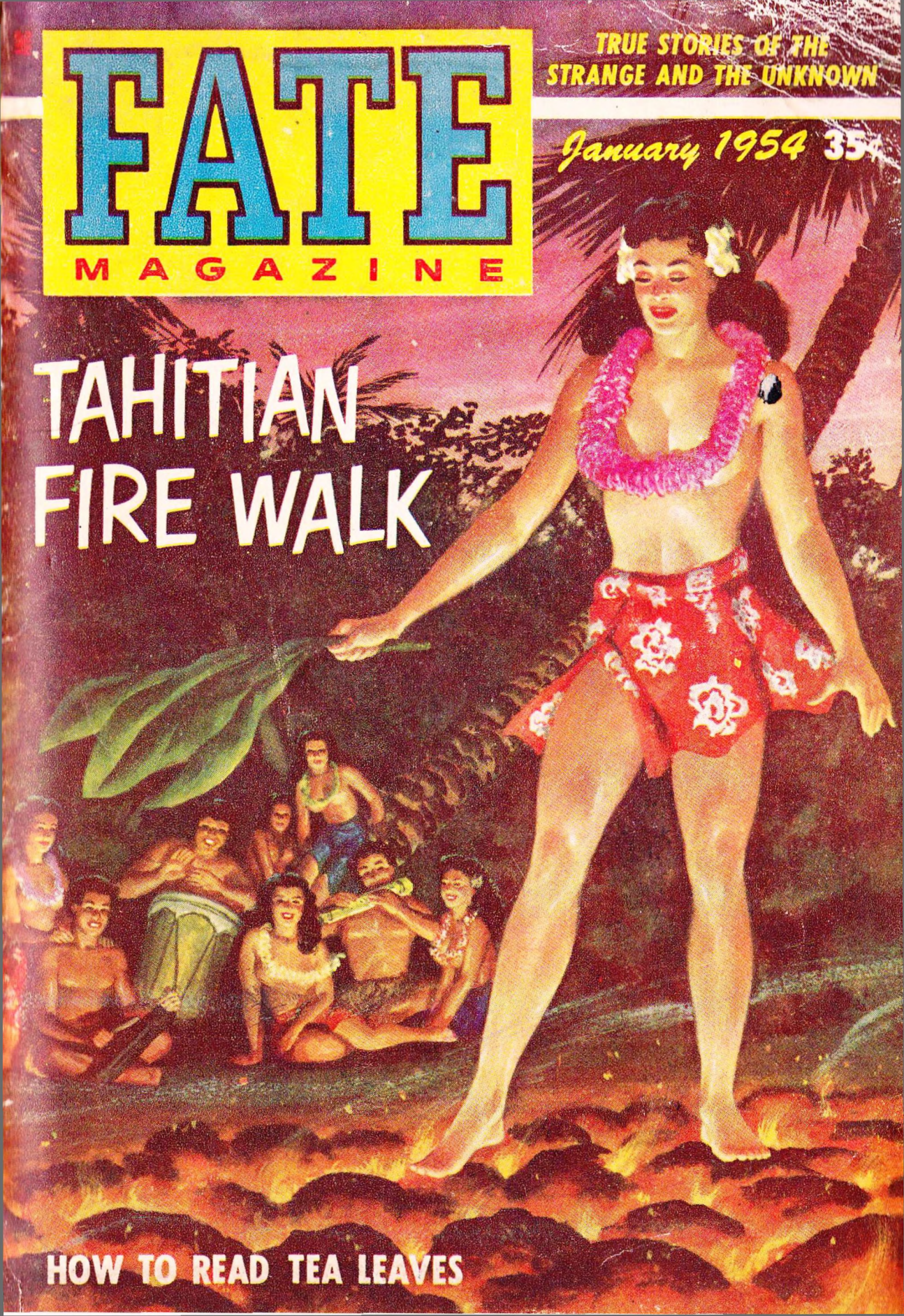
FATE
MAGAZINE

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

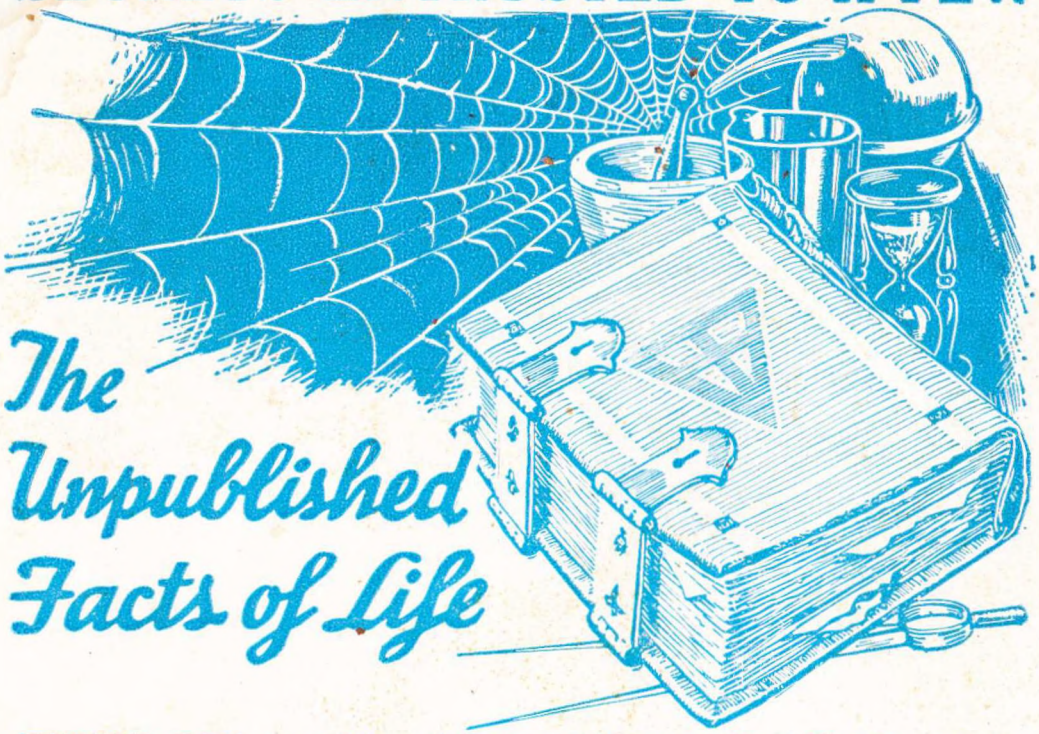
January 1954 35¢



TAHITIAN FIRE WALK

HOW TO READ TEA LEAVES

SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW



The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE ARE some things that can not be generally told—*things you ought to know.* Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind,* and *the mastery of life's problems.* Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

THIS FREE BOOK

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization), an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe C. D. W.

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Please send copy of sealed booklet, "The Mastery of Life," which I shall read as directed.

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JANUARY
1954

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I See by the Papers...

THE PSYCHIC LIBRARIAN



TED RICHMOND is a librarian but he differs from about every other librarian in the U. S. He works for nothing. For more than 20 years Ted Richmond has trudged the Ozark hills of Northwest Arkansas carrying a pack of books on his back to the hill people. Today he has 25,000 books and about 100,000 magazines dating back 10 years which the natives can read for free. A lot of the progress in this region of Arkansas can be credited to Ted Richmond's books. There is a bookshelf in nearly every home now. They have helped teach the residents a better way of living—for instance they now raise goats which thrive on the sparse grass, and goat milk and butter are on tables where hogback and cracklings used to be the mainstays. There are rabbit hutches behind every cabin.

But this isn't a story of Ted Richmond's library accomplishments. For he is gifted in another way. Ted Richmond is a psychic.

Hartzell Spence told the story in the November 8, 1952, issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Let us quote him:

"In gaining the confidence of the region, Richmond was aided by a weird prescience, a quality he displayed early in his youth," writes Spence. "He seems to know what is about to happen, and to have foreknowledge of events which have not yet become known. Visions of a man with an ax in his foot have sent Richmond, first-aid materials in his sack, to the home of an isolated bachelor homesteader who was wounded and had no way of summoning help.

"He once rushed to the town of Jasper and guided a United States Public Health Service nurse far into the hills to succor a woman in a difficult childbirth, having had a premonition that she was in trouble. He knows, and calls out, the names of persons before he is introduced to them—as he

did to me. He knew of my impending visit and had alerted his neighbors to watch for me, although I had never been in communication with him and thought my arrival a surprise."

THE THIRSTY GHOST

TOM STOKES, who runs "The old Nag's Head" pub in England, was arranging some bottles on the shelf behind the bar recently when he heard someone impatiently jingling money to gain his attention. It was after hours and Tom turned around to ask "What are you doing here?"

His customer was wearing a three-cornered hat and a long black coat, Tom told United Press correspondent Robert Musel. At first Tom thought he might be an actor who had come in for a late one when, pop—he was gone!

A few days later the customer showed up again, impatient for his drink, complete with his tricorner hat and his cloak hiding his face. Stokes thought it would be a good idea not to tell his wife Elsie about the visitor but one day she said that she had seen "a man in black" in her bedroom where she was convalescing from an illness. She described the same figure Tom had seen. Later she felt the bed shake violently but couldn't see anything.

"I went to pick up a glass once," Tony told Musel, "and it moved out of my reach. I don't know how it did but that's what it did."

Tom hasn't got any idea who his would-be customer could be. His inn is 400 years old and the highwayman, Dick Turpin, later hanged, once hid out there while fleeing from the police. Tom doesn't know how he could serve his customer even if he could learn what he wanted but meanwhile the visitor hasn't stayed around long enough for him to find out. He's too busy disappearing—pop.

FROGS IN MASSACHUSETTS

THOSE who think it doesn't rain frogs should skip this, as they probably did Henry Winfred Splitter's "Wonders From the Sky" in October FATE. The residents of Leicester, Mass., will have a hard time being convinced to the contrary, though.

Shortly after midnight on September 7, it rained hard at Leicester. When it ended, residents found frogs of all descriptions scattered for a mile on Paxton Avenue from Leicester Center to the Paxton line.

There were thousands of frogs —tens of thousands. Some parents waked their children who ran out and scooped up bags and baskets full of frogs.

Some people of Leicester

thought they had been carried aloft by an offshore minor hurricane. Weather Bureau officials laughed at this idea and suggested that ponds might have overflowed and washed the frogs onto the road. Impossible, replied the residents of Leicester. But nobody could deny that there were plenty of frogs that night. Thousands of them—tens of thousands.

POWER OF MIND

We have more information to add to the brief note in last month's "I See By The Papers" quoting Capt. Sydney Esensten, a U. S. Army doctor who was released by the Reds in Korea. Captain Esensten, you will remember, told of examining men in the prison camps who would say "Don't bother to wake me in the morning. I am going to die." He would examine them, find nothing organically wrong. Yet in the morning they would be dead.

These were the men who lost hope in Communist prison camps during the winter of 1950-51. They thought they had nothing to live for so they willed themselves to die.

Esensten explained that although many of the Americans who died were suffering from malnutrition they did not die of starvation.

"There was one boy about 19," Esensten told the Associated Press. "I couldn't get anywhere with him. I told him I couldn't find anything wrong with him. He should try in his mind to get well.

"He said, 'Doc, there is nothing you can do to make me live.'

"I went across the room to another patient. Two minutes later I happened to look back. The boy was dead."

THE RIGHT ANSWER

We've run several stories about mathematical prodigies in FATE. Now we have a new one. He is Wim Klein, 40, a Dutch mathematical prodigy recently lecturing at London University's Institute of Education.

Somebody gave Klein the job of multiplying 854,736 by 395,627. It took him just five seconds. It took a calculating machine 20 seconds to work the same problem.

The experts had Klein multiply a 10-digit figure by another 10-digit figure. He did it in his head in less than a minute. The experts who had prepared the answer on paper had the wrong figure!

MYSTERY HOUSE IN COURT

FATE READERS will recall our story by John Bessor on Oregon's famed "Mystery House" which its owner, John Litster,

claims is in the center of a mystery vortex which distorts light rays, causes people to lean north and makes a broom stand by itself at an angle.

Litster and his "Mystery House" are in the news because of his suit against the operators of "Confusion Hill," 18 miles south of Garberville on the Redwood Highway in California, for $562,000 damages. Litster claims that by optical effects and other "artificial" means the operators of "Confusion Hill" have been unfairly imitating his "Mystery House."

As a matter of fact a number of imitators of the Oregon Vortex have sprung up around resort centers in several states. Whether they have all obtained their effects through optical means and similar trickery, while Litster's is the one authentic center remains to be seen.



THE DEMON EXORCISED

RECENTLY we told about Clarita Villanueva, an 18-year-old Philippine girl who had bite marks appear on her body in the full view of spectators. Clarita said they were caused by invisible demons.

Here is the sequel to her story from the August 23 issue of the *Pentecostal Evangel.* The report to the *Evangel* came from Lester Sumrall, Pastor of the Assemblies of God evangelical center in Manila. The Reverend Sumrall wrote that he personally saw the teeth marks and reported:

"I volunteered my services to the mayor of Manila to go and pray for her. I fasted and prayed two days, then went to the jail twice and prayed with her. God delivered the girl! She is now in Welfareville, a school for juveniles. The story of her deliverance took the front page of the daily papers."

The mayor and city officials were so grateful for Clarita's deliverance that at Brother Sumrall's request they revoked the $750 tax for his building permit by passing a special ordinance.



CRYSTAL BALL IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Is the White House consulting a fortune teller? Mamie Eisenhower is according to Drew Pearson who says that Jeanne Dixon has been dropping into the White House carrying her crystal ball. Pearson says that Mrs. Dixon is "a renowned fortune teller" who forecast that Native Dancer would place in but not win the Kentucky Derby, and foretold the Korean truce. She has been telling the future for Mamie Eisenhower for 10 years, Pearson says.

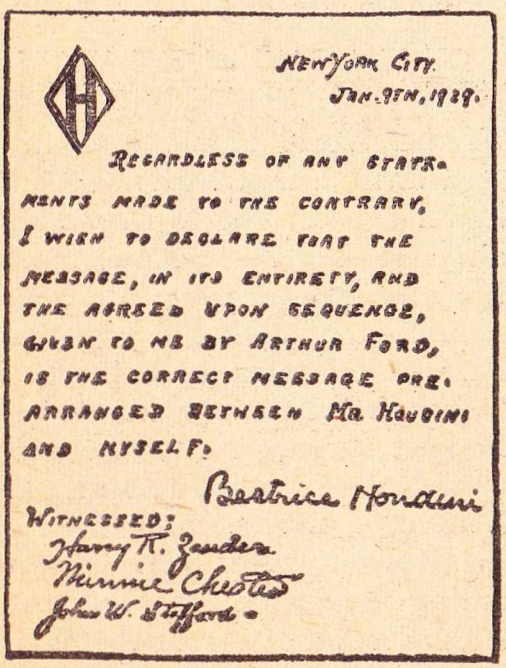
Mrs. Dixon's usual technique is to touch the subject's fingertips

and simultaneously peer over her shoulder into the crystal ball. Sometimes she sees symbols, sometimes pictures. For the future she warns:

"Beware of Russia in 1964."

NEW FACTS ON HOUDINI

With the release of a motion picture on the life of Houdini, a number of new stories have appeared telling of his constant search for authentic psychic evidence. In the new concept of Houdini that is emerging (or is it being manufactured?) Houdini was constantly involved in a genuinely passionate search for survival evidence.



New York City
Jan. 9th, 1929.

Regardless of any statements made to the contrary, I wish to declare that the message, in its entirety, and the agreed upon sequence, given to me by Arthur Ford, is the correct message prearranged between Mr. Houdini and myself.

Beatrice Houdini

Witnessed:
Harry R. Zeuder
Minnie Chester
John W. Stafford

CBS transmitted a radio story on Houdini written by Sydney Omarr which said in part:

"Houdini, throughout his investigations, never lost respect for the sincere Spiritualist—and he was concerned only in attacking those who made a sham of the religion accepted and practiced by thousands of outstanding persons the world over."

Omarr tells a story from the actual account by Houdini himself. In 1923, at the funeral of Mrs. Mary Fairfield McVickers of Los Angeles, Houdini contacted Larry Semon, a film producer, to borrow a photographer. Mrs. McVickers had said before she died that photographs should be taken over her corpse at 5 p.m. the day of the funeral. She said that she would appear in spirit form on one or more of the negatives.

Nathan B. Moss of the Keystone Press Illustration Service arrived with a camera and 14 plates. Houdini took Moss to Howland and Dewey, Los Angeles Kodak agents, and selected a packet of a dozen plates. He himself passed the plates to Moss in a darkroom and took the old plates while Moss reloaded with the new ones. Ten plates were exposed at the church and Houdini went with Moss to the Chamber of Commerce building where they were developed in Houdini's presence. On one of the plates was a heavy band of light with a globe of luminescence on one end. Houdini was so baffled by the photograph that

he offered $1,000 to any stage magician who could duplicate the effect under the same conditions.

Accompanying this article is a reproduction of the signed statement made by Beatrice Houdini that she actually received the agreed-upon message from her husband after his death.

SAUCERS AND LITTLE MEN

We have been under fire periodically from ardent flying saucer fans for expressing our personal doubts about the reality of "little men" who presumably have arrived from space. We have explained our reasoning that life must exist on other planets but that the varied environments there, multiplied by chance, would make it unlikely that such life could be humanoid.

It is precisely our deep conviction that life does exist elsewhere than now causes us to take issue with Dr. Hubertus Strughold, the eminent professor of space medicine at the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine.

Dr. Strughold asserts that all evidence now at hand indicates that intelligent life "as we know it" can't exist on Mars—the most likely planet of our solar system besides our own.

"The lack of oxygen precludes any higher order of living things, either animal or vegetable" on Mars, he said. "There is good evidence for a primitive type of plant life, similar to the lichens which grow on our desert rocks and Arctic tundras, and we find that biological principles—as we observe them on earth—favor the likelihood of some such elemental species.

"In addition, there is an outside chance that we might find on Mars a lowly animal type of existence; bacteria of some kind, for example. But the odds against any intelligent beings on that planet are so great as to place the idea of 'visitors from Mars' in the realm of fantasy."

Dr. Strughold admits that there is water on Mars. He cites the existence of carbon dioxide—which plants can use to manufacture enough oxygen to live. And there is enough light ("equal to the shade of an oak forest" he says) for photosynthesis to exist. Photosynthesis, of course, is the vital function of plants by which they manufacture oxygen.

WE BEG TO DISAGREE

We could write a whole book taking issue with this type of reasoning and perhaps some day we will, though that is more properly the field of a biologist. But we do feel it necessary to raise some very pertinent questions on this matter.

In the first place, it seems evident that Dr. Strughold is deeply

convinced on this matter and does not really mean that intelligent life "as we know it" cannot exist. He means to leave out the "as we know it" and state more or less flatly that intelligent life just can't exist on Mars. He goes through the mumbo-jumbo of qualifying his opinion but that is only for appearance' sake.

First, let's look at Mars. There is water, light, carbon dioxide, an atmosphere, as far as we know. But astronomers differ widely on how much of each there is there. Fact is, they cannot really get a good look at Mars because they have to study it through our own shimmering atmosphere, and they have to make tests, such as prismatic light studies, through that same atmosphere. Practically everything we know is an informed guess and little more. Therefore it appears to this writer that no one can predict what kind of life might exist on a world of whose physical conditions we are essentially ignorant.



But let us assume the worst and accept the conditions of life on Mars that Dr. Strughold believes exist there.

First of all, he assumes that plants cannot exist without photosynthesis. Yet many plants on earth do not have chlorophyll and do not rely on photosynthesis for existence. Mushrooms are an example. True, they are parasitic, living on decaying matter that had a photosynthesis beginning. But is that absolutely necessary?

Secondly, he assumes that animal (or intelligent) life must have an oxygen metabolism. We remain unconvinced. There are anerobic bacteria on this earth that thrive without oxygen. Think of the myriad life forms we know about—animals as varied as insects, worms, fish, snakes, mammals. Imagine trying to explain an octopus to someone who had never seen any animal but a mammal. The point is that life can take infinite forms and will suit itself to any environment.

We can imagine a life form, for example, that would be activated by electricity—after all we have electric fish and eels and we ourselves are electrical animals to an extent. But such a life form might eat inorganic chemicals that would produce electrical energy direct, instead of our conventional organic foods.

Or, we suspect that the reddish color of Mars is due to iron oxide—the iron and the oxygen having combined through the ages. Why not an animal, then, that would be able to ingest this iron oxide and obtain its oxygen supply in that manner? After all, who without evidence would believe that fish could obtain their oxygen from the water in which it is dissolved?

Let us not be too quick to judge things of which we have little knowledge. After all, we do not even know for sure how life originated on Earth.

HOW LONG TILL WE GET THERE?

SPEAKING of Mars, how long will it be before we get there to find out? A man named Gerry de la Ree, of River Edge, N. J., asked some 65 scientists and writers and reported his findings to the 11th World Science Fiction Convention early in September.

- Dr. Wernher von Braun, chief of the U. S. Guided Missiles Development Division at Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Ala., believes that man will be able to land on the moon sometime between 1978 and 1983.
- Dr. Fred L. Whipple, chairman of Harvard's astronomy department expects it will be about 1979.
- Dr. I. M. Levitt, director of the Fels Planetarium at Philadelphia, predicts 1978.
- As for Mars, no one seems willing to hazard a guess.

