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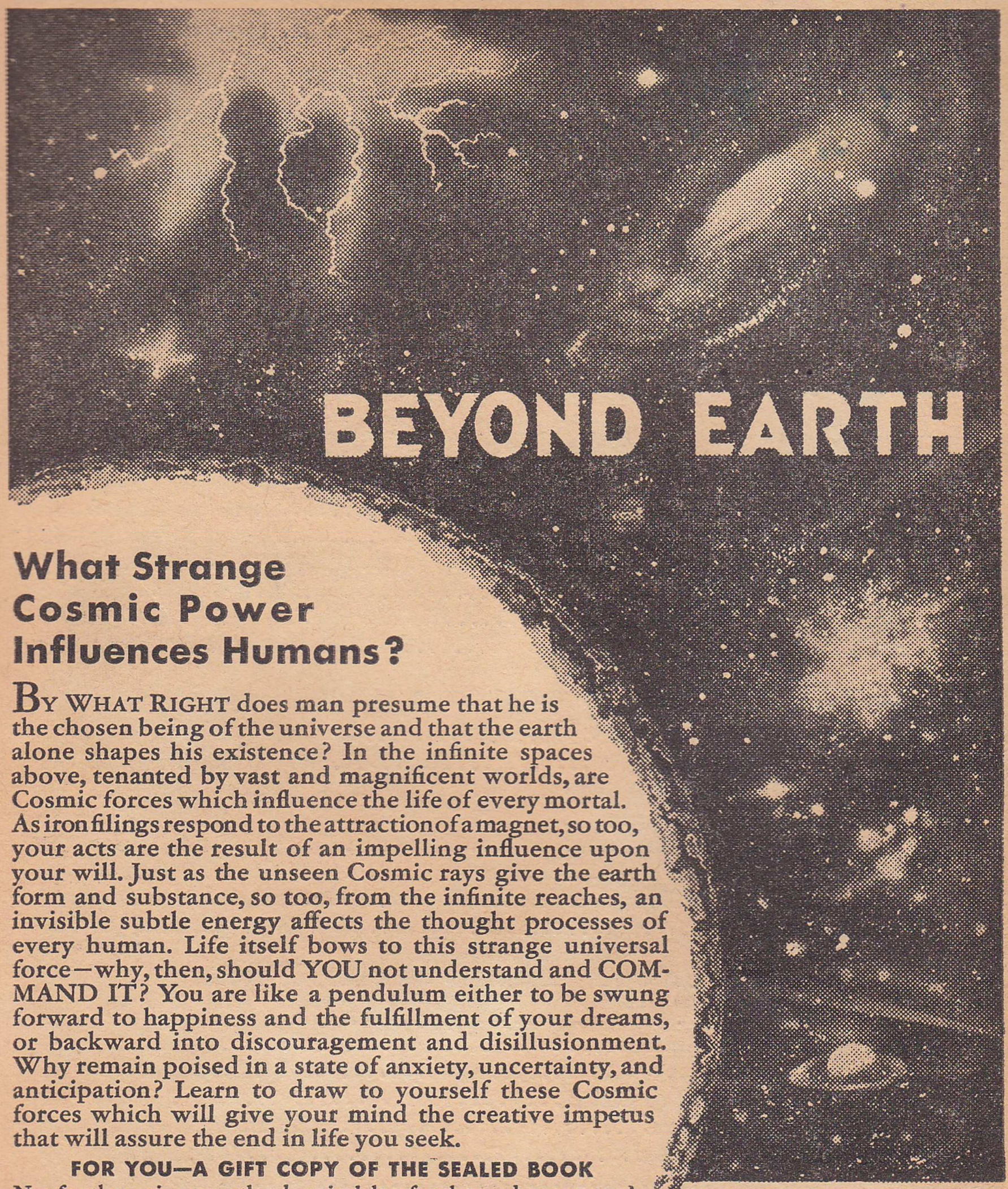
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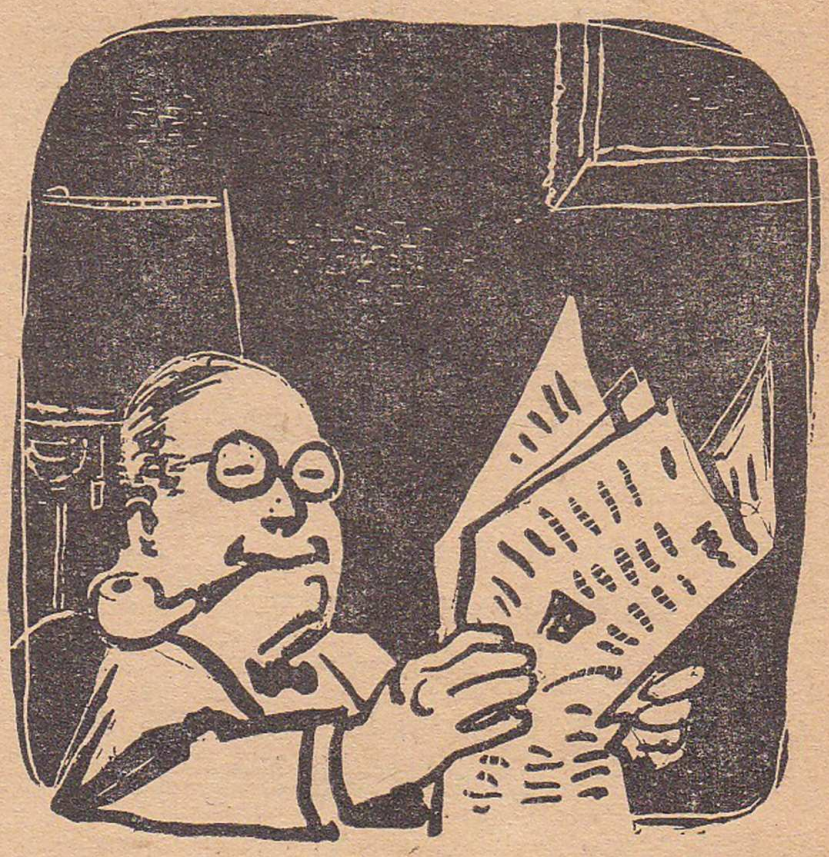
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I See by the Papers...



POINT OF VIEW

For some reason Europeans take poltergeists and "hauntings" much more seriously than we do. There seems to be absolutely no doubt in the minds of millions of Europeans that such things exist, while in the United States the believer must be careful with whom he discusses these matters for fear of being considered a fool or worse.

Not long ago the British Broadcasting Corporation broadcast more than 100 personal experiences with ghosts of West Country listeners. The stories were told in their own words by the witnesses with none of the embellishments of fiction or carefully-shaped climaxes. Nearly every instance concerned phenomena to which there had been more than one witness. One ghost was seen by seven persons.

Ian Curtis, BBC West of England producer, listened to more than 150 ghost stories while interviewing people for the programs. He said that ghost stories did not seem particular to any class. Rich and poor alike seemed to share such experiences but he believes they are more likely to occur to people over 30. Nearly all the people he met who claimed to have had psychic experiences were "well balanced, sane, conservative individuals very much like yourselves," he told the Taunton Rotary Club.

UNDERGROUND ACTIVITY

Something is going on beneath the little village of Lapinjarvi, 75 miles northeast of Helsinki, Finland. Since August residents of the village have been aware of strange rumblings, unusual vibrations, deep-pitched roars and mutterings. They are unable to locate

them accurately or to pin them down. In one night, 20 separate disturbances were noted. Some of the residents call them "explosions." Some say they are "shakings." They cannot tell whether they are in the air or in the ground but most of them think the latter. Some say the earth trembles, others disagree.

A village constable who believes the noises come from the air declares the shocks are not due to natural phenomena but refuses to tell newsmen his theory.

Meanwhile the citizens shake their heads, talk in low voices, and go about their jobs waiting apprehensively for the next deep rumbling to start.

ABOUT THE FIRST MEN

WHATEVER other theories anthropologists have developed in the past year, they have forced the history of man steadily backwards.

On Vancouver Island and in the Fraser River Valley of Canada, scientists recently have come upon stone carvings remarkably similar to Aztec and Mayan carvings. They say it seems certain that the carvings were made by a race with considerable artistic skill, possibly the ancestors of the Mayans.

Most anthropologists have contended that man did not come to America until late in the last Ice Age — 10,000 to 20,000 years ago. Now Prof. George F. Carter of Johns Hopkins University says his colleagues are certainly mistaken and man has been in America for at least 300,000 years. His excavations around San Diego have uncovered stone tools that he believes were left during the third ice age. But Dr. Carter's picture of such early men does not attribute any high civilization to them. They were slope-headed men and their tools were crudely chipped, looking little better than broken cobbles on a beach.

On far-off Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific excavations were recently completed which completely upset previous ideas that the Pacific islands were uninhabited before the Polynesians came along. Dr. I. Hamilton Beattie was a member of a party that went to Pitcairn to erect government school buildings. During the excavation stone implements were dug up which resemble paleolithic implements found in Tasmania and China. Yet when Pitcairn was first discovered by Capt. Philip Carteret in 1767 it was uninhabited. The stone implements of Pitcairn were made before the Polynesians showed up in the Pacific. Dr. Beattie raises the question of whether Pitcairn is but a small remnant of a huge continent that sank beneath the sea.

FOR YOUR CALENDAR

THE Seeress Marie Lagrave of Paris has made the following prophecies for 1953:

- There will be no world war but hostilities will continue in Korea. Order will begin to return in Indochina.
- The English coronation will be saddened.
- There will be disturbances at the Vatican.
- There will be attempts on human life and cataclysms in Spain.
- In France there will be grave domestic disorders. Fires and bad aviation accidents. Some of these will cause the death of people in the public eye, leading to revelations about events hitherto kept secret.

THE CREW WAS MISSING

LAST February 10, in Colombo, Ceylon, officials clustered around the waterfront. They talked worriedly to each other, shook their heads soberly, watched out to sea. Soon over the horizon appeared the English freighter *Ranee*, a vessel of 7,540 tons, towing a motorship. The name on the motorship's bow spelled out "*Holchu*."

The officials were rightly concerned because the *Holchu* represents another in the lengthening list of unsolved mysteries of the sea. She was discovered adrift between the Andaman and Nicobar Islands on February 7. No one was aboard her. Her crew had disappeared. A meal had been prepared, was ready to be served, in her galley. She carried plenty of fuel, food and water. She was slightly damaged, with a broken mast, but since she was a motorship that was of no moment. No clew to the fate of her Asiatic crew has been found.

GIFTED ANIMALS

THE Rt. Rev. Francis de Wit Batty, Anglican bishop of Newcastle, Australia, confirms, this story: It seems that C. A. Brown, a church official of New South Wales, has a dog that talks. A reporter called up Mr. Brown and spoke on the phone to Nickey, Brown's fox terrier. Nickey said, "Hello, hello, here I am," several times. He is a tenor and can say "Hello Mom" distinctly.

When the James Stimson house caught fire in Mendon, Mass., the family's German shepherd dog barked furiously. When Mrs. Stimson opened the door, he raced to the play pen and hauled nine-month-old Billie Jean out into the yard. Mrs. Stimson had not known the house was afire.

In Batavia, New York, a collie named King has visited the grave

of his dead master, 16-year-old Angelo M. Del Plato, every day for the past 8½ years — since Angelo was killed by a truck on September 12, 1944. King spends several minutes each day sitting at the headstone.

Getting up to date on Lady Wonder, you have probably read that when two Naperville, Ill., children disappeared last winter, one of their mothers, Mrs. Geraldine Rosenstiel, visited Lady Wonder at Richmond, Va. The 28-year-old mare, which spells out answers to questions on her "horse typewriter" told Mrs. Rosenstiel her son would be found in the R-I-V-E-R. The river was dragged several times. Thousands of dollars were spent pumping out two quarries. Yet when the children were discovered a couple of months after their disappearance, both were found, as Lady Wonder had predicted, in the R-I-V-E-R.

DOWSING OR NOT, IT WORKS

THE *American Weekly* recently published a story about a "dowsing rod" used by Joe Richards of Haledon, New Jersey. Seems that Joe has put two pieces of brass welding rod into a copper tube and with these two rods, not joined together in any way, he is able to trace uncharted water mains and the like. Both Rutgers University and the North Jersey Training School have tested successfully Joe's ability to find uncharted mains. Though he did not know the course of water mains on the Rutgers campus, he was able to chart them with his two rods.

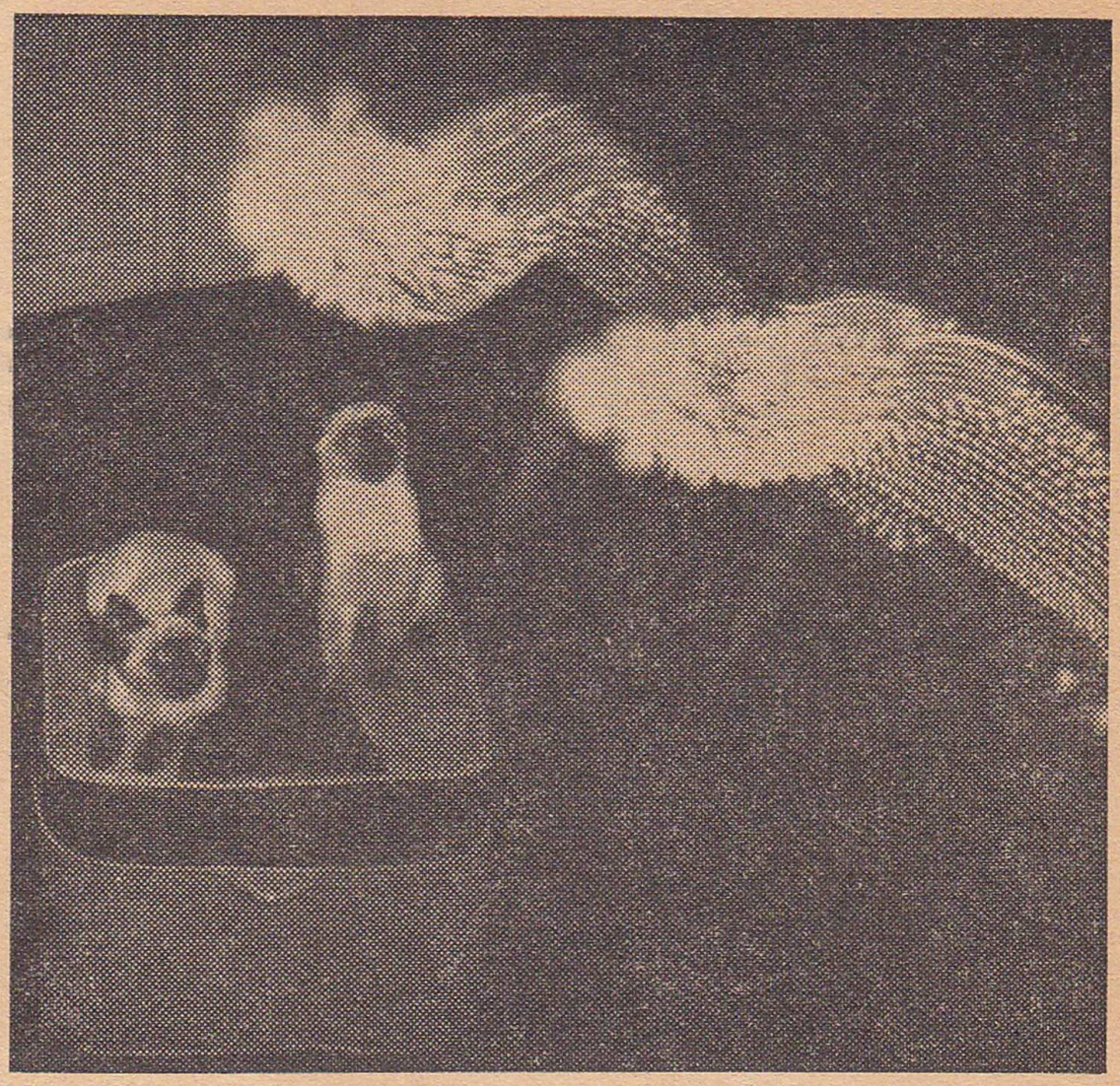
Supt. James W. Reilly of the Ware, Mass., water department demonstrated a similar device at a meeting last summer of sewage plant operators under sponsorship of the Massachusetts State Department of Health.

While all this has been going on we wonder what scientists say who know that dowsing is bunk.

THE PHANTOM HOUSE OF CROWN CITY

IN Crown City, Ohio, the 81-year-old Methodist Church stands on a wide lot, surrounded by trees, and with a broad lawn next to it. In the back of the lawn is a coal shed. Beyond is the Ohio River, looking off toward West Virginia.

Early this spring there was only one topic of conversation in Crown City and that was the phantom house. Luther Suthers, who lives about 300 feet from the church grounds, saw it first. According to James T. Keenan of the *Columbus Citizen* Suthers saw it off and on for six weeks from the windows and front porch of the house where he lives before he dared to mention it.



Not long ago Marshall W. Hanft of Salem, Ore., was taking some pictures of his Siamese cats. When he developed the negative, this is what he found. His camera was seeing something he hadn't. The cats were obviously seeing it too. Mr. Hanft says he doesn't know what the "things" are. Neither does anybody we know.

It was always the same, a one-story house, apparently without windows or doors, with a 10-foot bush in front of it, right in the middle of the church lawn. Sometimes it was there and sometimes it wasn't. Sometimes it dissolved or moved away as Suthers watched it. He looked at it with one eye closed. He tried the other eye. Finally he was convinced he was seeing something.

He saw it in the daytime and he saw it at night with yellow lights shining through the windows. He never saw anyone in the house.

Nobody quite believed Luther Suthers. He was over 80 years old and you know how those things are. But not long after as Garfield Watts and H. S. Gilkerson were leaving a mid-week church service late at night they saw the house — it was a two-story house this time, with large windows down and small windows up.

Watts and Gilkerson both saw the house at the same time. They started toward it and it drifted away. They hustled back to the church to tell other folks about it. But then the house was gone. It had disappeared again.

Folks delved into historical records. They say there never was a house of any kind on that piece of ground. Not a real house that is. But Luther Suthers, Garfield Watts and H. S. Gilkerson are convinced that there was a house there all right — if only a phantom house.

I See by the Papers . . .

REPORT ON THE SAUCERS

FLYING saucers run in bunches. The most unusual group of sightings of the previous few months were concentrated in a 10-day period the latter part of January. Here is how they began. . . .

On January 21, the U. S. Air Force in Japan reported that rotating clusters of red, white and green lights had been sighted by American airmen over northern Japan. Intelligence reports quoted by the Associated Press indicated the objects were seen close to Russian territory in the Kurile Islands and Sakhalin. They stated: "There are too many indications of the presence of something to be considered an observation of nothing."

The objects were observed by both fighter pilots and by radar on the ground. In one case the lights appeared to hang motionless. At other times they disappeared with blinding speed. Apparently the lights had been seen for some time before the intelligence report was made. On December 29, it was reported that Col. Donald J. M. Blakesless of Fairport Harbor, O., commander of an escort fighter wing, pursued a cluster of lights. He extinguished all lights in his cockpit to make sure that he wasn't chasing a reflection — he could notice no difference in the appearance or brilliance of the rotating cluster he was pursuing. He made a second approach five minutes later with all his lights on. This time the object disappeared in five seconds.

BEFORE long further reports came from Japan. A mysterious flying disc made a direct pass at a U. S. *Thunderjet* fighter and then sped away the Air Force announced officially on Tuesday, January 27. The report had been kept secret in intelligence files since March 29, 1952.

On that day, Lieut. David C. Brigham of Rockford, Ill., was flying a reconnaissance plane when a *Thunderjet* pulled up alongside him. Brigham was horrified to see a tiny disc-like object, only about eight inches in diameter,

speed directly at the *Thunderjet*, come within 20 feet of it and then shoot up out of sight. Brigham was within 30 to 50 feet of the object for about 10 seconds and had a close view of it.

He described it as "about eight inches in diameter, very thin, round and as shiny as polished chromium. It had no projections and left no exhaust or vapor trails." He could see no markings on the object but said there was a "ripple in the metal skin."

The object appeared to be flying only about 200 m.p.h. at first. It approached the *Thunderjet* flying beside Brigham from slightly above. "It closed rapidly and just before flying into his fuselage it decelerated to his airspeed almost instantaneously. In doing so it flipped up on its edge at approximately a 90° bank. Then it fluttered within 20 feet of his fuselage for perhaps two or three seconds, pulled away and around his starboard (right) wing, appearing to flip over as it hit the slipstream behind his right wing jet fuel tank.

"Then it passed him, crossed in front of him and pulled up abruptly, appearing to accelerate, and shot out of sight in a steep, almost vertical climb." The disc seemed to rock back and forth at approximately one-second intervals throughout its course. When it pulled away it "did so more sharply than a plane could have done. Its maneuvering was always clear and precise."



WHAT are we to make of these two clear and exact accounts?

First, since the information was cleared by Air Force intelligence and was formally announced by the Air Force, we can assume that there is no doubt in the minds of Air Force officers that the reports are true.

Secondly, there is nothing essentially new in the reports except that the second report of Lieutenant Brigham is probably the most clear and exact of any we have had of a close-up of a small aerial object.

Third, it appears that light clusters seen in late December and in January are not just lights but represent material objects. Proof of this is that radar "locks" on them, which it would not do on lights. By "locking on" the objects, the radar of the jet planes actually takes over, directs the aircraft and steers the plane directly toward the object.

Fourth, any lingering doubt that these objects are hallucinations must be discarded. Radar does not have hallucinations. The same can be stated with certainty for such theories as mirages, immaterial fireballs, glowing blobs of electrical force, and so on.

But the mystery deepens. . . .



WHILE discs were appearing in Japan they also were appearing in the United States.

At Fort Worth, Tex., a cigar-shaped object which changed color several times and disappeared with terrific speed was seen on January 25. On January 28, a large, fiery, disc-shaped object was sighted from the control tower of the Marine Air Base at El Toro, Calif. A jet fighter sent to close on it was unable to get close enough to identify it.

But the most detailed reports came from the Los Angeles area. Rex Hardy, Jr., former lieutenant commander in the Navy Air Service, reported he saw four objects flying in formation while he was flying above Malibu at 2:20 p.m. on January 29. Hardy, an experienced observer and pilot, is a test pilot at Northrop Aircraft. Here is what he told the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

"They were about the size of a B-36 but circular in shape. They were clearly defined. They were of aluminum color and in a definite flight pattern. Their speed was around 1200 m.p.h. They were definitely not balloons nor any type of aircraft I have ever seen."

Unidentified aerial objects were seen over Petoskey, Mich., and over Grand Rapids, and Sandusky, Mich. Four farmers in the area of Sandusky, Ervin Geeck, Michael Lawler, Carl Kohler and Cecil Hamlit, at different times saw a hovering light which revolved counter-clockwise, descended slowly, then vanished. Lights with changing colors were watched from Grand Rapids, Mich., by a number of persons on January 25 and 26.

Two reports have reached us from Sudbury, Ont., where the *Daily Star* described two mysterious, torpedo-shaped objects flying over Copper Cliff. Mr. and Mrs. Russel Howard and two neighbors watched the two silvery objects move slowly across the sky toward the lake section. They had no wings and were in view for a half hour.

Eight persons observed a brilliant light which changed colors on January 28, according to the Pensacola *News*. At about 8:45 p.m. Lieut. Comdr. Naureckas, USN, and Capt. E. H. Haines, USMC, Naval air instructors, were flying over Barin Field, Foley, Ala., at about 8,000 feet. They saw a light, so brilliant it hurt their eyes, suspended over the Barin Field area at about their same altitude. The light was brighter than the moon. They watched it for about 45 seconds. Then it turned a greenish color and took off in the direction of Mobile at a high speed. The two landed at Cory Field and found

that Chief Air Controlman E. F. Hudson and Wave Muriel Titus also had seen the object.

"I watched it for about 45 minutes," said Wave Titus. "At first I thought it was a bright star but then it started to pulsate and change colors. First it was a brilliant white. Then it would change to red and then to green." This observation was confirmed by other personnel.

And so ends another in the endless series of strange and unidentified — unknown but unknowable? — aerial phenomena.

BEFORE we close we cannot resist reprinting the following item from the Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association:

"The following case is of interest principally because of the unusual clinical history provided by the owner. The patient, a female Hereford calf about four months of age, was still nursing and in a reasonably good state of nutrition. The owner stated that the second evening previous to presentation at the veterinary hospital there had been a number of flying saucers in the sky and the calf had been seen observing them intently, with the head drawn backward and upward in order to get a proper view of the elevated objects. Since then, the animal had been unable to get its head back to normal position.

"Examination revealed a state of opisthotonos essentially as the owner described, together with a certain degree of nystagmus, slight elevation of temperature, and complete loss of appetite. In deference to the owner's ingenious explanation, a diagnosis of 'flying saucer reaction' was entertained with reservations. An autopsy the following day disclosed a cerebral abscess. — Hilton A. Smith, D.V.M., Ph.D., professor of veterinary pathology, A. & M. College of Texas, College Station, Texas."

— *Curtis Fuller*

DOWSING ROD FOR CANCER

A RESEARCH project to determine whether early cancer cases can be detected by psychic means was authorized in August, 1952, by the Paris Annex of the Pasteur Institute, devoted to experimental studies. The cancer tests are being carried out by a radiesthesist named Auguste Baudoin who uses a pendulum or alternatively a witch hazel wand. These experiments are proceeding under the direct observation of a professor of the Pasteur Institute. — *Warrington Dawson.*

PAGAN RITES

By Mary Stiehm Fuller

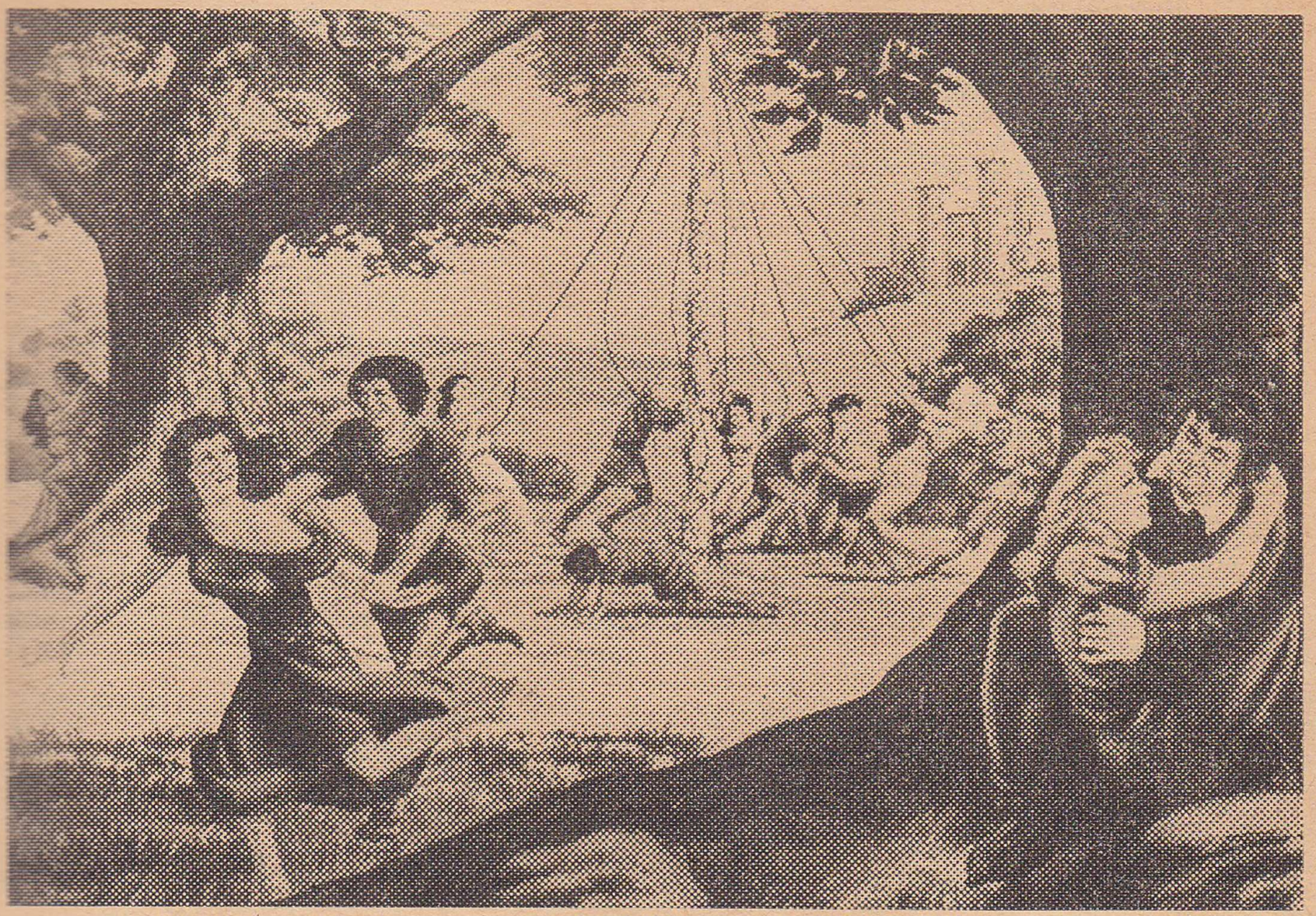
SOME of us can remember when we still celebrated May Day and the young people of the community made May baskets, filled them with spring flowers and hung them on doorknobs. In this small observance of the first day of May there were few remnants of the ancient fertility rites that once marked the coming of spring. The gathering of the flowers, the hanging of the basket and the exciting pursuit of a kiss were but token observance of the excitement that accompanied the fertility rites of the original festival.

The origin of May Day is not known for a certainty. It may have been in the spring festivals of the Indian and Egyptian fertility goddesses. Or it may have come from the Romans who celebrated an elaborate and lewd spring festival, Florilia, dedicated to Flora, the goddess of flowers. The Celts had a celebration called La Beltine, during which human sacrifices were made to the God Baal. Vossius writes that the Roman Apollo was called Belinus; the god of Tyre was Baal; the Phoenician's god was Baala, and the Irish god was Beal. All these similar names meant sun and for all there was a festival which may have been May Day.

May Day became one of the most important celebrations of the year in early Britain. In medieval and Tudor England the May Day customs were interesting and beautiful. All ranks of people, servants and masters, even kings and queens, went a-maying before dawn on May 1.

It was a time of gayety, of pleasure, and of love-making. Young people rose just after midnight and walked or rode in carts and wagons to some neighboring wood. They broke branches from flowering trees, usually the hawthorne, and they drank and made music and love. After a night of abandon they returned home at dawn to hang their flowers in doors and windows and to decorate the churches with their garlands. Sometimes they hung nettles on the doors of unpopular persons.

That there were excesses on May Day was to be expected — was not the festival an expression



OF THE MAYPOLE

The dance around the Maypole is just innocent fun today — but it is founded on ancient practices to insure fertility.

of fertility rites? Yet people began to complain about them and the reasons for the eventual dying out of the May Day ceremonies is suggested by the following complaint. It was voiced by Phillip Stubbs in 1585: "I have heard it credibly reported . . . that of fourtie, threescore, or a hundred maides goying to the woods overnight, there have been scarcely the thirde parte of them returned home againe undefiled."

Stubbs also wrote: "The chiefest jewel they bring from (the groves) is their May-pole which they bring home with great veneration as thus. They have twentie or fortie yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nose-gay of flowers placed on the tip of his hornes, and these oxen drawe home this May-pole (this stinkyng ydol, rather) which is covered all over

with flowers and hearbs, bound round with strings, from the top to the bottome, and sometimes painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women and children following it with great devotion. And thus beeing reared up, with hankerchiefs and flags hovering on the top, they strew the ground rounde about, binde green boughes about it, set up sommer haules, bowers, and arbors hard by it. And then fall they to daunce about it, like as the heathen people did at the dedication of the Idols whereof this is a perfect pattern or rather the thing itself."

In 1623 in Vox Graculi under May is written: "May is the merry moneth; on the first day, betimes in the morning, shall young fellowes and mayds be so enveloped with a mist of wandering out of their wayes, that they shall fall into ditches, one upon the other."

Considering the kind of festival May Day was even in Tudor times it is not surprising to find it recorded that King Henry VIII and Queen Katherine took part in the celebration. With their courtiers they rose early and went to the wood to fetch the May (green boughs). The men took their bows and arrows and stayed on in the woods after daybreak for some shooting.

In the city of London parishes joined together and brought Maypoles "with diverse warlike shewes with good archers, morrice-dauncers, and other devices for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-playes and bonefiers in the streetes," according to a *Survay Of London* written in 1603 by Stow.

The dance which was held in the streets was called a "Faddy." The dancers claimed the right to dance straight through anyone's house, in one door and out another. The ladies dressed in their best white muslin gowns and wore flowers in their hair.

For five or six days following May first all the pretty country girls who carried milk to the towns, including Londontown, dressed themselves up. Thus adorned with ribbons and flowers and carrying a pyramid of borrowed silver plate on their heads, instead of their customary milk pail, they went from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers and receiving gifts. These milkmaids were accompanied by fiddlers and bagpipe players and by the interested and admiring populace. The milk maids were the last to give up the pleasant custom of celebrating May Day.

In some parts of England the ladies rose early, going into the fields to bathe their faces with the dew from the grass. Legend said this would ensure beauty. For one day in May Pepys made this entry in his diary: "My wife away down

with Hane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre, and to lie there tonight and so to gather may-dew tomorrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with."

May-poles and games were forbidden and taken down by police officers and churchwardens in April, 1644, by ordinance of Parliament which called the May Day celebration a "heathenish vanity." This was at the time of the Puritan Revolution and many bitter tirades were directed against all the customs of the May festival. The dances were condemned as pagan and marked by the devil. The characters of the masquerades were derided; Maid Marian was compared to the whore of Babylon, Friar Tuck was called a remnant of Popery, and the Hobbyhorse was an impious, pagan superstition.

