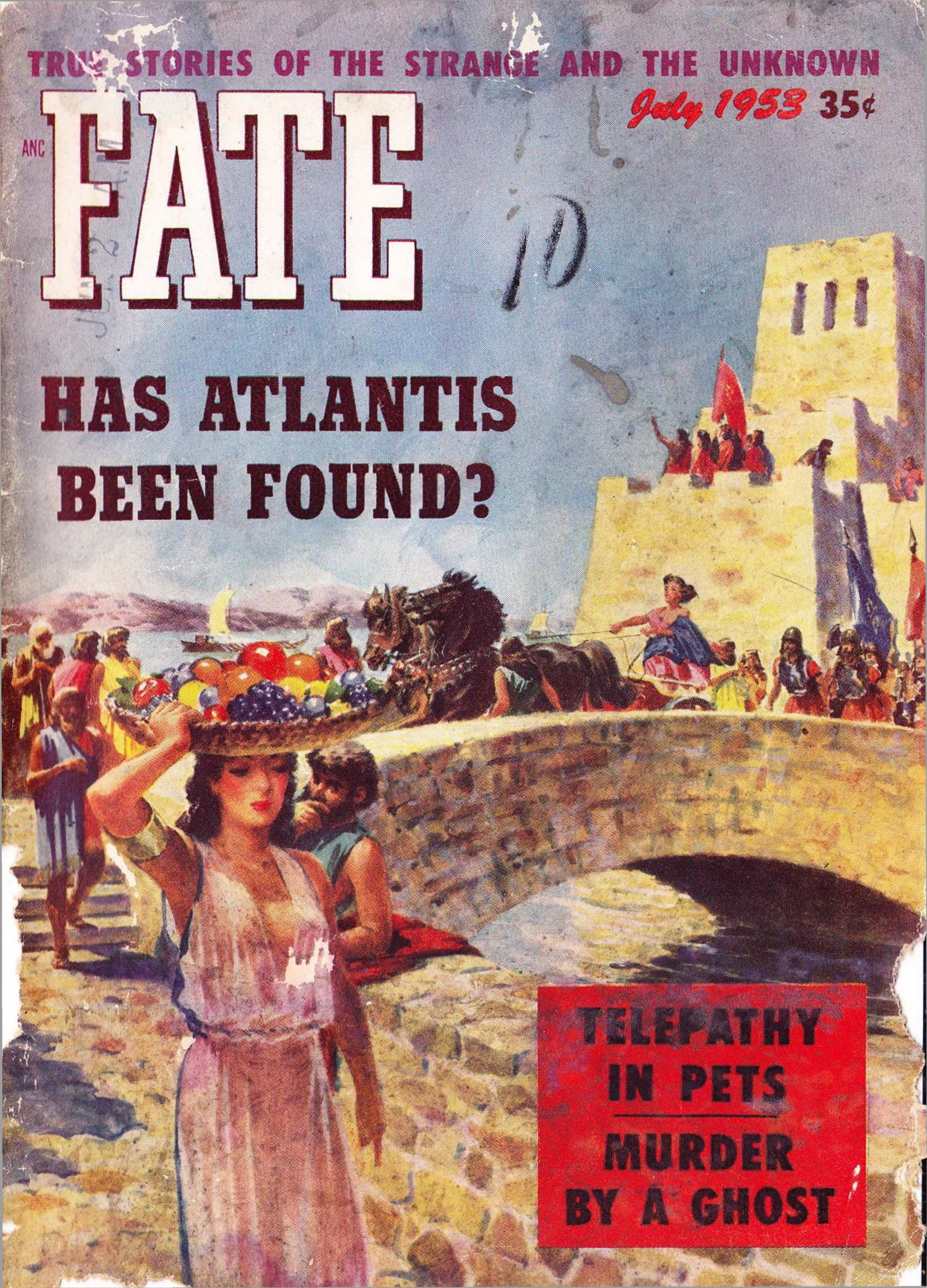
TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

July 1953 35¢

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I See by the Papers...



STRANGE AFFAIRS

If Charles Fort were alive today he would be a happy man. We hope he would be happy with FATE Magazine, of course, as the first national magazine devoted to true stories of the strange, the unusual, the unknown. But we believe he would be pleased with the evidence that floods in about all sorts of unexplained things going on in the world.

We are writing this in early spring and there have been a tremendous number of newspaper stories dealing with the same type of articles we publish in FATE.

• In June, for instance, we published William Bathlot's brief article "Rain of Toads." A friend has just sent in a clipping, long delayed, from the July 26, 1952, issue of the Los Angeles *Times*, telling of a rain of .18 inch at Big Bear, Calif. Immediately after the rain the pavements suddenly were covered by frogs "estimated by residents to number millions. Those not crushed in the jam hopped off to destinations unknown."

• To supplement our material on talking horses, comes a story in the February 15 issue of *The American Weekly*, about a little Pekingese dog named Black Knight. Black Knight is owned by Lady Munnings, wife of Sir Alfred Munnings, the famous English painter. One day Lady Munnings took Black Knight to the races. He whined strangely at one horse during the pre-race parade. Lady Munnings bet on that horse and won. Since then Black Knight has whined at so many winning horses that the bookies have tried to work out some way of distracting his attention when Lady Munnings takes him to the paddock parade. Last year Black Knight picked

30 winners — most of them long shots — and hundreds of track followers have taken to following his tips. No wonder the bookies are worried.

• In February we ran F. Terry Newman's story of the unfading roses in the Church of St. Mary at Heaton Norris, England. It seems that this country has its own unfading roses crowning a statue of the Virgin Mary. They are in the bedroom of Dante S. Donisi in his home at 404 Baltimore Street, Middletown, Ohio. Donisi crowned the statue three years ago. Since then, he says, the roses have not lost a petal and the fern, flowers and leaves retain their original color.

• It seems that Yoga, too, is becoming fashionable. *Life* Magazine published a three-page article on Yehudi Menuhin's work with Yoga. Menuhin is perhaps the world's greatest violinist and is very serious about Yoga. He ranks Yoga and sleep as more important than violin practice, says it gives him a sense of well-being.

• What about water witching? It seems that Murray J. Knowles, water commissioner of Washtenaw County, Mich., uses a divining rod to find buried tile. Knowles' rods are made simply of coat hangers and he says that when the rods are held parallel they assume the angle of the buried pipe. He doesn't know why — but — they work for him.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION?

MYSTERIOUS fires, of unknown origin and great intensity, are a frequent subject in FATE. They happen all the time.

On March 28, Veronica Rae Klenke, 11 years old, of Silver Spring, Md., was playing her accordion at 2 p.m. It was a $300 instrument, purchased about three years ago, and she was using straps around her body to support it while she played.

Her father, Henry Klenke, a construction foreman, was in the basement when he heard Veronica scream. He raced into the living room and found her and the accordion enveloped in flames. Before he could tear the instrument from her body and throw it into the back yard, both he and Veronica were severely burned. The accordion was still blazing when the Kensington Fire Department reached the home. From her hospital bed Veronica could say only, "My accordion just caught on fire."

Montgomery County police and fire authorities had never heard of an accordion catching fire before. There was no stove or fireplace in the living room. A neighbor who helped extinguish the flames, Frank E. Klopfer, observed only one closed book of matches and one burnt match in an ash tray in the living room. Roy A. Warfield, district deputy fire chief, did not

believe that the bellows of the accordion could be ignited easily. Veronica suffered second degree burns over 35 per cent of her body and her father burns over 25 per cent of his body.

But what started this fire?

FATAL FIRE

Even more tragic was the death of Waymon Price Wood, 50, of 19 McAdoo Avenue, Greenville, S. C., on March 1.

Passersby saw smoke coming from the windows of Mr. Wood's 1951 Nash which was parked on the shoulder of Bypass Highway 291. Windows of the car were blackened and they could not see inside. As they rushed to the car to help, it suddenly pulled away, drove approximately 400 yards along the highway, stopped, then plunged 270 feet down a ravine, turning over twice and coming to rest on its side.

Firemen and police arrived simultaneously, unaware that anyone was inside. No blaze was seen but smoke was still coming from the windows. Firemen soaked the interior of the car and when it had cooled down they found the badly burned body of Mr. Wood in the front seat. The interior of the car was completely burned out, plastic fittings had melted away, windshield glass had bubbled. The fire had been entirely inside the car, and confined to the front seat.

The coroner's jury appears to have voted suicide on this case. Yet friends had been talking with Wood only an hour before and reported he had seemed cheerful. A reporter on the scene said that he noticed no gasoline fumes about the fire.

"THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK"

Dreams, too, are in the news:

• Antonio Fossati of Milan, Italy, told police he dreamed that a message would be found in the right-hand vest pocket of the burial clothing of a cousin who had died recently. Official permission was given to open the zinc-lined coffin. Mr. Fossati reached into the pocket and pulled out a note. It was read aloud in the presence of witnesses — but none would disclose what it said.

• Vicky Anne Schnorbus is a nine-year-old Houston honor student with an IQ of 157. She was staying with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Arnold, while her parents visited in Miami. On Saturday night, February 14, Vicky dreamed that her parents were never coming back. Sunday morning she told Mrs. Arnold of her dream and asked her if she could live with

them. That same night her parents crashed and were killed with 44 other persons in the National Airlines wreck in the Gulf of Mexico. Because there was still hope, the Arnolds had not told Vicky of the loss of the plane on Saturday night. They had explained only that it was delayed by a storm.

• Another dream involving a plane crash was published in the Long Island Sunday Press. Four Niagara University students were lost in a four-place Stinson the middle of February. Eight days later the plane was found — after a dream. Discoverers were Even Stalcut and Archie Reynolds, farmers who live near Franklinville, N. Y. On Friday night, February 20, Stalcut dreamed that the wrecked airplane would be found in a wooded gulley. Saturday he and Reynolds investigated and found the wrecked craft almost exactly where Stalcut had seen it in his dream.



MYSTERY FROM TOKYO

"Is Sergeant Omer Willette alive?" With these words the Associated Press began a fantastic story from Tokyo.

During World War II, the War Department reported Sergeant Willette killed in action. But he later turned up alive in a hospital.

Last fall, the Defense Department reported he had been killed in Korea. A witness reported him dead but because of the tactical situation his body could not be recovered. The Army again officially listed him as killed in action.

But on Sunday night, November 2, the telephone rang in the Willette apartment. Both his wife and sister talked with him and said he was calling from Tokyo. He said, "I'm all right. I'm wounded, but I'll be home soon." His sister was sure it was his voice.

The Army was asked to help find him. The Far East Command had no trace of him. The Army said he was not in any hospital in Japan.

And the Japanese overseas telephone office in Tokyo said no one named Sergeant Omer Willette placed a call to the United States between Sunday, November 2, and Tuesday, November 4.

But the question still exists: "Is Sergeant Omer Willette alive?"



WOMAN IN BLACK

Police officials near Troy, N. C., are watching a bridge over nearby Sut Creek. Here at least four persons, at different times, have reported seeing a mysterious "woman in black"

who always vanishes before officers can find her.

The mystery began early in February when a telephone operator saw the ghostly figure. All persons who have seen it since say it is a woman wearing a black cloak and dark scarf, sitting on the stone bridge. Other persons to report seeing the apparition are a truck driver, Floyd Allen of Troy and George Stoker, a Korean war veteran. All of them say the woman appears ready to leap into Sut Creek, a shallow winding stream.

TALKING CHIMNEYS

HERE's the second talking chimney we have heard about recently.

This one is in Boger City, N. C., in the garage-apartment of Horace G. Ross.

When Ross first heard the chimney talking, crowing like a rooster and gobbling like a turkey, he didn't tell anyone. Thought they might take him away — to an asylum. But carpenters working on the building heard the sounds too. So the word got around.

Crowds of people from nearby Lincolnton and the surrounding county come to listen to the chimney. So many of them come that Ross is afraid he isn't going to get his building finished. Family quarrels in Boger City have fallen off — at least in volume. Husbands and wives have learned that their voices are sometimes transmitted by the chimney. People who have heard it say it talks even louder than the talking chimney in Morganton, N. C.

THE VANISHING AUTOMOBILE

SOMEONE drove an automobile seven miles up the black square tunnel of a flood control drain, according to the Los Angeles *Herald & Express*. That wouldn't be so remarkable except that somewhere under Los Angeles the car just disappeared.

At sundown on February 12, Compton boys told police they had just seen a car drive into the throat of a storm drain near Willowbrook and Greenleaf avenues. Police were there within 10 minutes. They trailed the fresh tire tread marks into the tunnel. They followed them for three miles. Additional officers and flood control district workers continued the search by dropping through manhole covers.

At midnight, seven miles up the tube, the tracks just vanished. A *Herald & Express* reporter and photographer were witnesses. "In the muddy silt covering the floor of the drain the tire tread marks were sharp and fresh," said the paper. "Then no more tracks."

In Hayward, Calif., police are hunting a mysterious visitor who has taken $1500 from a mother and two daughters over the past four years. It has disappeared despite locked doors and windows. Clothing also has disappeared, including a blanket whisked off a bed.

Strangely enough, whatever the person, animal or entity is, "it" does not take checks or small bills, but crumples them up and hides them about the house.

The strange goings on are at a house at 24779 Thomas Avenue, Hayward, where Mrs. Dora Rayes lives with her two daughters, Mrs. Theodore Cruz, 19; and Mrs. Jennie Manandi, 24.

Once when they had company Mrs. Rayes put a $10 bill on the table. Then everyone went into the next room, locking the door and windows behind them. They looked two hours later and the bill was gone.

Another time a brother put a billfold beneath his pillow. It was gone in the morning — but later turned up in a broom closet.

Police are skeptical. They say all the locks in the house can be opened with one key and all members of the family have keys.



THE MAN WHO HAD A BABY

Here is a story — not of the mind but of the body — by Reuters, published on Feb. 21:

A teen-aged railroad worker named Yoshinobu Nakano, of Osaka, Japan, complained of pains in his chest. Doctors suspected a lung ailment and operated. Embedded in his lung they found a growing baby girl. The embryo was the size of a fist and "completely healthy."

Chief Surgeon Masatoshi Naito explained that the embryo was a malformed twin development at birth. Yoshinobu should have had a twin sister but the twin egg was absorbed in his body early in his mother's pregnancy. It remained dormant there for years.

Then, as he reached puberty, the change in hormone equilibrium in his body caused the embryo to grow again. The embryo was removed successfully and Yoshinobu reported to be recovering.



MIND VS. BRAIN

In Philadelphia there is a 10-year-old girl with only half a brain. Here is her story as told by Dr. Herbert McC. Whortman, executive vice-president of the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia.

When she was born, her brain was injured. Later she caught encephalitis, an inflammatory disease of the brain. This caused partial paralysis of the right side

of her face, her right arm and her right leg. In addition she was petulant and quarrelsome and could not get along with her playmates.

Physicians decided to operate on her brain after she began to have convulsions that could no longer be controlled by medications. The operation was performed a year ago. Nearly half of her brain was removed.

By spring of this year she had improved so markedly that she was attending a private school. By fall it was expected she might transfer to public school. She has learned to walk and take care of herself and she has not had a convulsive seizure since the operation.

Does the fact that a person can prosper with only half a brain further substantiate the separation of mind and brain?

DUNNINGER AND CONAN DOYLE

JOSEPH DUNNINGER, the American conjurer and mentalist, has been established in the minds of many people as a sort of modern day Houdini — a man who has gained a reputation as an exposer of telepathy, spiritualism, and other phenomena.

Adrian Conan Doyle, son of the famous late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, has taken specific issue with Dunninger on claims he published in the magazine *Parade*.

First, Adrian Conan Doyle questioned Dunninger's explanation of the cracking of the Houdini code, which Mrs. Houdini admitted had been revealed, and on which she later recanted. Adrian Conan Doyle carefully explained that his father was not involved in the code, despite Dunninger's claim that he was. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did verify the cracking of the code, however:

"My father sent the following cable to Mrs. Houdini: 'IS IT FACT THAT YOU HAVE RECEIVED A CORRECT PREARRANGED CIPHER?' The reply was cabled back: 'YES — BEATRICE HOUDINI.' I quote from copies of the original documents which lie before me, as I write."

Adrian Conan Doyle denies that Joseph Dunninger was ever privileged to take part in any seance with his mother. He states that Houdini and his wife once visited his parents at Atlantic City and that the four held a seance in Sir Arthur's sitting room.

Lady Conan Doyle, he explains, was not a trance medium, but transmitted messages through automatic writing. Houdini, he says, expressed delight at the contents of a message from his dead mother and was "completely satisfied as to their authenticity . . ."

"Two days later, when my parents met him on their return to New York his first words to my mother were 'For the last two days life has been a different thing for me as a result of my wonderful experience of the other day.'

"Unfortunately for the honesty of his own reputation, Houdini, subsequently decided apparently that it would be to the detriment of his work as a magician to admit in public what he so fully admitted to my parents in private. I have before me all the real facts relative to this subject, including the accounts in the newspapers of the time as endorsed by both parties concerned."

Adrian Conan Doyle continues . . . "While my father liked Houdini personally, his views of Mr. Dunninger were as definite in their expression as they were painful in their frankness.

"My father recorded his opinion publicly on this person upon several occasions. Therefore, should Mr. Dunninger continue any further with his fiction apropos a code which has, in fact, no existence outside his own imagination, then I shall feel it my duty in the interests of truth, to publish my father's written opinion of Mr. Dunninger in order that the sensible American public may judge for themselves whether or not it was likely that my father would have arranged a code or any other form of avoidable contact with a person for whom he entertained views which were the reverse of flattering."



INDIA'S MAN-TIGERS

During India's 32 official annual holidays, the man-tigers appear. They paint themselves to resemble tigers, wear tight shorts with six-foot tails, don protruding fangs, add big false ears and a bit of fur, then join the festival. Their performance is a dance, sometimes imitating the tiger's stalk but usually a jerky flinging of arms and legs, while a two- or three-man band drums and pipes incessantly. They collect coins and swigs of reviving water when possible. By late evening the man in them overcomes the tiger and they hire a rickshaw-puller to take them home. Photo by Harold Ehrensperger.

— Roland E. Wolseley

NOTES FROM ALL OVER

Allahabad, India — Baba Harainsingh has celebrated his 176th birthday. He has grown a completely new set of teeth and his gray hair is turning black again.

Dover, Del. — The state assembly has voted to abolish Delaware's ancient witchcraft law, on the books since Colonial days.

Bethlehem, Jordan — Biblical scholars are concerned by the fact that Bedouins are offering ancient manuscripts for sale in bazaars and in restaurants. They may be several thousand years old and would be invaluable if they were properly recorded and preserved. The Bedouins sell only bits of the manuscripts to different people, thinking they can make more money this way. Thus only fragments of significant writings are being preserved.

San Francisco, quoted from The Examiner — "Alice Scheer, wife of prominent Dr. Anton Scheer, was buried a few days ago . . . As the family started to trudge sadly away from the bier, one of Dr. Scheer's daughters bent down to pick a flower off the coffin. And at that moment, a white dove fluttered down from out of nowhere and alighted on her shoulder . . . The bird sat there as the girl walked slowly toward the waiting car, and it is now home with the Scheers, as their pet. . . . 'I'm a man of science,' says Dr. Scheer softly, 'but still . . .' "

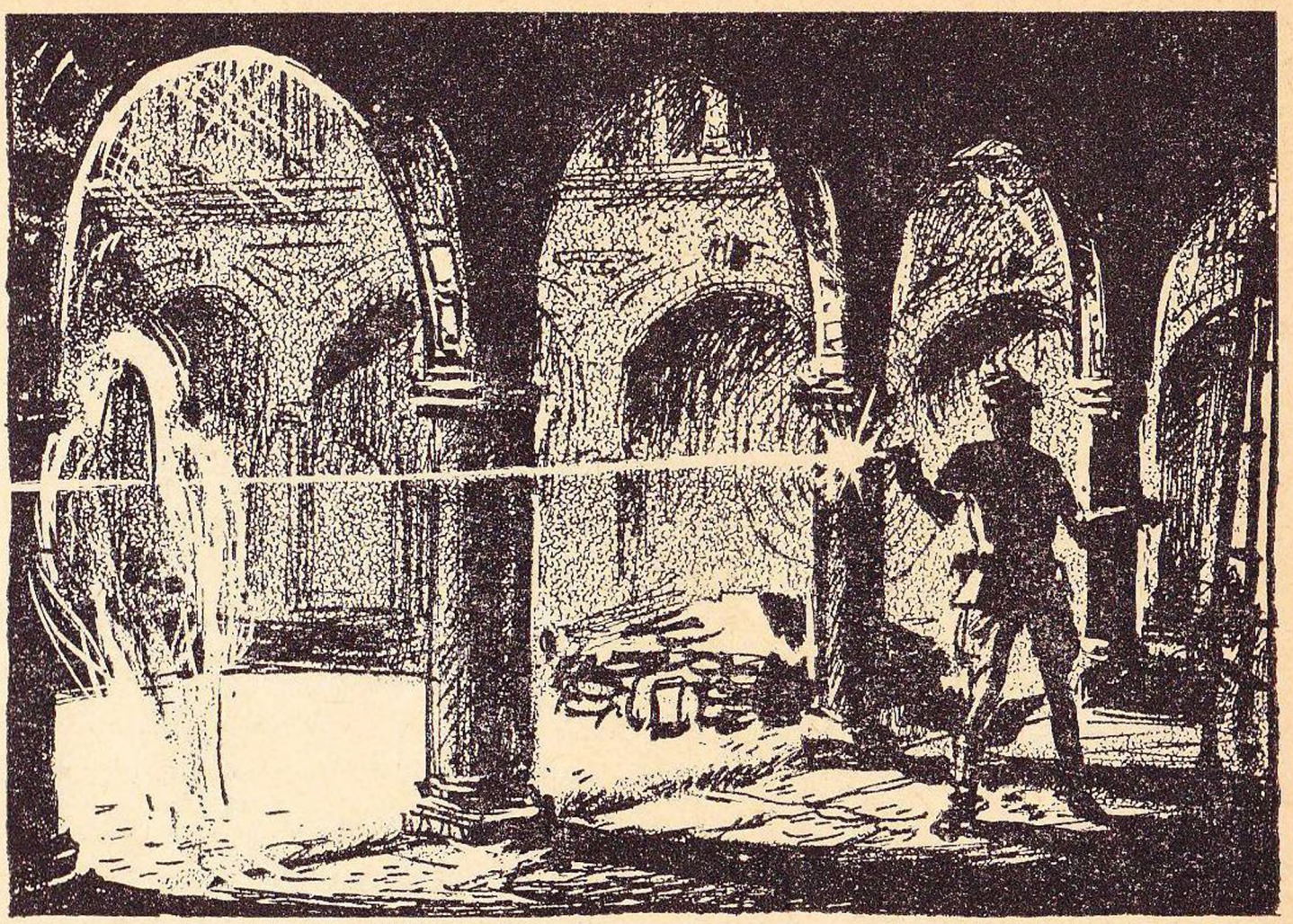
— *Curtis Fuller*

THE WIND THAT SAVED ISRAEL

In April, 1952, locust swarms crossing into Israel from Jordan threatened crops which were needed badly by the struggling young nation. A day of general prayer was proclaimed and throughout Israel people pleaded for divine intercession against the locust hordes. The following day a wind from the west pushed the invading insects back the way they came, leaving Israel almost completely free of them.

NEW JOVIAN SATELLITE

Jupiter has another moon, scientists at the Carnegie Institution of Washington have announced, which brings to 12 the number of known satellites of the big planet. The new moon is 14 miles in diameter and is detectible from the earth only on the photographic plates of a powerful telescope. Like three others in Jupiter's collection, the recently discovered moon revolves from east to west, while the remainder revolve from west to east.



MURDER BY A GHOST

The colonel emptied his gun at the cowled shape. Then he was bent backward by strangling hands.

By James Crenshaw

I HAVE talked with a man who was an eye-witness to a murder by a ghost!

Gerardo Murillo, or Dr. Atl — the name by which he is popularly known — has long been prominent in the social, political and artistic life of Mexico, where he was born more than 70 years ago. Dr. Atl first mentioned the strange murder in his book of reminiscences, *Gentes Profanas en el Convento* (Profane Persons in the Monastery). Then in conversations growing out of his interest in my own book, *Telephone Between Worlds*, he described with greater detail certain remarkable

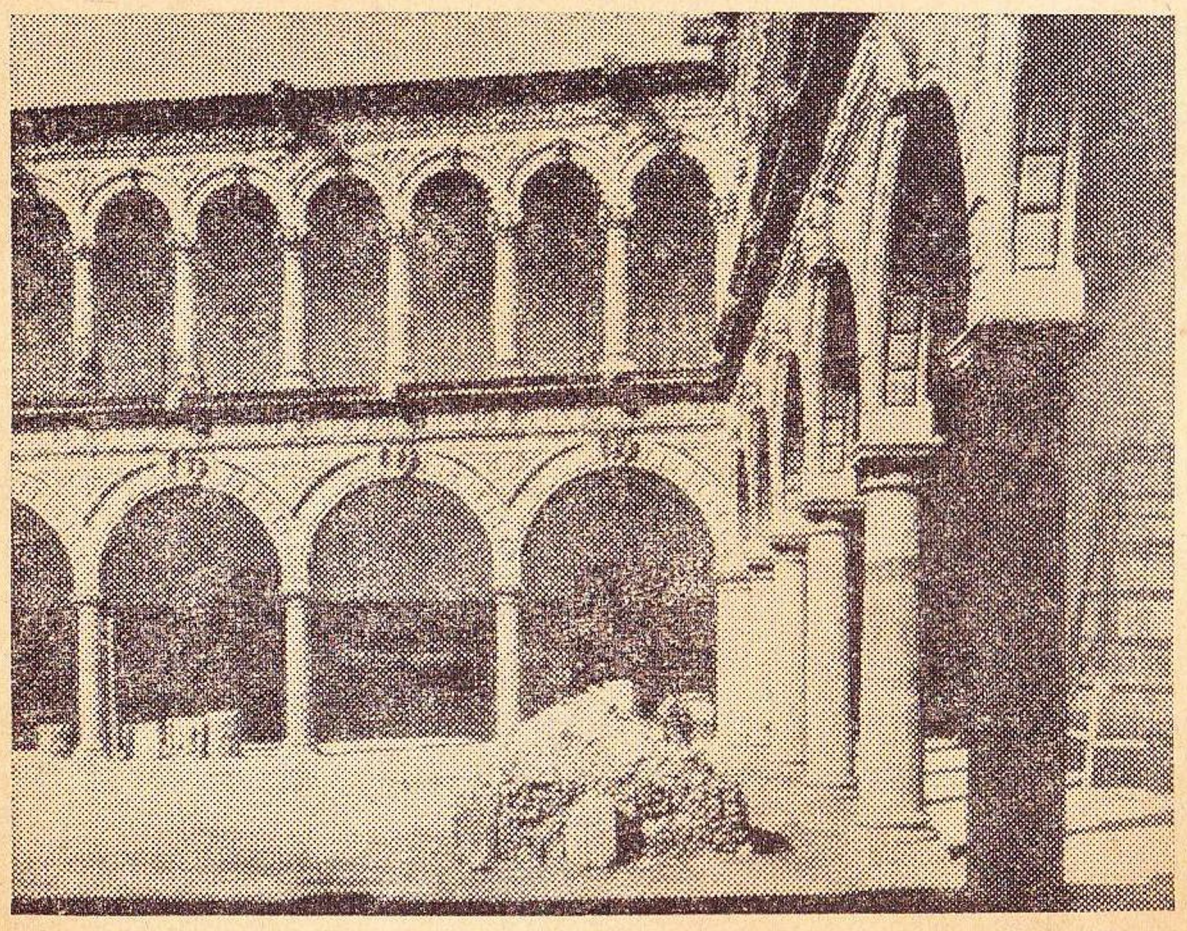
features of this very weird crime.

During the confusion that followed the assassination of President Caranza and the accession of General Obregon in 1920, Dr. Atl became a resident of *El Convento de la Merced* (Monastery of Mercy) in Mexico City. The ancient *convento*, which had been taken over by the government in years past, was occupied only by a porter-caretaker, Angel Gutiérrez and his family, an army colonel, presently out of favor with the new regime, and his *asistente* (orderly).

Dr. Atl, who was politically involved with both factions of the 1920 revolution, was given refuge by Angel, a former soldier. Angel apologized for the presence of the colonel, describing him as "*muy mal encarado*" (very evil-faced) and as having a reputation for having killed many people.

The porter lived with his wife and two young sons in a room near the entrance to the large patio. This patio was enclosed by two tiers of arches, so that the arcades formed a quadrangle with rooms opening into it on the first and second floors. Dr. Atl moved into one of the cells on the second floor, where the colonel and his orderly also stayed.

The first hint that there might be other occupants of the mon-



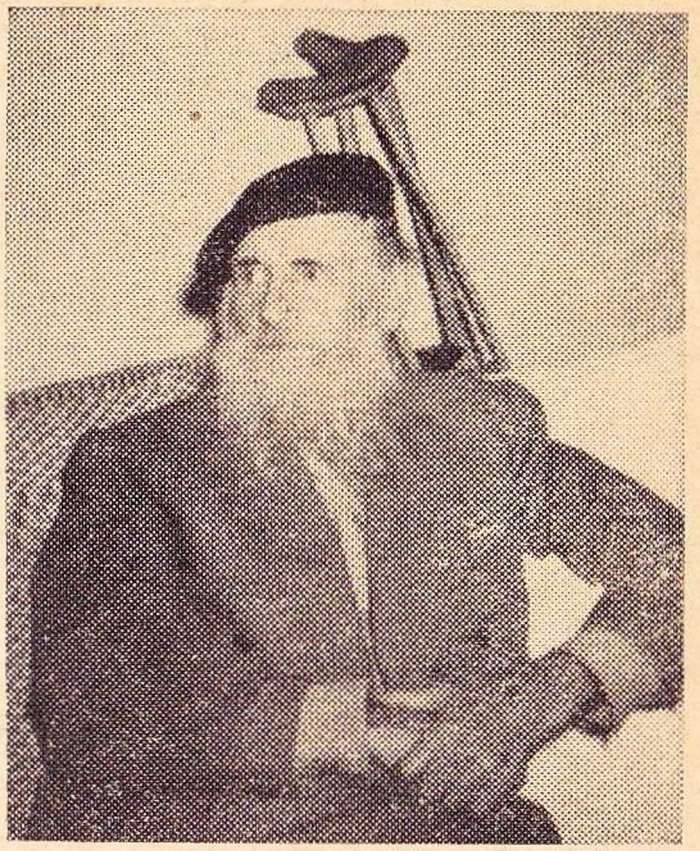
Patio of El Convento de la Merced in Mexico City where the murder by a ghost occurred. Dr. Atl watched the weird scene from the upper arcade.

astery came when Angel confessed he feared the ghost of a *fraile* (friar or monk) that he claimed walked about the corridors at night. He admitted he had not seen the ghost but had felt the cold air when the phantom passed him.

The colonel, on the other hand, frequently saw the ghost of the friar so plainly, according to Angel, that he stalked it through the shadowy arcades, now and then firing his pistol at it. The officer swore to send it back to the cemetery whence it came.

Angel maintained that there were other unnatural manifestations in the ancient cloister; that there were long processions of ghosts who could not be seen but whose murmured prayers were sometimes plainly audible. His children were often disturbed at night by a suffocating pressure and had to be held by their parents so they could sleep.

The colonel, too, sometimes complained of a heavy weight on his chest at night and he described the misty figure of a brown-cowled monk gliding among the pillars and archways. His *asistente* declared that he likewise had seen the monk, though not so clearly as the colonel. He saw only the outlines, the hood and a white ribbon running down the front of the monk's habit. He never saw a face, only a huge hand grasping the folds of the garment. The orderly confessed it made him very nervous and he would not have stayed except that he feared reprisals from the colonel more than he feared the ghost.



Gerardo Murillo (Dr. Atl)

Since one of the religious holidays on which Angel contended the most pronounced manifestations occurred was now at hand the caretaker invited his guest to sit up with him during the night and watch for the ghost. Dr. Atl said he was not much interested, having little belief in spirits but, out of courtesy, accepted Angel's invitation.

On the appointed night the children, being extremely nervous, were taken to a neighbor's home. Dr. Atl and Angel sat in the middle of the courtyard and waited. Dr. Atl dozed but was

awakened around midnight by the porter, who said the voices had begun. Dr. Atl heard nothing. He splashed water on his face from the fountain in the patio to be sure he was fully awake. Then, following Angel into one of the corridors, he distinctly felt a wave of ice-cold air.

First he put his hand out to feel the current and then stepped into it, following as it moved up the wide stairway to the second level of arcades. Now he could hear the eerie murmuring of many subdued voices, as though in prayer.

Halfway up the stairs, the experiment was interrupted by a blood-chilling scream from Angel's room. The two men ran down to find Señora Gutiérrez in hysterics. She sobbed that a terrific force had pushed her against the wall and had held her there until the moment of her scream. On the wall she indicated they found two enormous hand prints in the hard surface.

"The impressions were like those left by pressure on wet cement except that these were made on a wall that had been standing for many years," said Dr. Atl.

The prints had not been there before. Angel swore he recently had whitewashed the wall and knew they were not there then. But they remained, says Dr. Atl, until the wall was torn down during demolition of that part of the building many years later.

Following this terrifying experience nothing further occurred that night.

One Sunday shortly afterwards, when everyone had left the monastery except Dr. Atl, he went about twilight to the balcony and stood looking down into the patio. He heard the main door open and close with a bang. He supposed it was Angel returning but instead saw the colonel and his *asistente* go to their rooms. A few minutes later they reappeared and crossed the patio toward the large entrance in one of the interior walls.

