the detonations on Freud's bookcase a few months earlier in place of the "sharp retort" (report?) that was on his tongue and was so difficult to repress?

There is nothing unprecedented in that form of psychic aggression. It happened in my levitation experiments with Harry Brown in London that a prominent engineer of our research council twice fainted after Harry Brown went into trance. I know of other instances in which hostile sitters received invisible blows and were put out of commission when they planned to play tricks on the medium.

If we hypothesize that Jung acted as a psychic battery and delivered a knock-out blow to Freud because Freud forced him to drink wine, we have to look for a similar hostility as existing at the time of Freud's fainting in Munich in 1912. It is easy to find it in Jung's own story:

"Someone had turned the conversation to Amenhotep IV (Ikhnaton). The point was made that as a result of Ikhnaton's negative attitude to his father he had destroyed his father's cartouches on the stelae, and that at the back of his great creation of a monotheistic re-

ligion there lurked a father complex. This sort of thing irritated me."

Jung made a passionate defense of Amenhotep. As he finished, Freud collapsed in a faint.

"As I was carrying him he came half to, and I shall never forget the look he cast at me. In his weakness he looked at me as if I were his father. Whatever other courses may have contributed to his faint—the atmosphere was very tense—the fantasy of father murder was common to both cases."

It is odd that Jung should make a father image out of himself for Freud because, by his own confession, Freud frequently indicated at that time that he wanted Jung as his successor, hence a son. The explanation might be that Jung already rebelled against Freud's authority and preferred the role of the father to that of the son.

As to the death wish against Freud, with which he was charged according to Jones, Jung himself began to wonder after a dream of his that presaged the coming break with the founder of psychoanalysis. In the dream he saw an elderly man appear on the Swiss-Austrian border in the uniform of an Imperial Austrian customs officer. The dreamer was told that the old man was not really there, but that he was the ghost of a customs official who had died years ago. The words used were: "He is one of those who still could not die properly."

On awakening, Jung started associating. The border suggested to him the demarcation line between him and Freud, and the customs official (whose job is to make a rigid examination) he associated with the dream censor of Freud—whose concept he rejected. Freudian psychology already was dead to him, but the ghost of Freud still lingered. So Jung asked himself:

"Could that be the death wish that Freud had insinuated I felt towards him? ... I had no reason for wishing him dead. But it was possible ... that the dream recommended a rather more critical attitude toward Freud. I was distinctly shocked by it, although the final sentence of the dream seemed to me an allusion to Freud's potential immortality."

No one will take the latter statement for more than sugar-coating. Jung was on his way to create an independent analytical psychology and his final break with Freud was imminent.

It was well that the break did take place. Jung had proved himself a dangerous man. He had powers over which, when he was in passion, he had no conscious control. In a continued battle Freud's chances for survival would have been very slim. Freud, at least un-

consciously, was alive to his danger. In a letter to Jones, dated March 25, 1914, he wrote:

"You remember, perhaps, after the Munich Congress I could never utter the name of Jung but had to replace it by Jones."

This was not forgetfulness but a definite defense mechanism. He needed Jones' scepticism, now appearing as a healthy one, to protect himself against Jung's "black" magic.

If Freud's faints marked the death of a relationship with Jung, they also may mark with equal precision the death of Jung's own theory of synchronicity—the theory that promotes Jung's belief that the character of *psi* phenomena is acausal.

In view of his clearly revealed aggressive feelings, Jung should have examined these two faints as examples of the theory in action, i.e. as meaningful coincidences of an acausal character. Obviously he could not admit his causal connection with the events. But, inasmuch as he was aware of his ability to produce parapsychological phenomena, he should have faced the issue, particularly because it was apt to prove him wrong in his sweeping claims of acausality.

Parapsychological events are not necessarily acausal. In a paper entitled "Psi and the Problem of Disconnections in Science," delivered at the First International Conference of Parapsychological Studies at Utrecht, Dr. Jule Eisenbud concluded that *psi* phenomena may be considered as being "connectable in what we look upon as casually determined ways" and that Jung's failure to realize this comes from the curious neglect of the careful observations of other psychiatric psychologists who have reported on psi phenomena—to name but a few, Freud, Stekel, Hollos, Servadio, and Ehrenwald as well as myself.

Each of these, among others, has been able to show that it is possible to patternize (i.e. connect) *psi* events according to the same rules by which we connect other behavioral events in and among humans, this irrespective of what psi "really" is, what it comes from, what is "behind" it . . .

"Viewing *psi* correspondences against a backdrop of everyday, almost prosaic but nonetheless purposive strivings . . . leads to a concept of psi occurrences being as orderly and, in this sense, as lawfully connected with other events as any other occurrences in a universe to which we are wont, for better or worse, to impute a deterministic (casual) character."

This means that the causal element behind *psi* is a force the biological character of which we do not yet know but the existence of

which cannot be doubted.

In the two instances of Freud's fainting the discharge of this biological force was as affective as an electric shock, and potentially even deadlier. Jung may have sensed that, based on his own psychism, this simple objection to his theory of synchronicity would be voiced, and wisely avoided facing it just as Freud came to avoid facing even the use of Jung's name. All of this I conclude from Sigmund Freud's famous faints.

NEW THEORY ON TEKTITES

THE ORIGIN of tektites, oddly shaped glassy objects found strewn in various parts of the world, has been an intriguing and long-standing mystery. Until recently two hypotheses to explain tektites have gained the most adherents in scientific circles.

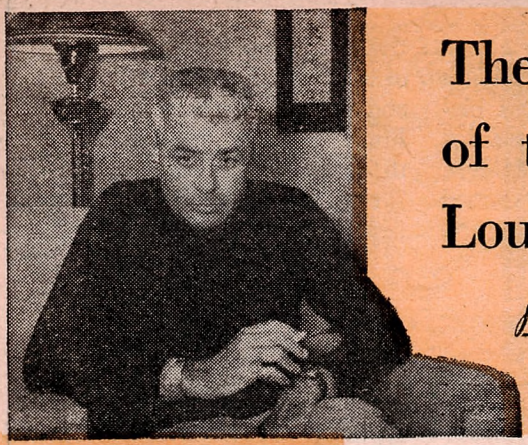
One of these hypotheses holds that tektites are fragments of material splashed into space by the impact of giant meteorites on the moon. According to the other hypothesis, tektites are fragments of terrestrial rock splashed high into the atmosphere by giant meteorites striking the earth.

These explanations now appear to be ruled out as the result of a new analysis by Ernst W. Adams and Robert M. Huffaker of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Although they accept the theory that tektites have been shaped aerodynamically while traveling through the atmosphere in molten form, Adams and Huffaker argue that if tektites originated as drops splashed from the moon, the fragments would not be confined to relatively limited "corridors" as they are now. The two researchers believe that a terrestrial origin for tektites also is ruled out, because it would require a violent event of "unlikely" magnitude.

Instead they offer the theory that "tektites were released as liquid droplets from the ablating surface of a hypothetical parent body in skipping flight through the Earth's atmosphere." The hypothetical body, they state, may have been a giant meteorite which entered the atmosphere at such an angle that it skipped several times before striking.

BURGLAR'S CHOICE

RETURNING home from work in the small hours of the morning, Sam Rose, a pianist, discovered that his Peoria, Ill., home had been burglarized. The front door had been kicked open, but only one thing had been stolen—the new burglar alarm system Rose had had installed.



The Home of the Loup-Garou

By Farley James

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Farley James is a professional writer and lives in Massachusetts. During World War II he was sent to Haiti to assist in vital rubber and sisal development. He has been a management consultant, public relations man and lecturer.

In the house next door, if I were to believe the Haitians, lived a loup-garou, or werewolf — and when it visited me, I had to believe!

ZOMBIES CAN BE rationalized. At least a semi-logical explanation can be offered on behalf of these so-called "living dead." But the *loup-garou,* the werewolf of Haiti, poses a problem. I can only detail my experiences; interpretation lies in hypothesis.

Haiti, in February, 1944, was not the tourist stop it is today. In Cap Hatien, tucked away in the rugged northeast corner of this Negro republic, the *citoyen* went stoically about their business. To them the war existed, certainly, but *pas ici,* not here. The Autobahn was the road to Berlin but in Cap Hatien the Au de Cap Road led to market.

I first learned of the werewolf when I rented a house in the Bel Air section of the Cape. Here, astride the road leading to the ruins of the huge castle built by Napoleon for his sister, houses were scarce. The narrow, dusty

road, bounded by the ocean on one side and a sheer cliff on the other, boasted few inhabitants.

From my veranda the restless sea glimmered through the vivid foliage of a flamboyant tree. To the left twined a lush tangle of jungle; at the rear of the house loomed the cliff. Twenty yards to my right crouched the house of the *loup-garou.*

It seemed rather a small house, only one story high. A breadfruit tree spread protecting branches over its slanting roof. The uncurtained windows peered, like sightless eyes, over a crumbling stone wall in the front of which was set a wrought iron gate.

The few Haitians who passed did so with quickened pace and lowered heads. And each soul made the sign of the cross as he came abreast the gate.

Knowing the Haitian penchant for employing this sign as a talisman against evil spirits, I determined to learn the reason for this.

My source of information, as always in such matters, was my chauffeur, Fetius Jean. Together we had tracked the elusive zombie and I had come to rely upon his courage and cool judgment. In response to this question however, Fetius started nervously and glancing in the direction of the house crossed himself. Then, bit by unwilling bit the legend of the *loup-garou* unfolded.

The house, explained Fetius, had been empty for several years. The owner was an officer in the Garde de Haiti and, consequently, a person of some social standing. To the peasants, however, he was known as a *loup-garou,* a wolf man.

Now, the *loup-garou* is comparatively rare in Haiti. It is nocturnal, venturing abroad only when the moon has reached it's zenith. Bathed in a phosphorescent green cloud it is capable of covering vast distances. Vampirical, it feeds on human blood, preferably the blood of children.

The apparition, Fetius continued, had been observed frequently in the house and about the grounds during the time of M — 's residence.

Fanned by fear, the flames of violence had begun their dance to the pulsing throb of the *Rada* drums as the peasants plotted the destruction of their nemesis. Aware of the temper of these fierce northerners, the hard core of many revolutions, Colonel —, the commanding officer, had prudently transferred M — to the garrison at Port au Prince. Thus, ostensibly, the menace was removed and indolence regained possession of the streets.

Until the return of the loup-garou!

A young Haitian couple with a year-old child leased the house and

promptly moved in. Strangers to Cap Hatien, they had made the long journey from Aux Cayes in the south. A *camion* unloaded their belongings and they spent the first day getting settled in their new home. That night, with the child asleep in his crib, they retired early, fatigued by their efforts.

Sometime during the night they were roused by the shrill screams of the child. Rushing to the crib they found it empty! The child was gone!

Frantic with fear they searched and found the baby on the floor, just outside the doorway, apparently dropped there by it's molester during a hasty flight. It was uninjured except for two shallow punctures in the throat which bled sparingly. As they laid the child back in it's crib they became aware of a rapidly receding greenish glow and smelled the faint but pungent odor of brimstone.

Now recognizing the nature of the marauder they huddled, terror stricken, through the balance of a seemingly endless night. At dawn the man went into the town and engaged a *camion*. By the time the sun streamed in the windows the house was, again, empty. So it had remained empty these past few years.

Often at night, said Fetius, the eerie green glow was seen floating past the windows and flickering through the yard, fleetingly visible behind the masking wall.

Fetius pleaded with me to abandon my new quarters. He feared the *loup-garou* would seek to harm me as a transgressor. In reply I suggested that he spend a few nights at the house with me and together we would stalk my ghostly neighbor. Shaking his head he backed away and, surprised by his obvious terror, I dismissed him for the day.

Davius, my houseboy, prepared dinner and after he had washed the dishes I sent him home; his relief was quite apparent.

Closing the large wooden door I dropped the heavy latch bar into place. After extinguishing the light I retired to my bedroom which was separated from the main room by a louvred door. Closing the door behind me I undressed rapidly, climbed through the mosquito netting and fell into bed. Sleep came willingly and immediately.

Sometime later I awoke abruptly and sat bolt upright in the bed; a sound had penetrated my sleeping senses. As I sat there, in groggy confusion, the sound came again.

Something was pushing against the front door!

I distinctly heard the rattle of the latch bar as the door yielded. Throwing aside the netting I leaped to the floor fumbling frantically for the loaded .45 on the night

table. My fingers closed on the comforting feel of the cold metal and, releasing the safety, I reached quietly for the handle of the connecting door.

Suddenly the light in the other room blazed into brilliance. Certain the intruder had gained the house I threw open the door and rushed into the room.

It was empty!

The naked bulb swung forward and back causing the shadows to writhe and twist in frenzied abandon. The latch bar was still in place, seemingly undisturbed. Removing it, I opened the massive door and stepped onto the veranda.

In the faint light of the crescent moon the branches of the flamboyant tree gestured warningly of the perils abroad in the night. But the darkness was still, no rustle of furtive movement intruded upon it's serenity.

Turning to re-enter the house I was startled to see a light hovering in the window of the empty building beyond the wall. My first impression was of a flashlight in the hands of someone moving about within the house. Then my hackles rose as I saw that the light was diffused rather than direct and was green in color. Simultaneously I became aware of an unpleasant bite in my nostrils. *It was, unmistakably, brimstone!*

Panic seized me and I rushed back into the house and hastily barred the door. Until dawn I sat in the harsh light of the stark bulb with the .45 cocked and ready in my hand.

When Davius arrived at 7:00 A.M. I refrained from mentioning the weird happenings of the night. Nor did I inform Fetius Jean when he arrived with the car. I met his inquiring glance with a smile and a sham aura of confidence. Truthfully, I was still very much shaken but I was determined to seek an early answer to the mystery.

That same afternoon, on my way home from the sisal fields, I stopped at the house of Dr. —, the Anglican missionary. The good man had gone to Bayeux for a few days but his daughter, and her two stalwart brothers were at home. I invited them to dine with me promising some excitement in lieu of dessert and they accepted with alacrity.

My incomparable Davius surpassed himself in their honor and we dined exceedingly well.

Following his departure I detailed the events of the previous night to Audrey, David and George. Familiar with the legend of the *loup-garou* their excitement mounted as I disclosed my plan. An unexpected visit by Raphael — and his sister, Estelle, added reinforcements and they enthusiastically joined our ranks.

We decided to extinguish the lights and sit quietly on the veranda to await the appearance of the *loup-garou*. Darkness fell, the trade winds blew caressingly from the sea and, as always, subsided suddenly. The moon began its ascent of the heavens. The only sound was the faint groan of the branches of the flamboyant tree. We conversed in subdued whispers, all eyes straining intently toward the house of the *loup-garou*.

David caught the first dim flicker and his sibilant hiss warned the others. Then we all saw the undulating green glow as it passed first one window then another of the presumably empty house.

It had been agreed that, together with the boys, I would investigate the house while the girls watched from the safety of the veranda. David and George were armed with stout canes, Raphael brandished a machete and I carried the bulky .45. Silently we moved off the veranda as the girls huddled together in mutual support.

In accordance with our pre-arranged plan, Raphael posted himself at the rear of the house, David and George scaled the walls at either side and I entered through the front gate. Certain that our prey would prove to be nothing more than a vagrant, I expected that, flushed from cover, he would break for the main entrance.

The gate squealed in rusty protest and abruptly the light appeared at a front window and as quickly vanished.

"Now," I shouted and leaped for the front steps. The door was unlocked and I plunged through just as the boys hurtled through the windows.

The room was empty! The light had disappeared!

