TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

FATE

May 1953 35¢

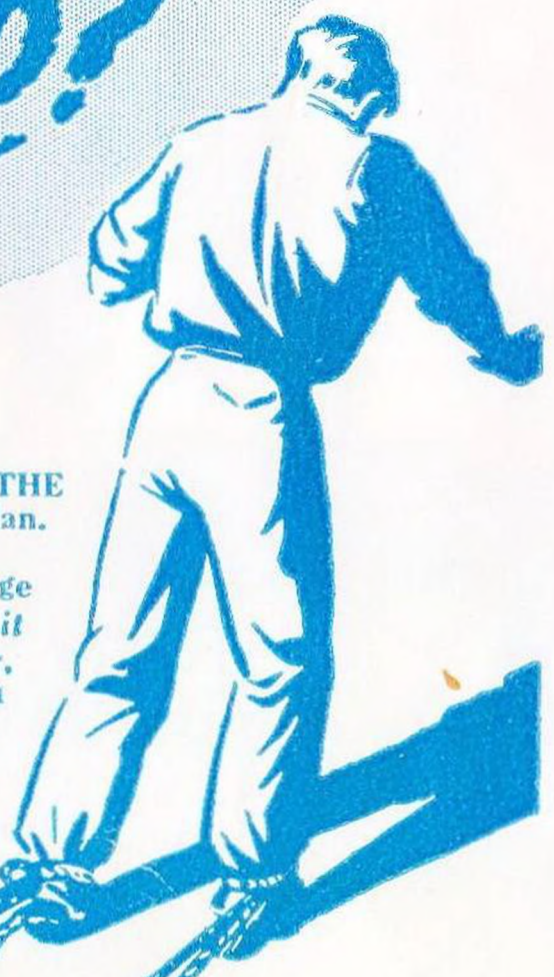
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MAY
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I See by the Papers...



SOMETHING NEW

IN THE MONTHS of December and January, years of Our Lord 1952 and 1953, a number of exciting new discoveries were made in fields in which we are especially interested.

- A whole new race of people was discovered in the Philippine Islands.
- Further evidence of possible Egyptian influence in a Mayan pyramid were reported from Palenque, Mexico.
- Sand that roars like distant thunder was discovered in South Africa.
- Another specimen of the *coelakanth*, fish believed to be the link between land and sea life and thought extinct 50 million years ago, was caught.
- A native Sherpa porter on Mount Everest was attacked by an animal believed to be one of the "abominable snowmen" reported by explorers for years but never yet captured.

Before we discuss these matters in detail we would like to raise the question of how, when all these wonders can be uncovered in a single 30-day period, a man can reasonably scoff at any reliable report before investigating it personally?

THE PROTO-MALAYANS

TEN THOUSAND years ago a strange primitive people braved the Pacific in their small canoes, travelling from archipelago to archipelago, island to island. They were a tiny race, the adult women measuring about 4 ft. 4½ in. and the men about 4 ft. 8 in. They had straight or curly hair with a distinct reddish tint, their eyes and skin were light brown.

Now from the Philippines comes news of the rediscovery of remnants of these peoples in the

Zambales Mountains of Central Luzon, only 70 miles northwest of Manila. The fantastic story is reported by Dr. Tage U. H. Ellinger, Danish-born scientist now attached to the University of the Philippines. It is confirmed by Prof. H. Otley Beyer, American anthropologist and lecturer at the University of the Philippines.

"This is definitely a new discovery," Ellinger says. "There are no known records of these people."

There are at least a dozen families, known as Abenlens, totalling perhaps 150 members.

"The Abenlens have long, straight or curly hair, never the frizzled hair texture so characteristic of the Negritos. Their complexion is a light brown, much lighter than the dark hue of the Negritos," Dr. Ellinger told the United Press.

"I noticed several of them had a distinct red tint to their hair. Their eyes were light brown, much lighter than the typical Filipino eye color, and their features are remarkably fine." They preserve a dialect of their own even though they know the Negrito language. We know that in the past they were savages because they made drinking cups from the skulls of their enemies. As proto-Malayans, they must have been the forerunners of the whole Malayan race.

EGYPTIAN PARALLELS

In Palenque, Mexico, as we reported in January FATE, a hidden chamber has been found beneath the Mayan pyramid recently explored there. Such chambers were hitherto known in pyramids only in Egypt. Now, according to a *New York Times-Chicago Tribune* press dispatch, additional parallels have been found between the Palenque tomb and the burial vaults of Egypt.

As we left Palenque in January, perfect bas-reliefs and skeletons had been discovered in a chamber far beneath the pyramid. The skeletons had their teeth encrusted with jade. Searchers were about to pry the five-ton altar slab from the stone upon which it was resting, theorizing it might be a hollow sarcophagus containing a body.

This was accomplished late in December. The ornately carved five-ton stone slab was found to be the upper covering of a double topped sarcophagus. The second oval lid was pierced and beneath it were found the bones of a tall, broad-shouldered man, unlike the short lithe Mayans who live in southeastern Mexico and Guatemala today. These bones were stained red, apparently by dust or red burial robes.

Within the sarcophagus were 10 jade rings, one for each finger, a jade diadem holding "a fabulous pear-shaped pearl one and

one-half inches long, a jade pectoral, a curious jade nose covering, and ornaments which were probably symbols of power."

Unlike other stone coffins found in Mexico, the Palenque sarcophagus was carved from a single block. Since the Mayans had no metal tools, it may have taken 25 years to carve. After the burial the chamber was sealed off, the staircase leading to the top of the pyramid was filled with rock and live lime and the entrance concealed.

THE ROARING SANDS

THE Kalahari desert of South Africa is reputed to be the driest, the hottest, the most terrible desert in the world. In this area travelers often stop in fright at a roaring noise that sounds like distant thunder. It comes from sand dunes, rolling objects, or sands blown by the wind.

Bags of this sand have now been taken to Pretoria. When the sand was poured from the bags a roar filled the room. The roar was lost after a few weeks. Scientists have been examining the sand to find out why.

FINS LIKE LEGS

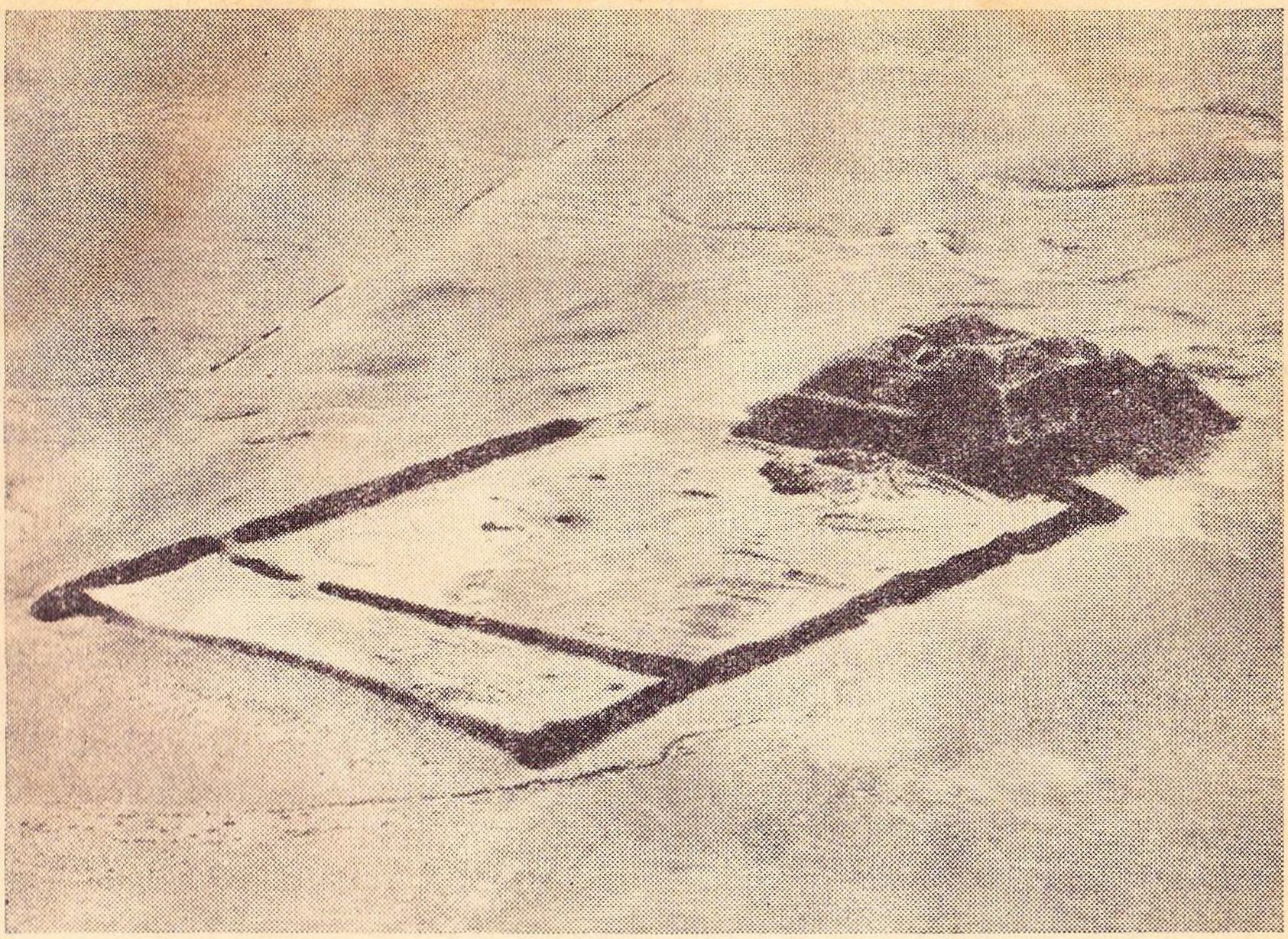
IN 1938 a South African trawler caught a strange fish off the coast of East Africa. The oddest thing about it was that it had four fins that looked something like legs. The fishermen had never seen anything like it before, as it lay there oozing oil from beneath its scales. It lived for three hours after being hauled aboard and a local naturalist studied it and pronounced it a coelakanth, which zoologists had studied in fossil form and believed to have been extinct for 50 million years.

Dr. James Leonard Brierly Smith, an icthyologist of Rhodes University, Grahamstown, South Africa, hurried to the scene of the find but by the time he got there the flesh of the fish had rotted into mush and only the bones and scales remained.

Dr. Smith has hunted a coelakanth ever since. Late in December he found one, caught by a small coastal-trading vessel. The fish is preserved in formalin and Dr. Smith is carefully dissecting it to discover whether it really is the evolutionary link between sea and land creatures that paleontologists have been supposing.

SNOWMEN OF EVEREST

FATE readers are familiar with the stories of the "abominable snowmen" — the huge man-apes supposed to live in the high Himalayas. Out of New Delhi, India, on December 29 came



Egypt, Mexico, Central America and China are not the only places where there are pyramids. This aerial view was recently taken of an ancient pyramid-shaped temple beside an old Inca road on the desert seacoast of Peru. Last fall, the Von Hagen expedition began a two-year study of two thousand miles of thoroughfares built in the 13th Century by South American Indians. From the expedition's findings may come new links between South and Central American Indians—and possibly even with Old World civilizations. Photograph by United Press.

the Reuters story that a Sherpa porter on a Swiss expedition to Everest had been attacked by a "yeti" as the Tibetans call the snowmen. The porter escaped when the animal dropped him and bounded away as 14 other Sherpa tribesmen came rushing to the rescue. The attack is said to have occurred just below Lhotse glacier, 28,000 feet up the mountain.

The Swiss leaders of the expedition said they had no direct evidence that the attacker was a "yeti." They said it might have been a "yeti" — but it also might have been a bear or some "freak of imagination."

Eric Shipton, British explorer, returned early last year with photographs of a "snowman's" footprint in the snow. It was a 12-inch long impression with three toes and a thumb. If this is a true impression the animal prob-

ably cannot be either a man or an ape since the bony structures of both would contain four fingers and a thumb or four toes and a great toe.

"RIDDLED WITH GHOSTS"

ENGLAND has always been more receptive to spooks than the United States. Maybe it's because they have had centuries more time to acquire a foothold there. Even the idea of ghosts is more acceptable in England than in the United States.

Now they are saying that the spooks which moved out of Borley Rectory, when it burned in 1939, have taken up new residence in Abbas Hall, five miles across the moor. Cecil Wells, the owner of Abbas Hall, called in some ghost hunters and they assure him that he is now host to the former Borley tenants.

Wells told a reporter, "One night I was gardening near an Elizabethan well when from the wall of the house came this frightening apparition. She hurried into a wood which borders my garden and I set off after her. But I got nothing for my trouble except bumps and bruises.

"There is a sword hanging over the door in the hall. Several times I've found it stuck deep into the middle of the floor. Nobody knows how it gets there anymore than we know where the harpsichord music we hear at midnight comes from. Well, that is, we do know where it comes from. The place is absolutely riddled with ghosts."

Wells has offered haven to any reporter for a weekend. "If he doesn't see a ghost I'll pay his fare back to London."

Meanwhile, London firemen of Eaglesfield Road Station have been bothered by a ghost that taps them on the shoulder. James Prothers, one of the firemen, said, "I've been tapped on the shoulder on three nights and I've heard a deep voice saying 'He's about.' "

Fireman Herbert Harrington told a United Press reporter that he got so rattled when he was aroused by the ghost that he jumped into the driver's seat of his fire engine before he realized the alarm wasn't ringing.

HYPNOSIS IN RUSSIA

DAVID NICHOLS of the *Chicago Daily News* Foreign Service has suggested the means by which the Soviet mass confessions are obtained. Now that another purge is underway, the method will interest hypnotism fans.

It appears that, in the 1920's, Soviet researchers experimented extensively with hypnosis. They used deep trances, drugs and various other means, experimenting with implanting convictions

of guilt in the minds of innocent, hypnotized persons.

For example, Nichol refers to an experiment with a young woman who was told in trance that she had beaten her housekeeper's daughter with a stick. She resisted the idea. Yet out of trance she was nervous and irritable, even though she remembered nothing of what was going on in hypnotic sessions. Under successive treatments she became convinced of her guilt.

Finally, she even devised the circumstances under which the "beating" had occurred, including the stick and a complete set of details — though no beating had ever occurred.

Apparently these methods have been used by the Kremlin's rulers in the mass trials. In the Prague trial in November not a single cue was missed, Nichol says, calling it "the slickest job yet."

Upsets have occurred in the past because, apparently, some men cannot be successfully hypnotized. One of these was Mikolai Bukharin, a tough-minded old Bolshevik, who told his accusers in court, "I've forgotten what I was supposed to say."

SAUCERS IN WINTER

In the early part of the winter there were few new reports on unidentified aerial phenomena. While it was definitely off-season there are a few sightings worth recording.

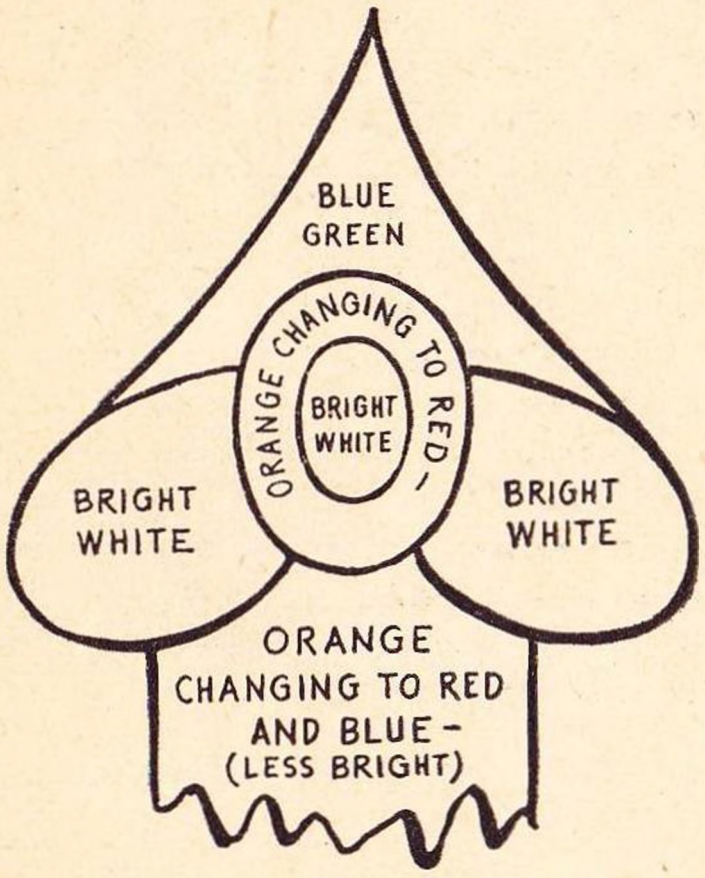
• One site was Panama. According to Drew Pearson, two unidentified aerial objects flew over the Canal Zone for over five hours on November 25. The Air Force sent up planes but failed to intercept them. The sighting was by radar, altitude varied from 1,000 to 28,000 feet. Estimated speed was only about 275 m.p.h.

• About 5 p.m. Monday, December 29, a blazing object thought at first to be a fireball streaked across the western sky near Denver. Typical report was that of Mrs. Helen Berglund. "I watched the object for two full minutes. It was flame-colored with four distinct fingers of flame streaking behind it, like fire coming from the engines of a four-engined plane. It seemed to fall almost straight down, somewhere between Denver and the mountains. Then it flamed up terrifically and when the flames died down there was a faint black object hanging in the sky. I called a capitol guard, who also saw it."

• An orange-colored object was sighted at 11:45 a.m. on December 14 over Charlottesville, Va., by Roy Franke, manager of the University of Virginia Airport at Milton, his wife, and a student pilot, Harry Pond, Jr. At first the witnesses saw what appeared

to be "leaves floating down in the sky," but closer observation indicated that there was a disk with an orange glow hovering over the leaf-like objects. The group hung there for a few seconds, then moved off at tremendous speed. Franke has been a pilot for more than 22 years and Frederick P. Morse, professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Virginia, attaches considerable importance to his account, saying that he is "exceptionally well qualified to render an unbiased report."

• A brilliant multi-colored object, shaped something like a blunt arrowhead, was seen by



hundreds of Dallas, Tex., residents on January 6. M. F. Fetchenback, traffic controller at the Love Field tower, watched the object through 7x50-power binoculars. "I watched it travel as it seemed to approach east by northeast. It appeared to change its course of flight toward Love Field.

"It seemed to have swept-back, delta-shaped wings and Fetchenbach estimated its closest approach as about 50 miles at an altitude of 2,000 feet. The Love Field tower reported a relay message from Oklahoma saying flight of the object had been picked up there on radar at an estimated speed of 600 m.p.h. The object moved through a 90° arc in about three minutes. It was in view for about a half hour and climbed upward through about a 25° pattern for approximately 20 minutes. Linwood Martin of 732 W. Clarendon, Dallas, watched the object through a 40-power telescope. "It had swept-back wings with a red glow toward the front, the wings blue and the center white. It moved forward and then back and seemed to be going higher all the time." He said that the colors were "the most beautiful I've ever seen."

ICE FROM HEAVEN

WHILE things were flying elsewhere they are falling in Oregon. On January 6 three children were playing on property owned by Mrs. Charles C. McCoy, 3204 NE 26th Avenue,

Portland. Suddenly, Mrs. McCoy heard a loud noise, like an explosion. She ran outside and found that a piece of ice, about three inches thick and 20 inches long, had fallen from the sky. It struck electric wires leading to Mrs. McCoy's house, missed the children by about four feet. Police theorized that the ice had fallen from a high-flying airplane. We are always receiving reports of ice falling from the sky — from "an airplane" no one sees.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

THE Rt. Rev. C. K. N. Bardsley, Bishop of Croydon, England, speaking in the chapel of the Mayday Hospital recently, said that the proof of life after death could be found in psychic research. He said:

"You ask for proofs? You can find them although you must look carefully, in some examples of psychic research. Not all evidence is totally bogus." — *Curtis Fuller*

THE NEW WORLD'S OLDEST MAN

TRACES of Sandia man, believed to be the oldest inhabitant of the Americas, have been found near Killarney, Ont., by Dr. Emmerson F. Greenman, anthropologist of the University of Michigan. Though the discoveries were made in 1947 and 1948, they were not announced until recently because of the need for careful evaluation. The first evidence of Sandia man was found at Sandia Cave in the northern mountains of New Mexico, in 1936.

The latest finds consist of arrow heads, scrapers and choppers. Dr. Greenman explained that no bones were found at the Ontario or Sandia diggings to show what Sandia man looked like. He considers it possible that they resembled Indians.

Several scrapers and choppers were found in glacial deposits and showed signs of having been worn by gravel and water. From this Dr. Greenman concludes that Sandia man lived close to the retreating glacial ice as it moved northward past Georgian Bay somewhere between 10,000 and 20,000 years ago.

Dr. Greenman is planning further excavations in Ontario. He hopes that these will confirm the dating of Sandia man and reveal clues to his appearance.

TWIN TROUBLE

GLINDA and Linda Stockdale, seven-year-old twin sisters of Detroit, Mich., were playing on a log when both fell at the same time. They suffered the same injuries — fractures of the left arm.

Cremation in New Orleans

The body was the only blazing object in the room. Stranger still, investigation yielded no burned matches or inflammable substances.

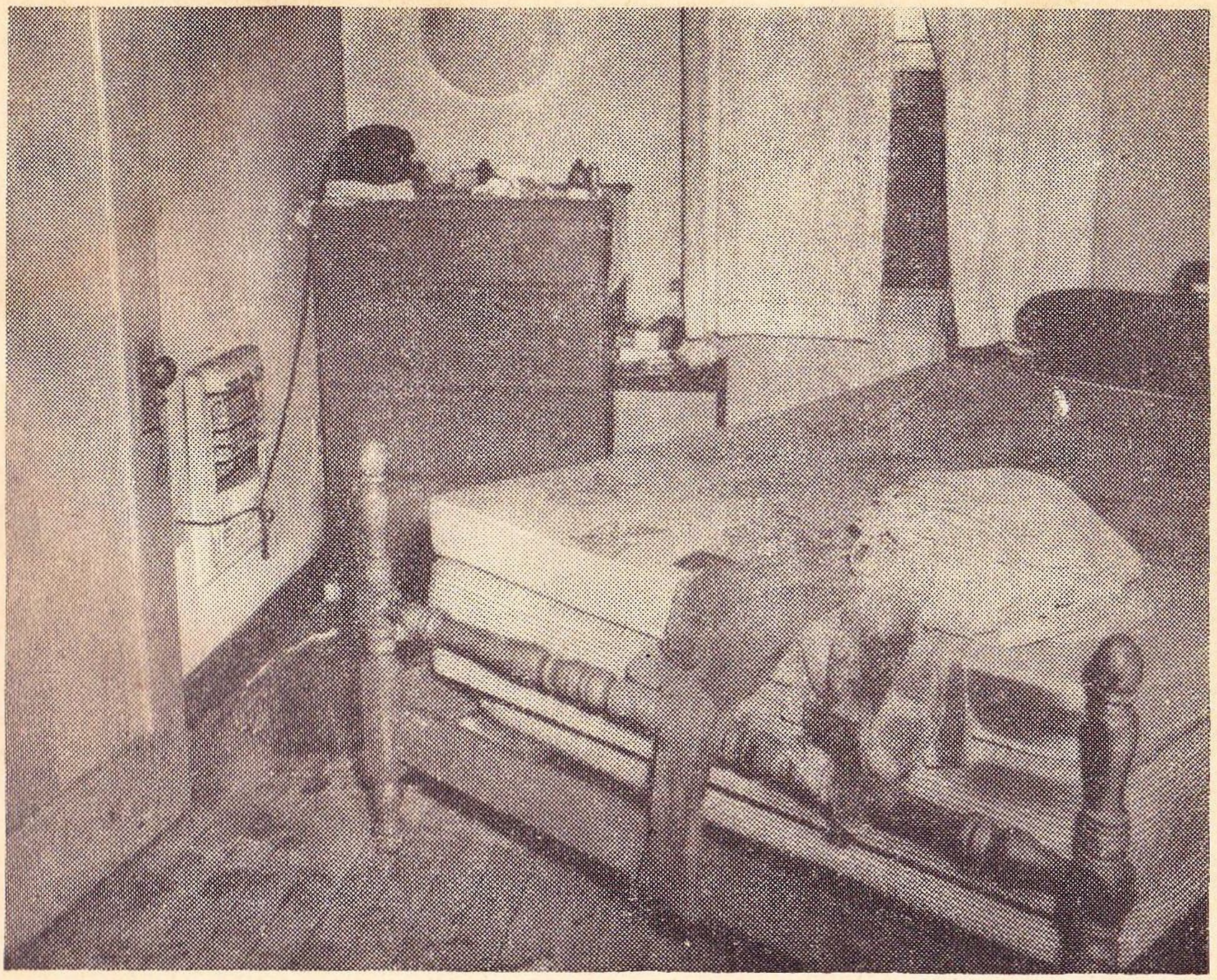
By Otto Burma

AT ONE O'CLOCK in the afternoon on Thursday, September 18, 1952, Mrs. Stalios Cousins of Algiers, La., across the river from New Orleans, smelled smoke coming from the apartment above her own. It was a gloomy and depressing day, with rain falling off and on since early in the morning. Mrs. Cousins felt it was a day on which anything could happen.

She called the police and they in turn called the fire department. The door to the upstairs apartment was broken down and firemen burst into the smoke-filled rooms. In their hurried search of the apartment they came upon the blazing body of a dead man.

Lieut. Louis Wattigney of the Algiers Fire Department was one of the first to enter the apartment. His statement of what he found is quoted from the New Orleans *Item* for September 18:

"The man was lying on the floor behind the door and he was a mass of flames. Not another blessed thing in the room was burning. He was dead. I don't know what caused the fire to burn so hot. He could have been saturated with some oil. I did not smell anything, however. In all my experience I never saw anything to beat this."



Glen B. Denney's body was found burning near the scorched end of the bed at the lower right. Firemen used wad of burned cloth near chest to put out the flames.

There was no evidence, according to the *Item* article, of cigarettes or smoking and there were no signs of struggle. The apartment was closed air-tight from within. Blood was found on the kitchen floor, but the body was too badly burned to tell immediately if there were any wounds. An autopsy was ordered.

The man was identified as Glen B. Denney, the owner of a foundry in Gretna. He was 46 years old and reported to be of quiet habits. However, of late he had been despondent over personal problems and had been doing a great deal of drinking. The last time he was seen alive he was obviously suffering from alcoholic "shakes."

On September 19, the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* and *States* carried articles concerning the Denney case. Except for one detail, these articles only elaborated and confirmed what had already been stated in the *Item* the day before. The one detail was that when

firemen broke into Denney's apartment they had immediately noticed "a strong odor of gasoline."

Now the question naturally arises whether Wattigney and the other fireman actually did "not smell anything" as the *Item* stated on September 18, or whether they did notice "a strong odor of gasoline" as the *Times-Picayune* and the *States* reported on September 19.

This writer paid a visit to the Algiers Police Station and Fire Department. It was confirmed that nothing was found burning in the apartment except Denney's body, but as to whether or not there was an odor of gasoline, it was suggested that a full report of the case could be found in the criminal records office.

A visit to the criminal records office netted nothing for the report had not reached that office as yet.

In the Police Reports of the *Item* the following Sunday, it was reported that the autopsy of Denney revealed his death due to burns, but that the arteries in both wrists and ankles had been severed. No mention was made of gasoline or any other possible cause of the burning.

The coroner's office was most reticent in giving out information concerning the case. However, it did volunteer that Denney had been despondent and had severed the arteries in his wrists, in one arm, and in his ankles, that carbon was found in his lungs proving that he had been alive while ablaze. As to what caused the burning, the coroner stated that Denney had, after severing his arteries in five places, poured *kerosene* all over himself and ignited it with a match.

The coroner did not explain how he knew it was kerosene which Denney used, nor did he explain how a man with arteries in both wrists spurting blood could hold a match in such a way as to keep it dry enough to light.

One wonders how it could happen that a man with enough anatomical knowledge to effectively sever his arteries in five places, could at the same time be ignorant enough of physiology to think that was not sufficient to assure his death and resort to fire.

There is also the time factor. In an average person, for every second that the wrist artery is open, approximately one per cent of the person's total blood will be pumped out of it by the heart. Death results immediately if as much as 50 per cent is lost.

Denney severed four different arteries in five different places. Even if he had worked with the speed and skill of a surgeon, he would have lost at least 30 per cent of his blood reserve by the time he laid down the knife. And at this point he would be losing blood at the rate of four per cent a second!

From the blood found on the kitchen floor, it is supposed that he made these lacerations there and then went into the bedroom. To reason that a man suffering from alcoholic "shakes" could have made these cuts in so short a time, thoroughly saturate himself with kerosene (or gasoline), then go into the bedroom and strike a match, and do all this before he collapsed is, at least, far-fetched.

It was nearly three weeks later before the police report on Denney was available. Upon reading the report the case was shrouded with more mystery than ever. No "usual" explanation of the burning could be given in the light of the detailed police report.

A knife was found with blood stains on it, but there was no mention of a burned match. No container for kerosene or gasoline was found; no trace of kerosene or gasoline on the floor, walls, or furniture was reported; in fact, there was no inflammable substance of any kind reported found anywhere in the apartment. Throughout the whole of the police report there was nothing which might indicate the cause of the burning. The case was declared suicide and closed.

In this writer's mind there is no doubt that Denney did, in fact, attempt suicide. But while in the process of carrying out this act his body caught fire due to some unknown cause.

Readers of FATE will remember the mysterious cremation of Mrs. Mary H. Reeser in Florida reported in the November-December 1951 issue, and the many similar cases reported by Eric Frank Russell in the December 1950 issue. An even longer list of similar cases is given in the books by Charles Fort.

What is the cause of these mysterious fires? In a less "enlightened" age people believed in the spontaneous combustion of human bodies. But today no "educated" person would believe such a phenomenon ever occurred. It goes without saying, however, that "unbelievable" events occur as readily without our belief as with it.

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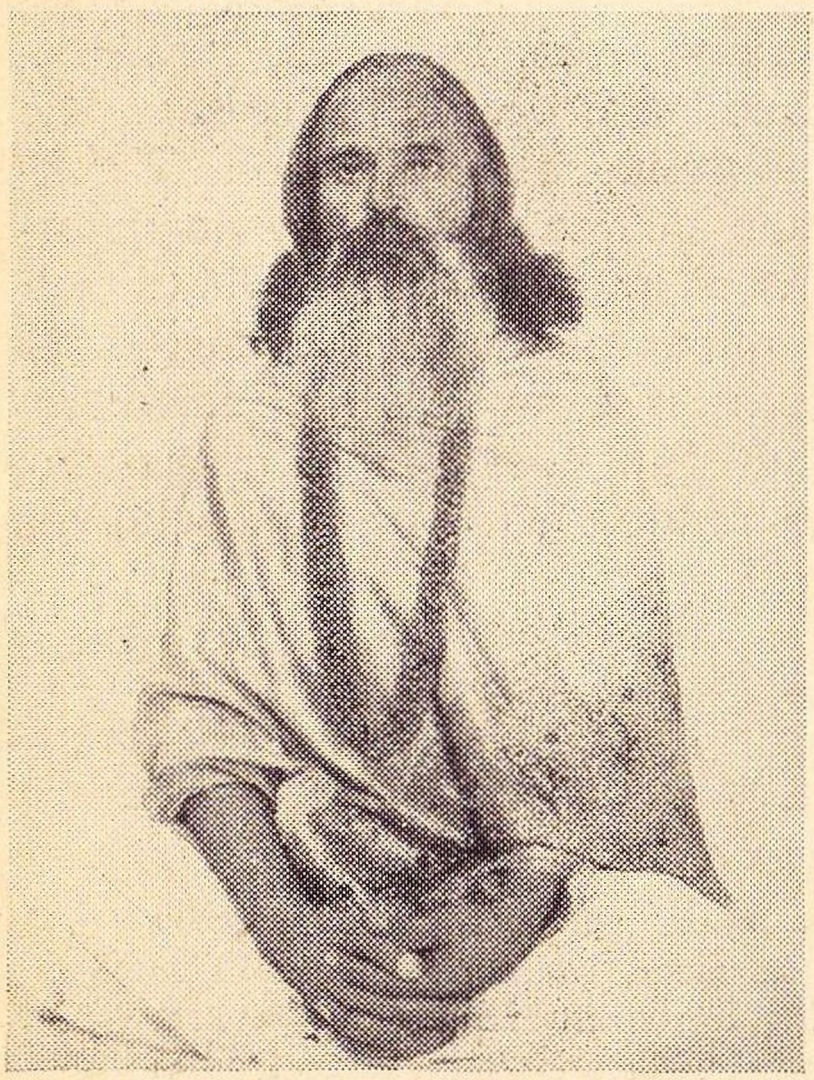
LUNAR TUNNEL

EVIDENCE that a tunnel exists on the moon has been announced by H. H. Nininger, director of the American Meteorite Museum in Winslow, Ariz. The tunnel, penetrating a mountainous ridge several thousand feet high, appears to have glazed walls and to be several miles long. Director Nininger theorizes that the tunnel was made by a meteorite which bored through the ridge at enormous velocity.