This is Dr. Atl's statement of what he thereafter witnessed:

"Part way along they paused. The orderly stopped exactly in the middle of the courtyard. The colonel advanced until he was under one of the arches. His attention seemed riveted on something inside the large entrance.

"From the spot where I was, some 20 meters from the scene, I could observe with exactness the movements of each man. I saw the colonel advance again slowly and pause. With a slow movement he took his revolver out of its holster and extended his arm toward the opening in the wall. He aimed his gun at something I could not see.

"He fired again and again, five times in all. Then he managed to reload his gun but something knocked it to the ground and he abruptly put his hands up to his

neck as if trying to free himself from some strangling force.

"He moved his head from side to side in desperation and then I saw what was indeed most strange; his body fell slowly backward, being held in mid-air by an invisible something or someone. His body continued to lean slowly backward in this impossible manner until he lay on the floor.

"There he fought violently for a little while. A groan or a growl, like that of a wounded beast, ended the fight. Meanwhile the orderly fainted, completely overcome by fear.

"The death occurred so suddenly I did not even think of moving from the spot where I was until I heard the colonel's stifled groan. I then threw myself down the stairs and ran to the body.

"It was limp and motionless. The face was purple. The tongue hung out. I stooped down to observe the neck. It was badly scratched and showed the traces of three enormous fingers."

Moments later Angel and his wife entered the monastery, followed by a group of neighbors who had heard the shooting. Police from a nearby headquarters also heard the shots and came to investigate. Dr. Atl and Angel told them all they knew and they were ordered detained. The body of the colonel and the unconscious orderly were transferred to the police station.

The police *comisario* (inspector) asked whether there could have been anyone else in the monastery at the time of the murder. Despite the incriminating implication, Dr. Atl insisted there was only the colonel, the orderly and himself.

"I am sure," he added without qualifying the sentence, "that whoever strangled the colonel was not visible to me."

The *comisario* said that "justice cannot admit the participation of a phantom in a crime" but Dr. Atl promptly retorted that he had not spoken of phantoms, only of what he had seen and not seen.

It appeared that Dr. Atl was going to be charged with the murder until he suggested a closer examination of the fingerprints on the body. A physician already had verified that death was by strangulation. He was asked to compare the marks on the throat with the fingers of the suspect. As a morgue attendant uncovered the face and neck of the body, revealing the traces of three large fingers, Dr. Atl extended his hand. The physician reported it was quite apparent that Dr. Atl's fingers — the small, delicate fingers of an artist — in no way corresponded to the marks on the corpse. Nevertheless, Dr. Atl was ordered held until the *asistente* could be revived.

The following day, having regained his senses sufficiently to talk coherently, the orderly went

with Dr. Atl and the police to the monastery for a re-enactment of the death. The trembling soldier, in a state of near-hysteria, was firm in his insistence that the colonel had fired at the shadowy outline of a cowled monk.

"My chief fired one shot and then four more," he told the police. "The phantom kept coming forward and I had a dreadful fear. I was aware that my chief reloaded but when he raised his arm to fire again, a great hand came out from the shadow and took him by the neck."

His story dovetailed perfectly with that of Dr. Atl from this point. The orderly described how the monstrous hand choked the colonel and slowly forced his body backward until it was prone on the patio floor.

The inspector was forced to concede that, though he could not in his official report attribute the crime to an apparition, he also could not accuse either of the two witnesses or Angel. The murder, it was clear, was by "a person or persons unknown."

Dr. Atl states that various psychic manifestations continued in the monastery for approximately a year and a half. Then he and Angel discovered a secret burial place within the abbey; government officials were informed and some 120 skeletons were removed, whereupon the supernormal phenomena ceased.

As a rational thinker Dr. Atl is still reluctant to believe that he is one of the few men in modern times — possibly the only one — to witness a murder by a ghost.

BRAIN WAVES ON THE TELEPHONE

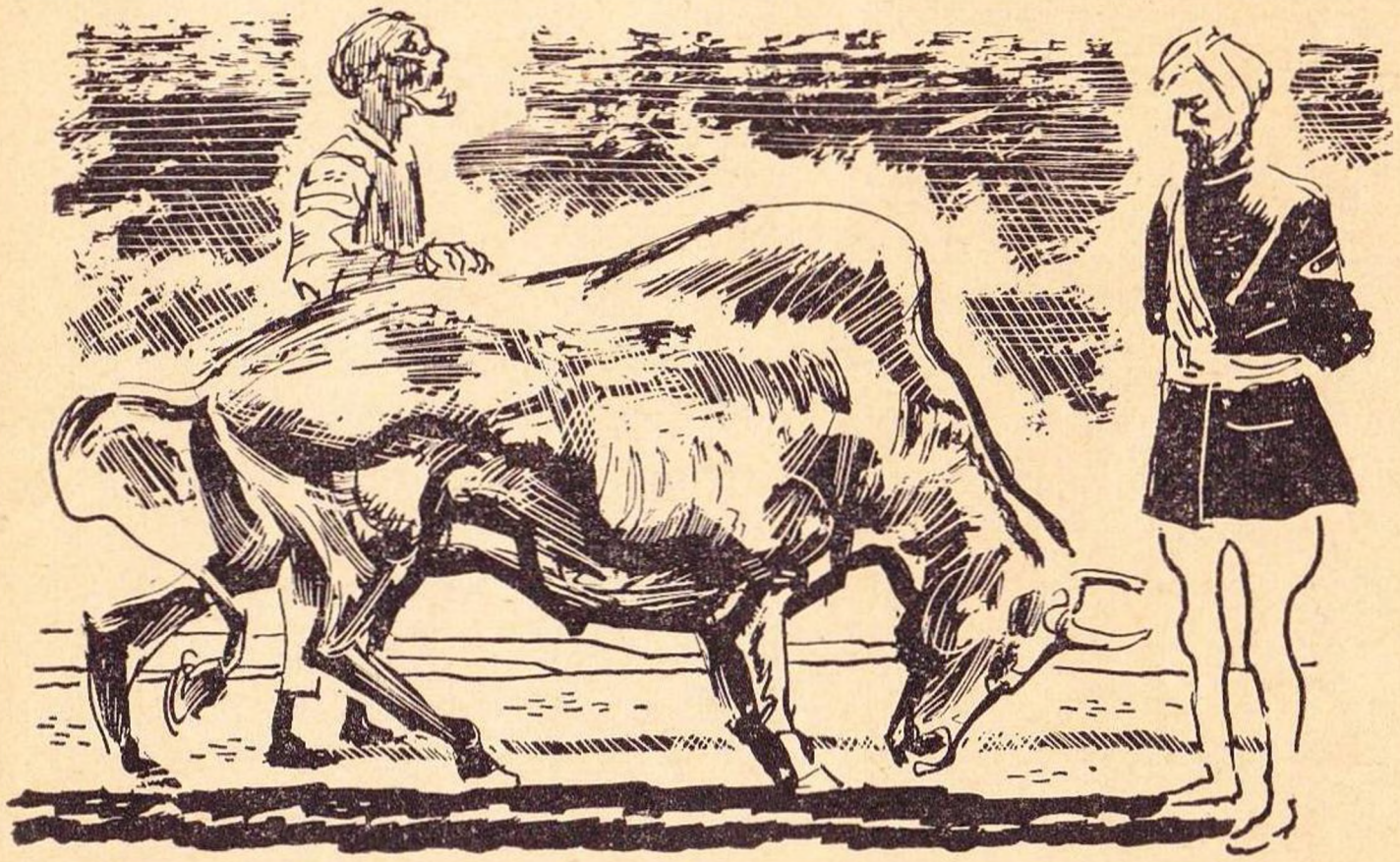
IT IS now possible for medical experts to make an immediate analysis of the brain waves of distant patients over the telephone. This is the result of a successful test made recently by research workers at the University of Nebraska College of Medicine, who transmitted the brain waves of a laboratory aide 450 miles over ordinary telephone lines. Brain waves are tiny electrical currents generated by the brain and transmitted through the skull. Their behavior gives clues to the presence of cerebral hemorrhages or brain tumors.

FLYING SERPENT

THE New York *Times* of July 6, 1873, published a story about a sky serpent which reportedly had been sighted a few days before in Bonham, Tex. The story originally ran in the Bonham *Enterprise*. According to the report, a farmer living five or six miles from Bonham "saw something resembling an enormous serpent floating in a cloud that was passing over his farm." Several groups of men at work in the fields were said to have been seriously frightened when they observed the same phenomenon.

telepathy in pets

The fakir tied the pen to his bull's horn, then willed him to return it to its owner.



By Dr. W. E. Farbstein

PLENTY of evidence substantiates the fact of telepathic communication between man and animals. Take the matter of the dog or cat left behind by its beloved master when he moves thousands of miles away. There is many a well authenticated instance where the forsaken animal somehow managed to travel a tremendous distance to make a bedraggled appearance at the new home of its old master.

How can this be explained? It's ridiculous to assume that an animal could follow the physical scent of a person traveling across country in an automobile or railroad train. A more reasonable hypothesis is the operation of telepathy.

When John B. Acker, popular British lecturer, visited the United States a few years ago, he talked with Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University. He explained to Dr. Rhine that he was very much interested in telepathy but never had been able to obtain proof of it in his own experiments with humans.

However, he had found evidence of telepathic communication between humans and animals. His own dogs and cats, he claimed, "know when I am coming home, and can communicate this information to my wife." Dr. Rhine agreed that Acker's claim was borne out by his own extra-sensory perception experiments with horses.

A few years ago, a talented horse named Serrano was taken on tour in California by its owners and trainers, Jack Dutton and Clint Brush. The animal displayed astonishing mental ability. It could find immediately a hat or other object hidden anywhere by its masters — apparently by reading their minds.

Last year an Australian stockman, Colin Bell, committed suicide. His favorite horse, an eight-year-old chestnut named Toby, apparently sensed the tragedy. He became restless and nervous at the Bell homestead near Brisbane. When Colin Bell's friends gathered there to hold a service in his memory Toby suddenly went berserk. Again and again he dashed headlong into a post, in uncontrollable frenzy, until he fell dead, thus rejoining his master.

In Nagpur, India, a dozen years ago, an Indian fakir exhibited his talented pet bull, Bholanath, before the faculty and student body of the Agricultural College. A man in the audience handed the fakir a fountain pen, taking care that his act was not seen by the bull. The fakir then placed the pen on the bull's horn and willed him to return it to its owner which Bholanath did at once to the amazement of the assembly.

On the Isle of Lundy, in the Bristol Channel, John P. Harmon, a wealthy man, long had devoted himself to the study of a special hive of bees. This pet hobby was interrupted when World War II broke out. Harmon entered the British Army as a corporal, and was sent to Burma. Here he was seriously wounded and finally died. One week after his death his heartbroken father was stunned to discover that John's special hive of bees had suddenly and inexplicably died—to the last bee.

However, it is well to remember that care must be taken to authenticate paranormal phenomena. One must consider all angles with cautious objectivity and not jump to conclusions. As a particularly "horrible example" let us take the sad tale of the so-called "psychic" pup which was related in a recent issue of the *Long Lines Magazine* of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company.

According to reports from responsible observers a certain woman invariably received advance notice of all her home telephone calls through the actions of her dog. She might be in the cellar, the garden or the garage; it made

no difference. The sudden howling of her dog would be followed by the ringing of her telephone. It never failed. The dog seemed to sense in advance the intention in the minds of the callers.

However, when a telephone repairman was called in to check the line, he discovered that *the dog was chained across the lead-in wire of the telephone!* And every time the number was called the poor animal got an electric shock. No wonder it howled!

DREAM THAT SOLVED A MURDER

In the afternoon of January 10, 1942, two Negro hunters were returning to their homes in Wadley, Ga. Taking a short-cut behind the Primitive Baptist Church, they stumbled across the body of a man who had been killed by a shotgun blast. They called the police and the dead man was identified as W. C. Smith, 42, operator of a filling station.

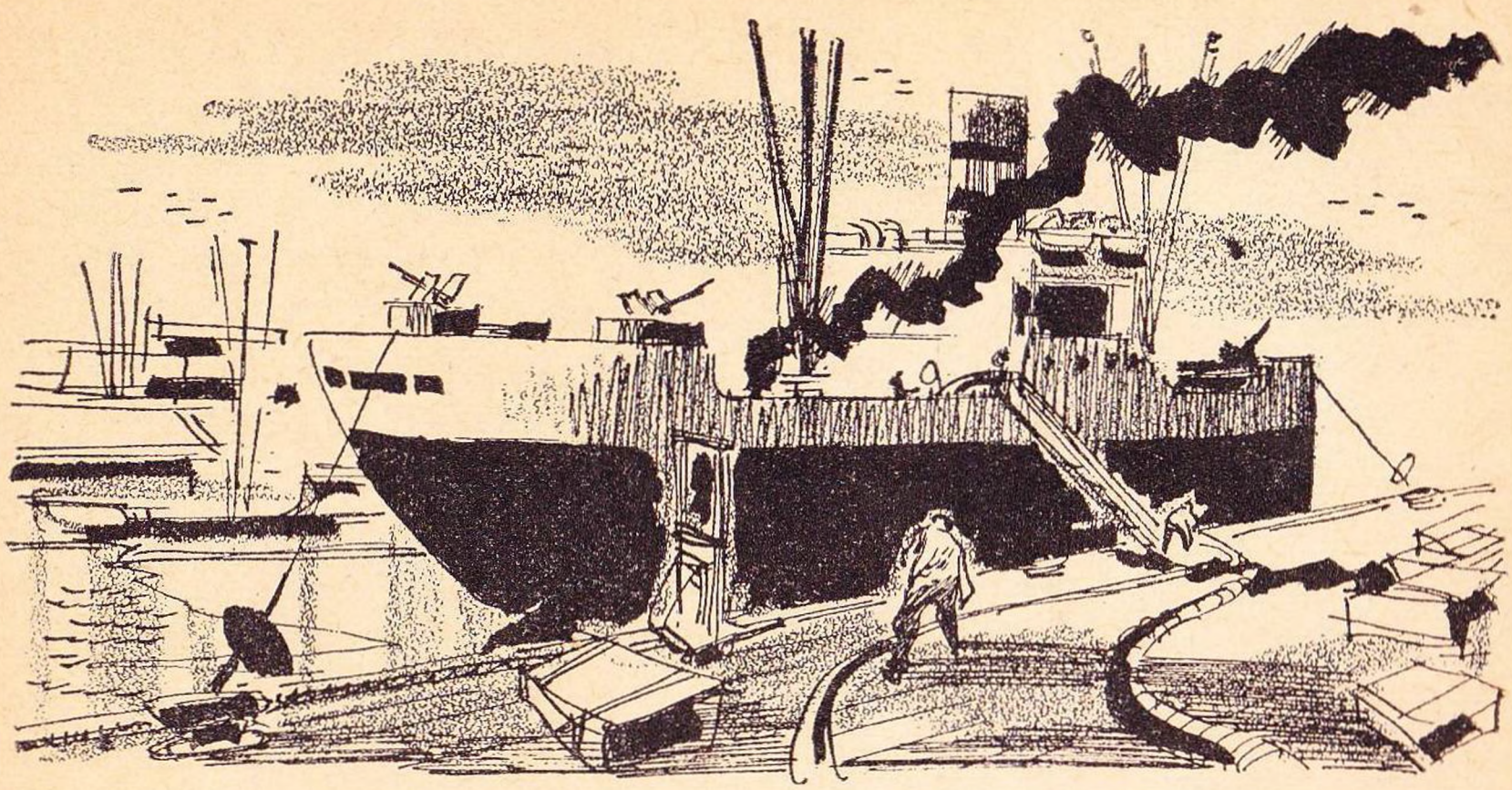
The police recalled that Smith's wife, worried at his failure to return home the previous night, had asked officers to investigate. They learned that Smith had closed his filling station at 9:00 p.m. on January 9 with $150 in receipts in his pocket. The money was gone.

No clues to the murderer were unearthed during the next two weeks. It appeared that the slaying would go unsolved. Then 8-year-old Mary Smith, daughter of the murdered man, went to see Chief of Police Charles Spell with a strange story.

"My father came to me in a dream and told me he was killed by three men," the child said. She named the men, furnishing specific details which apparently convinced Chief Spell that the dream was something more than a juvenile fantasy. He called in the Georgia Bureau of Investigation and Captain S. W. Roper, chief of the bureau, assigned investigators T. M. Price and J. E. Eddy to the case.

These astonishing events moved rapidly to an even more astonishing climax. Checking carefully into the activities, on the night of the murder, of the three men named by Mary Smith, Investigators Price and Eddy soon obtained evidence which corroborated the child's dream. Captain Roper ordered the arrest of the three suspects: Clifford Salters, 34; Alvin McKenzie, 19, white men of Wadley employed at a veneer mill; and Morris Mincey, 19, a Negro living near town.

A short time later the three signed confessions to the murder which revealed that Mincey had been used as a decoy. He had lured Smith to the rear of the church on the pretext that he had a gallon of whiskey hidden there.



Fire in No. 1 Hold

The ship's cargo of explosive ammunition was menaced by flames. But a strange forewarning had yet to come true.

By Robert V. Hulse

BEWARE a fire that isn't fire, smoke that isn't smoke." That was the substance of the dream impression I received one night in France, in 1946. The words were spoken ominously, as if I were in a darkened theater with no image on the screen but with the sound track coming through thunderously and clearly.

Like everyone else I have had my share of nonsense dreams which contain no apparent meaning whatsoever. But every once in a while I have dreamed true. These prophetic dreams were different from ordinary dreams. They were always vivid and of unmistakable clarity. They were as if someone wanted to call me aside and prepare me for what was to happen.

For instance, three nights in a row I dreamed I was in a train accident. On the day following the third dream, I did become involved in a serious accident. And on the night before my grand-

father died unexpectedly, I dreamed of seeing him in his coffin.

The dream I had on the night of February 26, 1946, was this special kind of dream. It was different only in that I heard words but saw no image. Both that night and the next morning upon awakening I was unable to figure it out. Although the dream itself had been very clear, its meaning was enigmatic.

After breakfast I was going about my tasks as Officer-in-Charge of the U. S. Ammunition Detail in Port de Bouc, France. There was the usual amount of unsurmountable paper work to be contended with. I had just started to dictate a letter when the phone rang: "Fire in No. 1 Lower hold on the *John P. Holland*. . . ."

I slammed the phone down, jumped into the jeep outside headquarters and took off for the explosives loading pier.

The message I had so long dreaded reverberated in my ears as I drove to the pier—fire aboard one of the merchant ships that we had just loaded with ammunition. The *Holland* had nearly 8,000 tons of high explosives aboard her.

When I got to the pier, hoses from the Army fireboat and from the *Holland* herself were pouring streams of water down the ventilators leading to the hold.

"What's going on?" I asked the Holland's chief mate as he rushed by.

"I saw clouds of smoke coming out of the ventilators, so turned in an alarm," he shouted breathlessly and darted off to put another hose into operation.

The great difficulty in fighting the fire was that the 'tween deck and upper deck holds were also loaded with ammunition. It would take too much time to get down to the lower hold to find out what was cooking there. All we could do now was to pour water down the ventilators, but it might not be getting to the right places. Any minute I expected a blast which would knock us all into eternity.

"How about turning on the ship's steam-smothering system?" the Army fire chief asked.

"It's O. K. with me," I answered. "It'll sure put out the fire if it doesn't blow us up first."

The port commandant agreed it was the only thing to do. We covered the hatch and ventilators with tarpaulins and turned on the steam.

A half-hour later we were finally able to get a phone connection through to the Mirrimas Ammunition Depot and I talked to the chief inspector. He said we had done the right thing — especially seeing we weren't blown up already. But he added: "Don't press your luck too far. Better turn off the steam now and get right down to the lower hold."

We closed the steam valves, took off the tarpaulins and hatch covers. Working frantically, we began unloading the upper and 'tween deck holds. All hands helped; even German prisoners of war joined the gang. We chopped our way through the dunnage and piled the 105-mm. projectiles in rows on the deck.

Dripping with sweat and panting with exhaustion, we got through the upper and 'tween deck holds. I lifted off the floor boards and took a quick look down into the lower hold.

All we found was a leaking steam pipe. There wasn't a sign of fire. The hold was three-quarters full of water. Chocks and dunnage were floating around. I smiled in relief. The chief mate must have mistaken clouds of escaping steam for smoke.

I was congratulating myself on my luck when I froze. I had just noticed the ominous letters "H.C." stencilled on the end of one of the cases poking out; that meant hexachlorethane — chemical ammunition that is subject to spontaneous combustion upon contact with water! Our troubles were just beginning.

"Let me see the manifest of this ship," I yelled at my startled petty officer. In a minute I found out what had happened — 49 cases of unstable chemical ammo had somehow got mixed up with our cargo. It was old, dangerous stuff. Unsafe to handle, it should have been destroyed at the depot.

Somewhere down in that hold, sloshing around in the water, were 49 cases of ammo that were liable to let go at any minute. And since the defective ammo was mixed up with thousands of rounds of good stuff, we'd have to unload the whole hatch to get it all. And at the same time water would be eating away at it.

Then I remembered my dream of the night before: "Beware a fire that isn't a fire, smoke that isn't smoke." But the warning, however well intended, hadn't been much use except in a hindsight sort of way because I had paid no attention to it.

The ship's engineer started the pumps going and the water in the hold gradually started to recede. We went to work again with renewed fervor. We knew it was a race against time to get the dripping cases out before the water seeped through and set it all off. Officers, sergeants, petty officers, and enlisted men worked side by side with German P.W.'s.

We spelled one another for brief rest periods. Dog-tired, we worked quietly, talking only when necessary. We expected every minute to be our last. There was only one laugh when, at the port commandant's orders, the dispensary ambulance drove up to the pier and the worried doctor sat there waiting for us to blow up. If we

blew, we'd need wings or a sky-hook, certainly not a medic.

After 24 hours of frantic effort, we found our 49th case of H.C. ammo. As the bomb-disposal truck gingerly carted it away from the pier, we stretched out in the still damp hold, too exhausted to move. But we were at peace. We had won our race with time.

I vowed that if ever again I received another prophetic dream of warning I would take it seriously and try to understand its meaning. So far I have never had another one.

CLAIRVOYANT RECOVERS LOST GOLD

In France, as in England, the government may confiscate any undeclared gold hoarded or buried in the ground. But in April, 1952, Monsieur Pinay, the French Prime Minister, granted an amnesty to hoarders of gold anywhere in France.

In the northern village of Croix, near the industrial town of Lille, lives Monsieur Fernand Dubois, a businessman. Dubois, fearing in 1946 that the French franc would be devalued, buried a hoard of gold coins one night at the foot of an old pear tree in the gardens of his country house.

As he anticipated, the franc fell to the exchange rate of about 350 fr. to $1. After the amnesty was declared, Dubois returned to his country house from Paris and began unearthing the cache made six years before. He dug down about six feet and was dismayed to find that someone had been there before him.

Dubois went to the police of Lille but they could not solve the mystery. Back in Paris, he bemoaned his loss to a friend. "That is the last I shall ever see of my gold. What hopes have I of finding the thief after six years?"

But the friend had been in London some 15 months earlier, when a Dutch clairvoyant by the name of Peter Hurkos had aided Scotland Yard detectives in recovering the Coronation Stone, which had been "stolen" by mischievous Scottish patriots from under the British monarch's chair in Westminster Abbey. Operating on a map of London in telepathic fashion, Hurkos had shown the route taken by the thieves.

Dubois' friend told him of this. "Why not see Hurkos?" he said.

Dubois found Hurkos staying in a Paris hotel. Said Hurkos: "Make me a map of your grounds."

Dubois did so. Next day the clairvoyant telephoned Dubois to come and see him at the hotel. He pointed to a spot he had marked on the map. "There's your lost gold."

Dubois exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, that is my gardener's own allotment!" (Private kitchen truck garden.)

The gold was found exactly where Hurkos had said, and on May 5, 1952, the gardener, who had been arrested and charged with theft, appeared before a police magistrate at Lille. Said he: "Monsieur, I found that gold under the old pear tree, but thinking it had been abandoned in 1940, when the Germans overran France, I saw no harm in moving it to a different place." — *Harold T. Wilkins.*

THE CASE OF KATIE KING

The room was locked and sealed. Nobody could enter or leave. Yet five cameras showed a white-robed figure where none could possibly be.

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

WHEN the famous scientist Sir William Crookes announced in 1872 that he was going to make an earnest attempt to discover the truth about spiritualism, there was not a scientific or lay journal in England that did not thank goodness that at last a real scientist, one whose every word could be depended upon, was going to show that spiritualism was a fraud and a delusion.

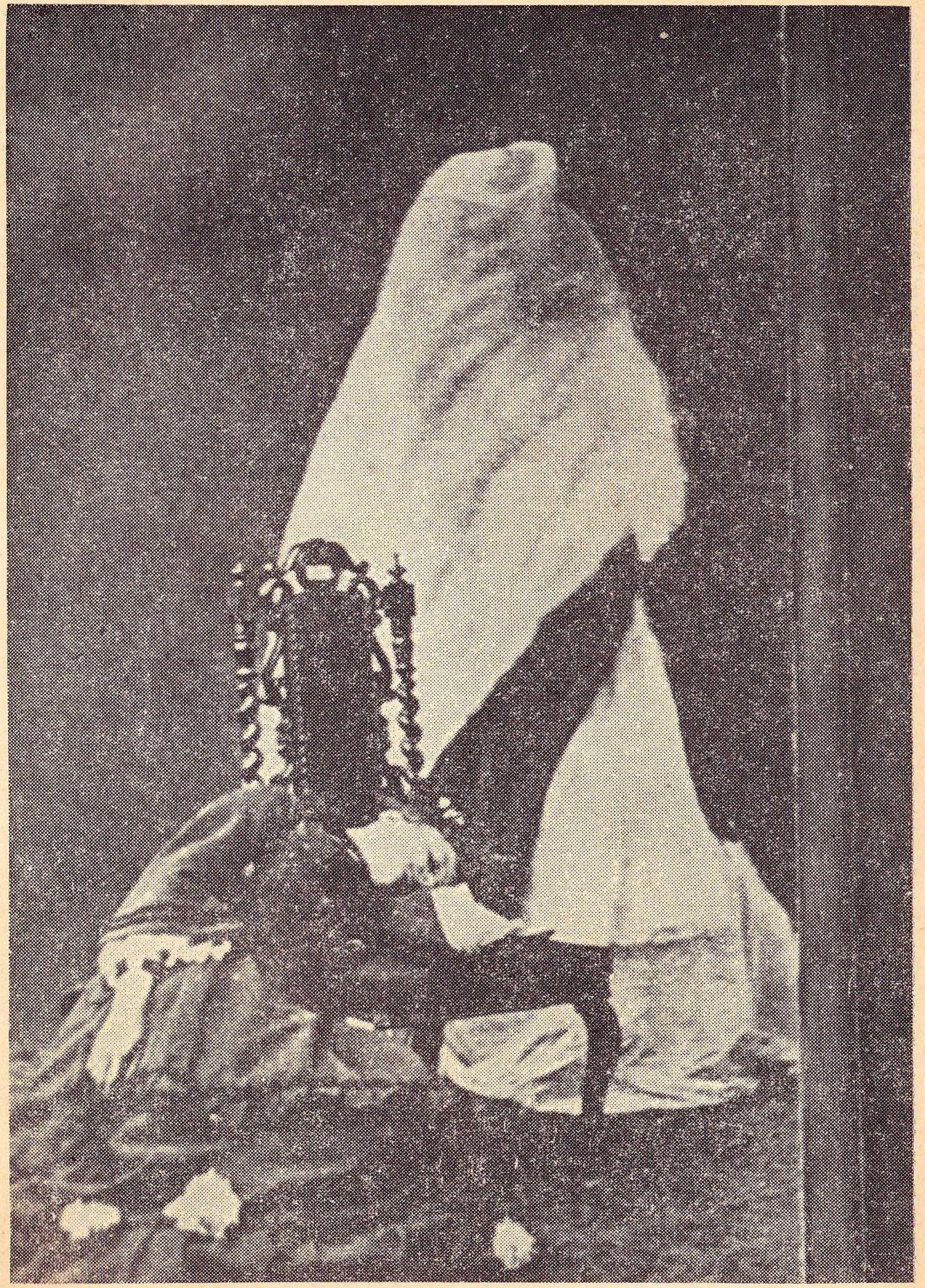
A leading London newspaper declared at the time, "If men like Crookes grapple with the subject, taking nothing for granted until it is proved, we shall soon know how much to believe."

Another journal remarked, "We are gratified to learn that spiritualism is now receiving the attention of a cool and clear-headed scientist of recognized position in science."

Sir William spent two years of

▶

Photograph at right was taken during Sir William Crookes' spirit investigations. It shows the medium Florie Cook lying in a trance with the white-robed figure of Katie King just behind her.



intensive study and experiment under the strictest test conditions. His work brought him into contact first with the great medium Daniel D. Home and then with a woman medium named Florie Cook, through whom he witnessed materializations of Katie King, one of the most famous spirits on record.

There can be no doubt that Crookes was exceedingly thorough. One has only to consult a list of his accomplishments for proof of his capability as a scientist.

Sir William invented the Crookes' tube, still used by physicians and hospitals everywhere, the spinthariscope, still widely used for detecting radioactivity, and the radiometer, still employed in detecting infra-red radiation. He was a Nobel prize winner, and he received the gold medal of the French Academy of Science. He was a member of the British Royal Society, along with Sir Humphrey Davy, Michael Faraday, and many others of history's brightest scientific lights.

He wrote a series of most authoritative textbooks on analytical chemistry, edited several scientific publications, and served as a lecturer in the best universities of England. He discovered one of the natural elements, thallium. Most gold money — at least what little of it still remains in circulation — is the result of Crookes' groundwork in the amalgamation of metals. His work on the use of carbolic acid as a surgical antiseptic saved uncounted lives.

As the outcome of his investigations, Crookes reported having obtained absolute proof that spiritualism, far from being a fraud and a delusion, was soundly based on reality and truth. At once a scream of protest went up from the very men who in the beginning had lauded his efforts. Crookes alternately was derided as a gullible dupe, the victim of clever charlatans, and denounced as the perpetrator of a vicious hoax.

With Daniel D. Home as medium Crookes saw a form materialize in his own laboratory in broad daylight, pick up an accordion, and walk around the room playing it. The laboratory was locked and Crookes had the only keys in his pocket. He saw Home levitated and float around the laboratory like a bird.

Crookes admitted he was almost bowled over but he demanded further proof. He received it under the mediumship of Florie Cook. Taking the sage words of Sir William Thompson, also known as Lord Kelvin, one of the most brilliant scientific stars that ever illuminated the human race, "Science is bound by the everlasting law of honor to face fearlessly every problem which may be presented to it," Crookes

determined to get *absolute proof.* A proof so absolute that no honest man could deny.

His first meeting with Florie Cook was at the residence of a Mr. Luxmore on Old Quebec Street in London. It was not in some place picked by the medium where fraud or deception were possible. It was in a private home.

A meticulous search of the medium and the premises was carried out. The windows were locked and sealed as was every door. A curtain was stretched across one corner of a double-locked room and the medium, who by the way was in very poor health, was seated behind the curtain. She was soon entranced and at once began a constant sobbing and moaning which continued during the entire seance.

This served to locate the exact position of the medium throughout the entire proceedings. Within a few minutes the curtain was drawn aside and Crookes came face to face for the first time with Katie King. She was entirely swathed in a white robe, was of medium height and rather slender build. Crookes noted at once that she was somewhat taller than the medium, Florie Cook, and that her hair and complexion were far different.

Katie King walked away from the improvised cabinet and said, "Florie is not well today and cannot be put in a sufficiently deep sleep to make it safe to leave her alone."

Crookes wrote in his notebook, "When the form of Katie King was standing before me in the room, I could distinctly hear the sobbing and moaning of Florie Cook behind the curtain. Katie was at quite some distance from Florie Cook."

That closed the seance. But Crookes immediately engaged the medium to hold a series of seances at his residence under the most strict conditions that science could devise.

Of course the skeptic will say that the medium wrapped a white sheet about herself and came from behind the curtain and walked around a large room. But who was doing the sobbing and moaning while Katie King was talking?

A point that bothers some people is why seances must be held in the absolute dark. Why not in the broad light of day? They are. Sir William had already recounted the levitation of Home and the form that materialized in his home in broad daylight and played Crookes' accordion; then dematerialized, after a woman screamed, into thin air.

Let the unbeliever consider why radioactivity, not detectible by any human sense, can poison and kill. Why a man suffering from snow-blindness may be thrown into a spasm by being exposed to





Spirit Katie King (above) and medium Florie Cook (right) were totally unlike in appearance. Katie had reddish blond hair and fair skin while Florie had pierced ears and dark hair and skin.

light. Why red light tends to prevent the pitting of smallpox.

It is a strange but well-substantiated fact that brilliant light may, and has, done great harm to an entranced medium. Knowing this Crookes designed and made a phosphorescent lamp. Yellow phosphorus was dissolved in olive oil, with some heat, and placed in a bottle tightly stoppered. When the solution was shaken, the cork withdrawn to admit atmospheric oxygen, then recorked and shaken, a non-irritating light was radiated for some time.

Of course in Crookes' day filtered infra-red radiation and infra-red sensitive film were unknown. Nevertheless, Crookes did obtain excellent photographs of Katie King and Florie Cook, the medium, together.

So on March 12, 1874, we find Florie Cook safely in Sir William's private home, together with several of his scientific friends and his family. Florie Cook was thoroughly searched down to her bare

skin by Mrs. Crookes and two housemaids. Then she was dressed in a *black* dress furnished by Mrs. Crookes. A cabinet was improvised by hanging a curtain in a doorway that led from the Crookes laboratory to a sitting room. Florie Cook was seated behind the curtain.

