TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

# FATE

April 1953

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APRIL
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# Contents

# FATE

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## STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

Aunt Tishy and the Witches of Ellum Street ..... *Sigman Byrd* 21
The Ghost Ship "Seabird" ..... *Barnet Hyams* 24
The Possession of Magdalene Grombach ..... *John P. Bessor* 47
The Visitor ..... *Capt. E. Fairfax-Lucy* 53
Karachi Assignment ..... *Maj. Henry F. Hansen* 55
Who Is Opal Whiteley? ..... *Alson J. Smith* 66
The Possession of Maria Talarico ..... *Edmond P. Gibson* 94

## ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

Lost Colonies of the Vikings ..... *Gordon Cooper* 13
The Woman Who Sings in Ancient Languages ..... *Raymond F. Piper* 27
Caodaism, the World's Newest Religion ..... *Harrison Forman* 32
Ghosts in the Blitz ..... *Elliott O'Donnell* 43
When the Skies Rained Blood! ..... *Harold T. Wilkins* 58
How to Develop Automatic Writing ..... *Horace Leaf* 81
The Anatomy of Mirages ..... *Virginia Stumbough* 85
Prophecies I Have Heard ..... *Jeron King Criswell* 105

## FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

I See By The Papers ..... *Curtis Fuller* 4
The Mummy and the Crow ..... *Harold T. Wilkins* 26
Long-Lived Fireball ..... *T. Van Ingen* 31
The Deadly Scarab ..... *Harold T. Wilkins* 42
The Avenging Odor ..... *Harold T. Wilkins* 52
Portrait of Prophecy ..... *Raymond J. Ross* 57
Fingers of FATE ..... *Harold Helfer* 64
True Mystic Experiences ..... *The Readers* 73
The Sleepless Hermit ..... *Dr. W. E. Farbstein* 84
Pussy's Last Day ..... *Warrington Dawson* 93
Report From the Readers ..... *The Readers* 109

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# I See by the Papers...



## THE GHOST HUNTERS

APPARENTLY it's going to take more than radar to trap a ghost. A few minutes after midnight on November 23, 1952, the Associated Press reports, five British ghost hunters set up shop to see what they could track down by electronics. They chose the cobwebbed hall of a 200-year-old "haunted house" at Hove, England, along the Channel coast.

The Hove Ghost has reputedly moved paint pots, ornaments and other gadgets through locked doors. No one has been willing to rent Hove Mansion for 20 years and three caretakers have been frightened out by the strange goings-on. Its favorite haunt has been a rickety passageway where the five ghost hunters set up their electronic equipment.

They installed a radar set in the passageway. Ted Henty taped doors and keyholes and flanked the radar machine with cotton threads tacked to adjoining walls. Bruce Copen got out an electronic magnetic pendulum. And this is what happened:

At 12:15 a.m. the radar screen came alive, images began to dance across it. One of the five men took a photograph of the corridor with flash equipment but nothing could be seen in the gloom. Meanwhile the screen continued to register.

A few minutes later there was a creak, then a noise like a cough and a shuffle of feet. The radar set went out and there was a loud noise. At 12:35 the ghost hunters turned on the lights. They could see nothing. The ghost traps were not visibly disturbed.

## THE NEXT 50 YEARS

SOMETIMES historians go in for prediction. Arnold J. Toynbee, the famed British historian,

is trying to synthesize the meaning of past civilizations in order to see what the next 50 years hold in store for us. Toynbee makes some guesses:

- "The whole face of the planet will be unified politically through the concentration of irresistible military force in some single power."
- Probable country in whose hands the power will be: the U. S.
- "No community in the world will be able to afford to admit that it is not democratic; but the real control of the electorate over the government will become less effective than in the 19th Century."
- "Democracy will recede in the current Western usage of the term, as meaning self-government. It may, though, advance in the current Russian usage, as meaning social equality in contrast to hierarchy of classes."
- " 'Government is the penalty for original sin.' Given the imperfection of human nature, the only way to abolish strife and injustice on a material plane is to restrict freedom there. In a powerful, healthy, overpopulated world, even the proletarian's freedom to beget children will no longer be his private affair but will be regulated by the state."
- "If freedom is suppressed on the material plane, it will break out on the spiritual plane . . . A counter-movement in mankind will turn back from technology to religion . . . There will be no more Fords and Napoleons, but there may still be St. Francises and John Wesleys."



## DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM

DANGERS of hypno-therapy in the hands of inexperienced persons are cited in a recent article in *This Week*. Hypnotism can heal under certain conditions but is extremely dangerous in the hands of quacks and amateurs, the authors say.

One danger of hypnotism is that it sometimes blots out physical symptoms while leaving the basic cause of the ailment untouched.

Another is that it may gloss over a mental symptom when psycho-therapy is needed.

In one case, a young musician developed paralysis in his left arm. An amateur hypnotist "cured" the paralysis. But later his leg became paralyzed. Hypnotism again "cured" it. Then he lost his voice. He gave hypnotism one more try — and became blind.

What is obvious here is that these manifestations were escape valves for deep-seated mental conflicts. The valves should not have been plugged up by hypnotism but opened by skilled psychiatrists.

### TELEPATHY AT WORK?

SOME might call these miracles but isn't it just possible that telepathy was at work in the following two cases?

In Cleveland, last November 22, a delivery boy shouted, "Sorry, wrong address", as he hurried back to his truck with the new garbage can which did not belong to the Frank Volpe household. His doorbell ringing probably saved the lives of the six Volpes. Awakened, Volpe smelled gas, found his three youngest daughters unconscious and his wife and oldest daughter breathing laboriously in their sleep. A police squad gave oxygen to all and a repair crew located a gas line leak.

Out of St. Petersburg, Fla., last October 17, the master of the steamship *Joseph Lykes* changed course on his run from Central America. He didn't know why. But his action saved the lives of R. J. Andrews, 42, and his 18-year-old son, Richard, whose boat had foundered 90 miles southwest of Fort Myers, Fla. The Andrews had been drifting nine days with almost no food or water.

### CHARGED CHILDREN

IN January FATE Edmond P. Gibson's article "Electrodynamic Man" discusses the effect of changing cosmic electrical fields upon all living things — from man to oak trees. Further examples of the influence of electricity upon babies are reported by Douglas Hunt in *Prediction.*

Hunt quotes Georg Schafer in *Okkulte Stimme.* One doctor reported that he received an electrical shock when delivering a baby. He was able to charge a Leyden jar from the child and to produce sparks from him. The phenomena ceased after 24 hours.

Another child emanated a faint white light and used to cause vibrations in small metal objects placed near its hands and feet.

Could poltergeist and many ESP phenomena be explained by such forces?

### THE DEVIL DANCER

*How then was the Devil dressed?*
*O, he was in his Sunday's best;*
*His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,*
*And there was a hole where his tail came through.*

— Robert Southey

WITH this verse, *Time* Magazine recently introduced an account of the latest appearance of the legendary dancer who, handsome in evening dress and immaculate white gloves, has been turning up at parties in Quebec and Northern New Brunswick. He is the Devil, of course.

The legend is an old one. Traditionally, the handsome dancer shows up at a rural party — usually where the village priest has forbidden dancing — and leaves his horse outside. When he departs the snow has melted around the horse and some mighty strange things have gone on inside the dance hall.

Latest visit occurred near Routhierville, Que., where the handsome dancer appeared, danced briefly with a girl, then left. She later fainted and burn marks appeared on her back and arms.

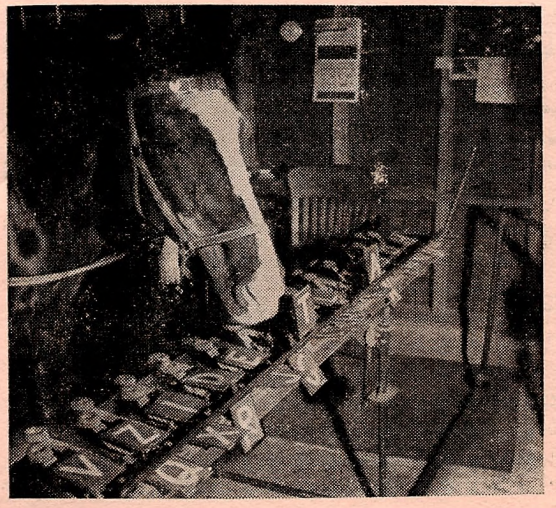
The legend is well known to the Canadian National Museum, and officials say they have seen holes in the walls of Quebec buildings through which alleged witnesses swear the visitor made a quick exit.

If you want to make the handsome dancer leave in a hurry sprinkle him with holy water.

## THAT HORSE AGAIN

HERE we are back to Lady Wonder again. We mentioned the amazing "talking horse" of Richmond, Va., in January FATE and since then Lady Wonder has been in the news everywhere.

Seems that in January, 1951, four-year-old Danny Matson disappeared from his home in Quincy, Mass. A friend of the family questioned the horse and was told that the boy's body would be found in the "Pittsfield water wheel." A detective was sent to Pittsfield, Mass., but learned nothing. Several water



*Lady Wonder is getting on in years now. She is 29 and she has predicted her own death at the age of 30. She is shown here with her "typewriter" which she operates by lowering her muzzle onto levers which flip up letters or numbers to give answers.*

wheels were investigated without result. But District Attorney Edmund R. Dewing said:

"We got to mulling over the message and we thought it might have been twisted — that the horse meant to say "Pit Field Wilde Water."

A search of the Field-Wilde quarry in Quincy was ordered and the child's body was found there.

Associated Press Reporter Paul Duke went to interview Lady Wonder and asked her a series of questions through her owner, Mrs. Claudia Fonda. "He received answers that bothered his credulity and came away scratching his head," the AP said.

Lady Wonder spelled out Duke's name, his birthplace(Bethlehem, Pa.), and then — in dollars and cents — gave correctly the amount of his weekly salary (known only to the AP, Duke and Lady Wonder).

Now everybody is asking Lady Wonder questions, including an oil wildcatter who has offered Mrs. Fonda a cut of the profits if his well comes in.



## MYSTERY BRAKES

In Southern Spain, near the Wolfram mine of Los Rasos, strange things are afoot, according to the Chicago Tribune Press Service. Drivers passing over a 900-foot stretch of road east of Cordova complain it feels as if their car brakes are on. Their automobiles invariably are slowed and held back.

Experts trying to find out why have concluded that there must be some unknown mineral in the subterranean strata that has this effect.



## MINOR MYSTERY

In Minneapolis they call it the "Case of the Magic Lamp Fixture" but no one has been able to explain it.

The fixture hangs in a vacant building, formerly a cafe, owned by the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. Seven other identical fixtures hang in the place. But this one is different. It swings.

There is no air vent nearby, no draft. The building has no second floor and there is no heavy machinery in it. Yet the fixture, a simple glass shade with a bulb, hanging on a chain about three feet long, swings steadily in an arc about 18 inches across. It had been swinging steadily for days when we first learned about it, and no one knows why. Last we heard it was still swinging.



## SAUCERS AND SPACE ANIMALS

A FRIEND from Wright Field gives me a theory about "flying saucers" which is extremely

interesting, especially since it comes from a top biologist who wants to remain anonymous. Wright Field is headquarters of the Air Materiel Command and of Project Saucer and most of the other Air Force scientific and development projects. Here's the theory for what it's worth . . .

When I was a boy we learned in school that there was no life in the depths of the oceans because of the tremendous pressures and the stygian depths. Today we know that this is nonsense. Science has explored the deepest parts of the ocean and in these depths — even in the mud of the famous deeps which are deeper than Mount Everest is high — teeming life has invariably been found. The life forms differ, perhaps, but they are there.

In fact, wherever science has searched, it has found life. Apparently life adapts itself to nearly all conditions.

Our biologist's theory, then, is that the saucers are space animals! They are no form of life that we know but a life form that has adapted itself to living either in the very high atmosphere beyond the regions we have investigated or in space itself.

Now, if this is true, why are we suddenly seeing a rash of these "space creatures" whereas in previous history their appearance has been sporadic and rare?

To this question, our biologist proposes a hypothetical situation. "Have you ever tossed a pebble into a pool?" he asks. "Immediately you see the water animals — the nymphs, crawfish, minnows, water insects — streaking away in fright. But almost before the ripples have died in the pool they are back, investigating curiously."

It is his idea that events on this earth — atomic explosions, rocket flights into the stratosphere and so on — have been like the pebble tossed into the pool. They have disturbed the stratosphere, perhaps have sent ripples into the fabric of space itself. And the space animals, in curiosity, are coming down to investigate.



### 18,000 M.P.H.?

THE opinion that space visitors are studying us to see what is going on down here was stated recently by Dr. Gerald Heard, British scientist and university professor, lecturing in Tulsa, Okla., in November, 1952.

Dr. Heard doesn't believe they're space animals. "They're from Mars," he says. "It is true that Mars' atmosphere today has only about two per cent of oxygen, insufficient for us. But we, of today, would not have survived in the atmosphere of the earth several million years ago."

Heard claims that instruments have clocked the "saucers" at 18,000 m.p.h. "And that speed is

precisely the speed we here on this earth would have to achieve in order to escape from the earth's gravitational field."

He claims that instruments have indicated the saucers are powered by magnetic radiations somewhat akin to atomic or cosmic rays. How do these ships survive such speeds — speeds which turn meteorites incandescent from friction with the air?

"Obviously," he says, "the intelligences which control those ships are far ahead of us. They must have possession of a metal or a plastoid we do not know about yet."

## SAUCERS ON SCHEDULE

JOHN C. HOFFMAN, a Detroit advertising man, has figured out that saucers operate on schedules. Life has gotten complicated for Hoffman since he saw his first "saucer" nearly a year ago.

"It came down at a terrific speed and stopped abruptly about 1,500 feet up, almost directly over my car," he told a Detroit *Free Press* writer. "It remained still for about five minutes and then disappeared into the clouds." Hoffman thought it was about 200 feet in diameter and 20 feet thick. "It had two sections of opening all around it, resembling the playing section of a mouth organ," he said.

A story about Hoffman's saucer theories appeared in the *Free Press* of Sunday, October 12, 1952. At that time, Hoffman predicted that "the next one is due about Tuesday (October 14)."

We checked and sure enough, on October 14 saucers were reported in the Hempstead-Valley Stream area of New York State and from Idlewild Airport, between 7:30 and 7:35 p.m. Objects were spotted by an Eastern Air Lines Pilot, Civil Aeronautics Administration tower personnel, and many individuals, including Eli Kanew, an engineer for Republic Aircraft Co.

Kanew described one as an object with a long red tail. Dave Rosenbluth, staff reporter for *Newsday*, said the one he saw was blue-green. Three other persons described the objects as "strange balls of purple fire with silver backgrounds."

James S. Pickering, a lecturer at Hayden Planetarium in Manhattan said they "might have been a bolide meteor." A bolide travels through the air, burning itself out and kicking off glowing chunks of ashes behind it.

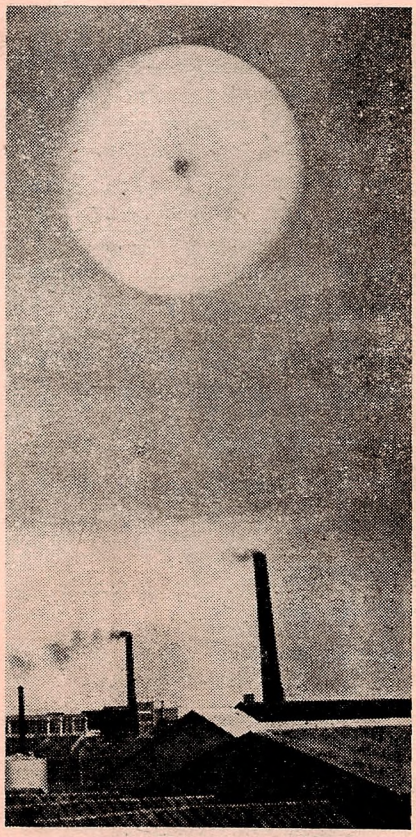
## SAUCERS IN GENERAL

AS USUAL we have more saucer reports than we can possibly reprint but we will report on a few of the most unusual:

• Early Friday morning, at 3:30 a.m., October 17, 1952, at Or-

ange, Tex., Capt. E. G. Sparks of the Orange police department noticed a ball of red fire, trailing luminous smoke, chasing itself around high in the sky. Captain Sparks saw it circling at "incredible" speed at times, coming to a dead stop at other times, but all the while dropping slowly closer to earth. Forty minutes later, at 4:10 a.m., the sky lighted up for hundreds of miles with a brilliant flash seen all the way from Texas to Tennessee. Something — possibly Captain Sparks' "thing" — had exploded with atomic brilliance. Then about 6:30 a.m. the Lake Charles police radio sent out a message to Orange saying that a "meteor" was falling from the northeast. Desk Sergeant T. O. Tinsley heard the message, went outside and located the object. It was no longer dropping straight down. Instead, it was acting like the object Sparks saw — chasing itself around over the sky. Its color was blue and it trailed a plume of grey smoke. Then at 9:48 a.m. there was another tremendous explosion which shook a wide area with the force of a minor earthquake.

• Raiding B-29's sighted a strange "ball of fire" on their third biggest raid of the war on November 29, 1952. Maj. Mack W. Dollohon of St. Petersburg, Fla., said: "At first I thought it was a shooting star or a rocket. It wasn't the right size to be a jet or tracer. It looked like a ball of fire with a 10-foot tail of flame as it crossed in front of our bomber. I checked with the pilot and he said he saw it too. The thing finally blew up and disappeared."



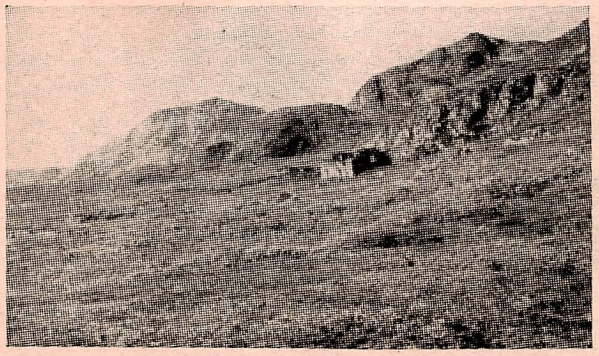
• A FATE reader in the Netherlands sends us a clipping from the Dutch magazine *The Mirror*, of October 4, 1952. It includes a photograph of a strange aerial ob-

ject accidentally taken by a Dutch technician named Nyland the previous August 9. Nyland had climbed onto the roof of the factory in Delft where he works intending to photograph a radar antenna. His attention was diverted by a strong light which moved rapidly to the left. He observed an oval shape which slowly tilted over until it appeared to be circular. At this point Nyland took his picture. The object then shot up vertically and disappeared. The round white area around the black dot actually was a kind of halo around the object and was not the object itself, Nyland says. He had not seen the halo with his naked eye. In the photograph it appeared to him that the light was revolving about the black dot in the center. Speed of the object was faster than a *Sabre* jet fighter, Nyland said.

• From the Edmonton *Journal*, Edmonton, Alberta, of November 28, 1952, comes a report of a strange object sighted by Fred Clarke of the Foothills Tank and Pipeline Company. Clarke told his story to Don Boyce, editor of the Fairview *Weekly Post*.

"My wife, granddaughter and I were driving on the highway just west of Bluesky when my wife pointed out the object in the sky, thinking it was a plane. . . . The strange craft was at a height of about 2,000 feet and we were looking at it from about a 45° angle, at a distance of possibly half a mile. From this angle the craft was shaped like a boot and shone very brightly in the afternoon sun. . . . We drove about a quarter of a mile to a point where we could see it from a different angle. From this point we could see that what had appeared to be markings on the side of the craft were actually circular shaped discs protruding from the main point of the plane on an arm that appeared to be no more than a couple of feet long. The craft had no visible propeller or jets of any kind. The shiny body appeared to be a mass of curves. The craft remained stationary, despite a strong west wind, for about six or seven minutes until it started off without a sound and disappeared over the horizon within the space of 15 seconds. It moved as fast, if not faster, than any jet plane I have ever seen. As it went away from us it appeared yellowish and seemed more rectangular from the angle we saw it then." — *Curtis Fuller*

# LOST COLONIES OF THE VIKINGS



**In Greenland only ruins remain of numerous Viking homes and churches. Why did all the settlers vanish?**

*By Gordon Cooper*

WHAT does the name "Greenland" suggest to you? A huge island somewhere up near the North Pole covered with eternal ice and snow, the home of a few Eskimos who hunt seals and live on blubber? I think that this is the usual picture which the name conjures up in our minds, for many of us gained our impressions of the country from the well-known hymn which begins "From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand." Many probably will be surprised to learn, therefore, that far from being an

almost uninhabited icy desert, as long as a thousand years ago Greenland was a flourishing country, a self-governing republic, with a population of several thousand people who made their living by farming and hunting and trading with Europe and America. But so it was!

Five hundred years before Columbus discovered America Greenland had its own parliament. Then the fertile countryside was dotted with houses and farms, churches and monasteries, and there was even a cathedral with a bishop to administer the diocese of Greenland. For nearly five centuries Greenland was an outpost of civilization, then, for reasons which are unrecorded in history, the population vanished leaving behind only the ruins of their homes, farms and churches. You can visit those ruins to-day and, looking at them, ponder over the fate which befell their builders, for the disappearance of the Greenland settlements is one of the strangest episodes in history.

But let us clear up one or two misconceptions about Greenland. Firstly, it is an Arctic land but its southern portion is on a level with the Shetland Islands just north of Scotland, so obviously all the country cannot be frozen solid all the year round. A glance at the map will show the reason for the anomaly. Greenland is the largest island in the world after Australia — indeed, it is a debatable point whether it is the largest of islands or the smallest of continents — and with its length of 1,600 miles it stretches across more than 20 degrees of latitude. Secondly, though a peculiar feature of the island is the great mass of the inland ice — a remnant of the last Ice Age — yet 15 per cent of the island remains free of ice, an area more than equal in size to the whole of Great Britain.

As a result, the coastal fringes along the southern portion of Greenland have an appearance more temperate than Arctic. One finds winding, green valleys whose rolling hillsides are covered with grasses, hedges and bushes, where willow and birch trees grow to a height of 30 feet. In the spring and summer, when the weather can be quite hot, the landscape is colorful with wild flowers and numerous butterflies flit about; indeed, more than 450 species of flowering plants have been found on Greenland. Around the modern Danish settlements one sees cultivated meadows where hay is being dried, little fields of potatoes, cabbages and turnips. Sheep and cattle graze in the pastures.

In 1261 Greenland became a colony of Norway. Since the early 18th century Greenland has belonged to Denmark, whose policy has been to protect the 17,000 Eskimo inhabitants from exploi-

tation by the white race. The country is kept "closed" to all foreigners except a number of Danes holding administrative positions. All trade is conducted by a department of the Danish Government which provides the Eskimos with part of their food, equipment, medical supplies and other necessities. The idea is not to let them become too dependent upon the white man's food and luxuries. Owing to the strict medical supervision the Danes have managed to keep the Eskimo free from the various diseases to which the white race is subject, so that their numbers are increasing.

The southwestern corner of Greenland is deeply indented by a number of long, winding fjords. Wherever one goes along these fjords the shores contain the remains of old farmhouses and other buildings, showing that at one time this country must have been extensively populated. Foreign scientists, writers and artists are occasionally granted permission by the Greenland Administration in Copenhagen to visit the country. In an attempt to solve the mystery of the disappearance of the old Norse colonies, archaeologists have excavated numerous old settlement sites and the objects



*Bishop's grave at Igaliko, Greenland, near ruins of a cathedral, is almost 700 years old. Colony had 15 churches, three monasteries.*

which they have discovered have enabled us to build up a fairly comprehensive picture of life in the vanished settlements.

At Igoliko, near Julianehaab, are the ruins of the cathedral church of St. Nicholas where, in 1126, the Norse colonists founded the seat of their bishop and, after the Icelandic custom, held their annual parliament. This, the ancient "Gardar," is the largest ruin in Greenland. At Kakortok is the "White Church," the best-preserved Norse ruin in Greenland, which was probably built in the late 12th century. Numerous houses, stables and barns have been excavated. These were built of mortar, or with a layer of turf between. The houses were small, owing to the lack of timber for fuel and building. Cattle-byres which were excavated showed as many as 104 stalls for beasts. That the chief occupations of the inhabitants were cattle-breeding and hunting are shown by the great numbers of bones in the kitchen middens, which often stood a yard in height above the ruins of the houses.

Now what of the people who built these places and who vanished without trace? To attempt some solution of the problem we must consider a little-known episode of northern history, the voyages of the Vikings to the Arctic and to America.

It was Eric Thorvaldsson — popularly known as Erik the Red because of his fiery red hair — who founded the first white colony on Greenland. An aggressive, hot-tempered individual, he was living as a petty chieftain in north-western Iceland when he was outlawed for three years for murdering a neighbour. A few years previously a Norwegian named Gunnbjorn, whose ship had been driven far westward in a storm, had reported the existence of an unknown land. Erik the Red decided to spend the years of his exile in locating and exploring this unknown land.

Accompanied by his family and slaves Erik sailed westward about 982 and reached Greenland. They rounded Cape Farewell and landed in what is now the Julianehaab District. Here they spent the winter exploring the coasts to the north. Erik liked the land and decided that he would return to Iceland and persuade his fellow-countrymen to return with him to the new country. According to the saga from which these details are taken he named it "Green Land" in order to make it sound attractive to the new settlers, though the green appearance of the countryside may have been another reason.

Erik's propaganda was so effective that in 986 no less than 25 ships laden with Vikings, their families and farm animals, set sail for Greenland. Some of them

were lost in storms, others turned back, but 14 ships reached Greenland. Nearly 400 settlers, their horses, cattle, sheep and pigs were put ashore. Houses were built, farms marked out and the first winter passed without loss of life.

So the new colony began, with new settlers arriving each year, until at one time the population was estimated at 9,000 people. They made their living chiefly by cattle-rearing, hunting and fishing. In 990 Greenland adopted the Christian religion and continued to be administered by a series of bishops until 1540. The last bishop who lived in Greenland died in 1377. The later ones did not go there. So the records of the Roman Catholic church, as well as the Icelandic sagas, are sources of Greenland history.

