

FATE

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 1

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FLYING SAUCERS

By KENNETH ARNOLD

MARK TWAIN AND HALLEY'S COMET

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN

INVISIBLE BEINGS WALK THE EARTH

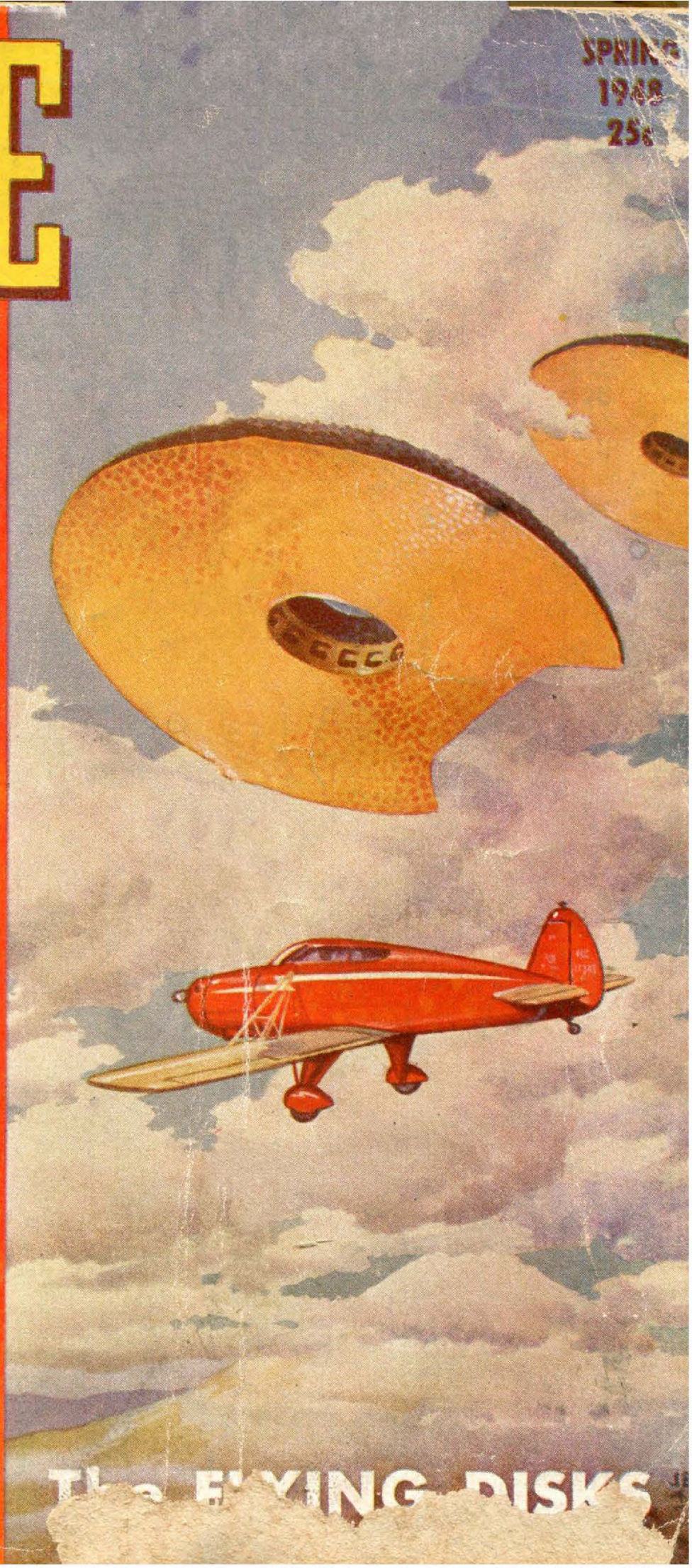
By R. J. CRESCENZI

TWENTY MILLION MANIACS

By G. H. IRWIN

Many Other Startling
Articles And Features

SPRING
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the Editorial

ON THE cover of this magazine you will find the title, FATE, which is perhaps the most significant, most dominant word the world has ever known. It has been the basis for innumerable dogmatic religions, for stultifying superstitions, for lack of progress through despair and hopelessness. At the same time it has brought into the open the highest courage of body and soul, been the foundation of rigid discipline that has established great nations and conquered others as great, and drawn man's eyes toward the inexpressible mystery of an all-powerful Creator. Because of its relationship to these things, this magazine has been called FATE.

FATE is a new kind of magazine. It was conceived several years ago, vaguely and imperfectly, in the minds of its editors. Through the intervening years of research, study, experience, analysis, debate, planning and just plain hard work, the concept went on, until today it lies in your hands, a modest, but energetic young magazine dedicated to the earnest, thinking people of all races and walks of life. It is a magazine devoted to the defense of reason. It is a bringing out into the open of the real kinship between fate and free will. It is a magazine dedicated to the scientific method, to calm analysis of the known and the unknown. It is a magazine for the logical man, the religious man, for the doubtful man, for the observing man, and above all, for the man who wants to know the answers to those greatest of all ques-

tions: Why was I born? Where am I going? Who, and what, am I?

You might call FATE a "cosmic reporter." Its real purpose is reporting the unbiased truth. FATE is your instrument for gathering news more important than the things the immortal Will Rogers used to "read in the newspapers" and claimed was "all I know." Will Rogers knew a great deal more than what he read in the newspapers. He knew, for instance: A man's what he wants to be—and who can he blame for that! His philosophy of life put the superstitious, dogmatic type of fate right where it belonged. He knew, too, that God didn't put him here to "just sit." He realized man was a "master of his fate, captain of his soul" and ought to do something constructive about it.

FATE lets you do your own thinking, confining its efforts solely to supplying the material upon which your ability to think can be directed, with the ultimate decision your own. Your own decision is the *correct* one! That's what the fates really mean to you. The fates never make a move until you decide their course. What happens after that is pre-ordained, but not by those silly old ladies who are supposed to be using you for dice.

Now do you know how FATE is a new kind of magazine? Can you see how it is intended to be a help to you in your daily life? It isn't just "another magazine" intended to entertain, although FATE can emphatically state that no other magazine will top its contents for drama, plot,

intrigue, characterization and adventure! It isn't a fiction magazine, containing stories, but a factual magazine containing articles by experts in all walks of life and by others not so expert, but having something dynamic, significant and truthful to say!

* * *

More than fifty-eight centuries ago in India, a holy man named Brahma dictated the following words to his son, Vede (of whose complete writings, the *Veda*, only fragments remain today): "My chosen have suffered evil to usurp their hearts; they squander my substance in building temples and providing a superabundance of priests and priestesses. They raise up the sword and the spear for me; by blood and death they establish kingdoms in my name. They that will not kill because of their natural love of God and his created sons and daughters, they impress into service of war, taking them from their kindred, saying to them: Come away from peace and kill! Be thou a slayer of men; be a soldier of death for the glory of the king. God commanded them, in the olden time, to kill not at all. His words were plain. But the kings commanded the priests to interpret His words round about, whereby war might be justified. God commanded them against taking that which was another's. His words were plain. But the kings commanded the priests to interpret the meaning, so the kings could exact tribute for their own glory. And so they levy wheresoever and whensoever they will, saying: For the defense of the king and the country! Thus they have perverted God's commandments from beginning to end. But I declare unto you, that in His sight, to kill one man, He will

hold him accountable who doeth it, and ten times accountable if he kill ten men, and a hundred times for a hundred. They shall not hide death and murder by the word war. Neither shall they excuse stealing by levying tax for the king or the country's protection. Has God made a law that one country shall protect itself against another? They profess to be believers in God, but straightway they go and build fortifications of stone, and wood. And they that work such wickedness say: Behold, ours is the holy, the revealed word. Let no man raise up his voice against these truths, or he shall surely be put to death! Behold, I, Brahma, say God's judgment is against all such!"

Were Brahma on earth today, he could do nothing else but repeat his words!

* * *

Speaking of fortifications and "protecting" ourselves against our enemies, have you noticed the increasing number of scientists who are refusing to work on atomic projects wherein the goal is development of a new atomic weapon or improvement of an old one? Also the increasing number of public utterances by scientific men decrying military control of atomic research in any way whatever? Just what would be the result of complete control over a nation by its military with the sole authority "the necessity of protecting ourselves"? Already one-sixth of our total effort is expended for defense. It will become more. On that basis, "peace at any price" is just too expensive a luxury. What the world needs is another Einstein, but this time with a formula for peace, not a bomb!

Robert N. Webster



"I'll never go into the air again without a camera!" declares Kenneth Arnold standing beside his plane the day after observing a train of nine mysterious flying disks.

I DID SEE THE FLYING DISKS!

by Kenneth Arnold

THE following story of what I observed over the Cascade mountains, as impossible as it may seem, is positively true. I never asked nor wanted any notoriety for just accidentally being in the right spot at the right time to observe what I did. I reported something that I

know any pilot would have reported. I don't think that in any way my observation was due to sensitivity of eyesight or judgment other than what is considered normal for any pilot.

On Tuesday, June 24th, 1947, I had finished my work for the Central Air Service at Chehalis, Washington,

Kenneth Arnold was born March 29, 1915, in Sebeka, Minn. Educated at Minot, N. Dak. Interested in athletics, was all-state end in 1932-33. Football under Bernie Bierman interrupted by knee injury. Employed by Red Comet, Inc., manufacturers of automatic fire-fighting apparatus, in 1938. In 1940 established his own fire control supply company known as the Great Western Fire Control Supply. Handles, distributes, installs fire-fighting equipment in five states. Uses his plane in his work, landing in pastures and mountain meadows. Married, two children.



McCurry Photo

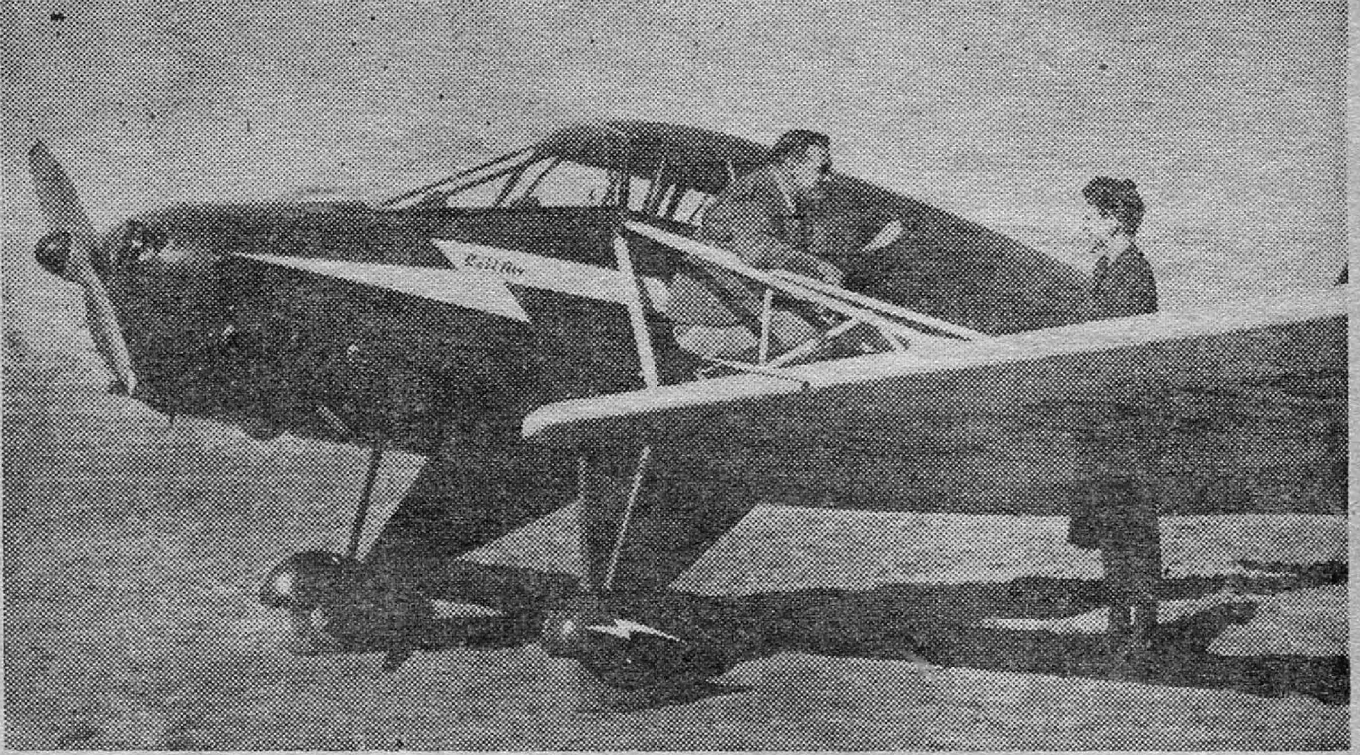
and at about two o'clock I took off from Chehalis, Washington airport with the intention of going to Yakima, Washington. My trip was delayed for an hour to search for a large Marine transport that supposedly went down near or around the southwest side of Mt. Rainier in the state of Washington. (This airplane has been discovered at the time of this writing—July 29, 1947.)

I flew directly toward Mt. Rainier after reaching an altitude of about 9,500 feet, which is the approximate elevation of the high plateau from which Mt. Rainier rises. I had made one sweep of this high plateau to the westward, searching all of the various ridges for this Marine ship and flew

to the west down and near the ridge side of the canyon where Ashford, Washington, is located.

Unable to see anything that looked like the lost ship, I made a 360 degree turn to the right and above the little city of Mineral, starting again toward Mt. Rainier. I climbed back up to an altitude of approximately 9,200 feet.

The air was so smooth that day that it was a real pleasure flying and, as most pilots do when the air is smooth and they are flying at a higher altitude, I trimmed out my airplane in the direction of Yakima, Washington, which was almost directly east of my position, and simply sat in my plane observing the sky and terrain.



Kenneth and Mrs. Arnold beside the Callair, three-place plane used on his historic "saucer" flight.

There was a DC-4 to the left and to the rear of me approximately fifteen miles distant and, I should judge, at 14,000 feet elevation.

The sky and air were as clear as crystal. I had not flown more than two or three minutes on my course when a bright flash reflected on my airplane. It startled me as I thought I was too close to some other aircraft. I looked every place in the sky and couldn't find where the reflection had come from until I looked to the left and the north of Mt. Rainier where I observed a chain of nine peculiar-looking aircraft flying from north to south at approximately 9,500 feet elevation and going, seemingly, in a definite direction of about 170 degrees north to south.

They were approaching Mt. Rainier very rapidly, and I merely as-

sumed they were jet planes. Anyhow, I discovered that this was where the reflection had come from, as two or three of them every few seconds would dip or change their course slightly, just enough for the sun to strike them at an angle that reflected brightly in my eyes.

These objects being quite far away, I was unable for a few seconds to make out their shape or their formation. Very shortly they approached Mt. Rainier, and I observed their outline against the snow quite plainly.

I thought it was very peculiar that I couldn't find their tails, but assumed they were some new type of jet. I was determined to clock their speed. I had two definite points—Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams—to clock them by, and the air was so clear that it was very easy to see objects and

determine their approximate shape and size as far as fifty miles.

I remember distinctly that my sweep-second hand on my eight-day clock, which is located on my instrument panel, read one minute to 3 P.M. as the first object of this formation passed the southern edge of Mt. Rainier. I watched these objects with great interest as I had never before observed airplanes flying so close to the mountain tops, flying directly south to southeast down the hog's back of a mountain range. I would estimate their elevation could have varied a thousand feet one way or another up or down, but they were pretty much on the horizon to me which would indicate they were near the same elevation as I was.

They flew, as I have frequently observed geese fly, in a rather diagonal chain-like line as if they were linked together. They seemed to hold a definite direction, but swerved in and out of the high mountain peaks. Their speed at the time did not impress me particularly, because I knew that our army and air forces had planes that went very fast.

What kept bothering me as I watched them flip and flash in the sun right along their path was the fact that I couldn't make out any tail on them, and I am sure that any pilot would justify more than a second look at such a plane.

I observed them quite plainly, and I estimate my distance from them, which was almost at right angles, to be between twenty to twenty-five miles. I knew they must be very large to permit me to observe their shape at that distance, even as clear a day as it was. In fact, I compared a zeus fastener or cowling tool I had in

my pocket with them, holding it up on them and holding it up on the DC-4 that I could observe at quite a distance to my left, and they seemed smaller than the DC-4; but I should judge their span would have been as wide as the farthest engines on each side of the fuselage of the DC-4.

The more I observed these objects, the more upset I became, as I am accustomed and familiar with most all flying objects whether I am close to the ground or at higher altitudes. I observed the chain of these objects passing another high snow-covered ridge in between Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams, and as the first one was passing the south crest of this ridge the last object was entering the northern crest of the ridge.

As I was flying in the direction of this particular ridge, I measured it and found it to be approximately five miles, so I could safely assume that the chain of these saucer-like objects was at least five miles long. I could quite accurately determine their pathway due to the fact that there were several of them as well as higher peaks on the other side of their pathway.

As the last unit of this formation passed the northernmost high snow-covered crest of Mt. Adams, I looked at my sweep-second hand and it showed that they had traveled the distance in one minute and forty-two seconds. Even at the time this timing did not upset me as I felt confident that after I landed there would be some explanation of what I had seen.

A number of news men and experts suggested that I might have been seeing reflections or even a mirage. This I know to be absolutely false, as I observed these objects not only

through the glass of my airplane but turned my airplane sideways where I could open my window and observe them with a completely unobstructed view.

Even though two minutes seems like a very short time to one on the ground, in the air in two minutes' time a pilot can observe a great many things and anything within his field of vision probably as many as fifty or sixty times.

I continued my search for the Marine plane for another fifteen or twenty minutes, and while searching for this Marine plane the things I had just observed kept going through my mind. I became more disturbed, so after taking a last look at Teton Reservoir I headed for Yakima.

I might add that my complete observation of these objects, which I could even follow by their flashes as they passed Mt. Adams, was around two and one-half or three minutes—although by the time they reached Mt. Adams they were out of my range of vision as far as determining shape or form. Of course, when the sun reflected from one or two or three of these units, they appeared to be completely round; but, I am making a drawing to the best of my ability, which I am including, as to the shape I observed these objects to be as they passed the snow-covered ridges at Mt. Rainier. (See page 45.)

When these objects were flying approximately straight and level, they were just a thin black line and the only time I could get a judgment as to their size was when they flipped.

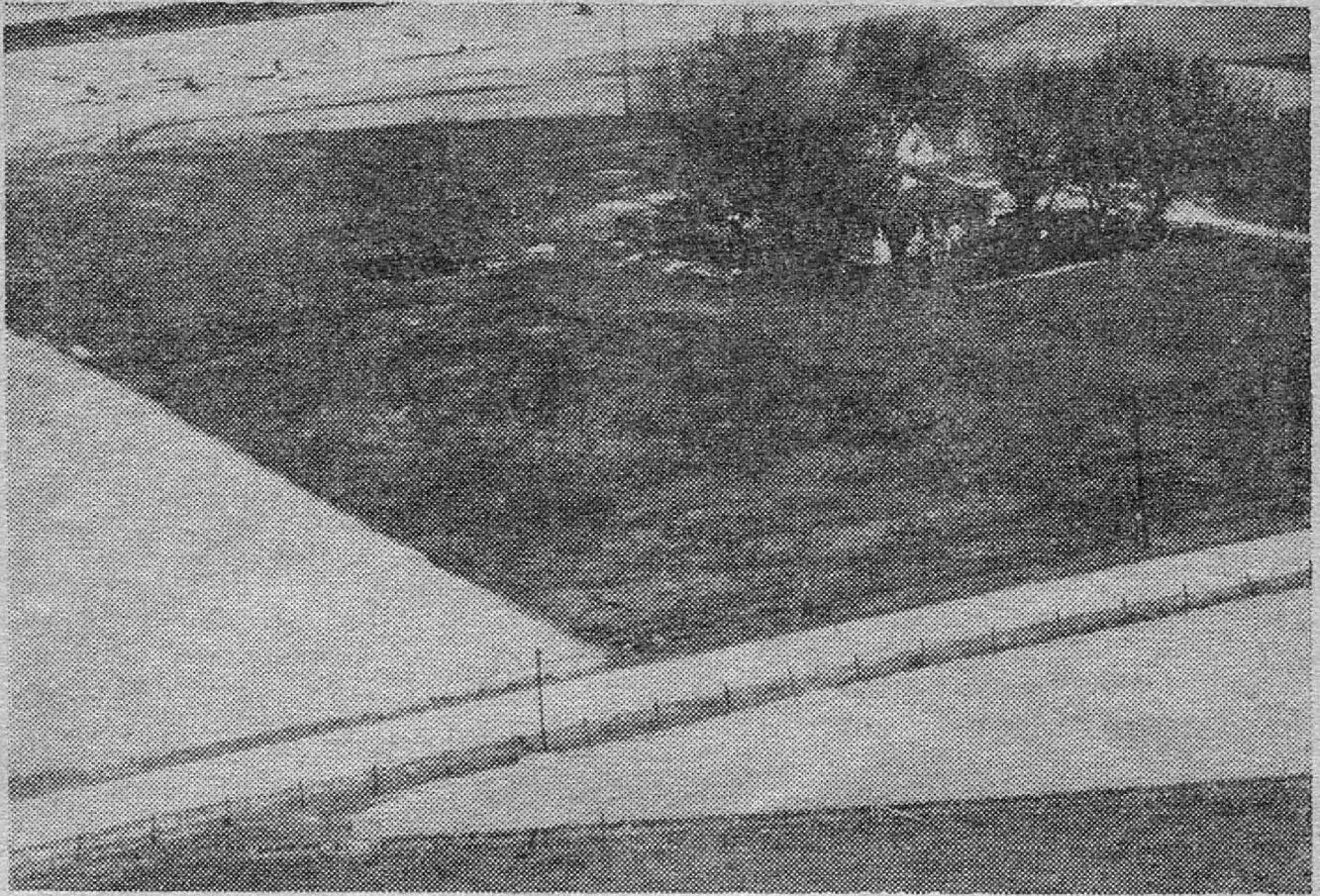
These objects were holding an almost constant elevation; they did not seem to be going up or to be coming down, such as would be the case of

rockets or artillery shells. I am convinced in my own mind that they were some type of airplane, even though they did not conform with the many aspects of the conventional type of planes that I know.

Although these objects have been reported by many other observers throughout the United States, there have been six or seven other accounts written by some of these observers that I can truthfully say must have observed the same thing that I did; particularly, the descriptions of the three Western Air Lines employees of Cedar City, Utah, the pilot from Oklahoma City, the locomotive engineer in Illinois, John Corlett, a United Press correspondent of Boise, Idaho. Dave Johnson, news editor at the Boise Daily Statesman, Captain Smith, co-pilot Stevens and Marty Morrow of United Air Lines, and Captain Charles F. Gebian and Jack Harvey of United Air Lines both of whom on July 28, 1947, made their observation on United Air Lines flight 105 westbound out of Boise.

It is my opinion that descriptions could not be very accurate taken from the ground unless these saucer-like disks were at quite a great height and there is a possibility that all of the people who observed peculiar objects could have seen the same thing I did; but, it would have been very difficult from the ground to observe these for more than four or five seconds, and there is always the possibility of atmospheric moisture and dust near the ground which could distort one's vision, while air observers I would judge to be much more accurate.

I have in my possession letters from all over the United States and Europe from people who profess that



Kenneth Arnold's home at Boise. His private landing field is in the foreground. In the distance is Bradley Air Field.

these objects have been observed over other portions of the world, principally Sweden, Bermuda, and California.

I would have given almost anything that day to have had a movie camera with a telephoto lens and from now on I will never be without one.

When I landed at Yakima, Washington airport I described what I had seen to my very good friend, Al Baxter, who is the General Manager of Central Aircraft Company. He listened patiently and was very courteous but in a joking way didn't believe me.

I did not accurately measure the distance between these two mountains until I landed at Pendleton, Oregon,

that same day where I told a number of pilot friends of mine what I had observed and they did not scoff or laugh, but suggested they might be guided missiles or something new. In fact, several former Army pilots informed me that they had been briefed before going into combat overseas that they might see objects of similar shape and design that I described and assured me that I wasn't dreaming or going crazy.

I quote Sonny Robinson, a former Army Air Force pilot who is now operating dusting operations at Pendleton, Oregon: "What you observed, I am convinced, is some type of jet- or rocket-propelled ship that is in the process of being tested by our

government or it could even be by some foreign government."

Anyhow, the news that I had observed these spread very rapidly and before the night was over I was receiving telephone calls from all parts of the world; and to date I have not received one telephone call or one letter of scoffing or disbelief. The only disbelief that I know of was what was printed in the papers.

I look at this whole affair as not something funny as some people have made it out to be. To me it is mighty serious and since I evidently did observe something that at least Mr. John Doe on the street corner or Pete Andrews on the ranch has never heard about, is no reason that it does not exist. Even though I openly invited an investigation by the Army and the FBI as to the authenticity of my story or a mental and physical examination as to my capabilities, I received no interest from these two important protective forces of our country until two weeks after my ob-

serva-tion. I will go so far as to assume that if our Military Intelligence was not aware of what I observed and reported to the United and Associated Press and over the radio on two different occasions which apparently set the nation buzzing, they would be the very first people I could expect as visitors.

I have received lots of requests from people who told me to make a lot of wild guesses. I have based what I have written here in this article on positive facts and as far as guessing what it was I observed, it is just as much a mystery to me as it is to the rest of the world. I saw them and I know they are real.

My pilot's license is 333487. I fly a Callair airplane, which is a three-place single-engine land ship that is designed and manufactured at Afton, Wyoming, as an extremely high-performance, high-altitude airplane that was made for mountain work. The national certificate of my plane is NC-33355.

Further stories on flying disks appear on pages 12 and 18.

DEAD MAN'S LANDING

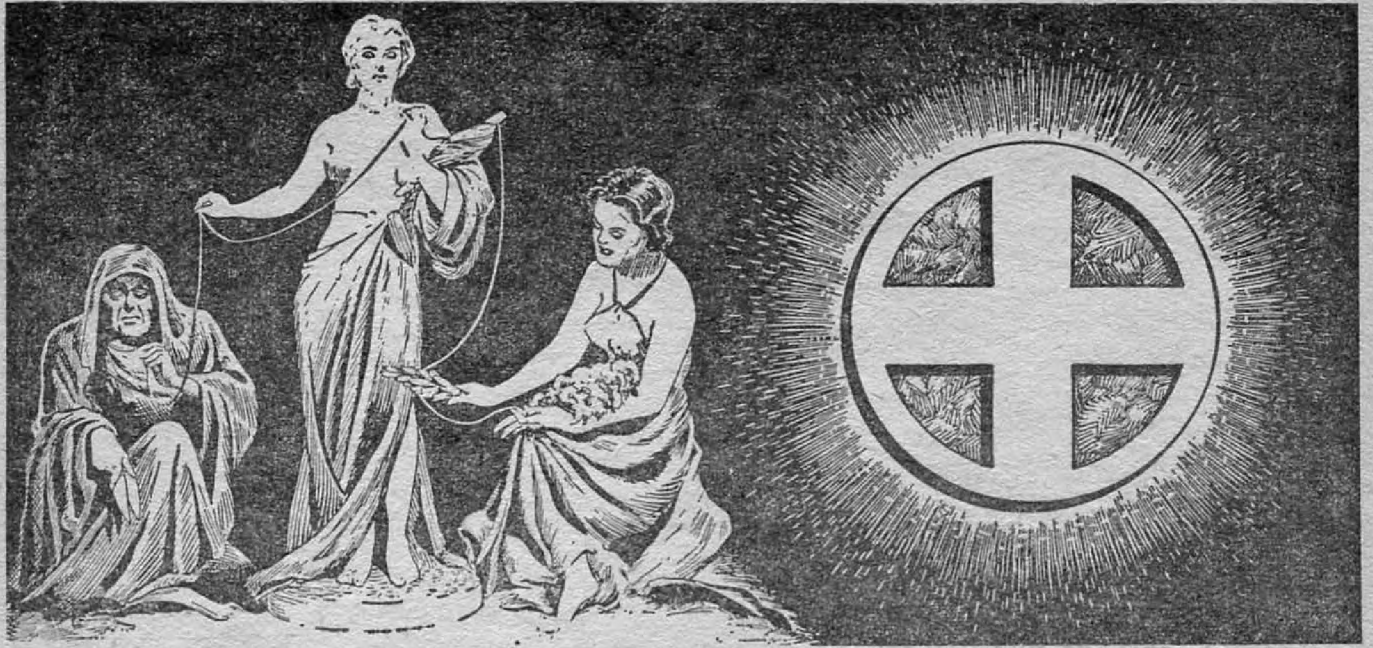
IT WAS a large Allied air field in Italy during the war. English, Canadian, Anzac, American and South African planes were based there.

One afternoon a P-38 came roaring in from the north, and was recognized as one long overdue from a strafing and reconnaissance mission. Instead of entering a landing pattern or contacting the tower, the fighter circled the field in a peculiar manner—not quite out of control but without apparent purpose. Nor was the control

tower able to raise the pilot. The whole field was alerted as traffic was heavy and the danger obvious.

Suddenly the plane seemed to disintegrate in the air and plummeted to earth. A parachute billowed out and the pilot floated down. He landed with strange limpness in the center of the main runway and was soon surrounded by medical personnel and curious onlookers. The medical officer's voice trembled: "This man has been dead for more than an hour . . ."

Jack Corinblit



The ANCIENT SIGNIFICANCE of FATE

Few people know what the word fate really means

ACCORDING to the dictionary, Fate is the power that determines events; destiny. One's predestined lot; the unalterable future. In mythology, the Fates were the three classic goddesses, *Clotho* (or *Klotho*), the spinner, *Lachesis*, she of the lot, and *Atropes*, the inflexible. They were also known as the *Moirai*, three old women who spin events to come into the thread of each person's birth. They were also representative of the past, present and future.

In ancient religions, a symbology was employed. The *fete* was a circle and an all light center, with four dark corners cut off. The meaning was: there is a central light within man seeing clearly, but the four dark corners of the world, ignorance, lust, selfishness and anger, beset him on all sides.

In old Persia, the religious writings state it this way: "Then made P'hua'Mazda a circle, and painted

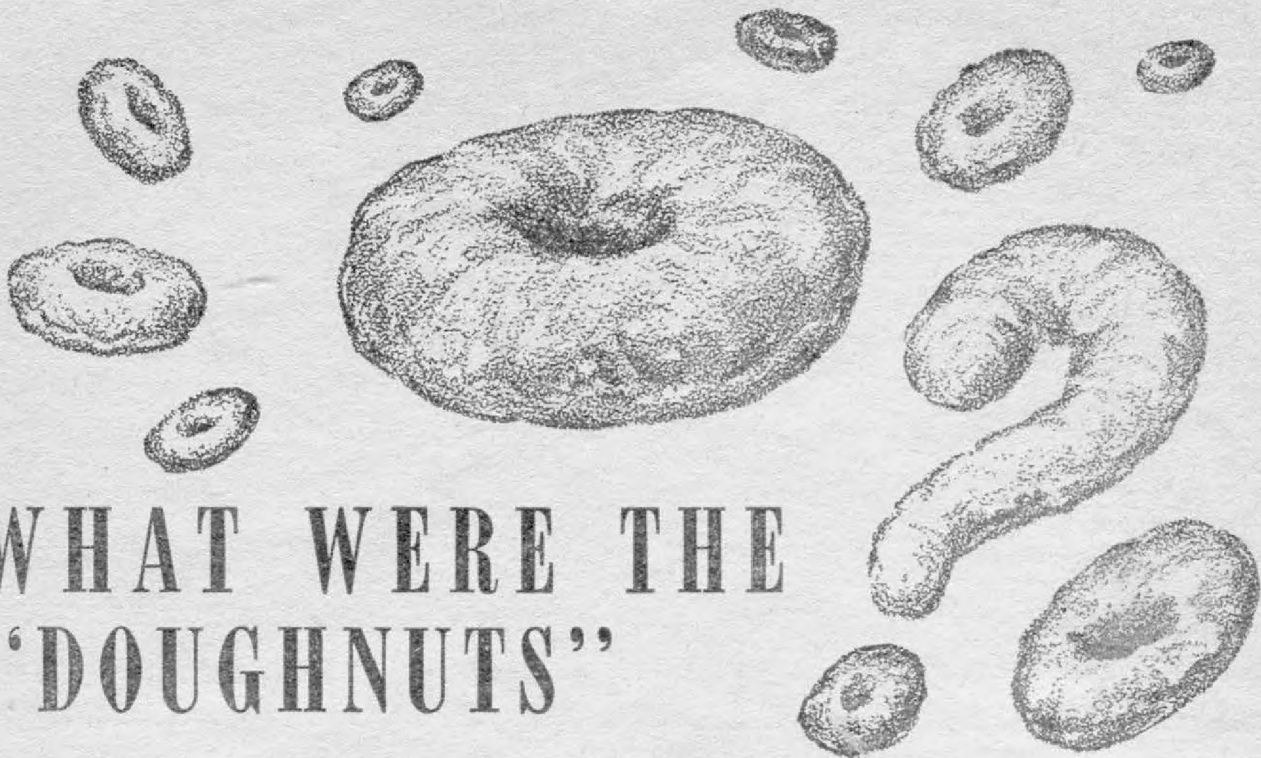
four dark corners in it and called it Anra'mainyus, the Uh-druk, the opposition to All Truth and All Light and All Good. And P'hua'Mazda explained to Zarathustra: 'And behold, there stood within the circle of evil the name of All Good, the cross, and it was light, and the corners were black.' P'hua'Mazda called this mark Fate, explaining to Zarathustra, the All Pure, saying: 'The name of this mark is Fate, from which there is no escape, nor separation, forever.' "

Ancient Egypt also knew the *fete*. We have Osiris speaking to his favorite goddess, Ashtoreth: "To thee, Ashtoreth, I bestow the *fete*, the circle and the true cross, to be thine forever."

Fete, sign of sanctification (ancient Panic).

Yete, the badge of the prophets (ancient Chinese).

The *Fete*, fates, the high priests, who give sacrifice (prayer) before the multitudes.



WHAT WERE THE “DOUGHNUTS”

by John C. Ross

A competent analysis of military aircraft proves it would be difficult to confuse them with the flying disks

WHEN I heard the report about the “flying doughnuts” seen by Kenneth Arnold, I had just returned to Chicago from a tour of military research bases on the West Coast, including the Navy’s guided missile research center at Point Mugu and the Army’s great testing center at Muroc. At these two highly restricted locations I saw plenty, but I did not see anything remotely resembling a “flying doughnut” in configuration or performance.

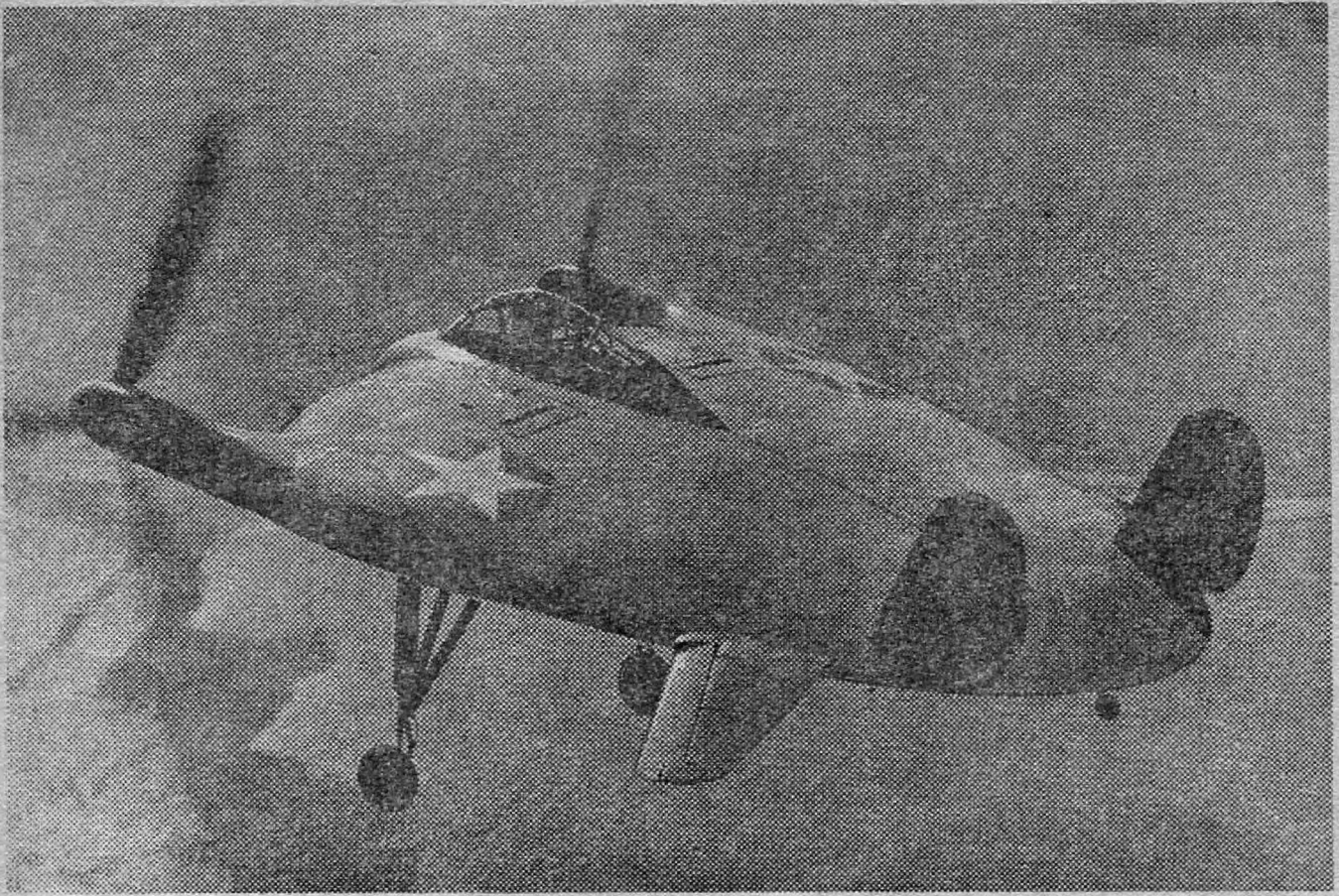
In fact I can state quite flatly that I do not believe there exists in our aircraft companies, in our Army or Navy, or even in the guarded research precincts of NACA any aircraft using the principles of aerodynamics which has ever attained speeds of 1,200 miles per hour—or even the

much lower speed of sound—760 miles per hour at sea level.

I do not believe, furthermore, that we have any power plant capable of propelling any aircraft at such speeds!

I do not pretend to know everything our researchers are doing, but I keep fairly well abreast of what is going on since I make my living by writing about it. Editors of some of the largest magazines in the country think enough of my knowledge to publish my articles regularly.

We have missiles that attain speeds beyond anything Kenneth Arnold witnessed. These range from rocket-propelled ordnance rockets like the bazooka, which uses a single web powder grain, right up to the German V-2 with its lox and alcohol and



Chance-Vought V-173 resembles a "saucer" in configuration but it is slow and only one has been built.

3,000-mile-an-hour speeds.

But we do not have anything, missiles included, which could perform as Kenneth Arnold saw these "doughnuts" perform. We have no missiles, for instance, which are capable of level flight over the distance that Kenneth Arnold clocked these "flying doughnuts" in level flight. That includes the V-2.

We have no missiles, furthermore, which could be launched in train and which would keep in the close formation which Kenneth Arnold reports he saw these "flying doughnuts."

And lastly, we have no missiles or aircraft which very closely approach a doughnut in configuration.

We do have missiles and aircraft which approach a doughnut very roughly in shape, but these are pilot

orders only; they simply do not exist in even the small numbers that Kenneth Arnold saw them. I'll go into this in some detail a little later on.

Now as a science writer, knowing what I know about aerodynamics, about the terrific barriers which still must be overcome before we exceed the speed of sound in any aircraft using wings for lift, and about research developments in general, I could say that Kenneth Arnold did not see the "flying doughnuts" at all.

But that would be the easy way out.

All I am prepared to say about this now is that if Kenneth Arnold really did see the "flying doughnuts" and if they performed as he said they did, I do not believe they were manufactured in the United States or in the

Soviet Union or even on the Planet Earth itself.

I realize that my neck is out a foot when I write this. But I am convinced that I do know enough about late developments to warrant my statements.

Furthermore, even if I did not, I know enough about aerodynamics generally to know that we are still so far from reaching supersonic speeds in our airplanes that even if my specific knowledge on late types should be faulty, my general knowledge isn't.

We just don't have supersonic aircraft and neither does Russia nor any other country.

We do not have them either in configuration or in power plant. We do not even have supersonic wind tunnels of sufficient size to provide us with the basic research data we still need.

I have seen some very advanced planes, both in the ground and in flight. These include two models of the rocket-propelled Bell XS-1, and the tiny-winged Douglas D-558, a transonic jet airplane.

The Army and Navy are very hush-hush about these planes, but my personal opinion is that neither one has yet flown as fast as 700 miles an hour, which is only half that of the clocked speed of the "flying doughnuts."

Our knowledge of aircraft, in short, comes up against some very practical barriers. We can achieve supersonic speeds with long slim rocket-like configurations. We can launch such craft very well, but we can never land them without wings. And we have no winged craft which at the present time can fly faster than sound!

I am familiar with three aircraft (plus their modifications) which might be mistaken for doughnut-shaped craft at a distance. I will describe them here and explain why *I do not* believe they were the craft that Kenneth Arnold saw. So far as I know, there are no other planes which even remotely resemble a doughnut in configuration.

First of these are the flying wing planes made by Northrop. These include a great many experimental craft such as the N1M, N9M, the MX-324 and the XP-79 (Flying Ram). These were all small planes and the first two were built to develop flying characteristics of the later B-35 and B-49.

