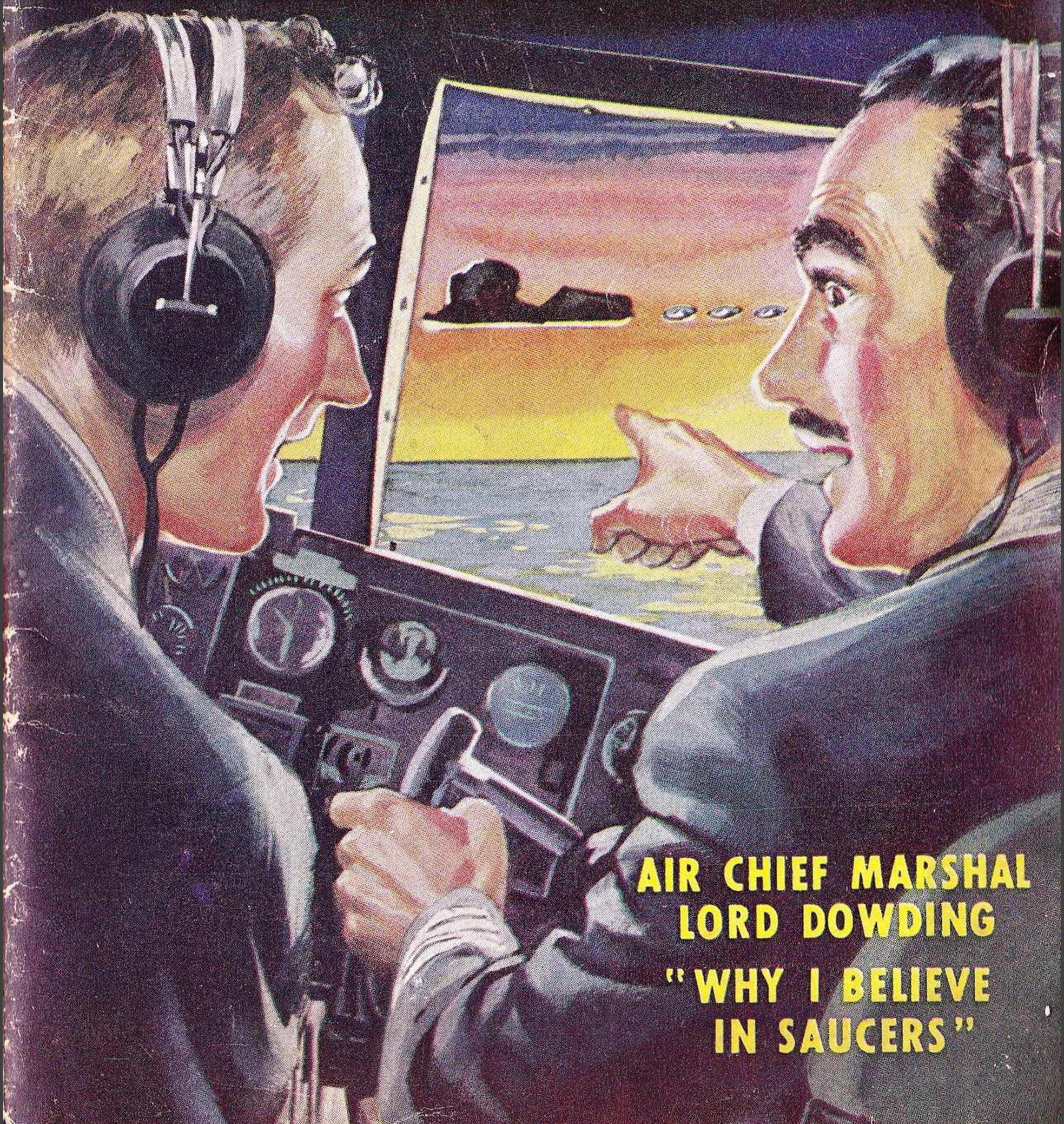
DONALD KEYHOE—HOW THE SAUCERS FLY

# ANC FATE MAGAZINE

November 1954 35¢

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...for



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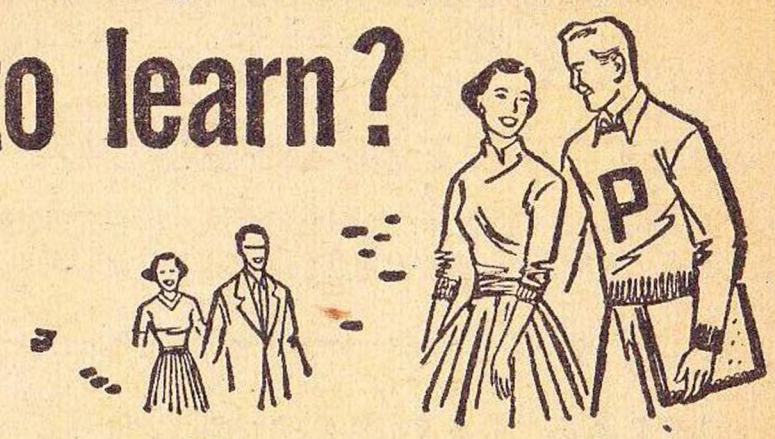
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NOVEMBER
1954

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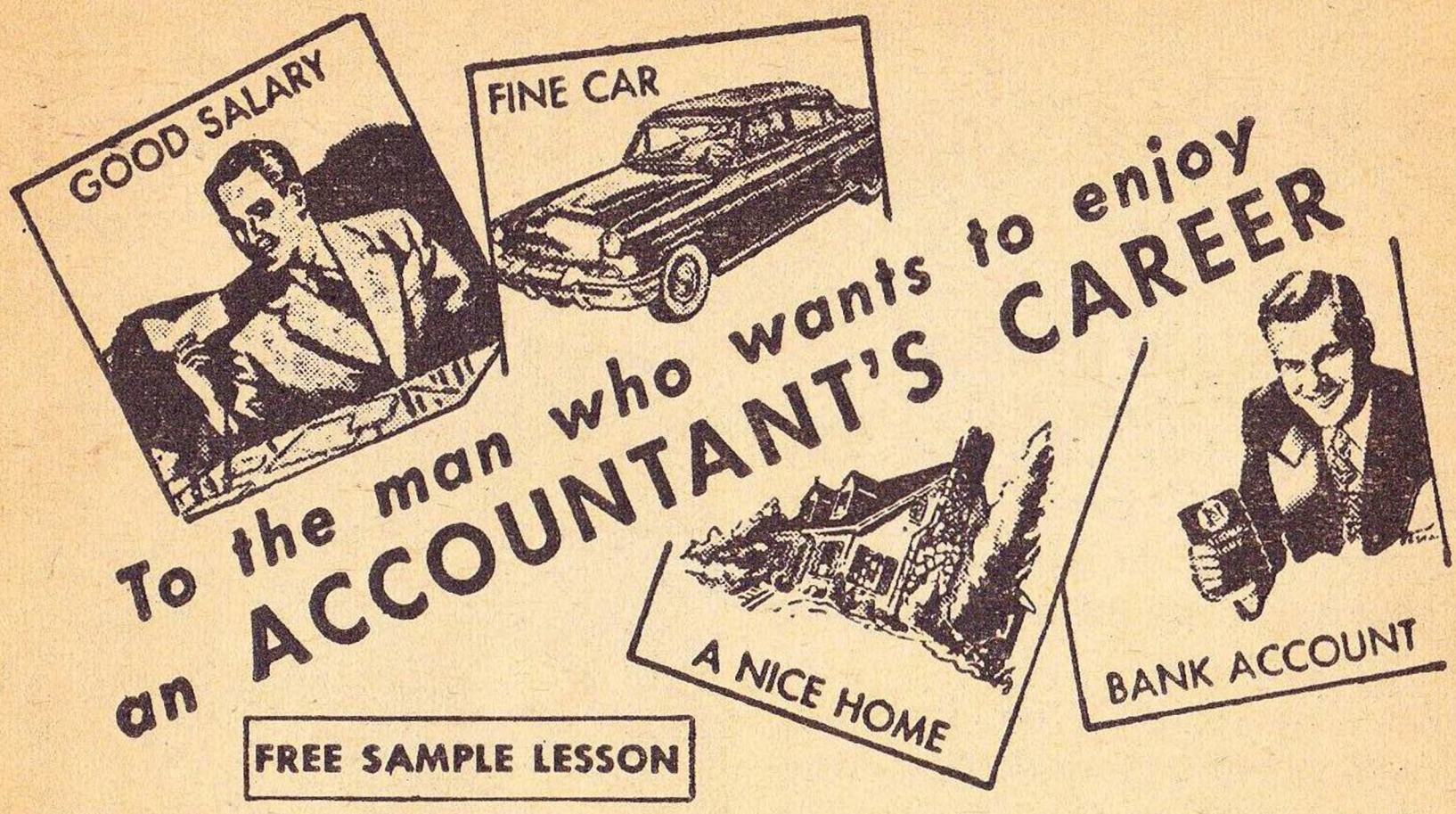
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# To the man who wants to enjoy an ACCOUNTANT'S CAREER

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# I See by the Papers . . .

## ANIMALS IN THE NEWS

■ No sooner had we published our animal issue, and especially the story of Bobbie, the collie that walked 3,000 miles, than the papers were full of a number of similar accounts.

Another collie, for instance, named Sandy, found her way home over more than 600 miles from Paducah, Ky., where she had been given to a farmer.

Collies seem to have a monopoly on this homing business. Trixie, a 10-month-old collie belonging to Jimmy Eaton, 12, of Phoenix, Ariz., recently found her way home after she was lost in Oklahoma while the Eatons were driving to New York. Trixie covered 1,000 miles in one month.

◆

## MRS. SWEENEY'S PETS

■ Other animals ought to get a little recognition, too, our readers feel. Last January, Mrs. Nina Sweeney, 71, of Lawrence, Mass., became ill in her unheated house while the temperatures were below zero outside. She was unable to get out of bed.

Neighbors missed her and notified police. They found her in bed, unable to get out, but warm and cozy. Two cats she had befriended were on each side of her head. Another was draped like a fur piece around her neck. Two others were nestled, one in each armpit, and two more lay across her chest. Her dog was stretched across her stomach. They had saved Mrs. Sweeney from freezing to death.



■ A strange incident is reported from St. John, Kan., where George Hilton was buried on April 9. A dog came to keep a vigil beside Hilton's grave.

It was still there weeks later. Neighbors fed it and even provided a doghouse. And there the dog had seven puppies, late in May.

*These great minds were Rosicrucians . . .*

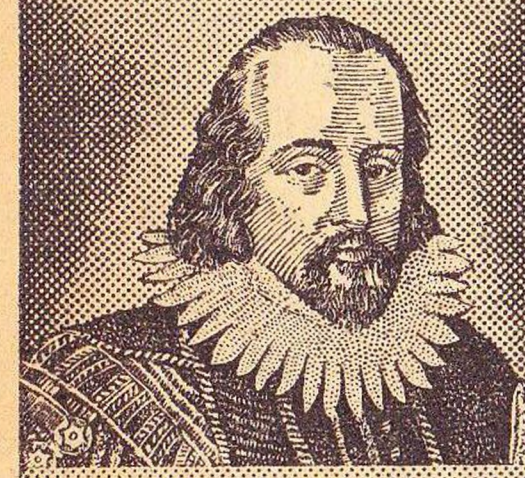
# WHAT SECRET POWER DID THEY POSSESS?



*Benjamin Franklin*



*Isaac Newton*



*Francis Bacon*

## *Why were these men great?*

How does anyone — man or woman — achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

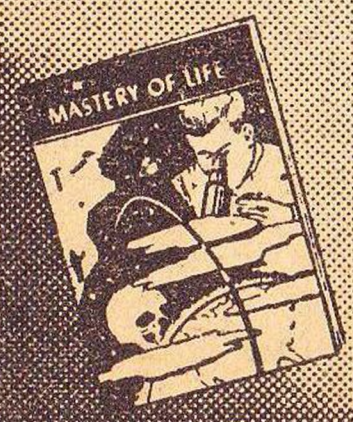
Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life!

Benjamin Franklin, statesman and inventor . . . Isaac Newton, discoverer of the Law of Gravitation . . . Francis Bacon, philosopher and scientist . . . like many other learned and great men and women . . . were Rosicrucians. The Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization) have been in existence for centuries. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.

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The strangest thing is that the dog never did belong to Hilton.

◆

## MARIA STAFFLER'S VOICES

■ PAUL THORSEN, a Danish hypnotherapist, was asked to investigate an alleged miracle cure of Maria Staffler, who heard voices urging her to go to Lourdes to be cured. Maria was suffering from a swelling of the abdomen and her toes were doubled up under her feet so that walking was impossible. Professor Urban, her doctor, had considered both conditions incurable and asked Thorsen to conduct the investigation when Maria was cured.

Thorsen reported that Maria is illiterate and also slightly deficient mentally. She is something of an ecstatic and her religious emotions border on the hysterical. From this, Thorsen concluded that Maria was a peculiarly suggestible subject and said he himself had brought about similar cures through hypnosis. It is also possible, though our report does not state so, that Maria's ailments were actually due to her hysteria.

But here's the mystery: other persons, including Thorsen himself, actually heard Maria's "voices."

◆

## WHAT IS SLEEP?

■ NO ONE KNOWS what sleep is, exactly, any more than anyone really knows what consciousness is, exactly. But here are some facts about sleep that may interest you:

1. Sleep is not the same as unconsciousness.

2. When a person falls asleep there is no shortage of blood to the brain, no accumulation of lactic acid, no changes in the nervous system, as previously supposed.

3. There is no such thing as a sleep center in the brain.

4. However, there appears to be a waking center within some nerve cells in the brain stem and basal ganglia. Sleep comes when this waking center is somehow deactivated. But no one knows how.

5. People's sleep requirements differ. There is no such thing as an ideal sleep period. The 8-hour idea is just a superstition. Sleep need not be taken in only one shift without interruptions.

6. If you are unable to sleep because of an empty stomach, take a bowl of good thick soup.

◆

## BREUKER'S LIGHTNING

■ DOES LIGHTNING strike twice? It has struck the Harvey Breuker residence, three miles south of Holland, Mich., seven times in the past seven years. It has wrecked the telephone twice, destroyed two clocks, knocked out the furnace apparatus and the refrigerator motor. But at no time has it caused over $5 in damage.

# WHAT DO YOU SEEK FROM LIFE?

## PSYCHIC POWERS? SELF CONFIDENCE? PERSONALITY?




### TEST YOURSELF

Yes No

- ☐ ☐ Are you satisfied with your mental power?
- ☐ ☐ Can you concentrate?
- ☐ ☐ Do you feel rested when you get up in the morning?
- ☐ ☐ Do you finish every job you tackle?
- ☐ ☐ Are you in tip-top shape physically?
- ☐ ☐ Is your posture good?
- ☐ ☐ Do you control tension, fear, worry, "nerves"?
- ☐ ☐ Do people like you?
- ☐ ☐ Do you have lots of friends?
- ☐ ☐ Are you "getting ahead" in your work?
- ☐ ☐ Do you use the power of your subconscious mind?
- ☐ ☐ Is your life full, successful, happy?

If you have to answer NO to any of these questions you are not getting the most out of your life. Yogism can help you, and

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City.....Zone.....State.....

## WOMAN ABLAZE

■ WE'RE TAKING this story up belatedly, but FATE readers will recognize the pattern.

One day last February, about 9 P.M., Mrs. Catherine Sutton, about 51, of 2132 Main Street, Springfield, Mass., was found sitting upright in a chair in her kitchen. She had been afire but the fire was out and 95% of her body was badly burned, though she was still alive when found.

No one could find what caused this fire. No one could explain why it failed to do any damage elsewhere in the room except for the cushion on which Mrs. Sutton was sitting. No screams for help were heard and the fire would not have been discovered at all except that the superintendent of her building smelled the smoke.

◆

## THE GLASSPOX RIDDLE

■ FROM ALL OVER the country we have received clippings showing shattered glass windshields and rear windows. Yet as far as the experts are concerned, there is no mystery about them.

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. announced that an examination of 150 autos marked by "glasspox" showed the markings were probably caused by flying sand, gravel, or the materials used to de-ice snow-covered roads. Generally, they said, older cars with high mileage showed the markings.

Even from England comes word that the three-year epidemic of shattered automobile windshields on Britain's "Missile Mile" was caused by:

- Stress set up by ill-fitting glass.
- Frame distortion.
- Inequality of road surface which sets up vibrations.
- Changes of temperature because of atmospheric conditions.
- Sound waves by exhausts from passing vehicles.

With special reference to the "Missile Mile," the Automobile Association said the reason more than 100 windshields have mysteriously shattered on the stretch of highway between the villages of Esher and Cobham was that they were made of an inferior type of glass and couldn't stand up to severe jolting.

Which also explains, of course, why aircraft flying over the area also had shattered glass!

◆

## WE DOUBT IT

■ WELL, MAYBE the experts are right, but we doubt it. Before we close the books on the case we'd like to report a few other cases which we've been accumulating over the past few months.

Mrs. Gary May of Port Weller, Canada, heard sharp pinging sounds when sitting in the family car with her husband. Both noticed there were blobs on the windshield resembling rain.

Mrs. May stuck her hand outside to feel the windshield and felt a sharp stinging pain in her right thumb. She drew her hand in hurriedly. Investigation showed a tiny burn-like mark.

• A man in Binghamton, N. Y., according to a letter from W. J. Beaumont, heard a patter like buckshot on his tin roof. He went out to investigate and was hit by at least one pellet. He said it was "hot" and showed a small flesh wound on his arm.

• Mrs. Genevieve Cwalina of Curtis Bay, Md., left her new car parked in back of 1005 Church Street. Around 2 P.M. she heard a faint crash. She went out and found the rear window of her car shattered by thousands of crooked fractures. The car was one month old and the Cwalinas had driven it only that morning. As Mrs. Cwalina and her husband watched, little bits of the windshield kept cracking off and falling onto the back seat, popping like popcorn. The car windows had been open at the time so heat pressure was impossible.

• Manuel Careaga of Ensenada, B.C., was driving his car into the intersection of Obregon and Fourth Streets in May. He heard a noise like a rock being thrown against the rear window of his car. He stopped to investigate, found no missile, but he noted the glass was spotted. As he watched, it began to "melt like snow." The car was a 1953 Plymouth and the editor of the paper witnessed the event. Mr. Careaga is described as a "well-known attorney and realtor."

◆

## A CLASSIC CASE

■ As LONG AS THINGS keep falling from the sky we might as well report the rain of rocks in Springfield, Mo., last June 25.

The principal target of the rocks appeared to be the home of Victor Bunch, 32, of 812 North Weller, Springfield. Bunch heard a noise on his front porch and stepped out of the house to investigate. As he opened the screen door a rock flew into the living room and landed near the television set. Another rock struck his 11-year-old son on the back of the head as the boy was standing in the yard.

Bunch sent the bleeding boy into the house and walked toward a nearby open field to see if someone were throwing rocks there. Seconds later he also was hit on the back of the head by a rock.

Five patrol cars full of officers searched the area but found no one. Then, as Lieut. Gordon Loveland and Officer Don Adams were standing beside the Bunch home, they noticed a rain of stones descending from the roof of the dwelling.

The officers began another search. They found that a girl residing north of the Bunch

home, Mary Hill, had been hit by a rock but not injured, and Sharon Smith, 1507 East Brower, was struck on the back as she was standing in the Bunch yard. Officers could find no evidence of dynamite in the area and turned up no youngsters with slingshots or rocks.

A quart of the rocks was taken to police headquarters and they were all good Ozark rocks.

At 9 P.M. on the same day rocks began falling inside the Bunch residence. Police came again and found rocks hitting the outside of the house. More officers came. Officer Dan Stowe was hit on the back of the neck.

Officer Bob Leigh walked into the house. He was amazed when a rock clinked against a light fixture. As far as he could tell, the rocks appeared to be coming from the ceiling. Officer Ralph Jackson searched the attic. He found nothing. There were no holes in screens, ceilings, or walls.

Bunch's two sons are 11 and 5 years old. They denied tossing the rocks. And so the police left, unable to solve the rain of rocks either inside or outside the house.

◆

## AMERICA'S FIRST MAN?

■ IN A PREHISTORIC water hole near Midland, Tex., recently, scientists found what may be the oldest human skull ever discovered in the Western Hemisphere.

Midland Man lived 12,000 years ago during the ice age, and dined on woolly mammoths. His remains are believed to be considerably older than Folsom man, who lived 10,000 years ago but whose remains have never been discovered.

The age of Midland Man was determined by comparing the fluorine content of the skull fragments with that of animal bones found in the same place—prehistoric horse, camel and turtle. Their fluorine content then was compared with that of more recent animal bones from the area. Other ice age animals with whom Midland Man's bones were found include the dire wolf and giant bison.

◆

## MORE ON THE PILTDOWN FRAUD

■ MORE EVIDENCE to support the fraud of the Piltdown skull fragments has turned up. It is so obvious that anthropologists are amazed the find was accepted for so long as genuine.

The canine tooth is badly worn and examination shows fine vertical scratches that could not be produced by normal chewing. Careful examination of the wear on the tooth indicates that the pattern was produced by hand by an abrasive.

In addition, X-ray examination of the tooth shows it was not yet completely cut through the gums or had only recently erupted. If

that be so, how could it have become so badly worn?

Now that the fake has been exposed, these questions are obvious. Funny nobody asked them before.

◆

## UNDERGROUND FISH

■ THEY WERE DRILLING for oil in Alberta, Canada, recently, and an oil exploration crew put down a 500-foot shot hole near Bentley, 80 miles south of Edmonton. Suddenly a stream of water gushed to the surface. The water was filled with thousands of small fish, which Dr. R. B. Miller of the University of Alberta identified as five-spined stickleback. Apparently the drill had tapped an underground stream.

◆

## TOO HOT IN EGYPT

■ IT'S BEEN TOO HOT to dig in Egypt during the summer—that's one of the reasons for the shortage of news about discoveries there. Another reason has been that the huge alabaster sarcophogus, from which so much was expected, was found to be empty.

Digging will start again in the late fall, and FATE will continue to keep its readers informed. Archeologist Zakaria Goneim believes the sarcophogus was only a "symbolic tomb" and that he will still find the real one. The ruler has been identified as Sekeim-Khet, of the third dynasty, who reigned about 2,750 B.C.

Important things are also expected from the discovery of the spirit boat, about which more will appear here in the future.

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## THE STARLING MYSTERY

■ M. K. JESSUP of Washington, D. C., raises a point concerning a recent item we had about the machines which record the sound of a starling in distress. The records are played and drive the starlings away from their roosts.

"What puzzles me," says Mr. Jessup, "is that starlings do not come back to the same place. What is the means of communication or awareness by which starlings are enabled to stay away if they were not of the original group which was subjected to the broadcasts?"

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## THE LIGHTS OF ST. JOSEPH'S

■ AT LAST WORD, the mystery lights in the belfry of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Jersey City, were still burning nightly. But the huge crowds which assembled each evening to look at them have dispersed and the food and drink stands which sprung up in the area are gone.

At one time as many as 25,000 persons showed up to watch the lights—especially after the finding of the body of the sexton who climbed the belfry to discover their source.

Meanwhile, few watch the lights as they flicker, shift and

change color in the windows at night. But no one has yet explained them.

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## STAINS ON THE SACRED HEART

■ A NEW RUSH of people, however, has been coming to Saugerties, N. Y., where police have struggled to control crowds that jammed St. Mary's Cemetery.

Here an imported statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was found on June 29 with stains resembling blood.

The statue had recently been placed on the grave of Michael Fabian. His widow discovered the stain when she visited the grave. She rushed to the priest of St. Mary's church in Glasco. The priest notified the sheriff's office, whose men took samples of the stain and posted a guard, which had to be increased after midnight as hundreds flocked to the scene from nearby vacation resorts.

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## BOOM GOES THE BROOM

■ IT HAPPENED in Toledo, Ohio, in April. Mrs. Dolly Kaminski of 1602½ Cherry Street was using a new broom to sweep the snow from her husband's automobile parked out on the curb. When she finished with the car she decided to sweep the stairway. Just as she reached the top step the broom gave a slight puff, like an explosion. Then it crumbled to bits. Mrs. Louis Murphy of the same address saw it happen. Boom. Just like that.

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## NOTES ON ANTHROPOLOGY

■ WHAT HAS BECOME of the fossil remains of Peking Man, one of the most famous finds of modern anthropology? The Chinese Reds are accusing the Japanese and Americans of having stolen them from China. American scientists have got a better idea. They think the Reds are covering up a major error. Not realizing the value of the bones, it is suspected that some soldiers sold them to traders. In China there is a regular trade in fossils, which are ground up and used in a brew as aphrodisiacs.

■ CRUDE TOOLS estimated to be 400,000 years old have been found on the same site in Germany which produced the famous jaw of Heidelberg Man—the most ancient human relic of Europe. About 20 such tools have been found—of red sandstone rather than flint. They are roughly triangular in shape, with a cutting surface.

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## THE GHOSTS OF MOCHRUM PARK

■ YOU PROBABLY remember how Adrian Dunbar, the house painter and handyman from Maryland's Eastern Shore, inherited a Scottish estate and became a baronet last summer. From Newtonstewart, Scotland, comes a report on the ghosts that are supposed to haunt

the halls of Mochrum Park, seat of Sir Adrian's baronetcy.

Duncan Fraser of Newton-stewart claims he saw one ghost three times when he was living as a servant on the Dunbar estate. Twice he awoke in the night to see a luminous white mist hovering over the foot of his bed. He rose to grab it but it vanished. Another time Fraser met the ghost on the driveway at dusk. He raised a heavy stick and struck at it but the ghost dematerialized.

The ghost is supposed to be Lady Jacobina Anne Copeland, wife of the sixth Baronet of Dunbar, who came to the castle on her marriage in 1798.

Fred Smithers, who used to live in Mochrum Park, said his mother had great difficulty keeping pictures hung in the White Lady's room.

"Many a time I've seen her hanging pictures, then turn around to leave the room and, bang, down would come the new picture," he declared. "I don't believe in ghosts," Smithers said, "but it was a funny thing. The pictures fell and the wire didn't break and the nails were still in the wall when my mother went to pick up the fallen pictures."

When Sir James, the last baronet to live in the house, would go into the dining room, a second door across the room would open without the aid of human hands and, when he would leave, the second door would close.

But the days of Mochrum Park seem numbered. Windows are shattered, plaster is falling, the floors and foundations are sinking. Abandoned oil paintings hang on the walls with their canvases rotting away. Mold and slime are everywhere. Even the ghosts eventually must abandon the place.

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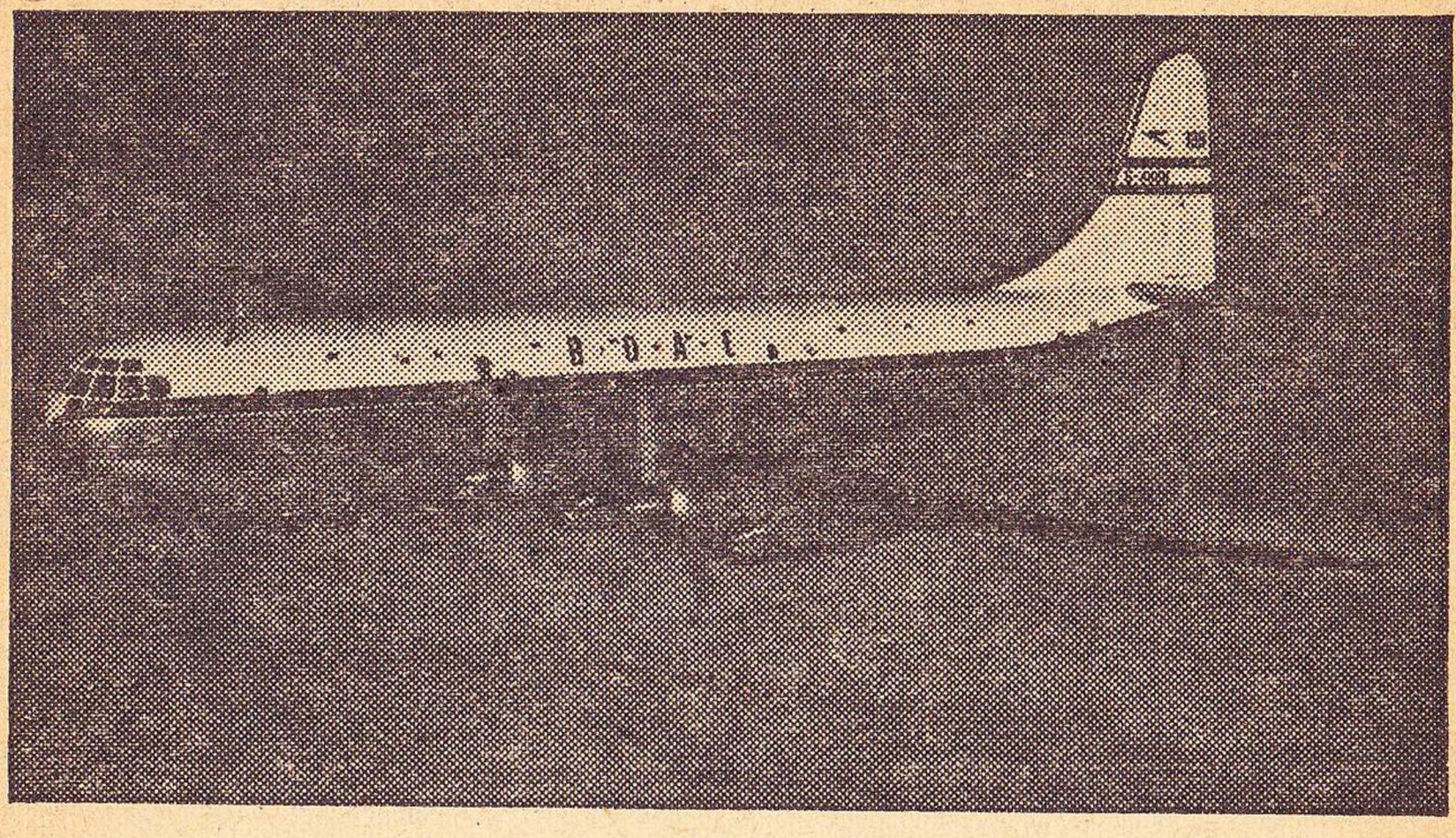
## LITTLE COMFORT HERE

■ WHILE MILLIONS seek faith and reassurance in these days of materialism, man can look at himself in new perspective with facts supplied by Dr. George Gamow, visiting professor of physics at the University of California.

