FATE

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 4

WINTER
1949
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WAS JOAN OF ARC'S DEATH A FAKE?

By Rev. IRENE FARRIER

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HOW TO PRACTICE YOGA

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON

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THE PHANTOM AT PLESKAU AIRFIELD

By BERNARD-GEORGE MEITZEL

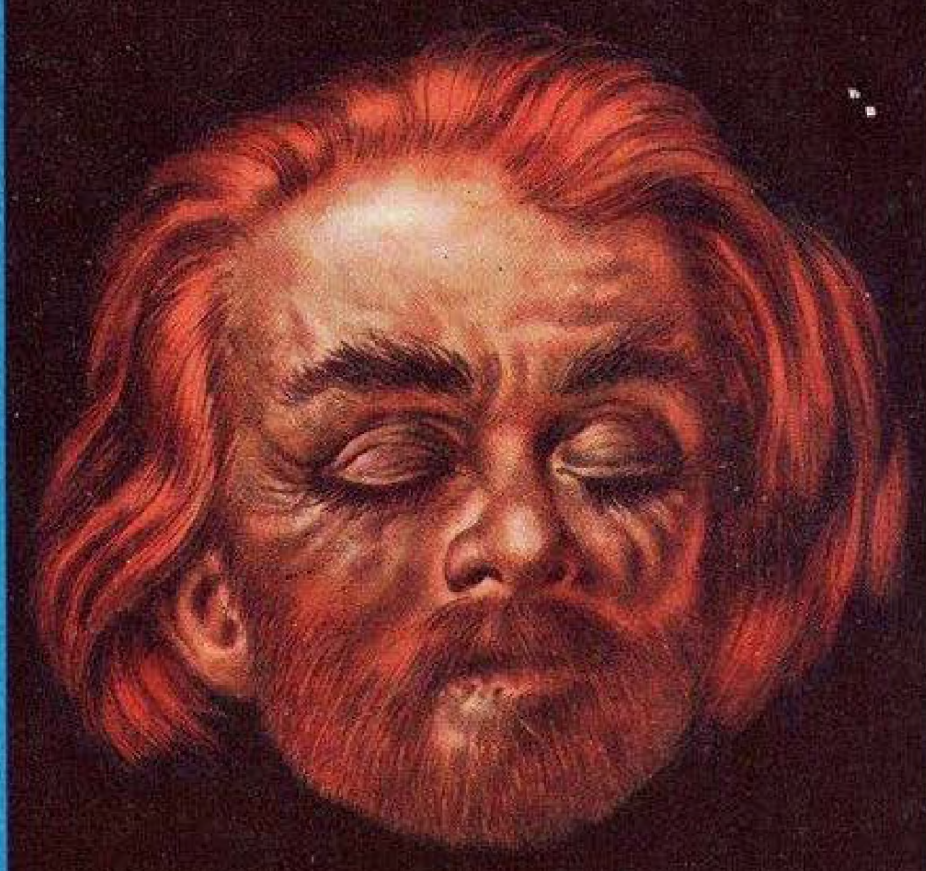
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IS THIS THE NEW RELIGION?

By MYRTLE W. CAMPBELL

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Articles On The Strange, The Unusual, The Unknown



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the Editorial

THIS is our birthday. With this fourth quarterly issue of FATE we celebrate our first year of publication. And in appreciation of the enthusiastic response you readers have given to our initial efforts, we want to thank you in more than words—we want to show by our actions that we are returning the favor. Therefore, beginning with this issue we are changing our production schedule on FATE magazine so as to bring it to you each month instead of every three months. The next issue of FATE will be dated *March* and will appear on or about February 10. The following issue will be dated *May* and will be on sale about April 15. On May 15, the *June* issue will appear, and from then on, you will get your favorite magazine every month!

NOW THAT THE presidential election is over, we've heard all the alibis of the experts and the pollsters and the analysts as to why they all missed the boat so tremendously. In our humble opinion, they've missed the boat again in their protestations—none of them has thought of the true explanation; none of them has thought to give the American Voter the credit for having done some thinking of his own! Perhaps some voters were readers of FATE, and not the type of people whose thinking is prepared for them in advance by those who prepare the propaganda barrages. St. John warned us about "the beast" and its greatest weapon, propaganda. It would seem that the sharp edge of propaganda is no longer so sharp. Some of us don't *believe* everything we read and hear—we *weigh* it. In this election, the American *people* made the decision, and absolutely ignored the hypnotic lulling of the loudmouthed gentlemen who have been priding themselves on their ability to sway the "masses."

THE OTHER DAY we ran across a new kind of almanac. Its publisher is Sam Bartolet, 9 East 7th St., Williamsport, Pennsylvania. We mention it to you only because so many of our readers are interested in the book *Oahspe*, and this clever little almanac is based on the astrological significance of the Oahspean calendar, which is a decided novelty. And Mr. Bartolet is quite a hard worker for the things we stand for—individual thinking and *peaceful* means to an end.

JUST BEFORE ELECTION DAY we went out and bought all the astrology magazines we could find—and we noted especially that the stars were very emphatic on one thing—the election of Mr. Dewey. We hope they will pardon us if FATE looks up at them with a sly little grin. Might it not be true that, after all, they are just stars, and never intended to order our lives and our thinking, but actually (if they were personalities) would be loyal readers of FATE? Apparently what is "written in the stars" can be erased!

TWO OF OUR articles this issue deal with new phases of the "flying disk" mystery. One of them solves at least a part of the mystery, even for those diehards who wouldn't admit it was solved before; it proves that they *do*

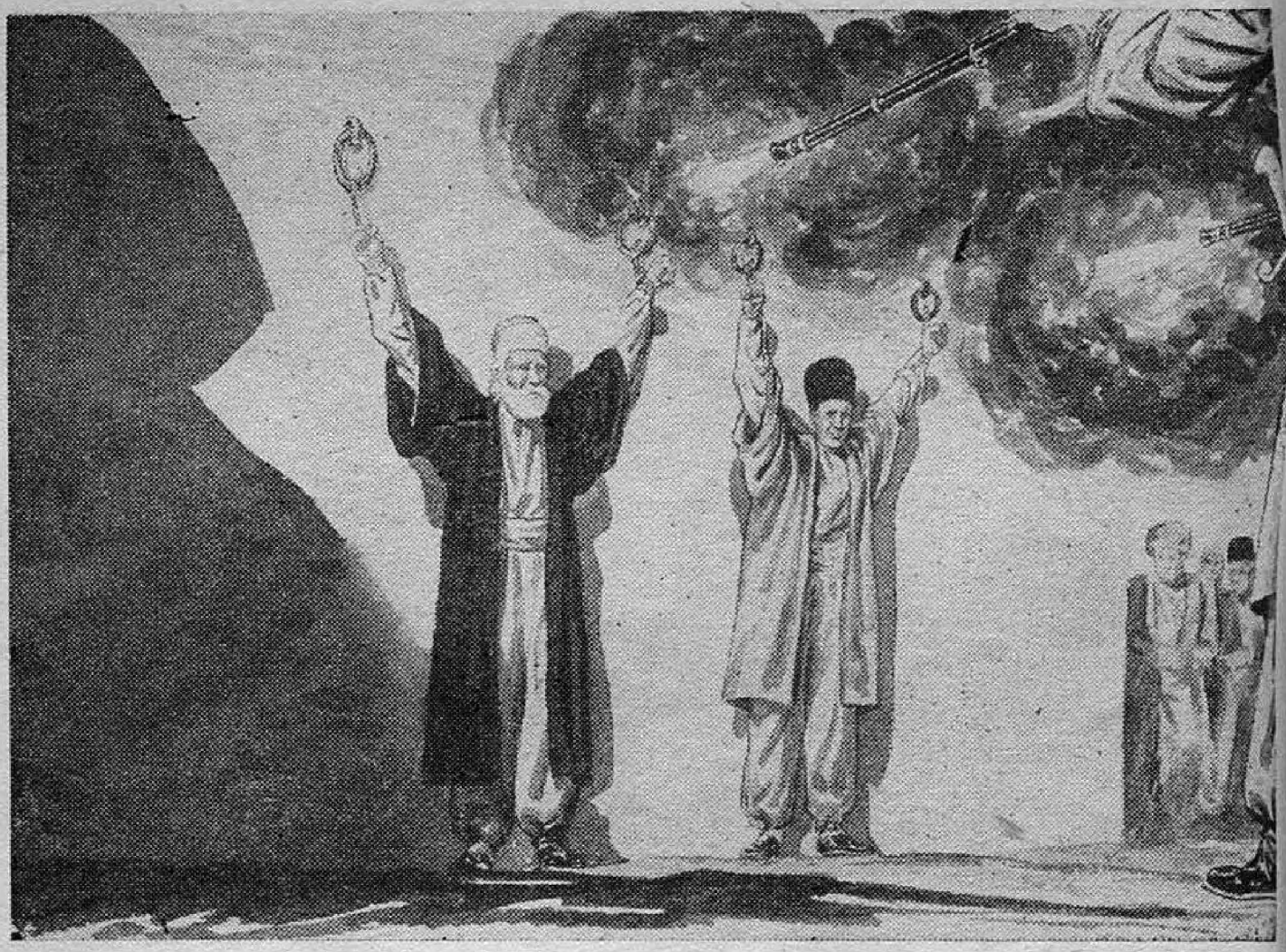
exist beyond all possibility of doubt. The other article advances what we frankly admit is only a theory, without one shred of substantiation. Further, those individuals whose comments have been offered in fictional form have denied in writing that so much as a casual telescope has been trained on Mars in several years. So don't be deluded into accepting the article as *truth*. It *may* be true, and the theory *has* been advanced. We think there may be something to it—and we want you to know what is being said behind the scenes. Further cerebration on it is up to you. When FATE gets more information of a definite nature, it will be presented that way!

PERHAPS YOU'VE noticed a few changes in the format of this issue. The reasons are simple—paper shortages at this present writing are more critical than ever before, and in response to the most amazing demand we've ever seen from a magazine readership, we've adopted every measure necessary to publish FATE monthly. We believe that you'd rather have 1,152 pages of FATE each year than 512. And when we contemplated the tremendous amount of material we have available for publication which has never before seen print, we threw caution to the winds and decided that after all, you gave us magnificent support for a whole year, and as a consequence your wishes amount to a command.

IN OUR MARCH issue we intend to present the sensational true story behind "Jack, The Ripper" and the incredible hoax perpetrated on the world by the London police. We guarantee that this article will startle you as has no other thus far in FATE magazine.

FOR THOSE OF YOU interested in prophecy, FATE magazine has secured the services of the famous Hollywood predictor, Jeron King Criswell. Criswell has never revealed the secret of his predictions, but no matter how he does it, any man who can average 87% correct in the sort of predictions he makes needs no further recommendation. Mr. Criswell covers all of 1949 in his first article for our pages, and he makes a great many predictions. We're going to "keep score" on him and see whether or not he can live up to his reputation for correctness. Incidentally, Mr. Criswell will appear in FATE each month with predictions for the coming month, or with special prognostications that may apply.

One interesting comment he makes to us in a letter is that he has a regular radio broadcast called "Criswell Predicts" in which he foretells the future. However, on the radio, no word related to mystic, psychic, or spiritual may be mentioned. May the editors of FATE make a point radio should have—that it makes no difference what kind of a car the mailman drives, just so the mail is delivered? We are simply not impressed by such words—we want facts. If Mr. Criswell can predict the future, what does it matter where he gets his ability? We will believe him because he's right, not because we're *impressed* with a word! *Robert N. Webster*



IS THIS THE NEW RELIGION?

by Myrtle W. Campbell

Over a hundred years ago a man called "The Bab" was executed in Tabriz. Today, in Wilmette, Illinois, one of the most beautiful temples in the world stands as concrete evidence of the truth and purity of his teachings of world faith.



THE SMOKE of the firing of the seven hundred and fifty rifles was such as to turn the light of the noonday sun into darkness. About ten thousand people had crowded onto the roof of the Tabriz barracks as well as on the top of the adjoining houses to witness the execution.

As soon as the cloud of smoke had cleared away, the astounded onlookers could scarcely believe their eyes. There, standing before them alive and unhurt, was one of the two men who had been hung against the wall with ropes; of the other there was no sign. He had vanished completely!

The ropes on which the two men had been suspended had been shredded to bits by the bullets, but not one lead pellet had touched the man who stood there. Even the tunic which Mirza Muhammed-'Ali had been wearing had, despite the thickness of the smoke, remained unsullied.

"The Siyyid-i-Bab has disappeared!"

Astonished yells came from the spectators, and from soldiers. Many faces grew pale. Stark fear and awe shone in many eyes. Especially did it shine in the eyes of Sam Khan, leader of the troops selected to execute the two men.

Sam Khan had good reason to be afraid. Early the evening before he had come for Siyyid-i-Bab, to cause him to be taken before the mujtahids of the city and obtain from them the authorization required for his execution. Siyyid-i-Bab had been engaged in a conversation with Siyyid Husayn when interrupted.

"Not until I have said to Siyyid Husayn all the things that I wish to say," he said to Sam Khan, "can any earthly power silence me. Though all the world be armed against me, yet shall they be powerless to deter me from fulfilling, to the last word, my intention."

Sam Khan had been amazed at the bold assertion, and somewhat angered at the presumptive attitude, as he deemed it to be, of Siyyid-i-Bab. However, he had made no reply, but had marched the condemned man off.

Brought before the mujtahids, and immediately thereafter before Mulla Muhammed-i-Mamaqani, the death warrant had been secured. Having ensured the legality of his action, Sam Khan had proceeded to put Siyyid-i-Bab and his companion, Mirzi Muhammed-'Ali, to death on the following morning.

Now, standing before his bewildered troops, he ordered a frenzied search for the missing man. The condemned man was found, eventually, seated in the same room which he had occupied the night before, engaged in completing his interrupted conversation with Siyyid Husayn. An expression of unruffled calm was on his face. His body had emerged unscathed from the shower of bullets which the regiment had directed against him.

"I have finished my conversation," said Siyyid-i-Bab. "Now you may proceed to fulfil your intention."

Sam Khan was too shaken to resume what he had already attempted. Refusing to accomplish his duty, he ordered his men to leave the barracks immediately and refused ever again to associate himself and his regiment with any act that involved the least injury to Siyyid-i-Bab. He swore as he left the courtyard never again to resume that task even though his refusal should entail the loss of his own life.

Aqa Jan Khan-i-Khamsih, colonel of the bodyguard, known also by the names of Khamsih and Nasiri, volunteered to carry out the order for the execution.

On the same wall, and in the same manner, Siyyid-i-Bab and his companion were again suspended, while the regiment formed into line to open fire upon them. This time, not only the cord was destroyed, but their bodies were shattered and blended into one mass of mingled flesh and bone.

"Had you believed in me, O wayward generation," were the last words of Siyyid-i-Bab to the gazing multitude as the regiment was preparing to fire the final volley, "everyone of you would have followed the example of my youthful companion, and willingly sacrificed yourselves in my path. The day will come when you will have recognized me; that day I shall have ceased to be with you."

That was July 9, 1850.

Today, nearly a century later, the dying man's prophecy has come true. Siyyid-i-Bab, or the Bab, as he is known today, has been recognized the world over, and his name is a power which has been growing by leaps and bounds, and has already greatly influenced the course of history and politics and most certainly of religion. A new faith, called the Baha'i faith, has come into being.

On September 23, 1893, at the Columbian Exposition, the western hemisphere first learned, from the lips of the Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup of



'Abdu'l-Baha

Beirut, Syria, representative of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, the spiritual successor of the Bab, the keynote of the new religion.

Culturally, the nation as a whole was very crude. In New England, that strange flowering of the mind and spirit centered in the Transcendentalists was declining: Emerson and Alcott were both dead, and the spirit of their thinking, although it had been disseminated far beyond New England, was spread very thin. The rest of this vast nation was still preoccupied with the material problem of wresting an increasingly rich livelihood from the blood and bones of the earth.

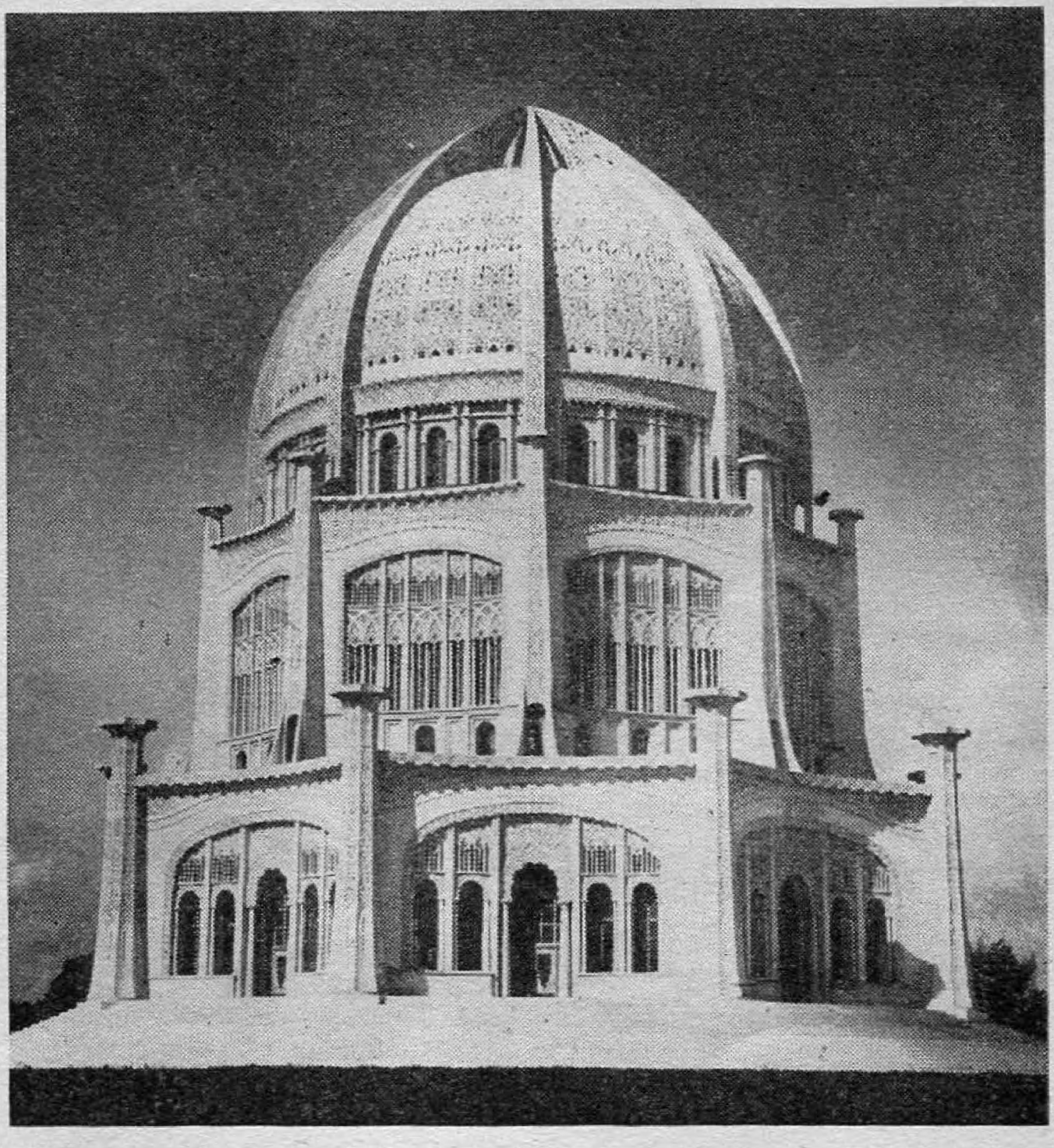
The World's Fair was a dream city, a heaven set down in the mud and toil of their everyday lives. It is almost impossible to estimate the stimulation which that incredible vision exercised upon the spirits of the sons and daughters of the pioneers. Here was unbelievable beauty, not remote and imagined, but solid and concrete before them. A whole new range of possibilities was opened to them. This was a *world* fair. The very reason for its being was one which had global significance. For was not the voyage of Columbus the essential act which was in course of time to make the globe materially a single unit?

In 1890 Charles C. Bonney had conceived the idea of inaugurating a series of congresses which would set forth the political, artistic and religious aspirations of the age, and at his suggestion, an auxiliary to the fair was formed. Two hundred committees began working on the project, and the State Department of the United States government included in its announcement to the world the following significant statement:

"*Among the great themes the congresses are expected to consider are the following: The grounds of fraternal union in the language, literature, domestic life, religion, science, art, and civil institutions of different peoples; the economic, industrial, and financial problems of the age; educational systems, their advantages and defects, and the means by which they may best be adapted to the recent enormous increase in all departments of knowledge; the practicability of a common language for use in the commercial relations in the civilized world; international copyright and the laws of intellectual property and commerce; immigration and naturalization laws and the proper international privileges of alien governments and subjects and citizens; the most efficient and advisable means of preventing or decreasing pauperism, insanity, and crime, and of increasing productive ability, prosperity, and virtue throughout the world; international law as a bond of union and a means of mutual protection, and how it may best be enlarged, perfected, and authoritatively expressed; the establishment of the principles of judicial justice as the supreme law of international relations and the general substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of international controversies.*"

The Congress of Religions opened on the morning of September 11, 1893, in the Hall of Columbus, a part of the Memorial Art Palace on the shores of Lake Michigan (now the Chicago Art Institute). Four thousand people awaited the arrival of the representatives of the great religions of the world.

Ten strokes of the "new Liberty Bell" had opened the congress. The bell bore the inscription: "A new commandment I give unto you that you love one another." Each stroke



The Baha'i Temple, at Wilmette, Illinois, was begun in 1921 and is not yet finished; work on the interior is still going on. The building is nine-sided, and is built on a circular platform of concrete erected on concrete piers sunk 120 feet down to bedrock. The platform is 202 feet in diameter and 20 feet high, with a sloping deck upon which 18 circular steps were built. The extreme height of the building is 161 feet. The diameter at the top of the steps is 152 feet. The first story is 36 feet high and the second story is 45 feet high. The height of the dome, proper, leaving out the projecting ribs, is 49 feet. The central portion of the building is a single space extending from the main floor up to the dome. The imposing landmark stands on the shore of Lake Michigan.

of the bell denoted one of the ten religious organizations present.

Two by two the delegates came into view. Heading the procession were President Bonney and Cardinal Gibbons, followed by Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Charles Henrotin. Next moved a stately column, composed of men of many tongues, of many lands, of many races; disciples of Christ, of Mohammed, of Buddha, of Brahma, of Confucius. There were strange robes, turbans and tunics, crosses and crescents, flowing hair and tonsured heads.

Seated prominently on the platform were Cardinal Gibbons, magnificent in his robes of red; the priests of the Celestial Empire in their long flowing garments of white; the patriarchs of the old Greek Church, wearing strangely formed hats, somber cassocks of black, and leaning on ivory sticks carved with figures representing ancient rites; the Chinese secretary of legation wore the robes of a mandarin; the high priest of the state religion of Japan was arrayed in flowing robes, presenting the colors of the rainbow; Buddhist monks were attired in garments of white and yellow; an orange turban and robe made the Brahman conspicuous; the Greek Archbishop of Zante, from whose headgear there fell to the waist a black veil, was brilliant in purple robe and black cassock, and glittering as to his breast in chains of gold.

Cardinal Gibbons lifted his voice and began: "Our Father, who art in Heaven," and was lost in the rush of voices which followed the well-known universal prayer. The supreme moment of the 19th century was reached. Africa, Europe, Asia, America, and the isles of the sea, together called Him Father. This harmonious use of the Lord's Prayer by Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Brahmans, and all divisions of Christians, seemed a rainbow of promise pointing to the time when the will of God will "be done on Earth as it is done in Heaven."

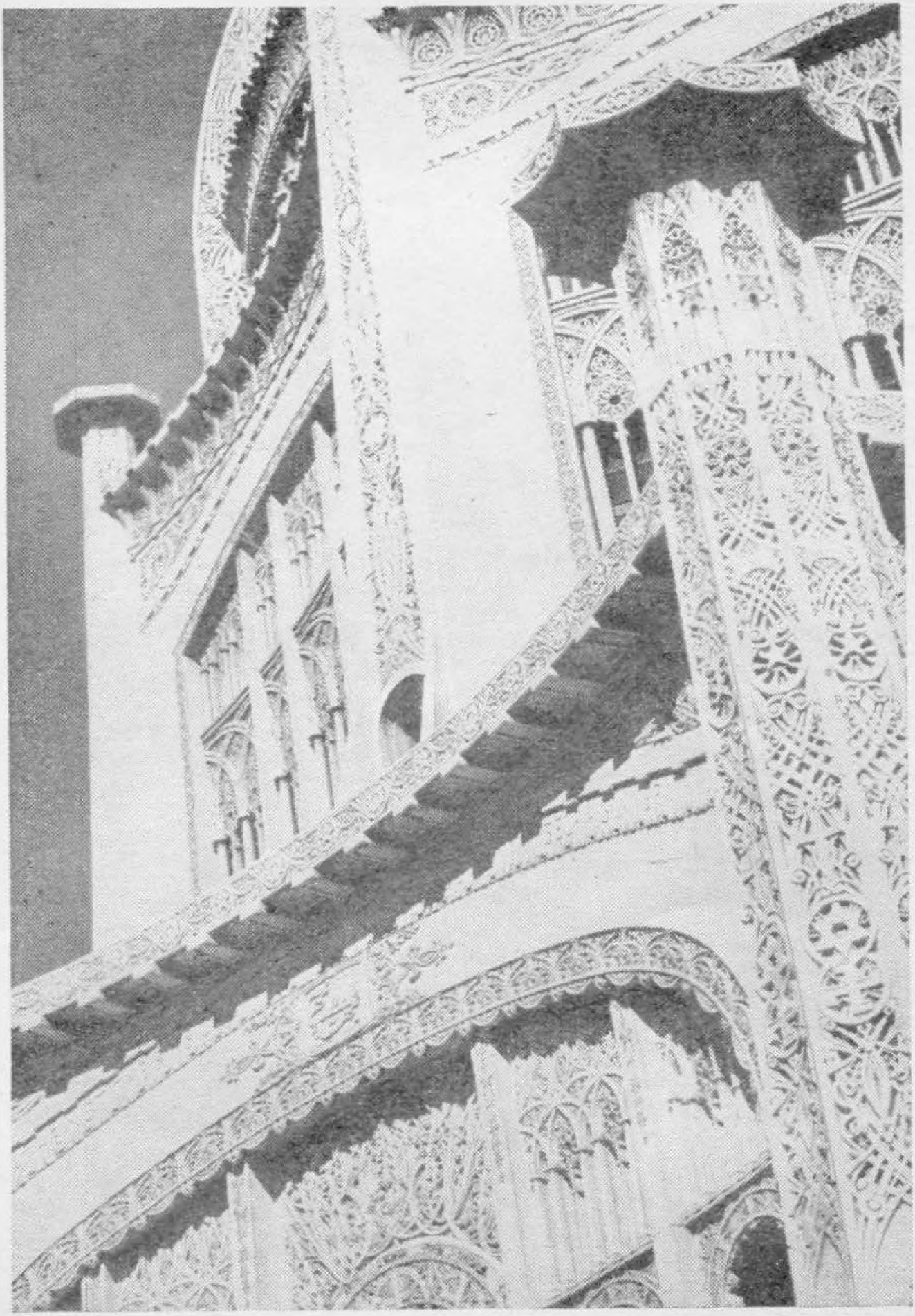
Most significant words of the whole congress were those of the Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup of Beirut, Syria. He concluded with the following:

"That all nations should become one in faith, and all men as brothers; that the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion and differences of race be annulled; what harm is there in this? Yet so it shall be. These fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars, shall pass away, and the 'most great peace' shall come.

"Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind."

In these brief words the western hemisphere heard the basic tenets of the new Baha'i religion. They were

The outer columns are decorated with religious symbols placed in rising, chronological order—the swastika, an ancient religious symbol, is at the bottom. Then comes the six-pointed star of Judaism, the cross of Christianity, the star and crescent of Islam. Above these is a nine-pointed star to indicate the coming religious unity of all the human race.



publicly demonstrated to have the concord of the world's leading religious authorities in the Congress of Religion. The teachings of Siyyid-i-Bab, of the Bab, had been recognized as he had predicted seconds before his ghastly death. The new religion had circled the world from its humble beginnings in Persia, a half-century before.

In 1912, ʿAbdu'l-Bahá, second spiritual successor of the Bab (the first was Baha'u'llah, who wrote the sacred books of the faith and laid down the foundation of the religion) came to America. He had two purposes, one to preach the new faith, the other to dedicate the master temple, the Mashriqu'l-Adhkar (the Dawning Point of the remembrance of God), at Wilmette, Illinois.

The Baha'i Temple at Wilmette was conceived by Baha'u'llah as the physical focal point of the new religion, as the symbol of the purposes of the Baha'i faith, and as the initial example of the community form of the new brotherhood of man which was to supersede governmental patriotism and love with human patriotism and love. The temple was to be the center of the new organic religious community which would demonstrate the operation of the law of unity and serve as a model for other communities whose growth in number would eventually bring the whole world's population to the practice of living the principles of true fraternal brotherhood.

