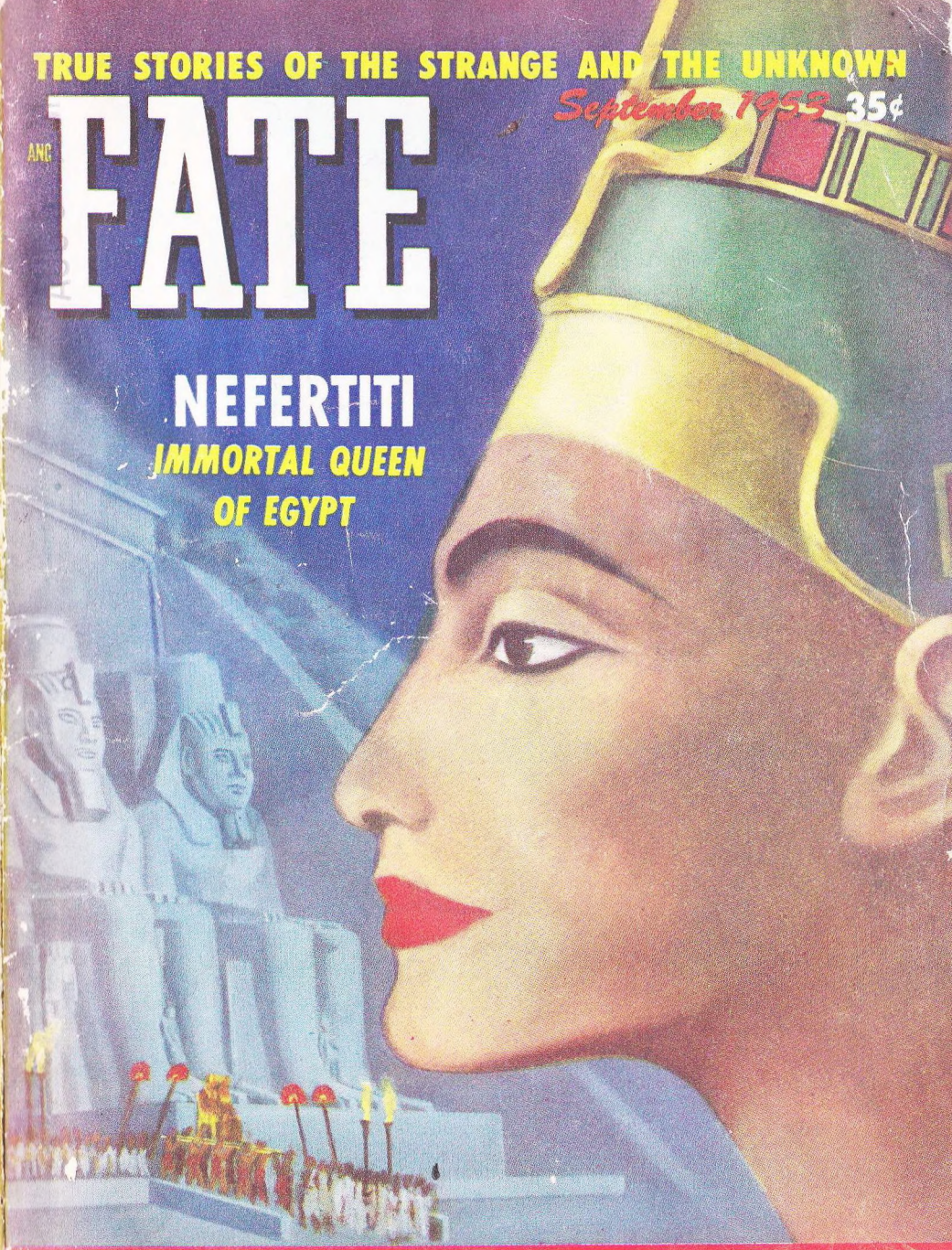
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Contents

FATE

Issue No. 42

Editor: ROBERT N. WEBSTER VOLUME 6 — NUMBER

Managing Editor: CHESTER S. GEIER • *Editorial Consultant:* CURTIS FULLER
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STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

Wishing to Death.....*E. P. Herman* 12
"Fair Haven" for Ghosts.....*Stuart Palmer* 21
Hunches of Billy Carmain.....*Dr. W. D. Chesney* 36
Psychic Detective.....*Vincent H. Gaddis* 51
The Man Who Saw His Future.....*Cornelius Tabori* 63
Men Into Werewolves.....*Otto Burma* 83
Tuning in on the Future.....*Serge Oukrainsky* 88
Phantom Marchers of Crete.....*Harold T. Wilkins* 97

ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

Nefertiti, Immortal Queen.....*Mary Stiehm Fuller* 4
Seeing-Eye Rats and Talking Dogs.....*Dr. W. D. Chesney* 15
Painting From Another World.....*Gerry Annette Petersen* 31
Experiments with Nengraphy.....*Tomokichi Fukurai* 44
Haunted Canterbury.....*Edmond P. Gibson* 56
Mystery of the Death Quarry.....*Harold T. Wilkins* 76
The Dreams of Mrs. Shipley.....*Harold Helfer* 94

FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

The Electrical Virus..... 30
Ancient Skull Ornaments..... 41
Wheel of Fortune.....*Paul Steiner* 42
The Ace of Spades.....*Harold Helfer* 66
True Mystic Experiences.....*The Readers* 67
Fingers of FATE.....*Harold Helfer* 75
Cargo from 250 B.C..... 82
Tomorrow I Die.....*Nat J.Cuneo* 87
Dr. Einstein's Field..... 103
Report From the Readers.....*The Readers* 104

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The immortal queen herself, in full restored bust based on original in Germany, is considered by many to be the most beautiful woman who ever lived.

Nefertiti...

By Mary Stiehm Fuller

Photographs Courtesy Oriental Institute, University of Chicago.

She helped start a new religion and married one of the most remarkable pharaohs, but beauty alone made her immortal.

THERE is one woman in history who became immortal because of her beauty and nothing more. She is Nefertiti, Queen of Egypt more than 1300 years before the birth of Christ, 3300 years ago.

All over our world people are familiar with the painted, sandstone sculpture of Queen Nefertiti. This beautiful and imperious likeness is regarded as one of the great art treasures of the world. The quarrel between Germany and Egypt for its possession has never been settled.

Since the famous statue was discovered in 1912 historians have wished to know more about the lovely queen. But the few facts which are thought to be "known" are hotly debated and it remains

for the future, for long years of patient sifting of ancient manuscripts and tedious reading of clay tablets to bring to light her full story. Even her nationality is disputed. Some authorities say she was Tadukhipa, daughter of King Dushratta of Mitanni and that her name was changed to Nefertiti when she was brought to Egypt to marry the 11-year-old Amenhotep IV, son of Amenhotep III and Queen Tiy. They say the marriage was arranged to secure an alliance with Syria.

Other authorities say she was Tadukhipa but that she came to Egypt to join the harem of King Amenhotep III during the last days of his reign and that his son, Amenhotep IV, took her as his wife, according to custom, when he succeeded to the throne. Still other authorities point to inscriptions which assert Nefertiti's position as queen in her own right, meaning that she was of pure, Egyptian royal blood. And they theorize that she was the daughter of Queen Tiy, wife of Amenhotep III. This would mean she was her husband's full sister. Such a marriage is considered to be incestuous in our own culture but it was not so in ancient Egypt where it was regarded not only as normal but as sanctified by the marriage of the Goddess Isis to her brother Osiris.

It is paradoxical that Nefertiti, because of a beautiful statue, is known and famous to even casual students of Egyptology but that her husband, who was perhaps the most remarkable Pharaoh in history, is relatively unknown.

immortal queen



The immortal queen was married to Akhenaten, a pacifist pharaoh who attempted to establish a new monotheistic religion based upon a single sun god.

Amenhotep III had followed the example of his predecessors and had continued to expand the empire by forming alliances with Babylonian and Assyrian kings. But at the time of his death, in 1375 B.C., the Egyptian empire faced critical times. This empire consisted of a cluster of states all jealous of each other and seeking ascendency. The immediate future of Egypt depended on the strength and leadership of the new Pharaoh.

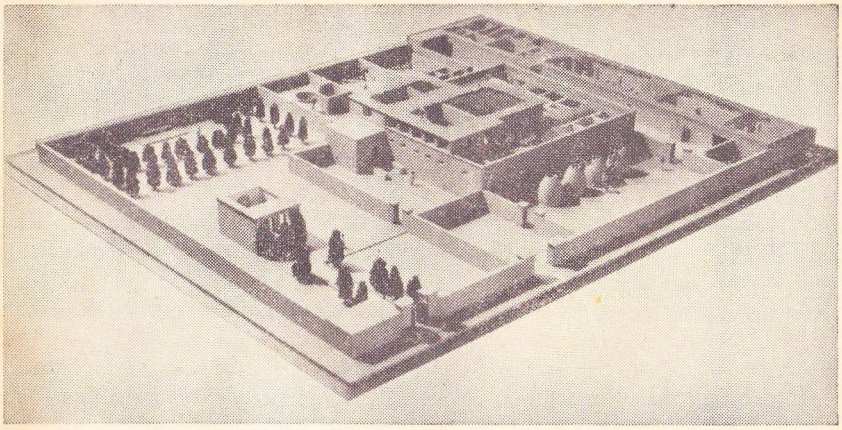
Instead of the strong, military man needed to handle this situation, Egypt's new ruler was Amenhotep IV, the world's first pacificist king, an idealist and a dreamer. Some historians believe he was the greatest Pharaoh of them all — the argument still continues 3300 years later — certainly he was one of the most interesting.

Nefertiti's husband was a religious reformer who wished to replace the old religion and the old Gods with a new sun God and, more remarkable, with monotheism. The new deity was an abstract divinity, a vital power expressed by the light and heat of the sun. *Aten* was the name of this new sun God, as opposed to *Amun*, the old sun God. The old semi-human representations of God were discarded and the new God was shown as a solar disc with rays extending in all directions. Each ray ended in a hand which grasped an "Ankh" or "Crux Ansata," the symbol of life. This God was an invisible spirit, not belonging to one city or one people but universal, belonging to all peoples. The spirit loved all men equally, was creator, preserver and merciful Father to all living creatures. The important thing about the new faith was this extension of God's love and power to ALL, rather than to Egypt alone.

Before this time no such wide-reaching idea of God had been suggested. Nor was it proposed again for centuries after the death of the young king. The new religion was not concerned with morality but placed emphasis on harmony, peace, joy of living and love of all God's creatures. Amenhotep's ideas were so far in advance of his time that unfortunately they died when he died — though they left their mark on Egyptian art and thinking for many centuries.

In the beginning the priests of the ancient Gods of Egypt were not alarmed. Many Gods had existed side by side in Egypt through the years. There was room for one more. But the new cult was intolerant. As *Aten* was supreme *everywhere* there were bound to be clashes — with *Ptah*, who had been supreme in Memphis, with *Ra*, who had been supreme in Heliopolis, with *Amun*, who had been supreme in Thebes.

One of the young Pharaoh's



Nefertiri and Akhenaten moved their capital and court to Tell-el-Amarna, where the nobles and courtiers built magnificent country estates like this. The model has been restored by Seton Lloyd at Chicago's Oriental Institute.

first acts was to build a temple to *Aten* in Thebes very near the great temple of *Amun* at Karnak. In the sixth year of his reign the king pronounced *Aten*-worship the state religion and himself its high priest. This meant that all his subjects were required to worship the new sun God, *Aten*. And the king took strong measures. The temples of the old Gods were closed and their revenues confiscated. Statues of the old Gods were destroyed, their likenesses chiselled out of the reliefs on the temple walls, their names erased from religious inscriptions. Statues of the great kings of the past were likewise destroyed, even to the defacement of statues and inscriptions to his own father, so fanatical did he become.

He also faced squarely the problem of his own illustrious name, Amenhotep, which meant "*Amun* Rests" or "*Amun* Is Satisfied." How could he tolerate in his own name the name of a god he was trying to replace? He changed his name to Akhenaten, sometimes spelled Ikhnaton, meaning "*Aten* Is Satisfied" or "He In Whom *Aten* Is Satisfied." It is difficult and perhaps impossible to impose, for any length of time, a religion or a philosophy upon an unready and unwilling people. Of course Thebes became hostile. When Akhenaten rode outside his palace gates in the great city of *Amun* he had to look upon the temples which had been ruined by his order and watch the priests, who hated him, turn

their faces away as he passed.

In his search for peace and beauty the young Pharaoh took an unprecedented step. He built a new capitol and removed himself and his court from Thebes. He never returned there until his dead body was brought secretly and hastily to be buried in the Valley Of The Kings where his tomb was discovered and opened by Theodore Davis, an American, shortly after 1900.

The new city was called Akhetaten, meaning "Horizon of *Aten*," but is called Tell-el-Amarna today. Tell-el-Amarna was built in the desert 300 miles below Thebes and 160 miles above the delta of the Nile. It was a city of light as theirs was a religion of light. The great palace was of brick covered with shining white stucco. Inside, all the chambers — even the huge hall which was 426 feet long by 234 feet wide and supported by 542 pillars — reflected the King's delight in nature and the peace of the country. The walls were decorated with colored tiles in varying patterns and with wreaths of carved flowers; gay ribbons floated down from the hundreds of intricately carved pillars.

G. Maspero wrote in one of his books on Egyptian art: "In one of the halls which seems to have belonged to the harem there is still to be seen distinctly the picture of a rectangular piece of water containing fish and lotus flowers in full bloom; the edge is adorned with water-plants and flowering shrubs, among which birds fly and calves graze and gambol; on the right and left were depicted rows of stands laden with fruit, while at each end of the room were seen the grinning faces of a gang of Negro and Syrian prisoners, separated from each other by gigantic arches. The tone of coloring is bright and cheerful and the animals are treated with great freedom and facility."

Close to the royal palace was the great temple of *Aten*. Other smaller temples were scattered throughout the new city. This largest temple was enclosed by a high wall nearly half a mile long and consisted of seven courts, one in back of another, in the center of which high altars stood in the open sun. Colonnaded galleries provided shelter from the power of the sun God.

This temple to *Aten* differed from the traditional Egyptian temples in its openness and light as contrasted with the dim halls, gloom and mystery of the temples to the older Gods whose inner shrines were always in total darkness.

Aten was not a God of mystery; he held no concealment but rather reflected the King's wish to return to simplicity, openness and truth.

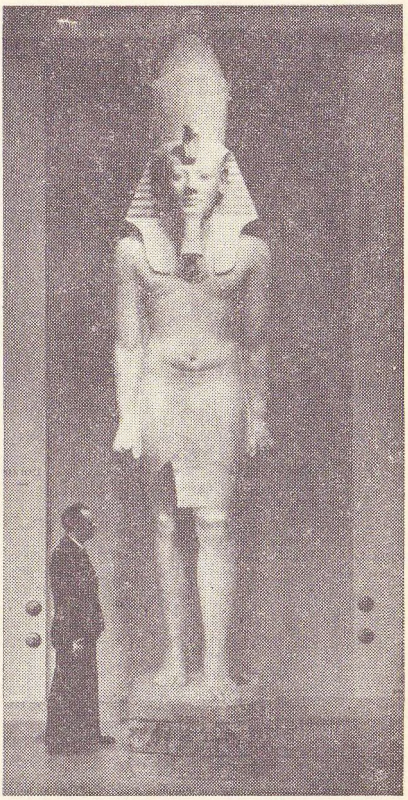
Pharaoh himself wrote many of the beautiful *Aten* hymns. These resemble the nature-psalms of the Hebrews though they were written 400 years before them.

The art of Queen Nefertiti's time also reflects her and her husband's desires and philosophy. It discards tradition and convention, seeking for the first time in Egyptian history to represent things and people, even kings and their families, as they actually appeared. It is to the art of the Amarna period that we can look for an accurate view of life in an ancient, royal Egyptian household. The King and his beautiful Nefertiti are shown in many wall paintings and carvings in natural and relaxed attitudes.

In one the King leans on his staff while Nefertiti playfully holds a flower to his nose. In another he drives his chariot with Nefertiti sitting beside him; she is kissing her husband as the horses prance and the royal daughters lean forward over the front of the chariot. In still another the royal pair are dining, Akhenaten holds a large bone in one hand and his wife daintily wrestles a whole chicken.

All the carvings of the queen carry endearing titles: "Master of the King's Happiness," "Endowed with Favors," "At Hearing of Whose Voice One Rejoices," "Chief Wife of the King, Beloved by Him." Again and again she is referred to as "Lady of Grace" and "The Fair of Countenance."

Relics from the studio of the chief sculptor, Thutmose, where the colored bust of Nefertiti was found by a German expedition led by Ludwig Borchardt in 1912–14, show that the Egyptian artists of that period even took



King Tutankhamun, whose tomb was excavated in the 1920's, was the son-in-law of Queen Nefertiti. Colossal statue of King Tut is in the Institute.

life masks in plaster to help them achieve better likenesses.

The only unpleasant feature about the art of Amarna was the abnormal structure of the abdomen and thighs of the figures. Possibly the sickly king had a diseased condition which was reflected in the other figures to flatter him. But it gives an unhealthy aspect to the otherwise charming pictures.

Unfortunately for the succession of the dynasty Nefertiti bore seven daughters and not one son. When one of the daughters married a noble of the court King Akhenaten made this son-in-law, Smenkhkara, co-regent of Egypt in order to strengthen his own position and to secure the succession. It seems that at this point the king incurred the displeasure of Nefertiti, his wife. He was unwell and felt the necessity of compromise with the still powerful Amunite priests. Nefertiti was apparently even more fanatical in her worship of the God *Aten* than her husband, for she abruptly withdrew from the court, taking one of her daughters and the daughter's husband, Tutankhaten, to a palace in the southernmost part of the city of Akhetaten.

A short time after this unhappy separation Akhenaten, then only 30 years old, died and the tidal wave of reaction swept away all that the idealistic Pharaoh had accomplished in his 16 or 17 years reign. Because his religious reformation rested on the unsound foundation of a nation unprepared, reluctant or unwilling, it collapsed with his death. And with his death the world lost a spirit such as it had not seen up to that time but which would come again through other dreamers, in other lands, to be called by other names. This story of a King's and Queen's dream of universal love came to light quite by accident in 1887 when some peasants, grubbing among the ruins of Tell-el-Amarna, found clay tablets describing what had happened.

The reign of the co-regent whom Akhenaten thoughtfully had appointed was short and ineffectual and little is known of him. He was succeeded by Nefertiti's son-in-law, Tutankhaten, who changed his name to Tutankhamun, thus giving up the God *Aten* for the return to *Amun*. This was politically expedient since the priests of *Amun*, still rich and powerful, had come back into their own upon the death of their oppressor. The court now abandoned the "City of Light" and promptly moved back to Thebes. Tutankhamun's reign was brief and undistinguished and he is famous only because his tomb, discovered intact by Lord Carnavon and Howard Carter in 1922, was so unbelievably rich in

gold and precious gems and in all the luxury with which a Pharaoh could be surrounded.

The fact that Tutankhamun returned to the ancient Gods of Egypt and the traditional capitol of Thebes is thought by some historians to indicate that the beautiful Nefertiti, too, was dead. They believe that if she felt so strongly devoted to the God *Aten* as to leave her husband because he sought a compromise she certainly would not have countenanced the about-face of her son-in-law.

It seems incredible that we can discover so little of the beautiful Queen Nefertiti that neither her birth nor her death is known to us, yet so much is known of the times in which she lived. Of Nefertiti we can say with certainty only that she was the wife of Akhenaten, and that she was beautiful as shown by her famous portrait statue. The statue is unfinished, just as is her life history. One of the eyes remains unpainted.

For some reason the German expedition which discovered the statue in the ruins of Tell-el-Amarna did not reveal its existence until 1925, 13 years after its discovery. Then there was a world-wide Egyptological scandal. Borchardt, according to his agreement with the Egyptian government at the time he was given excavation privileges, could ship only 50 per cent of his find back to Germany. The Egyptians still claim that in the case of Nefertiti's statue they were duped.

During the war the queen vanished again from the world but was found, carefully wrapped in glass wool in the depths of a German salt mine, by some American soldiers. Three days after her re-discovery the Egyptian Government formally claimed her but the queen was taken to Wiesbaden Central Collecting Point where she remains under the protection of the United States Government. In time perhaps she will return to Germany.

Thousands of persons file past Nefertiti's beautiful face, as they must have done in her life time, to be charmed by her proud and regal grace, by the haughty manner in which she holds her head and by the delicacy of her features. Replicas of her beauty are sold to museums, art schools and collectors all over the world.

This eternal girl, with her slight smile and serene brow, seems as lovely to us in our modern world as she seemed to the ancient Egyptians who called her Nefertiti, meaning "The Beautiful One Is Come."



WISHING TO DEATH

The native girl died horribly. Was it because her rejected lover had invoked an evil spirit?

By E. P. Herman

SOME years ago Arthur Grimble, district officer in the British Colonial Service, was stationed on the central Gilbert Island, off Abemama. As he sat in his office one blazing afternoon he heard a thin, high-pitched cry coming through the palms from the lagoon. The cry held neither rage nor pain, a changeless, reedy note of insufferable dreariness.

Mr. Grimble was curious and he traced the cry to the leaf and coconut-rib dwelling of a native constable. Sitting there, bolt upright and without clothing, was a native girl of about 17. Her eyes, with irises enormously dilated, stared straight ahead into space and from her rigidly open jaws came the interminable moans. The strangest thing about her was that from the arch of her ribs downward she was so swollen that her skin shone like taut silk.

Her family told Mr. Grimble that the swelling had begun just before dawn. And why, Mr. Grimble wanted to know, had they not called for help. They answered

that they knew it was useless. No help could avail against the work of Raku-nene.

"And who is Raku-nene?" asked Mr. Grimble.

There was hesitation, then someone blurted: "An evil spirit."

Finally Mr. Grimble got this story:

Raku-nene was once a mortal who, after death, became the collaborating spirit of men engaged in the conquest of female hearts. From the beginning of his ghostly career he had concerned himself especially with revenging rejected suitors.

To enlist the aid of this sinister spirit the flouted lover acquires a single strand of the unresponsive lady's hair. This he binds about his thigh for three days; on the fourth morning he burns it in a fire of leaves, with suitable invocations to Raku-nene.

That same night the spirit visits the scornful girl in a dream — and that is the end of her sanity. In the morning her body swells. She mumbles continuously about an evil dream. Then she falls into a sulky silence and refuses to wear clothes.

Later she starts moaning, quietly at first, but with gradually mounting strength and increasing violence. By the next morning she is raving, clawing at her own flesh and biting all who approach her. This continues until the evening of the second day, when she suddenly shrieks, "Raku-nene! Raku-nene!" half a dozen times, becomes rigid and dies.

The relatives of the stricken girl watched Mr. Grimble with incredulous eyes as he administered a sedative. "You cannot fight a spirit with powders," they said.

Spirit or no spirit, their doubts as to Mr. Grimble's healing powers were justified. Nothing he did had the least effect. The girl passed through every phase predicted and died the next day. Within 10 minutes of death her body resumed its normal shape but an expression of horror remained frozen on her face.

Since that time Mr. Grimble has seen several cases of Raku-nene madness in the Gilberts.

Observable facts, therefore, indicate this much: There is among the island women a sudden form of madness accompanied by physical disfigurement, which in the mind of the victim is invariably associated with the name of Raku-nene. Is it possible that this is induced by some malicious external agency, working from a distance with the aid of a strand of hair and an incantation?

Several years after his first experience Mr. Grimble witnessed the end of a Monouti woman afflicted with this madness. At the end of the same year a man of her acquaintance, at the point of death, confessed that he had

worked the spell which killed her. He described how, having fallen in love with her, he had made advances, which she repeatedly rejected. On the fifth day after he began the magical rites the woman was dead.

This man was emphatic in his assertion that the woman knew nothing whatever, in advance, of his resort to sorcery. He may have been lying, though it is worth recording that he died professing Christianity and with every appearance of having confessed for the peace of his mind.

These are but a few examples of many such stories on record. They suggest that it may be possible for one human being to wish madness, distortion and death upon another



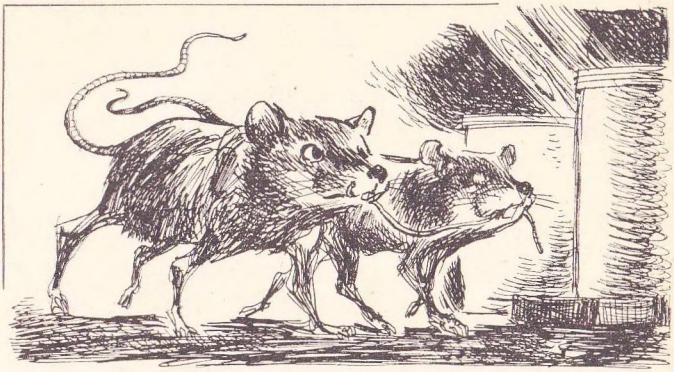
ANCIENT WYOMING FOSSILS

BONES of warm-blooded animals that lived 60,000,000 years ago have been found in southwestern Wyoming by Dr. C. Lewis Gazin, curator of vertebrate paleontology of the United States National Museum. In Dr. Gazin's collection are fossils of monkeys which were about the size of a present-day rhesus monkey. Also found were the bones of a new species of mouse-like primate belonging to the tarsoids which have living representatives in the little tarsiers of the East Indian regions. Another strange fossil is that of a stylinodont which had heavy curved tusks and resembled a ground sloth. Dr. Gazin's collection also includes a small toothless creature like an armadillo said to be new to science.



5000-YEAR-OLD TOMB

A ROYAL tomb 5000 years old has been unearthed in Sakkara, Egypt, by Prof. W. B. Emery of London University. The tomb is believed to be that of King Uadji who lived about 3100 B.C. in Egypt's first dynasty. In it Prof. Emery found labels of ivory and wood, fragments of wooden furniture, and vessels of pottery, alabaster and rock. Also found in the tomb were a number of bull's heads made from mud and bearing real horns. All these artifacts, Prof. Emery said, reveal a high degree of craftsmanship and design and indicate that a higher standard of civilization prevailed in the first dynasty of Egypt than was supposed.