Thomas Hall, a Puritan, wrote: "If Moses were angry when he saw the people dance about a golden calf, well may he be angry to see people dancing the morrice about a post in honour of a whore." It does seem certain that somewhere far back in history the May-pole represented a phallus and was worshipped as a symbol of fertility.

The Morris (Morrice) dance was a complicated, pantomimic dance which was popular in England as early as 1269. Originally five men danced. They impersonated Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, the Hobbyhorse, the Bavian — or fool, later called Malkin — and Maid Marian. This dancing procession, which sometimes went from village to village, was accompanied by a piper, taborer and by other dancers. Before the time of the Puritan Revolution, when it was banned along with the May-pole, it was a beautiful, rustic dance. Maid Marian, Queen of the May, wore a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand carried a red pink as an emblem of summer. Her hair (a golden wig) hung down her back and was caught in a purple coif. Her blue surcoat with its white cuffs was covered by a yellow robe with carnation-color sleeves. A red stomacher and yellow lace added a further touch of color to this costume. This role of the beautiful May Queen was played by some effeminate young man.

After the Restoration of the Stuart line, in 1660, the May Day celebration was resumed but the Morris dance had degenerated into buffoonery and the once elegant queen, Maid Marian, had become a clown.

The London *Times* of 1844 published a detailed account of the May Day festivities for that spring. The newspaper described bands of masquerading persons. A typical group included two men with blacked faces, one with

an artificial hump on his back and carrying a broom, the other dressed as a woman in ragged clothing, with a straw bonnet and carrying a ladle. These two were "Mad Moll and her husband." Other men were dressed elaborately in ribbons, flowers, tinsel, cocked hats, straw hats, and a variety of colored silk handkerchiefs tied around their arms and legs. Some carried drawn swords and others carried brass ladles. One couple, a man with a young boy on his arm disguised as a fine lady in a white muslin dress, were called "Lord and Lady of the Company." There were no women taking part in these masquerades: their parts were played by men. Mad Moll and her husband were the clowns of the festival and entertained the spectators by sweeping imaginary dust from their shoulders and chasing pretended offenders of the hideous Moll. Fighting and bloodshed was common during this day.

England was not the only country which celebrated the ancient festival of May Day. In observance of this same festival the Goths and Southern Swedes staged a mock battle between summer and winter. Waldron, in his *Description Of The Isle Of Man*, also tells in detail of such a battle staged on that island and continued there up to modern times.

A Queen of the May was chosen from among the daughters of the more prosperous farmers, together with a court of about 20 maids of honor. These girls, dressed in their best and gayest clothes, were escorted by a Captain and a number of lesser officers. They were accompanied by musicians playing gay tunes on violins and flutes. Opposing this troupe was the Queen of Winter and her court, all dressed in furs and woolen clothing. Their supporters beat out rhythms with cleavers and tongs. The village green was the site of this mock combat and if May was captured she had to be ransomed by enough money to pay the cost of the day's celebration. After the battle the Queen of Winter and her court retired to dance in a neighboring barn, leaving May and her ensemble in possession of the green where they danced and made merry. The evening ended with a great feast attended by 50 or 60 persons seated at a single, enormous table. Great hilarity was evoked by the provision of only three knives for this entire dinner crowd.

In some Saxon villages at Whitsuntide a boy and girl used to don some disguise and go to hide in the bushes or in the high grass outside the town. After they had had time to hide themselves the entire village went out to hunt the bridal pair. As they hunted they made music on the various instruments they carried with them. When they were finally found they were

escorted merrily back to town and to an evening of dancing.

In parts of France this same ceremony was carried out but with variations. They chose a young man who had been jilted during the previous year and wrapped him in green leaves. He lay down and pretended to be sleeping. Some girl of the village, willing to declare herself ready to marry him, then came up to him and woke him, offering her arm and a flag. They then went to the alehouse where they led off the dancing. This pair was required to wed during the ensuing year or to be treated as old maid and old bachelor and barred from the company of the young people of the village.

Perhaps this waking the sleeper or sleepers represented the revival of the earth and the growing things in spring.

In Sweden these festivals were observed in midsummer, on June 23. At this time the young people of the communities danced around a tree (May Pole) which had been raised and decorated.

Frazer in the *Golden Bough* writes: "The common European custom of placing a green bush on May Day before or on the house of a beloved maiden probably originated in the belief of the fertilizing power of the tree spirit."

The Irish celebration of the May festival was called La Bealtine or Day of Beal's Fire and they sought blessings for their newly planted crops as well as freedom from witches.

In a Statistical Account of Scotland written by Sinclair in 1794 we find that May Day in Scotland was called Balten or Baltein-day and was a festival to Beal. Here the boys went alone out onto the moors where they sat around a campfire in the darkness of night and drew lots — pieces of cake — from a hat. The boy who drew the black cake, a piece daubed with charcoal, became the sacrifice. Once upon a time this human sacrifice was made in dead earnest that the crops should be abundant. But in later times the men and boys made their sacrifice only a gesture and contented themselves with drinking beer and whiskey and eating a caudle they made with oatmeal and milk mixed with butter and eggs and cooked over their campfire. Their entertainment included superstitious games since forbidden by law.

On the Isle of Lewis, in western Scotland, the inhabitants sent a man very early every May first to cross the Barvas River before any female should cross on that day. If by mischance some female did make the first crossing the salmon would not come up that river to spawn and this catastrophe must be prevented at the cost of some good man's sleep.

Even the Russians celebrated

the day as late as 1810. Clarke wrote in his *Travels in Russia* that nobles and peasants alike donned national costumes and paraded in a forest near Moscow. They made music with balalaikas, pipes and by clapping their hands. Russian gypsies danced wild dances.

On St. George's Day, April 23, in the Ukraine the priest, dressed in his robes and attended by acolytes, went to the fields where the crops were beginning to show above the ground. He blessed these crops and the young married people of the village then lay down in couples and rolled over the newly sprouting fields. In some villages in Russia the women rolled the priest himself over the sprouting grain. This, of course, was meant to promote the growth of the crop.

These customs all appear to be altered survivals of grosser rites of an earlier time.

Today even less remains of May Day. The Morris dance is danced for exhibition only. In some schools and parks the children trip around a May-pole. And in Europe and the United States May Day is celebrated by labor demonstrations. It was chosen as a holiday in 1889 by the Second Socialist International. The world has indeed taken a serious turn.

MISSISSIPPI UNDER THE SEA

A CANYON 300 feet deep and 800 miles long has been discovered on the floor of the Atlantic Ocean by scientists who returned recently from a 10,000-mile cruise in a sea-going tug especially outfitted for exploring the sea floor. The expedition was sponsored by Columbia University, the Office of Naval Research, the Navy's Bureau of Ships, and the Wood's Hole Oceanographic Society.

The canyon was found three miles beneath the ocean surface, about 800 miles off and slightly north of Boston, by a depth-measuring device called an echo sounder. Scientists traced the canyon south about 800 miles from where it was detected. They described it as one to two miles wide and running north and south through an otherwise level plain under the sea. It is said to resemble the Mississippi River in size and geography.

The canyon grew deeper as the expedition followed it south and there were indications that it would eventually have branched into a delta like the mouth of the Mississippi. At its northern end, expedition oceanographers believe, the newly-discovered canyon probably links up with others off Greenland. This indicates that the chasm may be the main stream of a giant system of deep rivers on the bottom of the ocean.

Each time the bloody dagger appeared in the portrait a member of the Oatley family died.

The Murderous Ancestor



By Albert A. Brandt

THE Oatleys, an old Sussex family, have always been level-headed people not much concerned with consideration of super-normal phenomena. Yet there have been some events in the ancestral mansion which defy rational explanation.

In October, 1897, the Honorable John Oatley, returned to the ancient homestead after having spent some time abroad, made an amazing discovery.

In the west wing of the house hung a row of paintings of the eight ancestors who had occupied the land since the original grant by King George I. Among these was the large portrait of George Oatley, painted by an unknown artist 250 years before. The old gentleman was seated at a table, his right hand resting on it, while his left hand held a glass of ruby wine. Family history related that during a violent quarrel Sir George had killed his younger brother with a well-aimed thrust of a dagger through his heart.

When John Oatley looked at this picture that night in 1897 he was astonished. He saw a red spot, unmistakably the color of blood, on the outstretched hand of the old gentleman. A few min-

utes later the spot had increased in length and in width. Then it changed into a bloody dagger which pointed directly at the heart of Sir George.

Sir John resolved to show the phenomenon to one of his friends. His family demurred but he mounted his horse to ride into the nearby city. His usually tame mare was in a frenzy. She reared and bucked. John Oatley was thrown onto an iron fence. One of the sharp spikes penetrated his heart and he died on the spot. Nothing unusual could be seen on the picture of old George Oatley by those who looked at it sometime later.

Sir John's heirs tried to rent the house but because of the picture incident it was said to be haunted and so it stood empty for many years. Then Henry Oatley, oldest son of John, moved into it. He stayed some years, after removing the fatal picture to an attic. Sometime during the 1930's he emigrated with his family to Australia and again the house was empty. After World War II he returned to the family manse.

Rummaging in the attic soon after their return, Henry's oldest son, Bill, discovered the old picture and persuaded his father to hang it in the dining room. Just after dinner that same evening the youngster ran to his father shouting, "Father, something has happened to the picture. The old man is holding a bloody dagger in his hand."

Sir Henry ran into the dining room. There was no doubt about it. George Oatley's outstretched hand held a dagger. Blood seemed to drip from it as it pointed at his heart.

Young Bill climbed on a chair to look closer at the phenomenon. The chair tipped and an instant later Bill fell onto a flower vase standing on a table beside the chair. The vase broke and one of the splinters pierced the boy's heart. He died immediately.

The dagger was no longer visible in the picture of his murderous ancestor.

DOUBLE TROUBLE PUDDLE

WHEN Lloyd Holland, 13, rode his bicycle through a mud puddle he fell and sprained his right wrist. A few hours later his identical twin, Floyd, fell and sprained his right wrist when he rode the same bicycle through the same puddle.

The unseen communicator insisted on a portrait of his head as seen from the right. He was anxious to identify himself as —



The MAN with the CRUMPLED EAR

By Brigadier C. A. L. Brownlow

Reprinted from "Three Ghostly Adventures" by Brig. C. A. L. Brownlow, DSO, Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd.

"Don't say there's a poltergeist in the BBC?" I exclaimed.

"Not exactly," he replied, looking round from the telephone and smothering the mike with one hand; "you see, it's like this. . . ." But I must start at the beginning.

In the jungle of bricks and mortar around Baker Street, I found myself one summer afternoon facing for the first time a green-painted door and looking at a row of bell pushes, the lowest of which I pressed, not without apprehension. The door opened to reveal a spare man in a suit which, if it showed the passage of time, yet declared its origin as Golden Square and Savile Row. I was aware of eyes quizzing me through

spectacles, from beneath dark eyebrows and silvered hair; and for the first time I heard Leo's infectious laugh.

"Come into the body of the church," he said, and ushered me along the hall into his room on the right hand, where two large sash windows looked on the street. In some way I felt a sense of the unusual; but it was not unpleasant.

Mr. Rex, or Leo as he liked to be called (killed in a 1940 air raid; and his home destroyed), and as I shall refer to him, waved me into one of his two armchairs and himself sat down in the other, near the left hand window, which he strictly reserved for his own use. As he leaned forward in meditation, I saw his head silhouetted against the light of that memorable afternoon. The quicksilver of his temperament slid away and the minutes passed in silence.

Then, without turning his head, he began to speak:

"When you set out to meet me, you had no idea your thoughts were known. When you desired to explore psychical regions, you believed your wish to be a secret."

Suddenly his serious mien vanished and he laughed:

"What a lot you've got to learn, Brownie. Yes, I shall call you Brownie and you will call me Leo. Why Major Brownlow and Mr. Rex when our paths in life have been brought together for a purpose?"

Thus we glided naturally into intimate converse, as if we had known each other for years; so the minutes ticked themselves away, until Leo remarked:

"Tea time. Cups and teapot are in that corner cupboard and on the hearth you see kettle and gas ring. What more does a man really want for the preparation of food?"

"Surely," I said, "you don't cook all your meals here?"

"Indeed I do. I'm thinking of writing a brochure on gas ring cookery in the one-man home."

While he busied himself about the room where he slept, worked, and had his being, I took the opportunity to examine its details with which I was to become so familiar. On entering one noticed the door was set in the angle of two walls and one saw to the right a divan bed and to the left an artist's easel, generally holding a canvas and a black felt hat. Opposite the bed was the gas fire, before which were placed the two armchairs. Against the left hand of the two windows stood a massive architect's cabinet, whose flat top was covered by a sea of papers where a typewriter and a telephone showed as islands. The center of the floor was occupied by a gate-legged table, littered with paints, brushes, and other artist's paraphernalia. Such was the living room and studio of this man who could not be assessed in the

scales of ordinary life, but had to be measured in that range of verities which reach into realms mysterious to you and me.

After tea, pricked by a sense of guilt at having trespassed too long on his time and good nature, I rose to go; but he motioned me back to my chair, saying:

"Stay on, please. Your coming is not a chance affair. I feel the sense of purpose and that something is about to develop."

I resumed my seat. Our conversation lagged; and we sat on in stillness, as the shadows began to climb the houses opposite and the stubs of our cigarettes mounted the ash tray. The soothing quiet was broken by Leo remarking:

"There's a presence here. I am being overshadowed. My face is pressed as by a mask, the mask of a dead man."

To my astonishment I saw that his expression had altered and a strange visage seemed to be superimposed on his countenance.

"My second pair of ears," he went on, "gets a message. There is a man here who wants to communicate through me. Don't know any more yet; but I am to make a sketch of him — at once."

His appearance came back to normal. His seeming lethargy vanished and he jumped to his feet full of the fire of action. Seizing a drawing-board on which paper was pinned, and picking up a stick of charcoal, he sat himself down at the center table and told me to watch.

For some moments his hand never stirred. Then it swiftly drew the outline of a head. As he worked, Leo kept up a running commentary for my edification.

"He's trying to show himself. Now I can see him building up. A man in the forties, pince-nez, greyish torpedo beard, dark eyes. He's anxious to make this drawing a success. Wants a three-quarter view of his face. Insists on showing me right side of head. A reason for this. I've got it now. The right ear is strangely crumpled and this will help identify the picture with himself," and so he went on.

At the end of an hour the portrait was finished, and we returned to our chairs to discuss the problems it raised. I was astonished and also critical as to the reality of the event; while Leo took it as a matter of course, cocking an amused eye at me from time to time.

"To witness this sort of thing as a novice," I said, "is really a puzzling experience. If it is, indeed, a dead man communicating it becomes, well, marvellous."

"Naturally," he replied, "this would be your reaction because of your lack of experience. When things are strange we think them marvellous, but when we are familiar with them they become natural. The point is that these phenomena are important. I main-

tain of the utmost importance to the human race; for until men realize that there are other conditions of existence to which their essential selves go after physical death, the world has little hope of becoming a better place."

"Is survival then the underlying intention in this case?" I asked.

"It is; but for a particular person."

"And who?"

"I don't know yet. We are but agents and you should get accustomed to that. Like good soldiers, we must obey orders. In this case I am getting information in steps. The affair will develop; but for the moment let us forget it. Come to me tomorrow morning."

After a final cigarette I departed to my own home, a single man's flat in the mysterious regions of South Kensington. That night, as I lay in bed preparatory to sleep, my mind failed to concentrate on the usual book; but swirled like a whirlpool about the memory of my afternoon's experience with this remarkable man, Leo. It was, therefore, with excitement and anticipation that I rang his door bell on the following morning and so brought him forth ready for an exploration.

"Brownie," he remarked with eagerness, "I got it clearly when I woke that we must go to the Royal Academy. That's all. So come along, for out of it something will surely unfold."

We were early at the Academy of Arts and had the place pretty well to ourselves. Leo, as an artist, was excited; passing some pictures with a shrug or a devastating wave of his hand and stopping at others to express enthusiasm or examine brush work through a magnifying glass. So we advanced, enjoying ourselves without a word about psychic manifestations; until we came to room eight, when he said to me:

"We are going to find something here, Brownie;" and with that he walked straight across the floor to a portrait on the far side. Then was I amazed, for the picture was the head of a man with pince-nez and a grey torpedo beard.

"This is astounding," I nearly shouted. "Why, it's the fellow you drew yesterday. You must have drawn a living man telepathically."

"Telepathically my foot!" he replied, testily.

"It looks to me just like your charcoal sketch."

"It may; but the subject is a different person. Mark that the right ear is unblemished but in my drawing it was crumpled. I can note other small but fundamental differences. The pictures are not of the same man. I'm told the connection. They are relations. Twins. Well, we shall get no more here. Let us return to the studio."

During our return journey we discussed these events and noted

that the catalogue showed the sitter's name to be a Mr. Johnson, a complete stranger to both of us. Back once more in the studio, I asked Leo to let me see again the drawing of the man with the crumpled ear, and then the telephone rang. He moved to take the call and remarked to me:

"Someone from Broadcasting House."

"Don't say there's a poltergeist in the BBC?" I exclaimed.

"Not exactly," he replied, looking round from the telephone and smothering the mike with one hand; "you see, it's like this — somebody wants to come and see me."

Turning again to the instrument he said: "Of course. Come along in the lunch hour. I shall be delighted to assist you in any way I can."

Just after one o'clock the strange caller appeared, a slim young man with an attractive voice, who at once burst into an explanation of his troubles.

"I'm one of the small fry at Broadcasting House and took the liberty of 'phoning you because I don't know who else to turn to for advice."

"But why me?" Leo asked, with the suspicion of a smile.

"Because I am in a psychic quandary and your name was suggested to me as one who knows about these matters, of which I am myself quite ignorant."

"As one who knows," Leo repeated. "What do I really know? What does anyone really know?"

A silence fell, to be broken by Leo saying:

"I'll help you as far as I can; but you must first tell me the facts of your case. You have never even told me your name."

"I'm sorry, sir. In the excitement, you understand. I'm Kit Johnson."

I at once wondered if he were any relation to the subject of the Academy portrait; but as Leo never mentioned the matter, I let it pass.

"As for my story," he went on, "it all happened in the last few days. I am an orphan and live with my guardian, an uncle. Three mornings ago I woke to find a photograph of my father had fallen under the writing table. I wondered how it could have got *under* the table. Now this strange event occurred on three successive mornings. That was queer; but today, on seeing the photograph I heard the tolling of a bell."

"I understand," Leo interjected, nodding his head.

"Now, sir, my guardian simply will not have such matters even mentioned in his house; and so, on the way to my office this morning, I turned the affair over and over and felt I must do something about it."

"And so you came to me," said Leo. "Well, in these conditions a

psychic works by what is revealed to him. At the moment all I get is a strong impulsion that I should visit your room."

"That would be fine. But, if possible, don't tell Uncle the reason for your coming. When shall we go?"

"The sooner the better. Why not this evening?"

So it was settled, and at five-thirty we again met together. Kit Johnson arrived in a sports car, into which we crammed ourselves. I noticed Leo had brought his portfolio.

We set off in the Hampstead direction and by six o'clock had arrived at a Georgian residence, set in a walled garden. The immaculate upkeep of the place indicated a solid cash foundation. A manservant opened the door and, as we entered the hall, the boy's uncle emerged from behind a mahogany door. Leo admitted to me afterwards that, though he had had suspicions, he was nevertheless surprised. I was startled, for the man was none other than the subject of the Academy picture — pince-nez, clipped beard, precise expression. He moved towards us in a dignified yet friendly manner, saying:

"Good evening, gentlemen. Colleagues of Kit, I presume. Before you discuss your business, perhaps a glass of sherry would not come amiss."

We entered his study, where the book-lined walls showed the owner to be a man of cultured tastes. The sherry was excellent and our host suave and polished; but he gave me the feeling that the real man was concealed beneath a veneer of social behavior. Leo and he got on well together; yet, as I listened to them, I could not but sense the drama beneath the surface of their contact.

A quarter of an hour later, Kit Johnson showed us into his den. Leo at once demanded to see the photograph of the young man's father, which he looked at and then passed to me with the words: "I thought as much." I at once recognized a resemblance to the man with the crumpled ear; but in this case, the face was turned so that the disfigured ear could not be seen.

"Tell me," asked Leo, "have you any photograph of your father showing the other side of his face?"

"Funny you should ask that. Father never would have himself photographed that way, because he was sensitive to a blemish, a crumpling of his right ear."

Leo now opened his portfolio and held up the drawing he had made the night before.

"My God, that's my father," Kit Johnson exclaimed.

At that instant a treble knock sounded on the table.

"Speak to him, then," Leo said.

"Is it you, Dad?" the boy asked

in a hesitant voice; and, at once, a stream of raps gave an excited and unmistakable reply. Kit stood dumbfounded.

"It is amazing," I put in. "Like you, Johnson, I am a learner. You can't get over the facts can you?"

"No," he answered. "But where do we go from here? What do these strange things mean? Explain that, please."

Leo told him briefly the story of the picture, adding: "You are quite right in asking what happens now. This matter is leading up to a definite goal; but, for the moment, I am held up. Just wait for a little while."

He dropped into an armchair and relaxed himself into a sort of boneless bundle. His eyes closed. His body never stirred. Kit and I sat down and watched quietly. At the end of 10 minutes, which seemed as if it would never terminate, Leo jumped to his feet, saying:

"I've got it. We must see your guardian at once."

Kit Johnson winced at that remark but agreed. Then all three of us trooped downstairs and invaded Mr. Johnson's study, at which he naturally expressed surprise but in an affable manner. That manner, however, changed to a look of intense displeasure, not to say anger, when Leo without any beating about the bush said bluntly:

"Mr. Johnson, I am a psychic and came here this evening to give your nephew some advice, as he has lately experienced some manifestations which seem to originate from his father ——"

"My dear sir," the other broke in. "I have never heard such preposterous nonsense, which is near to impertinence, gross impertinence. This sort of thing is monstrous and drives men into madness. I ——"

Leo held up his hand with such a gesture of authority that the uncle became silent.

"I can appreciate your attitude," Leo replied. "But it is the result of ignorance and prejudice. I must ask you to listen to my words and then you will, I feel sure, change your opinion. Yesterday I saw a vision and drew the portrait of an unknown man. Today your nephew came to me for advice about unusual happenings in his room. We came here to investigate and it became clear that my drawing was connected with the manifestations and ——"

"Rubbish!" interjected the uncle.

"Is this rubbish?" Leo retorted and held aloft the picture of the man with the crumpled ear.

"Henry!" gasped the man, obviously shaken. Then, seizing the picture, he went over to the window and scrutinized it. He said:

"There's trickery here. I simply can't believe it's true. It must be a dastardly fraud."

Leo replied quietly: "If that be so, tell me how it was done and why?"

Mr. Johnson remained silent for a full minute and his white face indicated the shock he had received. Then he sat down again, saying: "I'm out of my depth."

"Listen then to me," Leo continued. "I have powers of which you are ignorant. Up in your nephew's room just now I too was puzzled what these events implied; what purpose lay behind them. Then certain things in connection with you were revealed to me. I seemed to be looking into a sort of television screen and saw things about your life.

"You and your twin brother were closely bound together by ties of blood and mutual affection; but in some ways you were radically different. You were practical and rational; he imaginative and artistic. When his wife died at the birth of your nephew here, he became a spiritualist. At this you scoffed; and so gradually the two of you drifted apart. When he died you began to wonder, if in some way, he would communicate. But there was utter silence from the world beyond the grave. After this brief and painful interlude, you returned to your old intellectual position that individual life is but a brief span of consciousness; a flash in an infinite mystery."

Leo stopped. A cold, complete silence fell upon us. Then he continued:

"Finally, let me say, I saw you in the consulting room of a Harley Street specialist, from whom you were receiving a sentence of death. Because of this, your brother has manifested his presence to let you know he will meet you at the close of your earthly existence."

I saw Mr. Johnson slightly nod his head in assent; and I saw the nephew turn towards his uncle.

ALARM CLOCK IN THE BRAIN

THE mechanism in the brain which controls wakefulness and sleep is thought to have been discovered by Dr. Horace W. Magoun and associates in sleep studies carried out at the University of California. This mechanism, according to Dr. Magoun, appears to be located in the central core of the brain stem at the top of the spinal column. By controlling the activity here, Dr. Magoun feels that either wakefulness or sleep could be automatically induced.



Clay statuette, just turned up by the digger's shovel, is one of many found at Acambaro. Some experts see Asiatic influences in these idols.

Here are latest facts on the mysterious relics being dug up in Mexico. They may shed new light on the antiquity of man.

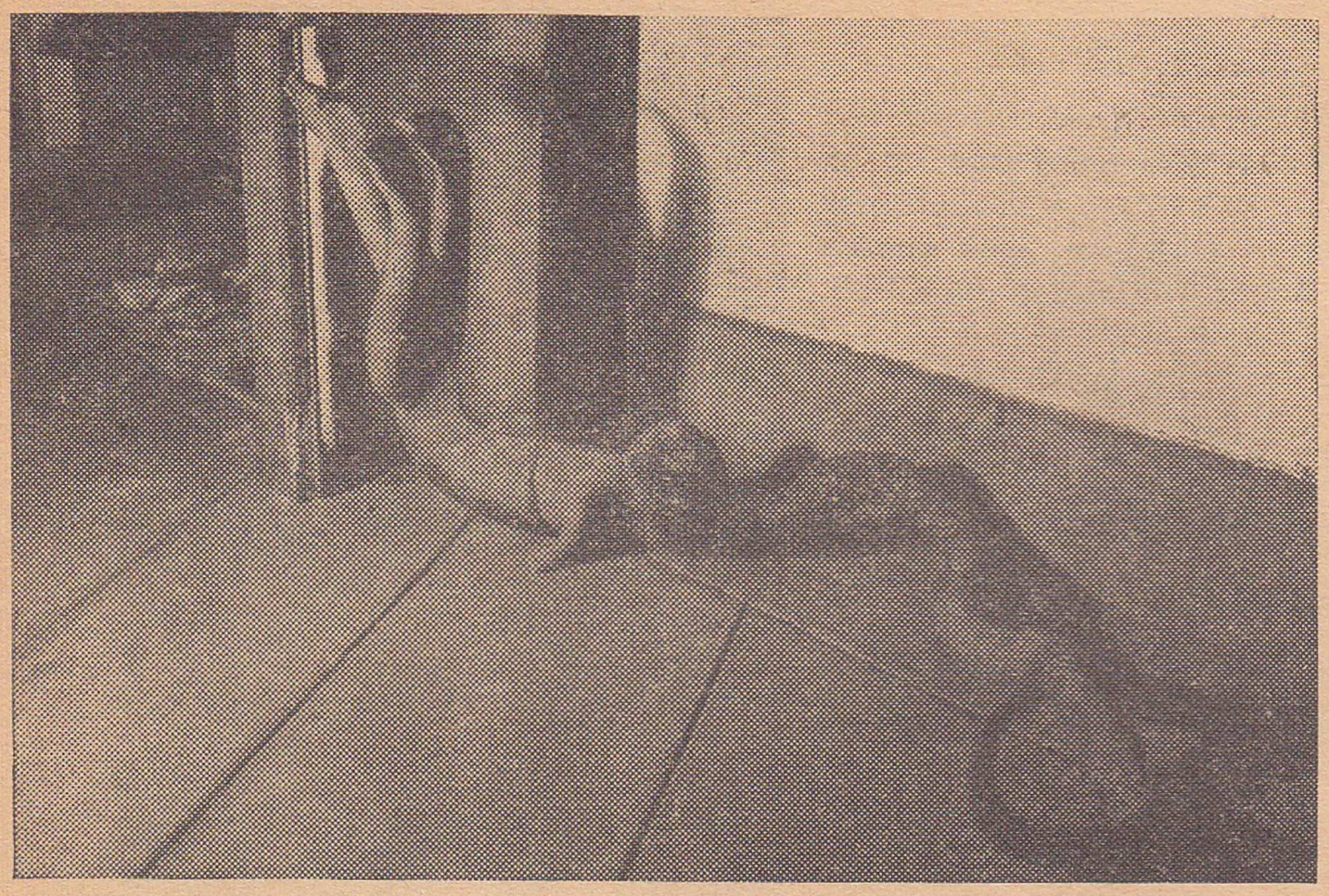
Report on ACAMBARO

By William N. Russell

STATUETTES of strange reptiles and even stranger humans are still coming out of the ground near the village of Acambaro, in the state of Guanajuato, Mexico. Many thousands have already been unearthed and indications are that many thousands more remain to be discovered.

For almost eight years Waldemar Julsrud, a 77-year-old hardware merchant of Acambaro, has been excavating these astonishing objects. In the February-March, 1952 issue of FATE, I described the 26,200 clay and stone relics of unknown antiquity and workmanship unearthed up to that time by Señor Julsrud. Recently he reported to me that the relics now exceed 32,000 in number — a gain of nearly 6,000 in a year's digging.

In reporting on the 26,200 objects over a year ago, I explained how I had visited the



Scientists say there is no evidence that reptiles like this ever existed. They feel this puts authenticity of the Acambaro finds in doubt.

discoverer and personally examined the incredible evidence. The finds packed 10 rooms of his home. There were figurines of weird humans, reptiles, birds and fish. There were also human bones, skulls, ceremonial masks, flutes, rattles, jewelry, tools, grinders, bowls, and objects unidentifiable.

According to Julsrud, the artifacts came from a *barranca*, or ditch, in a field a few miles from Acambaro. Erosion had cut through the ditch, exposing the first pieces when the walls caved in.

Julsrud hired a Mexican laborer to test dig. The first finds led to the uncovering of hundreds and thousands. Today the digger's shovel continues to bring up these mysterious relics.

The artifacts are molded mainly from clay, a smaller portion from rock and obsidian, a few from bone. Many of the moldings resembled dinosaurs, giant crocodiles and other swamp-life forms, Egyptian mummies and Asiatic idols. What is even more incredible, some of the statuettes depict humans mounted on dinosaurs, while others show dinosaurs devouring humans. Is it possible, contrary to accepted scientific

belief, that man and the giant reptiles were contemporaneous?

Julsrud is convinced of the authenticity of his find and announced it in Spanish, German and English. He suggested a continental link between Mexico and some such lost land as Plato's Atlantis.

The purpose of my second and recent trip to Acambaro was to see what progress had been made and to record what confronted my two eyes and two cameras at that much-disputed *barranca*.

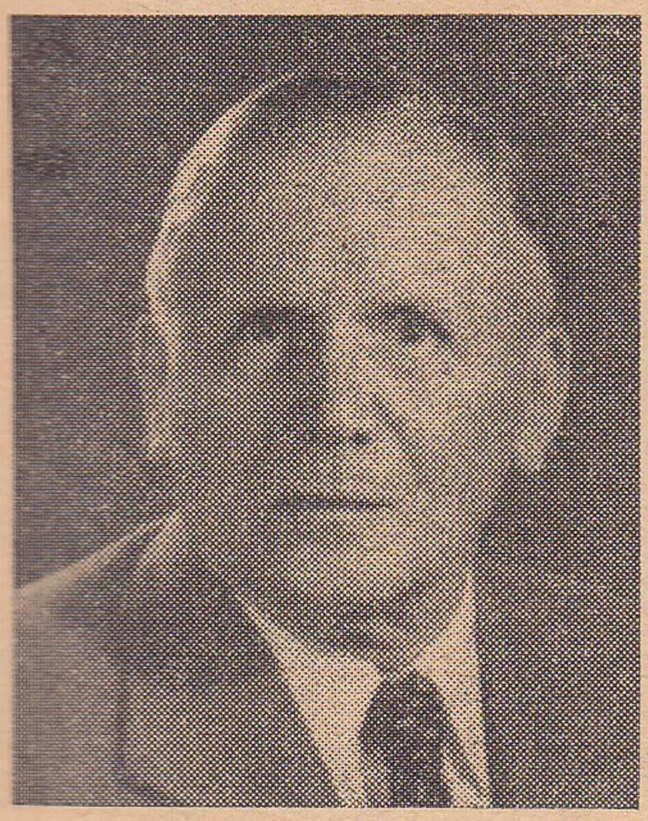
I first greeted Julsrud at his hardware store, his only source of livelihood. The 77-year-old discoverer's hearing is imperfect but his mind is youthful. He expressed appreciation for the scientific interest shown in his finds thus far. Though a target of controversy, he has managed to keep his sense of humor. He hopes that someday soon there will be an end to insinuations that he or his digger's mother-in-law secretly manufactures the statuettes.

He has signed testimonies to show that no manufacturer of the artifacts is known to the local people.

The thousands of additional objects taken from the diggings have required the addition of two temporary rooms to his home. Julsrud has no desire to amass more of the relics but continues to unearth and store them away only because ignoring the field could expose it to unscrupulous speculators. Already their looming shadows are a source of anxiety to him.

