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DOES SEX EXIST IN



By Hereward Carrington

WHETHER men or women continue to be such in the next life — whether their relations to one another are the same as they are now, or whether these relations are changed — is a question which every thoughtful man puts to himself at one time or another.

To the Turks, Heaven is one large harem. But then, women play no part in their religion. On the other hand, Christians believe that "there shall be neither marriage nor giving in marriage" in the next sphere and this would seem to indicate the cessation of the present relationship between the sexes.

There was much dispute some time ago as to the sex of angels. Some persons contended that angels are male and others that they must be female; while a third group prefers to believe that angels are neither the one nor the other, but rather combine and unify the qualities of two sexes in one.

On this question every man and woman is entitled to a hearing — to an opinion.

To some minds it may appear "sacrilegious" to discuss this question at all. But since we are going to belong to life hereafter some day

THE SPIRIT WORLD?

Must we take literally the Biblical dictum that in Heaven "there shall be neither marriage nor giving in marriage?"

ourselves, we naturally are interested in what we are going to be! And the worthy fathers of the church have been known to discuss odder questions than this — for instance, how many angels can dance upon the point of a needle — if they occupy no space. (And if they occupy space, they must be material, it was argued.)

Will there be, then, sex in the next life, or shall we be bisexual beings — having the qualities and attributes of both male and female?

Some years ago, Dr. L. P. Jacks, Editor of the "Hibbert Journal," in an address before the Society for Psychical Research, said:

"We will assume then that 'communications,' genuine communications, are taking place; and, dismissing from our minds the notion that they are coming from disembodied spirits or from another world, we will let the communications themselves tell us where they are coming from, and what kind of beings they are who are making them. . . .

"To begin with, these communicating beings, wherever they are, and whoever they may be, *quite obviously retain the distinction of sex.* They make use of the personal pronoun, masculine and feminine; they speak of one another as 'he' or 'she'; they employ the distinction with no discernible difference of meaning from that with which we are familiar. This suggests at once that the communicating beings stand with ourselves on a common biological ground; and since biological facts, like all other facts, are not isolated, but form part of a context in which the whole order of nature is involved, we could from this one fact alone build out a whole system to correspond, just as the palæontologist, when he discovers the bone of an extinct animal, can reconstruct the whole animal to which it belonged.

"This, I say, we could do; and the only thing that has prevented us doing it hitherto is the notion that everything we are going to discover must bear a 'spiritual' sense, must mean something other than it would mean if it occurred in the known order — that is, may mean anything we choose to make it mean. Dismissing that notion, we find ourselves in the presence of a fact enormously rich in implications. *These beings retain the distinction of sex.*" ("Hibbert Journal" — July, 1917, pp. 619–20)

The first question which occurs to us, consequently, is this: There being no material or physical bodies in the next life, how is sex possible? Male and female, as we know, are represented and symbolized — very largely at least — by their corporeal differences; and these are so distinctive that many cannot think of them as being otherwise than they are — and keep the sexes separate in their minds.

There are two answers to this: In the first place, there are several schools which contend that, in the next sphere of activity — whatever and wherever that may be — we have a sort of "astral body" or "etheric body," resembling exactly the physical body in all its internal and external aspects. If this is true, of course, the present status of the sexes will remain. Even St. Paul, as we know, said that we have a material body and a "spiritual body" and if this be true where is the actual detail to end? If every part of the body has a symbolic, spiritual counterpart — as some believe — then the physical bodies of men and women must be duplicated in all detail in the next life. In this case, life there will be very much the same as it is here — which a large number of religious and psychic students believe to be the case.

In the second place, there is another way of reasoning which does not necessitate this view. According to this second theory, the essential "polarity" between the sexes would be maintained but the physical counterparts would be lacking. To make this clearer:

A woman is not only a female physically, she is also feminine in taste, points of view, and in attitude toward life. She is a woman mentally and spiritually, no less than bodily. The same is true of a man. He is masculine throughout. No man can ever look at the world as a woman does; and no woman can see it in the same light as a man. This is the reason why the sexes do not understand each other better than they do.

Granting this difference, then — this "sexual polarity" — we can see why men and women are attracted to one another, even independently of physical magnetism. They complement one another because of their mental and spiritual differences. The love-nature of one flows toward the other in a sort of stream; and this is likewise returned. The feelings of love penetrate the very heart and soul of the lover and the beloved; and the stronger these vital, magnetic interchanges become, the greater the feelings of love, the more rapturous the thrills that race through the veins, at the proximity of the loved one. Here, on this plane, where matter impedes the outflow of the spirit, physical contact may be necessary to bring out this rapturous exchange of reciprocal emo-

tion; but once this physical barricade is removed, then all the rapture of the most perfect love may be exchanged without the tinge of animality which is necessarily associated with it here.

Years ago, Swedenborg wrote these words of wisdom upon this subject:

"I also spake with the angels concerning conjugal love, or that which exists between two conjugal partners who love one another, that it is the innermost of all loves, and such that partner sees partner in mind and spirit — so that each partner has the other in himself or herself, that is, that the image, nay, the likeness of the husband is in the mind of the wife, and the image and likeness of the wife in the mind of the husband, so that one sees the other in himself, and thus they sexually come together in their inmosts. . . . This was represented by angelic ideas, which cannot be expressed by words. . . ."

Dr. W. H. Holcombe, of London, who has written a profound treatise on this subject of the relations of the sexes hereafter, says:

"Sex, love and marriage are universal and eternal; and the ideal universe is a universe perfectly married or equilibrated in its male and female elements.

"The Lord infuses love or spiritual heat through the feminine form, and wisdom and spiritual light through the masculine form. Heat alone, or light alone, is powerless; combined or married, they produce all things. . . .

"Every male form in the universe has a female form, its complement, its eternal and necessary counterpart; and these forms, having specific affinities, are ever striving for union.

"The Lord has instituted the marriage of one man and one woman as means whereby the love of the sex into which we are born shall be changed into the love of one of the other sex only, and the marriage of spiritual heat and light, of love and wisdom, be effected in the soul. . . .

"An unmarried man receives influx into his love-principle from the whole sphere of the female sex, which generates in him the love of the sex. However sweet, tender and elevating this civilized sphere may be, it cannot have the effect, the power of the concentrated love-current of some one woman, absorbing from him his corresponding wisdom-element, and returning it to him — through undiscoverable avenues — vivified and utilized for a noble life. . . .

"Marriage is an institution which brings new influences to bear, which causes a direct and reciprocal and powerful spiritual current from one sex to the other, capable of producing incalculable evil or incalculable good. If the parties discharge their duties toward each other with conscientious fidelity

they enjoy immense advantages over those not married. For there is a constant interchange of properties, which tends continually to elevate them and unite them together. They take on each other's mental states. The woman absorbs the interior will of the man and blends it with her own; and the man elevates her understanding into a spiritual light, into which his own mind has penetrated by loving. . . . They grow more and more alike interiorly, increasing their spiritual power and perception by the union. The man rises into higher stages of wisdom. The woman rises into higher states of love; and so, by mutual help and inspiration, they approach ever nearer the Source, the Fountain of all love and all wisdom."

There is marriage in Heaven, then, we are assured — not marriage as we understand it perhaps but its spiritual counterpart. Two souls which have a direct and powerful affinity for one another come together; theirs is a "marriage of souls." They experience all the thrills, the pangs, the emotions of love which we experience here upon the physical plane by reason of the vital, magnetic currents which flow from one to the other. They are as truly "married" as any one here can be — and as fully. They live together; they love, they are happy!

Are there children in the spiritual world, then, as the result of these marriages? Seers who have studied this question most deeply tell us that there are no children in our sense of the word, for these must be born in the material world, and according to its laws, but there are "spiritual prolifications", or increments in love and wisdom, and the delights that flow therefrom, as the result of their love; and that these correspond — upon the spiritual plane — to the children in our earth life. Thus the sexes continue and sexual love exists as truly hereafter as here!

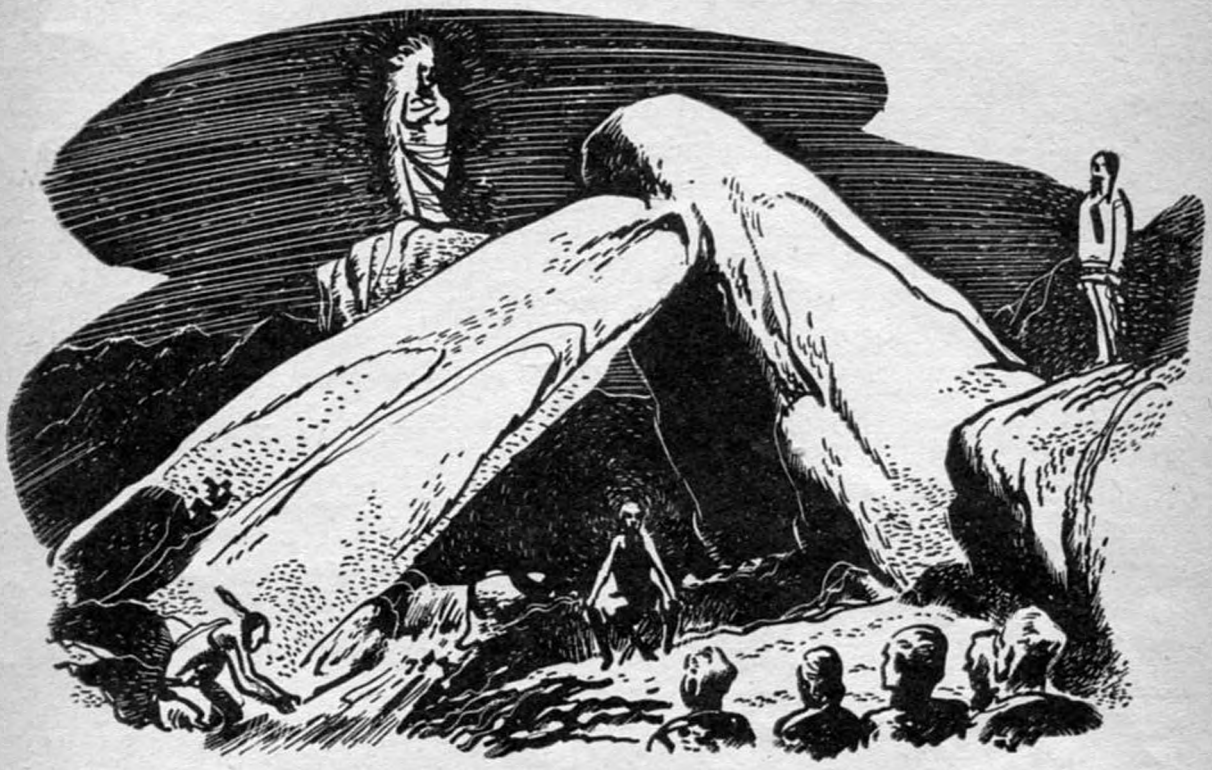


JUST AN ILLUSION

Sydney, Australia. — Dr. F. S. Cotton, professor of physiology at Sydney University, declared that the story that the flying saucers are plastic balloons used in U. S. cosmic ray research is unlikely. If this were true, why would they pop up in England, Argentina and Mexico? he asked.

His theory is that hundreds of people are really seeing the red corpuscles of the blood as they pass over the retina of the eye and mistaking them for flying saucers.

THE WONDERFUL
EDDY CHILDREN



In the days of the great mediums, none produced more wonderful phenomena than this Vermont family.

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

PERHAPS the most famed mediumistic family of the 19th Century, after the Fox Sisters, was the Eddy family of Central Vermont. The Eddy children were known all over the world for almost miraculous accomplishments. They were visited by humble and great, and the authenticity of their mediumship was attested by Madame Helena de Blavatsky herself, who traveled to Vermont and spoke Russian with an entity materialized in an Eddy seance.

Just a few miles from Chittenden, Vt., at the edge of the Green Mountains, the Eddy family slaved 18 hours a day wresting a living from barren acres. The mother of the family was Julia Macomb. She was born a true medium. She was a sincere Christian endowed by

nature with the gift of prophecy and prescience.

Neighbors who condemned her also came to ask her to find lost articles. This she did without charge. Julia came from a long line of mediums. Indeed, one of her maternal ancestors was tried for witchcraft at Salem, Mass., probably at the instigation of the Rev. Cotton Mather.

Early in the 1840's, Julia Macomb had married a tight-fisted, brutal, uneducated man named Zephaniah Eddy. Every child born to that union was strongly mediumistic. When Zephaniah discovered this he whipped the children until blood ran down their bodies. These whippings left scars they carried to their graves. He became so brutal that finally spirits materialized before his very eyes and forced him to flee the house.

He constantly declared all this the work of Satan and, at the advice of a good Christian friend, Anson Ladd, poured scalding water over the back of his son, William Eddy, and even permitted this Ladd to place burning coals on the child's head to exorcise the devil. It is worthy of note that although he would not eat the Devil he would drink his broth, for Eddy hired out his possessed children to traveling mountebanks for a goodly sum of money. The Eddy children were exhibited all over the United States and England.

Every Eddy child, thereafter, was disfigured from the treatment received at the hands of investigating committees. In addition to his burns, William was shot in the arm at Danvers, Mass. So was his sister, Mary Eddy. Horatio was stabbed in the leg, and a Lynn, Mass., citizen seriously injured him by striking him on the head with bricks. Tests worthy of Spanish Inquisitors were used on these unfortunate children but never was there the least suspicion of fraud. The objection made was that the phenomena were the work of the Devil.

By 1874 the growth of modern spiritualism was crying for attention and certain newspapers, including the New York *Sun*, decided to investigate the remarkable Eddys. A man in whom they had full confidence was directed to go to Chittenden, make a full investigation and then report the truth.

The investigator, Col. H. S. Olcott, arrived at the Eddy farm on the evening of May 27, 1874. It was a warm evening and the countryside was lit by a full moon set in a cloudless sky. An outdoor seance was to be held in a rather deep ravine through which ran a mountain brook. At one place two huge, flat stones were toppled together forming a sort of gothic arch and cave underneath. Here sat the medium. The spectators were seated on rough boards laid across large boulders. In some places these backless seats hung over the

ice-cold water of the stream.

This crude cabinet was thoroughly examined and found to be empty, except for the medium, Horatio Eddy, who sat inside on a campstool. The far end of this cave was tightly closed and no person or thing could have entered or left the front of it unseen because of the brilliant light of the moon.

Horatio apparently talked with some spirit entity during the whole seance. As he was speaking a tall Indian, fully dressed, walked from the cave, stooped over the brook and drank from his cupped hands.

At that same moment someone suddenly said, "Look up there. See! — up there — on the rock!" The giant form of another Indian stood, in bold relief against the moonlit sky, on the pinnacle of rock where a mountain goat could not have climbed. Another spectator pointed out an Indian squaw on the edge of a rocky ledge to the right. At one time, three ghostly Indians were visible, while the medium could at all times be heard talking back in the cave. During the seance 10 other braves and squaws came from the cave mouth. Then all vanished together.

"The medium's control then ordered us to go to the old Indian camping ground nearby," wrote Olcott. "A cabinet was improvised by pinning shawls around four saplings. Within a few minutes the spirit of a man named Alas Sprague emerged from the cabinet in which the medium sat on a camp chair, and the visitor walked far from the cabinet in the brilliant rays of the moon. Then appeared the brother of one of the spectators and was duly and truly identified. All dematerialized while in plain view of 10 observers. Then a tall Indian fully rigged in his native costume walked out and at a distance of some 20 odd feet sprang up into a tree and was seen no more."

At the conclusion of the seance, two skeptical men made a very careful search of the entire grounds for footprints in the soft earth. Special attention was paid to high rocks that covered the cave. Not the least evidence of any mortal visitation was found. Olcott, the newsman, wrote his paper, "The spectres were materialized on the spots where they had been respectively seen."

The seance room in the Eddy home was over the kitchen and measured 17 × 37.5 feet. The cabinet was a dark closet with no other opening than a single door. A light was kept continually burning in the room, 29.5 feet from the door to the closet-cabinet. Careful investigation by trained men failed to find any trap doors, secret panels, or other entrance in the closet. The medium was stripped and searched before entering the cabinet. Every square inch of the cabinet was meticulously gone over before Eddy entered it. Olcott re-

ports the following phenomena:

1. Materialization of human forms.

2. Materialized hands of men, women and children. Some of the hands were mutilated and showed scars and evidence of amputations.

3. The writing of names of deceased persons by detached hands.

4. The playing of music on musical instruments requiring at least four musicians, while only one person was in the cabinet.

5. The appearance of several hundred different spirits during the three weeks Olcott was at the Eddy farm house. A large proportion of these were recognized by the persons present during the seances.

6. The Eddy boys did not finish grade school. Nevertheless, the spirits spoke Chinese, German, Finnish, Scandinavian, Russian, Georgian, Arabic, various dialects of the American Indians, and other languages. Visitors held conversations in these languages with the spiritual entities.

7. Delicate scales were provided and it was proved over and over again that these entities could change their weights at will. The weighing was done on the platform outside the cabinet. A height scale was hung on the wall and forms appeared and stood at this scale while they were measured. The following figures are of much interest and difficult of explanation:

a. Indian in full attire — 6 feet 2¾ inches.

b. 1 minute 45 seconds later, a female form came from the cabinet. She was very light weight, white hair, age about 60. She was not five feet tall.

c. In another 1 minute 50 seconds, another Indian appeared and was measured. He was 5 feet 10 inches.

d. After a few moments the spirit of a small child. Male, about six years, European. Too short for the wall chart.

In the weight tests, Olcott weighed one spirit four times within a few minutes. The weight varied from 88 pounds to 65 pounds. Another spirit varied in just a few minutes from 52 pounds to 77 pounds. The medium weighed 175 pounds. No explanation of these varying weights comes to mind.

At one time during Olcott's extended investigation Helena de Blavatsky visited the Eddys in person. Fearing an impersonation, Olcott requested this gifted lady to identify herself beyond the least doubt. Very graciously she permitted Olcott to examine such identifying material as her father's will; letters from Prince Ferdinand, a close relative of the Czar; her passports and absolute proof that she was the granddaughter of the General Fadeef and Princess Helen Dolgorouky, grand-aunt of Prince Iakoff Dolgorouky, friend and counsellor of Peter the Great.

Madame de Blavatsky sat in the

circle at the farm house and immediately marvelous proofs of human survival were demonstrated. A hand materialized and grasped a sword. The lower bone of the thumb bore a most peculiar deformity and Madame de Blavatsky recognized it immediately as the hand of an old friend, an officer in the Hungarian army, named Dgiano Nallus. Both this entity and an uncle of Madame de Blavatsky wrote their names on cards. The lady declared that the signatures were authentic.

Next a Khurdish cavalryman walked from the cabinet. As he walked he materialized a spear of peculiar design, which was considerably longer than the longest dimension of the closet. Madame de Blavatsky recognized him and conversed with him in Georgian. No one can imagine that one of the Eddy boys, raised on a farm in Vermont, could accomplish such a tour de force. The man was fully dressed in native costume with beehive kepi, silk surtout with split sleeves, Zouave pants, spurred, tasseled boots with turned up toes. His hair hung in braids over his shoulders. A belt around his middle held flintlock pistols and three long daggers. Twelve visitors at the Eddy farm saw all of this. Next, Madame de Blavatsky's uncle came out of the cabinet. He wore the usual dress suit of tails, low cut white silk vest and around his neck a black ribbon holding the Russian cross of St. Ann. He conversed with Madame de Blavatsky in Russian.

The spiritual guide of this circle walked close to Madame de Blavatsky and said, "I am about to give you a test of the genuineness of these manifestations. It should satisfy you and a skeptical world. I hand you a medal of honor worn by your late father. It was buried with his body in Russia. The late Czar granted this medal to Russian officers in the Turkish campaign of 1828."

Here is proof that should convince any reasonable person. Madame de Blavatsky had seen the medal many times. Her father died July 15, 1873. She was in America and could not attend his funeral but she knew that the medal had been buried with him. And now here it was, come from a Russian grave to her hands in a little village in Vermont. As additional proof, Madame de Blavatsky showed Colonel Olcott a photograph of an oil painting of her father. The medal was on his breast.

Olcott writes, "Was ever a manifestation more wonderful than this? A token dug by unknown means from a father's grave and laid in his daughter's hand, 5000 miles away across an ocean! A jewel from the breast of a warrior sleeping his last sleep in Russian ground, now sparkling in the candle-light in a gloomy apartment of a Vermont farm-house! To be kept as a perpetual proof that death can

neither extinguish the ties of blood nor long divide those who were once united and desire reunion with one another!"

Another spiritual entity materialized and identified himself as Michalko, well-known by Madame de Blavatsky in Caucasia. He played a national folk song of his country on a native stringed instrument called tchicharda. Now comes the clincher — a short time after Colonel Olcott's paper published his report on this phenomenon he received a letter from Philadelphia. A portion is quoted: "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. Knowing your name from the Daily Graphic, I take the liberty of addressing you. I learn today from Sun about the manifestations at Eddy's, and that a spirit of Michalko Guegidse has materialized in full Georgian dress, has spoken Georgian language, danced Lezguinka, and sung Georgian national air.

"If this occurred and anybody regards as trickery and humbug, then I will state this: In United States there are only three Georgians, myself who came here three years ago. Two others came over last year. I know they are not in Vermont now and never have been; and they do not speak English at all. Besides us three, no others in America speak Georgian."

Colonel Olcott wrote this person and received the following: "My two Georgian friends are out West. I knew Michalko while he still lived in Kutais. He was late serf of Alex Guegidse, a Georgian nobleman. I also knew personally late General Faddeyeff (uncle of Madame de Blavatsky who had materialized previously). He was a tall and an old General in Tiflis, and died several years ago. He wore the cross of St. Ann." (Signed) M. C. Betanelly, Philadelphia, November 18, 1874.

Colonel Olcott related the appearance of over 400 different spiritual entities. He took hundreds of written statements and dozens of affidavits from farmers, lawyers, bankers, physicians, musicians, housewives, merchants, to substantiate the appearance of men, women and children, even babes in arms who cried, kicked, apparently took nourishment — all this many feet away from a cabinet with only one opening. When each seance was terminated the cabinet and medium were thoroughly searched. Each showed the same result — a chair with a man tied to it — *nothing else*. No Indian buckskins, no blankets, no Georgian musical instruments, no 12-foot spears, no daggers, no pistols — just a man in deep trance!

And no explanation!

DREAMS THAT PAID OFF

By Dr. W. E. Farbstein

They dreamed of buried treasure, winning horses, sick children — and their dreams came true.

ALL of us experience a variety of dreams — pleasant or painful or just plain silly. But very few of us have dreamed a dream that proved of practical benefit.

In Durham, N. C., a couple of years ago, a little girl excitedly told her father one morning that she had dreamed there was gold under their house. Her father laughed at first. Then he took out a pick and shovel and started digging. He finally unearthed a rusty oil can that was packed with paper money. There was $600 in recognizable condition and a mass of bills that were rotted. The rotted bills he sent off to the Treasury Department for possible redemption.

In Plymouth, Mass., a widower refused his 14-year-old son permission to attend a high school dance. The boy ran away from home and could not be found. His father mourned him for a year, and then vividly dreamed that he had been re-united with the lad. He told a Boston newspaper reporter about it and the newspaper carried a full account of the dream together with a picture of the boy. When it appeared, fellow workers of a young lad in a Boston greenhouse noted his resemblance to the picture and notified the police. They made an investigation — and sent the boy back to his father.

In New Orleans a woman dreamed that her baby was ill and woke up in a terrible fright. She hurried to the child and found her unconscious. The doctor, who was hurriedly summoned, rushed the girl to a hospital where a surgeon saved her life by removing a blood clot from her brain.

In Marple, Cheshire, England, an 18-year-old girl had a vivid dream about the British Derby in which she saw a horse that was a 100–1 shot win the race. This was two days before the race was run. The girl's family backed her dream with a 10 shilling bet and won a tidy sum.

A year ago, in Wenona, Illinois, an elderly miner died and left as his sole beneficiary a relative in Oregon. She came down to Wenona and made the funeral arrangements. However, when they searched the dead man's lodgings they could not find a penny, although it was known that he was thrifty and had

been saving money for over 40 years. The unhappy relative finally went back to Oregon. Some weeks later a friend of the miner dreamed that he had found money in the toes of a pair of brown shoes belonging to the old man. He hurried over to his house and made another search. Sure enough, in the toe of a brown shoe was a wadded up money belt containing nine 100 dollar bills and five twenties.

A man from Lakeland, Fla., was touring through North Carolina and stopped for the night at Winston-Salem. He carelessly left his bags outside in his parked car. A thief smashed a window during the night and stole a suitcase containing clothes and jewelry. The tourist notified the police but they could find no clues. Finally he gave up hope and left town. Several days later he returned to Winston-Salem, hunted up the sheriff and told him of the strange dream he'd had. He had seen his suitcase under a bridge by a rock studded river bank. The sheriff recognized the place from the description, went there and found the suitcase. He then was able to track down a suspect, who confessed to the crime.

Of course, dreams don't always come true. A Detroit housewife, some years ago, dreamed there was a treasure in her back yard. She hired a power shovel for a day at a cost of $50. The shovel tore up the yard in vain. Six months later she had another dream in which she saw two men digging at a certain spot in the same yard. She hired two men and told them to get busy. After they dug a hole eight feet long, four feet wide and five feet deep — and found nothing — she paid them and gave up in disgust.

SCIENTISTS—JUST PLAIN

PHILOSOPHERS of the past have stated that the average man does not do any real thinking of his own until he has reached the average age of thirty to thirty-five. Previous to this he has merely parroted the things he has been taught.

He is told to begin saying that two and two is four. When the problem once more arises as to the sum of two and two, he repeats that it is four. He may go on in this way until the time comes when he, in turn, tells his own son that two and two make four. It is only when he begins to question just why two and two do make four that he has begun to think.

The net result of learning by rote has been the creation of a situation which makes knowledge a recited ritual and patterns analytical thinking after a formula.



A Hunch that Saved $500

By Emmy Roberts

I was having a good time at the party, but suddenly I had a feeling I must start back to the store that minute.

FEW people believe in hunches. Few listen to that wee, small voice that warns or urges. I reckon I inherited my belief in hunches from grandma, only she called it "feeling." Tall and gaunt in her calico wrapper, she'd squint down at me, a twinkle in her grey eyes, "Emmy, I've got a 'feeling' you'd better run over to the Post Office and ask if there's a letter for me. I 'feel' in my bones that Uncle Bender's worse and wantin' me to come."

"I'll hurry, Grandma." Away I went, never doubting for a second that there'd be a letter. And there always was.

I was graduated from high school, then went to Loganville, 30 miles away, for more schooling. Because I helped a family with their children I couldn't go home every weekend. Sometimes I caught the local the second week, or third, and sometimes I went home just one weekend in the month. Occasionally I surprised my family by going home two weekends in succession. I never wrote to say when I

was coming, often I didn't know until just before train time.

But always Grandma would be waiting on the station platform to help pack my suitcase up the hill. The weekends that I did not come she did not go to the station.

Mama would say, "Your Granny had a 'feeling' you'd be showing up, come train time. I can tell without her opening her mouth, by the way she stirs up the victuals you like, Emmy."

I grew up believing it would be very foolish to ignore a hunch, and by the time I was grown I'd had some remarkable experiences with them.

Papa owned a small grocery and with the First World War on, and men scarce, I had to work in the store instead of teaching school as I'd planned.

Several years passed and I worked on. Father wasn't well but we managed the store together. Occasionally I took an afternoon off, leaving him to see to things. On factory payday we kept enough money in the register to cash the checks of our factory customers. I saw to that myself and always tried to be there at that time.

But one day the neighbor women had a little tea party and insisted that I come. I figured I could and still be back when the men left the factory that afternoon.

It was a treat for me, and I really enjoyed myself. Vera, our hostess, was ready to pass the ice cream and cake when a hunch struck me full force. I had the feeling I must start back to the store that minute.

I rose and told the group I was going to call Sam Heaton and ask him to send his Model T, the only cab in town, for me at once. One woman offered to drive me home if I'd wait the few moments until her husband came by to pick her up. But I felt moments were precious.

"I can solve the problem without your leaving," Vera declared, and went to the wall phone. She called the store. When Father answered, she thrust the receiver into my hand. The women smiled at one another.