Seeing-Eye Rats and Talking Dogs

How did the rat know that the companion it guided about was totally blind? Was telepathy at work?

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

WE HAVE all read of horses that solve mathematical problems and of dogs that talk. Do these exceptional animals possess reasoning power? Or do they possess gifts that transcend the power to reason? A number of incidents from my own experience suggest that animals do have paranormal abilities.

About the turn of the century I walked out of the dissection room of a Kansas City medical college and proceeded west on Ninth Street until I saw a crowd collected in front of the old Orpheum Theatre. A large poster announced: DON, THE TALKING DOG.

I decided to sacrifice my lunch for two days and see this fake. Don proved to be a big German shepherd dog. His exhibitor was a large blonde woman who spoke no English. But Don evidently could and did speak about 30 words in the German language. Could this be ventriloquism on

the part of Don's blonde handler?

I sat in a seat in the front row, not 10 feet away from the dog. The handler stood the width of the 40 foot stage away from him and asked questions that Don answered in a harsh, gutteral voice.

I watched the woman's lips closely. I think I knew enough about the human voice box to swear that no human could have made such peculiar sounds. Hundreds of spectators saw and heard this dog, Don, speak and apparently reason. At the time all the metropolitan newspapers in America carried articles about this animal. Don was insured for $50,000.

Could this have been mass hypnosis, carried out in hundreds of the largest cities in America? No, a far less fantastic explanation is that Don did talk.

Forty years passed and Chica came into my life. As I watched her grow into maturity and then into canine old age, I had definite proof that she possessed reasoning powers and that she attempted to imitate certain human sounds. She learned to bark when asked to speak. When we played the piano or register and called on her to sing, she obviously made attempts to imitate several musical notes.

Unquestionably cases of this sort involve telepathy between the master and the animal, who have become closely attuned, or in rapport, through years of close association and sympathy. In testimony to this the well-known psychologist, Dr. Gerald Wendt, says:

"It has been established that animals convey information by sounds, signals and gestures. It is possible that they use some sort of telepathy. There might be some kind of direct mental wave which seems to give dogs the ability to sense their master's feelings or desires, even though he does not speak to the animal."

Dr. Wendt concludes by granting a greater degree of ESP to dogs than he does to man, for he says, "Although rarer, such telepathy is possible between human beings."

If, then, telepathy between humans is accepted and, if as Dr. Wendt has stated, animals may possess this power to a greater degree than do humans, it seems a fair assumption that much of the apparently exceptional attainments of dogs are due to telepathy.

Here is a case that strongly suggests telepathy between animals. The Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon related that she and one of her servants saw two large rats walking along side by side. The gardener threw a stone and killed one of the rodents. The other stood still and waited trembling, still holding a straw in its mouth

that had been used in guiding it about. The living rat was completely blind.

Another interesting case on record concerns the apparent reasoning power and telepathy of wolves. Near Horton, Kan., a wolf thrust his muzzle into a section of old oil burner to catch a mouse. His head was trapped and for two years the wolf, who could not see or catch food, was seen in the woods. Other wolves brought mice and other food and thrust them into the other end of the stovepipe to prevent his starving. The wolf was finally shot, with the piece of stove still over his head. There was nothing of instinct in this history because instinct would have warned other wolves to shy away from the strange animal — much as human beings shy from strangely dressed people.

It seems to be instinct for dogs and cats, cats and birds, most dogs and birds, to fear and hate each other. Yet, in Greenville, S. C., a black cat served as seeing-eye to a dog that had been blind for several years. In Winford, England, a fox hound and a wild fox became firm friends, contrary to their natural instincts, and the dog protected the fox. Recently in Sturgeon Bay, Wis., a cat was shown permitting a bird to roost on its head and even to drink from the cat's bowl of milk. Evidently there is a form of telepathy between animals of different species — not between all apparently but only a certain few. These few perhaps possess greater sensitivity or extrasensory ability than average, which would explain the affection and understanding between the animals in contrast to the distrust which is the general rule.

There is another matter that puzzles psychologists. How do dogs and cats find their ways over many hundreds of miles to rejoin their owners? A well-known psychologist in Washington, D. C., declared, "The homing instinct is not completely understood by science. One explanation advanced is called extrasensory perception, the ability to perceive outside the known senses of sight, hearing, smell and so on."

Here is a recent story confirmed by the Cat Protection League. A woman owned a cat called Minkie. At two years of age Minkie went completely blind. A feline friend of Minkie came over every day and took Minkie for a walk. How did the friend learn of Minkie's blindness? Unquestionably Minkie sent out an SOS by telepathy. The friend received the call and came to the rescue. Can you think of a more logical explanation?

A magazine recently carried a picture story of psychological experiments with white rats. One large rat apparently reasoned that if he pulled a certain chain a

tin can would drop a coin in front of him. He pulled the chain, got the coin, carried it to the researcher and traded it for a morsel of cheese. But was this an example of reasoning, or did the rat receive a telepathic message from the experimenter regarding what was required?

I might hesitate to relate the following cases but they were investigated by trained scientists. Karl Krall owned several horses and he taught them as if they were children. They answered him by stamping on the ground. These horses could solve intricate mathematical problems and were particularly adept in square root and cube root. Maeterlinck, the Belgian author-playwright, visited these Elberfeld horses; he admitted that the horses solved problems that he could not solve. One horse refused to attempt an offered problem in square root. Why? There was no square root to the number offered.

Some scientists declared that the trainer, Mr. Krall, gave the horses secret signals. The trainer took a blind horse and after a series of lessons this horse too was able to answer questions and solve mathematical problems.

Another authentic case is that of Thomas Bennett who owned a Shetland pony, a jet-black stallion. A rancher, Bennett, was a man of limited education and his pony could solve problems that Bennett could not have solved.

Here is the astounding report on this Shetland pony, Black Bear, by Goadby and Bond. Black Bear was placed in a stanchion. In front of him were suspended leather tabs bearing metal letters and numbers. After being questioned Black Bear answered by selecting the appropriate letters or numbers. The erudition of the remarkable animal is almost beyond belief. And yet hundreds of scientists investigated and confirmed every claim made.

Bond chalked a large square figure on a blackboard. He next drew a straight chalk line between two opposite corners and asked Black Bear the name of the line. He expected the answer *diagonal*. You can imagine his surprise when the horse spelled out, "The line of the hypotenuse." Goadby and Bond announced that Black Bear had abilities beyond those of the average child of 10.

Psychic observers stated that Black Bear was able to see discarnate entities and reported by means of the leather-metal tabs the number of disembodied spirits about them. The scientists' report said, "One might be well justified in the conclusion that Black Bear is just a normal though very intelligent horse; but there are certain modulations of his supernormal nature that enable him to enter into rapport with

discarnate, therefore invisible, beings." This seems proof that animals are at times very psychic.

There are many species of birds that can talk quite well. Most of them are simply living recorders for they memorize words and then repeat them. But there are cases which appear to be more than this. In the last few years several birds have appeared on radio programs and from their answers it would appear that they employ reasoning power. Some psychologists declare that birds living in close contact with select human beings actually receive telepathic messages.

The brilliance of some canine minds is so unbelievable that again I hesitate to recount the life histories of Rolph, Lola, and Kurwenal. But the testimony is unanimous.

It seems evident that, in nearly all these cases, there was an element of telepathy. Consider first, Rolph. Of him the German *Muencher Nachrichten* says that Frau Paula Moekel became irritated at the inability of her daughter to do a simple problem in arithmetic. While she severely scolded the child, Rolph stood by suffering in mute sympathy. Finally Frau Moekel snapped, "Why, I believe even Rolph could do such a simple sum. Well, Rolph, what are two and two?" She nearly fell over when Rolph raised one paw and patted her four times.

A short time later Frau Moekel said to Rolph, "If you could only say 'yes' and 'no' we could talk together. If you wish to say 'yes' give two pats. If you want to say 'no' give three pats."

Then she tried the plan. "Rolph, do you wish to be spanked?" A most decided no, in three strong pats, followed.

"Rolph, do you want some cake?" An equally positive yes came from the dog. Then Frau Moekel devised a system of alphabet — so many pats for a, so many for b, on through the alphabet. Rolph never forgot or made a single error though Frau Moekel found it necessary to keep the devised alphabet always with her. It is astonishing to learn that Rolph always spelled phonetically, a thing that the human race might well adopt.

Was this telepathy? Was Frau Moekel unconsciously impressing her will on the dog? That question aroused much speculation and dispute among investigators. But they all agreed that the erudition shown by the dog was far beyond the normal.

One of Rolph's offspring, Lola, inherited some of his abilities. She could tell the exact time without looking at a clock. This suggests that the trainer knew the time and communicated it to Lola by telepathy. She too used the tap method to carry on long conversations with her friends. The his-

tory of this remarkable dog was written by Henny Kindermann in *The Lola Book*. It sold well in Germany and after being translated into English enjoyed a further large sale.

Probably the most famous dog was Kurwenal, a dachshund owned and trained by Mathilde, Baroness of Freytag-Loringhoven. The Baroness made it her life's work to prove that animals have a soul and a reasoning mind. Kurwenal employed barks instead of pats to spell out some extremely intelligent observations about men, animals and events.

In one year over 500 scientists from the leading universities of Europe called on this wise dog and submitted him to every possible test. Some believed that the Baroness and Kurwenal had reached such a state of rapport that she directed him in his remarks.

Professor Max Muller, a distinguished veterinary scientist, studied Kurwenal for a long time. One day he was holding a conference with the Baroness about the slaughter of animals for meat. The lady was opposed to it. Finally Dr. Muller turned to the dog and asked, "Kurwenal, what do you think about it?" Without the least hesitation Kurwenal barked this message, "The Christian religion forbids killing."

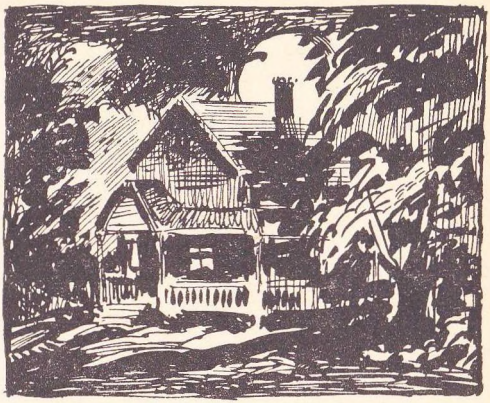
One professor asked, "Kurwenal, have dogs souls?" Kurwenal replied, "They have and they are eternal like the souls of men."

Dr. Muller reported, "This dachshund, in the intellectual sense, is more in the sphere of humans than of animals." His written report concluded, "Although by my association with my own dogs I had become aware of the independent thinking of dogs, the case of the Weimer dogs proved particularly striking. . . . The dogs show us what a wrong attitude we have toward the educated dogs, how much the animals understand us and how very little, as a rule, we understand them."

LIGHT FROM EELS

SCIENTISTS at Copenhagen, Denmark, have determined that an electric eel can emit a current of 750 volts. In a laboratory demonstration an eel in a tank illuminated in flashes a fluorescent light tube to which it was connected. The eels used in the tests are found in Brazil and Guiana and grow to a length of six feet or more.

After his long travels Walter Treichler built a cottage and called it "Fair Haven." But his new house became a —



"FAIR HAVEN" — FOR GHOSTS

By Stuart Palmer

I'LL BUILD ME a little home some day, and call it 'Fair Haven'," said Walter Treichler. He said it during his long years as an itinerant drug clerk; he said it when he was a master pharmacist with his own drug store. He said it over and over to himself during the long voyages when he shipped out on the Atlantic-Mediterranean run as an ordinary seaman, in search of the adventure he had missed in his regular profession. "Someday I'll build a Fair Haven, and settle down. . . ."

And at last his dream came true. He built a small frame house on a New Jersey hillside among the elms and maples, in a beautiful rustic spot that was only a few hours from Manhattan. He built his dream home and found it a haven — not for himself — for a host of chattering ghosts. He thought to build a gateway to contentment and peace and instead he built a doorway into the Other World!

The house was not built in a day. When his voyaging was over and his wanderlust satisfied, Walter Treichler returned to Burlington County. He rented a vacant, tumbledown cabin on the banks of Rancacas Creek and there he lived the life of a recluse for three years, though the town of Mount Holly was only a few miles away. Yet he did not shun humankind; the few neighbors

who dropped in found a pleasant-faced, white-haired man who was glad to discuss politics or books over a pipeful of tobacco.

Then one day a letter told him that his aged father had died in Chicago and that he had inherited a comfortable fortune. The elder Treichler had been a successful doctor and though he had disapproved of his son's roving life at the end he had forgiven.

Walter Treichler had no yearning for the fleshpots and the bright lights of the city; he would be satisfied with a comfortable, modern little cottage set back from the country road. And he would call it Fair Haven.

The spot he wanted lay atop a small hill, something more than a mile out of Mount Holly on the Rancacas Road. There were a few cottages at the nearby cross-roads, a farmhouse or two. A few Negroes lived nearby, so there would always be someone to come in and "do" for him.

Treichler first was drawn to the spot when he learned that it once was the property of an aunt, his mother's sister. He liked the idea of living where his relatives and forebears had lived.

On the site were the blackened ruins of a house which had burned down the previous winter. But that made the few acres all the cheaper and Treichler made a deal with Edward Hulsa, who had lived for 83 years in the adjoining farmhouse. He gave orders to a firm of Mount Holly builders to begin work on the cottage, the plans for which he drew himself.

Swiftly the cottage grew; according to Treichler's wishes the blackened stones from the old cellar were used in the new foundation. There was a local rumor that these stones were once part of the foundation of the old tavern which his aunt and her husband, Cyrus Jenkins, had kept there long ago.

On the first day of January, 1929, the cheerful green shutters were hung in place and a few days later the builders pronounced the place finished. Nowhere in Burlington County was there a neater, trimmer Colonial cottage. Everything about it, with the exception of the foundation stones, was new —"New as paint", the neighbors said. Treichler bought new furniture, new handy gadgets to make his housekeeping tasks easier. There were bright, new rugs on the floor, there was cheerful wallpaper and light woodwork. Nothing less like a "haunted house" could be imagined.

Walter Treichler spent the seventh day of January moving in and arranging his books and furniture. Late in the evening he stopped work; there was still much to do but it would have to wait for tomorrow. After the fashion of old sailors, he took a last look at the

sky. It was a clear wintry night, not too cold. He came back inside, shot the bolts — shining new steel bolts from the hardware store — and lay down on his new bed.

Tired as he was Treichler found himself unable to fall asleep. His mind was busy with a thousand fancies . . . memories . . . wanderings. . . . Suddenly he was brought out of his reveries by a sharp sound from outside his window. It was no dream — the sound came again, loud and clear. It was the sound of a spade, digging in frozen earth! Treichler could distinguish the familiar crunch of a blade against clay and sometimes the tinkle of a rolling pebble. Then dirt fell with a thud. Someone — something — was digging out in the yard.

Treichler was a sensible, realistic man. His hand flew to the flashlight he kept near the head of his bed and he rose to his feet. His first thought was that someone — perhaps one of the Negroes down the road — had buried something in his yard.

He went to the window and shone the flash out into the yard, an expanse of bare, frozen clay still covered with the litter and scraps left by the builders. There was nobody there. But he could still hear the sound of the digging.

He put on slippers and an overcoat and went to the door. It swung open at his touch! He stopped short — he had bolted it tight only an hour ago and now it swung ajar — letting in the cold night air, which seemed colder somehow than usual.

Treichler pushed it wide and cast the strong beam of his flashlight into the darkness. A light fall of snow lay over everything and, as he speedily discovered, it bore no marks of footprints. He went outside and made a complete circle of the house, to come back in shivering from more than cold. Nobody had been digging anywhere, nobody had disturbed the snowfall.

Then what had he heard?

As he told me some time later, when I talked with this man who has had one of the best-documented psychic experiences of recent years, "I figured it must have been the wind in the trees, because it couldn't have been anything else."

Even as he thought this, from above his head, from the empty locked attic, came the confused pattering of feet — a heavy and a lighter tread. Treichler did not hesitate. He rushed up the stairs, unlocked the attic door and swept the space with his flash. "Who's there?" he demanded.

The sound of footsteps stilled at once. The space was empty. Treichler decided it had been the rustle of pine branches against the roof. Trying to convince himself, he returned to his bed. He sat there smoking a pipe, comforted

by the glow of his bed-light. Treichler decided that he was playing the fool — letting nerves get the better of him. It was natural there should be noises in the new house — houses have to settle. He turned out the light and again settled down to sleep.

CRASH! Something landed on the floor beside his bed. The impact made the room shake and from the opposite wall a mirror fell to the floor and shattered.

The old man says he was temporarily paralyzed with surprise, though not with fear. "Who's there?" he demanded and he thought that a voiceless, wordless whisper came back to him. But at that moment his groping fingers found the flashlight again and clicked it on. Then, for the first time, he was afraid — for the room was empty.

Another man might have thought his reason tottering, might have dressed himself and run headlong out of the house to some neighbor. But Walter Treichler was a stubborn man. This was the home he had built and he intended to stay in it. He resolved to face *It* — whatever *It* was.

All through that first night — and a terrible night it must have been — he lay wide-eyed and sleepless in his new bed. As long as he left the lights on there were no noises. Whenever he turned off the lights the cottage was filled with an incredible medley of sounds.

Someone or something was digging a grave just outside the window. Other ones or things were tramping about the empty, locked attic, back and forth, back and forth. Sometimes the steps were light as a child's — sometimes heavy as a giant's. Toward morning all sounds died away and Walter Treichler dozed off — only to be awakened by another resounding crash. He turned on the light and found that the front door, which he had bolted with extra caution only a few hours before, now swung open in the bitter wind. Treichler turned on all the lights and made coffee which he sadly needed.

All was quiet now. And the pale winter morning sunlight showed the snow of the yard undisturbed.

Perhaps the strangest angle of this true story — in which I take a deep personal interest because of my trip to Mount Holly — was Walter Treichler's attitude at this point. He did *not* believe in ghosts. It was his conviction that someone was trying to frighten him out of his house — bootleggers, perhaps, who had a still somewhere in the pines. But he had bought the 10 acres and built the house and he was determined to live in it.

That day he went into Mount Holly and bought three automatic

revolvers and a double-barrelled shot gun. With four guns he figured he could give a good account of himself in any fracas. He bought ammunition for his guns and, at the same time, ordered a local locksmith to come out and inspect the locks of the new house. The workman left his shop and drove down to have a look at the locks, even taking apart the mechanisms. Finally he shook his head and insisted that there was nothing wrong with the locks at all. They were new and stiff but they worked.

Treichler finally and reluctantly explained that they had come unlocked and open, not once but twice, last night. The locksmith shook his head. It was out of his line. If the locks were going funny, Mr. Treichler better get Luquet or somebody in that line. (Luquet, though Treichler did not know it then, was a celebrated investigator of psychic phenomena.)

"Nothing is the matter with the locks, it's the *place!*" insisted the locksmith, an elderly man who had lived in the neighborhood all his life. "It's the cursed ground you built your house on! Anybody who would try to live at *Bucto*. . . ."

He packed up his tools, took his money, and left without further explanation.

Treichler shrugged his shoulders, not knowing or caring much what the name Bucto might mean. At any rate he was prepared now for whatever might come. He loaded his four brand-new shining guns. . . .

But they were to do him no good. That night — and every night for a week — he slept by day and prowled the house and the grounds by night. He was determined to catch the trouble-makers. But he found nothing. No tracks marked the new snow except his own. Yet, whenever he re-entered the house and turned out the lights, he could hear the pattering footsteps in the vacant attic, the dismal sound of the grave-digging spade in the yard outside. Again and again his doors mysteriously unlocked themselves and startled him by banging suddenly in the wind.

During the day his new cottage was a pleasant and quiet place; by night it was a ghost-haven, full of inexplicable noises. Treichler grew thin and pale but still he would not give up. He had his guns but there was nothing to shoot at and so he turned to the police. It was their duty to keep law and order.

He called on Ellis H. Parker, Chief of Detectives of Burlington County, requesting aid. This was the same Ellis Parker about whom several books have been written and who entered into the Lindbergh case. He was a shrewd detective who knew the territory,

its people and all its traditions.

"So you're the man who's trying to live at Bucto!" Parker said when Treichler had told his story.

"I'm the man who's going to live at Bucto, as you call it. Where do you get the name Bucto anyway?" Treichler asked.

Ellis Parker told him that there once had been a tavern where the new house now stood. The place, known as The Little Brown Jug, had been owned and run by Treichler's Aunt Harriet and her husband and for two decades had done a flourishing business. That had been years ago, before Ellis Parker's time, but he had heard about the place from his father. During the dark days preceding the Civil War The Little Brown Jug had been one of the depots in the famous Underground Railway, the station-to-station road that marked the way to Canada and freedom for hundreds of runaway slaves. This was no idle rumor, for the records were — and still are — in the Burlington County Court House.

A giant Negro came one night to the haven of The Little Brown Jug and was hidden as usual in the cellar. But officers swept down and his hiding place was discovered. The slave, protesting and fighting, was dragged back to the plantation in Georgia. A second time he escaped and a second time he reached The Little Brown Jug on his way to freedom. There was a large reward posted for information regarding such two-time fugitives and perhaps Aunt Harriet or her husband was tempted. At any rate, the officers came and once more dragged the poor Negro from his place of concealment. But this time he fought back more savagely, with fists and teeth and feet. In the melee a gun went off and the fugitive fell to the floor. Instead of a slave worth a thousand dollars to his owner, he was only dead weight. Instead of being worth a reward to his captors he was a danger to them — for his owner would certainly ask damages. The deed had to be concealed.

It is said that the frightened men dug a rude grave in the cellar, tamping down the gravel and clay over the poor corpse. Then they swore the household to secrecy and galloped away.

This was all hard for Walter Treichler to believe, as it is hard for any of us born since the end of those dark and bloody days to believe. "And where does the name Bucto come into it?" he asked, bewildered.

"Bucto is short for Timbuctoo and that was the big fellow's name," answered Ellis Parker. He went on to tell what he had discovered in searching the old records. The tavern had not prospered after that day. Cyrus Jenkins died and Aunt Harriet carried on for a while as best she could.

It was thought that she must have treasure buried in the cellar because she warned people away from the place so emphatically. At any rate, one morning the old tavern was found to be dark and deserted. Its bottles were smashed, its money drawer hung open — and Aunt Harriet was gone. No one ever saw or heard of her after that. But now inquisitive visitors reported there were two mounds in the cellar. In those rough times after the Civil War no one cared to make fuller investigation. But people in Mount Holly spoke of the place as "Timbuctoo's Grave" and finally simply as "Bucto."

As the great New Jersey detective ended his story, Walter Treichler looked very thoughtful. So he had build his house, his Fair Haven, on a place marked with blood and violence!

"There's more to it than that," continued Ellis Parker. "The place has been built up twice since and burned down each time. There were four fires there last year. First a bunch of Philadelphia gangsters held out there. We knew about them only after they moved out one night, leaving clothes, guns, packets of heroin and a machine gun behind in their haste. Maybe they were frightened away; nobody knows.

"And then there was a bootlegger, a man named Jake Justo. At least we found out that he had been a bootlegger after the fire destroyed the place. Maybe his still caught fire as they said. But there are plenty of people around here who believe that there are fires every so often at Bucto for no reason at all — fires that come from hell itself, some say.

"Anyway, the place was fixed up and Georgie Cole, the old-time colored pugilist, used it as a training-camp for his string of fighters. All went well for a time but after a few months his guests began to turn up missing at breakfast-time . . . before long Cole had to give it up and move. Maybe his fighters heard some of the local stories about the place, or maybe they heard what you have been hearing. Anyway, they left." Ellis Parker shrugged his shoulders. "That's the story of the place you bought, Mr. Treichler. Take it for what it's worth."

"I don't believe it," Walter Treichler said slowly.

"Okay. I'll send you a couple of my best men and we'll see if we can get to the bottom of these noises for you. Maybe somebody actually is taking advantage of the old stories about the place and trying to drive you out of the neighborhood. How about tonight?"

"Tomorrow night, Chief," Treichler decided. "I want time to get some people to sit up inside the house while your men watch outside; I want to do this right."

So it was arranged. The word got out and the next morning a horde of sightseers and tourists poured in upon Treichler, intent on seeing the Bucto ghost-haven at first-hand. Few of them accepted Treichler's cordial invitation to remain and spend the night with him, in spite of their avowed amusement at the idea of ghosts.

Local New Jersey newspapers (some of which I have seen in the yellowing files) printed the odd story of the man who did not believe in ghosts but who was being driven out of his house by them anyway.

On the next night, the 27th of January, 1929, a strange jury sat in the living room of Treichler's cottage. In the front row sat Arthur Corbine and Clifford Kane, both stalwart plainclothes men. They were committed to the theory that prowlers of the human variety were at the bottom of the trouble. John Coen, 2533 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, came all the way to Bucto in the hope of seeing a ghost. He had hunted ghosts all his life without ever seeing one or hearing a moan or a whisper or a clank. There were two local "psychics," of the fortune-telling variety. There were several friends of Treichler's, there were four newspaper reporters and there was Emil Luquet — Luquet, the man the locksmith had named; Luquet the ghost-hunter and talented medium. Twelve good men and true. . . .

In the middle of the room on a long table lay the three revolvers, all loaded, and a heavy blackjack. The shotgun was hid away as Treichler feared it would be unwieldy and dangerous in such a crowd. Until after midnight the place was besieged by curiosity seekers who tramped around the house, took flashlight pictures, shouted and talked and laughed and tried to make a farce of the whole thing. Finally they gave up and the 12 watchers were alone. The lights were turned out except for one feeble oil lamp.

Luquet rose to his feet. "I am a medium," he announced. "I sense strange and terrible forces here." Dramatically he extinguished the remaining lamp and they now sat in utter darkness. In a deep bass voice he invited the spirits to make themselves known. There was no answer. He asked again and then his voice grew tense. "I see a woman," he said. "A tall woman, walking through flames with a child in her arms. They are coming closer. . . ."

