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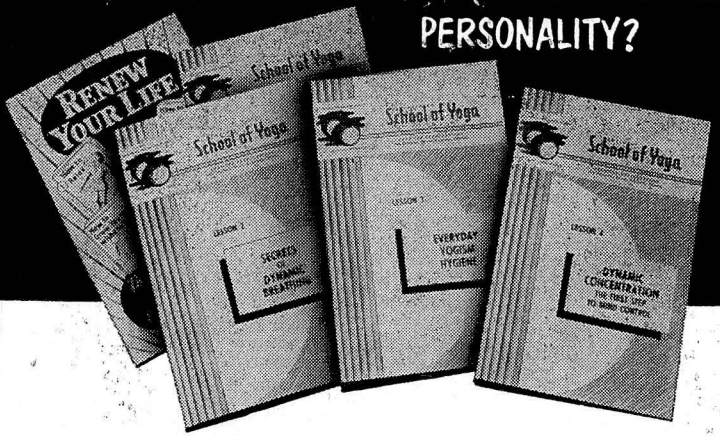
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Issue No. 158

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Assistant Publisher: PAUL FOGHT
Editor: MARY FULLER
Managing Editor: CHESTER S. GEIER
Science Editor: HENRY A. BOTT
Art Director: SYDNEY BARKER

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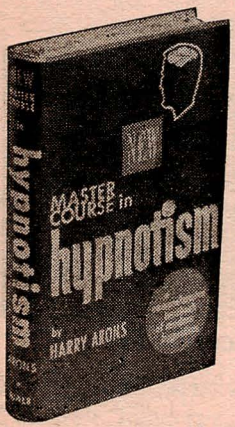
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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Every creative act is a sudden cessation of stupidity.

— Edwin H. Land
Inventor of Polaroid
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BILLIONS FOR RESEARCH

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S budget message has requested $14.9 billion for scientific research in fiscal 1964. This incomprehensible sum is $2.7 billion more than is being spent in fiscal 1963.

Where is it going? Needless to say it isn't going to research Extrasensory Perception, Psychic Phenomena, Parapsychology — you name it.

Except for grants very recently received from private sources by Dr. Rhine and Dr. Gardner Murphy, you probably could add up all the thousands available for ESP on your fingers and toes. Take the amount President Kennedy has recommended and multiply by .00001 and that's about where we stand. Furthermore, what there is comes from private gifts.

We know of only two projects that might be considered government sponsored. One is a Navy project for studying homing pigeons. The other is an Air Force



By Curtis Fuller

Communications project to test telepathic and clairvoyant abilities by means of a machine called Veritac. Veritac generates and displays random numbers and automatically records response and reaction time, to eliminate any bias from human test administrators. So far no significant evidence for clairvoyance or telepathy has been discovered in the Air Force tests.

∞

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Take the simple claim for the psychic photography of Ted Serios in the December FATE. If Ted Serios actually can serve as a medium to impress thoughts on film — and I believe I have seen him do it under test conditions — then the world has to be a different kind of place than all those scientists spending all those billions for research imagine it to be.

Everything they believe about the nature of physical reality is wrong!

But will any physical scientist even look at this problem?

Surprisingly, a few will. But they aren't getting any government money to do it with, at least as far as we know.

We are not trying to disparage the tremendous progress of science. But we raise serious questions about the open-mindedness of scientists.

∞

ON THE ORIGIN OF RACE

CARLETON COON, the great anthropologist, has raised a storm with his new book, *The Origin of Races*, which does a formidable job of systematizing what we know of fossil men. This portion of the book has received almost universal praise.

From his systematic analysis, however, Coon has ventured to conclude that *Homo erectus* — our direct ancestor — evolved into *Homo*

sapiens not once but five different times and in five different geographical places. If so, there are not one but five main streams of *Homo sapiens*. These are australoids, mongoloids, caucasoids, congoids (Negroes) and capoids (Bushmen and Hottentots).

Coon's book is brilliant and quite persuasive, but many anthropologists urge caution before fully accepting his thesis. First of all, the evidence is changing all the time, and as the evidence changes so may Coon's ideas. For example, he once believed that the pygmies were a separate race. Now he has concluded that the Congo pygmies developed from the Negro line, the oceanic pygmies from the australoid line, and so on.

Furthermore, like so much of science, as we learn more and more about more and more, we ask more and more questions. Coon's book is based upon logical inference but hardly on absolute truth.



ADRIFT ON THE DEEP

ALFRED WEGENER was a German geographer who first developed the theory of continental drift — that somehow the major continents once comprised a single land mass but then drifted about like gigantic rafts over the plastic sub-strata of the Earth.

It is needless to review the hoots

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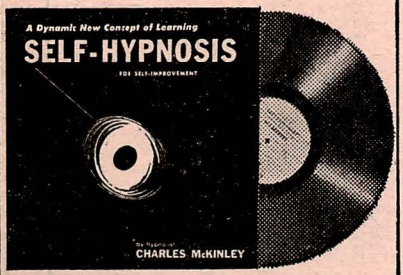
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and howls that first greeted Wegener's hypothesis, but more and more researchers have tended to sustain it. At any rate, more and more research has tended to raise profound problems about what is happening to the comparatively light floating surface of the continents.

Recently Academic Press of New York City published *(Continental Drift.* S. K. Runcorn, Ed., 338 pages. Illustrated $12) a book of essays discussing various matters bearing on the Wegener theory. These include changing locations of the magnetic poles; paleoclimatic evidence for continental drift; evidence that glaciers once existed in now tropical areas; seismological evidence for earth slippage such as the San Andreas fault; possible slow expansion of the earth; unexplained distribution of animals and plants, and so forth.

As for Alfred Wegener, he couldn't care less. He was last seen on his 50th birthday when he set forth by dog team in an Arctic storm on the Greenland ice cap.

∞

EYES IN HER FINGERS

IT HAS BEEN reported before but few have believed much less taken the trouble to investigate seriously.

The Russians have done both — believed and investigated — the case of Miss Rose Kuleshova who is

able to "read" through her fingertips.

Soviet newspapers have speculated on the matter since last fall. In a recent television program, Miss Kuleshova was blindfolded and read a newspaper by feeling ordinary lines of print as if they were braille.

More important, after these demonstrations of showmanship, the Institute of Biophysics of the Soviet Academy of Science took a hand and confirmed that Miss Kuleshova can indeed read through her fingertips.

They discovered that her fingertips can distinguish not only light and dark but red, blue and green light as well. Moreover, they have been able to isolate an average of 10 light sensitive elements in every square millimeter of her skin surface.

In the next step of their investigation, histologists are expected to try to examine the structure of tissue in Miss Kuleshova's fingertips to learn the precise location and make-up of the light sensitive elements.

Experts on evolution hope that the study may help shed some light on the development of primitive systems of perception into such highly specialized organs as eyes.

There seems to be some evidence that this ability may be learned or at least that, given the initial ability, its use can be improved. Miss



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Kuleshova believes that she developed her unusual abilities through exercise. She practiced them by working in a school for the blind.

There are skeptics, too. In Washington, authorities at the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness said they just plain don't believe it. They know of no similar case in the United States — although this magazine has reported several claimants for the ability over the years.

∞

ATOMIC WEATHER?

EVER SINCE the first atomic bomb tests became known, nervous people and alleged crackpots have worried about how they are influencing our weather. This past winter has been the worst of the century in the Northern Hemisphere and this alarm has been heard again.

Recently *Life* Magazine reassured us that the energies involved in the weather are so fabulous compared with atomic explosions that bombs couldn't possibly influence the weather. A winter's storm, for instance, generates more energy in only a few hours than even a 50 megaton explosion.

Just as recently, Dr. Irving P. Krick, the noted weather analyst, whose private forecasts are purchased by some of the largest com-

panies of the nation, blamed the bitter winter on high altitude nuclear blasts.

"It's not a simple equation, like hydrogen bomb equals cold weather, but that's part of the picture," Dr. Krick declares. "Something such as the nuclear explosions has changed both the course and intensity of the jet stream."

The jet stream is a high-speed river of air sometimes traveling over 200 m.p.h., which moves from west to east around the globe at altitudes around 30,000 to 50,000 feet. It is believed to have a direct effect on the nation's weather. This past winter, instead of moving across the northern portion of the globe near the poles, there has been a wave motion in the streams over the whole Northern Hemisphere, Dr. Krick asserts.

As we write this, Dr. Krick had predicted that the jet stream pattern will return to normal during February.

∞

BACK IN BUSINESS

WE THOUGHT you would like to know that Britain's first supermarket "ghost" has packed up his baggage and disappeared. Recently we reported the sad story of the haunted supermarket at Long

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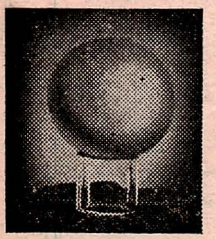
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Wittenham, England, and the refusal of the staff, including Manager Derek Bird, to work there unless the ghost went away.

The Rev. Cecil Roberts, vicar in Long Wittenham, performed a service of exorcism, including 15 minutes of prayers. After that things seemed to be fairly normal.

Manager Bird and his staff happily returned to work. It was the first time in nine days that things were normal. "I think the vicar has well and truly laid the ghost," Mr. Bird declared.

∞

WORD FROM JODRELL BANK

SIR BERNARD LOVELL, the famous space scientist and director of the great Jodrell Bank radio observatory in England, has commented on FATE's article of last June concerning the lost Russian astronauts.

Questioned by FATE reader Donald W.J. Anstee of Montreal, Sir Bernard discussed the detail of Frank Edwards' article:

"We have no evidence at Jordell Bank that any manned space attempts took place on those dates, and when you refer to signals being picked up from a manned space craft on October 17, 1961, I can state quite definitely that the information is erroneous. In fact, we have no reason to believe that there have been any unsuccessful manned

space attempts by the U.S.S.R."

Maybe so. Sir Bernard is one of the most highly regarded scientists in the world. Yet there has been repeated confirmation of Frank Edwards' article.

On December 6, six months after the information appeared in FATE, Oton Ambroze of the North American Newspaper Alliance gave almost point by point confirmation of the facts.

Certainly something mighty funny is going on. As recently as January 11, a government tracking station at Enkoeping, Sweden, monitored signals which it believed came from a new satellite that was in an orbit of about 95 minutes — although the signals were not on the frequency of the Soviet Vostok or Cosmos series of satellites.

And yet, no nation had announced a new satellite.

* * *

Incidentally, two English scientists, Dr. F. Hoyle of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Dr. N.C. Wickramasinghe of Trinity College, have offered evidence that the "snowflakes" of space are not ice flakes, but minute flakes of graphite. Whatever they are, they are not John Glenn's hallucinations.

∞

THE DAY OF THE OARFISH

THINGS RUN in cycles, you know, and presently the oar-

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this

MAGAZINE

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RAY PALMER

AMHERST, WISCONSIN

fish is being hailed as the universal explanation of all sea serpent stories.

The oarfish is a strange ribbon-like fish with a tall crest on its head (like antennae sprouting) and a row of frill-like fins top and bottom. This creature lives at ocean depths of several thousand feet and seldom comes to the surface.

There is a stuffed oarfish in the San Diego Museum which is 22 feet long and which weighed about 600 pounds when washed ashore. Some are reported to reach 40 to 50 feet in length.

An oarfish now is suggested as being the ribbon-like animal that swam around the supports of a Shell Oil Company drilling rig two miles off Santa Barbara, and which was seen on a TV robot camera. It also has been suggested as the explanation of the Loch Ness monster, by no less a personage than Dr. Karl Koopman, curator of the mammals department of the American Museum of Natural History.

And on Vancouver Island, far from Loch Ness, William E. Hawkins, Jr., commissioner of the Victoria and Island publicity bureau, after seeing the San Diego Museum specimen, believes it may be the original of "Cadborosaurus," Vancouver Island's often seen but never photographed sea serpent.

"The head is similar to the head in the drawings of Caddy that have appeared from time to time," Mr. Hawkins says.

We wish to address a personal question to W.E. Hawkins, Jr. "What kind of a publicity man are you, to go about killing (in print), beautiful sea serpents like that?"



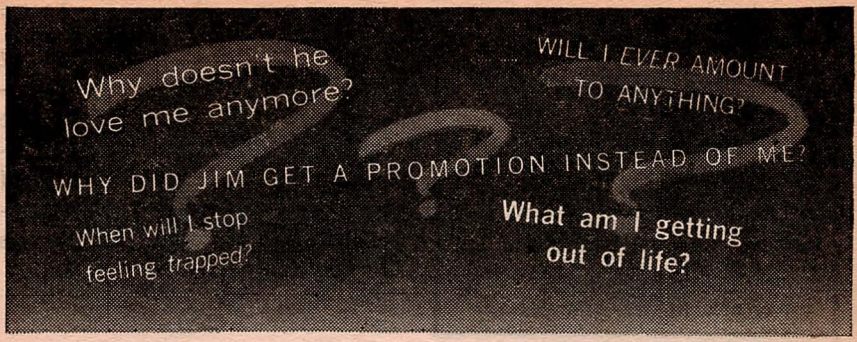
HOT OFF THE SNOW BANKS

WE SEA SERPENT fans can comfort ourselves with the knowledge that it all is pure speculation — nobody really knows.

And then we can turn to other monsters, in this case the often reported ABSM's (Ivan Sanderson's term) — or Abominable Snowmen.

Desmond Doig of the Miami *Herald*-Chicago *Daily News* wire service, has sent in a report from Calcutta that Indian mountaineers, attempting to climb a 22,000-foot Himalayan peak, have had a brush with a yeti. The information came to Doig from Bhanu Banerjee, a member of Sir Edmund Hillary's 1960-61 expedition which decided there wasn't any such thing as an ABSM.

Banerjee states that a member of the expedition in a camp at 16,500 feet awoke to hear heavy footsteps approaching his tent. Then the tent was shaken violently. When the climber recovered enough to peer outside he could see nothing. But next morning there were large, seemingly naked footprints.



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Banerjee also declared that they had seen many bears but the alleged yeti's footprints were quite distinct from bear tracks. This distinction was made by a member of the expedition — and Indian Government *botanist*, alas. And that, is the way it goes.

∞

CLOSER HOME

THE JANUARY 28 issue of the Sonora, Calif., *Daily Union Democrat* has a front-page "horror" story of a "10-foot-tall man" who led sheriff's deputies a merry chase into the dark brushy area adjoining Peter Pan subdivision, west of Cold Springs.

Sonora is about 125 miles east of San Francisco, and Cold Springs about 30 miles farther east of Sonora, on the west slope of the Sierra Madre, at about 6,000 feet elevation.

It all began with an anonymous telephone call to the sheriff's office about 8:30 P.M. The caller said he had seen a man at least nine or 10 feet tall in the road by an old gravel pit north of the Peter Pan tract of land. "If I give you my name you'll think I'm crazy and put me in a straight jacket," the caller said.

He added that "it was moving around. It appeared to be human but was the most awful thing I have ever seen." Then he contin-

ued, "I'm scared. I'm an adult and I'm not crazy. I'm not drunk. I don't even drink." A second unidentified man came on the phone to testify to the veracity of the first.

Deputies William Huntley and Elbert Miller drove out to the scene. They radioed in reports that they had heard sounds "like a human in distress." The sounds seemed to circle their car, but they couldn't see anything in the heavy brush.

"It's definitely not a bear," Huntley radioed. "Elbert thinks it's more possibly a mountain lion, but it's not a mountain lion noise."

They shouted but did not scare the creature, though as they attempted to move closer it seemed to move away.

As their patrol car's gas ran low they drove back to Cold Springs for additional fuel, returning to the spot a short time later and stayed around until about 1:30 P.M.

The creature was still shrieking.

"I've never heard a sound like that in all my years in the woods," said Miller, a veteran woodsman.

∞

PRESCIENT PETS

ANIMALS KEEP homing and showing other evidences of extrasensory abilities. A couple of months ago according to the Detroit *News,* Wes McDonald, pres-

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RAY PALMER

AMHERST, WISCONSIN

ident of the Greater Bloomfield Real Estate Company in Michigan, noticed a small dachshund shivering in the outer vestibule of Beaumont Hospital.

McDonald is a dog lover. He picked up the dog, jotted down its license number, and found it belonged to William Estlick of Burroughs, Mich.

He took the dachshund back to the address the police gave him and the family told him they were so glad to have the dog back because he had wandered away.

And where was Mr. Estlick? Well, he had had a heart attack and was a patient in Beaumont Hospital!

* * *

We still don't see how you could figure the following as anything but mad coincidence . . .

Mr. and Mrs. H. George Burnley moved a couple of months ago from Upper Saddle River, N.J., to Benson, Vt. They took along with them their lovely red cat named Picasso. Picasso did not like his new home and disappeared immediately upon arrival. Advertising over a wide radius turned up a goodly number of orange cats but not Picasso.

A little more than two weeks later, Mrs. Burnley was called back to New Jersey by an unexpected death in her family. Upon her return from the funeral she ran out of gas just above Albany, N.Y. It was night, but a short distance up the highway was a gas station. As she walked toward it, Mrs. Burnley saw a cat scurry by.

She called "Picasso", and sure enough it was.



SCIENCE & INCOMPATIBILITY

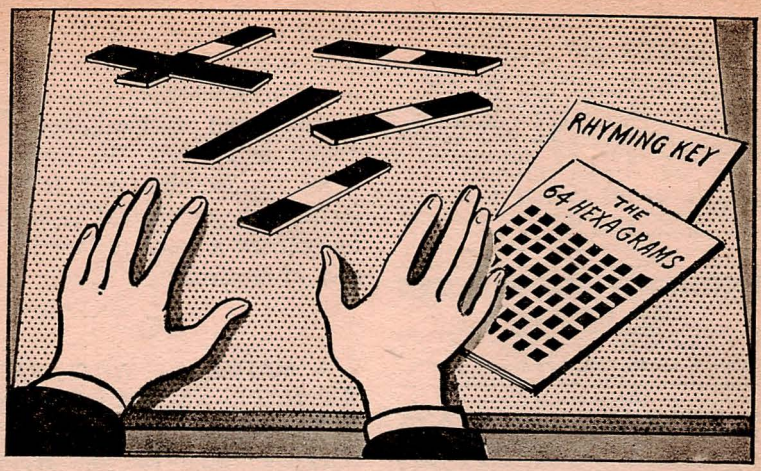
DR. GUSTAVE E. von Baum, of the Center For Near Eastern Studies at the University of California at Los Angeles, recently publicly complained because millions of people in all parts of the world view dreams as a contact with the "supernatural." His remarks could be extended to include the whole area of psychic phenomena.

Such views are incompatible with our scientific and religious beliefs, Dr. von Baum declared.

True enough, but that doesn't mean they are wrong. If psychical research shows anything it is that dream and trance states are most conducive to phenomena. Science — if parapsychology can be called a science — pretty much confirms this.

And if this is so, what Dr. von Baum is complaining about is a truth that man throughout his history appears to have known intuitively.

What is being contacted in psy-



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chical experience, and the mechanisms at work, are quite other matters. This is where a vast amount of psychical and psychical-physical research is needed. We avoid the term "parapsychology." It seems increasingly to us that it is much too narrow a word to describe the area of research.

∞

A MATTER OF WITCHCRAFT

IT HAPPENS that recent weeks have shown a great many instances of what Dr. von Baum is complaining about. The news tends to lump these together under the general heading of "witchcraft," for want of a better term.

From Santo Domingo, for example, come reports that a kind of "witchcraft" known as "Liborismo" is spreading along the western part of the Dominican Republic near the Haitian border. From what we make out, "Liborismo" is a mixture of Christian and pagan rites. Worshippers go into trances and believe they have contacted the other world. The government is campaigning against "Liborismo," obviously because it feels itself threatened. Landowners complain that school children and farm hands are absent so much attending the "Liborismo" services that not enough work is done on schools or farms.

* * *

Across the Atlantic from the

Dominican Republic, the Central Legislative Assembly of Uganda in Africa seems to be taking a more rational view. Tanganyika's P.M. Matemba urged that the assembly sponsor a research project to investigate the medicines used by witch doctors to test their efficacy and see if they could be modernized.

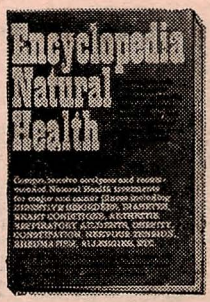
Another legislator, K.A. Abedi, agreed and said it was about time that all the witch doctors be called together so that their herbs could be examined. Kenya's J.S. Gichuru protested. "Their patients are going to die if we are going to collect these witch doctors."

* * *

Meanwhile, the Newspaper Enterprise Association says that witchcraft is enjoying its biggest boom in Britain since the Middle Ages. An article by Tom A. Cullen states that hundreds of men and women now are claiming to be witches and to have the power to heal and to cast spells. Some claim to be genuine pagans, or followers of the "Old Religion" — which of course the great witch hunts of the past were designed to stamp out. The revival dates from 1951 when the last of Britain's anti-witch laws was repealed. Just how much of the "witchcraft" activity truly dates from the "Old Religion," how much is just crackpotism, and how much is a racket is unknown.

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Box 74652 Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Nonetheless, many members of the churches are genuinely concerned. Sinister incidents have been occurring for a year or more in the church of St. Pancras, in Euston. Several fires have broken out. Charred remnants of "sinful love letters" have been found in the font; candlesticks have been stolen; candles have been left arranged in patterns symbolic of black magic; once the high altar caught fire. A year ago one of the figures of the Three Kings was stolen. The vicar, a Rev. John Borrill, fears it may be used in blasphemous rites. With all this talk of witchcraft around, parishioners are keeping a close watch on their church.