Our Christian era is less than 2,000 years old, said Dr. Gamow, but the universe itself was born about 5 billion years ago.

That's quite a while to wait for what we've got.

—*Curtis Fuller.*




# BOAC'S Flying

***Seven black objects followed the stratocruiser for 80 miles—then vanished when a jet fighter approached.***

ONE of the most unusual and inexplicable UFO sightings hit all the London dailies on July 1 when British Overseas Airways Corporation announced that one of their Stratocruisers, the *Centaurus,* had been "escorted" for 80 miles over the coast of Labrador by seven unidentified flying objects. The objects changed shape and formation yet easily kept station with the giant airliner whose crew of 11 together with 51 passengers watched the occurrence and speculated upon its mystery.

The *Centaurus,* one of BOAC's fleet of sky-cruisers, was on a routine flight from New York to London. It left Idlewild Airport on the afternoon of June 29 for Goose Bay, Labrador, the last refueling point before the easterly ocean crossing. At approximately

8 P.M. (EST), just as the sun disappeared below the western horizon, the plane was flying a northeasterly course. Less than 200 miles remained before touchdown at Goose Bay.

The following is an extract from the Voyage Report of Captain James Howard in command of the aircraft. Captain Howard is a former bomber squadron leader with over 7,500 flying hours recorded in his log. This was his 265th Atlantic crossing.

*"At 0105 G.M.T. today (June 30) about 150 nautical miles southwest of Goose Bay, height 19,000 feet, flying in clear weather above a layer of low stratus cloud, I noticed on our port beam a number of dark objects at approximately the same altitude as our aircraft. I drew the attention of the First Officer (Lee Boyd), to them. He said he had just noticed them also. I jokingly said that they reminded me of flack bursts. He agreed. (Sketch 1).*

*"It then became apparent that they were moving along on a track roughly parallel to ours and keeping station with us. The First*

# Jellyfish

By John Carnell



Capt. James Howard records the story of his unusual UFO sighting for a British Broadcasting Co. representative as his wife looks on. Capt. Howard was in command of the BOAC airliner from which sighting was made.

*Officer then called Goose approach to ask if there were any aircraft in our area (0107 G.M.T). They said No. During this time the shape of the large object changed slightly—also the positions of the smaller ones relative to the big ones. Some moved ahead, some behind. The First Officer then told Goose what we were watching and they said they would send a fighter to investigate. At this time the objects resembled Sketch II.*

*"The shape of the large one continually changed but its position relative to us did not—always about 90 degrees to port. The distance from us appeared not less than five miles, possibly very much more. During this time both engineers, both navigators, the radio officer, two stewards and the stewardess watched it and all of us agreed on its shape. The number of small objects accompanied it (usually six were visible), and all were agreed that we had never seen anything like it before. At about 0120 the fighter reported that he was approaching us. The objects immediately began to grow indistinct until only one was visible. This grew smaller and finally disappeared (0123 G.M.T.) still at the same bearing to us. I reported to the fighter which direction to head for and then commenced descent to Goose, landing at 0145 G.M.T. As we taxied in another fighter was dispatched to take over from the first.*

*"A U.S. Air Force Intelligence Officer met us and we gave him the story. I spoke to Fighter Control and he said he picked us up at 0113 G.M.T. (when we had the object in sight), but had nothing else on his screen but us.*

*"All who watched the objects are sure that the large one at any rate was no sort of winged aircraft. The small ones were just dots. They left no vapor trails. No lights were seen, just black silhouettes. The visibility at this altitude was unlimited with no cloud other than low overcast. The sun had just set. A large flock of birds might explain it if they were birds that could fly at a true airspeed of 238 knots at 19,000 feet formating on a Boeing for about 80 miles."*

Captain Howard added that another company's aircraft had gone the same way about 25 minutes earlier but had seen nothing.

The release of this sensational report sent London reporters hurrying for interviews with the Captain and crew. The passengers apparently had dispersed by the time the Press arrived as no statements from them are recorded.

A *News Chronicle* reporter who interviewed Captain Howard at his home in Bristol quotes him as saying, "The formation of objects appeared suddenly and they were obviously not aircraft as we

know them. All appeared black. I'll swear they were solid. They were between five and 50 miles distant. There was a big central object which appeared to keep changing shape—sometimes it was wedge-shaped, sometimes like a dumb-bell, sometimes like a sphere with a projection. The six smaller objects dodged about either in front or behind the 'parent.' They all faded away rapidly when the *Saber* jet fighter contacted us."

First Officer Lee Boyd, another former wartime squadron leader also living at Bristol, was quoted by a *Daily Express* reporter: "It was the greatest thrill of my life. I am willing to swear that what we saw was something solid, something maneuverable, and something that was being controlled intelligently."

The same newspaper quoted the 31-year-old navigator George Allen: "I am absolutely convinced that the objects we saw were a base ship of some kind with a number of satellites linked with it."

Meanwhile, the *Daily Sketch* approached the subject from a more feminine angle and quoted the 28-year-old air hostess Daphne Webster of Hounslow, Middlesex. "It was the most exciting sight I've ever seen," she said, "but a little creepy. I was making tea when I saw the objects. The big one was constantly changing its size and shape—one minute like



Sketches show how objects changed shape.

a cigar, then an orange, then a mushroom. The smaller ones kept changing formation but not their shape. Every one of us was far too intrigued to be afraid." The *Daily Mail* added an additional statement of Miss Webster's: "The objects appeared to be not less than five miles away. It was difficult to assess their size because there was nothing in the sky at the time to measure them against. We are quite certain that the machines were in flight and were something solid."

The best news coverage of the day was reserved for the Bristol *Evening Post* whose reporter found the pilot, first officer and navigator more expansive when relaxed in their homes than they had been facing the battery of newspapermen at London airport. Under a banner heading of FLYING OBJECTS "AS BIG AS A BLOCK OF FLATS" the *Evening Post* quotes Captain Howard, "They were definitely not ordinary aircraft of any type—or imagination. I've never seen anything which remotely resembled them before. They were *not* saucers—they never looked disc-shaped or flat. The size was impossible to estimate because we didn't know how far away they were. If they were 20 miles away the big object must have been the size of a block of flats; if five miles perhaps the size of a house.

"By comparison, if the big one was the size of the *Queen Mary*, the small ones were about the size of the tugs towing her out of harbor. The small ones were no more than bright dots—I couldn't distinguish any shape. They flew sometimes ahead or behind the large one, but never above or below." Discussing his radio call to Goose Bay and the dispatch of a *Sabre* jet fighter, Captain Howard continued, "The fighter was closing in within a minute or two. He signalled, 'I am now 20 miles from you. What do they look like now?' And in that moment I suddenly found I couldn't see the small ones and the large one was beginning to get smaller. Within two or three minutes it had diminished and finally was just a speck, and then it was gone. It didn't go forward or back, just got smaller until it disappeared."

Captain Howard went on to say that it was possible the object was flying directly away from him at great speed and that the changing shape may have been caused as it banked or turned, but at no time did it do anything suddenly. "I have never believed seriously in flying saucers," he concluded, "I am not sure that I do now. All I know is that I saw something extremely odd which was not an airplane."

Not made known immediately was the fact that Captain Howard and his crew were interviewed

by high-ranking Air Force intelligence officers after they landed at London Airport. Quoted by the *Daily Sketch* the Captain said: "The RAF are obviously very interested. No one took pictures—I wish now I had had my camera. But we all saw the same."

On the same day the *Daily Express,* noted for its many discerning scientific articles, published a three-column article by its Science Reporter under the banner FLYING SAUCER?—NO SAYS CHAPMAN PINCHER. Mr. Pincher's theory is that the "flying saucers" seen by the crew of the *Centaurus* were nothing more than a reflection of the aircraft itself from a wavy layer of air. "Could a layer of air in which there was no cloud act as a mirror in this way?" he writes. He thinks that it could, especially as the Stratocruiser is an exceptionally shiny plane.

"At various levels in the atmosphere," his article goes on, "there are regions called 'inversions' where the air temperature changes. Boundaries between layers of warm and cold air are such good mirrors that they cause mirages in the desert. Because of the turbulence of the atmosphere, the boundary is sometimes rippled and breaks up an image into several parts which, after reflection, can be seen at eye-level.

"If my theory is right, the saucers could have been seen only in the direction of the sun's rays—through the port-side windows of the aircraft which was travelling northeast while the sun was setting in the northwest."

Chapman Pincher discussed his theory with Captain Howard who knows all about 'inversions.' The latter agreed that it was a possibility but thought "that the saucers looked too solid."

Discussing the fact that the objects followed the plane for 80 miles and then disappeared just as a fighter was coming up to investigate, Mr. Pincher states: "Inversions sometimes stretch for hundreds of miles, so the reflection would seem to travel with the plane. The disappearance of the saucers may have been due to a change of light—remember the sun was setting—or the 'inversion' may have petered out."

Despite Chapman Pincher's discussion of his theory with Captain Howard, the pilot strongly disagreed with the former's article—so much so that on July 5 a letter headed I CHALLENGE PINCHER was featured on the center page of the *Daily Express* and signed by the pilot who started it all. The Captain's letter says: "I am the pilot concerned in the recent sighting of sky objects over Labrador, and I challenge Mr. Chapman Pincher's explanation that this could have been merely the reflection of my own aircraft.

"An 'inversion' can act as a mirror and reflect, or sometimes refract, distant objects—true. But not in the way illustrated by Mr. Pincher. Had an inversion existed above us at the time (highly unlikely with the high temperature), we *might* have seen a reflection of the sunset, nothing more; certainly not six small black dots and one large variable shaped thing.

"Was it a *shadow* that we saw? Plausible, maybe, but shadows are thrown *away* from the light source, not towards it."

In the three sketches made by Captain Howard at the time of the sighting it will be noticed that the objects appear between the plane and the setting sun but not directly in opposition. The sun had actually disappeared below the horizon before the objects vanished.

Interviewed on July 3 by BBC commentator John Ellison for the popular Saturday night radio and TV program "In Town Tonight," Captain Howard said: "At first my co-pilot, Lee Boyd—a Canadian of immense experience as a pilot—and I thought the big machine might be a delta- or swept-wing bomber, but it changed shape several times. I'm quite sure that it was a three-dimensional object and not a mirage. I'm still skeptical of the flying saucer theory, or piloted aircraft from other planets, and all the other tales. All I am willing to believe is what I saw and what my crew saw. Whether these objects were piloted craft or what they were I cannot speculate."

BOAC's London Press Relations office were extremely cooperative in my investigations of this mysterious sighting. One of their officers, however, pointed out to me that "never at any time have we called the things 'saucers'—we prefer the word 'objects' or 'unidentified flying objects'. Everyone has been most intrigued by this phenomena but we know nothing further about it than what you have already been told." This statement is verified by the fact that there are no rumors among the staff and personnel of No. 3 Line Operations Office at London Airport, the section responsible for the flight of the *Centaurus*.

Scientist Arthur C. Clarke, author of "The Exploration Of Space" (Harper 1952), who has been investigating a number of US sightings this year, flew over a parallel course to that of the *Centaurus* only 10 hours after the objects were seen. This was purely coincidental as he was on his way to Hudson Bay from New York to photograph the eclipse of the sun.

Interviewed on his return to London on July 13 he said to me: "This is undoubtedly one of the finest sightings ever recorded from

the viewpoint of the authenticity of the witnesses. However, the objects were obviously not solid bodies and there are so many various types of mirages that speculation is fruitless. If the true explanation of this sighting could be established it would probably clear up much of the 'flying saucer' mystery." He went on to explain that many of the eclipse photographs he took were "cluttered up with 'flying saucers' due to multiple light refraction in the camera lenses"—an obvious explanation of many of the so-called authenticated photographs of 'saucers.'

## RETURN OF THE GENERAL

Roger Devlin of the Tulsa *Tribune* recently related this story of a strange dream which was told to him by the paper's oil editor, Andy Rowley. It happened, Rowley said, when he was a young boy and lived in Pittsburgh, Pa. At that time the Rowley family consisted of Andy, his mother and father, a baby sister, Evelyn, 18 months, and Andy's grandfather, Gen. Thomas A. Rowley, a Civil War veteran.

Evelyn, the baby of the family, was the general's favorite.

One night the general died in his sleep. Several months later the Rowleys sold their house to a family named Graham, with whom they were acquainted, and bought a new house a few miles away.

A grown daughter of the Grahams named Bertie was given the room in which Grandfather Rowley had died. One night after the Grahams had been living in the house for several months Bertie woke screaming. When her mother rushed into the room Bertie explained that she had a frightening dream about little Evelyn Rowley. A clock beside the bed showed the time as three A.M.

In her dream, Bertie said, she had heard a knock at the front door and had opened it to see Gen. Rowley. He said that he had come for his granddaughter, Evelyn. Bertie explained that the Rowleys had moved and gave the general their new address.

The Grahams were disturbed by the dream and after breakfast they decided to call on the Rowleys and inform them of it. They were met at the door by Mrs. Rowley who weepingly explained that Evelyn had died at three o'clock that morning after a sudden illness.



Air Chief Marshall Lord Dowding is Commander in Chief of the Royal Air Force and one of Britain's great leaders in World War II. Photo by United Press.

# *"I Believe in Flying Saucers!"*

***One of Britain's foremost aviation experts cites the evidence which convinces him flying saucers exist.***

## *By Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding*

Reprinted by permission from the London *Sunday Dispatch*

I HAVE never seen a "Flying Saucer," and yet I believe that they exist. I have never seen Australia, and yet I believe that Australia also exists. My belief in both cases is based upon cumulative evidence in such quantity that, for me at any rate, it brings complete conviction.

More than 10,000 sightings have been reported, the majority of which cannot be accounted for by any "scientific" explanation, e.g., that they are hallucinations, the effects of light refraction, meteors, wheels falling from aeroplanes, and the like.

The best available evidence, perhaps, is contained in Major Donald Keyhoe's recent book, "Flying Saucers From Outer Space."

I say this because most of the incidents which he records have been checked by the Intelligence Branch of the United States Air Force. They endorse the accuracy of the evidence, but they put forward no explanation. The critics who deny the existence of these objects must produce some alternative theory which will account for the observed facts.

In a brief article I cannot deal at length with the suggestion that they are new types of aircraft under development by Russia or the U.S. They have been tracked on radar screens in America—on one occasion by three screens simultaneously—and the observed speeds have been as great as 9,000 miles an hour.

No earthly materials that we know of could be forced through the air at such a speed without getting too hot to allow human occupants to exist. The accelerations which they develop in starting, changing course, and stopping would also make human life as we know it, impossible.

I say then that I am convinced that these objects do exist and that they are not manufactured by any nation on earth. I can therefore see no alternative to accepting the theory that they come from some extra-terrestrial source.

And why should this be considered to be such a ridiculous idea? In ten years' time we shall probably have shot a rocket to the moon. In a hundred years we may have made the return trip with a manned projectile. In 500 years we may have reached the nearer planets. Are we so arrogant as to maintain that the inhabitants of no planet are as much as 500 years ahead of us in scientific development?

Please do not tell me that scientists affirm that life is not possible on other planets. They assume that "life" must necessarily exist in earth-type bodies. But it is only reasonable to suppose that bodies would be conditioned to the physical conditions existing on each planet.

Now that is as far as my "convictions" take me: beyond this my ideas are frankly speculative. The principal questions which arise are: Where do these objects come from? And what are the motives of the occupants in visiting the Earth's atmosphere?

I think that we must resist the tendency to assume that they all come from the same planet, or that they are all actuated by similar motives. It might be that visitors from one planet wished to help us in our evolution from the basis of a higher level to which they had attained.

Another planet might send an expedition to ascertain what have been these terrible explosions which they have observed, and to prevent us from discom-

moding other people besides ourselves by the new toys with which we are so light-heartedly playing.

Other visitors might have come bent solely on scientific discovery and might regard us with the dispassionate aloofness with which we might regard insects found beneath an upturned stone.

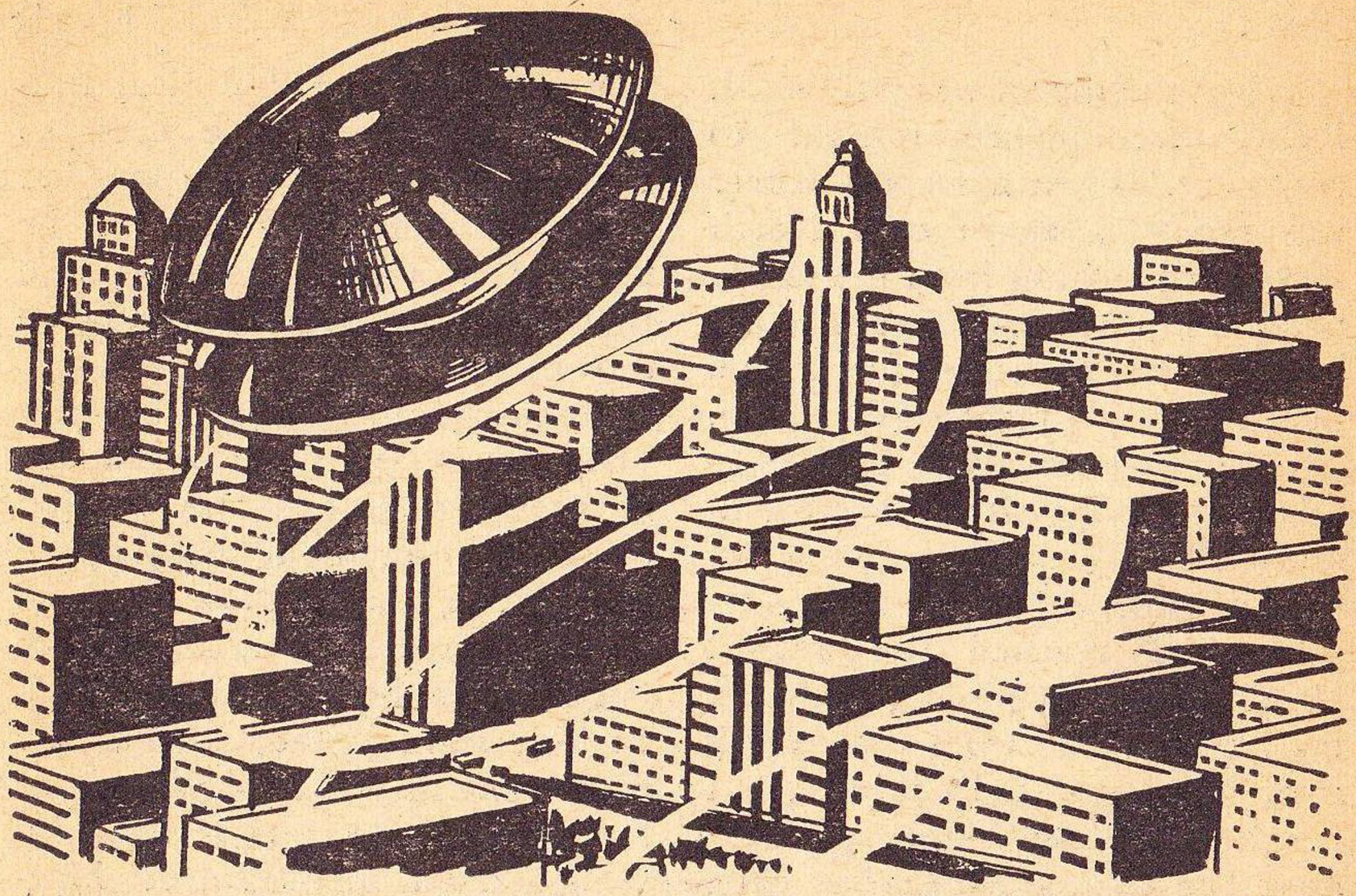
If I say that I believe that the majority of our visitors are actuated by friendly and helpful motives, I cannot produce the same volume of evidence in support of my opinion as I have done for the physical reality of the Saucers; but the fragmentary and uncorroborated evidence which I have is reinforced by the reasonability, if not the probability, of the idea that, if the inhabitants of other planets are so far ahead of us in making use of the (to us) unknown forces of nature, they may well be equally far ahead of us in spiritual evolution, and may have better methods of spreading their wisdom than by killing those who disagree with them.

But this hypothesis is not universally accepted, particularly in the U.S., where fighters sent up to intercept the visitors have sometimes had unpleasant experiences. In the case of Captain Mantell, who was sent to investigate a "huge round glowing object," his machine disintegrated in mid-air and his body was found among the wreckage.

This brings me to the most important thing which I have to say. It is to give a warning against attempts to open fire either with guns or aeroplanes on these objects. Looked at from the purely selfish aspect, such gratuitous folly might well turn neutral curiosity into active hostility, and it may be assumed that those who visit us from outer space can well look after themselves and will have the means of making us sorry that we compelled them to defend themselves.

But it is not on this note that I wish to finish. It seems possible that for the first time in recorded history intelligible communication on the physical level may become possible between the earth and other planets of the solar system.

Such a prospect is epochmaking in the literal sense of the word, and we should be guilty of criminal folly if we were to do anything to hinder a contact which may well bring untold blessings to a distraught humanity.



*By Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe*

# HOW THE SAUCERS FLY

***The compass needle went wild as the discs circled overhead. Was this a clue to their propulsion?***

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*From FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE by Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, U.S. Marine Corps, Retired. Copyright, 1953, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.*

On the night of January 1, 1952, an orange-red disc appeared over North Bay, Ont., where the Royal Canadian Air Force has a new jet base. For eight minutes, flying at a high altitude, the machine circled, dived, and zigzagged over the field. From its estimated height in the stratosphere, the saucer was one of the largest ever sighted. Its maneuvers were made at supersonic speeds.

When the report was published, RCAF Intelligence refused to comment. Then a second saucer was reported, again over North Bay. Approaching from the southwest, it stopped directly above the base. After hovering for a moment, it swiftly reversed direction. Climbing at an angle of 30 degrees, it disappeared at tremendous speed.

Meantime, other disturbing reports had reached the RCAF. Until then, many top officers, taking their cue from the American Pentagon debunking, had laughed off the sightings. But after the second North Bay case, a high-level conference was held at Ottawa.

Four days later RCAF Intelligence publicly admitted it was starting a serious investigation. At the same time the Defense Research Board announced a new project, now secret.

"We are carefully studying the information," said Dr. O. M. Solandt, chairman of the Board. "At the moment we are as mystified as anyone else."

Another official statement was given out by Dr. J. C. Mackenzie, chairman of the Atomic Energy Control Board and formerly president of the National Research Council.

"It seemed fantastic that there could be any such thing," said Dr. Mackenzie. "At first the temptation was to say it was all nonsense, a series of optical illusions. But there have been so many reports from responsible observers that they cannot be ignored. It seems hardly possible that all these reports could be due to optical illusions."

Just four days after the new project was begun, a formation of orange-red discs was sighted over Toronto, flying high above the city. Then on May 1 a lone saucer, moving at terrific speed, flashed over the Canadian capital. In this sighting at Ottawa, the disc's speed was calculated as 3,600 m.p.h. by government investigators from "Project Magnet."

Unknown to most of the public, this special project had been started three years before, by geomagnetic engineers and scientists in the Telecommunications Division, Department of Transport. Its originator, the engineer in charge, was Wilbur B. Smith.

Probably no one in Ottawa was better equipped for a saucer investigation than Wilbur Smith. As the official in charge of broadcast monitoring, he could direct his men to listen for any strange messages; as a geomagnetic engineer, with a government laboratory at his disposal, he could carry out research on certain propulsion theories; through the official ionosphere observatories he could keep a radar check on

saucers flying at extremely high altitudes.

In addition to this, Smith was an electronics expert, with several inventions to his credit. One was a high-speed radio direction finder used in World War II. Another was a new type of voltameter, and a third was a regenerative noise filter. He was also an expert on electronic analysis of graphic charts.

When I met Smith, in 1950, he was in Washington to represent Canada at an international conference on wave-length allocation. For two weeks, between his committee meetings and at nights, we covered every angle of the saucer problem. A tall, quiet-voiced man with close-cropped black hair, Smith had the cool detachment of a typical scientist. In our first talk he told me of the analyses he and his men had made. Then he gave me his opinion.

"I'm convinced they're real—that they're machines of some kind. We've weighed three possibilities. One, they're interplanetary. Second, they're a United States secret device. Third, they're Russian. The last two don't stand up. From the weight of evidence I believe the saucers come from outer space. And I think their appearance is what suddenly increased your government's interest in space travel and an artificial satellite. Judging from our own operations, I'm sure your government also is vitally concerned with learning the secret of propulsion."

"What do you think it is?" I asked him.

Smith laid a pad on the table—we were lunching at a downtown hotel. Then he sketched a rocket-shaped craft.

"First, let's consider the parent ship. From the high altitude sightings, I think it must be a type like this. For power it could use nuclear fission, mass conversion of energy, or some other revolutionary source, such as cosmic rays. But our experiments indicate that the true discs, which are probably launched from large parent ships, utilize magnetic fields of force. And it's possible that the parent ships also use this same source of power."

The first hint of electromagnetic propulsion had come in '47, on the day of Ken Arnold's now famous sighting. About that same hour, an Oregon prospector later reported, several discs appeared over the Cascade Mountains. As they circled overhead, his compass needle went wild.

His claim drew a tart comment from Project Sign analysts.

"It is difficult to take this seriously. It would imply fantastically large magnetic fields."

There had been other hints of discs rotating to utilize magnetic fields. One report came from the

Reverend Ross Vermilion, a former B-29 pilot. The minister and other witnesses had described a rotating saucer which hovered a few hundred feet over a Kansas highway. Also, I had found some scientific support in the experiments of Dr. Fernand Roussel, a Canadian physicist now living at Lasqueti Isle, British Columbia. In a privately published treatise called "The Unifying Principle of Physical Phenomena," Dr. Roussel explained his theory of universal electromagnetic fields, which he believed space ships could tap in traveling between planets. (This treatise, which is now out of print, has several points in common with Einstein's unified field theory.)

Quoting Doctor Roussel, I mentioned this propulsion theory in my 1950 book on the saucers. But after the storm raised by Scully's electromagnetic explanation, I'd stopped giving it serious thought.

Since then, several scientists have backed the theory. One who publicly advanced the idea was Dr. Franz Zwicky of the California Institute of Technology. In 1951, writing in the *Journal of the American Rocket Society,* Dr. Zwicky said that it may be possible to use the electricity of the ionosphere. In this upper atmosphere ions are stripped of some outer electrons by the ultraviolet rays of the sun. This ionization frees molecules which carry large electric charges.

"If we can tap this electric force," said Dr. Zwicky, "it may prove better than atomic energy for propulsion."

Recently the Carnegie Institute of Terrestrial Magnetism admitted new discoveries about the ionosphere. Until two years ago this layer, which begins about 50 miles up, was believed to be utterly still. Now, radio-echo (radar) tracking shows there are high-speed "waves" which reach speeds up to 540 miles an hour. Unsuspected downward velocities, as high as 275 m.p.h., also have been discovered. Future ionosphere research may give us the key to tremendously powerful magnetic forces now unknown.

Other reputable groups, including scientists of the British Interplanetary Society, have suggested space-ship propulsion by means of external fields of force. It is only the beginning, but it shows the changing attitude toward this once-derided theory which a more advanced race may long ago have put to practical use.

In 1950, however, Wilbur B. Smith and his little group were the only government scientists I knew who took the idea seriously.

"Certainly the theory's been ridiculed," Smith said when I mentioned some scientists' reaction. "So were plans for the aeroplane, the helicopter, jets, the A

bomb—practically all our modern developments. I'd have doubted it myself before our experiments."

At the start the Canadian project was unofficial, though the research was done in a government laboratory with official approval.

"If you publish any of this," said Smith, "I want you to make that clear. We're government engineers and scientists, but we are working on our own time. We've gone back to the fundamentals of electromagnetism and examined all the old laws. We know now it is possible to create current by a collapse of the earth's magnetic field. Eventually, I think, we can achieve enough current to power a flying disc. And we plan to build such a disc."

"How much of this can I use?" I said.

Smith hesitated. "I'll give you the information, but it will have to be cleared with my government."

After his return to Ottawa, Smith rewrote my original draft and sent it to the Canadian Embassy in Washington. The revised report was cleared for me by Mr. Arnold Wright, Defense Research member of the Canadian Joint Staff, after a check at the Pentagon. The following is a verbatim copy of the most important statements.