THE YOGI AND THE HEIRESS

Doris Duke had wealth and beauty — but she found peace only at the feet of a Hindu monk.

By Omar Garrison



Yogi Rao wears frangipani lei flown specially from Hawaii by Doris Duke.

CALL IT FATE. Or the strange law of the attraction of opposites.

Or maybe the answer lies in the deep and secret night of India's past, with its 6,000 years of concentration on mystic powers.

Whatever the cause, the result remains:

Doris Duke, the "golden girl" who inherited a multi-million dollar tobacco fortune, has found peace of mind for the first time in years at the feet of a Hindu holy man who began life as a homeless temple beggar.

I know because I watched serenity erase the tense lines of her face as she sat cross-legged on the floor with him and chanted the

ancient Sanskrit hymn of peace, the "Gayatri":

"*Om bhuhu! . . . Om bhuvaha! . . . Om swaha! . . .*"

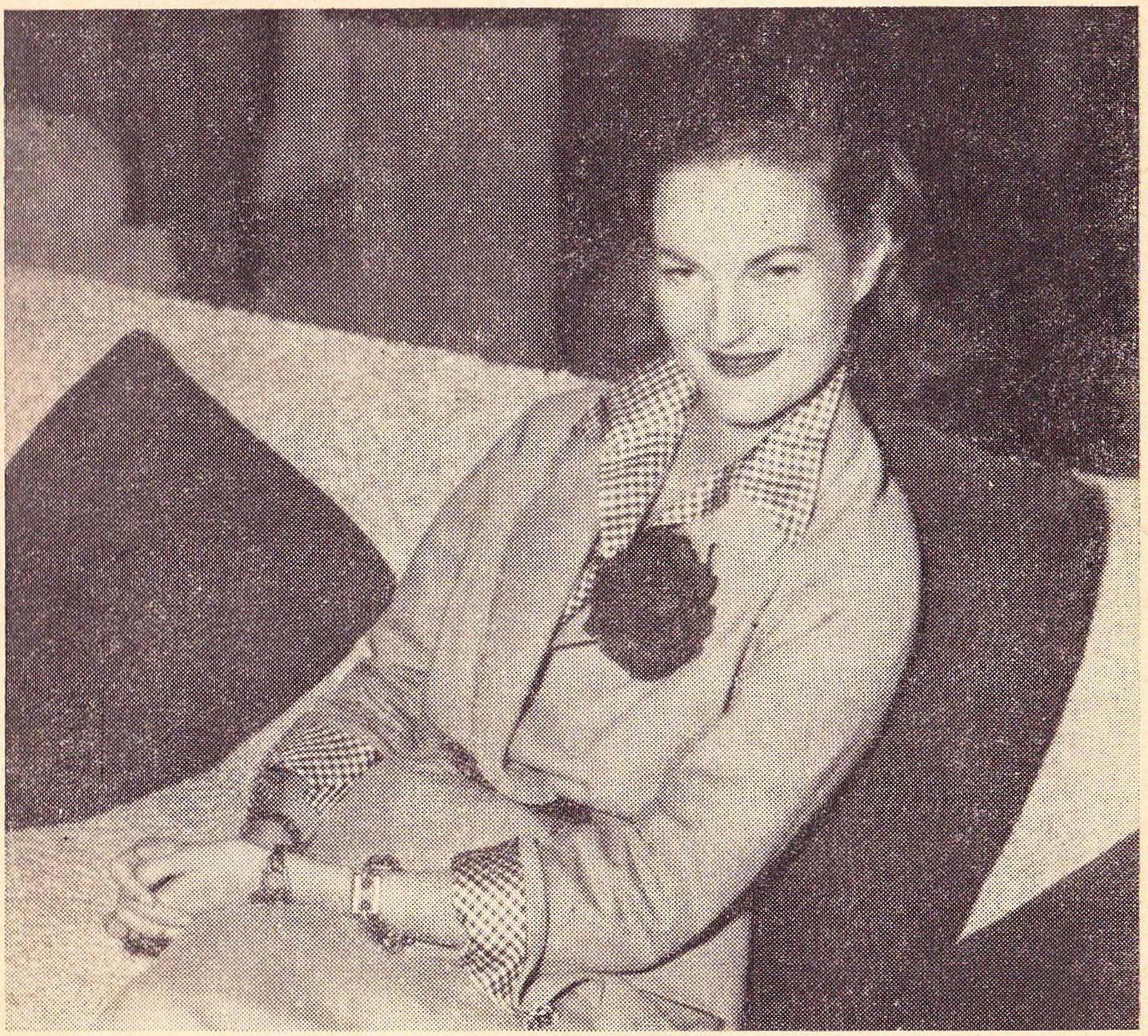
I have seen simple joy radiate from her smile as she washed dishes at the sink of his shabby bungalow apartment in Hollywood.

I also have seen her gratitude expressed in the only way the tobacco heiress knows — with cash and with giving expensive gifts.

"The others talked about peace," she told Yogi Lakshmanasandra Rao, as they walked along the deserted beach at Encinitas, Calif., in a midnight tryst. "You have given me peace."

And how did the 63-year-old, barefoot ascetic give the "world's richest girl" something she had been unable to buy with a fortune

Doris Duke's health and looks are said to have been improved by Yogi exercises.



of more than $100,000,000?

When she first met the Yogi the 40-year-old heiress with the strange almond-shaped eyes and youthful figure could truthfully say that life had denied her nothing. Nothing, that is, that money could buy, or youth and beauty could command.

Richer than any princess in the world today, she was surfeited with the glittering jewels of the world's night life. She had circled the globe on the fastest clippers in the air and crossed the seas leisurely sprawled on the sunny decks of private yachts.

On her itinerary, Cairo, Naples and Bangkok were stops closer together than Los Angeles and Santa Barbara for the week-ending shop girl.

Near the black lava sands of Hawaii's famous Diamond Head she built a million-dollar Arabian Nights castle of snowy marble, with orchids growing from the walls, a bathroom inlaid with jade and a playhouse with columns from a Turkish harem.

She had known the emotional impact of two marriages; the grief of losing her baby after its brief 24 hours of life.

When life seemed to be getting a little gray around the edges she had a fast whirl at being a foreign correspondent in the Balkans.

Anything her heart desired. Just name it. The world was her private oyster.

But somehow, she couldn't find its pearl.

She probably didn't know what it was she still sought, after all the world's carnival of sights faded behind her like the spinning landscape behind a speeding train.

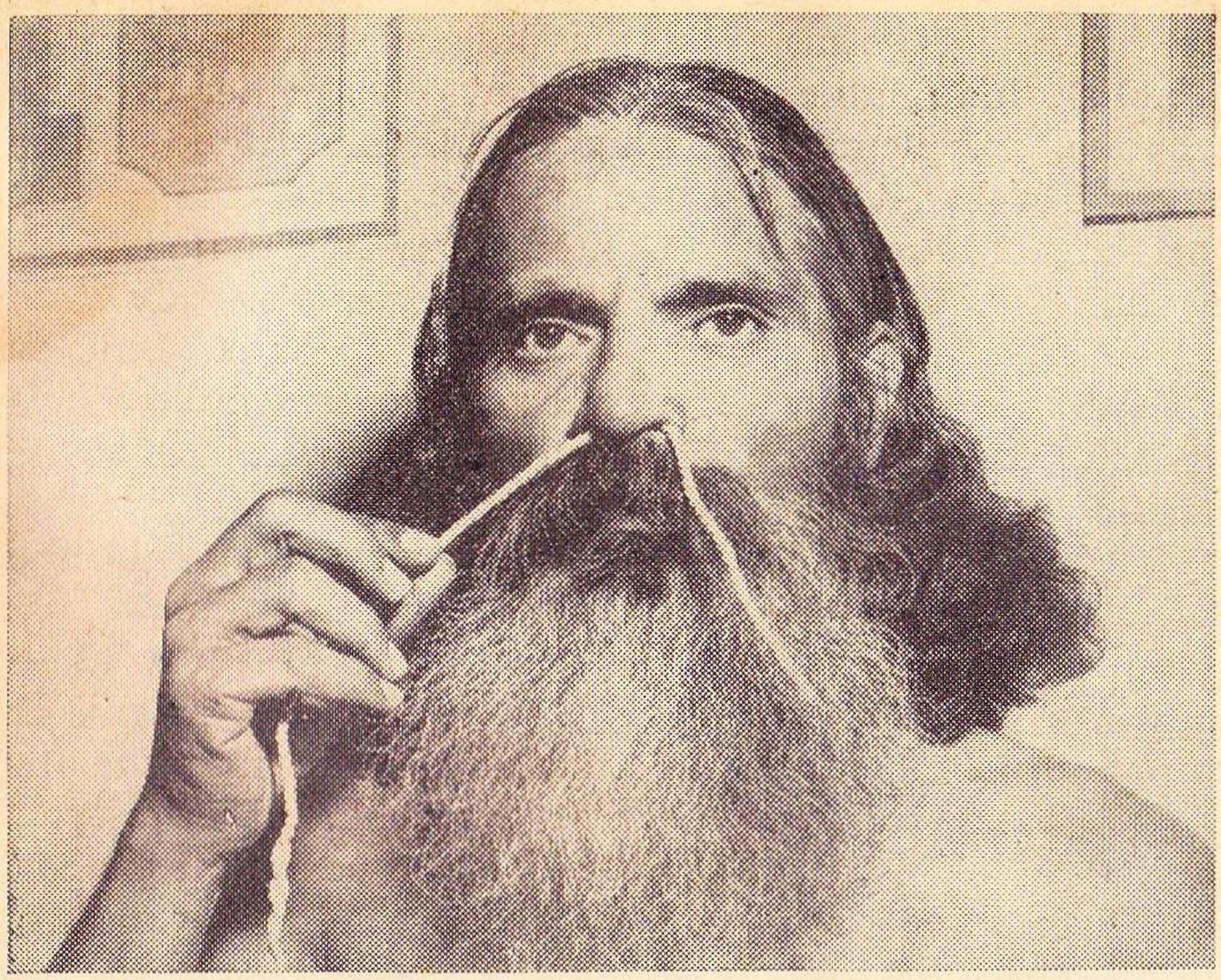
Perhaps it was something she almost caught as a little girl in Sunday School, which her father, a strict Methodist, insisted that she attend regularly. Some haunting echo of that stern reminder:

"*For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*"

Then she met Yogi Rao, a Hindu sadhu, lately arrived in Hollywood fresh from the temples and river ghats of the Ganges. She saw that this brown man with penetrating dark eyes, long hair and gray-streaked beard bore little resemblance to the lecture-saints and parlor mystics she had met.

Yoga, he explained simply, is not religious nonsense as many people in the West appear to believe. It's an applied science, with various techniques aimed at bringing those who follow it a greater abundance of health, knowledge and self-confidence.

"For you here in the West," said Rao, "it is foolheaded to talk about higher states of Yoga, such as *samadhi*, when you haven't been taught to control your body. You must start with your body. Learn to eat properly, breathe properly



Rao passes a cord through nostrils in neti exercise to clear sinuses.

and to have correct posture. Until that's accomplished, you're just monkeys jumping in all directions after drinking strong wine."

To demonstrate what he meant by control of the body Yogi Rao drank a glass of water, then calmly chewed up the tumbler and swallowed it. He ate nails, phonograph needles and what he modestly refers to as "other unorthodox articles of diet."

"I'm the only living person who knows what potassium cyanide or fuming nitric acid taste like," he declared. "The others are dead."

Doris Duke, the "golden girl," was impressed. But, aside from these feats which one might conceivably see in a side-show, did the man from Hindustan have any solution to everyday problems of living?

"Yes," said Rao, "and we begin with diet, breathing, posture. The first step is liberation from the slavery of the body. Then of the mind. Then of all *maya* (illusion)."

Lest any doubt remain that his ultimate aim was a serious one, the Yogi pointed out that the word "yoga" means "yoke" or, freely translated, "union with God."

Then — perhaps to remove her from the worldly associations of

Doris Duke — Yogi Rao gave his new *chela* (disciple) a Hindu name.

"We will call you Gita," he told her, "after the Bhagavad-Gita, the scripture which contains the Song of Krishna, the Blessed One."

The Song of Krishna is the story of India's search for God. And, according to Hindu belief, once a mortal has heard the divine notes of Krishna's flute calling to his immortal soul he will never rest again until he has found *moksha* (liberation from earthly life).

IT TOOK Doris Duke three days of concentrated effort to effect a meeting with the Yogi in the home of film star Marilyn Maxwell.

Marilyn has both youth and beauty but felt the need for a fuller, more vital life with a purpose. An apt pupil, she mastered some of the more difficult *asanas* (postures) within two weeks.

"I still can't sit in the lotus posture, though," she said one evening as I watched her go through the yogic exercises.

"Of course you can," said Rao confidently. "Just try."

Repeating the five preliminary postures leading to the *padmasana* or lotus posture, Marilyn suddenly found herself sitting as perfectly poised as a Buddha.

With Yogi Rao, it seemed, all things were possible.

It was only natural that Marilyn would wish to share her exciting discovery with her friend, Doris Duke.

Consequently she invited Doris to come to her home on July 10 to meet the Hindu monk. But for some reason known only to Yogis Rao did not show up at Miss Maxwell's that day.

Nor the next, although the Golden Girl awaited him.

On the third day — July 12 — Doris Duke went to Marilyn's at 10 a.m. Miss Duke said she intended to remain at Marilyn's until the Yogi appeared, if she had to wait all day. And wait all day she did — until 5 p.m.

At that time, called the "cow-dust" hour in India, the holy man rattled up Marilyn's driveway in his 1936 Buick.

The Yogi treated Miss Duke with the same kindly courtesy he accords all with whom he talks but paid her none of the overt or implied deference that her money-conscious countrymen seem to think her due. In fact, at a later meeting, Rao said apologetically to the others of us present: "It is not Gita's fault that she has so much money."

"No," murmured Miss Duke a little sadly, "it was my father who made all of it. I just inherited it."

In the guarded privacy of Doris Duke's suite in the Beverly Hills hotel each day thereafter she was instructed by Yogi Rao.

"You must begin with diet and posture," he told her. "Don't give up meat all at once, nor alcohol, nor night life. Just begin by doing with less."

Then he set forth the golden mean that has become his gospel for the West:

"Eat a little, sleep a little, love a little. But eat less, sleep less, love less. That is the path to freedom."

Rao told Miss Duke that her health and appearance would improve. She would be able to sleep.

Within three weeks the Golden Girl was able to perform *neti*, the difficult exercise that requires a waxed cord to be thrust up one nostril and brought out the other, or out of the mouth.

This so cleared her sinuses and restored the smooth youthful contours of her face that when she saw a photograph snapped in a nightclub shortly afterward she was amazed at the difference in her appearance.

Here was positive proof that yoga works.

PATRONS of Hollywood State Bank are accustomed to seeing odd caspars standing in line before the teller's window. Actors from the studios, made up for bizarre parts in the movies, often drop in on their lunch hour to cover a kited check with a deposit.

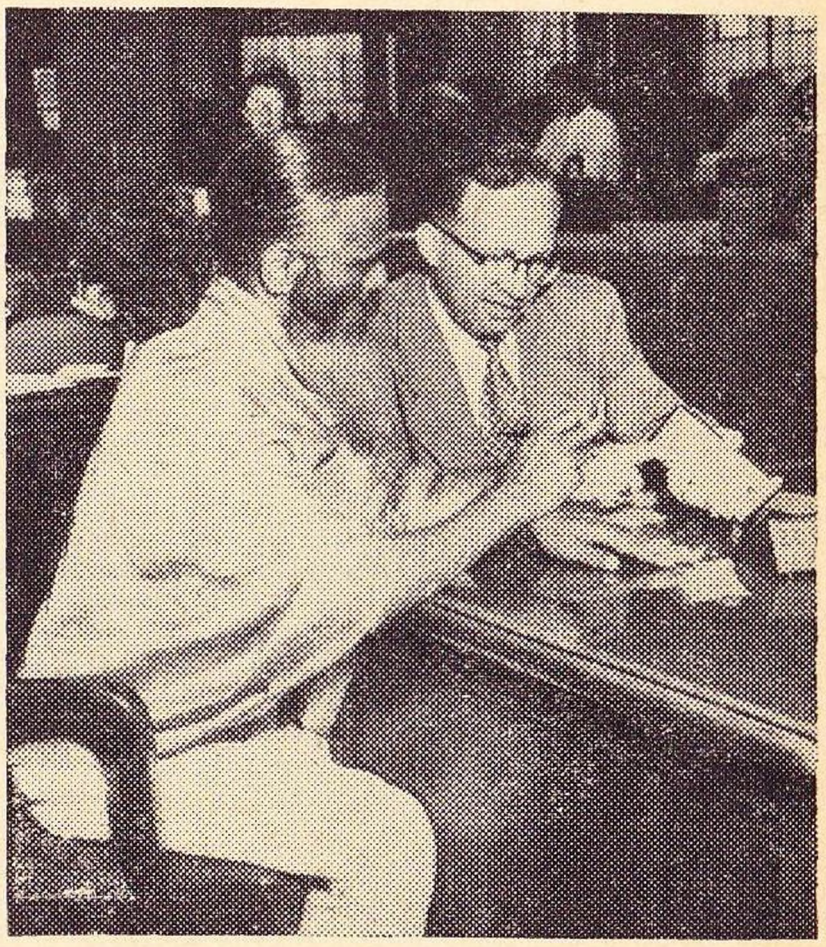
Consequently, no one paid any attention to the bearded brown man in the orange robe who, one day, stood at one of the desks, trying to decide what amount to write on a check he wanted to cash.

No one, that is, until he presented the check at the window and the teller saw that it was a soup bone bearing the signature of Doris Duke, the "world's richest girl."

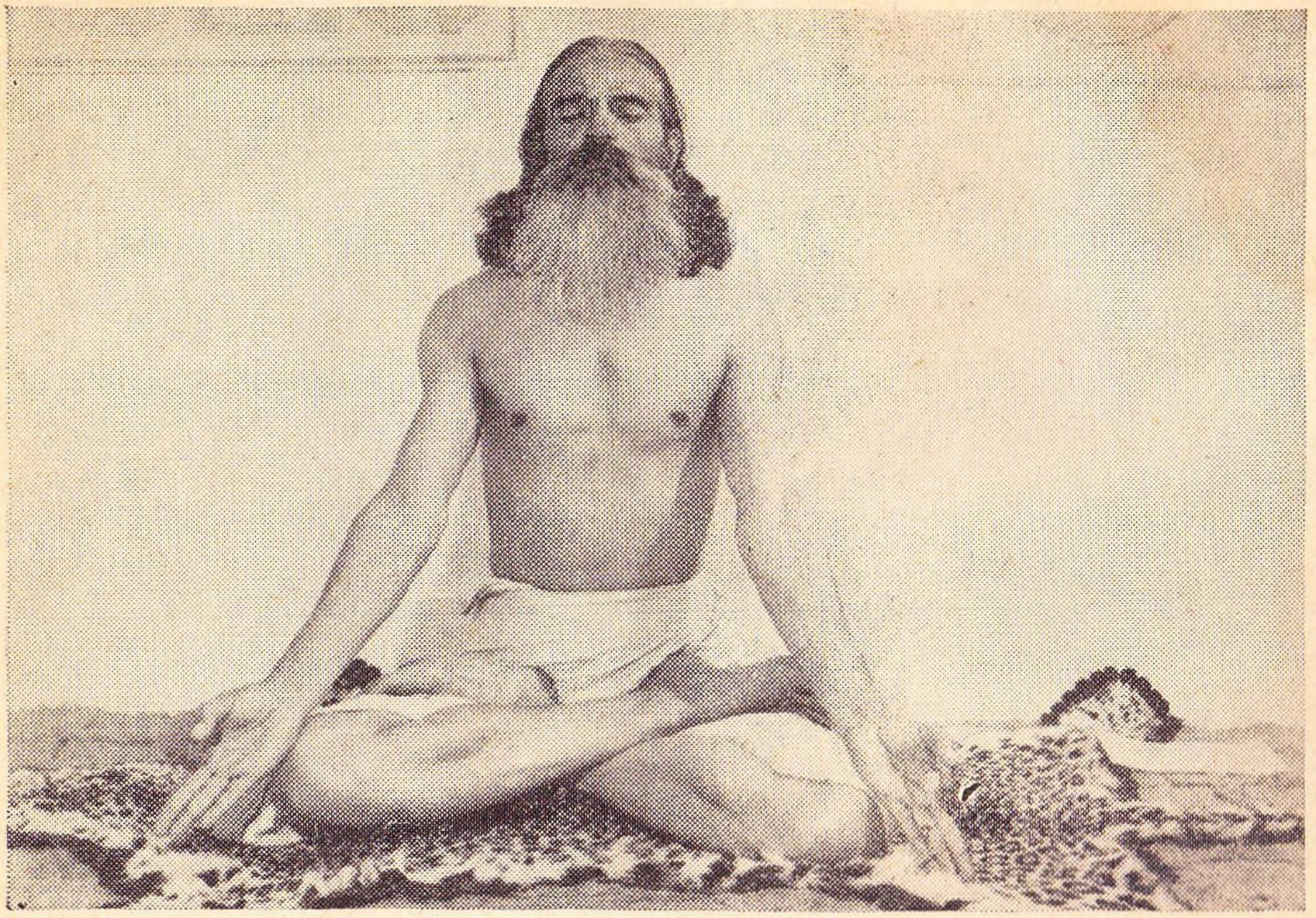
At that point, things began to happen.

The "barefoot guy in a toga" was quickly ushered into the austere presence of Edward Robbins, junior vice-president and highest-ranking member of the bank's hierarchy present at the time.

Robbins smiled professionally, "Let's see, it's Yogi Rao, isn't it? Have a seat."



Bank official doubted Rao's check until invited to lunch with signer Doris Duke.



Padmasana or lotus posture is one of difficult exercises Rao taught Doris Duke.

He carefully laid the note on his desk. "You know Miss Duke?" he asked Rao, eyeing the $800 write-in opposite the printed dollar sign.

"Yes, yes," said Rao, disarmingly frank. "I'm going to have lunch with her. Would you like to meet her?"

"I certainly would," Robbins replied.

"Then just come," smiled Rao confidently. "We are going to have curry at my apartment."

At that luncheon Banker Robbins no doubt received a shock.

In the spirit of fun, Yogi Rao told Miss Duke:

"Gita, will you please tell Mr. Robbins that the check you gave me is good?"

Gita said that it was.

"And how many zeros could I have made after the amount?" the Yogi persisted.

"Until you ran off the paper," laughed Gita.

Someone handed the banker a glass of water.

"Because of the poverty of my early years in India," he admitted to me one day, "I can never throw off a certain sadness when I have to spend money or give it away. I like to hide it, sometimes even from myself. Only God knows

how much money I've got and if He didn't and were to ask me, I'd try to bluff Him."

It was because he felt the pinch of poverty, in fact, that Yogi Rao first began the study of yoga with Swami Sitaramji, a famous Indian teacher, at the age of nine.

The 13th child of a poor temple "*pujari*" (prayer-maker), in the Tumkur district of India's Mysore State, Rao lost his father when he was six.

Because there was nothing to eat after that, he left home the following year to make his own way in a country where the word "*bukha*" (hungry) is heard oftener than one's own name.

For the next two years Rao begged, sold newspapers, sang in the streets and distributed handbills for one of India's early cinemas.

One day he saw a yogi with long hair sitting under a peepul tree, ringed with fire. Around his neck were coiled two deadly cobras. As a demonstration of his remarkable yogic powers he swallowed one of these.

Young Rao watched, wide-eyed.

"I thought, this man must have some medicine for cobra bite that makes him immune to the poison," Rao recalls. "If I could get him to teach me I could make a lot of money selling it. You see, it was a comfortable, easy living I was looking for."

After several days during which Rao was a constant spectator at the yogi's fiery ringside, the swami agreed to teach the boy the inner secrets of yoga.

Ordinarily in India when a guru accepts a disciple the disciple becomes his devoted slave and waits on him day and night.

But not young Srikantar Rao. He told the holy man:

"I'm earning money here with the cinema. What will you pay me while I study with you?"

The Yogi who, Rao later learned, was the renowned *sadhu* (swami) Sitaramji, said: "I'll take care of you."

"No," the boy persisted, "I want cash. That's why I want to learn yoga. To make money."

The holy man laughed and agreed to give Rao a rupee a day while he studied.

Sitaramji began by teaching Rao postures, breathing and Sanskrit chants. These the boy mastered because he believed they would enable him eventually to produce rupees out of the air, as his teacher did.

One day he asked his guru bluntly:

"Baba, can you make gold?"

Sitaramji said he could.

"He told me to bring him a stone. With this he produced some gold which I took immediately to a jeweler to sell. The jeweler asked where I got it. I told him. He came to see Sitaramji himself.

He was so impressed that he gave away his business and became a *sannyasi* (renunciant). But all I wanted was the secret of how to make magic money."

During the next 18 years Rao travelled with his guru all over India, always hoping that he would get the final secret enabling him to produce gold coins.

"One of the coins my master produced I had with me until recently," Rao said. "But last week I gave it to Tara (his name for Marilyn Maxwell, since Tara means "star"). Tara has it in a bracelet."

Rao found himself, at 28 years old, with a vast knowledge of yogic lore but unable to read or write.

"My guru told me to leave him, then, and to learn English. So, to get money for tutoring, I started giving yogic demonstrations at fairs and exhibitions. I could swallow poison and live snakes, be buried alive. The medical people became interested and paid me to let them x-ray me after I had swallowed poison, nails, or snakes. I began to make good money — sometimes 1000 rupees a night."

For an English textbook, Rao's tutor — a barrister named T. P. Kailasam — used the daily newspapers. This gave the Yogi a practical, straightforward speech that makes him so dissimilar to most swamis who come to America with academic backgrounds.

After years with travelling carnivals and circuses, Yogi Rao began to give demonstrations for Maharajahs, English governors, and foreign ambassadors.

"My guru's blessing was: 'Wherever you go, my boy, you will find gold.' I could see that his prophecy was coming true."

At one state function in New Delhi he was introduced to U. S. Ambassador Loy Henderson and his wife. Mrs. Henderson was visibly impressed with Rao's strange powers. She invited him to come to the U. S. Embassy to teach her yoga.

This hospitable gesture was not lost upon the Soviet ambassador who listened in to every conversation.

Stalin's diplomat had a proposal for the Yogi, too. Calling Rao aside, he suggested that perhaps the Man with the Pipe in the Kremlin would find yoga interesting. If Rao wanted to come and stay at the Russian embassy while he was being "cleared" for a visa to Russia perhaps it could be arranged.

The prospect of teaching Stalin to sit in the serene lotus posture of a Buddha was irresistible. Rao agreed.

"I spent more than a month at the Russian ambassador's residence, waiting for word from Moscow," Rao recalls. "Then one day the ambassador showed me a

picture of a man and asked if I recognized him. I said, well, he resembles me, but I don't ever remember such a picture. He asked me if I had ever heard of Rasputin, the Russian monk. I said, no; did he know yoga? The ambassador said he did and that Stalin wanted me to make a film telling the story of Rasputin's life."

Rao, who in his years of dealing with all types of men had learned to be cautious, asked:

"Is it a propaganda movie?"

In answer to this question the ambassador talked fast about the greatness of the film's theme, the beauty of the Russian countryside where part of it would be filmed and the famous Russian director who would be in charge of it.

When the script was delivered to Rao to study, however, he saw which way the wind blew. It was straight off the Russian steppes.

The movie, obviously propaganda aimed at the Indians themselves, sought to show that the Russians, who in Hindu dialects are called Rushis, are really a branch of India's early and deeply revered sages, the Rishis. To prove this fantastic premise, lo, here was one of their own yogis who was the spit and image of Russia's own yogi, Rasputin.

Rao didn't like the odor that rose from the script. But there was still the image of Swami Stalin seated in *padmasana*, chanting a Sanskrit hymn of peace over the world.

He agreed to enact the life of Rasputin.

The famous director was flown to India, along with one of the Red screen's leading male stars. About 1200 feet of the picture was shot in a studio in Bombay.

Then Rao, whose eventual destination was the U. S., saw that time was running out on his visa to America. Moscow would have to wait. He started for Paris.

So did Stalin's moviemakers. At Nice, France, they persuaded Rao to shoot several hundred feet more of the film.

But friends in Paris told Rao:

"If the American State Department learns that you are making a propaganda film for the Russians and are planning to go to Moscow, they won't allow you to enter the United States."

Since the Russians had already invested so much time and effort in making most of the picture, Rao reasoned that even if he deserted the cameras for an interlude in America they would still welcome him to Russia.

So the Yogi came to America.

After all, he had scores of mouths to feed at his orphanage in India and the Russians had said nothing about remuneration for his role in the Rasputin film. Rao founded the orphanage in Mysore because, he said, "most of the orphans were from my own family."

The Yogi had 12 sisters, five of whom are now dead.

"All the children are with me," he said. "In addition to that, I have to care for a number of adults who care for the crops grown on the 500 acres belonging to the orphanage."

One of Rao's nieces, widowed at 16, later became pregnant. In India, where the scandal attendant upon the unwed mother dilemma is tremendous, such a situation called for drastic measures. According to Rao, some of the women in the household were about to counsel the girl to commit suicide. But the Yogi, whose social views are far in advance of those in Indian society, spirited the girl away to another town.

Meanwhile he insisted that his wife wear padding around her middle, gradually increasing it to simulate pregnancy. When the niece's child was born, Yogi Rao brought it secretly to his home and announced that it was his own.

This satisfied his neighbors but resulted in unpleasantness with his own wife and family. They didn't want the child, which they called "that burden of sin" in the house.

"Very well, I told them," said Rao. "I will give away everything and become a *sanyasi* (homeless monk). You'll all be out. I signed a bond with them, finally, by which all the land and property remains in my possession until my death, at which time it will pass in equal portions to my sons."

Then Rao built a large house and put up a sign saying:

"Any child welcome."

He said: "I accepted them regardless of name or parentage. I even went to an unwed mother's home in Bangalore and brought some children back. Today I have about 48 orphans. But of these, only 23 are outsiders. The rest are my sisters' children."

When Rao arrived in Hollywood last summer he showed me his bank balance. It was $7.33.

But when Doris Duke learned of his orphanage she bought a $6,000 tractor and complementary equipment and dispatched it to India. Then she underwrote the expenses of publicizing a course of lectures and renting a hall.

Other well-heeled disciples saw to it that their *guru* didn't have to take a begging bowl along Hollywood Boulevard.

Marilyn Maxwell gave him a movie camera to make films to show in India and a projector to screen them. Even when she went out of town on show business she didn't forget him. From New York she mailed him a check for $100.

And even though Rao's glamorous disciples were not far enough advanced in yoga to communicate with him telephatically when they flew to the far corners of the

world there was always the telephone.

When Doris flew to her home in Hawaii shortly after she began her study with the Yogi she telephoned him from "Shangri-La" and talked for 36 minutes about the fine points of breathing and posture.

At the same time she introduced to him her good friend Barbara Hutton, another world-weary heiress who was seeking the same fountain of youth Doris had found.

When Doris Duke left for Cairo, she had her personal car delivered to Rao's bungalow for him to use. And she took him with her as far as the East Coast to see her off. There he was a guest in the fabulous Duke mansion in Somerville, N. J.

Has the Yogi really brought permanent peace of mind and new happiness to Doris Duke, then?

The answer may be yes. It may be no. Time alone will tell.

For Rao and the yoga he teaches are like India itself, a mysterious, complex contradiction.

India is a state of mind.

Even after living there a long time and studying its philosophies and its people I cannot explain it. I become wordy and obscure. When I think of the Golden Temple of Shiva where crowds wade knee-deep in milk, attar of roses, ghee, honey and Ganges water; of the dance of flames on the golden doors; the mad drums and wild cries; when I recall the procession of bare feet down the river ghats, the cows with painted hoofs and silver bells; the flute notes putting the gods to sleep — when I remember these things, fixed forever in the steadfast faith of ages, I realize that no one can know it and remain unmoved.

And it is this mystic, myriad India that Yogi Rao embodies.

LANGUAGE FOR MARTIANS

LOOKING foward to the day when interplanetary travel may require a method of communication with possible inhabitants of Mars, Prof. Lancelot Hogben, head of the Department of Medical Statistics at Birmingham University in England, states that conversation will consist of simple arithmetic. The professor has drafted a 23-page manuscript of a language of mathematical symbols, which he recently explained to members of the British Interplanetary Society in London.

THE MUMMY'S SPELL

Madame Blavatsky was one of many persons who felt the evil radiating from the dusty Egyptian relic.

By Roy Woodbridge



IS IT TRUE that Egyptian mummies can bring evil to those who disturb and handle them?

Dr. Budge, the famous Egyptologist, never gave a positive answer to this question. However, before he died he placed on record some amazing case histories, the facts of which are beyond dispute.

One of these cases came to light on a foggy winter afternoon in the 1880's, when a worried-looking man was shown into Dr. Budge's office at the British Museum where Dr. Budge was then head of the Egyptian antiquities department. The caller, a well-known resident of nearby Streatham, explained that on the previous week-end, Madame Blavatsky (whose biography appeared in the October, 1951, issue of FATE) had joined a party at his house. Immediately after arrival, however,

she had become disturbed and refused to stay. She could give no definite reason, merely saying that something actively harmful was around — something of which everyone should be afraid.