Built into the architectural design of the Temple are the symbols of the Baha'i faith. Designed by the late Louis Bourgeois, its architecture has attracted widespread attention. The building rests on a great concrete platform, circular in shape, surrounded by eighteen ascending steps. From this foundation rises a nine-sided architectural unit, the main story, each side constituting an entrance arch buttressed by pylons or towers. The nine symmetrical sides form a series of concave arcs intersecting the line of the circle marked by the towers. The nine sides represent the eight great religions of the world, plus the ninth and newest, the Baha'i. Above each of the nine entrances one of the nine selected utterances of Baha'u'llah is carved. They are:

"*The earth is but one country; and mankind its citizens.*"

"*The best beloved of all things in My sight is Justice; turn not away therefrom if thou desirest Me.*"

"*My love is my stronghold; he that enterest therein is safe and secure.*"

"*Breathe not the sins of others as long as thou art thyself a sinner.*"

"*Thy heart is My home; sanctify it for My descent.*"

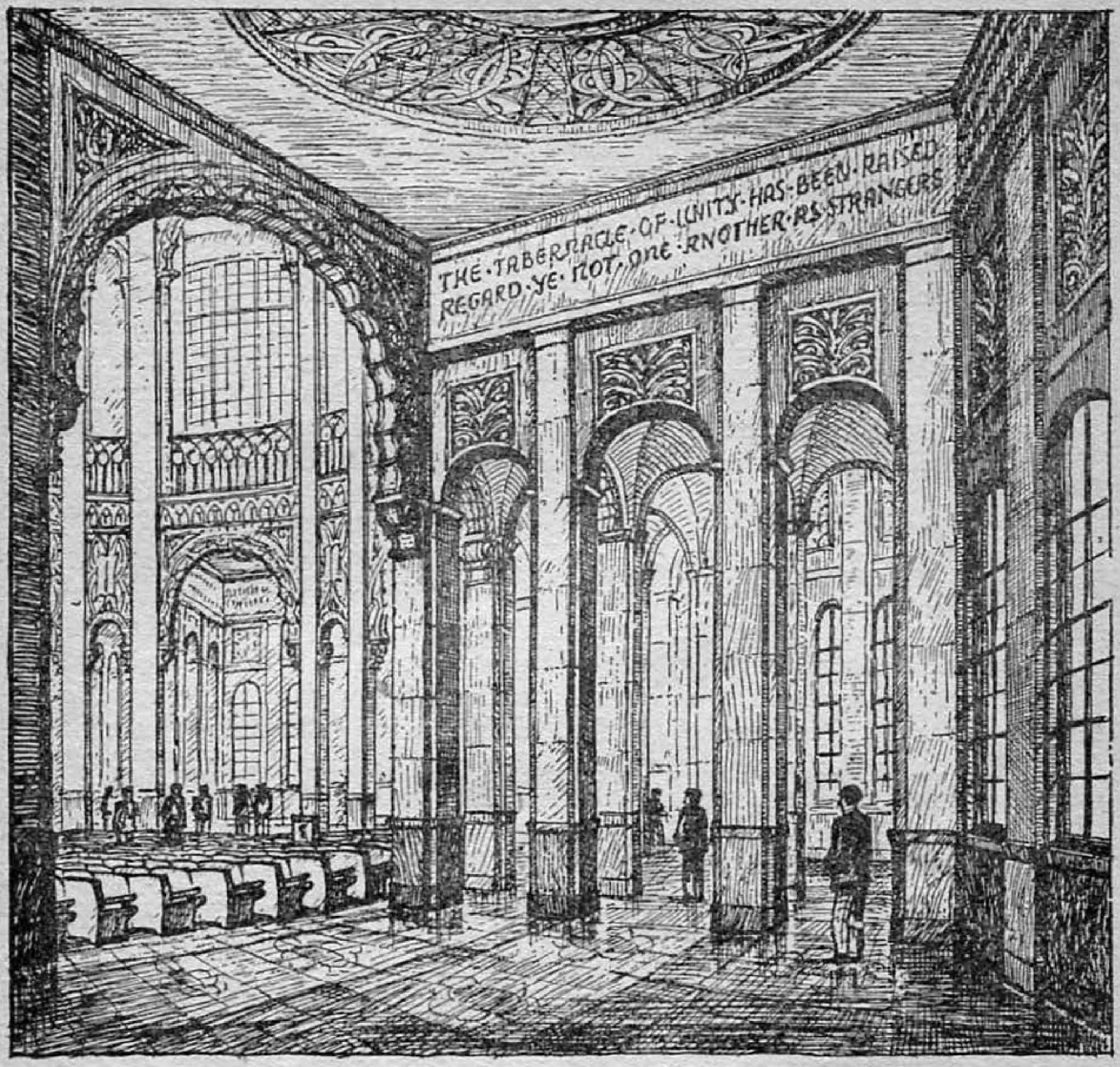
"*I have made death a messenger of joy to thee; wherefore dost thou grieve?*"

"*Make mention of Me on My earth that in My heaven I may remember thee.*"

"*O rich ones on earth! The poor in your midst are My trust; guard ye My trust.*"

"*The source of all learning is the knowledge of God, exalted be His glory.*"

The main story of the building becomes, in its turn, a platform supporting the gallery, the clerestory and the dome. The gallery unit, likewise nine-sided, sets back from the circumference of the main story. It repeats the effect of the entrance arches below in its series of nine window arches, but the nine smaller towers of this level do not coincide vertically with the nine pylons below. They rise at



This architect's sketch shows a section of the interior of the Wilmette Baha'i Temple as it will appear when finished. Architects the world over have acclaimed its unique design.

points midway between them, and their coincidence is with the perpendicular lines formed by the nine ribs which spring from the base of the clerestory to meet above the top of the dome. Clerestory and dome, set back from the outer line of the gallery, form circles and not nonagons, their circumferences being divided into nine convex arcs by the ribs. The dome itself is a hemisphere, but the great ribs meeting above it transform the effect of finality and resignation emanating from domed structures into the upward thrust of aspiration.

The architect has treated each wall as though it were a facet for transmission of light to the interior. The outer surface is, in reality, a series of patterned windows, for the physical function of wall has been transferred

to pylon, tower, rib and column. These elements carry the weight. This use of the wall has been made possible by the development of architectural concrete, a process by which in plastic condition a mixture of white quartz and cement has been poured into molds made from hand-carved models, emerging as units of a surface hard and enduring as granite, clear in texture, and bearing a design delicate as lace.

Shoghi Effendi, present Guardian of the Faith, describes the nature of the Baha'i house of worship as follows:

"It should be borne in mind that the central edifice of the Mashriqu'l-Adhkar, 'round which in the fullness of time shall cluster such institutions of social service as shall afford relief to the suffering, sustenance to the poor, shelter to the wayfarer, solace to the bereaved, and education to the ignorant, should be regarded, apart from these dependencies, as a house solely designed and entirely dedicated to the worship of God in accordance with the few yet definitely prescribed principles established by Baha'u'llah.

"It should not be inferred that the interior of the edifice itself will be converted into a conglomeration of religious services conducted along lines associated with the traditional procedure obtaining in churches, mosques, synagogues, and other temples of worship. Its various avenues of approach, all converging toward the central hall beneath its dome, will not serve as admittance to those sectarian adherents of rigid formulae and man-made creeds, each bent, according to his way, to observe his rites, recite his prayers, perform his ablutions, and display the particular symbols of his faith.

"The central house of Baha'i worship will gather within its walls only those who, discarding forever the trappings of elaborate and ostentatious ceremony, are willing worshipers of the one true God."

The Baha'i faith has no ritualistic service, but maintains that one's life itself is one's practice of faith.

The temple at Wilmette, which was originally estimated to cost $1,200,000, will cost much more. Its outward aspect is finished, and its interior work is now going forward. None of the expenses have been met by the acceptance of donations from non-Baha'is, although more than enough to build the edifice has been offered through the years. No indebtedness is allowed, work proceeding only as cash is available.

The Baha'i faith has been established in eighty-eight countries, and its literature has been translated into forty-eight languages. Principles of the faith are the Oneness of the Prophets, the Oneness of Mankind, the Equality of the Sexes, the Universal Peace, and the inviolable right of each person to investigate truth for himself and not follow blindly in the footsteps of his parents. The faith abolishes all kinds of prejudices as the cause of human conflicts; promotes the concord of science and religion, defining one as caring for man's material needs and the other his spiritual uplift and development; insists on compulsory education; prohibits slavery and begging as degrading to the intelligence of man; prohibits asceticism and religious seclusion; prescribes one mate in marriage and discountenances divorce

because stable home relations are the bulwark of society; and exalts *work* done in the spirit of service to the station of worship.

The Faith has no paid clergy. Each member becomes a teacher and a lecturer at public meetings if he or she has the ability to address an audience.

The governing body of a Baha'i community consists of nine members elected by secret ballot on the 21st of April of each year, known as the Local Spiritual Assembly. Delegates from the communities throughout the country meet at the Convention each year to elect nine members known as the National Spiritual Assembly, which directs the affairs of the local assemblies, functioning under the guidance of the Guardian.

THE END

THE LOST PLANET

by Walter Gillings

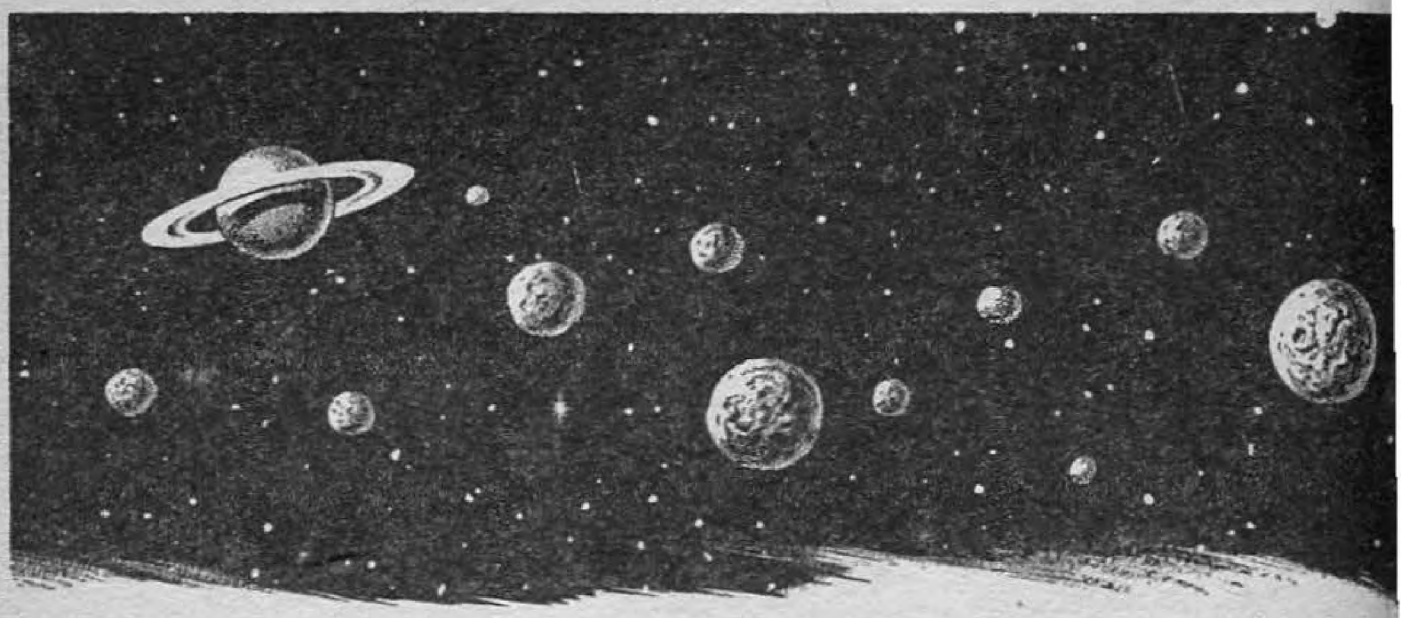
IN THE 340,000,000 mile belt of space between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter revolve some thousands of miniature worlds ranging from golf-ball size to nearly 500 miles in diameter. How they came to be there is one of the major mysteries of astronomy.

One view is that they are the debris of a huge comet which once passed through the Solar System, was captured by giant Jupiter and forced to revolve around the Sun until all that remained of its former glory was the bits and pieces we call the Asteroids. A second theory is that they are the remnants of the material which went to make the Solar System, thrown off by the Sun and prevented by Jupiter's gravitational influence from coalescing in a mass which might have become another planet of respectable dimensions.

A third, more fascinating notion is that they *were* once a planet which broke into pieces ages ago in a tremendous explosion, or a series of them, caused by excessive radioactivity in its core. A world that blew itself up . . .

Since Ceres, the largest of these midget worlds, was spotted by the Italian astronomer Piazzi in 1801, some 1,200 of them have been observed, but it is estimated that as many as 50,000 actually exist. The telescopic camera has multiplied by four the number of previous discoveries, and recent improvements in the method of photographic detection promise not only to increase the count but to confirm the latest theory that the bigger planetoids may have satellites.

It is feasible that those of greater mass might attract the smaller bodies into regular orbits around them, making them tiny moons, just as Jupiter is believed to have drawn several of the larger ones into his clutches. And even Mars is not above suspicion of having acquired his two diminutive satellites, Phobos and Deimos, in that way.



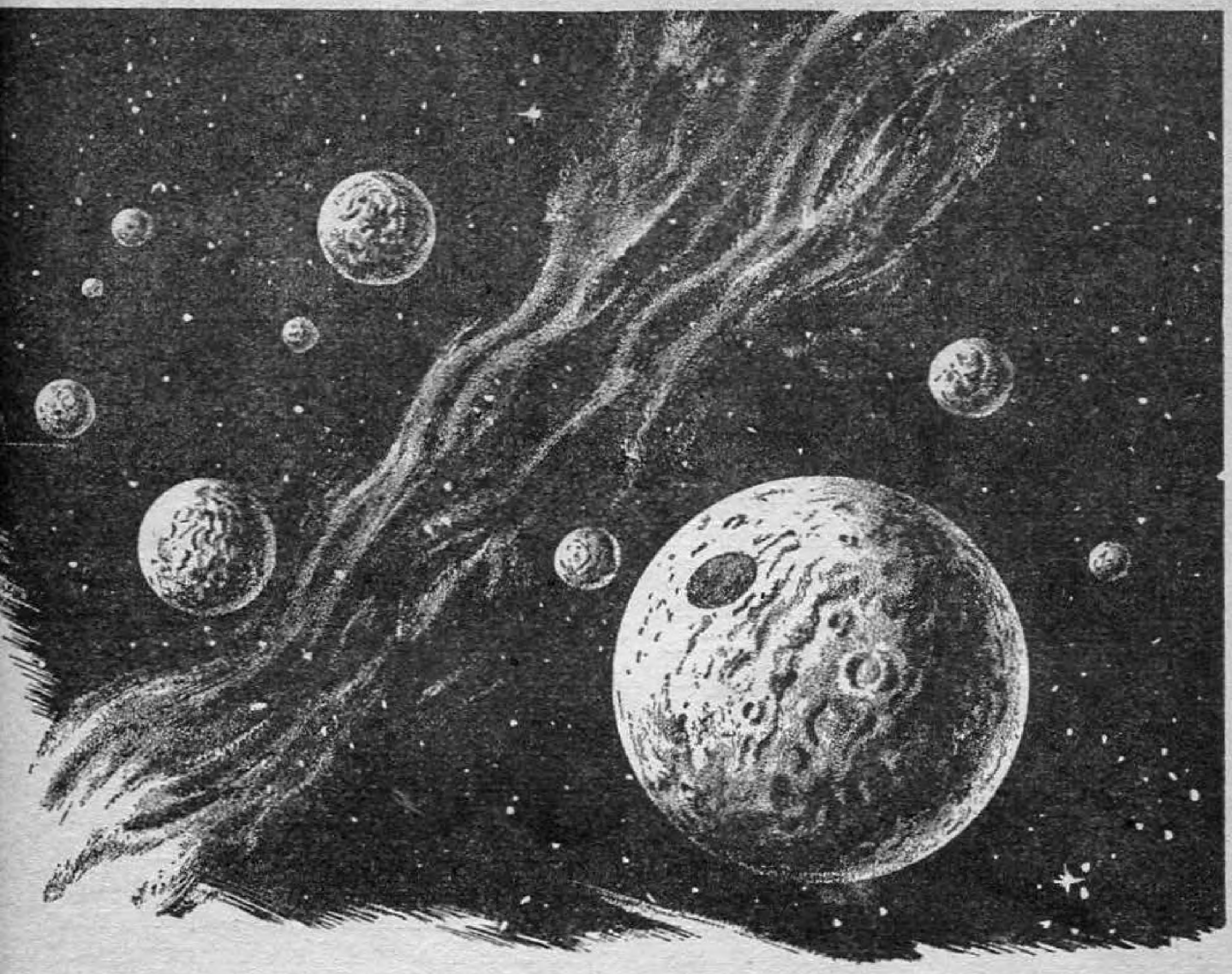
The orbits of some Asteroids are so eccentric that they intersect the Earth's and occasionally bring them very close to us. Little, one-mile-diameter Hermes broke all records a few years back when he ventured within 485,000 miles of our perturbed planet. But Luna need fear no rival and the anxious can sleep soundly in their beds. For Earth is hardly massive enough to capture any of those bold but speedy spirits, and the possibility of collision is remote.

Up to now, these so-called "vermin of the sky" have been of use only to astronomers in checking up on their measurements and keeping them ever on the alert. The search for more minor planets is with them an absorbing pastime, revealing some 200 new discoveries every year; though with all their vigilance there are some that get lost. The American discoverer of twenty-nine planetoids went so far as to leave his surviving colleagues a bequest in his will with the proviso that they should keep a constant eye on his elusive finds.

But in time to come, if we are to believe the hopeful advocates of space-flight, men may actually set foot on those pocket-size planets, using them as stepping stones in his travels through the interplanetary gulfs; or may even control their erratic paths, shift them entirely out of their orbits and transfer them to regions where they will be most useful as "space stations," millions of miles away from their present crowded situation. He may find in them, too, easily accessible mineral resources to aid him in his spatial projects. And perhaps traces of the civilization which existed, eons ago, on the planet of which they are the scattered fragments.

For the lost planet hypothesis of the Asteroids' origin, first advanced in the early days of their discovery, only to be discarded when a systematic comparison of their muddled orbits failed to produce any evidence to support it, is now coming back into favor as the most likely explanation of their tantalizing mysteries. The more we learn, the more plausible the most "fantastic" theory becomes. For instance, there's the matter of Vesta's peculiar brilliance.

This third biggest of the Asteroids, 240 miles across, shines with a light



more intense than that of our own Moon or even of the planet Venus with her dense, cloudy atmosphere. This high *albedo* is one of the puzzles astronomers can't account for, while denying the possibility of any of these wee worlds having mass enough to retain an atmosphere or even a coating of ice.

The only possible solution is that Vesta consists of quartz crystals or white rock with great reflective power. And since it is most unlikely that a mass comprising such a limited number of elements should have been thrown off by the Sun in the first place, the fact of Vesta's brilliance is considered to enhance the idea of the exploded planet of the long gone past.

If such a world existed, its size would have been rather less than that of Earth, and in view of its distance from the Sun it would have cooled and become habitable long before this planet. If the examination of meteors originating in the Asteroid Belt is any indication, its disruption must have occurred comparatively recently, astronomically speaking. Before that, it may have harbored life—intelligent life, which has left its mark somewhere among those bits and pieces of the world that was. When we salvage those remains, we'll find out, perhaps.

THE END

FAWCETT FOUND BY ECKENER?

by Harold T. Wilkins

Since 1925, the fate of Colonel Fawcett and his entire expedition has been an unsolved mystery. Now FATE presents the stunning answer!

AN EXPEDITION backed by the Minister of Immigration of the Federal Government of Brazil, Senhor João Alberto Lins de Barros is, as I write, heading into one of the most mysterious and little-known countries on the face of the globe. It is a region of dead cities of gold and mystery, many thousands of years old. Far to the rear of the advance guard of some 30 hard-bitten pioneers midget planes are surveying for air strips in the windbreaks of dense forests and jungles. Here, big transport planes are bringing in material and personnel for the foundation of new cities. The expedition has passed the mysterious headwaters of the Kuluene and Xingu rivers where the expedition of Colonel P. H. Fawcett vanished in 1925, and with him a young American of Los Angeles, Cal., Raleigh Rimell.

The climate has taken heavy toll of the pioneers. They have faced pathogenic insects, poisonous snakes, fevers and savage Indians who fire from ambush and retreat, burning the forests as they go. It is the land of the unpacifiable Caiapos Indians. The expedition is now heading toward the mysterious region of the Serra do Roncador, or Blusterer's Range. On its fringes are great swamps and marshy jungle which is a lost world of the sort depicted by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in his thrilling novel of adventure. Here, say Indians, and as local newspapers in the Matto Grosso have recorded, live monstrous reptiles of the dinosaur type long ago extinct on the earth. There is also a giant King Kong of an ape which has hands like that of a man, and can kill a Spanish steer with one blow of its mighty arms.

As these pioneers approach nearer the foothills of this unknown range,

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Harold T. Wilkins, the author of this article, has explored extensively in South America, and is the author of a book on the "Mysteries of Ancient South America" published by Rider and Company, London, 1945. His story in this issue is used by special arrangement and is based on extensive research in old Spanish, British and American archives. We present the word of this explorer, concerning Colonel Fawcett and Dr. Eckener as being of the highest reputation, and with it, we consider the mystery of the disappearance of the famous Fawcett has been solved.



MATTO GROSSO EXPLORER FAWCETT

Colonel P. H. Fawcett, who led an expedition into the Matto Grosso in 1925, was a famed explorer, and the world mourned his loss. No clue to his fate was ever found. But now, according to equally famous explorer, Harold T. Wilkins, the mystery has been solved.



Actual photo of a shrunken head, one of the trophies of the Field Museum, in Chicago. This head is that of a Jivaro aborigine and not that of a white man.

they will enter a region where in caves live savage black troglodytes armed with clubs of a wood like ebony. Somewhere behind the summits of the range lies a plateau on which these amazing dead cities are located. One of the mysteries they may try to solve is that of the fate of the Fawcett expedition.

In this article, I propose to reveal, after a self-imposed secrecy of ten years, what I believe to be the probable solution of this 23-year-old mystery. But as we live in fast-moving times and memories are apt to be short, I may say, by way of short preface, that the Fawcett expedition's main purpose was to seek out one of a number of extremely ancient walled cities, forming the ruling centers of a remarkable white and highly civilized race who, many thousands of years ago, ruled a great South American empire located on the shores of a mightier Marañon-Amazon basin. It is bounded on the north by what are now the little known sierras of Brazilian Guiana, and to the south, by the old highlands of ancient Brazil.

One of these dead cities is known to exist, today, at a remote region in Brazilian Guiana where three tributaries of the Rio Amazon meet to vanish underground. Here is an account of this dead city which I have taken from a travel-diary I made a few years ago:

"These three streams, united, spread out into the deep waters of a big *lago* (lake), and one knows one is in the neighborhood when one hears, coming through the deep forests, a roar of thunderous reverberations. They are caused when the waters vanish over a lip of rock into a great cavity. Here, a great hole yawns in the ground. Close by, many lichened and grey stone steps of a very ancient

stairway are cut in the rock of black basalt. Reaching the bottom of this stairway, one is startled to find unknown glyphs, or, as they seem to be, *letters* cut into the stone, which is dank with the spray of falling waters. One passes into an immense cavern where the air is fresh and cool. Looking up, one sees that the roof is pierced with ancient ventilation-shafts. Inside the great cavern, under an archway, the underground stream roars into the black darkness. The forest Indians shun this spot; but if one can obtain a canoe, one can row to a point where the walls close in, and dangerous eddies show that the roof comes down just where the subterranean stream roars over a brink into a whirlpool . . ."

Off the main cave a labyrinth of passages branch out. What lies beyond can only be guessed. But one of these passages leads into a queer mausoleum, where, in niches round the walls, are *skeletons*. These skeletons are walled up, so that only a grinning skull peers above each partition. On a fresco, or frieze, over each skeleton, there are strange hieroglyphs carved deeply into the rock, or letters of some unknown syllabary. Whether this queer *huaca* contains hidden treasures is not known, nor the purpose it serves. But the forest Indians whisper that the subterranean passages emerge finally into the grey ruins of a city of the long dead.

Fawcett's quest seems to have been another dead city approached by a tunnel under lofty snow-capped sierras. Around are ancient mines of gold and platinum. The city is as old as Time itself. Grey walls surround it. In spacious plazas stand splendid statues of men and women, great sculptured temples and mansions, and mighty obelisks. On the façades and porticoes of these buildings are carved letters, many of them of strangely Greco-Phoenician form. The letters were probably in use in the ancient civilization which, thousands of years ago, as these ruins suggest, ruled over a mighty, South American empire located on the far greater shores of an earlier Marañon-Amazon, bounded on the north by what are now the unknown mountains and sierras of Brazilian Guiana, and to the south by the highlands of the ancient Brazilian Island.

In each case, a mighty eruption of volcanoes and submarine earthquakes appears to have ruined these cities and driven the people forth in terror. For, as some Portuguese land-pirates, known as *bandeiristas*, who penetrated to one of these strange dead cities in 1745 A.D. state in a manuscript of which I have a copy, not a shred of any pottery or domestic furniture was found in the ruins—only bars of gold thrown down on the ground, and, in one case, a large engraved spherical gold coin. There is every evidence of a panic-stricken and hasty abandonment.

Today, one or more of these ruins of dead cities in the unknown Brazilian *sertão* (hinterland) is rumored by the forest Indians to be peopled with a degenerate race of white, dwarfish men and blue-eyed women with reddish eyes and long hair, and skin of a pallor like old ivory. Fabulous gold is all round them. But whether these Morlocks were a helot race of the old master-rulers, or their degenerate descendants, we cannot yet say. It is possible that these cities were in their prime of high civilization some 30,000 years ago; but archaeologists and field museum experts know absolutely nothing about them. For one

thing, the jungle approaches are beset with savage unpacifiable Indians; for another, as a Krupp German expedition of the year 1899 found, animal transport is impossible.

There is one way to solve these secrets: the use of a Zeppelin type airship not dependent on dumps of gasoline. Also, on the ground, the terrible pathogenic insects might be attacked and wiped out by a form of bacteriological warfare. If mankind were *really* civilized today, and desired to advance knowledge of the past, here is scope for the *proper* application of science!

There have been many expeditions into the Brazilian jungle in the last 20 years, but all have failed to solve the mystery of the fate of the three men of the Fawcett expedition. My story may suggest what befell *two* of them!

In 1938, I was aboard a liner crossing the Caribbean, when, one starry evening, a passenger whose name in the cabin list was Dr. Eckener, asked me to come down to his cabin. Carefully closing his cabin door and making sure that no one was loitering in the soft-carpeted corridor outside, he said:

"There is a dance on in the salon, so we can be sure of not being interrupted. I am the only white man alive who can tell you what happened to Colonel Fawcett after he quitted Dead Horse Camp in the Matto Grosso in May 1925. In 1932, I went by launch, and then by dug-out piragua (canoe) to the upper reaches of the Rio Xingu, west of which Fawcett vanished. Under the green arcades where the sun strikes down you can see chispas of gold gleaming on the bed of the stream. Days later, I reached the village—pretty remote, and some miles from the bank of a stream—where, in past years, I had undergone the ceremony of blood-brotherhood with the Indian cacique. The Indians 'round are head-hunters. Now, I'll read you an extract from my travel-log, translating as I go, for it is in German:

"Every time I steered the talk round to the mystery of the Fawcett expedition, the chief glowered and became sullen. He would not speak, nor would his sullen Indians. But I felt they knew something. I let a week go, and then, one morning, when the old man was in a pleasant and friendly mood, he came to my hut and signed to me to follow him. We went to the council or palaver-house, a big hut in a clearing on the edge of the forest. An Indian warrior was doing sentry-go at the door. The chief took me in, touched my lips with his fingers, and said quietly:

"'My brother, you stay here. I go into the forest. Do not seek to leave this hut, or the sentry will kill you. I shall return by sunset.'

"He left, and in an hour I heard the sound of marching as a party went into the forest. The chief's guttural voice gave orders and then all was silent. Food was brought to me, but I was alone in the hut for hours. It must have been about six when the party came back. They had been away for nine hours, so must have gone many miles. The door opened, and the chief entered. He carried a torch. In his left hand he carried a bag made of some tree-bark. He loosened the strings with his mouth. Said he:

"'You, my blood brother, ask me about *el coronel* Fawcett. *He* good man. He, too, my blood brother. I show you something, but you must swear on the white man's God to keep silent the name of me and my tribe!'

"I solemnly promised. . . .

"'Then look,' said he. He drew forth from the sack a small and horribly shrunken head. I started back in horror and nausea.

The features were *unmistakably those of Colonel Fawcett!*"

My German informant said the chief told him that his tribe had given Colonel Fawcett and his son food, shelter and protection, but that the son had broken a tabu. . . . It was a *tabu* whose violation no Indian could forgive. The chief could not save the Colonel; for, as he said, other tribes of Indians around would have wiped out his own tribe to the last man had such a breach been forgiven. Said the old chief:

"My blood brother, *el coronel* Fawcett was killed defending his son. I could not save him."