*"A group of Canadian scientists has been working for some time on certain problems connected with the earth's magnetic field. These investigations appear to point the way to a new technology in magnetics, and if the initial conclusions are correct they offer a ready-made explanation for many of the striking features which have been reported in connection with the sightings of flying saucers.*

*"The basic premise is that it is possible to produce a magnetic 'sink' [the name arbitrarily chosen by Smith and his engineers] within the earth's field; that is, a region into which the magnetic flux will flow at a controlled rate, giving up some of its potential energy in the process. Such a 'sink' would have many interesting properties, such as the following:*

*"1. Electrical power could be obtained from the collapse of the earth's magnetic field into the 'sink.'*

*"2 Powerful reaction forces could be developed in a conducting ring surrounding the sink and offset from it, sufficient to support a suitably designed ship and to propel it.*

*"3. If the rate of flow of magnetic flux is modulated, the resulting magnetic disturbances could be used for communication purposes.*

*"It is curious to note that most of the descriptions of flying saucers are in accordance with the design which would be necessary to exploit the properties of a magnetic*

*sink. For example, the saucers are described as consisting of a large circular disc, with a small central cabin. In this case, the sink could be located in the upper central part of the cabin. The collapsing field in cutting through the surrounding metallic ring would induce in it an electric current which would react with the magnetic field which induced it, producing a force that would have a substantial vertical component. Support and propulsion of the ship would then be a combination of this resultant force, the airfoil action of the disc, and the interaction between eddy currents induced in the disc by its rotation and the main fields.*

*"Rotation of the disc may be either deliberate, for the induction of eddy currents, or may be incidentally caused by the electron drag of the very large current circulating around the disc. In any case, there is good observational evidence that the disc appears to rotate.*

*"Since the lift on the saucer will be proportionate to the product of the earth's magnetic field and the field produced by the current induced in the disc, it follows that when the saucer is accelerating upwards a greater force is required, and hence a greater circulating current.*

*"If the circulating current is sufficiently large and the cooling of the disc is inadequate, it may become red or even white hot, which is in line with several reported observations. Also, under certain conditions of operation, a very high voltage may be built up between the center and the rim of the disc, which could result in a corona discharge through the surrounding air, if the saucer were at a sufficiently high altitude. Such a discharge would resemble the Northern Lights but would be very much more intense. This also seems to be confirmed by observations.*

*"Navigation of such a flying saucer,"* the report went on, *"would be a very complex process indeed. In the first place, the earth's magnetic field makes all sorts of angles with the horizontal, depending upon geographical latitude and peculiar local conditions. Thus the direction of the force which results from the interaction of the earth's field and the field of the disc may be in almost any direction.*

*"Furthermore, the tilt of the saucer to get the reaction force in the wanted direction most probably will result in aerodynamic forces in some other direction. Navigation therefore will resolve into a determination of the field direction, comparison with the direction in which it is desired to move, and analysis of the aerodynamic forces which would result from such a motion —and, finally, a suitable correc-*

*tion in the initial tilt of the saucer and flow of magnetic flux.*

*"It is doubtful if a human pilot could manage to do all this at the speed which would be necessary to maneuver a saucer at the speeds and through the intricate motions which have been observed. It is therefore highly probable that the saucer control systems are semi- if not fully automatic. There are many reports of saucers hovering in one spot for some time. For a saucer designed to operate as described, this would probably be its easiest maneuver. It would be necessary merely to adjust the flux flow and the tilt until the resultant force exactly balanced the weight of the saucer. There would be little or no aerodynamic problem in this case.*

*"There is no indication that the accelerations to which a saucer crew would be subjected would be any different from the accelerations experienced in any other type of aircraft going through the same maneuvers. Those authorities who have been consulted say that even Einstein's Unified Field Theory does not indicate that gravity can be neutralized or the inertia of matter overcome. Where saucers have been observed to execute close turns and other maneuvers which would result in large accelerations, it is most probable that such saucers are remotely controlled and do not contain living matter as we know it."*

During our talks Smith had enlarged on several of the major points. One night, while we were dining at the Roger Smith Hotel, I told him I was puzzled by the conflicting reports of the saucers' lights.

"If the reports are right," I said, "they're every color of the rainbow. And pilots say they sometimes appear suddenly, or blink out like a light bulb when its switched off. It just doesn't make sense to me."

"I think I can clear it up," said Smith. "Most of the effects are caused by the disc's rotation, though sometimes a corona discharge is the cause. In the first place, probably many discs aren't seen at all, especially at night. If they're not heating up from rotation, and there's no corona discharge, you wouldn't see one unless it was caught in a searchlight beam or you saw its metal surface shining in the moonlight."

He stopped as I held out my cigarette case.

"No, thanks, I don't smoke." He waited until I had lit up, then went on. "Now let's assume a rotating ring begins to speed up, so that it overheats from its movement through the magnetic field. At first, out of the darkness, you'd see a pale pink—if the speed-up was not too rapid. Then the color would brighten to red, orange-red, through yellow to the glow

of white-hot metal. If you slowly heat any metal you'll see the same changes."

"That's right, I've noticed it."

"Now if the ring's rotation was very swiftly accelerated," Smith continued, "the human eye couldn't catch the rapid changes. It would go from red to white too quickly. The same holds true when the rotation is reduced. If the slowing is gradual, you'll see the various stages as the saucer turns yellow, orange, red, pink, and finally becomes dark. But if the rotation were abruptly slowed or stopped, the cooling effect of the air, especially at high speed, would be very swift. You could get the impression that the light had actually been turned off."

"It sounds logical enough," I agreed. "It explains all but the blue and green combinations."

Smith paused while the waiter put down our dessert orders.

"Those colors come from the corona effect. Under certain atmospheric conditions you'll get the Northern Light colors. At different heights a certain shade would predominate. For instance, at relatively low altitudes, any corona discharge would be very short in length and you'd see more of a blue-white color. Somewhat higher, it would be green, or bluish green. Higher still, you might see all the normal corona colors—red, yellow, blue, and green."

"If the ring were overheating, could you still see a corona discharge?"

Smith nodded, then qualified the answer.

"Ordinarily a bright red or white glow would nullify it. But if the rotation speed was only moderate, you might get a reddish color tinged with blue. Higher up, you'd be more likely to see a red shade, from heating, tinged with green or bluish green. It would most likely be a rather hazy effect instead of precise colors. In the majority of cases, however, you could expect just the red-orange-white range, and the reports bear that out."

"This certainly backs up the rotating disc answer," I told him. "It's the first convincing explanation of all the night sightings."

"It explains the daytime variations, too," said Smith. "It's fairly clear, from the reports, that the discs are made of some silvery-colored metal. In sunshine they gleam like conventional aircraft. But there *are* color changes in daytime, when the saucers maneuver or suddenly speed up. Many of them have been described as turning red or getting white-hot—also the reverse. However, in bright sunlight it's harder to detect the changes—and to recognize the disc shape, too."

"Come to think of it," I said, "Project Sign mentioned that in its 1949 analysis. I'll bring the re-

port next time we get together."

Our next talk was at the Pan American Union, where the wavelength conferences were being held. Smith had an hour to spare, and we found an empty room. I had brought my copy of the final Project Sign report, which contained one section entitled, "Confidential Analysis of Intelligence Reports." Though it had been declassified, not many people knew the analysis details.

Together, Smith and I went over the main points.

"Group 1. The most numerous reports indicate daytime observation of metallic disclike objects, roughly in diameter ten times their thickness. Some suggest the cross-section is asymmetrical and rather like a turtle shell. Reports agree that the objects are capable of high acceleration and velocity. They are often sighted in groups, sometimes in formation. Sometimes they flutter.

"Group 2. Lights observed at night. These are also capable of high speed and acceleration. They are less common in groups. They usually appear to be sharply defined luminous objects.

"Group 3. Various kinds of rockets, in general like the V-2.

"Group 4. Various devices, probably cosmic-ray balloons.

"Group 5. Reports given little credence.

"In general, there are few if any indications of noise or radio interference. Nor are there many indications of any material effects or physical damage attributed to the observed objects."

Smith carefully reread the last sentence.

"Not *many* indications," he said. "That could be taken to mean they do have a few. I didn't think any disc had come that close."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"There is an area of possible danger." Smith reached for a pencil, sketched a rotating disc, then roughly outlined a city beneath it. "With a disc 100 feet in diameter, for instance, there will be two fairly large fields of magnetic force around it while it's in operation. If it were to fly low over this city—let's say at 500 feet—eddy currents would be induced in power lines and metal surfaces. It could blow fuses, perhaps even burn out wires. The danger zone might even be larger; possibly it would extend for a thousand feet. I believe it's the main reason discs have avoided flying low over inhabited areas."

"How close could a plane come without danger?"

"Well—" Smith stopped, gave me a shrewd glance. "You're thinking about Mantell. Judging from the report, he never got near enough for any such effect. However, if a pilot did fly into a region where a magnetic field was collapsing, it would produce eddy

currents in his plane.

"At a moderate distance it would merely throw off his direction finder and compass. If he were fairly close, it could affect his ignition and set up strong vibrations in his plane. It might even cause a fire. But the plane would have to be well inside the danger zone."

"Could the vibrations cause a plane to disintergrate?" I asked.

"Possibly," replied Smith. "But it would have to be extremely close with a 100-foot disc. A larger one, rotating at high speed, would have a greater danger zone, of course."

He looked back at the Project report.

"I see they recommended that the discs' flutter be analyzed. What ever came of that?"

"Nothing that I know of." I glanced at another section, where Project analysts had discussed the saucers' shape and color, and checked several paragraphs for Smith:

"Color. Observers universally report light-colored objects . . . Seventy per cent said the objects were glittering, shiny, luminescent.

"Shape. Over half were reported as round, disc-shaped, spherical or circular. Very few [observers] saw any distinctive shape . . .

"Individuals who see objects in daylight either look at the reflection of the sun on a shiny surface, or else directly at a light source of high intensity. In the war, camouflage experts placed bright lights on the leading edges of antisubmarine aircraft to conceal them from sub lookouts. So if observers in daytime actually see lights, or the reflection of the sun on objects, it would account in large measure for their not identifying them."

"That also holds for the daytime difference in colors," said Smith. "On a sunny day a disc could be bright red from rotation, but seen close to the sun it would appear as just a brilliant object. Also, any corona effect would be much dimmer in daylight. The farther from the sun, the more of the true color you'd see.

"On a cloudy day people have seen the actual color changes. At first a disc which isn't heating up will look silvery—or gray, on a very dark day. Then increased rotation will give it a reddish tint, and on through orange to white. And of course the reverse, as rotation decreases."

"It all adds up," I agreed. "But what about the rocket-shaped types?"

It was getting close to Smith's next conference. He looked at his watch, hesitated.

"Let's cover that later. Call me tonight and we'll set a date."

Before our next meeting I

listed a few points that still puzzled me. When we got together for dinner, Smith picked up the discussion exactly where we'd left off.

"You were asking about the rocket-shaped types. I think the large parent ships have that general shape. There may be a smaller cigar-shaped type operating nearer the earth, but I'm not convinced. A disc seen at various angles will give all the effects reported."

He took out a half-dollar, poised it between his fingertips.

"Assume this is a disc-shaped saucer. Narrow your eyes, so your vision blurs a little and you don't see the sharp outlines. Now I'm holding it flat, edgewise to you—you see it looks like a long, extremely narrow cylinder." He tilted it slowly. "Now it's a narrow ellipse, the typical 'cigar shape.' As I tilt it a bit more, it looks more like a football, then egg-shaped. And finally it becomes perfectly round."

He laid down the coin.

"I believe many, if not all, of the saucers described as egg-shaped, oval, or cigar-shaped have simply been tilted discs, traveling at varying angles because of the local magnetic fields. And that brings up another point—the reportedly sudden disappearances. Take the daytime sightings first. Suppose a disc seen as round or oval abruptly tilts so it's edgewise to the observer. At best, all he could see would be a very narrow cylinder-shape, little more than a line. Except at close range, the human eye couldn't resolve it—the disc would seem to vanish.

"Abrupt maneuvers may also explain some of the night disappearances. Some witnesses describe discs as glowing on top, but dark on the lower side. It may be that there is a stationary section under the rotating disc, and only the moving ring heats up. There may be some other explanation. But if the lower side remains dark, then any maneuver that turned the bottom toward an observer would give the effect of a sudden blackout."

During one of our talks Smith had sketched his idea of a flying saucer, showing a rounded, turretlike central cabin. It was possible, he said, that the turret might retract in flight, to reduce resistance. I got out the sketch and looked it over as Smith finished his blackout explanation.

"With all that heat," I said, "it's hardly possible the things could be piloted—unless, of course, they're creatures who can withstand extreme heat as well as the high g's."

"I agree," said Smith. "If they were humanlike beings, they'd have to avoid operations that would cause such heat and high g-forces. The cabin would need to be heavily insulated. They

might also have special cooling systems, perhaps a nonconducting gas in hollow compartment-walls. But I think most if not all of the disc-type saucers are under remote-control."

We have already covered some of the reconnaissance angles. Smith agreed with me that some of the discs undoubtedly carried television scanners and cameras. Others, he thought, would be equipped with devices like our tape recorders, to pick up broadcasts and code messages for later analysis aboard the mother ship.

Though he admitted it was pure speculation, Smith also had sketched his ideas of how discs could be berthed on the larger craft. Each mother ship could have small cup-shaped niches in its sides, into which the disc turrets would fit, with the rest of the saucers lying flat against the parent ship's side.

If the turrets retracted, it would be even simpler for the discs to attach themselves to the larger craft. They might be held in place magnetically, or by some mechanical lock.

Another angle which Smith had covered was the operating steps. To take off, he said, the revolving section would be rotated until the resultant cutting of magnetic fields caused sufficient upward thrust. Since less resistance would be encountered in edgewise flight, this was obviously the reason for the discs' tilting up at steep angles, during swift climbs.

The actual control was one point which puzzled me, and I asked Smith about it now.

"Even if they're remote-controlled from the mother ship," I said, "it must take some kind of robot to calculate all the forces."

"No doubt of it," Smith answered. "They probably use an automatic device which constantly analyzes the magnetic fields through which a disc is traveling. This robot would be in the disc itself—even if it were manned. I think it must be linked with the controls, so that it instantly changes the disc position, and the speed of rotation if necessary, to compensate for magnetic field variations. And the same would apply for maneuvers. For turns, climbs, hovering, and other maneuvers, the operator would have a series of push buttons—whether he was aboard the disc or on the parent ship. When he pushed a button for a turn, or to speed up, the robot would do the rest."

Another thing I had wondered about was the oscillation or flitting motion so frequently reported.

"They seem to waver before making a turn or climbing," I said to Smith. "Some pilots say they've seen the discs oscillate even in straight flight."

"That's to be expected," he told

me. "Let's say a master-control button was pushed for a turn. There'd probably be a split-second delay while the robot-analyzer checked the resultant forces needed, then it would move the controls. This accounts for oscillation before any sudden change such as a steep climb or a sharp turn.

"In straight flight, oscillation would be caused by the disc's adjustment to changing magnetic fields. In a formation, you'll sometimes see individual saucers wobble in succession as they pass through different fields."

He looked at me quizzically as I glanced at my notes.

"I see you still have some doubts about electromagnetic propulsion."

"No, I think you're right. Some of the points are hard to grasp, that's all."

"Incidentally," I said, "I don't understand why the saucers have never been heard, even at fairly low altitudes."

"A few people have reported hearing them," answered Smith. "But most sightings, I think, have been at altitudes higher than witnesses thought—so high that you wouldn't hear anything. In two or three cases, when discs passed overhead at a moderately low altitude, people have said they heard a swish. And of course if you were very near a saucer on the ground, or if it was hovering close to the earth, you'd undoubtedly hear a humming sound from the rotation. That is, unless other sounds—like a train passing by—drowned it out."

This was our last meeting before Smith left for Ottawa. It was two months after this when he sent back the revised version of the article I'd written. It had been intended for early publication, but was held up to include details of the Canadian disc experiments. Later in '51, Smith told me they had made laboratory tests with a rotating disc, but by that time Project Magnet had been classified. I decided to wait a while longer, hoping that the details, and pictures of the disc, would be released. But Smith had been unable to clear them, and the article had remained unpublished.

For a careful check I went through my entire file of sightings.

There were several which described the red-green-yellow-blue combination indicating a saucer's corona discharge at high altitudes. The most outstanding case was at Phoenix, where hundreds of people had seen the so-called "jewel box" saucer.

In sightings at lower altitudes, case after case bore out Smith's explanations. During daytime periods, scores of metallic-looking discs had been seen to change color during maneuvers. One

typical report, in 1950, described an encounter near Lewisburg, West Virginia. Two round, silvery devices had approached the city, then had swung into tight, fast circles. As the maneuvers began, both discs turned orange-red. When they straightened out, reducing speed, the orange hue quickly faded and the discs resumed their normal silvery color.

In detailed night reports, too, observers' descriptions backed up Smith's analysis. One carefully reported encounter, which I had personally investigated, was the dramatic incident near South Bend, on the night of April 27, 1950. Because of this check-up, I was able to get the passengers' stories as well as the crew's account.

At 8:25 P.M., a Trans World Airlines DC—3 was droning westward over Goshen, Indiana. In the left-hand seat, handling the controls, was Captain Robert Adickes, a stocky ex-Navy pilot with ten years' service in TWA. Over on his right was Robert F. Manning, also a four-stripe captain, who was acting as first officer on this flight to Chicago.

The DC-3, Flight 117, was cruising at 2,000 feet when a strange red light below and behind the airliner suddenly caught Manning's eye. Moving swiftly, it climbed up on the right, overtaking the plane.

Puzzled, Manning watched it close in. This was no wingtip light—the red light was too bright. The DC-3 was cruising at 175 m.p.h., but the mysterious object overtook it rapidly, the light steadily growing in size. It was now an orange-red color, like a round blob of hot metal sweeping through the night sky. Craning his neck, Manning looked down on a spherical shape which glowed brightly on top, its lower half in shadow.

"Look over here," he said to Adickes. "What do you make of this?"

Adickes stared down through the starboard window, then told Manning to crank it open to make sure it was not some freak reflection. The saucer was still visible, now almost at the airliner's level. Over the top, the pilots could see scattered ground lights, cars moving on a highway. Adickes hastily called Air Traffic Control, but ATC had no record of any craft near their ship.

By this time the saucer was parallel with the DC-3. As they watched, it slowed down, keeping pace with the plane. To Adickes it looked like a huge red wheel rolling down a road. He banked toward it, but the disc instantly slid away, keeping the same distance. Again he tried, with the same results.

Calling the hostess, Gloria Hinshaw, Adickes told her to alert the passengers. To make sure he had

plenty of witnesses, he went back into the cabin, watching the passengers' reaction. When he returned to the cockpit, he tried once more to bank in for a closer look. When the disc again slid away, he cut in sharply, at full throttle, for a direct chase.

Instantly the glowing disc dived, racing off to the north past South Bend. Adickes estimated its speed at nearly 400 miles an hour. Since it had been pacing the airliner at 175 m.p.h., this meant it had doubled its speed in about three seconds. For a few minutes more the weird light remained visible—a diminishing bright red spot. Then it faded.

Before meeting the two pilots, I checked on them with TWA.

"Quiet . . . conservative . . . serious . . . careful," were the reports on both men. Nobody in TWA questioned that Adickes and Manning saw exactly what they described.

Captain Manning, the first one I saw, was an ex-Air Force pilot. He had flown six years for TWA, and his flight time was over 6,000 hours.

When he first saw the saucer, Manning said, it seemed a brighter color than when it flew alongside. Apparently the reduction in power, as it slowed to pace the DC-3, decreased the heating effect. He also agreed that the device had evaded attempts to get near it.

"It was like flying formation with another plane. The thing seemed to slide away when we turned toward it."

"How large do you think it was?" I asked.

"That's hard to say, because we could only guess at its distance," said Manning. "But it had to be fairly large. When I first saw it, the thing was near the horizon, perhaps ten miles away. Even then it was big enough to stand out."

He quietly spiked the idea that the saucer had been a jet plane's tail pipe.

"I've seen jets at night. If you're directly behind one, you'll see a round red spot. But this was huge in comparison. Besides, I saw it coming up from behind us—a jet's exhaust would be invisible from that angle. You wouldn't see much from the side, either."

Manning wouldn't speculate as to what the machine was.

"All I can say is that it definitely was there. And it was uncanny enough to startle anyone first seeing it."

Captain Adickes agreed with Manning on all the main points.

"Before then, I wasn't convinced by the saucer reports. Now I know they do exist. One thing, it wasn't cherry-red, as some papers said. It was about the color of hot metal."

Beside trying to close in on the saucer, Adickes also had at-

tempted to get above it.

"Each time it veered away, as if it were controlled by repulse radar. And when I went straight after it, the thing was off in a flash. Manning and I estimated its diameter at 50 feet or more. When I tried to cut in toward it, it streaked away at twice our speed, but even then it took several minutes to fade out. So it had to be fairly big—maybe a lot larger than 50 feet."

As it speeded up to escape, Adickes said, he caught an edge-on glimpse of the saucer. It seemed to be about one tenth as thick as its diameter. Though he couldn't be sure of its distance, while it was pacing the airliner, Adickes believed it was at least half a mile away. It had not been close enough to affect his instruments or radio.

Hostess Gloria Hinshaw had seen the disc from both the cabin and the darkened cockpit.

"It looked like a big red wheel rolling along," she told me. "It was certainly a strange-looking thing. If I hadn't seen it, I don't think I'd have believed the pilots."

Later, by long-distance calls, I interviewed 11 passengers. The first was S. N. Miller, manager of a jewelry company in St. Paul. He had watched the saucer, he said, for several minutes.

"The thing was the color of a neon sign—just a big red disc. I used to laugh at saucer stories—but not any more."

Among other passengers who confirmed the sighting were C. H. Jenkins and D. C. Bourland, engineers with the Boeing Aircraft Company, and E. J. Fitzgerald, vice-president of a metal equipment corporation in Chicago. Later several officials of the International Harvester Company also admitted they had seen the glowing disc as it paced their plane.

Though there were some variations in the passengers' reports, most of them were minor differences—estimates of size, distance, and speed. Their combined testimony left no doubt that some kind of controlled machine, a type unknown to the pilots and the Boeing experts, had been flown near the airliner for a careful observation.

As I read the details again, I checked them against Smith's explanations. The pattern fitted perfectly.

Other cases, too, seemed to prove that the discs were magnetically powered. One report, cleared to me by ATIC, described an unusual sighting by four astronomers at Greenville, South Carolina. On the night of May 13, 1952, the astronomers had seen four saucers flying in a diamond-shaped formation. Glowing a reddish yellow, the machines passed silently overhead, wobbling several times be-

fore they went out of sight. All four saucers, the astronomers agreed, had an oval shape, like that of a disc flying on its side.

Several other Intelligence reports, from Goose Bay Air Force Base, gave similar evidence from pilots and ground men. The first was the sighting on June 19, 1952, when a glowing red disc approached the field at night. As already described (in Chapter IV) the machine wobbled a moment, then turned white and climbed out of sight at high speed.

On November 26 an F-94 pilot chased another disc several miles from the Labrador base. As it turned and climbed, the saucer's color changed from bright red to white. On December 15 he saw a second disc and tracked it on his radar. Again, he watched the color change from red to white, when the saucer swiftly maneuvered. The color changes were also seen by a T-33 jet pilot.

In the Pan American-Norfolk case, every point seemed to fit Smith's answer—the brief fading of the orange-red glow, as the discs slowed; the quick flipping on edge before the turn; their brightening glow as they speeded up. But the clincher, to me, was an incident at Camp Drum, on September 22, 1952.

For 30 minutes that night the duty officer and several soldiers watched a round, orange-red object circle above the camp. At least three times they heard what they later described as "the whine of a generator or rotating discs." During its half-hour observation of the camp, the strange machine hovered, accelerated for swift climbs, and descended again. Part of the time it was apparently operating at a very low altitude, for the humming sound was distinctly heard on the ground.

Though it still wasn't absolute proof, it looked as if Smith had been right from the start. If so, we now knew what the saucers were like, and how they were operated.

But where did they come from? What kind of beings controlled them?

And most important of all:

*Why were they watching this planet?*

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## IDENTICAL DEER HUNT

DONALD and Dale Haney, 19-year-old twins of Bellefonte, Pa., were identical not only in appearance but in their experiences. During the deer hunting season recently they hunted separately. Yet at the end of the day they found that each had used three shots to bag an eight-point buck.

# HOPCROFT predicted his




Inscribed and placed in 1949, this tombstone now marks the grave of Leo J. Hopcroft in St. Joseph's Catholic cemetery.

***The salesman ordered the date of his death inscribed on the tombstone. Five years later he kept that date.***

*By Margaret Ruth McDonald*

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Leo J. Hopcroft predicted more than five years ago that he would die on March 25, 1954. He missed it by just 11 hours.

The salesman, who lived at 3136 West College St., died at 1 P.M. on March 24, but the tombstone he ordered from a Bossier City monument company on January 22, 1949, reads, "L. J. Hopcroft, born October 24, 1866—died March 25, 1954.

Mrs. Homer L. Ross, who operates the Tri-State Monument Company at 2033 East Texas St., B.C., said yesterday that Hopcroft came to the concern on January 22, 1949, and placed his order for a granite marker. That same day, she recalled, he wrote the firm a letter stipulating the

# own death--five years ago

birth and death dates to be inscribed on the foot-stone and the plot in St. Joseph's Catholic Cemetery where it was to be set.

"The date he gave in that letter as the date on which he was going to die was March 25, 1954," Mrs. Ross said, displaying the letter in her files. "I remember it upset our salesman quite a bit. It was the strangest thing that ever happened here."

On February 22, 1949, Hopcroft wrote the firm another letter, complaining that the marker had not yet been placed on the grave plot. He observed in that letter that he had visited the cemetery and had failed to find it.

"We had taken it to the cemetery earlier but had been unable to find the plot at the time," Mrs. Ross explained. "On March 17, 1949, everything was straightened out, and the marker was placed on the grave. It's been there ever since."

The inscription on the tombstone indicates that Hopcroft was 87 years old at the time of his death. However, relatives here at the time of his funeral listed his age as 66 and his birth date as October 24, 1887.

Mrs. Lida Bolt, a widow from whom Hopcroft had rented a room for the past nine years, also gave his age as 66 years. She said he had been ill for the past 14 months and, from January 15 of this year to the time of his death, could not walk without assistance. He died of natural causes.

"He told me more than a year and a half ago that he had ordered the tombstone made," she recalled. "When I asked him where in the world he got the date for the time of his death, he told me he had pulled it out of the air. I pressed him further, and he said simply that we all have to die sometime and that was as good as any other as far as he was concerned."

Mrs. Bolt said Hopcroft, an ardent Catholic, insisted he would live to complete the nine-day novena to St. Francis, which opened at St. John's Catholic Church on March 15. She recalled that she read the prayers aloud to him since he was unable to hold the prayer-book.

"On March 23, the last day of the novena, he told me he had made it and was ready to go," she said. "He died at 1 P.M. the next day. If he had lived until midnight, he would have hit the date right on the nose."

A local representative for a Cincinnati clothing concern, Hopcroft had predicted other occur-

rences accurately, too, Mrs. Bolt said.

"His sister, Mrs. Leila O'Leary of Detroit, Mich., died on September 19," she remembered. "He told me long before he rode to Detroit to see her in the hospital that he knew she was going to die about that time. His cousin, Al Brooks of Flint, Mich., happened to be visiting here at the time and drove him to Detroit. He had to lie on the back seat of the car all the way, but he arrived in time to visit her a few times before she died. He told me he had been warned of her death in a dream."

On March 2, Mrs. Bolt observed, Hopcroft informed her that he knew his uncle, Ed Welch of Flint, was in "very bad shape and probably wouldn't last more than a day or two." The message that Welch had died arrived the following day.

"He even planned what he would wear in the casket," Mrs. Bolt explained. "His sister had admired his brown suit when he wore it to visit her in the Detroit hospital, so he told me he planned to wear that when they met again in heaven. I asked him why he didn't wear his new suit instead, but he said he wanted to be wearing the one his sister had admired."

Funeral services for Hopcroft were held at 9 A.M. Saturday at St. John's Catholic Church. The Rev. Bernard Kearnes, S.J., of St. John's officiated. Pallbearers were G. S. McCarter Sr., John Carpenter, J. C. Kelly, Charles Emery, B. J. Dority and George F. Weatherbell. Burial was in St. Joseph's Catholic Cemetery.

"He planned all that well ahead of time, too," Mrs. Bolt said. "He planned it down to the last detail. I don't know how he knew, but he did, and he accepted the fact. He was ready to go and he didn't want to leave anything unfinished."

## THE RAREST MINERALS

SMITHSONIAN Institution scientists have catalogued two new minerals which they consider to be among the rarest materials in the earth's crust. One of the minerals, named ordonezite, is a combination of the elements zinc, antimony and oxygen. It was found in tin deposits in Guanajuato, Mexico. Still rarer is the other mineral, moseite, also found in Mexico, which is composed of mercury, nitrogen, chlorine and water—a combination of elements which, the Smithsonian experts said, was never before found in mineral form.

*The skull made a fine tobacco jar—but apparently its dead owner was unwilling. He made his objection known through—*



# TERROR in the Night

By J. Roy Ildstad

My experiences with the strange forces in nature have been many and varied. However, one particular experience stands out among them all as unique, and I have never arrived at any satisfactory answer to the puzzle of that weird, never-to-be-forgotten night.

In 1908 I was living alone at Quatsino Sound, B. C., Vancouver Island, four miles from the nearest neighbor, clearing a piece of land as a part of the required improvements towards obtaining a Crown Grant to the 106 acres I had preempted a short time previously.

This particular place had been an Indian village, but so long ago that giant forest trees several hundred years old had grown over the ancient foundations of the first houses built by the aborigines of that day. An old Indian couple, at the time that I began my improvements on the land, had a tumble-down shack on the very location where I intended to build my house. I had ordered them to remove this shelter but they never got around to doing so despite my offer to help them get it across the creek, where I had promised them I would let them live during the salmon fish-

ing season each year to come.

Finally, on October 7 I was obliged to burn the old shack to finish clearing up the building site for my house. This shack was very old, built of split cedar boards and cedar posts. Possibly several generations of Indians had lived there.

After the fire had died and the ground was cool enough to be raked, I uncovered some human bones. There was a large skull still in a good state of preservation and with all of its teeth. I looked at the skull grinning up at me and impulse led me to take the skull home and make a tobacco jar of it by cutting the top off the skull and enclosing a glass jar inside it. I also took along home a human femur. The cabin where I camped was an abandoned coal prospector's shack, rough and even without shelves of any kind. There was a platform next to the door, where I kept my water buckets and cooking utensils, and on this I placed the skull and arm bone.

