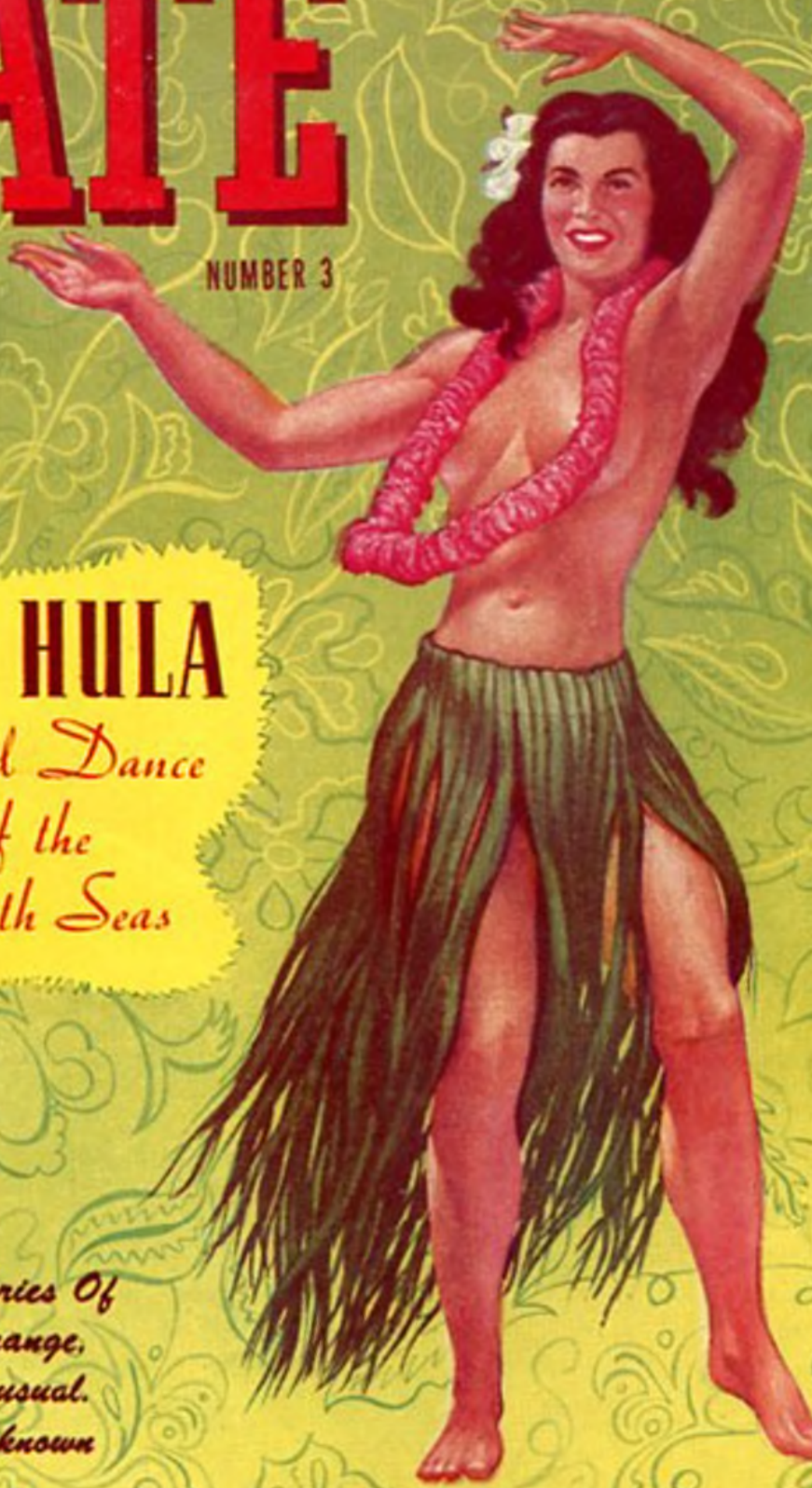
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VOLUME 4 NUMBER 3



The HULA

Sacred Dance of the South Seas

True Stories Of The Strange, The Unusual, The Unknown

CONFESSIONS OF A FORTUNE TELLER

1,000 YEARS OF FLYING SAUCERS

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the Editorial

Wishing Your Warts Away

A wart is a small thickening of the skin caused by a filtrable virus. And yet your mind can defeat it and cause it to go away. If your mind can accomplish this strange thing, what is it not capable of?

By A. Millward

"DON'T touch it. Just wish it away."

This is the advice I got when I had a wart as a young boy.

I couldn't believe it. But I did as I was told and behold — the wart disappeared. What is the connection between the wish and the wart? In wishing the wart away do we enforce some power beyond our knowledge? Is this an example of mind over matter? Apparently, yes. For the following story is strictly true.

Some time ago, I visited a friend in Yorkshire. While we were talking his adopted son came to stand beside him. I noticed four warts on the back of one of the boy's hands. He was about 10 years old, and the fact that he was picking the warts drew my attention to them.

"Have you ever tried to remove those warts on the lad's hand?" I asked of my friend. "You know — painting them — or burning them off?"

"I've tried several things," he answered. "But they don't go away. Maybe it's because he picks them — I don't know."

Our conversation drifted to the many old-fashioned remedies for warts. I mentioned how, when I was young, I was instructed to wish them away and they went. Then he told me that he had heard of a queer remedy that was considered infallible. "Of course," he said, "it is definitely an old woman's tale.

"You make a stroke with your

The Hula—

Sacred Dance of the South Seas

Some were erotic; others told fanciful stories. There were hundreds of different hulas danced throughout the South Pacific.

By Jack Ross

A FULL moon is rising over the palm trees. Softly, the evening breeze carries the dull sound of water thrashing over the distant reef. The broad leaves whisper, and beyond the edge of the atoll village, naked feet tread the narrow ribbon of beach,

The drums start their rapid beat, and the singers their chant. The song begins with the exciting erotic chant of the old-time Polynesians. It is nearly tuneless, rapid, with a complex chorus of good strong voices singing it out.

Around a circle, the young people of the village are dancing, now side-by-side, now face-to-face, and always two together. They are dancing an ancient love dance, and they woo each other not with face and voice alone, as in western custom, but with hands, feet, knees, hips shaking and revolving in a universal language of love.

For hours they dance and as the moon begins to lower into the western sky the dancers drift away from the circle and melt into the palm groves — to waiting mats or leafy houses. The tinkling of their laughter blends into the sounds of the night as they make love.

In many atolls of the South Pacific the old customs prevail and the love dances of the young unmarried Polynesians are still held almost nightly.

There is a reason for this. In the lesser traveled reaches of Polynesia, where the white man's "civilization" has not yet advanced, the dances are really mating dances. The young unmarried boys and girls meet and dance and love. Eventually, when they have found a mate, they live together and settle down. But before this happens, the young people are encouraged by their parents and by



In Hawaii the Hula is slow and extremely stylized. Each movement has a meaning. This pose from a Hula dance means "a tremendously loud *thunderclap.*"

tradition to be promiscuous under the moon.

The dance we call the Hawaiian Hula is found all over the South Seas in many different forms. In Hawaii alone there were hundreds of different Hulas, all with special meanings and gestures. In a broad sense, the word "Hula" means simply "dance." There are many Hulas just as there are many dances.

When the White Man came to Hawaii he found that the Hula was one of its most exportable products. He chose the most lascivious of the "Hulas," outfitted his natives in grass skirts (which are mostly made in Fiji), and sent them off to America. Here the hip-wagging Hula dancers toured the country selling their synthetic mixture of sex and showmanship.

Some authorities say that the



Provocative and graceful, her movements say: "The *rainbow* glows red . . ."



". . . Over the *ocean*," her gestures signify as the hula dance continues on.

Hawaiian Hula was not originally a sexual dance but that its erotic features came to be widely adopted because the Polynesians found that the sexual dances most pleased the white man. However that may be, on southern Polynesian islands, sexual dances were a definite part of the social life.

The missionaries were quite naturally horrified by all these goings on, and wherever they could they forbade the Hula. For years it could not be danced within 10 miles of Honolulu and for a time was forbidden throughout the Hawaiian islands. The law was apparently about as successful as our own prohibition laws against alcohol.

Charles Warren Stoddard, who visited Hawaii in the late '80's, wrote in detail about native dance sessions he attended.

"We got along, by land and water, into a village in an orange grove. There was a subdued murmur of many voices. I think the whole community would have burst into a song of some sort at

the slightest provocation. On we paced, in Indian file, through narrow lanes, under the shining leaves.

"Pale blossoms rained down upon us, and the air was oppressively sweet. Groups of natives sat in the lanes, smoking and laughing. Lovers made love in the face of heaven, utterly unconscious of any human presence."

Stoddard was welcomed and given a place in the first row of spectators. He reclined upon mats over pillows stuffed with dry ferns. Slender rushes, with an oily kind of nut were planted before him and lighted. They served as footlights and took several hours to burn down.

Drummers sat at one side with great calabashes over which were tightly-drawn goatskins. After a preliminary dance by six men and six women — a sort of pantomime in which they used bamboo poles to simulate spears and engaged in mock warfare — liquor was served. It was very intoxicating, brewed of oranges.

Then the hula began.

"A band of beautiful girls, covered with wreaths of flowers and vines, entered and seated themselves before us. While the musicians beat an introductory overture upon the tom-toms, the dancers proceeded to bind shawls and scarfs about their waists, turban-fashion. They sat in a line, facing us, a foot or two apart. The loose sleeves of their dresses were caught up at the shoulder, exposing arms of almost perfect symmetry, while their bare throats were scarcely hidden by the necklaces of jasmines that coiled about them. (Note that even 70 years ago the "missionary influence" had these girls swaddled in clothing.)

"Then the leader of the band, who sat grayheaded and wrinkled at one end of the room, throwing back his head, uttered a long, wild, and shrill guttural — a sort of invocation to the goddess of the *hula-hula* . . . When this clarion cry had ended, the dance began, all joining in with wonderfully accurate rhythm, the body swaying slowly backward and forward, to left and right; the arms tossing, or rather waving, in the air above the head, now beckoning some spirit of light, so tender and seductive were the emotions of the dancers, so graceful and free the movements of the wrists; now, in violence and fear, they seemed to repulse a host of devils that hovered invisible . . .

"Presently the excitement increased. Swifter and more wildly the bare arms beat the air, embracing, as it were, the airy forms that haunted the dancers, who rose to their knees and, with astonishing agility, caused the clumsy turbans about their loins to quiver with an undulatory motion, increasing or decreasing with the sentiment of the song and the enthusiasm of the spectators."



"Mist creeps from the sea over the land . . ."



"As far away as Kahiki."

The dancing continued until daybreak, with brief pauses now and then for some more of the potent orange brew.

"From the floor to their knees, from their knees to their feet, now facing us, now turning from us, they spun and ambled, till the ear was deafened with cheers and boisterous, half-drunken, wholly passionate laughter," Stoddard continued.

"The room whirled with the reeling dancers, who seemed encircled with living serpents in the act of swallowing big lumps of something from their throats clear to the tips of their tails, and the convulsions continued till the hysterical dancers staggered and fell to the floor, overcome by unutterable fatigue."

Later on there was a new dance. A young man sang a love song, beating upon his drum.

"In a moment he was answered. Out of the darkness rose the sweet, shrill voice of the loved one. Nearer and nearer it approached; the voice rang clear and high, melodiously swelling upon the air. Secreted at first behind shawls hung in the corner of the room,

some dramatic effect was produced by her entrance at the right moment. She enacted her part with graceful energy. To the regular and melancholy thrumming of the calabash, she sang her song of love. Yielding to her emotion, she did not hesitate to betray all, neither was he of the calabash slow to respond; and, scorning the charms of goat-skin and gourd, he sprang toward her in the madness of his soul, when she, having reached the climax of her desperation, was hurried from the scene of her conquest . . ."

On another occasion Stoddard was invited to a native feast. This was in the days of Hawaii's independence, before the islands were annexed to the United States.

"We dipped a finger into pink *poi*," he says, "and took a pinch of baked dog. We had limpets with rock salt; kukui-nuts roasted and pulverized; and the pale, quivering bits of (raw) fish-flesh not an hour dead, and still cool with the native coolness of the sea. . . . The inner court was festooned with flags, and covered with a large mat. Upon the mat sat, or reclined, several chiefesses.

"I am never able to account for the audacious grace of these women, who throw themselves upon the floor and stretch their supple limbs like tigresses, with a kind of imperial scorn for your one-horse proprieties. Their voluminous light garments scarcely concealed the ample curves of their bodies, and the marvellous creatures seemed to be breathing to slow music, while their slumberous eyes regarded us with a gentle indifference that was more tantalizing than any other species of coquetry that I have knowledge of. . . .

"The great charm of a native feast is the entire absence of formality. Every man is privileged to seek whom his heart may most desire, and every woman may receive him or reject him as her spirit prompts. . . .

"Our little party which now embraced, figuratively, several magnificent chiefesses as well as the primitive Hawaiian orchestra, moved in silence toward the sea. The long curving beach glistened and sparkled in the moonlight. The sea was like a tideless river . . . A fleet of slender canoes floated to and fro upon the water, and beyond them the creaming reef flashed like a girdle of silver . . .

"Mats — broad, sweet and clean — lay under foot, and served our purpose better than Persian carpets. The sea itself fawned at our feet, and all the air was shining and soft . . . Wherever we lay, pillows were mysteriously slipped under our heads. . . .

"The dancing girls, being somewhat heated, plunged into the sea and complained to the moon in a chorus of fine harmonies. We slept and woke and slept again. . . ."

The Hula is no longer as spon-



"The *lightning* flashes."



"A tremendous *shout.*"

taneous or as wild or sex-laden as it was in the days when Stoddard visited Hawaii and island kings ruled the land. And unfortunately much of Hula lore has been lost. When King Kalakaua was crowned, 262 varieties of Hula were performed and nearly all of these have been lost forever.

The hulas were of all varieties, sitting, standing, chanting, singing. Some were performed to the clack of pebbles held in the hand like castanets, and others to the whispering rhythms of bamboo splints. Nearly all of them had symbolic meanings — meanings far beyond their obvious sexual appeals.

Some of the accompanying drawings show these meanings. Fingers show the flights of birds, dancing of waves, the falling rain. Legends were told by the Hula dances, with everything simulated from catching fish to volcanic eruptions, fighting, love-making.

The latter, unfortunately, are the ones that survive most everywhere — and virtually the only ones known in America. The love-making aspects of the Hula, however, were always stronger among the Tahitians and Tuamoatuans than among the Hawaiians.



"I plead with thee."



Formal ending of Hula.

The music that accompanies the modern Hula is far different from that used by the ancient Hawaiians. In olden days the Hulas were danced to chants which would not be thought very melodious today. Present day Hawaiian music was learned first from the missionaries. As the years passed the Hawaiians modified and adapted hymns and other Western tunes. From other white men they obtained the guitar and the *ukelele* (which means "jumping flea" to describe the movement of the fingers over the frets).

For all their adaptations, however, a good many of the old Hula songs still live. Here is one of the love songs in a translation by Stoddard:

Bosom, here is love for you,
O bosom cool as night!
How you refresh me as with dew —
Your coolness gives delight.

Face to face beneath a bow
I may not you embrace,
But feel a spell on breast and brow
While sitting face to face.

Thoughts in absence send a thrill
Like touch of sweeter air:
I sought you, and I seek you still,
O bosom cool and fair!

The Hula was always different in the southern islands than in Hawaii. There it was the product of spontaneous emotions — even though it was almost a nightly occasion on many islands. Everybody danced —especially when he was young and seeking a mate, however temporary. But in Hawaii the Hula was performed by a group of trained, paid performers. It was premeditated and somberly religious in many of its aspects.

Contrast this with our traditional view of the Hula — and what was actually the case on Tuomotu, for example. There, the Hula is an integral part of social life and an indispensable part of courtship. The very chants to which the Hula is danced are called "that which causes one to think about love" — signifying all the erotic sex of the South Seas.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FALLING GRAIN

One day last summer construction men were working on the top of the Empire State Building tower, 1,467 feet above the street, preparing to put up a new television mast. Suddenly, something stung the cheek of one of the men. Then another reached into his shirt collar and picked out a grain of something or other. He looked at it in puzzlement, then flung it aside.

Then other men began to notice the kernels falling upon them. While they looked in bewilderment, nearly a peck of grain fell upon the men. It stung their faces and necks and bounced off the steel floor.

Where was it coming from? They heard no airplanes overhead nor did they see any. There was no wind or storm, though the sky was overcast. Meanwhile the grain continued to fall. Tenants along the north side of the building heard it rattling against their windows.

Samples of the grain were taken to Dr. Michael Lauro, official chemist of the Produce Exchange, and he identified it as barley. Dr. Lauro suggested that it might have come from one of the great breweries of New York — possibly carried up through cyclone chimneys— but hastened to add that he was just guessing. Ernest J. Christie of the U. S. weather bureau said the winds that day were too light to have borne the grains aloft. He did not consider it likely that it had blown in from the Midwest. One scientist suggested, but dropped the idea hastily, that birds had dropped the barley.

Of a reasonably satisfactory explanation, there was none.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



In Toronto, Canada, two gunmen robbed a theater of $600 while "State Penitentiary" was being flashed on the screen.

* * *

Golfers Mike Turnesa, Steve Doctor and Harry Dee each scored a hole-in-one the same day in a big tourney at Pinehurst, N. C. But Sammy Snead, who didn't, won the tournament.

* * *

An hour after taking his first job in 15 years of retirement, Max Robenstein was killed in a fall in Hartford, Conn.

* * *

When a goat butted the back door of Joseph Mosher's farm house in Holcomb, N. Y., he hurriedly went to see what was wrong. He discovered a fire in his neighbor's barn.

* * *

The day he moved into his new home in Atlanta, Ga., William E. Smith went to the door to get the first letter delivered to him there. It was his call to report for active duty in the Marine reserves.

* * *

On the same day, Judge Lila Neuenfelt, of Detroit, granted divorces to Ida and Richard Love, Roosevelt and Mary Love, and Isabelle and David Love.

* * *

Mrs. Victor Middleton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who had five daughters, always said she'd like to have some boys in the family. The other day her wish came true — with a vengeance. She gave birth to triplets, all boys.

* * *

In Washington, D. C., a housewife forgot to turn off her electric iron. It burned through the ironing board, fell to the floor; burned through the floor and hit a lead water pipe. Its heat melted the lead and the water extinguished the fire.

* * *

In Oklahoma City, Chris H. Rains, 29 and Carole Dodson, 32, bumped into each other and discovered that they were long-lost cousins. After the collision they were both arrested for not having drivers' licenses.

* * *

Clarence Howard's new house in Augusta, Me., was completed just in time. His old one burned to the ground the day after he and his family moved out.

— *Paul Steiner*

CONFESSIONS OF A FORTUNE TELLER



The author was born in Czechoslovakia and lived in Vienna before the war where he wrote short stories for European magazines. He speaks four languages fluently. During World War II he spent three years in the British army in India. He studied sand reading there, continuing his interest in psychic matters. He performed psychometry and clairvoyance in London Psychic clubs. He has lived in Canada for the past three years.

There are charlatans in this business, but don't let that obscure the truth about genuine fortune tellers.

By Dennis Lippa

I am a fortune teller. Not a professional one, I admit, though at times I have made money at it. Mainly I tell fortunes because I enjoy doing it. It is always a new experience to look into the cards and discover what makes people live in their own particular way.

I have made a number of friends through the years as a result of my fortune telling. The cards have been kind and benevolent, although I often "tell" without them, just by handling an article that belongs to the inquirer.

It all began a number of years ago when I met a young Englishwoman in Vienna. One day she brought me a little book and asked me to explain the instructions, since she couldn't read German very well. It was a book on fortune telling. I looked at it and laughed. I was young and unbelieving then. "This is silly! Fortune telling! How can a girl of your intelligence believe in such hocus-pocus?"

"I do," she said in her calm English voice, "and as I don't know any good fortune tellers in Vienna I am going to read the cards myself."

Willy-nilly I had to translate for her the explanations in the little volume of The Miniature Bibliothek. "Look," I said, "the author warns the reader in the foreword that the book should not be taken

seriously and should be consulted for amusement only. You see he doesn't believe in it himself!"

"That is only a formality," she replied. "The law is against fortune telling."

Later, despite my protestations, she read my cards. Her face serious, she had me cut them repeatedly in the prescribed manner. "Death is at your house," she said suddenly, "It's here again and again." I nearly laughed because she sounded so theatrical, but to my amazement her cool English manner had changed. Her face was pale and worried. "Be careful!" she warned.