∞

POSTSCRIPT TO BIG BEAR

HAS THE ROCK fall at the home in Big Bear Lake, Calif., been solved? FATE reported the facts in its March issue.

Now John Holdorf, one of the young men who moved into the home vacated by the W.M. Lowe family shortly after Halloween, says is has.

"Let's call it a phenomenon created by mischievous juveniles," Holdorf says.

Of course nobody ever was caught throwing rocks but nevertheless, this easy, unwarranted conclusion permitted the Los Angeles papers to dismiss the whole matter

in their papers early in January.

James Crenshaw of the *Herald-Examiner* revived it on January 13, when he interviewed Raymond Bayless, a psychical researcher, who had submitted a report on the rock fall to the parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University.

"No human agency can be found to account for the observed, phenomena," Bayless wrote Duke.

- The rocks fell day and night.
- They fell in open areas around the house, easily accessible to observation by officers and watchers.
- Some of the rocks were hot, some cold.
- Some of them seemed to float in.
- They came from many angles, indicating that numerous mischief makers would have had to hide in different positions, none of whom were found by searchers.

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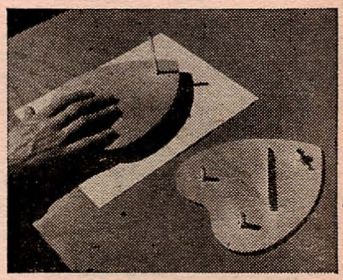
TRIAL BY FIRE

A FIRE POLTERGEIST may be at work in the beleaguered home of Mr. and Mrs. E. James Jordan, 5 Woodpecker Lane, Mount Holly, N.J. On New Year's Day their fifth fire in nine weeks severely damaged a second floor bedroom.

The Jordans were not home. They left on December 11, when two fires in a single day — the third and fourth of the nine-week period — made the house unlivable. — *Curtis Fuller*

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Why the Air Force Can't Investigate UFO'S

By Charles A. Maney

GUEST EDITORIAL

IN HIS LAST MESSAGE before leaving the White House on January 17, 1961, President Eisenhower warned the American people to beware of the new alliance between big defense industry and the armed services.

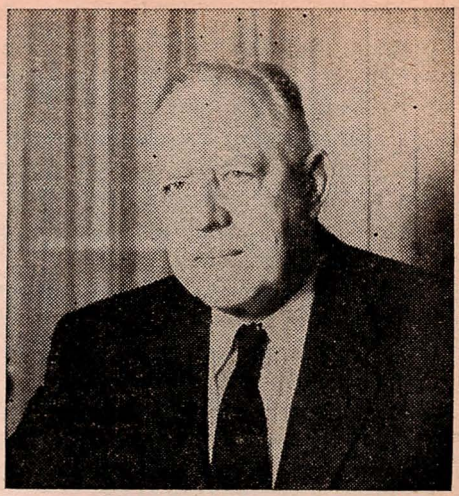
"The conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. We must not fail to comprehend its grave complications. We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence . . . by the military-industrial complex," he said.

As an illustration of the tie-up between the United States military and big industry it might be noted that one huge corporation alone, whose name is a household word, employs 35 retired generals, admirals, and high ranking officers to lobby at the Pentagon to keep its defense orders flowing.

Let it be noted that billions of dollars in defense contracts are awarded each year by the federal government. The proposed budget for the 1964 fiscal year includes $4,200,000,000 to permit National Aeronautics and Space Administration "to proceed with top priority its manned lunar landing program and its wide range of programs of scientific investigation . . ." Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, deputy administrator of the National

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Professor Charles A. Maney is in his seventeenth year as professor at the Defiance College, Defiance, O. He is a charter member of the Board of Governors of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) of Washington, D.C., and is Special Consultant in Physics for the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) of Tucson, Ariz. With Richard Hall, secretary of NICAP, he is co-author of the recently published book, *The Challenge of Unidentified Flying Objects*. Professor Maney's "Experimental Study of Sliding Friction," published in the *American Journal of Physics* in April, 1952, resulted in the discovery of new laws of sliding friction.



Aeronautics and Space Administration estimates that it will cost each American about $100 to put a man on the moon. For a family of four this represents an expenditure of $400. For the nation as a whole this represents an expenditure of 20 billions of dollars.

One need only contemplate the enormous capital investment in existing business enterprises to realize the potential of the mammoth economic influence represented by American industry. A tremendously powerful status quo is automatically established to continue along present scientific lines in the production of defense materials and devices.

Science, unhampered, can develop rapidly in the discovery of new laws and principles, which at times of "break-through" completely upset orthodox conceptions overnight, as it were. However, vested interests could suffer almost complete loss of capital investments were science unhampered in its proper pursuits.

This situation is well illustrated in the case of the national space program. Space travel, as yet, is not an accomplished fact by any means. At present our exploration of space is based upon the concept that shooting into space with capsule

projectiles as glorified bullets is the only possible way of getting out into space. Real space exploration is not possible until man learns how to travel in space, how to navigate, like a ship at sea, or a plane in the air.

There is available, to anyone who cares to apply himself to a review and appraisal of UFO evidence, sufficient proof to establish the actuality of real, navigating space travel, by intelligence from outer space.

But to judge by the grim determination and resistance of the United States Air Force to prevent the publicizing of this evidence, much of which is now available in the offices of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, it would appear that evidences of the accomplishment of space travel are prevented from being made known to the general public.

For if the United States government were unhampered in its study and investigation of the scientific means by which space travel is accomplished, those means could in time be determined. The resultant scientific breakthrough would render the present mammoth economic build-up obsolete, probably resulting in tremendous financial disaster for certain vested interests.

And so the cause of scientific progress and the advancement of truth is stopped dead, in deference to the protection of capital investment.



LATTER DAY JONAH

SINCE the temperature of a whale's body averages 104 degrees Fahrenheit, most scientists doubt it is possible for a person to survive after being swallowed by one of the leviathans. However, members of the Calypso Oceanographic Expedition recently reported that at at least one man had escaped after being swallowed by a huge fish. One of their own party, they said, crawled out through the gill of a 1,000-pound grouper after the monster gulped him down.



The U.S.A. is spending billions on a huge space research program. Is it just to reach the planets, as politicians publicly claim—or . . .

By Frank Edwards



are our SATELLITES HUNTING the SAUCERS?

THE EARTH probably has been visited by intelligent beings representing an advanced civilization from outer space!" says Dr. Carl Sagan, astronomer at the University of California, advisor to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, member of the National Academy of Sciences and of the Armed Forces panel of extra-terrestrial life.

Speaking to a meeting of the American Rocket Society a few months ago, Dr. Sagan said also that these space visitors logically would have maintained a base on the side of the moon never seen by man.

In Decatur, Ill., on January 9, 1963, Brig. Gen. John A. McDavid, Director of Communications-Electronics for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Washington, D.C., spoke at the annual alumni assembly at Millikin University. The University Public Relations Office, with approval of

the General, prepared and released to the news media a report of the speech:

"General McDavid said we must be prepared for the future. Our relation to other life in the universe is part of this future, for as the British interplanetary scientist and author, Dr. Arthur C. Clark, believes 'there can be little doubt we will ultimately come into contact out in space with races more intelligent than our own.'

"General McDavid added, 'Before long people may be forced to realize and accept as a fact that this earth is only an infinitesimal grain of sand in an infinite universe, that the human is one of many forms of life with which God is concerned and that others are far superior to us.'

"And, if this is true, he warned, '. . . our meeting with other types of existence in other places in the universe quite likely will increase the potential element of conflict rather than reduce it . . . this imposes . . . an even greater burden of leadership on your generation,' he told the students."

Is this the background information on which our costly space program is predicated? Is this *why?*

Let's look at the record.

On December 14, 1962, our Mariner space probe sailed past the planet Venus beeping its findings back to earth. It was a magnificent milestone for science but a fantastically expensive triumph for the American taxpayer. That series of radio messages cost us more than 15 million dollars per hour — about 50 million dollars all told. And Mariner was but one of many such experiments.

Beginning with our first satellite launching in February, 1958, we have launched or tried to launch more than 50 devices of various types: Explorers, Vanguards, Discoverers, Echo, Telestars, Samos, Tiros, etc. There is still another type of satellite devoted to photography alone of which we have at least five in orbit, although their launchings never have been officially announced.

This means the American taxpayer has spent about 50 billion dollars on various space projects in the past 10 years.

Why? What grave emergency caused us to embark on this program?

At first we were told we must beat the Russians to the moon. Then we were told more generally that we must support the space program at any cost "to beat the Russians."

But our 50 million dollar Mariner shot past Venus can hardly be included in racing the Russians. There are no Russians on Venus!

If there is a real urgency for this frantic drive into space — and

there must be — then we must look beyond the official statements for it. Especially as you will recall that after the Cuban crisis Assistant Defense Secretary Arthur Sylvester said that the government had a right to lie and to "generate news" if a matter of national security were involved.

Following World War II we began to read news of flying saucers.

From 1947 when they first appeared, to the summer of 1952, reports on flying saucers were carried openly by the news services; newspapers front-paged many of the sightings.

But the lid of censorship came down with a sudden and dramatic bang in August, 1952. That was the month 68 of these strange glowing objects were over Washington, D.C. all at one time — on the night of August 13. Although this event occurred less than a month after the discs had visited the nation's capitol in smaller numbers, the August 13 incident was so well suppressed it was not even mentioned by the news services. However, the full story was carefully compiled in a document, published by the Civil Aeronautics Administration entitled: *A Preliminary Study of Unidentified Targets Observed on Air Traffic Control Radar.* It shows the patterns the objects used in flight, which commercial airliners they followed, and it describes them for the guidance of government personnel who might be confronted with similar experiences.

The lid of censorship is still on.

But it does seem that since then we have spent a fantastic amount of money trying to get out into space ourselves. And we still are pouring money into the project, in many directions, at a rate which threatens bankruptcy.

But we no longer are told we must do this to beat the Russians. Now it is being done in the name of *science* — which is to the space program what *religion* was to the Crusades.

* * *

THE FIRST PROJECT to follow the appearance of the Unidentified Flying Objects was the many-nation rush to the Antarctic. Perhaps it was mere coincidence that Russia, Sweden, Norway, Canada and the United States poured men, money and materials into many projects which still are largely functioning in the Arctic, that Argentina, Chile, Australia, France, Great Britain and the United States all sent expeditions into the Antarctic in 1948. Russia and Sweden joined the rush a year later. This means that within a 24-month period following the appearance of UFO's at the South Polar regions, more nations sent more men and ships and gear into that area than in all the preceding 200 years!

Coincidence? Perhaps.

At any rate expeditions to the South Pole produced two very tangible developments: first, the motion and still pictures of the disc-shaped objects which circled the ships under Chilean Commander Orrego; second, the realization that these objects presumably were entering our atmosphere at the polar regions for a good reason.

Did it mean there was some invisible obstacle out in space above our equator as a few scientists had cautiously theorized early in this century?

At the time we had no way of knowing, but as soon as we were able to contrive rockets capable of reaching extreme altitudes with the necessary instruments we directed our attention to answering the question.

On March 2, 1958, it was announced that two of our Explorer satellites had confirmed the existence of a belt of intense radiation circling the earth about 600 miles out from the equator. This zone we now call the Van Allen belt. There is no such belt above either of our polar regions and the confirmation of its existence evidently came as a surprise to our scientists for the *New York Times* quotes them as saying that the radiation was a thousand times more powerful than they had estimated.

When it appeared the UFO's preferred to enter our atmosphere only at the poles, science began to examine space over our equator and found the radiation belt.

Coincidence?

* * *

AFTER THE SKIES of the earth were invaded by innumerable disc-shaped devices which seemed to defy gravity, Canada, the scene of so many UFO appearances, set up a project under Wilbur B. Smith. Their equipment was adequate rather than elaborate. Mr. Smith is a distinguished electronics engineer and an authority on geomagnetics. He and his staff soon noted that whenever one of these UFO's came within range of their gear there was a sharp disturbance of the earth's magnetic field in that area. In other words, there was gravitational distortion induced by some facet of the disc's operations.

Two years after the Canadian investigation began Mr. Smith was in Washington to attend an international conference on broadcast wave length problems. In an interview he said: "From the weight of evidence I believe that the 'flying saucers' come from outer space. And I think their appearance is what suddenly increased your government's interest in space travel and an artificial satellite. Judging from your own operations I would say that your government is also vitally concerned with the secret of propulsion."

West Germany, which had been the scene of so many visits by the UFO's including some reported landings, named the world-famous rocket and space-travel scientist Prof. Hermann Oberth to head their probe. After three years of studying the information supplied by his own and other governments the outspoken Oberth said at a news conference in 1954: "There is no doubt in my mind that these objects (UFO's) are interplanetary craft of some sort. I am confident they do not originate in our solar system but they may use Mars or some other body for a way station . . .It is also our conclusion that they are propelled by distorting or converting the gravitational field."

Shortly after he made this remarkable statement to newsmen at Frankfurt, Professor Oberth was flown to this country and placed under security regulations as a consultant to his former student, Dr. Werner Von Braun, at the Redstone Rocket Arsenal. These regulations prevented Oberth from making any more public statements until 1959, when he returned to Europe. As soon as he landed in Frankfurt he told newsmen there was a worldwide effort to learn how gravity could be put to use as a form of energy. And he added that he expected men would be traveling to the moon in electrically-driven devices within five to 10 years. The United States, said Professor Oberth, had made great progress in this field of research.

Dr. George Gamow, the eminent geophysicist of George Washington University, says: "There exists a profound similiarity between Newton's law of Universal gravity and Sir Humphrey Gilbert's law for the interaction of magnetic poles. And if one can shield electrical and magnetic forces, why can it not also be done with gravitational forces?"*

It has been obvious from the outset of our space program that the chemical-reaction rocket is not the answer to space travel. Too much fuel is required to produce too little usable energy. But if, as many scientists believe, gravity can be converted into electrical energy it will be possible to travel anywhere in space at fantastic speeds. This seems to be precisely what UFO's are doing.

Can we duplicate their performance, as Wilbur Smith and Prof. Hermann Oberth indicated we are trying to do?

Just what has been accomplished I do not know. I do know we have spent, are spending, vast sums of money and great amounts of time in gravity research.

At Dayton, O., the Air Force has a multi-million dollar institution, built and operated especially for

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Gravity, by Dr. George Gamow, Doubleday, 1962.

this purpose. Government contracts for additional millions have been let to various steel companies and other industrial research groups as far back as 1955, and renewed year after year. By understanding the force that holds man to this earth we hope to project man into space.

This is still another branch of scientific research that has followed closely on the idea that the "flying saucers" already are utilizing gravity.

* * *

OUR SPACE EFFORT can be described correctly as a "crash" program — one that is driving ahead at full speed regardless of cost. This ordinarily would indicate an emergency, which it may be — but not necessarily the type of emergency being sold to the public.

The appearance of the UFO's in all parts of our earth in the late 1940's and early 1950's apparently jolted our top level authorities into believing the earth was under well-planned and systematic scrutiny — by someone from somewhere.

Obviously we have no control over these craft and thus far we have been unable to match their performance.

One phase of this crash program was the construction of giant radio telescopes — long range listening devices designed to eavesdrop on the universe in hope of intercepting transmissions from sentient beings on distant worlds — or in not-so-distant space craft?

Tesla and Marconi both reported strange, unintelligible signals in the early part of this century. Ohio State University reported to the American Astronomical Society in August, 1956, that it had recorded interesting radio signals from Venus.

Our first space probe, the Mariner, was directed to Venus.

Coincidence?

The moon has been the scene of some strange lights and sights in the past half-century, according to astronomers. It is spoken of as a logical space base for men venturing out from the earth to other planets, and so must be considered a logical base for incoming traffic as well. Extra-terrestrial beings conceivably would use the averted side of the moon which is *always* hidden from us. Perhaps this explains why the Soviet's picture-taking Lunik, sent to the moon, devoted all its facilities to the far side of the moon and took not a single picture of the side where they expect to land their own first space travelers!

We have by no means dealt with all the scientific activities which have followed our observations of the ubiquitous Unidentified Flying Objects. But I think we have mentioned enough to show that there exists a most interesting relationship between them.

It is difficult to believe that our

"crash" program is motivated by nothing more urgent than scientific research. It hardly seems likely that after thousands of years we suddenly find ourselves desperately in need of knowing, for merely scientific reasons, the temperature of Venus and the depth of the dust, if any, on the moon.

It does seem the entire space program, intentionally or otherwise, is a process of trying to duplicate the performance of the Unidentified Flying Objects and of trying to trace their presumed path across space.

Isn't there some other motivation, well hidden behind the screen of official deception to which the American public has been subjected in recent years, behind our "scientific" exploration of space?

Major Patrick Powers, one of the Army's top missile experts, said, "There may be life on other cosmic bodies that would resent our intrusion on the moon and move to force us off. To be prepared for this our space ships will have to be armed."

Does he speak only from the military man's natural bent, or does he have some information which leads him to worry in this direction?

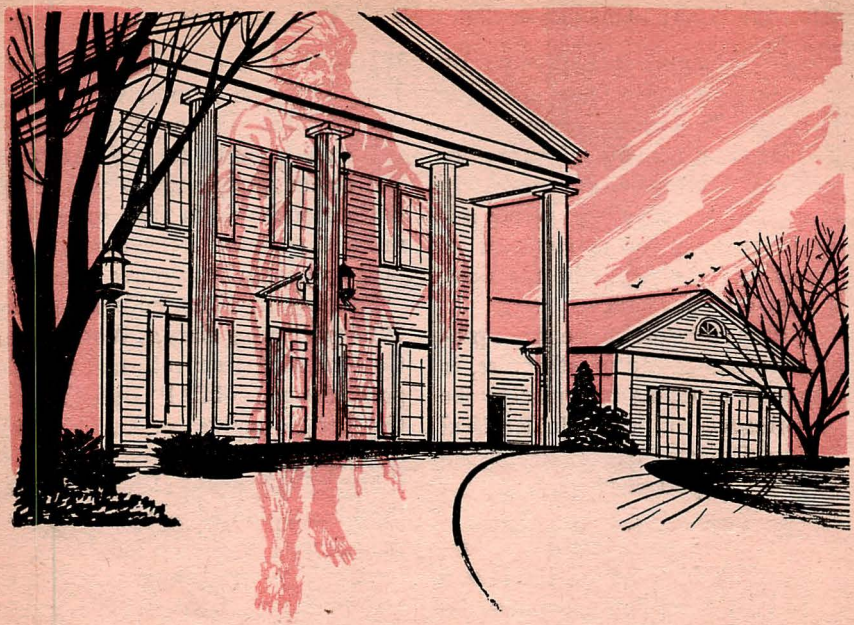
Gen. Douglas McArthur, asked about the possibility of a third World War, is quoted in the *New York Times* on October 9, 1955, as saying, "The nations of the world will have to unite, for the next war will be an interplanetary war. The nations of the earth must some day make a common front against attack by people from other planets."

Seven years later, addressing the 1962 graduating class at West Point, General McArthur returned to this grim theme. NICAP Bulletin for October-November quotes him as saying, "We deal now, not with things of this world alone, but with the illimitable distances and as yet unfathomed mysteries of the universe. We are reaching out for a new and boundless frontier. We speak in terms of harnessing the cosmic energy . . . of ultimate conflict between a united human race and the sinister forces of some other planetary galaxy; of such dreams and fantasies as to make life the most exciting of all times."

Is this the real motivation behind our space program? Do they know something we don't know? And which they aren't telling us?

Or is it just one more coincidence in the series of strange coincidences evident in our space program — in our frenzied effort to follow the flying saucers to the stars and perhaps to disaster?





THE GHOST THAT MOVED TO OUR HOUSE

The orange-haired "thing" was not only menacing —but familiar. It had followed us from its former haunts!

By M. G. Murphy

IN FEBRUARY, 1917, my parents, Pat and Leina Murphy, were faced with the financial problems which often beset newlyweds. Because rent was the largest single item they and two other couples, also recently married, decided to pool their resources and share a place to live.

The friends house-hunted for weeks without finding a house with the necessary requirements of one bedroom for each couple. At last one was located on the outskirts of

Santa Ana, Calif. This house had seven bedrooms and rented for an absurdly small sum. Situated at the end of a long drive, in a farming area in the small community of Tustin, on Pacific St., the great house was surrounded by immense Magnolia trees. Three stories high, it glistened white in the sunlight.

The couples moved in, piling boxes of dishes and trailer loads of belongings on the first floor while they eagerly set out to explore their new home. Claude and Catherine Nelson settled for a front view bedroom. Dick and Nora Chapman took a large, airy room next to the stairs after tossing a coin with my parents, who then took a bedroom at the end of the long hall. Since the house was so large it was decided to close off the third story to conserve heat and simplify housekeeping. Settling took very little time for none of the couples had much furniture. And luckily the house had been rented fully furnished.

The interior of the house and the spacious gardens, terraced and flagstoned, bespoke the wealth of the owners. The young people wondered why anyone would choose to leave such a lovely home. Mother, an avid student and collector of antiques, was overwhelmed at the treasures the house contained. Across the front room, curved into a semi-circle, was a great tile fireplace. This room was a complete oval. The ceiling was domed, with pink and white cherubs winging their way toward its center. The small colonnades around the walls matched, in miniature, the immense columns supporting the outer porch. All in all, it was a lovely house.

Shortly after they moved in Nora Chapman, Kate Nelson and Mother were polishing the heavy, paneled doors which separated the front room from the small hallway leading to the stairs. The stairs were circular, twisting in a delicate, beautiful arch. Suddenly, all three girls heard the sound of someone running. They turned in unison. The full length of the stairway was in sight. Yet, despite the sound of footsteps, the stairs were empty. Discussion that night at the dinner table brought smiles from the men and the matter was dismissed.

