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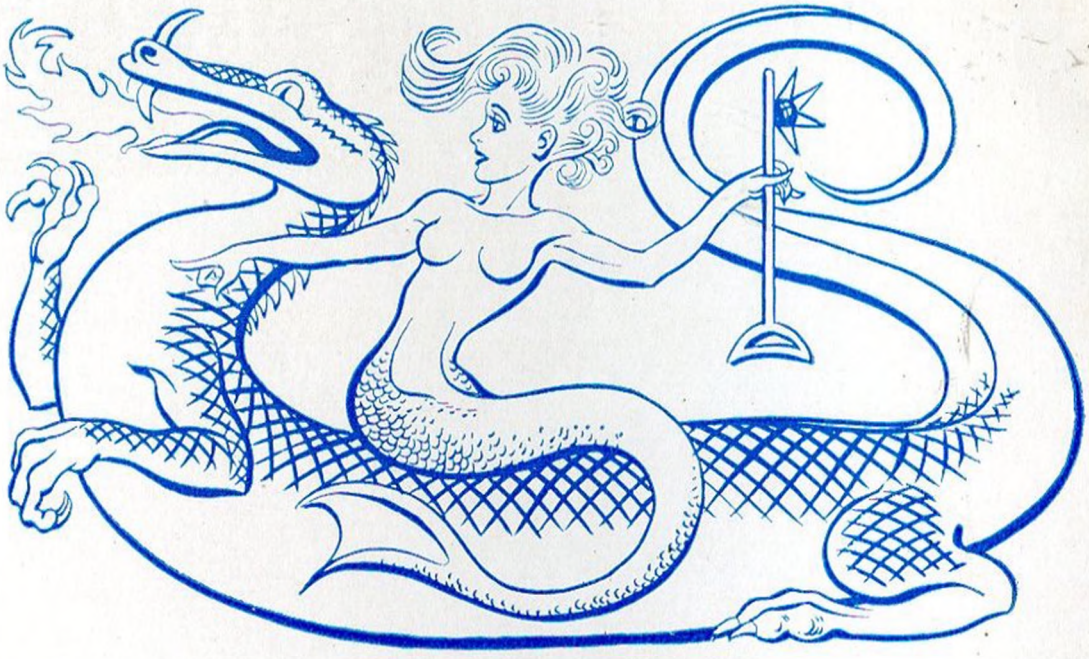
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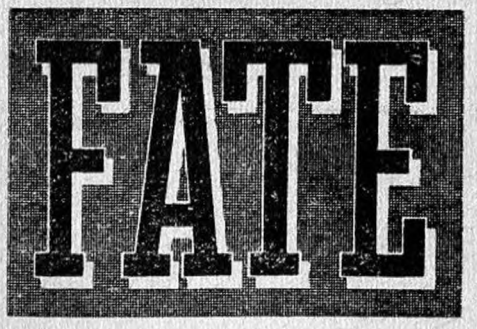
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# the Editorial

# Does Man Have a Soul?

*By Dr. Donald West*

**Research Officer, Society for Psychical Research**

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THE raw material of psychical research is indisputably dull. Long reports of the rambling and often nonsensical sayings of so-called mediums. Endless repetitive accounts of various odd experiences and coincidences. Interminable card-calling and dice-throwing experiments resulting in mountains of figures requiring statistical analysis. All these things would be without any special interest were it not that they hold out the promise of conclusions of immense importance to everyone.

A great many people are attracted to psychical research through an interest in the question of survival, they feel that somehow psychical research will give scientific sanction to their wish for an after-life. It seems to me that such people are wanting to run before they can walk.

Although it cannot settle the survival question, Psychical Research does seem to be leading towards answers of an even more fundamental character. Dr. Rhine has many times expressed the opinion that psychical research will be able to solve a great inconsistency that appears in the philosophy of the modern world.

On the one hand in the sphere of science and reason the *cerebrocentric* view of man is almost unanimously accepted. That is to say, most scientists assume that the mental activity of man is dependent upon activity within the individual brain. Thinking is impossible without brain activity. Human life is ultimately explicable in terms of cerebral mechanisms. Destroy the brain and you destroy forever all possibility of mental life.

Opposed to this theory is the *psychocentric* view of man. This is in essence the theological standpoint according to which man is an immortal soul and the flesh is no more than a secondary accretion. This is a philosophy of dualism, according to which man is split into two parts, mind and body. It is a philosophy

that is especially repugnant to the modern scientist.

According to the orthodox scientist any event in the human organism, an emotional experience for example, has both mental and physical aspects, but this is only because the same event can be looked at in two ways; it is not really a dual event.

In spite of scientific disapproval, the dualistic attitude colors most of our thoughts on everyday matters. Ethics, politics, human relationships generally, all are conducted on a tacitly accepted dualistic philosophy.

Even the scientist does not look upon his friends as cerebrocentric mechanisms; he treats them as persons, each of them having a character and a will of his own. The politician appeals to people's feeling for liberty or fair play, values which have little significance in the cerebrocentric philosophy.

In judgments of right and wrong, in aspirations and goals throughout life, almost everyone allows himself to be guided, not by scientific considerations, but by traditions handed on without question through generations of our culture.

These traditions largely stem from Christianity, which, basing itself upon supposed divine revelation, puts forward an uncompromisingly dualistic conception of man.

Can psychical research decide between these two opposing schemes of thought? Many of the leaders in the field (Sidgwick, Myers, Rhine — to name only a few) have thought that psychic phenomena cannot be fitted in to the cerebrocentric theory. If they are right, then the importance of psychical research can hardly be exaggerated, for it provides the only set of facts so far known to science which are not amenable to a materialistic interpretation.

Let us examine the question in greater detail. The cerebrocentric viewpoint rests ultimately upon the assumptions that all phenomena are physical and that all physical happenings are automatic and inevitable. Whether one regards the physical world in the old-fashioned way, filled with solid billiard ball atoms, or whether one takes the more elegant modern formulae, it amounts to the same thing.

The universe seems to be built up from the haphazard interplay of factors that have no meaning or value in any human sense. According to the cerebrocentric theory, we ourselves, being no more than specimens of brain activity, are included in this blind purposeless physical universe.

That this view is unsatisfying emotionally is no real reason for rejection. We would all like to turn our backs upon the uncomfortable facts of pain, disease and evil, for example. If the evidence for the cerebrocentric theory is strong enough, we must accept it.

Even while accepting the cerebrocentric theory it is still possible to retain some of the outlook which makes life seem worth while. The most real thing for everyone is their personal experience — thoughts and feelings. This experience loses nothing of its importance and wonder whatever proves to be the nature of things in ultimate analysis.

To adopt an analogy, the healing of a wound is no less wonderful when it is known to be due to physicochemical reactions than when it was supposed to be brought about by the intervention of a transcendental "vital principle".

Survival of personality after death would certainly seem impossible on a cerebrocentric theory. Moreover, survival by no means follows as a necessary consequence of the opposing dualistic theories.

Sugar the pill as we may, the cerebrocentric philosophy remains unpalatable. The findings of psychical research suggest that one of the assumptions upon which it is based is false. It can no longer be asserted dogmatically that all phenomena are physical. The facts of extra-sensory perception show that there are some phenomena at least which, even if they are ultimately physical, are at any rate not encompassed by known physical laws.

Extra-sensory perception has been shown capable of passing all known physical barriers. Not only can it bridge enormous distances, it can also span gaps in time and look into the future. Extra-sensory perception is a human faculty, and these facts suggest that it is some part of the human organism which has these extra-physical properties.

*This is just what the dualists have been claiming for thousands of years.*

The facts of extra-sensory perception revolutionize our thinking on ordinary perception. If it is possible for the mind to apprehend directly the sensory qualities of objects (clairvoyance) what is the use of our sense organs? An answer that has several times been suggested by philosophers is that the purpose of our sense organs is to select a particular area for intensive observation, a sort of elaborate focusing device. Without this safety device the mind might be swamped by an infinite number of impressions.

Precognition is a still more revolutionary conception. In some experiments subjects have predicted what will be the order of a pack of cards after it has been mechanically shuffled. The behaviour of these subjects when they are writing down their predictions is apparently being influenced by something which has not yet happened; in other words the effect has preceded the cause.

This extraordinary finding contradicts one of the most fundamental assumptions upon which all our thinking is based. If event B follows event A common sense assumes that event B is caused by the influence

of event A. Now we must ask whether A is also influenced by B? This has often seemed to be the case in the apparently purposive changes of evolutionary development but hitherto this would have been put down as an illusory effect due to natural selection.

While there is no doubt that great possibilities have been opened up by the discoveries of psychical research, it must be admitted that so far little has been done in the way of determined exploitation. The investigation is as yet in its infancy.

We can only define extra-sensory perception in a negative way as something non-physical, but this tells us nothing of its characteristics and we are likewise ignorant of how it works. No one knows why extra-sensory perception works on some occasions and not on others; why on rare occasions it is almost 100 per cent accurate, but is usually so grossly inaccurate as to require statistics to differentiate it from haphazard guessing.

These are pressing problems of research, but progress is terribly slow. In this country, for example, there is little university work in the field, and experiments are left in the hands of only a few men who must finance their own investigations.

## PUSHING MAN BACK 100,000 YEARS

THE history of man has been pushed backward tens of thousands of years by recent excavations in Iraq. American archeologists have been digging at Jarmu, 25 miles east of the oil center of Kirkuk. Dr. Naji Al-Asil, director-general of the Iraq Department of Antiquities, says that the digging has uncovered definite evidence of a beginning of human culture in Iraq.

The Tigris and Euphrates river basins were the birthplace of several ancient civilizations during the 5,000 to 6,000 years of recorded history. The new find would link Iraq with the prehistoric interglacial period.

Jarmu is possibly the oldest settlement yet found — one in which men first began to settle in villages and raise crops. The area is at the foot of the Kurdish mountains in northern Iraq and must have been inhabited in a time when there were many streams and much wild game, with nearby caves for shelter. It was a food gathering place — not a food production place at first. Its importance also stems from estimates that human evidences found there are 100,000 years old.

# YMA SUMAC . . . the

## From the high Andes of Peru has come a young girl to sing ancient Inca music for the whole world.

*Famed descendant of Atahualpa is only five feet, one inch tall, yet has tremendous voice. She is shown in modern dress with her husband, Moises Vivanco.*



# VOICE OF THE INCAS

*By Ray Palmer and Jack Ross*

THEY have said she was born in Brooklyn. They have also said she was born in the village of Ichocan, 16,000 feet high in the Andes of Peru.

They call her Yma Sumac, but they have also said that her name is Imma Summack, and Emperatriz Chavarri, and Amy Camus.

The official story is that she is an Inca princess, direct descendant of Atahualpa. Yet she speaks good English, with only mild traces of a Spanish accent.

To those who doubt the official story, there is in the files of the Peruvian consul in New York, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, an affidavit bearing the great seal of Peru which reads:

"*I hereby certify that to the best of my knowledge, and in accordance with the assertions of authorities on the history of the Incas and on Peruvian history in general, whose names will be furnished upon request, Imma Summack is a descendant of the Inca, Atahualpa, her mother having been Donna Emilia Atahualpa, direct descendant of the last Inca Emperor of Peru. Signed: Jose Varela y Aria, Consul General del Peru, May 23, 1946.*"

Whichever of these stories is true there can be no doubt of this: Yma Sumac has the most amazing singing voice of our time. They say "that she has a panther and a nightingale in her throat."

"There is no voice like it in the world of music today," says Critic Glenn Dillard Gunn of the Washington Times-Herald. "Her voice has a greater range than any female voice of concert or opera. It soars into the acoustic stratosphere, or it plumbs the sub-contralto depth of pitch with equal ease. Such voices happen only once in a generation."

Jarmila Novotna, the Metropolitan Opera Company's great soprano, called Yma Sumac's voice "about the most exciting I've ever heard." Ezio Pinza, amazed at her range, warned her to take care of her voice. One critic said, "Her voice is that of birds and of the earthquake."

According to the official story, here is how Yma Sumac was discovered . . .

Sixteen thousand feet above the sea, in the village of Ichocan in the Andes of Peru, the annual festival to the sun god was in progress. Suddenly a pause came in the impressive ceremonies as the 30,000 Indians fell silent in anticipation of the most exciting event of the festival, the advent of the *taita inty*, virgin of the sun god.

On the still mountain air came a voice, a woman's voice, chanting the traditional Inca Hymn to the Sun, forbidden music which dates back hundreds of years. As though from another world the thrilling tones of her voice rang through the air, and as each note struck upon the ears of the gathered Indians, more and more excitement overcame them; for here, before them, was the miracle their prophets had promised for centuries — here before them was the "voice of the earthquake," incarnate in the body of the most beautiful woman in all the Andes, directly descended from Atahualpa, last of the Inca kings!

As the weird and mysterious chanting of the Inca Hymn came to an end, a roar rose from the crowd. "The Chosen Maiden!" they were screaming; raised to a high pitch of ecstacy by the voice they had just heard, an unbelievable voice, an impossible voice, the like of which exists nowhere else on earth today. "The chosen maiden of the sun! Sing to us the *Accla Taqui!*"

And sing she did; the chant of the Chosen Maidens. As the incredible notes fell upon their ears, reaching from a depth as rich and throaty as a French Horn to notes so pure and high that a flute would have fallen silent at its failure to compete, the madness in the Indians grew to an obsession. In that moment, this beautiful woman singing before them was transformed into the "bird who became a woman," and assumed an almost deified position in the land of the Incas.

Then she sang the *Tumpa*, song of the earthquake, and the Indians stamped on the ground and danced in time to the beat of its savage rhythm. They whirled into a frenzy to the words of the *Wayra*, dance of the winds. Then, when they had fallen, exhausted, there fell upon their ears the incredibly beautiful song known as the *Xtabay*, lure of the unknown love.

The Incas have an ancient legend:

*The Xtabay is the most elusive of all women. You seek her in your flight of desire and think of her as beautiful as the morning sun touching the highest mountain peak. Her voice calls to you in every whisper of the wind. The lure of her unknown love becomes ever stronger, and a virgin who might have consumed your nights with tender caresses now seems less than the dry leaves of winter. For you follow the call of the Xtabay . . . though you walk alone through all your days.*

As the sweet echoes of the last note of the *Xtabay* died away, Yma Sumac, daughter of the Andes, direct descendant of Atahualpa and reincarnation of the fabled voice of the unknown love, had captured the hearts of every one of them.

When news of the miraculous voice of Yma Sumac reached the cities on the plains below the

Andes, her fame began to spread. Stories of her rare talent and exciting beauty reached the ears of officials of the Peruvian government, and an investigation was begun. When the rumors were confirmed, the government decided to bring her down to the coastlands; but, it is said, the decision almost caused an uprising, and great tact was necessary to avert actual bloodshed over the threatened loss of their sacred singer . . .

The official story is that Yma Sumac is only 23. She was born September 10, 1927, in the Quechuan village of Ichocan. Her mother is Imma Summack Emilia Atahualpa, a full-blooded Quechua. Her father is Sixto Chavarri del Castillo, part Spanish and part Indian. She was brought up as a Quechuan.

Her mother is a direct descendant of Atahualpa. According to her biographers, Yma was the youngest of six children, and Inca descent is passed through the youngest child, on the theory that such a child benefits from the experience and wisdom of her elders in the family. If this is true, she is revered as a royal princess and even a spiritual leader of the Quechuas.

In June, 1941, Yma was brought down from the mountains and, at the age of only 13, was starred at a festival in the Pampa de Amancaes, a natural amphitheater on the outskirts of the capital city of Lima.

At the Lima concert Yma and her mother met the man who is now Yma's husband. He is Moises Vivanco, a composer who is himself half Quechua and half Spanish. Vivanco then was manager of a company of 46 Indian dancers, singers and musicians. He wanted Yma to become a member of the troupe but Yma's mother refused.

Yma secretly rehearsed with Vivanco's company, however. She made a radio debut in 1942 and was an overnight sensation. Her mother objected strongly but the rest of the family, including her father, favored her career and her mother finally agreed. On June 6, 1942, at the age of 14, she married Vivanco.

He took her on tour with his company to Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City, and other places in South and Central America. She made movies in Argentina and recordings in other Latin American countries.

Her biographers assure us that the late Grace Moore, who was killed in an airplane crash in Europe, offered to sponsor Yma's appearance in the United States. She had heard Yma sing in Lima in 1941 and was deeply impressed. The war stopped this plan but the Indian girl and her husband came anyway, bringing with them Yma's cousin, Cholita Rivero.

She studied for four years here while her husband perfected his arrangements of native Peruvian music. They were heard by thou-

sands but Yma's fame in this country really started when Capital Records brought out her album, "Voice of the Xtabay." Yma won high praise for her Hollywood Bowl performance August 12, 1950, and her success was assured.

This controversial figure has a magnificent voice with an unprecedented range of four octaves. Two octaves is the range for a normal human voice, and some say that Yma really has a five-octave range!

She is a small woman, only five feet, one inch tall, weighing 110 pounds. Yet from this tiny figure issues a tremendous voice. The air is thin at 16,000 feet, and Yma's great voice was strengthened by the tremendous lung capacity that alpine dwellers must develop. She is full-bosomed, with long black hair which hangs in heavy braids 27 inches down her back. Her eyes are dark, her gaze slumbrous.

Yma specializes in songs of her native Quechuas. She sings the *Choladas*, dance of the moon festival, and the *Ataypura*, song of the High Andes. Her *Accla Taqui* (Chant of the Chosen Maidens) tells about the decision of the virgins of the sun, who have served as novices in the sun temple for three years, dressed in white with garlands of gold on their heads. Now is the time when they must make up their minds whether they wish to remain virgins of the sun for the rest of their lives or receive husbands.

An exotic twist to the Sumac story can be obtained by those who own her records and wish to experiment with varying the speed at which they are played. At 78 revolutions per minute, the listener to her *monos* is staggered by the resemblance of her voice to the language of monkeys. Effects of playing *Xtabay* at above normal speed are indescribable — unlike anything you've heard before.

But aside from her novelties and the showmanship of her entourage, and aside from the claims made for her origins which are so fantastic as to seem almost unbelievable, her voice is the most absorbing the modern world has seen. Hers may well indeed be the reincarnated "voice of the Xtabay."

## PSYCHIC EVIDENCE

Now *the evidence for psychical phenomena is very much stronger than the evidence for the Resurrection, and it is indeed quaintly inconsistent to accept the evidence for miracles which occurred 1900 years ago before an uneducated and unscientific audience and to refuse to believe in similar occurrences carried through in recent years under the most rigid of test conditions.*" — from "Many Mansions" by Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding.

# DREAM THAT PAID OFF

*By Philip Bartholomew*

**Dorcie Calhoun kept dreaming there was gas on his old worn out farm, but everybody in Renovo just laughed.**

IN 1949, Renovo, Penn., was a dreamy, dying, ghost town on the west branch of the Susquehanna River. In 1900 it had boasted a population of about 4,500 inhabitants but by 1949 there was no housing shortage as a third of the population had drifted away. The town is situated in an idyllic valley, surrounded by high hills, about 28 miles west of Lock Haven, on Highway 120 en route to Olean, N. Y.

Renovo residents have made their living in recent years by catering to visiting sportsmen or by working in the railroad shops which can support only a fraction of the population. The nearby farms are worn out.

Dorcie Calhoun lived on one of the worn-out farms near Renovo. He dreamed too. One of his dreams repeated itself and was extremely vivid. Freudian psychoanalysts ascribe great importance to repeating dreams but Dorcie's dream did not unravel a complex. Clairvoyantly, it told him that there was natural gas underlying the nearby hills. It showed him where to drill. Calhoun's dream was so persistent that eventually he impressed others with it and at last a small company was organized among the local people.

After the equipment arrived the trucks got stuck in the mud on Dorcie's farm and couldn't get to the drilling site which Dorcie's dream had indicated. Finally, at Dorcie's suggestion, it was decided to drill where the trucks and equipment were stuck.

The town skeptics laughed but the well almost blew its top when it did come in. Then in some way the gas became ignited. It burned for four days before experts could control the pillar of fire.

This all happened in January, 1950. Now there are nearly 100 wells in the Renovo area, tapping the largest gas field in Pennsylvania.

Dorcie Calhoun is now on the way to becoming a capitalist. Original investors have seen their investment increase by 3,000 per cent and the end is not yet. The little town of 3,000 inhabitants has doubled in size.

All this because Dorcie Calhoun believed in his dream, and so did his neighbors. So do the skeptics, and so does Pennsylvania — now.

# WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MARY CELESTE?



**They found her sailing along in mid-ocean—no one aboard.**

*By Henry S. Galus*

On the afternoon of December 4, 1872, the British brigantine *Dei Gratia* made a queer discovery about 300 miles off the Portuguese coast that soon tangled seamen, courts and researchers in the hottest controversy in nautical history.

Mate Oliver Deveau had raised his glass to scan the windward and saw a vessel under short sail plowing directly toward him. Deveau notified Capt. David R. Morehouse of it and the skipper "spoke" the craft in greeting. There was no reply. Sensing some tragedy, Morehouse went abreast the brig to lend possible aid. Nothing stirred on her deck. Yet this brig had been holding a course as if guided by the skill of a salty helmsman!

Deveau boarded the craft with two hands. Official records reveal the baffling sight in his own words: "I found no one on board—I found 3½ feet of water in the pumps — fore hatch and lazarette hatch both off — binnacle stove in — skylight of the cabin was open and raised — the compass in the bin-

nacle was destroyed. All the captain's effects had been left—I mean his clothing, furniture, etc. I found the log book in the mate's cabin on his desk.

"There seemed to be everything left behind in the cabin as if left in a hurry, but everything in its place. I noticed the impression in the captain's bed as of a child having lain there."

Nine days later at Gibraltar, Deveau swung the ghostship into port with the idea of collecting salvage money for the 1,700 barrels of alcohol under her hatches. But the destiny of the *Mary Celeste* was more complicated than that. The marshal of the Vice Admiralty Court put the brig under arrest. The queen's proctor, Frederick S. Flood, asserted that a crew just didn't leave a ship with $80,000 worth of alcohol to risk their necks on a directionless ocean joy ride. What had Deveau done with the missing crew?

The *Dei Gratia* had also pulled into port. Flood turned suspicious glances toward its hands. Clearly, he was determined to find evidence of crime. He entered the *Mary Celeste's* cabin, and his eyes snapped when he uncovered an old Italian sword under the captain's berth. Flood scrutinized the deck — and found the stains he expected! Dr. J. Patron was summoned to make a chemical test.

"No," he told Flood, "these are not bloodstains."

John Austin, ship surveyor and diver, next examined the brig's underside. He came up dripping to report that there was no indication that the brig had struck anything — like a reef — which might have caused the crew, fearful of being trapped aboard, to abandon the ship.

Then why had the *Mary Celeste* been abandoned? It was learned her master had been Capt. Benjamin S. Briggs. Nine others accompanied him, including his wife and daughter Sophy. Surely Briggs, an old seamaster, would have done nothing to endanger his family. The destroyed compass was a clue — but there was no further evidence of violence. Superstitious seamen predicted: "You'll never find the answer. An unworldly power cleared the brig's deck." The tribunal scoffed. Ghostships! In the 19th Century?

Lack of evidence now bogged down the court's hearing of the *Dei Gratia's* salvage claims. Meanwhile, as news of the riddle boiled in the world press amazing background facts came to light. Rumor stated that the current tragedy was only a continuation of the misfortunes that dogged the brig since she was first launched in Nova Scotia. Whoever had touched her suffered disappointments, financial losses or worse.

As the *Amazon* in 1861, the 206-ton brig made her maiden voyage under Capt. Robert McLellan. He

took sick while plying the Bay of Fundy. Ashore days later, he died. John N. Parker, the next skipper, was only mildly successful with his trips. The owners replaced him with William Thompson. Promptly, the brig cracked up on Cape Breton Island. This broke her owners. Salvors seized the vessel. John Howard Beatty bought and lost her quickly, for as the *Sackville Tribune* of New Brunswick reported, the *Amazon* piled up on the Maine coast.

As a condemned hulk she was auctioned off at New York. On November 12, 1868, Richard W. Haines paid $1,750 for her and it was he who named her *Mary Celeste.* Scarcely 10 months later he forfeited the brig for debt. James H. Winchester, her newest proprietor, put the blame for his poor profits on a swift succession of skippers; however, not until the middle of 1872 did a serious misfortune befall him. A Boston marshal charged Winchester with fraudulent ownership. The *Mary Celeste* was immediately bonded for $2,600.

Reeling under this blow, Winchester was ready to let the bedeviled craft go but the court settled in his favor. During ensuing repairs, the ill-fated Benjamin S. Briggs reduced Winchester's costs by purchasing a third interest. And the captain's wife, Sarah, penned these final words to her mother-in-law, on November 7, 1872, off Staten Island:

"Benjie thinks we have a pretty peaceable set (crew) this time if they continue as they have begun. Can't tell yet how smart they are."

Had Capt. Briggs conveyed any suspicions of his crew to his wife? Our theory of what happened to the *Mary Celeste's* human cargo with a possible correlation to Sarah's words comes from an English author, Laurence J. Keating. In 1929 his book, *The Great Mary Celeste Hoax,* "exposed the famous sea mystery with ruthless truth." Keating charged that "Mrs. Briggs was the prime irritant on board the *Mary Celeste"; trouble rode most of the voyage; she died and was cast overboard; Capt. Briggs disappeared one night from the brig, apparently murdered while most of the men were drunk. *Lastly, the Dei Gratia had not found the Mary Celeste but a brig named Julia* — and the whole puzzle was the result of a criminal conspiracy between Captains Morehouse and Briggs, which unfortunately cost the latter his life!

More than any other theory to date, this astonishing one from Keating has been shouted down. J. Franklin Briggs, nephew of the lost skipper and now living in New Bedford, Mass., has spent many years trying to disprove both the Keating's claims and other statements he considers a defamation of the innocent dead. In a privately circulated booklet published August 8, 1944, the surviving Briggs

presents a digest of his voluminous investigations which included interviews with H. S. Morehouse, the *Dei Gratia* skipper's son; Winchester Noyes, grandson of Captain Winchester; and Mrs. Alice Melanson, Mate Oliver Deveau's daughter.

Still, the booklet does not solve the riddle. "We may believe," J. F. Briggs concludes, "that the captain became suddenly alarmed (presumably by rough weather), hauled aback the square sails to stop the brig's headway, ordered all hands into the yawl boat, and temporarily left the ship which subsequently gathered way and sailed off."

This view is the simplest explanation. But scores of other solutions have been just as sincerely forwarded. There is the letter Proctor Flood wrote to the London Board of Trade on January 22 or 23, 1873. "My own theory or guess is that the crew got at the alcohol and in the fury of drunkenness murdered the master, his wife, child and the chief mate; that they then damaged the bows of the vessel with the view of giving it the appearance of having struck on rocks . . . so as to induce the Master of any vessel which might pick her up to think her not worth attempting to save; and that they did, sometime between 25 November and 5 December, escape on board some vessel."

This, so closely paralleling Author Keating's accusations, was countered by a Captain Shufeldt, U. S. Navy, who had examined the *Mary Celeste*: "The damage about the bows of the brig appears to me to amount to nothing more than splinters made in the bending of planks . . . neither hurting the ship nor by any possible chance the result of an intention to do so."

In *Yachting* for February, 1940, Dr. Oliver W. Cobb, cousin of Sarah Briggs, wrote "there may have been leakage, and gas may have accumulated in the hold" because of the effects of temperature changes on the alcohol store. Thus, the *Mary Celeste's* master, fearful of an explosion, got his crew off the craft. Cobb feels Briggs used a halliard line to hold to the brig until it was determined safe for a return aboard. "Probably a fresh northerly wind sprang up, filled the square sails — these people were left in an open boat on the ocean."

A sailor named Lund, one of three who sailed the *Mary Celeste* into Gibraltar, claimed that the derelict's "peak halliards were broke and gone." The second seaman, Anderson, saw "ropes hanging over the side." Deveau at the same time testified, "the main peak halliards were broken." He didn't say "gone." Has Dr. Cobb provided the true solution, then?

Several researchers suggested that icebergs threatened the brig and, therefore, the fear-stricken crew took to flight only to become victims of other icebergs. However,

one of the most painstaking historians of the enigma is Charles Edey Fay, who now lives at Lake Worth, Fla. He went directly to the Navy Department to ask whether icebergs were common in the part of the ocean where the ghostship was picked up. On December 7, 1940, the Hydrographic Office told him,

"As to the possibility of icebergs being found in the locality — that is highly improbable, due to the long drift through comparatively warm water necessary for any ice to reach this vicinity. However, small pieces of ice have been sighted exceptionally far south as follows: (dates ensue here, up to 1934)."

Another of the more popular assumptions saw Captain Briggs and his crew fall prey to merciless pirates. On this one, too, Fay sought government information. A letter dated January 15, 1941, came from the National Archives: "— concerning the possibility of pirates — records do not reveal that any piratical operations took place as late as 1872 between the Azores and the coast of Portugal."

A swirling flood of conjectures continued to pour forth as to the fate of Captain Briggs and his men and women. Was J. L. Hornibrook any nearer the facts in *Chamber's Journal,* September 17, 1904? "Suddenly a huge octopus rises from the deep, encircles the helmsman. His yells bring every soul rushing on deck. One by one they are caught by the waving, wriggling arms. Then frightened with its living load, the monster slowly sinks into the deep, leaving no trace of its attack."

Or do you prefer the story from the *Washington Post,* December 19, 1931, quoting a feature published earlier in the *London Daily Express?* An R. E. Greenbough found a document in a floating bottle which told of the crew being kidnaped from the *Marie Celeste* by an undisclosed ship. Kathleen Woodward wrote in the *New York Times Magazine,* October 12, 1924: A man referred to as Triggs, a bos'n's mate on the *Mary Celeste,* quoted as charging Captain Briggs and crew abandoned the brig, boarded a derelict steamer, broke open its safe, stole gold, fled and arrived with a misleading tale at Cadiz.