In one minute the *white* garbed form of Katie King pushed the curtain aside and walked out into the room. She said, "My medium's head has slipped down. Come into the room and lift her up."

As Crookes rushed behind the curtain, *Katie King moved aside to let him pass, remaining behind in the seance room.* Crookes found the medium still dressed in *black.* Every door and window was locked and sealed and the door key was in Crookes' buttoned-up pocket.

Crookes lifted up the cataleptic medium and placed her body in a more comfortable position. He returned to the spectators and took a seat. The door was still locked tight. Nevertheless a small bell was apported from a distant room into the seance room, rung violently, and then returned.

Rappings were heard at requested places in the room. Questions were asked and responded to, and a pre-arranged code of questions and answers was devised. During these signals the medium's hands and feet were firmly held by Crookes' associates and friends. So here was another case in which the medium did not crack the joints of her great toe to cause rappings on the ceiling. A heavy dining table was lifted high off the floor under circumstances that made trickery impossible for Crookes was holding the medium's hands and feet.

Crookes wrote, "It is idle to attribute these manifestations to trickery for they happened in my own house. Here is a medium walking into my dining room, who cannot, while seated at a distance, make an accordion play while I am holding it, the keys downward. Or cause the accordion to float around the room playing all the time. Or pull up a Venetian blind eight feet away from her. Or sound notes on a far distant piano. Or set in motion a pendulum, when enclosed in a glass case which is firmly cemented to the wall."

A baby's hand and arm materialized and patted a lady's arm and then came to Crookes and patted his face. A baby's hand, mind you, not the large, firm hands of Florie Cook.

The next day Florie was searched and again dressed in black. Katie King had promised Crookes that he and his fellow scientists would be granted the opportunity of seeing her and Florie Cook at the same time. One minute after Florie was seated behind the cur-

tain, Katie King appeared and stated that she was ready.

She called for the phosphorus lamp and held it up to her face and figure at several positions and angles, that every person might see and recognize her beyond the shadow of a doubt. She was a pronounced blond, with slightly reddish blond hair. Her face, form and figure was distinct from those of Florie Cook. Her complexion was decidedly blond and clear. Her ears were *not* pierced for earrings.

Every window and door was locked and sealed. Katie King handed the phosphorus lamp to Crookes with the remark, "Now come into the cabinet and see my medium." Again she stepped aside to permit Crookes to enter first.

Florie Cook, still dressed in black, was lying unconscious on the sofa. Her complexion was dark and muddy. She had a large blister on her neck. She wore earrings through pierced holes in the lobes of both ears. It is of more than passing interest to note that Crookes had a competent stenographer present to take down the entire proceedings.

He took Florie by the hand and, while holding it firmly, he carefully examined her. Then he raised the lamp to see Katie, still dressed in white, standing beside Florie and himself.

He wrote, "While holding one of Miss Cook's hands, and still kneeling at her side, I passed the lamp up and down, so as to illuminate Katie's whole figure. And three separate times did I turn the phosphorus lamp from her to Florie Cook, who was still lying unconscious on the sofa. I examined Katie King with the most careful scrutiny until I had not the least doubt about her objective reality. Florie stirred and moaned in her trance and Katie King motioned me away."

To insure against any possible contingency, Crookes next provided five separate cameras, five operators, five sensitizing baths, and while at least 10 spectators looked on from ten to fifteen photographs were taken, developed and fixed. Crookes wrote, "I have 44 pictures, some inferior, some indifferent, and some excellent. Katie came out of the cabinet, still clad in white, and was photographed in full electric light."

Katie was dematerialized and Miss Cook was awakened and caused to stand in the exact position where Katie King had stood. After the photographers had finished their work, the photographs of the two girls were superimposed. There was not the least similarity in the two.

Then in the presence of eight witnesses the two girls were photographed together. It was necessary for the medium's face to be covered with a thick cloth to prevent any injury to her because it

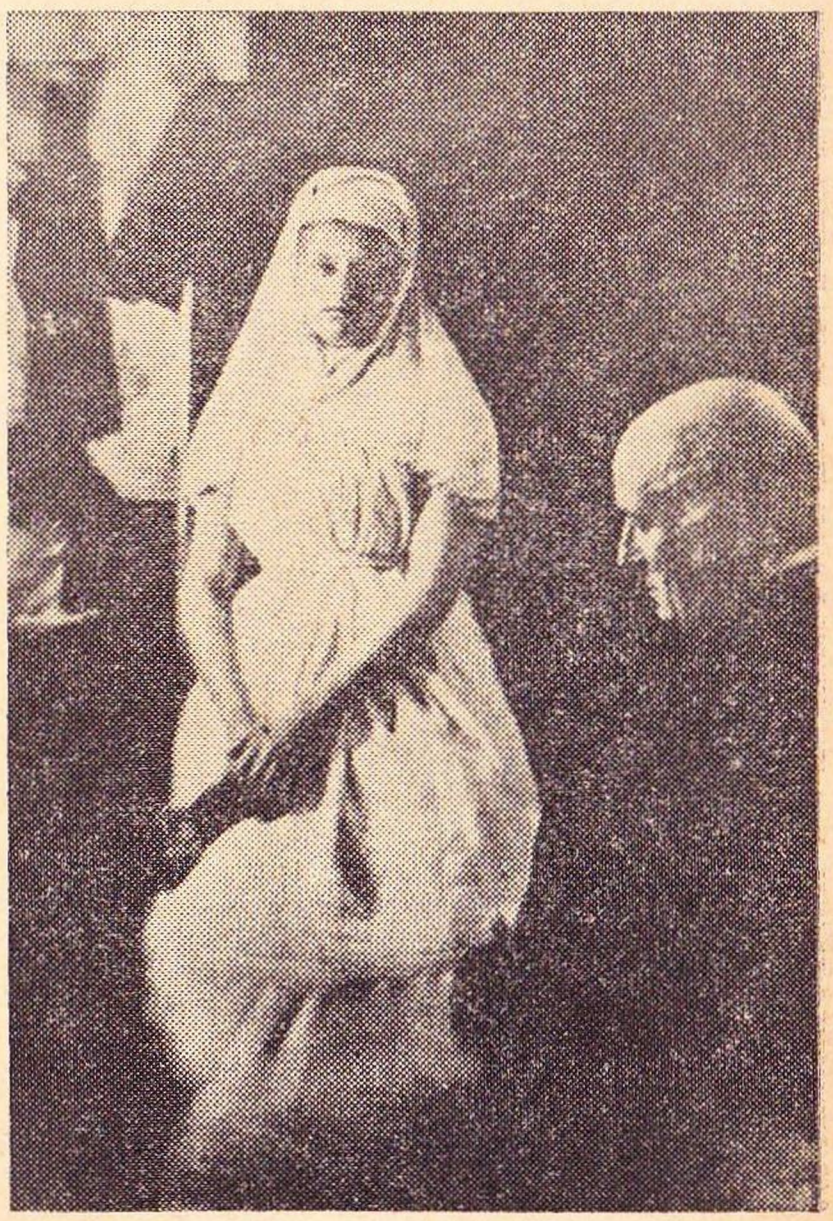
is a serious matter to throw a brilliant light on the face of an entranced medium.

The usual five cameras photographed the two together. A strict examination of both positives and negatives *showed a figure in white standing beside a form dressed in black velvet.* The medium's face was covered with a thick towel, but the remainder of her body was plainly discerned by every spectator. And constant moans issued from the towel-covered face of Florie Cook.

At another time, in the presence of many witnesses and in a carefully locked room, Katie King collected the Crookes' children about her and told them stories about her life in India while she existed on this earth plane. Florie Cook was constantly seen on a sofa while Katie talked to the children. All these manifestations occurred in Crookes' own home, behind locked doors and windows. And in the presence of men and women who were beyond earth's sordid rush after gold. Florie Cook brought with her nothing but a small handbag and it was thoroughly searched and never locked. She was always with some of the family. She was not even permitted to sleep alone.

When the time of her departure arrived Katie called each member of the circle aside and in private gave them certain instructions regarding future guidance and the protection of Miss Cook, whose health was deteriorating rapidly from the strain placed on her.

Of his own last minutes with Katie King, Crookes wrote, "After closing the curtains that formed the cabinet, she conversed with me for some time. She moved over to where Florie Cook was lying unconscious on the sofa. Stooping over her, Katie King gently touched her and said, 'Wake up, Florie, I must leave you now. My work is done here. God bless you.' She continued



Katie King materialized in front of Dr. Gully, a famous investigator present at many of seances in Crookes' home.

speaking for some minutes and the two conversed earnestly. This continued until Florie's tears prevented further speech.

"Florie sobbed hysterically and began to fall to the floor. Katie King called for me to support her drooping form, still clad in black. While holding her I looked about me. The white-robed form of Katie King was gone. As soon as Florie Cook was somewhat calmed, I led her out of the cabinet. To imagine the Katie King of the last three years to be an imposture does far more violence to one's reason and common sense than to believe her to be what she herself affirms."

Let's examine the facts. Here are two girls, locked and double-locked in a private home, in urgent conversation. Five seconds elapse and but one is left. Where did the white-robed figure go? Secret panels or stage floor traps? Fantastic! This was in the home of Sir William Crookes, a renowned scientist.

Did Katie slip through a keyhole? The keyholes were sealed tight. Windows, then? Tight locked. And the place was surrounded by watchful scientists, eager to find the least iota of fraud. Were they hypnotized? One cannot hypnotize five cameras, five photographers, five developing tanks, five fixing baths, five washing tanks. Thus ends the Case of Katie King.

MYSTERY EXPLOSION

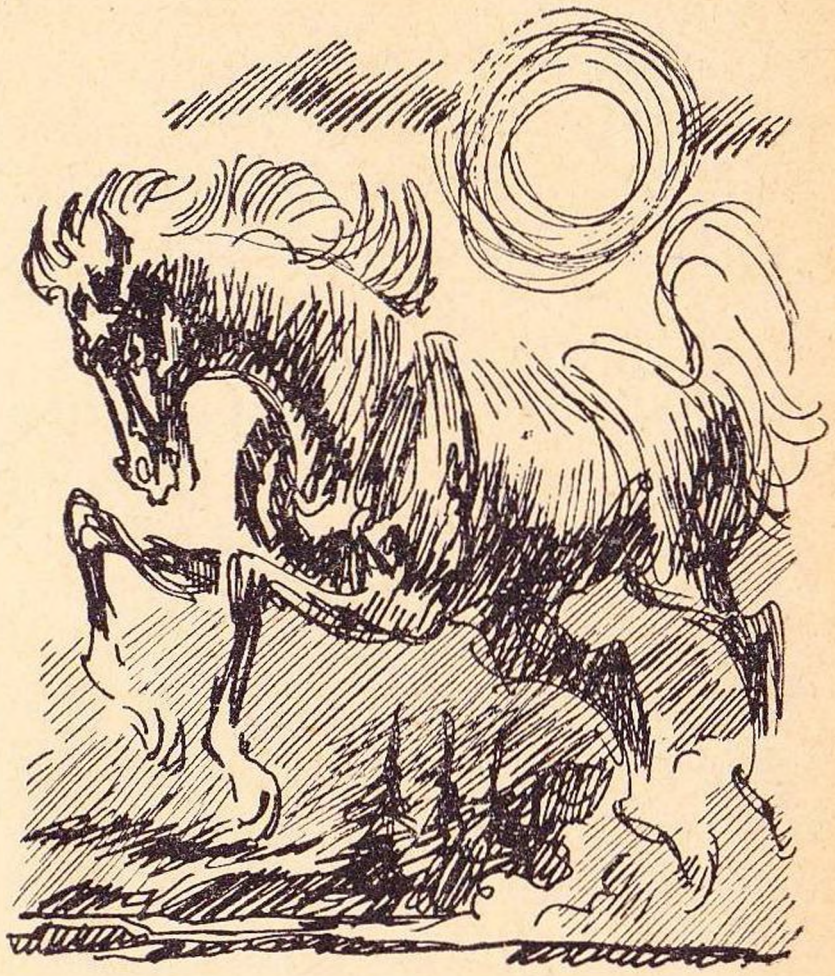
On the night of March 23, 1953, residents of Niagara Falls, N. Y., were startled by an explosion and a strange light in the sky in the middle of the Niagara River near the north Grand Island Bridge. Joseph Cloutier of Niagara Falls said: "I heard an explosion and then I saw a brightness in the air. Then there was a second flash below the first."

Cloutier added that he obtained a flashlight and ran to a dock 500 feet east of the bridge. "I saw several pieces of wreckage," he said. "There was one large object about six feet long that reflected the light like aluminum." This object, he explained, sank from sight.

Other people in the area who saw the flashes reported them to the police. The first reports said a plane had exploded and an official at the U. S. Air Force base in Niagara Falls said the descriptions given of the explosion tended to confirm this. But a check revealed that no planes were missing. A Coast Guard launch searched the water for two hours but found no debris. Police and fire dedepartments also investigated but found nothing.

Niagara Falls police authorities said they assume that the explosion and bright flash may have been made by a meteorite. Nothing at all was said about the possibility that they might have been another kind of aerial phenomenon.

The Phantom Horse



By Capt. Hugh Thomason

Reprinted from Argosy Magazine

The black horse stopped and wheeled to face me in the moonlight. It was Barney — who had been dead for years.

ONE day on the west coast of Ireland, I gave a biscuit to a beautiful black colt and he followed me to the lough where I was going fishing. Every day after that he was on hand, and after staying with me all day would follow me back to my hotel.

I bought him, named him Barney, and during the time that I had him he was my surest friend. Then, one day while galloping across the moor, he fell from a cliff and injured himself severely. The veterinarian advised that he be shot. I lacked the courage to be there at the end, and slipped miserably away on the Liverpool boat, feeling like a murderer.

Some years later I returned to Cashla. It was night when I arrived and set out on foot for Pat Flynn's hotel. Finally I reached the summit of the rock on the ridge, and looked down upon Cashla in the moonlight.

Then I felt a sudden chill at the back of my neck, for faintly on the

breeze came the sound of a horse's shrill whinny. I stood petrified, staring down the hill. Up the grassy plain I saw a black horse galloping. I saw the dark mane flying and the fine tail, the high, bold carriage of head and neck. There was a grace and lightness about him that was unearthly.

It was Barney. I could see the white star on his forehead now and the two white stockings of his hind legs flashing through the bent grass.

He was opposite the rock, perhaps 10 yards away, when he stopped and wheeled suddenly to face me. There he stood and stared at me, with the moonlight gleaming on his black silken coat and the breeze gently lifting the hair of his flanks and plucking at his mane. He was watching me with his ears cocked forward and the sharp, inquiring look in his eyes that I remembered so well.

I tried to call him by his name. I tried to reach out my hand; but my tongue, dry, would not form the word, and my arms hung like lead. I looked down again at Cashla. All but one of Pat Flynn's windows were in darkness now.

I looked back. Barney was still watching me, his nostrils still quivering with that tentative, stifled whinny.

How long he stood there I do not know. His wide, glimmering eyes, like pools of dark bog-water, held mine; and he seemed to be waiting for something. I turned toward Cashla and when I glanced back Barney was speeding on again in a free, strong gallop across the moor. He came to a dark patch, like a cloud shadow, and started to move across it. For a moment I saw him dimly. Then suddenly he was gone.

I groped my way down the rock. Pat Flynn welcomed me royally.

After several rounds of good Irish whiskey he said, "I have a surprise for ye. Your pet horse Barney was never shot at all. I bought him out of a tinker's cart three months back, and him almost blind, poor beast. Meanwhile, he's in the paddock at the foot of the hill."

"He's not!" I said. "He's over on the hill, Pat, for I saw him there myself."

A sudden suspicion overwhelmed me. Pat Flynn gripped my arm, and I saw that he had read my thoughts. Where poor, blind Barney had disappeared was no patch of cloud-shadow at all, but a morass!

"Man, man!" said Pat hoarsely. "In the name of God, what are ye saying?"

"I am not quite sure myself, Pat. I heard a whinny, then Barney came galloping up, but I never saw a horse in Barney's condition gallop that way. I understand now, though. The paddock gate had been left open, and he'd

got out. Some trick of the moonlight gave me that queer impression that he was a young horse."

Pat Flynn was holding out a small key. "That's the paddock key," he said. "And I locked the gate this evening with my own hands."

He rose abruptly, and I followed. We went around back of the stable yard and along the stony path that leads to the paddock. We came to the gate. The moon sailed slowly out of a cloudbank. Its pale light swept toward us over the paddock and showed us Barney lying on his side — *dead*, a dozen yards away from where we stood. I stepped forward and shook the gate. *It was locked!*

SINGING RIVER

THE Pascagoula River on U. S. highway 90, between Biloxi, Miss., and Mobile, Ala., has long been known as the Singing River because of the mysterious music which appears to emanate from it. Several scientific theories have been advanced to explain this phenomenon.

The music is described as sounding like a swarm of bees in flight. Hardly audible at first, it is said to grow in volume until it seems to come from immediately underfoot. It is heard most clearly in the stillness of the night during late summer and autumn months.

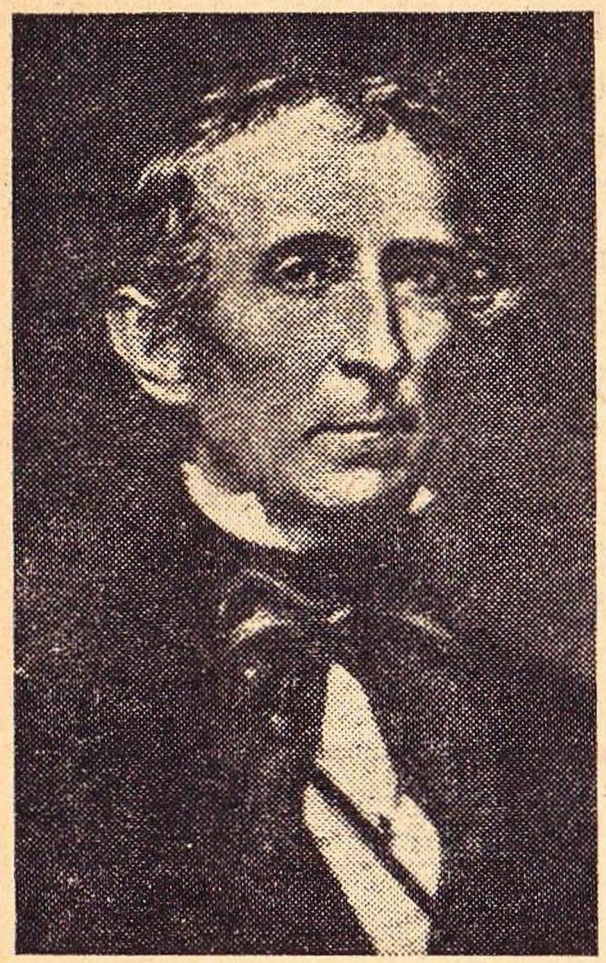
The singing noise is linked by legend to the strange disappearance of the Pascagoula Indians. The Pascagoula were a good-natured, lazy and harmless people. They lived near the war-like Biloxi, who called themselves "the First People" and were very touchy about their fancied social superiority.

Anola, a Biloxi princess, fell in love with Altama, a young Pascagoula chieftain. Though engaged to marry a chieftain of her tribe, she fled with Altama to the Pascagoula. Filled with rage, the rejected Biloxi chieftain led his braves into war against Altama and the Pascagoula.

Altama realized that his people had little chance against the fierce Biloxi. He urged the Pascagoula to give him up to the Biloxi as a gesture of appeasement. But the tribesmen vowed to save their young chieftain and his bride or to die with them.

In the battle against the Biloxi, the Pascagoula soon found that they were hopelessly outnumbered. Death was the only alternative to enslavement by the Biloxi — and the Pascagoula chose death. They decided to drown themselves en masse in the Pascagoula River.

With the women and children leading the way and the braves bringing up the rear, the tribe marched into the river. All chanted a song of death — a song which it is said did not end even when the last voice had been silenced by the water.



John Tyler was president from 1840 to 1844. Did a dream foretell his death?

THREE DREAMS IN THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY

By William Oliver Stevens

These three stories of the strange dreams that came true in the family of John Tyler, 10th President of the United States, are reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., from "The Mystery of Dreams" by William Oliver Stevens. Copyright 1949 by William Oliver Stevens. Price of original book $3.50.

IN THE YEAR 1884–5, Pearl Tyler, the daughter of John Tyler, one-time President of the United States, was a young girl living in her widowed mother's home in Richmond. She was pretty, vivacious and charming; she had all the gifts a young maiden's heart could desire. Of course that meant that she had a swarm of admirers about her and she rejoiced in the happy situation of being one of the most popular belles in Richmond.

For all the attention she received, she remained fancy-free; she had yet to meet the man who could win her heart. One morning she came down to breakfast in a great flutter of excitement.

"Listen to me!" She cried to her mother and her sister-in-law, who also was at the time living under Mrs. Tyler's roof. "Last night," she went on, "I met my fate! I saw the handsomest man I ever set eyes on in my life. He was

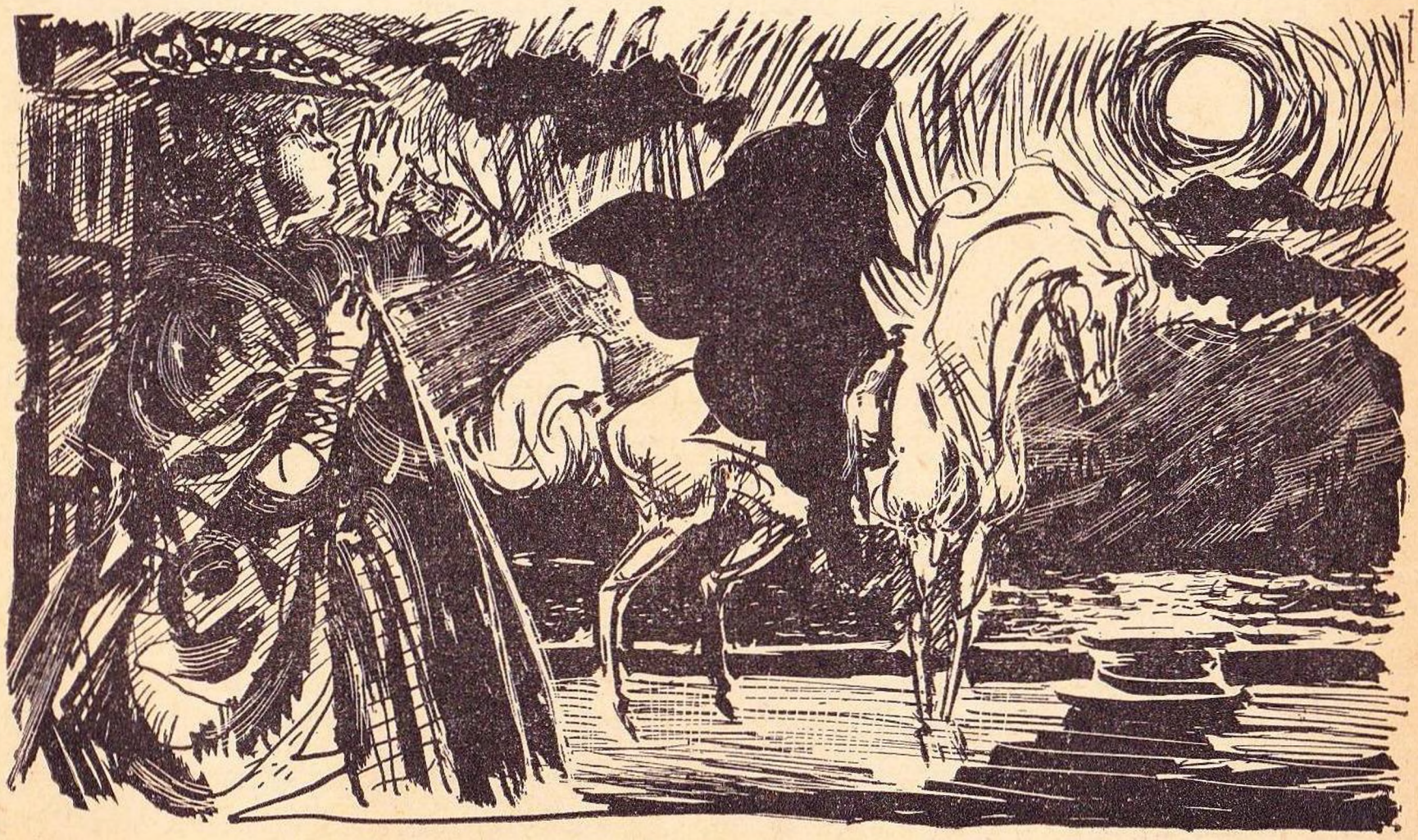
Mrs. Tyler saw the skeletal horseman turn toward her. He lifted his hood with a bony hand — and she stared at the face of her husband.

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sitting on the porch of a cottage on the side of a hill. And I walked right up to him, and he rose and came to meet me. You never saw such a handsome man! So Byronic, with long, dark, curling hair and flashing eyes! He's the man for me!"

Of course this announcement was the signal for much good-natured teasing and laughter from the others. But, strange to say, on two successive nights, Pearl had the identical dream, and she reported the fact each morning afterwards. "Now I *know* I shall meet him some day," she declared. And even to her skeptical family it did seem extraordinary that she should have the identical dream three nights in succession.

It was not long after this thrice-enacted dream that Pearl Tyler, her sister-in-law and her mother were sitting in the visitors' gallery at the state capitol, looking down on the assembled delegates in session. Suddenly Pearl seized her mother's arm and exclaimed under her breath: "There — there is the very man of my dream! See!" She



indicated a gentleman sitting at his desk below. He was indeed a strikingly handsome man. His collar was open as in the portraits of Byron, and he wore a silk handkerchief knotted loosely in place of a cravat. Pearl was quivering with excitement. "I'm sure! I'm sure! That is the very man!"

Mrs. Tyler beckoned to a gentleman whom she knew and asked him who the man was seated at a certain desk.

"That's Mr. Ellis, Ma'am, the member from Montgomery County."

"Would you present him?"

"With pleasure." And shortly afterwards the friend brought Mr. Ellis to the gallery and introduced him to the three ladies. He was everything that Pearl had described regarding the man in her dream. He was tall, strongly built, and of a particularly romantic aspect with his mane of dark hair, his regular features and expressive eyes. Altogether, he was quite in the Byronic tradition.

When Pearl Tyler and Ellis looked into each other's eyes a spark was touched off on the instant. An ardent courtship followed which lasted only a month before Pearl stood up in her bridal veil to become Mrs. Ellis.

One more item of corroboration was left for the day when, after the honeymoon, she arrived at her husband's home. She wrote at once to her mother, "It is a cottage, just outside Roanoke, situated on a hillside, *exactly as I saw it in my dream.*"



When the Civil War began, ex-President Tyler and his wife — the former Julia Gardiner of Long Island — were living at "Sherwood Forest," their country place on the James River. In the following year, 1862, a movement was inaugurated to put an end to the bloody slaughter by means of negotiation. In this enterprise John Tyler was the leading spirit and it was inevitable that, when the Peace Conference was assembled in Richmond, he should be chosen to act as its presiding officer.

It was while he was in Richmond on this mission that his wife, at home in Sherwood Forest, had a singularly vivid and harrowing dream. She seemed to be on a boat going up the James River, bound for Richmond. But she noted that it was not the old, familiar *Ariel*, which one always expected to take on that trip, but a strange vessel, one that she had never seen before.

As she sat on the deck she heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind her. Turning, she was astounded to see a figure riding a white horse up and down the deck. As she gazed she was further amazed to see that the rider was a skeleton — the familiar image of Death —

but its head was covered with a sort of hood.

After a while the grisly horseman rode up the deck past where she was sitting and then turned his horse back again. As he came up to her this time his bony hand and arm suddenly lifted the hood and she looked into the face of her husband. Then the horseman rode on and she awoke at once, terribly agitated.

She lost no time in acting upon that grim portent. At that time her mother was staying with her and she went to her at once. "Mother," she exclaimed, "I have just had a horrible — a frightful dream! I know the President is in danger and needs me. I must go to Richmond at once. I'll leave the children in your care."

Now no word had come from "the President" to indicate that he was not in his usual robust health. It sounded foolish indeed to pack up and make the journey that very day to Richmond simply because of a dream. But no arguments could sway her from her decision. And when the steamer chuffed up to the river landing she was ready with her traveling bag to step aboard. As the boat approached she saw that it was not the *Ariel*.

"What's happened to the *Ariel?*" she asked one of the men.

"Laid up for repairs, Ma'am."

So here, at the very beginning of her journey, was a circumstance of her dream that had come true, a strange boat on which she was taking passage up river. If there had been any misgivings about her impulsive action before, they were dissipated by this verification of the first thing she had been conscious of in her dream. And it was with deep and growing anxiety that she sat through the long hours of the trip; the foreboding created by the dream itself was now augmented a hundredfold. It seemed as if the journey would never end.

On arriving at long last at the steamer landing in Richmond, Mrs. Tyler took a hack and drove to the Exchange Hotel, where she knew her husband was staying. Two gentlemen, recognizing her, stepped forward to help her alight as the cab stopped at the entrance.

"How is the President?" she asked immediately.

"A little better, I hope," answered one of the men gravely.

So it *was* true. John Tyler was ill and, evidently from the manner of these friends, grievously stricken. She hastened to his room and found him, as she had feared, in a critical condition. She learned then that he had been suddenly afflicted only the night before, about the same time as she had experienced her dream. In those days, of course, there was no way of reaching a secluded country place like Sherwood Forest by

telegraph. No available means of communication at that time could have brought Mrs. Tyler to her husband's side before he died. As it was, hardly more than another day passed before his life was ended.

The reader has already noted the combination of the literal and the symbolic, which is so often true in these prophetic dreams. The strange river boat and the trip up the James were literal; the spectral rider on the white horse, with its hooded head, was symbolic. Repeatedly in these dreams the symbol of Death is seen as a figure on a white horse, undoubtedly suggested by the verse in the Book of Revelation. "And I looked, and behold a pale horse and his name that sat on him was Death."

MANY years afterwards Mrs. Tyler had another dream foretelling death, and this time it was for herself.

When it occurred she was visiting her married daughter Pearl, at her home in Roanoke, the same cottage which had figured in the dream the daughter had revealing her future husband. Mrs. Tyler was lying in bed, thinking, as she told her daughter the next morning, that she was awake, when she saw her bedroom door open and the figure of a woman enter. Startled by the apparition, Mrs. Tyler sat up and gazed intently at the face of the intruder, and recognized her mother, long since dead. She entered the room carrying a candlestick with only the stump of a candle burning low. Strange to say, Mrs. Tyler felt no sensation of fright; instead she was uplifted by sheer joy at seeing her beloved mother again.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried, "I am *so* glad to see you again!" She stretched out welcoming arms.

The mother smiled tenderly. "My dear, you'll be coming with me soon," she said, and turned again to the door. As she left she looked back and beckoned to her daughter as if she expected her to follow. At that the dream ended.

Immediately, Mrs. Tyler became wide awake. What was it that she had just seen and heard? It had been all so real and lifelike. Maybe she had been half-awake and it had been only her daughter who had looked in. So she went to the head of the stairs and called,

"Pearl, Pearl, have you been in my room this morning?"

"No, Mother, I haven't been near your room. Why do you ask?"

"Then it *was* all a dream," she answered. "At first I wasn't sure."

"Not sure about what, Mother?"

The story soon followed. Mrs. Tyler described every detail of the brief dream, the mother en-

tering the door of the bedroom bearing in her hand a candlestick with the flame guttering low and the beckoning gesture that followed the words, "My dear, you'll be coming with me soon." Mrs. Tyler and her daughter discussed the visitation soberly. Many years before it was a dream that had sent Mrs. Tyler to the bedside of her dying husband, and it was a dream that had shown Pearl her future husband. This was not something to be laughed off.

But there were bright events just ahead. Mrs. Tyler's son, Lyon, had recently been appointed President of William and Mary College, an honor of which she was immensely proud. She was looking forward in a few days to being present at his first Commencement, and she made the journey to Williamsburg shortly after to attend the ceremony.

That occasion passed off happily and she returned to Richmond. There she stopped at the Exchange Hotel, where over a quarter of a century before she had come at the bidding of a dream to the deathbed of her husband. Here she too was suddenly stricken and died. The candle-flame had flickered out; she had obeyed the beckoning gesture and followed her mother.

THE GIANT ICE EGG

BENJAMIN PINEKOWSKY was in bed at 10:20 a.m. one morning in February, 1953, when he heard an airplane pass over his home in Freeport, L. I. An instant later something crashed heavily into a rose trellis beside the house. Pinekowsky found that the object was an egg-shaped chunk of ice weighing about 50 pounds and decided it had fallen off the airplane he had heard. But Air Force officers at Mitchel Field said that a mass of ice that large could not have formed on a plane and CAA authorities confirmed this. The only solution for the lump of ice seemed to be that it was an overgrown hailstone.

SOMNAMBULISTIC MOTORIST

ON January 31, 1953, provincial police at Port Credit, Ont., Canada, investigated the strange story told by a 15-year-old girl who had been found behind the wheel of a car that had sideswiped a lamp post along the Queen Elizabeth Way. The girl explained that she had fallen asleep while baby sitting with two children. When she awoke she saw lights coming toward her and discovered that she was driving a car that belonged to the people whose children she was minding. The car crashed into the lamp post before she could stop it. Police were amazed when the girl insisted she did not know how to drive a car because she had driven a distance of eight miles while asleep.