Several nights later the household was awakened by Kate's screaming, "Something is trying to smother me. I can't get up."

They rushed into her bedroom to find her fighting some invisible force, flailing wildly with her hands. Her husband was ashen-faced with fear, and trying to push Kate out of bed. Abruptly, Kate was thrown onto the floor with such force that her ankle twisted sickeningly under her and her head hit the wall. Claude and Kate wanted to leave the house that very night but were

persuaded against doing so.

The doctor who was called to tend Kate's injured ankle was from one of the area's first families and acquainted with the owners of the house. When told the details of the night he murmured cryptically, "Little wonder, considering this house." Then he refused to say another word.

Some days later the footsteps again were heard running up the stairs. This time they paused on the landing, then continued to the top of the stairway. The bathroom door was heard to swing open and slam shut. Water was heard to turn on in the washbowl. My father went up the stairs and into the bathroom. It was empty but the water was running full tilt in the bowl. Father turned it off and went back downstairs. Later that same day the footsteps again went up the stairs. This time Father ran after them. Again they paused on the landing, then continued toward the bathroom. Father, unbelieving, heard the sound of the door opening and slamming, although the door itself never moved. The sound of water running into both the washbowl and bathtub became clearly audible. But this time the water was not actually running.

Shortly after this, when the entire family sat at the dinner table, they heard the sound of footsteps running heavily *down* the stairs. Everyone rushed into the front hall. Silently, the huge sliding doors of the front room slid open. A brisk, cold breeze blew past. Later that same night, as Claude made certain the doors were locked, he commented, "Its more likely that we're locking up to protect what is on the outside from what we've got inside."

Claude came up the stairs and heavy footfalls began a descent. Invisible, they passed Claude on the landing. At first he felt a cold breath of air. This was followed by a nauseating odor, an incredibly foul, acrid stench which hung about the stairway for days.

The couples would have moved but, of course, the rent could not be bettered. Following their decision to stay on a new manifestation occurred. In the darkness, before the first glimmer of dawn, they waked to hear the sound of a heavy wagon laboring down the drive. Clearly they heard the clatter of horses' hooves, the clip-clop of shod feet intermingled with the jingling of the harness. Continuing around the circle drive toward the rear of the house, the wagon noise stopped. Then came the sound of men's voices, first the murmur of conversation, then the elevated pitch indicative of an argument. No words were distinguishable. A new sound began. Obviously heavy timbers were being hoisted off the wagon

and dropped heavily onto the ground. Just as the sun's first rays became visible the creaking wagon, carrying the voices, lumbered off into the distance.

At least twice each week thereafter this occurred.

Several weeks passed and a new disturbance took place. At the rear of the house stood an old windmill, rusty and unused. Here, again before dawn, clanking noises began at the top of the windmill. Then came the sound of a falling body. Whatever was falling, invisibly, hit the windmill's structure on the way down and came to rest with a heavy "plop" on the ground.

Father mentioned this odd occurrance in town one day and was told that some years before, a hired man had fallen to his death from atop the windmill when a sudden gust of wind had caught its fans, breaking them loose from the stabilizing brake.

Time passed, with the couples trying to adjust to the many and varied noises associated with the house.

An entirely new experience occurred one morning. Dick had gone into the basement for a jar of fruit. Standing on a small box to reach the highest shelf, he suddenly felt a violent rocking motion. Thinking this was a typical California earthquake he braced himself for the after-shock. The rocking motion increased, finally knocking Dick to the floor. The rolling motion stopped. From a corner of the dark room came a deep sigh, as though air was being expelled from a giant bellows. Another sigh ended abruptly. Clutching the jar of fruit Dick reached the steps leading to the kitchen. As he reached the door he again heard the sighing noises, sounding louder and louder, in great exhalations. The noise was cut off by his slamming the door. My father and Claude accused Dick of an attack of nerves. They both went down into the basement. Again, obligingly, came the huge, prolonged sighing. During their somewhat rapid ascent of the stairs the great sighing noise continued, stopping only when the kitchen door slammed behind him.

That day Claude went into town and purchased a large bolt which he set into the basement door with huge screws. Mother, only half in humor, suggested they had a Minotaur in their basement. No one laughed.

One afternoon, Mother, Kate and

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

M. G. Murphy still lives in California, not far from the scene of the incidents he relates here. He has furnished us with a notarized affidavit, signed by his mother, certifying to the authenticity of the weird events described in his story. He states he "can vouch for them personally, as the participants related them over and over, within my own hearing."

Nora went up the stairs leading to the third floor. In the distance there was a large fire and the third floor portico offered a fine view. They left the tall French doors open wide as they went out onto the porch. When the fire was out and the excitement over Mother and her friends turned to find the doors shut. They could not force them open. Hours later, as darkness approached, their husbands returned home from work and rescued them. Inspection revealed that the bolt had been slipped into place and further secured by pressing it into the lower notch designed to prevent its sliding out again.

Shortly after this last occurrence Mother's grandmother and grandfather, Mr. and Mrs. Clossen Woodruff, of San Bernardino, Calif., came for a visit. Great-grandmother was a tiny woman whose frailty concealed a will of iron. She came from a large family all of whom were psychic. However, Great-Grandfather's religion taught that such things were "in league with the devil." Nevertheless, Great-Grandmother's aid was always sought in times of drought. Quietly, she would sit beside a pond of water, however small, and "concentrate on rain." It *always* rained shortly thereafter. She could command "with will power" a chair or any inanimate object to dance its way around the room. Her mother had been able to do this before her. One day Great-Grandfather came into the house in time to see his wife making a chair to hop around the room while their son, who weighed 205 pounds, sat upon it. Great-Grandfather's roars of anger were quieted only by Great-Grandmother's promise to drop all such activities.

Once inside Mother's home with its strange atmosphere, however, her promise fell by the wayside. As the family sat in the lovely front room before the tiled fireplace with its roaring fire, Great-Grandmother announced, "There are people here in the room with us."

Over the fireplace hung the large portrait of a blonde woman. Her face had delicate planes and exquite coloring. Her hair fell over one shoulder in an attractive fashion. Her blue gown and pale yellow shawl were painted in intricate detail, by an obviously competent painter. Pointing to this portrait Great-Grandmother said, "I get the distinct impression that woman died in one of the upstairs bedrooms. It was not a natural death, although everyone thought so. She died slowly, through poison."

A brief, warning look from Great-Grandfather brought the subject to an end.

The next morning Mother, who was intrigued by psychic phenomena, pleaded with Great-Grand-

mother to attempt further "impressions." Great-Grandfather had gone to town and Nora and Kate were gone for the day also. Great-Grandmother said she would try once more but she wished to be alone in the room with the doors shut. Mother sat outside in the hall, at first hearing nothing. Then came a loud rustling noise, like dry corn leaves in the wind. This noise became many voices rising and falling in tempo. Mother became alarmed and threw open the great sliding doors. Inside the room the heavy murmur of demanding voices continued. The air was bristling and electric. Great-Grandmother sat in a chair, obviously in trance. Mother was rubbing Great-Grandmother's wrists when Father and Great-Grandfather entered the room. They took Great-Grandmother to an upstairs bedroom where Mother sat beside her while she rested.

Great-Grandmother, seeing that her husband had left the room, said, "I wish you had waited. 'They' were just ready to tell me what they wanted when you came in. A great tragedy took place here. Not only because the blonde woman died, but there is something inhuman here. I'm not easily frightened but, whatever it is, I am terrified."

Mother noticed that Great-Grandmother's face was unusually pale. Never before had Mother seen her afraid.

Next morning Great-Grandfather began packing to leave for home. He had found the odd noises of the night annoying and had slept little. Great-Grandmother had stepped into the front room for one last glimpse of the portrait. Mother was in the kitchen brewing hot tea. Great-Grandmother's screams brought her rushing into the room. Only Great-Grandfather and Mother were at home that morning and she called out to him as she ran to help her grandmother. The small figure of Great-Grandmother lay on the floor. Her body tossed wildly from side to side in a struggle with some invisible foe. She pulled at her throat with both hands, managing another feeble cry for help. Finally she rose from the floor and staggered over to the couch. Great-Grandfather dashed in to find Mother and Great-Grandmother both fighting an unseen force. By this time Great-Grandmother's face was blue. Clearly, the invisible foe was choking her to death.

Suddenly Great-Grandmother stood erect. She managed one heavy, tortured breath before the invisible fingers tightened on her throat once more. Terrified, Great-Grandfather began praying aloud, "In the name of God, let her go." Over and over he prayed these words. As quickly as it had begun, the onslaught stopped, using its remaining strength to slam Great-

Grandmother to the floor. Great-Grandfather swept his wife into his arms, hurrying her to the car. "We'll never come back into this evil house again. I advise you to move at once, before some awful thing happens here."

As Mother kissed her grandmother goodbye she whispered, "I was 'talking' with the blonde woman when I saw this awful creature standing behind her. It was as big as a man, but like nothing I've ever seen before. It had orange hair, standing out from its head, stiff and wiry. Its hands curved into talons. The arms were like a man's, but covered with orange hair. It walked straight around the woman, put its face against mine and muttered, 'I'm going to kill you.' Look at my neck where its nails cut into my flesh. I want you to promise me you'll leave this house, that you'll move right away. I know that this house will burn down within a short time. Nothing will be left but the foundation."

Until the day she died Great-Grandmother carried small scars on her neck. And after her experience with "the monster" she was able to speak only in a raspy whisper.

The saga of the strange house ended quite suddenly one night. Kate and Claude had gone to their bedroom. Kate, as usual, had brushed her hair and then gotten into bed. With a startled shriek of agony she began clawing at the bed-clothes. Dick and Father rushed into the room to find Claude beating the bed-clothes with his heavy shoe. Dad threw back the bed quilts to reveal, clamped onto Kate's foot, the largest black bat any of them ever had seen. Dad pried it loose while Dick knocked it to the floor with his shoe. Rising from the floor the bat circled the room, beating its wings against the window until a pane broke, and it swept out into the darkness.

The next morning they agreed to move at once. The three couples separated, to go their own ways.

The house, with its exquisite furnishings, was left vacant.

The owners apparently had adored moss roses. Each room had moss roses integrated into the decor. The lovely fragile china in the tall, glass-front cupboards was decorated with moss roses. Mother took away with her a porcelain chamber pot, tall and white, with the inevitable moss rose decoration. From the extensive library she took a small leather-bound edition of Lowell. These alone, of all the lovely things, exist today for, within a few weeks after they left, the house burned to the ground. Nothing was saved and nothing remained, except the foundations.

* * *

THERE IS A sequel to this story, I am sorry to say.

The years following Great-Grandmother's death were uneventful. Occasional references to "the day Granny met the monster" were made by Uncle Jim. At that time we all were living in Granny's old ranch house in San Bernardino. It had been built during the '80's by Great-Grandfather. It was a warm, friendly house full of loving memories and of the treasures Granny had collected during her 60 years of marriage.

It was about 10 years after Great-Grandmother's death that Uncle Jim dashed downstairs, white-faced. He gasped, "You know that small door leading into the storage room? Believe it or not, I saw an orange-haired 'thing' poke its head out and then shut the door."

We laughed, "Come, now. You've imagined it!"

Uncle Jim shook his head.

At various times after this Uncle Jim complained of "something" in his room. Each time he was met with gales of derisive laughter.

Then Uncle Jim died.

Various members of the family spent their vacations in the old house. In 1948 my mother and father spent several weeks on the old ranch, taking along my son Mike, who was nine at that time. Of the three upstairs bedrooms Mother and Mike occupied the center one which led onto an upstairs porch. Father took the connecting room.

Mother rested comfortably the first night until around 3:00 A.M. when she awoke with a feeling that "someone" was in the room. Looking toward the veranda doorway she saw the outline of a man. She called out, thinking it was Dad who suffered from insomnia. Steadily the figure shuffled toward the bed and reaching it, peered down into her face. Mother said the face was unlike anything human.

Extending one arm it pointed its grotesque hand toward Mike, who still slept peacefully. Reaching over the bed, across Mother, the creature jabbed a finger at Mike. Too terrified to make a sound, Mother tried to get out of bed. The creature backed away. Looking it full in the face, Mother saw a grinning mouth with huge, yellow teeth. It's eyes were almost hidden in a series of mottled lumps. Darting its slitted eyes toward Mike it again tried to approach the bed. Mother planted herself in its path. Brushing her aside it lunged toward Mike, who was now wide awake. Mother grabbed a handful of thick long hair with one hand and desperately clutched a hairy, scaly arm with the other. In the moonlight which shown through the window she saw huge hands which curved into long talons, reach again for Mike. Mike sat upright in bed, screaming in terror, while Mother

wrestled with her weird assailant. Using her fists she hit the bloated face. Clinging to the wiry hair, pushing it away from the side of the bed, she screamed for Dad.

Aiming a blow at Mother's head the creature tried a new tack. Veering around to the end of the bed it reached toward Mike from there. Mother jumped into the middle of the bed to face it again. In its eagerness to reach Mike it began tugging the bedclothes, pulling them toward the foot of the bed, dragging Mother and Mike along. Grabbing the hair of its head Mother hit it again in the stomach. Mike, almost out of his mind with fear, shrieked, "Grandpa, Grandpa, come quick."

Dad switched on his light and rushed into the room. Blinded momentarily he did not see the figure leave the side of the bed. It backed toward the open door of the upper porch. Mother, reassured by Dad's presence, followed. Turning to look her full in the face, it again pointed toward Mike. In the light from Dad's room Mother could see it wore clothing of some kind. A light colored, tight fitting one-piece suit of a thin material which ended at knees and elbows. The projecting limbs were covered with long, thick hair. Orange hair stuck out wildly in all directions from its head. Thick, bulbous lips drew back over crooked, yellow teeth. Bristly orange hair protruded from its nose which was flattened and grossly misshapen. Taking a step toward Mother it gestured animatedly in Mike's direction. Then turning, it shuffled through the doorway.

Dad peered down the expanse of porch. Over 20 feet above the yard, this porch had no entrance except through the upstairs bedroom. But nothing was visible. However, a fetid odor as of decaying flesh permeated the bedroom.

After this incident no member of the family except Dad dared sleep in the upstairs bedrooms. He was determined to wait the return of the unknown visitor. A slight, sickening odor of decay continued to hang in the air.

Eventually, about 1952, the house was sold to the Riverside Water Company and razed.

To our family, at least, it seems possible that creatures haunting one house can, if they choose, move their operations to another.

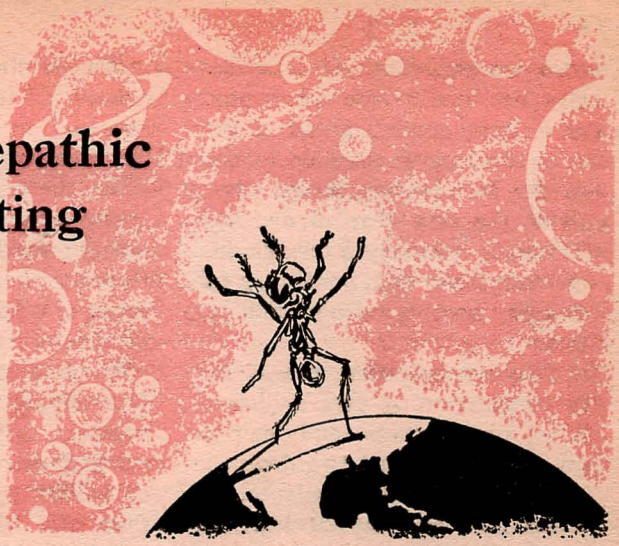
During Great-Grandmother's encounter with the creature calculated physical harm was done. But, although it had ample opportunity to seriously harm Mother, it seemed intent only on reaching Mike. We wonder what would have happened if it had reached Mike.

From what environs it originated, to what regions it returned, we can merely speculate. But we are in unanimous agreement that further visitations would be unwelcome.

ATTA

the telepathic teleporting

ANT



Short-cuts through the universe may await man—if he can fathom how ants apparently teleport their huge queens!

By Ivan T. Sanderson

IF MAN CAN LEARN what tiny ants may have known for millions of years he could reach the stars within the next few years! Yes, mere insects may have developed a teleportation system which, if understood, could lead us to the stars, in one jump, as it were.

The ants who appear to have this system are the *Attii,* a tribe of what are called the myrmicine group of the insect family of *Formicidae,* or ants. The best known of the *Attii* is the genus *Atta,* which, like most of its related forms, is tropical American. The tribe is, however, represented by several forms in warmer North America; one as far north as New Jersey. They are communal creatures, living in cities, underground.

Apart from Man, they are the only form of life on earth known to have developed the practice of agriculture; and they are just as efficient, if not more so, at this

than we are. But, the *Atta* have also developed some other procedures that are far ahead of anything we have devised up to now; so far in advance, indeed, as to be at the very edge of our logic. These are, definitely, a telecommunication system; and, possibly, a full-fledged, working teleportation system.

Telecommunication means simply communicating over a distance. Many of our senses—and don't forget we have a least two dozen, including hunger, thirst, balance, electrical flux, and radiant heat—are communication devices, and most of these receivers.

The marvelous *Atta* live in underground cities; cities that may contain many millions of individuals; and may be circles of 50 feet in diameter and 20 feet deep. Their lives therein are incredibly complex, and the cities themselves have almost as many service and other departments as do ours but, unlike our current cities, none of these are inefficient.

The basis of *Atta* civilization is their agriculture. This consists of growing certain small fungi in and on hotbeds composed of leaf and flower petal cuttings. These, of course, have to be harvested outside and carried in. The rest of the life of the city, notably the matter of re-populating, revolves around this agricultural labor.

Reproduction is accomplished by one or, at least, a very few vast "queens," several thousands of times the size of the largest workers. From the queens, streams of eggs appear continuously, to be fed by nurses according to strict diets and thus nurtured into one of several types of adults, *according to some deliberate, intentional, and manageable, predetermined* city-planning. Not only do they regulate the mere numbers, they deliberately feed every individual into being one sort of worker or another. Like bees, they also can make new queen breeders and whatever number of breeding males they want. Yet, the queen gets only one kind of food, and all the eggs that come out of her are apparently alike.

As I stated, the *Atta* have to go out and harvest leaf-cuttings. From the nest there radiate roads with underpasses, overhangs against heavy rains, traffic circles and even cloverleaves. Along these, streams of ants move out empty-jawed and in, staggering under a large bit of leaf held upright like a tiny sail which, on analysis by weighing thousands proved to be invariably just twice the weight of their bearers. At least, in the species we studied.

Following an individual ant by tying a tiny colored thread around its tiny waist as it came out of one of a main city exit, we found

that it trots along without pause to a distant tree base following roads sometimes over a quarter of a mile long. Then, up the tree it goes. We were roped up some of these trees to a height of 200 feet where, through special binoculars with a pinpoint lightbeam attached, we watched the ants at work on the top foliage. There, the worker selects a leaf and sets to work to chop off a piece of it.

In following one of our marked workers on his staggering return to the city one night we came to a a traffic jam. A fair-sized dead stick had fallen from on high onto the *Atta* road. Outcoming traffic on one side and ingoing on the other was in turmoil, with ants milling around for yards. Dashing about among the masses were a number of the great "police-ants." We watched the melee' for about two hours until a new bypass had been cleared of all dead leaves and other rubbish and traffic once again was flowing smoothly.

That night something brought me out of near sleep with a jolt. How had such a mass of police-ants been present when normally they patrol singly at many yards distance or concentrate, about half a dozen strong, only at intersections and cloverleaves?

I could not wait and, as the *Atta* worked at night in that locality, I got up and dressed and woke everybody else up, had the lights lit, and we literally dashed off up the biggest *Atta* road for about 200 yards and well out of sight of the city entrance.

When we had gotten some equipment set up and personnel in place and alerted, I dropped a major road-block. The traffic was very heavy, it being about 1:30 A.M. and after a good light rain. The result was the usual chaos.

For about a minute nothing else happened. Then a police-ant came along, apparently on regular patrol but certainly in a great hurry. He roared into the seething mass, touching his huge antennae (the *Atta* are blind) right and left, causing those he touched to drop their leaf-loads in lines along the roadside and then go milling off among their colleagues also touching antennae. Several more police-ants arrived about a minute later and went to work the same way. These police came from the city-side and began clearing all the outgoing unladened ants away from the roadblock and into a huge mass that soon began to revolve in a clockwise manner.

Meantime, something happened on the other side of the roadblock. First, the road became lined by two neat rows of green leafage, and then this procedure went backwards almost as fast as we could crawl. Police and some workers without

loads were going into the oncoming stream touching antennae, and the dropping of loads became sort of "spontaneous."

Suddenly a great phalanx of police came charging up the road from the nest, shoulder to shoulder, about 50 ants wide and rank after rank. When this awe-inspiring phalanx arrived at the scene of trouble they just ploughed over the first mass of ants and in no time at all had them all streaming back to the city by the ingenious method of "peeling off" the outside edge of the roundabout of massed ants and directing them back along the road.

Meantime masses of police rushed under, over and around the roadblock and tackled the incoming maelstrom, conducting all incoming ants (now without loads due to the original patrolmen who had gone up the line to get the loads dumped) into the great roundabout.

Next the police set unladen incoming workers to work, both clearing the old road and making a temporary detour, and in a surprisingly short time they had the latter working with new streams of ants coming *out of* the city and going to harvest, while the incoming apparently went back, picked up their loads and then headed *into* the city. But the most amazing thing of all was that, as these workers went back up the road to collect their loads, they trotted along *outside* the road on the left side to its direction of travel, while the new lot, still carrying loads, came marching down the main road once again.