"Father, this is Emmy. Are you all right?"

"Why yes," he answered. I sensed he was puzzled. "I'm sitting here reading the almanac. No one's in the store but me."

"Has anything happened since I left?"

"Nary a thing. Why?"

"I've got a feeling . . ."

"Huh!" he snorted so loudly the women heard him, "You stay as long as you like — and don't worry about me. Here comes some customers — man and a woman. Goodbye."

"Now you see," began Vera, but I didn't hear her chatter. By the time I'd hung up the receiver I knew I had to get to the store before the man and woman left.

Trembling, I called Sam Heaton

and asked how quick could he pick me up, and he said he'd get there before I could say Jack Robinson.

I snatched up hat and purse, calling to Vera that I'd phone her later. I ran to the walk and almost immediately the Model T came chugging around the corner.

"Has something happened to your pa, Emmy?"

"I don't know yet, Sam, but drive like the dickens."

"I'll push her every mite she's worth!" he exclaimed and he did. I put the 15 cents fare into his hand the instant the car stopped. I flung open the door and raced across the walk and into the store.

One glance showed me that Father wasn't there, but the man was and the woman was. The cash register was open and there she stood, scooping out the bills and silver to drop into the open money bag the man held.

"Put my father's money back into the register!" I cried angrily. "I'll call the law!" The phone was just inside the door, close enough to reach.

The woman dropped the money she held. The man started off with the bag but it caught on the corner of the peanut bag stand. The stand tipped over to the floor with a clatter and took the bag along. The man got to the door one jump ahead of the woman just the same.

We never did catch them.

About a minute later my father came in.

"Well," I fixed him with a severe look, "And where have you been?"

"You here?" he asked, surprised. Then he glanced about. "Where's the lady who was about to faint? Here's the aspirins she asked for."

I showed him the register and the money on the floor. First time in years I'd seen my father turn pale. The fact is that if I hadn't followed my hunch they would have cleaned him out.

The women I'd partied with that afternoon never again laughed at my hunches. Nor did father.

TRAGIC DREAM

FROM the Lebanon, O., "Western Star," of January 18, 1951:

"On the night of November 29, Mrs. William T. Russell of Yonkers, N. Y., awoke from a dream in which she saw the smoke of battle and her son fatally wounded in Korea. He pleaded, 'Don't cry, mother, please don't cry!'

"The dream was so realistic that she frantically awakened her husband and wrote a notation on a bedroom calendar. On December 26, the Department of Defense sent a telegram to Mrs. Russell, notifying her that her son had been killed in action on November 29 in North Korea and had been buried there."

DID MAN TAME THE DINOSAUR?



Amazing pottery and stone figures dug up in Mexico show human beings riding and fighting prehistoric monsters.

By William N. Russell

FOR the past six years there have been some strange goings on in the little village of Acambaro in the state of Guanajuarto, Mexico. Thousands upon thousands of outlandish artifacts have been found there which may be relics of a civilization antedating all known cultures of Mexico if not the world.

Señor Waldemar Julsrud, a 76-year-old hardware merchant born in Germany, who has lived in Acambaro for many years, had, at last count, dug up 26,000 artifacts from a local site. Many of the objects appear to be clay replicas of dinosaurs — seemingly moulded by humans who knew them well. There are statuettes of dinosaurs eating humans — and of humans riding dinosaurs. But that is only the beginning of the amazing clay



Figurine, resembling Assyrian art forms, appears to show man in mortal combat with an unidentified animal—possibly a small lizard.

figures dug up by Señor Julsrud.

Professors of anthropology and archeology have not reacted happily. Conventional theory is that no human intelligence existed during the age of reptiles. That opinion is now official dogma — even though 200 years ago the sciences that subscribe to it did not even credit the existence of dinosaurs.

Julsrud's objects show lack of conformity to established patterns of pottery from Mexico's known past. The professors believe this justifies suspicion. Julsrud, on the other hand, believes that his find-

Human figures dug up at Acambaro vary greatly. One type even shows men with webbed fingers and toes.





These are more typical American Indian types. Pierced breasts and navel suggest center figure depicted fertility goddess.

ings prove the artifacts are older than the professors' files.

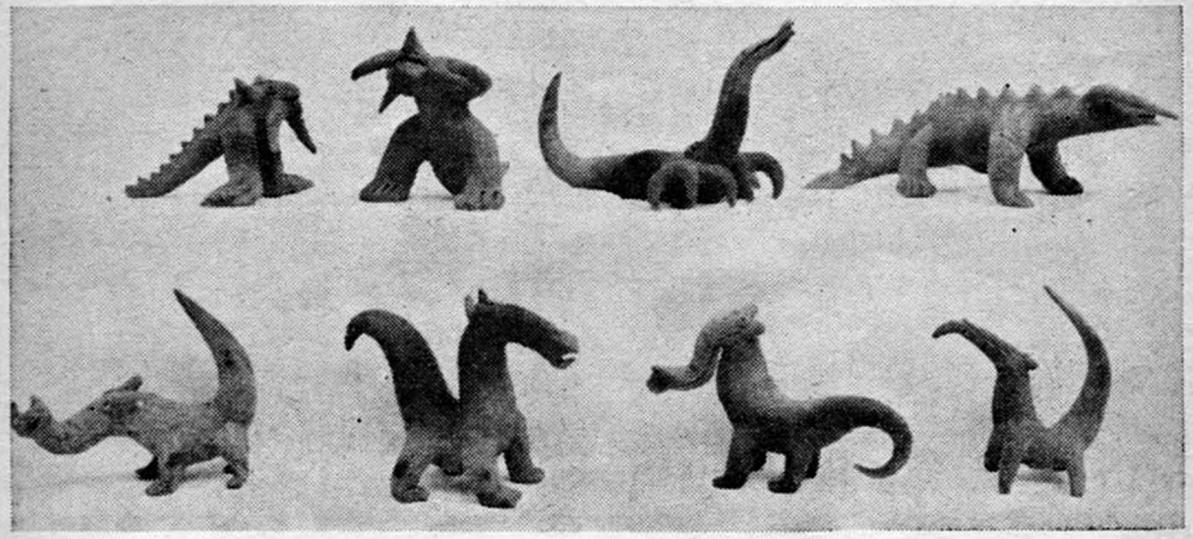
"Anyhow, nobody comes down here," he wrote me prior to my Acambaro trip. He meant no recognized archeologists come. After examining his collection I am as amazed at this fact as I am at the eerie objects themselves. A collection of 26,000-plus different, obviously hand-moulded artifacts should not be ignored no matter how it came into being.

While Mexico is a land of genuine discoveries, there is of course still plenty of clay available for almost any "archeological piece" a tourist desires.

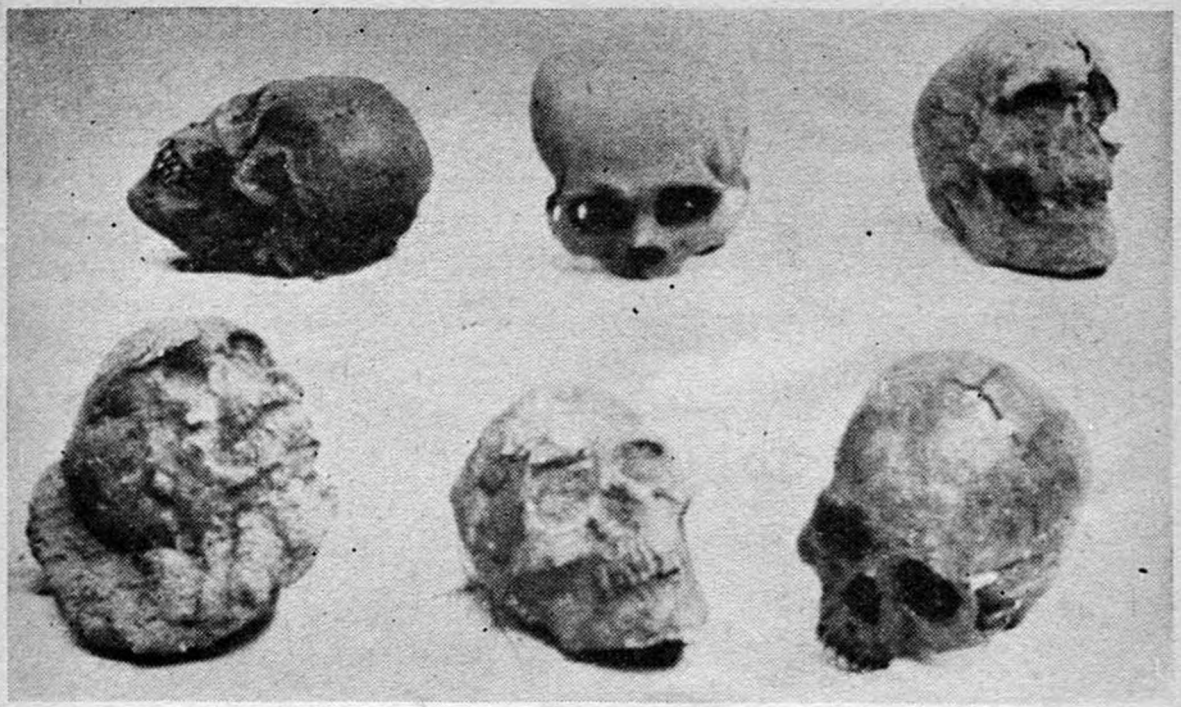
I'm no professor. I write stories on what I find. But I have never been called naïve.

Manufacturers of synthetic pottery usually understand their business. Tourists pay many more pesos for the fakes that closely resemble established antiquity. Dinosaur figurines? Extinct winged monsters? Even the Americanos would need much tequilla to buy them as antiques.

The extent of the collection, I



Bewildering variety of dinosaur-like forms has been dug up. One fact which casts doubt upon authenticity of find is that many of dinosaur figures do not resemble anything known to paleontologists or ever assembled by them.



Human skulls dug up at Acambaro do not seem to represent any especially primitive or unknown types of men. Discoverer believes they may be those of civilized men who assembled the gigantic collection in form of a great museum.

reasoned, was large for a would-be curio shop. It was also a big production for a legitimate archeological site.

During the last 70 miles of my journey to Acambaro I decided that, whatever it was, the location was in a primitive, donkey-ridden country far removed from Mexico's modern highways. When I arrived in the little village it was obvious that few motorists had made the trip. Natives gave my streamlined car an eye reception reserved in America for flying saucers.

Julsrud, whose livelihood is derived from a small hardware store, greeted me soon after his clerk announced the arrival of an American. He was sorry all the bedrooms in his 10-room home were occupied.

"Yes, they fill up the house," he said. "Just too many pieces from the field."

Twelve hundred more items, he reported, had been excavated since his last report to America a few months ago. Then he ushered me through the store to his adjoining home. I started looking. There were thousands upon thousands of the weird objects. In his living room gods and warriors leered at me as if defying doubts of their existence.

I almost tripped over the collection getting into the dining room. Here Julsrud had stored the dinosaurs. These include winged crea-

tures of frightening shapes. I noticed details of the terrible, gaping jaws of several of the four-footed monsters. They were devouring men.

In another room cruder craftsmanship depicted earlier man-like creatures. The clay figures are smoked, apparently baked in an open flame. I looked at their hands and shuddered — the fingers were webbed!

From bedroom to bedroom I continued my examinations. There were ceramics from seemingly later civilizations. Human artifacts had carved lines indicating headgear and dress. A baby elephant was shown as a beast of burden. There were also — here in Mexico — clay images resembling the mummy bundles of Egypt.

Influences of the Negro, Abyssinian, Semitic, Babylonian, Egyptian — even Chinese civilizations appear to be present in many of the statuettes. Men and animals are depicted in tableaux. Bows are poised for the kill! An arrow protrudes from a man's heart!

Julsrud showed me several figurines which obviously could not be displayed with propriety to the general public.



Hundreds of new dinosaur and other figures are being dug up each month. At last count, Julsrud's collection totalled 26,200 items—will soon reach 30,000.



No dinosaurs resembling these forms—especially the large center figure—are known to paleontologists. While this raises legitimate doubts about the find it does not rule out its authenticity by any means.

And there were many hundreds of broken pieces stacked in boxes. Certainly if a white-collared man had made these items, his efficiency lacked consistency.

No piece is a duplicate of the other. Each is either hand-molded, hand-carved or both. Some are shaped from solid rock. Several of the artifacts are made of bone.

The differences in workmanship, baking and materials, the varied racial characteristics, the huge quantity — all have significance to Julsrud. He believes the collection may once have been in an ancient museum. Or the silent assembly may have had some superstitious or religious meaning.

The Mexican digger hired by Julsrud has located heavy stone blocks buried at the excavations. These may be foundation blocks of an ancient building which once housed the collection.

It's Julsrud's supposition that several races contributed to the original stockpile but the last race in possession of the collection had merely regarded it with awe. I certainly didn't doubt this. I too looked around at the figurines with awe.

I tried to think. If Julsrud had an ulterior motive for chicanery, what was it? He learned in 1945, when he discovered the first ceramics in a washed-out ravine, that pottery experts did not believe them genuine. If commercially worthless, why accumulate additional items?

My only answer is that Señor Waldemar Julsrud didn't know what he was to find in that site. So he dug and dug.

Perhaps the German didn't mind when authorities in the big cities refused to stir after he made his first reports. They might have grabbed the site. Today it's his.

With the orderliness of the German, Julsrud tries to maintain a bookkeeping system on the site's

yield. Thousands of skulls, jewelry items, pipes, weapons, utensils, animal and human statuettes, masks, unidentifiable objects, are recorded. His latest tally, dated in October, is 26,200 objects. He cannot store any more artifacts in his home. Even his personal bedroom is loaded.

The idea of making faked pottery antiques is relatively new in Mexico. But Julsrud's collection, if faked, would take literally centuries to produce unless hundreds of men and great amounts of money were involved. Yet I could only determine three persons actively connected with the finds — a 76-year-old man with acute arthritis, a healthy Mexican with a pick and shovel, and a boy who tries to wash the objects carefully.

It has been suggested that Julsrud is victim of a hoax. But this seems unlikely and pointless. He has checked and checked. Objects which would be costly to make are his only for the digging. Furthermore, Julsrud is intelligent and university-educated.

It seems unlikely that a tremendous "plant" of fake pottery on the Julsrud site could have been conducted without calling attention to the fact. The excavations lie near some Mexican shacks and there may be more artifacts under the dwellings themselves. Julsrud hopes the field will never be confiscated in a manner unfair to the natives. If it were Julsrud might have shoveled himself out of goodwill — perhaps even out of a home and business.

"It's the devil's work," the natives have claimed. "The whole region is haunted."

Julsrud repeats with emphasis that archeologists never show up in Acambaro. He is tolerant of their attitude, however. It's a "hot subject" for any professor. You must either contradict the recognized text books of the world or you must call fake the 26,200 items which obviously and discoverably were buried beneath the hard-pressed earth of Acambaro. Many of the objects were held fast by the roots of trees and difficult to excavate.

Julsrud's letters to American professors are well written for a man who has never lived in an English-speaking country. Yet his grammar is imperfect. This, combined with his mention of Montezuma, geographical cataclysms, global explosions, continental drifts and Atlantis, creates a poor psychological effect. The professor who does not believe in such theories disbelieves his entire findings.

My interview lasted for days. I snooped here and there. When I again examined those objects, I was ready to regard seriously even Plato's fabulous island — Atlantis!

Nobody really knows, of course. But Julsrud believes the continents were united at one time. Mexico

was then only a small section of a mono-continental block. He thinks the cradle of civilization was in the area now called Mexico. Races developed here and migrated to distant parts of the single continent. If this is so, his collection may represent original racial characteristics which later became pronounced in distant lands.

Geographical upsets occurred. The entire map was changed. The part which was submerged in the Atlantic ocean had been called Atlantis. The migrated colonies, once relatively near the southern section of our continent, found themselves far away. Some formed new, independent cultures. Others deteriorated to barbarianism.

"Apparently some of the dinosaurs escaped the glacial cold by coming south," Julsrud said. "They lived later than we think and encountered the developing races in Mexico."

He informed me that fossils were found at the time that work was done for a big irrigation dam near Acambaro.

If Julsrud is wrong he has plenty of company. Many freethinking professors, writers and discoverers are believers in early continental links. Many of them insist that Mexico reared a lost race, before the heyday of the Aztec, the Maya and the Toltec.

We cannot expect hurried pronouncements of authenticity. But, in my opinion, nothing should becloud the evidence that Julsrud's objects are very old.

"No end to the site," he wrote me last week.

It is my hope the aging German will still be alive when archeologists accept his offer of shovels.



From the Depths of the Sea

DANISH scientists are about to set forth on a two-year cruise to conduct trawling operations in ocean depths which have never been plumbed before. The expedition plans to examine depths below 35,000 feet with apparatus lowered on a 50,000-foot steel hawser. What manner of strange animal will this trawler turn up? In recent years several fish which were believed extinct in the Cretaceous Age have been caught. And, surprisingly enough, the remains of several kinds of fish have been found in the stomachs of seals — fish which have never been caught by man. The Danish scientists hope to discover new and unknown fauna in the black depths of the seas.

ALL RIGHT, MR. SCIENTIST –

Answer This One

By Dr. W. E. Farbstein

WE ARE living in a scientific Golden Age — they say. Our chemists and physicists, having unlocked the atom, are making silk purses out of sows' ears and — even more wonderful — out of coal and rain water. The scientists finally understand how nature works. That's what they tell us. But there are still plenty of mysteries they can't solve.

Consider the astonishing case of that couple living in Denver who were startled one evening by the sudden appearance of their pet cat. They had left poor Clementine in the care of an aunt when they moved away from Dunkirk, N. Y., a year before. The aunt had written them of the cat's disappearance some four months before. But how this faithful animal had managed to make the 1600 mile trip was inexplicable.

* * *

In Ann Arbor, Mich., recently, a man wishing to water a willow tree in his yard, poked the nozzle of the garden hose into the soft soil. As he turned the faucet the hose suddenly squirmed and burrowed into the ground for several feet — and no amount of pulling could bring it up. Husky friends and neighbors tugged at it for days before it finally let go. Nobody could explain this unique phenomenon.

* * *

In Whitestable, Eng., an honest farmer was petrified to observe a hen's egg that stood on end. Even when pushed down, it bobbed up again. He took it to an office of the Ministry of Agriculture where a careful study was made but no official explanation of the egg's strange action was ever proposed.

* * *

A family in Muscatine, Ia., was dumbfounded when their old rocking chair suddenly started to rock by itself, and continued to do so month after month. They moved it into every room in the house but it kept on rocking just the same. They examined its insides and found nothing out of the ordinary. I saw this chair exhibited on a television program in New York City where it performed as usual, and the scientific men present could not pre-

sent any rational explanation for its unorthodox conduct. Dunninger, the mind reader, who was present, smugly offered this gem of wisdom: "I don't know what it is, but I am sure there is some simple explanation."

* * *

In Albany, N. Y., a series of powerful explosions were recently reported by the alarmed residents of a ten-mile square area. But the authorities were unable to come up with any satisfactory explanation.

* * *

In Philadelphia, last summer, a large part of the city was blanketed with a peculiarly sour and unpleasant smell for three successive nights. And the scientific staff of the Board of Health could not present even a guess as to its cause.

* * *

In Lanark, Eng., two farmers entered their cowshed to find the cattle madly plunging about. One cow finally fell dead, apparently electrocuted. Scientists examined the barn thoroughly but could offer no plausible theory for the cause of the incident.

* * *

In Memphis, a 78-year-old minister, whose hair has been snow white for a generation was startled when it suddenly returned to its original dark brown. No physician could explain it.

* * *

A farmer in Dinteloord, Holland, called in the police and fire departments when a series of fires blazed up on his place from no apparent cause. The wallpaper in his kitchen suddenly began to burn, the tablecloth spontaneously caught fire, a wet dish cloth burst into flames, etc., — 18 fires in one day. The authorities could present no reasonable explanation.

* * *

Last summer, the city of Bennington, Vt., was battered for 10 minutes by large hailstones which wrecked gardens, shattered windows and dented automobile bodies. In the center of each ice particle was found a bit of black metal. Meteorologists were nonplussed.

* * *

A physician in Hollis, Okla., discovered a twenty-year-old youth in whose head a metallic clicking is continuously going on. The noise is quite audible to others and the 200 doctors who examined the lad presented absolutely no explanation.

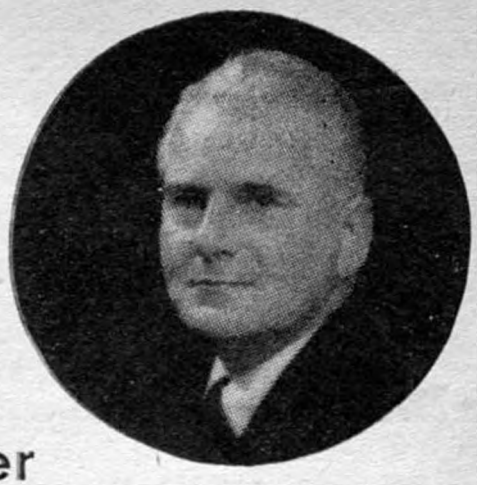
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A burned-out 100-watt electric bulb taken out of the basement of a store in Jackson, Mich., was found to contain a one-inch long spider. The glass was in perfect condition and no one can explain the presence of the dead insect.

* * *

These are only a few of the cases observed in a casual reading of the public press. One may wonder what the scientists say of these mysteries which they cannot explain.

Even doctors admit that this white-haired healer has the ability to cure cases which medical science cannot touch.



HARRY EDWARDS
England's Great Healer

By F. Terry Newman

On a Saturday evening in June, 1950, at the Town Hall in Bolton, England, silver-haired Harry Edwards, in his shirt sleeves and smiling broadly, leaned down from the platform and waved two sticks in the air.

"Do you want to take these with you?" he called. The radiant-faced, middle-aged woman walking away from the platform, turned around. "They'll do for souvenirs," she replied. Only 14 minutes earlier she had been assisted onto the platform, a cripple of four years standing.

A youngster, aged 5½ years, deaf in the left ear and recently operated on without improvement, was able to reply to Edwards without hesitation when he whispered from a distance: "What is your name?"

At this demonstration all who received treatment were greatly relieved; many were totally cured. The ailments treated included arthritis, disseminated sclerosis, deafness, deformed spines, failing vision and paralysis. The demonstration over, crowds rushed the platform and Edwards was lost to view as people clamored to see more of his amazing work.

On an August Sunday of 1950, crowds witnessed the spectacle of Edwards treating sufferers on a London pavement.

A woman, confined to her home for three years with Parkinson's disease, walked up a steep hill and placed flowers on her husband's grave within 48 hours after treatment by Edwards.

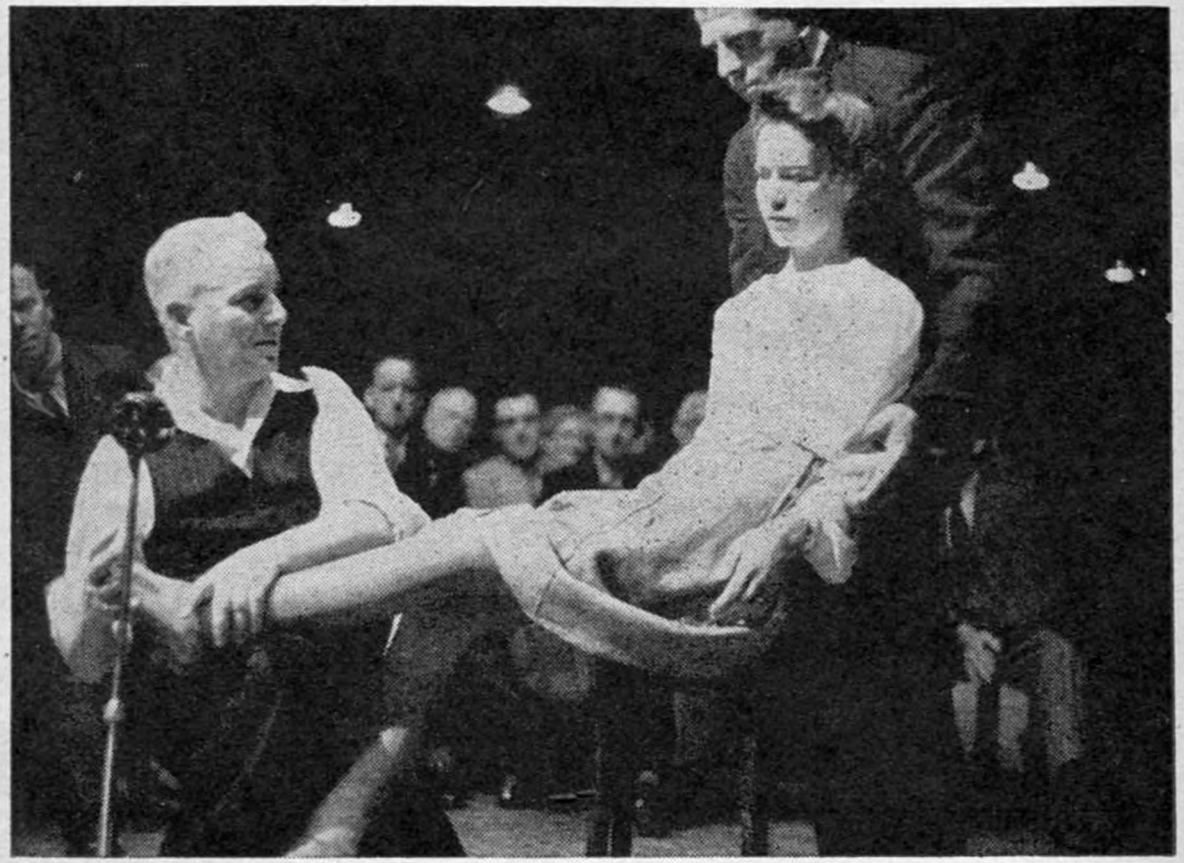
Another woman, practically blind and requiring escort everywhere,

was taken by friends to the Victoria Hall, London, for treatment by Harry Edwards. She had been told by no less than nine specialists she would never see again. A few days before the visit, a tenth specialist had said: "No hope!"

The Thursday following Edwards' treatment she visited the specialist who had last seen her. "What do you think of me now?" she asked. "I am going to tell you the color of your tie." And she did.

Critics have put forward many hypotheses to explain these cures: They suggest a form of hypnosis with the results being due to suggestion. And there are others who claim the effects are achieved by manipulation — that Edwards is really a dextrous osteopath.

But Edwards' medical knowledge is elementary. What he has learned is the result of experience. He admits that often he has consulted a medical dictionary as an aid to diagnosis. Yet he is able to free locked limbs with a deftness that confounds the doctors; malignant growths disappear beneath his fin-



Before the eyes of hundreds of onlookers, Edwards straightens crooked limbs, heals the halt and blind. He says: "A feeling of inexpressible gladness comes when giving healing and I realize a joint will unlock or a growth disperse."

gers; crooked spines are straightened before the eyes of hundreds of onlookers. None of the patients feel pain.

How are such "impossible" cures effected? What are the methods employed? How can one account for these seemingly miraculous phenomena? Harry Edwards says:

"As each day passes we learn that the act of healing is something that belongs to the world of spirit and not to ourselves. . . . I am deeply sensible of the great privilege it is to undertake this work. A feeling of inexpressible gladness comes when giving personal healing and I realize that a joint will unlock or a growth disperse. The feeling is far more intense than any other experience of physical exultation — it is as if one's soul is happy . . ."

By his personal healing the crippled and paralyzed have been made to walk, the deaf to hear and the blind to see. Even more remarkable and baffling are the cures effected by absent healing.

A Middlesex man wrote Edwards asking for absent healing for his wife, who was waiting to enter a hospital for the removal of a cancerous growth. After two weeks of absent healing this patient was free from pain for the first time in five years. When the woman was operated on by Dr. G. A. at a West London hospital, *no growth was found.* Three months earlier the same doctor, assisted by five students, had discovered a growth on the right ovary. An X-ray had confirmed this diagnosis.

Records of numerous cancer cures by Harry Edwards are available to those of the medical profession who may wish to examine them. Strangely enough the orthodox practitioner remains indifferent — though in recent years many doctors have testified to healing through his ministrations.