The room was alight and men struggled from their chairs. The words of the celebrated Mr. Luquet seemed to be true — flames were all around them. But sheepishly they realized that it was only the lights of an automobile coming into the yard. More interruptions followed. There had been

too much publicity. Finally Luquet lit the light and rose. "We can do nothing more," he said. "The spirits are silent tonight."

CRASH! The noise came from the attic even as he spoke. It sounded as if someone had tossed a sack of stones to the floor above them. Twelve men ran up the stairs, 12 men peered into the empty attic and saw nothing. They returned downstairs, impressed for the first time. Luquet was encouraged but doubtful. He turned to their host.

"Mr. Treichler, have you any enemies, or do you know anybody living or dead who might be envious of the things you have attained in life?"

The white-haired man shook his head. "None whatever."

There was a noise from the bedroom, a subdued murmur. It was as if far-away voices tried to speak, perhaps to contradict. The 12 men all heard it and looked at each other strangely. The sounds became louder but still were unintelligible; it was as if someone spoke far off in another language.

They entered the bedroom but found it unoccupied. The watchers milled around making vague and pointless suggestions. When the gray light of dawn showed in the east windows the little group broke up nervously, uncertainly, and unsatisfied. One or two suggested a repeat performance but Walter Treichler shook his head.

From now on, he said firmly, he would watch for his "ghosts" alone. He would try to find the explanation without outside assistance, whether of police or spiritualists or well-meaning neighbors. The visitors finally left — and Treichler did not bother to point out to them that the front door through which they made their exit was ajar — though they had seen it firmly bolted a few hours ago.

That is almost all there is to the story of the ghost-hunt at Bucto. Like most true stories it is incomplete. But it is especially well-documented. Twelve men heard the crash and the spectral footsteps in Walter Treichler's Fair Haven. I talked to some of them while the incident was fresh in their memories and found them puzzled and awed. I have read the accounts which others, fellow newspapermen, wrote for their local papers. Nobody suggests an explanation.

When I interviewed him in the summer of 1929 Treichler still was living in the house at Bucto, still determined to wear out his ghostly intruders. He had dug up the cellar and found nothing but bits of old rusted metal. The noises, he said, were increasing in volume and regularity, making his nights hideous. Footsteps tramped up and down the attic every night — leaving no prints on the dusty floor. The invisible shovel dug

an invisible grave from dark to dawn somewhere in the yard.

I wished him well, refused an invitation to spend the night and went back to my job on a New York magazine.

I wish that the thing had a happier ending — or even a real ending at all. If Treichler could have found the bones of poor Timbuctoo in his cellar and given them Christian burial — but perhaps that would be too pat.

Six months later I wrote to Walter Treichler, asking him to bring me up to date on the situation. There was no answer.

In 1932, while driving from New York to Hollywood to do a movie job for RKO who had bought my first book, I went out of my way to go down the peaceful country road along Rancacas Creek near Mount Holly. The house Walter Treichler had called "Fair Haven" was a blackened ruin. It had burned down to the foundation on a winter's night. Treichler himself, the neighbors guardedly admitted, had departed hence — nobody knew where. Evidently he had come out second best in the encounter with his unknown antagonists.

There are, it seems, doors that will not lock.

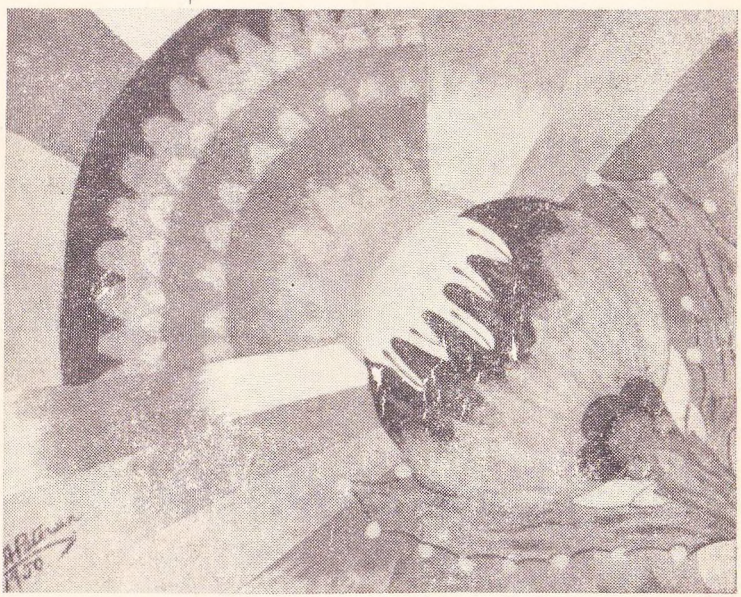
FATEFUL JANUARY 19

On January 19, 1951, Robert J. Horne, 26, of Staten Island, N. Y., joined the Army. He sailed for Korea on January 19, 1952. The Defense Department notified his mother on January 19, 1953, that he was killed in action.

THE ELECTRICAL VIRUS

Viruses appear to cause sickness by picking up tiny charges of positive electricity, according to Dr. Theodore Puck of the University of Colorado School of Medicine. Reporting recently on a study of viruses that kill some bacteria, Dr. Puck said that they carried negative electrical charges and repelled each other. When calcium was present, however, the viruses picked up positive electrical charges and were attracted to the bacteria. This seemed to happen in the case of the influenza virus, Dr. Puck stated. He mentioned the hope that drugs may be developed to prevent viruses from picking up electrical charges and thus combat such diseases as poliomyelitis, influenza and cancer.

Paintings from Another World



By Gerry Annette Petersen

The author believes Leonardo Da Vinci was one of the spirit entities who inspired these psychic paintings.

It is an exciting experience to find oneself painting the faces and forms of those who have pre-existed. There is no deeper thrill than seeing the portrait of a former physical being of an ancient day develop beneath one's fingertips! About four years ago I surprisingly developed this form of mediumship.

Some years ago, with two friends who are psychics, I experimented

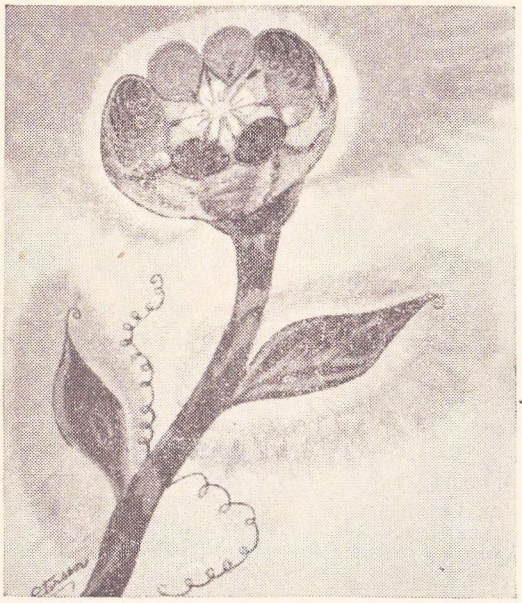
with mental telepathy, using it to communicate with visitants from the beyond. At this time I was clairvoyantly impelled to draw crude likenesses of some of the Etheric Teachers who were instructing us. Clairaudiently we acquired information pertaining to our past lives. However, these psychic meetings came to an end when my family and I moved away.

During the next two years I spent most of my spare time acting as amanuensis for many spirit souls. When this period of transcribing terminated abruptly I found I had a tremendous urge to study the human aura. I was often inspired to sketch personalized auras that were symbolically beautiful in their vivid designs. I composed them for loved ones and friends, and each aura that I fashioned was as different as were the individuals for whom I drew them. Although the person might be miles away, by focusing my power of concentration upon them, I could place my consciousness in close contact with theirs. This immediately established a strong channel of telepathic vibrations. Thus, clairvoyantly, I obtained the design of the auric envelope which portrayed the spiritual attributes of each soul. I used water color pencils to portray the auras in exquisite jewel-like colors. I worked very rapidly and, strangely, during the composition of these auras some of the previous existences of the individual were revealed to me.

Soon I became aware of the vibratory presence of other Invisibles. They imbued me with the desire to sketch symbolic, cosmic flowers which I had seen on several occasions while astrally projected. Each flower had a symbolic title and an explanation of its spiritual import. Further auric decorations evolved when I surrounded these symmetrical blossoms with delicate, prismatic radiations of auric lights which unified themselves into brilliant patterns of design.

A short time later I was directed to reproduce these designs in oils. The only art training I have ever received was in high school. I knew nothing of the technique of oil painting.

During an experimental period of two weeks a kindly soul who called himself Henry Bach guided me in the blending of the numerous shades of colors necessary for reproducing the flowers in the tones previously employed. After diligently devoting nearly all of my spare time to this learning I decided that I was ready to begin painting. With the passage of the months I progressed more quickly with the new medium. I would like to acknowledge, in the order in which they came to me, those besides Henry Bach who assisted me during this period. They were:



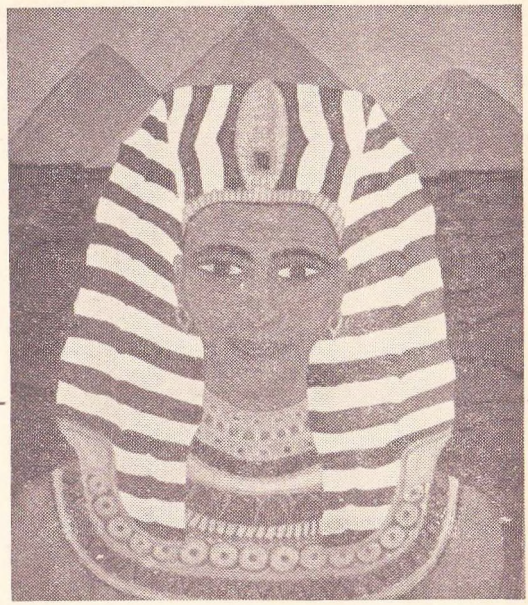
Flower painting symbolizes the unfoldment of a soul. Radiance around it denotes the spiritual attributes of a person.

Master Sing Li, of ancient China; Onatele, an American Indian maid; Pierre Redoute, of France; and Ahmid, of ancient Persia.

As the year drew to a close I received an entirely new impression which I acted upon by securing larger canvases for my future assignments. At the same time I did not possess the slightest inkling of what my Teachers had in store for me.

The day came when I first sat at my larger canvas with the impression to sketch a life-size head of Ahmid of Persia. Although I had sensed his presence countless times I had never seen him clairvoyantly. Imagine my astonishment at seeing him take form on canvas! My hands literally flew and in an unbelievably short time the sketch was complete and ready for painting!

I had begun by sketching the eyes first which, incidentally, sometimes appear larger than normal eyes. I recalled that I employed this identical method to draw the Etheric Teachers who had tutored my friends and me. This procedure differs from the usual aca-



Portrait which author says is of Prince Faroud Ra of ancient Egypt. It was painted while author was partly in a trance.

demic art instructions. One possible explanation for such a method is that the eyes are often thought of as mirrors which reflect the soul. Therefore, I believe that this same principle could apply to those souls existing on another plane. By using this procedure I achieved the expression of the eyes desired by my Teachers and I also was able to obtain further impressions from them concerning the other features, mode of attire and background.

After I mixed my colors for Ahmid's skin and features and commenced to paint I felt myself falling into a semi-trance condition. I had experienced this phase of mediumship previously but under far different circumstances. I perceived that a strong outside force was taking control of my hand and brush, guiding them with skill. In a very short time the skin and features were painted. I was pleased with their lifelike appearance. I was permitted to paint the costume and background without the trance condition prevailing.

After finishing *The Young Rajah*

I completed other portraits and noticed that I was becoming a more proficient instrument for my Etheric tutors. We enjoyed a friendly relationship, one that proved deeply beneficial to me in numerous ways.

In succession, I created the following images in oil: *Emir, Bedouin Chieftain*, of Arabia; *Techi Pulti*, Inca of Peru; and *Prince Faroud Ra*, of ancient Egypt.

I have had the impression of guidance from two other teachers in my portrait work. They are Master Leonardo Da Vinci and Pierre Puvis De Chavannes. Needless to say, I am eternally grateful to all the kind souls who have allowed me to be an instrument for this type of inspirational work. These Etheric beings, who have descended from other cosmic spheres, always have been kind and patient with me and they have never for one moment infringed upon my personal life.

At the present time I consider myself a novice in this expanding field of psychic endeavor. There are others far more adept than I doing work in this same category. But I sincerely hope that I shall be permitted to continue to explore new vistas under the kind tutelage of the patient entities whose creative destinies have been linked with mine.

UNEARTH IVORY THRONE

FRENCH scientists digging in Syria have discovered an ivory throne used by the Phoenician kings of Ugarit. Prof. Claude Schaefer, who announced the find, said the throne is 3,500 years old. Also unearthed were clay tablets in the Ugaritic and Akkadian languages which date back to 2000 B.C.

PRESERVING THE DEAD

A VENEZUELAN dentist, Dr. Carlos Jose Rodriguez Fernandez announced in New York recently that he has discovered a fluid which will "preserve dead bodies indefinitely." Describing his fluid as a fast-acting dehydrant and powerful disinfectant, he says it can either be injected into or sprayed on the body to be preserved. Charles E. Renouard, an embalming expert, tested the Fernandez formula on 20 bodies, 10 of which he kept in a well-heated room for a week. Renouard concludes that Dr. Fernandez "has made a real find."



By Dr. W. D. Chesney

Hunches of

A shot blasted the darkness — and Billy Carmain's hunch that someone would be killed came true.

ALTHOUGH long an avid reader of premonition and precognition cases, I seldom have seen anything approximating the ability of hard rock miner Billy Carmain to foretell the future.

My father and his cousin, F. O. Wallace, owned several mines in Jasper County, Mo., and Crawford County, Kan. In 1901 I was attending medical school in Kansas City and I decided I wanted to work in the family lead and zinc mines in the District during my vacation. It was arranged for me to go out to see Billy Carmain, superintendent of our mining property at Galena.

I met Billy when I got off the train at the old K.C.S. railroad station at Joplin. He was about 40 years old, smooth-shaven and

dark-skinned, probably five feet 10 inches tall, and a Sandow for strength. He had grown up around the lead and zinc mines. Later I learned that he did not know the meaning of the word fear. He was not a man I would have picked as having psychic powers.

We drove over to the Blue Wing, near Galena, in a one horse rig and he found me a good boarding place. As we drove along he remarked, "Wallace, if I paid any attention to my hunches I would be the owner of this mine. Something was telling me for years to buy this ground but I didn't. Your cousin, F. O., bought it for a song and found galena (lead sulfide) at the grass roots. We are taking out $2000 a week right now and it's getting better every shift. Yes, boy, when I follow my hunches everything turns out all right. When I don't everything is wrong."

As he left me he remarked, "Wallace, I'm putting you to work on the jigs. It's damn hard work. Because your folks own this place doesn't mean you get any favors. I'll give you the chance to go up if you do your work and stay away from booze."

I worked like a trooper and it was not long until I was placed in full control of the jigs, machines used in separating the minerals from each other according to their specific gravity. Galena (lead) was separated in one cell, sphalerite ("jack" or zinc sulfide) in another cell, the gangue rock (flint and Mississippian lime stone) ran over the tops of the cells and went into the tailings.

Billy often came from his office in the mill and without even looking at the tailings, would say, "Wallace, I've got a hunch you're running off a lot of 'jack' in the tailings." I never knew him to be wrong.

The ground boss (the boss of everything below earth's surface) was insisting, one day, that he must shoot a pillar that stood directly under the tailing pile and part of the ore bins. He declared that the roof of the mine would support ten times what it then carried.

Billy said, "Charlie, it looks OK, but I have a hunch that we will have a cave-in if you take it out."

Charlie said nothing. But shortly thereafter Billy drove over to our Clear Jack Mine at Hell's Neck, Mo. While he was there, Charlie

Billy Carmain

ordered four men to drill the pillar and shoot it out. At some former time someone had drilled holes in the pillar and loaded them with dynamite. These shots had never been exploded and were evidently forgotten. One of the drilling teams drilled into one of the charges and it exploded. When Billy got back one miner was dead and the other blind. The pillar was shot completely away and later the tailings pile caved in to cover a very rich bed of ore.

A month later Billy took me with him and drove to our Blind Tom lead prospect. The shaft was 200 feet straight down and water was coming into the "sump" (the bottom of the shaft) like a river. The men were putting in a ground pump. When Billy and I arrived at the Blind Tom two men were running the steam line from the boiler at the top to the pump at the bottom.

Billy had a hunch and tried to persuade the tired miners to get breakfast and rest for a few hours. But the men insisted that they could finish the job shortly and then go home.

Billy said, "Boys, I've got a hunch that you are running into trouble."

As one of the men stepped into the "can" (instead of hoisting cages we used cans made of heavy steel big enough to hold about thirty or forty gallons to hoist men and ore), he swore, "I'm going to fix that steam line right this time or eat breakfast in Hell." Before he had been lowered more than 50 feet into the shaft, the bottom of the "can" hit a hole in the cribbing and pitched the miner to the sump. He died instantly.

About this time Billy "fired" two men at the Blue Wing for coming on the job drunk. They swore revenge and Billy gave both of them a sound thrashing. About two weeks later, on a Saturday night, Billy and I were working on a Sampson hoister. He was having hunches and continually warned me against working over the shaft. He said, "Wallace, I've got a strong hunch that somebody'll be killed here tonight."

We finished the job at 11 p.m. and after washing up I started for the little hotel where I lived. Billy stayed at the mill to finish some book work. I was about 200 yards from the mill when I saw the shadows of two men lurking behind a tailing's pile. I could not identify them but I thought of the threats against Billy.

On a street corner I found the town marshall. He was another man that did not fear Beelzebub himself. I ran up to him and explained about the men I saw in the shadows. The two of us ran for the mill. When still 100 yards away we heard a fusillade of

pistol shots and rushing into the mill we found Billy's hunch had come true. He and his two attackers lay wounded on the floor. One of the latter died just after we arrived. I gave first aid to Billy and he recovered after a time.

In the fall I returned to medical school in Kansas City. In 1903, two years later, I was visiting at Ottumwa, Ia., when I received a letter from my cousin asking me to return to Neck City (formerly Hell's Neck) and act as Super for Clear Jack mine. The final arrangement provided for a man named Cisna to be ground boss. Billy Carmain was to be a sort of superintendent over all the Chesney properties in the District. I was to superintend the Clear Jack and do the jigging on top.

One day in July, 1903, Billy drove over to Joplin and Galena on company business. His hunches were still operating. Just before he drove away he declared, "Wallace, I hate to go this morning. I have a feeling we're going to have a cave-in. Ed Jennings is hoisting today and whatever happens I order you to stay away from that hoister. If you touch that hoister I'm going to whip hell out of you." With that he left.

I knew he meant just what he said. Billy didn't care a farthing that my folks hired him. I had seen him tell off my cousin, F.O.

Everything went well until about 10:30. Ed Jennings came down from the hoister house and told me he was feeling mighty sick. He said, "Wallace, I've got to go up town and see Doc Burgin. I'll be back in time to pull the men out of the ground at noon. Now you remember what Billy told you about that hoister."

About an hour later the bell (operated by pulling a small steel cable from the sump) began to jingle. I ran up into the hoister house. The rope (a steel cable attached to the "can") was jumping violently and the bell insistently rang for someone to hoist men to the surface.

I ran back down to the engine room looking for Jennings. He had not returned. The bell continued to jingle. I went out and looked down the shaft. Of course I could see nothing.

I called as loudly as I could. Cisna's voice was heard faintly, as from a great distance, saying that part of the roof had caved and the whole mine might give way. Two men were badly hurt, he said, and were already tied in the can. "Get them up quick," Cisna yelled.

I ran into the mill and blew the disaster whistle. The bell continued to jingle. No Jennings. I went back to the shaft and called down that the hoisterman was sick and away from the mine. A voice from the depths told me that the two injured men were bleeding to death.

If any of the wounded men died my conscience would never cease to bedevil me. But, if I pulled out the men, I was sure to get thrashed by Billy Carmain.

I went and leaned over the shaft and yelled to Cisna that Jennings had not showed up and asked if he wanted me to take the risk. The ground boss cursed me and threatened to give me a beating if I did not pull them out, or if I hurt any of them in pulling them out.

I ran up the steps of the hoister house and brought the wounded men up. When their bloody heads appeared at the mouth of the shaft, I locked the brake and rushed down the stairs. They were a bloody mess and my medical training stood me in good stead. One man's arm was hanging only by a thread. The other had deep gashes on his head. I tore off my shirt to make a tourniquet for the one who had lost an arm. Then I helped them from the "can," took them to the office and laid them on cots.

I heard a buggy approaching at full gallop. It was Billy Carmain. Before the rig stopped he jumped out to help. The bell kept up an infernal clanging.

Billy said, "Wallace, before I got to Webb City I knew something was wrong here and I turned around and came back. Now you go and pull the rest of the men out of the ground."

"But, Billy, you promised me a thrashing if I touched the hoister," I said.

He glared at me and roared, "I'll sure as hell give you one if you don't get those men out in a hurry."

I didn't get thrashed. The one miner lost his arm. The other had 21 stitches on his head and face. I helped Doc Burgin patch him up.

One of our greatest money making mines was located near Alba, not far from Spring River. Suddenly it seemed as if all Spring River was pouring into that mine. A battery of new, high-power ground pumps was installed and six new boilers. It was no use. They couldn't beat the water.

One day in August Billy called me aside and declared, "Wallace, I dreamed last night that I found how the water gets from the river into the mine. In the dream I was shown where the entrance is, how to prove it and how to stop it. Come on, boy, let's go."

We found a place in the river that looked like a small whirlpool. Billy tore several newspapers into fine shreds and dropped them into the whirlpool. Then we went to the superintendent of the deluged mine and told him to watch and see if the paper showed up in the pumped-up ground water.

Two days later the superintendent came to the Clear Jack to show us handfuls of chewed-up newspaper. Stopping the under-

ground river was easy. A hundred jute sacks of Portland cement were dumped into the whirlpool. That did the work. After that one ordinary Worthington pump handled the ground water beautifully.

Billy had a final hunch that he refused to obey. He drove over to Galena to meet the ore buyer from the Lanyon Smelting Company (I have been told that this is now Picher Smelter). He told me and Ed Jennings just before he left the Clear Jack that he had a feeling he was going to be shot and killed. I know he always liked me but he reached out from the buggy and shook hands with unusual warmth. "Wallace," he said, "you get out of this mining business. Go back to Kansas City and finish school. Goodbye."

Two days later we read in a local paper that Billy Carmain had been sipping a glass of beer in a Galena speakeasy when a young woman came in and sat on his lap. Her boy friend saw this and became intensely jealous. He borrowed a rifle and, slipping up to a window just back of Billy, he shot Billy in the ear. Billy never heard that shot. He must have died instantly.

His hunch, as usual, had been true precognition.



HAND IN GLOVE WITH FATE

ONE of two university boys hitchhiking from Toronto, Ont., Can., found on arriving in Buffalo, N. Y., that he had lost a glove. Two days later, hitchhiking back to Toronto, the boys were given a ride in the same car that had taken them to Buffalo. They found the lost glove on the back seat.



ANCIENT SKULL ORNAMENTS

A TEAM of American and British archeologists has unearthed seven decorated skulls in Biblical Jericho, Jordan. The scientists described the skulls as amazingly lifelike, with non-Semitic features. The eyes of the skulls are inlaid with shell and have painted eyelashes and eyebrows. Concave plaster surfaces at the bases of the skulls indicate that they once stood on pedestals and served as monuments to dead kings 7000 years ago. Kathleen M. Kenyon, director of the British School of Archeology, calls the ornamental heads "the most important scientific archeological discovery in modern times."

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• In Richmond, Va., Sergeant Luther Seldon, Jr., arrived home on furlough from Munich to surprise his wife. He found that she was en route to Germany to surprise him.

• In Miami, Fla., Dan Ray fell asleep while smoking, awoke with his clothing on fire and fell off the porch. He landed on a water faucet and broke it — the stream of water put out the flames.

• In Cincinnati, an ex-convict said he was "extra sorry" for robbing a councilman's office when he learned it belonged to the man who had got him a job on his parole from prison.

• John Kelley, of Boston, a fireman by occupation, bet on a horse called "The Winner," and won $9.40. He then dropped into a tavern, won a waltz contest and was awarded a bottle of champagne. That evening he arrived home to learn that he had won the major prize on a raffle — a completely furnished, model home valued at $40,000.

• Near Muncie, Ind., Gerald E. Goodspeed, of Hartford City, was charged with speeding.

• In Oklahoma City, as Detective L. L. Filson took down the description of a fugitive on his home telephone, he glanced out the window and saw the fugitive walking by. He arrested the man.

• Shoplifting in a department store in Rochester, N. Y., Paul Meintus picked up an article. As he headed for the nearest exit, an alarm went off. It was the stolen clock he had concealed under his coat. He was arrested.

• In Rutland, Vt., a car driven by Michael Dervin, 73, hit a pickup truck's fender. The truck hit the fender of a parked auto. Policemen Neville J. Barret and James Hesse were assigned to investigate. Barret discovered that the truck belonged to him and Hesse found the parked car was his.

• Gus Bradley, a Reidsville, N. C., tobacco buyer, who wanted to take some quail to a sick friend in Danville, Va., hunted for 10 days without bagging a single bird. Finally he put away his gun in disgust and decided to drive up and see his pal empty-handed. En

route a covey of quail whirred up from the side of the highway and three of them flew into his car.

• Pfc. Robert Heath, of Binghamton, N. Y., was killed in Korea on the same day that the stone was lost from the engagement ring he had given his fiancée, Catherine Larson, of Buffalo.

• George W. Alexander, of Saginaw, Mich., obtained deer license EF6076, the very same number as his car license. Mathematical chances of such an occurrence are said to be 1 in 500,000.