In the *British Quarterly Review,* July, 1931, there appeared a story by Harold T. Wilkins: the *Dei Gratia,* on a predatory mission, purposely waited in the middle of the ocean for the brig, somehow induced the crew to come aboard, slaughtered all hands. In *Nautical Magazine,* July, 1922, D. G. Ball tried to wash the log page clean once and for all: "the whole story is just a myth without any foundation of fact." He assured his readers that no such ship had ever existed. He regretted that he must divulge this truth for the controversy fascinated him.

This last is the only theory this article disputes — all others are left to the reader's consideration. That the *Mary Celeste* did exist is proven by subsequently recorded voyages after her release March 10, 1873, by the Gibraltar court, and by the court records themselves.

Capt. George W. Blatchford, of Wrentham, Mass., finally delivered her alcohol cargo to Genoa, then sailed to Boston. "When she arrived," related Winchester, her owner, "a great many people come to look at her, but as soon as they found out her history they would not touch her."

Those who believed an ominous fate still pursued her soon were presented with a convincing sequel. Here are the actual incidents that followed:

Winchester refused to gamble further on the brig. He managed to get rid of her at an $8,000 loss. The succeeding owner, Capt. David Cartwright, according to the *New York World,* January 24, 1886, "sent her to Montevideo with a cargo of lumber. She arrived there minus her deck load, and minus spars and sails. There the captain got a charter to carry horses. The few horses delivered alive were too ill to be worth anything. (Her skipper) Edgar M. Tuthill obtained a charter to bring freight from Calcutta. On the passage home he was taken sick and in St. Helena, three weeks later, he died. We next sent her to Africa. She lost $1,000."

But the end was near. The *Mary Celeste's* last proprietor, Wesley A. Gove, signed Capt. Gilman E. Parker and loaded her with assorted cargo for Port-au-Prince, Haiti. The various shippers first took out insurance for $25,000 — and on January 3, 1885, the drunken Parker staggered up to the helmsman, pointing to a clearly visible coral reef.

"Steer hard for her, m'hearty, and do the job real good."

The brig crunched viciously, and the grinning skipper shouted all hands below for a lusty drink session, after which all rowed ashore.

In Haiti someone talked. The plot failed when the insurance companies dug up enough evidence to indict the bribing shippers. At the trial in Boston the shippers admitted guilt. Parker escaped conviction as the judge ordered a new trial on the charge of barratry.

Perhaps the last echo of the *Mary Celeste's* evil fate intervened to cheat justice. For within three months Parker died. Six months later his mate was dead. *All* the conspiring firms by this time had been bankrupted and one of their members committed suicide.

Thus the log book of the most ill-fated brig in history was closed forever.



Svenska Portratiarkivet

21-year-old Desireé Clary became a queen instead of an empress, thus fulfilling one of the most amazing predictions of all time.

# You will become a Queen

*By Albert A. Brandt*

ONE of the most amazingly accurate predictions on record was made in the year 1794. It contained nine details, every one of which was fulfilled. The seer was the world-famous Parisian clairvoyant Anne-Marie Lenormard.

Mademoiselle Lenormard lived in a decrepit old house at 53 Rue Tournon. On its wall was the deliberately misleading sign "Bookseller." But to that house came clients from every walk of life — noblemen, statesmen, merchants, unhappy husbands and wives, artisans and laborers — for Mademoiselle Lenormard charged only what each customer could afford, and she had an enviable reputation for accuracy.

Her client now was an attractive 21-year-old girl from Marseilles named Desireé Clary. Desireé was weeping because she had just been jilted by a young general in the Revolutionary Army named Napoleon Bonaparte.

"You have lost the man you love," Mademoiselle Lenormard told the girl gently. "He will marry an older woman from a far-away country. With her at his side he will become Emperor of France. He will conquer Europe. But do not grieve too deeply. You yourself will become a queen, and you will rule for many years after the man who jilted you has been defeated and dethroned."

Sitting opposite the great clairvoyant Desireé Clary burst into hysterical laughter. It was all ridiculous, impossible nonsense — she thought. France was a Republic; how could young Napoleon become emperor? How could a poor, bourgeois girl become a queen?

That night, she wrote the prophecy into her diary and almost forgot about it.

Desireé Clary was the younger daughter of a wealthy silk merchant who had lost his life and his property in the Revolution. To the great relief of her mother, her sister Julie — described as having been "highly intelligent, but unattractive" — had met and married a war commissioner named Joseph Bonaparte.

To the Marseilles home of Joseph and Julie Bonaparte came young Napoleon. He was then in his early twenties — a short, haggard, sallow-faced man with atrocious manners, slovenly attire — and not a sou in his pockets. Though he had served as a second lieutenant in the artillery he was without a job for the government had shelved him because of his "overweening ambition".

Napoleon fell in love with Desireé and wooed her impetuously. He showered her with burning letters and even wrote a mawkish novel, titled *Eugenie et Clisson,* which was really an outpouring of his love for her. Because of his poor prospects Desireé — guided by her practical mother — did not respond too enthusiastically to his proposals. Finally Napoleon went off to Paris in search of a job that would provide him with the wherewithal to support a wife.

From Paris he continued to bombard Desireé with letters. Touched by this devotion she became more and more affectionate in her replies but she was still careful to avoid making definite wedding plans. All their friends, by this time took it for granted that sooner or later Desireé Clary and Napoleon Bonaparte would be married.

Then for Napoleon the Wheel of Fortune turned with amazing rapidity. The Army of the Interior

needed an able commander and he got the post. By the time he was 25 he was a general — the youngest general in the Army. He had defeated the British at Toulon and saved that city for France. On his general's pay he could now afford an elegant apartment. Beautiful women pursued him. His letters to Desireé became shorter and fewer.

The reason for Napoleon's change of heart was a tawny skinned, voluptuous Creole named Josephine Beauharnais. Josephine was a widow with two children; she was at least five years older than Napoleon, but she was a woman of great vitality and charm, and the art of love was one of her talents. Two weeks after their first meeting she became Napoleon's mistress.

In Marseilles the uneasy Desireé talked over the situation with her mother who recommended a trip to Paris and a heart-to-heart talk with Napoleon. But when she arrived in Paris Desireé first visited Mademoiselle Lenormard, of whom Napoleon himself had spoken highly.

Following her visit to the "Sibyl of Paris" Desireé went straight home to Marseilles without even seeing Napoleon. Their correspondence dwindled and stopped, and on March 9, 1796, Napoleon married Josephine. She was not a native Frenchwoman, having been born on the island of Martinique.

Sympathizing with Desireé, Joseph and Julie Bonaparte invited her to many parties at their home and there she met handsome, dashing General Jean Baptiste Bernadotte. After a short, whirlwind courtship, Bernadotte and Desireé were married, on June 24, 1798.

If Desireé thought at all about Mademoiselle Lenormard's fantastic prophecy at this period of her life it could only have been with amusement. Bernadotte had come from humble peasant stock; she was a silk merchant's daughter. Neither was a likely candidate for a throne.

But Fate moved inexorably forward. Napoleon conquered Europe. On May 18, 1804, he was crowned Emperor Napoleon I of France. At his side sat the "older woman from a far-away country" — Josephine from Martinique.

By then Jean Baptiste Bernadotte was a Field Marshal of Napoleon's Imperial Army. Despite his military profession he was a gentle, kindly man and a good administrator. Appointed governor of Pomerania by Napoleon he soon gained the respect and affection of the conquered people.

In Sweden, King Charles XIII was growing old. Lacking children of his own he offered the Swedish crown to Bernadotte, who accepted after obtaining Napoleon's consent.

On August 21, 1810, Bernadotte, now Crown Prince Charles-John of Sweden, assumed his new duties as heir-apparent to the Swedish

throne. Upon the death of Charles XIII he became king and Desireé was crowned Queen Desideria of Sweden. Ever since Sweden has been ruled by the descendants of the French peasant-soldier and silk merchant's daughter.

Ironically Sweden was one of the coalition of nations which eventually smashed Napoleon. Bernadotte himself fought against his former emperor.

As every schoolboy knows, Napoleon abdicated his throne after his defeat at the Battle of Waterloo on June 18, 1815. He was exiled to the lonely island of St. Helena where he died in 1821. Desireé, the silk merchant's daughter he had jilted, survived him by four decades. History notes that Queen Desideria of Sweden — "beloved by all her people" — died at the ripe old age of 87, in the year 1860.

The nine-fold prophecy of Mademoiselle Lenormard was fulfilled.

## THE MISSING STEAMBOAT

ONE sunny day in 1885 the stern-wheeler Iron Mountain, built at Freedom, Pa., in 1872 by Gray's Iron Line, stopped at Vicksburg, Miss., for stores. She was upbound from New Orleans, and her wheel thrashed the muddied waters, impatient to get away and continue her tow. The Iron Mountain was a powerful boat, 181 feet long and 35 feet wide, with five boilers.

She backed away from the dock, pointed her nose and her tow barges upstream and disappeared around the bend. She was never seen again.

An upbound steamer from New Orleans sighted a fleet of runaway barges drifting down the river with no one aboard sometime later. That was the only clue that something had happened to the Iron Mountain. The tow lines on the drifting barges appeared to have been chopped loose with axes — something that is often done when the crew sees their craft is heading for trouble.

But what the trouble was, or what became of the Iron Mountain, no man will ever know. It remains a mystery of the river.

## A MEETING OF KINGS

IN London recently a bicycle driven by Louis King and a bus driven by James Victor King collided. The name of the traffic policeman who recorded the accident was Albert King.

**The priests pray, the rattlesnakes**

# RAIN from

**bite, the Indians dance, and then rains come to the desert.**



*"Smoki" dancers are white men who imitate Hopi snake dancers. Hopis no longer permit photographers at ceremony.*

By O. E. Singer

*Photographs by Acme*

ONCE each year, in the Land of the Painted Desert of the vast Hopi Indian Reservation in North Central Arizona, the priests of the Snake and Antelope Clans emerge in full costume from the secret depths of their cellar-like underground kivas — and, with deadly venomous rattlesnakes dangling from hand and mouth, perform on the village plaza the most weird, exciting and spectacular dance of any North American Indian.

The Snake Dance climaxes nine days of secret rites paying homage to the Hopi Snake Brothers of the Underworld, nine days of fervent supplications and prayers for rain, that scorched and dying cornfields and pumpkin patches be revived, that water holes be filled.

Although the Hopi Indian regards the snakes with brotherly love, fondling them with reverence and without fear, he does not worship the reptiles nor does he make his prayers direct to them. The snakes are messengers only, carrying the Hopis' prayers to the Rain God and the Great Plumed Water Serpent, who by legend live in the darkness of the Underworld.

Strange as it may seem — so successful are the reptiles as messengers that visitors are frequently caught in cloudbursts that turn the roads leading from the reservation into muddy bogs!

Modern man boasts of his ability to milk the towering cumulus with chemicals and dry ice seeding. But the Hopi Snake and Antelope priests have practiced the magic art of rainmaking since the time of the Ancients, and will have none of the White Man's silver-winged "rainmaker." In fact, the white rainmaker has been given stern

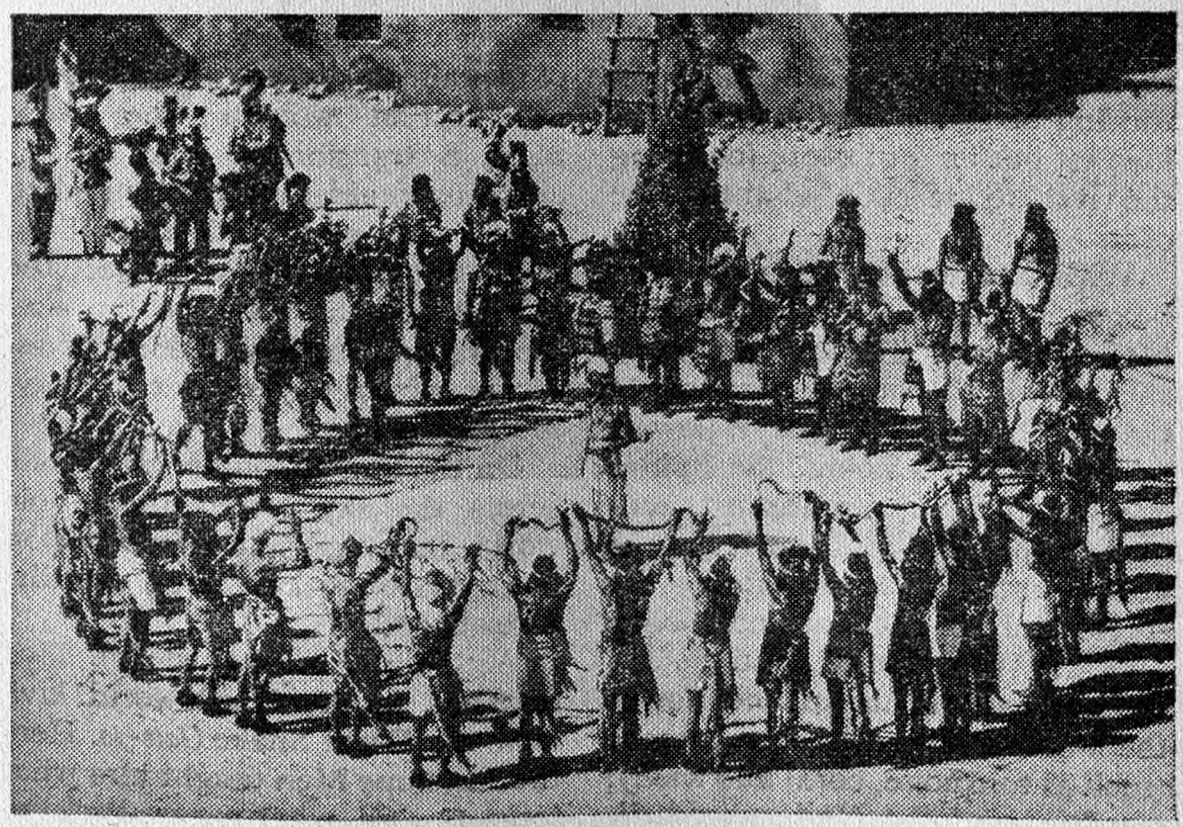
# the HOPI SNAKE DANCE

warning to keep his distance from the land of the Hopi.

As in 1540, when first discovered by the Spaniards, the Hopi Indians live in pueblo villages perched high on three separate windswept desert plateaus known as First, Second, and Third Mesa.

First Mesa consists of the villages of Hano, Sichomovi, and Walpi. On Second Mesa are Mishnonghovi, Shipaulovi, and Shumopavi. Third Mesa includes the ancient villages of Orabi, Hotevilla, and Bacabi. This industrious, agricultural people have their flocks and fields at the foot of the mesas on the desert floor.

They never forget that the earth without water is barren. Their smallest act of planting, watering, reaping, contains a prayer and a



*Climax of Hopi snake dance comes when priests, holding aloft live, writhing snakes, form their final circle before dispatching their "little brothers" to pray to rain gods.*

ritual of praise. The Snake Dance brings to a grand finale a series of elaborate and beautiful Hopi ceremonies and tribal dances. The basis of all are petitions to the divinities for rain, bountiful harvests, and for creation of life.

The Snake Dance is a religious ceremonial given solely to rainmaking. It is the dramatization of an ancient, half-mystic, half historic legend dealing with the origin and fusion of the two fraternities, the Snake and Antelope Clans that celebrate it.

The story is of an ancestral Snake Youth, Tiyo. Tiyo, mulling gravely over the fact that the water of the river flowed always in the same direction past his abode without returning or filling up the gorge below, set out on a mission, following the river, to ascertain what became of it.

With him he carried a precious box of fine eagle's down (a gift from his father), and a variety of prayer-sticks (pahos), for presentation to the Spider Woman. Being a powerful supernatural being, the Spider Woman is very important religiously to the Hopi. She helps the good and tricks the evil ones — the Ancient of the Six Cardinal Points — East, West, North, and South; top and bottom or up and down; the woman of the hard substance (such as turquoise, coral and shell); the Sun, and the Underworld divinity who makes all the germs of life.

Upon receipt of the youth Tiyo's gifts the Spider Woman, being now kindly disposed and gracious, became his guide and counselor. She prepared a liquid potion to be taken by mouth and spurted upon angry beasts and snakes for their pacification. Then, perching herself invisibly upon the youth Tiyo's ear, they plunged through the *sipapu*, the hole leading to the darkness of the Underworld.

There, following wisps of eagle's down, they journeyed from place to place — passing safely the Great Snake, *Gato-ya*, and savage, wild beast sentinels.

On their way they visited *Hi-Canavaiya* who determines the path of the rain clouds, and *Hi-zriingwikti*, the ancient woman who every night is transformed into an enchanting maiden. They paused to have a chat with *Ta-Wa*, the Sun, and went with him to inspect the place where he rises, on the way meeting and receiving friendly assurances from the creative divinity, *Muiyingwuh*.

On the Sun's shoulder Tiyo rode across the sky seeing the whole world, learning that the possession most dearly to be prized was the Rain Cloud.

With this great knowledge Tiyo returned to the Underworld kiva near the Great Snake *Gato-ya*. Here the Antelope Men taught him what songs to sing, what prayer-sticks to fashion, and how to paint his body that the Rain Cloud might come.

The chief presented to him many important gifts, among them two maidens learned in the charm for preventing death from the bite of the rattlesnake.

These two maidens Tiyo took home. One he gave to his younger brother, the other he kept for himself. The two youthful couples set up housekeeping in separate kivas.

That night low clouds trailed over the village, and Snake people from the Underworld came from them and went into the kivas. On the following morning they were found in the valleys transformed into reptiles of all kinds and sizes.

This phenomenon occurred four days in succession. Then, on the ninth morning, the Snake Maidens said, "We understand this: Let the younger brothers (of the Snake and Antelope Clans) go out and bring them all in (the reptiles) and wash their heads, and let them dance with you."

This was done and prayer-meal (cornmeal) was sprinkled upon them and they were carried back to the Snake kiva of the Underworld, bearing the petitions of all the Hopi people.

The dramatization of this historic legend is a religious ceremonial of appeasement, an honoring of the Gods of the Rain Cloud, of Lightning, and of Fertility.

Today preparations for the reenactment of this ancient legend are begun months before the rites are performed with the planting in the "Plot of the Gods" of the corn for the sacred cornmeal to be used to sprinkle the snakes.

Corn is Life and All Good Things to the Hopi, thus sacred cornmeal, "prayer-meal," is used in all their ceremonials. The ritual of sprinkling signifies "a blessing."

The corn used in the sprinkling of the snakes is planted and cultivated under the direction of the priests of the Snake Society, to be harvested at a designated time according to "signs of the Gods." Each village has its own sacred plot and the harvested corn is kept in the Snake kiva throughout the winter. Chants, songs and prayers are offered over it.

The grinding of the corn for the sacred cornmeal is done by women members of the Snake Clan, to the accompaniment of songs and chants. To give it added potency, pollen is mixed with the corn meal to be used in sprinkling the snakes. The remainder is used in baking Hopi *piki* bread — the only food consumed by the Snake priests during the entire nine-day ceremonial.

*Piki* bread is very tasty — if you don't mind the sand. It is made by Hopi women who, dipping a hand in a thin salted batter of colored corn meal, smear the palm back and forth over a hot *piki* stone. As the thin film of batter drys and cracks loose from the stone, it is quickly and deftly folded in half and rolled in a scroll.

Given jointly by the priests of the

Snake and Antelope Clans the Snake Dance is announced by criers from the housetops 16 days before the public performance. The exact date, usually between the 20th and 31st of August, is set by the chief priests according to certain phases of the moon, and is held near sunset in the courtyard or plaza of the various villages on the ninth day of the ceremonial. At just what stage the moon is right remains the Hopis' secret.

This strange and fascinating ceremonial dance is held in odd years at the villages Hano, Sichomovi and Walpi on First Mesa. On even years at the villages of Shumopavi and Shipaulovi on Second Mesa, and Hotevilla on Third Mesa.

A bright vari-colored flag, Na-A-Chi, made of two dyed eagle feathers tied to a stick, flying from the ladder protruding up from the separate underground kivas of the Snake and Antelope Clans, announces that the first day of the nine day ceremonial is in progress below. Placed there by the chiefs of the two participating societies, the flag remains hanging from the upper ends of the ladders until late afternoon of the last day of the sacred rites, when it is taken down just before the public performance on the village plaza. However, the last two days it is more elaborate, having acquired a bow (which is carried all through the dance) of red-stained horsehair along with the feathers.

During the entire nine day period the Snake and Antelope priests may be seen going in and out of their kivas. No costumes are worn during this period before the public performance. Entirely naked, save for a clout, they go about the business of carrying on traditional and sacred rites in their own separate underground kivas.

What weird and fantastic rites are performed in the secret bowels of these underground rooms is not known. No white man has ever been witness and the Hopi keep their secret well.

It is known, however, that on the FIRST DAY the Antelope Chief, in the Antelope kiva, prepares and mixes the bowl of sacred potion (medicine) that will be used throughout the nine day ceremony. Also a beautiful sand painting, symbolic of rain, lightning, and corn, is made on the altar on the kiva floor.

The SECOND DAY is taken up in the making of "bearers of prayers to the Gods." These prayer-sticks, usually made of willow branches to which eagle feathers are attached at the ends, are carved and painted according to the deity to whom the petitions are directed. The prayer-sticks are consecrated by the singing of 16 songs by the Antelope priests around the sand painting on the altar of the kiva.

On the THIRD DAY the Snake priests begin to gather the snakes. After feasting on sacred piki bread

in pairs of two they descend to the desert floor at the foot of the mesa to the "Sacred Quarter of the North." Fanning out in four directions, beating the bush for hidden snakes, each priest carries with him an eagle-feather prayer-whip, bag of sacred cornmeal, and a long forked stick. From 50 to 80 snakes are desired, and each day of the four-day hunt the catch is brought up from the plains to the mesa and deposited in four sacred jars kept in the Snake kiva.

A stubborn snake, refusing to uncoil, is gently stroked on the back of the head until, in an effort to escape the feather whip, he takes off — only to find himself imprisoned by the forked stick. Sprinkled with sacred cornmeal, he is gently lifted by the back of the head and plunged quickly into the stout leather bag hanging from the waist of the snake priest. Here he joins a motley assortment of snake brothers, including the venomous sidewinder, and the diamondback rattlesnake. Should one of the reptiles slither under a pile of rocks or vanish down a convenient hole, the Snake priests do not hesitate to thrust a fearless hand after it.

The FOURTH DAY of the ceremonial is the second day of the hunt. Sunrise sees the Snake priests descending to the desert plains to the "Sacred Quarter of the West."

While the Snake priests carry on the hunt the Antelope Society is busy with elaborate rites conducted in the Antelope kiva. Around the altar there is ceremonial pipe smoking and many prayers are offered over the prayer-sticks. Pipe-smoking is a sacred ritual, and prayers are wafted up by the smoke cloud.

The FIFTH DAY is the third day of the search for snakes. The Snake priests fan out on the plains below the mesa to the "Sacred Quarter of the South," with the Antelope Society still carrying on secret and important ceremonies around the altar in their own kiva.

The SIXTH DAY is the fourth and last day of the gathering of the snakes from the desert plains. The Snake priests search to the "Four Quarters of the East," thus covering in the hunt the four sacred directions.

At the end of the day's activities the dramatization of the legend of the Snake Youth and Snake Maiden takes place for the first time about the altars of the kivas.

The SEVENTH DAY sees the construction of the sand painting about the altar of the Snake kiva. It, like the Antelope sand painting, is symbolic of rain, lightning, and corn.

This day is most important because the sacred snake charm medicine is prepared and mixed. The kiva ceremonies connected with the rites of its mixing are a carefully guarded secret. Closing this ceremony is a vivid dramatization of the Snake Youth and Snake Maiden.

On the EIGHTH DAY the important Antelope race is held just before dawn. All male members of the village are invited to participate.

This ceremonial footrace is symbolic of "a going out to the South to the Rain Cloud, and the bringing in of the rain to the village." Sacred water is carried in gourd bottles to represent rain. At the close of the footrace another elaborate dramatization of the Snake Youth and Snake Maiden takes place about the altar of the Antelope kiva.

In the Snake kiva, the morning is given over to the making and consecrating of prayer-sticks.

In mid-afternoon the *kisi*, a conical structure usually of cedar or cottonwood boughs, is built on the plaza floor. This is to house the snakes used during the public performance. It also affords concealment for the Passer, who hands the snakes to the dancers during the dance. In front of the *kisi* entrance is a board-covered opening, or hole in the ground from which, by legend, it is said that the first human beings came from the darkness of the Underworld onto the earth.

In the late afternoon of this eighth day, the first public rite takes place in the performance of the Antelope Dance on the village plaza. This ceremony, performed by both Snake and Antelope Societies, is a preview of the Snake Dance held on the ninth and final day. While it is interesting and colorful, it is not as spectacular. Cornstalks are used by the dancers instead of snakes.

The women of the village are busy making the "sweet cornmeal pudding" to be used in the feasting at the close of the Snake Dance. This concoction is made from a mixture of cornmeal and sugar. Wrapped in cornshucks, placed in pits over heated rocks and covered by dampened sand, the puddings steam to perfection.

The NINTH and final day, opens at daybreak with a footrace by the Snake Society. As in the Antelope race, all male members of the Snake Clan are invited to participate.

At sunrise two Snake priests, dressed as warriors, go down into the plains below the mesa to a distance of a mile or two. Each warrior carries a bull-roarer, or "whizzer." This is made of sticks, with a windmill-like attachment on the end, and when whirled, gives off a noise like falling rain, symbolic of the Rain Cloud. They also carry a curious shooter of crossed sticks so joined that they may be thrown and will return. This boomerang symbolizes forked lightning.

A messenger, carrying a gourd of sacred water in a net, places prayer-sticks some distance apart. Over these he utters prayers.

As the warrior Snake priests reach the farthest spot the runners, already lined up, start for the village. The first runner who passes

the messenger is given the net containing the gourd of sacred water. He, in turn, passes the gourd to any runner who goes by him.

As the footrunners near the village, naked boys, their bodies fantastically painted, line the mesa trail. They bear freshly cut corn stalks. When the runners have passed the girls of the village snatch the cornstalks, carrying them home to use as house decorations.

The winner of the race receives as a prize the gourd of sacred water and some small token, usually a ring, which he buries in his field to ensure a fine harvest.

At noon the Snake Wash, one of the most important rites held by the Snake Society, takes place about the altar of the Snake kiva. This rite is according to the directions of the Snake Maiden, who in the legend of the Snake Youth and Snake Maiden gave direction: "Take them up (the reptiles) and wash their heads . . ."

This is the only rite performed in the secret depth of the kiva that white men have witnessed; and that prior to 1914. Today, according to Chief Snake Priest Joe Sekakuku, of the village of Shipaulovi, it would be impossible.

The Snake Wash, with slight variations, is conducted as follows: On the floor of the kiva dry sand is spread and on it is placed a medicine bowl of water. The snakes are stowed nearby in sacks, in care of the Snake priests who are seated on stone seats placed about the kiva walls. Each priest holds a feather whip. The Snake Washer, attired as a warrior, is seated before the medicine bowl of suds, while back of him stand two men waving feather whips.

The seated Snake priests, puffing solemnly, hand pipes from one to the other.

To the weird chant of the Snake priests, now low, now high, gradually increasing in volume, the Snake Washer thrusts a hand in the bag and draws out a snake. He plunges the reptile quickly into the medicine bowl of suds and drops it onto the bed of sand. The priests continue their chant and the waving of the feather wands until every snake has been washed.

The snakes, trying to escape, crawl over and under the bare legs of the Snake priests, but are herded back with the feather-whips and clouds of smoke from the pipes. At last, bewildered and frustrated, the snakes huddle together in the small space allotted to them, their red, darting tongues flickering constantly.

The snakes are left on the kiva floor until just before the public dance on the village plaza. They are watched over and cared for by entirely naked boys who, with feathered whips, keep herd on the writhing mass. They play with the snakes, allowing them to crawl over and under their bare legs, tossing

them about. These are the boys who will someday become Snake priests.

As late afternoon approaches on the ninth day, crowds of visitors, including scientists, doctors, and students from all over the world, gather about the village plaza.

The Hopi Snake Dance is a sacred religious ceremony and no frivolity is allowed. Noise of any kind is prohibited. Cameras must be left behind, or they may be snatched and smashed. The ban on picture taking was established by the Snake and Antelope Societies in 1914.

The air of festivity is heightened by the colorful dress of the Hopi in native costume of black woven cloth with red-bordered design, white leggings and bright scarves.

The sun bears down from a brassy sky, hot, intense. Heat waves shimmer and dance on the dry desert sands that stretch away unobstructed to a purple ridge against the far horizon.

The sacred snakes, in sacks, have been brought up from the Snake kiva and placed in the *kisi*, where the Passer is concealed.

All eyes are upon the Na-A-Chis that flutter gently in a vagrant breeze atop the ladder ends above the Snake and Antelope kivas. Soon now, soon they will come. . . .

Suddenly, up the ladder of the Antelope kiva thrusts a feathered headdress.

The flag is taken down. This is the signal that the dance is about to begin. Up out of the kiva file the Antelope priests attired in feathered headdresses, woven loin cloths with vari-colored fringed edges and bandolier of antelope skin. They wear necklaces of silver, beads and shell, earrings of turquoise, and armlets and anklets of tortoise shell. Their chins are painted black with a wide swath of white about the mouth extending outward across the face — symbolic of the mouth of the snake. Each priest carries a gourd rattle.

The lead or high priest bears a stone bowl of sacred water with which he purifies the plaza floor by sprinkling the water from the bowl with an eagle feather prayer-stick.

This rite is said to have been adopted from the Holy Water sprinkling by missionary priests sent to visit the Hopi tribe from Mexico, before the revolt in 1680 when all the missionaries were either killed or driven from the Hopi villages.

In single file the Antelope priests circle the plaza four times — in recognition of the four sacred directions. They stamp on the board-covered opening in the ground. In this manner they announce to the Underworld Beings that the dance is in progress.

Sounding their gourd rattles the Antelope priests come to a halt in front of the *kisi*. The "Devil Chaser," armed with bow and arrow gaily decorated with stained

horsehair, and twirling a "whizzer" making the sound of falling rain, brings up the rear. The "Devil Chaser" is ridding the plaza of evil spirits.