ANOTHER "THING"

NOT all the "Things" reported by people seem to have an unusual origin. One such appears to us to be "The Thing" of Bedford Park, Cleveland. Bedford's "Thing" was first reported early in September. Miss Pat Griffith, 16, said it was luminous and just sort of flitted around. Ed Cashman, 18, said "The Thing" threw a tree limb at him and it was "like a bulk." When Peter Mercurio, 16, saw it, it was humming. "It wasn't humming a tune," Peter told Jim Vail of the Cleveland *Press*. "It was just humming. It was big, too, about seven feet tall.

"I saw it from about 20 feet and it just stood there and hummed," he said. "It glowed like it was painted and then all of a sudden it just floated away. I saw it twice and each time it just floated away."

A couple of days later "The Thing" reappeared in Bedford Park and threw a big rock at a group of youths who were chasing it. It hit Bob Clark and sent him home limping. A dozen other people joined the search but it got away. All they could agree on was that "it was mighty big."

BURNING METAL

EARLY on the morning of Sunday, July 19, Harold Adams, a miner of the Toms Creek section near Coeburn, Va., was wakened by a loud explosion near his home. When he went to investigate he found a mass of greyish soft putty-like material about the size of a bushel basket.

Adams touched the material and was burned on the fingers of

his left hand. He then picked up a stick and sought to poke at an ivory-like shell that appeared to have been the container for the substance. When he threw the stick into a nearby stream it exploded and blew water over a wide area.

Adams quickly notified police officials and soon hundreds of curious onlookers were flocking to the Adams home. Several persons scraped off small amounts of the material and threw it into the water, where it exploded. Police Chief B. S. Funk of Coeburn ordered the material enclosed in a glass container and buried—so that no one would be hurt but that it might be investigated later.

A few days later chemists had identified it as metallic sodium.

There is nothing mysterious about sodium or the fact that it explodes on contact with water. But—what was it doing in an open field near Coeburn, Va.? It is a somewhat rare and dangerous material. It cannot occur in a natural state for very long because it combines violently with water.

Residents of the area were told that it might have dropped from a military plane. If so, what was it doing in a military plane?

Could it have been dropped from something else? What? Why?—*Curtis Fuller*

PLANETS AMONG THE STARS

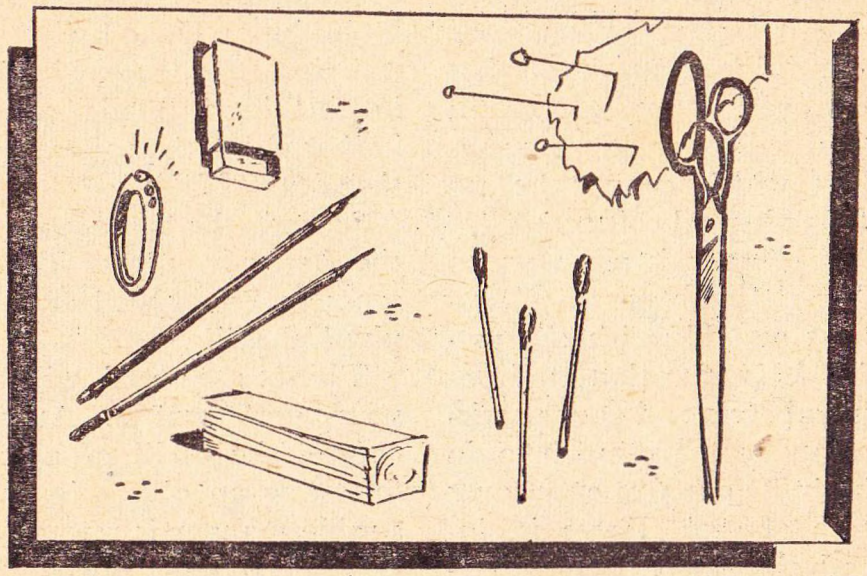
UNTIL recently the possibility that planets existed among the stars was largely a matter of speculation for science-fiction writers. The first convincing evidence that at least one star system has a planet has been presented by Dr. K. A. Strand of Sproul Observatory, Swarthmore College.

Dr. Strand obtained his results through a study of the binary star system 61 Cygni which is 11 light years from the earth and relatively near as stellar distances go. The 61 Cygni system was known to be composed of two visible components, A and B. Dr. Strand's evidence shows that this system contains a dark third component, C, which has a mass six-tenths that of the sun. A and B revolve about each other once in a period of 720 years. The distance between them is 110 times greater than the distance between the earth and sun.

Dr. Strand's calculations show that C is only 16 times as massive as the planet Jupiter. For this reason he believes C to be a real planet.

Can you influence objects mentally? Practicing with items available in your kitchen may help you to—

DEVELOP YOUR PSYCHOKINESIS



By Wayne S. Burg

PSYCHOKINESIS is the power of mind over matter. It exists. And regardless of what the so-called mystics (who pose as superior beings by making a cult of their abilities) say, you have it too.

Psychokinesis—or telekinesis—is defined more exactly as the ability of mind to influence material objects. Parapsychologists have given it the abbreviation symbol PK. PK begins as mental energy and by some process is converted to kinetic or physical energy.

You don't have to have a superior or special brain to possess and demonstrate PK. The necessary relays were installed at your birth and you use them unconsciously just as you walk, talk and move your arms without conscious thought. However, you do have to learn to control your PK faculties by exercise and practice, just as you learned to walk and talk. It is not necessary to know how or why these things work if you get results. The owner of an

auto does not have to become an engineer or even a mechanic—but he does have to learn to drive.

You may have noted that at times material objects in your vicinity seem cooperative. It is almost as if they obeyed your wishes. At other times they seem to give you lots of trouble. Did you blame it on the weather, or on your mood? Or did it occur to you that at times you have a certain amount of influence on your surroundings which cannot be explained by physical contact?

At this point it is necessary to remember that the parapsychologist is not at odds with the psychologist. It is true that environment, mood cycle and your particular personality have much to do with the influence you exert over inanimate objects. There is, indeed, a psychology of parapsychology.

Of all the extra-sensory perceptics, PK is probably the easiest to test and validate. PK can be demonstrated with material objects. Well-meaning skeptics may talk you out of believing that you dreamed about your grandfather's funeral before the old man died, after all you can't prove it, but you can prove that you can knock over a little block of wood by looking at it, or throw three sevens out of five with a pair of dice. PK is a faculty you can cultivate with practice and it does not depend on special circumstances.

PK is governed by the rules which control other skilled performances with material objects.

First, you have to believe in your ability to produce results. You need the same kind of confidence to excel at PK that it takes to perform on the piano or to undertake a creditable running broad jump. Duke University tests revealed that those who believed in telekinesis made consistently higher scores than those who were skeptical.

Second, the more you practice the better you get. This makes sense in PK as well as in strictly physical skills.

Third, a reward will increase your performance. At first, of course, the thrill of actually influencing an object in a demonstrable manner is reward enough. But after that initial triumph palls you will discover that you can consistently better your record by aiming for special goals and rewarding yourself by specific treats for achieving them. Determine, for example, that if you knock over the block of wood in five seconds you will buy a new hat and you will be surprised at how fast you can accomplish the seemingly impossible.

Fourth, there is a rate of decline in any series of PK trials. When you understand where your decline rate begins, do not force yourself beyond it. Mental energy is a delicate thing and extra ex-

ertion does not seem to overcome the deficit when the exhaustion point is reached. If you begin to miss consistently after 10 throws of the dice, do not work beyond 10 throws in any session.

Equipment for testing and developing your psychokinesis can be quite simple. Collect three kitchen matches, a small cardboard box, a straight pin, paper, pencils, scissors, string, a light ring, and an oblong piece of balsa or plywood, 3″x2″x¼″.

Test 1—The lightest and easiest thing moved is probably a piece of paper. Cut a square of paper no larger than 2″x2″. Fold twice and open out again until it looks like a small umbrella at half-mast. Turn the bottom of the cardboard box upside down and punch a straight pin up through the middle of it. Drop the paper umbrella over this so that the center of the paper rests lightly on the point of the pin. Be sure that the paper does not touch anything but the pin and that it is evenly balanced. Place this paper pivot on the table in front of you—the exact distance is not important but be sure that there are no drafts and that you are not breathing onto it. Now concentrate on the paper until it begins to turn. Eventually you should be able to turn the paper both clockwise and counterclockwise, at different rates of speed, and to stop it at will.

After you are really good at this you may foolproof the experiment for demonstration purposes by placing the whole contraption down inside a deep glass bowl to eliminate the accusation that you are secretly blowing on it.

Test 2—Stand two kitchen matches on end with a third one across the top, like a small doorway. You may have to experiment with different lengths before this structure will stand alone without toppling. As soon as it balances, try knocking it over by concentration. Keep a record of the length of time this takes and average your scores for improvement over a series of at least 10 tries each.

Test 3—Stand your oblong of balsa or plywood on the narrow end. Concentrate on pushing it over. When this is accomplished try pulling it forward. It may take a number of trials before you make headway on this one but for positive proof, as well as for demonstration purposes, this is one of the best tests of PK ability.

Test 5—Tie a ring or any other light object to a piece of string about a foot long. Stand two large books on end and lay a pencil across the top, making a bridge. Suspend the pendulum from the pencil, leaving about two inches clearance above the table top. As soon as all free motion has stopped concentrate on swinging the pendulum in the direction most natural to it when it is in free motion. For true PK to function

you must not be in physical contact with any part of the experimental equipment.

Test 6—Although this is the test by which results often can be had quickly, it is left until last because some unconscious muscular skill may be involved. It is my humble opinion, however, that if you can exert psychosomatic control over a pair of dice that is something of a miracle in itself.

Take the dice in your hand and warm them by contact. Blow on them if you wish—it will help focus your thoughts. Then concentrate on the number desired, call it mentally before you roll. If seven is desired, do not concentrate on a specific assortment of spots like five and two, or three and four—concentrate on the total. Make your first trials in runs of three and four. This is necessary to keep you free of the disappointing effects of the decline rate before your confidence is built up. After you break even or better on one number, try another. When results become satisfactory by rolling the dice from the hand, try rolling them from a cup until you achieve the same average. This will help eliminate some of the eternal "you did it by sleight of hand" accusations which the PK practitioner is always having to rebut.

In the laboratory tests dice are thrown in runs of 12, with five hits per run as chance. So anything above this average can be considered as due to PK.

In handling dice there is something to be said for the old crap-shooters' habit of talking to the "bones" — "Baby needs a new pair of shoes"—"Come on, honey, be good to papa!" There is more than superstition in it, for the gambler, whether he knows it or not, is projecting his PK charge into the dice by identifying them with himself. Here again, psychology and parapsychology are not at odds.

In choosing a number to call, it is probably better to command the number mentally, rather than to wish for it. My own method, which gives me an average of three out of four throws and often results in straight runs of 12 or more, is to picture a big green number mentally and then let 'em roll. Of course this may not work as well for you but you can find one which does. I believe that positive thought is better than wishful thinking but such is the mind of man that your inclination may be more powerful than my affirmation.

There may be no limit to what any individual or group eventually will be able to do with PK. However, please be cautious; don't go overboard, don't strain, don't despair and, take a tip from the dianeticists, swallow your vitamins, especially your B_1.

I make no cult of my belief in

psychokinesis. I have fun with it and enjoy it as a hobby rather than a way of life. I do see infinite possibilities in the extension of this and other extra-sensory perceptics. I find that it works on ordinary things around the house —stuck typewriter keys drop back without manual interference and recalcitrant bureau drawers open smoothly after concentration. Doubtless I spend more energy in concentrating than it would take me to reach out and give these objects a good, hearty tug but, as I said, I have fun.

I incline to the belief that psychokinesis is but one of the unconscious powers by which we prod our destiny a little closer to our heart's desire; and when it is harnessed and commanded by the conscious mind perhaps we again can perform the miracles man performed when the world was young.

NIGHTMARE FOR TWO

DURING World War II, while asleep aboard an English submarine on patrol against enemy U-boats, Lieut. Ian Scott had a disturbing dream. He saw his sister bent in exhausted slumber at a desk in a busy munitions factory as a thread of flame crept along the floor. He tried to shout a warning—but a terrible explosion shattered the factory.

At this point Scott awoke, breathing heavily, and glanced at his watch. It was 10 p.m., time for the sub to surface for night patrol. But Scott found that all the men aboard were asleep and the reason for this unusual situation was explained when he detected the odor of gas.

Scott managed to restore three of the men to consciousness and with their help he brought the submarine to the surface where he found it was day instead of night. His watch actually had indicated 10 a.m. and he realized that had he not been waked by his dream all those aboard the sub would have perished from the leaking gas fumes.

Scott found a letter from his sister awaiting him when the sub reached port. She wrote that a frightful explosion had taken place at the munitions factory where she worked, on the same day that Scott had his narrow escape. She had not been harmed because she had dozed off at a desk in another building. In a dream she saw Scott and his crew unconscious aboard the sub and tried futilely to wake him. When the explosion roused her it was 10 o'clock in the morning.

SOUTH SEA FIRE WALK



By Wilmon Menard

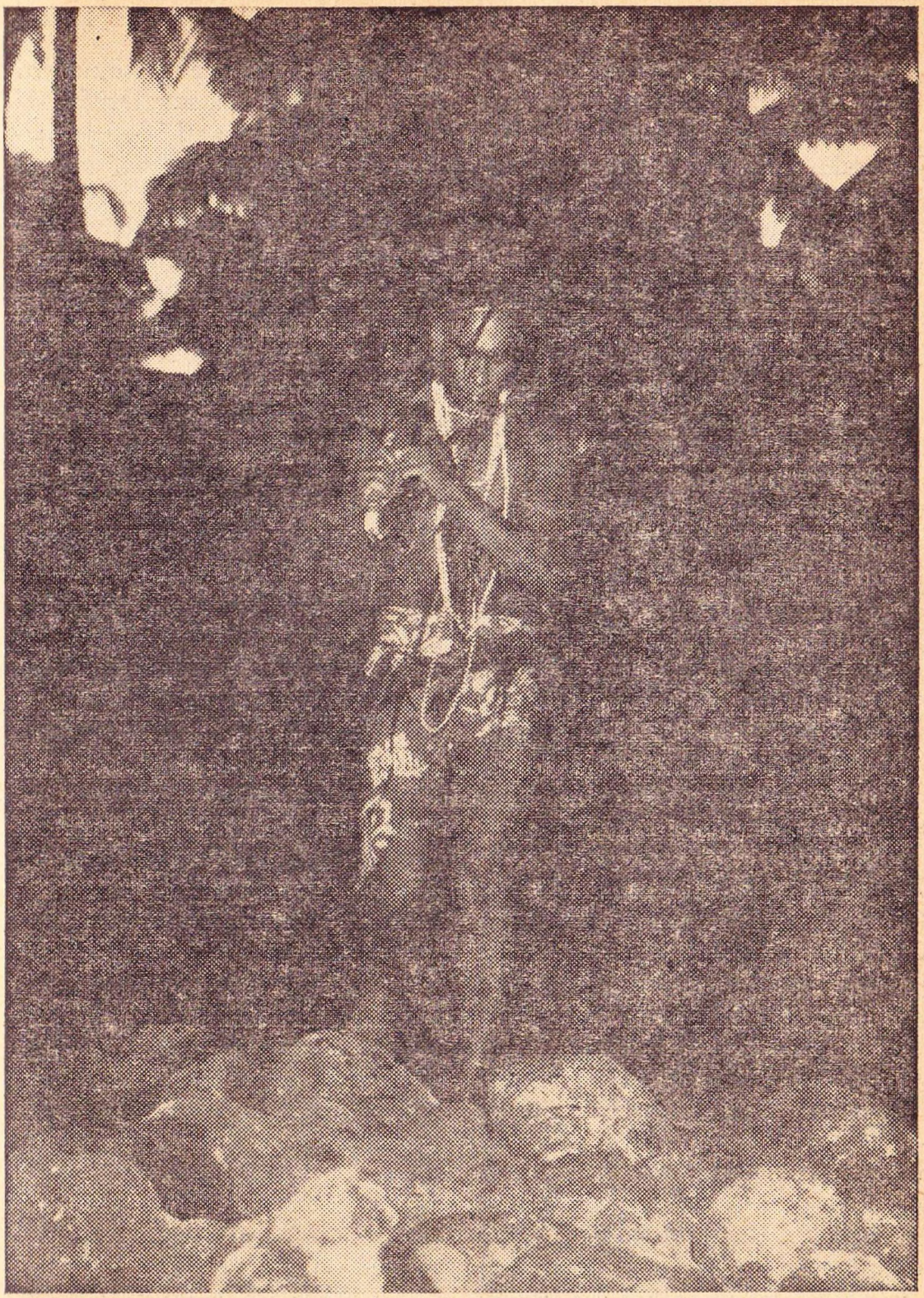
The rocks had been heating in the fire for two days and I could feel the shimmering heat 50 feet away. A tourist tossed his linen kerchief on the rocks and in a second it was reduced to powder. Then I took off my shoes and socks and said: "Let's go!"

I FIRST witnessed and took part in a fire walking ceremony at Tevaitoa, Raiatea, a small island of the Leeward Group in the Society Islands. I had returned from a long voyage among the islands and atolls of the Marquesas and Paumotu groups and my host and friend Ari, a native of Raiatea, met me at the small jetty with the news that an *Umati* (fire walk) was soon to take place. His handsome face glowed with enthusiasm as he told me that the *Umati* is a wonderful thing indeed!

It is one of the strangest ceremonies in the world, and one which is still performed on many islands in the South Pacific. Barefoot natives walk slowly, deliberately, over a long path of rocks so hot they glow red and heat waves shimmer above them. The participants believe that by this ritual they are purified.

The participants willingly offer themselves to the skeptical for examination before and after walking through this fiery pit. I can attest that they do not coat the soles of their feet with any secret protective salve.

On this occasion, Chief Terii-Pao, the famous fire walker of Raiatea, had gone to the sacred valley to prepare for the elaborate ceremony. His assistants, under his watchful eyes, had constructed a huge oven and felled trees for fuel. Now the oven, heaped high with rocks, was ready to be lit at dawn the following morning. Terii-Pao and his priests *(tahuas)* had finished their walking and



Chief Terii-Pao, famous fire walker, strides over red-hot rocks during ceremony on Raiatea, an island near Tahiti, described in article.

chanting around the oven *(Umu)* and had gone into seclusion to confer with the spirits of the deceased *(tupapaus)* and the goddesses of the sky who would permit them to walk upon the fiery furnace.

Large numbers of natives had paddled or sailed their outrigger canoes from the adjoining islands of Bora-Bora, Tahaa, Huaheine, and Maupiti to witness the ritual. Many canoes now were beached upon the strand, loaded to the gunwales with fruits, vegetables, and fish for the great feast that would follow the fire walking. Skilled dancers from as far as Tahiti and Moorea had come to entertain.

I sat down with Ari on the veranda of his home facing the blue, sunlit lagoon and coral reefs foaming with combers, and he told me the story of this ancient rite.

Fire walking, according to legend, was the outgrowth of famine. During periods of drought or when hurricanes destroyed the natural foods of the islanders, wild plantains, breadfruit, and coconuts, it was necessary to turn to a food ordinarily scorned by the natives—the roots of the wild giant arum plant *(ape)*, a species of taro that grows rampant in the valleys. Shaped like large war clubs, these roots grow from two to three feet in length and weigh about 20 or 30 pounds each. In Hawaii and in many islands of the South Pacific a smaller species of taro, mashed and slightly fermented, is known as *poi* and is very popular.

The story says that when starvation threatened the villagers went to the valleys for the scorned *ape* roots. Giant arum must be cooked for many hours in an intense fire to be digestible. This may account for the lack of interest in this food during periods of plenty as the islanders do not welcome excessive labor when fresh fruits are available or when the lagoons yield a variety of edible fish. While a large party of the villagers gathered tons of *ape*, a chosen delegation prepared a huge *Umu* in which to cook it.

On a level spot a short distance inland, a large square pit, 30 feet long, four feet deep, and 15 feet wide, was dug. The dirt was piled two or three feet high about the sides of the *Umu* and leveled to make a sloping rampart. The oven was then ready for the fuel.

Great quantities of dried palm leaves were packed into the bottom of the pit for tinder. Faggots of *purau* (hibiscus) wood and guava, which had been thoroughly cleaned, dried and stripped of bark, in sacred obeisance to the two goddesses of the sky and to Maui (god of fire), were arranged on the tinder.

To allow for good circulation of air, large green *purau* logs had

been placed in the oven, meeting in the center and resting at each end. Otherwise the palm leaves would be smothered by the pressure of the boulders. When the oven was at last ready the rocks, boulders of lava, basalt and volcanic stones, larger than a man's head, were placed on the pyre to a height of five or six feet.

The *Umu* then was lighted ceremoniously by a specially chosen *tahua*. Dances were held before the blaze, religious songs *(utes)* were chanted and prayers were offered up before the oven by *tahuas*. The *Umu* was allowed to burn for two days, tended constantly by assistants whose duty it was to rake out the ashes, to turn and level the stones.