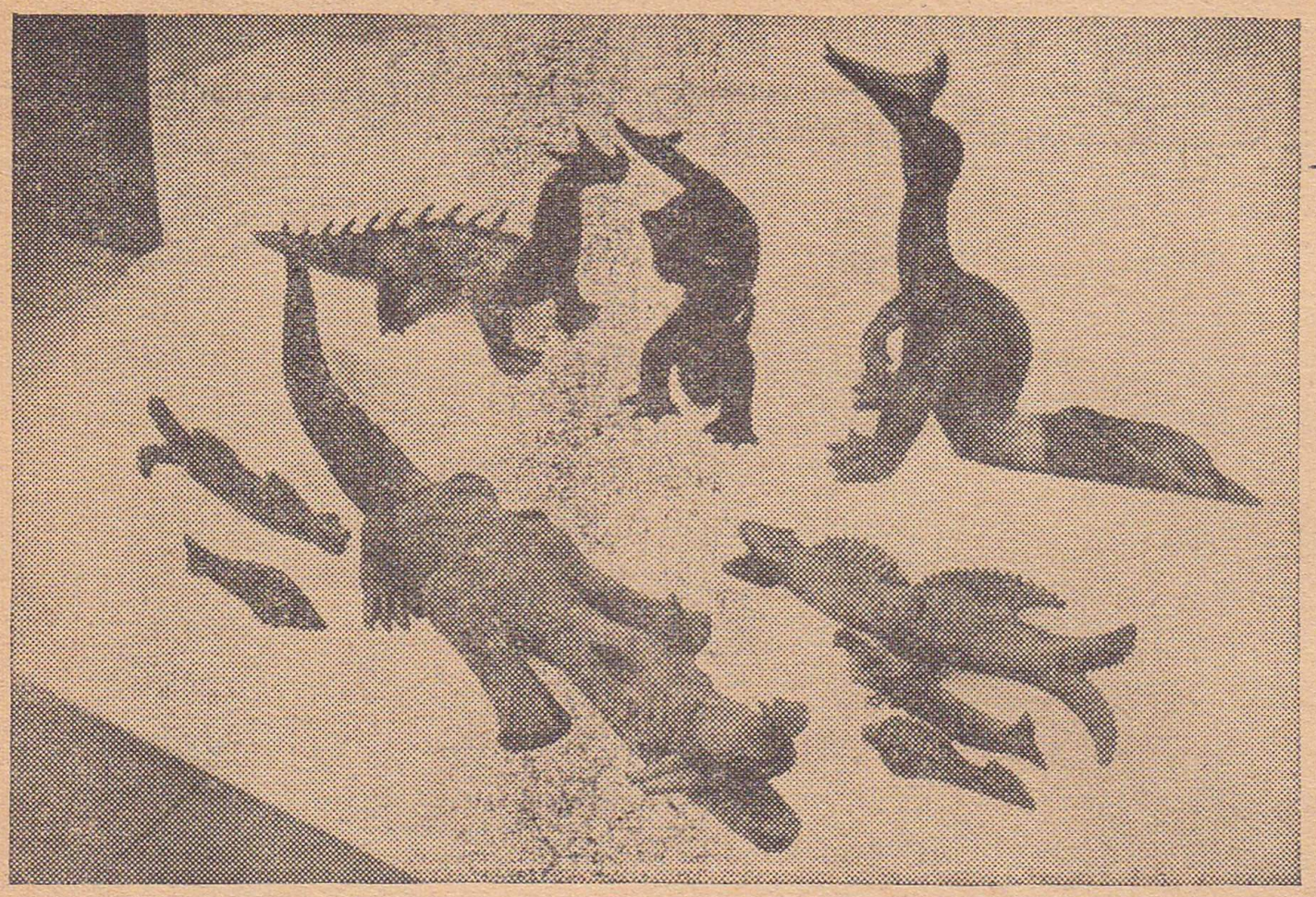
Julsrud says his ambition is to obtain scientific recognition for the relics. He feels that scientists who question them need only to start from scratch with their own diggings. They too, he insists, would find the puzzling artifacts and thus establish their authenticity.

Archeologists, however, do not jump at spending hard-to-get money to excavate sites that are regarded with suspicion. The



Waldemar Julsrud

For almost eight years this 77-year-old hardware merchant of Acambaro has been excavating strange objects. Latest figures give 32,000 finds.



That man and dinosaurs may have been contemporaries is suggested by the statuette of huge reptile crushing a human figure in its jaws.

physical existence of the objects as demonstrated photographically is uncontested but the question of their antiquity touches off hot debate.

Some experts scoff that the whole affair is a deliberate hoax, arranged with or without Julsrud's knowledge. Several take a middle of the road attitude and concede that many of the objects appear to be genuine. One archeological visitor regards Julsrud's finds as completely authentic.

Visiting the *barranca* to record the progress of the excavations on film, I observed many new penetrations. Within a few hours on that first visit and in the following days, I saw many objects of clay, stone and obsidian brought up. The controversial figurines come from a depth of three to five feet. They come up the hard way with roots clinging to them. One large root entwined a figurine whose grotesque appearance would raise the eyebrows of a bronze idol.

The Mexican digger threw back handworked obsidian chips as if they were undersized fish. "Too common," he told me.

The entire area appears to be loaded with relics. Five hundred feet from the main excavations the Mexican made a test dig that brought up two small broken

shards from a depth of four feet. In another location he pointed out a huge rock that only a derrick could have lifted. It bore a crude pictograph. A ruins, while by no means definite, is suggested.

Julsrud told me he believes that the valley in which the field is situated was once a lake. Objects of clay and bone that resemble fish have been unearthed. There are "washboards" made of stone, rocks rounded as though from rolling in water. Then there are the vast number of reptilian swamp-life forms. All these seem to point to a community that existed on the shore of a lake or swamp.

One skeptical archeologist, after carefully weighing the evidence, announced that he would "go along" with the lake theory. He concedes that the region is worthy of scientific attention, echoing other experts who feel that on-the-spot excavation by a reputable group will discover the site to be of great archeological value.

Such an official expedition has not materialized at this date of writing. But the many expressions of interest in the Acambaro diggings which I have received from scientists hold promise that an expedition may eventually be formed.

Figurines from Acambaro site show similarities to Egyptian and Babylonian art. Controversy exists over possible links to ancient East.



Fingers of FATE

Seven times John Tomlinson, Newton, Pa., farm worker, passed by a dusty-looking wallet lying on a rural road and didn't bother to pick it up. Finally, a log fell off his wagon near the purse. In picking up the log he also picked up the wallet. It contained $2140 in cash.

* * *

Many years ago Dr. Benjamin P. Linvill, Columbia City, Ind., signed a birth certificate upon the arrival of baby John Langohr. Recently, Dr. Linvill died. The death certificate was signed by John Langohr, now a physician.

* * *

While dropping supplies to troops in Korea, Air Force Capt. Fred C. Seals fell out of the doorway of his mile-high C-46 plane. As he fished desperately for the ripcord of his parachute, the plane hit a down draft, dipped sharply and neatly scooped the plunging airman back aboard through the same open doorway.

* * *

Mrs. Catherine Gebo, Springfield, Mass., shooed a black cat from her home. Then these things happened before the day was over: Fire broke out in her basement, the washing machine went berserk, bounced across the floor and struck the furnace, and a skunk sprayed her wash after she hung it out on the line.

* * *

While the Detroit police radio dispatcher was broadcasting the description of a hit-run car, a voice broke in with, "Got 'im." Patrolmen James Haines and Victor Shannon were riding right behind the fugitive as the dispatcher spoke.

* * *

In St. Louis a man was arrested — for passing 15 worthless checks — while he was cashing a perfectly good one.

* * *

Charles Flesh and Chic Blood work side by side in an airline office in Memphis, Tenn.

* * *

When Pfc. Richard Barcelo Jr., of Tucson, Ariz., was wounded in action in Korea he was recognized by another soldier from Tucson who carried him to a field hospital where he was treated by a doctor from Tucson.

* * *

A teacher told 15-year-old Anthony Foti, Jamestown, N. Y., that only a broken leg would be an excuse for missing the next

day's exam. He went out to play football and had to be carried off the field. His leg was broken.

* * *

At a competition in Herford, Germany, a model glider enthusiast launched his plane, then watched it soar away and disappear into the sky. Disconsolate, he took a train for his home in Unterluebbe, some 20 miles away. He found his model glider waiting for him only about 200 yards from his house.

* * *

A perfect whist hand — a complete suit to all four players — was dealt in a game at Fakenham, England. The odds against it happening are 2,235,197,406,-895,366,368,301,560,000 to 1.

* * *

For years Angelo Malvone, Boston, had tramped the suburban woodlands hunting pheasants without much luck. The other day, while sitting in his home, a pheasant flew in the window and nestled in his lap.

* * *

Stanley Morrison, a truck-driver, smashed into a train at Newburyport, Mass. When he got out to confront the engineer, he found the man was his father.

* * *

Last summer Joseph Kemper, St. Joseph, Mo., pulled Joe Huffman and Pete Legg from the Missouri River after their boat overturned. During the duck hunting season, Kemper's skiff overturned. He managed to get a hand-hold. A mile down-stream he was rescued by two men — Joe Huffman and Pete Legg.

* * *

His own car missing, Mason Nurick borrowed a neighbor's auto to drive to the Hollywood, Calif., police station and report the loss. On his way his borrowed car was smacked from behind by another auto. Nurick got out to inspect the damage, found that the car which hit him was his own and held the driver for police.

* * *

As a child, Pete Bird, of Shelbyville, Ky., was chopping wood when a chip flew up and struck him in the eye, causing a cataract and blindness in one eye. This year — 42 years later — Bird was chopping wood again. Another chip flew up and hit him in the eye, tearing loose the cataract and restoring his sight.

* * *

A few days after finding a four-leaf clover Ruth H. Patrick, Gainesville, Ga., heard from an old sweetheart that she hadn't heard from in 24 years.

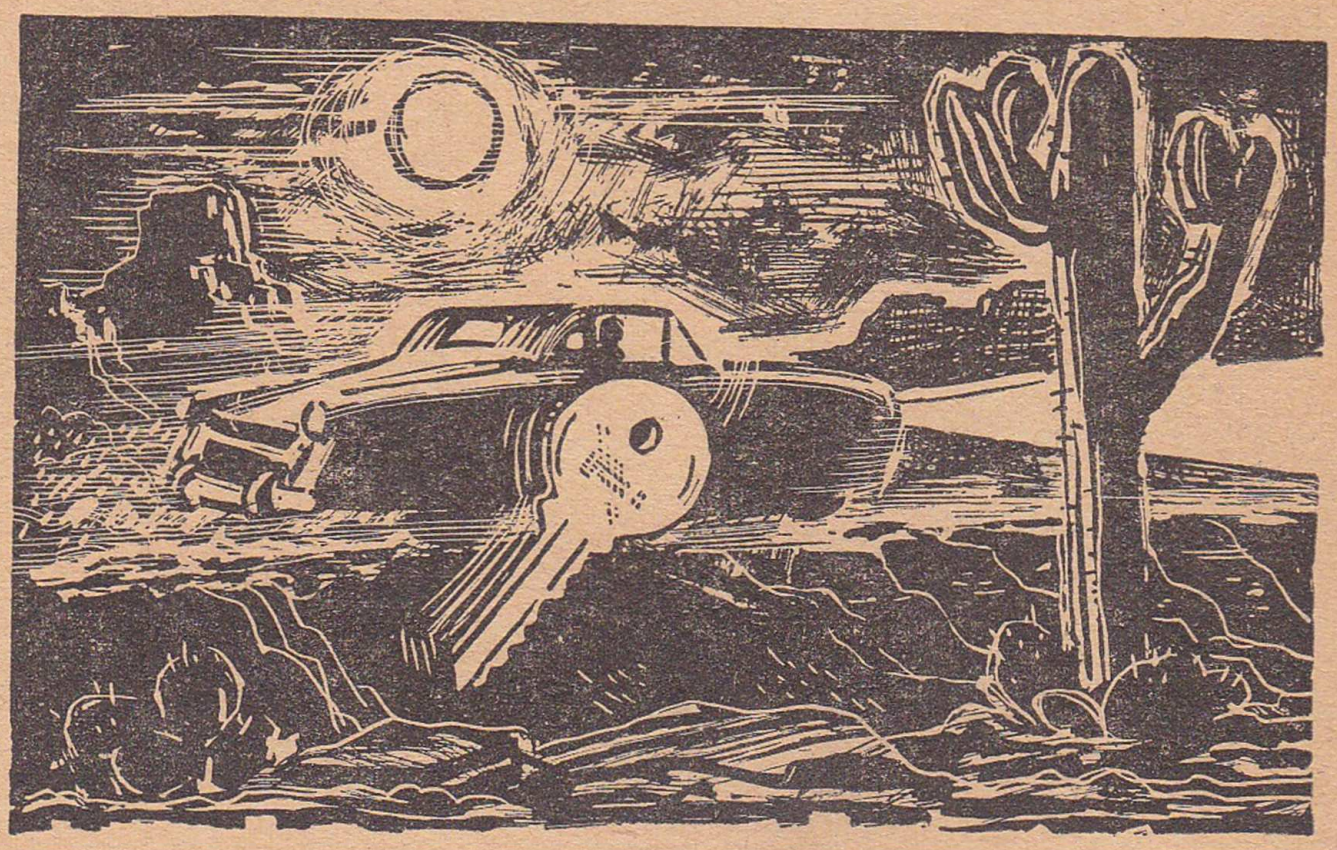
* * *

Homer Thomas, film projectionist, died in the booth of a Denver theater while showing the picture, "Nobody Lives Forever."

—Harold Helfer

My Keys to Life

By Marianne R. Miller



I had given the ragged youth a ride. And then, out in the dark, cold desert, I saw the glare of murder in his eyes.

SOMETIMES one's life may hang on little more than a caprice of fate manifesting itself in strange ways, like time gauged too fast or too slow, or the chance possession of some trivial thing — a letter, a ring — or two little keys.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death — these words were to take on an ominous new significance for me on a night in May, 1931, shortly after I drove into a service station in Las Vegas, Nev. It was midnight when I turned off my motor and waited for the attendant to check my car. Exhausted, I lay back against the seat to snatch a moment's rest. I had arrived here only the day before from Los Angeles with my two small sons, the younger less than a year old. Now, my business transacted, I was preparing to return home.

At that time the road between the two cities was a long desolate

highway in the process of repair, extending for miles through the scorching Mohave Desert. At one place it almost touched the lower portion of Death Valley. The heat the previous day had been intolerable and both my children had been ill. To escape the heat, in spite of my intense fatigue, I had decided to make some of my journey across the desert at night, at least as far as Barstow, 150 miles to the west.

During the last depression, Las Vegas was mushrooming into a city of opportunity. Work had started on Boulder Dam and with it came the usual influx of honest workmen — colorfully intermingled with ne'er-do-wells and women of ill repute — who milled noisily about the dusty main street even at midnight. A sign at the crossroads ahead enumerated the doubtful pleasures to be experienced at one *Blue Heaven*, two miles out. The place presented a sordid picture and I looked forward to leaving it behind.

As I waited there in the service station, I saw a youth of 19 or 20 lounging against the side-wall of the building. He was trying to roll a cigarette, but with little success. He was a tall boy, gaunt, emaciated, his features sharpened by that old-young look of malnutrition. He wore a long, ragged overcoat with the collar turned up, for the desert nights are chilly, and his cap was pulled well down over his forehead. Once he glanced uncertainly in my direction and I was startled by the hardness of his glittering dark eyes. But I paid little attention to him then. There were a thousand ragged youths like him on the streets of Las Vegas.

The attendant finally checked my car and came up to present his bill. As I opened my purse, he glanced curiously at my children, both fast asleep on an improvised bed on the rear seat. "Driving far?" he asked sympathetically.

"To Barstow," I answered. "I live near Los Angeles."

He looked concerned. "That's a long drive for a lady at night. You alone?"

I nodded.

"Wait a minute," he said. He turned and approached the youth I had previously observed lounging against the building and returned with him to the car. "Look, lady," he advised gravely. "It isn't safe for you to start out so late alone. Supposing you have trouble with your car. There isn't much traffic this time of night and you might have to wait for hours. This young fellow has been hanging around here all day trying to catch a ride. Why don't you take him along — just in case —"

I hesitated. I looked out at the boy, who had bent forward, peering in at me with a fixed expres-

sion in his dark eyes. Then, still undecided, I thought about the desolate road I had to traverse. Suddenly my uncertainty left and this began to appear to me like manna from heaven . . . after nearly 70 hours of grinding activity I would be permitted to sleep.

I moved away from the wheel and the boy slid into the driver's seat. It soon developed that he could handle a car, for he guided it skillfully through the erratic traffic. We reached the highway and the lights of Las Vegas receded into the background. Darkness surrounded us, a black impenetrable wall almost tangible in its thickness, relieved only by a thin sprinkling of stars and a crescent moon. But I wasn't in any way alarmed. "Wake me," I murmured drowsily, "when we reach Barstow."

The boy pondered my words. Then turning his head, he stared at me, the eerie lights from the dash-board casting shadows on his emaciated face. "I'll wake you when we reach Barstow," he repeated tonelessly.

After a while he asked, "This your car?"

"Of course."

"Pretty soft," he muttered.

I thought about the sacrifices we had made to pay for it and I frowned.

"When you expected home?"

This was more to my liking and I answered easily, "At no particular time. My husband travels and I'm driving at night to spare my children the heat."

That was all . . . I relaxed — and then for no apparent reason I sat up and lowered the window a few inches in the door on my side. This was the first of an odd series of incidents that would save our lives.

Once more I settled myself and closed my eyes. I must have slept because I had a curious dream. I dreamed I was walking along a dusty road with my children, holding them by their hands, that the children were crying and in looking down I discovered their heads were bloody. It was a terrifying dream, so vivid, so real it woke me and I lay there tensely alert but feigning sleep. A wave of apprehension made my whole body tingle.

Presently I felt the car's speed slacken, and cautiously half-opening my eyes, I perceived that we were creeping along at a snail's pace while my driver carefully scrutinized the terrain adjoining the highway. Not one word passed between us, but I suddenly knew my children and I were in deadly peril . . .

I sat up trembling, making no attempt to conceal my terror. As I did so the boy turned his unmasked face to glare at me — there was murder in his eyes.

I think I began to whimper aloud. Although I was only 23,

I had known times when life was so disheartening I had thought of death in terms of a singing escape. But to die violently like this, to watch my innocent children murdered — perhaps to lie undiscovered for years in a shallow desert grave, or worse, to be devoured like carrion — it was horrible!

I closed my eyes and began to pray, wordlessly, terribly, in an impassioned lifting of the heart. It was no traditional nor articulate appeal, yet somehow I seemed to derive a measure of courage from the vast reservoir around me.

The car nosed up a low hill and as we reached the crest my heart gave a tremendous bound. Not more than 200 yards ahead feeble lights glimmered from what I took to be a cabin by the road. Until this moment I had been too stricken to formulate any plan. Now in one desperate gesture, as if impelled by some force beyond myself, I reached over, turned the ignition keys and tossed them through the open window on my right. As they went through I caught the sight of a Joshua tree growing on the embankment.

The car coasted to a stop. For a charged instant the boy sat transfixed, then without warning he struck me a vicious blow with his fist, and began to curse. He was cursing still as he slid from the car and disappeared into the night.

Blood was streaming down my face but I didn't know until the following day that he had fractured my nose. Impervious to pain I threw open the car door and fled down the road to summon help. And now my terror became complete, for what I had assumed to be a habitation turned out to be only a tool-shed used by workmen who were repairing the highway.

I was paralyzed. Somewhere in the darkness around me I knew the boy lay in hiding. Close-by a coyote howled, and at the sound my knees gave way. Then I remembered my children alone in the car, and pulled myself together. I stumbled back along the road and stood near the car, waiting helplessly. It seemed the end. Minutes passed and only an awesome silence prevailed, broken now and then by weird desert sounds. Disposing of us would be simple now and the boy could wait until daylight to find the keys.

Keys? My precious keys — I thought about them, knowing full well the futility of attempting a search for them. Yet finding them remained my one hope of escape and in a last despairing effort I left my children again and groped my way back along the road. There was the Joshua tree standing like a sentinel in the night. At its base I stooped to fumble in the dust. The first thing my fingers encountered in the deep silt

beside the road, in all that blackness, were those two tiny keys. Even in that moment of suspense the miracle left me wondering.

Someway I managed to reach my car and get it started. I have only a hazy memory of my mad flight across the desert, of reaching Barstow. Once there I collapsed. And while I lay in a motel recovering, I could think of nothing but those two tiny keys, which had become symbolical in my mind of something I was unable to put into words.

Six months later, as I sat at breakfast one morning, I looked up from my coffee to find my husband scrutinizing me intently. "Do you remember that boy in Nevada you told me about?" he asked.

I nodded and he pushed the morning paper across the table. "Is that the boy?"

I stared. It was the boy all right. There was no mistaking that face. The overcoat was gone, but in the picture he still wore his ragged cap. He had been sentenced to death for the bludgeon murder of a salesman who had given him a ride and convicted because — in spite of his denials — the keys to the victim's abandoned car had been found in his possession.

Two little keys. . . . Strange they should open the door of life for one — and close it on another.

✦

GOLDEN FLEECE TRACED TO CLAMS

THE fabulous golden fleece sought by Jason in the Greek myth has its origin in a giant clam of the Mediterranean called *Pinna Marina*, a book on Moslem art has revealed. The book was published by the University of Michigan in conjunction with the Freer Gallery of Art of the Smithsonian Institution.

The shell of the giant clam reaches a width of a foot and a half to as much as three feet. A gland in the "foot" of the clam produces silk-like golden strands with which it anchors itself to the sea bottom. At a certain time of the year the clam is said to emerge from the sea and remove its growth of strands by rubbing against rocks on the shore. Called "sea wool," the strands are sometimes a foot long. They are gathered and woven into articles of clothing, but because the *Pinna Marina* is rare, such garments are few.

Cloth woven of "sea wool" was once produced in quantity in Spain, Italy and North Africa. An Arab writer quoted in the book on Moslem art describes this cloth as "soft like silk, of a golden color, and fine to the touch." He adds that the cloth was quite expensive which would have made it available only to the wealthy.

A sultan held the rare golden material in such high regard that he forbade its export to other countries. For this reason, it appears, a thriving black market in "sea wool" sprang up in Spain. Today only the most fortunate tourist in lands such as Italy can buy articles made from "golden fleece."

Experiment by the author showed thoughts can affect a roulette wheel. He began to win more than he lost . . .



CAN THE MIND INFLUENCE OBJECTS?

By Jack Bilbo

EVERYONE knows the importance of the human touch. When shaking hands with a person you can more or less tell his character, or at least tell whether you feel sympathetic to the owner of the hand. A strong handshake arouses a feeling of warmth, a weak, flabby handshake conveys a feeling of distrust and unreliability.

This does not mean that all owners of strong handshakes are honest and frank people. Many persons assume a warm hand clasp knowing quite well the effect it will have. But here is the strange thing: one can quickly differentiate between the put-on handshake and the genuine one, just as one senses when a weak person is genuinely weak and not necessarily dishonest and unreliable.

Based on this observation, I made an experiment the other day. I was at a party and, as at most parties, there were some

sympathetic and some not so sympathetic people. There were some beautiful girls and some not so handsome.

I contributed to the entertainment by telling mystery stories and then I got the idea of staging a practical demonstration. I wrote down the names of the 16 people in the room and concentrated on my reaction to each one of them: whether sympathetic, less sympathetic, male or female, good-looking or not, and so on.

Then I let myself be blindfolded, sat in a chair and let all 16 people, in any sequence they liked, touch my forehead or, if I was still uncertain, clasp my hand. Then I told each one's name. I deduced their identity entirely from the reaction their touch evoked in me. To their surprise, I was right in every single case.

Next day I extended this experiment to what we call "dead" objects. I had noticed that when doing sculpture I always preferred a certain modelling knife out of a dozen or so. I thought this was imagination, as they were all identical. So I blindfolded myself and, although all the knives were also the same size and weight, I unerringly picked my favorite. I did not attach too much importance to this fact as the choice of a tool is bound up with the emotional work of an artist and may thus be guided entirely by emotion. Yet the idea got hold of me.

That there is a certain flow between human beings is obvious to anyone who is sensitive. That we dislike or like an object through the medium of the eye is also common knowledge. Everyone has his favorite cup, his favorite pipe, his favorite dress, but all this favoritism is the result of sentiment, shape, color, usefulness or suitability. Favoritism through touch alone was new to me. I went on experimenting, with extraordinary results.

Can an inanimate object convey a feeling to a human being through the medium of touch? As I was meditating on this subject a sailor came on board my boat, where I was living at the time. He was carrying a knife, as most sailors do. I found that I disliked the man at sight and that my dislike extended also to his knife! I asked him if I might have a look at it and as I held it in my hand a definite feeling of revulsion came over me.

I told him straight out: "You have stabbed a man with this knife."

He jumped up in fear and snatched back his knife. "Only in self-defense," he said and quickly left my boat. I never saw him again.

I decided to extend my discovery to something more practical and profitable. I often visited

the Casino at Cannes, in the South of France, where my boat was lying and, like any other gambler, I sometimes won and sometimes lost at the roulette table.

There is no such thing as a system; if there were, the Casinos would have to close down and the first Casino was opened in 1858 at Monte Carlo — that is to say 94 years ago — and is still going strong. But I did discover that every croupier influences his table in his own particular way. This is quite involuntary, as it is impossible for him to direct the ball. The roulette wheel spins from left to right, while the ball runs from right to left, and by no feat of skill could the person who throws the ball select any particular number, group of numbers, or color.

Nor is there such a thing as a law of averages. Each game is a new game and, while there are 36 numbers plus the zero, 37 in all, the Casino pays you 36 times your original stake. By no means does a number appear once in every 37 spins. A given number may not appear in 300 consecutive games, or it may come up many times running. The same applies to color (red and black), to *pair* and *impair*, to *passe* and *manque*, which all pay double the original stake.

One may get a long series of, say, red-black, red-black, or a long run of either red or black, of even or uneven numbers, etc., following no kind of pattern. That's why the Casino wins, because there is no logic in the game and the zero, which makes the uneven total of 37, foils all calculations. Three dozen, and the odd zero; red and black — a 50–50 chance, if it weren't for the zero.

What I did find, however, was that some croupiers obtained certain numbers more often than others, or a longer or shorter run of either red or black. The tables frequently change their croupiers and the croupiers every now and then change places. There are six croupiers and two inspectors to each table and they all take their turn at different times.

I found that the predilection for certain numbers or colors remained with the croupier personally, not with any particular wheel or table. I spent many days going from table to table, not playing but just observing and making notes. Though it seemed incredible that there could be any contact between the man, the little white ball and the turning wheel, this was exactly what my observations were proving.

I didn't want to join the legion of cranks, the superstitious gamblers who have to touch a cripple, sit in a certain chair, wear a mascot or a certain garment, or waste half their lives in futile calculations which go to astro-

nomical figures. Nevertheless, I decided to put my theory to the test. I picked a number which, according to my notes, had come up most frequently with a certain croupier. Within a certain time limit that number came up again more frequently than other numbers and I won more than I lost. I repeated this on 32 visits and 32 times I came away from the roulette table a winner.

Luck? Coincidence? You may doubt my theory but I am convinced that dead objects have life and not only influence us but that we can influence them. To what end? It is up to us to decide.

THE DISAPPEARING FLAGS

DURING the late fall of 1952 small American flags which decorated the graves of veterans in Grand Rapids' large Oakhill Cemetery began disappearing in large numbers. Families concerned about the desecration of the graves of dear ones grew angry about the missing decorations. They called the police and also complained to the cemetery authorities. Mrs. Eugene Slowinski, secretary at the cemetery office, stated she received so many complaints it interfered with her work.

A watch was set to catch the culprit involved and it was discovered that squirrels were tearing up the flags and using the cloth to make nests in some of the taller elms and oaks in the cemetery.

This explanation, however, did not satisfy the outraged grave owners. One complainant told the secretary that "your story is squirrelly, all right."

Late in December some squirrels had a big fight in one of the trees and a nest fell down. The tree was draped in shredded flags which lay in the crotches of the limbs and hung from the branches. Literally hundreds of flags were represented in the unusual display.

One of the things that puzzled the cemetery workers was the apparent selectivity of the squirrels in this large elm. Practically all of the flag fragments hanging from the limbs were from the starry fields of the flags. It appeared that the squirrels in the elm had an unusual predilection for blue or for the star design. At any rate, the stripes had gone elsewhere. Perhaps the squirrels that started the fight wanted the red and white stripes.

Mrs. Slowinski recalled that a cache of some 300 flags was found in the hollow interior of an oak tree that fell in the cemetery three years ago. However, she does not remember that the squirrels inhabiting this particular oak had shown such unusual color selectivity. — *Edmond P. Gibson.*

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.

VOICE IN HER EAR

ONE spring day in 1905 I was sitting on our farmhouse porch with my mother and my brother, Lincoln, who was about 15 at that time. We were laughing and talking when my brother asked Mother to let him put on her wedding ring. She slipped it off her finger and gave it to him.

He tried it on and laughingly said something about giving it to his girl. Mother held out her hand for it.

"Oh, let me wear it a little while," he begged.

Then company came and we all forgot about the ring. But the next day Mother called my brother and asked for the ring.

He stood before her, his face white. "I've lost it," he stammered. "I don't know where or when. The first thing I knew it was gone. I've looked everywhere and I can't find it."

Mother was stunned and speechless. Father was dead and Mother kept the ring as a dear remembrance.

"If I ever find it, I'll never take it off again," she vowed.

We searched for the ring for days but we could not find it.

About a year later mother walked out across the road to look at the field. She was standing at the edge of it when she heard a voice say, "Go 12 rows and look down."

She thought someone had sneaked up behind her and was teasing but she saw no one. The voice spoke again, right in her ear this time, and repeated the message.

"Go 12 rows and look down."

Mother stood wondering if something was wrong with her mind. Then she decided to obey. She walked across the field, counting the rows. At the twelfth row she stopped and looked down — there was her wedding ring, half buried in the freshly plowed soil. She put it on her finger and has never taken it off since.

Mother, who is now 91 years old, believes a spirit spoke to her. I've heard her tell the story a num-

ber of times and it has always been the same in every detail. — *Mrs. Della H. Barnes, Los Angeles, Calif.*

PICTURES IN THE SKY

IN THE fall of 1940 my brother David and I were enroute to our camp on Wilder Ridge, after a week-end spent at home. It was about 12:30 on a clear night, with a first quarter moon in the sky.

When we neared the top of the mountain our attention suddenly was drawn to a bright object about the size of a baseball which hung high above the horizon. Even as we looked, it changed shape. I stopped the car and we watched the changes which were evenly spaced and very exciting.

The round white ball changed swiftly into a long white bar, then it changed into a beautiful white Christmas tree. Now it took the form of a bell and from this it changed back into the round white ball, with five little white balls, about the size of golf balls, around it. Next it formed a half-circle and then changed into the first quarter moon, but with bow up and points down. It kept moving until it righted itself to its proper position in the sky, at which point no further changes took place.

This sky phenomena appeared in the east and lasted for approximately 36 seconds. The pictures changed so quickly that there was no pause between them. Each time they formed a perfect picture and then immediately changed into another. — *Rose W. Bushnell, South Fork, Calif.*

THE UNDERTAKER'S STORY

JAMES CLARK was a simple, quiet man who operated the business of an undertaker in Alameda, Calif. Here is the story he told me one afternoon in March, 1924, as he relaxed in my study.

"The other night I had a dream. It was so clear-cut, so plain, that when I awoke I found myself wondering whether it had really happened.

"I was in my workroom arranging some papers when the door opened and a stranger walked in with a baby in his arms. He placed the baby on the table and said, 'Now this is the right way to prepare this body. You see this growth over the eye? That must be handled like this, and this.'

"As he talked he worked deftly and I saw just what was being done. Finishing, he placed the tiny body on its side in the little coffin which (as in the way of dreams) was waiting right there, saying as he did so, 'Let the body lie this way and you will cover all trace of disfigurement.' Then the dream faded and I awoke.

"Two days later I was called to prepare a baby for burial and to my amazement I saw that it was the same one I had seen in my

dream, even to the growth, as large as an orange, over the eye.

"I knew just what to do and I realized that if I hadn't dreamed about it I would not have known. I followed the instructions of my unknown instructor with the result — as you and all those present at the service this morning saw — that as the baby lay in its coffin no one noticed the blemish which had been concealed. And I am here to confess that what was accomplished was not through any wisdom of my own." — *Mary Deering, San Francisco, Calif.*

VISIT BY A FIREBALL

ROBERT BURCH, electronics mechanic at the Puget Sound Navy Yard, felt nothing unusual about Tuesday, November 6, 1951. Returning from his evening meal he stopped at the desk of the Bremerton YMCA, picked up his key, then rode the elevator to the top floor. Inside his room, he saw by the bedside clock that it was 7:30 p.m. He switched on his radio, then turned to the dresser.

Something made him look up. The mirror reflected a ball of orange-red fire coming toward him through the open window. There was a blinding flash and a loud report. The ceiling light went out and Burch found himself lying on the floor. In a daze he reached for the foot of his metal bed to haul himself upright. A searing pain shot up his arm; later diagnosis showed he had received second degree burns.

In the corner of his room the contents of a waste basket blazed furiously. Beneath the window a piece of fireproof Samsonite luggage was smoking and charred. The cabinets of two radios in the room were burned. The sill of the window, through which the fireball had entered, was black and too hot to touch.

The door burst open and Burch's roommate, Alec Meyers, rushed in; he had been in the shower room three doors away when he heard the loud report. A moment later a city policeman entered. The officer, in the process of writing a traffic violation ticket three blocks away, had looked up, seen the orange-red ball flash across the sky in an arc from a southerly direction and enter the window.

In the Bremerton Naval Hospital the next day the bewildered Burch, his arm swathed in bandages, still suffered from shock. As he said, "I don't know what happened but it sure was peculiar." — *Gordon W. Hackbarth, Seattle, Wash.*

"WATCH IT, BABY!"

MY HUSBAND and I were in our resort hotel room near Quilcine, Wash., dressing to go to dinner one evening in October, 1950, when we heard a loud crash fol-

lowed by the continuous sounding of a car horn. We ran to the scene of the accident and gave what help we could.

Two of the men in the accident were not seriously hurt but the driver had been thrown out of the car and against a shale hill. He apparently was dead but on the possibility that we were wrong I tucked hot water bottles and blankets around him.

As I pulled the blankets around his shoulders he started to breathe again. He opened his eyes and said faintly, but clearly, "Hello, Baby. I'm hurt bad, ain't I?"

I nodded. He looked at me steadily. "I ain't going to make it."

I knelt beside him and he held tightly to my hand for more than an hour, talking lucidly about his logging business and never complaining of pain. He said his name was Gaskins. I was almost paralyzed by the time the ambulance came and I stumbled as I got up.

Gaskins grinned faintly and said, "Watch it, Baby."

He died shortly after reaching the hospital.