The host had been annoyed and insisted that Madame Blavatsky go through the entire house with him so that she could see for herself that it contained nothing evil. The theosophist agreed and, together with the other guests, they inspected one room after another. As they entered the attic she felt the danger to be very close at hand. Peering around in the dim gaslight, she pointed to a dust-covered mummy and implored the man to get rid of it immediately before something dreadful happened.

The man told Dr. Budge that the mummy was that of an Egyptian Princess. An Arab sold it to three Englishmen who had taken it with them when they boarded a *dahabeeyah*, a Nile sailing boat, on their way back to England. In the darkness of that first night a shot had rung out in the cabin where the mummy reposed and the senior member of the trio, lying in his bunk, was so badly wounded in one arm that the limb was eventually amputated. The origin of the bullet was never discovered.

The injured man had refused to have anything more to do with the relic and the second member of the threesome became its temporary guardian. During the second night on board the boat he vanished completely. No trace of him was ever found.

The third man then took over and was more fortunate. Nothing untoward happened during the remainder of the river journey. On his arrival at Cairo, however, a different sort of disaster awaited him. He learned of the great Baring Bank failure which left him a ruined man.

Dr. Budge's visitor said that he had purchased the mummy in England, intending to display it in his house but had never found a suitable spot. Consequently it had lain in the attic ever since. Now, on Madame Blavatsky's recommendation, he wanted to be rid of it with all speed and offered it to the museum as a gift. The doctor accepted and the donor left, obviously greatly relieved.

The next morning two museum porters were carrying the mummy up the stone steps outside the entrance when one of them slipped and broke his leg. The next day the other porter, who apparently had been in good health, dropped dead on the museum floor.

As was customary with all such acquisitions, Dr. Budge arranged to have the mummy photographed. After the plates were developed the cameraman returned in great excitement, wav-

ing the negatives, which showed that the mummy's face was that of an evil-looking woman.

A few days later the photographer was dead. Police found his body after breaking down the door of his locked room. A bullet had pierced his heart and the suicide revolver was still in his hand.

The mummy remained on display in the British Museum until 1912, when it was offered for sale. It was purchased by an American Egyptologist, who, nothing daunted by its evil record, packed it and started for home.

Neither the mummy nor its new owner ever reached the United States. They were on the *Titanic* and went down with that ship.

THE EGYPTIANS BEAT COLUMBUS TO IT

EGYPTIAN teachers taught children that the world was round almost 3,600 years before Christopher Columbus proved it to doubting Europeans, according to translations of hieroglyphs carved into five small pyramids near Sakkara, Egypt. The translations were published in a four-volume work by Dr. Samuel A. B. Mercer, professor emeritus of Semitic and Egyptian languages at Trinity College, University of Toronto. Dr. Mercer, 72, spent over six years in completing the translations which were begun by a series of Egyptologists soon after the hieroglyphs in the five small pyramids were discovered 73 years ago in the year 1880.

The hieroglyphs are considered to be the oldest written records of mankind. They reveal that Egyptian students were also taught the three R's, history, astronomy, medicine, engineering, agriculture and household arts.

The ancient Egyptians are revealed to have had a modern moral code and a highly developed legal system and religious philosophy. Dr. Mercer says that there is a striking similarity between the translated texts and the Psalms of the Old Testament which were written about 1,700 years later.

YOU FIGURE THE ODDS

EARL NOLAN of Richmond, Ky., was arrested on a traffic charge in Madison, Ind., and then became confused with Earl Nolan of Richmond, Ind. Besides the similarity in names and home towns, it developed that the Kentucky Nolan's license number was A-1177024 and the Indiana Nolan's, 177024. The odds against this series of coincidences involve about 3,000,000 people in Kentucky and 4,000,000 in Indiana.

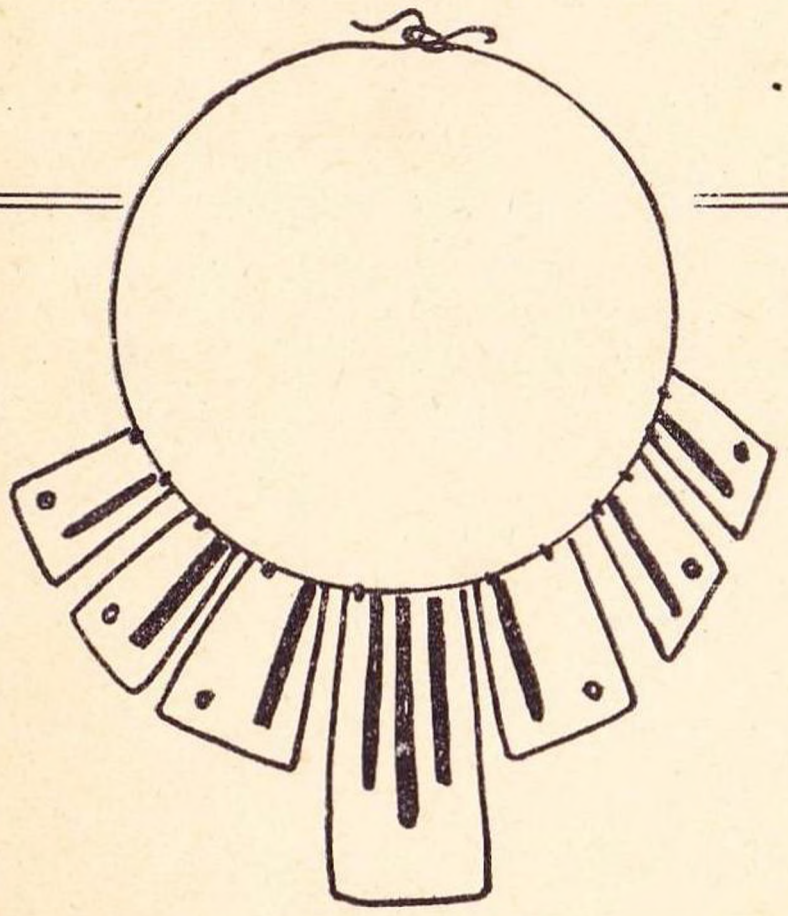
JEWELS FROM *Atlantis*

Are these unusual creations actual copies of jewels worn ages ago by Atlantean priests and vestals?

By Guy Archette

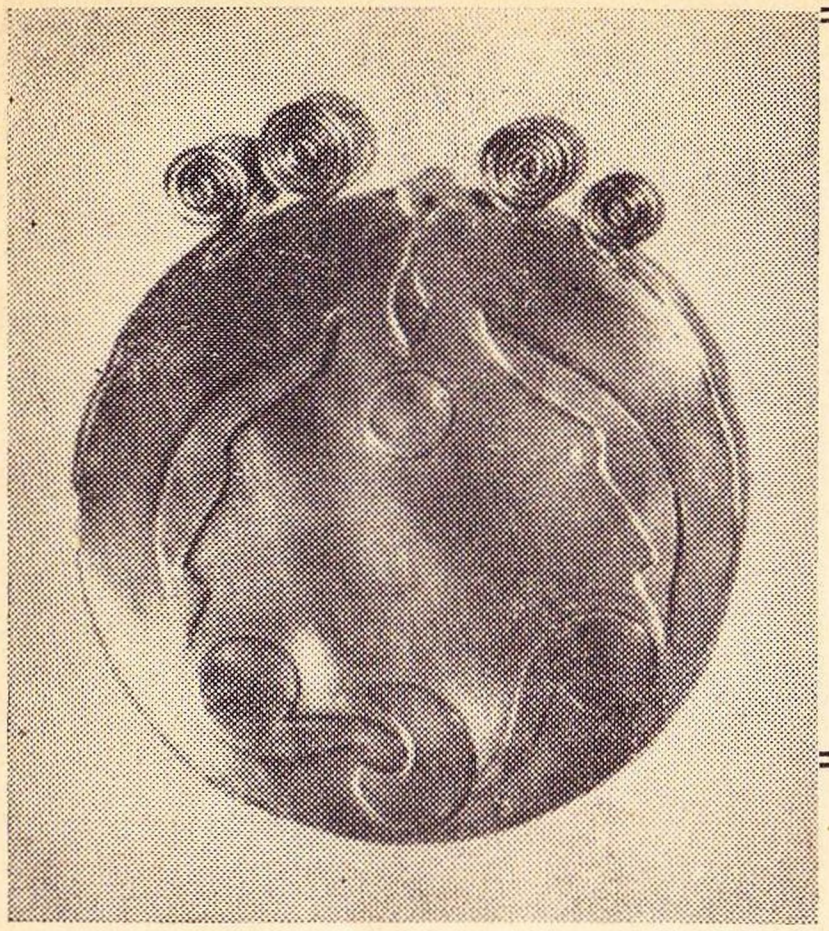
Is it possible for one to remember activities carried out in former lives? There appears to be sound basis for this idea, to judge from the remarkable jewelry created by Alice S. Beardsley, a retired school teacher of San Francisco.

Among Mrs. Beardsley's jewelry are items completely unusual in design and material. She believes they are authentic reproductions of articles manufactured in the remote past by craftsmen in the "Sun Temple of Atlantis." Her sincerity and the striking originality of her jewelry has

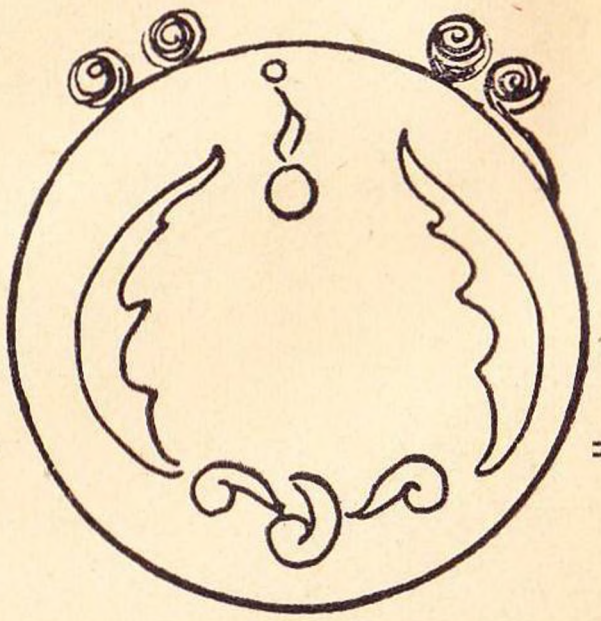


Plates on this necklace for a priest are said to represent finished deeds.





Described as an award for a vestal, this copper jewel symbolizes vestal's progress (opening flower) toward perfection, or God (disc and scrolls).



favorably impressed such authorities on religious-metaphysical art as Dr. Raymond F. Piper of Syracuse University.

"For many years," says Mrs. Beardsley, "I have been 'receiving' stories, poems, spiritual writings and subjects for oil paintings. To all of this I had become accustomed. What I could never accustom myself to was the phenomenon of undertaking new projects which turned out to be strangely familiar. It seems that by engaging in certain activities I am able to recall having done exactly the same thing in a previous existence."

An example of this occurred not long ago when Mrs. Beardsley took a course in jewelry making. She found herself rebelling against the regular assignments given the class and following a path of her own.

She explains: "I seemed impelled to make things out of scraps rather than articles planned from a set pattern. I fashioned small fishes, snails, a peacock. I bent metal tubes into small objects that resembled musical instruments. I placed scraps of metal on other scraps in a way that defied all the rules of contemporary design."

These objects drew admiring comments from the class. Mrs. Beardsley found herself being asked repeatedly where she dreamed up her designs. At first she simply didn't know, but then . . .

"The answer began to come," she says, "when I found myself fashioning a necklace of rectangular plates of metal strung to-

the priests. Copper was symbolic of the Sun God; silver of the stars and the moon. Silver was thought to be a more refined and beautiful metal than copper, which in turn was considered more refined than brass. But brass wire frequently was used to represent the shining of the great Sun God's rays because it reflected the sun more than other metals.

One of the jewelry class assignments was to make a necklace of repeated design. "Something within me," Mrs. Beardsley states, "objected to the idea of repeating designs. I found myself making a necklace of many small connected squares of metal, each of a different metal and design. These, I knew, were supposed to be connected with a cord rather than a chain. The cord, moreover, had to be of cotton and it had to look handcrafted and old. I found such a cord and strung my finished squares of metal on it."

She believes that each square was an award bestowed upon a vestal for excellent work completed. Metal could not be used to hold these awards because the vestals wore garments with a rounded neckline and the metal not only marked the flesh but, because of impurities, often caused infections. Where the priests wore chains of metal because of the high collars of their robes, the vestals had to suspend their awards from strings.

The awards followed a definite plan. When a vestal entered service in the temple she worked at the most disagreeable forms of drudgery. If she weathered this for a year she was given a length of string with a bead or shell tied at each end and with knots at regular intervals along the string. As the vestal earned one honor after another she was given small awards which at first were worn backward to prevent any inclination toward vanity. As she progressed in ability and accomplishment the awards increased in size and number and gradually reached around to the front. It was supposed that by this time the vestal had overcome any vain tendencies. The awards were worn at all times except during sleep, which soon caused the string from which they hung to look old and grubby.

The temple appears to have been the counterpart of our schools and colleges today, and essentially the same subjects were taught, such as music, art, dancing, secretarial work, sciences and medicine. The temple, in fact, was the only place from which instruction could be obtained, Mrs. Beardsley says.

Those seeking to enter temple service as priests or vestals were given qualifying examinations in the manner of college entrance examinations of the present. If they could not demonstrate that they possessed some unusual tal-

ent, they were denied admission. Psychical abilities such as clairvoyance and telepathy were highly prized and possessors of these gifts were admitted in triumph. However, not even these extraordinary individuals were excused from the drudgery of temple routine, which was considered important in spiritual development.

"As time passed," Mrs. Beardsley relates, "I learned that I had been an artisan in the temple shops. Not only could I fashion metal, but I possessed psychic powers which enabled me to create beautiful designs that obviously came from outside myself. For this reason I often was excused from routine tasks to design jewelry for special festivals and occasions."

Since the temple was the center of all intellectual and business activities, large numbers of people came there daily to transact all manner of business. Accounts were drawn up, deeds written, taxes paid, medical attention given. Patrons who brought their children along often sent them to the temple shops to watch the craftsmen at work.

"Those among us who loved children fashioned small articles for them to play with and carry home," Mrs. Beardsley explains. "If we were particularly fond of a child, or if a patron was wealthy and in a position to bestow favors on the temple, we exerted ourselves to make something of real value and beauty. Since metal often was very scarce we were expected to conserve every scrap. It was from the scraps that we made small models of fishes, birds and musical instruments for the children, and my memories of this former existence often caused me to salvage scraps and fashion them into small objects to please a child."

Mrs. Beardsley is quietly certain that her creations represent authentic Atlantean designs. When asked how she knows, she says, "Well, how do I know that a long time ago I slid down the sand dunes near a lake in Denver? The sand dunes have long since been transformed into a park, but I know that they once existed and that I played among them as a child. I know only that when I remember performing certain activities I am fully aware that it was thousands of years ago, in Babylon, or Egypt, as the case may be. Call it ancestral memory, superimposed upon my present knowledge and memory.

"When I have had waking dreams, or visions, of myself as an Indian girl in Yosemite, I knew only that it was I and that the place was 'home.' Later I visited Yosemite and with no planning on my part came upon the identical scenes I saw as an Indian girl in ages past."

Mrs. Beardsley's memories of

former lives seem more or less limited to specific activities. Engaging in some task like jewelry designing, pottery making or painting stimulates the memory of a similar task performed in the past, along with the various details involved.

"However," she says, "there are times when remembering an activity that I can *see* myself sitting by a road in Babylon, working on clay tablets that can tell the fortunes of those who pass along the way. Then I carry on a conversation with some unknown friend in this manner:

" 'How did I keep the clay moist?' (The weather was very hot and dry.) 'You covered it with a piece of worn rug.' 'Oh, yes, but where did I get water?' 'Don't you remember? You had a tube made of reeds that piped a trickle of water from a small stream in the rear of your house.'

"And so with this sort of help it all comes back to me, even to the shape of a particular jar, the pattern of a rug. I *see* every detail. I receive memories in many different ways; there is no one stereotyped method. Many times I receive memories in pictures. Sometimes memories are dictated to me through what might be called automatic typewriting. When I type my own material, it is very slow, very full of errors. When I type dictated matter my fingers fly. I cannot say that I hear voices. I know only that I have been told — in other words, the voices are never audible."

Mrs. Beardsley's exotic jewelry designs are fascinating in themselves and do suggest that her inspiration springs from no common source. Though many may scoff, she remains calmly certain that her designs reproduce ornaments that hung from the necks of priests and vestals in the Sun Temple of Atlantis.

DREAM OF A MISSING SON

When A. B. William Richard Hughes vanished from his ship at Amsterdam on Christmas Eve, 1950, everyone but his mother believed him dead. Locks and canals were dragged and Dutch officials and British Consulate employees made exhaustive inquiries. But there was no trace of him.

Three times Hughes' mother went to Holland from her home in Holyhead, England, to search for her missing son. Then, one night at the end of January, she dreamed that he was alive in Germany. So vivid was the dream that the next morning she wrote to the civilian personnel board headquarters, European Command, Germany, giving a full description and a photograph of her son.

A few days later there came a reply, saying that her son was working for the U. S. Forces and giving his address. — *Paul Steiner.*

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay $5 for each True Mystic Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 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.

A DREAM OF MURDER

In 1925 my husband and I lived in a small West Virginia town. Our home, an old two-story house, stood in a remote and lonely section overlooking the Kanawha River. My upstairs bedroom was in the front of the house, while my husband's was at the other end of the hall in the rear.

About two o'clock one morning I was suddenly awakened by a terrifying sensation. I sat up and looked around. By the moonlight that flooded my room I could see very clearly a ghostly white figure standing at the foot of my bed. The figure looked like my husband but its eyes seemed to glare at me with hate.

Calling out my husband's name, I jumped out of bed to cower against the wall by the window. There was no chance to run, as the threatening figure blocked the way between the bed and the dresser, where I would have to pass. Suddenly, with one arm extended, it lifted from the floor and floated over the bed to disappear though the wall.

I ran down the hall to my husband's room, frantically calling his name, but it was with difficulty that he came out of a deep sleep to answer me. After listening to my story of what had happened, he said, "I had an awful dream. I dreamed that I had a knife and intended to kill you." — *Peggy Bryand, Hollywood, Calif.*

MY FATHER'S HAND

One winter afternoon in the day of the horse and buggy when I was eight years old, I was brought to my father's office from school. We walked the few blocks home to warmth and dinner, crunching and skidding on the snow and ice that covered the sidewalk.

Father offered to hold my hand but in childish glee I refused and tried to run ahead. I slipped and

took a hard fall. He hurried to pick me up, to check for serious hurts. I had none, yet I was frightened and upset.

He wiped my tears and we started again. Now I was glad to hold his hand and as we labored on toward home he reassured me with these words: "I will not let you fall on the ice again. I will not let you fall again."

Years later, during World War II, this incident was recalled forcefully to mind. I was attending the winter session of a Government-sponsored vocational school in a small Texas town.

A week before I had returned to my native state and buried my father, who died two weeks after I entered school. Now, back in school, I applied myself to my studies. The Texas plains were in the grip of a series of blizzards.

One morning I was so engrossed in my work I did not notice that my lunch period had arrived until only 10 minutes of it were left. I rushed out of the classroom and sprinted down the empty hall toward the open door which was on a level with ground.

I did not see that the ground was covered with a thick layer of glassy ice until it was too late to slacken my pace. Momentum carried me through the doorway. When my forward foot contacted the ice it skidded swiftly from under me. Abruptly wrenched off balance, I felt myself going backward helplessly.

At that instant something softly — almost imperceptibly — touched my arm, stayed my fall, and gently lifted me to my feet. I glanced around to see what person had so kindly prevented my fall. No one was in sight.

I stood trying to regain my composure and to understand what had happened. Suddenly my father's words, spoken long ago, came to me: "*I will not let you fall on the ice again. I will not let you fall again.*" All fear left me. I walked calmly to the lunch room, sustained by the same trust that I had in him when we walked on the ice together on that long-ago day of my childhood. — *Melisse Morton, Doddridge, Ark.*

LIFE OR DEATH?

IN 1928, near Mitchell, S. D., I had an accident which was unquestionably known immediately by my sister, Mrs. Myrtle Jenks, who lived at the time in Longmont, Colo., 400 miles distant.

During spring vacation at Union College, Lincoln, Nebr., I traveled by car with some friends to Aberdeen, S. D., to visit my brother, Dr. I. V. Minner. At about nine o'clock in the evening, Central Standard Time, the car skidded on an icy turn and was wrecked. My head struck a telephone pole against which the top

of my car finally came to rest.

Thinking that I was dead, the other occupants of the car left to get help. About 30 minutes later I heard one of my companions say, "He's not dead. I see him move."

After a week of rest I returned to Lincoln to find a letter from my sister, asking me to write and assure her that I was living and well.

My sister's letter, dated the day of my accident, said that she had lain down after supper in her room in Longmont and had fallen asleep, or perhaps not quite asleep. In a sort of dream she clearly perceived that I was either dead or in mortal danger from an auto accident. This impression was so convincing that she got up immediately and wrote me for reassurance.

The time, she stated, was 8:00 p.m., Rocky Mountain Standard Time. Thus the time of my accident and the time of my sister's dream were the same to the exact minute.

Although Myrtle always keeps in touch with me, she writes only occasionally and has never, before or since insofar as I can remember, expressed concern for my immediate safety. Apparently my sister, who is not given to imaginary fears, knew instantly when my life was endangered.

Maybe Myrtle and my companions were right. Perhaps for a moment at the time of the accident the line between life and death was not clearly drawn. — *J. Lester Minner, Hydaburg, Alaska.*

THE DOG THAT SMELLED DEATH

BACK in 1901 my parents lived in the backwoods of Tennessee. A Negro family named Wilson also lived on our farm and helped with the work.

One morning Father started over the hill to contact his helper, Isham Wilson. A huge mongrel, Bulger, belonged to the Wilson family and had always been a friendly dog, to Father and to everyone. But this day Bulger met Father a quarter of a mile from the Wilson house and refused to allow him a step nearer.

Father scolded and shouted, threw sticks and stones at him, but Bulger snarled and refused to be intimidated. Finally, Father returned home in a rage for his gun, declaring that he would put an end to that dog.

At that moment shouting was heard and Father went to the door. A man stood some distance away, explaining that the Wilsons were down with smallpox!

The entire Wilson family died of the dread disease and after they were buried the house and everything in it was burned. Father adopted old Bulger and never tired of telling how the dog held him back from, perhaps, a hor-

rible death. — *Vinna Middleton, Cottonwood, Calif.*

THE TALL WOMAN

EARLY in the spring of 1844 my grandfather, John Coates, and his brother, Abner, left their homes and families in southern Wisconsin and headed for the shore of Lake Superior where there was considerable excitement over the discovery of copper.

John and Abner Coates were in their middle thirties and had been born and raised on the frontier. The almost uninhabited wilderness that they planned to traverse held no fears for them. They carried complete supplies for the trip in a wagon drawn by oxen and they made camp where night overtook them.

After a few days travel they awoke one morning to find their oxen missing. John set out to look for them while Abner remained in camp to prepare breakfast.

John searched for some time without success and then decided to return to camp, only to discover that he was lost. After due consideration he took his bearings from the sun and started north in the direction of their destination.

On the third night of his solitary journey he came to an Indian cemetery. It belonged to a tribe that built elevated platforms on which their dead were laid and then covered by the bark of trees.

Being without fear or superstition, John removed the debris from one platform and used it for a bed. He slept soundly but dreamed that a tall woman, dressed in black and wearing a sunbonnet that hid her face, came to him and turned him over, saying as she did so, "Rise and go on your way; you have 10 days more to live."

He awakened to find that the sun was just rising and went on his way. He was suffering from great hunger. It was much too early in the season for any wild fruits or berries to be ripe and he carried no weapon. Once he managed to catch a frog which he ate raw.

On the morning of the 10th day after his strange dream, he emerged from the forest and found himself on the shore of Lake Superior. While wondering whether to turn left or right, John suddenly smelled coffee. He literally followed his nose and so found the camp of two hunters, a French Canadian and an Indian. They were friendly and gave him food and thus the dismal prophecy of his dream was not fulfilled. He lived for 44 more years.

The hunters took him to the nearest settlement and there he found Abner organizing a party to search for him.

When John was home once more and told his family of his misadventure and his strange

dream, his wife also recounted a weird dream. She estimated that it had occurred on the same night as her husband's.

In Mrs. Coate's dream, her dead sister, Hannah, who had been a tall woman, came to her and said, "Catherine, John is dead. Come and see where he's lying." Hannah led her out into the forest, to a place where she saw her husband *lying on strips of bark* but she realized at once that he was not dead. She spoke to her sister, saying, "No, Hannah, he is not dead; he is only sleeping," whereupon she woke up to find that the sun was just rising. — *Genevieve Holbrook, Long Beach, Calif.*

THE FLOWERS FELL TWICE

My grandson, Jeffrey B. Reed, died May 6, 1952, just one week after his seventh birthday. He had been ill for 14 months with leukemia. I wish to tell you of a strange thing which happened at that time.

My aunts were planning to take a potted geranium to Jeffrey at Children's Hospital in Akron on Tuesday morning because he had asked for flowers. But Jeffrey died about 10:30 that same morning and they were never able to give him the plant.

That Tuesday morning my husband and I were in our breakfast room ready to sit down and eat when a pot of geraniums, which stood on a wide window sill, fell to the floor. The pot broke in several pieces. There was no wind or anything else to account for its falling.

My husband mended the pot with tape and set it back on the sill. Ten minutes later we got word of Jeffrey's death.

The next noon my daughter and I sat at the same table eating our lunch. We were looking toward the window when the same plant quivered and seemed to jump. A second later the pot fell again and this time the plant broke off. It startled both of us but somehow seemed to make us feel better. We felt that Jeffrey had communicated with us. — *Mrs. Fern Haushalter, Akron, O.*

"I AM MONEY"

On Memorial Day in 1927, my husband and I found ourselves in Sutherlin, Ore., where we were not known well enough to get a check cashed. Everywhere my husband was refused because he did not have sufficient identification. Strange as it turned out, we lacked just 35 cents in change to take us to the next town where we were known and could cash the check.

I had been reading some books on suggestion which advised getting money matters solved by affirmation. I started by affirming

that I, myself, was money. "I am money, I am money," I kept affirming over and over again.

My husband got hungry and I said, "Well, at least we can eat," for I had a little lunch packed in a basket. We found a few tables outdoors at a small roadside camp ground. We singled one out in the shade and when we sat down to it and began to spread out our lunch, there lay the necessary 35 cents in change.

Some may say it was a coincidence but I am sure that the thought I held in my mind led me to that particular table. — *Mrs. Ada Golden, Portland, Ore.*

UNFRIENDLY POLTERGEIST?

On the cold dark evening of December 19, 1945, my husband and I were dinner guests of our friends Fan and Fred in their apartment in Atlanta, Ga. We had admired Fan's beautiful antique furniture and taste in decorating before we were seated at the dinner table and Fred began to serve.

My husband immediately overturned a small salt server when its leg caught in the lace of the table cloth. As dessert was served, he knocked over his cup and coffee spread quickly over the surface of the cover and seeped onto the beautiful table. Rushing for cloths, we frantically mopped it up.

My husband was already terribly embarrassed and as we reseated ourselves the whole back of his chair fell to the floor. I suggested to my husband, who was apologizing profusely, that we had better leave before he wrecked Fan's apartment.

After dinner as we walked across the living room a large platter, which was fastened by means of a metal bracket to the wall, jumped straight out, sailed over our heads and crashed to the floor, completely shattering. We were 10 feet away from this wall when the platter fell.

With more apologies we got into our wraps and almost ran from the apartment. Back at our hotel I phoned Fran and she said that as she talked with me her china cabinet popped open and all the dishes within began rattling as if something were moving them about. She hung up to rescue them.

Was this a poltergeist that did not like us? We have never gone back and I often wonder what else would have happened if we had stayed on. — *Mrs. W. K. Couch, Talbotton, Ga.*

A BELATED FAREWELL

In the winter of 1946, my grandfather died painfully from cancer of the lung, a condition which rendered him incapable of speech throughout the last days of his life. Three days after his death,

on the night before the funeral, my father, who was grief-stricken at his passing, awoke from a fitful slumber in a state of terror. My mother was alarmed and did her best to soothe him.

"He's here!" my father kept insisting. "He's in this room. He spoke to me."

"Nonsense," said my mother. "I heard nothing. What did he say?"

"He came to say goodbye," sobbed my father. "He couldn't speak before his death and he came now to say goodbye."

My mother was doing her best to persuade my father that he was merely the victim of a bad dream when the telephone rang. It was my grandmother who lived in a small house on the other side of town. She was sobbing hysterically into the telephone.

"You've got to come here," she cried. "Ted has come back. He spoke to me."

Without another word my father threw on his coat and drove with my mother across town to the little house. When they arrived they found my grandmother in a state of nervous exhaustion.

"I had just turned out the light," she sobbed, "when I heard his voice. It was as if he were standing right beside the bed. He told me that he had come to say goodbye."

Little more can be said of the incident. The funeral, on the following day, was accompanied by icy winds and a landscape blanketed in snow. My grandfather's voice has not, to my knowledge, been heard again in this world. We are not a superstitious family. — *Kenneth R. Clark, Worland, Wyo.*

FATE IN THE CARDS

DURING those dark days of the terrible flu epidemic of 1917 I was eight years old. The schools had closed down and I was staying at home. To pass the time our housekeeper was teaching me to tell fortunes with a deck of cards.

One night when my sister and her husband came to visit us I was sitting on the floor playing with a deck of cards. Always looking for victims for my new art I asked my brother-in-law, Al, to cut the cards. Laughing, he did so and I proceeded to tell his fortune.

Everyone was talking and luckily no one paid much attention to me, for when I had spread the cards out on the carpet the first thing I saw was Al's card, my sister's card and the card of a baby girl — all facing the death card.

I hastily picked up the cards and reshuffled them. Telling Al I had made a mistake, I asked him to cut them again. I couldn't believe it when once more the cards turned up just as they had the first time.

For the third time I spread

them out carefully on the carpet — and then I was really frightened. The cards again predicted death for my sister, my brother-in-law and a baby girl.

"Well, what's my fortune?" Al asked jokingly as I sat staring at the cards.

"Oh, I guess I forget how to read them," I said. I got up and tossed the cards on the table.

A week later, at about nine o'clock in the morning, our telephone rang. It was my sister calling. She wanted us all to come over and stay with her as Al was very sick with the flu.

We stayed in the house next door to my sister's house which also belonged to my brother-in-law. The following day my sister too came down with the flu. Everything possible was done for them. But the best doctors and nurses available could not prevent their growing steadily worse.

My brother-in-law died at nine o'clock one morning and at six that night the sister whom I loved so much died also. The doctors later said she was about to give birth to a baby girl. Since those dark days I have always been afraid to read anyone's fortune with cards. — *Paul M. Vest, Santa Monica, Calif.*

FORESEEN MURDER

A FRIEND and I were returning to Mankato, Minn., one evening in August, 1938, during a thunderstorm. We had started out early enough to reach our town as we knew we were in for an all night rain.

I was driving and my friend was sitting in the front seat with me. We weren't doing much talking as it took all my attention to keep the car on the road.

As we drove along the highway we saw cars stopped or stalled, waiting for a break in the storm. I drove slowly because one never knows what he might run across on a night like this and because the lightning was blinding.

We had traveled approximately five miles and were thanking God our car hadn't stalled when I saw something in the road. My heart nearly stopped beating as I gazed at the horrible thing directly in front of the car. It was a brown mass of mangled flesh. With its back arched to form a 45° angle, it lay face downward on the pavement. The entire body seemed burned to a crisp and if there were a face I knew instinctively that I could never see it even on close examination.

I tore my eyes from that ghastly remnant of humanity and swung the steering wheel to detour the object in the road. Lightning flashed, showing that the stretch of slippery pavement ahead of me was clear.

My friend sat calmly beside me and remarked about the force of

the rain. Nothing in her conversation indicated that she had seen anything unusual.

I felt uncertain of myself and did not ask my friend if she had seen anything. When we arrived home I told my mother about my experience and she explained that when a person is under strain or nervous excitement the eyes often play tricks.

I felt that what I had seen was some sort of a warning that something terrible was going to happen to me. But three weeks passed and I almost forgot the incident.

My sister and I started out on a vacation on which we were going to do some fishing and hunting. We reached Little Ball Club Lake that evening about five o'clock and drove into Shady Rest resort. We had no sooner stopped our car than we were excitedly informed that a murder had been committed on a farm just outside of Deer River, Minn., the next town.

We lost no time in getting to the scene of the murder. As we drove into the farm yard we saw small groups of people excitedly discussing the crime. We jumped out of the car and ran over to a group of C.C.C. boys who were putting out a fire. The house had burned to the ground. Cats were meowing and running back and forth around the fire.

The C.C.C. boys were squirting a fire extinguisher on something that smoldered in the ashes of the house. I couldn't tear my eyes from the object. It was the same burned body I had seen three weeks before in the road. The body lay face downward, the spinal column twisted at a 45° angle.