Sceptics say that such cures are the result of faith healing. The evidence proves otherwise. A patient must have faith for faith to cure him. In many cases Harry Edwards' patients are opposed to spirit healing on religious grounds. Many, wearied of futile years in hospitals without relief, have become convinced that they are hopelessly incurable.

A fond relative, or a friend, writes to Edwards explaining the case and requesting absent treatment on the sufferer's behalf. In a short while the patient is greatly improved — often a remarkable cure takes place. Yet the patient was unaware that intercession had been made on his behalf. Faith healing . . . ?

Edwards' philosophy of life does a lot to explain his success. A sincere Spiritualist, he regards people as spirits with bodies — rather than bodies possessing spirits. He claims to work through spirit to spirit, demonstrating that most natural laws are spiritual laws. To

the sceptical and incredulous one fact is evident: he achieves results — with patients who have gone to him as a last resource.

His diagnoses are spontaneous and intuitive. He *knows* where the complaint is rooted: not always the affected spine or head or crippled leg, but the nervous seat of these complaints. He treats the causes and not the symptoms.

Harry Edwards is a man conscious of his mission and still surprised by the great task at which he works. Silver-haired, ruddy-cheeked, he is a serene figure who exudes confidence and vitality. He is the picture of health. He has no crank ideas and follows no dietetic rules. His one indulgence is smoking and he has a slight smoker's cough.

Early in 1950 a remarkable film of his healing work, with scenes shot at Shere and Manchester, was released to the public. In addition to his healing he has managed to write six books on mediumship and healing.

His home, "Barrows Sea", in Shere, Surrey, is also his healing sanctuary. It is well organized and efficient. All records of patients treated are filed for reference. It is an inflexible rule that patients submit weekly reports of progress. From data compiled in this fashion, statistics show 30 per cent cures, 65 per cent improvement, 5 per cent negative results.

Edwards receives more than 3500 letters a week, from all parts of the world. The handling of such an enormous correspondence is, in itself, something of a phenomenon. He answers every letter personally. The letters arrive twice daily and are run through a machine which opens 500 a minute.

A staff of 14 persons helps with this mail. Each letter is read by Harry Edwards and three co-operating healers. The replies are written in a specially devised code on the back of each letter. From 10 p.m. until 3 or 4 a.m. he dictates his replies into a dictaphone. When typed they are returned for his perusal and signature.

Three times weekly personal treatment is given to visiting patients. They are met by coach at the railway station at Dorking, Surrey, where the porters are among Edwards' keenest advocates. This is not surprising since they have assisted crippled patients from the trains and later seen them walk alone when they leave. Guest houses in nearby villages and towns often are filled by sufferers who have come for personal treatment. Ambulances bring patients from all over the country.

Edwards is indifferent to personal gain. There are no fees for healing; nor does he claim expenses for himself and his helpers when he travels to give public demonstrations. Donations received are given voluntarily. So great is the demand for personal treatment that

appointments must be made two months ahead.

In May, 1947, Harry Edwards carried out healing in an Anglican church in the South of England. The vicar helped him in front of the altar. In one instance there was a spontaneous cure when a growth vanished completely by the end of the service. Together, perhaps for the first time in many centuries, healer and priest healed the sick.

In Edwards' steel filing cabinets are many letters of appreciation from doctors. Many have sought help for themselves, their patients, and members of their own families. A short while ago a doctor wrote to Harry Edwards saying that as a result of a fall his mother had suffered a stroke and was lying unconscious without hope of recovery. He asked anxiously for help. Shortly he wrote again:

"It is with a feeling of deep gratitude . . . that I write to say that my mother has not only recovered consciousness but the speech center which was paralyzed for days — she was unable to articulate a word — has suddenly functioned again. She is talking almost normally and taking a bright and intelligent interest in all that goes on around her. My own doctor gave little hope of her recovering her speech again and in over 30 years of medical practice I have not known such a miraculous recovery. My mother will be 87 if she lives to September 15 next."

Though he has often met with hostility from the medical profession Edwards bears no rancor. "Doctors have specialized in the study of how to alleviate sickness," he says. "Medical science is a great science. No one but a fool would deny that doctors are able to do great good."

Harry Edwards anticipates a future when medical practitioner and spirit healer will work together. If man is a spiritual being as well as a physical organism, then only by treating both aspects of his nature can real harmony be attained.

The most impressive feature of Edwards' personality is his quiet and unobtrusive confidence, his absolute serenity. He makes no claims for himself, insisting he is but the instrument through which the healing power is directed.

Sceptics who have witnessed him at work, who have observed the seemingly impossible take place before their eyes, have no word to say. Sympathetic audiences have been moved to tears by the poignant emotion of "incurables" cured.

Thus to every sufferer labeled incurable, there yet remains another, further hope. There is access to a higher tribunal. Quietly, unobtrusively, Harry Edwards continues that healing first demonstrated by the founder of the Christian faith.

The Mystery in Sallie's Room

By Blanche Whiting Keysner

I thought it was only a bad dream, but when I described it to my friend's mother, she burst into tears.

SOME years ago I was invited to spend the night with my school friend, Margaret Caverell, in a suburb of New York.

There was a dance at the Country Club and a small group of Margaret's friends returned home with us for refreshments and more dancing.

It was late when the party broke up, and Margaret and I chatted about the dance as we prepared for bed. I occupied a room adjoining Margaret's where she finally left me.

I slept immediately but toward morning I awakened. The late moon was shining on the snow on the window sill. From my bed I could see a tree on the lawn and a street lamp at the corner. I felt a momentary confusion before I remembered that I was in a strange room.

I felt that someone was in the room and I said: "Is that you, Margaret?"

"It's not Margaret, it's Sallie; you're in my room!"

I sat up in bed but could see no one.

The voice repeated, "I'm Sallie and you're in *my room!*"

I looked around the dimly moonlit room while little shivers ran up and down my spine. An unreasoning fear made it impossible for me to move, while an equally strong desire for company urged me to get up.

After some minutes I forced myself to slip out of bed and dashed across the hall to Margaret's door. My heart thumped with that nameless terror of the dark which I had not felt since childhood.

Margaret made room for me beside her and sleepily accepted my explanation that I had had a bad dream.

I slept again too, for my fright left me almost as soon as I entered Margaret's room.

Late the next morning, as we chatted over our breakfast, which was served upstairs, I remembered the episode of the night.

"Oh, Margaret, I had such a queer dream last night — that is, if you can dream when you're awake!" I said, and told her of the voice I had heard.

Margaret stared at me and asked me to repeat the story. I complied, puzzled by her reaction to the tale.

"How did you know about Sal-

lie? I don't remember telling you about her." Margaret asked.

"Why, I don't know about her — who is she?"

"Excuse me a moment — I want to get mother." Margaret rose abruptly and left the room.

I was wearing one of Margaret's dressing gowns and I started toward my room of the previous night, intending to dress.

As I opened the door a cold blast of air from the open window blew the door back with a bang. My clothes were blown about the room, — scattered on the chairs and floor.

I stepped into the room, thinking I would close the window, when — this time in broad daylight — terror overcame me. A chill which had nothing to do with the crisp morning air enveloped me. I turned and fled back to Margaret's bed.

At that moment Margaret and her mother came in. Mrs. Caverell first went to close the window of the guest room, pausing to pick up my disordered garments. She closed the door and brought my belongings to the chair by Margaret's bed.

"Margaret says you have something to tell me, my dear," she said cheerfully.

Once more I repeated my experience of the night.

To my astonishment Mrs. Caverell burst into tears.

I looked at Margaret with embarrassment, "Why — what's the matter?" I asked.

"Sallie was my sister. She was much older than I and she died when I was very young. I scarcely remember her."

"That was Sallie's room," Mrs. Caverell said. "Sallie always liked a place for herself, undisturbed. She would never let the other children touch her things."

Mrs. Caverell rose, glanced uncertainly at us and apparently at a loss for words, went into the room across the hall.

We saw her airing the bed and picking up the room. I never intruded there again.



OUT OF THIS WORLD

HUMBERTO DE CAMPOS, a Brazilian author, died in 1934. Ten years later the Spiritualist Federation of Brazil began bringing out books bearing his name as author, claiming to receive his compositions through a spiritualist medium. His heirs promptly sued for royalties.

In deciding the case against the heirs, the court didn't pass on the question of whether the works were those of de Campos or whether past writers could produce present literature, but the decision decreed that no citizen of another world has juridical existence or legal rights in this one. — *Frank Ball*



THE MYSTERY OF THE

Crawling Fireballs

By Henry S. Galus

"Are flying saucers real?" This question has ignited controversy in every neighborhood in the United States, bringing comments and analyses from ditch-diggers to generals to meteorological experts. The scientifically minded search back into the records, looking for authority to bolster their beliefs. In this search some may stumble upon stories of "crawling fireballs" which fascinated and terrorized Europeans at various intervals for at least 150 years — up to the early 1900's. This mystery of the "crawling fireballs" was then as much a topic of everyday wonder and discussion as the flying saucers are today.

Most of the awesome incidents occurred in France. In Marseilles, during October, 1898, an adolescent girl was seated at a table when suddenly a spherical shape of fire darted into the room, paused in the corner farthest from her and gradually moved toward her along the floor. Terror stricken she drew

back against the wall. The fireball followed her, starting to ascend close to her body. Then abruptly it changed its course, circled about her several times and shot toward the ceiling. It flung itself at a paper-covered stove-pipe hole, cleanly burning a ring in it on its way up the chimney. Minutes later a loud crash shattered the chimney top.

A similar occurrence was reported in Paris on July 5, 1852, in the shop of a tailor on the Rue Saint Jacques, near Val de Grace. This time the fireball crawled over the window sill into the room and came at the man in a floor-skimming action. Horrified, he retreated as the globe of blazing light climbed to the height of his face. It was too much for him. The tailor collapsed. A little later he revived to hear a tremendous explosion atop the shop, which scattered bits of chimney brick over surrounding rooftops. Proof that the fireball had fled up the chimney appeared again in the form of a burnt paper cover over the stove-pipe hole.

In one of a series of volumes published around 1898 by the *Association Francaise*, M. Wander, a scientist, wrote: "A violent storm has descended upon the commune of Beugnon. I happened to be passing through a farm in which two children of about 12 and 13 were playing. I saw these children take refuge from the rain under the roof of a stable, in which were 25 oxen. In the courtyard grew a poplar.

"Suddenly there appeared a globe of fire, the size of an apple, near the top of the poplar. We saw it descend branch by branch, and then down the trunk. It moved along the courtyard very slowly, picking its way, and came to the door where stood the children. One of them touched it. Immediately a terrible crash shook the entire farm to its foundations. The children were thrown back, uninjured — but 11 of the oxen were felled dead."

This is not the only story which tells of human life spared amid other destruction, and people came to believe that the mysterious spheres were *heavenly bodies capable of pity for man!* Of course, this idea was scoffed at by many others.

In the town of Gray, on July 7, 1886, a luminous ball from 30 to 40 centimeters in diameter jumped to the roof of a home and ripped off the corner. In this case, unlike so many others, the fireball didn't disintegrate after a single act of destruction. It rebounded to the home's outside stairs, crushing the slates. Still it retained its shape, crawled into the midst of a group of passers-by who had stopped to watch the queer sight. These persons, in a body, took off down the road. The perverse object seemed to pursue them momentarily; then it vanished without a sound.

Bishop Gregory of Tours, in his *La Gloire des Confesseurs*, told of a dedication ceremony before an oratory he had built. Priests, deacons and sub-deacons, town officials and citizens were witnesses to the phenomenon in this instance. They were stopped in their singing of litanies when a ball of brilliant fire appeared overhead. It remained suspended above them for a few minutes. "This globe of fire did no damage and burnt nothing," the report concluded.

According to the Abbe Spallanzani, on August 29, 1791, a young peasant woman was in the field during a storm when a previously unnoticed fireball reached her feet. It "caressed them," then rose up into her garments, blowing up her petticoats "like an umbrella." It issued again from the center of her bodice, darted upward and exploded in the air. Two witnesses ran to her. She complained of no pain. An examination showed a slight erosion of the skin, reaching from her right to her left breast.

The following incident appears in the *Memoirs of DuBellay:* "On March 3, 1557, Diane of France, illegitimate daughter of Henry II, then the Dauphin, married Francois de Montmorency. On the night of their wedding an oscillating flame came into their bedroom through the window, danced from corner to corner and finally to the nuptial bed, where it burnt Diane's hair and night attire. It did no other harm."

There's scant if any scientific substantiation that these fireballs really existed. But before we label these stories as fabricated in the mill of European superstition let us examine the story of a reliable American, M. Laurence Roth, director of the Blue Hill Observatory in 1903. He was visiting Paris on September 4 of that year. At 10 p.m. he happened to be looking toward the Eiffel Tower from the Rond-point of the Champs Elysees. The tower was suddenly struck by white lightning — simultaneously he spied a flaming sphere edging downward to the second platform. Roth claimed the ball was about a yard in diameter, and that it covered some 100 yards in a matter of seconds and then vanished completely.

Careful study of the subject of fireballs has led other learned men to conclude they must be some form of lightning not yet understood, for hadn't they usually appeared during storms? But Roth's story caused researchers to scratch their heads. Scientists already understood that lightning was atmospheric electricity, capable of being conducted safely to the ground by simple metal rods or metal structures. In the case of the Eiffel Tower, a next-day checkup by Roth revealed it had been struck two times by lightning which undoubtedly had been grounded

instantly. Why had the fireball independently refused the attraction of the steel in the tower?

This is not the only instance in which fireballs have ignored conductors. The spherical flames have skipped over bells, steeples and telegraph wires even when almost close enough to touch the objects.

Dr. W. J. Humphreys reported in 1936 that supposed fireball witnesses were "subject to optical illusions." He said the glare of light from a lightning flash was retained in the retina of the eye. When a person's eyeball moved, he would imagine the sphere moved before him, seemingly yards away. The scientific assumption is that the crash said to follow the gamboling of a fireball is "probably due to another lightning stroke nearby."

A few years earlier in Hamburg, Germany, another investigator, Walter Brand, decided to probe, carefully and objectively, 600 reports of what he called "ball lightning." He discarded many of the reports as hallucination — but 215 reports seemed to prove the reality of the phenomena.

Probably no other group today is doing more research on lightning than the General Electric Company in its observatory at Pittsfield, Mass. Engineer Julius H. Hagenguth declares, "We have taken thousands of photographs of lightning and as yet have to obtain one of ball lightning." Based on his own experience Hagenguth has only skepticism for the existence of fireballs.

If they are real, are they electricity or some other undiscovered atmospheric phenomena? Do they occur in time cycles only? Is the same perhaps true of flying saucers? We are all capable of listing our own questions — plenty of them! One question might well be: can so many people have been wrong?

LUCK OR FATE?

RECENTLY I filled two baskets full of discarded papers and set fire to them a few hundred feet from the office. That night I missed a valued memorandum essential in the formation of a forthcoming document. Immediately I concluded it had fallen amid the discards and had been destroyed.

Early the following morning a voice seemed to advise, "Go look around your bonfire." I did. And there, fully three feet removed from the edge of the completely burned area, lay my precious, unharmed memorandum. It was the sole survivor from among 400 or 500 miscellaneous sheets of paper.

Was it luck or fate? — *Roy Clyde Weidler*

Key to the GREAT RELIGIONS



By Paul M. Vest, Ph.D.

A distinguished authority outlines in simple form the main differences and similarities in the Great Faiths.

THE real story of man is the story of his gods and his religious concepts. From primitive man to the present day no people has existed without believing in a god or gods who rule individual destinies as well as the destiny of the world. This universal belief in gods is inherent in the very soul of man.

But man's religions, his gods and his rites of worship have been numberless.

Primitive man worshipped the sun, the moon, the stars — the forces of nature. Awed and fearful of the strange and alien world into which he was born, he found his gods in the sun that warmed him and gave him light; in the thunder, lightning and cooling rains; in nature spirits which he envisioned in the vast forests and roaring streams. These gods, obviously, were either for or against him. He sought to influence them, to win their favor with prayers, offerings and sacrifices.

Later when man recognized the generative principle of the sexual organs his gods sometimes were represented in the form of those organs, for he saw in them the source of all life. His deity became the phallos, symbol of the male sexual organ; and his goddess a kteis, symbol of female sexuality. In all phallic religions sex played an important part in the rituals,

most of which would be considered obscene today. In fact, the sexual act was the rite of initiation in which the priest became a sacred being who deflowered girl initiates before their marriage. These rites later degenerated into the so-called "sacred prostitution" and eventually into wildly erotic sexual group orgies.

The great historical religions include those of ancient Babylonia, Egypt, the Hittites, the colorful religions of the Greeks and Romans in which it was believed a host of Olympian Gods took an active part in the personal affairs of mortals. Also we find the great cults of Mithraism, Manichaeism, and the gods and goddesses of the Scandinavians and Teutons. In the Americas the great cults of the Incas, Aztecs and Mayas rose to power with their cruel gods demanding sacrifices of virgins and warriors. All of these religions flourished for a time and then died out to be replaced by new gods and methods of worship.

Today there are at least 11 great world religions and many lesser ones. Of the 11, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Confucianism and Hinduism are maintaining a steady growth. Four others, Judaism, Buddhism, Sikhism and Taoism have neither gained nor lost ground for a long period of time. But the remaining three, Zoroastrianism, Jainism and Shintoism, have been steadily declining.

Each of these religions differs considerably from the others, but in every one we find certain basic ideas which are common to all. All worship a god or gods and all have an "appointed one" — a prophet or actual incarnation of God — who is worshipped also.

Buddhism and Jainism each has its own God who is worshipped, but the founders of the religions are greatly venerated also. The followers of Judaism worship one God whom they call Jehovah. Similarly, Confucianism, though some consider it more a philosophy or code of manners than a religion, teaches worship of one Divine Ruler, but its adherents also worship the spirits of dead ancestors and nature spirits.

In Shinto, the religion of Japan, we find the belief that all Japanese Emperors are directly descended from the Great Sun Goddess, and hence are themselves divine. Since the recent war, this belief has been somewhat modified.

In the teachings of Taoism and Hinduism we have again the doctrine of one Supreme Being, but He is looked upon more as an abstraction than a personal God. To the Taoist, God is Tao, or The Way. The God of Hinduism is Brahma, or the Divine Breath, creator of all things. In both these religions many lesser gods and goddesses are also worshipped, much in the way that prayers are offered to Christian saints.

Zoroastrianism teaches belief in two great forces. Ahura Mazda, Supremely Worshipful God of Light, is the God of Good; and Angra Mainyu is the spirit, or god, of evil. This religion also has its lesser gods and angels.

In Christianity, Sikhism and Mohammedanism one Supreme Being is worshipped.

Another significant teaching common to a number of the great world religions is the belief that the Supreme Being has become flesh and dwelt for a time among mortals. Hinduism has a number of gods who have taken the form of man and lived upon earth. One of the greatest of these is Vishnu who is believed to have incarnated not only as a man but also to have visited the earth on several occasions as an animal. Buddhism holds to the doctrine that Guatama Buddha was one of 24 divine incarnations of the Great Buddha, and the belief is current today that He will soon incarnate once more. Although Mohammed is worshipped only as the Prophet of Allah (God), the Shiite Sect of Mohammedans who comprise a large portion of the religion, teach that Ali, fourth Caliph, was himself an actual incarnation on earth of the One Supreme Being. Practically all of the various denominations of the Christian Church teach that Jesus Christ was actually God, taking for a time the form of mortal man.

Each of these religions also teaches that the birth of the founder of the religion was supernatural and accompanied with miraculous manifestations. Christianity teaches that Jesus was the Son of God, born of the Virgin Mary through the Immaculate Conception. All Buddhists believe Buddha to have been a divine child with many pre-existences both in Heaven and on earth. Lao-tze, founder of Taoism, is believed to have been carried in his mother's womb for 72 years and then born into the world fully matured and divinely wise. Hence at his birth the sages christened him, "The Wise Old Philosopher with White Hair."

Mahavira, who founded Jainism, likewise is believed to have been divinely conceived and placed in his mother's womb in a supernatural manner. The mother of Zoroaster, according to that belief, had 14 prophetic visions proclaiming the coming birth of a Divine Son. She too was a virgin who was "glorified" and at the age of 15 gave birth to a Divine Child.

Significant too is the fact that each of the Great World Religions claims to have been granted a special divine revelation of spiritual truth. In most of them it is taught that the founder had direct communication with the Supreme Being who revealed spiritual truth to him which he, in turn, is appointed to reveal to his followers. Thus by means of the sacred teachings all believers have access to the Divine.

Basically these teachings are similar and most teach that the ultimate goal of life is to find union with God and escape the sorrows, miseries and pain of the world. Some teach that this may be accomplished in one earthly life, but others maintain that individuals must return to earth again and again before being sufficiently purified to attain immortal life.

Each of the great religions has incorporated its teachings in a book or books of Sacred Scriptures which all followers of that religion accept as being divinely inspired or received directly from God. Persons who do not accept or believe in the sacred writings of a religion are more or less despised and often denounced with such epithets as "Heathen" (Christian); "Dogs" (Mohammedans); "Unbelievers" or "Untouchables" (India's religions) etc.

In all of the great religions we find men and women who are venerated as saints or holy persons. These are individuals who are believed to have purified themselves spiritually and thus attained divine insight. Many miracles and supernatural experiences are credited to them. Prayers and supplications are often addressed to them. As a group they comprise an important part of the history of each religion.

As the basic beliefs of most religions are similar so is there a similarity in the rites and symbols of all religions, from the most primitive to the present day. The cross was originally an ancient phallic symbol and is to be found in varying forms in most religions. Baptism, or the rite of spiritual cleansing, is also common to many religions. The Christian expression for spiritual purification, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb," goes back to primitive cults where believers actually were washed in blood, though it was not always a lamb. Frequently a bull, ram or sometimes even a human being was substituted. These sacrificial victims were slain on a high altar-like scaffold and the blood permitted to flow down upon the assembled crowd. All whom the blood touched were believed to be spiritually cleansed.

Similarly, the rite of communion is discovered in various forms in even the most ancient pagan cults. In these rites the actual blood of a slain priest was consumed, along with bits of a special "bread" containing his pulverized heart, brain and frequently his genital organs as well. Partaking of the actual blood and flesh of the sacred priest was believed magically to impart to worshippers his divine qualities.

This latter rite was called, "Killing the Divine King" and can be found in many of the earliest religions of mankind. In these cults the king or high priest, after reaching a certain age, was put to death by his followers as a necessary step to his resurrection in the divine

state. After his "resurrection" he was worshipped. Thus we find many religions whose God-Kings were killed, resurrected and worshipped. These include many of the early nature religions in which the High Priest was given the title of "God of the Woods" before he was slain and resurrected. In Greek and Babylonian religions Adonis and Tammuz were the slain gods. In Western Asia the god Attis was similarly killed. Other slain God-Kings were Osiris (Egypt), and Tezcatlipoca (ancient Mexican religions). But of all the great world religions, Christianity is the only one whose God was *tortured*, slain and resurrected.

Investigating further we discover that the dates of our Christian religious holidays fall on practically the same dates as those of other religions — back to the days of ancient pagan festivals. In fact we find Easter actually named for Eastro, pagan Roman goddess of Springtime. Nearly all religions have sacred rites of Springtime celebrating the "resurrection" of nature after the "death of winter." The festival of Christmas is found in varying forms in many religions and was borrowed from the ancient Mithraic religion.

Thus it becomes apparent that religions evolve out of the basic needs of a people or race. None are born full-grown, constant and inflexible. As a religion continues to grow new dogmas are added from time to time. Frequently it supplants another religion only through physical force and bloodshed. Then, in the case of religions as well as Kingdoms, when it has conquered, it begins to degenerate and decline to make way for its successor that will take the ancient spiritual truths and clothe them in new rituals more attractive to a changing civilization.

Considering these facts, it is curious to observe the intolerance we find in practically all present day religions. The more fervid a man is in his personal beliefs, the more intolerant he becomes of the beliefs of others. Perhaps this is due to the fact that man is still too greatly swayed by his emotions and passions to be intellectually consistent.

Paradoxically enough, this intolerance is not found in the actual scriptures of any great religion, but only in the attitudes of its adherents. The founders of the great religions obviously recognized the universality of all religions since all scriptures council *against* bigotry and intolerance. Thus in the ancient Talmud (Judaism) we read these words, "The pious of all nations shall have a share in the life to come." The Bible restates the same thought thus, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." Mohammed told his followers, "The

foundation of all religion is one, and God's is the East and the West and wherever ye turn — there is God's face." Buddhism, perhaps the most tolerant of all creeds, cautions, "Never think or say that your own religion is best — never denounce the religion of others."

As in the above thought, so basically all teachings of the great world religions are amazingly similar. The same essential truths are reiterated again and again in all sacred scriptures. We print here The Golden Rule as found in the Great World Religions:

Buddhism — "Hurt not others with that which pains yourself." Udanavarga 5.18.

Christianity — "All things whatsoever ye would that man should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets. Bible, St. Matthew 7.12.

Confucianism — "Is there any one maxim which ought to be acted upon throughout one's whole life? Surely the maxim of loving kindness is such — Do not unto others what you would not that they should do unto you." Analects 15.23.

Judaism — "What is hurtful to yourself do not to your fellow man. That is the whole of the Torah and the remainder is but commentary. Go learn it." Talmud.

Hinduism — "This is the sum of duty: do naught to others which if done to thee, would cause thee pain." Mahabharata 5.1517.

Mohammedanism — "No one of you is a believer until he loves for his brother what he loves for himself." Traditions.

Jainism. — "In happiness and suffering, in joy and grief, we should regard all creatures as we regard our own self, and should therefore refrain from inflicting upon other such injury as would appear undesirable to us if inflicted upon ourselves." Yogashastra 2.20.

Sikhism — "As thou deemest thyself so deem others. Then shalt thou become a partner in Heaven." Kabir.

Taoism — "Regard your neighbor's gain as your own gain: and regard your neighbor's loss as your own loss." T'ai Shang Kan Ying P'ien.

Zoroastrianism — "That nature only is good when it shall not do unto another whatever is not good for its own self." Dadistan-i-dinik 94.5.

Space does not permit citing more examples of the countless identical teachings in all Great Religious Scriptures, but even a brief study of these books will disclose in all of them the same underlying code of fundamental ethical principles. This code is made up of rules of life which have evolved through the centuries as being imperative to man's relationship with man if he is to live in any degree of peace and contentment here on earth.

Many materialists go so far as to claim that all gods are fabrications

and religions the inventions of clever priests. They would have us believe that the priestcraft, from primitive man to the present day, have used religions to create superstitious belief in imaginary supernatural beings in order to frighten men into blind obedience to the moral dictates of the priests. This same materialistic thought regards man merely as a highly evolved animal without a soul and conceives of the entire universe as more or less of a cosmic accident. Such was the philosophy of the Nazis and so is it the basis of Communist thought today.

Opposed to such materialistic thinking is the age-old, intuitive belief of all mankind in a Supreme Being; the universal belief that all men possess an immortal soul and the conviction that this soul of man survives physical death. Some of the greatest scientists of our day do not accept materialistic views of man and the universe but believe they see behind the external manifestations of matter an infinite intelligence operating throughout the cosmos.

In modern investigations of psychic and spiritualistic phenomena, such as those checked by the Society for Psychical Research, we have evidence that points to man's survival after death. Likewise, present day experiments in ESP and parapsychology conducted in various universities and the work of honest and sincere sensitives are proving the reality of man's psychic faculties and may lead to proof of man's spiritual counterpart, or astral body. Here in the United States fairly recent developments in religious thought, such as Christian Science, Spiritualism, Theosophy and various other metaphysical groups, are pointing the way toward vaster horizons in man's eternal search for God and the reality of his own soul.

It would appear that all men have, in reality, worshipped the same God whether they have called him Allah, Brahma, Osiris, Jehovah, The Supreme Being, or even Nature. Each race and people have, of necessity, merely interpreted divinity in accord with their race-history, customs and ancient traditions. Likewise, the founders of all the Great Religions have experienced very similar revelations of spiritual truth, as shown by the great scriptures of the world.

What the religion of tomorrow may be we do not know. It is highly possible that from the present great world religions may evolve a religion of universal brotherhood. People may really come to accept the universal teaching of all great world religions, summed up in these words from the Bible, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbor as thyself."