About a month after the accident I was driving up a hill behind a slow logging truck, waiting a chance to pass. The truck driver stuck his arm out of the window and waved me on. As I swung out I distinctly heard the words, "Watch it, Baby!"

I pulled back just in time to avoid a head-on collision with another logging truck which thundered past. As I sat there shaking the same voice said, "Relax, Baby." I thought I was imagining things for the voice was the voice of the logger named Gaskins, who had been dead for a month.

In the past year I have heard this voice three times, always speaking the same words in the same casual tone: "Watch it, Baby!" Each time a logging truck has been involved and each time I have only just avoided a serious accident. My family credits my driving skill but I wonder if I have acquired a kind of guardian.
— *Evelyn Paramore, Kitsap, Wash.*

THE PHOTO

DURING the war a neighbor of mine, Roy Cook, flew with the RAF as a bomber pilot. Roy was based in England and when I went over as a flight engineer in the RCAF, also on bombers, I hoped to run into him though I had no idea where he was stationed. I hadn't seen him for almost three years.

On the morning of April 23, 1944, after a heavy night raid on a target deep in Germany, I went with a couple of friends to survey a badly damaged Halifax bomber which had barely made it home. To get to the plane we took a short cut through one of the giant, camouflaged hangars. It was va-

cant and the concrete floor had been freshly swept.

As we crossed the clean floor, a small white patch caught my eye. I remember saying as I turned to pick it up, "That looks like a picture," which indeed it was, lying face down on the floor. I turned it over and got the surprise of my life. It was a photo of Roy!

It seemed like a coincidence but it bothered me and I decided to do some checking. I learned that Roy had been killed on the same raid in which the damaged Halifax had taken part, the night before I found his picture.

Roy must have been stationed at one time on the same field, moving before my arrival. An airman from the photographic section probably dropped the photo while passing through the hangar a few minutes before with an armful of old records to be destroyed.

There were over a thousand men based at that airfield. I am at a loss to explain why I, of all people, should find Roy's photo right after he had been shot down. I got in touch with Roy's mother and at her request mailed her the photo. — *E. H. Stofer, Vancouver, B. C., Can.*

MY SISTER'S VISION

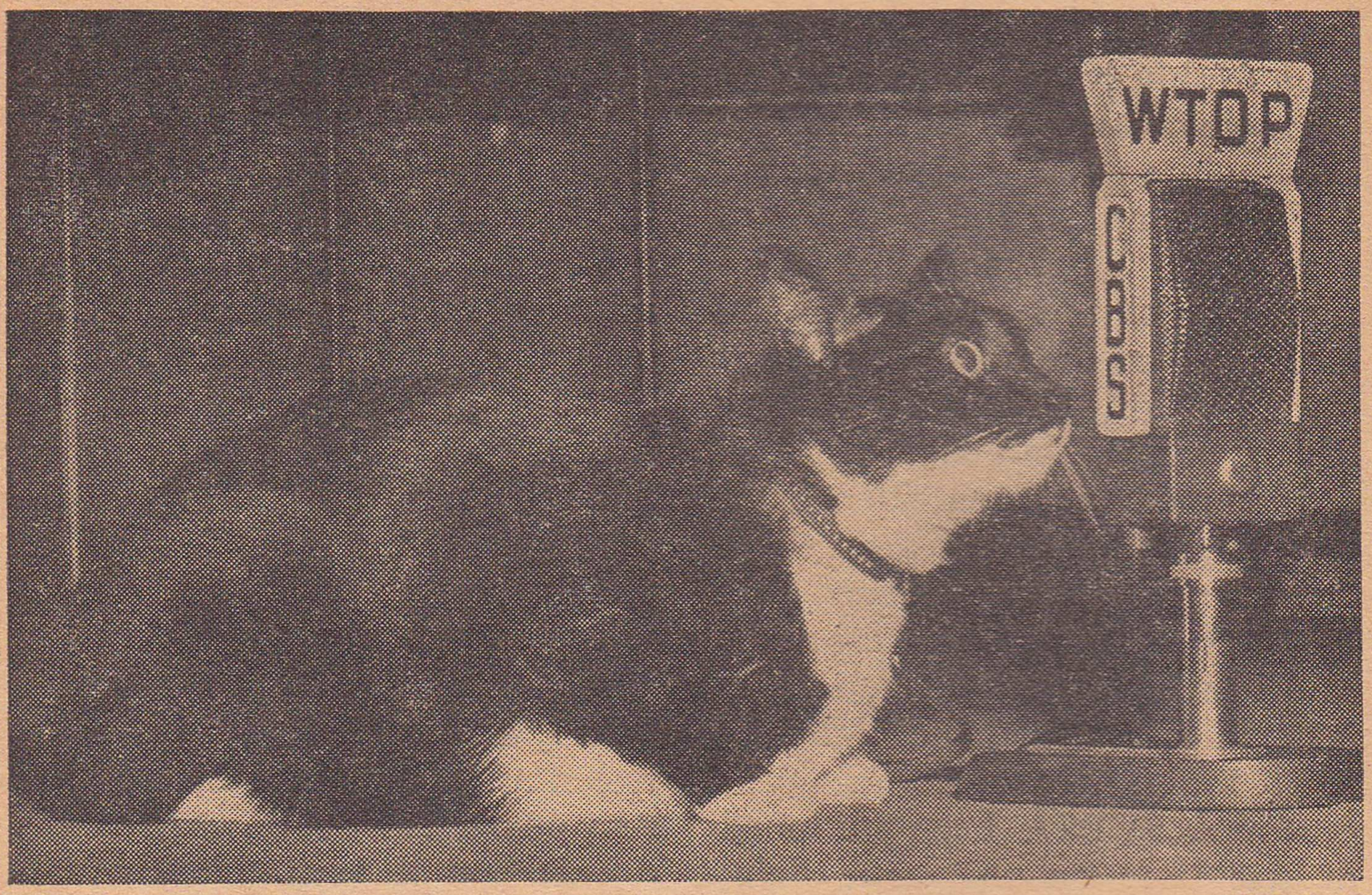
In 1927 I visited my sister, Catherine, who lived in Delaware, Okla. One Tuesday afternoon, about three o'clock, she walked through the back door, her face so deathly white and wearing such a peculiar expression that I jumped out of my chair, demanding, "Catherine, what's happened?"

She couldn't answer for a few minutes. Then she told me, "I was over at Anne's." (Anne was Mrs. Harrington, a next door neighbor and mother of a five-year-old boy named Tommie.) "She was ironing in the living room while I sat just inside the door. During a lull in the conversation, as I looked at Anne leaning over the ironing board, a mist seemed to come between us. Then out of this mist she reappeared. But now she was dressed completely in black with a long veil thrown back from her face, bending in the same position — but over a small white casket."

Catherine said that this vision lasted a few seconds. Then Anne in her red apron stood there again, intent on her ironing.

That evening we went to the country where we remained until Monday. Upon our return we learned that Tommie had become seriously ill Sunday morning and had died early Monday.

The funeral was held the next day. Just before the service, as my sister and I sat in the dining room with other friends, Anne came from her bedroom. And we realized that at approximately the same time of day, exactly one week later, we were witnessing a replica of Catherine's vision. Anne,



Gypsy is a remarkable cat, but does he really carry a "psychic clock" inside him?

dressed in black, walked slowly to the end of the living room, threw back the long veil over her face and leaned over the little white casket. — *Mrs. Ed L. Jones, Spearfish, S. Dak.*

FELINE ALARM CLOCK

GYPSY, the cat who shares our life in a small apartment, jumps to my pillow at 6:45 every morning to tell me to get up.

A "realist" tried to tell me that it is the physical process of digestion in Gypsy that brings about this phenomenon. In a certain number of hours after his last feeding nature turns the hunger dial to prompt Gypsy, my friend said. So I tried feeding him at different hours and even not feeding him at all at night. Gypsy still woke me at 6:45 a.m.

In a book on cats I read that if you are going to be away from your pet overnight you should quietly tell it that you are going, that it will be safe and well cared for and that you will return the next day. I found that Gypsy stopped prowling restlessly around my suitcases when I did this and settled himself contentedly in his basket, letting me go with a lick and a quiet blinking of his eyes.

Since this worked, I wondered if I could avoid being waked an

hour too early on the morning that daylight saving time would end. I explained it simply and clearly, "Gypsy, tomorrow the time changes. Wake me *one hour later* than you did today."

Next morning came the usual nudge from Gypsy. "He couldn't possibly know the time has changed," I thought. "I still have another hour to sleep." But he cuffed me and walked on me and finally he resorted to the sure trick of jumping on the bedside table and starting to push things to the floor. I snatched the clock to save it from going overboard and came wide awake. The clock said 6:45 — not by the old time but by the new! Gypsy was right as well as determined.

When spring came around again I decided to challenge Gypsy's psychic watch. "All right, see if you can reverse it!" I told him. "Tomorrow wake me *one hour earlier*." Gypsy woke me at 6:45 a.m. by the new time!

It happens year after year — except one morning when I forgot to tell him the night before. Gypsy than woke me by the old time. He cannot read time by the clock.

I do not insist that Gypsy understands the nuances of the English language in the way that I do. I only know that some kind of psychic timepiece works in him, while I have to depend on my purely material clock. — *Madeline Hicks, Washington, D. C.*

MESSAGE IN SMOKE

WHEN my wife and I lived in Auburn, N. Y., in 1929, her father, Miles, stayed with us. He was a retired printer, an elderly man of regular habits who rose early, bathed and went for a walk before breakfast every morning except in the worst weather. He was just as regular about his brand of pipe tobacco — Havana Blossom. Hester and I got used to it.

This phase of our life closed when we moved to Barre, N. Y., and Miles went to live in Waverly, Pa., about 150 miles away. Several years passed during which we did not see him.

In the morning of April 29, 1935, as we were about to arise, I asked, "Do you smell something?"

"Yes, tobacco smoke," my wife answered.

"Who has been here lately that smokes?" I wanted to know.

"Absolutely no one."

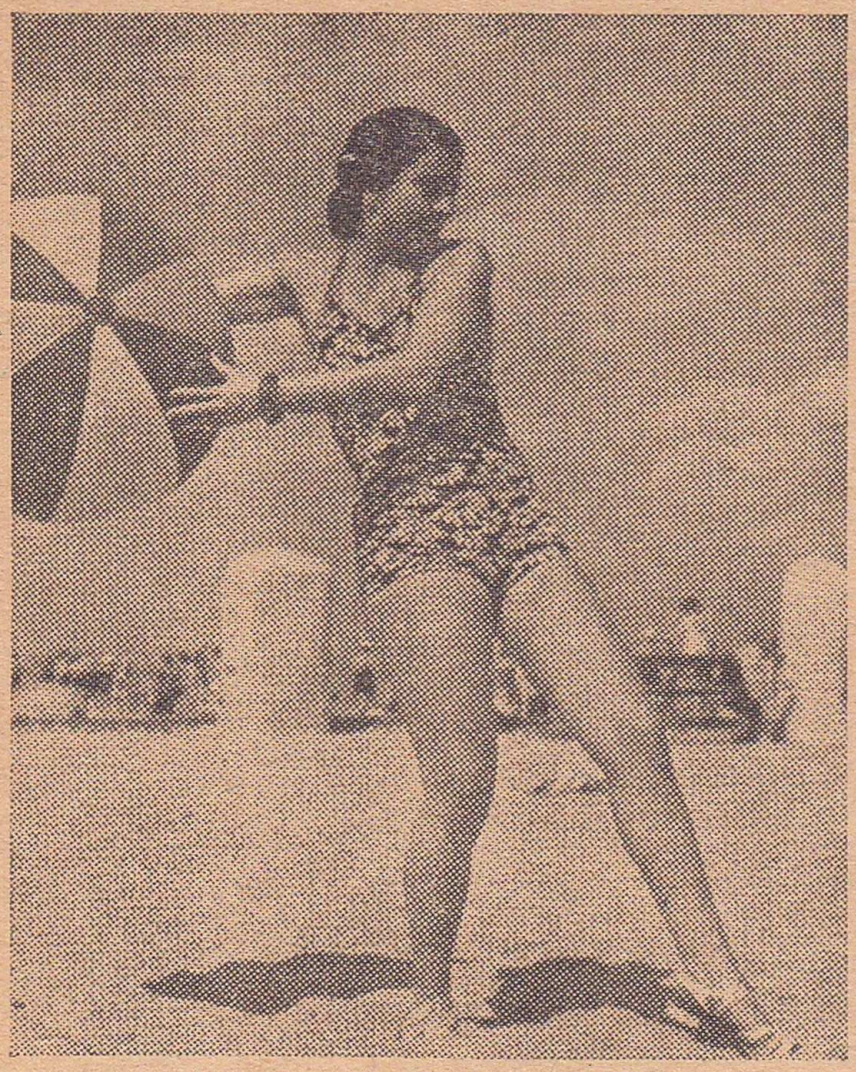
We checked the list of our smoking acquaintances and found that no one who smoked had been in our house for days.

"Do you recognize this smell?" I asked.

"Yes," Hester replied, "it's what Dad used to smoke when he lived with us. Havana Blossom."

A short time later we received a wire that Hester's father had died that previous evening. On his bedside table lay his pipe — filled with Havana Blossom. — *Kenneth Holcomb, Scottsville, N. Y.*

REINCARNATION OF LUCIA SALVIO



Iris Farczady had been a pretty young girl of a good family. She should have had a happy life and participated in swimming and sports as photo shows.

By Cornelius Tabori

Iris Farczady fell ill and apparently died. Next morning she awoke claiming to be a Spanish charwoman.

In 1933 European psychologists were puzzled by the strange story of a 15-year-old girl who changed suddenly into a Spanish charwoman. Here is a first hand account of this amazing case from "My Occult Diary" by Cornelius Tabori, published by Rider & Company, London. This article is condensed from the book by permission of the publishers. The story is from Tabori's diary under date of April 30, 1935.

About a week ago I heard something of Iris. It sounded too crazy to be considered at all. A. B. told me that in a villa in the Hüvösölgy there lived a 17-year-old girl of a decent middle-class family. Two years ago, according to her own statement, accepted by her family, she changed suddenly into a Spanish charwoman. A. B. had not been out there; but I thought it worthwhile to obtain the address and take a long tram-ride.

The girl is called Iris Farczady. Her father is Geroe Farczady, a chemical engineer employed by the municipality. He is a Unitarian, comes from Transylvania, pure Székely stock; her mother is the daughter of a distinguished Viennese officer. Mrs. Farczady's father was an aide-de-camp of Archduke Friedrich; she was educated in Paris, at the Young Ladies' Boarding School of the Legion d'Honneur.

The Farczadys live in a quiet little street called Lepke; they have a pleasant, well-built villa. I went out there yesterday afternoon. As I rang the bell, the door was opened by René Farczady, the younger daughter. She is 15. She was not surprised when I told her why I called on them. She called her mother. A distinguished-looking lady; her hair worn rather short.

"You are looking for Iris?" she asked. "Iris is dead. She left us in August, 1933. Where is she? Only God knows. Iris has disappeared. She who lives with us is called Lucia — a woman from Madrid."

I stared at her. She was so calm, so matter-of-fact. I felt a little chilly. But she smiled.

"No, I am not a spiritualist! Nor am I crazy. Look at me. I pride myself on being an enlightened, level-headed woman. I try to lead a civilized life — but I seem to have been chosen for some special experience. Iris was one of the best pupils of the Girls' *Lycée* of Sopron. Everybody said that she had a wonderful future. Yes, she was a genius. A wonderful mathematician and linguist. She spoke and wrote German and French like a native. But she was often ailing, of indifferent health. That night she felt ill. I put her to bed and sat with her. Suddenly she gave a deep, long sigh. My heart skipped a beat. Somehow I felt that my darling, clever daughter had . . . died. I bent over her . . . but I could feel her breathing. I touched her breast; I heard her heart-beat. I felt relieved and scolded myself for my stupidity. Iris was alive, of course, I thought. But I was wrong. Iris was dead. Her body remained with us but the spirit had disappeared. We only discovered this the next morning."

"How?" I asked, to give Mrs. Farczady a chance to catch her breath. She talked at a tremendous rate and I felt she needed a little rest.

"The person whom we believe to be our Iris woke from a deep sleep. Immediately she began to shout in some foreign language, jumped from her bed and tried to rush from the house. We talked to her but she did not understand us. We caught hold of her and she was terrified. She kept on shouting and crying. Then we discovered that she was talking Spanish. No one knew that language in our

family; we did not understand her. We only caught some words — she kept on mentioning Madrid and someone named Pedro. And she was sobbing, crying. Later, of course, things became clear to us. But perhaps you'd better talk to Lucia . . . she'll tell you everything."

The door opened and a young girl entered the room, smiling. She was wearing a red linen dress with white polka dots. She offered me her hand, smiled and greeted me in Spanish. I could not follow her; I only caught the word "*señora*" as she turned to Mrs. Farczady. That was how she addressed her mother. . . .

"Don't be surprised," Mrs. Farczady told me. "She is not my daughter; she only stays with us because she chose to come here. That's why she calls me *señora*."

On that tragic morning when she awoke, Iris Farczady only talked Spanish. She had forgotten Hungarian together with her German and French. Not a single member of the family was able to talk to her — Mr. and Mrs. Farczady, their elder and younger sons, René . . . none of them knew a single word of the language of the *hidalgos*. The large and distinguished Farczady kin naturally heard of the strange event. They were startled and horrified. In order to be able to talk to the "Spanish woman" they started to teach her German. She learned German in a few months and that was when they really heard her story for the first time.

Iris Farczady spoke German to me; a heavily accented German. I had no way of judging whether this was a Spanish, Latin accent. When I called her Iris, she protested. She said her name was Lucia, not Iris. I handed her my pencil and asked her to put down her name. I have seen Iris Farczady's copybooks: her handwriting had been pointed, intelligent, shapely. Now it had become primitive and almost childish:



She asked me, in German, whether I had ever visited Madrid?

"I am a Madrileña," she told me. "That afternoon in August I felt very poorly. Pedro Salvio, my husband, was away at work. He is a day-labourer in Madrid. I was his wife. I married him at 17 and I died in August 1933, at the age of 40, of tuberculosis. I was born on May 2, 1894, in Madrid. We had a small flat in a tenement house at No. 7 Calloescura. I was forced to marry Pedro as a young girl; I didn't love him but we Spanish girls have no choice in these matters. It's the parents who decide! But we became . . . well, used to each other. I bore him a child every year — 14 all

told. The last, poor mite, was born a cripple. I was terribly sorry for the children when I had to die. . . ."

Iris Farczady had smiled when she started her story. Her smile was charming and natural; nothing pathological or lunatic about it. Now she suddenly produced a small white handkerchief and burst into tears — because her children had become orphans. Mrs. Farczady told me in Hungarian that this is a subject that must not be discussed; I should not ask any questions about the children.

Gradually the young girl calmed down and began to speak about her religious faith; what a pious Catholic she had been. She knew every church in Madrid; she told me about the altar pieces, described her hard, proletarian life. Her eyes shone when she said that she had been in love with the most famous matador of Madrid. She was sixteen when, after his victory, this matador cut off the bull's ears and threw them into her lap. For a Spanish girl, she said, this was the greatest possible compliment and honour — greater than if she were elected a beauty queen.

She stared at me, curious and baffled, when I turned to Mrs. Farczady and begged her to tell me frankly: is it true that her daughter Iris knew no Spanish at all?

"But my dear sir," replied Mrs. Farczady, "can't you understand that she is not my daughter, she isn't Iris? She is Lucia, a Spanish woman. Iris didn't speak a single word of Spanish and we never discussed anything in our family that was connected with Spain. But now she always talks about Spanish things. You must realize that Iris is dead — that this person you are talking to is Lucia, the Madrid charwoman."

"But her body, her face, her hands," I argued, "they are Iris Farczady's and. . . ."

"Yes," Mrs. Farczady interrupted. "The body of my darling Iris remained with us — but the soul of Lucia moved into it. But we who knew Iris realize that her body is changing more and more every month. Lucia has quite a different temperament, too. My little Iris was a sad, serious, melancholy girl, a deeply artistic and thoughtful creature. She was one of the best pupils of the St. Margaret College in Buda; she was top of the class in the Sopron *lycée* — but she was always sad, quiet. Lucia, on the other hand, is full of life and gaiety. Those who have known Spanish women told me that she is a characteristically Spanish *señora*.

"My little Iris could never laugh like this, she did not have these gestures; my little Iris never danced those passionate dances, never sang the Spanish folk songs

which Lucia dances and sings for us almost every day. And I, her mother, who knew my darling best, see quite clearly that Lucia's face is becoming quite different from hers. . . ."

I turned to "Lucia" and asked her in German:

"Is this true?"

"All that the *señora* says is true," she replied. "When I looked into the mirror for the first time after having come here, I was shocked. What had happened to me? I have become such a young girl! And where were my black eyes? My thick, dark hair which came down to my hips? Later, of course, I found it quite pleasing that in my new life I have become such a pretty young girl. . . ."

Mr. Farczady and his two schoolboy sons were not at home. The four of us sat around the dining-room table. I turned to the younger Farczady girl, René.

"Tell me, René, is she or isn't she your sister Iris?"

"No, she isn't Iris," replied René Farczady. She looked into my eyes; her glance was clear, untroubled. "She's Lucia. I love her not as my sister but like a friend. She came to us and I began to teach her, to help her. I taught her to write — she was quite illiterate, poor darling. Mother and I taught her German. No, I love her as if she were my flesh-and-blood for she's such a darling. And I learned so much from her about Spanish life and Madrid. At first she was rather reserved. Everything made her afraid. For months we didn't dare to take her into the street for she wanted to escape — to go back home. Now she's become used to us and loves us dearly. Only she can't forget her former life, her work. Every day, early in the morning, she sets to work, cleans the house, washes the dishes, does the laundry, scrubs the floor. . . ."

I asked Mrs. Farczady and René:

"And what does Mr. Farczady think of all this?"

"He is . . . rather reserved towards Lucia," Mrs. Farczady replied. "He is a quiet, somewhat melancholy man. He has gone off to his work this afternoon . . . he won't be back till after lunch tomorrow. He says he knows nothing of the whole affair.

"My elder son is also skeptical; but the younger has made friends with Lucia. The boys do not call her Iris but Baby or Little Baby. Lucia loves them. It is also interesting that while we lived in town and Lucia met her former classmates of the St. Margaret College, she did not recognize any of them. The girls all knew her for Iris Farczady but Lucia did not remember anything. Nor did she know her teachers. And how surprised she was when she saw the Budapest tram-cars! How different from those of Madrid."

Last October Dr. Tibor Huempfner, the Hungarian Cistercian professor who has spent many years in the Eternal City, returned from Rome to Budapest. The Farczady family took Lucia to the home of Conrad Lechner, the architect and assistant professor of the Budapest Technology who is related to them. The Cistercian Father, by the way, is also a distant relative. Father Huempfner was shocked and startled when he heard the story. The girl spoke Spanish to him and delivered quite a lecture about the churches of Madrid. She described in detail the buildings and their decorations — including the altar-cloths with their wonderful lace. Professor Huempfner had visited Madrid. At a party the girl was introduced to a Spanish teacher living in Budapest. She was surprised to hear the perfect Madrid dialect the girl spoke.

We continued our conversation. "Lucia" told me how bitter and hard her life in Madrid had been, how much she had to toil and to suffer. Now she began to feel well in her new circumstances; she loved the spring of Buda, the flowers, the trees, and found Budapest a lovely city. She put it down on a piece of paper:

Ahora yo habito en Budapest, es una muy hermosa ciudad

Meaning that she was living now in Budapest and that it was a very beautiful city.

Mrs. Farczady said:

"Our greatest problem is — what to do with Lucia? Iris is dead. But can we get a certificate of her death? And we ought to see the Spanish ambassador to obtain for Lucia a residential permit — for she is a foreign subject. How could we get her a birth certificate?"

I couldn't advise her on these points; but I asked the girl to sing me the favourite songs of her "other life." She did not need much asking.

"*O palomita mia* . . ." she began and then sang half a dozen of the songs which she said she had learned as a child.

She began to understand a little Hungarian in recent weeks, the Farczadys told me. But when she spoke one or two Hungarian words for me, she had a strong and peculiar accent — it was quite ridiculous.

Mrs. Farczady explained once again that Iris died but her body remained alive; that the soul of Lucia, the Madrid charwoman, had moved into this body. It was a miracle, a unique event, Mrs. Farczady and René said. Her own soul had left her and an alien soul moved in. "Iris" — or "Lucia," if you will — told me once more that she was happy at having been given the body of such a

pretty creature; for she had been a worn-out, middle-aged woman and now she was reborn to a new youth. . . .

The same evening I went to see Mr. Geroe Farczady who is in charge of the Hungarian Milk and Milk Products Company's dairy centre at No. 4 Endre Thek Street. I found him a little shabby and hard at work. He is 44; I persuaded him with some difficulty to give me a few facts.

"I was married just before the war, on June 20, 1914. I was called up at the time of the partial mobilization so that I left my wife after a few days' married life. I spent two years in the front line; then I was released and sent to the Hungarian Chemical Institute where I have been working until recently as chief chemist."

I asked him about his daughter. He said:

"My daughter Iris was born in 1918, during the war. I think her birthday is April 4. She went to a kindergarten in Buda; then the Children's Protective League took her to Holland where she found a good home with some kind people. She spent two years in Holland. She forgot her Hungarian and only spoke Dutch. Then we sent her to the *lycée* at Sopron and afterwards to the St. Margaret College in Buda. She was in the fourth form when this strange thing happened to her. She became very ill. There was an epidemic of Spanish flu — it must have been August, 1933, I think. Her lungs became affected. I was away for a few days in the country and when I came back, this . . . this change happened. But my wife only mentioned it later to me. . . ."

Surrounded by milk-churns and big files of correspondence, Mr. Farczady seemed ill-at-ease. He said something that this strange thing happening to Iris was called "transmutation."

"It isn't a spiritualist term," he went on, more or less on the defensive. "Though I must admit that we have had certain connections with spiritualism in the past. My foster-mother was the wife of Louis Ehrlinger, a town councillor of Kolozsvar. She was a convinced spiritualist and became so wrapped up in these things that her husband later divorced her. She had beautiful "spirit drawings" which she left to me — I've still got them at home. It is possible that Iris might have seen these drawings. But how they could have influenced her, I do not know. . . ."

I managed to get out of Geroe Farczady that it was months before his wife told him about the "transmutation."

"I've known only a few months that Iris speaks Spanish and considers herself a Spanish woman. Of course, she is my daughter. At least outwardly. What happened

inside her — *I* certainly cannot discover. I only feel deeply sorry that the beautiful career, the promising studies of my Iris were all abandoned. I had expected and hoped so much of her. . . ."

"Does she really call her mother '*señora*' all the time?" I asked.

"I've never heard it. . . . My wife is rather. . . ." He broke off and then continued: "I don't like this spiritualist business. . . . They keep everything a secret from me. It won't lead to anything good. I consider it unhealthy. My daughter . . . she doesn't like it if I call her Iris. I must certainly admit that before she fell ill, she was rather irritable and moody. Now she is calm, interested in housework and sometimes produces extraordinary dishes. With milk, butter and vegetables she can prepare wonderful tid-bits . . ."

Well, that's all I could discover. There is no explanation, no easy solution. Are they all pretending? But why? Perhaps a psychologist could explain the matter. I've only recorded what I have seen.

STONEHENGE PUZZLE SOLVED

THE dating of Stonehenge, a cause of dispute among archeologists for over 150 years, apparently has been determined through a piece of burned wood taken from the famed megalithic remains. By measuring the amount of decay of the radioactive carbon contained in the wood fragment, Prof. W. F. Libby, of the University of Chicago, found that the date was "1848 B.C., plus or minus a margin of 275 years."

The fragment was found during a foot-by-foot exploration of the Stonehenge ruins by Prof. Stuart Piggott and a party of archeologists from Edinburgh University. The scientists discovered a ritual pit containing pieces of burned wood. A sample was sent to Prof. Libby at Chicago, who based his estimate of its age on the known rate of disintegration of radioactive carbon.

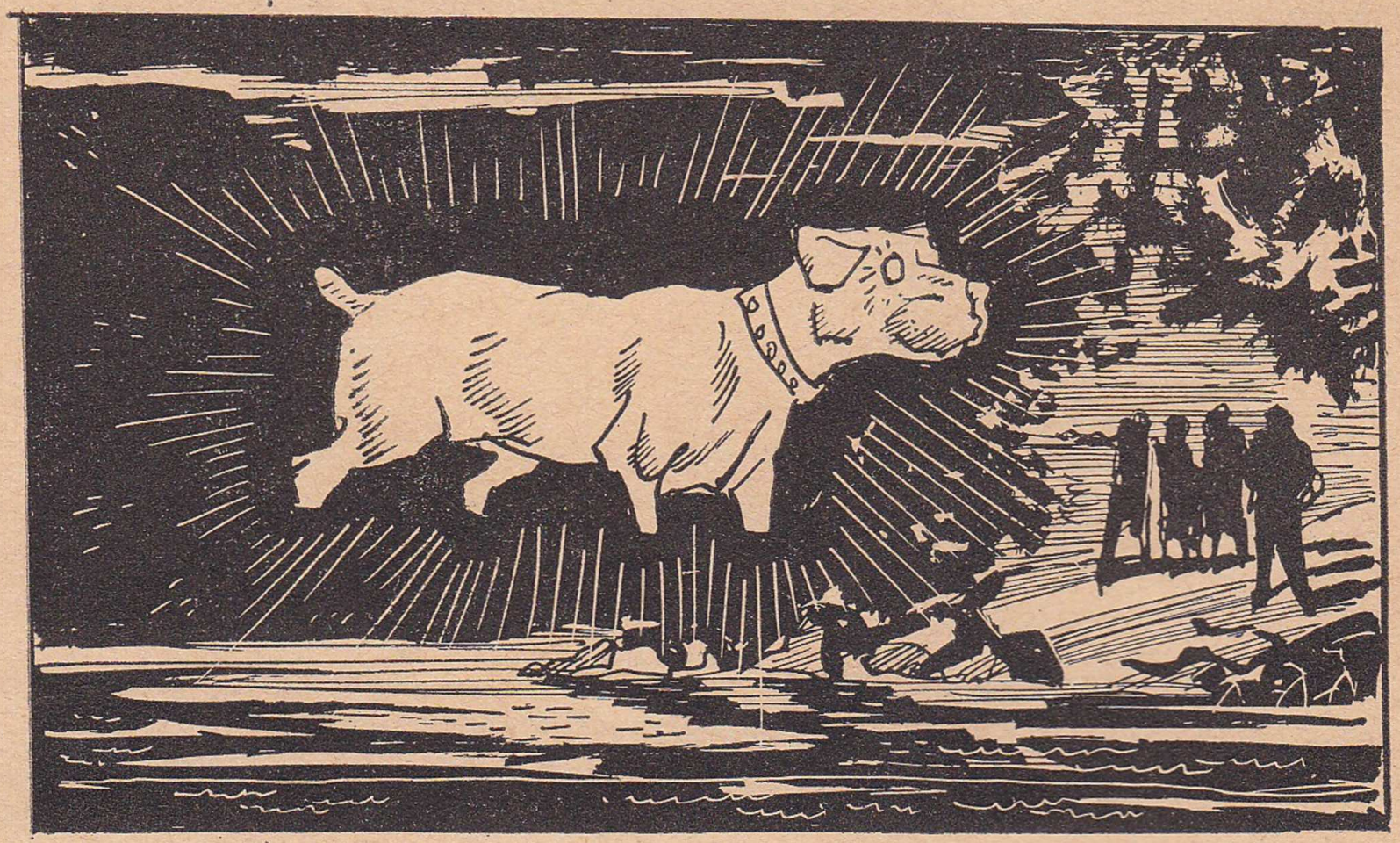
"We can now say," concluded Prof. Piggott, "that the date of the earliest phase of Stonehenge lies between 2123 and 1573 B.C."

Science marches on.

PSYCHIC BOXER

MANNY FRANK, husband of motion picture and television actress Vivian Blaine, almost drowned recently when a canoe in which he was riding tipped over. At the same moment his pet Boxer dog began howling wildly and tried to break loose from a chain. The animal was at a dog hospital miles from the scene of the accident.

SPECTRE of WILSON'S FERRY



The phantom turned into a glowing white dog and floated away over the water's surface.

By Pauline Saltzman

On Hallowe'en night in 1945 a group of Owensboro, Ky., teen-agers were on their way to a party. As they approached the old ferry landing a few miles outside the town, they froze in their tracks as the apparition of a tall woman in white clothes rose before them. The young people, though they realized this was All Hallow's Eve, were completely unnerved. Frank Bollinger, one of the boys, collapsed and his friends had to drag him a half-mile up the lane. They stopped at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Elmo McKay who revived Frank with cold towels applied to his head.

News of the eerie phenomenon spread like wildfire, for it had

been too real and weird to have been faked by Hallowe'en pranksters.

The curiosity of two brothers, Harold and Harry Sapp, automobile mechanics, was aroused and they decided to visit the old ferry landing. As they approached the lonely site, once the busiest section in that region, Harold glanced back over his shoulder. A luminous, feminine figure attired in a flowing, long-sleeved white gown stood in the road. Harold saw a white, misty shawl covering her head but wasn't able to see her face. The figure did not utter a sound. He looked away to speak to his brother and when he looked again he saw only a white dog that disappeared behind a clump of weeds. He was startled and frightened but he did notice that the dog seemed to glide, rather than walk, and its legs were not visible.

Harry Sapp also saw the dog and reported that it was about three feet long and glowed as though coated with phosphorus.