Now the flag flying from the ladder tip above the Snake kiva comes down. The Snake priests emerge in single file.

Symbolizing the dark skin of the rattlesnake, the bodies of the Snake priests are painted black, save for rust-colored forearms and white painted chins. Draped around their hips are black loin cloths decorated with zig-zag figures representing the Great Plumed Water Snake. Fine fox and coyote skins swing from their waists. They too wear necklaces, earrings, armlets and anklets of shell, turquoise, silver and beads.

With the same rhythmic stamp of the foot on the board-covered opening in the ground the Snake priests too circle the plaza four times, to form a line facing the Antelope men.

A weird, low chant begins, swelling in volume. Bodies sway faster and faster until the movement achieves a hop-like dance.

The chant, as explained by Chief Joe Sekakuku, has no English translation, being merely vowel sounds capturing the mood of thunder, lightning, sun, moon, and the snake. It is a song of praise, with much the same purpose as songs are sung in the white man's church.



*Chief Joe Sekakuku is chief snake priest of the village of Shipaulovi.*

To this sound of the rattle, the chant and stamp of the Antelope men, the line of Snake priests forms in sets of three — the Carrier, the Hugger, and the Gatherer. In perfect rhythm of the hop-like dance the trios circle the plaza, the Hugger with one arm about the Carrier's shoulder.

As the dancers pass the *kisi* the Carrier drops to one knee and receives a snake from the Passer which he places in his mouth. The head and tail of the wriggling reptile dangle free. With his feather whip the Hugger constantly strokes the head of the snake in an effort to divert the reptile's attention from the Carrier's face.

With the snake still held in the Carrier's mouth, the dancers circle the plaza four times. Then the

snake is dropped to be retrieved by the Gatherer and the Carrier receives another snake from the *kisi*.

As the dancers pass, a group of women by the side of the plaza sprinkle the snakes with sacred cornmeal from their basket trays.

This ritual is continued until all the snakes have been carried. The Gatherer, at length, has great handfuls of deadly reptiles that writhe and coil about his naked arms.

Should the spectators crowd the dancers too closely it is not uncommon for the Gatherer to loose his snakes, allowing them to slither in all directions before retrieving them. This never fails to force the onlookers back.

One visitor who reached out and placed his hand on the naked body of a dancer felt the shock of a snake whipped across his face by the Gatherer, who did not miss a step of the dance.

Nothing is done to remove the deadly venom of the rattlesnakes, nor are they drugged, and occasionally a dancer gets bitten. I saw one dancer bitten on the cheek. The reptile hung from the flesh by its fangs. The dancer, however, betrayed no fear nor knowledge that he had been struck by a rattler.

When the snake loosed its hold and dropped to the plaza floor, the bitten man stepped quietly out of the line of dancers and vanished into the doorway of a Hopi house. There perhaps he drank some of the anti-snakebite medicine. At any rate the man emerged a few minutes later, taking his place with the dancers as though nothing at all had happened.

When the snakes all have been carried there is a pause. The Snake and Antelope priests stand quietly. With sacred cornmeal the Chief Snake priest now draws a circle with six radial dials extending outward through it, — representing the six cardinal directions, upon the plaza floor.

At a secret signal all the snakes are tossed into the ring and the women sprinkle the remaining cornmeal upon the writhing mass.

This done, the Snake dancers dart into the ring and grasping with both hands as many of the squirming reptiles as they can carry run swiftly down the rocky trail to the plains below. Here the snakes are loosed in four cardinal directions — sacred messengers bearing the petitions and prayers of the Hopi people to the underworld homes of the deities.

Returning to the mesa, the Snake dancers enter the kiva where they remove their costumes. Each leaves the kiva wearing only a clout. They wash and drink from huge basins of emetic. After drinking of this solution — a liquid so dark it is almost black and said to be brewed from poisonous herbs — the men vomit. This signifies purification.

Again returning to the kiva, having eaten no food on this final day, the Snake priests feast on the prepared sweet cornmeal pudding.

The members of the Antelope Clan do not participate in this closing ceremony since their part in the dance is secondary and principally that of chanters.

This ends the ceremony.

It was with a sense of unreality that I realized that the dance was over and I began to reorient myself to the world of the white man. Gradually the spell was broken as the spectators began to disperse. The feeling of having been lost in an ancient mystery was broken by the sounds of motor exhausts.

Already dark clouds had pushed above the ridge to the west and low thunder grumbled. Snake lightning darted its forked tongue across the darkening sky.

I remembered the tire chains that I had taken secretly and somewhat sheepishly out of mothballs that morning and stowed in the baggage compartment of my car. I was glad for the sky had clouded over and the scattered raindrops that at first sent up little puffs of dust, soon settled into a heavy downpour. It rained.

The Gods of the Hopi had received their plea. All would be well with the Hopi, his fields, and his flocks.

## "STICKY PURPLE LIGHT"

FROM a broadcast by Jack Swift over Radio Station KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pa., September 27, 1950:

"Four Philadelphia policemen reported to the FBI last night they saw an airborne object which dissolved in one-half hour after it alighted on the ground. Patrolmen John Collins and Joseph Keenan sighted the object as they rode around in their prowl-car. They called Sergeant Joseph Cook and Patrolman James Cooper and the four of them went to the field where it landed. The field is near Vare Boulevard and 26th Street in Southwest Philadelphia. They turned their flashlights on the object. It was about six feet in diameter and gave off a purplish misty glow, they said. Collins tried to pick it up and the part he laid his hands on dissolved, leaving a sticky, odorless residue. The policemen said that in one-half hour the entire object evaporated before their eyes. Sergeant Cook notified the FBI. He told them he had no idea what it was."



# SHOULD SPIRITS BE EXORCISED?

**Before proceeding it would be a good idea to find out what kind of "spirits" they are.**

*By F. Terry-Newman*

Reprinted from "Prediction"

IN practically every authenticated record of haunted buildings, historical or contemporary, we find that the inhabitants have at some time during their persecution resorted to the ceremony of exorcism. And, quite often, without much success.

Is a set form of exorcism still employed by the Church, and if so why is it so frequently ineffectual? What are the rites of exorcism? Can they be employed by the layman as well as by the ordained minister? Are such rites fraught with danger?

It is significant that in the early days of the Church the exorcist was primarily a *sensitive* — one who possessed the gift of discernment — a position of grave responsibility. Therefore, the task of dealing with the intrusion of evil spirits was delegated to the priesthood and restricted by canon.

There are cases in which a personality is split with only one of the splits infested, and the personality can have many such splits; so that one analyst may declare a subject free from such influences, whilst another, a *sensitive* perhaps, may discover another very real branch

of the same personality under demoniac influence. Yet both diagnoses are correct.

It becomes obvious that only the *sensitive* is enabled to distinguish between psychological splits and those of obsession. In the early days of the Church the exorcist was always a *sensitive*, either by natural psychic endowment or by special grace, though this function degenerated in later days to become a mere formal office.

In 1892, a Jesuit priest who was staying at Ballechin, personally experienced some of the strange phenomena which were then taking place in this well-known Scottish house. He was disturbed nightly by queer and inexplicable noises, and often the sound of something resembling a heavy animal falling against the door outside his room. This priest, Father Hayden, recited the *Visita Quaesamus* — a prayer for the divine protection of a house — and sprinkled the rooms with holy water. But this exorcism was unsuccessful.

Again at Borley Rectory, "the most haunted house in England," exorcism was employed without producing any degree of permanent relief. In the light of recent research we now know that exorcism against poltergeist phenomena, of which the foregoing are two classic examples, is ineffectual — poltergeist phenomena apparently being of human origin.

In 1907, ghostly phenomena were experienced at "Beth-Oni," Tackley, Oxfordshire. Shadowy figures were often seen passing through the rooms, and pressure was exerted against doors to stop them being closed. On February 21, 1908, the phenomena still continuing, the Rev. J. C. Fitzgerald exorcised the house with prayers, incense and holy water. The phenomena "immediately and completely stopped and there was no recurrence." This was a completely successful case of exorcism in which, instead of being cast out as an unclean spirit (the general ritual), the infesting entity was comforted and freed.

In 1946, a case of haunting in an almshouse at Langley, Bucks, received a certain amount of publicity. Four nights in succession an 18-year-old girl was disturbed by the presence of a white, misty figure in her room. Her mother, Mrs. Buckland, heard her 5-year-old boy complaining of strange noises when he had gone to bed. When she went in to comfort him she felt a hand grip her waist. Another family sharing the same house saw and heard the apparition and were extremely frightened.

A spiritualist, G. H. Plume, of Iver, Bucks, accompanied by members of his home circle, spent the night at the house. In the course of their vigil they discovered that the apparition was an old lady who had previously lived in the house. She had been attracted there by the sight of a young mother and her

children. The exorcism was successful.

The questions which headed this article may be briefly summarized:

Exorcism is still employed by the Anglican and Catholic churches, and where those ordained have met with dubious success in exorcism it is likely that this was the result of faulty diagnoses. Perhaps the most patent reason for failure is due to the confusion of poltergeist activity with phenomena of spirit origin; though poltergeist activity can occur simultaneously with and even complement phenomena caused by discarnate entities. Sometimes it is evoked directly by these entities, though more often it is caused quite unwittingly by the presence of adolescents, usually young girls.

The ritual of exorcism as a church ceremony is allowed only under strict episcopal control. Laymen possessing the power of diagnosis, i.e., mediums, are able successfully to exorcize obsessing entities.

The role of the exorcist is dangerous in that faulty diagnosis may inflict grievous harm on an earthbound entity by assuming it to be of demoniac origin. Also, real demoniac forces may be dislodged and inadvertently transferred to spatial locations.

It may well be that exorcism will become the prerogative of the spiritualist medium. For only the *sensitive* may detect and commune with earthbound phantoms, employing those psychic gifts which, until they became obscured by creed and dogma, were once potent symbols of the power and spirit of the Church.

## THE DISAPPEARING HERO

COMPANY A of the 9th Infantry Regiment, Second Division, was pinned down by Chinese machine guns near Wonju on the Central Korean Front one day a few months ago. Then a stranger with a Browning Automatic Rifle appeared with an A Company grenadier. The company man tossed a grenade and the stranger stood up to fire. His rifle jammed. This happened three times and each time the stranger was able to fire only once. Then he tossed aside his rifle and picked up an M-1 rifle and bayonet from a dead GI lying face down nearby.

The grenadier tossed a grenade again, and it landed squarely atop the Chinese machine gun nest. The stranger dashed ahead, right behind the explosion. He fired one shot, then slashed away with his bayonet. When A Company came up the hill four Chinese lay dead — three of them of bayonet wounds. But the stranger had vanished. Nor was he ever seen again. — *From an AP report with the Second Division.*

# 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.*

### THE BROKEN DISHES

WHEN I was a girl of 12 I lived with my sister and we had just moved onto a small Indiana farm. The house was the usual square, white frame farmhouse with no unusual features or history. Its last occupant had been a sweet old widow who had lived there alone until her death — a woman well-liked and respected by the community.

The kitchen was small and we kept our everyday dishes in the cupboard there. When we finally unpacked our "Sunday best" china we stacked it on the shelves of the pantry, just off the kitchen. One night we were awakened by a fearful crash and rushed to the pantry from which the noise had seemed to come. We found the shelves swept clean and the dishes smashed to bits on the floor! It was a perfectly calm, quiet, summer night and we had felt no tremor or movement in the house which might have jarred the dishes from their places.

We went back to bed mystified by the occurrence and the next morning cleaned up the debris and stacked the few unbroken dishes back on the pantry shelves.

That night the same thing happened — the shattering crash and the pitiful pile of broken dishes on the floor. My sister decided she would try a little test — of what, she wasn't sure — and set a single plate, cup and saucer (old ones), on the shelf for the next night. They suffered the same fate.

In order to get some sleep and to save our remaining dishes, we left the pantry shelves bare and for some time everything went along nicely. There were no more nighttime crashes.

Finally my sister thought she would try again, but instead of risking more dishes she arranged some cooking utensils on the shelves. In the middle of the night — crash! bang! — they clattered to the floor with more noise but less damage than the dishes had done.

Although we had no idea of the cause of these nocturnal disturbances—we knew nothing of psychic phenomena and did not attribute

the trouble to supernatural causes — we decided after several more trials that it was wise to leave the shelves empty. This we did during the remainder of our stay in the house.

We never mentioned these strange happenings to our neighbors for fear of being ridiculed, and we never heard of any other tenants having similar difficulties. I have wondered often, since reading of psychic matters, about the cause of the occurrences. Were poltergeists responsible? Or did the spirit of the little old widow resent our placing of our possessions where she used to keep hers? — *Bea P. Sullivan, Long Beach, Calif.*

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### MOTHER TOUCH

DURING World War II on a freighter in mid-Atlantic I had my first encounter with the supernatural. Our engine had broken down about eight days out of Halifax and the convoy had left us far behind. The crew was tense and jumpy for the waters were dangerous with enemy submarines and our guns could afford little protection in case of attack.

On the third day at sea I lay in my bunk sleeping before my next watch. There was no one else in the quarters. During my sleep I had the very odd sensation that a warm hand was touching my arm. I opened my eyes and saw a figure the sight of which almost paralyzed me. It was that of my mother — who had passed away over 10 years before!

Nothing was said, no movement made, but before I could rise the apparition disappeared. Needless to say I got out of that bunk-room as fast as I could.

Down in the engine room the engineers and wipers were still trying to repair the engine. I went down below, to be around people and lights. The fireman started to say something to me, but a deafening explosion and a great lurch of the ship sent us all sprawling.

The lights went out and we knew we had been hit by a torpedo. Somehow we made our way safely out of that death-trap by the guidance of the phosphorescent signs placed about the engine-room and other parts of the ship.

A few moments later the crew was sardined in life-boats, rowing quickly away from the slowly sinking vessel. All the crew were accounted for in the life-boats except one Puerto Rican mess-man who had jumped over the side.

Looking back at the vessel broadside I saw a great gaping hole in its starboard side where the torpedo had struck midship. Directly above this hole, where I had been asleep in my quarters a few minutes before, was a tangled mass of steel and wood that would have meant my end had I continued to sleep there. My mother had waked me only just in time. — *J. Michnovich, Toronto, Can.*

### TWO DREAMS TRUE

My wife is fifth in a family of 11 children and but little favored above the others, yet none of them shared experiences like these.

A few months after we were married, in 1930, her father was taken to a hospital some 60 miles away although his illness was not considered serious. A few days later my wife woke me about 6 a.m. with the anxious assertion that her father was dying and calling for her. I quieted her with the assurance that it was just a bad dream as she had been worrying too much. I still said "coincidence" — when we later received a message that he had died calling for Ruth at 6 a.m.

A year later my wife woke me about seven one Sunday morning saying her mother needed her and was calling for her. Her mother lived only nine miles away, but I had no car and her mother had been in fairly good health. So I talked her out of making an unnecessary trip out there at that time in the morning. "Just a bad dream," I said.

A telephone call later told us that an older brother had found their mother dead when he went to call her for breakfast at 8 a.m. The doctor later stated that she had passed away quietly in her sleep at about seven.

I am convinced now that this kind of dream is much more than coincidence. — *Alex McKechnie, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.*

### REPORT FROM INDIA

Here is an attested fact that some haunting spirits unwittingly do a kind service to men.

On my way to Sarbmunda, a village to the east of our residence, I noticed a brand new village hut, but never a living soul in its vicinity. Curiosity took hold of me and I was not satisfied until I asked the villagers why the owner had abandoned a house so recently built. The owner's name was Somra. On being accosted he made the following declaration.

A week after he had taken up residence in the house he was pelted with eggs so numerous that they covered the whole floor. To all outward appearances they were hens eggs, but strangely they withstood trampling and by sunrise they had all vanished. A week of this experience, plus the evil this phenomenon portended, unnerved the owner, who abandoned the house to the spirits. Thus the house remained a lone building within which the spirits repeated their nightly performance.

The owner took courage and asked me to bless the house. It was to be my first contact with spirits, so I doubted my influence on them. In spite of misgivings I was determined to try.

On the appointed night, riding on horseback and armed with a ritual and holy water, I reached the house at 11 p.m. in the company of my cook, who took a basket along

in the hope that the spirits might reward us with a number of eggs for home consumption. With a lighted petromax we entered the house and awaited the zero hour.

Punctually at midnight the storm of eggs broke down upon us. Naturally we felt very uneasy but gained assurance on noticing that, though struck all over, we were in no way hurt. Determined to see the game to the end, we waited till the storm abated, by which time the entire floor was covered with eggs. Our next move was to bless the house, but before doing so we did not forget to gather a few souvenirs. My cook filled the basket with 20 to 30 eggs. This done, the house was sprinkled with a generous supply of holy water, and there, before our very eyes, the eggs began to vanish, not all at once but by patches here and there till all had disappeared save those contained in our basket.

The villagers, who had remained at a safe distance, were anxious to know the results but, on seeing our basket now filled with eggs, they were satisfied. We returned home to rest but were anxious about the eggs lest they too vanish over night. However, our experience with the spirits did not go unrewarded, for our cook was happy to learn that they were edible eggs which we enjoyed at our meals for some days, wishing that the charitable spirits might give us a like performance every now and again. — *Rev. W. Hodge, Catholic Church, Karra, Ranchi District, Bihar, India.*

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### LIGHT IN THE NIGHT

ONE night about two years ago my little son, Michael, screamed in terror. Thinking he was having a nightmare I jumped from the bed and rushed to his room. Just as I came through his bedroom door he called to me in a horror-stricken voice, "Mama, there's a man with a flashlight in the kitchen."

The other door to his bedroom stood ajar into the dining room which led on into the kitchen. I looked from him to the kitchen and froze with horror. A glimmering light arose from the stove, grew larger and larger, then came slowly forward into the dining room. I have never seen a glow of this kind before nor since and I was terrified.

As the shimmering light reached the bedroom door it suddenly withdrew to the kitchen and shrank again to the size of a small lantern. Then it increased in size and moved forward again.

I did a disgraceful thing. I got into the bed with my frightened child and pulled the cover over our heads at the same time screaming for my husband. He came running in and looked at us in amazement. We told him in hushed whispers what had occurred. The light then was glowing in the dining room. My husband looked around and saw nothing. He walked slowly into the room and stood in the light

and shouted "There's nothing here." When he spoke, the light disappeared.

Next day I had the stove and all the gas lines in the house checked. Everything was in good order.

The plumber told me he had witnessed a similar light along a dark creek one time. He agreed it was a frightening experience.—*Mrs. Felix Harrison, Azle, Tex.*

### NIGHT VISION

My husband and I left Newport News, Va., December 26, 1940, on a Greyhound bus bound for Jacksonville, Fla. Around midnight, while traveling through North Carolina, I fell asleep. I had a clear vision of an accident ahead with all parties from both vehicles seen lying on the ground. I jumped out of my seat, into the aisle, and told the people and driver what I saw. I said several times, "a terrible accident ahead."

Going back to my seat I woke up embarrassed at what I had done. But several minutes later, about two or three miles down the road, we came to the place where the accident occurred. The driver of a dump truck was just trying to pick himself up. Three persons from a passenger car were lying beside the road, one dead, the others injured. Our bus was the first to arrive upon the scene of the accident. I have never understood what made me have this vision. — *Mrs. Leila Canton.*

### THE DISAPPEARING BROOCH

A few years ago, when my sister and I lived alone in a small flat in Buffalo, N. Y., I tried unsuccessfully to convince her of the reality of the so-called supernatural.

One afternoon as we were dressing to take a walk she pinned a brooch securely to her blouse, saying, "If I lose this brooch, I shall believe that there are unseen powers."

We had walked about three blocks when, to our surprise, we saw the brooch lying on the pavement ahead of us. We had not missed it.

This time my sister fastened the brooch with even more care. We stopped at a near-by store and bought sticking plaster with which we fastened the pin of the brooch onto the under side of my sister's blouse.

After we had walked on a short distance, we missed the brooch. Retracing our steps, we failed to find it. But when we reached home we found the brooch in its usual place, on the pin cushion. — *Alta Beane, R.N., Venice, Calif.*

### THE MAN NEXT DOOR

We both noticed the man next door at the same moment. We had just finished lunch and were lingering over our dessert when we saw him. He was trying to raise a window at the back of his home. It appeared to be stuck. He

made several futile attempts, then just stood looking at it. Finally he left, walking toward the front of the house.

"He's acting very strangely," my friend remarked.

"It's his house, we don't need to call the police," I answered.

We dropped the subject and I didn't give it a second thought until a week later when I was again at my friend's home. Following a lull in the conversation, she suddenly asked, "You remember the man next door — last week?"

"Yes, was he locked out?"

"No, not in the way you mean."

"I — I don't understand."

"Well, to be frank, neither do I, but before I tell you the facts, I want you to think carefully and tell me exactly how he looked to you."

I described the scene as I remembered it. Not unusual except the man had been strangely intent upon the window.

Her next question startled me.

"Did he look normal to you?"

"Of course," I said in some surprise, "whatever do you mean?"

"I don't know. I find myself thinking back to see if there was something I missed, something that would explain it. You see," she paused looking at me closely, "my neighbor was alone in his house that day, ill. Of course I didn't know it then. But when we saw him he had been dead for four hours!"

I sat staring, unbelieving, silent. Finally, I said, "Are you sure?"

"I have his doctor's word for it," she answered. — *Mrs. Kay Biel, Boulder, Colo.*

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### EXPERIMENT IN ASTRAL PROJECTION

THE article, "How to Project Your Astral Body," by Erna Hollis in the January issue of FATE Magazine stirred my imagination and curiosity. I talked over the subject with a friend of mine, Charles C. Lacy, 1540 West 224th Street, Torrance, Calif., who is a trance medium. We decided to try some experiments in astral projection, working on the theory that a spirit out of the body should be able to manifest or speak through a trumpet or another medium in the same manner as a returning spirit does.

Our first experiment took place on February 6, 1951. I had made arrangements with Rev. Bessie Keyes who was holding a trumpet circle in the Baker Auditorium, 1835 American Avenue, Long Beach, Calif., for Mr. Lacy to attempt to come and speak through her trumpet on that night. This arrangement with the medium was necessary for two reasons; first, to guard against shock to the medium and to friends of Mr. Lacy's who were sitting in the circle. The second reason was to create a focal point so that he would be sure to go to that place instead of some undesignated point in the astral

plane. Reverend Keyes was the only person in the group who knew the experiment was being made.

At approximately 8 p.m. that evening Mr. Lacy went to his office in the Gardena Theater. This is a small room upstairs, having one door and a very small window over the marquee. It would be impossible for him to go in or out unobserved. The projection man, Jack R. Knowles, 1003 W. 132 St., Gardena, Calif., stationed himself just outside the door to see that no one came or went from the office door. Mrs. Lacy sat in the office to observe the trance state. Mr. Lacy went into a trance state about 8:30 p.m. He became very quiet and remained so for about a half hour or more. Upon coming out of his trance he told Mrs. Lacy of his experience.

He knew when he left his body and went to the Baker Auditorium. He said when he came into the seance the trumpet was on the floor. He attempted to pick it up with his hands and found he could not move it. He stepped back and concentrated on the trumpet and it rose up from the floor to the height he wanted. He identified himself, gave his name, spoke in turn to all those present whom he knew and called them by name. He later told Mrs. Lacy where they were seated and what they said to him.

I had to work so was unable to attend the trumpet circle but I called Reverend Keyes' home about 11 p.m. and talked with Mrs. Mae Green, 2752 Webster Avenue, Long Beach, who had been sitting in the circle. She told me of Mr. Lacy's speaking to her, that his voice had sounded natural and of her shock and surprise at hearing him speak.

During the week following February 6 Mr. Lacy transferred to the Torrance Theater in Torrance, Calif., and during his relief period at 9 p.m. on Tuesday, February 13, 1951, we tried our second experiment. Mr. Lacy's office in this theater is a small triangular room off the lobby, large enough for a small desk and chair and having one door and no windows. Robert Schroeder, 14322 South Denver Avenue, Gardena, Calif., and I crowded into this small room with him. We again set Reverend Keyes' trumpet circle as our goal, only this time we did not advise her of our intentions. Mrs. Lacy and her daughter, Elsie, were sitting in the circle and they were the only ones who knew we were trying the second experiment. Mr. Lacy went into a trance at exactly 9:04 p.m. and awakened at about 9:10 p.m. He spoke to those sitting in the circle and identified himself. This time, however, the trumpet was elevated as his spirit guide, Dr. Oliver, had advised the sitters of his coming and had elevated the trumpet. Mr. Lacy later said he

was surprised to find the room quite light, almost like daylight, and he could see everyone clearly. Mrs. Lacy said that to her eyes it was black as pitch. I was surprised at the shortened time but I believe it was due to his having had the former experience. This time the spirit knew exactly what to do, thereby saving some time. The distance of travel is the same.

I was curious whether the projected astral body could manifest enough to be seen or in some way make its presence known in any designated spot not a spiritualist circle at which someone was present who had no knowledge of these things.

The following Thursday, the 15th, we tried a slightly different experiment. Mr. Lacy gets home from the theater around midnight. That night I was working from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. From 11 p.m. until 6 a.m. there is only myself and another operator, Mrs. Summers, in the telephone office. Mr. Lacy agreed to try to come to the office some time between midnight and 12:30 a.m. I didn't tell Mrs. Summers as I intended to be at the switch board the whole time and felt I could explain anything that might take place. At 12:15 a.m. I suddenly remembered I had forgotten to read a signal feeder in the plant room that we always read about midnight. So I left the switch board and went into the back room. I was gone a matter of seconds. When I returned there seemed to be a strong wind blowing in the building kitchen on the east side so I went in to shut the window. It is unusual to get a strong wind on the east side as there is a building close to our windows there. Also, our prevailing winds are from the west. It was coming in quite strong but just as I reached up to pull it down the wind ceased suddenly. I was surprised but I pulled the window down and hurried into the operating room. Mrs. Summers was seated at the board and there were piles of tickets on my position and on the position between us. She was busy answering calls and I put on my headset and took my position. Just as I sat down on my stool a bright blue light flashed in front of me. It was so bright that it caught Mrs. Summers' eye and she wondered what signal was flashing that did not ring our night alarm. My time clock showed 12:18 a.m.

The next day Mr. Lacy told me about his trip to the office. He did go into trance about 12:15 a.m. and awakened about 12:20 a.m. He described our office quite well and gave a good description of Mrs. Summers whom he has never met. He described the tickets stacked up on the board, said he had tried to knock some off but wasn't able to move them. He said I was not in the room when he came in but just as he was leaving I came into the room and climbed up

on my chair. We have tall stools and since I am short I have to step upon the lower rung before I can be seated comfortably.

While these experiments may not seem conclusive to anyone else they open interesting opportunities for others to try and we were satisfied that it can be done and that Mr. Lacy has done it. — *Mrs. Minnie Clough, Torrance, Calif.*

### MENTAL MORSE CODE

I SHALL remember forever one particular night in 1942 which I spent at the home of my cousin, Mrs. C. G. Statham, who lived at that time at 981 Forrest Rd., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. Even after the house was quiet and everyone else was asleep I was unable to go to sleep because of a tapping which I heard. Every way I turned it was there, always the same. It was so plainly a kind of code that I felt someone was trying to get a message through to me. And I kept wishing that I knew Morse code. I wanted to get up and find a pencil and put down the dots and dashes I was hearing, thinking someone might be able to read them to me. But I did not want to disturb the others so I just lay there wide awake, worrying about those persistent sounds.

After what seemed hours I suddenly heard a loud rumbling and rolling noise that came through the hot air register from the basement. I identified it immediately as the hot water heater. Someone had forgotten to turn it off! It was about to explode! I raced to the basement and turned the handle. By this time the household was wide awake and busy opening all the faucets, from which steam poured forth and filled the house like a cloud.

When the excitement died down I told my cousin about the tapping which had kept me awake. She told me a fact which I had not known before, that her late husband had been a wireless operator in his younger days and that during his lifetime the water heater had come very close to exploding. After that he had continuously worried and cautioned her about it. We decided that he had come back and tried to warn us of the impending danger. — *Mrs. William Daniell, Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.*

### MY REAL MOTHER

WHEN I was about five years old I had this amazing experience. I'll swear to my dying day that it actually happened and was not a dream.

I was in a hospital, recovering from a tonsil operation. I had just regained consciousness. The ward was dark except for one little light down the corridor, probably on a nurse's desk.

I lay there trying to acquaint myself with the surroundings when I heard a voice whisper, "Charlie, your mother is here to see you." I

looked up and saw a woman standing at the foot of my bed. She was dressed in street clothes and when I saw her face I realized that the woman was a stranger to me. I didn't remember ever having seen her before. Then she was gone, but the image of her face stayed with me.

Years later my mother told me that she was only my step-mother and that my real mother had died during the flu epidemic of 1918. She showed me some photographs of my real mother. I swear to this day that the woman in the pictures and the woman who visited me that night in the hospital were one and the same. — *Charles Peter Eck, St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.*

## WE HEARD HIM DIE

I SHALL never forget, if I should live to be a hundred, the groans that I heard of a young man who was dying — 30 miles away. Although it happened over 25 years ago it is as vivid in my mind today as it was the night it happened.

Two friends, Amanda and Anna Stewart, were visiting us and my sister and I took them to the movies on this first night of their stay. We lived about two miles out of Pikeville, Ky., and it was necessary for us to walk into town as there were no buses or taxis available.

My mother sent my brother, Fulton, to meet us after the movie, as she did not like the idea of us walking that distance alone, but in some way he missed us and we returned home without him.

At 10 o'clock we were home and just preparing to retire when we heard a loud groan as of someone terribly ill. The dog got up and let out a howl of distress. The groans continued — agonizing groans that could only come from the dying.

We all stood spellbound. Then my mother cried, "O, Lord, it's Fulton. Someone has beaten him! He's dying down in the hollow!"

The groans continued — in agony, becoming lower and lower. Finally, the last groan ended with a gasp.

My mother wept, "O, Lord, he is dead. He crawled as near home as he could." The rest of us were near tears. Our visitors were scared but tried to offer encouragement by telling us that it might not be Fulton.