There is an ancient Russian proverb which reads, "The road to the other world is the same from everywhere."

Fingers of FATE

Mrs. Ida Anderson was born on a Friday the 13th and celebrated her 100th birthday — on a Friday the 13th.

* * *

Midshipmen Popp and Momm found themselves roommates at the U. S. Naval Academy.

* * *

In Detroit, Mrs. Mary C. Neuman, blind for 18 years, fell down a flight of 12 steps. Her sight was instantly restored.

* * *

A man in Cleveland, O., dialed a phone number to place a bet . . . and was arrested within a few minutes. He had inadvertently dialed the city's antigambling director.

* * *

Vernon Anderson stopped his auto near Port Wing, Wis., flagged down the car behind him and frantically asked the occupants if they could help him with his wife who was about to have a baby. The occupants smilingly told him to relax. They were: a druggist, an obstetrician and two other doctors.

* * *

After signing an accident policy, Toren Clements, Robinson, Ill., farmer, walked away across his field, hooked a truck to his stalled tractor and started to pull. The tractor overturned and 17-year-old Grendal Staley, who was riding it, was thrown off and suffered a fractured leg. The ink on the policy, which covered the accident, still wasn't dry.

* * *

Edwin Shulke, Waupaca, Wis., bought a used car and found it was the same auto his father had sold 11 years before.

* * *

A Haverhill, Mass., man, intending to bet on a horse named Noshow, got by mistake, tickets on Dagna, a 47-to-1 long shot. He tried to get his ticket changed to Noshow, but the betting clerk refused. Dagna won and the man walked away from the racetrack with $19,140.

* * *

When Gordon Reed, Canadian farmer, was found guilty of drunken driving, a businessman of the same name requested a radio announcer to specify that he was not the man in question. Several hours later the businessman was arrested on the same charge.

* * *

For some reason Mrs. Ruth McCarthy felt uneasy when she called from Boston to her Yonkers, N. Y.,

home and got no response. She called a neighbor. Her husband was found unconscious in a gas-filled room and was revived.

* * *

Mrs. R. H. Williams, Spokane, Wash., was very glad she forgot her purse when she went shopping. She returned home to get the purse and found her house on fire. Firemen got there in time to put the blaze out.

* * *

In Istanbul a blind beggar had just enough money to buy a ticket in Turkey's monthly national lottery. He won the top 100,000 lira prize.

* * *

For 21 years Mrs. Harold Hill, Columbus, Ind., had been trying to get in touch with her two brothers. She had lost track of them and it seemed hopeless. Their name was Smith. But while driving through Wichita, Kans., on a vacation trip she stopped, on a hunch, and looked through the city directory. She found two "William S. Smiths." The first one she called was her brother.

* * *

Harold Dobym, government trapper of Washington State, found a news account of his appointment to the job in the stomach of a coyote he caught.

* * *

Patricia Harris and Don Collins showed up on time at a St. Petersburg, Fla., church for their wedding but were kept waiting 45 minutes at the altar. The Rev. J. W. Pearson was out seeing a a movie — "Here Comes The Groom."

* * *

When a Battle Creek, Mich., woman asked her husband for $100 he asked her why. She refused to tell him. This led to a bitter argument. The woman walked into their bedroom and shot herself. On her death bed she told her husband what she had planned to do with the $100. She wanted to buy him a rifle for his birthday.

* * *

When Kenneth L. Cook, factory worker, bought a ticket to watch the Chicago White Sox play, he was tagged by club officials as the one-millionth cash customer of the year and presented with a 1952 ballpark pass, ice cream, beer, gasoline, a topcoat and a new television set. It was the first major league game he'd ever attended.

* * *

John E. Marlow, Montana, motoring near Collingwood, Canada, collided with another car. Marlow leaped out of his auto in anger but his anger soon left him. The driver of the other car was Claude Marlow, a brother, whom he hadn't seen in 39 years.

* * *

J. S. Evans, Miami, was knocked down by an ocean wave and when he came up he had a strange golden ring on his finger — *Harold Helfer*



St. Andrew's Rectory, Tain, is innocent-looking house which hides the unsolved mystery described in article.

The Haunted Rectory

They heard the front door open and footsteps crossed the hall and went upstairs. But no one was there.

By Grace Carey

THE WOMAN who had come to clean out Tain Rectory in Rossshire, Scotland, before the new Rector moved in heard strange sounds and the tread of footsteps in the empty house and she refused to finish the job. Highlanders are often prone to see and hear things and her fear might be ascribed to native superstition. But the same could not be said of the Rector and his family who came from the English Midlands.

The Barnes family, consisting of Rector David Barnes, his young wife and three children, took up residence in the solid old stone house August 26, 1947. The building is about 55 years old and stands back from the road on fairly spacious grounds. Many clergymen have resided here but as far as the Barnes know they never reported anything peculiar about the place.

One evening around 8:30, some three weeks after the Barnes had moved in, Mrs. Barnes, having put the children to sleep, was in the kitchen with the maid preparing a meal for the Rector who was expected back shortly from Inverness, where he had gone by car.

The two women heard the front

door open and footsteps cross the hall and go upstairs. Presently they heard someone pacing heavily back and forth in the upstairs bathroom, directly over the scullery adjoining the kitchen.

Mrs. Barnes assumed her husband had returned and as the sounds continued she feared he might be ill. She was about to go upstairs when she heard a car turn into the lower drive and stop at the front door. When the Rev. Mr. Barnes came in, going directly to the kitchen, the sounds upstairs stopped abruptly. The maid and Mrs. Barnes looked at each other in astonishment.

Mr. Barnes discounted their story as womanish nonsense, but did go upstairs to investigate. The bathroom was empty and the children fast asleep.

The next manifestation occurred the next month, in October, when the Barnes children were entertaining a child visitor. At about 5 P.M., as the family were finishing tea in the dining room, the front door opened and heavy footsteps sounded across the hall, halting just outside the dining room door. Everyone in the room felt the vibration.

"I assumed," said Mrs. Barnes, "it was the nurse come to collect the child, and the thought passed through my mind that it was rather impertinent for her to have entered the house without knocking!"

Mr. Barnes, heretofore extremely skeptical, went to open the dining room door and found — no one. He examined the hall door and found the catch had not been lifted.

Early in 1948 Mrs. Barnes was alone one afternoon sewing in the little room over the porch, with her back to the door, when she heard someone scrunching over the newly gravelled drive. Again the front door opened and steps ascended the stairs, shuffled along the carpeted upper hall, pausing outside the room. She flung open the door to find no one there. Her husband came out of the study downstairs, where he had been working, and called up to ask who had just come in.

The Barnes by now were finding it difficult to keep a maid. But about this time they were able to engage a sensible, down-to-earth "nanny" (English children's nurse) to look after the young ones and help in the house.

Soon after her arrival Mr. and Mrs. Barnes left her in charge of the young family one evening. She sat knitting in the dining room which adjoins the study. Presently she was disturbed by a tapping on the window. She assumed her employers had returned and had forgotten their keys. She went to the door and found that not only was the car not outside, but neither was anyone or anything else. She returned to the dining room and in a few minutes the tapping re-commenced — this time on the adjoin-

ing study wall. Switching the study light on, again she found nothing.

In March, 1948, the Rector and his wife went out for the evening and left a new, young maid in charge. They were detained later than usual and did not arrive back at the Rectory until 1:30 A.M. They were annoyed to see that the kitchen light had been left burning. They went through the house to turn it out and found the poor girl huddled in a chair in a state of collapse. When she was able to speak she told them that almost as soon as they had left "someone had burst in through the front door and pranced about the front and back halls until midnight." She had been too scared to move, even neglecting the baby's 10 o'clock bottle.

At other times further unexplained "bangings" and noises were heard about the house. In February, 1949, Mrs. Barnes was sitting by herself in the dining room one evening. Her husband was not expected until later and it was the maid's evening out. The back is always kept locked at night and when Mrs. Barnes heard someone come in the front way and go through the back hall to the kitchen, she only wondered why the maid had cut her evening so short. The clatter of pots and pans and chairs which followed was out of all proportion to the preparations needed for the light supper which they would have when Mr. Barnes returned about 9 o'clock.

Thoroughly irritated, Mrs. Barnes went out to remonstrate with the girl. The kitchen and hall were in darkness. The noises died away as she approached. Half-an-hour later the maid came in and the same sounds, though moderated, were repeated.

"It was exactly as though I had been listening to a sound recording played through twice, one louder than the other," Mrs. Barnes said.

The very same incident was repeated precisely a few weeks later.

At night they have been awakened by deafening noises in the kitchen which are proved on search to have no cause. There is no animal at the Rectory.

One night, hearing the tramp of footsteps in the maid's room next her own, Mrs. Barnes rose to see if the girl were ill. She was sound asleep and no one else was in the room. Sometimes they hear the bumping of heavy furniture being moved across the floor. Unfortunately it always seems to be moved back again so they never have visual proof of the actions which they hear.

I asked Mrs. Barnes why they did not have the phenomena investigated by The Society for Psychical Research. She said: "We did mention these peculiar occurrences to one or two people connected with the church. They seemed unwilling to talk much about the subject and begged us not to do anything or the Rectory

might 'get a bad name'! They seemed anxious that 'it' should be left alone, as it was not malevolent."

"That's all very well," I replied, "but *you* have to live in the house."

"Yes," she said, "but that's the odd thing. I, personally, have never felt scared of the 'presence' which visits — or lives — in the house. I'm used to it now. In the daytime the place is so bright and sunny — there's nothing sinister about it. Whatever 'influence' is there, I feel it is not an evil one."

Except on the one occasion of the tea, the children have not seen or heard anything. Most of the manifestations happen after they are asleep.

Perhaps it is one of those Highland mysteries that will remain forever unsolved. Or perhaps some day a rector will arrive who is prepared to disregard local wishes and institute a psychic investigation.



THE MISSING TILE

THE following true experience happened to my friend, Marion Wayne, and I am telling it just as she told it to me.

One day, not long ago, Marion came down stairs and entered the kitchen by one door just as her mother was leaving the room by another door. Marion looked over to the sink, which had a border of black tile, and exclaimed in surprise, "Mother, how did you break the tile off the sink?"

Her mother turned and looking back into the kitchen said, "Why Marion, there are no tile broken off the sink."

Marion insisted, "But Mother, there are. I see them on the floor."

Her mother came back into the kitchen, "Marion, I don't know what's wrong with you. There are no tile broken off the sink."

At that moment Marion looked again at the sink and to her utter amazement the tile on the sink was intact and these which she had been positive were lying on the floor had disappeared. She said, "That's the funniest thing I ever saw. I saw three pieces of tile lying on the floor and I saw the place on the sink where they had fallen out. Now they are gone from the floor and none is off the sink."

Marion stood talking with her mother in the kitchen for about eight more minutes. Suddenly three pieces of tile fell off the sink onto the floor. They were the same pieces Marion had seen on the floor when she first entered the kitchen. — *Miss Bee Wood, Orange, Calif.*

THE *Signature* OF YOUR THUMB

The thumb alone is a guide to character and has many attributes. Here is an unusual aspect of hand reading.

By Mir Bashir

In the history of Law we come across the expression "witness my thumb and seal". It is used in connection with legal documents. In the West the use of thumb is a thing of the past. In India, however, the practice still persists.

When a person is literate, signature alone is valid. A "Seal", in privileged instances, is also used. But in the case of illiterate persons the imprint of the left thumb is affixed to legal documents.

We are all familiar with the universal use of finger prints to aid detection of criminals. Ridge-patterns in the finger tips are unalterable as well as completely individualistic. In India where the art of Hastrikha — the study of the lines of the hand — has flourished from the dawn of human history, these ridge-patterns are accepted as basic and dependable symbols of human conduct and destiny.

It is an established fact that no two thumb imprints have been discovered that bear identical formations of pattern. The thumb constitutes the symbol of man's individuality. It is his unfailing seal, his unique and reliable signature that no one can forge or duplicate.

When one aspect of it is of such great value, it is quite logical to presume that the thumb as a whole is significant and important. In Cheirognomy — that part of the study of hand which deals with its shape and formation — it is an unfailing guide to individual psychology.

The length of the thumb in this connection is important. A thumb is considered to be of normal length when it reaches about the mid-point of the lowest phalange of the first finger. (See Figure 1) If longer than that it is a symbol of great strength of character wherein firm determination and great capacity for reasoning co-exist. When short, there is a corresponding decrease in the degree of these attributes. When reaching just above the ring at the root of the finger, it fails to

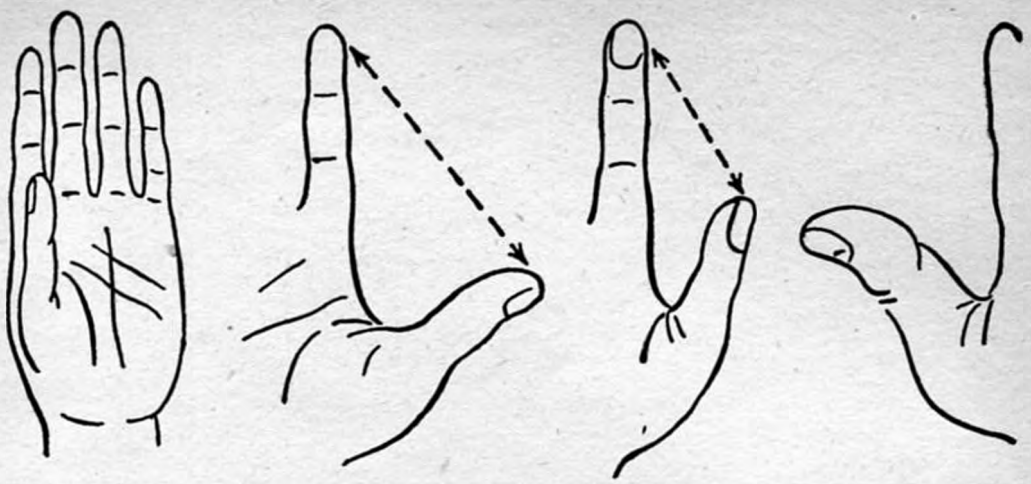


Fig. 1 Fig. 2 Fig. 3 Fig. 4

The nine accompanying illustrations are the key to this article. Each demonstrates an important part of the theory presented here. Besides being a guide to character, the thumb is considered extraordinarily important in marking man's difference from lower animals. The opposed thumb and forefinger are a unique "human" characteristic.

manifest any mentionable degree of will or logic. Shorter than that animal passions and brute force rule. Its length expresses the scope of will and reason.

Man's most outstanding and distinctive feature, as compared to other animals, is his hand. The nearest approach to a human hand, in the entire animal world, is to be found in a chimpanzee. The thumb in particular, in its formation and length, is peculiar to man. Unlike other fingers the thumb has only two segments — the top and the second phalanges — which represent will and reason respectively. The formation and length of these

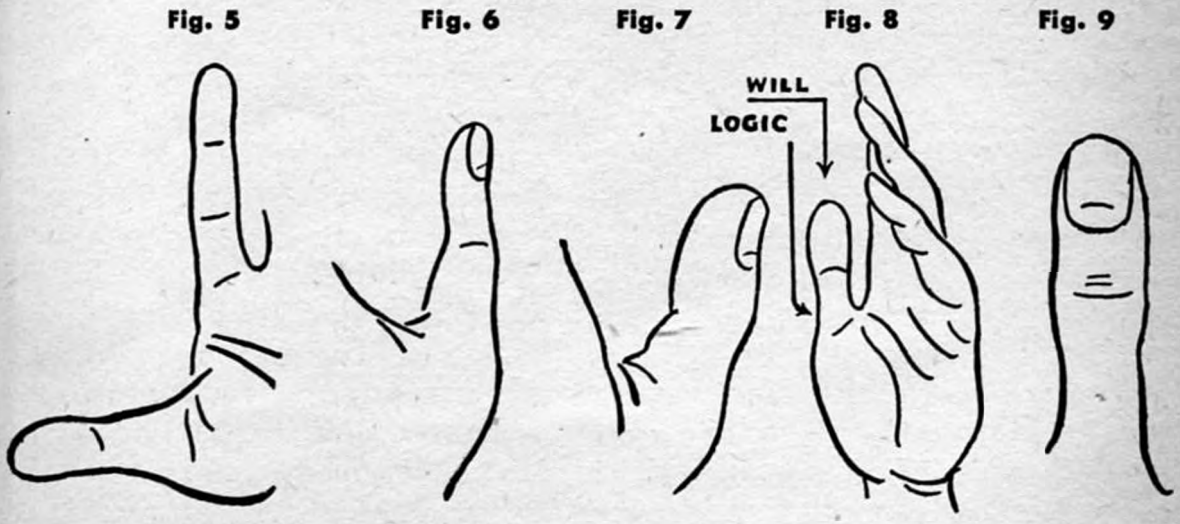


Fig. 5 Fig. 6 Fig. 7 Fig. 8 Fig. 9

portions denote the type and strength of these attributes.

When the thumb is well formed and shapely the quality of will and reason tends to be cultured and refined. The shorter the thumb, the relatively lower the degree of determination and reasoning. When the thumb is very short and stunted will and reason are in abeyance and animal force is the ruling passion.

Usually the human thumb, as already mentioned, reaches the mid-point of the third phalange of the first finger. Even in the lowest types of human beings, it rises definitely above the ring mark at the base of the index finger. It is devoid of malformation and, however crude looking, is yet remarkably well shaped as compared to that of a chimpanzee. The thumb of the chimp is stunted and fails to reach the ring at the root of fore-finger. It is malformed, crude and rough. There is complete want of the faculty to reason.

The inclination or bent of the thumb is worthy of note. When it bends outwards, away from the palm, thereby extending the stretch between its own tip and that of the fore-finger as in Figure 2, it shows a nature free from inhibitions and narrowness of mind. Such people are usually generous.

When the bent is palm-wards, thereby narrowing the above mentioned stretch, as in Figure 3, it is indicative of a restrictive attitude. Such people are slaves to their own selfishness. They are inclined to be acquisitive and mean.

If the top joint is supple, thereby lending a backward bent to the thumb as in Figure 4, it betrays impulsiveness. Such people, though magnanimous by disposition, are apt to be hasty. Furthermore they are impressionable.

A straight thumb, as shown in Figure 5, is a rare phenomenon. It forms a right angle with the palm and is a symbol of balance in character. It helps to eliminate selfishness as well as it checks impulsiveness. The will is strong and judgment is good. Meanness or undue generosity are disciplined. A straight thumb is the mark of a strong personality. Such individuals are leaders in various walks of life.

Like the bent of the thumb, the degree of flexibility inherent in its make-up is also indicative of certain traits of character. A stiff thumb, for instance, betrays little adaptability. Such people tend to be obstinate and rigid in their attitudes. They are inclined to be static in their views. There is lack of warmth and sociability about them. They are inclined to isolate themselves and refuse to expand their mental horizon.

When the thumb is flexible adaptability is natural. Rigidity is eliminated and the ability to adjust replaces it. For practical purposes it is a good thing to own a flexible thumb. Such people have an open

mind and are happily sociable. They are good mixers and are preeminently suited to vocations wherein sociability is essential. They are firm without being obstinate and flexible without being weak. Tact is their innate gift.

When flexibility is too great the thumb gives way at the root under slight pressure. Such a formation betrays a basic defect in character. These people are weak and easily succumb in times of crisis. They lack moral courage and yield too readily to temptations. One cannot depend upon them. They make poor friends and are unreliable when really needed.

A thin and narrow top phalange, as shown in Figure 6, also betrays weak will. Such people lack decision and power of resistance. When placed in circumstances where firm will alone can carry the day, they fail to rise to the occasion. By nature they are underlings and need to be guided. Leadership is not for them. When left to their own initiative they fall prey to indecision and hesitation. They can be good routine workers and, when well directed, can be useful subordinates. They will, however, abuse privilege the moment they notice any relaxation of vigilance.

The thumb, at times, is squarish at the tip and sides as in Figure 1. The top phalange is rectangular or squarish. This denotes a strong will capable of realistic and decisive action. Such people are constant and persistent by nature. They have great endurance and make reliable friends. They are firm in their ways, neither obstinate nor ruthless. They are hard to influence and yet are open to reason. Their decisions tend to be rational and realistic.

In very rare cases the first phalange is top heavy as in Figure 7. It is bulbous in appearance and the second phalange is thick. Such a thumb lacks refinement and is ugly to look at. The will is replaced by brute force and reason too is subordinated. Such individuals are obstinate and extremely difficult to handle.

Such a thumb is frequently associated with murderers, which is hardly fair. It is not a definite index to homicidal tendencies. Such people, however, are ruled by passion and are highly inflammable. When wrongly tackled they are prone to be overwhelmed by blind fury.

The degree of will is shown by the length of the top phalange as in Figure 8. When long the will is great; when short the will is weak. The degree of logic is represented in the length of the second phalange. When long reason is strong. When the top phalange is shorter than the second reason is in excess of will. It is a poor combination, since no amount of reasoning is of any tangible use without the will to put it into practice. Such people have a logical trend of mind but

lack the necessary determination vital for application. They are, however, very good at giving advice to others. In personal matters they tend to argue with themselves and hesitate to act.

When the top phalange is longer than the second the will predominates and reason is undermined. Such people are very determined and often tend to be obstinate. They can be ruthless in the execution of their ideas and views. Self-willed, they lack elasticity of nature.

Will and reason exist in a proportionate degree when the phalanges are equal in length. It is a rare combination but, when found, harmonious co-operation between will and logic results. Such persons are suited to positions of authority and responsibility. They show great initiative and know how to wield power. They tend to achieve high offices in various walks of life.

The thumb, at times, is broad and squarish at the tip but narrow at the second phalange. This gives the shape of Figure 9. It shows strong will as well as great tact. Though considerate, such people seldom allow their plans to be interfered with. They neither give up nor change their objective but, with singular tact, get round any situation that may threaten to thwart them. They have a way with people and are past-masters in the art of managing them. They thrive on diplomatic work. There is a certain amount of caution about them and they often tend to be evasive.

Which of these types of thumb have you?

WILL ROGERS' LAST WORD

In the summer of 1935, Will Rogers, humorist, cowboy, movie star, columnist, took off with his friend Wiley Post on a flight around the world. Two days before his death, Rogers wrote in a dispatch: "Was you ever driving around in a car and not caring or knowing where you went? Well, that is what Wiley and I are doing." That was on August 13. On August 15, Wiley Post's gleaming red seaplane crashed on a lonely inlet near Point Barrow, Alaska. When amazed Eskimos came upon the wrecked plane they found the bodies of the two fliers and some other mementoes. There was Rogers' bent and twisted typewriter, an unfinished column about Eskimo dogs still in it. The last words of the unfinished piece were "after death." The very last word that beloved Will Rogers wrote, thus was the uncompromising, cruel, final word: "Death." — *Paul Steiner.*

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.

HOW REAL IS A VISION?

IN ANCIENT times Constantine saw a cross in the sky with the words "In This Sign, Conquer."

In World War I French troops saw, above the eastern horizon, the figure of Joan of Arc, waving them on to victory.

In 1940 Lieut. Grayson, a British flyer patrolling off the English coast, saw a blood-red plane of the old-fashioned crate type flying ahead of him. On it was the iron cross of Hohenzollern Germany.

Grayson stepped on the gas trying to catch up. But with all his modern speed he was unable to gain on the stranger. However, just before entering a small rain squall, the plane ahead slackened to a normal speed and allowed Grayson to approach.

He saw a silent, spectral figure seated at the controls. On the fusilage was the insignia of Baron Manfred Von Richthofen — "The Red Knight" — famous German, World War I ace, dead since 1918.

The mystery ship plunged into the squall and directly behind came the Lieutenant's modern plane in reckless pursuit. A moment later Lieut. Grayson emerged from the gloom. But there was no other plane anywhere in sight. Crystal clear, empty skies reached away to the horizon.

How real was this vision? — *Lewis W. Matthews, Fort Worth, Tex.*

THE VANISHING VISITOR

IN 1940 an old gentleman, Mr. Julian, and I were staying on a farm for a few days. The farm was seven miles out of town, in the Chilhowee Mountains.

My father, who often finished work early, visited us at the farm one evening and, upon leaving, promised to be down again the following afternoon at two o'clock.

The farm house stood about 50 yards from the dirt road which could be seen clearly for a quarter mile or more in either direction. Only the parking space directly in front of the house was hidden by a large clump of bushes.

Promptly the next afternoon, at

two o'clock, Mr. Julian and I heard my father's car, a 1937 Plymouth, as it drove up the dirt road. Stepping to the door we watched the car approach. We could see my father clearly and he waved to us.

The car stopped behind the clump of bushes and we waited for my father to appear. This he did not do. Wondering what was delaying him I went down to the parking space.

There was no car there!

My father did finally come — four hours later, at six o'clock. He had been unexpectedly delayed at work.

At the time Mr. Julian and I saw him driving up the road he was actually in Knoxville, some 23 miles away. — *C. J. Stephens, Alcoa, Tenn.*

THE RELIGIOUS MEDAL

THIS adventure started the day I received the letter from my parents enclosing a promised religious medal. Being in the Army, away from home, I had vowed to continue my church teachings and had asked my parents to send a special medal that the church was making for the men in service.

I placed the medal on my key chain to carry with me at all times. The loop of the medal was small but after several minutes of careful manipulation I got it on.

Two weeks later, upon returning from a night problem, I decided to change my dirty fatigues as we were going to fire the .50-caliber machine gun early the next morning. I was transferring the key chain in the clean uniform when I noticed that the medal was off the chain. "Oh well," I thought, "the key chain has broken before." But upon examining the chain I saw that it was still intact. And to my surprise, the loop of the medal was not broken either. How could it have come off when the key chain was not open?

Too tired to figure it out, I opened the chain in order to replace the church medal. The medal wouldn't fit. I asked one of my buddies to try it but he, too, had to give it up. It wasn't until another one of my friends swore that the medal could not possibly go on the chain that I placed it in my billfold and fell into bed.

The next day began as usual. We prepared to fire the .50-caliber machine gun.

I don't recall exactly what happened. There was a big explosion and the next moment everything went black.

The machine gun had blown up while firing.

Later, after assuring the officers that I was all right, I continued a careful search of my body as there were splinters of steel everywhere. I took my wallet from my breast pocket. Imbedded in the wallet was a one inch sliver of steel. I pulled it out of the leather and

saw that the point was blunted — blunted by my church medal.

Except for the medal the splinter would have entered my heart.

I still wonder what beneficent force removed the medal from the key chain and kept me from replacing it. — *Sgt. James L. Cole, Fort Sill, Okla.*

WAS IT A DREAM?

I was born, September 16, 1879, at Manchester, N. H., with a red blemish upon my right cheek. Mother often kissed this blemish, telling me that "someday" her kiss would take it away.

In June, 1887, Mother passed away. I was eight years old.

One night, in that early Fall, as I lay watching the leaves from the large elm falling in the bright moonlight, I was startled to see Mother coming across the yard. "Mother! You've come back!" I cried.

Bending over me she pressed a kiss upon my blemish, "Now," she said, "my kiss will take it away!" Then she disappeared.

My crying brought Father upstairs. I told him Mother had come and gone. I said she had kissed me and told him what she said.

"You have been dreaming, child!" he insisted as he tried to hush my sobs.

To me it had been too *real* for a dream!

The pressure of Mother's dear lips remained for many days upon my cheek. During the days that followed I often stood before the mirror. Looking! Watching! Hoping!

One day, after refraining from looking because of my brother's teasing, I again approached the mirror. The red had faded to a faint "bruise."

"*It is* going away!" I cried.

Soon the "bruise" too had gone leaving one cheek as fair as the other, and to this date it has not returned!

Mother's kiss had taken it away! — *Ada Harris De Lane, Bellingham, Wash.*

A MEMORIAL DAY VISIT

I was awakened by the click of the light switch. Someone had turned on the light in the living room. I attempted to rise but my limbs felt numb. At length I managed to sit up. My temples throbbed and my face was covered with cold, clammy perspiration. "Could it be a sneak-thief?" I asked myself.

I lived alone in my small bungalow. My husband had passed away only two months before — to be exact, after midnight on April 2, 1939. And this was after midnight the following Memorial Day.