That was the story I was told in the liner in mid-Caribbean. As to what was the fate of the third member of the expedition, Raleigh Rimell, my informant did not know. Too often the price of solving ancient mysteries has to be paid for in blood. That may have been the case in the green hell of the Matto Grosso, somewhere west of the Rio Xingu, in mid-Brazil.

That these dead cities exist and are not mere fantasies of the fevered brains of roamers or gold prospectors was put on record for one of the old Lusitanian viceroys of Brazil by an unnamed man of São Paulo, in 1745. He tells how his company of five Portuguese, two *samboes* (negro slaves) and three hundred Brazilian Indians accidentally blundered into a deep cañon in some unexplored *serras*, which my own researches suggest are located somewhere in the *sertão*, or wilderness, of the province of Bahia.

For three hours, the company of land pirates, as they were, warily ascended a broken road, cluttered with immense boulders, till, at a bend of the trail, they saw a grey city with walls almost as old as Time. Not a sign of life was evident, and the mountains all 'round sparkled with the fires of volcanic gem-stones, lit by the dying sun. At dawn, the scared men stood under immense, megalithic walls, watching ruins from which a cloud of bats arose. Said the writer:

"We passed under a mighty gateway which seems the entrance to some great and splendid city of the court of Brazil. We entered under three arches of great height . . . and under the principal arch we made out letters. Behind was a street of this city of the dead as wide as the three great arches of the portico. Fine stone houses, all blackened with age, stood open to the day (*todos abertas*). Some of the houses had burnt floors, some flagstones, but in none was any vestige of furniture by which we might guess at the people who had long ago occupied them. In the vaults of one great building the light of day did not penetrate and our voices gave back terrifying echoes. At the end of a great street of great length we debouched onto a fine stone plaza where there reared to the sky a column of black stone of extraordinary grandeur, on whose summit was the statue of a man (*homen ordinario*), his hand on his hip and right arm outstretched, pointing to the north. On each corner of this plaza is an obelisk, like those among the Romans, but now badly damaged and cleft as by thunderbolts. There was a superb palace of some great Lord, with a fine hall (*salão*), but we were too awed to enter. The figure of a graceful youth stood on a portico. He was cut in half-relief, beardless, crowned with garlands, and wore an undergarment (*um fraldelim*). Under him was a shield (*escudo*) cut with letters defaced by time."

The old *bandeirista* gives a copy of these letters, five of which are identical in form with the Greek letters *kappa*, *upsilon*, *phi*, *iota* and *lambda*.

And it must be emphasized that this adventurer had no knowledge of Greek or the Greek classics, being merely a hunter for gold. He speaks of a "great mansion, a gunshot from this city of the dead, with a stairway of colored stones and fifteen rooms with fountains and a marvelous inscription. Going into one house, João Antonio, our *companheiro*, found a piece of gold money of spherical shape, larger than our Brazilian coin of 6,400 reis. One side bore the image of a kneeling youth, the other a bow, crown and arrow. We hoped to have found more of such coins. The whole city had been laid in ruins by some tremendous earthquake . . . some of the deep crevasses we could not plumb."

The party split into two, and travelling three days toward some far blue mountains, came on a roaring *cataduba* (waterfall) near which were some strange vaults, engraved with unknown letters of a form so bizarre that they have no counterpart in either the East or the West. They tried to pry up the engraved flags, but found them immovable. Not far away gold and silver bars lay on the ground, abandoned by men fleeing in panic.

"Some of our company went farther into the land, and nine days passed, when, in the distance, on the bank of a creek in a great river like the Nile, we saw a canoe with white persons with long flowing black hair, dressed in clothes . . . a gunshot fired as a signal by us . . . they escaped . . . they had . . . shaggy and wild . . . their . . . hair is plaited . . . they wore clothes . . ."

The lacunae in the old parchment are the work of the insect called the *copim*, which has, in the past, destroyed many valuable documents in Brazilian archives. In this old manuscript, gaps thus occur in the most fascinating parts of this remarkable story, which can, today, be seen in the Biblioteca Nacional in Rio de Janeiro.

Be it remembered, this is only *one* of the strange dead cities in Brazil. An archaeologist with the fervor and valor of a Livingstone may some day make some discoveries in old Brazil which will revolutionize our ideas of the real age of civilization, which may be far older than old Sumer and Akkad. There is no lack of openings for youth and adventure in the unknown and unexplored regions of the Roosevelt-Goyaz plateau, and farther north, behind the forests and still unexplored mountains on the frontier of Brazilian Guiana. Even the best modern maps are woefully deficient and there are many gaps to be filled in these mysterious regions.

Who were the builders of these strange dead cities in Brazil?

A clew to the riddle is found in the fact that ruins found in the wilds of Southern Brazil, in the province of São Paulo, and in the little explored mountainous interior of the Brazilian province of Bahia have traces of ancient gray walls, moats, inscriptions carved in letters strangely similar to those of the Greek alphabet, and show terraces and porticoes into which colored stones have been inserted.

The priests of Sais and Heliopolis of old Egypt told Solon, the Athenian legislator, that moats, colored stones, great temples sheathed in gold and an unknown glittering metal called "orichalcum" and inscribed pillars were, along with stadia and race

courses, striking features of the lost continent of Atlantis, sunk to perdition by terrific earthquakes and a Great Deluge which shook half the globe, ranging from the Atlantic Ocean to the ancient Middle Sea, or Mediterranean.

The same priests, quoting from ancient temple archives, said that beyond the continent of Atlantis was another world—beyond doubt, *America!* Later, a Greek geographer and historian, Diodorus of Sicily, dug out of the ancient temple records of Phoenician Carthage the fact that, from this lost land of Atlantis whose empire lasted thousands of years, the Egyptians derived their hieroglyphs, the Phoenicians and later Greeks their alphabet, which we use today.

In the West Indies, today, I have been told by men of Carib and aboriginal black blood that their ancient forebears knew of a land of gold in ancient South America which was ruined when a great continent sank in the Atlantic between modern Eire and the island of Trinidad, ages ago.

Recently, a Swedish oceanographical expedition has trawled most of the sea from the Canaries to the West Indies, in the endeavor to find some scientific proof of the existence of Atlantis. They took samples of the bottom at intervals of every sea mile. But they found that, along almost the whole length of the Atlantic Ocean bed, north of the equator, there is *fifty feet of mud and ooze.*

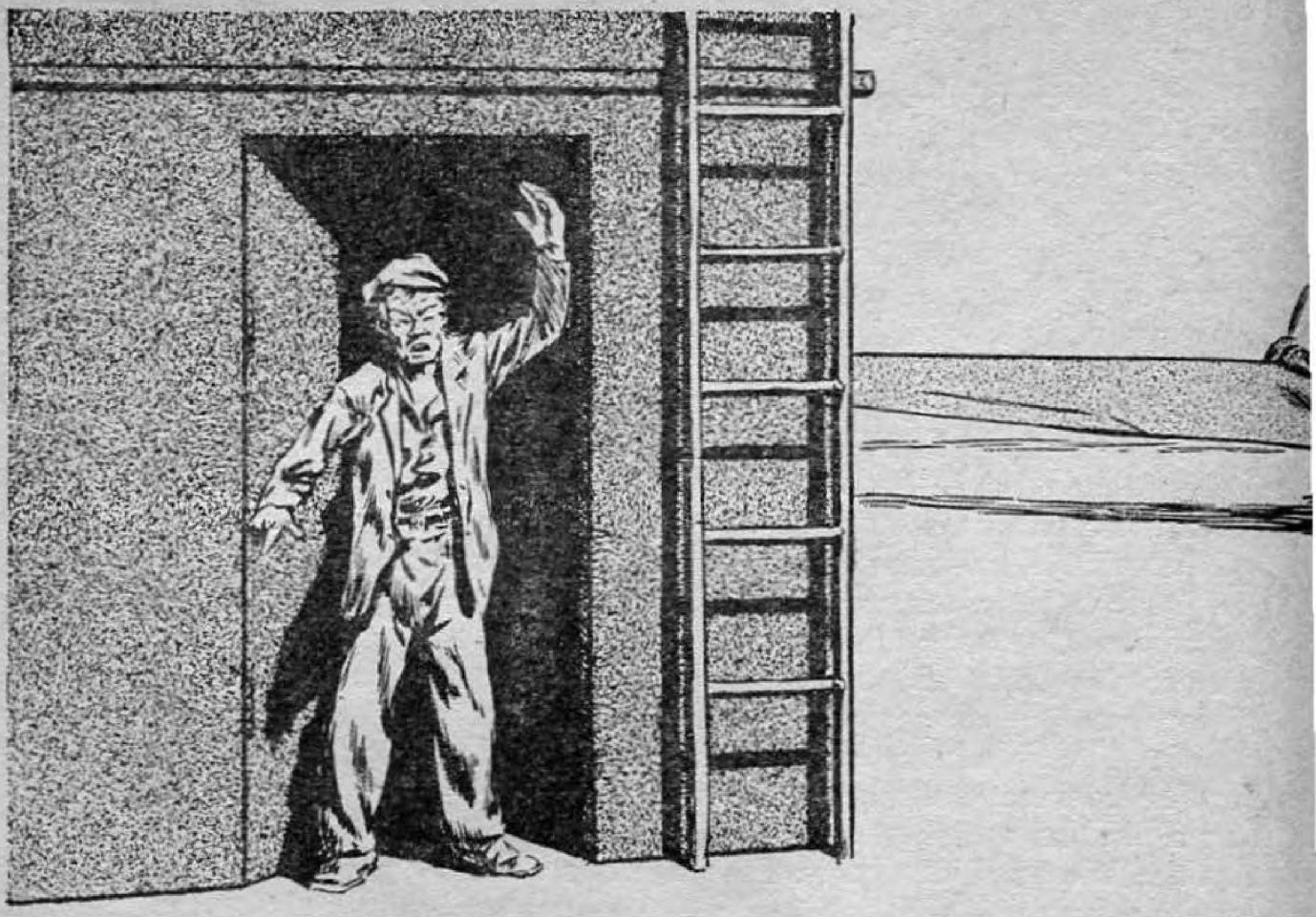
Here, in 1948, we have a remarkable scientific confirmation of the story of the Egyptian priests in 570 B.C., that:

"after Atlantis sank, the sea became an impassable barrier of mud so that no voyager could sail from hence to any part of the Atlantic ocean's wide expanse."

This barrier of mud and swirling silt prevented both the ancient Carthaginian navigators and the Phoenician mariners from sailing westward to ancient America from Africa. They called it the "curdled sea" and the phenomenon lasted for at least 8,000 years, so that ancient seamen who sailed from Gades (modern Cadiz) found themselves embogged in thick mud and a vast expanse of partly submerged sea-weeds.

No wonder, then, that all traditions of the ancient gold empire in South America perished from the world! It may be the task of some 20th century gold hunters to rediscover the immensely *rich mines of gold and platinum* from which these strange dead cities derived their riches. The mines probably lie in the jungle and on the still unexplored mountains of central Brazil located between the Rio Roosevelt and the Goyaz plateau of Brazil. Vast riches await the men who will brave the head-hunting Indians and the even worse insect plagues of these regions. It is no tenderfoot's trail for those who take care not to quit the safety of the populated rivers running into the Amazon. An airship equipped with helium gas and independent of dumps of gasoline, but furnished with D.D.T. insecticides, or some bacteriological method of attacking the swarming insects and loathsome ticks, is the possible solution of this problem. Divers and oceanographical expeditions are unlikely to solve this problem of a lost continent over which lies 50 feet of impenetrable mud and silt. The job is one for land-explorers, operating in South America.

THE END



THE PHANTOM AT PLESKAU AIRFIELD

by Bernard-George Meitzel

The prisoner was taken at Kobylkina in 1942 and could not be released; orders demanded his execution. The colonel's only choice, though a bitter one, was carried out. Then, in 1943, at Pleskau airfield, the dead man came back from the grave to haunt him!



The Colonel stared at the man in the doorway, then, face pale, he waved the command car on and walked toward the apparition.

ALTHOUGH I was a newcomer in the internment camp, the Colonel in the threadbare uniform of a General Staff Officer didn't object to me crowding into his "sunny corner," as he called the place. It was at the far end of the camp where some vacant huts in a rectangle formed a kind of windscreen.

I was too tired to walk or to talk or to think, and too hungry to sleep, so I looked over the Colonel's shoulder into the book he was reading.

"You haven't anything to read?"

"Sorry, no."

"Well, let's share this story, if you like. It's H. G. Wells' *Men Like Gods*. Do you like Wells?"

I said I did and he halved the worn book and gave me the part he had finished.

Next day, we shared our cigarettes and our ration of black bread . . . that is to say, he got my cigarettes as I am a non-smoker, and I got part of his bread.

The third day he told me his story.

It happened in 1942. The Colonel —at that time commanding officer of a reconnaissance battalion—was advancing toward Demjansk to relieve the German garrison which had been surrounded by Russian troops for more than three months.

In Kobylkina, two corporals from C company arrived at the battalion headquarters bringing with them a

civilian with a flattened nose and slanting eyes. The report accompanying them was brief:

"The civilian was taken prisoner in the suburbs of Kobylkina when he was found in possession of a gun. No identity card. No other military equipment. Doesn't understand Russian."

When he was lead into the room you could see that he was in great fright, expecting something dreadful. His civilian clothes were worn out and ragged.

The Colonel put his questions in Russian first.

"Nix Russian," the prisoner replied.

The Colonel repeated his questions in German.

"Nix German."

More questions, threats, all the tricks usually applied to unmask malingerers and deceivers brought the same result.

"Nix Russian. Nix German."

"What sort of a guy was he?" asked the Colonel. "An agent of the irregulars? Or had he just picked up one of the guns thrown away by the retreating Russians to barter it for some food and tobacco? I pitied the fellow and racked my brains for a solution to the problem. But as my interpreter knew only Czech and Russian, and the rest of us only German, we could get nothing from the prisoner.

"What was I to do? We were pressed for time and I had to come to a decision at once. We couldn't take him with us. As a potential guerrilla in the rear of my battalion, he couldn't be set free either. Before the operation commenced I had received explicit instructions. I was responsible for a continuous advance and for the continuity of the entire operation.

"I gave the prisoner a piece of bread, a glass of vodka, and a cigarette—and made a sign to the adjutant.

"Afterward, I was told he had kept shouting at the top of his voice: 'Nix German, Nix Russian' with which he probably tried to express quite different things, but lacked the words to make himself understood. Then he had stopped shouting and lowered his head to wait for the deadly bullets.

"When I heard about the execution I was struck with compunction. Perhaps I should have set him free after all? Perhaps it wouldn't have been a dereliction of duty? But it was too late then.

"For more than a year, I never thought of the poor chap again, nor dreamed of him either. Then, in 1943, I had to report myself at Army H. Q. in Pleskau. Using a courier-plane, I alighted on the Pleskau airfield just in time to get an armored car that was on the point of leaving the airfield for Pleskau.

" 'I'm in a hurry,' said the driver, 'please get in.'

"But just when I stooped to follow the urging driver I discovered a civilian on the far side of the road, waving to me. I stopped short and his gestures became more pressing. Though I couldn't hear a sound over the noise of the car engine, I thought he was shouting something to me. Ignoring the muttering driver, I went around the armored car to catch the words the waving man was shouting. From the other side of the car, I could suddenly make out the face of the civilian, the flattened nose, slanting eyes. Yes, it was the prisoner of

Kobylkina whom I had ordered killed.

"There was cold sweat on my brow when I entered the control-booth into which he had disappeared. It was pitch-dark in there. I struck a match only to discover that it was a bare room, empty, and there was only one door.

"Leaving the booth, I asked a passing soldier:

" 'Did you see a civilian enter that booth?'

" 'No, sir. No civilians are allowed on the airfield, sir.'

"I was completely taken aback and didn't know what to do. As I started to return to the armored car, an ambulance raced past. And when I looked for the armored car, it was gone. A few minutes later the ambulance returned. As he passed me the driver shouted to a medical officer just behind me: 'Dead. All of 'em.'

"I faltered out: 'The car that left the airfield five minutes ago?'

" 'The very same.'

"That happened in 1943. Since then, I've kept asking myself why did it happen? Why was I saved by a man whose execution I had ordered? Was he sent by my guardian angel? Was he my guardian angel? Why was my life spared at all? To get another chance in life? To try to prevent a recurrence of the madness of the last war?

"I don't know the answer yet. But after spending three years in this internment camp I am about to believe that I was only spared to meet a more dreadful fate. Who knows when they are going to turn me over to the Russians or to the Jugoslavs?"

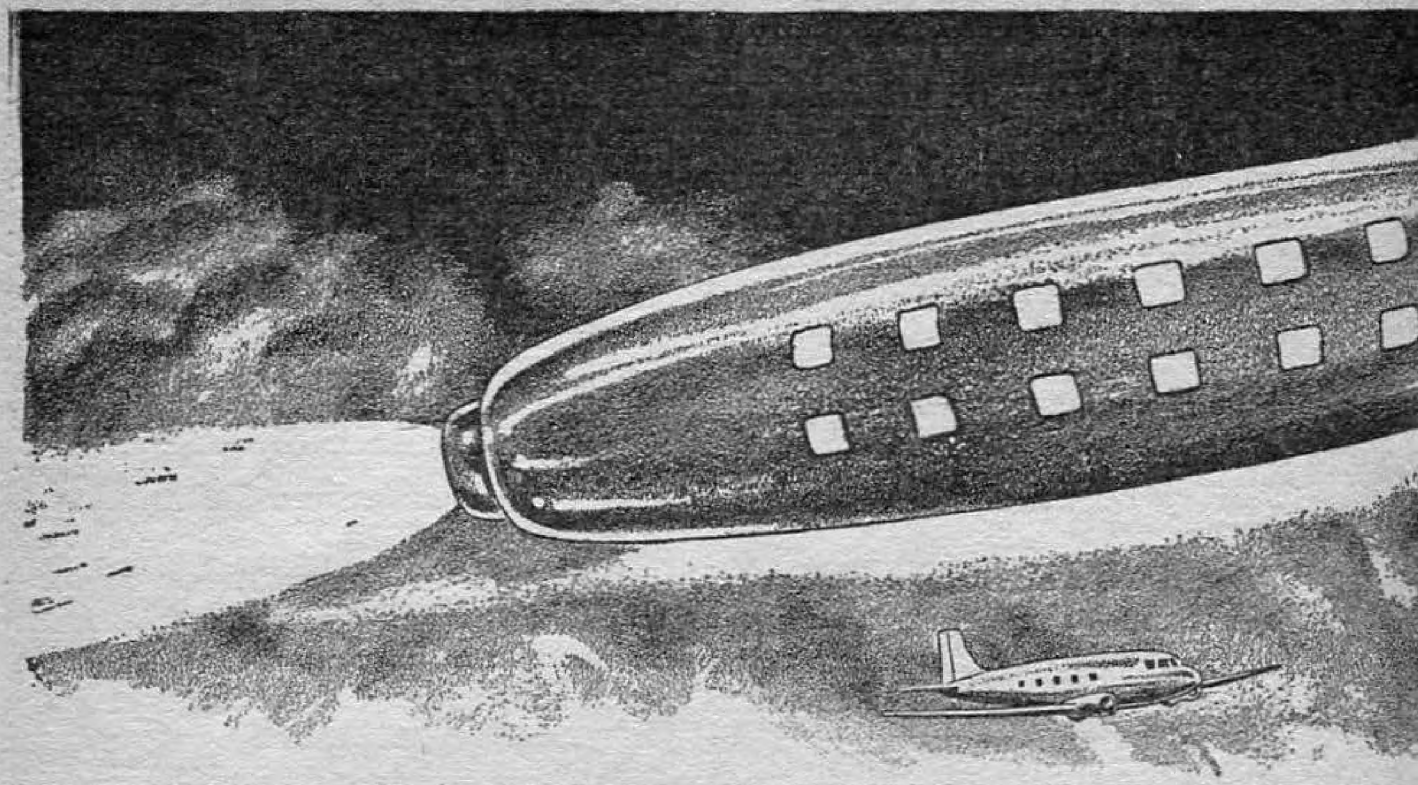
The Colonel looked at the sun and his eyes squinted in thought. He inhaled deeply the smoke of the cigarette I had offered him. Then he resumed his reading of *Men Like Gods* and obviously found consolation in Wells' Utopia.

When I got to the sunny corner next day to meet the Colonel, I found the place empty. I turned back to his hut to inquire about him and was told by his roommates that he had left the camp under guard the previous night. Nobody knew where he had been transferred.

"To a Soviet concentration camp?" I asked myself on my way to his deserted sunny corner. "To meet an even more dreadful fate?"

Bernard-George Meitzel was drafted from high school into the German army in 1939, when he was seventeen. He was assigned to the heavy armored *Panzer* forces where special aptitudes and tactical skill quickly won recognition and a commission. Subsequent promotions brought him to the rank of company commander. He was severely wounded leading tank forces against the Russians and, upon recovery, was assigned to the general staff as liaison officer—the youngest staff officer in the German army.

At the Normandy invasions, he was sent as an observer but when the emergency developed he was drafted into the final, last-ditch stand of the *Panzer* forces trying to stem the overwhelming might of the invaders. With his last *Tiger* tank shelled into smoking silence, Meitzel was among the handful of survivors pulled from the wreckage by the victorious British. He spent a year in the U. S. as a prisoner of war. Following V-J day, he was turned over to England with other prisoners. He has recently been transferred to an internment camp in Germany to await "denazification" trial. In his spare time, he is studying journalism and upon release hopes to have a hand in the education of his people along democratic channels.



THE MYSTERY SHIP

by L. Taylor Hansen

No one doubts the reality of the mysterious space ship seen over Alabama. But did it come from Mars?

OF WHAT origin is this "Mystery Ship"? Russian? That would be crediting them with an enormous engineering advantage over us. But if not, who then? Only two classes of persons would be willing to make the next guess—Mars. Those two classes might include astronomers (*never* for publication of course, only *off the record*), and science-fiction fans.

On the night that this story appeared in the newspapers, I looked up the authority on Mars—Lowell.

Percival Lowell established Lowell's Observatory in the highlands of Arizona during those years at the turn of the century when the western skies were still comparatively free of the soot and grime which churns them up today and which continues to pile an ever-mounting curtain of obscuring matter between our telescopes and the objects which they seek. Every astronomer worthy of the name admits that Lowell had an advantage over them, even with his smaller telescope. In the rarest of fleeting seconds, or split seconds, when the obscuring film would clear, they too have seemed to catch a glimpse of the fine-pencilled lines which astronomer Percival Lowell brazenly called "canals".



Airline Pilots Report Fiery Mystery Plane

Picture on Page 2

Atlanta, Ga., July 24 (UP)—Two Eastern Air Lines pilots who thought they'd seen everything during the war soberly recited today their encounter with a giant, wingless, flame-throwing aircraft straight out of Buck Rogers.

Capt. Clarence Shire Chiles and his co-pilot, John B. Whited, corroborated each other's report on the fantastic plane, or whatever it was.

THEY WERE FLYING along serenely in their DC-3 at 5,000 feet about 20 miles southwest of Montgomery, Ala., last night, when the thing came at them, they said. It looked, they added, like a B-29 "blown up about four times" and stripped of its wings.

In the seconds during which the mystery craft swooshed past them and shot up into the clouds, it cast a light more vivid than lightning, they said. They reported they saw two decks of big square windows and "it was a man-made thing, all right."

"We looked out the right side of the cockpit and saw a tremendous light. The first thing that came to our attention was the long stream of flame coming out the rear end of the plane, or whatever it was.

"Then we noticed the two rows of square windows—we couldn't see any people aboard. It was traveling too fast for that.

"The aircraft seemed to be about four times the circumference of a B-29 fuselage but it was only a little longer," Chiles said. "There were no wings whatever.

"The plane passed us on our right; then, as if the pilot had seen us and wanted to avoid us, it zoomed up into the same cloud it came out of. A 40-foot red flame shot out its rear end. A luminous glow, like a giant fluorescent light, ran along the belly of the thing."

THEY SAID they encountered the "Buck Rogers" plane in a regular "airway," a 25-mile wide strip designated by the CAA.

Eastern officials said they asked authorities at Maxwell Field, Alabama, big air force university, about the mystery ship. Officers there said they didn't know anything about it, the airline said. A United Press check at Maxwell brought "no comment."

Chiles and Whited said that 20 passengers were aboard their plane but all were asleep except C. L. McKelvie, assistant manager of the American Educational Press at Columbus, O. They said McKelvie's story jibed with theirs when they talked about it later.

Tonight at Kenneth Square, Pa., McKelvie said he saw an "unbroken stream of light" flash into a cloud but that he saw "no space ship" at the time.

McKelvie said he was enjoying watching the stars in a clear night when the "continuous light sped past above the plane and streaked into a cloud.

"I first thought it was lightning. Then I realized it was not. It was much redder."

McKelvie said he saw "no form of a ship." "But," he added, "I'm not very well versed in aeronautics and certainly I was not looking for any space ship."

To Lowell, these waterways which conducted the melting water from the polar caps down to and across the equator so that the deserts could flush green in the Martian springtime, could not be the work of chance. If they had been the work of chance, he argued, they would not climb from the swamps about the edge of the polar caps to the highlands of the deserts (comparative highlands since there are no mountains on Mars), nor would they cross the equator into the opposite hemisphere.

As he continued to view Mars, a still further conviction came to him. One can see it grow in his published works. These canals were turned off and on. One faded away and another came into view. He began to compute the time. One set was closed off for six Martian years (or twelve of our years) and another set turned on to service the same area.

But what did Lowell have to say about flying things—and lights? After explaining that upon the moon the tops of its sharp peaks catch and hold the sunlight before the rest of the mountain is lighted, so that the peak seems to be a detached light on the rim for a time, Lowell continues on page 100 of *Mars And Its Canals:*

"Common upon the face of the Moon, excrescences of the terminator (rim) are rare on Mars. The first ever

seen was detected by a visitor at the Lick Observatory in 1888. Since then they have repeatedly been noticed both at Lick and elsewhere. But although observers are now on the watch for them, they are not very frequently chronicled because not of everyday occurrence. Much depends upon the opposition; some approaches of the planet proving more prolific of them than others."

Lowell continues to describe one such patch of light which could safely be relegated to the probability that it was a large dust storm, but his second description is more interesting.

"At the same time, Baltia, a region to the north of it and synchronously visible close upon the terminator, showed whitish. The seeing was good enough to disclose the Phison and Euphrates double (canal), the power of magnification of 310 and the aperture the full aperture of the 24-inch objective.

"From the time it was first seen, the detached patch of light crept in toward the disk, the illuminated body of the planet. Four minutes after I first saw it, the dark space separating it from the nearest point of the terminator had sensibly lessened. So it continued, with some fluctuations intrinsic to the atmospheric difficulties of observations generally and to the smallness of the object itself, to become gradually less and less salient. It lasted for forty minutes from the moment it had first appeared to Mr. Silpher (astronomer at Flagstaff), and then passed from sight to leave the edge of the planet smooth and commonplace again."

The following day Lowell tells us that the entire staff eagerly watched to see if they could again see the projection. They did not see it where expected, but a much smaller one was to be found farther north. It was so small in fact that only careful watching made it out or it would have been entirely missed. He then concludes by voicing one's own thoughts: Could these have been two different objects?

Lowell is inclined to agree with W. H. Pickering, who considered these detached bits of moving light to be clouds. Undoubtedly some of them are. This view was strongly supported by A. E. Douglass in a discussion of a large number of them which were observed in 1894 at Flagstaff. The mountain theory was shown to be untenable because of their movement.

* * *

Armed with these facts I spent the next day actually looking up the men whose business it is to know Mars. I found them very cagey.

Yes, they had thought of Mars in connection with the Mystery Ship, but . . . but . . .

It was a possible explanation of course, but . . . but . . .

They were very shy about the use of their names. *Off the record, well,* that was another matter.

"If we could go along with Lowell and accept the fact that superior beings inhabited our neighboring planet, running thousands of miles of canal irrigation, they would naturally be disturbed by the atomic clouds whirled up from the Pacific Ocean in these past few months, which would undoubtedly show as great projections upon our terminator. If we could go along with Lowell, then these creatures of great engineering skill might decide that a cruise to

Earth was in order to find out the reason for such projections. Perhaps they have been here thousands of times before and know all about us, even as we might watch a planet with an ant-civilization . . . with curiosity, but with no desire to communicate since no advantage could come to the more advanced group by such a communication."

These men of science even began to warm up to the subject and one suspected that some science-fiction talent might be hidden here.

"Perhaps all possible worlds are existing somewhere," one remarked. "Why not in a universe such as ours with its swarm of over a hundred million suns? Are we to believe the colossal egocentric proposal that we are the only fly-speck harboring life?"

"Or," proposed another, "how about the possible four hundred million other island-universes which we now think comprise our visible horizon?"

"For a moment, gentlemen," I protested, "let us return to Mars. If such beings exist, why have they not tried to colonize Earth?"

I was pooh-poohed down immediately.

"What would make Earth desirable to a Martian? In the first place, do not forget the difference in surface pressure. Would you want to live your life in a suit of armor such as a Martian would have to wear to protect him from the intense pressure of our atmosphere compared to that in which he had evolved? You might want to *go* to the sea bottom to see what is down there, but ask any diver how long he wants to *stay*."