I left her house about midnight and walked home. It was winter, pleasantly cold. As I crossed my street I was surprised to see that the window in my room on the ground floor was open. I entered and saw that my landlady hadn't made my bed. Curious, I knocked at the kitchen door where the poor woman slept in cold weather. There was no answer. I went in and found her sitting in a chair, dead. Her face had a strange, greenish color.

I called the police. After that I suddenly felt the shock. I went to a hotel for the remainder of the night. It was a waste of money for I couldn't sleep a wink. That greenish withered face haunted me. She had been so poor and gentle. I prayed and waited for the dawn.

Coincidence?

I wanted to find out and I began to study books on the occult sciences. The University library contained many volumes and I read and compared them to my heart's content. A few months later I began to read fortunes for others.

Incidentally the experience of that night had changed my life in other ways too. A few weeks later I was called by the police. They studied my passport and asked many questions. Somehow I appeared to them to be a suspicious character. What did I do for a living? they asked. Free-lance writer. How much did I earn? Did I pay income tax? No. Why not? They kept my passport. Just routine, they said. My consulate informed me that the police



had no right to keep my documents without raising a specific charge. Tired of the trouble I decided to leave Austria. I went to live in Bratislave, a charming city about thirty miles from Vienna but in my own country, Czechoslovakia.

A few months later Hitler invaded Austria. Since I had been a contributor to democratic newspapers and magazines it was fortunate that I left Vienna when I did.

One often sees in print the charge that all fortune tellers are charlatans. Like most generalizations this is not true. There are cheats among fortune tellers of course. There are opticians who will sell you glasses whether you need them or not. There are morticians who take the widow's last dollar for fancy funerals. There are literary agents — I've had some experience with them — who hail you as a Hemingway or Coward if you mail editorial expenses.

The gullibility of people is amazing. In my own experience I find it difficult to tell fortunes for extremely credulous people. I prefer skeptical people with real problems. These show immediately in the cards. I let them shuffle the whole pack, then ask them to cut it into half a dozen stacks. Then I ask: Have you some definite problem? If the answer is yes I let them choose one stack and there invariably I find the details and indications of future developments. As I touch the cards I get sensations that I translate into words. Fear, worry, expectation, harmony, love, distrust — they will clearly appear relative to the problem. Then future trends will be indicated.

I am inclined to believe that future happenings have already started in some inexplicable way within these persons. When I read their cards I believe I read their subconscious minds and the future as they know it subconsciously. Whatever I disclose in a reading I immediately forget; it scarcely leaves a trace in my memory. Often I meet a client some time after a reading who reminds me of something I foretold. "You told me," a lady said, "that I would find a piece of jewelry I had given up for lost. Well, I did, a week ago. It was inside a shoe I hadn't worn since last summer." I nodded and changed the subject, because I can scarcely recall anything about it. I remember clearly, however, other parts of our conversations that have nothing to do with fortune telling.

I remember some very important things that I have foretold. I met a Mrs. Kronstein in Vienna before I started to read the cards. She invited me to her house. At the party I noticed that our hostess was very depressed. She was usually gay but now seemed distracted and scarcely able to talk to her guests. I asked her what was wrong.

Tearfully she told me she was going to have an operation to remove a growth.

"When?"

"Tomorrow morning."

She had arranged for a private room in a hospital, and a famous specialist was going to perform the operation.

"You don't need an operation," I said. "I am sure you don't."

"What are you saying?"

Her sister came into the room. She was a doctor. "I examined her myself — she has a growth," she said. "The specialist made the same diagnosis."

"Would it be dangerous for Mrs. Kronstein to postpone the operation for a month or so?" I asked.

She reflected, "I don't think so."

I didn't then — and don't now — understand anything about medicine, but I simply knew Ily didn't need an operation. The two ladies felt my absolute certainty, they phoned the hospital and the specialist and postponed the operation.

Exactly four weeks later the doctor examined her sister again and found the growth had abated. It later disappeared entirely.

I find it very difficult to foretell anything for alcoholics. For some reason the impressions I receive are hazy and vague. Some current of anger seems to vibrate. I also find that one shouldn't consult a fortune teller after a quarrel for hateful emotions affect the cards similarly.

If you do consult a fortune teller, visit one when you are your usual self. Don't expect miracles; on the other hand don't be full of distrust. Just keep an open mind.

I did some fortune telling during the war in England. Once or twice a week I visited so called Psychic Circles and Clubs and demonstrated Psychometry. The guests placed a little article (watch, ring, comb, lighter, etc.) on a tray that had numbered compartments. I picked an article at random and began my reading without knowing whose it was, just holding it up and giving the number of the article. Often I answered questions for 20 or 25 persons who were all strangers to me.

One night after I had finished a demonstration in Ealing district I went by subway to a friend's house in the West End. My friend, Miss Knight, was a doctor and very skeptical about fortune telling. We spoke about the demonstration.

"I don't believe it," she said. "What can you tell me?"

I borrowed her ring, touched it, put it on my finger. "You tell me," I said, "who was that Canadian officer you went out with?"

She tore the ring from me, her face crimson.

I wish to say that I can't use this gift, nor would I advise anyone to do so, to read someone against their will. Neither can I always do it to satisfy idle curiosity. And unfortunately or fortunately I can't read my own future.

One of these days I too am going to consult a fortune teller.

WE PUT TELEPATHY TO WORK

Bernice C. Webb

The child was badly burned and there was no one to help — until the distraught mother sent her silent message.



It was a raw day and the wind from the bay spread little gusts of rain up and down the streets.

We had recently moved to the west coast and our only friends were Don and his sister, also recently arrived. I set out to visit them, taking the children with me. We went up one hill, down another, around a corner, up another street. Suddenly I realized that we were lost.

I telephoned Vera from a small corner grocery and she told me that Don had driven downtown. Vera couldn't give me directions and jokingly reminding her of a discussion we'd had, I remarked, "I'm going outside and concentrate. Perhaps Don'll pick me up."

The clerk was Chinese and no help to us. I couldn't understand him.

The children and I stood on the corner and together we took our first lesson in telepathy.

"Be very still," I told my seven-year-old, "and without actually talking the words say quite loudly inside yourself, 'DON!' "

We held hands. Our two-year-old tried too, very loudly.

It was a wonderful surprise when Don and his little grey Ford came rolling up the hill. We hailed him and I began to ask questions. Had he been home? Did Vera call him? How did he know we were there?

He said he had been on his way home when he felt compelled to go the long way around. He said he knew of no reason but obeyed because the inclination was so strong.

We spent the afternoon discussing, analyzing and wondering about ESP — Extra Sensory Perception.

My husband and I had first become interested through reading books, mostly by Dr. J. B. Rhine. We tried a few of the card experiments and found them entertaining as party games. Don and Vera were interested simply because we were.

Now our recent success in calling Don through space seemed incredible to all of us. We planned a series of experiments and carried them out.

We discovered that Don and I were both "senders" and "receivers." Noise and confusion did not bother us. Vera and my husband were more or less negative unless their minds were completely relaxed.

Don and I rolled a ball of heavy steel about an inch in diameter across a small table by concentration, (we've done this quite often). Also by concentration we can make a lamp shade turn on a lamp base. Vera was sceptical and my husband frankly puzzled and inclined to feel that we would end up in someone's booby hatch.

The clincher came through an accident.

My son fell on a floor furnace, burning his back, buttocks and the palms of both hands. When I picked him up his skin stuck on the grating. I had no telephone and my nearest neighbor was out with my daughter.

While I walked the floor with the screaming child in my arms I remembered the incidents of the past month. I called both audibly and silently for my husband and Don. Don because he had a car and my husband because I needed his strength.

My husband came first. He had become so nervous he closed his store during the busiest part of the day and came home. He was going down the front steps for a cab when Don drove up with Vera. They had been to the city all day and were returning. Something compelled them to stop by.

Afterwards we agreed that this could hardly have happened through coincidence.

Since then we use telepathy, or extra sensory perception, a great deal. The children can contact me and I them. We don't seem to have to concentrate too hard any

more. It seems that we've found each others "wave lengths," or vibrations. Often when I need either or both I go right along with my work, thinking of them occasionally and very soon they come.

"Did you call?" they ask.

People are generally puzzled when I answer in the affirmative, for I have said nothing, yet the children "heard."

Some of our other friends know about ESP too and although none of us understands it, it works.

ELECTRICAL GHOSTS

It happened several years ago in the laboratory of the Rhodes Electrical Company in London, England. Chief Engineer Eastman was working on some high-tension wires forming a magnetic field in a dark room. Suddenly he observed a luminous blue sphere form above a nearby revolving dynamo. As the light became more intense, a form resembling a human hand appeared in the center of the sphere.

Eastman and his assistant, Harold Woodew, watched the phenomenon for several minutes. Finally it faded away. The two men then spent four days attempting to reproduce the conditions that caused the first occurrence. On the fifth day they succeeded.

Again the luminous blue sphere appeared. This time, however, the form that appeared in the magnetic field resembled that of a human head — white in color, slowly revolving, and its features indistinct. Eastman succeeded in taking pictures of the form before it faded away, and they were published in several European journals.

Similar observations were reported by an industrial research laboratory at Freibourg, Germany, shortly before the late war. In Paris, M. Henri Azam, editor of the *Revue Spirite*, has published the report of an experimenter who asks that his name be withheld. This unknown student claims to have produced electrical ghost forms by directing light and sound vibrations into a variable and sensitive magnetic field. He states that the field was created with two static electrical machines, with a lycopodium-powdered membrane placed at the variable point. — *Vincent H. Gaddis*

FATAL WISH

In Fort Wayne, Ind., a middle-aged woman begged her dentist to save her original teeth. "I would rather be dead than wear false teeth," she said. Nevertheless, she made an appointment to have her teeth extracted — and died on the appointed day.

1,000 years of Flying Saucers



Strange objects have been seen flying in the sky for centuries. Here are authentic accounts from history.

By Harold T. Wilkins

FLYING saucers, if they are interplanetary machines, have been looking over this green spinning globe not for years but for centuries!

I make this statement not arbitrarily but after extensive research into the archives of the British Royal Society dating back for 288 years, from medieval chroniclers, from 17th century astronomers' ephemerides — English, German, Hollander, French and Italian — from old magazines in a day when none but the wealthy read or wrote for such journals, and from very rare volumes in Latin or other more modern tongues. In many cases the instances cited here have been translated into English for the first time.

Based upon these researches I see no alternative but to conclude that our earth has been under observation by mysterious cosmic entities for some 1,250 years past!

In the 16th, 17th and especially in the 18th century many of these strange spectacles took the form of surprising lights. These were definitely not the *aurora borealis,* which was as well known to astronomers and northern peoples then as now.

These phenomena often took the form of burning streams of light.

Such lights were seen over London in 1560 and 1564, and over Brabant, in what is now Belgium, in 1575, when a professor of medicine, Cornelius Gamma of the University of Louvain, described them. Often the lights were so powerful that one could see the smallest pin or straw on the ground by their powerful illumination. They seemed to be extremely powerful searchlights, projected from the skies to the ground.

In the year 1733 comes the first report of the appearance of one of those gleaming aluminum-like bodies that America of 1946-50 knows so well as "flying saucers". *In broad daylight* on Dec. 8, 1733, a Mr. Cracker of Fleet, a small township in Dorset, England, was startled to see, as he says:

> "Something in the sky which appeared in the north, but vanished from my sight, as it was intercepted by trees, from my vision. I was standing in a valley. The weather was warm, the sun shone brightly. On a sudden it re-appeared, darting in and out of my sight with an amazing coruscation. The colour of this phenomenon was like burnished, or new washed silver. It shot with speed like a star falling in the night. But it had a body much larger and a train longer than any shooting star I have seen. At my coming home, one Brown told me that the body and the train seemed 20 feet long. Next day, Mr. Edgecombe informed me that he and another gentleman had seen this strange phenomenon at the same time as I had. It was about 15 miles from where I saw it, and steering a course from E. to N."

Another of these cosmic visitants took the form of a slender pyramid. It was seen about 15 minutes after sunset on April 3, 1707. It was perpendicular to the horizon, of musty red color, and visible for an hour. "I have never seen anything like it," said the observer, a parson named Derham, fellow of the Royal Society.

A mysterious object shaped *like a trumpet* appeared on three occasions in the English skies — 1710, 1744, and 1745. It was seen first on May 18, 1710, by Ralph Thoresby, F. R. S., over Leeds, Yorkshire, at 9:45 p.m. (illustration, page 23):

> "A queer apparition like a trumpet, with a broad end. It moved north to south, with the broad end foremost. As it moved it emitted light. People were startled to see their own shadows with no moon or sun in the sky . . . it was seen from three other countries . . ."

The same or a similar cosmic machine was seen, 34 years later, on May 27, at 11:11 p.m., by Henry Baker, F.R.S., who reported:

> "This strange phenomenon moved SE. to NW. It seemed to be not half a mile up in the sky over Somerset Gardens, London, where I watched it. A white clear light like a flame was emitted from its head and body. The colour of the flame was like sulphur."

Next year, on July 14, 1745, an identical cosmic visitant was seen at 8 p.m. by a parson at Stanlake

Broad, Norfolk, Eng. All the data suggest strongly that here was some extra-terrestrial machine.

But the most amazing report of all was made by a fellow of the British Royal Society going home from a meeting of the society, in the evening of Dec. 16, 1742. It was a year after the globe of fire had been seen over Peckham, London. As this man entered St. James's Park, London, he was startled to see, suddenly rise above the trees of the park a weird apparition. Here is what he said:

"A sudden light rose from behind the trees and houses to the south and west, which at first I thought was a rocket of large size. But when it rose 20 degrees (above the skyline) it moved parallel to the horizon, and moved like this." (He drew an undulating line.) "It went on in the direction of north by east. It seemed very near but its motion was slow. A light flame was turned backward by the resistance the air made to its passage. From one end, the strange object emitted a bright glare and fire like that of burning charcoal. That end was like a frame made of bars of iron. It was quite opaque to my sight. At one point on the longitudinal frame, or cylinder, issued a train of light more bright at one point, on the rod or frame, than it was at the end, where it gradually became fainter, so that it was transparent for more than half its length. The head of this strange object seemed about half a degree in diameter, and the tail three degrees in length."



A globe of fire with a tail was seen over Peckham, London, Dec. 16, 1742.

The observer signed himself merely *"C. M."* He may, like some Americans in our own day, not have cared to risk the scoffing of the armchair cynics and skeptics.

Another mystery took the form of a strange rolling cloud in whose center glowed a remarkable sphere of fire. This phenomenon came across the quiet countryside northwest of Newry, County Down, Ireland, at 12 noon on January 1, 1751. Two men who saw it believed that the end of the world was near at hand!

Here is the report of an observer:

> "This strange body of fire came across country for 15 miles, after two men had seen the terrifying thing rise, at 12 noon, off the mountains of Morn (Mourne), near Newry. The fire appeared in a cloud reaching from the sky to the ground. It was, or appeared, six yards square, and its forward motion was very slow, so very slow that any person who had presence of mind might have gone out of its way. Its course was direct . . . and it turned continually around like a whirlwind, giving out a great noise in the air, and a smell like sulphur. Trees in an orchard were split from top to bottom, roofs lifted off dwelling houses, and a woman killed in the highway."

Surely, here was a mystery that would have warmed the heart of that sardonic humorist, the late Charles Fort, who did so much of his research in the British Museum at Bloomsbury. But what on earth or in the sky was it? No meteor ever moved at this slow rate of locomotion, with a rotary action!

People at Köln, Germany, and Edinburgh, saw a strange phenomenon on March 10, 1756. In a clear sky, at from 7 to 8 p.m., there appeared a pencil of light. It shone like what we should today call the emission of exhaust and incandescent gases, the motor being a "tail" facing towards the north. It remained stationary for about an hour. Then it vanished with neither sparks, smoke or emission of gases. The same visitant had appeared over Avignon, France, at 6.10 p.m.

What looked like a "football" of immense size seemed to descend from the sky over Colchester, England, at 8 p.m., on December 31, 1758. It vanished "like a squib without a report."

Machines like cones now began to appear in the night skies. At Edinburgh, Scotland, one swam into the sky at 9 p.m., on November 26, 1758. Its velocity was very great. Sparks came from it as it passed, and so powerful a light was projected that the most minute object could be seen in the streets. The same machine appeared over Glasgow as a globe of fire like a full moon. It seemed to divide into three parts, and then ascended through the atmosphere!

Edinburgh had another bad shock at 9 p.m. on August 18, 1783, when there suddenly appeared in the sky a globe of fire of "uncommon magnitude." Its speed



Residents of Glasgow, Scotland, were terrified by this strange object at 9 p.m. August 18, 1783. It had terrific speed, rotary motion, jet exhaust.

was immense and it had a rotary motion about its axis. It was like a sphere with a cone for tail! The cone may have been the exhaust emission of gases. Terrified people, looking up into the sky, heard come from it a sound like the working of powerful motors! Glasgow saw the same strange object two nights later.

I give above a contemporary drawing of the machine seen over Edinburgh and Glasgow on the nights of August 18 and 20, 1783. The rotary motion is clearly shown. Down south at Greenwich, near the famous Observatory but 12 days later, at 9:11 p.m. on August 30, 1783, the same great ball appeared in the sky, but now it was seen to have a consort sphere! *Its motion was not rapid,* but the light it emitted was astounding in its brilliance. It went SSE. In 1785, two years later, on December 26, at 9 p.m. an identical blazing sphere was seen over Edinburgh, Dublin, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Plymouth and Chelsea, London.

Astronomers of that day were set searching their records and they found that for seven hours in 1716 the same type of cosmic machine had been seen all over England. It was, be it noted, *visible for seven hours!* It was seen to be brilliantly coloured and to "emit a pure light."

New England, U.S.A. had a turn on May 10, 1760, when a most remarkable object like a blazing sphere appeared in the broad light of day. Over Roxbury and Bridgwater the thing went round in a circle and a noise as of working machinery came from it. It threw out so powerful a light that even in strong sunshine it cast a shadow! The circle over which it flew had a diameter of 80 miles.

In 1762 and 1764, Oxford, England, was startled by lights like a blazing arch in the sky from 8 to 10 p.m. In 1765 London was startled by the same mysterious arch. At Oxford an old college don named Swinton, who spent one and a half hours watching this light from the quadrangle of Christ's Church College, swore that

he had seen nothing like it in his life and was positive it was not the aurora borealis. Into the streets of Bideford, Devon, on December 5, 1762, terrified people poured at 8:50 p.m. to look at a large body in the sky like a twisting serpent, which descended slowly in the sky and from which shone a dazzling light. It was like a sun and lit up the dark streets with a moontide blaze. It seemed to go out by degrees as though the light had been turned off. It is shown on page 29.

Twice in the 18th century there appeared in the skies of old England and Scotland a strange body like a house on fire. It was seen for an hour over Oxford, on the night of October 24, 1769. The whole hemisphere of the sky seemed to blaze. London and Windsor Castle saw it. Tiberius Cavallo, F.R.S., watched a cosmic body, like this, from the terrace of the royal castle. It was first stationary and appeared oblong. Then it moved, emitting prodigious light.

It vanished to the SE, lighting up the night like day. It jetted gases from a tail and there came a rumble like an explosion. At first it moved horizontally to the horizon then vertically, ascending. It was seen at York, about 180 miles north, where horses in fields trembled at the glare it threw out. A church dignitary there heard two great explosions. It was later seen over Ireland, where it now assumed the form of a parabolic body with a vividly red and blue luminous tail.

But this strange body, like a house on fire in the sky, had been seen two years earlier — in September 1767 at Couper Angus, Scotland, and in most startling guise!

Said a very old and rare Scottish magazine:

> "Over the water near Couper Angus there came a thick dark smoke, which rose to reveal a large luminous body like a house on fire. It took a pyramidal form, rolled forward with great impetuosity and rushed up the river Erick with great speed. It carried away a large cart, lifted in the air a man riding a horse, stunned him, and cut a house in a half, as well as destroying an arch of a new bridge. Then it vanished."

In 1775 there appeared in the sky at 8.30 p.m. on May 8, a strange ball of light with a slow motion. It shone like the full moon and passed over Waltham Abbey, Hertfordshire.

Our ancestors in the 18th century and earlier were not exactly all fools or visionaries as many modern scientists imply. It is hoped that these comparative observations at widely separated dates may convince some of the authenticity of the reports.