It was this counter-movement of the incoming ants that got me to thinking again. Just how did they know what to do, police or no police?

At that time we assumed that the intelligence about the sudden roadblock had been carried back to the nest by the simple and known method of a succession of ants touching antennae. However, this question arose: Could the touch-system communicate intelligence fast enough to get things done at the speed that they were?

Obviously the easiest way to ascertain this was to create a roadblock at a given distance along a road from the city entrance; station people with stop-watches at both ends; and then simply count. We did this: and time and time again. The results were as near conclusive as you can get.

The procedure involved a great deal of very complicated mathematics concerning the length of an ant, its reach with its antennae, density of ants, their average distance apart, and so forth but the overall results were that, even if some 60,000 ants turned around and touched antennae almost instantly no signal so passed along to

the mouth of the city could have brought out the police and the soldiers at the speed (time interval) that they appeared, *by over* 100 *times!*

Therefore, the *Atta* have a telecommunication system that is *not* mechanical — i.e. mere touch.

It is most unlikely that it could be video simply because the police are far underground and out of sight, and have no eyes. Smell would also seem unlikely although, it must be admitted, smell is now thought to be electromagnetically based.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the *Atta* somehow can communicate over distances up to the equivalent of half a dozen of our miles the fact that there is a situation requiring some action, and at a speed far exceeding anything possible by mechanical means.

There are various possibilities. One is electromagnetic signals — but note that the Russians seem to have proved that human telepathic signals, at least, are not in the electromagnetic spectrum. They placed hypnotized sensitives in devices that screened electromagnetic waves and found that the telepathy still worked. Another type of signal, of course, is simple audio, which means by airborne waves.

If it is the latter, we are faced with two alternatives. Either the police ants in the depths of the cities possess some supersensitive audio reception devices, or the messages are *relayed* either by all the ants or by some special ones. Could these be the ordinary patrolling police ants? It certainly seems that it is not until a "policeman" arrives on the scene that anything constructive happens — or starts to happen.

There is something else.

Dr. Helen Forrest, of Rutgers University, recently reported on some long-term investigation of many kinds of ants. She discovered that these insects make a wide variety of noises by "snapping their leg joints, scraping their feet, and rapping their jaws together," that they also make much more complex sounds and groups of sounds with so-called "stridulating organs" such as grasshoppers and locusts possess. These "stridulating organs" are like two minute washboards that can be vibrated against each other in many ways. Doctor Forrest also has stated, "The airborne vibrations produced can be detected without amplification at very close range by a person with good hearing;" and she has tape recordings of the sounds made by 25 kinds of ants to prove it!

There *must* be an explanation for everything. Is this the final word on the telecommunication of the *Atta?*

If it is, then all I need add is that

these ant noises must constitute a *language* by which the most detailed and accurate information is transmitted at the right time and in the right direction. Any police officer can send an S.O.S. Somebody not only has to pick it up, pinpoint its origin, but also set things in motion to cope with it. This should be *wild* enough, but let's proceed to something that needs a far more outlandish explanation.

THE OTHER, and far more, incredible thing that has been observed about the *Atta* is altogether less explicable. This is the possibility of teleportation. The term although now widely bandied about among parapsychologists, Forteans, and mystics, has not, as far as I can find out, been adequately explained or defined. The word originally was coined in an endeavor to denote instantaneous transference (of solid objects or "matter") from one point to another, and especially *through* other, extraneous, solid matter. In other words *instantransference,* or what I choose to call, for short, *ITF.*

This concept, or rather belief that such a procedure is possible and exists in nature, has been beloved of the mystics since ever but, until very recently, it has been, if not totally ignored, regarded with horror by science.

In recent years there have been vague murmurings about it but mostly from the nuclear physical scientists though still only in regard to infinitely small units of matter that may themselves be regarded as un-material, and thus virtually immaterial as barriers to the ITF of other such minutiae. Nonetheless, there is now also a considerable body of reports that massive ITF takes place, both in Nature and during man-devised experiments.

So far, there is no concrete, satisfactory, or acceptable proof of this, nor has anyone even claimed that ITF can be reproduced on demand—the basic tenet of scientific proof of anything. However, if ITF *could* be proved, it would shake technology to its very foundations. Also, it would upset our whole life to such an extent that its practice might be considered so undesirable as to become censurable.

Here, however, are the facts of teleportation as it may exist in the life of the *Atta* ants.

The *Atta* queens are enormous female creatures who do nothing but eat and reproduce. When small, they fly out from their native city, mate, come to earth, dig in and found a new city. When the queen has begot a population of workers, they begin to care for her while she grows prodigiously and produces ever growing streams of eggs.

To protect the queen, the workers build a chamber of concrete so hard that a heavy pick is necessary to crack it open. This chamber completely fences her in and has only a number of small ports around its lower level for feeders to come in and go out at the front of her, excrement-removers to come in and go out at the end, and nurses to get in and out along the sides to remove eggs. These royal chambers are often as big as coconuts, though flattened and a bit elongated, and their walls may be about three inches thick. The approaches to them, in some cities at least, are also concrete.

Now here is the problem.

It has been observed that, if you do get to a queen-chamber and very carefully slice a side off it, you may observe the tightfitting insect within and can mark it carefully with a squirt of dye.

As long as the chamber is left open, or resealed only by a piece of glass, nothing happens. Often the queen dies or is taken apart by the workers. Sometimes she just goes on egg-laying—dye and all. However, if you cover her up even for a few hours, something happens. She vanishes.

This could well be explained, and was orginally thought to have been so and adequately, by the notion that her workers killed her and removed the remains. But, don't forget the dye, which was in some cases sprayed on in very complex patterns.

Further digging in some cities within hours brought to light, to the dumbfoundment of everybody, apparently the same queen, *all duly dyed with intricate identifying marks,* dozens of feet away in another super-concrete-hard cell, happily eating, excreting, and producing eggs! This has been observed time and time again.

Is this a case of ITF, and, if not, how is it done? Are we solemnly asked to believe that the *Atta* remove a foot-long concrete cell, dig out a tunnel three to four inches in diameter and many yards long, dig out another two-foot space, tow the queen into that, and then construct another concrete cell to house her, all in a few hours? The greatest obstacle to this argument is that queens have been observed to vanish from one of these chambers in a matter of minutes—*without that chamber ever having been demolished.*

Is it not more reasonable to suspect that the *Atta,* who have manifestly developed a very good system of telecommunication, have also developed teleportation as a system of moving precious stuff around in an emergency?

From some points of view there is something singularly unpleasant about things like this. They appar-

ently defy what we have been taught to expect and like to think. But on careful analysis, why should they affect us? Is it any more annoying than electrical power being put into one end of a metal cable and coming out the other to "do work?" After all nobody had any real conception of what electrical energy is until just very recently.

We've got sound through matter, and sight through matter, why not matter through matter? Matter is more than 99% holes anyway, and any one can squirt a jet of water from a hose through a chicken wire fence.

If we should get the principles of ITF, getting into space or even into other galaxies could be just that simple—it would be just a matter of squirting through to the stars.



HEARTBEAT CLUES TO THE FUTURE

MEASUREMENTS of the heartbeat of unborn children has revealed much to researchers about their future behavior, Dr. Lester W. Sontag, director of the Fels Research Institute, Yellow Springs, Ohio, reported recently. The prenatal heartbeat, he said may indicate how a child will behave in nursery school, and nursery school behavior may forecast adult social behavior.

Unborn children with quick heartbeats in the eighth and ninth months of their mothers' pregnancies, he explained, showed social apprehension and less aggression at nursery school age than other children. Social apprehension in the two-year to five-year age group was linked to social apprehension in the 24-year to 29-year age group.

Those with heartbeats showing irregularity were found to face more conflicts over dependency, more anxiety and more compulsive behavior. They were more introverted and found it more difficult to make decisions.

According to Dr. Sontag, child and adult behavior thus may be a matter of how well individual body machinery functions. Since behavior patterns, may, to a certain extent be inborn, this may relieve a sense of guilt in parents in connection with the activities of their children.

Dr. Sontag reported that the research program began in 1929 and involved some 15 expectant mothers each year. Observations of fetal activity and heartbeats were made during the last three months of pregnancy. Following birth, the children were given physical and mental tests at three-month intervals. At age two their behavior was studied in experimental nursery schools; and from adolescense to the ages of 22 to 25 they were interviewed regularly.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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STRANGER IN THE ROOM

By Ira V. White

I HAD FISHED every stream within 100 miles of my home and was always on the lookout for new ones. One day my uncle introduced me to a friend of his, Walter Babcock, saying you two should get along fine; you both like fishing. Walt Babcock was a barber.

Naturally our conversation ran to fishing. He mentioned that his father lived on a trout stream in the Catskill Mountains, a place I never had heard of. We immediately made plans for a weekend fishing trip to his dad's place, but forgot to let his mother and father know we expected to arrive late the following Friday night.

Walt closed his shop at 8:00 o'clock Friday night, placing a sign in the window: *Will be back Monday*. My fishing gear was always in the trunk of my car. This was in the early summer of 1933.

I picked Walt and his wife up at 9:00 o'clock and rushed her over to my house to stay with my wife. Then we were on our way.

The stream we intended to fish runs into the Beaverkill River, one of New York State's best trout streams. We just knew we were going to get fish!

We drove 50 miles before we hit the dirt road leading out of Peakville to Walt's father's place. After following that dirt road for a few miles we finally came to the house. It was 11:00 o'clock at night and, like all good country folks, Walt's father and mother, both in their 70s, had retired early.

In the dark I had no chance to see the surrounding country side, but I could see that the woods came within 500 yards of the back of the house, with no chance of a road branching off.

The house was without electricity, and probably nearly 100 years old. It had been in Walt's family for a good many of those years.

Old Joe, an ancient, gray-muzzled hound, gave us a dubious salutation until he discovered Walt was one of the family. His outburst

woke Walt's father who lit a kerosene lamp, unbarred the door, and welcomed us in. His mother wanted to get coffee and a bite to eat for us. We all sat in the kitchen and talked until I became drowsy.

I said I would like to go to bed if no one minded. I was shown up a narrow stairway to a back bedroom which had one window, looking out on the woods. I was given a small oil lamp and left to myself in a small, typical farmhouse bedroom. There was a rag rug on the floor. A dresser held an old-fashioned water pitcher and basin. A cane-bottom chair and an old wooden bed completed the furnishings. It was a room like I had slept in on my grandfather's farm many years before.

I undressed and climbed into bed. I was tired and anticipated a good night's sleep but, as many persons know, sleep in a strange bed doesn't always come quickly. I lay there a long time in the darkness, listening to the old house creak and thinking of trout streams. Suddenly I felt someone was standing by the bed. I hadn't heard the door open. In fact, I knew it hadn't because it had a squeaky hinge so I would have heard it.

I asked, "Is that you, Walt?"

There was no answer so I got up and lit the lamp. But there was no one with me in the room.

I didn't think too much about it and went back to bed. But in a short time I felt the presence again, this time standing at the foot of the bed. It occurred to me I was intruding on someone, maybe a member of the family I hadn't met.

This time I used some wooden matches I had laid on the dresser. Again there was no one in the room. I was beginning to feel a bit queer about the whole thing but decided to go back to bed to see what would happen next. After a long wait I sensed someone at the foot of the bed again. I lay very still waiting. I felt the bed move. It swayed slightly as though someone was lifting the foot of the bed off the floor. I slid toward the head of the bed with my feet elevated. But after a moment the bed was lowered to the floor.

I settled back once more but don't think I had closed my eyes when I felt a weight across my legs, as though someone lay across them. Whatever it was was heavy enough to pin my legs down so I had difficulty moving them.

I sat up and tried to get out of bed. The weight disappeared. Once more I lit the lamp; still there was no one with me in the room. What should I do?

I decided to stick it out. I lay there a long time and was just dropping off to sleep when a beam of light focussed through the window from the ground onto the wall.

At first there was just the light. Then a dim shape appeared. It was oval, perhaps 12 by nine inches, like an old-fashioned picture frame.

Now a face took form. It was an old man, nearly bald, with thick brows and sunken eyes. The thin cheeks and chin were lined with age. The eyes looked at me accusingly.

The light and picture remained on the wall for 30 or 40 seconds then gradually faded away. The room now was dark and quiet; I was alone once more. I lit the lamp again, but there were no pictures on the wall.

The next thing I knew Walt was shaking my shoulder.

After breakfast I wandered into the front parlor. There on the wall was an oval picture frame from which the same, thin-faced old man I had seen the night before looked out at me. Later in the day I asked Walt about the man in the oval frame.

He replied that it was his Uncle Walter who had lived in the house all his life.

"That was his room you slept in last night," he said. "He died in that room when I was a young boy."—*Glen Falls, N. Y.*

TRANSCONTINENTAL TELEPATHY

By Clara R. Lain

SHORTLY AFTER World War I, the value of the German mark dropped to rock bottom and it became almost worthless; a bucketful was needed to purchase a single loaf of bread.

At the time, my maternal Aunt Clara Herbst, lived at Neu Strelitz, Germany. Her husband had left her well provided for when he died but Germany's defeat and the collapse of the mark left my aunt in dire poverty without sufficient clothing or food.

My sister, Marie Haase, and I decided in May, 1923, to send our aunt 10 dollars for the food she needed. We knew that an American money order would be cashed in marks which would be worthless so we decided to send her a 10-dollar gold piece. Gold was still in circulation in America.

Our problem was how to send the gold so it would reach its destination safely. We had read in newspapers that the German post offices were operated carelessly and contents of letters and packages, if valuable, were stolen by Germany's post office employees who were also destitute and didn't hesitate to steal whenever they had an opportunity.

We finally decided to take two pieces of card board, cut out a circular depression in each, put in the 10-dollar gold piece, and paste the two pieces together with plenty of glue, and then use that one thick piece of cardboard as a pro-

tective device for some photographs of my family and my sister's children.

This work was simple but our big problem was how to notify our aunt about the hiding place for the gold piece. We couldn't tell her in a letter or make any mark on the cardboard. We could think of nothing to do except to mail the photographs and the cardboard and trust to luck.

Our luck, however, was not good. In about two weeks I had a letter from my aunt thanking me for the photographs, and that was all.

While I was alone one evening shortly thereafter, I sat very still, hoping for an inspiration. I reasoned that my aunt, an elderly woman at the time, would not destroy or throw away the cardboard and for a time, at least, she would keep it with the photographs. Then I did have an inspiration!

I remembered reading several articles about telepathy; and I thought, why not try sending my aunt a telepathic message and thus tell her where she could find the gold piece.

At Los Angeles, Calif., the time was about 8:00 P.M. Her time would be three or four hours later, and she probably would be asleep and thus more receptive to my telepathic message. So, I concentrated briefly on this message: "Aunt Clara, break the cardboard in the middle, and do it now!"

Two weeks later, I received a letter from her. In this letter, dated about two weeks before it reached me, she wrote: "Last night, I could not sleep; and then I slept and dreamed and saw in my dream the photographs you sent me and the cardboard. Then I woke up and went to my desk, took the photographs and the cardboard, broke the cardboard in the middle, and found enclosed the 10 dollars in gold! Thank you and Marie.
— Van Nuys, Calif.

PREVIEW OF A FIRE

By Peggy Cryder

ON A BALMY summer evening in 1922, my father and I were sitting on the front porch in Waycross, Ga. We had watched a lovely sunset and now twilight was fading into darkness. I was five years old and liked to sit on the top step while Daddy rocked nearby.

There was a vacant block in front of our house on Hunter St. and on the other side of the street to the left of this block stood a small wooden structure which housed a neighborhood grocery store, where we often purchased milk, bread, candy, and other small items.

Suddenly, I saw the little store burning. I heard the crackling sounds of the fire, and exclaimed to

Daddy, "Look, the store is burning!"

Daddy said, "Honey, there isn't any fire!"

But I saw it and *heard* it! And I said so! I kept asking Daddy why someone didn't put the fire out. He insisted that there was no fire to put out. I began to cry, saying over and over, "The little store is going to burn down and nobody cares and nobody is putting out the fire. Why doesn't someone put out the fire?"

Daddy took me upon his lap, rocked me and tried to soothe me by saying, "Never mind, honey, everything is all right."

"It's too late now, Daddy. It's burned down anyway," I sobbed.

All at once Daddy straightened and said, "Well, what do you know?"

I looked and the store was burning *again*! I just couldn't understand how anything could burn *twice*. And still nobody seemed to care about the little store and it was the same thing over again. The little store burned to the ground. Just as the fire was dying, people came running with buckets of water and the fire truck came, but it was too late again.

Daddy knew then, as I know now that I had been the fire *before* it happened and *exactly as it occurred.* — *Jacksonville, Fla.*

I INHERITED A DREAM

By Kay Norton

IT WAS MY habit in 1927 after my alarm sounded each morning to doze off for another 20 minutes before finally getting up. In these 20 minutes I often dreamed, and one particular dream occurred repeatedly.

In this dream, I entered a house, which I never had seen, in Renton, Wash., near Seattle. I walked in from a porch shaded by a giant maple tree, through the front door, through beautifully furnished and spacious rooms, and then departed through the back door, to find myself on the road that led to my childhood home. Arriving there I visited with my mother, Winnie Clinkingbeard, who had been dead many years, and with my sister Marge Bass, who somehow had managed to come from Pensacola, Fla. After this visit, the dream ended.

The details of that dream were always the same, and I could visualize the house with its Spanish architecture as easily as if I actually had lived in it. However, as I could find no meaning in this dream I usually forgot all about it.

One evening, though, I mentioned it to my husband. He suggested that perhaps at the time I was falling asleep I had been thinking of people in Renton. I was certain I had not. We decided I should write

Aunt Jessie Stover in Renton to ask if such a place existed. However, as I felt a little foolish, I only asked if a house had been built at the intersection of Division Road and County Lane, the location of the one in my dream.

Several days later a reply came. Yes, there was a house located on that particular piece of property. It had Spanish architecture, with wide porches shaded by a giant maple tree, a red tiled roof, spacious rooms, and beautiful furnishings.

"Your Uncle Harry Benson returned here two years ago and built the house," Aunt Jessie wrote. "He was a very sick man at the time, and three weeks ago he died of cancer."

Aunt Jessie was curious to know why I had asked about the property, as she was certain she had never written about it.

Two weeks later I received a letter from Holt and Vinson, a Renton law firm officially notifying me of the death of my uncle and enclosing plane tickets to Seattle so I could be present at the reading of the will. My sister and I had been named Uncle Harry's beneficiaries, an astonishing revelation; he had lived in Mexico, and Mother had mentioned him little.

In my inheritance was included the property at Davidson Road and County Lane. As soon as the will had been read, Mr. Vinson took us to inspect the site. Soon we were traveling along old familiar roads, and then we reached Division Road and County Lane. There, on the triangular piece of ground, just as my subconscious mind had envisioned it so many times, stood the beautiful bungalow which was my inheritance from Uncle Harry.

We walked on the wide porch shaded by a giant maple and entered the front door. We continued through the spacious rooms, noting the beautiful pieces of furniture, which were just as I had dreamed, and went out the back door, which opened onto a path leading toward my childhood home.

It was all there, every bit of the impressive beauty I had envisioned. No longer need I dream of it; I had inherited my dream. — *Fontana, Calif.*

DESTINY OF MAN AND MACHINE

DENNIS WHEAT of Malvern, Ark., bought a new car in 1950 and reluctantly traded it for a newer model in 1955. In July, 1961 Dennis saw the '50 model on a used car lot and tried to buy it, but found it had already been sold. Two days later Dennis won the car as a prize at a drive-in movie.



"HEALED with the HAND of a FRESH-DEAD MAN"

I rubbed the dead man's fingers over the growth on my neck— for I had been told only this would make me well.

By Major Francis Martin-Stuart

CAN MIND TRIUMPH over Matter? Some people maintain that it can and go so far as to insist that the triumph is the basis of so-called "magic" and of miracle cures such as occur at Lourdes.

If this contention is correct, I wonder wherein certain of my personal experiences fit. I wonder, too, whether an ability to "see ghosts" — I am sure that it is an ability because some persons *cannot* see a ghost that is perfectly visible to others — is an individual matter or

whether it is inherent in certain families.

My mother saw three different ghosts during her lifetime. Her brother saw two more. Her younger sister, who was the seventh child of a seventh child, beheld a terrifying apparition about which she would rarely speak.

As a child I lived with my parents in the sleepy little village of Headley, Surrey, in the south of England. It possessed but one small general store, kept by a Mrs. Barcock, a quaint, silver-haired old soul, who possessed an encyclopedic knowledge of herb-cures, folk-lore, and country superstitions. Her ability to diagnose the complaints of sick animals, from pedigreed bulls to pet canaries, was known for miles around. All the farmers and breeders in the neighborhood consulted her. No veterinary surgeon could have made a living in the district!

Annie Barcock also possessed "second sight." I can remember hearing her say with great certainty that the Titanic would sink with great loss of life before it reached New York. And when the "Agadir Incident"* was at its height she said that war would break out between Britain and Germany in August, 1914, and that, before peace was signed, the Czars of Russia would be no more.

In April, 1914, when I was 12 I developed a most disfiguring goitre — if it was a goitre. Dr. Lithgow Braidwood of Chichester finally referred my parents to Dr. Frank Kidd, an American surgeon who was working with a research team at Guy's Hospital in London. Doctor. Braidwood's suspicious were confirmed. The "goitre" was malignant and so situated that it was separated from the jugular vein by only a tiny fraction of an inch. An operation (in those days) was too risky to be justified. All this, of course, was spoken only in whispers to prevent my finding out. But children do find things out for themselves and I was not in ignorance for long.