All that remained of our quarry was a faint, sulphuric tang of brimstone. Meticulously we searched each of the three small rooms. Layers of dust, undisturbed by footprints, covered the floors. Rejoining us, Raphael swore that no one had left the house by the rear either before or during the assault.

Before leaving, each of us verified the odor in the house and identified it as brimstone. David and George stated that they too had observed the light before leaping down from the walls. Back on the veranda, the girls confirmed Raphael's report.

No one had left the house.

We settled down again to await a possible re-appearance of the spectre. *And we were not disappointed!*

Three times in the next two hours the light appeared and each appearance was followed by our stealthy attack.

We saw nothing, the dust remained undisturbed except for our

footprints. Each time, however, we noted the by now familiar scent of the *loup-garou.*

Finally, at midnight, we gave up the chase and, swearing each other to confidence, we said goodnight and parted.

Retiring, I slept soundly and if I was visited during the night I was not disturbed.

For the two months I remained neighbor to the *loup-garou* I saw the light on numerous occasions. Always I wondered; often I was afraid. I made no further attempts to investigate the phenomenon. I deemed it safer to accept the evidence of the poltergeist without substantiation. And my decision to move away was prompted by the repetitious events which occurred several nights each week. The rattle of the door latch, the unpredictable behavior of the light in the living room, loud thumpings on the roof and walls of my house all combined to fill me with nervous tension. Even more frightening was the constant odor of brimstone. I began to fear for my personal safety and well being. Certain that, rationalize as I might, the thing was after me, I allowed discretion to overcome valor and retired from the field.

On a rainy April morning, as Fetius waited nervously in the car, I took a last long look at my mysterious neighbor and departed.

As we drove past the gate of the house of the *loup-garou,* unconsciously I joined Fetius in a swift gesture.

I crossed myself.



Coming next issue:

Frederick J. Goshe sheds new light on

INDIAN MEDICINE MEN

A student of Western Indian lore reveals that the popular picture of the medicine man as an evil witch doctor, preying on the superstitions of his tribesmen, is erroneous. Indians had many kinds of medicine men, each a specialist. The medicine man specializing in healing, for instance, *was* a medical doctor!





COUNT ST. GERMAIN and the "I AM'S"

Ballard's "Ascended Master" is unmasked as a rogue, and the cult he inspired is revealed as a million-dollar enterprise.

By Jules B. St. Germain

MY ANCESTER — Count St. Germain — was a rogue, and I admit it. But over a million followers of the Mighty I AM religious movement once called this same rogue "Beloved," and believed that he guided the destiny of their movement.

I do not doubt that the ancient Count would have enjoyed leading I AM and its still-prosperous activities, for I AM has been depicted as a veritable rogue among religions by a series of law suits and criminal actions.

In truth, the destiny of I AM has been shaped more by the contemporary Ballard family than by any ancient adept. Three Ballards are important to this movement: Guy W., his wife Edna, and their son Donald.

Guy W. Ballard, also known as Dick Gilbert, Ray Richards, Godfre Ray King, King of the Ancient Sahara Kingdom and Beloved Daddy, was born in Kansas on July 24, 1878. His boyhood was spent in Iowa and he developed a lively interest in the occult. Moving to Chicago, he took up magic and fortune telling. However, these were not lucrative fields for Guy and he turned to the promotion of oil wells and gold mines.

Due to the fact, however, that the property which he sold was, at best, of speculative value, on March 25, 1929, the Cook County Grand Jury presented an indict-

ment against him for "obtaining money and goods by means of the confidence game." Ballard fled the state and took up residence in Los Angeles under an alias.

Edna Ballard, also known by the more exciting titles of Joan of Arc, Chanera, Little Dynamite and Lotus Ray King, had exhibited early musical tendencies which took her into vaudeville as a concert harpist. This was her field when she met Guy in 1916 and married him—he was six years older—shortly thereafter.

On May 12, 1918, the third figure of the trio was born. Donald Ballard, christened Edona Eros Ballard, was the Ballard's only child.

After Guy's flight, his wife took refuge as a bookseller in "The Philosopher's Nook." The store, which was operated by her sister-in-law, specialized in occult literature. In her spare time, Edna amassed a wide knowledge of occult and metaphysical literature. This so inspired her that in the early 1930's she ventured at publishing two magazines, *The American Occultist,* and *The Diamond.*

In addition, she began lecturing to a group of about 10 persons. This was the beginning of the "Mighty I Am" movement.

During her lectures, she told about the mystical messages she received from the great "Ascended Master," Count St. Germain.



Edna Ballard and her son, Donald, smile after trial for mail fraud in 1941 resulted in deadlocked jury. UPI Photo.

It was, perhaps, because of the fact that the author is a direct descendant of this notorious character that he became interested in the movement. Whereas metaphysicians and devotees of the occult revere the Count, the author's ancestors disowned him as a character somewhat akin to a horse thief.

Whether you like or dislike Count St. Germain, one cannot deny the fact that he was a most intriguing and daring scoundrel. He was highly esteemed by King Louis XV of France and was well known to most of the crowned heads of Europe. Among his friends was Catherine the Great of Russia.

His origin is clouded in mystery but he lived by his wits, unmitigated brass and a persuasiveness that puts him at the head of all con men of history.

Possibly, because the Count was considered to be the founder of Freemasonry, his fame has endured. He is and has been for many years the darling of occult groups. Edna Ballard's messages from him undoubtedly were inspired by correspondence from her husband in California relating how he had been visited by the immortal Count and had been transported by him not only physically but spiritually through former incarnations.

From the peak of Mt. Shasta where the alleged meeting took place, the Count took Guy back 70,000 years to learn that in his former existence he had been the undisputed King of the Sahara Kingdom. His travels took him to ancient Atlantis as well as Mu and the ancient civilizations of Egypt and South America. His travels were related in *Unveiled Mysteries* which was first published in 1934.

Using the nom de plume of Godfre Ray King, Ballard returned to Chicago and joined his wife in her lectures. Meeting with moderate success, they went to Philadelphia in the hope of enlarging their following.

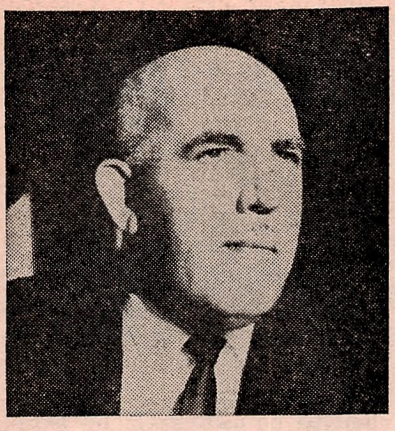
However, the success of the movement really started when Harry Sieber joined the Ballards. Sieber had been the right hand man of William Dudley Pelley, founder of the Silver Shirt Movement which was essentially political although borrowing from occultism. Pelley's movement was exposed by the Dies Committee of the United States Senate as an attempt to found an American Nazi Party.

When Pelley finally ran afoul of the law, and was prosecuted and convicted by the State of North Carolina, Sieber jumped into the Ballard camp, taking with him a goodly number of Pelley's followers.

Classes were held in Washington D.C., the South, and in various cities in the North. However, not until the lectures started in Los Angeles, did the movement become of major importance.

The appeal was directed to the "super-patriots," among others. Ballard almost hypnotically exhorted his audience to call upon the Ascended Masters and the "Legion of Light."

The degree to which the Ballard followers believed in these "patriotic" ideals is indicated by a meeting in October, 1939. The audience was told by Guy that Hitler had sent three submarines to destroy the locks of the Panama Canal. The Ascended Master "K-17" joined with the group, and after



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jules St. Germain is a practicing attorney who is well known to late night radio fans in the New York area as a frequent guest on the Long John Nebel programs. In the course of pursuing a wide range of interests, Mr. St. Germain has been a professional basketball player, the author of articles on UFO's in *Argosy* magazine, and has acted as legal counsel for the Association for Advancement of Ethical Hypnosis. He has also held judicial office.

three hours of concentrated effort in which "blue lightning" was thrown at the enemy's ships, Ballard announced from the platform that the submarines were destroyed.

Ballard's speeches indicated a budding egomania. At a meeting of his storm-trooper-like Minute Men he stated that he was the reincarnation of George Washington and that, "if necessary I will again mount my white horse and lead the army to victory." Again, broadcasting over the radio from Los Angeles, he stated, "Why, we have over one-million I AM students now. Before the year is out, we will have two-million. It takes only three-million to govern the United States by divine order and justice."

Another great attraction was the miracle of faith healing. Ballard claimed that he had healed more than 20,000 persons over a period of only four years.

Material gain also was held out as a lure to followers. Edna advised that riches could be "precipitated" by concentrated visualization of the sacred violet flame.

In 1937 students were told that a tidal wave would engulf the eastern part of the United States. As a result, they were informed it would be purposeless to go on with their life insurance, savings and real estate investments. They were urged to divest themselves of their material holdings in favor of the Mighty I AM movement. When the catastrophe did not arrive, they were told that it was their fate and their concentration that was responsible. The same prediction ended with the same results when a cataclysm was threatened on the Pacific Coast.

Over and over again the fact was emphasized that if one was to benefit materially or spiritually he or she would have to give. Not only were individual love gifts of thousands of dollars given to the Ballards, but also property, bank accounts, precious gems and the like.

In addition, new sources of income were created. Book after book was published purporting to relate the vital pronouncements of the Ascended Masters. All students were ordered not only to purchase one set of books but to have two or more extra copies for each member of the family. Inasmuch as there were seven volumes and they sold for $2.75 each in the 1930's, the operation was not small. It has been estimated that more than one-million copies were sold.

Not only books but charts, phonograph records of Mrs. Ballard's harp playing, pictures of St. Germain and Jesus, blessed candles and similar matters were and are available at prices up to $450.

How much was actually taken in, can never accurately be told. At the trial of the Ballards, the government proved the income was at least three million dollars. Considering the huge amount spent for advertising, particularly on the radio, this is probably a fractional figure.

How many actual members there were is also a question. Mrs. Ballard claimed there were three-million converts, not only in this country but all over the world. There were "reading rooms" in Scotland, France, Germany, Austria, the Far East, Africa and Australia.

The decline probably started in 1937 with the institution of divorce proceedings in California by Donald Ballard's wife. Students were shocked to learn that she charged him with extreme cruelty. They were further shocked to learn that he counter-claimed for divorce charging he had caught his wife in a compromising position with one of the leaders of the movement and upon his discovery, they had beaten him badly.

An interesting sidelight was that the wife claimed that Donald, although then only 19 years old, enjoyed an income of $2000 per month and owned over $100,000 worth of property.

However, the worst blow came on December 29, 1939.

Guy Ballard, who had proclaimed his immortality through association with St. Germain and who had claimed to have greater healing powers than Jesus, died after a lingering illness.

Ballard's death, although it did not completely destroy the organization, shook it to the very roots. Those who had prayed and given their belongings to obtain immortality, were bewildered. Neverthe-

less, within two months after his death, photographs of Guy, who now had been promoted to an Ascended Master, were being sold for as high as $25.00.

In August 1940 Edna and Donald Ballard, together with 22 other leaders were indicted on mail fraud and conspiracy counts. Before the trial, a civil action for plagiarism of material to be found in a book called *A Dweller on Two Planets* was instituted. It appeared that some of St. Germain preachings were not original.

The trial lasted six weeks. Volumes could be written about the fantastic testimony. Suffice it to say that during the trial the government proved that the income from the movement ran as high as $27,000 per week and "love gifts" in one Los Angeles class, ran as high as $1000 per day with an equal amount being obtained through the sale of various materials.

The primary legal question was whether the Mighty I AM movement was in fact a religious movement as claimed and entitled to the constitutional protection for true religion or whether the claim of religion was a cloak to hide a grossly fraudulent activity. After two days of deliberation, the jury returned a verdict acquitting three defendants but disagreeing as to the remaining defendants who then



Guy W. and Edna Ballard are shown after a Chicago lecture in 1938. UPI Photo.

were seven in number. Although the jurors reported 10-2 for conviction of the Ballards, unanimity could not be obtained.

A year later, the second trial began. This trial consumed eight weeks. Mrs. Ballard was convicted on seven counts of the indictment and her son on two. She received a suspended sentence of one year plus an $8000 fine and Donald received a 30-day suspended sentence and was fined $4000. As part of probation, they were ordered to cease any further activity with the movement.

A long history of appeals followed that ended with a reversal of the conviction in 1946 on the ground that women had been systematically excluded from the Cal-

ifornia grand jury that had indicted them.

In the interim the movement continued and continues today. In 1948 the group purchased a 14-story building in the Chicago Loop, housing the I AM Temple and national headquarters. The St. Germain Press continues to publish in a storefront building on Chicago's south side. Additional facilities are maintained at Santa Fe, N. Mex., and at Mount Shasta, Calif., where 2700 persons attended the annual "I AM Come" pageant in 1962.

Mrs. Ballard continues her broadcasts over at least 13 radio stations, and the list of products and aids being sold to I AM students fill 20 of the 64 pages of the group's periodical.

Probably the most eloquent comment on this movement is to be found in the language of the dissenting opinion of the late Mr. Justice Jackson of the U.S. Supreme Court in United States vs. Ballard.

"The chief wrong which false-prophets do to their following is not financial. The collections aggregate a tempting total, but individual payments are not ruinous. I doubt if the vigilance of the law is equal to making money stick by over-credulous people. But the real harm is on the mental and spiritual plane. There are those who hunger and thirst after higher values, which they feel wanting in their humdrum lives. They live in mental confusion or mild anarchy and seek vaguely for truth and beauty and moral support. When they are deluded and then disillusioned, cynicism and confusion follow. The wrong of these things, as I see it, is not in the monies the victims part with, half so much as in the mental and spiritual poison they get . . ."

To which the author says *Amen.*

POWER OF PRAYER

NEEDING some old railroad ties to repair a barn, nuns at a religious community in Bethlehem, Conn., sent a request to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. They received the ties and wrote a letter of thanks, saying they would include the railroad in their prayers from then on. Stated Richard Joyce Smith, one of the bankruptcy trustees for the railroad, "That, so far, has been the most effective aid we've had. Every bad storm that has come from the west this winter has missed us."

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.

I AM A MARKED MAN

By C. A. Miller

I ALWAYS HAVE been interested in the mysterious, the occult and the supernatural and read all the literature I can obtain on these subjects. But I have not found anything to explain the marks that appeared on my body one morning after a particularly vivid dream (or was it a dream?). Now that I have retired on pension from my job as an auditor for the federal government and have more leisure I wish to outline the events just as they happened, as my memory of them is still indelible.

The day preceding my first dream was no different than any other. My office work was just routine and after dinner I puttered around my flowers, read the paper, watched the late news on television and retired at my usual time. I recall nothing that happened during the day or evening which would bring on such a vivid dream. I never eat before retiring as I am a calory counter, so it was not a late snack.

I went to bed about 11:15 and fell asleep at once. I had been sleeping for about two hours when I awoke suddenly to find two men in my bedroom; one sitting on each side of the bed. The room appeared as light as in the daytime, yet, looking at the windows I saw it was still dark outside. I remember glancing at the ceiling light but it was not lit, neither was the lamp on the bedside table. I am not easily frightened and I reacted more to



C. A. MILLER

curiosity than to fear. The two men were dressed exactly the same. They wore business suits in a medium shade of grey. Their eyes were steel blue but their hair was a color I never had seen on a human being. I was not certain whether it was pale blue or pale green. They had fine features, were neither handsome nor homely, and appeared to be about 30 years old. At first glance I thought they were twins but, looking closer, I saw this was not so.