The "DEMON"

An invisible presence seemed to guide this sage of ancient Athens. It always advised him rightly — yet in the end would not act to save his life.

By Alson J. Smith

ONE of the greatest spiritual leaders and philosophers the world has ever known believed that he was guided by a "demon" or "familiar spirit." He was Socrates, whom the Oracle at Delphi pronounced the wisest man in Greece.

Socrates taught that knowledge is virtue and that no man intentionally does wrong. He believed that a love of truth and virtue are the highest aims of mankind. And he so believed in the voice of his "demon" that he was willing to be put to death rather than forsake it.

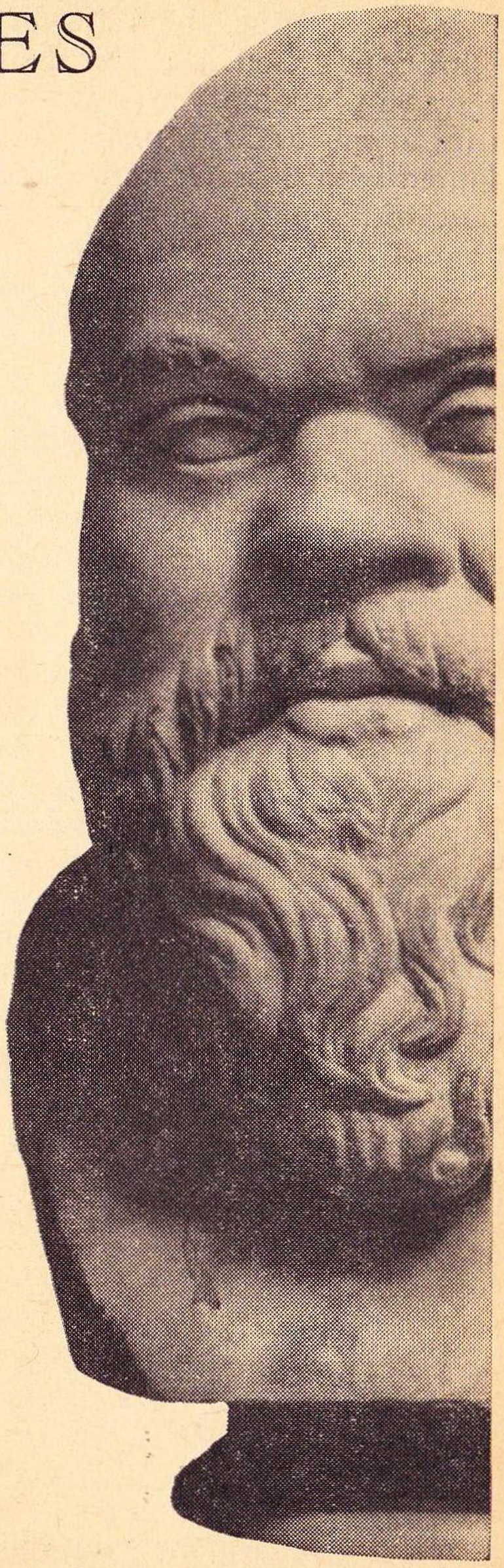
We read little today about the kind of psychic gift that Socrates had. It is *monition* — the guidance, warning or direction given by a "familiar spirit" as it was called by the ancients, or as he called it, a "demon."

On its highest level the phenomenon of monition is seen to be a genuine function of the subconscious, or the psychic consciousness, and it has been an important factor in human history. On its lowest level, of course, it is the simple "hunch" that has won many wagers for the long-shot gambler — and many ball games for the manager daring enough to follow it.

There are numerous such classic cases of monition in history and many more in folk-lore and hagiology. But one of the most important of these was the man who founded science itself, the great Socrates.

The "demon" is one of the best-documented monitions in history. And in the last analysis it was his devotion to his "familiar voice" that brought Socrates to his doom, for the final accusation against him was that he was an

# of SOCRATES



atheist because he had introduced "new gods" (his "demon") into Athens. But his calm confidence in the "familiar voice" was such that, when his friends cried out to him, "The Thirty Tyrants have condemned you to death!", he could reply simply, "And Nature them."

Socrates is particularly important to students of psychic science and parapsychology because he was, in a very real sense, the teacher who first made manifest the shift in philosophical emphasis from the outer to the inner life, from the cosmos to the self. The basic, revolutionary idea of Socrates and the thing that distinguished him from the philosophers who had preceded him was his insistence that the outer world, the material life, is to be interpreted by what is within, by the spirit or mind. He first said what Jesus said later, namely that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he".

Before Socrates, the outer, material world had been the standard by which the inner, spiritual life was explained. Socrates reversed this process and taught that the key to understanding life lay in spirit, not in matter; in the *self*, not in the universe. The great phrase that St. Paul

uses to describe the faith of a Christian: "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth," originated with Socrates and was the core of his philosophy as well as that of Plato and Aristotle.

Socrates' "voice" was always a voice of restraint. It never impelled him to do something but always to refrain from some course of action. If it was silent, that implied approval of whatever he had in mind. Socrates obeyed the "demon," even when, at the end, his disobedience to it might have saved his life.

The first thing to be said of Socrates' "demon" is that it was assuredly no metaphor. Xenophon, in the *Memorabilia*, establishes this beyond reasonable doubt. Socrates obeyed the monitions; he never went contrary to his "divine interventions." Xenophon does not want to make too much of the "demon" but in defending the great philosopher against the charge of impiety, he says:

"*First then, as to his not worshipping the gods whom the city worships, what evidence was there of this? He sacrificed constantly and obviously used the art of divination; for it was a matter of notoriety that Socrates said that the divine Providence gave him indications; and this indeed was the principal reason for accusing him of introducing new gods.*"

There were three different classifications of monitions coming to Socrates via his "demon"; first, those in which the "demon" shows evidence of sagacity and wisdom much like that continually exhibited by Socrates; second, those in which the "demon" functions as the initiator of a *rapport* between Socrates and his pupils; and third, those in which some kind of clairvoyance is displayed. Most of the cases which can be cited in support of the "demon's" prescience come in the first category, and are concerned with unimportant and apparently trivial matters. Here are some illustrations:

Plato, in the *Euthydemus*, tells us that as Socrates was about to leave the palaestra in Athens, his "demon" told him to stay; he did; some young men came in, and a very profitable conversation ensued.

In the *First Alcibiades*, Socrates is about to speak to Alcibiades when the "demon" restrains him until the latter is old enough to know what he is talking about.

In the *Theages*, Plato tells us that a young man by the name of Timarchus was sitting at supper with Socrates. He was involved in a plot to assassinate a fellow-Athenian, a plot of which Socrates knew nothing. Timarchus got up to go with his fellow-conspirators to the assassination:

"*What say you, Socrates?*" *said Timarchus,* "*do you continue drinking; I must go out somewither, but will*

return in a little, if so I may." And the voice came to me and I said to him: "By no means rise from tables; for the accustomed divine sign has come to me." And he stayed. After a time again he got up to go and said: "I must be gone, Socrates." And the sign came to me again, and again I made him stay. And the third time, determining that I should not see, he rose and said naught to me and when my mind was turned elsewhere; and thus he went forth, and was gone, and did that which was to be his doom."

The most noteworthy of this category of monitions was one involving not a warning by the "demon," but an approving silence — the occasion when Socrates, hailed before the Dikastery on a charge of impiety (stemming, as we have seen, largely from his allegiance to his "familiar voice"), refused to make any refutation of the charges against him. Such refutation would have been easy and would have saved his life. His "demon" backed him up by keeping silent.

Instead of a defense of himself, Socrates made a beautiful and moving plea for the law of conscience as supreme. Only once did the "demon" intervene in the whole series of events that led to the cup of hemlock, and that was after sentence had been passed when he did ponder the idea of making a detailed reply to the charges against him. "No," said the "demon." Whereupon, instead of a reply, Socrates spoke as follows:

"There has happened to me, O my judges, a wonderful thing. For that accustomed divine intimation in time past came to me very many times, and met me on slight occasion, if I were about to act in some way not aright; but now this fate which ye behold has come upon me — this which a man might deem, and which is considered, the very worst of ills. Yet, neither when I left my home this morning was I checked by that accustomed sign; nor when I came up hither to the judgment-hall, nor at any point in my speech as I spoke. And yet in other speeches of mine the sign has often stopped me in the midst. But now it has not hindered me in any deed or word of mine connected with the present business. What then do I suppose to be the reason thereof? I will tell you. I think it is that what has happened to me has been a good thing; and we must have been mistaken when we supposed that death was an evil. Herein is strong proof to me of this; for that accustomed sign would assuredly have checked me, had I been about to do aught that was evil."

Frederick W. H. Myers, writing about the "demon" in the *Proceedings* of the Society For Psychical Research, London, observes that "we shall never again see such a man at such a moment drawing strength from the silence of the monitory utterance which came as from without himself,

though it were from the depths of his own soul."

The second category of Socratic monitions is much more difficult to illustrate, principally because they are concerned not with warnings but with the singular phenomenon that present-day psychologists call *rapport.* Socrates' "demon" informed him, somehow, which of his students were most receptive to what he had to teach. He then influenced them not only directly through the substance of his teaching, but indirectly through some psychic emanation from his person, some form of hypnotic suggestion, his "demon" selecting those pupils most responsive to such suggestion.

"I never learnt from you," says a pupil by the name of Aristides to Socrates, "anything at all. You yourself well know this. But I always made progress whenever I was along with you, even if I were in the same house but not in the same room; yet most when I was in the same room; and even in the same room I got on better if I looked at you when you were speaking than if I looked anywhere else. But I got on far the best of all when I was sitting near you and holding or touching you. But now all my then character has dribbled out of me."

This last remark, suggestive as it is of the gradual disappearance of post-hypnotic suggestion, perhaps indicates that Socrates made use of "animal magnetism" long before Mesmer ever heard of the term!

The third category of monitions, the one indicative of clairvoyance on the part of Socrates, is limited but clear. One illustration will suffice: Plutarch, in his *De Genio Socratis,* tells us that Socrates is out walking with Euthyphron and some other friends, when he stops suddenly and calls to the party to turn off the street they are on and go back by another street. His "demon" has warned him.

Most of his friends take his advice but a few do not. These latter keep on their way and soon they are run into by a herd of mad swine who knock them down, trample some of them and befoul the rest. "Charillus" (who had laughed at Socrates' warning) "returned home with legs and clothes full of mire, so that we all remembered Socrates' familiar spirit, with roars of laughter, marvelling how the Divinity had care of him continually."

In addition to his adherence to his "demon," another characteristic of Socrates which is of interest to psychical research is his long periods of immobility, often lasting for hours, in which he engaged in deep contemplation and from which he could not be aroused. From this medical experts have deduced that the great

Athenian suffered from epilepsy or that mental infirmity called *stupor attonitus*. Indeed, this frequent immobility, coupled with his loyalty to his "demon," have led several authorities in recent years to declare that Socrates was in fact insane.

But a more plausible — and also a more scientific — explanation than insanity would seem to be that Socrates, like all great mystics and all great mediums, had periods of ecstasy which indicated a subconscious-self so powerful and so near the surface that it sometimes attained a temporary predominance over him.

What was Socrates' "demon?" The best explanation would seem to be almost the same as that given for the phenomenon of *genius*, "a mental constitution which allows a man to draw readily into conscious life the products of unconscious thought."

To Frederick W. H. Myers, to whom we are indebted for the classical study of Socrates and his "demon," the "voice" was an example of a *wise automatism*, of the "possibility that the messages which are conveyed to the conscious mind from unconscious strata of the personality — whether as sounds, as sights, or as movements — may sometimes come from far beneath the realm of dream and confusion, from some self whose monitions convey to us a wisdom profounder than we know."

CAT WITHOUT COMPASS

When the S.A. Woods family moved back to Gage, Okla., after a year in California they left their pet cat, Tommy, with a woman friend. Eighteen months passed and the Woods children, who had parted tearfully with Tommy, gradually forgot about him. Then one morning the Woods heard a "Meow!" and saw a bedraggled but strangely familiar cat limping into their yard.

The children immediately were certain that the cat was Tommy but Mr. Woods refused to believe it. Tommy would have had to walk a distance of 1500 miles to reach home. Without the aid of maps, compass and navigation equipment this seemed impossible.

Mr. Woods recalled that Tommy as a kitten had suffered a broken right hip. A physical examination showed the cat that had arrived at the house had a bad right hip. A telephone call to the woman in California who was supposed to be taking care of Tommy revealed that the cat had diappeared a few days after being left with her. The woman had not notified the Woods.

The Woods concluded that the cat was Tommy. Somehow, over 18 months and a distance of 1500 miles, he had found his way home.

Case of the

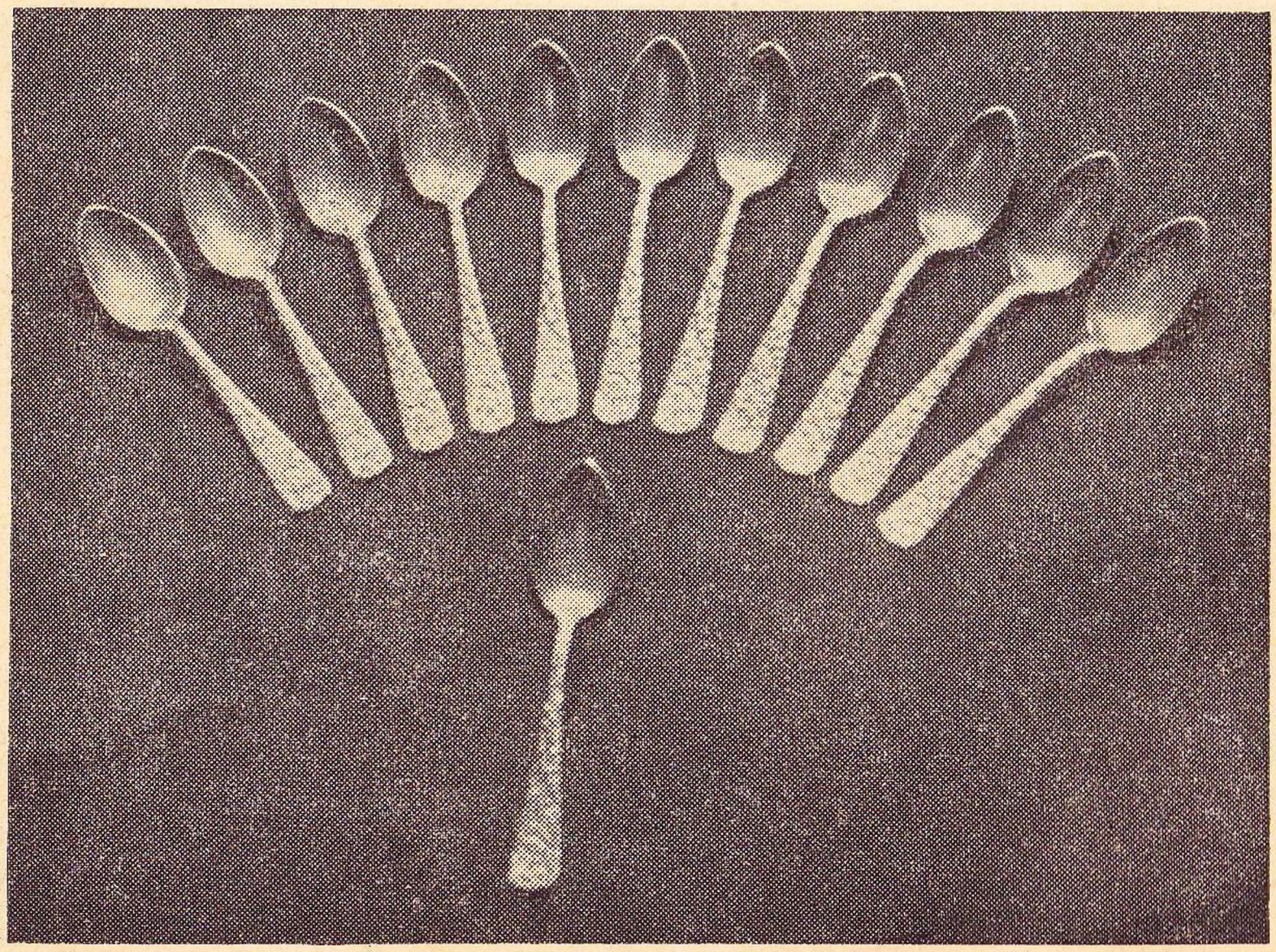
The spoon vanished from a New Jersey home and turned up in a New York apartment—yet none in the group had visited the home.

By Harriet S. Hollister and Gertrude O. Tubby

STATEMENT BY HARRIET S. HOLLISTER:

ANNE RICHTER came to see me in New York on Friday afternoon, April 11, 1952, from her Reading, Pa., home. We planned to attend Frank Decker's regular Friday evening circle on that day. We telephoned him and Mr. Decker said he had suspended the circle, as he had been too busy with his church work and was tired out. (Mr. Decker is the head

The apported spoon matched 11 in Mrs. Tubby's home and evidently was missing from a set of 12. The apport was tarnished, while the others were polished.



of the Third Spiritualist Church of New York City.)

Anne asked for a sitting on Saturday or Sunday but Mr. Decker refused. She urged him repeatedly and after several more refusals he said, most unwillingly, "All right, come up Monday at one o'clock."

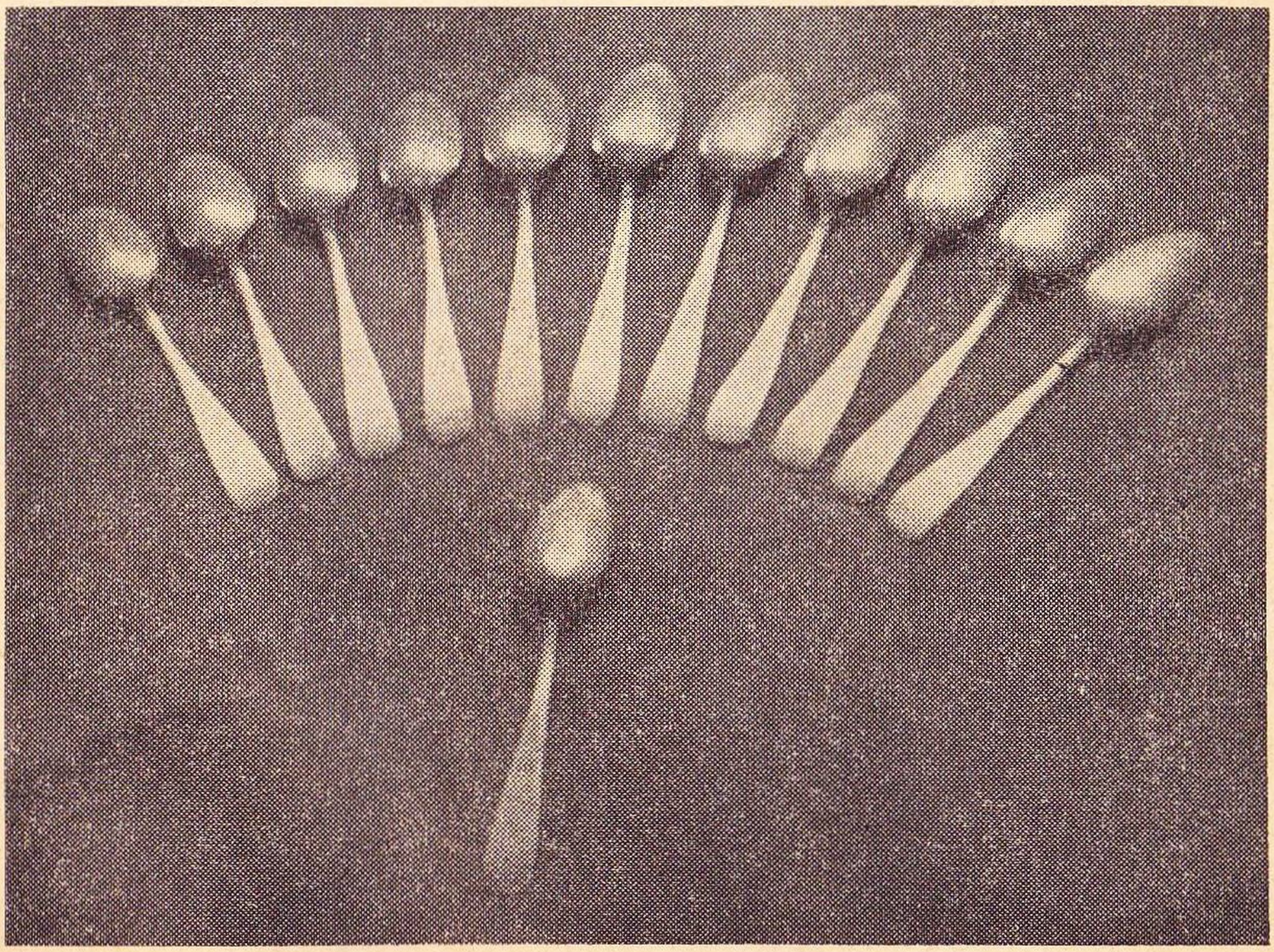
At the time appointed we arrived for the message sitting.

After the room was darkened Mr. Decker went into trance. His guide, Patsy, came and chatted for a few moments in his usual friendly manner. Soon other voices gave both Anne and me evidential messages. One voice, purporting to be that of Mr. Hope of the English Crewe Circle, came to me but I did not remember him at first. He reminded me that my son and I had gone up to Crewe from London in 1929 for a photographic experiment with him.

Patsy broke in on Mr. Hope's communication to say there was

Apported Spoon

The reverse side of the apported spoon also matched the 11 belonging to Mrs. Tubby. All the spoons bore the initial "C" and the words "1847 Rogers Bros."



someone present who wanted to bring an apport. Anne was enthusiastic about it and Patsy said, "This is not the usual type of apport; it belongs to someone and will have to be returned." He added that it would require power from all three of us, if we were willing to be drawn upon. I did not respond at first but Anne was eager so I said yes. I had hesitated because he said we would have to choose between the apport and personal messages which I really preferred.

Patsy asked us to sing. Neither of us felt we could but we made an effort, holding our hands out, palms upward. Soon I felt a baby's hand feeling for mine and then a small object rested upon my right palm. When I closed my hand I realized that I held a small metal spoon. I asked who brought me this and a voice said, "Call me Mr. X. This is a spoon which belongs to Gertrude Tubby and is one of a set she has put away."

Patsy was highly elated and said this would be very valuable if accepted without prejudice.

Neither Anne, Mr. Decker nor I ever had been to Miss Tubby's home in Montclair, N. J., or seen her silver. Mr. Decker did not have her address on file and asked me for it. Anne had met Miss Tubby only once, some time before in New York. She and I hurried back downtown to my apartment and rang up Gertrude to ask if she was missing an after-dinner coffee spoon. Fortunately she was at home.

I said, "I have had a most astonishing experience and I hope you can confirm it. Please describe your after-dinner coffee spoons to me."

Gertrude said, "I have one set with flowers down the handle." She asked me to wait while she brought her spoons to the telephone, several odd ones and one set. She said, "There is a five-petal flower at the top of those in the set and there are two others alike with a single six-petal flower at the top."

I asked, "What kind of a five-petal flower?" and she said, "A rose."

"Correct," I said. "And there are some morning glories running down the stem?" Gertrude agreed that there were.

I asked, "Is there any initial on the spoons?" She said, "No, not on the one that has the six-petal flower and none on the front of the set, but on the back of the handle is the initial "C" with four little carved dots like double quotation marks around it."

"Right," I said. "Is there any other lettering on the back?" With the aid of a reading glass Gertrude deciphered "1847 Rogers Bros. A-1," which matched my apported spoon.

Gertrude then told me that when she last had cleaned and

counted her set she had noticed that one spoon was missing from the 12 and she could not find it among her other silver. There were still only 11 pieces in the little bag in which she kept her coffee spoons. They were all polished clean and untarnished. The apported spoon had not been cleaned and was discolored on the back, excepting one small round spot, where the spoon rests when set down flat, as they are in her silver bag. This seems to indicate that the apport was taken some weeks or months prior to the last time the set was cleaned. The apport was presented Monday, April 14, 1952.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Hollister is a member of the American Society for Psychical Research, and Miss Tubby is Ex-Secretary and Honorary Life Member of the A.S.P.R.*)

STATEMENT BY GERTRUDE O. TUBBY:

The above is a correct account of my participation in this occurrence. I should add that there are four other tiny, double quotation marks inside the initial "C" on the spoons, which I overlooked at the time of our telephone conversation. I had searched my silver box but had not found the missing spoon and was puzzled that one had slipped away, as they are always kept in the same safe place with other silver and I had not loaned them to anyone since the full set had been counted, when I moved to my present home in April, 1951.

This astonishing apport reminds me forcibly of a promise made me in 1920 during my series of seances with Mrs. Chenoweth (Soule) in Boston, after the death of James H. Hyslop. He regularly signed his automatic writing "J.H.H.-X", giving much evidence of his survival. One day "Mr. X" stated through Mrs. Chenoweth that he "would not be above giving me some physical phenomena some time." This is the first time any such thing has been reported to me.

In estimating the validity of this apport, it must be borne in mind that:

1. The spoon had disappeared from my home, from a closed container where it was always kept, in Montclair, N. J.
2. It appeared in the home of the medium, Frank Decker, in New York City.
3. He repeatedly had expressed unwillingness to give the seance.
4. Neither Frank Decker nor his two sitters had ever been in my home at any time.
5. An exhaustive inquiry among friends who had been guests in my home brought to light no one who could remember having had after-dinner coffee with me or using such a spoon. They could remember only hav-

ing had full-sized cups of coffee with the ordinary sized teaspoon.

6. The apported spoon is the only one still tarnished from exposure to air, as all of the set had been before I personally cleaned it in the fall of 1951, along with the rest of my silver, when I counted and found only 11 of the 12 spoons in my silver box.

7. I employ no servant and live alone.

8. This is the only set of 12 that I own and one spoon could be taken without inconveniencing me. At the same time it was easy to prove the spoon was one of mine. The others were odd spoons or pairs only and could not have been as positively claimed as mine.

9. The initial on the back of the set was that of the relative from whom I inherited the spoons and had nothing whatever to do with my name. My initials were on some of the other spoons and would have made the medium's identification easier had he seen the spoon in his waking state.

10. The choice of this particular object, from among hundreds in my possession that might have been used as apports bears all the marks of a careful and wise selection, characteristic of the expert psychologist, "Mr. X", communicator of cross-correspondences recorded in my "James H. Hyslop-X, His Book."

The peculiarity of this incident is that it was spontaneous. Though the apported spoon had been known to be missing for nearly half a year, I had not even thought of anyone holding a sitting to try to regain possession of it as an apport. Such a procedure never occurred to me. After a thorough search in and around my silver box I gave up the spoon as lost, though I could not imagine how or when.

The pattern of the spoon was in stock over 60 years ago when the set was bought by my Aunt Caroline, but then the engraved initial "C" with eight little quotation marks within and around it made its ownership distinctive. Nor was the pattern itself an advertised trade design familiar in homes of that and succeeding periods. Never since 1888, when my aunt set up her home in Brooklyn, have I seen a duplicate of this design on table silver of any sort in any of the many homes familiar to our family. The spoon was proffered through a medium in trance on behalf of a definite communicator, "Mr. X", when the medium himself had endeavored to avoid giving any psychic seance. Mr. Decker yielded to the pleas of an out-of-town sitter eager for personal messages, without the least notion that another person — myself — whom she had met briefly but once was to be the principal beneficiary of the effort.

Mrs. Hollister, in whose hand

the spoon was placed, had been only half-heartedly interested in trying this particular experiment at all.

This incident, so foreign to all the thousands of psychic experiences and experiments of my life since 1907, has been difficult to accept. But psychical research has been dedicated to investigating bizarre human experiences ever since its foundation in 1882 by physicists and philosophers who refuse to regard the unknown as the unknowable. I follow in their train.

THE CONSIDERATE GEESE

In March, 1953, Capt. Amos L. Horst, executive secretary of the Wildlife Restoration Foundation, witnessed an incident which, he says, shows that the wild goose is the smartest and the best organized socially of game birds. It happened in a protected cove near Greenwich, Conn., which has been visited by increasing numbers of migratory geese every winter since 1947.

In December a record flock of 114 wild birds flew in and remained until the middle of March. Captain Horst and his helpers fed the birds daily with stale bread contributed by storekeepers. Then the geese, sensing the approach of spring, began flying northward in V formation toward eastern Canada. They departed in flocks of 30 to 40 a day and within a few days were almost all gone.

At this time Captain Horst and three other persons observed a remarkable act of kindness on the part of the wild geese. The others present were Jesse Gordon, an associate of the Wildlife Restoration Foundation, and Dan Strawn and Catherine Burgener, local residents. Captain Horst relates:

"We noticed when the last flock had taken off that one goose had been left behind on the water. By its futile efforts to rise we saw that it had a broken wing. As we watched, two geese from the flock circling overhead returned to the injured bird. They swam close on either side of the cripple and beat their wings strongly in an effort to lift it between them. This maneuver was tried twice, but a goose weighs 15 pounds or more and it failed. Then the two helpers honked farewell and flew away."

When last observed, the crippled goose was still living in the cove and swimming ashore every morning to get its bread ration.

D'Angelo . . .

ITALY'S GREAT HEALER

Ex-Queen Maria Jose, Toscanini, Gigli — they say this illiterate Italian has healed them all . . .

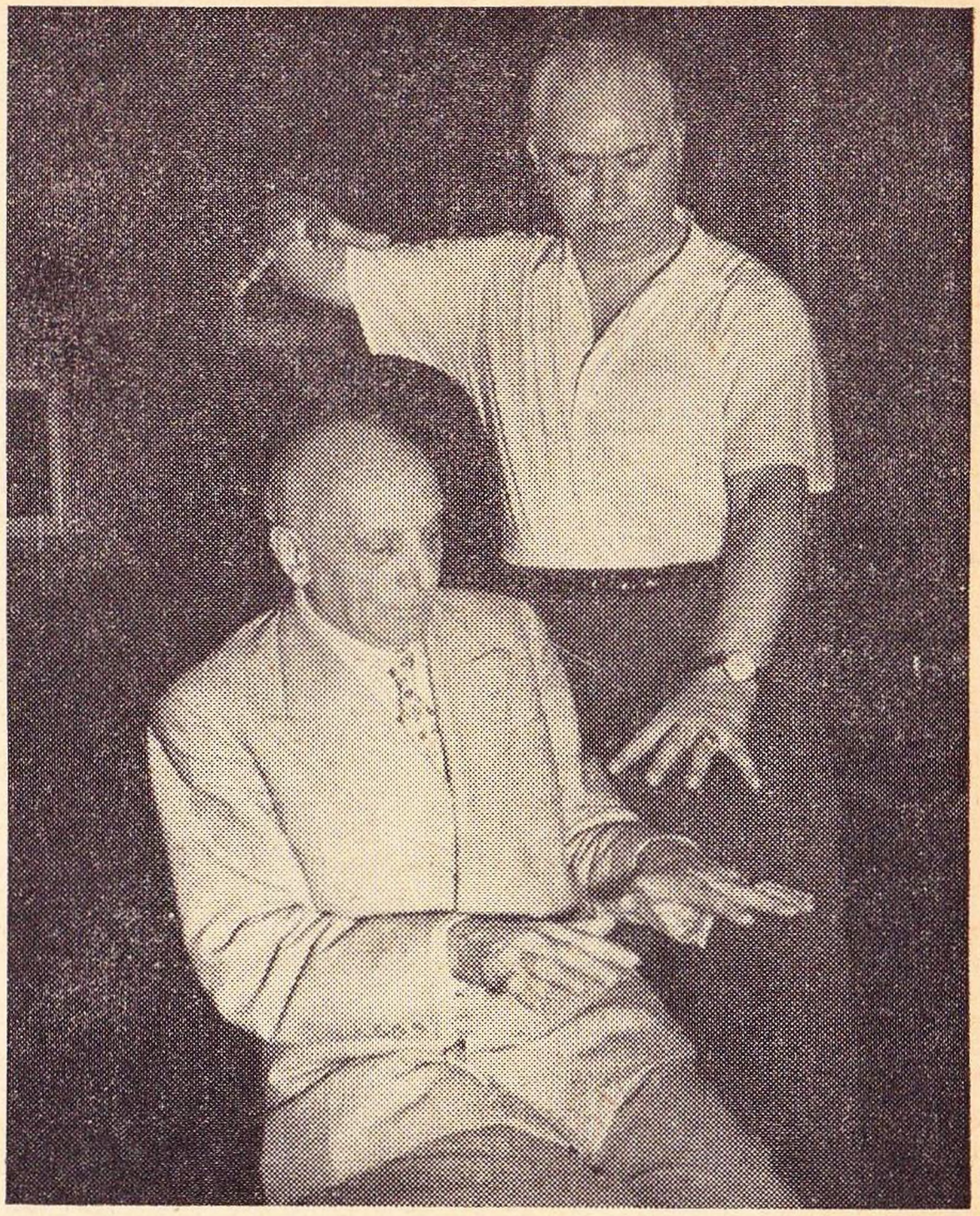
By J. M. Sheppard

A FEW years ago Italy was grief stricken. The country's greatest living tenor, Gigli, had lost his voice. In a nation where music, and particularly song is the very soul of the people, the loss of their leading operatic tenor was nothing short of tragic. Throat specialists were called in; Gigli went to Rome, then to Paris where his vocal chords were given the attention of Europe's finest and most skilled medical men. But the magnificent voice, like that of the dead Caruso, seemed silenced forever. Some strange paralysis gripped the throat of this genius.