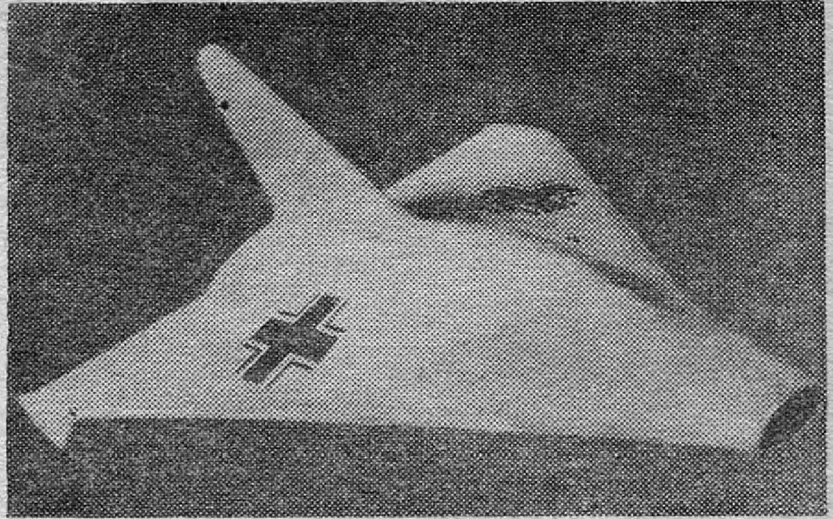
I have seen most of these, and although they are closer to doughnut-shapes than conventional planes, because of their big broad wings and lack of tails, they really do not resemble doughnuts very closely. They do not have the speed of the "flying doughnuts" and they have not been built in large enough numbers so that nine of them could be assembled and flown in formation.

Only four N9M's were built, for instance. They carried one person, and had a 60-foot wingspan. They were designed to train pilots for the big B-35s and to test the B-35 design. In flight they look more like giant manta rays than anything else I can think of.

This same general proposition holds for the N1M, an earlier model, and all the various versions and modifications of these planes. They were all propeller-driven, which automatically limits them to subsonic speed ranges.

The XP-79 *Flying Ram* was jet

German-designed Jaeger P-13 could achieve speed claimed for flying saucers but it is believed the model never got beyond experimental stage.

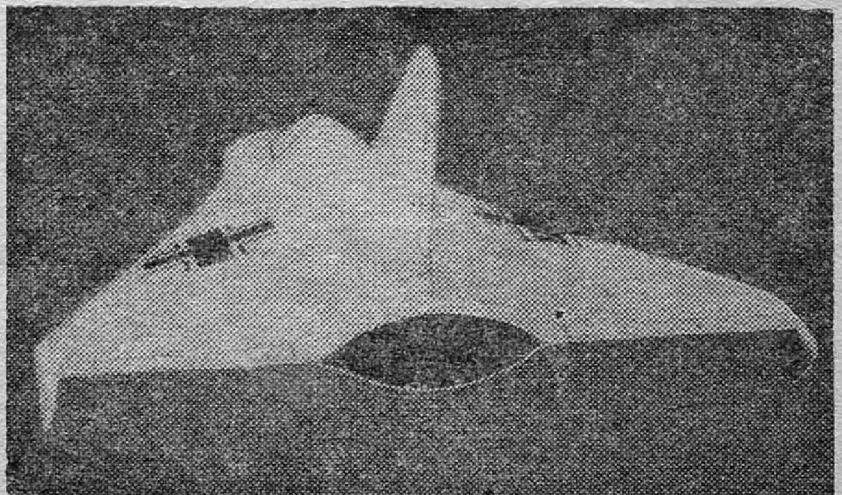


driven and had speeds of over 500 miles an hour, but it had much the same configuration. The earlier MX-324 was rocket-driven but was not exactly successful because the rocket motors did not develop enough thrust.

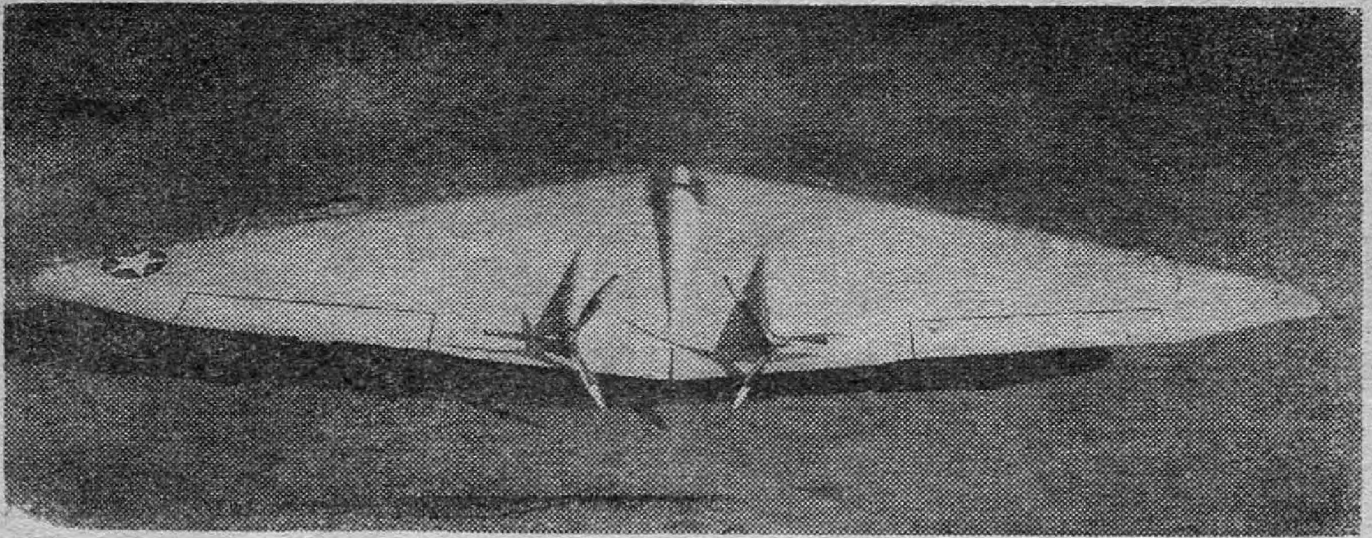
The big flying wings—B-35 and B-49—also follow the general Northrop wing configurations. They differ from the others mainly in size. The former is propeller-driven, the latter is propelled by the jet method and has recently taken its test flights. Although the B-35 is understood to be on a production basis, not enough of them have been built to make it pos-

sible to assemble a formation—and indeed as this is written they had attained total flight time all told of less than 100 hours.

Much closer in shape to a doughnut are the two Vought planes, the prototype V-173 and the later XF5U-1. These planes actually look like great flat beetles, with the nacelles of the remotely-driven propellers protruding like giant crab-eyes on a stalk. The highest speed yet announced for the XF5U-1 is 425 miles per hour, and even if it can go a great deal faster its speed would still be sharply limited by the fact that it is a propeller-driven craft. On



Another view of P-13 shows orifice of ram jet engine. All-wing craft was designed for speeds of 1,500 m.p.h.



Northrop N1M is typical of experimental wings that resemble Arnold's saucers, but all are far too slow.

the other hand, if jet engines should be installed, it undoubtedly would become much faster—yet still in the subsonic range.

Readers of these pages will see a photograph of another plane—the Jaeger P-13—which looks even more like a manta ray than the Northrop flying wings. The Jaeger P-13 was designed by the German scientist Alexander Lippisch who is now understood to be in this country, and who also designed the German rocket plane, the Me-163.

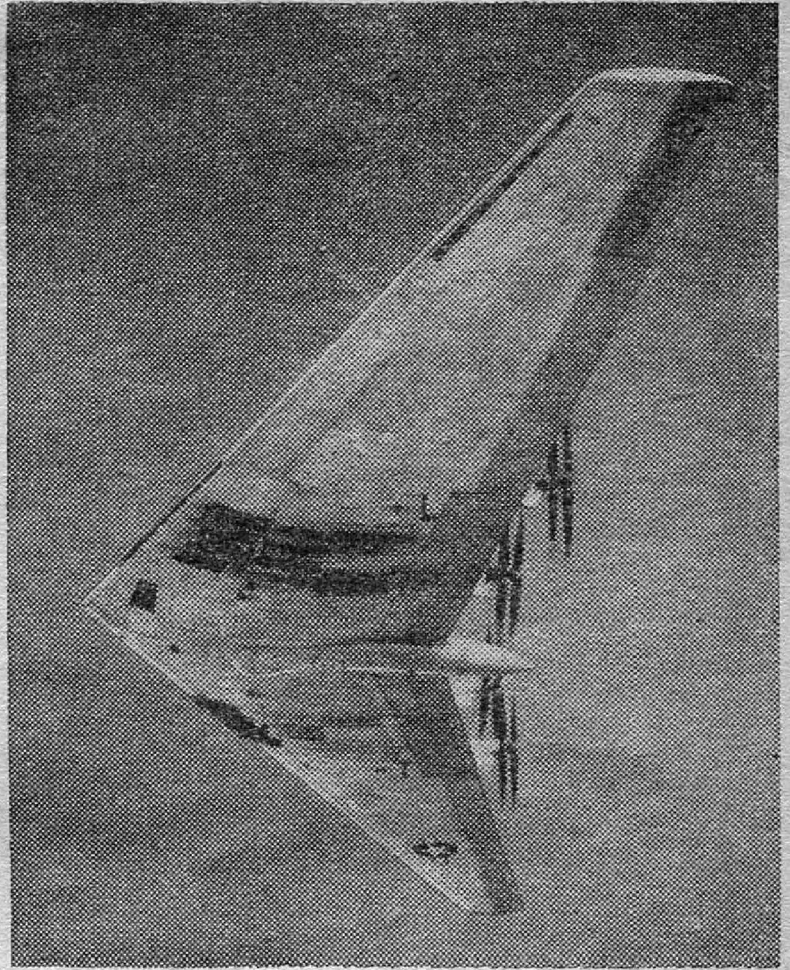
The Jaeger P-13 was intended to fly at 1,500 miles per hour, although one American scientist estimated it might do 2,200 miles per hour. It was powered with a ram jet engine which has no moving parts. The air simply enters the front of the engine, where it is rammed into the combustion chamber by the high speed of the craft itself. In the combustion chamber it is mixed with fuel and ignited, blasting out the rear. The ram jet can operate in the atmosphere but not in space. And it is not theory—it actually works and a great

deal of research is underway on it. The P-13 also had the sharply swept-back wings of a supersonic craft and undoubtedly would have met the performance goals of its German designers.

There is only one trouble with identifying this craft as a “flying doughnut.” So far as is known, no P-13 ever flew. The photograph shown was a wind tunnel model and it is believed that no full-scale model was ever completed. A prototype was under construction when the war ended, however, and it is quite possible that the Americans taking over might have completed it.

But that is a long way from producing nine such planes and having them far enough advanced to fly in formation as of June 24, 1947. First, the ram jet engines probably are not far enough advanced. Second, the sharply-swept-back wings of this revolutionary design, and other design features, result in a plane that is extremely difficult to keep under control in the air. It would be bound to be unstable, and it is likely that

Northrop XB-35 is only flying wing as large as Arnold reported saucers to be. Several of these have been built, including the similar jet-propelled XB-49, but they do not begin to have the performance he estimates for the flying disks.



many more years of research would be necessary to knock the bugs out of the design.

Lastly, of course, this plane does not really look very much like a flying doughnut. It is, however, the only design we have even considered here which might achieve the performance of the craft that Kenneth Arnold saw. It, or something very like it, is the only one of the three that I would definitely not rule out as being a possibility—even though as far as I know it has never flown.

Where do we stand then?

I have heard it suggested that the planes were either Army or Navy craft of extremely secret design. Since we are not at war, the air forces

could not suppress news about these craft having been seen. And since they do not want to admit they are in development, they just play dumb about it. . . .

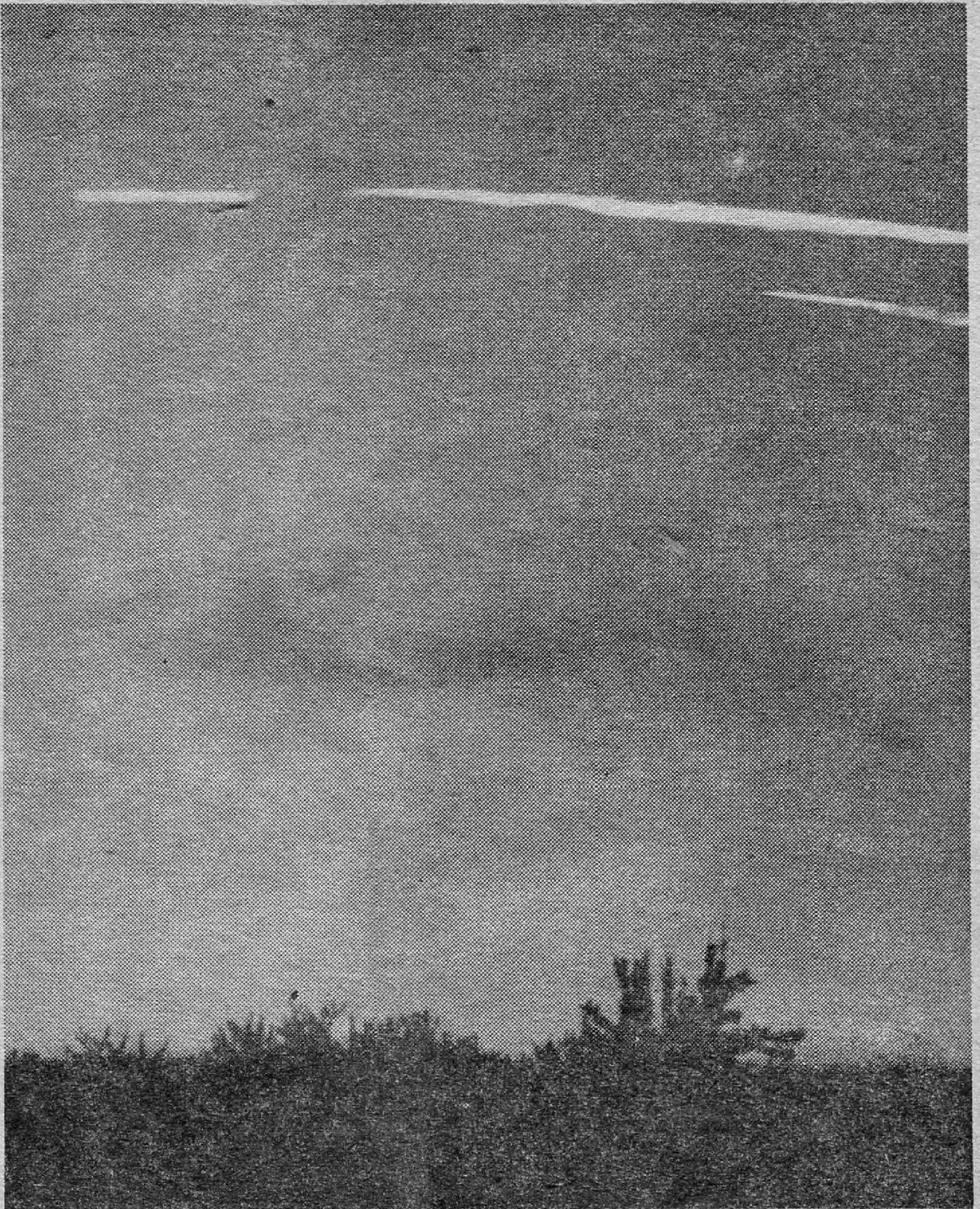
You have probably heard the above hypothesis. I think that the foregoing article has proved it wrong.

Last, I have heard it asked, "what were these planes doing out there anyway?"

You have me there.

If you want my candid personal opinion, it is that Mr. Arnold either saw a mirage or he did not see anything at all.

But if he did see what he describes, it was a train of space ships from some other planet!



Ace Photographer Al Hixenbaugh, of the Louisville Times, took this picture of two mysterious objects over Kentucky on July 7, 1947. Many Kentuckians saw them flash across the sky in the north and termed them "flying saucers." Mr. Hixenbaugh declines to call them by that name, nor does he call them meteors.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FLYING DISKS

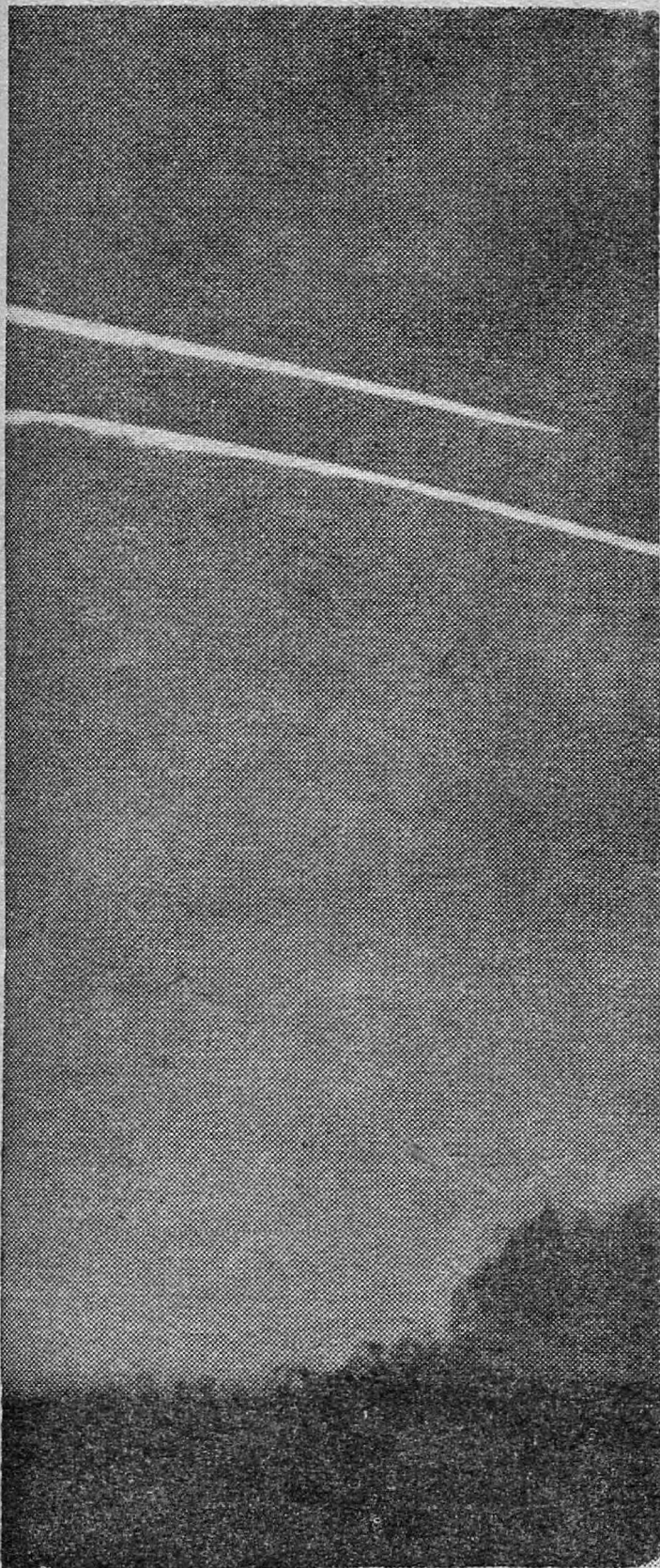


Photo by Al Hixenbaugh, Louisville Times

ON JUNE 24, 1947, Kenneth Arnold, a flying Boise, Idaho, businessman, saw weird disks flying through the air at better than 1000 miles per hour. Within a week the world was goggle-eyed. The newspapers made headlines out of it for ten days; but two weeks later, Kenneth Arnold and all others who claimed to have seen the flying mysteries were labeled irresponsible crackpots by official sources. On July 10 "flying saucer" stories stopped appearing in the newspapers as though they had been censored.

Had they been censored? If so, why, how and by whom?

On July 4, Coast Guard Yeoman Frank Ryman took a picture of a flying disk or disks, which showed four white dots, three of which were claimed to be flaws in the negative, the fourth seeming to be authentic. But with such doubtful evidence, nothing could be proved.

Show us some *pictures!* demanded the big dailies.

On July 7, William H. Rhodes of Phoenix, Arizona, snapped two pictures of a flying disk circling over the city. He turned these pictures over to *The Arizona Republic*, Phoenix newspaper, which published them on page one of the July 9 edition. These pictures were not merely dots in a negative, but showed the definite shape of the flying disks, and revealed



Front page of the Arizona Republic for July 9 showing two views of a disk over Phoenix. Termed authentic by experts, were these photos censored? Newsmen refused to comment on the subject.

that they had a hole or a bright spot in their centers. There were a great many witnesses, some of whom later said when asked that the photos were reproductions of the objects they had seen in the skies.

Here was *proof positive* that these objects were not just "spots before the eyes," but actually flying disks

of an aeronautical design unrecognizable by experts.

Those pictures never reached any other newspapers! Why? They were the *hottest* news in the world on July 9! On July 10 complete silence descended over the "saucer" story.

Was it because the flying disks were a military secret?

We asked aviation expert John C. Ross about this. Elsewhere in this magazine you will find his answer under the title "What Were The Flying Doughnuts?" in which he gives his reasons why the disks are not a military project.

Based on information we present here, Kenneth Arnold, of Boise, Idaho is a highly competent observer, and he did see these objects and correctly charted their course and speed. His story is also in this magazine, under the title "I *Did* See the Flying Disks!"

The following is a quotation of the story published under the by-line of Robert C. Hanika in *The Arizona Republic* for July 9:

* * *

Speedy "Saucer" Zips Through Local Sky

The first clearly recorded photographs of what is believed to be a mysterious "flying disk" which has 33 states in America and even a few foreign countries on edge with its peculiar activities, was taken by an amateur Phoenix photographer.

Reproduced in *The Arizona Republic* today, the photographs were made by William A. Rhodes, 4333 North 14th Street, who was on his way to his workshop in the rear of his home when he heard the distinctive "whoosh" of what he believed to be a P-80 or Shooting Star jet-propelled plane.

Rhodes snatched a camera from his workshop bench, and by the time he reached a small mound at the rear of his home, the object was banking in tight circles to the south at approx-

imately 1,000 feet, he said.

In the overcast sky the object continued its speedy flight from north to south and directly east of his stance. Rhodes snapped the hurtling missile by sighting alongside his box camera.

Quickly rolling up his last piece of film, Rhodes awaited the return of the craft which continued in a clockwise movement over his home, and as it disappeared into the west the second shot was taken.

Rhodes described the object's disappearance as phenomenal since it apparently winged over and shot up into the ether.

"I don't think it was a P-80, since I have observed many of them over here. Also, the fact that it made no other sound after the first pass over the house," Rhodes said, "makes me believe it was some other type of aircraft. In its three flights over the house there was not a sound, even when it zoomed into the southwest," he said.

Men long experienced in aircraft recognition studied the prints and the negatives from which they were made, and declined to make guesses on what the flying object might be.

Rhodes' first shot was made as the object approached, and showed it to be somewhat cigar-shaped, but with motion-lines on the film which indicated it was turning at high speed, either edgewise or in a flat spin.

The second, as the object "banked" in a tight turn, showed an object much the shape of a heel of a shoe, with a small hole in the center. The white mark also showed in the first picture.

Rhodes said there were twin tails of vapor trailing from the points or

edges of the rear of the "heel."

A print of photograph number two is reproduced with this article and a photostat, taken from a portion of page one of *The Arizona Republic* is also reproduced, showing photo number one. Photo number one also included a skyline of trees and a telephone wire, adding to its authenticity.

On August 2, *The Tacoma Times* published the following story under the by-line of Paul Lantz:

* * *

Sabotage Hinted in Crash of Army Bomber at Kelso

The mystery of the "Flying Saucers" soared into prominence again Saturday when *The Tacoma Times* was informed that the crash Friday of an army plane at Kelso may have been caused by sabotage.

The Times' informant, in a series of mysterious phone calls, reported that the ship had been sabotaged "or shot down" to prevent shipment of flying disk fragments to Hamilton field, Cal., for analysis.

The disk parts were said by the informant to be those from one of the mysterious platters which plunged to earth on Maury island recently.

Lending substance to the caller's story is the fact that 12 HOURS BEFORE THE ARMY RELEASED OFFICIAL IDENTIFICATION, he correctly indentified the dead in the crash to be Capt. William L. Davidson, pilot, and First Lt. Frank M. Brown.

At the same time he informed The

Times, Kenneth Arnold, Boise businessman who first sighted the flying saucers, and United Airlines Capt. E. J. Smith, who also sighted them, were in secret conference in Room 502 of the Hotel Winthrop. A check confirmed the information, but neither Smith nor Arnold would disclose the nature of the conference nor the reason for their being in Tacoma.

According to the anonymous caller, platter fragments were loaded aboard a B-25 at McChord field Friday for shipment to the California field. Half an hour after the take off, the plane crashed near Kelso, Wash. Two enlisted men, Master Sgt. Elmer L. Taff and Technician Fourth Grade Woodrow D. Mathews parachuted to safety.

At McChord field, an intelligence officer confirmed the mystery caller's report that the ill-fated craft had been carrying "classified material."

Major George Sander explained: "Classified material means there was a somewhat secret cargo aboard the plane. No one was allowed to take pictures of the wreckage until the material was removed and returned to McChord field."

He declined to say what constituted the "classified material."

The theory of sabotage was borne out by the statement of the two crash survivors that one of the engines burst into flames and that regular fire apparatus installed in the engine for such emergencies failed to function.

Notified of the information passed along by the anonymous informant, Captain Smith said:

"When the story breaks it will be given general release, but it will NOT come from this room."



One of two exposures showing flying disk over Phoenix. Exhaust trails were said to come from the points of indentation at rear.

At the time he was in the Hotel Winthrop in conference with Arnold.

Saturday Smith said he and Arnold would deny anything that was printed about the secret sessions held in the hotel. However, he was visibly disturbed and expressed consternation when notified late Saturday that the names of the dead pilot and co-pilot had been revealed before the army released them.

According to the telephone caller, both the dead officers were members of military intelligence at Hamilton field.

The next significant "flying disk"

story comes from page one of the *Sunday Journal* of Portland, Oregon, for Sunday, August 3, 1947. It appeared under the by-line of Larry Howes.

* * *

Kelso Crash, Disks Linked

Two army officers killed Friday in an airplane crash near Kelso, Wash., had visited Portland two days before to question Dick Rankin, noted Northwest flier, about flying disks.

Rankin disclosed this Saturday after a United Press dispatch from Tacoma reported that the plane which

carried the men to their deaths had secret cargo aboard. An anonymous informant told United Press that the cargo was fragments of a crashed flying disk.

Rankin said the two officers came to his home, 834 N. E. Simpson street, Wednesday. They questioned him closely four hours about the two flights of mysterious objects he had seen June 14 above Bakersfield, Cal., Rankin said.

Rankin said the two men told him they also had questioned Pilot Kenneth Arnold, Boise, and United Airlines Capt. E. J. Smith, Seattle, who had seen other disk flights.

"They were getting pretty hot on something," said Rankin. "I wouldn't be surprised if something had happened to them."

The two men killed in the crash were identified Saturday by army officials as Capt. William L. Davidson, San Francisco, and Lieut. Frank M. Brown, Vallejo, Cal. Two non-commissioned officers parachuted from the plane before it crashed. One of the survivors said the plane had encountered engine trouble.

"Those two boys who were killed were sitting Wednesday right where you are," Rankin told a *Journal* reporter interviewing him at his home Saturday.

Rankin, brother of the late, famed pioneer Northwest flier, Tex Rankin, uttered the opinion that the disk-like objects are aircraft of a foreign power.

"I've been flying since 1919," he said, "and I've done a lot of mapping. I think whatever country owns them is mapping this country."

Rankin said he told the two now dead army officers of his theory.

They neither agreed with nor disputed it, he said.

At Tacoma, Ted Morello, U. P. correspondent, reported he had received anonymous telephone calls saying the ill-fated plane had disk fragments aboard.

Morello said the anonymous informant had "uncannily accurate" information about the crew hours before army officials released the names of the dead.

"In one of a series of calls to United Press yesterday," wrote Morello, "the mystery man identified the dead pilot and co-pilot as 'Capt. Davidson and Lieut. Brown.' Not until hours later did the army make public the names."

The correspondent said the informant also disclosed that Pilot Arnold and Captain Smith were in conference in a Tacoma hotel. The correspondent confirmed the fact by calling the hotel, but was unable to learn what the conference was about.

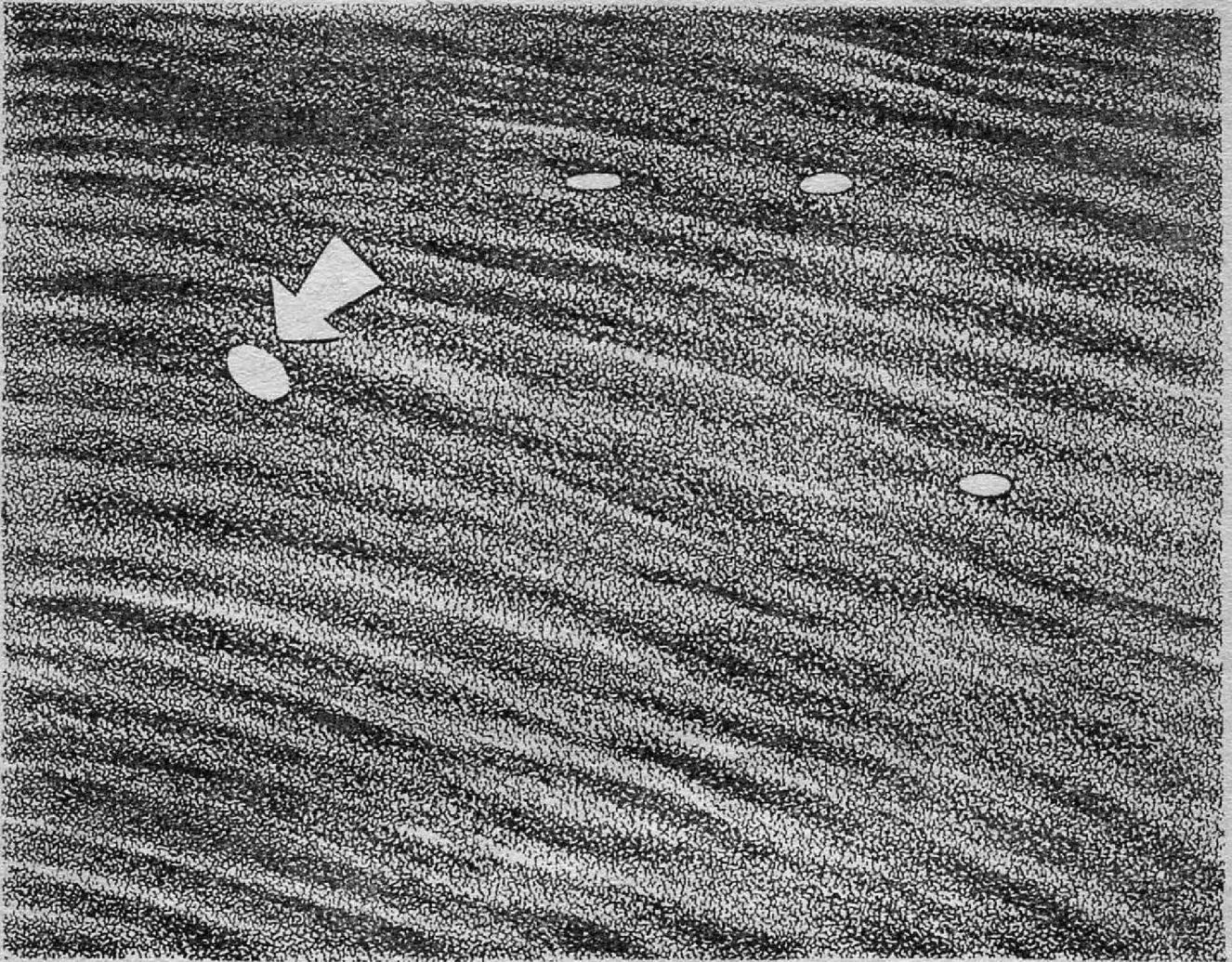
The United Press writer said an intelligence officer at McChord field Saturday admitted that the ill-fated B-25 carried "classified material."

"That means," Maj. George Sander was quoted, "that there was a somewhat secret cargo aboard. No one was allowed to take pictures of the wreckage until the material had been removed and returned to McChord."

(Reports from the Kelso area indicated that army authorities were searching the wreckage all day for a "little black box.")

The anonymous informant said the plane carried wreckage of a flying disk reported to have crashed last week on Maury island, near Tacoma.

In the Chicago *Sunday Times* for



Drawing of first photograph (June 24, 1947) of disks, speeding across the sky near Seattle. A Coast Guard observer snapped them while hundreds of persons watched their speedy flight.

August 3, 1947, appears the following story under the by-line of Maurice Roddy.

* * *

Link "Sky Metal" to Mystery Blast

A mass of blazing metal reported to have roared down from the sky on an island off the West Coast simultaneously with the recent appearance of "flying saucers" gave a plot last night for an atomic age "Man

From Mars" story.

A tragic part of the story lies in the fate of two Army fliers who went to their deaths in the crash of a B-25 bomber while reportedly carrying a load of fragments of the metallic mass.

The mysterious explosion took place June 24 on Maury island off the Washington coast.

A harbor patrol boat in the water nearby was damaged, the captain's son was injured and a dog was killed. (Later information said it was a cat, and that a seagull had been killed.)

That blast has been surrounded with the deepest secrecy by Army, Navy and atomic authorities.

. . . described as a "lava oxide metal" . . . the specimens were analyzed by University of Chicago scientists. They identified the stuff as "molten metal which had fallen from great height, landing in sand."

Friday night Capt. (E. J.) Smith attended a conference in Tacoma, Washington. He talked with two B-25 fliers, assigned by the AAF to work exclusively on all reports of "flying saucers" or other phenomena of the sky.

Present at the meeting, too, were Arnold, the Boise pilot, some persons who were aboard the harbor boat damaged off Maury island, and other witnesses.

The conference broke up at 12:30 A.M. and the two Army pilot-investigators took with them a box of specimens, pictures and affidavits from persons who had witnessed the island explosion.

The next thing known of the two B-25 fliers is when their plane crashed. . . .

Whether the box of Maury island "specimen molten lava" aboard the plane had anything to do with the crash has caused considerable speculation.

Authorities at (Hamilton) field admitted the plane had made a flight to McChord field, outside Tacoma, where the conference was held.

They said, too, that the airplane was carrying an "unclassified cargo" and went on to describe it as "hot stuff".

Asked whether the cargo was connected with the Maury island matter, a spokesman at the field said the

query was "very close" to the situation.

The next newspaper account which appeared in this connection comes from a U. P. account datelined San Rafael, Calif., August 9.

* * *

It's Official: There Is No Flying Disk

The Fourth Air Force's long-heralded "report on the flying saucers" came out today.

It decided there were no such things.

Said a report from Lt. Col. Donald L. Springer, intelligence officer and assistant chief of staff of the command:

"There is not sufficient evidence nor testimony available to conclude whether the reports of the so-called flying disks in the Tacoma (Wash.) area or any other area have any basis in fact. In view of this, Fourth Air Force will pursue this particular investigation no further."

Springer brought back from his investigation of the Tacoma area some fragments resembling molten metal, found on Maury island beach.

"Similar material appears in great quantity in that area and in other Tacoma areas," he said, referring to reports that the fused rocks were remnants of "flying disks."

He said there was no trace of a box of similar material reportedly aboard a plane that crashed near Kelso, Wash., killing two officers also investigating "disk" reports.

But on November 23 the flying



Captain E. J. Smith (left), United Airlines pilot, went aloft July 4, 1947, with these words: "I'll believe 'em when I see 'em." Fifteen minutes later he saw them, along with other crew members.

disks were again in the news. Said Dave Johnson, aviation editor of the Boise, Idaho *Statesman*, in the Sunday edition of that paper:

* * *

One of the greatest aeronautical mysteries of all time—that of the flying disks—has come to life again. Objects which were reported seen by thousands of persons on the ground, and by scores of pilots in the air, have been sighted off the Pacific coast.

The oceanic appearance of flying disks was the subject of a message

transmitted to naval intelligence in San Diego, San Francisco and Seattle. The report also was relayed to the U. S. hydrographic office in San Francisco.

It originated with the second officer of the tanker *S.S. Ticonderoga*. The tanker was at a position 300 miles north of San Francisco, and 25 miles off the coast on Nov. 12 when the officer reported that he saw two flying disks.

This is the report:

"Two flying disks were sighted fly-

ing southwest at high speed. They appeared about 36 feet in diameter and were 20 feet apart. They emitted a very bright glow and left a streak about 50 feet behind them. They were first sighted bearing west at 0620 Greenwich central time. The fix (position of the vessel) was latitude 43 degrees 15 minutes north and 124 degrees 54 minutes west."

It is the first time that the objects reported in such profusion during the months have been observed after the hours of darkness as emitting a glow and a trail.

Airline pilots who sighted the objects over Idaho during the months of July and September saw nothing that would indicate any light associated with the disks.

After receiving the report that disks had been sighted at sea, we telephoned an intelligence officer assigned to one of the air forces in the United States. This air force had received "orders from the top" to expend every effort in tracking down the possible source of flying disks.

We cannot give this officer's name. But he said he is now convinced that something, as far as he understands, has been flying over the United States, and the source of that something is not known either to the Army or the Navy.

We have also learned that the Army has asked what it considers its most creditable witnesses of flying disks to draw pictures of what they saw. These drawings have all been generally the same.

These sketches are of an object with a rounded nose and a tail with a sharp point, much like a tadpole. As far as is publicly known, nobody has been able to get a clear photo-

graph of the objects, although many people tried.

The Army has a number of photographs. We have two of them. We are told that the Army considers them to be "reliable" photographs. We have not seen the original negatives. The pictures show the objects to resemble the structure we have come to associate with supersonic aircraft. The front portion resembles a flying wing. In the center of both photographs is a dot of light. We don't know what it is. It could be either a hole or a glassed-in dome creating a reflection.

The officer with whom we talked appeared extremely interested in the blue light which glared over a 250-mile area of southern Idaho and eastern Oregon a few weeks ago. He said he was not convinced it was a meteoric display. Three men, two United Airlines pilots and a CAA air carrier inspector riding with them, observed this light from a point near Baker, Oregon. They said that after the light expired there was a trail of luminescent particles in the air which slowly assumed an arc of 180 degrees and vanished.

This information is passed on with an objective point of view. We draw no conclusions. The question still remains: What are, or what were, the flying disks?

The following U. P. story dated November 24, originating in San Francisco, is significant in the light of the Ticonderoga incident, and may very well be an important contribution to the solution of the mystery of the flying disks, although it does not seem, from a casual viewpoint, to concern itself with those aerial

objects. There may be a connection.

* * *

Navy Clips "Phantom" Reef Yarn

The Navy today had officially denied the existence of a mysterious undersea mountain reported looming under the shipping lanes to San Francisco, but puzzled crew members of Navy survey ships still were wondering if they had discovered a "phantom reef" 400 miles off the California coast.

The "reef" was "seen" by the crews of several ships who reported "a large mass" under the water off the Golden Gate.

But the Navy ocean survey ship Maury and three smaller vessels sent out to investigate the story said they could find no mountain, shoal—or anything—at the position given in two separate reports.

Capt. F. D. Hambling, skipper of the Maury, admitted his crew was wondering, however, if there still might not be something the survey had missed.

"We received one indication on our echo sounding gear," Capt. Hambling said. "When we were within a mile of the reported location of the shoal, we picked up an echo from a mass about 1,600 yards to one side.

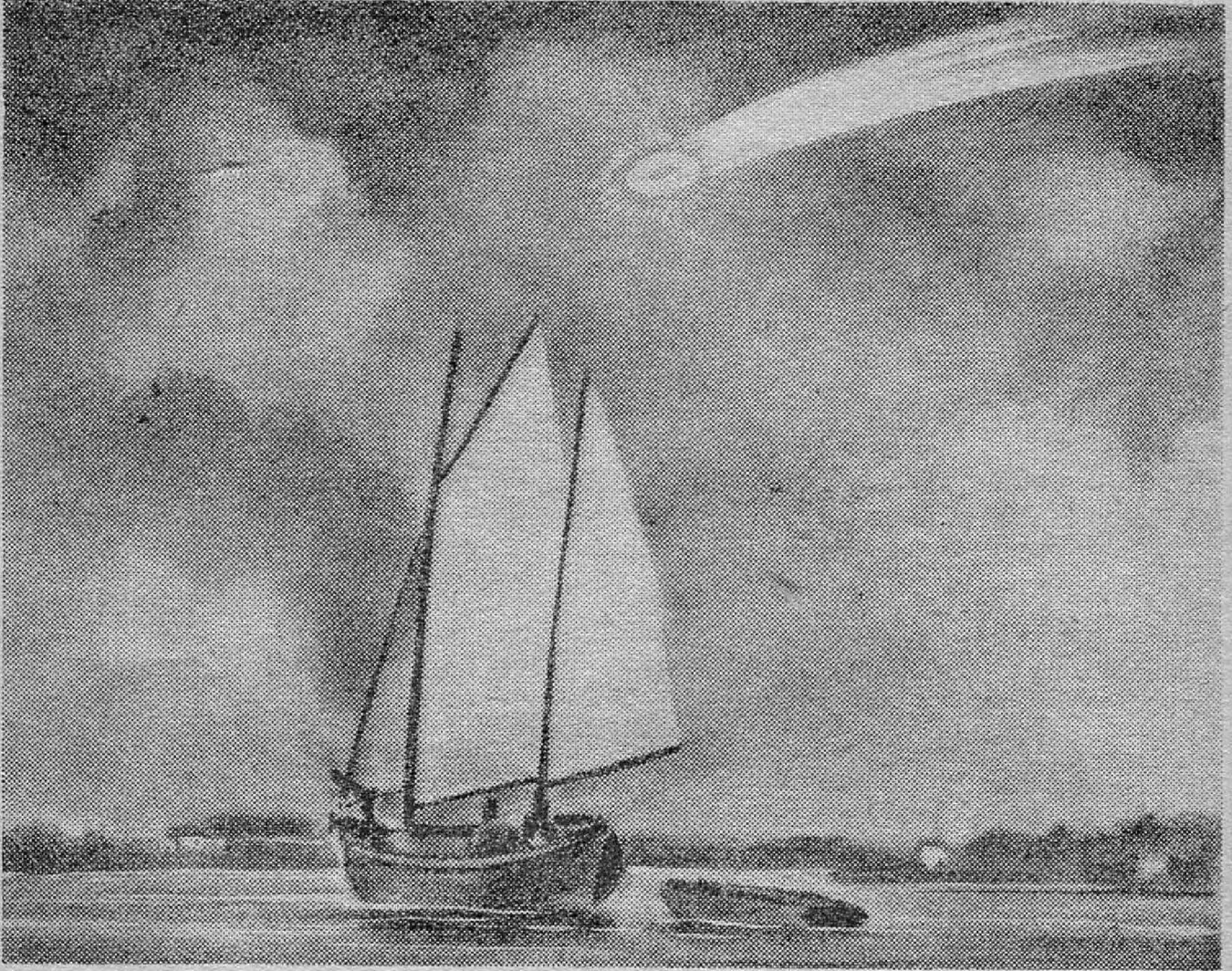
"We changed course and started toward it, proceeding slowly. When we were about 400 yards from the object, it disappeared, and we didn't get another echo. We tracked and retracked the area, using our fathometers and sounding gear—covered about five miles square carefully, and another five miles around the outside of that area."