• A funeral home in Medina, Tenn., is operated by Frank and Fred Deadman.

• In Dumbries, Scotland, Regie Sanders bit into something hard in the goose for which his wife had spent half her housekeeping allowance. He spat it out — and a large diamond fell to the dinner plate.

• The presence of Britain's Sir Stevenson in a ruler's capital seems to be a jinx for the head of state involved. Stevenson was Ambassador to Yugoslavia when King Peter had to leave his throne in favor of Marshal Tito. He then went to Chiang Kai-shek, who shortly thereafter had to leave the Chinese mainland and flee to Formosa. Stevenson's next post was Cairo — and shortly after his arrival Farouk lost his throne.

• In the Wasatch mountains near Alta, Utah, the U. S. Forest Service's avalanche research station had to be abandoned when an avalanche buried the instrument tower under snow and debris.

• Blowing her nose vigorously while she had a head cold caused Mrs. John Swanson, 90, of Escanaba, Mich., severe pain. But as the cold cleared up she gradually recovered her sight. She'd been blind for five years. — *Paul Steiner*

THE FAMILY TOUCH

DURING World War II Mrs. Harold Moore, Sr., knitted sweaters for the Red Cross in the hope that they would provide soldiers with a warm, homey touch. Recently a young soldier at Fort Dix, N. J., asked the quartermaster exchange for a sleeveless sweater. He was given one with a tag that read: "Time donated by Mrs. Harold Moore, Sr., Norwich, N. Y." He was astonished and revealed that he was Pvt. Harold Moore, Jr., the donor's son.

EXPERIMENTS WITH NENGRAPHY

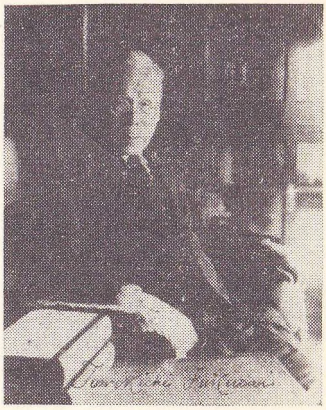
By Tomokichi Fukurai

(Reprinted from Psychic Observer)

SINCE my return from the International Spiritualists' Federation, held in London in September, 1928, I have conducted many experiments of nengraphy with Mr. Kohichi Mita (1885–1950) from Kisennuma in Miyagi Prefecture, the greatest medium I have ever known in Japan.

I have 137 plates of nengraphs in my possession. Some were obtained from my own personal experiments while others were presented to me by other persons.

From this collection, I have selected 10 nengraphs. These I will explain in this article.



The late Tomokichi Fukurai

The term "Nen" is a Japanese word. It signifies immaterial force underlying all psychological(ideal) and parapsychological (spiritual) activities.

When used as a verb, "Nen" means concentration of mind. I cannot find any corresponding term in English in which to translate it. Therefore, I use it as it is used in Japan.

On the 17th of September, 1915, under the auspices of the editor of a magazine, Mr. Mita was invited to conduct an experi-

The photographic plates were locked away — yet amazing pictures appeared on them when "nened" upon by Japan's late famous medium.

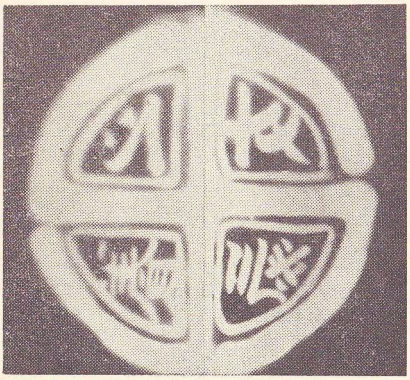


Fig. 1. Nengraph of a picture printed on the cover of a Japanese magazine.

ment of nengraphy at the public hall of the city of Matsue, Shimane Prefecture. The audience numbered about 2000 — including the teachers and students of normal and middle schools.

The experiment began at about 8:30 p.m. The process was as follows:

1. *Dry plates.* At the request of the sponsors, Mr. Ono, a photographer, offered three plates piled up and enclosed in a small wooden box. This was placed on a table set in the middle of the stage.

2. *Object:* The editor of the magazine asked Mr. Mita to impress the four Japanese letters upon the two plates, top and bottom, when joined together. The witnesses requested that the letters should be impressed upon the middle plate.

3. *Concentration:* Mr. Mita took his seat at a place about five feet distant from the plates and *nened* for about one minute and a half.

4. *Development:* Mr. Ono developed the plates under the watchful eyes of the witnesses. The

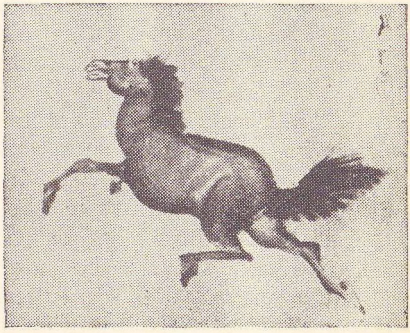


Fig. 2 Picture of "Horse" painting is one that appeared on developed plates.



Fig. 3. Japanese writing "nened" by Mita spells out the name "Aoki Shudo"

result was as follows:

(a) Upon the two plates appeared the nengraph of the letters indicated on Fig. 1.

(b) Upon the middle plate, there appeared nothing.

The Figure 1 is the nengraph of the picture printed on the front cover of the Japanese magazine.

About noon on 31st of December, 1929, Messrs. S. Aoki (President); S. Sasaki (Chief Director) belonging to an institute named *Nihon Chikasui Kyokai*, Mr. Mita and I met together in their office, the Nomura Building, in the *Higashi Ku* of Osaka. We consulted about a preparation for experiments of Mr. Mita's nengraphy.

According to our agreement, one dozen dry plates were bought at a nearby supply store. We tied the plates crosswise with tape and put seals on places where the knots were made.

As for the object for nengraphy, this was left to Mr. Mita's free will.

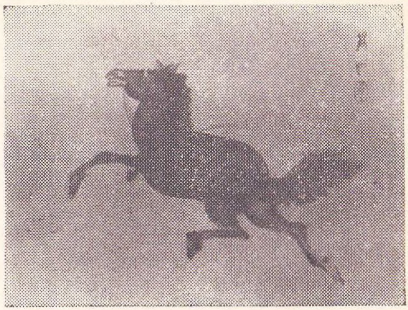


Fig. 4. Original "Horse" painting from which the picture in Fig. 2 was made.

The preparation having been finished, we all took leave from one another, but not before promising to meet again on the third day of January at the same office. Our purpose was to examine these plates and ascertain the results of the experiments.

As agreed, we held a short meeting in the office, about noon on the third day of January, 1930. Mr. Mita informed us the procedure of his experiment was as follows:

"I commenced my concentration for nengraphy at 2:46 a.m. on the first day of the year (about midnight of 31st of December, practically). Firstly, I went (as-

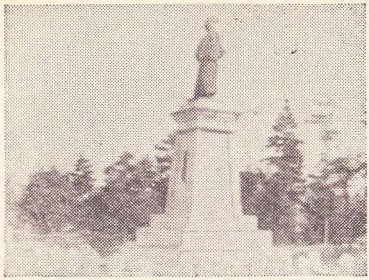


Fig. 5. Nengraph of the bronze statue of Echigo Fukuhara in Kamihara Park.

trally) to Mr. Sasaki's house which is situated at Sakai, a town in the neighborhood of Osaka. He was talking about his state of mind during his trance, and I found him drinking a beverage instead of sleeping in his bed.

"At the alcove in Sasaki's room, the picture of the 'Horse' painted by Oshu, a famous Kyoto painter, hung on the wall. I *nened* to impress this picture upon the first plate (out of the one dozen kept in the strong box at Osaka).

"My original intention was to impress on this first plate only, but, in the course of nengraphy, two other plates came before my mental sight, quickly one after the other. So I thought perhaps I had better impress the same 'Horse' picture on these two plates. Then, I went to President Aoki's house (situated at Ashiya, the suburbs of Kobe) and found him lying in bed. Soon after, however, the scene changed and I found him sitting at his desk in his study. He seemed to be concentrating. He was in his night-gown and held a writing brush in his hand.

"This seemed to be an opportune time so I *nened* to impress on the 12th plate whatever impression might be hidden in his mind. Therefore, I had no idea as to what might appear on it when it was developed, but I was sure it must be something belonging to Mr. Aoki."

When we took those plates out of the strong box, they were in the same condition as before, without the slightest trace of change or touching on the seals.

After some discussion, those plates were handed over to me for development. I intended, at first, to develop them on the spot, but there being no dark room in the office, I asked to take them home to develop there, and to inform the result of the experiments in the presence of all the witnesses on the 6th day of January, just about the same hour. All agreed that they would have another meeting in this office on that date.

In the evening of the fourth of January, I developed the plates, with the assistance of a special photographer. The result was as follows:

On the first, second and third plates, there appeared the pictures of the "Horse" (Fig. 2).

On the fifth plate, there appeared a portrait of some person.

On the sixth plate, there ap-

peared a picture of some scenery.

On the 12th plate, there appeared Japanese characters "Aoki Shudo," (Fig. 3) ("Shudo" is Mr. Aoki's pseudonym). The other six plates were blank.

All the pictures appearing on the developed plates corresponded exactly with Mr. Mita's report on the third of January.

On the sixth of January, I went to the office as had been arranged. I took with me the developed plates and announced the above mentioned result in the presence of all the witnesses.

Mr. Sasaki confirmed that the nengraph picture of the "Horse" was exactly the same as the picture he had in his house.

Mr. Aoki identified the Japanese characters which appeared on the plate with his own handwriting.

About 10 days later, Mr. Sasaki sent me the orginal "Horse" picture which is now reproduced here (Fig. 4). If you compare this with the nengraph picture you will find there an exact agreement between both photos in outlines, shades and touches.

When a *nen* of a definite character has been once born in a seance and a *nengraph* has been produced, that *nen*, after having accomplished its work, does not become extinct immediately. Not at all, it continues to live for a long time, appearing repeatedly at later seances and producing exactly the same nengraphs as before.

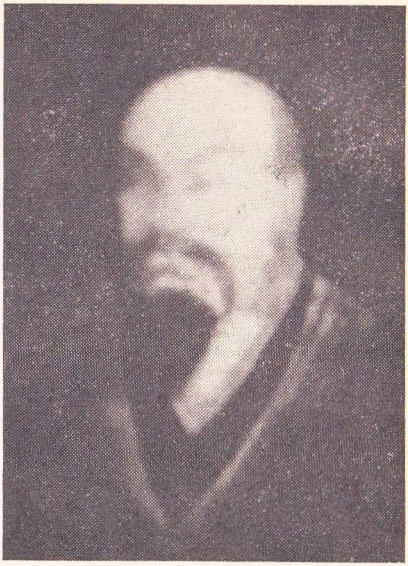


Fig. 6. Portrait of an unidentified man.

In this case, the nengraph produced in the first seance may be termed original and those produced in later seances, duplicate.

In this treatise, I will introduce duplicate nengraphs only, omitting the description of original.

One day of August, 1934, I wrote a letter to Mr. Mita, asking him to come to my house and conduct an experiment of nengraphy. In the evening of August 14th, he visited me to conduct the experiment.

The experiment began at about 7 p.m. The process was as follows:

1. *Dry plates:* I put a package containing a dozen dry plates,



Fig. 7. Nengraph of the stone statue of Buddha in Mt. Kongo, Korea, proves distance no bar to abilities of Kohichi Mita.

in the alcove of the room upstairs.

2. *Object:* I requested Mr. Mita to impress upon all the dozen plates, the duplicate pictures of original nengraphs produced in the former experiments.

3. *Concentration:* Mr. Mita *nened* for about two minutes. After that he said that he was convinced that all the dozen plates were impressed by some pictures, but did



Fig. 8. This picture of a Korean singer was among the remarkable results obtained in experiments with Japan's greatest medium.

not know what kind of pictures they were, because psychic work of this kind is carried out independent of his will, beyond his normal consciousness.

4. *Development:* I developed the plates in the same room upstairs. The result was as follows:

(*a*) The dozen plates were all impressed by pictures.

(*b*) Upon the top plate appeared the picture of a bronze statue of Echigo Fukuhara in the Kamihara Park in Ube City, Yamaguchi Prefecture (Fig. 5).

(*c*) Upon the second plate, the portrait of an unknown person (Fig. 6).

(*d*) Upon the third plate the portrait of Shingen Takeda (1521–1573).

(*e*) Upon the fourth plate, a picture of Shingen's cemetery.

(*f*) Upon the seventh plate, the picture of the stone statue of Buddha in the Mt. Kongo, in Korea (Fig. 7).

(*g*) Upon the eighth plate, the portrait of a Korean singer (Fig. 8).

As to the other plates, I will omit the description of them.

The figures five and six are the duplicate pictures of the original nengraphs we obtained in the public experiment held in Ube City, Yamaguchi Prefecture, May 19, 1936.

The cemetery photo and Fig. 7 are the duplicates of the original obtained in the public experiment held in Keijo-fu, Korea, in May, 1925.

Based on the results obtained from the experiments before mentioned and those at numerous other occasions, I maintain that *nen* has three characteristics, namely:

(1) *Nen* is an immaterial force.

(2) Being immaterial, *nen* is pure, formless and shapeless, but nevertheless, it acts upon matter, independent of the material law, viz., beyond the casualty of matter.

(3) When a *nen* of a definite idea has been born at a seance and has produced a nengraph, that *nen*, after having accomplished its work, does not become extinct immediately, but continues to live for a long time, appearing repeatedly at later seances and producing exactly the same nengraph as during the previous sitting.

MRS. BROWN IN DUPLICATE

At St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, Conn., two women named Mrs. Brown were admitted at the same time for treatment. Each had suffered a broken wrist in falling on an icy sidewalk. Each was operated on by the same doctor and each left the hospital on the same afternoon. In addition each had a husband named Walter.



Arthur P. Roberts helped police to crack many baffling crimes with his clairvoyant abilities. He predicted the Milwaukee bombings of 1935 and the date of his own death in 1940.

PSYCHIC DETECTIVE

This amazing sleuth did not need clues to solve difficult cases. The answers just came to him.

By Vincent H. Gaddis

EARLY on the evening of October 26, 1935, an explosion rocked the city of Milwaukee, Wis. Shorewood's suburban village hall had been dynamited by an unknown terrorist. Two children were killed and a number of persons injured. Flames following the blast reduced the building to a blackened ruin.

On the following day more explosions shocked Milwaukee. Two banks were damaged and, with a cynical gesture of defiance, the dynamiter blew up two police stations. As the outrages continued, panic spread and the frightened citizens joined officials in wondering when and where the next blow would fall.

Then Detective Walter English remembered that his neighbor, 70-year-old Arthur Price Roberts, famed as a "psychic detective," had predicted the bombings to him on October 18, eight days before the first blast. As reported at length in the *Wisconsin News* of November 6, Roberts had said:

"Going to be lots of dynamitings! I see two banks blown up and perhaps the city hall. Going to blow up police stations. Then there's going to be a big blowup south of the river (Menomonee) and it'll be all over."

The final blast was yet to occur. Detective English told his superiors of the prediction. They got in touch with Roberts and he repeated his forecast: "Sunday, November 4, there'll be a big one south of the Menomonee. And that'll be all!"

Members of the Milwaukee Police Department knew from past experience that the statements of "Doc Roberts" were not idle, groundless guesses. But even his ability, amazing as it was, had its limits. He knew that the blast would occur but he could not identify the perpetrator.

On the following Sunday a small army of officers was placed on guard in the Menomonee district but all their precautions were in vain. In the afternoon the blast rocked the city like an earthquake. And it was, indeed, the final blast. Over 100 pounds of torn flesh and bone were recovered from the damaged area.

This sixth and final blast, by an extraordinary freak of fate, was an accident. Police inquiries revealed that Hugh Frank Rutkowski, the 21-year-old terrorist, had been experimenting in a garage with an electric fuse arrangement, with his accomplice, Paul Chovonec, 19. Embittered against the law and society in general, by his record of nine arrests, he had been preparing more outrages. Then a mistake occurred. Forty pounds of dynamite went off with a roar that was heard eight miles away, taking the lives of Rutkowski, Chovonec and 8-year-old Patricia Mylarnek who lived next door. Eleven others were injured. In addition to the garage, two houses were wrecked and windows were broken in 100 more in the vicinity.

Roberts had foreseen an accidental explosion.

Born in Denbeigh, Wales, in 1866, Roberts came to America as a young man and settled in Milwaukee. From childhood he possessed the uncanny ability of foreseeing events and locating missing persons and objects. He never learned to read or write, fearing that education would destroy his supernormal powers, yet for half a century he solved hundreds of problems for the police and worried citizens, in a score of towns and cities. Short in stature, jovial and plain in appearance, his modest home was his office where letters and telegrams testifying to his successes filled massive filing cabinets.

The case of Duncan McGregor of Peshtigo, Wis., who mysteriously vanished in July, 1905, is typical of the accounts in his files. Despite large rewards and a wide-

spread search, all efforts to locate McGregor had been fruitless. Finally, some six months after the disappearance, the missing man's wife came to Milwaukee to consult Roberts. The psychic detective met her at the door, told her why she had called on him before she could explain but was unable to give her additional information.

As a rule Roberts obtained his supernormal knowledge by mental impressions that came to him from out of the labyrinth of his subconscious. They would strike him instantly, often in astonishing detail. When this method failed, as occasionally happened, Roberts would enter a trance which permitted greater contact with his strange inner consciousness.

Failing to gain knowledge of the whereabouts of McGregor by his usual impressions, Roberts asked Mrs. McGregor to return in a few hours. Then he retired to his bedroom. An hour later he woke to await Mrs. McGregor's return.

"Your husband is dead," he told her. "He was murdered. But I cannot tell you who was responsible for his death. Such testimony as I could give would not be admitted as evidence in court and I would only trouble myself to give it."

Roberts did give the exact location of McGregor's body in the Menomonee River, adding that it did not rise to the surface because it was caught under some logs. Following his directions, police officers located the body within a few minutes, but the murderer was never identified.

A man of many secrets, Roberts did confidential work, unofficially, for the authorities on numerous cases. The extent of his activities probably will never be known. He was involved in the famous case of Ignatz Potz, of Chicago, who was sentenced to hang for murder on June 16, 1922. Roberts was pleased when Governor Small commuted the sentence to life imprisonment when Potz was within four hours of the noose.

Three telegrams, selected at random from his voluminous files, reveal the wide range of his many cases:

La Crosse, Wis.
Found Little Lawrence Larson Fifty Feet Below Bridge As You Prophesied This Five Thirty PM Thanking You.

Edward Larson

Bloomington, Ill.
Have Just Read Report On Steamer Muskegon Sinking. Recall Now That You Told Me Last May She Would Sink Early In The Fall Or Late Summer. You Kept Me Off Her. Thanks. You're All Right.

N. L. Schwartz

Madison, Wis.
Time, Place And Descripton Of Place And Persons Given By You Were Correct In Every Way. Four Persons Arrested And All Money Recovered. Gang Broken Up.
Chief of Police

Often psychic impressions came to Roberts while he was on the street. One day a member of the Milwaukee Fire Department met Roberts for the first time. "You are a fireman," Roberts told him. "Six months from now the Johns-Manville plant will burn. It's going to be a bad fire. Better get out of the company or you'll be killed."

He described the coming disaster in detail and pictured the spot in the rear of the factory where six firemen would be killed by a falling wall. "Yes, you'll be one of them," he warned, "unless you resign." Shortly after the fireman accepted an offer to enter another type of work and resigned from the fire department. The Johns-Manville conflagration occurred as predicted and in the rear of the plant, at the spot described by Roberts months before, six firemen lost their lives.

Once while Roberts was staying at the Windsor House in the town of Fond du Lac, Wis., a local police officer named Nolan came to him about an unsolved murder that had occurred there two years before. Roberts described in detail the appearance of the victim, Mr. Prinslow, but was unable to obtain any further impressions. That night he solved the mystery in his deeper state of dream consciousness. On the following day he appeared at the police headquarters and asked to see a file of pictures from the rogue's gallery. He laid one aside. "That's your man," he told Sheriff Keys. "You'll find him in British Columbia in the mounted police service."

They did!

On another occasion J. D. Leroy, a Chicago business man, came to Roberts seeking information about his brother who had disappeared in the west. Roberts told him that the missing man had been murdered and gave a detailed description of the spot where his body could be found. Several weeks later Roberts received this letter from Mr. Leroy: "I wish to inform you that we found the body of my brother within 200 feet of the place you described, in Devil's Canyon, Ariz. He was looking for mining property and evidently was lured there by parties who murdered him."

Distance was no barrier to Robert's power. He located the world traveler, H. Altmek, in Tokyo, Japan, for his friend, M. Kappelmann of Toronto, Can. When Altmek recovered from his illness, which had prevented him from

writing, and returned to America he made a special trip to Milwaukee to meet the man who could see halfway around the world. "I did it all with my mind," was all Roberts had to say.

The psychic detective had many remarkable experiences because of his weird abilities. Frederick Kores, a taxicab driver, was slugged and his car stolen near Racine, Wis. Warren Boucher, owner of the cab company, reported the crime to Roberts. On the afternoon of the following day, Roberts entered the company office in great excitement.

"I've located your car," he shouted. "I'll take you to it and show you the thief. But come at once, or we'll lose him. Hurry!"

Boucher jumped behind the wheel of one of his cars and Roberts climbed into the front seat beside him. Kores, who was in the office at the time, and a Mr. Fleischmann sat in the rear. They sped down the pavement toward Chicago; when they were south of Cudahy, a fork in the road came into view. Roberts had Boucher stop the car. He climbed out, put his hand to his head and paced back and forth, glancing first at the sky and then at the ground.

Suddenly inspiration came. He leaped back into the car. "Go down that way," he said, pointing.

They had gone but a short distance when Roberts exclaimed: "Now the car's coming toward us. Turn around quickly and we'll follow it!"

Boucher had no sooner turned his machine when a car sped past. "That's it," Kores yelled. "And that's the fellow who slugged me driving."

In the chase which followed Boucher managed to pull up along side the other car and crowd it into a ditch. The thief fled but Kores, Boucher and Fleischmann caught him. They took their prisoner to Cudahy and turned him over to Captain Sullivan of the Mllwaukee police.

As a fitting climax to his strange life of unorthodox crime detection, Roberts predicted the day of his own death. According to close friends, he announced the date several weeks before his passing when he appeared in perfect health and added, "As much as I would like to remain, I will not be with you beyond that day."

On January 2, 1940 — the date foretold — Arthur P. Roberts, America's strangest detective, died of a heart attack.



Haunted Canterbury

By Edmond P. Gibson

Witnesses report that not only the living inhabit what well may be England's oldest populated city.

CANTERBURY may be the oldest inhabited city in England. Certainly the town existed before the coming of the Romans, as it was a fort in the latter period of the Iron Age, and it was occupied by the invading Belgas in the 1st Century B.C. The Romans rebuilt the early fort and named it Durovernum Cantiacorum. The remains of their city, exposed by German bombing and subsequent excavation, lie eight to 10 feet below the present ground level and are on exhibition temporarily during the festival of Britain. It was the Roman capital city in Kent.

In 455 A.D. the Anglo-Saxons landed in Kent, bringing with them their gods who displaced the Roman hierarchy. The Saxon gods later gave way to Christianity which appeared in Kent through the efforts of Queen Bertha, the Christian Queen of King Ethelbert, a Saxon, during the latter part of the sixth century.

The coming of St. Augustine resulted in the conversion of the King, and Canterbury slowly grew into the religious center of England. The English Church became united there through the efforts of Archbishop Theodore in the year 668, from which time the Archbishop of Canterbury has been the religious authority of England, at times wielding a power that overshadowed that of the King.

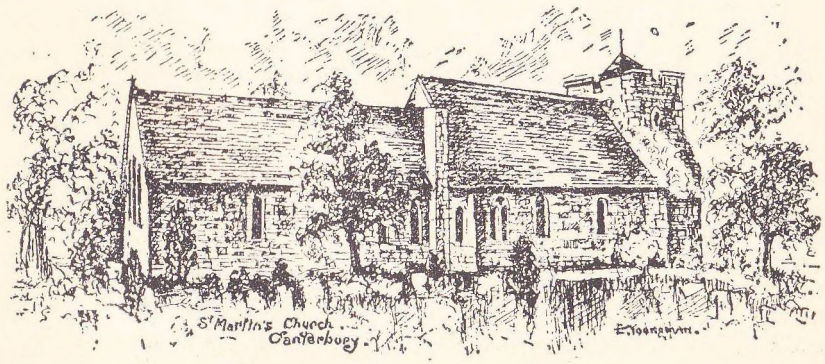
Geoffrey Chaucer has given a vivid picture of a Canterbury pilgrimage which visited the tomb and shrine of St. Thomas a Becket in the cathedral sometime in the 14th century.

Perhaps it is not surprising that this ancient Canterbury is likewise a center of ghostly activity, activity which has gone on down the centuries.

The ghost of a monk has traversed the road called St. Martin's Hill for years. This ghostly monk has caused traffic to come to a sudden halt on the hill in the middle of the night and it is still seen there occasionally.

At one time there was a priory near the foot of St. Martin's Hill though the monks have been gone since Elizabethan times and the building has been remodeled. The old entrance to the priory is bricked up and a portion of the building is now occupied by the Bishop of Dover. But on two evenings toward the end of 1950 Mr. W. C. Clayson, a taxi-driver, encountered the apparition. He writes:

"I am writing to tell you of my experience in the early hours of the morning. My job as a taxi-driver keeping me out very late, I was coming home between one and two in the morning when I saw a form cross the road. I did not take much notice of it at that time but not so long after, on another early morning, I saw it



An apparition is said to have appeared for centuries in this ancient church.

again, dressed as a monk or a priest, with a hood and cloak. It passed from the Bishop of Dover's house on St. Martin's Hill and disappeared on the opposite side of the road. I have not seen it since."