Finally d'Angelo, Italy's man of mystery, was called in. He entered Gigli's morose though lavish apartment with his customary jaunty step. The door closed behind these two: Gigli, the tenor, and d'Angelo, who cannot so much as sign his own name. Half an hour passed with only the murmuring of subdued voices from behind the portal. Another 30 minutes drifted by while intimates of the singer sat in the reception hall with bowed heads that shook, mildly, in hopeless defeat. Gigli was done, finished!

And then — then they heard that powerful tenor voice raised in a song of liberty, of freedom from restriction, in full throated victory. Gigli was singing as he never had sung before. The door swung open and Italy's great voice emerged in person; smiling broadly the while he continued to fill the corridor with care-free song that overflowed into the streets, bringing passers-by to a halt and causing the craning of necks. "Gigli can sing again! Viva!"

D'Angelo, worker of this miracle, was forgotten. He stood silent but smiling to one side until the



D'Angelo at work. The "sorcerer of Naples" says he has a "magnetic psychic force" which has enabled him to cure many persons of afflictions.

song was finished. Then he gently nudged the tenor: "My fee, Signor. I am a busy man and must be on my way."

Aquiles d'Angelo was born 44 years ago in Naples. The son of a poor itinerant carpenter, he spent his boyhood in the streets of that busy city, shining shoes instead of learning to read and write. Later he became a porter and from this he graduated to the odd profession of stilt walking; advertising shows, patent medicines and what-not. One day on wet streets after a hard shower d'Angelo was walking his high stilts carrying a placard that announced the early advent of a circus. He fell.

With a double brain concussion the stricken man was rushed to Milan's Charity Hospital where he was given such treatment as could be rendered, then placed in a public ward to await his fate — life or death.

Twenty six hours later d'Angelo awoke, wondered where he was and set up a howl for attention. An intern and a nurse came to his bedside and were amazed to be greeted by name. D'Angelo had never seen either before in his life.

It was the beginning of a new world for d'Angelo and the unfolding of a supernatural gift so astounding that scientists and doctors throw up their arms in despair. This illiterate, uneducated miracle worker has defied every medical law in existence in his continued cures of so-called hopeless cases.

Nor does d'Angelo — he prefers to be known by his last name only — adopt the dignity of his new profession. Like a youthful prankster d'Angelo delights in playing tricks whenever the fancy strikes him. One of his favorites is to walk down the street several paces behind any well dressed chap and lightly "slap" him on the side of the face or shoulder. The recipient of these deft but not injurious blows turns in indignation to discover that the only person in view, d'Angelo of course, is far out of hand range. Explanation? There simply isn't any.

If d'Angelo has the answer he does not tell it. His best friends state that he, himself, has no idea how he accomplishes either his jokes or his cures. He just wills them, they say, and lets it go at that.

The man can call anyone by name. This is one of the easiest tests that you can give him. He goes into no trance, gazes into no crystal ball. Let him but see your face and he can and will call you by your full name on the instant.

More annoying is d'Angelo's strange electric power. If he offers to shake your hand, watch out! He can turn his electric — for lack of a better description — power on and off at will. He can shock you off balance, if he so desires, by the touch of a finger. Or he can hold your hand without the slightest effect or current.

In the 1950 public opinion poll throughout Italy d'Angelo was rated fifth person of importance in the nation. Only His Holiness, The Pope, de Gasperi, Chief of Government, Coppi and Togliatti were ahead of him.

Ex-Queen Maria Jose lost her sight. Medical men had given up her case and she was resigned to almost total darkness for the remainder of her life. But being persuaded to call in d'Angelo, she regained her vision during a single interview, perfected it after a second call, and now sees as well as you who read this.

Italy's press has given wide publicity to d'Angelo's miracles, his cures, and nothing pleases him more than to see himself on the front page with huge type underneath his picture. Yet even today the man cannot read a single

word. Purchasing a paper, he will stop the first person he sees and grasping them by the elbow, will shove the newspaper under their nose and demand, excitedly, that the story be read to him at once and on the spot. Since virtually every man, woman and child in Italy knows d'Angelo by sight, or through having seen his likeness so often published, he rarely gets a refusal.

D'Angelo still lives in Naples. He receives his visitors in the plaza of his own sumptuous palace. These supplicants are so numerous that they form a line almost daily, from daylight to dark, extending several squares. He is absolutely frank with each one to reach him. Often he bluntly says: "Go home. I can do nothing for you." And he means just that. If the visitor persists, he repeats again and again: "I cannot help you. Go away."

In the matter of fees, d'Angelo's services come high — or low. He is often extravagant in his demands, still more frequently he gives help absolutely free. It depends upon your station in life, your financial situation. If you are rich then you must pay d'Angelo through the proverbial nose and *in advance*. If you are poor, you pay him nothing and he is apt to send you away not only cured, but with funds in your pocket. He is that kind of a man.

As he walks down the street, followed usually by a curious crowd, many fall on their knees in his path. Some of these are seeking a cure. Many more are showing their reverence for this man whose gifts must surely come from God.

Speaking of himself d'Angelo says: "I know the averages or percentages of my cures to the dot. Here are a few: I can cure three percent of the totally blind, 50 percent of arthritis cases, seven percent in polio (Infantile Paralysis), and a full 90 percent of neurotics. I never dictate answers to letters although they come to me from the whole wide world. To attempt to cure by mail is a fraud."

The man's income averages 250,000 lyres a day which makes him the highest salaried person in his country.

When d'Angelo went to Paris last year to be examined, at their request, by a board of physicians and psychiatrists, he was asked to give some immediate and visible evidence of his strange power. D'Angelo smiled and pointed to a large clock in the corner of the room. Its pendulum was swinging rhythmically back and forth. But it stopped at once and remained stopped until the lengthy interview was over. As he left the large chamber, d'Angelo smiled, pointed to the clock again and it immediately resumed its beat. The pendulum had hung motionless for some 55 minutes.

Next to its music and opera, Italy dotes upon its bicycle races and those riders in the six-day races, long, cross-country events and the shorter sprints as well. Most popular cyclist in Italy is Coppi, who has repeatedly won the highest honors in both national and international competition. A year ago Coppi suffered a bad fall which, according to the examining physicians, would put him out of racing for six months at least. The 'round Europe bicycle races were coming up in less than 30 days and Coppi, along with his host of admirers, was crestfallen. D'Angelo was suggested and Coppi took the next train from Rome to Naples. Two days later he came back, exuberant, cured, ready for the big event in which he was Italy's main hope and captain of Italian International Cycle team.

"The man scarcely touched me," Coppi said. "He moved a forefinger along my leg and it burned like fire, as though a thousand needles pierced my flesh. Then he said to me, 'Go home young man. You are recovered.' I was. Holy Mother of God what sort of a person is this fellow? But I'll have to win this race to pay him the stiff fee that his secretary demanded of me when I emerged from his office."

Among well known Americans who have visited d'Angelo and are loud in their praise of him are Ingrid Bergman, now married to an Italian, Robert Taylor, and Josephine Baker. D'Angelo not only heals the body but often heals the soul as well.

D'Angelo is now a silver haired gentleman who always seems to have just come from the tailor and the barber. He often is referred to as Italy's best dressed man. It is difficult to believe that this near-dandy can neither read, write, nor compute beyond the sums in which a shoe shine boy deals. But whatever else d'Angelo may or may not be he is very probably the world's greatest healer of broken bodies and minds.

DEATH CALLS THE ROLL

A SUDDEN thought struck S/Sgt. John Watson, 69, as he attended the annual banquet of the Windsor Police Association one night in October, 1952. After standing silently for two minutes in tribute to two veteran Windsor policemen who had died a few days before, Watson said to the man next to him, "I wonder which one of the old-timers will be next to go." Almost immediately afterward Watson died of a heart attack.

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.

EXPERIMENT IN PROJECTION

In 1933 a "letter-friendship" developed between Pearl Holmes in Colorado and myself in Oregon. We were interested in writing and also in supernormal experiments but our letters were impersonal to the extent that we did not exchange either photographs or descriptions of our personal appearance. My knowledge of her age and looks came about in this way: We planned an experiment in projection. She was to make a conscious effort to come to me and I was to prepare to receive her.

The designated evening came. The hour planned for her attempt was 10 o'clock. At nine I sat down and picked up her letter thinking I would reread it while waiting for the appointed time but I had forgotten the time difference between Colorado and Oregon. Ten o'clock in Colorado is nine o'clock in Oregon.

I had been reading only a few moments when I jerked to attention for I saw that a woman had entered the room. I did not see her with my physical sight but I was fully aware of her.

My friend stood about six feet from me and with care I noted every detail of her appearance — the gray in her hair, the way she wore it, brushed back and knotted, her height, her probable weight, her features and her dress. At the same time I sensed her true personality far more clearly than is possible under ordinary circumstances. She was with me for five minutes perhaps, then she was gone.

That same evening I wrote to her in detail, describing her as I had seen her. Her letter, also written that same evening, crossed mine and said that she had tried very hard to reach me but did not know if she had succeeded for she had been conscious "only of a great weariness."

Within a few days, however, I received her delighted reply, containing notes from her family, corroborating my description of her. I quote her daughter's words:

"The description of Mother was as perfect in detail as if you two had been together in the same room and as regards your realization of her personality, had you known her 20 years you could not have described her more accurately." — *Rona Morris Workman, Sweet Home, Ore.*

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

In the summer of 1943 we rented a house on a hill overlooking Nogales, Ariz., where I was stationed as an immigration inspector. During the Indian Wars the house had been part of the bachelor officers' quarters of an army post.

Along one side was a huge dining hall, capable of holding a table which would seat 50 persons. In the center was a small living or sitting room with a huge stone fireplace, apparently the central heating plant of its day. A bathroom and a small kitchen lay behind the living room, while along the north side of the house were three bedrooms, one large and two small. The rear room I immediately appropriated as my own, leaving the large front bedroom for my wife and daughter and the center one for my son. My bed I placed directly in the center of the room, beneath the old-fashioned chain pull light.

On the third night after we moved in I tumbled into bed about 10 o'clock too tired even to put on pajamas. Nogales in June can be hot and I used no blanket over me.

The house was still. I could hear the occasional bark of a coyote outside. As I drifted into sleep, someone shook my foot vigorously. Expecting to see my wife or one of the children, I reached up and pulled the light chain. Except for myself, the room was empty.

I pulled on my robe, shuffled into my slippers and checked the house. In the next room my son slept soundly. My wife and daughter were also asleep. On the davenport in the living room the dog raised her head as I came through, thumped her tail once and went back to sleep.

Puzzled, I returned to my bed. As I reached for the light chain I happened to glance at the ceiling. There, directly above me and ready to drop, was a scorpion — not the larger black variety which stings painfully but not dangerously, but a little brown species whose tail has been known to bring death. With one motion I scooped up a slipper, stood up on the bed and killed it.

Someone warned me that night. Could it have been a guardian, whose duty it is to watch over me until the task I have been sent here to accomplish is done? I like to think so. — *Gordon W. Hackbarth, Seattle, Wash.*

UNUSUAL HORSE SENSE

Our horse, Jerry, showed unusual horse sense from that early spring morning in 1900 when his mother nosed him onto his wobbly legs and whinnied an introduction. The chestnut colt was gentle and unafraid. He allowed us to lead him about the old Beane homestead in the township of Groveland, N. Y.

My mother, the late Mrs. Sarah Beane, shared our affection for Jerry. She took daily walks to the pasture where she always found Jerry waiting to reach his muzzle into her wide apron pocket for lumps of sugar.

As a yearling Jerry would mischievously snatch peoples' hats and canter away, to leave the hats undamaged atop the highest fence posts.

Driving Jerry one mid-summer day in 1903, Mother and I were enroute to Sleepy Hollow to visit her mother, the late Mrs. Christena Magee. On the last lap of that eight-mile trip Jerry whistled in alarm and cocked his ears. Listening, we heard a distant thunder peal. Soon wind-driven raindrops announced a sudden storm.

A walnut tree offered the only available shelter. When headed toward the tree Jerry balked. He took us to the tree only after Mother made determined use of her whip.

Feeling secure under the thickly leaved branches, Mother replaced the whip in its socket and twisted the reins around the whipstock. Jerry took this opportunity to plunge forward. With backward glances at the jouncing buggy, he galloped across the field to the highway. He continued running for about 100 rods. At that instant the tree where we had been parked was split in two by a bolt of lightning.

We were saved by Jerry again in the fall of 1905. Mother drove Jerry a distance of 12 miles to Geneseo, N. Y., where I attended school at the State Normal. After Mother and Jerry rested from their trip and we started home, we came to a covered bridge spanning the Genesee River. At the bridge entrance a sign read, *Do not drive faster than a walk.*

Jerry was halfway across the bridge when suddenly he began running. The stilted bridge shook under his pounding hoofs. I hung on desperately as the buggy jolted from side to side. Mother tightened the reins around her wrists and leaned backward, calling, "Whoa, whoa!"

But Jerry galloped on until he reached the end of the bridge where he pulled the buggy completely off the road. Moments later a run-away team of work horses plunged around a turn in the road and across the bridge. After Mother and I recovered from our shock, we thanked God

for a horse like Jerry. If the runaway team had crashed into us on the bridge, there is no question but that we would have been seriously injured, if not killed. — *Alta Beane, R.N., Los Angeles, Calif.*

MOVED BY A DREAM

WHEN I came home from work one evening in early September, 1952, I went as usual to my landlady's apartment to see if I had any mail. We talked for a few minutes about my work and then Mrs. Bettie said, "Young man, what is the matter with you lately? You used to keep your apartment spic and span but lately I could write my name on everything."

I knew the apartment wasn't that bad. When I moved in I had painted the floor, cleaned the wallpaper and bought new curtains. But then I had lost interest in keeping up with things.

I changed the subject and then went up to my room. I started my supper and while the coffee was perking, I looked around the apartment. I thought that if I bought some flowered wallpaper for one side and plain for the other three the room would look much better.

After supper I listened to the radio for a while and then went to bed. I dreamed I had bought the wallpaper, had the cutting board up and the paste all made. Then I stood in the middle of the room, trying to decide which wall I would start on.

A voice said, "Well, what are you doing?"

I turned around and there was my mother, Bertha Benedict, who had died in 1946. I said, "Oh, hello, Ma, I didn't hear you come in. As you can see, I'm going to paper my room."

"Oh, no, you're not," she said. "You put that stuff away and when it's time to paper I'll let you know."

I started to put things away, wondering why my mother and Mrs. Bettie were trying to push me in opposite directions. At that moment I woke up.

I thought about the dream all day and then let it pass from my mind. I was busy at the shop for the next three days. On Friday night I came home and started supper as usual. I had everything ready when someone knocked at the door.

It was Mr. Bettie. He said his wife wanted to see me right away.

I turned off the gas under the things on the stove and went with him. Mrs. Bettie was waiting for us.

"I have some bad news for you," she said. "You will have to move. The man who owns the building plans to use all the side you are on. He intends to make a sewing room out of your apartment and use the rest for storage.

He wants to have it by Monday."

"I can't move out that soon," I told her. "I'm making a trip to Flint over the week-end and won't be back until five o'clock Monday morning. I'll have to have until Wednesday at least to find another apartment."

I returned to my room in a fog. I tried to eat but had lost my appetite. Then I heard my mother's voice saying, "Son, why don't you go over and see Mrs. Call? She has an apartment for you."

I was startled but I put on my coat at once and set out for Mrs. Call's place. Passing a hotel, I thought of going in to phone her but my mother's voice said, "No, go over to her place and see her. She will have a room for you."

So I continued on to Mrs. Call's place and when she answered the door I told her about having to move. I almost fainted when she said she had an apartment for me — four rooms and a bath. I paid the rent on it and got my key.

"But you won't be able to move in until Tuesday," Mrs. Call said. "I'll have to clean and paper before you move in."

I told her I would do that myself after I moved in and she said she would give me two weeks rent for my work. All my gloom was gone. I said to myself, "Thanks, Mother. Now I know why you didn't want me to paper my old apartment." — *Clarence S. Benedict, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

PSYCHIC SALESMANSHIP

After working several years at one job I began to feel I was getting in a rut. This feeling led me to announce to my wife, one day in October, 1950, that we were going to travel. I had accepted a position with an insurance company to service three states, Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi.

It was the time of year when business was bad for our company and I made only a few small sales. All the little towns in which we stopped seemed alike to me and once in a while I would question out loud as to whether I should "stop here" or not.

My wife and I were tired when we reached a northern section of Arkansas after traveling all day. She leaned back on the car seat and I supposed that she was taking a nap. Suddenly she spoke to me, "Stop at the next little town. They need you."

It was only a couple of miles before we entered what proved to be Batesville, Ark. I started to brake to a stop in front of a grocery store when my wife spoke again in a quiet, toneless voice. "Not here — down at the hardware store."

I pulled several doors down to the hardware store, got out of the car and went in. I sold $30,000 worth of insurance to a man in dungarees — the owner of the store. When I got back to the car

my wife said in the same toneless voice, "Now the drug store — he needs you also."

I had not told her that I had sold a penny's worth of insurance, intending to keep it as a surprise. Now I felt a chill go down my spine. She apparently was asleep, yet she talked coherently.

At any rate, I did visit the drug store to the tune of $50,000 more. I was mystified. I gave no high-pressure sales talks but these men wanted my insurance, even though I wouldn't have believed that they could afford such amounts.

After a third such incident, with a filling station operator buying $10,000 worth of insurance, I went back to the car intending to awaken my wife and to ask her if she had received mail from these people asking us to drop by. But she lay as if in a deep sleep or trance.

When she finally awoke I asked her what had happened. She remembered absolutely nothing and could not recall telling me to visit any of the stores mentioned — *Harry Barnett, Houston, Tex.*

THE CHANGING LANDSCAPE

DURING the first week of April, 1952, I entered the Johns Hopkins "Carry On" shop on Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md., looking for book bargains. Donations of old clothes, glassware and books from attics and closets were the items in this continuous, quasi-rummage sale.

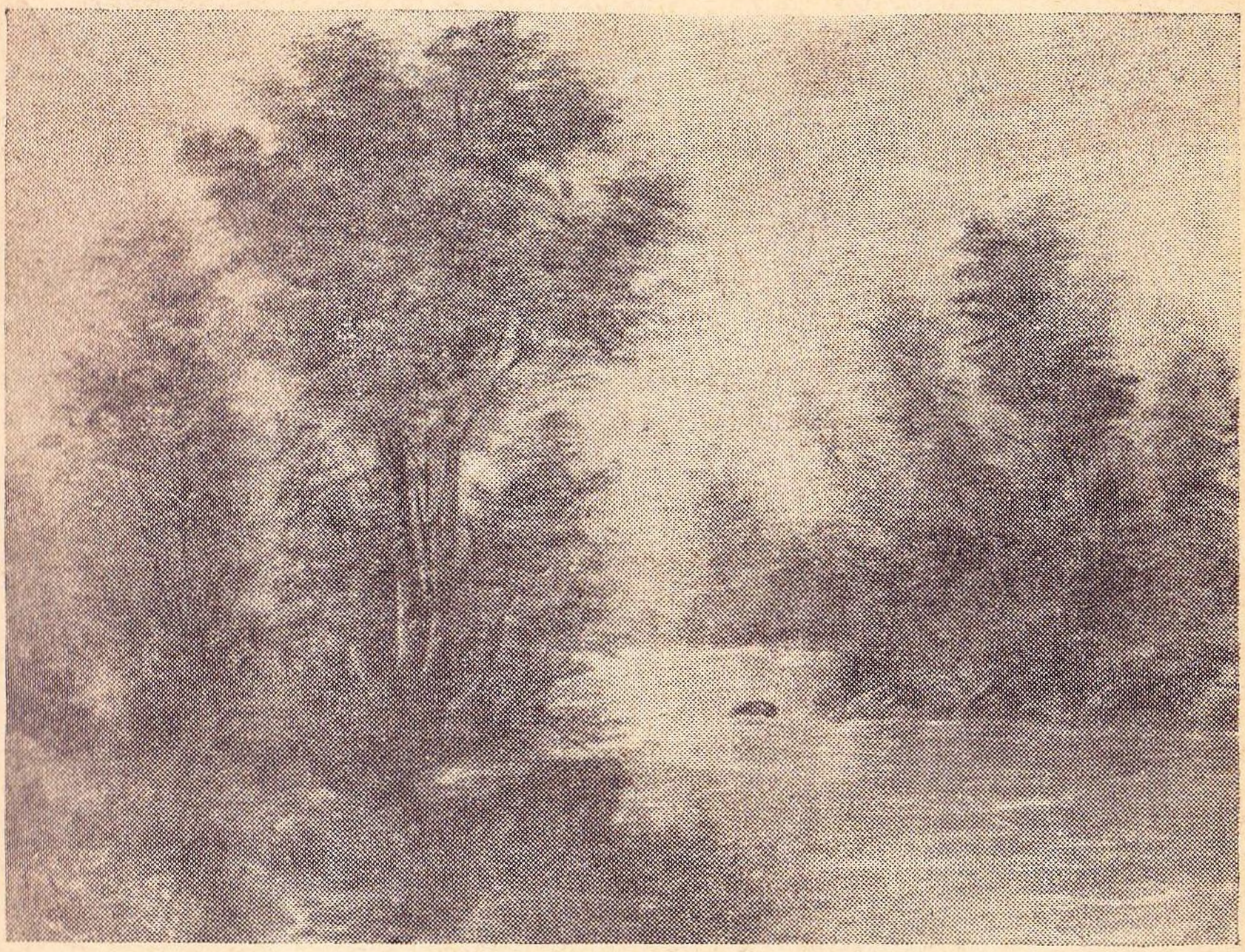
On one crowded shelf I saw, beside empty picture frames and ancient mirrors, two oil paintings which had been darkened by time. Looking closer, I decided that the blackish color scheme seemed more the work of an amateur painter than the effect of the years, though I did credit some talent to the complex gradations of shading of the burnt sienna and burnt umber pigments.

The picture was a landscape, showing trees and a flowing stream. A cleverly contrived haze was brushed not only over the distant background but over the foreground as well.

The companion canvas — obviously by the same artist — was a quiet seascape with a lighthouse done in the same burnt sienna, even more obscured by haze than the other painting.

I bought the landscape picture and hung it in my room where the spring sunlight shone upon it daily for the next two weeks. Outside the same sunlight was turning the earth green.

At the end of the first week I noticed a slight difference in my canvas — a lifting, a retreating of the haze, leaving only distant parts of it befogged. In the days that followed I saw a greenness creeping in, dispelling the greyish brown monotone. I saw the painted leaves become colored



Miracle painting — its faded foliage turned green as fresh new growth.

in magical sympathy with their living counterparts outside my window. In the painted stream faint blues and whites glittered. My scientific background suggested it was due to some chemical reaction and I decided to investigate.

I returned to the "Carry On" shop and showed the changed picture to Mrs. Danenburg, the head of the shop. The amazed lady did not recall who had contributed the two pictures (the seascape now was gone also) but she promised to let me know. From there I visited Miss Elizabeth Packard, official restorer of oils of the Walters Art Gallery. After a quick examination she reported that the clouded effect was due to mildew which the heat of the sunlight had driven out. Varnish, she added, was the usual restorer and had I, by chance, used even a drop of it anywhere upon my picture? My answer was no.

If mildew was the cause, I asked, why didn't watery discoloration appear on the back of the painting as well as the front? The

lady merely shook her head and, with an air of finality, repeated her professional opinion.

Some three weeks after I purchased the picture I was informed by Mrs. Danenburg that Mr. A. T. Jones, who kept a costumer's shop on Howard Street, had contributed both pictures to the "Carry On" shop. Mr. Jones told me that the pictures had been painted about 30 years ago by his late father, a self-instructed artist who later taught painting at the Maryland Institute of Art.

Mr. Jones was puzzled over the suggestion that mildew caused the haze in the paintings. He said he had had them hanging for years on the wall of a dry, windowless room in his shop, amid costumes whose preservation depended on a dry atmosphere.

My investigations left me more perplexed than I had been at the beginning. To date the colors in the painting show no sign of fading nor has the haze crept back from the dim sky (where it still lingers) to veil the landscape. — *George Wetzel, Dundalk, Md.*

DREAMING OF THE FUTURE

In January, 1903, when I was a girl of 18 and living at Avenbury, Herefordshire, England, where my father was Vicar of the parish, my brother invited one of his Oxford undergraduate friends to stay with us. The guest arrived in the late evening and, as he was not the first eligible young man I had met, he aroused no undue excitement in my maiden breast.

But about midnight I awoke in agitation from a dream that I was engaged to be married to this stranger. The prospect was so disturbing that I had to get up and walk around the room before I could return to sleep.

Then I dreamed a second time that the marriage was imminent and that my father and brother were objecting angrily.

I soon dropped off again and towards morning I had another peculiarly vivid dream. I was holding the hands of a little boy about four years old and he was "walking up me" in the way that children do. He was wearing a dark-blue tunic with a large pale-blue sailor collar.

That morning when I asked our guest how he had slept he replied rather rudely, "Very badly; I dreamed about you."

"And I dreamed about you!" I blurted out.

We agreed not to exchange accounts of our dreams and we avoided each other as much as possible for the next few days.

Eighteen months later I did marry the young man and my parents did object to the match (mainly on the grounds of differences in social and religious outlook).

Some years later, when my eldest son, born in 1907, was a small boy, he took hold of my hands and started to "walk up me." He was wearing a dark-blue tunic with a pale-blue sailor collar. My mother had made this garment without consulting me and it was quite unlike his usual garb.

The significance of the incident struck me so forcibly that I had to sit down hastily to keep from fainting. — *M. C. S. Holbourn, Pencaitland, East Lothian, Scotland.*

VOICE FROM THE ETHER

SEVERAL years ago, when I was given ether before an operation, I had a strange experience. I had reached the stage, just before one's mind blanks out, where the subconscious seems in full command. At this moment a very clear and natural voice spoke to me. It was a man's voice and seemed to come from my right and just back of my line of vision. It said, "My friend, listen carefully as I have an important message for you. Now this is what I want to tell you. . . ."

I strained to listen but the voice was trailing off. The ether was dulling my senses and soon I was out.

When I came out from the ether the voice and the message flashed back to my mind. I told the nurse about it. She smiled and said many patients have hallucinations under ether. I might have accepted this explanation if nothing further had occurred.

Two years later I again had to take an anesthetic. Again the voice — the same voice — came to me. It started to give me the same message and this time it got a bit further. The voice said I had been chosen to perform a very important duty and to listen carefully for full instructions. But as before the anesthetic took effect too soon and I passed out while straining to catch the words.

The message evidently comes only when my subconscious mind is correctly attuned to receive it. I may get the complete message some day. — *V. H. Knight, Lincoln, Me.*

THE FATAL SEAT

IN April, 1943, my husband, a member of the U. S. Army Air Force, was sent for 10 weeks training to the Oxygen School in O'Fallon, Ill. As I traveled with him from post to post until he was sent overseas, I took a room at the only hotel in O'Fallon.

Having lots of time on my hands, I went window shopping three times a week in nearby St. Louis, Mo. I always went on the same three days of the week and I always took the same Greyhound bus the same hour and returned on the same bus at the

same time. As the bus was usually empty when I boarded it I got in the habit of sitting in the same seat, in the middle of the bus and on the left side.

In our 10th week at O'Fallon I boarded the bus for my last trip to St. Louis and started towards my seat. But without knowing why and as though in a daze I turned around and left the bus before it started. I sat in my hotel room for the rest of the day wondering why.

The next day newspaper headlines told of a Greyhound bus crash in which an expectant mother was seriously injured and her baby feared dead. As I read on I realized it was the bus I had been on when I so strangely changed my mind. A truck had rammed into the middle left side of the bus and the injured woman quite probably was sitting in *my* seat. I can't help wondering if it was Fate. *My* baby was born three months later. — *Louisa R. Clemens, Redwood City, Calif.*

THE FAITHLESS SQUAW

In the summer of 1932 I was vacationing with my married sister, Flo, at Rocky Point, Long Island. Her charming, five-room cottage had a large, well-screened sleeping porch on the east and was surrounded by second-growth young oaks. On the second night I was awakened by the silver radiance of the full moon flooding into the porch. The brilliance was incredible and had penetrated even my closed eyes. The woods outside were immersed in that soft silver light.

As I lay looking out I became aware of a human form drooping just within reach of the screen. It was a girl clad in a fringed, white leather dress. Ebony braids lay on her breast and a beaded band encircled her brow. She was gasping and moving her head from side to side as if in intolerable pain.

To my horror I saw that blood was gushing from a hideous hole where her nose should have been. As I stared she stooped and picked up a queer knife that appeared to be chipped out of a single piece of stone. With this in her hand the girl, still bleeding, crept furtively away through the trees. I watched until she faded into the shadows which now seemed darker than before.

I was not frightened but I was disturbed. I realized what I had seen was a vision and not a reality. Finally I fell asleep again and when I awoke in the morning I had forgotten the incident.

Later that day, as I helped my sister prepare a garden plot outside the screened porch, the spade turned up a narrow band of beading — identical with that the Indian maid had worn around her head. The beading disinte-

grated when we touched it and only a small fragment remained in one piece. We laid it aside. I was telling Flo about my vision of the night when the spade struck ringingly on a stone and we brought up the stone knife which I had just described.

These curios — the beading and the stone knife — we placed in a cabinet which held arrowheads and other Indian relics.

Although we all kept watch the rest of the summer there was never a repetition of the visitation. But after I had returned to my home in California I had a letter from Flo which read:

"Vandals broke into the cottage at Rocky Point and they must have been crazy. They chopped up the tables and chairs and broke the dishes and glasses and pictures and the doors of the curio cabinet. But all they took was the bit of beading and the stone knife we turned up out in the garden."

Later a scholar of Indian lore told me that the Indians punished adulterous wives by cutting off their noses. "What you saw," he said, "was undoubtedly a victim of this barbarous custom, just after the hideous deed was done. I should not like to meet a savage woman stealing forth with that stone knife in the manner you describe." — *Eve Roe, San Francisco, Calif.*

ANCIENT MAN HAD MODERN DISEASES

DR. ERWIN A. ACKERKNECHT, medical historian of the University of Wisconsin, has found that ancient men were afflicted with many present-day ailments. Arthritis, he says, is the disease most often discovered in ancient bones. Its disfigurements have been found in the fossil remains of Neanderthal man and in ancient Egyptians.

Only a small number of diseases affect the bones and leave traces. This requires that a paleopathologist like Dr. Ackerknecht use other sources besides fossil bones — for making studies of diseases in ancient men. Dr. Ackerknecht also investigates ancient paintings, sculptured figures and X-ray photographs of mummies.

He says that one of the most striking findings in Egyptian mummies by inspection with X-rays was that of arteriosclerosis. Merneptah, the Pharoah of the Exodus, who lived in 1200 B.C., was the first historical figure in whom hardened arteries were found with the aid of x-ray.

A foot defect in King Siptah of the Nineteenth Egyptian Dynasty of 1225 B.C. indicates that he was afflicted with poliomyelitis. Other ailments found in Egyptian mummies include silicosis, pneumonia, pleurisy, kidney stones, sinusitis, gallstones, cirrhosis of the liver, mastoiditis, appendicitis, meningitis, smallpox, leprosy, malaria, congenital atrophy of the liver, and tuberculosis.

The Face Beneath



By Warrington Dawson

WHEN police investigation brings official confirmation, exact detail, of revelations made by a medium supplying information which could not be obtained by any normal means, another link is added to the chain of evidence for extra-sensory perception, or E.S.P.

A recent case has made something of a sensation in Paris.

One Friday morning a Parisian seamstress, Madame Binet, living in the Montmartre district, 2 Place J. B. Clément, was surprised when her assistant and personal friend, Madame Reine Métivet, did not report for work. On the previous evening Madame Binet had walked part of the way home with Madame Métivet who lived in the neighborhood, 10 Rue Ramey, and who, being a deaf-mute since childhood as the consequence of a serious illness, always ran some risk when venturing out alone into the streets. This was the first time in 12 years that Madame Métivet had not come to work and that same Friday evening, Madame Binet went to

the Rubble

An amazing case of E.S.P. was established when a medium's vision led police to re-examine a fallen wall.

inquire. She knocked vainly at her friend's door. There was no answer and no lights showed at the windows.

When, on Saturday morning, there was still no news of Madame Métivet, her employer went to the police commissariat of the Clignancourt Division. She expressed fear that her deaf-mute friend had met with a traffic mishap. The police replied that no accident had been reported in Montmartre during the past 48 hours, nor had there been any reported cases of assault, robbery, or personal injury.

Still, Madame Binet was not reassured and not knowing what else to do, she went, on Saturday evening, to see a certain Madame Barbier-Morin, a neighbor who, though not a professional medium, on several occasions had revealed astonishing powers at séances organized for the benefit of friends. This clairvoyant did not know the missing woman. Madame Binet consequently brought with her a photograph and also Madame Métivet's worker's card saying simply to the medium:

"I want you to tell me where this lady is and what she is doing at the present moment."

After a brief interval Madame Barbier-Morin said:

"This woman is not living. I see her lying dead and horribly crushed under a heap of old stones and bricks and rubble. The place is not far from here but I cannot tell you exactly where it is. I see a red light burning. I see a stairway nearby but she did not go down those stairs. I am trying to read the name of the street but I cannot make it out."

Madame Binet asked to know the exact location, but the clairvoyant kept repeating that it was very near them; it must be sought out. Suddenly she added:

"The body is badly mangled excepting the face which has remained uninjured. I see it as clearly as it appears in this photograph."

Nothing could be organized by way of a search that night but on Sunday morning Madame Binet returned to see the police officer

with whom she had previously spoken. After listening very attentively, he said:

"We do not usually attach importance to the visions of clairvoyants but there is something in all this which seems to deserve attention, although I fail to see what connection it could have with your friend's disappearance.