Before I could speak the one sitting on the right side of the bed said, "I see you are not afraid, which is good. We are only here for some information and it was difficult to find someone who was not afraid. We want to find out the system under which you exist."

Not knowing just what he meant I replied, "I work for the federal government."

"Why do you say federal government? Do you have more than one of these?"

I replied, "Yes, we have our federal government over the whole country, our provincial government over our own particular part of the country, and our city government over the community in which we live."

The man on the other side of the bed commented, "How complicated and archaic!"

I then explained the functions of the various governing bodies and elaborated on how this planet was divided up into various countries, each country having its own system of control.

Only the man on my right asked questions. The other one made only terse comments on some of my replies.

After a lengthy conversation concerning salaries, money, and the purchases of food, clothing, transportation and homes, the second man commented, "Not as advanced as we thought."

This started me vaguely wondering if these two could be from another world but the first one now continued with questions on government spending and taxation. To my detailed reply the second man said, "How complicated."

Next we discussed our government handling of relief for the poor and unemployed and I began to feel tired. It appeared they sensed this because my questioner said, "We will leave you now, that you may rest."

The other spoke to his companion, "This man has given us much valuable information. We should leave our mark on him." At this my questioner reached over and drew his index finger down my forehead, from my hair-line to the bridge of my nose. That is all I remember. I have no recollection of them leaving.

I awoke to the clatter of my alarm clock at my usual time, 6:30, with no immediate memory of my dream. I heard my wife preparing breakfast in the kitchen. I washed and prepared to shave. When I looked in the mirror I really was shocked to see a scarlet mark on my forehead. It brought back my dream vividly. This mark was just the width of an index fingertip. I called my wife; there must have been hysteria in my voice as she came running. She confirmed what I saw and no washing or application of cleansing creams could remove it.

Over breakfast I told her my *dream* but the sight of that mark on my forehead gave me an uneasy feeling it had not been a dream. My wife said she had slept soundly in her room across the hall and had heard nothing unusual during the night.

After a few weeks the mark gradually faded out and I satisfied myself it was only a dream. I had all but forgotten it when it was brought back as vividly as before.

My wife has been a diabetic for years and shortly after my first dream her eyesight began to deteriorate at a rapid rate. I made the usual rounds with her, from optometrists to medical doctors and finally to an outstanding eye specialist. This man told me nothing could be done for her eyes, that she would gradually loose all vision.

That night I retired at my usual time and after much rolling and tossing I found myself sitting up in bed and there, standing beside me, was the man who had asked me all the questions in my previous dream. He reached out and grasped my right forearm, putting considerable pressure with his thumb on a spot half way between my wrist and elbow, saying, "Don't worry. Everything will be all right. Everything will be all right."

That is all I remember about this second dream. I slept soundly for the rest of the night until waked by the alarm clock. I went to the bathroom and while washing saw on my arm, where I dreamed his thumb had exerted pressure, a large capital "G". This mark is still on my arm after more than three years. My arms are naturally freckled but this "G" is several shades darker than the freckles. To make it more mysterious my wife's name is *Gladys*.

Her eyesight has shown no further deterioration but on the other hand it has not improved.

This mark has been inspected by many persons from all walks of life, including medical men, but no one offers a logical explanation.

Does the "G" stand for Gladys, my wife, or for God? — *Burlington, Canada.*

THE LOST OPAL

By Nellie B. Kent

MY FAMILY, in 1915, lived on a small plantation on the Isthmus of Tehauntepec in southern Mexico, about 50 miles from the town of Tlacotalpan. The plantation bordered on the wide and deep Popolowan River, navigable by ocean steamer some 200 miles upstream from Vera Cruz. The plantation house stood on a knoll well above the river bank where our small yacht was kept anchored to the landing pier. My family often passed the time by fishing from the boat.

One morning as I sat on the afterdeck I felt a strong tug on my dangling line, and with some difficulty landed a nice fish. As I held up my catch to show the children, I noticed the opal setting from my ring was gone. Then suddenly I recalled seeing a bright object being carried downstream by the current as I lifted my fish over the side of the boat.

The opal was a 10 carat stone of unusual brilliance and color, and though I had other jewelry of much greater value, this was my most treasured possession. My distress was so great my husband called the men in from the fields and had them search for the stone on the river bottom, offering a 50 peso award.

The men dived all afternoon, going down on ropes anchored to the river bed so they could scoop up the mud into baskets which they brought to the surface. I squeezed every cupful of mud through my fingers. Night came without the stone having been found. The search appeared hopeless, and my husband decided to keep it up only until the following noon.

I went to bed broken-hearted and weeping. Sometime during the early morning hours I fell asleep and dreamed I saw my opal lying at a particular spot on the river bottom.

When morning came I led the men along the river bank until we reached a spot about a quarter of a mile below where they had been diving the day before. "The opal is right there," I said. "About 75 feet from the river bank and the water there is very deep."

The men seemed puzzled but went to work at once. As the baskets of mud were put ashore I went through them with a prayer on my lips. Suddenly I felt something hard. It was my opal. — *Austin, Tex.*

PATH OF TERROR

By Ida Cochran

AFTER leaving the Surf Theater in Huntington Beach, Calif., at 10:30 P.M. one June night in 1940, I left the lighted sidewalk along Main Street and cut across a neglected lot to reach Lake Street.

Uneasiness made me glance back. An auto slowly trailing me had stopped and the driver was following me on foot.

Still eight blocks from my home at 808 Alabama Ave., my thoughts instantly concentrated on Rex, my German Shepherd pet, whom I had chained earlier to prevent his following me to the movies. Rex obeyed every command but one; no amount of punishment could break his habit of tagging after me like a shaggy bodyguard.

I began to run in half-crazed fear, and with every footstep, I gasped futilely, "Rex, help! Rex, help!"

A stunning blow caught my shoulder and sent me sprawling. I screamed in terror as my attacker, one foot pinning my coat to the ground to prevent my escape, raised his other foot to kick or stomp me into oblivion. Instinctively I shut my eyes and turned my face away, but the blow never came.

Instead, the man went down shrieking and thrashing wildly in the brush. I bolted to my feet, too relieved to wonder how it happened that Rex had hurled himself bodily at the man, knocking him off balance.

Rex tore feverishly at the coat-sleeve as the man desperately fought to protect his throat. Finally my assailant broke free and ran to his car, with Rex in hot pursuit. But fearing the man might have some weapon, I commanded Rex to return.

The next day I discovered that Rex, with great effort, judging from the clawed-up lawn, had freed himself from his snug-fitting collar. Although he had tried many times, never before had he succeeded.

How had Rex known I needed help desperately? With his hearing so impaired by gunshot that we have to shout for him at feeding time, he could not possibly have heard my cries. And how did he find me? I never had taken that short-cut before. — *Orange, Calif.*

DEATH STRIKES TWICE

By A. Stephenson

A FEW YEARS ago while I was handling mail and baggage at a Pittsburgh, Pa., railroad station, I saw a man killed three nights before it happened. A little after 9:00 P.M. the Number 9 passenger and mail train from Washington, D.C., was unloading. The train was scheduled for a 20-minute stopover.

During this time the engine was supposed to be uncoupled and switched out into the yards to pick up a baggage car load of mail, then switched back and recoupled for its trip to Chicago. A railroad worker known as Joe the Car Knocker had the job of coupling and uncoupling the engine.

On this particular night I had

unloaded my four-wheeled electric buggy into the combination mail and baggage car. Returning along the concourse to the station, I noticed a railroad worker sitting slumped on the concourse with his back against an iron shed pole. His cap lay beside him and his head was drooped.

I stopped the buggy, got off, walked over and looked at him. It was Joe the Car Knocker. Streams of blood were running down his face onto his work clothes. I spoke to him, but he seemed unconscious. While I stood looking at him, scores of passengers walked by to board the train.

What seemed odd to me was that no one seemed to notice Joe sitting there bleeding. Even Les Campbell, the Station Master, had walked by without a glance. He nodded to me but did not seem to notice Joe.

I got back on my buggy and started toward the station. On the way up I met our foreman Davy McCrea, and told him about Joe. "He needs a stretcher and a trip to the hospital," I said. "He's unconscious and bleeding about the head."

The boss excitedly asked where Joe was. About five poles down, I told him. As he started down I yelled that the Station Master was down there somewhere and should be notified. I parked my buggy near the baggage room and started back on foot. Halfway down the concourse I met the boss and the Station Master. The Station Master added he had just seen Joe crossing the tracks to his shanty right after he had coupled the engine.

We looked at each other. I said, "I even spoke to the guy. Come on down and I'll show you the pole where he is."

When we got to the pole both the boss and the station Master gave me a funny grin and walked away. I stood there stupefied. There was no sign of Joe, blood, or anything else, and the train was slowly moving out of the shed. I thought I must be getting nuts.

However, when Number 9 pulled into the station three nights later I was delayed getting to the front end wih my load of mail and baggage. As I headed down the concourse I noticed some excitement ahead. A railroad car inspector, quite pale and shaken, came running toward the station. "What's wrong?" I yelled.

He didn't stop, but yelled back, "Joe the Car Knocker had his head crushed between the coupling links of the baggage car and the train."

I hurried down. There was Joe sitting propped against a concourse pole, bleeding from the head, just as I had seen him three night before. He was dead before the ambulance arrived. — *Coraopolis, Pa.*

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

A short-circuit which started a fire in a San Francisco hotel also helped 130 guests to make their way to safety. The flames caused a short in the switchboard and rang the phones in all the rooms of the hotel.

●

In Lewiston, Me., Camille Robert was driving along when he saw a car crash into a parked vehicle. He stopped his own car and got out to give what assistance he could. But he found the motorist in the crashed car had died of a heart attack — and that it was his father.

●

William Bunyak didn't appear in court in Detroit, Mich., to face a charge of jay-walking. He had been killed by an automobile while walking across a heavily traveled expressway.

●

A year ago when their dog, Mitsie, became blind Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Rose, Jr., of Warwick, R. I., refused to have her destroyed but decided to keep and take care of her. The other night Mitsie's barking aroused the couple, who found their home afire. They managed to get out in the nick of time.

●

It took more than two years for Herbert Dean, Jr., of Flint, Mich., to build a plane of his own, which he called Beckoning Angel. He died in the wreckage on his first flight.

●

His luck with numbers has won Odell Girdner the office of judge in Knox County, Ky. In his party's primary, Girdner and an opponent tied, with 61 votes each. They drew lots and Girdner won the nomination when he got the higher number. In the general election, Girdner and a rival party nominee tied, with 500 votes each. Again numbers were drawn ... and, once more, Girdner got the higher one and so became judge.

●

Dr. Walter Lesky leaned over a woman wheeled into the emergency room at St. Agnes Hospital in Baltimore — and saw his wife. She had been overcome by smoke in a basement apartment fire. Dr. Lesky did what he could but his wife died a half hour later.

The British Scholar Who TALKED WITH CONFUCIUS



By James Crenshaw

PART I

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Crenshaw is a long-time newspaperman and currently is a member of the staff of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. He is noted for his investigations and writings in the field of psychic research. He has found this field of absorbing interest and has made his study of it an avocation. His wife, Brenda Rowland Crenshaw, is a medium who is well-known both in England and the United States.

LIVING IN ENGLAND today is a noted scholar, a world-recognized authority on Chinese culture and literature, who is sure he has heard the voice of Confucius.

He is Dr. Neville Whymant, Oxford graduate and onetime lecturer in Chinese and Japanese at the University of London, who later went to the Orient for research and study. There he became a professor of Oriental literature and philosophy at the University of Peking. He also was a professor at the University of Tokyo for a time.

As a child he had lived in China and is, through study and experience, thoroughly familiar with many of the spoken dialects, as well as with the written language. In addition, he is an accomplished linguist with a broad background of study in other languages.

He now lives in Richmond, in the beautiful British countryside of Surrey, where he is quietly retired, although still a busy scholar.

The voice spoke ancient Chinese, gave the name of the great sage—and cleared up mysteries in Chinese classics.

His conversations with the voice of Confucius in archaic Chinese occurred in New York and London more than 30 years ago, but last year he affirmed once again, in a lecture at the College of Psychic Science in London, that he remains convinced the voice was that of the great Chinese sage himself.

His small book, *Psychic Adventures in New York,* published in 1931, contains an account of the Confucius communications. It is regarded as one of the classics of psychic research literature. No parapsychologist yet has developed a water-tight theory which would explain away the conversations with the purported voice of Confucius. This does not mean they have not tried, but a reexamination of the case and a recent amplification of details by Professor Whymant seems to have closed rather securely any gap in the evidence.

At my request, for this two-part series for FATE, Dr. Whymant has expanded the original account and added new details.

While on his way back from the Far East, Dr. Whymant had stopped in New York for several months to obtain anthropological



material for treatises he was preparing. He and Mrs. Whymant visited her brother, who, though English-born, was an American citizen and a special assistant to the United States Attorney General. Through him, they met William M. Cannon, a prominent New York attorney who also was a former judge. The Whymants had dinner with Judge and Mrs. Cannon in their Park Avenue apartment in March of 1926.

In October of the same year the Whymants were invited again. This time Mrs. Cannon explained,

"We are in need of someone with a wide knowledge of languages."

Professor and Mrs. Whymant did not learn until after dinner that they were to participate in a meeting with the direct voice medium George Valiantine. Valiantine was 43 and a manufacturer of razor strops in Williamsport, Pa., when his psychic gifts were discovered. He became known for his direct voice mediumship and had impressed the Cannons, along with certain of their friends, with the apparent genuineness of the manifestations he produced. Those who supposedly communicated through his trumpet included many speaking in foreign languages.

Valiantine was described by Dennis Bradley, British author and dramatist, in whose home the medium lived for a time, as being comparatively unschooled and incapable of imitating any foreign language, or for that matter, of speaking the best English.

Dr. Whymant, in describing Valiantine, told me, "He was a very ordinary type of man. He knew that everybody knew it and was not at all abashed by it."

That October evening in 1926, Valiantine took his place in the circle of guests. Among them were a number of prominent New Yorkers. Dr. Whymant noticed what he called "a thing like a megaphone" (the usual mediumistic trumpet). But he says, "I was so unversed in these matters at the time that it didn't mean anything to me at all."

However, he did realize he was to participate in a demonstration which in some way would involve his own skills. Hence he asked permission to take notes, and did so with some difficulty after the lights were turned off.

There were the customary preliminaries familiar to all who attend direct voice sessions—the playing of sacred records, a greeting from the traditional Indian "doorkeeper" and preliminary remarks by the medium's regular guides, as well as a number of whispered personal communications directed to regular sitters.

Then came the first indication that this was to be no ordinary psychic demonstration. From the megaphone-like horn, Dr. Whymant began to hear a familiar sound.

"It was," he says, "the sound of an old wheezy flute, not too skillfully played. Those who have wandered through Chinese streets in the evening will readily recall the sound. In a few seconds it had carried me back to sights and experiences in the old Celestial Kingdom."

In Peking especially, he explained, beggars go about drawing attention to themselves with wooden

clappers or blowing on what we in the Western world call a flute.

"If the flute is broken," he continued, "it gives a very shrill and reedy type of noise. The moment I heard it on this occasion, it was just as if I had flown in an instant to Peking. It was just the sort of noise the beggars make."

While the flute-like sound was fading away, Professor Whymant could hear the steady, languorous breathing of the medium. The two sounds were distinct, separate and independent of each other.

Next came a faint voice. The British scholar immediately became aware that it was speaking in Chinese and then realized that the language was an archaic form of Chinese—a style which he says was identical with that of the Chinese classics edited by Confucius 2500 years before. He adds:

"Only among the scholars of archaic Chinese could one now hear that accent and style, and then only when they intoned some passage from the ancient books."