It is quite evident from the mate-

rial we have presented that the "story" of the flying disks is not fictional, psychological, spots before the eyes, a delusion or beer bottle caps. It is also evident that military authorities in this country are quite concerned about the flying disks, and equally in the dark concerning their identity, their base or bases, and the possibility of an unfriendly attitude on the part of the disks.

The unfriendliness is suggested by the mysterious informant who claimed in one of his telephone calls to the newspapers that the B-25 carrying Davidson and Brown was "shot down", and by the copyrighted story by David Shapiro, writer for the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc., telling of two new Nazi weapons invented in Franco Spain which it was suggested might be responsible for the "flying saucer" appearances and also for one or two airplane accidents in this country. Thus, there seems to be good reason to suspect that several unexplained crashed airliners could have been "shot down" after all. The very fact that this suspicion exists, and that the flying saucers also exist as proved by photographic and competent observation, would seem to indicate that our protective forces are much concerned.

The evidence uncovered by the editors of this magazine prove that Army and Navy and Air Force Intelligence has been seriously handicapped by the fiasco that resulted from newspaper publicity of the "flying saucers." The matter, a very serious one, and requiring a great amount of cooperation between civilians who observed the saucers and military intelligence, became a laughing stock, and such men as Kenneth Arnold and



This photo, taken by British immigrant Raymond Johnson on Sept. 14, appeared on page one of The Globe and Mail, Toronto, on Sept. 20. Disk was described as yellow with a tail, time of passage 15 seconds.

Capt. E. J. Smith became very reluctant to discuss their observations with anyone, especially intelligence officers, who must be coldly skeptical and thorough in their investigations.

The net result of the nation-wide newspaper debacle was a closing down of thousands of possible sources of vital information. Faced with this, it is no wonder that responsible parties in Intelligence refused to make comments, or tried their level best to suppress the matter by statements such as was made by Lt. Colonel Springer. Lt. Colonel Springer is a

member of 4th Air Force Intelligence, and one of the smartest men in the Service. We can sympathize with his job, and we can fully understand the necessity of squelching the saucer "scare" by issuing an official denial which might leave him open to future ridicule if and when the flying saucers proved to be a reality.

The purpose of this article is to aid in reestablishing contact between such men as him and the civilian observers who are now keeping quiet for fear of ridicule or even worse. Such observers are urged to provide

military intelligence with detailed information of their observations, which will be held strictly confidential, and which will not result in exposure to ridicule or persecution.

Strange aircraft, then, called variously flying disks, saucers and globes, have been, and still are, flying over this country, and also in other parts of the world. Primarily they seem to be of three types—the saucer-shaped craft Kenneth Arnold saw, approximately as large as our largest transport planes, smaller craft, ranging from three feet in diameter (remotely controlled?) to fifty feet in diameter, and giant golden-colored spheres up to a mile in diameter which fly only at tremendous altitudes.

On at least two occasions, these craft have either crashed or suffered accidents, so that material from them could be gathered. One of these accidents occurred over Maury Island, Washington, and the other near Zamalayuca in Mexico. Both were thoroughly investigated by military intelligence. Material picked up on the scene of the Maury Island accident has been analyzed.

The analysis is as follows:

High Constituents—Calcium, Iron, Zinc, Titanium.

Middle Constituents—Aluminum, Manganese, Copper, Magnesium, Silicon.

Low Constituents—Nickel, Lead, Strontium, Chromium.

Traces—Silver, Tin, Cadmium.

Nothing of an unusual nature exists in this combination of metals except the unusually high quantity of calcium. Calcium oxidizes when heated, and its presence in high-constituent quantity in a fused metal

which has been subjected to extreme heat is hard to explain. Technically, it would involve a very difficult processing procedure. Its presence in this material is mystifying. If it is a manufactured substance, its purpose in the mixture is equally difficult to understand.

Two Army Air Force Intelligence officers, engaged in a very serious investigation of flying disk stories, considered this substance very important, and lost their lives in securing it. Further, there are circumstances in the crash in which they died that do not lend themselves readily to the theory that it was entirely an accident.

It is quite definite that a large box of these fragments was loaded aboard that plane, and it is also quite definite that no trace of it was found in the wreckage. However, in as complete a crash as this one obviously was, very little remains of the plane itself, much less of its cargo. Yet, in a thorough search, at least a few of the fragments should reasonably have been recovered. According to the stories of the two men who parachuted to safety, the intelligence men also had sufficient time to save themselves. It can be assumed that they considered disposal of their secret cargo even more important than their lives. Did they die because they stayed to jettison the mysterious fragments? What did they know, not known today, which made such an act necessary?

There is no likely concealment for such giant ships as are indicated by many observers, except that pointed out by the observation of flying disks off San Francisco, and the simultaneous observation from three sep-

arate ships of a "new reef" at the same spot where no reef had been. The Navy investigated this "reef" and announced it did not exist—although the men who made the search are still not sure. They actually recorded a large underwater obstruction while approaching from a distance of 1600 feet to within 400 feet, when it suddenly ceased registering.

Here, then, we have a quite logical base for strange craft—the ocean. Giant "flying boats" could hide beneath the surface, and travel as submarines, emerging to take to the air when necessary, or serve as launching platforms for smaller "disks". There is more than a little evidence to support such a theory; there are dozens of records of weird "wheels" seen underwater by seafaring men.

(Stung by the volumes of adverse publicity he had received regarding his first story of flying disks, Kenneth Arnold found an even greater mystery at Tacoma. The following is his own account of it.)

Prior to July 28 I had received information of a Mr. Harold A. Dahl and a Mr. Fred L. Crisman of the Harbor Patrol at Tacoma, who had experienced something strange and had fragments of what they thought could be a flying disk. At the noon luncheon of the Advertising Club in Boise, Idaho, I was asked to recount my original observation of flying disks. I mentioned what I'd heard concerning the men in Tacoma, and Mr. Mathews, one of the members, told me after the luncheon that he knew Mr. Dahl personally, knew that he was reliable, and had worked with him for several years on the Harbor Patrol. Until then I had not

But what real proof have we, beyond the photos taken at various places, and the sworn statements of many witnesses? There is the very questionable item of the "lava rock" picked up on Maury Island. Here is the story of that single incident, as related by Kenneth Arnold, who, resenting the adverse publicity he received because of his report of flying disks, went to Tacoma, Washington, himself to investigate the reports of the members of the Harbor Patrol who reported six flying disks and produced fragments they said fell from one of them:

The following account (says Mr. Arnold) is what actually took place between the dates of July 28 and August 3, 1947, concerning his investigations of a flying disk at Tacoma.

put any real credence into the report.

I discussed whether I should investigate this affair with Dave Johnson, aviation editor of the *Boise Statesman*. Dave Johnson also observed some of these flying disks, and I put great stock in his advice. He told me it might be worth-while.

It was July 30 at dawn I took off in my own plane, intending to reach Tacoma before dark and contact Mr. Dahl.

It was at 7:00 o'clock that morning I sighted a formation of small disks going south at 4,000 feet as I was letting down at LaGrande, Oregon. I attempted to turn and catch up with them, but they were out of sight



Between 70 and 75 objects similar to the three shown in this drawing by Joseph Hotard of Sorrento, La., flew at terrific speed, were faintly phosphorescent, made no sound whatever.

before I could complete my turn. I did have my camera on them all the time these objects were in my vision. I would judge them about 30 inches across, very thin, and light brown in color. My movie try was not very successful as there were some 25 objects in this flight and my film only recorded one or two, and these could be seen only under a jeweler's glass.

That afternoon I flew over almost

the same route I had flown the day I first observed the flying disks.

It was dusk when I landed at Barry's Airport, which is a little airport located down on the mud flats. I am sure neither Barry nor his wife recognized me as the man whose picture had been in the paper connected with flying disk stories. Here I had my plane gassed and tied up for the night and called a number of hotels trying

to get a room for the night. I was unable to find a room until I called the Winthrop Hotel, the largest and most prominent hotel in the City of Tacoma. To my surprise, they had a room with bath for me, called me by name, and seemed to be expecting me.

I went directly to the hotel and while preparing to take a bath, called Mr. Dahl. I told him who I was, why I had come to Tacoma, and said:

"I understand, Mr. Dahl, you have refused to talk or discuss the matter of the flying disks with any of the newspapers; or with anyone, for that matter. There are various aspects to your story that lead me to believe you have experienced something that is real and whether it is for publication or whether it is not, for my personal satisfaction, I would like to hear your story."

He told me: "Why don't you go back to Boise and forget about the whole thing? I don't think it is a very advisable subject to discuss. I have discontinued talking about it with anyone."

After some persuasion, he did come up to the hotel. He related the following story:

"On June 21, 1947, in the afternoon about 2:00 o'clock, I was patrolling the east bay of Maury Island close in to the shore. This uninhabited island lies directly opposite the city of Tacoma about three miles from the mainland. This day the sea was rather bumpy and there were numerous low-hanging clouds. I, as captain, was steering my patrol boat close to the shore of a bay on Maury Island. On board were two crewmen, my fifteen-year-old son and his dog.

"As I looked up from the wheel on my boat I noticed six very large doughnut-shaped aircraft. I would judge they were at about 2,000 feet above the water and almost directly overhead. At first glance I thought them to be balloons as they seemed to be stationary. However upon further observance, five of these strange aircraft were circling very slowly around the sixth one which was stationary in the center of the formation. It appeared to me that the center aircraft was in some kind of trouble as it was losing altitude fairly rapidly. The other aircraft stayed at a distance of 200 feet above the center one as if they were following the center one down. The center aircraft came to rest almost directly overhead at about 500 feet above the water.

"All on board our boat were watching these aircraft with a great deal of interest as they apparently had no motor, propellers, or any visible signs of propulsion, and to the best of our hearing they made no sound. In describing the aircraft, I would say they were at least 100 feet in diameter. Each had a hole in the center, approximately 25 feet in diameter. They were all a sort of shell-like gold and silver color. Their surface seemed of metal and appeared to be burred, because when the light shone on them through the clouds they were brilliant, not all one brilliance, but many brilliances, something like a Buick dashboard. All of the aircraft seemed to have large portholes equally spaced around the outside of their doughnut exterior. These portholes were from five to six feet in diameter and were round. They also appeared to have a dark, circular,

continuous window on the inside and bottom of their doughnut shape as though it were an observation window.

"All of us aboard the boat were afraid this center balloon was going to crash in the bay, and just a little while before it stopped lowering, we had pulled our boat over to the beach and got out with our harbor patrol camera. I took three or four photographs of these balloons.

"The center balloon-like aircraft remained stationary at about 500 feet from the water while the other five aircraft kept circling over it. After about five or six minutes one of the aircraft from the circling formation left its place in the formation and lowered itself down right next to the stationary aircraft. In fact, it appeared to touch it and stayed stationary next to the center aircraft as if it were giving some kind of assistance for about three or four minutes.

"It was then we heard a dull thud, like an underground explosion or a thud similar to a man stamping his heel on damp ground. Immediately following this sound the center aircraft began spewing forth what seemed like thousands of newspapers from somewhere on the inside of its center. These newspapers, which turned out to be a white type of very light-weight metal, fluttered to earth, most of them lighting in the bay. It then seemed to hail on us, in the bay and over the beach, black or darker type metal which looked similar to lava rock. We did not know if this metal was coming from the aircraft, but assumed that it was, as it fell at the same time that the white type metal was still falling. However, since these fragments were of a dark-

er color, we did not observe them until they started hitting the beach and the bay. All of these latter fragments seemed very hot, almost molten. When they hit the bay, steam rose from the water.

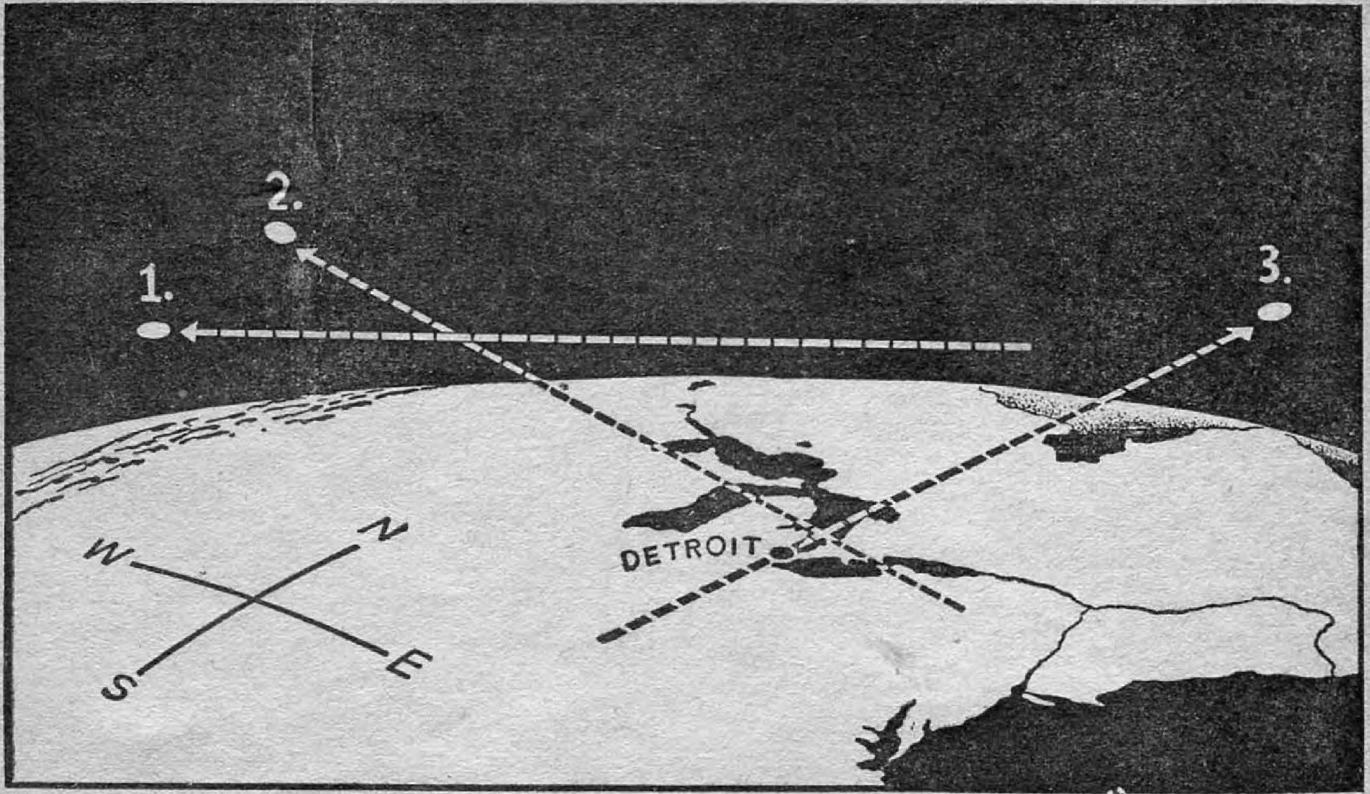
"We ran for shelter under a cliff on the beach and behind logs to protect ourselves from the falling debris. In spite of our precaution, my son's arm was injured by one of the falling fragments and our dog was hit and killed. We buried the dog at sea on our return trip to Tacoma.

"After this rain of metal seemed over, all of these strange aircraft lifted slowly and drifted out to the westward, which is out to sea. They rose and disappeared at a tremendous height. The center aircraft, which had spewed the debris, did not seem to be hindered in its flight and still remained in the center of the formation as they all rose and disappeared out to sea.

"We tried to pick up several pieces of the metal or fragments and found them very hot—in fact, I almost burned my fingers—but after some of them had cooled we loaded a considerable number of the pieces aboard the boat. We also picked up some of the metal which had looked like falling newspapers.

"My crew and I discussed this observance for awhile and I attempted to radio from my patrol boat back to my base. The static was so great it was impossible for me to reach my radio station. This I attributed to the presence of these aircraft, as my radio had been in perfect operating order and the weather would not have caused this amount of interference.

"The wheelhouse on our boat had been hit by the falling debris and



This drawing indicates three separate observations of flying disks on July 17, August 18 and October 19, 1947. All were made at Detroit. No tail, no smoke nor sound. Speed judged to be 800-900 m.p.h.

damaged. We immediately started our engines and went directly to Tacoma, where my boy was given first aid at the hospital there. Upon reaching dock I had to tell my superior officer how the boat had been damaged and why the dog had not returned with us. I related our experience to Fred L. Crisman, my superior officer. I could plainly see that he did not believe it and I guess I don't blame him, but we gave him the camera with its film and the fragments of metal we had loaded aboard as proof of our story. Fred L. Crisman decided he would at least go out and investigate the beach where I judged at least twenty tons of the debris had fallen.

"I might add here that these strange aircraft appeared completely

round, but seemed a little squashed on the top and on the bottom as if you placed a large board on an inner tube and squashed it slightly. The film from our camera, developed, showed these strange aircraft, but the negatives were covered with white spots similar to a negative that has been close to an x-ray room before it has been exposed."

That was the story that was related to me, Kenneth Arnold, by Harold A. Dahl, Captain of the Harbor Patrol of Tacoma, Washington. I give it in Mr. Dahl's words almost verbatim. After Mr. Dahl had related this story, he said he hoped that talking or discussing this matter of his observations was not going to wish any bad luck onto me.

He said that the next morning

after he had made his observations, at about seven o'clock a gentleman called at his home and invited him to breakfast. Dahl said that this wasn't particularly unusual because many lumber buyers did call on people in his type of work early in the morning, as many times they wanted to buy salvage logs. This gentleman, Dahl said, wore a dark suit, he looked a lot like an insurance salesman, was about forty years old and was driving a 1947 black Buick sedan. Harold said that he would go to breakfast with him and Harold drove his car, which is a Chrysler, downtown to a little cafe and this other gentleman followed him.

The peculiar thing was that this gentleman did not want to discuss lumber. He was more interested in asking Harold about his family and about personal affairs, and if he was happy in his work and if he would like to continue being pleased and happy with his work and family. Harold thought that was rather unusual and finally asked him what he was getting at and the man, as they were having breakfast, told Harold almost verbatim what he had observed the afternoon before out on Maury Island.

Harold knew, or felt that he knew in his own mind, that this gentleman couldn't possibly have been out on Maury Island or couldn't possibly have observed these same aircraft, but the man left Harold at breakfast that morning with a sound impression that Harold Dahl ought to forget what he had observed out there and stop talking about it because Harold accidentally had observed something that he shouldn't have observed and that it would be much better for his busi-

ness, his family and his general welfare not to discuss it with anyone.

Harold said to me: "I didn't put much stock in it but I did think it was rather fantastic how this gentleman happened to know what I had seen and I was quite sure that he hadn't talked to any of my crew and I know he hadn't talked to me before. In fact, I had never seen him before."

The things this gentleman had warned him about sort of revolved in his mind, but when he went back to his dock to continue his business that day of the 22nd of June, he still decided that he would go on discussing it, talking about it, because it was a very unusual experience. Many of the other seamen had asked him questions and he felt as though he should answer them.

He said he would be glad to show me several of these fragments he had picked up on Maury Island that had fallen from the strange aircraft. "We've been using them up there for ashtrays." I went with him and he looked around awhile and finally found the fragments and when I first saw them I said:

"Why, Harold, that's only lava rock."

"Well, I don't know much about metals," he said, "but that's the stuff that came out of the airplane. I know it did. Some of the white metal is over here in a garage of Crisman's. We'll go over and see it if you'd like."

I said: "Oh, that isn't special, I'll see it tomorrow." That evening we talked about this and that, fishing and hunting and about his experiences.

The next morning about nine-thirty Crisman and Dahl knocked

on my hotel room door. I asked Crisman to tell me his story and Fred L. Crisman told me the experience he had had the 23rd of June when he went out to investigate the truthfulness of Harold Dahl's story.

He had taken a harbor patrol boat the 23rd of June, in the morning, out to the island and had observed about twenty tons of debris out there and as he was looking at some of it, one of the strange aircraft came out of somewhere, he wasn't just sure, but it made a circle of the bay and it banked in its circle at about a ten degree angle, circled the bay and went right into the center of a high cumulus cloud or thunder cloud. Crisman said that he had seen a lot of aircraft, but he had never seen them go into the center of a cloud before. It's pretty rough in there!

Crisman continued: "I observed this strange aircraft to be something similar to a balloon. It looked like a large inner tube to me. It didn't look squashed as Harold Dahl had told it, it looked more round, that is doughnut round or inner tube round, and it had large portholes about five feet in diameter that encircled the whole aircraft. It also had the observation window and definitely had a burling effect on its surface. It looked like a metal, a sort of brassy color or golden color, and maybe a little silver mixed in with it; and when the sun shone on it, it did show much more brilliance than would be expected from a polished surface."

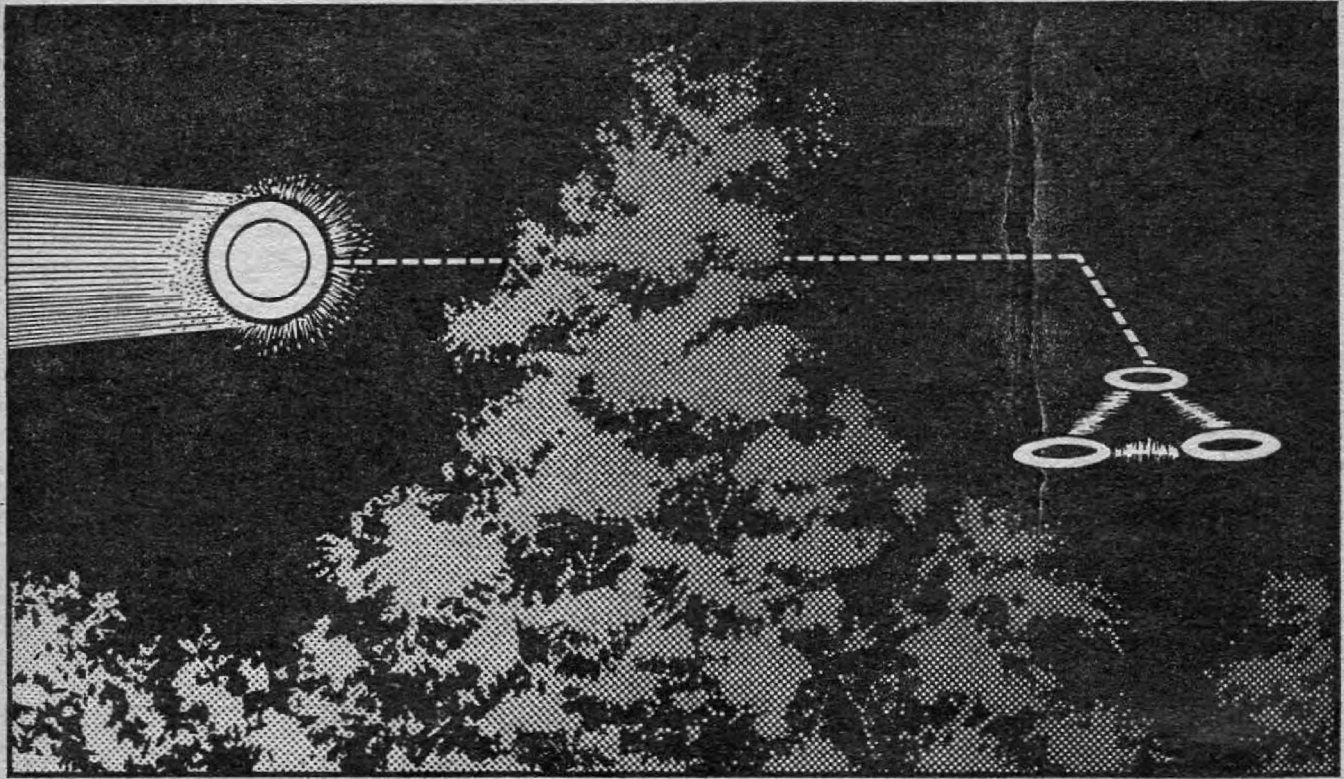
Crisman said he tarried there awhile and picked up quite a load of fragments, put them on his boat, and then he returned to his dock in Tacoma. He did confirm the story of Harold Dahl and said that it cer-

tainly was true that he had seen one of these strange aircraft which Harold Dahl had seen.

I ordered breakfast up to the room and we sat around discussing this thing pro and con. Crisman seemed rather anxious to show me the pictures that they had taken as well as other fragments, and because he was quite anxious to show me this and to take me out to the island, I began to believe their story and asked both Crisman and Dahl if they would mind if I called army intelligence.

I said: "I think this thing is very serious and I think that it is an investigation that should be conducted by people who are accustomed to investigating things, not by a novice like myself or like yourselves." Crisman agreed with me and Dahl said that he didn't care about talking to military intelligence, but "if Crisman wants to, it's okay with me." I also asked them if they would mind if I asked Captain E. J. Smith of United Airlines to come over and listen to the stories. I told them that he more or less was an object of criticism the same as myself and without a doubt this might be tangible evidence that would prove our observations correct and stop a lot of these newspaper stories that had made us the laughing stock of the country. We felt that our integrity was at stake. It wasn't so much the newspaper talk, but when anyone says you're seeing spots or calls you a liar, you get upset about it, especially when you are not used to telling lies or making up some wild tale.

I called military intelligence first and I asked for Lt. Frank M. Brown. Brown, when he found out that it was me calling him, wouldn't take the



These disks, observed August 4, 1947, glowed with a platinum-white radiance with an opaque center. When changing formation after passing tree, they seemed to be joined by silvery streaks of light.

telephone call collect on the military line. He went to a pay telephone to call me. Why, I don't really know. Anyhow, I told Frank Brown that I had something interesting to relate to him up here and that I had some fragments of what I thought was a flying disk and said: "If you fellows could come up, I think your trip probably would be worthwhile. I have enough evidence, in my own mind, to give real credence to what I ran into up here in Tacoma." I didn't describe these aircraft to Frank M. Brown to any degree at all, that is, I didn't describe any details about them that Harold Dahl and Fred Crisman had seen, but in spite of that Lieutenant Brown was very interested.

He said: "If we don't call you back within an hour, we'll be there."

After I finished that phone call, I

called Captain E. J. Smith. The first time I called Captain Smith, he wasn't in, but finally I did reach him about twelve-thirty or one o'clock and I told Captain Smith over the phone a more or less brief of the story that had been related to me by Crisman and Dahl and about the fragments. Smith seemed intensely interested. I told him that I would fly over to Seattle and pick him up that afternoon if he would care to come over and listen to these stories. Fred Crisman took me down to the airport about three-thirty. I took off for Seattle to pick up Captain Smith at about four o'clock. Captain Smith was there and we had a cup of coffee and I related a little further the information that I had received from these two men over at Tacoma. Captain Smith became more and more in-

terested and wanted to come over immediately, so we both got in my ship and I took off for Tacoma. At the hotel, I went directly up to the room and Crisman and Smith went out somewhere. I was in the hotel room alone about five-thirty or six o'clock that day of Thursday, July 31, 1947, when Lieutenant Brown called me from the desk and said that he and Captain Davidson had flown up to Tacoma in a B-25 bomber and wanted to talk to me. I immediately invited them up to the room.

When they got up to my room, which was 502, I more or less jumped all over them in this respect. I said: "You fellows like to know a lot of things but you won't tell me anything. I'm awfully curious about this thing because this has happened to me and it hasn't happened to you yet. I hope you can appreciate how I feel. I've got something here very interesting that I want to tell you about and to show you and I want you to talk to these men because I think their story has some base to it, but before I do this, I would like to have you fellows, just as man to man, tell me what you have found out since you profess you have never seen a flying disk, and you don't know anything about them, but that you feel that they probably do exist and you are interested in information. You've done nothing but investigate this thing since the 24th of June; how about giving me a little of that information? At least for my own personal satisfaction."

Captain Davidson asked me to come over and sit on the bed where he took a pencil and piece of paper and drew me some pictures. He said: "We have several photographs in our Intelligence Department that were

taken by a man in his front yard in Phoenix, Arizona, that are authentic. They are pictures and good pictures of these flying saucers or flying disks. I am drawing you here, Mr. Arnold, the photographs that we have in our possession."

He drew me a picture. First, of an almost round object that had a dark circle in the center of it and made this remark: "It apparently seems, according to the negative, that this flying disk had a hole in the center of it, or it could be a hole in the center of it."

I was being very much convinced by this time.

Then he drew another picture. This picture was really quite a shock to me. He drew a picture of a half-moon that had a sort of a half peak in the center of it. It was all rounded, easy flowing lines, and this picture was of another type of disk. This is the peculiar part of it and the reason I was shocked. On June 24th when I made my observation of the nine flying disks, the second one from the bottom looked just exactly like the picture he drew. The reason that I had never mentioned it or even talked about it or said anything to anyone about this peculiar shaped disk was that I thought the angle that I was looking from was the reason why the second one from the bottom in this formation looked like the one they drew in their picture, but upon reviewing my observation carefully, I feel that if that one had looked like that picture, all of them would have looked the same which, of course, they didn't. They had a convex angle at the tail instead of a more or less concave angle rounded in shape. The peculiar object which they drew

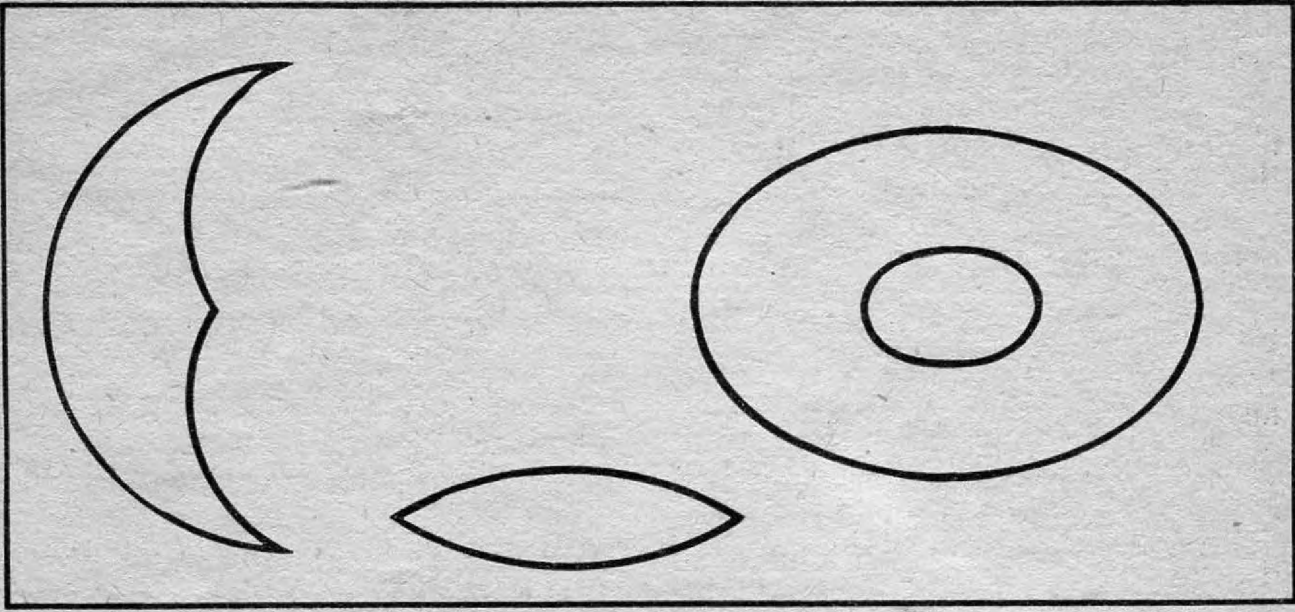
is four times as wide as it is long and the tips of its wings are rather bat-like and its center or fuselage is exactly the same length as the tips of the wings.

I knew right then and there that whether Davidson and Brown had ever seen any of these flying disks, they were getting pretty close to finding out all the information that could be found out about them, as none of them had actually fallen any place to my knowledge. After they had finished drawing me those pictures, we waited for another half hour or so discussing various features of this mysterious thing until Crisman and Smith came in. Dahl didn't take part in the conversation with military intelligence. He had work to do at home, or something, and he wasn't too anxious to talk to them anyhow. Why, I don't know. Crisman related his complete story to Captain Davidson. Captain Davidson and Lieutenant Brown saw the pile of fragments that were on the floor and handled some of them. Our discussion lasted until about twelve-thirty when both Brown and Davidson decided that they had to get back to Hamilton Field because they were short of airplanes and that they had to have every airplane in the air for a big air show that was going to come off the next day, and even though Captain Smith and myself tried to persuade them to stay over and see the island for additional proof of the truth of Dahl's and Crisman's story, they insisted on leaving that night. Crisman gave them, and both Smith and I helped them load a whole Kellogg's corn flake box full of flying disk fragments from Maury Island into the rear trunk of the army taxi

car that came to get them from McChord Field. They seemed to have cooled off on our story. Smith and I thought there was so much evidence that indicated the story was true that we couldn't quite understand their attitude for not wanting to see the island or for not wanting to stay there longer and do more investigating. They did want the samples, but their excuse for getting back to Hamilton Field seemed rather a feeble excuse considering the fact that their job of investigating flying disks was quite important. We knew it was important because we know that they exist.

Captain Smith stayed with me that night of July 31, Thursday. Smith and I discussed many phases of this while we were in bed and there seemed to be a lot of evidence to prove that Crisman's and Dahl's story was absolutely true and yet there was a lot of evidence that didn't quite add up and we couldn't piece it together. We knew something very strange was going on. All during the conference we had been bothered by the United Press and Paul Lance of *Tacoma Times* telling us what some mysterious telephone informant was telling them. It seemed that there was a certain person who kept calling the United Press telling them what was going on in Room 502 at the Winthrop Hotel, and the fantastic thing was that everything he said to the press that was going on up in room 502 at the Winthrop Hotel was true.

I don't know about later predictions that he made but I will relate to you that the press somehow, somehow, found out that I was in town. They also found out that Captain Smith was there. They found out



A reproduction of the drawings made for Kenneth Arnold by Davidson and Brown in Tacoma, the night before their death. They were drawings of photographs which were considered authentic, Arnold was told

that we were investigating some flying disk fragments that were obtained through Fred L. Crisman and Harold A. Dahl of the Tacoma Harbor Patrol. Ted Morello, the United Press correspondent, told us very plainly over the phone, and several times after we had met him, that we were engaged in a very serious affair. His informants couldn't get the information that they generally can get on any kind of a story and Morello told us: "When my informants can't get me this information that I need and want, brother, there is something very serious going on, and I would suggest that Smith and Arnold, both of you, better get out of this town or go someplace and don't become involved."

That was rather peculiar because some of that conversation happened before the B-25 bomber crashed. Anyhow, we didn't want to talk to the press. Why should we? If Crisman's

and Dahl's story was proven to be some kind of a hoax, Smith and I would both be the laughing stock of the country, and if it didn't prove to be any kind of a hoax, we had everything to win and nothing to lose. We weren't having a very good time because of this mysterious telephone informant, the press finding out almost verbatim what our conversations were, and so on. We looked in our room for tapped wires, and couldn't find anything that showed that any information was creeping out.

At one time, Ted Morello, United Press correspondent, called us and said: "We have this mysterious telephone informant on the other line here at the Tacoma Times." Both Crisman and Dahl were in the room with Smith and myself. The mysterious telephone informant was telling Ted Morello what we were talking about in that room. The room wasn't tapped in any way that we

knew of it and we did really search—tore the pictures off the wall, tore up the rugs, tore the beds apart. We were beginning to get worried. The situation was getting rather “spooky.”

Smith and I went to sleep that night of July 31st. We woke up in the morning about nine o'clock when we heard the telephone ring. It was Fred Crisman. He said: “Have you heard the news this morning? A B-25 bomber crashed this morning at about 2:30 a.m. I have checked McChord Field and there was only one B-25 that left. You know and I know who was aboard that airplane!”

We heard through Crisman that morning that both the pilot and the co-pilot were killed, but that two other men, a chief engineer and a passenger, had parachuted to safety. Smith verified all this information at McChord Field. We found that the bomber had been under military guard while Lieutenant Frank M. Brown and Captain Davidson were interviewing us at the Hotel Winthrop. We also found out that the two men who parachuted from the plane were ordered to parachute by the co-pilot who strapped chutes on them and forced them out the door. The plane did not crash until eleven minutes later. This was found out through the United Press and their informants.

Ted Morello let us listen to the first recording of one of the men who had parachuted to safety and who was slightly injured. It was the passenger. This boy told the story that the left engine of the B-25 burst into flame all at once and that it happened about twenty minutes after the take-off. It was also mentioned that the chief engineer had said that the automatic

fire fighting apparatus installed in this airplane had failed to function.

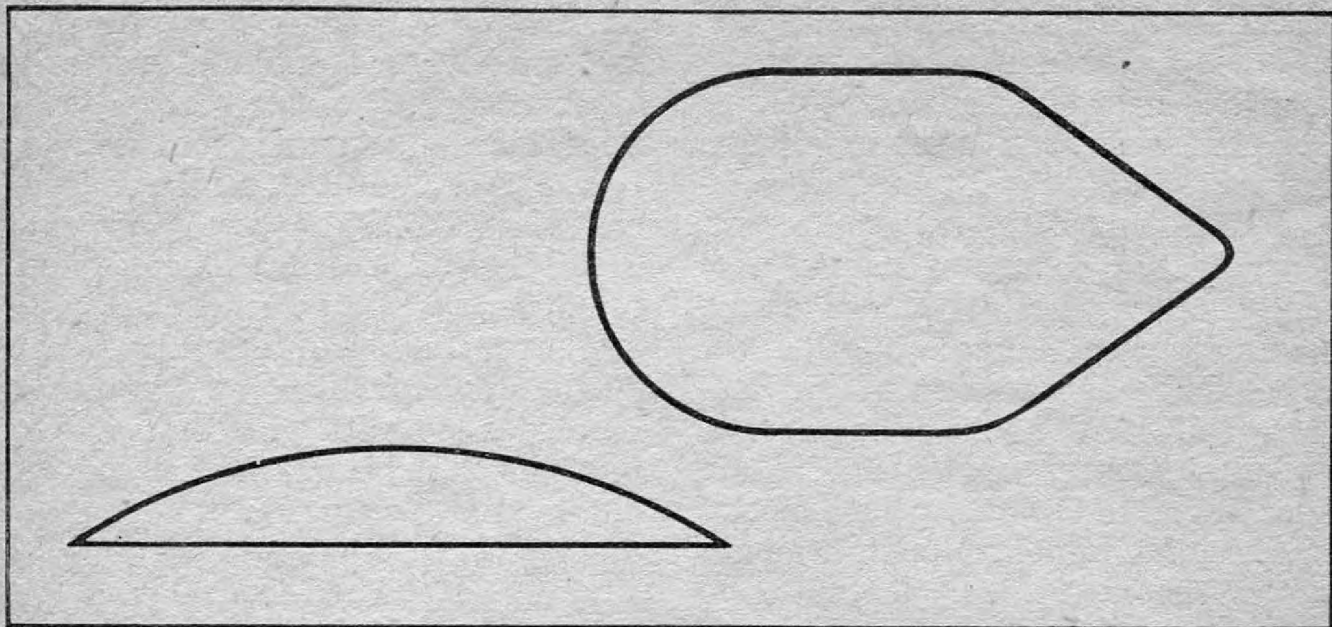
There was a sheriff at Kelso who watched the plane in the air and saw it crash. The description this man gave the press was that the plane was observed at quite a high altitude with the left engine on fire. Its wings, tail and fuselage were intact. It turned, went into a very steep dive and crashed into the hillside. This steep dive lasted for quite some time before the crash.

If a man is conscious and his airplane is on fire, the first thought any pilot would have is to try to slow that airplane up, as slow as possible, because he would rather crash at 90 miles an hour than 250 or 300 miles an hour. Their plane was intact; tail, rudder surfaces and wings. I know both of these pilots and I saw their licenses. They were pilots of the highest type of ability and would have slowed up that airplane before they crashed. Were both of these men dead long before their plane actually crashed and is that the reason their plane was under little or no control? Further, this airplane was equipped with the finest type of radio devices. They did not radio or attempt to radio anyone that their engine was on fire or that the plane was in trouble. Twelve hours before Army Intelligence released the names of the two intelligence officers killed in this crash, the mysterious telephone informant did tell the press their names, where they had come, what they were doing, their destination and what they were carrying aboard their B-25. Everything that this mysterious telephone informant said to the press was true to the very best of my knowledge. I am confident that no one of

the four of us that were left in this investigation that next day of August 1st, had talked to the press or had even told the press the names of people or parties who were visiting us or what we were discussing. Friday morning at ten o'clock, we made an arrangement with Fred Crisman to board his patrol boat and go out to Maury Island to see the fragments that we were told about; they told us there was about twenty tons more of it out there on the island. Smith and I discussed it to some extent before we went down to the boat, but we decided we would still investigate or try to get at the bottom of this if we could. We went down to the boat with Fred Crisman. We attempted to start the motor in the boat and the motor would not start. Crisman's mechanic was working on the motor. They had no other patrol boat available so Crisman suggested that in about an hour the mechanic would probably have the boat going and we'd all come back down to the boat and take off for Maury Island. We looked over the supposed damage to the boat. We could see that the boat had been damaged some. We didn't know to what extent, but it wasn't quite to such an extent as we felt Crisman had tried to impress us that it had been damaged. We could see that the window had been replaced and a horn and other things about the boat had been replaced. Smith and I went back to the hotel and waited for Crisman to call us at about eleven o'clock. He didn't call and we waited until two-thirty or three o'clock that afternoon, then finally called Harold Dahl and asked why Crisman hadn't called us and asked if he would look up Crisman and find out what had

happened to him. Then Ted Morello of the United Press called us and told us that one of the four men in the room that morning, which would have been Dahl, Crisman, Smith or I, was going to be on an Army bomber headed for Alaska that afternoon. When we heard that tip from Ted Morello we immediately got hot on trying to find Crisman. We did locate Dahl finally and he did locate a note that was left by Fred Crisman that said he was going to be gone for two or three days on a business trip. It seemed very peculiar that Crisman didn't call us and tell us that or it may be that he couldn't. We don't know. We were expecting most anything to happen. United Press called us again and said that this mysterious telephone informant was now predicting things: "Captain Smith would be called Tuesday, August 5, to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, to be interrogated by the Military Intelligence." . . . "Kenneth Arnold's plane had been shot at in the air flying over the states of Washington and Oregon on numerous occasions." . . . "Captain Smith's airline had also been shot at on numerous occasions over one of the western states." Also: "The B-25 bomber was shot down by a 20mm cannon."