About the year 1000 Leif the Lucky, son of Erik, on his way home to Greenland from Norway, missed his way and sailed on until he reached a strange new country. We know now that this was North America but Leif Ericsson named the land Vinland or Wineland because of the berries he found growing there. When news of his discovery reached Greenland, various expeditions were fitted out to colonize the new land but these settlements were destroyed by warfare with the Indians. That the Vikings discovered America nearly five-centuries before Columbus, historians no longer dispute; they dispute merely how far south the people of Greenland actually reached.

Some idea of conditions in Greenland at the height of its prosperity can be gained from the reports of two brothers, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, of Venice, who visited the country in the latter part of the 14th century. Greenland was then divided into two districts, the Eastern Settlement and the Western Settlement, both on the southwest coast; the first corresponded roughly with the present Godthaab District. The Venetians reported that between them the two districts contained 280 farms, two townships with a cathedral, 15 churches and three monasteries.

The ruins of the Benedictine monastery dedicated to St. Thomas have been uncovered at a place called by the Eskimo Unartok, "The Place where there are Hot-Springs;" the brothers reported that its cells were heated by a warm spring in which the monks also cooked their meals. Other relics of this period which have been excavated were runic stones and bronze church bells, while at Ikigait, "The Place Destroyed by Fire," were found wooden crosses and bodies clad in medieval garments, preserved in the frozen ground of the cemeteries.

That the Greenlanders covered vast distances on their exploring and hunting trips is shown by the

discovery at an island near Upernivik, 450 miles north of the Arctic Circle, of a stone bearing a runic inscription which reads: "Erling Sigvatsson and Bjarne Thordsson and Enridi Oddsson on the Saturday before Gangdag (April 24) made this." From the style of the runes experts date the inscription at about the year 1330. The hunters were seeking seals, walrus and polar bears, for the church records show that tithes were paid in seal oil, skins, hides and wool and cloth. Voyages also appear to have been made to the American mainland for timber.

For several centuries regular communication was maintained between Greenland and Europe, via Norway, but in the early 15th century these trade relations appear to have come to an end. What happened to the inhabitants of the two settlements after that is only conjecture, though among unexamined papers at the Vatican there may yet be records relating to the last days of the Greenland colonists.

In a letter dated 1448, to the bishops of Iceland, Pope Nicholas V deplores the misfortunes which have befallen the people of Greenland, many of whom had been killed and their homes destroyed by the attacks of barbarians some years previously. In another letter written 44 years later, by Pope Alexander VI, he mentions that there had not been a resident priest on Greenland for nearly 80 years and that Christianity had almost died out. But as regards what actually happened after that history remains silent.

Though for three centuries, from 1410 to 1721, the fate of the Greenland settlements remained unknown they were not wholly forgotten and God-fearing men in Norway and elsewhere felt a desire to re-establish Christianity in that far-off land. Among them was Hans Egede, a Norwegian missionary, who sailed to Greenland in 1721 and established a new settlement. But though he found the remains of churches and houses and farms, of the people who had built them there was no sign; the only inhabitants of the deserted countryside were fur-clad Eskimos who knew nothing of white men or their religion.

What, then, had happened to some 9,000 Norsemen, who had maintained a civilized way of life in Greenland?

Egede and his successors built up a plausible theory; that for some reason ice fields began to accumulate off southwestern Greenland so that it became more and more difficult for ships from Norway to reach the colonies, that the Greenlanders became weakened owing to the lack of proper food and iron tools and weapons, which hitherto had been brought from Norway by sailing-ships, and that finally the Eastern and West-

ern Settlements were completely destroyed by attacks of hostile Eskimos, attacks which, in their weakened condition, the white people were unable to ward off. It was also suggested that the Black Death was carried to Greenland in the mid-fourteenth century and killed off many of the inhabitants. The exponents of this theory conceded that this final breakdown of civilization in Greenland may not have taken place until 30 years or so after Columbus had discovered America.

Although this theory of the disappearance of the two Norse settlements became the generally accepted one, it was not long before various authorities (the late Dr. Nansen among them) pointed out certain fallacies. It was absurd, for example, to imagine that if the Black Death had reached Greenland it would kill off only the white people and leave the Eskimo unharmed; the reverse, rather, would have been the case. The Eskimo, possessing less resistance to the white man's diseases, probably would have been almost completely destroyed.

Then again, various Arctic explorers denied that the Eskimos would have attacked the Norse settlements; the Eskimos are a friendly race and would have been much more likely to be helpful and sympathetic toward the white men. As the supply ships no longer arrived with food and equipment, it was much more likely that the adaptable Norsemen enlisted the help of the Eskimos in hunting for seals, bears and walrus with which the country abounded. For here another fallacy arose; that if the ice did drift further south along the coast, then there would be more, not less food, for the best big game hunting is on the ice floes. It is true that the change in climate which resulted might have put an end to cattle rearing and the cultivation of crops but as compensation there would be more to be obtained by hunting.

It seems logical to suppose that as making a livelihood by farming became more and more difficult, the Norsemen became more and more dependent upon hunting. People who live by hunting have to be continually on the move and the inscribed stone found near Upernivik demonstrates that they were already accustomed to covering great distances. Soon there would be no point in remaining at the settlements, for the best hunting grounds lay far to the north, and it would be simpler to live in skin tents or in snow-huts in the winter. So the deserted settlement would be left to fall into ruins. The people of the Western Settlement may have already lapsed into a nomadic form of life as hunters, while the people of the Eastern Settlement struggled to keep their farms going.

The view generally accepted now is that the Norsemen disappeared, not by being killed off in warfare but, as communications with Europe declined, they gradually adopted the Eskimo way of life. They intermarried with the Eskimos and because the Eskimo culture was better adapted for survival in Greenland conditions the white man's culture gradually disappeared. Within a few generations there would arise a new mixed race of Norse-Eskimo blood, whose only knowledge of their civilized forbears would be a few dim legends and traditions.

This question as to whether the Norse colonies disappeared through extermination or by amalgamation with the Eskimos has split the world of anthropology into two camps. Yet it cannot be denied that a great many of the Eskimos living in Greenland today have European blood in them and when dressed in white man's fashion there is little to distinguish them. It would seem as if they are the true blood descendants of the Eskimo hunters and Norse farmers who lived in Greenland and disappeared there so many centuries ago.

## A PROPHECY OF TWO NATIONS

OVER 125 years ago, Alexis de Tocqueville, writing in "Democracy in America," made the following remarkably prophetic statements:

"There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world which seem to tend towards the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed. . . . All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power; but these are still in the act of growth; . . . they are proceeding with ease and with celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no term.

"The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russian are men; the former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization with all its weapons and its arts; the conquests of one are therefore gained by the ploughshare, those of the other by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centers all the authority of society in a single arm; the principal instrument of the former is freedom, of the latter, servitude. Their starting point is different and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."



# *Aunt Tishy and the Witches of Ellum Street*

**Nobody would give those toadfrogs to Aunt Tishy at first. But the Little White Chile, he brought 'em.**

*By Sigman Byrd*

Reprinted from the Houston Press

SOME Harrisburgers say that on the Eve of All Hallows they can see the witches, sidesaddle on their broomsticks, taking off and landing like helicopters in the thicket at the dead end of Elm street, in Old Harrisburg. Personally, I have never seen these airborne hags, but Elm street west of Broadway is an ancient street of old houses, where the trees are festooned with long-moss and the norther sometimes blows the mists off Bray's Bayou into wraithlike

shapes that drift over the thicket like phantoms.

And there is always the smell of smoke in the air — woodsmoke, most likely. But the people of Elm street remember the strangely haunting smell of burning rags and sliced toadfrogs, doused in coal oil and set afire in the ditch in front of the Pink Ellum Hamburger Stand. Was it good, or was it evil, the thing that happened to Aunt Letitia Olridge that night?

Aunt Tishy says it was good. Maybe so. She's a Bible-reading woman, a white-haired widow of 67, and she's as stout as arry man. Letitia has built 14 rooms onto her rent houses in the past year, but most of the houses are vacant.

Aunt Tishy lives at 7619 Ellum, in back of her Pink Ellum Hamburger Stand, just two doors from the old Harrisburg Elementary School. They closed the school this year, so nobody buys Aunt Tishy's hamburgers any more. She tells me she lives mainly on sweetened water and grits.

But about the frogs. You see, Aunt Tishy wasn't always strong and healthy. Once she was peaked and swollen up in all her joints with arthritis. She was so sore that she couldn't walk or cook or sweep or sew or make hamburgers. She went out to a clinic at Jeff Davis, and the doctor said she'd have to stay in the hospital and take shots.

This she did for two weeks. But she got no better. So one night in the hospital, Aunt Letitia had a vision or a dream or something. A winged man came to her in the dream and told her to go home, slice two toadfrogs open through the stomach and stand on them with her bare feet.

So she went home in an ambulance, and lay in her bed, absolutely helpless.

She sent for Brother Harry, then the janitor at the school, and told him to get her two toadfrogs.

Brother Harry wouldn't do it. Said he didn't want to have nothing to do with no hoodoo business. All of Aunt Tishy's neighbors said the same thing. They'd bring her food and nurse her, but they wouldn't slice no frogs for her.

For three days she lay in bed, racked with pain, getting no better. Every day an 11-year-old white boy used to come and try to get her to take The Press. But she always said no. Not that she had anything against newspapers, but all her life she had read nothing but the Bible.

The fourth day it came to her that the paper boy was the solution to her problem. She doesn't remember his name but she always called him Little White Chile, because he was small for his age.

"Little White Chile," Aunt Tishy said from her bedside window that fourth day, "is you scared of toadfrogs?"

"I ain't scared of nothing," the boy said.

"Then you catch me two," said Aunt Tishy, "and do what I say, and I'll pay you $10 for your trouble. But I want toadfrogs, not bullfrogs."

The next day the boy was back with THREE toadfrogs in a cigar box.

Aunt Trishy made him throw the littlest frog away. Then she made the boy come into the house and sent him to the kitchen for her butcher knife. She made him tear an old sheet into strips, and then she told him what to do with the frogs.

The boy did it. He sliced the live frogs open through the stomach and bound the slimy, quivering creatures to the soles of the old woman's feet with the strips of cloth, while she sat on the edge of her bed.

Right away, she could feel the pain draining out of her arms and into her body, and draining down her legs and out into the cold, shivering bodies of the frogs.

She stood up for the first time in almost three weeks.

"Why, Aunty," said the boy. "You can stand up! Try and see can you walk."

Aunt Tishy took a few slippery steps. She felt good. No more pain. "Little White Chile," she said, "I believe I'm done cured. I believe I gona be well again."

In the twilight of the evening, after he had finished throwing his papers, Little White Chile came back and took the dead frogs and the torn sheet and threw them into the ditch. Then he poured coal-oil over them and set them afire. Aunt Tishy gave him his $10, and he went home, peddling his bike fast.

Up Ellum street crept a smell that made folks' flesh crawl. Some thought it was the smoke of a hoodoo fire.

But the next day they saw Aunt Tishy up and about. She went to the grocery, cleaned her house, cooked her some grits, ate it, and went to the lumber yard and ordered some lumber. Next day, when she wasn't busy cooking hamburgers for the school kiddies, she was working on her house, building a new room. She's never been sick since, never had a twinge of pain.

Out on Ellum street, folks say Aunt Tishy is a woman with two heads. One night she saw three numbers in a dream, 3, 5 and 8. Next day she bought $6 worth of policy tickets and won $2000 on the Clearing House with those numbers. Another time she dreamed about a naked person — a dream that means death. Next day a neighbor-woman, a Miz Lovett, was killed in a car wreck.

Aunt Tishy says she's a good Christian, and doesn't know anything about those witches in the thicket. And I believe her.



# THE GHOST SHIP "SEABIRD"

*By Barnet Hyams*

**Coffee boiled in the ship's galley and pipe smoke filled the crew's quarters — but all the men were gone.**

ABOUT seven a.m. on a bright sunny morning in 1850 the people living in the vicinity of Easton's Beach, near Newport, R. I., rubbed their eyes in disbelief. They saw a large sailing vessel heading hard in for shore and disaster. At first they believed it was an optical illusion but as the vessel drew closer they heard its weather-beaten sails flapping like shrouds in the stiff breeze and they shouted, "It's the *Seabird!*" Frantically they tried to wave her from her course. But the vessel came on.

Then miraculously, as though lifted by giant hands, the vessel

majestically berthed herself on the shore, undamaged.

The watchers, most of them God-fearing fishermen whose oil-skins glistened in the early sun, crossed themselves and, like a funeral procession, boarded the vessel, their hearts filled with fear at the sight their eyes would meet. But the only thing they did meet was a friendly mongrel, its tail wagging as it emerged from the shadows of the vessel and followed them about the deck.

A search was made for Captain John Durham and his crew but no sign of them was found. A look of bewilderment covered the faces of the searchers when they crowded into the small galley and found coffee boiling on the stove and an elaborate breakfast laid out on the table. They also found that the crew's quarters smelled strongly of tobacco smoke but there was no clue to the crew's whereabouts.

Captain Durham was a rugged New Englander, not afraid of the Devil himself, and an excellent seaman. The vessel's course was carefully plotted and the navigation instruments all in order. The ship's Log lay open with the last entry neatly noted: "Branton Reef, sighted." Branton Reef, a chain of rock offshore, is only a couple of miles from Newport where the 300-ton trading vessel was scheduled to dock. The *Seabird* had been on a four-month voyage and was just returning from Honduras.

The vessel remained beached on the sand, the object of many curious eyes. There was much speculation of how, where, when and why the captain and his crew had disappeared — so close to home — without leaving a tangible clue.

The crew of a fishing boat that had returned two hours earlier with a catch reported hailing the captain from a distance and said that he had waved back at them. They said that the *Seabird* then was on her course for Newport.

One fisherman speculated that a sea monster reached aboard the vessel and swallowed the crew. Friends nodded agreement, for there were reports by reputable seamen of sightings of strange denizens of the seas, bigger than whales.

A thorough investigation by a Board of Inquiry failed to shed new light on the mystery. They reported their findings to the captain's wife, a woman of few words. She glanced up from the Bible she was reading and with a look of resignation said, " 'Tis the will of the Lord."

The vessel's holds were unloaded. Tropical hardwoods, pitch-pine, sacks of coffee and some dye-woods were transported to her designated port-of-call. Then an attempt was made to refloat the vessel — but the *Sea-*

*bird* dug herself deeper into the sand.

Soon after a night gale blew itself into a violent storm. The wind howled around the neck of Rhode Island, kicking up the sea. The sea in turn threw mountainous waves at the *Seabird*, lifting her from her sand anchorage and tossing her about.

In the calm of the day that followed, when the sea was gentle again, the fishing folks who lived in the quiet village near Easton's Beach arose early to see what damage the storm had done. They expected to find the *Seabird* pounded to pieces, her debris littering the shore.

Instead, the vessel was gone. Like her ill-fated captain and crew she had vanished without a trace and was never seen nor heard from again.

## THE MUMMY AND THE CROW

Just before World War II, the mummy of a high priest of ancient Egypt was installed in the Abbey Park Museum at New Barnet, north of London. The mummy was reckoned to be at least 3,000 years old and came from a rock tomb at Thebes. Before the installation of the mummy, carrion crows had never been seen near the museum. But afterward a singular thing happened. Every morning at 4 A.M. a carrion crow came and hammered the window just above the mummy. He kept on doing this with his beak until the maddened custodian tried to drive him away. The crow simply would not be driven away! He kept on hammering the window with his beak for four hours! Each day he returned and someone told me that he had seen the crow performing a queer ritual.

The man who saw this strange antic of the crow said to me: "The crow perches on a roof outside the window above where the mummy lies. First, the crow bows three times to the north, then three times to the south. Next, he turns and with his beak gives three loud raps on the window."

I saw the room in which the mummy was placed, and all the windows looking onto the mummy, in his wrappings, were so screened that no one, bird or man, from the outside, could see that the mummy was inside the room. Father J. S. Ward, who was the director of the Abbey Park Museum, told me he thought the crow could smell the scent of death. But other people, learned in the mystic lore of old Egypt, pointed out that the *Ka*, or soul of the dead, often took the form of a predatory bird — a hawk, or crow — which returned at intervals to the tomb of a mummy. — *Harold T. Wilkins.*



# The Woman Who Sings in Ancient Languages

**A medium who never goes into a trance, Clara Schuff produces drawings and songs that hint of ancient Oriental cultures.**

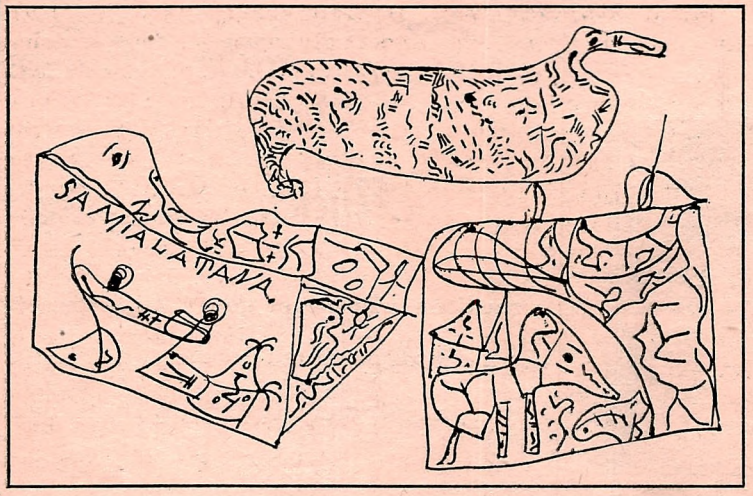
By Raymond F. Piper, Ph.D.

BY A CHAIN of simple but utterly unpredictable events I have come into possession of written materials in German concerning an amazing medium, 58-year-old Clara Schuff, living at 18 Sternstrasse in Munich, Germany.

These materials consist of letters from a friend of Mrs. Schuff, eight pages of mysterious drawings and an article by Dr. Paul Brandt from the July, 1952, number of *Okkulte Stimme* (*Occult Voice*), a monthly magazine on spiritism published in Braunschweig.

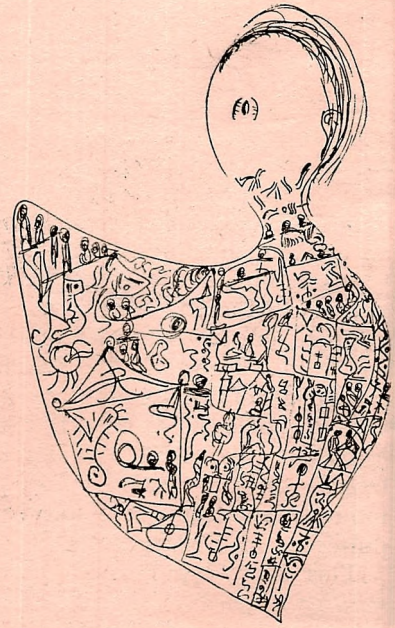
This journal prefers the term *spiritism* to *spiritualism* and defines it as "the doctrine of personal survival of death and of intercourse with the world that is beyond." As Dr. Brandt states his convictions, "Spiritism is primarily a scientific matter which is built upon sober and unprejudiced observation and logical inferences and everyone who has become acquainted with it will see the world and all its problems in an entirely new and satisfying light."

Clara Schuff is a medium who never goes into a trance. She displays certain well-known powers and also some exceedingly rare ones. She is a simple, homey person, the mother of five children and several times a grandmother




*Mrs. Schuff's drawings are outlines filled in with symbols and figures.*

Dr. Brandt reports the results of various tests which he conducted with her. He regards Mrs. Schuff as honest, trustworthy and sincere. He showed her photographs of 30 dead persons and with one exception she characterized them correctly. The picture of his nephew, who had gone down in a submarine, caused her a fit of suffocation. When she studied the picture of an old man who had broken his neck by falling downstairs she was seized by a violent pain in the back of her



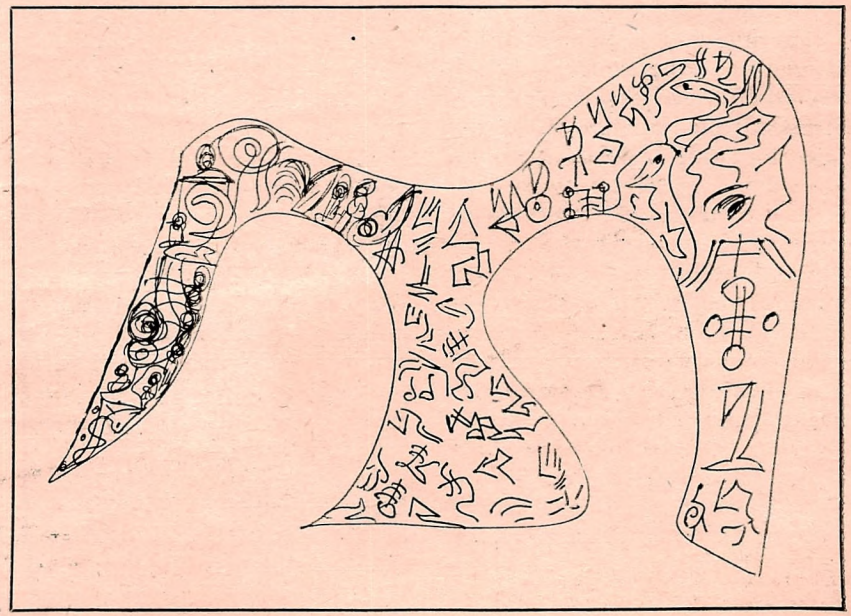
*Sketch by Mrs. Schuff shows people, animals such as serpents and hieroglyph-like letters.*

neck. Dr. Brandt concluded that she is both clairvoyant and telepathic.

Mrs. Schuff manifests other exceedingly rare, perhaps unique powers. These include drawings, diagrams and strange written symbols; songs and prayers in many ancient languages, accompanied by dancing or playing on imaginary but appropriate musical instruments.

Her drawings appear to originate from a strong inner drive or control, and are often produced at the rate of four or five a day. While producing them she never goes into a trance but remains fully conscious. She quickly fills the space within an irregular circumference or boundary with simplified linear sketches of: (1) human beings of many kinds, such as Tibetan monks or Buddhist saints, and animals, especially those associated with ancient temples, like serpents; (2) letters of various ancient languages; (3) a wide variety of symbols, some of which resemble cult signs found in old cave temples of the East; (4) various deco-

*Linguists find resemblances in designs like this to cult signs of the ancient East.*



rative divisions and additions. The letters are often accompanied by drawings of priests and musical instruments characteristic of the cultures involved. Many patterns have the form of a high shoe or a high cap.

Dr. Brandt states that various linguists have found close resemblances between her symbols and ancient Oriental and Near Eastern languages. Some are like wedge-shaped cuneiform or undeveloped Egyptian hieroglyphics. Others seem to come from Babylonia, Persia, India, Tibet, China, Japan, Malaya and Australia. The Australian characters are confirmed by accompanying drawings of a kind of bottle tree which grows only in that country.

Far more astonishing than her drawings are her songs and prayers which several scholars have studied from tape recordings. It was not until early in 1951 that she began to speak fluently in strange tongues. Dr. Brandt reports: "With gracious, lively, or solemn bodily movements and gestures Clara Schuff produces an inexhaustible multitude of songs in many unknown languages but always with well articulated speech and high-pitched voice."

When she is speaking in one of these old tongues the words gush forth fluently. She has no knowledge of the meaning of her words nor of the cultures to which they belong. Just as in her drawing, when she speaks, prays or dances she is always fully conscious, never in trance, and can be interrupted at any time.

As she sings she pantomimes the playing of musical instruments. She chants hymns and prayers to deities of old Oriental cultures. Her songs include old Russian and old Roumanian, Arabic, ancient Sumerian, often in many dialects. It is notable that she can sing whenever she wishes to. Frequent singing seems a necessity for her; she derives from it renewed strength and enthusiasm for living. She sings with rapture and her face becomes luminous and transfigured.

Dr. Brandt reports, from his first-hand observations, two other amazing facts about Clara Schuff. Between two visits which he had with her, half a year apart, during a period when her new powers were unfolding rapidly, she grew nearly a foot in height. She was quite unhappy about this change in size because her skirts and sleeves became too short. Also Clara Schuff takes almost no nourishment. She may eat one small piece of bread in the morning and one at night, with one or two cups of tea, and once a week a plate of soup.

Dr. Brandt concludes that Mrs. Schuff's psychic manifestations have no satisfactory explanation. She has never traveled outside of Germany, nor had the oppor-

tunity to study languages. Dr. Brandt suggests, as possibilities, the doctrine of reincarnation; that Clara Schuff has lived many different lives on earth in Asiatic countries, has stored up memories of the languages and rituals she knew and somehow is able to recall them in her present life; or that, as a telepathic medium, she receives messages from discarnate entities. Mrs. Schuff declares that she often sees an individual lama sitting in one corner of her living room and at other times she speaks with three Tibetans whom she claims to see.

Unfortunately no systematic investigation of the remarkable abilities of this medium has been made. Her powers offer an opportunity to some qualified individual or institute for fascinating study. Clara Schuff's greatest wish is that she may be thoroughly tested by experts.

## THE LONG-LIVED FIREBALL

On the night of September 3, 1951, a severe thunderstorm descended on the farm of *Heer* M. in Lutjewolde, Netherlands. Lightning began to strike dangerously near the house, and M. decided that he and his family would be safer in the barn.

They hurried there through the pouring rain and were settling themselves to wait out the storm when M. saw a glowing fireball at the far side of the barn. It was the size of a football and seemed to be hovering in the air.

M. at once rushed for a fire extinguisher and tried to put out the fireball, but without success. The fireball remained unchanged, emitting a loud hissing noise and scattering blue sparks and flames through the barn.

M.'s sister went to rouse the neighbors, and presently a dozen persons arrived at the barn to help M. try to extinguish the fireball. They threw buckets of water at the glowing sphere but it was useless. The fireball continued to hiss and scatter sparks and the thatch of the barn began to burn.

Twenty minutes later, just as a fire brigade arrived, the fireball disappeared as abruptly and mysteriously as it had arrived. When the fire had been put out it was found that all the electrical contact boxes in the barn were destroyed.