The tremulous chanting (it sounded thus to others who were listening) gradually became more distinct and Dr. Whymant made tentative inquiries as to the identity of the speaker. At first the replies were hardly audible. Those around urgently whispered: "Keep on talking, and the voice will get stronger."

Though Dr. Whymant had studied the classics thoroughly and could recite whole sections from memory, he found it difficult to follow words and phrases spoken in the ancient style. The voice through the trumpet, as though sensing the problem, soon adapted its manner of speaking to the professor's own style of Chinese, yet without at any time altering the distinctive accent and intonation which so clearly identified it with the far-away past.

"There was no doubt,"reported Dr. Whymant in his book, *Psychic Adventures in New York,* "that somebody or something had been speaking most excellent Chinese there that evening, better Chinese than I with all my training and experience in China could speak."

Some of the flavor of the conversation between the voice purporting to be that of *K'ung-fu-tzu,* the great sage known to us as Confucius, and the British scholar is contained in a translation of some of the notes Dr. Whymant took at the time.

The Voice: "Greetings, O son of learning and reader of strange books! This unworthy servant bows humbly before such excellence."

Dr. Whymant: "Peace be upon thee, O illustrious one. This uncultured menial ventures to ask thy name and illustrious style."

The Voice: "My mean name is

K'ung; men call me Fu-tzu, and my lowly style is Kiu. I wasted more than three score years and reached the end of my road. Peace upon thy house. May I know thine honorable name and illustrious style?"

Dr. Whymant (referring to the names and titles by which he was known in China): My humble name is Wang, and men call me Wen-tzu. My despicable style is Wen-tzu-tsang. I have thrown away two score years in folly and lack understanding. Will the Master teach me in words of wisdom?"

The Voice: "Alas, my shade is that of a single hair, and knowledge is not in me. What is the honorable question?"

* * *

AS SOON AS Dr. Whymant heard the name of the Chinese sage he determined to clear up a number of matters which had puzzled students of the classics and of the Confucius writings through the centuries. So, continuing to address the trumpet voice in the flowery language of Chinese honorifics, he asked the Master to explain an obscure ode in the *Shih King*, the book of Poetry, which had been edited by Confucius.

Dr. Whymant: "This stupid one would know the correct reading of a stanza in the *Shih King*. It has been hidden from the understanding for many centuries, and men look upon it with eyes that are blind. The passage begins thus: *"Ts'ai ts'ai chuan erh . . .'"*

This was the first line of the poem, which is also always the title. Actually it was the only part of the poem that Dr. Whymant knew, for in the study of the Chinese classics certain of the odes of the *Shih King* were classified as "difficult" and were not assigned for study. Scholars had wrestled with them for hundreds of years and made little of them.

But if Dr. Whymant thought he was posing an impossible test for the personality identified by the direct voice as the Master K'ung —the great Confucius himself—a surprise was forthcoming. In fact, the reply constitutes in itself an important chapter in the study of the Chinese classics, as well as in the history of psychical research. It also represents one of the most important examples of that class of psychic phenomena called *xenoglossy*, which is the manifestation of foreign languages unknown to the person or persons producing them.

The trumpet voice said, "It should be read this way, O master of mysteries"...and without further hesitation the voice intoned the 16 lines of the third ode of the first book *(Chou nan)* of the Classic of Poetry, beginning with the lines Dr. Whymant had given.

"I certainly could not have repeated another line of this poem, for I did not know any of the remaining 15 lines," he says in his book.

With the pencil and pad which had been provided for him, he copied what he heard as best he could in the darkened room. To be certain he was copying correctly, he asked the voice to repeat the poem in the revised form!

Dr. Whymant states that the direct voice put a construction on the verses so that they "hung together" as a normal poem. A purported spirit voice, therefore, had done what scholars had found impossible to do.

"Read in this way," concluded the voice, "does not its meaning become plain?"

"Dr. Whymant conceded, "O leader of the wise men, it shines with myriad lights."

His mind by this time was in a turmoil. The significance of what had happened in those strange surroundings staggered him. Nevertheless, this did not prevent him from recording what he could of the proceedings as carefully as possible. And surprised though he was, the professor resolved on a further test.

Addressing the luminous trumpet he said, "There are other things I would ask of thy wisdom."

The voice replied, "Ask not of an empty barrel much fish, O wise one. Many things which are now dark shall be light to thee, but the time is not yet. They shall yield to thy touch in a day not yet born."

Dr. Whymant continued, "Shall I ask of one passage in the Master's own writings? In *Lun Yu, Hsia Pien* (Analects of Confucius), there is a passage which is wrongly written. Should it not be read thus. . ." And Dr. Whymant began to quote the passage in question, but before he could complete it the voice took up his sentence and carried it through to the end.

After the quotation, as corrected, was concluded the speaker continued in Chinese, "You were going to ask me about the two characters which end the last two phrases! You are quite right! The copyists are in error. The character which is written *se* should be *i,* and the character which is written *yen* is an error for *fou* . . . It was a mistake of those who tried to see in darkness and wrote that which they did not understand."

In *Psychic Adventures in New York,* Dr. Whymant comments, "As the passage stands in the standard version, it makes no sense at all."

When he asked the Confucius voice about it, he had in mind a textual change suggested by Cambridge Prof. H. A. Giles, and the voice agreed with that version. Of this test, Dr. Whymant says,

"Again, all the wind had been taken out of my sails!"

Three additional points stand out in the narrative of the strange event:

1. Dr. Whymant courteously—in the honorific manner—questioned the supposed Confucius concerning the various names by which the sage was known during his lifetime. The answers were given accurately and without hesitation.

2. In a discussion of his long efforts "to give the message of the East to the West," Dr. Whymant was told by the Confucius voice, always speaking in archaic Chinese. "Fear not. There are those who love learning, and they will not let the treasure lie hid. Even as thou hast done with Mongolian, so thou shalt do with the problems of my old home. Those old Mongols waited long for one such as thou art. . ."

Apparently this referred to the publication in England, about one month before, of a small Mongolian grammar, edited by Dr. Whymant. It had not yet appeared in American book stores.

3. In the case of the obscure ode from the *Shih King*, Dr. Whymant went to the New York Public Library the following day hoping to find the standard Chinese text for comparison with the version he had written down at the direct voice meeting. He was gratified to discover that the library had several Chinese editions containing the poem, as well as a translation by Prof. James Legge of Oxford.

"By comparing my notes of the previous evening with the original text," says Dr. Whymant, "I discovered an error had been made. Either I had misheard and had written down one wrong character or the voice had erred in the recital of the poem."

At the next sitting with the Cannons' circle and Valiantine, there was "a rather remarkable occurrence at the very outset."

Dr. Whymant intended to question the Confucius voice concerning the error, but before he had time to do so the voice said (always in ancient Chinese), "Speaking the other day, this clumsy, witless one stepped into error. Too frequently, alas! has he done this, and the explanation he gave was a faulty one. Listen now to the true reading of the passage about which the illustrious scholar inquired." Then followed the third reading of the ode with the faulty character corrected.

In a notable example of British understatement, Dr. Whymant comments, "This certainly impressed me as out of the ordinary."

Professor Legge had written of the standard version of the ode, "I can make nothing more of the piece than that someone is lamenting in it the absence of a cherished

friend—in strange fashion."

His translation of the verses into English went thus:

"I was gathering and gathering the mouse-ear (forget-me-nots),
But I could not fill my shallow basket;
With a sigh for the man of my heart,
I placed it there on the highway.

"I was ascending that rock-covered hill,
But my horses were too tired to breast it.
I will now pour a cup from the gilded vase,
Hoping I may not have to think of him long.

"I was ascending that lofty ridge,
But my horses turned of a dark yellow.
I will now take a cup from that rhinoceros horn,
Hoping I may not have long to sorrow.

"I was ascending that flat-topped height,
But my horses became quite disabled.
And my servants were also disabled;
Oh, how great is my sorrow!"

On analyzing the corrected version he had taken down in Chinese characters at the dictation of the Confucius voice, Dr. Whymant decided that they were in the style of Chinese psychic poetry so popular at one time. The lamentation thus appeared to be for a dead lover, whose spirit suddenly put in a frightening appearance.

While translations of the Chinese verses can give only a hint of their delicate beauty, style and symbolism, Dr. Whymant's English version of what he finally received gives a clue to the literary and psychical importance of his experience:

"Feverishly gathering the mouse-ear,
I could not fill my shallow basket.
He once enshrined in my heart called to me,
And I put the thing down in the path.

"While going up that rock-covered hill,
My horses suddenly went weak;
Let me pour out a draught from my golden vase
And repel from my thoughts he who comes back.

"Then while ascending that lofty ridge,

My horses changed color from fright;
Let me pour out a draught from that horn vessel
To break down my stabbing sorrow.

"Climbing that flat-topped hill, hill,
My horses were finally stricken down;
My slaves too were stricken down—
He speaks! Oh, terrible distress!"

Dr. Whymant says that he asked a number of questions about the revised poem to clear up some of the more obscure figures of speech. For instance, the line which read, "My horses changed color from fright," puzzled him.

The voice easily explained that the horses when frightened by the apparition would naturally break into a sweat, thus causing their coats to darken in color.

* * *

IN ALL, Dr. Whymant attended about 12 sittings at the Park Avenue apartment. Each time he was greeted at some point in the sitting by the Chinese voice which, in the later sittings, was inclined to engage in philosophical discussions or, as in the second sitting, to deliver injunctions of the type associated with Confucius.

The following are among a number taken down in Chinese by the British professor:

"Not forever can we help you over the difficult road. Only by struggle can things worthwhile be reached, and if we make the way too easy, there is much dependence on others' efforts, and none relies on himself...

"It is but a sorrow that those things we did, poor and unworthy as we know them to be, should be adjudged superlative by the dwellers on earth..."

Dr. Whymant considered that a number of the sayings were somewhat banal, more so in the case of other voices, however, but this did not detract from the value of the evidence which he, an expert in languages, accumulated and could properly evaluate.

Chinese was not the only foreign language recognized by this expert linguist during the 12 sittings. There were also, he says, Persian, Hindu, Basque, Sanskrit, Arabic, Portuguese, Italian, Yiddish and modern Greek.

At one sitting Dr. Whymant was called upon by a voice speaking in a Levantine dialect to deliver a message to a sitter who spoke English. Dr. Whymant had only the "sketchiest" knowledge of the dialect but managed a translation of the more elementary parts of what was a fairly long speech.

Neither the translation nor the original speech meant anything to him, as it was concerned mainly with the Baha'i faith, of which he knew little, but the sitter assured him the message was understood. On the strength of it, thereafter, a journey to the Middle East was undertaken by that sitter.

Dr. Whymant mentions one other notable incident having to do with a foreign language produced through the Valiantine trumpet.

He was acquainted to a degree with the strangely difficult Basque language but was more familiar with Spanish Basque than that of southern France. At one of the sittings, he discovered that a trumpet voice was speaking what at first was thought by a member of the circle to be a French *patois* but finally was identified by the professor as Labourdin Basque. He was able to carry on enough of a conversation with this voice to learn that the speaker claimed to have lived in the village of Ezpeleta in the French Basque country. The trumpet voice stated that a popular song had been written about the village. Dr. Whymant did not know the song. Several months later, however, he not only found in an 1870 edition of *Chants Populaire du Pays Basque* the music and text of the satirical chant which had been sung by the trumpet voice (the song was titled *Ezpeleta Herrian,* meaning simply "the village of Ezpeleta") but also the words of a French song which had been written about the village.

As if all this evidence of confirmed *xenoglossy* was not enough there was one other "remarkable happening" which impressed the distinguished British visitor. His brother-in-law, the assistant attorney general, had lived so long in the United States that most persons considered him to be a native-born American. In fact, he had acquired a convincing Kentucky drawl.

Consequently, Mrs. Whymant was regarded as an American from Kentucky who had married an Englishman. As a result, their hosts prepared a Southern dinner for her special pleasure.

At the first sitting, a voice claiming to be Mrs. Whymant's father spoke to her—loud enough for the others to hear. Later Judge Cannon remarked that although he flattered himself that he could recognize the various local dialects of the United States, since in his travels he had made this a hobby, he could not place the accent of this voice.

Mrs. Whymant said she was not surprised since it belonged to the West Country of England.

"The voice certainly had the West Country tone and slight drawl, reminiscent of my wife's

family in Somerset," Dr. Whymant later wrote in his book.

* * *

ALL OF THIS accumulated testimony, by one whose motives and particular skills can not be challenged, failed to stem a tide of "expert" theorizing by contemporary investigators, who proffered various hypotheses to account for the phenomena.

Even Sir Oliver Lodge, who wrote a preface to *Psychic Adventures,* thought that the Chinese voice need not necessarily have been that of Confucius himself but a disciple or a well-trained Chinese scholar in the other world.

Repeated charges of fraud against Valiantine cast a shadow over the whole experience and planted germinating seeds of doubt that over the years have tended to discredit the worth of the testimony.

How valid are these criticisms?

As far as his own experience is concerned, Dr. Whymant is convinced they have no validity.

In the next issue of FATE, *Dr. Whymant brings up to date his recollections of his "direct voice" interview with the great Chinese sage K'ung-fu-tzu (Confucius) and tells why he remains more convinced than ever that he was not speaking to some substitute. He comments on the matter especially for* FATE.

ANCIENT EGG

AUSTRALIAN scientists reportedly were astonished and puzzled by a hugh bird's egg which recently came to their notice. The egg was said to have been found 32 years ago by an Australian farmer who took it home and then forgot about it. As big as a football, the egg is estimated to be a million years old. Dr. Ride of the Western Australian Museum has expressed the opinion that the egg was not laid by any known extinct bird.

LIFE-SAVING HUNCH

DURING a $3,200 robbery of the Haven Grill in Brookhaven, N.Y., Mrs. Sophie Ostrow, 47, the owner, and two women customers were ordered into a washroom by the two masked, armed holdup men. One of the women said she had a feeling it would be wise to lie on the washroom floor. Moments later one of the robbers fired a shotgun blast through the door at about waist height.



ATTACKED by a BODILESS HAND

By C. V. Tench

The icy hand was joined to nothing more than a wrist—but slowly it was strangling me.

WHEN I ARRIVED at Goli, Matabeleland, Southern Rhodesia, Africa, on that July morning in 1950, it was for the purpose of collecting from the natives the annual hut tax of one pound. For this small amount the natives received full police protection and other aids. That was but one of my many duties as local Native Commissioner, appointed by the British Colonial Office, Department of Colonial Affairs, African Division.

My party consisted of six well-armed native policemen, 20 porters and camp helpers, my own personal boy, Yubi, and myself.

Noticing an empty hut standing somewhat isolated from the others, I told Yubi to have it cleaned out and then put my personal belongings in it and set up my cot.

At that I noticed the natives who had gathered to welcome me stopped talking and smiling and fell to staring at me somewhat affrightedly. The head man, Sura, then begged me not to stay in that hut as it was haunted; he said that the white man who had built it had been killed inside it as he slept, by whom or what they did not know.

Thinking myself thoroughly conversant with native fears and superstitions, I merely shrugged and smiled. Had I known what I was going to experience that night I would have taken their advice and slept out-of-doors.

Runners having told them of my

coming, natives had arrived and continued to arrive from far and wide to pay their taxes. Setting up a table and chair under a tree I commenced collecting. By evening I had taken in several hundred pounds. Locking the cash box I then took it into the hut and placed two policemen on guard.