The mysterious telephone informant also said that "The C-46 Marine plane that had crashed into the southwest side of Mt. Rainier (that was the plane I was searching for the day that I first made my observation of the flying disks), when discovered and actually investigated, would reveal that this ship had also been shot down and it had been shot down because there were certain people aboard this ship who had information



Kenneth Arnold's own drawings of the strange craft he observed near Mt. Rainier on June 24, 1947, were of the shape given here. He also observed the crescent-shape shown him while in Tacoma.

in their possession that "they" didn't want to get out to anyone."

(Editor's note: This Marine C-46 was found on July 26 on the 10,000-foot level of South Tahoma Glacier, near Longmire, Washington. Eight men who climbed the glacier, discovered the wreckage. "Everywhere we looked there were parts of the plane," Ranger George Senner reported. But the searching party found none of the bodies of the 32 Marines who were aboard when the transport crashed. \$5,000 reward offered by relatives of the dead men was never paid, apparently, because of this unaccountable fact. No evidence of sabotage or "shooting down" could be discovered.)

Ted Morello told me that this mysterious informant had also told him that the United Airlines ship that crashed on LaGuardia Field (now solved by authorities who discovered that the gust lock had been

on), was sabotaged and that the plane that had crashed in Copenhagen some many months ago on takeoff also had been sabotaged.

We got it now—or thought we did. We were being given the "works" by some person. We were being made to look ridiculous. Further, we were getting nowhere with our investigation. We had not gotten out to Maury Island; we never seemed able to get the pictures taken by Dahl of the flying disks—Crisman mentioned they were in his mountain cabin 55 miles up in the hills. We decided we had better go home. But we made one more try.

We met Harold and his secretary, stopped for breakfast at a little roadside tavern. While we were at breakfast Captain Smith went to the telephone and called somebody. I didn't know at the time who he called. This was Sunday morning, August 3rd. He came back to the table and said that

he had an appointment with someone and that I should wait for him at the hotel and he would be back at twelve o'clock. I went back to the hotel room and waited until almost one-thirty before Captain Smith showed up, and when he did show up he was with Major Sanders of McChord Field, S-2 Intelligence. Captain Smith asked me to relate my story to Major Sanders. I did this as briefly as possible.

Captain Smith said: "The reason I asked you to tell Major Sanders this is because I wanted him to hear our stories separately, and I wanted to find out just exactly what the score was—whether we should leave or whether A-2 wanted to interrogate us."

When I had finished giving this description to Major Sanders he got up and looked at the fragments and said: "That's nothing but smelter slag. I'll tell you what it is. It's just some kind of a hoax. That's true."

He said: "Now, I know that these flying disks exist although I've never seen one. I don't know what the objects of Crisman and Dahl are, but these fragments they have given you are nothing but slag from the local smelter."

Smith took a piece of the fragments home with him to use as a paper weight on his desk. I was going to take one of the fragments and use it as an ashtray just to remind me of the experience I had in Tacoma. But Major Sanders very carefully took every piece and asked to have the pieces we had picked up, too. He wrapped them all in a towel and put it in his car. Then Sanders decided to take us out to the smelter and show us thousands of tons of material very similar to this or just

exactly like it. He did take us out and we did see some black fragments and smelter slag that did look a lot like the substance that we had. It was heavy and I think to some degree Captain Smith was convinced that the fragments we had were or could very easily be smelter slag.

The foregoing information, supplied us by Mr. Kenneth Arnold, is supplemented with photostats of the following letters, which were sent to him by *The Seattle Times*:

The Seattle Times
Seattle 41, Washington
Sept. 4, 1947

Mr. Kenneth Arnold,
Boise, Idaho

Dear Mr. Arnold:

Attached is a volunteered copy of a letter from the commanding general of the Fourth Air Force. I believe it will still some of the apprehension you voiced in our long-distance telephone conversation a week or so ago.

I hadn't asked General Hale for copies of his reassuring letter, but the fact that he provided me with several seems to indicate complete cooperation on the part of the Army, and their willingness for you to say whatever you like.

In the event of your coming to Seattle soon, I'd appreciate a talk with you—off the record, if you insist. If you don't plan to be over, couldn't you drop me a note, also confidentially if you prefer, just sketching your correspondence with whatever publication it was in Illinois which asked for a flying disk story? I'd appreciate knowing the name of the magazine, in any case,

and the name of the man with whom you corresponded.

And would you please include the street address of your home or business office?

Very truly yours,
Robert Heilman,
City news staff

Office of the Commanding General
Headquarters Fourth Air Force
Hamilton Field, California
August 25, 1947

Mr. Henry MacLeod,
The Seattle Times,
Seattle, Washington

Dear Mr. MacLeod:

Your letter of August 21, 1947, to Lt. Col. Donald Springer of this headquarters, has been brought to my attention.

You are advised that I have no knowledge of the origination of the flying disk stories. My Intelligence personnel have had several pertinent incidents brought to their attention by civilian and government agencies. For your information, this headquarters, in the interest of economy, does not intend to pursue each and every reported flying disk. However, in the interest of national defense, reliable reports of such a nature will be investigated.

I have no knowledge at this time of any statement to be made by a government agency regarding the flying disk.

As you know, there is no censorship on individuals within the United States, therefore, you may feel free to interrogate Mr. Arnold, Capt. Smith, or whomever you desire. I have no authentic information which would indicate that those individuals, or any

other persons, should maintain secrecy regarding their alleged observations.

Sincerely yours,
Willis H. Hale,
Major General, U. S. Army,
Commanding

From the evidence presented in this article, the editors conclude that the flying disks cannot be a hoax, because if they are, it is a hoax which involves a tremendous operation, perfect coordination and an enormous financial expenditure.

An alternative, of course, is that these things *are* a military development; but if they are, it is one which our military services disdain to keep secret. It would seem apparent that military observers *are* much interested in the disks, however. Their interest may be on the basis of foreign powers being behind the disks. But the scope of the observations, hundreds of them perfectly reliable, rule this out also. The mere scientific know-how involved is far beyond our own technological advance, perhaps for hundreds of years to come.

What, then, are the fast-flying disks?

Are the pulp magazines, purveyors of ray guns and rocket ships from Mars, proving prophetic? Are these mysterious craft ships from other planets in our solar system? Is H. G. Wells' "War of The Worlds" a reality at last? Are we facing an invasion from space?

The answer your editors have arrived at is NO.

These disks have been proven to be void of ill-intent. They have appeared for hundreds of years all over the world. The flying disk story

which for two weeks swept the newspapers into a frenzy of misstatement, contradiction and pure imagination is not a new one. It has happened before! Especially during the past forty years, reports have come in steadily from all over the world, of large disk-shaped aircraft, of wheel-like submersibles in very deep ocean water, of mysterious round or semi-round objects in space, observed by reputable astronomers and duly reported in astronomical journals.

If, then, these objects have been with us so long, we have little to fear from them now. And if they are peopled by intelligent beings, as seems so obvious from the extreme scientific development which must lie behind their construction and navigation, it may not be hard to understand their unwillingness to contact a race of people who engage constantly in the horrible slaughter we call war, and who live in the crime-filled centers we call cities.

However, this is all conjecture. The real facts are these: The flying disks exist. They are a matter of vital concern to us, friendly or otherwise. They are appearing in enormous numbers, far beyond any appearances heretofore recorded. They must be here for a definite reason. Their actions are integrated. Their pattern of appearances show specific intent. There is

General Carl A. Spaatz, quoted in the *Idaho Statesman* Dec. 18 (as we go to press) said: 1. He was not convinced the disks were flying over the U. S. 2. He did not rule out the possibility of a foreign power. 3. The Air Force does not know their source. 4. Army radar has not tracked them. 5. Investigations consist of interviews

concrete evidence in the form of fragments which are definitely not slag from a smelter (at least not *all* of them). There is also an irritating element of sabotage and subterfuge involved in research both private and military concerning the flying disks. Two men are known to have died investigating a matter which they considered of top importance, above and beyond all their other work. And lastly, almost daily appearances of one type of flying object or another are being reported, and are the objects of a self-imposed censorship by most newspapers through fear of further ridicule; and worst of all, reliable observations are being lost through the same fear.

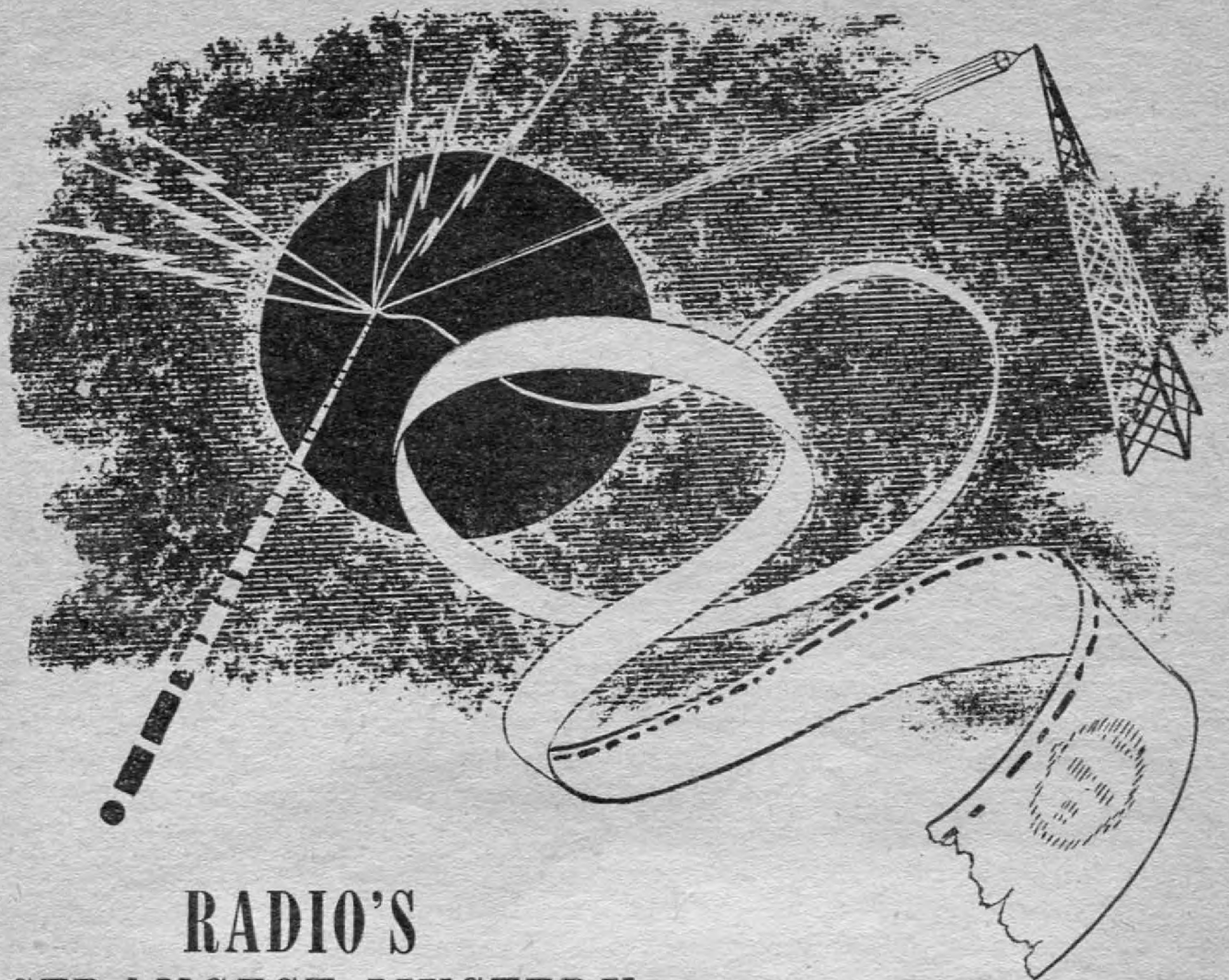
We therefore urge, without a personal axe to grind, that all persons who can give competent evidence of flying disks, do so immediately, contacting military authorities, or this magazine, as you desire. It may be important. And military authorities have a file—they will not be averse to adding to it.

Allow us, in our turn (Kenneth Arnold, Captain E. J. Smith, and thousands of others) to indulge in a huge belly-laugh at the expense of those noted "authorities" who so smugly ridiculed us for "spots before our eyes."

At least we've seen the spots!

with responsible persons who report seeing disks. 6. Places no credence in reports they are Spanish inventions. 7. Wants people to continue reporting disks to the army. 8. Has investigated disk reports in Nov. and Dec., 1947.

It would seem the disks still interest the Army! We note Navy radar observations were NOT mentioned!



RADIO'S STRANGEST MYSTERY

by *Vincent H. Gaddis*

In 1924 scientists listened for a signal from Mars during world-wide radio silence. Signals came—but have never been decoded!

ON THE night of August 22, 1924, the planet Mars approached to within thirty-four and a half million miles from the earth—the nearest it will come until the year 2,000. Huge telescopes were trained on the brilliant red orb. Radio broadcasting stations were silenced, and scientists listened for

a possible message from across space.

Suddenly, in the midst of the ethereal silence, came mysterious signals from an unknown origin. Station WOR at Newark, N. J., was the first listening post to report. Other stations followed. And in Washington, D. C., a photographic film record of the impulses was being made that is

as much an enigma today as the night twenty years ago when it was recorded.

Plans for the experiment had been carefully made. Dr. David Todd, professor emeritus of astronomy at Amherst College, was the organizer of the international "listening in" test. At Dr. Todd's suggestion the United States Government, through channels of diplomacy, requested that all countries with high-power transmitters silence their stations for five minutes every hour from 11:50 p. m. August 21 to 11:50 p. m. August 23.

C. Francis Jenkins, of Washington, D. C., had only recently invented a radio photo message continuous transmission machine, and he was asked by Dr. Todd to take a record of any signals received during the experiment. The recording device was attached to a receiving set adjusted to a wave-length of 6,000 meters. Incoming signals caused flashes of light which were printed on the film by an instrument passing over its surface from side to side. The film was in the form of a roll tape, thirty feet long and six inches wide, and it was slowly unwound under the instrument and light bulb which responded to the transmitted sounds.

The Jenkins device was in operation for a period of about thirty hours during all moments of silence while Mars was closest to the earth. Then the film was developed, and on August 27 the astonished experimenters called in newspaper reporters. The film disclosed in black on white a fairly regular arrangement of dots and dashes along one side, but on the other side, at almost evenly spaced intervals, were curiously jumbled groups each taking the form of a

crudely drawn human face.

The inventor didn't think that Mars was the cause of the phenomenon, but "the film shows a repetition at intervals of about a half hour of what appears to be a man's face, and it's a freak which we can't explain." Although admitting that he was at a loss to explain its significance, Dr. Todd took a more serious view. "We now have a permanent record which can be studied, and who knows until we have studied it, just what these signals may have been?"

Army code experts worked on the film for some weeks without reaching any decisions, and a copy of the film was given to the radio division of the Bureau of Standards. The film had only deepened the mystery of the dots and dashes reported heard by widely separated operators of powerful stations.

News dispatches of August 23 announced that R. I. Potelle, chief engineer of Station WOR, Newark, N. J., between 7:30 and 10 o'clock on the preceding evening, received a series of dots and dashes that belonged neither to the Morse nor Continental codes. The signals were steadily repeated. After hours of study, the engineer decided that the word being transmitted was "Eunza." The word has no meaning in the languages of earth.

Three years before the Mars experiment, the first report of mysterious signals was made by Signor Marconi himself, the father of wireless. In September, 1921, J. C. H. MacBeth, London manager of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, arrived in New York and told reporters that Marconi believed he had intercepted messages from Mars or

some point in outer space.

The signals, MacBeth said, had been received while Marconi was on his yacht in the Mediterranean Sea conducting atmospheric experiments with wireless. Magnetic wave-lengths high in the meter band had been picked up, although the maximum length of earth-produced waves at that time was 14,000 meters. The theory that the waves were produced by electrical disturbances was disproved by the regularity of the impulses. Although the impulses apparently consisted of a code, the only signal similar to earth codes was one resembling the letter V in the Marconi code.

In the following years, as radio was developed, a number of interesting discoveries were made. L. W. Chubb, director of research for the Westinghouse Electric Company, in announcing the perfection of beam radio transmission, stated that if communication with Mars was ever established, it would have to be with ultra-short waves directed like a beam of light in order to penetrate the atmospheric layers above the earth's surface. Ultra-short waves are the nearest approach of radio waves to regular light waves.

The Heaviside-Kennelly layer is about 70 miles above the surface. At double that height is the Appleton layer. These are layers of ionized gas that reflect radio waves. The Heaviside-Kennelly layer reflects medium waves and the Appleton layer the short waves. Beam transmission experiments, however, were made by the Danish expert, Hals, and two Scandinavian scientists, Stormer and Peterson, and they found that certain short waves pene-

trate both layers and travel far out into space. Their signal echoes arrived from three to thirty seconds after transmission.

Since the velocity of radio waves is the same as light—186,000 miles per second—it was obvious that the "layers" or bodies that reflected these signals were located at from 280,000 to 2,800,000 miles from the earth. Apparently even these "layers" far out into space could be penetrated by a beamed wave approaching a regular light wave which passes through all ionized barriers.

Plans for a regular light beam signal were made by Harry Price, director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, London, England, in 1930, but the project was abandoned due to insufficient funds. The site selected was the summit of Jungfrauoch in the Bernes Oberland, 11,000 feet above sea level. Ten tons of magnesium was to be ignited in oxygen in the focus of reflectors, and the beam directed on the snowfields of the Martian pole. This colossal flare, it was believed, would certainly bring a response if there were intelligent beings on the mystery planet.

An attempt to contact Mars by radio was made in October, 1928, by Mansfield Robinson, a London lawyer, through the Rugby Station in England. The message was sent on an 18,700 meter wave-length, and it was hoped that some sort of etheric response might be heard.

A few minutes after Robinson's message went out through space, Prof. A. M. Low, famous English scientist who was listening in, received a series of signals on his radio. "It was a mysterious message," Prof.



Acme

Mars, showing the mysterious canals which some claim to have seen, and others say are not canals at all.

Low was quoted as stating. "It is hardly likely that it could have come from Mars. However, I must confess that I do not know who sent it. It was a series of dots and dashes."

Weird static impulses that merge through the loud speaker with a steady hissing sound are coming from

a swarm of stars in the Milky Way, but their cause is unknown. It is believed that they may be produced by stellar radiation similar to the cosmic rays.

But it is the story of mysterious signals that may have come from the planet Mars that remains radio's

strangest mystery. The spectroscope reveals that Mars has an atmosphere, somewhat rarefied, but containing the aqueous vapor that is so necessary to support life. Its surface is practically level, mountains being unknown, and the white patches at the poles increase and diminish with the Martian seasons. However, the deposits of ice and snow in the planet's polar regions are less than those on the earth, and sometimes they disappear entirely. The climate is much colder than that of earth. There are annual changes of color on parts of the surface that strongly suggest the existence of vegetable life.

In 1877, G. V. Schiaparelli, director of the Milan Observatory, noticed that many of the dark markings on Mars are joined together by a network of fine lines. It was these lines, the so-called "canals," that have caused so much discussion. It is estimated that they have a uniform breadth of from ten to twenty miles, extending from a few hundred to 3,000 miles. They appear always to run in straight lines, taking the shortest route from point to point. The late Dr. Percival Lowell, founder of the observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona,

that bears his name, believed that the canals were of artificial origin, and he pointed out that Mars has little, if any, rainfall, which together with the lack of mountains and rivers would create a water famine.

Intelligent beings would create this huge irrigation enterprise to spread the water of the melting polar caps over the planet's surface. The canals are undoubtedly connected with the Martian seasons, disappearing in winter and reappearing in the spring and summer, and this leads to the belief that what is actually observed is the vegetation growing along the sides of the canals in the desert areas through which they pass.

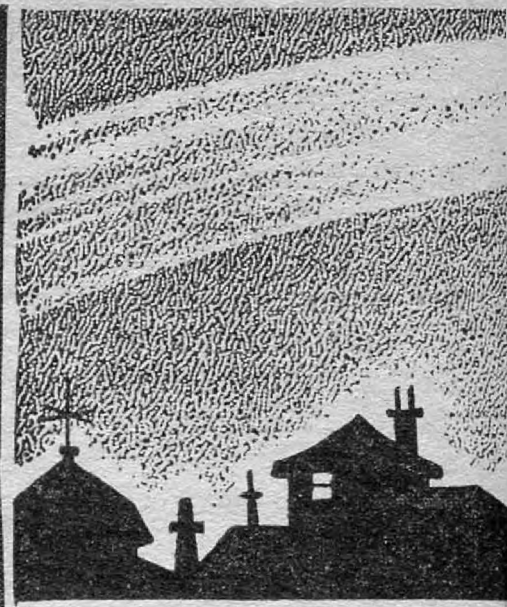
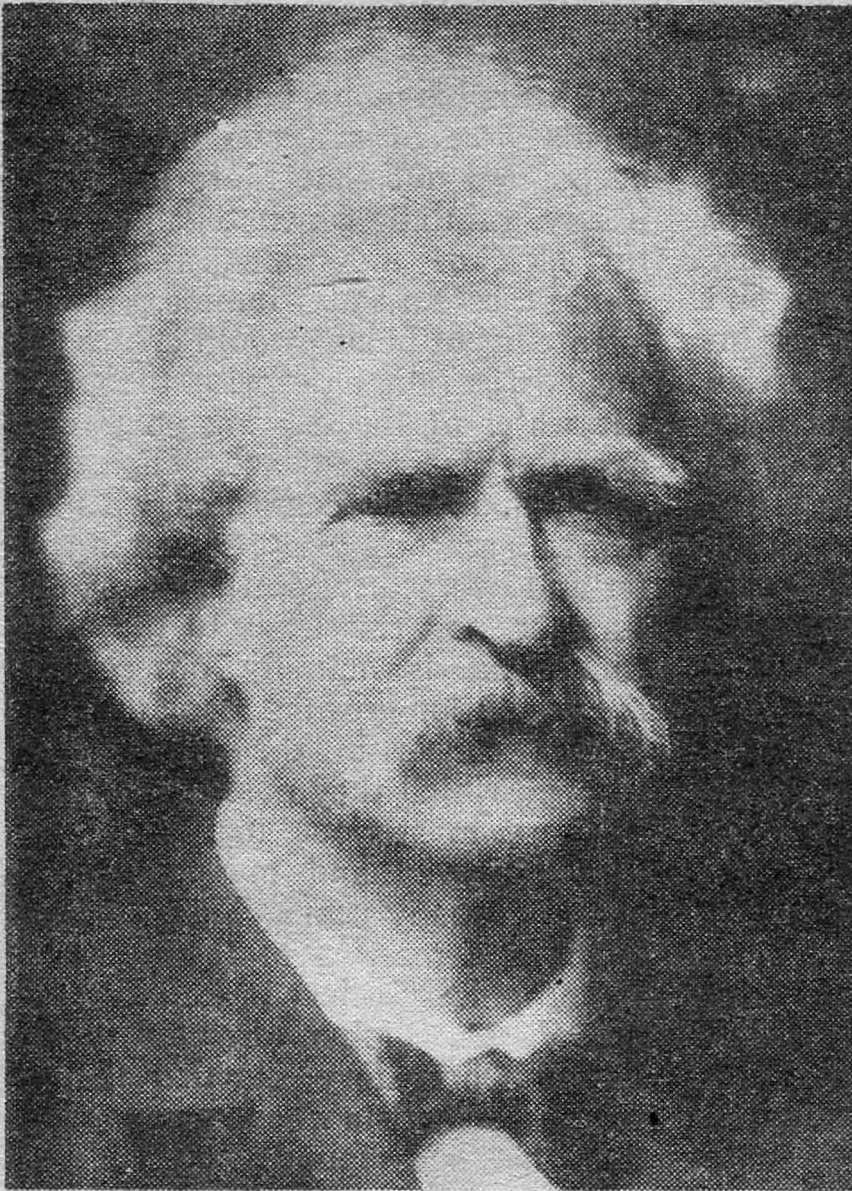
These mysterious markings have been observed and mapped over a period of many years. Then, in April 1938, at a meeting of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, Dr. V. M. Slipher, director of the Lowell Observatory, startled the assembled scientists when he announced that he had found "evidence of changes in the canal system of Mars, as if their pattern had been altered by design."

Perhaps it *was* Mars signalling that night of August 22, 1924!

RAINMAKER—PLUS

FIFTY years ago the belief in rainmakers was phenomenal. Most successful rainmaker was a man named Hatfield who received \$4,000 from a group of California ranchers in 1912 for saving their crops. Four years later the state suffered a severe drought and Hatfield was called in again with offers of a large sum. Scarcely had he built his

tower and sent up his gases than it began to pour. Within minutes he had gained the reputation of most successful rainmaker of all times—for he generated one of the worst floods in the history of that locality. The angry ranchers begged him to shut off his rain, but the more he tried the harder it rained. Needless to say, he never tried to collect his fee.



Halley's comet would have been "just another comet" if it had not been linked so strangely to the life of the great Mark Twain.

Acme

MARK TWAIN thought of himself as a man of science. Yet things were always happening to him that science couldn't explain. Many times during his life he had evidence of mental telepathy. He would find that a friend thousands of miles away was acting on the basis of his own thoughts. His brother died in an accident exactly as he had dreamed—and had warned him.

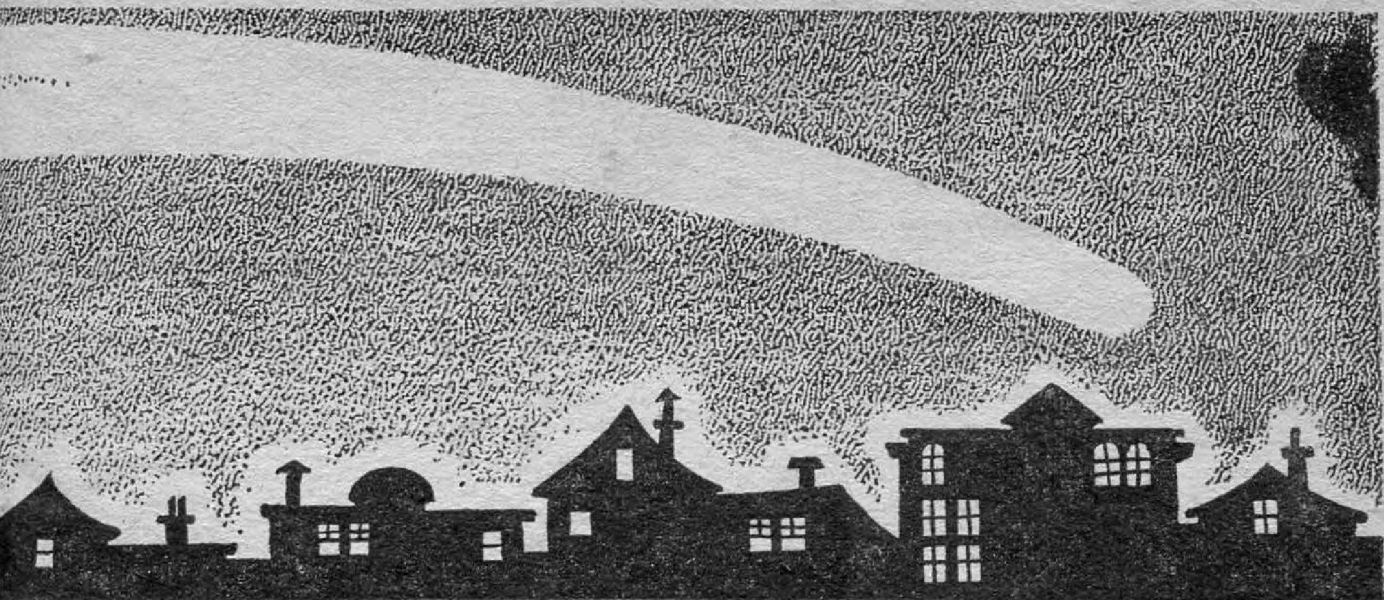
This great man, perhaps America's most authentic writing genius, was born in 1835. In that year a fiery-tailed comet rode the skies, bathing the earth in its luminous glow and frightening the superstitious. It later

seemed to friends that there had always been an affinity between Halley's Comet and Mark Twain.

Said one: "He always appeared to me like some great being from another planet—never quite of this race or kind."

And Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer, said: "He may have been, for a great comet was in the sky that year, and it would return no more until the day when he should be borne back into the far spaces of silence and undiscovered suns."

Certainly, the mystery of eternity was felt by the growing boy Sam and ever-increasingly by the adult Mark.



MARK TWAIN AND HALLEY'S COMET

by Harold M. Sherman

Sam Clemens himself liked to attach a significance to his birth under the comet—and he died under the same sign!

who often sat beneath the stars and pondered the enigmas of time and space.

He considered both Heaven and Hell, and poked fun at the orthodox conception of both places—"the curiosities of architecture and the employment of continuous prayer, psalm singing and harpistry," as applied to the former; and the eternal roasting ovens of the latter—"accounts written by men who did not even claim to have seen either place themselves"—in which accounts "no geographical society on earth would take stock."

But though he was suspicious of contemporary orthodoxies, Mark

Twain believed in higher mental powers which science then and now is unable to explain. Throughout his life he underwent experiences which convinced him that such powers existed. He speculated that perhaps man's mind was capable of higher abilities which he had not yet learned to use—capabilities of which most men are only dimly aware. He believed that one day, possibly, they would open up new doors of wisdom and reality for "the damned human race."

Twain noted how many times, in company with his wife Olivia, each spoke the other's thought. It hap-

pened far too often to be explained by coincidence. He judged that most husbands and wives could report the same phenomena—and probably took it all for granted. Then there were times he had responded to the urge to write a long much-delayed letter, only to receive an answer to his own thoughts before the letter could reach the person to whom he had sent it.

The most startling example of this kind took place when a “red-hot new idea came whistling into his camp one morning while lying in bed.” It suddenly occurred to Twain that the time had come for him to do a book on the Comstock—the Nevada silver mines—and that the man to help him write it was his old mining friend, Dan de Quille, from whom he had not heard in years.

On the inspiration of the moment he wrote Dan a letter outlining his plan. Twain told Dan he would like him to collaborate on such a book, drawing from Dan’s rich memory of anecdotes and incidents covering their western adventures.

Twain proposed that Dan arrange to come East for a few months so they could work on the book together. He promised to pay all expenses.

But, with the letter completed and the envelope sealed and addressed for mailing, Twain had a change of heart.

“What am I doing?” he asked himself. “I haven’t time to undertake a job like this now. Guess I’d better hold Dan’s letter up until I can get clear of my other work.”

And so Twain stuck the letter in a pigeon-hole of his desk.

Some 10 days later a friend was visiting Twain when the mailman arrived, leaving a letter for Mark ad-

dressed in handwriting that was strangely and distantly familiar. He studied the letter without opening it, then handed it to his friend and said:

“Here, take this and hold it—while I perform a miracle!”

Twain then explained that the letter in his hands contained a message from old Dan de Quille from whom he had not heard in a long, long time.

“Dan has gotten the idea,” said Twain, “that he and I could write a book together on our prospecting experiences. He’s made some notes on what happened to us and he wants to come East and visit me if I will pay his expenses, so he can give me his recollections. Now, open the letter and see if this isn’t so!”

The friend did as directed and then exclaimed in amazement.

“You are absolutely right!” he said, “But how did you know?”

Twain smiled and reached into his desk, taking out the letter he had written and addressed to Dan de Quille.

“Because,” he said, “I made this very proposal to Dan almost two weeks ago and here is my sealed, unmailed letter to prove it! Open it and see for yourself!”

The friend followed instructions and found the contents to be the same in every essential as the letter written by Dan de Quille to Twain.

“How do you account for this?” the friend asked.

“There is only one way to account for it,” said Twain. “In some manner, Dan de Quille received my thought impressions of this book I wanted to write with him, even though I didn’t mail the letter. But it seemed to him that these thoughts were his own idea, so he sat down and

Harold Sherman has written more than fifty books for boys, several books on human psychology (Your Key to Happiness, Your Key to Marriage, etc.), novels of fantasy (All Aboard for the Moon, The Green Man, etc), several movies including the coming Jane Adams of Hull House and many short stories. But most interesting is his Thoughts Through Space detailing the famous mental telepathy experiment with Sir Hubert Wilkins at the North Pole in which astounding proofs of mental telepathy were obtained. This work is a textbook in many universities.



wrote them to me. The moment his letter came to hand it flashed over me what had happened, and I knew my thoughts had reached his mind. I consider this a clear case of thought transference."

Twain had another name for it—"mental telepathy"—which he often used when he would get in what he called a "fever" over some such happening. He wrote of many of these experiences, confessing them frankly. As a result of his own personal acquaintanceship with "psychic phenomena," theories about it always fascinated him.

He dreamed that his brother Henry would be involved in a disaster on the river boat, *Pennsylvania*, and warned him just before it sailed:

"In case of accident, whatever you do don't lose your head—the passengers will do that. Rush for the hurricane deck and to the life-boat, and obey the mate's orders. When the boat is launched, help the women and children into it. Don't get in your-

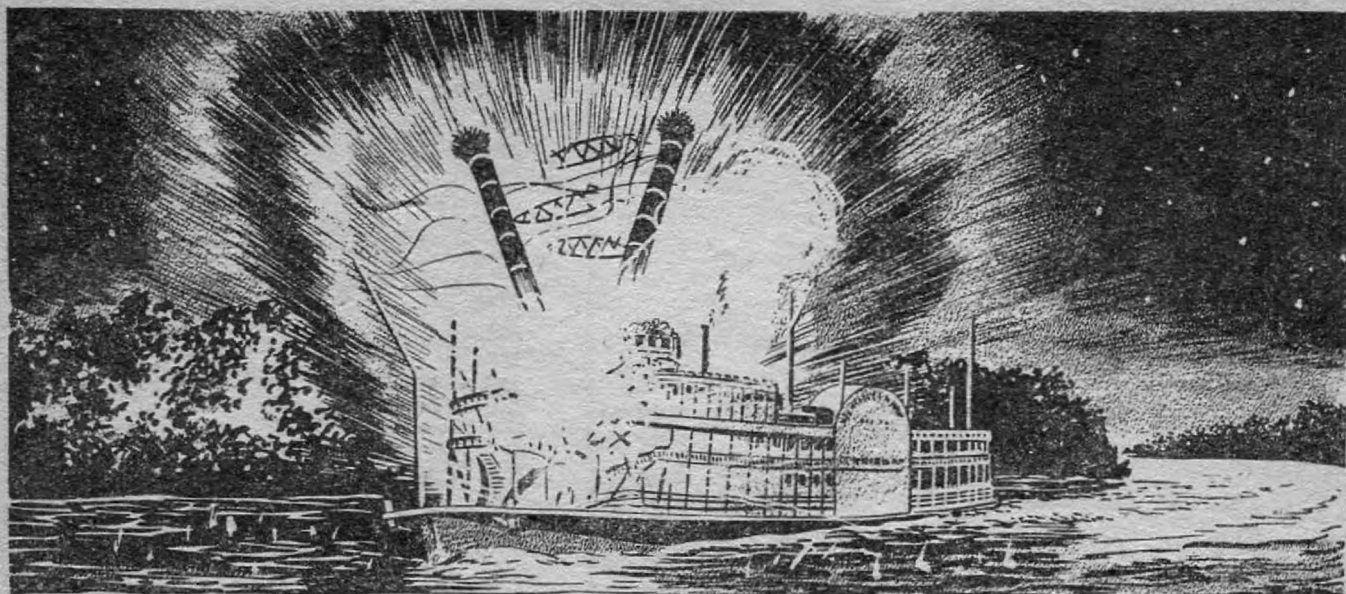
self. The river is only a mile wide. You can swim ashore easily enough."

These were Twain's parting words to his younger brother. He himself left port two days later on the *A. T. Lacey*, behind the *Pennsylvania*. As the *Lacey* touched at Greenville, Miss., a voice from the landing shouted:

"The *Pennsylvania* is blown up just below Memphis, at Ship Island! One hundred and fifty lives lost!"

Henry had followed faithfully his older brother's instructions. Blown into the river by the explosion, he had started to swim ashore, then—thinking himself unhurt—he had turned back to the flaming vessel and aided others in escaping. But he had been scalded in the rescue work and when Twain reached him he was dying of burns.

In the dream Twain had had several nights before the tragedy, he had "seen Henry, a corpse, lying in a metallic burial case in the sitting room, supported on two chairs. On his



True to his vision, the Pennsylvania blew up ten miles south of Memphis, killing Mark Twain's brother, Henry.

breast lay a bouquet of flowers, white, with a single crimson bloom in the center."

Following Henry's death, after harrowing hours spent by his side, Twain had gone off with a friend to gain much needed rest. On returning to the place where Henry's body lay, Twain found that in his absence the ladies of Memphis had made up a fund of \$60 and bought a metal casket. As he entered the room he saw his brother lying exactly as he had seen him in his dream. Only the bouquet of flowers, white with a crimson center, was missing—but this was supplied even as he stood there by an elderly lady who came in with a large white bouquet. In its center was a single red rose!

Twain could not explain such experiences but they left impressions upon him which grew deeper through the years.

In 1906 he needed an article written by him for the Christian Union and published in 1885. He searched his files but could not find a copy.

Twain wanted the article very much. He intended to base a new series of articles upon it. He had to get a clipping of it somewhere. But even the office of publication could not supply him a copy. Twain went exhaustively through all his papers. No result.

Some days later Twain was in New York City on business. He was walking down Fifth Avenue, and was delayed by traffic at Forty-Second Street.

While he was waiting, a stranger rushed up and addressed him.

"Mr. Clemens!" said this man. "You don't know me—but here is something you may wish to have!"

With this, the stranger pressed some clippings into Twain's hands.

"I've been saving these for more than 20 years," he went on. "But this morning, it occurred to me to send them to you. I was going to mail them from my office, but now I'll give them to you."

Twain thanked the man, who disappeared in the crowd of passersby

Then he looked down at the clippings.

They were the very ones he wanted—from the Christian Union of 1885!

Twain reasoned that the possibilities of this ever happening by chance were millions to one. If the mind alone could create a situation like this, he felt that in time almost anything would be possible for man to accomplish.

"As to a hereafter," he once said to his biographer Paine, "we have not the slightest evidence that there is any—no evidence that appeals to logic and reason. I have never seen what to me seemed an atom of proof that there is a future life . . . and yet . . . I am strongly inclined to expect one."

With the shades of the long night

closing in and Halley's Comet once more scheduled to reappear in the heavens, Twain said: "You know, I came into this life with Halley's Comet, and it'll be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with it."

On April 21, 1910, the soul of Mark Twain took his beloved fictional characters, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn by the hand and led them off with him upon the adventure of Eternity.

I like to think of them riding the tail of Halley's Comet and calling out to it, as it hurtles on its heavenly rounds: "Giddap, old Halley—giddap! If the folks on earth could know, this thing they look upon as Death has been greatly exaggerated!"

CIVILIZATION 13,500 YEARS AGO?

THE Egyptians calculated time by cycles of 1,460 years called zodiacal cycles. Their year consisted of 365 days causing them to lose one day in every four solar years. Consequently they attained their original starting point only after 1,460 years (365×5). Their zodiacal cycle ending in 139 A.D. began 1,322 B.C. The Assyrian cycle was 1,805 years, or 22,325 lunations. An Assyrian cycle began 712 B.C. The Chaldeans state that between the Deluge and their first historic dynasty was a period of 39,180 years. The meaning of this number could be 12 Egyptian cycles *plus* 12 Assyrian lunar zodiacal cycles:

$$12 \times 1,460 = 17,520$$

$$12 \times 1,805 = 21,660 = 39,180$$

These modes of calculating time are in agreement with each other and

were known simultaneously to the Chaldeans and proceed as follows:

Zodiacal Cycle	Lunar Cycle
1,460	1,805
1,322	712
<hr/>	<hr/>
2,782	2,517
4,242	4,322
5,702	6,127
7,162	7,932
8,622	9,737
10,082	11,542
11,542	

In the year 11,542 B.C. the two cycles came together and consequently had in that year their common origin in one and the same astronomical observation.

If this is so, a learned civilization existed 135 centuries ago!



Acme

20 Million Maniacs

by G. H. Irwin

During the past few years there has been a great increase in the number of persons who suffer the delusion of hearing voices. The resulting crime wave due to the acts of those who obey the voices is alarming.

DO YOU hear voices? What would *you* say if somebody asked you that question? The incredible answer, if we are to believe the figures supplied us by a national magazine which recently asked its readers that amazing question, is that one in seven of you would say *yes*.

Army, navy and air force psychiatrists asked the same question during the war as part of the examination of potential personnel. They were astounded and perturbed at the number of affirmative answers, although naturally the percentage was much lower than that obtained by the magazine quiz in which identities were kept a confidence. Actually, one in ten Americans were rejected for military service because of mental aberrations, among them those with audio-hallucinatory tendencies.