I determined to investigate. The atmosphere was chilling as I walked stealthily along the hall towards the lighted living room. My hands at length touched the wall just inside the door. My blood recov-

ered some warmth and my fear left me. For there, in the chair by the writing-desk, was sitting my late husband, dressed in his favorite dressing gown. I stood leaning against the wall, just looking — to be sure it was not an optical illusion or a dream. My husband had not yet looked at me, but I took courage and spoke to him.

"Dad" (this was his nickname), "can it be possible? I have seen you dead, in your casket, and here you are healthier and better looking than ever before!"

"Yes, Rose," he replied, with his usual, cheerful smile, "it is possible. And I have returned to help you!"

I felt a strong urge to rush into his arms; however, something my grandfather had told me flashed to my mind — never touch a spirit if you see one because it will disappear — but I challenged this, and walked towards him. I ran my fingers through his hair and then he disappeared. I went to bed, said a prayer, and slept.

It was late morning when I awoke to reflect on my experience. After breakfast I went into the living room and over to my desk. The desk had been left open and I had left my writing paper lying out. My eyes fell on the penciled word "Dear." It was definitely my husband's handwriting. I stared and again asked myself, "Can it be possible?"

I enclose a photostatic copy of



the word "Dear." — *Rose V. Goodwin, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I LEFT MY BODY

I WAS a young girl living with my family on a farm in East Texas when I had this strange experience.

I went to bed one night feeling well, though tired, from working in the field all day. How long I slept I do not know but sometime during the night I became aware that I was feeling odd. I felt as though I were slowly rising upward toward the ceiling . . . completely weightless. I was so amazed that for a few seconds I couldn't think at all. Then suddenly I felt a twinge of fear. For there directly above me and fast approaching was the ceiling. I raised my arms in an attempt to prevent myself from being dashed against it and to my surprise my hands went right through the boards. I noticed that I could see through them too. I could see the stars twinkling in the sky above.

I now noticed that I had stopped rising and hung suspended in the air just a few inches from the ceiling. I turned my head to one side and looked down. I could see my father, mother and sister lying below me, asleep in their beds. I

perceived something else. Another person lay in bed beside my sister. That person looked startlingly like me.

As I gazed at my sleeping folks I felt a terrible sadness come over me. I wanted to be with them more than anything I could think of. In that instant I dropped. Those are the only words I can use to describe my sensation. I seemed to drop downwards and as I dropped I lost consciousness.

When I came to again I was in bed beside my sister. I turned over and kissed her as she slept; I was so glad to be back again. Next morning I related my experience to my family and they laughed and told me that I'd had a nightmare.

I am much older now and I have had many strange experiences but this was the first and strangest of them all. — *Mrs. Doris Gregg, Longview, Tex.*

DEATH IN THE TRAIN

THIS happened in the car of the "Moscow-Odessa" express train in 1940, in the country where the people don't believe in ghosts or spirits, where the only recognized prophet is Karl Marx who denied even the existence of God.

We were three in the compartment, a young Red Army officer, a doctor who was going to a sanatorium in Crimea and I. We were talking about movies, theatres and art in general. They are natural themes for conversation with strange acquaintances. Talking about such things one has less chance to get into a jail than if he speaks of world policy or lack of consumer goods at the state market.

At one of the stations the conductor looked into our compartment and said: "Oh, you have one vacant place! Please come in!" And a young, attractive blonde appeared in our "cell."

All of us were happy to have such a beautiful fellow traveler. We rose and helped to distribute her luggage. She had two suitcases and an old sewing machine in a wooden box. We put it onto the luggage shelf and as the train moved on we proceeded with our chat. It now became more lively as always occurs when men have a pretty young woman whom they hope to impress.

She told us that her name was Lida, that she was going to see her mother and taking her this sewing machine because at Shmerinka, the small town where her mother lives, no such machine could be bought. So, talking, joking and laughing, we spent most of the day.

The evening came and the conductor lit a candle, but such poor light did not spoil our high spirits . . .

Suddenly Lida cried: "Look, look, who is that?" and pointed out the door.

We turned our heads toward the door but saw nothing.

"A-a-a!" cried she wildly, "hear! hear! he speaks, he says I must die, I must die in seven minutes!" Her eyes were widely open and staring with horror at the door.

We jumped from our seats and rushed to her.

"Be calm," we comforted the poor one; "Whom did you see? There is no one here except us."

Our efforts were in vain. Lida did not cease to cry. She said that some unknown old man had just appeared at the door and told her she must die in seven minutes.

Instinctively I looked at my watch. It was 9:35. We were worried. We thought she was insane. The officer was going to go for the conductor but at that moment the car lurched and I heard a dreadful noise and a woman's cry.

When we picked ourselves up we saw Lida's dead body on the floor. The sudden movement of the train had caused the sewing machine to drop down and it smashed its owner's head.

I looked at my watch again. It was just 9:42 p.m., August 22, 1940. — *N. Mamontoff, Detroit, Mich.*

A BLUE GLASS BOTTLE

On a hot morning in the midsummer of 1934 I experienced what I believe was a genuine, involuntary astral projection. I was seated on a couch in the reception room of the Ray Employment Bureau, in Kansas City, Mo., talking to Miss Helen Gibson, a young waitress, when I suddenly blacked out.

When consciousness returned to me I seemed to be floating in the air near the top of a two-story frame house. I had never seen the house before but I sensed that it was the home of the young lady to whom I had just been talking.

My attention was drawn to a small maple tree in the tiny front yard. The tree divided into two main branches some seven feet above the ground and between these branches was a decayed place, a hollow several inches deep. In the hollow I could plainly see a small, blue glass bottle.

The whole scene lasted but a few seconds and then I awoke to find myself back in the employment office. In private, later, I gave an account of my experience to Miss Gibson, in much greater detail than I have given here. She said that I accurately described the outside of her house, which was located on the west side of Broadway between 16th and 17th streets. She knew nothing, however, of the hollow in the tree.

One evening a few weeks later, I called on Miss Gibson. I did not need to know her house number to find the place for it was exactly as I had seen it during my projection.

On my way through the yard I stopped for a moment to look at the maple tree. I found that, though I stood on tiptoe, I could not see into the hollow made by

the decay. But I could reach it. I thrust my hand in, felt around, and drew out a small blue glass bottle! — *Harvey Lander, Leavenworth, Kan.*

POWER OF TRUE AFFECTION

As a newly married couple, my husband and I stayed in his parents' home while his mother was making an extended trip east.

Before mother left, she told us that my husband's uncle, his father's brother, who had lived with them for some years when my husband was a child, had called to see "Johnny" and his bride.

My husband had a deep affection for this uncle, but I had never seen him.

At this time my husband was employed on the night shift for a large business firm in the nearby city, about a mile away.

Saturday evening Johnny had retired very early, as usual, since he left for his work at 11:30 p.m.

I went to bed about 10:30 p.m., very quietly, trying not to disturb him as he needed all the rest he could get. We slept in a large, old-fashioned, high-top bed with a high, broad-topped footboard.

Just as I was about to lie down, I saw an elderly white-haired man with a long white beard leaning against the footboard of the bed. To me he looked exactly like "Father Time" minus the scythe.

I was frightened and could not seem to breathe or move. I wanted to wake my husband, but I couldn't move a muscle.

The old man looked at me intently and spoke to me in a telepathic way, but as plainly as we speak with our voices: "You are afraid of me," he said. "You think I will take your husband from you; don't be afraid, I shall take him but only for a short time. He will soon be back."

Then he vanished from my sight and much to my own surprise I slept well. Next morning at the breakfast table, when we were all present, I related my experience of the previous night.

My mother-in-law laughed and jokingly said, "Well you know, little girl, Saturday night's dream and Sunday morning told, is sure to come to pass before the week is old."

I still insisted it was no dream; that I was wide awake, had not yet lain down when the "vision" appeared. Still they claimed that I dreamed it all.

That same day my husband, his father and brother were sitting out on the lawn when a messenger rode into the drive with a telegram for my husband. His uncle was not expected to live through the night and had sent his request for "Johnny" to come to him.

At 10:30 Sunday night my husband returned and told us his uncle had just passed on.

Johnny's mother recalled my "dream" and later when I saw the

uncle's photograph I recognized him as the man I had seen in the "vision." He had told me he was going to take my husband away for only a short time, and so he had. — *Jennie Lee Winans, Seattle, Wash.*

MY LINE OF DESTINY

IN the early summer of 1933 I was still a confirmed skeptic where psychic matters were concerned. A month later I was a devout believer.

On one summer night I went, for the first time, to a seance. This was not of my own choosing but rather to please a dear friend whose mother, the medium, was conducting the gathering.

The medium went into a trance after we had prayed and sung a few hymns. Shortly she began to give messages to the persons present. It seemed that I was to be forgotten but finally she did mention my name and, to my amazement, merely said:

"Beware of the white line!"

I soon gave up trying to solve this problem. I had almost forgotten it when this same friend and I left on a motor trip.

We reached our destination safely. On our return we brought back a new acquaintance. The three of us sat in the front seat. He was a welcome addition for, in addition to being a likeable fellow, he was well acquainted with the surrounding countryside.

Darkness fell as we drove along and with it came heavy fog. I was driving and all I could see of the road was what I thought to be the white *center* line. Suddenly, the wheel was wrenched from my hand by our new friend. He cried excitedly:

"That white line happens to be a guide for the *edge* of the road. You were steering us over the cliff." — *George W. Wagner, Newark, N. J.*

ACCIDENT FORESEEN

IN ORDER to miss the heavy daytime traffic of California's Highway 99 my sister and I waited until late evening before leaving Quincy for Los Angeles.

I had been driving several hours and my sister was dozing on the seat beside me when I saw that we were overtaking a 1937 coupé with very dim tail-lights.

Without warning everything ahead grew strangely misty and I slowed my car. I thought it was a fog patch and I didn't want to ram the coupé ahead. Oddly the coupé remained clearly outlined against this mist while still seeming to be deep in it. When we were less than 100 feet behind the coupé suddenly swerved to the right. Leaving the highway at a sharp angle it turned over twice and stopped with its wheels spinning in the air.

I put on my brakes and in that same instant the mist cleared and everything was sharply visible in

the bright moonlight.

My sister exclaimed, "What was that!" Her question relieved me but I was still extremely puzzled for apparently I had just witnessed my first hallucination. Her question assured me that she had seen the same thing. Yet at the moment I applied my brakes the mist cleared and the coupé vanished. We got out of our car and checked on foot but there was no evidence that a car had left the road anywhere in that area.

This apparition kept us wondering and talking for the next hundred miles but we came to no conclusion.

On our return trip several days later we passed the same spot and this time it really was foggy. A tow truck was just preparing to right a 1937 coupé which lay upside down on the west side of the road. Because of the traffic and the fog we did not stop to learn the details.

Some persons say that we saw a wreck that actually occurred miles away. Others say we saw the wreck a week before it really happened. My sister and I still wonder. — *Frank Van Zandt, Greenville, Calif.*

THE LIFE SALESMAN

ONE cold day of January, 1951, I was getting ready for work when there was a knock on the door. I opened it and found myself talking to a Mr. Webb, who was selling subscriptions to LIFE Magazine.

I invited him in, thinking I would get rid of him when it was time to go to work. Webb began talking about the magazine, telling me about the many interesting features to be found in each issue. He was a wonderful salesman and, in spite of my intentions, I became interested and filled out the order blank. Webb took my check, thanked me and left.

Then I looked at the clock. To my dismay it was past work time.

The next day when I went to work the foreman called me into his office. I expected the worst because the company doesn't tolerate staying out unless you've got a good reason. I explained why I was out the day before.

When I finished he said, "Oliver, it's a good thing for you that you *were* out yesterday. I got one of the first-shift men to work in your place and a motor fell on him while he was working. If you'd come in, it would have fallen on you!"

I waited a while, expecting to get my LIFE Magazine. When a couple of months had passed I called the local book store Mr. Webb had said he represented. They'd never heard of him.

Naturally, I thought I had been "taken." But the check never was cashed!

For me Mr. Webb had been a real Life salesman — a salesman who had nothing to do with magazines.—*J. T. Oliver, Columbus, Ga.*



I could see a large shiny object resting on the water. . . . It looked like two saucers stuck together.

Steep Rock Flying Saucer

Reprinted from the Steep Rock Echo

A flying saucer that lands on water, apparently is manned by robots, and that behaves mysteriously in other ways, is reported in one of the most remarkable accounts of strange aerial phenomena to come our way.

The following article consists of a letter published in the Steep Rock Echo, a house magazine of the enormous Steep Rock Iron Mines, Limited, of Steep Rock Lake, Ontario. It has been reprinted elsewhere, as far as we know, only in a few Canadian newspapers, including the Port Arthur News Chronicle and the Fort William Times-Journal.

The article was originally published in the September and October 1950 issues of the Steep Rock Echo, and is reprinted with the permission of B. J. Eyton, editor, who is also chief chemist of the big mining company. Mr. Eyton comments as follows:

"I cannot verify the story one way or the other. It was written by a senior employee of the mine. However, about that time flying saucers were seen by a number of people in this locality . . . Men in groups working in the mine at Steep Rock saw them at night, and many residents of the town of Atikokan gave eye-

witness accounts of the saucers. They were seen in different localities all the way from here to the Lakehead cities of Fort William and Port Arthur 140 miles away. One was flashed by Canadian National Railways station operators all along the line until it reached here. Then it turned back again. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of eyewitnesses that what they had seen were flying saucers."

Dear Editor:

We have refrained from reporting this before, as people make so much fun of one who reports these things. However, all the ballyhoo about "flying saucers" has passed, and people perhaps have time to think more calmly. Attached is what my wife and I saw in the dusk of the evening of July 2, 1950.

"For the last couple of years my wife and I have done a lot of fishing on the flood waters, and this year was no exception. We invariably fish up into Sawbill Bay, and end up at a tiny cove, a very pretty place — for the flood waters. The location of this cove, in my opinion, plays an important part in our being able to see what we did.

"As you enter this cove off the main bay the land narrows, with great rock outcrops, till it is only a hundred yards or so wide. The rocks on the left or west side curve away after you enter into typical rough timber shoreline; the land on the right 'hooks' away so that immediately after entering the Bay and going a short distance you can keep going right, like turning into the curve of the letter 'C'. From the bottom end of the C the shore then sweeps around to the northeast, curving perhaps a mile away to join the western shoreline that curves in to meet it.

"We had drawn the boat well up on the small sandy shore of the cove, the barriers of rocks rising on all three sides around us. Small trees and brush hid the boat from overhead should anyone have been looking from the air. We had our snack and a thermos of tea and were talking about getting home, as it would be dark by the time we landed, when we felt the air vibrate. My first thought was blasting, as it was like a mine blast that pushes the air. My next thought was that it couldn't be, as we were too far away. Something — I don't know what — made me climb up, maybe 10 feet, to look over the Bay.

"Looking through a cleft in the rock I could see a large shiny object resting on the water in the curve of the far shoreline, not a quarter of a mile away across the top end of the narrows. I made a dive back to where my wife was — she took one look at me and said, 'What's wrong?' I tried to be calm and told her of what I had seen. We both climbed back up and looked out through the opening. It was still there. It looked like two saucers stuck together, one upside down on top of the other. Round, black-edged ports appeared to be

about four feet apart around the edge. As the bottom was resting on the water or close to it, it was impossible for us to see the under side.

"The top had what looked like hatch covers open and moving around over its surface were about 10 queer-looking little figures. Rotating slowly from a central position and about eight feet in the air was a hoop-shaped object. As it rotated to a point directly opposite us it stopped — so did the figures. Everything seemed to concentrate on the opening we looked through. We instinctively ducked at that moment. Looking over my right shoulder to see how fast we could get down, I caught a movement in the bushes. Beyond us, on the upward side of the cove, a deer came out to the water's edge and stood there. We took another peek. Figures and circle were pointed at the deer. As the circle began to move to the left we ducked, counted 20 and peeked again. The thing was circling and the figures moving and every time it passed the deer it kept on as if they were quite happy about it — then we ducked. We believe to this day that we were shielded from the ray or whatever it was by the wall of rock we ducked behind.

"We could then see that the whole thing seemed to be operated from a central point below the circling ray, by a figure on a small stand. This figure had a red skull cap on — or maybe paint. All the other caps were dark blue. These figures I estimated to be roughly 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet high and all were the same size. All were dressed the same, with a shiny metallic substance over the chest, while the legs and arms were of a darker material. It was impossible to see their faces — if they had any — it looked like blank surface to me.

"The most noticeable thing was that they moved like automatons, and did not turn around — that is right around — they just changed the direction of their feet. Walking on the angle of the surface the leg on the high side seemed to go shorter so that they did not walk with a limp. I watched one of these figures pick up the end of a hose (a very vivid green), lift it while facing one way, and start off to walk the other. During all this a very quiet "hum" filled the air and they seemed to be drawing in water and discharging just as much. Whether they were extracting something from the water I can't say.

"The next time we looked everything had disappeared from the surface of the machine and it was about eight feet in the air. A red-and-blue tinged-with-gold color shone on the surface of the water. At this point it looked to be about 15 feet thick at the center and about 12 feet at the edges. It tilted to about a 45° angle; there was a rush of wind (like the wind before a storm), a flash of yellow, red-blue

and it was gone, heading northward faster than the eye could follow.

"It was almost dark but I turned the boat into the Bay, passing near where the object had been — I had lined up two trees to give me some idea of its diameter. I estimated this to be 48 feet.

"I've been back twice since and the last time as I came out through the narrows I felt the wind (like the wind before a storm) again, and something flashed beyond the trees. We didn't see what it was and my wife said, 'Let's go home and never come back here again.'

"I had no intention of doing that and on the way home the flying saucer kept coming into my mind.

"After thinking it over for a day or two, I decided to take a friend into my confidence. He agreed to go with me and look the place over. We did this under the pretext of fishing and I pointed out the bay, the cove, the cleft in the rock and even the paper cups we had used for our tea.

"We each had a camera and our idea was to take pictures. This was not as easy as we thought, as it meant dashing from work, when we could get away, to Camp 5, loading up the boat and going to Sawbill Bay. That made it late by the time we got there. After three evenings of lying peering through the cleft in the rock we decided to quietly row along the shore.

"I'd say I rowed that boat 100 miles in the next few weeks. At first the slightest breeze made us jump and reach for a camera but in the finish it was just hard work. By this time we had given up all idea of sneaking up on anything. Our idea was to cut across the mouth of the Bay with the outboard going and take a chance on seeing the 'Saucer'.

"A fairly strong wind was blowing out of the Bay — from the north — making the water quite choppy across the narrows and I suppose this was part of the reason why we weren't heard sooner.

"It all happened in split seconds. There was the 'Saucer', in the same spot. I swung the boat into the wind, my friend made a dive for his camera and I for mine, while trying to hold the boat into the wind. My hand was so stiff from the cold and from holding the steering control that I couldn't manage the camera. My friend was trying to stand up while the boat bobbed up and down. The result was neither of us even had a chance at a picture. All my friend could keep repeating was, 'By George, at least I've seen it!'

"They must have heard us just before we came in sight. At the second I spotted it figures were disappearing into hatches. The circular affair that rotated had disappeared, the hose, reeling in, was just a flash of green. There was a terrific high pitched whiz, almost a blast, and it was gone. One little

figure that had been near the water's edge on the thing, and I imagine by the end of the hose, was only about half way back when it took off. Our impression was that something fell off when it was half way down the Bay.

"Our motor had conked out and after we did get it going, it ran hot and we had to come home at slow speed. We were late getting in. Both our wives were upset, so that since then we've given it up — for this year at least."

Editor Eyton then added this:

"Some months ago a Steep Rock fisherman, who goes up to the flood waters to Sawbill Lake quite frequently, mentioned casually to the editor a couple of things which at the time seemed not particularly important. However, in view of the Flying Saucer account, they might be worth passing on.

"He said that one night, returning home during the flood waters in the dusk, he saw what he thought was a meteorite streak down in the direction of Sawbill Bay and disappear. He also remarked upon the queer fluorescent, greenish color in one of the inlets in upper Sawbill Bay where he was fishing one afternoon. He wondered if the coloration was due to some particular mineral in the vicinity. He said he couldn't catch any fish there at all, though they were biting everywhere else in the lake.

"Another frequenter of the same flood waters wrote as follows: 'When I was leaving Sawbill Bay in the dusk one evening, I heard a sound like the noise a flock of ducks make, and at the same time what I thought was a shooting star flash across the Bay.' He goes on to say that a week later, while fishing in one of the coves, he noticed the water had a curious greenish tinge, and he was mystified to find a number of dead fish floating around in the water."

BAD LUCK OPERA

CERTAIN works of music seem to bring bad luck to their performers. One of Jacques Halevy's operas, *Charles IV*, has become so feared by singers that it has practically disappeared from European repertoires. Eugene Massol, a French tenor, sang the title role three nights in a row and at each performance a person in the audience suddenly died. In 1858 Napoleon II expressed a desire to see the work and Massol finally agreed to sing the role again. On the evening of the performance, with the Emperor in attendance, a bomb exploded in the auditorium killing several people. Again the opera had been an omen for bad luck. — *Paul Steiner*

YOGA TODAY

Indian Yogis can bury themselves alive. Western man buries himself alive too — but in quite a different manner.

By Desmond Dunne

Principal of the School of Yoga

EVERY year reports trickle through from India of Yogis being buried alive — to reappear, days after, none the worse for their ordeal.

A recent demonstration of this relatively common Yogic feat was witnessed by a Doctor who has now reported his experience in *The Lancet*, British medical journal.

The doctor — Rustom Jal Vakil, M.R.C.P. — begins by confirming that remarkable feats of endurance are by no means uncommon in India. Unfortunately, he adds, few scientific studies have taken place to find the physiological explanation of them.

Accordingly, Dr. Vakil was keen to record every detail of a case



which, he says, he was able to follow at close quarters.

"On Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1950, at precisely 5 p.m., the first, dry, phase (often called the *bana samadhi*) of the *yogic* feat was begun when Shri Ramdasji, an emaciated *sadhu* of middle age, entered an airtight subterranean concrete cubicle on one of the main highways of Bombay city. *The act was witnessed at close quarters by well over* 10,000 *spectators.*

"The walls of the cubicle, which measured 5½ by 4¾ feet, were constructed of slabs of concrete seven inches thick firmly cemented at the edges to make the cubicle both airtight and watertight: the total air capacity of the cubicle worked out at 216 cubic feet; the lid or roof of this cubicle, which was cemented in place afterwards, was another slab of concrete three inches thick. All six walls of the concrete cubicle were lined or studded internally with thousands of iron nails three inches long.

"After the *sadhu* had sat down with legs crossed in the subterranean chamber, the lid was put on and sealed with cement. Encased within this shell of concrete, the *guruji*, according to his disciples and followers, is supposed to remain in a state of suspended animation and meditation or *samadhi*.

"Exactly 56 hours after the start of the *samadhi*, a narrow opening was bored into the lid of the cubicle, and with the aid of a fire-hose about 1,400 gallons of water was introduced into the concrete cubicle, the narrow opening being subsequently sealed. Thus began the second or wet phase (the *jala samadhi*) of the *yogic* feat; this lasted about six and a half hours, the *sadhu* remaining all this time within the cubicle in a state of almost complete immersion.

"At 8 a.m. on Sunday morning the concrete lid of the cubicle was detached and the yogi lifted out of the water, placed on a high and specially erected *pandal*, and immediately subjected to a clinical examination by me. He was in a state of semi-consciousness or stupor with closed eyes and flaccid limbs. The pupillary reflexes were present but sluggish. The pulse, whose rate was quite regular at 80 per minute, was of low volume. The blood-pressure was 112/78 mm. Hg, and the respirations were only 8–10 per minute and regular. After a few whiffs of smelling salts, the *sadhu* opened his eyes and took heed of his surroundings. Except for some scratches and cuts over the lower extremities and trunk he appeared none the worse for his gruelling experience. He had remained within the concrete cubicle for just over 62 hours."

Following Dr. Vakil's description, as shown above, we are given his comment on what, to an orthodox medico, evidently appeared an incredible experience.

He says:

"In connection with this *yogic* feat it is interesting to recall that J. B. S. Haldane once enclosed himself in an airtight tank for an hour apparently receiving no harm. In his opinion the oxygen requirement of a man doing light work is about 24 cubic feet per 24 hours, whereas that of a man lying perfectly still is only about 12 cubic feet a day or one-half cubic feet an hour. According to Haldane's figures, the *yogi* could have remained alive within his concrete cubicle of 216 cubic feet capacity for 86 hours, whereas he spent only 62 hours in it.

"Although these physiological considerations may rob this *yogic* feat of much of its mystery, nevertheless one cannot but admire the courage and endurance of this frail and emaciated man who allowed himself to be encased within an airtight chamber, lined with three-inch nails, for 62 hours."

I feel we should first acknowledge our debt to the learned doctor for placing such a full, clear and impartial account on record. His comment, too, reveals an open-minded attitude, though very naturally he seeks for a physical explanation of the mystery. He will be disappointed.

In fact, no understanding of this or associated Yogic "endurance tests" is possible without a study of the disciplines that go to the making of them.

Dr. Haldane's one-hour vigil is a spectacle in no way comparable. Nor can figures based on so limited an achievement be made applicable to a burial of 62 hours.

I agree that very few Western people could equal Haldane's feat; and I doubt if any could better it. Certainly none could equal the endurance feats performed by a trained Yogi.

The report, and the comment based on it, indicate that at last Western science is facing up to the challenge of Yoga practices.

Unfortunately, the canny, practical attitude of scientists may lead them to fix all their attention on the "burial" aspect, and to overlook the implications arising from it.

The feat itself, miraculous as it may appear at first sight, is insignificant. It is the implications which are awe-inspiring. No useful purpose is served by burial alive unless it be to confirm that body and mind can be made wholly subservient to what we Westerners call the "spirit."

This, not the burial, is the significant fact. The phenomenon proves that all this Yoga theorizing about relaxation, breath control and mental concentration — theorizing which skeptics are always ready to refute — has a verifiable basis.

Only when the laws governing relaxation, breath and concentration are learnt is "burial-alive" a possibility.

Yogis who perform feats like this

have given years to intensive study, physical training and meditation. They have devoted their whole lives to the subject.

Such complete devotion to Yoga is quite out of the question in civilized society, with its many daily distractions and responsibilities.

Happily for us there is a middle path. Though we cannot make the body our complete slave, we can educate it to be a better servant. Though we cannot concentrate to the point where we gain complete control of the nervous system, we can at least calm our tense and turbulent minds.

In fact, the crying need of the West is the ability to relax — to find within ourselves the peace which our external life denies.

Many ailments peculiar to civilization are traceable directly to tension and frustration, which a knowledge of Yoga must eradicate.

We Westerners, in fact, already know only too well what it means to be "buried alive" — in our own fashion — with fear, worry, ill-health and tension.

Perhaps the Indian *sadhu* is not so quaint a fanatic as we fondly imagine. After all, he buries himself for only a day or two at a time — and to prove we may escape *our* prisons!

Reprinted from Prediction.

PROFESSORS OF DEATH

HEGESIAS, an ancient Greek philosopher and founder of the Hegesians, an ancient sect based on his teachings, spent almost his entire lifetime teaching that it was impossible to find pleasure in life and that to commit suicide was the most logical thing to do.

Strangely enough, however, Hegesias lived to the ripe old age of 80; his death being due to natural causes. — *J. Chamberlain Osborne.*

UNDERSEA MOUNTAIN RANGE

A BIG mountain range has been found beneath the mid-Pacific. It is 1,000 miles long — between Wake Island and Necker Island — 100 miles wide and 14,000 feet high. Coral has been dredged up from tops of the range at 6,000 feet — yet since coral grows only above depths of 200 feet it is believed that the tops of the mountain range must have been above water at one time.

85 Mysterious Deaths in Honolulu

These young Filipinos had no known enemies. No one learned what was wrong with them. But they died as if in horrible nightmares.

By Catherine Christopher

PAGING Charlie Chan! A criminal more elusive than any ever encountered by Honolulu's famous fictional detective today pursues a course of consecutive murder in Chan's native city.

Eighty-five times — more, perhaps, by the time these lines are published — during the past 14 years an item substantially like this has appeared in the Honolulu *Star Bulletin* and the Honolulu *Advertiser:*

> *"Severine de la Cruz, 34, a waiter, is reported to have died unattended at a boarding house on King Street sometime between nine p.m. and four a.m. Thursday, according to police."*

Eighty-five times the unknown killer has struck and left no clues. And each time he has murdered certain amazing similarities have been discerned.