Further inquiry yielded the information that the figure appeared from out the wall of the old priory, at the point where the old entrance was walled up. It vanished on reaching a small piece of green on the opposite side of the road. The last time Mr. Clayson saw it he was slowly pushing his bicycle up the grade, near the foot of the hill, after leaving his taxi in the town.

The present drawing room of the house of the Bishop of Dover is a part of what once was the old priory hall. The entrance to the hall has been replaced by more modern French windows. Here also figures have been seen, inside the house, walking in what was the old hall. Mr. Jasper P. Mounsey, who lives nearby, states that he has heard repeatedly of the haunting in the old priory, although he has never witnessed anything himself.

Another ghostly occurrence, on last All Soul's Eve at the old cemetery of the monks of St. Augustine, was heard by a member of the clergy of the Church of England. It consisted of a monastic funeral procession which was heard, but not seen, passing through the ancient cemetery gate. These monks have been gone since Tudor times. The ancient gate is blocked up and has not been used for centuries. But still the chanting, in a ghostly form, persists. The clerical gentleman who underwent this experience wishes to remain anonymous.

At the foot of St. Martin's Hill, near the junction with Longport Road, stands St. Martin's Church, the first Christian Church in Kent, built upon the ruins of a Roman temple. King Ethelbert, the pagan Saxon king of Kent, gave it to his Christian wife, Queen Bertha, for her personal place of worship, before the arrival of St. Augustine from Rome. The tiny chancel and nave still show the Roman brickwork and tile, extending up the walls for a distance of eight feet. Above this level, the walls seem to be a later Saxon addition. For centuries an apparition of Queen Bertha has been seen occasionally in the ancient church. However, I have been unable to locate a contemporary witness to this haunting.

Ghostly activities in the Cathedral city do not confine themselves to the churches. The Old House Restaurant in Palace Street is located near the east end of the cathedral grounds. Here poltergeist activities of a mischievous and humorous nature have persisted for years in the rooms that

are rented above. No ghosts are seen but phenomena such as the unlocking and locking of doors persist. There are unexplained noises, accompanied occasionally by activities centering on the beds. Sheets and blankets are pulled from the visitors who sleep in these rooms and on other occasions the bed coverings are rearranged. These activities never have seemed malevolent, but possibly are the work of some entity with a sense of humor.

The Cathedral itself, according to tradition, has been haunted in the Dark Entry since the reign of Henry the Eighth. The story of this haunting goes back to folklore and a detailed account of the ghostly activities appears in *The Ingoldsby Legends* by Thomas Ingoldsby Esq., New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1930. The story of the haunting goes as follows:

During the reign of Henry the Eighth there was a Canterbury Canon who is anonymous in the story but who lived close to the "Dark Entry" of the Cathedral. While the monks who lived at the priory were thin and half-starved, this Canon grew fat and jovial. Some share in maintaining his health and happiness was blamed upon his housekeeper, Nell Cook, who was famous for her stews and pastry. In addition to being a fine cook, Nellie was a good-looking, voluptuous wench, whose charms were only offset by her modesty. However, the town gossips suggested that the portly Canon might find as good a cook and one who wasn't as pretty as Nellie.

One evening a coach passed through Canterbury's "Green Court" gate and stopped in front of the Canon's house. A beautiful young lady, together with her belongings, was unloaded. The Canon greeted her as his niece. She explained to the neighbors that her father was in the Navy, sailing the Spanish Main, and that he had sent her to be cared for by his brother, the Canon.

Whoever the fair lady may have been, she certainly was well known to the Canon, who showed her every evidence of familiarity and affection. This caused a great deal of discomfiture among the neighbors, who could not understand why the Canon should wine and dine his niece so much, and at last Nell Cook was equally displeased. It was rumored that the "niece" had taken over some of Nell Cook's ministrations, though Nell Cook still did the cooking.

From the windows of the Canon's lodge came no hymn singing, but a clear soprano voice rose in the latest worldly ballad, "Bobbing Joan." The lady had stayed at the Canon's house for more than six weeks and the gossips had it that the "niece" had abandoned the guest room in the tower for the more ample proportions of the Canon's room. The Canon

said she often spent her nights in prayer at the shrine of St. Thomas but the gossips said she spent them with the merry Canon.

To cut this part of the story short, Nellie Cook decided to take matters into her own hands. It is said she visited the apothecary. Soon thereafter she made a special dinner for the Canon and his "niece," including a pie which was the Canon's favorite. The Canon and his "niece" were both dead in his room the following morning.

Nellie Cook disappeared and was never again seen alive. By order of the Prior, the Canon and his "niece" were buried in the floor of the Cathedral Nave. A day or two later a large paving stone within the "Dark Entry" was seen to be newly set in cement. No one knew what had become of Nellie Cook, or who the Canon's "niece" really was.

A hundred years later a paving stone settled badly in the "Dark Entry" and the Dean of Canterbury ordered it reset. That this might be accomplished the stone was removed and its foundations examined. Beneath it was a small, walled crypt, within which was an unburied skeleton thought to be Nellie Cook. With the remains there was a pitcher and what may have been the remains of her pie, upon a platter. The clothing was that of a woman.

It appeared that the prisoner in the crypt had been buried alive, perhaps by the immediate and summary justice of the Prior and his tonsured brothers. Since the exhumation of this body, in or about the year 1640, there have been repeated accounts of the ghost of Nellie Cook appearing in the "Dark Entry." The ghost has appeared only on Friday nights, and even when the apparition fails to appear on Friday, the passer through the "Dark Entry" feels a "cold spot" in the air when he passes over the slab which once entombed fair Nellie.

Jasper P. Mounsey, who lives near the Bishop of Dover house on St. Martin's Hill, has written of his first experience in passing through the "Dark Entry."

"The wife and I were coming back from an entertainment and walked through the Dark Entry on our way back — there we suddenly felt a real chill in the air. Talking about ghosts later, we told my son-in-law about our experience and he promptly said: 'Was it a Friday night?' On our working it out we found it was a Friday night. This happened on our first visit to Canterbury and we had no previous knowledge of any hauntings there." (Mr. Mounsey has had some previous encounters with ghosts. He was a student at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, during the haunting there, and had an experience in the haunted rooms that look out

on the green of the Old Court.)

The figure of Nell Cook is rarely seen in the "Dark Entry" now. This haunting seems to have lost vigor in recent years, but many persons passing through it still testify that they have an eerie feeling there, on Friday nights. There is a stain on the wall in the shape of a woman. The superstitious have associated this stain with Nellie but there is no evidence that it is anything but a freak of nature, which may have been on the wall long before Nellie existed.

St. Mildred's Church is on the opposite side of Canterbury from the Church of St. Martin, which is outside the wall. St. Mildred's is a small, ancient church near the castle and not far from the River Stour. It is the oldest church inside the walls and of early Saxon foundation. Later, about 1050 A.D., it was apparently rebuilt and dedicated to St. Mildred, a princess of the Royal House of Kent who became a nun. Various miracles and legends are associated with her but very little is historically known. She died about the year 700. However, she has been greatly venerated in Kent and was canonized at an early date by the Church.

This ancient church is haunted by the benevolent figure of a nun, supposed to be St. Mildred. Inasmuch as no nuns have been associated with this church since Tudor times, the ghost is very old. The Rev. Edwin F. Lee Hirst, the rector, writes that the figure was seen recently by the organist of the church, Maurice Hogben, and by one of his parishioners, Mrs. Margaret A. Smith, who cleans the church brass, arranges flowers before services, and takes care of the inside of the church.

At the request of Reverend Hirst Mrs. Smith wrote out the story of her recent experience:

"On the afternoon of November 2, 1950, I went to St. Mildred's Church (Canterbury) to do my usual brass cleaning, flowers, etc. and had spent about three-quarters of an hour in the vestry. I then went to the end of the church, near the west door, to clean the candlesticks by the War Memorial.

"I switched on the lights at that end of the church, the Sanctuary being then in half darkness as it was a dark rainy afternoon.

"I had been at the west end of the Church for about a half hour when I heard a faint rustling sound and thought 'Ah, someone coming into the Church' and went on polishing, but after a second or two I felt compelled to look round at the door. No one was there. I had the feeling that someone was behind me and looked along the aisle from the door. To my great astonishment, there stood the figure of a nun. As I watched she seemed to glide

about two steps forward and it came to me, 'It's Saint Mildred!' I seemed to gaze at her for ages but it could only have been seconds.

"She was dressed in grey with a smallish winged headdress, but her profile struck me, it was so perfect and beautiful, but one could see that it was spiritual, by the cold, almost transparent look of it. The front outline of face and figure were clearly defined, but the top and back of the figure were sort of misted.

"I gave a sort of soft 'ah!' sound and then she just vanished on the spot.

"Naturally I felt a bit shaken, but such a sense of cleanliness and peace pervaded the whole church that all sense of being nervous left me. I felt that indeed I had been blest. I carried on and finished my brasses and said my prayers, and switched off the lights. One has to walk through the church in the darkness after the lights are switched off but I still had the feeling of peace within me. It was not until later that I remembered it was 'All Soul's Day'.

"I would love to see her again but, although I have been in the church at midnight and on my own after dark, alone, doing my various tasks, I have not had that blessing, before or since.

"It was about 20 minutes to five o'clock that I saw my vision. She was too beautiful to be called a ghost and on this particular day I was very worried about business affairs.

"I sincerely hope that this is not in too much detail, but it explains exactly how it happened — and I also hope that you can decipher my handwriting.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret A. Smith"
(Mrs.)

(*The writer wishes to thank the Rev. Edwin F. Lee Hirst, Mr. Jasper P. Mounsey, Mrs. Margaret A. Smith, Mr. W. C. Clayson, E. P. Dutton and Co. and J. M. Dent and Sons, Bookpublishers, for their co-operation in making this story possible.*)

FLAMING EARTH

At Newman, Calif., there is a small area of earth that bursts into flame under friction. The mystery was discovered by Truman Stenseth, a plumber, as he began digging to repair a water line in the business district. He turned a spadeful of earth. It burst into flame. Again his spade brought flames.

Stenseth called police and fire department officials. They were puzzled by the fireworks. Utility company experts made tests for escaping gas. There was none. All efforts to solve the enigma proved futile.

Fire Chief John Sequeira reported that even rubbing a finger over a clod would ignite it.



THE MAN WHO SAW HIS FUTURE

He knew the itinerary of his life long in advance. So he died as he had lived — according to schedule.

By Cornelius Tabori

This story is from My Occult Diary *by Cornelius Tabori. Mr. Tabori lost his life during the German occupation of Austria in the last war, but his life-long interest in the unexplained is preserved in his diary. On 11th August, 1935, Mr. Tabori wrote:*

E. J. told me this story; she swears that it happened to a cousin of hers. It might be true though I doubt it. But I have known men like this; whose life was pre-ordained because they organized predetermination themselves. Anyhow, here it is. I have changed some of the names and dates but otherwise altered nothing.

Elek Barna was born exactly nine months after his parents' wedding. He was a model baby; never cried. His eyes seemed to look at the world without illusions and without any great expecta-

tions. If he was given a rattle, he played with it for exactly half an hour and then put it down on the table near his cot. He needed few diapers; he performed all his biological functions like clockwork. If he was kept waiting a few minutes for his milk — he was nursed at intervals of exactly two and a half hours — he did not cry; he only gave his mother a reproachful look whereupon she unbuttoned her dress quickly, feeling ashamed.

His first word was not *papa* or *mama*. It was: *I*. He was different from other children; he always ate his porridge and always did his prep-work. He had a beautiful handwriting. He learned to read with zealous conviction and when other children declared that they wanted to grow up to be cowboys or engine drivers, he replied firmly: "I am going to be a Permanent Under Secretary of State."

His real speciality was that he foresaw everything in his youth. Therefore his relationships with other people were rather loose. He was unable to love; he felt in the first kiss the last one to come. This foresight poisoned his love-affairs, his friendships, even his relations to his parents.

After he graduated from college, he wangled an invitation to a Cabinet Minister's home. With the precision of an automaton he conditioned the daughter of the house to become his wife. He courted her every Sunday between four and six. On week-days he attended the university; between classes he climbed many stairs and drank innumerable cups of black coffee. He was thinking of compulsory military service. He had great plans with his heart. When he was pronounced medically unfit by the doctor, he had knotted his tie and put on his coat by the time the doctor had finished speaking.

At 24 he was a doctor of law and economics. Six months later he introduced an insignificant-looking but highly intelligent young man to his fiancée.

"As you are going to deceive me," Barna said, with his prophetic eyes, "I have chosen this gentleman for the purpose. His appearance isn't striking; I do not want to be as ridiculous as if you were to cuckold me with a champion boxer. On the other hand he is a clever man with excellent connections; he is going to dine with us every Monday and Thursday and I'll be able to have some good table-talk." A little later he took out a life policy to balance his cynical attitude. Soon he was given a job in the Ministry.

After the wedding he took a small notebook from his pocket and read out his schedule to his wife.

"15th February, 1925: wed-

ding. November 1925: first child."

That was how it happened. The second baby was scheduled for two years later so that Mrs. Barna could recuperate from her first confinement.

After the birth of his second son, he brought home one evening the insignificant-looking young man to dinner. After dinner he left him alone with his wife. He was a wise man. He did not want his wife to take her emotions into the market-place. He was careful to have his intelligent friend examined by the doctor; the report he locked in his desk. But he wanted no more children. . . .

In the sixth year of his marriage he looked at his notebook. 1931: summer holidays. Nauheim. Alone. That was the scheduled year for a rest — and a love affair. In Nauheim he found the blonde lady whom he had expected. From the first night to the last cheque he followed the schedule faithfully.

No one had ever seen him smile. He was a prophet. But neither did anyone hear him complain. He was a clairvoyant. He knew that pessimism made you stupid and killed you like alcohol. By the time he was appointed Permanent Under Secretary, he had a well-developed heart disease.

He took out another life policy to benefit his sons and bought a plot in a distinguished cemetery. He never spoke of death with any sentimental fear. But he prepared for it as if a note were falling due. At night, while caressing his wife, he told her:

"After my death you're going to marry Richard Somlo, our good friend" (he was the fellow who came to dinner on Mondays and Thursdays), "because he loves our sons and will be a good husband to you."

On 5th February, 1933 — a Monday — he rang up his doctor before he went to the Ministry and asked him to call Friday morning at 10. When the doctor asked him, he replied that he felt perfectly well.

When he did not go to his office on Friday morning, his wife was startled and wanted to send for a doctor. But he told her calmly that he had already done so. At half past eight his heart began to race. At half past nine when the doctor arrived, he serenely entered his death agony but 10 minutes later he rallied. He called for his wife and gave her his notebook.

"You'll find the schedule for your future years in here," he said firmly. Then he lay down, closed his eyes, crossed his hands across his chest, rattled his breath once or twice and died with the punctuality and efficiency for which he was known.

And his wife? With feverish haste she opened the notebook which had been closed to her in

the past and ran her eye over the entries. But she paused at February 1933. On the last page was:

"February 8: Cabinet Meeting. February 9: my death."

Si non è vero. . . .

THE ACE OF SPADES

On New Year's Eve some 15 years ago a bizarre twist of fate occurred in connection with a party held at a home in Gateshead, England. Several dozen people were present. The climax of the festivities was the playing of the game of "Murder."

Each participant was dealt a card from a deck. Then the lights were turned out. The one who had drawn the Ace of Spades "committed a murder." When the lights were turned on again a "corpse" was found on the floor. The "murderer" did this by "striking" the "victim" with a "blunt instrument" — actually a rolled newspaper.

Everybody had to subject themselves to being "questioned" and had to answer truthfully all questions that might furnish clues.

When the lights went on again at this particular party the "victim" was pretty Helen Wright. The others then went enthusiastically about the business of trying to solve the "crime." In the end they failed.

The spotlight then came to rest on John Stephenson Bainbridge, a handsome young soldier. It was he who had drawn the Ace of Spades and "bludgeoned" Helen Wright. His deadpan answers, bland expression and deft movements in the dark had thrown all the others off his trail. What made Bainbridge's performance even more ingenious was that he and Helen Wright were engaged and thus there had been a link between "killer" and "victim."

It was all in fun and everybody was in high spirits. The party broke up with friends slapping Bainbridge across the back and congratulating him for being a "master criminal" and "genius of crime." The soldier obviously was pleased by all this and was smiling gaily as he left the party with a group of friends.

Then a heavy hand grasped the young man's shoulder. A solemn voice said, "John Stephenson Bainbridge, I am arresting you for murder." It was no joke. The speaker was a police officer.

Bainbridge was charged with murdering, earlier in the day, Edward F. Herdman, 75, a clerk in a solicitor's office where Bainbridge once had been employed. The motive was a crude one: Bainbridge had robbed the old man of the few shillings he'd had upon him.

The way Bainbridge had handled his real-life bludgeoning was far from brilliant. He had spent some of his victim's money which was identifiable because it happened to be brand-new. He had also pawned jewelry taken from the old man.

John Stephenson Bainbridge, the genius of "parlor murder" ended up on the gallows. — *Harold Helfer.*

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay $5 for each True Mystic Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

THE PRIMITIVE LAND

IN 1934, while superintendent of schools at Springfield, Colo., I became discouraged because of administrative problems. While giving thought to tendering my resignation, I dreamed that I was living and working among very primitive people. The houses were mounds of earth, dark, damp and without furniture. They were heated and lighted with stone lamps. The inhabitants dressed in the skins of animals and used ivory and bone tools.

The one thing about my dream that I remembered most vividly was that the primitive people who seemed to be my associates ate raw meat.

Twelve years went by during which time I was promoted from one job to another until finally I was at the head of the Anchorage Public Schools. Then a student strike, directed against the high school principal originally, turned against me and I was forced out of the superintendency.

On my way back to the United States an acquaintance in Juneau, Alaska, offered me a job on the north coast of Alaska near Barrow. As far as I could see, the Arctic assignment was pure chance but it proved to be familiar. The village where my assignment took me was the one of which I had dreamed 12 years before.

I arrived at Wainwright, Alaska, on June 26, 1946. There many of the people lived in igloos heated with stone lamps. Their tools were of bone and ivory. They ate raw meat. Everything was as I had dreamed it.

My foreknowledge of the Eskimo way of life did not come out of my subconscious mind for I did not know anything about the Arctic before going there. How could I dream accurately of Eskimo life 12 years before I saw it? — *J. C. Carp, Hydaburg, Alaska.*

THE DOPPELGANGER

IN THE summer of 1923 my husband, Howard, and I were invited to take potluck with Uncle

Dick at the huge old house he had leased on the outskirts of Redwood City, Calif. The house was empty except for our camping equipment and bedrolls. We went to bed the first night in the master suite at the front, with the French doors open to the balmy air.

No sooner had we fallen asleep than we heard heavy footsteps walking down the hall toward our room. At our door the footsteps ceased. After a short interval of silence they began at the far end of the hall and approached once more.

The third time this happened Howard and I slipped into Uncle Dick's room by a connecting door and found him standing with an ear against the door leading to the hall. After a whispered conference we agreed to fling the door open the next time the footsteps approached.

Uncle Dick had his flashlight ready and when the heavy steps reached the door we threw it open. Uncle Dick flashed his light into the hall and all three of us saw what appeared to be Howard standing there, identical in every detail. As we stared in amazement from the living Howard to the other, the duplicate faded and was gone.

Howard expressed bewilderment, even indignation, as if liberties had been taken with his person. Then he refused to discuss the incident further.

But Uncle Dick and I mulled it over. He told me that his mother often had spoken of Doppelgangers — apparitions which are identical to living people. But he said it was most unusual for a man to see his own double. If another man saw it as well, it meant that the double's living counterpart was to die within the year. Moreover if a man saw his own double, as Howard had done, it meant he was going to die very soon.

As Howard was only 23 and in the pink of health this seemed absurd. But one month later, on August 23, 1923, Howard went to Santa Monica Beach alone for a swim and was never seen again. His full name was Howard G. Mays and he was a trouble-shooter at the Ford Plant in Los Angeles when he disappeared. — *Eve Roe, San Francisco, Calif.*

AN URGENT VOICE

ON THE night of January 10, 1921, my six-year-old daughter, Lorna Fae, lay in a coma in Okanogan, Wash., dying of diabetes. My parents lived at Curlew, Wash., more than 100 miles away. I was frantic with grief as we had not realized that the child was ill until she was stricken suddenly. My mind was rushing ahead and worrying about what an especially severe shock the news of her death would be to my

mother. Lorna Fae passed away at 5:45 the morning of January 11.

Afterward my mother told me that on the night mentioned above, she was awakened by my voice saying, "Mama! Mama!" in urgent and anguished tones. She said she felt that she should arise and do something as she was sure I was in desperate trouble. It was the coldest night of the year and my father prevailed upon her to remain in bed. He pointed out that there was nothing she could do and that most likely she had had a bad dream.

Toward morning she again fell asleep and dreamed she saw her father and mother, both of whom had been dead many years, sitting in a large room. The door opened and my mother's Aunt Lucinda, also dead, entered leading Lorna Fae by the hand and saying, "I'll bet you can't guess whose little girl this is."

One of the pair asked, "Is it Retta's (my mother) little girl?"

"No," Aunt Lucinda replied, "it's Josie's (my) little girl."

Just then Lorna Fae slipped her hand from Aunt Lucinda's and crossed the room and climbed up on her great-grandfather's lap. As she leaned her head back against his long gray beard she said, "I'm Norna Fae," as she always called herself.

Then my father called Mother—for the first time in 25 years he had built the fires without her having heard him. It was 5:45 a.m.

Mother told him that Lorna Fae was gone and packed her suitcase to come to me. She was ready to leave when my wire reached her at 10 a.m. — *Mrs. Josilee Iddings, Ellensburg, Wash.*



NANCY PETERSON
Did she float through a window?

BLACK-HAIRED VISION

IN August, 1939, when I was 17, I was staying with my sister, Mrs. Glen Roach, who lived on a farm in Dickens, Ia. The farm was several miles from any main road and was so quiet and secluded that it gave me a strangely isolated feeling.

I went to a carnival in a nearby small town one evening and didn't get to bed until late. The next morning I slept longer than usual and was awakened by a

voice softly calling my first name. I opened my eyes to see a figure leaning toward me over the foot of my bed.

At first I thought it was my sister but the face I saw wasn't hers. As I rose to a sitting position in bed the face floated further away. It was that of a pretty girl with black hair. She floated back and then along the side of my bed.

Since it was summer the screened window beside my bed was open and as I watched the girl floated through the screen. She kept looking at me and frowning as she floated out of my sight.

The oddest thing about this is that my wife, Nancy, whom I never saw until six years later, when I was 23, is the very image of the girl who floated through the window. — *Arch Peterson, Clive, Ia.*

VISION OF MRS. COE

In August, 1921, when I was 11 and living in Tower Hill, Ill., my father died and my mother received $3000 insurance money. She paid off the mortgage on our home and still had enough so that she didn't have to go to work immediately to support her five children.

The husband of a very close friend, Dr. Coe, was in financial difficulties and got Mother to loan him several hundred dollars. He promised to pay her back in two months.

About this same time as mother was lonesome without Father she decided we would take a trip to visit relatives in the southern part of the state. We had been there for six weeks when one night around midnight I was awakened by someone standing at the foot of my bed. I sat up in fright and saw my mother's friend, Mrs. Coe, surrounded by a bright light. She looked at me for what seemed a long time and said, "Margo, I have come to tell you goodbye."

At that I screamed and the figure disappeared. Mother awoke and asked me what was the matter. I told her what I had seen and she said I just had had a bad dream.

One week later we returned to our home town and Mother decided to stop at Dr. Coe's office to greet him. His office was closed and as we were leaving we met a cousin of mine. Mother asked her why Dr. Coe's office was closed on a week-day. My cousin exclaimed, "Why, Aunt Cora, haven't you heard? Mrs. Coe died a week ago. She committed suicide!"

Mrs. Coe had been afraid to face my mother as her husband was unable to keep his promise to pay back the money he had borrowed. She had come to me, many miles away, to say good-

bye. I was very psychic as a child and was the only person she knew who could receive her message. — *Margo Wells, San Leandro, Calif.*

VISION OF TOM DAY

EARLY in this century, when I was a girl of 15, my father was vicar of a country parish in Herefordshire about a mile from Bromyard, a market town of 1000 inhabitants.

There were no cars in those days and strangers were conspicuous.

My brother, a tall and distinguished looking Oxford undergraduate, had a double named Tom Day who lived in Bromyard. I never saw Tom Day but the likeness must have been remarkable because people frequently confused him with my brother. I remember my brother's annoyance when someone declared that he had been seen at a certain dance and refused to believe his denial.

Suddenly, in the prime of youth, Tom Day died.

Several days later my father and I walked to Bromyard to attend an evening concert. Dusk was falling as we reached the town.

At the top of the hill where the lane dipped down to the main road I saw a man approaching us. He stared straight ahead and appeared not to notice us. I thought it was my brother playing a joke though I wondered how he could have got there. I put out my hand to detain him, then drew back with a shock. The man was not my brother. I recall his expression of bewildered despair.

My father turned and stared after him until he disappeared around a bend in the road. Then he said, "That was Tom Day." — *Marion C. S. Holbourn, Pencaitland, Scotland.*

MYSTERY CREATURE

AT THE age of 12 I had a very strange experience which, after all these years, I am unable to forget. In the summer of 1930 my sister, Helen, and I were spending a week's vacation with relatives on a ranch near Great Falls, Mont. One night when Helen and I were asleep in bed I was awakened by an eerie sensation.

A full moon was shining and as I looked toward the window I was terrified to see what looked like an animal standing on its hind legs at the foot of our bed. Its body, a little larger than that of a big rabbit, was covered with dark hair that stood out straight like porcupine quills. Its head was animal-like but its features were somehow human. Its eyes seemed to shine with hate and evil as it gazed at us.

All this time it seemed unusually difficult for me to breathe and yet I was wide awake and able to take in every detail of the

incident. I can't understand why I didn't call for help but I just watched.

For a few moments the creature stood upright at the foot of the bed. Then it glided very slowly on top of my sister who was still fast asleep, stopping as it reached her chest. She awoke very suddenly with, as she described it later, the same feeling I had experienced. And like me, she stared in horror, unable to make a sound.