Another national magazine recently ran an article assuring Americans that national mental health was not as bad off as it has been painted, and that for the benefit of those who worried about their own peculiarities, these were nothing to cause anxiety. Which would seem to be the old "ostrich in the sand" attitude. Assuming that the foregoing figures bear some authenticity (and at least in the case of the military they do), then it would seem definitely to be a matter for concern, and present a case for some sort of preventative and corrective research. Just what *is* the

picture on our national mental health?

Most prominent in the public lime-light recently was a series of exposés of the state of our mental hospitals. Conditions in many of these institutions were found to be deplorable. This was not so much due to callous treatment as to sheer lack of facilities—housing, trained personnel and equipment. There were some instances of brutality and neglect, but this does not reflect adversely on the praiseworthy efforts of those who did their best to help those entrusted to their care, in spite of the lack of needed items.

It is quite true that inmates of mental institutions who could have been cured are unimproved or even worsened. It is also true that many thousands of persons who require care and treatment are unable to get it because of long waiting lists. It is further true that there are many people requiring care who are *not even suspected* of aberration. It is about these persons that we are most concerned.

Considering this last group from a logical standpoint, we might ask what actual foundation exists for such concern. Since these people are not even suspected, it would seem to indicate that they do not present a problem. We might argue that a condition which causes no observable ill-effect is obviously not dangerous. The fact of the matter is that observable ill-

effects are legion, but they are being misinterpreted!

Perhaps one of the most sensational newspaper stories of a decade was the now-famous case of William Heirens, who murdered two women and a baby girl in a horrible blood-bath of sadism. He strangled and stabbed the two women to death; and he actually carved little Suzanne Degnan to bits after strangling her, then concealed the portions of her body in neighborhood cesspools. Today William Heirens is confined in a hospital for the criminally insane, and according to latest reports, his progress toward a cure is favorable.

One of the principal items played up by the newspapers after his capture was his fantastic alibi. He, William Heirens, was not guilty of the crimes, but rather, a man he knew named George Murman. Murman, he said, often met him; sometimes in taverns, sometimes in his room, sometimes on the street. Murman would tell him of some crime he had committed, and try to get Heirens to accompany him on similar missions. Heirens said that he was shocked at some of the things Murman would describe to him.

Just before the trial there was an official statement that this was just an alibi, and that Heirens did not hear voices, nor see strange men who did not exist. The State of Illinois would prefer to electrocute a murderer, rather than see him "escape" to an insane asylum and later be set free as "cured." But the truth is, Heirens was adjudged insane and it is actually a fact that he heard voices—and that *these voices urged him on to revolting sadisms that culminated in incredibly disgusting murders.*

No one suspected that William Heirens was mentally unbalanced. No one knew that he heard voices. But Heirens knew it! He had heard them for a long time. It had worried him, too, and he had studied psychology, psychiatry and behaviorism, even venturing into cultism and demonism and dark mysticism. His room was full of technical books on these subjects. Prominent among them were books on clairaudience!

In the past three years there have been countless cases of such "voices" being heard. There is the example of the woman who seized a meat cleaver and hacked her five-year-old daughter to pieces because "a voice told her to, and her mind went blank." The number of murders in which the criminal claimed a "voice" urged him on is almost fantastic. No one who reads the newspapers has failed to note the number of these cases. In an Illinois town, a young boy was arrested as he tried to wreck a train. He insisted that a voice had directed him to this action.

A great many of these cases conceivably could be lies, told by the criminals in an effort to avoid prosecution on the basis of temporary insanity. Therefore, newspaper stories of this type have been largely discounted. However, the writer has, during the past years, accumulated a file of these cases, and has personally investigated a great many of them. In the majority of such cases, psychiatric examination revealed abnormalities. Most of these cases were disposed of by commitment to an asylum.

On quite a few instances, the writer personally has interviewed the "voice" claimants, and is firmly con-

vinced that, delusion or not, these people *believe* their own stories.

However, it was not until the magazine survey of its readers became known to the writer that a startling fact became evident. It is this fact the writer intends to demonstrate—and it is upon this fact that he bases his opinion that a serious condition exists; one that demands wholehearted attention and preventative measures. Before such preventative measures can be taken, however, an understanding of the cause must be arrived at. What this cause is, no one knows today. Psychiatrists the writer has talked to have been extremely cautious even about admitting that they had noted any undue prevalence of such cases. Some of them, however, have been frank to say that the situation is alarming, and baffling.

Response to the magazine query: "Do you hear voices?" was almost unbelievable, according to the editor (whose name will be furnished upon request to persons interested). Many hundreds of people wrote, admitting that they heard voices, and stating that they would admit this to no one else, certainly not a psychiatrist or a police officer. Without exception, all wrote intelligent and coherent letters, and their sincerity was quite obvious.

Said the editor: "Based on the formula used to determine the total number of readers of any particular article, estimated from the number of comments received and total circulation recorded; and on the advertising department's formula of percentages on response to advertising, it would seem that there are twenty million people in this country who hear voices! This includes every possible variation, such as those occultists who

say they hear the voice of God, persons who believe in mental telepathy and insist that they have experienced it, either deliberately or by accident; and spiritualists and mediums."

Encouraged by these results, the editor asked a question it seems to this writer psychiatrists should have considered as an obvious one: "*What do the voices say?*"

Little or no attention has been paid to *what* the voices say. It is strange this should not have occurred to some psychiatrists, considering the large number of instances of this type of mental aberration. This lack of curiosity evidently stems from the fact that no one actually believes that people hear voices, and even when a criminal tells a police psychiatrist "a voice told me to do it," the things the voice says are not considered because of a preconceived notion that there is no voice in the first place, and that the only problem to be solved is whether or not the person is feigning his auditory delusions. Since they *are* delusions, why consider them realities? And so, they have never been considered real.

If hearing voices is a mental ailment due to disease or injury or malformation, there should be no "pattern" to the gist of the voices. That is, the voice should say almost anything, with absolutely no consistency, depending solely on the patient's own characteristics. It should be considered a rare coincidence if two mental patients were to hear precisely the same words, or even hear voices speaking on the same subject. Certainly there should be no *predominant* and almost *exclusive* subject.

There IS such a predominant and exclusive subject!

The writer makes that statement knowing that it will be assailed by every authority, every psychiatrist who reads it. But those authorities will be basing their argument on opinion, unless any of them has a file of statements from people who hear voices, outlining the things the voices say; and if they have such files, the writer would be interested in a comparison with his own!

This pattern is a systematic process of threatening bodily harm, of ridicule, and of an almost diabolical insistence on performing acts of violence and destruction.

The old "persecution complex" again; and the "tempting of the Devil"? Both of these are rationalizations; the first based on an assumption that the persecution is imagined, and not real; the second based on religious fanaticism and guilt complex. To arrive at these conclusions you must make assumptions. The writer would rather state the instances themselves, and then try for a conclusion. The following are several of the more prominent instances in his files and from the files of the editor who asked his readers questions regarding voices. Names, of course, are fictitious.

John Brown lives in one of the largest American cities. "Yes, I hear voices," he admits. He is an ex-infantryman, and has a half-dozen battle stars. He has a decoration for bravery and coolness under fire, and for an act of heroism beyond the line of duty.

"It began in France," he tells, "while we were chasing the Germans around Avranches. At first I thought it was some of my buddies, playing tricks on me, then I realized that no-

body'd play tricks like that. It was what they said that gave me the tip-off.

"There's Pete, in front of you, lying flat on his belly. How do you know he isn't waiting for you to pass him, and then he'll blow your head off? Knife him! Knife the sonovabitch in the back!"

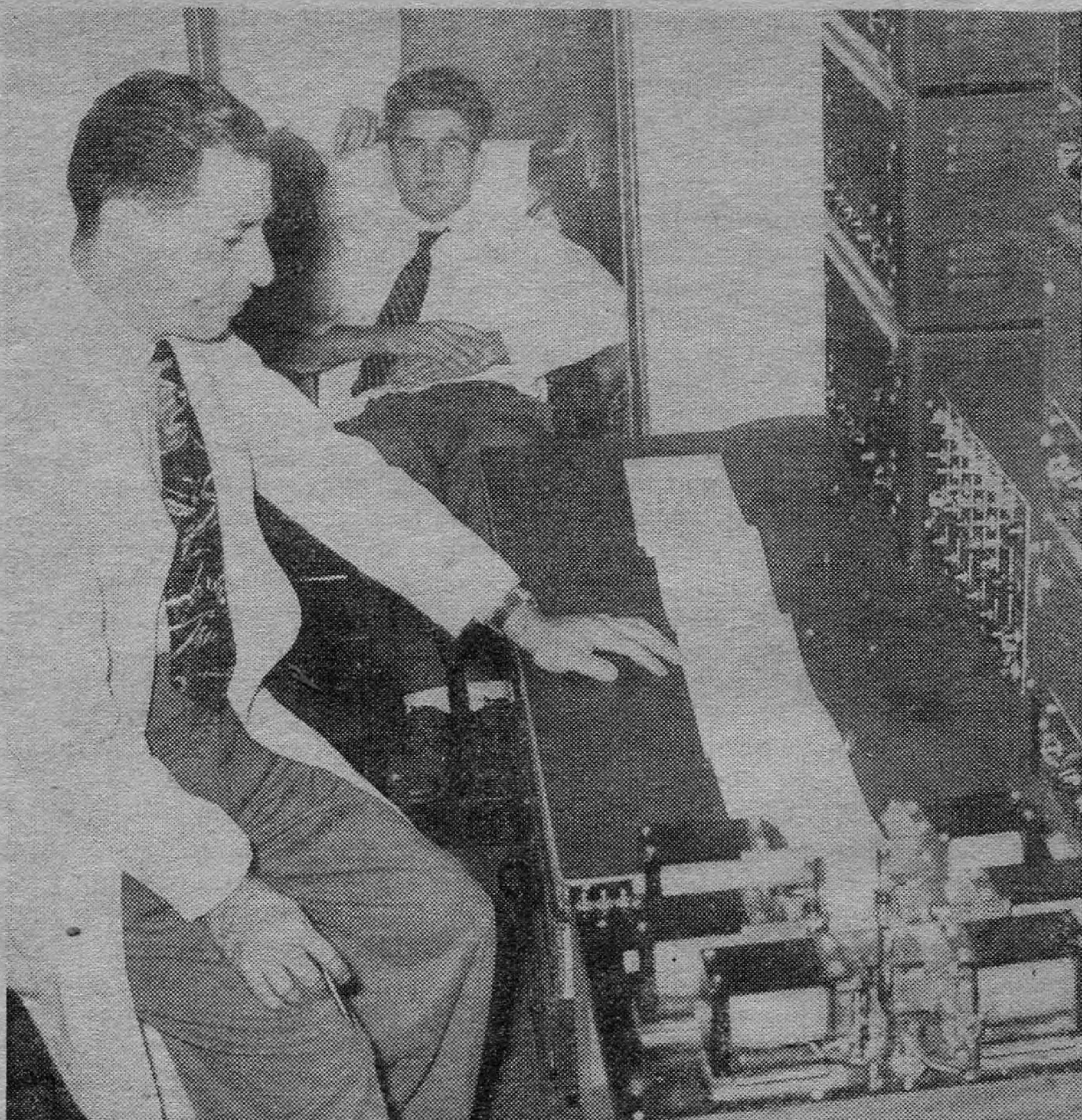
"Now, nobody'd say a thing like that, would they? And anyway, I paid close attention, and I noticed I'd hear that voice when nobody was within a hundred feet of me. It couldn't be ventriloquism.

"I thought I was going nuts. When a guy starts hearin' voices, he's got no business up in the front line. But an army nuthouse is no place to go; and if you tell the Captain you're going goofy, that's where you'll land, and wish you hadn't! It's not a nice thing to say, but a lot of guys will pretend they're nuts just to get sent back out of range of any bullets. A lot of them come back in a hurry, admitting it was just a gag, and I can guess why they change their minds!

"When nobody was around to talk about, the voice would talk about me. It would rant and rail at me, using language even I'd blush to use on a Lieutenant. 'Cut your throat, you dirty bastard! You're going nuts, Brown. Better hang yourself before you crack and run screaming up and down, frothing at the mouth!'

"I learned then that there was more than one voice. They'd talk to each other, jeering at me, calling me all the foul, filthy names I'd ever heard, and some I never heard before. They were experts, those guys!

"It got so I couldn't get any sleep. They tortured me all the time. And finally I knew it was true—I was



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Electroencephalograph used in testing the brain waves of William Heirens to aid in determining his mental condition. He was later declared insane.

crazy. I figured that no matter what they did to me, I couldn't risk running amuck and maybe killing some of my buddies like the voices told me to, but I reported my mental condition, and wound up in the looney ward.

"They shipped me back to England, and I sat on my fat pratt listening to those voices while my buddies were dying like flies over in that trap the Germans sprung on 'em. They didn't stop, though. Got worse, if possible. And now they seemed to

be out to get me. They wanted me to kill myself. So, I figured it out this way: If they wanted *me* to kill myself, it meant they weren't able to do it themselves. Which gave me the idea I wasn't so helpless after all. I decided to get out of the hospital, and gradually built up a resistance against the voices. I'd just let them rave, and after awhile they'd give up, putting in a word or two now and then just to let me know they were still there.

"I convinced the docs that I wasn't hearing voices any more, and finally they discharged me. It was just about the time the Germans gave up, and I got my boatride home almost the first transport that went over.

"I wasn't bothered much until I got home. The minute I stepped off the boat it began again. When I got into a taxi, they told me to kill the driver. 'Cut his throat from the back, the dirty sonovabitch! Give it to him! Come on, Brown, you yellow-livered coward. Kill! Kill!'

"When I discovered that I'd pulled my big-bladed jackknife out of my pocket, and had opened it, I pulled open the door of the cab at a stoplight and ran. Yeah, I ran like the coward they said I was. I was so terrified I didn't know what I was doing. I ran until I couldn't breathe any more. And I was crying like a baby. You have to be that scared to know what it's like.

"I wound up in the hospital again. I thought it was the smart thing to do, but when I found out they didn't believe a word I said, I got even more scared. I could see myself in a strait-jacket the rest of my life. So, after a month I lied again. Pretended I didn't hear any voices any more, and

they let me leave the hospital.

"I prayed to God. Why would God let such things be? What should I do? I wasn't crazy. I knew I wasn't. Those voices are real. When I pray, it seems to shut them up for awhile. I pray to God not to let me do what they tell me to. And I won't. They aren't going to run my life, no matter how much they talk!"

There's the story of John Brown. And since John Brown has been making a weekly report of what the voices say to him, he's gotten a grip on himself. The mere fact of someone listening to him and believing him has steadied him so that now he looks at the matter as a real menace which is not peculiar only to him, and one that must be solved, and that his reports will aid whatever research is going on.

John Brown tried drinking, drugs, hard work and every other means he could think of to combat the voices, and such things seemed only to make him more susceptible. He's quit such methods now that he knows he isn't crazy and now that somebody's listening to him and he's discovered he can fight back at his tormentors.

Sarah Jones is an illustrator. She does very painstaking work, and is very popular with her audience. But during the war she began to act very queerly. She would write letters to the President informing him of a plot under way to undermine the government, and to sabotage the war effort. She began to draw pictures of American flags, beautifully executed, instead of her commercial art work. She drew strange designs of mechanical devices, began to visit the library and bring back books on selenium, radio and electronics. She hardly knew how to spell the words

Her husband was amazed and dismayed. She would patiently explain something of a very highly technical nature to him, which he understood not at all, and which she should have understood even less. Because of his lack of understanding, she became secretive about the matter.

Months later, discovering a large amount of drawings and research in her desk, the husband demanded an explanation. Why was she writing the President? Why was she suddenly so patriotic, drawing flags and such things to the exclusion of all other art work? What was this selenium business?

"I have been sensitized," she told him. "Last year, when I was sick, the doctor gave me sulfanilamide. There is a new fifth column in this country that is tied up with the drug companies. Selenium is being slipped into the sulfa drugs, and this selenium lodges in the bones and makes the body receptive to extremely short waves, those in the wave band of the brain. Similar to the waves that can be detected by the encephalograph. About 30,000 people in this country have been sensitized, and at least seven secret radio stations have been set up in this country, and they are broadcasting to these sensitized persons, instructing them in the best way to perform acts of sabotage."

"You can hear these radio stations?" asked her husband, incredulously.

"Yes," she said. "And that is why I am writing the President. Something ought to be done."

Mr. Jones thought so too, and he did it. He called in a psychiatrist. Mrs. Jones went through a process of treatment. Then one day, while Mrs.

Jones was visiting her sister-in-law, her husband received a phone call from his sister.

"Is there a fire in your neighborhood?"

"Why yes. The fire engines just now arrived. A garage is blazing down the street. Quite a big fire, too. But how did you know?"

"Sarah's over here. She's been here all day. Said she came over here so she couldn't be blamed for the fire! But how could she know there *was* going to be a fire?"

Mr. Jones didn't know either, but he asked Sarah about it! And she told him.

"They broadcast it over the secret radio. They want people to start fires. They wanted me to start that fire, but I said I wouldn't. But I knew they'd get somebody else to do it, so I went away so I wouldn't be blamed for it."

Mr. Jones called the psychiatrist again.

Two weeks later, the psychiatrist himself called Mr. Jones.

"What's your wife doing waiting in my outer office?" he asked. "I have no appointment with her today. She told my desk girl she knew it, but insisted she had to stay there. Said something about not being blamed for the fire—but that was two weeks ago. . . ."

"My God, my God!" said Mr. Jones.

"What's the matter?"

"There's a three-alarm fire in the block right now. Just started. This vicinity is a madhouse of fire trucks and sirens!"

Mrs. Jones admitted that this was the fire she was staying away from so she couldn't be blamed.

Mrs. Jones is now in an insane asy-

lum. She has run away several times, but is always returned. Her husband has given up all hope of her ever regaining her sanity.

Sanity!

Insanity is no explanation for those two fires! But neither the husband nor the psychiatrist could realize the truth; that the voices were *real*, and what they said was *real*. No! This is a mental case. A delusion. There aren't *really* any voices for Mrs. Jones to hear. She's hearing them in her mind only, and they are caused by a diseased condition of her mind.

Then there's the case of Albert Doe. Albert was pretty much a bum because he couldn't hold a job. But it wasn't his fault. Every time he got a job, the voices would spoil it for him. For instance, he was a drug-store clerk. But he got fired promptly because he couldn't wait on the customers and get their order right. They would say things, and then insist they had said something entirely different. And the voices would suggest he throw the article he was selling into the customer's face.

If he managed to keep from being deceived by the voices, they simply went to work on him, cursing and ranting at him until he could not stand it, but had to quit in order to get peace.

Then the voices began to suggest that he kill his wife! To make it worse, his wife did not understand, and added her voice to the din. He left her, afraid that he *would* kill her. She had him picked up and confined to an insane asylum. For a time he maintained his stand that he heard voices, then finally realized that as long as he did, he would have no chance of being released. Eventually

he was released, whereupon his wife divorced him.

The voices plagued him to kill her. They suggested he start fires. They incited him toward acts of sabotage. They railed against the government. Albert grew suspicious. Up to now, he himself had believed the voices were illusions. But why the anti-government angle? Albert was a good American. He knew he didn't feel that way. So he performed an amazing experiment. He took "directional" readings on the voices!

Albert Doe covered the city from one end to the other, for weeks, listening to the voices, determining their direction. How, he did not know. He only knew that he could determine direction. Finally he narrowed his search down to one city block. Somewhere in that block, he decided, there was a *secret radio station* which was broadcasting mental waves, and that he was picking them up!

He went to the local F. B. I. office and voiced his suspicions. The reception he got was quite the obvious one. It was he who was investigated, and he wound up where he started, in the psychopathic ward of the local hospital under observation. He was released after several weeks, being intelligent enough to deny his assertions made at the F. B. I. office.

Still tormented by the voices, he tried to take matters into his own hands. He went to destroy the secret radio station himself! He wound up in jail for disorderly conduct and assault and battery.

Murder, rape, sabotage. Every day it happens all over America, and an uncanny number of the cases are persons who tell consistently the same

story of tormenting voices which urge them on to the crimes. Many letters from people who tell of their voices report *identical phrasing*.

Added to this are growing numbers of violent crimes on the part of children. A young boy of thirteen commits a particularly cold-blooded and premeditated killing of an eight-year-old boy. A twelve-year-old girl brutally attacks a child of six because she "wanted to kill somebody." Are these "impulses," heretofore so unprecedented but now becoming so frequent, the same sort of thing as the voices? Or are voices actually involved, and that point just has not been brought out?

The writer's investigations are limited. They are far from comprehensive or conclusive. Yet he feels that they cannot be ignored. Certainly the results of the magazine poll cannot be ignored. There seems to be a potentiality for trouble that may crop up in horrible form in one out of seven of our population. Even if this figure is grossly over-estimated, the facts are frightening enough.

Is it the result of long years of war strain? Is it the hysteria of the after-effect of global conflict? Have we "cracked under the tension" as a nation? Are we going mad?

The situation is serious from a number of standpoints. Economi-

cally, we are being placed under a severe tax strain if we attempt to care for our mentally deficient in a proper manner. Strategically, our potential manpower for either peacetime production or war is reduced by a staggering number of advance casualties. Morally, we are faced with an aggregate degeneration which can produce a crime wave such as this nation has never before faced—if it can be said that we are not already engulfed in it. Certainly our police records cannot duplicate the amazing type of criminality which is flooding our newspapers today. Sadistic murders by children! Ghastly crimes committed solely because a "voice" directed the action. A sort of hypnotic "suggestion" on an incredible scale.

These voices DO exist, and it would be well for psychiatrists to investigate them. The dogmatic "ostrich-attitude" of disbelief in the voices is dangerous—if the voices do exist. The Army and Navy ask the question: do you hear voices? Perhaps it ought to be asked more often.

This writer is asking it every day.

Do YOU hear voices? And what do they say . . . ?

It's time we looked to our national mental health. And it's time for those of us who think we're sane to pay some constructive attention to those we think are not!

MAYA SKULL AND CROSSBONES

IT WASN'T the pirates of the Spanish Main who devised the Jolly Roger, the skull and crossbones, as a sign of death. On the ruins of the village of Nohcacab near Uxmal there are many excellent bas-relief sculptures of the death symbol.

They are carved with great artistic skill on stones two feet three inches high. It is believed that the ruin is the holy place where idols and deities presented the people with the death concept.—*Incidents of Travel in Yucatan* by John L. Stephens, 1843.



ANCIENT RELIGIONS...No. 1

THE CULT OF DIONYSUS

by C. N. W. Maxwell

OUT of Asia into Greece a thousand years before the birth of Christ came a god who was the son of a god to lead the Greeks into new ways of worship. Dionysus was the god of fruitfulness and of wine and in his worship were celebrated such orgies and wild revels as cannot be described even in this "modern" age. But despite the savage paganism of Dionysiac rites, some of the practices observed by the devotees of the wine god are identical with those of Christianity today.

Dionysus was called Bacchus, Sabazius, Bassareous, Zagreous and by many other names in many countries, and the legends about him are almost as numerous as the grapes borne by his vines. The main outlines of his history and worship are well known, however. When he is first depicted in Greek art it is as a rugged, often bearded, male figure. Later he becomes softened, sensual, and even effeminate. He is worshipped by both men and women, but it is the women who go mad with ec-



More than 2,000 years ago there were many weird religions, some of which held sway over whole civilizations with almost incredible completeness. The worship of Dionysus was among the most exotic of all

stays in his mystic rites.

Dionysus was born in Thebes (according to the Thebans), the son of Zeus, king of the gods, and of Semele, daughter of Cadmus, whose name means "earth" in Phrygian, a language of Asia Minor. Semele requested Zeus to appear before her as the god of lightning. The bolt killed Semele but Zeus saved the infant Dionysus from the flames and enclosed the babe in his own thigh until he reached maturity. When Dionysus was reborn from the thigh of Zeus he

was taken to the nymphs of Mt. Nysa to be reared.

In another legend, Dionysus was the son of Zeus and Persephone, also a nature goddess, and was brought up secretly by the Curetes. But when jealous Hera, the wife of Zeus, discovered who Dionysus was, she sent the Titans to tear him to pieces. They cooked and ate his limbs while Athena carried his heart to Zeus. Zeus gave it to Semele who was impregnated with it and gave to the god a second birth under the name of

Dionysus.

All the myths agree that Dionysus died and was reborn, often more than once. These beliefs came to take a dominant place in the wild rituals held in his worship.

The Athenians said that when Dionysus entered the northern borders of Attica for the first time, he came to the peasant Ikarios, gave him the vine and told him how to plant and care for it. Ikarios gave unmixed wine to some shepherds he befriended. They became drunk and thought they were poisoned and killed Ikarios. When they sobered up they buried his body but his daughter Erigone found the grave and hanged herself on a nearby tree. Dionysus was so angry at the death of Ikarios he sent a plague to the people and was appeased only when they offered him an emblem of male fertility.

To make amends for the death of Erigone, the maidens of Attica began to hang themselves. This practice became so widespread that the Athenians substituted a festival in which the young girls swung from trees. This ritual swinging from trees came to have a definite place in the worship of Dionysus.

Homer tells how once the youth Dionysus stood overlooking the sea and was captured by Tyrrhenian pirates and taken aboard their ship. He burst his bonds easily and the pilot decided he was a god and warned his fellow seamen. They laughed at his foolish fears, and then Dionysus performed miracles. He caused wine to pour into the hold. A vine laden with grapes clambered over the sail and an ivy plant climbed to the top of the mast. The frightened sailors tried to put in to shore but

Dionysus, now enraged, transformed himself into a lion, seized the captain and drove the sailors into the sea, where they became dolphins. Only the pilot who had recognized his divinity was spared.

Dionysus traveled as far as India spreading his worship and the culture of the grape. He gave the golden touch to King Midas, and then took the gift back when Midas could neither eat nor drink because everything he touched turned to gold. His orgiastic rites were opposed by Pentheus, king of Thebes, and when Pentheus was discovered watching one of the mad Dionysiac ceremonies of the women he was mistaken for a wild animal and chased and slain by his own mother.

The Thracian king Lycurgus also opposed Dionysus and was later blinded by Zeus and hewed down by his own son in a Dionysiac revel when the son mistook the blind king for a vine. These legends seem to depict symbolically the resistance and persecution which were met by the early worshippers of Dionysus. The three daughters of Minyas who refused to participate in the night orgies with the other women were transformed into birds. When the daughters of Proitos showed contempt for his rites, Dionysus drove them mad, and later healed them.

Dionysus won over all the opposition to his cult, and compelled the whole east from India to Greece to accept him as the god of plant life and fertility. He was the producer of those forms of vegetation useful to man, and his worship spread to assure the bountiful harvests and the fertility of the tumescent fields. It is a mistake to consider him only as the

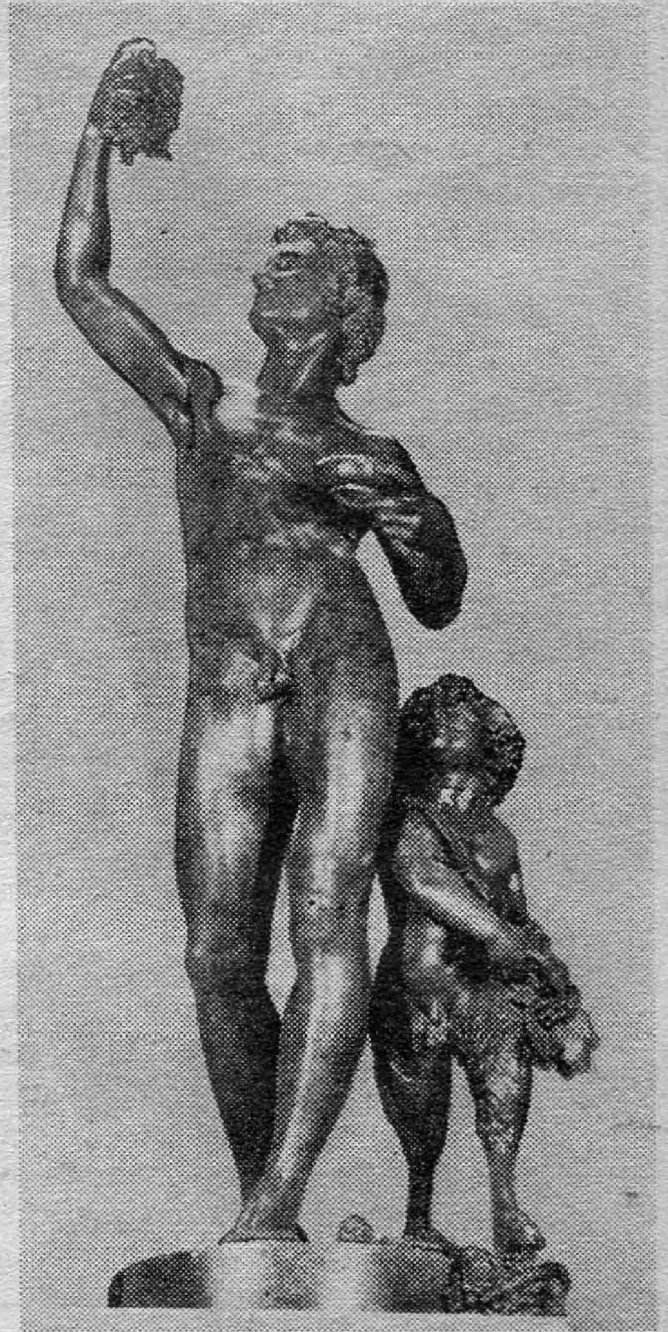
god of wine; the error arose because of the ecstatic wine-inspired orgies which accompanied his worship.

The vine was his symbol but he had other symbols. Mainly they were symbols of fertility: the bull, the phallus, the ivy wreath, the thyrsus, the serpent, and the kantharos, a large two-handled goblet. He was called Dendrites ("he of the tree") because of his upstanding manliness and his duties as a god of nature's productivity.

After Dionysus had established himself as a god he descended into the underworld to bring out his mother. He also liberated Ariadne, his wife, from the underworld. Dionysus' most famous redemption from the underworld was Persephone, Demeter's daughter, but she ate four pomegranate seeds and thereafter had to spend four months of every year in Hades as the wife of Pluto—while Demeter mourned above and the earth remained barren. It is possible that Dionysus' ability to release spirits from Hades symbolizes the ability of his gift of wine to release the mind from earthly cares.

We shall never know the detail about some of the rites of Dionysus because they are "mysteries" and even the least superstitious Greeks did not dare to reveal them. But in the pattern of Dionysiac history we see a gradual change from wild spontaneous outbursts of religious emotions through the centuries until they were finally molded into formal presentations of choral songs, tragedies and comedies.

In the early days the religious orgies involved human sacrifices. The human victim representing the god Dionysus was torn apart in a mad



Acme

This bronze statue, "Bacchus (Dionysus) and a Young Fawn," by Jacopo Sansovino, stands in the huge West Sculpture Hall of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C.

revel and his flesh was eaten raw and his blood was drunk hot. Later, animals were substituted for the human victims—and eventually wine for the blood. But whatever the symbol, the devotees believed they were drinking the blood and eating the flesh of the living god Dionysus. They rent the limbs and gulped the flesh and blood in mad haste to down it before the spirit could flee. They believed they were becoming one with the god in a savage ceremony that was a primitive communion service, and no less a true communion for being wildly pagan.

The ecstasies of the Dionysiac revels were not brought on wholly by the wine or by other stimulants or narcotics which the worshippers drank. It was a mob madness, accentuated by the night and the scores of whirling dancers, tossing their heads and waving their torches. They believed that revellers from the unseen world were dancing with them. Their excitement was increased by the wild clamor and the music of pipes and tambourines. As the tempo increased, the dance whirled ever faster, and the women wove live serpents into their hair. Then there was the slaying of the sacrificial victim and the rending of his limbs, the gulping of the warm red flesh, the drinking of the hot blood. The stench of the sacrificed bull, kid or fawn hung sickly sweet over the wild scene which whirled ever faster, its color increased by the blood-stained faces of the dancers.

They had killed the god and eaten him; spiritually they were becoming one with the immortals. The thought possessed them like madness and they reached the peak of religious exaltation in uncontrollable frenzy. And

then the dance slowed, the music died. Finally in silence the worshippers contemplated their unity with the great god. . . .

The society of Thyiades played a leading part in the earlier Delphic ceremonials to Dionysus. They were sacred women who climbed the walls of Parnassus to worship Dionysus and Apollo. Even in the winter snows they danced about the fires bearing pine torches. Along the roads they performed whirling dances.

The purposes of the Dionysiac ceremonies were to perform a kind of ritual magic to assist the growth of new crops. In the processions was carried the phallophoria, a figure representing the male generative organ. The modern Thracian carries such a figure to this day as he performs his sacred plowing. The cities erected phallic monuments as symbols of vegetative magic, and the peasant and his wife procreated in the fields at the time of sowing or reaping to assure the fertility of the soil.

There was not as much immorality as one might expect, despite the self-abandonment of the Dionysiac worshippers. Although Euripides says "Dionysus does not constrain women to be chaste," another Greek remarks that "even in the Bacchic orgy, the virtuous woman will not be corrupted." The ceremonies differed, however, with time and place. The wildest and most dissolute celebrations are believed to have occurred at the town of Brauron, near the coast, where the Dionysia Brauronia was celebrated every five years. So aroused did the participants become that men and women left the ceremonies and made love at scores of hidden trysting places. Little girls



At secret night rites women devotees of Dionysus danced around fires and ate the raw flesh of sacrificed animals.

at Brauron, all under 10 years of age, wore bear skins and imitated bears, calling for human blood. Later they dressed in saffron-colored robes but they were still called "bears."

The basic characteristics and purposes of the Dionysiac ceremonies, however, were more solemn than the light-hearted love-making which might accompany some of the festivals. Yet even in sophisticated Athens the holy marriage of Dionysus and the queen-archon was celebrated each year.

The ceremony symbolized the union of Dionysus and the state of

Athens, yet somehow an actual physical union took place. The ancient temple of Dionysus in the marshes was opened only once a year on the day of this marriage. There, holy women closely associated with the queen performed certain mystic rites. Within the temple stood a tablet on which was written the law that regulated the queen's conduct during the ceremony. Perhaps the priest himself took the part of the god in the marriage consummation, or perhaps the "marriage" was accomplished by means of a puppet and a sacred couch. Today we only know that an

actual consummation was enacted; we do not know how.

There were four main festivals to Dionysus in Attica each year. In January was the feast of wild women. In February was the Anthesteria, which combined ceremonies accompanying the opening of the new wine with a sort of "all-souls" festival. It was here that the symbolic marriage between Dionysus and the wife of the king-archon occurred. In March was the greater, or city Dionysia, representing the entrance of Dionysus into Attica. In December the peasants celebrated an unrestrained and vulgar rural Dionysia. There were other local festivals throughout Greece, and they did not necessarily correspond with the Attic festivals.

The city Dionysia was divided into four main parts: the public processions, the chorus of youths, the band of revellers, and the representation of a comedy and tragedies. The wildest and most colorful of these divisions was the public procession, which had a fixed order.

In the lead came a mob of dancing, shouting disciples, decorated with leaves and plants, especially the ivy and vine. They were beating drums, playing musical instruments. Some were dressed in fawn or goat skins. This crowd was followed by the bearers of sacred vessels or jars, one of which was always filled with water. Then came noble maidens, bearing mystic golden baskets filled with fruit, and sometimes serpents, both of which represented fruitfulness and fertility. Then came the phallophoroi, crowned with flowers and carrying symbolic images of manhood, followed by a group of men dressed as women, reeling as if intoxicated

and crowned with flowers. In the rear followed a group carrying the liknon, or sacred fan of Dionysus Liknites, signifying a winnowing fan and also a cradle.

The rural Dionysia, of course, was much less elaborate. There was a procession through the village, during which both the participants and the spectators shouted indecent phrases at each other. The phallophoroi sometimes performed on the village stage, and when the song was over they advanced and reviled persons in the audience. This was a form of ritual cursing which was not to be taken personally—indeed it was supposed to benefit those being cursed. Because of the connections established at the festivals, Dionysus became the patron god of the guilds of actors.

In the springtime, when the vine was blooming, the women went up into the hills to meet the reborn god, and for two days they drank without restraint. In one of the ceremonies they hunted wildly about for Dionysus in the fields and forests, pretending that he had forsaken them. The groves might be filled with huntresses in this strange search, stumbling upon each other in the darkness, carrying their torches, each shrilling her plaintive call. At length when they could not find the god, they ceased their search and announced that he had fled and concealed himself with the Muses. The origin of this search is believed to be the legend of Demeter's search for Persephone, snatched down to Hades.

At the festival of Dionysus Lampeter, the women carried mysterious statues into the temple, singing their songs and guided by the light from

flickering torches. The chief of this procession was called "Bakcheios," meaning "the exciter-to-frenzy." One Greek early described the festivals: "In the mysteries the Bakchik votaries perform orgies in honor of the frenzied Dionysus, exciting their sacred madness with the eating of raw flesh." At the Elean Dionysiac festival, empty wine jars were placed in the temple which was sealed. When the temple was reopened the jars were found mysteriously filled with wine.

Dionysus traveled through many lands, trying to teach men to enjoy lives of greater freedom and pleasure. His followers included the spirits of fertility, such as the satyrs. He was a god of wine, of sex, of music and dancing and play-acting. But it would be quite wrong to interpret these pleasures as ends in themselves—as men today interpret the injunction to "wine, women and song." They were only means to the larger ends of nature worship.

The wine was a stimulant to help men lose their worldly cares and troubles and merge their spirit with the god in a keen religious ecstasy. The symbols of sex and the actual erotic manifestations of the Dionysiac orgies, the trystings, the reproductions of the male generative organs, the lewd and vulgar jests of the rural Dionysia, were nature emblems of fertility, designed to influence the productivity of the teeming earth. The plays, the music, the choruses, the dancing were solemn ceremonials, at first part of a serious religious pageant and later the world's first great theatrical productions.

The concept of immortality, for instance, can be traced back to the orgies where the votaries of Dionysus

rent the limbs and ate the flesh and became one with the god. They termed their condition an *ecstasis*, a going out of souls to be one with Dionysus and to be free of their body.

This was the reasoning behind their belief: The Titans who had slain Dionysus were believed to be the ancestors of man, and the taint of their titanic original sin rested upon all mankind. As a punishment, their souls were enclosed in the flesh. But since the Titans had eaten Dionysus, every man harbored a particle of that indestructible spirit in his own soul. Hence man was immortal and in the ceremonies they commemorated the slaying and eating of the god to absorb his divine essence anew. Their belief was strengthened by the knowledge that Dionysus himself (a son of the chief god, Zeus) had been dead, even though he was a god, and resurrected from the dead.

The belief in death and resurrection is often met in nature worship, where it is linked to the seasonal death of plant life in autumn and its rebirth in the spring. But it is also implicit in the Christian faith.

And finally there was the belief in transubstantiation—the conviction that the worshippers who ate the flesh of animals and drank their blood were actually eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the god himself. Here is a fundamental belief of great groups of Christians, who seek to merge with Christ in holy communion. For whether in drinking the wine or eating the bread they believe they are actually eating His flesh and drinking His blood—or merely eating the symbols thereof—the idea traces back to the pagan Greek worshippers of the god Dionysus.



Ronald Colman, listening to a phantom voice in the new Universal-International picture, "A Double Life." In this picture, Ronald Colman finds himself also playing the life of Othello, and plays both parts with great acting skill.

THE first time I ever witnessed spirit phenomena was in the seclusion of my own home without the presence of any medium or any strangers. My young wife had attended a spirit seance with a

woman friend and was much impressed. We decided to investigate spirit phenomena ourselves. A medium, J. F. Ireland, gave us explicit instructions on how to hold a seance circle at our home so that we could

INVISIBLE BEINGS WALK THE EARTH

by R. J. Crescenzi

Do the dead walk among us, unseen, giving us their aid and guidance?

discover the truth personally, and without outside help.

We invited five married couples to join with us—all close friends. I prepared a large bedroom upstairs by putting dark curtains at the five windows and placing chairs around a small but rather heavy table. On the table we placed a vessel full of water with some flowers in it, a mouth organ, and a small bell.

We locked the door and the 12 of us seated ourselves in a circle away from the table and close to the wall. We joined hands in a circle. Sitting there in the darkness we sang several religious songs and repeated the invocation of The Lord's Prayer, then waited in silence. The only sound in the room was that of our breathing. After five minutes we again joined in singing, and then listened. Suddenly we all felt the chill of cold water being sprinkled upon us, and the leaves and petals of the flowers falling over our persons.

We began asking questions of the invader of our dark room but no answer came back to any of us at that time. After a moment or so of silence, my wife said loudly, "Here! Leave my hair alone! Oh, somebody's hands are loosening my hair!" At the same time we could hear hairpins hitting all over the room.

One of the men exclaimed, "Hey! Somebody has hung something on my right ear! I believe it's a hairpin. Who is it?"

"Neoma!" came a woman's clear voice in instant answer. Neoma was the name of my wife's sister who had passed away several years before.

Meanwhile, all the hairpins had been taken out of my wife's nearly five-foot-long hair. In our excitement we broke up the meeting by turning on the light. That shining mass of hair was spread over the back of my wife's chair and trailed onto the floor, as if arranged for a portrait.

We were all excited. Who or what had sprinkled the water and flowers? Who had pulled the hairpins and arranged my wife's hair so artistically?

We knew it could not have been one of us for we were sitting still in our chairs, holding each other's hands. The door was securely locked and the key was in my wife's purse.

This event happened 46 years ago and I have since witnessed hundreds of spirit phenomena. I have seen spirits. I have watched objects materialize before my eyes. I have been in constant contact with a young son who passed away 23 years ago at the age of 16. I have seen and experienced hundreds of things for which there seemed to be no other explana-

tion than that they were performed by the invisible beings who surround us.

During these years I have seen many fake mediums. I have helped to expose some of them. I believe that only about a fourth of mediums are genuine. At the same time I believe that only another fourth are out-and-out fakes. Of the others, it has been my experience that another fourth are self-hypnotized and believe that they are working as true mediums but are incapable of anything but auto-suggestion. Another fourth are those persons who work not only through spirit, but also their objective selves, and cannot be trusted for that reason.