After supper that evening, having washed the dishes and tidied up the room, I lay down on my bunk to read. I had a kerosene lamp which stood on a packing case next to the head of my bed.

My book proved interesting. I may have read for two hours when I heard the floor boards creak as though a heavy person walked over them. I looked up quickly, but there was no one there. I was not troubled over the matter; I took a drink from the water bucket and returned to my bed and book. Again, after a considerable lapse of time, the floor boards squeaked! I sat up, listening, but there was nothing more.

It was around midnight when I became aware of some unseen presence in the room. Upon the wall, and at right angles to my line of sight as I lay reading, something was moving!

I stared. The shadow of my arms and book was slowly descending on the wall. I realized immediately what that meant; if my shadow was descending, then the lamp must be ascending! I turned my head. The lamp was there about 15 inches above the box and slowly returning to its resting place. It stopped for a long moment about a foot above the stand, then dropped, landing with such force that the chimney shook so violently that it nearly fell from the lamp onto the floor.

At the moment that I turned my eyes toward the lamp, I had dreaded seeing some terrifying apparition standing by my bed. But there was no sign whatsoever of any form in the room. My heart was pounding and there was dryness in my throat. It was minutes before I breathed normally again and collected myself sufficiently to reconsider the

strange happening. Excepting for my absorption in my reading, I had been awake and alert all the time. I would have preferred to call it a dream.

It was my first experience with the super-natural. I was only 20 at the time and though I did not like to believe that the frightening demonstration of unseen physical force was caused by the one-time owner of the skull, I soon decided to rid my house of any such possibly disturbing influences.

Therefore, next morning I took the skull and the arm bone back to the clearing and very carefully buried them as near as possible to the spot from which I had removed them. Whether this reburial laid the ghost, I do not know. However that may be, there were no more mysterious manifestations to disturb my loneliness.

## PROPHECY VIA OUIJA BOARD

On the evening of August 8, 1933, Mrs. Ingeborg sat before a Ouija board in the home of her father, Judge Dahl, in Frederikstad, Norway. With her was a friend, Mrs. Stolt-Neilsen.

The board behaved strangely. The words spelled out by the planchette came in code—A:1, B:2, C:3, etc. Mrs. Igeborg and her friend received about 60 or the numerals and were instructed to seal them in an envelope which was to be opened in one year.

Months later Judge Dahl, his daughter and her children visited a bathing beach on the isle of Hankoe. The judge, a strong swimmer, plunged into the water and swam a short distance from shore. Suddenly he stopped and shouted to Mrs. Ingeborg that he had a cramp in both legs.

She swam out to him and with considerable effort brought him back to shore. The judge was unconscious and Mrs. Ingeborg summoned a doctor who tried unsuccessfully to revive him. In the midst of the doctor's efforts the judge died.

Over a month later Mrs. Ingeborg and Mrs. Stolt-Neilsen recalled the Ouija board message which they had received the year before. The envelope was marked, "Open August 8, 1934." This, the two women realized with astonishment, was the day on which Judge Dahl died.

When they uncoded the message in the envelope they found it read, "In the month of August, 1934, Judge Dahl will be killed in an accident."

# mystery of the NAMPA IMAGE

***The tiny clay figure was brought up from a depth of 300 feet. Is it tens of thousands of years old?***

*By Guy Archette*

◆

For 65 years American archeologists have been divided over whether a tiny clay figurine, one and a half inches long, is a hoax or a genuine relic dating back to the Ice Age. Experts who regard the figurine as authentic claim it is the oldest evidence ever found of man's existence on earth, with the exception of the Calaveras skull discovered in 1866 in California.

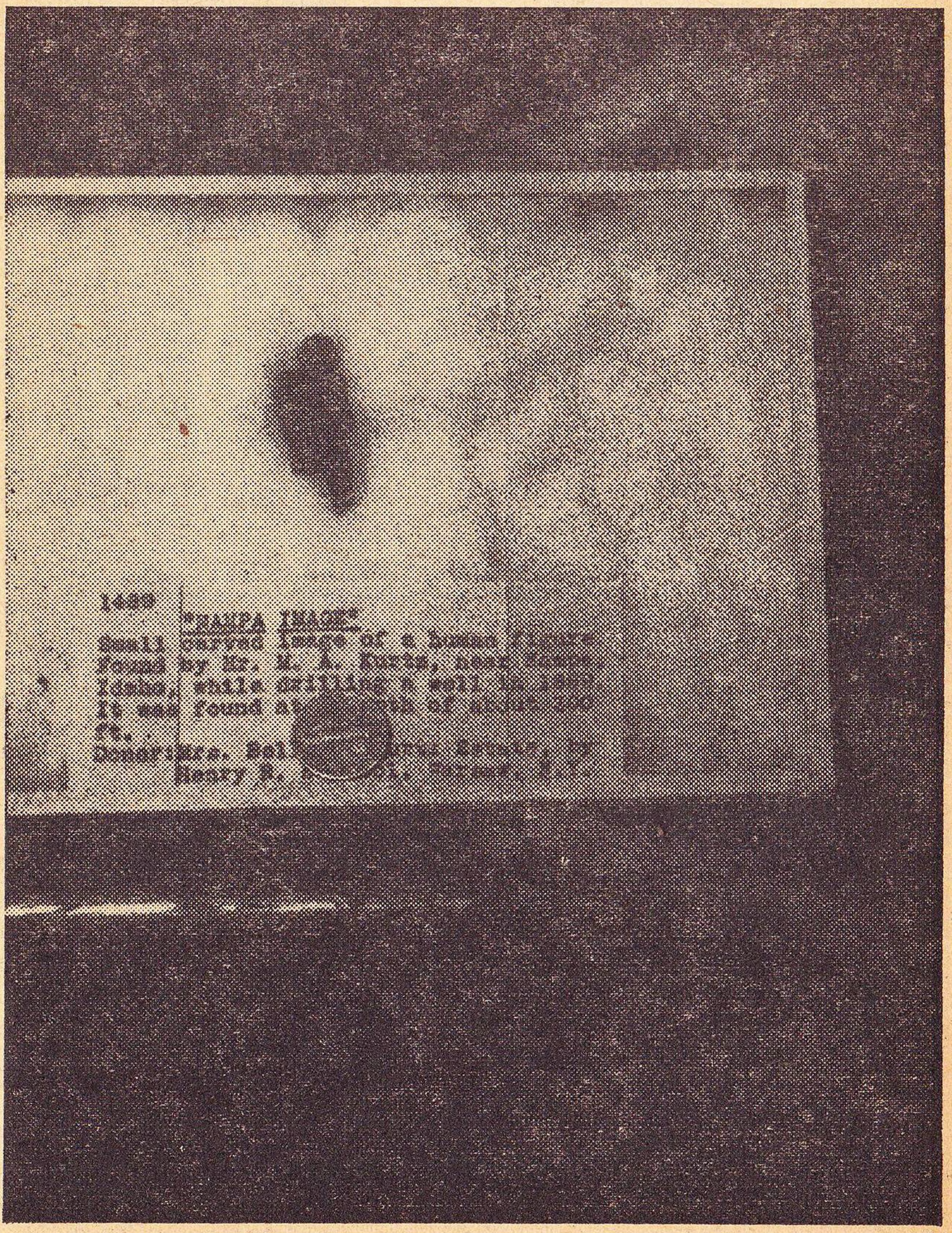
The miniature clay object was discovered by M. A. Kurtz near Nampa, Idaho, in August, 1889, during a well drilling operation. In waste, brought up by the drill after it had bored down through lava into gravel and sand at 300 feet, Kurtz noticed an odd-looking lump of clay. He broke it open and found what appeared to be a tiny human figure made of clay.

The discovery set off an uproar unequalled by any previous event in Idaho's history. A certain amount of rivalry existed between the towns of Nampa, Boise and Caldwell, all in Ada County. Because the discovery belonged to it, Nampa was inclined to accept the figurine as authentic. Boise and Caldwell, envious of the publicity being given Nampa, joined forces to ridicule.

The controversy came to the attention of Charles Francis Adams, a prominent Bostonian and official of a new railroad running through Caldwell. Greatly interested in the find, Adams obtained possession of the clay figurine and had it placed on display in a Boston museum.

His announcement of the antiquity claimed for the relic created a furore among scientists. Some denounced it as a fake while others considered it an authentic

The Nampa Image currently is on display in the museum at Boise's Julia Davis Park. Controversy continues over whether it is a genuine antique or a hoax.



artifact tens of thousands of years old.

The "Nampa Image" later was returned to Idaho and at present is on display in the museum in Boise's Julia Davis Park.

Recently scientists developed a method of determining the age of relics by measuring the amount of radioactive carbon—Carbon 14—in plant or animal remains. The Idaho *Statesman,* a Boise newspaper, queried the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., about whether the method could be applied to the Nampa Image to solve the mystery regarding its age.

F. M. Setzler, head curator at the Smithsonian, replied that the radioactive carbon technique could be applied only to organic materials, such as bone, wood, coal and textiles. Stone or pottery objects alone, he said, cannot be dated.

Science marches on—but the antiquity of the Nampa Image remains as much of a mystery today as it was 65 years ago.

## GATE TO THE UNKNOWN

In March, 1954, a French Jesuit priest in Sorata, Bolivia, told a strange story of an exploring trip he had made in the cavern of San Pedro on 20,000 foot Mount Illampu of the Andes chain.

The cavern must be entered on all fours through a narrow passage which widens after a few yards and leads into an immense cavern filled with stalagmites and stalagtites. At one end of the cavern is a subterranean lake.

The French priest claimed to be the first person to cross to the far end of the lake. After several hours of rowing a small boat by artificial light, he related, the cave narrowed and gave way to a trail barred by an enormous gate of wrought iron. The grille, he said, bore all the characteristics of 17th Century Spanish ironwork.

The priest tried unsuccessfully to break through the barrier. He was eager to see what lay beyond but he had to return to Sorata without solving the mystery.

# *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*

## DIE THEN

By John L. Russell, Jr.

In a Japanese prison camp in Rangoon, Burma, there was a transport pilot who had been shot down flying the hump during the early part of the war in Burma. He had amoebic dysentary and his body wasted away until he became a veritable living skeleton. For more than three years he lived in this condition. Fellow prisoners said it was a miracle that he lived at all. He didn't have the strength to sit up alone. When he stood he had to be supported by others. Yet he had the will to live; he wanted to see the day of liberation.

One day he feebly announced to his friends that he was going to give up and die. They told everyone in the prison because it was the first time he had even thought of it. We took turns talking to him, each trying in his own way to encourage him to hold on, but he told us all that he was going to die.

I bent down over his wasted, dried up body. He was about 24 years old but he looked 60. I said, "Do you really want to die?"

"Yes," he replied, "my mind's made up—I'll go after dark tonight."

"Die then," I whispered, "and God bless you."

That night after dark he did die, just as he said he would. He had been in the same deteriorated condition for three years, yet he chose his own time to die. Even if he had been liberated, there was nothing that medicine could have done to have saved him. And so he died. His fellow prisoners were aghast when they found his lifeless body in the morning—to think that he could make that decision!—*Miami, Fla.*

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## HEAR THE TRAIN BLOW!

By Billie Jines

During the winter of 1941-42 I left my home in Springdale, Ark., which is on the Frisco Railroad line, to teach school in the town of Combs, 38 miles away across the heart of the Ozark

Mountains. The nearest point that the Frisco, or any railroad, comes to Combs is at Fayetteville, at least 25 miles away as the crow flies.

The north-bound passenger train, at that time, arrived in Springdale at 9:30 P.M. My father, a wheel-chair invalid, set a great deal of stock in that whistle which sounded astonishingly often at exactly 9:30. With little to occupy his time anyway he was in the habit of removing his pocket watch to check the time of the train whistle, and usually commented that it was on time, or it was late or early, as the case might be.

At Christmas time, Father was brought over to Combs to visit me for a few weeks. One clear, cold, still night the two of us were sitting by the fireplace reading when I heard the whistle of a train.

"There comes the north-bound passenger," I commented.

My father was already removing his watch to check the time. "Yep," he answered. "And right on the dot, as usual."

Both of us resumed reading for several seconds. Then I dropped my book into my lap and stared at Father. He was looking at me quizically.

"Did you hear it, too?" he asked.

"As plain as I ever heard it at Springdale," I answered.

"But it would have had to come to us across at least 25 miles, and mountains at that," he said. "Yet I swear I heard it."

Shortly before Father's death five years later I heard him retelling the experience again, just as he had told it countless times. He still sought an explanation.

Did we only hear the whistle through force of habit or did the sound wave actually reach us over the rugged Ozark Mountains that lay between the railroad and Combs?—*Springdale, Ark.*

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## THE VOICE

By M. E. Lambert

In 1906 when homesteads were being opened up in the sand-hills of western Nebraksa, our claim was in a desolate, sparsely settled part of the country fifteen miles north of Haigler, Dundy County, and three miles from the nearest neighbor. The roads were ribbons made by wheel tracks in the sand, with tall grass and sage brush growing on either side. The trip to town was long and hard, made with a heavy wagon drawn by horses. In summer the wheels churned a cascade of loose grey sand and the horses sank to their fetlocks with every step. In winter we battled drifts of snow. Neighbors took turns going to town to exchange our small produce of butter and eggs for coffee, sugar and other necessities. And the driver brought

all the neighborhood mail.

Winter came early in 1906. By the middle of November the thermometer was at zero and stayed close to that for two months. Sometimes it warmed up enough to give us more snow until by January the fence posts and farm buildings were the only bit of color in a wilderness of white. No homesteader had made the trip to town during all that time. Food was running low. We had borrowed from each other until there wasn't a grain of sugar of a drop of kerosene in the neighborhood.

Late in January it warmed up and I decided to make a try for town. While my wife and I ate breakfast by the light of a home-made tallow candle, she said; "You get started as soon as possible. You'll have to break the road and shovel drifts all the way. After daylight, I'll bundle Danny up and take him to the barn with me while I milk and feed the stock." Danny was our three-year-old son.

I had traveled about five miles when suddenly out of the clear, cold air, I heard Alma scream. I gave the lines a jerk and called Whoa! to my team. The voice was unmistakable and came from directly behind the wagon as if Alma might be running after me. But no one was in sight. I clucked to my team but I felt uneasy. It seemed like something was pulling me back. I drove on for a couple of miles, but couldn't shake off the queer feeling. I decided to swing around and go back. I lashed my team to the best speed I could make through the deep snow. When at last I turned them, puffing and lathered into our yard, Alma came running out. "Oh! Alex," she sobbed, "my prayer has been answered."

At the barn Danny had climbed into a stall where I had a cross sow with a litter of pigs. The hog had attacked him, tearing the flesh on his leg nearly to the bone. There were no phones and Alma could not leave him alone while she went for help. She could only dress the wound the best she could and pray I would find the road impassable and return home.

As near as we could figure out the time, my wife did scream just about the time I thought I heard her voice. The sound could not have carried over a distance of five miles. Was it telepathy, or was it some Higher Power?—*Manhattan Beach, Calif.*

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## THE GHOST WHO SMOKED

By Zosimo Venecia
As told to Della Arroyo

WHEN the Sixth Army reached Manila I was fortunate enough to get a pass to go into the provinces to look for my father. The sights were sad and desolate as you can imagine. I

found my father in an amazingly fine house on the edge of a small village. I was astonished that he had found such luxurious living quarters for himself when most of the homes about were impoverished shambles. My father laughed, "No, I have not been dishonest nor a collaborator. I have this fine house because the rest of the village will not live here. It is haunted."

Knowing how realistic my father is, I laughed and asked, "Is it really?"

"Oh, yes," my father nodded, then shrugged his shoulders. "It is impossible and unreasonable—but there is a ghost. He comes in from the porch and would enter this room if I did not keep a lighted candle at the door. He agreeably does not cross the light. He stands at the threshold and smokes his cigarette each evening."

"Smokes a cigarette," I asked in surprise.

With disapproval in his voice my father answered, "It is true. He smokes a cigarette each evening when he comes. It is time for him now."

There were no groans, nor any unpleasant phenomena, but in a short while I heard footsteps in the empty house and soon, at the threshold of the room, stood the misty figure of a man. At intervals his arm was raised to his mouth and equally misty puffs of smoke came from his lips. His features were not distinct. It was rather like looking at a man through a dense fog. The manner of the spectre seemed decidedly melancholy but there was nothing vicious about him.

My father said he had learned that it was the ghost of a man who had killed himself for love in the house of his sweetheart. Each night he returned and smoked a cigarette before the door of her room, which was the room where my father and I had waited. The next evening I lit a cigarette at the moment of the visitor's appearance before the door in front of us and at the moment I had smoked it quite down to the end our ghostly visitor vanished. Each night it remained only the length of time it takes to smoke a cigarette slowly.—*Dagupan City, Philippine Islands.*

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## VISION OF A CHOKING CHILD

By Maud Johnson

ONE morning in 1938, while at my bank to cash a check, I had a vision of a young mother whom I had never seen holding a small girl in her arms. The child was blue in the face and appeared to be chocking over something stuck in her throat. I heard the mother cry out, "Oh, dear God, please send someone to save my baby."

Then my spirit guide, a doctor,

told me to run to the Safeway's store across the street and tell the manager to hurry home at once as his little girl was choking on a piece of apple that had stuck in her throat. The father must turn the child upside down and pat her on the back, which would dislodge the piece of apple.

A few days later I returned to the store and although the manager saw me he said nothing about what had happened at home. He seemed afraid of me and let another man check my groceries. I saw him speak to a customer who was a friend of mine and when I left the friend followed me out and told me what took place.

The manager had asked her who was "that queer woman who was given visions." He said that when I spoke to him in such a serious voice he felt compelled to do what I told him. He hurried home, saw that his baby was really chocking, followed the instructions I had given him and the baby quickly recovered.—*San Francisco, Calif.*

## MESSAGE OF DEATH

By Betti Altshul

SEVERAL weeks ago I was seated opposite a very casual acquaintance in a restaurant. This woman, Margaret, is employed in a dime store as a sales girl and I only have a nodding acquaintanceship with her. I know nothing about her personal life. We met accidently and sat at the same table in the restaurant and our conversation consisted of "small talk" only.

Suddenly as I was talking about something unimportant the word CLARA appeared across her face in pale beige letters about four inches high and about two shades darker than her face. As I continued to speak the name remained in plain view. Finally, I said to her, "Why do I keep seeing the name CLARA written across your face?"

Margaret answered, "That is my cousin and she is seriously ill."

My eyes then fell upon my friend's coat, as if *forced* to take specific notice of the black fur trimming which was about three inches wide around the collar of her carmine coat. I knew then that I was bringing my friend a message of death but I couldn't bear to tell her so.

When I ran into Margaret again two days later in the same restaurant she said to me, "My cousin, Clara, whose name you saw written across my face the other day, died on the very day you saw the writing."

I was not surprised.—*Baltimore, Md.*

## AUNT RILLA

By Gertrude Springer

AN elderly neighbor, Aunt Rilla, gave me three begonia

plants. Two were rose begonias which I love but the third one I thought was an "elephant ear" begonia and I never have cared for this variety. My two loved plants thrived and blossomed all winter but the poor little outcast sat humped up, with its four little leaves hugging the stem, and didn't grow. I gave it to my daughter. She loved it and it began to grow and was presently a fullsized plant with lovely blooms. It wasn't an "elephant ear."

When I called on Aunt Rilla to tell her about the three plants I noticed the telephone off the wall and the plaster broken. I asked what had happened.

"Didn't you know we were struck by lightning?" she asked.

I hadn't heard and wanted to know the details.

"You know that mongrel dog I like so much. Young as he is, he waits till I get on my feet before he asks to go outdoors and he waits outside until I'm near the door before he scratches to come back in. (Aunt Rilla was injured in an accident and has trouble getting up and down.) He is always considerate of my condition and never makes any demands when I am sitting down.

"Well the afternoon of the storm I was reading the paper in that big chair right in front of the telephone. All of a sudden that dog began to growl and bark and make such a fuss to get out that I couldn't heave myself out of the chair fast enough. He acted like he'd gone crazy and got me to the door just as the bolt came through the phone, burned the wires and shattered the wall.

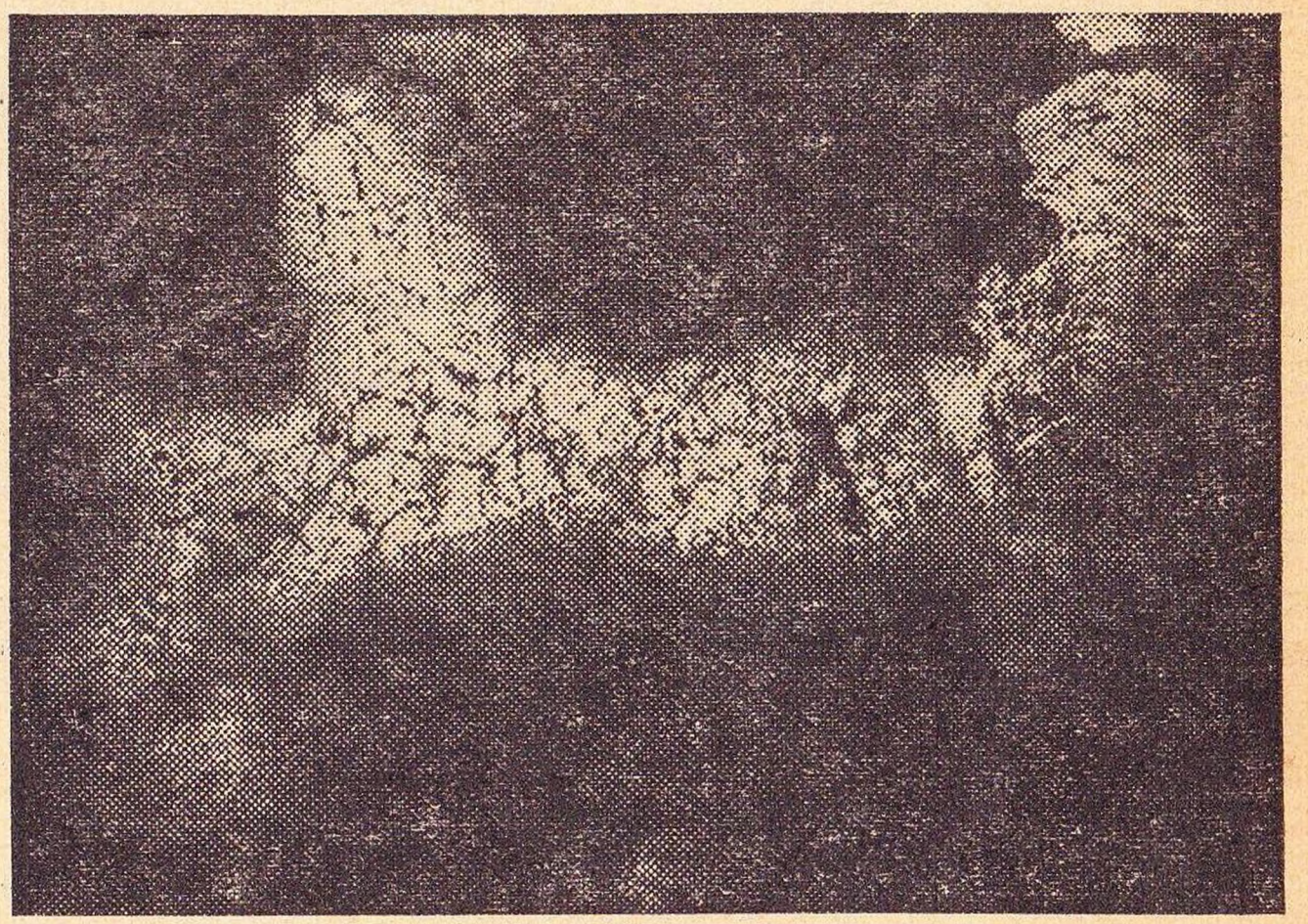
"How in the world did that dog know lightning was going to strike where I was sitting?" asked Aunt Rilla.

This occurred in July or August of 1950 but we have never found an explanation.—*Cloverdale, Mich.*

## GHOST WITH AN ODOR

ONLY five of a family of 12 will live in a spacious new London house which all insist is haunted. Mrs. Elsie Smith, 60, says that every member of her family has seen the ghost. She describes it as being preceded by an odor of stale flowers which is followed by a smell of damp earth. On several occasions the odors were accompanied by a foggy shape which appeared to have human form.

# How to make SPIRIT PICTURES



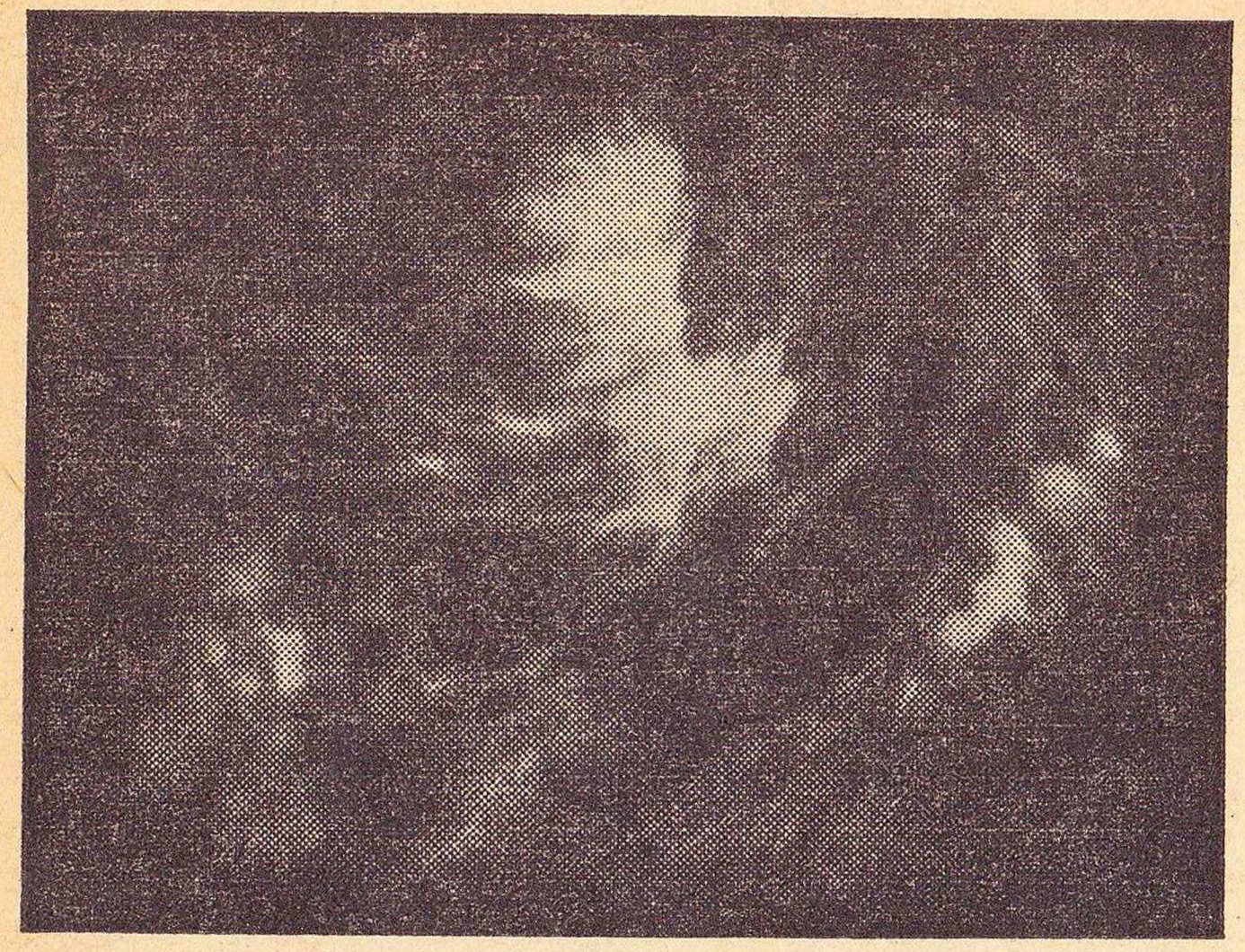
***A psychic experimenter explains the technique of obtaining photographs like the ones shown here.***

*By Harold D. Kinney*

It is easier to experiment with making spirit pictures than it is to bake a cake or clean the spark plugs in your car. And it will cost you only about $2.50 to try it.

Your success will not depend so much on what you do as upon what some spirit entities, known or unknown to you, do toward making the pictures. They do the work; you merely provide the facilities and assist them. If you are at all psychic—if you can make a Ouija board work or sometimes have hunches—I feel certain you can get results.

In a dark room with only a red light you remove a piece of photographic paper, hold it in your



hand a few minutes, expose it to a light bulb for two seconds, put it in a developer solution and watch it come to life with all sorts of forms. A dark room technician often does this to test his paper. He will tell you it is impossible to get anything but a uniform greyness when no negative is used to vary the light reaching the paper. Photography would not be possible if all kinds of abstract shapes messed up the print made with a negative.

I am assistant to a mining engineer and take and print many pictures of mountains and desert scenes at the mines. When I print these I get no unusual forms. But my unseen friends know when I'm making spirit pictures and work with me then. Spirit pictures are called psychographs or, sometimes, scotographs.

To my many skeptical friends who tell me I'm "nuts" to believe in psyche at all, I say, I believe that when one dies his real self continues to live on with the same awareness of self, character, personality and knowledge as before.

The key to this experimentation is the presence of psyche. If you are not sure you have spirit friends with you, call for them ahead of time. A dozen times a

day for several days, mentally or vocally say something like this: "Carl, Mary, I want very much to have you help me make spirit pictures. I'm going to try Thursday evening. Please be present. If you don't hear me and some other psyche does, will you kindly call for Carl Haven and Mary Snow to come to me? Thank you." And if no one does work with you when you try, find a psychic person to come and help you. I have never had anyone, skeptic or believer, work with me without getting pictures. Mind, I am not saying photographs. Pictures of abstract forms are easier for "them" than portraits.