This murder had been committed by a 16-year-old boy who was later declared insane and committed to St. Peter state hospital. The crime is listed in police records at Deer River. The boy had killed his stepfather, his mother and his sister. He had shot the father and then set fire to the house to cover up the crime. He then shot the mother and sister and dragged their bodies to the barn, setting fire to it also.

I am just an ordinary person, leading an ordinary life. Why should I have seen a crime which didn't concern me three weeks before it was committed? — *Elaine Thomas, Fairfax, Calif.*

WE SAW HER PLAYING

THE most mystifying experience of my life happened when my little daughter died suddenly and we brought her home for burial. About two weeks before we had been visiting and she had spent the afternoon playing ball with my father, of whom she was very fond.

On the sad day that she lay in her little white casket in the front

parlor, I was with my father in the adjoining room. We were sitting very quietly, not even speaking, when I saw my little girl standing beside his chair.

Without thinking it might be a shock to him I said, "Here's Edna."

"Do you see her too?" he answered. "Don't make any noise — just sit still."

Without either of us remarking how odd it was that we both saw her, we sat still and watched.

She was playing ball with my father. I saw her pick it up and toss it to him and although he kept perfectly quiet I could see her playing just as though she actually had the ball in her hand. She did this for about 10 minutes. Then, as if tiring, she leaned on the arm of his chair and looked up at him. Suddenly she was gone.

This happened with the sun shining into the room. My father died 17 days later, never speaking of what he saw that afternoon. — *Mrs. Laura E. Brisson, Easthampton, Mass.*

HUMAN VAMPIRE

ESTELITA FLORENCIO, 27, of Passi, in Iloilo Province, Philippine Islands, had a strange craving for human blood. She was jailed in Passi for attacking and biting people in order to satisfy this urge. One of her victims was said to be the man for whom she worked as a maid-servant.

In November, 1952, Estelita appeared in Lucena, Iloilo Province, where she attacked an old woman. Maria Sobremisana, 80, told Police that Estelita had bitten a piece out of her arm and sucked at the blood. Estelita was then reported to have attacked a small boy, biting his face and body and drinking the blood from the wounds. A crowd, attracted by the cries of the child, seized Estelita and turned her over to the police. She was charged with attempted murder and causing physical injuries to the small boy.

The mayor of Lucena said Estelita confessed that she had attacked several other persons in the towns of Capiz and Iloilo to satisfy her vampire urge. She explained that the urge comes to her at regular intervals and described it as "irresistible." She claimed to have acquired it from an unidentified man who was her common law husband.

While in jail Estelita was reported to have won the sympathy of a policeman by her piteous pleas for human blood. He pricked his arm and allowed her to suck at the wound.

Persons who observed Estelita in jail said that she became normal after satisfying her urge. A psychiatrist has asked to study her to determine the psychological factors behind her abnormal craving.

London's oldest theatre is scene of the spectral playgoer's appearances. Sight of him before opening of the smash hit "Oklahoma" forecast a successful run.



Drury Lane's Friendly Ghost

This famed wraith has been seen by hundreds since 1750 and is considered a good omen.

By Grace Carey

WHEN alterations were made in 1848 at *The Theatre Royal*, Drury Lane, London, a wall was pulled down. Behind the wall workmen found a skeleton with a few shreds of clothing still upon it. From between the shining ribs of this skeleton stuck a dagger.

Walter Macqueen-Pope, whose family has been connected with this oldest London theatre for 232 years and who today is the foremost authority on London's theatres considers this discovery a water-tight explanation for the famous Drury Lane Ghost.

The Drury Lane Ghost is a quiet, unassuming fellow who, contrary to the habits of most ghostly visitants, is never seen at

night but makes his appearances any time between nine in the morning and six in the evening. He has been seen by players and stage-hands, usherettes and matinee audiences. The first recorded apparition was in 1750.

Mr. Macqueen-Pope has seen the ghost several times and the sight always fills him with satisfaction because the appearance of this wraith, either before or at the beginning of a new production, is a good omen. The ghost appeared prior to the production of *Oklahoma*, *Carousel* and the American hit, *South Pacific*, and before all the successful Ivor Novello plays.

Until the 1848 discovery no one had been able to account for this ethereal visitor. Now the connection seems beyond dispute. He is always seen to emerge from the door at the precise spot where the skeleton was found. He appears to wear clothes of the early 18th Century — three-cornered hat, long grey riding-cloak and powdered hair. He follows the same route always: through the door into an ante-room; down a narrow corridor into the auditorium at the Upper Circle level (in the 18th Century this was the Box Circle); following this semi-circle he unobtrusively slips through the door on the opposite side, down another corridor to another ante-room. Here he simply dissolves into the wall.

The management is asked: "Is it usual for the players to appear in costume in the auditorium?" This means, of course, that the ghostly visitor has been seen again. The enquirers are assured that no such practice is authorized in *The Theatre Royal*. They are told that they have seen The Ghost.

No one has ever been able to trace the identity of the man whose skeleton was found. The annals of the period have been searched but no record of a disappearance or a murder exists.

Mr. Macqueen-Pope has his own theory. He visualizes a young man up to London from the provinces. He goes to the theatre and becomes enamored of one of the actresses whom he attempts to see, backstage. A jealous admirer finds them, dispatches the unknown with a dagger, and has him bricked up secretly while structural changes (of which there were many over the years) were in progress. No one misses the young man for he is a stranger in the big city and his family at home never see him again.

Mr. Macqueen-Pope believes that in a future age we shall be able to "tune in" on the past. He says that if one is cut off suddenly by violent death the force released so suddenly makes an impact on the ether and under certain conditions can be reassembled and becomes visible as a ghost. In his

opinion this theory is supported by the fact that the Drury Lane Ghost is visible at a distance of a few feet but cannot be seen at close quarters.

He admits being able to see ghosts. If they are to be seen he sees them. "But I don't believe they are spirits," he says. "It is the impact of the living force — soul if you like — on the ether, when set free suddenly. Nobody knows what the ether is; but it is there and by its means we get radio and television. For that matter nobody knows what electricity is — but it is there all right and can be used." Parties of interested visitors frequently tour backstage at *The Royal Theatre* — a most entertaining experience — and on one such occasion Mr. Macqueen-Pope was conducting a particularly skeptical group along the Ghost Walk. They found his recital extremely amusing. He pointed to the door through which the ghost appears, described his grey riding-coat, his sword, his hat. From that very direction a workman in grey overalls suddenly appeared. In one concerted movement the visitors took to their heels! So much for all hardened cynics.

During the war the theatre was closed to public performances and commandeered for the use of ENSA (the company of artists who did so much to entertain the forces in active service). The ante-room at the end of the Ghost Walk was used as an office for a very important Brass Hat. He too professed a disbelief in spirits. One day Mr. Macqueen-Pope found him white and shaken.

"That — that fellow of yours," he said when he could get his breath, "he's just been in here. Came through that closed door, walked right through my desk — and disappeared up the chimney!"

It is on record that the general did not appear at the theatre for several days following.

Mr. Macqueen-Pope's is the testimony of a practical man of the theatre. He has seen the ghost often, looks on him as a friend, takes his periodic visits as a matter of course.

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REPEAT PERFORMANCE

ANDREW SOLDO, of Watsonville, Calif., and his wife, Mildred, borrowed a car for a trip to a resort where they planned to recuperate from injuries suffered in an auto accident four weeks before, in which their own car was wrecked. On the road leading to the resort the borrowed car went out of control on a turn and fell to the bottom of a steep canyon. Soldo was critically injured and his wife was killed.

THE GLASS BUZZARD



By Arthur J. Burks

The old man believed he would live as long as the glass bird held his sins. Then it was broken.

SHORT, barrel-shaped, yellow-faced George Shorty Osment was one of the toughest men on earth. Not only was he one of the survivors of that international group of men which, between 1909 and 1914, built the railroad between Porto Velho, Brazil, on the Madeira-Mamoré rivers and Guajara-Mirim, Bolivia, but he was the only one who went on the job in 1909, remained to the end — and lived. Twenty-eight thousand men, according to Shorty, died of malaria, dengue, dysentery, snakebite, Indian arrows, drowning and insanity on that building project which became known as the Mad Mary.

Shorty was a broad man with grey eyes, a blank face and fists with which he could literally

knock down a bull. He lifted a rail onto a boxcar alone, on a wager, when he was past 70.

Shorty Osment feared nothing except the unknown. He was superstitious beyond the credulity of most men. When I first met him, in Boqueron, Cuba, he told me that he was 72, 74, 78 and 83 years old, because he had an idea, picked up in some far place of the world, that it was bad luck to tell your right age.

A Hindu had given Shorty a ring 50 years before I met him. He told Shorty that if he wore the ring all the wealth he could ever use would be his. Shorty believed it and amassed millions, including part ownership in the railroad connecting Boqueron and Guantanamo City, numerous seagoing boats, forests, sugar cane plantations, cattle, pigs and, indirectly, people. He believed the Hindu and clung to the ring with childish tenacity.

Shorty clung just as tenaciously to the glass *urubu*, or buzzard, but for a different reason. The glass bird held his sins; if he ever lost it, or broke it, or the bird flew away, Shorty Osment would die and he was afraid to die. Not only had he slain many men to save his own life but he had seen thousands of others die in hideous circumstances.

Shorty Osment ran away from home when he was 10 and never again went to school, so his reading was restricted. He seldom read anything except contracts and he rubbed his ring when he read those. He was in his thirties, serving on the Mad Mary, when he heard about sin and got the scare of his life. Somebody on the job said that many men died along the Madeira-Mamoré because they were "sinners." Shorty began, somewhere between 1909 and 1914, to inquire about sin. He learned that his past life had been filled with sin; but he'd had so much fun he didn't intend to change, to sin less, or to cease seeking more and deeper sin. He began hunting a way to evade payment for sins of the past, present and the bigger and better sins he planned for the years to come.

The glass *urubu* solved his problem.

The idea began at the bedside, or hammockside, of a dying man on the Mad Mary. This man, dying of one of the many fevers rampant in the Brazilian jungles, was not afraid of dying. He was afraid, however, of being buried in the project cemetery, in the jungle, infested by black odorous *urubus*. He got the idea that there was one *urubu* in Candelaria Cemetery for each worker and that if the worker could seek out and slay the *urubu* with his name on it, the worker would live out his contract and get home alive. The delirious man had to be tied

down to keep him from running out to the cemetery at all hours of the night to shoot *urubus* in the hope of getting his own.

Somebody on the Mad Mary had a glass bird in his duffel. It resembled an *urubu*. Shorty took that glass bird to the dying man and told him:

"Son, I've shot your *urubu!* Now you'll get well!"

The fellow died peacefully not long afterward, hugging the glass buzzard to his breast. Friends would have buried the absurd glass figure with the body but Shorty knew he himself must own the thing. He never could remember just where or when he became sure that he could transfer his sins from his soul to the glass buzzard but when I met him the glass buzzard had been a sin-receptacle for 30 or 40 years. Shorty's sins were secrets between him and the glass bird.

Shorty showed me almost everything in the storeroom of his rambling home at Boqueron before he showed me the glass buzzard — which looked empty. Its feet were stapled to the middle of a table. The thing hadn't been moved for years.

"Be careful, don't jiggle the table," said Shorty. "You're the first person I've allowed in here, except my daughter and her husband and Joyce and Cynthia, the maids. They know better than to touch the *urubu*. Only Joyce dusts around it and mighty careful, if she knows what's good for her!"

Joyce and Cynthia were young negro women, sisters, who looked after Shorty's home, cooked his food, made his beds and tried unsuccessfully to bully him into wearing a hat instead of a blue beret, a tie instead of a yellow and scarlet bandanna, to eat at regular hours and not to spend all his time eating peanuts against which some doctor had warned him. They also tried more unsuccessfully, to keep him from swearing when ladies were present. He was the most original and picturesque blasphemer I ever met. Just the blasphemies I heard from his lips would have filled many glass buzzards the size of Shorty's sin-receptacle.

"Joyce or Cynthia sleeps in here when I'm away from home," said Shorty, touching the back of the glass bird reverently. "You know, I'm getting afraid to leave home; some new sin might kill me before I could transfer it to the buzzard! But if I carry the bird with me I may break it myself!"

I waited for more dope on the glass buzzard. It didn't do to press Shorty, not if you didn't want him to go silent — or knock your teeth out with a piledriving right.

"I've built railroads and bridges around the world," said Shorty, sitting in a big rocking chair near the table and the bird and mo-

tioning me to another, "and some of my contracts in uncivilized countries have actually given me power of life and death over men under me. In remote jungle areas I have shot, hanged, strangled or drowned men for breaking my laws. I've never felt very good about killing men, even men who needed killing, so just in case killing might be called a sin, even if justice was served, I always put the sin inside the bird!"

It should be understood that I'm not exactly quoting Shorty Osment. I am paraphrasing and laundering him.

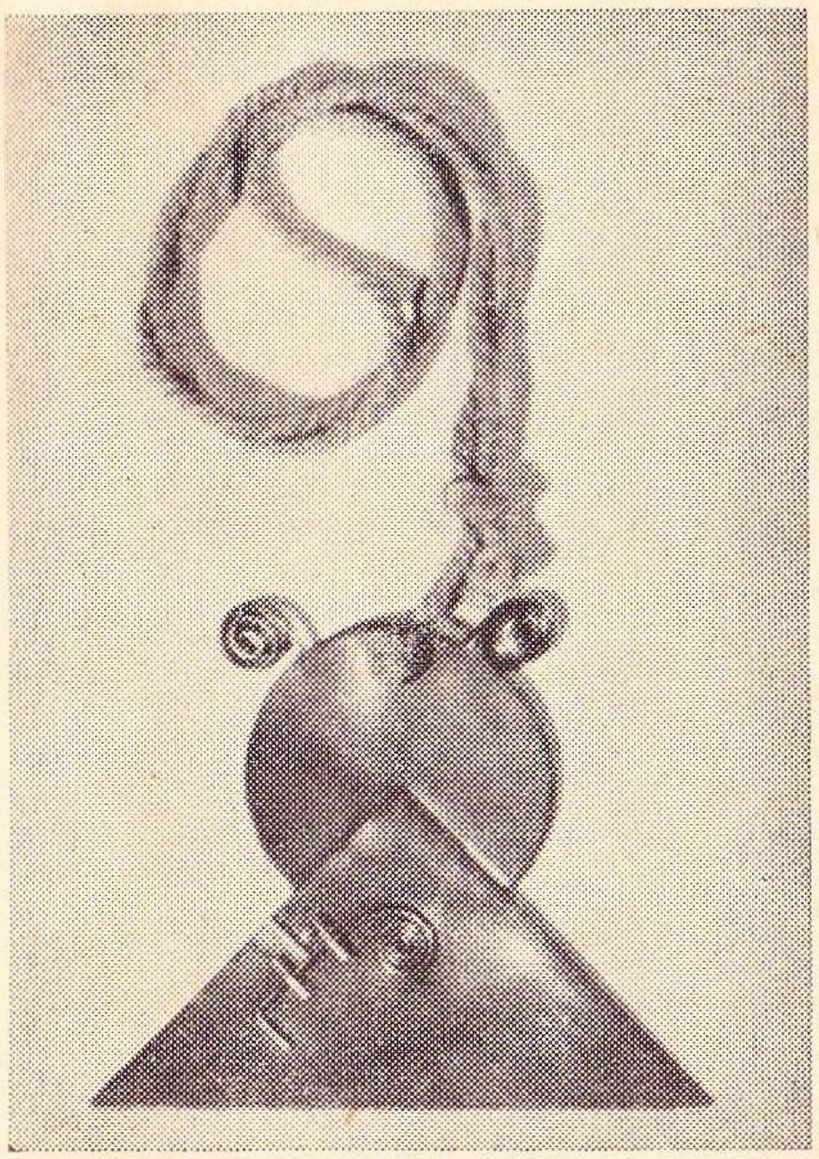
"The first dead man I put in here," Shorty went on, "killed a young fellow on a jungle job. To everybody but me it looked like an accident for the victim drowned. But I heard tales and put things together and condemned the killer to the very death his victim had died! He didn't even protest innocence when, with 100 other men looking on and not interfering, I waded out into a river with him and held his head under until he stopped squirming. I knew I was right but I put him in the bird, just the same!"

By this time I was staring at the glass buzzard as if hypnotized. I was allowing for natural exaggeration to make a good story better but I wasn't doubting Shorty. His eyes bulged and sweat beaded his forehead, little signs that couldn't, I was sure, be faked. I could almost see the sin of the drowned man in the glass buzzard. Sooner or later Shorty would tell me how he effected the transfer.

"I guess the next sins were the heads of the 30 Germans," he went on. "I didn't cut off their heads, now, don't get any butt-headed ideas but if it hadn't been for me they'd never have got cut off."

During the building of the Mad Mary Shorty Osment came out to get men to replace the dead and dying. Once he raided the manpower of General Goethals, at Panama, offering double pay and more and among the men he inveigled into deserting the canal job were 30 Germans. When they reached Porto Velho they refused to go ashore. Starved off the boat, they refused to work. Pushed around, they worked but began planning escape. One morning they were missing. Hundreds of men were missing from time to time on the Mad Mary, crazed men who ran off into the jungles and were never seen again — except by the *urubus*. These 30 Germans were different. They were found the same day, down-river — that is, their *heads* were found. Indians had killed the fugitives and hung their heads on trees along the river as warning to other men on

gether on a wire instead of a chain. I knew it had to be a wire and that it must be irregular, as though bent from long handling. I learned gradually that this necklace was a copy of one that I had made ages ago for a priest in the Sun Temple of Atlantis."

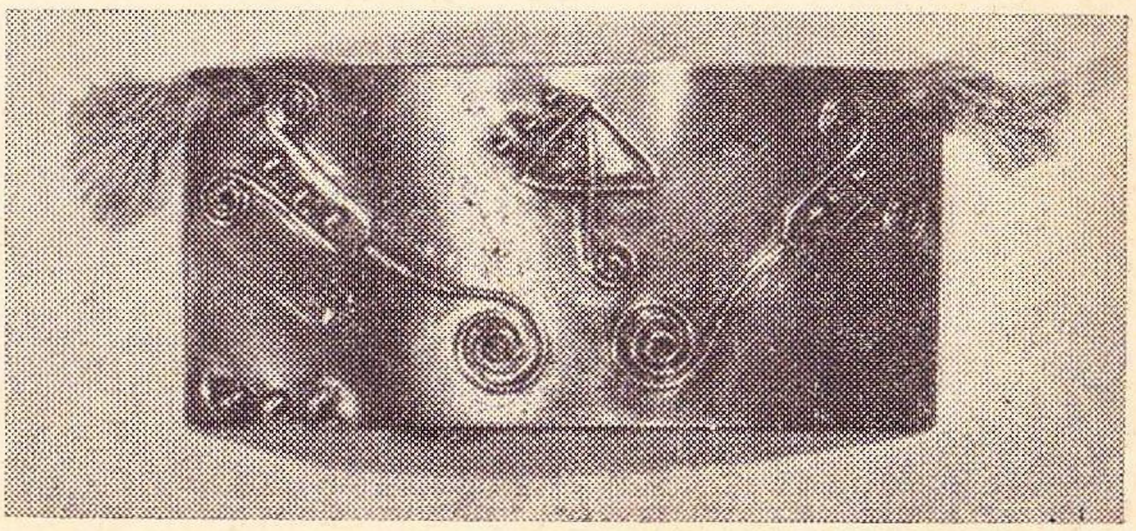


Jewel which Mrs. Beardsley says symbolizes the degree to which a high priestess (triangle) has attained spiritual perfection (disc).

Special award for a vestal represents opening lotus (vestal's talents) scattering seeds (service). Dots show high accomplishment.

The design of such a piece of jewelry, Mrs. Beardsley says, is rich in symbolism. Each rectangular metal plate on the necklace, for instance, represented an accomplished deed and therefore was finished with a dot or "period" signifying completion in much the same manner that we set a period at the end of a sentence. The shafts of flat silver wire represented the rays of the sun, which in turn was symbolic of aid or inspiration from a spiritual source. The central motif, made in the form of a triangle with the top cut off, represented man's eternal struggle to reach God, or perfection, represented in turn by the silver circlet for the neck. Since man never attains this perfection, the triangle does not reach its peak, and since aid from the spiritual source never ends, the shafts of wire do not end in the customary "period," she explains.

A flower in various stages of opening was a symbol of the vestals. Designs for the vestals were much more delicate than those for



that new railroad, the Mad Mary.

"I put the lot of them into the bird," said Shorty Osment, "just to be on the safe side!"

I could see those heads swaying in the hot sunshine, especially since at the time I was planning to visit Porto Velho, Brazil, out of which trains still make weekly trips to Guajara-Mirim.

"There are more women, ranging through all the colors from white to spotted," said Shorty, "squirming around in that buzzard than most men even *see!* And old as I am there will be more!"

I didn't visualize the squirming women right away for I was still thinking of the 30 heads. I had, some years previously, met several survivors of the Mad Mary, heard some of the wild tales that have been told about that jungle project, "2000 miles from nowhere," but none had mentioned the 30 Germans. One had given me a list of survivors and Shorty's name was on it. Others had told me stories as grim and terrible as Shorty's but when I checked on them with Shorty he didn't remember anything of the kind on the Mad Mary.

"If it could happen in Hell," said Shorty, "it could happen on the Mad Mary. Maybe all of us build up our stories a bit, but why should we lie?"

I let it go at that.

"The next dead man I put in the bird," said Shorty, "was a fellow called Pfleg. He was on a job with me and he was a trouble-maker. I fist-fought him several times and once he almost beat me. If we kept at it he might, so I bought up his contract and fired him before I could lose and not be able to boss my men any more. The man refused to leave. This was another railroad job. I told Pfleg if he wasn't out of camp by afternoon I'd come for him with a rifle. He laughed at me. He was a good shot. I was a little surprised when he said why didn't we fight a duel with rifles. He explained about standing back to back and marching 30 steps, then turning and shooting. My legs have always been short. I knew he could walk faster than me. But I agreed. I was afraid he would turn before the count was up and shoot me in the back, but he didn't. We turned at the same time. He left this bullet furrow along my right forearm. He must have thought my heart was on the right side!"

Shorty rolled up his sleeve, showed me a long angry furrow on the right forearm. It could have been a bullet path.

"We walked between the rails," Shorty went on. "I knew I was hit but I put three bullets through his heart before he hit the ties! I tossed away the rifle and walked off. Pfleg had it coming but I began thinking about it. Maybe

three bullets in the heart, when one would have been enough, made the whole thing a sin! I put Pfleg in the glass buzzard!"

I couldn't take it any longer. I knew Shorty wasn't crazy. He had been hipped on this glass bird for 30 years, during which time he had piled up considerable wealth. Crazy men don't outsmart sane ones in hundreds of business deals.

"Shorty, how do you transfer the sins?" I risked the question.

Shorty stared at me out of expressionless grey eyes, shot up from his chair to stand at the end of the table which held the glass buzzard. He leaned slightly forward and put his palms on the bird's back.

"There is a word for what I do," he said, "but I don't remember it. I think trees do it!"

"Osmosis?" I asked.

"Maybe. Anyway, I stand with my eyes shut, like this, like a preacher prayin', and make up my mind to send my sins, every last one of them, even them I'm not sure are sins, out of me, down my arms and out my palms into the glass buzzard!"

Looking at Shorty, one of the toughest men on earth and, even then in 1945, one of the loneliest because his children had married and gone away and his wife was dead, I could see him, down the years, transferring his sins! Before he had married he had kept the buzzard in his duffel on jobs in South America, Central America — principally Nicaragua — Africa, England, Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbados, Aruba, bringing it out whenever he had sins to get off his soul. What went on inside him was hard to imagine.

"I was known once as the King of the Barbados," said Shorty, moving back to his chair. "I often went there to get men for various jungle camps up and down the Americas. If you must know it, I recruited women, too. Bosses gave me plenty of money to throw around, for men were hard to get on tough jobs for any money. I never drank hard liquor in my life — just beer — but I bought barrels of it for men I could use on jobs. I guess I told a lot of lies to get men, especially on the Mad Mary. So there are men of every color and every race in the bird!"

He didn't mean, I think, that the actual people were in the buzzard but only the sins he had committed against those people to accomplish whatever his ends may have been.

I came to know Shorty very well. He had scores of friends, all of whom loved the old reprobate in a sheepish sort of way; but I don't believe he ever confessed the glass buzzard to any of them, even Joyce, his favorite of the two sisters. I often sat down to poker games with Shorty and his friends.

Shorty loved to play. His hands were big and seemingly awkward; he spilled cards every time he shuffled but he always won and once had made his living as a sleight of hand artist. He could still do amazing tricks of legerdemain. Every time I played poker with Shorty and lost, after I knew about the glass buzzard, I would say to him:

"Hadn't you better visit the bird? Winning at poker *all* the time can be a sin!"

Shorty's friends looked puzzled at my question and were even more puzzled when Shorty laughed. He laughed just like a child. In front of us all he always split his winnings among Joyce, Cynthia and their brother Alvin. Ostensibly to keep fresh roasted peanuts at Shorty's right hand, the three hung, like Shorty's own *urubus*, about the card table. We would laugh at them before playing, telling them there'd be no money for them this time, to which Joyce invariably replied: "Oh, they'll be some! Mistah Shawty, he nevah lose!"

Suddenly the toughest man on earth got sick. He claimed he had never been sick a day in his life, and never had fever of any kind, even on the Mad Mary. He just stopped talking, playing poker, eating peanuts. He must have weighed in the neighborhood of 250 pounds when I first met him. He dropped 100 pounds in 10 days. He was a privileged character at the Naval Base, Guantanamo Bay, and one of the poker players was a Navy Medical Officer. He kept urging Shorty to have a physical examination. Shorty was finally persuaded when he had reached the place where he couldn't speak above a whisper or laugh aloud. The medicos shook their heads over him and sent him home to Boqueron, across Guantanamo Bay. Doc Mitchell Johnson, two striper, said to me:

"Shorty's blood test shows everything a man could possibly have, from yellow fever to anything you care to name! Maybe even a thorough test won't give us the full story. Maybe he hasn't ever been sick but now all the sickness that's not been able to get through his tough old hide is piling up on him."

Friends sent for Shorty's daughter, Mrs. Moody, in Miami. She came to Boqueron and took Shorty back with her. This was just before Christmas, 1945. We awaited news from Shorty.

"Shorty hasn't missed a Christmas at my place in 20 years," said one Guantanamo City friend. "He'll be around this time, too!"

I sat behind Joyce on a trip from Guantanamo City to Boqueron on one of Shorty's trains, asked her if she had news from him.

"No, but he say he come home

for Christmas, an' he always tell Cynthia an' me the truth."

"While he's gone," I said, remembering the bric-a-brac room at Boqueron, "where do you sleep?" The question sounded strange to her, for she turned squarely to look at me, her expression queer.

"In the room where Mistah Shawty keeps all the stuff he's collected. Paintin's, screens, vases, jars, things like dat. How come you ask?"

"Shorty took me to the room once," I explained. "I was remembering something, something about a glass bird with its feet stapled to a tabletop. . . ."

Joyce's mouth jumped open, her eyes bulged. She uttered a weird cry that made everybody turn and look at us. She covered her mouth with her hand for a moment.

"Dat bird!" she said. "You know something? Mistah Shawty got his charm ring stole, maybe you know dat. When he los' it he los' his luck. Right after that he tell me he dream the glass chicken bust. Then he began stayin' up nights, guardin' it, to see nothin' happen to th' chicken. . . ."

"Buzzard!" I corrected her, in a whisper.

". . . dat when he begin to lose weight an git hisself sick! He spend mos' all his time in dat room, ontil Miz Moody come fetch him to Miami! Now somebody tell me he got fever an' mumble about dat bird bustin'!"

At the Boqueron station Joyce hesitated. I looked across the bare plaza at Shorty's strangely ill-shaped home.

"I'd like to walk to the house with you, Joyce," I suggested. "There's something about the buzzard. . . ."

Joyce paled. She hung back when I headed straight for the junk room and the glass buzzard.

The glass monstrosity was gone, only the feet remained, stapled to the table-top.

I whirled on Joyce, grabbed her shoulders.

"When did you break it?" I demanded.

"I didn't! I didn't! It just broke in the night by itself. It woke me, scared me somethin' awful."

"Where's the rest of the bird?"

She said she had swept it up and thrown it into Guantanamo Bay, near Shorty's private dock, down a steep-slanting hill under the junk-room window. She had been scared since it happened. When? About three days before, she thought.

Two days later we, Shorty's friends, received word of his death in Miami, so he didn't make it home for Christmas, even in a casket. Mrs. Moody told me, when she came to Boqueron to settle her father's affairs, that Shorty sneaked out of bed the

day before he died and wandered, delirious, about the streets of Miami until they found him. She also told me that his fever had been over 110° just before he died — and going up. She didn't know anything about the glass buzzard; but then, she knew very little about her father's past life.

Nobody knows whether the breaking of the buzzard and Shorty's death were linked in any way. Maybe it was so full of sins it exploded. As nearly as I could discover, it happened just before Shorty died.

ASTROLOGY IN WORLD WAR II

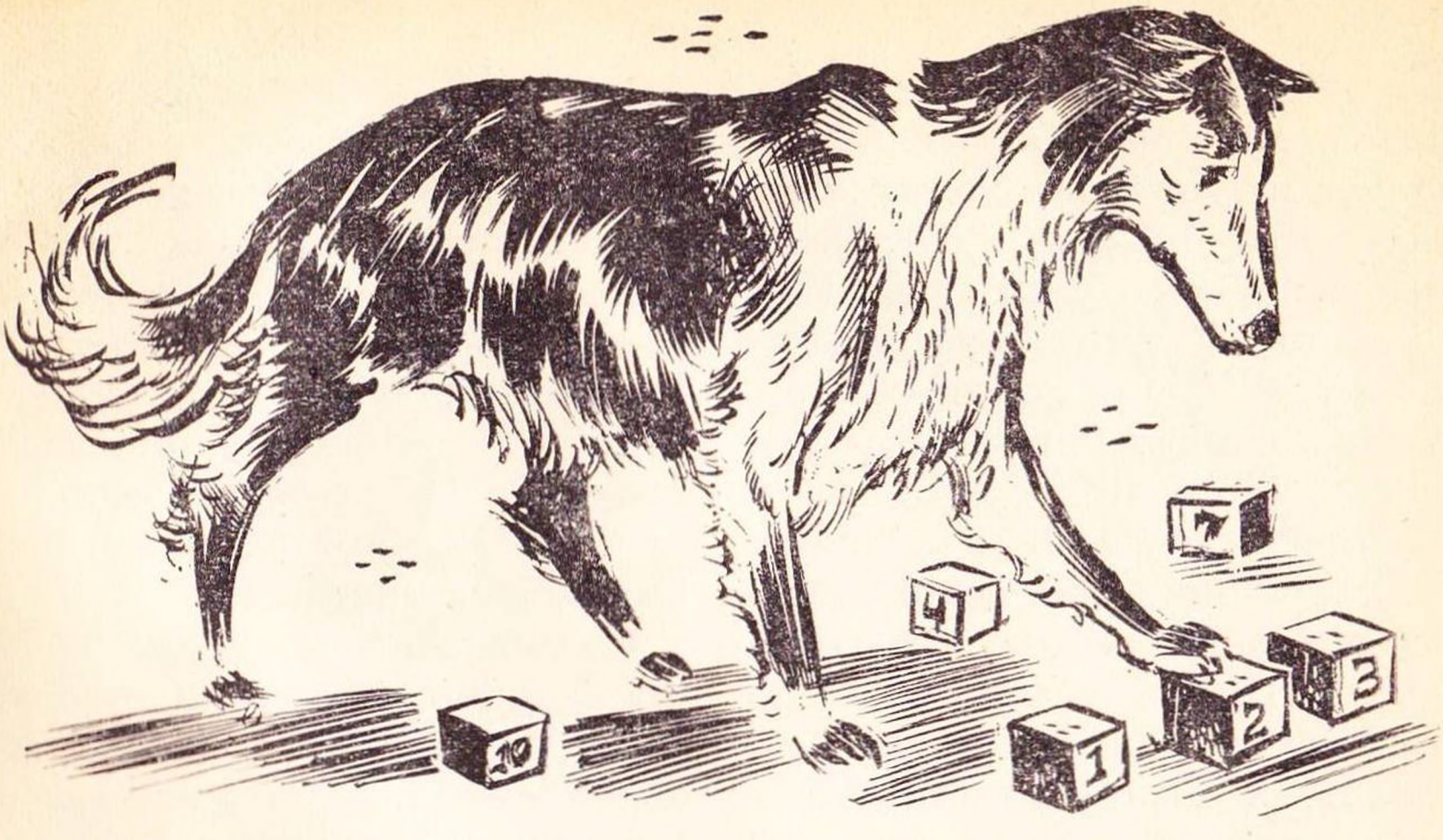
BECAUSE of Hitler's belief in astrology, Louis De Wohl, Hungarian novelist and astrologer, became the British Army's official astrologer. A recently published book by De Wohl, "The Stars of War and Peace," reveals that British officials enlisted De Wohl's services when they decided it would be wise to know what advice Hitler was getting from his six-man astrological staff. Asked in 1940 when Hitler would invade Britain, De Wohl says he replied that there would be no invasion before May, 1941. He also claims to have foretold Montgomery's Alamein victory.