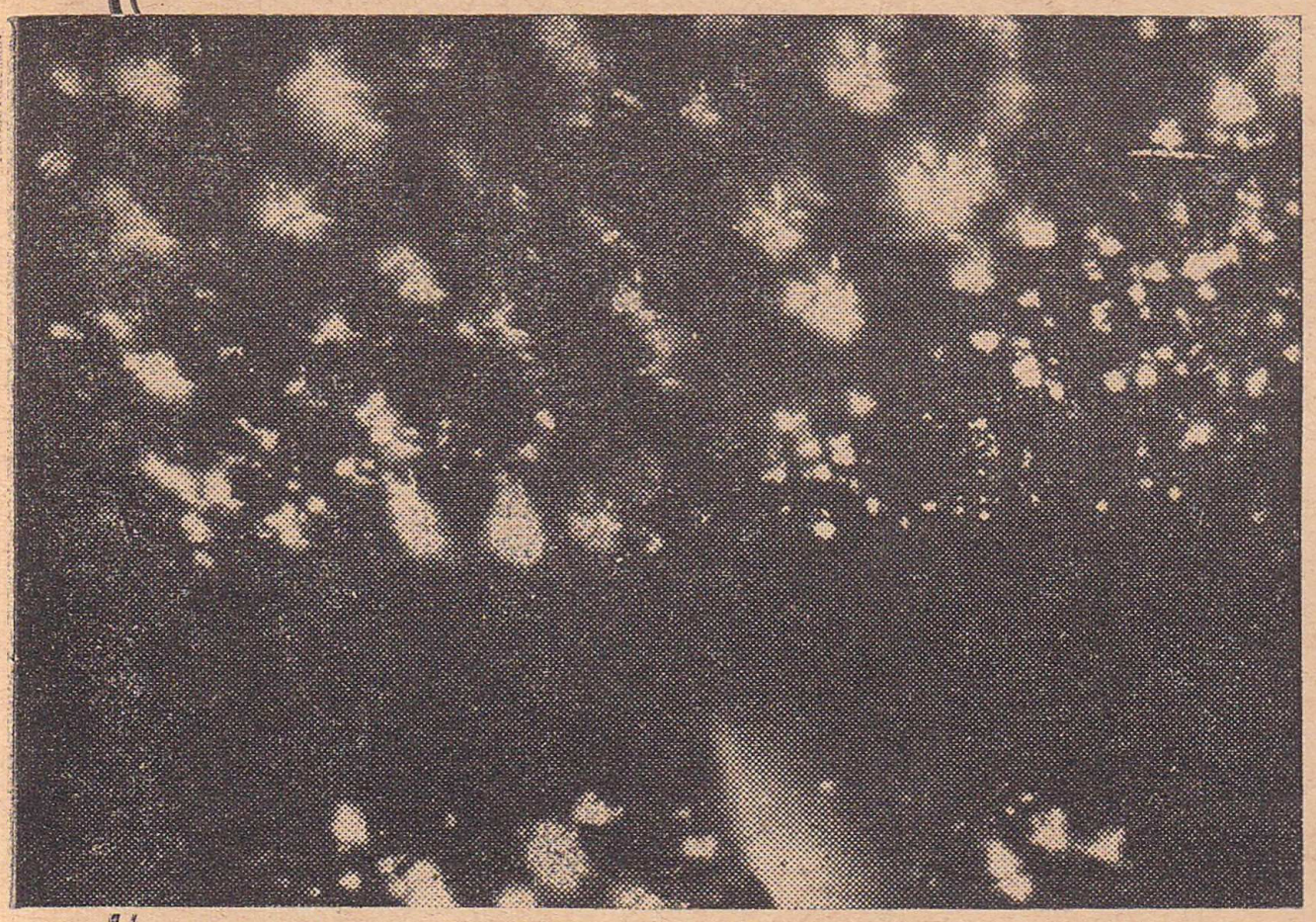
"I wish I hadn't gone," Harold Sapp told a reporter. "I wish I hadn't seen it. There's no man I'm afraid of but I'll never go back to that landing again."

The story continued to spread throughout Owensboro and a young milkman, Sherly McLimore, 16, decided that he, too, would like to see this changing ghost. With a number of older friends he went to Wilson's Ferry. This is what McLimore told a reporter who later interviewed him:

". . . It was all in white and it took about eight steps, not on the water but in the air. It walked like an old woman. It never moved its arms. Then it turned into a white dog that floated away a few feet over the surface. I watched until the weeds hid it. Man, I was scared. But I'd like to go back just to see if I'll find it again."

Wilson's Ferry was once a busy place, with cars and wagons lining the country lane as they waited for the ferry to take them across the Ohio River to the Indiana side. With the construction of the Owensboro bridge the ferry landing was abandoned.

If some long-ago tragedy occurred on this spot no one seems to remember but the inexplicable events occurring on Hallowe'en night, 1945, and on subsequent nights would seem to indicate that some restless spirit is chained here and cannot find peace.



WE PHOTOGRAPHED THOUGHTS

Odd markings appeared on the photographic plates after they were held against the subject's head.

By Hereward Carrington

THOUGHT photography has been among the most hotly debated of psychic phenomena because of its seeming impossibility. But tests recently carried out under strict laboratory conditions by myself and a little group of cautious researchers tend to show that pictures of thoughts are possible. Thought photography works! And if the results are not entirely according to the expectations of those who seek the miraculous, still they challenge the imagination and point out a road which accredited scientists might follow with profit.

Among the earliest attempts to obtain results in the field of thought photography were those conducted by the French psychic

NO TAMPERING HERE

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to state that I have followed directions for preparing the photographic plates for the thought-image experiments as follows:

Twelve Eastman #50 plates were wrapped by me in the darkroom and identified by scratched markings on the emulsion side — to correspond with identical markings on the outside of the black opaque paper wrappings. This series is marked 1 to 12, and I state that they were so handled that no light reached them during this process.

The wrappings were then taped in such a fashion that same could not be tampered with without tearing the wrappings. In previous experiments I have examined these wrappings and found them intact, developing and printing the plates according to instructions.

The development process consists of a 12 to 15-minute period in the development bath, in complete darkness, and an additional 10 or more minutes in red light. Wrapping, development and printing have been handled by me during many of the previous experiments, and I testify that the plates were never exposed in any normal fashion, but that markings were found to exist in the form of clearly distinct contrasts that I have been unable to account for or explain.

(*Signed*) A. J. Bertin,
George Murphy Co.

investigators Commandant C. Darget, Dr. H. Baraduc, and Hector and Henri Durville. Darget obtained some striking results. Images appeared upon the plates of a chair, a walking stick, an eagle's head, etc., about which the subject had been thinking. Some of these he published in the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, and a few were reproduced in Dr. Paul Joire's book, *Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena*.

Baraduc and the Durvilles obtained only blurred images but, nevertheless, distinct markings where there should have been none! Their results were published in various French psychic periodicals and books. While historically interesting, they are marred by lack of careful safeguards and for that reason are generally considered inconclusive.

This same criticism applies to results claimed by certain other psychical researchers, among them Theosophical writers and ardent spiritualists. But others later were more careful and their results are worthy of consideration. This is true of the laborious

work of F. W. Warrick whose book, *Experiments in Psychics*, should be consulted by all serious students of this subject.

One of the most important works on this problem is that of a Japanese scientist, Professor T. Fukurai, who experimented with various subjects, including the wives of several university professors. His extensive and fully illustrated book has been translated into English and titled *Clairvoyance and Thoughtography*. Here again the findings are, to a great extent, vitiated by a laxity of control. Results in this field can be taken seriously only when based, not upon faith in the moral integrity of the subjects, but upon the fraud-proof conditions of the experiment, which render doubt of the results impossible. We kept this requirement constantly in mind in our own experiments.

I wish to make clear that there is a difference between "spirit" and "thought" photographs. In so-called spirit photography the sitter is photographed in the usual way. When the film or plate is developed, however, there appear upon it, in addition to the portrait of the sitter, one or more "spirit heads" usually grouped about the sitter's head. Photographs of this kind are always suspect and the controversy aroused by them is both long and involved. Suffice it to say that we here are not concerned with "spirit" photography.

We were fortunate to have as a subject a young man named Joseph Ruk, an inspector-mechanic by profession. Mr. Ruk introduced himself to me after one of my lectures, mentioning results of his own in the field of thought photography.

Some years before he had become greatly interested in Rosicrucianism, which he contends changed the whole course of his life. Among the exercises given him were some on "concentration," and it was in this connection that he first thought of trying to influence photographic plates by the exercise of his "will". He joined a small group of experimenters and obtained some interesting results, but after this several years elapsed without further experimentation.

Mr. Ruk is not a "medium." He is a young man of considerable scientific training, cautious in his approach to this problem, and unquestionably sincere and honest in his researches. He did not accept money for his sittings, cooperated completely in all test conditions imposed, and willingly undertook any experiments suggested. However, all our tests were conducted with the assumption that Mr. Ruk *might* be a fraud. That is, our experiments were carried out under conditions which we feel made fraud impossible.

It should be emphasized here that our experiments with Mr. Ruk were necessarily preliminary and that a long series of tests, under varied conditions, should be undertaken before even tentative conclusions are drawn regarding them. Our desire was merely to establish the *facts*.

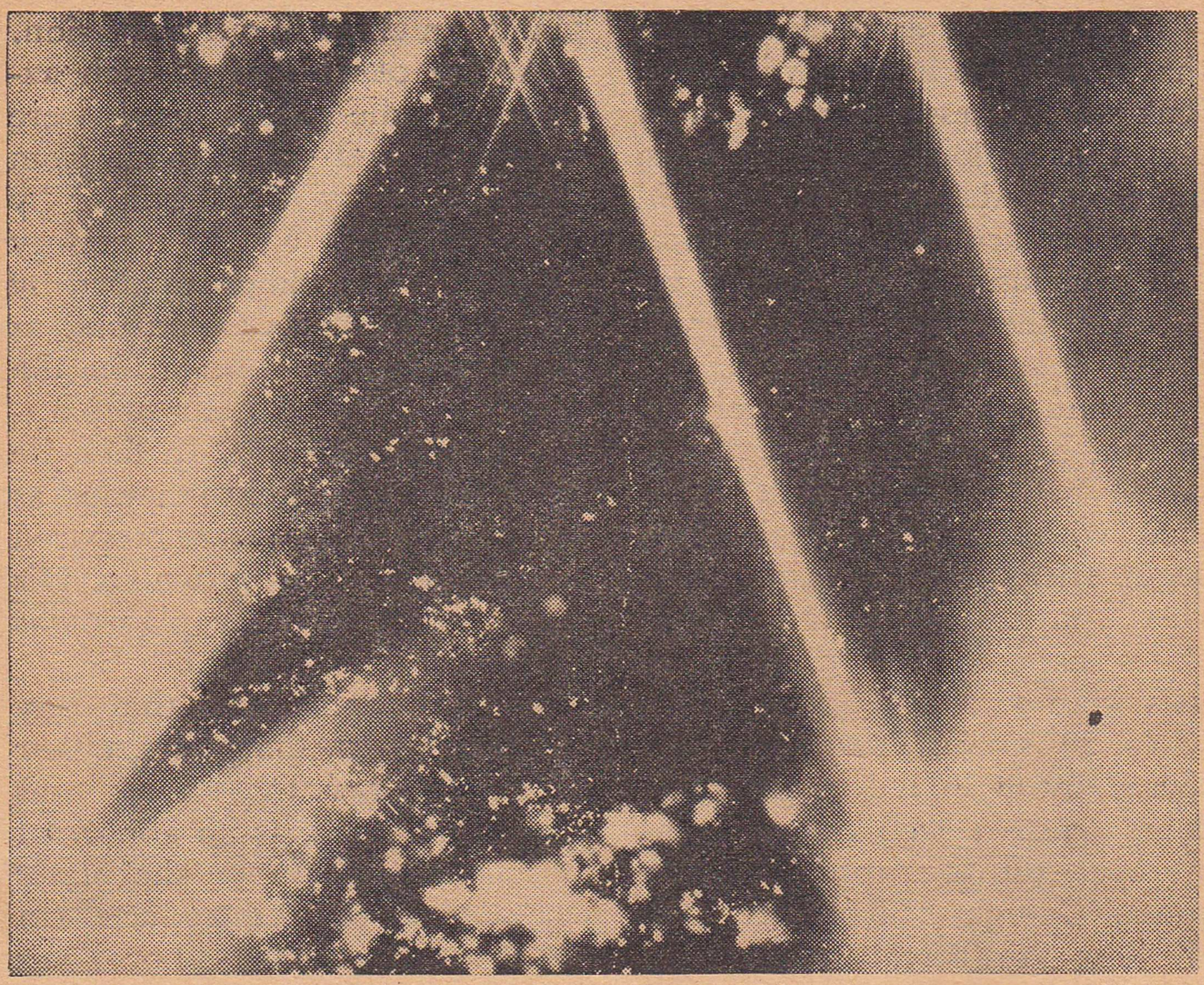
Inasmuch as Mr. Ruk informed us that he had, in the past, obtained better results with plates than with films we decided to begin with plates — introducing films, papers, etc., later. The plates used in the preliminary tests were standard Eastman 4 x 5, No. 50 (slow). These were purchased by us in the usual sealed boxes from a well-known commercial photographic supply house, George Murphy & Co., 57 East 9th Street, New York City. Mr. A. J. Bertin, connected with this firm, took a personal interest in our experiments and at our request prepared the plates for us for our sittings.

Each plate was numbered on the emulsion side and then wrapped in opaque black paper. This paper was sealed with adhesive tape and the outside of the wrapper was again marked, with the same number on the plate. All 12 plates thus were wrapped and carefully sealed in the company dark room and this package of plates was then replaced in the box, tied up and delivered to us. Thenceforth the plates remained in our possession.

At the conclusion of each experiment the plates used were developed and prints made from them, either by Mr. Bertin or by ourselves. It is hardly necessary to add that no plates supplied by Mr. Ruk were ever used and at no time was he present in the dark room during their preparation or development. In fact, he remained completely ignorant as to where the plates were prepared and developed, or by whom. His only contact with the plates was during the experiment.

We are convinced that any tampering with the plates, either before or after the sitting, was impossible and that no abnormal markings existed upon the plates when they were introduced to the experiment. This is borne out by the fact that, on several occasions, other persons brought their own marked plates to the sittings. These were afterwards taken away and developed by them. Their results invariably corresponded with the results we obtained on our own identified plates. In one instance an expert photographer developed his own plate *immediately* — using our dark room for the purpose. His result, paradoxically, was one of the most striking thus far obtained.

At no time was Mr. Ruk permitted to handle or manipulate the wrapped plates, except as directed by us and under our



The black and white shafts on this plate were considered an unusual effect.

observation in the light. In the majority of the tests his hands did not touch the wrapped plates or even come near them. In our first experiments, in order to make him feel at ease and to conform to the technique of his earlier experiments, a wrapped plate was handed to him by one of us just before the period of concentration began. This plate he held by the edges, with his finger tips, against his forehead. His hands remained virtually without movement until the end of the sitting.

In later tests the plate was either tied over his forehead by means of a bandage (his hands remained in his lap), or it was suspended in space before him, some 18 inches to two feet from his eyes and head. Occasionally, at our request, he held the wrapped plate in his hands; such instances are noted in the record. Sometimes two or more plates were used in the same experiment: one under his hand, another tied to his forehead, another hanging freely in space.

All plate wrappings were carefully examined before and after each sitting and always the wrappings were found intact. This fact was verified also by Mr. Bertin of the Murphy Company.

Mr. Ruk's hands were inspected just before the sittings and these, as well as his forehead, were rubbed with cotton saturated with water or alcohol to remove any possible preparation and to dispose of latent perspiration.

This was the procedure followed by us throughout the series of sittings and we feel quite certain that no markings could have been made, normally, upon the plates either during the sittings, before or after them.

Abnormal markings did appear on nearly every plate concentrated upon by Mr. Ruk. These markings vary greatly, and on very few occasions do they correspond in detail to the object of his concentration. It would be unwise, at this juncture, to come to any conclusion in this connection. In some instances there *was* a slight resemblance. When Mr. Ruk was asked to concentrate upon the sun, for instance, distinct ray-like markings were noted upon the plates. These instances were in the minority, however. For the most part no real resemblance was found between the visualized and the impressed images. But this is of minor importance. The main question is: Do supernormal markings appear upon the plates at all? We have seen that they *do*.

It may be assumed, tentatively, that some unknown form of vital, bodily radiation is emitted by Mr. Ruk which affects the plates as X-rays or radium might, only in a far more delicate and canalized manner. If a wrapped plate were exposed to X-rays, for even the fraction of a second, the whole plate would be fogged (i.e. "exposed"). But in our experiments we have never fogged the whole plate, only certain, limited portions.

Certain substances, such as lead, will shield that portion of the plate which they cover from the X-rays. In some of our experiments a piece of lead, cut into the shape of a hand, was placed over the plate but no outline of this "hand" was obtained. Seemingly the lead hand had no effect whatsoever. The same was true of other shielding substances, cork, zink, plastic, etc. The only substance which seemed to act as an effective shield against Mr. Ruk's bodily radiation was glass! Inasmuch as glass permits the passage of light rays, we must conclude that light can not be responsible for these effects.

It will be observed that, in the majority of the plates, it is one or more *corners* which are affected. The "energy," if such it is, seems more powerful at the corner from

which point it often radiates, in rays or streamers, across the plate. Curiously enough when X-ray film was used these corner-markings were *square*, while on all other plates they were irregular or rounded. We cannot account for this result. Miss Anne Weiant, a technical X-ray specialist who supplied these X-ray films and developed them for us, asserted that she had never seen a like effect in the tens of thousands of films she had developed.

When these "corner effects" were first noted it naturally occurred to us that these might perhaps be explained by defective wrapping — that the corners of the wrapping paper might have become torn, permitting a pin-point of light to enter and affect the plate. Careful inspection of the papers, however, by ourselves and by the George Murphy Company, failed to detect any tears.

In the subsequent X-ray tests film was used instead of glass plates; yet the same corner-effects were noted. Therefore we cannot accept the explanation that the plates were accidentally light-struck at the corners — though several of them have this appearance. We have been assured by expert photographers, moreover, that a hole or tear would not result in the effects attained. To test this we made a slight hole in the corner of one wrapper with a pin. Then we held the wrapped plate directly under an electric light for several seconds. No markings such as those noted by us on experimental plates appeared upon these plates. The same was true when a small tear was made in the wrapper. A fogging of the exposed corner occurred but nothing resembling the regular markings produced during sittings. The paper itself is manufactured by the Eastman Company and is guaranteed to be light-proof. These careful tests obviate the idea that our "thought photography" represents light-struck plates.

Another possibility of error which must be considered: "Is it not possible," you may ask, "that the markings on these plates are due to careless handling during development so that crystals, finger-marks, drops of acid, etc., might have affected the plates?" There are two or three instances when this does seem possible, as such blemishes actually do appear upon the plates, but these cannot account for the other results obtained on virtually all our plates.

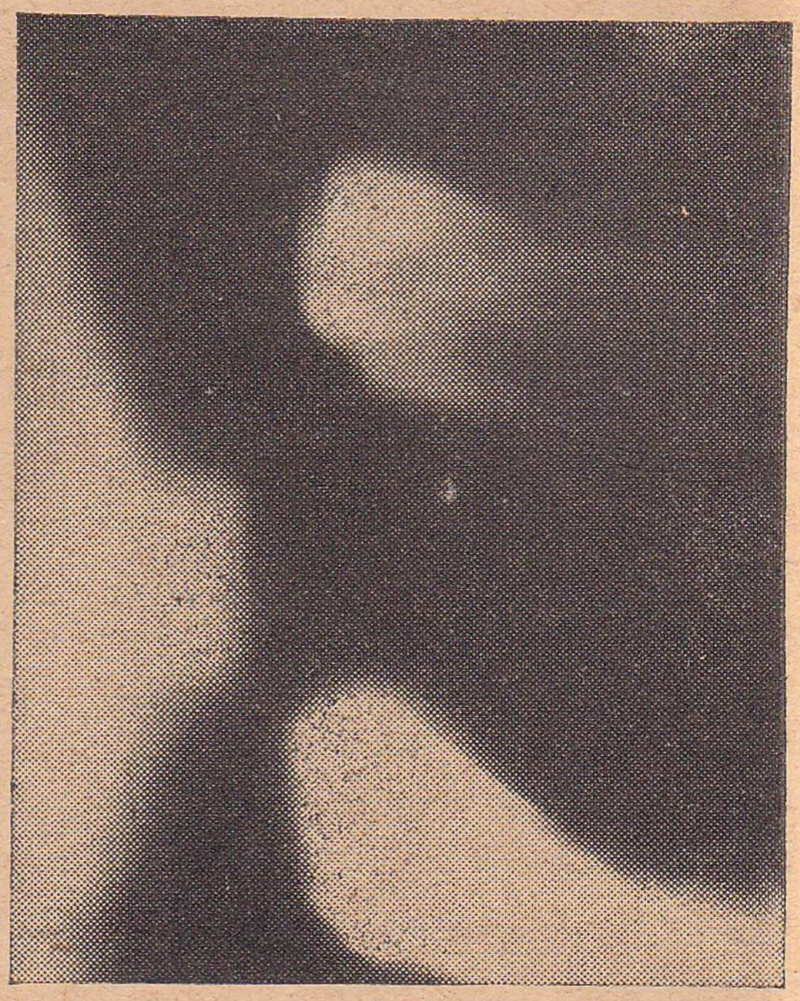
George Murphy and Co. are expert commercial photographers and they state that, in all the hundreds of thousands of plates they have developed, they never have encountered markings resembling ours. Our plates were all developed in a *tank*, which eliminates many of the defects of the regular tray method. There-

fore faulty development will not account for our results which thus remain inexplicable and seemingly supernormal.

It has been suggested that our results perhaps may be explained by static electricity, by heat radiations from the hands. But all such explanations are discounted by the fact that, in the majority of our experiments, no contact was permitted between subject and plate.

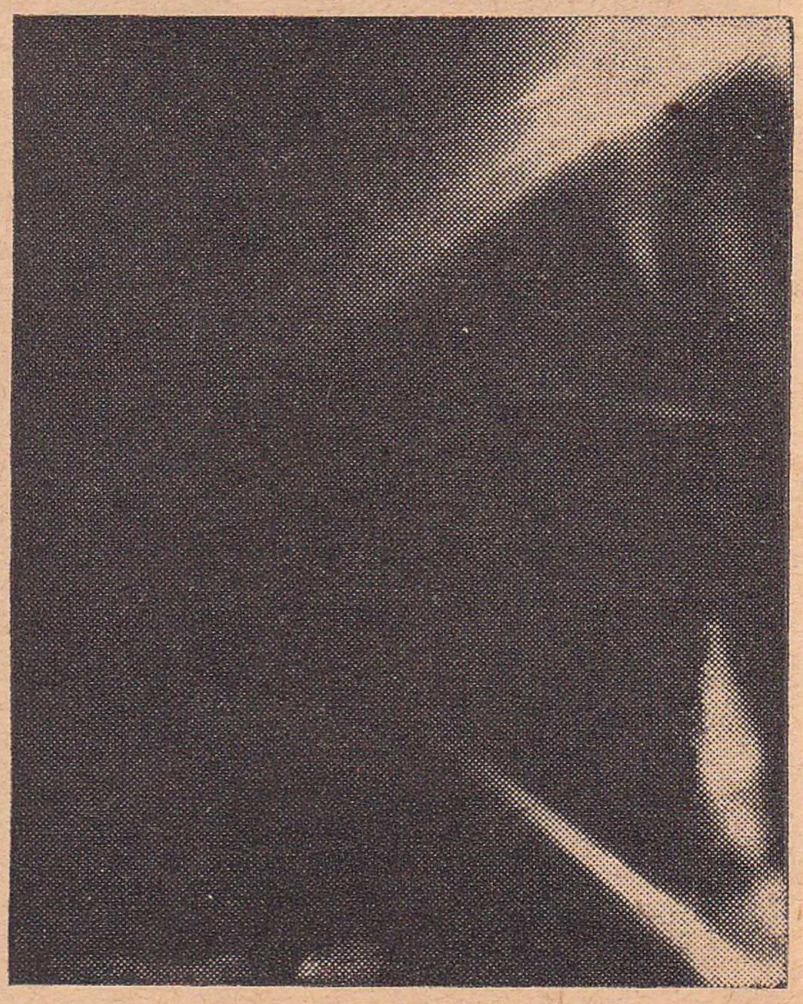
Another of our precautions was the use of "control plates" (i.e. a plate in the numbered series was put aside during the experiment and not placed in the vicinity of Mr. Ruk). These control plates showed no markings when developed. On two or three occasions other persons present held plates to their heads at the same time that Mr. Ruk was holding his. These plates, when developed, showed no inexplicable markings. This seems to indicate that Mr. Ruk possesses a unique power.

In "psychic photography" experiments conducted in England some years ago it was noted that the same curious markings appeared with considerable regularity. Among these regular markings were, humorously termed, "psychic tadpoles." We also obtained markings resembling tadpoles. On our plates "bursts" like exploding pop-corn, are often noted. These are sometimes large and sometimes small and it is



Angular outline at left resulted when Joseph Ruk concentrated upon a cross.

Plate typical of those in which shafts of radiance appeared from the corners.



interesting that in the small "bursts" tiny rays are present which resemble the larger rays streaming across the entire plate. There may be some correlation between the two.

It has been noted by psychic experimenters that over-exposures or long development-periods were often possible without fogging or ruining the plate as they normally would do. Dr. Nandor Fodor has commented upon this fact and Jackson Holroyd, in his booklet *Psychic Photography*, also comments upon these peculiarities of development — contending that such abnormal effects influence different "layers" of the emulsion and should be developed accordingly. Whatever the explanation it is true in many instances, while producing psychic photographs, that tremendous over-exposure or over-development may be undertaken without ruining the plates. There is no explanation for this.

So far as we can see, our experiments in "thought photography" were conducted under fool-proof, fraud-proof conditions and the markings found upon the plates are, therefore, seemingly supernormal. We are forced to assume that these markings represent the manifestation of some supernormal energy or heretofore unknown force.

LANDS NEVER ABOVE WATER

THE floor of the Atlantic Ocean was never above water according to Dr. W. Maurice Ewing, oceanographer and professor of geology at Columbia University. Dr. Ewing based his statement on findings made during an oceanographic expedition on the research ship *Kevin Moran.*

The expedition used the oil exploration technique of seismograph recording to identify the rock under the sediment at the bottom of the sea. "We found the rocks under every part of the ocean are completely different from those under continents," Dr. Ewing said. He explained that this tends to support the theory that the continents are distinct entities and that the ocean floor was never above water. The news is expected to come as a blow to proponents of the Atlantis theory.

Death at Sea



All the men on the ship were dead. What was it that had frozen their features in a look of horror?

By Robert V. Hulse

S O S", "S O S" . . . came the distress call from the Dutch vessel *S. S. Ourang Medan*. Dutch and British listening posts located the vessel as proceeding through the Straits of Malacca. It was early February, 1948, the sea calm, the weather clear.

"S O S", "S O S" again came the frenzied radio call. After a short silence, ". . . all officers including Captain dead, lying in chartroom and on the bridge . . . probably whole crew dead. . . ."

There followed a series of indecipherable dots and dashes and then came, quite clearly: "I die." And after that only an ominous silence.

Rescue ships from Dutch Sumatra and British Malaya rushed to the indicated location of the vessel in distress. They found her only 50 miles from the position given. Boats were put over the sides to investigate.

When the boarding parties reached the *Ourang Medan* they

found an eerie sight. There wasn't a living creature on the ship. The Captain lay dead on the bridge. The bodies of the other officers sprawled in the wheelhouse, chart-room and wardroom. The faithful "sparks" was slumped in a chair in the radio shack, his hand still on the sending key. The bodies of the hapless crew lay everywhere: in their rooms, in the passageways, on the decks. And on all the dead faces was a look of convulsive horror. As a report of the *Proceedings of the Merchant Marine Council* put it, "their frozen faces were upturned to the sun, the mouths were gaping open and the eyes staring. . . ." Everyone was dead! Even the ship's dog, a small terrier, was lifeless, its teeth bared in anger or agony.

But strangely there was no sign of wounds or injuries on any of the bodies.

After a quick conference the would-be rescuers decided to put a tow line onto the unlucky vessel and take her into port. But at that very moment smoke and flames belched forth from No. 4 hold. The fire was immediately so hot and so wide-spread it was impossible to subdue.

The boarding parties hurriedly abandoned the doomed vessel and returned to the safety of their own ships. Moments later there was a terrific explosion on the *Ourang Medan* and the ship seemed to leap into the air. Then it settled back and quietly slid beneath the waters.

From that day to this no one has ever been able to determine what happened to this unfortunate ship, to her officers and crew. The fate of the *S. S. Ourang Medan* is another unsolved mystery of the sea.

CANCER CURE THAT SHRINKS HEADS

HERBS used by Indians in Ecuador to shrink heads to baseball size may be the source of a new cancer treatment, according to Dr. Wilburn H. Ferguson of New York's Memorial Hospital. Dr. Ferguson spent a year in Ecuador, making experiments in which poisonous sap from plants growing in the dense jungles there was neutralized, refined and injected intravenously. Dr. Ferguson said that the treatment prolonged the lives of cancer patients near death by stopping hemorrhages and reducing cancerous tissue. He added, however, that at least four years would be required to prove the treatment definitely.

The Fiery Hand



The book showed the burned imprint of a hand on the first 100 pages — yet page 101 was not even yellowed.

By Ervin Bonkalo, Ph.D.

EARLY in 1952 a fire swept through the ancient convent of Cinta, Portugal, and destroyed what was perhaps the world's most curious book. Printed in 1620 at Pozsony, Hungary, this book, a collection of Biblical stories, was known as the *Kada Codex*. The book was exceptional not because of its contents or its antiquity but because of the mark which appeared on the cover and the first 100 pages.

This strange mark looked as if a man had placed his right hand on the closed book and left a burned imprint. The heavy leather cover and first seven pages showed the entire outline of the hand. The following sheets were successively less burned. Page 100 was heavily scorched. The remaining pages of

the *Codex* remained intact. Strangely page 101 — opposite page 100 — was not even yellowed.

The *Kada Codex* was discovered in 1902 among books of the Calasantine convent of Privigye in North Hungary and was sent to Budapest for examination. Until 1947 the book was in the custody of the Calasantine Fathers of Budapest. During the past 50 years the *Codex* was inspected by individual experts from various countries and by many special scientific groups.

The first official investigation took place in 1903 when an attempt was made to trace the book's history. The only information unearthed was that the *Codex* was presented by Leopold Kollonits of Vienna, in the year 1667, to the Calasantine Fathers in Privigye for use in their school which had opened the previous year. The volume was described by an ancient letter as "brand new."

One member of the 1903 group, Dr. E. Friedreich, a professor of history, started a methodical investigation of his own. After 10 years of digging in old documents, he presented his findings to a committee composed of clergymen, library experts and historians.

Friedreich's most important discovery was a letter which a monk named Matheus Ursinus wrote in 1710. This letter dealt with the death of another monk of Privigye, Franciscus Hanacius. "Many people got together after we came back from the cemetery," Ursinus wrote, "and wanted to see the book which was touched in his presence by the soul of Stephen Kada but we were not able to find it."

Dr. Friedreich explored the life of Stephen Kada. He was born in 1617, became the Roman Catholic Bishop of Erdely and North Hungary in 1690 and died in 1695 at Pozsony. On official travels through his territory Bishop Kada frequently spent the night at the comfortable convent of the Calasantine monks in Privigye.

The committee could not understand how one side of a sheet of paper could be scorched without damage to the other side, as happened on page 100 of the *Kada Codex*. Because the committee was not satisfied with the theory that a supernatural force burned the hand-mark on the book it was proposed that an extended search be made in the libraries of all Calasantine convents and in municipal documents. Any historical material which dealt with the affairs of North Hungary and Erdely, between the death of Bishop Kada in 1695 and the death of Hanacius in 1710, was to be reported to Dr. Friedreich.

Shortly after this decision World War I postponed the investigation. At the end of the war the state of Hungary was dismembered; North

Hungary became part of Czechoslovakia, Erdely went to Rumania and South Hungary to Jugoslavia. Due to the new borders drawn two-thirds of the Calasantine convents and Episcopal territories joined foreign countries. And, because of the political chaos and the destruction of many municipal documents, the official search into the circumstances behind the marking of the *Kada Codex* sank into oblivion.

Dr. Friedreich, however, continued his personal investigation during the next 25 years. And he pieced together the full story behind the strange marking of the *Kada Codex*.

The year 1938 was the Holy Year of Hungary. Festivals and a Eucharistic World Congress were held on the 1,000th anniversary of the death of St. Stephen, the first king of Hungary, who Christianized the nation. Foreign church dignitaries, scientists and members of the Middle European Archaeological Institute, which held their annual convention that year in Budapest, visited the famous museum of the Calasantine Fathers. Many of them became interested in the *Kada Codex*. Dr. Friedreich, now director of the museum, invited guests to a meeting at which he told the story of the mysterious hand-mark. Some members of the old committee of 1903, an anthropologist, a paper expert, members of the Middle European Archaeological Institute and editors of magazines were present. I was among the persons invited.

Dr. Friedreich's story, based on history as found in old documents, is as follows:

Bent over a book late on the night of April 1, 1696, Father Franciscus Hanacius heard a knock at his study door. Wondering who wanted to see him at this late hour he picked up his oil lamp and opened the door. In the flickering light from the lamp the pale faces of other monks stared at him from down the corridor. All had heard knocks at their doors — all had opened their doors at the very same time!

The following night, at midnight, the mysterious knocks were heard again and with such violence that the thick wooden doors rattled. The prior ordered the startled monks into the chapel where they prayed and sang hymns until sunrise. They returned to their cells to find closets and drawers opened and everything in wild disorder. Ink bottles and oil lamps lay overturned, their contents spilled.

On April 3rd steps, clicks and cracklings were heard all through the night in the rooms and hallways. The noises could not be stopped by prayer or the sprinkling of holy water. The next night they were repeated.

The rumor that ghosts inhabited the Calasantine monastery

spread quickly through the city of Privigye. Adam Borsanyi, the mayor, was anxious to know the truth. He was a courageous man and decided to spend a night in the monastery.