For around one dollar you can buy a bottle of Printol developer and a bottle of acid fixer. For a few dimes less you can get these in powder and dissolve them to make a quart of each. The developer powder will be called Dektol. You can use these for months, over and over. Buy a package of photographic paper about 4 x 5 inches which will cost maybe 50 cents. Last comes a photo red bulb, preferably 40 watt although 25 watt will do, and this will be around one dollar. The paper should be "Opal B." You can, if necessary, use Velour Black R-3, or even Kodabromide F-3.

Dig out four trays or soup plates. Pans cannot be metal. One substitute tray must be large enough to allow the paper to lie flat on the bottom for developing. I buy 8 x 10 white enamel trays, 2 inches deep, at Woolworth's for 59 cents each.

Your kitchen can make a good dark room when the shades are down at night and lights in adjoining rooms off. You will need two light sockets. Desk lamps or floor lamps or just extension cords will do. Have the red bulb in one socket, a foot or two above the developer tray on the left side of the drain board of the sink. The other should contain a 15 watt ordinary light bulb placed over another tray of the acid fixer bath, called hypo, on the drain board to the right of the sink.

Mix two cups of cold water and one cup of Printol or your Dektol stock solution in a quart jar. You can use this diluted working solution many times, till it turns dark. Pour it into your left tray and the hypo in the right tray. Place a small dish of cold water next to the developer and a larger tray in the sink with cold water running slowly into it most of the time. Now you're in business.

Carefully cut open the end of the package of photographic paper and remove the inner black envelope. Remove one sheet. Examine the paper under the red light. It is curled slightly with the emulsion inside the curve. The back is plain paper and

looks white; the emulsion is creamier colored, glossier. Now hold the paper in your cupped hand for five minutes. If your hands are free of perspiration and hypo, it will make no difference whether you have the emulsion toward the skin or away from it. During this five minutes think of your friends on the other side. Mentally—or orally—speak to them as if they were with you.

Next go to the 15 watt lamp and hold the paper, emulsion side toward the bulb, about six inches from the bulb and turn it on for two seconds, then off. Normally a print-box is used for this, if one prints negatives, but a used one costs around eight dollars and you do not need it. Now put the paper in the dish of water by the developer tray. After a few seconds remove it and let it drain off, then with one rapid motion slide the paper into the developer, emulsion side up, so that all of it starts developing at the same time. Don't be afraid to touch it. If it curls up, push it down flat. Rock the tray sidewise and lengthwise to keep fresh solution flowing slowly over the emulsion.

On the creamy surface dark forms and abstract patterns, interwoven with white, will emerge. By one corner lift it out rapidly when you think it is about done. You can hold it up to the red light for a second to see if you are losing the whites, which you must keep for contrast and delineation of forms. When done, you've got to move fast or it will get too black. Give it a fast swish through the tray of running water in the sink, then push it down under the hypo. After 10 minutes you can turn the 15 watt light on over the hypo tray and remove the print to examine it. You have to turn it around slowly to see all the forms. Whatever you've got will show up better when dry and you can handle it in daylight.

If you get nothing in the developer inside of a minute you failed to expose the paper to the 15 watt bulb long enough. Even after you get the right exposure, try holding the paper to the light for varying periods of time, from zero to 10 minutes. Remember, it is most important to wash your hands in running water after each trial and dry them before picking up the next blank piece of paper.

You will learn that under the red light prints look darker than they will later when you see them in daylight.

When dry, the prints will curl. It is simple to lay one on the top edge of a desk and pull it down over the edge to uncurl it for good. I sit at a desk with a desk lamp near me and look at each print, turning it slowly. On the back I draw with pencil a

simple outline to show where on the front some head or human form is. This makes it easier to find next time. Often someone else sees things I have missed. Friends showed me a woman sitting at a spinnet piano in a print I had culled out as a reject. I've made over 500 recorded test prints and half are of abstract forms with no significance and so were thrown away. I'll be glad to mail a few to any who write for them.

Now comes the rub. You show these pictures to skeptical friends. Some have seen the Rorschach Ink-Blot tests used by psychologists. These people will say you



are fooling yourself by seeing faces where there are two black dots and maybe something like a nose or hair. And maybe you are.

Try drawing a figure or face with only a few lines. You will get the point of view of the psyche who has impressed the paper. He or she may have decided it is easier to draw in profile. They may, therefore, outline a face in profile, or a hand or breasts or sex organs. This isn't a moral or immoral matter, it is objective art.

Some psyches will draw full length bodies fully clothed, others are nude. Some heads have masses of hair, or hats or helmets. Because of fond associations my father's psyche sometimes makes a collie dog's head. I've had pictures of the head of the wooly cat that is often in the dark room with me, or of the pipe I smoke. Recently I got a cave entrance, mostly blocked by hanging roots and with a link chain held by a heavy staple in the rock. When I asked what this was they replied by automatic writing, "It is a cave you'll find when you visit the . . . Indian Reservation soon. It has a gold cache inside. When you see this chain, remember."

If you get good results and get excited about these experiments, you'll want to get a notebook to record the variable factors of your tests, and number each piece of paper as you remove it from the envelope. Use pencil as ink will fade.

Try all sorts of papers and some of the other developers. Try the range of light on each paper, from 15 watts to 60 watts. I cannot see that soaking the exposed paper in water for minutes gives better contrast than a mere dip. It definitely gives better contrast to use this water immersion, however. Think of it as giving the psyche some additional help. If a photographer kids you, ask him to duplicate your results—only be sure you and your psyche are not around when he tries.

Besides the variable factors of papers, developers and exposures, there is the matter of body contact. One need not hold the paper only in one's hand. I feel that there are a number of areas from which magnetic forces may be drawn easiest from the body. Besides the hands try the lips, solar plexus, lower spine and the inside of the thigh. I strip down to T-shirt and shorts when alone and place the paper where this clothing will hold it in place. Being a bachelor I have all my evenings free till midnight to work as I please.

My brother, good at photo chemistry, doesn't believe in the psyche at all. But he got my same results when I visited him, and exclaimed: "I see it but I don't believe it. This can't happen.

It's got to have something to do with the chemistry of the body." I challenged him to remove a sheet of paper with wooden tongs, immediately expose and print it. He did so—never touching the paper—and got a very good print. Often I have used two pieces of paper, as they came out of the envelope, held them together awhile, then processed them separately with the least contact possible. Always there were widely different patterns on these two.

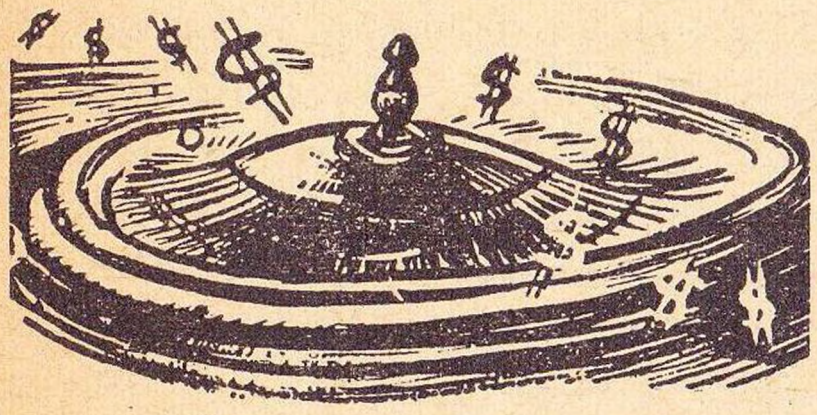
You can get prints without the water bath in case you worry, as I have, about the water causing the patterns. Yet I got results on the first several hundred prints I made before I tried using a water bath. In fact, I got what I believe to be a print of a flying saucer and another of a space ship discharging a saucer, before knowing that water baths help achieve contrast. I had been reading Adamski's book, *The Flying Saucers Have Landed* and while driving between Indio and Blythe to a mine, through a hundred miles of desert, I daydreamed of a saucer landing and letting me aboard. I wish others would try this before making prints. I believe in space people and was told in automatic writing that these two prints were made for me by the psyche of space people here.

Let me close by saying that I don't want anyone to get the idea I am a medium or an authority. My only other psychic skill is automatic writing with psyche. I am not clairvoyant. But I am open-minded.

## DELIVERY BY FIRE

In March, 1954, the postoffice in Hermann, Mo., received a letter addressed "Familie Herman Steinert, Mo., R.R. 1, U.S.A., Amerika." Waldo Schermann, postal clerk, thought the insufficiently addressed letter had been sent from St. Louis because of the "Herman" and "Mo.," in the address. He did not know where to send the letter—but two days later he read in a St. Louis newspaper that a St. Louis County farmer had suffered an $8,000 loss in a fire. The farmer's name was Herman Steinert. Schermann forwarded the letter with a note of explanation to Steinert, who replied that the letter was from his sister in Germany.

# THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• In Jersey City, Mrs. Myrtle Incognito was indicted on charges of using false names in passing two $50 phony checks.

• For years the man had played Italy's soccer pool without any luck. The other day, in disgust, he sent in another selection, purposely omitting his name and writing swear words on the back. This time his entry won and pool officials advertised for the ticket holder to claim his $500. The winner was too ashamed to go himself, so he hired a lawyer, who gave his client's name as "Arrelio F."

• In Burlington, Vt., Barbara Lonesomeheart Taylor divorced her husband on the grounds of his three-year absence.

• Stanley J. Dec of Seattle escaped with his life when his car plunged into the deep waters of Salmon Bay. The next day he drowned in his bathtub.

• While walking in the woods near his home, Bob Methvin, of Georgetown, Ga., found a check that had been made out to his late grandfather 25 years ago.

• A rural mail carrier at Nicholls, Ga., delivered a COD parcel to George Washington, care of Benjamin Franklin. The two brought Robert E. Lee along to identify them.

• In Denver little Paul Brewster was being rushed to a hospital, strangling because of a coin in his throat. As the ambulance roared around a corner it hit a hole in the pavement—and knocked the coin right out of Paul's throat.

• As Robert Brant, of New Milford, Conn., drove into his father's yard the fire whistle blew. Robert, a volunteer fireman, raced back to the fire house and got on the fire truck just in time for the ride to his father's home, which was ablaze.

• Ronald Lacey, of Brough, England, died of heart failure while climbing a tree to hang himself.

• A grass fire in Danbury, Conn., burned William Nolan out of a job. Minutes after he discovered it the fire destroyed a barn on which he was putting a fireproof roof.

• The name of the baseball coach at Alameda Naval Air Station is Mathew Infield.

• A New York policeman set out for an hour's off-duty fishing. His very first cast hooked a safe stolen

in a gas station robbery.

• Overjoyed to learn that he had won $1,400 in a lottery, Kouider Ould Mustafa, of Oran, Algeria, set fire to his old clothes and dressed up to collect his winnings. It was only then that he recalled he'd left his winning ticket in his old clothes.

• Mrs. Wallace Wyatt and Mrs. Wyatt Wallace are sisters in Marietta, Ga.

• On June 14, 1952, Norton E. Webb went through a traffic light and was caught by Buffalo, N. Y., patrolmen Charles J. Stoehr and John J. Whelan, who let him continue in haste when Webb explained that he was rushing his wife to the hospital to have a baby. The other day Webb was again in a hurry to get his wife to the maternity clinic in time for delivery of her second child and again he was stopped by two alert policemen—Charles Stoehr and John Whelan. They let the expectant father go again.

• While Lions International was holding a district convention in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, on the zoo park picnic grounds, a lioness escaped from her cage and frightened the delegates and their families.

• A Biblical pageant showing Moses leading the children of Israel through the Red Sea was postponed twice at Princeton, W. Va. The local ball park—the stage for the Red Sea—was flooded with three feet of water.

• James Partridge, a London youth, couldn't escape his fate. When he fell into a river at Oxford he was rescued by workmates at the ship-building yard. His foreman sent him home to change his wet clothes. A few minutes after he cycled away Partridge was hit and killed by a truck.

• In Windsor, Ont., a motorist's girl friend shouldered the blame after his car jumped the curb and knocked down a lamp standard causing $400 damage. "It wasn't his fault," she told police. "I kissed him." The girl's name was Betty Loveless.

• For 51 years Mrs. Mary Kowalsky, a native of Poland, lived in this country without getting her wish to become a citizen. The day she received notification that she was finally granted her first papers she died in her New Bedford, Conn., home.

• While Fire Chief T. J. Houston, of Cloverleaf, Tex., was in San Antonio purchasing a new fire truck, his own house burned to the ground.

• The winner of the drawing at a luncheon in Buffalo, N. Y., stepped up to collect his prize, two quarts of motor oil. The lucky number holder was District Attorney John Dwyer, sworn enemy of gambling in Erie County.

*—Paul Steiner.*



# can spirits possess the dead?

***The young girl died. Then she sat up in bed and a series of strange voices began speaking from her lips.***

*By Roy M. Frisen*

THE stout planks of the man-of-war creaked and the fighting ship dipped in the trough of the sea as the hard-bitten seaman breathed his last, a victim of shipboard disease.

The surgeon straightened up. "Dead," he announced briefly. "Prepare him for burial."

Two of the crew, under the eye of the boatswain, laid out their dead mate as best they could, and notified the ship's sailmaker to cut a shroud. The crew silently filed into the fo'castle and gathered around the corpse to pay their last respects, for although the deceased had been a bad lot—a drunkard, a shirk, illiterate and quarrelsome—they felt bound to preserve the amenities at a time of death.

Suddenly the limp body of the dead man quivered. Then to the astonishment and fright of his rough shipmates the tough sailor sat upright on the table. The animated corpse began to talk—

but it was not the speech, either in words or diction, of an uncouth seaman. To that assembly of rough, seafaring men of a century ago the cadaver preached an excellent sermon. When the boatswain had somewhat recovered from his initial shock at the uncanny spectacle, he sent a seaman to fetch the captain and the surgeon.

These two officers rushed to the prow of the ship and down to the crew's quarters. They halted at the eerie sight of the dead man, now sitting upright on the table and with assurance and eloquence extolling the blessings of a life of virtue, urging the sailors to repent their sins and embark upon a life of righteousness. The group listened, astounded and the unlettered sailor—or the intelligence employing his dead body—continued the sermon for several more minutes; then the body fell back, dead as before, and was buried at sea in due course.

This strange incident, attested to by the captain, the surgeon, and other ship's officers, seems to indicate that some superior intelligence had occupied the body deserted by the sailor's soul while it was still warm and supple, to preach its sermon to the flabbergasted men.

There are other reports of corpses apparently invaded by foreign personalities or entities. It was about 65 years ago that an astonishing case of successive, multiple occupation of a corpse occurred in New England.

Seventeen-year-old Susie Smith, daughter of Dr. Greenleaf Smith, was the organist at Webster Hall, in Lawrence, Mass. She was a popular girl with a large circle of friends. While visiting her sister who lived at the corner of Cedar and Franklin Streets in Denmark, Me., the girl took sick. On a Wednesday she awakened from a deep sleep, and said, "Father, I've attended my own funeral!"

Susie described the funeral, told of singing, giving the names of the hymns she had heard. Her father, mother, brother and sister listened to the grim recital. The sick girl was perfectly rational during the remainder of the day but about six o'clock in the evening she had violent spasms. A paleness spread over her face; she became speechless; her eyes closed and she died. The grief-stricken family wept around the death bed.

Many minutes had elapsed when, suddenly to the indescribable surprise of everyone in the room, a deep, gruff voice spoke from the parted and moving lips of the dead girl.

"Rub both of her arms as hard as you can," the strange voice commanded.

The startled relatives obeyed. They rubbed and massaged the

limp arms until a *different* voice ordered, "Raise her up."

Dr. Smith tenderly raised the body of his daughter to a sitting position, supporting the pitiful form from behind. The girl began to breathe. Now a voice *different* from the preceding two spoke, "If I could move her legs around so that I could set her up on the foot-board, she'd be all right," the new voice said.

The doctor was attempting to carry this odd suggestion into effect when he and the body of the girl were lifted from their positions together and both placed upon the foot-board by some unseen power.

The young girl's body now was possessed by still *another* intelligence, cheerful, lively and not too unlike its original occupant. The doctor was about to ask if the girl's body hadn't better be laid back when the unseen force again lifted them backward, he to his feet, she to her original position on the bed, apparently as dead as before. Minutes elapsed and the bewildered family waited sadly, uncertainly. Finally a fifth, mild voice opened a conversation which continued for three hours. During this time the voice admitted that the body had been controlled by "spirits." A trance-like sleep followed.

The next morning the girl's eyes opened and a sixth unfamiliar voice asked, "Who am I?"

The distraught father answered, "You are Susie Smith."

"No I ain't!" objected the voice. "Susie Smith died last night." The controlling influence voiced this opinion off and on during the rest of the day. That night the girl was again in trance. Friday morning, the body underwent several changes and severe fainting spells were noted by the weary family. By noon the body was again quite dead.

Next morning, convinced that his daughter at last was gone, Dr. Smith had the body prepared for burial and removed to a room on the lower floor of the house. The saddened family gathered to decide whether to carry the dead girl back home for interment in Lawrence, or to bury the remains in Maine where she had died. They were discussing this problem in hushed tones when, they swore later, an apparition of Susie Smith walked with plainly heard footsteps, into the dimly-lighted room, and said to them, "Right on the School Hill; right on the side of the road." Then the apparition dissolved.

The family respected the choice of the apparition of Susie and in Denmark, Me., Susie Smith was buried on the school-house hillside.

*Six different personalities had temporarily occupied the dead body of Susie Smith in the presence of her astounded and grieving family.*

# My PROOF of Survival

**FATE will pay $5 for each story published in this department. Stories should deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to "Survival" Editor, FATE Magazine, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. Manuscripts must give author's name and address and include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.**

## A DOG RETURNS IN SPIRIT

By Frances Warren

WHEN I was 17 we lived in an apartment in Tempe, Arizona. One Sunday I left early to go to a rodeo in a neighboring town and returned late that night to find my parents and our big Airedale dog gone.

I thought my parents might have gone to a movie, but was surprised to find the dog missing since we had a good yard. However, I went on into the building and turned on the lights in our apartment. The question of what had become of my dog, Bob, was heavy on my mind, but I decided simply to await my parents' return.

The doors between our living room and dining room were of heavy oak. One fastened by a lowered bolt into the floor catch and the other was locked to it by means of a heavy, brass cross bar. I closed these doors and locked them securely. I then went around the living room and pulled down the shades. For some reason, I felt a afraid. Having barricaded myself in the living room, I pulled a big chair up to the fireplace where a fire had been left burning. I tried to read.

My chair was near the doors that led to the dining room; the heavy doors that I had locked securely.

I was deeply engrossed in my story when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw my dog come into the room from the dining room. I leaned forward and cried, "Hi there, old boy, come on!" He came around the chair. To say I was glad to see the dog is an understatement; I was overjoyed.

I snapped my fingers and he came, wagging his stump of a tail and grinning. He stopped in front of me and stared up into my eyes with his own bright eyes. I lowered my hand to pat him on the head—and there was nothing there!

I looked at the locked oak doors and wondered why I thought he could come through that solid barrier.

The memory of Bob's good-bye to me has been a constant comfort to me through the years, for to me it proves that animals have spirits which live on after death.

For Bob had been killed a few hours before his return. A car had run over him.—*Salome, Ariz.*

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## A SPIRIT GAVE ME MONEY

By Dr. O. A. Ostby

In June, 1943, I visited friends in another part of Minneapolis. A few other guests were present also. After dinner the lady of the house suggested that we form a seance circle and see if we could contact the spirit world. We agreed and the lady darkened the room and several of us sat down around a small table. After sitting for a few minutes I had a strange feeling and said, "A spirit just walked right through my body."

Two of the ladies said in unison, "Yes, and it is a Mexican."

One of them continued, "Now he stands behind you. He bends over you and holds out his hand as if he wishes to give you something."

At that moment we heard a coin drop on the floor at my feet.

I picked it up and from the feeling of its size I thought it to be a 50-cent piece. I thanked the spirit for it and having heard he was a Mexican I asked him, "Could you possibly bring me a token from the excavations at Chichen Itza? I am much interested in the work down there."

One of the mediums said, "He says to tell you that you already have it. He also asks me to tell you to pay close attention to the date on the coin he gave you as that will remind you of interesting experiences you have had."

When our sitting was over and the lights were on again I looked at the coin and found it was not a 50-cent piece but a Mexican 50-centavo piece. The date on the coin showed it was minted in 1883 and that did remind me of certain wonderful experiences I had in that year.

Three weeks later I visited with friends 75 miles east of Minneapolis. While there I met a young man who was mediumistic. As we stood in conversation out on the lawn I showed him the Mexican coin and said, "What would you think if I told you that I received this coin from a spirit?"

He took the coin and began to shake all through his body. He said, "I would say that I believe you because I know the spirit who gave it to you. You got it from a Mexican, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, "but how did you know that?"

He answered, "Because he and

I shared a room in the hospital at Rochester. He died there. He could not speak a word of English and I could not speak a word of Spanish but we conversed all the time and understood each other perfectly. A deep friendship grew between us and evidently he figured that if he gave you some material thing you would hand it to me some day, as you just did, and I would get his vibration and contact him. He is here right now."

I still carry in my pocket the treasured token from Esponto Peres whom I have met several times since.—*1200 West Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.*

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## THE DEAD HELP THE LIVING

By M. M.

It was December 17, 1950. In Catron County, New Mexico, snow had fallen all day and drifted against the house almost to the tops of the low windows.

The children and I were alone as my husband had gone to a neighboring ranch on business. I knew he could not return until snow plows cleared the roads, but there was no need to worry. We were plentifully supplied with food and wood.

After the children had gone to bed I sat up knitting by the light of a kerosene lamp.

We lived over one hundred miles from a city, hospital or railroad. I was the only nurse for miles and the nearest doctor was 20 miles distant. Consequently I was often asked for help and I was not surprised when I heard a knock on the door. I found a small dark woman carrying a lantern. She was wrapped in a dark gray blanket and spoke in broken English "Nuresa, you please to come with me. My daughter, Ignasia, has her baby tonight."

I asked the woman to come in and hurriedly got ready to face the storm. I woke my eldest daughter and told her not to look for me until perhaps late the next day. Soon the woman and I were struggling along in the dark and the snow; at least I was struggling, my companion flitted ahead of me like a shadow.

At last we arrived, breathless, at a small cabin and entering I saw a young Mexican woman already in labor. I scrubbed and got busy. Hours later a baby boy was born. His lusty wail filled the cabin.

I turned and said, "Madre, here is a fine grandson"—but the little, dark woman had vanished! Nor did she return!

Next day the snow quit falling and the young woman's husband returned from town with supplies. He was amazed to find himself a father and still more surprised to find me there.

"Nurse, how did you know?" he asked me.

When I told him his wife's

mother had come for me his face went white and he crossed himself.

"No! that can not be. My wife's mother died 19 years ago last night—when Ignasia was born! —*Auburn, Calif.*

## GRANDMOTHER'S DREAMS

By Alan Pinkernell

My grandmother, Mrs. Estell Rapp Talbot, had been confined to her room on the second floor of my uncle's Elmhurst home with arthritis and a broken hip for about 16 years before her daughter, my mother, Mrs. Helen Talbot Pinkernell, died on May 19, 1946. Since the rest of the family had conspired to keep the sad news from her, I wondered, three days later as I climbed the long flight of stairs to her room, how I might best tell her that I had just returned from mother's cremation. However, when I entered her room, Grandmother said, "I know Helen is dead."

Grandmother explained her statement. She said that on the night of mother's passing, she had beheld, in a dream, mother ascend the stairs. Mother had paused at the head of the stairs and said, "I have come to say goodbye." She would have entered Grandmother's room but an angel with wings, a flowing robe and a tender expression came up the stairs, took her by the hand and away.

On the following night, in another dream, my grandmother said she saw all of us in the immediate family dressed in mourning and weeping. Only mother was missing. Then Grandmother saw a figure in dark clothes with dark veiling over her face. When Grandmother looked through the veils to the face behind them, she recognized my mother's face.

Because of these dreams, my grandmother took her daughter's death more calmly than she might otherwise have done. I thank God for the mercy He showed in sending her these dreams. —*San Sebastian, P. R.*

## NIGHT VISITOR

By Lynneal H. Diamond

When I was in my late teens I was engaged to Enos Wilson, known as the richest American Indian, but broke off with him after a quarrel. Within the year Enos married someone else and I married Marvin Helms, who was also a Cherokee. Enos remained in Oklahoma while I moved east with my new husband. I gradually forgot Enos.

Then on a December night five years later I awakened with pounding heart and the certainty that I was going to hear a knock on my door. As I lay trembling I did hear the knock but before I could get up to answer it or awaken my husband I saw a glow through my bedroom door, as if someone was coming up the stairs

carrying a light. The glow brightened with each instant and I felt cold and afraid.

Then I saw the man in the doorway clearly. He was clutching his stomach as if in pain.

"Enos!" I whispered. "What are you doing here?"

He groaned terribly. "I've been poisoned," he gasped. "Help me!"

I jumped out of bed and went to him but instead of reaching Enos I crashed into the closed bedroom door. My husband woke up and snapped on the light.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Enos was here," I told him. "He said he has been poisoned."

My husband insisted I had been dreaming and urged me to go back to bed.

Two years later, in 1941, my husband was killed in a rodeo accident. In 1942 I went back to Oklahoma for awhile. In Tulsa I met Bessie Eidson of Muskogee who told me that Enos Wilson had died from poison. I looked up the story of his death in a back issue of the *Tulsa World* and learned that he had died the very night he appeared to me. He had died in the sand hills near Muskogee, Okla. I do not remember the exact date of the newspaper story, but it was in December, 1939.—*Mallory, N. Y.*

## GANDHI'S ANCIENT DRUG

New drugs derived from the roots of an East Indian plant called rauwolfia, which has been used since ancient times, were demonstrated recently at the American Medical Association convention in San Francisco. The late Mohandas K. Gandhi used an extract of the plant as a sedative when under a nervous strain.

The effects of the new drugs were shown on three monkeys of a particularly vicious and untamable breed. One of the monkeys, not under the influence of the drugs, frequently tried to bite through the heavy gloves of the man exhibiting him. The second monkey, which had been given a large dose of the drugs, lay passive. The third, which had received a small dose, was quiet and made no attempt to bite the exhibitor, even when teased.

Drugs made from rauwolfia now are being used widely in treating high blood pressure. One very nervous elderly woman who had been suffering with a severe case of psoriasis says her skin cleared up miraculously with the aid of a rauwolfia derivative.



# Monster of Montpelier Castle

*By Capt. Jack Bilbo*

***Are the frightful creatures madmen see only imaginary?***
***Or do they actually exist on another plane?***

I HESITATE to write this story, because of its frightening implications. Yet, truth can only be served by looking it straight in the face, by subjecting it to the cold scrutiny of science. Even if the result of that examination chills us to the marrow, we must face it and master it—because to run away is fatal, as my story will show. But to start at the beginning . . .

I am living in the South of France and for some time I conducted an interesting correspondence with a Count de Montpelier, whom I had never met personally, but who lived not far from me. We had been exchanging ideas on various psychic phenomena, a subject that was of great interest to us both.

One day I received, to my great pleasure, an invitation to visit the Count at his castle. I hastened to accept. It was late November, a season which even here in the "Sunny South" can be cold

and windy. As I stepped from the train, a howling Mistral was raging and the sky was overcast. No need to enquire the whereabouts of Montpelier Castle—there it was, towering above the little village, set on a small hill, its dark, medieval turrets silhouetted against the leaden sky. The bare hills in the background, scarred and blackened from innumerable forest fires, added to the gloomy aspect.

A ramshackle car appeared and in a reassuring, broad Provençal accent its driver offered to take me to "Le Chateau." My welcome there was even more heartening. The interior of the castle —only a small portion of which was in use—was comfortably and cheerfully appointed. A large log fire blazed in the hall where the Count, who turned out to be a charming old gentleman, introduced me to his family and a few fellow-guests.

My visit lasted several days, and so engrossed was I in my conversations with the Count de Montpelier, that I took little notice of the other members of the party. I did, however, feel some slight annoyance with one of the other guests, a young Doctor from Vienna, whom I shall call Gebhardt. While listening most politely to our talks on psychic matters, he did so with an almost imperceptible air of scorn. I felt that only his good manners prevented him from laughing at us openly.

One particularly stormy night, the talk turned, quite naturally, to ghost stories and legends, in which the district abounds. After telling us about the Headless Lady who appears at full-moon, the Monk who haunts the old cemetery in the village, and so on, the Count said with a chuckle:

"We mustn't forget our monster."

"What monster?" we all asked.

"Ah," he replied. "I will show him to you."

He led us into the deserted section of the castle, through unlit halls devoid of furniture. Pierre, the old butler, lit our way with a lantern. Outside the wind was howling and dark clouds racing across the moon produced an uncanny, flickering light through the high windows. Some members of the party showed signs of nervousness but the young Doctor was full of high spirits and couldn't resist teasing the others by popping out of dark corners to say boo.

We arrived at last in a magnificent, oak-carved gallery where grim family portraits adorned the walls. The Count stopped in front of an ornately carved mantlepiece and pointed to its centrepiece, a massive wood sculpture representing a dragon-like animal. It must have been many hundred years old and was full

of worm-holes and covered with dust; but we could make out the head of the beast, its bulging eyes, long, scaly body, enormous wings, great claws and thick tail.