On the Sunday afternoon following the visit to Doctor Kidd my father took me for a drive. Part of the routine on such occasions was to call at Mrs. Barcock's for a glass of her home-brewed ginger-beer on the way home. She knew that a specialist had been consulted and she was all agog to know what he had said.

"Ah, sir," she said after a whispered conference with my father. "Don't 'ee b'live one word of 'un. I can tell 'ee the one an' only sartin cure for him. If so be, that is, as the young gen'leman do have the courage to take it."

*Agadir, a seaport in S. W. Morocco, was the scene of an international crisis in 1911, when Germany dispatched a warship to Agadir in an evident attempt to intimidate France.

My father, who had a great respect for the old crone's knowledge of "cures and simples," asked her what it was, perhaps expecting her to say that my "goitre" should be whipped with stinging nettles, or some such thing.

"He maun stroke it with the hand of a fresh dead man, sir. Once to and once fro. But he maun do it himself and he maun be alone with the corpse."

My father was very, very angry with her for saying such a thing in my hearing. Both he and my mother were certain that I would suffer from nightmares for months to come! In order to take my mind off the subject by a change of scenery, I was whisked off to the sea-side two days later, where my mother and I stayed at a hideously genteel *Private Hotel.*

I have often wondered *why* I had such utter, implicit faith in old Mother Barcock. I was determined somehow to get access to the corpse of a dead man but I was under no illusions as to the difficulty of doing so. Dead bodies are not easy for a 12-year-old boy to come by. I knew from *Sherlock Holmes* stories that dead bodies were kept in cold-storage in hospitals and I worked out several schemes to get into a mortuary, only to abandon them as impractical. Yet, I knew that I soon must get access to the body of a "fresh dead man," as I had heard one hotel servant inform another that I had only a few months to live.

Is there indeed some destiny that shapes our ends?

Be that as it may, the improbable happened. The hotel's star boarder, a crochetty old gentleman with chronic heart disease, died suddenly in his bed when a chambermaid woke him up with a tray of early tea. She screamed the news hysterically down the service staircase and I heard every word. It was a Sunday morning and my mother had gone to early Communion.

Sick and clammy with a mixture of fear and excitement, I ran along the passage to his room. I could hear feet clumping up the stairs and I knew I had only seconds in which to act. I still can see the fat old man hanging over the side of his bed, his face purple and his false teeth, having fallen out of his mouth, lodged in the front of his nightshirt. I grabbed his hand and rubbed his fingers to and fro — once each way — over my disfigured neck. I can remember whispering, "Please, God, let it work." Then I must have fainted.

We returned home by the first available train, my mother completely panic stricken. The only comment I can recollect my father making at the time was that "he'd like to wring that so-and-so old witch's neck for her." Just before

my bed-time Mother remembered about the nightmares I was expected to have. She thought that maybe Dr. Braidwood had better call and give me a sleeping-draught. Dr. Braidwood apparently did not think that I was in need of any powerful sedative. But he left a couple of tablets in case I woke up during the night.

For some reason I was not supposed to know he had been sent for, but I met him in the hall just as he was going. Catching sight of me, he exclaimed, "Good God, Boy!" and led me to the better light of the open doorway. The extraordinary look on his face really *did* frighten me for a moment as his fingers explored the growth. But when he smiled at my parents I knew everything was all right, and my heart began to race.

"This is quite unbelievable," he said quietly "Look for yourself . . . it has shrunk by almost one third . . ."

By the Wednesday morning the goitre, tumor, or whatever it was, had disappeared completely.

Now, what cured me?

Was it my faith in old Mother Barcock's folk-lore? Or did she, who certainly would have been burned as a witch in the not-so-very-distant past, really "know something?"

This raises another point . . . do miracles occur because of the recipient's faith or because of the performer's power? Or again, was I cured because all my life I have been sensitive to the occult and the supernatural?

Not that I enjoy experiencing occult or psychical phenomena. With the exception of the "dead man's hand" episode they always — or almost always — have landed me in trouble.

In September 1908, when I was six, I was staying with my grandmother, Ann Bell, in a small Georgian house in County Waterford, Ireland. One very wet morning she and I happened to be the only two people in the house as the two servants had been given an hour or so off to attend a special Mass. My grandmother told me to go into the drawing-room and collect some toys that I should not have left there. It was a light, bright, cheerful sort of room, even on a wet day, with nothing about it to suggest tragedy, least of all to a rowdy little hooligan aged six.

I was very taken aback to see a man, in the uniform of an officer of the Royal Navy, standing by the fireplace. He turned at my entry and I was robbed of even the power to scream. I never again have seen such a bloated, evil, bearded face, so distorted with rage. I fled, blind with terror, and collided with a small table in the hall, upsetting it and breaking a valuable Crown

Derby rose-bowl. My grandmother always said that only my sheet-white face and obvious panic prevented her from smacking my behind for "racketting about." The fact is that I stammered badly for three or four years afterwards.

I did not *imagine* that naval officer . . . I saw him. In later years I have tried, without much success, to identify this "ghost." I have learned only that the house, which was destroyed by the Irish rebels in 1919-20, belonged to a family whose names occur, generation after generation, in British naval history. I *have been told* that "the Commodore George was a notoriously brutal and evil man . . . a disgrace to his family, and wicked." But according to portraits in the Royal Naval College and elsewhere "Commodore George" was clean shaven and a much smaller man than the one I saw.

I had another rather peculiar experience when I was a student at Cambridge University in 1922. For generations of tutors and professors Cambridge always has possessed a sort of coterie of eccentrics, particularly as regards dress. For example, in my day one of the greatest mathematicians living invariably wore (when not arrayed in cap and gown) a child's straw sailor hat; another very learned man, one of the world's great Sanskrit scholars, always had his suits fashioned in the style prevalent in the 1850's and wore them together with a Tyrolean hat! Consequently no student or resident of Cambridge is ever surprised at what appears to be sartorial peculiarity.

One summer day I was invited by a Senior Fellow, Prof. Charles Searle, to have tea with him and his wife at their home, a big William and Mary residence, about a mile out of the town. They were out when I arrived but had left a message with the butler that I was to make myself comfortable in the garden.

I went and sat in a chair under the shade of a very large mulberry tree. In a few minutes I heard voices and laughter, and the clink of croquet balls. Croquet is a Cambridge tradition and never has gone out of fashion there. So, thinking that maybe I was not the only guest to tea, I strolled round to the far side of a lovely box-hedge to join the others. True, there was a croquet lawn, perfect from decades of cutting, rolling, weeding and care. And there were two players — a tall, slight, old gentleman in a light linen suit of the 1880's and a stout, jolly-looking lady in an out-of-date but not otherwise peculiar silk gown. They were quite close to me and I could see them clearly.

The gentleman stooped to make a careful stroke and I heard unmistakably the click of his mallet strik-

ing the ball. The ball went straight through the hoop, overshot the line, and rolled towards me. I stooped to block it and return it to the player. It was, as I thought, about a foot from my hands when — it just wasn't there any more! Nor were the two players!

Just then my host and hostess arrived. After tea, I told them of my strange encounter.

"Oh," said my hostess, "You've been very honored. They very, very rarely permit a visitor to see them — only permanent residents in the house. They turn up at any time of the day or year and it's awfully odd to watch them play croquet in the snow! The extraordinary thing is that we cannot find out who they are — were. This house has been a Senior Fellow's residence for nearly 200 years but it is quite clear that those two are much more recent than that. We have proved fairly conclusively that they never had any connection with the University but *we can't find out who they are or why they choose to haunt our garden.*"

THE SQUIRRELS' RESCUE SQUAD

FOX SQUIRRELS which inhabit Howell Cemetery on the shore of Thompson Lake, near Lansing, Mich., have formed a fighting unit against predators in their 70-acre domain, according to Don Perkins, a sexton. Perkins, whose experience was reported in the *Lansing State Journal* recently, said that while straightening a leaning headstone in the cemetery he heard a commotion in one of the numerous hickory trees.

He saw that a maurauding crow was trying to tear apart a leaf nest containing three baby squirrels and that their mother was defending her offspring courageously. Each time the crow dived at the nest, the mother squirrel struck at it with her forefeet, spinning around so that she could not be attacked from behind.

As the assaults continued, Perkins said, the mother squirrell's resistance grew weaker and it appeared that she would be overcome by the heavier crow. But then, Perkins reported, he saw a file of squirrels heading for the tree over the cemetery lots. Soon the mother squirrel's defense was bolstered by several allies.

As the rest of the squirrels scampered up the tree, the crow evidently saw that it was hopelessly outnumbered. It flapped away and the squirrels frolicked through the tree in celebration of their victory.

But mother squirrel kept her mind on domestic matters, Perkins stated. Grabbing up her babies by the back of the neck, one by one, she carried them to a safer home, a hole in the trunk of another tree.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

A car in which five persons were killed near Middletown, N.Y., bore two signs on its bumper: "God Bless This Car" and "Goodby Cruel World."

●

Marcelino Campos of Laredo, Tex., barely escaped death when the car in which he was riding ran off the highway. The other man in the car was killed. Mr. Campos pulled himself from the wreckage and walked back to the highway for help. There he was struck by another car and killed.

●

After five months of carpentering work on a new Lexington, Ky., hospital, Coleman Thompson fell from a ladder and became the institution's first patient.

●

Their four children were all born in different years but Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Plascenia, of Detroit, have no trouble remembering their birthdays. They were all born on an August 28.

●

On the day that Mrs. Stephen Hays, of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, found a four-leaf clover a truck came along and demolished the family car. A few hours later another vehicle crashed into the family home.

●

The elements decided to assist a blasting crew at Dawn, Tex. Lightning set off a 2130-pound charge of dynamite just before workmen had planned to detonate it. The lightning thoughtfully held off until the last man had walked out of range and no one was hurt by the mighty blast.

●

Eleven-year-old Robert Posey of Miami, Fla., told his mother he didn't want to go to school. He wouldn't say why. He was told he had to go to school anyway. Silently, Robert got on his bike and pedaled off. Two blocks later a motorist, failing to heed a stop sign, crashed into the boy and his bike. Robert was killed.

●

Two old fishing companions of Lyons, Kans., Mark DeWitt, 81, and Will Horrell, 76, won't go fishing together again. Their cars collided at an intersection and they both were killed.



Can DRUGS Lead YOU to God?

Many seekers are convinced that compounds produced by modern chemistry are a true road to mystical experience.

By John W. Aiken, D.O.

THE MYSTICAL experience is the greatest goal of human life. It is the true, though often unrecognized goal of all religions. Ceremonies, creeds and sacraments have value only as they help man to find a personal relationship with the Infinite — as they help him to realize his true Self. For many, chemistry now may provide a better road into mystical experience than any ceremony or sacrament.

The road to the mystic experience is often referred to as "The Secret Path." The path is not really secret, although it certainly is not obvious. The Buddha said that it is "as narrow as a razor's edge." It is over this difficult path that all the great mystics have travelled. Propelled by great faith and strong wills, the mystics travel on to experience God as a reality, as opposed to mere belief.

Unfortunately, in this day there are many seeking the Path who are

mescal cactus used for centuries by too shaken by the pace of modern life ever to muster the faith and power necessary to tread its razor edge. For these we should now admit that aid offered by the mind-stimulating drugs called *psychedelics* may literally be a God-send.

Through these chemicals many may be granted a glimpse of the wonderful world of the Spirit, where oneness rather than separation and isolation is the normal way of life; where Love is the Law and all live thereby.

One experimenter told me, after his first psychedelic experience, "I have seen God! I know that Reality is there, that it is desirable above all things, and that it is attainable. Now I am willing to take the path of effort, to earn the right to have and to keep this Reality. I know now that I, too, may become the Way, the Truth and the Light!"

Modern chemistry has produced several compounds which modify the mind of man for a short time by changing the chemistry of the body. Thus they have the very unusual effect of opening wider the doors of perception. On the physical level, they enable the user to see with new vision, and to hear with new understanding. They can act to open new doors of perception or awareness into the spiritual world, which the Masters have told us is the "real" world.

Many substances have been used by seekers for a short-cut to wisdom, including opium, hashish, marijuana and, most widely of all, alcohol. Occasionally anesthetics, especially nitrous oxide, will also produce the effect in a minor degree. But all of these disappoint the user because the visions are usually of inferior quality and short duration. Also, some of these chemicals are highly addictive, which means that larger and larger amounts are required to produce the desired effect, and when accustomed to their use the body demands a continued supply.

Fortunately there are a number of useful, vision-inducing chemicals that are non-addictive. Chief among these is peyote, a portion of the

About the Author

A former vice president of Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, John W. Aiken, D.O., was born on October 3, 1902. He was graduated from Pennsylvania State College in 1923 and then spent a year at McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago. After working as a high school teacher, farmer and Railway Express clerk, he entered the Kirksville College of Osteopathy and Surgery, later engaging in general practice. He now owns and operates an osteopathic clinic in New Mexico and studies "to the end of better understanding the reach of the mind and spirit."

the American Indians in their religious ceremonies. The Narcotics Bureau of the United States Treasury Department officially states that peyote is non-addictive and that it may be obtained without a prescription where it is available, except in California where use is prohibited by state law.

A personal friend of mine was one of several investigators sent out by federal authorities to study the use of peyote by the Indians in various areas. He stated to me that the investigators were unanimous in reporting that they found no evidence of physiologically harmful effects from the use of peyote. They also reported that users deprived of peyote showed no withdrawal symptoms, nor any physiological craving.

Other psychedelic chemicals include mescaline and LSD. Mescaline is the active substance in peyote, and may be produced synthetically. LSD, or lysergic diethylamide, is a derivative of ergot (a fungus growing in rye) which also may be produced synthetically.

The prospective experimenter must remember that all of these compounds should be used only under sympathetic medical supervision. As with any medication, there is always a possibility of undesirable side effects, although I personally have seen none.

Here, however, is a brief description of the usual reactions I have noted in the several peyote experiments conducted under my supervision.

First, the peyote is administered in the morning, with the user having eaten nothing since the previous evening. After a period of 30 minutes to an hour, the user feels slightly light-headed. Some experience nausea, which usually is not severe and which disappears within an hour.

There is sometimes a period of euphoria, when ordinary things may seem to be inordinately funny. However, at the end of two or three hours most of the participants wish to be quiet and to look within their own consciousnesses. Some enjoy music, or looking at flowers or pictures. Ordinary objects take on extraordinary appearances.

Life and love are experienced everywhere; one seems to have a new understanding of life, its meaning and purpose, and a new awareness of his own identity as "one with God" and of his neighbor as an integral part of himself. It is much easier during the psychedelic experience to realize that our true identity is not that of the body-mind-emotions complex which is designated by our name. And this is one of the most important lessons that anyone can learn, for this is one of the first steps toward our Father's house, away from separate-

ness, toward unity. To know that I AM, and that "I and my Father are one," is a most salutary experience.

It is regrettable that the use of the potentially useful and wonderful psychedelic substances is misunderstood by the American public. A campaign seems underway to lead the public to believe that these harmless products are highly dangerous and addictive drugs. This campaign already has resulted in a California law making it a criminal offense to use or administer peyote.

If this campaign should spread to other states and be extended to cover other psychedelic chemicals, many persons thereby will be denied access to one of the most remarkable experiences possible to human beings. In the case of the American Indians, the question of freedom of religion may be raised, for to ban peyote is to outlaw religious practices prevalent for centuries.

As ancient as the practice is among the Indians, it is even older in other areas of the world. We can trace these chemicals back through thousands of years. Psychedelic substances, like penicillin which is the product of a lowly mold, were originally a gift of nature. The Sacred Mushroom of ancient Egypt, eaten ceremonially by the priests to stimulate psychic ability and mystical experience, was a psychedelic substance. A species of mushroom is still used in Mexico to produce "enlightenment." And, of course, peyote is a portion of the natural-growing mescal cactus.

It has been speculated by some students of mysticism that the great number of mystics who appeared in the Middle Ages may have been partly the result of exposure to the natural form of LSD — rye bread contaminated with ergot mold.

Another possibility is that the body chemistry may have been similarly modified by fasting which was then a common practice, and by the frequent ill-health suffered by those who were convinced of the unimportance of the physical body.

No one can predict what results a specific individual may expect from an experiment with the psychedelic chemicals. The "mind-stimulating" effect does not add anything to the mind, but seems to be merely a help in finding one's innermost self. Dr. Humphrey Osmond, of Saskatchewan's Provincial Hospital, says in a personal communication that these products merely open a door to another area of consciousness, and what is found when the door is opened depends entirely upon what is within.

From this it follows that if one truly seeks contact with the High-

est, then this experience can be of great help. If one is merely curious, he may find little. If one is potentially psychotic, then there can be grave dangers involved in the experience. What you will find depends upon what is within you.

In experiments conducted by my wife and myself our subjects have been carefully selected, and our results have been almost uniformly rewarding. But each experience is unique, since we are dealing with individuals who all are different, and also because the same person is different at different times.

As you may see, the "drug experience" *can* open a door to understanding for many. It is a short-cut and perhaps, in a sense, cheating. But it can prove beyond any shadow of a doubt the reality of Spirit, of God; and then we may be willing to earn, by way of effort, the right to live always in this Reality.

If you choose to start your search for the Path through psychedelic chemicals, do so proudly. To learn that our emotions, and even our religious insights may be modified (or even initiated) chemically should not detract from their value — for is not chemistry also of God?

NEW LINK BETWEEN MAN AND GORILLA

FINDINGS that appear to place gorillas and chimpanzees in the same family as man recently were reported by Dr. Morris Goodman, immunochemist at Wayne State University College of Medicine in Detroit, Mich. Dr. Goodman stated his evidence that man and the two apes were much closer genetically than had been thought was based on comparisons of their blood proteins with those of other primates.

The genetic make-up of different animals shows how closely they are related, Dr. Goodman explained. Since blood proteins are the products of the genes, they reflect the genetic make-up of an organism. Even a single blood protein can be an index of relationships.

Repeated comparisons of blood proteins by Dr. Goodman indicated a genetic separation between the two Asiatic apes, the gibbon and the orangutan. Hitherto the orangutan had been grouped with the two African apes, and man had been classed by himself. Blood protein study distinguished the chimpanzee from the orangutan and the gibbon but not from the gorilla or man.

Dr. Goodman also reported having found evidence that the separation of the lines of the African apes probably was fairly ancient—in other words, that the chimpanzee and the gorilla may have just as long a separation as chimpanzee and man.

WHY I Became a SPIRITUALIST

A pioneer scientist records eyewitness experiences that convince him of the reality of a Life Beyond

By Alfred Russel Wallace

Alfred Russel Wallace was one of the most distinguished scientists of the Nineteenth Century, publishing a theory of evolution one year before Darwin. His conversion to Spiritualism is condensed from his autobiography, *My Life, A Record Of Events And Opinions.*

DURING MY EIGHT YEARS' travel in the East I heard occasionally, through the newspapers, of the strange doings of the Spiritualists in America and England, some of which seemed to me too wild and outre to be anything but the ravings of madmen. Others, however, appeared to be so well authenticated that I could not at all understand them, but concluded, as most people do at first, that such things *must* be either imposture or delusion. How I became first acquainted with the phenomena and the effect they produced on me are fully described in the "Notes of Personal Evidence," in my book on *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, to which I refer my readers. I will only state here that I was so fortunate as to witness the simpler phenomena, such as rapping and tapping sounds and slight movements of a table in a friend's house, with no one present but his family and myself, and we were able to test the facts so thoroughly as to demonstrate that they were not produced by the physical action of

any one of us. A few years later I formed one of the committee of the Dialectical Society, and again witnessed, under test conditions, similar phenomena in great variety. It must be remembered, no paid mediums were present, and every means that could be suggested for excluding trickery were resorted to.

At a later period I paid frequent visits, always with some one or more of my friends as sceptical and as earnest in search after facts as myself, to two of the best public mediums for physical phenomena I have ever met with — Mrs. Marshall and her daughter-in-law. We here made whatever investigations we pleased, and tried all kinds of tests. We always sat in full daylight in a well-lighted room, and obtained a variety of phenomena of a very startling kind, as narrated in the book referred to. During the latter part of my residence in London (1865-70) I had numerous opportunities of seeing phenomena with other mediums in various private houses in London. These were sometimes with private, sometimes with paid mediums, but always under such conditions as to render any kind of collusion or imposture altogether out of the question. During this time I was in frequent communication with Sir William Crookes, Mr. Cromwell Varley, Sergeant Cox, Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, and many other friends who were either interested in or were actively investigating the subject; and through the kindness of several of them I had many opportunities of witnessing some of the most extraordinary phenomena under the most favorable conditions.

When I had obtained in my own house the phenomena described in my *Notes Of Personal Evidence,* I felt sure that if any of my scientific friends could witness them they would be satisfied that they were not due to trickery, and were worthy of careful examination. I therefore endeavored to persuade Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. G. H. Leues to attend seances and investigate the subject for themselves, but each was too incredulous to give the matter serious attention.

In 1886 I wrote a pamphlet, entitled *The Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural,* which I distributed amongst friends. After reading it Huxley wrote that he "could not get up any interest in the subject." Tyndall read it "with deep disappointment," and he deplored my willingness to accept data unworthy of my attention.

During the years 1870-80 I had many opportunities of witnessing interesting phenomena in the houses of various friends, some of which I have not made public. Early in 1874 I was invited by John Morley, then editor of the *Fortnightly Re-*

view, to write an article on "Spiritualism" for that periodical. Much public interest had been excited by the publication of the Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society, and especially by Crooke's experiments with Mr. Home, and the refusal of the Royal Society to see these experiments repeated. I therefore accepted the task, and my article appeared in May and June under the title *A Defense of Modern Spiritualism.* At the end of the same year I included this article, together with my former small book, *The Scientific Aspects of the Supernatural,* and a paper I had read before the Dialectical Society in 1871, answering the arguments of Hume, Leeky, and other writers against miracles, in a volume which has had a very considerable sale, and has led many persons to investigate the subject and to become convinced of the reality of the phenomena.