On September 10, 1798, at 11:40 p.m. a body shaped like an apothecary's pestle, or cylinder, suddenly appeared out of a cloud over the town of Alnwick, Northumberland. It was seen by a schoolmaster and

another man. It went in and out of the cloud and then a small (narrow, but long) streamer seemed to cut the "pestle" below its center. A cloud again hid it, and when the strange object reappeared, it looked like a hammer and the streamer had assumed two horns or prongs, like those of a fork. Again a cloud hid it. This time it reappeared with form of two half moons, back to back, with a short thick luminous stream of some radiant energy flowing between the two globes. At each reappearance the phenomenon became more brilliant until the stars in the sky looked like mere specks. It was visible for five minutes and then vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

I have not space to enumerate the many occasions in the 18th century, and in 1811 when, in the sky over various parts of England and over Armagh, Ireland, strange bright searchlights swept the sky. In 1811, people in Northern Ireland were so struck with these lights in the sky that they sent for fire engines. It may be noted that searchlights using acetylene, or other sources of illumination, were not known or used till a late date in the 19th century.

On the morning of August 12, 1883, Señor José A. Y. Bonilla, director of the Astronomical Observatory of Zacatecas, Mexico, was investigating sun spots when he was amazed to see pass, apparently across the solar disk, a small luminous body. Hardly had he recovered from his surprise when he was startled to see a succession of these same singular bodies passing over the solar disk. In two hours he counted 283 of them. Then clouds interrupted the view. Some were dark and black, others perfectly round.

They were travelling from east to west. Actually they were all luminous bodies but their light was absorbed by the actinic rays of the sun as they appeared to cross its disk. In point of fact, these mysterious travellers of outer space were traversing the vault of space between the moon and the earth.



Blazing body, writhing like a serpent, descended slowly from the sky over Bideford, North Devon, England, at 8:50 p.m. December 5, 1762. It was of huge size and lit up the streets like the sun. Then it suddenly went out.

On the following morning, he counted 1,166 of these mysterious bodies still apparently crossing the solar disk!

What were these strange cosmic objects?

Only a fraction of what has every appearance of being an interplanetary army or fleet of some thousands of space ships were seen voyaging between the earth and the moon far out in space, on August 12 and 13, 1883. Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, who saw the photographs made by Señor Bonilla, was mystified. He tentatively suggested insects, birds, or dust particles in the upper atmosphere. But Bonilla did not agree.

One thing is clear: these bodies, whatever they may have been or from whence they came, had — like many of the so-called "flying saucers" — no hostile intention regarding our own planet.

Again, on March 22, 1880, at Kattenau, Germany, about dawn, says *Nature* (London, Eng. scientific journal): "An enormous number of luminous bodies rose from the horizon and passed in a horizontal direction from east to west. They appeared in a zone or belt and shone with a remarkably brilliant light."

I have no space here to cite the numerous strange objects seen in the skies over land and sea in all parts of the world between 1830 and 1914. I can only refer briefly to the two occasions — one at Chisbury, Wilts, England, the other above Fort Worth, Texas — when a strange shadow was seen on the surface of clouds. It was cast by some unseen body above the clouds!

I say to the astronomers and the astro-physicists who talk of hysteria and hallucinations in face of the growing mass of evidence: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

"You admit *in theory* that there may be other inhabited worlds than ours but whenever you are confronted with evidence tending to confirm the theory, you scoff and sneer. Is it that you ignore and cast into the discard whatever does not suit your obsolescent theories of the nature of the cosmos? Is it that some of you, too, have seen strange phenomena in the skies but dare not, for professional reasons, report what you have seen?"

ARE OPERATIONS DANGEROUS?

HEART failure under anesthesia occurs in about one out of every 1,000 cases, and is somewhat more likely to occur under a spinal anesthetic. The surgeon with calm clean hands and a sharp knife can usually start the heart beating again by making an incision and massaging gently. The longest known case of an abdominal operation in which the heart had stopped beating before life was restored was 19 minutes.

WASHINGTON'S HAUNTED BOY

Dishes flew, footsteps sounded, the family was frantic. Finally a Jesuit priest stopped this authentic ghost.

By D. R. Linson



LIKE a tale of medieval witchcraft comes the story of a modern poltergeist who haunted a 14-year old Washington boy. To make the resemblance even more remarkable the poltergeist or evil spirit was eventually cast out after no less than 30 ancient rites of exorcism had been performed upon the boy!

Poltergeist phenomena first occurred in the home of the Deen family in a Washington suburb during January, 1949. At that time the manifestations consisted of loud, scratching noises that apparently came from the walls of the house and the attic. Suspecting rodents, the family employed an exterminating company but no trace of rats or rodents was found.

It was soon established that the increasing phenomena centered on and about the boy, Douglass. The scraping and the scratching sounds become more intense and more frequent, especially when he was near. Occasionally, dishes flew. The squeaking of foot-steps sounded through the hallways. Furniture moved back and forth across the rooms, apparently of its own accord. From a bowl on top of the refrigerator, fruit leaped forth either to hurl itself against the wall or to smash in a mess upon the floor. A picture darted abruptly from a wall. For a brief moment the picture quivered in the air, then with the rapidity that marked its departure from the wall it snapped back into place.

Most intolerable and nerve-wracking of all was the violent

trembling of the bed in which Douglass slept. In a few weeks the entire family was haggard and nerve-ridden because of lack of sleep and fear. Frantic with worry Mrs. Deen talked with some of the neighbors.

So incredible did the neighbors consider her story that they not only laughed, they invited Douglass to spend the night in their unhaunted homes. After one night they were convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena.

Then the Deen family enlisted the aid of the Reverend Mr. Winston, pastor of their church in Mt. Rainier. Dispassionate, calm and open minded, the Reverend Winston approached the problem with skepticism. Addressing a closed meeting of the Society For Parapsychology on August 9, 1949, at Washington, D. C., however, the minister described the events that occurred at his home where the boy spent the night.

On February 17, 1949, Douglass was in the home of the minister from 9:20 p.m. to 9:20 a.m. At ten p.m. the minister said they decided to retire using a room in which there were twin beds.

All was exceptionally quiet for ten minutes. Then there was a "tremendous vibration" from the boy's bed. This vibration was attended by scraping and scratching noises from the wall.

The minister leaped up and switched on the light. The bed continued to vibrate. He watched the boy closely, noting his position, searching for any possible movement that might be responsible for the trembling of the bed or the scratching in the wall. But Douglass remained immobile. The minister explained, "While I seemed to sense in my heart that he was not creating these effects, and while I had seen similar activities occur at the boy's home and in the presence of his parents, I just had to be sure."

Realizing that neither he nor Douglass would get any sleep while the bed shook so noisily Reverend Winston had the boy get into a large, heavy armchair. Sitting in the chair the boy drew his knees up under his chin with his feet on the chair. He was wrapped in a blanket and his hands and arms were around his knees.

Before the startled eyes of the minister the chair began to move! It moved three inches until it reached the wall and could go no farther in that direction. During this time the pastor stood in front of the chair. Amazed, he watched intently. The lights were on and *in the brightly lighted room,* the phenomena that subsequently occurred seemed incredible.

Against the wall and unable to proceed farther, the chair began to tip. As the minister watched the chair tilted completely over. The boy sat breathless and wide-eyed, remaining immobile throughout

the tilting episode. His sole activity was this statement to the clergyman; "It's going over with me, pastor." Whereupon the chair did topple over, throwing the boy to the floor.

Reverend Winston assumed a similar position in the chair but in spite of his efforts he could not make the chair fall over. Only by bracing his feet on the floor and swinging his weight heavily to one side could he tip the chair.

Since the boy was unable to sleep because of the violent vibrations that ensued whenever he lay upon the bed, the minister improvised a pallet upon the floor. This consisted of two blankets and a pillow. He covered the boy with one of the blankets and it wasn't long before the child dropped off to sleep.

With the lights still on Reverend Winston lay upon his own bed, continuing to watch the boy. Now the bedding, and the boy, began to slide slowly across the room. The pallet moved under the beds. The lad was awakened when his head bumped against a far bed post.

The minister remade the pallet immediately but to no purpose. This time the pallet, boy and all, whipped around in a half circle on the floor. Then it slid under the bed again. In both instances the boy's hands were outside the bedding, his body was rigid and there was no wrinkling of the blankets.

"What convinced me," Reverend Winston stated while addressing a highly attentive audience in Washington, D. C., "was that the whole thing moved as a unit."

The boy was next taken to Georgetown Hospital where medical and psychiatric aid could be administered. Both types of therapy were employed, both here and at the hospital at St. Louis University which, like Georgetown, is a Jesuit institution. Both types of therapy failed. After unsuccessful study and treatment of the case, the youth was turned over to the Jesuits.

The Reverend Winston withdrew from the case about this time because his duties as pastor of Mount Rainier, a suburban congregation on the outskirts of Washington, required all of his time.

The priest who finally effected the "cure," or according to Catholic authorities "freed him from possession of satanic powers," is a Jesuit in his 50's. He remained constantly with the youth for a period of more than two months. When Douglass travelled to St. Louis the Jesuit was by his side. He accompanied him when he returned to Washington. They slept in the same house and frequently in the same room. Thus the priest was afforded numerous opportunities to witness the phenomena described above.

During his constant and lengthy vigil with the boy the Jesuit kept what is known in Catholic doctrine as the "black fast." Thus, for two and a half months the priest lived

on bread, water and prayer. The purpose of the black fast is to purify, strengthen, and fortify against the diabolical powers of Satan. The Jesuit priest lost fifty pounds in the course of his task.

Only after 30 performances of the ancient ritual of exorcism by the Jesuit upon Douglass without apparent effect, did the priest seek and obtain permission from the archbishop to employ the most *solemn* ritual or exorcism. Even employment of this solemn and special ritual did not solve the case immediately. For in all except the last of these rituals the alleged diabolical force or poltergeist reacted or caused the boy to react violently. This reaction came whenever the priest reached those dramatic points of the ritual in which he ordered the entity to take its departure from the body of the boy:

"I command you, whoever you are, unclean spirit, and all of your associates obsessing this friend of God, that by the mysteries of the Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by the mission of the Holy Spirit and by the coming of the same Master, for the Judgment, give me your name, the day and the hour of your exit, together with some sign and even though I am an unworthy minister of God, I command thee to obey in all these things nor ever again in any manner to offend this creature of God, or those who are here or any of their possessions."

At this point in all except the final ritual, the boy would break forth into a frenzy of anger. His body would tremble violently. His voice, high and shrill, would pour forth in a torrent of curses and abominable obscenities. Sometimes he spoke rapidly in Latin, a language he had never studied and of which he knew nothing.

During May, 1949, the priest proceeded as usual with his ritual. But this time Douglass was silent. Since then there has been no single manifestation of poltergeist phenomena affecting him. After about six months, the solemn ritual of the Catholic church had succeeded in exorcising the evil spirit. Use of this ritual and cases of diabolical possession are rare in this country. And nowhere is permission to employ this ritual granted unless the afflicted person's case has been thoroughly studied and proved to be genuine.

CANALS ON MARS — OR SCARS?

THE "canals" of Mars are not the products of intelligent life but the scars left by collisions with small planets or asteroids, Dr. Clyde Tombaugh recently told the American Astronomical Society.

Legends about Abraham

Abraham was the spiritual founder of three religions. Here is how he reasoned the existence of God.

By D. Coleman Rich, Th.D.

ABRAHAM, the Son of Terah, has a unique place in religious history. He is considered the spiritual founder of three of the world's outstanding religions: Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism. Abraham was born and reared in Ur of the Chaldees, possibly the oldest city in the world. He left Ur in later years to found a new nation, and to propagate a great religious faith. It is said that "By faith Abraham went out not knowing whither he went."

The clear sky of the eastern land where Abraham lived as a youth was an incentive for the dwellers to study the sun, moon, and stars. They not only worshiped these heavenly bodies but also sought to foretell with their help the fate of men. Ancient historians tell us that every Chaldean had a signet and staff bearing the sign of the planet or the stars that were seen at his birth. In fact, it was this unusual knowledge of astrology and astronomy which made it possible for the wise men of this land to discover a "new star in the east" some 2000 years later. This resulted



in their journey to Bethlehem to pay homage to the Christ Child, who was born "King of the Jews."

Ur, the city where Abraham was born and the place where he spent his boyhood, was a chief seat of the ancient sun-worship. The name Ur has been translated to mean light or fire. We may safely assume that Abraham's early years were spent among the sun-worshipers.

Various legends have been preserved in ancient books concerning Abraham, the first Hebrew. One of these relates that Terah, the father of Abraham, was a maker and dealer in idols. Being obliged to be away for a time, he left Abraham in charge. An old man

came in and asked the price of one of the idols. "Old man," said Abraham, "how old art thou?"

"Threescore years," answered the old man.

"Threescore years," said Abraham, "and thou wouldst worship a thing my father's slaves made in a few hours? Strange that a man of 60 years should bow his gray head to a creature like that."

The man, crimsoned with shame, turned away. And then came a woman, worshiper of pagan idols, to bring an offering to the Gods.

"Give it to them thyself," said Abraham, "thou wilt see how greedily they will eat it."

She did so.

Abraham then took a hammer and broke all the idols except the largest, in whose hands he placed the hammer.

When Terah returned, he asked angrily, "Who among the dwellers of Ur would be profane enough to break and abuse the gods?"

"It so happened," said Abraham, "that during your absence a woman brought an offering of food to the gods, and the younger ones began to devour it. The old god, enraged at their boldness, took the hammer and smashed the younger and smaller gods, in his righteous anger."

"Dost thou mock thy father?" asked Terah. "Do I not know that they can neither eat nor move?"

"And yet," said Abraham fearlessly, "thou wouldst worship them, and have me bow to them, too."

The legend goes that Terah was so angry that in his rage he sent Abraham to be judged for his crime before the King.

The great ruler, Nimrod, became convinced very shortly that young Abraham would never agree to worship idols of wood, metal, or stone. He then asked Abraham: "If you will not adore the idols of your father, then pray to Fire."

Abraham replied, "Why may I not pray to water, which will quench fire?"

Nimrod answered, "Be it so. Pray to water."

Abraham quickly returned, "But why not pray to the clouds, which hold the water?"

Nimrod agreed, "Well, then, pray to the clouds."

Abraham replied, "Why not pray to the wind, which drives the clouds before it?"

Nimrod said, "Then pray to the wind."

And then Abraham spoke respectfully to Nimrod: "Be not angry, O King! But I cannot pray to the fire or the water or the clouds or the wind, but to the Creator who made them. Him only will I worship."

It is related that on another occasion, Abraham spent a night out in the wilderness in a cave. Early in the morning he came to the mouth of the cave and stood facing the vast desert spaces. And when he saw the sun rise and shine in

all its glory he was filled with wonder; and he thought: "Surely the sun is God, the Creator." And deeply moved he knelt down and worshipped the sun.

But when evening came the sun went down in the west, and Abraham said: "No, I cannot worship the sun, because the Author of Creation cannot set."

Now the moon arose in the east and the deep blue evening sky gradually filled with a myriad of stars. Then thought Abraham: "This beautiful silver moon must indeed be God and all the stars are his attendants." And kneeling he adored the moon. But as night advanced the star-pattern shifted and finally the moon set and from the east appeared once more the sun's radiant face. Then said Abraham, the Son of Terah: "Verily, these heavenly bodies are no gods; for they obey orderly laws. I will worship Him whose laws they obey."

PUZZLE OF THE PIGMY FLINTS

"PIGMY flints" are tiny, prehistoric arrowheads that have been found in many parts of the world. They vary from a quarter to half an inch in size; and usually exhibit very delicate and painstaking workmanship. The pigmies, also known as bird points, have been found in various parts of the United States, and in England, India, France and South Africa.

Different theories have been advanced to explain these puzzling artifacts. It has been suggested that they were the toys of prehistoric children. It has been pointed out, however, that the chipping of flint points has always been a difficult, time-consuming task — much more so in the case of tiny points — and with the steady demand for more useful weapons it seems unlikely that early man would have devoted the time and effort necessary for such a purpose. In India, all pigmy flints are found together.

Many collectors believe the points were used on arrow shafts to shoot small game, especially birds. There is no evidence, however, that the American Indian sought birds as game. The mystery is only deepened by Prof. Wilson (*Report: National Museum,* 1892) who points out that even the chipping on the points is minute. On some examples a magnifying glass is necessary to observe the workmanship.

The final theory is that there were tribes of very small Indians or prehistoric men who made these arrowheads. One student, Virgil Y. Russell, in his book *Indian Artifacts of the Rockies,* writes that almost every section of the United States has its Indian legend of little men. — *Vincent H. Gaddis*

HISTORY'S MOST MYSTERIOUS FIGURE

His name was Count St. Germain, but he was known by other names in other countries and centuries . . .

By Paul M. Vest, Ph.D.



COUNT ST. GERMAIN, the man whom Voltaire called "the man who knows everything and who never dies," is without doubt one of the most amazing and mysterious figures in history. The Encyclopedia Britannica titles him *Wundermann* (Wonder Man) and to this day his origin remains a mystery. His life, actions and final disappearance are so veiled in secrecy that his name has become synonymous with the mysterious and the unknown.

We must look to the memoirs and letters of history's Great, whose friend and adviser he was, in order to understand his purposes and accomplishments. Only thus can we hope to gain a true estimate of the man who sought to obliterate every trace of himself and his work. A sincere and unbiased investigation will convince even the most skeptical that he was a man different from the rest. His influence upon both governments and rulers is perhaps the most profound and significant of any individual's in modern history.

Apparently he had lived for hundreds — even thousands — of years and may yet be alive — a man who had known and talked with Cyrus the Great, Jesus, Dante, Michelangelo, Charles V and countless others down through the ages. We find a man who apparently could transmute baser metals into pure gold and transform valueless stones into rare and perfect gems. From hundreds of reliable witnesses we

learn that for a period of 100 years he did not age but rather appeared to grow younger. We find authenticated accounts that St. Germain could leave his physical body at will and appear in a matter of moments to his friends thousands of miles distant.

These wonders are relatively unimportant, however, as compared with St. Germain's exalted purpose and work in the world which was to guide humanity through critical periods toward more enlightened forms of government and human understanding. In the memoirs and letters of history's key figures we find him tirelessly at work as the adviser of emperors and the inspiration of geniuses.

We have no knowledge of his birth or ancestry. Unauthenticated rumors state that he was the son of Prince Racoczy of Transylvania. Others believed his father to be the King of Portugal. But these and similar stories are without proof. We can discover only that he made his appearance in court circles in the early part of the 18th century. He was a man of mystery from the first, fabulously rich, handsome, and accomplished, apparently possessing supernatural powers and incredible knowledge.

Countess d'Adhemar in her interesting book, "Souvenirs de Marie Antoinette", gives us a brilliant description of his introduction to the French Court. She writes, "It was in 1743 that the rumor spread that a foreigner, enormously rich judging by the magnificence of his jewelry, had just arrived at Versailles. Where he came from no one has ever been able to discover. His figure was well knit and graceful, his hands delicate, his feet small, and his shapely legs enhanced by well fitting stockings. His smile showed magnificent teeth, a pretty dimple marked his chin, his hair was black and his glance soft and penetrating and his eyes — Oh, never have I seen such eyes! He looked about 40 years old. He was often met within the royal apartments where he had unrestricted admission . . ."

Thus in those perilous days preceding the French Revolution we find him the constant adviser and confidante of Louis XV, Marie Antoinette and Madame de Pompadour. He accurately predicted to them the Revolution and the days of Terror, and although he deplored the suffering, bloodshed and injustices ahead, he sought to make them understand the inevitability and great necessity for the changes as a part of the spiritual evolution of mankind.

He told Marie Antoinette the day and hour she would die upon the guillotine and later we have it from the Queen's own testimony that he appeared to her in her prison cell in his astral body, assuring her that he would guide her in the land beyond death. Thus was she able to walk proudly and

disdainfully to the guillotine, the wonder of all who beheld her.

Madame de Pompadour mentions him again and again in her memoirs. One illuminating entry states, "He possesses a thorough knowledge of all languages, ancient and modern; a prodigious memory; erudition, of which glimpses can be caught between the caprices of his conversation — he recounted anecdotes of the Court of Valois and of princes still more remote, with such precise accuracy in every detail as to create the illusion that he had been an eye witness to what he narrated.

"He had travelled the whole world over and the king lent a willing ear to the narratives of his voyages over Asia and Africa and to his tales about the courts of Russia, Turkey and Austria. He appeared to be more intimately acquainted with the secrets of each court than did the charge d'affaires of the king. On one occasion he claimed to have been personally acquainted with Cleopatra and again of having 'chatted familiarly' with the Queen of Sheba."