Scientists considered it remarkable that the fireball had not been affected by water or fire extinguishers. Even more remarkable was the long duration of its presence in the barn. During the past 50 years in the Netherlands no ball lightning had been seen which lasted as long as 20 minutes. — *T. Van Ingen.*

# *Caodaism...*

## THE WORLD'S NEWEST RELIGION

**It was founded 25 years ago by a group claiming to have received its teachings by spiritualistic means Today its followers number over three million.**

*By Harrison Forman*

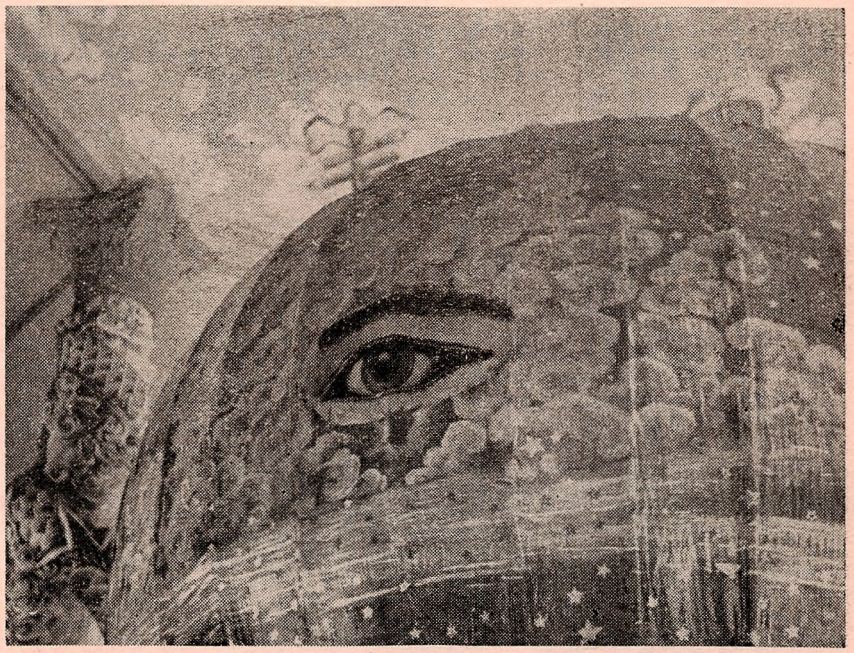
THE sign on the roadblock at the city limits said STOP, in big letters. In a corner below was the word *merci*. The "thank you" softened the order which, however, was no less effective inasmuch as a striped pole stretched across the road barring further progress.

Our convoy was waiting for us here. Twenty-odd troopers were jammed into the back of a truck which bristled with rifles, machine guns and grenades. After some delay the French post commander ordered a Legionnaire to raise the barrier and let us pass into the open country.

The highway knifed across the flat plain sweeping inland from Saigon, the capital city of Indo-China. It was almost noon before we reached Tayninh, after some 60 miles of rough going over a roadbed filled with chuckholes.

The Holy City of Tayninh is the Mecca of a new religion called *Caodaism*. It preaches that Christ, Buddha, Confucius and Lao-Tze were all messengers from the same God, sent to earth at different periods to save mankind. All are therefore worshipped equally by the Caodaists.

Caodaism was founded only 25



*The great eye of Cao Dai adorns the innermost shrine in the Tayninh cathedral.*

years ago by a group of Vietnamese white collar workers in Saigon who dabbled in spiritism. The new religion, which received its original teachings from Cao Dai (the Supreme Being) through a jiggling table and a ouija board, spread rapidly throughout Indo-China. Today its membership numbers more than three million. It includes some of the most noted intellectuals and highest office-holders in the French-sponsored Government of Viet-Nam (Indo-China). Tran Quang Vinh, the Minister of Armed Forces for Viet-Nam, is an active Caodaist.

A hundred smartly-turned-out troops were lined up as a guard of honor as I arrived at General Nguyen Van Thanh's headquarters. Three flags flew from a masthead in the courtyard — the French tricolor, the Viet-Nam standard, and the special emblem of the semi-autonomous Cao Dais.

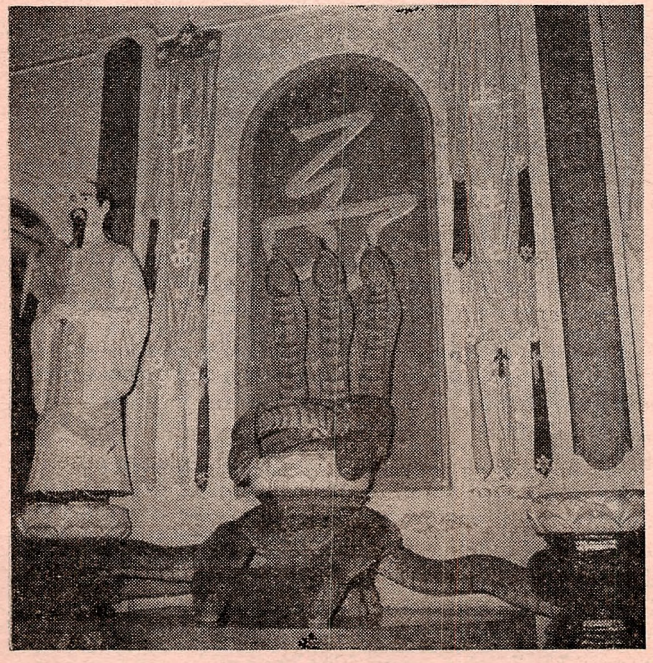
An orderly served chilled champagne and cakes and we chatted for a time, until luncheon was announced. We took our places at a long table with some 40 officers. The general himself was only 35 although, like most of his officers, he had seen considerable

service as a guerrilla during the Japanese occupation of Indo-China.

It was a plain but satisfying meal, prepared and served Chinese style, with plenty of cold beer.

His army, explained the general, was under the direct control of the Cao Dai Church. It was completely independent of either the French or Vietnamese forces. The Caodaists' fervent belief in God had made them bitterly anti-Communist. And while it literally was not safe to venture beyond the city limits of Saigon and most other cities in Indo-China, especially after dark, here in the 30-by-40 mile area controlled by the Caodaists one could travel freely without a weapon.

In one notable respect the Cao Dais are unique amongst the peoples of Asia. They believe in compulsory education for their children. Free schools are provided by the Cao Dai Church for 8,760



*This ornate snake-throne is used by the Pope of the Cao Dai Church. Statue depicts the deceased Pope Le Van Trung.*

students, 3,000 of whom are housed in a cluster of sprawling, thatch-roofed buildings just beyond the army barracks at Tayninh.

The Tayninh school is called Dao Duc, the words meaning "faith" and "morality" — two guiding principles in Caodaism. Just inside the entrance to the main building is an altar upon which is an enshrined portrait of Confucius. As a man of wisdom, the great Chinese sage is the patron saint of education for the Cao Dais.

Sixty-five per cent of the students at Tayninh are boys, thirty-five percent are girls. Of the 63 teachers, 23 are women. The students spend a maximum of five hours daily in their classes which are held six days a week. Instruction for eight hours of the week is in Vietnamese, the native language of Indo-China. Another seven hours of teaching is in French.

The famed church of Cao Dai dominates the countryside. It is a magnificent and, in a sense, an outlandish structure. Its general plan resembles that of a cathedral with twin bell towers and vaulted arches. Sculptures of Buddhist, Confucian, Taoist and Christian saints stand in tall niches recessed in the facade. Chinese Demon Warriors flank the main entrance, while fierce lions guard the side portals. On the roof rides a fabulous dragon-horse bearing the signs of the Zodiac on its back. With an overall background of white, the church is garishly trimmed with brilliant reds, blues, greens and yellows.

Just inside the entrance a large mural is recessed in a sanctuary with life-size portraits of Nguyen Binh Khiem, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and Victor Hugo. Nguyen Binh Khiem is an ancient Vietnamese scholar who was something of a native Confucius. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Chinese "George Washington," died about the time of the founding of the Cao Dai Church. His successful organization of the revolution in China and the establishment of a republic (in theory, at least) for the world's most populated country had made a profound impression upon the early Caodaists.

During his lifetime, Victor Hugo was a practicing spiritualist. His spirit, it is said, appeared in a seance attended by a small circle of leaders in the Caodaist hierarchy on April 20, 1930, and interpolated messages from the Supreme Being.

These three men now have been deified by the Caodaists. Their representations bear halos about their heads as they stand on billowing ethereal clouds before an emblazoned tablet. Victor Hugo is in the act of writing the French words, "*Dieu et Humanite, Amour et Justice*. On the other side

of the tablet, Nguyen Binh Khiem is writing in Chinese characters, "In Heaven Above and Earth Below, All Men are Equal."

Two rows of solid columns march down the long pewless hall. Entwined about each column is a huge dragon whose scales, spines, and terrifying head are painted in the brightest of primary colors. Mystic symbols from every known religion, cult and creed decorate the walls and ceiling. The floor is made of polished mosaics in intricate designs and patterns which vary from section to section.

At the near end of the Great Hall is a fantastic throne for the Caodaists' Pope Pham Cong Tac who presides at all important functions. The bodies and heads of big snakes, symbolizing evil thoughts and passions, form a chair for His Eminence who, seated there, personifies man's mastery over these through faith in Cao Dai.

Standing on a low pedestal, just to the left of the dais, is a life-size figure of Le Van Trung, the first pope of Caodaism who died in 1934.

At the opposite end of the hall is a huge globe with a big eye in its center, a symbolic representation of the Supreme Being. A mural extending to the ceiling portrays a pantheon of the Lord's Messengers, including Christ, Lao-Tze, Confucius, and Buddha.

A series of altars encircles the globe upon which are placed sacramental vessels, incense burners, hand-drums, bells, and other articles used in the complicated ritual. Nearby is a gong, suspended from an ornate teakwood frame. It looks suspiciously like the brake housing from a big truck, sheeted with gold leaf.

This is the history of their religion, as the Caodaists tell it:

Caodaism was officially founded in the year Binh Dan (1926). For six years before that, however, one man alone worshipped Cao Dai. He was Ngo Van Chieu who at the time was a minor official in the Criminal Investigation Department of the Government of French Indo-China. Posted on a lonely island in the Gulf of Siam, Ngo Van Chieu led an ascetic life conforming strictly to the rules of Taoism. He dabbled in spiritism occasionally. Through this, one day, came a revelation from Cao Dai. The Supreme Being granted Ngo Van Chieu permission to worship Him in the form of a symbolic eye.

Ngo Van Chieu remained the sole worshipper of Cao Dai until the middle of 1925 when the Supreme Being revealed Himself to a group of young Vietnamese functionaries in Saigon who were experimenting with table-tipping and a ouija board. On Christmas Eve, 1925, Cao Dai, speaking in Vietnamese, told the group:



*Mural in a sanctuary just inside the entrance to the Cao Dai cathedral contains life-sized portraits of (left to right) Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, Victor Hugo and Nguyen Binh Khiem.*

"Rejoice this day. It is the anniversary of My coming to Europe to teach My doctrine. I am happy to see you, O My disciples, full of love and respect for Me. This house will have all My blessings. Manifestations of My power will inspire even greater respect and love in My regard . . ."

To facilitate the transmission of further messages, Cao Dai advised the awed young spiritualists to substitute a *corbeille* for their tables and ouija board. The *corbeille*, or "billed-basket," wrote directly on paper as Cao Dai dictated. The original *corbeille* is today enshrined at Tayninh.

Cao Dai instructed his new disciples to contact Ngo Van Chieu who would tell them of his personal experience with the Supreme Being during the past six years. Later, all were advised to get in touch with Le Van Trung, a local mandarin with a not too savory reputation, who was to lead them in the propagation of the new religion.

To be thus chosen by the Supreme Being so impressed Le Van Trung that he resolved from that day to lead an exemplary life to prove himself worthy of the mission to which he had been called by Cao Dai. He gave up opium-smoking, abstained from alcohol, and thereafter ate no meat. He resigned from his official post and became, in a sense, a Buddhist priest.

The miraculous conversion of Le Van Trung attracted to him a great number of followers, many of whom came from rich and influential families.

Because of suspected political overtones, the French authorities at first frowned upon the new religion. To prove their sincerity and to keep within the strictest limits of the legal code, Le Van Trung presented an official declaration of the Caodaists' intentions to the French Governor on the 7th of October, 1926. The declaration was signed by 27 of his closest associates and was accompanied by a list of 247 members who were present at a ceremony which proclaimed the founding of the new religion of Caodaism.

The new gospel spread like prairie fire. Within two months 20,000 persons, including many native notables, were converted to Caodaism. In five years time Caodaism counted more than a million adherents. Today, with three million worshippers, Caodaism is the largest single religion in Indo-China. In the densely-populated south one out of every three persons is a Caodaist and Caodaism is on the way to becoming the official religion of the new state of Viet-Nam. Highly organized and supported by fervent followers imbued with a strong evangelistic spirit, Caodaism must be reckoned as one of the most powerful independent movements in Asia today.

Caodaism's principal success stems from its tolerance for all religions which believe in a Supreme Being, whether He be called Cao Dai, God, Great Master, or by any other name. It does not presume to supplant other established religions but hopes for a harmony of the world's many and diverse beliefs and philosophies whose basic principles are universal but which, it is alleged, have been "denatured" by racial customs and local usages. Morals are one, the Caodaists maintain; it is only practice that differs.



*Columns encircled by brightly painted dragons give exotic magnificence to the Great Hall of the Cao Dai cathedral. Mystic symbols of every religion adorn walls and ceilings.*

The Caodaist Doctrine is, in great part, drawn from the three oldest religions in the Orient: Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism. As interpreted by the Caodaists themselves:

"This Doctrine, from a moral point of view, reminds man of his duties to himself, to his family, to society (which is a family in a broader sense), and finally to humanity, the universal family.

"From a philosophical point of view, it preaches disinterest in honors, riches, luxury, and, in a word, a freeing from material pursuits so that the soul may be free to seek spiritual quietude.

"From the point of view of worship, it recommends the adoration of God, the veneration of Superior Spirits who constitute the August Occult Hierarchy and the Founders of great religions who are the true instructors of humanity.

"From the spiritualistic point of view it confirms, in harmony with other religions and with the systems of spiritualistic and psychical philosophy, the existence of the soul, its survival of the physical body, its evolution by plurality of existence, and the posthumous consequences of human action ordered by the Law of Karma.

"Lastly, from the point of view of the initiate, it communicates to those dignitaries who are worthy, revelations which empower them, by a process of spiritual evolution, to approach the ecstasies of bliss."

The followers of Cao Dai are divided into two categories. The first comprises all the ecclesiasts from the Pope to the lowliest novice. All are bound by self-made vows to a life of chastity, poverty, and frugality. They are strict vegetarians and allow their beards to grow long. There are seven distinct grades in the hierarchy. The highest alone enjoys the privilege of communicating with the "Messengers of God" from whom are received "energy, teaching and counsel."

The second category comprises the mass of the faithful whose religious duties consist of daily prayers and observing the rules of conduct prescribed by the religious code. They are constrained by five interdictions drawn from the Buddhist morals which command them not to kill, not to covet, not to be tempted by ease and luxuries, not to sin by word or action, and to shun all stimulants which destroy the harmony between mind and spirit.

Worship consists of prostrations before an altar upon which is placed a lamp with the Eternal Flame shielded by a chimney-like sphere of glass — the Cosmic Globe. There is also a triangle, symbol of perfection, in the center of which is the All-Seeing Eye of Cao Dai. Fresh offerings of tea, alcohol, and flowers (respectively

representing mind, body and spirit) are placed regularly on the altar. two candles symbolize the masculine and feminine which join to form mankind. Lastly, five sticks of incense represent the five senses.

The devout pray four times daily — at six in the morning, at noon, at six in the evening and at midnight. On special days the Church at Tayninh is jammed with pilgrims who come from long distances. The service is most impressive. At the appointed hour the bells in the twin towers begin to toll and the great hall fills rapidly with worshippers. Men and women alike are dressed in long white gowns which are belted at the waist. Inside they form close-packed rows, the men on the one side of the aisle facing the women on the other. With their hands joined in a ball at the breast men and women bow three times to each other. Then all turn to face the huge globe with the Divine, All-Seeing Eye of Cao Dai. They kneel and bow three times more with the head this time touching the floor.

The Pope and his hierarchy of ecclesiarchs now enter and pass down the aisle as the worshippers begin to chant liturgies. The church dignitaries are gowned in different colors, each according to the branch of Caodaism to which he belongs. Blue is for Taoism. Red, for Confucianism. Yellow, for Buddhism. Grades are determined by their mitres which tower above their heads. These are richly adorned with jeweled designs and symbols.

The ceremonies, which sometimes last several hours, are conducted in deep solemnity. Like Caodaism itself, the ritual and symbolism appear to incorporate something from each of the world's major religions. Mystic incantations are followed by prayers and hymns sung by the assembled worshippers. Strong odors of burning incense mingle with the delicate fragrance of fresh-cut flowers. An elaborately bound Caodaist "Bible" is flanked by golden figures of phoenixes and tortoises.

A sermon is delivered from an elevated pulpit "supported" by a huge dragon spiralling half way up one of the columns. The sermon is always simple and deliberately confined to prescribed limits wherein an appeal is made to all and offense offered to none who comes to worship Cao Dai. The faithful are urged to strengthen their belief in a single Supreme Being for all peoples, all races, all creeds. They are exhorted to practice temperance, humility, and in general to live by the Golden Rule.

His Holiness Pham Cong Tac, the Pope of the Church of Cao Dai, is a remarkable man. He is slight of build, ascetic in his habits, and an omnivorous reader. He speaks fluent French and a fair

amount of English. A radio in his private chambers keeps him informed of world events.

Because of his strong nationalistic sentiments, the French authorities exiled him to Madagascar for the duration of the war. His return to Indo-China in 1946 was an occasion for widespread celebration and the beginning of a revivalistic movement which has been snowballing year by year.

"Our objectives for the future," he says, "are three-fold:

"1. To make Caodaism the State Religion of Viet-Nam.

"2. To make our Holy See here in Tayninh a center of attraction for pilgrims and tourists not only from Viet-Nam but from the nations of the world.

"3. To extend our proselytism throughout the world; and to establish, at least in the great capitals, meeting-places where the Caodaist missionaries shall come preaching the Word of God and Universal Brotherhood."

## THE DEADLY SCARAB

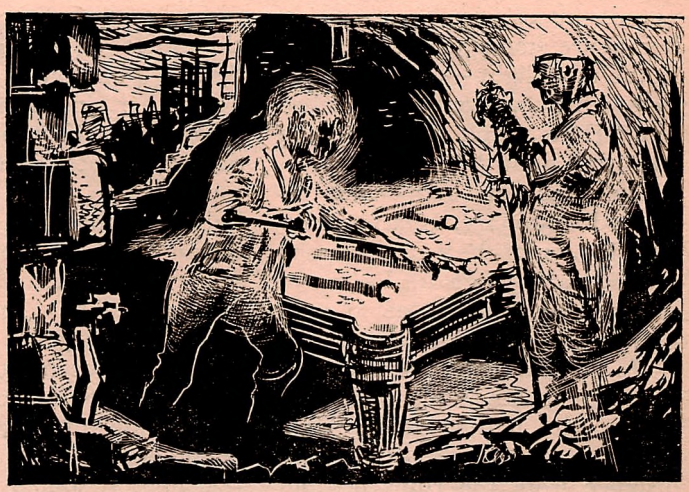
In the winter of 1921 a young man named Fred Bywaters woke up one morning in a hotel at Cairo, Egypt, and found a green scarabaeus, in the shape of a beetle, lying on his bed. He did not know who put it there and the hotel management were equally mystified. It may be that some waiter, in touch with a thief, wished to get rid of a relic which had had no happy influence on his career. But Bywaters, an Englishman, appropriated the green beetle and had it set in a gold ring, which he wore on his middle finger.

Some years passed, and Bywaters fell in love with a pretty London woman — 10 years older than he — who wanted to get rid of her husband, a man named Thompson. The husband saw and admired the scarab-ring Bywaters wore, and even touched it.

Time passed and Fred Bywaters continued his affair with Thompson's wife, Edith. One night Bywaters followed the husband through a lonely suburb and killed him with a knife. Subsequently Bywaters and his mistress were hanged in a London jail.

There followed some queer sequels. The detective who had charge of the case died two weeks after handling the fateful scarab-ring. His understudy at Scotland Yard took over the case and presented the scarab as an exhibit at the murder trial. In six months he was dead!

The hangman who removed the green scarabaeus from the finger of Edith Thompson, just before he swung her into Hades on the scaffold, retired from his grim profession. Shortly after, he cut his throat with a razor. The green scarab mysteriously vanished. — *Harold T. Wilkins.*



# GHOSTS IN THE BLITZ

**The noises of the spectral billiard game went on — even after the building had been destroyed by bombs.**

By Elliott O'Donnell

(Reprinted from Prediction)

THE effect of bombing on psychical phenomena in haunted houses and places was demonstrated in the autumn of 1940 by the strange case of a ghost in a blitzed house in Holborn. Shortly after a very bad raid a warden was going along Theobalds Road one evening on his way to his post when he saw, a little way ahead of him, a light that seemed to proceed from a building. Drawing nearer to it, he saw it was in the ruins of a house that had been blitzed a few nights previously. Wondering, he approached nearer still and saw a woman standing amid the debris and holding in one hand a lighted candle.

It struck him as extraordinary that she should be there in the ruins with a candle. He could

not distinguish her features but her figure stood out very clearly in the moonlight — a tall woman in sombre garments. He called out, "Hullo, what are you doing with that light?"

She made no reply and remained stationary. Hearing footsteps in his rear the warden turned around, and when he looked at the ruins a moment or so later the woman had disappeared.

He saw her again the following evening in the same spot and again with a lighted candle. Happening to meet a policeman a little distance from the ruins he told him about the woman. The policeman replied, "Oh, we take no notice of her because she doesn't exist."

"But I saw her," the warden persisted.

"So have *I* seen her," the policeman answered, "Others have seen her too and long before that house was bombed. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I can't say I do," the warden said. "Why?"

"Only because that woman you tell me you have seen there two nights running is the ghost that haunted the house before it was bombed. If you don't believe me, ask some of the people who live around here and you will find what I say is true."

The warden made inquiries and learned that the house, previous to its being bombed, had long been reputed to be haunted by the ghost of a woman with a lighted phantom candle.

Another instance of a blitz having no effect on the supernormal comes from a bombed town in Scotland. Among the buildings that met with severe damage in this town was a large semi-detached house. My informant, chancing to pass near this house one very still evening, just after it had been hit, heard clicking, rolling sounds coming from it.

He stopped to listen, wondering at the cause. The clicking was repeated. It sounded exactly like the rolling of balls on a billiard table. There was a decided canon, then a rush succeeded by the pocketing of a ball. The half-ruined building was in total darkness. No one was about, and beyond the rolling and pocketing of balls everything was strangely silent.

Prompted by curiosity, my informant entered the building as far as he dared and, standing still, strained his ears to catch the sounds more clearly. I say "more clearly" but according to him nothing could have been more clearly audible than the cannoning, rolling and pocketing sounds, which seemed to be at his very elbow. He sensed presences moving about, over and *through* the fallen masonry and timber.

It was just as if several invisible

beings were playing billiards, making no sounds other than those with the balls. My informant remained there until the uncanniness of it all got on his nerves so badly that he hurried away without pausing until he arrived at his destination, which was a house in a neighboring road. When he narrated his experiences to the friends he was visiting, they said:

"For years that house you mention has stood empty. We know the people who lived next door up to the time the two houses were bombed. They used to hear such sounds as you describe. They complained to the landlord. At first he pretended to be skeptical, but finally he told them the house was haunted, and that was why he could never lease it for any length of time. People who took it invariably left long before their lease was up, owing to the disturbances. According to a local tradition, about 100 years previously there had been a murder in the house, presumably in a room in which billiards were played, and that accounts for the ghostly happenings — which have not ceased in spite of the blitz."

Neither did the blitz seem to have affected at least one of the ghosts that haunt the Tower of London. I am told that the headless phantom lady, popularly supposed to be the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, was seen quite recently. My informant, an official associated with the Tower, told me the following: A sentry was on duty outside the Tower one fine starlit night when an alert sounded, followed by distant gunfire. He was pacing along, his eyes striving to pierce the gloom ahead of him, when suddenly there appeared as if from nowhere a white mist that, as he stared at it in wonder and astonishment, speedily took the form of a woman — and, to his horror, a headless woman.

The *thing* seemed to float towards him, its arms, on which jewels gleamed, outstretched as if to embrace him. He came to an abrupt halt and was gazing at it, too petrified to move a muscle, when a roar of gunfire came as if from very near. The figure dissolved into nothing and he found himself staring at empty space.

My informant added that, perhaps to show it was not to be deterred by bombs or guns, the phantom was seen again the following night, at precisely the same hour and in exactly the same place, by another sentry. This time, instead of disappearing when there was a nearby crash of a shell or bomb, it came straight on and seemingly passed right through the halted soldier. Though not scared by the din and proximity of a raid, he was not a little upset by such close contact with a denizen of the Unknown.

An acquaintance of mine, whom I will call Reginald James, had an office in the city, not far from Cheapside. He was a most punctual person and never failed to arrive there at 10 a.m. One day in the early summer of last year, two friends of his were visiting the city to see the extent of the damage. They were strolling down the street in which James had his office when they saw a man standing on the curb a little distance ahead, apparently waving to them.

"Why, Wickham," one of them ejaculated, "I believe that's James. His office must be all right otherwise he wouldn't be here. It is him, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's James right enough!" Wickham replied, and looking at a clock over a shop, he added, "Two minutes to ten. He's punctual as usual. I never knew such a man for punctuality."

Just then James started to cross the street, quite regardless of the traffic.

"That isn't like James," Wickham exclaimed. "He was always rather timid at crossing."

For a few seconds they lost sight of him, and then he appeared on the pavement opposite. Both men sighed with relief. They had been sure he would be run over. He waved again and they crossed the street after him, but instead of waiting for them he walked on towards his office — or rather towards a badly blitzed building that had once contained his office.

Arriving outside the ruins he paused and, turning around, waved to them again. The sunlight revealed his features very clearly. There would be no mistake, they told each other — it *was* James.

They were within a few yards of him when, again without waiting for them, he entered the ruins. When they reached the blitzed building they saw him standing on a pile of debris in what appeared to be a very precarious spot. He looked very intently at them, smiled rather wryly and then seemed to sink into the ground, vanishing.