As the sacredness of the *Umuti* grew the position of the fire tenders became one of great significance. They generally were selected by the high chief and were accorded the utmost respect. The *Umu*, as time progressed, became a place where the high chiefs met to discuss tribal affairs and where important visitors were received. The *Umu* of Polynesia was not unlike the Prytaneum of ancient Greece, which contained the state hearth.

The oven, burning for two days, heated the rocks to a high degree. When all the ashes had been removed, the stones fell to ground level. Upon these hot stones were placed the *ape* roots, together with the *ti* leaves, so as to give a sweet and appetizing flavor to the otherwise unpalatable taro root. The tubers were then covered with numerous layers of banana leaves, breadfruit leaves, *ape* leaves, and finally with a heavy layer of earth to retain the heat.

The *Umu* remained covered for 10 hours, during which dances, songs and speeches were given. When the dirt and leaves were removed the *ape* and *ti* were placed by the women in large mixing bowls and mashed together into a glutinous pudding. It was then packed into long joints of bamboo and stored away to tide the villagers over the temporary famine.

As time passed the *Umu* played an increasingly important part in the islanders' existence. Appreciative of the gift of fire, which enabled them to prepare food in time of dire need, they showed their gratitude to the two great goddesses of ancient days—Hina-nui-te-a'ara (great gray of scented herbs), who became goddess of moon, and Vahine-nui-tahu-rai (great woman who set fire to the sky). These two goddesses, as folklore dictates, always were dressed in shirts, garlands and wreaths of the shredded green-and-yellow leaves of the *ti* plant, which emit a sweet odor and are held as a sacred symbol of the two goddesses.

In honor of these two goddesses and of Maui, the god of fire, just before the food was placed upon the hot rocks the native priest led his followers across the fiery pit. Dressed in *ti* leaves, bearing wands of *ti,* and calling upon their departed ancestors to cast themselves upon the hot rocks to ensure safe transit, they walked, unburned, through the fire. Today the ceremony is still enacted, though the *Umu* is not prepared to ward off famine but as worship to the two goddesses and to Maui and for self-purification.

The *Umuti* of Raiatea was to be held in a valley a half hour's leisurely stroll from Ari's plantation. At three o'clock the next morning, we started off. This walk to the *Umu* is a memory I cherish. The early morning air was saturated with the odor of flowers. There was deep silence, save for the distant booming of the ocean over the coral reefs.

As we journeyed up the valley, we met groups of natives who cried out to us cheerily: *"Ia ora na! Maitai oe? Haere Umuti?* (Greetings! You are well and content? Do you go to the oven of the fire walk?)"

In the center of a large clearing bordered by coconut trees and lighted by candlenut torches was the *Umi.* A crowd of natives squatted about the waiting oven, smoking, chatting, singing and laughing.

Light from the torches flickered over broad, naked shoulders and handsome Polynesian faces. It was a spectacular sight.

On the far side of the clearing was a small thatched hut in which Chief Terii-Pao and his *tahuas* were praying to Maui. A few minutes after our arrival, Terii-Pao strode from the enclosure with his followers and a hush fell over the assembled natives. They moved away from the *Umu* to the edge of the clearing, regarding the fire walking chief with awe and reverence. He was a magnificent figure in the torchlight, nude save for a *pareu* and *ti* leaves about his waist.

At the four corners of the pit were transplanted *ti* plants which would remain green and unwilted although the fire burned for many hours.

Terii-Pao, after walking twice about the *Umu* to see that everything was in readiness, withdrew, and the *tahua*—a short, bowed man—slowly approached the fire pit, bearing two sticks in the crook of his arm. He marched solemnly about the oven, chanting in a loud voice. Then, while the crowd took up the chant, he knelt before a trench that had been dug into the oven for lighting the fuel and vigorously rubbed the two sticks together. As the lighting of the *Umu* is an extremely sacred part of the fire walk, the oven must be kindled in

this laborious fashion.

In a short time the dry tinder caught and the flames leaped upward. The natives cried in a mighty chorus; *"E era!* (There she goes!)"

The two days necessary for the heating of the rocks passed quickly. On the evening of the second day, we walked to the valley to see the *Umu* in darkness. I could feel the heat 50 feet away. The shimmering pit of fire reminded me of the lava pits in Kilauea, in the Hawaiian Islands. The *Umuti* would take place at dawn on the morrow.

Ari and I returned to the *Umu* at daybreak. The clearing was packed with natives. It was a happy and colorful gathering, typical of the light-hearted Polynesian spirit at festival time. A small group of tourists, arrived from Papeete the preceding day, stood a short distance away discussing "explanations" of the fire walk.

On the ramparts about the oven, on clean mats of woven pandanus leaves, were great mounds of green-skinned, globular breadfruit, piles of wild plantain, bananas ready for roasting, and fish wrapped in green leaves. Four large pigs, cleaned and stuffed with chestnuts, rested on their sides. There were yams, taro tops, papaya poi and fresh-water eels prepared with a wine sauce. A sumptuous feast was to follow the *Umuti.*

Terii-Pao suddenly appeared close to the *Umu.* His followers leaped to their feet behind him. Intense excitement swept the clearing.

The tourists rushed over to Terii-Pao and surrounded him to inspect his feet and to see what might be concealed "up his sleeve." He submitted indulgently, smiled at their thorough examination.

One of the tourists approached the edge of the oven. Looking into the pit for only an instant he groaned, clapped his hands to his face and backed away. The *Umu* was hot!

Another tourist tossed a linen handkerchief upon the rocks and in a second it was reduced to gray powder. Yet upon these stones the fire walkers would march with bare feet! The self-appointed board of examiners withdrew from the chief. They had been unable to find anything suggesting trickery.

Now Terii-Pao, his head held high, walked toward the end of the oven nearest me, a branch of *ti* leaves in his hand. He halted at the edge of the oven and struck the rocks three times with the leaves, chanting in a low voice. His assistants, close behind, lifted their voices in the *Umuti* chant. Terii-Pao's voice became louder and the great cords in his neck swelled. His eyes were uplifted.

The chant was: *"E na ta'ata e*

tahutahu i te umu e, a ta pohe na! . . ." and so forth.

Translated, it means: "O beings (spirits) who enchant the oven, let it die out for a while! O dark earthworms! O light earthworms! Fresh water and salt water, heat of the oven, darkening of the oven, hold up the footsteps of the walkers and fan the heat of the bed. O cold host, let us linger in the midst of the oven. O Vahine-nui-tahu-rai, hold the fan, and let us go into the oven for a little while.

"Holder of the first footstep!

"Holder of the second footstep!

. . . . . .

"Holder of the tenth footstep!

"O Vahine-nui-tahu-rai! All is covered!"

I shall never forget the great sigh and then the hush that followed Terii-Pao's first step upon the oven. He hesitated a moment, as if to be sure that the stones would not shift under his weight, and then—he walked onto the hot rocks!

He strode once across the pit, turned and recrossed it. Again the fire walking chief struck the stones with his branch of *ti* leaves. This time the *tahuas* followed Terii-Pao with firm steps across the center of the *Umu.*

I could see the heat waves rise above their heads but there was no odor of burning flesh as I had half expected. They traversed the oven, and Terii-Pao raised his *ti* leaves to signal the column to about-face and march back over the pit. They traversed the *Umu* three times.

After the third crossing Chief Terii-Pao called out, *"Atira!* (Enough!)"

Then he quickly turned and *crawled across the oven on his stomach!*

On the other side, Terii-Pao stood up and faced the astounded tourists. They, understanding that he was ready to be examined, gathered about him. The chief and his followers lifted their feet, to be viewed and handled. The soles, as I could see, were not even marked. One tourist who placed his hand against them announced that they were "cold as ice."

Now Terii-Pao invited the natives to follow him across the *Umu.* He caught my eyes, grinned, and said, "Will you not walk behind me on the oven? You have lived long in our islands and understand our customs. You will surely not be harmed if you follow close behind me. Keep your head up, be quiet, and don't stumble."

"Why don't you?" yelled the tourists.

"Haere! (Go ahead!)" urged Ari and the assembled natives.

"Tu, tu, tu, e! (Come, come, come!)" persisted Terii-Pao.

I wavered. Terii-Pao gave me a broad smile which might have meant, "Are you afraid?" It was

this that prompted me to kick off my sneakers, remove my socks and cry, *"Haere otou!* (Let's go!)"

A shout of approval came from the spectators.

I stepped into line behind Terii-Pao, a taut feeling in the pit of my stomach. My heart beat hard, my head ached and I wanted to bolt. I always have had a great fear of fire. The *tahua* behind pushed me gently. Terii-Pao had started!

I gritted my teeth and began to walk. Every step I rebuked myself: "You fool, look what you've let yourself in for!" My legs felt numb and leaden.

Then my bare feet touched something uneven and elevated. In the next instant countless tiny electric shocks struck the soles of my feet. It was like a sudden contact with sharp needles. Great heat waves rose about my head, all but suffocating me. I was unable to draw a normal breath. The heat affected the membranes of my nostrils. My lungs became strained and I feared that I would choke if I did not breathe pure air quickly. From a great distance I could hear the murmuring of the crowd.

Then the prickly sensation on the bottom of my feet ceased and I knew I had arrived at the far end of the *Umu*. The last in line had not crossed the pit, so we continued walking across the clearing in a straight column.

I glanced briefly down at my feet. They showed no traces of searing or blistering. My shirt was wet and I could see that Terii-Pao's broad back was streaming perspiration. Suddenly he raised his wand of *ti* leaves, a signal that the last man had passed over the *Umu* and that everyone should about-face for the return trip.

I knew that I could not stand another trip across the hot stones, so I stepped quickly out of line. Terii-Pao smiled and patted me on the back understandingly. The fire walkers moved onto the oven again and I was left standing 20 feet away, dazed and trembling. The tourists grouped about me with excited questions.

How do I explain fire walking?

First, I suppose there is the control of mind over matter. No one can view the performances of the real fakirs of India without believing that man can develop control over portions of his body and it is undeniable that one's reaction to pain depends a great deal upon his state of mind.

Rocks of highly porous lava are known to resist the passage of heat and this may be a fairly important factor in the fire walk. Also the toughness of one's feet from walking barefooted on the beach certainly should make a difference.

Still there has to be a better explanation. The celebrated magician and escape artist, Harry

Houdini, asserted that the most complicated trick is the easiest to detect and the simplest the most baffling. As an example he offered a young man who apparently was roasted alive. This trick was so completely simple, Houdini said, that it was practically impossible to see through.

The man permitted himself to be placed in a glass compartment about the size of a telephone booth, the interior of which was made hot enough to cook a steak hanging over his forearm. He was naked except for swimming trunks. He applied wet clay to his eyebrows and fingernails and wore a cap over his hair.

Spectators could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the fat of the steak start to sizzle and drip to the floor while the man holding it showed no sign of pain. When the steak had cooked long enough to be medium done, the man signaled and was released from the cabinet, apparently none the worse for his experience.

The reason this came so close to being the perfect trick, Houdini said, was that there really *was* no trick. The spectator could have done exactly the same thing himself. The steak did not perspire and so it cooked. During the short time the man was in the cabinet evaporation of moisture from his skin kept it from getting too hot. The human body's automatic adjustment to heat, coupled with precise timing on the part of the performer, made the feat possible.

A more recent experiment in heat and its effects on the human body sheds further light on the feat of Chief Terii-Pao and his fire walkers. It was conducted at the request of the U. S. Army Air Force Command, under the supervision of Dr. Craig Taylor, physiologist and engineer at the University of California in Los Angeles.

The Air Corps wanted to know one very important thing: What were the dangers of a jet plane pilot being roasted alive in a friction-heated cockpit if the cooling equipment failed? Would he collapse at the controls from heat prostration? Would he have to bail out in the stratosphere or else be literally baked alive in the cockpit? Could he stay at the controls, enduring the terrific heat until he was able to slow down the plane?

With the help of assistants Professor Taylor made a heat chamber from a huge steel cylinder and provided a strong fan to suck in dry air across an outside battery of white-hot electric grids. The first human guinea pigs stayed in the hot-box until the heat passed the boiling point of water (212 degrees F.). These volunteers came out a little groggy and red-faced but quite "uncooked."

Then Professor Taylor made

himself the subject of a most impressive test. His hands, feet and neck were protected before he was wheeled into the cylinder, the temperature of which had been raised to 230 degrees. He remained in this overheated atmosphere for 15½ minutes, until the heat climbed to 262 degrees. The only effect upon him was that his face became fiery red when the hot blasts of air hit it. Apart from this he suffered no physical torture of any kind.

His answer was simple and to the point. Nature has provided the human body with its own cooling system—perspiration. He proved that moisture evaporating from the skin provides parts of the body with a layer of cooler air. A desert water bag hanging from the rear of a car keeps cool from its own evaporation of moisture through the porous canvas.

Inside the hot-box, Professor Taylor learned that when the temperature was 236 degrees, the air three-fourths of an inch from his nose was 226 degrees. The skin of the nose itself registered a safe 119.5 degrees. Air drawn into the nostrils was cooled down so much that it did not affect the lungs. The general temperature of the body rose only to a register of about 100 degrees.

Professor Taylor emphasized that there was danger if the raised temperature was conveyed to the brain cells. This would give pilots of jet planes the surest indication of approaching heat prostration.

It is possible that the same sort of thing can explain immunity to burning during the fire walk but it should be noted that conditions here are quite different.

For instance, instead of hot air being blasted in a man's face, the entire weight of his body is bearing down upon red-hot rocks—rocks probably over 1,000 degrees. It would seem almost impossible that a layer of protecting steam or air could form between naked foot and super-heated rock for each step the fire walker takes. Everyone knows that a man with calloused fingers can pick up a live coal and drop it into his pipe to light it. Yet even he cannot hold the coal between thumb and forefinger very long. If he does, he will burn himself. If he squeezes it, he will burn himself. Yet it is obvious that he cannot squeeze it with as much pressure as a man would exert by walking upon it.

No, we may conjecture about how the fire walker makes himself immune to injury, but they are only conjectures. We still don't know and it may take more than a routine scientific investigation to give us the answer.

THE RETURN OF *Rosa Menichelli*

By Edmond P. Gibson



The position of Rosa Menichelli's remains proved she had awakened in her coffin and died trying desperately to escape.

DURING the late summer of 1950 a small group of psychical researchers in Camerino, inspired by the interest of Doctor Guiseppe Stoppoloni, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Camerino, a physician and a psychologist of some note, conducted an experimental seance with the Italian psychic, Mario Bocca. At this seance an entity in a somewhat confused state endeavored to communicate. With some difficulty the personality managed to register the following facts:

- Her name was Rosa Menichelli.
- She had been born and had lived in the nearby town of Castel-Raimondo.
- She had died in the town of Camerino and was buried in the Camerino cemetery.
- She had been *buried alive* and she begged that her remains be exhumed and the truth of her horrible ordeal and death be made known.

Camerino is an ancient town of about 4,500 inhabitants located some 40 miles southwest of Ancona, in the Central Appenine mountains near the east coast of Italy. The town is situated on a plateau, partially encircled by mountains, not far from the north branch of the Fiastrone river. Camerino boasts an ancient bish-

The message from the dead woman said she had been buried alive. Could it be true? Investigators exhumed her body and made a shocking discovery.

opric established in the third century A.D., a cathedral built upon the foundations of a temple of Jupiter, a university of European renown and a history that goes back several centuries before Christ. Camerino was one of the provincial towns that went to Rome's aid in the wars with the Etruscans. Camerino cannot be called modern in any sense — the nearest railroad station is at Castel-Raimondo, six miles away.

Professor Stoppoloni was impressed by the statements made by the communicator and applied for a permit from the local authorities to have the body of Rosa Menichelli Spadoni (her married name) exhumed.

Permission was readily granted the professor by the local authorities, mainly because the time for the use of a cemetery grave in Italy is limited by law and the time limit on the grave occupied by the body of Mrs. Rosa Menichelli Spadoni had expired. After the expiration date on the grave the body is removed at the con-



Dr. Guiseppe Stoppoloni

Dr. Stoppoloni is Professor of Anatomy at the University of Camerino, Italy, a physician and a psychologist of considerable repute. He has long been interested in psychical research and personally has investigated many unusual cases, of which that of Rosa Menichelli is typical. He is a member or officer of numerous scientific societies and institutions in Italy and has received many honorary titles and awards.

venience of the custodian of the cemetery and usually placed in a common burial pit. Professor Stoppoloni examined the local burial records carefully and found that Mrs. Spadoni had died at the Civil Hospital of Camerino on September 4, 1939, at the age of 38 years. The cause of death was given as puerpureal infection and subsequent heart involvement. The burial records stated that the body was interred on September 6, 1939, in grave 10, Line No. 47.

At the insistence of Professor Stoppoloni and, finally, with the cooperation of local authorities the grave was opened on September 13, 1950, in the presence of the Professor, Dr. Matteo Marcello, of the Camerino Board of Health, Dr. Alfredo Pesche, various officials representing the Italian Republic, the grave diggers and the photographer, S. Manfrini, all from the town of Camerino.

The coffin was found to be badly worm-eaten and decomposed. All eyes were on it when the diggers removed the broken lid. The skeleton lay on its back, with the skull turned to its left. The left arm was flexed with the wrist bones directed toward the mouth, the finger bones and some of the bones of the hand were in the mouth and throat cavity and bore evidence of having been bitten. The fingers were clenched, as if in a frenzy, between the upper and lower jaws. The ends of the ring finger and the middle finger extended into the throat. On the ring finger was a wedding ring, rather badly corroded. The hair was disarranged and looked as if it might have been seized and torn by the dying woman in her desperate attempt to gain freedom. The knees were bent as if in an attempt to force the coffin lid.

The discovery of this burial of a living person confirmed every detail of the communication from Rosa Menichelli Spadoni made at the seance and it profoundly shocked all of the witnesses of the exhumation. Mrs. Spadoni had left a husband and four children.

The evidence of the grave confirmed the seance statement. She had not died in the Camerino Hospital. Probably she had been in a coma or state of catalepsy when certified as dead and had survived for two days in that state, to awaken in her coffin—sealed from the outside world.

Professor Stoppoloni inaugurated a campaign in Italy to enforce more careful examination of the dead before burial. In Italy embalming is not generally practiced in the small towns and villages. The Professor states that the accidental burial of living persons through carelessness still occurs in Italy and in other portions of Europe. He quotes recent statistics, based upon exhumations in France, which would indicate that one out of every 500 persons

in France is buried alive. In England, even at the end of the 19th century, he estimates that 2700 persons per year were buried alive. In some old cemeteries in the rural sections of the United States which were moved and examined the figure runs as high as one out of 50 burials. Professor Stoppoloni quotes these figures from the burial compilations of the French Statistician Hiet; his records are filed with the Counselor-General of Senna.

Professor Stoppoloni's campaign brought immediate support from many newspapers in Italy. Some of them reported the story of Rosa Menichelli and the exhumation, together with the spiritualistic prelude which initiated the inquiry. Other journals reported the exhumation and its findings without mentioning the seance which brought about the inquiry.

Following the exhumation another seance was held on September 16, 1950, and the communicating personality of Rosa Menichelli Spadoni again asserted itself through the mediumship of Mario Bocca. Rosa thanked the circle of investigators for what had been done and for what was being done toward the prevention of future tragedies such as hers. She requested that they continue, redoubling their efforts to this end.

The communicator appeared confused when first questioned about her family. She said, "I don't remember anything. I don't know if I was married." Then her memory seemed to clear and she said, "Now I remember very well. My husband has remarried. My daughter is now engaged to be married. I wish happiness to them all!"

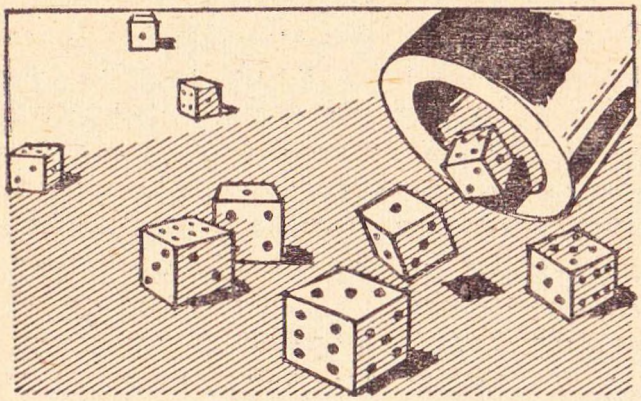
Professor Stoppoloni's campaign to prevent burial of the living appears to be gaining ground in Italy. Rosa Menichelli's communication has caused a change in burial practices that may save many lives, prematurely snuffed out in the past in the horrors of the grave.



19 YEARS LATE

FOR 19 years a German locomotive engineer was suspected of having stolen a cash box which had disappeared from his cab during a trip to Seebrugg in the Black Forest. His story was that the box had fallen out as the train went around a curve at Lake Schluch. Few believed him after searchers failed to find the box. In the summer of 1952 the engineer died at Bonn. In the spring of 1953 workmen dredging the floor of Lake Schluch discovered the cash box.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH *Today*



Is there a spiritual element which survives death? Current ESP tests give the answer.