I next had my evening meal and then joined the natives around the huge fire they had built. Presently, feeling sleepy, I retired to the hut. Yubi had made a good job of fixing it up and in the glow of the hurricane lamp my cot looked inviting.

Dismissing the native policemen, I placed the cash box under my bed, checked my revolver and placed it handy, undressed and got into bed.

It was pleasant restfully lying there listening to the drone of voices around the fire. Soon I dropped off to sleep.

The next thing I knew I was half awake, gasping agonizingly for breath. Something was pressing hard on my windpipe, shutting off air. A thief after the money, I thought, and instantly came wide awake. In the darkness I groped for my revolver but failed to find it.

Now the "something" at my throat tightened its grip. It was icy cold and clammy and did not feel like a human hand. A snake must have coiled itself around my neck, I decided. I grabbed at it, and seized not a snake but a wrist, cold as ice.

Clutching the wrist with my right hand, I wrenched it sideways, and once again breathed freely. With my left hand I reached for the spot where the attacker's body should be, at the same time sitting up on the cot.

But I could feel no body—only the cold wrist and hand.

Hanging on to it with all the strength in my right hand I felt along the wrist with my left, and found myself clutching only empty air. There was seemingly only a wrist and a hand, both as cold as death. It writhed and struggled furiously to reach my throat, and seemed slowly to be winning the struggle. At that stark fear engulfed me and, still clinging desperately to that struggling, bodiless hand, I began shouting wildly for help.

"Help! police, police! Leta Malampur! Pangisa! (Bring lamps! Hurry!)

There were grunts, then shouts, as the startled native police roused each other.

Meanwhile, I hung on to the ice-cold hand and wrist, though my teeth were chattering and my brain reeling. It seemed like hours but was actually only short minutes, before the native police, carrying lighted lanterns, came racing to my aid. And even as they burst into

the hut I felt that chilly wrist slipping from my grasp. It didn't so much slip as it faded. It seemed to *dissolve* in my grasp.

I struggled to my feet, found my revolver and ordered the hut thoroughly searched.

We found nothing.

My personal boy, Yubi, had come running to my aid with the policemen, and I now asked him to look at my throat. Picking up a lantern he looked closely. His face grayed and he drew back in shivers. When I asked him why he reminded me that a thorough search had turned up no one, yet the distinct marks of human fingers were on my neck. They had not been made by any *living* man, he assured me, but by a dead hand—an *isituhwane*—the spirit of a man from another world.

The whole camp now was aroused and a huge fire lighted the scene. Sura, the head man, came hurrying up. After being told what had occurred he nodded sagely. He said he had warned the other white man, who had been choked to death in his sleep on the first night he slept there, not to build the hut over that spot. He had told him it was directly over the site of a *Makalanga* village whose inhabitants had been massacred one night by a Matabele *impi* many years before. Undoubtedly, the severed hand and wrist of one of the victims still sought revenge, he said.

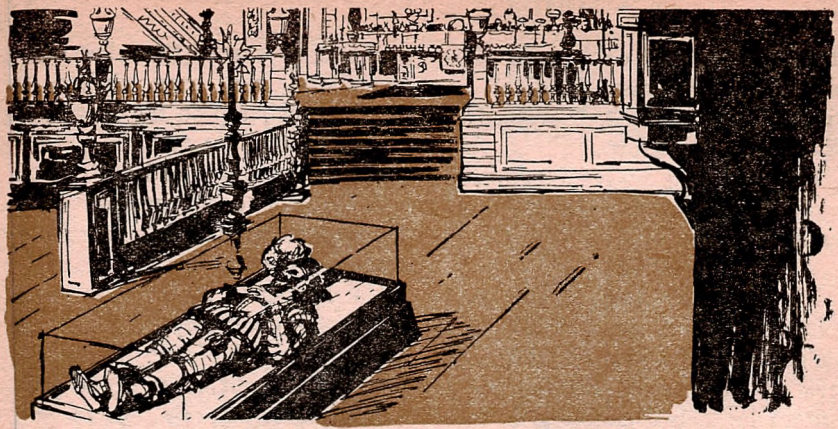
I accepted Sura's explanation, for I could offer no other and cannot to this day.

Ordering my belongings and cash box taken to another hut, I then had the haunted one burned to the ground. I can only hope that the bodiless hand was destroyed with it.

I am now retired, living in modest comfort at Hampton-on-Thames, Middlesex, England. But even yet, on rare occasions, I start up from my sleep with a frightened cry, dreaming that a strangling, bodiless hand is at my throat.

WRONG AT THE RIGHT MOMENT

BEFORE TAKING her children for a drive in the family car, Mrs. Paul Hirschman stopped at the Richardson Service Station in Nevada, Mo., to have the tank filled. She immediately was told by the attendant that she was wanted on the phone by her brother, who was calling from Festus, Mo. It developed that her brother had placed the call to her home number, NO 7-4369, but through an error at precisely the right moment, had been given the service station phone number, NO 7-3369.



WARM BLOOD FLOWS . . .

from 400-YEAR-OLD CORPSE

What explains this mysterious bleeding from the corpse of a 16th Century Soldier kept in a Mexican Church?

By Judith Speer Pimental

WHEN THE SPANISH conquerers came to the little town of Celaya in the state of Guanajuato, Mexico, they brought with them professional soldiers from other countries. During one of the few battles near there in which the Mexicans triumphed, a Roman soldier named San Placio was killed. His throat was badly slashed and he had a number of ugly wounds on his body. The Mexicans carefully preserved his body by covering it with wax and laid him for all to see in an open coffin in the lovely Iglesia del Carmen, one of the oldest churches in Mexico. The Mexicans meant this wax-covered corpse to be an object lesson for the Spaniards and a graphic trophy to commemorate their victory.

Centuries rolled by and the Roman soldier from the 16th Century lay undisturbed in his last resting place. Except for an occasional curious tourist he no longer elicited any interest. Taken for

granted, all but forgotten, he lay in eternal sleep in the dimness of the church.

Then in the year 1951 the church janitor gave the corpse a careless whisk with his duster. He was an old man and he went about his duties automatically from many years of habit. But now as he drew back his duster he saw that it was wet. To his amazement he saw that it was covered with what looked like blood. Straining his eyes in the church's dim light he looked incredulously at the ancient soldier. Blood was oozing slowly out of the gashed throat! Spots were staining the ragged uniform where the wounds were! Now, thoroughly frightened, the mystified old man hurried off in search of the priest.

The soldier, San Placio, lay in his coffin and continued to bleed for one week during Lent of that year. The blood was fresh and warm. And, it was blood! Soon the story was known over all Mexico. Thousands of persons crowded into the village of Celaya to see this phenomenon for themselves. San Placio, unmindful of their skepticism and scrutiny, bled silently on while Federal troops controlled the crowds and kept order.

Then the bleeding stopped as suddenly as it had begun. San Placio was restored to his four-century-old lifelessness. He still lies in his coffin in the Iglesia del Carmen, silent, moldering. If there is a miracle concerning his blood flowing four centuries after his death it is sealed forever behind his dead lips.

Not long ago I asked Gustav Torres, manager of the Hotel Mexico in Celaya, how such a story ever started.

Sensing my skepticism he replied gravely, "Senora, had I not witnessed it with my own eyes I, too never would have believed it."

NEWS FROM LOCH NESS

DURING an appearance on a London television program dealing with the Loch Ness monster on February 24, 1963, David James, a Conservative member of Parliament expressed his belief that a mysterious "animate object" does frequent the Scottish lake. He reported that he and seven other persons recently formed an expedition to investigate Loch Ness. A short time after they directed searchlights on the waters of the Lake, he said, they noticed that the salmon were panicking. Following the salmon was "an object which was seen by practically everyone for three or four minutes."



By ALSON

Bringing THE BIBLE

In The Light Of Parapsychology And Modern Knowledge

16 And it came to pass, as we went to prayer, a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying:

17 The same followed Paul and us, and cried, saying, These men are the servants of the most high God, which shew unto us the way of salvation.

18 And this she did many days. But Paul being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour.

19 And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew *them* into the marketplace unto the rulers,

20 And brought them to the magistrates, saying, These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city,

21 And teach customs, which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans.

22 And the multitude rose up together against them: and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat *them*.

23 And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast *them* into prison, charging the jailer to keep them safely:

24 Who, having such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

25 And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard.

26 And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed.

27 And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison-doors open, he drew his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled.

28 But Paul cried with a loud voice saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here.

29 Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas,

30 And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

31 And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

J. SMITH

UP TO DATE



Paul Exorcises The Spirit From The Divining Maid

— Acts 16:16-28 —

ON THE FACE of it this miracle is one of the most puzzling in the New Testament. Here is a girl clearly possessing the kind of psychic gifts that modern parapsychology calls precognition and clairvoyance. By means of these gifts she bears witness before a hostile or at least indifferent street crowd that Paul and the others—Silas, Timothy, and Luke —are indeed, as they claim to be, servants of the most high God who point the way to salvation. In other words, the girl and her psychic gifts are on the side of the Christians.

Why, then, does Paul so harshly exorcise the "spirit of divination?"

In the first place, any kind of "possession" was considered evil.

In the second place, the girl's precognitive and clairvoyant gifts were being commercialized. Jesus had taught His disciples to abhor the commercialization, popularization, and consequent cheapening of the "gifts of the Holy Spirit."

Thirdly, we are told, in verse 18, that the girl had followed the Christians "many days" and that this "grieved" Paul. The Revised Version of the Bible translates this as "sore troubled" instead of "grieved" which is probably a more accurate description of Paul's state of mind. The girl was making a nuisance of herself.

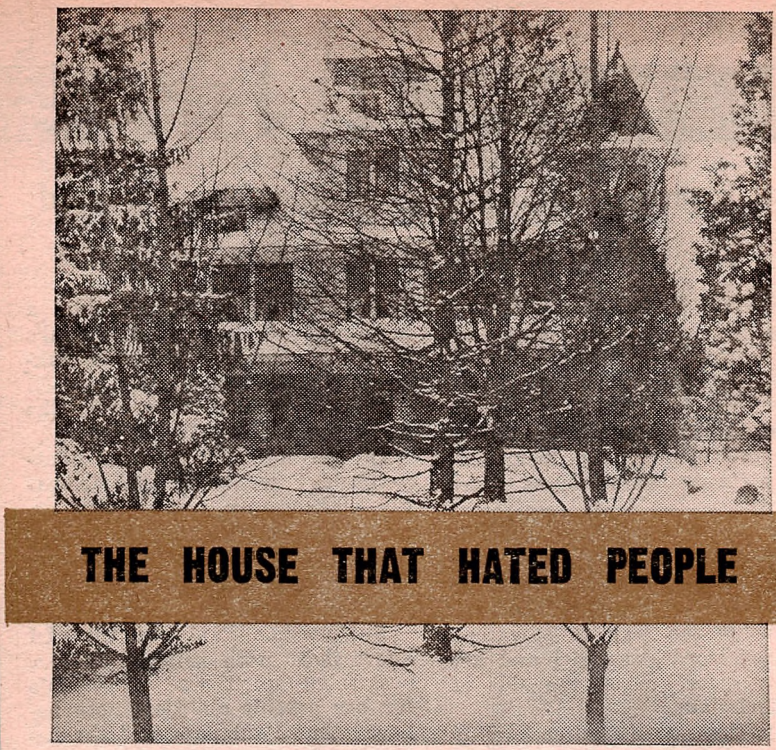
How *could* Paul take away the girl's psychic gifts?

In the light of modern parapsychology we know that telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, etcetera are not the products of any "spirit of divination." There *was* no such spirit, evil or otherwise, for Paul to cast out.

But neither Paul nor the girl knew that. Both believed that a possessing spirit was responsible for her psychic abilities. Both believed that Paul possessed the necessary spiritual authority to cast out the possessing spirit. Therefore when he called on that authority she unquestioningly accepted it. She honestly believed her gifts were gone and this made it so.

There is nothing to imply any cause-and-result relationship between the prayers of Paul and Silas and the earthquake. The latter was fortuitous, not miraculous.

The incident of the divining maid should not be interpreted as indicating antagonism on the part of the early Christians toward psychic phenomena.



THE HOUSE THAT HATED PEOPLE

By Virginia A. Santore

An invisible blanket seemed to cover my body. Breathing became almost impossible. Was it only a seizure—or an attack by the evil influence filling the old house?

THE HOUSE HATED people! And I must concede that it never disguised its true character from us.

No visible phantoms walked through the 10-room, gingerbread trimmed, turreted, Victorian relic we acquired in 1944, although our home, enthroned upon a hill and

surrounded by graceful pine trees, was the perfect picture of what a haunted house should be. However, a presence, unseen by the eye, but so baleful and malefic one could actually taste and feel it penetrate the very air of the dwelling.

During our first week in that Youngstown, Ohio, house we were so tired by bedtime there was scarcely time for more than a whispered prayer before sleep overcame us. The size of each room took on the dimensions of a ballroom when it came to cleaning and we were truly exhausted.

Our second week in the house saw the beginning of our troubles. No matter where I scoured and cleaned an odd odor penetrated the rooms. Whatever solvent I used, the smell remained. There was a thick, damp malodor throughout the house whether the wood was wet or dry. We finally decided that there were too many trees shading the house and perhaps in the spring of the year, if some were removed, the condition might be alleviated.

Then there were the sounds of the house. We were aware that all houses, especially old ones, have their own particular noises but the discord that issued from this house was the weirdest I have ever heard.

Soft moaning sighs and muted sobbing sounds arose when no wind was stirring. There were seeming footsteps in the attic overhead and a variety of thumps and bumps that were nerve shattering.

Nights were wakeful for both my husband and myself and we would arise in the morning cross and irritable. Finally, we decided that we had been working too hard, that spring would relieve the tension of the house and the winter noises would disappear.

Spring and summer did bring us some relief. Removal of some of the trees seemingly dissipated most



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Virginia A. Santore is a postal clerk in Youngtown, Ohio, but states that she is first and foremost a housewife. She began writing two years ago and reports that she has been published several times. Born in Youngstown in 1925, her hobbies are reading and studying psychic and occult subjects.

of the foul odor from the house. The many noises remained, however, but we had become familiar with them and could ignore them now.

Life was uneventful until July. Then we noticed two new oddities. The cellar was the worse of the two. Heretofore the cellar had been exactly that, a cellar. But now when I entered it the air seemed thick and stagnant. It closed around me like a veil, making breathing almost impossible.

And midway between the first step and the ceiling of the attic stairway appeared a huge cobweb. I brushed the web down on the average of once a week. Yet, the next time I opened the door, there was the cobweb, gray and waving. We searched diligently for a spider but never found one. More and more the house seemed to be alive.

During August we decided that the place was far too large for our family of two adults and one baby and that the sensible thing would be to divide it into three small apartments. This seemed an ideal way to add to our family income.

A few days after our decision to remodel the house I entered the basement to do the week's laundry. Suddenly, an invisible blanket of stifling thickness enveloped my body completely. Breathing became next to impossible. In panic I fumbled my way to the stairway and stumbled up the steps to the kitchen. There I found immediate relief and was able to breathe freely again. Positive I had suffered a seizure of some sort I went to the doctor that very afternoon, only to be told I was in excellent health, overly nervous perhaps, but physically perfect.

The evening of this trying day had one bright spot. My brother, Francis Wagner, arrived from his home in Detroit, Mich., for a week's visit. This was a rare treat for my brother Frank, an ordained minister, was an evangelist who seldom had time to spare from his busy schedule.