As I was about to return to my typewriter from the observatory in order to type this article, I thought of Dr. Robert N. Webster who once worked with the great telescope on Mt. Wilson, but who since has gone into another business and would probably not care if I used his name. I told a thoughtful audience of observatory scientists how Webster, through one entire night had watched a tiny speck circle most of the Martian terminator, and on another occasion saw one cross the Mare Erythraeum and continue down the lighter portion of the planet to the south. Webster had mentioned the fact that it was so small that he could not look right at it. He had to look away and then find it again later, which was not too hard, once he had discovered its direction of flight.

Then as I turned to go, it was the man who specializes on the study of the sun who gave me my parting thought.

"Has it occurred to you that if we could go along with Lowell, and grant a superior order of intelligence to the inhabitants of Mars, they would probably be rather worried by the manner in which our sun is acting lately? It is having a sort of fever —a rash of spots greater than have ever been observed before. Perhaps they have connected the atomic bomb bursts with these magnetic or atomic explosions upon the sun. The sun seems to react with a giant spot the day after a bomb is burst in the Pacific. After all, it is their sun too."

As I rode down the mountain, shielding the brilliance of our daystar from my eyes, his last words seemed to re-echo over and over in my mind . . .

"After all, it is their sun too . . ."

THE END

WAS JOAN OF ARC'S DEATH A FAKE?

by Rev. Irene Farrier

For over 500 years the world has believed that Joan of Arc perished at the stake, burned to death in martyrdom for her beloved France. But is history correct? Here is a collection of amazing facts which cast great doubt on the manner of her death. Did the Warrior Maid really die of old age?

THERE was a sharp crackle as the flaming torch was thrust into the pile of faggots heaped about the stake. Acrid wood smoke curled upward around the figure of the nineteen-year-old girl who stood, eyes uplifted to Heaven, firmly bound to the stake at which she was to be burned to death. Small tongues of flame licked upward, grew, curled about the feet of the luckless girl, ignited her white robe, swirled upward and enveloped her figure in flaming inferno.

Screams, shouts, curses, sadistic yells rose from the crowd gathered to witness her death in the Place de la Pucelle in Rouen, France and while women fainted, men's faces blanched at the gruesome scene. The flames roared upward to conceal completely the writhing form of the lovely girl. Joan of Arc was dead, a martyr for France and her Church!

This was in 1431. Since then statues to the Maid of Orleans have been put up in many places in France and in other countries as well. More than a hundred books have been written describing her death and the story of her short life. Plays and motion pictures have depicted her great work and her sacrifice for her beloved France. Her tragic story has inspired painters, sculptors and poets to illustrate their genius or to demonstrate their lack of it. For nearly five centuries Joan of Arc has been accorded glory, statues, hosts of pictures, solemn memoirs such as no other woman of her nation has ever achieved.

Her career, so obscure in its beginning, so sad and yet so great and brilliant at its martyred close, could not fail to enlist the sympathy and admiration of every age. Thousands of reverent pilgrims have visited the scene of her martyrdom and even today may have wept at the memory of her unfortunate death. But is it all



Bravely facing her tormenters, the Warrior Maid went to her anguished death at the stake in the French city of Rouen.

true? Did Joan of Arc really die as history says she did — a martyr? Or was the heroic damsel never burned at all but did she live to become a respected matron and a well-to-do citizen of France? It seems there was always a ghost of a belief that the woman burned in the public square at Rouen was not the Warrior Girl.

During the years immediately following the execution many impostors were punished for attempting to pass

themselves off as the Maid. The first concrete doubt thrown on the story came from Father Vignier of France during the Eighteenth Century. His findings are sworn to by himself and a French gentleman named Delapierre. Father Vignier, searching in the archives of Mentz, found an account of the arrival of the Maid Joan in that city on the twentieth of May, 1436, about five years after her supposed execution, where she was recognized and seen to greet her two brothers. These papers from Mentz also mentioned that in due time, Joan was married to Sieur de Hermoise or Armoise and though at the time of the document's discovery it was thought to have been a forgery, it was from the family charter chest of M. de Armoise, most noted and respected family of Lorraine. A contract of marriage which had taken place between Robert de Armoise, a knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, surnamed the Maid of Orleans, was brought to light.

The following might have been a coincidence, though a rather striking one, but among the archives of the Maison de Ville of Orleans under dates 1435 and 1436 are records of certain payments made to messengers bringing letters from Jeanne, the Maid, to her brother, John du Lils of Lys. This surname is well known to have been that under which, as a reward for long service, the Arc family were ennobled.

So here, unless the whole lot of documents, those of Mentz and Lorraine and Orleans, are gross lies, which has never been proved, is a curious network of facts, rather conclusively proving that the Maid of Orleans was not burned to death in that old city on the Seine.

Most curious of all, M. Delapierre in his *Doutes Historiques* brought forward other data tending in the same direction. In the Orleans account under the date August 1, 1439, eight years after she ought to have been dead, there is an entry of two hundred and forty livres presented to Jeanne de Armoise by the Town Council for services rendered by her at the Siege of 1429.

In her confession before the court at the time of her trial, Joan made this statement: "Saint Catherine has told me that I would be succored. I do not know if this will be by delivering me from prison now or whether it will be done in case I am condemned, but I presume that it will be one or the other. Two Saints have assured me many times that I shall be delivered by a Great Victor. They have commanded me to take all that happens with submission and not to disturb myself at my martyrdom, for I should come at last unto the Kingdom of Paradise, and this they have told me absolutely and plainly. For myself I understand by my martyrdom the pains and adversities which I suffer by my confinement. I am ignorant whether I shall suffer greater punishments, but I rely on God and I believe strongly that I shall be saved as if it were already done."

If the documents discovered by Father Vignier and M. Delapierre are authentic — and their authenticity has never been questioned — then the Martyr of France was never martyred at all, but lived out a comfortable life as a matron and well-to-do citizen.

And if this is true, then Joan's faith in her Saint Catherine was well placed.

THE END

AUTOMATIC WRITING IS A CURSE!

by
Marguerite Reymond



The doctor's son knocked the glass to the floor. "Do you want to kill . . .?"

In our Spring 1948 issue we published an article which outlined automatic writing as a way to contact the dead. Its author believed it was. Now we present the opposite viewpoint. Is it actually a delusion—a subconscious act?

HAVING known dozens of people who were, in some way unknown to them, led into the practice of "automatic writing," I'd like to state the opposite side from that published in your Volume 1 Number 1 FATE Magazine. (*Automatic Writing—Blessing Or Curse?* by Mabel Dunham Smith, Spring, 1948 —Ed.)

It may be possible that some few people have been brought to believe in a hereafter through automatic writing, but in the opinion of the writer, it must be a very unhappy existence they face if the things these discarnate entities write about are to be taken for their standard of life after leaving the physical body.

In studying the history of this sort

of thing, the first thing we learn is that every automatic writer is under some kind of an extreme emotional strain at the time of inception. An emotionally upset individual does not respond normally to any mental or physical test. This has been proven by physicians.

This does not mean that everyone who has used the ouija board is mentally ill, but it does mean that such practices are considered very dangerous by many scientists.

Where there is motion, there has to be force. Assuming that the force is from the "other side," how are we to know which force—constructive or destructive— is motivating the hand? The writer's contention is we do *not know* and never can.

This statement will be questioned, even denied by those feeling sure they can identify some dear one because this dear one writes of things known only to the one passed on and to the one taking the supposed message. Again, our contention is that the receiver of the message knows subconsciously the message he wants and thus influences what the hand writes. Because thought and feeling are both force, *that* force can be and is used to write what IT wishes. The question then is: will the message do good or harm? We believe the latter in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Before examining what happened to some of the people we know who did automatic writing, why not try to meet on a common ground of understanding? No matter how we *believe*, the one great reason for anyone's trying to get a message from a person who has passed through what is commonly called death, is that he cannot accept the belief that he might never see the dear one again.

Is it any wonder then that in the case of Mrs. A. grieving over a son lost in the war, she suddenly found herself writing "Tom"? Then next, the astonishing words: "Tell father." How natural for this emotionally upset mother to *feel* that her son wanted her to know that he was all right and that there was something he wanted to tell his father.

It all seemed so natural! That is the subtle way in which these things work. Mr. and Mrs. A had saved $2,000. A broker, close friend of the husband's, had advised them to buy a certain stock. There was little risk and it was bound to go up soon. Mr. A. had decided to take his friend's advice, but the rest of Tom's message was: "Tell father not to buy that stock."

After considerable arguing on, "such nonsense," as Mr. A. called it, the broker was notified not to hold any of the stock for the A's. A few weeks later at his wife's request, Mr. A. did buy a car. Soon after, Mr. A. lost his job and could not keep up the payments, thus forcing them to lose the money they had paid down on the car. Worst of all, his broker friend liquidated all stock purchased for his clients at a two hundred percent increase.

Mrs. A told me many years after this happened that she believed the whole thing was brought on by a sort of subconscious desire in herself for an automobile and her constant brooding over her son.

Nor was that the only penalty Mrs. A. paid for, "dabbling in Spiritualism," as she called it during her explanation of things that followed.

"There is no question in my mind,"

she said, "but what all the illnesses I went through during those ten years in which I was receiving supposed messages, were due to that morbid activity."

When asked if she still received messages from her son, she smiled sweetly. "No. In my heart I know Tom is all right. I know he loves me and I also know I have no right to disturb him in the work he is doing."

Because of the reversal in her attitude of some time back, we asked her how this change had come about.

"As you know I was taken very ill; the doctors told my husband I was going to die. I finally forced the doctor to tell me the truth, as he saw it. Then, facing what seemed certain death, I remembered how as a child I had been taught to pray. It startled me to realize how much time I'd spent taking those supposed messages and how little time I'd spent in being grateful for a very understanding husband.

"It seemed to me that the most important thing in the world was to let God know that I was grateful, that I did love "Tom," my husband, and lastly that I did want to get well for his sake. All night I lay on that bed in the hospital where I was supposed to pass out before morning, giving thanks.

"Morning came and when the nurse, being very professional, asked if I felt better I was surprised to find I had no pain and that I had not called for the usual sleeping pills the night before.

"That was the beginning of my complete recovery. My husband and I talk about our son; we know he is living and that he is much happier than he could possibly have been during the time I was trying to bring him back to earth. Nothing could ever again induce me to let a pen or pencil move in my hand, except that I knew I was moving it."

Take the case of Dr. M. whose daughter was dangerously ill. The doctor had called a specialist who told him he knew of nothing he could do to save the ten-year-old child. During the mother's life, she had been a physician and practiced with her husband.

Naturally, after being told by the specialist there was nothing he knew to save the child, Dr. M's consciousness longed for his wife. Sitting in his office studying some remedies he felt might help and making notes with a pencil, suddenly he felt it move! He watched it write the name of a drug.

"Why certainly," he said aloud, grabbing a bottle from the medicine cabinet and pouring some into a glass. "Why didn't I think of this before?" he continued—and turned to face his son, also a physician who had entered the room unnoticed.

"What are you going to do with that dope?" the son asked.

"Give it to Marian," Dr. M. answered, starting for the child's room, but was stopped by his son.

"No! Why that would kill an adult let alone a ten-year-old child!"

With that the son knocked the glass to the floor.

"That crash brought me to my senses," Dr. M. said. "Later that night my son and I worked out the right remedy to give Marian. She lived, and the rest of my life I've tried to keep people from falling into the use of automatic writing."

In cases of those who follow through in this practice, there are

certain similarities in their experiences. Most of them admit they receive far more trash than material they think makes sense. All of them agree that there are always discrepancies where the element of time enters in.

The usual thing is for some great Indian Chief, or Alexander the Great, Confucius or some equally well known character supposedly to signify he has a message that must be given to the world and that the writer has been chosen as the one to *bring it through*. This appeals to the ego and leads the individual on. Libraries are full of such material. If there is one helpful idea in any of them, we've missed it.

How often have people in desperate need of money for medical care or with which to save their mortgaged home, been told by the ouija board: "You are to receive a vast sum of money from an unknown source." At once the person asks: "When?" And the answer is, "Next week," or "Tomorrow," or even: "Go right now and look in the woodshed."

Among countless numbers of such messages, the only one which seemed bonafide I later learned was written by the woman's own subconscious mind—or memory.

Mrs. B's mother had passed on; the daughter felt sure her mother had left a large sum of money, but no one knew where it was hidden. One night, about six months after her mother's passing, the daughter was sitting at a desk her mother had used. Suddenly she was impelled to pick up a fountain pen, which had belonged to her mother.

From simply toying with the pen, Mrs B. placed it on a piece of paper. To her surprise it began to write: "Look in the secret drawer," she read; then the pencil wrote, "Mother." The daughter being a very practical person, asked immediately: "But mother, where is the drawer?" and sat waiting for the answer.

Slowly, and with seeming difficulty the pencil traced out: "Pull desk out from the wall—key is in the lock." At once Mrs. B. called her husband and asked him to move the desk, which was too heavy for her to move. After making all kinds of fun of his wife, he did pull the desk out. They found the secret drawer: the key was in the lock and the box contained $10,000 in money and stocks.

This so convinced the daughter that she was receiving messages from her mother, she formed the habit of asking for answers on all important questions. At first the answers seemed to work out very well. Then all at once her mother advised her to take a certain auto trip. There was an accident and both she and her husband were in the hospital for some time.

Next came the assurance that the mother's grandson would not have to go to war—that he would be turned down as not physically fit. This, Mrs. B. could not figure as correct for her son John (the grandson) stood over six feet tall and had never been ill a day in his life. More than this, he had a pilot's license and was waiting to be called.

Still the penciled messages denied that anything could happen to take the boy to war. When finally John came home to prepare for induction, the writer was indignant and went to her room at once to demand to know

why her mother had so misled her.

Minutes passed—the pencil did not move. All at once, Mrs. B. thinking intently about her mother, remembered very clearly the day her mother had been taken ill. She also remembered her mother had said: "If anything should happen to me, pull the desk out from the wall; the key is in the lock." In other words, that *one* message *had* been given by the mother, BUT DURING HER OWN LIFE.

To this writer, these examples (and there are dozens of others just as conclusive) prove that a thought or physical feeling can produce automatic writing. They further indicate that our own subconscious mind may influence the answers.

It is reasonable to believe that life after what some call death, must be vastly different from ours here on earth. Standards could not be the same; thus, even a valid message would be of little assistance to us.

Finally, in all cases noted, those trying to get such advice were endangering their health spending hours in unhealthy dark rooms or a great deal of time mooning around, NOT IN COMMAND OF THEIR OWN FACULTIES. This rules out, in our opinion, any chance that automatic writing could ever be a blessing to anyone.

THE END

MODERN METHUSELAHS

by Dr. W. E. Farbstein

Here are eight modern instances of record longevity.

120: Mrs. Mary L. Wood of Portland, Oregon was credited by the Oregon Historical Society with having reached the age of 120.

121: Wilson Butler of Atlanta was credited by the South Carolina Historical Society with having reached the age of 121.

122: Mark Thrash of Washington was supported by War Department records in his claims to have reached the age of 122.

130: Charles Paracansas of New Orleans was supported by investigators in his claim to have reached the age of 130.

140: Klabagan Kezba of Gali, Russia, was examined by a scientific group who substantiated his claim to have reached the age of 140.

152: Oman Islamogul of Ivmir, Turkey was examined by authorities and found to be correct in his claim to have reached the age of 152.

157: Zaro Agha of Istanbul, Turkey, was examined under direction of the Municipal Council and credited with having reached the age of 157.

256: Chang Li-lun, a Chinese, was credited in his country with having reached the age of 256.

THE END

WIZARD WITH A STRING

There has been much argument about the mysterious power of the pendulum. Here is an actual instance.

To most of the 74,000 people in St. Petersburg, Florida, Emil A. Nordstrom is a big, friendly Swedish engineer who has been professionally active in the city for some 20 years. During many of them he was chief engineer for the city, and Director of U. S. Housing Authority. Interesting, dynamic, sincere—and definitely not a yogi. But most of his friends know him as a man with a green thumb for plants—and a wizard with a nail.

A couple of years ago an old German told Mr Nordstrom that it was possible to tell the sex of the papaya while the tree was still small. Mr. Nordstrom, an enthusiastic grower of this tropical fruit, was naturally all ears—until he heard the method; then he smiled politely.

The papaya has one great oddity. It not only has sex, but sometimes its sex seems to change as it matures, and by orthodox means is not determinable for some 15–18 months. Since it can be transplanted only when small, the grower must waste a lot of land and labor to get bearing female plants and the few males needed for pollination. So even without the cold snaps that may cost thousands of dollars, the papaya is a headache to its growers.

On his property, Emil Nordstrom and his charming wife Florence raise most of the things that can be grown in Florida and several that supposedly can't—the latter including apricots and a raspberry that has climbed a 25-foot pole and is still going strong.

One day Mr. Nordstrom was bored enough to experiment with the old German's method. A short time thereafter his wife looked out of her kitchen window to see him swaying on a step ladder with his arms upheld over a tall papaya.

"Nordy! What *are* you doing?"

From the top of the ladder he looked down at her with a dazed, beaming face.

"It works!" he said happily, made a dash for his car and shot out of the drive.

When he returned, the car was loaded with small papayas in cans; 200 of them. Still silent, Nordy made test markers, lined the cans up in a row, and went down the line.

"Ha!" he said when he reached the end. "Now we've just got to wait till they bloom—"

The months dragged by, and out of the 200 plants not one fooled him. But to his disgust the county agent and other growers just laughed at the display of his "wild talent".

Papaya wizardry seems to be akin to dowsing, or finding water with a divining rod. Even the *Encyclopedia Britannica* admits that the water wizard has an inexplicable number of successes with his forked twig. They give various theories and end with this sentence: "In any case, modern science approaches the problem as one concerning which the facts have to be accepted, and explained by some natural, though obscure, cause."

The old German who told Nordy the secret was a water wizard, but

by

M. P. Rea



oddly enough he couldn't do the papaya trick at all! If you are among those who can do it, you tie a heavy nail on the end of a long string, and hold it directly over the center of the tuft of green on the papaya's lanky stem. After the natural motion has stilled, the nail begins to swing again. I tried it myself successfully many times; there is a decided tug on the string. For the male plant it swings in a gradually widening circle; for the female it goes back and forth, always east and west. And for the neuter plants, which haven't decided yet what they're going to be, it skitters about in between the two movements.

Mr. Nordstrom doesn't pretend to explain it, but he does it with great success, and his papaya grove proves the results. Where before about half his limited space was wasted on male plants, he now has the minimum number, and the rest of his trees bear fruit. He can't explain, either, why the old German in whose hand an orange wood stick begins to twitch above a hidden spring of water, gets no reaction from the nail and string.

And Florence Nordstrom, who gets a slight reaction with the string but nothing like her husband's, was out at the old man's place when he was "finding" a well. Just for fun she took the stick, and it moved for her as it did for the old German. But for her husband, the papaya wizard, it was just a quiet, well-behaved piece of orange wood. Hung from a doorway over a potted plant, the nail refuses to budge.

If it is merely the subconscious, how explain the high percentage of accuracy? Does Emil Nordstrom's subconscious know the sex of a papaya over a year before it becomes evident—with *no* mistakes?

THE END



I SAW A FIRE BEFORE IT HAPPENED!

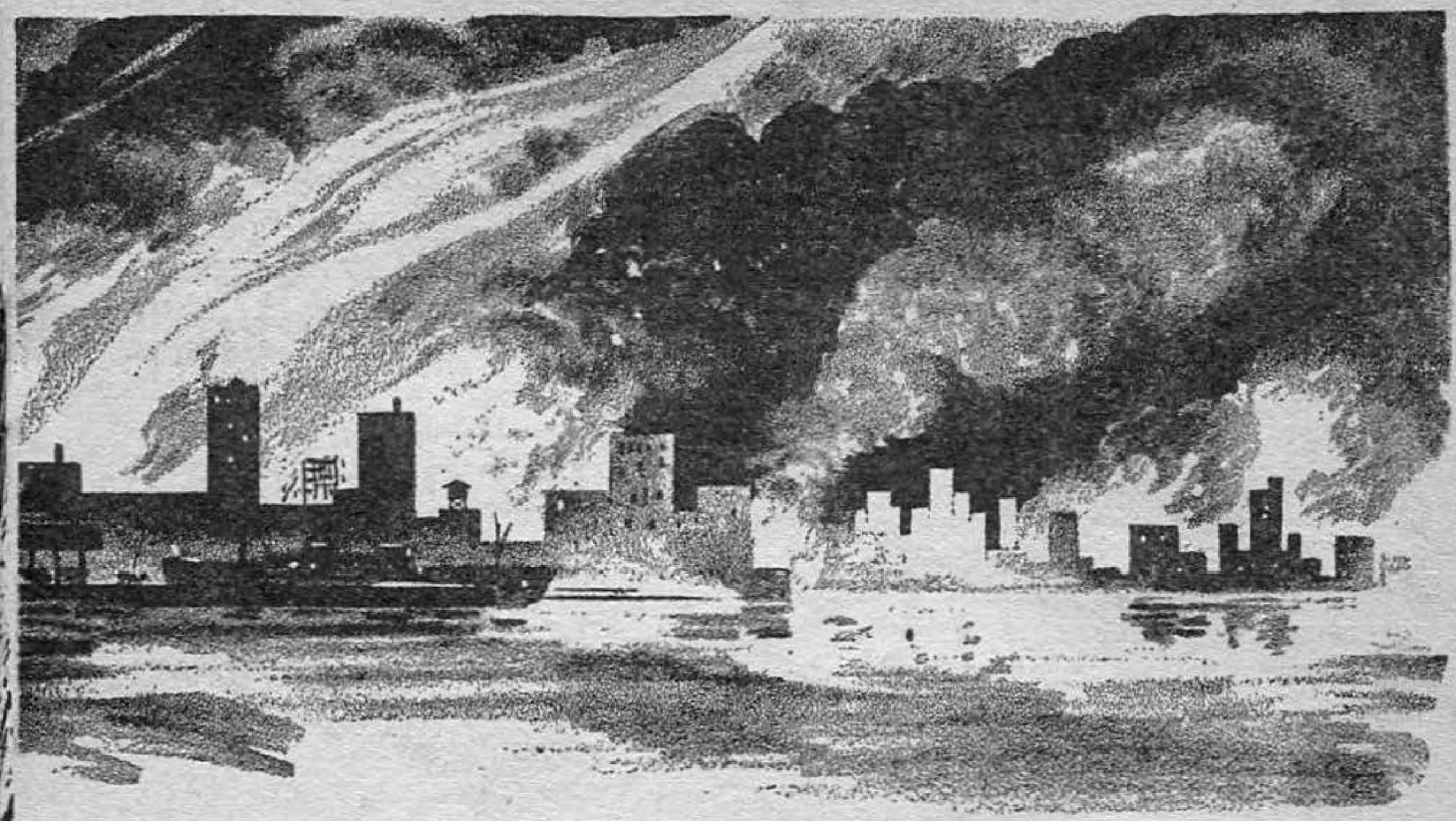
by Ted Smiley

Can we foresee the future in our dreams? The answer is yes! Here is the proof. The experience of Ted Smiley is sworn to by witnesses.

THE night of December 28, 1942, I went to bed at about ten thirty. At the time I was a reporter for the Jacksonville Journal, an afternoon paper, which meant that I had to "hit the deck" at the unholy hour of six a.m. in order to be at work on time. My wife was still up reading when I retired.

I fell asleep instantly but not into a dreamless and happy slumber. I had a dream, and what a dream!

I dreamed that I was riding to work and that my bus was rerouted



off Riverside Avenue and through a twisting succession of streets, regaining the main thoroughfare in front of the Mayflower Hotel. During the bus ride I saw that the entire eastern sky was painted a bright red and the bus was partly filled with choking smoke.

It took no great detective to deduce that a whopping big fire was in progress, so I decanted myself from the bus at the door of the Mayflower. Someone grabbed my arm and rushed me through the lobby, into the elevator, and to the roof garden windows. Virtually the entire waterfront in the vicinity of the old bridge seemed to be on fire. Unlike so many fires, there wasn't too much smoke; great tongues of flame leaped skyward and it seemed that even from the hotel I could feel waves of heat.

The next thing I knew I was through the police lines, studying the scene in detail from up close. I noticed particularly a group of American sailors manning one writhing pressure hose. Apparently directing the group and himself holding the nozzle, was a medium-sized, slightly chubby, red-faced man wearing the pom-pom of a Free French sailor. I noticed many other details, but they long since have faded from my memory.

I woke up, my heart pounding, a feeling of intense excitement in my stomach. My wife was quietly reading. I had only been asleep a few minutes. It took a while to calm down. I told her the dream and asked if she had heard any siren going. She told me she hadn't noticed any, but that she hadn't been listening to extraneous noises and suggested that I go back to sleep and stop fussing.

I figured that perhaps I had noticed subconsciously a siren or two and as I was too upset to be sleepy, I thought I would make a routine

check, so I went downstairs and called up Bill Gober, Night Editor of the Associate Press, and a good friend of mine. Bill informed me that so far as he knew, everything was quiet. He wasn't particularly busy, so we chatted awhile and I told him in considerable detail of my dream. It seemed to get it off my mind and a little while later I was sound asleep.

The alarm clock waked me at six and I had a nagging sense of something important forgotten. Then I remembered my dream and laughed it off. However, contrary to all my habits, I switched on the radio before starting to shave. As the tubes warmed up, the voice of Ted Chapeau, announcer for WJHP, filled the apartment, describing in tones of almost hysterical excitement, a terrific fire in downtown Jacksonville.

Three minutes later, necktie, coat and trench coat in my hand, I was sprinting for the bus stop.

I imagine you get the point by now. Without a single deviation, the script repeated itself. It was like seeing a movie for the second time, except that this was no movie. In my dream, everything had been crystal clear, there had been no feeling of unreality and in real life, so help me, a feeling of utter disbelief filled me. The thing was impossible. I knew beyond question that I must be dreaming.

When I got off the bus in front of the Mayflower, however, I knew that this time it was the real thing because the face of the someone who had taken me to the roof garden turned out to be Doyle Clay, a fellow reporter on the Journal.

My wife and I never talked about it much. We just accepted it as one of those impossible things that happen every once in awhile. The guy really affected was Bill Gober.

Bill has an indirect way of talking at times and there were occasions when I had a suspicion that he was wondering whether or not I had personally gone out and set the fire, but the one thing that he couldn't explain away was the Free French sailor.

"How did you know that the Free Frenchman was going to be there?" Bill would ask me.

The Journal had featured on page one a picture by Leo Witt of the Frenchman bossing the hose crew, and my description of that particular scene had stuck in Bill's mind from our telephone conversation.

The blaze, which had started about three A.M., about four hours after my preview, destroyed several docks and damage was up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Jim Massey, Journal City Editor, put me in charge of the story. I wrote the over all account, coordinating the copy turned in by other reporters, and Jim seemed satisfied with my work, but so far as I was concerned the entire affair had a dream-like quality. It was unreal. I still get a feeling of complete frustration when I try to figure it out.

Nothing remotely like it ever happened to me before and I sincerely hope it will never happen again. In some inexplicable way a portion of my mind slipped into the fourth dimension for a brief and unforgettable journey. Everyone at times during his life has the feeling, "I have done this before," when he knows he hasn't. The scientists have an unwieldy and circumlocutory explanation for it but they can't explain my twice-covered story. But, as I have explained, "I got witnesses."

FLYING SAUCERS DEFINITELY PROVED!

Each issue, FATE has presented additional information on the mysterious flying saucers, which were laughed off the front pages of the world's newspapers in July 1947, and finally were voluntarily suppressed. Since July 9, 1947, FATE has been the only complete and undistorted source of information on the greatest mystery of our time. Now, with this issue, we present the positive proof that the famous flying disks were no illusion, but the real thing. This account is the first complete and authentic story of a half-hour encounter over Fargo, N. Dak. between an Air National Guard plane and a flying disk. Four witnesses confirm his story.

In February, 1948, FATE presented a summary of the important data on the mysterious flying disks, creating quite a stir among its readers. In June, a follow-up article carried a great amount of material bearing out the information given in the first exposé. But proof was fragmentary, and although it was positively established that the famous disks actually could not be explained away in the many ways resorted to by the experts, including official sources who directly denied the story, FATE itself was unable to do more than theorize. Even the authentic photos of flying disks it presented could not be termed unimpeachable evidence, since photo experts could duplicate them in the darkroom. In other words, these photos *could* be classified as being possible to fake.

Now FATE presents positive proof of the existence of the flying mysteries, and establishes for once and for all that there can be no further question that they are really there in the skies! They are no illusion.

It all happened on October 1, 1948.

According to the Sunday (October 3) edition of *The Fargo Forum*, Fargo, North Dakota, newspaper, this is the incident as it happened:

Fargo Pilot Tells Of Chasing "Flying Disk"

Others Confirm Weird "Dogfight"

A National Guard air squadron P-51 pilot Saturday told *The Fargo Forum* he had staged a dogfight with a "flying disk" object over Fargo Friday night.

The object — which the pilot said was round with well defined edges, and brilliantly lighted — outdistanced him, then made a 180-degree turn and came at him head-on.

The pilot attempted to crash the object several times, but it dodged out of his way.

That is the story of Lt. George Gorman — and it is corroborated by

three other persons who declared that they also saw the object.