"On Thursday evening a span of old wall around the garden of the Convent of the Cénâcle, in the rue du Chavalier de la Barre, collapsed into the street but no human casualty was reported. The only passer, who assured us she was alone in the street at the time, a Madame Marcoz, had a narrow escape and one of her two little dogs was crushed. She reported the matter to us and we went at once to the spot to make sure that there had been no other victim, as well as to examine the condition of the remaining wall. That is all there is to it, as far as we know. But I am struck by two details in what you tell me of your visit to the medium, the red light and the stairway. We did mark the spot with a red lantern to warn wayfarers at night, as is always done; and it so happens that the street, being on the Montmartre Hill, has a stairway very near this spot. You may count upon us to investigate."

So it came about that the mangled remains of poor, deaf-mute Madame Métivet were discovered under the stone and brick and rubble of the collapsed wall.

Strangest of all, the victim's face somehow had escaped disfigurement. The debris of the fallen wall had jammed to create a space just sufficient to leave Madame Métivet's face smiling up peacefully, as in the photograph, and as visioned by the clairvoyant on the Saturday night when the missing woman's fate was still "unknown."

AZTEC AND MAYA RUINS IN CANADA?

ANTHROPOLOGISTS investigating ancient stonework discovered in British Columbia have announced that the finds bear a remarkable resemblance to Aztec and Maya carvings. The discoveries were made in the Fraser River valley and on Vancouver Island. It appeared certain, the anthropologists state, that a race with considerable artistic skill inhabited the region before the ancestors of the present-day Indians. Some even speculate that British Columbia may have had Aztec and Mayan civilizations long before Mexico.



Five witnesses saw him walk across an empty field — and vanish. Nobody ever found an answer to the question —

How Lost Was My Father?

By Stuart Palmer

THOUGH it may seem strange to you, for a large part of my life I prayed and hoped that my father, whom I dearly loved, was dead.

But I searched for him as fruitlessly through mediums and seance chambers as I used to search, when a child back in Tennessee, in the meadow where he . . . went. My life, until last spring, was darkened by what may be one of the strangest tragedies ever to strike a normal, moderately-prosperous country family.

I am an old woman now (in 1931) but I was 11 years old when it occurred. What happened on that peaceful, sunny September day is as much a mystery to me now as it was then. One moment my father was walking across his

To Sarah:—
On her tenth birthday,
From
her Father

Inscription (left) appears in a book given to Sarah Lang by her father. Handwriting experts say the same hand wrote a planchette message received 49 years later. Does that message, reproduced below, explain the mystery of what happened in his disappearance?

together now and forever
after many years God bless you—

field, in full view of three people besides my little brother and myself. The next moment he was nowhere!

I had been playing with my eight-year-old brother George on the lawn and Mother was standing above us on the porch. Father had just returned from a business trip to Nashville and after talking briefly to the family he had changed into his outdoor clothes and started across the field to see the horses. They were his special pride, those blue-grass thoroughbreds.

"Hurry back, Davey," Mother called after him. "You know I want you to drive me in to Gallatin before the stores close." Father waved and called back something. It was the last time — with one exception — that we ever heard his dear voice.

The sun was slanting low above the elms that lined the country road, the sky was clear and cloudless. It was September 23, 1880, and summer, in that sheltered Tennessee valley, had not yet given way to fall. Our house, a rambling, brick place covered with vines, faced south to the road. Between was the long sloping yard, its grass now brown from the late summer drought.

Down the road, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, came a top buggy drawn by an old white horse which my brother and I had already identified as that of "Judge" August Peck, a Gallatin lawyer and a friend of Father's.

George and I had begun to argue about the little wooden horses and wagon that Father had brought us from Nashville when a terrible scream rang out above our heads. It was Mother!

For a moment neither of us could move. Mother screamed again and we rushed up to her. She was staring off across the fields toward where Father was — but Father was gone. One moment he had walked in the middle of the 40-acre pasture, and the next moment he had vanished.

There was not a tree nor even a large stone in that entire field where he had been. Yet now it stretched empty under the hot sun.

Mother already was running toward the spot where she had last seen Father. Her first thought, and ours, was that there had been a cave-in and that Father must have fallen in. As we climbed the barb-wire fence George pointed down the road. Judge Peck had jumped out of his buggy, followed by a fat man in a white coat, and was hurrying across the pasture to meet Mother. The judge, standing where Father had been, spoke

2

To Whom It May Concern:

I, Sarah Emma Lang, hereby affirm and depose that I have read the accompanying hitherto unpublished account of my father, David Lang's, disappearance, and that in every detail this story is true.

Signed Sarah Emma Lang

Witnessed by Stuart Palmer

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of October, 1929 William C. Wemblang

Notary Public in and for the County of New York, State of New York.

My Commission expires March 30, 1931

first, in a voice that was reedy and thin:

"I was coming to see him. Had to get his signature on some papers. I was watching him cross the field, because I wanted to wave to him to come back. And I was just going to holler when — when —" He broke off, mopping his face.

Mother stood there, holding onto us children as if she feared that we too would be spirited away. It was easy to see that there had been no cave-in, the pasture grass was level and green.

"There must be an old well here," said Judge Peck after a moment. "There just must be."

We watched the grownups as they searched. Around and around the field they went, covering every inch of the ground. It was useless. Mother soon stopped and made us children walk with her toward the fence. Suddenly she sank down on the ground and began to laugh, her mouth all twisted and funny. George broke away and ran toward the house but I, being older, tugged at Mother's dress begging her not to laugh like that.

Judge Peck and the fat man, who was his brother-in-law from Akron, Ohio, came back and helped Mother through the fence and back up to the house. Mammy Sukie, our colored cook and friend, took us to the kitchen and kept us there. She wouldn't let us talk about what had happened, nor run back to Mother, and I couldn't help noticing, and being frightened, that her pleasant face was gray-green. I think Mammy Sukie knew that Father was gone and wouldn't come back ever.

We could hear Mother's voice upstairs; it sounded different, pitched like the high notes on the piano. I knew when Doctor Anthony came because I saw his little spotted mare being led back to the barn.

We children were put to bed early that night and for once Mammy Sukie sat and told us stories and sang "Sweet Chariot" and "Ebenezer, a Slave" and "Vandermeer's Stream" as long as we wanted her to — and after that she still sat, her rocker creaking back and forth, back and forth.

George woke me later. "Sary," he whispered, "Father isn't in his bed. And Mother is downstairs with a lot of company; everybody is just sitting there, not playing cards or anything." He got back into his own bed. "Sary," he went on, "I went to the window in the front room and there are a lot of people with lanterns out in the pasture. Are they — are they looking for Father?"

They were. The neighbors searched all that night and all the next day. But they never found a trace of David Lang. The pasture was combed from one end to the

other. They found his heelprints where he had jumped over the fence into the pasture, but that was all.

Our pasture was full of people for weeks — at first well-meaning people who sincerely wanted to help and then later curiosity-seekers.

If it had not been for the word of Judge Peck and his brother-in-law, Mr. Wade, nobody would have believed Mother and us. But there had been three witnesses, five, if you count George and me, who had seen Father vanish in the middle of a field.

Some people said that there must have been a cave-in but there was no hole. Besides, the county surveyor came and said there was limestone bedrock only a few feet beneath the surface of our pasture, with no chance of the surface giving way. One or two newspapers hinted that Father had run away. But the grass in the field had been pastured down by the horses until it was inches short — no one could have crawled through the grass unseen as they suggested. There was no place he could have hidden himself in that open field even if he had been unwatched. Wherever Father went, he went in a split-second, from under six adult eyes.

Besides, Father liked his family, his farm and his blooded horses. And if he meant to leave us why had he returned from Nashville? Father was a sensible man, almost 50 years old at the time, and he never went away of his own will — he was *taken* in a way that we cannot understand.

People, trying to be kind to us children, said, "Your father will come back in a few days." But Mammy Sukie never said that; she prayed for us and for Father every night and she gave us little charm bags to wear around our necks. "Never, never," she said, "let me see either of you child'en go out into that field again; it's a bad, bad place."

We children knew about death. But Father hadn't died. When people die there is some outworn clay to be quietly put away in the ground, with a ceremony and later a monument. Funerals help a little for they make an ending. But we had no funeral for Father, not even of the sort held for fishermen who have been lost at sea, because while one can drown in the ocean nobody can drown in a meadow.

Mother was never well after that day. For a long time she insisted that Father would return, that he would walk back the way he had gone, in his old overalls. Her hair turned white that autumn. Everybody wanted her to take us and go back to her family in Virginia but she refused. "Davey is coming back," she said, "and we must be here when he comes." Eventually she let Judge Peck rent

out the fertile farm-land.

I think now that the event must have affected Mother's mind a little. She was always gentle and kind to us but she always seemed far away. Late at night she would walk down to the meadow, in spite of Mammy Sukie's warnings, and we could hear her calling "Davey, Davey . . ." by the hour, until we fell asleep in our beds.

Autumn passed and winter. Spring came and the new tenant Judge Peck had found began planting. He wanted to plow up the big meadow but his men wouldn't work where Father had disappeared so he put his horses and cattle in there to graze, where ours had pastured before they were sold.

Mother was in bed most of the time that spring as her health got worse. Georgie and I were more and more together for companionship and comfort. One evening he came to me, his round face very serious. "Come with me, Sary. I want to show you something." I followed my little brother down the path — Mammy Sukie was in her quarters out back and Mother as usual was in her room. There was no one to stop us.

Georgie led me across the country road with its muddy ruts and we slipped through the barb-wire fence that led into the pasture — the fatal meadow which had somehow swallowed up my father. It was just after sunset and a warm twilight glow lay everywhere. I could hear the whinnying of the horses which were running in circles at the far end of the field.

I was afraid, though I tried not to show it in front of Georgie. Georgie bravely led the way. I went along, not ashamed to hold his hand. We walked straight to the spot where Father had *gone*. Suddenly Georgie pressed my hand and we both squatted down on the close-cropped grass of the pasture.

I noticed nothing until my brother pointed it out to me. Then I saw an irregular circle, perhaps 15 feet in diameter, where the meadow grass grew rank and tall and had an odd yellowish-green color. It was the exact spot where Father had disappeared. I was suddenly, terribly frightened. I had read of fairy rings but this was nothing like that. This was only a spot in the pasture where the horses refused to graze. According to George they wouldn't even walk through that circle . . . he had been watching them.

We edged a little closer. In the twilight, we both noticed the same thing. There was no living thing in that circle of grass! Everywhere else night-moths were circling and grasshoppers and crickets moved cheerfully. Even ants were busy — everywhere else. Fireflies were beginning to glow. But

in that circle, there was nothing but the sick grass.

Georgie hunted through the grass and pounced upon a cricket; a little black bug that chirped happily, even in Georgie's hand. My brother threw the insect into the circle of lush grass. Instantly it stopped chirping, and as we watched the cricket climbed quickly across the grass blades, hopping and skipping headlong out of the circle! As the insect completed its journey out it fell to chirping again, as if nothing had happened at all.

"Let's try to call to Father," I suggested. "He must be here somewhere. He must be enchanted, like the White Princess in the fairy tale. Maybe if we call . . . both of us together . . . loud enough . . ."

Huddled in the deepening darkness, we raised our voices in a wail of "Father, Father . . ." Again and again we called, hoping against hope, believing a little in magic. Only the echo of our own voices came back to us. Once more and then we would have to go — before we were missed at the house.

Then the unbelievable happened. From far, far off, in a faint, hollow and very tired voice which neither of us could ever fail to recognize, there came the voice of Father. I will swear it here and before the Last Court of Judgement!

What were the words — what did he say? How I wish I could remember but we were two small, frightened children. We could not remember, we could not hear plainly. Father's voice was strange and far-off and troubled. But it was the voice of a man — a man lost but alive, and I shall swear to that as long as I live.

"Help!" it seemed to say, and "Help!" again. But George and I could not wait, though it might have been infinitely better if we had stayed. We might have learned things long hidden from the world but we had already gone too far and with panic-stricken shrieks we both set off across the pasture for the lights of home, to pour our story into the ears of Mammy Sukie, who already was out looking for us with a lantern. We told her the story, while Father's dearly-remembered voice still rang in our ears. She shook her head and sent us up to our room. And the next day all the servants left except dear Sukie.

Of course we told it to Mother . . . in spite of her sickness. But she only shook her head. "I have heard his voice too," she told us. "I have called to him and he has answered me, but his voice grows fainter every day . . ." Mother's strength was about at an end and she was never to be up and around again. She just lay in her bed in the big front room and always seemed to be listening . . .

I realize now that our story must have got around, reviving the mystery of Father's disappearance. Other people noticed the circle of untouched grass in the middle of the pasture. Then everything happened at once. Grandfather and Grandmother came from Virginia. They insisted that the farm be sold and that Mother bring us back to her old home. Mother did not care what happened any longer and amidst the confusion of moving she died, without a last word to us. George and I did what we were told and went where we were told. We understood that Mother had busied herself with other things — perhaps with listening.

We lived with our grandparents in Virginia and went to school and grew up as children grow.

The man who bought our place, so I have heard, plowed up the pasture in hope of putting an end to the story that the place was haunted but he must have failed for I hear that until this day there is a fence around that circle of land and that nothing grows there but rank grass and weeds. I once, as a young woman, returned there. I even crept out onto the meadow to the fatal spot and cried out my Father's name. But there was no answer. Perhaps Father then had drifted deeper into that strange dimension so that he could no longer answer or hear.

This story is a famous one now. Ambrose Bierce, the writer of stories, was one of the many visitors who came that month after Father went and he wrote several of his most famous works about our mystery, cloaking it under the guise of fiction. But Mr. Bierce, whom I remember as a frightening man with angry moustaches, went off to Mexico and they say he got shot by a firing squad. Anyway, he never lived to learn the end — if it is the end — of my father's story.

My brother George, being a boy, adjusted himself more easily to our new environment and finally went off into the Army, eventually married and had a family. My brother, now (in 1931) Captain George Lang, has no explanation for the things we saw and heard as children. And I must admit that he has never had any sympathy with my attempts to find an answer, nor does he accept the answer which has finally satisfied me.

It was not strange that when I came out of the finishing school to which my grandparents had sent me — a pleasant place in Baltimore — I turned my attention toward spiritism. I was desperately determined to contact the Hereafter, to find out what had happened to my father, to locate Mother if it were possible and to see if she, beyond the veil, had learned any of the secrets.

I wasted years of time and thousands of dollars cultivating the most famous mediums — including Margery of Boston. But I was perpetually disappointed. I met two types of mediums — plain fakes, who did parlor magic with trumpets and other gadgets, and honest, sincere, inept people who got no results at all, or got messages which were pointless, foolish and childish.

Then one night I was sitting in a small seance in Philadelphia, in a group where nobody could have known my name. The medium, an elderly woman, was in trance and was giving messages that were meaningless generalities. Suddenly she paused, choked, and in a new voice spoke, a man's voice, harsh and grating. I learned later that it was the voice of a control she called "Hugo", who sometimes came to her.

"Someone is calling for Sarah, Sarah Long; I think the name is Long. It is —"

"Is it a man, is it Father?" I cried out, hoping against hope.

"No, it is a woman," continued the voice. "It is a woman very young, though all white." (I knew he meant Mother, for her hair had turned white before she died.)

"She says that she is seeking as you are seeking . . . and that she is waiting as you are waiting. And she says that you can come to her directly . . ."

That was all — the contact broke. I left the place puzzled and confused. The message had said too much or not enough. Was this a summons for me? Mother wanted me to be with her. She was seeking as I was and waiting for me to come to her even as I waited. And I could come to her "directly".

But that wasn't what Mother would have said. She would never use the word "directly" to mean "at once". Nor would she, a former schoolteacher, have made the mistake of saying "You *can* come to me" unless she meant to imply that coming to her was possible for me. I puzzled over it a long time, and then one night the whole thing cleared itself just as I awoke from a deep sleep. I had been wrong in my first guess. The message meant just what it said and no more. Mother was still seeking for Father and waiting for news of him just as I was. And she meant that I could come to her, that I was able to come to her, "directly", not "at once" but without using a third party, without using a medium!

I shall pass over the long weeks which I spent trying to develop my own powers as a medium. For a long time I wandered up and down a blind alley and then a friend gave me a planchette. I soon learned that the little piece of wood with its pencil was no toy. I received, over a period of years, numerous messages from

Mother, loving tender messages — but they bore no news of Father. About three years ago worry about financial affairs put me in such a confused mental state that I could not concentrate on the planchette and I let it accumulate dust in my closet until spring-cleaning day last spring, April, 1929. Then something impelled me to stop my dusting at 10 o'clock in the morning and take up the little heart-shaped board again. Quickly I prepared the table and the paper and pointed the same little pencil which had served me in the past.

I tried to think of Mother, the lovely young Mother I had lost so long ago. Then I placed my fingertips lightly on the wood. Instantly it dashed violently under my fingers, as it had never done before. There were meaningless scrawls and whirls but then the pencil steadied and words spread themselves across the big white page. I was disappointed for this was not Mother's neat script. I thought I had come into contact with some meddling, malicious spirit . . .

But the message, strange and unfinished, seemed to have a meaning. "Together now," it began. "Together now and forever . . . after many years . . . God bless you." That was all and the planchette was quiet under my fingers. What on earth — or outside of earth — could it mean? I waited in vain for another hour and then put the little apparatus away.

A thought came to me. Feverishly I went into the closet and opened the lock of my little hair trunk, which had come all the way from Tennessee with me. In it were the souvenirs of my childhood, the school-prizes and dance-programs and pressed flowers and books which were all that remained of dear, bygone days. Finally I found it — a little volume of Charles Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, faded and discolored by time. But there should be — and there was — an inscription on the flyleaf: "To Sarah, on her tenth birthday, from her Father." It *was* in the same handwriting as the scrawled message I had received from the planchette that morning! Later a handwriting expert said it is so.

I have been happy since in the certain knowledge that my father is now dead. I have laid the planchette away forever for I know what I need to know. Mother and Father are together now in the World Beyond, after the nightmare years of separation.

Where my father was, during the 49 years that elapsed between his strange passing and his "death", I dare not think. I shall know some day and that will be soon enough.

(*Note: Ambrose Bierce, the famous author referred to by Miss Lang,*

based three short stories on her father's strange passing, one entitled "The Difficulty of Crossing a Field!" In his introduction to the volume "Can Such Things Be?" in which the three stories first appeared, Bierce quoted from the work of a Dr. Hern, an Austrian scientist and physicist whose theory of space, he thought, may offer some explanation of the phenomenon.

Bierce says: "Dr. Hern believes that in the invisible world (about us) there are void places . . . holes as it were through which animate and inanimate objects may fall . . . and be seen and heard no more. A man (enclosed in such a void) could neither see or be seen, hear or be heard, feel or be felt, neither live nor die . . ."

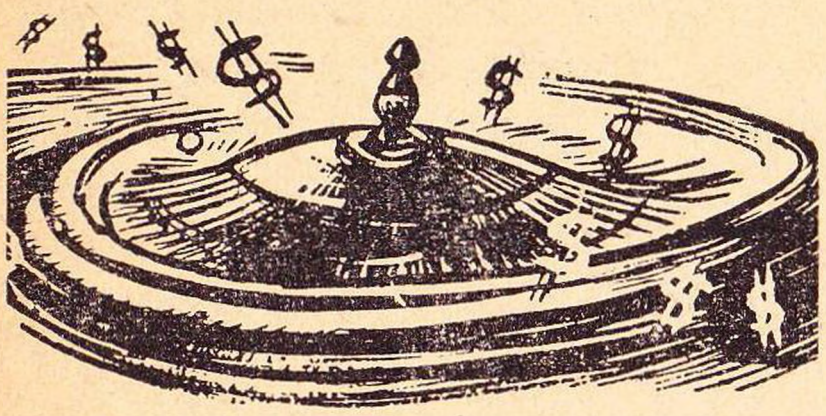
Which, as Bierce went on to point out, has one flaw. "This theory does not explain all the occurrences related in this memoranda; for example, the sound of Charles Ashmore's voice." (Charles Ashmore was the fictional name given by the author to the character of David Lang.)

Charles Fort in his quartet of books dealing with the Unknown recounts dozens of similar cases, though not I believe has he ever come upon the Lang case or anything quite so neatly concluded. But a student of Clark Sellers, perhaps the nation's foremost expert in handwriting and the study of questioned documents, has said that there can be no question but that the inscription on Miss Lang's childhood book and the planchette writing are by the same hand. They are reproduced here, together with Miss Lang's original affidavit as to the truth of her story. She also refused to take any payment whatever. S.P.

WEATHER AND CRIME

In Vienna a group of doctors and meteorologists announced they have discovered that certain weather conditions produce psychological effects. They explained that Austria's warm, dry wind, called the "foehn," arouses tempers and makes people reckless, resulting in an increase in crime, accidents and suicides, a decline in school examination grades, and an increase in deaths during surgical operations. A spokesman for the scientific group added that weather forecasts in the future might also be accompanied by predictions regarding crime waves, accidents and epidemics.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• Interviewed in 1950, on his 100th birthday, Samuel Panton, of Oakland, Calif., described pipe smoking as his only bad habit. The other day he died of burns suffered when sparks from his pipe set his bathrobe on fire.

• In Brownwood, Tex., an advertising salesman for the Frazier Publishing Co.'s traffic safety manual was arrested for driving without a license, making an illegal turn, driving on the wrong side of the street while drunk.

• Teaching his three pet parrots three phrases paid off handsomely for Leovigildo Perez, of Bogota, Colombia. Returning home he found three would-be burglars standing in the patio of his house, their hands held high, while the birds yelled: "Hands up," "Don't move," "Whoever makes a move will be killed."

• In Washington, D. C., the trial of nine persons on gambling charges was halted when one of the jurors was arrested on a warrant charging him with gambling.

• In Toronto, Can., sons were born during the same week to the Sleigh, Snow and Snowball families.

• A truck in Le Mans, France, carrying seven tons of eggs skidded and overturned. Only 24 eggs were broken.

• Mrs. L. W. Swims, of Clarkston, Ga., bought a pair of used Army pants in a Decatur store and, when she reached home, found her husband's initials and serial number inside. He had turned them in at Tacoma, Wash., when he was discharged the previous year.

• Army engineers at Camp San Luis Obispo constructed a dummy building to be burned down in a demonstration during Fire Prevention Week. It burned to the ground — accidentally — 18 hours before the demonstration was to take place.

• Barney Myers, of Saginaw, Mich., a soil conservationist who spends most of his time showing farmers how to keep topsoil from washing and blowing away returned from his vacation to find rains had washed out his driveway.

• A druggist of Felpham, Sussex, England, won a prize at a garden festival. When he opened

the package he found a box of pills.

• Mr. Dry won a bottle of whisky at a dance held at Eastcote, Middlesex, England.

• Twice Gertrude Giersch, of Sydney, Australia, has gone through the wedding ceremony only to discover that her husband was a bigamist. Now at 52 she only recently discovered that her second mate never divorced his first wife.

• In Fort Hood, Tex., Capt. Stanley L. Martyniak and 2nd Lt. Mike W. Tipps, both Army Finance Officers, reported for a medical examination complaining of itchy palms. It was discovered that both are allergic to printed money.

• After his teacher told Anthony Foti, 15, of Jamestown, N. J., that only a broken leg would be a valid excuse for missing the following day's exam, he went out to play football — and broke his leg.

• Sheldon Buck, of Paden City, W. Va., who can't stand the smell of a buck and chokes at the sight of a doe, has to leave town every year when the hunting season nears. He's allergic to deer and to anyone who has touched a deer.

• A businessman in Toronto, Canada, left his new automobile in a downtown parking lot and returned to find that a large sign from overhead had fallen and bashed in the roof. The sign read: "Cars Left at Owner's Risk."

• In Pittsfield, Mass., Mrs. John J. McCluskey, president of a Mother of Twins Club which she had organized, gave birth to triplets.

• A fire truck in Mount Vernon, O., on its way to fight one of 11 field fires, started two more fires when the engine's locked emergency brake threw pieces of hot metal into dry grass.

• In Cedar Rapids, Ia., a small boy went to sleep in a movie theatre. When he awoke everyone was gone and the doors were locked so he stayed all night. The name of the movie was "The Big Sleep."

• While Washington, D. C., police were investigating a robbery of the apartment of Victoria Olczak, a door knob was seen to turn slowly and quietly. Outside was a man holding a pair of pliers. He was arrested and charged with house-breaking.

• H. B. Stuck is president of a Fort Worth, Tex., firm that makes adhesives.

• Thieves in Fort Worth, Tex., took $114 from the office of the Jacksboro Drive-In Theater, where the feature playing was "Everything I Have Is Yours."

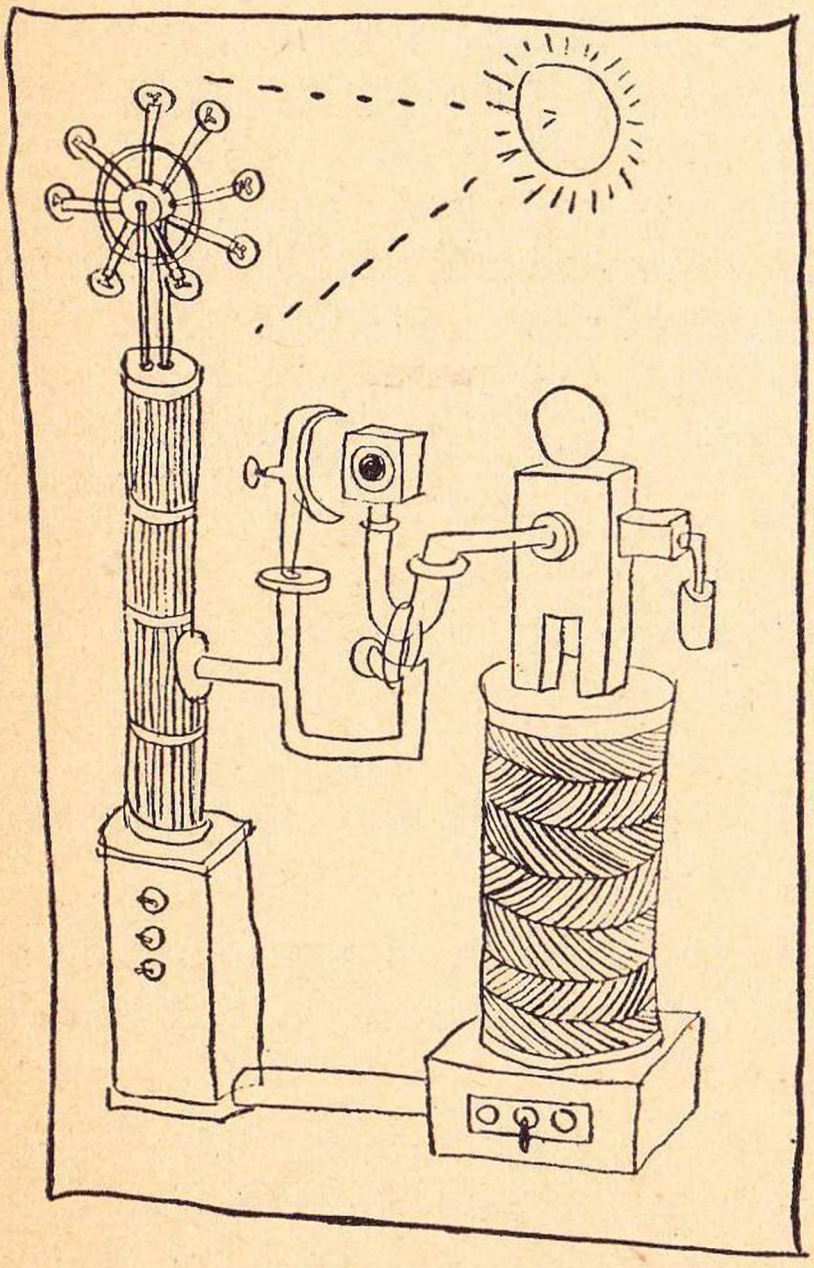
— *Paul Steiner.*

Inspirational writings received by

Californian could hold clue to ancient civilizations.

VOICES OF THE SILENCES

By Sidney O. Burke



Drawings of unknown machines received by author might be ancient equipment whose secret has been forgotten, some persons believe after studying them.

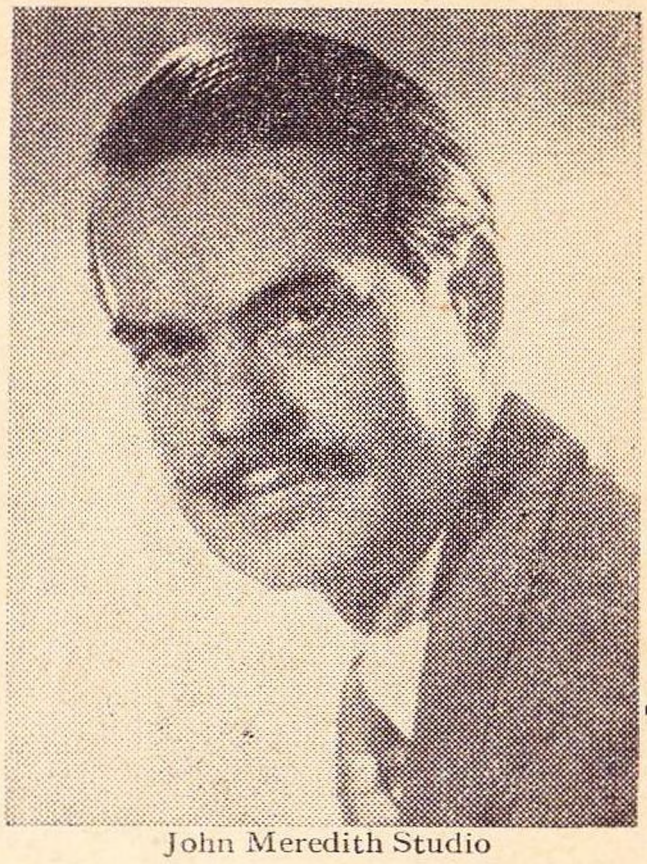
IT HAS been said by ancient philosophers that "coming from afar are the voices of the silences." The human consciousness, preoccupied with everyday problems and experiences, rarely is attuned finely enough even to be aware, much less record, these whisperings which, I am sure, come to all of us in more or less degree.

It long has been a practice of mine to review each evening, with my mind's eye, the events and activities of the day and to weigh their importance. I do this immediately after retiring, comfortably relaxed in bed, with all lights extinguished. At such time I am able to view the day with a detached calmness and to contemplate recent occurrences objectively.

A little over two years ago, during these quiet periods of re-

SIDNEY O. BURKE

The author is art director for the big West Coast advertising agency of West-Marquis, Inc., and is president of the Los Angeles Art Directors Club. He has worked as an artist or art director in Dallas, St. Louis, Houston, Portland, New York and San Francisco. Some of the important advertising accounts he has worked on include Pet Milk, Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Canadian Pacific, Standard Oil of New Jersey, General Electric, Shell Oil, Safeway Stores, Colliers, and Lockheed Aircraft.



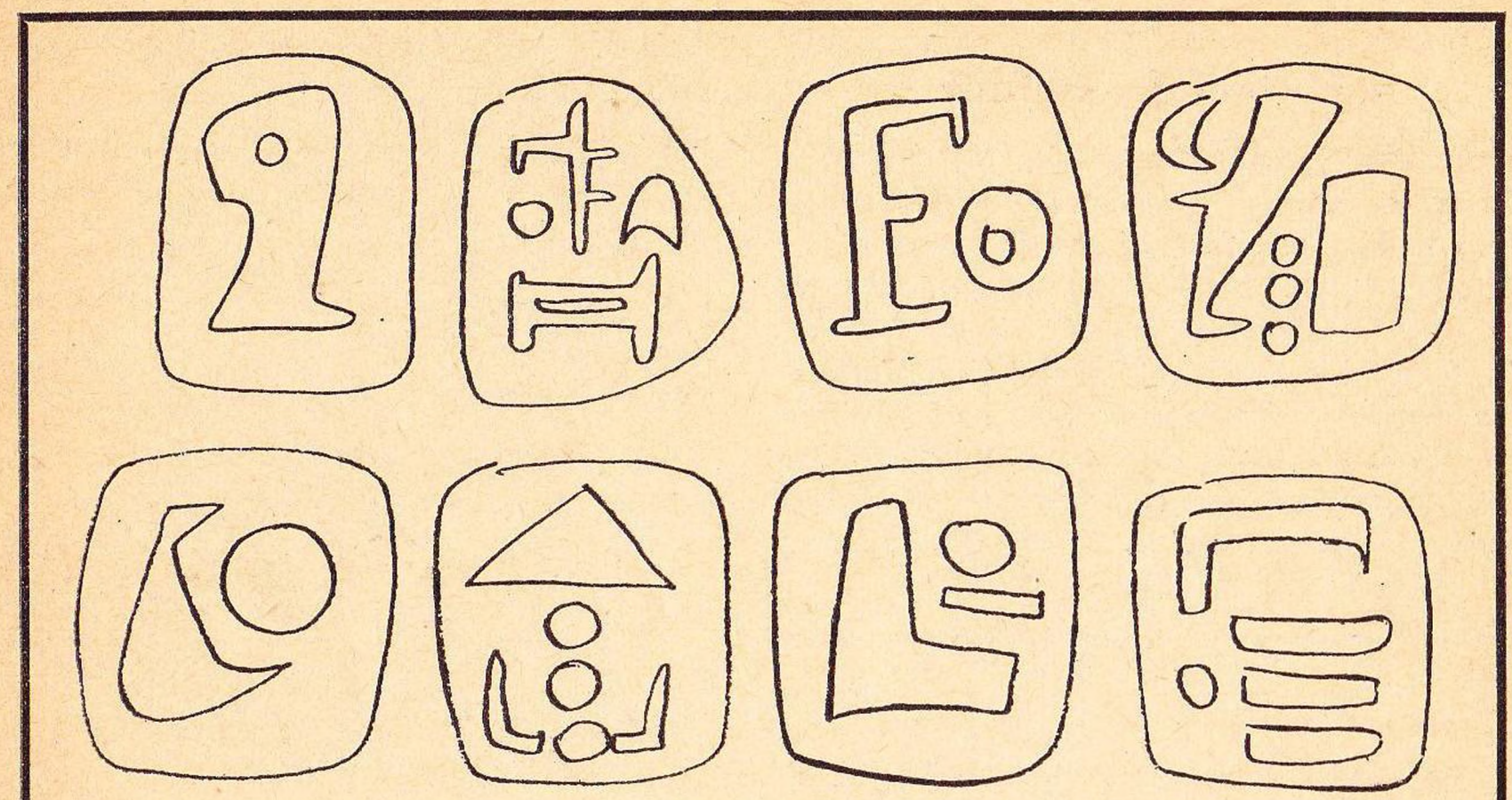
John Meredith Studio

viewing, I began to notice a series of unfamiliar markings, shapes or hieroglyphs appearing before my eyes. At first I paid no particular attention to these strange symbols, being immersed in remembering the day's events but they appeared so consistently evening after evening that I could no longer ignore them. My first reaction was one of curiosity only but their repeated appearance aroused in me a feeling of interest enhanced by the fact that I could find no conscious relation to any part of my daily life.