After our first greetings were over we immediately told him of the strange series of events that had plagued us since our occupancy of the house. Frank listened calmly and then said it seemed to him the things that had happened were, for the most part, due to two overworked imaginations. We felt more than a little ashamed. Viewed in the light of his logical explanations the mysteries did not seem to amount to much.

We spent a happy evening talking over old times. Midnight arrived and we all retired. I went to sleep almost immediately feeling secure and safe in the knowledge that my brother was with us. Alas, I lost this feeling a short while later when we were jarred into in-

stant wakefulness by the sound of hoarse screams.

I leaped from bed, raced into the hall to find my brother standing on the attic stairway clawing wildly at his face.

My husband was close behind me as we rushed to aid Frank who was the victim of our mysterious cobweb. It had entwined itself completely around his head and frightened him till he literally was shaking. We turned on the lights, brushed the filmy, gray stuff away and talked soothingly to him.

Frank finally managed to explain, "I was asleep when suddenly I was awakened by a voice calling my name, over and over. I could hear the voice clearly, distinctly, so I got out of bed and went into the hall. The night light was so dim I must have mistaken the attic door for your door and when I opened the door and stepped forward I became entangled in that shroud. I panicked and called out to you. What a dream! What a horrible dream!"

Eventually we all returned to bed and the rest of the night passed quietly.

The next morning over breakfast coffee Frank treated the previous night's incident as a joke. "Your stories really must have preyed on my mind. I've never had a dream like that one and, certainly, I never have sleepwalked before in my entire life."

That day we spent visiting relatives and the next night was uneventful. The morning of the third day I felt relaxed and certain my brother was right—imagination had played cruel tricks on our little family.

But the climax came that afternoon.

No one of us smoked but before our eyes, in the northeast corner of the living room, a small fire appeared. Without reason the fire suddenly was there. By afternoon we were at our wits end, for three other small fires broke out spontaneously in the house, always before our eyes. This was too much to bear; fire is the major fear of my life.

My brother retired to his room that night looking thoughtful. The next morning he appeared at the table pale and resolute. At breakfast Frank told me of a strange dream he had the night before.

"Last night I prayed for an answer to your dilemma. I had a dream that may or may not be the answer to your problem. I thought I was in the attic, wrapped in the cobwebby stuff I was entangled in the other night. In the corner of the attic was a blazing fire that grew and grew in size. I was panic-stricken and didn't know which way to turn. I was trapped there.

"Until my visit here I was con-

fident of my faith. I still am; however, the experience of the other night and the fires since, have shaken me. I am trained to be a guide to others, a strong arm for the weak to lean on. But in the moment of trial I was the weakest of the weak.

"To me this shows how frail the flesh is. Sometimes we must rely on signs and symbols to guide us. You have been warned and now I earnestly advise you, not only as your brother, but as a minister, to leave this house as quickly as you can.

"The battle of Good against the forces of Evil is constant. Sometimes certain areas are won and held, as in any war. This house, I am convinced, is one of those very real areas where the forces of Evil have entrenched themselves. I truly believe that eventually, perhaps soon, the baleful malignancy that is evident here will be overcome by the power of Good. The climax is building up day by day and will break through in the future. You and the family must not be here when that occurs. I will wait here until you leave, for I cannot and will not leave you alone in this house."

We took my brother's advice and that very afternoon packed our personal belongings and moved into my sister's home. The moment we departed I felt a lessening of tension; a vast feeling of relief swept over me. The furniture was out of the house within three days time and for the first time in six months we were free.

At first we decided not to sell the house but, upon thinking it over, decided we were being foolish, for other's beliefs are not ours. If we had acted unwisely in moving out that was our mistake; we were satisfied with our decision.

The house was not difficult to dispose of in the space hungry year of 1944. We told the people who took the house of the strange events that had occurred there. We were trying to be honest and fair but, from the expressions on their faces, I am sure they thought us completely mad.

* * *

THE STORY of the house does not end here. The family who had bought it lived there exactly one month then, following our example, they too moved away.

Despite the war-time housing shortage the house remained vacant for a long time, then was sold to an organization. After many renovations and much remodeling, the club finally was opened to its members.

My brother's prediction of a climax in the struggle between Good and Evil had been delayed for nearly 16 years, but the house had the last say after all. On Dec-

ember 9, 1960, exactly two weeks after the opening the clubhouse was completely destroyed by fire. New wiring had been installed; there was no accounting for the extensive nature of the fire. The verdict was "cause of fire unknown."

Today, of course, the house on the hill is gone. A new building on that spot opened its doors in 1961, to serve the same organization which had remodeled the old house.

I do not fear for this building for I am firmly convinced of my brother's theory. I believe the battle of Good and Evil was fought on that site and that the forces of Evil were driven away. Yet, I find myself wondering — where has that particular concentration of Evil been driven to? Another house, perhaps?

Personally, I pray each night that never again in my lifetime shall I find myself upon such a battleground.



DID A CURSE DESTROY KASKASKIA?

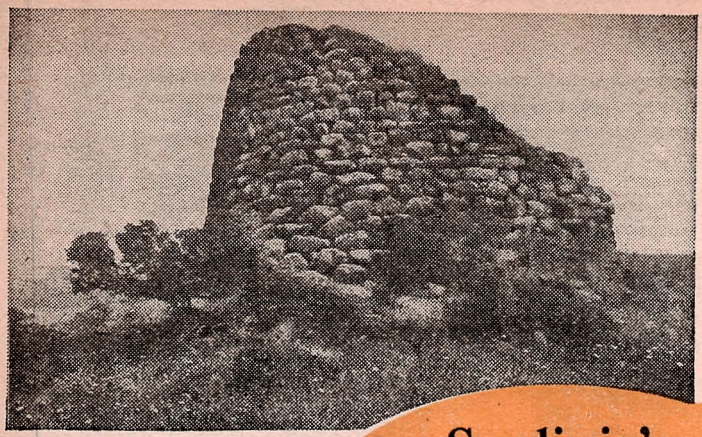
OLD RECORDS of Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois between the years 1818 and 1819, contain the story of a curse placed on the town by an Algonquin Indian. At the time Kaskaskia was a small colonial settlement on the Kaskaskia River, a short distance from its confluence with the Mississippi.

Infuriated by his failure to win the hand of a French maiden who lived there, the Indian shouted at the villagers, "May the filthy spot on which your church stands be destroyed, may your homes and farms be ruined, may your dead be torn from their graves, and may your land be a feeding place for fishes!"

In an article in the February 24, 1963, issue of *Grit*, Grover Brinkman reports the story of the curse and relates the amazing fashion in which it apparently was fulfilled.

In 1881 the rampaging Mississippi River did wipe out most of the old town of Kaskaskia. It destroyed the Church of the Immaculate Conception, buried the crops of the French settlers and unearthed the dead from their cemetery. Most of the houses disappeared in the angry flood, slipping one by one into the turbulent muddy, waters. The Mississippi created a new channel as well as an island, leaving the original town of Kaskaskia in the middle of the stream— "a feeding place for fishes," as the wrathful Algonquin had prophesied.





Photos by U.P.I.

Sardinia's LOST CIVILIZATION

By Bill Sunderland, U.P.I.

Scientists believe hill people of Sardinia are "pure" survivals of a civilization that died in 300 B.C.!

SEVEN-THOUSAND stone towers which frown down upon Sardinia's rocky landscape are science's strongest clues to the origins and practices of the mysterious and lost Nuraghical civilizations.

So essential were these towers to the long-vanished culture that archeologists have named the entire civilization after them. The name—which has no English equivalent—comes from the native Catalan word "nura," which is best defined as a mound with a hole in it. The singular is Nuraghe and the plural Nuraghi.

These stone monuments sprout from the Sardinian countryside so frequently as to suggest the quills on a porcupine. There are over 7000 towers on the island which has a total area of only 9,283

square miles. Thus there is a Nuraghe for every one-and-one-quarter square miles of area—a remarkable accomplishment for a culture which flourished only from 1500 B.C. until the Third Century B.C. when it was absorbed by the Roman civilization from the mainland of Italy just 120 miles away.

Until the early 1950's archeologists believed that Sardinia's stone towers were remnants of the Stone Age, but recent researches have revealed that they are the product of the mysteries, retarded Nuraghical civilization. Scientists call this culture retarded because it failed to produce a written language and because it was limited to erecting simple stone structures while contemporary civilizations were building complex walled cities.

Archeologists admit that much of what they believe is speculation—particularly since the Nuraghical civilization left no written language—although recent studies have increased their fund of knowledge.

There are a number of still-existing relics of which the Nuraghi are the most important. The size of the towers varies, but the shape is basically the same—a cone of stones piled one on top of another, usually with only one entrance into the open area in the center. The entrance is made by the simple post and lintel method — a long piece of rock laid across other rocks.

The later Nuraghi sometimes are more complicated. Such a one is the well-preserved Nuraghe of Santu Antine (Sardinian dialect for St. Anthony) near Torralba in central Sardinia. It stands more than 65 feet high and the basic construction is a massive, double-walled conical center three stories high. Another one-story wall has been built around it.

No mortar was used in any of the construction and the stones simply are piled upon each other. Because of this, the walls are thick —sometimes up to 10 feet—and the space inside is small in relation



Ancient Sardinians built simple stone towers exclusively. Massive walls were made by piling stones one atop another.

to the outside dimensions.

The Santu Antine Nuraghe has several entrances to the outside wall, but only one entrance into the large, central tower, which is formed of two walls with a stairway leading to the upper stories. Apparently it was built for defense. Step by step the inhabitants could retreat, from within the outside wall to inside the main tower, and then upward, story by story. At each point there is only one place to pass and the cost to those wanting to capture a Nuraghe must have been tremendous.

Some of the Nuraghi built during the later stages of the civilization—when the Sardinians were using bows and arrows—have windows high up on the sides. But the earlier, simple Nuraghi, have only one small entrance.

Archeologists feel that the Nuraghi were used for defense and possibly as homes for the tribal chieftains. According to all evidence, the people were nomadic hunters and herdsmen who lived in huts made out of brush rather than in the stone towers. Only when their enemies threatened did they retreat to the Nuraghi to defend themselves.

Because of this constant movement the Nuraghi are widely distributed although few are on the coast, which the natives avoided because of its swampy nature. The Nuraghi generally are built on open plains, although some are located on hilltops which have commanding positions.

Archeologists can follow the development of the Nuraghical civilization over a period of almost 1,500 years, from the time the first Nuraghi were built until the Romans conquered Sardinia.

Development began with the construction of simple, one-tower Nuraghi eight or nine feet high and terminated with the larger and more complicated Nuraghi, including some Nuraghi villages. According to archeological estimates, the last Nuraghi probably were built about 400 years before Christ.

During the last several hundred years of the Nuraghical civilization "Well Temples," the "Tombs of the Giants," and stone and bronze statuary were developed.

The bronze statues, normally 12 to 18 inches tall, are almost surrealistic. With long legs and elongated heads, they portray archers, warriors, tribal chieftains and even wrestlers. A few portray women, but mostly in connection with some action such as a woman holding a dead warrior, or a woman with a son. Most numerous of the figures are those representing chieftains, archers, and priests.

The tribal chieftain is, without exception, distinguished by a flowing cape and a long stick in his hand. Sometimes the stick is notch-

ed; sometimes it is not. Generally the right hand of the chieftain is raised and the stick is in the left hand, extending straight down until it is level with the feet. Sometimes there is an ornament in the form of a "T" with a second cross halfway down hanging on the statue's breast, but the significance of this is not known.

There are many archers, sometimes with the bows slung over their shoulders and sometimes with it held ready for use. Other warrior figures show men with swords and shields and there is a type of warrior with four arms, four eyes and two shields which probably is a religious symbol.

What appear to be priests are sculptured with cloaks and conical hats, holding offering bowls in their left hands.

Surviving stone statues are more primitive. They look more like gingerbread men and women with generally flat faces and protruding noses and eyes, although some of the works show more imagination and some study of the human anatomy.

There are a few statues of animals, including oxen, but none of any means of transportation, such as ships. This perhaps indicates that the people remained confined mostly to their own island and apparently did not attempt any sort of exploration or even communication. Corsica is less than 10 miles away from Sardinia and the Corsican and Sardinian peoples are of the same race. But the civilizations developed differently, indicating the lack of any cultural interchange.

When a form of religion—apparently centered mostly on death—began to develop in the later stages of the Sardinian civilization the "Tombs of the Giants" were built. These are natural caves or caverns dug into rocky hillsides for use as burial sites. It is in these tombs that all of the 300 stone statues were found, indicating that these statues were associated with the burial rites. The 400 bronze statues found so far are from different areas, showing they were part of the day-to-day life.

Archeologists claim that the ancient Sardinians believed in life after death and even possibly in a form of reincarnation and that is why the tombs were so important and why most of the artifacts, such as the stone statues and pottery, have been found in or near the Tombs of the Giants.

The tombs are so named locally because they are long and thin, and if only one person was laid to rest in them he would be a giant.

Other surviving remnants of this mysterious culture are the "Well Temples," deep, round wells with steps leading to the bottom where

the water was. Archeologists have deduced that, because of the scarcity of water on the island, a cult of priests was created to distribute the precious liquid. Thus, the pits performed the double duty of providing water and a form of religious worship.

This was the extent to which the civilization developed apparently —bows and arrows, swords, a few villages, but generally warrior or pastoral activities, and no written language. While throughout the rest of the Aegean area civilizations were building walled cities the Sardinians were learning to build their simple stone towers— and still generally existing from hand to mouth.

Developing slowly, they lived without interference from about 1,-500 B.C. until about 400 B.C. Whenever any "foreigners" arrived on their shores they simply retreated to the interior of the island— and into their Nuraghi. And, as Sardinia had little to offer, they were left pretty much alone.

The beginning of the end for this Nuraghical civilization came about the Fourth Century before Christ when the Carthaginians began their first colonization of Sardinia. They set up villages on the coast and alternately fought and co-existed with the local people.

Archeologists suspect that the Carthaginians may have helped the Sardinians take the ultimate step in their civilization—the construction of a few Nuraghi villages. It was likely that until that point each Nuraghe had been a separate entity.

Then in the Third Century B.C. the Romans invaded Sardinia.

The Carthaginians and the Sardinians combined to fight them but it was a losing battle. Eventually the world-conquering Romans took the island and absorbed what they could of the local population. Because the Roman civilization was so much more advanced there was little for them to take or learn from the Sardinians.

Recorded Roman history shows that many of the local people retreated inland and continued their isolated life. Whenever the Romans were having trouble in other areas and were forced to take troops away from Sardinia there were local uprisings.

Because of this habitual isolation there are little islands of "pure" Sardinians still living today in small mountain villages. They are a small, dark and tough people, mostly herdsmen and hunters. The Sardinian language is a combination of the original language of the island, Catalan, and Latin.

Although the Sardinians appear to have forgotten the purpose of their tombs and their Nuraghi they

have, for 3000 years, maintained absolute respect for the monuments of their ancestors. Submerged memories have blended with superstition to prevent the Sardinians from tearing down the stones of the Nuraghi for use in other structures.

Even today it is a rare occasion when a shepherd will use a Nuraghe to house his flock against the elements. And, if the superstition is easing, the monuments to an age goneby and a lost civilization are now protected and preserved by Italian law.

DOES EARTH HAVE SIX OCEANS?

THE WORLD may have six oceans, according to British oceanographers associated with the International Indian Ocean Survey, now in progress. The sixth ocean, which until now has not been recognized as such, might be the great Arabian Sea, including the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, which has been regarded as the northwest sector of the Indian Ocean.