Maj. D. C. Jones, commanding the 178th Fighter Squadron at Hector airport, has Gorman's signed statement and is referring the incident to U. S. air force intelligence.

Gorman, Jones said, was so shaken by his experience that he had difficulty in landing. He had been in communication constantly with the airport control tower during the chase, giving a description of the object and its antics to the tower controllers.

* * *

This is what Gorman told his commanding officer:

About 9 P.M. he sighted the object, dimly lighted, slowly circling over the city. He decided to investigate, but as he approached, the object suddenly became brilliantly lighted and put on a burst of speed.

At first, Gorman told Jones, the object apparently was traveling about 250 miles per hour. But after Gorman began the chase it speeded up to what Gorman thought was about 600 miles per hour. At that time Gorman's plane was doing about 400 miles per hour, near its maximum speed.

When the object had outdistanced him considerably, it made a 180-degree turn and came straight at him, Gorman said. He attempted to crash into it, but as it neared him it veered suddenly upward and passed him overhead.

Another time, Gorman told Jones, the object began an almost vertical climb. Gorman said he gave chase and climbed to about 14,000 feet, where he nearly stalled out. He gave up the climb and started down. When he reached about 12,000 feet, Gorman declared, the object again "made another headon-overhead pass" at him.

* * *

Lloyd D. Jensen and H. E. Johnson, both CAA controllers at the Fargo control tower, and Dr. A. E. Cannon, 1330 Eleventh Ave. S., an optician, also asserted they saw the object.

Johnson said the object "was first noticed just east of the airport and appeared to be on a north heading. After passing to the east of the airport it seemed to take a northwest heading. The object seemed to be at about 2,000 feet and appeared to be traveling at quite an excessive speed compared to a Piper Cub that was east of the field at the time. No definite outline could be identified. Both objects were sighted at the same time."

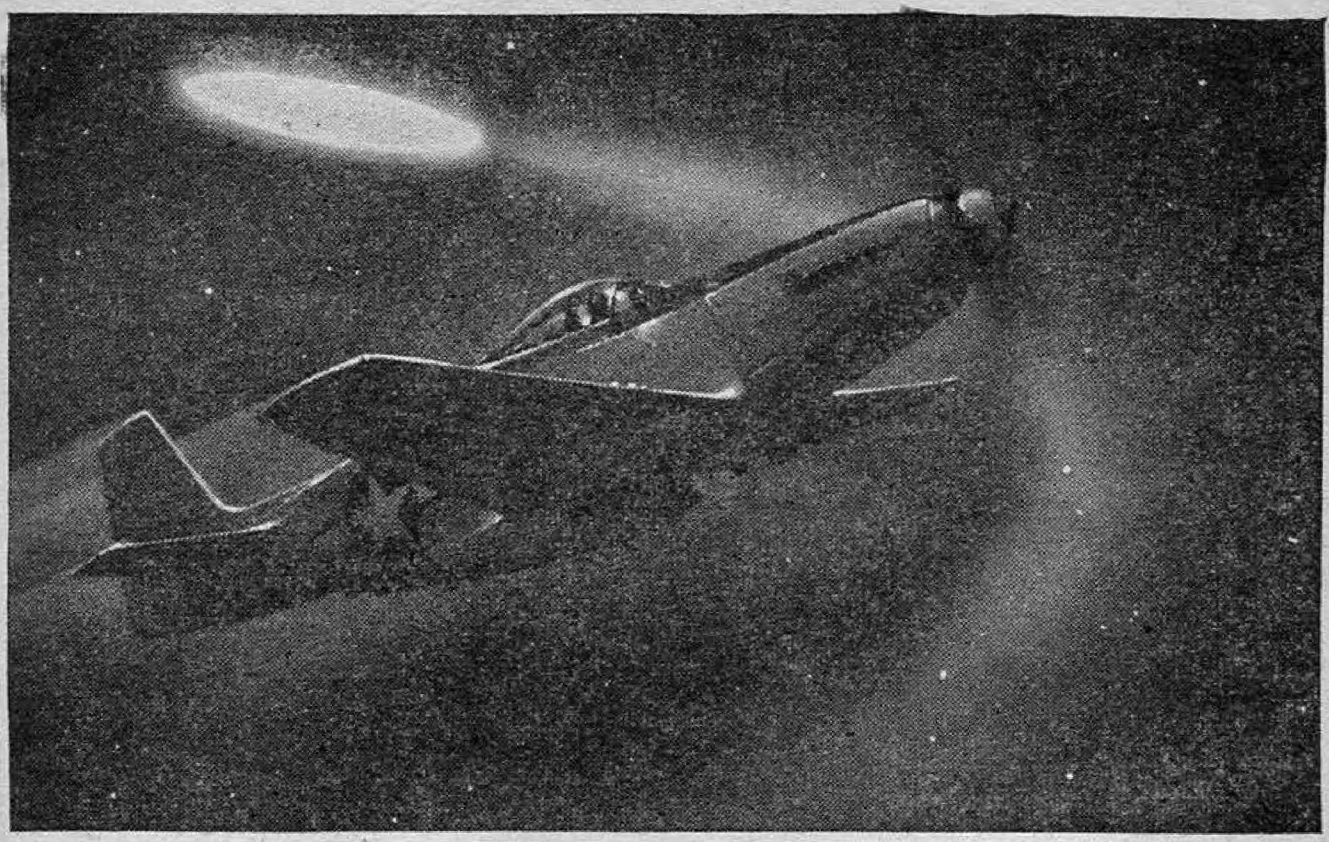
Jensen declared he sighted, through binoculars, "an object or a light traveling at a high rate of speed, apparently on a southwest heading. The P-51 (Gorman's plane) was some distance behind and the object was traveling fast enough to increase the spacing between itself and the fighter.

"The object appeared to be only a round light, perfectly formed, with no fuzzy edges or rays leaving its body. The edges were clear cut. No other shape was observed. The main identifying characteristic was the high rate of speed at which it was apparently traveling."

* * *

Here is what Dr. Cannon said:

"A gentleman and myself took off from Sky Ranch Flying Field, which is five miles south of Hector airport, at 8:40 P.M., to do a little night flying. We were in two-way radio connection with the tower at Hector



Every time Lt. George Gorman attempted to crash into the mysterious glowing disk, it evaded contact with amazing speed and maneuverability, absolutely outclassing the P-51.

airport. (178th Fighter Base.)

"I was doing the flying and Nielson (Einar Nielson, 1302 Third Ave. S., Moorhead, his passenger) was using the phones. While circling the football field at NDAC at 1,600 feet, Fargo tower advised us there was a P-51 in the air and a few moments later asked who the third plane might be.

"We had noticed the P-51 and when we were over the north side of Hector field going west, a light, seemingly on a plane, passed above and to the north, moving very swiftly toward the west. At first we thought it was the 51, but we then saw the light of the 51 higher and more over the field.

"We landed on Runway 3, taxied to the administration building and went up to the tower and listened to the calls from the 51 which seemed to be trying to overtake the plane or lighted object which then went southward and over the city. The object was moving very swiftly, much faster than the 51. Tried to get a better view with a pair of binoculars but couldn't follow it well enough."

* * *

Gorman Saturday confirmed the story to *The Fargo Forum*.

"Once," he said, "when the object was coming headon, I held my plane pointed right at it. The object came so close that I involuntarily ducked my head because I thought a crash was inevitable. But the object zoomed over my head.

"It was the weirdest experience I've had in my life."

Gorman said it was impossible to determine the outline of the object — "it just looked like a big light" — but he saw the Piper Cub below and could make out its silhouette.

Gorman during World War II was a pilot with the U. S. Army Eastern Flying Training Command, flying a B-25 overseas.

* * *

Air Force headquarters in Washington said it had no reports on the Fargo incident, and no explanation for such an occurrence.

Before making any comment on this amazing incident, we will present a follow-up story from the Monday evening edition of *The Fargo Forum:*

Wright Field Officers Probe "Disk" Report

A group of Air Force officers from Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, flew to Fargo Sunday to investigate reports that a pilot here had staged a dogfight with a "flying disk" object Friday night.

They conferred with Maj. Donald C. Jones, commanding officer of the 178th Fighter Squadron, North Dakota Air National Guard. They left today in an Air Force B-25.

Lt. George Gorman, the P-51 pilot, had reported the strange object.

The visiting officers, termed by Dayton Field headquarters as "one of its investigating teams" assigned to probe "aerial phenomena" left instructions here that no information was to be released.

Speculation continued as to the nature of the object, witnessed by two airport control tower operators and two other persons flying in a small plane.

There you have it. Five persons have at last witnessed a "flying disk" simultaneously, and their stories check completely. The tremendous speed attributed to these mysterious objects by such persons as Kenneth Arnold, who first saw them and startled the nation with his sensational story, Captain E. J. Smith, United Airlines pilot and his crew, and literally hundreds of reliable persons whose word could not be doubted, but who were laughed at and made the butt of witticisms in extremely low taste by almost every "gentleman" of the press, has been proven by actual instrument observation. A P-51, one of our fastest military planes not in the "jet" classification, was left hopelessly outdistanced at 400 miles per hour, and outmaneuvered in almost incredible fashion.

The flying disks *do* exist. We will not dwell further on that fact. FATE has given its readers the only *complete* and 100% accurate story on the most tremendous news event of the century, and even its observations and predictions have been wholly confirmed.

However, this new story out of Fargo has presented something so infinitely more startling, that it deserves careful attention. We wish to repeat, for emphasis, several phrases in the story you have already read: First: "*He attempted to crash it (the flying disk), Gorman said.*" Second: "*Once, when the object was coming headon, I held my plane pointed right at it. The object*

came so close that I involuntarily ducked my head because I thought a crash was inevitable. But the object zoomed over my head." Third: "*The pilot attempted to crash the object several times, but it dodged out of his way.*"

There seems to be no doubt that Pilot Gorman deliberately and repeatedly tried to crash his plane into the flying saucer! In other words, Pilot Gorman, with studied intent, tried to complete a maneuver, which if successful, could have resulted only in his own instantaneous death!

Why?

Since it is now impossible to get a further statement from Pilot Gorman, we can only surmise as to his reason. It is not logical to assume that Pilot Gorman cared nothing for his life, nor is it logical to assume that his normal duties include deliberately crashing into every unknown aerial objects he sights. There is only one sensible conclusion — he was carrying out orders to "bring down a flying disk, whenever sighted, by any means whatsoever, no matter how suicidal." What other interpretation can we attach to his otherwise unexplainable actions? Pilot Gorman is a competent, perfectly sane, entirely rational man, or he would not be flying a P-51, nor would he be a member of the North Dakota National Guard.

Such a conclusion as we have just made would tend to make FATE's assertion that the identity or nature of the mysterious flying disks is as mysterious to our army and government as it is to us a simple statement of truth.

Finally, FATE asked, in its first "flying disk" story, whether or not there was a censorship on flying saucer stories. The answer, obviously, is no, not officially — but it *is* true that "investigating teams assigned to probe aerial phenomena" leave "instructions that no information is to be released." In plain words, persons who could actually PROVE that such men as Kenneth Arnold and E. J. Smith and hundreds of others are perfectly reliable, and not to be made the butt of public sarcasm and ridicule, and that flying saucers exist beyond the slightest shadow of doubt, are being "asked" to "give no information."

In defense of these reputable American citizens, FATE comes forward to state that they are entirely justified, and further, FATE believes that the mystery of the flying saucers is a matter of vital national concern, and that all this ridicule and suppression of facts tends to hide much information which would otherwise come from individuals who could throw additional and perhaps important light on the matter. We know that the objects *exist* — now we've got to find out *what* and *who* they are!

Elsewhere in this magazine you will find an intensely interesting article, in which a sensational theory as to the origin of these flying disks is put forth, "substantiated" by (unfortunately) statements of persons who are (with good reason — their reputation and position) reluctant to stand behind their words. So the theory is factually worthless. Nonetheless, FATE presents it for your own decision.

Are the flying disks from Mars?

Can *you* add to the evidence already gathered? FATE will listen to you, and FATE will keep nothing from you!

THE END



THE LERASLE AFFAIR

by H. Addington Bruce

One of the most singular incidents of the weird ability to see at a distance on record. We present here the facts in the Lerasle affair in France in 1914 in which the ability was undisputed. The case was solved by clairvoyance.

TO BE PRECISE, it was at half-past twelve o'clock the afternoon of March 2, 1914, that the singular affair began which was to bring Monsieur Étienne Lerasle conspicuously before the French public for the first and last time in his life.

Monsieur Lerasle himself had no thought of ever becoming a public character. He was content to spend the sunset of his days in the quiet of his son's cottage on Baron Jaubert's vast estate, near Cours-les-Barres in the fertile Department of Cher. There, in the shadow of a great forest, whose expanse was agreeably broken by



" I see the body of a very old man, with wrinkled features. He is stretched on his right side, one leg bent back . . . the body is beside a thicket . . . from the house . . . it is not far."

stretches of cultivated fields and green meadows, worthy Monsieur Lerasle droned away the passing hours.

He was not one of those consumed with vain regrets at the coming of old age. Enough for him that he had a devoted son and a loving daughter-in-law, and that *le bon Dieu* had left him the strength sufficient to ramble along the roads of the beautiful Cours-les-Barres district. If his memory perhaps was not so good as it once had been, if ideas did not come so quickly, what matter? There were those always ready to think and remember for him.

Behold Monsieur Lerasle, then, aged and obscure but happy, finishing his midday meal that fateful March 2, and shortly thereafter setting in motion the wheel of circumstance destined to make him a center —a bizarre center, if you will—of attention. This he did simply enough and quite unawares.

All that he actually intended doing was to take his daily afternoon stroll. Cane in hand, warmly clad, he sauntered forth, to look for signs of the approaching Spring and to get a little exercise. He could not walk very fast, but, if he chose, he had the whole afternoon before him, and in a whole afternoon much is possible, even to a man of eighty-two. So off he

started, with a cheery nod to his daughter-in-law, who took it for granted that he would be back in an hour or so.

She did not worry as the afternoon passed without Monsieur Lerasle's return. He had possibly stopped at a neighbor's to make a call; or, more likely, had joined his son, her husband, who was working that day on repairs to one of the baron's houses. Nevertheless, when the sun had disappeared and there still was no Monsieur Lerasle, she began to feel anxious; and, at sound of her husband's footstep, ran to the door, with the question:

"Is Père Lerasle with you?"

"But, no. I have not seen him. Has he been gone long?"

"All afternoon. I thought certainly he was with you. He started up that way."

"He must be with a friend too polite to remind him of the passage of time. I will go find him."

Easier said than done. There were few houses in the vicinity, and at none of these had Monsieur Lerasle called. Extending his inquiry, and growing more uneasy every moment, the younger Lerasle learned that nobody, for two miles up or down the road, had seen his father that afternoon. No matter, by this time he must be safely home.

He was not at home.

That evening a little searching party set out, and all night the countryside rang with gunshots and cries of, "Père Lerasle! Père Lerasle!"

Morning came, and still no Monsieur Lerasle. The affair had now become serious. All sorts of theories were advanced to account for his disappearance:

"He has wandered into the forest, and cannot find his way out."

"He has fallen into one of the ponds, and is drowned."

"He has run away to join his younger son in Algiers."

The first suggestion seemed the most plausible, yet there were difficulties in the way of accepting it. For one thing, the Jaubert forest, though miles in extent, had been divided into comparatively small sections with roads along all sides of every section. In addition, it was threaded with footpaths, all leading to some road. Monsieur Lerasle had only to continue walking to come at last to a road that would take him to safety. Still, the forest in places was unusually difficult, even to a man in the prime of life. If an old man lost himself in its thick undergrowth, he might easily—

"To the search! To the search!" was the cry raised on every side.

For five days the villagers, singly and in squads, combed the forest, all to no purpose. On the sixth day, March 8, by order of the mayor of Cours-les-Barres, eighty men started on a systematic search. The eighty likewise searched in vain.

Five days later Monsieur Louis Mirault, master of the Château of Givry and manager of the Jaubert estate, returning from a vacation begun before the disappearance, ordered every workman and gamekeeper on the estate to join in the hunt for the missing man. Nothing was found that would so much as indicate the direction taken by Monsieur Lerasle. Nobody, it appeared, had laid eyes on him from the moment he had left his home. It was as though the earth had opened and

swallowed him from sight of man.

Such was the situation when, on March 18, more than a fortnight after the disappearance, Monsieur Mirault sent for the sorrowing son and daughter-in-law, and said to them:

"We have done all we can. We mourn with you for the loss of your good father; but, dead or alive, we cannot return him to you. Besides our own searches, we have sent out wide inquiries. No report has come to us of any unknown, answering to your father's description, having appeared in any other village or town. We know that he is not in Algiers. I regret to have to tell you there is nothing more anybody can do."

An awkward pause followed. Then the daughter-in-law spoke, with unexpected decisiveness:

"But, yes, Monsieur Mirault, there is one thing more that can be done, and we beg you to help us do it.

"We have heard that there are strangely gifted persons who, when put into a deep sleep and handed some object belonging to another person, can tell just where the owner of that object is, even if they have never seen or heard of him. We want you to help us meet one of these somnambules and make trial with something belonging to Père Lerasle."

Gazing into the grief-stricken face, Monsieur Mirault hesitated only a moment.

"I will help you all I can," said he. "But first let us have another good search made. If that fails, then we will see what a somnambule can do."

Three days later, carrying in his pocket a scarf long worn by Monsieur Lerasle, the master of the Château of Givry journeyed to Paris, to confer with his friend Dr. Eugène Osty whom he knew to be a scientific investigator of the occult. He had already written to Dr. Osty to inform him of the desire of Monsieur Lerasle's relatives, and had been promised hearty coöperation.

To Dr. Osty, indeed, nothing could have been more gratifying than the unexpected turn the affair had taken. As he explained to Monsieur Mirault:

"My excellent Louis, do not trouble yourself with the thought that you are inconveniencing me, or asking me to render you any service. On the contrary, it is you who are putting me into your debt.

"Consider. I have long been seeking decisive experimental proof of the reality of lucid somnambulism, or clairvoyance as it is called in England and America.

"To obtain such proof it is necessary that the facts to be communicated are facts unknown to any living person. Otherwise it may be objected that the facts stated, if correct, may have been derived telepathically from the minds of those already having knowledge of them. If success is attained in the present case, and if the missing man actually is dead, there would seem to be no possibility that such an objection could reasonably be raised.

"You have written me that it is a question of ascertaining the whereabouts of an old man who mysteriously disappeared some three weeks ago. You have only added that he is supposed to be dead in a forest, or drowned. You have not even given me his name."

"His name is—" began Mirault.

"Hold! I do not wish to know it. I wish to know only one characteristic by which I may recognize him."

"He is a man eighty-two years old,

and he walks with a decided stoop."

"Enough! Tell me no more. I wish to limit my somnambule as far as possible to the single clew afforded by the scarf which you have brought, and which I will use to put her on the scent, as the hunting phrase is. Then if the old man be actually dead under circumstances excluding the possibility of their being known to any living person; and if the somnambule, following the clew of the scarf, accurately describe the spot where the body is, I shall have the experimental proof I am seeking."

"But," Monsieur Mirault demanded, "do you truly think that he can be found by this means?"

"It is not impossible. Neither do I say that it will be done. I only know that among my acquaintances is a lady named Madame Morel, who, when deeply hypnotized, has again and again displayed to me a high degree of telepathic power, and at times has displayed a power which seems to be truly clairvoyant.

"She has never been at Cours-les-Barres, or in any part of the Cher Department, and knows nothing of the region and its people. Consequently she is precisely the one to test with the scarf of your missing man."

This conversation took place on a Saturday. The following Monday Dr. Osty visited Madame Morel, hypnotized her, and, when she was in a profound hypnotic sleep, placed in her hand Monsieur Lerasle's scarf, with the command:

"Go and see the person to whom this object belongs."

At once, in a low, faraway voice, the hypnotized woman began to describe a man in whom Dr. Osty recognized himself. Breaking off, she started the description of a second man, plainly Monsieur Mirault. Again interrupting herself, she described a woman afterward identified as the daughter-in-law who had given Monsieur Mirault the scarf.

Then, as if she had been feeling her way to the real owner of the scarf through the personalities of those who had successively handled it, she went on:

"I see a man stretched out, his eyes closed. He is like someone who sleeps, but he does not breathe. He is someone who is dead. He is lying, not in a bed, but on the ground, in a damp place. It is a rough place, uncultivated. There is a body of water not far off, also a large tree. He is in something very thick, a forest."

Writing down every word Madame Morel uttered, Dr. Osty now commanded:

"Follow this man the day he went there, and see the road he took."

"I see a country house. He leaves it. He walks with some difficulty, his breathing being troubled. His mind is not clear. From his house there are two roads, a road which rises, and another which descends to where there is water. It is this second road which he takes. He wanders off the road into the forest. He falls on the damp soil; then, after a little, he no longer breathes. From the house he left to the spot where his body lies, is not far."

"Describe the place where he lies," directed Dr. Osty, as he continued his writing, "and give details enough to permit one to recognize it readily."

"I see in this place," Madame Morel responded, in the same low, faraway voice, "what looks like a

mass of stone, a boulder; also some water. The body is plainly visible, beside a thicket. It is the body of a tall man, with a long nose. There is some white hair behind the ears, also on the back of the head, which otherwise is bald. The body is clothed in a long coat, with a soft shirt. It is the body of a very old man, with wrinkled features, but a smooth, high forehead. He is stretched on his right side, one leg bent back. One of his fingers has been hurt."

A mass of stone, in a district where no rocks were known; a large tree; a body of water; "from the house he left to the spot where his body lies, is not far"—surely, thought Dr. Osty, if these indications are correct, the corpse of the missing man ought to be found without much difficulty.

That night Dr. Osty wrote to the master of the Château of Givry, enclosing his verbatim transcripts of the somnambule's utterances. The next day, on receiving his letter, Monsieur Mirault lost not a moment in showing it to Monsieur Lerasle's pastor, Abbé Housseau, curé of Cours-les-Barres. For, as far as it went, it was an almost perfect description of Monsieur Lerasle and of the topography of Baron Jaubert's estate.

In only one particular did it seem to be incorrect. This unfortunately, was an extremely important particular.

To the best knowledge of Monsieur Mirault and of Baron Jaubert's oldest gamekeepers, there were no boulders or other masses of stone in the surrounding forest. It was certain there were none in that part of the forest near Monsieur Lerasle's home. Yet the somnambule had positively affirmed that Monsieur Lerasle's corpse was lying not far from his home.

There must be a mistake somewhere. Apart from that, as Monsieur Mirault informed Dr. Osty when the latter, in response to an urgent summons, visited Cours-les-Barres:

"Your somnambule is a wonder. Her description of Père Lerasle is so exact that the district is agog with it. But she is wrong about the boulder, and her account of the route followed by the old man is so vague that it is useless for practical purposes. You will have to ask her to try again."

Dr. Osty reflected, then said:

"I am not at all sure that it would be of any use. I can tell you better after I have visited the forest."

An hour later he gave his decision:

"It is as I suspected. There is such a sameness to your forest that it would be virtually impossible for anyone, even on the spot, to differentiate localities. Unless it does somewhere contain boulders—and you assure me, it does not—we must conclude that Madame Morel's description of Monsieur Lerasle's present resting-place is a fanciful elaboration, perhaps suggested telepathically from my own mind or from yours. What avail, then, to try again?"

"It is you who are the skeptic now," urged Mirault. "For myself I have become convinced of the genuineness of your friend's powers; and, in view of what she has already told us, I feel that a second trial should be made."

"But I," answered Osty, "feel to the contrary. The handicap is too great to be overcome by a somnambule. As I have told you, nobody is more desirous than I of obtaining proof of genuine clairvoyance. In this

instance, with the topographical conditions as I find them, conditions of an exceptional uniformity, I do not see how any definite result can be obtained."

Nevertheless, Madame Morel was again consulted, thanks to the intervention of Dr. Osty's brother-in-law, Monsieur Lucien Galloy, himself a trained student of psychic phenomena.

With Dr. Osty's consent, Monsieur Galloy had two sittings with the somnambule, who still was left in ignorance of the identity of the man for whom search was being made. As before, she drew a marvelously accurate word-picture, adding details that seemed inexplicable on any other hypothesis than that in some way she was viewing Monsieur Lerasle and the scene in his immediate vicinity.

Thus, describing his clothing she elaborated the item of the soft shirt, by adding that it was a checkered flannel shirt, made in two colors, with a turndown collar. Monsieur Lerasle had actually been wearing such a shirt when he left his son's cottage. Madame Morel also stated that his face was "peaked," which was correct; and that, at the point where he left the road to enter the forest, he stood for a few moments, "tapping the ground with his cane." This last statement particularly impressed the good people of Cours-les-Barres. For it was known to most of them that Monsieur Lerasle had this mannerism when absorbed in thought.

As to the alleged place of his death, Madame Morel again insisted that it was in a forest, "near water and a boulder of rock," and was "not far" from his home. She added that the water was "a pool of some circumference," and that the ground where he was lying "sloped gently to the water."

These details, to be sure, were of little more value than those previously given, from the point of view of aiding in the recovery of his body. Monsieur Galloy accordingly called for a detailed description of the route followed by the missing man, from his home to the spot where he was said to have fallen to the ground.

"After leaving home," the hypnotized Madame Morel now stated, "he passes a large building, and takes a road which descends to a pond. He approaches this, then turns to the right. He passes other buildings, turns slightly to the left, passes a gate, and arrives at a house standing at a juncture of three roads.

"He does not enter the house, but takes the road swerving to the left, and passes close to a cabin in which are tools, with a woodpile nearby. Passing this, he comes to an open field, fenced in.

"Just beyond the field he hesitates, taps the ground with his cane, then turns into the forest, taking a seldom-used footpath which begins flush with the road. After following it for a time, he loses his way, wandering through the woods. From the spot where his body lies to the house from which he started, is not far."

There actually was a juncture of three roads, as described by Madame Morel; there was a house at this cross-ways; also a tool-house, and a woodpile further along the road to the left. Monsieur Mirault and Abbé Housseau, reading these details in Monsieur Galloy's report, grew increasingly astonished at the knowledge shown by the somnambule.

When they came to the item of the footpath which began "flush with the road," Monsieur Mirault exultantly exclaimed:

"Now we have it! I know that path. It is the only one in the neighborhood which begins just that way; all the others begin beyond the ditch by the roadside. Come, we will search again."

With five men Monsieur Mirault set out, entering the forest by the designated path. His orders were that the men, striking from the path in different directions, should explore every foot of the undergrowth in the square bounded on one side by the road past the tool-house. Within half an hour the body of Monsieur Lerasle was found.

It was found by a man who, following the course of a brook, came unexpectedly to a spot where the brook had been swollen into a small pond by the heavy March rains. As he saw the water glistening ahead of him, he noticed at the same time what looked like a rough boulder, and with a shout he summoned the other searchers:

"This way! Here is the rock seen by the somnambule."

It was not a rock; it was the upturned, moss-covered stump of a gigantic tree, blown down years before. But in the subdued light of the forest, when seen from a little distance, it did present a boulderlike aspect; and had the somnambule been looking at the scene *as it would appear to her in a photographic or other pictured presentation*, her mistaking the stump for a boulder would be still more understandable.

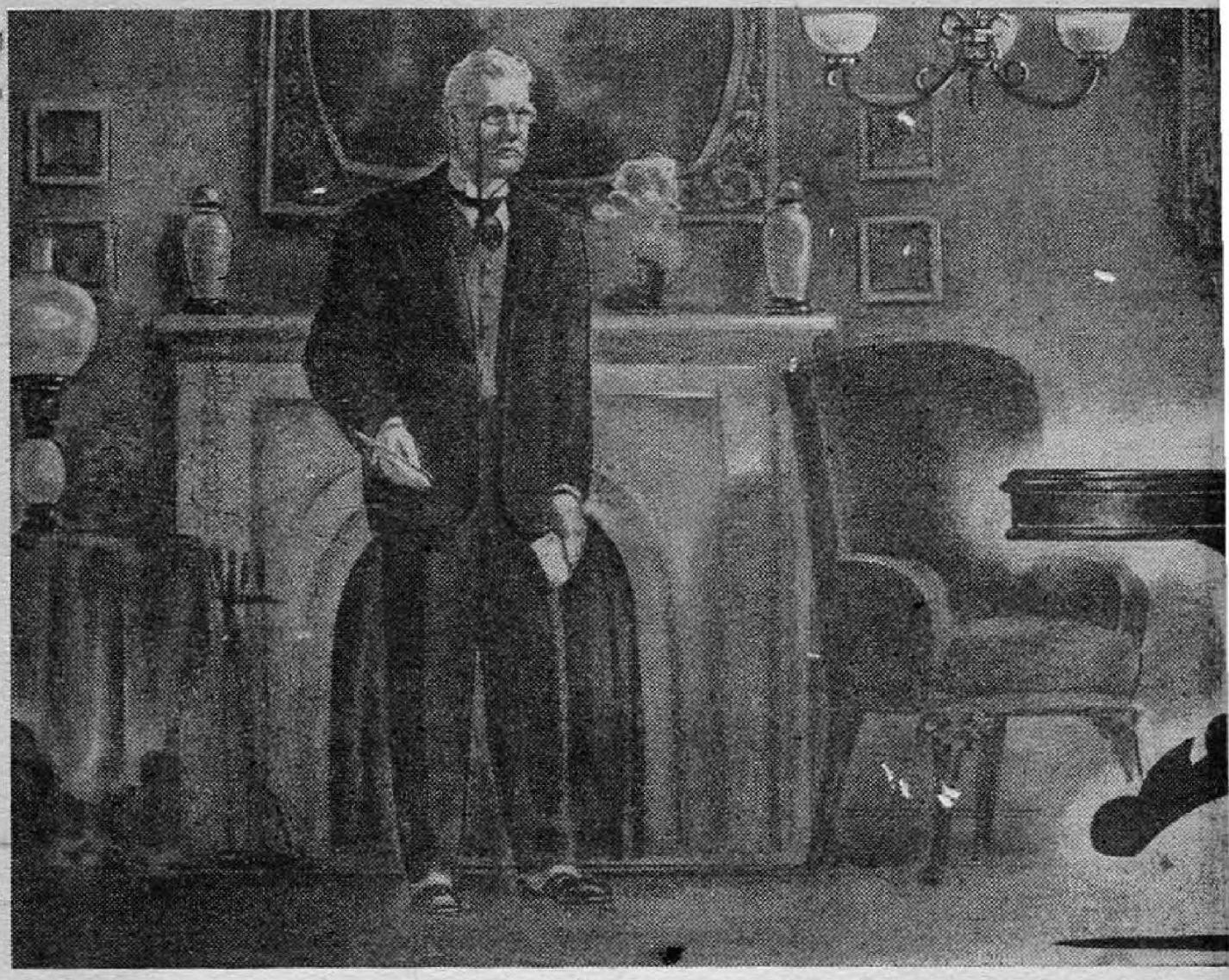
Not ten yards from this moss-covered stump was the corpse of Monsieur Lerasle, on ground that, as Madame Morel had said, "sloped gently to the water." Close at hand was a large tree, one of the largest in all the forest. The distance from where the body was lying to the Lerasle home was indeed "not far," being less than half a mile.