I attended a series of sittings with Miss Kate Cook, the sister of the Miss Florence Cook with whom Sir William Crookes obtained such very striking results. They took place in the rooms of Signor Randi, a miniature-painter, living in Montague Place, W., in a large reception-room, across one corner of which a curtain was hung and a chair placed inside for the medium. There were generally six or seven present. Miss Cook and her mother came from North London. Miss C. was always dressed in black, with lace collar, she wore laced-up boots, and had earrings in her ears. In a few minutes after she had entered the cabinet, the curtains would be drawn apart and a white-robed female figure would appear, and sometimes come out and stand close in front of the curtain. One after another she would beckon us to come up. We then talked together, the form in whispers; I could look closely into her face, examine the features and hair, touch her hand, and might even touch and examine her ears closely, which were *not* bored for earrings. The figure had bare feet, was somewhat taller than Miss Cook, and, though there was a general resemblance, was quite distinct in features, figure, and hair. After half an hour or more this figure would retire, close the curtains, and sometimes within a few seconds would say, "Come and look." We then opened the curtains, turned up the lamp, and Miss Cook was found in a trance in the chair, her black dress, laced-boots, etc., in the most perfect order as when she arrived, while the full-grown white-robed figure had totally disappeared.

Mr. Robert Chambers introduced me to a wealthy Scotch lady, Miss Douglas, living in South Audley St., and at her house I attended many seances, and met Mr. Hens-

leigh Wedgwood, and several other London spiritualists. On one occasion Home was the medium and Mr. (now Sir William) Crookes was present. As I was the only one of the company who had not witnessed any of the remarkable phenomena that occurred in his presence, I was invited to go under the table while an accordian was playing, held in Home's hand, his other hand being on the table. The room was well lighted and I distinctly saw Home's hand holding the instrument, which moved up and down and played a tune without any visible cause. On stating this, he said, "Now I will take away my hand" — which he did; but the instrument went on playing, and I saw a detached hand holding it while Home's two hands were seen above the table by all present.

One more case of materialization is even more remarkable in some respects. A Mr. Monk, a Nonconformist clergyman, was a remarkable medium. Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood and Mr. Stainton Moses invited me to see the phenomena that occurred. It was a bright summer afternoon, and everything happened in the full light of day. After a little conversation, Monk, who was dressed in the usual clerical black, appeared to go into a trance; then stood up a few feet in front of us, and after a little while pointed to his side, saying, "Look." We saw there a faint white patch on his coat on the left side. This grew brighter, then seemed to flicker, and extended both upward and downward, till very gradually it formed a cloudy pillar extending from his shoulder to his feet and close to his body. Then he shifted himself a little sideways, the cloudy figure standing still, but appearing joined to him by a cloudy band of the height at which it had first begun to form. Then, after a few minutes more, Monk again said "Look," and passed his hand through the connecting band, severing it. He and the figure then moved away from each other till they were about five or six feet apart. The figure had now assumed the appearance of a thickly draped female form, with arms and hands just visible. Monk looked toward it and again said to us "Look," and then clapped his hands. On which the figure put out her hands, clapped them as he had done, and we all distinctly heard her clap following his, but fainter. The figure then moved slowly back to him, grew fainter and shorter, and was apparently absorbed into his body as it had grown out of it.

Of course, such a narration as this, to those who know nothing of the phenomena that gradually lead up to it, seems mere midsummer madness. But to those who have for years obtained positive knowl-

edge of a great variety of facts equally strange, this is only the culminating point of a long series of phenomena, all antecedently incredible to the people who talk so confidently of the laws of nature.

Now, that the whole series of similar phenomena have been coordinated, and to some extent rendered intelligible, by Myer's great work on *Human Personality,* it is to be hoped that even students of physical science will no longer class all those who have either witnessed such phenamena or express their belief in them, as insane or idiotically credulous, without even attempting to show how, under the same conditions, such effects can be produced.

During my lecturing tour in the United States in 1886-87, I stayed some time in three of the centers of American Spiritualism — Boston, Washington, and San Francisco, and made the acquaintance of many American Spiritualists and inquirers, with whom I attended many remarkable seances.

At Boston I met the Rev. Minot J. Savage whose latest work, *Can Telepathy Explain?,* contains such a collection of personal experiences as have fallen to the lot of few inquirers; Mr. F. J. Garrison, a son of the great abolitionist; Mr. E. A. Brackett, a sculptor, and author of a remarkable book on *Materialized Apparitions;* Dr. Nichols, author of *Whence, Where, and Whither;* Professor James, of Harvard, and several others.

I attended several seances at the house of Mrs. Ross, a very good medium for materializations, in the company of one or more of my friends. On one of these occasions the seance took place in a front downstairs room of a small private house, opening by sliding doors into a back room, and by an ordinary door into the passage. The cabinet was formed by cloth curtains across the corner of the room from the fireplace to the sliding door. One side of this was an outer wall, the other the wall of the back room, where there was a cupboard containing a quantity of china. I was invited to examine, and did so thoroughly — front room, floor, back room, rooms below in basement, occupied by a heating apparatus; and I am positive there were no means of communication other than the doors for even the smallest child. Then the sliding doors were closed, fastened with sticking-plaster, and privately marked with pencil. The 10 visitors formed a circle opposite the cabinet, and I sat with my back close to the passage door and opposite the curtain at a distance of about 10 feet. A red-shaded lamp was in the furthest corner behind the visitors, which enabled me to see the time by my watch and the outlines of everyone in the room;

and as it was behind me the space between myself and the cabinet was very fairly lighted. Under these circumstances the appearances were as follows:

1. A female figure in white came out between the curtains with Mrs. Ross in black, and also a male figure, all to some distance in front of the cabinet. This was apparently to demonstrate, once for all, that, whatever they were, the figures were not Mrs. Ross in disguise.

2. After these had retired three female figures appeared together, in white robes and of different heights. These came two or three feet in front of the curtain.

3. A male figure came out, recognized by a gentleman present as his son.

4. A tall Indian figure came out in white moccasins, he danced and spoke; he also shook hands with me and others, a large, strong, rough hand.

5. A female figure with a baby stood close to the entrance of the cabinet. I went up (on invitation), felt the baby's face, nose, and hair, and kissed it — apparently a real, soft-skinned, living baby. Other ladies and gentlemen agreed.

Directly the seance was over the gas was lighted, and I again examined the base walls of the cabinet, the curtains, and the door, all being just as before, and affording no room or place for disposing of the baby alone, far less of the other figures.

In Washington, where I resided several months, I made the acquaintance of Professor Elliott Coues, General Lippitt, Mr. D. Lyman, Senator and Mrs. Stanfield, Mr. T. A. Bland, the Indians' friend, and Mrs. Beecher Hooker, all thorough Spiritualists, as well as many others unknown to fame. With the three former gentlemen I attended the seances of a very remarkable young public medium, Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, and both witnessed phenomena and obtained tests of a very interesting kind. The arrangement of his seances was peculiar. The corner of a good-sized room had a black curtain across it on a stretched cord about five feet from the ground. Inside was a small table on which was a tambourine and hand-bell. Any one, before the seances began or afterward, could examine this enclosed space, the curtain, the floor, and the walls, as I did myself, the room being fully lighted, and was quite satisfied that there was absolutely nothing but what appeared at first sight, and no arrangements whatever for ingress or egress but under the curtain into the room. The curtain too, was entire from end to end, a matter of importance in regard to certain phenomena that occurred. Three chairs were placed close in front of this curtain, on which sat

the medium and two persons from the audience. Another black curtain was passed in front of them across their chests so as to enclose their bodies in a dark chamber, while their heads and the arms of the outer sitter were free. The medium's two hands were placed on the hands and wrist of the sitter next him.

The seance began with purely physical phenomena. The tambourine was rattled and played on, then a hand appeared above the curtain, and a stick was given to it which it seized. Then the tambourine was lifted high on this stick and whirled round with great rapidity, the bell being rung at the same time. All the time the medium sat quiet and impassive, and the person next him certified to his two hands being on his or hers. After these and many other things were performed, the hand would appear above the curtain, the fingers moving excitedly. This was the signal for a pencil and a pad of note-paper (as commonly used in America); then rapid writing was heard, a slip of paper torn off and thrown over the curtain, sometimes two or three in rapid succession, and in the direction of certain sitters. The director of the seance picked them up, read the name signed, and asked if any one knew it, and when claimed it was handed to him. In this way a dozen or more of the chance visitors received messages which were always intelligible to them and often strikingly appropriate.

On one evening there were a number of messages to about a dozen people, all in different handwritings, several of which were recognized. My friend General Lippitt had a most beautiful message which he allowed me to copy, as it was a wonderful test and greatly surprised and delighted him. His first wife had died 27 years before in California. She was an English lady and he was greatly attached to her. This is the message:

"Darling Francis,

"I come now to greet you from the high spheres to which I have ascended. Do you recall the past? Do you remember this day? This day I used to look forward to and mention with such pride? This, my darling, is my birthday anniversary. Do you not remember? Oh, how happy shall we be when reunited in a world where we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known.

"Elizabeth Lippitt"

General Lippitt told me it *was* his first wife's birthday, that he had not recollected it that day, and that no one in Washington knew the fact but himself.

At San Francisco my time was short, and my experiences were limited to a slate-writing seance of a striking and very satisfactory nature. I went with my brother John who had lived in California nearly 40 years and who, the day before, had bought a folding-slate bound with list to shut noiselessly. The seance was in the morning of a bright sunny day, and we sat at a small table close to a window. Mr. Owen, the editor of the *Golden Gate,* with a friend (a physician), accompanied us; but they sat a little way from the table, looking on. The medium, Mr. Fred Evans, was quite a young man, whose remarkable gift had been developed under Mr. Owen's guidance.

From a pile of small slates on a side-table four were taken at a time, cleaned with a damp sponge, and handed to us to examine, then laid in pairs on the table. All our hands were then placed over them till the signal was given, and on ourselves opening them writing was found on both sides. Two other pairs were then similarly placed on the table, on one of which the medium drew two diagonal pencil lines, and on that slate writing was produced in five different colors — deep blue, red, light green-blue, pale red-lilac, deep lilac, and these could be seen all superposed upon the pencil cross-lines. My brother's folding-slate was then placed upon the floor a foot or two away from the table and after we had conversed for a few minutes, keeping it in sight, it was found to be written on both the inner sides. It then occurred to me to ask the medium whether writing could be produced on paper placed between slates. After a moment's pause, as if asking the question of his guides, he told me to take a paper pad, tear off six pieces and place them all between a pair of slates. This I did, and we placed our hands over them as before, and in a few minutes, on opening them, we found six portraits in a peculiar kind of crayon drawing. We also received evidential written messages containing two family names unknown in California.

* * *

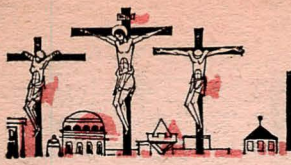
During the last 15 years I have not seen much of spiritualistic phenomena; but those who have read the account of my early investigations in my book on the subject, and add to them all that I have indicated here, will see that I have reached my present standpoint by a long series of experiences under such varied and peculiar conditions as to render unbelief impossible. As Dr. W. B. Carpenter well remarked many years ago, people can only believe new and extraordinary facts if there is a place for them in their existing "fabric of thought." The majority of people today have been brought up in the belief that mir-

acles, ghosts, and the whole series of strange phenomena here described cannot exist; that they are contrary to the laws of nature; that they are the superstitions of a bygone age; and that therefore they are necessarily impostures or delusions. There is no place in their thought for such facts.

When I first began this inquiry it was the same with myself. The facts did not fit into my then existing fabric of thought. All my preconceptions, all my knowledge, all my belief in the supremacy of science and of natural law were against the possibility of such phenomena. And even when, one by one, the facts were forced upon me without possibility of escape from them, still, as Sir David Brewster declared after being astounded by the phenomena he saw with Mr. Home, "spirit was the last thing I could give in to." Every other possible solution was tried and rejected. Unknown laws of nature were found to be of no avail when there was always an unknown intelligence behind the phenomena — an intelligence that showed a human character and individuality, and an individuality which almost invariably claimed to be that of some person who had lived on earth and who, in many cases, was able to prove his or her identity. Thus, little by little, a place was made in my fabric of thought, first for all such well-attested facts, and then, but more slowly, for the spiritualistic interpretation of them.

Unfortunately, at the present day most inquirers begin at the wrong end. They want to see, and sometimes do see the most wonderful phenomena first, and being utterly unable to accept them as facts denounce them as impostures, as did Tyndall and G.H. Lewes, or declare, as did Huxley, that such phenomena do not interest them. Many people think that when I and others publish accounts of such phenomena, we wish or require our readers to believe them on our testimony. But this is not the case. Neither I nor any other well-instructed Spiritualist expects anything of the kind. We write not to convince, but to excite to inquiry. We ask our readers not for *belief,* but for doubt of their own infallibility on this question; we ask for inquiry and patient experiment before hastily concluding that we are, all of us, mere dupes and idiots as regards a subject to which we have devoted our best mental faculties and powers of observation for many years.





By ALSON

Bringing THE BIBLE

St. Paul Baptizes And Heals

— From Acts 19:1-18 —

1 And it came to pass while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples,

2 He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

3 And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism.

4 Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus.

5 When they heard *this*, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

6 And when Paul had laid *his* hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied.

7 And all the men were about twelve.

8 And he went into the synagogue, and spake boldly for the space of three months, disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God.

9 But when divers were hardened, and believed not, but spake evil of that way before the multitude, he departed from them, and separated the disciples, disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus.

10 And this continued by the space of two years; so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of Jesus both Jews and Greeks.

11 And God wrought special miracles by the hand of Paul:

12 So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.

13 Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth.

14 And there were seven sons of *one* Sceva, a Jew, *and* chief of the priests, which did so.

15 And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?

16 And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded.

17 And this was known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus; and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.

18 And many that believed came, and confessed, and shewed their deeds.

J. SMITH

UP TO DATE



In the Light of Parapsychology and Modern Knowledge

IN THIS INTERESTING passage from Acts 19 we see Paul performing "miracles" in much the same way that Jesus did, and are reminded again that He had assured the disciples that they too could heal and "greater things than these shall *ye* do." Charismatic power dwelt in them as well as in Him; they had only to realize their own psychic resources.

The 12 men at Ephesus who began to "speak with tongues" and to "prophesy" just had been baptized and were in an exalted and receptive emotional state. Paul's touch, under the circumstances, put them into a light trance condition ("the Holy Ghost came on them") and in that state they suddenly became aware of their own psychic ability. "Speaking with tongues" —uttering words that make no sense—is a common psychic phenomenon that is technically known as *glossolaly* to both psychologists and parapsychologists. It often manifests itself in trance, either hypnotic or mediumistic.

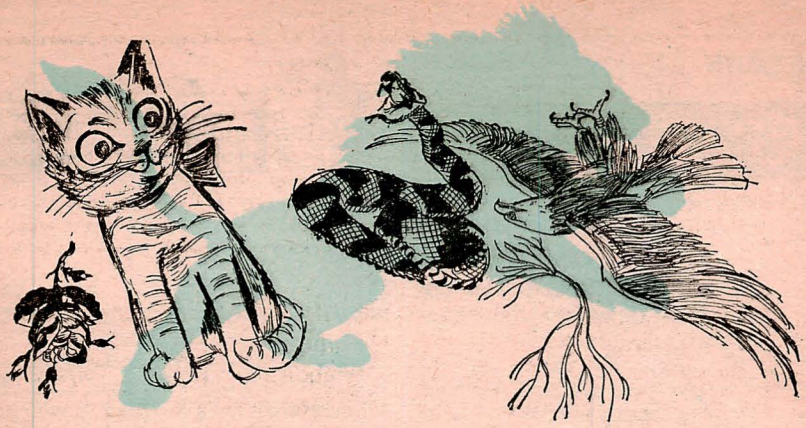
The prophesies undoubtedly came in the form of automatic speech. Whether true precognition was involved we cannot say, for Luke (who wrote both Luke and Acts) does not tell us what was prophesied or if any of it came true.

The second "miracle" described here—the healings that took place through articles that Paul had worn or blessed are examples of psychometry plus the great faith of those healed—faith not only in God but in Paul and Paul's ability to mediate God's healing power to them. We are not told specifically what they were suffering from, so do not know how many of the diseases were psychosomatic.

The significant thing here is the emphasis on the fact that psychic ability is not limited to Jesus, or to Paul, but is something that *everybody* possesses to a greater or lesser degree. Psychic power and sensitivity are inherent in all of us, and need only to be *realized* and *developed* to add another and very wonderful dimension to living.

However, when some of the Jews took it upon themselves to use both Jesus' and Paul's name in exorcizing an evil spirit they ran into difficulty—into actual bodily harm—at the hands of the evil spirit. We can surmise that the reason for this is that they were saying words alone, without the meaning and the faith necessary to do as Jesus had done, as Paul was able to do, and as anyone of us (according to the words of the Bible) should be able to do—if we believe.

This, of course, magnified the powers of Jesus and his disciple, Paul, and as a result many new converts and believers were made.



developing my gift for

CLAIRVOYANCE

I could see what was hidden from normal view—but I had to overcome seeing it upside down and in symbols.

By Michael Bouissou

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MY GIFT OF clairvoyance, which had been revealed, to some extent, at Dr. E.—'s behest, interested Madame D—, who was very skilful in training and directing mediums. She made me work with objects chosen by herself. At the outset my preference was for photographs, letters and even a simple piece of blank paper which had been in contact with the interested person. Later I was able to work quite easily with soil, a stone, a jewel or a piece of gold which I held tightly in my left hand, without ever, except in the case of photographs, looking at them. Other objects frequently used by clairvoyants—gloves, pieces of clothing, handkerchiefs, certain metallic objects such as keys, lighters and fountain pens—did not appeal to me and did not give such good results.

At the beginning of these exercises I had to overcome various difficulties. The images unrolled before me quite clearly, but upside down: as no one has been able to give me an explanation for this

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Madame Bouissou is a highly cultivated Frenchwoman who says she was born at the turn of the century. As a child she discovered that she had the gift of clairvoyance, and when she was still quite young a doctor showed her how to develop her gift to help the mentally and physically ill, whom doctors and psychologists alone could not reach. She became a professional clairvoyant—reluctantly, she states, and with great caution. In her book, *The life of a Sensitive*, from which the accompanying article is excerpted, she presents accounts of her many experiences.

visual anomaly, I merely mention it. After a dozen times, however, the images appeared normally and I had no need to straighten them out.

Another difficulty was that the images always appeared in a symbolic form. I shall give a very simple example. If the vision was connected with a sick person, instead of seeing appear, as happened later, a bedridden man or a woman in a setting so clear that I could describe the furniture and the curtains, I would see a flower or a wilting, withered or dead plant.

At this period I knew nothing of symbolic interpretation and I had to describe what I saw, while Madame D—, who knew the subject of my vision interpreted the symbols.

Naturally, in these conditions, the work was slow, subject to considerable error and, as far as I was concerned, devoid of all interest and significance. Nevertheless I had such a strong desire to perfect my gift that I persevered and studied symbolism.

Although the mode of expression of the unconscious varies, the same symbolism is valid for everyone. It differs, however, in this respect, that each of us takes from the images offered those which our own personality prefers. The great symbols, water, fire, the planets, plants —particularly corn, the vine and the rose—certain animals, the lion, the horse, the serpent, the cat, the eagle and others, can be found with the same interpretation even in that fascinating science, heraldry. Certain mediums, however, have, for example, a symbolism rich in animal and others in floral images. It is up to each of them to learn how to recognize, outside the interpretations of classical symbolism, those which are peculiar to them.

Symbolism was always to intervene in my visions. Around the main picture, reproducing with photographic fidelity the subjects on which I worked—people, houses, objects, etc.—the symbols appeared in the guise of different and modest accessories which I had to interpret carefully, for they were of great im-

portance to the complete comprehension of the images. The seasons, for example, were always indicated symbolically. Preceding the picture which was to appear, the corner of a lawn with rose bushes indicated that the scene took place in spring. A few plane trees with falling bronze leaves spoke to me of autumn. An icy lake represented winter and a field of corn, summer. These symbols were constant even if they rarely bore any true relationship with the facts whose course I was following. Often a symbol seemed to be in contradiction to the general meaning of the vision. Symbolism—in my case very often floral—placed beside the people whose story was unfurling before my eyes flowers or plants of which the color, the vitality or the wilting condition, gave me some indication as to the future of my subjects. A faded flower appearing near a healthy, gay individual made me foresee an illness. On the other hand, if I saw a bright, vivid flower in the course of a reading concerning a sick person it told me of a return to health, or to happiness if it was a question of grief or of mourning.

One very strange thing: the same symbols could appear with the same meanings in a particular reading concerning a business transaction, a journey or perhaps some plan.

In order that the images might appear to me with maximum clarity I had to see them unfold on a perfectly flat surface. At the beginning I was content with a wall, bare of pictures, or the panel of a door, but I swiftly realized that as dark a background as possible facilitated the appearance of the images and I ordered from a picture framer a mount of velvety black paper about 20 inches square. Placed flat before me on a table or a desk it reflected as on a cinema screen the succession of images which appeared during the seance. Starting in the bottom left-hand corner of the frame, they gradually reached the center, remained there for a certain time—during which, on occasion, complementary details would appear—then made for the upper right-hand corner and disappeared as though they were being wound round some invisible spool.