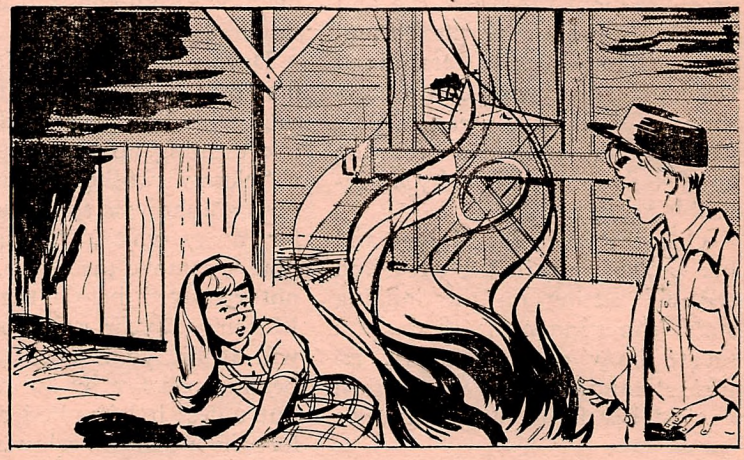
Mystified and not a little apprehensive, they went that same day to his home, where they learned James was dead. He had been killed in his office when it had been hit by a high-explosive bomb in a raid some weeks ago.

They assured my informant, a relative of James, that they were certain it was he or rather his wraith, that they saw. They were too near to be mistaken.

This verified case helps to substantiate my theory that the supernormal was little affected by bombing, if at all. Hauntings continue despite blitzes and nothing even the most destructive bombs can do will stop them.

# THE POSSESSION OF MAGDALENE GROMBACH

**They destroyed her house as the white spirit had ordered. And in the dry well they found out why.**



*By John P. Bessor*

For the best evidence of conscious, personal survival after death we must bypass the seance room (which all too often is the scene of conscious or subconscious impersonation) and study the accounts of spontaneous phenomena manifesting in the form of haunted houses and haunted people.

One such account concerns Magdalene Grombach, a young peasant girl who lived in the little village of Orlach, in Wurtemburg, Germany. Magdalene was one of four children. Her father, industrious and honest, was a devout Lutheran and reared his family in this faith.

One morning in February, 1831, Magdalene went out to perform her daily chore of milking the cows in the cow-shed. She was amazed to find that the cows' tails were plaited together "as if the finest lace weaver had been at work." Thinking it some trick played by one of her schoolfellows, she disregarded it. But when the cows' tails were plaited in the same way on subsequent mornings, she and her family became perplexed and concerned and finally determined to keep a nightly vigil on the cow-shed. For several weeks they watched and for several weeks the cows' tails were plaited by an invisible agency.

One day when Magdalene and her father were in the shed and she was sitting on the milking stool, she suddenly was dealt a severe blow on her ear by an unseen hand. Her cap was thrown against her father some distance away.

The Grombach family became convinced that some supernatural agency was at work. Often they saw strange birds and cats going in and out of the cow-shed. Trifling, yet puzzling, things such as these occurred during an entire year and then were followed by manifestations of a more serious nature.

On February 8, 1832, when Magdalene and her brother were busily engaged in cleaning out the cow-shed, they were amazed to see a bright flame burst up from the floor. With the help of neighbors the flame finally was beaten out but no one knew how it had started. On the next day strange fires of an identical nature broke out in their house. It was necessary to take all their furniture out into the yard. Subsequently for several days mysterious fires ignited in various parts of the cottage, even though friends and neighbors kept constant watch inside and out.

During this period Magdalene first saw, while out in the cow-shed with her father and brother one evening about eight o'clock, a "closely swathed", grey, shadowy woman who spoke to her in a far away voice, "Remove the house; remove the house. If it be not removed before the fifth of March next year, great misfortune will befall you. The house has been set on fire by an evil spirit; but unless it be pulled down before the fifth of March next year, I cannot protect you from great misfortune. Promise that the house shall be destroyed."

Magdalene promised.

Her father and brother heard the voice but could not distinguish what was said. Neither did they see the apparition. Magdalene saw and conversed with the spirit frequently after that and apparently grew very fond of it. The apparition gave no reason for tearing down the house but simply said that it was necessary.

Further conversations revealed that this spirit belonged to a woman born in Orlach in 1412. She said that she had been forced to become a nun, much against her will, that she was bound, in a way she would not tell, to a "black spirit" who now was intent on effecting harm on the family, and that it was her purpose to ward off this evil. She admitted that during her earth life she had been guilty of many crimes (which she refused to name) and expressed regret that she had committed them. Magdalene always referred to her as the "white spirit."

On St. John's day, 1832, all save Magdalene attended church. She remained home to prepare the dinner. As she was thus engaged she heard a loud explosion in the cow-shed. She was about to investigate this noise when her glance fell on a heap of strange, yellow frogs on the hearth. Wishing to show the frogs to her parents on their return from church, she was about to pick them up and place them in her apron when she heard a voice call to her, seemingly from the ground beneath, "Magdalene, let the frogs go." At once the frogs all vanished.

This event seemed to herald more awful phenomena. The poor girl was pursued by apparitions of frightful animals, by derisive voices and scornful laughter. One midday, when she was in the meadow making hay, the apparition of a "black man" approached her and demanded, "What does she want who comes to thee? Do not thou speak to her; but speak to me and I will give thee the key to the cellar beneath thy house. There are eight firkins of wine there and many rich things." Saying this he gave a contemptuous laugh and vanished.

For several days thereafter, when she was in the hay field, the "black spirit" appeared to her. She steadfastly refused to converse with him. He derided her father for carrying a Bible about with him and told her that the Mass was "much finer and grander." He tried to induce his unwilling listener to have Mass said "to keep the weather fine" and threatened her with all manner of evil should she not cease conversing with the female spirit whom he called that "bag of bones." He said that he was a monk and Magdalene always saw him dressed as such. Sometimes he mimicked the voices of her friends, seeking to have her answer, but she seemed to know his imitations and would not reply.

Very often he foretold the future with accuracy and one day he promised to give her, as proof of his friendship, a bag full of money. The very next evening, when Magdalene and her sister were at work in the cow-shed, they saw a small bag fall near their feet.

Upon opening it they found it contained 11 gulden and several thalers. The next evening Magdalene encountered the "white spirit" who told her not to keep the money, that it was from the "black spirit" in fulfillment of one of his promises. The "white spirit" told her that for her obedience she would have other money given her and she requested Magdalene to buy a hymn book with it.

The next day Magdalene and her father drove to Hall and presented the bag of money to the orphanage there. On their way home a shopkeeper hailed them and asked Magdalene if she were not the girl of whom he had heard so much. She modestly replied that she was and he gave her a gulden "to buy a new hymn book with."

The apparitions created by the "black spirit" were now so frightening that Magdalene often swooned or fell into a cataleptic state. Frequently she lay rigid for hours. Sometimes, during these seizures, she would strike out violently at anyone who approached her — always with her *left* arm and leg which were icy cold, while her right side was warm and quiescent. These attacks increased in frequency and her frantic parents sought the aid of both doctors and clergymen but they could not help her. Magdalene stated that, just prior to lapsing into these states, a black and frightful monster would appear and lay an icy hand upon the back of her neck. During an attack she would cry, "The black spirit — it is he that plagues me."

The doctors bled her with leeches, as was the custom at that time, but she would cry, "This will do no good. I am not ill. No physician can help me." Asked who could help her she would emerge suddenly from her trance and exclaim joyfully, "I am helped; the white lady has helped me."

At this time the "white spirit" told Magdalene that the "black spirit" must, for a while, completely possess her physical body but that she would lead Magdalene's soul to a place of safety during these intervals when the "black spirit" was in control.

The attacks became more frequent and more violent. Magdalene said that even when she was doing the housework she could discern the outline of a monk's form, all in black. She never clearly saw his face. He would say, "Wilt thou still give me no answer? Take care, I shall plague thee." Then she would feel his icy fingers grasp the back of her neck and his body press against her left side. Always this was her last conscious sensation. Then she would lie as in death. The pupils of her eyes turned inwards and her left arm and leg either moved up and down or extended ready

to strike. Her left side was always cold while her right side was quiet and warm.

These attacks would last four or five hours. During them Magdalene's voice was hoarse and masculine — in every way similar to that of her tormentor. They always terminated in an "extraordinary" struggle between her right and left sides. When she had recovered she said that she was not aware of having spoken in a man's voice, but that she thought she was, during these intervals, attending church, singing and praying with a congregation. These attacks occurred over a period of five months.

On March 4, 1833, when workmen were tearing down the Grombach cottage, the "white spirit" appeared to Magdalene in dazzling white robes. She entranced Magdalene and spoke through her lips, saying that she had been seduced by the monk who now tormented Magdalene and had aided him in his crimes. She told of centuries of anguish and penitence and of her faith in an eventual release through the grace of Christ. With a wonderful and thankful prayer the "white spirit" left the body of Magdalene.

The spirit of the monk then took possession and from Sunday night until Tuesday noon Magdalene remained possessed. She ate nothing. On Tuesday a large crowd gathered to witness the final demolition of the house and to question the monk's spirit. Through Magdalene he answered questions in a deep, masculine voice and he also expressed great joy that he would soon be delivered from his earthly penitence. He described the countryside as it looked in the 15th century and said that the ancient monastery of Krailsheim once stood on the site where the Grombach house and farm were now. An antiquarian present stated that the descriptions given fitted the known history of the district and represented knowledge which Magdalene could not possess.

Magdalene was taken to a neighbor's house some distance from her home. Still entranced and with her face livid, she spoke excitedly as the demolition of the Grombach cottage progressed. Her voice was deep and masculine. The workmen had torn down the walls and were digging in the cellar when they came upon an ancient piece of masonry under which they discovered a large, dry well filled with rubbish and human bones. Among these were the skeletons of several infants.

Immediately upon discovery of this ancient well Magdalene, though some distance away in the neighbor's home, awoke from her trance. Her skin resumed its normal color and she, confused on seeing so many strangers around her, hid her face and wept.

Finally she regained her composure and gradually became, once again, the normal, healthy girl she had been nearly 18 months before.

From that day on Magdalene never heard, saw, or experienced any further phenomena.

Had it all been in her mind or were the spirits of a penitent nun and monk, which had roamed the earth for four centuries in despair, finally released from the scenes of their infamy? In this girl, had they found a medium through whom they could tell their story?

## THE AVENGING ODOR

IN THE fall of 1921, an ex-seaman named George Manneville was drinking in a café, in the quarter called the Cannebière, at Marseille, France. Here are to be found men of every nation, many of them sinister folk. Suddenly Manneville collapsed and died.

Surgeons were called and made an autopsy. They found that the man's body had turned blue-black. They did not know whether it denoted heart failure or some mysterious Oriental disease, brought on a tramp steamer from an Eastern port.

Then a very queer story was unfolded. Just before his death, Manneville had been talking to another mariner in the café. Said he: "*Oh, la, la, mon vieux*, but is not today the 10th anniversary of the day on which I stole the mummy from the tomb in Egypt?"

A very strange thing subsequently happened. The corpse of Manneville gave forth a sickly sweet odor, exactly like that in a certain tomb in Luxor, by the Nile, on which a curse had been laid, thousands of years before! According to the Egyptian *fellaheen* — peasants directly descended from ancient Egyptian field-workers and the desert Arabs of the region of Luxor — whoever touched that tomb would die of plague within 10 years! Another man who had handled the mummy, along with Manneville, also died mysteriously. The Marseille police called in Orientalists and Egyptologists: and the doctors, who were baffled by the cause of the deaths, sent Manneville's corpse to Paris, to be examined by specialists in African diseases.

One theory was that, in the embalming process, some subtle, slow-acting poison was used; but by what means its toxic action could be retarded in action for 10 years, after a tomb-despoiler had touched the mummy, no one knows. — *Harold T. Wilkins.*



## WOMAN'S INTUITION

WHEN a heavy storm struck the farm of Oscar McClay in Centralia, Ill., one night last summer, his wife got the feeling that they had better get out of bed. McClay later stated that he might have been killed if he had not taken his wife's advice. He had just left the bed when the roof of the farm house blew off, showering bricks where he had been lying.

**"Then came the beat of powerful wings. A figure so bright I could not behold it appeared near my bed."**

# The Visitor

*By Capt. E. Fairfax-Lucy, M.A.*

(Reprinted from Prediction)

IT MUST be more than 30 years ago, and yet it seems only yesterday that I was lying with a broken leg in splints in 23 G. B. H. Baghdad: so vivid and unforgettable are the memories of those far-off days.

We had done some long and hard marches across the desert to the Euphrates to relieve a column which was being pressed on all sides by Arab insurgents, when the accident occurred which caused me to be removed in a jolting truck to the only hospital in the area which dealt with surgical cases.

I lay there on my back for 13 weeks in the intense heat. It was a small ward of only nine beds; the majority were occupied only a short time, for the climate and conditions took their daily toll, even of the strongest.

The days were long and weary, broken only by the essential routine. As the sun mounted on its course, so the thermometer rose also: 120 — 1 — 2 — 3 to 124 degrees, until the coo of the turtle doves was hushed and the whisper of rustling palm leaves stilled.

But night must fall . . . and with it came to the sun-scorched sands the awakening of a new rhythm. At last the weary would find rest in deep sleep — a sleep almost akin to death.

It was out of just a sleep so sound that I was awakened, as if shaken by the hand of a loving

brother or parent. I raised my head.

There came to my ears the sound only of heavy breathing and the grinding of teeth. The occupants of the other beds were deep in slumberland. I lay still.

Then, as if the ceiling had opened, came the beat of powerful wings. In an instant a flash of light so powerful and intense that it seemed to blast and shatter the darkness of the room, radiated from just beyond the foot of my bed.

The light was a figure I could but dimly see; for the power and brightness was so great that I could not behold it and was obliged to look aside.

Then out of the brightness came a voice. It spoke in English and in quite ordinary tones:

"Do not worry. It will all be well with you."

Then, as suddenly as the advent, so the withdrawal: the sound of wings and the rush of darkness as the light was extinguished.

I lay there dazed for a few moments. Then I heard my next door neighbor rouse. I asked him quickly whether he had heard or seen anything.

He answered crossly, "Why did you put on the light and make such a noise?"

I explained what had happened. He had heard a voice but did not know what had been said.

Could this experience have been an hallucination? I felt quite certain then and even more certain now that it was not.

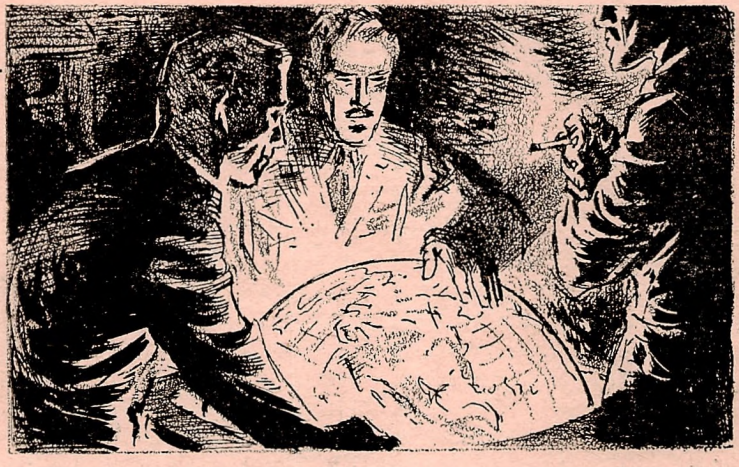
I did not understand the message then, but I do so now; though I cannot explain why I should have been so specially favored, for I was not in any way at the time religiously minded.

## THE FATAL CURE

IN 1950 Millard Wright, a burglar, was paroled from prison after a brain operation in a Pittsburgh, Pa., hospital to eliminate his uncontrollable urge to steal. In June, 1952, Wright was arrested by police, who found more than $25,000 worth of stolen loot in his Pittsburgh apartment. In his jail cell, suffering from remorse for his crimes, Wright took the only remaining step to control his criminal urge. He made a noose out of a blanket and hanged himself.

# Karachi Assignment

**Sergeant Gandee had never heard of Karachi. But he dreamed his outfit was sent there — and before long it was.**



*By Major Henry F. Hansen*

OUR CAMP was set up at Brooksville Army Air Field, a little spot 30 miles north of Tampa, Fla. The tents were lighted by candles or dim bulbs which fluctuated with the change of current from portable generators. The installation boasted neither P.X., movie nor cafeteria, and the main recreation was shooting the breeze.

A few minutes before duty time one morning Sergt. Lee Gandee ambled into the Group Personnel tent where he worked as a clerk. He picked his way across the sawdust-covered, dirt floor to my desk and said, "You know, Lieutenant, I had the strangest dream last night."

"Yes," I encouraged. I was glad he'd stopped because Gandee was an interesting person and pleasant company.

"Yes, Sir. I dreamed last night



*Lee R. Gandee, who figures in this story, has contributed articles of his own to FATE—"Dead Men Cry Gold" in the August, 1950, issue and "The Woman of Conche" in the May-June, 1951, issue. Consequently we were greatly interested to receive Major Hansen's account of Mr. Gandee's paranormal abilities. We contacted Mr. Gandee and he told us: "It is true. I did tell Major Hansen that the old 338th would go to Karachi."*

that this outfit was sent to a place called Karachi. Strange that I should dream such a thing." His forehead furrowed with thought and his eyes seemed to focus on a city somewhere far away. "I don't remember ever having heard of such a place. Do you know where it is?"

"Never heard of it either. I've an atlas here," I said fishing around in the cardboard file box beside my field table, "Let's look it up, just for fun."

The candle on my desk cast long shadows across the pages as we examined the index for Karachi. The cone-shaped heating stove nearby crackled and popped. Outside the tent a clammy, January dawn came on, grey with drizzling rain. Men began to drift in from the mess hall, one or two at a time — Sergt. Lou Diamond, Corp. Sid Boicus and others. The story was repeated and the group around my field desk grew as we studied the atlas.

Diamond finally put a stubby forefinger on the page. "Here it is," he exclaimed, "right here beside the Arabian Sea."

"What river is that," someone asked.

"The Indus," Gandee replied. He was a walking encyclopedia of facts. "It's a holy river to the Hindus. There's a city as old as the pyramids near its mouth, I've read."

This happened in the old 338th Service Group. I remember the outfit and a thousand men in the United States will remember it too. Sometimes we disgustedly called it Wilson's Traveling Circus. Maybe we called it that because of fondness for Lieut. Col. John Wilson, a soldier of fortune who'd fought in the Spanish Civil War. Maybe we called it that because for a year we'd loaded our gear into trucks and moved to a new camp at least every 30 days. Maybe we called our outfit a circus because of the varied per-

sonalities in the group — Colonel Wilson, the soldier of fortune; Major Northrup, the playwright; Corporal Boicus, the magician; Sergeant Blake, the gambler, and a thousand others.

It was only a short time after the incident of Sergeant Gandee's dream that Wilson's Traveling Circus began to fall apart at the seams. Half of the men were transferred as replacements to outfits going overseas. With these went Sergeant Gandee. Four months later the 338th was deactivated. The personnel was split, half going to each of two new Air Service Groups, the 380th and the 381st. These groups went to Georgia for overseas training then on to the blacked-out West Coast.

One lone transport on a broad, enemy infested ocean carried these two units through the island-studded South Pacific, beyond the Tasman Sea, and on to the Arabian Sea. The vessel disgorged its cargo of men and equipment at fabulous Bombay, India.

Here the outfits entrained for the final leg of their long journey. The 381st Air Service Group headed northeast into the tiger country of the Assam Valley. The rough Indian Railway bounced the 380th Air Service Group to New Delhi then turned westward to a destination known only to the Commanding Officer and his staff. A day later, however, we all knew. The train rumbled to a jerking halt beside a huge white sign printed in three languages, "KARACHI".

Several years have gone by and perhaps the others in the group have forgotten the incident of Gandee's forecast. But I remember a man who prophesied the future assignment of 300 buddies — a man whose active mind may hold other keys to the future.

## PORTRAIT OF PROPHECY

LORD MULGRAVE invited Gilbert Stuart, the famed painter, to do a portrait of his brother, General Phipps. Some months passed before Stuart sent word to Mulgrave that the painting was completed.

"Mr. Stuart," Mulgrave said in a surprised voice standing before the canvas "this portrait is strange, very strange. Why is this?"

"Sir," Stuart replied, "I have painted your brother exactly as I saw him."

"But I see insanity in that face," Mulgrave said.

A few days later Mulgrave bid his brother farewell as he left for India. Several weeks later, in London, Lord Mulgrave received a dispatch telling him that his brother, General Phipps, had killed himself in a fit of insanity. — *Raymond J. Ross.*



# WHEN THE

By Harold T. Wilkins

ANCIENT writers recorded many strange happenings which, because they are incapable of routine explanation, are denounced and thrust into oblivion by conventional scientists. This *terra incognita* has been left unexplored by even such chroniclers of the inexplicable as the late Charles Fort who, with a few exceptions, confined himself to "damned" phenomena beginning with the 19th Century.

In preceding articles I have quoted from ancient historians to show that mysterious shapes and lights in the sky are by no means only modern occurrences. Now let us examine some of the numerous recorded observations about blood, flesh, oil, stones and other remarkable things falling from the skies, or issuing from the earth, which took place in the days during the rise, decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

*B.C. 265:* Blood came from the earth in Italy.

# *SKIES RAINED BLOOD!*

**Blood falling from the heavens is no modern phenomenon. Cases were noted even in the days of the Roman Empire.**

*B.C. 222:* In the consulates of C. Quintius Flaminius and P. Furius Philon the waters of the river Picenum turned to blood.

*B.C. 216:* At Antium, an old city on the seacoast, 15 leagues from Ostium, bloody ears of corn fell into one of the baskets of the harvesters.

*B.C. 215:* Rains of much blood and many stones fell from the skies over Rome and on the Aventinus Mons and hot water ran from a cold fountain.

*B.C. 213:* A rain of blood fell in the cattle market of Rieme. (*Julius Obsequens*).

The following reports of this phenomenon came from old writers after the day of Julius Obsequens, except for the first three:

*A.D. 89:* A rain of blood fell for three days in England.

*A.D. 249:* When the Roman emperor Decius ascended the Imperial throne it rained blood in Britain and a terrible bloody sword was seen in the air for three nights and a little after sunset. (*N.B. It is easy to dismiss this story as imaginary, nor can it be said if the "sword" was an auroral display.*)

*A.D. 324:* There were six hours of rain of blood in Somerset, England.

*A.D. 436, 535 and 540:* Colored rain fell in England; and in *A.D. 442*, there was a rain of blood in York, England (*Stowe's Annales*).

*A.D. 596:* Flashes of lightning, and many drops of water the color of blood fell in Surrey, England; and at the same time there was a noise in the sky like armies in rout.

*A.D. 684:* Colored rain and rain like blood fell in England, and milk and butter turned to blood. In Ireland, Lake Nagh turned to blood. Bloody rain fell for seven days

in Scotland and Britain. (*N.B. It seems doubtful if an eruption of the Italian volcanoes in far-away Vesuvius, or Etna, Italy, caused this phenomenon which is reported in the Irish Monk Tighernac's* Annals, *and in John Fordun's* Chronica Gestis Scotorum, *who adds that the rain of blood lasted seven days in Britain and Scotland.*)

*A.D. 742:* A rain of blood in York, England.

*A.D. 766:* Alcuin of York saw, in Lent, a shower of blood falling tremendously on the northern side of the great abbey at York, from the summit of the roof, though weather was fair.

*A.D. 865 and 878:* Says the Irish *Annals of Ulster:* "Lake Lebinn became the colour of blood and the blood coagulated like the inward parts of animals." The *Chronicon Scotorum* says: "It rained in Ireland, in 878, a shower of blood which was found in great lumps of gore of blood, in the plains of Connaught, especially at Dunha-na-n-Desi."

Volcanic eruptions will not explain this phenomenon in Ireland in *A.D. 865* and 13 years later.

In *A.D. 541* the rain of blood which fell from the sky over England was "followed by dreadful mortality," says the monk, Roger of Wendover, who also records that the year before a great comet appeared in Gaul (France) "so vast that the whole sky seemed on fire." (*Was there any connection between the appearance of the vast comet and the bloody rain?*) An independent Irish chronicler, Tighernac O'Braian, abbot of Clun, Ireland, says the mortality following the rain of blood was "very extensive" in both England and Ireland.

Then there are the mysterious rains of milk, which no one has ever explained. What was this substance and whence came it? There are 16 recorded cases and they occurred on dates between *B.C. 274* and *B.C. 94* (a range of 180 years!):

*B.C. 274:* A rain of milk from the skies in Italy.

In *B.C. 110*, the rain of milk from the sky lasted for three days in Rome, at the time of the war with Jugurtha, and again for three days, in Rome, in the following year.

Twice there was a fall of milk from the sky on the quarter called the Graecostasis, or the location of the Greek and other foreign ambassadors, accredited to the Roman senate — phenomena occurring in *B.C. 124* and *B.C. 123.*

In *B.C. 103*, milk rained from the sky in Lucania, It-

aly, and issued from the ground in Tarquinia.

Again, in *B.C. 124*, both milk and oil fell from the skies in Veii, Italy, and there is no suggestion of any waterspout.

Rains of wheat are recorded in Germany and Ireland:

*A.D. 759:* A shower of wheat fell in the kingdom of Muredoch, in Inis-egain. (*The Annals of Clanmacnoise*).

*A.D. 828:* In Wasgau a mass like corn fell from the sky (*Volckeren Chronik:* Zurich).

*A.D. 1021:* "A shower of wheat fell from the sky in Osraighi (Ossary)," says the *Chronicon Scotorum*.

Fort would have made great play about the monistic identity of the universe — a body responding to the call of one of its parts — in regard to the fall of wheat in *A.D. 759;* for the Irish *Annals of Clanmacnoise* say that in 759 there was a great famine and when "King Niall the Showery and seven bishops prayed there fell such an abundance of wheat from the skies that it poured like a river in flood and the like was never seen before. All the fields were covered, and it was estimated that this wheat, falling from the sky, was able to maintain many kingdoms." The *Ulster Annals* say this phenomenon happened in *A.D. 763*. Again, in *A.D. 533*, in the west of Kent, it rained both wheat and blood! The blood fell in great drops and caused extreme dearth.