Perhaps most impressive coincidence of all, it was found that one of the old man's fingers showed an injury which, his daughter-in-law declared, must have been received after he started on his last walk.

THE END

EVEN THE HORSES HAVE FORGOTTEN

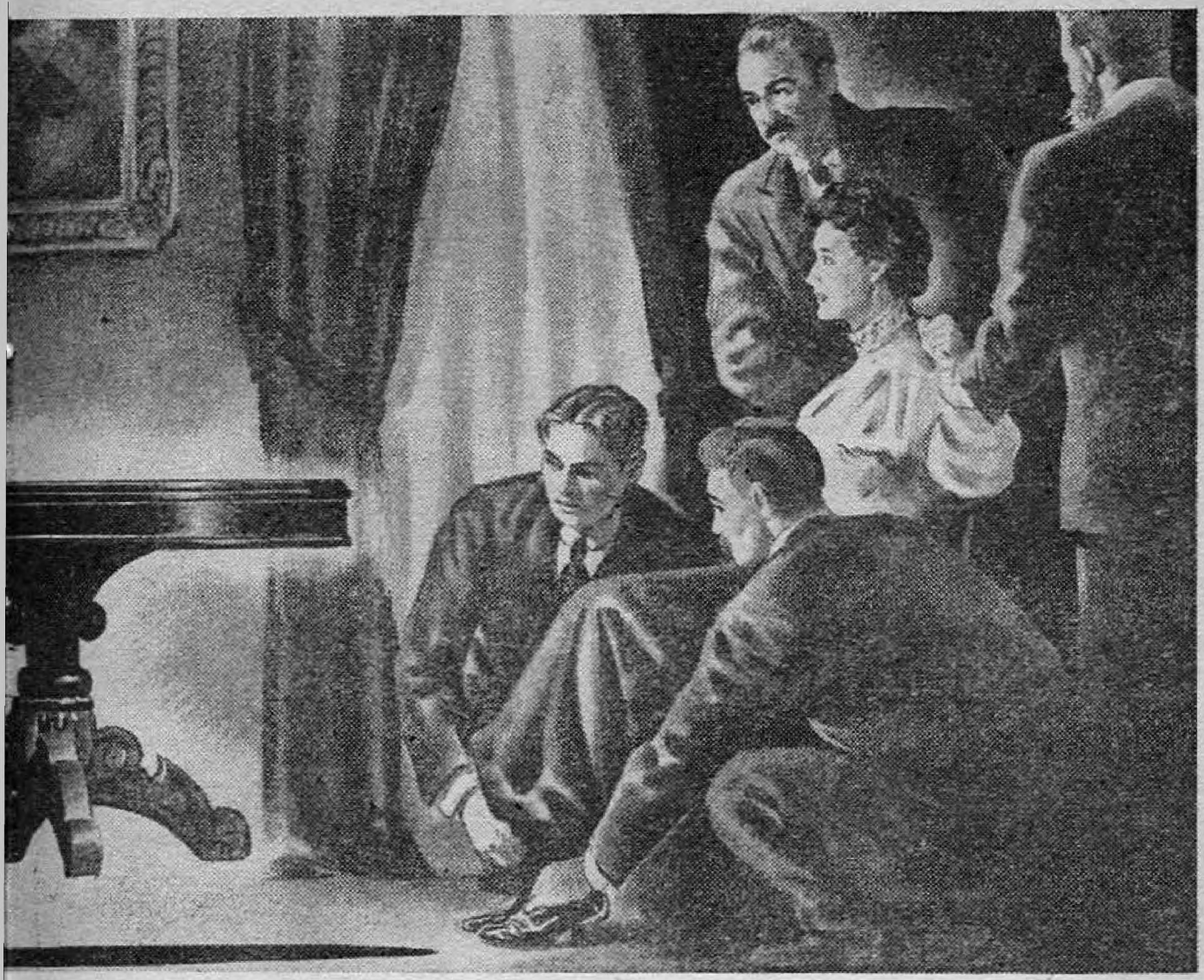
THE horse that has "the inside track" has the best chance to win. But does he know where the saying comes from? 9000 years ago in Egypt, the god, Osiris, gave a medal called the *Inqua* to his priests. The ancients of Egypt knew that the planet Mercury ran on a circle nearest the sun. Thus, the medal, signifying the sun, was "a thing within a thing"—the inside track. *Inqua* is also ancient Phoenician for the horse on the inside track, from which we get our modern *equestrian*. The medal was usually engraved with an outer and inner circle with a star in the center. Today it is used on the brow-band of the bridle, but even the horses have forgotten where the emblem originated. How many more of our present-day symbols are much more than just a "fancy design?"



THE MYSTERIOUS PALLADINO

by George R. Weaver

THE most famous "physical medium" in the modern history of parapsychical or supernormal phenomena was Eusapia Palladino, who was born in 1854 and died in 1918. For more than twenty years she gave séances in various cities of Europe, and was studied by many scientific men and psychical researchers. The most impressive report on her mediumship was that of the committee for the Society for Psychical Research which investigated her in Naples in 1908. The members of this committee were Wortley Baggally, Everard Feilding, and Hereward



The most famous medium of all time was Eusapia Palladino. Brought to this country, she was denounced as a fraud. Here is the little-known foreign report on her, much more thorough, and conducted by the world's leading researchers.

Carrington. Their official Report appeared in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, Volume 23, pages 306–569.

A popular summary of the case was presented by Mr. Feilding in an English magazine nearly forty years ago; and that article, herewith rescued from Limbo, is presented in conjunction with Mr. Carrington's personal summary of the case, written independently some years later. The modern reader will be interested to see how these separate reports supplement each other, and how strikingly they illuminate this remarkable

and mysterious case of mediumship.

Everard Feilding's Account

The séances took place in my bedroom on the fifth floor of a hotel. Across a corner of the room we hung, at the medium's request, two thin black curtains forming a triangular recess, called the "cabinet," about three feet deep in the middle. Behind this curtain we placed a small round tea-table, and upon this various toys which we bought in Naples, a tambourine, a flageolet, a toy piano, a trumpet, a tea-bell, and so forth.

If I am asked to defend the reasonableness of this procedure, I can only say that, as the phenomena which take place in Eusapia's presence consist chiefly, though not exclusively, of the movements and transportations of smallish objects within a certain radius of her, objects of some kind have to be placed there. And as to the curtains, all I can say is that Eusapia believes that the provision of a closed space helps to concentrate "force," and that, as most of the effects seemed to radiate from the curtain, she is possibly right.

Eusapia herself never looked behind the curtain and did not know what had been arranged there. Outside it was placed a small oblong table, 2 feet 9 inches by 1 foot 6¾ inches. Eusapia herself sat at one end of this table with her back to the curtain, the back of her chair distant from the curtain about 12 or 18 inches. One of us sat on each side of her, holding her hands with ours and controlling her feet with our legs and feet, while on certain occasions a third person was under the table holding her feet with his hands.

In front of her hung from the ceiling, at a distance of about 6 feet from her head, a group of 4 electric lights of varying voltage, candle power, or color, and therefore of varying illuminating power, which could be altered from the stenographer's table by means of a commutator. The strongest light was bright enough to enable us to read small print at the furthest end of the room, and of course at our places at the table, while the weakest light was sufficient to enable us to see the hands and face of the medium.

We had eleven séances in all, at some of which we were alone, while at others we invited the assistance of friends of our own, and by way of experiment, friends of Eusapia. The séances varied greatly. It is noteworthy that among the worst séances were those at which Eusapia's friends assisted, while the best were among those at which we were quite alone.

As a general rule, though not invariably, the phenomena classified themselves according to the prevailing light; that is, for phenomena of one type a feeble light seemed necessary, while for others it was immaterial whether the light was weak or strong. From the point of view of facility for trickery, we were unable to trace any special connection between the degree of light and the phenomena generally produced in it.

From the first séance to the last, with certain setbacks, there was a gradual progression in the phenomena; that is, in the earlier séances they were restricted in variety, though not in frequency of occurrence, while later on they became more complicated. Sometimes they took place so rapidly, at the rate of several a minute, that the dictation of one was

constantly interrupted by the occurrence of another. Sometimes they were sparse and intermittent. On these occasions Eusapia would ask for the light to be reduced, but we did not find that the reduction of light had any favorable influence on the production of the phenomena. On the contrary, the darkest séances were those at which least occurred.

The actual procedure of a séance was as follows: About half an hour before the expected arrival of Eusapia the room was prepared by the removal of unnecessary furniture, the arrangement of the objects inside the curtain, and so on. One or two of us remained there, while one went downstairs to await her arrival. She came escorted by her husband, who then went away, and Eusapia was brought alone up the five flights of stairs to our rooms.

She immediately sat down at her place at the table, with her back to the curtain, behind which, as I have said, she never looked. Sometimes the manifestations began at once in the brightest light. Sometimes we had to wait half an hour, an hour, even an hour and a half, before anything took place. Those delays seemed to proceed from one of two causes. Either she was in such a flamboyantly good humor and talked so incessantly that she did not give her mind to the proceedings; or else she appeared so unwell and fatigued as to be incapable of accomplishing anything. On the former occasions there was nothing to do but to wait till she had tired herself out with her own conversation. Eventually she would begin to yawn. This was a favorable symptom, and when the yawns were followed by enormous and amazing hiccoughs we knew it was time to look out, as this was the signal for her falling into a state of trance.

Her trance was of varying stages. It was not absolutely necessary for the production of phenomena of a simple kind, and in two or three séances she remained wide awake throughout and had a continuous memory of the proceedings.

Her state of *half* trance, which was her usual condition during the production of phenomena, was only distinguishable from her normal state by the facts that she was quieter in demeanor and that she professed to have no recollection of what had happened.

In her state of *deep* trance (which did not often supervene, but, when it did, was nearly always accompanied by the more startling phenomena) she appeared deeply asleep, sometimes lying immovable in the arms of one of the controllers on either side, and always surrendering herself completely to the fullest control of her hands. In this state she spoke little and in a deep bass voice, and referred to herself in the third person as "my daughter" or "the medium." In this state she professes to be under the "control" of a spirit to whom she gives the name of "John King," and who claims to be the chief agent for the production of her phenomena.

In her state of *half* trance, there constantly appears to be a battle between her and this "control," which manifests itself through tilts or levitations of the table, and, by means of a code, gives directions as to the conduct of the séance and the degree of light to be allowed, against which Eusapia herself often protests vigor-

ously. Thus five tilts of the table mean less light. Eusapia generally insists on the light remaining up, or if it has been diminished, on its being turned up again. The table, however, persists in its demand, and Eusapia eventually gives way.

Now as to the phenomena themselves. They consisted in the first place of levitations (or more properly, liftings) of the table at which we sat, outside the curtain. As a rule, the table began to rock in a manner explainable by the ordinary pressure of the medium's hands. It then tilted in a manner not so explainable, that is, in a direction away from her while her hands were resting lightly on the top, and finally it would leave the ground entirely and rise rapidly to a height of 1 or 2 feet, remain there an appreciable time, and then come down. Sometimes there would be slight contact with the hands on the top, but very frequently no apparent contact whatever, her hands being held by us at a distance of a foot or two from the table, either in her lap or above the table.

These levitations were among the most frequent and disconcerting of the phenomena and took place in the brightest light. No precautions that we took hindered them in the slightest. She had no hooks (such as might be used for raising a table) and we could never discern the slightest movement of her knees or feet. We very often had our free hands on her knees, while her feet were controlled either by our feet or by one of us under the table, and were generally away from the table legs, a clear space being discernible between her and the table.

Sometimes a partial levitation or tilt would last a very long time, half a minute or even a minute, during which the table remained at an angle, poised on two legs without any contact with anyone. We would press it down and it would come up again as though suspended on elastics, and finally take a jump in the air off all its four legs.

Another of the most frequent phenomena was the movement of the curtain behind her. For this she generally, though not always, demanded a reduction of the light, but it still remained sufficient to enable every movement of the medium to be clearly seen even from the farther end of the table. She would generally hold out toward the curtain one of her hands, always held by or holding one of ours, at a distance of about 8 or 12 inches from the curtain, and the curtain would balloon out toward it. Sometimes the same effect would be produced if one of us held his own hand toward the curtain at her request. The bulge was a round one, as if the curtains were pushed out from behind. If we made a sudden grab at the bulge, no resistance was encountered. There was no attachment to her hand, as we constantly verified by passing our hands between her and the curtain. Nor would any attachment produce the same effect, as the curtain was so thin that the point of attachment of any string would at once have been seen.

Besides these bulges in response to her gestures or our gestures, there were spontaneous movements of the curtain, often very violent, and frequently the whole curtain would be flung out with so much force that the bottom of it came right over to the farther end of the table. This oc-

curred notwithstanding that Eusapia herself was perfectly visible and motionless, both hands held and separately visible upon the table, her feet away from the curtain in front of her under the table.

The next phenomenon was touches by some invisible object; that is, while the light was strong enough to see the face and hands of Eusapia, we were constantly touched on the arm, shoulder, or head by something which we could not see (even though we might be looking in the direction whence it touched us) but which felt like finger-tips.

The next development was grasps *through the curtain* by hands. When I say hands, I mean palpable, apparently living hands with fingers and nails, which grasped us on the arm, shoulder, head, and hands. This occurred at times when we were absolutely certain that Eusapia's own hands were separately held on the table in front of her.

The first occasion on which this occurred to me is among the phenomena most vivid in my memory. I had been sitting at the end of the table farthest from Eusapia. Carrington and Baggally had for some time been reporting that something from behind the curtain had been touching them through it. At last I told Eusapia that I wanted to experience this also. She asked me to stand at the side of the table, and hold my hand against the curtain over her head. I held it 2½ to 3 feet above her head. Immediately the tips of my fingers were struck several times; my first finger was then seized by an apparently living hand, three fingers above and thumb beneath, and squeezed so that I felt the nails of the fingers in my flesh; and then the lower part of my hand was seized and pressed by what appeared to be the soft part of a hand. Eusapia's two hands were separately held by Carrington and Baggally, one on the table and one on her knee. These grasps, if fraudulent, could only have been done by an accomplice behind the curtain. There was no accomplice behind the curtain.

The next development was that these hands became visible. They generally, though not always, appeared between the parting of the curtains over Eusapia's head. They were of different appearances, sometimes of a dead, paper white, sometimes of a natural color. I think only once was a hand both seen and felt at the same time, and that was when a hand came out from the side, not the middle of the curtain, seized Baggally, and pulled him so hard as almost to upset him off his chair.

I have followed the general development of these hands through the course of the séances, but meanwhile other phenomena had been occurring. As a rule, after the movements of the curtain, the first manifestation took the form of violent noises inside the cabinet, as though the tea-table was being shaken. It was sometimes shaken so hard that the objects on it fell off. It then itself appeared over Eusapia's shoulder and landed on our table horizontally, that is, with its top resting on our table and its legs pointing into the cabinet. It would then, during the space of a minute, appear to hang there, partly supported, no doubt, by Eusapia's arm or by ours as we held her hand, and try to climb over our table, which it never succeeded in doing, but eventually fell

back to the carpeted floor.

This transportation of the tea-table took place several times, till at length, to prevent its upsetting our arrangement of the objects on it, we took to tying it down, after which it was once or twice violently shaken, but did not otherwise molest us. Henceforward, however, the objects which had been placed upon it were transported from within one by one. The flageolet tapped me on the head, the tambourine jumped onto my lap, the toy piano landed on the head of a friend of mine; the tea-bell was rung and presently appeared, ringing, over Eusapia's head, carried by a hand which attached it quickly to her hair and, just as I was putting up my free hand to detach it, reappeared, detached the bell itself, rang it again over Eusapia's head, and threw it onto the séance table.

While this was occurring, I was holding Eusapia's left hand close to my face, while Baggally held her right hand under the curtain on the opposite corner of the table, and the light was sufficient for the stenographer from his table, at a distance of about 8 or 9 feet from Eusapia, to see the hand that carried the bell.

One of the most interesting transportations of objects was that of a board on which we had put a large lump of wet clay in the hope of obtaining an impression of one of these hands. I was controlling to Eusapia's right, and Mr. Ryan, a friend of mine whom we had invited, to her left, and therefore opposite to me. Her right hand was under mine on my side of the table. Her left hand was on Mr. Ryan's on his side. Both of her hands were motionless and visible. Carrington was standing behind me. The clay had been placed on the tea-table inside the curtain, directly behind Eusapia. At a certain moment Carrington saw it appear at the farther side of the left curtain, behind Mr. Ryan, and travel through the air onto Mr. Ryan's shoulder. It was at that point that I first noticed it. I saw it slide gently down his right arm, across Eusapia's hand which held his, cross the table toward me, and land on the top of my hand which held Eusapia's right hand.

Another class of phenomena consisted of lights, which at one séance appeared twice over her head, once in her lap, and once at the side of the curtain farthest from her. They were of three kinds, a steady blue-green light, a yellow light, and a small sparkling light like the spark between the poles of a battery.

Besides the visible hands, which were clear and distinct, there were also more or less indescribable appearances of various kinds, in themselves of the most suspicious character: white things that looked like handfuls of tow; black things like small heads at the end of stalk-like bodies, which emerged from the middle or side of the curtain and extended themselves over our table; shadowy things like faces with large features, as though made of cobweb, that shot with extreme rapidity and silence from the side of the curtain, and as quickly withdrew.

There were also other phenomena, but the last that I shall touch on now were movements of objects outside the curtain, at a distance from Eusapia of from 1 to 3 feet. I speak chiefly of a stool which was placed on the floor, about a yard from Eusapia. She extended her hand, held

by Carrington, toward it, but at a distance of about 2 feet, and presently the stool moved toward her; she then made gestures of repulsion, and it moved away from her.

This process was several times repeated. The stenographer, who, during part of the time was standing close to the stool, passed his hand round it several times to ascertain that it had no attachment, but it continued to move the moment he removed his hand. There was a clear space between her and the stool, and the light was sufficient for me to follow its movements while I was standing up at the end of the table farthest from Eusapia—that is, at a distance of about 5 or 6 feet from the stool.

I am not attempting to do more than describe the kind of thing that took place. For the precautions that we took, for the searchings of the medium's person, for the control that existed at the time of the production of each phenomenon, and for a general discussion of the possibilities of deception or hallucination, I must refer my readers to the detailed report which is published in Volume 23 of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research.

I may, however, express on the part of my two colleagues and myself our firm conviction that for some of the phenomena, including some of the more remarkable ones, we obtained evidence of unimpeachable validity.

Our report will be subject to the usual criticism. If I may anticipate shortly the form which that criticism will probably take, it would appear that it must rely upon one or other of three alternatives—namely, (1) that the phenomena we witnessed were produced by mere legerdemain; (2) that they were performed with the assistance of an accomplice; or (3) that we were hallucinated, either as regards the *fact* of the phenomena themselves, or as regards the control of the medium's head and limbs (details of which were dictated to the stenographer contemporaneously with the production of the phenomena) in such a way that, when we reported that we both *held* and *saw* the medium's hands, we were really the victims of a concurrent and concordant delusion. I cannot in the space allotted to me discuss the value of the last alternative, to which considerable attention is devoted in our official report in the S. P. R. *Proceedings*, but must confine myself to saying that if, in the circumstances, it be regarded as valid, it seems to me to cut at the root of the value of all human testimony upon any subject whatever.

The possibility of the assistance of an accomplice may be dismissed more shortly. The eleven séances took place in my bedroom on the fifth floor of a hotel chosen by ourselves; the room was under our complete control, and was searched formally before the séance commenced, and the doors were, of course, secured.

Hereward Carrington's Account

Well I remember the first day we called upon Eusapia Palladino—the Hon. Everard Feilding and myself. We had traveled to Naples, on behalf of the English Society of Psychical Research, to hold a series of séances there; and *en route*, to assist in our amicable reception, I had procured courteous letters of introduction to her from Dr. Joseph Maxwell, Camille Flammarion, and M. Courtier,

of the *Institut General Psychologique* of Paris. I had arrived in Naples one rainy day in November, 1908, and had been joined the next day by Mr. Feilding, who had come on direct from England. (Wortley Baggally, the third member of the Committee, only arrived several days later, after our fourth séance.)

The day following Feilding's arrival, we journeyed to Eusapia's home, in order to make arrangements for the sitting. We drove through a maze of back streets, through an old courtyard, and finally reached her abode by climbing up a number of steep flights of stairs. To our disappointment, we learned that she had gone out, but that she would soon be back. Would we not wait? Her young and handsome husband admitted us into a small and stuffy room, closely shuttered, the walls of which were adorned with scores of signed photographs of celebrities. Here were portraits of Lombroso, Morselli, Schiaparelli, Botazzi, and other men of science who had inquired into, and endorsed, her phenomena. Here were also photographs of men and women famous throughout the world in the realms of art, letters, and politics. It was truly an impressive collection. We waited, chatted with Eusapia's husband, drank the *curaçao* offered us, until, after ten or fifteen minutes, steps resounded upon the stairs. The great Eusapia herself stood in the doorway!

I shall never forget my first impressions of this remarkable woman. Though unlettered (she could neither read nor write, save her own name) she possessed a keenness of mind, an alertness, a scintillation, a personal charm and magnetism, quite unique and unrivalled. Whenever Eusapia entered a room, she was sure at once to be the center of attraction and interest. Her bright eyes flashed, her whole form radiated magnetism, her conversation was so witty and so pungent that it often required an intellect of no mean order to keep up with it. Her conversation at this first meeting was animated and gay; she was in a good humor. Arrangements were soon completed for a series of sittings, to be held in our rooms at the Hotel Victoria, and we left, well pleased with the result of our interview.

How different a picture was presented to us, now that I look back upon it, by this same Eusapia, at the conclusion of our first séance: weak, drawn, ill, nauseated, hysterical, deeply lined about the face, physically and mentally ill—such was the wreck of her former self which we perceived at the conclusion of the first two-hour séance. Hardly able to walk, she leaned heavily upon us for support. All her energy had vanished. Her memory was gone, likewise her interest in everything—her magnetism, her vitality. She seemed to have actually lost weight during the proceedings. (Experiments subsequently proved that she did so, at times.) She descended the hotel stairs with dizzy, feeble steps, leaning heavily upon our arms. We saw her drive off—a broken, shrivelled old woman.

Yet the next day, when we again called upon her, she was practically as vivacious and lively as ever: a night's rest and sleep seemed to have restored her completely. From this we learned a valuable lesson—namely, that Eusapia's powers, vital in character, seemed to accumulate as the

days passed (and particularly at night) and were expended during a séance with prodigious rapidity and extraordinary force.

We later learned that this expenditure was usually greatest with strangers—when she was not feeling well or at ease; and that she was relatively weak when she was unhappy, worried, or unwell. In other words, those conditions which would normally prevent or hinder the manifestation of physical or mental force in any other channel, also inhibit its manifestation in so far as parapsychic manifestations are concerned. The same factors which would prevent a musician from composing a masterpiece, or a scientist from writing an article on Relativity, would also prevent a medium from giving a good séance.

It is hardly necessary, at this time, to remind the reader of the general character of Eusapia Palladino's séances. They are well known. They consisted, for the most part, of purely *physical* manifestations—movements of objects without contact, levitations of the séance table, cold breezes, playing upon musical instruments without apparent cause, raps, materializations partial or complete.

These phenomena would often display a certain intelligence of their own, however, as though some mind were behind them, instigating and inspiring them; and it is an interesting and significant fact that the deeper the trance of the medium, the more immobile she became, the better and more striking were the phenomena, and the greater the distance from her at which they occurred. This is, of course, precisely what we should *not* expect if the manifestations were the result of trickery pure and simple. We repeatedly noticed that, when the medium was restless and fidgety, constantly moving her hands and feet, the phenomena were sporadic and flighty, undependable, and many of them suspiciously resembling those which might have been produced by fraud. On the contrary, when the medium allowed herself to become deeply entranced, when she trusted the sitters, felt that they understood her trance, and that she could rely upon them to look after her properly when in that state—when she allowed herself to sink back, immobile and passive, into the arms of her controllers, and remain in that condition, hardly moving a muscle for an hour or more at a time, the best and most striking manifestations took place.

Under these conditions (when both hands and feet were under perfect control; when the head of the medium was resting upon my shoulder, and every part of her body was passive and adequately controlled) the most startling occurrences were witnessed, sometimes at great distances from her, where she could not possibly have reached, even were her hands and feet free; and when there was a clearly lighted space between her body and the object, in which everyone could see that nothing visible existed.

Let me state, here, my own theory as to the nature of the trickery which Eusapia was known to practise, and its relation to the apparently genuine phenomena; also, why it was that Eusapia, granting that she had genuine power, resorted to trickery at all.

Eusapia Palladino depended, for the production of her phenomena,

upon a power over which she had no control. At times, this energy would be strong, at other times it would be weak. When it was strong, the phenomena would begin at once, and nothing we could do would prevent them. We might tie her with ropes, encase the legs of the table in wooden cones—nothing mattered. The manifestations went on, very striking in character, and continued almost without a break. When, on the other hand, the power was weak, we would wait for an hour or more before anything happened. Then, rather than send her sitters away, Eusapia would endeavor to "produce" phenomena; and it was at such times that she would resort to trickery.

If she had been a wise woman, she would have said to her sitters: "I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen; I can do nothing tonight. We will try tomorrow." All would then have been well. But no! She would not do this. She was "the great Palladino"—she must not fail! Here lay her streak of vanity; herein lay her undoing. For, every now and then, she would get caught in this trickery, and then there would be a big fuss and wide publicity, and her mediumship would receive a blow from which it would take years to recover. This is what happened at Cambridge in 1895; and this is what happened in America in 1910.

Personally I base my belief not upon those manifestations that might conceivably have been produced by fraud, but upon those relatively rare ones that could not possibly (or to my mind conceivably) have been so produced. Let me cite two or three examples of these.

At the conclusion of our second Naples séance, Eusapia standing up, about a foot in front of the curtains of the cabinet, which were closed behind her, the strings of the mandolin were strummed, in exact synchronism with the movements of her fingers. Here were the conditions. The mandolin was leaning against the corner of the room. In front of it, lying upon its side, *within* the cabinet, and forming as it were a sort of fence, was the small tea-table which has been placed in the cabinet. In front of this were the cabinet curtains. About a foot in front of these stood the medium, a clearly lighted space being between her body and the cabinet curtains. Her head and her hands were completely visible. We repeatedly passed our hands between the medium's body and the cabinet, to assure ourselves that no attachment of any kind existed between the medium and any object in the cabinet.

Under these conditions, Eusapia took one of our hands in one of hers, holding it palm-up, "picked" the palm with a finger of her other hand, and in synchronism with this movement a string of the mandolin in the cabinet would resound with a distinctly audible "ting." No one was present except Feilding and myself; the séance was held in our own rooms in the hotel; a moment after the manifestation occurred, we parted the cabinet curtains, and assured ourselves that no one was in the cabinet, and that no connection of any kind existed between the medium and the instrument.

On another occasion, in New York, Mr. Samuel McClure, founder and editor of *McClure's Magazine*, was forcibly pushed away from the cabinet, as he tried to approach it, by what he described as "two hands,

placed upon his chest," when every one in the circle could see that nothing visible touched him, and that there was a clearly lighted space of about 4 or 5 feet between his body and that of the medium.