These images were vividly colored, not reduced to the dimensions of the frame, but life-size and accompanied by symbols. A curious optical effect made them appear as though seen in relief at the end of a cylinder and not drawn flat in the frame. I think that this effect was obtained or facilitated by the gleam of the glass and the smooth blackness of the paper. During this unwinding, some inner sense made me understand and explain

to my listener what I could not see on the screen—the psychic and moral state of the people who appeared, the accidents or illnesses in store for them.

As a beginner I did not know how to find my bearings chronologically in this other world, and I had to ask the interested person to locate in time the scenes I described. Eventually a kind of vertical stick with notches on one side appeared in the left-hand corner of my frame. A convention, the reasons for which remained unknown, made me locate the present in the center of this kind of scale, the past becoming more remote to the extent that my eyes wandered down the notches. This pin-pointed the past event with a certain accuracy, since an inner warning stopped me somewhere down this scale. I located the future in the same way by going up the notches to the top of the frame. But if I could in this way date the past with great accuracy, I could do so only very approximately as regards the future. Guided by the symbols previously explained, I managed to define the seasons quite clearly and thanks to their relationship with the date of the vision I could easily fix the time of year: beyond that the determination of time lapsed or time to come remained vague. In the course of the seances I shall mention I shall return to this curious mental process which required a long apprenticeship before I finally knew how to use it.

As a result of patient study I managed to become very accurate in practising the type of clairvoyance I shall continue to call "medical," although it entailed no therapeutics. But my accuracy by interesting the consultants drew their attention to what might be defective in their organism and encouraged them to pay an immediate visit to their doctors. I also managed to produce very profound psychological portraits; at a later date I took courses in psycho-analysis, which proved a great help. In the years to come I was to be consulted on many occasions by parents who were bewildered by their children and were at a loss how to deal with them. I was to become a kind of long-distance counsellor for many children and adolescents whom I would never meet.

Several elements must go to make up the existence and practice of clairvoyant mediumship. The only instance of which I can speak with some authority is my own. The possibility of penetrating the unconscious of another person, of deciphering there what he does not know himself and thus to reveal to him obscure motives for his actions, is perhaps one of these elements. Another consists in being able to cross the normal frontiers

of time, manifesting itself as a flat map, which the clairvoyant can scrutinize at his leisure, no longer being a prisoner of the sort of stairway that represents time for most of us. The main element of clairvoyance, however, in my opinion, should be the total liberty it gives to the intellectual faculties and to the sensitivity of the medium, who, in a state of trance, will experience the same attractions or repulsions he feels in a normal state, though they will be liberated and therefore reinforced. This will explain the fact that, although I was considered a very good clairvoyant medium, I could never quote figures or numbers, give stock exchange tips or advice regarding lotteries and games of chance—all activities in which many clairvoyants succeeded perfectly: this can be explained by my lack of interest in such questions.

In any case I never possessed any other mediumistic gift than clairvoyance: no auditory phenomena allowed me to quote the names of people or places seen in my state of clairvoyance and described with an accuracy which was always confirmed by my consultants.

Many mediums can only work in a trance. Others can only achieve a state of clairvoyance when aided by a kind of slight intoxication often brought about by their own words. I have been told, among others, of the case of an excellent medium, who often worked at the International Metapsychical Institute in the avenue Niel, whose visions were only valid after about a quarter of an hour of pure and simple chatter. Personally I never knew exactly how I achieved my state of clairvoyance. No outward phenomenon warned the spectator and, as for myself, I merely had a sensation of great sensitivity to cold, noise and the slightest contact which, moreover, invariably interrupted my work.

I was extremely lucky in being directed at the outset in these paths, which are sometimes very dangerous, by Dr. E—and then by Madame D—, who summed up in this picturesque formula: "A really good medium should be capable of exercising her gifts standing on her head in the Place de la Concorde", all the qualities of calm, self-control and ease which she demanded of a good medium.

It was with this goal in mind, but without hoping I should ever realize the ridiculous ease that rewarded my efforts, that I pursued my studies during the course of the following difficult months.

* * *

NEVERTHELESS, my gift became more reliable; I was not, of course, infallible but now there was practically no symbolism in my

visions. The image appeared with such clarity and veracity on the black screen that I was sometimes afraid. The revelations brought by my gift were terrible, and, whatever the reason, whether because of my weariness or because the fluids emanating from the consultant (feverishly and anxiously straining with all his strength towards those whose fate he wanted to know) facilitated and fortified the images, they seemed on occasions to leap from their frame and to materialize.

After all these years I still remember some of them. I can see the two young women who came one evening about 9:00 o'clock after making an appointment by telephone. Hatless, they both had magnificent, soft, black, wavy hair which enhanced their smooth faces and large burning black eyes. Once in my study they handed me two men's ties asking me what I could see. Yes, they were brothers and they both wanted "to go on a trip" (during the occupation the word "trip", uttered in a certain way, might mean an illegal crossing of the line, a departure for the *Maquis* or an escape), and while they replied in the affirmative to my first questions I saw on the black screen a long, empty clearing, as though cut out of a thick clump of undergrowth. Everything was peaceful in the picture; it travelled to the top, right-hand corner of the screen as though rolled off on an invisible bobbin, giving place to another picture of several young men sitting on the ground, apparently waiting. "There they are," I said suddenly, seeing two men who seemed to be facing me. "They're safe for the moment. They're all right and they have joined up with the people they were going to meet. They're waiting, they're waiting." All at once, veiling the last image, the almost vertical wing of an airplane appeared, and I went on: "They're waiting for an airplane. They are the only ones who will leave but not this evening or tomorrow. No I can't see any dangers. They are well hidden." I raised my head. The youngest woman leaning towards me as though to hear better, had let fall a kind of fur stole and on the lapel of her coat I could see the yellow star of David.

Catching my eye she noticed her star and exchanged a terrified glance with the other girl. Calmly, as though in defiance, she too let drop her fur, allowing the star to appear, then took her friend's hand. Since I did not flinch and waited, the eldest one said to me, "A friend sent us to see you; she has been hiding us since our husbands left. We were warned and we left our flat just in time. They came three days ago and took everything; the

flat is now occupied. Our husbands are waiting to be picked up by a British airplane. It is supposed to come and drop arms and take them away but when . . . ? We are almost dead with anxiety. Do you think you could possibly see when they leave? In any case you're quite right. The clearing has been enlarged, right in the middle of a forest . . . "

"Near Le Mans," I said finishing her phrase. "Its a dangerous landing place, but well hidden. I can't tell you any more this evening. You mustn't go out for the next few days. Go quickly now and leave me the ties. Tell your friend to telephone me every evening at about 10:00 o'clock, but not from her house, to be on the safe side. I will reply. Your husband will be Jacques, and yours Madame will be Jean. If everything goes all right I will say Jacques and Jean have gone to their uncle's. They caught the train all right and we shall be hearing news of them."

A smile lit up their faces. "Yes," said one of them, "we shall hear on the radio. They've arranged to send a message."

They left. It was a bright night, too bright for my taste, a night for possible raids, and I thought of those men hidden in a forest watching the moonlit clearing . . . Near Le Mans. Why had I said that? A landing on a moonlight night . . . The anti-aircraft guns could not be very near for them to risk that . . . I looked thoughtfully at the two smart ties lying near my screen. On two consecutive evenings I took them and consulted my screen: the ties were supple and warm. Nothing had happened to the two men, but the clearing was empty and twice I had to give a negative reply to the unknown voice at 10:00 o'clock asking for news of the boys. Finally, on the third day, I no longer saw the clearing. An aircraft wing, at an angle, filled the screen. Then the image disappeared, leaving me a childishly reduced picture of a small cabinless aircraft; three men's heads in flying helmets such as one sees in photographs of the 1914 planes. Why had symbolism recurred in this instance? Had this picture of outdated aircraft recorded itself when I was a child on my subconscious and remained there? The ties were still just as warm and as supple, and I put them away with a sigh of relief. On the telephone I announced that Jacques and Jean had caught the train. Then there was silence, but a fortnight later my *concierge* brought me a bunch of roses delivered by an old lady who had not wanted to come up and disturb me. Among the flowers I found an envelope. The letter told me that Jacques and Jean had arrived safe-

ly and that their wives had left to join them by another route. I heard no more news and I only burnt the ties a short while ago.

On another occasion, while listening to a low, anxious woman's voice telling me of her grief at having no news of her husband who had been gone for two months, I suddenly saw a chain of livid, snowy mountains and the picture of a track in the dirty snow between two walls of ice about three feet high. Desolate, lifeless and motionless, this landscape froze me. I told my client that her husband had tried to leave France over the Pyrenees and that I could only see this sinister setting. Had she nothing belonging to her husband, a photograph? Yes, she had one, and fumbling in her bag she handed it to me. Without looking at it I put it on my desk and covered it with my left hand. Nothing stirred. Then, with that rush I often experienced without being able to explain it, the picture disappeared from the screen and I saw, lying on his back, his legs covered with thick snow, a man with rumpled clothes who had obviously been searched . . . hands clutching the snow, a motionless face, eyes and mouth open . . . There was a black wound on one side of his head. Beneath my hand the photograph was ice cold, and without daring to raise my head I asked his wife if he had left with money hidden in his clothes . . . in a belt or next his skin, for example. I gave the description of her husband's garments and told her that I was surprised to see him alone. In general the guides waited for two or three emigrants, to take them through the mountains by little-known tracks.

Things must have turned out like this, and she was very surprised that I saw her husband on his own for it had been agreed that the crossing, this time, should be undertaken by four men. Although the time of year made the trip perilous, on the other hand there was infinitely less risk of being arrested by the Customs men or the Germans.

What could I say to this woman? I could distinctly see the corpse of her husband, who had been murdered and robbed. The little photo turned my hand to ice up to the elbow. I returned it to her and after satisfying myself by a few skilfully posed questions that she was not alone, but lived with her family and two children, I told her that she would have to wait a long time for news because the crossing at this season was very dangerous.

She looked at me, automatically replacing the photo in her bag while I rubbed my stiff arm. "He was ready to sacrifice his life, he

told me. But what about the children and our life? Didn't that count?" she murmured. Then, looking at me, she added. "He's dead, I know. You saw it, didn't you? But why didn't you tell me?" Yes, why had I not told her? Did the rule Dr. Osty had once taught me still hold good in these days when life and death no longer seemed to count?

I replied that she knew all I had seen: a single man with money and in danger, but death was a forbidden domain I never approached since I was always too afraid of being mistaken . . .

She had taken back the photograph, and the horrible picture of the corpse with its mouth and the hollow blackened eyes had disappeared.

She sat there overcome, in the chair. I saw that she had abandoned hope; that she had not been taken in by my clumsy and unconvincing denial. Once more she murmured: "His children, our life together, they didn't count anymore." She said it with the surprise of certain women who suddenly discover that the tranquil, monotonous life they loved no longer suffices a man who for days had been preparing in secret to escape. That is how it appeared to me: surprise dominated her feelings, surprise at realizing that it was all finished and that the man had preferred danger and risk of death to her love and to his children. She rose to her feet, pulled up her coat collar with a shiver and said: "Fortunately *Maman* is there," and I saw her in the near future resuming the life of a young girl, directed once more through life like an adolescent, hiding, perhaps, beneath her widow's weeds a relief at no longer living with a man whom she had obviously married and loved from convention, because it is customary to marry. All that night I kept waking up with a start from a nightmare: the man was there, frozen blue, but his gaping mouth seemed to be twisted in an ironical leer. The ones I pitied were his children, who would possibly seek their father behind the conventional picture—the commonplace picture of a hero who had died for his country. Yes, it was the children who would pay for this marriage without love, this widowhood without tears.

This is the first of several fascinating excerpts from the experiences recorded by this remarkable woman which will be brought to you by FATE. In the next issue she will tell you how she witnessed "Murder On A Clairvoyant's Screen."

My PROOF of SURVIVAL

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

MY COUSIN'S WARNINGS

By Lillie M. Lofts

DURING THE first eight years of my life we lived on a farm adjoining the one rented by Uncle Lum and Aunt Lena. We played so often with their children that we were more like one large family than cousins. I was especially found of cousin Elmer. I had no brother and I fairly worshiped him and he did me. As far back as I could remember he had repaired my toys, made tables and cupboards for my playhouse, and played with me.

One day in 1897, when I was six and he was 13, he came across the field to talk to my mother. He said while he had been all alone in the field, raking hay for his Dad, he had heard someone calling him by name. He stopped, listened, and answered, but there was no one he could see over the level field.

Mother asked, "What did you think, Elmer?"

He answered, "I believe it was the Lord calling me, and I believe the Lord wants me up there," and he pointed upward.

I started crying and said, "I don't want you to leave me."

He said, "Don't be afraid, nothing will hurt 'My Lillie Girl.'"

Within the week he died of appendicitis. That was my first experience with the awful loneliness felt after the passing of a loved one, and I was inconsolable.

The night of Elmer's wake, my family spent the night with his. My sister Bertha, my cousins Etta and Mamie, and I were put in an upstairs bedroom. We slept crossways in one bed.

During the night I awakened with the feeling that an icy hand had encircled my ankle. Trembling with fear I awakened my sister, who yelled for Mother. She and Aunt Lena came hurrying with a lighted lantern. They examined my ankle but could find nothing wrong except its icy coldness. As they started back downstairs, I heard Aunt Lena say to Mother, "Do you think it is Elmer trying to take her with him into a better world? You know she was always his choice of your children."

I didn't follow him across the Divide, as Auntie and Mother feared.

However, I'm sure the icy hand was his and I believe he has kept my children and me from harm many times.

For example, once, when our clock had stopped, I arrived at the schoolhouse before anyone else. As I neared the door my foot and ankle began to ache with cold, so I ran across the road to a neighbor

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to warm my feet. Soon we saw the dirtiest, most slovenly tramp crawl out a window and slip through the cornfield toward the railroad.

When my daughter was two she got my locket off its chain and into her throat. However, my freezing ankle warned me in time and I ran into the bedroom to find her slowly choking. I grabbed her by the heels and jumped off the high end of the porch, dislodging the locket.

Another time, a neighbor picked up my year-old son and was about to let him ride around the field with him on a pulverizer. My ankle warned me and I wouldn't let him go. The rattling of a passing woodsaw frightened the team which ran away. But Sonny was safe.

Still another time, when our youngest son was creeping everywhere, I was warned and ran into the kitchen to find him only inches from a coiled copperhead snake which had squeezed under the baseboard where a mouse had gnawed through the wall.

Several years later I again was warned and ran outside to find my two-year-old grandson standing between the forefeet of a wild pony.

There have been other instances, too numerous to mention, and no one knows how disastrously some of them could have ended if I hadn't been alerted. I have been grateful from the very bottom of my heart for my Guardian Angel's warnings. —*Pineville, Mo.*

A MESSAGE FROM DANNY

By Rev. Harold Baldwin
As Told to Doris Francis

ON A DULL, chilly and rainy October day in 1925 in Manhattan, I was walking along Broadway to a

meeting of the Council of Ministers at which I was to be the main speaker. I was concentrating on my talk when I heard my name called and sensed, rather than actually felt, a detaining hand on my elbow. I turned quickly in the direction of the voice and found myself staring at the vaguely familiar face of an obviously quite troubled young man.

As I tried to place him, he spoke earnestly and emphatically: "Reverend Baldwin! You remember me, don't you? Danny Wilson, from the Cape. I caddied for you summers for a few years; I was about 18 when you stopped coming. Please try to remember; it's very important!"

I did remember him, and quite well, too, for I had taken a liking to him and had visited many evenings with him and his widowed mother and younger sister, Martha. However, I was in a hurry and so I said, "Danny, if you're in trouble and I can help you, come to my Study Class this evening, and we'll see what we can do. Here, I'll write down the address for you."

But Danny hastily said, "No Reverend, just listen a minute. I'm not in any trouble; I'm all right. Believe me, I'm perfectly all right. I just want you to do me a favor. When you are at the Cape this summer, go see my mother. Tell her of our meeting today, and that I said for her to stop worrying, that I'm doing just fine, and that everything is so much better than we ever dreamed it could be. Particularly that, Reverend, that everything is so much better than we dreamed it could be!"

I protested, "But Danny, we don't go to the Cape anymore; we haven't



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gone for the last five years."

"I think you'll go to the Cape this summer, Reverend," Danny said with a quick smile. Then, earnestly, he added, "Just be sure to give her the message exactly."

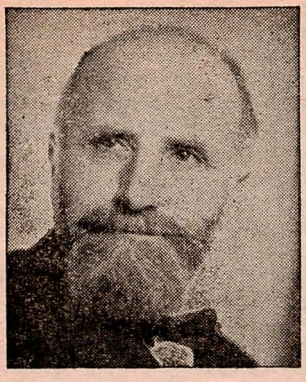
I glanced down at my wristwatch to see if I were late for my appointment, and when I looked up again to tell Danny we would talk about it that night, he was gone, and I was unable to see him in the sea of umbrellas and head tops. I thought it odd he had left so abruptly, but excused him as I recalled he had been standing talking in the rain without a hat, raincoat, or umbrella. When Danny failed to come to my Study Class that evening, in the press of work, I put the entire incident out of my mind.

That summer, however, Reverend Lawrence, the minister at Dennisport, Mass., who conducted services at the Cape, died suddenly, and I was assigned to take his place for a few months. And so, as Danny had predicted, my family and I went to the Cape that summer.

I had been at the Cape almost a month before I recalled Danny's urgent request. As I was at the time only a few blocks from his home I decided to deliver his message then.

As I knocked on the door, I realized that I had not run into his family since I had come to Dennisport, something quite unusual in such a small town. Danny's sister opened the door, and shortly thereafter his mother came. I felt my presence was unwelcome, and so explained hurriedly, "I won't stay long; I just wanted to deliver a message to you from Danny." I proceeded to repeat his message as exactly as I could.

Mrs. Wilson's reaction startled



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me. She had been staring dully and disinterestedly into the fire, but now turned sharply in her chair, gripping the arms as I was speaking, and staring at me almost uncomprehendingly. When I had finished, she bombarded me with questions: "When did you see Danny? Where was he? How did he look? How do you know it was Danny?"

I described our meeting, but instead of being relieved or thanking me, she closed her eyes and slumped in her chair. I started toward her, thinking she had fainted, but Danny's sister, who had stood silently throughout my visit, motioned me to the door and asked me to leave.

The strangeness of the whole affair troubled me, and so I asked the owner of the town's only store, "What's the story on the Wilsons?"

He answered, "Doc says it's shock and a refusal to accept reality." And he explained, "Mrs. Wilson was standing on her porch one drizzly day watching Danny crossing the street, when a car raced around the bend and ran smack into Danny. He was killed instantly."

"When?" I asked

He replied, "Three years ago come this October!"—*Corpus Christi, Tex.*

THE DRAPERIES PARTED

By Laurence Feary

IN JANUARY, 1925, when we lived in Kenosha, Wis., my mother, Katharine Feary, was very sick with diphtheria. I was a young boy at the time. My father and I stayed at my Aunt Rose Johnson's house next door because our family doctor and the trained nurses were the only persons allowed to stay with mother.

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Doctor Adams stayed most of the night. He told us afterwards about the event which occurred. Two trained nurses were in the room at the time and substantiated his story.

Shortly after midnight my mother's fever reached the danger point. Her bed was in an ordinary room with plain walls and the usual shades and curtains on the windows.

Suddenly she said, "Doctor, the dark drapes are sliding open and beautiful sunlight is shining on the other side. Please open them more so I can see what is on the other side of the drapes." She then said, "Doctor, the drapes are closing and the sunlight is going away. Please, open them."

The doctor was holding her hand and immediate noticed it felt much cooler. He took her temperature and was amazed to discover that it was almost normal. He knew she had passed the crisis safely and was going to recover.

Mother recovered very rapidly but she never forgot about the nonexistent drapes opening to disclose a beautiful brightness and then closing again to shut out this light.
—*Chicago, Ill.*





NEW BOOKS

WITNESS, The Story of a Search, by John Godolphin Bennett. The Dharma Book Company, Inc., New York, 1962. 381 pages, $5.00.

Convinced "I have known what it is like to be dead," the author offers this autobiographical work to bear witness to that "glimpse of Reality" which first came to him with an "experience of *de'doublement*" in a World War I British Army field hospital.

At 23, senior operative of the British Secret Service for an area of the Near East "as large as Europe," he vowed to "find the source of all religions and the unity of mankind." Guided by a theosophically-minded native prince, who pointed him to Jesus Christ, Bennett investigated hashish, hypnotism and dervishes. In Constantinople, he met the men who set "the whole direction of my life"—Gurdjieff.

Later he entered Gurdjieff's Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man, at Fontainebleau, and was demoted from associating with the prime ministers of Europe to the role of scullery boy. Subjected to a strange regimen of dances, hard labor, and psychological stress (somewhat like "brain-washing"), many pupils quit, driven to despair, madness or suicide; but it gained Bennett "the greatest experience of my life" when for a few hours he was "filled with the influx of an immense power . . . " Yet he soon deserted Fontainebleau for "the strange half-world" of European cabarets and night clubs.

Years later, having become "director of the largest industrial research association in England," he returned to Gurdjieff, whose police dossiers were now "bulging with reports of unlawful activities of all kinds" and who had a "reputation of behaving shamelessly over money matters, and with women . . . " He mentions Gurdjieff's trickery (faked "demonstrations of telepathic communication"), and his "drinking" and "obscenity." Bennett, however, does not judge by what a man says or does, but by "the effect" of his presence; so he calls Gurdjieff "a genius . . . superhuman," whose "System", he had hoped, "might change the course of human history." He even hints that Mr. G. emerged from an automobile crash to spend his last months as an animated "corpse."