As I explored further, I found that I "saw" the hieroglyphs with my eyes open in the darkened room or with my eyes closed. It did not seem to make a great deal of difference. Either way they continued to appear — always from left to right — very rapidly, as if on a moving screen or tape.

Usually they were visible in colors of incandescent pink or light blue upon a darker blue background. Sometimes, though rarely, the markings would be dark blue on a golden background. These fascinating appearances became an almost nightly occurrence and would continue as long as I cared to concentrate upon them.

Vastly intrigued with these visible writings from the invisible, I tried to put them down on paper. As they appeared before me I attempted to record them faithfully on a large pad of paper I had placed on the night stand by my bed. Writing them down was difficult at first due to the rapidity with which they appeared and disappeared. Also, since I wrote in a dark room, the hieroglyphs overlapped one another and the



Although Author Burke is a commercial artist, he has no conscious recollection of ever having seen hieroglyphs like those he draws.

results were, to say the least, somewhat jumbled and erratic. But my interest kept me trying and the clarity and ease with which I put them down increased with each trial.

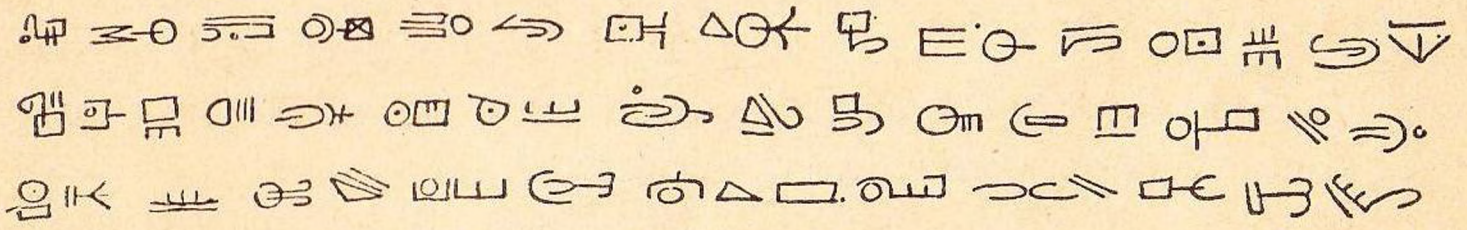
I continued for many nights to write them down in the dark. Then, one day while studying the symbols I had seen with such clarity, but recorded rather imperfectly, I decided to try to write them with the lights on. I did this. At first I would close my eyes, see the hieroglyphs, open my eyes and try to record faithfully all that I had seen. But they appeared so rapidly that the transition caused by opening my eyes resulted in a more unsatisfactory recording than the former method of writing wholly in the dark. After puzzling over this for a few days I was led to try another method — that of keeping my eyes open while viewing and writing at the same time. This proved most satisfactory.

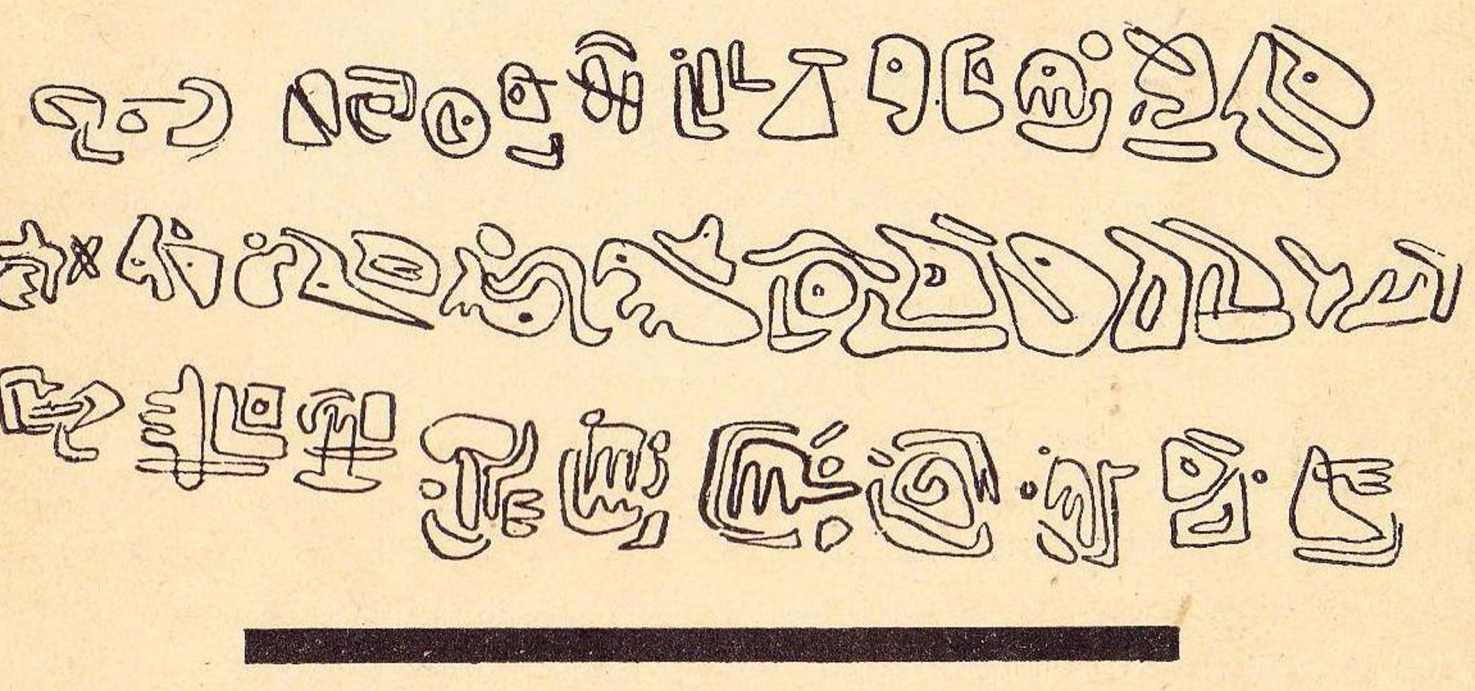
Now I found that I no longer *saw* them as formerly, in the dark or with closed eyes, but they were impressed upon me mentally and I could write them down at the same time. This eliminated a transitory step and the appearance of the markings on the paper became clearer and more positive in character. I have continued to receive and record the symbols in this manner. I can write them whenever I feel so inclined and I now can control the rapidity of the impression.

All of this, you must remember, is written when I am fully conscious and perfectly aware of what I am doing. Although I am totally unfamiliar with these characters and drawings and have no idea what they mean, I continue drawing them because they are so fascinating and interesting. I always experience a sense of adventure when I sit down to write them because I never know what I will write.

Shortly after I began to write in the light my impressions were broadened to the extent that I began to draw other things than hieroglyphs or markings. Buildings, structures, pyramids and machines — the machines rather weird in concept, I must admit — entirely different from the begin-

Samples of some of the different scripts received by Mr. Burke are being studied by archeologists. They vary from the earliest types of picture-form writing to apparently highly developed alphabetical scripts.





ning lines of the strange writings. Sometimes a page of numbers placed in squares or circles took shape on my paper. Or, again, columns with characters written upon their surface. Occasionally the strange machines would have marginal notes — all in symbols — alongside. Then there might be page after page of abstract and wonderful shapes intermingled in an intricate pattern from edge to edge of the paper. Some of these I felt in color and began to use colored pencils that increased the intriguing quality of these transcriptions.

About this time I met, through a mutual friend, Dr. Lorraine LaVani, lecturer and world traveler. She has been, I was told by my friend, teaching for 50 years and conducting research in psychic phenomena. Also my friend told me that Dr. LaVani is one of the most advanced teachers that she knows of in this country.

I made an appointment with Dr. LaVani and when I visited her study found a most warm and "down-to-earth" woman. As I sought her counsel on an entirely different matter I did not mention my drawings but during our conversation Dr. LaVani asked me,

"What about your doodling?"

"Doodling?" I said. "You mean my drawings?"

"Yes," she replied. "They are a little like doodling. I would like to see them."

I was surprised, of course, because I had told no one of these drawings and had shown them to no one.

The next day I took them in to Dr. LaVani, who looked at them and said I must continue — that she was most interested in them and felt that I was writing something of great importance.

I asked her what she thought they were. She told me that I was beginning to bring forth an ancient lost language. Also in the drawings, she explained, were plans for machinery used by the ancient Egyptians and machines which will be used by our new scientists.

She then told me a little of her prophecies regarding the finding of a new pyramid and she said that in some of my drawings are maps and plans of this pyramid, the truth of which will someday be proven by archeologists and Egyptologists.

I asked about doing research along these lines and she cautioned me against it, as she felt it would interfere with the clarity with which I was receiving.

This was about ten months ago. Encouraged by Dr. LaVani's interest and understanding I have continued to write and draw these strange symbols, plans and pictures and I now have many pages.

Through Dr. LaVani I met a student of hers, Dr. John Wilson

Gregory. He has been interested in languages and Egyptology for some time and has many contacts with university professors and scientists in the United States. Dr. Gregory had photostats made of some of my drawings and sent them to Dr. Mario Pei of Columbia University, Dr. William Edgerton of the Oriental Institute of Chicago University and Dr. Gourevitch of Syracuse University. He also has helped to compile and organize these drawings under the direction of Dr. LaVani.

I constantly search in my mind for some association that might reflect these writings and drawings but am unable to find any. Born in the early part of this century, my formal education was brief. I was graduated in a class of six from high school in a small town in Texas. Thereafter my inclination toward art led me through various steps into the field of advertising art and I have followed that profession over much of these United States to where I presently am located in Los Angeles, Calif.

Although my vocation as a commercial artist has familiarized me with thousands of visual forms, to my conscious knowledge I have never previously seen anything resembling these which I have been drawing. They have come, and do come to me, fresh and unheralded — my only concern is to reproduce them faithfully and to record them clearly.

SAUCERS IN HAWAII 1000 YEARS AGO

THE Hawaiians claim to have known about flying saucers for 1000 years and even to have a name for them — *akualele* or "flying spirits." They describe these flying spirits as appearing in many shapes and colors, just as are sighted today — balls of fire, cones, and saucer-shaped discs.

THE TRAVELING DRESS

DURING a storm in the West End section of Richmond, Va., a dress belonging to Mrs. S. M. Sauer was blown off a clothes line and whirled into the sky. Several hours later Mrs. Earl C. Butler, who operates the apartment building in which Mrs. Sauer lives, drove to the home of a friend in Barton Heights, more than two and a half miles away. As she climbed out of her car she noticed a water-soaked dress lying on the sidewalk. She recognized it as belonging to Mrs. Sauer.

HAS ATLANTIS BEEN FOUND?

By L. Sprague de Camp



IF WE assume that Atlantis existed where would be the most logical place to look for it? Not down on the bottom of the Atlantic, for modern geology is convinced, from movements of the earth's crust, that no such large area as Atlantis is supposed to have covered could sink practically overnight. A continent would take millions of years to disappear, so Atlantis would have had to

Was ancient Tartessos, engulfed by the mud

of the Guadalquivir River, the true city of Atlantis?

start sinking back before the Pleistocene period when our ancestors still sat on branches.

Why not look for Atlantis on *terra firma*, among the ancient cities which we know did exist but of which today no traces remain? The likeliest of these is the mysterious city of Tartessos or Tarshish which stood about 20 miles northwest of Cadiz along the coast of southwestern Spain. Cadiz is the oldest surviving city in the world. It has existed under the same name, with continuity of population and culture, for the longest time. Older cities like Babylon and Thebes have been abandoned and depopulated in the course of their history and so can not count. But Cadiz is still flourishing.

In a sense, Tartessos *was* Atlantis. At least that seems the most rational solution of the double "mystery" of Tartessos and Atlantis.

Some 3000 years ago a ship crept along the Moroccan coast. On her left rose the brown Riffian hills; on her right sparkled the blue Iberian Sea. Aboard her were traders, the greatest of their day: hook-nosed, black-bearded, swarthy men in kilts and jerseys. If you had asked them what manner of men they were, they would have told you, in a Semitic speech full of rasping gutterals, that they were Canaanites of the city of Zor, or as we should say Phoenicians of Tyre.

The ship was little more than a large rowboat with a pair of steering-oars and a single mast in the waist with one square sail. She could not tack against the wind. When the wind blew the wrong way she sat in harbor, held by a doughnut-shaped anchor-stone on the end of a rope. When there was no wind the crew unshipped oars and heaved their way slowly over the glassy sea with mighty grunts.

As she was a merchantman and not a war-galley, the crew was small even for so tiny a ship: probably less than a dozen men. In the small, covered space at the stern she carried a cargo of perfume and spice from Arabia, of glassware from Sidon, and of Tyrian textiles dyed with the purple pigment of the murex, a spiny sea-snail of the eastern Mediterranean.

On the ship sailed, seeing her way by means of the eyes painted

on her bow. Now the coast trended northward and then back eastward. The seamen exchanged looks. Had they come to the end of the sea?

No; the coast fell away in front and they saw that they were rounding a peninsula with a rugged hill rising from its interior. And then ahead, looming over the sea, the men saw what looked like a tall rounded island of rock.

They sailed north and found that the immense rock, like a monster's egg, was part of a slender point of land that jutted out from a low-lying coast that stretched away on both sides. The two points, with their guardian mountains, looked too regular to be natural. They were more like pillars erected by the gods as a gateway — perhaps by the lion-slaying hero Ba'al-Melkarth.

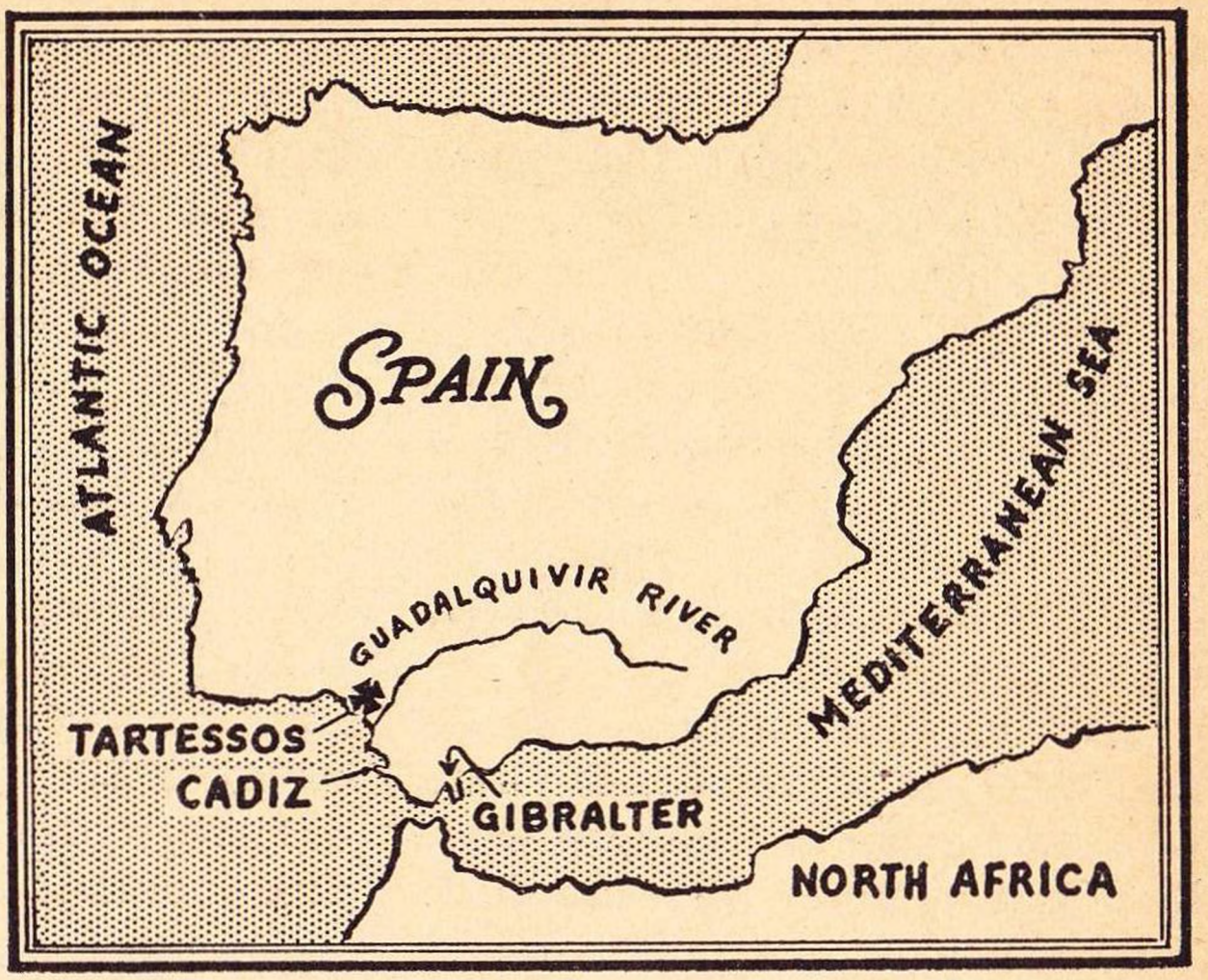
The Tyrians tied up beside the Rock of Gibraltar in the land-locked harbor of Algeciras. They learned strange things about this new country. The sea behaved oddly. It flowed, but not uniformly like a river. It rose and fell and changed direction twice daily, and in flowing it set up vicious whirlpools. One of these caught the ship and whirled it round and round until the frantic Phoenicians rowed clear. A crewman with a reputation for diving went down to look for pearl-oysters and had the wits scared out of him by an enormous octopus, which fortunately was as frightened as he.

People came to gape, short dark men wrapped in voluminous cloaks of coarse black wool. The eyes of the Phoenicians gleamed at the sight of bangles and bracelets of silver and gold. But though the crew spoke a score of dialects none could make anything of the landsmen's gabble. At last by sign-language and sand-pictures the natives conveyed the news that a great city lay three days' sail to the west and that the king of that city was their ruler also.

The Phoenicians set out again. Their stout hearts sank as the strait opened out into a limitless waste of waters. The sea rose and boomed night and day against the flat beaches. The captain wondered if he had misunderstood, but the sight of other ships, of curious design, heartened him. There appeared to be a real seaport somewhere along this low coast.

Then they saw a huge walled city rising from a large flat island that blocked the estuary of a broad river, so that the river issued by two mouths, one north and one south of the island.

Cautiously the Phoenicians crept into the port. The people received them cordially and told them the name of their city which in the Canaanitish tongue became "Tarshish." The river was the Baitis or Baetica — the modern Guadalquivir.



To the ancients, the land beyond the Pillars of Hercules was strange and unknown. When the first Phoenicians discovered Tartessos, they found a great civilization.

The Phoenicians' eyes popped at the extraordinary metallic wealth of the place. The people were loaded down with ornaments of gold and silver and their temples were adorned with these metals as well as with ivory and bronze. The king kept his wine in silver jars and fed the royal hogs in a silver feeding-trough. Tartessian rule extended along the coast for hundreds of miles in each direction. The people were called Turduli and Turdetani — perhaps separate tribes, perhaps different forms of the same name as that of the Tartessians.

The Phoenicians brought out their Sidonian glassware and other trade-goods, a little at a time to extort the highest prices. Into their ship went ingots of gold and silver. The captain had acquired the largest weight of precious metal that he could safely carry in his cockle-shell before he had exhausted his own goods. How to carry more of the stuff?

"Cast an anchor-stone of silver," said a sailor and it was done.

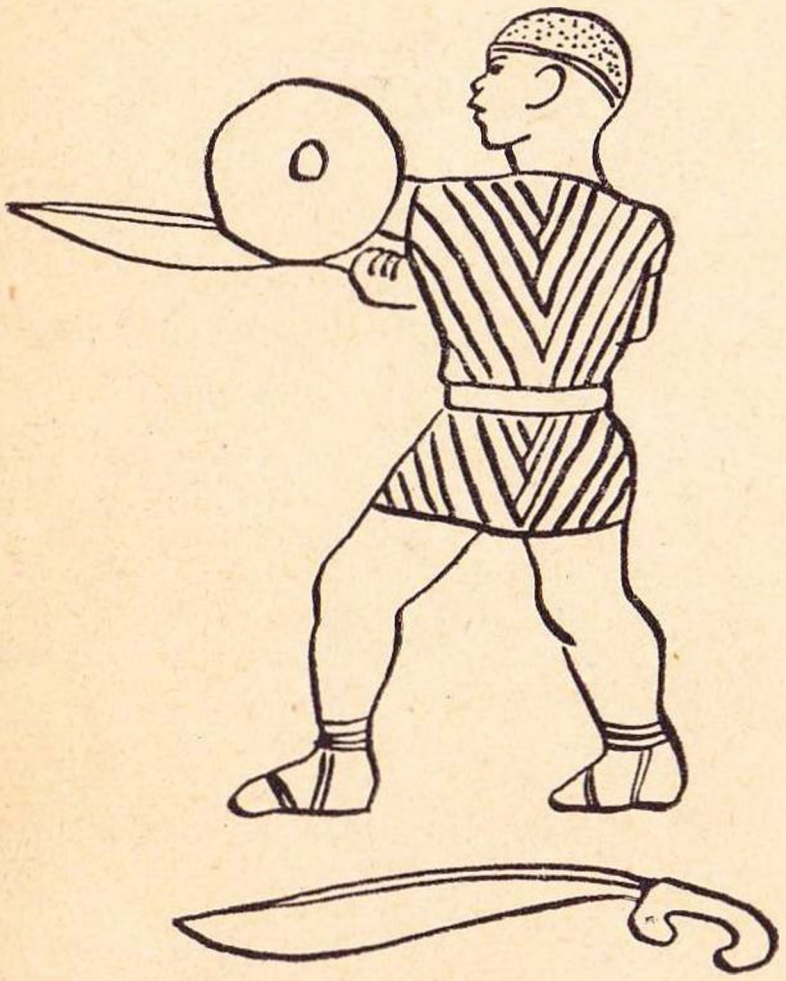
Where, the captain asked, did these folk get all this silver? From the mines of silver mountain, said the men of Tarshish, pointing northwest. The gold and the copper? From other mines. The ivory? From the Berbers across the strait, by trade.

The tin? That came from islands in the sea, many days' sail away. They pointed northwest. One sailed until one came to lands of

fog and storm, inhabited by savages who painted themselves blue. With luck one made the round trip in four months.

Had ships from the east ever visited Tarshish before? Yes, they said; in the time of their great-grandfathers, ships had come from the east to trade, manned by small, clean-shaven, long-haired fellows in breech-clouts who called themselves Minoans.

The captain nodded. Those must have been the men of Crete who had ruled the eastern seas. But Cretan power had vanished. The half-barbarous Achaeans had seized the government both of Crete and of its mainland colonies.



Tartessian soldier looked like this, according to statue found at Osuna. The double-curved sword was typical.

Then the wholly barbarous Dorians had overwhelmed the colonies, while in Crete the capital of Knossos had been leveled by an earthquake. . . .

But the Phoenician captain was strictly a businessman and not interested in history. He hoisted his silver anchor-stone and sailed away, crawling back along the North African coast and hoping to keep his fabulous cargo secret until he was safe again in the harbor of Zor.

Though the Phoenicians were close-mouthed about their trade-routes, news of this amazing city of silver leaked out. Phoenician sailors carried the news to Greece, where civilization was beginning to revive after the Dorian disaster. The Greeks, descendants of those Achaeans and Dorians who had put down the might of Knossos, were not yet a trading or seafaring folk. They raised cows and sheep, lived on roast meat and bread and resinous wine, and butchered each other or anyone who irked them. Some decades previously a whole war-band of them had gone off to sack the old city of Troy in Asia Minor, which had been sacked before and would be again before it vanished.

But the Greeks were beginning to borrow from the Phoenicians the invention of writing which the Phoenicians had adapted from the Egyptians. They passed around the stories of the wondrous city in

the West, and by the time they wrote down these stories they had much distorted the original. The hills of Gibraltar and Ceuta became the Pillars of Hercules, the Greek version of Melkarth. The tides of the Outer Sea were noted. The whirlpools around the Straits were personified as a monster:

'Neath it the deep black water is
swallowed by mighty Charybdis.
Thrice in the day she doth swallow
it down and thrice she rejects it.

The octopus that terrified the diver became:

. . . Skylla, a howling and horrible monster . . .
Round her a dozen of feet she is always waving suspended
Six long and sinuous necks before her and each one
Beareth a head terrific with teeth in threefold order . . .

About this time (ninth century B.C.) Greek poets began stitching together lays of the Trojan War and the homecomings of the heroes of this war into several major epics. Two of these epics have come down intact to modern times, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Both are credited to Homer, which may have been the name of one of the poets who compiled these collections, or may have been a name adopted by or applied to a whole school of them.

The authors of the *Odyssey*, in any case, used the story of Tarshish. (In Greek the name became Tartessos, with a masculine case-ending, as Greek has no *sh*.) They sent their hero, Odysseus, to Tartessos after his escape from the island of the nymph Kalypso, only they called it Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians or Phaiakes.

Meanwhile a flourishing trade had sprung up between Tartessos and Tyre. In 970 B.C. Hiram ascended the Tyrian throne. The more barbarous Canaanites of the interior, 12 tribes who called themselves Hebrews or Israelites after their mythical progenitors Heber and Israel, had banded together into a single kingdom. The shrewd Hiram cultivated good relations with these fierce Bedouin shepherds under their aggressive King David (which was not hard since both spoke dialects of Canaanitish) and even better relations with David's son Solomon. Hiram and Solomon formed a trading syndicate operating a fleet in the Red Sea and another in the Mediterranean. Hiram furnished the seamen and ships and Solomon a guard of his warlike subjects.

The Mediterranean fleet sailed to Tartessos, taking three years for the round trip, and returning with "gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks." The gold and silver were from mines in the mountains back of Tartessos. The

ivory was probably from the Moroccan elephant, a smallish variety of the African elephant later used by the Carthaginians in war and hunted to extinction in Roman times. The monkeys were from Gibraltar or from Africa, while "peacocks," *thukkiyim*, is perhaps an error for *sukkiyim*, "slaves." Tin for making bronze, brought from the Scilly Isles off Britain by the Tartessians, also figured in this trade.

The Phoenicians did not merely trade with Tartessos. They set up a trading-post of their own 20 miles southeast, on a small island at the mouth of the small Guadalete River. This post, established about 1100 or 1000 B.C. shortly after their discovery of Tartessos, they named *Ha-Gadir*, "the hedge," perhaps meaning that they fortified it with a stockade. The Greeks later called it Gadeira or Gades, whence modern Cadiz.

In the latter half of the ninth century B.C. events in Tyre affected the future of the whole Mediterranean. When King Metten I (or Matgen or Mutton) died about 851 B.C., his son Pygmalion and his daughter Elissar (the latter with the backing of her husband Akerbas) contended for the throne. Pygmalion had Akerbas murdered and Elissar fled with her followers to Cyprus and thence to the North African coast near some other Phoenician colonies. She bought a tract from the local Berber chief, Iarbas, and founded "New City" or Karthadshat — our Carthage. Carthage grew rapidly and soon extended its authority over Utica and the other neighboring Phoenician cities.

Then in the seventh century the barbarous Gauls or Kelts crossed the Pyrenees and invaded Iberia. They daunted their foes by rushing upon them stark naked, howling and waving long iron swords. In a few decades they conquered most of the tribes of central Spain and set themselves up as a ruling caste. But they were probably not very numerous for they soon mixed with the subjugated peoples, who were thereafter known as Keltiberians.

While the Keltic invasion of Iberia was going on the Greeks made their first contact with Tartessos. About 631 B.C., according to Herodotos, a ship from Samos bound for Egypt under Kolaios was blown far out of its course by a storm and ended up at Tartessos. The Samians disposed of their trade goods to the Tartessians and made the enormous profit of six talents, or more than $75,000.

The Greeks had now taken to the sea. When the population of a city became uncomfortably large a band of the younger folk would set out to colonize some distant part of the Mediterranean or the Black Sea. Thus the men from Phokaia in Greek Asia Minor founded Massalia, our Marseilles,

about 600 B.C. Soon after, they too arrived at Tartessos where they found King Arganthonios ("Silverlocks") reigning. Herodotos says that he lived 120 years and reigned 80 of them, which probably means that there was a dynasty of two or three kings of the same name. García thinks the Phokaians reached Tartessos as early as 700 B.C.

Arganthonios was delighted with his visitors and invited their whole nation to settle in his land. When they declined he gave them money to build a big wall around Phokaia.

Then in 546 B.C. a Persian army appeared before Phokaia. Its general, Harpagus, demanded submission to the all-conquering King of Kings, Kurush or Cyrus. The Phokaians asked for time to think it over. When the Persians withdrew the Phokaians, despite their fine wall, crowded into their ships and rowed away. Hearing that Arganthonios was dead they settled in Corsica and after a hard-fought war with the Etruscans and Carthaginians they moved again to the coast of Italy.

The cities of Phoenicia had now lost their independence, first to the Assyrians, then to the Babylonians, and finally to the Persians. The Phoenicians of Gades, having trouble with the native Iberians, the invading Kelts, the competing Greeks, and perhaps with their Tartessian neighbors, called in the Carthaginians to help. As a result the Carthaginians began conquering all of Andalucía in the seventh century. They destroyed the Spanish city of Mastia and built "New Carthage" (modern Cartagena) in its place.

About 500 B.C. the Carthaginians reduced Gades itself to subjection. They sent out two great expeditions through the Pillars into the unknown West. One, under Admiral Hanno, sailed down the African coast to a place he called Kernë (probably Cape Arguin) where he set up a trading-post. The other fleet, under Himilco, sailed north to the Tin Islands where the Tartessians had been trading, thus opening up direct Phoenician trade with Britain.

And Tartessos disappeared. It may have been abandoned as a result of the silting up of the Guadalquivir estuary, which became a vast malarial marsh, Las Marismas. (*Editor's note: It may also have been overwhelmed with river floods, eroded away, or even sunk, since it was low land anyway. This would have added to the legend that Atlantis had sunk beneath the sea.*)

But, more likely, Himilco or some other Carthaginian stormed the city, massacred and enslaved its people, pried loose its ornaments of gold and silver and ivory, and leveled and burned the rest. There is no record of the destruction of Tartessos; it simply dropped

out of history. But it dropped so thoroughly that later generations were not sure where it had stood. (*Again evidence it probably sank.*) Roman geographers confused it with Gades and with Calpe and Carteia near the Pillars. If the Carthaginians did destroy it they did as effective a job as the Romans later did on Carthage.

This, however, was not the end of the Tartessian people. Those who did not live in the city struggled under Carthaginian rule for the next three centuries. When the Romans came, after the Second Punic War, the Tartessians, less warlike than most Spaniards, hired Keltiberians to fight for them. But they were conquered again and, like most Iberians, Romanized.

Lost Tartessos had another echo in Classical literature. A century and a half after it disappeared the Greek philosopher Plato started to write a trilogy of dialogues expressing his ideas about ideal government. To make his theories more palatable he proposed to present them in the form of fiction. He imagined that, 9,000 years before, there existed an earlier Athens embodying all the perfections that he described in *The Republic* and that this land of virtuous heroes defeated an invading army from a continent in the Atlantic Ocean, which thereafter had been sunk by Zeus for the pride and avarice of its people.

Plato never finished his trilogy; he completed the first dialogue, *Timaios*, and got halfway through the rough draft of the second, *Kritias*. In these dialogues, however, he set forth his tale of Atlantis, taking ideas from various sources.

For instance, the year before his own birth, in 426 B.C., an earthquake had shaken Greece and the earthquake wave had inundated the little island of Atalantë. Also, the demigod Atlas was connected in legend with the Western Ocean which people were hence beginning to call "Atlantic." There was said to be a huge steep pointed mountain with a perpetual cloud-cap out there, named after Atlas. This was probably the volcanic Pico de Teyde on Tenerife in the Canary Islands, but it got mixed up with the mountains of Morocco which are still called the Atlas range. There were rumors, false but probably spread by the Phoenicians to frighten away trade competition, of great unnavigable shoals in the Atlantic west of the Pillars. And there was the story of a great walled city glittering with precious metals which stood on an island in the Far West and mysteriously disappeared.