What actually happened on the night of April 5, 1696, is not known. The only facts, revealed in a letter written by a member of the city council and now in the archives of the monastery, are that toward morning the mayor was found sprawled in the street not far from the monastery. He wore his night cap and night gown and was trembling but sober. Apparently he had departed from the monastery in an enormous hurry because he held his slippers.

Father Hanacius was deeply troubled by the strange happenings in the monastery and determined to solve the problem. On April 6 he asked the other monks to go into the chapel and to stay there until sunrise. He remained in his cell. On the little table in the middle of his room he placed a valuable book of Biblical stories, a burning candle, salt, wine, bread and oil in small dishes.

At midnight heavy steps were heard. The cell door swung open and slammed shut. The sound of heavy boots approached the table. Father Hanacius could see no one.

"Take a seat and tell me who you are and what you want," said Father Hanacius, speaking evenly despite his fear.

The empty chair beside the table creaked under an invisible weight. The dishes were pushed around, the pages of the book were turned. The unseen hand stopped turning at page 100. The chair creaked again and there was again the sound of footsteps. The door opened and closed.

Father Hanacius was deeply impressed. He felt that his unseen visitor was not an evil spirit or he would not have touched the holy book. He was confident that sooner or later he would communicate with the restless soul; he need only to be patient.

During the next three nights the invisible being did not appear. On the night of April 10 Father Hanacius sat reading his breviary at his table. The night watchman's steps sounded hollowly on the empty street outside as, with his lantern and halberd, he made his usual tour around the monastery.

At this moment Father Hanacius heard the heavy boots of the ghost approaching — right through the closed door of his room. A voice thundered suddenly from the opposite side of the table.

"Listen, Franciscus! I am Bishop Kada," said the unseen visitor in Latin. "I want you to pilgrimage to the town of Nagyszombat and celebrate a Holy Mass over my grave and to pray for the release of my poor soul from Purgatory where it has been burning for 100 days."

The startled monk recognized the voice of the deceased bishop. He had heard it several times when Kada came to Privigye to celebrate Mass in the chapel.

But Father Hanacius decided to make a test. "I do not believe you," he said. "Evil spirits are able to simulate anyone's speech. I want you to prove that you are the person you claim to be."

Again the invisible spoke. "The Devil has not the power over sacred books. Look here."

The book of Biblical stories lay on the table. Suddenly smoke and the smell of burning leather and paper filled the room. The mark of a man's right hand appeared on the cover and on the first 100 pages of the book.

Shouting excitedly, "A miracle has happened, brothers, a miracle!" Father Hanacius rushed from his cell.

At this moment the night watchman saw smoke coming from the monastery window where the light burned. He rattled the main door. The excited shouts of Father Hanacius and the knocking sounds from outside terrorized the monks. They were convinced that a horde of ghosts was attacking. The watchman heard the noise of running feet and the yells from within. Believing that the monastery was burning he sounded an alarm.

A crowd of citizens rushed to the scene with water pails, ladders and ropes. It was hours before the confusion subsided. Startled townspeople demanded that the mayor investigate this strange incident and the monks were unable to keep secret the ghostly visit, as they had intended until the church investigated. The city magistrate conducted hearings and the affair was reported in the city annals. A duplicate of the report went to the monastery. A triplicate went to the king's archives in Buda, at this time the capital of Hungary. This last copy, in poor condition, is preserved to the present time.

Father Hanacius wished to fulfill the request of the deceased Bishop Kada as soon as possible. He took the book and the duplicate of the report and, accompanied by Father Herchl, set out on the long walk to Nagyszombat.

During the journey a thunderstorm made the two monks seek refuge at the castle of Count Hunyady, where they spent a night. The count greatly admired the miraculous *Codex*. His diary, with notes concerning the visit of the two Fathers, is preserved in the archives of the castle.

The next existing document, in which the two monks are mentioned, reports that they appeared before the city council of Nagyszombat on April 13, 1696. Father Hanacius celebrated a Holy Mass in the St. Dorothea chapel, over the grave of Bishop Stephen Kada, on which occasion

members of the city council, "monks, nuns, priests and hundreds of the common folk were present, all hoping that something extraordinary would happen."

Although nothing happened at the St. Dorothea chapel, 60 miles southward in the city of Pozsony at the bishop's palace an excited man was giving orders to his secretary. Bishop Illyes, the successor of Kada, had received the news of the supernatural happenings at Privigye and of Father Hanacius' pilgrimage. Since he did not believe in the "miracle" he issued a command to "hinder the eccentric monk in the spreading of his imagination."

Next day the command was withdrawn. The secretary hurried a letter to Father Hanacius in which Bishop Illyes apologized for his action, stating that Bishop Kada had appeared to him in a dream and reprimanded him for his disbelief.

This was the last known appearance of Stephen Kada.

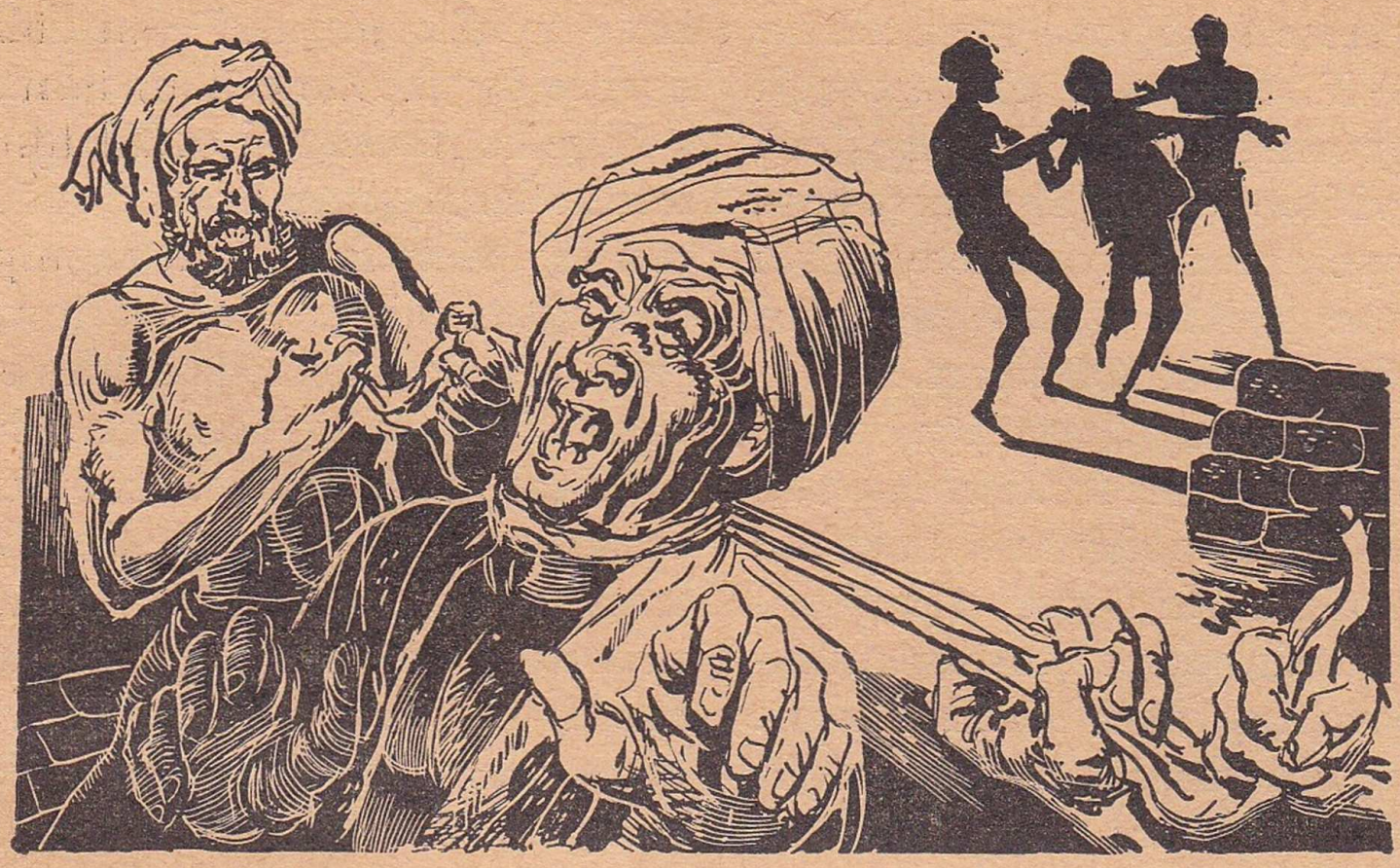
The scientists at the 1938 meeting which I attended could not find a natural explanation for the burning of one side of a book page without damage to the opposite side. But the Catholic Church refused to proclaim the event a miracle.

The *Kada Codex* was returned to its case in the museum of the Calasantine monks in 1938 and then was taken with other relics to Cinta, Portugal, in 1947.

The fire that eventually destroyed the book in 1952 also destroyed any hope of explaining the mystery of the burned handmark.

BACK FROM THE DEAD

MELVIN EUGENE HEWITT, 27, a navy veteran, was taking part in a fight outside an El Monte, Calif., tavern when he suddenly slumped to the ground. It was discovered that his heart had stopped beating. He was given medical aid and then surgeons cut into his chest cavity and started his heart beating again after 15 minutes. Hewitt did not regain consciousness, however, until a month later, when it was found that he had lost his power to reason. At the Veteran's Administration Hospital, where Hewitt was taken, authorities explained that he had suffered permanent damage to his brain from lack of oxygen while his heart was stopped.



Sacred Society of Murderers

With only the noose Thuggees would strangle a whole caravan, dedicating the dead to their goddess.

By James F. Scheer

Today's gangland murderers are the rankest amateurs, both in quantity and quality of work, compared with the Thuggees, professional killers who operated in India more than a century ago.

Unlike the crude operators of the present, the Thuggees (whence our word "thug") left few corpses as evidence against themselves. Their finesse in murder and cunning in disposition of bodies approaches complete mastery of a ghoulish technique.

By the end of a summer's work the fraternity of 10,000 Thuggees, operating in the 1830s, had plundered millions of dollars in money, precious stones, silks, and other booty and had strangled upwards of 30,000 travelers as a sacrifice to Kali, their Goddess. Under

the premise that dead men tell no tales — if they are far enough underground and the diggings aren't visible — the Thuggees kept their operation a complete secret from the British government in India for almost 200 years.

Members, by heredity, were trained to murder from childhood by the quick, quiet and sure use of a strong cloth noose. They gloried in their secret murder methods above any other earthly honor.

To avoid suspicion that might lead to discovery they followed reputable occupations during the winters. When roads became passable in early summer they left their wives and children at home and hunted in bands of 10 to 200 members. Sometimes they disguised themselves as respectable traders, as native soldiers, or even as government officers.

No organized group of criminals in world history has killed as many persons as the Thuggees. Although they rarely killed a lone traveler, unless he happened to be loaded with money, they operated on individuals with the quiet of a jungle cat. A Thuggee came up from behind, throwing one end of a sash around the victim's neck. The other end was seized by another Thuggee. The sash was then drawn tight. With their free hands the killers thrust the victim's head forward to speed strangulation. A third member of the gang seized the man by his legs and threw him to the ground — usually a corpse by the time he landed.

The brotherhood of Thugs preferred large-scale operations as a test for their skills and highly coordinated efforts — a test at which they rarely failed. Wealthy caravans of 40 to 50 men were choice pickings. The stranglers preferred to outnumber their victims by at least two to one. However, when necessary a single noose-artist could dispatch a man. It was a rare occasion when any victim escaped. One hundred per cent mortality was their goal.

Each group of Thuggees had two or three inveiglers. These advance men went to cities, to hotels and market places, for information about travelers. They learned the approximate amount of money, the type and quantity of merchandise, the starting time of caravans, the route, the kind and number of weapons in the parties. Their most important duty was to make sure that these groups were far from their original starting point — as far as 300 to 400 miles. Distance from home made investigation of the how and where of their disappearance difficult, even impossible.

The inveiglers posed as travelers headed for the same destination and suggested that caravan members permit them to go along for the added safety of greater numbers. One of the advance men brought all information back to

the chief Thuggee. At a lonely spot along the caravan's route, often at the edge of a jungle, the Thuggees waited. The best time for attack was shortly before dusk.

At the chief's signal, scouts took positions at the front and sides of the caravan. Then the stranglers — the most highly honored men in the band — went to work. Within a matter of minutes the entire party of travelers would be dead. If anyone escaped the area he ran into a scout or two at the edge and had the advantage of only a brief moment more of terrified life.

It is evident that mass slayings could not remain a secret if bodies were not hidden undetectably. For this reason the Thuggees usually broke all joints of their victims, to hasten decomposition. They cut open bodies to prevent their swelling in graves and causing fissures in the earth that would attract jackals and other scavengers and which eventually might lead to discovery of the slayings.

Another precaution they took, especially of working in a much-frequented district, was to build fires over the graves to cover signs of freshly dug ground. When preparing to plunder and kill parties of 80 to 100 the gang would send grave-diggers to some distant spot along the route to prepare a place for the travelers who would be ready for graves by sundown.

The murderous Thuggees would have been deeply insulted by an accusation that they killed only for loot. All victims of strangling were dedicated to the Goddess known variously as Kali, Bhawanee, or Davee — originator of the 19th century, Indian version of Murder, Inc.

Legend has it that in distant antiquity a giant demon inhabited land and sea. This monster, so tall that the deepest water of the ocean reached only to his waist, had such an appetite for human flesh that he devoured almost every person alive on the earth.

Kali, the Goddess of Thuggee, came to save mankind. She ran a sword through the monster. Blood flowed in torrents but each drop formed a small new monster which began to grow immediately. Kali worked so hard with her sword that she perspired and created two men from her perspiration. These two fathers of thuggery were given the holy task of delivering the land from the monsters. The Goddess gave them each a long handkerchief and taught them to make a noose that would strangle the monsters without shedding their blood. When the Thuggees finished they tried to return the handkerchiefs, saying they had no more use for them.

The Goddess commanded them to use the handkerchiefs for strangling men. From this time all victims of the Thuggees were sac-

rificed to Kali, who ordered the thugs never to look back at corpses after killing. She said she would dispose of bodies. Later a weak member of the band disobeyed and glanced back to see Kali devouring a body.

Angered, the Goddess condemned the Thuggees to bury all corpses. For this purpose she gave them one of her teeth as a pickaxe. This implement, with sacrificial sugar, and nooses — supposedly originating from the hem of her garment — were sacred objects in the fraternity.

The Thuggees had their own code of ethics. They rarely killed women or cripples. Nor did they slay while the victim was asleep. It was their custom to waken the sleeper with the sharp cry "snake" or "scorpion." Then before the sleeper could scramble to his feet, he died.

A few individuals, miraculously escaping from the Thuggees, brought them to the attention of British authorities who eventually caught Feringeea, a Thuggee chief. Threatened with death if he failed to talk, the chief informed and most of the members were executed, imprisoned, or made to register and report periodically to government officials.

Trials not only brought an end to the organization of thugs but revealed many interesting facts about them. In testifying, many Thuggees proudly stated the exact number of sacrifices they had made to their Goddess Kali. Buram, one of the most honored stranglers of the fraternity, had the highest lifetime figure: 931.

Another strangler who had committed many hundreds of murders was asked if he felt any sorrow for those he had killed.

"None at all," he replied. "It is their time to die. When these persons are put to death it is through the hand of God — through destiny that they die in this way. I feel no hesitancy about strangling. Are not all tasks assigned by the Provider? Does any man feel compunction in following his trade?"

THE OTHER JEANNES D'ARC

A MAN of science was discussing Joan of Arc with a French Abbé. "Come to Salpetrière Hospital", proclaimed the man of science, "and I will show you 20 Jeannes d'Arc!" (La Salpetrière is a famous mental hospital in Paris).

"Has one of them given us back Alsace and Lorraine?" said the Abbé.

— *Alson J. Smith.*

The clay ditch was a place where not even crab grass would grow — but before the death of little Anna May it filled with lovely flowers.



God's Bowl of Sweet Peas

By the Rev. Effreda S. Kibiger

I CHERISH my memory of Anna May and "God's Bowl of Sweet Peas." It is my belief that a real miracle lay behind those flowers which grew so strangely in the clay of an erosion ditch, though at the time it seemed entirely natural.

Anna May Lester and I were five years old that summer, almost 30 years ago, when she first saw the sweet peas. Our homes, at the westside city limits of Pocahontas, Ark., were a quarter of a mile apart, connected by a winding path that was beaten hard and smooth by our running, carefree, bare feet. Anna May and I never separated except for meals and bedtimes.

Between my house and Anna May's were two big erosion ditches. The footpath crossed at the shallow ends, making a wavy ribbon; delightful to the bare feet of little girls. One of these ditches was a grey, pebbly clay, which we called "gumbo." The other was brick-red clay. They were separated only by a narrow ridge of earth,

saved from erosion by a twisted elm which had sunk its roots deep into the hard clay long before the coming of the ditches.

Bordering these ditches was a great patch of grassy slope. It was here we loved to play. Anna May had three older brothers and I had two, and they were almost as inseparable as Anna May and I. Being older, they never allowed us to play with them. The big ditches were their favorite hiding places in "Cops and Robbers," or "Cowboys and Indians." We referred to the places by names: the "Gumbo Ditch," the "Red Ditch" and the "Grassy Place."

Early one morning when the dew was still on the grass I ran down the path to meet Anna May. Just a moment before I reached her, she paused in awe on the path at the end of the Red Ditch. She was looking into the ditch. I ran up to her and also looked into the ditch. But I saw nothing unusual.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Look!" she breathed. "Aren't they pretty?"

"What?" I asked, looking hard.

"The sweet peas."

I looked again at the red clay. There was the smooth path where we had slid down the bank, risking spankings from our mothers for staining our white panties. And there were the cans and boxes we had played with the day before. My eyes swept the banks where the crab grass peeped over the edge in places — but I could not locate the sweet peas.

Anna May continued to stare, absorbed in the beauty before her. "Why, look. They've grown all over the Red Ditch. Isn't it beautiful?" There was awe in her voice.

Then I caught on. She was playing "Let's Pretend." It was one of our favorite games: you pretend you're Mrs. Grundy and I'll be Preacher Jim — you know, that sort of game. This was a bit different, but I would play.

I clasped my hands with delight. "Oh, they're beautiful!" I breathed.

She turned to me. "Come on, let's get the cans and things out of the sweet peas." Her eyes were shining.

Gingerly she tiptoed among the imaginary sweet pea vines and I followed just as carefully. She looked back and saw me following. She looked at my feet, aghast. "Be careful. You're stepping on the vines."

"Oh."

I raised higher on tiptoe and stepped more gingerly. But she still insisted that I was stepping on the vines.

"You get out and I'll hand the things to you," she suggested. So I scrambled up the bank and she handed the playthings up to me.

That accomplished, she climbed up the bank and stood beside me,

entranced at the beauty before her.

"They weren't here yesterday," she said dreamily.

"No," I said, "They weren't." I was beginning to miss the point in her new game.

"Come on," I said, "Let's go over and play house under the hickory tree."

"Oh, let's pick a bouquet for our mothers first."

"Okay," I said, thinking that would be the end of the game.

I started to slide down the bank but she stopped me. "You can't do that. You'll ruin the vines," she scolded.

So I stood and watched her gingerly pick her way among the unseen vines to the bottom of the ditch. She looked up as she began picking the imaginary flowers. "Aren't you coming down?"

I stooped and began acting as if I were picking some too.

"I'll just pick mine up here," I said. I knew she'd fuss if I put my foot in her old sweet peas.

"But you can't do that!" she exclaimed. "There aren't any up there!"

So as lightly as I could, I picked my way down into the ditch. Once in the bottom of the ditch, with my feet planted in safe spots by Anna May, she began picking sweet peas. I stooped and imitated her. She looked around.

"You aren't picking any," she said.

"I am so picking some," I retorted, tired of her bossiness.

"Why, you're not! You're just acting like it. You aren't even touching them."

I made another effort and when I looked at her, she was regarding me, a baffled expression on her face.

I felt frustrated and unhappy. Tossing my head to keep the tears from my eyes, I turned and scrambled up the bank.

"I don't like your stupid game and I'm going home!" I cried. I ran across the Grassy Place to our house. I didn't have to play pretend with her when everything I did was wrong.

I went into the house and gathered up my dolls and went to play under the hickory tree in front of the house. Engrossed in my play, I forgot Anna May for a time.

Half an hour later she came running over the path, her hands clutching a beautiful bouquet of sweet peas. She went inside and gave them to Mother.

No questions were asked. Mother just assumed that she had found them someplace nearby. Together Anna May and I began to play under the hickory tree. I didn't mention the sweet peas, although I wondered where she got them. Soon I forgot them again.

The Red Ditch became a hallowed spot for Anna May. She renamed it "God's Bowl of Sweet

Peas." We did not play there together again all summer. Instead we played in the Gumbo Ditch, the Grassy Place and by the Hickory tree. She became a tyrant about the Red Ditch, screaming in protest when the boys jump-slid down the bank in their games. But they paid no attention to her and her mother would scold her for screaming.

A few times Anna May suggested we pick a bouquet, but I knew she would be bossy and say I was stepping on the vines, so I said no. However, two or three times a week, she would bring a lovely bouquet to Mother. I learned later that Mother thought I was picking sweet peas for Anna May's mother, and, somehow, I just kept still about the whole thing.

Beyond the sweet pea experiences, it was a happy, carefree summer, full of play and growth and happiness for both of us.

That fall Anna May died. Her illness was brief.

I was in school now and could find companionship there but it was not the same. I missed Anna May terribly. A great loneliness, so often unsuspected by adults, lay over me.

Spring came and flowers began to appear. One bright summer day I wandered over the Grassy Place to the Red Ditch. At the bank I stopped, startled by the vision that lay before me. The Red Ditch had become a giant bowl of beautiful sweet peas!

I was overcome. Afraid to climb into the ditch, almost afraid I would hear Anna May scolding me for stepping on the vines, I lay down on the grassy bank and reached out slowly to touch them. They were real! I crawled closer to the edge and picked a flower. I held it to my face and felt its petal softness. I held it to my nose and smelled the intoxicating perfume. Then I jumped up and ran home.

"Mother, come with me, please."

"What is it, darling? I'm awfully busy right now."

"Please, Mother, please come with me," I coaxed.

Sensing my urgency she wiped her hands and allowed herself to be led across the Grassy Place to the edge of the Red Ditch. I had to know. I just had to know if they were real to everyone or if I was experiencing them alone as Anna May had last summer.

I led Mother to the very edge and stopped without a word. I felt a tremor through her hand. I looked up to see her gazing in rapture at the beauty before her.

I smiled up at her. "That's what I wanted you to see!"

"How did that happen?" she exclaimed. "The whole ditch is a bowl of sweet peas! That old red clay ditch, where even the crab grass wouldn't grow. They're beautiful!"

The sweet peas were real. Ev-

eryone saw them. The boys no longer ran and jump-slid down the bank. Everyone accepted the coming of the Sweet Peas as natural. But no one thought of them in connection with Anna May, except that now I kept her mother and mine supplied with the beautiful bouquets, as Anna May had done for them last summer.

For three years the Red Ditch was "God's Bowl of Sweet Peas," and then, just as mysteriously as they had come, they were gone. The banks, that fourth spring, were red and smooth and barren as of old. Somehow, those flowers still belonged to Anna May.

THE FLYING COFFIN

One of the ghostliest of all airplane stories centers around a real-life incident of World War I.

On April 28, 1916, officers and mechanics at a small airdrome in France, behind the front lines, were engaged in their daily routines when suddenly one of them uttered an exclamation and pointed into the sky. A single-seat Neuport fighter had come out of the clouds and was circling about crazily.

Every man on the field stared in grim fascination as the plane came nearer. It was identified as the plane of Lieut. Peretti of the *Cignone* (Stork) *Escadrille*. The craft had been riddled by enemy bullets.

As it descended toward the field, the pilot did not cut the throttle. The plane droned along at the same steady speed. Everyone held his breath, expecting disaster. Then smiles broke out as the plane managed to make a perfect three-point landing, after all.

But the sighs of relief were short-lived for the plane did not stop. It went into a ground loop and crashed.

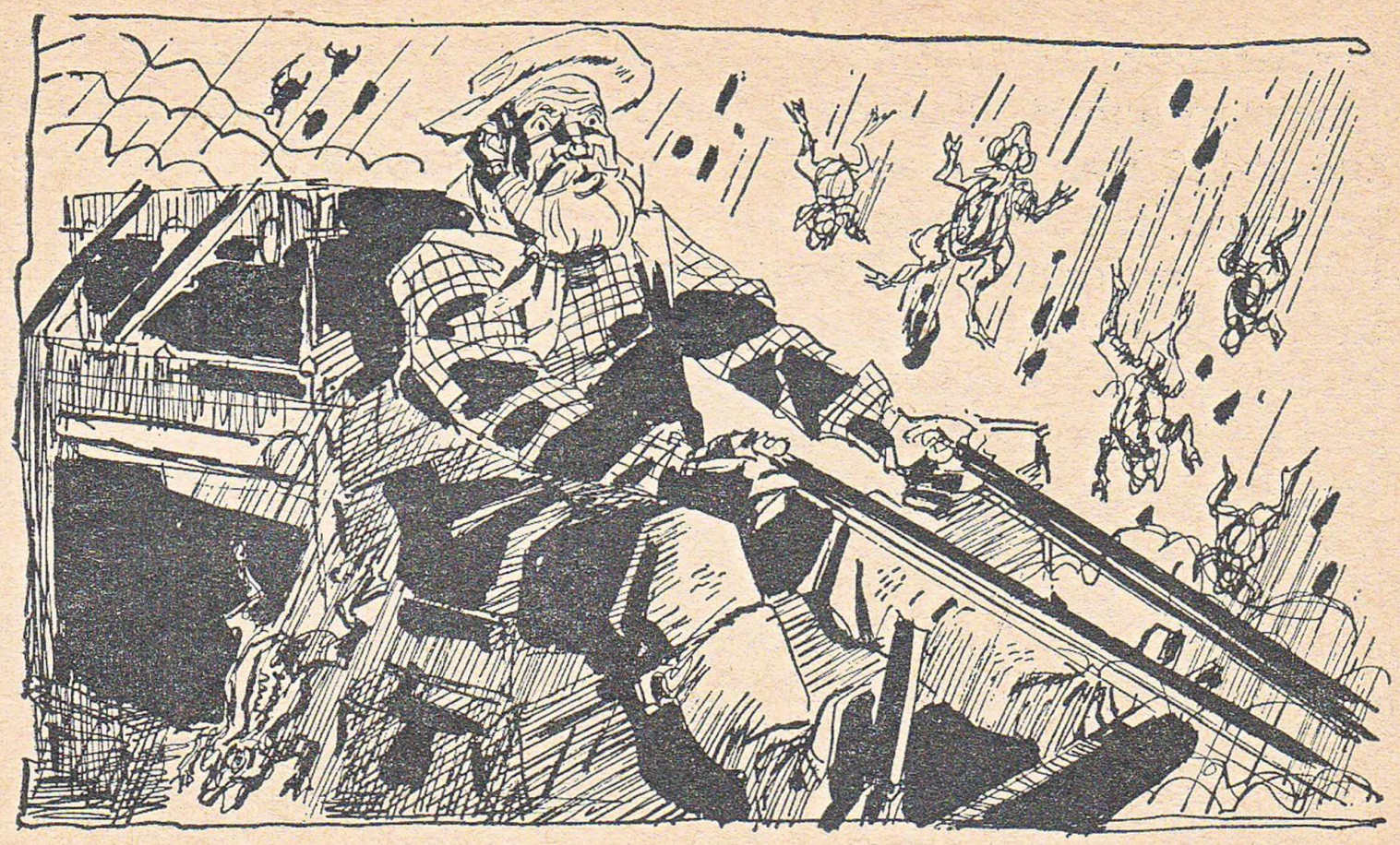
Field attaches rushed to the plane and pulled Lieut. Peretti out — but he was dead. The strange part of it was that he had not been killed in the crash. It was discovered that he had been shot cleanly through the head.

Death, almost certainly, would have been instantaneous.

How, then, with a dead man at the controls, had the plane managed to get back so unerringly from the front to its home base? It remains one of aviation's strangest mysteries. — *Harold Helfer.*

TRIUMPH OF THE HOMING INSTINCT

A pigeon broke all previous homing records when it flew 3,000 miles across the Atlantic from Boston to its home in Skokholm, Wales, in a little over 12 and a half days. According to estimates, the bird averaged 20 miles an hour and 250 miles a day. Its feat once more demonstrated the superiority of the homing instinct over man's maps, radio beams and other navigational devices.



Does it Rain Toads?

"The objects poured down on my wagon. I held out my hand and caught four fat, brown, baby toads."

By William W. Bathlot

IN THE question and answer department of a Sunday newspaper a while back a writer asked: "Does it ever rain toads, frogs, or fish?" The answer was dogmatic: "No! Toads, frogs and fish never have fallen from the skies and never will but a hard rain will cause toads to come forth from the ground so suddenly that folks believe it rains them."

Well, I admit toads do come from the ground after a hard rain for I have seen them come but I know also, to an absolute certainty, toads have other ways of appearing on old Mother Earth.

Down in Beaver County, Oklahoma, from 1908 to 1916, I drove a team of broomtails on a mail wagon. One unusually sultry evening toward the last of October, 1912, I was about a mile from the Floris Post Office on my return trip when a streak of lightning, followed closely by a crash of

thunder, caused me to peer out of the open window of the mail wagon at the skies.

A black rain cloud filled the skys to the west and the heaviest and darkest part of the cloud seemed to hover directly above me. In a few minutes small objects I took to be hail came thudding down upon the roof of my mail wagon. In amazement I gazed at the thousands of small objects spraying outward and downward from the roof of the wagon and from the backs of my horses. They bounced up from the sandy soil like little rubber balls, lay stunned upon the ground for a few seconds and then flopped over on their stomachs as lively as you please.

Among this myriad of small creatures I failed to see one killed or crippled from the fall. For some unknown reason they all landed upon their backs, thus protecting their little, soft, white bellies. I could peer outward for perhaps 100 feet through the falling rain and as far as I could see the top of the earth was alive with the little creatures.

I held my hand out of the wagon window and caught four, fat, brown little toads all about the size of my thumb nail. Each was perfect, with legs and no tail. I had heard of fish and frogs falling from the clouds but I never had heard of a fall of toads. And these real honest-to-goodness baby toads were coming down upon the wagon top and upon the backs of my horses instead of coming upward out of the earth.

The toads continued to fall for something like three minutes and then no more fell but the rain continued in torrents. When I reached the post office, which was located in a general store, I found that the shower of baby toads had reached as far as the store and a little beyond it.

As near as folks who had seen or been caught in this shower of toads could figure, it had covered a space of about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. There was no exact way of measuring for the little creatures had disappeared completely within a short time after their fall. They must have worked down into the soft, wet, sandy soil.

Scientists claim lakes and pools are scooped dry by tornadoes and fish and frogs are carried high into the air by the winds and suspended there to be dropped later somewhere else upon the earth. This may be so of fish and frogs but toads are an entirely different proposition. In our North Temperate Zone the toad is hatched from an egg, usually during the month of April. By the first of June he has grown four legs and has shed his tail. He then is ready to leave his watery home and live out his life on land. He hunts bugs and flies through the cool of the

evening and through the night. Through the day, if it is warm, he hibernates under logs, leaves or grass in some damp, cool place. He finds a moist spot somewhere in the shade and, using himself as a corkscrew, drills four or five inches down into the ground, out of sight of prowling enemies.

It would be impossible for a cyclone to scoop up and carry very many toads at a time. The little toads my neighbors and I saw, fell in October and should have been half as large as my fist. Why were they tiny babies when they should have been grown?

I doubt if there are a dozen places on the face of our globe where so many millions of toads can be found at one time as I saw in Oklahoma in 1912. Like the flying disks, one wonders where they came from.

ESP IN DUTCH CHILDREN

TO DETERMINE the degree of telepathic ability in Netherlands primary school pupils, Professor J. G. Van Bussbach, Inspector of Schools in Amsterdam and Haarlem, carried out a series of experiments in 1950.

The children, most of whom were from 10 to 12 years of age, had to give 30 answers — three groups of 10 each. The usual ESP cards were not used in these experiments because it was more convenient to use symbols familiar to the children, so that the capacity of some subjects for memorizing strange symbols more quickly than others would not in any way modify the results.

The cards used were of three kinds: (1.) Five cards on which were the arithmetical symbols: + − × ÷; (2.) Five cards of different colors: red, yellow, green, blue, orange; (3.) Five cards, each bearing the name of an object: chair, table, window, door, chalk.

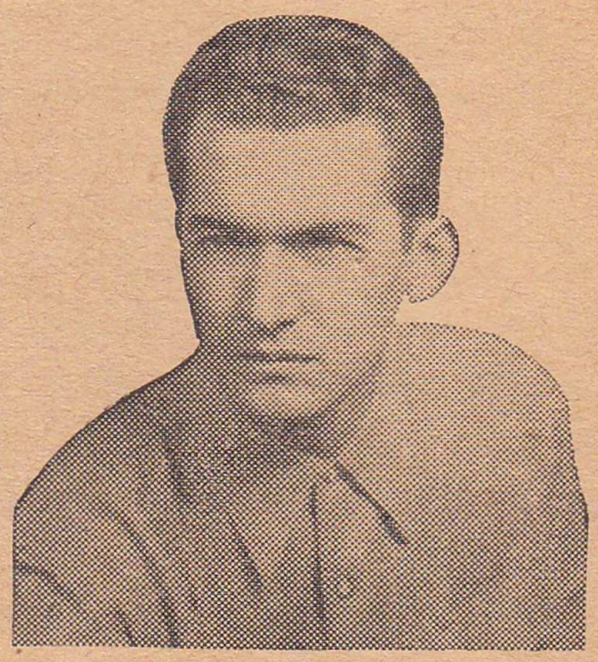
The children were told only that they were going to play a new guessing game with their teacher. Professor Van Bussbach was umpire. The teacher sat with his back to the children at a table hidden by screens. The children were required to "guess" what card the teacher was looking at when a signal was given and to write down their replies on the papers before them.