Hurriedly we lit the kerosene lanterns and my mother and I started down the hollow. She took one side of the creek and I walked on the other. We looked everywhere and found no one. We came back up the creek together slowly, still looking but there was nothing.

After this we were all too worried for sleep and sat waiting for news or for my brother's return. In about a half an hour Fulton came home, perfectly safe. He had heard nothing.

The next day my sister and I took our friends to Pikeville. Almost the first person we saw was

Josie Johnson, one of my former pupils (I was a teacher at that time). Her eyes were red from weeping. She said, "Thed Thompson was struck by a slatefall in the mines at Van Lear yesterday and he died last night." Thed was her step-brother, also a former pupil of mine.

My sister and I looked at one another remembering the groans that we had heard the night before.

"What time did he die?" I asked.

"It was about 10 o'clock," she answered. Then she burst into tears and said, "He suffered so terribly. They heard him groaning all over the hospital — loud agonized groans that gradually got softer until he died. It was awful!"

"I know," I said, "we heard him too."

Thed and I had been friends even after he left my class and we had corresponded regularly. But I do not understand how we could hear him dying 30 miles away. — *Miss Truda McCoy, Pikeville, Ky.*

### PREDICTED REMOVE

It was in May, 1939, that I woke one night very suddenly to see, mentally, a map of the Gulf states in a dim light as though it were dusk. Clairaudiently, I heard the word "Biloxi" repeated three times. The next morning I checked the atlas and found that Biloxi was a city in Mississippi located right on the Gulf of Mexico. At the breakfast table I announced to my family that we were going to move to Biloxi. This seemed a far fetched idea for we had lived in California for many years and hoped never to leave.

However, due to an unforeseen business change we found ourselves in the east a year and a half later. While we were there I had a flash picture of a house that I felt sure we would find in Biloxi. Six months more and we were living in Pascagaula, Miss., just a few miles from Biloxi.

One day I went to a small town that adjoins Biloxi to look for an apartment. The sole real estate dealer told me that there was only one apartment and he had just rented it to a soldier. But he showed it to me anyway. When I stepped out of his car there was the house I had pictured! I liked the apartment. It was so charming that I told the agent we would wait for it, no matter how long.

In one week he telephoned to say we could have it. The soldier had given it up. The prediction had come true in all but one respect. The town was named Ocean Springs, not Biloxi. I soon learned however that it had formerly been called Old Biloxi. — *Mrs. Catharine Adair Robinson, Palo Alto, Calif.*



By Edmond P. Gibson

**When they opened the hermetically sealed vaults, scenes of havoc and chaos met the eyes of the observers.**

# *The Uneasy Dead of Barbados*

WHY do the Caribbean dead rest so uneasily in their graves? Professor H. H. Price of Oxford University has suggested in a recent series of short articles in *Two Worlds* of Manchester, England, that paranormal phenomena occur in profusion in any climate where there is a wide-spread belief in their authenticity.

Perhaps this is the reason why Haiti, Santo Domingo, Jamaica, Trinidad, and the small islands of the Lesser Antilles have been noted for strange and malevolent phenomema for several centuries. Perhaps the practice of voodoo and obeah, and the strange movement by the Negro natives, known as myalism may encourage psychic phenomena.

An unusual instance concerning the disturbed dead occurred on the island of Barbados in 1943. It more

or less duplicated the phenomena which occurred on the island of Oesel. That story, "The Ahrensburg Mystery" by Frederick J. Ouitanon, appeared in FATE in August, 1950.

The Barbadian burial vault of Sir Evan MacGregor, Governor of Barbados, who died in 1841, was to be reopened. Most burial vaults on this island are of solid stone or brick masonry, so constructed that the floor level is several steps below the ground surface, while the wall and roof project above ground. These vaults are usually entered by means of steps leading down to a sealed or locked door at one end. In some cases the steps themselves are covered with a stone slab at ground level, further closing the depressed entrance.

At the time of the opening of the Governor's vault, the Masons of the island became interested. The founder of Freemasonry in the area, Alexander Irvine, had also been buried in this ancient tomb. Hence a delegation of Masons presented themselves to do him honor in the old churchyard on August 24, 1943, when the vault was about to be opened. What happened there was told in local newspapers and in a detailed report by Sir A. Aspinwall in the *Journal of the Barbados Museum and Historical Society of 1945*.

When the stone cover slab had been removed from the entrance stair, the arched doorway was revealed. It had been closed by a curtain wall of ancient brick masonry. There was no vault door proper. The brick masonry was carefully picked loose from the opening, letting air into the hermetically sealed interior, and a mass of foul and musty air came out.

After the upper bricks had been pried out there was disclosed a metal coffin leaning against the brick work of the door, and standing on its end. As the bricks were removed the coffin was slowly lowered and pushed back until it rested on the floor. Then the rest of the door wall was removed. The coffin had not been buried in this position. Originally it had rested at one side of the vault. The facts showed that the coffin had been moved after the vault was sealed by some unknown force which stood it on end against the bricked-up doorway. This heavy coffin, made of lead and almost eight feet in length, contained the remains of Governor MacGregor.

The Masons were quite bewildered because nothing could be found of the coffin or body of Irvine, who had been interred at an earlier date than the Governor. A skull and a few bones lying on a ledge might or might not have been the remains of their Grand Master. His coffin had disappeared entirely.

Here was a mystery. There was no other opening in the vault. The Governor's coffin was in perfect condition except for three small holes

found in the joint where the lid had been soldered on. These could not be explained. The coffin was of such a length as to just fit into the side of the vault when replaced in its original location.

No one could explain how the coffin could be gotten up and propped against the inside of the door masonry, in a vault that had been hermetically sealed for a century. There had been no significant earthquakes during the ensuing period.

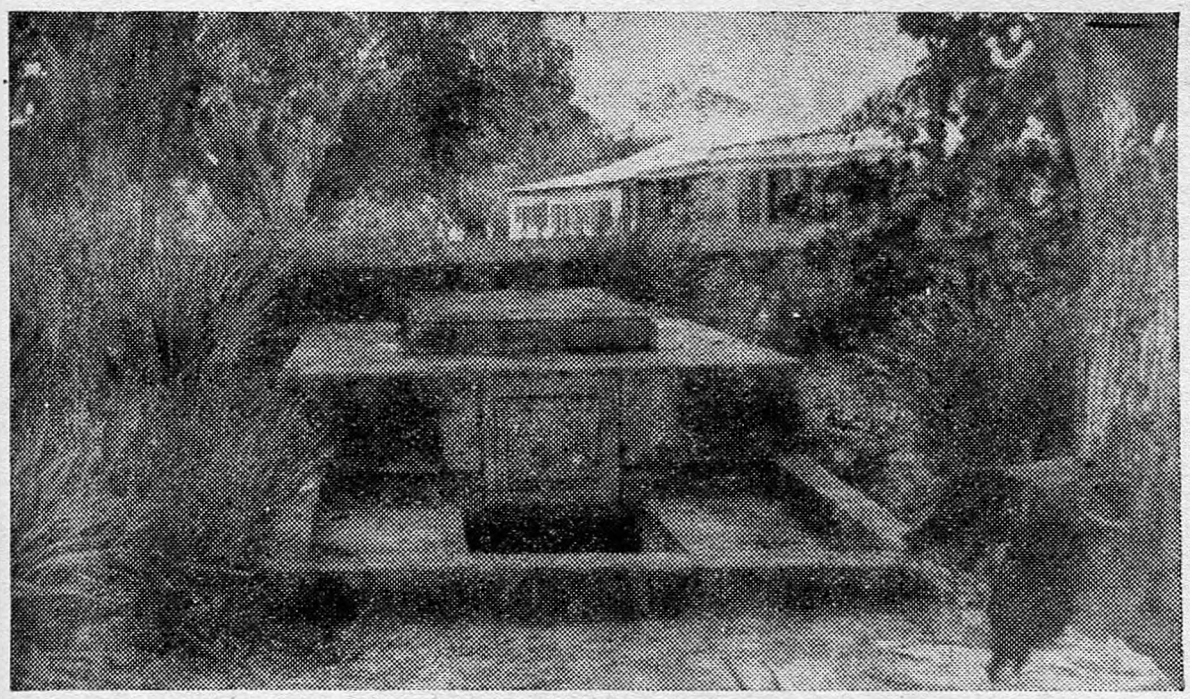
This occurrence brought to light the story of an earlier case of similar nature which had occurred at nearby Christ Church cemetery. This cemetery had been disturbed during the years 1812-1820 and the case was a matter of government records. The phenomena had centered around the Chase family vault there.

The Christ Church disturbances are reported in great detail by the Viscountess Combermere and Capt. W. W. Knollys in their book *Memoirs and Correspondence of Field Marshal Viscount Combermere, C. C. B., From His Family Papers,* London: 1866.

Lord Combermere was Governor of the island of Barbados from 1817 to 1820. He took evidence on the early occurrences of disturbance at the Chase tomb and personally investigated the later occurrences. The Christ Church cemetery stands on a coral shelf and, like the MacGregor vault, the Chase tomb is partly excavated in the coral rock and partly above ground. It is constructed of a dense and hard sandstone, thoroughly bonded with cement mortar. The floor and roof are made of the same material. The vault was approximately twelve feet long by six and one half feet wide. The sides slope inwards so that the width of the vault decreases at the top, where it was roofed with heavy, tight slabs. A very heavy slab formed the door. It was cemented in place. Steps lead down to the door and two more steps lead from the door to the cemented floor.

When the vault was first opened in 1812 to receive a new burial, two coffins were found to be disarranged. The workmen told their story to the church and cemetery authorities and were accused of having molested the dead. However a good case could not be proved against them, and the workmen were threatened and then let off with severe reprimands. The authorities decided to place a continuous watch on the cemetery and to supervise all burials there. They arranged the next interment and supervised the sealing of the tomb.

Slightly more than four years later the vault was reopened for the burial of a Chase infant. The officials were present when the vault was opened and the mortar around the door was intact as was the rest of the vault. However, the interior showed signs of great violence and more confusion than on the earlier



Chase vault on Barbados where strange things happened to the coffins inside. It is partly excavated in coral rock, and is built of a dense hard sandstone.

occasion. All of the coffins had been moved.

The vault was rearranged in a proper fashion and the new coffin was placed inside. The door was again mortared in place and thoroughly sealed. Two months later, however, it had to be reopened, as another death had occurred in the Chase family. Again mysterious forces had piled the coffins in different positions. Again the arrangement was straightened out and the new coffin added to the group within. The vault was resealed by the church authorities.

Less than three years later the vault was opened for another burial and once more the coffins were helter-skelter. The natives now passed the cemetery in superstitious horror and avoided the neighborhood at night. Lord Combermere, who now resided at Bridgetown, received a report about the occurrences and came to witness the latest Chase burial together with his aides-de-camp.

Every portion of the vault's interior and exterior was carefully examined for a possible second entrance, as the voodoo men and obeah practitioners in the neighborhood were suspected of strange dealings with the dead. However the vault was perfectly sound and there was no other entrance.

In the presence of the Governor and his staff, the coffins were properly arranged in the musty old vault, and a place was found for the latest occupant. By orders of

the Governor the floor was covered with a coat of white sand, raked smooth, and the door slab was cemented in place and sealed with the Governor's seal, and the seals of his staff, in the fresh mortar.

The vault mystery was by this time a topic of discussion throughout the island. By order of the Governor the vault was reopened on April 20, 1820 for special examination, just nine months after its sealing. The event took on almost the aspects of a holiday. Thousands came from all parts of the island. The cemetery, churchyard, and nearby fields were filled to overflowing.

Lord Combermere carefully reexamined the structure and seals and found all were intact. The other officials also certified to their seals, now set in solid concrete. The vault was as they had left it. Then at the orders of the Governor the masons began to cut the door loose. Lord Combermere's *Memoirs* tell the rest of the story as follows:

"The cement yielded as usual to their instruments but when they endeavored to remove the stone it resisted with unwonted weight. Increased force was applied but still it remained immovable. For a moment all hands were paralyzed and a look of wondering dismay passed from each to each — but it was only for a moment. Excitement lent a powerful energy to their efforts and the stone yielded half an inch, enough to afford a glimpse inside. Nothing was distinctly visible in the darkness of its buried night. Still the light which entered through the narrow crevice seemed to cut across some black object close to the portal, so near that the threadlike ray lay brightly visible, prevented by this massive black substance from dispersing itself into the reigning darkness within.

"Terror a second time palsied the energy of those engaged in the operation. Suspense deepened the intensity of interest, and awe transfixed the anxious spectators! Every breath was hushed lest they fail to catch the first whisper of those near the tomb, that might offer a solution of the problem before them.

"Increased force was tried to remove the stone and inch by inch it yielded till it was slid sufficiently aside to admit of a person's entering; when it was discovered that a huge leaden coffin was standing on its end with the head resting against the middle of the stone door.

"Though the coffin, which required seven or eight men to move was thrown from its central place and left in this remarkable position, yet the sand on the floor bore no trace of foot print, or of having been in any way disturbed. The coffin of an infant had been hurled with such force against the opposite wall, near which it was lying, that a deep indentation had been made in the stone work by the corner which struck it.

"The Chase family immediately

ordered the coffins to be removed and buried in separate graves, after which the vault was abandoned and has never been used since."

The Chase vault still stands in Christ Church cemetery! Empty!

It is visited by many tourists who come to Barbados. It is mentioned in the guide books and a synopsis of the happenings there is given. No one knows what caused the disturbances. Whether ghosts or poltergeists, they expended considerable energy to no apparent purpose.



## MINE OF DEATH

A HIDDEN gold mine in the wilderness of British Columbia is believed to have claimed its 20th victim. Canadian police have given up on the search for Alfred Gaspard, 60-year-old prospector who went into the mountainous upper reaches of the Pitt River in an attempt to rediscover the famed Lost Creek Mine.

The mine is first believed to have been found by an Indian named Slumach, who in 1890 came out of the mountains to New Westminster, B.C., with a fortune in gold. Slumach made several trips to the mine, returning with a load of gold each time. He died on the gallows in 1892 after confessing to the murder of eight Indian women. He told police that on each trip to the mine he took an Indian woman along with him — then killed her to keep the location secret.

Twenty men are said to have vanished in the mountains while searching for Slumach's gold. One American is believed to have come out with $10,000 in gold, only to die shortly after.

## MYSTERY OF THE STREET LIGHTS

IN Pasco, Washington, a few months ago, officials were puzzled over burning street lights in the area west of 10th Street on Margaret, Henry and Park streets. The area had been without street lamps for seven years and 50 lights were installed in the area.

Before they could be used, however, new type relays had to be installed. The relays were ordered but not installed when the lights began to burn. Utility officials could not explain the phenomena and said that the lights were not energized and there was no record of such an energy loss in the area to account for this.

# Another Mysterious Cremation

**Readers, this is your story! Your research and clippings alone made it possible for us to compile the facts.**



*By Mary Fuller*

AGAIN a human body has been burned to death under inexplicable circumstances — and again the experts are baffled.

Mrs. Mary H. Reeser, 67, was last seen at 9 p.m. Sunday, July 1, when she was relaxing comfortably in an armchair in her apartment at 1200 Cherry Street, N.E., St. Petersburg, Fla.

Exactly 11 hours later, at 8:07 a.m., July 2, nothing remained of the 170-pound woman but a shrunken skull, one vertebra, and a left foot wearing the remains of a black slipper.

Insurance experts, doctors, policemen and firemen, the FBI, and a nationally-known anthropologist were called in an attempt to solve the cause and explain the process of this amazing cremation. But even these experts have not been able to explain such things as this:

• The windows of Mrs. Reeser's apartment were open all night. Yet no one smelled or saw any smoke.

• The apartment itself, though unbearably hot, was almost completely unscathed. The rooms were coated with oily soot above a four-foot line only. The armchair, lamp, chairside table, and a small portion of the carpet directly beneath the armchair were destroyed. Nothing else was damaged.

• Yet it is known to require a temperature of 3,000° to so completely consume a human body.

• Mrs. Reeser's skull was shrunk to the size of a baseball, yet in all other known cases of intense heat the skull expands — sometimes even exploding!

Mrs. Reeser was last seen alive by her son, Dr. Richard Reeser, who said goodnight to his mother at 8:30 p.m. Sunday, and by Mrs. P. M. Carpenter, Mrs. Reeser's neighbor and landlady, who left her at 9 p.m.

At that time Mrs. Reeser was seated in the easy chair in which she died, clad in a rayon acetate nightgown and a housecoat and wearing black satin bedroom slippers.

The tragedy was discovered at 8:07 a.m. Monday morning, when a telegram was delivered for Mrs. Reeser. Her landlady, the only other occupant of the four-apartment building, went to her apartment to give it to her. It was then that Mrs. Carpenter noticed that the walls of the hall were stained with soot and smoke. When she grasped the door knob it was too hot to hold.

Mrs. Carpenter had been up at five a.m. and again at six a.m. to get her newspaper. On neither occasion had she noticed anything wrong. She had smelled smoke at five a.m. but thought it came from an overheated water pump which had recently been giving trouble. She had gone out to the garage, turned off the pump, and returned to bed.

The Western Union boy who delivered the telegram did not see any smoke, and none of the neighbors had noticed anything amiss, despite the fact that four windows in Mrs. Reeser's apartment were open all the 11 hours that elapsed between the time she was last seen alive and the time the charred remains of her body were discovered.

When the door knob to Mrs. Reeser's apartment burned her hand, Mrs. Carpenter called for help and house painters working nearby came and entered the apartment.

A gruesome sight met their eyes. The overstuffed chair on which Mrs. Reeser had sat had been destroyed. It had burned completely away, leaving only the coil springs. Surrounding these springs were ashes and all that remained of the body of Mrs. Mary Reeser. Mrs. Reeser's skull had shrunk to the size of a baseball. One of her vertebrae lay among the ashes and the left foot, still wearing part of a black slipper, lay in front of the chair. The foot was curiously uncharred. Mrs. Reeser's false teeth, which would have provided positive identification of the body, were found on a bathroom shelf.

One of the most mysterious aspects of the tragedy is that the apartment, except for the death circle, showed no signs of fire below the four-foot line. Only above four feet did it bear marks of smoke and

heat. Beneath the four-foot line the apartment was as neat as a pin.

Mrs. Carpenter recalled hearing a muffled report earlier in the morning. When she later examined Mrs. Reeser's apartment she concluded that the noise probably was the sound of a large mirror breaking in the death room. The screen door leading to the outside was clogged with heavy soot — four feet above the floor.

To the right, as the horrified people entered the living room, the death circle was plainly visible. This was the circular spot on the concrete floor where the body, chair, table, lamp and the rug had burned. Firemen, arriving a short time later, knocked away part of the wall behind the chair to see if fire had eaten its way from the floor up the inside of the wall. No fire was discovered though the apartment was still almost unbearably hot when it was first entered.

Across the room from the death circle was Mrs. Reeser's bed. The sheets were turned down as if she had been about to retire. These sheets were spotless. Ten feet away from where Mrs. Reeser died stood a small buffet. On top of this was a lace cloth now soaked with paraffin from the candles which had melted from their holders. The candle wicks, unburned, lay across the buffet top.

In the bathroom, what remained of a melted plastic water-glass hung from a porcelain holder. But plastic tooth brushes hanging just below this had not been harmed. In one of the kitchen cabinets the wax-paper wrapping of a cereal box had been crinkled by the heat. The box itself was not affected. Newspapers and magazines lying on tables and on a water heater behind the arm-chair in the living room had not been so much as scorched.

All the plastic wall switches in the apartment were melted into odd formations, but plastic outlets near the floor beneath the four-foot line were intact. The electric outlet into which the floor lamp was plugged had shorted, also shorting a wall outlet across the room. But all other electric devices were in working order. An electric clock which had stopped at 4:20 worked perfectly when plugged into another outlet.

Lightning was discounted as a source of the blaze because the electricity still worked in the apartment and no other wiring in the building was damaged. All electricity in the electric kitchen had been turned off. And a wall-type gas heater was securely off.

Mrs. Reeser's daughter-in-law said that the elder Mrs. Reeser had eaten no supper Sunday night. She was known to take two seconal sleeping tablets every night before retiring. The daughter-in-law theorized that the seconal may have reacted especially quickly because of her empty stomach, causing Mrs. Reeser to fall asleep in the chair

with the lighted cigarette in her hand.

The deceased woman had lived in the Allamanda Apartments for only a month, having moved there from another apartment building in St. Petersburg. She had seemed happy in her new location according to her son, Dr. Reeser.

Mrs. Reeser was large and robust with no reason in the world to take her own life, her daughter-in-law said, though she had been perturbed over plans for a trip north. The telegram delivered too late Monday morning said that all arrangements had been completed for her trip.

Mrs. Reeser had lived in St. Petersburg for the past four years, having come from Columbia, Pa., in order to be near her son. She was a member of the First English Lutheran Church and the Woman's Club in Columbia and had joined the St. Petersburg Woman's Club and DAR since moving there. Mary Reeser was the widow of a Columbia doctor who died in 1947. She had sold her home at 402 Locust Street, Columbia, about a year before for a reported $20,000.

This strange phenomenon has baffled all investigators.

Magistrate Edward Silk of St. Petersburg said, "This death appears to be accidental and there is nothing to indicate it was anything but accidental. What we are puzzled by is the cause of the fire and what caused the body to end up in the condition in which it was found."

Fire Chief Nesbit and Edward S. Davies, the arson agent for the National Board of Underwriters of Tampa, Fla., say they have never seen anything like it in their years of investigating fires. "*We do not know that it was a fire* — we just don't know what could have caused it," Davies said.

Detective Chief Cass Burgess was deluged by letters and phone calls offering solutions to the problem. One unsigned letter arrived addressed to "Cheif of Detectiffs." This letter said "a ball of fire came through the open window and hit her. I seen it happen."

A death certificate, terming the cause "accidental by unknown causes," was signed by Magistrate Edward T. Silk so that Mrs. Reeser's shrunken head and remaining foot could be taken to her Pennsylvania home for burial. Burial was July 6, in Chestnut Hill Cemetery, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Investigation by police and fire officials will continue, Magistrate Silk said. There was some talk of burning a chair similar to the one in which Mrs. Reeser died to see if such a fire could attain a heat intense enough to cremate a 170-pound woman, but this was not done.

A St. Petersburg mattress company official said that there is not enough material in any overstuffed

chair to create a blaze sufficient to cremate a human body. He pointed out that cotton comprises the basic stuffing of the chair, combined with felt and hair pad or foam cushions as the case may be. None of these materials burn violently though they can smoulder for long periods.

Police contacted the Jacksonville company which manufactured the chair. The company said the chair was stuffed with cotton batting which had been sterilized by treating it with steam. The police asked if the cotton stuffing was treated with any chemicals which would touch off such an intense fire. The Jacksonville manufacturer said it was not so treated after they received it but that it may have been treated with something prior to the time that it came into their hands. Even if the cotton had been treated with some chemical, however, what chemical has the properties to cause such an intense fire and to remain that long with the cotton?

Local morticians said that it would take a constant temperature of 2500° three or four hours to consume a body. But other experts stated that a human could be cremated just as effectively by a lower temperature if the temperature was maintained for a longer period of time. Whether Mrs. Reeser's body was subjected to such temperatures long enough is the question.

Many theories have been suggested, among them that kerosene, napalm (jellied gasoline), thermite bombs, magnesium and phosphorus were used. Almost all of these produce a noticeable odor and no odor was detected at the scene of the fire. At the same time all of these products tend to spew over a wider area than was encompassed by this fire.

It has been suggested that Mrs. Reeser's body was soaked in a combination of ether and alcohol. A group of St. Petersburg doctors experimented with this compound on a piece of meat. The result was crisp ashes in a very short time. And there was no odor of burning flesh. However, this theory too has loopholes. Probably it burns *too* fast. The apartment showed signs that the fire had raged long enough to choke the rooms with oily smoke above the mysterious four-foot line.

A Tampa theorist, who asked that his name be withheld, calculated that there must have been about 80 pounds of dry fuel in the chair, clothes, part of the rug and the nearby table and lamp. There were at least 25 pounds of pure fat in Mrs. Reeser's body. In terms of British Thermal Units (the amount of heat required to heat one pound of water one degree) there were 855,000 BTU available in the death pyre, he said.

This is more than enough fuel to heat an average room to 180°, dehydrate a body and then cremate

it over an 11-hour period, he said. "Because of the oven-like shape of the chair, the actual temperature there must have been much higher than the rest of the room," he explained.

Another local resident, L. H. Horner, 3707 42nd Avenue, N., called attention to the evidence of "spontaneous combustion of human bodies" as recorded by the late Charles Fort. Fort quotes, on page 656, from the London Daily News of Dec. 17, 1904: "Yesterday morning, Mrs. Thomas Cochrane, of Rosehall, Fallkirk, widow of a well-known local gentleman, was found burned to death in her bedroom — burned almost beyond recognition — little, if anything, else burned — her body was found sitting in a chair."

On page 928 Fort gives a doctor's report on a Paris incident which occurred on Aug. 1, 1869: "There was nothing to indicate the origin of the fire, the floor was burned under the body, but bedclothes, mattresses, curtains, all other things in the room, showed not a trace of fire. But this body was burned, as if it had been in the midst of flames of the intensity of a furnace."

One of the nation's top anthropologists looked into this mysterious cremation and shook his head. Wilton M. Korgman is a professor of physical anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania's graduate school of medicine. He is frequently called into FBI cases where identification or condition of human remains is a key point.

Korgman said, "I cannot conceive of such complete cremation without more burning in the apartment. I have been present at tests of body and bone reaction to extreme heat and it has been established that a heat of 3,000° Farenheit is necessary to completely consume the bones as happened in the Reeser case. Unless the woman was burned elsewhere and the remains placed in the apartment I am baffled and amazed.

"Never have I seen a human skull shrunk by intense heat," Dr. Korgman continued. "The opposite has always been true. The skulls either have been abnormally swollen or have virtually exploded into hundreds of pieces. It is the most amazing thing I've ever seen."

The scientist at first theorized that a super lightning bolt struck Mrs. Reeser and her body served as a conductor to ground the current through a wall-type heater behind the chair. But he discarded this opinion upon learning that local Weather Bureau reports showed no lightning in St. Petersburg on the night the woman died. Such a bolt would have damaged power lines in the vicinity of the apartment but the power company has found no indication of an abnormal power load on its lines.

Meanwhile, an analysis of the charred remains, ashes and some of the furnishings of the apartment

has been made by the Federal Bureau of Investigation laboratories in Washington.

The FBI states that there was no trace in the body ashes or other specimens of any fluid or chemical used to start or accelerate burning.

Having received this FBI report, Police Chief J. R. Reichart and Detective Chief Cass Burgess issued a joint report on Mrs. Mary Reeser's death. They have written it into the record as a case of a lighted cigarette and a body destroyed by the burning of its own fat. The mystery of the case, as stated by Reichert and called by him the strangest in his 25 years of police work, was how fire could have burned the body and a big chair so completely without damaging anything else in the room. The theory reached by the police officers was this:

The 67-year-old widow, known to have taken sedatives the night before her charred remains were discovered, went to sleep while smoking. The cigarette set fire to her highly inflammable rayon acetate nightgown "causing immediate death if the deceased was in a semiconscious condition.

"Once the body became ignited almost complete destruction occurred from burning its own fatty tissues for there is enough fat and other inflammable substances to permit varying amounts of destruction.

"In this case the absence of any scorching or damage to furniture can only be explained by the fact that heat liberated by a burning body has a tendency to rise and form a layer of hot air which never came in contact with the furnishings on a lower level."

This may sound like an explanation and yet it really fails to explain how such a thing could happen. Even bodies soaked in gasoline have not been destroyed to the extent that the body of Mrs. Reeser was destroyed. What made the fire so hot? The entire thing seems incredible.

FATE Magazine has published accounts of similar deaths in the past. In our December, 1950, issue we ran a long article recounting just such cases as this. That article was entitled "Invisible Death."

An invisible death is what overtook Mrs. Reeser in St. Petersburg the first week in July.

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## MIRACULOUS COINCIDENCE

THE U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Duane* was plowing through the seas during World War II when mountainous waves swept Lieut. Comdr. Robert W. Goehring from the deck. The ship turned in a desperate attempt to save Goehring when a twin of the first wave washed him back aboard. — *Margaret Gaddis.*

# The Captain Who Came to Tea

*By William H. Gilroy*

**The British Admiral never did find out who he had been entertaining on Lord Nelson's flagship**

HAVE you ever entertained a ghost?

For those who scoff at such a possibility here is an unimpeachable account of a ghost who came to tea. The distinguished Briton, Admiral Sir William James, gave the following testimony to a group of 13 admirals and 500 reserve officers at a Trafalgar Day gathering in 1949.

"During the last war I lived for 18 months in Nelson's flagship, Victory, at Portsmouth.

"One day a friend asked if I would invite a retired sea captain to tea on the Victory and I made arrangements that he should come the following day at five o'clock.

"At half-past four another friend of mine arrived and I asked him to help entertain the old captain who was disturbed by the recent bombing of Portsmouth.

"The captain arrived a few minutes past five o'clock. He was dressed in very old-fashioned clothes. He was quite familiar with the lay-out of the dockyard; however, some of his expressions seemed a bit quaint to us both. For instance, he referred to the Dover patrol as the Downs flotilla.

"Just as I was called away to the telephone I heard a bosun's pipe sound as a coastal force flotilla put out to sea.

"When I returned I found the old sea-captain gone and, on inquiry, learned that he left soon after the bosun's pipe sounded.

"The phone call was from a London hospital. I was told that the old sea-captain, whom we thought we were entertaining, had been injured in a bombing raid and could not keep his appointment with us for tea.

"I knew then that we must have been entertaining one of Lord Nelson's old sea captains. Which one it was, I do not know . . ."

## MEAL FOR A DEAD KING

EVERY day for the past 98 years a full-course dinner has been served to the spirit of King Wia, in Cavalla, Africa. The meal is left in a hut erected over the king's grave each night and the next morning the plates are empty.