By Alson J. Smith

THE ultimate authority today is science. For us of the 20th Century science has replaced the religion of the 13th Century and the philosophy of Socrates and Plato. Science is the keeper of Peter's keys; whatever it binds on earth is bound forever. The highest accolade that can be given is: "It's scientific."

This being true, psychical research could not hope to gain general acceptance until it could bring itself within the beneficent orbit of science. And although psychical research has existed since the dawn of man and has existed in organized form since the founding of the Society For Psychical Research in London in 1883, it was not until 1930 that it gained the right to call itself a science. This was the year that Duke University set up the world's first academic laboratory of parapsychology (the name German researchers, like Prof. Hans Driesch, had given their experimental work in depth psychology and psychics). The publication of the first reports from the laboratory in 1934 by Dr. Joseph B. Rhine

and his colleagues marked the acceptance of parapsychology, or psychical research, as a *bona fide* member of the family of science.

The first task of the new science was to prove experimentally in the laboratory that there actually *was* a non-material, or "psi" (short for psychic) element in life; something that could conceivably survive the universal experience of death. And if there was such an element, could it be demonstrated experimentally? This meant that repeatable experiments had to be devised, employing devices which lent themselves to *statistical* analysis.

In creating these experiments, Dr. Rhine and his colleagues decided to use simple, familiar objects—cards and later dice. A special deck of cards was created, called "ESP" (extra-sensory perception) cards. There were five suits of five cards each, the suits being symbols: a cross, a wavy line, a star, a square and a circle. The idea was to test clairvoyance and telepathy by having the subject tell what the symbol on the face of the card was without looking at it.

This part of the experimental story will be largely familiar to most readers of FATE. Without going into all the details of the telepathy-clairvoyance tests at Duke, let it suffice to say that a long series of 85,000 card-calls provided an average against chance so astronomical that the figures would cross this page and spill over on to the next. The existence of a non-material component in life was definitely and conclusively demonstrated under laboratory conditions for the first time.

The attention at Duke then turned to another field. Could this "psi" capacity, this non-material element, be used to affect material objects? In other words, could the mind produce energy that could be measured? Was there such a phenomenon as *psycho-kinesis?*

In the "PK" (for psycho-kinesis) tests, dice took the place of cards. The subject chose a target number, say six, and then tried to *will* the dice to fall in some combination that added up to six. Twelve throws of the dice constituted a run, and two sixes out of 12 throws could be expected through chance alone. Elaborate precautions were taken to prevent any sensory influence on the dice — they were specially made, were thrown from a special cup and later mechanical dice-throwers were used.

A long series of these PK tests with the dice at Duke demonstrated that there *was* a "measurable force of the mind"; that the mind *could* influence physical objects. The odds against chance explaining the results obtained is a number represented by 20 digits to 1. The PK work still goes for-

ward in the Duke laboratory.

The earliest laboratory experiments at Duke showed that distance was no barrier to telepathy. This question then arose: if distance, or *space,* is not a barrier, is it conceivable that *time,* also, is no obstacle? In other words, could precognition (prophecy) and retrocognition (recognition of the past) be demonstrated experimentally, as telepathy, clairvoyance and psychokinesis had been demonstrated? Again using the ESP cards, with the subject predicting the order of the deck as it would be *after* it was subsequently shuffled, odds of 400,000 to 1 against chance were obtained. These tests, now involving the use of marbles and matching pictures as well as cards, are also continuing at Duke.

Currently Dr. Rhine, Dr. Gaither Pratt, Dr. Betty Humphrey, and their colleagues in the laboratory at Duke are devoting most of their time to an investigation of the *homing instinct* in birds and animals. Is this strange personal radar which enables dogs and cats to cross hundreds of miles to locate their masters, birds to fly unerringly to distant points, and new-born eels to return across thousands of miles of ocean to the exact pond or stream where their parents once lived, a true "psi" capacity? Do these creatures communicate with one another and perhaps even with humans via *telepathy?* Soon we may expect an authoritative—and startling—announcement from Duke.

Less spectacular than the tests for precognition and psychokinesis and the investigation of the homing instinct, but essential to the creation of a true science of parapsychology, are Dr. Gaither Pratt's creation of a scoring system for evaluating the work of a trance medium statistically, the analysis by Dr. Betty Humphrey of the relation of character and personality to scoring in the ESP tests (extroverts do better than introverts!), and the measuring of the psycho-galvanic response of a medium by laboratory technicians. In this latter, an electrical device registers minute changes in the secretion of the sweat glands and the increase or decrease of skin resistance. The psychogalvanometer functions a good deal like the lie detector.

Much significant work in psychical research is being carried on in other places also. A very comprehensive group of card tests for telepathy has been carried out at the University of Colorado. At the City College of New York, Dr. Gardner Murphy and Dr. Gertrude Schmiedler did what they call "Sheep and Goat" studies—do "sheep," those who believe in psychic phenomena, score higher in the ESP and other tests than do "goats," those who are skeptical? Apparently they do!

Studies of the relation of personality to the "psi" capacity have been carried out at the City College of New York, using the Rohrschach ink-blot test, a standard psychological procedure. At Hunter College in New York Dr. Bernard Riess experiments with the ESP cards and his work there has uncovered one of the most talented subjects in the whole history of parapsychology. At Harvard University the well-known sociologist Pitirim A. Sorokin is endeavoring to discover the relationship between Altruism and Genius and the "psi" component. At Harvard there is a strong Parapsychological Society; there is a similar active society in the city of Washington. And in New York the American Society For Psychical Research recently has established a Medical Section, consisting of some 20 doctors, mostly psychiatrists. Currently this group is investigating the function of telepathy in analytic therapy and the impact of "psi" pnenomena on psychiatric theory.

One of the most intriguing experiments is carried out by Doctors Kahn and Neisser at Harvard. The hits and misses in an ESP test are scored *electronically*. Test blanks which fit IBM tabulating machines are employed instead of cards; the subject tries to black in the little spaces on the test blank to correspond with the pattern blacked in on a model card which is kept out of sight in a locked case. The test blank is then fed into the machine, which automatically compares the subject's guesses with the pattern on the card in the locked case. The results of a series of these tests at Harvard have been overwhelmingly positive. Even critics of the work at Harvard agree that conditions and controls (to prevent any kind of sensory perception) were entirely adequate.

Another interesting research method, concerned with psychokinesis, is one being employed by Prof. Robert McConnell of the Physics Department at the University of Pittsburgh. A rotating, motor-driven cage made of transparent lucite tosses a number of dice, with the subject trying to "will" certain combinations of numbers. The dice are automatically photographed when they come to rest; no hand can tamper with them or with the record of their fall. Positive results that seem to rule out chance completely have been obtained. The most interesting product of this research, however, has been the dramatic statistical *decline curve* (increase and decrease in scoring rate). According to Prof. McConnell the regularity of this curve rules out chance as an explanation of it—if increases and decreases in scoring were occurring by chance alone, the curve would fluctuate irregularly.

Outside of the United States a great deal of excellent research is being carried on. Some significant early experiments in telepathy took place at the University of Groningen in the Netherlands. The Sorbonne, La Saltpetrière Hospital and other French institutions have furnished valuable research material. Shortly before World War II a Department of Parapsychology was being established at the University of Bonn in Germany but the war cancelled the project.

In England most of the work is carried on through the Society For Psychical Research, London. This Society's offices and library in Tavistock Square provide psychical researchers with a general headquarters and all of the leading British workers in the field are members of the Society. At the University of London there is a laboratory designed by the late Dr. Harry Price primarily for testing mediums but adaptable also to most other types of research.

Price, who died recently, was Professor of Logic at the University and the British Broadcasting Company's "ghost" expert. Today at the University of London much of Price's work is being carried on by Dr. H. G. Soal, Professor of Mathematics. Dr. Soal's work with his two gifted subjects, Mrs. Gloria Stewart and Mr. Basil Shackleton, has produced strong evidence for telepathy and for precognition and retrocognition. One of the best known of the London group of researchers, Whately Carington, died a short time ago. Dr. Carington's most interesting experiment was with a group of target pictures, which he hung in the study of his London home on certain nights while subjects in England and America tried to draw likenesses of them as they perceived them clairvoyantly. The *displacement* which showed up in the scoring of these drawings (tendency of subjects to draw, not the *current* picture, but the one just preceding or just following it) intrigued many researchers and seemed to provide evidence both for precognition and retrocognition.

At Cambridge University, Prof. R. H. Thouless is carrying on a tradition of psychical research that goes back to the old Cambridge Ghost Society of 100 years ago. It was at Cambridge, too, that the Society For Psychical Research was established in 1883, with Frederick W. H. Myers as its leader. Prof. Thouless is working out a series of simple home experiments using dice, coins, matches, toothpicks, etc., which he hopes will help to spread the popularity of psychical research.

Outside of the universities, a considerable amount of individual experimentation is taking place. The French engineer Rene Warcollier, the German doctor

Carl Bruck, the American author Upton Sinclair and the English explorer Sir Hubert Wilkins all have conducted tests in the field of psychics. No less an authority than Albert Einstein appealed for a scientific hearing for the book, *Mental Radio,* which Sinclair wrote describing his experiments with telepathy. In England Mr. G. M. N. Tyrell is studying apparitions which so interested the early members of the Society For Psychical Research and which resulted in the classic "Census of Hallucinations" more than 50 years ago.

It is this day-to-day experimentation in the laboratories, the patient classification and analysis of statistics, which is making a science of parapsychology. For this produces *evidence*—evidence that will stand up in the great court of Science.

What the parapsychologists have done with their cards, dice, coins, matching pictures, lucite cages, marbles, etc., is to demonstrate experimentally the existence of a spiritual component in life and in the individual which is limited neither by space nor by time. Perhaps the most momentous words yet uttered in the 20th Century were those spoken in Town Hall, New York, not long ago by Dr. Rhine: "According to minimum standards, the soul theory has been confirmed."

That is a large accomplishment for anybody's laboratory!

A LIFETIME IN SECONDS

A REPORT by two Swiss doctors, published recently in the *American Journal of Psychiatry,* gives support to the idea that a dying man sees the events of his life flash past his mind's eye. The doctors questioned a laborer who described the pictures that shot through his head when he fell 80 feet from a scaffold and onto a row of planks which unexpectedly saved his life.

After the first few feet of his fall, said the doctors, the laborer lost sight of his surroundings. Pictures of his past life flashed before him, their speed increasing to a blur. They began with scenes from his childhood and then he saw himself as a youth and as a soldier in the army. Finally he saw himself making an appointment that morning before starting work.

The laborer stated that he saw several hundred pictures in what the doctors calculated were two seconds of his three-second plunge toward death.

HOW TO READ TEA LEAVES

By Mildred Slye

ONE of the oldest methods of divining the future is the reading of tea leaves. Nearly every little town has its cup reader and large city restaurants often offer free readings as a trade inducement. Yet, strange to say, little is known of the origin or history of this art.

Before cup reading came bell reading. Wise men, thousands of years ago, studied the interiors of bells in the belief that the future could be predicted from what was found in the way of lines, cracks and mottled patches.

To the Chinese goes the credit for applying the bell reading methods to tea leaves. Because a cup is much like a bell in shape, they began to study teacups from which the tea had been drunk and in which the leaves had formed interesting patterns.

Tea drinking, in its infancy, was linked with religion. And this mystical connection furnished still another basis for believing in the prophetic power of tea leaves.

Any sincere person can easily determine whether he is capable of cup reading. Perhaps you may discover that you have the "hid-

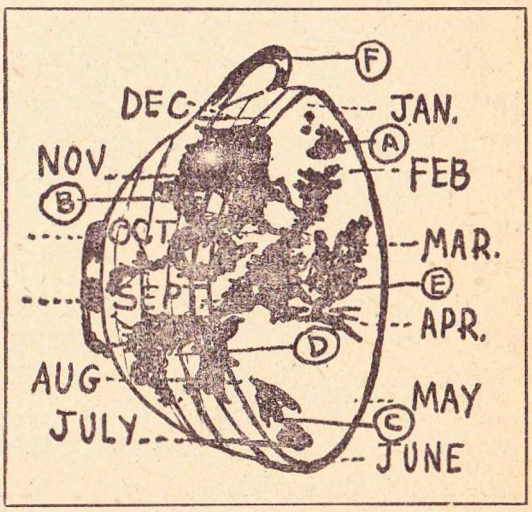


FIGURE ONE

Reading begins with a half teaspoonful of tea brewed in the cup. Subject alone can touch cup and must drink at least a mouthful of tea. The time of year is established in cup reading by dividing the cup into 12 sections for months and four sections for seasons. Leaves near rim of cup as in A indicate a wish fulfilled. Rings as in B foretell good luck if unbroken, danger if broken. Rose as in C indicates a death. Bower as in D shows happiness ahead, possibly a wedding. Shoes as in E predict complete or partial success, depending on size. Handle of cup, F, indicates the drinker.

A cup of tea can offer more than refreshment. It also may be used to foretell events in the future.



THE AUTHOR

Mildred Slye is a New Jersey housewife whose hobbies are tea leaf reading and article writing, in that order. She has three children. Her interest in tea leaf reading, she says, was fostered indirectly from contacts made through writing. Her "hunches regarding what she saw in the cups proved correct so often that finally she took her readings seriously."

den talent" in much the same manner as I did.

As is my habit, I was relaxing after the evening meal, enjoying the setting sun's glow through the trees, when for a fleeting moment I glanced down into my teacup. I received the impression, from the formation of the leaves, of someone falling and being severely injured. I sensed the figure to be a woman. Three days later my neighbor fell down a flight of steps, injuring herself so seriously she had to be taken to a hospital.

This might come under the heading of telepathy or clairvoyance. But my experiences with tea leaf reading indicate that this is not the final explanation. For there seems little doubt that the leaves act as a sort of connecting link or sympathetic bond between the consultant and the reader—the medium through which the pencil of the mind traces its hidden awareness of the future.

I often am asked, "How do you read the leaves?" The answer isn't as complicated as one might assume, although much practice is needed to acquire the "professional touch." This can be said of almost any art or profession.

The first requisite is a clear bone china teacup. Glass, colored, or cups with flower designs do not provide the best foil for the leaves, although in a pinch I have read from such cups.

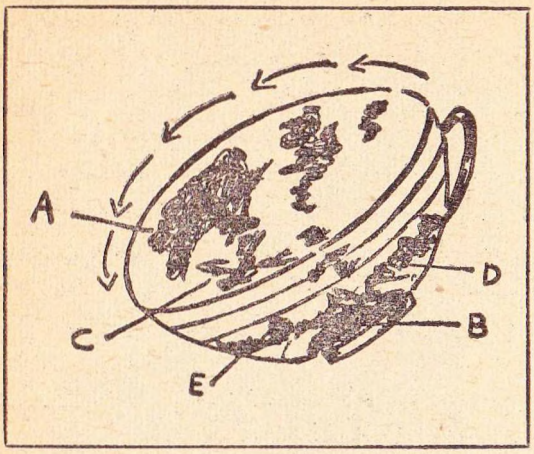


FIGURE TWO

A left handed person is indicated here. For the best interpretation the cup should be reversed mentally. A shows a tree in full foliage and denotes fruitfulness and prosperity — poor conditions, if bare-limbed. The cup being left handed shows what would ordinarily be a Fall period but actually shows the end of Winter and the beginning of Spring. Solid leaves at B indicate an event or problem to be solved. Cross at C means decision, regardless of where located. Meaning of face at D depends on its position. Hilly horizon at E indicates a change of employment or residence.

A half teaspoon (scant) of tea to the cup is the most desirable quantity. Use scalding hot water to brew the tea right in the cup. Place a teaspoon in the cup to prevent breakage. Sugar, cream, jam, or any kind of flavoring may be added depending on the individual's choice (and the provisions of hostess), as these substances no-wise alter the leaves. The subject *must* drink from the cup even if only a mouthful of the tea.

When the person cannot drink a full cup of tea he should inform the reader beforehand and the quantity of water may be reduced, though not the tea. A teapot of tea is undesirable, because dipping into it to obtain leaves for each cup takes too long and the portion of wet leaves obtained is inaccurate as compared with the dry leaves. The subject may pour the tea from his cup into a receptacle, remembering to hold the cup in much the same position as if he were drinking the tea. He must do this himself, as only his hands and those of the reader are supposed to touch the cup.

After the cup is dry, the subject rotates it three times to the left and makes a wish. He then turns the cup upside down and mentally asks three questions, placing his left hand upon the cup while concentrating deeply.

I repeat, that no hands but those of the reader must touch the cup after the subject has completed the above ritual.

Group readings are fun and just as successful as private readings, provided there is a maximum of quiet. Although, for the beginner I think not more than three guests is desirable. As the reader progresses, he finds his own most comfortable quota. Not everyone can read in 10 minutes, even after much experience. Until his skill becomes well developed a half to an hour is not unusual.

Avoid overtaxing your strength. The minute your voice or throat becomes raspy and your head swims, stop. There will be times too when you will find you cannot concentrate. By this I mean the tea leaves in the cup will appear to have no form. When this happens, relax. Do not force yourself. If after a minute or two you still "see" nothing when you look into the cup, admit this to the person with whom you are sitting.

Before starting to read ask for the complete attention of all those present in the room. Special care should be taken to avoid excessive hilarity or gossip, neither should the atmosphere be somber as it tends to disturb the necessary tranquility.

When the mood is set, and the cups ready, my method of interpreting the leaves is as follows: The rim of the cup is divided evenly into 12 sections; these represent the months of the year (see Fig. 1). This establishes time accurately for the past, present and future. Starting with the handle (F) which represents the person being read, I advance along the edge of the cup until I strike the section of the cup corresponding with present month. In September I start with the September section of the cup. At a glance I can go backwards for the past, forward for the future. Thus the month of September represents the present, October near present, November near future, December the future.

After reading the first impressions, I stir the leaves to obtain a better forecast. One night an incident that had happened 20 years ago was shown in the cup. The woman I was reading for was a motherly type and as I held her cup in my hand I received a shock. I asked her to think back 20 years to the day of the occurrence that upset her. Please note that I didn't ask her to tell me. Closing my eyes for a moment I received the impression of someone taking his life. It was clear also that the suicide occurred on the same day of the death of this woman's mother.

Another incident offers a contrasting example. Stirring the leaves, I asked a young man, "Who was it broke or misplaced their false teeth yesterday in your household?" The youth, skeptical up to this point, gasped and said, "My mother!"

Heaviness of the leaves, wateriness, backward initials, are all clues. Unless you possess intuition to an uncommon degree (this can be developed) you can come a cropper at this stage. But don't hesitate to make use of your presentiments. They are usually quite reliable.

"The wish" is generally represented by very small particles. (See figure 1-A.) Sometimes they are the beginning of a large forma-

tion, nevertheless, they are nearly always distinguishable. The easiest and truest ways to deal with the questions and wish is to notice where the leaves fall the thickest in the cup, bottom or top, determine the time element for each, compare them mentally with your first impressions or hunches, then cogitate between them.

Invariably one question ties in with the wish. Often, the questions appear to be totally irrelevant to the general tenor of the cup. Should you feel uncertain, avoid trying to answer either questions or wish. An anxious guest, or a sincere one, will tell you or ask you if you see his wish or an answer, in which case again look for the time element and tell exactly what you see. The individual then can draw his own conclusions from such remarks you may make, such as "I see heaviness," or "It is quite bright in this area," etc.

A left-handed cup changes the time element. I can spot one immediately because of the direction of the leaves. I can tell also if a subject has swirled his tea to make what he thinks is a better reading. The gypsies do this but I find it difficult because the cup becomes so splattered. Another fallacy, in connection with "better readings," is the idea that the more tea used, the better the fortune. This is not so as the increased quantity of leaves only causes packing.

You may ask at this point my reason for "stirring" the leaves. I have no pat answer for this but can offer a plausible explanation. After all the positions of the leaves are carefully noted and every possible clue remarked upon you have warmed up and are more receptive. This may be due indirectly to the deep concentration centered on the cup, by both subject and reader.

I first noted the difference in the cup of the left-handed subject one day when I felt everything I was saying was correct but only to a degree. A bit of contrariness seemed present. My guest informed me, "The events are correct," but kept insisting "That has already happened." It finally occurred to me that I was placing the events of the fall period when they should have been in the spring section of the cup. This doesn't change personalities, however, or backward initials. And the way an image is facing may have a good deal to do with the general aspect. (See Fig. 2 and 3.)

My first sensation upon picking up the cup drawn in Fig. 3 was a feeling of agitation. A window flashed importantly within the leaves. The head of a woman emerged. Then, in shadow, the figure of a man became visible. Three hearts appeared in the foreground. Three names were transmitted. Finally came the impression of a church.

Decoding the cup told this tale: The woman was worrying over her husband who was confined to an upstairs room. He was incapacitated by a heart ailment and it was his habit to sit at the window. The three names revealed were those of her immediate family. Ordinarily a church means a ceremony of some sort, while an abbey means there is no need for worry.

When I was through I asked the woman how truly I had read her cup.

She answered, "It couldn't be more true had I told you."

I will give a list of symbols which may help those interested in reading the tea leaves. However, many readers I have met use other meanings.

Anchor: Emblem of hope.