In *A.D. 788* wood fell from the skies over Freysingen, in Bavaria. There is no evidence that a waterspout was seen. (*Annales Boiorum*, Leipzig, 1710). There are two recorded cases of *silver* falling from the Irish sky!

*A.D. 715:* A shower of silver fell from the sky in the kingdom of Muredoch. Honey also fell, when Niall Frosach was king. It fell on Otham Mor, in *A.D. 759*, when wheat and honey fell from the heavens. (*Annales of Tighernac O'Braian, abbot of Clun.*)

*Flesh* fell from the sky in *B.C. 462*, in and near Rome, says Julius Obsequens. "It was like snow and in pieces more or less thick." In the following year, *B.C. 461*, Titus Livius records:

"There was a rain of flesh from the skies in Italy, and numbers of birds flying about seized on the flesh, which fell into water, and when the flesh was thrown down and scattered about it lay for several days and emitted no odor."

What sort of substance was this odorless, unputrescent flesh?

It fell again in *B.C. 59:*

"Flesh like snow fell from heaven over Italy, in great and small pieces. It was snapped up in the air, as it was falling, and on the ground, by all sorts of birds, and the residue lay on the ground for a long time, in both cities and fields, and neither its colour nor taste changed, which is contrary to what happens to ordinary meat and flesh. Much fell in Rome." (*Titus Livius*).

Fish fell from the skies of old Saxony, Germany, in *A.D. 989* and there are recorded cases of this phenomenon at and near Worcester, England, in the 19th Century of our own age, at places far inland from the sea, where no waterspout was seen. There are 16 recorded cases of stones falling from the skies over Rome and Roman Italy between *B.C. 644* and *B.C. 101* and four cases of earth and chalk. In some cases the falls of stone and what looked like blood were simultaneous. In *B.C. 644*, during the reign of Tullus Hostilius, men were sent to verify the phenomenon on Mount Alban. They saw the stones falling in great numbers like hail.

In *B.C. 204* so great was the rain of stones that people were terrified and the Sybilline books were consulted. In *B.C. 170* the day suddenly became night, between the 3rd and 4th hours (9 to 10 a.m.), and a rain of stones fell on the Aventinus Mons for the second time. Three showers of earth and stones rained down on a place called Ameriternus, 35 miles north of Rome, in the years *B.C. 193*, *191*, and *190*. In *B.C. 124* at another place, Arpi, some 180 miles east of Rome on the Adriatic, stones rained from the sky continuously for *three days!* In Etruria (Thusius) the rain of stones from the sky lasted four to nine days and the badly frightened people marched, with magistrates at their head, to offer sacrifices to the gods. In *B.C. 305* earth rained down from the sky and many soldiers in the army of Appius Claudius were killed by thunderbolts.

Even *honey* is twice recorded to have rained down! In *A.D. 715* a rain of honey showered down on Ofham Bec, Ireland, in a year when, on midsummer day:

"A dark cloud spread over the sky and then withdrew and all the air seemed on fire and armies and monstrous creatures appeared as fearful sights in the air, upon which followed a great storm that broke many ships to pieces in the havens, rent up mighty oaks, and overturned houses." (*John Seller's History of England*, 1696).

Very mysterious phenomena which one meteorological annal-

ist called "probably mythical." The "air on fire" could hardly have been an aurora *on midsummer day!*

Honey again fell in a shower in *A.D. 759* in the kingdom of Muredoch, in Inis-eagain, Ireland. (*Ulster Annals* say the honey fell in *A.D. 763;* the *Clanmacnoise Annals* say *A.D. 759*).

There is one recorded fall, from the skies over the splendid old Etruscan town of Veii, of oil and milk simultaneously — it is not recorded whether they mixed nor what flavor resulted:

> "Year 629 after the foundation of Rome (that is, *B.C. 124*), '*Oleo et lacte in Vejente pluit:*' Oil and milk showered down from the sky over Veii." (*Julius Obsequens*).

A shower which fell in Connaught, Ireland, in *A.D. 1224*, say the *Annals of the Four Masters*, caused death and terrible diseases to anyone who drank milk from cattle on pastures where the shower fell. The shower extended over many miles of country.

What was the cause or origin of this pathogenic shower from the skies?

The mysterious falls of ice from the sky in Somerset, Essex, London, and Scotland, in 1950, which killed sheep and were officially and absurdly attributed to defective de-icing equipment on planes — planes not visible to anyone nearby at the time — are not new.

> "In *A.D. 207*, ice bigger than ducks' eggs fell from the sky in England.
>
> *A.D. 459:* Many people and cattle were killed in the British Isles by ice falling from the sky.
>
> *A.D. 586:* Men in Constantinople were killed by ice from the sky.
>
> *A.D. 1022:* Ice in the summer, as big as crab apples, fell from the sky and killed an infinite number of cattle in Ireland." (*Annals of Clanmacnoise*).
>
> *In A.D. 1726*, in the canton of Orne, France, ice fell in sunny weather, in May, and ice as big as a man's fist fell from the sky in England and killed people.

No meteorologist has the ghost of an idea of the meaning of the following curious passage:

> "*A.D. 1501–03:* Cross-rains (*Kreuz-regen*) fell in almost all Europe and in Nurnberg they were especially severe on 26 January." (*Duisburger Kronik*, and *Dortmunder Kronik*).

A well-known Prussian meteorologist, Dr. R. Hennig, calls these *Kreuz-regen* "most puzzling phenomena." Others, in spite of the fact that reports of these phenomena could hardly exist without some basis in reality, will dismiss them as "probably mythical."

# Fingers of FATE

Ignoring the superstition that $2 bills are unlucky, Mrs. William L. Bennett, Hartford, Conn., collected 107. A thief stole them.

* * *

Kenneth E. Micken, stationed as a sergeant at MacDill Air Force base at Tampa, searched for his father for 10 years and found him one day late. Sergeant Micken read about him in the newspapers. He'd been killed in an auto accident.

* * *

Mrs. Mark Hinderlie picked up her bridge hand in Grand Forks, N. D., and gasped: "I've got a perfect hand — 13 diamonds." But she wasn't the only one who gasped. Mrs. Homer Rovelstad had all clubs, Mrs. Bernard MacDermott had all hearts, and Mrs. Bill Blair all spades.

* * *

Henry Bushmeyer, Glen Cove, N. Y., made 500 successful parachute jumps — then was killed the first time he ever flew in a plane without a parachute.

* * *

Thomas Olszowy dropped dead at the cashier's window at the Wheeling Downs, W. Va., racetrack just after a horse race. Clutched in his hand was a winning ticket.

* * *

Wishbones are supposed to bring good luck but one brought just the opposite to Frank Ditto, Fort Worth steel worker. He was munching on it when it slipped. Surgeons had to remove it from his throat.

* * *

Willie Clayton, Meridian, Miss., halted his auto when he saw a rattlesnake on the road before him. He went looking for a stick along the side of the road to kill it. While he searched, another rattlesnake bit him.

* * *

When Mrs. Manuel Mendez, Tahoka, Tex., gave birth to her daughter, Paulina, she was the 102nd child to be born in the Tahoka hospital. This year Mrs. Mendez gave birth to a son, Manuel, Jr. — and he was the 102nd child born in the hospital during the year.

* * *

After a year's sick leave, Traffic Officer Thomas J. Hester, Worcester, Mass., returned to duty. As he stepped into the traffic box of a downtown street, he turned his ankle, wrenched his back —

and went back on the sick list.

* * *

Archie Eastland, of Hinsdale, Mass., wanted to go hunting but Mrs. Eastland said no, it was her turn to look for deer and his turn to mind the two children. While she was away two deer roamed into the Eastland back yard. Mr. Eastland grabbed his shotgun and dropped a fine buck. His wife came back empty-handed.

* * *

Mrs. Bann Schumann, Fort Worth, was making out a payment for hospitalization insurance when her six-year-old daughter, Judy, was knocked down by an automobile. The insurance paid for Judy's broken leg.

* * *

Several years ago every player on Michigan State's football eleven had blond hair, except one. His name was Ralph Brunette.

* * *

Marguerite Halloran was born in Philadelphia on St. Valentine's Day with a mark on her cheek that was shaped like a heart.

* * *

Somebody sounded a loud blast of a motor horn in the ear of Dummy Gooding, an Orangeburg, S. C., deaf mute. And he suddenly found himself able to hear.

* * *

Grave No. 1 at Arlington's Memorial Cemetery holds the body of a soldier named George War.

* * *

James Montee, Waukegan, Ill., was born on November 15 — as was his grandfather, great-grandfather and his great-great-grandfather.

* * *

The home of Mrs. Knox, of Marietta, Ohio, was carried away by flood water and deposited 15 miles downstream — right on her brother's farm.

* * *

A thief was caught breaking into a car parked near an open air concert in Washington, D. C. He promptly began crying for a priest. The Rev. James J. MacCarthy, attending the concert, was summoned. It turned out to be his car that the thief had broken into.

* * *

In the last Presidential election, the town of Eighty-Eight, Ky., cast 88 votes for Truman and 88 for Dewey.

* * *

Shirley Underwood, 11, of Centralia, Ill., broke her right arm in a fall from a horse. A few months later her mother, Dorothy, broke her left arm at a skating rink. Her cast was barely off when she slipped on her own rug and broke her left arm. Three days later Shirley — with the same horse at the same place — fell and broke her left arm. — *Harold Helfer.*

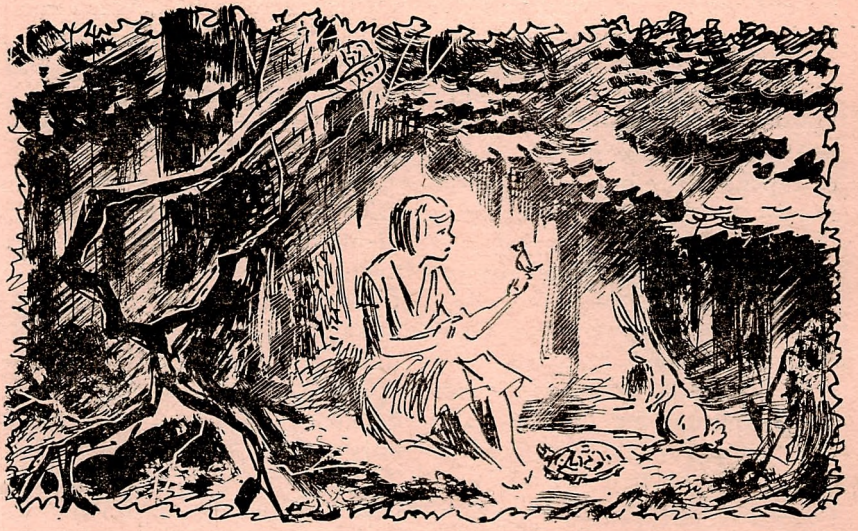
# *Who is* OPAL WHITELEY?

**The question remains unanswered — for she seemed able to adopt a personality and make it real.**

*By Alson J. Smith*

On a late afternoon in September, 1919, Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was at work in his Boston office when a dark, thin, rather attractive girl appeared suddenly in the doorway, carrying a book. That she had progressed that far without being intercepted by some minor functionary was strange in itself. It turned out that her name was Opal Whiteley, that she was 22 years old and that she had come from Los Angeles to find a publisher for the book she held in her hand. It had been privately printed in Los Angeles partly at her own expense; it was called *The Fairyland Around Us* and was a collection of nature stories.

Sedgwick, somewhat irritated at her interruption of his work, looked through the book. It was an odd book, obviously put together with loving care, illustrated in a crude but touching way with crayon drawings and cut-outs by the author herself. It was amateurish and quite unpublishable as it stood but Sedgwick was struck by some of the testimonials to it that appeared on the back cover and elsewhere. They contained expressions of wondering admiration from such people as Clemenceau, Poincaré, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Curzon, Theodore Roosevelt, Nicholas Murray Butler, the Queen of Belgium and others of equal prominence. Furthermore, said Opal, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rocke-



feller had contributed to a fund to publish the book privately.

Sedgwick looked at the book again and with more interest. Regardless of the testimonials, the book did not look publishable to him. However, as he later said, there was an odd intensity about the girl and an appeal about her amateurish book that made him reluctant to send her away. Casting about for a formula to encourage and get rid of her at the same time, he finally said:

"I'm afraid we can't do anything with this. But it must have been based on some written records, some diaries, perhaps?"

"Oh, yes! I have always kept diaries. But my step-sister has torn them all up."

"Did you save the pieces?

"I think I have them all in some boxes back home."

"Can you get the pieces? I think those diaries might interest us."

The upshot was that Opal stayed on in Boston, meanwhile sending to the West Coast for the fragments of her childhood diaries. In due time they came — scraps of paper of all sizes and colors, brown butcher paper, backs of used envelopes, pieces of cardboard. For the better part of a year Opal pasted and pieced together her precious bits of paper, working in a room set aside for her at the *Atlantic Monthly* office. By now Sedgwick took a real interest in this odd manuscript and

its curious author, who was, he said, "young and eager and fluttering, like a bird in a thicket." No hieroglyph with the Rosetta Stone for an alphabet was more intricate than the reconstruction of Opal's diary but when it was finally finished Sedgwick knew that he had something.

At this point one should note an odd circumstance about this whole situation. It was unusual for Opal to have reached Sedgwick with her story in the first place; it was more unusual for him to have questioned her about a possible diary once he had decided that her book was unpublishable. How did the idea of asking about the diary come to Sedgwick? He admits it wasn't a thing he would ordinarily have thought of (he devotes a whole chapter in his recent book *The Happy Profession* to Opal's story). Yet something about the girl brought the question to his mind.

Some of those who have investigated the case, which has been studied extensively by psychologists, doctors, psychical researchers and others, are inclined to believe that Opal "telepathized" the question to him, pointing out that those who live close to nature, as Opal did and as primitives do, use the telepathic power of the mind almost as a matter of course. Elbert Bede, the Oregon historian, now editor of the Oregon *Mason*, who knows Opal well and who devoted much time and energy to the case, says of her that "it was uncanny, almost supernatural, the manner in which circumstances suited themselves to her plans."

Opal Whiteley's childhood diaries were published in installments in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title *The Journal of an Understanding Heart* and success was instantaneous. Readers wrote that they could hardly wait for the next month's installment. Sedgwick explained the popularity of the diaries by saying, "There is an alchemy in nature; it is in children's hearts the unspoiled treasure lies, and for that room of the treasure-house, the story of Opal Whiteley offers a tiny golden key."

The theme of the diaries was simple: the world is good and God loves his children. Reading *The Journal of an Understanding Heart* one is reminded strongly of St. Francis of Assisi and his sense of brotherhood with all created things. Opal told of her barrel of caterpillars whose evolution she chronicled from day to day and for each of whom she had a "christening robe" and a name! She told of her "going away days" when, in a home-made cathedral in the woods, she commemorated the deaths of famous people, chanting "*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus*" to a solemn congregation of dogs, squirrels,

bats, birds, horses, raccoons and caterpillars. She wrote movingly of Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon, the pet turkey; of Alan of Bretagne, the fir tree; of Anacreon Herodotus, a lamb a little more little than the other little lamb; of Aristotle, a pet bat who died from eating too many mosquitoes; of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a favorite cow "with poetry in her tracks;" of Isaiah, a plain dog; of Keats, an oak tree; of Nannerl Mozart, a very shy mouse.

The animal stories in *The Journal of an Understanding Heart* were moving and beautiful but the real significance of the Opal Whiteley story is not to be found in what she wrote about nature. Along with the nature stories in the *Atlantic* series went the story of Opal herself and it was this that fired the imagination of the magazine's readers. Captivated by the simplicity and the poignance of what she put down people from all over the world wrote to her. One of these correspondents was Sir Edward Grey, a prominent figure in the British Government. Later Sir Edward wrote a preface to the English edition of *The Journal of an Understanding Heart* and when he came to the United States he and Opal talked about wrens and pewits, orioles and cuckoos. In what followed later Sir Edward became one of Opal's staunchest supporters.

During his conversations with Opal, Ellery Sedgwick noticed that every now and then she would utter a sentence or a phrase in excellent French. But she had never studied French. Her manuscript was peppered with French words and she referred to her father and mother as "mon pere" and "ma mere." She also called them "angel father" and "angel mother" (she said they had died when she was five) and most of her nature lore had allegedly come from her father, who she believed to have been very much interested in nature.

Up to the time of the publication of *The Journal of an Understanding Heart* it had been assumed that Opal Whiteley was her real name and that she was the natural child of an Oregon lumberman named Whiteley and his wife. But as soon as the installments began to appear in the *Atlantic* Opal said the Whiteleys were her foster-parents and that her real parents had died when she was five. They left her only two small scrapbooks and two photographs which she now showed to Sedgwick and others. The Whiteleys did not know anything about her real parents, she said, and so had been unable to tell her about them. But she believed they were extremely intelligent and of French extraction. She had acquired her love of nature from this "angel father" before he died.

She had picked berries, washed clothes, and done all manner of menial chores so she could go to high school. A star student, she had matriculated at the University of Oregon and her knowledge of nature was such that the university waived entrance requirements for her in biology and geology. But she could not afford to stay in college and so had left and gone to Los Angeles to get a job. There she had written *The Fairyland Around Us* and had raised almost $10,000 (an exceptional feat!) to have it privately published. Then, not satisfied with the private publication, she had taken her book to Boston.

With the publication of the diaries Opal revealed to Ellery Sedgwick — and to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* — the "real" story of her life. Her "angel father," she said, was actually Prince Henri d'Orleans, the Bourbon heir to the throne of France. He had fled France after the Franco-Prussian war and had lived incognito in Oregon, dying when Opal was five. Her mother had died shortly thereafter and she had been adopted by the Whiteleys. But now, with the proceeds from her writing, she proposed to re-establish herself as a member of the French royal family. Already acquainted with a number of prominent people through the first installments of *The Journal of an Understanding Heart*, she moved from Boston to New York and Washington, where, amazingly enough, she hob-nobbed with the rich and mighty of the world. Her old friend, Sir Edward Grey, examined the evidence that Opal, now Princess d'Orleans, had assembled — the pictures, the copy-books, her own memories and information from France that the Prince had actually lived for awhile, just before his death, in Oregon — and supported her claim of royal parentage. When she wished to travel abroad Sir Edward provided her with a diplomatic passport of the kind usually given to exiled royalty. She traveled all over the world and was feted everywhere.

Meanwhile, back in Oregon, there was dissent. The Whiteleys indignantly denied that they were foster parents of Opal. Mr. Whiteley, a simple lumber cutter, announced that his daughter had been caught in the toils of a wily promoter. Elbert Bede, the Oregon historian, became interested. He had known Opal as a child and she frequently had been in his home in Cottage Grove. He wrote:

"My first knowledge of Opal came when I was reporting a Junior Christian Endeavor convention in Cottage Grove and I was informed that a 17-year-old girl from a near-by logging camp had been elected president. My first

impression of Opal was that of a vibrant, fluttery, exotic, whimsical person, informed strangely beyond her years, eager, deeply earnest and seriously religious. She later became an inexplicable enigma."

But writing later his *History of Oregon Literature*, Bede concludes:

"I haven't the least doubt that a large part of Opal's diary is a hoax and a large part plagiarism and I have presented facts to show the foster-parentage claim impossible."

Plagiarism or not, hoax or not, Opal believed her own story. Sedgwick says:

"While she was still the Opal of *The Journal of an Understanding Heart* she had her vision and the vision was true. There is no truth more certain than that which makes bright the heart of childhood."

Meanwhile, the evidence continued to pour into the *Atlantic* office, pro and con, on Opal's claim of royal Bourbon birth. While Oregon rejected it France was inclined to accept it. Sir Edward Grey, tower of strength in British politics, was not notably credulous and he accepted it wholeheartedly. Washington, London and Paris society accepted it. The significant thing is that Opal believed it with all her heart and had since early childhood and *as long as she believed it she made it true.* She was the princess; she lived the life of a princess; she was accepted as a princess. Through the power of her own mind she forced on the world (or a good part of it) that conception of herself which she held. If it was all a dream, then she made the dream come true and stay true for as long as she believed it.

In 1933, thirteen years after the first publication of the diaries, the newspapers carried a story of how Mrs. Rosina Emmett Sherwood, mother of the author and playwright Robert Sherwood, traveling in the province of Allahabad in India, had passed the glittering entourage of an Indian Maharaja, the ruler of Udaipur, which was accompanied by a troop of cavalry. The carriage stopped long enough for Mrs. Sherwood to recognize its principal occupant — Opal Whiteley! As H.R.H. Mlle. Francoise de Bourbon, she was returning from a tiger hunt (Prince Henri d'Orleans, "angel father," was famous for his bag of 36 tigers). She was the house guest of the Maharaja himself. Moreover, she had been given a series of fetes by another Maharaja. She was, says Mrs. Sherwood, every inch a princess of the blood.

When Ellery Sedgwick heard this he wrote to the Maharajas in question. Their replies, on stationery blazing with crests, were almost identical: yes, it had been

their great privilege to entertain Mlle. de Bourbon who, it had been ascertained, was also a member of Indian Royalty through another marriage of Prince Henri's. Sedgwick was subsequently in receipt of an indignant, bristling letter from a lieutenant-colonel in His Majesty's forces at Aldershot demanding to know who questioned the honor of the gracious lady whom he had accompanied to these fetes.

Next heard of, Mlle. de Bourbon was in England, where she had "embraced the faith of her father" and was living as a lay sister in a Roman Catholic community at Oxford. Here, as befitted a daughter of exiled royalty, she was passing her life in menial tasks and meditation. According to the last word received by Sedgwick she is still there. But in her final letter to him the vision has faded; there are no references to royalty but only to the good time they had with *The Journal of an Understanding Heart*.

What is the truth about the matter?

Sedgwick has a letter which he believes is the key to the mystery. It is from an old sergeant who served under Prince Henri in the Franco-Prussian war and who later moved to Oregon, where he lived in a small lumbering community. He says that on a trip to this country Prince Henri d'Orleans decided to visit his old comrade-in-arms and stayed briefly with him in the little lumbering town.

This incident, Sedgwick thinks, created a great stir in backwoods Oregon and some fragment of the romantic story of this visit by the dashing prince lodged in the heart and brain of a lonely, dreaming, little girl who made it her own and built her life around it.

Opal has run the gamut of scientists and doctors. Outside of finding her a somnabulist, they were unable to discover anything seriously wrong with her. She was not hallucinated nor markedly neurotic and certainly not psychotic. She was simply a woman with one dominating idea which, through sheer will power and faith, she made real.

"Belief creates its own verification in fact." All good Hindus know that "Dharana (concentration) leads to Dhyana (unification)." And Jesus of Nazareth said, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Meanwhile, if you go to the Library of Congress in Washington, and look up *The Journal of an Understanding Heart*, you will find that the index card lists the author as "Opal Whiteley, pseudonym for H.R.H. Mlle. Francoise de Bourbon, Princess d'Orleans."

# 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, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.*

### THE UNHEEDED WARNING

IN OCTOBER, 1948, my soldier husband was transferred from one camp to another and since we lived with our two children in a bus which we had converted into a home, we were able to move — "bus home" and all.

A strong warning came to me every day of the week before we were notified that my husband was to be transferred. I told him of my premonition that something violent and terrible was going to happen to me.

We started out on our trip in the bus, my husband driving. With every mile that passed my fear grew stronger until I was extremely nervous. I felt that whatever I had been warned about would happen very soon.

We had travelled about 120 miles of our journey when we had to stop near Texarkana, Tex., to buy milk and bread for the children. The time was 8:00 p.m. As we pulled to a stop across the highway from the one small store that was open, the warning came again. "Don't go," a voice told me.

I asked my husband if he would go across the highway to the store but he wanted me to go as he was so tired. Ignoring the warning I had received, I walked across to the store. After making my purchases I started back across the highway. Half-way across the "voice" came to me again: "This is it."

From out of nowhere, it seemed, a speeding car with a drunken driver at the wheel struck me. I was almost killed. I lived to spend a long time in the Army-Navy General Hospital in Hot Springs, Ark., and to regret that I had not heeded the warning voice. — *Mrs. Donald Squires, Bellevue, Mich.*

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### VISION IN THE PSYCHO WARD

I WORK the midnight shift in the semi-open ward of a large psychiatric hospital. One night in July, 1952, I finished my regular round and sat down for a few

minutes to catch my breath. My patients were all quiet in their beds, and I was grateful for the chance to relax.

Then bedlam broke loose as one of my most difficult patients, Scheema, started raving. A continual stream of curses and threats poured from her mouth. She yelled at me, "Going to go out that door if I have to kill you to do it! You'd better unlock that door and let me out of here. I know you have the keys in your pocket."

After some 20 minutes of reasoning with her, I finally quieted her again and returned to my chair. Then suddenly Scheema was standing right beside me, her long black hair hanging down around her face and her black eyes burning into mine. Scheema was very Gypsy-like in appearance and moods.

My mind raced as I tried to decide what to do. At the same time my eyes darted to the bed where Scheema had been sleeping. I was amazed to see her rolled up in her blankets, though another glance at the figure beside me showed that it could hardly be possible.

Then I realized to my relief that what I was seeing was not actually Scheema but a vision. In drifting over the borderline of sleep Scheema, in her strong desire to get my keys away from me and escape, had managed to project a psychic picture of herself.

She was still peering at my face, evidently not realizing that her material body lay in bed. I spoke firmly to the vision, as though Scheema actually were standing before me.

"Scheema, you know you should not try anything like this on me. Now go back to bed and sleep."

For a moment or two she seemed trying to resist. Then slowly she faded away.

I have worked with hundreds of the mentally ill for many years, but this is the first experience of the sort I have ever had with a psycho patient. — *Pete Kaprye, Wayne, Mich.*

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**CHILD MESSENGER**

ONE DAY in May, 1937, I made a long trip up the coast from Los Angeles. We lived a few miles out of town and I left my family in bed and started out early.

When I reached the city I parked the car and was just entering a department store on an errand when a little girl stopped me by taking hold of my coat. She said, "Go home! Your little girl needs you."

I rushed on past her. Then the meaning of what she had said dawned upon me. I turned back to speak to her but she was nowhere in sight. She had been a

tow-headed little girl, resembling slightly a near neighbor's daughter. She had looked to be about eight years old — the same age as my own daughter.

I made my purchase and returned to my car, telling myself that I was a fool to return home. I looked about for the child again, puzzled by her disappearance. Then I drove rapidly home.