# Fingers of FATE

• Carmen M. Sgro was drafted into the Army at Ft. Wayne, Ind., on November 8, completed his basic training March 8, arrived in Korea April 8, was wounded on June 8 and sent home July 8.

* * *

• The first three guests to register at Pictou Lodge in Nova Scotia at the opening of the fishing season were named Hook, Fly and Fish.

* * *

• A week after Samuel Cooperman, Washington, D. C., storekeeper, was charged by police with making a false report of a holdup, the real thing happened — and Cooperman was shot to death.

* * *

• The day after he gave a pint of his blood to a Houston hospital bank, John T. Brown was badly cut in an accident, needed a transfusion and got his own blood back.

* * *

• Corp. Victor Herbert Rhodes, first Hingham, Mass., youth to be killed in the Korean war, was the brother of William T. Rhodes, first Hingham man to be killed in World War II.

* * *

• Cary Hobson, 13, of Groveland, Mass., was desolate when he failed to pass a Junior Red Cross lifesaving test. Several months later he jumped in a pond and saved a 10-year-old youth from drowning — and was recommended for a Carnegie medal.

* * *

• James G. Bagshaw, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., decided to take his family for an auto ride. At almost the exact moment his son, Emory, of nearby Williamsburg, decided to do the same thing. Father and son chose the same road. There was a head-on crash. Six members of the family were hurt.

* * *

• Samuel Scott Burres, 71, Tuscola, Ill., stopped at the Green Funeral Home to make arrangements for his funeral. That night he died of a heart attack.

* * *

• A sudden flash of lightning melted the knitting needle that Emelia Rosa Da Silva of Caldas da Saude, Portugal, had been holding in her hand, but left her unharmed.

* * *

• At Dunedin, Fla., John Christie and Bob Slappey owned a boat named *Tagalong* and that's just what it did — finished last in every race. So they painted a new name on it, *Sea Biscuit*, after one of the most winning of all race horses. In its next race the boat came in first by a wide margin.

• After Scoutmaster Frank Singleton, Chicago, had given his troop a lesson in artificial respiration, he rushed out to fight a grass fire, was overcome by the smoke but quickly revived by his pupils.

* * *

• Alfred R. Gregory and Leslie Gregory, first cousins of Wealthia, Va., played together as boys, attended school together and worked in the same peach orchard together. They volunteered for the Army together and went to Korea together. The other day the Defense Department's casualty list carried their names, together. They'd died on the same day and in the same battle.

* * *

• Baltimore fishermen dropped their rods and ran to assist when cries of "Help, help, I'm drowning," came from a group of nearby swimmers in Big Gunpowder Falls. All they got was a horse laugh from the bathers. A little while later the cries for help came again. The fishermen didn't move. Several hours later police recovered the body of Robert Bates from the water.

* * *

• Fortune had a twisted smile for Jack Cohen, British bookie. While motoring in France, a tire on his car blew out. His chauffeur was killed, Cohen received multiple injuries and his wife and four-year-old son also were hurt. When he recovered consciousness a nurse bent over and told him: "You have won the $28,000 first prize in the Victoria Club's Grand National Sweepstake."

* * *

• Augustus M. Staub, of Wever, Iowa, who failed to meet the physical requirements for service in the Civil War, died the other day at the age of 103.

* * *

• C. E. Goad, running for the post of a county alderman in Hertford, England, gallantly cast his ballot for his rival. He lost the election by one vote.

* * *

• When Jitsuro Tamura, Japanese student, took an overdose of sleeping pills in Tokyo, in a suicide attempt, his landlord, Sumio Kohama, rushed him to a hospital — then dropped dead while doctors were successfully reviving the student.

* * *

• Unexplainably, the small island of Ponce, Puerto Rico, lost five centenarians within a few days — in rapid succession, death came to Laura Otero, 120; Felipe Martinez, 112; Ramon Sohan, 103; Juano Gonzales, 103, and Juan Candido, 102.

* * *

• Alibhai, the Irish thoroughbred who is the sire of famous turf winners who have earned more than $3,000,000, broke down in training as a colt and never saw a racetrack. — *Harold Helfer*

# IS IT WRONG TO STUDY

# *Psychic Phenomena?*

**The subject is rewarding, could only be dangerous to some unstable persons.**

*By Hereward Carrington*

EVERY now and then someone who calls upon me voices the opinion that psychical research is a "dangerous study," involving the serious possibility of "obsession," or some form of mental disaster. Or they emphasize the fact that such prying into the Unknown is forbidden in the Bible — quoting scriptural texts in support of their contention.

Is there any basis for these objections? If so, how much? For, if they are valid, they are highly important.

It has been said that the most dangerous lie is a half-truth; and I think this may be said to apply here. There *is* a grain of truth in these objections; but the conclusions that many persons seem to draw are in my estimation entirely unwarranted.

I have frequently advised people whose nervous and mental equilibrium is unstable to leave this subject alone. Unfortunately, it is



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often these very people who are attracted to the subject, like a moth to a flame. They have the *wrong kind* of interest! Instead of viewing the phenomena objectively and dispassionately, they become emotionally involved. Also they accept uncritically all sorts of weird occult theories, dire prophecies of the destruction of humanity, and statements of quacks and charlatans. Such gullible individuals *are* in danger if they "dabble in the occult."

But let me emphasize that the "danger" lies in the individual — not in the subject-matter itself. To undertake experiments and investigations in this field, one needs a certain temperament and also to undertake a rigid course of training. Phenomena must be judged upon their own merits, unemotionally, as any other scientific problem.

Now, should we take seriously those objections to the study of psychic phenomena which are based upon religious grounds or occult fantasies? No; in my opinion we should not, and — after more than 50 years as a psychical researcher — I can assert positively that they have no real validity.

Take first the question of "obsession," of which so many seem to be in constant terror. Certain spiritualistic writers, such as Dr. Carl Wickland, dwelt upon this possibility at great length; but it must be remembered that Dr. Wickland had an "axe to grind" — he made his living out of curing such cases! Furthermore, I am convinced both by knowing Dr. Wickland personally and by observing his work that much of this was entirely due to "suggestion," and that many of his cases of "obsession" were in reality merely psychopathic. I am not now denying the theoretical possibility of obsession; I am merely stating that, in my opinion, it is far rarer than often supposed and that the majority of such cases are due to other causes.

Mrs. Osborne Leonard, for many years the most famous medium in England, has this to say upon the subject, in her book, "My Life in Two Worlds:"

"A great deal is said about the evil results of being a trance medium . . . Undoubtedly the very fact of development accentuates one's characteristics, both good and bad. One becomes more sensitive to feeling, suffering, impressions of all kinds; therefore, all the more reason to *know yourself,* and be able to control yourself, before you commence this 'opening the door.' It is not the machinations of 'evil spirits' that you need fear but the operation of your own subconscious shortcomings, unless you have trained yourself mentally on the right lines. *You will have nothing to fear from 'evil spirits' if you have nothing to fear from yourself. . . .* The danger of obsession in trance is negligible; indeed, I honestly

doubt if it exists at all if one pursues the right lines of both action and thought at all times . . . But there is one very important condition that should be guarded against more than any other, and that is, egotism. It is, in my opinion, responsible for more trouble, disappointment and mischief generally in psychic development than any other cause. It is also at the root of most cases of insanity."

Coming from such an authoritative source, these words should, I think, carry with them a certain conviction and reassurance.

There is no evidence that Spiritualism, as such, is a cause of insanity. Statistics on this subject have been published and the falsity of this charge clearly proved. Indeed, it was shown that there were in asylums in England a higher percentage of ministers than there were Spiritualists! After this nothing more was heard about this subject!

And what of the Biblical objections — "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and all the rest? What of the contention that God does not "permit" the occurrence of such phenomena, and that it is "wrong" thus to pry into the hidden mysteries and secrets of nature? For, it is urged, "What is the use of seeking? You will find nothing. Such things are God's secrets, which he keeps to himself." And to this M. Flammarion rightly answers:

"There always have been people who liked ignorance better than knowledge. By this kind of reasoning (had men acted upon it) nothing would ever have been known to this world . . . It is the mode of reasoning adopted by those who do not care to think for themselves, but who confide to directors (so-called) the charge of controlling their consciences."

"Faith," as Dr. Hyslop has reminded us, "no longer charms with her magic wand, except among those who do not accept or appreciate scientific method, but whose flimsy standards afford no criteria for defense against illusion and deception. Hence men who have been saturated, consciously or unconsciously, with the scientific spirit, either give up the hereafter or insist that their belief shall have other credentials than authority . . ."

It is true that there are to be found, in the Bible, certain texts that prohibit necromancy, witchcraft and magic; but these are all very different from psychic phenomena — or their investigation by scientific methods! Furthermore, Biblical texts can be quoted on either side — as usual. For if on the one hand we read that "the dead know not anything," we are also told to "try the spirits," to see whether they be good or evil. Man laughs at ghosts; and yet every Sunday he talks of the Holy Ghost. Contradictions of this kind could be quoted *ad infinitum.*

The Bible itself is full of psychic

phenomena of all kinds, as many writers have pointed out, and as I showed at considerable length in my book "Loaves and Fishes." Dreams, visions, healings, prophecies, telepathic and clairvoyant phenomena, speaking with tongues, apparitions, materializations, premonitions, and many other phenomena may be found scattered freely throughout its pages. It would seem impossible for those who accept the authority of Biblical texts to escape the conclusion that such psychic phenomena are realities and that communication with the other world is indeed a fact.

If such manifestations occur, they must be "permitted," for otherwise they could not happen! And if such manifestations occur, they surely constitute a field for legitimate scientific study, which is precisely what psychical research *is!*

Prof. William James says, in his "Memories and Studies," (pp. 175-76):

"I confess that at times I have been tempted to believe that the Creator has eternally intended this department of nature to remain *baffling* — to prompt our curiosities and hopes and suspicions all in equal measure, so that, although ghosts and clairvoyances, and raps and messages from spirits are always seeming to exist and can never be fully explained away, they also can never be susceptible of full corroboration . . . But it is hard to believe that the Creator has really put any big array of phenomena into the world merely to defy and mock our scientific tendencies; so my deeper belief is that we psychical researchers have been too precipitate with our hopes, and that we must expect to mark progress not by quarter-centuries but by half-centuries or whole centuries."

However, the slowness and difficulties involved in any investigation should not deter us from undertaking it; and we should not feel inhibited from doing so because of any theoretical tabus placed in our path by old-time theological dogmas. These would constitute a bar to all true progress.

Many are opposed to this subject because of the amount of fraud and illusion with which it is unfortunately so surrounded. But one of the tasks of the psychic investigator is to weed out this fraud. The very fact that it exists shows the need for its detection and elimination — otherwise these charlatans would be left free to fatten upon the credulity of the public. Such fraud should act as an added incentive to further investigation, and not deter us from undertaking it at all!

Much the same might be said in reply to the objection that such investigation "fosters superstition." In some minds, doubtless, it does — the types of mind that should leave this subject severely alone. But for the normal individual such an objection is silly. Scientific research never fosters a belief in that

which does not exist — that which is superstition only.

Many people are afraid of hypnotism, on the grounds that it is wrong to submit to mental domination by another, that a "strong will" should not be allowed to influence and control a "weaker will." This conception of hypnosis is of course purely fictional, based on the old Svengali idea, from Du Maurier's novel "Trilby." As a matter-of-fact strong-willed people are the most readily hypnotized because they can concentrate more easily; the really feeble-minded cannot be hypnotized at all, as repeated experiments have shown. No one can be hypnotized against his will, nor can a subject be forced to commit a crime which is against his moral nature.

Hypnosis, in the hands of a skilled operator, is a valuable therapeutic agent. It is of great value in exploring the subconscious mind, and revealing hidden repressions and complexes. The undesirable feature of hypnotism is the public exhibitions, in which ridiculous "stunts" are performed on the stage. These are frowned upon by all serious students of the subject — though psychologically they are harmless enough.

Many persons are afraid of going into trance during the course of their psychic development. Probably this is due, in large part, to the dislike of losing consciousness, and hence control of the situation — notwithstanding the fact that we do just this every night when we fall asleep. Actually there is nothing unwholesome in the medium-trance. Dr. Hodgson stated that, after 20 years of investigation, Mrs. Piper's mental and physical health was better than at any time in her life.

The production of physical phenomena, it is true, often leaves the medium devitalized and exhausted — due to the unusual expenditure of nervous energy. But this is a temporary condition which a good night's rest automatically rectifies. I have seen Eusapia Palladino, after a prolonged séance, tired, even hysterical, her face deeply lined, — but the next day as chipper as ever! Mediums of this type are extremely rare and know full well what they are doing, being content to undergo these temporary discomforts for the sake of the money involved. The average amateur need fear none of these results, since any physical phenomena he might obtain would be comparatively slight, requiring but little energy for their production. The fear of trance accompanying *mental* phenomena is purely psychological, and is usually overcome after a few sessions.

There remain only those cases in which the subject is "bothered" by the constant occurrence of unwanted psychic manifestations — raps which keep him awake, impulses to perform certain actions, alternate chills and flushes of ex-

treme heat, etc., which are most annoying and disquieting. These may be followed by visions and voices, which tell him to follow out certain directions.

These manifestations are not, as a rule, indications of "psychic phenomena" at all, but are purely psychopathic. The subject is in need of medical and psychiatric treatment to restore him to sound health. When this is done, his "manifestations" cease. Unfortunately these people usually resent any such suggestion and will cling to the belief that their experiences emanate from some "high spiritual source." Such people are representatives of that "borderline fringe" which should have avoided the subject in the first place.

From all that I have said—based as it is upon more than 50 years' constant investigation of psychic phenomena — it is evident that the supposed "dangers" connected with this subject lie almost wholly with the investigator and not with the subject matter investigated. Rightly pursued, psychic investigation presents no more dangers than astronomy, chemistry, or any other science. Psychical research is, indeed, one of the most fascinating and rewarding pursuits one could single out. I cannot do better, perhaps, than conclude with the words of William James:

"When I hear good people say (as they often say, not without show of reason) that dabbling in such phenomena reduces us to a sort of jelly, disintegrates the critical faculties, and liquifies the character, I console myself by thinking of my friends Frederic Myers and Richard Hodgson. These men live exclusively for psychical research, and it converted both to spiritism. . . . When a man's pursuit gradually makes his face shine and grow handsome, you may be sure it is a worthy one. Both Hodgson and Myers kept growing ever handsomer and stronger-looking, with the passage of years."

## THE BOY IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

A GERMAN businessman of Tarutino, Bessarabia, Southwest Russia, some years ago took a photograph of the three daughters of a farmer's wife. He did not pay too much attention to the resulting photograph, and apparently did not remember that there had been only three figures in it. Yet when he had developed and printed it and turned it over to the farmer's wife, she was astounded to find that it also contained a likeness of her dead son. The photograph was investigated thoroughly by a physician and a justice.

# I Saw My Body Being Bombed!

**The shell had my number on it. "This is it," I thought. "Then I was in the moon shade, watching my fox hole."**



*By M/Sgt. Ted Snowden*

As Told To Elizabeth Webster

I WILL never forget that night on Guadalcanal — the night I watched myself blow up — the night I changed from participant to spectator during the split second between a shell's thud into the edge of my foxhole and the almost instantaneous explosion . . .

It was late in 1942. The First Marine Division, reinforced, was ashore on Guadalcanal digging in at Henderson Field against the mounting Japanese attacks on the perimeter. Our Navy had been badly mauled several days previously and the night before my story begins a Jap battleship with 14-inch guns and several lesser warships had really worked us over. During the worst of their bombardment the ground had shaken as if by an earthquake. We were bruised and bone sore from the vibration which had rattled us from side to side in our foxholes like dice in a cup.

At night these ships shelled us

and we'd pray for daylight. When daylight came the Jap planes bombed us and we'd pray for night again. The rare times when the bombers didn't come and the ships were silent there was an artillery piece we called "Pistol Pete" perched on a hill not far away that took pot-shots at us.

But, in spite of all their shelling and bombing, they really didn't hurt us much because, except when our planes came down for re-fuelling, there wasn't anything to hit. There were no installations. All we had were screwdrivers, the guns we carried, and the gasoline drums and gear which we kept well hidden in the jungle.

Each time our planes landed for re-fuelling, the ordnance men dashed from their foxholes. A gas truck would swing out from its hiding place onto the field and, oftentimes in the midst of attack, the men would service the planes.

Hidden in the jungle we had some light machine guns and we kept them busy too. But no matter how many Jap planes we brought down there were always more to take their place. One day we downed 23 planes out of 24 — next day 24 came over again.

The day had been relatively quiet. We were repairing the aircraft damaged by heavy bombardment the night before. There had been an air raid in the morning but with little damage for either side. The bombs had fallen wide in the jungle and our fighters — only five or six now — had been unable to contact the high-flying raiders.

Some time in the afternoon "Pistol Pete," the artillery piece so well concealed on a nearby hill, had banged up and down the field, as if satisfied just to be hitting the strip anywhere. "Pistol Pete" was a nuisance, but rarely hit anything. The gun was a howitzer, firing a high trajectory, low velocity shell, which we guessed to be about four inch or better. Since it travelled so high up into the air to get to where it was going, it could always be heard and we flopped down to wait it out, hoping it would hit somewhere else. Not that it wasn't dangerous but it wasn't any surprise, and getting hit would be such poor luck that we hardly considered it.

Finally night came on, pitch black until a beautiful moon came out. We sat near our foxholes, rubbing our sore muscles and talking over last night's bombing. Everyone agreed it had been "one helluva night!" The foxholes were new for during the day we had moved out of the nearby forest onto a grassy meadow. This move was thought necessary because the night before one of our men had been killed and another badly hurt when the top of a tree, cut off by a 14-incher, had driven straight down pinning three men in their foxhole.

We talked of the bravery, or selflessness, whichever you want to term it, of Jack who had been

blown right out of his dugout under the lip of a bank. Jack had immediately run back to the collapsed, exploded dugout, dug like mad with his bare hands until he found a helmet and cleared a breathing space for the face beneath it. In the same way he had found another and finally the third of his companions, all seated unconscious, except the last one who had absorbed the shrapnel and was dead.

Our talk was interrupted by a muffled boom. A second passed. Then the strange whee-whee-whee-whee of the Jap shell increased until it exploded 100 yards away. "Pistol Pete" was at it again and he was close!

We settled into our foxholes. The foxholes were shallow, only big enough to accommodate the body and deep enough — about 18 inches — to be barely beneath the surface. I wrapped myself in a blanket for protection against the night air. With my pistol near at hand, helmet on, I lay flat on my back. There might be some sleep tonight, I thought.

But "Pete" had other plans. Soon there was another boom, a pause, the familiar whee-whee-whee-whee, then the crack of the shell. It exploded 100 yards away again but this time across the pattern of our foxholes. The scar was plainly visible in the bright moonlight. I felt apprehension. "Pistol Pete" had never looked that good before.

Several minutes passed. Heads bobbed up and there was some talk of "Pete" "lucking" us in. But after the previous night this seemed peaceful. Some one was walking around. I was too tired and comfortable to tell him to get back into his foxhole. I was so relaxed that my bones seemed to be falling apart.

But sleep did not come. "Pistol Pete," having registered on target, proceeded to plaster us — if one gun can be said to plaster a target. The shells came in regularly, about a minute apart, and ranged all through our foxholes. There was time after each explosion to raise up and see where it had hit. There were shallow craters about eight feet across appearing all over our meadow, some quite close to the foxholes.

One little character nicknamed "Bunny" seemed to think his number was up. After each explosion, the heat still in the air, he would appear, teetering on the edge of his foxhole, leaning and straining toward the edge of the jungle, rocking back and forth like a track man on his mark. Over and over he repeated: "I wonder if I can make it — I wonder if I can make it." Then there'd be another boom and "Bunny" would drop back into his foxhole. As soon as the explosion was over he'd be up again, going through the same routine, saying: "I wonder if I can make it — I wonder if I can make it —"

It was comical, yet annoying too.

I raised up long enough to say quite sharply: "For cripes sake, Bunny, get down into that foxhole and stay there!"

Then one came for me. I lay on my back and heard it come in, knowing — as the sound increased — that a shell could never get any closer. "This is it!" I thought. It came on, screaming until the sound engulfed me. I heard the projectile thud into the left side of my foxhole. I actually heard it hit, thud — just like that —

Without knowing how or why it happened — I, or some part of me, was standing in the moon shade of a large tree watching my foxhole. The outline of my helmet and body was plainly visible to me as I, or this other part of me, stood there waiting for the explosion to wipe the picture away. I remember the bright moonlight, the tall palms of the grove across the way, the pattern of our foxholes, and the fresh over-pattern of the shell scars. I saw this by impression only, as I didn't take my eyes off my body. I remember anticipation, but mainly I felt calm — a calm such as I had never known before. It was a calmness that nothing could shake.

I saw the white heat blast and the red core of the explosion. My foxhole erupted and widened into the blossom of a shell hole. About 30 yards away I, or this other part of me, was standing, an interested spectator. I felt no blast of air, nor did I hear any explosion.

The next thing I knew I was back with my body again, lying on my left side, facing what had been the side of the foxhole but what was now only a loose rubble of smoking, hot clods of dirt. I extended my hand and felt the hot fragments. I was completely exposed except for my back which was pressed against what remained of the other side of the foxhole!

I had no feeling of pain but to make sure I was intact I moved my legs, my arms, felt my body and face. I seemed to have — miraculously — escaped injury. There was, however, an odd whirring sensation in the top of my head and a feeling of being cramped for space inside my body. It was a restricted feeling, reviving the memory of lightness and freedom that I had felt while standing there in the moonshade. Otherwise I was my normal self.

It may seem like an overstatement to say that I felt no fear at all. But that is the truth. I was drifting into drowsiness, when the concerned voice of Laxton shouted loudly from another foxhole: "My God, fellers — they got Snowden!"

Without moving I called back, "Like hell they did!" I managed to add, "You men keep your heads down!"

Strangely enough, I never heard another shell that night, though it is a matter of record that one of our men caught a splinter in his chest and lung and had to be evacuated

next day. But I never moved from that hole and I slept for the rest of that night!

Next morning there was much standing around and pointing. Poor "Bunny" got hell on all sides for his foolhardiness in wanting to "make it" to the jungle under fire. After seeing my foxhole and shell hole merged into one, everyone said the same thing, — "What a lucky s.o.b.!"

That was about nine years ago. I still do not understand this almost incredible experience, but I do know it has removed all fear of dying from my mind. I believe death, or transition, is accomplished with far greater ease than the opening of a door into another room.

## DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM

One of the dangers — and at the same time evidences of the remarkable powers — of hypnotism was dramatized three years ago this past summer in England. London Hypnotist Peter Cassoon was giving a demonstration at Cheltenham town hall on July 28, 1948.

One of his subjects was 19-year-old Joyce Dovey, who was one of several persons hypnotized during the demonstration. The following day Joyce collapsed several times at her work in the local beauty shop. When she went to the movies that night she became unconscious and had to be carried home. She appeared to be in a coma.

At first, no one attributed her trouble to having been hypnotized. Doctors consulted on the case and were about ready to seek psychiatric help when Cassoon heard about the affair. He talked to Joyce over the telephone 12 days later on August 10, and she came out of her trance. Three doctors reported she was "quite recovered."

## ELECTRONIC PSYCHOANALYSIS

A new device is being used by skilled doctors that combines psychoanalysis with electrical impulses. The patient is made comfortable while electrodes are attached to various marked spots on the cranium. As the impulses are counted a similar number of incidents recalled from the patient's memory are examined through the question and answer method. The patient relives his past experiences in a dream-like sequence, remaining fully conscious. This provides a double check on his emotional balance. — *C. J. Skelly, Jr.*

# *Voice from the Lake*

*By William H. Gilroy*

**"I distinctly heard the voice of my husband cry out,**

**'Frances, come to the park, I'm drowning! Please hurry!' "**

On July 2 of this year, the Los Angeles Daily Mirror published the following tragic account of the accidental drowning of Thomas Wall.

*"A 25-year-old canoeist drowned in MacArthur Park Lake yesterday while scores of spectators watched helplessly from the shore, less than 200 feet away.*

*"The dead man was identified as Thomas Wall of 668 S. Rampart Blvd. His companion, Joseph Cefalu, 32, of the same address, managed to swim to shore after making a futile attempt to save Wall.*

*"A 'premonition that something had happened' brought the dead man's wife, Mrs. Frances Wall, 30, to the scene shortly after her husband's body was recovered.*

*"Although Wall's body was recovered in less than five minutes after it had sunk to the bottom of the lake, a fire department rescue squad worked over it for more than an hour without success."*

After reading the above news item I decided to call on both Mrs. Wall and Mr. Cefalu in order to learn the true facts concerning the case. For if what was printed was even half true, I knew that I was on the trail of a very interesting story.

I visited Mrs. Wall first. You can imagine my surprise when Mr. Cefalu opened her door and invited me in. I introduced myself and, after expressing my sympathy and apologizing for my intrusion, I explained how important it was for me to get a complete factual account of just what had occurred in relation to the time and premonition of the drowning.

Although they were still under treatment for shock and seemed exhausted, they too recognized the importance of my visit and were kind enough to make the following statements for publication in FATE.

Statement of Joseph Cefalu:

"On the afternoon of July 1, 1951, my friend, Tom Wall, stopped at my apartment and invited me to go with him to the park. As I had nothing else to do, I slipped into my shorts and went along. It was a hot summer afternoon. We lay around in the sun for quite some time. Just as I was about to suggest that we had had enough sun for one day, Tom suggested a canoe

ride around the lake. After renting a canoe we started across the lake. Suddenly Tom asked me for the correct time. When I told him that it was 20 minutes to four he immediately said that we must return to shore as it was later than he realized and he had promised to take his wife to dinner and a show. Then for some reason he stood up in the canoe. I told him to sit down but before he could do so the boat capsized. I tried my best to save him but he kept hitting me in the stomach and the next thing I knew someone was pulling me out of the lake."

Mrs. Wall's account:

"Yesterday afternoon my husband asked me to go to the park and take a sun bath with him but, as I wasn't properly dressed, I suggested that he go alone and I would clean up so that we could go out later in the evening.

"During the early afternoon I worked about the house, bathed, and put my hair up in curlers. Then I lay down to read until my husband returned.

"I must have dozed off for the next thing I remember, I was sitting up in bed. I distinctly heard my husband cry out, 'Frances, come to the park, I'm drowning.' His voice was as loud and distinct as though he were right in the room with me. I sat there stunned and sick. Again his voice cried out, 'Please, Frances, please hurry.'

"I don't remember how or what I put on but I found myself outside the apartment, running toward the park. Before I had traveled half the distance to the lake, I saw a crowd gathering near the shore and I knew without going nearer that my Tommy had gone away from me forever.

"Much later someone found me wandering about the streets and brought me home."

## The Case of the Mixed-Up Smiths

Two Mrs. Frank Smiths entered a hospital in Tampa, Fla., one day last June. Both were scheduled for the same type of operation by the same doctor. Here are some of the strange coincidences about their case:

Their first names: Irene.

Their ages: 47.

Their mothers' first name: Emma.

Their husbands wore identical shirts and both wore Masonic rings on the same finger.

Nurses at St. Joseph's hospital were so confused they put identification tags on their wrists — Bartow for the home town of one and Clearwater for the home town of the other. Both recovered nicely, and each Irene Smith was amazed to hear of the other.



# DO *Vampires* EXIST?

**Maybe it's just a myth, but out of the Balkans there still come tales of walking dead men, seeking blood.**

*By Sam Berger*

At the beginning of September, 1728, in the village Kisilova, in the Ukraine, a farmer named Peter Plogojowitz died. His death came as a surprise since he had appeared quite healthy at the age of 62. Three days after his death he entered his son's house at midnight and asked for food. His terrified son gave him some. When the father finished the meal he left as silently as he had entered.

The next day the son told his friends and neighbors what had occurred. On the following evening the father returned. This time the son refused to feed the strange apparition, who gave him a threatening look. The son suddenly and unaccountably died the next day. Within the next few hours five or six villagers became ill. Their symptoms were complete exhaustion and the faintness that usually accompanies loss of blood. They all complained that they had dreamed that the dead Plogojowitz came into their rooms, caught them by

the throat with his teeth, and sucked their blood.

The local apothecary administered what aid he could but the sick men all died within a few days. Nine other persons died in less than a week under the same mysterious circumstances.

The entire story sounds incredible; nevertheless, the account is part of the old records of the Russian Imperial forces and was verified by responsible persons.

The chief magistrate of the district where the deaths occurred wrote out the facts and sent them to Gradiska, where the commander of the Imperial forces was staying. The commander took two experienced officers and the executioner with him and visited Kisilova. In daylight they opened the graves of all who had died since the first of September. When they came to the grave of the offending farmer they found him as though in a trance, gently breathing, his eyes wide open and glaring horribly, his complexion ruddy, his flesh plump and full. His hair and nails had grown and new and healthy cuticle had appeared. His mouth was stained with fresh blood. The commander and his assistants concluded that here was a vampire who must be destroyed.

The executioner drove a sharp stake through the farmer's heart; blood gushed from the wound, from his nose, ears, and eyes. His body was then placed upon a pyre of logs and brushwood and burnt to ashes.

No evidence of vampirism was found upon the other bodies and they were reburied. Garlic and whitethorn were put in the coffins as a precaution and the village was never again molested.

This is only one of the many stories of vampirism that are lent credibility by the records of intelligent, rational officials.

In the United States and among the educated Europeans the tradition of the vampire is looked upon as superstitious legend. However, though legend it may be, it is very real and terrifying to thousands of villagers in Europe and other continents. The vampire, whether imagined or real, has been an object of horror to people since the time of primitive man.

The legend takes many different forms, depending on the locality and the people. In general, the vampire comes to life only at night. He leaves his grave to hunt for victims, who supply him with the fresh blood he requires in order to exist. He obtains this blood by biting the necks of his victims and sucking the blood through the small punctures. After he has drunk his fill he returns to his grave and takes on the appearance of death until the next night. During the day he is unconscious and helpless if he can be located.