NEW UNDERSEA MOUNTAIN

A MOUNTAIN 12,192 feet high has been discovered under the Pacific Ocean by scientists of the University of California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Called a "seamount," a term given to isolated mountains on the ocean floor, the peak lies about 1,200 miles due west of Acapulco, Mex. It is 10 miles across at the widest point of the base and is about 1,500 feet below the water's surface.

FINDER'S KEEPERS

IN the fall of 1951, J. A. Good of Decatur, Ill., lost a billfold containing $100 and important personal papers. A search of his neighborhood and newspaper advertisements produced no results. Then, in the spring of 1952, Good's young cocker spaniel trotted up to him with the billfold in his mouth. There was no clue as to where the billfold had been — but the money and papers, though somewhat soggy, were intact.



Extrasensory Perception in Dogs

Veterinarians said the prized greyhound was incurable.

Then a psychologist tried telepathic therapy.

By Dr. W. E. Farbstein

DR. WILFRED J. FUNK, the eminent lexicographer, once made some patient, exacting studies of canine understanding of human speech. He found that the average family's pet has an "understanding" vocabulary of about 60 words and that the highly trained Hollywood dog understands perhaps 250.

Horace S. Getchell, a professional dog trainer of St. Louis, claimed that his 10-year-old, part shepherd dog Cressie, which he used to take on tour, understood at least 1,400 words.

Will O. Kimball, a deaf mute of Portland, Me., proudly reported that he had no trouble at all teaching his dog to understand sign language.

Some dogs also have a speaking vocabulary. For example, Brownie, a dog belonging to a Chicago family named Lenhart, could utter recognizably these 11 words —

are, aunt, I, hello, how, love, mama, Mario, my, want, you. And Jenny, a white American Pomeranian, was able to sing "The Old, Rugged Cross" quite creditably. Five or six years ago Jenny's owner, J. T. Ludlum of London, sadly announced her death at the advanced age of 17.

Some dogs are gifted in mathematics. Pluto, a common cur from the streets of Calcutta, was taught by his Hindu master to count up to nine, the papers reported. And Boots, a nine-year-old collie owned by Mrs. Nellie Scott, of Logansport, Ind., could add and subtract simple sums by barking the correct number of times, or by shoving children's wooden blocks.

All the foregoing examples are in the field of normal sensory perception. It is in the field of extrasensory perception that a dog may exhibit more proficiency than its master. Dr. J. B. Rhine, the eminent parapsychologist of Duke University and the creator of the term ESP, is at present engaged in an intensive study of canine extrasensory perception and is asking people everywhere to send him authentic, first-hand accounts of ESP phenomena in dogs.

As examples of the type of incident which interests him, he tells the story of a dog which foretold a tragedy in the home by its extraordinary actions. In another case a dog unmistakably showed that it had received, telepathically, knowledge of its master's death which occurred in a hospital a thousand miles away; or the case of a dog which went thousands of miles over strange country to find its departed owner. These examples seem to demonstrate powers which few human beings possess.

Consider the fascinating case of the London greyhound named Head Waiter. This prize-winning dog, worth 500 pounds, was taken seriously ill three years ago. Its distraught master called in the finest veterinary surgeons, who did their best. But their efforts were unavailing and they finally gave up Head Waiter as hopelessly ill.

Then Charles Brooks, a psychologist, made a unique proposal. He volunteered to employ telepathy to impart to the mind of the dying Head Waiter "a desire to get well." The veterinarians said "nonsense," but the dog's master, feeling he had nothing to lose, told the psychologist to go ahead. A short time after the telepathic therapy was begun the greyhound suddenly rose up from his sick bed and began to bark impatiently for food.

The dog's owner was delighted but the disgruntled veterinarians passed the matter off with shrugs. "A dog's mind is entirely different from a human being's," one of

them pontificated. "You can't think things and expect a dog to understand you. Poppycock."

But as the smiling psychologist replied, "Look at the results."

Perhaps the dog exhibiting the greatest telepathic talent in history was Jim, "the wonder dog" of Sedalia, Mo. He was an English setter and his master, Sam H. Van Arsdale, purchased him when he was six weeks old. Although he loved the dog Van Arsdale did not realize that Jim had extraordinary gifts until he was three years old. Van Arsdale discovered, by accident, that the dog could point out any object of which his master was thinking!

The dog possessed other amazing extrasensory abilities. Jim, entirely unaided, could go to any designated parking lot or street in town and pick out the particular make of car which his master named. He also could pick out a given license number from a long line of cars, or a license tag from any named state. This amazing dog could approach a group of men and women and point out, as requested, a man wearing a gray hat and a blue suit, or a woman wearing a tan skirt. Still more overwhelming, on being shown a slip of paper bearing a name, he could go into a crowd of people and unerringly place his paw on the person who had written the signature.

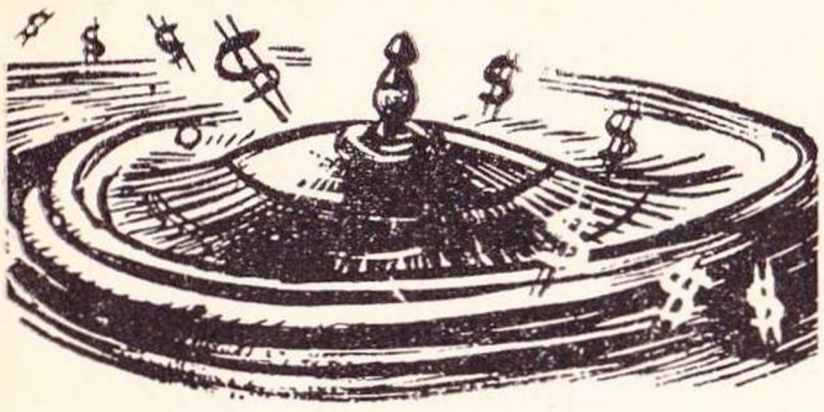
Van Arsdale several times took Jim on visits to institutions of higher learning where the dog's talents were exhibited to psychology professors and their students. Jim's feats amazed everyone. No one ever denied the genuineness of the exhibitions and no one ever offered a reasonable explanation.

Sam Van Arsdale's knowledge of telepathy or psychology was nil. All that the puzzled man knew was that his dog, Jim, seemed to read his thoughts — and only his thoughts. For repeated trials demonstrated that Jim could not work with anyone else, not even Mrs. Van Arsdale.

Van Arsdale denied that he ever gave Jim any kind of sign and no one ever detected any such signal in all the years that the animal was exhibited. Jim never was shown commercially.

When Jim died, at the age of 12, his sorrowing master had his body mounted by a taxidermist and set it up in a place of honor in the parlor.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• Three months after the Morehead City, N. C., Chamber of Commerce issued a booklet claiming that the temperature never reaches more than 97° there, the mercury hit 107°.

• Because of local floods, Robert Stevens, a lecturer, had to call off a talk before the geological society of the University of Sydney. His projected talk's title: "Why Is a Geologist Interested in Water?"

• Near South Hill, Va., Melvin E. Crutchfield, 17, swerved his jeep in an effort to kill a snake on the highway. The vehicle went out of control and overturned, killing Crutchfield. The snake lived.

• Winner of a trout fishing contest sponsored by a Cheyenne, Wyo., sporting goods store, was Harland Troudt.

• When Henry Robinson, acting as executor, had a farm sold at the Carrollton, Ga., courthouse, another Henry Robinson was the auctioneer and still another Henry Robinson turned out to be the highest bidder and got the house. None of the men were related.

• Capt. George Epsom, 10th Infantry Division provost marshal, left Fort Riley and went to Topeka, Kan., to pick up an A.W.-O.L. soldier. Learning the man wouldn't be home for some hours, the Captain decided to kill time by attending a movie in town. When he returned to the house to get the soldier, both he and the prisoner were in for a surprise — they had sat next to each other during the picture.

• In Greenfield, Mass., a Jersey cow gave birth to twin calves — a Black Angus and a white-faced Hereford.

• In New York City, police found Aaron G. Bass' stolen car — but he regretted it. In his glove compartment officers found a dozen traffic tickets Bass had ignored. He was fined $96.

• In Roanoke, Va., George Betzold sold a man a family liability insurance, his clincher being that the man's huge police dog might hurt somebody. The dog did — it bit salesman Betzold. He filed a claim under his new client's policy.

• Boston detective John Flaherty's search for a wife deserter

ended when the man he was looking for tapped him on the shoulder and asked if he could "spare a quarter for a couple of beers."

• In Springfield, Ill., Mrs. Emma Faith sued her husband, Glen Faith, for divorce. She charged he was unfaithful.

• In New York City, the headquarters of the Mystery Writers of America, Inc., was burglarized. Who did it remains a mystery.

• A man arrested in Knoxville, Tenn., for bootlegging gave his home address as Temperance Street.

• In Waterbury, Conn., a city court judge acquitted a motorist of a charge of drunken driving. The defendant's name — Alfred Innocent.

• Army Sgt. Joseph S. Martin, operater of amateur radio station AG2AB at Trieste, Italy, picked up amateur station VP6SD in Barbados, British West Indies, just by chance. "Say," he asked the Barbados operator, "do you know any Martins there? I was born in Port of Spain, Trinidad, but a lot of my relatives live in Barbados." The other operator gasped — he turned out to be Syd Martin, the sergeant's uncle, whom he hadn't seen for 22 years.

• In Southport, N. C., W. C. Kincaide rushed up to give artificial respiration to a girl whose limp body had been pulled from waist-deep water at the nearby shore. In vain he tried to pump life into the still form, face down on the sand. Finally he gave up. "She's dead," he pronounced. "Who is she?" Spectators told him her name — Nadine Kincaide, his own daughter.

• Near Indianapolis, a motorcycle swerved off the road and inflicted injuries on a woman engaged in picking four-leaf clovers.

• When Joseph Wood emigrated to Toronto, Canada, from Farnsworth, Lancashire, England, he expected to see a friend named Bob Farrow, who had gone to Canada a few years earlier. But though Wood visited Toronto every year from his U. S. home he could never find Farrow. This year, at 67, Wood came back to Farnsworth on vacation, and found Farrow in a local pub — also on vacation.

• While fishing at Groot River, near Knysna, South Africa, an angler fastened his line round his waist in order to light his pipe. A giant fish got hooked on his line and he was dragged off the rocks into the sea and drowned before he could be rescued.

• An Englishman who released a small racing balloon at Rhyl found it four days later nestling against his mother's grave. — *Paul Steiner.*

THE HAUNTED BUNGALOW

By E. Maude

"In the night silence I heard the tapping of heels along the veranda — but I could find nobody there."

(Reprinted from Prediction)

I WAS the next on "call" and was lying down in my darkened room, wondering whether I should be left in peace during the stifling hours of the Indian afternoon, when there was a tap on the swinging door and, in answer to my "Come in," our Superintendent entered.

"I have just heard from Miss Osborne," she said. "She wants a second nurse on that fever case of hers, so will you take the night train to Negilapatam? You will get there about 8 a.m. and there will be a car to meet you." And with my papers and a few other instructions, she left me.

Arriving at my destination, I discovered it to be a large bungalow, the front in the shape of a large semicircle, with wings at the back on either side and a wide veranda from end to end.

I was ushered into the semicircle part which happened to be a huge lounge luxuriously furnished.

Mrs. Sinclair, my patient's wife, a foreign-looking little woman, came to meet me and together we went up the narrow stairs to the floor above to see the patient.

Mr. Sinclair looked desperately ill and after a short talk with my fellow nurse, I returned to my room, which I was to share with Nurse Osborne, to rest, preparatory to night duty.

I slept not too badly after my long journey and woke feeling much refreshed. I had just finished all the necessary night treatment when Mrs. Sinclair came into the room. "Might she have her bed brought into the room?"

"Certainly not," I said. With any sort of an illness it was not

wise, but with anything of an infectious nature, it was against all rules and regulations. "In any case," I continued, "it is not wise for you to spend the greater part of the 24 hours in a sick-room."

She was obdurate, and at last, as a compromise, her bed was brought out and placed on the veranda by one of the open doors nearest her husband's bed. Mr. Sinclair tossed and turned and muttered in his sleep. Mrs. Sinclair was not much better and finally I heard her crying softly to herself and went out there.

"Mrs. Sinclair," I said as she sat up and faced me. "Why don't you go to your own room? It would be so much better for you."

"I daren't sleep there," she said.

"Daren't?" I repeated.

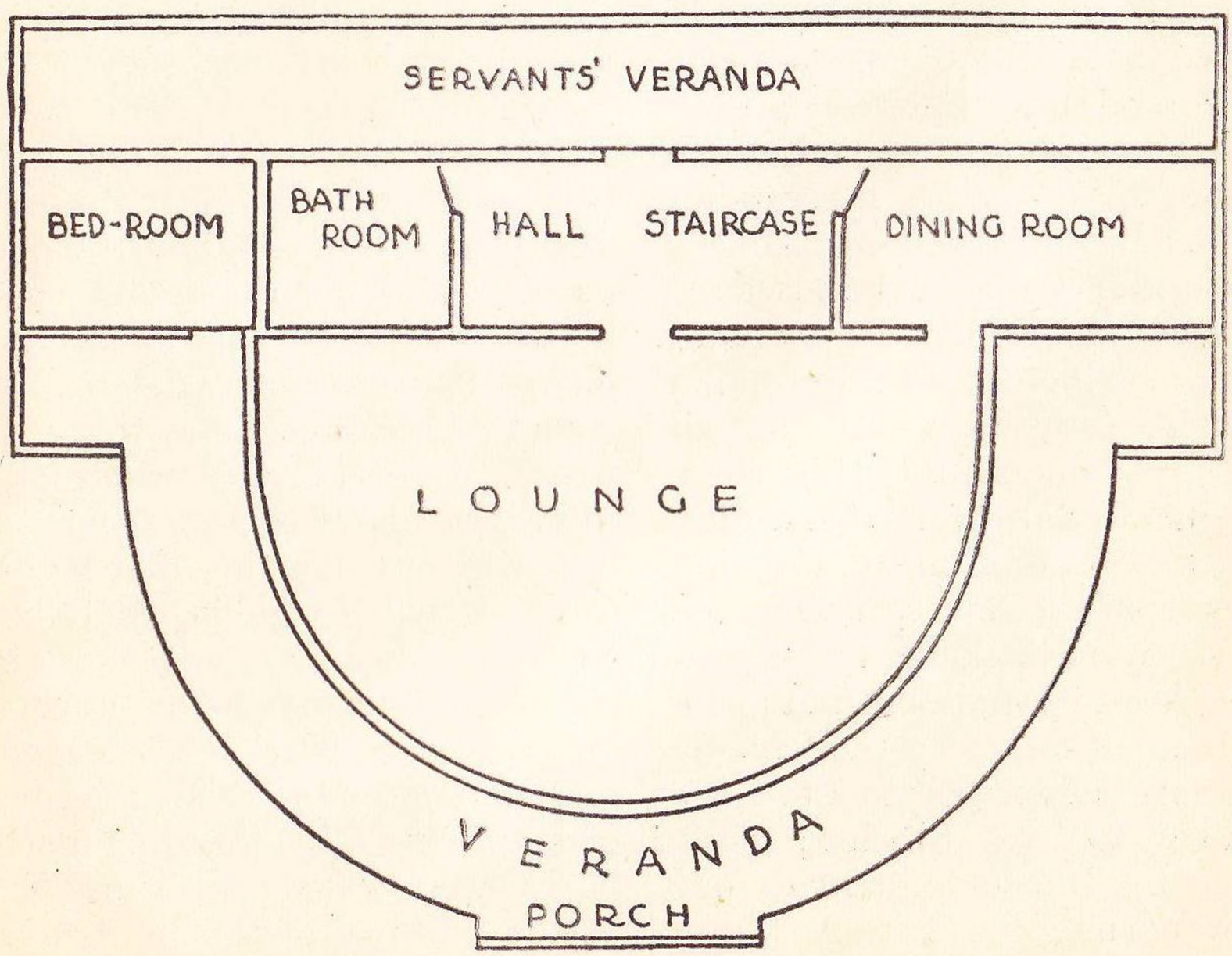
"No," she said, "I am afraid."

She looked so small and piteous sitting there that I had not the heart to argue.

"Nurse," she said, "do let me come and sleep in Mr. Sinclair's room. I can't sleep here because of the mosquitoes."

Rules and regulations, however

Plan of bungalow showing veranda where footsteps were heard. They are said to be made by the ghost of a young girl and never to sound elsewhere in building.



good, have to make way at times for human necessities. Together we carried her bed to the farthest corner, or curve I should say, of the big room.

It was the third night after my arrival and Mr. Sinclair had dropped into a quiet sleep. I was gazing out into the beauty of the Indian night when I heard the unmistakable tap, tap of wooden heels on the stone floor of the back veranda; they stopped by Nurse Osborne's door. I wondered what on earth Mrs. Sinclair could want with her at that time of night, and I looked round wondering how she had slipped out of bed so quietly. She was lying there fast asleep.

I went through to the back and peeped into Nurse's room. She was sound asleep too. I peered over the veranda; the gate at the bottom of the stairs leading up was safely padlocked as usual — no sound came from the servants' quarters further back in the compound. Besides it was a European woman's footsteps I had heard, judging by the sound of the shoe, and the servants, as in most Indian houses, in addition to sleeping away from the house, never wore shoes. I went back and looked out of the front veranda but not a leaf stirred.

Thoroughly mystified I told the incident to Mrs. Sinclair, while seated on the veranda with our early morning tea.

"Oh, Nurse," she said calmly, "that would be our ghost."

"Ghost!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," she replied in the most matter of fact way. "Didn't you know the bungalow was haunted?"

"Haunted! No," I said, "What is the story?"

"There isn't much to tell," she said, "at least not that we know. The house was originally a native one, as you may have guessed, and was the summer house of some native prince. Then quite suddenly he left it and has never been near since. The ghost is said to be that of a young girl whose footsteps can be heard along the back veranda. They never sound anywhere else and seldom more than two or three nights pass without them being heard, and they never go beyond the door of your room."

It was about this time that Nurse Osborne's manner became a little peculiar. Ordinarily good natured and even-tempered, she would burst into tears for no apparent reason and was openly rude to Mrs. Sinclair at times. It was a decided relief when one morning a letter arrived from our Superintendent saying that Nurse Osborne was to go in, and that she was sending someone out in her place. The "someone" turned out to be a very level-headed, matter-of-fact Colonial member of our Association whom I knew fairly well. She openly scoffed at the mystery of the bungalow.

One night when the patient was sleeping quietly, I was startled by fearful shrieks and groans coming, apparently, from Nurse's room. For one moment I stood petrified then seizing the hurricane lamp I rushed in. The shrieks had died into a low moaning and she was lying on her back with both hands clutching at her throat.

"Betty," I said, unconsciously using her Christian name, "Betty, what is the matter?" and I shook her vigorously by the shoulder. Slowly her eyes opened.

"Oh, I've had an awful dream," she said, "I thought someone was strangling me." Then, seeing my agitation, "I do have nightmares sometimes, but — that was a pretty bad one."

After that the nights passed fairly quietly, sometimes I would hear the footsteps, sometimes not, but I was beginning to feel so ill that when the doctor told me that I was not fit for work, and that in my own interests I ought to go in, I was reluctantly compelled to agree with him. Mrs. Sinclair and Nurse said they could manage quite well as Mr. Sinclair was really a good deal better, so the next morning saw me on my homeward journey.

A couple of days later Betty arrived! "No, I am not ill," she said, "I simply couldn't stick it after you had gone. It got on my nerves. Mr. Sinclair was much better and Mrs. Sinclair said she and the 'boys' would manage."

A few days later an urgent call came for two more nurses. One returned within a week looking white and ill, the other a fortnight later saying that Mr. Sinclair had been taken to the hills preparatory to an ocean voyage, which it was hoped would put him right once more.

My Indian days are over, but my thoughts travel there even if I cannot, and sometimes I think of the bungalow and wonder if the footsteps still go tap-tapping along the veranda.

THE SWELLING EARTH

A REVISED estimate of the amount of meteoric ash and dust which constantly shower down upon the earth from space has been made by Dr. Frederick C. Leonard, professor of astronomy at the University of California at Los Angeles. Dr. Leonard figures that 13,230 pounds of spatial debris — six times the previous estimate — sift down from the sky each 24 hours. At this rate the earth will double its present mass by the year 3,000,000,000,000,000 A.D.

THE MAN WHO FOOLS GRAVITY

By Dr. W. E. Farbstein

What is the secret of his amazing power?

At will, he can vary his weight from 121 to 871 pounds!



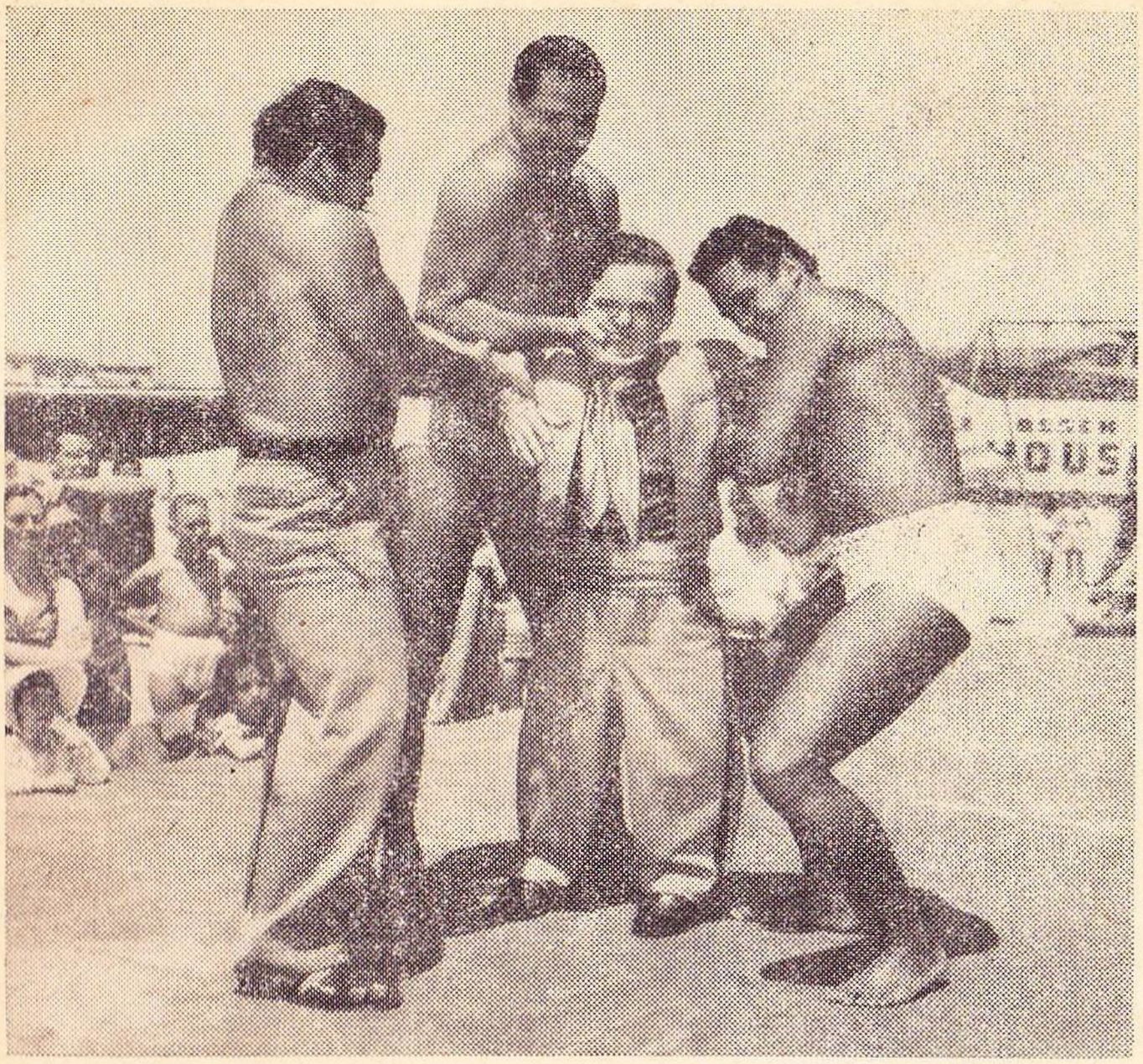
Earl E. Times is a very small man — about four feet tall. The reason I say "about" four feet is that Earl can add four inches to his height whenever he takes the notion — by contracting muscles which are arranged unorthodoxly around his knees. But it isn't his ability to change his height that has made him famous. It's his ability to change his weight. This he can vary at will, from his normal 121 pounds up to almost half a ton! When asked how he does it he frankly admits that he cannot give an explanation for his amazing power to warp the force of gravity. Nor can any one else!

In a demonstration in St. Louis in November, 1950, reported by Beulah Schacht of the staff of the *Globe Democrat*, Earl first was easily lifted up and carried around the room by a powerful man weighing over 200 pounds.

When he was set down Earl said to the man, "All right. Now I'll make myself 'heavy.' Try to pick me up."

The strong man's massive muscles bulged, his face purpled, he strained with all his might but he couldn't budge tiny Earl one inch!

Other powerful men present also tried to lift Earl, first singly and then in pairs but all their efforts failed. One of the men suggested that he would like to pick up Earl while he was normal in weight and see what would



These wrestlers can lift and throw an opponent with little difficulty. But here they strain their massive muscles in a futile effort to lift tiny Earl Times, who can increase his weight to as much as half a ton.

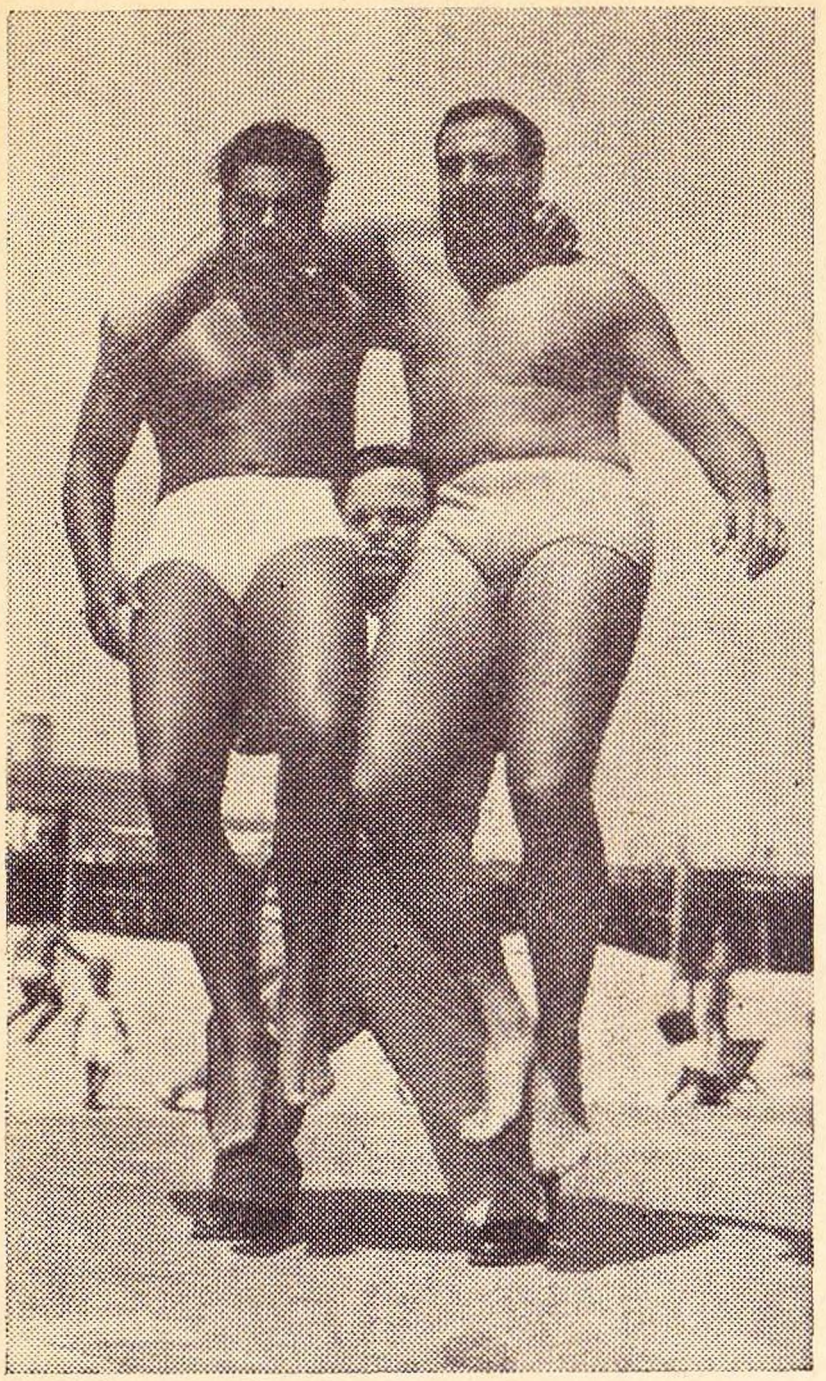
Photographs by United Press

happen when Earl made himself "heavy." Earl agreed to the experiment and was, of course, easily lifted into the air. A split second later the bewildered lifter and Earl were both sprawling on the floor.

"I'm awfully sorry," Earl apologized as he helped the bruised and startled lifter to his feet, "but it was absolutely impossible for you to hold me. You see, when I make myself 'heavy' I weigh as much as 871 pounds usually."

"I don't doubt it," the man replied as he ruefully rubbed his sore back and limped to a chair.

Who is Earl E. Times? Probably he is not a stranger to you. Perhaps you have seen him many times. Did you ever enjoy the madcap antics of the Borah Minnevitch Harmonica Rascals on the stage? Or on the television screen? Well, Earl was the sad-faced little fellow with the big



Earl demonstrates that, though beefy strong men may be unable to lift him, he has no trouble in hoisting a couple.

mouth-organ who kept kicking his partners on their shins. And do you remember the popular "Our Gang" comedies? Earl was one of the kids in that movie gang. Now he's not a kid any more — he's 53 years old.

Earl E. Times thumbs his nose at the law of gravity by increasing his weight at will — others defy the law by decreasing their weight. The famous medium, Dunglas Home, performed marvelous levitation feats. And similar defiances of gravity to a lesser degree are quite common and well attested.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, the noted Italian savant, carried on investigations with the medium Eusapia Palladino along this line. He employed highly accurate scales and exercised the most rigid scientific controls. He finally reported his absolute conviction that Palladino lost about half of her normal weight while in a state of trance.

Dr. W. J. Crawford, an eminent engineer associated with Queen's University at Belfast, made similar experiments with another woman medium. He also used every possible precaution and control and employed the most delicate and accurate instruments obtainable. Every item of paraphernalia used was minutely scrutinized before and after the experiments by competent examiners. A female attendant searched the medium meticulously from head to foot before she was securely locked into the metal cage. Yet Dr. Crawford demonstrated repeatedly that her weight increased greatly above the normal as soon as she went into a trance.

the secret behind the Great Religions

Do the differing world religions actually have a common basis — a hidden wisdom that unifies them all?

By Paul M. Vest, Ph.D.

FROM the dawn of civilization the Great Sphinx of Gizeh has crouched in the burning sands of Egypt propounding to the world the formidable mystery of man.

With the cruel claws of a beast of prey but with godlike countenance and mystic eyes fixed in spiritual contemplation, the Sphinx seems to ask of all who gaze upon it, "*Man, what art thou?* From whence do you come? Whither are you going? Have you crawled up slowly and painfully from the primordial slime or are



you an immortal Being whose home is with God?"

All the religions and philosophies of the world have endeavored through the centuries to answer these riddles. Many organized sects have authoritatively claimed a monopoly of truth and denounced all other teachings as false and idolatrous.

But, with all the diversity of beliefs between religious sects, they have been in accord in one great teaching. *Every religion has taught that man is immortal; that his spirit comes from a divine world and may eventually return there.* This is the great hope and promise that religions offer to man. It is religion's eternal answer to the defiant cry of the materialist, "There is no God! There are animal instincts and material science. Death is the end!"

Perhaps there is an even greater basic unity behind all of the world's diverse religions. Perhaps there is a secret, ancient and eternal wisdom running like a shining, golden thread through them all, binding them together, unifying them, irrespective of their superficial, external trappings, rituals, and contradictory dogmas. This thread becomes visible if we view the history of religions from an entirely new standpoint.

The sacred scriptures of all the great religions restate and stress this thought from ancient Mosaic Law, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." If we forget the dead "letter" of religions and seek only the "spirit" in each we discover things not commonly taught by the church or the schools.

We discover that most religions have an exterior, popular teaching, and also an interior, esoteric teaching. Especially is this true in the more ancient religions. It is this duality of religious interpretation which causes the majority of people today to believe that religions other than their own are idolatrous, heathenish, ancestor worship, etc., whereas, such merely appears to be the case because only the popular teachings of these other religions are known or studied. Delving deeper into the interior or secret teachings of even the most ancient religions we find that their spiritual teachings were as profound as the most advanced metaphysical teachings of today.