I prayed more earnestly than I had ever prayed in my life and I know Helen was praying with me as the creature slowly glided away. Her description of it was exactly the same as mine.

No windows were open and there were no openings whatsoever in the room by which an animal could enter — yet the creature appeared and vanished. There were no cats at the ranch and the only dog, a large shepherd, never was allowed in the house.

Although I do have an idea about the identity of the weird creature I saw that night, perhaps someone who has had a similar experience can tell me exactly what it was. — *Ann Winters, Libby, Mont.*

GAS FILLED MY ROOM

After my mother's death in January, 1906, I went to Chicago to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Simeral who lived in a large house on West 60th Street. They used only the first floor when alone and heat from the coal burning cellar furnace was turned on to the second floor only when guests were staying there.

When the heat was turned on to my second floor room gas leakage occurred. I smelled the gas when I entered but did not consider it serious enough to pay it attention.

Comfortable in bed, I fell asleep at once. I was awakened to see my mother back of the footboard, her head and shoulders covered by a white veil. I heard her say, "You must get up or you will die." Then she faded away.

I was dimly aware that my room was filled with gas but I was so drowsy that I fell asleep again. I was awakened by my mother a second time and she said sternly, "Get up or you will surely die."

I saw a red cross on her forehead before she faded away again and the startling effect of this helped to arouse me. Though dizzy and weak, I managed somehow to open a window and to take several deep breaths. Then I started toward the door, intending to flee the room. I got only as far as the bed when I fell and struck my head against the wooden frame. Stunned by the blow, I spent the rest of the night on the carpet.

from beyond the grave — for she had died six months before. — *Mary Cahill, Endicott, N. Y.*

VISION OF A COFFIN

When I returned home from work in the afternoon of August 24, 1945, I saw a coffin surrounded by flowers in front of the living room fireplace. I stared at it for fully 30 seconds when suddenly it disappeared and the room looked as it usually did.

I was very puzzled. There was no illness in my family, no death was imminent, and I knew the vision was not a nervous reaction. I wrote my brother, who was in the Navy, of what had occurred.

The following afternoon, returning home at my usual time, I was met at the door by my mother, to whom I was very attached. We talked for a while and suddenly Mother complained of not feeling well. She decided to lie down for a while. She never had been ill a day in her life and I was concerned by the sudden change in her health.

I decided to call the doctor. As I was phoning Mother arose, walked into the living room, and in the same spot where I had seen the coffin she fell to the floor, dead of a heart attack.

The next morning, August 26, I received a letter from my fiance, Loretta, now my wife, who at the time was working in Maryland, about 500 miles from my home. The letter was written in the afternoon of August 24, the day before my mother's death, and described a dream Loretta had had while napping that afternoon. The dream was of a coffin in the living room of my home. She asked what I thought it meant as I was studying psychology.

I wrote Loretta of what had happened to Mother — but I fear an explanation is beyond the realm of science. — *Edward Kreuzer, Buffalo, N. Y.*

LUNCH MONEY UNLIMITED

A check for $2,066 lying on the sidewalk was the first thing that met the eyes of Georgia Theodore, a bookkeeper, when she stepped out of a St. Louis office building on her lunch hour. She returned the check to a firm in the same building. Emerging into the street again, she saw a wallet which a man had just dropped while climbing out of a car. She returned it to him. As she walked to a restaurant three blocks away she saw a woman's purse which had been left on a newsstand. Miss Theodore, who already had lost half of her lunch hour in finding money, decided this was too much and ignored the purse.

Fingers of FATE

On the Eastern Front in Korea an Army medic treated a wounded infantryman but an hour later the soldier died. It was the first combat casualty Pvt. Irwin S. Reitz treated in Korea. The infantryman was his twin brother.

* * *

Mrs. Michael Cepesi visited her husband daily in a Cleveland hospital after a bus struck him and broke his left leg. Now she's in the hospital with him. As she left the hospital one day, a bus hit her and broke her leg.

* * *

After dreaming of being robbed, Stephen Stolarski, Philadelphia Western Union manager, showed up at his night job early and hastily banked $1000 in daytime receipts — two hours later he was held up by a gunman who made off with $800 in later receipts.

* * *

In Memphis, three Martin babies were born within two hours of each other at a hospital. The mothers — Mrs. Robert Martin, Mrs. Johnny J. Martin and Mrs. Chester B. Martin — didn't know each other.

* * *

At Edipso, Greece, Katina Voulgaris, 42, stepped out of her house to visit a friend and dropped dead of a heart attack. When the friend, Assimina Karaminon, also 42, heard of this she rushed over to Katina's home. There, she collapsed and died too.

* * *

The day John Hunnick, of New York City, dreaded most was the one on which he was to be evicted from his upholstery shop. But when the city marshal showed up there he was unable to evict him. Mr. Hunnick lay dead at the bench where he'd worked for a quarter of a century. Death was due to natural causes.

* * *

Birmingham University in Britain reported this case involving twin brothers of London: Edwin and Fred, at an early age, were put into orphanages, then adopted and brought up in separate homes. The twins lost touch with each other but — both became phone repair men; both married in the same year; both had baby sons; both owned terriers which they had named Trixie.

* * *

A jug of cold water in Centralia, Ill., set fire to nearby straw and soon a building was ablaze. Sun rays caused the fire. — *Harold Helfer*



Author Harold T. Wilkins leans against the ancient Slaughter Stone in the quarry on Bredon Hill. The top of the stone once served as an altar for human sacrifice.

MYSTERY OF THE DEATH QUARRY

Why did the strange quarry deaths always occur in May? Is an evil entity active there in that month?

By Harold T. Wilkins

THERE is something mighty queer about that old quarry on Bredon Hill, yonder. It is not a place I'd go wandering around in the dark. More than one man who has done so has felt something take him by the throat and try to push him over the edge of the field into the quarry. And it's a 30-foot drop."

The speaker was a farmer in the vale of Bredon, on the borders of Gloucestershire, England. I was talking to him last summer in an old-fashioned inn just above a deep cut through which roar the

I awoke cold, sick and weak. Somehow I crawled to the bathroom and then dressed and went downstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Simeral were shocked by my white face and the purple bruise on my forehead. Mrs. Simeral said she had heard the sound of my fall but Mr. Simeral had told her she was always hearing things and so no attention was paid to it.

I will state that I have never taken interest in religion or Spiritualism. Had I not been awakened by my mother and heard her warning, I would not be telling you what saved my life. — *Cora Buck Hutton, Paradise, Calif.*

CALL FROM BEYOND

As I relaxed in my easy chair one evening in May, 1943, listening to my favorite radio program, the phone rang insistently. The operator told me it was a long distance call and put it through. In a confusion of sound I heard what seemed to be several persons talking all at once. Then I nearly fainted as I heard the breathless voice of my little girl, Peggy, 12.

"Hello, Mom! How are you? Can you hear me? Hello, Mom!"

The whirring as of many winds and the mumbling of voices continued. I begged the operator to clear the lines or at least to relay the other messages.

The beloved voice I remembered so well went on talking,



PEGGY CAHILL
A long distance telephone call . . .

"Mom, can't you hear me?"

I talked to Peggy but it was like talking through a storm. Then silence fell.

"Operator," I said, "this call must be intended for someone else." I gave her my name and phone number.

She repeated this and then to my surprise she said, "You positively are the one they want."

Again Peggy's voice called to me through a rushing as of great winds. The winds rose to a roar and then died into sudden silence. Frantically I called Peggy's name — but there was no answer.

I asked the operator to trace the call but she replied with finality, "We have no record of incoming calls."

My eyes filled with tears of joy. I realized that Peggy had called me not only on Mother's Day but

expresses on the main line of the Midland Region of British Railroads.

I gazed outside a window at the hilltop of which the farmer spoke. It was about three miles away across a vale of fruit farms and pasture lands. My object was to examine some very grim and remarkable remains on the summit of this hill, which is 980 feet high. These remains include a weird stone, like a squatting elephant, used for a purpose which is no puzzle to those who have seen similar ancient remains in Mexico and South America. That purpose was human sacrifice in fertility rites.

As I gazed at the hill, the farmer uttered another queer remark: "Man and boy, I've lived in this vale of Bredon for 45 years, and I tell you I would not go wandering round that quarry in May."

"Why May?" I asked.

"Because it is always in that month that folk have had the queer experience of something unseen pushing 'em to the edge of that quarry. My father, 40 years ago, was on an inquest into a mysterious death in that same quarry. I can't remember when stone last was cut there, for it's been abandoned for years. I warn ye, 'tis a bad place to get hurt in, as ye might be there for days and no one come near ye."

I did not know then that the mysterious quarry would prove to be linked with my objective on top of Bredon Hill. My brother was with me and as we set out along the quiet country lanes, with the June sun shining warmly, it was hard to associate that vividly green hill with mysteries and tragedies. Yet associated with them it definitely was.

As I walked I took from my pocket one of several newspaper clippings which I had collected in regards to strange deaths in the quarry. The clipping was from the London *Daily Herald* for May 13, 1939. It read:

"Slipping from a boulder in a quarry at Bredon Hill near here, Harry Francis Dean, 49-year-old borough accountant of Tewkesbury was choked to death by his collar and tie and died before help arrived. His wife said he was in perfect health and had no worries. Dr. Margaret Wilson said death was caused by asphyxia, due to pressure of collar and tie. The coroner of South Worcestershire, Mr. H. J. Saunders, said Dean fell only two and a half to three feet. He apparently stood on top of a large boulder to have a look around and slipped. Mr. Saunders said his clerk and officer had gone there before the inquest and also had had two nasty falls, injuring his ankle."

I later met this coroner's officer, who is a pretty hefty policeman, certainly not unduly imaginative or given to nerves. He

said, "I fell twice there, when the coroner was with me, and I'm a man used to pretty rough walking. Seems as if something tripped me up."

Harry Francis Dean had at one time been a reporter on the staff of a now defunct newspaper, the *Tewkesbury Record*. He had quit to take a position as a clerk and accountant on the staff of the town clerk of the municipal borough of Tewkesbury, which position he had held for 26 years.

Dean was no weakling. He was an athlete and for years had played on local football, hockey and cricket teams. His wife pointed out at the inquest that he enjoyed very good health and certainly had no motive for committing suicide. But as often happens with Rugby football players, one of his legs was a little shorter than the other, due to a slight displacement of the cartilage in an accident while playing football.

He had often walked on Bredon Hill. It is a steep ascent of two miles, requiring an able body and good wind in the climber. From the hilltop there is a wonderful view, in which connection it might be noted that stone age folk always selected the most beautiful sites for their religious rites and monuments. So fond was Dean of this hill that, said his wife, he had planned to camp there with her in the summer of the year of his death.

He had left work on Tuesday evening, May 9, 1939, at 5:30. But instead of going home he boarded a bus running from Tewkesbury to Evesham. It put him down at the hamlet of Woodmancote, from which a steep ascent led in a climb of two miles to the summit of Bredon Hill. That was the last time he was seen alive.

His wife became alarmed when he did not return home that night and went to the local police, who with people in Tewkesbury organized a search party. From midnight until dawn they roamed the hill, which extends for miles and would take a man the best part of a day to cover. Some time after dawn on Wednesday, May 10, 1939, the police entered the quarry and found Dean lying dead at the foot of a boulder. The boulder is a large one and stands on the level floor of the abandoned quarry, about four feet from a nearly sheer cliff wall, which reaches to a height of about 30 feet. The wall is studded with rock ledges and bushes and its edges are ringed with pines.

The local coroner held an inquest into the death, which sat at Tewkesbury on Friday, May 12, 1939. British coroners are attorneys. Their job is a salaried one, to which they are appointed by the Lord Chancellor of the British House of Lords. With very rare exceptions, coroners are un-

imaginative men, who pay little heed to testimony that touches on the supernormal. Witnesses who give such testimony are regarded as merely fanciful or superstitious.

At the inquest two local men gave testimony about queer experiences which they had near the quarry. The following excerpts are from the *Tewkesbury Gazette* for May 13, 1939:

"William Moore of Woodmancote, a hamlet at the foot of Bredon Hill where Mr. Dean was found dead, said: 'About four years ago I was walking at dusk near this quarry, which has only one entrance to it. The quarry has high walls, with ledges and sides covered with bushes and brambles. I was walking close to the edge in the circle of pines and on a sudden something took me round the neck, tried to choke me and pushed me toward the edge, where there is a drop of 30 feet to the quarry floor. I struggled with all my might, tore my throat free and got out of its grasp. But when I looked round, I saw no one there!'

"William Maynard, of Bredon village, said he also had, one evening in May some years ago, a feeling that something was trying to push him over the edge of the quarry when he was coming down from the top of the hill. He said folks around in the vale of Bredon say the place has a bad repute.

"Dr. Margaret Wilson said she had examined the body of Dean and supposed his death was consistent with his having apparently climbed a big boulder in the quarry, perhaps to look around, when he may have slipped, and in falling was choked by his collar and tie. Death was due to asphyxia.

"The coroner for south Worcestershire, Mr. H. J. Saunders, who held the inquest, said he was sure that Dean did not fall more than three feet. He had no doubt slipped off the boulder, displaced the cartilage of his knee and fainted, whereupon his collar and tie had choked him, in the unfortunate position in which he fell. It was a case of accidental death."

The jury who are, in England, forcibly impanelled to serve at coroner's inquests and get not a cent for their time, are usually not of the highest intelligence and regard service as a nuisance. Here, they docilely took their cue from Saunders, who is an attorney, and returned a verdict of "death from misadventure."

It does not seem to have struck either the coroner or the woman doctor that an athletic man like Dean, falling only three feet from a boulder, was in the highest degree unlikely to have been accidently choked to death in these circumstances. Choked to death he was, but how?

The two witnesses, Moore and

Maynard, suggest a supernatural and evil entity at work in the quarry — and in the month of May.

Another improbability is why Dean should, as suggested by the coroner, have climbed the boulder in order "to look around" when cliff walls 30 feet high shut out every view. I have photographed the boulder, have even climbed it, and I have no hesitation whatever in asserting that the coroner's suggestion is absurd.

True, Dean was found lying dead near the foot of the boulder, but it is highly probable that he was dead — choked to death — *before* his body fell at the foot of the boulder. Possibly he never climbed the boulder at all!

My own investigations incline me to believe that what happened on that fateful night in May was this: Dean, who knew Bredon Hill well, had ascended to the summit, where stands the ancient human sacrifice or slaughter stone, locally called the Bambury stone. It is significant to those with a knowledge of prehistory that the name "Bambury" has sinister meaning. It is a corruption of *Ambrosie Petrie*, meaning the "anointed stone." In this case, "anointed" with the blood of human victims in ancient fertility rites.

Dean walked the two miles of steep ascent from where he got off the bus. In the dusk, he returned the way he came, along a very ancient path in the turf, which runs past numerous still unopened tumuli, or barrow graves of the early Neolithic age. He may have been looking around for a suitable place for the camp he planned later in the year.

In the May dusk, as the evening stars came out, Dean, unknowing or not believing in the sinister repute of the quarry, wandered through the pines at the edge of the hill, where some diabolical entity took him by the throat. Dean was caught by surprise, and in the struggle was precipitated into the quarry 30 feet below. He was choked to death — but not by accident. This appears borne out by the significant fact that his death took place in the month of May.

In this strange case, I followed the line that every sleuth worth his salt should follow: If you have a mystery, investigate on the spot where it happened. After a stiff climb of about an hour, I stood in the mysterious quarry. It is situated in a deep glen on the hill and has a completely flat floor. One would think that it had been paved with flagstones, except that wild flowers and bushes were growing there. Four boulders stood on this flat floor, oriented almost north, south, east, and west. One of them resembled a huge capstone and might have been an ancient altar. Not one of

the four boulders could have fallen from the sides of the quarry, or been placed there by modern quarry-men. It was obvious that they had been present, undisturbed, for ages.

I examined the jagged boulder to the northwest of the "capstone." This was the stone of the mysterious and fatal accidents — a series of them in 10 years — always happening in May. The boulder was about four feet high. It seemed incredible to me that a healthy and active man could have died in falling from it.

One had to leave the old quarry by the same route as that by which one entered. Outside the quarry was a pathway in deep turf, which led from the quarry, across the shoulder of the hill, and to a weird stone resembling an elephant with a flat back. Thousands of years of frost and heat have fissured a gaping hole at the back of the elephantine "head." This odd-shaped stone stands in an ancient camp, or fortified hill stockade, in which have been found 50 skeletons of young men with hands, legs and heads removed, all barbarously mutilated. They appear to have been the defenders of peaceful ancient folk who lived below the hill and who, when attacked by enemies, stockaded themselves inside this ancient fort.

The elephant-shaped stone never formed part of this ancient hill fort. It is ages older than the fort and must have been an object of awe and mystery to the old hill men. It is strongly reminiscent of the flat stones on the tops of *teocallis*, or pyramids, on which Aztec priests cut open the hearts of sacrificial youths and maidens.

The Bambury stone undoubtedly was the center of bloody rites which took place on the dawn of May Day. These rites were performed to propitiate the dark gods of harvest and fertility and have left behind them an aura of evil. Memories of these grim rites lingered for ages afterward in the vicinity of Bredon Hill. I have seen, in the Folk Museum of the town of Gloucester, some 12 miles from Bredon Hill, what is called a "corn dolly." It is a puppet made of wheat straw, which until about 1860 was carried around at harvest festivals by the farmers. It is, of course, a substitution for the original victim of the human sacrifice on the Bambury stone.

A man, who later died, said, when found badly hurt in the quarry, that "something he did not see pushed him over as he stood on the edge of the hill." At five inquests in some 10 years up to 1939, substantially the same story has been told. Every one of these strange accidents has happened in the month of May.

The skeptic may talk of coincidence. I point to the sinister his-

tory of this hill and to the facts disclosed at the inquests. No coroner has advanced any theory to explain these oddly identical tragedies. Perhaps because the only theory that could cover all the facts is that in May, the time of the ancient rite of human sacrifice, some evil, unseen entity, which resents the presence of intruders, is actively dealing in death in the quarry.

CARGO FROM 250 B.C.

For almost a year an archeological expedition has been working to salvage the contents of a Greek trading galley that sank in the Mediterranean Sea just off the coast of France 2,100 years ago. The oldest known cargo ship in the world, it is regarded as an archeological treasure trove.

The galley is described as well-preserved and is judged to be 110 feet long and to weigh 600 tons. It lies in 130 feet of water near a tiny island called Grand Congloue.

The salvage party is headed by Capt. Jacques-Yves Cousteau, a French Naval officer and author of the best-selling book, *The Silent World*. Co-operating to finance the expedition are the French Navy, the French Ministry of Education and the National Geographic Society. The work of salvaging the galley's cargo is being done by a team of divers in aqua-lungs and frogman suits.

A large number of objects already have been removed from the ship. Among these are 1,500 three-foot pottery wine jugs called amphoras, several tons of export dinnerware, and various objects of lead, iron and wood.

The amphoras found on the galley bore the letters S.E.S., indicating that the vessel belonged to a wealthy merchant and influential politician named Marcus Sestos, a Roman who settled on the island of Delos and became a Greek citizen. The ancient writer Titus Livius said of Sestos that he was sent to prepare Greece for Roman conquest.

The galley evidently sailed from Delos in 250 B.C. with a cargo of wine. It stopped at the island of Rhodes where it took on a cargo of pottery and then it set sail for Marseilles. Capt. Costeau believes that the galley hugged the coast too closely and as a result foundered on the island of Grand Congloue. Another reason for the disaster may be that the ship was overloaded and the crew drunk.

Capt. Cousteau hopes to raise most of the galley. Its timbers, he says, were protected by thin lead sheathing as well as by a thick coat of mud and sand. He plans to duplicate the ship in exact detail and to reconstruct her original fittings, rigging and navigational instruments. Then the galley is to be sailed to Delos and back to the spot where its prototype foundered in 250 B.C.



Men into Werewolves

By Otto Burma

The angry villagers hunted down the wolf-like creature that had attacked the child — and caught a girl.

LITTLE Marie Bidel heard a small noise in the brush behind her as she sat playing with her doll at the foot of a tree in a woods near the village of Naizan in the Jura Mountains in 1584. She turned to see branches pulled back by hairy paw-like hands. In horror, she stared into a hideous, snarling face which was neither animal nor human but somehow both, with hairy skin and long sharp teeth. Marie knew at once — because of stories she had heard — that the monster was a *loup-garou*, werewolf!

She jumped back screaming for her brother, Benoist, 16, who was up in the tree gathering fruit. As the monster moved toward her young Benoist, with knife in hand, leaped from the tree and fell on the werewolf's back. But the creature was too agile for the boy and, in an instant, twisted free, tearing the knife from his hand. They

rolled over and over on the ground, the werewolf clawing at the boy's throat with its fangs.

The screams of little Marie brought neighbors to the scene. Surprised and enraged the group of peasants attacked the werewolf and killed it. They then turned their attention to Benoist who was bleeding profusely from the throat. Helplessly they watched the boy die.

When they turned their attention again to the body of the werewolf, they were amazed to find in its place the nude body of a girl recognized as Perrenette Gandillon.

When the peasants returned to their villages with this strange story, there was an official investigation. This led to the arrest of others of Perrenette's family. In prison the Gandillons acted as if they were possessed, walking on all fours and howling like wild beasts. They lost all resemblance to humanity; their eyes turned red and gleaming, their hair matted, their teeth became long and sharp, and their fingernails turned horny and claw-like.

The Gandillon family was personally examined by the great jurist Boguet, Judge of Saint-Claude in the Jura Mountains and he reported the case in his book, *Discours des Sorciers*, published in 1610. That this story cannot be dismissed as the product of superstitious peasants and a gullible judge, is indicated by other well documented accounts of werewolves in France.

The case of Jean Grenier, the madman who thought he was a werewolf, is recorded by Pierre de Lancre, a noted jurist and judge of Bordeaux. It can be found in his *L'Inconstance*, published in 1612.

On May 29, 1603, several people reported that they had been attacked or had seen others attacked by a large wolf in the district of Roche Chalais. Among them was a girl named Margaret Poiret who claimed that she was attacked by a young man named Jean Grenier who had appeared in the form of a wolf.

The court collected a formidable array of detailed information concerning the many attacks. The victims and witnesses all swore that they had seen only an enormous wolf. When Jean Grenier was brought in, he confessed proudly that he was a werewolf and proceeded to relate countless details of the crimes which he could have known only had he been the one who committed them.

It was thoroughly established that the victims had been attacked by a wolf and that Grenier had been present at each of the attacks. The court refused to believe that werewolves existed. But if werewolves did not exist then either the witnesses or Jean Grenier must be mad. There was only

one solution: Jean Grenier was declared insane by the court and committed to the Monastery of the Cordeliers in Bordeaux for life.

In 1610, after Grenier had been at the monastery for seven years, Lancre visited him there. Lancre describes Grenier as having glittering, deep-set eyes, long, black fingernails, and sharp, protruding teeth. He walked on all fours with greater ease than he walked upright.

Grenier confessed to Lancre that he had been a werewolf but had given up the practice. Nevertheless he stated that he still craved human flesh, especially the flesh of little girls, and he hoped that it would not be long before he could taste it again.

A similar case is that of Jacques Rollet, the werewolf of Caude. He was tried and condemned at Angers in 1598.

At a desolate spot near Caude, Symphorien Damon, archer of a provost's company, found the mangled and bloody corpse of a 15-year-old boy. As he approached the body in company with some peasants three wolves fled into the woods. Giving chase, Damon and the peasants suddenly came upon a half-naked man with a long beard and long hair. His hands were covered with blood and under his claw-like nails they found shreds of human flesh. This was Jacques Rollet.

He confessed that he had been one of the wolves who had killed the youth (whose name it was learned was Cornier) and that he was able to transform himself into a wolf by means of a salve. Although condemned to death by the court of Angers, he was eventually committed as insane to the hospital of Saint-Germain-des-Pres.

During the years 1764–1765, an alleged werewolf spread terror throughout all of France. This was the "Wild Beast of Gevaudan" reported in the *London Magazine*, January, 1765. This monster was seen by hundreds of people who reported it as the most terrible of all *loup-garous*. A large reward was offered to anyone who could kill it. A detachment of dragoons was sent out to hunt it down but the monster would attack even armed groups. It is reported to have devoured over 100 persons. There is no satisfactory report that it was ever captured.

The case of Francis Bertrand, in 1849, was one of the most famous of modern times and served as the basis of Guy Endore's novel, *The Werewolf of Paris*. Bertrand habitually dug up the dead bodies of women buried in Paris cemeteries and tore them to pieces. He was never seen in the form of a wolf — in fact, he was never seen at all though the cemeteries were heavily guarded by men and dogs. He was eventually captured in a

Paris hospital where he had gone to get treatment for wounds inflicted by a spring-gun mounted on one of the graves he molested.

In 1879 a miller named Bigot was accused by the people of the village of Serisols in the Canton Sainte-Croix of being a werewolf. His own children testified against him. His wife had struck him while he was in the form of a wolf and Bigot had worn a patch over his eye ever since.

In November, 1925, a large wolf was seen on the streets of the village of Uttenheim, near Strasburg, in the Vosges Mountains of Alsace. In sight of the whole village it was shot and killed by the village policeman. When the crowd reached the body they discovered it to be that of a young man of the village. The policeman was charged with murder but on the testimony of numerous eye-witnesses he was cleared. It was learned at the trial that the young man had been heard to boast that he could change into a wolf at will. The news of this trial was carried in all the French newspapers of the time and is reported in Montague Summers' book *The Werewolf*.

The evidence for werewolfism is convincing enough to lead many learned men to attempt to explain it. One explanation offered is that an actual physical transformation takes place. This would mean that there is a change in the cells of the body which causes the human form to assume more or less the appearance of a wolf. It should be noted that this change is seldom described as complete. The werewolf apparently does not lose all its human characteristics. For instance, it usually does not have a tail, its hands become hairy and claw-like but do not become paws, and its face resembles more an ape than a wolf. However, some werewolves have been said to make drastic physical changes.