Surely these are astounding claims for any man to make and the note of authenticity is given to such utterances by no less an authority than the famous musician-composer Rameau who declared that he met Count St. Germain in Venice in 1710 and again in 1775 and that on the latter occasion the Count appeared considerably younger than when they first met. Also Countess d'Adhemar relates in her biography of Marie Antoinette a startling conversation she overheard between St. Germain and the elderly Countess de Gergy:

"Fifty years ago," the Countess said, "I was ambassadress at Venice and I remember seeing you there then calling yourself the Marquis Balletti. You looked just as you do now, only somewhat riper in age perhaps, for you have grown younger since then."

"Madame," replied the Count smiling, "I am very, very old."

"But then you must be nearly 100 years old," exclaimed the startled Countess.

"It is possible I am much older," answered the Count and then recalled to Madame de Gergy a number of details which both remembered from the Venetian States. He offered, if she still doubted him, to bring back to her memory certain circumstances and remarks.

"No! No!" interrupted the old ambassadress in a trembling voice. "I am already convinced. Surely you are either a god or a devil. . ."

Investigating further we find that the Marquis Balletti was only one of the many names assumed by the Count. Between the years 1710 and 1822 this baffling man masqueraded under many different names and titles. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley in her monograph, "The Comte de St. Germain — Secret of Kings," mentions a number of

them including, "The Marquis de Montserrat, Comte Bellamarre at Venice, Chevalier Schoening at Pisa, Chevalier Weldon at Milan and Leipzig, Comte Soltikoff at Genoa and Leghorn, Graf Tzarogy at Schwalback and Triesdorf and Prince Racoczy at Dresden."

In other reliable accounts we read of him appearing as a Jacobite agent in London; a conspirator in Petersburg; an alchemist and connoisseur of art in Paris; an adventurer in Mexico and a Russian general in Naples. Also we find records of him founding or greatly influencing many secret spiritual societies including The Freemasons, Rosicrucians, Knights of Light, Knights Templars, the Illuminati, etc. He conducted the meetings of the latter in the great caverns of the Rhine.

To the casual reader such inconsistencies could be confusing, but when we understand Count St. Germain's true mission in the world we have the key which explains his strange actions. He was rather like an actor in a play. In whatever country he was working he assumed the role and costume of the character through which he could do his work most effectively. Only thus was he enabled to contact the greatest and most gifted of mankind and through them to lay the groundwork for mankind's spiritual evolution and advancements in civilization.

In the light of this understanding his travels do not appear as aimless wanderings under capricious aliases as some have contended, but rather as motivated solely by noble endeavor and high purpose. That he was usually successful in the work he had to do is evident whether we find him in Russia during the reign of Peter the Great or in the Court of the Shah of Persia in 1742.

This amazing man met and talked with practically every historical figure of any consequence during the 18th Century. Personal letters indicate that he swore many to secrecy, but enough accounts exist to convince us that to each one he gave highly significant advice. Horace Walpole spoke with him in London in 1745; Clive knew him intimately in India in 1756; Madame d'Adhemar alleges that he visited her in Paris five times after his supposed death, the last occasion being on the eve of the murder of Duke de Berri in 1820 — 36 years after his rumored demise. Many other persons claim to have held conversations with him in the 19th and 20th centuries.

Mesmer confesses that St. Germain was his instructor. Count St. Germain was a close friend of Bulwer Lytton and many are convinced that the latter's great book "Zanoni" was based upon Lytton's personal supernatural experiences with the Count. St. Germain is said to have inspired much of Chopin's greatest music and to

have supplied the basic themes for Tchaikowsky's masterpieces.

Casanova writes that he was suffering from an acute disease when he first met St. Germain. The latter prepared some pills for him which he said would restore Casanova to perfect health in three days. But Casanova trusted no man and so refused to take the pills. In an effort to convince him of his sincerity St. Germain performed a number of feats of alchemistry including the changing of a silver coin to solid gold before Casanova's very eyes. But when Casanova still refused to trust him and insinuated that the Count had merely substituted one coin for the other, he relates that the Count St. Germain bowed him out with these words, "Those who are capable of entertaining such doubts about my work are not worthy to speak to me." Casanova writes regretfully that he never saw St. Germain again.

One striking instance of Germain's telepathic powers is given in Franz Graffer's "Recollections of Vienna." He writes: "St. Germain then gradually passed into a solemn mood. For a few seconds he became rigid as a statue; his eyes, which were always expressive beyond words, became dull and colorless. Presently, however, his whole being became reanimated. He made a movement with his hand as if in a signal of departure, then said, 'I am leaving — I must be off immediately. I am much needed in Constantinople and then in England to prepare two inventions which will be given to you in the next century — trains and steamboats.'"

When we consider that the above actually was written long before the invention of either trains or steamboats we can not doubt that he operated in dimensions and under laws unknown to ordinary mortals.

Unauthenticated reports say that Count St. Germain died in 1784 in the palace of Charles of Hesse but we have no substantiating proof. One authority wrote, "Great uncertainty and vagueness surrounds St. Germain's latter days for absolutely no confidence can be reposed in the announcement of the death of one illuminate by another, for it may have been to the interest of the society that St. Germain should have been thought dead."

H. P. Blavatsky writes at a later date, "Is it not absurd to suppose that, if he really died at the time and place mentioned, he would have been laid in the ground without pomp and ceremony and official supervision, without the police registration which attends the funerals of men of his rank and notoriety. Where are these data? He passed out of public sight more than a century ago, yet no memoirs contains them. A man who so lived in the full blaze of publicity

could not have vanished and left no trace behind.

"Moreover we have the alleged positive proof that he was living several years after 1784. He is reported to have had a most important private conference with the Empress of Russia in 1785 and to have appeared to the Princess de Lambelle when she stood before the tribunal a few minutes before she was struck down with a billet and a butcher boy cut off her head; and to Jeanne DuBarry, the mistress of Louis XV, as she waited on her scaffold at Paris the stroke of the guillotine in the days of Terror of 1793."

We find the statements of many other reliable persons who have declared they met and talked with Count St. Germain after the rumored date of his death. These include Count de Challon's report that he conversed lengthily with him on several occasions after 1784; Madame de Genlis' assertion that she talked with him during the negotiations for the Treaty of Vienna in 1821; Madame d'Adhemar's accounts of her meetings with him up until the year of her death in 1822; and Dr. Annie Besant's statement in the "Theosphist," January 1912, that she met and spoke with him for the first time in 1896.

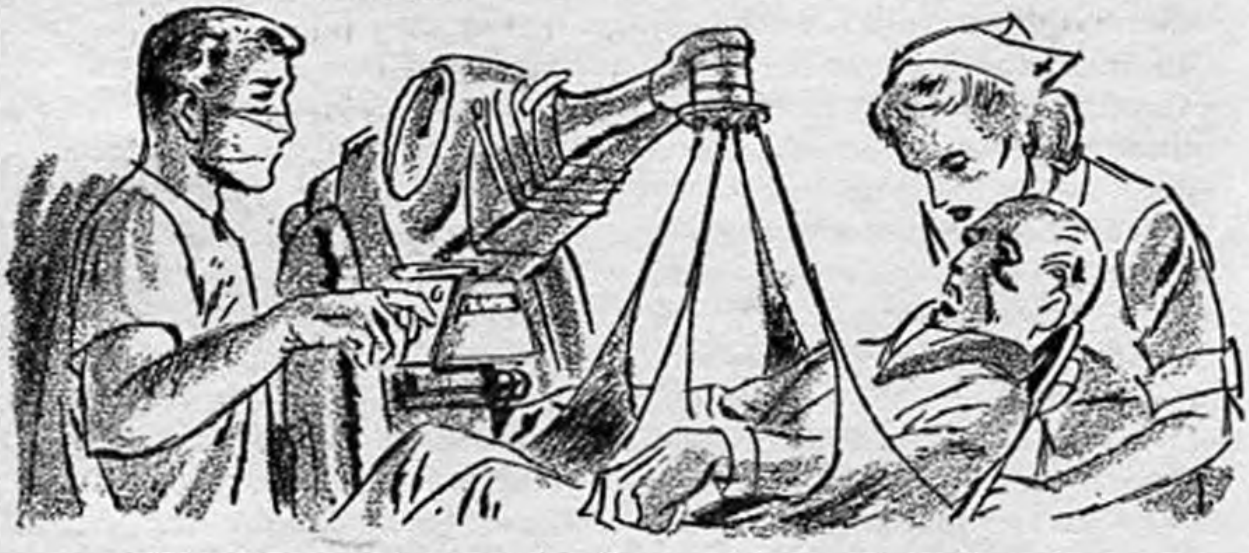
In the official documents of Freemasonry we find that he was chosen representative of the French Masons in 1785, a fact mentioned in the Encyclopedia Brittanica. In the Great Ambrosiana Library in Milan it is recorded that along with Cagliostro, St. Martin, and Mesmer, he attended a meeting of the Great Lodge there in 1867. Thus we must conclude there does not exist an authentic record of St. Germaine's death. His exit from the world is as mysterious as his advent — if indeed he has left.

MAMMOTH METEOR CRATER IN QUEBEC

The world's largest known meteor crater has been found in far northern Quebec, nearly across Hudson Strait from Baffin Island. It is 2½ miles wide, dwarfing the famed Devil's Crater at Winslow, Ariz.

The enormous meteor that plowed up the Quebec bedrock left ripples in the granite, like a pebble thrown in a pond. The crater was found by Fred W. Chubb, a prospector, and confirmed by Dr. V. Ben Meen, director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Geology and Mineralogy. It is filled with a lake, frozen even in midsummer. The surface of the lake is 80 feet higher than the surrounding small lakes of the area, and the edges of the basin are 550 feet high.

The Vibrations of Life



The dying man was placed upon the scale, and at the instant of death, the body suddenly had lost weight!

By Ralph Clyde Weidler

VISUAL and auricular perceptions are possible beyond the limits of normal discernment. An individual possessing such perceptions is said to be psychic. In this instance the word psychic indicates consciousness of ideas or messages commonly unnoted by most people, and does not include necessarily the more profound discernment made by virtue of a "sixth sense."

A group of particularly deaf persons will illustrate my meaning. They catch aural sounds *up to a certain limit* of vibrations. Beyond that all is silence. An individual of normal hearing enters the group. He hears all the group hears plus sounds at several thousand additional vibrations. This person, in relationship to the group, possesses unusual powers.

The identical situation prevails for humanity en masse. The average ear records vibrations from 16 to 32,768 per second. Science tells us that beyond this maximum heard by the average man exist tonal vibrations upward at least to 1,047,576 per second. Any person possessing ability to register *ANY* vibrations beyond the maximum of 32,768 per second hears sounds which the average man does not hear.

The same is true of sight. The normal eye is limited in perception of color vibrations from a definite minimum where his perception begins, up to a definite maximum where perception ends. Within this range are the seven prismatic colors found in the spec-

trum and reflected beautifully in the rainbow. Science, however, affirms massive quantities of color vibrations existing *in excess* of those registering on the human eye.

Many occult schools teach the existence of at least seven times seven colors invisible to human eyes in outer ranges of vibrations, plus uncountable tonal vibrations of transcendent resonance likewise totally excluded from human aural reception.

Sir William Crookes formulated the first mathematical schedule of vibrations, not only of sound and color, but of all other known activities existing within the range of the five human senses, plus those continuously active *outside* and *beyond* these. This British scientist became internationally famous for his exhaustive researches with molecular physics, radiant matter and high vacua. He was born in London in 1832. His achievements are both spectacular and convincing. He invented the Crookes vacuum tube, the Crookes lens, the radiometer; and he discovered the element thallium. In 1907, 12 years before his death, he was awarded, jointly with Buchner of Germany, the Nobel prize in chemistry.

It was Crooke's conviction that the uncharted areas of vibratory action are far more expansive than the sum total of the areas perceived by man's five senses. In other words the ranges still undisclosed are monumental in extent compared with those now scientifically catalogued.

Crookes extends his chart of unknown oscillations upward and outward to 4,611,686,618,427,389,-904 per second, a figure wholly incomprehensible; and meaningless, except to reveal a herculean universe of vibrant action.

What transpires in these massive uncharted realms is speculative. Only as psychics penetrate one segment after another is additional information obtained.

Psychic individuals may recognize a few thousand added vibrations or many thousands. On favorable occasions some may become conscious of a few vibrations beyond those ordinarily registered and thus penetrate slightly that vast band of activity to which they are usually denied. An instance of this psychic discernment came to my attention a short time ago.

A lonely woman had lived many years with her brother in an isolated area in Tennessee. The brother played the violin in the long evenings they spent together. After the brother's death the sister walked often alone in the solitary forest that bounded the edge of her home. One day as she walked she heard music coming from the surrounding trees. A violin played a tune well known to the sister — a tune which had been one of her brother's favorites. The phenomenon continued for several

minutes then gradually faded into silence.

If life prevails within vibrations limited by sound and sight perceptions, it is just as reasonable that life will exist within the next thousand, two thousand, ten thousand or hundred million vibrations. This postulate is demonstrable. The Bible is the most noted commentary. Angels are continuously shown emerging from areas of invisibility to contact persons, and returning forthwith to invisibility. Moses and Elias silently come into view and as silently fade away on the Mount of Transfiguration. St. Paul, in Second Corinthians 12:2-4, describes a man he once knew who somehow departed from his body and retained consciousness *outside* and *above* human registrations. Upon his return he found language inadequate to describe the wonders he had beheld. This man psychically entered a band of vibratory activities totally withheld from human vision and hearing, and there, in full possession of his faculties, came into contact with a life both superior and different from that experienced by man on earth.

Psychical research societies, both at home and abroad, have recorded thousands of cases of persons who have gone *outside* and *beyond* these restricted areas of vibrations called "normal." Science tells us, and psychics confirm, that every individual emits vibrations from his body. These vibrations are in colors characteristic of the inner thinking and personality of the person.

Dr. Otto Rahn, a former bacteriologist at Cornell University, many years ago proclaimed that "the radiation which we have observed is very probably an ultra-violet one of the short wave-length of about 2,000 angstrom units", one angstrom unit being equal to one hundred-millionth of a centimeter.

In 1934 Dr. George W. Crile, then connected with the National Academy of Sciences in Cleveland, Ohio, demonstrated that the human body "gives off an infra-red radiation" of from 8,000 to 12,000 angstrom units, well outside the range of human perception.

Rosicrucians, various occult philosophies and many Occidental schools declare that persons possessing psychic abilities frequently witness emanations from individuals. And they profess to discern an odd phenomena when congenial or uncongenial persons are thrown into close contact with each other. This emanation is termed an aura. The halos, so often pictured around the heads of Jesus and the saints, are graphic representations of such radiations.

This oblong vibratory projection around each person is invisible to most of us. Yet psychics see it and learn many interesting facts from it. For instance, they tell us that when two persons who

are uncongenial come into close contact their auras react against each other, bouncing away like two soft rubber balls. Both are dented but not merged. The individuals also feel the need to withdraw from the contact. On the other hand, if the two are compatible the auras merge without friction and the intermingling of two sympathetic personalities generates pleasure, peace and happiness.

Psychics also have witnessed unusual phenomena at the moment of another's death. The average person beholds only the cessation of breathing and heart beats. But the psychic beholds the soul emerging or withdrawing from the body, sees it hovering over the organism, notes the "silver cord" that still ties soul and body together, and later sees this cord snapped and the soul freed into realms of invisibility.

A little after the turn of the century Professor McDougall, then of the Massachusetts General Hospital, pioneered his now famous experiments seeking to determine if any invisible unit of life exists within the human body. Since no "soul" is perceptible to the eye or ear Professor McDougall did his research with weights.

Upon a delicately balanced scale he placed a cot on which lay a dying man. At the exact moment of passing the scales revealed a loss of approximately one ounce of weight. Making all allowances for any variations caused by loss of breath the professor concluded that something very real, though invisible, had departed from the body. The experiment was repeated several times and invariably the loss of weight ranged from one quarter of an ounce to one ounce. Since that which escaped must be presumed to be other than matter and therefore not subject to matter's size-weight relationship, the released unit might be quite large in size and importance.

The conclusion is startling, yet in strict accord with known promises of spiritual philosophers and in harmony with Biblical pronouncements. Prof. La V. Twining, then with the science department of the Los Angeles Polytechnical School, later confirmed McDougall's conclusions. Apparently humans are not all matter. They are something else that the average person does not perceive through his physical senses.

The lesson of the psychic is profound. He is our confirmation of an unknown grand and marvelous universe. That man is destined some day to perceive these finer ranges should provide inspiration to all of us. Man possesses a spiritual, invisible soul native to those vaster realms *outside* and *beyond* the perimeter of present human perceptions. Truly did Paul state that *"it doth not yet appear what we shall be."*

Fingers of FATE

Sixteen years ago Bernard Stein — then a youth of 19 — was sentenced to a New York reformatory for robbery. "If you don't mend your ways you'll wind up in the electric chair," Judge Albernon I. Nova warned him. The other day Stein was sentenced to die in Sing Sing prison's electric chair for a cafe holdup slaying.

• • •

Jerrel Lewis Byrd and T. S. Martin, of Columbus, Ga., were out hunting when Martin's gun accidentally discharged. Byrd took the full force of the blow in his chest. Only one thing saved his life: The fact that he had a magazine under his jacket which diverted the pellets from his heart. It was a magazine printed in the interest of safety.

• • •

When Mrs. Rose Molinaro was taken to a Chicago hospital, her husband, Canio, told her: "If anything should happen to you, I want to go with you." Three weeks later Mrs. Molinaro lay dying. Her husband reached her bedside and kissed his dying wife. Then he too dropped dead.

• • •

Missing three days and nights in snowy bush country, Bruce Brew, Flin Flon, Canada, was saved when a search plane sighted him as he lighted a match. It was his last match.

• • •

Forty-eight hours after dreaming that he found a body in the Kennebec River, Richard Morse, Bath, Me., went out on the river and found the body of Frank Plumber.

• • •

While prospective fathers were pacing outside the maternity ward of a Salzburg, Germany, hospital, 12 storks landed on the hospital roof.

• • •

P. D. Dennis, Virginia road camp superintendent, roared out of camp near Winchester in his pick-up truck to get some ice for the coolers at the road camp. He hadn't gone far before one of the most violent hail storms in the recollection of natives struck. Autos were dented, fruit trees stripped. Dennis was forced to pull up to the side of the road. When it was over, he jumped out with a shovel, filled the truck with hailstones and drove back to his coolers.

• • •

Tina, a 10-month-old mongrel dog of Peabody, Mass., returned from the grave. Critically injured when struck by an auto, she was

shot three times by her master, John Donovan, to put an end to her suffering and buried in an 18-inch grave at Saugus, Mass. Eleven days later and very much alive, Tina showed up at the Donovan home, 15 miles from where her grave had been dug.

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In Sutton, England, on Carshalton road, there are the following next-door addresses:
No. 20, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Short
No. 18, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Long
No. 22, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Little
No. 24, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Large.

• • •

Ewell Matthews, Montgomery, Ala., was sitting in his parked auto when a woman driver crashed into him. Before he could utter a word, the woman lectured him on careful driving — and then craftily drove away before police arrived. Surveying the damage to his car, Matthews noticed that a phonograph record inside the car had been broken. On one side was, "Behind The Eight Ball," and the other, "Never Trust A Woman."

• • •

A Pine Bluff, Ark., man donated a pint of blood to a hospital which was to have gone to his sick sister. The next night he was injured in a fight and had to be given a transfusion. He got his own blood back.

• • •

In Sanford, Fla., two 1923 automobiles collided at a street intersection. One was driven by Henry McLaulin, aged 81, and the other by Henry Bush, 83.

• • •

A blaze which started in a Hugo, Okla., restaurant, burned off the cap of a hydrant, released a stream of water and put itself out.

• • •

A gust of wind toppled the unfinished auditorium of Dallas' First Baptist Church of Elam, just as the pastor was reading the 6th chapter of Joshua which tells about the walls of Jericho falling down.

• • •

Of 99 babies born in Washington, D.C. on January 24, 1950, all were girls.

• • •

Mrs. Carrie Stepter, 107, of Modesto, Calif., liked to dance jigs and cheer up other patients at the hospital. One morning she informed everyone: "Today's the day I'm going to Heaven." She died a few hours later.

• • *

Frederick Ramsay, of Sunderland, England, who spent most of his life at sea, collapsed in his bathtub and drowned.

• • •

Jack Moody, a 20-year old cowboy from Grangeville, Ida., died from injuries suffered when he was thrown from a bucking horse at a Redmond, Ore., rodeo. The name of the horse administering the fatal injuries was Conclusion.