The victim is invariably a young Filipino man, of good reputation, with no record of alcoholism, chronic illness, legal or criminal difficulties, and having no insurance. There is never any known connection either by occupation or association with preceding victims. Death follows a quiet evening of such harmless pursuits as playing the guitar, attending an athletic competition at the Civic Auditorium or, in at least one case, reading the Bible!

Fellow roomers concur regarding the circumstances attending the death and always report that the victim retired in excellent health and spirits only to cry out during the night, groan horribly and die before aid could reach him.

The Coroner of the City and County of Honolulu could use a rubber stamp for his findings on these deaths — always: "Cause of death: undetermined. Victim was unattended."

After the first deaths disclosed the pattern, the authorities in Honolulu began their investigations in an attempt to forestall future deaths on this same pattern. In all cases Dr. Alvin J. Majoska, city pathologist, has conducted exhaustive postmortem examinations, eliminating as possible causes of death the presence of parasites in the blood, shock, insect bites, poison, dietary deficiencies, occupational diseases,

allergies and acts of violence.

Dr. Majoska has enlisted the professional skill of the Harvard Medical School, the laboratory of the Massachusetts State Police and the facilities of the Medical Examiner of the City of New York. At the request of the Philippines Consul in Honolulu, Dr. Cristobal Manalang made a trip from Manila to assist Dr. Majoska in tracking down the mysterious killer of Filipinos.

None of these outstanding authorities has been able to give a definite diagnosis. All are frankly baffled and offer theories only.

Although the autopsies have failed to reveal poison, some armchair detectives maintain that here, at last, is a bona fide case of the "Undetectable, Instantaneous Poison" so indispensable to who-dun-it scribes. They cite the Filipino ritual of the tribal knife. Dipped in deadly poison, this knife is used to kill fowl for native ceremonial feasts. It is known that, despite vigilance on the part of customs officials, several of these knives are slipped into the Islands every year.

A variation on the "Undetectable Poison" theme involves cockfighting, a Filipino national pastime. This theory suggests that death is caused by poison from the cock's spurs. But again theory capitulates before facts. No telltale punctures, cuts or scratches have been found on the bodies of the dead men.

Scientists have believed for a long time that many primitive tabus are merely the application of commonsense. An example of this lies in the traditional Hawaiian explanation of the fact that the same species of fish may be poisonous on one side of the island and innocuous on the other side. This, the Hawaiians say, occurs when the spirits of ancient kings and queens come back to revel on their beloved beaches. During these ghostly soirees, the fish in the vicinity become tabu. Catching them is tantamount to trespassing on divine territory and the poacher is fortunate if he escapes the penalty of death for his impious act. If he eats the fish, he is sure to have horrible dreams, even if it doesn't kill him.

The eighty-five dying men all acted as though they were at grips with terrible nightmares, ear witnesses report. Responsible medical opinion agrees that nightmares might produce sufficiently strong psychic reactions to induce death.

A further journey into the supernatural involves kahunaism. A kahuna is the Hawaiian witch doctor. His strategy is to will his victim to death. Strange cases concerning kahuna deaths remain unexplained in Honolulu police files. Such a death, psychologists admit, is possible, particularly if the victim accommodatingly worries himself to death. But there remains the fact that the eighty-five Filipino men had no known enemies who wanted them to die.



Acme

Doukhobors at Krestova, British Columbia, disrobe partially in one of the community houses as a protest against war and the atom bomb. They are active pacifists.

They Strip to Conquer

By Frank L. Remington

Canada's Doukhobors believe animals are their brothers. They stage nude parades to protest unpopular laws.

CURIOUS Canadian citizens gathered at Toronto's Union Station recently to meet a heavily-guarded coach from Nelson, B. C. Fourteen unclad Doukhobor women disembarked. Embarrassed officers blanketed the protesting females and hurried them off to prison for disturbing the peace.

The Doukhobors, Canada's curious religious cult, regularly strip off their clothes to protest laws which they find objectionable and also what they consider the government's preparations for a third world war. To emphasize their contempt for modern materialism, the pious peelers immodestly parade

the streets shouting "Slava Bohu!" ("Praise be to God"), while applying the torch to schools, churches and homes.

Refugees from the Russian Czar and the orthodox church, the Douks fled to Canada 50 years ago and have been a headache to the government ever since. Having "no leader but God," they believe "the voice within each person is his guide." Consequently they disregard man-made laws and frequently clash with the constituted authority.

Since they decline to keep records of deaths and births, their exact number cannot be determined. Estimates range as high as 20,000. The majority of the Douks have become a peaceable lot of hard-working farmers. The estimated 3,000 Sons of Freedom, radical wing of the cult, however, promote most of the disturbances. They look upon the more orthodox members as backsliders and traitors.

The escapades of the Freedomites make life miserable for the authorities and cast unfavorable publicity on the whole sect. Stripping is their method of protest against governmental interference in their lives. Adam, they point out, wore no clothes before he sinned. We have not sinned and therefore we go without our clothes.

Seemingly impervious to sub-zero temperatures and giggling spectators, one group demonstrated their belief in freedom by parading through the snowy streets of Fort Williams one New Year's Day. Harassed police officers finally broke up the nude procession. "It's terrible," one of the group protested. "The Canadians drink all night on their New Year's Eve. We do not drink, smoke, or eat meat. Yet, when we walk with our bodies as God made them, the Canadians are surprised and make us go home. And all because we have broken a man-made law which does not concern us."

The Government once sent out a noted lawyer to explain Canada's policy in tactful terms. The recalcitrant Douks listened politely until he mentioned taxation. Then they exchanged knowing glances and began to strip. The women unbuttoned with the same zealousness as the men. The orator fled.

Considering reading and writing to be sinful and printing to be a snare of the devil, the Doukhobors have no recorded history. Their date of founding remains enigmatical. However, by the end of the 19th century they had a large following among the Russian peasantry. They worshipped God in the spirit and even today they have no Church. Their beliefs are founded on traditions, which are grouped as the Book of Life because it lives in memory. It is derived from both the Old and New Testaments.

Called Doukhobors, meaning "Spirit Wrestlers," by the orthodox Russian priests who said the group

wrestled against the Spirit of God, the sect later changed its name to Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood. Aided by the Czarist government, the Russian clergy, annoyed by the Doukhobors' refusal to recognize the church, began a cruel persecution of the Spirit Wrestlers.

Nicholas I banished them to Transcaucasia near the Turkish border. In 1887 the Douks protested universal military service and 12,000 of the men, in the tradition of their fathers, declined military service. This action initiated an even greater persecution. Cossack troops moved into Doukhobor homes and the consequent reign of terror aroused the civilized world. The brutal Cossacks stole property, insulted and outraged the cult members, whipped and violated the women, and either banished or imprisoned the men.

Prompted by this ruthlessness, Leo Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist, wrote the Appeal to Reason, which further stirred the world. But the outrages continued until a Siberian exile, Peter Vasilivich Verigin, wrote a touching letter to Alexandra Theodorovna Romanov, Empress of Russia. The letter moved the Empress and she was instrumental in securing permission for the Douks to emigrate.

In 1899, underpopulated Canada welcomed some 7,000 Douk refugees to its western territories. The emigrants raised some of the money for the journey but Tolstoy donated the major portion. Under Canada's homestead laws, each man over the age of 18 received a land grant of 160 acres. The Douks accepted over 2,000 such grants, mostly in British Columbia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. Everyone immediately turned his hand to building houses, plowing the land, and sowing grain for the communal farms. Peter Verigin gained his liberty and joined the flock in Saskatchewan in 1902.

Kindly Philadelphia Quakers sent financial aid for buying horses, cows, and tools. The Spirit Wrestlers made the purchases but a short time later, prompted by the "inner voice," they set the animals free. Furthermore, the refugee farmers refused to kill the grain-eating gophers. After ensnaring the rodents the wily Douks set them free on other people's fields.

All creatures, animal and human alike, are brothers, the sect members believe. Consequently they forbid the use of animal products such as meat, butter, eggs, and milk, and the wearing of woolen and leather garments. The Douks consider draft animals as partners who work with man for the common good of both. In growing wheat, for instance, a horse works for the farmer but the equine works for its own good when plowing oats.

Modern education, with its allied activities of Boy Scouting, rifle

practice, and military drill, the Spirit Wrestlers believe to be pernicious inventions that lead away from the Kingdom of God. Christ never had a scholarly education, they say, and never advised men to build schools and educate children so as to divert them away from nature. Convinced that public schools contaminate the mind, the Douks not only refuse to send their children to them but under compulsion of the "inner voice" often take matters into their own hands by setting fire to the institutions and staging nude parades of protest.

Once several hundred fanatical Sons of Freedom shed their garments and marched on Nelson to protest against compulsary education. Word of their imminent arrival spread before them and the local ladies locked themselves and their children behind closed doors and drew the blinds.

Officers armed with switches met the nude invasion after spreading tacks over the ground before the city. But these weapons failed to stop the determined Freedomites. The authorities finally called for trucks and hauled the marchers to jail where they promptly began a hunger strike.

The Sons of Freedom are accustomed to this treatment and to the fire hoses and itch powder often used to repel them. They seem to thrive on arrest and apparently crave martyrdom. Even the dignity of a court doesn't inhibit their penchant for stripping. Punishment is futile. In custody they remain tight-lipped, stubborn, and impenetrable, admitting nothing and denying nothing. Upon release they are as fanatically indifferent to authority as before.

When Peter Verigin, their leader, was killed in an explosion in 1924, the Douks believed the government had instigated his death. In wrathful protest they set scores of fires, blew up dozens of schools, and staged innumerable nude parades.

Even their benefactor Tolstoy became disgusted with these tactics and regretted having burdened Canada with "as impenetrable a group of people as ever existed." The Canadian government at one time considered confining the radical cult to a reservation like an Indian tribe but later abandoned the idea.

The Douks' ideas of wedlock are as bizarre as their other beliefs. To them marriage is not a holy sacrament and they consummate it without ceremony upon the mutual consent of the couple involved to live together. Their parents and the members of the community must also approve of the union.

The Douk colony on Vancouver Island is even more unconventional. Joseph Prodovimoff, secretary of the elders' council, explains: "When we raise cattle, we take great care to select the best animals in order that we may get only the best colts and calves. Man is far

more important than livestock. Why should we not use similar care in securing children?"

A woman of this colony desiring an offspring must apply to the council of elders for a permit. If granted, she selects the man to father it. The mother goes to a community hospital just before the birth. She may then keep the baby to bring up herself but children are considered community property and most mothers go back to their work, leaving the child to be raised by community nurseries and kindergartens.

In recent years, though, most of the Doukhobors have adapted themselves more readily to the Canadian pattern of life. The fanatical Sons of Freedom, however, regularly break into the headlines with their cries of "Slava Bohu," their naked processions, and their arson activities — all in defiance of the Canadian government.

AMAZING PROPHECY

OVER 500 years ago in Essex, England, an old man lay dying in a rat-infested room. As the pink slim fingers of dawn poked at the placid English countryside the dying man called a young red-haired boy to his bedside.

"Lad," he whispered, "go ye quickly get Marlin, the stonecutter."

"Marlin," the old man half arose on his elbow, "cut ye these words upon my gravestone." As the man who was fast giving up one world to explore the mystery of the next continued to talk, Marlin's face wore a puzzled frown and from time to time he shook his head sadly at the young boy standing near the window. With a sigh the old one squeezed the stonecutter's hand — and took leave of the world he long knew to enter the unknown.

"Ah, lad," Marlin said, "the old one lost his mind at the end."

Today in the church yard in Essex, England, can be seen the old man's tombstone dated 1440. Here also can be read this amazing prediction:

When pictures look alive with movement free
When ships, like fishes swim beneath the sea
When men outstripping birds shall scan the sky,
Then half the world deep drenched in blood shall lie.

How did an old man, dying over 500 years ago, see the day when motion pictures, television, submarines and airplanes would exist?

Only eternity has the answer. — *Raymond J. Ross.*

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• 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.

* * *

• Hugo Koepke, 76, of Davenport, Ia., was just about to cross the railroad tracks when an attendant warned him a freight train was coming. "I can make it," Koepke insisted. A moment later he was dead.

* * *

• A Chicago bookseller sold a copy of "A Dictionary of Underworld Lingo." After the customer had gone the bookseller discovered he had paid for the book with a counterfeit coin.

* * *

• Burlesque patrons in the second balcony of a Union City, N. J., theater stamped their feet and shouted "take it off" and off it came — the plaster from the ceiling — 40 square feet of it.

• Each of the three persons in an automobile that turned over on a highway near Indianapolis suffered a broken right thumb.

* * *

• Near Salisbury, Conn., a passing motorist was asked to help right an overturned car in which a woman was trapped. He made short work of righting the vehicle and releasing the woman — she turned out to be his wife.

* * *

• The day after Mrs. Millard O. Johnson found 50 four leaf clovers in the lawn of her home in Lansing, Mich., she won the jackpot on a radio give-away program.

* * *

• In Billings, Mont., Rudy J. Swoboda who has been trying to sell the city a radar device to catch speeders, was arrested for speeding.

* * *

• In McKeesport, Pa., fellow firemen saved the life of William McWhorton who was overcome by carbon monoxide fumes while riding in a fire-and-rescue squad car.

* * *

• A Hempstead, N. Y., motorist tried to talk his way out of a speeding ticket by telling a policeman that he was Patrolman O'Toole's brother-in-law. He got a ticket anyhow. The officer he'd been talking to was Patrolman William O'Toole.

* * *

• An alarm clock saved the lives of six members of the Parisi family, of Oneonta, N. Y. Mrs. Nellie

Parisi awakened when the alarm went off unexpectedly at 4 a.m. She was barely able to make her way to the kitchen to turn off the gas under a big kettle.

* * *

● In Detroit, Henry Milleville, 65, collapsed and died of a heart attack while trying to revive his wife who had also suffered a heart attack.

* * *

● When Mrs. Kay Feldman, wife of a twin, went to the delivery room in the Atlantic City Hospital, Dr. Marris Gottlieb, a twin, was in attendance. Mrs. Feldman gave birth to twins.

* * *

● Frank Rutsohn, of Libby, Mont., didn't want to walk on the highway to his home because he feared he'd be hit by a car. So he started hiking down the railroad track. He wound up in a hospital with a broken leg — hit by a train.

* * *

● Instead of being out $30 on three tickets on Rose Jester, which an unidentified bettor refused to take, Maurice L. Bly, a ticket seller at Fort Miami Raceway in Toledo, collected $1,293. Rose Jester, a 40-1 long shot won the race.

* * *

● "God gave us these little girls together to take the place of the boys we lost together," exclaimed Mrs. Bill Lackey, Sr. of Memphis after she gave birth to twin girls. Her two sons drowned together three years ago.

● Mrs. Eleanor West ran out of her Chester, Pa., home to wave to her husband, flying his light plane overhead. At that moment, the ship broke in half and plunged to the ground, killing Mr. West.

* * *

● A Korean War veteran, Corp. Richard F. Webb, is alive today because he had a silver plate in his head. A bullet struck him solidly in the head, but bounced off the silver plate.

* * *

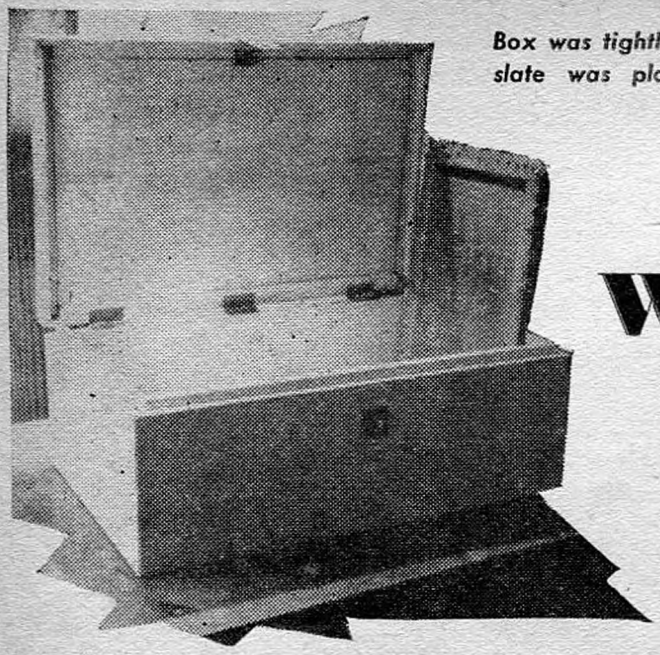
● On the day he was to receive an award for 20 years of driving without a traffic violation, Clarence Vogel, a Cleveland cab driver got a ticket for jaywalking.

* * *

● Five years ago Gene B. Stuart left California by car with the intention of getting married in Phillipsburg, N. J. He had an accident and lost his memory. Not long ago, he recovered his memory and telephoned Police Chief James Stabp, in Phillipsburg to locate his prospective bride, Miss Vilot Mozzochette. A check showed that the girl died less than a month after the marriage was to have taken place.

* * *

● While Patrolman William E. Throp, of Columbus, Ohio, was reading a magazine article entitled "When Your Electric Lights Go Out," a large electric-light globe fell on his head and knocked him unconscious. — *Paul Steiner.*



Box was tightly made and slate was placed inside.

SLATE WRITING IN A BOX

By Edmond P. Gibson



Mr. Thatcher

Would you be convinced if you had made the box, given its cover a sticky fit, and held all keys?

HARRY HOUDINI, in his various writings upon the subject of psychic research, always insisted that all slate writing produced by spiritualistic mediums was fraudulent. More erudite and experienced writers upon this subject, such as Dr. James H. Hyslop and Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, appeared to support Houdini in his opinion and, for a long time, it seemed the logical thing to go along with them in their point of view. Slate writing in most of its mediumistic forms is easily duplicated by the parlor magician so long as he supplies the slates and forces his own equipment on the investigator.

In spite of expert opinion upon the subject, I have reason to believe that Houdini was wrong.

The mediumship of William H. Thatcher of Grand Rapids, Mich., was first brought to my attention in the summer of 1946. He was producing a number of apparently

paranormal, physical phenomena in the seance room, under conditions of rather loose control. Trumpet levitation and voice phenomena were common. Most of these occurred in close proximity to the medium or the cabinet, but on a few occasions while I was present the phenomena did occur at a considerable distance from the medium and his cabinet while he was provably therein. Writing was produced occasionally on the inside surfaces of two hinged slates which had been securely taped or tied together. These slates had not been switched and bore no evidence of having been untaped or untied.



Message was found scratched on slate during seance of September 21, 1946.

I could see no way of proving that the slate writing produced in these seances was valid or false, under the existing conditions of the seances. It seemed that the proper approach was to control the phenomena, if possible, without interfering with the partial liberty of Mr. Thatcher and his practice of sitting in total darkness. To achieve this a strong box was devised, equipped with concealed hinges and an adequate lock, in which a good-sized slate could be enclosed.

The box was constructed of clear white pine with rabbeted sides, bottom and cover. The cover fit so tightly that a vacuum was created when it was raised. The sides and bottom were screwed and glued together and the entire outside was covered with spar varnish. The inside of the box and cover was coated with shellac, giving a very sticky fit. The cover made a cracking noise when opened. The only hardware exposed was a padlock and a hasp with concealed screws. The hinge pins were upset and coated on the ends with lacquer so that any tampering with them would be immediately evident. The box was equipped with three, five-pin tumbler cylinder padlocks of Yale type and of identical appearance but differently keyed. The lock serial numbers were ground off by the locksmith who furnished the locks, which were of "Master" make. The box measured approximately 18″ x 13″ x 7″. The wood of which it was constructed was

¾" thick. The padlocks were used alternately at the seances.

This box and its enclosed slate, plus a slate pencil and a tiny piece of chalk, were introduced in two seances early in September without result.

On September 21, I again brought the box and put it in full view on the Thatcher's dining table. At the beginning of the seance I opened the box and John B. Osburn, Mrs. Osburn, and I made a careful examination of the enclosed slate, in the bright light, to see that it was clean. We replaced it in the box, together with the chalk and pencil, locked the box and I placed the keys in my trouser pocket. We then took the box into the seance room and placed it on the floor between my feet and those of the medium, who sat opposite me at a distance of about six feet.

Just before the seance started, we discussed a book which Mr. Thatcher had been reading earlier in the evening. It was entitled "Ghosts I Have Talked With," by Prof. H. C. McComas. The book contained an account of the professor's investigations with the medium "Margery," of Boston, and differed in a large degree from an earlier report he had made on this same mediumship. In the interim, Dr. McComas had apparently developed a profound antipathy for the paranormal and its investigation.

Soon the lights were turned out. The seance lasted about an hour. A number of trance messages were given through the medium and some trumpet levitations occurred. At its close the lights were turned on and the box was taken back into the Thatcher dining room to be re-examined by Mr. and Mrs. Osburn and myself. We did not expect to find anything on the slate, as nothing had appeared when the box was introduced before. However, we found the surface of the slate deeply scratched and cut, apparently by a sharp instrument. The slate pencil, sharply pointed, showed no signs of use, nor did the bit of chalk. The slate bore an inscription which had not been there an hour before. It referred to the book discussed before the seance commenced.

The writing stated:

"THE
H
GOSTT
THAT
TALK
S

In addition there was a strange, little picture of something resembling an Indian medicine mask and a crude heart was drawn near the bottom.

Since one of Mr. Thatcher's controls purported to be an Indian named Sawongetaha ("Strongheart") we inferred that he may

have done the writing. However, he had not identified himself during the evening and the seance controls who were in charge during the session merely stated that the writing had been done by another than themselves. During the seance the box had moved slightly and audibly along the floor. Once we had heard it shaken.

A strange feature of the writing was the odd placement of the serifs on the letters, as though the inscription was done by someone unfamiliar with printing, who was attempting to copy something. The word "ghost" was misspelled and the letter "s" was hung on the end of the writing below "talk".

At a later sitting, with a different padlock and the same precautions, the box again was introduced and rested upon the top of the small seance table between the medium and me. A new slate was in the box as I wished to keep the other inscription intact and had purchased another. The box rested on the table under my forearm throughout the seance. On this occasion, when the box was in my control during the entire session, the figure of a heart was again scrawled on the slate but it bore no other markings.

The box was brought to several seances thereafter, the locks continually alternated, but nothing further occurred. Later I sent the experimental box, plus the locks and the slates, together with a report of the sittings, to the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University.

Due to the sticky condition of the shellac on the inside surface of the box, at no time could the cover of the box be raised without exerting considerable force and without producing the loud cracking noise made by breaking the bond of the shellac. At no time, in any seance, was this noise made. Furthermore, I was in contact with the cover of the box during the entire session in which the second drawing appeared.

The skeptic who wishes to assume that the writing was produced normally must assume that the box was opened during the seance, as it was never in the medium's proximity before or after the production of the phenomena. Furthermore, the skeptic must assume that the medium was able to carry on a seance involving continuous trance speech and trumpet phenomena while at the same time he was picking a five-pin tumbler lock of considerable complexity. The skeptic must also maintain that in the later session the medium abstracted the box from under my arm without disturbing me.

It seems quite certain to me that some force, of an intelligent nature and unknown kind, emanating from the medium or from some unknown agency, passed the three-dimensional barriers of the box, without opening it, and caused

the writing on the slate. Certainly the experiment was as "controlled" as Mr. Osburn (of the International Business Machines Corporation) and I could make it.

Another phenomenon which occurred in this series may be worth a brief note. I repeatedly threw colored poker chips onto the seance floor and table during the progress of the seances. In the total darkness of the room, in which we exposed fast film to ascertain that no light existed, the poker chips had been rearranged by color at the end of the sitting. The film showed no signs of fogging. Though the poker chips were invisible in the darkness, the unknown intelligence could see colors which, according to the physicists, have no existence in darkness.

THALIA, THE BABY PLANET

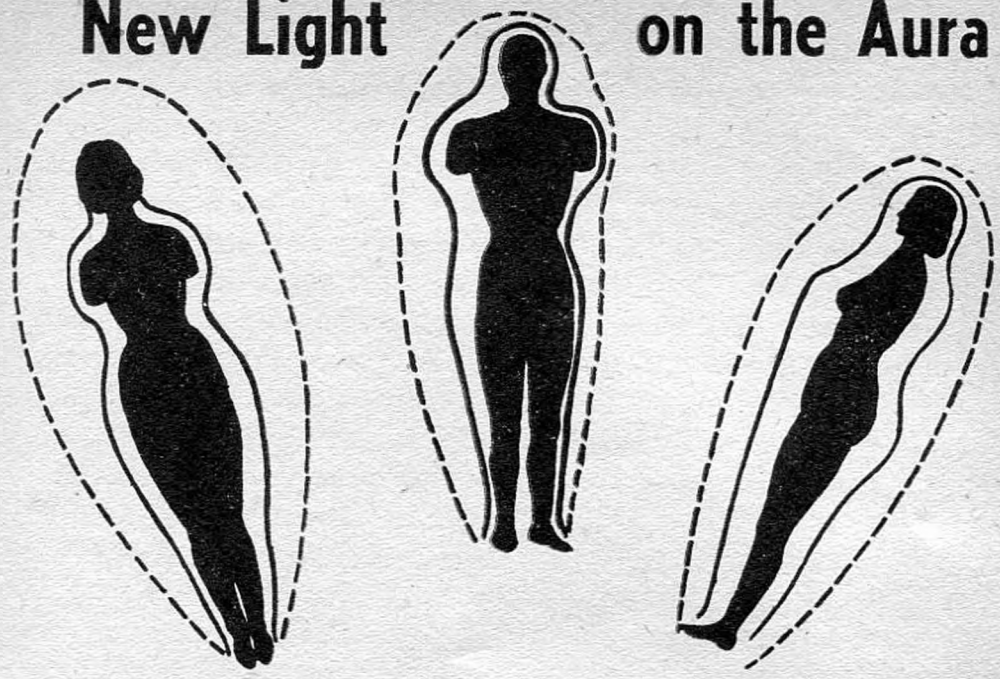
Some months ago scientists excitedly announced that a baby planet was rushing toward Earth and might collide with it, creating a holocaust.

A few days later, however, it was discovered that the planet was not going toward Earth but away from it. The baby was Thalia, one of the largest of the 1,600 asteroids following eratic orbits in the Mars-Jupiter belt. It is about 300 miles in diameter, and if it hit the Great Lakes area it would be big enough to splash them dry and probably kill everyone in a 1,000-mile radius.

WIFE + GHOST-RIVAL = DIVORCE

A ghost rival was too much for Mrs. Annie Estell Onofrio, 66, who recently sued her husband for divorce in a Lost Angeles court. Mrs. Onofrio, 66, said that her husband Nicholas was a spiritualist and often communed with the spirit of the first Mrs. Onofrio, Adeline, who passed on in 1913. Once when she interrupted a visit with Adeline, Mrs. Onofrio complained that Nicholas "cursed me and threatened to knock my teeth down my throat for making Adeline disappear." Another time, she complained, Nicholas came to bed and sniffed the air with rapture. "That's Adeline's perfume," he said.

New Light on the Aura



Understanding the aura might aid medicine. Figures at left and right indicate inner and outer auras of a healthy woman. Center shows displacements of man suffering from epilepsy.

By John Pendragon

Most people who have only a slight knowledge of psychic matters have heard of the aura. They believe it is a subtle envelope of haze that surrounds the physical bodies of men and animals; but it is obviously much more than this.

Orthodox scientists seem to have completely neglected this complex link between the physical and the psychical states of life.

It was not until just after the Great War that Dr. Walter J. Kilner of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, wrote the first work on the aura that had a really scientific approach. His *Human Atmosphere* is a classic in its field. Nevertheless, it might be more accurate to say that he did more to prove what the aura is not than what it is!

Dr. Kilner claimed that he was not in the least clairvoyant. (The author and others are not in agreement with the doctor's claim.)

The aura, he stated, could best be seen when viewed in a diffused daylight and with the aid of

Reprinted from Prediction.

"screens" made of two sheets of glass cemented together and forming a miniature tank which contained a solution of a coal-tar dye called dicyanin blue.