I was about to remark to the Count how frightening the animal looked despite its dilapidated condition, when in the light of the swaying lantern I caught sight of Dr. Gebhardt. He was deathly pale, almost green, and staring at the wood carving as if hypnotised. The Count was speaking:

"Long, long ago, when the countryside around Montpelier Castle was covered with thick forest, this monster lived in the hills. Sometimes, on cold winter nights such as this, he would descend into the village and kill men and animals alike. The havoc he wrought was terrible. Bodies were literally torn to pieces, ruin was everywhere. This castle was the only stronghold against him and when a mighty roar in the forest announced his coming the church-bells would be rung and the villagers would hurry to the castle. Some would be saved that way, but many were too late. One day one of my ancestors, an extremely strong and brave knight, gathered his men, went into the hills, baited a trap for the monster and killed him. After that there was peace but not for long. The monster came back to haunt this castle, the place he could not conquer while he was alive."

Everybody listened with awe to the Count's story, made all the more gruesome by his matter-of-fact tone. My attention was divided between him and the young doctor. I had been watching him intently and noticed that the expression of ghastly horror never once left his face. The others, however, were too enthralled to notice him and one of them now prompted the Count:

"And how does this monster ghost appear?"

"As it did in life," continued the Count. "Preceded by a great roar, it appears in a cloud of dust . . ."

"His eyes glowing like balls of fire . . ." Dr. Gebhardt had interrupted the Count and taken up the tale. "His cleaved tongue darts from left to right and a poisonous stench comes out of his mouth. His claws are like enormous scimitars and as they dig into the ground, his scales rattle like a suit of armour. His tail uncurls to a fabulous length and flays the air like a giant whip. The roar has now changed to a curiously high-pitched hiss which hypnotises the victim, so that he is rooted to the ground and cannot flee his onslaught."

One of the ladies giggled and someone else said, "Now then, Doctor, let the Count continue."

Obviously they thought him to be teasing as before but I could see that he was under some great emotional strain.

The Count was speaking, "I need hardly add anything. An excellent description. You must have been questioning the villagers, my friend."

"And does this ghost appear to all and sundry, or is it only visible to one person at a time?" somebody asked the Count.

"It appears only to one person at a time, usually someone with psychic leanings. As you know, some people are more susceptible than others. While it lasts, it is said to be a wholly terrifying experience, the predominant effect being . . ."

"An almost irrestible urge to suicide.". Again Dr. Gebhardt interrupted but as we were all rather excited and several of us speaking at once, the serious tone of his voice again passed unnoticed. Many were asking whether anyone now alive had seen the ghost.

The Count replied, "Yes, Pierre here saw him, many years ago."

As we all gathered round the silent Pierre, who had stood stolidly by throughout the story, the Doctor again came forward and saying, "Allow me," lowered the scarf which was wrapped tightly round the old man's neck. He revealed a thin, sharply defined, blood-red mark running all the way round his neck, like a thin red cord drawn tightly.

"I see you have informed yourself well," said the Count. "Yes, this curious mark is left on everyone who has seen the ghost of the monster. It is an experience that lingers with them for the rest of their lives. Luckily the monster has not been seen often, but he remains a curse on this house. But enough of this. There are things beyond human comprehension and until we find the key to them it is best for our mental health not to dwell on them too long. Come, my friends, let us return to our warm fire. Pierre will bring us drinks and we shall forget the monster until his next appearance forces us to come to grips with him."

When we got back to the drawing-room and, with relief, gathered round the blazing fire I noticed that Dr. Gebhardt had more or less regained his composure.

"I am sorry that I spoilt your story," he said to the Count.

The next day I left for home and as it happened the Doctor was going my way and offered me a lift in his car. The weather had changed. The sun was shining brightly. The Mediterranean sparkled blue in the distance and thoughts of ghosts and monsters were far away. Nevertheless, Dr. Gebhardt, who had been almost

silent during our drive, brought up this very subject. We had stopped for lunch at a small restaurant, deserted except for the two of us.

When we had finished our meal he said: "I have got to talk to you. I must tell somebody."

This is what he told me:

"You may or may not know," he began, "that I am a doctor of mental diseases. I work at the well-known M. Clinic near Vienna, which is also a psychiatric experimental station. Recently we have been engaged in certain studies concerning schizophrenia. For experimental purposes I and several of my colleagues volunteered to be injected with a new drug called lysergic acid diethylamide which, for some hours, reproduced in us the symptoms of schizophrenia, a form of insanity. We found, and our findings agreed, that the world of a schizophrenic is indeed one of horror. We found that when a sufferer complains of sights that frighten him, of nightmares that pursue him, these things, at the time, are completely real to him and not, as one has hitherto thought, imaginary. While the effects of the drug lasted, we saw our surroundings undergo horrifying changes. The very rooms became distorted and assumed weird shapes, the floors rose up and swayed under our feet. Snakes and spiders crawled out of corners, hands and claws clutched at us. People around us were reduced to dwarfs or grew into giants. They changed under our very eyes into gargoyles or monsters. Yes, monsters!

"Now, here is my main point. While I was under the influence of that drug I saw the Monster of Montpelier Castle. I tell you, I saw it! There I was, many miles away, in Austria. I had never seen or heard of this beast. I had never read, or listened to, or been even remotely interested in ghost stories. Yet it appeared, complete in every detail, in my drug-induced hallucinations. As you noticed, I described most accurately not only its appearance but also its behavior and the effect it left on those who saw it. In me, as in those others, it aroused a violent desire to kill myself, so strong, that it persisted for days after I had recovered from the drug. But that is not all. Look," and he undid his collar. Round his neck was a thin, red mark, identical with the one we had seen on Pierre!

"I noticed it the day after the experiment," continued the Doctor. "My colleagues put it down to the physical after-effect of the mental strain I had undergone and I agreed with them. I thought no more about it and I certainly never dreamt of putting any supernatural interpretation on it.

"I had completely forgotten the whole matter and accepted this ugly mark round my neck as an accident of my profession when, at Montpelier Castle, I was suddenly brought face to face with a sculptured reproduction of that horrible vision. You can imagine my consternation, the more so as this time I was seeing it as a reality, rooted in history, a vision that had been seen by other reliable witnesses and which on Pierre the butler had left the same mark as the one I have on my neck. Tell me, what possible explanation can there be?"

For a long time we discussed the matter. We examined it from the psychic, the psychological, the purely physical. We are level-headed men, used to clear thinking and, each in our own field, with years of study and experience to draw on. Finally we were left with the following vital questions: Are ghosts, monsters and evil spirits actually in existence on a separate plane?

Does that plane, on certain occasions and under certain conditions, intersect our own everyday world, so that fleetingly we actually live in and experience that other world?

Does insanity mean that this world of evil has claimed us entirely? If so can such an enslaved spirit be liberated? How?

The Doctor and I agreed that only the existence of such a separate plane, in which ghosts, monsters and evil spirits reign, would explain completely his strange experience. He had entered this world while under the influence of a drug, whilst others entered the same world by other paths. If independent travellers, going by different routes, bring back identical stories of what they see in that world, surely that world must exist.

We were staggered by the enormity of this thought, and we decided to investigate our theory as thoroughly as possible. We would stay in touch by correspondence and meet again as soon as possible with a view to conducting tests and experiments.

Accordingly I was very surprised, after my return home, not to hear from Dr. Gebhardt. I wrote him several letters but received no reply. I then wrote to Count de Montpelier asking him whether he had any news of our doctor friend. After some delay he answered me that he himself had been surprised not to hear from Dr. Gebhardt, that he had made enquiries and that he regretted to tell me that the doctor had committed suicide.

This news shocked me deeply, and I decided to visit the Count and tell him the whole story. Who more than he could help me unravel this horrible mystery? I set out in haste without announcing my arrival. When I reached

my destination, I found the village in mourning and was informed that Count de Montpelier had died that very day, by his own hand.

I was dumbfounded. Why should this delightful old man, so full of life and vitality, enjoying physical and mental health and wealth have wanted to end his life? I hastened to the Castle and asked to be allowed to visit the death chamber, to pay my last respects. There my friend lay in state, but there was no look of peace upon his face; it was distorted in an expression of horror and fear, as if he had died seeing some terrible, unbearable sight. Waiting for a moment until I was unobserved, I gently bared his neck and saw, encircling it, a thin, blood-red mark, exactly like those I had observed on Pierre, the butler, and on the Doctor from Vienna.

Had the Monster of Montpelier Castle abducted yet another victim into its strange nightmare world?

## THE MACO LIGHT MYSTERY

One of the greatest railroading mysteries of the southeastern section of North Carolina involves the so-called Maco Light. The mystery is said to date back to the death by decapitation of a conductor named Joe Baldwin in 1876. Baldwin was killed with a lantern in his hand near what is now Maco while attempting to couple two cars with the links and pins then in use.

A short time later residents of the area told of seeing a mysterious light near the spot where Baldwin was killed. Since then many other persons have claimed to see the light. Officials of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, which in Baldwin's time was known as the Wilmington, Manchester and Augusta, say there are records that the Maco Light has deceived engineers into stopping their trains. This led to the use of two lanterns, one white and the other green, by railroad men on the Maco district.

The mystery of the Maco Light phenomenon never has been solved although Atlantic Coast Line officials tried for many years. Old residents of Maco, however, believe Joe Baldwin's ghost swings a lighted lantern as he searches for his head.

# MIRACLES
## BY MENTAL SUGGESTION

***The woman feared a goiter operation would leave a scar on her neck. So the surgeon used miracle healing.***

*By Walter M. Germain, Ph. D.*

WHAT is the strange force, called mental suggestion by psychologists, called "soul power" by religionists and called supernatural by the average person?

"Whatever it is," a well-known Bay City, Mich., industrialist said recently, "it certainly worked wonders for my wife."

This level-headed businessman told the writer that his wife was cured by what seemed to him a miracle; by an intangible force called the power of suggestion.

His wife had had a very large goiter. Doctors told her this unsightly, dangerous growth in her throat could be removed only by surgery. She dreaded the operation but the thought of having an ugly scar across her beautiful neck worried her even more. So when a close friend suggested that she consult a certain specialist in Detroit before having the operation, she readily consented.

The specialist was a psychiatrist as well as a surgeon. He asked the woman if she would be willing to experiment a little before having surgery, to see if possibly the growth could be dissipated with a new "miracle drug" not yet available to the general public.

The lady agreed—what had she to lose? She was given some pills to take after each meal and just before retiring at night. She was to see the specialist once a week.

For three consecutive weeks she reported to him in Detroit. On each visit the surgeon-psychiatrist gave her new encouragement un-

til she was convinced that a cure was certain. One morning during the fourth week she woke to find that the growth had disappeared —over night, as if by magic.

Excitedly she and her husband drove to Detroit to break the news to the specialist. To their great surprise, he informed them that she had cured herself through the power of suggestion. The "miracle drug" was nothing more than sugar-pills!

Similar cures occur every day. Patients actually cure themselves through confidence in the doctor or through faith in the curative power of the medicine prescribed.

Biologists tell us that man has two brains, a racially older, instinctive and emotional brain; and a racially newer, thinking and reasoning brain. The basal ganglia make up the older forebrain and the cerebral cortex and middle portion make up the new forebrain. The basal ganglia (the racially older brain) is structurally and psychologically mature at birth. The cortical apparatus (the racially newer brain), like the body, is immature at birth and develops with age through usage.

The middle segment of the basal ganglia, the thalamus, is considered by science to be the seat of instincts and emotions—the "feeling mind." The cerebral cortex is regarded as the seat of the "reasoning mind," commonly known as the consciousness.

The thalamus, or "feeling mind," controls the involuntary functions of the body through the medium of the autonomic or sympathetic nervous system. The cerebral cortex controls voluntary bodily actions through the medium of its frontal lobes and the motor or cerebro-spinal nervous system.

The thalamus appears to be the seat of the so-called subconscious mind, which in turn appears to be the source of ESP, including "miracles" of faith healing such as the many recorded cures at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, by Christian Science practitioners and by Polynesian Huna doctors.

The processes of the human brain termed "thinking" involve both levels of mind and the two sets of nervous systems. Conscious thoughts and actions are produced by the combined reactions of the dual mental apparatus and the dual nervous system to the stimuli of the five senses, as well as to stimuli which stem from the vast memory vat of the "collective unconscious" (the two segments of the basal ganglia that adjoin the thalamus); and perhaps to stimuli consisting of an almost constant infiltration of extrasensory messages from the subconscious minds of others.

Clinical hypnosis indicates that the observations made over a half

century ago by the late Thomson J. Hudson, Ph.D., LL.D., are correct:

• The subconscious mind is endowed with perfect memory.

• Although it cannot reason inductively like the conscious mind, the power of the subconscious mind to reason deductively from given premises is practically perfect.

• It has the power to communicate and to receive messages otherwise than through the recognized channels of the five senses.

• It has absolute control of the functions, sensations and conditions of the body.

• It is constantly amenable to control by the power of suggestion.

On this basis the so-called miracles of faith healing are no longer mystifying.

The late Dr. Alexis Carrel, perhaps the greatest biological research surgeon of our time, spent weeks at Lourdes, France, studying the phenomenon of miraculous healing. Writing in *Man the Unknown* (Harper & Brothers, publishers), this famous scientist states:

"The miracle is chiefly characterized by an extreme acceleration of the processes of organic repair. There is not a doubt that the rate of cicatrization of the anatomical defects is much greater than the normal one."

Let us examine the processes of organic repair. The thalamus or subconscious mind generates an electrical force, the vibrations of which convey the intelligence that directs and regulates the various functions of the human organism. There is widespread misconception that the autonomic nervous system operates automatically and without direction. The autonomic nervous system is merely the means of communication by which the subconscious mind sends messages to the various parts of the body to keep them functioning harmoniously. As the subconscious intellect is chiefly characterized by emotions, its intelligence is generally expressed in terms of feeling-attitudes or "emotional thinking."

*Positive* feeling-attitudes such as faith, love, happiness, influence normal metabolism and maintain health of the organism through harmonious functioning of its various organs—and renew cell structure about every 11 months.

*Negative* attitudes, particularly anxiety and resentment, cause imbalance or deficiency of life-giving hormones and by retarding the processes of organic repair disturb harmonious functioning of the organism. Unless the cells of the body are rebuilt they atrophy and may turn into some form of cancer. This also may culminate in such degenerative diseases as

arthritis, diabetes and heart trouble.

Because the subconscious mind has been conditioned by age-old habits to react automatically to certain instincts and emotions, it has long been assumed that it operates without direction of the conscious mind. This is true only to a certain extent; inasmuch as we can exercise conscious control of our feelings (that is, the instinctive and emotional reactions to stimuli), we actually can control and direct the operations of our subconscious mind and to a great extent the functions, sensations and conditions of the body.

The principle may be stated as follows:

- The subconscious mind exercises complete control over the functions, sensations and conditions of the body.
- The subconscious mind is constantly amenable to control by the power of suggestion.
- These two propositions being true, the functions and conditions of the body can be controlled by suggestions of the conscious mind.

At one time or another you have seen or heard someone walking along the street talking to himself. Usually it is an old person or one who is mentally disturbed—at least that is what you may think.

But there is some good common sense in "talking to yourself." The fact of the matter is we all talk to ourselves when we think. It's almost impossible to think without words. Speaking is merely the mechanical process of putting thoughts into words. So whether we talk silently or out loud the effect is the same.

The important thing is the kind of thoughts we think. Rebecca Beard, who was a practicing physician for 20 years and who spent the last years of her rich life promoting spiritual therapy, says in her book, *Everyman's Search* (published in 1950 by the Merrybrook Press, Wells, Vt.):

"When the word heart is used in the Bible it refers to the subconscious mind. They did not know the subconscious mind but they did know the heart. Norman Vincent Peale voices this idea when he says, 'What you believe in your heart—that is, deep in your subconscious mind—determines what you can or what you cannot do. So, if you practice believing that with the help of God you can overcome obstacles and achieve success, your will and imagination will flow forth together and, against that power, nothing negative, nothing in the nature of defeat, can stand. This astonishing power of positive thinking is the most marvelous secret of living.'

"Talk to your cells. Praise your body. Tell your cells you believe in them and have confi-

dence in them and in their ability to do their work. But some will say, 'I can't lie to myself. I won't say my digestion is good when it isn't.' No, we don't want you to tell a falsehood. It would not register anyway. But you can take some part of your body which is good, and you can take some things which your organs do well and praise these. You may think that your stomach can't digest butter. Well, you can live without butter. Glorify your stomach because it digests fruits and vegetables. Because it digests those beautifully give it the assurance that it can digest butter—if it can get out from under the tyranny of your negative affirmation.

"Rather than disparage your body why not say to your cells, I have faith in you. I believe that God gave you the power to do your work. I believe that with His help I can give you the assurance that you can, and I pledge myself to work with you. The body is sensitive. It registers every thought and feeling. Be tender with it. Watch how many times you say something derogatory about some part of it. Perhaps you are annoyed when something prevents you from doing the thing you want to do and you say, 'Oh, that old foot, that old knee, that old something.' You may be giving it constant negative suggestions. It will follow them as implicitly as it will follow positive ones."

The late wizard of horticulture, Luther Burbank, spoke lovingly to his flowers and seemingly they responded amazingly to his verbal caresses. The more recent experiments of Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, the famous Hindu physicist, indicate that plants have consciousness that is inter-communicable with man's subconscious mind. Likewise every cell of your body has an intellectual affinity with your subconscious mind; so when you talk to your cells, as Dr. Beard admonishes, your commands, your praise, are communicated to them by your subconscious mind. They will respond in kind, just as the flowers did for Luther Burbank and plants do for Dr. Bose. By using this psychological technique you may acquire good health and achieve longevity.

## THE MYSTICAL FIRE FIGHTERS

In 1953 a Hopi Indian crew fighting a forest fire performed a rain dance. Two hours later, the National Geographic Society reported, a cloudburst put out the fire.

# PSYCHIC PANEL



**Do you have a question about FATE subjects? State it briefly, include your name and address, and mail it to FATE's Psychic Panel, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. The Panel cannot answer personal questions and will answer only those selected for this column. Besides FATE staff members, the panel consists of Marie Elene, secretary of the American Psychical Institute; Edmond P. Gibson, psychical researcher and popular FATE contributor; and Alson J. Smith, noted author of books on parapsychology.**

## H-BOMB AND SPIRIT

*What, theoretically, happens to the soul or spirit of a person instantly destroyed in an H-bomb blast? Is it possible for disintegration of the body to come before the soul has an opportunity to escape? Does the spirit or soul possess enough resistance to withstand the terrific heat?—G. L. Winsor, St. Louis, Mo.*

■ The soul or spirit of man is indestructible. It is not subject to dissolution or decay. It does not need "resistance to withstand the terrific heat"; it is of another genus entirely. The soul is not "imprisoned" in the body, it is a coexistent entity, not subject to the laws of physics, of mass, or of space-time.

Our finite minds cannot comprehend the infinity of spirit; we insist upon thinking within the materialistic framework of the physical senses. An H-bomb can no more "destroy" a soul than can a fire, a flood, or a blow on the head.—Alson J. Smith.

■ The spirit of man is not affected by "heat" or by any physical disturbances affecting the body, at death or otherwise. This is not saying, of course, that the human "psyche" may not be "shocked," as it often is—as a result of accidents, etc.—even when the subject recovers. The human consciousness *is* subject to shock, and for this reason it is said requires some time to become adjusted in the spirit-world when entering it suddenly, at death. Literature on Spiritualism contains many cases which seem to show that this is so—including statements of the alleged "communicators."—Marie Elene.

■ If we suppose that the soul is a non-material form of energy, then there is no reason to believe that an H-bomb blast can injure it. However, if, as some theosophists believe, the soul is a more refined form of matter than that with which we are familiar, then there would be considerable reason for wondering what an H-bomb might do to it.

As far as I know, no spirit communicator has yet appeared, claiming to have come through an A-bomb blast. Such testimony, if forthcoming, might be of interest.—E. P. Gibson.

## MYSTERY VISIONS

*For as long as I can remember when I close my eyes and relax I see mentally the most wonderful scenery I ever have beheld—and I have traveled extensively. The scenes are of vast mountain ranges, expanses of desert, beautiful meadows, sunlit seashores. Often the scenes are of towns and buildings. They are so clear that I can see the designs on the buildings and the paving in the streets. Frequently I see people passing in the streets, sometimes so closely I can discern their features, but I seem unable to hear them speak. I recognize none of the people or places and seem never in contact with them but floating over them at different heights. I drift off to sleep enjoying the visions that come to me, but I am not troubled with insomnia.*

*I wish to know if this has any psychic significance and if it can be developed and controlled.—Cyrus A. Davis, Alhambra, Calif.*

■ While some of your visions may be truly psychic, the vast majority of them are doubtless instances of what are known as "hypnagogic hallucinations"—that is, visions seen at the time of falling asleep. You will find a lengthy discussion of this subject in the *Proceedings* of the British S.P.R., Vol. 25, Part 94.—Marie Elene.

■ What you describe are hypnagogic images which form in the relaxed state between sleep and waking. Some psychics have found these images to be precognitive in nature and to depict events before they occur in space-time.

The paranormal image often appears in color and makes a strong impression on the individual. Cases are on record in which the latter type of image also has involved clairvoyance.

The floating type of dream you describe is sometimes associated with so-called astral projection and is not necessarily associated with hypnagogic imagery.

You may watch for this type of dream to occur, keep a pencil and paper handy to make a record immediately on waking, and note any portions of your dream that

seem to be of psychic significance.

As you find a use for this phenomenon, it may develop of itself. It is up to you to watch and record what happens and to discover whether this gift is venturing into paranormal fields.—Edmond P. Gibson.

■ These visions may have psychic significance in that they represent a form of clairvoyance. Or they may be either precognitive or retrocognitive.

On the other hand, since Mr. Davis is an experienced traveler, they may be merely a form of wishful thinking, or the result of some function of memory.

It would be interesting if Mr. Davis would attempt some waking correlation to see whether he has in fact ever visited the places he "sees" in these visions.

If the visions turn out to be clairvoyant, the ability to have them may be nurtured within limits—in terms of heightened receptivity, etc.—Alson J. Smith.

### SPIRIT COMMUNICATION

*Under what circumstances is it possible for persons to communicate with their dead?—M. Rahn, Staten Island, N. Y.*

■ It appears to be practically impossible for communication to occur directly, at the desire of a bereaved person. Such communication has occurred but rarely.

Most communication occurs through an intermediary or medium who is capable of putting himself into a state of conscious dissociation so that he is able to get into contact with a subconscious strata of himself known as a control. This control endeavors to reach the deceased personality and sometimes succeeds.

This form of communication requires the services of a good medium. Such persons are quite rare. It is possible that an appeal to such an organization as the American Society for Psychical Research, 880 Fifth Avenue, New York 21, N. Y., might help you locate a reliable psychic.—Edmond P. Gibson.

### SPIRIT PHOTOS?

*While visiting a cemetery with a friend whose father was buried four months ago I took six snapshots at the grave. Five of the photos show a white haze in which a dog and faces appear. I saw no haze when snapping the pictures and other pictures on the same film are perfect.*

*Could the photos with the haze be spirit photos?—B. H. Williamson, St. Louis, Mo.*

■ If your photographs are not due to faulty development, you certainly seem to have obtained examples of psychic pictures.—Marie Eléne.

■ Most photographs of this type are due to double exposure. However it is not easy to suppose that five of your negatives were doubly exposed. Extras have appeared in negatives in which a bellows camera had a pinhole leak in the bellows, allowing two images to form on the film.

There are rare cases in which a so-called "spirit extra" has appeared paranormally on film. Most cases are caused by careless or fraudulent manipulation of camera or film in the process of taking or finishing the picture.

If your pictures are sharp and you are impressed by them, you might submit them to the American Society for Psychical Research, 880 Fifth Avenue, New York 21, N. Y., or to the Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina, for examination.—Edmond P. Gibson.

■ The first possibility to be explored is that of double or even triple exposure. The second is that the film was old. Old film often is streaked, filmy, or "hazy." The "dog" and "faces" could have been caused by failure of whoever developed the film to wash off all the hypo. (Many weird effects are obtained by imperfect washing of film in the developing process.)

Then, when we get by these hurdles, there is the fact that infra-red rays are said to be necessary to get so-called "spirit" photographs.

Just on the basis of the information offered here I would say that there is little likelihood that the "faces" are spirits.—Alson J. Smith.

## SPIRIT PROTOTYPE

*Concerning reincarnation, is it possible that each person has a spirit prototype and that the two take individual turns at living? —Louise N. Whitney, Roxbury, Mass.*

■ I do not think that you will find this possibility mentioned in the literature on reincarnation. So far as I can ascertain, such a theory is quite untenable.—Marie Elene.

■ This question seems to me to go deeper into the theory of what constitutes human personality than it does into the hypothesis of reincarnation.

Frederic W. H. Myers and William James were both of the opinion that the conscious personality of an individual is a very small fraction of the whole personality. In this regard, the greater part of the personality, nevertheless, would be outside the range of the normal consciousness of the individual. This submerged portion of the personality might aid in directing the

activities of the conscious individual by means of dreams, symbols, emotions, etc., and remain completely outside the awareness of our human consciousness.

Dr. Morton Prince seemed to uncover something of this sort in his analysis of the Sally Beauchamp case. Likewise Gerald W. Balfour in his experiments with Mrs. Willett made contact with portions of her personality which seemed to be outside space and time.

These submerged portions of the personality showed most of the characteristics of a spirit personality. What part this unconscious self might play in reincarnation is unknown. The so-called unconscious self is misnamed, as it is conscious of the doings of the conscious self while the conscious self fails to recognize or know the so-called unconscious or subconscious self.—Edmond P. Gibson.

■ I suppose it is possible (one would have to be very rash to categorize anything in this field as impossible) but personally I find it difficult to believe. It seems to me that the flesh and the spirit are complementary and co-existing; I cannot subscribe philosophically to either a spiritual monism (as, for instance, the Christian Scientists do) or to a material monism (as the Marxists do). The Christian teaching about the dual nature of man seems to me to make much more sense than any of the more esoteric explanations of human personality.—Alson J. Smith.

## DIFFERENT MEDIUMS

*I often come across the terms "mental medium" and "physical medium" in reading* FATE. *What is the difference between them?—Barbara Villas, Los Angeles, Calif.*

■ A physcial medium is one who has the seeming ability of producing supernormal physical phenomena, affecting physical matter in the outer world, e.g., movements of objects at a distance, materializations, etc. A mental medium receives impressions internally, by means of telepathic or clairvoyant knowledge—including, of course, spirit communications, if valid.—Marie Elene.

## OMEN OF DEATH

*I wish to know if there is any explanation of the fact that several times I've dreamed of a "skull and crossbones" and there has been a death in the family within two or three days. I've dreamed also of births and knew the sex of the child before it arrived.—Mrs. James W. Allen, Springfield, Va.*

■ Some persons with precogni-

tive abilities have certain symbols which repeatedly are associated with forthcoming deaths in the family. I know of a current case in which a grey monk or friar is seen momentarily before a death in the family.

Death symbols will vary with the percipient. The symbol may be anything which will bring up a memory of a previous association with death. Having been used once as a premonitory symbol, the symbol will probably occur again if the "unconscious" knowledge can bring it into consciousness.—Edmond P. Gibson.

■ I believe that many, perhaps most, people have precognitive dreams at some time in their lives. Certainly the dreams as described above fall into the precognitive category.

Precognition is another manifestation of the fact that there is no "time" in dreams. The time barrier does not exist for the "psi" element in man's nature. It is man's waking consciousness that imposes a time-barrier. In sleep that consciously-imposed limitation is relaxed and the subconsciousness or supraconsciousness moves easily forward and backward.—Alson J. Smith.

## SIGNIFICANCE OF CAULS

*Is there any psychic significance attached to the fact that some persons are born with cauls?—Louise N. Whitney, Roxbury, Mass.*

■ There are many folk tales attesting to a belief in such significance, but the science of psychical research does not know of any relationship between cauls and "psi."—Alson J. Smith.

■ No; this is a gypsy superstition. It is merely a physiological accident. To fortify their claim to psychic ability, gypsies often claim to be "the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter—born with a caul!"—Marie Elene.

## THE GALLOPING GHOST

VILLAGERS in Kineton, England, claim that at night the ghost of Prince Rupert, nephew of King Charles I, often gallops down the main street on a horse. They appear certain of the identity of the mounted ghost because many insist they have seen as well as heard it. At last reports members of the Birmingham Psychic Research Society were planning to investigate the villagers' story.