On other occasions, Eusapia being securely held hand and foot, outside the cabinet, I have gone into the cabinet, during the height of a séance, and taken hold of the small tea-table upon which the musical instruments were placed. I could see across the table, see that nothing visible was there; yet an invisible "being" of some sort wrestled with me for the possession of the table, and finally succeeded in throwing me and the table completely out of the cabinet. All this, be it remembered, when nothing visible held the opposite side of the table, and when the medium was held very securely hand and foot, by two sitters, *outside* the cabinet. This happened on several occasions.

On still another occasion, the mandolin floated over the séance table, outside the cabinet, and in the middle of the circle of sitters, and continued floating about there, playing all the time, for at least half a minute, while all present could *see* that nothing visible was touching it. We repeatedly assured ourselves, during this manifestation, that no threads or reaching-rods were present, and that nothing material supported the instrument in any way.

On yet another occasion, I assured myself most particularly that both feet and both hands of the medium were securely held; at my request, the sitters on either side lifted up each one in turn, to show me that they were actually holding separate hands and feet. Under these conditions—and the medium's head being visible—I knelt upon the séance table, and stretching up as high as I could reach, held the accordion against the curtains of the cabinet. A "hand" grasped the other end of the accordion, and played it with me, by moving it back and forth, for fully half a minute—all this about 4 feet above the medium's head, while her hands and feet were visible and securely held.

It is useless for anyone to try and tell me that these phenomena were produced by means of the medium's foot, which, slipped out of her shoe, she had cunningly introduced under the leg of the séance table! I know better. I have seen phenomena which such critics have not seen; and it is upon these that I base my opinion and my belief. These once accepted, however, I am prepared to accept, as genuine, many of the lesser phenomena; for if genuine in greater things, why not in lesser ones also?

Every group of scientific men that ever experimented with Eusapia knew very well that she would defraud them, if the chance were given her to do so; and twenty years ago these precise forms of trickery were described by the French and Italian scientists, the same tricks that were rediscovered with such pomp and ceremony by her American investigators. No *new* form of trickery was discovered during her American visit, only the old tricks rediscovered. From the accounts at the time, one would gain the impression that a complete system of trickery, hitherto unknown, had been unearthed; whereas, in fact, the American investigators had only discovered for themselves what the European investigators had known all

the time! It will be seen, then, that the tremendous publicity given to these "exposures" was not warranted; nor did they give to the public a fair idea of what had *really* been discovered, or what had been found at these sittings.

In order to convey to the reader a fair idea of the inadequacy of the explanations offered, let us take a single instance—table levitation. The explanation put forward, and accepted as the true one by the vast bulk of the American people, is that contained in the Jastrow-Miller exposure, and is as follows: During the tiltings and oscillations of the table, Eusapia manages to release one of her feet; then, inserting the toe of this foot under the table-leg nearest to her (and by pressing down on the surface of the table with her hands), she is enabled to lift the table several inches off the floor.

Now let us consider the following facts: (1) During the course of the séance, complete levitations have repeatedly been obtained when both the medium's hands were held away from or clear of the table. And it may be ascertained by anyone that it is impossible to lift a table completely off the floor by means of the feet and knees *alone*. The utmost that can be done is to *tilt* the table *away* from one. These levitations, therefore, of which there were many, cannot be explained in the manner postulated. (2) Table levitations have repeatedly been obtained when both legs of the table nearest the medium were inserted in wooden cones, which effectually prevented the medium from reaching the table-legs with her feet. (3) The nature of some of the levitations quite negatived the idea that they could have been done in the manner suggested. Thus, if they were produced by the toes of her feet, it would be possible to produce levitations of only 6 or 8 inches high, or 12 inches at most. Now, some of our levitations were more than 2 feet high, and the medium had to stand in order to keep her fingers on the table-top. *In this condition she walked 7 or 8 feet across the room, before the table fell with a bang to the floor.* In such a case, the explanation proposed fails completely. (4) Levitations have repeatedly been obtained when both of the medium's feet were *held manually* beneath the table, by some one kneeling beneath it—as they were by the *New York Herald* reporter during the first séance.

We see, therefore, that the proposed explanation is completely insufficient to cover the more striking facts, and we must believe one of two things: either the American investigators did *not* see any of these more striking manifestations, in which case they should have waited and studied her further before publishing their verdict, as the European investigators did; or they *did* see these manifestations, in which case they must explain in detail how a medium can produce levitations of a table by means of her feet, when these feet are held beneath the table, or when the table-legs are inserted into protective wooden cones, or when the table is lifted to a height of 2 feet or more from the floor and everyone can see her walking about and not touching it with her feet. The absurdity of the proposed explanation should be apparent.

I have dwelt at length upon the table-levitations and their proposed explanations for two reasons. In the

first place, we see that the "explanations" do not, in reality, explain the facts; and in the second place, we see that the verdict arrived at by the American investigators was superficial and based upon an inadequate knowledge of the phenomena. This character of the verdict, it seems to me, applies to the whole of the investigation, and is not limited to the table-levitations alone.

In addition to the levitations, there were other phenomena that deserve special mention. Of these, the most common was the "curtain phenomena," or the blowing out of the cabinet-curtains as though impelled by a strong breeze from within the cabinet. Another was the cold breeze from a scar over Eusapia's left temple. In connection with this breeze from Eusapia's forehead I learned one very interesting thing: after a good séance this breeze is strong, but after a poor séance it is altogether lacking, or so feeble that it can hardly be detected. On three occasions Eusapia gave a sort of "after-sitting" to three or four of us who had remained, after the other sitters had departed; and the most startling phenomena I have ever seen occurred at these informal séances. A strong breeze was *always* found to issue from Eusapia's scar after these sittings, though none had been noticed after the regular or formal séance given earlier the same evening!

Concerning this breeze, it may be said that the supposed explanations of it are as absurd and unsatisfactory as the explanations of the table levitation. Professor Hugo Münsterberg stated that it was produced by an apparatus concealed under Eusapia's clothing, and consisting of an elaborate system of metal tubes and rubber bags. Jastrow, Miller, Kellogg, and Davis, who also have supposedly "exposed" this manifestation, assert that she had no such apparatus, but that she merely produced this breeze by blowing with her mouth, and diverting the air current upward by puckering the lips in a certain direction!

Professor Münsterberg's explanation is of course insulting to the intelligence of those eminent men of science who investigated her case for years in Europe, and who repeatedly witnessed this breeze after a most careful search of the medium. On the other hand, the latter explanation completely fails when we take into consideration the following facts: that this breeze has been obtained when Eusapia's mouth and nose have been covered with the hands of the investigators; and that it has been felt when the medium, at our request, exhaled as forcibly as possible during the occurrence of this breeze. It did not increase or decrease during this process, but continued in a perfectly even stream. The inconclusiveness of the supposed explanation is thus made manifest—this characteristic extending also, it seems to me, to the other theories which have been offered of Eusapia's phenomena during her visit to America.

At nearly every one of our séances, we had one or more of the musical instruments played upon. The music box has been played upon for several seconds together—the handle being turned 12 or 14 times, to judge by the sound. Ample time was afforded the controllers to ascertain that they were holding separate hands. The tambourine has been played upon for almost a minute—being seen to play

over the medium's head, then beyond the left-hand curtain, again over the medium's head, over the head of the left-hand controller, again over the medium's head, again beyond the left curtain, and finally being thrown to the floor of the cabinet. The small bell has repeatedly been rung for several seconds together, a hand being seen ringing it.

One of the most remarkable manifestations, however, was the playing of the mandolin on at least two occasions. The instrument sounded in the cabinet first of all, distinct twangings of the strings being heard in response to pickings of Eusapia's fingers on the hand of one of her controllers. The mandolin then floated out of the cabinet onto the séance table, *where, in full view of all, nothing touching it, it continued to play for nearly a minute,* first one string and then another being played upon. Eusapia was at the time in deep trance, and was found to be cataleptic a few moments later. Her hands were gripping the hands of her controllers so tightly that each finger had to be opened in turn, by the aid of passes and suggestion.

It must clearly be borne in mind that these striking manifestations did not *always* occur. They took place only when the medium was in *deep* trance; and I have seen her in that state only four or five times, in all the séances I have held. When the trance was only light, or when there was no trance, only minor manifestations took place; and one who has seen only these phenomena is not entitled to make up his mind regarding the value of the case as a *whole.* The American investigators did *not* see both sets of phenomena, and therein lay the fault of their investigation. They saw only poor and inconclusive séances; and upon these they were not justified in forming an opinion.

On several occasions, Eusapia seemingly transferred her power to me by placing her hand upon my shoulder, in much the same way that Daniel Home transferred his power of handling red-hot coals to his sitters upon occasion. I felt nothing, but Eusapia, placing her hand on my shoulder, said to me, "Now, *you* do it!" Whereupon, if I placed my hands in front of the cabinet curtains, they would blow out, as though my hands attracted them; or I would place my hand over a small stool, and *that* would follow wherever I moved it, backward and forward, the stool moving about over the floor during the process. In these experiments, which were always made in fairly good light, we could all *see* that nothing visible was attached to the moving object.

On a number of occasions, also, curious things happened that could not be accounted for by any normal means. Thus, during one séance, Eusapia said she felt that Lombroso would materialize. As a matter of fact, Lombroso did *not* materialize, nor did anyone else. But, directly over the séance table, there formed what I can only describe as a vortex of energy—a sort of psychic whirlpool or waterspout, so apparent to all the circle of sitters that one or two of them had to leave the table because of dizziness. It could be felt, very plainly, for a radius of about 3 feet; beyond this, it was insensible in its effects. As soon as one came within the distance, however, its power was very noticeable—though nothing was visible, and no materialization formed.

I remember that, at the time, I was reminded of Algernon Blackwood's story *Sand*, which so vividly describes a similar phenomenon in the Sahara Desert.

Eusapia has now gone from us; she is no longer within the reach of direct experimentation. Her case will assuredly live forever in the annals of psychical research as one of the most baffling, most interesting, and in a sense most annoying, that it has ever been the lot of investigators to explore. Undoubtedly, she was a genuine and remarkable physical medium. The majority of her manifestations seemed to depend upon a peculiar form of energy, radiated from her, which exuded from her body, and was particularly noticeable after good séances in the form of a cold breeze issuing from the scar in her head.

This brings me to a final reflection. Conjurers are often unable to detect a trick upon first seeing it; they must see it performed two or three times before they are able to detect its *modus operandi*. But if the same trick is performed in precisely the same manner more than twice or thrice, an expert can nearly always detect it, and, after some practice, duplicate it. It is the same with mediumistic tricks. The first time a fraudulent slate-writing performance is seen, it is often next to impossible to detect the manner in which the trick is done; but if it is seen several times, it is always possible for an expert to see precisely how the trick is accomplished.

Looking back upon my past experiences, in the light of these facts, I find this record: that every medium producing physical phenomena investigated by me had been detected *in one sitting*, with the exception of Keller, whose cleverness necessitated a second sitting.

Now let us consider the Palladino case. I was present at ten sittings in Naples, without being able to detect any system of trickery that would account for the facts I saw. On the contrary, I became more and more convinced that no possible method of trickery could explain what occurred. Since then I have seen twenty-six additional sittings in America, or thirty-six in all. Very much the same phenomena occurred at every one of these sittings, and under practically the same conditions. Does anyone mean to tell me that, in all that time, I should not have discovered trickery if trickery had existed? Is it conceivable, in view of my past experience, and in view of my knowledge of conjuring devices and "spiritualistic effects," that I should have failed to detect the *modus operandi*, after seeing the same thing over and over again? Yet, so far from detecting any trickery that would explain the principal phenomena, I became more and more convinced of their reality as genuine, supernormal facts, unexplainable by any sort of trickery. I am unable to believe that I could have been deceived, sitting after sitting, by the same simple tricks, seeing the phenomena under practically the same conditions, and looking for fraud on every occasion just as keenly as though I had never seen the medium before. And I confirm my own judgment by that of other sitters who attended a number of séances, and came to the unanimous conclusion that genuine phenomena had been witnessed. When we repeatedly saw

a table suspended in the air without visible means of support, and when every precaution was taken to see that there was no point of contact between the table and the medium's body, it seems to me preposterous that a critic can sit in his office on the twenty-second story of a New York skyscraper, or in an English vicarage, and, without ever witnessing a single séance, tell us that we did *not*, in reality, see anything of the kind.

NO MAN KNOWETH...

by

Violet Brown Shay

Here is at least one man upon whom the grim reaper could not steal unheralded. He knew!

THERE are not many persons who know in advance just when they will die. But Carson C. Surles did. And he knew it for more than two and a half decades before it occurred!

In the winter of 1915 Surles fell desperately ill with typhoid fever. It was during this illness that he declared he received "from the Lord" the prophecy that he would die twenty-five years hence . . . which meant 1940.

"The Lord came to me in a vision," Surles said, "as I was praying. I asked Him to please spare my life. The Lord said he would spare me, but that I would have to go during the month before I became sixty years old."

As early as July, 1939, Surles began making arrangements for his death, knowing that his time would soon be up, as he would reach sixty on August 18, 1940.

Surles consulted a minister and made preparations with him to conduct the funeral services. He also made arrangements with the Cromartie Funeral Home to take care of his burial. Later, just three days before his death, he even supervised the digging of his own grave in Greenwood Cemetery. For a whole week before his passing, Surles went around visiting all his relatives and friends, just to bid them an earthly "farewell."

On the very day of his death, July 27, 1940, Surles told his employer, "My time has come. I must go home and get ready."

On reaching his home, he became suddenly ill, without any apparent cause, and within a few minutes he was dead.

Thus Carson C. Surles fulfilled his prediction that he would die "during the month before I turn sixty." His death was exactly twenty-eight days before his sixtieth birthday.

THE END

HOW TO PRACTICE YOGA

by

Hereward Carrington

You've heard a lot about yoga, but not much about how it works. America's leading psychic authority exposes the facts in language you can understand.

THE system known as Yoga consists essentially of eight steps or stages, and is known as the Royal Road, or the Noble Eightfold Path.

The first is known as *Yama*, which consists in self-discipline; calm, inward poise, detachment from this world's goods and chattels, etc. The mind must be purified and clarified. Coupled with this, good health must be attained, by means of diet, external and internal hydrotherapeutic measures, and so forth.

Yogis contend that a sound, healthy body is absolutely essential to anyone seeking true spiritual enlightenment. They despise the ascetics and fakirs who mortify their bodies.

The second step is known as *Niyama*, and here these mental and physical disciplines are carried still further. Detachment from the world, and the desire for spiritual enlightenment, are more fully cultivated.

The third step is known as *Asana*, which means bodily posture. There are two or three reasons why such importance is given to these postures, which become quite intelligible when explained. (Statues of Buddha are nearly always shown assuming one of the most famous of these postures.)

What are these reasons? Well, if you will sit still in a chair for a few minutes, thinking intently about something, you will probably find that the first thing that begins to intrude itself upon your chain-of-thought is the *body*. You become restless, irritable; you want to move about and fidget and change your position. This obviously interferes with the flow of thought. There *must* be positions, thought the Yogis, which one can assume, which will prevent this from happening. They experimented, and finally discovered eighty-four postures or positions, any one of which you can assume (with more or less effort) and, once assumed, you can retain that position for hours, without the body intruding itself upon the consciousness. You have, so to say, eliminated the body for the time being, leaving the mind free to carry on its own activities unhampered by it. (Another reason is that these postures are thought to facilitate the flow of certain "currents" within the body—which we shall come to presently.)

Many of these postures are extremely hard for the average West-

erner to assume, though some of them are relatively easy. In all of them the spine must be held *straight*, while the muscles are relaxed. Thus, in this stage, absolute control of the body is attained.

The fourth step still deals mainly with the body. This is known as *Pranayama*, and means (roughly) breathing exercises. Much has been written about breathing, and its effects upon the mind, in oriental literature. We in the west know the value of deep breathing exercises, from the purely health-giving point-of-view. But the orientals go much more deeply into the subject than this.

They believe that the air we breathe, in addition to its obvious chemical constituents, also contains a subtle, vital principle known as *prana*. This we inhale into the system also, when deep breathing is undertaken. Obviously, the deeper the breath, the more *prana* we inhale, and, once inside the body, we can begin to *do* things with it—direct it into certain channels of activity. We utilize this energy for specific purposes. All sorts of breathing exercises are given in consequence.

The first thing to learn, in breathing exercises, is: Nose versus Mouth breathing. Every doctor will tell you to breathe through the nose, but very few people know how to do that properly. You ought to breathe as though you were smelling a flower, and taking the scent straight down, into the lungs. But you must do it in this way: instead of the air striking between the eyes, so to say, you must try to relax the nose and the passages, so that the air goes *straight* down into the throat. Different sounds are made in the different kinds of breathing.

A good way to obtain a large volume of air without opening the mouth is this: hold the *teeth open* (just enough to get a finger between them) and *close the lips*. They call this position the "rabbit throat," because it makes one look like a rabbit! When you have done this, you must draw down the lower or under part of the throat and mouth. Normally this is very soft; when you press down it becomes tense and hard. Do this as you hold the teeth apart and the lips closed. This opens all the passages and gives you an enormous passage for air.

There are three kinds of breathing —upper, middle and lower (diaphragmic). You should be able to fill any part of the lungs separately.

The full breath is from the abdomen up. Bend slightly forward, and exhale completely. Now inhale until you have a full breath; retain it. The chest must be kept elevated all the time. Now, when you get to this point, you must begin certain exercises; and the first and the most simple of these is to hold the breath for a definite period, and then exhale. This establishes a *rhythm* . . .

Now a few words regarding specific or particular kinds of breathing. There is what is known as the "Cleansing Breath." Inhale a full breath; then, when holding the breath, pucker the lips as though whistling; then exhale *very quickly;* then hold; then out again in little gasps, as it were. This will be found very stimulating.

Like all breathing exercises, this must be undertaken with relaxed muscles. You cannot think properly if the muscles are tense anywhere in the body. There is also a definite

connection between tension and memory—as Dr. Bates proved long ago.

Prana-gathering exercises should be undertaken on a flat, hard bed. As you inhale, imagine that you are at the same time imbibing psychic energy — *prana*. Imagine that there is an enormous field of energy or force all around you, which you only have to "tap"; that this is vitalizing, and that you are drawing it into you at the same time that you are breathing. As you inhale this, and retain the breath, you then begin to will that the *prana* shall circulate through the entire system, in much the same way that the blood circulates.

In this *prana*-gathering and distribution, hold the breath, and at the same time feel — be conscious of — every part of your body; follow the *prana*-current as it circulates. This teaches you to be conscious of your body throughout — to feel with every part of it. If you have ever observed wild animals, you cannot fail to have been struck by the *aliveness* of their whole bodies. The more nearly we can approach this, the more aware and intensely alive do we become.

From any point-of-view, then, these breathing exercises, wisely undertaken, will prove healthful and life-giving . . .

Coupled with these, in this stage, are the pronunciation of certain words, or phrases, known as *Mantras*. These are the so-called "words of power," and the mere utterance of them is said to stimulate into vibratory activity certain "vital centers" in the body. It is not that the *meaning* of the mantras signifies anything particularly; it is their sound, when uttered, which is important. These are said over and over again, and hence are intimately connected with breath control.

There are many such mantras. One of the most famous of these is the single word OM, or more properly AUM. Many subtle symbolic meanings are attached to this word. Often, it is combined with other words, constituting such famous mantras as *Aum Tat Sat Aum;* or, *Aum Mani Padme Hum*. These mantras may be heard chanted by thousands of priests throughout India, Tibet, China, and the orient generally.

We now come to the fifth step or stage, known as *Pratyahara*. In this we begin our *mental* exercises proper — the first steps being preparatory to this. It means, roughly, meditation. The yogis contend that, if you want to write anything on a blackboard, the blackboard must be clean. If you wish to write your name in the sand, it must be undisturbed by wind and tide. So, before we can begin to *do* anything with the mind, strictly speaking, we must first of all learn how to still it, and render it calm and placid.

If you will turn your attention inward, for a few moments, you will probably find that your mind is like a sea-serpent: turning and twisting in all directions. It is never still an instant . . . We can never control the mind so long as this condition lasts. So, the first thing we must learn is to shut-off the outer senses, and their stimulations, and then turn our attention inward, upon our mind, and analyze it, learning how to calm and quiet it.

Various exercises are accordingly given for the stilling of the mind. However, it is not made absolutely

negative and blank. Distinctions are made between the various types of meditation; those "with seed," and those "without seed." The former is the type we must learn to cultivate. It consists in complete passivity of the mind without, so to say, "letting-go" of the mind. The sense of Self must be retained — without the *feeling* of Self. This may be difficult to grasp, but an analogy may help to make it clear.

Suppose you are watching a football game. You become excited as you observe it. But you do not say to yourself, "*I* am excited." You merely feel the excitement. Yet *you* feel it! Similarly, *you* remain, as a sort of background, in these meditation exercises, without actually projecting yourself into them.

Having now learned how to still the mind, and control it, you begin, in the next stage, to *do* something with it; to direct and utilize it. This step is known as *Dharana*, and means concentration. One or two simple exercises may be given, by way of illustration.

Draw the picture of (say) a cross — heavy black on a white background. Stand this up on a table where you can observe it. Now look at the cross for several seconds, fixing it firmly in your mind. Next close your eyes, and try to reconstruct this cross before you in space. Try to see it with "the mind's eye." Your object is to hold it steadily before you in space . . . But, as you try to do so, you will doubtless notice all sorts of extraordinary things happening! The cross will change its form, its shape, its color; it will become distorted, or vanish altogether, only to reappear again a few moments later. All these peculiarities show how your mind "wabbles." It is not steady and one-pointed, as it should be. You have not held your mind fixed firmly on the object of contemplation.

All these fluctuations in consciousness are technically known as "breaks" — breaks in consciousness. The number of such breaks is important, indictating your degree of concentration. Place before you a piece of paper, and hold in your hand a pencil, the point of which rests lightly upon the paper. Every time your attention wanders, make a little mark upon the paper. Be honest with yourself! See how many such marks you have made at the end of three minutes. You will be surprised! It will show you how badly you need such concentration exercises.

One simple method of checking the number of breaks is to have a number of beads loosely threaded on a piece of string. Every time your mind wanders, pull over a bead. Count them at the end of your period of concentration. This action is almost automatic, and is performed with a minimum of distraction. This is of course the origin of "telling the beads," which was practised in the orient hundreds of years B.C. It is indicative of the wanderings of your mind from the object of contemplation.

The seventh stage is known as *Dhyana*, and this is difficult to describe in simple words. An analogy will help to make it clearer.

Suppose you are looking at something. At the moment, you are conscious of at least *two* things — yourself, and the object you are looking at. But this is an illusion! There are no two things in the universe, in the

last analysis: only *one* thing! The fact that we are apparently conscious of two things shows the fatally erroneous structure of the human mind. Realizing this, you must make an endeavor to become one with the object — to unify yourself with it; and, as you hold the mental image of the object before you in space, willing to merge with it, suddenly a sort of "click" takes place in the mind, and you and the object are no longer two, but one! You have merged with it, or it with you, and you have become *one*. This is a very rough picture of what is aimed at in this seventh stage.

Finally, in the eighth step, *Samadhi*, this same sort of union takes place with the Supreme Consciousness, and you become one with *it* also. Instead of merging with a simple mental image, you do the same thing with the Greater Mind. When this is accomplished, you become, for the time being, virtually omniscient — since you are in intimate contact with the font of all wisdom and all knowledge. You have "attained." You have arrived at the Cosmic Conscious state — by means of a perfectly systematic series of physical, mental, psychic and spiritual exercises.

This then is the object of the Yogi. This is his aim and purpose . . .

Now, during the course of this development, certain psychic powers are said to be acquired by the holy man, almost incidentally. He does not seek them especially, but, as the result of his inner training, such extraordinary faculties as telepathy, clairvoyance, the power to foresee the future, the ability to leave the body, or even to die at will (and so forth) are acquired. The development of these psychic powers is not due to the path of development itself so much as to certain added practices which go along with it. In order to understand how this comes about, we must first of all explain certain beliefs held by the Yogis as to the structure of man; for, from our western standpoint, these involve what can only be described as a whole system of mythical physiology and psychology. To the Yogis, however, these beliefs are very real.

To begin with, they assert that there resides, at the base of the spine, a mysterious, vital power or energy, known as the *Kundalini*. This is usually symbolized as a serpent, in three-and-a-half coils, with its head erect, like a cobra. It is known as the "Serpent Power."

Also, there are said to be, within the human body, seven secret Centers, known as *Chakras*, which — while dormant in those psychically undeveloped — can be roused into activity by the proper methods. They then become centers of vital, active force. They glow and become alive, and, with their awakening, various psychic powers are said to be spontaneously acquired.

The first of these centers, as we have said, resides at the base of the spine. The second is situated at the root of the sexual organ; the third at the solar plexus; the fourth near the heart; the fifth in the throat; the sixth between the eye-brows, while the seventh is situated in and just above the head.

All these centers or *Chakras* are given special Sanscrit names. They are likened to "lotuses," having so many petals — the number varying with the various centers. On these

petals are depicted animals; and also Sanscrit letters.

The scientist would say: "Where are these various centers? I fail to find them! When dissecting a human body, I can find no trace of any such centers." But the Yogi would reply, "Of course not. They are not composed of physical matter. They are more properly centers of vital force which, being invisible, cannot be seen upon the operating table." Yet in a living body they are said to exist . . .

Connecting these various centers are innumerable ramifying channels, like etheric nerves, known as *Nadis*. There are said to be some 72,000 of these!

It must be understood that the animals and letters depicted on the various "petals" are purely symbolic; they have no physical reality — because the petals themselves have no physical reality either. They are intended to be mere symbols of power. Nor must it be understood that the *Chakras* are in any way identified with the parts of the body indicated (the heart, etc.). They are thought to reside within the spinal cord; but, to understand how this can be, a further series of physiological suppositions is necessitated.

Inside the center of the spinal cord — according to the Yoga teachings — there is a hollow tube, and beside it, on either side, are two smaller, subsidiary tubes. The central passage is known as the *Sushumna*, and the two smaller ones as the *Ida* and *Pingala*.

When this *Kundalini* power is roused into activity, it rises up and animates in turn the various psychic centers in the body. With their awakening, the powers we have mentioned come into play.

How is the *Kundalini* awakened? Well, in order to understand this, we must go back to the very beginning of our graduated Course . . . Because of his method of life and his cleansing of the body, the Yogi is enabled to undertake these exercises without discomfort or danger. The suitable *asana* (posture) facilitates the flow of the "psychic currents," which are set into activity within the body. During the breathing exercises, *prana* is inhaled, locked in the lungs, and then directed downward, through the *Sushumna*, against the lowest of the centers — at the base of the spine. This is accomplished by means of the proper meditation and concentration exercises.

When this energy strikes the lowest center — wherein *Kundalini* lies sleeping — she wakens into activity and begins to move upward, gradually awakening in turn the seven *chakras* (vital centers). As these are stimulated into activity, in turn, the psychic powers come into play. These may then be utilized. By continuing the exercises, Cosmic Consciousness is finally attained. . . .

One or two points of interest may now be mentioned in connection with this system. The first is that, from their standpoint, the allegory of Eve and the serpent, in the Garden of Eden, is really symbolical of the premature awakening of the Serpent Power (*Kundalini*) by some mythical being called Eve. From their point-of-view, the Biblical story is merely a westernized version of that tragedy.

Then, as these deep breathing exercises are undertaken, various sounds of an internal nature are said to be

heard. There are seven of these in all: rushing water, a flute, a cymbal, a drum, etc., finally ending in the "Soundless Sound" — "The Voice of the Silence." These sounds are doubtless due to physiological causes . . .

How much is true and how much mythical in all this teaching? Attempts have been made, during the past few years, to correlate some of these ideas with our western knowledge. Dr. Vesant Rele, for example, gave an address before the Calcutta Medical Society, some years ago, in which he tried to show the relationships between the seven vital centers (*chakras*) and the known nervous plexuses and ductless glands in the body. Mrs. Alice Bailey did much the same thing in her book "The Soul and its Mechanism." Dr. Behanan recently subjected himself to detailed scientific study, in a modern laboratory, while undertaking the breathing exercises, etc. . . . There is doubtless much of interest here that could be discovered by a detailed and systematic study of this whole subject.

In connection with the breathing exercises (coupled with the necessary concentration) it is said that several well-defined phenomena may be noted. There are at least four such stages. These are: (1) the body breaks out into a profuse perspiration; (2) everything appears to "go black" before you. That passes off, and then you experience (3) the sensation of hopping about like a frog. If you are sitting cross-legged, this is a curious feeling. Physically you do not move — although apparently in some cases you *do*; but the theory is that you only hop about like this because the body is not properly *balanced*. If, they say, it were properly balanced, then, instead of hopping about, you would go straight up into the air — which is (4) "levitation." This is accomplished by an internal equilibrium of forces, which tend to offset the pull of gravity, and the levitation of the human body is said to be accomplished by these means.

There are various Breaths: The Sun and the Moon Breaths, etc. Their union constitutes the "Royal Marriage." One of these is through the right nostril, the other through the left. So, in these breathing exercises, they frequently close one nostril at a time, by means of the finger, so as to inhale through the other nostril. This insures a greater intake of *prana*, via the Sun or Moon Breath, as the case may be.