— *Harold Helfer*

pen or pencil in your diary or any small notebook — one stroke for each wart. After concentrating on one wart you deliberately strike the stroke through. And one wart disappears. Then you give yourself a day or two of grace and strike out the second stroke. And so on until all the warts are completely gone."

I drew out my diary and made four strokes with my pencil.

"Now," I said, "we'll see. Every few days I'll concentrate on one wart and then strike through one of these strokes. In a few weeks we'll see if we have eliminated the warts!"

When, after a short time, I visited my friend again, I asked him about the warts. He called his son and showed me that the warts had gone.

"They disappeared one by one," he said.

Was it mind over matter?

Come Join With Us In An Experiment

The world is a strange place but even stranger is the mind of man.

We know that Mr. Millward has written a true story because we have wished our own warts away. Medical doctors know it too. So do a good many other persons.

We have emphasized this homely little story here because it teaches us a great lesson. If the mind can wish warts away, cannot it also wish other ills away?

Do not interpret this to mean that we believe that all ailments can be cured by either faith or mind power. We do not believe that nor do we advocate it. But we do believe that many of them can.

We believe that this simple demonstration of the power of mind over matter is even more important in other fields. If the mind can wish away a common ugly little skin eruption like a wart, it can accomplish much in other fields. Making warts disappear is but the beginning of mind power.

We hope a good many of you readers have warts. We would like to conduct an experiment with you. We would like to have you try to wish your warts away, and then write us in 30 days to tell us how successful you were. Write whether or not you are successful. We'd like to know in either case.

If we receive enough letters we will publish an article on the results. So count up your warts and see if you can wish them away.

—Robert N. Webster



Ghost was seen from this old court at Corpus Christi. The Old Master's Lodge is the suite of rooms to the left with a pelican over the door. The haunting took place in the suites over the old lodge on the second and third floors.

The Ghost of Corpus Christi College

Here's an English ghost mentioned by the official records of Cambridge University.

By Edmond P. Gibson

To the traveler who first visits Cambridge University the placid slow-flowing waters of the Cam river and the ivy-coated towers and walls of the ancient churches and monastic buildings seem to spell quiet and tranquility. Unlike the turmoil of an American school, Cambridge dispenses education with a calmness and lack of haste which impresses the American tourist. The Corpus Christi College ghost of Cambridge is hidden behind a veil of secrecy and not allowed to intrude on the attention of visitors.

Some years ago the story of the

Corpus Christi ghost was told in the London *Sunday Express* by Lieut. Col. Cyril Foley of the British Army. The Colonel had checked his memory of the facts with Sir Shane Leslie, noted poet and author. When the events occurred Leslie was an undergraduate at King's College. Foley had not participated in the attempt to exorcise the ghost which destroyed the peaceful calm of Cambridge, but Sir Shane Leslie took an important part in this exorcism in 1904, on November 19.

The haunted rooms at Corpus Christi had a traditionally bad reputation for several centuries. Originally they were part of a suite occupied by Archbishop Matthew Parker in the mid-16th century. The rooms were in what was known as the Old Master's Lodge in the Old Court, which since has been superseded by a new Lodge built in the New Court. When the New Court was built in 1817 the Old College Hall became the kitchen.

In the middle of the 17th century Dr. Butts, a master of the College, killed himself in this suite under very peculiar circumstances. His death occurred just after his preaching of the University sermon. He was found hanged in his garters. Sometime in the second half of the same century it is said that a clandestine lover of a daughter of Dr. Spencer's, Master of the College, died a violent death in this suite. Finally rumor said that the rooms were haunted. As the tradition grew they were avoided by the more timid students.

On one occasion a student reported seeing an apparition of a head without a body in one of the rooms. He fled into the Old Court in terror. (At the present time the Old Court is a sort of cul-de-sac which opens into the New Court of the College. In olden times it was a court, open at one end, facing Trumpington Street.) About 1885 the rooms were closed by the College authorities after a celebrated Fellow, Dr. Moule, escaped from them crawling out on his hands and knees in the daylight. He was found to be in a state of shock and abject fear. Then the rooms were reopened for use as student lodgings in the fall of 1904, owing to a large enrollment.

During the fall term of 1904 noises were heard in the upper and lower front sitting rooms in the old suites on the second and third floors. Sometimes they sounded like footsteps. At other times they appeared to be ghostly rappings coming from the walls. Both the occupants of the upper and lower suites heard the noises and one of them was disturbed by loud knocking in the night and by the visible shaking and vibration of his wash-stand which stood at the foot of his bed.

At this time an undergraduate student occupied a suite directly opposite the allegedly haunted

rooms, on the second floor. In the middle of the afternoon while he was busy with his studies he became possessed of a strange feeling of unrest. Wandering to his window he noted the head and shoulders of an unknown man leaning from the dormer window of the upper suite opposite. The man had long hair and he remained perfectly still, appearing to glare down malevolently at the student who had never seen him before. The student watched him for several minutes and as the figure appeared immobile he went to his bedroom window for a view from another angle. When he reached that window the figure had disappeared.

The student became excited. He knew that the stranger did not belong in the rooms and he went over only to find that the upper suite was locked. He called but received no answer. A check made early that evening revealed that the student occupant had been away all afternoon. He had locked the rooms and they had remained locked until his return. It appeared impossible for anyone to have been in the rooms.

Noises continued in the rooms from time to time. An undergraduate named Hillier who occupied the lower suite on the second floor awoke early one morning to find a white figure standing at his bedside. It stood motionless for a time and then moved toward the



The stranger remained perfectly still and appeared to glare malevolently.

sitting room, disappearing into the shut door of that room. This apparition frightened Hillier. He left his bed and fled from the rooms. Hillier re-entered his rooms to find the figure of a man standing at the fireplace. Hillier retreated to the rooms of a friend and spent the night on a couch in the sitting room. Following this second visitation Hillier refused to occupy his suite and took up the matter with the college authorities.

In the still-occupied upper suite the noises were a nightly occurrence but no apparition was seen there. The student who occupied them was continually disturbed, however, and felt that the ghost should be exorcised. Finally the matter was put before a friend, John Capron, who was taking Holy

Orders. Capron was interested in Spiritualism and was a member of a psychical research society at the University. John Capron, together with Shane Leslie, Hillier, A. N. Wade, and an unnamed student went back to Corpus Christi with the excited student to attempt an exorcism of the noisy intruder.

Capron carried with him a large crucifix and a bottle of holy water. They entered the room which was lighted only by the fire on the hearth. They all knelt and said the Lord's Prayer in unison. They called upon the persons of the Holy Trinity commanding the spirit to appear. Two of the six undergraduates later testified that they saw the intruder. They were Capron and the owner of the upper suite. To the others the ghost remained invisible.

At the appearance of the spectre Capron began to recite the terrible words of the ancient rite of exorcism: *"Lord, have mercy on us! Christ, have mercy on us! Christ, hear us! Christ, graciously hear us! God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us! God, the Son, Redeemer of the World, have mercy on us! God, the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us! Holy Trinity, One God, have mercy on us! Holy Mary, pray for us!"*

The Ordinand prayed silently and suddenly he began to chant: *"I adjure thee, unclean spirit, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that thou come out and depart from this place! Thou cursed spirit, remember thy sentence, remember thy judgment, remember the day to be at hand wherein thou shalt burn in fire everlasting, prepared for thee! Presume not hereafter to exercise any tyranny toward this place. Go down to thine own place and be at peace!"*

The ghost appeared as a mist about a yard wide, gradually taking the form of a man in white and with what seemed to be a gash in its neck. Capron stated that the apparition seemed to be hanging on the wall or suspended a foot above the floor. It wore an ancient costume with lace at the wrists and its throat was cut from ear to ear. (Later Capron discovered that the rooms once had been remodeled and the floor had been lowered a foot. The apparition was treading the ancient and higher floor.)

Capron and the owner of the rooms approached the ghost. Capron carried the Crucifix high but they seemed to encounter an invisible resistance and to be pushed back by some mysterious force. They could not approach the apparition and cried out: "It drives us back!" They retreated to the entrance of the room and gave up their attempt.

A second endeavor at exorcism was made a few minutes later. Again the student and the Ordinand Capron saw the ghost but the

other men could not. Again the exorcists were driven back, although this time they held hands for mutual support. All of them seemed to feel some mysterious force first pushing and then pulling them. Again they gave up but they did not leave the room. Lieutenant Colonel Foley, who was not present but later heard of the story, stated that after the second failure they poked up the fire and Capron sprinkled Holy Water from the bottle. Then they saw the "Thing" gazing at them from the bedroom door. Without the Crucifix Capron sprang at the apparition and was thrown backwards at the feet of the other students near the fireplace. The Holy Water bottle fell from his hands and one of the men attempted to retrieve it from the floor. Wade raised the Crucifix. Leslie knelt at the fire praying earnestly.

Suddenly a loud crash sounded at the door. A "rescue party" of students from King's College had arrived, having learned belatedly of the planned exorcism of the ghost. At their entry the "Thing" retreated up the stairs to the upper suite. Foley states that after the second encounter with the ghost the exorcists were in a state of collapse and the undergraduates who had come in were thoroughly aroused by their condition. They talked together and then proceeded to search and wreck the haunted rooms. They threw out furniture, broke up the cupboards and closets and even tore the ancient paneling from the walls, revealing the ancient brick work. They left the suite a shambles, impossible for occupancy.

An attempt was made to communicate with the spirit by planchette. The planchette revealed the name of the ghost, Thomas Hardinge, and further stated "I killed myself in these rooms in 1707." No record of a Thomas Hardinge or his death could be found by the college authorities in the records.

The morning following the attempt at exorcism was devoted to an inquiry by the aroused authorities of the college. Students from King's College were forbidden to enter Corpus Christi College. A censorship was clamped down. The incident was hushed up and all the participants were made to agree that they would never divulge what had happened as long as they were connected with the college or the university. The rooms, or what remained of them, were closed off. Some time later the lower suite was made into a passageway. The upper apartment was repaired at a much later date and finally reoccupied.

In this battle of exorcism the ghost certainly came out the winner and remained in undisputed possession of the wrecked rooms. But perhaps the ghost found the appointments less desirable after

that for when the repairs were made in ensuing years there was no reappearance of the apparition.

The last appearance of the apparition occurred in 1908. The face again was seen in the upper apartment and footsteps were heard there, according to Librarian J. P. Bury.

In an article which appeared in the *Occult Review*, Vol. I, (1905), several hypotheses were offered to account for the occurrences in a normal manner. The kitchen chimney backed upon the wall of the haunted sitting rooms and some movement in this chimney was noted during periods of heating and cooling. This caused vibration of the adjacent wall and occasional noises therein. Rats were invoked as an additional cause of noises. However, no rats were ever seen there. The sitting room was adjacent to the old chimney but the noises were always louder in the bedroom, some distance therefrom. The rest of the phenomena were blamed upon the excitement and hysteria of the students themselves.

It must be admitted that the investigation of the haunting was conducted in a hasty and amateurish fashion. But the testimony of the student who watched the shaking wash stand in the bedroom and that of the student who saw the figure at the window of the locked rooms must be taken seriously. Likewise the figure seen by Hillier passed through the locked door like a well-behaved ghost from "Phantasms of the Living". The early tradition regarding the rooms is also worthy of note as indicative of an earlier haunting.

The ghost received passing mention in the "Short History of the College of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin Mary in Cambridge" recently written by J. Patrick Bury, M.A., Fellow and Librarian of the College, which was compiled for the use of undergraduate students there.

It should be noted that priests of the Roman Catholic Church are forbidden to exorcise evil spirits without the consent and order of their Bishop. A similar ruling has been in force in the Church of England for almost 300 years. It would seem that whatever action the students took in the matter of the Corpus Christi haunting was without ecclesiastical sanction.

This article has been read and annotated by Sir Shane Leslie who was in residence at King's College during the haunting at Corpus Christi and who took part in the attempts at exorcism of the ghost. He has corrected the manuscript to agree with his recollection of the events. Through his kind cooperation the record of the ghost is brought up to date and some discrepancies between the original record in the Occult Review and the journalistic account of Lieut. Col. Cyril Foley have been reconciled.

THE MAN WITH THE GIMLET EYES

Even Thomas Alva Edison believed in the amazing X-ray vision of that strange character, Professor Bert Reese.

By Bascom Jones, Jr.



PRUSSIAN-BORN Prof. Bert Reese impressed many famous people during his lifetime with his strange ability to read minds. But in the United States he was best known as "the man who astounded Thomas A. Edison." To look at the man, you would never have suspected that he was the storm center of one of the most heated controversies ever to evolve from the field of psychic investigation.

Thomas A. Edison, the inventive genius and one of America's greatest minds, was convinced that Reese possessed a strange, abnormal gift. On the other hand, Harry Houdini, the professional magician and psychic investigator, bitterly denied Reese's powers, terming the little "professor" an out-and-out "faker."

Nevertheless no one — not even Houdini — satisfactorily explained the results of experiments with Reese which Edison so carefully recorded.

Reese was short of stature and broad of beam. His face was round and chubby and jovial. Invariably he smoked a large black cigar and let the ashes cascade down the front of his vest. When he talked he used the cigar as a pointer, shifting it rapidly from hand to hand to add emphasis to his statements.

Reese was born in 1841 in Posen, which was then in Prussia. His given name was Berthold Riess, but later he became known simply as Bert Reese, or "The Professor."

At no time did he make any special claims for the power which he apparently possessed. He was

content to let people explain it as they saw fit and it was variously described as "telepathy," "X-ray vision," and "spiritism."

From the beginning controversies over his strange gift were many and violent. Followers of "The Professor" unreservedly ranked him with the greatest of the psychics. But his scoffers just as stoutly maintained that he was no more than a charlatan, a run-of-the-mill trickster.

Reese may have been a charlatan but he certainly was not a "run-of-the-mill" trickster. During his lifetime he convinced kings, premiers, presidents, and scientists of the genuineness of his power.

Prior to his death in Germany in 1926 "The Professor" had crossed the ocean more than 50 times to astound such people as Charles M. Schwab, Ignace Jan Paderewski, Charcot and Richet, Mussolini, Felix Hollaender, Woodrow Wilson, Warren Harding, and Thomas A. Edison.

Edison was so thoroughly impressed with Reese's seemingly uncanny ability to read minds that he wrote an article thoughtfully discussing the future of mental telepathy. In the article, the inventor gave a detailed account of his experiments with Reese.

The meeting between the two men was arranged by a lifelong friend of the inventor. The letter of introduction said simply, "This man, Reese, does some strange things. I want you to meet him. Perhaps you can explain his power."

Characteristically deciding that "it is wiser to try to solve than to deny anything," Edison welcomed the opportunity to test Reese. The first experiments took place in the inventor's laboratory at Orange, N. J.

According to the article which Edison wrote, Reese had Edison call a number of his laboratory assistants into the room. One of these men was selected and sent into another room. The man was instructed to write on a slip of paper the maiden name of his mother, the place where he was born, and a number of other personal items which only he would know.

Then he was told to fold the paper and hold it to his forehead. After a moment of concentration Reese was able to recite the information correctly. Apparently as an afterthought Reese added that the man had a 10 kroner piece of money in his pocket. This proved to be true. And Edison later pointed out, "I did not know of the coin and neither could Reese by any ordinary sight."

Puffing forth great clouds of cigar smoke Reese tried a number of experiments with the other assistants. In each instance his accuracy was almost unbelievable. Finally, Edison asked Reese to attempt a test with him. When the little professor agreed the inventor

went into another building and wrote out the words: *Is there anything better than nickel hydroxide for an alkaline storage battery?*

At that time, Edison was working on his storage battery, and he had reached a point where he wasn't at all sure he was on the right track.

Edison carefully folded the slip of paper and then returned to the laboratory where he had left Reese. The moment he entered the room Reese looked up and said, "No, there is nothing better than nickel hydroxide for an alkaline storage battery."

The inventor frankly admitted that he did not understand Reese's power. However, he predicted that the "normal mind of the future will develop and readily grasp the work of the abnormal mind of today."

Some two years after their first meeting Edison learned that Professor Reese was outside the laboratory waiting to see him. Before having him shown in, Edison wrote the word "keno" in tiny letters on a piece of paper. Then he folded the paper and put it in his pocket.

When Reese entered, Edison bluntly opened the conversation by saying, "I have a slip of paper in my pocket. What is on it?" Without a moment's hesitation, Reese told him the correct word.

The inventor tried to get Reese to promise him his view of this strange power in his last will and testament. Reese refused to commit himself but the two men became quite close. When the little professor was attacked in the newspapers Edison wrote the editor of the New York Evening Graphic staunchly defending Reese and his powers.

Edison wrote, in part, "I saw Reese several times and on each occasion I wrote something on a piece of paper when Reese was not near or when he was in another room. In no single case was one of these papers handled by Reese and some of them he never even saw, yet he recited correctly the contents of each paper.

"Several people in my laboratory had the same kind of experience and there are hundreds of prominent people in New York who can testify to the same thing."

In the bitter arguments which raged over the merit of Reese's ability Harry Houdini came forward to spearhead the opposition while Edison continued to champion the little mind reader. The opposing sides clashed violently in the newspapers, on the lecture platform, and in books and magazines.

Throughout the only man who seemingly was unaffected by the vitriol was — Professor Bert Reese! He continued to strut jauntily about, his hat at a rakish angle, his cigar jutting good-humoredly from the corner of his mouth, reading the thoughts of his fellow men.

THE GHOST CAT

The statue of a cat stood in the Egyptian collector's bedroom. But why should a live cat attack him?



By W. E. Farbstein

THE late Arthur Weigall was Britain's Inspector General of Antiquaries to the Egyptian Government when Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb was unearthed in 1923. At that time it was widely rumored that the archaeologists had found the tomb's walls inscribed with horrid threats of a death curse to be visited upon all who molested it.

This story Mr. Weigall, who ought to know, always vigorously denied. But he admitted to his intimates that queer things often did happen to people who disturbed the ancient dead of Egypt. As an example, he related this weird incident in which he personally was involved.

In one of the Egyptian expeditions which he managed, his workmen one day dug up at Thebes the wooden figure of a sacred cat. And, by mistake, they placed it in Weigall's bedroom for safekeeping. He thought nothing of its presence there and went to bed at his usual time.

In the middle of the night he was aroused by tremendous and horrifying outcries. Springing out of bed, he ran from his room to investigate and learned that his butler apparently had been stung

by a scorpion but was deliriously screaming something about a "large gray cat." Weigall quieted the man with suitable medication and returned to his room and went back to bed.

But he felt uneasy and distraught. For no apparent reason he kept his gaze glued on the wooden cat figure in his bedroom until, still staring at it, he finally fell asleep.

He awoke filled with a feeling of utmost terror — just as a great gray cat leaped upon his bed and attacked him. He threw up his hand in self-defense. The creature gashed him with its claws and then turned aside and flung itself through the window.

At that instant there was a crack like a pistol shot. When Weigall jumped out of bed and made a light he realized that the sharp sound had been caused by the splitting apart of the wooden figure in his room. And he saw, sitting between the hollowed halves of the figure, the mummified form of a cat.

Approaching the mummy and examining it closely, his scalp prickled to see that the bandages with which it was swathed had been ripped open in the region of the neck. And it was plain to see that these wrappings had been burst outward!

COLUMBUS WAS TOO LATE

A THOUSAND years before the birth of Christ there was a well-traveled sea highway between Asia and western America, says Prof. George F. Carter, geographer of Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Carter's theory arises from the fact that such plants as the Mexican poppy, cotton, yam, and some weeds existed in America, Asia and on some Pacific islands long before man made any recorded voyages between these two points.

The only possible explanation, Dr. Carter says, is that men did make such ocean voyages. He believes they probably traveled in huge canoes and brought to America metallurgy, weaving techniques and hieroglyphic writing.

He declares that "about the time of Christ the inhabitants of the Old and New Worlds were in frequent contact."

Dr. Sidney Kling of the University of Toronto agrees with Dr. Carter. He points out that elephants were unknown in America in any time known to man, yet carvings in Honduras show outlines of elephants and human riders. "The rider more or less melts into the elephant, and this indicates the engraving was made by someone who hadn't actually seen the animal but had been told about it." Dr. Kling declares.



What Are Poltergeists?

By Jules France

You read many poltergeist accounts in FATE. Here is a psychiatrist's strange theory about their cause.

I don't believe in ghosts. I don't believe in haunted houses nor in spiritualists, seances, and the rest of the supernatural phenomena which have intrigued superstitious people for centuries.

But — did you ever hear of *poltergeists?* It's a German word meaning "noisy ghosts." In Europe, where the phenomenon is more widely known, the common term is "racketing spirits."