# THE COLLIE That Walked 3,000 Miles

## PART TWO

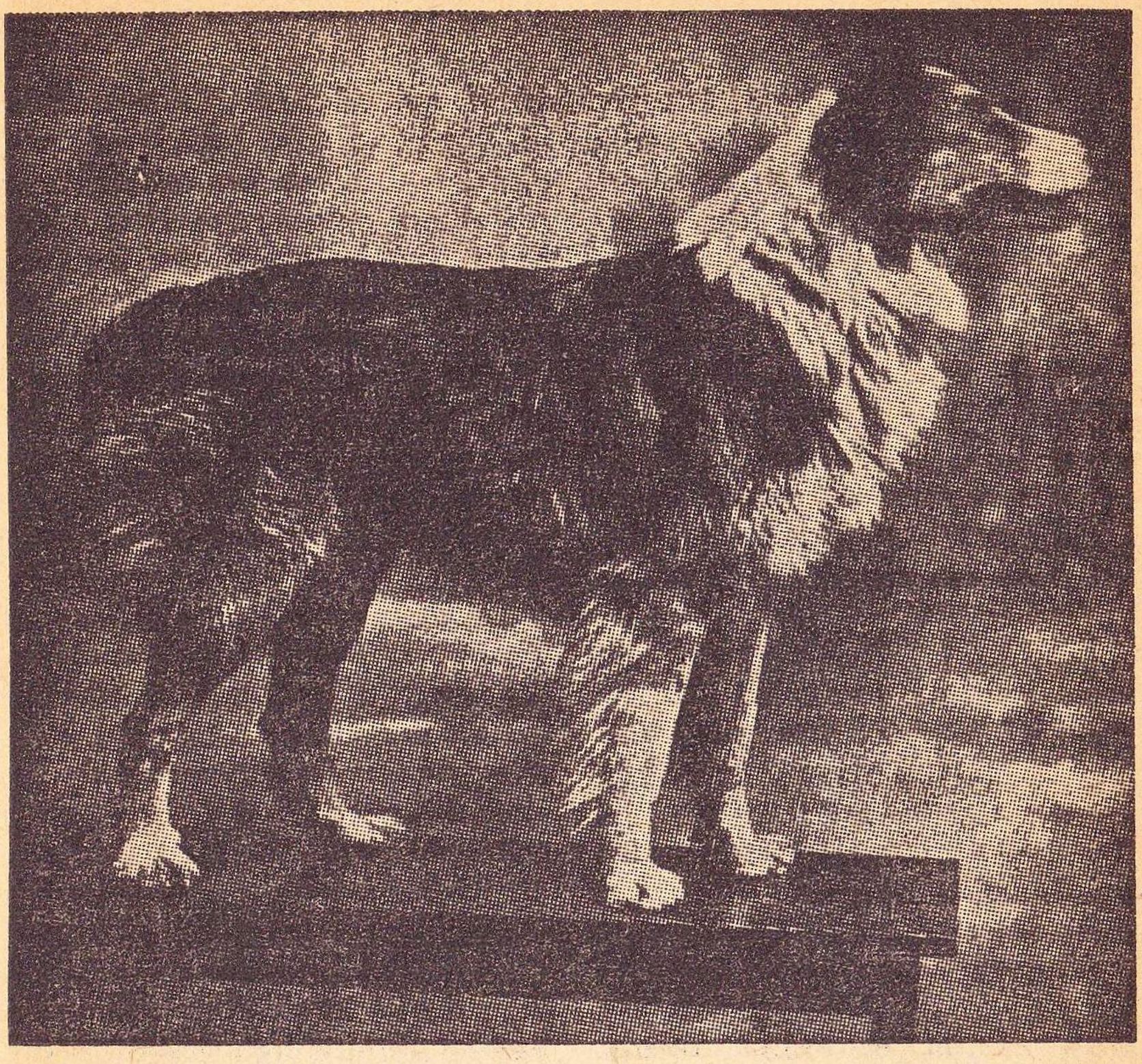
*By Charles Alexander*

**Reprinted by special permission from "Bobbie, A Great Collie of Oregon," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1926**

*Editor's Note: The first installment of this amazing true story told how Bobbie was lost, during an auto trip from Silverton, Ore., from his owner, Frank Brazier. After a difficult trek from Indiana, Bobbie reaches Denver, Colo.*

BOBBIE never panhandled persons he met on streets or highways. When his need became too great he selected a modest residence, made himself known, and was invited in as a guest. He had an unerring nose for the right sort of people—and for the wrong sort. Of all the persons he selected in this manner not one attempted to detain him when he left. This was because they understood dogs and understood, from Bobbie's actions, that he was lost.

And Bobbie understood people, else he could not have selected the right sort so surely. In Denver he presented himself at a door, barked when he was asked to speak, accepted dinner and lodging and in the morning respectfully insisted on traveling down the street. It was on December sixth that he reported in Denver. He had plunged westward from Des Moines on November 30. Such a swift and long trek was unheard of. Bobbie was footsore from it, his muscles aching with accumulated exhaustion; but they



Great strength and sure instincts were all Bobbie had to accomplish the impossible.

were beginning to harden and he was fired now by the hot intoxication of homing westward toward the master—and of knowing, beyond pause or doubt, that he was homing. He scurried out of Denver on the second long drive.

He had not made the swift plunge from Des Moines to Denver without taking hurdles that should have turned back any merely sensible dog. He had been turned, in truth so that at Denver he was more than 100 miles south of Cheyenne and the Lincoln Highway over which he had sped eastward in the car with Frank Brazier. But he was half a thousand miles westward, the 16 weeks of aimless wandering were at an end, the snow peaks of the West were around him. Once in the open country his paws beat a rhythm north and west.

But long before he was fairly launched toward the western mountains, this rhythm of flying feet had nearly undone him. That was when he came to the Missouri River, with Nebraska waiting just beyond.

It was night. By dark and devious alleys he came at last to the bridge. Wearing an air of monstrous assurance, head high, he loped toward the bridge, under the revealing glare of its myriad lights.

A bulky, bundled man who had been slouching somewhere barred the way. Bobbie stopped. "Hi! Git!" was the guard's greeting. As he strode to the dog, he stretched a mittened hand toward the flimsy collar.

Bobbie whirled, shot like a dart beyond the guard, flew low and flat, his nails skidding, up the bridge. And behind, suddenly, was a hubbub of shouted curses and before him men running, barring the way, even a blue gun flashing. A squad of men rose up and blinding automobile lights and all manner of turmoil. Bobbie skidded to a stop.

Ears hanging, eyes dejected, he tolerated the hand that seized his collar, the boot that urged him eastward again, the pair of huskies who dragged him toward the Iowa end of the bridge. They turned him over to the first guard he had escaped. Bobbie cowered.

"Call the bologny doctor," the guard was advised. "Throw him in. He's bad, that dog. No nameplate, nothin' on his collar."

Bobbie ceased cowering. He knew that he would not be permitted to cross the bridge. He did not know why, did not know that the even, flying rhythm of his paws set up a rhythm in the spidery steel of the bridge more apt to shake it down than the passage of a ten-ton load across it.

Yet more than the men beating him back, more than the thick, heavy guard holding him, was his need to cross westward, to travel onward. Very suddenly he wrenched free, leaped the outside rail and fell hurtling through blackness into the hardness of water. For a moment he was strangled, halfdrowned; he felt then the night air about him, saw flashes of city lights above and behind. He battled. The Missouri was a turgid flood. Ice floated on it. When he dragged out at a break in the bluffs he lay, torn with coughing. Ice had rammed and borne him under more than once. Yet in an hour he had found a road and on it his feet resumed their flying rhythm.

Unseen, he stole across a bridge on the river Platte; and by day and night he urged the long miles behind him. On afternoons, when the air held a hint of warmth, he would doze for an hour behind a roadside fence; and in the early

mornings he learned to watch for squirrels or rabbits crushed by cars and plastering the highway. Beyond Denver such morsels were fewer.

Toward evening, straggling stubbornly into the northwest wind, he topped a coulee and caught a rush of scents from the gathering darkness below that gave him fresh heart and strength. In this day he had found no sign of man, had passed no house, had scented no living creature. Now he trotted down the slope into a hot odor of sheep and dogs and men.

At the door of the cabin he was met and stormed by Tusko, leader of a squad of sheep-dogs. Ere Bobbie was aware, Tusko's long, namesake fangs were at his throat, Bobbie was down, and strength nor skill would break the death-hold Tusko had fastened on him. The sheep-dogs paid him no heed. They were not gang-dogs, slinking guerillas as harried the eastern valleys by night. Skilled workmen they were, with hearts and pride for the skill of their work alone; and Tusko's fights did not arouse them. They went about their business of digging holes to sleep in. Bobbie slowly strangled.

Then the door opened, a boot with a large foot in it crashed into Tusko's ribs, and then into Bobbie's as he flew at the howling bully. Thereafter Bobbie was dragged into the cabin where a fire flickered and the sheepherder sat down facing another herder across a supper table.

Bobbie trotted across the puncheon floor and when the man give him a glance and a hand, raised his own paw. But in crossing the cabin the rhythm was gone from his painful trot; his nails did not rattle on the floor, for they were worn to the quick and bleeding.

Next morning the northwest wind had changed in that it had doubled in violence. It drove across the plain like a tangible, a liquid but unyielding substance, grey and steely and merciless. Bobbie heard it humming on the snow above him before he erupted from the hole he had dug and slept in.

While the wind raved all night, he had lain dreamless, his nose tucked across his hind legs, all his body resting and renewing itself. From this deep sleep he bounded into action, hackle bristling, fangs bared. Tusko had leaped down on him. They separated on the hard crust of the surface, and leaped together like wolves. Tusko's goal was the throat; but he was not lightning-swift, as a wolf is swift, and he sought to seize and strangle, not rip the throat in wolf fashion. Bobbie was long schooled in swift dueling. An undersized wolf, part police dog, who lingered in the

hills near the old Abaque farm, had taught him much, taught him the wolf method of leaping in, ripping, leaping out. Clumsily, ferociously, Tusko rushed, and on the third rush Bobbie flashed by his side, ripping as he passed. Only the thick shepherd-dog muff on Tusko's throat saved him.

On the next rush it was the man with the big boots who saved him. He swung his boots indiscriminately, so that Tusko withdrew 20 steps and sat down, snarling at Bobbie. Bobbie did not move, nor did the boot swing again. He had picked no fight with the powerful shepherd. Neither had he fled from him.

"You save your gimp," the man snarled at Tusko. "If this wind holds all day we'll need it. This stranger here's one damn' good-lookin' sheep dog. We don't care where he come from nor where he's goin', we need him, sabe? He's one of our gang now."

He turned his black-bearded, round face to the sky. His partner came from the cabin with a skillet stacked with thick flapjacks. Dog by dog, beginning with Tusko, he tossed the flapjacks out. Hot and greasy the cakes were, tantalizing in the bitter air, and Bobbie ate his gratefully.

Tusko did not. He came to the booted man. His lips curled from his locked teeth in the only smile he knew. The man patted him abstractedly, still gazing at the wind, at the tossed crests of frozen snow. Bobbie crossed to Tusko's hot cakes and cooly ate them.

Whirling, Tusko was a thunderbolt of fury. This time when the man waded in, his lunging boots only added to the turmoil. It was his partner, a fair Viking with a long club, who stunned Tusko with a blow and added a clout to Bobbie's ribs. Bobbie looked at him. The black-bearded herder cursed Tusko.

"That damn' fool," he told the Viking, "He's jealous an' sore at this new dog. Wouldn't even eat. Tusko," he bellowed, "you better stop it. Stop it! D'ye hear? We need this new one, Tusko, like I told you once."

"A good dog he iss," murmured the Viking.

"You damn know it. An' I'll say more, Swede, which is if we don't keep them woolies movin' till this wind breaks there's one United States Senator down Washington goin' to lose 10,000 dollars' worth of 'em. You're new up in this left hind leg of nowhere. But I know. An' I'm sayin' it'll snow an' they'll huddle."

"Yah," the Viking agreed, rubbing the corn-colored underbrush on his face. "Cold, it iss."

The day's work started. Westward they went, to the wind-swept plain where 7,000 sheep were bunched tightly together. The direction suited Bobbie. Also he was tempted. Something familiar

was in this strange business of sheep, of dogs and men, blizzard and desolation. He had never worked sheep. But the legacy of a thousand sheep dogs was in him, in his veins, in the awakening depths of his mind, as well as in the natural stub of his tail and the width of his shoulders. Always, since flocks first were grazed, dogs had guarded them. And Bobbie, who had never herded sheep, nevertheless, was of this special race of dogs.

A new and delicious tingle was in him as he came near the vast flock. He trotted eagerly, head high, ears raised. Here was something he ought to do and wanted to do, something it seemed he often had done; but he was not sure what it was. The other dogs were before him. And he was amazed to discover that still other dogs were with the sheep, had been with them through the night.

Tusko was transformed. He was everywhere on the flank of the sheep, lunging, barking, snapping, stirring them into motion. From point to point on the edge of the flock he raced, and at length he vanished into it, to reappear near the western side and start the leaders moving that way.

It was a thrill and a madness, the yelping shepherd dogs, the bleating wool-laden creatures with dumb yellow eyes and quick little jerks of their witless heads, the snow world, the herders. It got into Bobbie. He leaped with the other dogs, watching to see what they did and doing likewise. Chiefly he followed and worked beside Tusko, who was maddest of them all in the zest of his duty, and wisest in fulfilling it. And although Bobbie did not understand, when Tusko turned the stubborn flock slightly to the right he knew that Tusko was right, that Tusko was wise beyond all guessing in this glorious business.

Bobbie did not miss the sheepmen. It was not till noon that he discovered them. By then the flock had been moved a mile and a half, each sheep of the 7,000 protesting and resisting at every step. They would have moved the other way, with the blizzard. They objected in their dumb way to moving against, to the safety planned for them by the herders.

The Viking and the man with big boots were on high bowlder piles, a mile apart and ahead of the approaching flock. Bobbie saw their red flags. He saw them, because Tusko was watching them; Tusko paused, now and then, to lift his head and scan the sleet-lashed horizon. His own eyes trailing Tusko's, Bobbie made out the figure of a man and the wild waving of the red flag in his hands. The collie saw that Tusko watched, long and intently; that he leaped away then, barking his understanding of the

order, and fell on the left flank of the flock with fresh fervor. Boots was signaling: "Turn, turn!" and Tusko turned.

He did no more than Bobbie, now that Bobbie understood. For this was delight, sheer and intoxicating, to do this work that had been born into him. He sprang into it, panting and sweating.

The wind steadied and bore with it now a soft and impenetrable load of snow. Nothing could be seen through it. From their pinnacles, half-frozen, the two herders descended, Boots cursing and the Viking grimly silent. They faced night-herding, with all dogs on duty. They faced destruction. Early darkness approached. The swift, driven flakes thickened in the air. Frozen with panic the sheep refused to move. Insistently, suicidally, they huddled together. They were on a high bench-like crossing. A cut-bank was on the left of the flock and a deep, safe pocket half a mile ahead of it. In the pocket they would be secure. Caught on the bench, they were doomed.

Sheep-herders, like sheep dogs, go down fighting. Tusko the leader, jealous, spiteful, but delirious with joy when his master turned the flock over to him went down, so that the fearful night held its tragedy for shepherds as well as for sheep.

Somewhere behind the gray pall a moon shone, invisible but effulgent, and a sheep or a dog a few feet away stood out sharply in the white storm. The men were with the dogs now, in the night, all their forces united on the left and rear flank, to stop the sheep from turning, to hold them from the cut-bank.

Yet it was not enough. If they would not move forward, they must not stand still. Bobbie learned the new and wildest work of all. Boots, desperate and bellowing, was everywhere, placing dogs, bidding them stay and stand their ground, stumbling and cursing. And none too soon, he knew, did he feel safe in sending picked dogs on top. Bobbie was one of the chosen four, with Tusko before him, ready and knowing what to do.

"Out on top," shouted Boots, "And you he-dogs you, by God keep 'em jumping. On top!"

Bobbie leaped, following Tusko. Straight at the solid mass of sheep Tusko shot, up to them, above them, on top of them. At his heels, Bobbie leaped a moment on the sea of crowded woolly backs, now rapidly whitening over with snow. Then he veered, spreading out from Tusko, for he knew what the work was—for in some distant, glorious time and place he had leaped on the backs of sheep, biting ears, ripping ears, barking ferociously.

Thus for all the hours of night

the picked dogs worked on the floor-like backs of the sheep. To no avail. The great flock crowded and packed until it was solid. Snow blanketed it. Sheep smothered in their own heat and the lack of air, and sank underfoot. The harrying dogs no longer could start them jostling, moving, separating so that air might reach them. Only on the left wing of the flock were they successful, and there, toward the bleak dawn, Bobbie followed. Much of the flock was snowed under and some of it thus buried was dead; but the work of the men, with a lantern apiece, had kept the left wing alive and jostling.

But these sheep, not allowed to huddle themselves to death, harried for hours, broke in panic at last. It was the frenzied cries and curses of Boots that brought Bobbie close on the heels of Tusko. There, his lantern trampled out, in the midst of maddened, moving sheep, the herder stood, swearing desperately, belaboring, kicking, sobbing. He stood on the edge of the cut-bank. Like a slow, thick syrup, the white backs flowed by, pressing on him, flowed slowly over the cliff, melting away.

This thing Bobbie did not know. He could not see the cut-bank. Tusko knew. He fell in among the sheep, near the herder, fighting his way toward the man. Bobbie fought and followed. He fought savagely. All strength, all desire went into his fighting. Leaping backs, he passed Tusko. Beside the herder he faced about, rising, snapping noses and throats, hurling the leaders back.

The main part of the flock bore directly on the herder. Desperate and baffled, he would not flee. He fought, cursed, pleaded as his sheep flowed by with maddening slowness, with unstoppable force, and melted over the cliff. They would not be swerved. The herder had given ground until he had no more to give. But when Bobbie in madness had laid out a pile of carcasses around him, a veering took place. It was slight, it did not save the sheep, but it relieved the pressure of packed bodies on the herder.

The solid stream veered slightly left, where, a few steps from Bobbie and Boots, Tusko fought bitterly. Many things he had known, in his faith and his ecstasy of working for his man; but not the wolf-trick of slashing throats. Thus it was that Bobbie saw, that the herder saw, Tusko borne down and trodden by a heavy ewe, as in a leap, fangs bared and snarling to stem the tide, he passed slowly over the cut-bank. Then it was that the herder went quite mad, flailing about with murder in his heart and hands, hewing a path out of the flock.

And Bobbie, lying on the snow where the herder was squatted stunned by the disaster, re-

membered things he had forgotten in the frenzy of this day.

He rose from the snow. Briefly he turned his head to the black-bearded man, slowly he walked, then trotted, westward.

* * *

As usual, a blizzard blew. Thomas Bartly's little gray eyes surveyed it from the open double-doors of his livery stable. A light blue dusk stole over the village, where already yellow kerosene lamps gleamed in windows. Bartly rolled his doors shut. Then he rolled one open again. A rider spurred a wilted pony westward through the churned snow of the street.

Hobbling aside, Bartly held the door wide, his eyes taking in the condition of the horse as it entered the stable. He thumped to one of the rearmost stalls, where the rider had reined his horse. Bartly's walk was thump-thump, because one foot wore a noiseless moccasin, and the other was wooden, with a leather boot nailed on it.

"Name is Halliday," the traveler announced shortly. "Put the horse up. Want to stay all night. Leaving early."

Bartly stroked the pony's steaming flank, eyed the haphazard pack behind the saddle. He said gently: "Horse'll be dead in the morning, Mister."

"Dead?" jerked out Halliday.

Bartly dropped his gentleness. He lifted his wooden foot and banged it on the floor. "I said it. Rid him too fast, you did. Froze his lungs, you did. Can't ride no horse like that in this weather."

Halliday flushed indignantly. "Why, the horse is hot. His blood is churning like a millrace. That's what keeps 'em—man or horse—from freezing. Exercise. Circulation."

"Yeah," drawled Bartly. "He breathed so hard that this 60-below air nipped his lungs. When they thaw, he dies. That'll be tonight, Mister."

"Hmph!" replied Halliday, dismissing the argument. "Want a dog. Had a fox-terrier, died today, curled up an' froze. With hair. Suppose you haven't a dog around with hair?"

"Yep," agreed Bartly, scenting cash. "An' you may freeze yourself or your horse, but you can't freeze him. Stray, he is. Trotted in here a couple days ago, plumb played out. He's been eatin' an' sleepin' ever since. Sheep-dog, he is. Lost from some outfit—an' when they find him they'll pay well for him."

"Hmph!" Halliday snorted shortly, scenting highway robbery. "Trot him out."

"Hey, doggie," called the liveryman, a paternal note in his rusty voice.

From a corner stuffed with a stack of sweet alfalfa, Bobbie walked slowly, stretching himself.

"Speak to the feller," ordered Bartly.

Bobbie barked, offered a great forepaw, then turned from Halliday and considered the other newcomer, the gasping pony. For Halliday had not moved, had not leaned, put down a hand, uttered a word. He stood stiffly, considering the dog narrowly, as he might examine a cut of beefsteak before purchasing.

"Speak to him," Bartly suggested, stamping. "Fine dog, but he won't do nothin' for you if you high-hat 'im like that."

"Hello, dog," Halliday grudged.

Bobbie's stub, which had been wagging a bit as he touched noses in introduction with the pony, ceased abruptly. He turned and walked back to the alfalfa, disappearing into a nest he had fashioned by the careful process of turning round and about some dozens of times.

"Five dollars," whispered the liveryman. "Which way be you headin'? For a herder bought him to-day an' tried to take him east, which I had to rebate the money, seein' the dog wouldn't travel east."

"All right," the traveler said. "See you early. Where do I eat and sleep?"

"The Widder's, two blocks north."

Halliday strode out. Bartly rolled his doors tight against the cold. "Yeh, you damned dude," he told himself, "an' I'll sell ye anuther horse in the mornin', like-a-wise."

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Before dawn, the stable-keeper stiffly climbed down a ladder from a loft, built a crackling fire in a little heater, made camp-bread, coffee, and fried bacon. Everything except the coffee he shared with Bobbie, who had come forward yawning and making proper morning obeisance to his friend.

"Fit to travel again, be you, hey doggie?" the man asked in a friendly voice. "Know the dude can't kill you or you'd never a-got this far. Be down early, said he. More likely that means ten."

In long strides, muffled to the eyebrows, Halliday swung in at nine o'clock. Bartly led him to the rear stall, where his horse lay twisted, stiff. Then he sold Halliday two tough fuzz-tails. He would not sell him one. Halliday had an awkward pack, made up of a suitcase and traveling bags, which he would have strapped on behind the saddle as he had done with the eastern pony.




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"Two or nothin'," Bartly affirmed. "Kill yourself if ye like, but I don't sell my hosses to be killed. Two hundred, an' a packsaddle throwed in."

"Robbery, and you're very well aware of it!" the young man stormed. "These range crowbaits of yours aren't worth five dollars a head. Your country's lousy with them. Worthless."

"Yeah. Go on out an' rope ye a couple this mornin'," Bartly assented.

In the end Halliday mounted, took the lead-rope of his packhorse and Bartly told Bob to go with the man. Bob was rested, his paws healed, and he was going anyway.

Halliday rode down the street, fighting with his range pony to force it into a lope. Tough and full of wisdom, the pony declined. In his doorway the old liveryman cursed to himself. "Yeah, an' you better looky out, you damned dude, er ye'll get yer own legs froze off'n ye. Boots an' all you're wearin', you're that ignorant."

By noon Halliday's first problem had become one of following the road. For the most part a crust covered the snow, a crust upholding the horses; but no fences, poles or lines marked the way, and no trail of man nor beast was on the snow. The man could not guess whether he was on the road or not. He never

ceased lashing the shaggy pony. Now and again he called sharply to the dog.

Bobbie was headed west. Scarcely did he know how he had reached these desolate high places. As his muscles limbered he was eager to be off, to thrust the white plain away beneath his flying feet. At times he paused, gazing through the fine snow that now thickened the wind but not until night fall did he separate from Halliday. Halliday then had circled southward on the first curve of a lost man's crooked course. Bobbie continued westward. He went still slowly but in the dim light, without Halliday's knowledge of his going.

He was homing. Many hours he traveled. Westerly he drifted down a long slope and to the break of a coulee. On the other side, like so many shadows, he saw the wolves. Bobbie stood some distance from them as they circled, watching the man slumped at the foot of a poplar.

For some time Halliday had lashed his feet against the pony's sides. His feet were cold. He wore lace boots, with nailed soles, instead of the moccasins and many socks the natives wore in blizzards. Halliday's socks were woolen and thick but he wore only one pair and they did not break the current of cold that crept in through the nails in his soles.

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He could feel each nail. Each nail was a perfect cold-conductor, the outside temperature—lower than 50—racing through the iron nails and leaping into the sole of his foot. This did not feel cold. It felt hot, at first, and his feet prickly. Later he ceased to feel the cold for his feet were numb now and stiff. He beat them uselessly on the pony's flanks.

Yet he thought he had succeeded. Slowly as he beat his frozen feet all hurt ceased and a low glow of warmth began, grew, until he thought his feet must be sweating. He let them dangle in the stirrups then, cheered by the warmth.

At this time he considered that it would be wiser to turn back to the town and the livery-stable. But he could not turn the pony. He sawed its mouth, cursed, beat it. It held on doggedly, head into the blizzard, it was a range horse and it knew. So it carried him impotent and furious, to the head of a draw and a bunched herd of range horses.

In the lee of a cut-bank they stood, heads together and down, heels out to any enemy. Broken holes in the softer crust here he saw, where every few hours the horses broke up, raced 200 yards and back to waken their hearts again, and again banded tightly, heads in, heels out.

And to this herd the pony ran

eagerly, whinnied once, thrust and wedged its way into the warm jam. Halliday crawled down. Swaying on senseless feet, he fought to drag the horse away. He could not. So taking his briefcase, he wandered away, up the coulee—away from the warmth of the herd. To the left of the herd was the storm-ridden ranch-house of Colonel Morgan. Halliday plunged up the draw. An hour later, after many pauses he slumped at the foot of a tree.

From a warm, delicious sleep he roused to face the flashing of golden fluorescent eyes around him, to identify the form of Bobbie sitting before him. He tried to speak but no sound came, nor did his lips move.

It occurred to him that he had not moved his lips. The meaning of this came to him and with it fear. He was freezing to death! He beat his face with a stiff mittened hand. Lurching, he made toward the dog. He flung an arm over him. Crawling, holding to the dog, he struggled along. Twice the following wolf pack came close, until Bobbie leaped on the boldest of them and flung them down. For Bobbie was not wolf, but dog; and this creature, though he crawled, was man.

*The story of Bibbie's remarkable 3,000 mile trip through unfamiliar country to his home in Oregon will be concluded in the December issue of* FATE *Magazine.*


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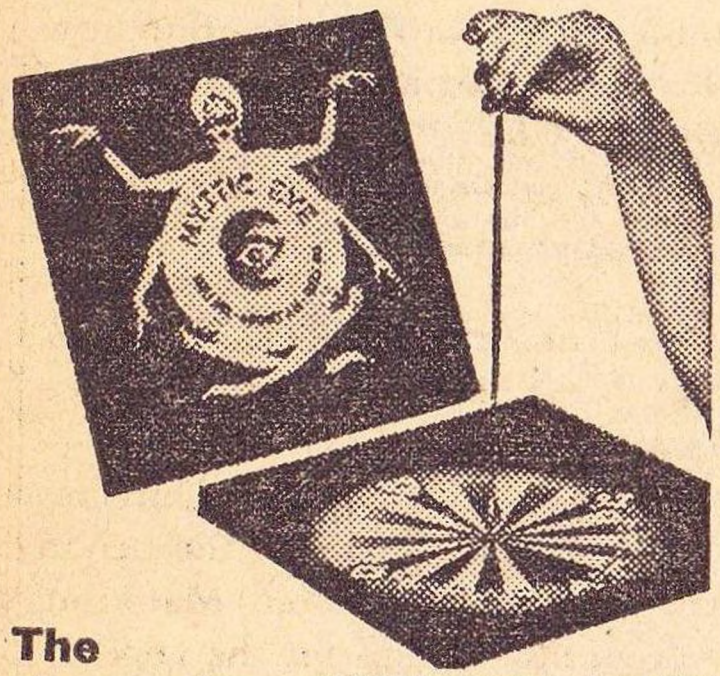
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# REPORT FROM THE READERS

**SUDDEN SAUCER**

In mid-summer, 1952, I saw what looked like a flying saucer. In broad daylight, at about 1:00 P.M. I was standing on Rainier Avenue waiting for a bus when I saw a queer object in the sky which I could not identify.

I believe it was in August and I remember distinctly that the sky was a very clear, light blue. The object was in the north and there were no clouds near it. The only clouds were in the east, far away from the object.

As I stood waiting for the bus I gazed up into the northern sky, thinking how beautiful it was. Suddenly an object sort of materialized. First it was not there, then it was. It was shaped like a foreshortened shield and was very high and far away, but it was so clear and distinct that I could see the sharp edges of it on all its sides.

It was a much lighter blue than the sky and was traveling very slowly from east to west. It was in sight for about five minutes. Then, while I never took my eyes from it, suddenly it just wasn't there. It appeared to vanish from my sight in the same

manner in which it had materialized. I heard no noise at all and saw no "tail" behind the object.—*Hazel E. Monte, Seattle, Wash.*

---

### FLYING ROASTING PAN

At 1:10 P.M. on April 13, 1954, a flying object leaving a trail of white vapor flew from east to west over here, being north and 75° above the horizon. It made no noise whatever.

I at once called the record office in Renovo and asked if they would give me the degrees of the object from there. They ran out in the street, gave it a look and then asked me if it wasn't a jet.

With a 20-power spyglass I got a look at it (it was too far away to see with the naked eye). It was bright and shiny and had an oval shape like an aluminum roasting pan.

Twenty minutes later two jets flew by and passed directly under the vapor trail, leaving trails of vapor as a plane does when skywriting, only the jets' trails did not last half as long nor were they as large. The jets made a loud roar. The object they were chasing was 60 miles high and going faster than they although the jets flew across the sky before the sound came down.

Why are people so afraid to admit they saw a flying saucer? Last October 2nd a round object


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like a pie plate flew up our valley about 800 feet high, lower than the mountain tops, going about 15 miles per hour. Two miles further up the valley a plane was descending toward a small landing field. The plane was higher than the saucer but approaching it head-on.

Those in the plane saw the saucer, veered sharply to the right, and landed. They would not come to the phone to talk to me and later when I questioned them they would not admit nor deny seeing the saucer.

The first time I saw objects leaving a trail of vapor in the sky was in the summer of 1899 when two flew from east to west. or more.—*H. N. Cranmer, Hammersley Fork, Pa.*

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### GNAT-SIZED OBJECT

On the evening of August 15, 1952, I was sitting quietly on my front lawn. It was a beautiful evening with only a light breeze blowing. I sat watching the droves of gnats dancing overhead.

Suddenly from behind my head darted an object: I say object only because I know of no better word. It stopped about a foot in front of my face where I got a good look at it. It looked some- Since then I have seen a dozen what like a child's top, was about a quarter of an inch in diameter, disk-shaped and tapered so as

to form points on the top and bottom. It was dark brown in color and the surface was scaly in appearance.