For example, Christian Science, a foremost development in modern religious thought, is actually only a rediscovery and restatement of ancient wisdom. The basic concept of Christian Science, that the real man and the real world are perfect creations and that sin, sickness, death and the evils of the natural world are unreal and illusions of erring mortal mind, can be found in Plato's philosophy and at an even earlier date in the teachings of the early

Brahmans in parts of India.

The great difference in ancient and modern religions is that today the esoteric, inner teachings are open to all who will seek for them, whereas, in antiquity only a comparatively few scholars, priests and scribes were chosen as candidates to receive the secret wisdom, partly because the majority of persons then had neither the time nor the mental nor spiritual capacity to meditate upon and grasp abstract spiritual ideas. Today this still is true of many who must spend nearly every waking hour in earning a livelihood, in raising and caring for families.

Although all orthodox religions teach that "God is spirit and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit", many are not quite sure what constitutes spirit or how they are to worship Him in spirit. Consequently in the temples of the ancient religions, as in many modern temples, statues or figures were used to symbolize various aspects of deity.

By contemplating these symbolical figures it was, and is, possible for men to attain greater realization of divinity or perfection. In a Chinese temple today when a devotee prays before and meditates upon the statue of Kwan Yin, The Great Goddess of Mercy, he conceives of the deity as divine love, mercy, compassion and self-sacrifice; as does the Christian offering prayers before



a statue of The Blessed Virgin Mary. In the evolution of human consciousness it is necessary for lower concepts of deity to precede higher ones until at last man may truly worship God in spirit only.

Frequently, in the case of many ancient religions, the popular aspect of the religion degenerated to a point where the graven image itself was worshipped. But behind the popular, often profane, outer religion was always the highly spiritual teaching based upon the "secret wisdom" that has been with man from the beginning of time. No matter how widely separated and cut off from each other religions were we discover in all an identical core of spiritual thought.

In the great cult of Quetzalcoatl, Air God of the ancient Aztec civilization of Mexico, we

find a popular religion with all the usual gaudy trappings. But the inner religion of Quetzalcoatl, cult of the Sacred Feathered Serpent, is most mystical and in its secret Temples of Initiation the great mysteries of life were revealed to worthy candidates. Ultimately the candidate received proof of his own immortality.

Likewise, in ancient Egypt behind the popular aspect of the religion, were the great Temples of the Mysteries wherein a neophyte similarly experienced the "mystic death" in which his astral body was separated from his physical body and he beheld the latter lying apparently dead in a sarcophagus. Through this mystic resurrection the neophyte forever after knew himself to be an immortal, spiritual being. The *Book of the Dead* was the sacred book of ancient Egypt and is a highly mystical and metaphysical book for those who can understand its arcane symbolism. "Dead" in the title of the book does not refer to those deceased but to the living — even as Christ later said, "Let the dead bury their dead." All great spiritual teachers have referred to the "living" as the truly "dead", buried in the tomb of the body.

The great Aztec and Mayan civilizations had no communication with or knowledge of the civilization of ancient Egypt. How then did it happen that the religious wisdoms of these civilizations are so similar? The Aztecs and Mayans constructed great pyramids resembling those of the Egyptians and all occultists, mystics and freemasons know that the pyramid is an important symbol of the ancient wisdom and the mystery of man.

In the remote Polynesian Islands of the South Pacific which were completely cut off from all other early civilizations, we find the sacred fire of "true religion" carefully guarded through the centuries by the native priests or Kahunas, "Keepers of the Secret." A true understanding of the secret Kahuna wisdom reveals it to be as profound as any known metaphysical thought. And as incredible as it may seem, ruins of crude pyramids exist in the Hawaiian Islands.

So in the interior religions of all peoples we discover the profound science, the "secret doctrine", that is always and forever the same. The ancient prophets were the masters of this wisdom as were the founders of the great religions and spiritual philosophies of the world. Some call them "The Great Initiates." Included among them are Christ, Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed, Hermes, Pythagoras, Plotinus, Confucius, Lao-Tze, Apollonius of Tyana, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle and many others. All taught the same "living"

spiritual truths but the vast majority of their followers perceived only the "dead" letter of the teachings. Hence Christ said, "If ye believed (understood) not Moses' writings, how shall ye believe (understand) my words for he wrote of me."

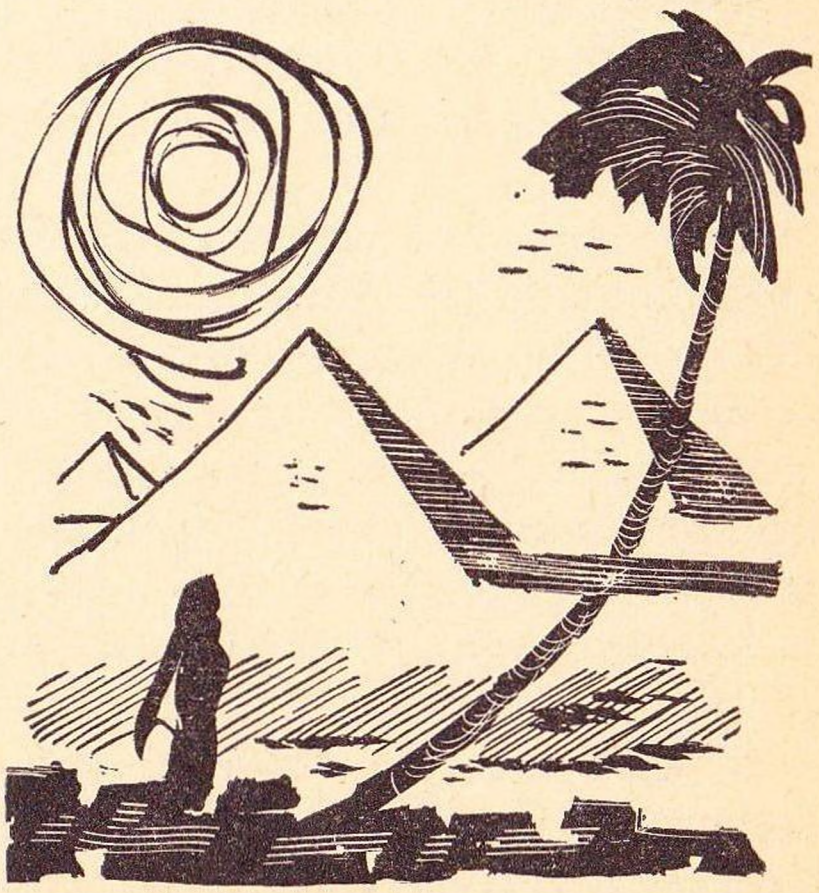
The secret wisdom of Ancient Israel as revealed in the mystical *Cabbala* is the same secret wisdom of the *Book of the Dead* and of Yoga and of all the many ancient mystery schools throughout the old world. Its truths are the foundation of Masonry, Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, of the great medieval brotherhoods such as the Illuminati, Knights Templars, Druids, Brothers of Light and the Alchemists. Its truths are apparent in every great legend, myth, allegory and parable. The world's geniuses always have been familiar with the secret wisdom for in the greatest works of art we find its eternal symbols speaking the universal language of the mysteries.

Concerning this science of sciences, an Hermetic treatise states, "Esoteric doctrine is not merely a science, a philosophy, a morality and a religion. It is THE science, THE philosophy, THE morality and THE religion of which all the rest are nothing but preparations or degeneracies, partial or erroneous expressions, according as they proceed to them or turn aside from them."

Although it is not possible to express in words the secret wisdom, nevertheless, it is possible to present certain basic precepts which are the foundations of truth in the esoteric wisdom of all religions.

Primarily, the secret wisdom discloses that the natural world of mortal man is false, illusory and preponderantly evil. This teaching is disclosed in the wisdom-teachings of all great religions but nowhere, perhaps, is it better expressed than in Plato's famous allegory of *The Cave*.

In this allegory the natural world is likened to the gloomy interior of a great cave wherein mortal man is chained in a small boat with others of his fellows. Each man is chained with his back to the entrance of the cave; thus all of them can see only the dismal interior of the cave. They behold



the grotesque, fantastic shadows they themselves cast upon the walls of the cave and mistake the shadows for reality even as they believe the deceptive interior of the cave to be the rational world. Whereas, the true world lies behind them outside the entrance to the cave but they have no knowledge of that other world or even the faintest conception of its nature.

As Plato's cave symbolizes the true aspect of the material world, so does the Avernus, or Hades, of the ancients. In symbolic language it is the underworld of Greek mythology; the wilderness of Judaism; the hell of Christianity, the land of the dead. Thus according to the secret wisdom the material world, as we ordinarily behold it, is counterfeit, false and even its beauties are but inverted reflections of true reality. The beginning and end of this world and everything within it lie in matter, corruption, evil, decay and death.

But the secret wisdom teaches that beyond the vibrational limits of this false material world is the greater world of true reality. This world is called by many names and has many symbols. Essentially it is the City of God and as such it is timeless, sinless, deathless, incorruptible and eternal.

This world, or state of consciousness, however, is not to be mistaken with the various "heaven worlds" in which men dwell between earthly incarnations. The ancient wisdom discloses that these "heaven worlds" are many in number and correspond to a degree with the beliefs of popular religions. In these worlds each person realizes after death the dreams and fulfillments that were denied him in life. Thus the great mystic, Swedenborg, in his clairvoyant visions of "heaven" frequently beheld the domestic life of the "spirits". His descriptions of these "married angels" portrays them living "as serenely as country parsons and their wives", although on a glorified scale. Also, he saw the angels playing tennis and indulging in other sports as on earth. In *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky explains the intermediate "heaven worlds" as planes of being where each person finds the world of his true desires until he dies the "second death" and reincarnates again in the physical world.

The secret wisdom also divulges that even as God is triune in nature so is man. In simple language, man's threefold nature is made up of a lower, an intermediate and a higher self.

The lower self is man's conscious or mortal self and mind and as such it is the false, counterfeit man. The intermediate self functions through man's subconscious mind and corresponds with the idea of soul. Man's higher self is

the supra-conscious self and is in reality the true, spiritual man created in God's image and likeness. This true spiritual man is a part of the great unity made up of the higher selves of all mankind which Emerson called the "oversoul". It is incapable of sin, sickness or death and is the only real and eternal entity. Erring, sinful mortal consciousness can only rarely, if ever, become fleetingly conscious of the true, divine self. When it does, miracles or divine illuminations result as in the case of many great saints and holy men. The great purpose of all religions, schools of the mysteries, spiritual philosophies, spiritual brotherhoods, has been, is, and ever shall be to redeem or "save" the lower, fallen, counterfeit man by aiding him to find union with the higher self, or Christ consciousness.

Different religions strive for this "salvation" in different ways. In the religion of Buddha there are five paths of Yoga (union). A devotee may follow any one of these in his endeavor to attain union with God. These paths are Bhakti-Yoga, union through love and devotion; Hatha Yoga, union through body discipline and training; Raja-Yoga, union through concentration; Karma-Yoga, union through unselfish performance of duty; and Jnana-Yoga, union through attaining perfect understanding of Divine Nature (mind).

The ancient mystery schools and many of the ancient interior religions sought to achieve the neophyte's salvation through initiations or graduated steps of self-realization. By means of symbols, rites and personal instruction a candidate was enabled to rise ever higher in spiritual thought until at last it was possible for him to transcend mortal consciousness and receive the illumination of his eternal divine self. This was true initiation; and an initiate of The Mysteries forever knew his immortal, or divine self, as a profound reality. Such a man was indeed "born again" into the world of divine principle.

The majority of the various denominations of Christianity and of many other religions strive for the salvation of the fallen man, or lower erroneous consciousness, through imitation or contemplation of the Divine. Thus Christians, in contemplating the perfection of Christ, attain to higher realizations of spirituality. And in constantly striving to imitate the Christ-life, the lower consciousness reaches ever higher toward divinity, or the higher self. Many of the great Catholic saints have attained union with God in this way. They have experienced the beatific vision (vision of the rational world of God). In India this greatest of life's experiences is called "entering into Samahdi". In ancient Judaism it is the "vi-

sion of the Shekinah Glory". In the mystery temples of ancient Egypt it was termed "The coming forth by day". And in many other religions the attainment is spoken of as divine illumination.

Christian Science, on the other hand, has a different approach. Union with Divine Consciousness is sought through denial or negation; that is, the devotee refuses to recognize or acknowledge erring, counterfeit, mortal mind and its corresponding erroneous world of matter. In declaring only the eternal truth of the divine self and acknowledging only the perfect world of divine principle, a Christian Scientist, according to his individual spiritual evolution and perception, may gradually emerge from erroneous mortal mind into the light of spiritual consciousness. Thus eventually through Christian Science the individual may indeed overcome sin, sickness and even death itself, all of which exist only in the lower false consciousness of material man.

Another basic precept of the secret wisdom of all religions is the teaching of reincarnation. Reincarnation has ever been and is today a fundamental esoteric belief of religions. Orthodox Christianity is one of the few religions that does not teach this ancient belief. But at the time of Christ it was an accepted idea and Christ taught this doctrine to the chosen few (See *Math.:* 17, 12–13; *Luke:* 9, 18–19 and 12, 59; *Gal.:* 6, 7; *Rev.* 13, 10). There are also other similar references in the Bible and Christ took for granted his disciples' knowledge of reincarnation. In later years, however, the organized church decided that it was imperative for the material advancement of civilization that the ancient teaching of reincarnation be discontinued and so deleted from the scriptures many of the more direct references to reincarnation. It was believed that the individual would make greater effort in his present life if he had no knowledge of his pre-existences on earth and no certainty of earthly lives to come.

The doctrine of rebirth likens the material world to a school to which a man returns again and again as he slowly and painfully evolves spiritually ever higher toward Divine Consciousness. In each life he is the reaper of that which he has sown in previous lives. This is the ancient law of Karma. Christ restated this inexorable law thus, "*Be not deceived* (by the apparent victories of evil); *God* (the divine self) *is not mocked* (deceived), *for whatsoever a man* (lower mortal mind) *soweth that shall he* (lower mortal mind) *also reap*" (within the world of erroneous mortal consciousness although the actual reaping may come many mortal lives after the sowing). Thus may a man "*Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind.*" Like-

wise the dogma of the vicarious atonement is negated by Christ's words, "*I tell thee thou shalt not depart thence* (to the city of God) *till thou hast paid the very last mite*" (in the false material world).

In this great school of life there are ever open to man many ways, paths, disciplines, of hastening his union with God. These paths may be found in the interior teachings of any of the great religions, or an individual may become a hierophant in one of the present day schools of the lesser mysteries. Thus may his attainment of liberation be hastened.

If instead, however, he goes the slow spiral path of the vast majority of humanity, which is the way of worldly experience, he likewise will eventually attain union with God although from the standpoint of earthly time, it will take him considerably longer.

Considering the present state of the world and all present day religions, it would appear that Christianity may indeed become the world religion and Christ the Light of the World, as the ancient prophets proclaimed him to be. For, of all the vast multitudes of persons upon this earth, only the most infinitesimal fraction have ever, or probably will ever, voluntarily renounce the world and choose an ascetic way to enlightenment or union with God. For one Gautama Buddha, the prince who renounced his princely heritage and all worldly pleasures for the rags and bowl of a humble beggar and sat lost in meditation until he saw through the illusion and falsity of the material world, there are countless millions who go their way, lost in the pleasures and horrors of materiality.

Thus of absolute necessity the way of mankind becomes the broad highway of the way of worldly experience. This is the Christian path of initiation and ultimately it becomes *The Way of Sorrows* (Via Dolorosa) as exemplified by the sufferings of Christ and His final agony and crucifixion. For Christ, a master initiate (a true Son of God), bore the shame and revilement of the world to show mankind the great way through suffering to resurrection from the tomb of the body to eternal life in the City Foursquare.

For only as the individual man reaps within himself the recompense of error which ultimately manifests in his mortal body and lower consciousness as sin, sickness, sorrow, disease, frustration, pain and physical death, will he in the great extremity of his sufferings turn from the falseness of his "crucified" mortal body and the evils of the material world and cry out to his spiritual self (God) for liberation and light.

In the secret wisdom there have been many symbols representing man. One of these is the Great Sphinx at Gizeh, and another

universal symbol of man is the cross. Beyond all of its theological and sometimes profane symbolism lies the esoteric symbolism of the great mystery of the cross. In its deeper meaning the cross symbolizes the higher self (Divine Mind) crucified upon the cross of matter (false mortal mind). Thus the cross becomes the symbol of every living human being. Each one is crucified upon the cross of self (false individualized mortality) until he attains liberation through union with the divine self (God). Thus and only thus is false mortal man truly "redeemed" and becomes in truth The Divine Man made in the image and likeness of God. In the language of mystic Masonry, he has then become The Master Mason, a child of light, who has builded the "temple" well and true.

Carved in marble in the ancient temple of Delphi is this cryptic inscription, "*Know thyself and thou wilt know the universe and the gods.*" Christ stated the same great occult truth thus, "*Heaven is within you.*"

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ANCIENT METAL MANUSCRIPT

An ancient manuscript consisting of a pair of tightly rolled bronze sheets has been found by an archeological party in one of a series of caves along the banks of the Dead Sea, according to Prof. A. Henry Detweiler, of Cornell University. The sheets are engraved with square Hebrew letters and are eight feet long. The nature of the literary work has not yet been announced.

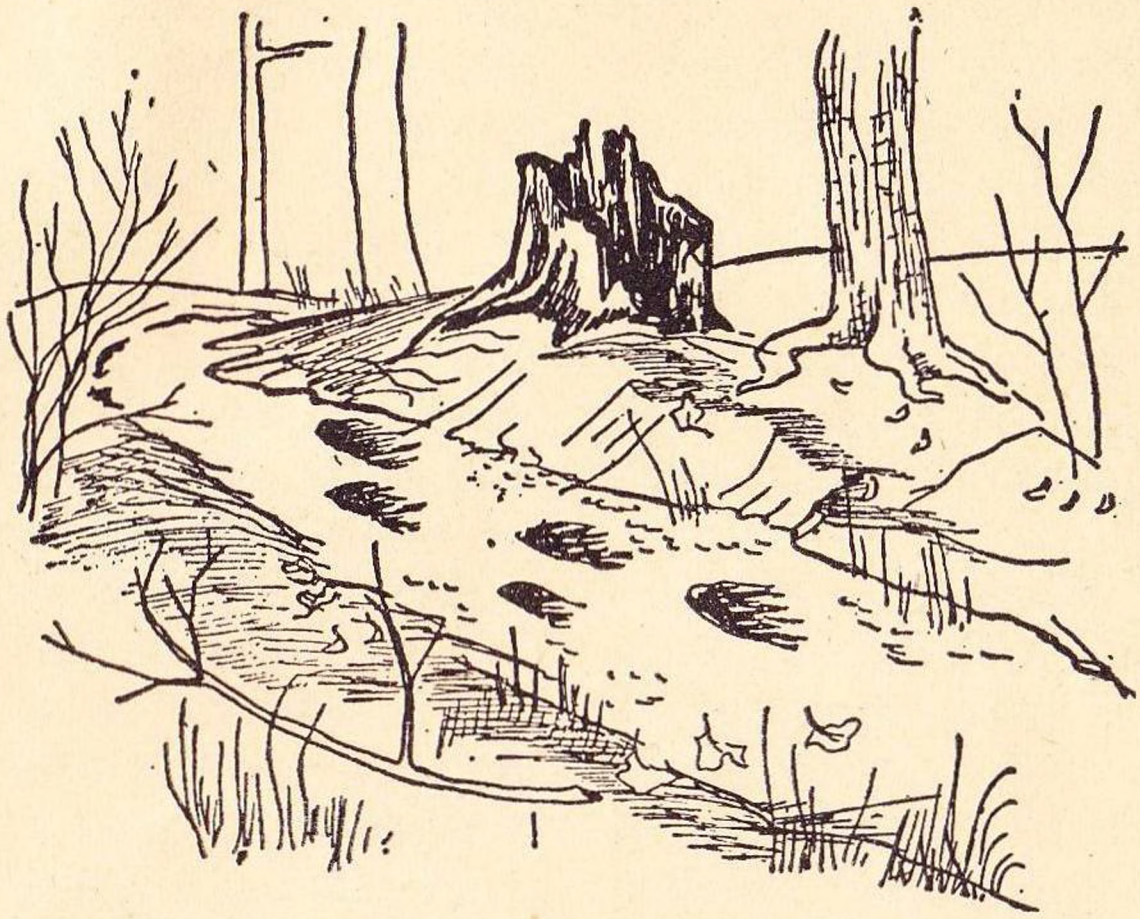
Cleaning and unrolling the bronze sheets presents a difficult problem. Archeologists have found that copper and bronze objects which have been buried in the ground for many centuries crystallize and become extremely brittle.

Archeological interest in the Dead Sea caves was aroused when Bedouins discovered manuscript fragments in one of them. Subsequent investigation by scientists yielded a parchment scroll with a Hebrew text of the Book of Isaiah and other early Biblical manuscripts. Expeditions have since located and searched 40 caves in the Dead Sea area.

SAME SPOT, SAME DEATH

George W. Wood, 74, of Palatine, Ill., died when struck by an automobile as he was crossing Rand Road one-half mile north of Wilkie Road. The driver, who was not held, explained to police that Wood had walked into the road in front of his car. Eight years before Wood's wife, Frieda, 68, was killed in exactly the same way, in the same place.

THE STRANGE HOOF-MARKS AT BATH



The hoof-like pits have lasted for 150 years. Why do they refuse to vanish even when filled?

By John Harden

Reprinted by permission from "The Devil's Tramping Ground And Other North Carolina Mystery Stories" by John Harden, published by the University of North Carolina Press.

NO COLLECTION of unsolved North Carolina mysteries would be complete without the curious Tar Heel legend of the Strange Hoof-Marks at Bath, sometimes called the Magic Horse Tracks.

The locale of this story is near the historic town of Bath, a little Beaufort County riverside village of some 400 persons. It is the oldest town in North Carolina and was at one time capital of the Colonial Province. The town was the seat of old Bath County, named for the Earl of Bath, one of the Lords Proprietors.

The oldest standing church in North Carolina, and one of the oldest in America — St. Thomas Episcopal Church — is at Bath. It was built in 1734. The vestry for this church was organized in 1701 and was partly maintained

by money sent from England.

Bath has changed but little in the last century. Its beauty lies in its old homes, which depict an early architecture of charm and mellow antiquity. The people there live by fishing and farming.

Charles Eden, the governor of the Province from 1714 until his death in 1722, for a time maintained his capital at Bath. The town is said to have once served as the headquarters of Blackbeard, the pirate.

The little village is on a peninsula formed by Bath and Back creeks. From the south end of the town's main street is a view of the mouth of Bath Creek, opening into the broad, blue Pamlico River. Along the banks of the creek are piles of stone, ballast rock from ships of early colonists.

Approximately a mile from Bath, as you approach it from the west, natives will direct you to a side road that leads off into the woods about 250 yards. On the left of this side road is the beginning of a wood road or trail. About ten yards down this trail is a series of round, shallow depressions in the ground, about as big as a larger saucer or small plate.

What you see appears to be just a series of holes in the earth. But there is more to the story. Examination quickly reveals no leaves, pine needles, or trash of any kind in the depressions. And although grass grows all around the spot, none grows in or about these holes.

And local history reveals that these holes have been there, empty and bare, for nearly a century and a half. If they are filled with earth or woods debris, they are found to be empty and clean some hours later or by the next morning. The skeptical have often tried this, and the holes have always reappeared or restored themselves just as before.

Ed Cutler, a near-by farmer, once said that the pits were made into a mudwallow for his hogs, but that even then the depressions in the earth refused to vanish.

In the community today are many adults who tried filling the pits with earth when they were children on their way to school, only to find empty holes again when they came back by the spot in the afternoon, on their way home.

And so for nearly 150 years, these holes have persisted, always as fresh as ever, and firmly resisting any effort to mar or eliminate them.

Where did this strange sequence of pits in the face of the earth come from?

They are the hoof-marks of a horse, according to a curious Tar Heel legend. And they cannot be effaced.

According to the legend a rather profane gentleman of Bath

named Jesse Elliott, with several madcap companions, was given to horse racing on Sundays. One Sunday in August of 1802, as he galloped down the race lane, Elliott shouted to his horse, "Take me in a winner or take me to Hell."

With that exclamation, a penitent companion later reported, the horse dug its hoofs into the soft earth in two mighty leaps and hurled the rider against a near-by tree, killing him instantly.

The marks the horse made in that instance still remain to intrigue men and women who have been seeing them and wondering about them for a century and a half.

The Beaufort County community took the death of the gay young blood of the neighborhood as a solemn warning from on high, and Sabbath-breaking in that section forthwith ceased, according to the legend. The minister at Bath, who had been delivering vehement protests from his pulpit at the manner in which the band of roistering blades cursed, gambled, and raced their horses on Sunday, took quick advantage of the death of the young man and exhorted God-fearing congregations about the wild and scandalous goings-on among the young people and the inevitable dire results — which in this one instance, he contended, had been clearly demonstrated.

The minister — and he was rector of the old St. Thomas church in Bath — probably gave a title to the incident, which has since persisted. The five shallow pits in the earth, he said, were footprints made by "a man on his way to hell."

And so, according to the legend, the hoof-marks of the spirited horse have remained as a reminder of the tragic fate which overtakes wild young sinners like Jesse Elliott.

Today the series of five marks in the earth is lined up in an irregular path beside an old stump. This is the stump of the tree that is supposed to have figured in young Elliott's fatal accident. It was apparently a large tree, although the stump is now much decayed and does not show very high above the ground.

Embellishments of the story appear from time to time in the Bath area. There is, for instance, a local theory that a stick thrust into one of the depressions and left there will eventually disappear completely.

There is a version of the story that comes down by word of mouth that the man against whom Elliott was racing, and who was leading Elliott in the contest, looked back in a flash of a glance over his shoulder just in time to see both horse and rider killed, and that the contestant rode off to

get help but upon return found both the dead man and the dead horse gone, and neither was ever seen or heard from again.

Some years ago a motion picture newsreel company heard about the mysterious footprints and sent a cameraman there to get some shots. Earl Harrell, the cameraman, arrived at Bath and talked to many of the natives. One man told him that he had seen some chickens feeding around the spot one day and that they would eat all about the depressions but would touch nothing in the pits themselves, even when food was put there expressly to tempt them.

So Harrell thought that might be a good angle for his film shots. He borrowed some chickens from a farmer nearby and bought a quantity of mixed-grain chicken feed. Scattering the feed all about the hoof-marks — inside and out — he set the chickens free and started his cameras rolling.

The chickens ate every grain of feed on the outside of the depressions, but they wouldn't touch a single grain in the depressions proper. The film showed the chickens standing beside the shallow holes, heads cocked to look inside at the feed waiting there, but never did one of them venture to peck so much as a grain of feed out of one of the five holes — even after the ground round about had been picked clean.

The cameraman was so impressed that he decided to try out the theory that trash and earth put in the holes would disappear. So he made arrangements to spend an additional day in the vicinity. He scraped up quite a pile of leaves, twigs, small stones and dirt, and covered the area over with a layer of this debris. Then he carefully placed a network of black thread over the whole spot. When he returned the next morning the holes themselves were open, clean and clear. The net was still in place, and the material remained intact all about — except where it had been just over and on top of the holes.

Conservative natives, who offer no explanation for the depressions or the strange behavior that attends them say that sometimes it takes a week for trash placed in the pits to disappear but that when it does disappear it goes suddenly and completely. Nothing ever covers the tracks for very long. In all the history of these marks there has been no shelter above the spot to protect it from the washings of rain and weather. The earth all about is bare — as already reported herein — and is very firm.

Through two men alone the presence of the tracks has been traced back for more than 100 years. J. S. Mann of Middleton once reported a conversation on a Southern Railway train. He was

returning home from the University of North Carolina in 1881. He was a freshman at the University at that time. On the train he met a Dr. Chopin of Aurora, Beaufort County, and Dr. Chopin told him about the strange hoof-marks. Mann was skeptical, but Dr. Chopin said he had been seeing and knowing about the marks for 50 years at that time.

A few years later, Mr. Mann reported in a letter on the subject that he had had an occasion to visit Bath and had looked up the strange phenomenon. Still later, he took his wife and children to see the hoof-marks; and at the time of his letter, Mr. Mann vouched for the presence of the depressions for 54 years of his life. So between Dr. Chopin and Mr. Mann, more than 100 years of the presence of the strange ineradicable marks in the earth are vouched for.

Bill Sharpe, who heads the News Bureau of the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development and who still looks at things with that cultivated and hard-bitten skepticism of a newspaperman, thinks that maybe the earth there contains some form of soluble rock — salt, lime, or otherwise — and that through their dissolving under the surface of the earth there has been a constant drainage into these depressions, with perhaps some suction that would take soil or debris into the earth. If, on the other hand, there is any great amount of drainage or suction, it would seem that over the years the holes would get deeper or bigger.

Residents of Beaufort County snort at any idea other than that a horse, taking a man to the devil on his own instructions, made those indelible marks in the earth's surface.

After I had presented a radio broadcast on "The Strange Hoof-Marks at Bath" in September, 1946, I had a letter from a classmate at the University of North Carolina, Galen Elliott, park and playground director at Lancaster, South Carolina. Galen had heard the broadcast, and he gave me the information that Jesse Elliott was his great-great-grandfather. He also supplied some facts on the hoofprints story, from the Elliott family point of view.

The Lancaster descendant and a former fellow student said that Jesse and Seth Elliott, brothers, came to America from England and settled west of Bath in Beaufort County. Seth moved on to a new location and was never heard from again. Jesse married and had a son named William.

With respect to the tragedy that caused the hoof prints, Galen Elliott said in his letter:

"Here is the story as told to my father by the slave, Uncle Washington, who groomed the horse as a young slave and who was still

living at the time my father was growing up. Uncle Washington said that the horse was a beautiful and spirited bay mare and could run like a deer. He said he had ridden her many times before the accident and afterwards, so the horse was not killed at the time of the accident, as many of the stories have it. Neither was Jesse Elliott racing on Sunday. According to Uncle Washington, he was giving the mare a workout — running her along a woods road late in the afternoon of Christmas Eve day in 1813, getting her ready for the big annual race which was to be held two weeks later on old Christmas Day, January 6. The track was some eight miles from the site of the accident in the vicinity of what is now Hunter's Bridge. The horse was running at full speed when something frightened her, causing her to pitch and stop suddenly. This caused the rider to be thrown headfirst over the horse's head, his own head striking a large pine with such force that it split his skull.

"So the date that had been handed down to us, i.e., Christmas Eve day, 1813, was not Sunday, but Friday.

"As to why the hoofprints remain, I haven't the slightest idea. I do know they are there, and have been since the time of the tragedy. The tree itself was still standing when my father was a young man, with the side of the tree that Jesse Elliott's head struck dead and the rest still living. Today the tree is gone, with just slight signs of the old stump remaining.

"As far as I know there is no natural explanation as to why the horse tracks have remained in the light sandy loam soil there for all these decades. I do know that wells dug in the same soil in the same community less than fifty years ago, and later abandoned, have left no trace. Today they are completely filled up, so that you can't even find the spot where the well once existed and produced water."

That is the family version, passed down through the line of descendants by word of mouth.

Factual reporting does indicate that the depressions have been there apparently unchanged for nearly 150 years. And it's true enough that the marks are in a position of sequence to indicate a pattern that might have been made by a running horse. They suggest, with the assistance of some imagination, that a horse, running at top speed, bumped into a tree at the spot, and was thrown to the right.

The basic facts of the legend — from the reported death of Jesse Elliott to the present day — are largely vouched for by many reputable people. The folk legend is continuous. And that's the strange story of the Hoof-Marks at Bath.



By Virginia Stumbough

DO YOU *HEAR COLORS?*

Amazing things can happen if you have synaesthesia — a mixing of the senses.

"MOTHER, come listen to the rainbow!" The little boy tugged at his mother's hand until she followed him outside. There he pointed to a brilliant arch in a silvery-gray sky washed clean by a summer shower.

The child's mother was not one of the fortunate five per cent of all adults with the gift of colored hearing but she knew that her little boy was synaesthetic, as are a quarter of all children to adolescence. A rainbow was a song to him and he saw colors for every sound. A rifle crack was a big black noise; an electric fan had an orange-colored hum; the cricket made a small white noise; and squeaks were blue-white.

Synaesthesia is a mixing of the senses. It occurs when sensations from one sense, such as taste or smell, are called forth by stimuli presented by another sense, such as hearing or vision. A psychologist of the behaviorist school would call it a "physiologic-chemical abnormality in the reflex equipment." True synaesthesia is rare, though more common than color-blindness, but some form of it can be found in as much as 90 per cent of the population.

Three common types of synaesthesia are: the gorgeous display of colored spots seen sometimes when you close your eyes; the images of objects that you see in your "mind's eye" when you think of them; and the habit of having one sense experience suggest another, such as smelling or tasting coffee when you see a picture of it.