The British oceanographers currently are engaged in an intensive survey of this great water area. Their report on the project states that its principal aim "is to establish the crust structure of the Arabian Sea and to determine its relation to the surrounding continental land masses."

"Many geologists," the report continues, "believe that the true continental margin in the western Indian Ocean lies to the east of Madagascar, although oceanic depths of more than 2,000 fathoms lie within this area."

Studies of sea mounts in the eastern North Atlantic have shown that some are characterized by a magnetic anomaly while others are not. Similar studies are being made of sea mounts in the Arabian Sea. Detailed examinations also are being made of the small abyssal hills found in the deep basins where it is possible that the rocks are more representative of what is the true oceanic basement.

MEETING OF BROTHERS

AFTER a visit to Luling, Tex., Pablo Contreras Nunez, 26, began driving back to his home in Fentress, Tex. At about the same time his brother, Victoriano Contreras Nunez, 40, left Fentress and began driving toward Luling. The two cars met in a head-on collision and both men were killed.

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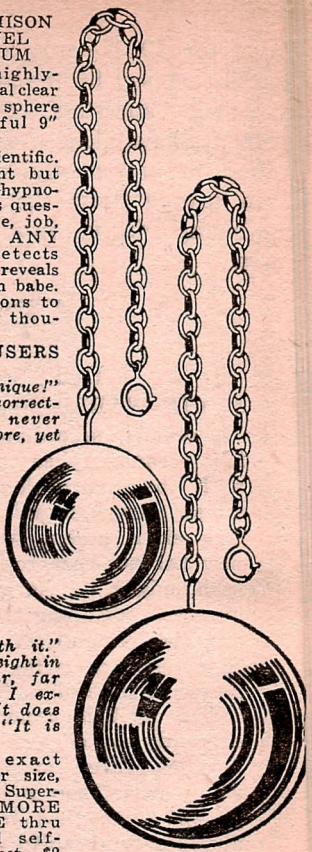
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THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

By R. V. Shoemaker

MY SECOND MARRIAGE was of short duration. Malicious gossip, selfish desires and interests of others drove it on the rocks when it should have proved a success, for we greatly admired each other. Neither of us wanted a divorce, thus it was with us for several years—she helping her children and I helping mine.

In 1943 I was drafted as a construction foreman on a government job and it was while on that job that another employee told me my wife was at her daughter's, about one mile from the job, and was dying of cancer. I went to see her that evening after work. I made other visits to see her before she passed away. I attended her funeral in company with her daughter and family, her mother and her sister.

In 1945 I took the job of building a Dude Ranch at Glenwood, N. Mex., a two-and-one-half-year job, at an estimated cost of $480,000. While I was in Glenwood, in 1947, four years after my wife's passing, she visited me on five different occasions. On each visit she appeared in the same manner, when no other member of the crew was present, but always in the open, in the bright sunshine.

She was lovely beyond description. She had a young, ageless look, and while she was present there was no time element. Each time I was taken so completely by surprise that I could not speak and she appeared very much amused at my confusion.

From her first appearance I knew she had a message for me, but we could not find words; at least, I could not. Her expression seemed to say, "Think!" I tried unsuccessfully to think and thus she left me on four different occasions. I was in a fog as to how it would end, or if it



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would end. Each visit I thought would be her last. It was on her fifth visit that we reached an understanding.

For the last few years I had been trying to discover the secret of happiness. It seemed well worth knowing and now, on her fifth visit, I had a revelation. All one has to do is forget *self*, and live a life of service! When that thought came to my mind, like a flash her message came through in telepathic form: "You are on the right path. Keep going. I will not be back for I am going to another plane."

The most confusing thing about those five visits was that each time she took me to the most desolate spot I have ever seen. I have no idea where it was. There was nothing to see except huge time-worn, sandstone boulders, lying in loose, deep sand. There was not a living thing, not a tree, not a plant, not a blade of grass. I was not conscious of going to this place, nor of returning to my work. I was with her in that desolate spot one instant, then back amid my material and tools the next. But perhaps I should not even use the word "instant" as there was no time element during such experiences.—*Silver City, N. Mex.*

ETERNAL VIGILANCE

By Alice Williams

I SHALL ALWAYS remember my last visit at the farm home of my aunt, Annie Sprickman, near Ransomville, N. Y., in July, 1920. She was seriously ill and Mother had taken me with her to see Auntie.

As she lay, thin and pale, upon the bed, she spoke of her favorite cow, who she had named Emma. To her husband she remarked, "Bill, I

want you to promise me you'll never harm Emma nor get rid of her." He merely smiled, so she continued, "I'll know if you do anything to her and if you do I'll haunt you from my grave."

Desiring to satisfy her, he promised.

Turning to me, Aunt Annie added, "Alice, I want you to see that Uncle Bill keeps that promise."

Of course, I nodded assent.

The following night Aunt Annie died. Uncle Bill, though grief-stricken, stayed on at the farm, managing fairly well with hired help.

One night that fall I was awakened from slumber by the voice of Aunt Annie asking, "Alice, where is Emma?"

Before I could say anything she was gone.

She appeared to me again on the next two nights, asking the same question. So I decided to tell Uncle Bill about it, believing he would only scoff, for we considered him something of an atheist.

However, he informed me that she had appeared to him three times, in the same manner. "I guess there really is something to it," he mused. "I did recently sell two of my cows. One of them was Emma. But how did she know it?" He went on, "I'll buy Emma back tomorrow and sell a different cow."

This he did, and nothing further ever was heard from Aunt Annie's spirit.—*North Tonawanda, N. Y.*

MY SON'S RETURN

By M. J. Lovett

MY HUSBAND'S parents were wealthy, so when my husband and I separated, they got our three-year-old son.

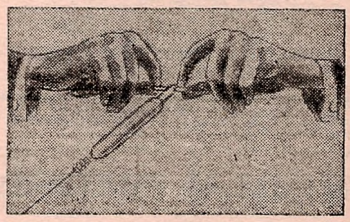
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"I'll come back, Mommie, he sobbed, the day they took him away. "I'll come back."

He would come back! To make sure of that, I got a job and saved every penny I could for proof that I could support him. Some days I ate nothing but a bowl of soup all day. I was often so hungry I could hardly walk, but still my bank account wasn't growing fast enough.

I was hungry that afternoon in May, 1944, as I walked home from work, but I wasn't too hungry to know what I saw. With outstretched arms and a smile on his little face, my son Rickie was running across



M. J. LOVETT

the busy intersection toward me. I screamed and dashed into the street. Brakes screamed, people shouted, but even when a car knocked me down I felt nothing. I sprang up and looked around me. My baby was gone. I held up traffic while I looked under cars but he was not there. People told the Nashville, Tenn., police there had been no

child. They said I was mad.

I don't know what might have happened when the policeman took me home, if my husband had not been there with the news that my son was dead. He had tried to run away to find me and had been killed by a hit and run driver more than five miles from where I saw him.

My son had come back to me, but only for a fleeting moment. — *Gastonia, N.C.*

FACE AT THE WINDOW

By Audrey M. Antkiewicz

THE PEOPLE of the tiny village of Ostrowice, Poland, near the German border, were in a gay mood one Saturday in July, 1938. Young Conrad Gizinsky was to marry Andzia Zalewsky that very morning. Twelve months before, Conrad had been engaged to Andzia's sister Anna, but a few weeks before the wedding she had died of appendicitis. Now, the villagers thought, he could forget the tragedy, for he was getting a good wife in Andzia.

After the wedding, festivities continued at the home of the bride's parents, Joseph and Marysia Zalewsky. Everyone in the village had been invited and there was food and drink for all.

About 10:00 that night the celebration was at its height, and the strains of a gay Polish polka filled the air. People were laughing and having a good time. Mrs. Zalewsky was sitting in a corner chatting with her lifelong friend, Zofia Szynkowsky, my husband's aunt. During a lull in the conversation Mrs. Zalewsky, who was watching the young people dance, suddenly felt her arm grasped tightly by her friend.

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"My God!" Zofia gasped. "Marysia, look who is looking through the window!"

Mrs. Zalewsky turned to look, and screamed. There in the open window, clothed in a shroud and watching the proceedings with a sad expression on her white face, was her daughter Anna, Conrad's dead fiancee.

After the initial shock, the bride's father was enraged at what he told himself was a cruel trick. He grabbed a hunting rifle from the closet and dashed outside, followed by several of the male guests. In the bright moonlight they could see on the path about 15 or 20 yards ahead of them the white-clad figure of a woman heading toward the nearby village cemetery.

Mr. Zalewsky ordered her to stop and when she did not, fired several shots. At that range he could not possibly have missed. The figure never faltered, but continued a few yards further and then vanished. The men spread out and searched, but they failed to locate their quarry.

They returned to the house to find it in confusion. The bride was in a state of shock and several elderly ladies were hysterical. Although it was usual for wedding parties to last two or three days, this one ended that night.

I heard the story from my husband, who was 15 at the time. He had been at the party, although in another room, and so he witnessed all that happened except for the apparition which was seen by his aunt.

It is said the bride never fully recovered from seeing her dead sister's ghost, for six months later she too died.—*Clifton, N. J.*



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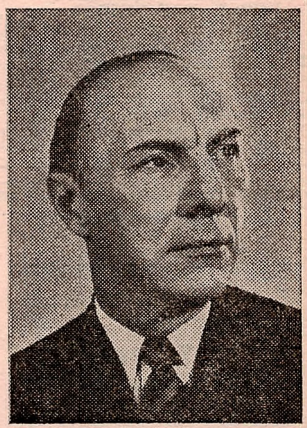
MAKE IT AN ADVENTURE, by Marcus Bach, Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1962. 207 pages, $4.95.

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Indeed, there is transforming power in this book, but it is not all immediately apparent. A too-quick first reading may even leave one feeling that this is just another mildly helpful popular-type self-help book, of rather uneven interest; but don't deceive yourself. Reread the many subheadings and note that they are very helpful just in themselves. Reread items that did not interest you much at first, and see what new meaning they hold. Make it an adventure to determine just

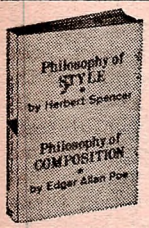


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how useful this book could be to you if you really meant to adventure through all of life. If you are the kind of person for whom Marcus Bach writes, you will find that it could be very useful indeed, and you may end up by deciding to enter wholeheartedly into this program. After all, life is an adventure, so why shouldn't it be lived like one?

Make It An Adventure has the easy reading characteristic of Marcus Bach, the direct and friendly discourse, marked by sincerity and the questing spirit, religiously oriented. He has this to say about his own quest, and one conclusion he has reached: "Believing as I do, that my life's purpose is to interpret for myself and others the things people live by so we may all learn how we ourselves may live better, I must point out that I have found no single individual who has ever fully comprehended all of life . . . But one thing I have surely learned; the best adjusted and the most vital individual is he who keeps his spirit, mind, and being alive with the adventurous quest. How is this done? It is done by relating your life to all life, by recognizing that there is always an unrealized potential."

Make your life one continuous adventure, and draw on that potential! That is the message, and those who really "get" it and learn to apply it will have gained a pearl of great price.—*Harold Steinour.*

UNVEILING THE MYSTERY OF CREATION, by Arthur James Maurer, Sr. True Bible Education Association, Seely, Wyo., 1963. 417 pages, $5.95.

Religio-Scientific books are stranger than fiction, and this one is the

strangest yet. However, it is happily free from the exasperating vagueness that mars so many works of its kind. The author comes right out and states that "the wording of Scripture proves"—according to his understanding—"that our Universe and all life is controlled by Electronic Energy."

He writes in a direct, straightforward fashion that should please all Christian readers looking for further light on Bible interpretation. Innumerable scholars have attempted to explain the Holy Scriptures. I have lent them my ears, and they have been left ringing. And if Mr. Maurer, Sr. also disappoints, he at least makes it interesting.

He solves—to his own satisfaction, if not to this heathen reviewer's—the mystery of creation, and he does it by using "electrons and atoms." The story of Adam and Eve is finally cleared up, and the cause of the World Flood explained. He tells us how the Arctics were formed, why the Earth tilts, why we have summer and winter, and gives the reason for the Sun Spots. Orthodox scientists will be delighted!

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sure that the Scriptures "absolutely prove Nature electronically created the universal space in which we live," and "God came out of that pure air" and established material life from "a civilization known as the Children of Light."

Many authors, like Mr. Maurer, Sr., attempt to answer Pilate's question, "What is Truth?" And many philosophers believe that the answer lies somewhere between the classical empiricism of Bacon, Locke and Hume, and the classical rationalism of Descartes, Spinoza and Leibnitz —between observation and intuition.

Of course, Truth has to be somewhere—Bible Truth like every other Truth. And perhaps we shall find it if we try hard enough. Plato taught that the soul contains All-Wisdom, but that in being born it becomes veiled to us. He also taught that we can penetrate the veil. How? Perhaps by considering all views and trusting to intuition as to which is right. But then the trouble is that everyone who disagrees can claim that his intuition tells him that our intuition is wrong.

This business of determining Truth becomes an extremely personal matter. If you haven't yet made up your mind on what Bible Truth is, perhaps *Unveiling the Mystery of Creation* will give you a nudge in the right direction. It gave me a headache, but it made me think—which is painful—but I wasn't bored, and you won't be either.—*George Cardinal LeGros.*

FAITH BEYOND HUMANISM, by David Rhys Williams. Philosophical Library, Inc., New York, 1963. 223 pages, $5.00.

This book is addressed primarily

to those who, like the author, "have lost their faith, no longer subscribe to the religious beliefs in which they were reared, have been disillusioned." The writer now thinks less than formerly of the "social applications of ethical religion", and considers theology "the science above all sciences." He regards "the very act of faith as the creative factor in the universe . . . the power that changes possibilities into actualities . . . the dynamic that makes something out of nothing," and believes that "God cannot be the object of faith, but the fact of faith."

Faith, he tells us, is "not something that men can use, but something that lays hold on them, and uses them for its own ends . . . not something which serves them, but something which they must serve." Hence "we do not possess Faith, Hope, Love, but are possessed by them." For "God should not be held responsible for the evil in the world. He is a *struggling Deity*—trying to bring order out of chaos, change evil into good . . . an *experimenting* Deity."

Similarly, "we do not possess fear, hate, but are possessed by them . . . "Man does not create God in his own image, but God seeks to reveal himself through the imperfect images in man's mind."

On the whole, I think that this book will commend itself mainly to readers interested in religious philosophy. Those interested in psychic and occult subjects will find little here to reward them. For although our author has a chapter based largely on Dr. Rhine's *The New World of the Mind*, and deems the "findings of parapsychology worthy of serious consideration", he finds

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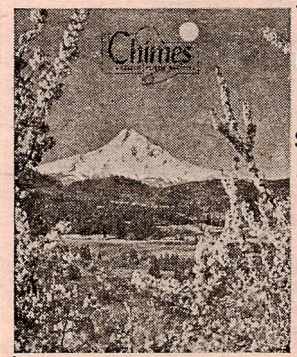
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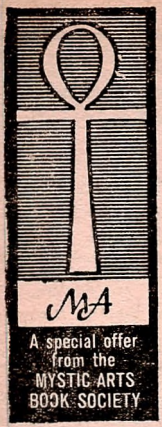
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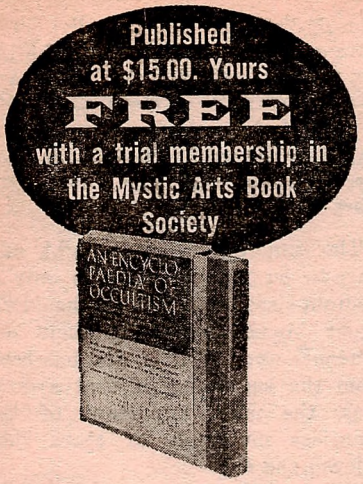
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himself "still on the fence."