Attire: (Clothing other than footwear.) Change in life for the better.

Baby: Trouble in a series of events.

Bell: News in general.

Bird: Special news; *bird-nest:* happiness at home; *bird-cage:* romance.

Bow: Scandal, sometimes love with uneasiness (doubt, jealousy).

Bridge: Better business offer, advancement over present position. If in connection with a problem, favorable outcome. Can also mean a trip.

Clover: Lucky sign. If in the clear, good prospects, money, love. If surrounded by clouds (watery or streaky formations), tears; very small dots barely discernible, disappointments; clear, well-defined dots, however, mean everything on the upswing. These symbols have the same meaning without the clover sign, which enhances the meaning more or less.

Coffin: Trouble. If accompanied by one black rose, death; at top of cup, death was recent. (Look for the time element).

Cross: Courage will be given. Meaning depends on position: If

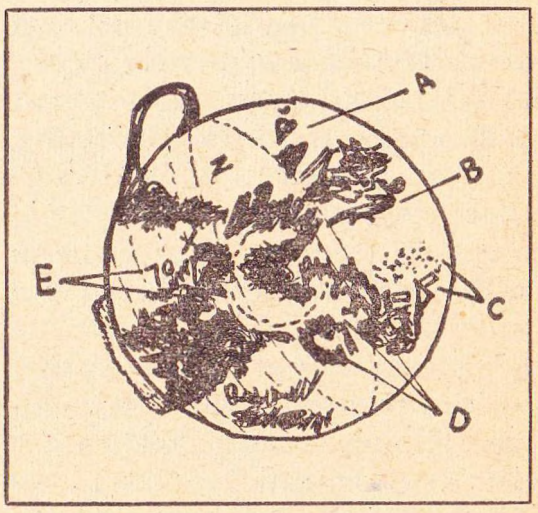


FIGURE THREE

In this sketch of a cup actually read by the author A represents two heads and B a woman's head with a man's figure in the background. C is a house with roof, chimney and window on the second floor distinctly visible. D represents three persons in subject's cup whom the author identified correctly. E represents an aged gentleman with a church spire nearby.

on building, could mean a christening or a wedding, or "Don't worry, your faith will see you through."

Dog: Friendship, faithfulness.

Devil: Evil influences. Be certain about this formation, as it can be very disturbing.

Eagle: Things coming your way for the better.

Eggs: Birth indicated.

Fire: Rush of sudden happenings; fireplace, in your own home.

Footwear: Boot, huge success; shoe, partial success; bootee, small scandal.

Grapes: Happiness.

Heart: One of the most incorrectly interpreted of all symbols. If by itself, person is concerned over personal problem. If near figure, could mean illness of someone. When in dotted or cloudy setting, past or present trouble (watch time element). If in bower of roses, romance. If heart rests on a thick cluster, the person is a widow.

Key: A solving of problems; that which has been closed to you will open. If purse is seen, denotes misplacing of an article.

Lines: (Note the directions.) In connection with cloud formations, hearts and clover signs, may mean a journey for better or worse, a separation.

Moon: (Stars, sun, any heavenly bodies.) Prospects very good, if in the clear; again clouds play an important part in the meaning.

Ring: Engagement. Do not confuse with large solid circle. If circle is unbroken, denotes favorableness in conjunction with matters close at hand; if broken, disappointment.

Ship: While this implies a journey, again the full value of the cup must be considered. If near a building, can mean a departure (watch time element again). May mean person you are reading has traveled widely.

Trees: If in full foliage, prosperity. If tree is bare, barren or unfruitful future, poor health. If with blossoms, good health. If with dots, good fortune in the distance, provided that tree is full-leaved. Again take the whole cup into consideration.

Worms: Beware of misfortune; scandal, regardless of time element, is near at hand.

Sticks: If a walking stick, visitor, maybe a stranger. Also position, if at the feet of a person, denotes a tripping up.

Two Lines: When perfectly crossed to make an X, means a decision, no matter in what part of cup it is found.

I shall never forget my first contact with the public. One day the telephone rang. An old school chum said she would like to have me read for her bridge guests. Up until this time my readings had been informal, mainly practice to develop my capacity for the art. A dozen times or more during the

week that followed I was tempted to turn down the engagement, but feeling challenged, I kept it.

My first consultant that evening was a young woman. Gazing into her cup I recall telling her that I saw a man named Lou and he was surrounded with bricks. It developed he was a builder. I also recognized a bitter contest over money which was rightly hers. I visualized her leaving her position to become the manager of a large apartment house when at the time such a change was far from her mind. I remember warning her to be prepared with "special evidence" during a court case.

Everything turned out just as predicted and within the time specified.

As you advance in the art of cup reading don't be surprised to find that your own voice sometimes sounds strange to your ears. I have found that the more alien the words and sentences the more accurate the forecast. There is quite a difference between feeling what you are saying and just plain talking. Although, a light patter is interesting while you are waiting for impressions.

One afternoon last summer an upholsterer's truck stopped in front of my door. I wondered if the gentleman was selling something as I watched him approach the porch steps. A lady had called for an appointment, as it turned out, for this man.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, I commenced reading. His cup revealed that he wasn't connected with the upholstery business at all. He had just gotten a lift. The first thing of importance which appeared in his cup was the number 704, separated by dashes. A little puzzled, I jotted it down on the blackboard, making no comment. As other pictures loomed into view the number was momentarily forgotten.

A huge machine framework developed. I enlarged it on the board, whereupon the gentleman informed me it was the machine he operated at work—a bag baler. I asked him about the chain and ring. He said it was an emergency pull. Chemicals poured through his cup. He had been burned? Yes, not by chemicals but by steam, though he packaged chemicals.

I perceived he was thinking of starting a business of his own. There was the feel of small cold objects around me and he admitted he was considering going into the hardware business. Silence followed, which he broke by informing me that the number I had written was his compensation number!

These experiences and methods form the foundation upon which those sincerely interested may develop skill in tea leaf reading. It is more than just a fascinating

game. It is a means by which one may develop latent extra-sensory powers and use them to bring happiness and hope into the lives of others. I believe that cup reading has aspects which place it well within the field of parapsychology.

ANCIENT DRUGS FOR MENTAL CASES

MODERN medical science no longer scoffs at primitive prescriptions. Researchers have found that some of them, which go as far back in time as the remedies of Hippocrates, actually work.

One such researcher is Dr. R. A. Hakim of the Civil and Mental Hospital of Ahedabad, India. Until recently Dr. Hakim shared the skepticism of Western practitioners and held a low opinion of ancient Indian medicine. As a psychiatrist, however, he decided to test some drugs which had been prescribed for centuries in mental cases by the Ayurveda cult of India.

The Ayurvedic drugs are easily obtained in India and a Bombay pharmaceutical house supplied Dr. Hakim with tablets consisting of Monniera cuneifolia, Evolvulus alsinoides, Rauwolfia serpentia, Leptadenia reticulata, Acorus calamus and Eclipta alba.

A total of 146 patients were experimented upon with the drugs. They were made up of schizophrenics, manic depressives, psychotics, hysterics, hypochondriacs and epilepitcs. One group was treated with electric shock therapy, another group with Ayurvedic drugs and a third group was given both treatments.

Dr. Hakim found that electric shock therapy gave a recovery rate of 31 per cent. The Ayurvedic drugs used alone gave a recovery rate of 52 per cent. The combined treatment with electric shock therapy and Ayurvedic drugs gave a recovery rate of 80 per cent for the 146 patients as a whole. In 65 schizophrenics who were given this combined treatment there was a recovery rate of 83 per cent.

Dr. Hakim was awarded a prize after reporting on his results before a medical conference at Baroda but Western psychiatrists are expected to raise many criticisms in connection with his work. They use the word "recovery" with caution where mental patients are concerned and will demand more position evidence of recovery than Dr. Hakim presented. Also they will regard 146 cases as insufficient statistically to serve as proof. However, Dr. Hakim's results indicate that the Ayurvedic drugs merit a careful investigation in Western institutions for the mentally ill.

THE CASE OF THE

Ancient Greek Ghost

By Edmond P. Gibson

The Sicilian farmer spoke archaic Greek and said he was a citizen of Athens. Was he possessed?

IN the early winter of 1946 a wave of excitement swept over the little town of Pergusa, Enna Province, Sicily. A peasant farmer, Concetto Buonsignore, aged 63, was not his normal self on the morning following the fiesta for the blessing of nearby Lake Pergusa. Some blamed his trouble on the fiesta, saying that probably he had eaten too much pasta and had drunk too much wine. However, his family denied this. They stated that on the day of the fiesta Concetto had eaten as usual and that he had not drunk an unusual amount of wine. Following the fiesta he had gone to bed in a normal state of mind.

The next day Concetto appeared to have forgotten the Sicilian dialect in which he had spoken since babyhood. He appeared to be very confused and he addressed persons in an unknown tongue. All those who knew Concetto testified that he knew no language except Italian and not very good Italian at that. His new language was known to no one.

Concetto's wife at first thought that he was playing a joke. He did



not seem to know her nor to recognize his friends. He did not understand Sicilian and failed in his attempts to converse. Her first reaction, when she thought the "joke" had gone far enough, was to become very angry with him. She ordered and begged him to stop his foolishness. Nevertheless, Concetto, looking puzzled, continued to speak a language which no one could understand.

A local priest was called in and he sent for Father B——, a priest of Palermo who was a professor of literature and an expert in languages. Father B—— traveled to Pergusa and after listening to the bewildered man attempt to communicate, stated: "He is speaking ancient Greek of a very archaic form, similar to that of Homer." The Father then spoke to Buonsignore in that language and questioned him. Further he sent to Palermo University for another professor of languages to witness the strange phenomenon.

Father B—— stated that Mr. Buonsignore seemingly was reliving a past of great antiquity, a past 24 centuries old.

The personality of Concetto Buonsignore had disappeared. Through his mouth a strange entity spoke. It appeared to be an Athenian of the time of Alcibiades. Concetto had known nothing of Greece until World War II when his son was sent there with an expeditionary force of the Italian Army. He knew nothing whatsoever of Greek history. In his bemused or entranced state, however, he told the astonished priest that he was a native of Athens and that his house was in front of the altar and temple of Demeter. He stated that the building was shaded by a large fig tree, a giant branch of which overhung his roof. He said that he was both a sailor and soldier in the Athenian navy. He mentioned a voyage along the Ephesian coast of Asia Minor and told of a great naval battle at a place which the priest identified as Estapola. From the details of the naval fight the priest thought that the battle was probably that of Aegospotami. This battle took place in the year 405 B. C.!

A huge Athenian fleet had tried to entice a smaller Spartan fleet to combat and, failing in this, had pulled into the mouth of the Aegospotami river on the Hellespont in the region of the present Dardanelles. Due to a rotation of command in the democratic Athenian navy, the sage advice of Alcibiades, the only well-qualified naval commander with the fleet, went unheeded. The commander for the day ordered the ships beached and the sailors and soldiers were ordered ashore.

Lysander, an able Spartan commander with a smaller fleet, attacked the beached ships and destroyed or captured the entire

Athenian fleet. This contributed to the fall of the Athenian Empire the following year. Only a few Athenian survivors of the battle escaped overland to their homes.

This was the fragmentary story told to Father B—— by the uneducated Sicilian farmer who had temporarily lost his mind and now was speaking in ancient Greek.

When the news of Concetto Buonsignore's condition leaked out journalists from all over Italy went to Sicily to witness the unusual and undoubtedly paranormal phenomenon. However, most of them were doomed to disappointment as his psychosis or "spirit possession" ceased on the fifth day. Many journalists arrived too late.

The journal *La Domenica del Corriere (Sunday Courier)* of Milan, Italy, published a long article on this strange case in the issue of December 29, 1946, as a reporter from Milan arrived before Concetto ceased to speak Greek and witnessed some of the events as they occurred.

Father B—— was very much interested in the case. It intrigued him because of its unusual and abnormal quality and he questioned Buonsignore on several occasions while he was in his secondary state. He made transcriptions of his questions and Concetto's answers. Some of the interrogation was done in the presence of Mr. N. Gandini, a journalist from *Il Corriere della Sera* of Milan, and of a notary public of Pergusa, as well as in the presence of the professor of languages.

The complete transcription of the questions and answers given to the priest in ancient Greek was witnessed, notarized and filed with the French Academy of Sciences in Paris. The professor from Palermo also signed as a witness to these proceedings.

At the close of the last interrogation Concetto spoke to his wife, saying, "I feel hungry." He spoke in perfect, archaic Greek. Soon thereafter he lapsed into his primary personality and the ancient Athenian sailor disappeared forever into the void from which he had emerged.

It may be of some interest to remember that Sicily, in ancient times, had a long and close relationship with Greece. Originally inhabited by an Italian tribe known as the Siculi, Sicily was known to Homer as the land of the Cyclops. It was colonized by Both Greeks and Phoenicians during the eighth Century B. C. During the Greek-Carthaginian wars, the island was subdivided politically, the west portion becoming a Carthaginian colony. In the third Century B. C. Sicily was occupied by the Romans. The Greek language gave place to Latin and later to the Sicilian dialect of the Italian which is current today.

Ruined Greek buildings may still be seen at Syracuse and at other scattered locations in the eastern parts of the island.

Does the Greek heritage of Sicily still attract the ghosts of Greeks who died at the time of the Declean War which destroyed the power of Athens in 404 B. C.? The growth of the science of parapsychology eventually will answer such questions.

The writer wishes to express his debt to the late Natale J. Cuneo for calling his attention to this case and for obtaining the names of persons associated therewith and assisting with the translation of portions of the story. Due to ecclesiastical restrictions, the name of the priest and professor associated with the investigation cannot be published with this article.

PSYCHIC CANINE

ROY R. SALISBURY of Buffalo, N. Y., recently asked his dog Hank what horse would win the fourth race at Oaklawn. Salisbury took this astonishing course because he is convinced that Hank, a dog of collie-German shepherd breed, has psychic powers.

According to Salisbury, Hank looked into his eyes and barked six times. Salisbury checked a racing form and decided that No. 6 was a poor risk. When the race was over, however, he found that No. 6 had come in first. Hank had been right.

Hank can also solve problems, Salisbury claims. He says Hank solved this typical problem: How much would I pay for three bananas if they cost 72 cents a dozen? Hank barked 18 times.

Salisbury wrote to Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University about Hank. The famed researcher in extrasensory perception pointed out that dogs that answer questions by a certain number of barks often cannot do so when the owner is screened from view.

Experimenting, Salisbury asked Hank questions from behind a closed door. He found that though Hank barked the answers were guesses. Hank, Salisbury concludes, "performs best when he has his front paws on my knees and looks me straight in the eyes." He insists that he does not consciously give the dog cues.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

THE PHANTOM CORTEGE

My early childhood was spent at the home of my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Pugley, in Cardiff, South Wales. Their garden, which was fairly large and surrounded by high, ivy-covered walls, could be entered only from the house.

There were no children nearby to keep me company and to prevent loneliness Grandfather gave me a plot of garden for myself. I spent many happy hours tending this plot, arranging the border stones in patterns and conversing with my dolls. Accustomed to city life, I knew nothing of the customs in the remote villages of that time.

One day in 1905 while playing in the garden I clearly saw a funeral cortege pass me and disappear through the wall. This strange incident differed from anything I had seen before. The coffin, covered with flowers, was being carried by men and the mourners following it were all on foot.

At tea time I told my grandparents that a funeral had passed me in the garden. They questioned me closely and I saw a troubled look pass between them.

I was unaware that Grandfather's relatives lived in a remote village in which the roads to the cemetery at the top of a hill were so rough and steep that it was the custom for the bearers to carry the coffin and the mourners to walk behind it.

Shortly afterward my grandfather received news of the death of his brother who had died at the exact time I had seen the vision in the garden.

On his return from the funeral of his dead brother Grandfather showed me a photograph of the funeral cortege. I recognized it in every detail as the one I had seen. — *Murielle Baker, Los Angeles, Calif.*

PSYCHIC BOY DETECTIVE

I WAS 12 on that hot July day in 1927 when I earned brief but nationwide publicity as the "Boy Detective." The now-defunct *Minneapolis Journal* carried the story of how I had helped to solve a savage assault made upon a woman walking a path through the woods from a streetcar stop to her home. The strangest part of the story is something I could not reveal at the time—the psychic experience which made my detecting possible.

With my brother, Leroy, and a friend, Fred Jackson, both nine, I had played for hours in the dense woods of William Berry Park in Minneapolis. Tired of being Robin Hood, Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet, we climbed down into our secret underground cave, the entrance to which was concealed by an overhanging tree trunk. There we saw the footprints of a man. Eager for mystery, though half-frightened too, we discussed the footprints in whispers.

But since it was now late afternoon we had to give up our little mystery and go home for supper. We clambered out of the cave and started through a heavy growth of underbrush and saplings toward a little-used trail. Suddenly we stopped, for coming along the trail was a man. Thinking he might be the man whose footprints we had seen in the cave, we ducked into the bushes and watched him approach. His heavy, brutish body, dressed in old workclothes, loomed over us for a moment as he passed without seeing us. We waited for him to get some distance away but before we could set out he returned and went past us along the trail.

As we finally trudged homeward out of the woods an urgent and inexplicable force seemed to fill my mind and control my will. I could not leave the outskirts of the woods nor explain to my younger companions despite their pleas to "get going." Across the street among some trees lay a pile of sand and this far and no further I went with my disgusted playmates to keep a vigil I did



Ray Smith

not understand. Perhaps five minutes passed. The chilling urgency in me did not relax.

Then the man we had seen on the trail burst running from the bushes and climbed into a shabby Ford parked down the street. As he drove hurriedly past something made me write down on the sand with a stick the license number of his car.

Then the compulsion left me. We started home and rounding the woods we saw a crowd down the block and ran to investigate. A woman lay on the grass, wrapped in a blanket. A policeman was questioning the crowd for possible clues and my younger companions excitedly told him what we had seen. He and a plainclothesman questioned me and I led them to the license number, still undisturbed in the sand.

Through this license number a detective traced the car that same evening. He found its owner preparing to move and arrested him after a fierce struggle.

The assaulted woman did not die though her condition was critical for a while. Her assailant received a prison term. — *Ray Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.*

TELEPATHIC DOG

My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Nellie High, raises purebred dogs for sale. In 1925 she owned a small purebred bitch which although watched closely slipped away one day and later bore several mongrel puppies. One was so homely that he attracted everyone's attention. He had shaggy gray hair, short legs, a goatee and sharp sparkling eyes.

Though disappointed in the litter, my daughter-in-law kept this particular puppy because he seemed unusually smart. She named him Buster. Later she decided it was unwise to keep Buster among her purebreds and my husband took him into our home. People were attracted to Buster by his friendly nature and ability to understand what was said to him.

One night we were waked by Buster barking. My husband found several young people eating watermelon and rolling about on our lawn. In the morning my husband jokingly asked Buster, "Who were those kids on the lawn last night?"

Buster stretched, turned his head sidewise and said, "I don' know." We both heard this as plainly as if a person had spoken it.

My husband was called to California and Buster and I remained at home. My sister, Mrs. S. L. Langdon, came to stay with us for a while. She and I experimented with telepathy for a pastime and one evening we sat facing each other in the living room. Buster was asleep on the floor nearby.

I concentrated deeply on transferring the thought that Buster would rise and howl. Whereupon he rose and emitted a howl that frightened my sister and me. My sister asked what made Buster do that and I told her.

My husband wrote me to come to California as he would be detained there indefinitely. My sister volunteered to keep Buster.

On the day of my departure Buster placed his front paws about my leg as a child would do with his arms and looked up at me with moistly pleading eyes. Apparently he knew I was leaving and was begging me not to go without him.

I told him that my sister loved him and would be nice to him. He seemed to understand. My husband and I were gone for three years and when we returned Buster seemed to recognize us but he remained happily in my sister's home until he died. — *Harriet High, Lewiston, Idaho.*

VOICES AT THE TENT

My mother was psychic and as far back as I can remember she knew of things which were going to happen. One incident which I will never forget occurred in 1917 when we lived in the little town of Wild Cherry, Ark.

I was one of a family of seven children. My father, Joda Carrico, had a wooden leg and we children had to work to help support the family. We hoed cotton in the summer and picked it in the fall to earn our school clothes. The hilly land didn't grow cotton as well as did the river bottom land and so we worked at the river botton farms which paid more money.

In October, 1917, Father, two of my sisters and I went to pick cotton at Berry, Ark., 25 miles away. We drove in a wagon carrying our tent and camping equipment. I was 12 years old and my sisters, Ida and Bessie, were 16 and 17 respectively.

We camped near a railroad track and one day a week later two boys came to the camp and spoke to my sisters. We had been taught not to speak to strangers and had little to say. The boys were tough-looking and we were frightened about their being at our camp. But with the cool treatment they received they soon went on down the tracks. Father gave us a lecture on taking up with strangers.

After supper we went to bed at once as we were tired from picking cotton all day. Father slept next to the entrance of the tent with his wooden leg placed beside him as usual for he was helpless without it. We were all sound asleep when Father said someone shook him and told him to wake up quickly. Hearing voices whis-

pering outside the tent, he lay still and listened.