During the Salem Witch Hunts in New England, which were at

their height from 1691 to 1693, certain happenings pointed to vampirism. Many of the "afflicted children" who testified during the prosecutions complained that they were tormented by apparitions who drained their vitality. Mrs. Thomas Putnam and her daughter, Abigail Williams and Mary Walcot complained that they had actually been bitten by these phantoms. They showed the marks of teeth imprinted upon their wrists.

One of the most famous cases of vampirism occurred in the village of Meduegna, near Belgrade, Jugoslavia. The document, dated January 7, 1732, which gives full particulars of the case, is signed by three army surgeons, a lieutenant colonel, and a sub-lieutenant.

In the spring of 1727 a young man named Arnold Paole returned to his native village, Meduegna, after serving a few years in the military service. Stating that he had saved enough money to buy some land and a cottage he said that he wanted to spend the rest of his days in Meduegna. Many of the villagers thought it strange that a man as young and handsome as Arnold Paole should wish to retire in such a small, out-of-the-way place. Some noticed a strangeness about the young man. And he seemed determined to avoid meeting Nina, the daughter of a rich farmer whose land adjoined his own.

But Arnold could not avoid forever the society of his neighbors, and the villagers were not particularly surprised when he became engaged to Nina. And yet, Nina told her friends, "There's some shadow between us." Arnold finally consented to tell her what was troubling him. He told her that he was haunted by fear of an early death, and he related a strange adventure in which he was involved while on active duty in Greece.

According to Arnold Paole, his unit was stationed in a part of Greece that had the reputation of being haunted. He claimed that he was visited by a vampire there, so he sought out the apparition's grave and destroyed the body. He then sent in his resignation from the army and fled to his native village. Up to the time that he told Nina this story he had experienced no ill effects.

Several weeks later, during harvest time, Arnold fell from the top of a loaded haywagon and was knocked unconscious. After a short time he died, supposedly of the injury received during his fall. He was buried in the village churchyard.

About a month later, villagers began to whisper that they had seen Arnold wandering around the village after night-fall. Several persons, whose names are recorded in the official report of the case, complained that they were visited by him and that these visits were followed by a feeling of exhaustion

and loss of vitality. In a short time several of these people died and panic spread around the neighborhood.

Throughout the winter the village lived in a state of horror. Men refused to venture out of doors after nightfall, although the spectre supposedly was able to penetrate closed windows and walls. Finally the villagers decided that Arnold Paole's body must be disinterred to learn if he was indeed a vampire.

Early on a gray morning in the cemetery of Meduegna, two military representatives from Belgrade, two army surgeons, a drummer boy, the sexton and his assistants met. The party moved to the grave. The old sexton served as gravedigger and before very long the coffin was uncovered. One of the assistants knocked open the lid.

It is reported officially that the corpse had moved to one side; the jaws gaped wide open and the lips dripped new blood. Without fear, the old sexton twisted the body straight, crying, "So, you have not wiped your mouth since last night's work." The group examined the remains more closely. The corpse looked as though it had not been dead a day. New skin and new nails had grown on the fingers.

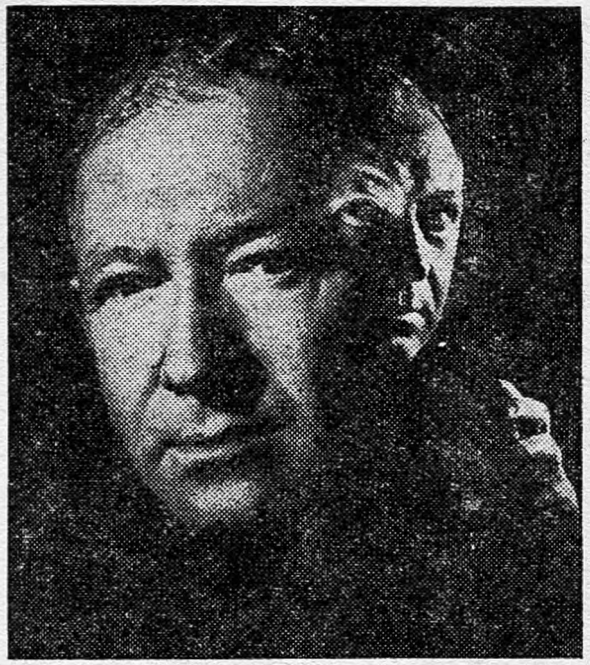
In accordance with the usual procedure for the destruction of vampires garlic was scattered over the body and a stake driven through the heart. The entire group testified that warm blood spouted from the body, which had been buried months before, and they heard a piercing shriek as the stake entered the heart.

Many scientific explanations have been given for these strange events but they are not conclusive. It is difficult to explain away so many coincidences that point to the existence of such a creature.

In our time, educated people scoff at those who believe in the supernatural; but who is to say that the vampire, real or imagined, is a supernatural creature?

## UNLUCKY FRIDAY

EVEN presidents have their superstitions. The late Franklin D. Roosevelt delayed the sailing of the mightiest battleship then afloat because of his personal superstition. The *USS Iowa*, which carried the president and the Joint Chiefs of Staff to Oran for the Cairo and Teheran conferences, was scheduled to sail on Friday, Nov. 5, 1943. The President asked the skipper to delay sailing because he believed Friday would be an unlucky day to begin the voyage. The *Iowa* did not move out to sea until a few seconds after midnight.



# THE MIND TINKER

*By Kurt Singer*

**You have to be pretty good to find a message hidden beneath the false teeth of an unknown man in an audience.**



Arthur Godfrey as a gag, pretends to hypnotize his friend, Franz J. Polgar.

DR. FRANZ J. POLGAR, who appears to read minds as easily as the man floats through the air on the flying trapeze, once challenged a reporter from the *Chicago Sun* to hide a postage stamp anywhere in the city. "I'll find it if you have a mind," promised Polgar, "Of course no one can read an empty book."

The newspaper man concealed a stamp in an office on the 15th floor of a Loop building. He then met Polgar at an appointed rendezvous, thought hard about the stamp and the amazing mind reader fell into a trance. Silently he pushed his way through downtown crowds with the reporter following at his

heels and transmitting mental radiograms. He crossed busy streets, rounded numerous corners, entered the right building, went up to the 15th floor, turned into the proper office and located the stamp pasted behind a picture hanging on a wall.

This is just a minor incident in the career of Franz Polgar (see August-September FATE). He has carried out thousands of experiments in thought transference, power of suggestion and quick memory before college classes, and before literally millions of people who attend lecture forums, town hall meetings and educational gatherings from coast to coast.

Despite the dignified manner with which Polgar has pursued his profession, he has an inherent sense of showmanship and is considered an entertainer of the first order. So confident is he of the science of telepathy that he is willing to undertake almost impossible stunts without reservations of any kind.

At the Philadelphia Forum one night in 1950, he suddenly asked for his check in the middle of the program. The Executive Director, William H. Huff, masked his surprise and, too puzzled to say a word, handed Polgar an envelope.

Turning to the audience the lecturer said, "I will give you a sporting proposition. I want you to hide this check. Hide it anywhere. I want a committee of four people whom you choose to escort me into the street. When I come back, if I can't find the envelope, Mr. Huff keeps the money and can use it to pay the speaker who follows me on the Philadelphia Forum."

Polgar was properly escorted outside the building. There was hustle and bustle inside as various suggestions were made by the audience as to where to conceal the check. Finally a man pulled out his false teeth and, waving them in the air, cried, "Put it under my plate. He will never find it there."

Polgar was marched back into the room. He asked for some member of the audience to give him mental directions as to where he could find his check. A young woman arose, put her mind to the task and Polgar, as though drawn by a magnet, walked up a side aisle clear into the back of the hall, came down a center aisle and drew up abruptly at a certain row of seats. He unceremoniously shoved his way over the laps of half a dozen customers until he came to the middle of the row. There he seized the man with the false teeth and asked him to come up to the platform.

There he said, "I know I have found the right man. Now, if the lady will tell mentally where my check is hidden, I will get paid after all." He found it immediately under the man's upper plate.

Last winter, in Memphis, he asked a group at the Goodwyn In-

stitute Forum to enact a crime while he was out of the room. "I'll give you an imitation of Sherlock Holmes and Dick Tracy all rolled into one," Polgar told his audience. "I will not only tell you who committed the crime, but who the victim was and I'll also find the murder weapon—providing you decide to have a murder. I will do all this by reading your thoughts."

This time he was escorted from the room and placed in a police squad car outside the door of the Institute Building. While he was out the audience chose a woman from the back of the hall on the right-hand side. She was designated as "the murder victim." A man was chosen as "the murderer" and a flashlight case from a newspaper photographer who was sitting in the front row was "the weapon." Polgar was brought back into the room.

Quickly, surely, as guided by thought waves, he sought out and found the woman. "This is the victim," he announced. Then he selected a man. "This is the guilty gentleman," he said. From there he proceeded down into the front row where he seized the newspaperman's equipment, held it high, and exclaimed, "Here is the weapon!"

He was right in every particular.

At the University of North Carolina in May, 1950, Dr. Polgar told a group of students in a psychology class that he would be glad to obey any command that they broadcast mentally. So they silently yelled at him to find a pair of clippers concealed in the pocket of someone in the classroom. He removed the clippers from the young man's pocket, made his way to another student, begged this boy's pardon and then, doing as he was mentally directed, cut a v-shaped design in the student's hair.

Every time Polgar appears before a new audience, he walks onto the stage like a man stepping into a bathtub full of ice. That's the way he feels; he is a shy, bespectacled man and does not look like a swami. He carries no crystal ball, wears no swami headband nor neat goatee. Audiences are apt to be unenthusiastic at the start.

In Memphis, Tenn., one audience remained antagonistic as he went through some impossible mathematical stuff filling in "magic squares" with numbers called out by the crowd and making all the squares total up and down, crosswise and diagonally the sum previously decided upon by the spectators themselves.

He felt a slight flow of response when he memorized a group of 50 words as fast as the audience could call them. The words were recorded on a blackboard and numbered. Without ever looking at them, Polgar was able to identify any word with any number and vice versa.

They really began to warm up when he produced the current issue

of *The Saturday Evening Post* and announced that he had memorized the whole thing from cover to cover.

Tearing its pages apart he threw them to the audience and declared that he would recite any page named.

"I have Page 55," called out one man with a half sneer. "What's the ad say?"

"Page 55," mused Polgar, pretending that it was hard work for his photographic mind. "Let's see. Oh, that's the advertisement for a baking company." He named the company. "It shows a picture of a box of cookies and it claims, 'They are so easy to serve.' There is a tray of cookies shown on a table."

"Right," said the inquisitor. "But how many cookies on the tray?"

"How many cookies? Would you really expect me to know that?" Polgar beamed.

"You're supposed to know everything."

"All right. There are 21 cookies on the tray."

A short pause while the man counts. Then gleefully, "Wrong! There are an even 20!"

"Only 20?" repeats Polgar slyly. "Yes, that may be. You see the family that bought these cookies has a little boy and he's probably been helping himself. When I counted them, there were 21!"

This kind of deliberate humor always pleases the audience.

In New York in 1944 a group of celebrities were gathered at a War Bond Rally at the Dutch Treat Club. Polgar offered to obey any mental commands. Lowell Thomas, Bruce Barton, Alex Osborne, an advertising executive, and William Chenery, editor of a nationally known periodical, went into a huddle. They started tossing their thoughts in Dr. Polgar's direction and he began to move like a robot. He walked over to Thomas, kneeled, removed the commentator's left shoe, placed it on the dinner table and put two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar into it. The four men gasped. It was what they had willed. Polgar insisted they use the sugar in their coffee — after all it was rationed.

Despite his great mental powers Polgar doesn't always know the answer. A friend planning to visit the doctor at his hotel asked over the phone, "What is your room number?" The master mentalist responded, "Wait, I'll have to go outside and look."

Another caller found him on his hands and knees groping on the floor for a shirt stud. "Some things," he lamented, "are almost impossible to find." But of course the shirt stud wasn't capable of sending him telepathic instructions.

Polgar believes the human mind has unlimited possibilities which most people haven't bothered to explore and which even he has hardly approached. Following men-

tal commands and performing feats of memory isn't the only Polgar accomplishment. He has hypnotized more than 100,000 persons since he first became aware of his mental powers. He has practiced mass hypnotism on some audiences putting so many to sleep that only a few remained open-eyed to enjoy the show.

Vaudeville actors, Polgar says, have misused hypnotism. Amateurs have helped it into disrepute so that its reception by medical scientists has been hampered. He has done away with the deep blue lights, the opera cloak, the voice of mystery and has demonstrated hypnotism for what it is: merely the power of suggestion. Apparently he suggests things more strongly than most people. Sometimes when he is working with 15 or 20 subjects on a platform somebody far up in the gallery falls under his spell.

Polgar believes it is not possible to force a person who is under a hypnotic spell to carry out an order that the conscious mind would rebel against. For example, if your conscience wouldn't let you steal the hypnotist is powerless to make you steal when you are hypnotized. Unrealized powers that lie dormant can as easily be brought forward.

In Moddus, Conn., for example, Polgar hypnotized a girl and suggested that upon awakening she would believe herself to be Dinah Shore and would burst immediately into a song. This she did and a well-known radio actor sitting in the front row commented that the girl was a genius. But when the hypnotic suggestion was removed the girl couldn't carry a tune.

Polgar later took her to a singing teacher who gave her every opportunity to prove herself before he finally yelled out a temperamental, "Bah! this child has no talent."

Polgar again hypnotized her and again she was a Dinah Shore. "You singing teachers," Polgar advised, "should help pupils develop confidence before you criticize too freely. This lady is an introvert. Under hypnosis she sheds her shyness. She needs encouragement, that's all."

So great is the power of suggestion that people hypnotize themselves every day, Polgar says. For years you wet your finger and touch the iron to see if it is hot. Suddenly you think, "What if my finger remained on that iron too long. I would get burned plenty!" The next time you do get burned. Or, you walk along a certain path nightly for many years. A tree root grows across the path. You know its location so well that you easily step over it. Suddenly you think how dangerous that root is. That's all the suggestion you need. Soon you fall over it.

Polgar was born in Enying, Hungary, the son of a school principal. In 1918, before he was 18 years old, he was commissioned a second lieu-

tenant in the Hungarian army and was sent to the Italian front. This event changed his whole life.

An Italian shell buried him alive in a trench and blotted out his memory for more than six months. Removed from his tomb after 60 hours, he was sent to Graz, Austria, to a hospital. As he regained consciousness, a strange thing occurred. He could anticipate the actions of those who ministered to him. He could read the thoughts of the nurses. Soon he became the talk of the hospital. A newspaper reporter visited him. Medical journals took up the case.

Polgar, suffering at the time from loss of memory, believes that this new power was given him to compensate for the absence of the other sense. He recalls that his first demonstration of hypnotic power came when he caused a soldier to fall under his spell simply when administering a reprimand as an army officer.

Coming to America in 1933, he first took a job as a waiter in a restaurant in Yorkville. At the risk of getting a piece of pie tossed in his face, he started bringing customers their orders without consulting them orally. He read their minds. He says he never did any worse than bring macaroni for spaghetti. If somebody was thinking about a cup of coffee, Polgar would have to ask, "With or without sugar?" But if they wanted cream he could see the color.

When the waiter's unusual accomplishments became known the little restaurant developed a waiting line. He turned down circus, sideshow and vaudeville offers but was persuaded by a magazine editor to appear in a unique platform program. This first appearance was at the National Arts Club in New York.

He's still going along at a merry clip doing *impossible* things out in the open, under bright lights, before the kind of people who attend lectures, forums and colleges. Last year he gave 343 programs.

He holds an open question period after each program and people invariably ask him what telepathy is. He says he believes that before men could talk it was the only form of communication. Today this dormant power — telepathy — still shows up occasionally. Nearly everyone has experienced it at some time. You are thinking of a friend. He calls you on the telephone. You look at someone for a time and he turns toward you. Maybe you suddenly think of an old friend. A day or two later you learn that he died at precisely the hour you remembered him. You got his farewell message via telepathy.

"Such incidences as these are talked about in every country in the world," Polgar says. "Some say these things are merely coincidences. But they occur too often to be explained away that easily."

# The MURDER at the Old Ches Mullis Place

*By George L. Mock, Jr.*

**They say murder will out, but here's a murder that would never have been discovered but for "outside" help.**

On March 11, 1930, just after noon, J. H. Parker drove his old model Dodge sedan to H. J. Mullis' farm and stopped in front of the gate. In the car with Parker was a woman he claimed as his wife and two children. Mullis' farm was about two miles from the little hamlet of Waresboro, Ga., approximately seven miles northwest of Waycross, the county seat of Ware County.

Parker wanted to rent a farm called the Old Ches Mullis place which was on the main highway between Waresboro and Millwood. Mullis agreed to rent him the farm on a sharecropping basis. The Parker family immediately moved in and took possession of the place.



It was quite apparent that Parker had no stock of any kind, yet he rapidly began to acquire chickens, hogs, a cow, a mule, and a few goats.

About May 24 another woman with a baby was noticed visiting the Parkers. She stayed until about June 5, and Parker's wife later told Mullis that the woman and baby had gone back to Miami, Fla.

Sometime later in the summer a man whose description fit Parker was reported selling meat in Waresboro at a price far below regular market prices. Mullis suspected that Parker was the man and that he had obtained the meat by theft, but he had no actual proof and no accusations were made.

One day Mullis stopped at the home of a neighbor, Sidney Hargraves, and Hargraves reported that someone had stolen all his chickens except one old hen and chicks. He showed Mullis the tracks of the thieves. One set of tracks was those of a large man (big and deeply imprinted), the other set was those of a woman who wore about a number four shoe. The tracks led across a field into the woods in the direction of the Parker place, which was about a mile away. There was still no actual proof that Parker was the thief yet the incident strengthened the suspicions which Mullis had of Parker.

A few days later, about 1 p.m. on August 18, 1930, a car with three men in it drove up to the Mullis house and stopped. Mr. Dorsey, the foreman of J. W. Bunn's farm at Tellmore, Ga., acted as spokesman for the three. He said that a one-horse wagon had been stolen from Mr. Bunn's place the night before and that they had tracked it to where it had turned in at the Old Ches Mullis place, now rented by Parker. Mullis went with them to aid in the search for the wagon, accompanied by Deenie Rouse, the district constable. After a thorough search of the farm the wagon was found hidden in the cornfield, close to a pine woods thicket. Parker was arrested and placed in jail in Waycross, Ga.

A neighbor, Mrs. Hoxie, took compassion on Parker's wife and children and invited them to stay with her.

When the news about Parker's arrest became known people from all over the county came to his place to see if he had stolen anything from them. It was found that he had stolen some tires from the Waresboro Consolidated Schools, a battery from Roy McDonald, a mule from a Mr. Petty, five or six hogs from a Mr. Knox of Nahunta, Ga. Others claimed all the rest of the stock. They learned why Parker could sell meat so cheaply in Waresboro. He had buried the hides and heads to hide the identification of the slaughtered animals.

Parker's wife remarked to Mrs. Hoxie that the woman with the baby who had visited them was

Parker's other wife. She said that this other woman's father was Raybun Johns of Hickox, Ga.

The sheriff of Ware County, Mr. Warren, went out to the Hoxie place to interrogate Parker's wife. He learned that the woman was not Parker's legal wife, that they had never been married and that her real name was Cora Hazen. He also learned that the woman and baby who visited the Parker place was Parker's legal wife, and that the children were hers.

Sheriff Warren arrested Cora Hazen on a charge of adultery and carried her to jail in Waycross. He left the children and a milk cow, which was all the stock left at the Parker place, with Mrs. Hoxie. He notified the county welfare worker concerning the plight of the children and she took them to the home of their grandfather, Raybun Johns.

While Parker was in jail he was questioned as to the whereabouts of his legal wife and baby. He said they had gone to Toronto, Canada. This roused Mullis' suspicions, and he told Sheriff Warren that Cora Hazen had said the woman had gone to Miami. He felt something was wrong but the sheriff only smiled and ignored Mullis. After seeing that he could get no further cooperation from the sheriff, Mullis went to the solicitor (district attorney), Hon. A. B. Spence. Spence assured him that if he uncovered any evidence that would prove foul play, the law enforcement officials would help him bring the guilty party to justice.

Mullis went back to the Parker place and started a systematic search. He observed several freshly dug spots in the earth around the house and in the yard and dug into them. But he uncovered only several hog heads and hides and cow heads and hides. The search for human bodies revealed nothing.

Then Mullis went to C. H. Posey, who lived in Moultrie, Ga. Posey was considered to have clairvoyant powers and had become quite well known as a "fortune teller." People from all over South Georgia would go to him when confronted with something unusual or mysterious. They consulted him especially when they had lost some article of value. Posey then would describe the object, tell where it was lost or who stole it, and tell where it was at that moment. Posey made no charge for his service, though he would accept a donation, no matter how small or large, if the client chose to give him one.

When Mullis walked into Posey's "sitting room," he was startled when Posey told him exactly why he was there. He was even more surprised when Posey began relating incidents, describing them so vividly and accurately that it seemed he was actually present while the events were taking place. He told Mullis what happened at the Parker place. He said that Cora

Hazen had killed Parker's wife and baby and added that she was the "brains" of the two and had more sense in a minute than Parker ever had in his life.

Posey then drew a diagram of the farm for Mullis which was accurate to the last detail. He showed the location of the farmhouse, outbuildings, barn and even the direction of the plowed rows in the fields. The diagram showed how many long and short rows there were, and depicted their relation to each other. One particular spot he pointed out was a kind of triangular patch which he said was planted broadcast style. In this patch he marked a place where he said the bodies would be found.

He declared that the bodies were just thrown in the grave and were not even covered over with a cloth, paper, or container of any kind. He said that the baby would be in the mother's arms and the dirt thrown right in their bare faces. He said they had been killed with a hatchet and it would be found under the bodies in the grave. He said, too, that when the bodies were found the woman would have a crushed spot in the back of the skull about as large as a silver dollar and that the baby's skull would be found to be split wide open. Posey also told Mullis to look in the farm house in the side room and that under the window he would find a large blood spot. He declared that the Parkers had tried to scrub up the blood splotch but had failed to remove all of the stain.

That same afternoon, when Mullis returned to the Parker place near Waresboro, he decided to test what Posey had said. The easiest thing to check was the blood spot in the side room. He found the spot exactly as Posey had said. It was almost obliterated by scrubbing but a dark stain was still visible. After checking that proof of the accuracy of Posey's clairvoyance Mullis decided to plow up the spot marked on the diagram where the bodies would be found.

The next morning, Saturday, October 18, 1930, Mullis and several of his boys went to the Parker place with suitable equipment to plow up that spot. They were using a harrow, and after going up and down the place a few times the harrow suddenly sank up to the axle in soft dirt. Mullis called a halt and, using a shovel, began digging around in the soft spot. A nauseating odor was present. Mullis' shovel struck something solid, like a soggy log. He worked around it carefully with the shovel. It was a woman's foot and leg. Mullis' long quest — nearly 58 days — was at an end. He covered the foot and leg over again with dirt and told his boys to stand guard, to tell no one what had been discovered, and not to let anyone go near the place. Mullis then proceeded to Waycross and the office of Mr. Spence, the solicitor.

When Mullis told Spence what he had found, both went to the sheriff's office. They then went on to the jail to question Parker. He denied knowing anything about bodies being buried out at his farm. Spence and Sheriff Warren decided to take Parker from the jail to the place where the bodies were buried in an effort to get a confession out of him.

They placed Parker under heavy guard and summoned a local undertaker, R. C. Ulmer, to exhume the bodies. The party then proceeded to the grave in the field. Parker stood at the foot of the grave and watched Ulmer remove the dirt from around the bodies. Not a sign of emotion crossed his face. There never was a man more calm or unmoved. Finally the bodies were dug up and laid out on top of the ground. They were those of a woman and baby, badly decomposed. Parker did not confess even when confronted with the evidence of the bodies of his wife and baby lying on the ground before him. He stood there looking like one hypnotized.

The bodies were immediately identified as those of Mrs. Ethel Johns Parker and her daughter, Geraldine.

An autopsy was ordered for the bodies. The undertaker removed the remains to his establishment in Waycross and Parker was returned to jail. The autopsy found that the woman had a skull fracture and a large blood clot in the back of the head about as large as a silver dollar. The skull of the baby was split open just as the clairvoyant Posey had predicted in his interview with Mullis.

That same night Parker told the jail warden that he was ready to make a statement. His entire story is much too long to relate here but he denied that he had killed his wife and baby. He said that Cora Hazen had committed the murders and that he had dug a hole out in the field and buried the bodies, planting the place over with peas so that the freshly dug spot would not be noticeable.

Meanwhile, Cora Hazen had been sentenced to serve a year's time in the state prison at Milledgeville on the adultery charge. After Parker made his statement, the officers went to the state prison and returned with Cora Hazen, placing her in jail in Blackshear, in neighboring Pierce County.

Mrs. Hazen denied any part in the killing. She said she heard Parker and his wife quarreling so she ran out of the house and hid in the yard behind a chinaberry tree. In a few minutes she said Parker went out in the field and dug a hole. He returned to the house and came out with his wife's body in his arms. Placing the body in the hole, he again went into the house and came out with the baby's body slung over his shoulder like a bundle of old clothes. He placed the baby in the

hole beside its mother and then covered both bodies with dirt.

Mrs. Hazen said she stayed out in the yard until almost dark, being afraid to go in until Parker's temper cooled down a bit. She said he met her at the door and told her that if she told anyone what she had seen that she, too, would get the same. Mrs. Hazen stated that she was deathly afraid of Parker and she knew he meant it.

Each blamed the other as the Grand Jury met in December, 1930. A true bill of indictment was brought against Jim Parker and Cora Hazen for murder. Parker was tried first. He was represented by several of the best criminal lawyers in South Georgia: Blalock and Blalock; Parker and Parker (no relation to Jim Parker); and Hon. Mack Barnes. They tried desperately to prove Parker insane but it was useless. The jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree without a recommendation for mercy. He was sentenced to die in the electric chair at the State Prison Farm in Milledgeville, Georgia.

Mrs. Hazen was tried immediately after Parker and the jury returned a "not guilty" verdict. A charge of mule stealing was lodged against her in Brantley County. Her attorney was the brilliant criminal lawyer, Hon. Jerome Crawley. A "not guilty" verdict was once more returned for her and she became a free woman again.

A peculiar event took place on Christmas Eve, following Parker's conviction. There was a jail break. The prisoners sawed the bars of one of the jail windows and four of them escaped with Parker. Sheriff Warren offered $250, as did Ware County — a total of $500, for Parker's apprehension. The escaped men managed to get possession of some liquor and the whole crew got drunk. One of them, a man named Williamson, somehow found out about the reward for Parker and betrayed him into the hands of the law. Parker had been out of jail for 36 hours but had never gone further than 12 miles from the scene of his crime. That was one time that liquor, as well as the reward money, really helped the law.

The attorneys who defended Parker appealed his case to the State Supreme Court but to no avail. They then tried desperately to get Parker a stay of execution but Gov. Richard B. Russell, now U. S. Senator, denied him clemency. Parker was electrocuted in April of 1932. He was really convicted by clairvoyance.

## CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

By an odd cast of fate on February 13, *1746*, a Jean Marie Dunbarry was sent to the scaffold for the murder of his father; on February 13, *1846*, his great-grandson, another Jean Marie Dunbarry, paid the same price for the same crime. — *Margaret Gaddis.*

# THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• Ten days after Attorney George R. Cohen won a $150,000 settlement for the family of John Miran Weeks, killed in a Long Island train wreck, the lawyer boarded a train run by the line from whom he'd won the suit. There was another wreck. This time Lawyer Cohen was killed.

* * *

• The tragic life of Mrs. Dorothy Evans ended at Grand Rapids, Mich., when she was accidentally shot to death by her young son, whom she bore four years ago while waiting trial for the murder of his father.

* * *

• In Dearborn, Mich., an alarm clock went off unexpectedly in the middle of the night and saved a couple and their two small sons from asphyxiation. William C. Chambers, 28, the father was awakened by the clock and rushed his family to the hospital.

• In Ada, Okla., J. J. Davis, a quarry worker, found a $1 bill in a sack of cowfeed and used it to buy a raffle ticket on Friday the 13th. He won a new car.

* * *

• In Gainesville, Fla., Lee Weissenborn, a journalism student, called at the local draft board to see if he couldn't pick up some information for a good story. He was handed his induction notice by a clerk.

* * *

• In Montreal, Canada, a taxi driver went to a police station to check the rogues' gallery for the gunman who stole $6 from him. While he looked, police arrested him on a two-month-old traffic fine.

* * *

• In Los Angeles, Vernon Bronson Twitchell, author of "Living Without Liquor," was picked up by police asleep on a neighbor's lawn and booked as drunk. He pleaded guilty and got a $25 fine.

* * *

• In Los Angeles, a member of the Angeles National Forest Service was going over plans for the annual fire-prevention campaign when the pack of matches he was carrying in his hip pocket set his pants afire.

* * *

• In a contest held at Spalding, Lincolnshire, England, first prize was free haircuts for six months. It was won by W. J. Thompson, a barber. — Paul Steiner.

# The MYSTERIOUS



*Aerial view of mystery circles started the scientific inquiries described in this article. The dark line through field is a stream bordered with pine trees.*

*By Johnny Noble, Photographs by Lonnie Wilson*

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NOVEMBER darkness was closing over the lonely plain as the first snowflakes slanted silently down from Mount Shasta. The farm boy, bringing his cows from the far pasture, glanced uneasily at the brooding white mountain, barely visible now in the swirling night. No other human should be abroad this stormy evening, and yet the boy was positive he heard voices.

The cows seemed uneasy too. Picking their deliberate way between the rolling hummocks, they stopped frequently to look back and listen. The boy had to pelt them with rough lava clods to hurry them along, and once they veered away from a low-crowned mound — as if turned by invisible hands — and stampeded halfway across the field. Then it was that the boy looked back, shrieked with terror, and fled to the yellow lights of the farm house, a mile away.