Twenty-one schools participated, with a total of 673 pupils, consisting of 291 girls and 382 boys. There were 20,910 answers.

The average number of "hits" was 6.20 for the girls, 6.27 for the boys. Of the girls, 118, or 40.37 percent, got more than six hits, and 30, or 10 percent, more than nine hits. Of the boys, 162, or 42.40 percent, got more than six hits, and 32, or 8.37 percent, more than nine.

"The results of the experiment," Professor Van Bussbach stated, "may be considered of decisive significance in showing that ESP operated to direct the replies of the subjects." — *Warrington Dawson.*

The hypnotized girl screamed when the glass of orange juice seemed to float toward her in the air. She explained she couldn't see the woman holding it.



HARDY, hypnosis and esp

By Edmond P. Gibson

MADAME KOO of the Chinese Nationalist Embassy gave a party just prior to her flight to Bangkok. It was a small party for a few of her more intimate friends. A young Washington hypnotist named George W. Hardy was engaged to furnish entertainment for Madame Koo's guests.

During the course of the evening he hypnotized a young woman — one of the guests — who had volunteered. When she was apparently asleep he told the hypnotized girl that she would be unable to see Madame Koo when she waked. After some experiments with the girl, in which he demonstrated the power of hypnotic suggestion, he waked her. She seemed perfectly normal and told some of the guests of her experiences in going to sleep. She mixed with the other guests as if nothing had happened.

Later Madame Koo approached the girl and offered her a glass of orange juice. The girl gave a piercing shriek and then covered her face in belated embarrassment. The other guests rushed to her side. "What *is* the matter?" they asked.

In a very nervous state, the girl replied: "A glass came toward me!"

"Who was holding it," asked several almost simultaneously.

"Nnnobody!" said the girl swaying dizzily to her chair.

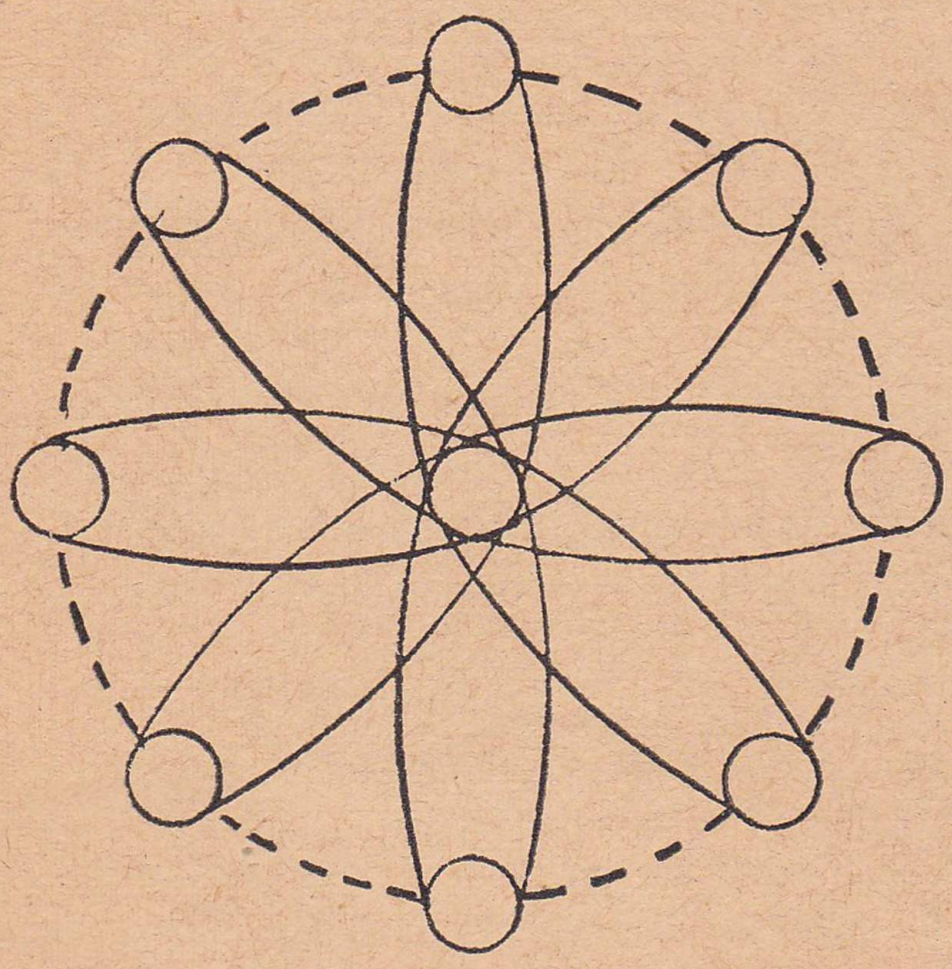
The post-hypnotic suggestion was so effective that the girl failed again and again to see Madame Koo. At last Hardy rehypnotized the girl and assured her that she now would see Madame Koo when she waked. On emerging from trance the second time, the girl was free of her negative hallucination and recognized Madame Koo on her first appearance.

Hardy demonstrated other phases of hypnotism and then modestly stated:

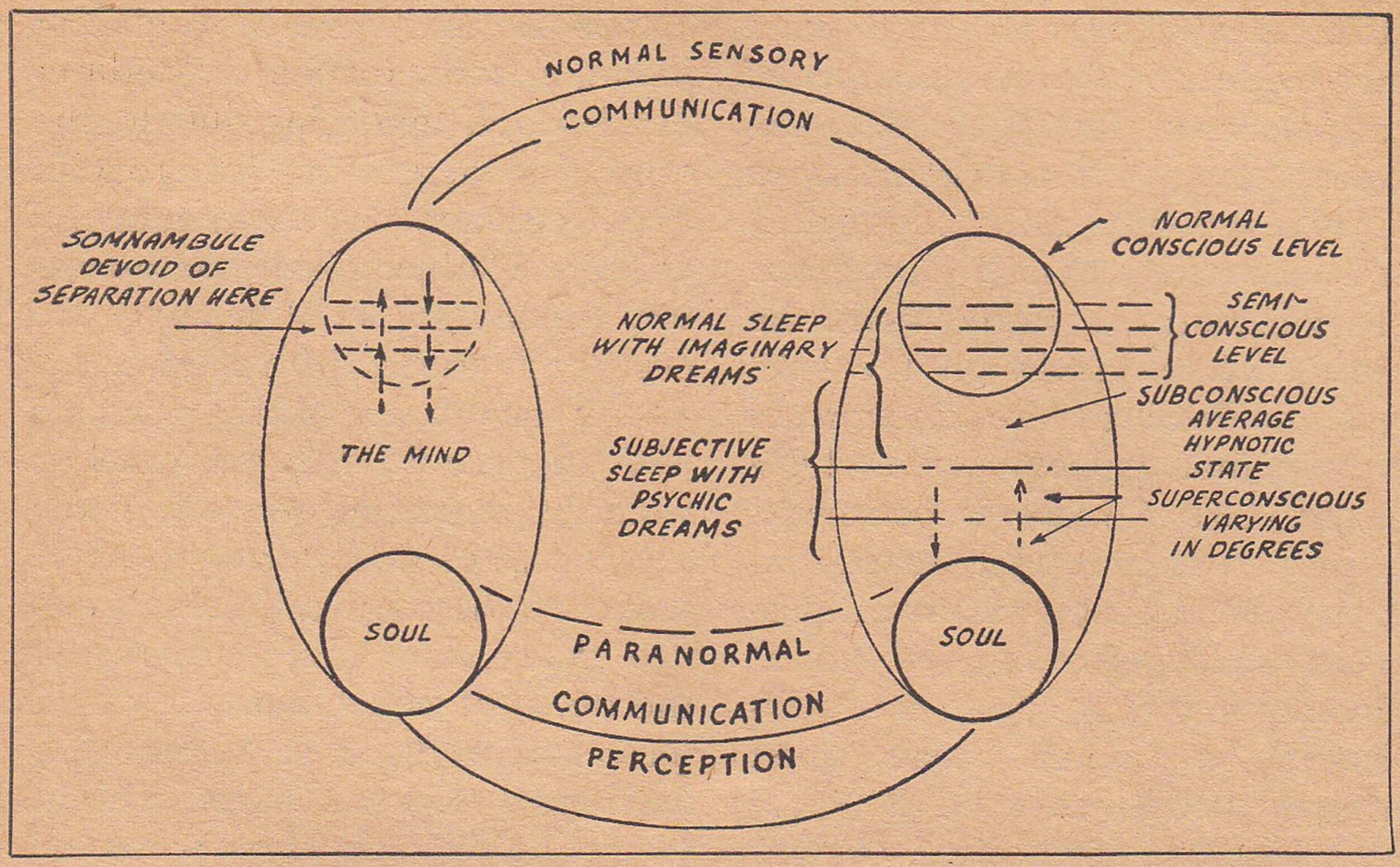
"I might say, speaking for hypnotists in general, that we have put thousands of people to sleep. Then we simply play with their imaginations."

Later Hardy explained that the girl did not see a "hole in the air" which was Madame Koo. For the period of the hypnotic trance the girl could "see through" Madame Koo. This might be due to unconscious memory or to a psychic action. In another case, where a similar negative hallucination was attempted, the subject noticed a rather dense fog which appeared to black-out or cover the person who had been made invisible. This fog was seen only when the subject was questioned about the "invisible" person.

George W. Hardy came to Washington from Boston, where he began experimenting seriously with hypnosis several years ago. Before that he had learned some hypnotic techniques in the army. Hardy has been unusually successful in placing his hypnotic subjects into a sleep deep enough to reach the deeper stratas of the mind, where such hidden and



ALL MINDS SEEM TO BE CONNECTED AT THE SOUL END. AT THE CONCIOUS END THEY ARE CONNECTED ONLY VIA MATTER AND MATERIAL ENERGY



Diagrams illustrate Hardy's concept of how the interaction between the conscious and unconscious minds and between individual minds may take place.

submerged faculties of extra-sensory perception as telepathy and clairvoyance come into play.

Although these deep levels of the mind, where the subconscious merges into the superconscious, were tapped by Mesmer in his early experiments and were later probed by Cahagnet, and still later by Braid, Gibert, De Rochas, and Janet, they have seemed inaccessible to many modern hypnotists. While early experimenters succeeded in releasing these elusive powers later hypnotists, as a group, have failed to do so.

Dr. Alexander Cannon of the Isle of Man uses hypnotic subjects of considerable sensitivity and training for the extra-sensory diagnosis of disease. His methods have been outlined in his book *The Science of Hypnotism* and in several other of his volumes published in the past few years.

Hardy once hypnotized a young lad, aged 12, the son of a physician. Under hypnosis he gave Mr. Hardy a complete physical examination when given the suggestion that he had on a pair of Captain Video's X-ray glasses. The examination was so complete as to astound the boy's father. The boy pointed out a heart murmur which was subsequently confirmed by means of an electrocardiograph.

Thus, while hypnotism may be an excellent tool for diagnosis, other doctors have failed to use it. Dr. Milne Bramwell, a famous

British hypnotist, failed to find any evidence of the operation of extra-sensory faculties after experimenting with a large number of his patients. Eric Cuddon, a contemporary British hypnotist of considerable fame and the author of textbooks on the subject, believes the production of paranormal powers under hypnosis to be quite rare. Experiments aimed at augmenting extra-sensory perception by means of hypnosis, which were carried out at Duke University, were not particularly successful. There, good subjects produced good ESP results whether hypnotized or not, while poor subjects did not appear to be appreciably improved.

Hardy believes that the failure to elicit extra-sensory perception from hypnotic subjects may be due to the experimenter himself. If an experimenter has a subconsciously negative attitude toward the investigation he is apt to elicit a negative response in his subjects. Although he ostensibly is investigating ESP, he can achieve nothing.

In this connection, Hardy states:

"For the past several years I have done research and experimentation in ESP, using hypnosis as a means to an end. I have found that many subjects, who claim to be devoid of any ability in the field of ESP, after experimentation later can produce conclusive results.

"As far as I have been able to judge, success in the matter depends upon two things: First, the stage and degree of the hypnotic sleep and, second, the amount of belief the subject (and the operator, of course) hold toward the eventually successful outcome.

"At one time, while working with a friend, I hypnotized a woman about 50 years old. After she was asleep, we took a deck of ordinary playing cards and shuffled them, drew three cards from the deck, placed them face down on a table three feet from her head and covered them with a magazine. No one knew what the selected cards were. I then drew another card from the deck and held it in my hand out of her view. The remainder of the deck was placed out of sight.

"While she was asleep I suggested that when she knew what the three cards were which I had taken from the deck, she was to wake, go to the desk on the opposite side of the room and write down the names of the cards. In a short while she rose, went to the desk, and wrote 'two of spades, eight of clubs, nine of diamonds.' She told me that this was the correct order of the cards from left to right. Then she said that something was disturbing her. After thinking for a moment or two, she said that I must be holding the two of hearts.

"When I asked her what gave

her this idea she said she had no way of telling but she knew I was holding the card. She was right in every respect. The card I held was the two of hearts and the other three cards, reading from left to right from her position, were two of spades, eight of clubs, and nine of diamonds."

The odds against chance in this single experiment are enormous. In fact, taking the evidence of clairvoyance alone and leaving out possible telepathy, they run to astronomical figures. In terms of probability mathematics the subject had one chance of doing this by guess alone, against a string of figures that would fill most of this column. She achieved a result having the high mathematical critical ratio of 14.25, a result which sometimes has taken thousands of trials to duplicate with good ESP subjects in university experiments.

Hardy has also experimented in the manner of Cahagnet in France, carrying his hypnotic subjects back to the day and hour of their birth. Later he has asked them to go back farther and remember what they could before that. He reports that he has received many interesting accounts of earlier lives from several of his subjects.

Hardy adds he does not know whether these reports of past lives are true. If they are they would support the theory of reincarnation but Hardy has not been able to do the extensive research which would be required to prove an individual case. He says that he was able to check a few statements in one case, which could be verified and were proved to be correct.

Asked whether he believes in reincarnation, Mr. Hardy states:

"I am interested in all phases of the occult but my interest does not constitute belief. I am neither interested in denouncing mysticism, nor do I attempt to confirm mystical conclusions. Perhaps they all contain a grain of truth. There is also much that, while seemingly true, is not."

Referring to ESP, Hardy explains that the conditions sometimes imposed upon the experimental subject by many scientific researchers are too formal and too severe. They work against successful results. The state of the subject's mind and his emotions are extremely important in the investigation of ESP, he believes, and the conditions of the psychological laboratory generally tend to destroy passivity and the proper emotional interest.

He went on:

"I am not attempting to prove anything. There has been sufficient proof of the paranormal offered to the public in the form of experiments, in books, personal experiences, and so forth to prove that these powers and faculties

exist. I am content to explore and discover.

"Mesmer claimed that the simple magnet could often be sensed by his subjects, when sensorially it was out of their range. He was laughed at by the scientists, then and now. However, various experiments I have made on sensitive hypnotic subjects have led me to believe that certain subjects have a sensitive quality that allows them to detect the presence of a magnet. They may 'feel' the magnetic field which surrounds it. Mesmer was probably more of a dreamer and 'screwball' than he was a scientist, but that need not detract from his accomplishments."

Hardy believes that hypnosis is in no sense necessary to the production of ESP in some persons but that it is necessary in others. ESP must emerge from the subconscious mind. If the channel between the subconscious and conscious minds is blocked, hypnosis may facilitate the emergence of ESP by temporarily suspending the activities of the inhibiting conscious mind. Many persons are normally of a somnabulistic type. With them the subconscious mind is near the surface and not strongly limited by the conscious mind. In such persons no hypnotic technique is necessary to free the subconscious levels and ESP is relatively free to occur most of the time.

Hardy discovered in experimenting with the transmission of pictures that when an emotional idea can be strongly blended with the picture, the picture was more easily transmitted and much easier for the percipient to receive. Hardy also experimented in letting his percipient talk out or write out his thoughts while trying to receive a target picture. By this process of free association he found that many subjects eventually arrived at the target picture after they had freed their minds of the surface material of the moment. Some percipients would be aware that they had achieved success. In his own case, while acting as a percipient in such experiments, Mr. Hardy has sometimes noted a subjective flash of light when he has achieved a success in picture guessing.

Hardy recounted a spontaneous incident which interested him very much. On one occasion his mother was in a state of normal sleep. He was reading a copy of *Thoughts Through Space* by Sir Hubert Wilkins and Harold M. Sherman. (New York: Creative Age Press — 1942) While Hardy was reading, he thought of his mother and of reading some of the more interesting parts of the book to her later.

At breakfast the next morning his mother told him the story of the book which she had picked up in her sleep. Some of the inci-

dents she recounted from her dream were in greater detail than he consciously remembered and he had to get the book to check up. She had had no normal contact with the book at any time.

On another occasion Hardy hypnotized a friend, Mike S. While in the hypnotic sleep Mike S. suddenly jumped awake and stated that his girl friend had been walking down the hall in her apartment and had dropped a soap dish. He said that the noise of the crash had awakened him. This happened at 2 a.m.

Hardy debated upon whether he should call the girl for a confirmation of the incident. He thought it unlikely that she would be up, but that she might have been. In the meantime Mike S. added that the soap dish was made of tin and made lots of noise when it landed on a hardwood floor.

Finally Hardy called and asked her if she were still up. She said that she was but was about to go to bed. Hardy asked her what she had been doing during the past hour. She said she had just finished taking a shower. Hardy then asked her if she had dropped her soap dish and she said that she had. Hardy says that all this may have been due to chance — but what an unusual hour to drop a soap dish in the hall.

Mike S. was very good at seeing horse races in advance while in the hypnotic state. Hardy tells this story:

"I hypnotized Mike and sent him to the horse races that were to be run the next day. He told me the name of the horse, the number of the horse, which race the horse was to be in, the name of its jockey and the amount the horse would win.

"The next day we bought a paper to see if the horse was mentioned. We found a horse of the name given. He was in the race given us, with the proper jockey and number. We decided to bet on the horse and we won the amount stated in the trance. I have done this several times with Mike and have learned correctly the names of winning horses, their numbers, race and jockey, plus the amount to be won . . . once 18 days in advance. A lengthy prediction of this kind rules out the possibility of chance."

All of Hardy's subjects are not as apt as Mike at prediction. One subject, Millie, foresaw that six persons would die by violence in the vicinity of Washington, D. C., on a certain day. Hardy watched the papers and subsequently ascertained that six persons met their death by auto accidents in the Washington area on the day predicted. However, in September another subject reported that Joe Louis would win from Rocky Marciano by a knockout in the seventh round of their fight on

October 11. In this case the subject was wrong about everything.

One of Hardy's most remarkable subjects is Betty. Betty has the faculty of traveling clairvoyance or possible astral projection. Hardy has sent her to many places for descriptions of buildings, their occupants and the events of the moment. Betty has disagreed with Hardy occasionally when he was sure of the color of a house, for example, and subsequent checking always proves that the house has been repainted another color since Hardy saw it. Whatever her ability in ESP may be it far exceeds the telepathic hypothesis.

Hardy does not employ hypnosis for any form of therapeutic work. He admits its value for such work but he practices no form of therapy. At the present time he gives courses in self-hypnosis, regular hypnosis, and stage hypnosis. Hardy is careful who he takes as students and always asks the reasons the student may have for studying hypnosis and its techniques.

He occasionally provides hypnotic entertainment for groups or small parties in the Washington area. If the rest of the country is somewhat illiterate as regards hypnosis, at least Washington is becoming familiar with it. When Hardy is not busy with teaching or entertainment, he devotes his time to experimentation.

He believes that in all cases in which psychic phenomena or paranormal perception such as ESP takes place, the subconscious or superconscious mind is the active factor. The conscious mind does not know what it is all about. It cannot explain where the phenomena come from. It cannot explain how it perceives outside of the known senses, perhaps outside of space and time.

Although the conscious mind often fails to form any reasonable explanation of results, the subconscious or unconscious mind has offered explanations. Mediumistic trance offers many explanations, ranging from discarnate spirits to split personalities. One of the most enigmatic and intriguing of these explanations forms the main theme of the interesting book, now out of print, *The Case of Patience Worth* by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince. (Boston: B.S.P.R., 1929.) Another and very interesting explanation from a similar source is offered by Stewart Edward White in his *The Unobstructed Universe*.

Prayer, meditation, and some forms of concentration release the unconscious levels of the mind so that they actually replace a part at least of the domination of the conscious mind. Prayer sets up a subjective or objective goal. An attempt is then made to reach that goal through strong suggestion prompted by desire. All of

these practices are to some extent, and in actual essence, self-hypnosis on varying levels. The subconscious mind is not self-conscious, nor is it self-critical. It does not reason as does the conscious mind. But when near the surface of consciousness it begins to exercise its powers.

When a hypnotist deals with an entranced person he is dealing with a form of dream state. The hypnotized person believes what he is told because the rationalizing fraction is dormant or inactive. Some of the actions of a person who is hypnotized are bound to seem silly to a conscious mind.

For ESP to occur at all in the conscious state there must be some degree of communication between the conscious and subconscious minds. The curtain or barrier between the two minds must be raised to some extent. Hypnotism is a useful key to unlock the mechanism which raises this curtain. It frees the subconscious mind from the control of the conscious.

Self-hypnosis is difficult for the average person. It comes easy to the somnambulistic type, where there is always some communication going on between the two minds. Such persons often have active telepathic abilities, are clairvoyant, are able to see the future, or may show aspects of mediumship.

Hardy believes that the conscious minds of individuals are linked only through the motor and sensory nervous systems. All minds are probably linked at the subconscious levels, or through the superconscious mind, and they may join at the soul end. Consciously our world is still very restricted, being limited by our portion of space and time. Subconsciously one can expand in space and time, or merge them into one, just as two ice cubes make a single puddle of water. The pool resembles the unconscious mind.

"Useful inventions seem to spring from the subconscious mind of the inventor," says Hardy. "The telegraph, telephone, radio, and television all arose in an abstract world. Also from the same subjective world came the invention of the alternating current generator, which the subconscious mind of Nikola Tesla conjured up in a trance or dream. It emerged full-blown into his consciousness.

"I wonder how Dr. Freud would explain such useful dreaming, so far from his theorizing on complexes and sex?

"These new-born emergences from the abstract are developed later in the material world. The invisible world from which they came contains more than Freud accounted for. However, they come from a spiritual world with which the subconscious is always connected."

Getting back, Hardy stated:

"The public has many erroneous ideas about hypnosis. If they understood it, they would not fear it. What they really fear is their own ignorance. As I have said before, hypnosis is a key to the investigation of the *whole mind of man*. It is also the key to the production of extra-sensory perception and paranormal powers."

THE POLTERGEIST AND THE PENDULUM

At the end of December, 1952, a clockmaker named Dussart who lived in Noeux-les-Mines, a suburb of Arras, had the first of a series of singular experiences seemingly attributable to a poltergeist.

Dussart was at his workbench, busy at his trade, when he was wrenched from his seat and thrown to the floor. Unable to account for what had happened to him, he resumed his seat only to be hurled to the floor again.

For the remainder of the day his struggle against the invisible power continued. Each time he tried to resume his work he was wrenched from his seat with irresistible force.

Neighbors who were called in by Dussart witnessed the phenomena. They advised him not to sleep in the house that night and he agreed.

The next day, when Dussart tried to open the door of the house, the key was jerked violently out of his hand. Not daring to pick it up, he appealed for help to a gendarme who forced an entrance for him.

But soon Dussart again found himself being pulled repeatedly from his seat. He and his wife went to stay with a cousin but the poltergeist followed him. It tried a new trick, preventing Dussart from getting up out of any chair he occupied.

Mrs. Dussart threw the contents of a bowl of holy water blessed by a priest over the spot where the poltergeist appeared to be. The bowl was torn from her hands and dashed to the floor. Dussart then decided to flee from the town but when he went to put on his boots, he was knocked to the floor by a mighty blow.

After Dussart and his wife had absented themselves for several days, they returned home only to find new phenomena at work. They were constantly disturbed by rumblings as of thunder although the sky was perfectly clear. Gusts of wind would sweep violently through the house, rattling the pictures that hung on the walls. Neither husband nor wife could manage to sit down. Furthermore they felt jabs of pain as if a dagger were being thrust into their flesh.

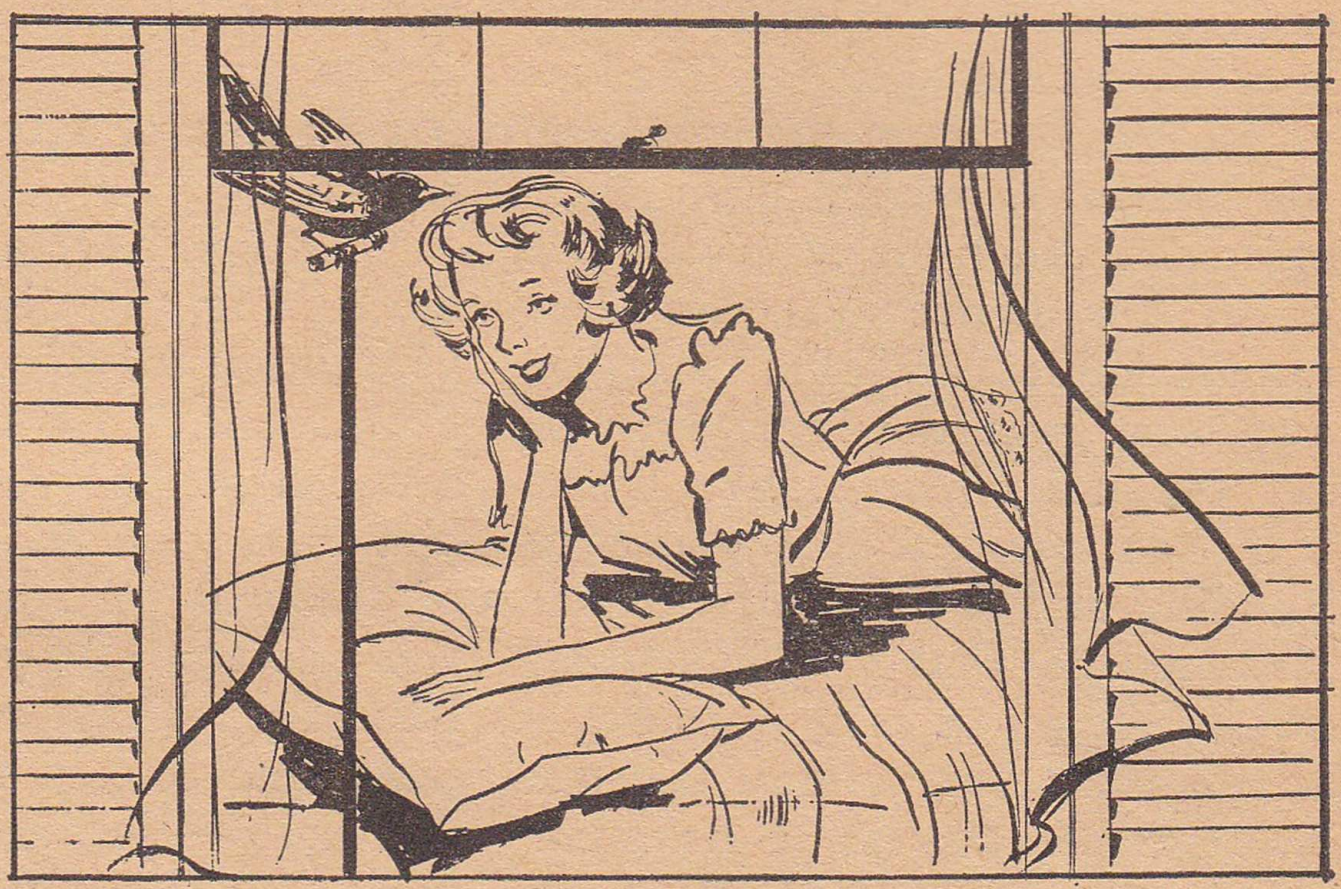
The police were unable to be of help and evidently felt that the case required the attention of other authorities. A doctor was called in to see whether anything was wrong with the "nerves" of Dussart and his wife but that approach did not settle the disturbances.

During the Christmas season a radiesthesist was consulted with his pendulum and he recommended a solution which caused much surprise. On small pieces of paper he traced a mystic circle marked with an arrowhead. He advised Dussart and his wife to wear these on their persons and also to pin them over every door and window.

Since this was done, the house has been free of poltergeist phenomena.
— *Warrington Dawson.*

astral dream

Were the doctor and his wife merely imagining things when each saw a vision of the other that night?



By Edmond P. Gibson

DID Dr. L. visit his wife or did she visit him? Here is a typical case of paranormal phenomena which is especially well documented. And whether we call it "astral projection", "astral wandering", or merely a reciprocal hallucination, there can be no doubt that it happened and that it was something most remarkable.

The story is told in the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research, Vol. XXXII, 1942. Dr. L., a physician who lived at Northampton in England, had an experience involving his wife, who was paying a short visit to Reading — approximately 55 air miles from Northampton, though much farther by road.

Dr. L.'s wife had gone to Reading to stay with her sister. She was convalescing from an operation and the doctor himself was unable to leave his practice and go with his wife. He was living at home alone when it happened.

"I slept restlessly that night," he says, "being conscious of outside noises like passing planes, etc. During the night I became aware of my wife standing at the side of the bed, near the foot, gently rousing me with her hand on my lower limbs and speaking in a low voice. She stood on the side next the windows, which were wide open. In the light of a clouded moon her figure was dim but unmistakable, and her attitude and tone gave the impression of sadness and concern. She asked if I had minded her going to Reading and leaving me behind. I assured her that I did not mind at all. She made as if to go away and I asked her to wait but she disappeared, though I have no recollection of the manner of her exit. I found myself gazing out of the window in full consciousness, and it struck me as odd that I had not experienced any wakening from sleep subsequent to our conversation, only before it when I had been roused by the movement of her hand. I lay for some time thinking of the episode and decided to write the next day and ask my wife if she had any untoward experience on that night. This I did, mentioning mine, and this letter reached her on Thursday (July 30, 1942) afternoon. On Thursday morning I received her wire asking 'Are you well?'

"On the night of July 29 I had no unusual experience, nor on subsequent nights. On July 31 I received a letter from my wife telling of what happened to her on the nights of July 28 and 29."

Dr. L. furnished the Society for Psychical Research with the original letter he sent to his wife referred to above. It was dated Northampton, July 29, 1942, and reads:

"Did you have any thoughts of me during the night — any adventures of the mind such as astral projection? I ask this with some seriousness. For you came to my bed . . . you stood by the side of the bed . . . and asked if I was upset at all by your going to Reading without me. You spoke sadly and looked forlorn by the dim light — just an outline and a voice. I assured you that I had no such feelings and you just retired and disappeared. . . .

"If you had any experience at the same time it is worth recording and comparing notes. It may possibly have been no more than a reaction connected with the book I have been reading. Probably so."

Dr. L. had been reading Temple Thurston's *Man in the Black Hat* which deals with the dissociation of a body and its spirit.

Mrs. L. made the following statement to the Society for Psychical Research:

"On July 28 I went to stay with my sister at Reading, leaving my husband at home, though I had

hoped that he might be able to come with me. During the night I was restless and slept badly. My mind was confused but I had a great desire to get out of the house and reach my home. There is a tame magpie in my sister's house called the 'Captain.' He became associated with my desire to get away and I kept saying to myself that the only way to get to Reading would be to fly, as he could do, over the trees and houses. I have no recollection of trying to do so in my dream, just the persistent thought that if I was like the 'Captain' my problem would be solved.

"On the following night (July 29) I dreamed about my husband, worrying about his health and how he was getting on alone: The windows were wide open. Suddenly I became aware of him standing near the door, my bed being between the door and the windows. His figure was ghostly and without definition, but a shaft of silvery light (coming from the inner part of the room, not from the windows) lit up his features. He was smiling slightly and there was tenderness in his expression. We did not speak to each other at all. After what seemed a minute or two his face and figure faded away. I felt calm and contented and fell asleep.

"The next morning (Thursday, July 30) I recounted my experience to the family at breakfast, for it was very vivid in my mind. My son suggested that we send a wire at once to see if anything had happened to my husband, so we wired 'ARE YOU WELL?' I felt some anxiety because, when living in Egypt during the last war, I dreamed vividly of seeing a photo of my brother in a paper with a report of his being severely wounded and this actually happened in France about that date. On Thursday afternoon came a letter from my husband telling me of his experience on the previous Tuesday night. Nothing out of the way occurred after this and I returned home on August 1."

The Society obtained a certified copy of the telegram filed at Reading at 10 a.m. July 30, 1942. The son of Dr. and Mrs. L. gave the investigators a statement confirming that of his mother. The experiences of both percipients occurred in the favorable hypnagogic state which lies between waking and sleeping. Both experienced so-called "hallucinations." That of the doctor coincided with the time that his wife was desiring to converse with him and to explain her regret at having left home. The wife's experience occurred on the following night, as if in answer to her deep wish, and was of a similar type to that experienced by the doctor.

Winston's dictionary defines hallucination: "to wander in the mind; popularly a false impression

of belief in something imaginary, a delusion; *Psych.*, a perception of things, sounds, or other objects of sense, seemingly vivid and real, but not aroused by immediate sensory experience — usually pathological."

Such a collective hallucination as that experienced by Dr. and Mrs. L. is still a problem for the psychologists and psychical researchers to attack. The term hallucination seems to be the lowest common denominator by which the incidents can be described. What occurred was engendered perhaps by the intense desire of Mrs. L. to converse with her husband. This desire apparently was fulfilled on the plane of the unconscious minds of both.

It may or may not be necessary to bring astral projection into the explanation of the case. Astral projection is a sort of materialistic explanation for paranormal experience.