It hovered there in front of my face, spinning like a top, for about 15 seconds until I made a sudden grab for it. I missed by inches and it darted away with bullet speed and vanished around the side of the house. This was the first, last and only time I ever saw the object.—*Joseph E. Suthren, Port Colborne, Ont., Can.*

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### HUGE SILVER UFO

On May 30, 1954, my husband and I went to Bainbridge, N. Y. While I was waiting in our car for my husband to transact a business deal I had a clear view of a wide expanse of blue sky. I saw a bright flash and when I looked up I saw a huge aircraft, silver in color, with what looked like four portholes. It had no visible wings and I couldn't hear a sound.—*Mrs. Leo Ireland, Oneonta, N. Y.*

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### MYSTERY LIGHT

On the night of May 7, about 11:20 P.M., I saw a light in the sky shining through the heavy clouds. It was stationary and as I looked at it for about 15 seconds the light faded as if the object went upward. It was not the moon as the moon could not have penetrated the heavy clouds. Be-


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sides it was in the wrong position in the sky for the moon which reached the first quarter only on May 9.

The light was in a position to observe the Brooklyn Navy Yard.
—*Mrs. I. Polk, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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### "LARGE AS THE MOON"

Some time ago I read a story in FATE about a man who claimed to have seen a flying saucer between Parker, Ariz., and Desert Center, Calif., and even to have talked to the occupant of the craft. As my husband and I make around six trips a year to Parker, to fish in the Colorado River, I decided to watch for flying saucers. We made several trips and saw nothing except a bright star-like effect that followed the top of a range of low hills.

On Friday, April 9, 1953, we went to Parker again for a week-end of fishing. As we drove I scanned the sky from the time it got dark until we arrived about midnight but saw nothing.

The fish weren't biting and we left at seven o'clock Saturday night. At 10 o'clock, while we were about 15 miles from Parker, trouble developed with the car. My husband stopped to check it and we had been out of the car for some 15 minutes when I happened to glance up toward some low hills south of the highway. I saw an object that looked like

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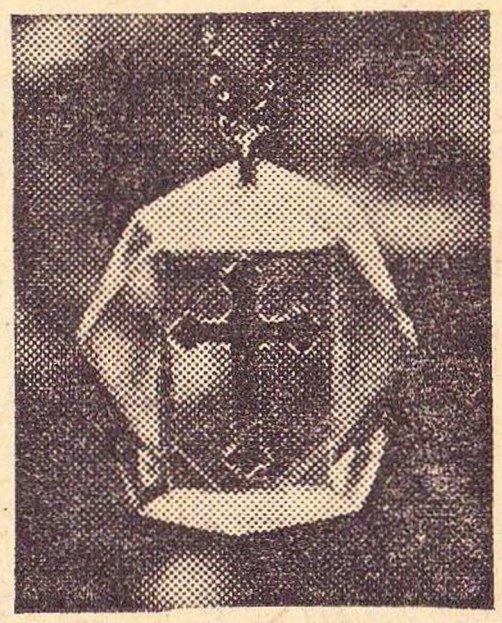
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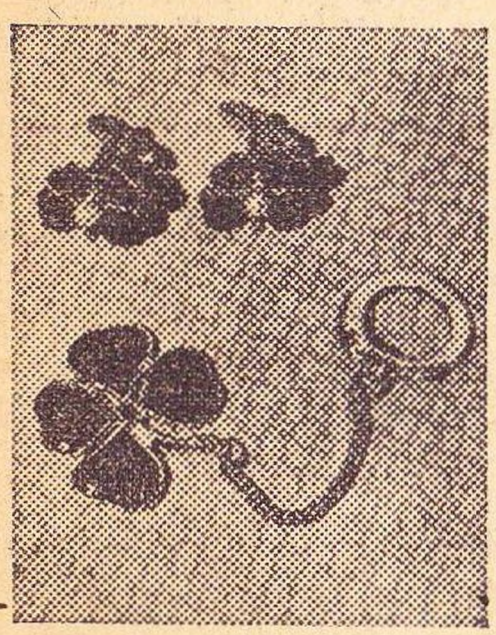
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the *full moon*. It was as large as the moon and the color of red hot metal. It was moving straight down and slowly sank out of sight behind the hills. It didn't give off a glow like a comet.

The moon was directly overhead and I had been talking to my husband about how beautiful and bright it was. I was so astonished to think it had gone down so fast that I looked back up and found it still there.

The hills behind which the object disappeared were about 30 miles from us, so it must have been very large. I didn't report it as I didn't know who to report to and feared nobody would believe. —*Lucille Revels, Downey, Calif.*

### A BRIGHT LIGHT

A recent occurrence gave me quite a jolt. At 7:30 P.M. on Friday, April 23, I. was riding through the outskirts of Toronto. The sky was darkening fast but above the western horizon it was still light. In this direction was flat, open country, unhindered by buildings or trees.

Suddenly I saw a solitary light of unusual brightness low on the western horizon. Atmospheric conditions were such as to bring it out in all its sharp clarity. So help me, there was a touch of the ethereal about it. For a moment I thought I was having my first sight of a hovering flying saucer! I had read so much about


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them in books, magazines and newspapers and now it seemed I was an actual witness to one. You can imagine how I felt—rigid, excited, heart pounding. Then I realized what the object really was. *Venus!* None other than our sister planet. Less than an hour later, returning home on the same road, the whole sky now inky black, the bright object—definitely Venus—was still there.

I imagine you have by this time read "Why Astronomers Won't Talk About the Moon" in the April *Bluebook*. You may recall mention being made in the article about the April 28, 1930, eclipse. The shadow's band was calculated to show up half a mile wide. So what happens? Something went haywire and the band of shadow was *five miles* wide! It was announced by Lick Observatory that this did not necessarily prove the moon was much closer to earth than believed. I was reminded immediately of a statement made by Charles Fort about the heavenly bodies being a great deal nearer to us than claimed by astronomers.—*Alex Saunders, Toronto, Ont., Can.*

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**CHASED BY A DISC**

In May, 1954, Secretary of the Air Force Talbot's plane was pursued by a large, silvery disc approximately 1,000 feet behind

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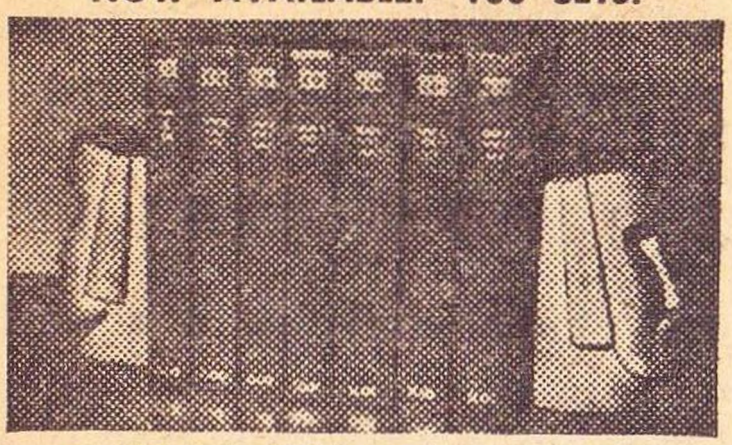
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and below it, while near Palm Springs, Calif. Talbot ordered the plane around but the saucer increased speed and flew off. Also, at midnight, two circular "pulsating" lights flew around the Capitol. Twenty-four hours later a large object was observed on radar screens, 10 miles above the Capitol.

This news came from the country's "best" news commentator, Mutual's Frank Edwards (who gave FATE a nice plug). Mr. Edwards declares that the U.P., A.P. and I.N.S. deliberately suppress such news (as I pointed out several years ago in an unpublished letter to FATE). You people are to be heartily congratulated on giving the public the facts.—*John P. Bessor, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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### BEANS FROM THE SKY

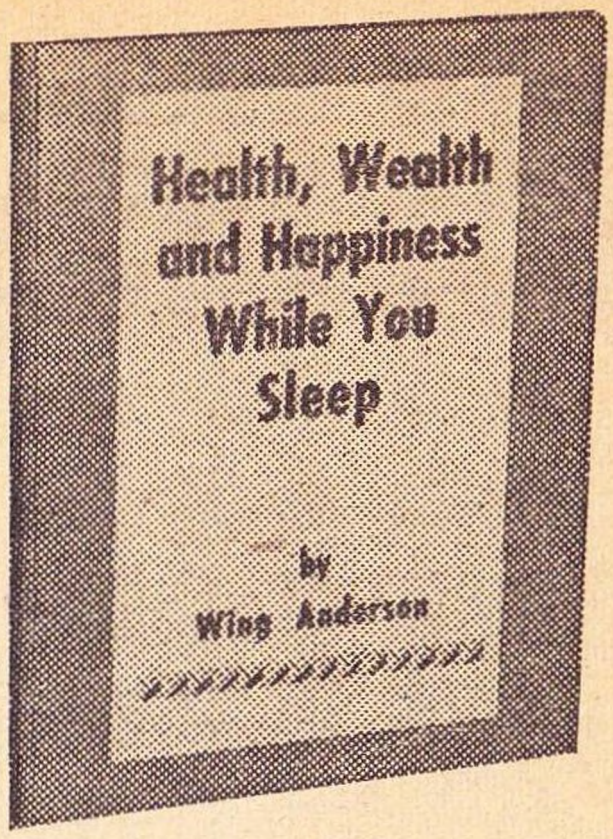
On Saturday, April 17, 1954, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, a shower of small white beans fell at one of the boat landings near Long Beach. There were hundreds of them and they came down with great force. You could see them hit the water like rain and three of them bounced into the office through the open door. You could hear them hit the roof like hail.

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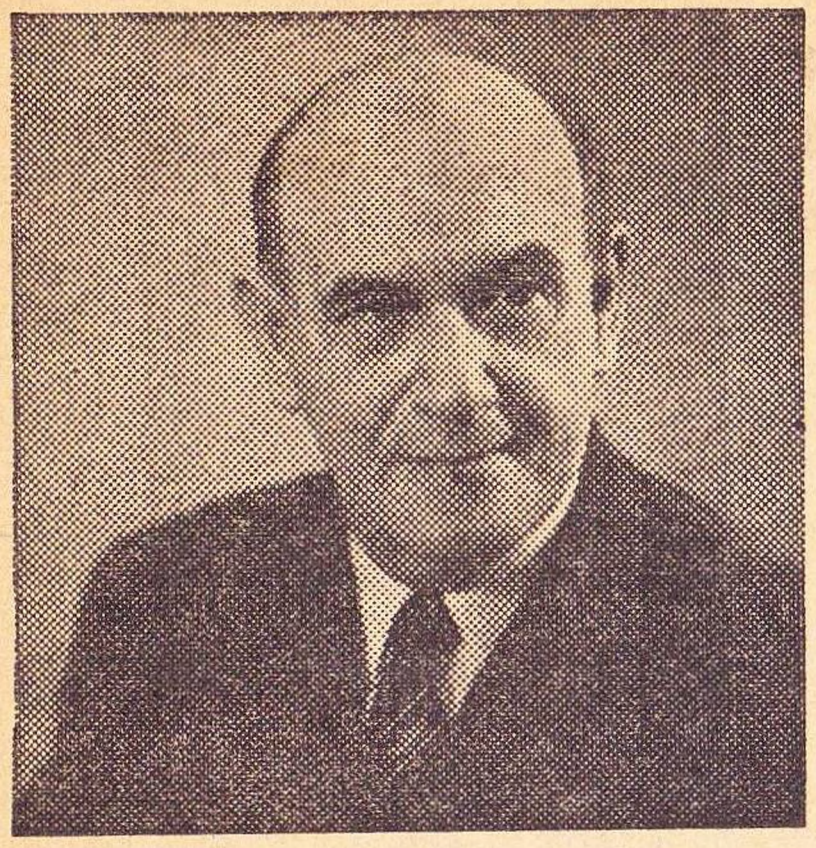
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of the legume family. When broken a thin husk came off and the inside was halved like the two sections of the inside of a bean. Also you could see the places where stems had been attached.

Another strange thing is that they were magnetized. When a letter opener was circled above them they whirled around like little dervishes.

Although hundreds of them fell not one could be found anywhere the next day. Several children gathered them as they fell but I doubt if they were thorough enough, nor were even the sea gulls for that matter, to look among all the crevices of the rocks as we did. I looked early Sunday morning for them and had help from several other persons here at the landing who wanted to see them. I looked even aboard some of the boats and in the eave troughs but found no beans. All I have is two halves of one that was dissected on Saturday. A few were taken by a man who said he would have them analyzed at a university but I have had no reports as yet.—*Virginia Hollington, Long Beach, Calif.*

---

**NOT AN EASY DEATH?**

Hearing of persons who die during sleep, we are apt to say, "Well, it's an easy way to die."

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I used to think the same but one night 25 years ago I had a dream that made me think that to die during sleep may not be easy after all.

I dreamed that I was hanging in space with the earth directly above me. I was holding on to a little bush to keep from falling as I felt pulled toward the stars. My arms and hands were becoming tired and I felt that the little bush, which was all that kept me from falling into unlimited space, might give way at any moment. But there was nothing I could do except to hang on as long as I could.

It was the most frightful feeling that I ever had in my life. I could feel the little bush uprooting. This woke me up and I believe saved my life.

Since then I have felt that persons who die during sleep may have had some such dream as mine.

I was in good health and never could explain why I had such a horrible dream.—*Thomas C. Violette, Rehoboth, Mass.*

### MORE PECULIAR SENSATIONS

In the May issue of FATE, in Report From The Readers, is a letter from Mrs. Thomas Doan of Long Beach, Calif., regarding "peculiar sensations."

The striking similarity of these "sensations" which she experi-

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ences to those which I have experienced since my 'teens (and I am almost 53 now) prompts me to write about them.

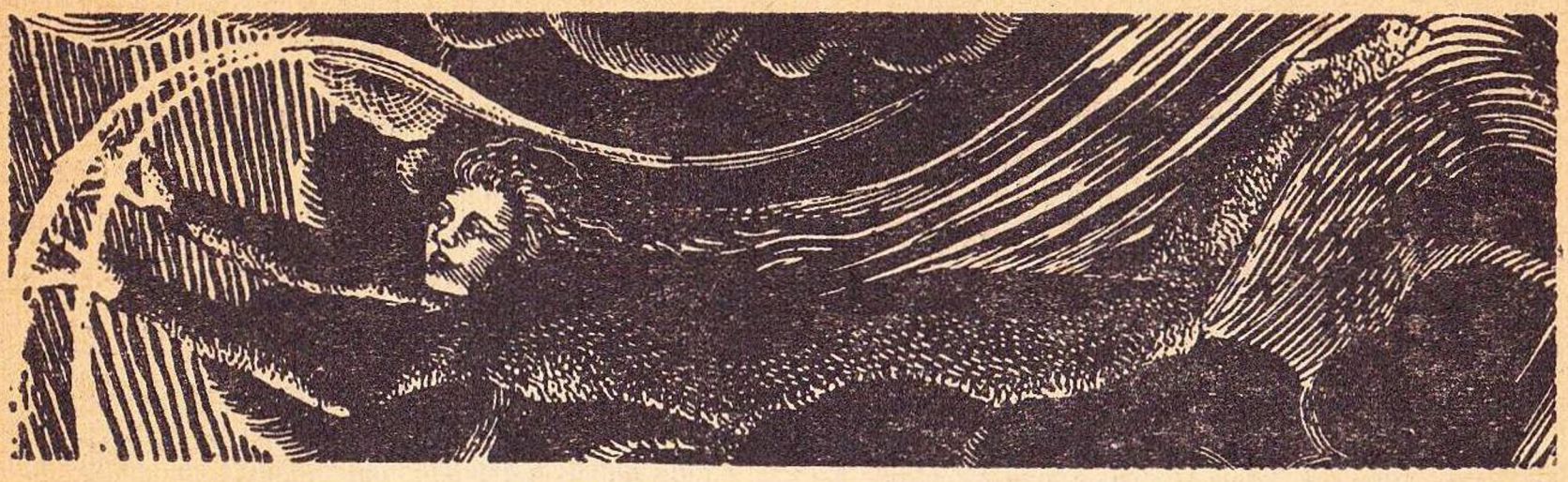
At first I noticed them at long intervals, perhaps one or so every few years. Then as I grew older their frequency increased to two or three times a year. The symptoms were about the same as Mrs. Doan describes—as if a vibrating electric current were passing through my body.

I felt sometimes that I was away from my body. I also sensed that someone was in the bed beside me. I've reached over and felt a body there. Now, however, the electric sensations seem to have lessened and I feel more natural about these experiences.

I am convinced that these are definite cases of "astral flight." The spiritual self or soul leaves the body and wanders about. Sometimes it hovers just a short distance above the physical body. I've often thought that at times, being in this state, some other entity, such as a close friend or a loved one in spirit, might be near and trying to attract attention.

The body I sensed lying beside me in bed was my own physical body, as was the one which I saw lying on the bed.

These things happen. They are not merely imagination. Many experience them but say nothing about them, calling them night-



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mares, etc.—*Arthur S. Mattes, Port Arthur, Tex.*

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After reading Mrs. Doan's letter concerning "peculiar sensations" in the May issue of FATE I feel impelled to reply to her query about whether other readers have similar experiences.

Several years ago I suffered the same physical discomforts she speaks of—waking and being unable to move a muscle although able to see and remember every little detail in the room.

One afternoon while "napping" on the floor I underwent the same experience while I observed my husband sitting on the davenport, reading. I hoped he would notice my dilemma and wake me but although he glanced down at me a time or two, he continued reading.

Later, when I spoke to him about the occurrence, he said that my eyes were closed and I was apparently sleeping quietly. When I inquired of the doctor, thinking this was a physical ailment, he simply stared at me and shrugged his shoulders.

Not until many years later did I learn that these manifestations were a cataleptic trance. I too refused being used as a spiritualistic medium and eventually these occurrences ceased entirely.

Since then I have learned that I possess other powers—of second

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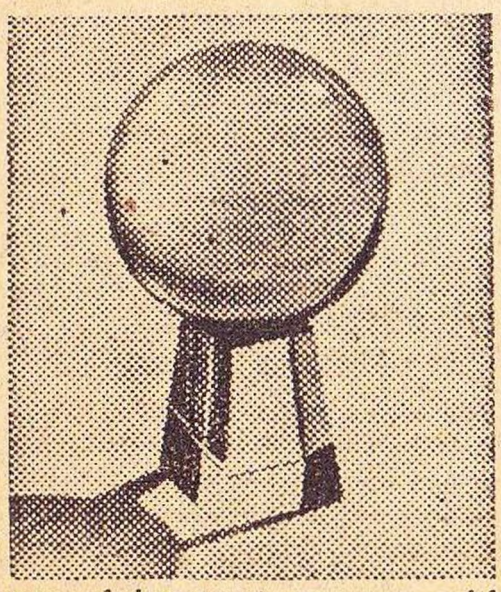
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sight, of foreknowledge of death, etc. But I must accept them as they present themselves to me. I cannot force them.—*Frances E. Kinsley, Prescott, Ariz.*

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**"FIDDLESTICKS!"**

Curtis Fuller says in his column "I See By The Papers" in the July issue of FATE, "Corn has come a long way since. Thanks to the Indians." To which I reply, "Fiddlesticks! Thanks to the Egyptians who were here before the Indians."

The opinion of King Solomon may have some weight in respect to ancient coal mining mentioned in the above column: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, 'See, this is new?' It hath been already of old time which was before us."—*Eccles. 1:10*

FATE is a wonderful magazine and a great help in understanding the mysteries of the Bible. I, being a Protestant, use a King James Version which was printed in 1865—89 years ago.—*Cyril McEvoy, Vernon, B. C., Can.*

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**A BUZZING VOICE**

On going to bed one night about 10 years ago while my first husband was away, I read for a while and then decided to get some sleep. Immediately after I turned off the light I heard a buzzing around my head. It

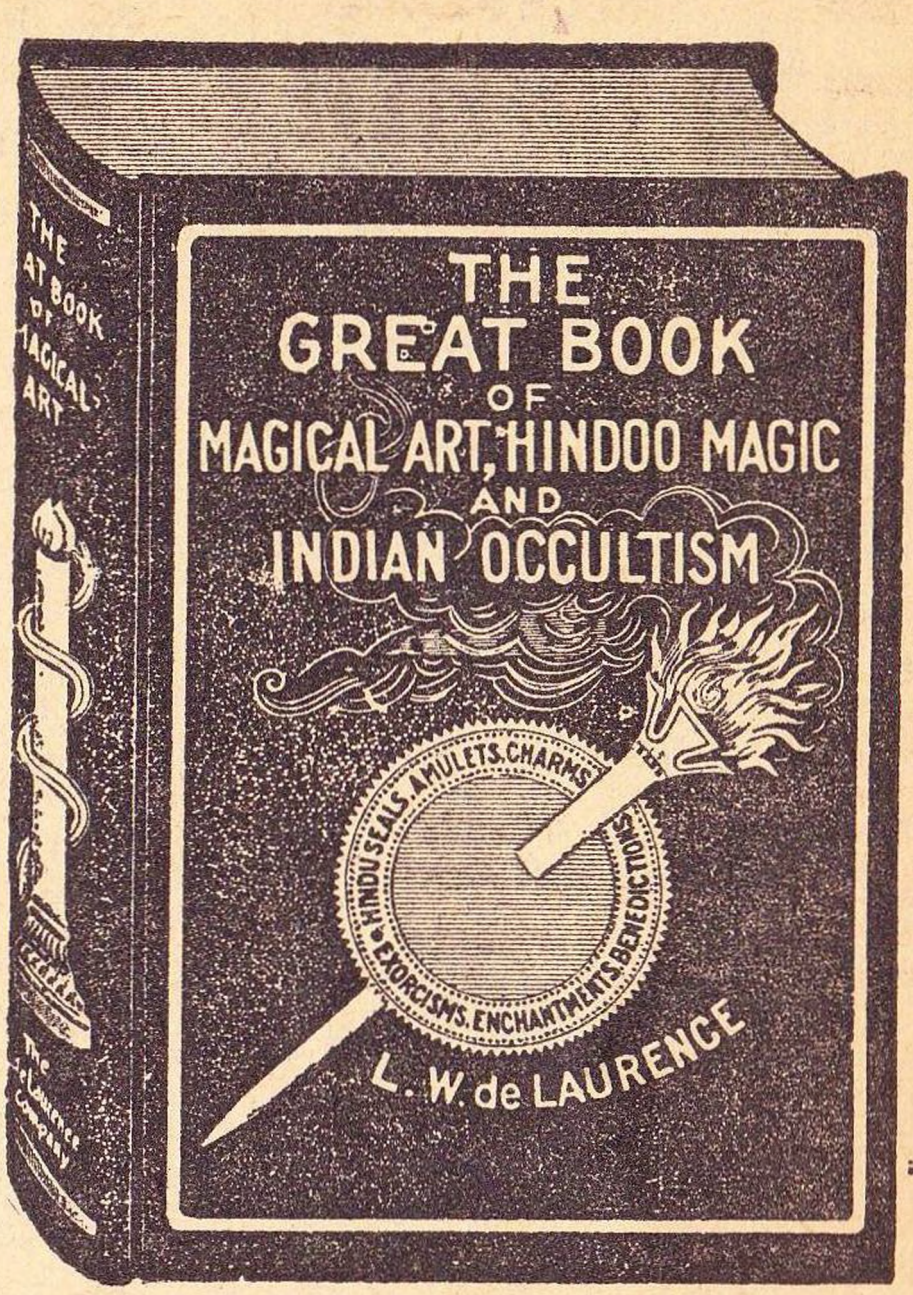
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seemed to move in circles and I can describe it only as like a bee buzzing. It sounded like a man's voice and it kept intoning, "I love you, I love you."

I became frightened and turned on the light but saw nothing. As soon as I turned off the light I heard the buzzing again. Finally I decided that if it loved me it wouldn't hurt me and so I went to sleep with the voice still in my ears.

I am married again and my husband is a sailor. While he was away the other night I heard my name called very urgently by a man. I heard it only once. When my husband returned I asked if he had called out to me and he said no.

Many times I have had the sensation of someone getting into bed with me and have heard actual breathing beside me. This happened both when I was single and when married, with my husband away. Once in Seattle—I was single at the time—something got into bed with me. It smelled like rotten seaweed and I was so frightened I could not sleep after it left. The next day the bed was wet on that side.

This happened to me in Long Beach, Calif., also and I discussed it with the people in my apartment house. My landlady thought I must have been dreaming but I was wide awake.—*Sylvia Merritt, San Diego, Calif.*

### "AN UTTER LOSS"

Please forgive me if I seem presumptuous, I do not wish to offend. But may I explain what I and other FATE addicts feel about the last issue?

There are seven articles on just one subject—when one at a time is enough. Hypnotism is no longer unusual and one can get all the information desired on it from sources that are a dime a dozen. And if one isn't especially interested in it, as the majority are not, the whole book for that issue is an utter loss. Hypnotism can be and often is useful and commendable, but it has become a thing of common knowledge.

Go back to FATE as it used to be. Its former standard made it the only publication of its kind in this country at least.—*Marion Stearns Curry, Davenport, Ia.*

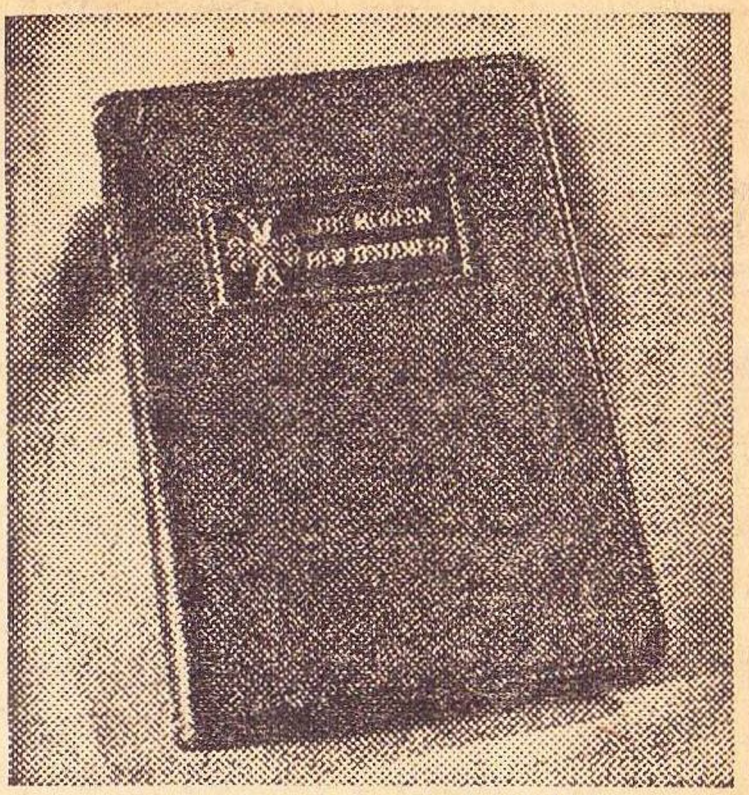
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### "GREAT STORIES"

I have just finished reading in the August issue of FATE two of the greatest stories that you ever have published. I never have read anything like them before nor do I expect to again.

The stories are "There was a Jesus of Nazareth" and "The Holy Shroud of Turin."

I am sure that the pictures are genuine and who cares how they got there, just so they are left for the world to see.— *Laura E. Olsen, Red Bank, N. J.*

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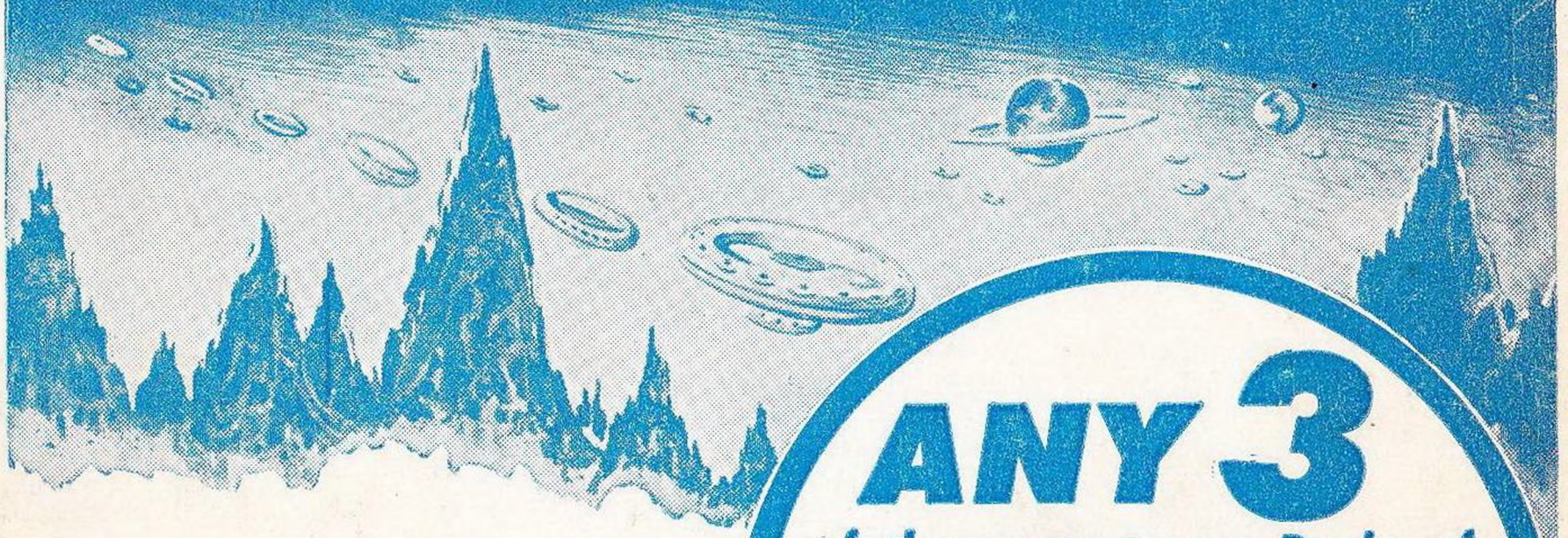
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