He quotes extensively from the Bible, and his last 17 very short chapters are prayers.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

MAN AND THE SUN, by Jacquetta Hawkes. Random House, New York, 1962. 277 pages, $5.00.

The sun which sheds light and warmth on planet Earth is only a medium-sized star, yet to the intelligent bipeds aware of their dependence upon it, it is, and has been from the beginning of that awareness, the most important of the countless multitude of stars that bejewel the sky.

Man and the Sun is the panoramic and colorful story of the spiritual and intellectual ways in which the various races and civilizations of man have acknowledged the intimate bond between their frail lives and the sun's blazing orb. Myths and rituals associated with the sun began with the dawn of human consciousness. From the first prehistoric savages who beheld its golden disc with awe and wonder, man has identified the sun with divinity and has attempted to make that sense of divinity an intregal part of his daily existence.

Sun priests, for instance, claimed to possess a special ability to communicate with the Divine Father and to be able to intercede with him for the good of his wayward children. Egyptian pharaohs reached such exalted status as to be regarded by their subjects as living incarnations of the Sun God. Millennia of sun worship carried over into early Christianity, so that "paganism became Christianized and Christianity became paganized," as Jacquetta

Hawkes shows with a surprising list of parallels.

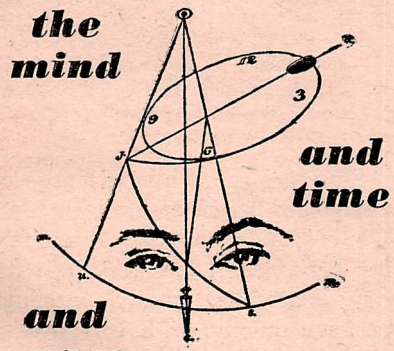
She begins her book with what is its logical beginning—the birth of the sun itself. Her account is in terms of current scientific theory, but her poetic and evocative style makes theory as fascinating as an eye-witness report of a dramatic event. Next she describes the creation of Earth and the other planets of our solar system, and the way life is thought to have spawned in Earth's primeval oceans.

From here she skips along the ladder of evolution to the birth of man, the second of the two principal actors on her cosmic stage. Sketching man's dawning awareness of his relationship with the sun, she recounts solar worship by Stone Age peoples, Mesopotamian civilizations, the Egyptians, the Mayans, Incas and Aztecs, and the builders of Stonehenge.

As man painfully climbed the long, uphill path of civilization, the view he held of his relationship with the solar orb underwent changes. First he saw the sun as a "heavenly father," bringing warmth and fruitfulness to Earth, then as a symbol of order and justice. In the process, man's conception soared to the heights and plumbed the depths. In Egypt his intellectual groping reached its loftiest peak in the benevolent monotheism of Pharaoh Akhenaten. In Central America it reached its lowest ebb in the bloody human sacrifices of the Aztecs.

From theological conceptions associated with the sun Jacquetta Hawkes (who lives in England and is married to J. B. Priestley, noted author and critic) carries the reader into the evolution of the philosophi-

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Readers fascinated by the romance of ancient civilizations, and in general by the archeological, anthropological, theological and philosophical details which accompany them, will find *Man and the Sun* a rewarding book. This is due especially to the author's skillful organization of a wealth of facts and to a lucid, lyrical writing style which gives the facts freshness and significance. She enriches the reader with a new understanding of the sun's profound role in shaping man's "world" of today—in lighting not only man's planet but, just as important, in lighting man's mind.—*Chester S. Geier.*

Six years ago, while violently arguing with her sister, Lucrezia Dattilo, of Catassano, Italy, completely lost her voice. A few weeks ago she was quarreling angrily, although perforce quietly, with her parents. At the height of the argument the girl's voice suddenly returned. She has vowed to quarrel no more.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

HEALERS WILL HELP

Your lovely article in the July FATE, "Let the Flowers Heal You," still is bringing us over 30 letters each day. We are getting worried about it because we cannot keep up with the answers.

Would it be possible to put a little notice in FATE to the effect that all letters cannot be answered?

We cannot send the Remedies to the U.S.A. unless the recipient will take the risk. We had a set returned the other day by the Customs officials saying they were not acceptable in the US.A.

We are so sorry and it seems such a shame after all you have done for us. We would like to help all these people. I think your American Medical Association must have a change of heart before we can do much with the Remedies in the U.S.A.—*Nora Weeks, Bach Healing Centre, Mount Vernon, Sotwell, Wallingford. Berks., England.*

DEATH NOTICE

With deep regret I read in the August issue of the death of The Venerable Sumangalo. I am the proud possessor of a wooden Bead Rosary which he sent me last year. He wrote me so kindly that the beads were very old and that many thousands of prayers had been said on them.

This is THE HUMAN AURA

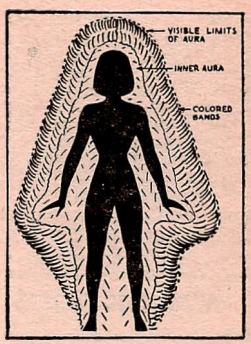


Diagram of normal aura based on W. J. Kilner, M.D.

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WINTHER DEFENDED

I was quite amazed to read in the April FATE Dr. Nandor Fodor's remarks about Dr. Christian Winther's famous work with the medium Anna Rasmussen. It seemed incredible that the author of such a classic book on psychic phenomena as his *Encyclopedia of Psychic Science* would in effect dismiss as valueless the long, detailed, scientific study of the Rasmussen phenomena made by Dr. Winther and his colleagues.

Dr. Fodor's recent able reply to Trevor Hall's attack upon Sir William Crooke's work with Florence Cook (*Tomorrow*, Autumn 1962) and his rejection of the much later and better done work of Winther is simply one more illustration of the strange narrowness of judgment which has cursed the history of psychic research for the last century.

Dr. Fodor attacks the Winther-Rasmussen work on two grounds: the rappings; and the pendulum motions. In a series of articles in the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research (January through May, 1928), Dr. Winther demolishes the notion that Anna Rasmussen's rappings, at the Copenhagen sittings, at least, were produced by the manipulation of her larynx.

Referring to the sitting of February 23 (ASPR *Journal*, February,

1928), Dr. Winther says: "During part of this sitting a glass of water stood upon the table. The water remained calm while the pendulums went into strong action, and also when the pendulums changed their direction and amplitudes." And again he says, "It is worthy of emphasis that this very promising result was obtained at the very first seance with the pendulum apparatus, where the medium had no knowledge or notice of the impending change in the apparatus, and hence was in no way to practice or prepare anything."

As to "pulling at the wood" to make raps, Winther refers to "the extreme kindness of my friend, Herr Director P. Dorph-Broager, in meeting my every wish. He placed at our disposal a room in the cellar of his residence, installed central heating in this room, broke through the flooring and erected a vibrationless *concrete pillar* . . . The tabouret for the suspension of the pendulum stood directly upon the top of the concrete pillar, passing through a large hole in the table top . . . without in any way touching . . . the former."

Also, "the . . . distance from the medium's chest to the nearer side of the tabouret was about 82 centimeters. The medium is quite short-armed, and hence could not reach the table at all."

A stethoscope is simply a microphone. Dr. Fodor says Professor Winther "failed to localize these sounds with a stethoscope." The reverse was true. A small inner table which could not be touched from the outside was used with the set-up. "On the 27th we succeeded in locating the raps with absolute pre-

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cision in this table. A microphone was placed on the table, the membrane downwards. The raps were heard with the utmost clarity in this improvised telephone, while the raps produced artifically upon the large outer table could be heard only with extreme difficulty."

For brevity's sake I must leave untouched the long list of other modalities which were used in this history making study. The cinematographic films, the thermometric studies, the variations in the construction of the plumb bobs, the detail given to each sitter for observation, the changes in positions of sitters, the care given to vibrational tracings, phases of manifestations, force ratios, etc., make it clear that Dr. Fodor has failed to explain Dr. Winther's results.

Rather, he has worked superficially with the medium, comparatively speaking, under what were perhaps unsuitable conditions for her, and has mistakenly used plausibility for proof.—*Dr. Philip S. Haley, San Francisco, Calif.*

NANDOR FODOR REPLIES

I admire Dr. Haley for his stout defense of Anna Rasmussen, whose phenomena failed to meet with a positive verdict in London at the International Institute for Psychical Research in 1938 when she was our invited guest.

That I had high anticipation of her seances appears clearly from my Letter from London in the ASPR *Journal*, January, 1938. In the same *Journal* in February I reported that the seances were so disappointing that the original six week period had been cut down to two weeks but that the sterility of our sessions

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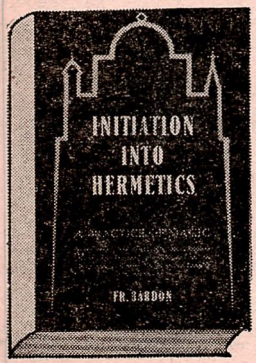
should not be considered a reflection on Professor Winther's detailed report in *Psychic Research* in 1928.

The striking difference between the Winther findings and our own simply indicates that after the passing of many years the checking up on a previous investigation may be a hopeless task as the medium may decline, perhaps temporarily, or other factors may interfere with her abilities.

I think Dr. Haley will find the answer to most of his remarks in that more detailed and less journalese report than my article in the April issue of FATE. No one regretted more the absence of positive results than I did. I can still recall—very keenly—the profound disappointment with which our experiments left us.—*Nandor Fodor, New York, N.Y.*

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can be used. It has changed the entire course of my life for the best. I had planned my life so carefully I thought I knew what I wanted to be and what do, only to find out it wasn't at all what I wanted. Thank God I found out in time.

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"QUITE A FEAT"

On page 40 in FATE, November, 1962, Alson J. Smith wrote in "Dooms Days That Never Cracked" that Halley's Comet appeared at 5:05 on October 13, 1736.

Halley's Comet, which last appeared in 1910, appears at intervals of 75-76 years. Thus, its only appearance in the 18th Century was in 1758 or 1759. So it would have been quite a feat for it to have appeared in 1736.—*Cecil D. Clayton, Henderson, Ky.*

FAIRY VIBRATIONS

I once mentioned to a girl who worked in our draughting room in Jamaica that I needed a "good fairy" to help me with my work. Quite casually she said, "There is one standing there right now." This girl was well educated, English by birth, a clever draughtsman, and mentally sound. I believed her.

As I told a neighbor, I cannot agree fairies do not exist even though I myself never have seen one. It is possible others can see

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fairies. Look at the problem logically.

All matter manifests itself to us through the vibrations of waves registering in our brain through our sensory mechanisms. Each kind of solid matter has a wave length differing in vibration from all other kinds. These vibratory waves affect our senses of perception, allowing us to distinguish various objects by their size, shape, color, smell, and taste, if any.

If our senses of perception are below normal, we are less aware of these various rates of vibration. If above, we are more aware. Blind people cannot perceive visual stimuli, and color-blind people cannot perceive certain colors.

Normal eyesight can detect colors that manifest themselves in vibrations between 70 and 500 trillion cycles per second. The lower rate is the color white, and the highest rate is the violet after red. However, some people can see higher rates of vibrations and *may* see things which do not exist to normal people. The process is analogous to a dog whistle; dogs hear it but you cannot because your sense of hearing is not responsive to such a high wave length.

The Cosmic Keyboard is basically as follows: 10-200 cycles per second covers our sense of touch; 15-40,000 c.p.s. is the range in which our sense of hearing appears; 40,000-100,000 is a gap as far as we are concerned; 100,000-6,000,000 c.p.s. is the range in which radio, TV, and other devices work; 6,000,000-33,000,000 c.p.s. is the range in which other manifestations such as heat (and touch, again, i.e., the ability to sense heat) occur; then at 70 trillion c.p.s. the

color white occurs and then the other visual wave lengths.

Above 500 trillion c.p.s. are other manifestations we are not aware of normally. Some people have referred to this area as the fourth dimension. The human soul exists somewhere in this range just above normal vision, because some persons claim to have seen the soul leaving the body at death.

These persons must have had a higher range of vision than normal.

To return to fairies, there have been legends of their existence for hundreds of years, so someone must have seen something to give rise to them. My guess is that the girl in our draughting room—like many others—has sight tuned to a higher than normal vibratory rate and can

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glimpse beings in a state of existence parallel with ours, occupying the same area at the same time.

This girl has supersight. Others have sensitivity to thought waves. Some can see things that will happen in the future. These are all a quickening of our spiritual senses. Man has reached physical perfection and now is evolving spiritually. —*E. M. Rumney, Cameron, Ont., Canada.*

STIMULATING UNITY

I disagree with Bob Wolcott (FATE, April, 1963, p. 116) because I loved the article on Unity. I read it at least six times and loaned my copy to a friend. I also sent the article around in the mail as I have done with many other FATE articles that are equally as thought stimulating. On the strength of that one Unity article I went out and bought five additional copies of the magazine and passed those out.

I think you do an excellent job and are fair to everyone.—*Barbara Dempsey, Chicago, Ill.*

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curious to me about the Mayan written language is that there appears to be no pattern of development, no progression from crude symbolic pictographs to the final stage of developed writing. There is just the developed form.

I do not think it too fantastic to assume the Maya glyps might be a sophisticated level of "trade language," just like the pidgin English used in the South Pacific for the past few hundred years.

It is known that the Chinese reached the mainland of the Americas a couple of thousand years ago. It also is believed, if one can trust ancient Chinese historians, that voyages to this land were not uncommon. In such a situation, if trade was desired, a means of written communication would have to be developed in order to keep records. Sailors are not teachers and would, as in the case of pidgin English, arrange for a simple means of communication. In time, this would develop into a definite language pattern.

That there was some contact be-

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tween Mayan and Chinese peoples, I have no doubt. For example, I have noticed a strong similarity between the Mayan designs and those favored by the Shang dynasty of southwestern China. Also, the Shang portrait sculptures had a peculiar characteristic. If one covered up one side of a portrait, the human features on the other side would "disappear" and be replaced by designs of fantastic dragons and birds. I tried this trick on a photograph of a Mayan portrait sculpture and found the same thing occurred.

I think that this is too much to be a coincidence. There had to be some contact between the cultures.—*D. Bruce Berry, Chicago, Ill.*

UNMYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES

The most humorous article in the July issue is in Report From the Readers about somebody finding mystery in misplacing his eye glasses and football tickets. It is mighty easy to misplace personal articles.

I have worn glasses for 40 years, and several times during those years have misplaced them. A few mornings ago upon rising I went to the usual place where I had read the night before, but could not find them there. I then went to my wife and told her I misplaced my glasses.

We both searched, and found them in my shirt pocket. I had completely forgotten about placing them there.

I fear that many times we blame the poor little poltergeists for our forgetfulness, for our faulty vision, for our strong imagination, and for our desire for the mysterious. This reader reports in the July issue that the glasses were lost in one place and found in another place

(*Continued on page* 129)

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(*Continued from page* 120)
about a week later. The only mystery I can read into this experience is how the person went a week without his glasses.—*N. S. Stringfellow, Marshall, Tex.*

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(*Editor's note: In response to the many letters concerning the photograph of the Virgin and the prayer mentioned in "The Seeress of Amsterdam," in the December,* 1962, *issue of* FATE, *we are reproducing both.*)



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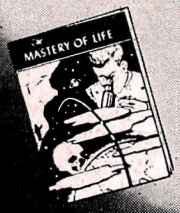
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