After our first experience in that darkened bedroom, we held our meetings once each week through the winter and spring. Independent voices began to come at our third seance, and the sounds of singing and playing instruments. Important advice came from voices out of the air on business matters, health, and so on. Once an independent voice sang in two strange tongues at the same time. While his words in the two languages (he said they were Old Arabian and Persian) were meaningless to us, yet they were clearly enunciated and blended in a delightful manner quite impossible to describe in written words.

After we turned on the light at the close of one meeting, the table which had stood directly in the center of the room and weighed close to 40 pounds had completely disappeared from the room. When we descended the stairs there it was, resting topside down on the library table in the living room. None of us had heard any

noise during the seance that could have been made by removing the table.

The following fall we resumed our seances in the downstairs living room, sitting about the library table and holding our hands upon it palms down. Loaded with books and other objects, the table must have weighed about 250 pounds. At about the middle of that group of meetings, the heavy table without any warning began to lift itself from the floor. A voice we had not heard before said: "Kick your chairs back and hold onto the table, because it wants to fly away."

We all put our weight onto the table in an effort to hold it down but it kept rising. Finally, when we were on tip-toe, one of our group called out "Let go." We did so and pushed ourselves and our chairs back close to the wall. Soon we heard the table strike the beamed ceiling and the same voice said, "Keep to the wall where you are." Then the table came down to rest on the floor as lightly as a feather. "Even a thousand of you would have been unable to hold it down," the voice said.

A few meetings after this we were requested to construct a pine wood box, fastened together with screws, and to enclose a certain book. I built the box myself, of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch boards. At the next meeting I placed the book inside the box with everyone present and observing, and I screwed down the lid. At the end of the seance the book was found on top of the table. The box seemed unmarked in any way. When we unscrewed the lid we found that the box was empty!

Without the presence of a medium I have only once *seen* a spirit. I had



Ronald Colman, playing the part of Othello, listens to the phantom voice which is urging him to smother the beautiful Desdemona, played by Signe Hasso, in Universal-International's "A Double Life."

owned two beautiful dogs, Juno and her offspring Cuby, both of which disappeared one day. I was very fond of them and grieved deeply. I awoke one morning and found the cold muzzle of Cuby in my face. "Where's Juno?" I asked her, and she looked with mournful eyes to the door. My voice awakened my wife and we looked toward the door and saw a

man dressed in white. We recognized him as an acquaintance who had died some 10 months before and whose daughter had been given a puppy—a sister of Cuby. He spoke to us. "Somebody else has her and she could not come." Then both man and dog disappeared and we knew that our pets were dead.

The most incredible incident I ever

witnessed did more than anything else to keep me from being a cynical unbeliever. About 25 years ago I attended the service in a Spiritualist church where a capable and renowned medium was the speaker and had charge of the work. He usually spoke under full control and this night, after he was entranced, instead of starting his lecture he announced that his subject would be an answer to a certain minister who had been preaching against spiritualists' activities as works of the devil.

"To make my answers to this minister more forceful and convincing," said the speaker, "I need something that I must send for." Then he sat down and bowed his head.

Intently I watched him, his surroundings, and the large unopened Bible on the table on the rostrum. *In about five minutes I saw a medium-sized red book placed by invisible hands on top of the Bible!* The speaker arose then, stepped to the rostrum, and his controlling intelligence explained that this was the only book of its kind in America and that it would provide the key to what he wanted to find in the Bible. He consulted it, read a passage, and went on with his lecture.

Now what of the book? After the lecture, I asked the medium where it had come from. He did not know but suggested I ask the control. Soon I was talking to the member of the controlling band of intelligences through the medium.

"And why do you want to know, Richard, where I got the book?" he asked.

"Oh, out of curiosity and to find out what a big thief you are," I replied jokingly.

"It belongs to Mrs. (name omitted) of Brady, Ohio, who is now at the winter camp at Cassadega, Florida. When I was told that the book was needed I had to find out who had it and where. My hardest work was to dematerialize it out of the steel safe. Then I had to take it out of that locked and boarded-up mansion and put it together again here in Tampa. It took me about five minutes and that is the slowest work I've done in a very long time."

Mrs. Crescenzi (the author's wife) had written down the name and address of the lady who owned the red book. Two days later she went to Cassadega to learn the truth. She found the lady named and asked her if she was indeed the owner of the book.

"Why yes," the woman answered. "It is in my safe with other valuables in my house at Brady, Ohio. But I am curious to know why you ask."

When my wife explained that the book was now in the First Spiritualist Church of Tampa, the woman said that it could not have been borrowed in any other way without blowing the safe. We sent the book back in the spring after the woman had returned home.

During the first World War we received news from a martyred European king whose country fought with the Allies. I do not know the cause of our spiritual rapport with the king unless it was because there had been a warm friendship between him and some of my relatives in Italy. Eleven days before the end of the war he predicted that the butchery was practically ended and took his leave of us for the last time. I have many friends who can witness that I frequently

told them of war developments before they actually happened.

About 20 years ago we joined a group of Spiritualists on a fish fry at the edge of the bay near the mouth of a creek. As we were getting ready to leave we watched a small boy snap a picture of some large bushes of mangrove and sea-grapes at the edge of the creek. He was using an old-style camera with dry plates 3x4 inches in size. He had taught himself to develop negatives and print his own pictures. That same evening he developed the plate and made several prints. I saw one of these prints the next morning.

Intermingled with those bushes along the edge of the water were 36 faces of spirits, all clearly identifiable. There were men and women, children and octogenarians. Several were easily recognized as local persons who had been dead for varying periods of time.

This young lad was self taught. His parents knew nothing of photography. He could never have been able to insert one face in the photograph, much less 36. I am convinced that they put themselves in view of the camera because they were there rejoicing with the living mortals who believed and knew that they were not dead but only separated for a time.

There are several ways in which an inexperienced person can detect the real from the faked. For one thing, there is a peculiar and distinctive odor at the first sign of a truly materialized intelligence. It is the same odor that faintly permeates a room where a dead person is lying in state after rigor mortis has set in. Another thing, when a genuine medium is tied he invariably uses a small soft

cord. The fake medium invariably uses a stiff cord or rope.

If a true materialization medium is willing to subject himself to the ignominy of a test, the procedure will be something like this:

The medium will be using a soft cotton cord about $\frac{3}{16}$ inch in diameter and about 10 feet long. He enters the cabinet, which may be no more than a corner hung off with dark curtains, and calls the audience to come and inspect him. He shows them the cord and asks them to search his clothes. After the inspection he remains seated and the curtain is closed.

The audience sings a song, the medium is taken under spirit control and tied—a procedure lasting about half a minute. A new voice is then heard, calling the audience to turn on the light and inspect the medium. This is done. He will be found to be in a complete trance, insensible to sound or pain.

His ankles are looped tight with a double hitch and a knot to the legs of the chair between rungs. The two ends of the cord are passed around the back of the chair and cross each other—the one on the right comes to tie his left wrist, the other ties his right. His wrists are wrapped four or five times, from front toward the back, and the end of the cord is slipped under the turns and brought to the front again—and the cord is wrapped so tightly that the only way the end could be shoved under is in the way a rigger does with a marlin spike—or, the ends are put under, then wrapped over and pulled as a slip knot. Both wrists are pressed close against his sides and hips, leaving the fingers away from each hand with a space of about six inches, and then the two



While chatting with stage hands at the stage entrance to the theater, Ronald Colman begins to think of himself as Othello, playing opposite Desdemona, on the stage in the old play. Invisible voices suggest that he commit murder.

ends are triple-knotted in front, thus making it impossible for the hands to be moved an inch in any direction.

Once this inspection is completed, the seance is resumed. Spirits manifest through the curtains. The audience will see only the face of some and the full form of others. Many walk out to speak with some dear friend who may be present. This keeps on until the strength of the medium is exhausted and the control-

ling spirit calls a halt. The lights come on again and the medium is still seen to be securely tied. The curtains go down again and in only two or three seconds the cord flops onto the floor and the medium comes out, rubbing his wrists and ankles to restore normal circulation.

Here is a test we give mediums who are not subject to being tied. A young medium came to Tampa and we invited 36 persons to witness his

work. Among our guests were two ministers, one M.D., and one LL.D. The cabinet was erected in a corner, between two doors. All windows were darkened, doors locked, and the keys were held by one of the ministers.

The medium was stripped to his shorts. His bare feet were placed in a large pan of flour on the floor, and his hands were filled with flour and placed on his knees.

Sixty-seven full-size spirits manifested that evening. They were of all ages, all kinds of dress, and even a gigantic Chinese came out into the middle of the room and spoke to us in broken English, saying, "God bless you, brothers and sisters, for your work in establishing a lost truth."

At the end of the seance we found the medium exactly as we had left him—except that there was not a speck of flour to be seen anywhere—on his hands, on his feet, in the pan, or on the floor!

My wife was warned of the approaching death of her mother by her father, a Civil War veteran who had passed away when she was a small girl. She hastened to Sullivan, Indiana, only to find her mother in such good health that she thought the warning must have been false. But just a few days later her mother complained of being ill, took to her bed, and passed away.

For several months after the death of our beloved 16-year-old son 23 years ago, we tried unsuccessfully to communicate with him. Then six months to the day of his death we established contact—not through a medium but direct. We were visiting our married daughter in the evening and she was playing the phonograph. No sooner had the music begun than

both ceiling chandeliers and a Chinese vase suspended from an archway began swinging and swaying in rhythm to the music. The chandeliers were heavy and the doors and windows were closed.

"How strange! They have never done that before," our daughter said. "Mama, I bet that is Brother Lance-lot. Is that you, Lance?"

The chandeliers stopped swinging at once and the vase began revolving in a rotary motion, as if it had gone crazy. That was our first contact with our lost Lance. We established a code for questions and answers and this reunion lasted until late that night. Twenty-three years have gone by and while we have been separated by (to us) an uncrossable chasm, we have been in constant contact with our boy. We have been able to converse with him at any time we wish. He has never failed us.

Lance has opened his sister's room on hot nights. He has opened the front door for us when we had left the key inside the house. One morning he brought my watch, that I had left upstairs in a trouser pocket, and deposited it on a table in my little laboratory in the back yard. He has restored a fountain pen and a house-robe which were stolen on different occasions.

Whenever anyone of us is perplexed about a problem, we place a small writing tablet and a pencil on a small table and, without fail, within 24 hours we find written on the tablet the answer to our problem. We have seen Lancelot several times, and I have shaken hands with him. I have even kissed him.

In my mind there is no doubt. Our dear ones are not lost forever.



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Medicine-Man Denehashehe (Salty Navaho) (in hat) looks on while Dietitian Velma Cranfill, Loma Linda, Calif., prepares new relief food made from soy beans. 6,000 pounds of the foodstuff was donated for Navaho relief by Meals for Millions Foundation of Los Angeles.

AMERICA...

You Should Be Ashamed!

Recent publicity has brought out the fact that the Navaho Indians have been in danger of starvation. They have received relief, but nothing has been done to remedy the great injustice under which they live.

IT WAS a white man who took the first shot at an Indian. That shot is regarded by those who follow the profession of warriors as the first of a war, and war is considered "honorable." The Indian lost that war; which was a defense of his home against an invader. In losing, he was a "painted savage who sadistically scalped his fallen foe and fastened the bloody trophy to his belt."

Today the white man is the magnanimous conquerer who brought civilization to the Red Man, returned vast portions of his land to him to be his forever, and provided him with such fine educational facilities that almost every Indian who wishes, is a college graduate. The Indian is happy, free, comfortable, and unrestricted. He has many *gratuitous* privileges. His trout streams and lakes are teeming with fighting beauties; while those of the white man are depleted. It costs him nothing to live; and he

has so many oil wells he can't find time to manage them all.

Nine out of ten Americans will read the foregoing and nod their heads. "Quite true," they will say. "Those Indians got all the breaks, losing that war!"

That whole concept is false! The Indian has been scalped of his respectability, stripped of his pride, isolated on barren wastelands or denied the use of those which are not barren, grossly mismanaged, given no more legal right in the courts of the land than a Jap or a Russian, or a Hottentot, left to starve amid squalor and denied even the right to vote in the country which was originally his!

Such statements require proof. Here it is:

In the January issue of *Mammoth Western*, a pulp fiction magazine published by the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company of Chicago, the following one-page article entitled "Plight of



New Mexico organizations sponsored a Navaho Caravan from Albuquerque and Santa Fe to transport food and clothing to hungry and cold Navaho Indians. Contents of the "Indian Friendship Train" are unloaded and distributed at Gallup.



Acme

the Navaho" appeared:

"During July and August of 1947 the Navaho Indians in New Mexico were deprived of their means of livelihood by a series of unavoidable catastrophes and face extreme privation and hardship and perhaps even starvation this winter. The government order which contributed to this condition was for the slaughter of the herds of sheep which form the Navaho's sole support. The Navaho nation, up to now, has been entirely self-sustaining from its sheep-raising, rug-weaving and silverwork. Without sheep, they cannot obtain wool for rug-weaving; they cannot sell sheep to obtain money for purchasing silver; providing meat for food this winter will be impossible.

"Perhaps, it has been necessary to slaughter the sheep to conserve grazing lands from destruction, as has been suggested, or perhaps it is true that the action became necessary to prevent contamination among both Indians and Whites because of a diseased condition directly attributable to the explosion of the first atom bomb in the neighborhood, the effects of which are still being felt. However, that is another matter, already being very hotly argued by leading scientists. Right now the plight of the Navaho people in the winter months is our concern.

"We suggest two courses of action, to be taken by our readers in a purely humanitarian way. First, PLEASE SEND PACKAGES OF NON-PERISHABLE FOOD TO THE NAVAHO IMMEDIATELY, AND CONTINUE TO DO SO THROUGHOUT THE COMING WINTER TO HELP THIS HONORABLE INDIAN NATION'S

<p>CLASS OF SERVICE</p> <p>This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its desired character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.</p>	<h1>WESTERN UNION</h1> <p>JOSEPH L. EGAN PRESIDENT</p>	1201	<p>SYMBOLS</p> <p>DL = Day Letter</p> <p>NL = Night Letter</p> <p>LC = Deferred Cable</p> <p>NLT = Cable Night Letter</p> <p>Any Radiogram</p>
<p>The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.</p>			
<p>SB133 NL PD=LOSANGELES CALIF 20</p> <p>RAYMOND A PALMER=</p> <p>:185 NORTH WABASH AVE AMAZING STORIES CHgo</p>		<p>1947 NOV 20 PM 2 47</p> <p><i>BX</i></p>	
<p>HONORABLE SIR TO YOUR ETERNAL GREATNESS OF SOUL HAVE YOU COME TO THE AID OF A DISINHERITED AND STARVING PEOPLE. MAY THE SUNRISE LIVE IN YOUR HEART ALL THIS COMING YEAR=</p> <p>TONTO THUNDERCLOUD SHOOTING STAR HIGH-SKY WILL ROGERS JR AND AMERICAN INDIAN CITIZENS LEAGUE INCLUDING MEMBERS OF 76 TRIBES.</p>			
<p>.TONTO 76</p>			
<p><small>THIS COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE</small></p>			

This telegram is an expression of the gratitude of the Navaho Nation to the readers of the pulp magazine, Amazing Stories, who came to their aid.

PEOPLE THROUGH A CRISIS IN THEIR HISTORY. Second, "adopt" an Indian child, and pledge yourself to support that child through the winter. Really be a "great white father"! Either of these things can be done by addressing the following persons:

"Chief Zhealy Tso, Chinle District 10, Navaho Reservation, Arizona.

"Clyde Lyzer, Window Rock, Navaho Reservation, Arizona.

"Howard Gorman, Window Rock, Navaho Reservation, Arizona.

"Roger Davis, Window Rock, Navaho Reservation, Arizona.

"Address your food packages to

any one of these men, who will see that the packages reach those in most immediate need of help. If you care to "adopt" an Indian boy or girl for the winter, write to these four men, who will act as intermediary, or place you in direct contact with the child or child's family who will benefit by your assistance.

"Let us, as Americans with a heart, show the Navaho that we do not intend to let hardship come to them, no matter what the reasons are for what has happened. Your editor for one, has "adopted" the first Navaho child and hereby pledges that child's support through the coming winter. Why

don't you do the same?"—*Raymond A. Palmer.*

The pulp-paper magazine was published on October 24, 1947.

In its first November issue, *Time* remarked on the Navaho situation, but did not suggest a remedy. In its December issue, on sale in November, *Holiday* ran an article and also commented on the Indians' plight. During November and December, William Randolph Hearst publicized the story widely in his papers. On December 10, 1947, The Chicago *Herald American* published a Resolution submitted to Charles E. Buckmeyer, County Adjutant, Los Angeles County Council, Department of California, Catholic War Veterans, and approved by him on November 25. The Resolution was sent to Mr. Hearst as an expression of thanks for exposing, through his several newspapers, the condition of the Navaho Indian Tribes in New Mexico and Arizona.

Apparently it was a pulp magazine which first "broke" the story. The editors of FATE submit the following evidence secured from the editor of the Chicago magazine:

"To place credit where it belongs, said the editor, the first person to do anything constructive about the problem of the Navaho was L. Taylor Hansen, Los Angeles anthropologist and archeologist. In a letter to the pulp magazine dated August 10, 1947, Mr. Hansen said:

"I have word from New Mexico that the Navaho face starvation this winter because the government has arbitrarily slaughtered their sheep, apparently to conserve the shelter on the land, as it was feeding too many sheep. If you will put in a plug to save this Indian nation which up to

now has been entirely self-sustaining from its sheep, rugs and silverwork, I will get the address of the writer, Van Valkenburg, who is practically one of them, speaking the language fluently, and he can take over the distribution of food packages to the worst off. I am personally going to see that the main fire-dancer, now an old man, lives through the winter."

We are also reproducing a telegram received by the Chicago editor on November 20 expressing the gratitude of 76 tribes. (See cut.) Final piece of evidence is a letter dated December 15 from Chief Zhealy H. Tso, a copy of which was handed to us by the Chicago editor with the comment: "We don't care who gets credit for helping the Navaho. We were delighted by the publicity given the matter by Mr. Hearst, and whether or not it is a political issue is of no concern to us. The main point is a permanent solution to the problem of the Navaho, and further, a new effort to reconstruct the administration of Indian affairs, including giving him the right to vote."

The letter from Chief Zhealy Tso follows:

Raymond Palmer
Ziff-Davis Publishing Company,
185 North Wabash Ave.,
Chicago 1, Illinois

Dear Sir:

We salute you for what you have done for the Navaho Nation. Because of the greatness of your soul which rebels at injustice, some baby is alive today which would have died in the cold of this winter.

We Navaho are a proud people. We do not want charity. We want a chance to earn our own way in life,

and we want more direction in our affairs. We want the vote like all other tribes want that vote. Would it be asking too much to ask you to print this, so that those kind people who sent us food will push their congressmen a little for us. We want to have no more terrible winter face us like this one. We want to stand on our own feet like men.

I am

Yours sincerely,
Chief Zhealy H. Tso,
Vice Chairman,
Navaho Tribal Council
Navaho Reservation,
District No. 10,
Chinle, Arizona

Those are the facts. The results of the publicity which reached the American people through the foregoing mediums is well known, but worth recounting here.

Walter Winchell broadcast a news item, Hollywood stars formed a relief movement for the Indians, Washington's Social Security Board ordered New Mexico to accept 11,000 Indian cases or face loss of \$7,000,000 in federal funds, the States themselves voted \$2,000,000 for the Indians, private citizens sent packages of food and adopted Indian children for temporary support, Mormon agencies at Salt Lake sent truckloads of food, Wing Anderson, Los Angeles publisher, sent canned fruits by truck, and the post office department (which had difficulty in discovering the Reservation address on their lists), found its local facilities taxed to deliver food packages and mail, including donations. *Time* and other magazines and newspapers forwarded donations received by them.

Food was and is being sent by

many readers of the pulp-paper magazines.

Actually the company published the same plea in all three of its pulps, *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Adventures* being the other two, in conjunction with a story called "The Fire Trail" which details a tribal ceremony wherein Oge Make, the author, "walks the fire trail" a mystic leaving of the body to travel through space and time in an effort to discover the answer to the problem of hunger that faced the Navaho. In the story, failure to secure such an answer was due to the reception instead of a warning to the white man to avoid further experiment with the atom bomb, and citing the destruction of a planet (the dwarf companion of Sirius) 50,000 years ago by its atom scientists, who set off a chain reaction which could not be halted. Disappointed, the Navaho sent their results to the white man, via the only means at their disposal, L. Taylor Hansen and his connection with the pulp magazines of the Chicago company as science-article writer.

All this is fine, but the real issue has not been settled. It has become a political issue which packs a large charge of dynamite. At the present writing it is being studiously avoided. Since it is, let us state the issue squarely, and put it up to the American people.

Aid to Europe on a stupendous scale is a political issue today. It certainly will not be ignored by Republican and Democratic leaders. But it would not be easy to explain, from any party standpoint whatever, why Americans should be confronted with the shameful fact that we have not cleaned up our own backyard! It is



Paul Duncan, 19-year-old Navaho Indian, whose Indian name is Hosteen Ban-nal-ly, appears in native garb to volunteer for Naval duty. Chief Petty Officer W. C. Jennings signs him up.

political dynamite at the polls to advocate billions in taxes for aid to starving Europeans and Asians, when it must be admitted that there is a large group in our own country where conditions are equally bad, and where, worse than starvation and hardship, social injustice is practiced to an almost fantastic degree.

The sting of the charge of starvation and neglect has been temporarily removed by the courageous action of the pulp magazine publishing company in taking the matter into its

own hands and requesting its readers to give concrete aid to the Indians in the form of foodstuffs, clothing and donations for support of individuals through the winter, a condition which will repeat itself if nothing of a permanent legislative quality is done.

But the sting of the injustice of denying an honorable section of our people the most basic rights of our Constitution and Bill of Rights has not been erased. The infamous fact remains that the Indian is still considered a vanquished and imprisoned

foe, is denied any civil freedom whatsoever, is not allowed to vote, is deprived of his livelihood without due process of law, is the victim of mismanagement and profiteering and has no opportunity to earn his own living in spite of his opportunity for education, which in itself can be seriously questioned especially in the case of the Navaho.

The editors of FATE wish to join the editors of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company in asking its readers to write their congressmen, requesting effective and permanent action on the Indian problem, making certain that there is no recurrence of the shameful conditions of starvation and privation. Further, we say the only honorable thing to do, as Americans, is to give the Indian the right to vote, the

status of citizenship, and equal rights with all Americans in the courts of this land of the free.

In closing, let us point out that members of the American Legion and other veterans' groups can vouch for the fact that no American regiment fought more bravely and more effectively than those in which American Indians, the Navaho in particular, served their country in time of war, shedding their blood on foreign battlefields for America's freedom.

If the Indian's rights include dying for his country, they certainly include the right to eat, the right to vote, and the right to honorable citizenship. He asks nothing further, except the right to be self-sustaining, to work for his own support.

America, you should be ashamed!

PERKINS' TRACTORS

JUST after the American Revolution Dr. Elisha Perkins invented the "Perkins Patent Tractor." One day while performing an operation, he observed that each time he touched a muscle with a metallic instrument, it contracted. He repeated the experiment with various other materials, but nothing except metal produced the contractions. He later noticed that when he separated an ulcerated tooth from the gum with a knife, the pain was relieved; also that stroking the inflamed part with a metal instrument lessened the pain.

As a result of his investigations, he constructed two tractors, or pieces of metal, round on one side and flat on the other, round at one end and pointed at the other. He took his in-

vention to Philadelphia where Congress was in session and claimed that he could cure rheumatism, gout, pleurisy, eye inflammations, epilepsy, lockjaw, sprains and pain in the head, teeth, ears, side, back and limbs. He was believed!

Many congressmen bought tractors. The Chief Justice bought a pair for his own use and gave Perkins a letter to John Marshall praising the instrument. Crowning achievement was a sale of a set to George Washington.

In London he met with a more scientific reception. Physicians used sham tractors made of wood, and "cured" patients under tests, proving it was the imagination of patients which cured, not the tractors. Yet, he left London with 10,000 pounds.

BEYOND THE ETHERIC VEIL

by Ernst Groth

The most intriguing question of all time concerns life in the world after death—if there is such a world



JOHAN PUCKERING was dead of heart failure. His body lay on an operating table in a London hospital. Dr. G. Perceval Mills massaged the heart "only from a sense of duty, and without real hope of success."

Then came a faint pulse. Artificial respiration was applied, and after anxious minutes, John Puckering returned to consciousness. He was discharged as cured, and it was so reported by the *British Medical Journal*.

But John Puckering was not happy about his return to life. In 1935 he made a statement to newspaper reporters: "I wish Dr. Mills had not brought me back . . . I found myself in a room, much bigger than any room I have ever seen. It must have been night, for the room was lighted very clearly. The light was brighter than electric light, yet somehow it was comforting . . . I did not notice any lamps. I did not notice any of the surroundings, because I was so interested in the people in the room. There were a lot of them . . . all grown up men and women. They wore clothes like you and I, and

looked like ordinary people. They were like . . . very healthy people who are out of doors most of the time.

"I felt awkward. I wondered what to do. But that soon passed off, because all the people looked so friendly. They smiled at me. Everybody there looked so happy. I saw my wife. She died, as people say, more than a year ago, but I saw her there clearly and she looked very happy. I saw other people I used to know. There was one man who used to be the postman. He died five years ago. And there was another who passed away seven years ago. When I looked at him, he knew who I was. He smiled at me and nodded. Then somehow the light in the room began to change. It was as though daylight was coming. I don't remember any more."

For John Puckering, death had lost its fearful qualities, and he told everyone so. Medical authority states he was dead, and it states that he was revived from death. It is one of the best cases on record which give us a glimpse into the world after death. It is a fact that John Puckering died . . . and lived again!



SCIENCE and the SOUL

by R. P. Graham

The question of Man's soul has been, up to now, one for the world's religions to settle. There has been no common ground of knowledge upon which to base any research. Today, however, science has some answers

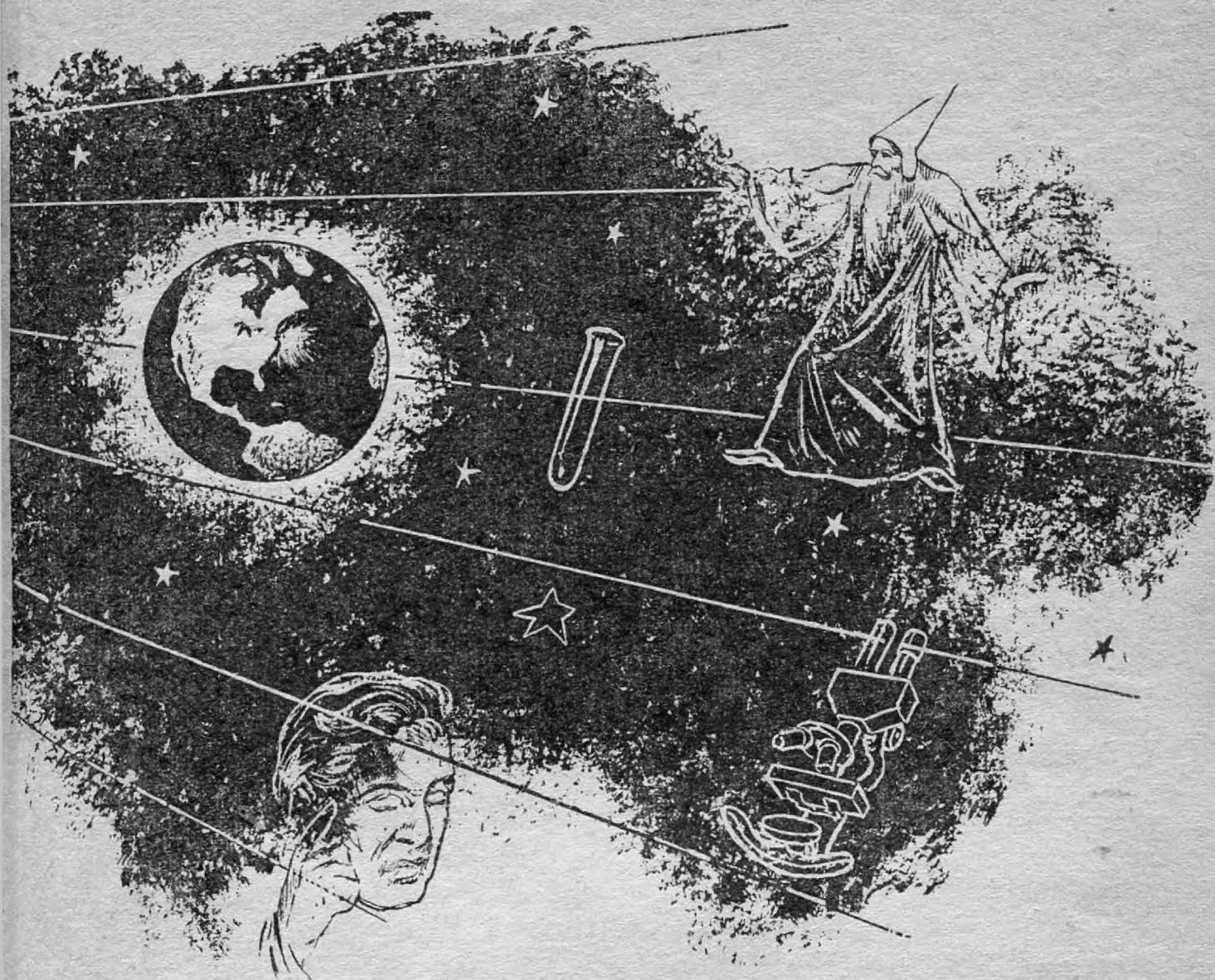
WHAT is science? This question may sound out of place in this modern world of science, but it actually is a question that has great importance. The words, science, philosophy, metaphysics, and religion, have had quite fluid boundaries since the intellectual birth of the human race.

Science has been the main disturber of peaceful and settled boundaries all along. Pythagoras proved there are irrational numbers and upset the religion of his time. Galileo

proved that the earth is not the center of the universe and incurred the wrath of the church.

For thousands of years the growth of science has pushed back metaphysics, step by step. But the metaphysician has stepped back each time quite gracefully, because he has always been confident that his minimum field, ontology, the science of being, was forever inviolate.

With the growth of modern science since the time of Newton a well defined working agreement has been



built up between religion and science. Science keeps hands off in the study of occult phenomena, and orthodox religion keeps hands off and lets orthodox science develop freely. This has worked very well.

When any reputable scientist turns to investigation of occult phenomena he is frowned upon. Sir Oliver Lodge, Granville and others had their scientific reputations damaged by such trends in their research.

What is this fundamental working principle that divides religion and science into two separate fields? In orthodoxy it is assumed that all phenomena, however remarkable, are

entirely the workings of living human beings with their vast wells of subconscious but strictly self-contained mental activity, or the result of natural order; that anything else is coincidence.

Any study based on the postulate that there exists intelligent, or at least thinking entities that are not living human beings, and attributes to them the causes for any phenomenon, violates orthodox science and religion. The only permissible violation of the use of this taboo postulate is in regards to speculation about the Supreme Being.

Of course there has been no burn-

ing at the stake or imprisonment of people who come right out and say, "I believe there are phenomena which can only be explained by the postulate that there are thinking entities which are not living human beings or members of our civilization." There has been only ostracism and the pressure of ridicule, and even there orthodoxy has not been too active.

It has been a natural setup. For every fact or principle that eventually became incorporated into orthodox science and religion there have been a thousand crackpot ideas. A sensible scientist cannot concern himself with the thousand and one ideas in order to find the one. He has an already established field to concern himself with and to master.

If you ask him whether he hears voices or not he might reply, "I hear voices over the telephone." Five hundred years ago he would have been burned for making such a statement!

What has been the nature of the evidence for the assertion that there are thinking entities other than living humans? It has been personal, and personal experience is always doubtful in value. Your personal testimony might hold such value in court that it could hang a man, but in the court of science it has no such value.

It has been unpredictable. Science can accept only that which is of such a nature that it can be handled any day of the week and re-examined time after time.

It has been explainable on a natural basis. There is a large body of accepted psychology which "explains" all supernormal phenomena quite nicely.

It has denied the possibility of being dealt with by orthodox methods

and with orthodox concepts, and has thus had a hand in its own ostracism. Its basic concepts have been "sparks thrown off from the Creator," akashic records in "spiritual" substances, knowledge where knowledge is not possible, and miracles.

Inevitably, a situation has arisen out of all this. The gradual perfection of formal thought, the new electronic techniques, the rapid rise in the average education level of the United States, has brought us to the point where we can say that if man is immortal we can find out.

We can face the problem squarely and admit that it is fundamentally a problem for science, not religion. If man has a soul it is as natural as an arm. If it exists there must be some way of proving it exists. Unless it can be proven to exist, we must eventually conclude that it does not, as science marches on to the ultimate goal and pushes supernormal assertions out of the picture altogether.

The three schools of thought, spiritualism, occultism and modern psychology, each completely account for all supernormal mental phenomena in three different ways. The first asserts that all "voices" are the whisperings of spirits. The second asserts that all "voices" come from the lower astral. The third asserts that all "voices" originate in the mind only, and have no extra-personal origin.

The question is not which of these schools of thought is correct, but rather, *do either of the first two have any foundation in fact.* In other words, does man have an immortal spirit that continues to exist after death, and/or do the elementals and beings of the astral exist?

This question cannot be answered

by personal testimony in a satisfactory manner. Assuming that people do "hear" things that originate outside their minds, they must apply their personal interpretation to them and distort them to fit their individual beliefs. These voices can be completely accounted for on the basis of spiritualism and also completely on the basis of consistent imagination. Occultism, in turn, has completely accounted for everything on the basis of beings in the astral dimensions acting maliciously, mischievously, and sometimes constructively.

The "astral" and "spiritual" planes of existence postulated by their proponents are inaccessible. In contrast to these two schools, psychology, by taking one step at a time and suspending judgment on everything it cannot adequately account for, has built up a body of facts and demonstrable theory which hold water, so far as as they go, and they do not go any farther than they can reasonably hold up.

What if neither school has any basis in fact, and all supernormal phenomena are due only to the mental activity of living people? That is, what if psychology is correct and there is no communication whatever between the living and the dead, and the astral race does not exist, or, if it exists by coincidence, it does not have the means to interfere with human minds?

Going even further, if the human has an immortal spirit, is it created with the body, or is it from some other source, using the body and the corporeal mind only in the same way we use typewriters and automobiles, finding a new one when the old one wears out and dies?

Interplanetary travel has seemed for a long time to be a logical certainty in the future. Every phase of it, from the possible effects of space travel on the human body to the techniques of ship control in take-off and landing, from rocket tube detail to hypothetical gravityless drives has been discussed.

Every phase of science from evolution and mutation to time travel has been analyzed and discussed from all sides.

Nothing has been left untouched—except the problem of the supernatural. It is as if in science all things were frankly explained except the nature of the Thunder God who brings the rain and thunder and lightning, and He is ignored by the scientific mind because He is beyond the realm of the natural.

And yet, the fundamental premise of science, whose truth becomes more certain every day, is that there is nothing outside the realm of the natural and understandable and predictable; that there is a fundamental system and order to the working of the universe which encompasses all, without any exceptions; that this All is the proper field of science—with the exception of so-called spiritual phenomena.

All these questions form a few of the different phases of one BIG problem. Not a metaphysical problem at all, because the existence of a soul and/or of an elemental cannot be solved by philosophers any more than the existence of New York can be proven by abstract reasoning from a priori, self-evident truths. And the time has come when it must be settled. *The problem properly belongs to science and science must accept it.*

Seemingly without volition the hand moves, guiding the pencil across the paper in a characteristic shaky style as though controlled by ghostly means.



by Mabel Dunham Smith

THE spirits of the dead write through my hand, by the means known as "automatic writing"! This flat statement most people do not believe, but it is true. I want to tell my experiences and let you judge for yourself. For fourteen years this amazing thing has happened to me. It has brought me great happiness, and also a good deal of sorrow and hardship. Now, knowing that I am soon to leave this life, I want to tell all who will listen that I do not fear the end that will come to me this year, for I *know* it is not the end. My adventures in automatic writing have proved it to me. I hope

they can help to prove it to others.

On December 26, 1927, at Glencoe, Illinois, my fourteen-year-old son, Robert, and my daughter's young husband, Alex, were drowned in Lake Michigan.

So great was my sorrow and sense of loss that I turned desperately to a "crazy stunt" to convince myself my loved ones were not gone forever. I had occasionally toyed with an ouija board; now I went at it in earnest. Three weeks after the accident, I received a message!

For five years I used the ouija board, and then, one evening while I was idly waiting for my husband to

finish some reading, I felt a strong presence nearby and the urge to take the board. I told my husband and we took it up together. It moved only to spell out "take a pencil."

I did so, and to my delight, without effort on my part, the pencil wrote "Alexander Somerville Maitland," my son-in-law's full name. Then Robert wrote his name. From then on, I never used the ouija board again.

I began to receive this automatic writing in 1933. Not a word came through my mind; my relaxed hand and arm were moved outside my volition, and the method was described by the unseen senders thus:

"The act of thinking produces a modulated wave in the ether. When important writing is to be sent, a

training, to pilot a plane or a steam engine. No worthwhile objective is ever gained without training, and for any enterprise there are always the unfit. Some minds are born without a built-in stabilizer. A level head ruled by common sense is as safe in automatic writing as in a telephone exchange.

In the use of a telephone you do not see the person with whom you hold your conversation, yet you depend upon the familiar voice, or the context of the message, to assure you of the identity of your communicator. In the case of a stranger accosting you, a certain amount of faith must be held as to his integrity, bolstered by what he says and the way he says it.

..BLESSING OR CURSE?

large group, sometimes as many as thirty souls, stands near the recipient. Their combined synchronized thought waves are beamed upon the medulla oblongata, thereby operating the muscles of the hand and arm."

I have been told that it is dangerous to give one's mind and body over to unknown forces. Yes, there is danger, but "danger" has been a word to stultify the mind. It was "dangerous" to experiment in chaining electricity for man's use; "dangerous" to develop flying-machines.

My own sphere of usefulness is limited. I can cook, bake, care for children, drive a car; but it would be truly dangerous for me, *without*

These rules hold good in automatic writing also, plus the "feel" of the pencil; the manner of its use. Any danger lies in your own mental qualities. When a line is opened, a flood of communicators clamor for its use. The recipient must stand firm on a resolve to receive only from someone familiar or one vouched for by a reliable discarnate acquaintance. If that seems a limited horizon, let me say I have not deviated from it, and can testify, notwithstanding, to the mass of material being received by me.

First was a group of twenty-five stories of Chinese life by Lo Kwon, whose one peculiarity was a habit of

writing the letters backward and who said he lived in the village of Dolons, near Peking, in 1200. I have never been in China, but Willie Chin, a merchant on the island of Jamaica, asked if he might show these stories to his Chinese friends. "They are so like China, they make us home-sick."

They are written in a peculiar style of free translation. I was interested to note a similar style in a Chinese story by Pearl Buck, who said in her explanatory note that when she wrote a story of China, she actually thought in Chinese, the translation resulting in a style foreign to her usual prose.

Between stories from Lo Kwon, I was once surprised to feel a very strong presence near, and to see written: "I am Confucius. I will give you a translation of my 'Song Of The Seas'."

I knew nothing of the writings of Confucius, and the first Chinese gentleman I ever met was Col. Henry Lin of Shanghai. I showed him the poem I had received. He said: "Confucius did write a 'Song of the Seas,' and this is a beautiful translation."

Next was a book of 60,000 words called, "Of These Spirits, What?" by an English author who signed himself "Ceoce": that being his spirit name. Then F. Marion Crawford wrote 40,000 words; "Where The World's Religions Originate." I was told these were the first two of a trio, the third by Luke, and called, "Heaven and Earth."

I have never really read the Bible. When I was asked to take this script I was requested not to refer to the Bible; they wished to prove something. It seemed quite wonderful to me that the senders were able to give

names and events which I had never heard of, and descriptions of places equally unknown to me. A minister tells me the script amplifies the Bible record, but deviates little from it.

Some years ago I took an early afternoon train for New York from Chicago, after a copious good-bye luncheon. My coach being a long way from the diner, with heavy intervening doors, I decided to go without dinner. I sat reading, quite content with the decision. At eight o'clock, without thinking, I rose and started for the diner, arriving to find it completely filled.

Soon a person near me left his seat, and I took the vacant chair. Opposite me was a pleasant-looking, motherly sort of woman, and we engaged in conversation. She was the wife of a minister.

"Being the wife of a minister you will probably not be interested, but I will tell you I have had automatic writing," I said.

"I have had the same experience," she replied. "My husband was so opposed to it I could not do very much. But some years ago I did get a good deal; and they begged me to take a book."

"What was the title of the book?" I asked.

"Christ's Life On Earth."

"I got that book!" I exclaimed.

She took the manuscript to read through the night.

I am often asked how I know when writing will come. By appointment, certainly. My position as amanuensis seems a perfectly natural one. The writers appoint the hours which seem best for the purpose for both sides, and I scrupulously observe these hours.

When a new communicant has been chosen, I am told of his identity about a week before he is introduced. Whether this intervening time is given me to adjust myself to the idea, and register my objections, if any; or whether it is simply the usual—and let me say, exasperating—time lag in any automatic writing, I cannot say.

When receiving, my mind must be at rest—drifting. I have no inkling of what will be written. When a book is going well, and I am having four writing periods a day, about one hour each, I naturally suppose the script will be continued, but it may be interrupted for a personal letter.

On the island of Jamaica in 1933 while receiving the Ceoce script, "Of These Spirits, What?", he halted in the middle of a sentence. He said: "Someone is here who wishes to write a letter."

I said: "Can't you get rid of him?"

"No; he is the brother of the proprietor of this hotel, and would like to write him a letter."

"Very well; with your permission I will take it."

The letter was rather long and intimate, from a man whom I had never heard of. In it he said there was a plank from the boat to the wharf; he tried to walk it and fell in.

I took the letter to the hotel proprietor. He read it thoughtfully, then said:

"It was just two years ago today *at this hour*, that I received a cable from England that my brother was drowned."