The voices belonged to the two boys who had been at our camp earlier in the day. One of them said, "Now don't turn chicken on me. Let's finish off the old man and take the girls as we planned."

The other boy said, "Let's not do it tonight."

"Yes, we'll do it tonight," the first boy insisted.

Father had no gun or other weapon for protection and he realized our lives were in danger. As he was very religious he prayed for help.

After arguing a few minutes more the two boys crept away. In the morning Father told us that we were returning home.

When we drove up at the house Mother rushed up crying and said, "I knew you would be home after the narrow escape you had last night."

We stood staring at her with open mouths and she explained that the Lord woke her and told her that Joda and the girls were in danger. She woke the others and told them to pray for us and she remained on her knees until she felt certain that we were safe. — *Alice Estes, Glenns Ferry, Idaho.*

WHAT WARNED MOTHER?

In July, 1924, my father, Peter Carlson, my mother, Mary, my four brothers and I moved to California from Colorado. A horse-drawn wagon carried everything we owned.

One day after we had left Denver and were on our way to Salt Lake City via the Utah Trail we traveled until late at night. We were all exhausted when Father finally pulled the wagon into a small gulley so that we would have shelter. We were still in Colorado, at or near Steamboat Springs.

We ate a quick supper and soon were sound asleep. Around three o'clock in the morning Mother woke us and told Father to hitch up the horses and move out as we were in danger. We were bewildered as it was still dark and we were all tired.

Father, however, sensed the urgency of Mother's warning and we hurriedly packed and hitched up the horses. As we drove down the gulley we heard a distant rumbling like thunder.

Soon we reached the rim of the gulley and Father stopped the horses for a rest after the steep climb. As we sat looking into the gulley we saw a wall of water eight feet high come roaring down over the spot where we had camped. There had been a cloudburst in the hills. Had we remained in the gulley 10 minutes longer we all would have drowned.

We questioned Mother about what had warned her but she

never could explain it. All she remembered was waking suddenly from a deep sleep and feeling a great urgency to move out of the gulley. — *Alma Zammito, Olympia, Wash.*

CURE FOR A "MOUSE"

In 1891 when I was 15 years old and lived in Ireland we had an excellent cook named Mabel who would have been a great beauty had it not been for a full-sized "mouse" on her left cheek. The mouse had dark hair which grew into a tail that curved up under her left eye. It looked real enough to be picked off her cheek.

The disfigurement was a source of shame and humiliation to Mabel. No young man would "walk out" with her.

She left our employment and I did not see her again until one day when our maid came up to the drawing room to say that Mabel wished to see me in the kitchen.

I went downstairs and there was Mabel, with her mouse as big as life. She began to cry and I told the cook to make her a cup of strong tea. She asked to speak to me privately and taking her into the breakfast room I asked what was wrong.

Mabel told me that a young man liked her a lot but would not marry her because of the mouse. I could sympathize with both of them. The mouse did look repulsive.

Because I was my mother's seventh child and she was her mother's seventh, Mabel believed I had magic powers and could tell her how to remove the mouse, I was amazed that she thought this but her distress was so touching that I decided on a stratagem to soothe her.

This was 60 years ago and while today something could be done by plastic surgeons to remove the mouse I knew of no remedy then. But to please Mabel I invented a "cure." I told her that when her father was in his coffin to place a dead mouse on his left cheek just before the lid was screwed down. (Mabel had told me, incidentally, that before she was born her father had thrown a mouse at her pregnant mother).

Mabel was so delighted with the suggestion that she fell on her knees and kissed my hand. She loved the young man deeply and was willing to try anything.

Mabel's father was ailing at the time and he died the following week. Mabel managed to place the dead mouse on his cheek without being discovered. At once the dark brown mouse on her cheek began to fade. In about a month the disfigurement vanished.

When Mabel came to show me how my "magic" worked I was flabbergasted and begged her to

tell no one. I insisted that the mouse would grow back again if she did. I shuddered at the thought of people flocking to me for a "magic" cure for innumerable ills. — *Dorothea J. Snyder, Dallas, Tex.*

TELEPATHIC S.O.S.

DURING World War II my husband and I ran a drugstore in a shipyard district of Oakland, Calif. Persons of all types entered our store including a group of lawless youths who repeatedly were in trouble with the police.

My husband and I feared these young ruffians for we found that merchandise disappeared after their visits. They always came in during the evening when only my husband and I were on duty and they were known to carry knives and razors.

Among our customers was an extraordinary man called Wong who was most friendly toward us. He was six feet four inches tall and powerfully built. He spoke excellent English as well as several Chinese dialects. The dark-skinned races in the district treated him with respect and fear.

Wong lived with his wife on a street just behind our store and worked at a large freight depot on the docks, handling government supplies. He always came in after 6 p.m. to buy cigarettes and one evening he confided to us that he had been interpreter and secretary to a lama in Tibet where he claimed to have developed telepathic ability.

One night a gang of youths entered the store and I was frightened when they began to make trouble. Suddenly I thought of Wong and I called to him mentally for protection. Almost instantly, it seemed, his giant frame loomed in the doorway and he roughly ordered the youths to leave.

My husband was amused when I told him that I had summoned Wong telepathically. I promised that I would let him know the next time I did so by using my voice.

Another emergency soon arose and I called on Wong verbally as well as mentally although he could not have heard my voice from where he lived. But again he appeared and cuffed the young hoodlums out of the store.

I asked Wong if he heard me call him and he answered, "I heard you before and I'll always come to you when you need me. I was eating my dinner when your voice interrupted and I grabbed my hat." — *Vera C. Miller, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

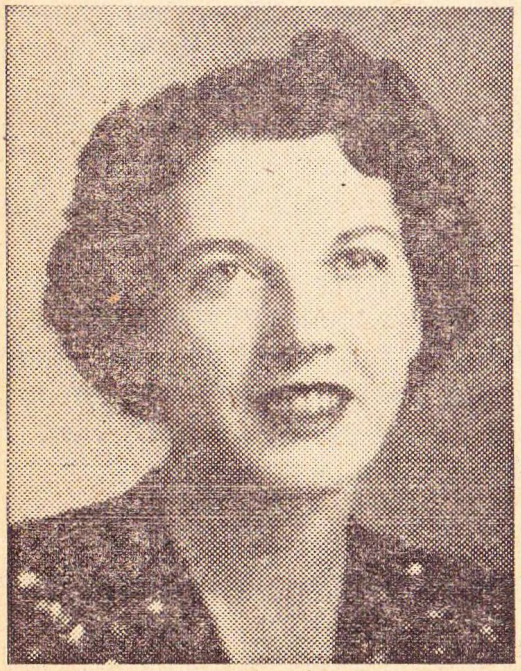
THE MAN ON THE DAVENPORT

ON the evening of March 10, 1950, accompanied by my 11-

year-old son, I attended a meeting at the home of a neighbor, Mrs. Henry Ratty. I nodded to our minister who was seated alone at one end of the davenport and went to the guest room with my hostess.

The door to this room was directly in line with the davenport and after removing my wraps I went to the dressing table. I glanced out to the living room and noticed that a man, who had not been there when we entered, had seated himself at the other end of the davenport from the minister.

The man had gray hair, a gray mustache, and wore a tan sweater and house slippers. I assumed he was our host, whom I had seen only a time or two, and went out to greet him.



Iris Berry

I paused to speak to a young woman and when I reached the davenport the man was not there. I looked around but failed to see him anywhere in the room. Astonished that he had left so quickly, I drew my son to me and whispered, "Where did the man in the tan sweater, who was sitting on the davenport, go?"

He stared at me in amazement. "No one was sitting on the davenport except the minister."

At that moment I heard my hostess saying: "My husband did not feel well this evening, and went right to bed after dinner."

Later I asked my hostess if her husband owned a tan sweater, for I knew I had not imagined the man on the davenport.

She replied, "Yes, he has an old tan sweater which he wears around the house evenings."

The next time I saw her husband I studied him carefully and unless he had a twin brother he was the man I saw on the davenport. Since no one else saw him, I apparently had seen a living ghost.—*Iris Berry, Portland, Ore.*

VOICE IN THE NIGHT

IN 1948 my husband, Ben, a machinist, was working for the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corp., whose mills sprawl for miles along

the south shore of the Allegheny River in Pittsburgh.

The mills operate around the clock in three shifts. My husband's shift was changed every week, which was in itself an inconvenience, but I particularly disliked the shift from midnight until eight the next morning because it disrupted our social life.

One evening when Ben was working this graveyard shift I packed his lunchbox and he left the house about 11 p.m. to catch the trolley to the plant. I did not read as was my custom because I was very tired and I went to bed immediately.

I had a nightmare and woke with a start. My heart was beating furiously and my body was bathed in perspiration.

As I sat up in bed I distinctly heard this sentence, uttered twice: "Don't worry, dear, I'm not hurt. Don't worry, dear, I'm not hurt."

I was certain that Ben had spoken. Trembling, I switched on the bed lamp and looked about me. There was no one in the room! The clock on the bureau showed it was two minutes to two.

After tossing restlessly for a while I got up and busied myself with housework. Then I prepared breakfast and at nine o'clock Ben returned home.

"Ben," I said before he could open his mouth, "what happened in the mill at two o'clock this morning?"

He gave me a sharp look and said slowly, "Why do you ask?"

"Never mind why I ask. Tell me what happened at two o'clock."

He put down his empty lunchbox and shook his head. "Something pretty bad," he said quietly. "I wasn't going to tell you but it seems you know. One of the fellows down the aisle, third machine from mine, had an accident just before two o'clock. All his fingers were cut off."

"Oh, Ben," I whispered, "how terrible."

He shuddered. "Yes, it was awful. I helped with the first aid and I helped carry him to the hospital. But, Elaine, how did you know about it?"

I told Ben about my dream and the words that I had heard him speak.

He shook his head. "I don't understand it," he said. "Of course I wasn't here. And I'm sure that I said nothing of the kind at the mill."

"Certainly, you didn't say it," I replied. "But you must have *thought* it. And your thought evidently traveled over to me." — *Elaine Ogden, Pittsburgh, Pa., as told to Dr. W. E. Farbstein.*

CATHRINE'S SECOND SIGHT

As a boy I spent the summer of 1913 on my uncle's farm in

Denmark and each morning it was a part of my chores to deliver a bottle of milk to "Old Cathrine" who lived alone in a little house close by. She was well thought of but "she talks nonsense at times," some said.

Cathrine and I became good friends and, being a boy of 12, I enjoyed listening to her stories about past, present and future events. "Some day," she said, "a railroad will go over your uncle's fields."

She vividly described the steaming locomotive and the coaches as the train emerged from a wooded section, crossed a meadow, passed a Viking burial mound near the farm and disappeared further on behind a hill.

In February, 1952, a relative in Denmark mentioned in a letter to me that a railway through my home town recently had been completed. Cathrine's prophecy came to my mind and I requested my relative to send a description of the railway's location, especially if and how it passed my uncle's old farm.

The description he returned tallied exactly with the way "Old Cathrine" described it nearly 40 years before. — *William E. Sorensen, New Orleans, La.*

DEAD MAN'S SHIRT

On Friday, October 24, 1952, after a busy week as a bookmaker's clerk, my brother, Henry Lane, complained of a stabbing pain in his abdomen. He attempted to joke about it but my other brother, James, and I noticed that Henry went to bed early that night. Two days later Henry died, at 41, of a burst blood vessel in his stomach.

After Henry was buried James and I undertook the sad task of disposing of his belongings. As I was similar to Henry in build, I took over part of his wardrobe while James kept other items of Henry's possessions.

My brother's death led my wife and me to discuss the possibility of his survival and finally we decided to see if we could obtain evidence of it through Spiritualism. In May, 1953, we attended the Spiritualists' National Union meeting in London, where a famous Scottish medium, Margaret Masters, demonstrated clairvoyance. As she began the fourth message of her demonstration she suddenly pointed to where my wife and I were sitting, in a front-row seat in the balcony, and asked if we knew a departed person by the name of Henry.

I was startled and admitted that Henry was my brother. Then Miss Masters asked if Henry had passed away because of complications from a clot of blood. I nodded and now the medium asked if my name was James. I answered that James was another brother.

Miss Masters paused as if listening to a voice and smiled. She went on, "Are you wearing something that belongs to Henry?"

I nodded again, too amazed to speak. Miss Masters said she had never contacted anyone more alive than Henry but I had my own evidence of his survival. The night I attended the meeting I was wearing one of Henry's shirts.
— *Richard Lane, London, Eng.*

GHOST ARMY OF FONTAINEBLEAU

FONTAINEBLEAU Palace in France has no reputation for being haunted as does Versailles and for this reason the experience of one of the palace guards, Pierre Andrieux, attracted particular attention recently.

Aged 48, of normal health and living in the Sully Pavilion near the famous Parterre of which he had charge, Andrieux was not known to have reported abnormal occurrences of any kind in the past. But he claims that one night recently he witnessed from one of his windows an amazing spectacle.

He saw what he described as "an army of men 3,000 strong," passing bundles of straw from hand to hand and piling them up against the palace wall. Then they set the straw on fire with the evident intention of burning the building down.

To Andrieux the scene was so real and the danger so immediate that he ran for his pistol and fired into the ranks of the ghostly army.

The authorities had Andrieux placed in a hospital "for observation." Nothing more about the affair is known, evidently having been hushed up.

—*Warrington Dawson.*

FATE AND THE FLAT TIRE

AT Portales, N. M., the 17-month-old son of Mrs. D. B. Lieb thrust a live wire into his mouth and was knocked unconscious. When Mrs. Lieb found him he was no longer breathing. She picked him up and ran to the family car. In spite of the fact that the car had a flat tire, Mrs. Lieb drove swiftly to a neighbor's house less than a quarter of a mile away. Reaching her destination, she was amazed to find the boy breathing — a result of the jolting trip with the flat tire.

By Frances Fowler Allen

Clara Barton's Stranger

He looked like an ordinary man—yet despite utter darkness he knew of the danger ahead of the boat.

CLARA BARTON, founder of the American Red Cross, a practical, realistic woman, met the stranger on the river. Afterward, she could offer no explanation of who the stranger was or what he was doing on that river-boat. She, herself, felt that the Unseen had come very close but she didn't argue if others wanted to call it "coincidence."

She met the stranger in April, 1884. The great Mississippi River was tearing at its banks in spring flood. Corn and cotton fields had been swept away; small farmers and renters were hungry and desperate.

Clara and a little group of Red Cross helpers stood, that April morning, on the deck of the steamship *Mattie Bell,* about to take off down the sullen, turbulent Mississippi to carry food and supplies to starving men and animals.

As they looked down-river they realized this would be no pleasure cruise. Besides danger from treacherous, shifting currents, from submerged rocks and trees, from floating debris, there was always the chilling prospect of a crevasse or water-fall. Crevasses appear where none have been before, formed when the river breaks through in some new direction. A crevasse is a river-captain's nightmare.

Supplies were loaded. The Captain raised his arm to give the signal to sail. Just then a Red Cross worker rushed up.

"There's a strange man on board," he explained. "He wants permission to sail with us."

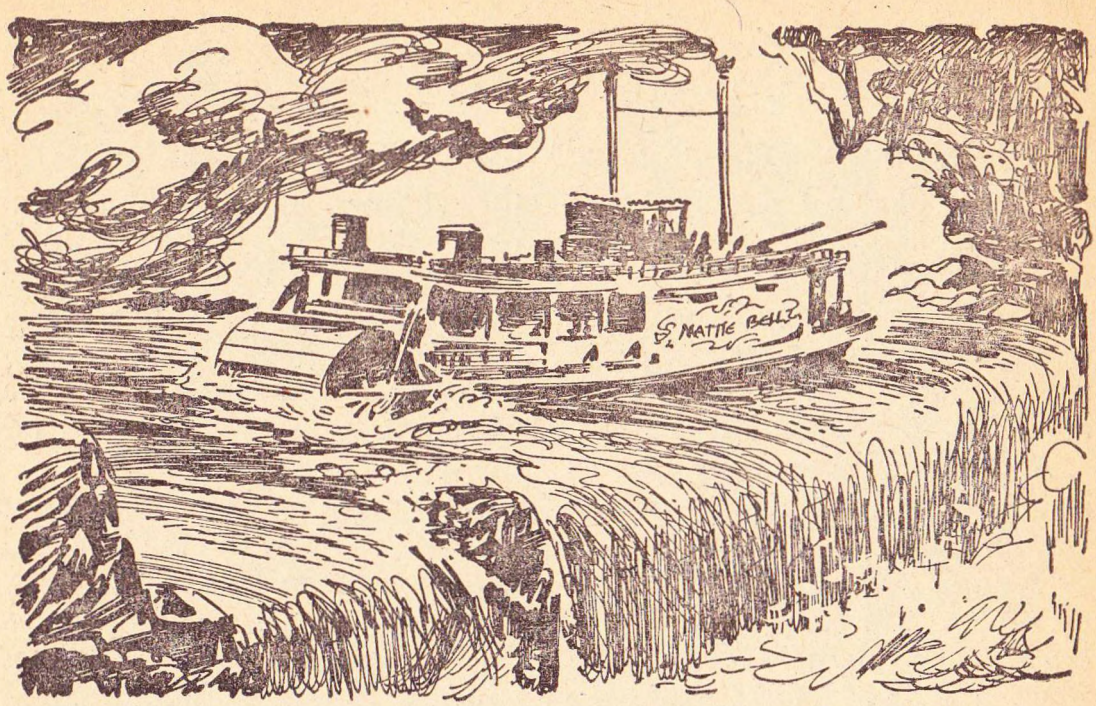
"Why?" asked Clara, sharply.

"He doesn't say anything very definite," faltered the messenger.

"What does he look like?"

"Well, I hardly noticed. There's nothing remarkable about his appearance."

"I see no cause to take a strang-



on the River

er along without good reason," said Clara, annoyed.

But it was too late. The ship was drawing away from the dock, the crowd cheered and the Red Cross workers were caught up in the emotion of farewell.

For a time they forgot the stranger. The lower Mississippi held terrifying sights. Ugly things floated past, dead swollen bodies of men and beasts, parts of houses, furniture, chicken-coops with bedraggled squawking fowls perched on top.

As more tributaries poured their swollen contributions into the mighty Mississippi it ceased to look like river, became a waste of waters. Sometimes, through broken levees, they could hear the roaring of crevasses.

The sun was setting when Clara remembered the stranger. He was standing alone, gazing out over the water. An ordinary-looking man, she decided, who was bothering no one.

The Captain joined her. "Miss Barton," he said, "have I your permission to run on a little past sundown? There's a headland a few miles farther on. It would be a good place to anchor for the night."

"But, Captain, the sun has al-

most set," she protested. "Surely it would be suicide to run after dark!"

"Naturally!" the Captain barked. "But I'm sure I can make that headland before complete darkness sets in."

Clara was nominally in command but a steamboat captain should know his river best, she admitted. She reluctantly agreed.

Almost at once the river demons struck. Fog rolled in over the water, embracing the lone ship. It blotted out the last afterglow of sunset. The ship slowed to a crawl. The night was suddenly black and they hadn't made the headland.

Her cold hands clutching the cold railing of the ship, Clara Barton began to pray.

Suddenly she heard swift feet. Before her loomed the stranger. He said, "We're in a crevasse at this moment. We must pull out backwards, or we're lost. I've already warned the engineer and Captain."

Even as he spoke Clara Barton felt the ship shudder to a stop beneath her feet. The little craft remained poised one fateful moment, then struggled backwards like a living thing, amid the shriek of its reversed engines.

Tense, silent, she waited. Their lives depended on the power of the engines against the downrushing current, on the skill of the man at the wheel. At last the balance turned. Groaning, creaking, the ship edged backward until at length the Captain found a place where he dared anchor for the night.

Next morning Clara looked out over the scene of the struggle and her heart hammered with horror. A crevasse lay before her—a crevasse almost 500 feet wide over which a torrent of water fell 15 feet into the river below.

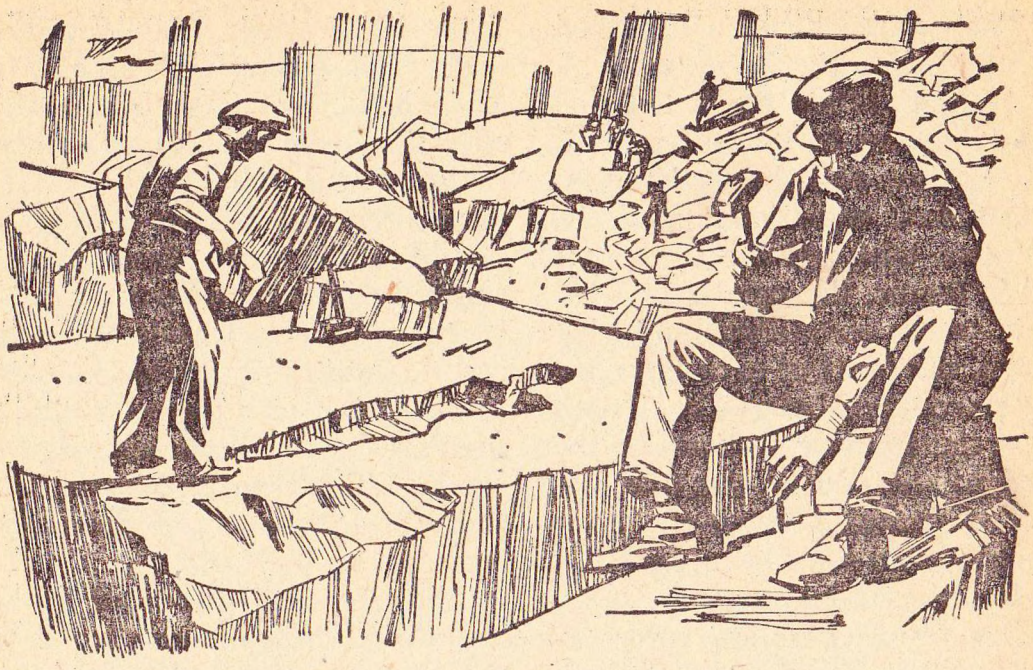
Eyes brimming with emotion and gratitude, she sought the stranger. But he was gone. The stranger had left the ship as silently and mysteriously as he had come.