The Atlantis story was a tale of great impressiveness and lasting charm.

How much of this is fact and how much fiction?

The part about the first Phoenician ship creeping up to Tartessos is of course pure surmise. Some such ship must have made some such voyage about then, but no record remains. The part about the silver anchor-stones and feeding-troughs is stated in ancient literature. We do not know whether the Cretans got to Tartessos, but *they might have!* The connections between Tartessos on one hand and Homer's Scheria and Plato's Atlantis on the other are conjectures, but informed conjectures. Tyre and Gades and Carthage and the voyages of Hanno and Himilco are from ancient history.

It fostered many controversies and speculations; at least 2000 books and articles have been published on the subject. While there remain many possible alternative explanations of the Atlantis legend, the Tartessian one seems, at least to me, by far the most reasonable.

In ancient Greek and Roman literature there are only about 14 specific references to Tartessos, plus 13 (to "Tarshish") in the Bible, some of which may refer to Anatolian Tarsus or even to a port of doubtful identity on the Red Sea. For instance Jonah was bound for Tarshish when he was given the heave-ho.

We do not know where the Tartessians came from. Though in some ways they were like other ancient Spaniards, they differed in others. They buried their dead instead of burning them, and sailed the sea when most Iberians were landlubbers. Their language differed from that of other Iberians also, though that tells us little because we do not know what the Iberians spoke. At one time, probably, there were many people of Berber stock in southern Spain, who therefore spoke a Hamitic tongue, while in the north to this day live the Eskualdunak or Basques whose language is completely unrelated, as far as linguists can tell, to any other on earth. Presumably much of Iberia spoke languages of the Basque type until the Romans imposed their Indo-European tongue on the whole peninsula except for the Basque-speaking strip in the northeast.

Arrianus, a second-century Greek historian, said: "Tartessos was a colony of the Phoenicians," but this is probably the result of the confusion of Tartessos with Gades. Strabo says: "Ephoros says the Tartessians report that Ethiopians overran Libya as far as Dyris [the Atlas Mountains] and that some of them stayed in Dyris, while others occupied a great part of the seaboard." That sounds as though by "Ethiopians" the Tartessians meant Berbers, which implies that they were not themselves Berbers. Some recent historians have suggested that the Tartessians were Iberians with a

ruling caste of Kelts, but this is impossible because the city was a going concern before 1000 B.C. whereas the Kelts only invaded Spain after 700.

In the 1920's Professor Adolf Schulten of Erlangen University, helped by the archeologist Bonsor and the geologist Jessen, dug up what he thought, according to Strabo's directions, was the site of Tartessos. All he found were a few blocks of masonry which, he thought, indicated two former cities, one dating from about 3000 B.C. and the other from 1500 B.C., and a golden ring with inscriptions inside and outside in an alphabet resembling the Etruscan. The inside inscription consists of one word, something like *psonr* or *khonr*, repeated three times as if it were a magical spell.

That was all. They could not dig further because of the water-table, so Schulten concluded that the remains of Tartessos had sunk deeply into the mud of the Guadalquivir estuary. Other archeologists have doubted that he dug at the right site, or even that the city ever existed, despite the statements of Classical historians.

If we assume that Tartessos was the prototype of Scheria and Atlantis, we can combine the common features of these fictional cities with what little we do know about Tartessos and ancient Spain to get a pretty good picture of this lost city.

It stood on the island at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, surrounded by a great circular wall in which light and dark stones were set in a pattern, like a mosaic. The harbor was crowded with ships, mostly high-sided sailing ships built for the rough Atlantic waters, perhaps with leather sails. The temples and palaces were decorated lavishly with gold, silver, ivory and bronze.

Male Tartessians wore short hip-length purple-edged tunics, and over these big black woolen cloaks such as Spaniards continued to wear almost to the present. These cloaks sometimes had hoods and were buckled around the neck. The men wore their hair long or cut short in a bristling black crew-cut. Most of them shaved.

The women wore brightly colored, ankle-length dresses and over them mantles with hoods and pointed tails and sleeves. They dressed their hair in elaborate coiffures, sometimes with horned headdresses about which they wound black veils much like the more modern high comb and mantilla. Others went in for crazy hats with fantastic wheel-shaped extensions over the ears. Around their necks they wore several big ropy necklaces with golden pendants.

Spanish soldiers carried shields, either small and round or larger and rectangular or eliptical. A

poor Spaniard protected his head with a cap of woven sinew; a more prosperous one, with a plain bronze helmet; a rich one, with a bronze helmet with a triple purple crest. The rich warrior might also wear a corselet of overlapping bronze scales. He fought with a bow, a sling, javelins, a spear, or a sword. His sword might be either a straight double-edged broadsword like the Roman *gladius* or a single-edged double-curved weapon like the Turkish yataghan or the Nepalese kukri. Spanish armies specialized in fast hit-and-run tactics; "guerrilla" is appropriately a Spanish word.

Early Greeks and Romans in Spain found in the people the same qualities that later visitors have attributed to them: that they were sober, haughty, brave, independent, stoical, and indolent. When besieged they fought to the end, often committing mass suicide rather than surrender. But they fought each other as grimly as they fought the invaders and so were easily subdued piecemeal.

Today the Tartessian region is inhabited by people a little taller and broader-headed than most Spaniards but otherwise not very different from them. The ancient Tartessians seem to have differed in other ways from the Iberians: hospitable to extremes, intrepid mariners and much given to pleasure and luxury. As Homer's Phaiakes say of themselves, they loved "the feast, the lyre, the dance, change of raiment, warm baths, and love." They were a cultured people; as Strabo says: "The Turdetanians are ranked as the wisest of the Iberians; and they make use of an alphabet, and possess records of their ancient history, poems, and laws written in verse that are 6000 years old."

At least two alphabets, generally similar to the early Latin and Etruscan alphabets, were in use in pre-Roman Iberia. Neither has been deciphered, though an inscription on a vase has recently been given a tentative reading as *gudua deitzdea*, "battle cry."

For centuries the Tartessians worked their fabulous mines, reared their temples and palaces, raised cattle and sheep, and sent ships to the Scillies for tin. They worshipped the sun-god Neton at Acci, the Dawn-god at Ebura, and moon-gods elsewhere. They ruled the neighboring Elbisini, Ileates, Oretani, and Cilbiceni, and dominated or were allied with the powerful Mastians on the southeast coast of Spain. And they got a lot of fun out of life. Then the Carthaginians came and it was as if they had never been.

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

Things in the Sky

In the last week of January, 1953, at 1:45 p.m., I saw a pink-colored flying saucer moving high over the ocean. I watched it for about three minutes until the mountains came between us.

Less than a month before this two crossed over my back yard. They were silver-colored and very large. The one on the left passed under the other and came up on the right. Then they turned left again and disappeared over the mountains side by side.

One week later, at dusk, I saw a flying saucer in the hills near my home. It seemed to be looking around. It would come up in sight and stand still, then go down in a ravine and come up again. It did this four times and then streaked off.

After you have seen that pulsating metallic glow once, nobody talks you out of it. — *Madge Nippert, Buellton, Calif.*

I always scan the sky for peculiar cloud effects and as a result of this I at last have seen a

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saucer. It happened at 2:14 p.m. on January 17, 1953. I stopped walking and looked at my watch. Then I took up a position where a light pole near the center of the street gave me a check on the movements of the saucer both ways.

The saucer was between me and the sun, so close that I had to shade my eyes to eliminate the glare until the saucer moved away from that position. It was white in color whereas an airplane in that position, even if of polished aluminum, would be black on its shadowed side.

When first seen the saucer appeared to be standing still. I waited to see if it were coming right at me but when it slowly started to move it went sideways to my point of view — toward the east. Then it stopped and turned southeast. I watched it move under a small cloud and head in the direction of Long Beach. The saucer was then quite small but, being white, was still visible.

It then turned sharply around and returned near to where I had first sighted it. It turned north, moving slowly until some planes went up. I don't know if the planes were after it but it was then that the saucer sped up and turned reddish. Other planes came into sight and the saucer sped northwest so rapidly that it soon disappeared. The planes,

which all looked black to me, returned.

I did call the saucer to the attention of a man sitting at a table in the park. He turned around, looked, got up and watched. Then he thanked me for having called his attention to it. Some men playing chess would not even look up! They said they didn't believe such things! — *Alson Secor, Hollywood, Calif.*

At 6:35 p.m. on March 12, 1952, my mother told me to come outside and see what she thought was a flying saucer. I went outside and to my amazement saw, in the southwestern sky, a dull, orange-colored, oval-shaped object. I watched it for five minutes and then returned to the house.

I went upstairs and watched the object through my bedroom window. The object grew smaller and smaller though it seemed to stay in the same position. Finally it disappeared.

What I saw may have been a flying saucer. The only thing that makes me doubt this theory is that the object never moved — just faded away. — *Robert Bidlingmaier, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Early in September, 1947, I was driving my car through Weber Canyon near Morgan,

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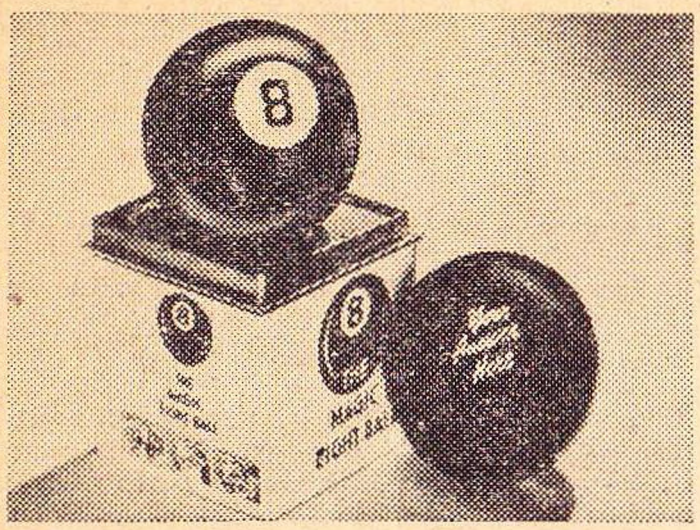
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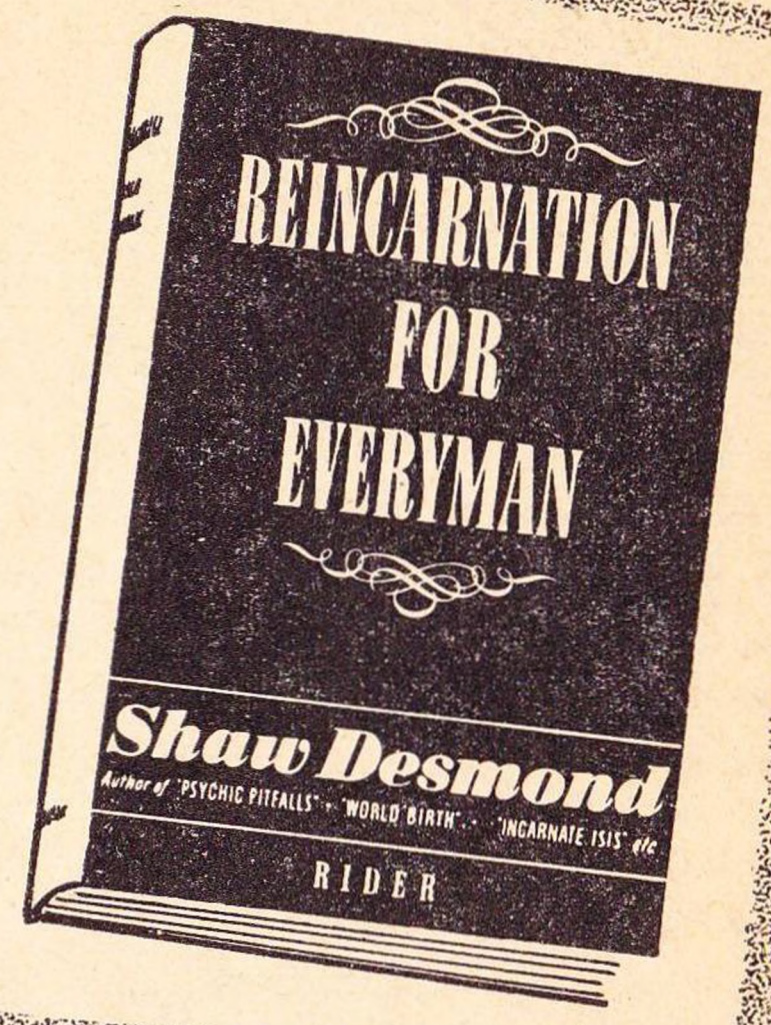
Utah, when I saw a moving object at a 10 o'clock position in the sky. It was about 1:00 p.m. and the day was bright and cloudless. The object was silvery in color and showed up clearly against the dark-timbered east side of the Wasatch mountains.

I took particular note of the object because I have been very much interested in aircraft ever since I saw the old Wright biplane back in 1911. I worked on planes for five years at Patterson Air Force base in Ohio.

The object was moving north and had no wings, stabilizers, rudders, or engine nacelles. I pulled my car to a stop at the side of the road, got my binoculars out of the glove compartment and rolled down the windows on the north side of my car. By that time the object was in front of me at a 12 o'clock position and at an altitude of about 15,000 feet. It appeared to be about the size of a cigarette when held out at arm's-length and had a shape like a C-54 fuselage.

My experience with aircraft told me I wasn't seeing a plane, blimp or dirigible. The object's speed seemed comparatively slow, about that of a cruising transport. When it reached a two o'clock position I had the sudden impression that I saw two rows of windows along the side. This impression was so slight and fleeting that I couldn't swear to it.

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Then, owing to the perspective, the object appeared to grow shorter and shorter. It was against a background of more timbered mountains on the north side of Weber Canyon. As the object moved further north its silvery color showed up against blue sky. It was almost round now as I was looking at the tail end of it. I still could see no wings, rudders or engine nacelles, all of which would have been visible on an ordinary aircraft.

Low hills on my right finally blocked my view of the strange craft. I'm still wondering what it was. It made no noise and gave off no smoke, flames or vapor — nothing to indicate its method of propulsion. — *Frank J. Falkner, Phoenix, Ariz.*

Cosmic Ray Theories

I read "The Devil's Tramping Ground" in the February issue of FATE with much interest.

Some years ago I witnessed a demonstration of cosmic rays. An apparatus like a switchboard was used to produce sparks which were visible intermittently and were accompanied by a loud crackling sound like the discharge of a high tension current.

According to investigation, perhaps not generally accepted, cos-

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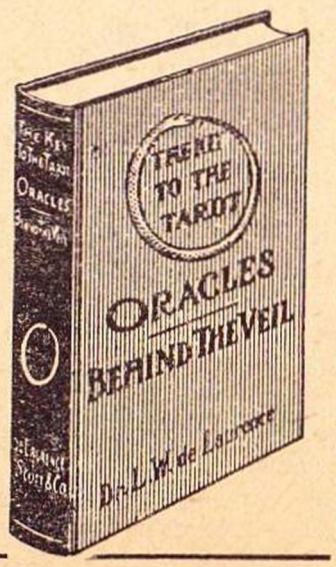
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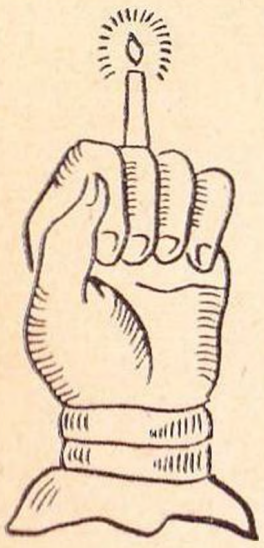
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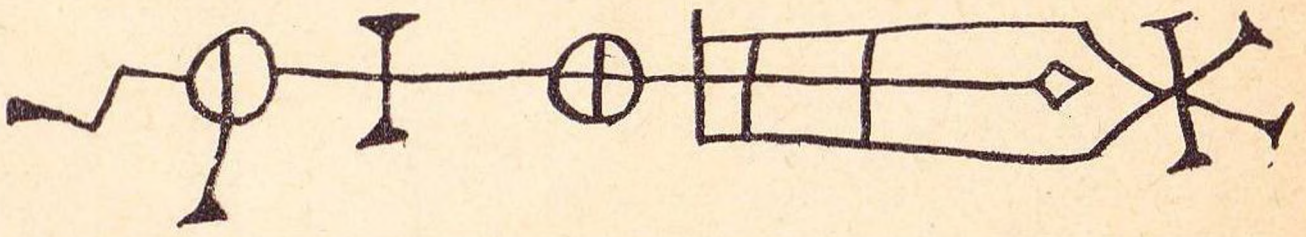
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mic rays bombard the earth more in some places, less in others and not at all in certain spots. Since cosmic rays are of such high frequency that we are unaware of them unless we use a suitable apparatus, it is possible that in the spot called the Devil's Tramping Ground the earth is sterile because cosmic rays fail to hit it. In other words, the earth is not vitalized for lack of cosmic ray precipitation.

I am only expressing an opinion. — *Rudolph G. Ochs, Toledo, O.*

In the February issue of FATE I find in the Report from the Readers column a theory that fireballs may be responsible for some of the unexplained cremations which have been happening for lo, these many years. Now just what a fireball may be, or what causes it, I do not know. But a few days before I received my copy of FATE I read in an article the casual statement that scientists accept the theory that cosmic rays (which penetrate everything) can and do occasionally explode inside human beings.

It occurred to me that should a positively charged cosmic ray find itself passing through a negatively charged human body there might indeed be an explosion. Something on the lines of the irresistible force and the immov-

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able object idea. It also occurs to me that it is possible a positive cosmic ray meeting a positive human body might be even worse. But then I'm no physicist and frankly don't know which would be more destructive.

One thing I feel sure of, if a cosmic ray exploded inside a human body there wouldn't be very much of the body left. The action, being instantaneous, might leave the surroundings relatively untouched by the usual signs of fire.

When you consider the tremendous amount of heat required to cremate a human body, it would seem that little short of an explosion could do it. It's just an idea I'm submitting, from which someone who knows more about it than I do might possibly evolve something worthwhile. — *Mignon Woodward Hoffman, Greenville, S. C.*

Scientists tell us that matter — which includes the human body, of course — is mostly empty space. They draw an analogy to the vast gulfs between the planets of our solar system. Cosmic rays, which are analogous to comets or meteors, flash through this empty space at the speed of light and at this speed, according to theory, they have enormous mass. If a really big comet or meteor hit the earth at the speed of light, the result would make an exploding H-bomb look pale in comparison. Now if a cosmic ray struck the nucleus of an atom in a human body and started something comparable to a nuclear chain reaction, it certainly does seem that we would have another cremation mystery to report! — R. N. W.

Re: Magnetism and Sleep

I am happy to confirm the statements in regard to magnetism and sleep by Edgar S. Payne in

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the April issue of FATE. I have made many experiments in this field and have found it to be a fact that one sleeps better with the feet pointing south. For the past 25 years I have not been sick and always felt well rested even if I sleep only four or five hours a night. — *B. Zielinski, Los Angeles, Calif.*

In the April issue of FATE I read with interest the letter from Edgar S. Payne. FATE readers may be interested in some experiments I have conducted on the effect of magnetism on the human body.

It is commonly believed in scientific circles that the body cannot feel magnetic lines of force. This is not so.

I have found that if I take a magnet, preferably a strong one such as an Alnico magnet, and move it back and forth vigorously close to the region of my solar plexus, after a time a tingling or drawing sensation is felt. Sometimes, if long continued, it becomes unpleasant because it seems to contract the muscles of the stomach. The feeling persists for some minutes after the motion is stopped. People who are completely relaxed, particularly children, can feel it quickly.

The magnet must be kept in motion to get the effect. People who at first are insensitive to

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magnetic currents gradually acquire the ability to feel them. I believe that moving the magnet generates small electrical currents in the muscles and nerve tissue of the body and they respond just as they would to electric current from a battery.

This tends to show that Mr. Payne is correct in sleeping with his head to the north. The Yogis have practiced this for centuries and claim to benefit greatly from it.

The ability of the human body to feel magnetic currents offers an explanation of how homing pigeons and migratory birds can

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fly their courses with such unerring accuracy. The muscles of their bodies apparently respond to the magnetic lines of force cutting across them as they fly along and they are able to feel the direction of the current flow. Up to now, scientists have not been able to offer any satisfactory explanation as to what organs of these birds respond to magnetic lines of force. It is well known that the birds become confused by the radiated electro-magnetic waves when close to a radio broadcasting station. — *Mayne R. Coe, Jr., Riviera Beach, Fla.*

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Experiences with ESP

Relative to the article on ESP by Dorothy Pope in the April issue of FATE, I have been experimenting with ESP since college days. As the result of my personal experiences I prefer to separate the so-called mystic or psychic phenomena from ESP. There may be a relationship but I am not prepared to trace this.

My mother and I were always in sympathy with each other. When I felt low I was sure to receive a telephone call from her to cheer me up. I generally took the initiative when she was troubled. I accepted these things as the natural interplay between mother and daughter. Now I realize that we had a precious gift.

At six o'clock one Wednesday morning in January, 1953, I was startled by a voice saying in my ear, "She's gone! This is it!" I was anxious and confused because I did not know what had happened or who was meant. When my husband arose I persuaded him to telephone all his brothers and sisters. Since we were not given to purposeless telephone calls, they were astonished but reassuring.

For some reason the thought that the warning concerned Mother did not enter my mind. I had planned to do an errand for her that day but she phoned that it was already attended to.

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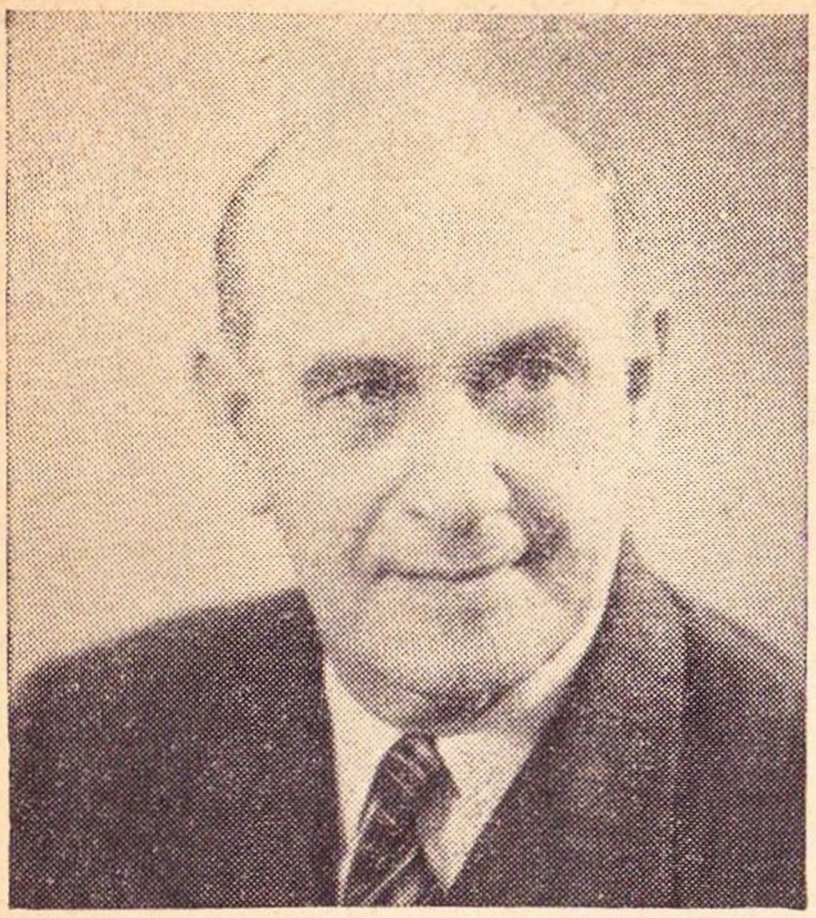
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Not wishing to infect her with my disquiet, I remained home.

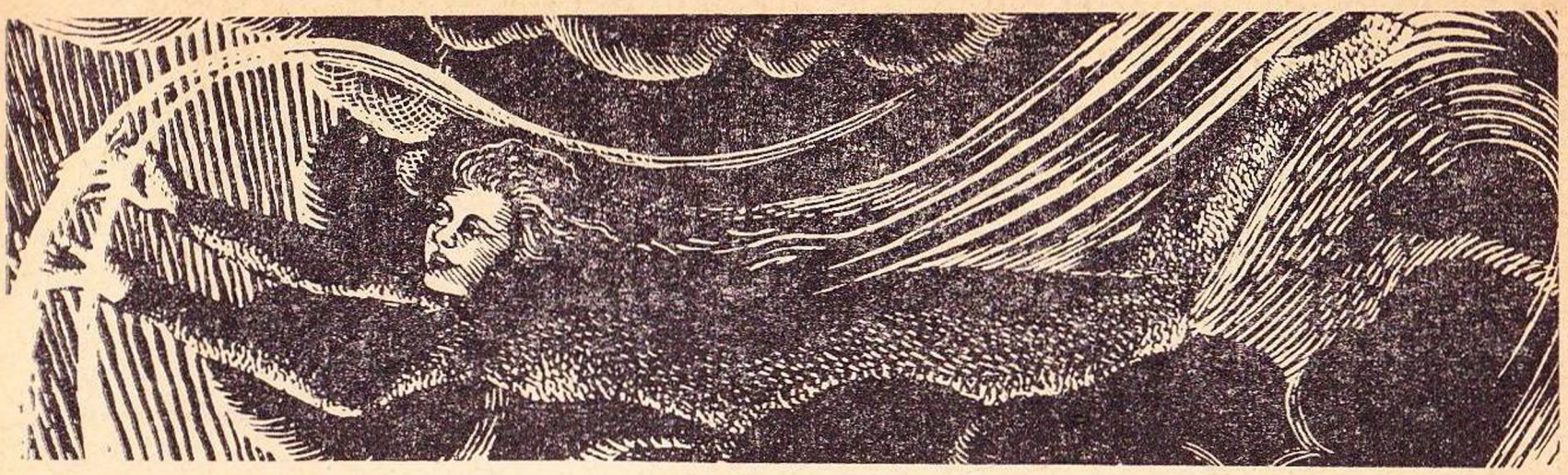
All that day I was distraught and far into the early hours of the next day I was wakeful. Then I received a call notifying me that Mother had been fatally stricken. She had been ailing but was generally considered to be recovering. Too late I realized that I had received telepathic information which I had misinterpreted. This supports my contention that the development of ESP consists of learning to recognize and interpret perceptions.

A visit to Mother's empty apartment gave me no perception of her presence. It was empty and strange. Our rapport should have drawn her back were there anything to the Spiritualist concept. I have an open mind, however, and should I find that communication does continue, I shall tell the world. — *Martha Hyde, Chicago, Ill.*

Taking a Flyer

Am going to take one of those flyers that I am wont to do every now and then — some good, some not so good.

Has it ever been suggested or mentioned that the Mormon Tablets found by Joseph Smith in New York State might have been left by the Incas, Mayans or some other old civilization? — *A. B. Elliott, Greenville, S. C.*



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He "Scried" It

I have read in the March issue the article "Is America the Birthplace of Man?" The inscription reproduced on page 87 I examined for a full hour. I came to the conclusion it is a form of "picture writing."

Perhaps it could have been said that I "scried" it. It certainly reads from left to right. I submit the following interpretation:

"The king (came down) descended from his throne and journeyed towards another seat. Time passed, corn was ground, horned animals were hunted near the camp. Speed (haste) was made to the high city where the king (collected) married his bride. The woman's loins were fruitful."

The sign is given of the descent of an ego into matter, but indication of sex is lacking. However, the interpretation is given for what it is worth. There is a smattering of modern Chinese and Japanese in the writing, but I know neither. — *J. P. J. Chapman, Parkstone, Dorset, Eng.*

Visit to a Seance

I have been mildly interested in Spiritualism for many years and have an authentic experience to relate. It occurred in 1925, in San Diego, Calif., during a seance conducted by a trumpet medium named Mrs. White.

It was my second visit to her

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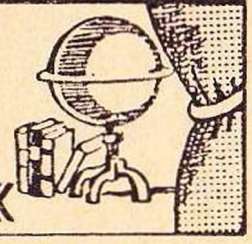
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seances and my "Indian Guide," who had been assigned to me at my first visit, announced that my mother was very ill and that he had been trying for several days to help her but without success. However, he said, he was going to try again that evening.

I went home and wrote to my mother, asking her if there were any significance about that date and the time, 9:00 p.m. She replied in a few days, and much to my surprise, that there was.

She had, she wrote, gotten blood poisoning in her right arm and on the date in question had given up all hope of saving the arm. Indeed, the doctors had told her that her life was in danger.

On that date and at the time given she lay down and went to sleep for the first time in several days. She awoke after an hour or so and found her arm much better. It continued to improve and within a few days was completely free of infection. — *L. M. Button, Riverside, Calif.*

Danger in Automatic Writing?

I have been an occult student for some time and I am perturbed at the increase of articles such as "How to Develop Automatic Writing" by Horace Leaf in the April issue. This practice, along with hypnotism, use of the Ouija board, table-tipping and such, is disintegrative and dangerous, es-

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pecially if an individual attempting them is naturally psychic. Mr. Leaf should have added that practice of automatic writing may lead not only to mental dissociation but also to possession and obsession.

There are positive and negative ways of developing the psychic senses and I believe everyone should acquire positive knowledge which does not include destroying their individuality. It must be admitted that when some entity is writing through another's hand the writer is not controlling himself. And when an individual allows himself to be hypnotized he is surrendering his will to another.

The positive occultist is at all times in control of his mind and will. I write this in the sincere hope that those who may be contemplating a test of automatic writing will not attempt it without taking precautions. Those who wish psychic development can contact a good occult school and while this entails serious study and mental application, the results will *not* be negative mediumship. — *Kay Nester, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Correct Spelling

First let me tell you how much I enjoy FATE. I have been a subscriber from the first.

In the article "Prophecies I Have Heard," in the April issue,

Jeron King Criswell mentions Bayard F. Spalding. I wish to mention the error in spelling Mr. Spaulding's name and to refer you to his book, *Life and Teachings of the Masters of the Far East.* The spelling on this volume is Baird T. Spaulding. — *Elizabeth P. Van Sciver, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Pleasant Gripe

I have just one gripe to make about your FATE Magazine! It should be a weekly or daily instead of a monthly. A truly fascinating magazine! — *Doris Wise, Santa Barbara, California.*

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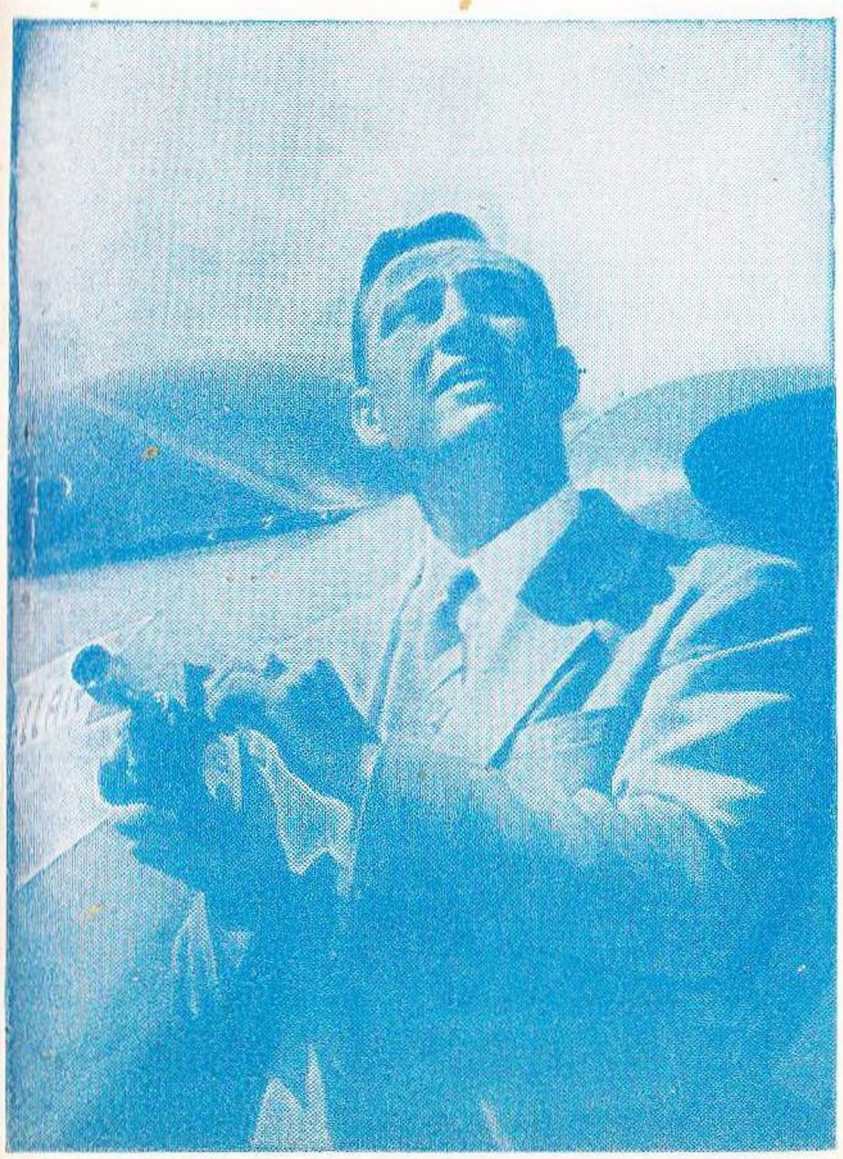
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