Synaesthesia may eventually explain psychic scent, mentioned in two recent FATE articles, December, 1950, and October, 1952. As in psychic scent, an odor produced by synaesthesia, the mixing of the senses, does not linger on the air as true perfume does. Since an odor may be produced by senses other than that of smell — sight, sound, taste, touch, or kinesthetic feeling — why could not a medium's temporary production of a scent originate in this abnormality of the nervous system? Comparatively little scientific research has been done on synaesthesia and none at all on psychic scent. Mixing of the senses in this way is not an illness or an illusion. It's a quirk of nature no more peculiar, once understood and accepted, than left-handedness or the birth of triplets.

A boy with synaesthesia saw the alphabet in colors. A and B were in light shades, with colors grading to P and Q which were dark, continuing black through Y, and with Z a light yellowish-brown. His numbers were colored also: One a light brown, two lighter, seven almost yellow, eight and nine darker.

Such things seem odd to those who have never experienced them. Psychologists say, however, that synaesthesia is hard to detect because it does not conflict, except in extreme cases of mixed sensations, with the social life of the individual. So our closest neighbors, even we ourselves, may have it without realizing it. Some musicians are so overwhelmed with a myriad of colors that they must give up music, but more often the abnormality is a help rather than a hindrance. One girl singer visualized the color of each note she sang and if its shade varied the slightest she knew she was off pitch.

Another professional musician, also a woman, who is gifted in mathematics interprets numbers

as musical sounds. All numbers are played on the trumpet, the violin, which has a distinct tremolo feeling, and the cello, which is heard only in the small numbers. The small numbers are all played below middle C, too low for the violin. Her favorite number is nine, heard as a dominant ninth, played on the violin. She has a distinct dislike for 33, which she hears as two triads, muddy and loud, on the violin, one having a G sharp in it and the other a C natural. Some of her numbers are chords, some are a single note and some a series of notes with definite time values. All of the chords have a triple root. Only one number, four, except for the high numbers she never uses, has no sound at all. A typical chord number is 20, a pretty, odd and nice combination, heard on the trumpet. It is made up of F sharp, C and E an octave above B flat. Another is 16, a light and odd tone, a double minor triad on the trumpet, with a triple root, based on C, E and G.

A violin A, two octaves above middle C on the piano, is a typical single note number, 18. The only other single notes of the smaller numbers are: two, an F sharp on the trumpet; three, a G on the cello; and eight, a D on the cello. The prettiest of the series of notes is 12, a dotted quarter note C above the piano middle C, with an eighth-note E and quarter-note G following it, heard on the violin. The number one she hears as a hollow fifth, C and G, on the trumpet; and 100 is a high B and C together.

All these reports might be taken simply as the workings of vivid imaginations if they hadn't been confirmed from the highest sources. Beethoven spoke of B minor as the black key and to Schubert E minor was a maiden robed in white with a rose-red bow on her breast. Liszt directed his orchestra with requests for more or less black, pink or azure in the playing of various instruments. Scriabine and Rimski-Korsakov agreed that D major was a golden key. One of the strangest characteristics of *chromesthesia* (colored hearing) is that every person has his own set of colors and they seldom agree with any other individual's set of colors.

To Scriabine F sharp major was violet, to Rimski-Korsakov it was bright green and Koussevitzky saw it as strawberry red. Scriabine saw the overtones of various musical keys as colors but not single notes and he saw many colors at once. To him C major was red, D major orange, A major yellow, B major blue, F sharp major violet. Beginning with C major and rising by fifths, the order suggests a spectrum from red to violet. To him D flat, A flat, E flat, B flat and

F were less intense than the others, going toward the infra-red or ultra violet. Single pure notes had no colors. He wrote his *Prometheus, Poem of Fire*, with score for the Luce, a color organ. It was produced complete with color for the first time in Carnegie Hall, New York, on March 20, 1915. Scriabine was dead, so no one knows how he would have liked it but the audience did not.

Synaesthesia has been studied by psychologists for over 100 years but the accumulated knowledge is not large. It is known that the tendency may run in families but is not necessarily inherited. Intensity of color sensations changes as a person matures but the color itself does not change.

Drugs such as hashish or mescal will produce colored hearing in almost anyone. Synaesthesia appears early in life and is more common in children. Its only value is in the arts, to musicians, dancers, writers and painters. Many color organs have been invented but have not been very successful, probably because no two people ever have the same associations of color and sound.

People usually do not realize they have synaesthesia until trained to recognize it. Those persons reporting abstract color patterns are usually introverted or inward-looking, and those with exact and meaningful visual patterns are usually extroverted or outward-going. There is seldom a sense of absolute pitch for colored hearing, the relationship of colors to each other being of major importance.

More is known about colored hearing than other forms of synaesthesia since it is most common. Certain similarities in people's reactions do recur frequently. A rise in pitch or quickening tempo increases brightness. The patterns of music and the images they evoke are similar, smooth music with graceful images, for instance, and jagged images with staccatto music. Images of music expand with its volume and they move around the center when trills or turns occur in the music. Background color always depends either on the first note or on the key being played. The position and direction of the vision vary with the pitch of music, and colors fit the mood of the music. Lines of different color represent different timbered instruments. Colored hearing is not spontaneous and immediate but colors warm up and those weak at first gradually become more intense and colorful, just as emotional reaction to music grows in intensity.

The variations of sense mixtures seem endless. The word lemon may bring a sour taste to your mouth; a certain word will form a geometric figure before your eyes; a grated chalk on the board

may give you a toothache; you may literally see red when angry; spots dance before your eyes when you are faint; a certain candy always tastes pink to you; an odor smells brown; a smashed finger makes your ears roar; pressure on your diaphragm causes a ringing sound; the touch of velvet brings a furry taste to your tongue or makes you smell a rose; a stomach ache tinges objects before your eyes with blue or orange; you may have a gray headache, blue toothache, or green rheumatism.

When a certain blind woman accurately identified the color of everything she touched, often holding it to her nose or rubbing it against her cheek, she was accused of having partial sight and some folk looked on her as a witch. She probably had colored touch, or colored smell, a form of synaesthesia. She was as successful with mixed colors as with plain and could identify as accurately in the dark as in daylight. Another man, blinded in childhood, associated a color or degree of brightness with every sensory experience other than visual and these color associations appeared in his thinking wherever imagery was employed.

We can only envy those who see orchestra music in brilliant tints. Most of us, however, can experience the joys of technicolor movies, including abstract shorts in which color patterns are played on the screen accompanying a musical theme. Colored television may soon bring such phenomena into our homes. We can attend a color organ concert or thrill to the glorious play of colored lights on fountains. A new art form may arise as the difficulties of composition are overcome. Already grade school pupils are learning to express their emotional response to records played in the classroom in color and pattern, free drawings in crayon on paper. Such exercises provide a splendid emotional release.

Preconceived ideas in this field are not accurate, for each man's reaction is as valid as his neighbor's. The man who found in great excitement that national anthems always evoked colors belonging recognizably to their own country was disconcerted when *St. Patrick's Day* and *The Wearing O' The Green* invariably appeared to him in a brilliant and powerful orange!

Similarly, psychic scent is true for those who experience it and those who do not must not deny its existence.

Fingers of FATE

At Sutton, England, Postman Alfred George Burton came upon a traveler in distress while making his daily mail delivery and, like a good Samaritan, paused to help. Mr. Burton fixed the stranger's stalled motorcycle, started it up and tried it out. He crashed into a tree and was killed.

* * *

Testifying at services in a Doddridge, Ark., church, Henry Field urged his listeners to rededicate themselves and prepare for death. "If it wasn't for the commotion it would cause," he said, "I'd like to go right here in my church." Then he slumped backward . . . dead.

* * *

Thirteen-month-old Martha Lula Coleman, Madison Heights, Va., started to swallow a piece of nylon sewing thread, choked, and brought up the string and whistle she had swallowed three months earlier.

* * *

A hospital patient in Ostend, Belgium, told he had only a few days to live, bought a coffin lined with white silk. But he recovered and sold the coffin to another seemingly hopeless case. This man also took a turn for the better in a few days and sold the coffin to a third party, desperately ill. He too, at last reports was on the road to recovery and advertising for a buyer.

* * *

Miss Anna McBride, 94, of Indianapolis, became ill for the first time in her life recently — and died.

* * *

Motorcycle Racer Ralph Moores told his friends that the race at San Mateo, Calif., was to be his last one. "I'm quitting," he said. "My wife doesn't like it and, besides, I have four children to think of." Shortly afterwards, while his wife and youngsters watched from the grandstand, he was thrown from his machine — and killed almost instantly.

* * *

The Hand of God saved the life of Air Cadet Frederic F. Huber of Jennings, La. — quite literally. Lost over Port Gibson, Miss., he radioed his plight to his home base in Greenville. A control tower officer familiar with the territory told him to look for the giant copper "hand of God" atop a Port Gibson church spire

and head in the direction it pointed.

* * *

A physician who moved out of a house at Starkville, Miss., had children named Carolyn, Buddy and Johnny. The new family who moved in was made up of a physician who had children named Carolyn, Buddy and Johnny.

* * *

The Columbia Apartments in San Francisco are located at 1492 Pacific Avenue.

* * *

Vice-president Dr. Guy Newman of Baylor University in Waco, Tex., drove to Dallas to visit with Baylor's president, Dr. W. R. White, who was in a hospital for treatment of stomach ulcers. Dr. Newman checked into a Dallas hotel but blacked out in his room as he got ready to leave for the hospital. He was sent to the same hospital as Dr. White and put on the same floor. The diagnosis of Newman's illness: stomach ulcers.

* * *

The first client for Attorney Newton Churchill, Louisville, Ky., was a man he helped indict as a member of a grand jury.

* * *

In order to avoid a collision, Raymond Wall, Fitzgerald, Ga., veered his car and struck a tree. He wasn't hurt and got out to view the situation. The tree fell, striking Wall. He was killed.

* * *

In London, a man collapsed after giving a blood donation. He was promptly revived — with a transfusion of the same blood.

* * *

Homer L. Cook, Chicago window washer, is beginning to believe that he leads a charmed life. A safety hook recently saved him from a nine-story fall after the other hook broke. Three years before he plummeted five stories — but landed in a truck filled with mattresses.

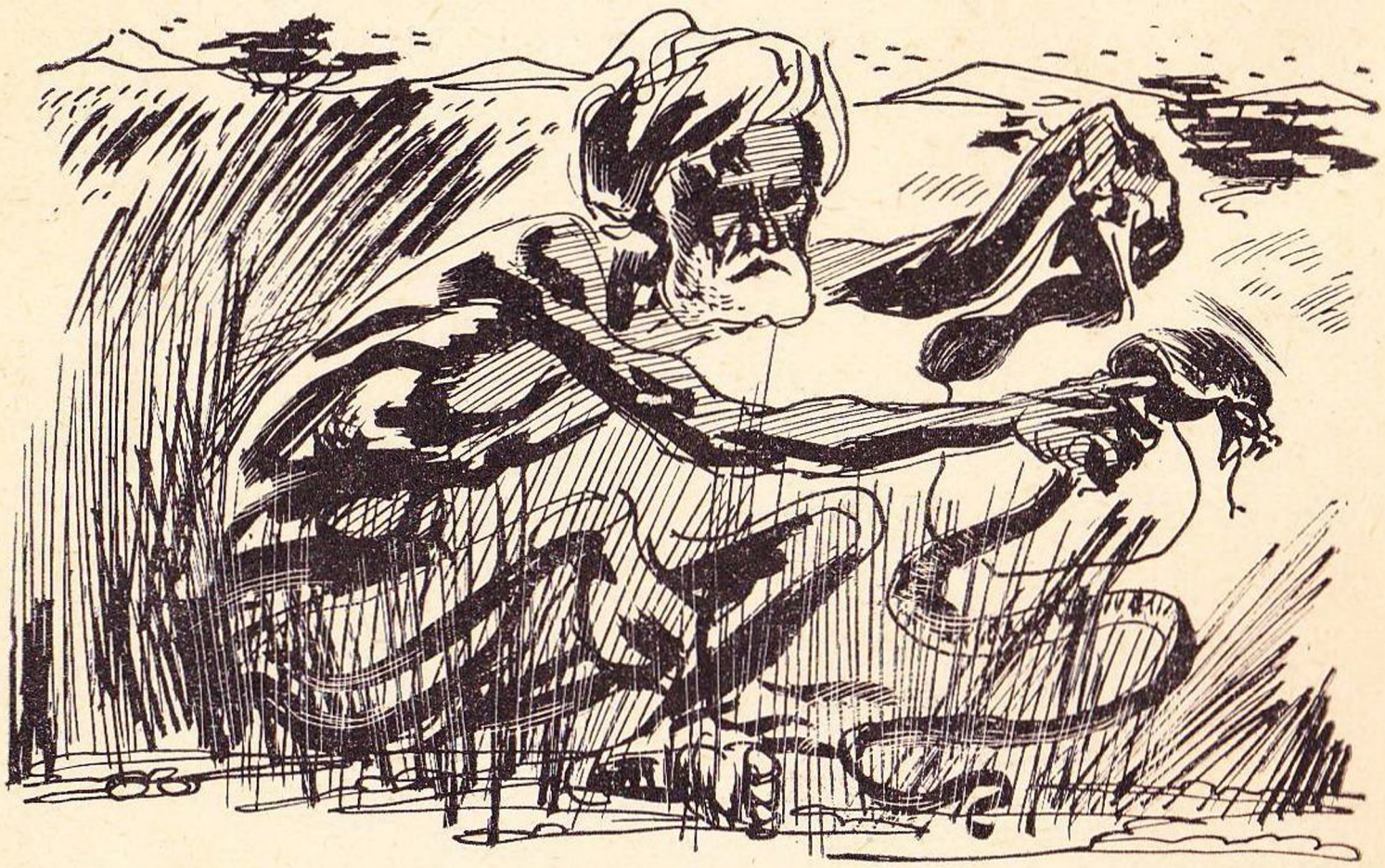
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Mrs. Minnie H. Mattoni, Binghamton, N. Y., always had a feeling that someday she would become involved in a terrible fire. So she had a home-made fire escape ladder erected on the side of her house, although everybody laughed at her. The other day — 28 years afterwards — it saved her life. She was trapped by fire in her second-floor apartment and the ladder was her only means of escape.

* * *

In Paris, a pickpocket and his wife spotted a likely victim. Madame slipped her hand into his pocket and deftly withdrew her prize. She looked at it, screamed and fled. The victim was a police inspector and the prize a pair of handcuffs. The pickpocketing partners wound up in jail. — *Harold Helfer.*

India's SUPER CHARMER



By Roland E. Wolseley

He seemed like a simple dhoti-clad South Indian. But he could catch snakes like nobody's business.

SNAKE charmers piping music to swaying cobras can be seen hanging around any port or mofussil railway station used by foreigners in India. But snake catchers, the super-charmers of their trade, are seen rarely.

A remarkable one has been operating for years around Madras; the stories of his ability and success are widely-known in South India. The Rev. John Dunderdale, now secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Bangalore, a city about 200 miles from Madras in Mysore state, told me of the particular spectacles he witnessed.

A few years ago, when Mr. Dunderdale and his wife Jean, both Canadians, lived at Madras, their compound was infested by snakes. They appealed to a friend,

a college principal, for a way to rid their grounds of the cobras, kraits, and other poisonous serpents. He told them of Krishna, the only name he knew for a 50-year-old South Indian whose job was to catch snakes and sell their venom to hospitals in the area. He arranged for Krishna to go over to the Dunderdale place and do a St. Patrick.

Mr. Dunderdale was expecting an orthodox snake charmer, equipped with plenty of courage, a reed pipe, and a flat, round basket just big enough to hold a coiled cobra. The turbaned and dhoti-clad Indian who came across the grass toward him, trailed by two younger men, turned out to have the courage, but he had neither basket nor pipe. He had only a gunny sack.

"Where's your basket?" Mr. Dunderdale asked after they had exchanged greetings.

"No use basket, sahib," Krishna said. "No need. Put here." He pointed to the string-topped sack.

Mr. Dunderdale waited for action, Krishna signalled to the other two — his sons, he explained. They walked a few hundred yards to the bank of a rivulet running through one side of the compound.

With his *cuttee*, a small version of a machete, he cleared a flat spot in the brush about three feet in diameter and then sat beside it, waving his sons up the little stream, one on each side. They started beating the shrubbery.

Krishna made no sound, simply sat, cross-legged, and waited. Mr. Dunderdale and another man stood a little distance off. A half hour passed but there was no sign of a snake; there was just the swishing of the sons' cane brooms in the bushes and long grass.

Suddenly they saw Krishna stiffen and his right hand rise slowly. Then it darted down upon the open space just as a five-foot cobra wriggled across it. He seized the serpent behind the head, put a foot on the snake's tail, raised it and squeezed until the serpent ejected its venom. Then, with his *cuttee*, he removed its fangs and with another motion popped its full length into his sack, drawing and knotting the strings tightly around the top. This all happened so rapidly the two onlookers had not even stepped forward before the catch was completed.

Krishna was busy from then on. By the end of the afternoon he had snatched up four more cobras, three kraits, two corals, eight green whips, and 13 Russell's vipers. He collected Rupees 6 for each (then about $2) for a total of Rupees 186 ($62) or more than the average teacher now earns in India in an entire month. A little later that week he sold the venom to a nearby hospital for two-thirds that much.

Mr. Dunderdale naturally was amazed. He and his friends told other friends about this extraordinary snake catcher. A Madras news reel company decided to come out to shoot film; dozens of amateur photographers wanted to do the same. So Krishna was asked to appear again, to catch more serpents. By the time he arrived 70 photographers had gathered. Krishna was annoyed but started on his patient watch while his sons beat the river banks.

After several hours, during which only a few harmless ground snakes had crossed the spot and been contemptuously disregarded, Krishna objected to the champing cameramen, saying in Tamil that all those "eyes" pointing at him were evil spirits and that he could not catch snakes with them about. Soon after the photographers left the compound the vipers appeared and he made another but smaller haul of that species and one more cobra. Mr. Dunderdale's theory is that snakes fear men as much as men fear snakes and that they were frightened by the crowd and stayed in their holes.

As he and Krishna were walking across the compound the snake catcher pointed to a hole in the ground before them.

"Big snake," he said in English.

Mr. Dunderdale could see no snake or signs of one. He looked into the opening, even shone an electric torch into it. Nothing.

"How do you know?" he asked Krishna.

The snake catcher knelt and pointed to one side of the hole. It was worn smooth. He then pointed to the other, noting its roughness.

Mr. Dunderdale still did not believe. Krishna called to his sons and instructed them to find the snake. He insisted he could smell it. He had proved that his sight and hearing were keen, now he was to prove that his sense of smell also was sharp.

Taking their *numbertees* or short-handled hoes they dug away at the top of the hole, exposing several feet of a tunnel below and parallel to the surface of the earth. Still no snake. Suddenly Krishna reached down and pulled out by the tail a six-foot cobra, put his foot upon it as he pinched it, then severed its fangs with his *cuttee* as before. This snake, too, went into the sack.

Mr. Dunderdale asked him if he'd ever been bitten. Yes, many times. He was so full of poison, Krishna said, that his enemies were afraid to quarrel with him for fear he'd bite them!

Charlotte Roubio Pollock

THE MEDIUM OF RICHMOND



Investigators were amazed by her ability to read the deepest secrets of the future — and of the human mind.

By Nathan Oppleman

AS FAR BACK as the records of man go there have been persons endowed with the gift of second sight. Joseph of Egypt, Daniel, the Witch of Endor, Nostradamus, and Bing had this gift. To their company must be added the name of Charlotte Roubio Pollock, whom many regard as one of our greatest psychics.

Charlotte Roubio Pollock was born in Richmond, Va., on November 2, 1859. Her mother was Ellen Tribue Martin, her father Senator William Thomas Martin, member of the Virginia legislature. Both were from prominent families.

When Charlotte was two years old her parents moved to a country estate in Chesterfield County. Here, in Charlotte's eighth year, occurred an incident that demonstrated her unusual ability and began her long and remarkable career.

The Martin neighborhood was aroused by the theft of a calf from the adjoining farm and the loss, by Mr. Martin, of some valuable papers. Servants and farm hands searched everywhere for calf and papers, in vain. Mr. Martin was baffled and upset.

Just when it appeared that the double loss would remain a mystery, Charlotte told her mother that she had seen, in a dream, one of the colored farm hands carrying on his head a tub with calf legs hanging over the rim. The farm hand, she said, walked down the road in the moonlight for about seven miles, to a kiln. She was sure the remains of the calf could be found there.

Told of Charlotte's dream, Mr. Martin, the farmer from the adjoining farm, and several others decided they would make a final search at the old kiln. No one expected to find anything — but they did. They found the dead calf buried in the ground at the kiln. One of the colored hands of the farmer involved later confessed stealing and killing the calf for extra food.

In the meantime, Charlotte somehow had become aware of the whereabouts of her father's papers. She went out on the farm to look and she found them in the butter bean patch, where they had fallen from his pocket.

Thereafter, when things were lost or misplaced about the house or farm, Charlotte was called upon to find them. And find them she did. It was now evident to parents and neighbors that the girl was strangely gifted and different from other children.

In school her record was brilliant. She attended Averett College at Danville, Va., and learned dressmaking in her spare time. While at college she read the palms of her friends for their amusement. Her predictions often came true; yet no one there realized the true extent of her gift. Unknowing, she was practicing for what was to become her life's work.

Charlotte adored her family. She was especially close to her father and often went on trips with him. One of these trips took them to South Carolina where she met Henry Pollock, a Portuguese Jew and a watchmaker by trade.

Charlotte had turned down many beaus and proposals of marriage, forseeing that these suitors would die early in life. She fell in love with Henry Pollock and believing that her future would be happiest with him, she

became engaged to him against her father's wishes. They were married by the governor of South Carolina and lived in Charleston a short while before moving to Richmond, where Charlotte set up a dressmaking business, a respectable occupation for women even in those days. Later she became a palmist.

While Mr. Pollock operated his watch repair shop Charlotte became a licensed reader in the red tenement house on third Street where they lived. Her fame spread and her clients grew in number until finally Mr. Pollock gave up his business to help her with the appointments. They had two children, Louis and Frank, both dead now.

It was during my third year in high school that I visited Mrs. Pollock for a reading. Out of this meeting grew our lifelong friendship. Occasionally thereafter she would call me to do errands and favors for her. This was the beginning of my interest and experiences with clairvoyance, the art in which she excelled.

Nearly everyone who made an appointment with Mrs. Pollock gave a fictitious name or just an initial. It was jotted down on a long strip of paper supported by a board, and when their turn came to enter her "den" she would always address them by their correct name. This never failed to be a great surprise to her visitors. In her predictions she not only could give names correctly but also times and places.

In her den she sat at a center table on which rested a rubber-neck lamp. Here she first looked at one's palm through the magnifying glass, foretold one's future and then checked it by the cards. She did not need either palm or cards but said that they are the best means of divination to determine the accuracy of psychic vision.

In one corner of her room was a fish bowl, a dog, a spider on the web and a parrot. The parrot is still alive today. Mrs. Pollock told me that the spider was lucky for money, that she could read his thoughts and that in return she delighted him by killing flies to put on his web for him to eat. The dog was well trained and loved and the parrot was very entertaining when she prompted him to talk. She sometimes fed the goldfish by placing food between her lips and bending low enough over the water for them to rise and get it. She loved pets and was extremely kind to them, often remarking that she thought more of her pets than of some of the people she knew.

Mrs. Pollock was about five feet four inches tall, weighed 118 pounds, had red hair and penetrating sparkling eyes, set in an oval face. She walked and spoke slowly, and was a woman of great



charm though she minced no words with anyone concerning what she interpreted in the future.

One Saturday afternoon I called to ask if she wanted me to do anything for her. The reception room was full of visitors and as she came through the sliding doors from her den to the waiting room she suddenly turned and spoke to a young girl about 19 years old who sat in the corner of the room.

"Young lady," she said, "the next time you go in swimming will be the last time you go in swimming. Stay away from the water."

"Why, Mrs. Pollock," replied the girl laughing, "they say I am the best swimmer in town."

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Pollock, "but they won't think so next Saturday."

But the girl was vain of her aquatic prowess and did not heed this warning. The following Saturday, while swimming, she hit her head on a rock and drowned.

A few days later Mrs. Pollock met the milkman at the door to warn him.

"Three days from now you will be killed in an accident."

Three days later he was killed as she had predicted.

Mrs. Pollock seldom took a vacation as her talents became increasingly in demand. Lawyers, doctors, judges, preachers, professors, people of every walk of life, were constantly asking for help and showering her with gifts of money and jewelry in return. She guided them on the stock markets, in love and in politics. She was frequently asked by the police department to help locate stolen automobiles and illusive criminals, which she did with ease and great success.

She warned one woman whose husband was in the navy that he would return soon and lose his mind, and begged her to take her children and get out of town as quickly as possible. The woman refused. The husband returned, lost his mind and killed his entire family.

On another occasion Mrs. Pollock told her client not to invest one hundred thousand dollars in a chain of bakeries in New York; she would lose everything except a home in Richmond. This client was amused but time proved Mrs. Pollock's second sight correct.

Finally, Mrs. Pollock decided to take a trip to Florida with some friends. Her trunk was packed by the maid and all was in readiness when she changed her mind. Her friends were greatly disappointed and a little cross, but she told them that her son, Frank, would die that week and she wanted to be with him.

Frank died the following Friday.

Mrs. Pollock was often asked to see what was happening to the spirits of the deceased. The only comment she made at such times was that the spirit hovered around the earth for 10 days and then went on to a better world. She did say that occasionally the spirit may return to loved ones in dreams.

Among the celebrities who visited her were Thomas Meighan and Richard Dix, of whom she was very fond. She permitted both the wealthy and the poor to benefit from her talent. She amassed a fortune of her own and gave cheerfully to charity and church. From early morning until late at night there were phone calls for appointments and special delivery letters asking questions. Her time was never her own. She practically was glued to her reading chair.

Richard Dix, she told me, was playing in Richmond with a stock company that went under. He was broke and uncertain of his next move. She loaned him money gladly.

Dix remarked, "Mrs. Pollock, aren't you afraid I may not pay you back?"

"No," she replied. "You are going to pay me back, for soon your name will be in the limelight. You will marry and your wife will give birth to twins."

And so it happened. Richard Dix confirmed it all in a letter to her several years later.

When Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton University Mrs. Pollock received a phone call asking her to read for the first Mrs. Wilson, at a secret destination just outside of Philadelphia. Charlotte Pollock met Mrs. Wilson but I never learned the full contents of her reading. However, she did predict that Mr. Wilson would be nominated for the presidency of the United States and would be elected.

Mrs. Pollock's testimony in the record of the Pollard murder case is in the Husting Court of Richmond, Va. She had warned the girl involved that she would be shot as a result of her triangle love affair. The girl remained indiscreet — and she was shot.

Mrs. Pollock was called to testify. It was a spectacular and amazing thing to witness because, on the witness stand, she read the minds of the lawyers in advance. She answered all questions before they were asked. Harry Byrd's

father, then assisting the prosecution, called her the "Witch of Endor." She replied that she considered the name an honor. The culprit was freed as Mrs. Pollock had said he would be and the blame fell at the door of the girl.

The years flew by and as Mrs. Pollock grew older she began to take short week-end trips to the beach and the country with friends. She knew beforehand the proper time to visit friends without inconveniencing them. Her sensitivity to people in general was very sharp. She disliked show-offs and those given to pretensions. Liars she despised.

One morning, at six o'clock, she received a hurried phone call from Grace Hospital. She was informed that her nephew was dying and to please hurry. She went immediately, carrying her large magnifying glass.

Walking into her nephew's room she lifted his hand from the bed to look at his palm with the magnifying glass. She turned to the nurse, saying, "Go tell Dr. Bryant that my nephew is not going to die." Then she left the room. The nephew fully recovered several weeks later.

Her financial gains during this period were impressive. She invested wisely and owned much property. But she remained plain in her dress. She seldom wore the expensive jewelry she possessed and her manner was always gracious. She was proud of her ancestry but never, under any circumstances, a snob.

In 1924 Mrs. Pollock moved to the suburb of Lakeside in Richmond. She needed peace and quiet for her advancing years. Nevertheless, people from all parts of the country and the world continued to seek her. As the years became a burden she grew more stern and occasionally irritable.

A little boy visited her one morning bringing a crystal ball and asked her what she saw. First she saw her husband, Henry, in a coffin and then a castle where people went in and out. Mr. Pollock died two weeks later. This and the death of her son, prior to Mr. Pollock's passing, were tragedies from which she never fully recovered. She was alone now, with the exception of relatives and friends. After her husband's death she became known to all as Aunt Charlotte.

A professor of a local university set out one day to trap her. She met him at the door on the day of his appointment and asked if he had brought the liquor bottle along (the college professor drank rather heavily). She said she liked a little nip herself. They went on into her little den. To his amazement she answered all his questions correctly and she made the following prediction that stood out in his memory:

"You are going to take 12 boys

on a European tour. In mid-ocean you are going to have a kidney attack and seriously consider returning. Don't do it; you will recover and make the trip successfully."

The professor had the attack, recovered and completed the trip.

He had not succeeded in exposing the famous seer and later admitted to friends that she possessed amazing knowledge of his personal secrets. Due to his position and the policy of the college at the time, he could not and would not make any public declarations.

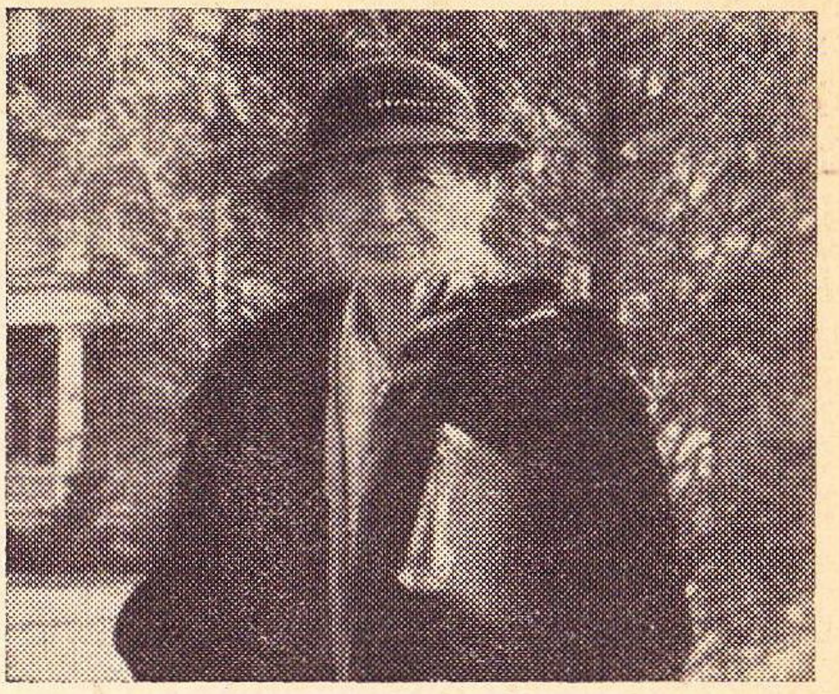
When visiting with friends or shopping about town, Aunt Charlotte would occasionally warn them of coming sickness, accidents, gains or tragic complications. It was easy for her to tell one how much money he had in his pocketbook, what papers, letters, and documents he carried.

Two newspaper men were sent out to investigate Mrs. Pollock. She asked me to be present the day they came. The gentlemen arrived around ten-thirty that morning.

"Good morning, Mrs. Pollock," said the first reporter. "We are two investigators for the newspaper. We have heard so much about you and made it a point to see you as soon as we could."

"Come in," replied Mrs. Pollock, "and sit down."

"Now," said the spokesman,



Mrs. Pollock was undoubtedly one of the most gifted mediums of the century. She predicted her own death for March 3, 1945—and was right as usual.

"What do you charge and do you read for two people together?"

"My charge," she replied, "is two dollars. I don't usually read for two together, but if you want it that way it is all right with me."

"Oh, no!" said the newsman. "We will go in one at a time."

"Very well."

When the reading was over the gentleman came out, face white, and whispered in his partner's ear. The second reporter refused a reading.

I learned later what it was all about. Aunt Charlotte had told the gentleman his wife's name and the names of his children. More than that, she told him his sweetheart's name, how much money he had deposited to her account and the name of the New York bank he kept it in.

"I never dreamed that one living soul could know so much

about another. Good-day, Mrs. Pollock. I shall never forget you," the man said on leaving.

Aunt Charlotte remarked that it was too bad his partner had missed a similar opportunity.

Some women and men were afraid of her because of what she knew about their lives. But she never, to my knowledge, discussed anyone's private life in public or with personal friends. When she did speak publicly she did so for the welfare of all concerned. She treated people as she knew them to be — good, bad, brazen, talkative, sweet. She asserted that she knew something of everybody in the world.

At last she stopped reading in her den. She said she saw the spirit of her son, Louis, there too often and couldn't stand it. She told me one morning that Louis' spirit had walked into her room about three a.m. while she lay awake. The apparition sat down at a table in the center of her bedroom. She arose, went over and sat down also. She was about to speak to him when he disappeared. She felt there was something special Louis wanted to tell her. I do not know if she ever received his message.

Aunt Charlotte spoke of astrology as a splendid means of divination. She said, too, that the cards and astrology intermingled. She would read a horoscope now and then for entertainment.

I remarked to her one day, "I wish I had been born with your gift."

She answered, "No you don't, because you would see too damn much."