In concentrated form, dicyanin appears black, and can only be dissolved in alcohol. The doctor also used screens containing other colored dyes, but found that dicyanin blue "sensitized" the eyes better than any other and enabled one to see ultra-violet rays by stimulating the rods of the retina.

Dr. Kilner found that after he had gazed at the sky through his dicyanin screen for a couple of minutes or so, he was able to distinguish the aura with the naked eye. It appears that he did not seek to see the aura through the screen, but only used it as a means of "sensitizing" his eyes.

He claimed that he saw the auric emanations as divided into three parts which he named respectively "The Outer Aura, the Inner Aura and the Etheric Double."

The "Etheric Double" appeared to him as a very narrow black band or void extending all round the subject's body (nude) and having a width of between one-sixteenth and one-eighth of an inch.

The "Inner Aura" lay immediately next to this narrow band and extended on an average about five inches from the body according to the sex, age and health of the subject. Like the "Etheric Double" it closely followed the contour of the nude body of the subject.

Beyond the Inner lay the Outer Aura. This was not so distinct, and was ovoid in shape, having the greatest width at the subject's waist and tapering towards the legs. Its width varied greatly, but it was always wider in women than in men or children.

It extended, on an average, about eight inches beyond the Inner Aura. On a few occasions, the doctor claimed to see an "Ultra-Outer Aura," but later decided that such was really part of the Outer Aura itself.

Dr. Kilner observed that the Inner Aura was much denser than the Outer, and according to him consisted of myriads of "lines parallel to each other and radiating at right angles from the body."

Rays and "bright patches" were also seen emanating from the Inner Aura. These rays were capable of being deflected, but were never seen to curve.

Although most of the auras examined were generally blue-grey in colour, it was found that some of his patients could alter the colour of their aura at will. Others could cause rays of color to be projected from various parts of the body.

Experiments with magnets showed that neither pole exerted a greater influence over the aura than the other. The investigator thus conjectured that as far as magnetism was concerned the aura had no polarity.

It was also noted that when the subject received a charge of static electricity from a Wimshurst machine, the Inner Aura vanished and the Outer was reduced in size.

Later the Inner Aura reappeared whilst the Outer grew several inches wider than it was before the charge was applied.

Experiments with an electroscope showed that surface electricity was fairly evenly distributed, but in the case of women was always more intense at the base of the vertebra and on the lower abdomen. Uneven distribution occurred in cases where the auras were displaced.

After the publication of *The Human Atmosphere*, in 1920, there was not another book in English that dealt with the subject scientifically until Oscar Bagnall, B.A., wrote his *The Origin and Properties of the Human Aura* (Kegan Paul; 1937). This book is now out of print and very difficult to obtain.

Mr. Bagnall used pinacyanol and Methalene blue in his screens and spectacles rather than dicyanin. He rightly states that the latter is exceedingly expensive and difficult to obtain, for his own screen cost him over $30 to construct.

It should be mentioned at this point that blue or other colored glass is of no use and does not replace a screen.

This second investigator noted with the former that nervous diseases affected the Outer Aura, while diseases of the alimentary tract had repercussions on the Inner Aura. On such appearances Mr. Bagnall bases the following interesting theory.

The common earthworm consists of two cylinders, one inside the other. The outer, the ectoderm, contains the nervous system and the sex organs; the inner, the alimentary canal or digestive system.

Mr. Bagnall believes that auras, inner and outer, are, in some yet unknown manner, based on this construction, since the Outer aura (corresponding to the ectoderm of the earthworm) reflects the condition of the nervous system, and alters in pregnancy and other sex conditions; while the Inner (or endoderm in the case of the worm) reflects troubles that exist in the alimentary canal.

Thus, he states, the Inner and Outer auras might well display a greatly speeded evolution such as occurs in the foetus and embryo, which pass through, in a matter of weeks, changes somewhat similar to those that have taken millions of years from the standpoint of evolution.

Mr. Bagnall appears to agree with Dr. Kilner that temperature changes do not affect the aura, but he does not share his belief that the aura can change color when fumigated with such vapours as iodine, bromine, ammonia or ozone.

In conclusion, the writer will venture to add a few personal comments on this fascinating subject.

It would seem that Dr. Kilner developed clairvoyance as he conducted his investigations. The screens may or may not have aided him.

My experience leads me to believe that almost everybody can develop clairvoyance in some degree. I have found that 90 per cent of people can see the aura without apparatus of any kind provided there is a diffused light and a dark background.

Experiments lead me to believe that almost all can see the aura if a low wattage electric lamp (say 10 watts) is placed *close to the floor and behind the observer* — not directly behind, or a shadow will be cast onto the subject. The light should be diffused by white paper or a handkerchief.

The enthusiast should, in my opinion, endeavour to see the aura by this method before he searches the world for the elusive — and expensive — dicyanin.

At first he will most likely see only about an inch or so of the inner aura, but practice and patience will reward him with the sight of the outer emanation. The aura can be sensed as well as seen.

In regard to the changing of the color of the aura by effort of will, the emanations when the subject is in a state of physical and mental repose seem to take on a color consistent with his bodily condition fused with his habitual mental outlook or psychic vibration.

Experience indicates that 70 per cent of persons in repose are greyish or bluish-silver. I have seen other colors — mostly pastel colors — but have never witnessed the scintillating rainbows of scarlet, canary and peacock that some clairvoyants allege they see.

I find that about 10 per cent of persons can change the habitual color of their aura at will.

MOSSADEGH'S DREAM

Premier Mossadegh of Iran has told the Majlis that a radiant presence appeared to him in a dream and told him to cast off the chains binding the feet of Iran. Mossadegh rose from his sickbed to await the role that destiny had laid upon him.

When the matter of Iran's nationalizing her oil came to the front, Mossadegh concluded that that explained his dream. He took the lead in drawing up the bill and pushing it through the legislature. Did he interpret his dream for Iranian freedom aright?



Jesus . . . master psychic

Perhaps it's just a matter of definition, but Jesus could see beyond the limits of ordinary vision.

By Roy Clyde Weidler

JAIRUS' daughter was dead. (*Matt. 9:18–19; 23–26.*) She had ceased to breathe. Her heart had stopped beating. Preparations for her burial were well advanced when Jesus stepped into the picture. Jesus beheld the spirit form of the girl, perhaps standing close to the bier, saw her as alive in conditions beyond the range of human perceptions. No other conclusion is tenable. If Jesus didn't see her, how could he have bidden her return to her body?

None other — parents or friends — saw her. They were blind to her psychic existence. But Jesus beheld astral life. He addressed a living soul. As one person would speak to another in home or on street, Jesus spoke to her. Mediums also see beyond the limits of ordinary vision as Jesus did. Therefore simple logic and common sense designates Jesus a master psychic.

The tragic passing of Lazarus and the spectacular manner of his re-entrance into his physical body is a story of transcendent and superhuman technique. Lazarus had

been dead sufficiently long for mortification to have set in. Weeping sisters knew their brother was dead. Then Jesus came to the tomb. Immediately his verdict reversed the error that says the dead are dead. Jesus beheld the man who had departed the body, and seeing, proclaimed him alive. (*John 11: 11–14*)

Again, as in the foregoing incident, Jesus spake to the living astral being. He called the spirit by name, and commanded him, the invisible living Lazarus, to re-enter the visible flesh. This Lazarus did and at once was visible to those who waited outside the tomb.

In no manner could Jesus have performed this so-called miracle except by virtue of psychic vision, penetrating the sealed and darkened grotto in which the lifeless body lay.

Familiar contact with astral beings was by no means the limit of Jesus' mediumistic abilities. Let us join the multitudes in a barren desert. (*Matt. 14: 15–21.*) They were tired, weary and hungry. No food was available, save one tiny lunch. Not one individual of that mob believed that food existed anywhere near.

What happened? Jesus created food and fed the multitude. How was this possible? Perhaps he perceived that which man can not yet discern, namely, a range of commodities sustained in vibratory solution totally outside the area of human vision. Perhaps Jesus applied the laws of vibrational reversal.

To illustrate: A segment of timber is burned. Heat, smoke and residue vanish. If each portion of the consumed timber is entrapped and weighed the total weight equals that of the original piece of wood. Nothing is lost but the major portion has receded beyond the limits of human eyesight. Were this process reversed, namely, smoke, heat and ashes caused to return, in the manner that a motion picture may be reeled backward and each portion reunited with the others, the original unit of timber would be restored.

Jesus may have called invisible elements of food to re-assemble into visible viands and instantly food, bountiful beyond requirement, came into existence.

Jesus was not a purveyor of impossibilities. He merely utilized psychic talents.

Jesus was master of materialization. The Mount of Transfiguration stands as a brilliant example. (*Matt. 17: 1–8.*) Two forms were brought within the periphery of human perception. The star characters, Moses and Elias, had both been dead for centuries. No living mortal had seen them. Yet Jesus solidified their spirit bodies to bring them within the limits of earthly visibility.

It is well known that materialization is possible only when psychic energies of sufficient intensity

are forthcoming from an individual endowed with mediumistic powers. Average mediums often succeed only in part. Objects appear faintly, or perhaps only parts of objects, such as a head or hand, are seen by those close within a circle. But Moses and Elias were materialized in so definitely condensed a form as to be universally seen.

From whence came this marvelous power? The Bible says: "And Jesus was in the midst," exactly where a psychic must be if materializing figures are to draw ectoplasmic sustenance in quantities sufficient to produce visible materializations. How then can it be doubted that Jesus was a psychic far above any recorded in history?

Subsequent to his resurrection, Jesus appeared often to his followers. He became visible at the tomb and a bit later the Bible tells us that he "appeared in another form." Two of his followers, during that memorable trek toward Emmaus, were joined by him. The record puts it this way: "Jesus himself drew near and went with them."

His body penetrated and passed through solid substances. He materialized and de-materialized, became visible to mortals and as easily invisible. Finally, when his mission was completed, he slowly rose upward and was gone.

To these related incidents, each dependent for accomplishment upon psychic abilities, might be added dozens of others, each as vivid, each as convincing, each verifying the mediumistic superiority of the Man of Galilee.

It is well within the sphere of plausibility that his mission on earth was primarily to reveal these realities of after life, to show humanity that their visual and audible senses are drastically limited, to acquaint them with the marvels and unending expanses of astral life and to teach them the boundless wonders of faith.

Realization that few could understand brought tears to the benign eyes of the master psychic. "Oh ye of little faith," he said. "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly (invisible) things?" (*John 3: 12.*)

Two thousand years have ticked away on the clock of time, and yet many of us, having eyes that see not and ears that hear not, continue to believe not. Having tongues some make light of that which they cannot sense, and travel toward eternity, blind, deaf and unbelieving.

SUN SPOTS OUT OF SEASON

HUGE spots are being seen on the sun, surprising astronomers by their size and number. Sun spots are supposed to come in 11-year cycles. They reached their maximum in 1948 — thus today's sun spots are either eight years early or three years late — depending on how you figure.



THE NOISES IN THE LIGHT TOWER

By Harold T. Wilkins

In all my ramblings along the wild shores of the world I have never heard so eerie a story as the one told me at a lonely lighthouse on the southern shores of Nova Scotia.

This lighthouse is maintained by the Dominion Government of Canada and is staffed by one man. At least it *was* staffed by one man until the authorities were forced to build a house for the keeper because he refused to sleep any longer in the lighthouse!

In the fall a few years ago I hired an old fisherman to run me in his motor boat out to the island on which only one man lived. The motor broke down and a storm sprang up. Fortunately we were only a short way off the little wharf on the island.

"No, sir," said the old fisherman, "I ain't goin' back to the cove while this storm lasts. Only last week I saw floatin' on the tides on just such a day as this, the body of a fellow who left an island too soon, I guess. Jist you foller me, sir, an' I'll fix us up. This storm shows no signs of lifting."

He took me up to a small house which stood at the foot of a light

tower. Here we met the lightkeeper, a man named Dillon, and sitting in a lounge before a blazing fire of pine logs we began to talk.

"Yeah," said the old lightkeeper, tapping out the embers from his corn-cob. "I daresay you wonder why this house was built when usually the lightkeeper sleeps in the tower near the lantern. Well, I'll tell you about that.

"This is called the White Head light and the name of this island is White Head. I was born here. My father was keeper of the light before me. He lived alone here with mother while I went to school on the mainland in Guysborough county. Mostly I spent my time ashore when I was a kid, but after I got older I worked around here, fished and helped dad in the light tower.

"One afternoon in the fall of 1926 dad had to go to the mainland on urgent business. Mother hadn't been dead long at that time. A heavy wind blew up from the sea and the water grew so rough as night came on that dad found it impossible to get back across. I'd never been alone in the light tower before. Now I found myself with only my dog for company. But there was no reason to be scared of being alone on this island.

"It got dark quickly and I climbed the winding iron stairway to tend the lanterns. I did that job and then came down the spiral stairway to the kitchen which was warm and bright. I read a book while I ate my supper. My dog lay on the iron floor between my chair and the kitchen door. I was absorbed in the story until around 9:30 p.m. when I heard a creaking outside the door. I looked up and saw that the door which was shut, seemed to bulge inward. It was as if some heavy object were trying to burst it open.

"My dog got up and then lay back down. Soon he began to whine and then to snarl. Suddenly the door gave way under the mysterious strain. It flew open. The catch had burst!

"Now when the door flew open it did something it had never done before. It stayed wide open! Before, the door had always swung back within a few inches of the latch. It was a heavy iron door but that night it remained backed up against the wall of the light tower as if someone were holding it there!"

"A mighty queer thing," I said and felt an icy shiver go down my back.

The lightkeeper continued, "The hair on the dog's back stood up and he began to bark. He seemed to see something I could not see. He peered at some infernal thing standing in the open door. His teeth were bared. For minutes he howled and snarled. I could see nothing. Then, as if he could bear the sight no longer, he suddenly

jumped towards me and lay down cowering under my feet, his body all a-tremble.

"The kitchen door that stood open led to another part of the light tower which communicated with the outside.

"I must confess to you, Mr. Wilkins, that I felt scared. I fear no man but here was something outside the bounds of my experience. I rose, caught up the dog who lay trembling, and went from the kitchen into my bedroom which I could reach without going through that opened door! I shut the bedroom door and bolted it. Now I could hear something walking around in the kitchen. It was so uncanny that I straightway caught up some blankets, grabbed the dog and with him under my arm I left my bedroom by another door and climbed the stairs to the lantern tower.

"Once in the lantern tower I shut and bolted the iron hatch between me and the down stairway. Then I lay on the floor on my blankets and tried to sleep. But sleep was not for me! Downstairs something was walking around. The racket lasted a long time. Finally I dozed off.

"It was light when I heard someone call at the foot of the light tower. Dad had come from the mainland. He came up into the tower.

" '*Huh*, what's got you son?' he asked.

"I spoke of what had happened in the night and he did not seem surprised.

" 'Ah boy,' he said with a wry smile, 'if you'd lived as long as I have on this bewitched island you'd be startled at nothing. Just you fergit it! Whatever it is it can't hurt either of us though it's hard to stand when it's around in the night hours. I'd have been right back here last night, but for that storm.'

"Soon after, the Government in Ottawa changed and dad lost his job of tending the light. The new keeper was a rough and fearless seafaring man who did not give a damn for anything or any feller. His name was James Wills. Jim had no nerves and he was not imaginative. He and his wife landed on White Island the day after my dad, Cap'n Dillon, left.

"A long time after, dad rowed over to White Head Island to ask Jim how he was getting on. They had a long yarn and then Wills said to dad, 'John, I'm goin' to ask you somethin'. Did you, when you was here, ever hear any strange noises a-nights? Sorter somethin' walkin' around when you knew there was never a soul but yourself in this blamed dead man's island?'

"My dad looked at him.

" 'Well Jim, since you mention it, I'll say I did. But I never took a lot of notice of it. No harm ever came to me from it. But, now,

Jim tell us what you heard.'

" 'I'll tell you, John, and it's true no matter what all the gents, tee-heeing in the saloons on the mainland, may say. Last week my wife went ashore for a visit. She went to see a sister in Truro and to do some shopping. I was on this island all alone. About 10 o'clock on the night after she'd gone I lay down to sleep. It was a very dark night. I had trimmed the light and all was ship-shape, alow and aloft. I was hardly under the blankets when I heard a door busted open. Then someone seemed to be walking around. I jumped out o' bed, grabbed my knife, and went into the kitchen where the noises seemed to be. I shut the door and looked round. Nothing was there but me! Then I heard tramp, tramp up them spiral stairs to the lantern. I rushed to the bottom of the stairway and shouted, get to hell out o' that. Nobody is allowed up there but the lightkeeper.

" 'No answer came. But the sounds stopped. I ran up them iron stairs expecting to see someone but I saw nor heard nothin'. I came back down and went to bed again. I was just droppin' off to sleep when, dammee, if I didn't hear someone in that kitchen again. Some feller seemed to be mighty busy around that stove. It sounded as if wood was being shifted and the lid of the stove rattled. I rushed into the kitchen, lit the lamp, and looked round. There was nothing there. Just at that moment I again hear tramp, tramp, up the iron stairs to the lantern. I grabbed a big stick of hard wood and rushed up the stairs after the blamed thing.

" 'I reached the very top of the stairs and then I heard the unseen thing right behind me! I let fly with the stick and hit nothing but the iron wall of the light tower. The noises stopped. I stood listening but nothing was to be seen or heard. I stepped into the lantern tower. The lights were burning steadily and had not been meddled with. I went back to bed but the racket began again worse than ever.

" 'My wife returned the next morning and while she's here *nothing happens!* But I see the danger of my goin' ashore some day an' being prevented from getting back owing to a change in the wind or a sudden storm. Why, a woman left alone in this here tower all night would go stark crazy!'

"The Willses were in this island for three years," Dillon continued. "Then he quit the job, and the next man took over the light. He was here a short while and then one day a Dominion Government official came and stayed four days here. Nothing was said about his experiences but soon after he left carpenters came and built a separate residence for the lightkeeper and his family."

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE
Francois Civile



Calvinist crusader was buried several times, left for dead other times, yet lived to fight again.

By Albert A. Brandt

FRANCOIS CIVILE, a Calvinist crusader and adventurer of the 16th century, cheated death so often that in his time he was believed to be indestructible. Death even passed him by before he was born, according to legend.

An accident killed his mother during the absence of Monsieur Civile. A few days after the funeral the father, on advice of an itinerant surgeon, exhumed the body of his wife so that an operation on the pregnant woman might be performed. The child was still alive, a good eight pounds of humanity. Science may scoff at this story but it is no more remarkable than the experiences that followed in Francois' later life.

At the age of seven he was sent to a religious school in Paris. One night while everybody was asleep the building burned down. More than 100 boys and all the teachers were victims of the fire. Francois was buried in the smouldering debris and given up as dead, for he was badly burned. No attempt was made to remove him to a hospital until two days later when he suddenly began to scream lustily. He was rescued and soon recovered to go on to other schools.

Francois, the man, later joined a Calvinist regiment as a Crusader. In 1555 a bloody battle took place in the streets of Paris and he was stabbed 11 times, once through the heart. Together with hundreds of his comrades who died for their beliefs, Francois was removed to a cemetery for burial.

During the night Francois crawled from the open grave. With superhuman strength he pushed aside the dead bodies heaped upon him. In the morning he was found lying in the gutter of the road, was brought to the house of a surgeon — and survived.

Seven years later, when Rouen was beleaguered by the opposing armies, Francois was patrolling on a high fortress-wall. He was hit by a large stone, fell from the wall into the cobbled street, a good 30 feet below, landing on his head. Again he was believed dead and carted out to the burial grounds.

A servant, however, had indomitable confidence in his master's will to survive. He searched for him during the night and discovered a hand with the signet ring of the Civiles protruding from a pile of bodies. The unconscious soldier was carried to a hospital. There was no hope, it was said. He was dead.

The faithful orderly carried Francois to an inn. He hid him in an attic and nursed him as well as he could. For four days Francois Civile gave no sign of life and the indefatigable servant was ready to abandon his futile endeavours. Then, on the fifth day, returning from an errand concerning plans for burial, he found his master in the tavern downstairs.

Francois' rashness, however, had serious consequences. Hostile soldiers discovered his identity and, after a bitter struggle, arrested him. The adventurer, with five deep dagger wounds, was again "dead" and thrown out of the window. This time he did not land in a grave but on a high hill of fresh, smelly manure. Three days passed before the unconscious Francois, deeply hidden in his nauseating bed, was found by a Calvinist woman. She brought him to her home and in a week or two the crusader was ready to fight again.

For the next 20 years Francois' biography records no other adventures with death. He became a respected burgher of Rouen. When he was 60 years old he had a "fatal" heart attack. But on the day of the funeral the coffin was empty.

Francois had gone for a stroll.

It was five years later when death finally and irrevocably claimed Francois. At a congenial feast in Francois' honor a tiny bone of a delicious pheasant stuck in his throat. It ended the life of the man whom death had passed by so often during his more dangerous adventures.

He was buried and did not climb out of his grave again.

My Father Said Goodbye

"I was sleeping alone when there was a knock on the door . . ."

My father died in Napa, Calif., on February 25, 1893. The date is clear in my mind because in his last letter to me, written the evening of February 22, he mentioned having enjoyed the George Washington parade that very day. So naturally I was not expecting his death.

I was at Mills College in Oakland. My sleeping room was on the third floor, front, in Mills Hall which still stands today. The ceilings are high and the steps steep and numerous. I speak of this because my father, who was old enough to have been my grandfather, had to avoid stairs and probably could not have climbed these particular ones. I was sleeping soundly when a knock on the door awakened me.

I sat up with a start and glanced at a banjo clock on the wall. It was 6:25. Wondering who it could be at that early hour, I called, "Come in."

The door opened and in walked my father, Thomas Francis Raney.

He was dressed in a business suit and looked remarkably young, well and vigorous, with something of the verve about him I remembered as a child. I wonder now as I write whether he was wearing his large felt hat. I think not. I was most astonished, not that he was there, but that he had climbed those steep stairs.

"Listen, daughter," he said in even tones, "I am dying. I promised you that never would I leave this world without saying goodbye but there is little time. . . ."

I sat bolt upright in bed and interrupted him.

"But pap, pap dear, you can't be dying. You never looked so well, not in all your life."

A smile crossed his face. Then he became severe. He stamped his foot — something I had never seen him do before — in his eagerness to make me listen. Still not convinced, I slid out of bed, went over to him and took one of his beautiful hands in mine. It was cold as a piece of marble. I knew then that he was dead.

It was a shock but I wasn't the least bit frightened. Realizing now the seriousness of his visit, I dropped on my knees — still holding his icy hand — and listened carefully to every word he said.

He explained that, suspended between this world and the next, freed entirely from the flesh, he was able to see a certain distance into the future. He foresaw, he told me, that

if I did not leave Mills College at the end of the term my whole life would be diverted into wrong channels. He then spoke words which I can never forget.

"Leave this place, my child. It's all right, but get out if you have to jump out of the window," he indicated the all open one.

Then he began to slip away from me. I raised my head and smiled goodbye. I couldn't speak. A luminous light that did not come from the morning sun enveloped us. He smiled back his last smile and said, "Goodbye."

I was alone in the room. The banjo clock now said 6:35. Ten minutes had elapsed since the knock awoke me. It was a beautiful morning. Wisteria was sending its fragrance into the room. Today I never smell wisteria without thinking of that last strange visit from my father.

I dressed. Before leaving the room I got out my Gladstone bag. I would need it for the trip to Napa.

On my way downstairs I stopped to see my friend Augusta Veeder, who afterwards was married to Beach Thompson, president of the American Wireless Company. I told her what had happened. I could see that she didn't believe me — and who could blame her?

I can hear her saying, "My dear, you've been working too hard; you'll have to take a rest." Finally we went down to breakfast together.

Later as I was leaving the dining-room Mrs. Mills, accompanied as always by her little black dog, stopped me at the door.

"Please, Miss Raney, I wish to speak to you alone."

"Yes, Mrs. Mills, I know what you are going to tell me."

"Dear child," she said kindly, "I'm afraid you cannot know. It is bad news."

"But I do know. My father died this morning at — at 6:35."

She corrected me, "No, 6:30."

Then she became indignant. Who had dared to inform me before I had breakfasted?

"Who told you?" she asked.

"My father."

"Your father? But . . ."

"Yes, Mrs. Mills, he came himself at 6:25 by my banjo clock and he left at 6:35."

I must have sounded very sure for after giving me a piercing look she led me into her private study and asked for details.

Imagine my astonishment when Mrs. Mills, who had been a missionary to India told me flatly that she understood perfectly how my father had been able to appear to me, seemingly in the flesh, and to speak with me. She added that such knowledge was in advance of the thought of the Western world and if it were known that she understood it, it would do her no good as an educator. She asked me not to repeat our conversation. I have not repeated it until today.

Our family physician in Napa, Dr. Shurtleff, had telephoned at 7:45 that morning and spoken to Mrs. Mills. He told her that my father died at 6:30.

I learned afterwards that, before losing consciousness, he had smiled at his old friend and said, "Well, Doc, this time I'm really on my way to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

On his way to join the happy hunters he stopped over at Mills to say goodbye to me and to tell me he was leaving.

Had it not been for my father's warning I might have remained at Mills several years longer; I might have become a teacher there, and incidentally a nice old maid. But I left as he instructed me, at the end of the term and shortly afterwards met and married the love of my life. — *Isabel McLane Maury, New York, N. Y.*

Mrs. Maury is appearing on the TV show, Life Begins At Eighty, Station W.J.Z. Channel 7, every Monday evening at 9:30.

AIR 15,000 MILES UP?

THE earth's atmosphere extends to an altitude of at least 15,000 miles instead of the few hundred previously thought, according to scientists of the mysterious Rand rocket project. At that altitude, instead of being terribly cold, the air has a temperature of 18,000° F. But the gas is so thin, and its atoms so widely separated, that there are not enough of them to affect any solid body.

SCIENTIFIC WILD GOOSE CHASE

FOR 50 years biologists presented theories on the function of certain fat bodies known as "golgi bodies" observed around the nuclei of protoplasmic cells. The golgi bodies have been the subject of 2,000 scientific papers and much controversy about their role in the living cell during the past 50 years. About a year ago, at the International Society for Cell Biology, it was shamefacedly admitted that the golgi bodies really did not exist. They were only now found to be produced in the chemical treatment of the cell for microscopic study.

The archeologist had trouble hiring natives to dig in the ancient Egyptian tomb. He found out why they were frightened when it was too late.

Death Comes on Swift Wings . . .

By Trebor H. Tims

ABOUT 550 miles up the River Nile from Cairo, not far from Luxor, lies El Karnak. Here is the largest temple ever erected by man — a monument that took over 2,000 years to build.

Just across the Nile from El Karnak and Luxor is the site of the ancient city of Thebes, in the "Valley of the Tombs of the Kings."

In 1828 a celebrated French explorer and traveler, Antonio Sebolo, was traveling in Egypt and became intrigued with the possibility of finding Egyptian antiquities in that locality. After three years of difficulties he finally obtained a permit to excavate from Mehemet Alim, who was then Viceroy of Egypt under the French consul, Chevalier Drovetti.

It is stated that Sebolo employed 433 men for four months and three days. The reason for this great number of workmen was that when the natives learned of the curse reportedly placed upon those who should despoil the graves, they walked out and another group had to be hired to take their places.

At last Egyptian and Turkish soldiers were hired at from "four to six cents per diem" and on June 7, 1831, Sebolo opened a large catacomb containing several hundred mummies. Most of these had been common people who could not afford the most expensive process of embalming and the mummies were in such a stage of deterioration that they could not be moved. But 11 of the mummies were of the royal family and these were perfectly preserved and well-wrapped. Only these 11 were in a sufficient state of preservation to justify packing for transport to Paris.

With these mummies of the royal family Sebolo set sail for his homeland. But on his way from Alexandria he became very ill and was forced to stop off at Trieste. The physicians there told him that his condition was beyond their power to cure and he made his will,

bequeathing the mummies to a nephew, Michael H. Chandler.

Ten days later Antonio Sebolo died from a mysterious disease that the doctors were unable to diagnose. Those who knew of his despoiling the tombs shook their heads and mentioned the ancient curse of Egypt.

"*Death shall come on swift wings to him that toucheth the tomb of the Pharaoh.*"

A Treasure-Seeking Spirit?