It has been demonstrated that concentration or auto-suggestion can cause changes in body cells. Thought has been shown to be capable of removing blemishes and excess fat. Dr. H. V. Allington, a noted California dermatologist, has reported that warts can be removed by auto-suggestion (FATE, April-May, 1952). Meditation even can cause open wounds to appear on the skin, as is indicated by the cases of Therese Neuman (FATE, September, 1950) and Padre Pio (FATE, November, 1952). Dr. Pierre Janet caused a large blister to form on the skin of a hysterical girl by means of suggestion. There are many other cases which demonstrate that the body is subject to the mind. Thus it is not too much to suppose that belief or auto-suggestion can lead to the radical physical changes characteristic of werewolves.

According to literature on the subject, it usually is necessary to go through some sort of ritual as a prelude to werewolfism. This apparently consists of drinking water from the footprint of a wolf, partaking of its brains, haunting the lair of a wolf, or wearing a girdle made of its skin. These rituals, together with the secret ointments sometimes used and the odor of the mysterious lycanthrope flower, probably increase the strength of auto-suggestion.

Even outright self-hypnosis may be involved. A person under hypnosis, for example, can be made to believe he is a wolf. In certain instances it may not be so much a matter of belief as that hypnosis awakens parts of the brain which were dominant when man existed much lower on the scale of evolution than he does today. Many cases are known of individuals who have lapsed back to animal behavior — without the influence of any hypnosis.

William Seabrook, in his book *Witchcraft*, reports the case of a girl in a self-induced trance who gave a very convincing demonstration of wolf behavior. Dr. Milton V. Kline of the Westchester County Department of Health, New York State, conducted an experiment in which he suggested to a woman under hypnosis that she go back in time to a stage of life found only in her early ancestors. This woman knew little or nothing about animal psychology, yet she showed aspects of animal behavior which have been discovered only recently by animal psychologists. In the waking state she was unable to reproduce this behavior or even to describe it.

Such evidently was not the case with the French woman in Africa who was kept in a cage by her husband. William Seabrook, who witnessed the incident, relates that the husband believed his wife to be a werewolf.

"TOMORROW I DIE"

On January 16, 1953, the Italian newspaper, *Il Messagero*, published the strange story of a prediction made by a six-year-old boy.

As he was walking to a movie theater with his father, the boy, Salvatore Gianetto of Lentini, Province of Siracusa, Sicily, said, "Tomorrow I will die."

The father was startled by this statement but as there seemed to be no reason for it, he dismissed it from his mind. Salvatore was healthy and active and showed no signs of illness. But 24 hours later he dropped dead as he had predicted. — *Nat J. Cuneo.*

Tuning in on the FUTURE

BY SERGE OUKRAINSKY

Well-known as a choreographer and ballet master, Serge Oukrainsky has won international fame as a ballet artist. He was born in Odessa, Russia, and came to the United States in 1913. He lives in Hollywood, Calif., where he is connected with motion picture and theatrical work.

From 1913 to 1915 Mr. Oukrainsky was partner and solo dancer with the celebrated Anna Pavlowa in the Pavlowa Ballet Russe. He is the author of a book about this association My Two Years With Anna Pavlova, *which was published in the year 1940.*

Mr. Oukrainsky toured extensively with his own ballet companies for many years. He has been ballet master for opera companies in Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and has directed ballet schools. He also has been dance director for movie studios and has presented several ballets at the Hollywood Bowl. He is credited with the choreography of 20 full-length ballets, four motion picture sequences and 47 operatic ballets.

IF WE could add up the incidents of life as easily as we add numbers we could have a preview of coming events, could know the sequel which is bound to follow the incidents which have come before. Today's events are the total of everything which has taken place from the beginning of time, and tomorrow's events are the result of all previous incidents plus that which takes place today.

We believe that we make the final decisions but actually what we decide is the sum of previous acts which influence us in our choice of today. Consequently, what is yet to happen already exists in the future, to be read as clearly as the pages of a book by those who have the ability.

Seldom when awake do we have a clear presentiment but in sleep the sub-conscious mind can, in some incomprehensible way, tune in on the future.

I do not pretend to be clairvoyant but I have had presentiments a number of times during



my life. Though it is annoying to me that when something important has happened, I did not have the slightest hint of it but, perversely, when something trivial was about to occur I occasionally had a dream foretelling the whole event.

I remember one weird, prophetic dream which came to pass in such minute, symbolic detail that it may be of interest to those persons who experiment with what we now call paranormal rather than supernatural. Perhaps someday science will give a clear explanation of such dreams as mine.

Andreas Pavley and I were the first dancers and ballet masters of the Chicago Grand Opera during the season of 1918–1919, when Maestro Cleophonte Campanini was general director.

Not only was Maestro Campanini the general director of the Chicago Opera but he was also a marvelous musician and conductor of the orchestra. He had a good sense of showmanship and

often directed the stage action. Many times he changed the arrangements made by the stage director.

Pavley and I had re-organized the ballet for the Opera and had been discussing the possibility of presenting a full length ballet for the next season. Campanini was very much in favor of our doing so and we made our plans.

A well-known composer and then Chicago *Herald* music critic, Felix Borowsky, wrote the music especially for our scenario, a ballet called "Boudoir," which Campanini had decided to produce.

One day Pavley and I lunched with Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, whose husband was a well-known composer and member of a Chicago society group which was always greatly interested in the arts.

Mrs. Carpenter asked, "Would 'The Birthday of the Infanta' be a good subject for a ballet scenario? Do you think Mr. Carpenter should write the music for such a ballet?"

Oscar Wilde's "The Birthday of the Infanta" was a very successful play, had a long run in New York. The plot was unusual. As a birthday gift to the Infanta a dwarf danced grotesquely for her. She gave him her handkerchief for a reward. The dwarf fell in love with her. Later, after breaking into the palace, he saw his reflection in a mirror and, realizing how ugly he was, he died of sorrow.

Pavley and I both told Mrs. Carpenter that, in our opinion, this play would not make a good ballet. The play had to be in two scenes and the most successful ballets are those which are in one act. Besides that, the beautiful words of Oscar Wilde made the play and without them the effect would be lost. Then too, all of the pageant was in the first scene with only a solo pantomime dancer for a finale, rather an anti-climax. The subject was dropped and we thought no more of it.

The luncheon was some time in January. Several weeks later, at the end of the opera season, Campanini called us to his office to renew our contract for the next two years, 1919–1920. There was no disagreement over the contract except on one point. Our previous contract had stated that during the time that we were there, Pavley and I were to be the only ballet masters engaged. This clause was designed, not to keep others out, but to prevent some one coming in at the last minute without our knowledge. The Chicago Opera Season had such a large repertoire, with very little time for rehearsals, and to have some one come in unexpectedly caused confusion and delay.

Campanini now said, "You have this clause in your contract. We will produce 'Boudoir' for

you as we have already agreed. But John Alden Carpenter has written the music for a ballet, 'The Birthday of the Infanta,' which we would like to produce. Since you are not interested in producing it, as you told Mrs. Carpenter, how can we engage another ballet master to produce it with your contract prohibiting us to do so?"

Pavley and I could have insisted on producing the new ballet but we were sure that it would not be a success. If it ended a failure we would be blamed. Even with a moderate success the authors would be disappointed. It would have been bad policy for us to stage this ballet.

We told Campanini that we had no objection if he engaged another choreographer for the production of the "Infanta" ballet. But we asked that "Boudoir" be presented first.

Campanini agreed. It was decided that Adolph Bolm, who came to America with the Diagelew Company and was ballet master at the New York Metropolitan, would come to Chicago to stage the "Infanta" as guest artist with the Chicago Opera.

We signed this contract in February, 1919, and it was already far from my mind, when for no apparent reason I had the dream I am about to relate. I do not remember the exact date of this dream because I had no impression then that it was a premonition, or of any consequence.

Pavley and I conducted large summer ballet courses in a camp near Lake Michigan at South Haven in August, following the July classes in Chicago.

All plans for the next season of the Chicago Opera were finished in February and we had been very busy with concerts and classes since that time. It should not have been until September, when rehearsals were to begin, that anything touching the Chicago Opera came to mind.

It is interesting that the dream occurred before we left for New Haven in July.

In my dream it was the day of the first performance of "The Birthday of the Infanta." Adolph Bolm stood in the center of the Auditorium stage in a circle of amber light. Suddenly there fell, from the theater proscenium, a little waxen angel like the ones used in Russia on the very top of the Christmas tree. In falling the angel broke in two; one piece came to rest on the stage, the other fell into the orchestra pit.

The scene changed. Adolph Bolm stepped back-stage as though in fear and disappeared. The stage took the shape of a great hall in an ancient palace; the light changed from amber to a somber green filled with shadowy forms, like those in deep-sea waters. The pit, instead of being filled with musi-

cians, was covered with white flowers.

I awoke feeling most uncomfortable and full of anxiety. I described my dream to Pavley and I said to him, "I do not know what is going to happen but I am sure that something will, so that the performance of 'The Birthday of the Infanta' will be canceled."

Pavley laughed at me but he did not change my belief. In the Bible Joseph interpreted the Pharaoh's dreams, as expressed in symbols. I did not have to be a Joseph to read the symbols of my dream. The meaning was plain to see.

- First: what was to happen would be on the day of the first performance of "The Birthday of the Infanta."
- Secondly: I believed that the performance would be canceled because Mr. Bolm, the director, retired into the dark back-stage.
- Third: the time would be near Christmas because of the little Christmas tree angel.
- Fourth: although I could not foresee what was to happen, something would occur, as clearly indicated by the white blanketed orchestra pit.

These four points clearly impressed me.

Pavley and I returned to Chicago in September. Rehearsals began. Everything went as smoothly as the excitement of a new operatic season would ever permit.

Adolph Bolm arrived in Chicago to direct the rehearsals of the "Infanta" ballet. I let him have the ballet dancers every afternoon, while I kept them in the morning for "Boudoir" and other ballets the operas required.

Then the season began.

One day I saw the notice that the first performance of the "Infanta" was scheduled for the 19th of December — six days before Christmas. John Alden Carpenter was a prominent figure in Chicago, as well as in the musical world, and "The Birthday of the Infanta" was expected to be a great success. Even though we belonged to the Chicago Opera Company Pavley and I were unable to get passes. We bought tickets.

On the day of the 18th Pavley said to me, "Tomorrow is the premiere of the 'Infanta' ballet. Do you still believe in your dream?"

"Certainly," I replied. "There are still 24 hours before the performance. Much can happen."

The next morning when, as usual, we were rehearsing in our studios, the telephone rang. Preoccupied, I waited a moment before I took up the receiver. With sudden attention I listened while a voice spoke briefly. Then turning to Pavley I said in a low voice, "The call was from the Opera House. Campanini has just died.

The opening of 'The Birthday of the Infanta' is canceled. A mass will be held Sunday at the theater. We are asked to attend."

Pavley was shocked. I, too, felt a great loss. Campanini was a friend, a great artist, a marvelous director and a charming man.

My dream was coming true and I wished sincerely it was not so.

The angel of my dream, breaking as it fell into two pieces, one falling on the stage and one into the orchestra, was a correct symbol because Campanini was a stage director as well as conductor of the orchestra. This could not be applied to any but the beloved Campanini.

The following Sunday we went to the theater to pay our last respects to the Maestro Cleophante Campanini. On entering the box reserved for us I received a further shock. In the center of the stage was the casket of the great maestro. In the background, as in my dream, I saw the scenery of the great hall from the opera Parsifal, the Hall of the Holy Grail.

The electricians had changed the lights in the enormous auditorium to green, producing the shadowy, somber depths (unlike anything I have seen in any theater) I had already experienced in my weird dream.

In the center of the orchestra pit, on the stand, was the score for Falstaff from Verdi, and beside the score was Campanini's baton. The rest of the orchestra pit, empty of musicians, was entirely covered with white flowers.

With great grief I realized my dream had come true to its smallest detail.

CREMATION MYSTERY IN BALTIMORE

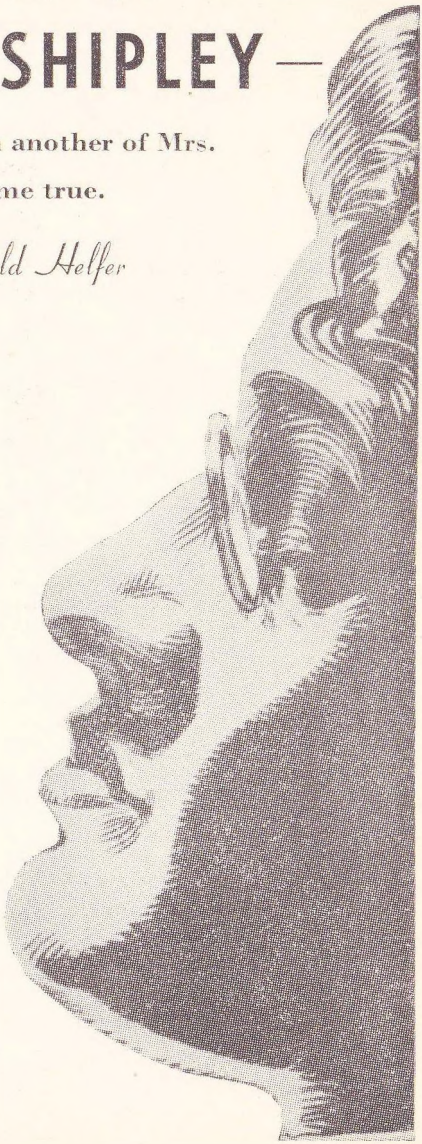
MARYLAND State Police ran into what gave every indication of being a cremation mystery when they investigated a fatal auto accident on the Baltimore pike eight miles south of Hanover early in April, 1953. The victim was Bernard J. Hess, 35, of Baltimore, who died of a skull fracture and internal injuries. His car had toppled down a 20-foot incline and crashed on its top.

What puzzled the police was that approximately a third of Hess' body was covered with first and second degree burns. His clothing had not been scorched and there was no evidence of fire in the wrecked car. It appeared that Hess had been enveloped by flames while driving the car and had lost control.

THE DREAMS OF MRS. SHIPLEY

When the maid burned to death another of Mrs. Shipley's remarkable dreams came true.

By Harold Helfer



On Oct. 25, 1903, Mrs. Marie Shipley, wife of Harry Shipley, the cashier of a Columbus, Ohio, bank and president of a bankers' supply concern, dreamed that a distant relative of hers, Smith Spencer, appeared before her dressed as if he were going on a long journey. He told her he was going far away and kissed her.

The kiss woke her up. She looked at the clock by her bed and saw that it was six o'clock.

Later, she learned that Smith Spencer had died that day — at six o'clock in the morning.

On a January night in 1904 Mrs. Shipley dreamed that she was in a small town she had never seen before. When she came to the front of a house an elderly lady appeared at her side and said, "I want Charlie Eckert to have the home."

The Eckerts were neighbors and Mrs. Shipley dropped in on Mrs. Eckert the next day to tell of her

dream. Mrs. Eckert said, "I don't know of anyone who would leave Charlie anything." She did say that the woman Mrs. Shipley described from her dream fitted the description of an aunt of her husband who did live in a small town.

Three months later the Eckerts were notified that Mr. Eckert's aunt in Canal Dover, Ohio, had died and that he was an heir.

Beyond any doubt, Mrs. Marie Shipley of Columbus, Ohio, was one of the most remarkable dreamers on record. Her dreams seemed bound to come true. The American Society for Psychical Research was so impressed that they kept a record of some of her dreams, including the two mentioned above, that appeared to have prophetic ramifications. In each case the dream was "verified." Affidavits were taken from witnesses to whom Mrs. Shipley had related her dreams before their validity was established.

Another dream she told was one in which she went to visit her grandmother. There was a fire by the back gate of her grandmother's house as she approached and she suddenly realized that the maid, Sadie Tanner, was enveloped in flames. Frightened, Mrs. Shipley called out, "Sadie Tanner, you will burn to death!" But the maid paid no attention to her and, standing there calmly, burned to death.

One person Mrs. Shipley did not tell this dream to was Sadie Tanner. The bank cashier's wife and her dreams were regarded with awe about town and Mrs. Shipley did not wish to alarm the maid. When months went by and Sadie Tanner continued her household chores Mrs. Shipley sighed with relief, thankful that this was one dream "without meaning."

Mrs. Shipley had all but forgotten the dream when on December 21, 1906, Sadie Tanner, sitting at her dresser, picked up a lamp. The handle came off and the lamp dropped into her lap. In an instant her clothes were on fire. She burned to death.

Another of Mrs. Shipley's dreams that the American Society for Psychical Research recorded occurred on August 19, 1905. In this dream she came upon a hill. Alongside the hill was a white casket covered with beautiful flowers. There were so many flowers that she couldn't see what was in the casket. After awhile a black casket appeared. This casket was covered with violets. Both caskets began moving along together. Suddenly she saw a face emerge from the black casket. It was that of Mrs. Laura Spencer, a distant relative.

Later Mrs. Shipley learned that Mrs. Spencer's youngest son took his life that same morning in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Shipley never had visited

him but he had lived by a hill.

Another dream recorded by the Society is one that Mrs. Shipley had on February 5, 1907. In this one she saw a black casket moving along on railroad tracks. Later the news was received that a relative, Grandma McKeever, had died and that her body was being taken by train to Barnesville, Ohio.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Mrs. Shipley's dreams is one that occurred on June 3, 1907. This was one of the last dreams she ever mentioned apparently having decided that henceforth it would be best to keep them to herself.

In this dream she set out to call on her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Shimp. As she approached their home she saw, in front of the house, three strange women, two dressed in white, one in black. Mr. Shimp met her at the door and said, "She is dead."

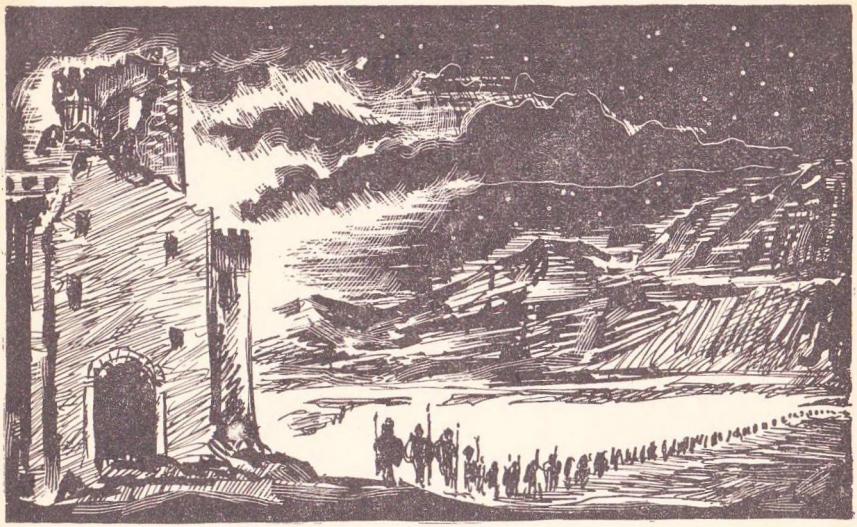
Mrs. Shipley awoke with quite a start. She was relieved to learn upon making discreet inquiries that Mrs. Shimp was in "splendid health." But a few weeks later Mrs. Shipley learned that Mrs. Shimp had fallen seriously ill.

On July 3, exactly one month to the day after her dream, Mrs. Shipley went over to call on Mrs. Shimp. Mr. Shimp met her at the door and said, "She is dead."

Inside in the living room were three women relatives. Two were in white dresses and one was dressed in black.

THE HOMING RING

WHILE leading an attack of Second Division troops near Heartbreak Ridge, Korea, in October, 1951, Lieut. Col. Warren Hecker, of Vineland, N. J., lost his West Point class ring. He missed the keepsake but, after being rotated home, he bought a duplicate ring and forgot about his loss. Then in January, 1953, a military police officer noticed that a captured North Korean officer was wearing a West Point ring. He found the name "Warren Hecker" engraved on the inside. On the assumption that Hecker was dead, the ring was sent to the military academy with the request that it be forwarded to Colonel Hecker's next of kin. The colonel is now wearing his original ring.



Spectral figures are said to appear at this lonely beach just before dawn. Observers gather to watch the . . .

Phantom Marchers of Crete

By Harold T. Wilkins

FROWNING over the lonely beach of Francokastelli (Castle of the Franks), towards Cape Krio in Crete, is a ruined castle built in the late Middle Ages by the old Doges of Venice. Its gray walls and weathered turrets tower into the clear blue sky, and its foundations are washed by the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean. Inland from the beach is a desolate plain, buttressed by a wild range of mountains. Across this eerie plain, marching in procession after sunset or just before sunrise, a phantom army marches from the shadows of the mountains towards the ruined castle.

The tall and spectral figures are always seen between the middle of May and the first week in June. They march, aureoled with mystic

light, from east to west, down to the lonely beach where they vanish into the air or the sea. The place is remote and far out of the track of tourists who do not brave the wild and dangerous mountain trails to reach it from Knossos.

Some eye-witnesses say the figures appear to be soldiers of some very ancient time. They wear antique armor and helmets, carry spears and short swords, and bear shields which appear older than those of the days of Homer. Peasants and even administrators of Crete who have seen them say they are very tall men, almost giants, and they pass like an army of the dead towards the shadows of the old castle of the Doges. Yet it is evident that this old castle is not their mysterious bourne.

When the old Turks of Constantinople ruled Crete in the 1860's and 1870's, the soldiers of the garrison at Francokastelli saw them and were scared almost out of their lives by these soundless marchers. Attention was first drawn to them, outside Crete, by a well-known British M.P., Sir Ernest Bennett, at one time Postmaster General in the British Government, who was war correspondent of the London *Times* during the rebellion of the Greeks of old Crete against the Turks in 1897. He tells how, in 1927, an Englishman named Baker, who had lived for many years in the Levant and had an intimate knowledge of the mentality of the Cretan peasants, whose tongue he spoke, was travelling in the Ida mountains with muleteers, when they came to a solitary village called Sphakia Kora. It is about 12 miles from Francokastelli.

Said Baker's head muleteer, "This is the month of May, the time of the year when people come from all over Crete to see the Men of the Shadows."

"What 'Men of the Shadows'?" asked the surprised Englishman.

"Shadows of strange big men in armor, who are seen at this very time coming across the plain from the shadows of the mountains, in the dim light before dawn. They march in uncanny procession, making no sound, towards the old ruined castle on the beach of Francokastelli. I am surprised, Master, that you who know Crete have never heard of them. We call them, as have our forefathers before us, the 'Dew Men', or 'Drousolites', because they are seen always when the dew is on the ground and the sun has not yet risen."

"Tell me more of this," said Baker.

"My father and my grandfather have seen these Men of the Shadows, and so have many of the people of the village of Francokastelli. Every year, in mid-May and early June, they assemble on the beach before dawn to

watch for their coming. . . . Here is Petro. Ask him about the Dew Men."

Baker turned to Petro, another muleteer, who told a queer story.

"I was engaged by some Germans, about 10 years ago, to help in some archaeological work near where they are seen. And it was while I was there that I and many other local people saw these Men of the Shadows. It was after sunset and dark when we saw this strange army of phantoms coming across the plain towards the beach where we stood. They uttered no sound. They seemed to be in armor. Some wore strange helmets. All carried weapons, shields, short swords, and spears.

"They were very tall men. As we looked, they seemed to vanish into the air as suddenly as they had come. Holy Virgin, how frightened we were! We were rendered dumb till the dawn came. Who can say what these Shadow Men are? I have heard a foreign scientist in the ruins of Hajia Triada which lies not many miles away, say an old Roman garrison might have been wiped out here in the days of the old Roman Emperors. But who knows?"

Hajia Triada, it may be noted, is like the famous Knossos, also one of the old cities of the Minoans. These uncanny shadows of men do *not* look like old Roman legionnaries. Petro added that an Italian scientist told him they might be men of some archaic race of old Crete.

Reports of this weird spectacle drifted across the Sea of Candia and the Aegean to Athens in old Greece, which is some 220 miles north, as the crow flies. Here is what a Cretan wine merchant, G. S. Naxakis, wrote to one of the leading newspapers in Athens:

"I know that a former Greek governor of Crete has seen these strange Dew Men. His secretary, M. Psyllakis, saw them in the dim light before dawn and the rising of the sun. But they have also been seen in the dusk, after sunset. Never are they seen when the sun shines, or in daylight."

Sir Ernest Bennett, who is a classical graduate of Hertford College, Oxford University, was in Athens and read these newspaper reports. He knew Crete and its people, and he determined to go to the island in the last week of May, in 1928, and visit the lonely beach and ruined castle where the Dew Men of the Shadows are seen. He intended to question the local eye-witnesses. (The last time when, to my knowledge, there were reports in the Athens newspapers, *Neos Kosmos* and *Vradyni*, that the Dew Men had been seen, was in June, 1950.)

On May 17, 1928, Sir Ernest camped out on the beach, a few yards from the gray and badly

weathered ruins of the old Venetian castle, towards whose main gate the phantoms are seen to march in the pale light from the still starry pre-dawn sky over brooding Mount Ida. He interviewed villagers who testified that they had seen the Dew Men. A peasant named Delyanis said:

"I saw them moving like shimmering lights. This army of men who make no sound seemed to advance and retreat for about 15 minutes. Then they seemed to vanish into the sea."

Another villager, Petrides, said:

"I and others standing on this beach saw the Dew Men about a third of a mile away, near the mountains, yonder. Three other men saw them in 1924, when they were advancing on a line from east to west. We could not see their legs, but they had the heads of men. About them shone a strange light."

Another eye-witness said: "The Dew Men moved along like water pictures until the sun rose, when they vanished." One woman was seen to be actually standing right in the midst of those moving phantoms, yet she herself did not see them!