On several occasions I asked her, as did others, about Houdini and his beliefs. She told me that she was approached by someone who suggested she meet Mr. Houdini at the Poli Theatre in Washington. She said that she would be glad to meet Mr. Houdini at the City Auditorium in Richmond at any time he chose. She could not then leave her clientele for Washington but she would call his hand in Richmond. She was confident she could do it.

Mrs. Pollock was offered several hundred dollars for her brain after death, but refused on the ground that nothing could be learned from it. She did not like autopsies anyway. She had refused an autopsy for her son, who died of a brain tumor, saying to the brain specialist: "Why do an autopsy on my son's brain when your brain never did him any good?"

I went through many crude drugs, roots, and other things with her. She held them in her hands, closing her eyes and thus determining which possessed virtue. She claimed that the burning of candles, incense, the use of certain oils and perfumes were lucky if one concentrated on good.

I have discussed Mrs. Pollock with many people, from every walk of life, who have been to her readings. They were always anxious to go again, not for entertainment but because of the truth she predicted. The comfort, protection and advice she gave to thousands could never be repaid her.

Mrs. Pollock was a Baptist with strong inclinations to Catholicism. She permitted one of her sons, Frank, to be baptized in the Catholic church and to be buried by a priest. Several others in her family remonstrated with her on this subject when she discussed their future burial.

When I was teaching music at a Catholic school I spoke of Mrs. Pollock to the sisters. They later visited her in hopes of converting her to their Church but she refused. She read their minds and told them many startling things. They went away in silence, to pray. Mrs. Pollock explained her refusal on the premise that the Catholic church would want her to give up something that she knew truly existed — the gift of psychic sight, which she had not sought and could not help. She refused to give up something God had given her.

In the late 1930's Mrs. Pollock was an old lady and it was then she had a nervous breakdown. She was cared for by distant relatives. While living with them she predicted the forthcoming Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor and Hitler's defeat. She also requested that I be one of her pallbearers. She predicted that I would be the one to get the funeral preacher.

"Yes," she said. "I will die the first week in March."

Charlotte Pollock died March 3, 1945; and, at my suggestion, was buried by an Episcopal preacher, Reverend Irwin, of Richmond. I was a pallbearer.

I will list some of the important predictions she made to me, several years before her passing on:

- An important germ in connection with cancer will be found, leading to a cure for the disease in the 1950's or slightly later.
- The United States will fight Russia. Russia will lose.
- All European dictators will go. The countries there will become democratic monarchies modeled after the British government.
- There will be a longer, much longer, reign of peace throughout the world.
- In generations to come people will move close together on religious beliefs. Wide differences will exist in name only.
- We are going up to the other planets and finish there what we fail to do here, but there will be no wars.

Mrs. Pollock held her psychic faculties to the very last. She died in her sleep, as she had wanted to.

A wish and a prayer, to her, were the same.

The woman disappeared. Her body was found. The killer confessed. And then came a strange letter.

DESERT MYSTERY

✦

WHEN pretty 33-year-old Cora Lancaster, wife of a rancher of Bloomington, Calif., disappeared on May 11, 1945, she left behind seven children and a grieving husband. Sheriff Emmett Shay questioned the husband, John Lancaster, in detail and was satisfied that Cora had disappeared of her own free will.

"She was restless and dissatisfied," Lancaster told the sheriff. "I told her there were seven children to think of, but I guess that argument wasn't enough."

The disappearance of Cora was marked down as one of the thousands of similar disappearances which take place each year.

And then on Labor Day, 1945, a party of dove hunters stumbled across the skeleton of a woman in the desert. Portions of a dress and slip clung to the bones. Close by were a woman's cloth coat, a handkerchief, and a pair of shoes. Hair still adhering to the skull indicated the woman had been a redhead.

Sheriff Shay and Coroner R. E. Williams were summoned. They estimated the woman had been about five feet, six inches tall. There were no clues to the possible killer. Shay began a search of the records of missing persons. And one of the first names he came across was that of Cora Lancaster.

Shay summoned Cora's husband, who studied the remains closely. When he turned away he was satisfied that the skeleton was that of his missing wife. Cora's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Basker, also identified the skeleton and remains as that of their daughter.

The sheriff then began to check into Cora's past. He found that she had been last seen in the company of Henry Mason, a store clerk of San Bernardino. After a quiet investigation, Shay arrested Mason. He insisted he was innocent. Shay took him to the mortuary where the remains of Cora still lay. Mason broke down and confessed.

He said that he and Cora had had a quarrel. He had struck her and she had fallen down. He felt for her pulse but he couldn't find any. Mason became panic stricken, borrowed a car, and dumped the body out on the desert. Sheriff Shay had the terrified Mason reenact the crime. Mason took them to the cabin where the fight had taken place. Then he took them out on the desert where the body had been found. That closed the case — almost.

A funeral was held. The poor remains of the murdered woman were buried.

Then a few days later a strange thing happened. Cora's parents came

to the sheriff in great agitation. They said they had received a letter from her. They showed him the letter. It had asked the parents to write to her care of General Delivery, Lancaster, Calif.

Shay decided to humor the parents and catch a crank at the same time. He stationed two men at the Lancaster postoffice. In walked a red head who asked for mail for "Cora Lancaster." The deputies arrested her. The parents came to identify her. And it was Cora Lancaster, their daughter and the supposedly murdered woman.

At that very moment, Mason was in the San Bernardino courthouse pleading not guilty to her murder by reason of insanity.

When Cora confronted the prisoner, Mason almost fainted. When Cora insisted that Mason had not even struck her the murder charge against him was dismissed. By this time Sheriff Shay himself was almost near collapse.

Many mysteries remain in this amazing case. Who was the woman whose bones were found in the desert? She was never identified. How did she happen to be wearing clothing identical to that of Cora Lancaster? How was Mason able to reenact the killing and take the sheriff's deputies to the exact spot on the lonely desert where the body was found? Was Mason actually in a sort of trance state when he did these things? What is your opinion? (*The facts in this story are true, but the names of John and Cora Lancaster, Henry Mason, and Mr. and Mrs. William Basker are fictional to conceal their true identities.*)

✦

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF MAPS

BLACKIE, a cocker spaniel belonging to Bobby Mortenson, 3, disappeared from the car of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mortenson of South Bend, Ind., when they became involved in a minor traffic accident at Marshall, Mich., near the end of July, 1952. A week later Blackie scratched at the Mortensons' door, apparently having made the 100-mile journey from Marshall on foot without benefit of road maps.

FISH WITHOUT OXYGEN

FISH living in ocean depths where little if any oxygen exists have been found by marine biologists of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California. Warren S. Wooster, Scripps oceanographer and expedition leader, said the fish were discovered 125 miles west of the Gulf of Nicoya off Puntarenas, Costa Rica, during a three-month, 13,000-mile exploration of the Pacific Ocean off Central and South America on the research ship, *Horizon.* Wooster explained that scientists previously had not known that fish could live in depths where only two per cent of saturation oxygen exists. "But we have specimens to prove they do," he concluded.

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

Men from the Saucer?

An Italian farmer, Nello Ferrari, 41, of Castelfranco Emilia, Province of Modena, told local authorities that on November 30, 1952, he saw the pilots of a flying saucer. He said:

"About 10 a.m. I was taking a walk on my farm when suddenly I was terrified to see hovering in the air a large disk about 130 feet in diameter at a distance of about 35 feet. The disk seemed to be surrounded by a reddish haze.

"In a few seconds the large disk, gold and copper colored, opened its top part and then looked like two disks, one on top of the other. From the opening emerged three figures that looked like human beings with half-masks on their faces.

"I heard a loud noise coming from inside the disk and then saw a cylinder about 15 feet long come out of the opening. The three men spoke together in some strange language. I heard a distinct word that sounded like *varren-firg-unch.*

"Then all returned to the disk and the top part came down and closed on the bottom section like a clam. The disk rose straight in the

air with a noise like a flock of pigeons and in a few seconds disappeared into space."

This strange story was published as a telegram from Italy in the Italian newspaper *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* on December 1, 1952. — *Nat. J. Cuneo, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Repulsive Principle

In the February, 1953 "I See By the Papers," you try to relate fireballs to flying saucers. The connection between them is one you may have felt due to their aerial wanderings and to their color or fiery display.

There is another connection. Flying saucers seem to act on some repulsive detection principle when objects approach them too closely. A similar condition has occurred in two fireball cases I read.

In the first case reports of a mysterious light reached the Sheriff's office at Suffolk, Va., on March 12, 1951. Deputy Sheriff Hurley Jones went out and found the light on a dirt road in a wooded area. It floated six feet off the ground and seemed to be a single auto headlight. It always faded out before Jones reached it — and no car was on the road.

A similar phenomenon was investigated by a Maryland State Trooper in Eastern Shore, Md., around June, 1952. This Mary-

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land "light" showed a tendency to recede when approached at a certain distance.

You may recall a letter of mine in the May-June, 1951 issue of FATE, relating to a theory on this repulsive action of flying saucers when approached by airplanes. I stated then it seemed more likely an electrostatic principle was used rather than repulsive radar, as advanced by Mr. Raymond Palmer in an article in the January, 1951 issue of FATE.

An electrostatic or "capacitive" repulsive system would be much simpler and less bulky than something utilizing repulse radar. Capacitive-operated relays are inexpensive and known in the electronics industry. — *George Wetzel, Dundalk, Md.*

Light at Two O'clock

On December 2, 1952, while driving west of Denver, Colo., on West Colfax, at about 3:42 p.m., my son, Gerald, asked if I could see anything in the sky. I asked, "Where?" He said, "At about two o'clock."

Looking in that direction I saw a very vivid, large, round, silver-blue light. No clouds were in the sky.

The light did not appear to be above Golden, but further west and very much above the mountains. Gerald made note of the

time the light was visible, which was about two and a half minutes. Then it disappeared.

Within the next five minutes we again saw a vivid blue light, for about a half-minute. It too just disappeared. It didn't fade.

Am writing this after reading the article in December FATE about flying saucers. — *Mrs. G. J. Allen, Denver, Colo.*

Saucer Cycle?

The February issue of FATE was excellent. There is only one conclusion: FATE is getting better and better.

I found two of your articles especially interesting. One was "The Gulls that Saved the Mormons." Maybe I liked it because I'm the great, great grandson of Brigham Young. I wish you'd mention that they're not just gulls but California sea gulls.

The other article I want to mention is "Fortune Telling by Cycles." Truer words were never spoken. I have determined many cycles myself. The "Flying Saucer Cycle" shows that they come one year and three months apart.

I am now working on Nostradamus' prophecies — mostly on his predictions about flying saucers. If any other readers of FATE are interested in Nostradamus and would care to write — especially Henry C. Roberts — I would be glad to correspond.

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"Will-o'-the-wisptivity"

A will-o'-the-wisp can hardly turn out to be anything more mysterious than a nocturnal gathering of luminous insects.

Gnats and midges play above ponds and marshes during the day and from a distance appear to be small clouds, now hovering, then drifting on in a horizontal or vertical direction.

In this locality (Burbank, Calif.) I would find it hard to prove that insects cause those lights in question, since marshy places seem to be too far away from here. Scientists and laymen elsewhere may want to test Meinecke's theory of will-o'-the-wisptivity. — *Otto Meinecke, Burbank, Calif.*

Hole in the Windshield

The article, "Mystery of the Ghost Bullets," in the February FATE recalled a trip I took years ago in Michigan. My friend Harold Leyda and I were on the road to Chicago from Grand Rapids in his car and were passing a sort of open swamp. Suddenly a sharp crack startled us and he slowed down.

Fragments of glass had show-

ered on him and on the seat between us but there were no injuries. In the upper middle of the windshield was a nice round hole and a few radiating splinter marks. No bullet. My friend's car was equipped with a fourth forward gear for high speed on the level.

Since then I've observed numerous similar holes in the windows of elevated cars on the Chicago "L", and less frequently in windows of railroad cars and elsewhere. I seem to have heard a theory that charges of static electricity build up on a pane's outer surface, due to air friction, and that occasionally these are powerful enough to crash through, as sometimes happens with glass electrical condensers. — *Fenn J. Germer, Evanston, Ill.*

The Christian Science Side

The filler-article, "Law and Christian Science," which appears in the December, 1952, issue of FATE Magazine has come to our attention. Granting that the author has reached his conclusions in good faith, we should like to point out that the legal rights of Christian Scientists are the same as those of other persons.

Also, Christian Scientists do not deny that on occasion they undergo experiences which subject them temporarily to human suffering and anguish. They know,

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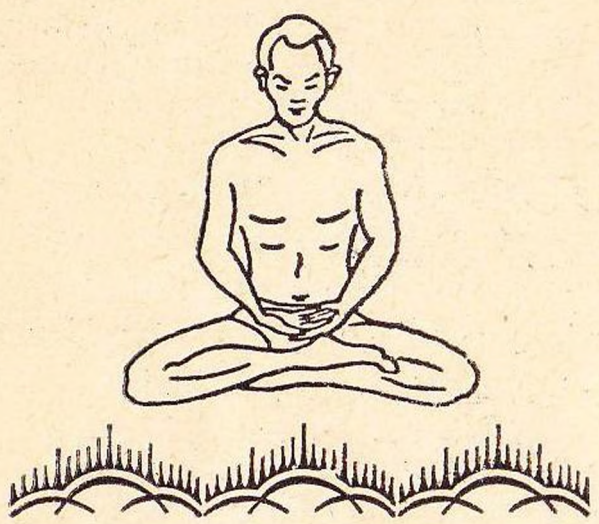
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however, that they have in the teachings of Christian Science, as discovered and given to the world by Mary Baker Eddy, a most effective remedy. Indeed, they gratefully acknowledge, based on years of successful practice, that this science is a very potent curative as well as preventive agent. To quote the words of Mrs. Eddy:

"Truth is God's remedy for error of every kind, and Truth destroys only what is untrue. Hence the fact that, today, as yesterday, Christ casts out evils and heals the sick." (*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, pp. 142–143.)

There is, consequently, no sound or logical reason why Christian Scientists, like others, should not be entitled to recover reasonable or just damages whenever any temporary human suffering appears to be the outcome of unwarranted action, willful misconduct, or negligence, and the courts of our country have generally recognized this right.

The trial referred to took place in 1907. There is tangible evidence that there has been considerable enlightenment since that time regarding the purposes and achievements of Christian Science.
— *Edward Froderman, Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.*

Over Dr. Ravitz's Shoulder?

It is uncanny — unbelievable.

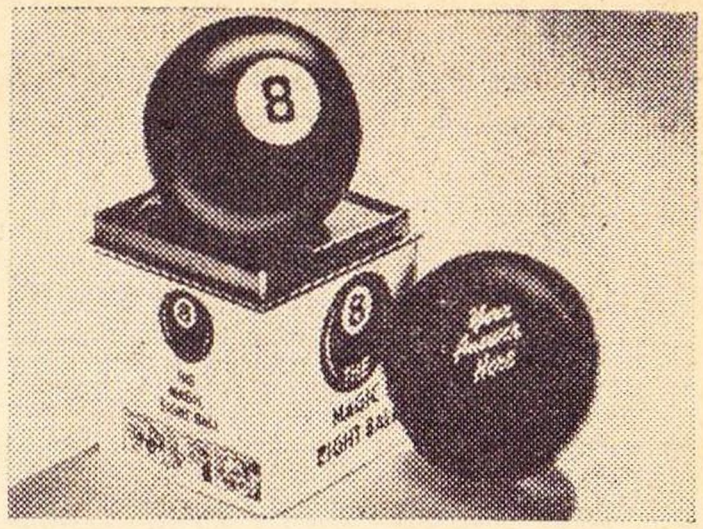
FATE Magazine for January, 1953, page 61, reads in part: "With one electrode fastened to the subject's forehead . . . Dr. Ravitz investigated the electrical records of 20 subjects in the normal state . . . and under a form of phenobarbital narcosis. . . ."

Now the amazing part of it all is that several years ago I wrote a science-fiction story employing exactly the same procedure. Was I, in some supernatural way, looking over Dr. Ravitz's left shoulder — long before he ever thought to make such discoveries?

My story, "Dr. Milton's Predictoscope," has been read — and *witnessed* — by the editors of several publications. One return envelope from *Amazing Stories*, in which I retain the original draft and carbon copies, bears the Chicago postoffice stamp cancellation date of March 30, 1949.

The fiction reads in part: "The thought waves emanating from the electrodes causes a graph needle to work with zig-zag lines . . . Dr. Milton produced a vial . . . sodium pentothal . . . causing a slight hypnotic." (Narcosis.)

I am unafraid of ordinary supernatural phenomena — but to have written something *prior* to its scientific discovery is too occult even for me. Dr. Ravitz and I have never met, nor are we acquainted with the other's work in any way. — *Elmer R. Kirk, Buffalo, Mo.*



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Regarding Gibson's article, "Electrodynamic Man," in the January issue of FATE, if this gentleman will contact a Dianetic group and find out about the electropsychometer which they are using right along in Dianetic auditing, he will obtain much data along this line. This machine is a bridge circuit in which one leg of the bridge takes in a hand to hand circuit of the subject. The machine records changes in emotional stress even before the subject realizes the full import of the thought provoking the reaction. Even in ordinary conversa-

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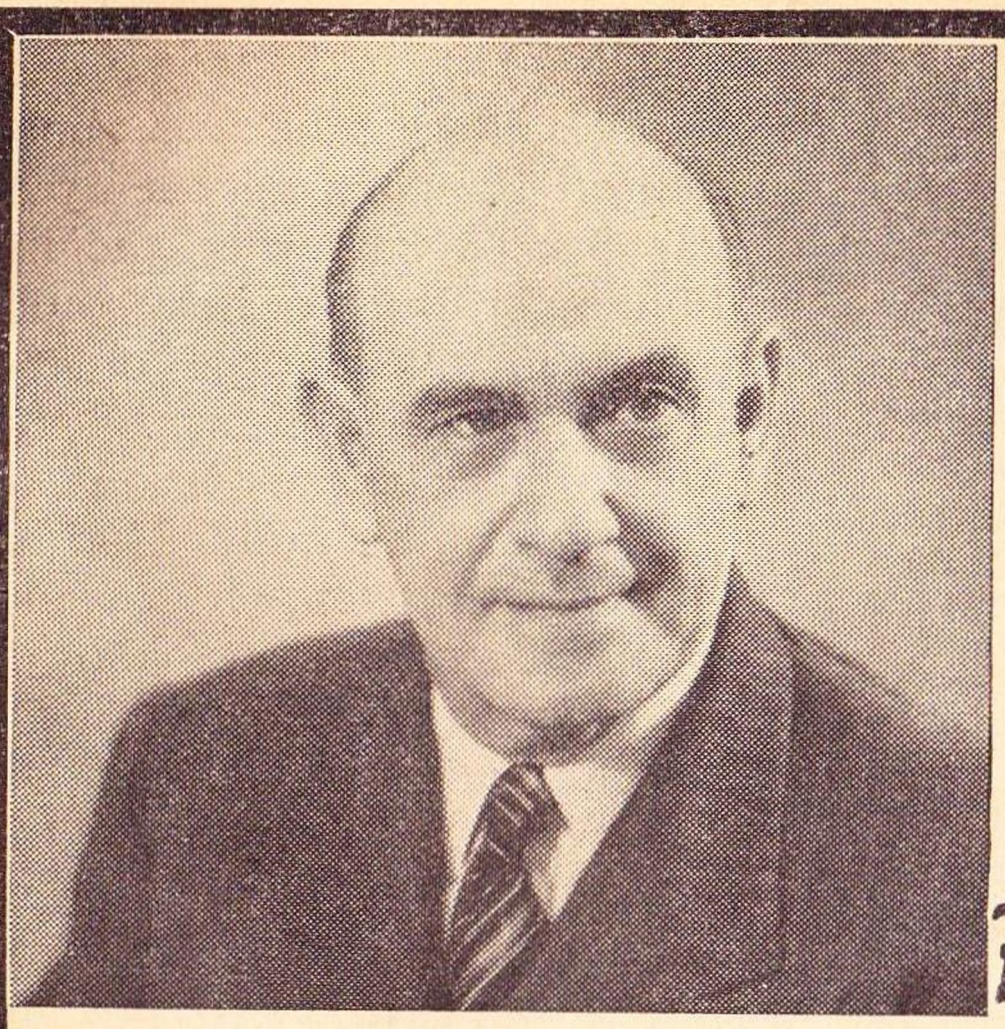
I have advocated for years that brain cells were in part rectifiers of cosmic energy into d-c for body use. Each section of the brain rectifies for a particular section of the body, and so when a stroke comes which disrupts the rectification for that particular part of the body, there is a resultant paralysis in that part only.

Life activities of the cells of the body throw off high frequency waves that make what is called the aura surrounding the body for about three feet, an egg-shaped electromagnetic field. — *Addison O'Neill, D.O., Daytona Beach, Fla.*

Telepathic Therapy Technique

So many readers have requested further information concerning my True Mystic Experience, "Telepathic Therapy," I am taking this means of answering them all in one fell swoop.

There is nothing more to it than the simple routine technique given in the February, 1953 issue of FATE. However, these additional cases may be of further interest.

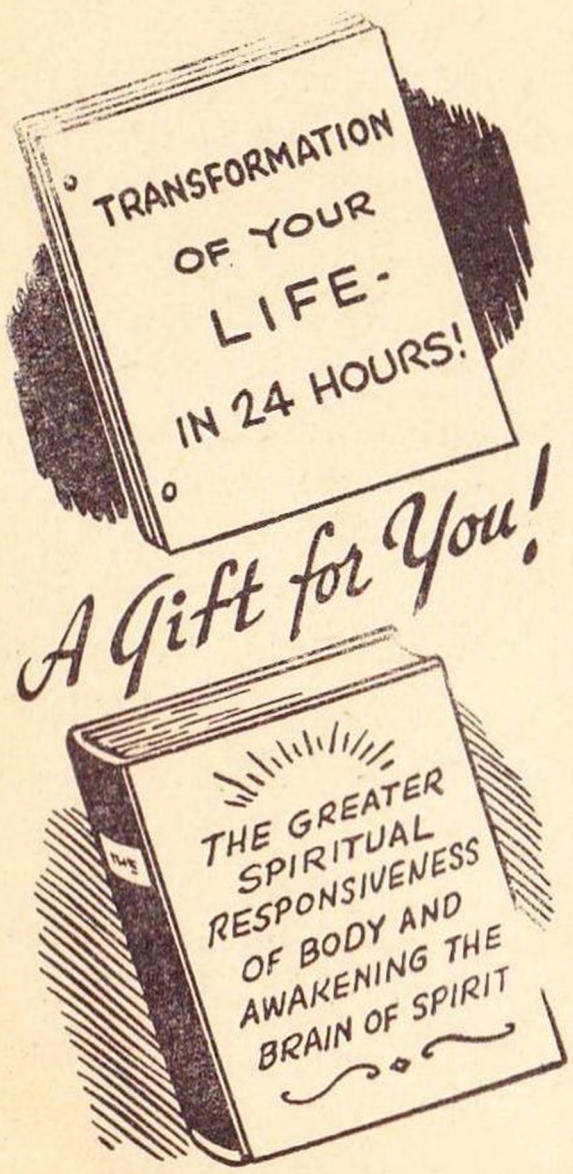


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A boy said that he was about to step off the curb between two closely parked cars with the intention of crossing a busy thoroughfare in the middle of the block. He stopped short of the line of traffic when a "vision" of me flashed into his mind. Had he taken another step, he would probably have been struck by a fast-moving truck, he said.

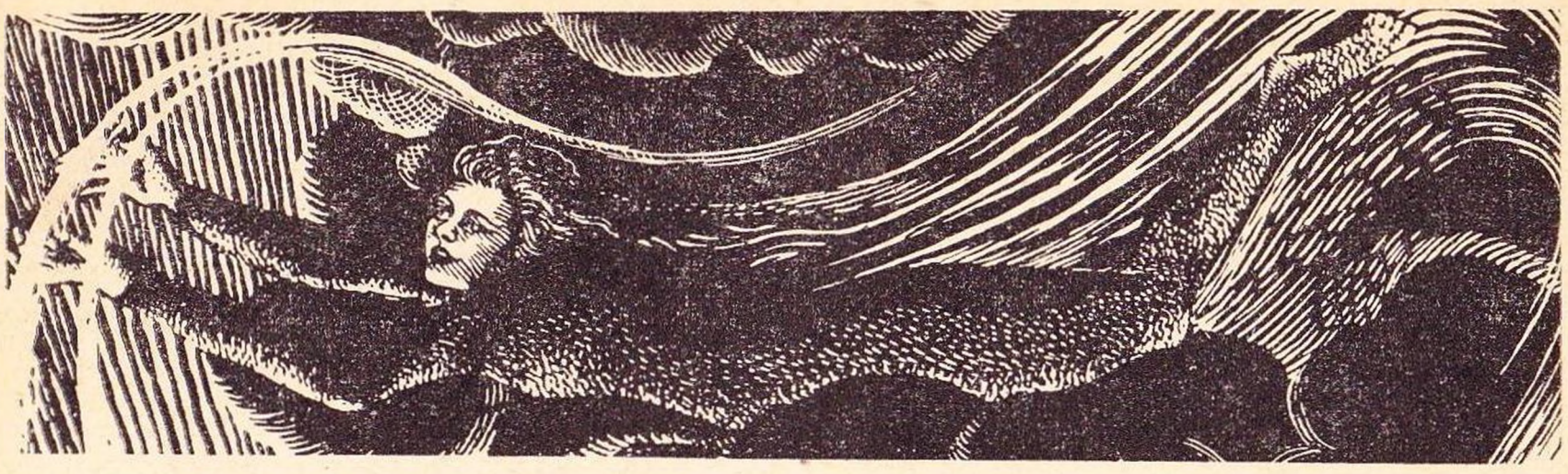
Another boy told of a visit to Detroit where he formerly lived. A phone call to a friend brought an invitation to join a group of teenagers that evening. As he hung up the phone, he said, my "picture" flashed across his consciousness. Deciding it was a warning, he did not join his young friends that Saturday night.

One of the boys took the family car without telling his parents. The father had to make an unexpected call and, finding the car gone, he notified the police that it had been stolen. The boys were later picked up by the police in nearby Grosse Pointe and lodged in jail over night. My young friend was convinced that he had received a telepathic warning of the coming event.

Time and space do not limit the reach of the subconscious mind. — *Walter M. Germain, Ph.D., Saginaw, Mich.*

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story about the Chersun Medallion in the January issue of FATE and will say that it does not prove reincarnation. Olga was mediumistic and the spirit that knew about the medallion controlled her. She was in a trance, as she did not remember anything that happened, and the medallion meant nothing to her, as the spirit force was not with her any more.

Probably all these experiences seeming to prove reincarnation can be explained by spirit control. — *A. V. Bragg, National City, Calif.*

Pussy Cat Screamed

In the January issue of FATE, I read "Pussy Cat Cried" by Mrs. Grace McAlister of Ponca City, Okla. It reminded me of my cat, Bootie, who was nearly 14 years old. He made three different sounds, water, food or pan. His only exercise was in the house.

The day before he died, May 27, 1952, I took him from his cage. He always held onto me with his paws around my neck. Before I put him back, he puckered up his mouth and kissed me on the mouth before I could say "scat."

Just before he died he screamed — not a *meow*. After I went to bed, I heard that same scream, second time repeated. — *Jennie Betteridge, Fresno, Calif.*

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Dreams Predicted

My daughter and I experimented for some time with automatic writing. However, neither of us seemed to have any luck. The only result we could get at all was to put down each word as it came to mind.

Sometimes we would start out with whatever came to mind and continue writing steadily. Sometimes the result seemed like a lecture and sometimes like a letter. Once my daughter obtained what seemed to be a legal document.

We did not attach any spiritual significance to these as they seemed to be the product of unconscious thought. The one outstanding example I wish to tell about occurred one evening when my daughter was trying to "get something." She wrote steadily for some time and when she finished she told me to be sure to remember whatever I dreamed that night. She didn't show me what she had written.

The next morning I had a clear impression of my dream and told my daughter about it. She then showed me what she had written. Her letter said that I would dream a certain dream that night. The details of the letter and the actual dream were almost identical in the important parts.

We tried this for four nights and the results were the same each time. My daughter would

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get the prediction on paper without showing me what it was. The next morning, on comparing it with my dream, there was always too much similarity to be coincidence. — *Lois Jensen, Dryden, Wash.*

Human Magnet?

I wish to compliment Sgt. Michael H. Holland, Ft. Eustis, Va., on having a superior personal magnetic field, which he should cultivate.

The reason that his watch stopped at 3:10 when reading my story, "The Stopped Watch", is: Mental man releasing magnetic power of sufficient strength to stop his watch at that particular time.

It is a known fact among watchmakers that some people cannot wear a wrist watch without it becoming magnetized. A watch always stops after the movement has taken on sufficient magnetism. The same happens to an ordinary movement when worn close to a large electric generator. Such people should carry their watch in a rubber bag, or buy a watch with a non-magnetic movement. — *C. Schadow, McAlester, Okla.*

Best and Most Interesting

Last month I was at a friend's home and while waiting for a

phone call I picked up your magazine, FATE. I must say this is the best, most interesting magazine I have ever discovered, and I am now quite a reader. I went down to the corner newsstand and purchased two copies of FATE, one for myself and one to mail to my mother. This November issue I purchased three.

The articles I prefer in your magazine are True Mystic Experiences and experiences with spiritual visitors. I only wish that FATE were published weekly, so I could get it that often. — *Alice Krebs, Kansas City, Mo.*

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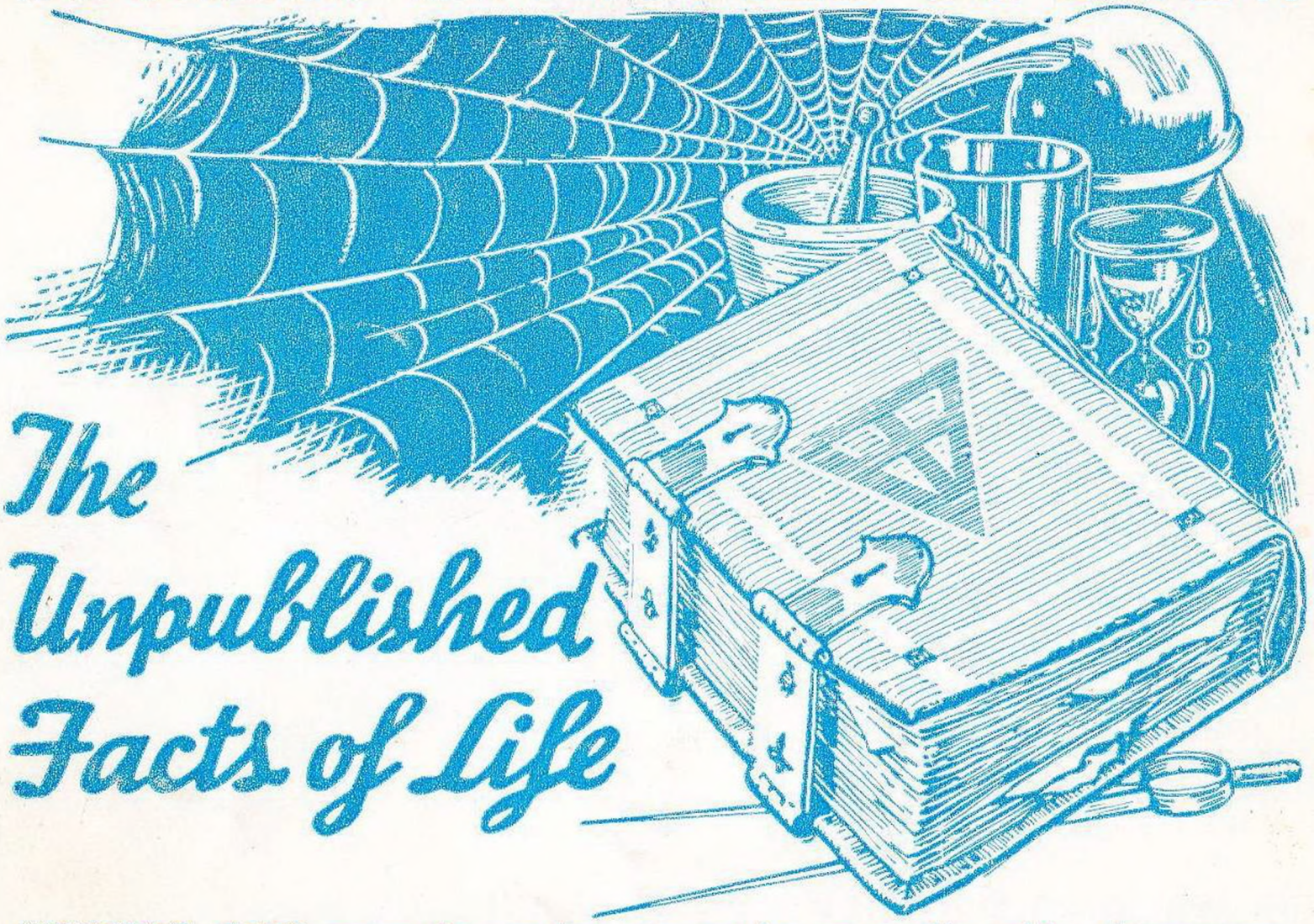
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