# CIRCLES OF SHASTA

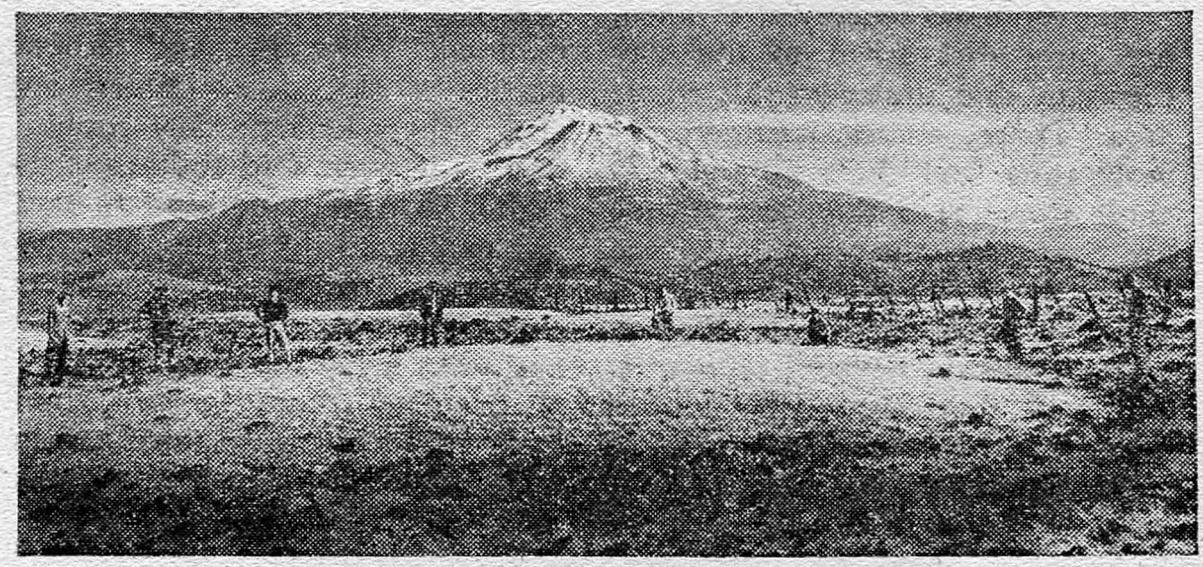
**Anthropologists say they aren't made by man; geologists say they aren't natural. What is your explanation?**

"There were lots of them," he sobbed to his father an hour afterward, "maybe a hundred of them — tiny little men in funny hats — standing in a big circle. You know the circles . . ."

"Aye," said the bearded homesteader, "the circles I know, but I've never seen *them*. 'Tis the 'Little People' abroad again."

Through more than a century the story of the "Little People" on Mount Shasta has persisted. Their hoary legends cling to the icy slopes of the old volcano, and there are strange tales of unmortal men descended from the Lost Continent of Atlantis. Occult clans have formed and flourished about Shasta City, and died away. But debunkers never have been able to laugh off one incontestable phenomenon which is evident to every eye, the mysterious Siskiyou Stone Circles— nor has science been able to explain them.

These odd earth formations protrude like swelling grass-covered nipples over 600 acres of the flat prairie near the northwestern foot



*Investigators stand on rim of one of the circles, illustrating its size. Rocks were thrown into the circle in recent years. Mt. Shasta in background.*

of the peak. Each concentric mound is the same, 60 feet in diameter, with the dirt rising in an almost perfect circle to a crest approximately two feet above the level of the surrounding terrain. Each ring is surrounded by a stone path, or mosaic, the rocks obviously gathered from the millions of volcanic stones tumbled over all the neighborhood. One curious thing to scientists who have investigated is the manner in which these rocks have been set in circular trenches, with gravel and smaller rocks at the bottom graduating upward to boulder size at the surface.

"Nothing in geology explains this," asserts Burton J. Westman, B.Sc., of Etna, Siskiyou County. "The mounds are not natural. They must be human. The trenches and mound soil indicate they may have been used for agricultural purposes — less than 200 years ago."

The mounds themselves, he noted, are pure dirt down to the clay hardpan that underlies this whole area. There, on the hardpan, investigators find the scattered volcanic stones resuming, just as they are found on the ground surface above the mounds. And they show signs of weathering, as if they weren't always covered with dirt. The rock rings around the humps appear to be smooth pathways of stepping stones, carefully laid, it would appear, to make easier walking between the mounds or around them, far easier than striking off across the rock-strewn fields where only sage brush and weedy grass will grow. Even the yellow pine that thrives in the area seems to shun the field of mounds.

"I can't believe these are natural," confessed Franklin Fenenga, University of California anthropologist, "but neither can I find any function for which they would be built."

Fenenga, an expert on all the early peoples who inhabited California — all the scientifically recognized peoples, that is — was the latest expert called into a mystery that was buzzed in low-voiced speculation for decades. Local folk spoke of the mounds in tones not likely to carry to tiny unseen ears until 1946, when the phenomenon came to official attention. A field of the strange humps appeared on an aerial photograph taken by the United States Forest Service that year, and non-superstitious men demanded, "What are they?" Ground parties of skilled woodsmen and geographers looked; they couldn't find an answer. Old Indians of the region shrugged; nothing in their lore explained the circles, and they seemed unwilling to think too closely. Geologists had their day and went away puzzled. Hundreds of practical men, in fact, have looked and given up during these four years. To this day no one has a logical explanation.

Fenenga and C. E. Smith, a fellow anthropologist, were willing to

grant that the stone circles certainly look like the organized effort of many men — and definitely unlike the work of nature. But they could find no relic, no tool, no evidence of a human hand, to indicate that mortal beings had been around the mounds. A single arrowhead was picked up by a child, but it had been chipped from Glass Mountain, the obsidian peak northwest of the area, and apparently was lost by an Indian while hunting.

Fenenga and Smith proved that these were not burial mounds of earthly people. Acid poured on the soil would have caused a violent reaction if there had been bones or other limey substance mixed in the dirt. There would have been artifacts, for the known natives of this area buried a man's wealth with him.

"We have found nothing — not a single thing but that arrowhead," says George Schrader, assistant supervisor of the Shasta National Forest and officer of the Siskiyou County Historical Society. Schrader, a studious little man whose whole working life has been in the outdoors, personally took over the mystery when others admitted defeat. And he still has no solution.

One theory, unsubstantiated by geologists, is that lava "bubbles" burst and left the mounds inside their rock circles. This fails to explain why the lightest stones are at the bottom of the trenches and the heaviest on top. Another theory



*Mounds are about three feet high. Forest Service man, standing at bottom, shows rock to Anthropologist C. E. Smith.*

is that the mounds are Indian works, built for ceremonial purposes during the annual big game hunt of early days. "Why, then, aren't there artifacts?" demand Fenenga and Smith. "That many people working over the years would have left a large quantity of material behind. People of later years might have carried away arrowheads, tools and household relics — but they certainly would not have carted off all the bone or flint chips that would mark an Indian activity." The anthropologists, who have investigated Indian works throughout California, admitted they have never encountered any puzzle such as the stone circles.

Westman, the geologist on the scene — still convinced living persons built the mounds — concludes his report with the observation: "What made the aboriginal Indians choose this area for these mounds, what was the exact use of these

mounds, what was the culture of the inhabitants and what caused them to abandon the mounds are questions that await reply."

The reply of the experts is that no Indians chose the site or used the mounds.

Then who did? Four years of scientific searching and examination has given no answer that can be backed with proof. Local inhabitants who watched the cults come and go and pondered the legend of the "Little People" and the Lost Continent of Atlantis are not so sure. Certain oldsters, who spend hours in presumably tranquil meditation on the slopes of old Shasta, smile with open composure at the hubbub.

Schrader, most constant of the objective searchers, is ready to shake his head in frank puzzlement, quickly turning an oblique glance up at Mount Shasta, as if seeking still to find the answer in her snowy aloofness.

"The Egyptians," he murmurs, "didn't have the only Sphinx with a riddle."

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## THE FLYING SHOE

A SHOE flung from her foot changed the life of Shelly Post, artist, who has also been a singer, playwright and artist's model.

Miss Post was singing in a musical play in Connecticut and as she was walking down a staircase during one scene her shoe flew off onto the stage. She was able to overcome her embarrassment, recover her shoe, and put it on before the audience without creating too much fuss.

Several years later Miss Post was describing the incident to a friend as her most embarrassing experience. She threw out her left foot to show what had happened and again her shoe went sailing off her foot — this time through a window. She rushed out and found a handsome man holding it. They started to talk and she discovered he was a famous painter. Since she was studying art, they had a common interest. Eventually they were married. Her husband is Robert Philipp, the artist.

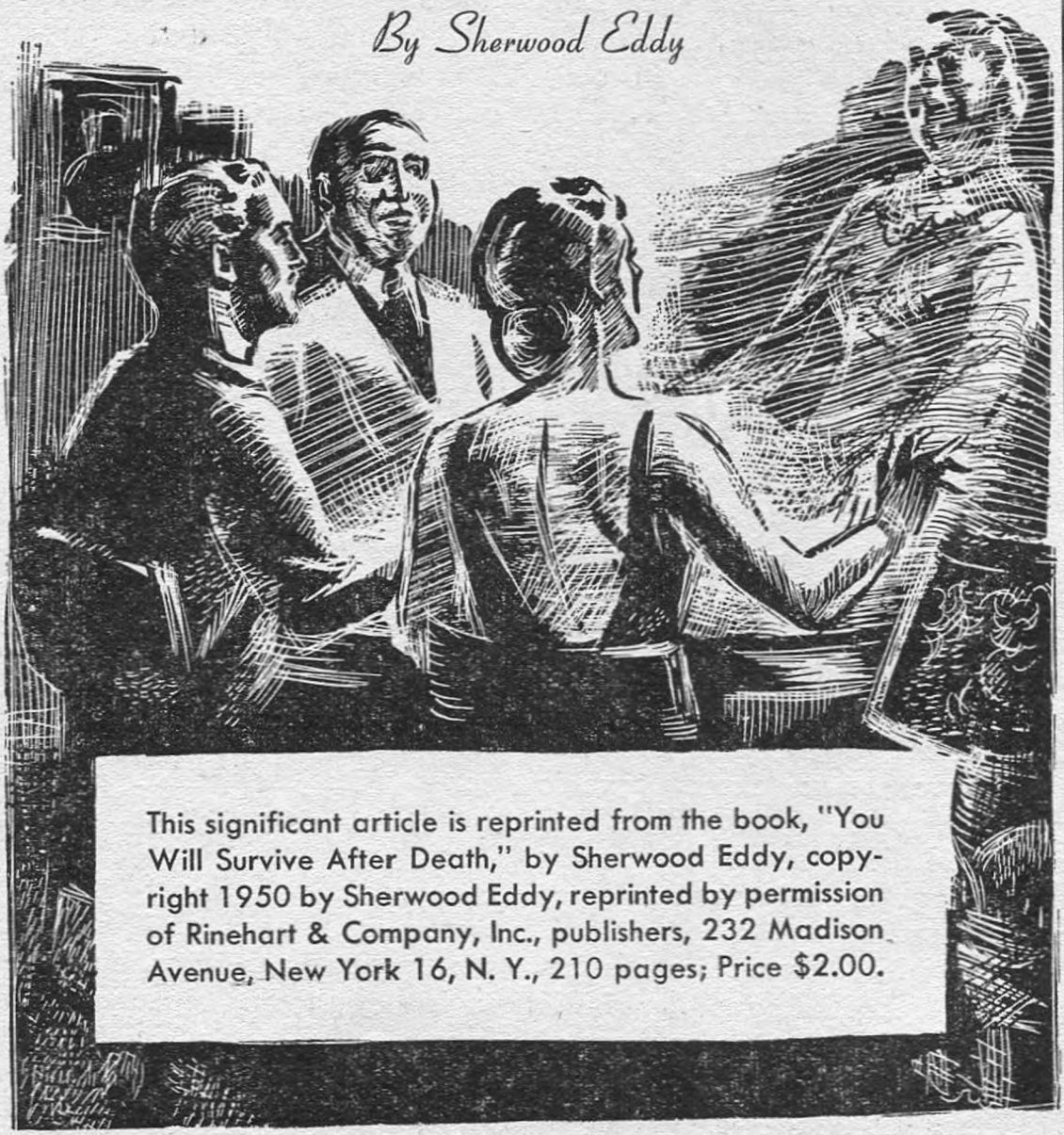
### CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

WHEN the Normans invaded England in 1066, two of their leaders were Taillefer ("hewer of iron") and Robert de Montgomerie. When the Allies invaded Normandy in 1944, two of theirs were Eisenhower ("hewer of iron") and Montgomery! — *Margaret Gaddis.*

**A Hereafter? You too would believe if you had talked with your loved one as did this famous clergyman.**

# YOU WILL SURVIVE AFTER DEATH

*By Sherwood Eddy*



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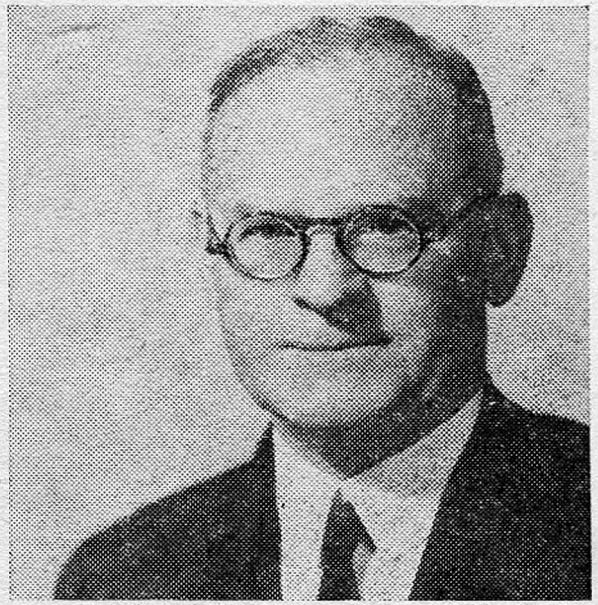
# SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY

If God's universe is both material and spiritual and if this universe appears to man as two worlds, the visible and the invisible, if there is any communication between these two worlds, we should naturally expect it to be both mental and material.

Phenomena in the psychic sphere are either mental or material; and they are also of two types, sensory and motor. The sensory type is exhibited in clairvoyance, clairaudience, apparition, and other sensory phenomena, whether of sight, touch, taste, or smell. The motor type is manifested in automatic writing, planchette, ouija board, table tapping or lifting, etc.

We hold no ascetic view that would despise the body, but rather a sacramental view of life where the material is a sacrament of the spiritual. We would expect in such a universe, with Robert Browning, that the body would help the soul; hence we would expect psychic phenomena to be material as well as mental. Both would be necessary to man as an inhabitant of two worlds.

In psychic communication between the invisible and the visible world, if spirits are without material bodies, they would have, presumably, no physical vocal cords and no natural means of communication with us. If matter is organized energy, some form of this would be necessary for communication with the material sphere. This form of matter used in psychic communication is called ectoplasm. Just as matter may take a solid, liquid, or gaseous form, and just as the same substance may appear as water, ice, steam, or invisible vapor, so ectoplasm may be visible or invisible, gaseous or solid. It has been observed, handled, and photographed proceeding from the body of a medium, or sensitive, as a vapor or fluid or mass capable of



*Dr. Eddy set out with no psychic gifts himself and has, for the past 13 years, gathered evidence on psychic phenomena and life after death. He has had what he believes to be firsthand communications with those who have died.*

being quickly molded into different forms. This may take the shape of firm rods or levers for operating upon matter in telekinesis or the moving of objects, in the making of sounds, and other physical manifestations.

Dr. W. J. Crawford, a lecturer in mechanical engineering in Queens University, Belfast, Ireland, performed a series of scientific experiments in 1918 dealing with ectoplasm observed in levitation, telekinesis, and other material phenomena. He found a gifted psychic, Kathleen Goligher, who was regularly meeting or holding psychic sittings with her own family circle of seven members, all of whom had some measure of psychic power. Dr. Crawford was admitted as a friend to this group and conducted with their co-operation a series of scientific experiments lasting for a year and a half. The family was devout, and both spiritual and physical manifestations seemed to them part of their religion. They were all convinced that they were in contact with unseen operators. The experiments were conducted under such scientific controls by Dr. Crawford that he believed all possibility of fraud was finally eliminated. The experiments were conducted in red light, as it was found that bright white light made impossible the operation of ectoplasm in these material phenomena. Sir William Barrett, professor of physics at the Royal College of Science in Dublin, was present at some of these experiments and records them in his book, "The Threshold of the Unseen."

Dr. Crawford as a mechanical engineer arranged the controls. The medium, Kathleen Goligher, was seated upon a platform. A table was placed in the center of the group. In the course of the experiments, Dr. Crawford found that ectoplasm as a vapor or a solid mass proceeded from the body of the medium, formed itself into apparent rods and levers, and operated powerfully upon the table and other objects. He finally handled and photographed this ectoplasm and examined it carefully and repeatedly. Once the table was lifted bodily while Sir William Barrett sat upon it. The ectoplasmic rods proceeded from various parts of the medium's body, moved objects and produced powerful physical manifestations.

Dr. Crawford noted the cold feeling connected with this ectoplasm that has been repeatedly observed by many investigators. Prof. C. E. M. Joad of London remarks that the temperature of a room in which a dozen people have been sitting for three hours, where there have been ectoplasmic phenomena, drops six or seven degrees according to the record of a sealed thermometer. In this Goligher family circle, ectoplasm was seen as vapor or smoke increasing in density, proceeding like bands or ribbons from various members of the group and a

great band developing into a rod from the left side of the medium. In the next section we shall examine Dr. Crawford's findings more in detail.

### Materializations

The most difficult phenomena for the critical investigator to accept are materializations. My early antipathy to all materializations and to evidences of material mediumship was partly overcome by my reading at the advice of my friend, Dr. Henry Hardwicke, then secretary of the New York Society of Psychical Research, the works of the mechanical engineer, W. J. Crawford, referred to above. Dr. Crawford for several years made what was probably the most exhaustive study ever made of physical mediumship, under the most rigid scientific controls.

Dr. Crawford's sole purpose in his scientific experiments was to advance our knowledge of psychic phenomena and the laws underlying them. There were no dark seances in the Goligher circle; all were held in red light that would not injure ectoplasm, although Dr. Crawford's experiments with the direct voice carried on in his own home always required complete darkness. All sittings began and ended with prayer in a spirit of devotion. A few minutes were required for the "operators" to gather the energy to produce the ectoplasm or psychic structures necessary for the experiments. These structures which proceeded from the medium's body as ectoplasm and were reabsorbed into it, were usually invisible. When Dr. Crawford passed his hand through the structures, he experienced a disagreeable, cold, sporelike sensation, and such interruption generally broke up the structures. They seemed to consist of a form of psychic energy with which science was unacquainted, sometimes gaseous and sometimes solid. The structures seemed to solidify and then to possess weight — sometimes as much as 50 pounds — with the ability to form rods, cantilevers, and quite complicated and effective mechanisms. These rods could transmit pulling and pushing forces and their extremities were able to grip bodies by adhesion.

With the co-operation and consent of the invisible operators, after long preparation and protection of various safeguards, Dr. Crawford was able to take an invaluable series of flashlight photographs of the medium and the ectoplasmic structures that proceeded from her while they were operating upon the table and other objects. These are shown as illustrations in his books. The effect of the flashlight on the medium was always severe and was succeeded by violent trembling and spasmodic movements, and the ordinary magnesium flash tended to break down the ectoplasmic structures. No ill effects upon the me-

dium were observed if she had sittings only once a week, although she would lose many pounds in weight during the more exhausting experiments.

After several years of such scientific experiments as a mechanical engineer, Dr. Crawford came to certain tentative conclusions. His "operators," who controlled the medium, appeared to be discarnate human beings who were experimenting and advancing in this no man's land between the two worlds just as he was. He became convinced of the existence of a spiritual world which could to some extent be demonstrated by experiment and which could make contact and communicate with our material world. He became assured also that man does not really die at physical death but passes on to another state of existence and that through the "direct voice" and other means, which he himself studied, such discarnate human beings may speak intelligibly to us.

I have myself several times witnessed what purported to be psychic materializations. One that I watched in a large theater in Boston gave every appearance of being a fraud and a racket. Another sitting, however, held near Philadelphia, to which I was invited by my Quaker friend, Ned Wood, I could not account for by trickery, for it seemed to be an evidence of psychic or supernormal phenomena. The sitting included a group of Christian friends invited by Ned Wood and was held in a large room about eight feet by twenty-five. As I was the most critical and unconvinced observer present, I was invited to make a thorough investigation of the room to see that there were no trap doors or windows through which persons might be introduced to impersonate departed relatives. The whole sitting was conducted in red light with the door of the room continuously guarded or under observation by myself and other members of the group.

The sitting was opened with prayer and the whole evening was interspersed with the singing of old familiar Christian hymns. The control, whether a discarnate spirit or a secondary personality of the medium herself, had a keen sense of humor and kept us laughing at her flashing sallies of wit. During a three-hour session, a score of figures advanced into the room from behind the curtain where the medium sat. There were the figures of tall men, short women, and children, with widely differing voices. These figures did not purport to be departed relatives in person with material bodies, but ectoplasmic figures built up to resemble the departed. For instance, what purported to be Ned Wood's mother advanced from the curtain behind which the medium was seated into the center of the group, and called for her son, Edward.

I heard Ned Wood conduct an

affectionate conversation with his mother and then I heard him ask her if she would dematerialize right before us where she was standing, outside the cabinet. I heard her reply: "I will do anything I can for thee, Edward. Stand right there." She stood, clearly visible in the red light, about five feet from us and an equal distance from the cabinet. I heard her make an audible sound with her lips as her figure began to shrink or, as it were, dissolve, and sink toward the floor. I saw her sink from a height of some five feet five inches, to five feet, then four, then three, then two feet, until there was left what appeared to be an ectoplasmic mass, like a heap of melting snow, or a little white cloud, or pool of light, about a foot high; then the sound ceased and the white cloud was gone. My friend, Ned Wood, has seen figures representing his loved ones materialize outside the cabinet in the presence of many witnesses, and at other times dematerialize before them all.

A friend of mine, Prof. Marcus Back, in the School of Religion of the University of Iowa, has been making a thorough and sympathetic study of as many as possible of the Protestant sects in America, including Spiritualists. The first results of his studies have been published in his recent book, "They Have Found a Faith." Twice he saw and talked with what purported to be his departed sister. She correctly answered his questions regarding their instruction in the catechism in their home, and once chatted with him in German in the exact local idiom that had been familiar in their own home circle — in language unknown to the medium.

### Apports

One of the most convincing — yet almost incredible — physical phenomena is the "apport," especially if it is a "directed apport," something definitely called for by someone who is present, under scientific controls. To the beginner I may say that by an apport I mean the transporting of a physical object from one place to another solely by psychic means. With the late Dr. Ozora Davis of Chicago and a score of my personal friends, I have had the privilege of witnessing this rare phenomenon. When I first began to make a study of psychic phenomena I was deeply impressed by a directed apport by which Father Tobe (the spirit guide of Dr. E. A. Macbeth, with whom many experiments were conducted) responded to the request of my friend J. Franklin Hoge. As this became one of our closely interrelated apports, which in my own mind finally formed a keystone in my mounting arch of psychic evidence for survival, I must record these apports in some detail.

J. Franklin Hoge is an electrical engineer, a Cornell graduate, who had acquired a skeptical attitude

to religion as a materialistic scientist. He not only did not believe in God or personal immortality but had developed an attitude that was deeply hostile to religion. When his wife was suffering from nervous prostration, he began bringing her to Dr. E. A. Macbeth for healing. Father Tobe's aversion to the demand for "signs and wonders" was similar to the habitual attitude of Jesus to the demand of the Pharisees. But in every sitting, as Mrs. Hoge was seeking healing, her husband sat as a skeptic or unbeliever, a kind of "blind spot," or nonconductor, or obstacle in the sitting.

I have a remarkable document written by Mr. Hoge on April 21, 1933, which is signed by the six witnesses who observed this very striking directed apport. Mr. Hoge notes that as the foundation of our sciences all phenomena with which we are familiar occur in accordance with natural laws. When we observe unusual phenomena we first seek an explanation in accordance with known laws, but when all known laws fail to explain new phenomena we suspect the operation of some new law. When the new phenomena involve intelligence, their demonstrated occurrence is held as proof of the operation of personality. The present-day radio, for instance, is evidence of the existence of laws relating to the transmission of electric energy through space, as well as of human personality, which has discovered techniques of making possible communication between distant points.

The phenomenon of the directed apport that occurred before six witnesses on April 7, 1933, was estimated by them in some respects similar to those related by others and in some respects as unique. It was recorded and witnessed by the six persons who signed this document as, in their judgment, a definite evidence of the existence of intelligent personality apart from the human body.

On April 7, 1933, between 8 and 11 p.m., these six friends met in the apartment of Mrs. Dorothy M. Holmes at 275 Central Park West, New York City. Those present were Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Gwendolyn Kelley Hack, Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Macbeth, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin Hoge, then residing at 210 West 70th Street, New York City. Dr. Macbeth's guide was Father Tobe. The sitting in which the apport took place was of the "direct voice" type, the room dark, Dr. Macbeth not in a trance, completely normal and occasionally speaking. Tobe's voice, which was entirely different from that of Macbeth, came from the approximate center of the circle from which he addressed various members of the group or all of them together.

Four years previously Franklin Hoge had given to Mrs. Hoge — who was suffering seriously from nervous prostration — a small china dog which they had jokingly named

"Poise." When the dog was brought from its customary place on the writing desk in the living room, Mr. Hoge would say to his wife: "Remember, my dear, you have poise." On the desk with this little dog were a dozen other china, glass, or metal dogs accumulated over many years.

When Tobe said: "I am going to the Hoge house to bring you an apport" (from their locked apartment at 210 West 70th Street), fortunately Mr. Hoge was quick-witted enough to ask for a directed apport. He described the little china dog which they had named Poise, which was usually on the writing desk in the living room, and asked that it be brought to them. After a period of silence Tobe asked Mr. Hoge to describe the dog more fully. It was a white dog with red spots, about one and three-quarters inches high and one and a half inches long, and Mr. Hoge was asked if he was sure it was in the living room. Tobe returned and said that he could not find that particular dog among the others in the living room but he had brought an eraser from the desk with "Bell Telephone Laboratories" printed — where Mr. Hoge was working until his retirement.

On second thought Mr. Hoge suggested that the dog might be in the bedroom where Mrs. Hoge sometimes took it to remind herself that she always had poise. After a period of some five minutes Tobe said: "I've got the pup, but now I will have to materialize it again." All in the group spontaneously clapped their hands, and Mr. Hoge held both his hands forward to receive the dog. The large end of the aluminum trumpet — occasionally used by Tobe to make the feeble voices of relatives in the other world audible to all — was rested on Mr. Hoge's upturned hands and the little dog Poise came rattling down the trumpet into his hands.

Tobe said he had performed this apport for a purpose in order that the Hoges and others might have undisputed evidence of the spirit world and its ability to influence those in the material world.

Mr. Hoge carried the dog Poise home in his pocket and restored it to its accustomed place, there being no trace of a similar dog in the apartment. A detailed examination left no doubt that it was the actual and unique Poise that had been called for and apported.

Believing that this apport was evidentially unique, the six persons signed this document, a copy of which I have placed on file in the hands of the publishers.

Three weeks later, on April 28, 1933, when the above six persons, and also Evelyn S. Ralph, were present in Mrs. Holmes's apartment, Mrs. Hoge asked if Father Tobe would also sign the seven copies of the above affidavit and the signature "Tobe" was affixed to each copy when it was held under the table while the room was in full

light in the presence of the seven witnesses.

In 1937 and again in 1946, I visited J. Franklin Hoge's apartment at 210 West 70th Street, when he repeated the story of the apport and showed me the little dog Poise. Incidentally, Mrs. Hoge had long before recovered from her nervous prostration and Mr. Hoge — though never orthodox — had become a firm and even enthusiastic believer in personal immortality, in an invisible spiritual world, and in the well-established fact of communication between the visible and invisible realms. This made a deep impression upon me, but being still a "doubting Thomas" as to whether we had satisfying psychic evidence for survival and especially of such a directed apport, I had a natural desire for a convincing directed apport of my own, such as had been given to Mr. Hoge. I could not at that time easily fulfill the beatitude, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." Instead, my desire for such an apport, especially if I was to write a book upon the subject, became almost an obsession, although I was kept waiting nearly nine years for its fulfillment.

Hoping that my turn would come for such an apport, I placed upon the bookshelf in our apartment four objects. On the right was a large red figure of Buddha brought from China. Thinking this might be too heavy or too easily breakable for an apport — for I was wholly unacquainted with the technique involved in dematerializing, transporting, and then rematerializing such an object — I placed upon the left of the bookcase a little china dog bought at a five-and-ten that was stamped "made in Japan." Between the Buddha and the dog I placed two cloisonné ash trays purchased in China. But for some reason that I could not understand — probably because I was unready — Tobe seemed unable or unwilling to perform my desired apport.

Twice during the week ended April 19, 1941, seven of us had sittings in Dr. Macbeth's apartment in the Sherman Square Hotel, 72nd Street and Broadway, New York. Present were Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Reed, Anne Wiggin, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Eddy, and Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Macbeth. In the first sitting, before I could ask Father Tobe for my directed apport, he said, "I know about your desire for an apport, Sherwood, but tonight I have another plan. I am going to take an object from the large living room of Mrs. Anita Blaine in Chicago and bring it to you here as an apport, asking you to return it to her tomorrow." He requested the group to sing "Nearer My God to Thee." At the end of the first stanza, before we could begin the second, Tobe said, "Well, I am back, a good deal quicker than if I had taken an airplane." There then fell on the floor at my feet a heavy wrought-iron

ash tray, beautifully worked. I understood Father Tobe to say that he had also written his autograph "Tobe" on the fly-leaf of a book by Eugene O'Neill in Mrs. Blaine's library. The next day I sent Mrs. Blaine the ash tray and she wired me on April 17, 1941: "The ash tray is one of a set which belongs in the living room downstairs. It could not be confused with any other by any possibility. It was one of a set of four in a framework. The book you mention is not in my shelves. Anita Blaine."