In 1949 a news item I heard on a radio network both intrigued and baffled me. You may remember it. Something strange was happening on a midwest farm. Without apparent cause, the wallpaper of the farm house began to curl and burn. It happened before the amazed eyes of the farmer and his family.

The first fire was quickly put out. But the following day it happened again. This time the farmer called in the local fire department to inspect the walls. Was there something combustible about the wallpaper, the paste or the walls? The fire chief made a careful inspection, scratched his head, and admitted he was stumped. The

third day the wallpaper started to burn again. This time it almost razed the house.

There was never a satisfactory explanation. But I was impressed by an odd remark the radio newscaster attributed to a New York doctor: "Among the people living in that farmhouse will undoubtedly be found an emotionally disturbed young girl."

The doctor who made that prophecy was without personal knowledge of the case. He made it at a distance of some 1,500 miles from the scene. I was amazed a few days later to hear that local police of the town near the troubled farmhouse were questioning a 13-year-old girl who lived with the family but was not related.

I immediately recalled this strange case when I first heard of Dr. Nandor Fodor. Dr. Fodor, a psychoanalyst, had created a stir in medical circles by writing a scholarly treatise called "The Poltergeist — Psychoanalyzed," which appeared in the Psychiatric Quarterly, official publication of the New York State Department of Health. I went to see him.

Dr. Fodor, a heavy-set man with glasses, iron-gray hair, and bright, humorous eyes, listened to my story of the incendiary farmhouse with a patient smile. "But of course," he shrugged. "It was a poltergeist. It is nothing supernatural, you understand. I am familiar with the manner in which these things happen, but I do not pretend to understand *how* they happen. It is an acknowledged fact, however, that the spontaneous generation of fire has been a recurrent symptom of the poltergeist phenomena ever since earliest times, and that it is most often connected with puberty in unhappy young girls."

The easiest way to understand what a poltergeist is, is to understand first what it is not. It isn't a ghost, nor does it haunt houses in the traditional manner. It has nothing to do with the departed dead.

Suppose that, by some mysterious means, you could project your energy outside your own body. Suppose that by imagining you are walking outside a house, while you are in fact sitting inside it, you could create the physical noise of footsteps outside the door. By a fierce unconscious wish to hurt someone, you could cause a book to raise into the air and hit the object of your animosity. Such phenomena would be poltergeists.

Does this supposition seem preposterous and fantastic — contrary to all known laws of science?

Dr. Fodor smiles tolerantly, "I expect nobody to believe these things unless they have seen them. I have seen them, so I believe them. I do not pretend to understand the physical mechanics by

which these things are accomplished. But I have seen them!"

He believes the poltergeists are a kind of external epilepsy, occurring in exceptional cases. A person who is extremely disturbed emotionally may project energy in some mysterious manner to throw *things* and *noises* around his environment. The action is an unconscious one, and the "noisy ghosts" thus created frighten those who unwittingly create them as much as they frighten anyone else.

As to the physical means by which poltergeists are created, Dr. Fodor can only guess that the answer may eventually be found in the ionization of air. "Air conducts electricity," he explains. "An ion leaves a trail of electricity. I believe that somehow an over-potent amount of nervous energy liberates 'nerve electrons' which pass from the body into the air to create the phenomena."

He points out that mental telepathy — an equally inexplicable phenomenon — has already been demonstrated scientifically. "And fifty years ago," he reminds us, "if a man claimed it was possible to project through the air, for thousands of miles, a clear picture of a person who could talk simultaneously out of thousands of small boxes, the man would have been sneered at."

The poltergeist theory in no way substantiates all the stories of ghosts and haunted houses — quite the contrary. Dr. Fodor has never seen a ghost. The poltergeist, he explains, usually acts up in broad daylight — unlike the mythical ghosts who rattle chains only at night. Ghosts presumably are the spirits of the dead who return to haunt. Poltergeists are the "spirits" of the living, who "haunt" only the premises in which the afflicted persons are residing.

Poltergeist phenomena are brief — lasting only for several days to two or three weeks, except in rare cases. It should be stressed that while they are, in effect, the symptoms of a brief but intense mental illness, they are not *imagined* symptoms. They are real and physical and can be witnessed by all persons coming under the same roof with the poltergeist victim.

Dr. Fodor is not the only psychoanalyst to report on poltergeist phenomena. Dr. Purdon of London, treating two soldiers at the Station Hospital in Guernsey, made sphygmograph tracings of inexplicable knockings heard in one ward for 10 days. He concluded that they were due to nerve "explosions" in some way related to chorea.

He noted that when the knocks were first heard one of the soldiers suffered an attack of "muscular rheumatism." The patient's case history showed he had suffered a form of epilepsy up to five years before. Dr. Purdon treated the soldiers with potassium iodide,

sodium salicylate and arsenic in full doses. The men improved and the strange rapping noises dwindled in volume and frequency until they finally disappeared.

A London doctor of divinity, Dr. E. Howard Grey, reported an outbreak of explosive and tinkling noises in his household during the period when his daughter was cutting her permanent teeth. He could find no natural causes for these sounds, which occurred only when his daughter was upstairs asleep. The sounds were heard downstairs.

Dr. Fodor's work in poltergeist research has an interesting background. From 1934 to 1938 the Hungarian-born psychoanalyst was director of research at the International Institute for Psychical Research in London. Part of his work consisted of exposing psychic frauds, in the attempt to isolate genuine psychic instances.

The Institute asked him to investigate strange occurrences at a cottage in Chelsea, London. Loud knockings on the front door, in conjunction with approaching footsteps, had been heard between 1:00 and 2:00 a.m. for the previous eight months. Doors were heard to open and close; crockery rattled, disappeared, and reappeared. When the owner of the cottage went to the hospital for six weeks for a thyroid operation, the disturbances stopped. They began again upon her return. Institute authorities were delighted with the case. It had all the earmarks of some delicious ghost.

Dr. Fodor found the owner trembling with weakness. "She could speak only with effort; her cheeks were sunken, and her skin showed a sickly hue. Not investigation but therapy was her urgent need. It looked as if she would succumb to fright if the ghost could not speedily be laid."

He decided to ignore the dynamics of reporting happenings in the cottage and psychoanalyze its owner. He told her he believed that she was being haunted by her own past. "While you have been successful in keeping some unhappy memories from entering into your consciousness, you failed to keep them bottled up. Your libido has side-slipped and walked out on you as a ghost, wasting your vitality, in a vain attempt to convey a message."

Under Dr. Fodor's treatment, she came to realize that she herself was the poltergeist—and that she could end the manifestations by giving herself post-hypnotic suggestions. For example, she wrote and posted a sign, "Please Ring the Bell," outside the door. From then on the "ghost" never knocked again. As psychoanalytic treatment revealed to her the suppressed information in her subconscious, the need for outward alarm signals disappeared. So did the poltergeists.

The case was very involved. Its

roots were an unhappy miscarriage, subsequent sterility, and desertion by the man responsible. Each of the peculiar poltergeist phenomena in her home had a symbolic significance. Her subconscious was acting out guilt, fear and wish psychoses. The recovery of the sick woman was a triumph for Dr. Fodor but the Institute was not pleased that he had concentrated on curing her rather than on probing her symptoms as psychic phenomena.

The world's most famous psychoanalyst, Dr. Sigmund Freud himself, commended Dr. Fodor. "You may not realize," Freud wrote, "that for a man who, to begin with, is unwilling to believe in supernormal happenings, the reading of the case data is a strain, especially when the shallow pranks of a so-called poltergeist are concerned. But I have persisted and in the end I have found myself richly rewarded.

"Your attempt to turn the interest from the question of whether the observed phenomena were genuine or fraudulent; your efforts to study the medium's psychology and to uncover her previous history, seem to me to be the right steps in coping with the work which will lead to the elucidation of the phenomena under investigation. It is very regrettable that the Institute for Psychical Research would not follow you. I also hold it very probable that your conclusions regarding this case are correct."

Despite this blessing by Dr. Freud, Dr. Fodor found himself isolated between two hostile camps. Psychic researchers would have nothing to do with taking poltergeist phenomena out of the supernatural sphere and explaining as well as treating it by medical methods. American psychoanalysts, on the other hand, were intrigued but skeptical, refusing to credit psychic phenomena.

If poltergeists are genuine why haven't they been demonstrated before scientific witnesses? The answer is that they cannot be made to perform on demand. Genuine poltergeist cases are rare and may occur anywhere in the world. Also they are usually so brief in duration that by the time investigation can be made the phenomenon is over.

Physical breakdowns — epileptic fits, functional paralysis, schizophrenia, etc. — are more common symptoms of poltergeist-type patients. It is only when the victim resists this type of release for emotional strain that the inner pressure becomes great enough to erupt as poltergeist phenomena. Many cases never come to the attention of medical authorities. As in the farmhouse fire affair, the local fire and police departments may be called in — but seldom the psychoanalyst.

Another reason poltergeists are difficult to prove is that persons

in authority are afraid of appearing ridiculous. Most poltergeist investigations end in cries of "fraud!" Actually, many such cases are originally genuine, yet *become* fraudulent by a queer set of circumstances.

The poltergeist victim, finding herself the center of much attention and interest, is flattered. She wishes to hold the spotlight as long as possible. But to her dismay she finds that the poltergeists no longer manifest themselves — the short, violent period of their duration is over.

Alarmed lest she suddenly become an object of derision instead of breathless interest, she resorts to fraud — tossing things from behind her back, arranging noise-creating devices. Invariably these tricks are exposed, and what was originally a genuine poltergeist case ends up as another "fraud."

Although poltergeist phenomena can be caused by children of any age, as well as adults, Dr. Fodor's rule is, "First look for an unhappy girl aged 10 to 15." The most frequent victims are girls at the age of puberty, when menstruation often causes violent emotional upsets. These combined with a suppressed hatred of real or imaginary injustice may produce poltergeists.

Poltergeists are not new — although Dr. Fodor's psychoanalytic explanation is definitely new and one of the most amazing theories put forth by an accredited psychoanalyst. There are 300 recorded cases of poltergeists from the year 530 A.D. to the present. Many of them are accompanied by sworn statements from medical men, ministers and police officials who have witnessed them.

Clothes locked in cupboards or packed in trunks have burst into flame. Lighted matches have fallen from ceilings. Showers of pebbles, dirt and rocks have fallen inside and outside houses. Objects have flown through the air of their own accord. All manner of such things happen repeatedly, as the readers of FATE well know from past articles.

One woman was struck and injured frequently by flying stones. Cases of mysterious stone throwing were reported in 1848, 1849, 1858, 1859 and 1861, from China, South Africa, France and all over the world. In 530 A.D. Helpidius, physician to King Theodoric, suffered "a diabolic infestation" — showers of stones rained down upon his house. In 1533 Franciscan monks reported scratchings and rapping sounds emanating from the bed on which a child rested. They were punished for this report by their Bishop who considered it an undignified hoax.

In more recent times there was the "Sargossa Ghost," headlined by the *London Times* in 1934. Reporters, builders and architects investigated the chimney of a Spanish house from which a voice was

heard. A 16-year-old servant girl living with a family named Palazon was suspected as the cause of the mischief. "A local neurologist," reported the *Times,* "believes that either the maid-servant is gifted with ventriloquial powers, or that some clever person is utilizing some unknown apparatus."

This was an exceptional poltergeist case since the average poltergeist doesn't speak, contenting itself with noises and general havoc. His Excellency, the Civil Governor of Saragossa, issued this worried statement: "I think we will soon discover the joker and thus dispel the groundless anxiety which this incident has aroused. For this purpose, I beg the press to give ear to my request for silence." The case is still a mystery.

One of the most amazing of all poltergeist cases, "the great Amherst mystery," was that of Esther Cox. This took place at Amherst, Nova Scotia, in 1878, at the home of the Teal family. Esther Cox was the sister of Mrs. Teal. One night Esther saw a cardboard box mysteriously move of its own accord under her bed. She called the family, who witnessed the same phenomenon. There was nothing in the box. A little later that night Esther's body swelled to abnormal size. And a loud noise reverberated around the house like thunder.

Night after night there were strange happenings at the Teal house. Bedclothes flew off beds. Cold water left on the cold kitchen stove was found bubbling. Lighted matches fell from the ceiling to the floor. When it became evident that somehow all these curious things concerned Esther, she felt compelled to leave. The Teal family once more lived peacefully.

But in Esther's new home the poltergeists continued to plague her. A scrubbing brush was torn from her hand, rose to the ceiling, and dropped near her head. Doors banged of their own accord. Mysterious fires broke out. This persecution lasted almost a year. News of it spread and Amherst police were called to keep away crowds of the curious.

This was one of the few poltergeist cases in history which lasted long enough to gather a score of reliable witnesses. In 1907 surviving witnesses were rounded up. Actor Walter Hubbell, the Reverend Dr. Edwin Clay, the Reverend Dr. D. A. Temple, and a Doctor Carrittee all personally testified that they had seen the Cox poltergeists in action, and swore that there was no possible, rational explanation for what they had seen.

Dr. Hereward Carrington, a colleague of Dr. Fodor's, holds a similar view as to the general mechanics of the poltergeist. "An energy seems to be radiated from the body in such cases," he declares, "which induces these phenomena, usually at a time when the sexual energies

are blossoming into maturity within the body — these energies somehow are externalized beyond the limits of the body."

Dr. Fodor suggests that the new analysis of poltergeists sheds light on the once widespread custom of burning "witches." The witches, he believes, were very possibly poltergeist victims. Dr. Fodor also considers that many spiritualist mediums may be poltergeist personalities, which would explain strange noises, flying objects, etc. The "ghosts" they summon may not be shades—but their own poltergeists.

What Race Do You Belong To?

THERE is no scientific justification for race discrimination, according to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. Biologists, psychologists, geneticists, anthropologists and sociologists agree on this. They say:

- The mental capabilities of all races are much the same.
- Racial mixtures do not produce inferior people.
- Race is a social myth, not a biological fact.
- No large modern national or religious group known is a race, scientifically speaking.

The report said that whenever it has been possible to differentiate between abilities due to innate capacity and environment, tests have shown that no human groups are superior.

Most men can be classified into three major divisions — Mongoloid, Negroid and Caucasoid, the panel members explain. These are not static but dynamic divisions. Differences between cultural groups or achievements are largely explained by the history of each group rather than inherited differences.

Human hybrids do not frequently show physical or mental deficiencies or other undesirable traits. The council said "there is no biological justification for prohibiting intermarriage between persons of different ethnic groups."

The concept of race has caused untold suffering to humanity. No race has peculiar innate habits. Temperament, personality and character all were described by experts as almost entirely "raceless." The words of Confucius were used to express the experts' conclusion:

"Men's natures are alike; it is their habits that carry them far apart."

THE INCREDIBLE ROGER BACON

By Manley Mills



When they finally decoded the secret script, they found this monk was 500 years ahead of his time.

THE world might be several hundred years farther along the path of civilization if it had listened to a man who lived in England during the 13th century. Roger Bacon (1214-1294) was a Franciscan monk whose researches and scientific writings were centuries ahead of his time. Seven hundred years ago he predicted such inventions as the telescope, airplane, gunpowder and steamship. His knowledge of botany, biology, physics and astronomy was astounding. He found time to write grammars in Hebrew and Greek and technical works on shorthand and cipher systems.

He taught the unity of all sciences. Every technician must understand other sciences before he can solve the problems of his own science. The physicist should know chemistry; the chemist should know geology, and the geologist should understand zoology.

Roger Bacon is sometimes confused with Francis Bacon of the much-publicized Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Francis Bacon was a statesman, lawyer and philosopher who lived 300 years later, a contemporary of William Shakespeare.

Few literary discoveries have excited more interest and speculation than the mysterious Roger Bacon manuscript brought to light in 1912 by Wilford W. Voynich, a widely-known dealer in ancient books and manuscripts. For several years after its discovery, the existence of the volume was known

only to a handful of scientists and code experts who tried in vain to read it.

The entire manuscript was written in a strange cipher which experts declared was in an unknown alphabet. It was a small bound volume about six by nine inches, written on vellum and illustrated with drawings of plants, leaves and herbs, astronomical diagrams, sketches of cell development, and pictures of nude women. It contained 272 pages originally, but 26 pages had been lost or stolen. On the last page of the manuscript was the cryptic statement in Latin, "Thou were giving me many gates."

An examination of the volume as a whole gave the impression that it was a medical textbook. Drawings of herbs, roots and leaves naturally accompany a treatise on their curative properties. Since it was written at a time when all doctors thought it necessary to consult the stars when treating patients, the astronomical charts could be explained. Also the sketches of cell formations might be included in a scientific work on physiology. The illustrations of nude women, most of whom are shown taking a shower or bath, might have represented a system of hydrotherapy, which was common practice in medieval days.

But why should a medical treatise be so secretive that it required the invention of a complex code and its use throughout 272 pages? The only logical conclusion was that the real subject of the text was a highly significant and dangerous one and—that the drawings were nothing more than harmless "doodlings" to suggest that the text was equally harmless and innocent.

Upon first inspection, the cipher looked deceptively easy to the experts. They thought the plants could be identified and that the inscriptions under them would provide the key to the code. Then they worked on the theory that the captions under the celestial charts would furnish the clue. Code experts analyzed it by time-tried methods and found, to their dismay, that while it had all the characteristics of a simple cipher system, it defied all their efforts to read it.

Finally, in 1921, it was announced publicly that after two years of almost constant work Prof. William R. Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania had found the key and successfully read long passages of the manuscript. He presented his results before the American Philosophical Society and the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Wild rumors were circulated concerning his findings. In Bacon's own time, and for centuries afterward, he was accused of practicing black magic. Many people believed that Professor Newbold had discovered the secrets of this diabolic art. One woman came hundreds of miles to ask him to cast

out, with the help of Bacon's formulae, the demons that she believed had taken possession of her.

Professor Newbold found that the mysterious visible symbols had no significance at all in themselves but were built up of microscopic signs devised from an ancient Greek system of shorthand. The strokes of each letter were carefully made up of these tiny signs packed closely together — usually about 10 signs made up each letter. This amazing man must have had the patience of Job. A reading glass is necessary to reveal the composite nature of the letters.

Historical facts, astronomical predictions, and scientific theories not previously credited to Bacon were read from the manuscript and verified by extensive research.

One passage tells of a riot at Oxford, during which there was a skirmish between the friars and lay students. The date was February 26, 1273. King Edward had ordered the clergy to conduct a systematic investigation into crime. Because of the antagonism of the nobility, they soon gave up this war on crime. It seems that the troubles of our racketeer-controlled modern cities are nothing new. When the friars were besieged at Oxford, Bacon exploded a charge of *gunpowder* to frighten off the assailants, who thought hell had opened up. Old court records tell of the surrender and final pardon of these rebels, confirming the statements in the Bacon volume.

It had been known among students that Roger Bacon mentioned microscopes and telescopes, as well as gunpowder, automobiles, motorboats and airplanes, but it was thought that he spoke not from first-hand knowledge of these inventions, but merely from fantastic dreams of what might be. However, Professor Newbold's discoveries revealed the startling truth that Bacon had recorded facts. Hundreds of years in advance of the rest of the world, he had used a telescope and microscope to make observations in astronomy and in the processes of cell development.

The manuscript contains an accurate drawing of the Great Nebula in Andromeda, correctly showing details invisible to the naked eye. The caption under the drawing explains that the object was seen through a reflecting telescope. In connection with his work in astronomy, his correction of the error in the calendar was most remarkable for accuracy.

Bacon's advanced knowledge of biological facts, hitherto supposed to belong to modern science, has been confirmed through the study of his biological drawings. They prove almost beyond doubt that he was using a lens at least as powerful as the one used 400 years later by Leeuwenhoek and Hamm when they "discovered" details already well known to him. He saw and

pictured the seminiferous tubes, the microscopic cells and nuclei, and apparently the spermatozoa. He had knowledge of the union of the sperm with the ovum, as well as the different stages of embryological development. All the evidence indicates that Bacon carried his biological researches to a point not reached by the rest of the scientific world until several centuries later.

Incidentally, he taught that the world was round and it was his statements on this subject that inspired Columbus.

The fact that Bacon believed in astrology and alchemy has led many modern students to discredit his achievements and brand him inconsistent. However, as late as the 17th century, every man of science believed in these with all seriousness. Moreover, statistics indicate that even today four persons out of every five have some belief in astrology. The views of more than one modern physicist may sound just as fantastic as alchemy and astrology.

It may be said truthfully that Roger Bacon was one of the most learned and remarkable thinkers that the world has ever known. We can only guess what wonders he might have accomplished if he hadn't had the misfortune to be born in an age when knowledge was a sin and scientific research was a crime.

WHY DID THE SUN TURN BLUE?