How had the stranger alone sensed the crevasse, in utter blackness? Perhaps there was some natural explanation.

Or perhaps Clara was right when she quoted her favorite ballad, "I have believed in God and the Angels ever since one night last Spring."

JINXED MARRIAGE

IN Muscatine, Ia., Isaac D. Laymon, 55, and Mrs. Minnie Wilson, 44, ignored the superstition attached to Friday the 13th and got married on that day in February, 1953. Thirteen days later the new Mrs. Laymon sought a divorce on the grounds of cruelty.



the impossible fossils

The frog was found embedded in a lump of coal. It stirred and when placed in a pail of water was able to swim.

By Henry Winfred Splitter

SEVERAL prospectors, one day in the summer of 1877, were exploring a series of barren hills at the head of Spring Valley near Eureka, Nev. One of the men noticed a strange object protruding from a high ledge of rock nearby. He investigated and was amazed to find embedded about halfway in the smooth surface of the quartzite what appeared to be the legbone of a human being, broken off just above the knee. With the aid of his companions he dislodged the portion of rock that enclosed the bone. Carefully, with their mining tools, they removed the upper part of the encasement.

The rock was as hard as flint and the bones were solidly set in

it. The quartzite was a dark red in color while the bones were almost black. When the last of the rocky covering had been removed, the leg-bone and those of the attached foot stood out perfectly, complete with all the toes, part of the femur, the patella or knee joint, tarsus metatarsus, and phalanges, the joint of each bone being traced precisely. The length from the fracture just above the knee to the end of the toes was just 39 inches. Clearly the bone structure had once been part of a person of extraordinary size.

This unusual object, lying exposed to view on its quartzite bed, was brought to Eureka and there inspected by large crowds. All who saw it agreed that the bones were of human origin. A fruitless search was later made for the remainder of the skeleton.

In a letter to the editor of the Zanesville, O., *Courier* in 1853, a certain John G. F. Holston, declared that with Charles Robbins and Dr. Ball he had recently investigated a phenomenal object taken from the rock of a quarry at Cusick's Mill, six miles from the city. It was nothing less than the bones of an adult human female, found in a cavity of the solid sandstone rock, perfectly closed and having no communication whatever with any fissure or crack in the rock.

Most extraordinary was the fact that the cavity represented the shape of the body when invested with flesh — the leg, thigh, hip and part of the back being moulded with remarkable exactness. Holston said that if the cavity were filled with plaster of Paris, a mould of the entire figure would result. In its original position, the body lay on its right side, the head east, toward the hill, the feet west toward what was known as Jonathan's Creek. The waters of this creek at high flood swept the base of the hill some 10 feet *below* the level of the body.

The identical block of stone containing these remains also held the perfect mould of a pair of human hands, which was generally believed by those who inspected it *not* to be those of the enclosed body. This find was made about 50 feet below the surface level of the ground, and 15 feet from the cliff-edge of Jonathan's Creek.

Objects apparently of human manufacture have also been found in rock strata. Charles Fort mentions (*Books*, 130) the bell-shaped vessel blasted out of solid pudding-stone rock at Dorchester, Mass., in 1851. A contemporary newspaper describes the find as made on the south side of Dorchester's Meeting-House Hill, 15 feet below the surface.

Among the rock fragments thrown out by the blast was a piece of thin metal, and near this was another quite similar piece. On being joined together the two

were found to fit exactly, forming a bell-shaped vessel four and a half inches high, two and a half inches wide at the top and six and a half inches at the base. It was one-eighth of an inch thick, of metallic composition, dominantly silver. Near the top of the vessel was a hole about an inch and a half in diameter, where apparently a handle had been broken off. In line with this hole was another at the bottom, covered with a plating resembling lead. Says a contemporary observer: "Whether it was placed in the ground before the rock was formed or was thrown into its position by a volcanic eruption, is a matter of conjecture."

On exhibition at the Miner's Saloon in Treasure City, Nev., during the early winter of 1869 was a piece of feldspar from the local Abbey mine. In this rock was embedded something resembling an ordinary two-inch screw, so perfectly outlined, with its regular curve and sharp cut, that many who saw it contended it was of iron and a real screw, which by some mysterious means had become fixed in the rock. This screw is reminiscent of the nail found in a piece of quartz from a North Britain quarry, reported by Fort (*Books,* 133).

The gold thread that Fort says was found in Scotch quarry-rock in 1844 (*Books,* 132) is paralleled by the curious find at Morrisonville, Ill., in 1891. A woman named Mrs. S. W. Culp was breaking a lump of coal preparatory to putting it into the scuttle. When the lump fell apart she was startled to find embedded in ring fashion a small gold chain about 10 inches long and of quaint workmanship.

Her first thought was that the chain had been accidentally dropped in the coal but as she tried to pick it up she discovered that it was firmly fixed in the lump. Tugging at the middle portion she succeeded in detaching it but the ends, being set more deeply, required additional effort before being freed. The imprint that remained was clear, the two ends being close together as in a necklace. The lump of coal was believed to have been taken from the local Taylorville or Pana mines. Upon further examination the chain was discovered to be of eight-carat gold and to weigh eight pennyweights.

An odd exhumation was made in the strip-vein coal bank of Captain Lacy at Hammondsville, O., in the autumn of 1868. A man named James Parsons was digging in the excavation with his two sons when a huge mass of coal fell down, disclosing a large, smooth, slate wall, upon the surface of which were carved in bold relief several lines of hieroglyphics. The lines were spaced about three inches apart, and contained about

25 hieroglyphics or words apiece.

The news soon spread, and crowds surged to the mine to see the marvel. Several scholars viewed the carved characters but were unable to identify them. An attempt was made to remove the slate wall from the mine but as it was feared that the hieroglyphics would be destroyed in the process, this plan was abandoned. When tapped the wall gave forth a hollow sound, leading many to believe that a cavern or chamber existed beyond it. Dr. Hartshorn of Mt. Union College was sent for to examine the writing. No further reports seem available on the matter.

Perhaps the most striking, and certainly the most numerous, of the mysterious objects that have been found underground are animal and insect fossils. Many entombed animals and insects have been found still alive. One afternoon in 1877 some workmen blasting rock 40 feet down in a quarry west of Eureka, Nev., noticed the curious formation of one of the pieces that had been split off. An examination revealed that embedded in the rock was a wasp nest, the texture and cells of which, although turned to stone, were plainly visible.

On breaking open some of the cells, larvae and two perfectly formed wasps were found within, in the same petrified condition as the rest. Both the nest and the wasps were preserved in natural shape and size, not crushed or flattened. There was no visible crack or other inlet by which the insects could have penetrated the rock. The rock was a granitic sandstone of sedimentary origin. The specimen was carefully cut out and forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Near Ruby Hill, Nev., in 1881, a miner named Joe Molino made a find in the Wide West mine, at a depth of about 60 feet. It was a solid piece of limestone in the very center of which was a small cavity containing six or eight large worms resembling maggots. The worms were alive and crawling when the rock was split and, says the reporter, "the mystery is how they managed to get into the solid rock in this manner."

From the Longfellow mine, near Clifton, Ariz., was taken in 1892 what was declared at the time to be the most interesting insect and mineral specimen in existence. It was presented to Z. T. White, of El Paso, Tex. When the specimen was fractured by Mr. White, a dull reddish-gray beetle was disclosed, surrounded by a closely fitting mould of iron ore. The beetle lay as perfect as in life in its iron sarcophagus.

Much impressed, White wrapped it in a piece of cloth and while carrying it home to his curio cabinet, he unfolded the cloth and glanced once more at the beetle.

To his astonishment, he saw a small young beetle slowly emerging from its dead parent's body.

The young beetle was placed under a glass where it thrived and grew. It lived for a period of five months. Finally the mineral specimen, the maternal beetle in its cyst of ore, and the extraordinary younger insect were brought to the editorial office of the El Paso *Bullion,* where they were presented by Judge J. F. Crosby, with the compliments of the owner, to a prominent scientific association of the Atlantic coast. The *Bullion* editor was deeply impressed by the find and though granting its authenticity, declared it almost beyond belief.

Live frogs have been found in coal and in rock strata. Two Welsh miners breaking coal in a pit near Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, in 1846, were astonished on splitting a large fragment to see a frog leap from it. The cavity in which it had lived was perfectly smooth, of the exact shape of the frog, and to all appearances without any opening by which to obtain air or food. The hind legs of the creature were at least twice as long as those of an ordinary frog, while the forelegs were barely perceptible.

In 1848 four young miners were digging coal in No. 8 pit at Gartlee, near Airdrie, Scotland. They had just broken off a mass of coal about four feet in diameter and were chopping it into smaller pieces when near its center they came upon a kind of petrification. Suspecting that this might contain something of value they worked at it carefully with the points of their picks.

Soon they saw a brown spot, which upon further examination turned out to be a frog, not fossilized, but apparently alive. It began to stir and before long awakened from its dormant state. When the miners turned it over several times, its movements became more vigorous. One of the men placed the creature in a pail of water. It proved able to swim but seemed to be in great pain and changed color.

The men preserved the matrix of coal in which the frog had been embedded, there being impressed upon it a delicate mould of the animal's body. This, together with the frog itself, was placed in the museum of the Andersonian University of Glasgow.

Among the many persons who inspected the objects was a Mr. Craig, lecturer on geology in that institution. Craig became greatly interested and went to Airdrie where he investigated the circumstances surrounding the discovery. He obtained a written statement from the four young miners, whom he found to be intelligent and of good character.

Craig communicated about the matter with the well-known geol-

ogist, Dr. Buckland, who on the basis of some experiments he had made insisted that there must have been some aperture, however slight, through which the animal entered and whereby insects and air could be obtained. He had found that toads he had imprisoned invariably got lean and died where such an opening did not exist. The circumstances of the present case, however, Craig found, definitely excluded the possibility of any opening.

Craig cited the corroboration of a friend of his, R. Jamieson who, with several others, had some time before enclosed a toad in clay and after putting it into a broken bottle had buried it about 18 inches underground. At the end of 12 months the toad was dug up and found to be still alive and in fair condition. If, declared Craig, an animal can survive for 12 months without food, water, or air, there seemed to be no reason why it should not survive even longer, perhaps for ages.

Coal is a strange enough place in which to find a living animal but a live frog was found 172 feet below the surface, embedded in solid sandstone, by some workmen engaged in sinking a vertical shaft at the Black Diamond Coal Company's mine on Mount Diablo, near San Francisco, in 1873. The partial imprint of its form upon the rock where it had lain was perfect in outline. The animal lived for 12 hours after its extraction, having very possibly been injured in the process. The president of the coal company was said to have later presented the remains to the San Francisco Academy of Sciences.

From Farmington, Me., in 1868 comes a similar story. A well digger in the course of his work struck some scaly rock two feet below the surface of the ground. He blasted four feet farther through this stratum, at which depth he found three frogs completely embedded in the stone. These frogs were from three to four inches in length, but only about an eighth of an inch thick, seemingly flattened by pressure. At first they appeared lifeless but 10 minutes later they moved slightly. They commenced inflating themselves and by the end of half an hour they had resumed their natural shape and size and hopped off. Their color was almost identical with that of the ledge in which they were found.

Perhaps the most detailed description of a rock-imprisoned frog is one published in a Tuscarora, Nev., newspaper in 1879. Five hundred feet down in the Grand Prize mine near that town a blast released a tiny frog from the rock. It was immediately brought to the surface and placed in a glass jar in F. H. Phelps' drug store on Weed Street.

At first it was almost white in

color and nearly transparent but after a week its back changed to a dingy mottled green. It had no mouth and consequently was unable to eat. Its eyes, which never closed even to wink, resembled two small, black, glass beads. They evidently were sightless since objects brought even within a hair's breadth of them failed to effect any movement or change in them whatever.

The frog's general shape was not unlike that of other frogs, except that its forelegs and toes were disproportionately long. It's sense of feeling and hearing appeared normally acute and it was nearly as lively as the general run of its surface-bred brethren. Concludes the editor: "While we will not venture any surmise regarding its history prior to its liberation we will vouch for the truth of the above narrative and description."

Toads, like frogs, seem able to defy scientific dictums and live for ages encased in solid earth and rock. Reports came from Acton, Ontario, in 1893 about a wonderful discovery made at the local Brown & Hall sawmill, while a large pine log was being worked up. After some outside slabs had been cut off, a large toad was seen to poke its head out of a hole in which it was embedded, having barely escaped being cut in two by the saw. It was declared a mystery how the creature got there, being perfectly encased in the wood, with no possible means of ingress or egress. As that particular log was the fourth or fifth up from the butt of the tree, the toad was located, before the tree was cut, at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground. The only possible conclusion seemed to be that the toad had been imprisoned in the infancy of the tree and had grown up with it, and was consequently hundreds of years old. Local naturalists declared the toad to be of a species unknown to the area. The cavity in which it was found was perfectly sound and as smooth within as though carefully rubbed and polished. The creature was surrounded originally with solid wood from 4½ to 30 inches thick.

A dispatch came from Tacoma, Wash., in August, 1893, stating that a toad with curious cat-like claws was found embedded under 17 feet of hardpan in that city. Some men were digging a cistern when one of them drove a pick into the hard earth, finding at the pick's end a smooth hole in which was the toad, apparently dead. Ten minutes in the open air, however, revived him. He ate several flies that were captured for him and lived for two weeks in a bottle, where he was furnished with water and pulverized earth. Hundreds of persons inspected him and he surprised the members of the local Academy of Sciences by the fact that he did not die after such sudden exposure to the air.

The toad escaped from its jar and a few days later was found pulseless, rigid and cold in a neighboring house. Pronounced dead, it was just about to be buried when it regained animation. Some time later the toad again went into a trance, suggesting that it was able to suspend animation indefinitely either at will or by accident. It is described as having been about the size of an egg, of the same grayish color as the hardpan and somewhat resembling a tree toad.

In the museum of Hartlepool, England, visitors of 1865 stared at the active toad that had been found in a slab of magnesium limestone by some quarry laborers. It was generally supposed to be 6000 years old (pre-Darwinian dating).

A tiny toad in 1846 hopped out of a large block of ironstone four or five feet square when this was broken up. The toad was not much bigger than a bee and very black, like the ironstone, and it proved an agile swimmer. The ironstone was located 30 feet below the surface of the Lugar Iron Company's mine near Glasgow, Scotland.

A toad about two inches long was exhumed from the rock by a blast in the shaft of the Metacom mine, near Austin, Nev., in 1866. His lively habits amused and astounded the local miners. In appearance he seemed not at all different from ordinary toads of the vicinity.

Some investigators believe that toads are found exclusively in rocks belonging to the carboniferous era. If this be true, how can we explain the live toad found in granite, a metamorphic or volcanic rock? A quantity of granite was used in 1829 to repair the walls and steps of George's Dock Basin, Liverpool, England. A reporter was attracted by a crowd of persons around a block of granite which had been cut apart by the workmen. He was informed that a toad had been found in a cavity laid open by the cutting instruments. He observed both the cavity and the toad. To extricate the creature, one of the men cut away a portion of the stone from the edges of the cell. The toad was removed and for a time exhibited signs of life. All those present seemed to agree that no deception could have been practiced and most of them, including the reporter, came to believe the toad had been enclosed "from the era of granitic infancy."



HAUNTED HOUSE IN TOKYO

Two men hanged themselves in the house. Did this explain the odd behavior of the clocks?

By Edmond P. Gibson

THE old house stood vacant for 30 years. The landlord endeavored to keep it in repair but 1952 found it with one upstairs shutter swinging loose, overhanging trees touching the house from both sides, the front looking forlorn with lumber for needed repairs leaning against it, the yard full of weeds which encroached on the shrinking walk.

During the air attack of Tokyo even the bombers seemed to avoid the place. Fires swept around it, devastating nearby areas, but they left the house to a slower decay.

The house is of wood, built at the beginning of World War I. The builder disappeared from the job before the house was completed. For a time it stood unfinished and later the owner had another contractor finish its construction.

A German, one of the many who lived in Tokyo at the beginning of World War I, occupied the house for a time and hanged

himself in it for unknown reasons.

This gave the house an unsavory name and it stood empty for a little time. Then a Japanese rented the house. In 1922 he hanged himself in the same room where the German had died.

The Japanese are not superstitious people but two suicides in the same room in the same house did not make No. 164 Minami-Senzoku more desirable. Housing became more and more difficult to obtain in Tokyo following World War II, with much of the city bombed and burned out, but still no one seemed interested in this vacant house. According to the Tokyo *Shimbun,* it was run-down and was finally offered rent-free to anyone who would occupy it.

In August, 1952, Fujisaburo Takata, aged 32, an artist in desperate need of shelter, moved into the lonely, weather-worn house, empty since 1922. Mr. Takata knew the tradition of the house but moved in anyway.

According to a story by Fred Saito of the Associated Press, Tokyo, Takata did not find his new residence peaceful. Going to bed, he set his alarm clock for 7 a.m. but was awakened at 2:40 a.m. when it went off spontaneously at the wrong hour. He reset the clock and again it rang at the wrong hour. He took the clock to a repairman who told him there was nothing wrong with it. Mr. Takata bought himself a new alarm clock anyway but both clocks continued to go off at the wrong times in the morning. The repairman suggested that some other factor might account for their behavior.

The books in the bookcase began to move about and books which he left closed on a table in the evening lay open the next morning. The doors of the house were flimsy and rickety. Mr. Takata repaired them and fixed the locks but if he locked them at night they were open when he awoke.

The Tokyo *Shimbun,* Japan's largest evening paper, heard of Mr. Takata's troubles and ran a short story about the "crazy clocks in a crazy house" in their issue of August 31, 1952. This newspaper story brought new trouble for Mr. Takata.

From then on he received an average of 20 visitors a day. He had to stop his art work to answer the barrage of questions from intruders who stopped at his house, day and night, to inquire about his ghost. Some of them asked to stay overnight to watch for the ghosts, other visitors asked to share his rooms.

Fred Saito, who checked the original account which appeared in the *Shimbun,* states that Mr. Takata is very shy and dislikes visitors. Mr. Takata protested to him:

"I do not mind the crazy alarm clocks nor the ghosts. I do not mind the noises, the moving books and the doors that unlock themselves for no reason at all. However, I do mind these curious people. I can't get any work done with this constant interruption and if they keep on pestering me, I shall certainly have a nervous breakdown! My nerves are getting bad already!"

ROAD TO CREATION

BY simulating in a University of Chicago laboratory conditions that prevailed when the earth was in its infancy graduate student Stanley L. Miller has created the organic compounds out of which the first life came into existence.

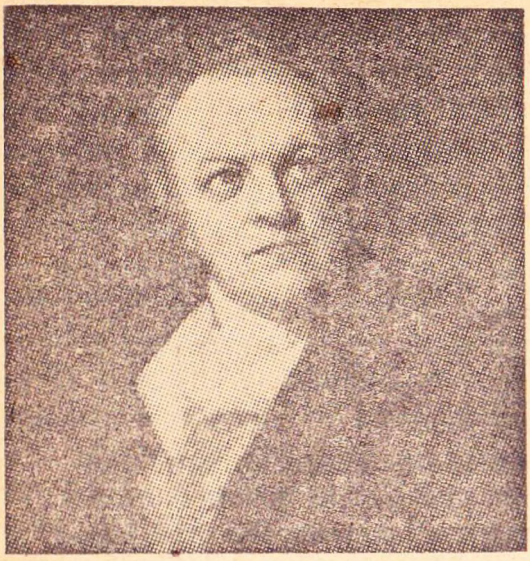
Many scientists believe that a complex protein molecule which could grow and reproduce itself was the first living thing. It was formed when the atmosphere of earth consisted of methane, ammonia and hydrogen instead of oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide as at present. Lightning and strong solar radiation also played a part by producing chemical reactions in these gases.

Miller used water, methane, ammonia and hydrogen in his apparatus and produced chemical reactions among the molecules of the mixture by means of a small electric discharge. After the apparatus had run for a week Miller found that the mixture contained at least three amino acids, the "building blocks" out of which proteins are formed.

Miller points out that he has not created life but has proved that the complex organic compounds that constitute living matter can be formed by chemical reactions out of the gases that were common in earth's primitive atmosphere. To create a living molecule his apparatus would have had to be as big as an ocean and kept in operation for a million years. But science marches on.