On a boat from Panama to Los Angeles, the stewardess asked me about typing she saw me busy with each day. I explained that the auto-

matic writing I received being done in pencil and easily erased, I copied each writing on the typewriter. She said:

"Oh, I wish I could hear from my father!"

I replied that the chances were slim of my reaching him, but if he came to write, I should be delighted. Two days later a man came saying he was her father and he would like to send her a letter.

It was written. To my embarrassment it was quite ungrammatical. How could I give it to her? I said:

"Will you read this and tell me whether it means anything to you?"

She cried as she read.

"It is exactly as my father would speak!"

No member of the Mail Service feels more bound than I to deliver letters thus received, but results are not always gratifying. Often I am accused of obtaining information of private affairs, and using it to deceive the person addressed. For what purpose? I never receive payment for such a favor.

On the other hand, automatic writing may cause the deepest chagrin. When a line is opened, sooner or later there is an experience with foolers. I used to think this the result of an unguarded line, but am now of the opinion that it is permitted in the Great Plan to develop one's patience, faith and intuition. I have been given as exercises long paragraphs with no apparent breaks, and have been asked to indicate what was written by foolers and what by the one I will call the Teacher.

The only hope of a high score in such a lesson lies in intuition; which can be developed as well as any other

natural faculty. The sender has a definite personality which he cannot wholly hide, even in writing. When he is in attunement with you as he must be to write, you are, to a certain extent, aware of his personality.

Having said this, I must admit occasional failure in awareness. The sender may be unusually clever in imitating someone you know, or you may not be as alert as usual.

Whatever the cause, havoc can be wrought by foolers all the way from mere discomfiture to tragic grief. Some time after the first automatic writing had come to me, my other son, alone in his room forty miles away, held a pencil for the first time, hoping to hear from his brother. Someone wrote: "Ernest (my husband) has been killed in an automobile accident." My boy drove at dangerous speed to me, overcome by distress. Such a lie being written by his hand cured my son of ever wanting to receive automatic writing. The tragedy actually *did* occur, years later, in 1941, and it may be that the writing was not a lie at all, but only this amazing confusion in the time factor that has vexed me so often in my experiences. Time, over there, seems something different.

Much of the writing I receive tells about "life" over there. I will quote from a letter written by my son to a school-boy friend:

"If we could visit with each other now, I should give you as good description of this place as I could, and I would ask that you erase from your mind whatever ideas you may have had of this condition of our minds after death.

"Within a short time after we went to sleep, we were awakened without

any idea we were in the spirit world, and when we were awake, we saw other people we knew around us. I saw my grandmother and lots of others. We asked where we were, and they told us in our own good home with our dear relatives in heaven.

"We could not understand what that meant at first. We could not connect what they said with anything we remembered of where we had gone. We only could do as we were told and wish it would come clear soon.

"We then remembered we had gone to the lake to shoot ducks. I wondered where my gun was, and they told me the old gun was in the water. All we could conclude then was that our own dead bodies were in the lake too. At first we could not believe it.

"After awhile we said we would like to go home and see the others; and so we went and saw them all crying, and others were in the house with them, as if something had happened. Alex spoke to mother, and she did not hear, and our own bodies were not seen by anyone, so we felt very sad, and did not wish to stay with them, so we came away. Often we tried to call them, but they could not hear us. We felt as bad as they did.

"In where we were with these others we knew, there was long grass, and very old-looking trees and flowers, and we thought it was summer. As we knew it had been Christmas, this puzzled us; we asked were we in a different country. They let us understand, it is always summer in this place.

"I was very lonesome of losing my old friends and the others; we then asked what we could do here, and we were sent with some other boys to a house on a hill to run errands. We

carried messages—they were verbal messages. In a short time we were given little wings on the ankles; I guess we thought it was just a sign that we were messengers.

“After that we got used to the place, and were more contented. And when we got a word over the ouija board, we sure felt better. I am only allowed a little of this to tell you. We desire to tell you all our experiences, but we are not allowed to. I can say that we are busy, and are now very happy. I am so delighted that mother gets writing. We are so close together now. I write to her every night, and go on some of her trips with her. All of it is so nice. We are coming with her on a trip to England when another book is finished.

“We live in real houses, and they are made of stone or wood, or anything they are on Earth, but are made by thought; as the architect thinks them, they just appear and stay. I cannot explain it, but it really happens. Of these houses there are sometimes a city as on Earth; only there are not any autos or stores of a city; nor poor people, nor dirt, nor any picture shows nor trains. We do not need any of those things. We are entertained every day as you say, by the wonderful things that happen all the time.

“What would you think if you could go through the air as fast as any airplane, all by yourself; if you could talk to anyone you wished, miles away, just by thought; if you could wish for something you needed, and see it come before you; would you not give up the things of Earth to get this?

“Of course we do miss the ones we always will love, when we come here,

and are only trying to be patient until they come, too.

“I could show you the schools here with several thousand in each class where we are taught such interesting subjects, with all the tools of each subject free to each pupil to use as he likes. We are in these classes for a good deal of our time, and when we are out, we are often with a class on a long trip to another planet than Earth, to learn what we can of their ways, and how they differ from Earth.

“When not on a trip to learn, we sometimes go to the lower planes with several angels who clearly call to the other boys, or men, who would care to get into a better life; or with angels we go up higher to gradually get used to the brightness and higher vibrations there. In time we are accustomed to these conditions, and are sent there to stay.

“I cannot tell you very much I see, but it is a fine place to be, and someday we will stand beside you when you wake up here, and we will have a fine time together. All you need to do to come here is try to be good to any whom you know; then you are sure to come.

“Our love with this note is our Christmas present to you. I am your old friend, Bob Case.”

Through all the writing sent me have run two main themes—the Golden Rule and re-incarnation.

My daughter, Marjorie Case, was a college girl; a good student, but of a materialistic turn of mind. She did not really believe in a life after death, therefore we did not discuss my experiences. She died without warning in her sleep at Colon, Panama, in 1939. Five days later she began to write by my hand.

"Mother! Mother! I am still with you, so why do you cry? We suffer mentally when we see you cry. I am so sorry to see you prostrated with grief for me. I am in a lovely home with friends, as if I were visiting them. I will soon be given some sort of work, for we do work here, and I need occupation."

"How is life where you find yourself?"

"Oh, it is so different! I am with you, and partly of your world, and with people who have died. If they are dead, I must be too. I am perfectly delighted that I can write to you, mother dear. I am puzzled to find I am the same as before, except for the clothes."

"Where did you get them?"

"I am sure I do not know. I am wearing a beautiful lacy thing of pale gold; there are tiny touches of pale blue. We cannot tell what it is made of; it looks like silk gauze. Here we are so fine; of so ethereal a substance. We *shine!* I mean it! We are dressed according to the state where we are at the moment. We are all different. No two alike in their clothes."

"It is too bad for anyone not to know we do not die as they think. We just go from Earth to a beautiful world where we find those we love, and are given every consideration."

The first ten years of my initiate as a go-between were filled with constant reminders of the presence of others about me, some unseen, and sometimes seen. There were impressional messages of which I sensed the import without actual words; there was advice as to conduct and diet; there were raps almost as rapid and delicate as the beat of birds' wings.

One morning while combing my

hair I looked up to see a short, slight, middle-aged soldier in khaki uniform standing in my door. He said:

"You are to stop all meat and coffee, and take your last meal at 4:30."

I obeyed for ten days, then I ground some baked ham for an omelet, and decided to eat some of it. As I lifted the first forkful to my mouth, a voice said in my ear:

"You'll be sorry for this."

"I don't care if I am; I'm going to eat it, I replied. In the middle of the night I was dreadfully sick with all the trimmings."

So meat was safe with me for several years. Then some imp of mischief urged me to eat a tablespoonful of lamb. About two in the morning it was a toss-up whether my husband should call the doctor or the undertaker. I am cured now. If I want to follow the path on which my feet are set, I must make a few concessions. I do not smoke or drink, even coffee; eat no meat or fish; keep early hours; avoid criticism of people; keep an even keel through all adversity; have faith in God and His kind workers who are my friends. Be absolutely honest and truthful, and allow no race prejudice to mar a lovely friendship wherever I may find it. Never to fear anything; storms on land or sea, nor poverty.

One morning I was told I would be tested for trance. I had no idea what that would mean, but was eager to try it. They told me to go into a closet at four in the afternoon.

At four o'clock I went into a large, dark closet and sat on a chair as requested. I was surprised to have a terrific shock like a blow on the back of my head, accompanied by change of heartbeat, extreme cold, and the

sensation of losing consciousness as from an anaesthetic. I was very frightened, and begged them to stop it. Instantly the powerful electric rays (or whatever they used) were withdrawn, and I felt normal in every way.

Next morning the same voice invited me to go into a closet at four o'clock, without comment on the failure of the previous day.

I went into *another* closet; I had a horror of the first one, though I was determined to take what came. I gritted my teeth to stand the shock and refrigeration. Nothing of the sort happened. Showers of heat descended on my head; I was instantly drowsy and knew I would fall off the chair, so lay down on the floor. I was completely unconscious until I felt a hand passed quickly over my body, and rousing myself, I left the closet. The clock showed twenty minutes of five, so my first trance lasted forty minutes. The only physical reaction was the heaviness felt after deep sleep.

A few days elapsed before I was told I would lie on my bed at four in the afternoon for the second trance, which would be a conscious one. Expecting the heat and drowsiness, I was surprised by a new method. Very slowly my feet "went to sleep," and the sensation of numbness crept up my limbs and torso, then the heart-beat became very slow and strong; it seemed to shake me, then suddenly I found myself standing beside the bed and looking at my body. I was bewildered.

I walked to the door and put my hand on the knob. I looked at my body on the bed; I dared not leave the room. Then I was curious to see myself as others see me, and returned

to the bedside. I seemed to move about easily without actually walking. As I began to examine my face with interest, I was snapped back into my body. A strange sort of nervous twittering at the back of my head, and I was again awake.

After several more trances a voice said:

"You must go to Ethel Miller for automatic writing."

Ethel Miller was the wife of my dentist, but I had never been in her house. However, I telephoned her about the command, and recounted some of the strange things which had led up to it.

She was inclined to make light of the whole affair, but invited me to call.

I went at the appointed time, wondering what was in store for us.

Mrs. Miller held the pencil; my hands were flat on the table. For more than ten minutes we sat thus; nothing happened. She became impatient and wished to give it up, but I said: "Just wait a moment more." Then we both had a strong electric shock from our heads to our heels and the pencil began to move. It wrote a line, then was pulled up from her hand and dropped on the table. We were thrilled to see a pertinent sentence written in the peculiar hand of a dear friend of hers who had died about five years before. That afternoon five different friends wrote in as many different styles of writing.

Now Mrs. Miller was fascinated, and begged me to come again in a few days. We sat together only six times, and were then told the lesson was ended. She was to be developed separately. Her speed of writing had gradually increased from normal to

the unbelievable four hundred and eight words a minute; the last three sittings being timed by Dr. Miller.

Several years later I met Mrs. Albert Payson Terhune, who was interested in my ability.

I went to her home several times and there received letters from Albert Payson Terhune which you can read in her book, "Across The Line." by Anice Terhune. I helped her by introducing her to automatic writing which she soon received well, and which induced her to write her book. My own writing had fallen off for no apparent reason, and I was unhappy and worried about it. I had even asked Lo Kwon for the reason but had gotten no answer.

Then an invitation came to spend the day with Dr. and Mrs. Miller.

We drove to our friends' house the next day and Mrs. Miller's first words were concerning a dream she had experienced. "I saw three Chinamen. One was writing on a blackboard. I don't know what he was writing, but every capital letter S was wrong side to. They made me think you would understand it."

I had never told Mrs. Miller of Lo Kwon!

After dinner we decided to sit for writing. Soon Mrs. Miller's arm was shaken from the shoulder violently, her hand seemed not to trace the letters; the sheets were scattered—and then it stopped. She put her hands over her face and said something had hit her in the eyes. The doctor was alarmed, and when we looked at her eyes they were very bloodshot and completely crossed. She said: "Someone says Mr. Smith must put his hands over my eyes and pray." He did so, and in a moment

she said: "They are all right now." And they were perfectly normal.

After this excitement we looked at the scattered sheets. Three of them were covered with small script, beautifully done, but in mirror writing. The margins were as straight as if marked off with a ruler, and the writing on the middle page was turned corner-wise on the sheet, its margins also perfectly lined. When a mirror was brought, I was chagrined to see that Lo Kwon had written in detail the reason why my writing was nearly at a stand-still. It seemed I had slipped from my training in diet and thoughts of people. All the capital S's were wrong side to! The words were counted. Four hundred and sixty-five in seventy seconds.

When my husband died I began to receive writing from him, too. Now, living in Jamaica, I am informed that I am to cross the line this year. I am very happy, because I know what awaits me there. I know because I have been in constant contact through automatic writing with those who have gone before me. Many have been the joys I have received through my writing, and many have been the hardships and disappointments. I regret none of them. I only hope that others will choose to believe what has happened to me. If they can believe, there can be no fear of death for them.

The end.

(Editor's note: On October 14, 1947, we received, in Mrs. Smith's own handwriting with the exception of the actual date, a notice addressed from Mandeville, Jamaica, which said simply: "Mrs. Ernest Frank Smith. Died, Jamaica, 11 P. M. Oct. 12, 1947.")

The PROBLEM of The PROPHET

by *George Vincent*



LONDON—during the late war. From time to time the chilling wail of air-raid sirens drifted over the great city and, shrouded in darkness, it awaited another ordeal. The bombers came—again and again. Behind them they left death and destruction, fires and explosions, and walls bleak against the sky. History was being made—a grim history, written in blood on vast piles of broken stone and twisted steel.

It was in the spring of the year 1941, and England was facing her blackest period of despair. The Nazis had taken Poland, Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium and even France. Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria had joined the Axis Powers. Now, in April, Yugoslavia and Greece had fallen, and England stood alone—very much alone—weakened by her losses in France, the memory of Dunkirk fresh and bitter.

At this time, quietly and almost without notice, another history was being written in the heart of London's shattered streets—an adventure in the ever-mysterious realm of the human mind. Basil Shackleton, a retiring, serious-minded photographer, sat in a room facing two world-renowned scientists—Professors K. M. Goldney and S. G. Soal of the University of London.

For five years Shackleton had been proving his ability to foresee the future in thousands of tests of extrasensory perception and precognition with Zener cards. As one of the pro-

fessors shuffled and dealt the cards, Shackleton predicted their order. These exhaustive tests had been made the subject of long reports issued by the English Society for Psychical Research. But now, beneath all activities in battered England lay the somber and grim reality of the conflict and the fearful turn of the battle tide.

“When,” Basil Shackleton was asked, “will the war end?”

The prophet closed his eyes. Silence enveloped the room. Outside a heavy truck rolled by, and from a distance in the night sky came the hum of a plane. As the watch in his pocket ticked away the seconds, the minutes, Shackleton's incredible mind reached out into the mists of months and years yet to come. Deep in the bewildering labyrinth of his consciousness a miracle occurred—and then he opened his eyes.

“I see real peace, real peace on August 17, 1945,” he replied.

The war went on. In December, following the attack on Pearl Harbor, America entered the struggle. There was victory in North Africa, and landings in Sicily and Italy, and finally the invasion of France. The tide had turned. On May 8, 1945, the Nazis surrendered. And then, on August 14, Japan laid down her arms in defeat. Real peace had come at last. Basil Shackleton, four years previously, had missed the exact time of the war's end by only three days.

Precognition with a vengeance!

MYSTICAL ODDITIES...

The Case of KASPAR HAUSER

by Gilbert Rohling

Many thousands of people vanish each year and are not heard from again. Here is a case in reverse—of a man who appeared out of nowhere, and whose origin baffled everyone



HUNDREDS of times in the past there have been mysterious appearances out of nowhere of enigmatic personages who have performed feats that cannot be explained in terms of our knowledge, and who, after baffling those who have witnessed their feats, have vanished as mysteriously as they appeared, into an unexplained limbo of the lost. Even today mysterious personages come out of Tibet, certain holy men who wield great mystic power.

However, the most baffling mystery of all is the strange case of Kaspar Hauser, who suddenly appeared, bewildered and outlandishly dressed, in the village square of Nuremburg, Germany, in May, 1928. The mystery has never been satisfactorily solved, although it is one of the most famous cases of mysterious appearances in

history and not easily forgotten.

Peasants who noticed the confused manner and queer walk of the youth, about seventeen years of age, found him speechless, but holding a letter addressed to the captain of a cavalry regiment stationed in the city.

He was taken to the captain and questioned, but the only words he could speak were:

"I want to be a soldier like my father was!"

It was quite obvious that the words were without meaning to him, and had been memorized.

Evidently he had traveled quite a distance, as his feet were swollen. He had no conception of time, sex or the relative distance of objects. For instance, he could not tell which of two objects was closest to him.

Just as he could repeat one sentence by rote, he could write his name

in a clear, legible hand, but nothing more.

Town officials took an interest in this boy who apparently had "dropped from the sky." It was found that he could stomach nothing but black bread and water. It seemed as though his stomach had never known any other food, and could not assimilate it. He had no knowledge of the most common articles, and most strangely, he could see in the dark with an amazing facility, and he could observe stars in the daylight.

He was in full possession of his mental faculties, but they were as undeveloped and as unschooled as an infant. Even a child cannot avoid learning something from association with its parents, or other children. Kaspar Hauser showed not the slightest effect of ever having had such associations.

Slowly, by means of signs over a period of months, he was taught to speak, and it was found that he had previously existed as far back as he could remember in a dark cell, apparently underground, where day and night were meaningless.

He had a guardian, but, curiously, could not remember the man's face. It was discovered that he had actually lived on nothing but bread and water, never heard any noise, and finally was taught by his strange keeper to walk, to write his name, and repeat the only sentence he could speak when found.

Then he was taken to the outside world where the shock of new knowledge and fresh air caused him to faint. His memory of his trip to Nuremburg was vague and bewildered.

Kaspar Hauser's fame spread all

over Europe, but not a clue to his mysterious past was ever brought to light. He always spoke with what is described as a very odd accent. A year after his appearance he was attacked by an unknown assailant who escaped after inflicting a minor stab wound on the boy's forehead. Then, four years later, came his inexplicable murder.

It happened in a park where Kaspar was out walking over new-fallen snow. He had staggered from the park after being stabbed in the side by an assassin whom he identified as his former assailant. Taken to his adopted home, he died a few hours later.

And here is the most fantastic phase of the mystery of Kaspar Hauser. In all that snow-covered park there were no other footprints! Upon the sworn testimony of those who investigated, Kaspar Hauser was stabbed while standing alone in the snow, with his lone footprints as positive proof of this fact.

Further, it was the testimony of his physicians that Kaspar could not have made the wound himself due to its position.

The theory was advanced that the knife had been thrown, and had fallen from the wound, and accordingly a search was made. No knife was found. Nor, witnesses said, could the knife have been thrown, as the distance from any other footprints precluded the possibility.

In death, the mystery of the strange lad who came out of nowhere was even more impenetrable than when he had lived. No one can tell where he came from, and no one can tell how he died.

He was the impossible come true!

Leon Webber screamed as he recognized the man hanging from the gibbet.



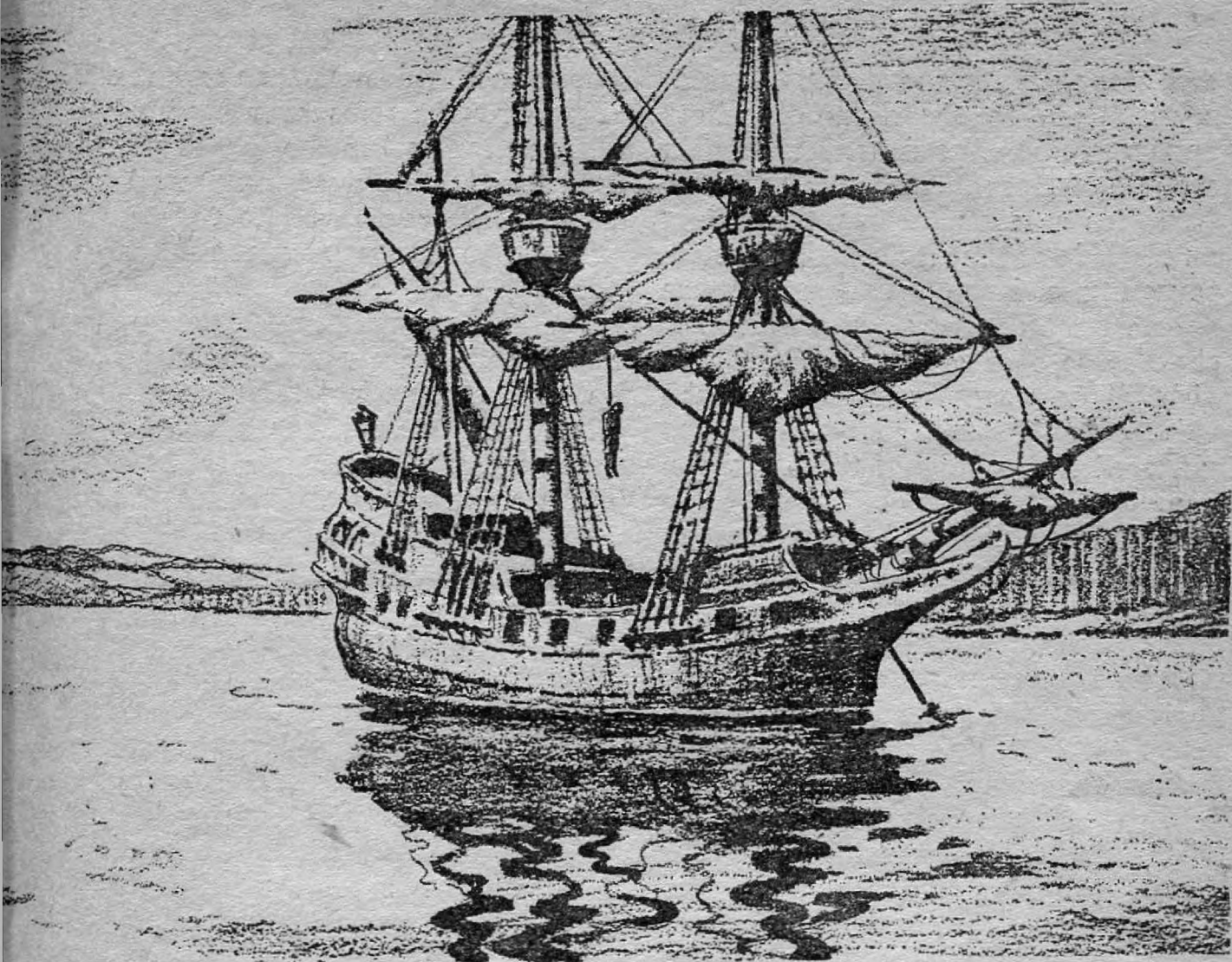
WYOMING'S SHIP OF DEATH

by Vincent H. Gaddis

IT WAS in 1862 that Wyoming's Ship of Death first appeared, according to the Cheyenne Bureau of Psychological Research. Leon Webber, Indian scout, had selected a site near the river and was engaged in building a log cabin. The location in question has been determined as six miles southeast of the present site of the Guernsey Dam, and near the present station of Whalan on the C. B. & Q. Railroad.

Mr. Webber's account follows:

"Late in the afternoon of the twelfth of September I was getting ready to return to my summer camp some two miles down the river, when, glancing up the stream, I noticed what appeared to be a gigantic ball of fog riding on the surface of the water, near the middle of the stream. It was a strange sight and, in my excitement, I ran down nearer the bank in order to get a better view of



When the ice-covered ship appeared, death always followed, exactly as enacted on its decks by the grisly, phantom crew.

whatever it might be. My dog came and sat down on the ground behind, and began to whine and whimper as dogs do when there is something at hand they do not understand. When I would change my position, the dog would do likewise, planting himself directly behind me, where he continued to give vent to a peculiar sort of sound; a sound between a squeak and a whine.

“As the huge ball of mist came

nearer, I picked up a stone the size of an egg, which I hurled at the floating mass. As the stone left my hand, the balloon-shaped cloud assumed the shape of a sailing vessel of an ancient type. The mast, spars and sails seemed to be sheeted with sparkling frost or ice.

“As I watched the apparition, sounds, apparently produced by the dropping of heavy timbers on the deck, came to my ears with chilling

distinctness. As the sounds ceased, several men in the dress of sailors appeared upon the deck, standing in a circle of close formation.

"After a few moments the sailors on my side of the circle stepped aside, revealing a large square of canvas spread upon the deck, upon which lay the corpse of a young and beautiful girl, whose wrappings were, like the ship, covered with hoar-frost which glittered in the rays of the afternoon sun.

"The ship suddenly veered over to my side of the river—and I recognized the corpse as that of Margaret Stanley, my best girl-friend; we were to have been married early the following spring. 'Margy!' I shouted, prepared to descend to the water.

"At the sound of my voice, ship and sailors instantly vanished from view. Although I remained upon the bank until long after sunset, I saw nothing more of the strange phenomenon. A month later, I visited the Stanley home and was told of Margaret's death, which took place the same afternoon I beheld the Spectral Ship of Death upon the waters of the Platte.

(Signed) "Leon Webber."

From its harbor the phantom vessel again sailed in the autumn of 1887 and appeared to Gene Wilson, a cattleman. His report to the Cheyenne bureau is as follows:

"While rounding up some stray cattle along the Platte, my dog ran a few rods ahead of me and, while looking up the river, began to raise a terrible rumpus. I was, at the time, some ten miles east of Casper. I tried to ride my horse nearer the bank, but he had evidently seen what the dog was barking at and, try as I would, he

could not be made to approach. Throwing the reins over his head, I dismounted, when he gave a loud snort and started to run away. I caught him and tied him to a scrub pine, then approached the bank on foot.

"While gazing out upon the swiftly running water, I saw something that set my nerves atingle. Near the middle of the stream was a full-rigged sailing vessel under full sail, yet it did not move at all! It was held back, apparently, by a stern anchor.

"Walking up the bank that I might be opposite the thing, I saw nine men on board who appeared to be sailors. Ship sounds were heard, but they seemed to be coming from the other side of the river, and not from the ship. The man whom I took to be the captain of this strange vessel stood with his arms folded, staring toward the bow of the ship, giving orders to his men without turning his head.

"'Stand from under!' came a voice from somewhere among the rigging—but the speaker was hidden from view by the ice-covered sails. As the voice was heard, the sailors on deck instantly removed their caps and stood uncovered, while the ship suddenly veered over to a point not thirty feet from where I was standing. 'Let down!' said the captain without a sign of animation.

"At the captain's command, a square of canvas was lowered to the deck by four ropes attached to its corners. Lying upon the canvas and covered with another piece of frost-laden sailcloth was what I surmised to be a corpse. In this my conclusions were correct. As the sheet came to rest upon the deck, one of the

sailors stepped forward and, grasping a corner of the sheet, drew it aside, disclosing the face of a woman who seemed to be terribly burned. In spite of the frightfully scarred face, I recognized my wife!

"Overcome with terror, I screamed and covered my eyes. When I looked again, the ship had vanished. After a few moments, I rose and mounted my horse and, with all speed, returned home to relate to my wife what I had seen. Topping a hill a quarter of a mile west of my house, my heart stopped beating; my blood froze in my veins. There, in full view, I discovered my home in ashes! Spurring my horse to a run, I was soon beside the smoldering embers, frantically calling to my wife, who, I was certain, was somewhere within the hearing of my voice.

"Receiving no reply to my repeated calls, I hastened toward the river which ran within a hundred yards of what had been my home, when I came suddenly upon the remains of my wife, burned to death. My supposition is that, upon discovering her clothing to be on fire she had run toward the river bank, hoping to extinguish the flames by plunging herself into the water.

(Signed) "Gene Wilson."

The Spectral ship last appeared on the afternoon of November 20, 1903. Victor Heibe, the witness, was chopping up a fallen tree on the river bank near his home at Bessemer Bend. Several months previously he had defended with his testimony his friend, Thomas Horn, on trial for murder in the criminal court at Cheyenne. But Horn had been convicted of the crime and sentenced to hang. Shortly later the condemned man managed to es-

cape from the jail with another prisoner, but at the time of the ship's appearance Heibe did not know that Horn had been recaptured.

Pausing in his work to light his pipe, Heibe glanced up the river and noticed a huge ball of fog apparently resting on the surface of the water. The misty mass was slowly moving down the stream, but not as fast as the current was flowing. He glanced at his watch. It was exactly three-fifteen. Suddenly the sounds of excited voices came from the approaching fog-ball.

Then, as the ball drew nearer and grew in size, it began to assume the form of an ancient sailing vessel under full sail, but moving slowly, with every inch of its surface covered with gleaming ice. Several sailors were active on the deck. While Heibe watched, spellbound, a large sheet of canvas was lowered in front of the sailors on the deck. And from behind the canvas voices again drifted across the water.

"All right," said one voice distinctly, "but I am telling you that you are hanging an innocent man."

"That," came a second voice in reply, "is not for us to determine. You were tried and convicted for the murder, and it is our duty to ferry you across. Men, do your duty."

By this time the vapory vessel, slowly moving inshore, had reached a point about twenty feet from shore, the surface of the river being about ten feet below the bank on which Mr. Heibe was standing. And suddenly the sheet of canvas was raised to its former position among the sails revealing a scene of horror on the phantom's deck.

(Concluded on page 128)

CONSTRUCTION SECRETS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID

by C. F. J. Hiestand

Why was the Great Pyramid of Gizeh built as it was? Special emphasis was placed on strength and durability. Was it built so marvelously only as a vain monument?

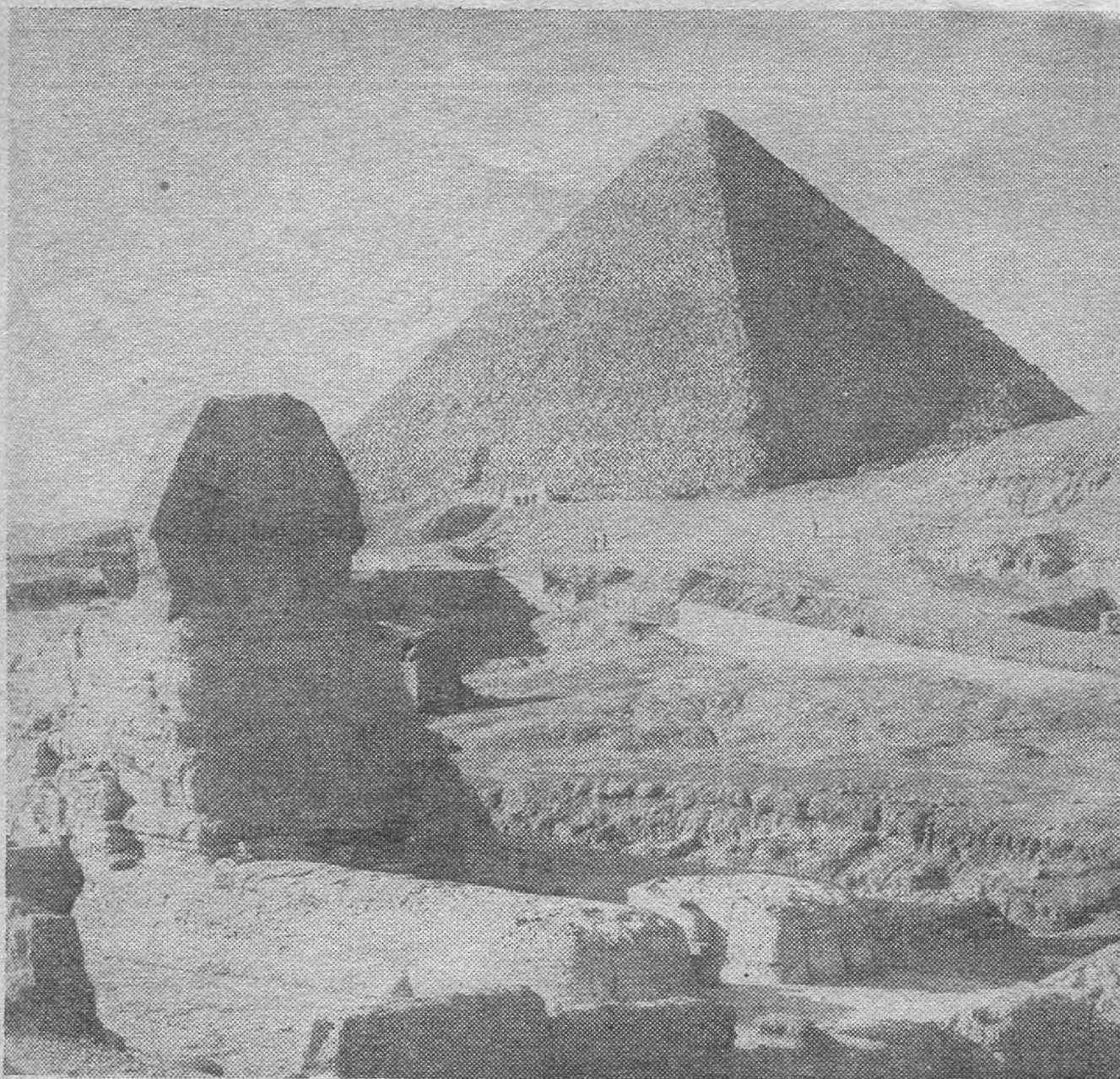
THE Pyramids of Egypt have been viewed, expounded, "interpreted," and partially understood by great masses of humanity: people of many classes, many places, and many times. These examples of engineering genius are not confined to Egypt only; this same type structure is found in both the Old World and the New from the valley of the Nile to the Mississippi valley, from Cambodia to Peru. Though seemingly it is a far cry from the ruins of Angkor-Vat to the "Round Towers" of Ireland, the archeological enigmas of Stonehenge, and the remains of the temples of Karnac, Brittany, the investigations of numerous archeologists have brought to light information that suggests all these structures were erected by the same builders or descendants of the original group. In addition to the hypothesis that the "builder group" circumnavigated the globe and built as they traveled, there are two reasons for the wide acceptance and use of the form:

1. Correct construction (in the engineering sense)
2. Economy

From the engineering standpoint it

is doubtful that any solid form will be developed that can surpass the pyramidal form. The building profession necessarily is based on the knowledge of stress, strain, shearing, weight distribution, etc., and has the responsibility of so correlating these factors with cubic content and economy of construction that the resulting structure is the "strongest, roomiest, and cheapest" possible to build. The objection that the pyramid builders were not limited for finances is valid, but when it is considered that "strongest, roomiest, cheapest" has been the *summum bonum* of building since remotest antiquity, it is apparent the builders had the responsibility of erecting economically though having unlimited funds. There exists no logical reason to aver the pyramid builders, who were termed "master" builders, did not believe nor practice the fundamental axiom of their craft.

Strictly speaking, there are only five types of geometric solid forms that may be utilized in building: the pyramid; the cube; the sphere; the cylinder, erect or lying; the rectangular solid, either erect or lying. (Fig. 2). The cube is roomy but is neither



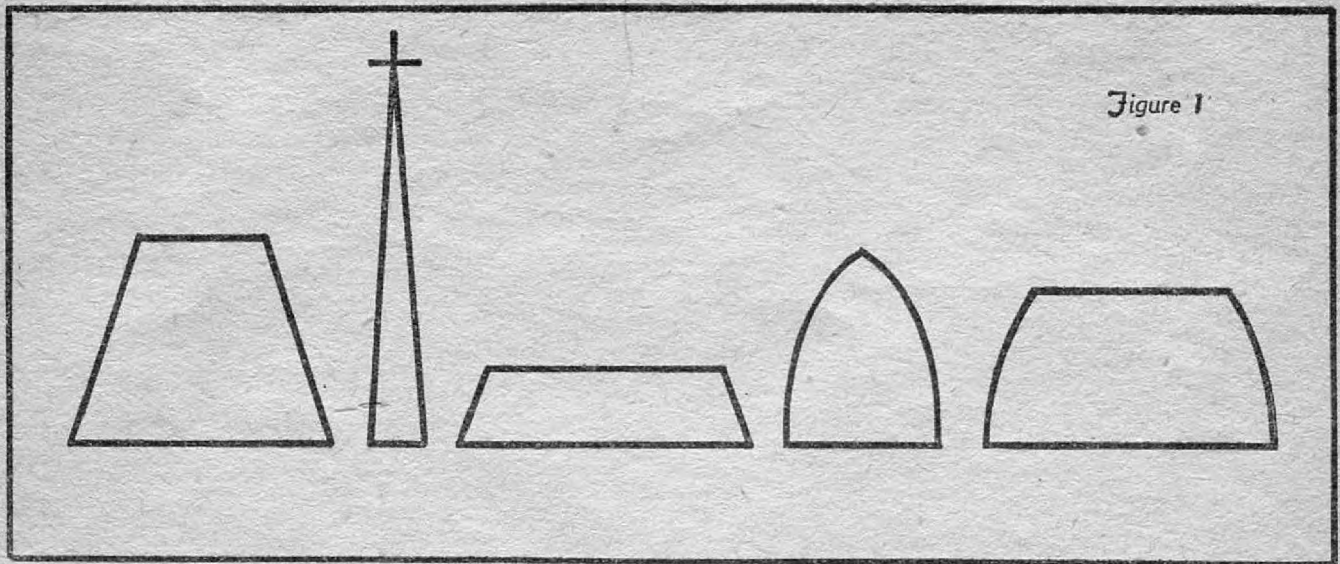
Acme

Today the Great Pyramid is the most ancient building which still stands intact almost as it was built. It was finished in 3733 B.C., according to most authorities.

economical nor strong (low flattening resistance); the sphere has great cubic content, but being unstable requires supports additional to the foundation and is therefore costly; the cylinder has great cubic content but is weak (low f.r.) and is costly; the rectangular solid is neither strong nor cheap, though roomy. *Of the five only the pyramid fulfills the requisites of "strongest, roomiest, cheapest."*

Upon only slight examination it is

easily seen the pyramid requires no internal trussing or bracing. This form has no large flat top-area against which vertical force can be brought to bear. If such force were applied it would have to overcome the resistance of the apex stone, if present, and would have to overcome the strength of the materials composing the side-walls in order to collapse the structure. (Fig. 3). This is necessarily so as the walls are not only walls, but



Inca pyramid, church spire, Indian mound, bishop's miter, Eskimo igloo—all pyramids.

roof as well, the individual stones being cemented together and, additionally, the four side-wall "roofs" are integrated by the capstone—as in the arch, a modification of the pyramid form.

From the equilibrium standpoint the pyramid is a perfect example of a structure both dynamically and statically poised. This apparent contradiction may be understood in this manner: the walls, roof, and foundation of a conventional structure are in a 90-degree relationship and, due to internal bracing, etc., are statically poised. The three factors in the case of the pyramid, because of the slanting sides, are related in various degrees, depending on the type of pyramid and, therefore, are dynamically poised, i.e., unmoving though unbalanced. Dynamic poising usually requires internal bracing but is not necessary in pyramid construction as roof, walls, and foundation are securely tied together by the headstone. Therefore, each wall helps support the remaining three walls.

The two outstanding engineering difficulties in vertical construction

are: supporting the weight of the side-walls, which necessarily increases as the structure rises, and distributing the side-wall weight evenly upon the foundation. To overcome these obstacles the modern engineer resorts to complicated and costly bracing and obtains about 50% value structurally for the additional expense. *Pyramid-form construction obtains the same results without additional cost and without decreasing the cubic content of the structure!* The leaning side-members necessarily carry their own weight but in addition, by being keyed together, support the other walls. Due also to the keying, any given side-member rests not only its own weight on its specific part of the foundation, but transmits the weight of the other walls to the same part of the foundation. This means, of course, that every part of every wall is supported by every part of the foundation—an example of static equilibrium. The slanting side-members, though dynamically unbalanced, are held static by the neighboring unbalanced walls—a fine illustration of the art of pyramid builders: making a

"leaning wall hold itself up"! (Fig. 4). The Pyramid is a classic representation of *independent-interdependent statico-dynamic equilibrium*.

Among the main requirements of vertical construction is the necessity for correct "aerodynamic" design. The need for such correct design is in arithmetical relation to the height of the structure. Despite the fact that a structure rises into progressively rarer atmosphere, it is absolutely necessary to build in such a manner that the structure does not offer any great interference to wind-flow. The taller a structure rears the greater the surface exposed for air to press against. The sidewalls are the greatest aerodynamic bearing surface, of course, but spires, ornaments, and related addenda contribute extensive area which, when added to sidewall area, results in weakness. A tenet among builders is: "the higher, the weaker" and though the generalization is relatively true it is not abso-

lutely so as the pyramid-form may not be so impugned. Aerodynamic weakness is conventionally combatted by trussing internally and externally, by smooth surface which permits the air-currents to flow unimpeded around the building, by the use of construction materials which though seemingly inflexible are actually resilient, and by correct foundationing.

No such patchwork curative methods are needed when constructing in the pyramid form. Aerodynamically considered, the true pyramid is an outstanding example of the use of principles of air-flow mechanics.

Wind at any velocity blowing against the side-members is distributed as in Fig. 5. Due to the slope of the sides the current of air is slipped, or diverted both upward and downward. The motion of the wind at the moment of impact is, of course, transformed into aerodynamic thrust, the thrust being distributed mainly downward and the air-current upward.