ASTRONOMERS still cannot agree why the sun turned blue over northern Europe late last September. The phenomenon began about 4 p.m. on September 26, when the sun turned blue over Scotland. The color spread over most of northern England and when the sun rose the following day in London it was blue again.

In Denmark the sun stayed blue for more than an hour and many people queued up at some country banks to withdraw their money before the end of the world came. The sun was its usual color in Rome, Paris and Brussels, and in Oslo, Frankfurt, and Helsinki it was hidden behind the clouds.

Astronomers thought it might be the result (1) of Canadian forest fires, (2) a peculiar cloud formation or dust blown high into the air from a storm or (3) a volcanic eruption "somewhere."

It was the queerest sky display since Halley's comet turned the sun and moon odd colors in 1910. For several days after the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883, the sun appeared green or blue for days. But no satisfactory explanation has been developed for last September's odd color display.

IN SEARCH OF LIFE

"All is life. There is no death," a famous actor concludes after a lifetime of psychic investigations.

By Guy Hedlund



Guy Hedlund has been a sailor, explorer, and star of silent motion pictures with David Wark Griffith and Pathe Fréres. He was a stage actor in England and America and protege of Richard Mansfield. He retired from the stage at 26, though he has been a radio actor and announcer.

EARLY IN MY CAREER I was an actor in England, Europe and my native United States. I appeared with Richard Mansfield in Peer Gynt in New York, and later in motion pictures for David Wark Griffith with such well-known actors as Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Viola Dana, Mack Sennett, Lionel Barrymore, James Kirkwood, and many others.

But the make-believe of stage and screen failed to hold my interest, and at 26 I bought a farm in Connecticut and retired. Marie Corelli and Richard Mansfield were partly responsible for this decision. I was working just outside London in a play written by Miss Corelli. I was at an impressionable age, just 19, and she said to me, "Young man, there are more important things than the 'ape-like art of mimicry.'"

I never forgot her remark and a few years later Richard Mansfield made a statement that cast the die for me. We were on a train to Scranton, Pa., and I was studying a part when Mr. Mansfield sat down in the seat with me. He said: "Don't take the stage too seriously. Our art is like plunging one's hand into the sea and withdrawing it — it leaves no hole."

Two years after my retirement I first became interested in psychic phenomena.

I had engaged a company in

New York and housed the actors in several old farm houses, including my own. It was March in New England and the weather was so terrible that we couldn't work. An English actor named Standing, who later became "Sir Guy" in recognition of gallant action in World War I, grew restless and exclaimed, "This is horrible, let's do something — how about a seance?"

The suggestion seemed to appeal to the ladies and in a few moments 10 or 12 persons were seated around a huge oak table in the kitchen. They placed the tips of their fingers on the table and awaited results. I was the chief doubter. I refused to have any part of such childish business and when they started asking questions such as, Is anyone here? Move the table, please. If you can't move this heavy table, rap, my merriment knew no bounds.

But after about 10 minutes the table *seemed* to move. They asked questions and the table *seemed* to answer them. I sat under the table and watched their hands and feet to see if I could detect some trick but I saw nothing. A man sat on the table and to my astonishment it rose as easily as before in answer to a question from one of the sitters.

Still doubting I sat back in a chair with our dog, a large wolfhound, lying at my feet. Suddenly the dog raised his head and growled as if some stranger had entered the room. A moment later he snarled and hurled himself at the floor, his jaws snapping as at a person's ankles. I grasped his collar, petted him and ordered him to lie down. This he did at the far end of the room near the door. I kept my eyes on him. A moment later I saw his drooping left ear jerk as if by an invisible hand. The dog rose with a frightful roar and dove, snarling and snapping, at an invisible body.

Presently he stopped growling, and his eyes searched the room. Apparently he saw nothing for his tail dropped between his legs. He walked to the door and whined to go out. I let him out and when I turned a man was holding a wet handkerchief to a girl's forehead. She had fainted. Guy Standing was excited and pale. In a tense voice he said: "That dog saw something — he saw *someone.*" I made a rude retort; "Ignorance can be taught but against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless" and sent them off to bed.

After they had gone I had a cup of tea in the kitchen. Then I went to let the dog into the house. I called Tawny but he refused to enter so I let him sleep in the garage. Up to the time he died he would dash to the door and whine to go out whenever we began our table lifting experiments.

Two years after his death I arrived home one evening with some



Sir Guy Standing suggested they sit around the table and see what happened.

friends and as I walked ahead to unlock the door a lady in the car screamed in fright. "What is it?" I asked running back to the car. "I don't know," she said, "just as you got to the door of the house a huge white thing jumped on you. It looked like a ghost!" The lady who screamed had never seen nor heard of Tawny. But ever since that night whenever I return home late I await the greeting I cannot see. Strange? Impossible? Not at all. It is the divinity of natural law. Love is an indestructible force.

Another incident in which Mr. Standing and my company participated still baffles investigators and was responsible for my decision to continue the experiments. One afternoon during that stormy March of 1915 we sat around the large oak table in the 300-year-old farm house and awaited results. A young actress, Miss Helen Martin, who up to that time had exhibited no mediumistic ability, became agitated and said something was moving her hand and she felt like writing. Some one stuck a pencil in her hand. And this is what she wrote:

In the ocean of space
Lies the Island of Time
And on its green shores
A figure — sublime.
'Tis the figure of grief
And pain, worldly wrought
From the heart of Man wrung
To the feet of God brought.

I recall it was signed in the old English script and it was dated 1600. Unless my memory has deserted me the last name was Cone and the first name was an old and quaint English name similar to Tabitha.

We were astounded at the date and accused the girl of joking

but she was so upset by the experience and so earnest in her denial that we had to believe her.

There were several old and neglected colonial burial grounds in the vicinity and I decided to visit them to see if we might find the grave of our poetic visitor. I hitched a horse to a buggy and three of us started out to read grave-stones. We visited the two burying grounds I knew of but had no luck. After considerable inquiry we located several other burying grounds and visited them with negative results.

It was dusk and the horse was tired when we arrived at an old cemetery in Millington, Conn. We had lost our enthusiasm and as we waded through the slush and brambles reading grave-stones, some of them flat on the ground making it necessary to rub the slush off with our hands, we were a gloomy trio of psychic investigators. Suddenly I heard a curse: "Well, I'll be . . . ! I've found the old . . ." And so he had. I compared the automatic writing name with the grave-stone name and they were identical.

At first we were jubilant. Then we grew mystified and sombre. According to the gravestone the woman had been dead more than 200 years and yet we had a verse purporting to have been written by her that very day.

Literally we received thousands of messages that spring. Some I shall recount briefly. Our sturdy old colonial house was alive and vibrating with ghostly intelligences, every room was filled with electrified and intelligent wisps of writhing, enveloping blue vapor (I know no other way to describe these thought forms). If any readers have seen them they will recognize my description. Whenever I sat in a chair it would jerk so violently I had to brace my feet — if in a rocking chair it would rock violently with ever increasing speed until I arose.

At night they shook the head of my bed so I couldn't sleep, or I would wake suddenly to see a vague form close to my face peering into my eyes. One of the young actresses who had served as a medium became terrified and ill and could only sleep in a brilliantly lighted room. She explained: "They frighten me all night. I know they are there but I can't see them." Thereafter she refused to act as our transmitting medium but two other girls had become proficient and our communications from the "other side" continued.

One actor whose wife had died recently became interested in one of the young ladies of the company and had a harrowing experience. He slept alone in an upper room and asked for an oil lamp that would burn all night instead of the candle that lighted him to bed. He related that the night before he had kissed his new girl

friend good night and had gone upstairs to bed. He blew out his candle and sat on the edge of the bed removing his shoes when his eyes were attracted to the bedroom door. He said the door seemed to get vague and foggy looking and as he gazed a shadowy figure emerged from the vapor and approached him.

He couldn't move and as the vision drew near he recognized his dead wife. With sorrowful eyes she moved near him, extended her left hand and placed the index finger of her right hand on her wedding ring all the time gazing into his eyes with poignant accusation. He didn't know how long she stood there but it seemed for hours. The visitation haunted him. He couldn't eat or sleep and he told us with streaming eyes that they had loved each other dearly and at her death bed he had promised her he would never marry again. Five years later an actor appearing with him at a theatre in N. Y. told me that he still kept the light in his hotel room burning all night.

During this same hectic period of enforced idleness we received a message from Buckie, Scotland. It read: "Jim and I are drowned — we are drowned; my leg is tied to his in a cave under the cliffs — tell Mary." It was signed "Henderson." We kidded about the message but the next day the N. Y. Times carried a story of a great storm in the North Sea in which 17 fishing boats (Scotch) were lost with a tragic toll of life.

Another evening we received a very long message in German which was signed "Van Alstyne." Several of those present knew some German but not enough to make the message understandable. I placed the message in my brief case and several months later on a train trip to New York I chanced to share a seat with a man who had a German accent. Recalling the message I asked him if he could read German. "Yes," he replied, "I teach German at a Massachusetts college."

I handed him the two closely written pages. He was very polite and when he had read a moment or two I was startled by his tense expression. *"Mein Gott"* he said, "where did you *steal* this?" I explained, but he looked sceptical and a little frightened. I was most curious and I asked him what it said. He translated the message in a slow and awed manner and when he had finished he gazed at me with an astonished expression. Although he had read the message carefully I could make nothing of it — it was "over my head."

At this late date I can only recall that it advanced a law or a system in which cycles or circles were fundamental and that all matter is sentient and evolves into ever higher forms, first by thought process without ego. Gradually it or (we) evolve into higher forms and

reach a stage where the advance is *self-induced*. From that point on the professor lost me. There was something about Law and Soul and the inexorable law of cycles over enormous stretches of time, involving molecules and atoms.

I gathered the impression that the tiniest atom has a brain and uses it, and that I am related to a tree, a rock, a pool of water, a sunbeam, a shadow, a fish, and every form of molecular activity in the infinity of space. One might term it the Law of Life, the first principle, Fate, Destiny, in short — all that is.

This incident with the German professor ended after he had made copious notes from my pages all the way from New Haven to the Grand Central Station in New York. We shook hands and he left me with a preoccupied gleam in his eyes. My original message was lost when my old home at Hadlyme, Conn., burned to the ground. That was 15 years ago and I have not seen or heard of the German professor since that time. The German professor gave me his New York address but my letters were returned to me marked "addressee unknown." Sometimes I wonder *WHAT* I gave him and what he *DID* with it.

A month or two after this incident our old home was destroyed by fire and thereafter for a period of 10 years spent in motion pictures, radio and amateur archaeology, I dismissed the subject of psychic phenomena from my mind — altho I was always aware that the slightest encouragement on my part would be sufficient to reestablish contact with the personalities of the unseen worlds.

I awoke one morning in California to read in a national magazine, about a new and exciting discovery, "Extra-Sensory Perception." I was amazed to learn that scientific gentlemen were seemingly agog over the very simplest of the phenomena with which I had become familiar. My interest in the subject was rekindled and I resumed the investigations which have prompted this account.

Assisted by my wife and a carefully chosen group of thoughtful people I had no difficulty in reestablishing contact with the forces and personalities of the unseen world. I omit the word "supernatural" as these forces we are contacting are as natural as the world about us and cannot be separated from the whole. The mere fact that they are invisible to most people is beside the point — we cannot see the x-ray nor the law of gravitation but we know that they exist.

My reawakened interest in the subject was rewarded by results which astounded us. One evening I questioned a persistent visitor from the beyond about time and distance to other celestial bodies. I was in a jocular mood and in-

tended to ask the visitor how long it would take him to visit our country home in Hadlyme, Conn. (We were then in Culver City, Calif.) Before I could pose the question, the pencil wrote "THIST." The word meant nothing to me but before I could open my mouth the message continued: *"Thist means to travel by thought."*

I asked the obvious question: "Do you mean you can think yourself to a destination?" The answer was "yes." Somebody asked, "How long in time would it take you to reach New York?" With astonishing energy the pencil wrote: *"There is no time here."* I was about to ask the visitor if he could visit our place in Connecticut but for a split-second we received no vibration. When the influence reasserted itself I asked: "Could you visit our place in Connecticut tonight?" "I have just returned from there," the answer read. Naturally I was mystified as I had had no opportunity to ask the question. Our visitor had *read my mind.*

Having telephoned east the day before I now tried to catch the visitor in a lie. I asked what I thought to be a key question. We had two houses in Connecticut, only one of which had been rented. The other remaining empty pending our return home. So hoping to debunk the glib visitor I asked: "Are both houses still occupied?" The answer was "yes."

I replied that he was an im-



At an old cemetery in Millington, Conn., we found the headstone marked with the name of our unknown communicant . . .

poster as we had not rented one of the houses.

He replied: "Both houses are occupied."

I considered the sitting a failure but wrote a letter to our tenants to make sure. They replied that one of our houses was still empty, so I dismissed the incident as a waste of time and decided to put an end to all psychic investigations.

Two weeks later I received a letter from my sister who, not knowing of our absence, had motored to Hadlyme and found the unrented house occupied by tenants. Subsequently in court procedure it was brought out that our original tenants had, *without permission,* opened and rented the other house. So with regret for my hasty judgment and apologies to

our usually but not *always* unseen friends we resumed our investigation.

In recounting these experiences it is not my purpose to sensationalize but to find some of the answers to the dramatic incident of death. I approach the subject honestly without the inhibitions of science, ancient philosophies or mythical religions.

At one of our meetings in California we invited a young German, whose father, a physicist, had fled to Holland during the late war. There the father was taken ill and died. The father had completed a revolutionary book on the evolution of the psychic phase of the life principle and the book mysteriously disappeared at the time of his unexpected death. We located the son and asked him to work with us but he exhibited reluctance.

We suggested he contact his father and question him. After much persuasion he agreed to attend one of our experiments with his wife but would take no part in it. However, his wife was intensely interested. In a few minutes her face became rapt and her hand traced letters on the table top. Suddenly she grew pale and in a strangely awed voice she whispered: "Otto, your father is here — talk to him. He is standing beside you." Pale and shaken, Otto placed his hands on the table and in German asked the visitor to identify himself. Our writing mediums had their pencils ready and answers only the father could have made established his identity without question.

Presently this message came from the father: "We can accomplish nothing with this writing, I must *talk* to you." We were taken by surprise and I said, "Go ahead" and all of us echoed "*now?*" The answer came quickly: "The means are within your grasp if you will only learn; I hear your voices and eventually you will *hear mine.*"

The message continued: "Concentrate, have patience — I will instruct you, believe me — believe me!" But we didn't believe him, and without belief psychic progress is impossible as are most other things.

Two years ago in Hartford, Conn., I was asked to assist, via radio, a campaign for the "Christian & Jewish Alliance" and was discussing the plan with my wife at the dinner table. I started to outline an idea for a radio program when the table knife Mrs. Hedlund was using flew across the table and struck the wall with a sharp ring.

I was startled and I spoke sharply, "What's the idea?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I have no control of my arm from the shoulder down — somebody wants to write."

I suggested we finish our dinner first but her arm remained in the

possession of the unseen visitor so I placed a pencil and paper on the table before her. As she grasped the pencil her arm went into action. She set down in swift and heavy strokes the following: "You must not do what you contemplate."

I replied, "Why not? Shouldn't we fight intolerance?"

"No," the pencil wrote, "not that way, the Jews will oppose you."

I was puzzled and I said: "Are you a Jew-hater?" "No," the writer continued, "I am a Jew."

More puzzled than ever I queried: "If you are a Jew why do you oppose a plan to create happy relations between your people and the Christians?"

The message poured from the pencil point: "Because you will stir up forces of which you know nothing and will succeed only in destroying the universe."

The answer amused me and with a smile I said: "Not so fast, sir, I assume you meant to imply that in the event of an atomic war the bombs might destroy—not the universe but the world."

There was an immediate reply, slowly, precisely and indelibly the pencil moved across the paper and left this message, "I wrote THE U-N-I-V-E-R-S-E" and before I could put another question the pencil fell from Mrs. H's hand and our visitor was gone.

The last visitor I have space to tell about informed us in his message that he was born 285 years ago and left the earthly dimension 24 years later. This visit occurred one evening about a year ago. Mrs. Hedlund and I were discussing the book "There Is No Place To Hide."

I remarked: "Well, darling, maybe I'll meet you again in the 'eternal drift.' Why don't these Viking ancestors of mine keep me posted?"

As I spoke, my arm rested on a small porch table which suddenly rose under the contact of my bare arm and the table remained elevated about six or eight inches from the floor until I pushed it down. Immediately it rose again and shook violently. We recognized the psychic nature of the incident but were greatly astonished, as our minds were concerned only with war and material subjects. Recalling my previous remark about ancestors I said: "Maybe one of my ancestors is here, let's see what he wants."

There was paper on the table and I handed my wife a pencil. I asked a dozen questions in rapid succession, until Mrs. Hedlund placed her hand on my lips and said, "Stop talking." Immediately the pencil wrote: "Settle down, please, all is confusion — keep to one thought."

I said: "I'm sorry, sir — or madam — what of. . . . ?" I had no chance to say the words, "the next war" as the hand with the

pencil struck the table sharply and wrote: "The next war — a short conflict. America was the apparent winner of the last war but the war — the real war — the terrible war that will follow will destroy all — no winners of that war."

Then very quietly the hand wrote: I am Hjalmar Hedlund, 1664-1688.

My senses vibrate with excitement as I await the next wonderful chapter in the cosmic drama of the soul.

For the psychic research picture has changed wonderfully since I first delved into the occult. Until recently science has ignored the unseen and would not admit the existence of psychic phenomena. It failed completely to grasp the significance of that vast field which lies between the visible and the unseen worlds.

Religions failed to grasp the facts of Nature, ignored its laws and attempted to label its manifestations as "miracles." But there are no "miracles." Apparent miracles are but the operation of mysterious forces science has ignored or failed to recognize.

It seems to me that all scientific developments point to one conclusion. We do not die. Death is but the changing from one state into that of a higher state. Cautious science says: "Survival would seem therefore a logical conclusion. We can say that Extra Sensory Perception (ESP) research offers a positive suggestion in favor of survival."

There is but one indivisible and absolute intelligence. All is life. Every atom of mineral dust is a life, organic or inorganic. Nothing is dead. Life surrounds us. We tread upon it, we breathe it. We move among unseen friends and loved ones. They are always with us. And sometimes when we are attuned, as the gifted poet, J. L. McCreery, wrote:

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch — their
breath of balm
Their arms enfolds us, and
our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though un-
seen
The dear immortal spirits
tread —
For all the boundless universe
Is Life — there are no dead!

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

AGE CAN BE reversed by the proper injection of sex hormones, according to Dr. William B. Kountz of St. Louis. Hormones have brought startling results to about 50 St. Louis men and women over 65. The living cells of the uterus, for instance, became like the cells of a healthy young woman, Dr. Kountz said. "This is just the beginning. If we can return the uterus to normal function, then some day we will be able to do the same with an aged heart — perhaps using other hormones."

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay $5 for each True Mystic Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 1144 Ashland Avenue, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

REHEARSAL FOR DISASTER

Is it possible for people to foretell the future, even predict the manner of their death? When I was six years old I had an experience that makes me vote yes.

Our family lived in a small town in North Alabama. One of our neighbors, the Cornetts, had a beautiful daughter named Frances, about seven years old, who was noted for her lovely long yellow curls and cheerful disposition. One spring afternoon we children were playing "house." Then Frances suggested we play "funeral."

"Let's pretend that I am sent to town by my mother to tell father to bring some groceries home for supper. As I am crossing the road, Mr. Thompson (superintendent of local cotton mill) comes along in his limousine. His chauffeur doesn't see me in time and the car strikes me and kills me. Then you all can come to my funeral and mourn for me," Frances said.

She had her way as usual and we played "funeral" as she wanted us to. That very afternoon, exactly



as we had "played," she was struck and killed by the identical automobile in the exact manner Frances had described. The next day her little "mourners" attended her real funeral. — *Spears Asherfeld, Pasadena, Calif.*

PREMONITION

One summer after I had married and gone to Florida to live I returned to my former home in Michigan. While there I took X-ray treatments from a famous doctor whom I will call Dr. Z.

That fall I went back to Florida. When the following summer approached, I again communicated with Dr. Z. He advised me to return to Michigan for a few more treatments.

As the time approached for me to leave I became very much depressed. I made several attempts to pack but each time I tried I would go into an unreasonable spell of weeping.

On Sunday afternoon I made renewed efforts to pack. But each time that I went to the trunk I felt very strange. It seemed as though the atmosphere was thick enough to cut. I felt as though invisible hands were pushing me away.