I arrived just as the ambulance was taking my little girl to the hospital. She had been hit by a car — but not seriously hurt — at the same moment that I had been told by the strange child "Go home." — *Londa Lawson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

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**ADVENTURE IN TELEPATHY**

A STARTLING experience of a psychic nature happened to me in August 1940 during an attempt to duplicate Harold M. Sherman's experiments in telepathy. At the time I was 12 years old and was chumming around with a school friend, Loren Woodward, who worked in town on Saturdays. He and I had converted an old shack into a clubhouse and it was here that I sat down with author Sherman's magazine article in my hands and relaxed myself just as he described and tried to contact Loren by telepathy.

My body responded instantly to my mind and my head seemed to swell until I thought it would burst. After this all sound and bodily feeling left me, except for a strange lightness, and I found what seemed to be my mental self rising like a toy balloon out of my body and streaking through the atmosphere towards my friend Loren. He had never told me exactly where he worked but I found this lack of knowledge made no difference whatsoever to my psychic powers, for I found myself hovering above him in a very large room that was loaded with flowers of every description. This room had a large plate glass window at the front and drifting over to it I looked outside to see in astonishment that the building bordered on Pleasant Street in Concord, N. H., about two and a half miles from the clubhouse. Loren was unconscious of my presence as he walked to a small room in back where he started to run water from a faucet and then stacked cardboard boxes on the shelves that lined the walls. At this moment I started to lose my sensation of airiness and found myself hurtling back to my body in the clubhouse. Slowly I became conscious of my limbs. They were cold and heavy as ice. I tried to move them but could not. For a moment I was panic-stricken but finally succeeded in moving and getting up. I immediately wrote all that had transpired on a pad of paper.

The next day when Loren came

to the clubhouse I told him what I had seen. He looked at me in amazement for everything was 100 percent accurate. He was working at Green's flower shop, at the address I'd seen, engaged in stacking cardboard boxes and watering flowers.

It was not until much later, in reading more deeply about the occult, that I discovered the strange sensations I had experienced were called "astral projection." But at the time of my experience I had no knowledge of this phenomenon. — *Jan Gardner, Canterbury, N.H.*

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### A DREAM BALANCED MY CASH

As a tax collector I have been trained to think that the unpardonable sin is failure to give credit for tax payments. It was therefore with a great deal of worry some years ago, after a day of heavy tax paying I found the cash to be $60 in excess. I double-checked the days' business but to no avail. Fearing that a clerk had failed to issue a receipt for money put in the cash drawer and anticipating the embarrassment that was sure to follow when someone failed to get credit for the payment, I went to sleep every night wondering where the error could be.

After a couple of weeks I had this dream: I saw my assistant put a yellow sheet of paper in a letter file. I saw myself standing at a bookkeeping desk working on the books. Glancing at the girl filing the letter, I heard myself say, "That's where our $60 is."

I immediately awoke with the recollection of the following events leading up to the filing of the yellow sheet: The city had sued the operator of a pool hall for non-payment of license fee and had won the suit. Before payment was made, a law was passed prohibiting the operation of pool halls in Texas, thereby preventing me from issuing a license receipt. I therefore directed my assistant to write out a receipt for the money on the typewriter. She kept a copy of the receipt and filed it in the letter file, but failed to make a memorandum for the cash. Consequently we had $60 more money than receipts issued.

The next morning after my dream I amazed my assistant by walking into the office, removing the yellow sheet from the file and remarking as per my dream, "Here is our $60." — *Mamie Barfield, San Angelo, Tex.*

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### FATEFUL HOUR

On Monday morning, April 16, 1952, I drove from my home to Kirbyville, Tex. There I would ride with five other men to work at the Consolidated Navy Shipyard at Orange, Tex., as I had done for the past two years. I

always met them at a small cafe at about 5:00 a.m. We would drink coffee and leave for work at 5:30 a.m. There was an agreement that if any one of us was not there by 5:30 there would be no waiting, as this was the latest that we could leave the cafe and still clock in at work on time.

On this particular morning I arrived at the cafe at 5:00 a.m. and was surprised that none of the other men were there. The waitress said that they had left before I came in. I could not understand why they had gone before the usual time of 5:30.

I decided not to drive to work in my car but to go to Jasper, Tex., where my mother was in the hospital. I had been with her late Sunday night and she seemed to be doing nicely. I stayed with her all that morning and she still seemed not to be in any danger. But when I returned from lunch the doctor met me at the door of her hospital room and said she was definitely worse. She died that night at 11:30.

When I met my friends the next day I asked why they had left so early the previous morning. Every one of them will tell you to this day that their watches, and also the clock in the cafe, showed the time to be 5:30 when they left for work, and that they discovered on their arrival at Orange that they were an hour early and had left Kirbyville at 4:30 instead of 5:30. Had they not left early, I would not have been with my mother when she died.

I have wondered since what strange act of fate could possibly have made these five men read their watches wrong, causing all of them to get up from bed, meet at the cafe and leave for work an hour early. — *Hollis Woosley, High Island, Tex.*

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### SAVED BY A DREAM

IN 1933 my wife and I arrived in the little coal mining town of Trinidad, Colo. I was unemployed and was desperate for a job of any kind. Quite by accident I met a man named Jim Scruggs, who was an experienced old miner. He told me that he and his son, a boy of 16, were opening up a wagon mine, as such small properties are called. He offered me employment on a share and share alike basis. I was to go with him and his son the next morning at seven o'clock to start work.

That night I was off to bed early to be well rested for my hard work of the morrow. I dreamed that my grandfather who raised me and had been dead since 1921 appeared to me and said, "Don't go with Scruggs."

Then I seemed to be just inside the shaft of the mine, which I had never seen. Suddenly there was a roar and the roof collapsed. Then I awoke.

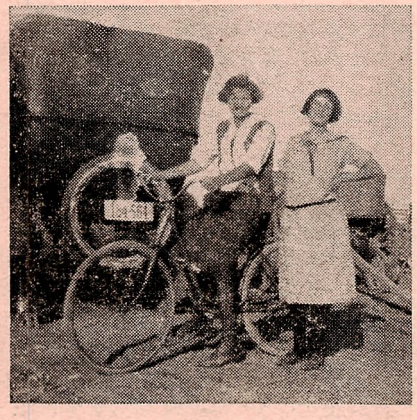
When Scruggs came to my house that morning to go to work I hid behind the door. I felt ashamed to face him because I was such a coward as to be afraid of a dream.

But that dream saved my life. Scruggs started working, and just as in my dream huge pieces of rock fell from the roof of the tunnel, killing him instantly. I would no doubt have been right beside him when this happened, as I had no experience as a miner and would have been watching him closely. — *Wallace R. Kennedy, Red Rock, Ariz.*

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**THE PHANTOM CYCLIST**

IN 1922, when I was a young girl in the eighth grade, I attended a one-room school about two miles from our farm home near Chanute, Kans. Because of the distance I always rode a bicycle, and one evening I was pedaling home all alone from my lessons. I had about a mile and a half of lonely country road to travel and was coasting down a hill when suddenly another cyclist appeared in front of me.



*Rosalind John (right) with a friend at the time she saw the mystery cyclist.*

He — for it was a boy or young man — just seemed to materialize from nowhere in the middle of the road, about 400 feet ahead. He certainly could not have been there before or I would have seen him. He moved along at what seemed exactly the same speed as myself, and he also was coasting.

He wore a hat and dark pants and jacket. I could not see his face as he did not look back or to right or left, but he seemed to be dark-complexioned.

I slowed down, hoping to put more distance between us, and to my surprise he also slowed down. I started pedaling again, and he also began pedaling. I speeded up, hoping to pass him so fast that he wouldn't be able to catch up with me as it wasn't too far from home. I was a fast rider with a good bike and knew my wind would hold out for the remaining distance. But when I increased speed the stranger on the other bicycle leaped ahead at the same pace. How he knew my intentions was a mystery because he never looked back once during the

entire ride. He just sat woodenly, like something mechanical and somehow malevolent as he matched my every effort.

What did he intend to do? What was his game? Fright made my hands clammy on the handle bars and my knees felt weak. "Oh, God," I whispered, "please let me get safely home! Just this once!"

Then something unearthly happened that made me wonder if my senses had left me. I was watching the mysterious cyclist, my heart in my throat, when suddenly he wasn't there any more! I stopped my bike and stared.

Several minutes passed and then, further ahead this time, I saw him. Mounting my bike, I began to ride fast — and so did he! I slowed down, and so did he. Then he disappeared right before my eyes. I was watching him one moment and the next he was gone.

Home was very near now, but it was getting dark and terror added wings to my feet as I rode as fast as my two-wheeler would take me. Although alert for the ghostly cyclist, I did not see him again.

Safe home at last, I raced breathlessly into the house to tell my mother what had happened. She couldn't explain it, neither could any of my family. But I have always wondered if that mysterious cyclist was a spirit manifestation. — *Rosalind John, Norco, Calif.*

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### FIFE'S NEW BODY

FIFE, an English mastiff, had been a member of our family for 15 years. Mother often said that he had helped to raise her six children.

My father's work required us to move about quite a lot and Fife became a traveled old gentleman. Although he was kind to children he liked nothing better than a good fight with other dogs. As a consequence he was covered with scars from head to tail.

We were living in a small town just north of Dallas, Tex., when he was pretty badly chewed up in a fight. Mother doctored his wounds and he got back on his feet, though he was still weak. Then one morning he was missing. We looked all over town for him. Mother was greatly worried that he might be lying somewhere unable to move and suffering for food and water in the hot sun.

One night she had a dream in which she saw Fife as muscular and glossy-coated as he had looked in his prime. He was standing on a little knoll, smiling his wide-mouthed, friendly grin and wagging his stubby tail. Then he looked down at his feet and Mother looked also. There in front of him, covered with the

scars of many battles as she had seen him last, lay the old Fife — dead.

Next morning Mother told us she thought she knew where we could find him. She and I set out into the country. We walked for about three-quarters of a mile into the prairie where there were many little hillocks. At last she said, "This looks like the place."

Sure enough, it was. There lay the old body that had housed Fife's brave, loyal heart for so many years, just as she had seen it in her dream. Had his spirit come back to tell her she should not worry as all his earthly troubles were over? — *Mrs. Freda Aston, Tulsa, Okla.*

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**WELCOME FOR MOTHER**

MY FATHER'S death occurred in the autumn of 1936. Early in December of the same year I awoke from sleep about 2:00 a.m. with a strange feeling that my mother would go to be with him on Christmas day. I tried to sleep but found myself obsessed by a strange compulsion to write a story. I arose and quickly wrote the story exactly as it was revealed to me. The story described the passing of my mother as nothing more than an incident through which she was enabled to join my father.

The story alarmed the members of the family but my mother accepted it calmly as a true revelation, because of the fact that I had upon other occasions known things that were to happen.

In November, 1949, I suffered a slight stroke and was confined to my home about 100 miles from my mother's home.

About a week before Christmas I awoke during the night to find myself talking with my father. After what seemed to me to have been a long and pleasant conversation, I asked him why he was here and he answered, "I have come for Ma." I asked him if I might go with him also, and he said, "Yes, you can come and welcome her, but you will have to return here for awhile. Then I awoke."

When I related this strange vision to friends it was explained by the fact that I was ill and had been given sedatives, but that very same day I was told that my mother, who was 82 years old, had developed pneumonia.

On Christmas day my mother lapsed into a coma from which she never awoke. I like to think that perhaps in spirit I had temporarily joined my father, to welcome her home. — *Doris E. Hicks, Charleston, W. Va.*



# HOW TO DEVELOP *Automatic Writing*

*By Horace Leaf*

(Reprinted from Prediction)

**Subconscious writing or spirits? There's no doubt that it exists, anyway, and here's how to do it.**

A FEW YEARS AGO practically the whole of Denmark was stirred by an extraordinary case of automatic writing obtained by a well-known society lady. I interviewed this lady in her own home, and in the presence of several people who had read the script on the day it was received and before the facts it contained had been confirmed.

The writing started through an overwhelming impulse on the part of the Countess to take up a pencil and hold it over a blank piece of paper. Suddenly her

hand, impelled automatically, reproduced the caligraphy of her only son living, as she thought, in Australia. It stated that he had died, giving the exact date, place and cause of his decease; and further said that the young man's wife, an English woman, was on her way to Europe and would, with her baby, visit the Countess. It even stated what she *would not say* regarding a sum of money he had requested her to see that his mother received. It further declared that his mother would receive a cablegram announcing his death that day at 4:00 p.m.

Fortunately the Countess had the good sense to show the script to her friends and they gathered together to await the arrival of the cablegram, which was brought by the National Controller of Telegrams and Telephones in person, owing to the high social standing of the lady. On arriving at the house at 4:00 p.m., he remarked to the Countess that he had some sad news to impart to her, and before opening the cablegram, she handed him the script to read. It proved correct in every detail . . .

Automatic writing belongs to the order of mediumship known as mental, but at first sight it appears to be of the physical order. One has only to remember how difficult it is to cultivate the art of writing to realize that at all times the co-operation of the individual's own mind, although not necessarily of his consciousness, is necessary. Automatic writing has often been produced by medical men from the patient's subconsciousness; and it is reasonable to conclude that the medium's subconsciousness is operative when such writing is impelled by a disembodied communicator.

Most automatic writers are mediums and some very impressive script has been received through them, frequently sufficient to make a good-sized book. But usually the script is of very little use, lacking originality of thought, and being of no practical value. On the other hand a great deal of veridical information, unknown to the writer, has been received. Convincing cases for the survival of bodily death have been obtained by this means as by other kinds of mediumistic faculties, and influential converts have been gained through it.

I heard the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall publicly assert that he had been won to a belief in survival by receiving a written message through an automatist which purported to have come from his brother, who, at the time, he believed to be alive and well in South Africa. The script was in the handwriting of his brother who, it appeared later, had only recently passed away.

One of the best automatic

writers was the well-known Rev. Stainton Moses, a clergyman of the Church of England and a Spiritualist, his best religio-philosophical effort through this means being contained in a work entitled "Spirit Teachings." Equally interesting is his book on "Spirit Identity," which contains a number of examples of evidence of survival of people whom Stainton Moses never knew. They were all correct.

The famous journalist, W. T. Stead, was also a remarkable automatic writer, the best example of his gift being printed in a charming little volume entitled "Letters from Julia."

When practicing this gift care should be taken not to overdo it or it may lead to mental dissociation on the part of the writer. Because of this it is perhaps the most dangerous of mediumistic faculties to develop. I have met a number of people who have suffered through trying to develop this form of mediumship indiscriminately. Mostly their fault has been overdoing the practice. This has led to mental fatigue, a condition, under these circumstances, predisposing to mental dissociation.

Care should always be taken to evaluate the writing properly. The experimenter is generally biased in favor of the spirit hypothesis, while a little consideration might show that the writing has been derived from his own subconscious. This danger, however, does not alter the fact that automatic writing may often be reasonably attributed to a spiritual source.

The best way to develop automatic writing is to set aside definite periods for practice. One cannot as a rule be sure that one has the gift. Like other forms of mediumship it is empirical and one must make an effort to discover one's aptitude.

Place a heavy writing pad on a table, take a pencil in the hand and balance the forearm on the edge of the table to form a suitable pivot. Let the point of the pencil rest lightly on the paper. Do not have a strong light in the room, and it is better to have the light shining from behind oneself rather than upon the paper.

It may be necessary to sit thus several times before results are obtained, although occasionally writing can be produced at the first sittings. Generally, however, the development is progressive and the first indication of having the gift is a few indistinct scribbled lines.

Do not sit more than half an hour twice or three times a week to begin with. Later one can determine how often the experiment can be tried without reacting harmfully on one's nerves and physical energy. It is surprising how much nervous energy

may be consumed in even a single experiment.

As a rule the script ends, when claiming a spiritual origin, with a monogram, sign or signature, purporting to be that of the invisible writer using the medium's hand. The invisible communicator even while giving veridical information, may claim to be unknown to the automatist, often claiming to be a "control" or "guide" who alone is capable of working the hand. In other instances anybody may claim to use the hand, friends, relations and even strangers, all of whom may be "dead."

It will be wise for the automatist to date and number all scripts so as to judge what advancement has been made, especially if the script has literary importance or rational continuity.

One factor worth bearing in mind, particularly in connection with automatic and inspired drawings of this order is that they may be symbolical and require careful study to discover their real meaning. Automatic drawings nearly always bear the impression of an endeavor to convey an idea of an extra-dimension. This accounts for the strange but often beautiful, scroll-like pictures commonly produced through this kind of art.

## THE SLEEPLESS HERMIT

On the outskirts of Trenton, N. J., a few years ago, there lived a 90-year-old hermit named Al Herpin. His home was a humble shack, and those who entered it were struck by the strange fact that there was no bed in the place. For Al Herpin didn't need a bed. He had never slept a wink in his life!

Otherwise, this nonagenarian was a reasonably normal individual. His mentality was keen, his health was first rate, and he worked zestfully every day at odd jobs in the neighborhood. He got tired just like anybody else, but when he needed to rest he would walk back to his shack, plump down in an easy chair, and read until he was relaxed and rested. Then he would jump up fresh as a daisy and go back to work.

Doctors who examined him shook their heads in puzzlement. They could give no explanation of his unique condition. Herpin himself had no explanation, either, but he believed that his mother was right in ascribing his abnormality to prenatal injuries he received when she suffered a serious accident just a few days before he was born. — *Dr. W. E. Farbstein.*

# the anatomy of MIRAGES

**Some say flying saucers are the result of mirages—but that only raises another interesting problem. What are mirages?**

*By Virginia Stumbough*

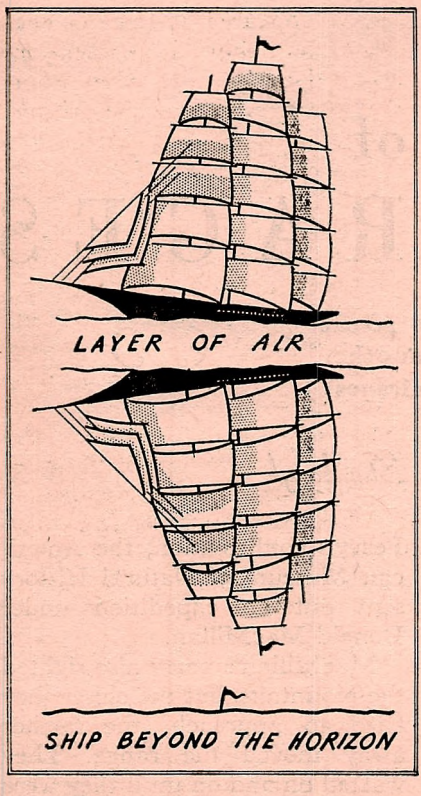
Now that one important segment of scientific opinion believes that flying saucers can be explained as mirages, it is high time we looked into the matter more closely. What are mirages? What causes them? What do they look like? How do they act?

Even if we conclude that mirages have nothing to do with unknown aerial phenomena, we must admit that they are a fascinating problem on their own.

Probably the most expensive mirage of all time was Crocker Land, reported by Admiral Robert Edwin Peary in the Arctic in 1906. This series of mountains had been sighted nearly a century before, in 1818, by Sir John Ross when they blocked his further search for a Northwest Passage. After Peary's confirmation, the American Museum of Natural History sent out an expedition under Donald MacMillan.

MacMillan's party also sighted the mountains but the closer they tried to approach, the farther away moved the range. They walked on and on until they were enclosed on three sides, yet they could not reach the icy crags. Then when the sun sank into pink twilight the mountains sank into the sea. The expedition stood on a vast, level ice floe and the Museum had spent $300,000 exploring a mirage.

A mirage is a picture reflected in the air as on a mirror, by rays of light bent from their normal course. This bending comes from temperature differences in succeeding layers of air




*In this "superior" mirage the distance between the ship-images varies according to the thickness of the air layer.*

which are therefore of differing densities. The "mirror" is a thin layer of dense air.

In a "superior" mirage there is a layer of warm, rarefied air in the sky above a layer of cool air. An object on the ground is mirrored above and the rays bent down again so that it may be seen by an observer on the ground, even though the object itself is out of sight. A "superior" mirage may be of three kinds: an inverted image above an object and above that a second erect image; the inverted image alone; or the erect image alone.

An example of a "superior" erect image was that seen by a Dr. Vance at 7 p.m. on August 6, 1866, in Ramsgate, Eng. Normally only the four towers of Dover Castle may be seen in the distance. On that day Dr. Vance saw in the sky the entire castle from top to base as clearly as if it stood on a hill outside Ramsgate.

The "inferior" mirage is the kind we see on a hot day when rippling pools of water appear ahead of us on an asphalt paving. In this case a layer of warm, rarefied air near the ground acts as a mirror and reflects the sky, which looks like a pool of water. This is caused by a surface hotter than the air above it. The unsteadiness of the heat waves makes the water ripple and the illusion is completed if trees too are reflected. Arabs call such a desert mirage a "Sea of Satan."

The names "superior" and "inferior" do not indicate the clearness of the mirage but refer to its position.

The rarest type of mirage is the "lateral" or sideways type. In this case a hot flat surface such as a sun-heated wall bends

to one side the light rays from an object, which are reflected on a cooler layer of air. If you stand close to such a wall you can sometimes see passersby reflected sideways on the cool layer of air.

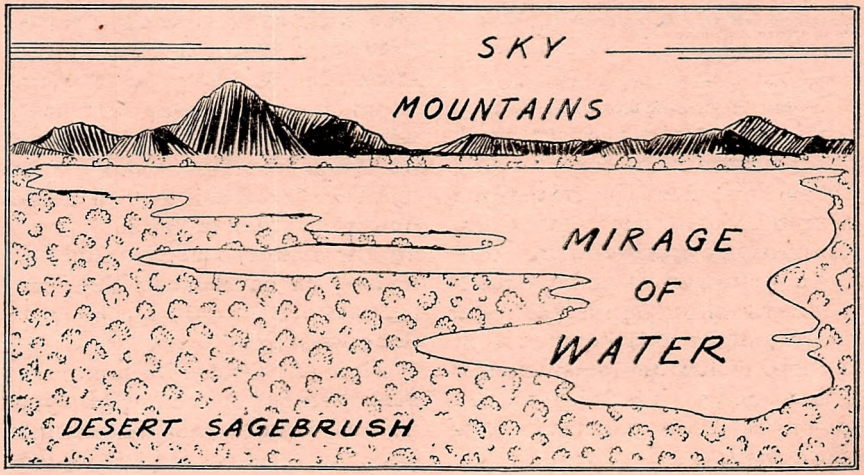
A "lateral" mirage once saved a man's life when he saw a grizzly bear waiting for him around the bend in a trail.

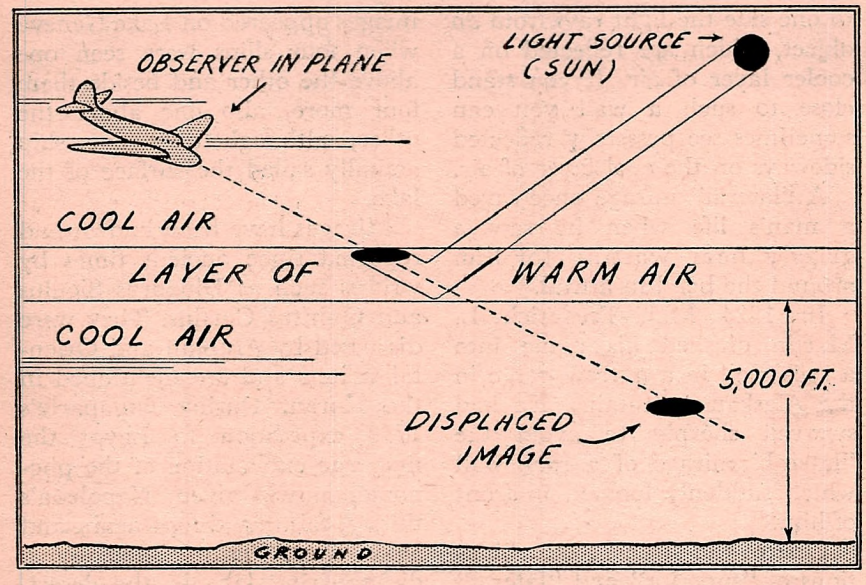
In 1924 Maj. Frederick L. Martin crashed his plane into a rock wall in a narrow gorge in the Alaskan mountains. He had swerved sharply to avoid the "lateral" mirage of a rock wall which suddenly loomed in front of him.

One of the strangest combinations of "superior" and "lateral" images appeared on Lake Geneva when four ships were seen one above the other and beside them four more, also one above the other, although only one ship actually sailed the surface of the lake.

Mirages have been known and reported since ancient times by writers such as Diodorus Siculus and Quintus Curtius. They were discussed by Arabian and Oriental writers and are mentioned in the Koran. During Bonaparte's 1798 expedition to Egypt the first true explanation of the phenomenon was given. Napoleon's thirsty, fainting troops again and again were disappointed by a disappearing lake in the desert.

*Water mirage is caused by a layer of warm air near the ground reflecting the sky.*






*Sun image reflected from layer of warm air may look like flying disk from plane.*

A mathematician and physicist with the expedition, Gaspard Monge, named it mirage from the French word *mirer*, meaning to gaze.

You can make a home mirage with a glass of water. Look up at its surface from beneath. The bright surface of the water is a mirror and a spoon dipped into it is reflected upside down. Similarly, refraction is demonstrated when we thrust a stick in the water and its straight lines seem to bend below the surface. The best angle of view for a mirage is slightly above and some distance away.

Mirages can be extremely dangerous. In the winter there is a lake near some train tracks between El Paso and Tucson in Hado Flats, Cochise County, Ariz. A pilot remembered this lake when he developed engine trouble on his way to the West Coast one summer. His plane crashed, however, when he tried to land on the lake for in the summer it dries up completely. The lake the pilot still thought he saw there was only a mirage, a reflection of the sky. Mirages are most frequent in desert and polar regions. Many a ship has crashed into one iceberg while trying

frantically to avoid another which was only a mirage.