When these Breaths unite, a "moisture" is said to be formed in the throat, which is likened to "nectar." This tends to drip down the throat — and thus become lost. In order to prevent this, the Yogis undertake certain exercises intended to lengthen and strengthen the tongue, so that this can be turned backward, into the throat — thus blocking the passage, and preventing the escape of this precious "nectar." When dammed-up in this way, it is absorbed by the body, and generates great vital and spiritual powers . . .

There can be no doubt that the Yogis, by reason of their methods of self-discipline, have acquired an extraordinary degree of control over their bodies and their functions. They can cause astonishing variations in the beat of the heart, control the flow of blood, control the activities of the various internal organs place themselves in a state of catalepsy, induce death at will, etc.

It must not be thought that these Yogis and so-called Holy Men (as distinguished from the fakirs and itinerant performers) are a race of gloomy ascetics, altogether shut-off from the world of reality; for such is by no means the case. Many students have described them as perhaps the healthiest, happiest group of men they have ever known. When not actively engaged in their spiritual exercises, they live normal, relatively social lives. They believe that sound bodily health is the basis and substratum of all sound development, and have only a profound contempt for the road-side fakirs who hold up one arm until it withers, or otherwise castigate their bodies in a series of weird ascetic exercises. The Yogis have an extraordinary command of their bodies and their functionings. They are free of cares and worries; for, if you have nothing worldly to lose, what is there to worry about? They are happy, because they have achieved a certain wisdom and vision, and realize that they are on the Path of Attainment. They are free of fears and inner disharmonies — which, as we all know, are the bases of our individual break-downs, and a destructive element in our civilization. With the elimination of all these factors, why should they *not* attain happiness — as well as wisdom?

Is it suggested, then, that we should all become Yogis? By no means! In the first place, such a mode of life is quite unsuited to our civilization; and secondly, it is the author's contention that India — and Oriental countries generally — have hindered their progress enormously because of their lop-sided interest and absorption in religious and spiritual ideas. If *we* pay too little interest to such things — and neglect our inner lives, by reason of our immersion in the material world — *they* pay too much attention to them, thereby losing touch with concrete realities. As Bernard Shaw once remarked (in effect): "the result of everyone entering a nunnery or becoming an ascetic would be just as disastrous as for everyone to become a murderer or a pickpocket."

THE END

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CRISWELL PREDICTS FOR 1949

by Jeron King Criswell

Criswell predicts—and everybody listens! For over ten years the amazing predictions of Criswell have been widely read, discussed, and quoted. Out of every hundred predictions, 87% prove correct. He is the favorite prophet of business men, government officials, politicians (Dewey should have used him), movie stars and just people. His predictions are widely syndicated in South America in Spanish. He has a network program originating in Hollywood called "Criswell Predicts". He appears in many newspapers and business magazines. He lectures coast to coast; and his predictions are translated into many languages. FATE gives you his latest prognostications! Judge them for yourself.

WHO will lead the nation in 1949? WHAT will happen in Europe? WHEN can you expect the next boom? WHERE is the new tax money going to be found? WHY will Hollywood fight television? How MUCH will food cost in 1949?

These are the questions that appear in everyone's mind at the moment. I receive many letters from businessmen, housewives and college students, all wanting to know where they are going to stand in 1949. Will 1949 treat them any better than 1948 did? From the ex-G.I. to the farmer on parity; from the landlord about rent-control, to the school teacher and the school-lunches—the questions come.

Will the Federal Government continue to hand out money—or is the bonanza of the war years at an end? Will we have socialized medicine? Will there be a federally controlled radio like the British Broadcasting Co.?

It was in 1445 that Leonardo da Vinci, the famed painter and inventor, predicted: "In 500 years, man shall make an instrument, shall drop it from the sky from a man-made bird, it will stun the earth and cause all to drop dead from its very breath, shall devastate buildings and entire cities—with its pink umbrella of a cloud." What else could Da Vinci have reference to except the atom bomb dropped from one of our superbombers? Note the time also—1445 plus 500 years would equal 1945—the exact date of the dropping of the first atom bomb!

Now let us face the question of the atom bomb. My definite prediction is that this bomb will be used in 1949! It will be used in Asia, first on a practice scale, then they will really mean it! Russia has the atom bomb, for nothing can remain a secret as long as two people share the same knowledge! By late Spring, the bomb will have been used!

The atom (merely the release of stored energy) will do much for our 20th century civilization—and in 1949 it will be used for locomotion, heat, and light. A full report will be given the nation on atomic progress in the month of March. The most astounding use of the atom will be for the control and cure of the cancer, t.b. and polio, by the purging of cell by cell. This medical discovery will be made public by late August 1949.

Let us look into the conditions of our own country and things that will come to pass in 1949.

The United States of America has emerged from this past useless war the strongest nation in history! Rome, Greece, the British Empire, Russia or any other combination of past powers could not equal America in 1949!

America is facing a year of struggle—political, economic, racial and international. A class-to-class struggle will take place, and the harvest of the 1932–1948 political era of "for votes and votes alone" which perpetuated a political party, is now bearing bitter fruit! In 1949, this will be brought more to the surface than ever before. The Federal Government will release certain powers that will revert to the individual States, such as rent control, crop price fixing, and educational standards. For this freedom granted the states, the divorce laws, the marriage laws, the burial laws and the inheritance laws will all be federalized; that is, the one law will apply to every American! There will no longer be a welter of divorce laws by the time 1949 is over.

The farmer will be guaranteed a fair price for his crops, as will the manufacturer for his product, but this will be handled through the State. A fair-practices hiring law, and a wage scale, will be each state's problem also. The middleman and his enormus profit, the jobber and the purchasing agent will be a thing of the past. Goods will be sold in a more direct route from the manufacturer or the farmer to the consumer, to you and me, without a fancy mark-up. Business will be simplified.

There will be socialized medicine to the extent that prices will be set for the service of a doctor, and all private practice will practically disappear, the doctors taking office space together in large buildings, or in federally owned hospitals.

Lawyers will also suffer—for their private practice will be assigned by the Judge according to the case. Each case will be briefed before the trial starts, and no further evidence will be entered. All courts will be federally controlled. The lawyers will have offices together in the large court buildings. Justice will be administered without cost—and this trend will become very apparent in 1949!

What about Real Estate? By the end of 1949 there will be plenty of empty houses and apartments! The trend is now showing itself very clearly. Large houses are going out of style. People want compact, small apartments, with modern, built-in furniture. Old houses are now going begging on the market, and if the land is not valuable, the house will be valueless. Real estate will be a very poor investment to hold, for the renter of 1949 will look for new improvements, and old houses will have to be fixed over before they can be rented—for the competition will be

very great. Many ex-G.I.'s who bought through government money when the market was high, will dump their property on the market. This will cause a top-heavy condition and sliding prices. We will find real estate again sliding toward the 1939 level.

Industry will move from the west coast, concentrating inland, building factories underground, and in inaccessible places free from the menace of atomic warfare. Such cities as Denver, Salt Lake City, Phoenix, Wichita will boom into overnight prominence. Los Angeles, Portland, San Francisco will suffer from deflated populations, for employment will be offered the people who concentrate in the inland cities.

In 1949, strikes will be settled by arbitration, and by vote of the laboring man. No picketing will be allowed except by the men who work in the place and who are actually on strike. No violence will be tolerated. All unions will come under strict government supervision, as will corporations, manufacturers and merchants. Full insurance will cover illness, enforced seasonal idleness, burial and family welfare. A great period of prosperity will be enjoyed by the working man's division in America.

Food will come down to 15% above the 1939 price level! The only exception will be citrus fruits and choice cuts of meat. Frozen foods will be cheaper, because an inexpensive way of freezing them will be found and marketed! The bumper crops all over the world which Nature gave us in 1948, will make for a very healthy economic system—for Europe, for Asia and for our own farmers!

1949 will bring forth a great surge of inner unity of government, both federal and state, within the confines of America. Never have we been so unified!

Here are some federal laws and how they will affect you: You will see no more signboards along the roadside, for the traffic toll of deaths will increase until a law will be passed prohibiting all roadside advertising! There will be a tight federal censorship control over motion pictures and the subjects shown on your local screen. Comic books will be made more suitable for children.

Radio will be cleaned of all phony contests, ism-messages and programs not considered good taste. The news out of 1949 is that you will be able to enjoy television in your home on a $50 set—or rent one at the price of $5 a month, the cost of your telephone rental! There will be television in natural color by 1950!

Now for the weather: There will be a heavy winter here in the United States, violent storms, ice menace to shipping in the north, followed by a late spring with floods, tornadoes and cyclones on the marked increase. There will be a short summer, followed by an early fall. Freak weather will mark 1949.

For the international scene: Great Britain—broken by the last war, her markets gone, no goods to sell with no customers to sell them to, her population impoverished, her colonies turning a deaf ear on her pleas for help—will find that 1949 will bring her nothing but misery. The money-manipulating and the trade-grabbing that the Empire once did has now come home to roost with a vengeance. All of her chestnuts are not only in the fire, but destroyed com-

pletely! The old Scottish prophecy of "The Empire lasting from Elizabeth to Elizabeth" seems to have worked out—this was made in 1325, almost 200 years before the first Elizabeth! England will be forced to ship thousands of her population of factory workers and miners to Canada or South Africa to survive 1949!

Ireland will come into its independence in 1949.

France will suffer much from strikes, political upheaval and inner revolution until Charles deGaulle takes over completely. France will export perfumes, cosmetics and wine —but the world at large will not look to Paris for new styles, but to New York and to Hollywood . . . making Paris styles a thing of the past!

Spain will come back into the family of nations opposed to communism, and be granted large sums of money by America. Franco will be given the diplomatic whitewash in 1949.

Portugal will have a revolution that will unseat the unpopular government now in power, and this should take place in March. Look for fireworks concerning the monetary exchange with some of the nations in the smaller exchange brackets.

Italy will be torn asunder by another election; the Catholic Church combatting the Communist Party in a slugfest never before witnessed. There will be three cabinets, with the Church party finally winning out by a close margin.

Germany will remain divided—although the French and British zones will work more closely with the American zone—and will be rebuilt into her former war strength as a world power. The Germans desire to work under a strong leader, and in 1949 a new leader will arise who will catch their popular fancy as the former Hitler did . . . who, I feel, is still alive and will be heard from in 1949! German money will be made sound, and an active import-export business will be set up in world trade by the time 1949 is over.

Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland will bounce back economically in all world markets, but will fight the menace of radicalism and anarchy, a result of the past few years' effort of solidifying their popular governments. Finland will be again looked on with great favor. As their leader once remarked "We never changed sides in the last war—and you so-called Allies did!"

Holland will prosper under Queen Julianna, and come into a new era of world progress. Her colonies will disappear also, like those of Spain, Great Britain and Germany. The Italian colonies in Africa will be the subject of great argument in the U.N. in January.

Poland will wait until a favorable time to revolt and then do so in 1949! Her people desire freedom—and they will bide their time until they receive it!

Turkey will be seized by Russia in 1949, not physically, but diplomatically, when Russia is granted full use of the Dardanelles, and full naval rights on the way to the Suez. The Turks will make an undercover deal with the Arabic Oil interests which will infuriate the British.

Russia will have an inner-revolt by certain party officials, which will be followed by a purge, and a revolution inside Russia. Stalin will die, and the jackals will rip the inner government

apart. Russia will march from without her borders, and then will come an inner-collapse. Russia will side with Palestine first, then go directly against the new Israel Government and join forces with the Arab interests. Watch for wholesale murder in Palestine on both sides.

Egypt faces revolution, and will cause Britain much worry and trouble over the Suez. The new King will put down the revolt, but at great loss of prestige to himself.

The African continent will loom large in the news of 1949. This rich, partially unexplored continent will yield radium, uranium and other valuable metals. There will be a diamond boom in southern Africa by April, and this will affect the price of diamonds all over the world. A new air-transport will be chartered directly through the African interior, linking the two coasts by a matter of hours. The French colonies will revolt and will make a definite break with France. The desert tribes will ride into the European settlements and raid them, causing many deaths and much damage.

In Asia, with her teeming population of starving humanity, a new day will slowly come. Russia is so infiltrating herself, and preaching the doctrine of Communism, that Asia will be under the Red Orbit by 1952. India, Mongolia, Arabia, Persia, Siam, China will be the satellite states of 1952, as Hungary, Greece, Austria, Poland are today. After the death of Tito, Russia will push into Asia, and the riches of the Orient will be hers.

Japan will prosper as a nation, and will be the bulwark between the United States and Russia. Democratic methods will be used in training the Japanese, and they will look to America as a protector. Japan will have a new currency. A State hero will die, and this will unify all groups in Japan.

Australia continues to be the blessed nation of the world. Never before in history has a nation of this size been so overabundant in wheat, cattle and wool. Australia will take her place in 1949 as one of the nations of the world. A new party will rise to power, a great sense of nationalism will sweep the country and she will break her ties with her Mother country, England.

Canada, our neighbor to the north, is entering a year of depression due to rising prices and unfair rationing. The French-Canadian will fight the inroads of foreign interests concerning the fur industry and the fish canneries. A battle of big business will be waged in the courts, a foreign monopoly will lose its right to dictate the policies of marketing and mining in the Canadian provinces. Good will will prevail between Canada and America. An Indian prophecy tells us that we will join together in 1952 —and it is very likely for such a union to happen.

Fishing rights will be in the international courts concerning Alaska, and this is due in April. Alaska will be fortified as never before, with men, guns, planes and ships. A new gold strike will hit the front pages in May of 1949. A planned drive to get you to settle in Alaska is now being prepared by the Government, and this will be driven home to you by August of 1949.

Mexico will have three minor revolutions and a new president. There will be liberalized gambling

laws which will take business from our own Las Vegas, Reno and other open-gambling towns. No American companies will make films here, for the rate of peso exchange will drop, and our companies would find it much too expensive. American manufacturing will cease south of the border, and there will be a boom in mining—for the Mexicans! The import-export situation with Mexico will disintegrate, and Mexicans will prefer dealing with the other Spanish countries of South America.

Panama will be a trouble spot for us: a revolution will unseat the friendly government now in power, and we will be faced with much difficulty in maintaining friendly relations with this nation that is so vital to our defense.

South America will come under a new era of prosperity through a planned economy. Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina and Chile will lead this plan, and solidify themselves together against any outside interests. Argentina with her wheat, Bolivia with her tin, Brazil with her coffee and Chile with her wool, can and will dominate all world markets. Strict rulings will be made toward any tourist remaining and working in these countries and outside capital will be frowned upon! The Dutch and German colonies, along with the French, will join the South American Federation and break from their mother countries altogether by 1950.

Cuba is facing a difficult time with its bumper sugar crop. The price of sugar, raw and refined, has so dropped in the past year that last season's crop of sugar is still in storage, unsold. Cuba refuses to sell for less, but will suddenly dump all this on the market and cause a near panic on the sugar exchange!

Now for what you will hear, see, read and like in 1949: Radio programs will be slanted toward semi-classical music, the waltz and the slow tempo. Motion pictures will remain in the lighter vein, romances and comedy-dramas. Prices of admission will be cut at all theaters, due to the inroads of the televized competition. You will read exposés of every type—from the confessions of Peggy Hopkins Joyce to Mr. Truman's cook—1949 will be the year of autobiographies, from demi-monde to queen!

By the time 1949 is over you will have seen the following inventions: A pen that writes with perfumed ink . . . ladies' hats with propellers in the crown like Junior's . . . a machine that will give you a sun-tan in one minute . . . a skin-bleaching machine that will bleach freckles in one minute and make your skin pearly white . . . a new drug that will make you fat, and a newer one that will thin you down . . . pink aspirins for children, and mint flavored ones for adults . . . non-itch adhesive tape . . . all purpose maternity dresses that can be worn before and after . . . a bread-warmer that makes stale bread fresh again . . . a box of black stationery with white ink . . . ivy vases for book ends . . . all rugs will have the old fashioned medallion pattern, with roses as big as cabbages . . . cupie doll lamps will again be in style . . . powdered tea . . . a new cornbread mix . . . a new cereal: whole wheat grains soaked in honey . . .

The Trick of the Century will be the new Gilmore Slacks for men that

magically will hide that bay-window! Men will wear short knee trousers for summer wear in 1949—and women will wear the hobble skirt of twenty-five years ago! Both men and women will go without hats, have very short hair cuts, and try for the slim-trim look.

A final word of warning: 1949 is the time when money in the bank and savings bonds will mean much more than ever before. Now is the time to sell property, pay off debts, and to make a personal inventory of your holdings. Money has been cheap in 1941 to 1948, and in 1949 your dollar will buy much more.

The foregoing has been a general outline of the events that have cast their shadow over the horizon for 1949. From month to month you will be notified of any changes, any new trends in this so-called 20th century civilization in 1949!

REPORT FROM THE READERS

Judith L. Gee

Thank you very much indeed for the Spring and Summer numbers of FATE which I am reading with deepest interest and even shivering over some times.

Your accounts of the flying disks are the fullest and clearest I have read. Kenneth Arnold is a hero — but the small dark man who warned off Dahl and the mysterious phone calls giving information to United Press about Room 502 is a puzzler. Couldn't the phone call have been traced? How did Who know what was going on and why want to bedevil events by telling the press. How did Who know that Crisman would be called out of town and so on? Charles Fort in his books mentions that someone always appears ready to draw red herrings over the tracks of unusual phenomena. Who on Earth —

I find your magazine very enjoyable and I am going to spread it around. I am sure it would sell on the London Book Stalls if we could get it over. It is much more interesting than the London magazines on the same subject.

* * *

Buford R. Whitten

I have a suggestion to make in regard to the Navaho situation. If you editors could find some means to find out just where actual Navaho products can be purchased and publish the location I am sure there would be a good income for the Navahos.

I wrote commending FATE the first issue. I must say that I have found it even better than I first contemplated. You, I find, are not afraid to speak your two cents worth about politics. It seems to me that every blabbermouth has some sort of ism or system angle to offer. Nothing, you understand, to benefit anyone but himself and maybe a few sidekicks. What is needed, is a common sense or animate way of doing things, not some sort of systematic political device. I don't know just how long it will take for people to start doing things this way, becoming to the dignity of sensuate beings but may the Provident Being speed the day.

I would also like to make a comment on the Mars article. It was good as far as it went but it didn't go far enough. I can, and so can you all, I suppose, knock the props out from under the whole astronomical education we have been getting from the elect by demonstrable evidence not to mention scores of axioms in physics. Here's good luck to FATE.

Thank you very much for your kind letter. It seems the problem isn't in marketing the Navaho products. The problem now is giving the Navaho a chance to make those rugs and silver jewelry for which he is famous. He has no money to buy raw materials, his sheep have been slaughtered and therefore he has no wool to make rugs. We have a letter from the Indian chief with whom we have been in contact and in it he says that in the winter of 1948 and '49 he expects many more Navaho to starve to death. This magazine has been campaigning for the Navaho since its first issue without getting anywhere. The political picture is a nasty one.

Several of the articles in this issue will prove to you that science is knocking some of its own props out from under it.

* * *

E. R. Stoddard

I have read and reread your Volume I, No. 1 issue of FATE Magazine and never before have I ever read as interesting material as is contained within the covers of this little newcomer to the magazine field. I believe that it fills the need for circulation of little-known fact. There are things happening to people every day that should be brought to light and investigated intelligently. However I find that most people are reluctant to discuss the strange phenomena for fear of public ridicule and the fear of being pointed at as being just a little strange.

The old saw, "The printed word is mightier than the sword" is mighty true. For example, you can publish an article in a widely circulated publication and create public discussion both pro and con, whereas if one single individual should undertake the dissemination of the same information, he would meet with nothing but a deaf ear on the part of most people and the information would die aborning so to speak. So I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate everyone connected with FATE for doing a fine job on the first issue and let me also hope that each succeeding issue will be as interesting as the first.

As far as material is concerned I really don't believe that there will ever come a time when FATE will miss a deadline for lack of interesting material to fill its pages.

Concerning the magazine itself I believe it is just the right size, it is handy, just right to tuck into a pocket and read during a few spare moments. Type is of the proper size for comfort to the eyes under most normal lighting and the advertising is in accord with the magazine's contents. So as a whole I feel that FATE will find itself very popular as time rolls along. The Devil himself couldn't have had a more trying time locating a copy of this little magazine. I was really just about ready to give up in disgust when I finally located one of the few copies that reached this area.

FATE is taking longer strides these days but it is still not in the position of many large magazines on the newsstands. Many readers find it difficult to secure

copies. The answer to that, of course, is a subscription.

* * *

J. J. Mealy

I received my two issues of FATE this A.M. and believe your magazine will be rated one of the most outstanding in the decade. Your motto might well be those immortal words from Hamlet, "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Enclosed find two-and-one-half dollars for twelve more issues.

Thank you Mr. Mealy. More readers like yourself and we will be on a monthly basis before long.

* * *

Edward E. Thompson

This afternoon I had the thrilling experience of witnessing the flight of one of those mysterious shiny orbs such as are described in the first two issues of FATE Magazine. Today has been an ideal, moderately warm summer's day with excellent visibility. The sky was azure blue with a few masses of fleecy white clouds. I was sitting on a park bench with my lady friend in Johnson Park just across the street from the R.C.A. Manufacturing Company. In the center of the park is the Cooper Free Library, a gift of the late Eldridge R. Johnson, founder of the Victor Trucking Machine Company. The time was exactly three forty-five P.M. by the Camden City Hall clock, which could be plainly seen from where we sat on the park bench. The library was just north of the bench.

I casually glanced up at a rather large cloud bank over the east end of the library and I noticed a large sphere that rapidly became brighter as it moved in an easterly direction and I watched its progress as it moved at the lower edge of the cloud formation and at times where there were breaks I saw it plainly against the blue background.

For about five minutes duration I followed its course until it was directly opposite the sun, whereupon it shone with a brilliancy like the planet Venus, which I had viewed at two p.m. one afternoon through the ten-inch refractory telescope at the Philadelphia Franklin Institute. I estimated that its height was approximately 20,000 feet yet it seemed to be quite large at that possible distance.

My lady friend has impaired sight and was unable to see it, but I approached a man and his family a short distance away and they all saw it very distinctly. I told them what I had read in the two articles in FATE.

I am a pipefitter by trade in the Campbell Soup Company, but I have always been a devout follower of things scientific with a keen interest in astronomy since childhood and I am convinced that some of the other planets are inhabited with intelligent life, possibly Venus and Mars. So maybe what I saw today and what others have observed, may be visitors from outer space. I am writing this to help you gain further information on these very mysterious glistening orbs. Some people might say, "Oh, that could have been a July 4th balloon." I have seen too many balloons in my time to know that this was something entirely different and no doubt constructed of metal that glistened in the sunlight.

At the time there were no aircraft near although they do fly overhead all day and all night. This sphere

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moved along silently and must have been traveling at great speed in contrast with the cloud formation and it disappeared within five minutes.

I loaned your first issue to two of my fellow workmen, one, who served in Naval Aviation in World War I and just prior, was entirely skeptical about the whole thing, but the other fellow, who instructed army flyers in the late war, was not very skeptical about it.

Thank you for your report. We are receiving similar ones almost every day. Your theory that they may be from the planet Mars will be much more interesting to you when you read the articles in this issue.

* * *

Robert C. Wick

It's certainly good news to hear that FATE will soon be out every two months, and I hope it isn't long until it hits the monthly ranks. Enjoyed the latest issue very much, although I had hoped to find more disk coverage; but perhaps that's to be in your next issue. There certainly has been enough new events to warrant another extensive coverage similar to your first two issues; what with the rocket ship, the Yakima globe, and now the lighted disk chase over Fargo. Immediately after this latest report it was stated in D. Walker's local *Daily News* column that all army pilots had been ordered not to discuss any further disk encounters. The conspiracy of silence grows tighter and it looks like FATE is to be our best source of information.

Mr. Rhodes' letter concerning the appropriation of his photos should be a warning to others possessing

such material to take the precaution of making duplicates.

The May issue of *Popular Science* attempted a childish explanation of the "saucers" as weather balloons. The readers' letters printed in the July issue indicate overwhelming disapproval by a 3 to 1 ratio. One of the letters was from a Charles W. Shangle, Jr. of Boise, Idaho, who claimed to have seen disks five times and taken and obtained photos of disks twice. Here is a fellow who seems to have proof, so how about checking by some member of your staff?

In closing I'd like to say that FATE is great! You fill a long felt need and I'm sure you will continue to get an encouraging response from your readers. Keep up the good work. I shall be looking forward to your next issue.

You'll have your monthly magazine by next May! And you should find enough disk coverage in this issue to satisfy you! We don't present anything along this line until we've investigated the reports to determine which is just newspaper talk and which is true. Many newspaper stories become incredibly garbled by rewrite men. Your confirmation of the "lid being clamped on" army fliers is interesting. What we can't understand is how high off [illegible] *the idea that* [illegible] *far*

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ADVENTURE
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Do you crave real excitement? Do you think the frontiers of adventure are gone forever? Do you wish you could actually participate in dangerous ventures into a little-known world?

THESE THRILLS CAN BE

YOUR OWN

In September, 1944 one of the strangest mysteries of our modern times began. It began in an obscure pulp magazine with the publishing of a letter concerning an ancient alphabet of a language Man has long forgotten. It was written by a Pennsylvania welder who claimed it was the mother tongue of all languages. His statement was challenged instantly—and as instantly found to be incredibly difficult to assail; for the alphabet worked! It worked on all languages to a degree that precluded mere chance, and the more ancient the language used to test it, the higher the percentage of consistency. Then began an astounding series of events that come to be known as "The Shaver Mystery" after the alphabet's discoverer.

NOW YOU CAN BE A MEMBER

JOIN
The Shaver Mystery Club

Participate in these startling in- [illegible] **n. A**

DID YOU MISS YOUR COPY TOO?

It's the first three issues of FATE we're talking about. The most frequent request we receive is for back issues, from readers who missed buying one at the newsstands because they were all sold out. We can fill a few of these orders, but before very long even our office supply of back issues will be exhausted.

You Can Avoid That Annoyance by Subscribing

Due to the unexpected demand for FATE at the newsstands, and its increasing popularity, we are unable to anticipate local needs, and therefore many stands receive insufficient copies. You may not get future issues if you get there late. And we will be unable to get enough returns to supply mail orders for back issues.

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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.

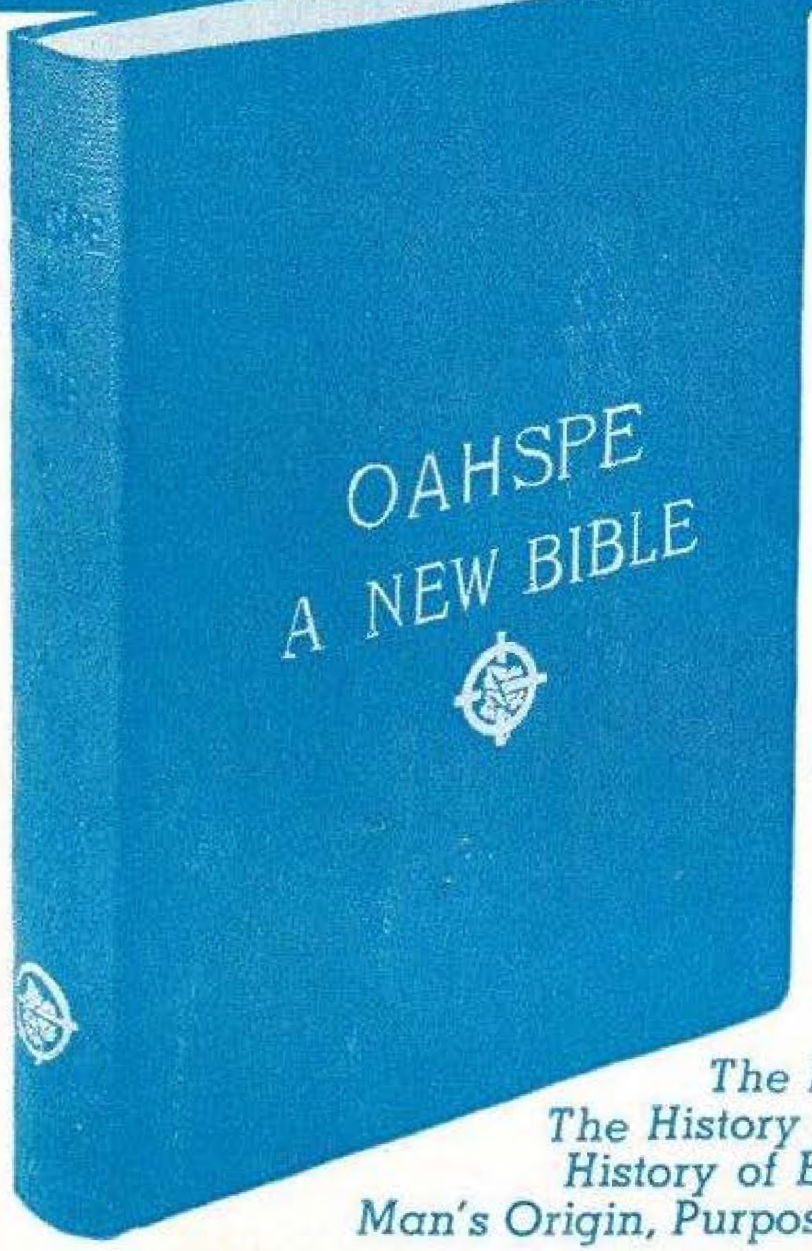
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