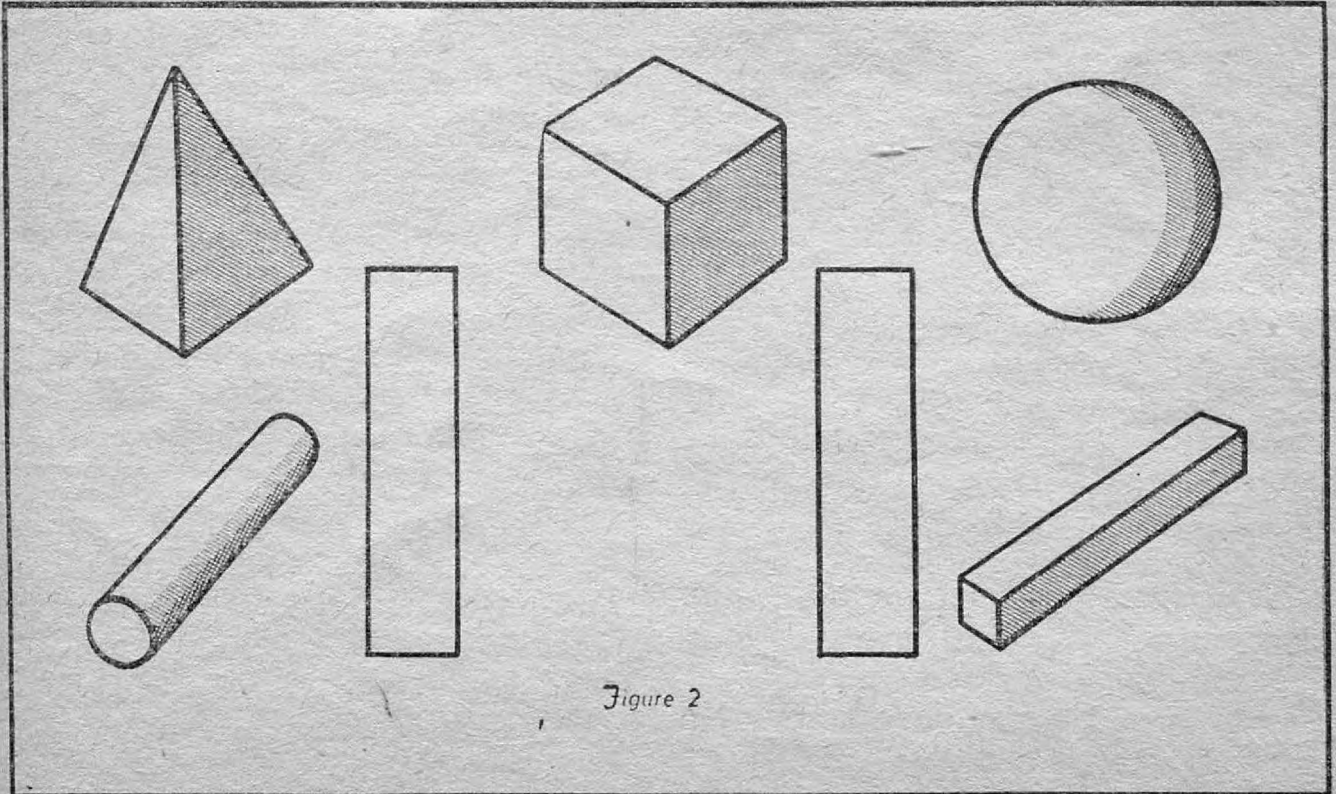


Figure 2

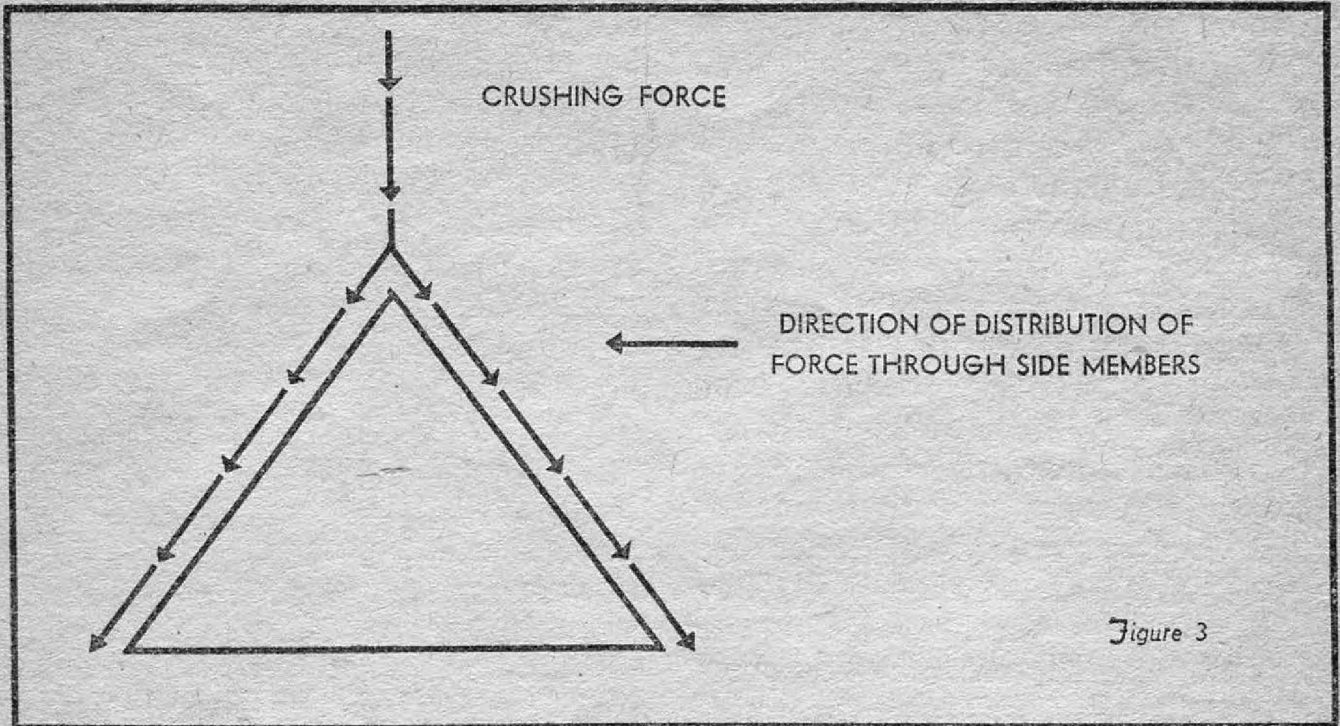


Figure 3

Obviously, the greater the velocity of the wind the greater the amount of thrust developed. It is also obvious that a high wind, therefore, does not rock the structure, but actually forces it more tightly against the foundation. The air that progresses to the apex of the structure streams off the capstone in a state of high density and in this manner acts similar to the jet of a rocket-motor. The thrust is exerted exactly opposite to the jet and bears downward upon the surrounding apical area in a vertical direction (Fig. 5); it thus augments the direct thrust applied to the building and actually increases the mass of the structure. In the case of a zephyr the mass augmentation would be negligible—which, of course, is all the added stability required. A 200 m.p.h. wind, however, results in augmentation of mass to the point just needed to counteract the effect of the wind!

The air streaming off the capstone illustrates ideal handling of a slip stream. Modern aeronautical design-

ers attempt to have the air, split by the movement of a craft, reunite at a vanishing point or knife-edge as this permits the air to flow back together smoothly. Knowledge of how to obtain the smooth reunion of the atmosphere, after disruption, is one fundamental reason upon which the science of airflow designing is based. Failure to effect smooth reunion results in various effects on the moving body; two such effects, both deleterious, are termed "fluttering" and "fraying." These effects are usually considered in connection with the passage of a moving object through stationary atmosphere, but the effects are equally present and apparent when a stationary object is subjected to the effects of wind at high velocity—the rationale of the wind-tunnel. Though the pyramid-form as adapted to buildings belongs to the latter class, i.e., stationary object and moving air, the design of the structure very cleverly forestalls any flutter effect which would literally raze the

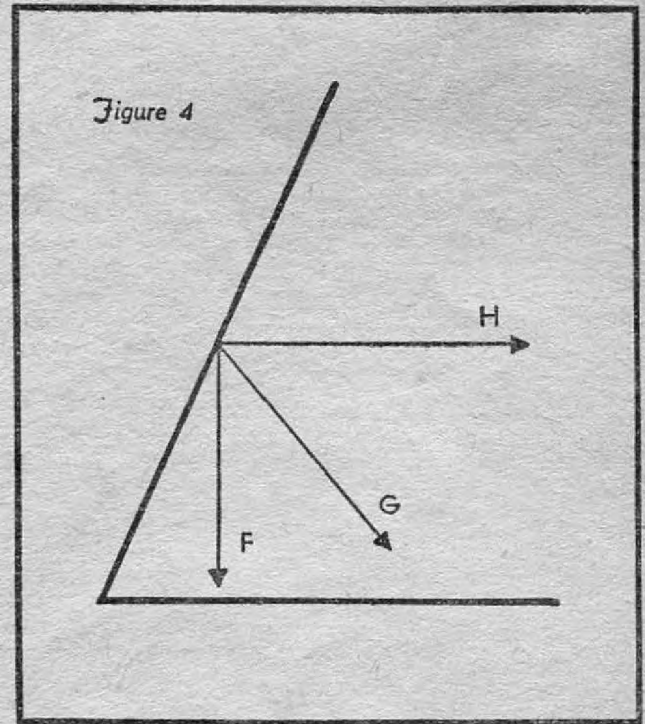
building in a high wind.

When considering the flow of air around the pyramid-form it must be remembered that air comes from only one direction at any given time, usually. Of course a "meteorological freak" occurs occasionally in which wind blows from all quarters of the compass, simultaneously. Uni-quarter airflow striking any given face of the pyramid-form in a plane parallel with the base is dispersed as in Fig. 6.

There is, of course, some amount of spill around the structure which occurs as in Fig. 7. The swirling air-currents seen at "A" initiate a partial vacuum at that point similar to the negative pressure developed at the surfaces of a moving airfoil. The surrounding atmosphere denoted by "B's" both flows and is forced into the low-pressure area. This contrary force exerted on the lee side member of the structure acts as a balancing thrust and serves to negate the direct thrust of the wind. Though the structure has a tendency to topple in the direction "C-D" due to the direct force of the wind, the capsizing does not occur due to the force exerted in the opposite direction, "E-F," by the atmosphere itself. This effect is augmented in direct relation to the number of directions from which the wind is blowing. In the event of a freak windstorm the final effect of the multi-directional wind is the original forcing, quadrupled.

Though the airflow is quite unimpeded when any given face is struck squarely, the flow is increased in smoothness when the air-current strikes at the junction of two side-walls (Fig. 8). The sharp junction splits the air flowing against it.

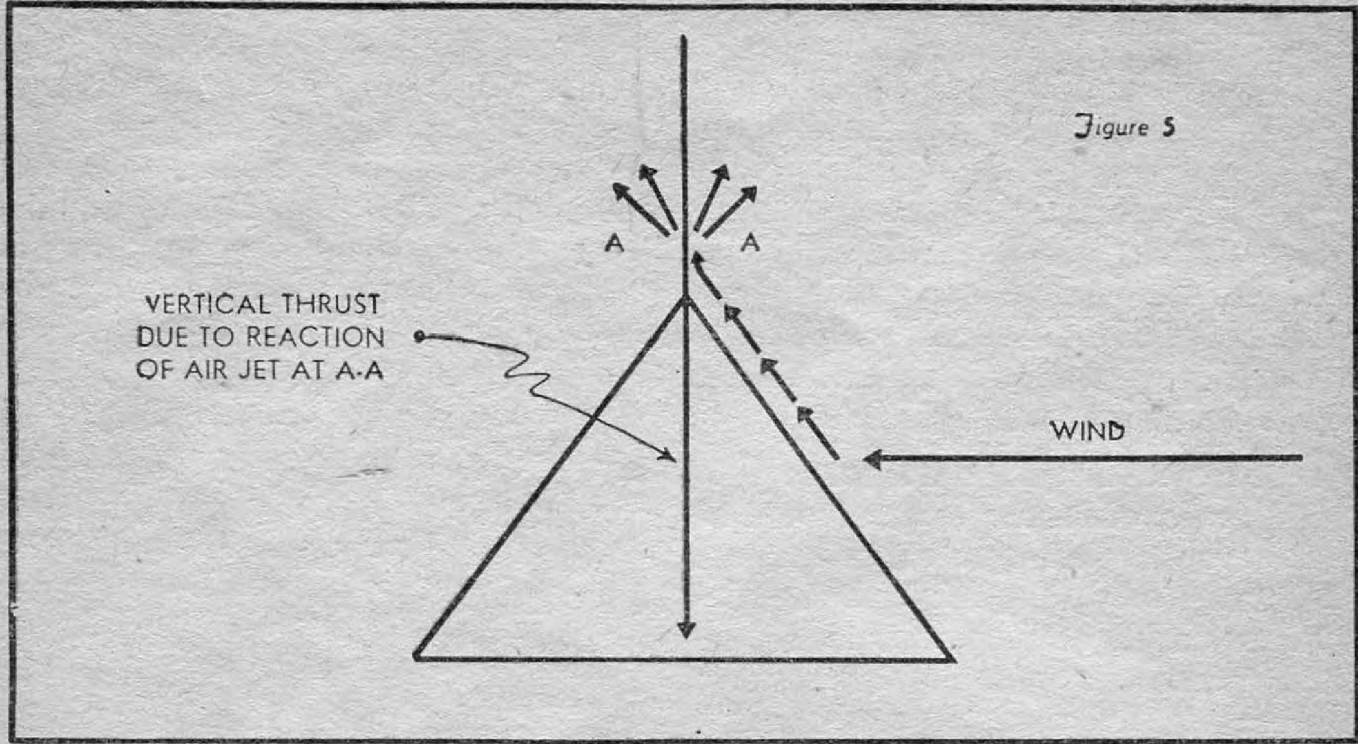
The atmosphere becomes denser in



ratio to its velocity until to all intents the erstwhile gas becomes a solid. In large-scale explosions the wall of air that radiates from the explosion-site is analogous to the wall of water of a tidal-wave. An aerological tidal-wave is just as destructive as one occurring in a solid, perhaps more so, because the atmosphere's density can be raised beyond simple solidity if the explosion is great enough, and then the air becomes a compressed solid, i.e., "super-solid." An instance has been recorded wherein the atmospheric tidal-wave had such high density that it cast a shadow. This wave resulted from the accidental explosion of a moderate amount of nitroglycerine and dynamite—an upheaval quite insignificant when compared with an atom explosion.

The Cheops Pyramid was erected to serve as an enduring monument so the builders had to foresee such aerial tidal-waves and other similar caprices of nature.

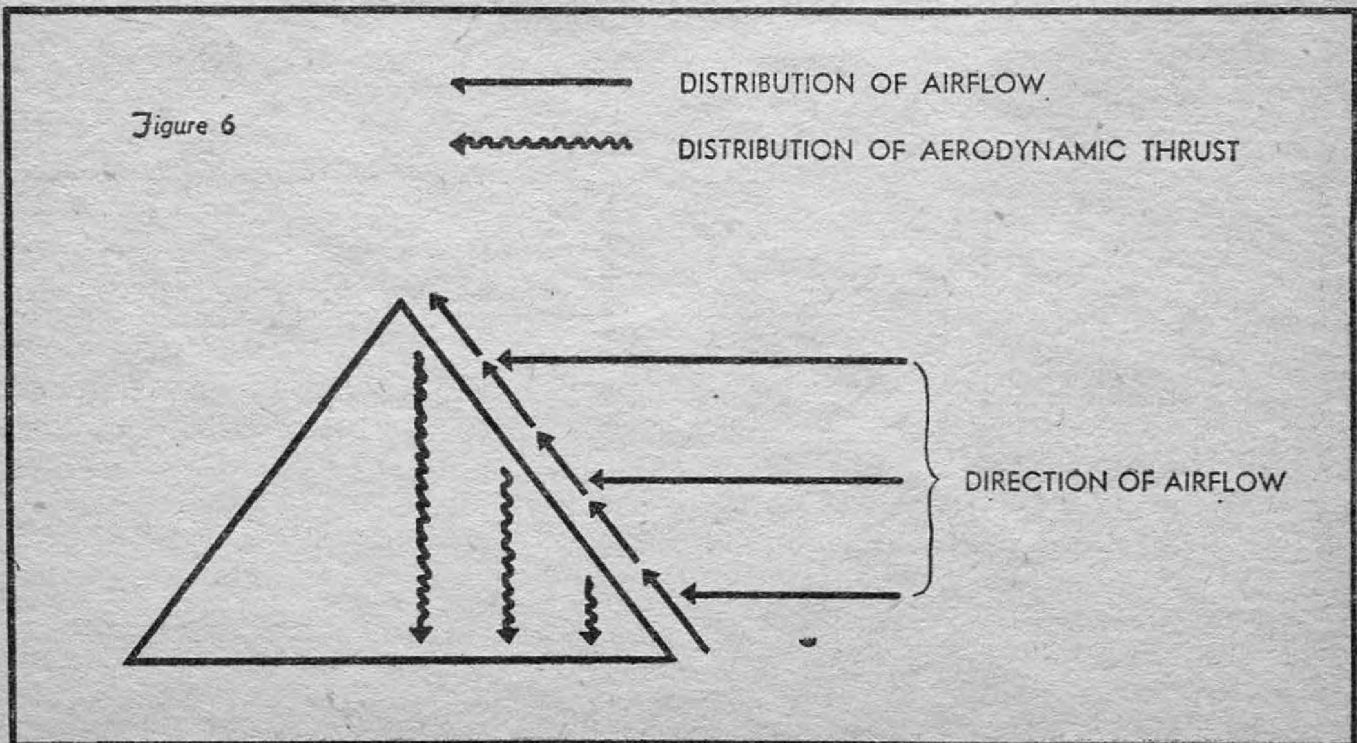
Consideration of the pyramid-form



in the light of the "roomiest" requirement of the builder's axiom brings to light many interesting facts. Evaluation of the form from this angle demands, however, that the difference between "total" cubic content and "utilized" cubic content be constantly kept in hand. This difference, of course, is caused by the total content

being diminished by floors, beams, trussing, etc.

Fig. 9 illustrates sagittal sections of four of the solid forms adaptable to building. The rectangular solid has been discarded as it is an elongated cube and has the disadvantages peculiar to the cube. The cross-sections have identical base-length and alti-



tude. The horizontal dotted line bisecting each section at half its altitude represents a floor within each form. The figure beneath each cross-section is the percent the given-floor volume bears to the total volume. Cursory examination indicates the cube and cylinder have the lowest livespace, deadspace-ratio. This idea is erroneous, however—it ignores a very important point, viz., *the roof*. The cube and cylinder each require a roof to be functionally complete and, consequently, the beaming and trussing needed to support it must be subtracted from the total volume.

It is apparent, of course, that an additional decrease in the total content is effected by each floor erected. The 5% deduction in the cube and cylinder shown compensates only for the roof sub-structure and can be considered a compulsory subtraction. Additional floors require additional deductions and the end result is in direct relation to the number of floors

constructed. In Fig. 9 one floor is shown—the roof sub-structures of the cube and cylinder at “a—a” constitute an *a priori* deduction of 5% as seen beneath the illustration. The floor requires a subtraction equal to the roof substructures, for from the practical standpoint the two are alike in volume. An expression commonly heard is that “the roof substructures are a floor for the roof.” This means, of course, that the revised deduction is 10% and is, therefore, definitely greater than that of the pyramid- and sphere-form.

Because the revised ratios demonstrate the space-wastefulness of the cube and cylinder they cannot be considered roomy. The remaining forms, the pyramid and sphere, have an identical ratio. Due to the absence of a roof the 5% is a true statement of the relation existing between used- and unused-space in each form. These two forms fulfill the “roomy” condition of the builder’s axiom and,

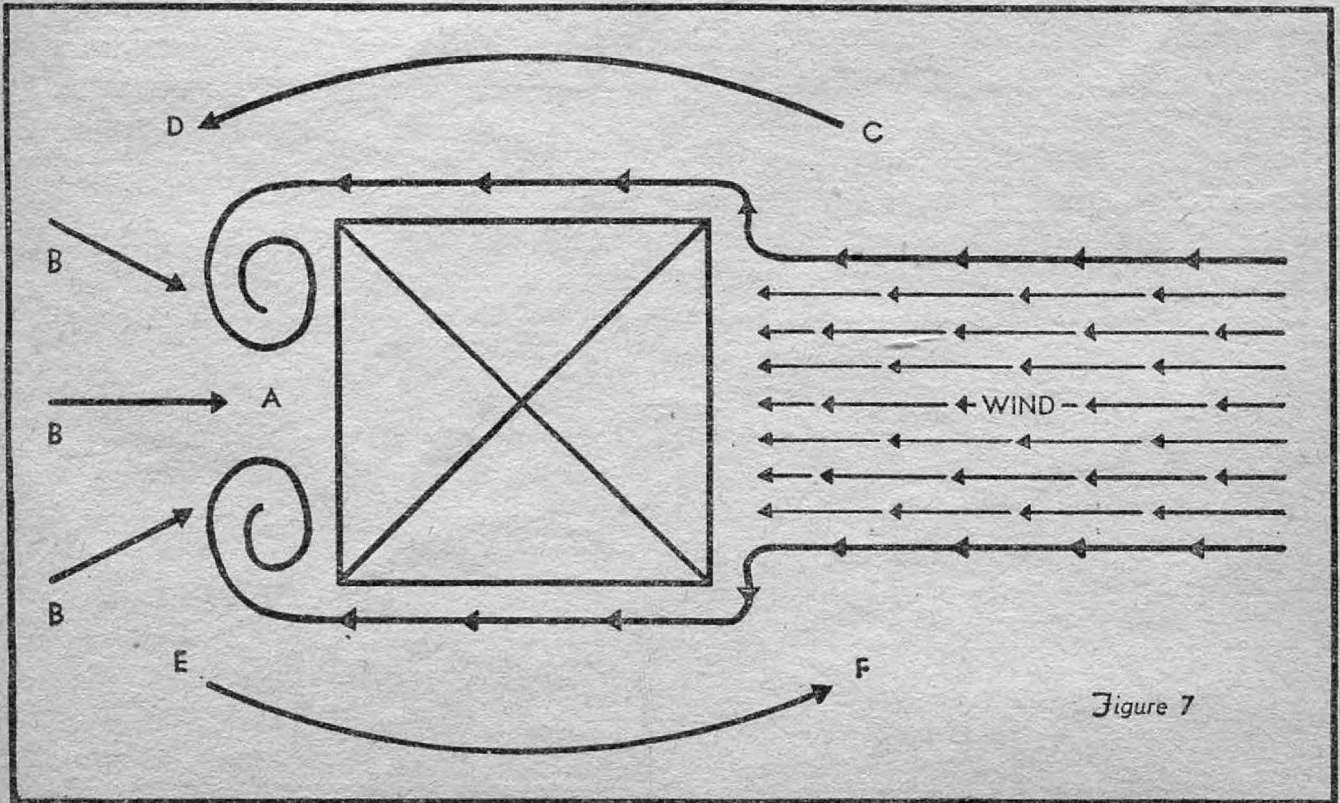


Figure 7

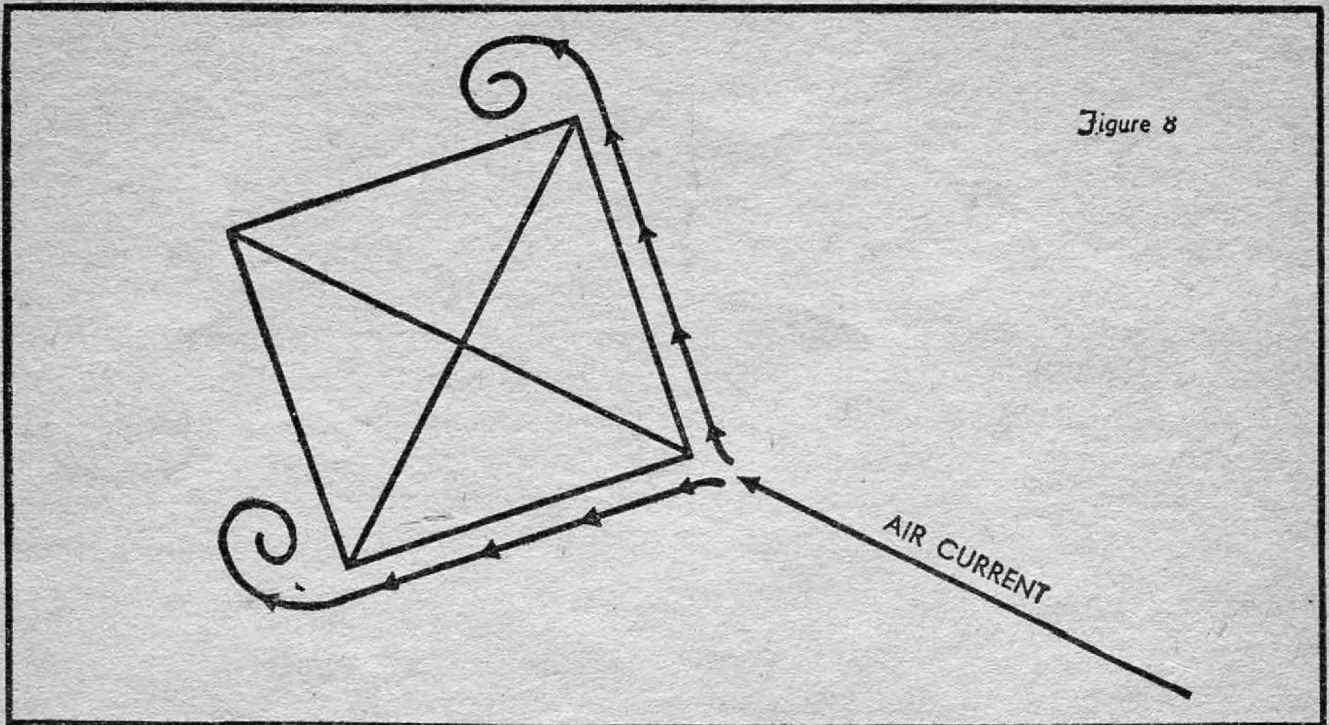


Figure 8

in the building of the Cheops structure where the axiom was rigorously applied, the sphere-form was rejected because of inability to meet the remaining two conditions.

Strength, in the engineering sense, includes stability. The sphere, of course, is the most mobile of solid forms and is, therefore, notoriously unstable. To establish stability in the sphere requires external bracing. Such non-integral and external additions to the building *per se* caused the rejection of the sphere as the builders wanted a form strong in and by itself.

The pyramid builders of the ancient world being "master" builders found that all forms excepting the pyramidal were costly to erect as the basic structure-cost was augmented by the need for subsidiary structures, i.e., non-integral constructions such as beams, external stabilizers, trusses, etc. The pyramid artisans rejected any form uneconomical to erect and, being perfectionists, after they chose a number of cheap forms they finally used the "cheapest of the cheap." The Gizeh wizards constructed a building that is complete yet is minus a roof.

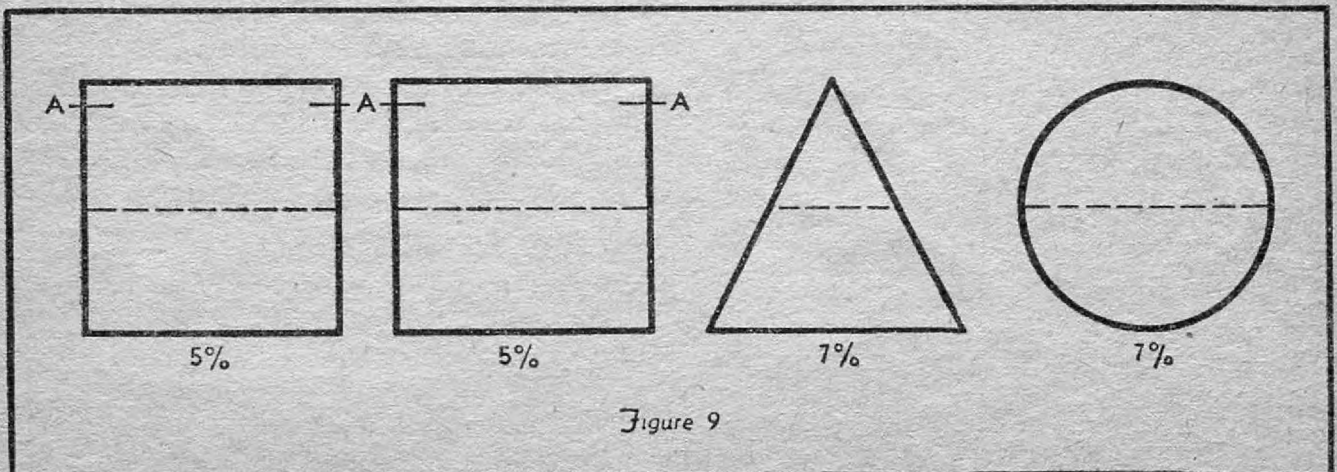


Figure 9

The pyramid erectors obtained the same result with only two factor costs—truly economical building. Discarding the roof as an unnecessary expense, however, was not the only saving effected by the master builders of Egypt.

In contemporary vertical construction the cost of guttering and spouting, for example, is no minor financial item. It is evident this cost is also in direct relation to the height of the structure. These external structures are considered necessary to drain rainfall from the flat roof-area and so

circumvent roof collapse. However, it is apparent that these structures are required only because of the presence of a roof, i.e., no roof, no spouting. The pyramid-form requires neither gutters nor spouting and so is additionally economical to erect. As rainfall is drained immediately, the source of weakness that a roof admittedly is, is negated.

The pyramid-form perfectly satisfies the builder's criterion of "strongest-roomiest-cheapest" requiring no additions to make it functionally ideal.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PSYCHIATRIST

by *Arnold Burt*

REGINAL SCOT lived at Scots Hall, Smeeth, Kent in England in the sixteenth century. Unusual for his time, he refused to believe in witches or obsession by evil spirits. Instead he believed witchcraft was a product of insanity. He wrote a book called the *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, for which King James I nearly had him beheaded. The king ordered all copies of the book destroyed. Not dismayed, Scot became what would have been called a practicing psychiatrist in our day.

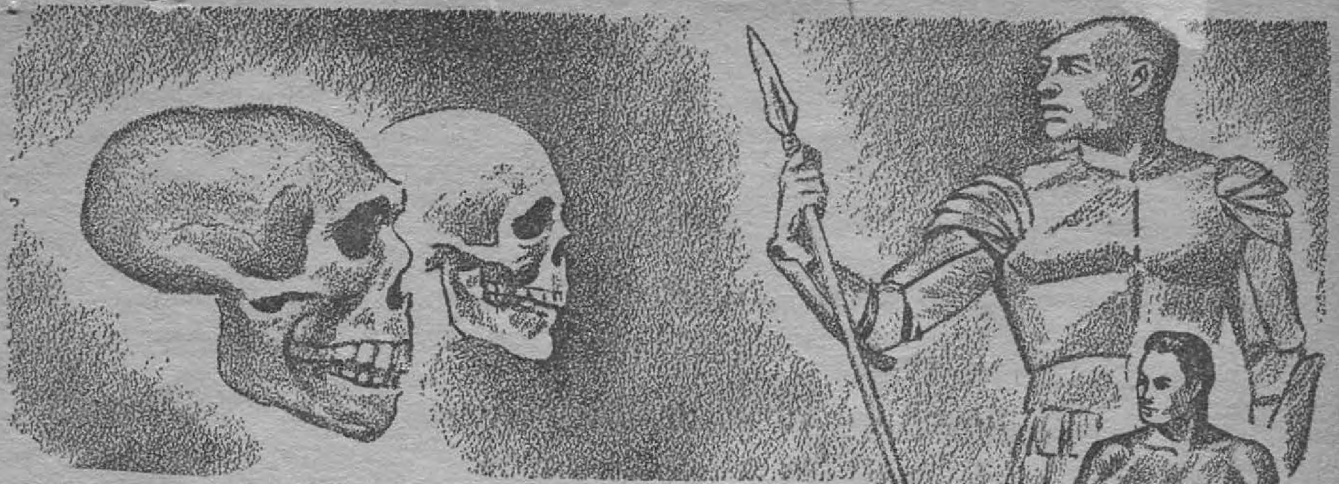
One of his most interesting cases was that of a man who suffered from the delusion that his nose was so big that he could not get it through any ordinary door. Scot's treatment for this madness was cleverly handled. He approached the door to the patient's room and then stopped. The patient called out to him to enter. Scot said: "Sir, your nose is so big that I can hardly enter the door." So grateful was the patient to find

anyone who would believe him that he agreed to do anything for a cure.

Scot entered the room, staying close to the wall, as if he feared he would hurt the patient's nose if he came any closer. Then he blindfolded the man, ordered a tub brought in, and seized him by the nose with a pair of pincers. He thrust the man's head into the tub which was filled with blood and pieces of bullock's liver.

When he lifted the blindfold, the credulous man thought that his cumbersome nose had been cut. His delusion was gone and his disease was cured. Though all the townspeople marveled at the miracle that had been wrought, Scot was not surprised. He regarded it as only further proof that his theory was right and that these delusions were mental rather than supernatural.

Psychiatry today can say little more of a positive nature than this "miracle man" of the past.



GIANTS IN ANCIENT AMERICA

by Phyla Phillips

There really were giants in America long ago. Here is proof

THERE were giants in those days—and in America! Their skeletons have been found in Indiana and Missouri, one of them clad in copper armor! But these two discoveries, ignored by professional scientists, have been almost forgotten despite their importance in casting a dim ray of light into America's dark and strange yesterday. They do, however, indicate that additional and similar discoveries will be made in the future that will serve to throw the age of man on this continent back into the unknown and little-suspected depths of antiquity.

Near Potato Creek, three miles north of Walkerton, Indiana, lies a prehistoric burial mound that was originally about twenty-five feet high. The owner at the time of the discovery stated that 110 years previous a towering oak tree more than twenty-

seven feet in circumference grew above its rounded top.

In October, 1925, several men who were curious about this mound obtained permission to excavate it. They opened the mound and at a depth of twelve feet struck bones. Carefully they cleaned the soil away and found the skeletons of eight giants, lying like the spokes of a huge wheel, with the skulls meeting at the hub or center. The feet were pointing outward. The largest skeleton was more than nine feet long, and its bones were huge and massive as were the bones of the other seven.

A curiously wrought arrowhead still remained embedded in the skull of the largest. This skull was so hard and thick that the point was broken on the tip of the arrowhead, although the edges were still sharp. There was also a dent in the skull, perhaps made

by a copper-banded war club, of which several were found in this remarkable burial plot.

A still more amazing thing about this nine-foot colossus was that his bones were incased in a complete suit of copper armor. Buried with the skeletons were three pounds of silvery ore which the discoverers thought might be white gold. Subsequent analysis failed to identify this ore or alloy.

Among the other relics unearthed were a bone needle and two smoothly polished black stone pipe bowls. Bone needles and stone pipes are not unusual Indian artifacts, but one of the pipe bowls was definitely out of the ordinary. On it an ancient artist had carved a figure that resembled a prehistoric monster. It was described as an animal with a lizard-like tail and the body of a hippopotamus.

The seventy-four-year-old owner of the farm on which the mound was opened, a Mr. Vosburg, stated that his father had inquired of the Indians who lived in that vicinity in those days if their tribal history included knowledge of the mound. They all denied knowing anything about it, which is not surprising. It would take a long tribal memory to keep intact a history of giant men who, perhaps, lived in the days before the age of ice—when dinosaurs roamed the continent, when ancient craftsmen made complete suits of copper armor, when silver-gold ore, unknown today, was mined.

Another strange thing about these Indiana giants is that apparently they belonged to a nation or tribe of people who bound the heads of their children. The finders claimed that the skulls did not resemble those of

ordinary American Indians. The eye sockets seemed to be at the top of the head and practically no forehead was visible in the skull structure.

Head binding is a very old custom, but there are a few primitive tribes left today who still practice it in Africa and several other countries. It is done by placing a small, flat board against the forehead of an infant and binding it tightly in place. This is worn until the skull has a permanent conical shape, sloping backward.

It is interesting to note that in the book *OAH SPE* a highly advanced nation is said to have occupied the United States in very remote times. They had sufficient knowledge of engineering to build an artificial canal or waterway straight through the center of the middle western states, from the north to the south. Large ships sailed on this canal. Moreover, the people of this nation were head binders. The purpose of this was to put pressure on certain brain centers so that a child would grow into an adult who would possess abnormal mental powers. Among these powers were the ability to see what was happening at a distance, the ability to communicate with the spirits of the dead, and the ability to foretell the future. These people of so many millenia ago are said by the authors of *OAH SPE* to have been a civilized race, light in color and *large in stature*.

Who were the giant warriors of Indiana? What fantastic religion or custom was the cause of their being buried under a mound that was twenty-five feet high a little over 130 years ago? Why were the dead warriors laid out in the form of a wheel? We may never know the answers, but it is not improbable that in the future

we may learn a great deal more about giants. A long account of the discovery was published at the time in the *South Bend Tribune*.

In view of the fact that "there were giants in those days" was discredited by many in 1925, not as much interest was elicited by the Walkerton find as would be the case today, since the discovery of the giant skeletons of *Pithecanthropus Robustus* and *Meganthropus* by the world-famous paleontologist, Dr. Koenigswald, in Java. Now the scientific world is beginning to accept the fact that human giants did exist in the misty ages when the earth was younger than it is now. Unfortunately, when the Walkerton mound was opened the discovered relics and artifacts were taken to various homes and there was not much investigation.

A similar discovery of giants in conical mounds of prehistoric origin was made in western Missouri in 1875. These mounds, which were lo-

cated on a high bluff over the Missouri River, were found to contain human bones of huge size—one lower jaw was twice as large as that of a modern man, and one thigh resembled that of a horse. The remains were of such great age that they were incomplete, but the skulls showed a receding frontal bone which testified further to their antiquity. They had been buried in sitting positions, together with flint scrapers and knives.

There seems to be little doubt that the legends of North American Indians of prehistoric men of giant size have a concrete basis, and these two discoveries, alike in being ignored and forgotten by archaeologists of that period, indicate that in the future more evidence will come to light. Revolutions in current theories regarding ancient man in America are now being made, and there seems little doubt that as the truth is revealed by tomorrow's research, the story will grow ever more amazing.

WYOMING'S SHIP OF DEATH

(Concluded from page 115)

Mr. Heibe's report pictures the grim sight as follows:

"On the forward deck just to the rear of the captain, who faced the bow of the craft, stood a gallows of the 'L' type, from whose cross-arm was suspended the body of a man they had hanged. As the body swayed to and fro from the rocking of the ship, it turned so that I gazed directly into the face. It was the blackened face of my dearest friend—he whom I had defended with my testimony in the court at Cheyenne only a few months previously."

As Heibe stumbled down the river bank, shouting, the ship slowly and

silently returned to the middle of the stream and faded from view. Later inquiry revealed that Thomas Horn had been hanged in the jail yard at Cheyenne on the afternoon of the same day. And perhaps it should be added that Mr. Heibe did not know that the phantom vessel had appeared twice before until he was asked by the bureau to file his own account of his weird experience.

Three times the phantom ship of the Platte, under sail and coated with glittering ice, has emerged from out of the vasty deep. When will it again appear with its tale of gruesome tragedy?



What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which “whispers” to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example:

The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the order is known as the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. Its complete name is the “Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis,” abbreviated by the initials “AMORC.” The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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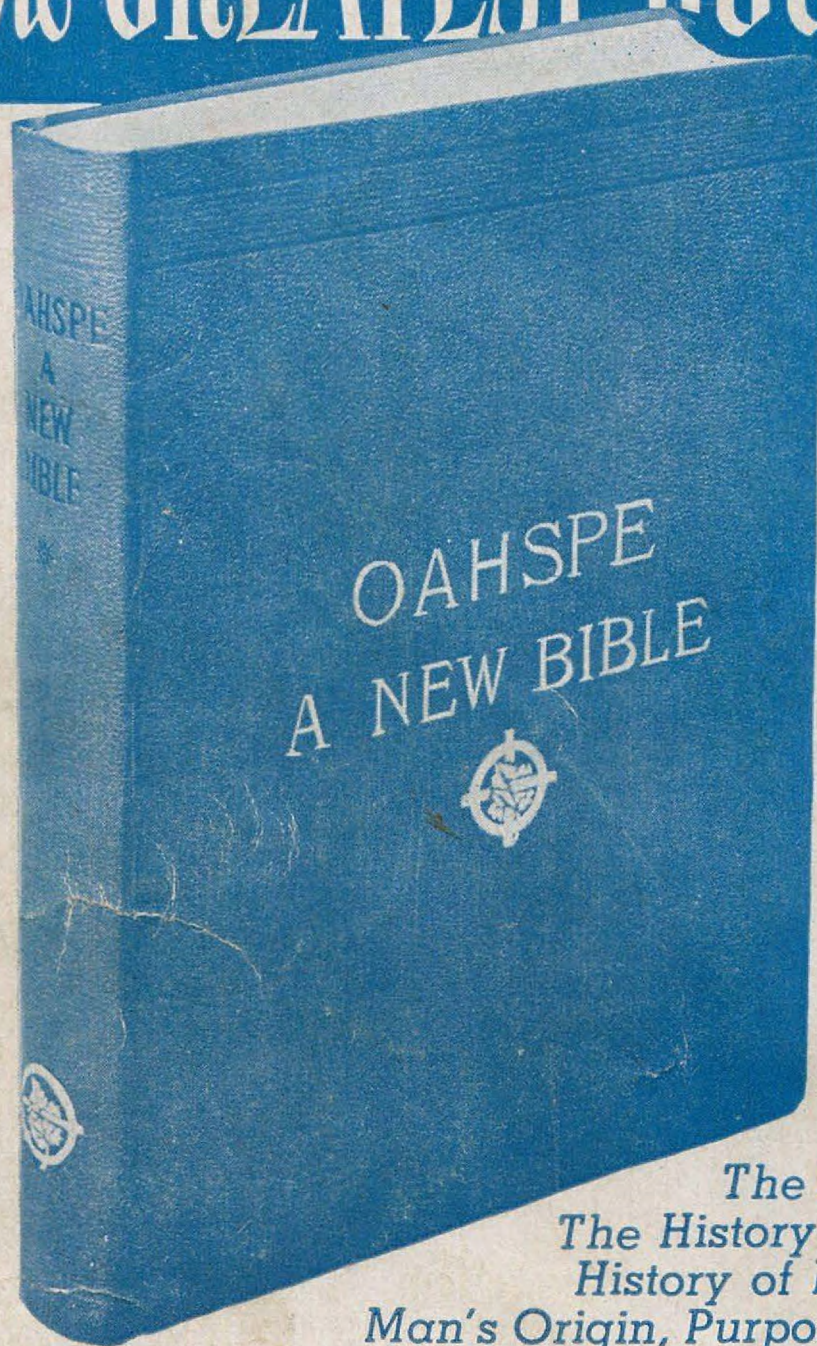
Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for complimentary copy of the sealed booklet, “The Mastery of Life.” It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to Scribe T.F.F.

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