The full explanation of such occurrences rests in the future, when we reach a better understanding of the capacities of the mind.

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INSTINCT OR SOUL?

A TRUE STORY, about a horse, which was thought to be such convincing proof that animals have souls as to be worthy of headlines, appeared on December 1, 1952, in *Le Parisien Libere*, a Paris newspaper said to have the second largest circulation in France.

For 20 years the horse pulled a mobile rifle range owned by Pierre Thomas who lived in the village of Ymeray. The caravan was something of an institution at fairs in numerous communities of the Eure-et-Loire Department and the horse was as well known as Thomas and his range.

The horse's intelligence was said to be such that he knew his route as well as his master did. He drew the caravan from one village fair to another without being guided.

Last October the old horse showed signs of exhaustion that indicated the weight of the mobile range had become too much for him. Thomas could not afford to keep the horse as a dependent and regretfully sold him to a friend who owned a caravan of lighter weight.

At the end of November, while Thomas was absent from home, the horse appeared alone in the village of Ymeray. Finding his stable closed, he kicked at the door until he drew the attention of neighbors who fed and cared for him.

The horse appeared to have traveled a great distance to reach his old home. He had lost all four of his shoes and was covered with dust and mud. Nobody knew where he had come from or what had happened to his new owner. Only one thing, according to *Le Parisien Libere*, was clear — "instinct" did not explain how the horse had come so far by unfamiliar ways. — *Warrington Dawson.*

TELEPATHY IN DOGS

CERTAIN leading authorities claim that animals cannot be hypnotized. They base their argument on these three facts: 1) that inducing a sleep is impossible, except in rare cases where the animal is stimulated or immobilized; 2) that the sleep cannot be termed hypnotism because the animal will awaken immediately if disturbed; and 3) that the animal will not respond to suggestions of any sort.

A refutation of each of these three arguments was demonstrated in 1946 by Claude Chante, a magician-hypnotist stationed at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md. The platoon to which he was attached was to have, among other things, a review of a first-aid course. The instructors asked Chante to fill in the allotted time by performing some magic for the troops.

Possessing only a deck of cards, Chante soon reached a climax in that type of entertainment. At about this time a rather large black dog entered the semi-circle of soldiers seated before Chante, who stood with his back to a barracks wall. Not knowing what to do next to divert his audience, his attention was attracted to this dog, which had made itself at home and was prancing from one G.I. to another.

Chante suddenly clapped his hands to attract the dog's attention, then immediately shot his arms out towards the animal. He was about six feet away from the dog at this time.

The dog's gaze seemed fastened to Chante's. It slowly sat down and yawned. Holding the same pose, Chante moved to within three feet of the dog. Its eyes began to blink and droop; finally it lay down on its side, legs straight out and eyes completely closed.

This unexpected development caused no little merriment among the soldiers. The hypnotized dog happened to fall into the lap of a chubby G.I., who like the others was shaking with laughter. The shaking, although it jostled the dog, did not awaken or disturb the animal.

Moving in closer, Chante held his hand about 10 inches above the dog's ear; the ear twitched. Moving his hand to another portion of the dog's body, but still above it, the muscles of that portion were also seen to twitch. This was repeated down the length of the dog.

Finally Chante awoke the animal by gently slapping its muzzle and clapping his hands. The dog arose, stretched, yawned, looking a little bewildered, and then trotted away.

Chante repeated this demonstration many times afterward, and hundreds of G.I.s from the East Coast of the U.S.A. to the street corners of downtown Yokohama, Japan, were witnesses. His accomplishments proved not only that dogs can be hypnotized, but that they are telepathic as well. Since the muscular twitchings in the animals were not brought about either by physical methods or spoken words, it must be assumed that they received a mental command. — *William J. Ipczynski, Jr.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

Elliptical Object

As I was being carried by the second ski-lift to a mountaintop next to Mt. Baldy, Calif., on January 25, 1953, at 1:20 p.m., I noticed a silvery, elliptical object shining in the bright sunlight. Mt. Baldy is 60 car-miles from the center of Los Angeles. The top of the second ski-lift is roughly 9,000 feet high. Mt. Baldy itself is higher.

I was approaching the top of the ski-lift and was looking northeast towards the desert when I saw the object. I was in the unusual position of being considerably higher and the object was visible against a patch of brush.

The thing stood absolutely motionless and was visible for about half a minute. Suddenly the strange object began to flutter like a spinning coin just before it comes to rest. It was the most unusual thing I ever saw in my life. Then the object began to move off towards the desert and disappeared.

About half an hour later a military plane (not a jet) came and cruised about the area for a long time. Apparently it had been sent to investigate. — *Pierre L. Tissot, Santa Monica, Calif.*

Cigar in the Sky

On January 25, 1953, at 5:55 p.m. I was driving from Fort Worth International Airport when I noticed a silver object in the sky that looked like a long cigar. It was moving very slowly, then it speeded up and disappeared in the sky. The next day, January 26, the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* published a story that said hundreds of observers had sighted the same silver, cigar-shaped object.

I would like to give my idea about this object in the sky. The U. S. Air Force has developed a remote controlled missile aircraft, "Q-2", that can reach a speed of 2,000 m.p.h. Some of these missiles are so maneuverable they can give the illusion of "standing still" and then flying at terrific speed. — *William Monk, Fort Worth, Tex.*

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Sidelight on Schliemann

An odd sidelight to the Schliemann story in the March issue of FATE is that Schliemann had a curious conviction that Pausanius, the ancient Greek writer of guide books, knew what he was talking about, from first-hand information. Repeatedly Schliemann clung to Pausanius' writings and was guided by them when all other scholars of the time were convinced that Pausanius used hearsay and tradition in his guide books far more than fact and observation. If one accepts the idea of reincarnation, I would think that Schliemann *was* Pausanius.

Pausanius, of whom we know nothing except from his own writings, was from Lydia and settled in Rome in the second century A.D. His great work, a description of travels in Greece, is called *Hellados Pariegesis* and is in 10 books. It seems to have been completed about 175 A.D. His descriptions include the buildings he saw, also mountains and rivers.

Schliemann's first and most passionate loyalty was, of course, to Homer. But in excavating Mycenae he used Pausanius as one would use a Baedeker in London or Paris.

In his *Mycenae and Tiryns* Schliemann mentions Pausanius as early as page two of Chapter I, in his description of the famous Cyclopean walls of Mycenae. In Chapter II he describes his arrival at

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Mycenae on August 19, 1876: "I arrived here the 7th inst. by the same road which Pausanius describes." He then says that the rivers, etc., described by the ancient traveler checked with what he found. I think it is significant that this man, almost 1700 years to the day after Pausanius wrote, chose to enter Mycenae by the ancient route.

Schliemann observes that the dry and dusty plain on which Mycenae lay had been rightly described by both Pausanius and Homer. But it is particularly when Schliemann describes the circle of graves in the ancient agora of the city that he vindicates Pausanius, who described the site in Book II, 16, 6. Most, if not all, of the authorities of Schliemann's time thought Pausanius erred in saying the tombs were within the ruins and not outside the walls.

Schliemann correctly interpreted the old traveler's remarks and found this circle of graves exactly where Pausanius said they were. The fact is that when Pausanius seemed hazy to scholars with 20 times Schliemann's education, this lover of Greece was able to take the same books and read them correctly. — *Marguerite Steedman, Chamblee, Ga.*

Not all great scientific discoveries are the result of coldly logical analysis, experiment or research. Sometimes, as Schliemann's case demonstrates, such emotional factors as "blind faith" and

"instinct" can accomplish just as much or more — R.N.W.

Ghost Bullets Again?

The article "Mystery of the Ghost Bullets" in the February issue of FATE calls to mind two similar occurrences which happened to me. The circumstances were like in many respects to the cases cited in the article.

The first experience happened as a friend and I were in a large field near my home flying model airplanes. As we were packing up for the trip home I noticed two small holes in my friend's metal tool box. The holes were approximately one-eighth of an inch in diameter and an inch apart. The metal around the holes was dented in and indicated that the missiles had struck at an angle of about 45 degrees. A close examination of the box's interior revealed nothing. The holes very definitely were not present before we went to the field.

The other occurrence was in December, 1948. The family was in the parlor, talking, when suddenly there was a noise of breaking glass. We found that a pane in one of the front windows was broken, apparently by a .22 caliber bullet. Nobody in the room heard a rifle shot and the window shade, which was down, did not show any puncture. No trace of a bullet was ever found.

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Another strange thing, perhaps not related to the two above, happened that same December. At precisely 9:30 p.m. I was in the kitchen of my home when I was startled by a shock and a loud report just outside the side window. I immediately went outside but found nothing. A fresh fall of snow revealed no tracks in the yard.

The next night, again at exactly 9:30, the noise was repeated. I called the police who spent the better part of an hour searching our yard and those of the neighbors. They found no tracks and no sign of anything. Later a neighbor said that she was walking home from the store when, from a block away, she saw a brilliant flash in our yard. — *Robert O. Petrie, AG-3, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.*

Important Notice

In connection with your request of September 24th concerning permission to reprint the chapter "Colonies of the Vikings" from our book *Dead Cities and Forgotten Tribes* by Gordon Cooper, please be advised that your request is granted, based on your payment of 2¢ per word, as you suggested. Naturally, full credit is to be given the publisher, the book, and the author. — *Rose Morse, Philosophical Library, New York, N.Y.*

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sophical Library inadvertently was left out of our article by Gordon Cooper, which appeared in the April issue of FATE. *We wish to apologize and to call this matter to the attention of our readers. — R.N.W.*

Tiahuanaco Theory

Since reading *Enigma of Tiahuanaco* by John Brown in the January issue of FATE I have reread the book *Children of Mu* by James Churchward. Chapter 5 gives very clearly the cause of Tiahuanaco's "enigma" and in my opinion comes close to the true facts.

That the western mountain ranges of both North and South America were once at or below sea level has been borne out by the finding of water marks and sea shells on the tops of these mountain ranges. That ancient civilizations existed and flourished along these shores has been evidenced many times over by the finding of remnants of lost cities.

It is apparent that these ancient civilizations existed long before the coastal ranges were forced up by some great upheaval thousands of years ago. I am of the opinion that there are hundreds of such ancient cities still buried beneath the earth's surface or hidden in deep jungles. The chief difficulty in locating and unearthing these archeological treasures seems to be due to the lack of capital by interested groups and a total lack of interest by those able to finance such explorations. — *R. E. Grow, Fairbanks, Alaska.*

The lack of capital is hampering advances in many other fields of science besides the one cited by Reader Grow. Much of what today is considered mysterious or occult will remain so as long as research is limited to the conventional fields which universities or



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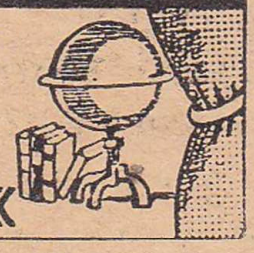
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Incredible Voyage No. 2

"The incredible Voyage" in the February, 1953, issue was a good story and I like that kind of thing. However, I wish to take exception to the statement at the end of the story that "The *Octavius* was the first — and so far the only — ship to traverse the Northwest Passage."

When I was a young man in San Francisco about 1908 a Norwegian ship named the *Goya* (it might have been spelled *Goja* and pronounced *Goya*) was beached in or near the Golden Gate Park and was hauled up on high ground for exhibition purposes. It was the ship in which Captain Amundsen and his crew had sailed the Northwest Passage from east to west. I believe the voyage took three years.

The original intention of the owners had been to sail the ship back to Norway for a monument to Amundsen. It was found that the ship was not seaworthy enough to make the trip and so it was beached in San Francisco.

I may be wrong in this and if I am please correct me. However, I feel sure I am right as at that

time I was rooming with a Norwegian who had sailed for a number of years out of the ports of Norway and he was so enthusiastic about the *Goya* that we spent considerable time going over it. He took several pictures of it as it was being hauled up on the beach. — *George Pickering, Horton, Kans.*

Apparently "so far" meant up to the time of the discovery of the Octavius *by the* Herald. — *R.N.W.*

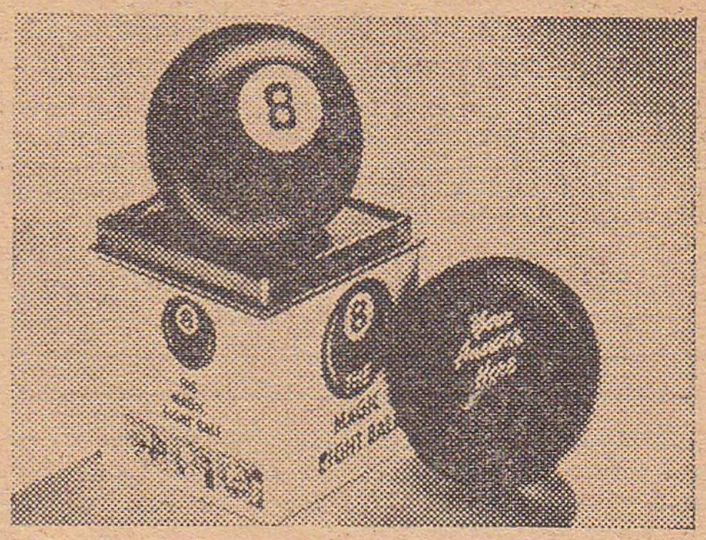
What's in a Name?

Here is a little experience that might be termed mystical, that is when you consider that the Bible says, "Thou shalt decree a thing and it shall be established unto you."

When I was eight years old there was a young man rooming at our house who, even at my age, struck me as charming, irresistible and handsome. His name was Walter. One day I told my mother, "When I grow up and get married I am going to marry a man named Walter."

In 1924 I married my first husband, Walter Spry. In 1935 I married my second husband, Walter Cox. In 1946 I married my third husband, Walter Neel.

I hope this is the last time but if I happen to jump into the sea of matrimony again, I am betting that I would marry a man named Walter. All my marriages were by chance and I never, until re-



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cently, recalled that remark I had made as a child.

My first husband and my last one both were named after an Uncle Walter. My last two husbands had brothers named Charles. The first one and the last one had mothers named Minnie. Is this mystical or a "Believe It or Not"? — *Mrs. Juliette Neel, Dallas, Tex.*

Reunion with Dorothy

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with whom I attended high school in Oakland, Calif. Because I was only 20 and she 19, her parents did not feel that we should be married and had our marriage annulled. I was very unhappy for several years and all my efforts to get in touch with Dorothy were in vain, as she and her parents moved.

Several years after my graduation from the University of California, I joined the Merchant Marine in order to travel and obtain some first-hand geographical knowledge. Many times at the end of my watch I would stand on the fan tail of the vessel to get a few breaths of fresh air after four hours in the hot engine room and I would gaze down at the wake left by the propellor. Even though my conscious mind was devoid of all thought, I would see Dorothy's face in the churning waters. This happened frequently and I presume that subconsciously I was thinking of her.

A few years later I was in the Naval Reserve stationed near Staten Island, New York, and after being there for two years I put in for a transfer to duty in San Francisco where I would be near home. I thought that if I were transferred I might possibly run across Dorothy. My transfer was refused.

Two more years passed and on April 13, 1941, I had a dream about Dorothy in which she asked



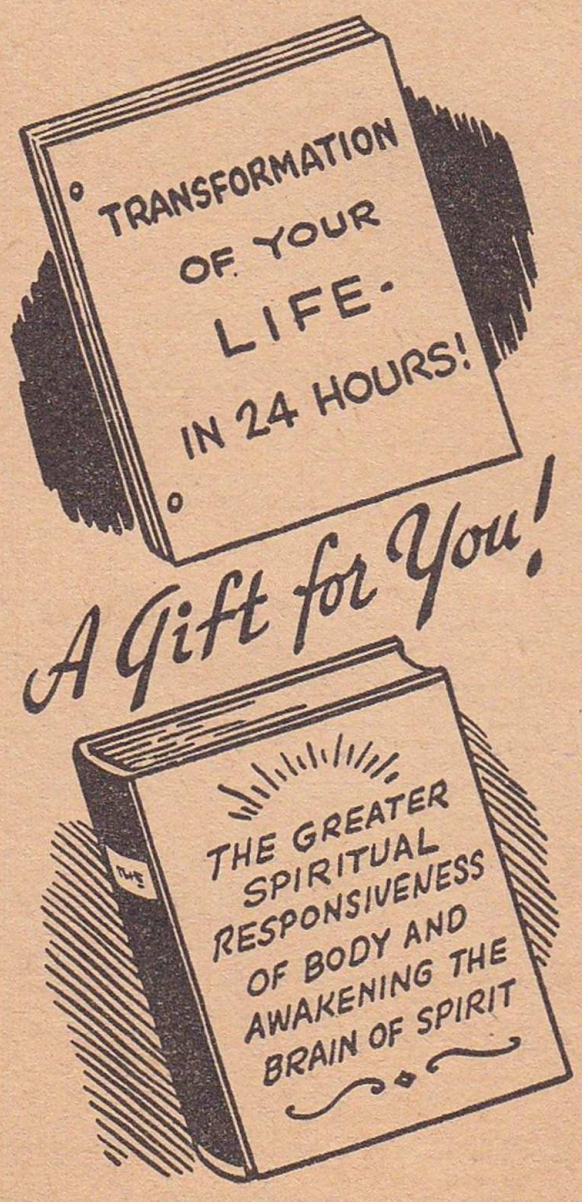
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me how long I had been back in California. At 9 a.m. that morning I was offered enlistment duty in San Francisco and two days later I was on the train.

As it was not necessary for me to stay at the base I rented a room in the California Hotel in Oakland and was assigned Room 415. I stayed nearly a year at this hotel and then received word that I was to be transferred to the base with other duties.

After my gear was packed and in a cab waiting for me in front of the hotel, I thought I would have one last drink at the hotel bar. As I sipped my drink a fellow and a girl got up to leave the bar and the girl paused to ask if I were Floyd. I told her that I was but could not place her. As she left she said her name was Dorothy. Then I recognized her but she had gone.

The bartender looked at me queerly and asked if I had seen a ghost. When I told him that I was once married to Dorothy he informed me that she and her present husband had lived at the hotel for nearly a year, in Room 413, the one immediately next to mine. Dorothy had moved in the same day as I did and had left on the same day and I never had seen her except on that last day. I have never seen her since but my desire to see her just once more was fulfilled. — *Floyd C. Farrar, Hayward, Calif.*



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Several miles outside Olean, N.Y., on a country lane just off the highway, there appears to be a downgrade with sloping hills on both sides. A car backed or moved forward down this grade for approximately 600 feet or a little more under its own power will come to a halt. By turning off the ignition and releasing the brake the car, again in either position and without any apparent help, will get under motion and pull itself back up. From that point the regular procedure of starting the motor must be used again. There are several explanations for this phenomena but whatever it is it gives thrills to those who experience it and I have been one of them. — *Mrs. Ruth J. McConnell, Kane, Pa.*

Prenatal English?

My daughter, Shanen Lopear, is 14 now. During the months that I awaited her birth I felt a strong urge to accomplish something and so studied English.

Recently one of Shanen's friends who has the same English teacher, though in a different class, told me the teacher reported that Shanen was by far the smartest English student in junior high. The teacher also remarked that she doubted if Shanen realized how brilliant she was in this subject.

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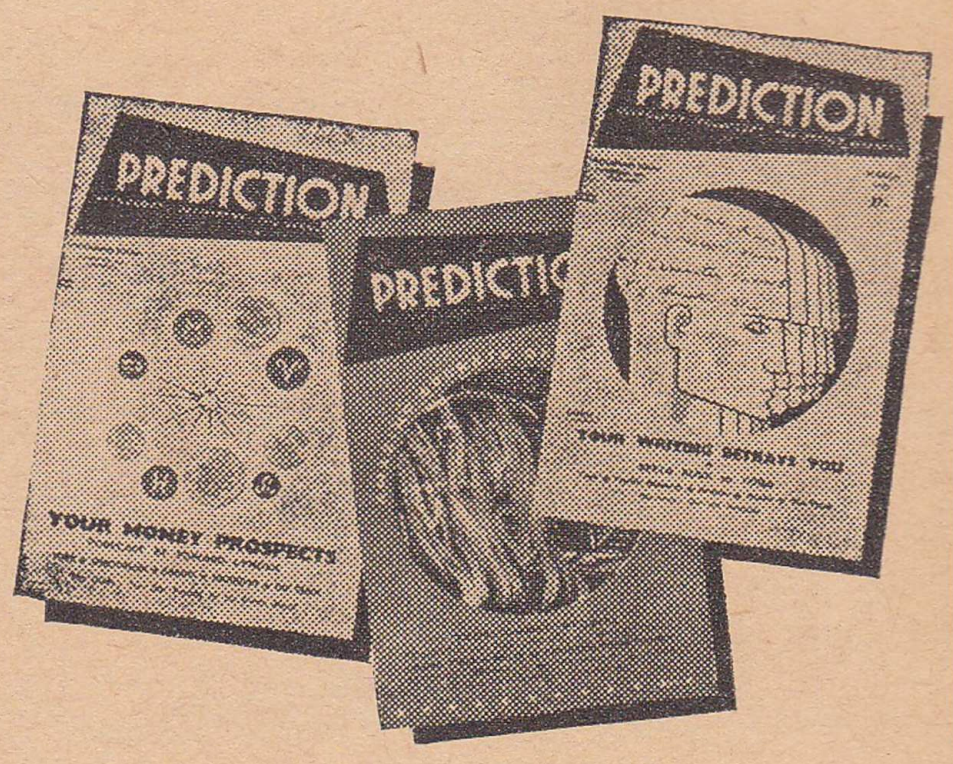
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To me this is very remarkable because my daughter was brought up mostly by my parents, as it has been necessary for me to work to support her and her sister since Shanen was four. I have not taught her anything special so I am sure her understanding of the subject has come from within rather than from any outward training, as my parents are average people.

Do you suppose it is possible that an unborn child can be influenced to such an extent by its mother?

Any comments on this will be of intense interest to me. I would like to know if others have had an experience like mine. — *Ann Lopear, Culver City, Calif.*

Science discredits the idea of prenatal influence on the basis that there is no way biologically in which the mother can affect the appearance or personality of the unborn child. There is no way biologically to explain how one mind is able to affect another — but the results of countless ESP tests demonstrate it is possible. — R.N.W.

A Mutual Friend

I was very surprised to read the article by Dr. W. E. Farbstein about Rev. O. R. Washburn, "Story of a Closed Mind," in the February issue of FATE. I used to live in Brattleboro, Vt., and got to know Rev. Washburn through my interest in the unknown. Rev.

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Made by Little People?

"The Devil's Tramping Ground" in the February, 1953, issue of FATE is similar in some respects to the story in the November-December, 1951, issue, "The Mysterious Circles of Shasta," better known as the Siskiyou Stone Circles. They were made for a specific purpose and are still in use.

I believe I know what the circles are used for. They were made by the little people who live either beneath the surface of the surrounding terrain or within the mountain itself. There is no law, written or unwritten, that says people have to live upon a planet's surface. It is safer to dwell within a planet.

These people are not the only inhabitants of the region. There are others too — and I don't mean U.S. citizens, either. And they possess great knowledge which they use well. — *Umberto V. Orsi, New York, N.Y.*

Bouquet of the Month

Thought I had better send this

along to show my appreciation to you for publishing such an interesting magazine. I thoroughly enjoy FATE and it is first on my reading list until each copy is finished. Then it is loaned to friends and very often articles from it are read aloud at our Reading Club meetings.

I particularly like the style in which "I See by the Papers" is presented. I feel there is a definite need for this kind of publication to pique the interest and satisfy a craving for knowledge of the unknown and the unusual. — *Mrs. D. Onalie Chrobak, Ware, Mass.*

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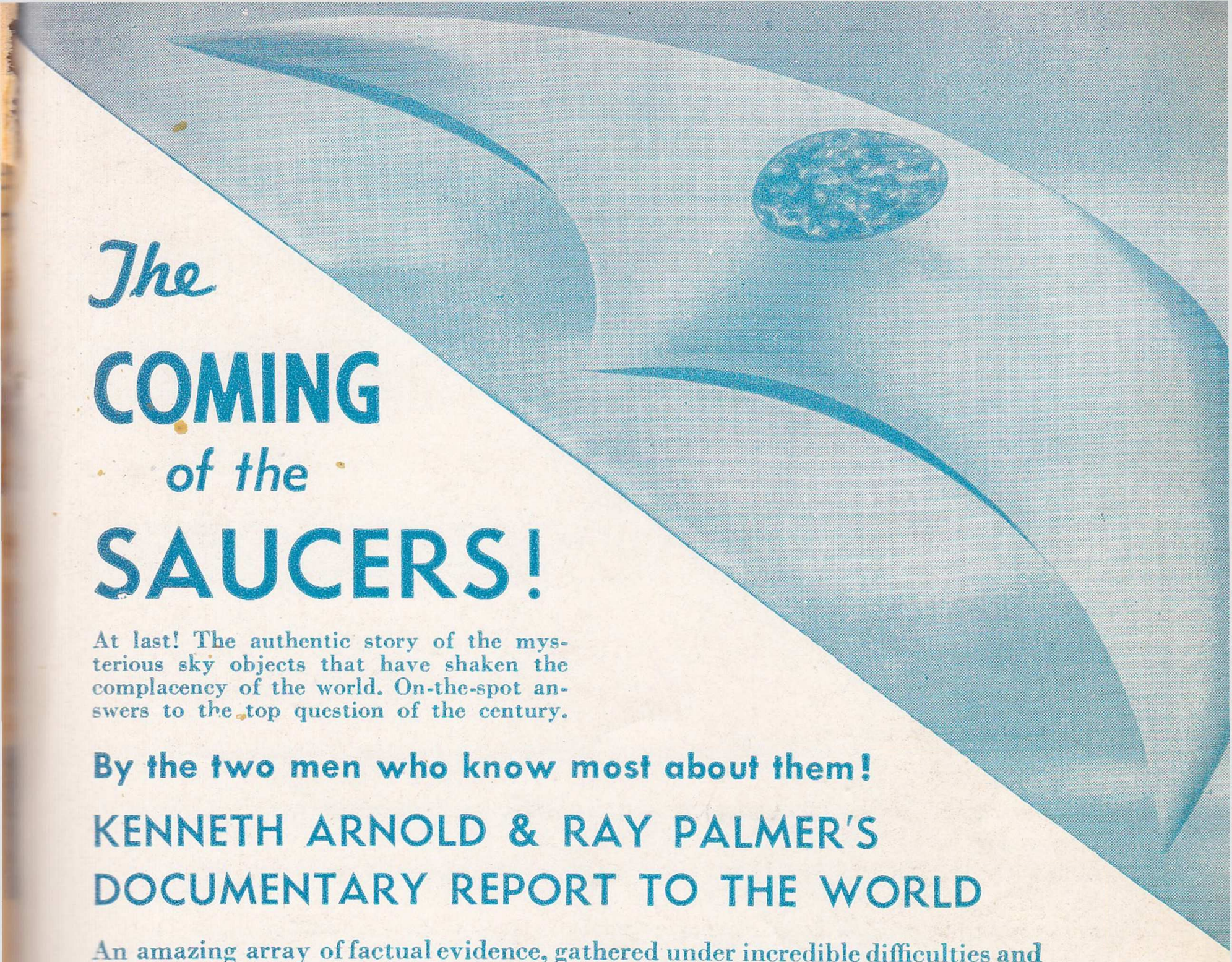
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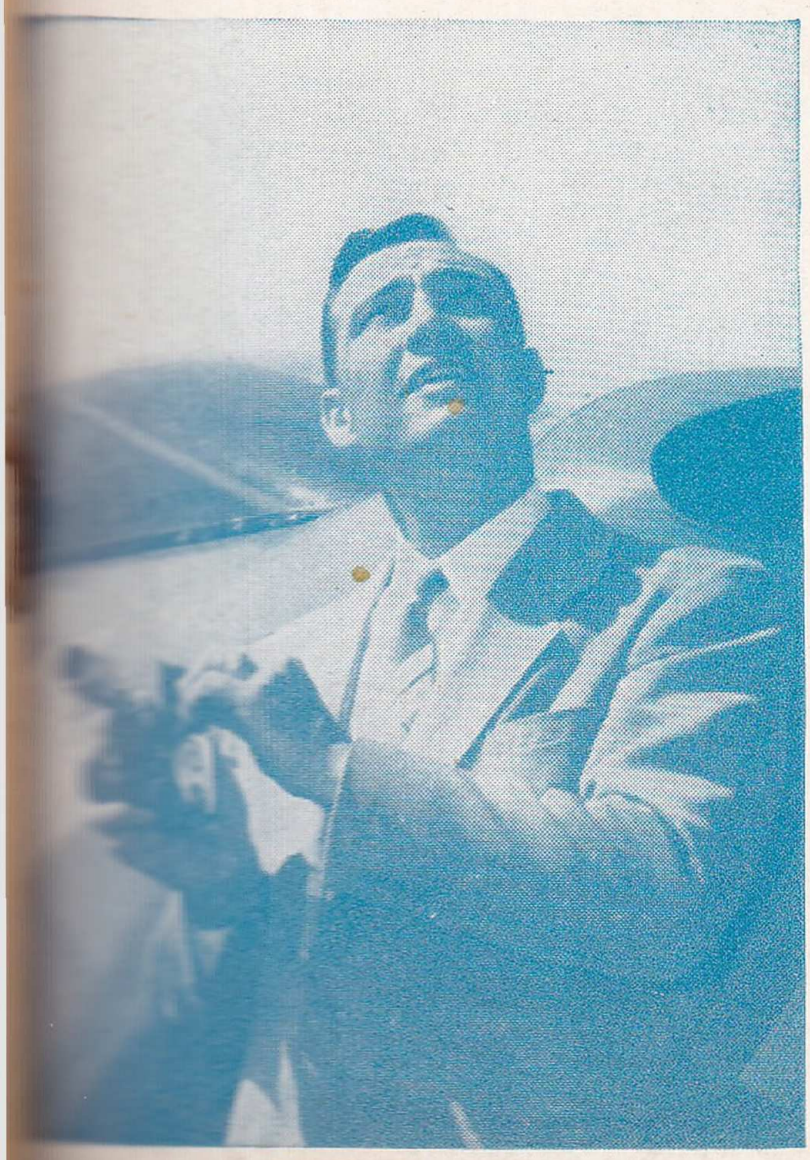
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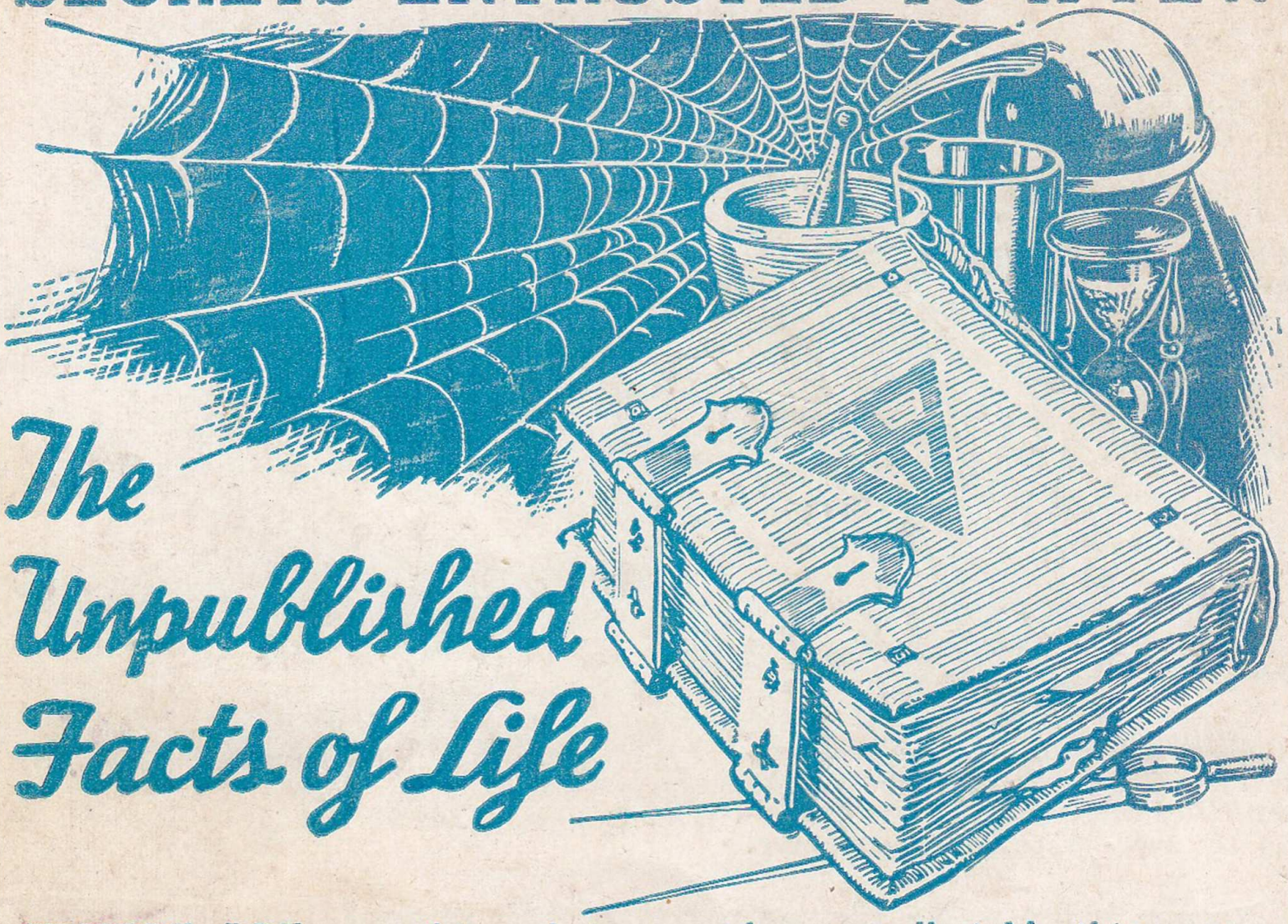
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