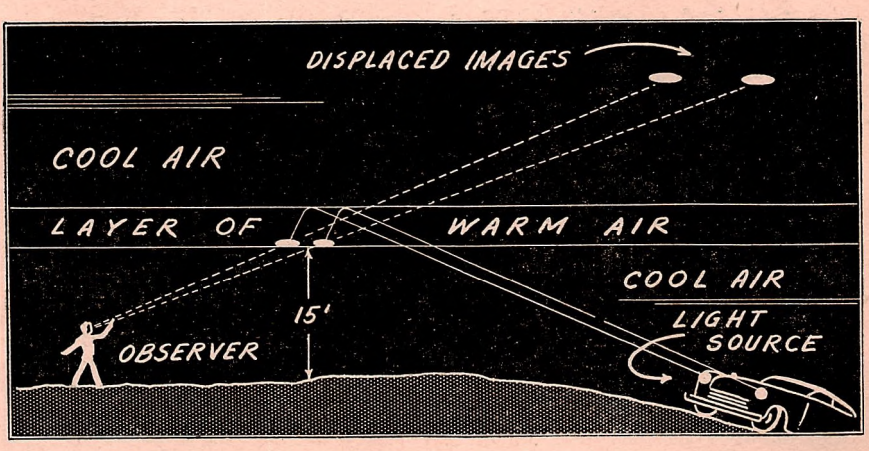
A polar mirage, however, saved the lives of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his party on February 23, 1902, in their search for the South Pole. They were starving and had lost their way to the next food depot when a mirage lifted the depot's flag above the horizon just long enough for them to get their bearings.

This phenomenon of over-the-horizon sight is a common one and is probably responsible for the legends of the halcyon lands of Avalon and Atlantis. Objects can be reflected hundreds of miles past the curve of the earth and they appear closer than they are because of the clear air which always accompanies mirages.

Imaginary lands are islands and coast lines, usually hidden from view, which are lifted above the horizon by a dense cold layer of air below a warm layer. On July 26, 1797, the Coast of Picardy, 45 miles from Hastings, Eng., could be seen so clearly that landmarks were recognized; fishing boats at anchor, different colors of houses and the ground were visible. On cold winter days, when Lake Michigan is colder than the air above it, observers in the tops of Chicago skyscrapers can see the city of St. Joseph, Mich., across the lake, though it is 60 miles away and below the horizon.

At sunrise on a desert one can see far past the horizon. Long morning visibility in the Sudan

*Night mirage of car lights may look like speeding saucers to observer on ground.*



changes by noon to a half mile for the horizon, though trees can be seen four miles away. Captain James Cook, on December 31, 1773, reported that a snow squall caused a large iceberg in front of the horizon to retreat behind it, then come back when the squall had passed.

The most lasting of all mirage cities, first recorded in 1558, is that of Fata Morgana which can still be seen by tourists on the seashore at Naples when conditions are right. This phantom city is actually the Sicilian shore of the Straits of Messina as seen from the opposite shore in Calabria in southern Italy. The cold sea air of these enclosed waters mixes with the hot air of the land and reflects a scene from the coast of Sicily no one has ever been able to identify exactly. Perhaps it is the viaduct on the Messina-Grasso railway, perhaps a town, and possibly only a grossly enlarged bit of shoreline with its boulders blown up into castles.

A series of columns appears on the sea, so huge their tops and bottoms are invisible. On a morning when the weather is calm the opposite coast seems to be a chain of dark mountains, and nearby appear thousands of pillars, constantly swelling to twice their height, or changing to arcades and vaults. Castles and towers and palaces shimmer into pine trees and cypresses. Sometimes three cities appear one above the other.

Distortion of images caused by a mixing of the air layers of different densities presents apparitions which make even hard-headed scientists think they have gone mad. Roy Chapman Andrews, experienced explorer, once saw a lake in the Gobi desert inhabited by swan-like birds with spindlelegs 14 feet high and by other squat, grotesque birds with huge flamingo wings. As he approached they turned and fled, transformed into a herd of antelopes as the lake disappeared. This herd of antelopes had been immersed in a three or four foot layer of hot air which blocked off the land below and reflected the sky as water. Their distortion was caused by heat waves above the layer of hot air.

In 1930 a passing cargo boat, seen from the *Mauretania*, performed all sorts of gyrations: it turned turtle with masts, funnel and smoke under the sea; it turned right side up but split lengthwise; and it doubled, with one ship sailing in the sky upside down above the other.

Distance is completely confused in mirages. In 1929 Admiral Richard Byrd photographed a range of mountains in the Antarctic which he found later were located 200 miles from the spot where he had taken the picture.

An RAF fighter pilot in Africa strafed a formation of German tanks on the Libyan desert and later saw a marching column of German soldiers, all of which were mirages of objects many miles away. In the hot plains of Mesopotamia an enemy can suddenly disappear and an attacking force be wholly hidden by refraction until it is too late for defense. During the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 many scattered persons in Sweden and Norway saw an army marching in the sky which actually marched on the ground hundreds of miles to the south.

Some of the weirdest effects are seen in and near cities. A German U-boat captain off New York in 1918 reported seeing the whole city reflected upside down in the sky, each skyscraper supporting on its peak an image of itself. The Eiffel Tower in Paris sometimes balances its mirage upside down on its pinnacle. On August 15, 1902, a photograph was taken of St. Malo, France, showing an upside down picture of the whole town hanging above it and observers said it was so clear that they could see vehicles moving along the streets of the mirage.

Sometimes inversion layers close to the observer change the round shape of the sun or moon on the horizon to a "red-hot rivet," a mushroom or a derby hat. Solar and lunar halos at the poles are caused by refraction of light passing through ice crystals, broken into brilliant colors as by a prism. From the summit of Brocken Mountain, Germany, when the sun is low and a fog-bank near, hikers sometimes see a gigantic shadow of themselves, the heads surrounded by colored rings of light called the glory or Brocken-Bow. All of these varied phenomena are mirages.

Can flying saucers be mirages? The Air Force is interested enough that its Project Grudge, abandoned in 1949, has been reanimated as Project Blue Book to investigate these phenomena with radar, sonar, telescopes, special optical instruments used to trace guided missiles, and a spectroscopic camera which will analyze any saucer's light into its component colors and record them on film, thus making possible a study of its source.

The idea that most flying saucers can be explained as mirages is primarily the theory of Dr. Donald H. Menzel, professor of astrophysics at Harvard University. Dr. Menzel believes that the saucer "illusions" are caused by the same temperature inversions which create optical mirages, radar mirages, television mirages and bad smogs. Just as a radio station miles away sometimes comes in loud and clear, so the image of a light from land or sky can suddenly shoot across the

heavens and look like a flying disk to even the most experienced observers.

Many of the saucers reported seem to be primarily bright lights. Dr. Menzel explains these as coming from such ground sources as moving car lights, or sky sources such as the sun, moon, or sky-hook balloons. Just as a search-light on a cloud at night seems to sweep at a tremendous speed, so reflected car lights could seem to move at vastly greater speed in a sky image than the fastest plane.

Car lights, says Dr. Menzel, are reflected to a ground observer from a layer of warm air in the sky sandwiched between two layers of cool air. Sunlight is reflected by a warm air layer from a spot near the earth and seen by a plane observer as a flying disk. Or a rising sky-hook balloon punctures a thin layer of warm air, the resulting hole is filled with cool air which acts as a lens, reflecting the image of the balloon below to ground observers.

These are plausible explanations for disk-shaped lights seen either at night or by day. Dr. Menzel explains the V-shaped Lubbock, Tex., lights as the images of a string of lights at a distance or the reduplicated images of a single very bright light. By "lateral" refraction and/or "superior" refraction they could be a mirage of a light duplicated both above and beside itself. As has been mentioned, a similar V-shaped series of images of a single ship was once seen in the polar region. The wavering of warm air, seen in the rippling of "water" on a paving mirage, might explain the wavering motion of saucers.

Dr. Menzel says that such inversions may be seen by pilots flying just above or just below a layer of warm air, the best vantage point for any mirage. And any light at all may be enough to produce a mirage, reflected from the moon or even the plane's own exhaust. The bright colors of some sighted saucers can be explained by the breaking up of light as in a prism, just as some halos are seen in color. Most daylight saucers have been seen in late afternoon or at sunset when light conditions change rapidly and illusory effects are most likely. More are seen at night than in the day, when a reflected light would be less noticeable.

It is a good, workable theory but still it has holes. Dr. Menzel himself says that the theory does not cover the green fireballs seen in the southwest. The Air Force has a separate project under Blue Book — called Project Twinkle — to investigate these green fireballs.

Lights, series of lights, flaming exhausts, swift movement, instant disappearance — all fit into a mi-

rage theory. But how explain the details of the report by Capt. Clarence Shipe Chiles, Eastern Airlines pilot? Could a night mirage possibly be seen as a long, rocket-like, wingless ship, two decks, two rows of windows, cigar-shaped fuselage, lighted pilot's cabin and a long shaft on the ship's nose looking like radar antenna? Or an exhaust flame estimated as extending 30 to 50 feet backwards into darkness?

Or indeed, most of the scores of other saucer sightings which have been reported in FATE? It seems unlikely, but even so the mirage is a fascinating phenomenon in its own right. And it isn't impossible that "saucer phenomena" may prove to be just as natural and easily explained as mirages — once we understand what they are.

## PUSSY'S LAST DAY

MONSIEUR and Madame Thibault, who keep an antique shop on the ground floor of the house in Versailles, France, in which I live, had a pet cat which was as dear to them as a child. "Pussy," as they called him in English, had a way of making friends by walking solemnly up to visitors and holding out a paw to shake hands with them. He lacked discrimination, and under the occupation did this to quite a few Nazi officers he saw passing in the street before the shop. After the Liberation this led, rather astonishingly, to a denunciation of his owners as "having a Collaborationist cat." Fortunately, cat and owners were spared from the summary executions by lawless dissident groups which occurred in far too many instances.

Recently, as a result of age or night life on the nearby roofs, Pussy was attacked by chronic dysentery, making things impossible for his owners and leaving the poor cat with no further pleasure in existence. So, although broken-hearted, the Thibaults saw no alternative but to ask a veterinarian to take the cat away and put him gently to sleep forever.

Pussy had been on friendliest terms with the vet, but when the fatal day came he knew that something was changed. At the appearance of the vet, Pussy stared at him as at a stranger, dragged himself out of his basket and walked straight up to his master, holding out his paw to shake hands. He did the same with his mistress, then returned to his basket, turning his back deliberately on the vet. When carried out he did not move again or make a sound. — *Warrington Dawson.*

# THE POSSESSION OF MARIA TALARICO

*By Edmond P. Gibson*

**It began with a strange illness. Then she assumed the personality of a man she had never known — a man who had been dead for three years.**

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In January, 1939, a notice appeared in the journal, *Messagero*, in Rome, describing the strange split personality of 17-year-old Maria Talarico of Siano, Italy.

Giovanni Scambia, M.D., of the city of Catanzaro, Calabria, two miles from Siano, agreed to look into the case in accordance with the request of the *Associazone di Richerche Psychique* and it is from his meticulous report published in *La Ricerca Psichica* of June, 1939, the following information comes.

To understand this unusual case one must go back three years from January, 1939, to February 13, 1936.

The two towns of Catanzaro and Siano are connected by a good road and, at the Siano end adjacent to the town, a large steel, single-arch bridge spans the river Corace at a height of 168 feet above water level. At about 8 o'clock on that February morning, the body of 19-year-old Guiseppe Veraldi, a young bricklayer of Baracche Street, Catanzaro, was found lying on the river bank, almost under the bridge. The young man was very recently dead. Black shorts and one cotton sock, on the left foot, remained on the body. The remainder of the man's clothing was scattered near the body. Veraldi's head lay with



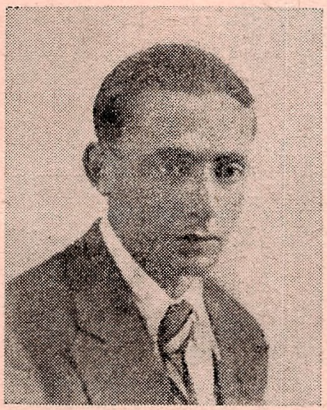
*Seventeen-year-old Maria Talarico was healthy and intelligent. There was nothing in her history to account for her amazing character transformation.*

the right side against a large stone. His left arm was doubled under his chest. His right arm was outstretched, pointing back towards the stream. His legs were straight and spread in the direction of the water.

A careful examination of the body revealed that there was bleeding from the mouth which suggested concussion or a cranial fracture. The authorities concluded that death was due to concussion. The police found that Veraldi, the night before his death, had visited the Giose Tavern in Baracche Street in company with four companions, Mancuso Salvatore, Sellia Antonio, Veraldi Damiano, and his half-brother Balestra Rosario. There were arguments early in the evening but they all drank wine together until 11 p.m. At that time Veraldi said that he felt ill and decided to go home.

The inquest decided, after lengthy hearing, that Veraldi, because of a recent unfortunate love affair, committed suicide by jumping from the bridge. However, this verdict did not convince Veraldi's relatives or some of the





Guiseppe Veraldi

*The battered body of this 19-year-old bricklayer was found under the bridge shown above. Evidence indicates that his personality manifested through Maria Talarico to clear up the mystery of his death.*

other residents of the two towns. They argued that no one could drop onto rocky ground from a height of 168 feet and escape with the small number of fractures found on the body. They argued that Veraldi had been murdered elsewhere and his body dumped under the bridge to look like suicide.

Three years after this tragedy, in the village of Siano, only a half mile from the bridge, Maria Talarico, the second of six children, was stricken with a strange malady. She was 17. Examined by Dr. Scambia, she appeared to be in good health although manifestly "not herself." There was a slight enlargement of the right lobe of the thyroid gland and there were some abnormal ocular

responses to red light. Her reflexes were strong and about normal. Her eyes were bright, her vision good, her hair healthy, black, and curly. She had a rather dark complexion and a sweet smile. She was intelligent and Dr. Scambia found that she was popular with her neighbors. She did not drink or smoke. There was nothing in her physical condition to explain the abnormality from which she suffered.

However, there was no doubt that Maria's condition was seriously abnormal.

When the body of Veraldi was discovered in 1936 Maria was 14. She had never known Veraldi or any of his family in Catanzaro and the only time she had seen him was when she had gone with other children to see his body lying under the bridge. Yet there seemed to be some connection between Maria Talarico and the dead Guiseppe Veraldi.

Dr. Scambia was much impressed by the sincerity of the girl when she was in a normal state and gave the following reasons for trusting her statements.

(a) She had no logical reason for telling lies.

(b) She had a reputation for honesty among her friends. She had never questioned the conclusions of the inquest.

(c) The case had been closed by the verdict of suicide. There was no reason known to Maria Talarico for reopening it. She had all but forgotten the incident when her malady became apparent.



Dr. Scambia uncovered the following facts when he undertook his investigation:

On January 5, 1939, Maria and her grandmother went to Catanzaro to visit Maria's mother who, in those days of Fascism, was working in the Agrarian School. After the visit they returned on foot to Siano.

During the walk home, when they had reached a point near the Caserma di Cappuccini, Maria crossed the road and dropped to the ground complaining of pains in her knees. She was on the approach to the bridge. Her grandmother asked help of a nearby man and Guiseppe Trapasso came to her aid. They half-led, half-car-



ried Maria the rest of the way home. Put to bed, Maria was seized by a strange fit or frenzy and demanded that her mother be brought. Her voice was strange and deeper than usual.

When Maria's mother arrived from the school at Catanzaro Maria did not know her. She said, "You are not my mother, though you may be the owner of this house. My mother lives in Baracche Street in Catanzaro and her name is Catterina. I am 'Pepe.' " This was discovered to be the nickname of the deceased Guiseppe Veraldi, the suicide of three years before.

Maria demanded that Catterina come at once. Neighbors came to Maria's bedside and the news got abroad that Maria was insane. Witnesses testified that the voice from Maria's throat was a strange deep voice, like a man's. People said that Maria's body was invaded by the spirit of Guiseppe Veraldi.

Shortly after this Dr. Giovanni Scambia entered the case. The village was full of rumors and whisperings. He endeavored to collect the facts by interviewing actual witnesses of Maria's seizures. He studied her seizures himself. In addition, he consulted the police. They too were interested in the developments in the Talarico home.

In all, Dr. Scambia visited the Talarico home 14 times during the period of Maria's derangement. He interviewed Maria from time to time as the case progressed. Other physicians, Dr. Vincenzo Catalono and Dr. Manzi Carelli, Director of the School of Obstetrics of Catanzaro, were brought into consultation. Dr. Peri, an oculist; and Dr. Fragola, a psychiatrist from Girifalco, were consulted also.

Maria's first attack lasted more than 24 hours and during each crisis she personified the dead Guiseppe Veraldi. She knew intimate facts of Veraldi's life and supplied veridical details of events leading up to his death. She insisted that she was "Pepe", that she had not committed suicide, that she had been basely murdered.

Dr. Scambia found her story precise and accurate in all verifiable details.

Maria insisted that the mother Catterina be found. Maria's own mother went to the Baracche Street address in Catanzero to get her. She was not at home. At this early stage the "Pepe" personality of Maria was extremely impatient to see his mother. This personality wrote a note for delivery to her, saying: "Dear Mother, if you want to see me, I am still your poor son." This note was taken away by the Chief of Police Salvatore Malorgio. Later Dr. Scambia compared it with Maria's normal handwriting and with that of the dead man. The writing was that of Guiseppe Veraldi although Maria had never seen a sample of his handwriting. Dr. Scambia made a very careful study of this writing and concluded that the handwriting of Maria's "Pepe" personality and that of Guiseppe Veraldi were the same.

During the evening of January



*Sudden pains struck Maria in her knees as she came to the bridge beneath which Guiseppe Veraldi's body had been found.*

5 Maria chose four men from the crowd gathered at her house and while in the "Pepe" state started a card game with them. She asked for wine. A table was set for the card game and "Pepe" gave a special name of his own to each player — Toto', Abele, Rosario and Damiano, the names of the men who had been his companions on the fatal night. The "Pepe" personality watched the game closely and smoked cigarettes.

At every round when the wine was passed, Maria, as "Pepe," would say, "What do you want to get me drunk for? Why don't you do the same now as you did then? Why don't you put sugar, salt and poppy seeds in my wine as you did that night?" As the "Pepe" personality addressed the four, the glass Maria was holding cracked into fragments and fell from her hand. During the game she added sugar and salt to her wine and drank four quarts, while she chain-smoked cigarettes. This debauch of the "Pepe" personality was too much for the physical constitution of Maria to stand. She became deathly sick and an hour later vomited. After she had recovered somewhat she cried out in a renewed frenzy, "Abele, Toto', let me alone! Don't hit me like that! Help! Help! They are trying to kill me under the bridge!"

Following this nightmarish attack Maria could not sleep all night.

Veraldi's brother-in-law, Carito Giovanni, visited Maria bringing with him a picture of Veraldi's sister whom Maria had never seen. This was presented to Maria's "Pepe" personality as a test. The "Pepe" personality immediately recognized the picture and became very emotional about it, kissing it again and again.

Early in the morning, the day following the picture incident, Dr. Scambia notes that Maria awoke very early. She was in the "Pepe" state. She said, "My mother is on her way to visit me." Then after a silence she exclaimed, "She is almost on the bridge now." Ten minutes later she rose from her chair, went to the door and looked out for the mother. A minute later Catterina Veraldi arrived at the Talarico home. It was precisely 7 a.m. When she came in, Maria, as "Pepe," embraced her, kissed her and called her "Mother" over and over. She pulled up a chair for her to sit in and then climbed on her lap. Mrs. Veraldi was somewhat nonplussed but Maria said, "Mother, my Mother! It is three years since I have seen you."

Catterina asked, "How were you murdered?"

Maria, as "Pepe," said, "Toto', Abele, Damiano and Rosario killed me! We were at Giose's Tavern. They made me drink too much wine. After I was drunk they put stuff in my wine and then they

took me to a place near the Caserma di Cappuccine, near the bridge, by the wall with the three fountains.

"Toto' and Abele held me and then threw me through a hole in the wall. Then Rosario came through and he hit me on the head and Toto' punched me in the eye. Abele broke my jaw with a stone. Then they took off my clothes and carried me under the bridge. Toto' hit me with a piece of iron on my arm and chest. He broke my right wrist. Then they threw my clothes after me and they came and put a stone under my head, to make me look as if I were crazy. Mother, I was not so crazy as to jump off that bridge. . . . There were four against one, and I had drunk 24 glasses of wine."

The "Pepe" personality continued, "Did you know one of my murderers died in the hospital?" (Abele had died of a heart attack in September, 1938. It was stated subsequently by his sister that he refused the Last Sacrament.)

"Pepe" went on, "Another one, Mother — Toto'. He sailed as a volunteer for East Africa. He has been badly wounded in the face." (Dr. Scambia discovered that when last heard from Toto' was working as a bricklayer in Eritrea. He never came back to Catanzaro, having left shortly after Veraldi's death.)

"Another one, Damiano, is on his way to this house now, Mother."

Shortly Damiano entered the house and confronted the "Pepe" personality. Damiano was very reticent and evasive in all of his answers to "Pepe." Later Dr. Scambia wished to question him but Damiano refused.

Gugliemo Sita, former brigadier in the Italian Army and then of the Customs Office, visited Dr. Scambia and told what he knew of the case. Brigadier Sita stated that he visited the Talarico home on January 6, 1939. Sita did not know Maria. He lived in Catanzaro and said that he had known Veraldi. Maria, as "Pepe," said, "Let him in, it is the Brigadier." She reminded Sita that on the night before "her" death, she, "Pepe," had seen Sita smoking his pipe in the window.

Sita asked, "Where did you stop that evening after you passed me?"

"Pepe" wrote on a piece of paper, "Lillina's House."

Sita explained to the doctor that Lillina is the name of the wife of Antonia Dellia and that Pepe had stopped there after passing the Brigadier's window. Later the Brigadier testified that he had heard a loud disturbance from the Giose Tavern.

During his visit to Maria's home on January 6 "Pepe" stated, "I cannot eat. My teeth are loose and my jaw is broken." Sita said he examined Maria's mouth. Her lower jaw made a loud cracking

noise and wobbled in his fingers. He said that her teeth were so loose he feared that they would come out in his fingers. He concluded, "I went to the Talarico house a complete skeptic. I came away terrified by what I witnessed there!"

Other persons, unknown to Maria but known to Veraldi, were speedily identified by the "Pepe" personality. Raffaele Veraldi, brother of the dead Pepe, and Giovanni Veraldi, another brother were recognized. Maria, as "Pepe," refused to talk to Giovanni. She said, "You don't respect my mother!" (This remark was true, but Maria could not have known. The preceding week Giovanni had abused and insulted his mother in an argument. This was verified by Dr. Scambia.)

Carlisi Gaetano, the brother of Pepe's brother-in-law, and Loprete Guiseppe, owner of the Giose Tavern, and Fabiano Luigi, a close friend of Pepe's, were recognized also. Maria, as "Pepe", requested Fabiano to go to Catanzaro and get her a bologna sandwich and a bottle of brilliantine. Fabiano made the trip and brought back the sandwich and the hair-grooming compound. Later he stated that he and Pepe had often eaten such bologna sandwiches together in Catanzaro. He also remarked that Pepe always had kept a bottle of brilliantine in his room. "Pepe" became quite emotional with Fabiano, recalling bygone days.

While Fabiano was on his trip "Pepe" stated that Fabiano had just then met another mutual friend named Biondo near the Military Hospital in Catanzaro. On his return Fabiano was questioned about this and he said it was true. He had just seen Biondo in the location given and they had discussed the strange goings-on at the Talarico home.

Mancuso Salvatore, a former friend of Pepe's was recognized by Maria's "Pepe" personality. Mancuso offered Maria a picture of his deceased sister and inquired whether she knew who it was.

Maria, as "Pepe," said, "Yes, I know. It is your dead sister." Mancuso had been with Pepe Veraldi early in the evening of the fatal night.

Dell' Apa Antonio visited Maria, while the "Pepe" personality stated that they had worked together on the same job. She elaborated, saying, "I certainly remember that we worked at the railroad station at Catanzaro during the flood of 1935." Dell' Apa Antonio stated that this was true.

Dr. Scambia concluded that whether or not the case was one of spirit possession Maria, as "Pepe," had the knowledge and memories of the deceased Veraldi and knew nothing of Maria whose personality and mind had temporarily disappeared.

During the period of examination and observation of Maria, Maria's real mother was continually worried about her daughter's strange mental state and she thought the excitement was doing Maria no good. She asked Pepe's mother, Catterina Veraldi, to go back to Catanzaro and to stay there.

After Pepe's mother had gone home there was another crisis. "Pepe" claimed that he had a severe pain in his leg and then said, "I must go to the bridge and get my clothes." He was told that his clothes had been taken by the police and were probably at the police station.

Maria's "Pepe" said, "I must go anyway." "Pepe" selected four men to go with "him." Maria was humored in this and together they hurried along the highway to the river bridge, Maria, as "Pepe," leading the way. When they reached the edge of the cliff near the bridge abutment Maria started to descend the cliff on the steep, sheer side. The men slowly followed.

Maria's mother stood at the top of the cliff crying and praying, "Please God, stop her! She will kill herself!"

When Maria reached the river bank she threw off her coat and most of her clothes, strewing them around her on the ground. Then she fell at the exact spot where the body of the dead man had lain, sprawled in the same position, with her head on the same stone. From her right foot the shoe was missing, even as Pepe's right foot had been bare. She was unconscious.

Maria lay on the ground in a swoon for about 10 minutes. Then she awoke and got up. She was very much surprised at the small crowd around her. The "Pepe" personality had disappeared! Maria recognized her own mother for the first time in many days. She recognized other persons from Siano whom she did not know when "Pepe" was in possession.

Maria could not climb out of the ravine by the route she had climbed down. She had to be helped up the easy climb on the other side of the bridge abutment.

The "Pepe" personality never returned following this incident. Maria remembered nothing of the possession. Her mind was a blank from the day of her first hysterical seizure of January 5 until she awoke under the bridge.

When she was told that she had spent days living over the life of the deceased "Pepe" Veraldi she became confused and ashamed. She refused to see people. Even Dr. Scambia, who had been attending her daily for more than two weeks, was unrecognized. At first she refused to talk. Later she was more cooperative and permitted him to examine her so that he might compare her condition

while "possessed" with her normal condition. He found little difference in her physical reflexes and condition.