Eventually Bennett established in

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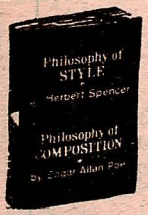
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England an institute patterned after Gurdjieff's; and here was held an International Subud Conference, following his adoption of the practices of Pag Subuh, whose coming, he believes, was foreseen by Gurdjieff. Here too occurred Eva Bartok's celebrated healing, as well as the less-publicized death of one convert who ran amok after overdoing the *Latihan*, the Subud's "contact" with "the Life Force" (the *post mortem* showed no "illness, no visible cause of death"). The author himself found the *Latihan* "free from all mental activity . . . blissful", and he was soon "cured of two long-standing bodily weaknesses."

Acting as interpreter, he travelled with Subuh to many countries. In France, he practised the *Latihan* with Benedictine monks, "became aware of the presence of Jesus", and began to hear "a voice within me" saying, "Christianity is the one true religion . . . My Church and Islam should be united"—through "Mary."

Alone, such "mystical insight," says the author, enables one to penetrate "the mysteries of Religious Faith" and to establish "a real and personal relationship to God." But in such things we must not look for logic (he found Pak Subuh illogical and inconsistent), for "logical consistency and freedom from contradiction . . . are evidences of the most limited type of thought." Hence, only readers of "limited" outlook will criticize the author—who admits to an "irritating habit of telling lies"—for finding another's "stories of marvels, such as flights on the astral plane . . . anathema to me," and yet propagating stories of his own "voices," visions, healings, mind-readings, prophecies, "Pres-

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ESP—The Story of Extrasensory Perception, by Susy Smith, with introduction by Professor C. J. Ducasse. Pyramid Publications, Inc., 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. 189 pages, 60c.

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PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING, by Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick, & PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING by Edmund Gurney, Frederic W. H. Myers, and Frank Podmore, (as abridged and edited by E. M. Sidgwick). University Books, Inc., New Hyde Park, N.Y., 1962. xii + 473 and xxxvi + 520 pages. $15.00.

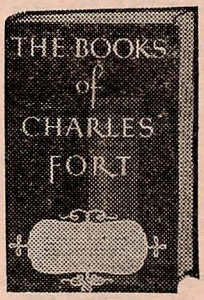
In full justice, any review of the present volume should begin with a sincere expression of gratitude to University Press for making available once more two of the major classics in psychic research. The original "Phantasms" appeared in a two-volume edition in 1886. In 1918, Mrs. Sidgwick abridged Gurney's work into a single volume, which appears here following her own "Phantasms" of 1922. The combined volume of over 1000 pages is a storehouse of information for anyone interested in pursuing a rigorous investigation of spontaneous psychic events.

The fact that Mrs. Sidgwick's name alone appears on the book's spine as well as that the curious inversion of chronological order gives the later work top billing, makes it appear that the intention of the present volume is to add to the greater glory of Mrs. Sidgwick, whom Gardner Murphy in his introduction characterizes as "the finest mind so far in the history of psychical research." The publisher has hardly encouraged support for this claim by including her within the same covers with Gurney and Myers.

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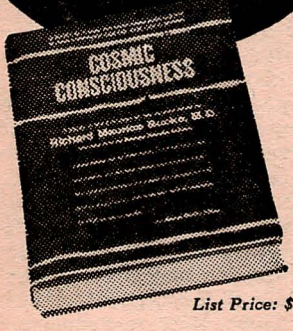
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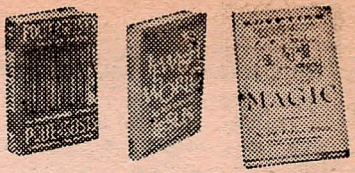
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Mrs. Sidgwick's mind is indeed a brilliantly analytical one. She is quick to mark any flaw or evidential weakness in her review of the spontaneous cases published by the British Society For Psychic Research in the 30 years following the original "Phantasms." But of the 429 pages of her 1922 collection, barely five deal with any constructive theorizing. This she left until 1924 in a lengthy paper on telepathy which fortunately has been appended in the present arrangement. As sound as her conceptions may be, they are clearly foreshadowed by Myers in *Human Personality*. In the present volume they are all but forgotten as the reader moves on to the immediately following material.

The Gurney-Myers-Podmore opus (all but the introductions are actually the work of Gurney alone) is not one for light skimming. Indeed Gurney himself admits: "The matter presented is from a literary point of view monotonously dull." The reader must bear down upon it sentence by sentence to extract the wealth of insight.

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a totally new world view for his time. Writing shortly after the word telepathy was coined, Gurney brings his brilliant intellect and painstaking research to focus on this phenomenon in such a way as to establish his proof soundly and thoroughly. The world has seen few scholars since that day (other than Myers) who can come close to such brilliance of scholarship.

Placed between Mrs. Sidgwick and Gurney like a veritable keystone to an arch stands the introduction to Gurney's work from the pen of F. W. H. Myers. Poet as well as scholar, Myers here sets forth an apologia for psychic research that sparkles as brightly 80 years later as it did in 1886. Anyone who must defend his interest in psychic matters against skeptics could commit this to memory. This volume, in summary, is one to treasure, to read and then read again, an indispensible work for any student of spontaneous telepathy.—*David Techter.*

GYPSY SORCERY AND FORTUNE TELLING, by Charles Godfrey Leland. University Books, New Hyde Park, New York, 1962. 271 pages, $10.00.

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

OBERTH VS. GODDARD

I always enjoy the fine articles in your magazine. One easily can say that your splendid monthly is unique in its field. I am writing to you at this time because I received with one of your advertisements a little booklet titled *The Story of a Pioneering Magazine*, and I am sincerely concerned with what I consider a controversial statement in this booklet.

I want it understood that I am merely submitting my opinion (as well as the opinion of countless others much more qualified than I) based on facts, available to anyone. These facts speak for themselves! I do think it is most important, in these days when Communist historians are gleefully falsifying and distorting all history, that we in America be extra careful that we have justice and accuracy in historical reporting.

In your booklet you quote Prof. Herman Oberth and you list Oberth as "The Father of Modern Rocketry!" For some time now controversy has existed as to whether Oberth or Dr. Robert H. Goddard was the "Father of Modern Rocketry," with many intelligent and qualified persons standing up for both of these men. *Apparently*, you people at FATE Magazine have taken the side of Professor Oberth. I wonder if you are sufficiently in-

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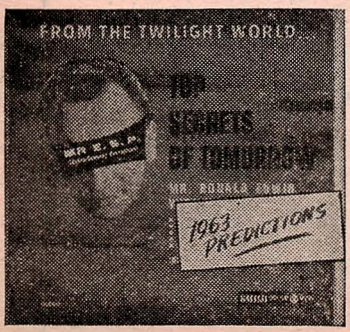
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formed on Dr. Robert H. Goddard.

In my opinion — and I admit I am not a so-called expert—there is overwhelming evidence in favor of Dr. Goddard as "Father of Rocketry!" Goddard's diary (recently released by his wife), his papers written in college (in the very 1900's), his books and his actual rocket shots (Oberth never shot a rocket), seem to countless persons to make him deserving of the historical title "Father of Rocketry."

I could list over 100 qualified persons in this country and elsewhere (well-known scientists, rocket experts, writers, etc.) who are unanimous in their acceptance of Goddard as the true, historical "Father of Rocketry, and the Space Age." It is a fact of public record that when Dr. Wernher von Braun was approached by American rocket scientists after World War II and asked about his development of the V-2 rocket, he said, "Why not consult the works of your own Dr. Goddard? That is where we (Germans) got most of our basic infor-

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mation in the beginning!"

It is argued in behalf of Professor Oberth that he wrote a brilliant rocket book and started the German Rocket Club, which eventually built the infamous V-2 rocket. We will concede that Oberth was the "father" of the V-2 rocket. But Oberth's disciples ignore the historical fact that Goddard had written — brilliantly — on rockets long before Oberth.

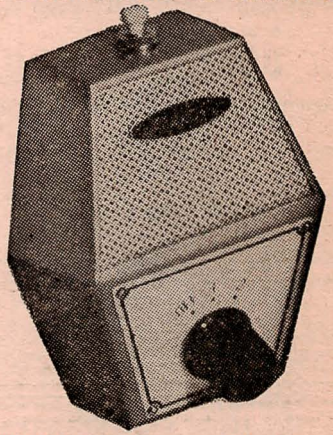
Further, Goddard shot the world's first liquid-fueled rocket into the sky —and he pioneered solid fuel rockets. He did more real pioneering work in rocketry than Oberth — or the Russian, Tsiolkovsky — ever dreamed of! I believe history will yet record Dr. Goddard as the one great pioneering genius who presided at the "dawn of the Space Age." Such a respected organization as the American Rocket Society agrees with me on this—as does NASA, the Astronauts, most authorities in the Air Force, and many respected scientists in Britain, Canada and elsewhere.—*Wm. C. Lloyd, Burlington, N. C.*

Editor's Note. One of the great problems in the history of science is who invented what and when, and who should receive how much credit.

In this case, however, FATE *concedes that Professor Oberth might better be called "the father of the theory of space flight." What Oberth basically accomplished was to work out the mathematics of orbital flights, power requirements given specific weights and exhaust velocities, fuel loads, payloads, and so forth. His mathematical work was not a break-through but was so sound that his equations and tables*

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are still used at the present time.

Dr. Robert H. Goddard, the great American pioneer, could more properly than Oberth be called the "father of modern rocketry" in that he actually developed, built and fired practical rocket motors—and especially developed the principle of the regenerative motor which cools its combustion chambers with its own circulating fuel. This type of motor is the starting point for all space flights today—though not of the solid fueled rockets. The Germans took Goddard's work and developed it into their own liquid-fueled rockets.

Konstantine Tsiolkovsky, the Russian, whose theories were mostly developed in the period say of 1880-1910, *first outlined many of the present notions of rocketry, including the idea of orbiting satellites and of space travel. He was a theoretical man only, however, without the technology or the mathematics to do much more than theorize.*—Curtis Fuller.

FATEFUL PHONE CALL

On Sunday, January 27, 1963, I had an enjoyable experience, thanks to you and your advertising department.

A Mr. Konkel, who said he just had subscribed to FATE, telephoned me to ask how I liked the magazine. He said he had received some literature from FATE in the mail and found in it my name and city, together with a statement that I always would subscribe to FATE.

He looked up my name in the telephone book and called me up. I must admit it was a very pleasant conversation, and I did agree that the statement attributed to me in the advertisement expressed my

feelings about FATE. Having been a constant reader of FATE from the very first issue, I can't very well go back on the statement. I still have two years to go on my subscription.

I wish to thank you for bringing this pleasant moment into my life. It was unusual, totally unexpected and very enjoyable. I hope FATE will be around longer than I am — and I expect (or hope!) to be around for a long time. — *Ernst W. Gschwender, Melvindale, Mich.*

PECULIAR PROBLEM

Perhaps you are in a position to know if any present-day scientist (not just some individual who wished to see his opinions in print) has written a book or article on the subject of "glowing geometrical figures" such as small white (also golden) discs, triangles, hexagons, etc. It seems probable to me that such a scientist may have included this subject (if it is known and recognized by enough people) under the subject of "hallucinations" or "apparitions." This is not my own opinion of them — and I have been "visited" for years by them; but then, I am not a scientist.

Naturally, I have had medical, emotional examinations, and eye examinations in an attempt to solve this peculiar problem. I never have been able to find anything at all in print that touches on this subject. I also have written to Duke University Parapsychology Department.

If you happen to know of such a book I will appreciate knowing of it.—*Fern M. Crowley, Albuquerque, N. Mex.*

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Joanna Smith of Pittsburgh, Pa.

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stated in *Report From The Readers* that she believed in ghosts, spirits and "little people" but did not believe my fairy tale about Dixie and her baby tooth. She said that I have a vivid imagination and should write fiction. (Thank you for the compliment. I do—I've written a book of fiction.) And she can be sure, even had my fairy tale been fiction, I would have done research had I not had first-hand information as a mother.

However, there was not a word of fiction in my article which was written on the day that it happened. I merely recorded the incident exactly as it happened. I did not ask Miss Smith to believe it — for it *is* unbelievable. FATE knows that most of what it publishes is unbelievable, hence the affidavits required by the editors to back up each story. As for myself, I do not believe in ghosts, spirits—nor fairies — but I do know that strange things happen that cannot be explained which is exactly the kind of thing FATE publishes.

A local daily newspaper (an award winner for the best in the state of Georgia) quoted me as saying, "Anyone knows that children do not lose baby teeth at three years. I'm sure the editor has discovered his mistake by this time." Then it went on to say "the colored illustration is an enlargement of Mrs. Darden's own drawing. The title of her story is used on the cover . . .FATE is a national magazine published by the Clark Publishing Co. of Illinois. It is on sale at local magazine stands.'

My original version of the story read: "*Then* a real fairy took over *Little* Dixie had lost her tooth . . ."

When FATE editors asked for the date, and the age of my daughter at the time, my affidavit stated that Dixie was born in 1947 and this episode took place in the early 1950's (which could be any year up to 1955) The story came out: "In 1950 a real fairy took over. *Three year old* Dixie had lost . . . "

Nurse Smith was right; it was not Dixie's first baby tooth. Not knowing the exact date, I had left it to the discretion of the editors. Anyone can make mistakes and I was not rude enough to tell an editor (after 17 years of being published I've learned to get along with them. It pays big dividends.) about something too late to change in a magazine already on the stands.

So you see, Miss Smith, it doesn't take a registered nurse (I have two RN sisters) to "state with a certain amount of authority" what *all* mothers and *most* fathers already know about baby teeth. Also, I am still trying to decide whether your mistake involved arithmetic or grammar when you said, "If the child is losing her baby teeth now . . ." Certainly, given the published date, you could have determined that Dixie is now a teenager. If your error is mathematical, the editors have you beat.—*Mona Darden, Lenox, Ga.*

PULLING THE RUG

I have read with interest the article by Mona Darden about her three-year-old daughter catching a fairy's wing, and also Joanna Smith's letter in the March issue commenting on this article. Miss Smith appears quite dogmatic and determined to prove that Mrs. Darden is pulling the wool over our eyes in her story.

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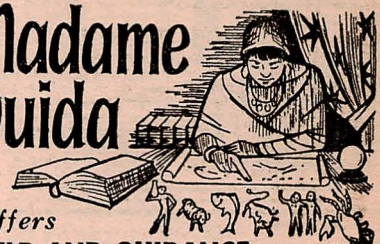
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Miss Smith bases her proof of Mrs. Darden's duplicity on the statement that children do not shed their baby teeth before age six. I hate to pull the rug out from under Miss Smith, but my son Jimmy, who will be six years old on February 19, 1963, now has six permanent teeth; the two lower central incisors, two lower lateral incisors and the two upper central incisors. I probably could obtain the date he shed his first tooth because the dentist had to pull it. The permanent tooth came in behind the baby tooth and it would not loosen and come out properly and so our trip to the dentist.

As for imagination, my boy has a good one too—at least that is an easy way to explain it. He asked me today about a lion he saw in his bed a year or two ago. He wanted to know if it was a real lion, or just an imaginary one. I told him I didn't know for sure because I hadn't seen the lion. He then remarked, "Well, I didn't know either. He was sitting on my covers, so I shook them, but he wouldn't go away."—*Jacqueline R. Rittenhouse, Dayton, O.*

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BOOST FOR A LADY WONDER

Whether or not Jack Woodford's article in your February issue is slanted tongue-in-cheek for humorous effect, the resulting odd mixture of derision and awe is misleading on a few points.

It seems that Woodford bungled at the outset by making his first call on Lady Wonder as an unkempt, antagonistic skeptic. With mutual antipathy firmly established, it was natural that his subsequent visits to the farm were less productive of sound information than they otherwise might have been.

On several occasions Mrs. Fonda told more congenial interviewers that in 1926, when Lady was about two years old, she had first noticed traces of her pet's uncanny powers. Whenever Lady's meal was ready, she came trotting in for it, even from the farthest limits of the farm, regardless of changes in feeding time made as a test by Mrs. Fonda. As a result, by gradual steps Lady received the education that developed her phenomenal powers and made her the equine wonder of the century.

By her own admission in these interviews, Mrs. Fonda knew that Lady was a most exceptional horse. When she told Woodford and others that any horse with the right training could do equally well, she was merely being modest or employing a line of dry, straight-faced country humor which most Southerners would recognize. But Woodford apparently swallowed it as fact.

A rather plain-Jane mare, and no thoroughbred, Lady nevertheless showed traces of part Arabian descent. She was a little smaller than the average farm mare, and in her

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RAY PALMER
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later years was noticeably swaybacked, although hardly more so than Man o' War in his old age. She had a strange coloration—gray, white, black and a bit of dark brown, which in spots had a smudged effect. But she had fineness of line at several points, a nice head and extraordinary, luminous brown eyes. She was the only animal I ever have seen who could look a human steadily in the eyes for more than 15 seconds. In fact, if you interested her she could stare at you for minutes at a time.

Like most human mediums, Lady had her "off" days, and was subject to temperament, including dislikes, irritation, lethargy and boredom. But the record of her best efforts is such that no fair-minded person can deny that she possessed telepathic and clairvoyant powers of the highest order, and that with the rapport and assistance of her mistress, she used these talents often helpfully and with startling effect. And some can testify that Lady's talents included accurate precognition that reached months—even years—into the future.—*George Massinger, Newport News, Va.*

A REVIEW REVIEWED

I wish to voice my intense dissatisfaction over Mr. George C. Le Gros' review of *Way To Self-Realization* by Mouni Sadhu in the February, 1963, issue of FATE. The reviewer has dealt with this work in such an unfair manner that it would be an insult to the intellectual freedom of the readers to allow it to go without protest.

Mr. Le Gros makes numerous dogmatic pronouncements without in the least indicating the source of his

assumed authoritative opinions. He belittles Vedanta philosophy as a "departure from the traditions of the true Initiates," forgetting that Vedanta has arrested the interest of thousands belonging to the intellectual and spiritual elite of the world, including such men as Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, Christopher Isherwood, to mention but a few.

Whether God is a being or not is a remote point of consideration and of little interest to the sincere aspirant on the path of self-realization. History tells us that great mystics attained to sublime heights of realization whether they held God to be personal or impersonal. Neither are the reviewers extreme views on the subject of chastity sustained by anything else but his own opinion. I wish to assure him that it is not true that "every tyro in occultism" adheres to a view of chastity even in early stages of development. The great teachers of the Indian *Tantra* hold a different view and so do many occult students in the West.

This reviewer considers the teachings of Ramana Maharshi a "pale-reflection" of what he is pleased to call the Ancient Wisdom. I should like to suggest to the readers that Mr. Le Gros' views constitute not only a pale reflection but a sad distortion of the Wisdom as presented by the sages of both East and West. It is a matter of regret that a reviewer should represent his personal opinions as "a direct revelation given by the gods to early men". Of such stuff fanatics are made!—(*The Rev.*) *Stephan A. Hoeller, D. D., Hollywood, Calif.*

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The filler item *Through The*

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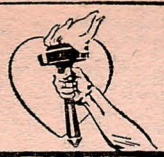


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Fourth-Dimension on page 70 of the March, 1963, issue states that a service station operator reportedly was at a loss to explain how thieves were able to make off with the contents of 13 soft drink bottles. He said the soda was extracted from the bottles without removing them from the vending machine.

This rates 47 giggles. Haven't you heard the latest gimmick?

When the filling station manager's back is turned, some smart teenagers open the pop machine, remove the caps from the bottles, take a straw and drink the pop. It's done all the time.—*Ruby O. Pembleton, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Do smart teenagers have keys—or crowbars — to open pop machines at service stations?—Ed.

ESP IN QUESTION

I wish to question the value of ESP and related powers—especially since FATE has published articles to the effect that Russia could or would use ESP against Uncle Sam.

If that is all the Reds would use against us, we would be safe indeed!

Just take a look at Tibet. This country not only was isolated geographically but literally was crawling with monks who constantly prayed, meditated and concentrated their mental powers to an amazing degree, etc. Ever since I was a teenager (and that was some time ago!) I've heard and read of Tibetan monks being able to stand naked in below-zero weather, to travel great distances via their astral bodies, to communicate with or to summon spirits, both good and bad; of being

(*Continued on page* 128)

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able to conjure up spirit companions —even spirit armies; and even of being able to raise the dead (even FATE has carried supposedly true stories to this effect).

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The mountainous terrain slowed them up a bit—but that was all. Where were all the vaunted powers of all those monks? What good was their ESP? Where were those spirit armies they supposedly could summon? How come all those monasteries were looted and their occupants killed or enslaved—like a bunch of sheep?—*Charles L. Pizzano, Dedham, Mass.*

ANTE-DATED BY POE

The article *The Secret At the Heart of the Universe* in the April 1962, issue was intensely interesting; but Edgar Allen Poe ante-dated you in his *Eureka.* Perhaps *Eureka* contains a few inaccuracies—a human failing—but Poe also was ahead of our present-day concepts. The last few pages of *Eureka* give a conception of our universe that has yet to be cautiously advanced by our materialists and Spiritualists (psychic-observers).

Poe generally is considered a poet and writer of mystery stories. However, I regard him as one of our geniuses of modern times, although he passed from the earthly scene over 100 years ago.

Since the whole gist of Poe's genius points up "panpsychism," I cannot see why the physicists and the psychists cannot get together. Of course, I well realize that the world is not yet ready for Poe's revolutionary idea that "We are in co-existence with Time and Space; Material and Spiritual throughout Eternity." The so-called religious teachers would rather go on teaching that we are something apart from what we are in.—*Mrs. E. S. Horton, Memphis, Tenn.*

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