Finally, after more spells of this nature, I said to my husband, "I'm not going North!"

"Why, you have to go!" he declared. "You have to have those treatments."

"No, I'm not going — there's something wrong up there." I said.

The next morning I received letters reporting the death of Dr. Z. He had died suddenly and been buried Saturday when I began my weeping.

So my premonition had been right — I did not go north that summer. — *Gladys Cleone Carpenter, New Smyrna Beach, Fla.*

POWER OF TRUE AFFECTION

My home is in Rajputana (India), and I am a student here in the U. S. A. What I have to say is about an extraordinary power which my mother enjoys and which she calls the "power of true affection."

In 1945 I was studying in a college about 1000 miles away from my home. Just before the final exams I became seriously ill and was much worried about my studies. I did not write home about my sickness as I did not want my parents to worry. But to my surprise I received a cable from my mother saying that she "knew" I was ill and that I should let her know all about it!

When I went home for the summer holidays I asked her, "Who told you that I was ill? How did you come to know?"

"It's just the power of true affection," she said. "Whenever someone whom I really love is in distress I somehow feel it."

I was not satisfied with the answer. But a greater surprise was in store for me. One morning about a year later I saw my mother crying bitterly.

Between sobs she said: "My mother is dead. She died last night. I *know* she died — I even dreamed it."

And sure enough, within a few hours we received a telegram conveying the sad news of my grandmother's death.

Distance does not decrease this "power." The other day I broke my thumb while playing football

right here in Berkeley. I was very much worried because I could not do my class work. Within 10 days I received a letter from my mother: "I know you met with an accident. Are you seriously injured?"

Whatever one may have to say about her theory of "power of true affection," the fact remains that her heart beats in harmony with those whom she loves, resulting in her sharing their joys and sorrows. — *T. U. Haq, Berkeley, Calif.*

WARNINGS OF DEATH

My mother frequently has vivid dreams but no one in the family ever seriously believed her statement that she could foretell future events in her dreams until one May evening three years ago.

When I came home from work, I found mother taking a nap on the living room sofa. For a moment she frightened me because she hardly seemed to be breathing and appeared to be more in a coma than asleep. I called her name several times before she opened her eyes. She immediately jumped up from the sofa and walked over to the telephone. Then she hesitated, her hand resting on the phone, and I asked her what was the matter. She told me she had seen my brother Wally in a dream. She had seen him surrounded by flames, his face twisted with fear. The dream had been so vivid that she noticed his eyebrows had been burned off.

Wally was an airline pilot and he was in Boston that May afternoon nearly three years ago, scheduled to fly back to Chicago that night. For over an hour mother was torn between the desire to call long distance to Boston and the fear that Wally would just laugh



at her dream. When Dad came home he dismissed mother's dream with a shrug.

That evening as the three of us were relaxing in the living room, mother called our attention to a large, damp-looking spot on the rug. Our rug was solid gray in color and this large, triangular-shaped spot looked as if caused by spilled water. When I placed my hand on the spot it was absolutely dry. None of us had seen the dark spot earlier in the evening and no amount of rubbing with a dustrag or shifting of lamps caused the spot to disappear.

We retired at our usual hour and I slept soundly until awakened by

a loud crash. I sat up in bed, instantly awake. The source of the crash seemed to be the pantry. It sounded like the sustained brittle tone of dish after dish crashing to the floor.

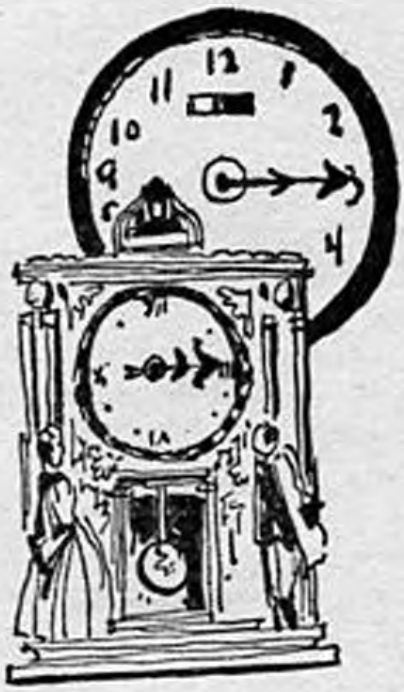
In a few moments I joined mother and dad in the hallway. Mother was moaning that all her dishes had been broken. We hurried downstairs, switching on lights as we went. I noticed that it was three a.m. on the grandfather clock in the hall. When we switched on the pantry light, all the shelves were intact and not a single dish had been misplaced or broken. Dad and I hurriedly inspected the rest of the house and the basement. Nothing was disturbed and we couldn't find any cause for the crashing sound. But in the living room the stain in the rug was gone. We returned silently to bed.

A few hours later, Dad received a phone call from Cleveland. My brother Wally had been killed when his plane overshot the runway on landing at the Cleveland airport. The time of the crash was 2:59 a.m. — *Richard Price, Chicago, Ill.*

THE CLOCK MYSTERY

SHORTLY after we were married, an old bachelor brother and spinster sister asked us if we would live in their home as caretakers while they were away for the winter. We were happy to do so. It was a beautiful old house with grand old furniture. Their hobby was collecting clocks.

On the stairway was an old grandfather clock; over the fireplace was a black ebony with a carved black



tiger, and on each side of the piano was a beautiful china clock with Dresden dancing girls on the side. On the old highboy dresser was a gold satin mantel clock and in their dining room a big round wall clock.

When they left they instructed us to keep the clocks wound and running while they were gone. On the morning of April 15 when I arose I looked at the gold clock in the bedroom. It had stopped at 3:15. I knew I had wound it the day before so I looked at the other four clocks.

Every one had stopped at 3:15!

I was mystified and frightened. Our own clock was ticking away as usual. About a half hour later a knock came at the door. When I opened it there stood the old folks' nephew saying that he had just received a telegram that Aunt Lesh had died at 3:15! — *Mrs. Lillian Maxwell, Waukesha, Wis.*

MYSTERIOUS FORCE

I WAS walking toward my home in Norfolk, Va., past midnight one night. As I turned the corner at 14th Street and Llewellyn Avenue, my whole body was literally repelled out into the center of the street. No human touched my body nor did I feel any pain, but I could feel a light electric shock. There was no broken wire in the power line — I checked that the following day.

I tried to resist this strange force and managed to take one step towards it— only to be repelled farther across the street. It seemed to be the opposite of gravity. The force itself seemed mostly directed against my chest. It pushed hard enough to force me to walk backwards in order to remain standing.

I felt a deep awareness of impending danger. There was a little light in the street but at the corner there seemed to be only a deep, total blackness. I seemed to feel a warning that if I approached the corner any closer I would die.

I went home by a round-about way and never suffered any ill effects from this experience nor was it ever repeated. What was it? — *Louis F. Love, Apartment 1, 3063 Hibiscus St., Coconut Grove, Fla.*

WHAT SAVED MY BABY?

IT happened on a visit to my husband's parents. Our baby Ginger, not quite a year old, was fast asleep in the high, old-fashioned bed in the guest room upstairs. It was late at night.

My husband Bob and I were downstairs listening to the radio and talking to the proud grandparents. Except for Ginger in the bedroom directly over us there was no one else in the old house.

During a lull in the conversation there was a sudden loud thump in the ceiling right above my chair. We all heard it. It could mean only one thing: Ginger had crawled to the side of the bed, pushed aside the pillows acting as barriers, and fallen onto the hard floor. It was a long way to fall.

Bob and I rushed upstairs, three steps at a time. As we reached the hallway we saw, to our great amazement, a misty, cloudlike something about the size and shape of a human being coming out of the bedroom.

We flew into the room and there, hanging head-down over the side of that high four poster bed, was Ginger.

I got there just in time to catch her in my arms as she fell. One split second more and she would



have plummeted head-first down onto the hardwood floor. It would have been a nasty fall—she might well not have survived it.

We thoroughly examined the bedroom and the rest of the house and found nothing to explain the thud we heard or the shape we saw. We were forced to conclude that this something had knocked on the floor to warn us that Ginger was in great peril.

Let me add that Bob majored in psychology at college, is a firm believer in the scientific method, but could find nothing in the books to explain this occurrence.—*Sheila B. Hulse, New London, Conn.*

A REENACTED CRIME

I was staying the night with the Damron family in a neighboring town. The Damrons had one room in the old part of the house which they used as a front room or parlor and in which I was to sleep alone.

This front room was almost entirely away from their other rooms. There were three steps leading up to it from a small hallway which led to the front outside door. Across the hall three more steps led down into their kitchen and dining room, with their sleeping rooms above those two rooms.

The front room itself was very long and narrow with only one window. There were, or had been, two doors into this room, the one I have already spoken of and another at the back of the room leading into a long hallway. This door was locked on the inside and boarded up on the hall side. Mrs. Damron had placed her piano at that end of the room and a picture hung above it, so the door did not show.

I did not know there ever had been a door there until the next morning when I told the Damrons my strange dream.

I had barely closed my eyes that night, when things began to happen.

The door at the end of the room opened, the piano and other furniture stood against a side wall, and several large men, lumberjacks, sailors and gamblers, entered.

The room was brightly lighted with lanterns hanging from the ceiling and bracket lamps on a side wall.

The men sat down at numerous small tables and started playing cards. The air was soon thick with tobacco smoke.

At intervals, brightly dressed dance hall girls would come in and sit on their laps, smoke and sip their drinks, then go out again.

Then suddenly the door burst open and a young Spanish boy came into the room. He looked so young, not more than 20, dressed as a pirate, with a wide red silk sash tied around his waist. He had been drinking, and went staggering around the room till he came at last to the couch where I lay, and sat down on the edge of it. He ran his hand over me, outside of the quilt. I lay perfectly still and just looked at him. He was really handsome.

Then all at once one of the big men who had come in first angrily pushed his table away from him, upset his partners, spilled the gold and glasses with a big clatter, and rose to his feet.

He stalked over to the boy on the couch, grabbed the front of his blouse, pulled him to his feet, snatched a large knife from his belt and thrust it into the breast of the boy, then dropped him.

The young Spanish boy screamed once as he fell in a heap on the carpet in front of the couch.

I was terribly frightened but still could not move. I hardly knew if I were awake or dreaming.

Just when I felt I could not possibly stand it another moment, the door in the back opened again. The big man picked up the Spanish boy by the collar and dragged him out of the room. Then everyone picked up their things and trailed after him. The lights went out and the door shut.

I must have lost consciousness or fell asleep for awhile. The next thing I remember it was getting daylight.

I looked around the room. It was just as it had been when I had lain down to sleep.

I told my dream to the Damrons at breakfast.

"Why, I call that a wonderful psychic phenomenon," drawled Mr. Damron.

"What do you mean, Mr. Damron?" I asked.

He motioned to his wife.

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Damron. "That large front room of ours belongs to the old part of this house. It used to be used as a gambling room oh, long, long ago, and the door that is now boarded up led into a bar and rooms to rent out with women.

"A young boy was murdered in that room many years ago and no one ever learned who did it. His body was found in the alley back of this house."

I shuddered. "I wish I hadn't seen it," I said. "I'll never stay in that room again alone for all the money anyone would give me."

"That's a very strange thing," mused Mr. Damron, "I expect that's about the way it happened." — *Emiline Patterson Hubert, Huntington, W. Va.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

Strike a Blow for Fate

Let me be one of the first to reply to C. L. Skelly, Jr., who says (March FATE) that the Bible teaches against Spiritualism and mystical phenomena. Allow me to quote certain verses in the 12th Chapter of I Corinthians.

1. Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. . . .

7. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.

8. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit;

9. To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit;

10. To another the working of

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miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues:

11. But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

12. For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. . . .

27. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.

28. And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.

29. Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles?

30. Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?

31. But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way.

Charles L. Schwartz

Chicago, Ill.

More Exoneration . . .

Men like C. L. Skelly, Jr., allow their prejudices to overcome their lack of knowledge about Biblical sanctions. I can quote more than 50 references to psychic phenomena in the Bible. Here are a few which

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should help to satisfy him:

Materialization: Genesis 18:1; 32-34. Exodus 24:10-11. Genesis 3:8. Ezekiel 2:9. John 20:19,20.

Spirit Writing: 2 Chronicles 21:12. Daniel 5:5. Exodus 24:12; 32:16; 31:18; 34:1. Deuteronomy 5:22; 9:10.

Trance: Genesis 15:12,17. Daniel 10:9; 8:18. Acts 9:3,9; 22:17. 2 Corinthians 12:2.

Healing: Numbers 21:8,9. 2 Kings 5:1,14; 4:18,37. Matthew 10:8. Acts 19:11,12.

Spirit Voices: Deuteronomy 9:12, 13. Acts 3:4,7. Matthew 17:5. Ezekiel 1:28. 1 Samuel 3:3-9. Acts 7:30, 31; 11:7,8,9.

Spirit Communications in Dreams: Genesis 37:5; 31:24; 41; 28:12. Job 33:15. Joel 2:28.

Harley Silverberg

St. Louis, Mo.

Shelley's Heart

In the last paragraph of Mary Fuller's article, "The Heart That Wouldn't Burn," in the December issue of FATE, the author said, referring to Shelley's heart: "No one knows what she (Mary Shelley) did with it or where it is."

This statement is not true although the author may not have been aware of the further history of Shelley's heart. When Mary Shelley died the heart was found in her desk wrapped in pages of his book Adonis. This small package was kept by Shelley's son, Sir Percy Florence Shelley and at his death

in 1889 was buried with his body in the vault which he had built in St. Peter's Churchyard, Bournemouth, England. This vault also contains the bodies of Mary Shelley and her father and mother William and Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

Clinton N. Rutan

Irvington, N. J.

On Guardian Angels

It is a great pity that "guardian angels" do not prevent children from being drowned or burned or murdered or raped or so many other terrible things that happen to them. Or even prevent wars. I had a "guardian angel" but she did not prevent an auto accident — only saved me from death!

S. Sokolsky

New York, N. Y.

A Sky Sled

When I was a child of about 12 we lived on a farm. Our back porch faced the east and I was sitting there shelling peas for our noon meal. The sun was shining brightly. For some reason I looked toward the field, and there came a toboggan shaped vehicle, rising upward from the field. It had two persons in it. The one toward me was a woman with a long white gown and long flowing yellow hair. They were both standing in the sleigh facing north. It climbed until it was about 500 feet from the ground. In order not to make any noise I ran into the kitchen to tell

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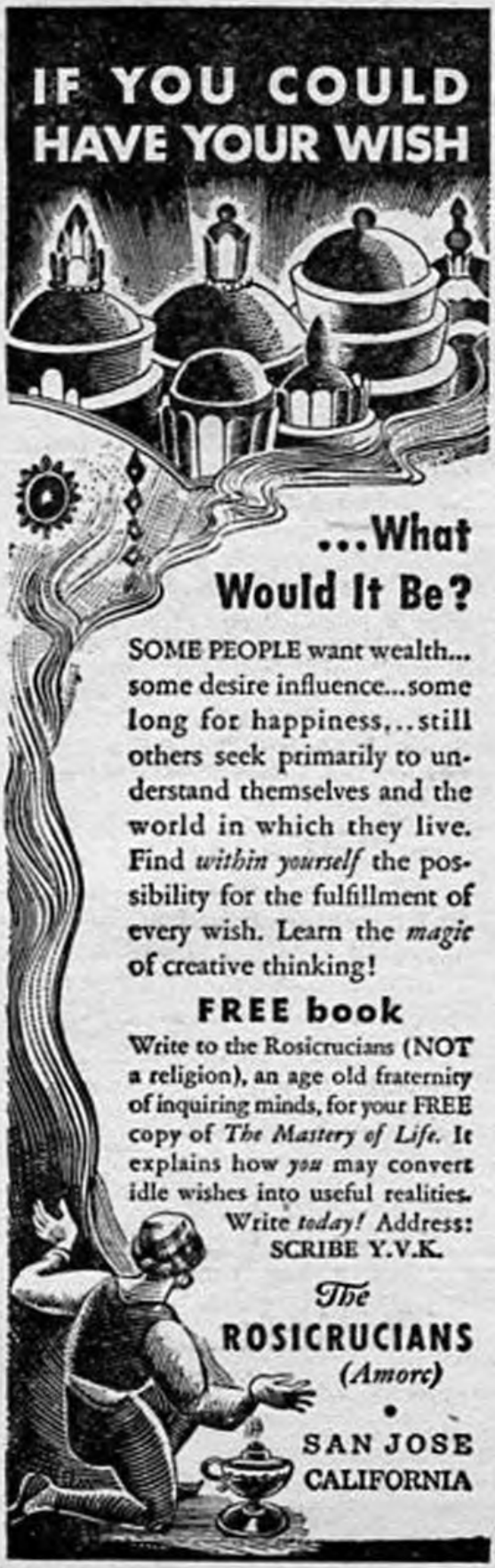
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my mother to come and look. But when she came out the sleigh was gone. What was it, and why was I shown such a beautiful thing?

Mrs. Louis Erickson

Coos Bay, Ore.

One Way to Get Readers

We thought you would be interested in part of a letter we received which illustrates the fact that advertisements in a magazine sometimes help to sell the magazine itself. The letter reads in part:

"I'm ever grateful that quite by accident I opened that page of Fate Magazine at a news stand, and came to put my eyes on your advertisement. I'll always feel I was led by the Spirit, because I saw or looked at nothing else, and at that time just bought it to get the ad page. But since, I buy it regularly.

William Atzbaugh, D.D.

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C. Herrmann

Asheville, N. C.

The trouble is, we often cannot decipher hand-written manuscripts and they must always be re-typed because the printer will not accept them otherwise. Even so we often buy hand-written TME's. — Ed.

More on Captain Kidd

I can add a little more information to your story on Captain Kidd.

About 15 years ago I visited Oak Island, which is situated off Chester, Nova Scotia. A party of us sailed out to the island in a large sloop, anchored off-shore, and rowed in to land. It was summer, and just growing dusk. There was a moon to light up the surroundings.

We climbed the hill and came to the side of the island where the digging was now going on. That part of the island was literally honeycombed with huge pits. We counted 15 in one locality. The one which was then being worked was operating on a 24-hour shift and had an elevator going down to the bottom to bring up the mud in huge buckets on wheels which were brought up full and then wheeled along a boardwalk to one of the old abandoned holes and dumped into it.

The whole scene was one of romance and fascination. The night had come and the moon was now bright. The men digging in the pit below kept clanging the elevator bell when they wanted the man at the winch to bring up the next load of mud. There were suction pumps going all the time to keep out the water, for they were down 101 feet.

The reason for digging at this great depth was of course not that Kidd had dug to the same depth

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but that he had buried his treasure in a cave at the side of the island, now completely inaccessible because of tidal changes and shifting land structure. Therefore the present plan was to come down from above.

Lionel Goodwin

Laguna Beach, Calif.

The Midget Mummy

Having read the Mystery of the Midget Mummy by Ray Palmer in a recent issue of FATE I decided to go out of my way while on vacation and see if I could find out anything more about it. I called on Ivan P. Goodman, the owner, who lives in Casper, Wyo.

He showed me the mummy which is enclosed in a glass case. It is a perfect specimen, the tiny finger nails which are spatular, and the hair which is grey, are perfectly preserved. The mouth fascinated me since the lips are perfect and quite full and one can imagine the teeth and how tiny they must have been. According to Mr. Goodman there was quite an argument among the doctors who examined it as to the cause of the flatness of the head and the dark substance in place of hair. Analysis proved that the little man had been scalped and the dark substance was dried blood and brains.

A terrific blow had evidently been struck, probably causing death, as the bones of the right shoulder are broken and there is an

injury to the spine. There is rather thick hair on part of the arms and X-ray shows traces of undigested meat in the stomach. Investigation showed the man to be an Indian and under X-ray, pores of the skin show blackheads.

Mr. Goodman showed me a mummified human head, one of four which had been found. I should guess the weight to be about an ounce and a half. It appeared to have been severed from the body by some sharp instrument and the tiny tongue was there, the mouth wide open as though in protest — in fact the entire head, dried and perfect.

Since the discovery of the mummy tiny arrowheads have been found in some caves large enough to kill a small bird. Writing has been found on the walls 12 to 15 inches from the floor — about the height these little people would have been able to reach comfortably, as their height would be about 14 inches. The height of the mummy in the position it sits is 6½ inches, the weight ¾ of a pound. The prospectors who made the discovery carried it around for two years wrapped in a sack.

Looking at this little creature one wonders more and more whence he came and whether his race laid the foundation for our childrens fairy stories and Little People folk lore.

The Rev. Elvina Colburn
San Diego, Calif.

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