Maria, at Dr. Scambia's request, released the following statement over her signature:

"*Of what has recently occurred, I remember nothing.*

"*You may not take my picture, as my boy friend has forbidden it.*

"*I have never even dreamed of the young fellow who was found dead under the bridge. I never talked to him or knew him.*

"*I am seventeen years old.*

"*My health has always been good.*

"*February 9, 1939.*

"*Maria Talarico*"

Dr. Scambia has little doubt that Maria suffered a case of double or split personality. But was the secondary personality a subconscious fabrication of Maria's, constructed by the means of extra-sensory perception?

The answer may hinge on motivation. There was no reason for Maria to try to clear up the Veraldi case, to prove that Veraldi was not a suicide. There was every reason for "Pepe," if his spirit survived, to try to clear his name of suicide and to lay the blame for his murder where it rightfully belonged.

In either case the evidence collected by Dr. Scambia is of a paranormal nature. The scales seem weighted in favor of the hypothesis that the spirit of the dead man returned, temporarily invading Maria's body, and when he had explained his murder he abandoned her body and she was once again herself.

*The writer wishes to thank Mr. Natale J. Cuneo of Brooklyn, N. Y., for his assistance in obtaining translation of portions of the article which appeared in* La Riserca Psichica, *published at No. 6 Via Spiga, Milan, Italy, and who called our attention to Dr. Giovanni Scambia's "Meraviglie dello Spirito Unmano," Catanzaro, Italy. The latter brochure retells the story of Maria in greater detail than the professional report.*

## THE TWO DREAMS

A DREAM that her son Louis, a Marine in Korea, had been killed in action awoke Mrs. Othie Russell of Mount Vernon, Ind., early one morning last September. She managed to get back to sleep — and had another dream, this time about receiving a telegram announcing her son's death. Less than a week later she received a telegram from the Defense Department. Louis had been killed in action on the same day she had dreamed about him.

# Prophecies I Have Heard

**The prediction that I would be lecturing in Carnegie Hall in 10 years was fantastic — but it came true.**

*By Jeron King Criswell*

We are all interested in the future for that is where we are going to spend the rest of our lives!

I realized this at a very early age. When I was a barefoot boy in Indiana I spent 50 cents one day at the Gibson County Fair — a hard-earned 50 cents that I had got threshing — to "consult" a gypsy palmist. She looked down into my freckled face, at my torn overalls, my shock of reddish hair, my calloused palm, and gave me the following prediction:

"You will leave here when you are 16 and not be the doctor you plan to be." (I had planned to follow the footsteps of a great-uncle but when I did leave home at 17 to attend the university I changed my mind completely about being a doctor.) I have always remembered the prophecy of the gypsy woman and wherever she is I want her to know that her prediction worked out.

My next encounter with soothsayers was with a woman in my home town, Princeton, Ind., who claimed to converse with the dead. If this woman had not possessed influence and money, she would have been "crazy" but her money gave her the right merely to be "eccentric." One day she pointed to a schoolmate and screamed, "The spirits tell me that your father will be killed by a train tomorrow and you will join him within a year by fever." This ominous prophecy came true, for the boy's father was killed the following day by a



*Jeron King Criswell is nationally known through his column, "Criswell Predicts," which appears in over 400 newspapers daily, as well as on radio and television. Mr. Criswell also makes an annual lecture tour of over 50 dates. A student of prophecy for 25 years, he says, "Some people go to football games, movies, or nightclubs, but when I have any time off, which is rare, I like to go to a fortune-teller. I have learned much, even to place greater faith in myself." He has kept an accurate diary of the many predictions which have been given to him all over the world and has carefully checked up on them over the years. He reports, "I find a very high batting average in favor of these predictions. Even those which did not turn out exactly as forecast, nevertheless, did have a great factual element in them which showed the trend—and even a partial result!" We have persuaded Mr. Criswell to reveal the contents of his diary for the first time and to let our readers know the outcome of some of these predictions.*

train and a year later he himself was dead from diphtheria and scarlet fever!

This woman was truly a 20th-century witch for she could heal warts with her weird mumbling, find lost articles and bring home stray husbands, cattle and dogs. She predicted that we will fly through the air with mechanical wings in 1960.

Another amazing character of my boyhood days was a Negro woman, Fannie, who could spread a regular deck of playing cards fanwise and tell your fortune. One afternoon my brother and sister, two cousins and myself, had her "spread the cards" as she called it. She looked up and prophesied, "A great wind will kill 100 people here next spring but we will be safe." It came to pass that a deadly tornado struck Princeton, Ind., the following March killing 100 people but sparing our street completely. This woman also could tell if one were honest, by the cards, and businessmen for miles around would send prospective employees to her for a full report.

In 1910 my great-uncle, Dr. Joseph Neeley Hopkins, predicted before a group of doctors, "Operations, even major ones, will be

performed in a matter of minutes and the patient will be able to walk on the same day." Of course the other doctors laughed at him but his prediction, made 40 years ago, has come to pass.

When I was a boy we used to look into the embers of a dying fire to see future events. Some of us became quite proficient. My sister Clara Helen, my brother William, and my cousins John Henry and Marjorie took turns at being seer. Another cousin, Helen Hopkins, always saw a house on a high hill overlooking the ocean and today she lives in just such a place. As Mrs. James Warner Bellah she lives in Santa Monica, Calif., overlooking the Pacific.

I could tell you of many childhood instances where the prophetic dreams of others dealt directly with my future. Mary Currie, a woman who lived with the King family for many years, once dreamed that the local coal-mine would collapse and would be closed from that day on! She told the dream to many people who laughed. The cave-in happened exactly as she said, and on the very day she dreamed it would. This directly influenced the economy of everyone in our town.

Several years later I attended a Spiritualist church in Cincinnati and the medium told me that I would be lecturing in Carnegie Hall in New York within 10 years. As a shy, stuttering college student I found this quite fantastic but it came to pass — exactly 10 years later!

Three years later a nameless tea-leaf reader in a Gypsy Tea-room at 43rd and Fifth Avenue, New York, told me that I would spend the following year in Europe. This too strangely came to pass.

In Casablanca, Morocco, a sand-diviner predicted that my voice would be heard over the air selling coffee! This happened 20 years later and I consider it most remarkable.

A fortune-teller in Marseilles foretold a great disaster which I would witness upon returning to America. I was within 50 feet of the Graf Zeppelin when it exploded.

A remarkable mystic of our century, whose personal predictions have helped thousands, is the Rev. Margaret Heaney, of New York City. Reverend Heaney has predicted the solution of many baffling crimes, including the Hauptmann-Lindbergh case. She predicted, 15 years ago, that I would have 5,000,000 daily readers in 1952. Today my syndicated column, "Criswell Predicts", my editor tells me, is read by 5,000,000 people daily. This was a long-range prediction given to me when I had reached low ebb in life!

Another noted purveyor of world-prophecy today is Dr. John Macbeth, of 2330 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, who in 1932 predicted, "President Roosevelt will die before Mussolini or Hitler, in the same year!" This strangely came to pass all in the same year of 1945! Dr. Macbeth has predicted through his "Master M. Apports" the Korean War, the mystery behind flying saucers, interplanetary TV and the next war, wherein humans will become walking torches! All to occur within the next 25 years! Dr. Macbeth has many noted scientists working with him on his theories of prognostication and believes he has an absolute science!

May I make a prediction of my own? The next Negro Messiah will be Dr. Samuel S. Heyliager, of 1015 S. Manhattan Place, Los Angeles, who has interested such people as Mary Pickford and Bayard F. Spalding in his spiritual gifts. Dr. Heyliager attracts huge crowds and is widely quoted for his amazing forecasts, both personal and national. Dr. Heyliager once forecast that I would appear with him before 3,000 people within the next six weeks. To my surprise it came about at a large celebration which had not been planned at the time Dr. Heyliager predicted it!

Loretta, a New York nightclub crystal ball reader, told me, "You will marry a girl whose initials are M.L.S. She will come from a little town in Pennsylvania, will be an actress and you will live in California and will receive 1,000 letters every day!" She also said, "You will have a niece and a nephew, Gayle and Charles." I did marry a girl with the initials M.L.S. (Myrtle Louise Stonesifer) who came from Littlestown, Pa. She is an actress, professionally known as Halo Meadows. I receive 1,000 letters daily from my readers in 400 papers and I now have a niece and nephew, Gayle and Charles!

Sydney Omarr, known as the astrologer's astrologer, cast my horoscope for 1952 and told me to the very day of three important events: a new radio series, the start of a lecture tour, and a new contract for television!

Only a short time ago Rev. Beulah Englund, 1900 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, called me on the telephone and told me I would be asked to write an article for a national magazine within the next week. This article is proof of her prediction!

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

**Unidentified Sky Objects**

I will have to refer to a recent sighting just south of our city as just an "unidentified object", as it in no way resembled a saucer.

I had just parked my car at 1:30 a.m. recently and was attracted to a very bright light in the sky. It was moving very slowly and would stop at around 10 second intervals to flash on and off three or four times. After doing this for a few minutes it disappeared in the east as quick as lightning. It appeared to be at an altitude of only 1500–2000 feet.

I cannot think of any of our own craft that could perform within the extreme speed ranges shown by this mysterious object. If it was a hoax, those involved would do their signalling when everybody was on the streets, not at 1:30 a.m. — *Ray Bogk, Cincinnati, O.*

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I like your stories about flying saucers very much. I think what I saw one night about a year ago could have been one.

It was a clear moonless night, with all the stars shining brightly. I saw a small, reddish-orange light about the size of a star moving slowly in a northerly direction. I estimated it to be a mile or two away and about 7,000 feet high and moving about 100 to 150 miles per hour.

At first I thought it was the light of an airliner but it did not flash off and on like the lights of the large transports do. Only light planes and military craft navigation lights remain steady. The light was moving too slowly for a military plane, and light planes usually do not fly at night.

I watched it moving straight across the sky for about five minutes when suddenly it turned from a dull reddish color to a brilliant white that lit up the sky all around. It streaked out of sight at a speed in excess of 1,000 m.p.h. — *Robert W. Hall, Rogers, O.*

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La., at the mouth of South Pass, entrance to the Mississippi river, on a tower about 60 feet above sea level I saw a cigar-shaped object at about 35 degrees height, below and somewhat to the right of Jupiter in the eastern sky. It was traveling faster than jet planes I have seen but not fast enough to be a meteor. The direction of speed was horizontal — probably northeast.

When I first sighted this object in a clear moon-lit sky and realized the speed it was making, I turned away and reached quickly for my binoculars. I searched for the object but failing to find it after a few seconds, I put the glasses down and tried to find it with my naked eyes. But I could not locate it again. I do not know how it could have disappeared within 10 to 15 seconds but it did.

It was fiery red at the rounded nose and tapered off to yellow at the tail. I could not see any other details about the thing, just the flame, as if it were a fireball traveling fast and leaving a trail. — *S. E. Hays, Miami, Fla.*

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**Italian Saucer**

I have translated the following news item from the Italian newspaper, *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, of New York, dated November 1, 1952. The item concerns the extraordinary adventure of Gian Pietro Manguzzi, 29, of Milan,

Italy, an electrical engineer and a devoted mountain climber.

Manguzzi stated that during the climbing of a glacial mountain, Scersen-Superior in the Bernina Group near Switzerland, he saw and photographed a flying saucer which had landed on a plateau. According to Manguzzi "a human being wearing a suit resembling diving equipment came out of the saucer and walked around it, seemingly on an inspection tour. After a few minutes the figure re-entered the saucer, which immediately rose straight upward without motor noise of any kind and disappeared in the direction of Switzerland."

Competent authorities are now said to be examining his photographs. — *Nat J. Cuneo, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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**"Saucer Bouquets"**

I read with keen interest your article on the saucers by Curtis Fuller in the December, 1952, issue of FATE. I feel it to be a very good approach — a cautious one — to a very thought provoking matter. I've followed the phenomenon from Arnold's epic sighting up to the present time. I have never felt the things were meteorological phenomena.

Keep up the good work on saucers. You are doing a fine job. I enjoyed the article immensely. I read FATE regularly and con-

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sider it well worth its purchase price. — *Thad W. Culmer II, Robinson, Ill.*

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Congratulations on your December cover showing the artist's conception of the Coast Guard photo of the flying saucers! I think it is your most attractive and interesting cover to date. I also greatly enjoyed the article, "Let's Get Straight About the Saucers." I am so glad you are now publishing FATE monthly as we won't have to wait so long for each new issue. — *Norma F. Shannonhouse, Greensboro, N. C.*

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**Alcoholic Levitation**

A friend of mine who does features for *La Nacion*, a daily newspaper in Quito, wrote to me about a most unusual case there. It seems that one of the census takers returned home after a busy day in a semi-drunken stupor. His wife put him to bed and upon returning to the room half an hour later, she found the fellow floating about, close to the ceiling.

The wife screamed (who wouldn't?) and ran out of the room to summon neighbors. She returned with a group of five persons, all of them sober, and found hubby snoring peacefully and still up within a foot or so of the ceiling. According to my informant, they pulled this chap down

to his bed and actually had to stand on a table to reach him. A cold bath and several cups of black coffee brought the "floater" around, whereupon he refused to believe his misadventure. — *Jack Sheppard, Guayaquil, Ecuador.*

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**Cremation Mystery**

I want to tell you how interesting I find the material by Curtis Fuller. I have followed "I See By the Papers" ever since it was added to FATE.

As I read about cremation mysteries I am reminded of an incident that happened three or four years ago. I was working at a newsstand and there was a theater two doors away.

About eight o'clock in the evening a man drove a car up to the curb at a point about midway between the theater and my stand. He got out and went into the theater, ostensibly to see the show.

The man stayed in the theater for about two and a half hours and during that time hundreds of people on the sidewalk passed by his car. A theater attendant swept the sidewalk up to the curb where the car stood. I was on duty all the time.

But when the man unlocked and opened the door of his car he stood aghast. For every particle of combustible material was burned from the inside of the car. The upholstery in both the front

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and back was completely gone and the rug from the floor in back, as well as the lining on sides and top. Yet there was no smoke and very little carbon. The car felt warm to the touch, both inside and out. It couldn't have been that way when he parked it because no man can sit in a pile of ashes and naked springs to drive, however badly he wants to go to a show.

I never once saw any smoke or flame in all that time. And the man who had swept the sidewalk had been close enough to feel the heat from the car if there had been any.

Also paralleling the talking chimney, I once had a bedspring that faintly brought in radio broadcasts. I had no radio or radio equipment at the time. — *Mrs. Dulcie Brown, Los Angeles, Calif.*

---

**Magnetism and Sleep**

I am disclosing an experiment which I have conducted over a period of two years and which I now consider a proven fact. As you know, science has learned many things about magnetic lines of force. It knows that trillions of them pass over this planet and that they have some peculiar characteristics.

I have discovered that permitting a natural flow of these magnetic lines of force produced sur-

prising results. When they are disturbed from their natural flow various changes may occur, even in the human body. If people face their beds in such a position that their feet point south, their health will greatly improve. A person sleeping in such a position can sleep five hours nightly and feel as well rested as one sleeping eight hours in another direction.

Sleeping with the feet facing directly south one is in perfect alignment with the flow of the lines of force. A compass or bar magnet will explain this principle. As the lines of force flow through the body they generate the entire system. Sleep in a different position and you never feel quite rested. — *Edgar S. Payne, Washington, D. C.*

*A recent item in a daily column conducted by a doctor in a Chicago newspaper says that the position of one's bed has no effect whatsoever on sleep. But latest investigations in the field of electrodynamics tend to show that human behavior and feeling are affected by external energies. "Electrodynamic Man" in the January, 1953, issue of* FATE *cites facts to indicate that human beings possess an electrical field, that this electrical field is directly related to that of the earth, and that it is affected by changes in the electrical fields of such sources as the sun and moon. So it appears that Reader Payne may have something. At the very least, the subject merits further investigation. — R. N. W.*


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**Drowned Body Rituals**

In my studies on folklore and ancient beliefs I recently came across an interesting report by H. P. Blavatsky which seems to corroborate Dr. W. E. Farbstein's story in the December issue of FATE. In her monumental work, *Isis Unveiled*, Madame Blavatsky states that in some parts of Russia, particularly Georgia (Caucasus), and in India, the belief is prevalent that in case the body of a drowned person cannot otherwise be found, a garment of his, thrown into the water, will float until directly over the spot and then sink. She even claims to have witnessed the experiment in India where it was successfully tried with the cord of a Brahman.

Curiously enough, she quotes from a "very recent" (1877) Pittsburgh paper describing the finding of the body of a boy named Reed in the Monongahela river, by a like method. It was not a candle in a loaf of bread but one of the boy's shirts which was thrown into the river where he had gone down. It floated on the surface for some time, finally settling to the bottom at a point which proved to be the resting place of the body. — *Albert M. Fehring, Chicago, Ill.*




**He Vouches For Pixies**

In your July-August, 1952, issue of FATE I read with great interest the article on pixies by Harold T. Wilkins.

This story I knew beforehand, as Dr. Thomas Wood was a personal friend of mine, having met him on the occasion of his visit to Canada while he was accompanying Lord Tweedsmuir's party.

Later, in England when World War II started, I contacted Dr. Wood again and he invited me to his home in Burres, Suffolk. Late at night, when most of the others had either gone home or to bed, Dr. Wood and I used to sit by his huge fireplace and talk over old times.

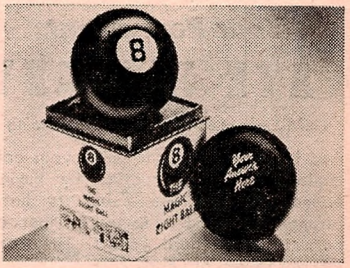
More for an escape than a reality, one night he told me the story that I read in your magazine. I want to say that I believe every word in that article because, knowing Dr. Wood as I do, I would think it impossible for him to fabricate it.

Since we know of Dr. Wood's untimely death, we feel we owe it to his memory to vouch for his sincerity. — *Tony and Marie Onraet, Longlac, Ont., Can.*

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**Flight Without Body**

In my dreams over a period of many years I have had several experiences of what might properly be called astral projection — my awareness of going places

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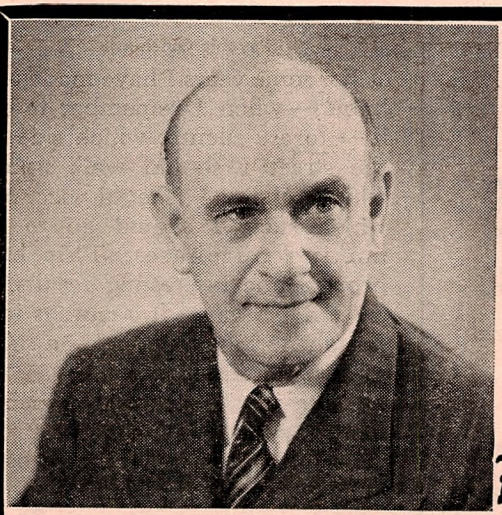
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without my physical body. On most of these occasions I went to places I had never seen up to that time and have never seen since.

When about 20 years of age I had one of these dream flights and went to a place called Browns Lock on Barren River in Kentucky where there was a water mill. I had never seen the place nor had I ever heard any description of it. I found the mill to be a weather-beaten building and on entering I climbed quite a bit of winding stairs to a small window in the gable overlooking the river and the surrounding vicinity. I saw the river and the water pouring over the dam and beyond was a beautiful panorama of wooded hills and green fields.

About a dozen years later, after moving to Bowling Green, Ky., and becoming office manager for the Western Union, I went to Browns Lock, fishing, and saw in reality everything exactly as seen in my dream. The minutest details of the mill, the rocks, the river and the landscape were all there. Could this have occurred by chance? — *A. M. Causey, Bowling Green, Ky.*

*In our book condensation of "An Experiment With Time", installments of which appeared in the November and December, 1952, issues of* FATE, *author J. W. Dunne offers an interesting theory for experiences of this sort. According to Dunne, dreams can foretell futures. — R. N. W.*

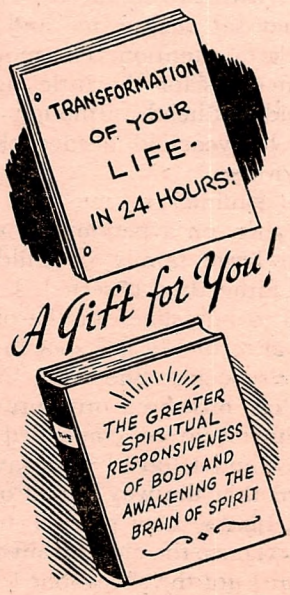


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### Psychic Guidance

For some years I have made it a habit — when I remember to do it — to ask silently which side of the street I should walk upon, which chair I should occupy, which store I should go to in making purchases. This has brought me interesting results. I do it not because it is always important to have guidance on such minor matters but rather as an exercise in the practice of being alert to such guidance.

One time when I was at a bargain shoe sale the clerks did not seem to realize my presence. They waited on everyone else. I was becoming very angry when a mother with two small boys came in. They sat next to me and got immediate attention. The mother bought shoes for the little eight-year-old redhead, although the blond ten-year-old needed them much worse.

She confided to me that she was trying, on a pension, to support a large family of children whose father had deserted. I was moved to buy shoes for the older boy and to tuck a five spot in the mother's pocket. She said, "Now God has answered my prayer! This boy is to be confirmed tomorrow and I have been praying so hard that the way would open to get him a new pair of trousers!" At once the clerks waited on me and I got the shoes that I had come to buy.



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Soon after that I went downtown to get a fur coat. I was guided to a certain store which had just one coat of a certain type left and the price had been greatly reduced. I deposited a dollar to hold the coat while I looked elsewhere, but I returned in an hour and thankfully took the coat, as it was priced $20 under what any other store charged.

One time my training saved me from injury. I was walking along the street in Los Angeles and crossed with the green light. The traffic was normal. Suddenly there came to me by mental impression the message, "Run for your life. If you don't, that car just coming to the corner will hit you!"

I ran. Just as I gained the sidewalk the car came around the corner. The driver leaned his head out of the window, staring at me with eyes that were wide and frightened. His mouth was wide open. He evidently had not seen me before he started to turn. He seemed to realize that only my sudden action had prevented my being under his car. — *Florence Gunn, Kansas City, Mo.*

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**Indian Ghost**

In 1941, while living in Chicago, I had a room in an old three-story house just across from Lincoln Park on Clark Street. One early afternoon, coming down from the third to the second

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floor, I was facing a long but narrow corridor leading to a back room. Darkness was always there, especially when the days were rainy or snowy. Looking straight ahead, a shadow appeared to be walking toward the steps. Slowly this shadow took the shape of an Indian, with long hair and the typical Indian way of dressing.

When I spoke to ask the figure if I could be of any service, it vanished. Reaching the first floor, I met the landlady, whom I told of my strange experience. She took me to the kitchen where her husband was having coffee. Briefly she explained to him about what I had seen. Both begged me not to say a word, since they had also seen the Indian and were afraid to have it known by the other tenants. Despite my efforts, I never saw the ghost again, but no doubt he is still there. — *E. de Solminihac, New Orleans, La.*

---

**Against Terrific Odds**

The subject of mathematical probability has long been a hobby of mine, and I ran across something I thought might interest you, although I have no explanation for it. I am merely pointing out its mathematical significance. Things often happen against terrific odds.

On page 449 of a book called "Sadism and Masochism" by Wilhelm Stekel, M.D. (published

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by Liveright, New York), the author tells of a patient who was operated on 11 times. When originally reading the book, I noted that all 11 operations occurred during the first half of the month against odds of 1123 to 1.

I copied the dates of the operations from the book to file them away, but they became buried in some other papers on my desk for a matter of months. The other day I came upon them and observed something I had overlooked.

The dates were as follows: March 1, 1911; March 2, 1913; October 3, 1913; March 4, 1914; June 5, 1914; January 6, 1915; October 7, 1915; February 8, 1917; March 9, 1918; October 10, 1918; December 11, 1918.

The first operation was on the 1st of the month, the second operation on the 2nd of the month, the third operation on the 3rd of the month, etc., right up to the eleventh operation.

The probability of these operations being consecutive in this manner would be the permutations of 11, in other words: $11 \times 10 \times 9 \times 8 \times 7 \times 6 \times 5 \times 4 \times 3 \times 2 \times 1$. This would mean that there is one chance in 39,916,800.

However, this is not the end of the matter. This has to be multiplied by the probability of the first operation occurring on the first of the month, which would

be 12/365.25. In other words, there are 12 chances (months) in a year of 365.25 days.

This would be approximately 3 chances in 100, or to express it fractionally: .0328542. We can now multiply this figure by 1/39,916,800 which we can express: .000000025. The result will be .00000000082. This means that there is less than one chance in a billion of these operations coinciding with the day of the month — yet they did.

It has always been my experience that all sorts of things happen in this world against almost any odds anyone wishes to name. — *Carl Payne Tobey, Tucson, Ariz.*

*Even flying saucers can happen against huge odds, it seems. While on this subject, we wonder how Reader Tobey would calculate the odds against the happening in the letter which follows. — R. N. W.*

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*Maureen should have a fine time at 7 p.m. on her 7th birthday! — R. N. W.*


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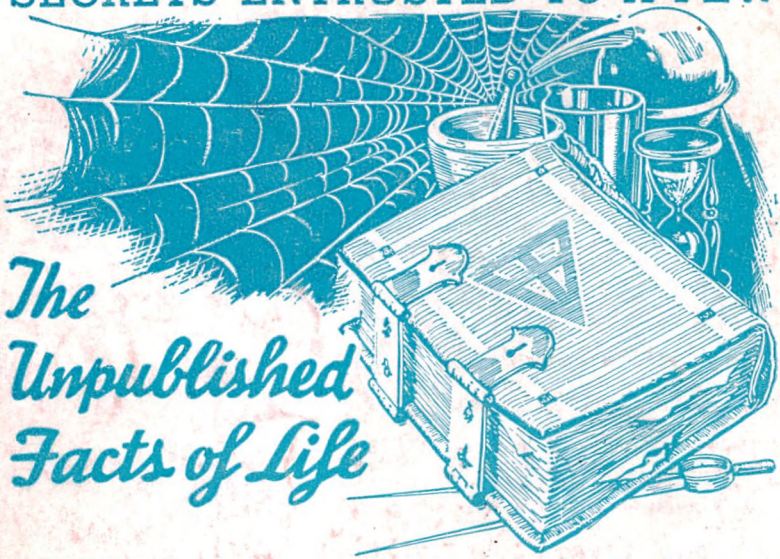
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