THEY say that treasure may be hidden in the Lawrence Hoff farmhouse near Independence, Wis. The Hoffs don't know whether there is or not but they wish that the invisible entity that appears to be seeking it would go away.

The Hoffs don't believe in ghosts. But so far they don't know how better to explain a strange tap-tap-tapping that has been keeping them awake for months. It all began last August when 18-year-old Mrs. Hoff came home from the hospital with a baby son. She thought it was only her nerves until her husband began to hear the taps too. The tapping began by day. Then it started at night. There were always five or six gentle knocks in a row, then a pause, then more knocks. The Hoffs did not tell anyone about the knocks for two months because they felt "foolish about the whole thing."

Then the noises began to increase in intensity. They told friends. One night the noises got so loud that Hoff moved his family to a relative's home for the night. The Hoffs and their friends have searched the 50-year-old farmhouse repeatedly in an effort to find a source for the knocks. But they have never found anything that could possibly explain them. The noise isn't in the plumbing and it doesn't come from animals in the walls.

The legend of buried treasure in the vicinity arose from the idea that Jesse James may have buried loot there after his gang was so badly shot up in a raid on the bank at nearby Northfield, Minn. The Hoffs think there may be something to the theory because someone once broke into the house and dug around in the basement. The Hoffs don't intend to leave their farmhouse. They don't intend to do any digging either. But they wish the "spooks" would go away.

Malignant Spirit

By Guy Hedlund

Fraud or not, the psychic visitor seemed unmistakably evil and soon proved its bad intentions.

ONE of the most unusual psychic experiences in which I have ever become involved occurred as a result of a visit to me by a young couple whom I will call Mr. & Mrs. H. Their story was soon to enmesh me in dealings with an entity which apparently was both powerful and malignant. The experience was so disturbing that I would welcome correspondence with any other investigators who know of similar cases or who could give me guidance in interpreting the meaning of these events.



Blanche Hedlund, wife of the author, is a sensitive medium who shared the frightening experiences described here.



When Mr. & Mrs. H. came to my home they were in a highly nervous state. The story they had to tell was so fantastic that at first I doubted it. Mrs. H. was close to hysteria and I seriously wondered whether she was in need of mental therapy.

Several weeks before, she said, while busy with her house work, she received the impression that

someone was standing behind her and at times beside her. She would turn quickly but saw nothing, She told her husband, a man of about 30. Knowing she was a sensitive girl, he advised her to get outdoors more and to stop imagining crazy things. She tried to follow his advice but the conviction that someone was always near her grew stronger. One morning as she sat at breakfast with her two young children, a saucer fell to the floor and broke. She considered it an accident and picked up the pieces. Later when her children had left for school, she was about to clear the table when a slice of bread slithered off the bread plate, moved slowly across the table and fell to the floor. Terrified, she screamed and ran into the living room. In a few moments she heard other larger dishes shatter on the kitchen floor, then loud rapping and pounding in different parts of the house. Hysterical, she ran out on the porch, then into the house again to the telephone. She called up the plant where her husband worked and asked him to come home at once. Mr. H. returned home and found her in a state of collapse. He tried to comfort her. "Why do they pick on me, oh, why do they pick on me?" she sobbed.

Up to this time Mr. H. had no experience with and no belief in psychic phenomena and he told his wife it was silly and ridiculous. That was the last time Mr. H. voiced disbelief. That same night something happened which kept both of them awake until morning. They occupied twin beds and retired as usual, turning off the lights. Their heads had barely touched the pillows when Mr. H. suddenly sat up in bed and said, "Mary, somebody is standing near my bed — now 'it's' over near the dresser!" At that moment Mrs. H. screamed, "Something is jumping up and down on the foot of my bed." This continued off and on during the night and sleep was impossible. Mrs. H. described the force striking the foot of her bed as violent — as from the body of a heavy person.

This and a great deal more was the story Mrs. Hedlund and I listened to when the excited and worried young couple called on us. There was nothing unusual about it at that time — that is, nothing that taxed my credulity. I considered it coldly and dispassionately, without doubt or acceptance, as I do all statements until I have personally studied and proven their truth.

Despite the fact that our visitors were strangers there was an honest helplessness about them which aroused my sympathy and I hoped I might be able to allay their fears. After they had calmed down I questioned them quietly and learned that both wanted to get rid of their unseen but noisy visitors. But Mrs. H., with feminine

curiosity, said she wished she "could talk to them and find out who they are." Neither had ever attended a seance and knew nothing about automatic writing. When I mentioned the writing possibility, Mrs. H. exclaimed, "Somebody is here now, it tapped my shoulder and it's moving my arm, please let me try it." I handed her a ballpoint pen and placed a sheet of paper on the table. She *wrote immediately*, which is most unusual but did not surprise me as I have never met a more delicately sensitized human being than Mrs. H.

During the evening, Mrs. H. received messages from many people including her mother, whose motherly admonitions brought tears of happiness to Mrs. H.'s eyes. "That's my own mother — I know it," she exclaimed.

There were many interesting messages but I must set down the amazing sequel to this story while the details are fresh in my mind. After some coffee and cake Mr. & Mrs. H. left our home around 11 o'clock with promises to keep us informed of their experiences with automatic writing. The next day Mrs. H. telephoned in happy vein to tell us that her mother had written many nice messages and informed her of the address of several relatives she had lost track of. It was most interesting but not too unusual.

Two days passed and I didn't hear from Mrs. H. but early in the morning of the third day I received a telephone call from her. She was in an excitable state and informed me that she couldn't contact her mother any more as *Houdini wouldn't go away*. Then followed an utterly amazing account of rappings, crashes and moving objects. She said these noises and movements took place whenever she tried to stop her automatic writing which had been going on nearly continuously for two days and a half and her right arm was lame and aching from writing. She added, "I can't get away from this Houdini man, day or night — please help me." The story sounded so weird I thought of dementia and wished I had not become involved. I asked some sharp questions. "*How* had she become involved with this 'Houdini' character?" She said she didn't know "he just came and he says he is going to show himself to me to *prove it is he*. If he does I'll die — I know I shall — please come over Mr. Hedlund before something happens."

Mrs. Hedlund sensed some real danger so we decided to go. Frankly, I thought Mrs. H. was overwrought and gave small credence to her story, but I felt responsible, so I telephoned a bright, young newspaper woman and an hour later we three drove to the home of Mrs. H. She was pale and trembling with fear and we were sorry for her. She pointed to a small writing table and said she had been

kept at that table for the better part of two days, writing, writing, writing. The paper was typewriter size and there were two piles, one about a foot high, the other eight inches high. Each sheet carried a purported message from 'Houdini' in large handwriting. "See", she said, "he is here all the time — he has taken my right arm — See!"

As she spoke she picked up a pencil and gazing into our faces she related all the bewildering events of the two days. As if detached her hand continued to write messages during the entire conversation. We moved our chairs closer and watched her in consternation. It was unbelievable. I picked up one of the sheets, it read: "I am going to prove to you and these people that I am *Houdini*." I read another sheet along the same line. Then I spoke to Mrs. H. hoping in some way to break the spell which seemed to have seized her.

I said, "Stop writing, Mrs. H., this isn't Houdini, it is a lying faker," and I told her he had done nothing to prove it because he couldn't do anything. I told him to get out and stop bothering Mrs. H. At that moment her hand wrote — "Tell that man to shut up or —" I told Mrs. H. to stop writing. She put the pencil down, then she screamed in fear and held on to her feet. "He's trying to take my shoes off," she cried and we saw the back part of a shoe move as she grasped them tightly. I told her to use the pencil as I asked the visitor what such a fool act proved. The answer came quickly: "I'll prove that I am Houdini, watch the curtain behind Mrs. Hedlund. *Watch that curtain — watch!*"

The message struck me as unnecessarily dramatic, but I gazed at the curtain near my wife. To state that I was astonished to see the half of the window curtain behind Mrs. Hedlund sway from side to side for several minutes is an understatement. For the first time I realized we were observing an electrifying phenomenon. With infinitely more respect for the visitor, my attention was attracted to Mrs. H. She had slumped in her chair half-fainting, and Mrs. Hedlund was fanning her and trying to reassure her that she was in no danger. She moaned "Oh, why did he pick me out of all people to bother?"

I asked another question: "Is that the best you can do, Mr. Houdini? You haven't convinced me of your identity." I motioned to Mrs. H. to take her pencil for the answer. It came quickly in angry strokes: "I will move the ash tray that you are using. I am *Houdini*."

We waited several minutes and nothing happened, the table vibrated but the ash tray did not appear to move. My next speech seemed to anger the visitor and the table shook violently. For some reason I had the uncomfortable feeling

that the shaking was intended for me. I continued to cast doubt on his identity and Mrs. H. received another message: "*Make that man shut up — I am Houdini.*"

Then I asked what I thought to be the 64 dollar question: "If you are Houdini, why didn't you return and give that message you promised Dunninger before you passed over?" The answer came: "I had not learned how but now I know and you don't believe me. I will prove it on my next birthday by making myself visible. I am — *Houdini.*"

"Why can't you make yourself visible tonight," I asked.

He answered, "I will, watch the chair near the door."

A large chair stood partly in darkness near the hall door. We moved across the room and faced the chair. There were four of us, Miss Laura McGailis of the *News*, our hostess Mrs. H., Mrs. Hedlund and I. We gazed for a number of minutes and gradually we became aware of a delicate, vibrating, ectoplasmic vapor which occupied the chair in the exact proportion of an average-sized man. It was most dense where the light from the hall did not strike the chair and, while the vapor seemed to pulsate, it at no time suggested anything but a human form. At times it was clearer than at others. The outline of a head was apparent but the features of the face could at no time be discerned, possibly because the hall light seemed to illuminate that section. While identification was impossible, all of us agreed that someone or "something" sat in that chair.

We were still discussing the shadowy figure we had seen when Mrs. H.'s husband returned home. As the hour was late and Mr. H. was home to care for Mrs. H. who now had become more composed, we said good night and left for home.

But that is not quite the end of this story.

My object in visiting the home of Mrs. H. was to convince her that her psychic visitor was a mischievous fraud, as I felt guilty in having involved her in automatic writing. I am fully convinced of the danger of exposing certain vulnerable, sensitive natures to the influences of malevolent, unseen forces from that mysterious realm of which we know so little.

While I made no mention of the fact, even to Mrs. Hedlund, I now confess that I felt very uneasy during our visit to the home of Mrs. H. Each time I questioned the intelligent force which called itself Houdini, I was aware of a malignancy in the air, as if I were surrounded by enmity. I tried to ignore this impression but it persisted. Try as I might I could not eliminate the idea of impending danger.

On our return home that evening Mrs. Hedlund retired and I read an article or two in the evening newspaper until I became sleepy.

It was one p.m. when I decided to go to bed. I recall entering the bathroom to brush my teeth but remember nothing thereafter until 3:45 a.m., when I awoke or regained consciousness to find myself sprawled prone on a living room rug. I lay there for a few moments in confusion. Then I sat up and noted that a chair had toppled over six feet away from where I lay. I was mystified. What was I doing on the floor?

I had never fainted in my life, nor have I any organic weakness that I know of. But I foresee the possibility that some critic may seize upon this incident as an indication that my thought equipment requires attention. However, I shall feel no resentment because even though this preternatural incident happened to me I have the utmost difficulty in believing it. The most incredible part of the story is this: After rising from the floor I walked into the kitchen and had a glass of water, then into the bedroom to my dresser. As I glanced at the mirror I was horrified. The entire right side of my face was covered with blood which was dripping from my chin. I cannot describe my emotions. I sensed something beyond my comprehension.

I entered the bathroom to wash the blood off my face and was astonished to find a sharp, inch long gash on my right temple. After some time I managed to stop the bleeding and returned to the living room where I had found myself on the floor to see if I could find a cause for my accident. There was nothing on the floor to trip over or to slip on and the rugs are soft and thick. There was nothing for my head to strike if and when I fell. I am a firm believer in cause and effect and not until I had re-examined everything in the room that might inflict a wound did I recall the seeming enmity directed towards me during the Mrs. H. investigation. As I write these lines I feel the unfriendly influence of some force that refuses to be denied.

My motive in presenting this experience is the hope that someone wiser than I can explain it.

WEIRD PROPHECY

MRS. EDYTHE HANSON, 32, of Redwood City, Calif., was released from the hospital in July. She said: "I shall die at 11:45 on August 21."

Her friends tried to talk her out of her obsession. Some of them dropped in on August 21 to see how she was. She seemed fine. "You are imagining things," they said. She merely smiled.

At 9 p.m. that day Mrs. Hanson went into a coma. Her husband Marvin called the doctor. At 11:45 he pronounced her dead of uremic poisoning.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

FLYING SAUCERS

I HAVE recently been told that Arthur Conan Doyle wrote a fiction story about mysterious sky objects. I should like to read it, but cannot find a copy. Can any reader procure a copy for me?

Mr. Scully's long heralded "revision," I just learned, will not be published. So, regrettably, the age's greatest aerial mystery, the saucers, seems destined to oblivion.

It is a shame the Government did not assign Mr. Liddel (who stated, in Look Magazine, last winter that all the saucers were nothing more than weather balloons) to enlighten the Project Saucer officials at Wright-Patterson field, Dayton, Ohio, as far back as 1947, when it was actively engaged, spending thousands, checking each "saucer" account. And I think it unforgivable negligence on the part of the weather balloon or cosmic ray scientists not to have forewarned Mantel's air base, in advance, of the course their strangely errant balloon was taking. Or was the secret so great that human life was expendable to protect it? Has the magic word of Liddel not only hypnotized news editors into believing the "saucers" all a myth, but charmed them out of the sky as well? — *John P. Bessor, Fort Loudon, Pa.*

FAIRIES

Until I read your article on "Could Fairies Be Real?" I had never considered telling my own experience. When I was quite young I was put to bed early and lying there, not very sleepy, I heard little squeaky voices saying, "Get up, Shirley. Get up, Shirley." The little men began to push the mattress upward. I became frightened and closed my eyes tight. I called my father and he said I had been dreaming. But I had not slept yet.

This incident of seeing the little gnomes is one of the few things that I remember from my childhood.
— *Mrs. Shirley Miello, Lowell, Mass.*

MADAME BLAVATSKY

In the October issue of FATE, Mr. Paul M. Vest tells us that Madame Blavatsky "seems to have been a great medium." Nothing could be farther from the truth. A great magician, perhaps, but certainly not a medium. One has only to read her "Key To Theosophy" to find this out. Mediumism and occultism are polar opposites; one is negative, the other is positive.
— *Ernest L. Petit, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Many thanks for the excellent article on Madame Blavatsky in the October issue. Books were men-

tioned here that will be required reading for me during the next months. — *Alex Saunders, Toronto.*

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I remember the time when Madame Blavatsky was living and I have watched the effect of her work ever since. I have been a member of the Theosophical Society for about 53 years.

It would be fine if someone who really knows could write a more intelligent article on what Dr. Vest calls one of the most amazing women the world has ever known. She was not the "first Theosophist," but the leading Theosophist of our age. There have been many Theosophical Societies throughout the ages, one of the most interesting being that founded by the man called Jesus. (He uses the word in Luke, in the Greek.) — *Philip A. Malpas, Altadena, Calif.*

Just to let you know how much we all enjoy your FATE of October, 1951; especially the article about our dear friend Madame Blavatsky, who told us in 1921 she had no wish to reincarnate, her work here on earth was done. No, she is not dead, but very much alive with her master teachers. — *Emily R. Saal, Long Beach, Calif.*

I was quite gratified to receive several highly commendable letters on the Blavatsky piece. One was from Boris de Zirkoff, one of her few living relatives and editor of her published works; among other laudatory things he said, "it stands out as one of the very few thoroughly good contributions on the subject to magazines and periodi-



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cals of a popular type." Also received a nice letter from the Theosophical Press and another from the author of "The Truth About Madame Blavatsky."

Personally, I like the new bigger and better FATE much more than the old smaller magazine. Of course I read everything in every issue. The only disappointing feature now is having to wait almost two months for the next issue. — *Paul M. Vest, Santa Monica, Calif.*

MYSTERIES

I just got hold of a copy of your first (1948) issue and found therein an article which, together with two articles in the August–September FATE, makes an interesting jig-saw fragment.

The article I refer to is "Giants in Ancient America." You may recall that the eight skeletons were buried "like the spokes of a huge wheel." This sounds like a possible connection with the "Mystery Medicine Wheel Of The Big Horns." The copper armor and implements indicate that this may have been the race that operated the copper mines of Lake Superior described in "America's Lost Race."

Keep your thought-provoking articles coming. I'll buy and enjoy every issue of FATE. — *Nelson Bridwell, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

Regarding the Big Horns' magic circle in stone, I am very much

pleased, not surprised, to hear of this evidence that the helio-neolithic culture extended westward from Atlantis at least as far as we find it extended eastward. The estimate of 10,000 years age is almost identical to peat-deposit measuring of the minimum age for the druid circles like Stonehenge's. It is also the approximate dating of Atlantis' peak of glory in Egyptian legend. — *Curtis L. Gibson, Des Moines, Iowa.*

SOME BRICKBATS

I want to take exception to the great amount of tripe appearing in FATE. I refer, for instance, to such articles as, "Does Man Have A Soul," "You Will Survive After Death," "Is It Wrong To Study Psychic Phenomena?", "Should Spirits Be Exorcised?" which appear in the November–December issue.

The physical science leads one away from the truth, not toward it. Physical science and physical philosophy are the universal negatives and lead nowhere. You are climbing up a tree for fish when you attempt to give your readers the truth through physical scientists.

Another gripe is the constant reference to Dr. J. B. Rhine's so-called wonderful demonstrations at Duke University. These are the depth of childishness for there is nothing to it and there never will be. Psychic truth is never discovered by worldly-wise guys such

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PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126

as Rhine and your FATE writers. — *C. W. Norver (no address).*

We wonder how he knows. — Editor.

For me, you could improve FATE by pruning those top-heavy, long-winded dissertations about zero. "Rain From The Hopi Snake Dance" is an example. I labored to find the core. I turned to the end to see if it did rain but was still tortured with "kivas" and "rhythmic stamp of feet." I gave up.

I greatly doubt if articles such as "Is It Wrong To Study Psychic Phenomena?" get any attention from your intelligent readers. Carrington proves that he doesn't know. Then why argue the question?

Believe it or not, this is from the heart of a friend. I like FATE. You're doing a splendid job. Nor am I blind to your problems. And if to know one reader's reactions can be of help, well, that's my aim and hope. — *John Nations, Vallejo, Calif.*

MANUFACTURED WATER BARREL

I had to guess at some of the construction but I built a water barrel that indicated it could create from six to eight barrels of water in 24 hours.

To avoid waiting three weeks, as the Orrs did, for it to start making water I covered it with sack cloth and kept it wet four days before putting it into action. This

was to cool the barrel and water. The result was that about five hours after starting it, it was making water at the rate mentioned. I had a glass on top of the tub by which I could see it raining into the barrel.

But within two days vandals threw the barrel into the river.

All the water on earth has come from condensing air and this is also the source of the mystery barrel's supply. Several forces have to balance: water pressure, temperature, and vacuum in relation to inflow of air and outgoing water.

— *J. W. Mooney, Larned, Kan.*

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MIND TINKERING

After reading Kurt Singer's "The Mind Tinker" I am moved to write in support of Dr. Franz J. Polgar's strange ability.

I accidently discovered several years ago that the ability to receive thought messages was mine. I was employed as a cigar counter clerk in a Walgreen Drugstore. To entertain myself I tried to anticipate the customers' brands of cigarettes.

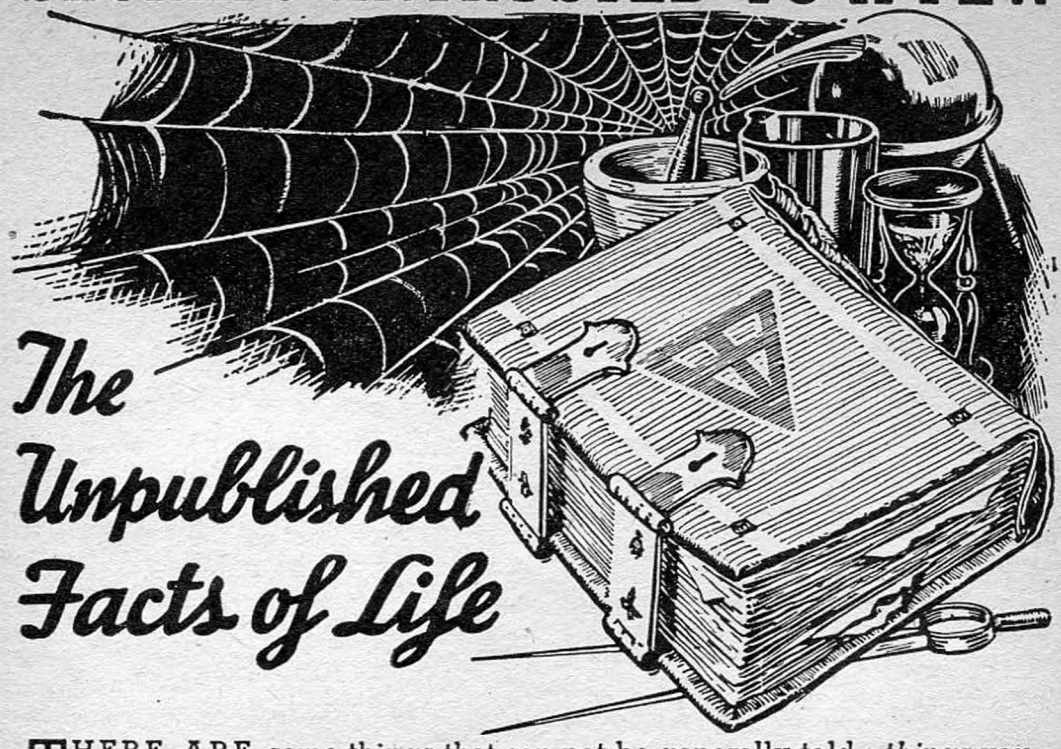
The first day I "guessed" correctly 1 out of 10. My score improved the following days until the end of the week I was batting 8 out of 10 correct. Many times I had my back to the counter and could turn and place the desired package of cigarettes before the customer without either of us speaking a word. I enjoyed their remarks of "good guess" and "Boy, that's service." — (*Name withheld*), *Memphis, Tenn.*

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES

You have printed numerous articles on strange disappearances of people from off the face of the earth. I have wondered if there could be any explanation of the fact that our planet has been under close observation by other planets for the past 200 years. Could it be that such other civilizations have wanted a *homo sapien* for a collector's item?

Are we willing to face the fact that the countless pulverizing or burning of airplanes in mid-air

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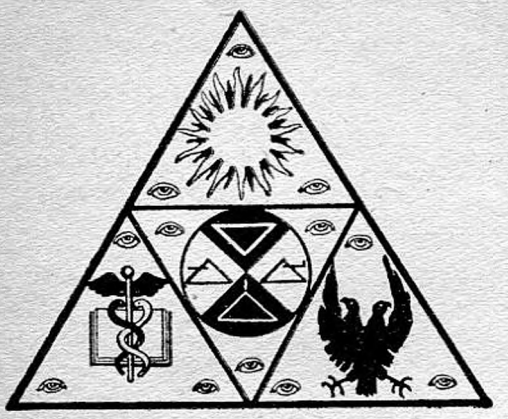
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could be caused by unknown weapons of entities from another planet? Could fireballs and the mysterious burnings of persons be caused by a groping, other-world mind with a touch of sadism?

I would enjoy hearing from any of your other readers on these subjects. — *Jean Casper, 1804 Leavenworth, San Francisco, Calif.*

I had an aunt who disappeared some 19 or 20 years ago. I have tried numerous means of finding her, such as police and private detectives, and even persons who claimed to foretell and to see things, but have found no trace of her.

If any one of your vast number of readers should think that they could get results through some psychic means I would gladly correspond with them. — *Wilma K. Leach, Box 585, Samoa, Calif.*

A CURSE

My grandfather was born in Ireland and I understand was deeply, fanatically religious. He seems to have been of a pessimistic nature and blamed his misfortunes upon his children. Toward the end of his life he placed a curse on the entire family, "unto the third and fourth generations."

When I was quite young my mother, who believed the curse to be working, told me of it. I neither accepted nor rejected the idea. When my children were born and grew up I never mentioned the

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curse to them. However, it does seem to be working out in their lives, as well as mine.

Therefore, I would like to ask if anyone has reliable information on how to go about removing or exorcising it. When I was in Ireland last summer I endeavored to acquire some information on this subject, but was not successful. Your courtesy in this quest would be appreciated. — *Mrs. E. S. Wilson, Hq. 7811 SCU, Accommodations Agency, APO 757 c/o P.M.N.Y., Frankfurt, Germany.*

PAGING DR. EDDY

If Dr. Eddy (November–December FATE) really contacted a voice or personality from beyond this life he should have asked what three billion people are straining, suffering and dying to get an inkling of, instead of an unimportant question about the title of a book.

I believe that is partly why psychical research seems like a farce to the man in the street. Where are the great personalities? Emerson, Lincoln and the Bible Saints who told us so much that was worth while when they lived?

Despite my criticism I think FATE fills a gap in the information carried by other periodicals. And the L.A. headless rooster and the woman who dreamed of the location of her son's grave in France and found it exactly there are hard ones to explain away. — *A. B. Pierson, Selma, Calif.*

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DIANETICS

During my lifetime I have had the habit of recalling the happenings of my youth. I have an almost perfect memory in that respect and get a big kick out of remembering past events.

I am now 82 years old and have never been sick a day in my life. Never once have I called upon a doctor for medical assistance.

At one time I developed arthritis in my hands and right shoulder but it has gradually disappeared. I had sinus trouble and that left me. My eyesight is such that I rarely wear my glasses.

Can it be that I have been using a system of Dianetics unwittingly? — *L. T. Sandell, Mercer Island, Wash.*

BOOK RECOMMENDED

If you want some reading material on Atlantis you should get the book from the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., *Atlantis Theory*, from Nash of Cleveland, Ohio. It will make your eyes pop out. — *Evelyn Grayce, Franklin, La.*

THE UNEASY DEAD OF BARBADOS—EXTRA

Mr. Edward A. Stoute, who provided the excellent photograph of the Barbadian vault for the original story in the November–December issue of FATE has supplied a copy of a clipping from his collection of a newspaper article published by the late Mr. E. G.

Sinckler, a police magistrate of the Island of Barbados. Mr. Sinckler was also a student of Barbadian antiquities. The clipping records another case of disturbance in a family vault on the island. Inasmuch as it is not accompanied by any date it will have to be evaluated as folklore, but it does record another case of burial vault disturbance, a phenomenon that is very rare.

"In the parish of St. Thomas, Barbados, there is a plantation known as Welshman Hall, formerly known as Welshman's Plantation and once the property of a wealthy family of the name of Williams. General Williams was a stout old warrior, valiant for his Protestantism even in death!

"One of his sons married an Italian lady whose faith as a Roman Catholic was a grievous offense to the rest of the family, and made her life not a very happy one. When she died she was buried in the family vault which was in a private burial ground connected with the estate.

"When they next had occasion to open the vault the coffins were found in a state of disorder, that of the old General Williams standing upright as though in indignant protest. In putting the vault right they put the General's coffin at the bottom, but the next time the vault was opened, it was found standing upright again." — *Edmond P. Gibson, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

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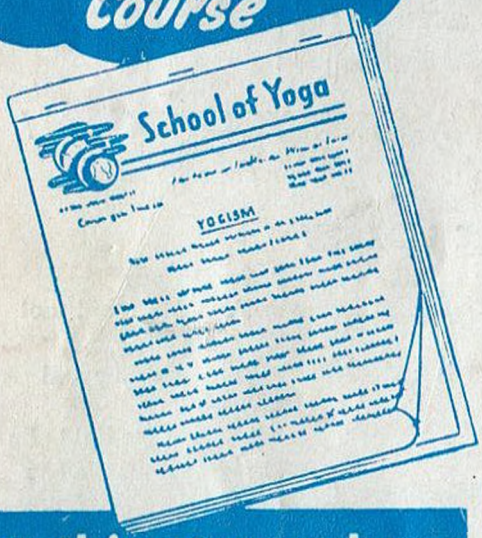
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