At the second sitting on April 19, 1941, before I could ask Tobe or the medium concerning the apparent mistake regarding his signature in one of Eugene O'Neill's books, Tobe said, "Sherwood, you thought I said I had written my signature in one of Eugene O'Neill's books. I did not say Eugene O'Neill but Eugene Field." When I wired this to Mrs. Blaine, she replied the next day that she did have an old set of Eugene Field's books and that the signature "Tobe" was in one of them. I was glad to find that the mistake or misunderstanding had been my own and not Father Tobe's. This apport from Chicago seemed impressive but still it was not my directed apport for which I had been waiting so long. Perhaps I placed undue emphasis upon this apport of my own, but I was disappointed at the delay. I decided that unless and until Father Tobe performed this directed apport for me personally I felt no call whatever to write this book, which must rest upon personal evidence so far as I am concerned.

As I have said previously, all the traditional arguments for survival or for personal immortality rest upon analogy, faith, or hope. The only area in life in which I see any possible proof or undeniable evidence for survival apart from faith is in the psychic field. Now, if sensitives, mediums, and controls ask the same faith for their word that religion does and if they are unable or unwilling to furnish sufficient evidence under scientific controls, the most important justification for their work, so far as I am concerned, is nullified. It was for this reason that my own directed apport seemed to me to be so important.

As I consult the file of my records, I can see how many years Father Tobe kept me waiting for my apport. On April 14, 1942, in the midst of a sitting, I said to Tobe that for its evidential value I craved a directed apport for myself if I was to write a book to state my evidence for survival for the sake of those who had not a strong religious faith in immortality. I said to Tobe that I had left on the bookcase in our apartment — "Yes, Sherwood," interrupted Tobe, "I know all about your little dog. Someday I may bring an apport for you when least expected, but not now." He said directed apports required perfect and harmonious psychic condi-

tions and he implied that I was not yet ready for this.

The next link in the chain of these apports occurred through Mrs. Miriam L. Irwin of Miami, Fla., who had already received so much evidential material through Dr. Macbeth and Father Tobe that she craved no more so far as her own faith was concerned. On the afternoon of February 16, 1943, in broad daylight, Tobe gave her a convincing apport of a cloisonné ash tray such as she had admired several days before in Miami when it was purchased by her niece and which she has now in her possession. She had been able to find none that she could buy for herself. Father Tobe gave her this apport saying clearly in his direct voice that Sherwood Eddy had a similar set of Chinese enamel ash trays and that he intended to apport one of these for him. Mrs. Irwin, whom I did not then know, said nothing of this to me until almost three years later, on October 13, 1945, when my own apport was brought to me from my apartment on Long Island in the presence of five witnesses. I heard that Mrs. Irwin had such an ash tray and wrote to her to ask if she could confirm the fact of Father Tobe's promise to perform an apport for me, made nearly three years before. She wrote to me on April 10, 1946, as follows:

*My apport, the ash tray, was very like one I had admired and for which I expressed a desire. No one knew of my desire for such an ash tray except my niece. Dr. Macbeth never saw my niece. To my surprise and delight, just such an ash tray was brought to me, in the light, about 12 days after I admired the one my niece had purchased. While at Dr. Macbeth's home, 421 S.W. Sixth Street, Miami, Fla., Dr. and Mrs. Macbeth and I were chatting as good friends do when the electric light bulb hanging in the center of their living room seemed to quiver, and, as we were watching it, the ash tray sailed through the air from the upper corner of the room toward Dr. Macbeth and would have hit him if he had not moved out of its way. It landed on a couch directly back of Dr. Macbeth. When Dr. Macbeth said it was for me, I explained about my having expressed a desire for one like it, though neither Dr. or Mrs. Macbeth knew of my wish for such an ash tray.*

*Prior to this, several apports were received in my home. One was a tiny china dog which came in the light and landed at the feet of Ivadale Brown Davis for whom it was intended. Another evening there were two metal discs which proved to be identification tags (such as our soldiers call "dog tags") of German prisoners of war who had been killed. One of these was brought while we were seated in the living room and the second came while we were having lunch. The two young men to whom the identification tags had belonged each spoke in independent voices and told their names, ages, nationality and the circumstances of their passing. All this occurred in bright light in my home. There could be no chance of Dr.*

*Macbeth or anyone else having any part in the bringing of any of these articles. They all came from a part of the room some distance from Dr. Macbeth. All of these and a number of other apports I have witnessed to come in the light and in coming seem to pass through the wall as though it were not there. Regarding your own apport, Mr. Eddy, there is a note on the back of the page in one of my notebooks, near the bottom of the page (which she enclosed).*

"*At this time, February 16, 1943, Tobe said that he would apport a similar ash tray from Mr. Sherwood Eddy's home (at 35-19 76th Street, Jackson Heights, New York) to him in the future.*"

*Most sincerely,*
*(Signed) Miriam L. Irwin*
*321 S.W. 26th Road*
*Miami 36, Florida*

In the meantime I had heard nothing of all this from Mrs. Irwin, who was a complete stranger to me. On Saturday evening, October 13, 1945, from 7:30 to 9 p.m., five of us met at the home of E. A. Macbeth — Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Reed, Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Macbeth, and myself. By this time I had almost forgotten my disappointment over the failure of my directed apport and had made up my mind that I would never ask for it again. But I had also tentatively decided that I would never write this book until I received satisfying evidential material, such as this directed apport would be to me personally, that might form the keystone of my mounting arch of evidence for survival that was gradually accumulating across the decade.

On this particular evening I went to the home of Dr. Macbeth at Rhinebeck, about a hundred miles from my apartment in Jackson Heights, Long Island, to meet the old friends mentioned above, *no one of whom had ever been in my apartment or knew anything about it.* As I said, I had placed on the bookcase in the drawing room of my apartment four objects as possible directed apports: on the right, a red Buddha from China, on the left the little china dog marked "Made in Japan," and between them a pair of ash trays of cloisonné purchased in China years ago. The apartment was then left locked in my absence, the superintendent having the only duplicate key to be used only in case of emergencies. All of these four objects were on the bookcase when I left my apartment to go up the Hudson to Rhinebeck.

At the beginning of the sitting we could all hear Tobe's voice saying to Macbeth, "It's all right. Don't be nervous." After joining in the Lord's Prayer and singing "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," Father Tobe spoke to me intimately and affectionately about very personal matters; then we discussed the atomic bomb, the world situation and a wide range of topics. Addressing me personally, Father Tobe then minutely described my apartment in Jackson

Heights, where he said he was often present. He described the elevator opening directly into the apartment, not into an outer hallway. He noted and described explicitly the four photographs at the moment on my desk. He then said, "Sherwood, have you a set of enamel ash trays in your home?" When I replied yes, he said, "I am going to bring one to you now." It was dropped from a height of several feet and hit the third finger of my right hand, falling to the floor with a crash. I found it to be my green enamel ash tray with the word "CHINA" on the bottom. I marked it with a cross and upon my return to the apartment that night I found that the place where I had left it that evening was vacant.

Under the apported green tray is now the fly-leaf from the page of the notebook written by Mrs. Irwin, dated two years and eight months before, with the statement that Tobe intended to apport one of my Chinese enamel ash trays. Perhaps I was all the more impressed because I had been kept waiting for so many years and because of the apparent difficulty with some of these apports, the technique of which Father Tobe discussed with me in some detail.

In a sitting on January 5, 1946, some three months after my apport of the Chinese ash tray, I again discussed with Father Tobe the writing of a book on psychic evidence for survival, which he had told me to write whenever I was quite ready, if and when I felt an inner conviction that I should do so, and when I had received sufficient evidence to be convincing to the open-minded reader. He told me when that time came to disregard anticipated criticism and to write frankly as I felt and saw the case. I discussed the matter with him as frankly as I would have done with any older and more experienced friend, for he had certainly proved a friend across the years. I asked what he thought of a possible title for the book such as Scientific Evidence for Survival. He said, "Let me think it over."

The next night, on January 6, 1946, he said he would not advise the title of Scientific Evidence for Survival, for very little of the book would be considered strictly scientific nor primarily for scientists. He said, "Why not call it 'Beyond Intellectual Horizons'?" The next afternoon when I was asking Dr. Macbeth before two callers, Mr. and Mrs. Ready, whether Tobe had said "Beyond the Intellectual Horizon," Tobe burst out, in full light, audible to all in the room: "No, no, I said Beyond Intellectual Horizons." When I returned to my apartment on Long Island, I began to assemble my notes and records of sittings during the past decade and prepared to write this book. The title was changed by the publishers to "You Will Survive After Death."

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

### A Retreat

I have been led to try to plan a small place which could be used solely for the purpose of occult experiment. But I promptly found myself lost in the jungle of alternatives — best material to obviate outside influences, best interior colors, best directional layout. Does one use magnetic north?

It occurred to me that your readers might be interested in this problem and will perhaps give me some help. — *Alexis Koval, Thomaston, Conn.*

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*How do readers like the new FATE? We are delighted to learn that they like it just fine. Letters of praise have outnumbered critical letters 50 to 1. We are reprinting a few of these letters, not omitting some of the criticisms. We would appreciate constructive opinions from more of you.*

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### Comments on FATE

With reference to the announcement of "A Bigger, Better Fate" it is significant that "Bigger" is mentioned first. The traditional American way is the bigger, the better.

The magazine is purported to be a collection of curious and principally supernormal fact, and there might be the danger that increased quantity might cause decreased quality. . . . — *Carl Moe, Stevens Point, Wis.*

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I have bought and read every issue of FATE magazine since its beginning. I like the old copies better because they were saddle-stitched. Of course, you couldn't saddle-stitch the new and bigger FATE, but could set the columns 12 picas wide and the two picas thus gained put into the middle. This will bring the reading matter further away from the stitching. Or better still, continue the smaller size — saddle stitched — on a monthly basis. — *George A. Faulk, San Francisco, Calif.*

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Most everything that is for sale (character and such not included — naturally) has been packaged in smaller containers or in smaller packages for some time — to try to fool the buyer, I guess. Now the vicious cycle of price increases is on again but I am happy to state, for your benefit, that although you have raised the price of FATE by 40 per cent I think that it is well worth the added cost for you have added as much to the size and scope. — *Carl B. Butler, Coleman, Texas*

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the experiences of others helps me understand my own. — *Mrs. Tim High, Berryville, Ark.*

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I continue to enjoy FATE more than any other magazine and only hope that you will continue your present policy of presenting facts about the unusual and the unknown. The first thing I look for is the latest development on space ships. Yours is the only source of information on same. — *Frank Bodner, Kennewick, Wash.*

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I am in the Indian reservation country and there aren't many establishments that handle your fine publication, which is the best magazine I have come across for some time. Please forward me copies of each one of the back issues. — *Joe Saad, Lupton, Ariz.*

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The big, new August-September FATE is the best yet. Though I may be known as a Fundamentalist Christian of strictly orthodox belief I find FATE very interesting and informative. I like it because you present all articles as "news" and not as dogmatic statements of fact originated by your editors. Information is good for anyone. — *D. A. Campbell, Troy, N. Y.*

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As you know, the subject of psychic phenomena and occult practices, up to recent years, was considered foolish, screwy, superstitious, and barbaric. Only the ignorant would dare stoop to its avenues of practices. But research of late has changed the concepts of many relative to this field.

Having read your magazine I find your contents quite interesting but not always well presented. I have checked many of them and find also that they are mainly correct. — *Nathan Oppleman, Richmond, Va.*

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**Dowsing on the Pan**

I was much interested in the article, "The Art Of Dowsing," in the current FATE, until I read it. Mr. Pritchard is not only a bad writer, he is a very bad dowser indeed.

I was induced to buy the magazine by the blurb under Pritchard's photograph that says he is a "successful dowser." Yet, the article contains nothing about Mr. Pritchard's dowsing which would be far more to the point than talk about a dowsing Hindu 10,000 miles away. The article, as I see it, is nothing but a rehash and condensation of a number of texts on the subject, all of which have been read by anyone interested in dowsing. Pritchard has not offered a single idea of his own on the subject. — *Manly Banister, Kansas City, Mo.*

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What puzzles me is that in view of the many instances through the years where water has been located, minerals found, oil fields discovered

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by dowsing and other means of divination, scientists dismiss the whole thing as "occult."

My present problem is to perfect an instrument which will have a magnetic field with the same periodic frequency as the material which I wish to locate. I have a general idea that an adaptation of the principles of the Geiger counter may be the answer. I am seeking a person who is capable of helping me perfect such an instrument. — *Arthur H. Hasche, Watertown, S. D.*

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**The Atomic Bomb and Our Weather**

I have noted your article, "Is The Atom Bomb Changing Our Weather?" in the August-September FATE. It is excellent as far as it went. I regretted that it was not backed by more scientific data, proofs and facts, such as were evident in my own, pioneering article in FATE on this big topic. Also, author of current piece sort of mixed A-bomb and Disc phenomena. — *Edward Schultz, Buffalo, N. Y.*

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I want to give FATE's readers some additional corroboration of my article, "Is The Atom Bomb Changing Our Weather?" The following is what Jerome Namias, Chief of the Extended Forecast Section of the U. S. Weather Bureau, has to say concerning the disastrous flood in Kansas and Missouri:

"The rains came in June and July as a result of conditions in the Pacific Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, Canada and Alaska. Cold air masses were delivered to the central plains states from the Gulf of Alaska and Canada. The delivering agent was an unusually strong area of high pressure in the eastern Pacific which extended its influence up to at least 40,000 feet and poured supplies of cold air into the northern and central plains.

"Coming up to meet these onrushing streams of cold air was a hot, moisture-laden current of air from the Gulf of Mexico. The two currents met repeatedly in the Kansas-Missouri area and there the warm moist stream of air, being lighter, was lifted over the cold air and forced to release its moisture in heavy rain."

During June one of our Senators reported an atom explosion during which he "stood at the gates of Hell." The picture released with this story was one of an underwater explosion, although the bomb was described as being exploded atop a metal tower many hundreds of feet high. The island was said by the Senator to be completely devastated.

It is my opinion that another bomb, an H-bomb this time, was set off on July 4. And that these two bombs were responsible for the disastrous flood.

Note the facts: On the dates mentioned above, approximately a 40° drop in temperature occurred.

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Deluges and tornados and earthquakes occurred in all parts of the world, but in Kansas it rained for 30 days. In Michigan, where I was at the time, the temperature dropped at 2 p.m. from 88° to 43°.

Now for the editor's objection concerning the amount of moisture in our atmosphere: Meteorologists now know that, suspended perpetually in our upper air are amounts of water far in excess of the water in all our oceans! It can, they say, never be precipitated, because the conditions for precipitation do not exist at those altitudes. These conditions are simply dust or salt particles in very fine suspension.

But Mr. Namias stresses the "unusually strong high pressure area extending its influence up to at least 40,000 feet in the eastern Pacific." I stress it too! The bomb can produce the conditions necessary for stratospheric deluge. — *Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wis.*

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**Oregon Vortex**

Your story in the July issue on the Oregon Vortex was instrumental in my visit to this strange place over the Fourth. Weird is the only word that would describe the phenomena. Your story was accurate in every detail. Yet had I not read your article, I would have by-passed the area although it is a scant 200 miles from my home. — *Lester F. Nieman, Crawfordsville, Ore.*

---

**The R. 101**

I have your August-September number and find the "Loss of the R. 101" remarkably interesting, as I heard of it when living in London. And I myself enjoyed a great experience with Eileen Garrett. I, too, spoke with Uvani, who — when I spoke Arabic to him — said he lived before the Arab invasion. — *Isabel Raney Maury, New York, N. Y.*

---

**Music in the Sky**

After your story, "Music in the Sky," in the July issue I remembered something told to me by one

of my friends who is a mystic. Often she rises in the early morning, before the sun is up, to listen to this very music, truly the music of the spheres. She says it is most glorious harmony. To hear this music, the busy commerce of this earth must be stilled and the air washed and cleansed with dew and the mind too must be purified and stripped of crass, materialistic thoughts and worries: must be in tune with the vast cosmos, God's creation. — *Mary Elsnau, Marysville, Calif.*

**More on Warts**

When I was a boy I, too, had ugly warts on my hands. I was greatly embarrassed but nothing seemed to relieve the situation. Then one day I was told to "sneak" a piece of bread and rub it on the warts in secret and dispose of the bread and crumbs. I did as directed and in less than two weeks the warts were gone. — *R. N. White, San Diego, Calif.*

Two years ago, before I ever heard about FATE MAGAZINE, my left hand was absolutely covered with warts of all sizes and shapes. My right hand was half covered with warts. Every time I looked at my hands I said to myself, "Oh, I wish these darn warts would go away." In about five or six months my hands were entirely rid of every wart.

I am going to see if this wishing works also with a large, black mole

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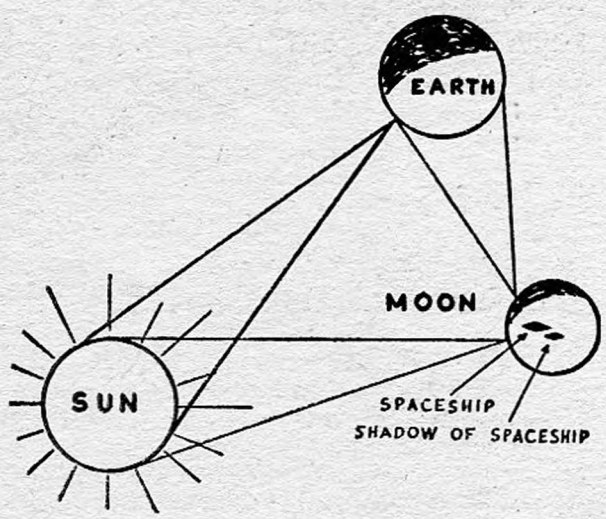
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I have above my upper lip. — *Margery Serovey, Racine, Wis.*

### Adamski's Saucers

Just a note at this time and enclosing a sketch recently made for me by some theodolyte experts to more clearly explain the shadow on the moon. This shadow really caused a lot of comment, didn't it? You know, if I had been trying to fake anything as one letter stated, I would have done so along recognized and accepted lines, but as has always been the case — truth is stranger than fiction.

I, too, have received many letters, most of them have been of praise — with a desire to know more about the visitors from other worlds. The time is coming when such things will prove themselves




to the world in such a manner that they can no longer be denied. There is still much about space that we do not know — but we are learning. — *Prof. George Adamski, Valley Center, Calif.*

### More on Saucers . . .

Since I am so very interested in reading everything in print about the saucers I am willing to add my bit of information:

It was dusk, about eight o'clock

*for Christmas give*

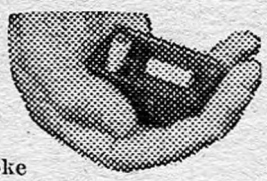
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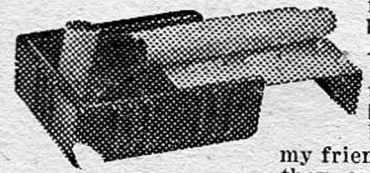
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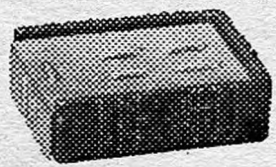


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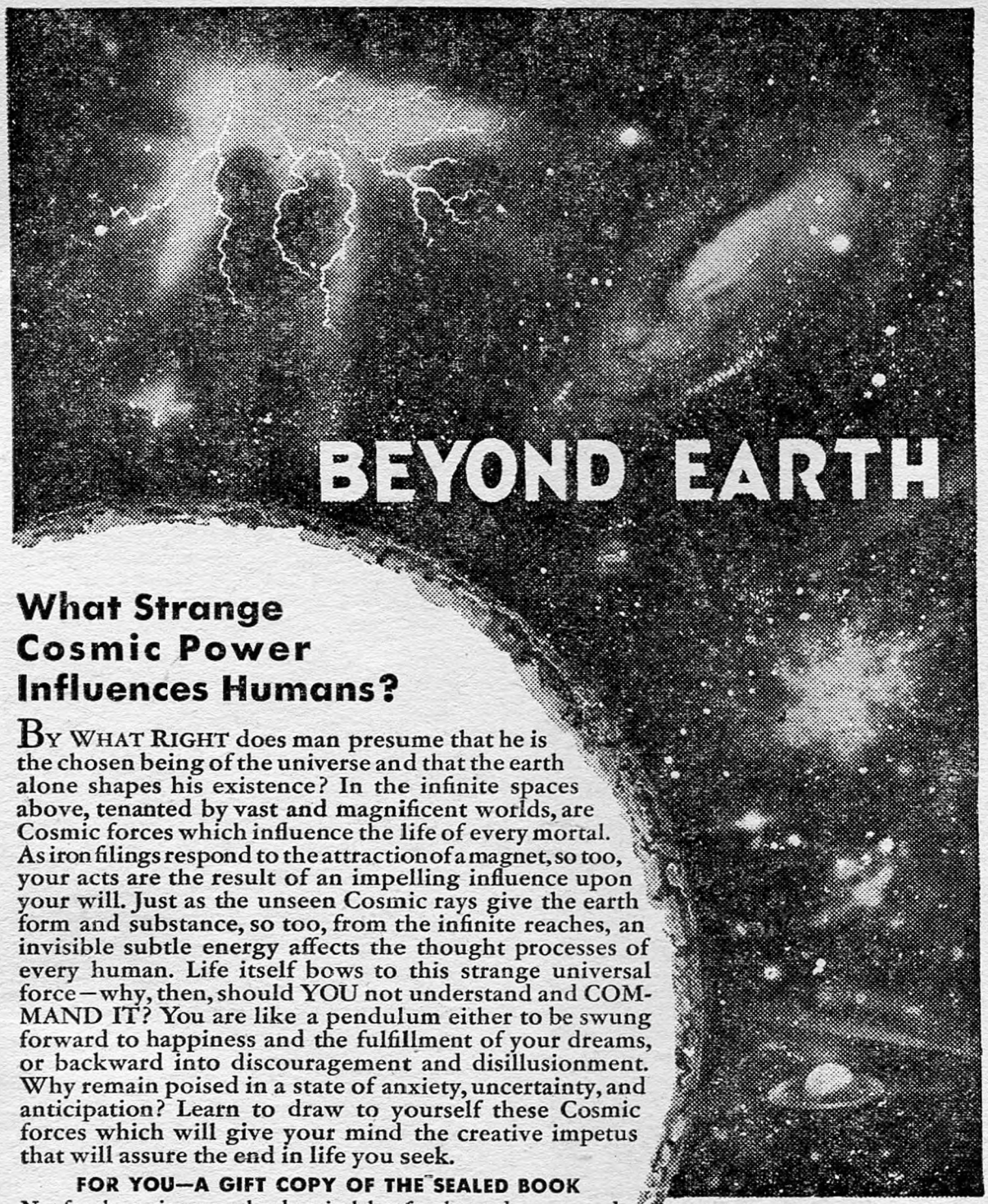
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Wisconsin time, in August 1948. I was working in my front yard when my attention was drawn to several objects streaking across the sky in the southeast. I watched for some time and made sure it was not a falling star and, too, that there did not seem to be any beam of light from earth to sky. I have often observed the Lindberg Light from Chicago and also landing beams at the Municipal Airport for landing planes. But nothing like that appeared to be attached to the objects I was looking at.

There were three of them — white — traveling at a very high rate of speed, from east to west and back again, much like the flying fish that are sometimes displayed at fireworks celebrations, dashing from one post to another as though attached to wires. These objects did not dash back and forth in a regular path but swung up and under as birds do when chasing each other.

The shape was oval at the head and fanned out exactly like a comet. I saw Halley's comet in 1912. I have since seen pictures of this exact shape in articles on the saucers. I watched for about 20 minutes and since there was no one to talk to about them and it got dark I went into the house. I am sure they were flying saucers. — *M. L. Amoreaux, Burlington, Wis.*

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On the evening of Saturday, July 7, my sister, my mother and I

saw suspended, motionless in a clear sky, an extremely bright orange-red light. It was such an intense light that I could see no details of its outline and thought perhaps a Navy blimp might be the answer.

I ran into the house and got my 7 x 50 Navy night binoculars and focused them on the light. All I learned from this was that instead of being close to the earth the light was at a tremendous height. As I looked, a huge *Constellation* passenger plane passed above me and the light appeared to be miles above the plane. Finally *I SAW IT*. Between me and the light I located a pale disc — perfectly round. Suddenly the disc and the light together moved toward the south. The disc seemed to tow the light. Then they changed direction and the light preceded the disc. Then the light blinked on and off four or five times and then went out entirely. I could still see the disc travelling at a terrific speed until it disappeared in the distance. — *J. Eddie Olson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

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It has struck me that one of the biggest puzzles about the whole flying saucer affair is the way publicity regarding them has been handled. I am informed that the book by Donald Keyhoe, "The Flying Saucers Are Real," was removed from the bookstands by Government order. However, there was no prohibition of the circulation of Mr. Sculley's book and now

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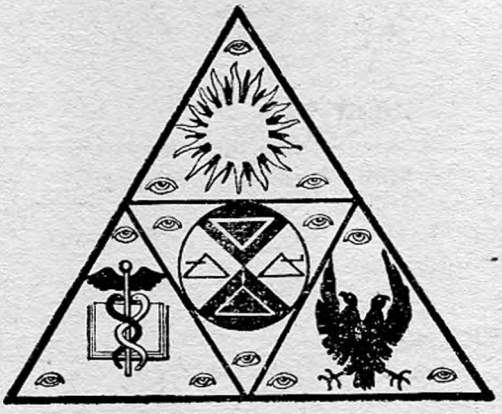
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PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128

Gerald Heard is bringing out his book, published by Harper. Mr. Heard, in an article in the September SEE Magazine, states "new sightings are taking place week by week." But if the newspapers printed anything on these sightings I failed to see them. And I read the papers.

And what came over True Magazine? They, too, have been treating the flying saucer mystery to a stiff dose of silence. — *Albert H. Baller, Greenfield, Mass.*

*We have had this same query a number of times. We can only repeat that we are not aware of any suppression of news on flying saucers.* — Editor.

---

I read a quote the other day: "We cannot exclude the possibility that the so-called flying saucer is the result of experiments by a potential enemy of the United States," Dr. Anthony O. Mirarchi (former airforce scientist). He doesn't say a foreign power. Does he know something, or does he just suspect what I have been suspecting since I decided the saucers were not Muscovite? — *Frank Caldwell, Marshall, Texas.*

---

**Humanoids in Space?**

I am astonished to read of the editors of FATE asserting that there are no other humanoid forms except on this planet.

Review your elementary biology and see how your life forms all fit into a definite pattern. There is nothing haphazard about this plan.

And wouldn't this plan encompass the whole universe? Then wouldn't life forms develop much the same on other planets? Certainly they would. With minor differences of course. You are conceiving of evolution and celestial formation as being entirely by chance. — *Buford R. Whitten, El Paso, Texas.*

*It may be quite true that a recognized plan exists for the world we know. But to say that the same plan exists for all the rest of the universe can only be guess-work. An architect does not use the same plan for every house he builds.* — Editor.

---

**Ice Falls**

When reading Wilkins' article on the British ice-falls I remembered a short item in the New York Herald Tribune stating "Two of the chunks (of ice) were found to contain scented soap and kitchen waste . . . the waste must have been dropped from planes and frozen in freak air currents."

Wilkins, being on the spot, ought to have instituted inquiries on this. It is vexing that he should have ignored this story since it is the only obstacle to a classical Fortean case.

However, the data he does give, most of which never reached our newspapers, are superb. — *Alexander D. Mebane, New York, N. Y.*

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One summer evening last year as I was looking out of my window over the Jackson and Perkins Rose

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Gardens I saw, hovering above the hill, a strange ball of beautiful orange fire. At first I thought it was a mirage but I called my Father and he, too, saw the strange light in the sky.

This light appeared in the same place for three nights. Since then we have not seen it again. — *Ronny Bearans, Newark, N. Y.*

---

**A Mystery**

I know where there is a cliff perhaps 30 to 60 feet high. No light object can be thrown down from this cliff. Twigs, gloves, even hats are all returned over the top of my head. They sail 10 or 20 feet up in the air and then fall to earth behind me.

There is no noticeable strong wind. There is no reason that I can think of for the air current to travel in the one direction continually. Just a few yards away from this small area the wind blows in other directions. But at this particular place it is always the same. Surely there is some explanation. — *Charles Peake, Detroit, Mich.*

---

**A Warning?**

I have a nephew whose wife is an atheist and he also has drifted away from religion. His mother and sister are very religious and we all live close together. When my husband passed away two months ago there were three very loud raps on my nephew's door. These knocks

were louder than any human could make and at the same time my nephew's clock stopped at 10 p.m., the hour of my husband's death. . . .

*Mrs. Lewis Erickson*

Coos Bay, Ore.

**New Subscriber**

A friend loaned us a copy and we like the magazine FATE and enclose check for 12 issues. We particularly like the lack of religious explanations of the phenomena. In fact, you apparently have no axes to grind, just report strange events. That's the way we like it. Don't get religious or inspirational. There are enough of such magazines around.

*F. M. Breuer*

New Llano, La.

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I was very much interested in Hereward Carrington's article entitled "The Occult Reader's Guide," which appeared in your May–June issue of FATE.

I will appreciate it very much if you will be kind enough to inform me where I may obtain some of the books mentioned by Mr. Carrington.

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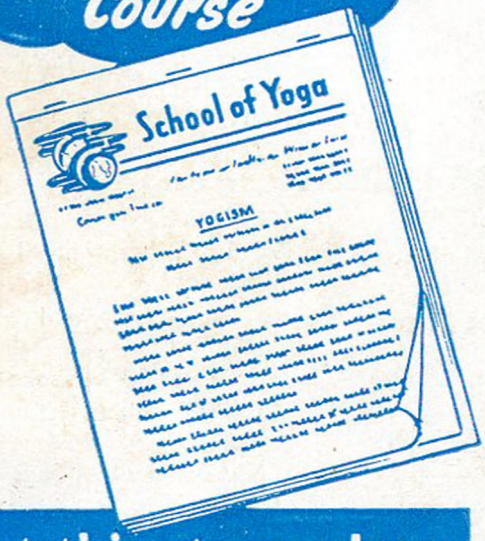
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