In a cottage close to the ruined castle of Francokastelli, in 1928, lived an abbot. He told Sir Ernest:

"I have seen the phantoms twice. They were like an army on the march, going from east to west. The Archbishop of Crete, M. Eumenios, was with me at one of those times, and we saw them very early in the morning. All staying in my house came out to see them. They appeared beyond the belt of trees towards the mountains of Ida, and we could see them better when we stooped. They were marching in a column about a quarter of a mile away. The phenomenon lasted 15 minutes."

The secretary of the governor, M. Psyllakis, saw them in the last week of May, 1906, from a hamlet some distance from the beach. He told Sir Ernest:

"I saw them about 220 yards away. I had gone especially to witness the phenomenon. It was 10 minutes before the sun rose and the stars were still in the sky. It was then that I saw a host of moving shadows, like those cast by people on the blinds of a lighted house in the dark. They were men of various shapes, but I do not recall seeing horses or spears among them."

Sir Ernest waited, camped on the beach, until the end of May, but he did not see the Dew Men. He left for Candia, and the following week he had a letter from a general of the Cretan army, M. Hadjimichalis, who wrote:

"I went there to unveil a memorial to my grandfather, a general killed in action with the Turks at Francokastelli. After you had

gone, and on 4, 5 and 7 of June, 1928, the phantom Dew Men appeared. A woman harvester, not a native of the place, was out in the fields when the ghostly band appeared. She thought they were laborers, come to seek work in the harvest. 'What brings all these hundreds of men here?' she asked another woman. 'There is not work for all of them.' The other woman told her they were the Dew Men. On each day they marched, in a procession from east to west, from the foot of the mountains across the dark plain towards the ruined castle. Sometimes they were massed in formation; at other times the columns were thin and dispersed. It must be some strange natural phenomenon."

But Sir Ernest, on the weight of the evidence, does not believe it is a natural phenomenon but something supernormal and mystic.

If it is urged that the Dew Men are just mirages, it must be remembered that mirages are refracted images, with a maximum range of about 40 miles, and visible only when the sun has risen, and in the light of clear day. As one has commented, the phantoms are seen only in pre-dawn light and in a limited period of weeks between mid-May and early June.

Further, all around the lone, wide beach are only the ruins of the old castle and a very few houses, from which, or from the few scattered hamlets lying out on the plain between the foot of the Ida range and the shore, no host of such men like these could possibly come. And if it were just an image refracted from some place 40 miles or more away, it is extremely unlikely that so many living men would be about in the hour before dawn.

Who and what are these Dew Men? Whence do they come? Why do they appear only at a certain time? What object are they serving?

It appears certain that the Dew Men are in no way linked with the history of the old Venetian castle. The Italian savant who suggested that these Men of the Shadows belong to the archaic past of Crete may have been close to the truth. Eye-witnesses have described the phantom marchers as wearing helmets and armor and carrying spears and shields, like some archaic company out of Homer's *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. And all eye-witnesses seem agreed that the phantoms are very tall men.

The mountains from whose shadows the Dew Men appear to begin their march were the home of the priests dedicated to the cult of the Great Earth Goddess-Mother of Jupiter. In a very remote age she was an androgyne or bi-sexual diety, a god combining the attributes of both father and

mother. It thus appears that mysterious rites of some sort were celebrated by the Dew Men in life, several millennia ago, when they marched on the east-west line between the middle of May and early June toward the lone beach at Francokastelli.

Some say, as did Diodorus Siculus, about 35 B.C., that old Crete was the very ancient residence of Zeus, the Atlantean, who with others went from there and founded Eastern Atlantis, whose long-vanished continental island was the mysterious Panchaea, located far out in the Indian Ocean between Ceylon and Madagascar. Diodorus drew on the libraries of ancient Carthage, which the barbarous Romans destroyed. Suppose, then, that some ancient, long since drowned land lay beyond what is now the desolate beach of Francokastelli. Can it be religious rites connected with the traditions of this lost land and taking place on the beach, which bring the phantom marchers here?

THE VISIONS OF HEROLDSBACH

THE little village of Heroldsbach, Germany, has been split asunder since four young girls claimed they saw the Virgin Mary on a hillside one October evening in 1949. As a result of their claim, Heroldsbach has become a shrine with thousands of persons flocking there every weekend and on religious holidays. Hundreds of adults also claim they see visions: the Virgin Mary is said to come down from the skies and speak to them. They say the Child Jesus, borne by winged angels, crosses the sky "like a fiery tongue."

The Catholic Church has investigated the claims rigorously and has rejected them. Pope Pius XII himself issued a declaration that the so-called visions "are not supernatural." Crowds numbering as high as 60,000 have dwindled sharply since the church ban — yet hundreds still come to kneel at the shrine and thousands of others come to watch. And the girls still claim to see the visions almost daily. Believers have given money and jewelry to erect a shrine and chapel on the hillside where the first visions are said to have occurred.

Heroldsbach's pastoral atmosphere has changed. Booths sell religious tracts, candles, and rosaries. New houses have gone up. Old inns have been remodelled. But many are unhappy.

"This unfortunate dispute has disturbed our peace and divided our people," says Dr. Ernst Schmitt, the village priest who does not believe in the visions. "It has caused an open war. It is truly a scandal."

DR. EINSTEIN'S FIELD

For over 25 years Dr. Albert Einstein, who in his famous theory of relativity united space and time into one "continuum," has been trying to bridge the awesome gap between stars and atoms — between gravitational effects on the one hand and electromagnetic effects on the other. Recently he made public his new unified field theory which reduces to a few mathematical equations all the differing and apparently unrelated phenomena of the physical universe — light, heat, magnetism and gravitation.

In the theory of relativity Einstein abandoned the idea of a "force" of gravitational attraction. In its place he presented the concept of a "field." He showed that the planets do not move in fixed orbits about the sun simply because they are attracted by it but because they themselves are parts of the gravitational field.

Physicists found that this did not explain the leaping of electrons from orbit to orbit of the atom with the emission of light and heat. The actions of individual electrons appeared impossible to predict. So the physicists developed a complicated theory of probabilities called quantum mechanics, in which atomic events were treated statistically, somewhat as insurance company statistics treat life and death. This made prediction of atomic events possible and even led to the development of the atomic bomb.

The result was to produce two kinds of physics, one dealing with the outward universe of space-time and the other with the invisible atom. Since there is no certainty in the atom, quantum physicists hold that there can be none in the universe at large. They regard the universe as a problem in probability, a structure developed by chance alone. In the universe as in the atom, they see only discontinuity.

Einstein finds this view distasteful. He believes that the universe is a single continuous field like an endless flowing river. He sees order and perfection in both stars and atoms, and feels that the universe developed in conformity with some deep, underlying principle. He maintains that the theory of discontinuity and chance is an incomplete theory and that eventually evidence will be found to show that the universe is governed by immutable laws of cause and effect.

"I cannot believe," he states, "that God plays dice with the cosmos."

His new theory amounts to a deep, almost mystical belief that by seeking a sublime guiding force in the operation of the universe instead of mere blind chance, we thereby shall gain a clearer view of reality.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

She Photographed Thoughts

After reading Hereward Carrington's article, "We Photographed Thoughts," I bought film, waited for darkness, closed myself in my room and wrapped the film about my head in the dark. I kept the film on my head for one second. Then I rolled it up and wrapped it in a way which permitted *no* light whatever to enter. I took it to the drugstore and left it to be developed.

When I received the developed negative, which was all that was sent back, it had a few shafts of light and a vague outline of the top of a cross. This resulted in spite of the fact that I concentrated on nothing in particular and exposed the film to my head for only one second.

Mr. Carrington did not mention how long Mr. Ruk kept the film on his head. I would like to know how long film is to be exposed in this way. — *Joyce Goode, Chicago, Ill.*

In my original article you will find I mentioned "about 12 minutes" for concentration on the plates. This evidently was cut out in editorial revisions. If you use Miss Goode's letter, you might mention this, from me. I'd like to hear what she gets! — *Hereward Carrington, Hollywood, Calif.*

The photo shows the result of Miss Goode's experiment in thought photography but it did not reproduce clearly enough to be printed in this column. Sorry! — *R. N. W.*

Pill-shaped Object

Approximately four years ago my immediate family, my father, mother and sister, drove to Coney Island to witness a weekly display of fireworks. At the height of this exhibit a neighbor's boy, whom we had taken along, pointed out a singular object flying inland and almost directly overhead. It was pill-shaped and of a silvery hue.

We thought it was part of the show and followed its flight, expecting it to burst in a shower of multi-colored flame. We were obliged to turn completely around to keep it in sight. At length the object passed from view, never once altering its speed, deviating from its straight flight, or fluctuating from its original altitude.

Although puzzled by the object's behavior, we deemed it of minor consequence. However, the furor created by "interplanetary visitors" and flying saucers brought the incident to mind. I questioned

my parents and they too recalled the incident quite vividly. I decided to submit this small bit of information to FATE as a further substantiation of the flying saucer claims. — *H. William Nintzel, Glendale, L. I., N. Y.*

Mysterious Tracks

While engaged in winter training with the 24th Infantry Division in January, 1953, I had an odd experience. We were bivouacked on the side of Mt. Fujiyama at an altitude of about 5,000 feet. We were the only persons up there as nobody climbs the mountain in winter, its upper reaches being coated with ice and snow.

We were learning to ski. I got bored with the routine, so hid my skis at the highest station and took off up a mountain trail to see what I could find. After I had walked for well over a mile, definitely further than any G.I. had ever gone, I came across some large tracks 15 inches long and 12 inches wide. They consisted of three round indentations in a vertical line with two oval, tilted indentations on either side of the upper two, the whole roughly forming the outline of a cross.

They were like paw tracks but had two strange features. Although they indicated a large

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creature they were not sunk deeply in the snow and they did not seem to be stopped by bushes but went right under them. We had no footgear like that and to my knowledge the Japanese have none either. The tracks mostly followed the climbing trail I was on but often cut away into places where a human would not go. No G.I. in shoepacs would risk a fall going around on unfamiliar ground.

I have seen similar but very small tracks around ammunition dumps which were in snow-covered, open country and guarded 24 hours a day. I never saw any animals. If any reader can identify these prints I would be very grateful. — *Vaughn M. Greene, San Diego, Calif.*

The enclosed clipping from the Oslo, Norway, daily *Aftenposten* might interest you. Translated into English it says that the leader of the new British Mount Everest expedition, Colonel Hunt, declared in a talk with reporters in the capital of Nepal that he will do everything to clear up the problem of the mysterious "Snowman" of the Himalayas.

The colonel himself found the curious footprints in the snow in 1937 when he was climbing Zemugapet in North Sikkim at an altitude of over 18,000 feet. He discovered suddenly that he was

walking beside double footprints of the Snowman. He followed them but they disappeared over a nearby precipice.

Colonel Hunt believes this curious "homo odiosus" to be a so far unknown animal and that there are already a sufficient number of observations to justify an expedition just to find out what it is. — *Carl Moe, Stevens Point, Wis.*

Tearoom Correction

I've been on Fifth Avenue for a good many years but fail to find a Gypsy Tearoom at 43rd and Fifth Avenue as Jeron King Criswell mentions on page 107 of your April issue of FATE.

In fact, our office is located on 43rd and Fifth and the other three corners have banks there. On 42nd and Fifth a Gypsy Tearoom does a prosperous business. All of our staff members frequent it at one time or another. We were all startled because we thought we were being told fortunes on 43rd when all the time we knew it was 42nd but, happily, we see the error is not ours. — *Carlson Wade, New York, N. Y.*

Mystery of 6:10 P.M.

On Sunday, March 15, 1953, my wife, two sons and I visited our friends, Cozy and Toto Schwartz. About supper time someone noticed that one of the

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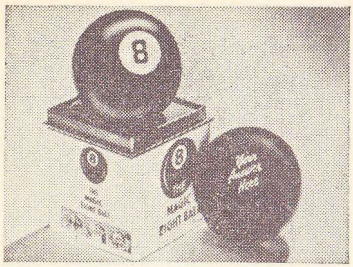
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wind-up alarm clocks in the kitchen had stopped. Its hands were at 6:10 p.m.

Cozy asked Toto to reset and start it. He looked at a second wind-up alarm clock to get the correct time. It was stopped — at 6:10 p.m.!

Toto looked at his watch. It was running but indicated 6:10 p.m.! He asked me what the time was by my watch and I found that it indicated 6:52 p.m. By this time we didn't know *what* time it was. So we phoned for the time and were told it was 6:53 p.m.

We spoke about the strange case of the stopped clocks. Then I asked if there were any other watches or clocks in the apartment. Cozy said she had a watch in a drawer and went to get it. She insists she didn't change the time shown on the watch yet when she showed it to us it was stopped at 6:09 or 6:10, the small size making it difficult to be precise.

We can think of no explanation other than coincidence — yet what formidable odds there must be against such an occurrence. Of the timepieces that were stopped, Cozy and Toto said that they had not been wound for about a day, the watch for several days. Yet why were these four timepieces pointing to the same hour and minute? We're still wondering. — *Homer R. Hansen, New York, N. Y.*

"Desert Mystery" Solution ?

I shut out everything for a few minutes, concentrating upon the facts of "Desert Mystery," and this is what I see:

In San Bernardino, in 1945, there was a man who desired the death of a red-haired lady friend of his who knew more than he could risk having known about him. He was a very clever amateur hypnotist. He was rather good looking, about 35, of medium but muscular build, with dark hair and gray or hazel eyes.

He met many women where he worked and he compared them with his red-haired associate. He was looking for a woman who closely resembled the woman he wanted to die. When Cora Lancaster came along, he chose her.

Perhaps he flattered her, for a rancher's wife with seven children could be expected to accept flattery with gratitude. Among his closest acquaintances was Henry Mason. Perhaps they worked in the same store or roomed in the same lodging. After he had struck up a friendship with Cora Lancaster, this man hypnotized her and filled her with the suggestion that Henry Mason was her dream lover, the man destiny intended for her, firing her with a consuming passion for him which overwhelmed her maternal instincts, her sense of responsibility to her husband and her own decency. She became a puppet and was not

TALISMAN RINGS



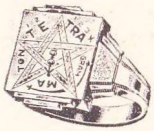
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responsible for her own conduct.

Then the man hypnotized Henry Mason and made him believe that Mrs. Lancaster was incredibly beautiful and that he was her lover. Having launched the couple on their bizarre romance, the man suggested that Mrs. Lancaster leave her family and disappear with Mason to a secret place where they could enjoy their new association. She accepted the suggestion, for she was obsessed with the thought of her lover — a state which her husband said made her restless and dissatisfied.

Finally it was all arranged. Mrs. Lancaster left with the post-hypnotic suggestion never to write to Mason, possibly even to forget about him entirely once she arrived at her destination. The murderer meanwhile had assembled an outfit of clothing identical to that which Mrs. Lancaster owned.

Also he had his red-haired friend make preparations to leave town in such a way that her friends would not think her absence strange, possibly under hypnotic suggestion. As soon as Mrs. Lancaster was gone, he killed the red-haired woman, dressed her in the clothing he had secured and carried her body into the desert. Most likely this woman lived in a nearby town, though she could have lived in San Bernardino.

Then, having suggested that post-hypnotically Mason would

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borrow an automobile, the murderer carried Mason to the scene of the crime, explained exactly how it was performed, and took him to the body, making him identify it as Mrs. Lancaster's by suggestion and convincing Mason that he had murdered her. Under hypnosis nothing could be easier or simpler. Also, under hypnosis, Mason would have no memory of the trip with the murderer.

Months passed and Mrs. Lancaster did not contact Mason. Naturally Mason did not try to contact her, for he had the fact of her disappearance and the fact of the borrowed car to confirm the suggestion that he had killed her.

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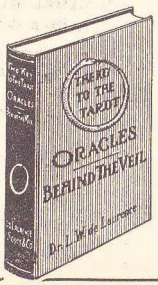


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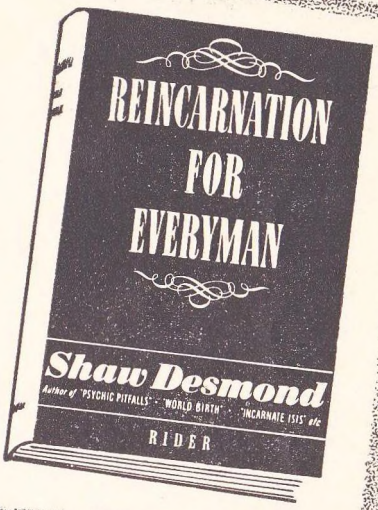
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He had seen a dead woman whom he believed to be Mrs. Lancaster and the sense of guilt had been so branded into his consciousness that he was not able to recall the truth.

So when the body was found he denied the crime, possibly at the suggestion of the murderer, and later admitted it. No doubt he had been drilled repeatedly as to his course of action and the confusion resulting from his hypnosis naturally made him doubt his sanity.

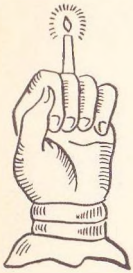
Then Mrs. Lancaster wrote home, having struggled with her own confusion until no other course of action seemed possible. By then the memory of the other red-haired woman had faded from most minds. In any case the attention of everyone was riveted on Mrs. Lancaster and Mason and the connection of other individuals was overlooked.

Mason may never have met the murdered woman but the murderer had to be an intimate acquaintance of both Mason's and Mrs. Lancaster's. People still should be available who knew which of their circle of intimates at that time was a hypnotist.

Because of the effect of post-hypnotic suggestion it would be fruitless to question Mrs. Lancaster or Mason under hypnosis, for it is quite certain they were given the suggestion that they never would recall having been placed

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under hypnosis. Neither of them would have any idea why they acted as they did, except that they did so from inner compulsion. It is even possible that the memory of their association with the murderer was blanked out. — *Lee R. Gandee, Lexington, S. C.*

Atomic Astrals

On looking over FATE for June I was surprised to see the photo of Mr. Hanft's Siamese cats and the two mysterious onlookers.

With my own eyes I have seen these weird astrals in the atmosphere when I lie down in my hammock on the back porch. The phenomenon began about a year ago but is now less clear.

I didn't see one or two of these reptiles with owl heads but dozens hanging down in the ether in front of me.

I am baffled as to their meaning. Sometimes their long reptile bodies would have a loop in them and at other times the entire bodies would be brilliant as if set with diamonds. The heads were those of an owl or similar bird with the identical nose of the owl and two eyes which gleamed like jewels.

On several occasions the reptiles had three heads but with a single brilliant eye in the center.

I wonder if atomic tests have released or given birth to such strange manifestations of the un-

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known. — *Mrs. Vera C. Miller, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

Mystical Coin

Here is an odd but true story which I am at a loss to explain. First I must say that my hobby is collecting stamps and coins. I welcome any odd or old stamp or coin.

A friend of mine who runs a local cafe found a German coin in a five-cent jackpot machine. He gave me this coin and I looked it over carefully. I noticed that the date was 1949, the mint letter J.

The next day I was still carry-

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ing the coin in my pocket. To keep it from mixing with other change I placed it in a back pocket along with a key.

That afternoon I stopped at the cafe again and while talking to a chap there I reached into my back pocket to show him the German coin. To my surprise I withdrew a five-cent piece dated 1940 and my key.

I searched all my pockets but no German coin could I find although an hour before I had looked at it and placed it in my pocket again.

On this particular afternoon I didn't have a cent on my person.

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Telepathic Nightmare

While I was on Isle Royal with the Civilian Conservation Corps in the summer of 1940 there occurred an instance of what I believe was telepathy. We spent the summer on the island engaged in constructing lookouts and doing other work for the Park Service.

One night I checked the area for any irregularity or fire danger and noted that it was midnight when I entered my tent, which was a short distance from the hospital tents that served as barracks. Suddenly there was a disturbance in one of the other tents and I hurried outside to see what had happened. The men were in a turmoil and it took a while before I could piece the story together.

They had been awakened by one of the men screaming in a nightmare. He had dreamed that a brother to whom he was very close had been killed. The remarks of the men who shared his tent were caustic and crude to say

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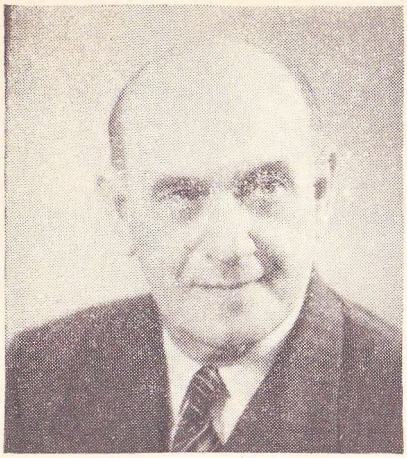
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the least and they threatened physical violence in the event of a repeat performance.

At noon the following day we received a radiogram asking us to make arrangements for the man involved to return home for his brother's funeral. The brother had been killed in an automobile accident at midnight, the very moment of the nightmare. — *John A. Miller, Moline, Ill.*

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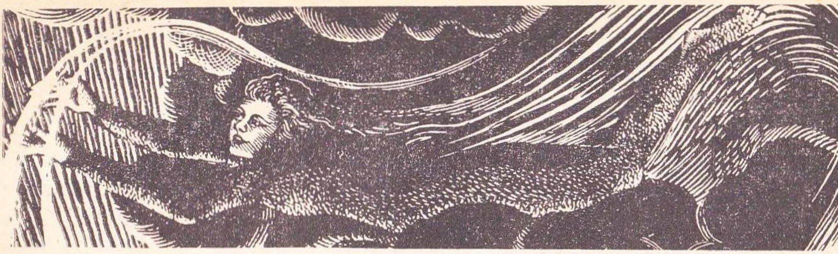
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each time I looked at the picture I felt I had had something to do with it three raps were given on a table.

The picture is that of an Indian princess and was painted by a spirit who calls himself Gray Horse. I am of English-Irish descent.

I feel I have been given all the proof I need that there is such a thing as reincarnation. — *Dorothy Jordan Houben, Olean, N. Y.*

Miracle on a Joyride

The story, "My Keys to Life," in the June issue of FATE, brings to mind an incident that happened to my daughter when she was about 15. She went joyriding (she was being naughty as she didn't have permission) with two boys and a girl friend. The car was a coupe with a rumble seat. My daughter sat in the rumble seat with one of the boys.

They were riding at night along a dark country road. Though traveling fast, they did not meet other cars. Suddenly there was a crash as they hit something on the road.

One of the four screamed to Jesus for help. My daughter said she felt herself leave the seat of the car, soar through the air and land gently in a bed of blooming alfalfa. She traveled about 40 feet over a fence and into a field.

All the others admitted having

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experienced the same gentle landing and not one was hurt although the car was smashed badly. — *Mrs. Dulcie Brown, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Psychic Grandchild

My granddaughter, Jan, aged two and a half, recently exhibited marked extrasensory perception which perhaps should not come as a surprise as she belongs to a psychic family.

She was sound asleep three rooms away with the door shut when her grandfather hid his pipe and tobacco in a previously unknown cubbyhole in a bookcase, which he had just that moment discovered. Waking two hours later, Jan came swiftly into the room, walked straight to the hiding place, took out her grandfather's belongings and handed them to him with a smile. — *Mrs. Averil C. Maynard, Springfield, Mass.*

Warning Voice

When I was discharged from the Navy my wife and I decided to spend a week at an unused summer resort on the Flambeau River in Wisconsin. We had no car and my brother-in-law was taking us to the camp with a load of groceries to last a week, after which time he was to come and get us.

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We were driving down a narrow gravel road and my wife in the back seat with me was talking to my brother-in-law's wife in the front seat. I was relaxing and not even listening to the conversation when something said, "You are going to have a blowout."

I sat up and moved over to the edge of the seat to break in on the conversation and tell the others what I had heard. Then the voice said, "Don't tell them, they will blame you." So I sat back and after about 100 feet of travel a tire blew out. We were traveling about 25 miles an hour.

I have heard of cases where a voice is said to have spoken to a person but this voice did not speak into my ears. It was as if the message were placed in the back of my head. — *Harold Beeman, Waukegan, Ill.*

A Dream of FATE

After a week of searching for an October, 1952, issue of FATE without results I finally located it in a dream. In the dream I entered a local newsstand, went to a certain rack and took down a copy of FATE. On the cover I saw a Balinese dancing girl and in the background was what appeared to be a distant mountain peak.

The next morning I went to the newsstand and found my FATE exactly where it was in my dream. The dream was perfectly accurate

in every detail except that the "mountain peak" was a temple tower. — *Ken Kuykendall, San Leandro, Calif.*

No Praise Too High

We cannot praise your splendid magazine too highly. We can hardly wait from month to month to read it.

To me, the article, "God's Bowl of Sweet Peas," in the June issue, was perfectly beautiful. We sincerely hope you continue to keep your high standard of articles. — *Ruth E. Durham, Evansville, Ind.*

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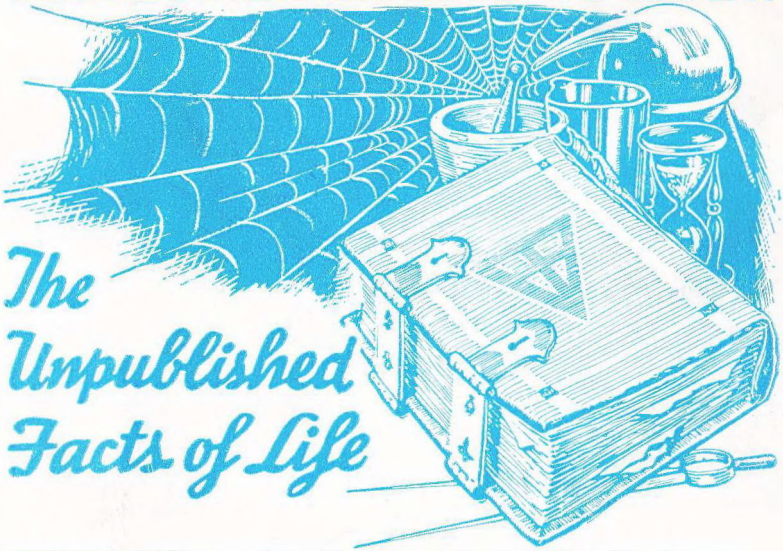
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