ONLY ONE SURVIVED

LOUIS Siparis could not have been convinced that he was one of the luckiest men in history on the day in 1902 that he was placed in jail on the island of Martinique in the French West Indies. But a short time later an eruption of the supposedly dead volcano, Mount Pelee, killed every one of the 30,000 persons on the island — except Siparis. His life was saved by the thick, damp walls of the jail.



Did this gifted artist and poet live on the threshold of another world? He claimed spirits posed for his paintings and dictated his poems.

By Robert J. Taylor

WILLIAM BLAKE—
THE MAN WHO TALKED WITH ANGELS

STRANGE things were visible to William Blake even when he was only four years old. One day he ran screaming in childish terror from a window because he saw God's face there. A few years later his mother whipped him for insisting that he had seen the prophet Ezekiel sitting in the fields near his home. When he was eight and on a ramble through Peckham Rye, he was startled by the sight of a group of angels sitting in a tree.

Such visions appeared to him throughout his entire life. They were not sudden manifestations produced by illness or insanity. He enjoyed robust health and his mind remained keen and clear up to the very moment of his death.

Except possibly for his Irish blood, which made him a member of a romantic race with a faith in supernatural forces, there was nothing in Blake's background to account for his visions. He was born on November 28, 1757, the third child of James and Catherine Blake. His father was a London hosier, not too prosperous, with a small shop at 28 Broad Street, Golden Square.

Blake's birth took place in the

year to which the prophet Emanuel Swedenborg ascribed magical properties — the year 1757 that marked the beginning of a new age in which the kingdom of God appeared among men. It was an age that produced new intellectual and spiritual restlessness. In France and in America it culminated in revolutions. In England it was marked by a departure from classical traditions and the Reign of Reason to a revival of liberal ideas and the dawn of the Romantic Movement.

It was an age in which an underlying mysticism and superstition came to the surface. It drew men to the mysteries of freemasonry and intensified an almost universal belief in sorcery and astrology. It saw the growth of the Cabalist Lodges of Martinez-Pasqualis, as well as the sensations created by the theories of Mesmer and the miracles of Cagliostro. It introduced the mystic doctrines of Swedenborg and Boehme.

Blake reflected this turbulent age in his vigor, beliefs and talents. Like most geniuses, he was precocious. He painted before he was 10 and wrote voluminously when he was 12. His first published poems, the *Poetical Sketches,* were written before he was 18 and yet seemed mature.

He received little formal education. His peculiarities made his parents reluctant to send him to school and he was taught at home.

Under ordinary circumstances, he was well enough equipped for life, particularly for his father's shop. But for a man of letters the Authorized Version of the Bible and the poetry of Milton, the ideas of Swedenborg and of his father, a religious radical who delighted in theological discussions with his friends, provided scant background. Had he received proper guidance he might have risen to even greater literary heights than he did. As it was, the random seeding of his fertile mind produced the chaotic harvest of his later works.

The only real training Blake received was in art. His mother was sympathetic toward his love of drawing and when it became obvious that he was not temperamentally fitted for work in his father's shop he was sent to Henry Pars' drawing school in the Strand, where he remained from the time he was 10 till he was 14.

When Blake left Pars' school it was clear that he should be placed under some well-known painter. But a large premium was required and Blake was unwilling to be favored at the expense of the other children in his family. He suggested engraving as a suitable substitute and was taken to Ryland, then engraver to the king.

As a result of his uncanny insight, Blake took an instant dislike to Ryland. He remarked to his father, "I do not like the

man's face; it looks as if he will live to be hanged." Twelve years later Ryland actually was hanged. He had fallen into debt and committed a forgery on the East India Company.

Blake was next taken to the studio of James Basire to whom, for a premium of 50 guineas, he was apprenticed to learn the art of engraving. Basire was a kindly man and a good teacher and Blake soon learned to copy to the other's satisfaction. Basire sent Blake to draw the Gothic monuments in Westminster Abbey and other churches, trusting him not to abuse the privilege. Blake spent several years at this task, copying throughout the summer and engraving his drawings during the winter.

Though he spent long hours in the gloomy corners of cathedrals, Blake was never lonesome. His visions kept him company. The statues he drew came to life for him. While working in Westminster Abbey he was visited by Christ and the apostles.

In 1778 Blake's apprenticeship to Basire ended and he joined the antique class of the Royal Academy. Shortly after this he began to earn his living as an engraver.

When Blake was 25 he met Catherine Boucher, the daughter of a market-gardener with whom he boarded during a vacation at Battersea. At the first sight and with a shock that forced her to leave the room, Catherine recognized him as her future husband.

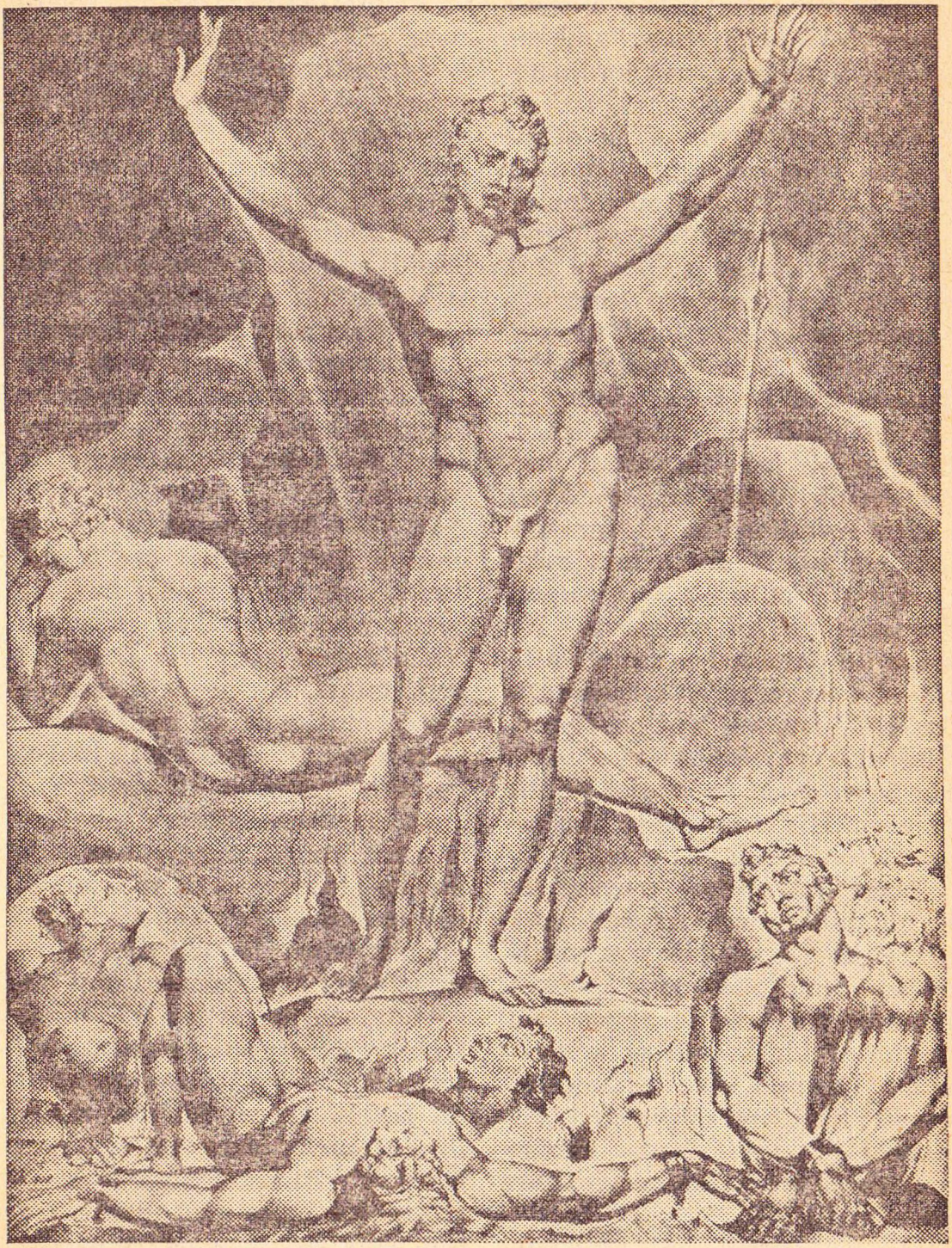
Catherine was a sympathetic listener and Blake confided to her that an unhappy love affair had driven him from London. Deeply affected by his story she said that she was sorry for him.

"Do you pity me?" Blake asked in his impulsive way. "Then I love you for that."

This was the beginning of their relationship and engagement, though Blake and Catherine were separated for one year, until he had money enough to provide a home for her. They were married on August 18, 1782.

Blake was fortunate in his choice of a wife. Catherine was uneducated but she proved a perfect companion for a man of his unusual talents. Their marriage was for the most part a happy one, though Catherine once was heard to complain: "I have very little of Mr. Blake's company. He is always in Paradise."

She accompanied Blake on long walks that would have tired most women. She arose in the middle of the night to keep him company when he was driven to work by his fierce inspirations. She managed their slim finances so cleverly that Blake hardly was aware of the many times they existed on the verge of actual hardship. For his sake and with his help she learned to read and write and even to draw and color in order



The deeply mystical nature of Blake's art is shown in such paintings as "Lucifer Rousing the Rebels." Blake depicted the Biblical figures he saw in his visions.

to help him. She believed completely in Blake's visions and regarded him as above ordinary men.

This was not true of the other persons who came into contact with Blake. Most people found his ideas strange and disturbing and it was this in his poetry and art that kept him from achieving popular recognition and success.

He might have found wealthy patrons had he been willing to sacrifice pride and independence. But on his few excursions into fashionable society he proved too honest and direct to be ingratiating. He would not accept criticism, was firm in his opinion and dogmatic in his assertions. He knew he possessed unusual abilities and he regarded all, no matter how famous and respected, who differed with him as fools. He never stood in awe of public opinion. His visions gave him absolute confidence in himself.

Blake was below average in height but strong and well-built. His light-colored hair was touched with gold and stood up from his high forehead in a way that reminded his friends of a lion's mane. His eyes were striking, unusually large and of piercing brilliance. He possessed great vitality and could work for many hours without fatigue.

His expression has been described as serene and kind. It accurately mirrored his inner self, for he preached charity and tolerance and also practiced it. On numerous occasions he gave generously of his meager funds to help others out of difficulty.

It was these qualities in his character, as much as his genius, that endeared him to his few close friends and made them willing to overlook his eccentricities. Men like Flaxman, Fuseli, Tatham and Butts remained loyal to him all his life but were unable to be of much actual help simply because Blake was not an easy man to help.

In 1784 Blake went into business selling prints in Broad Street, next door to his brother James who had taken over the hosier's shop after the death of their father. An acquaintance of his apprentice days named Parker went into partnership with Blake, but this was soon dissolved.

At this time Blake's younger brother, Robert, came to live with him and to serve as an apprentice. Robert was Blake's favorite brother and when he fell sick after three years Blake nursed him devotedly, staying at his side night and day during the two weeks before he died. As Robert breathed his last Blake saw his soul rising into Heaven "clapping its hands for joy." Blake regarded death as nothing more final than going into another room. He was confident that he would continue to see Robert—and he did.

Robert appeared to Blake in a dream and revealed an entirely original process for printing books. His earliest poems, the *Poetical Sketches,* had been printed with the help of his friend Flaxman and Mr. and Mrs. Matthew, a sophisticated couple who liked to surround themselves with artistic and literary celebrities. But Blake was unable to find a publisher for his subsequent works and was too poor to pay to have them printed. Robert's revelation thus pointed the way out of a literary blind alley.

The new process involved the engraving of words and designs on small copper plates. These were first outlined with an acid-resistant stopping-out varnish. Then the white parts of the plate were eaten out with acid, so that the outlined parts stood in relief. From these plates pages were printed in different colors and the surrounding designs afterward tinted by hand, so that words and pictures blended in a harmonious, artistic effect. That this method required engraving every word in reverse gives an idea of the superhuman patience involved.

In this unusual and exacting fashion Blake printed and illuminated all of his later books—the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience,* the prophetic books, *Urizen, Los,* and the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell.* These editions are as unique as the man who created them and today are extremely rare and valuable. Yet at the time they were published they found few buyers, even at the price of a few guineas a copy.

Blake's printing and illustrating of his own books were but a few of his many accomplishments. He also wrote beautiful poetry and drew strikingly original designs and on occasion, particularly during his visits to the home of the Matthews, showed that he possessed great talent as a composer. Until he was repelled by the sham of their snobbish world, Blake enlivened the Matthews' parties by setting his poems to music and singing them. These songs are said to have been remarkably beautiful.

All this from a single man and that man largely inexperienced and untrained! His melodies, for instance, do not survive today because he lacked the technical knowledge of musical notation.

Blake's political beliefs were as radical as his creative works. He was deeply stirred by the French Revolution and until the Terror of September, 1792, openly wore the red cap of liberty. For a while he attended the meetings of a small group of revolutionaries at the home of a bookseller named Johnson. Among the persons he met here was Thomas Paine, author of the *Rights of Man.*

Blake's psychic perceptions

saved Paine from arrest, and possibly from hanging. After one of Paine's inflammatory speeches Blake warned him that he was in danger and not to return home. That same night soldiers went to Paine's house to arrest him but he had taken Blake's advice and fled to France.

One of the high points of Blake's life came in 1800 when he went to live at Felpham in Sussex, to be near William Hayley, while engraving the illustrations for Hayley's *Life of Cowper*. Hayley was wealthy and liked to pose as a literary figure, though he lacked imagination and was a bad poet. He was partly motivated by self-interest in acting as Blake's patron. He enjoyed helping others only as long as they were of service.

At first Blake was very happy at Felpham. In a letter to Flaxman he wrote:

"Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapors; voices of celestial inhabitants are most distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses. . . ."

During his stay at Felpham his glimpses of other world sights were most numerous. One day he witnessed a poignant event:

"I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and, underneath, I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."

At Felpham Blake also saw "majestic shadows, grey but luminous, and superior to the common height of men." These were the spiritual forms of great men of old, of Moses and the prophets, Homer, Dante and Milton. They spoke to him in words he alone could hear, describing the life of their mysterious realms and revealing the secrets of ages yet to come. These things, cloaked in symbolism, were included in his poems, many of which he claimed were dictated to him by his invisible mentors. He stood in awe of these poems and never attempted to revise them, since he felt they were not his.

But at the very moments when Blake's visions were clearest and his inspirations most urgent, he found Hayley taking up his time with uninteresting tasks. Some tasks, like a commission to paint a fire screen for a lady, Blake flatly refused to do. Hayley grew im-

patient and soon openly voiced his disapproval of the work Blake was doing. For these reasons, although he maintained friendly relations with Hayley for some time afterward, Blake presently parted company with the man.

Blake returned to London in 1804 and entered a period during which he was more creative and productive than ever before. These years of his life are marked by such achievements as the two long poems *Jerusalem* and *Milton,* the famous *Descriptive Catalogue,* Blake's only prose work, and numerous superb paintings and engravings, especially those for the *Canterbury Pilgrims,* Blair's *Grave,* Dante's *Divine Comedy,* and *The Book of Job.* The paintings and engravings show more clearly than his poems how intensely absorbed Blake was in his supernatural existence.

Yet Blake was ignored by the public. An exhibition of his paintings in 1809 was a complete failure. Critics derided him calling him a lunatic and saying that his paintings were filled with deformity and nonsense.

Blake found consolation in his visions. They opened for him vistas and glories that made him forget the world and its indifference. He withdrew into his invisible realms further than before. He had never concerned himself with public acclaim for his works were neither about living men nor for them. He expressed his views in a letter to Flaxman:

"I am more famed in Heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life, and those works are the delight and study of the arch-angels. Why, then, should I be anxious about the fame and riches of mortality?"

Now the spirits of great men of the past were visible and audible to him, and they also came to him at his call. He amazed his friends by summoning and drawing any dead person they named. In company with John Varley, the painter and astrologer he met in 1818, he often spent the entire night in this task. Varley would suggest subjects to Blake, unendingly fascinated by the prompt cry of "There he is!" with which Blake hailed the arrival of the spirit named.

Occasionally these awesome demonstrations were given a touch of mundane humor. Once while painting William Wallace, a Thirteenth Century Scot, Blake suddenly stopped and apologetically announced that he could not go on with the portrait because Edward I of England stood in front of Wallace. Not until Blake drew the face of the vain Edward could he finish his drawing of the Scot.

Sometimes Blake's ghostly sitters would not remain still. "He frowns," Blake would say. "He is displeased with my portrait of him." Or, "I can't go on—he is gone."

One night Blake became very excited and told Varley that he had seen the ghost of a flea—an unusual experience even for Blake. Varley urged him to paint the vision and the result was a naked monstrosity in human form, colored in shining green and gold, with demoniac features and burning eyes fixed greedily on a cup of blood grasped between sharp claws. It was not a true ghost, Blake made this clear, but rather a spiritualization of the flea which had been revealed to him. This painting, together with the spirit portraits, survives to this day.

Another important new friend Blake made in 1818 was the landscape painter John Linnell. Along with Varley and Butts, Linnell became a steady purchaser of Blake's work. These men were among the few who paid Blake fair prices and due to their sympathetic awareness of his genius he did not exist in poverty. Their companionship also was important to him. Linnell in particular opened his home to Blake and introduced him to other patrons.

About this time a group of admiring young artists gathered around Blake to become his devoted disciples. Convinced of his talent and sanity, they did not criticize his mystical life. Blake thus was able to spend his last years in a secure and convivial atmosphere.

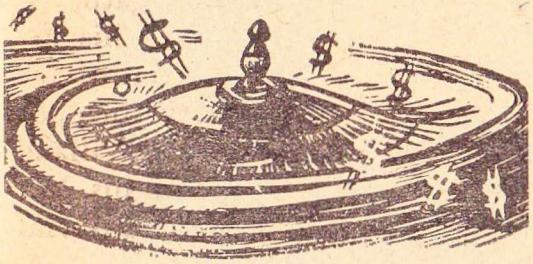
In 1827 Blake, now a gentle old man of 70, began to decline. There was no real illness, only a gradual sinking. On the day of his death, August 12, his visions became even more splendid and clear. His face grew radiant with happiness and he began to sing hymns. He died so peacefully that his wife, who sat at his bedside, was unable to tell the moment when he ceased breathing.

He now had entered completely that invisible world where he spent so much of his life and which he knew so much better than our own. He entered not as a stranger but as one who at long lost had come home.

THE FRACTURED TWINS

MRS. MAUDE BYRD of De Funiak Springs, Fla., was certain that she would break her hip after her identical twin sister fell off a porch and broke hers. According to Mrs. Byrd, they always did the same things. A week later Mrs. Byrd fell off the same porch and suffered a similar hip fracture.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• In Fayetteville, Ga., four men were arrested and charged with operating three 1,000-gallon moonshine stills — on the farm of State Revenue Commissioner Redwine, chief liquor-law enforcement officer for Georgia.

• An hour after fellow workers saved him from drowning in a river, James Partridge of Oxford, Eng., was killed by an automobile.

• A bill that would shorten the working hours of certain municipal employees of St. Louis was appropriately sponsored by Alderman Raymond Leisure.

• Arrested for doing 70 m.p.h., a Trumbull, Conn., motorist told the judge that he was unaware of how fast he was going because he was preoccupied by his wife's reading of an article on the dangers of speeding.

• In Fort Scott, Kan., a marriage license was taken out by Robert Locke and Beverly Key.

• In Fall City, Neb., a son born to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Karst at 7:07 a.m. weighed 7 pounds, 7 ounces.

• On a recent Tuesday, E. K. Bennett, of Longview, Tex., was called as winner of a $100 prize at the Elk's meeting but the winner was required to be present. Bennett wasn't. The same night his name was drawn as winner of a $275 bank night prize at a local movie house. Same rules, same result. Bennett had spent the day attending the regular meeting of the City Commission of which he is a member — a non-salaried job.

• In Knoxville, Tenn., Mrs. V. Hudson was hospitalized with cuts and bruises when she fell headlong down a flight of stairs and through a glass door in the Knoxville Safety Building.

• Glenn Parks, a Paris, Tex., patrolman, investigating the robbery of a dry-cleaning shop searched a suspect's house and found two pairs of his own pants.

• In Miami, Fla., the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Coffin to Lloyd Maxwell Graves recently was announced.

• An Oakland, Calif., mother drove her daughter to the hospital to have a baby — and stayed to have one herself. Mrs. Vivian Sulezich, 36, and her daughter Patricia Silva, 19, occupied adjoining beds. Both had boys.

— Paul Steiner



We Remember Other Lives

The girl insisted the 16th century execution scene in the movie was wrong — for she had been there.

By Margaret Gaddis

THE movie theater in Liverpool, England, was dark. With rapt attention the audience watched the scene in "Tudor Rose" where the 16-year-old Lady Jane Grey was to be beheaded.

Suddenly the hush was pierced by a wild cry as a girl jumped to her feet and was silhouetted against the light from the motion picture screen.

"It's all wrong, all wrong! I was at the execution. It's wrong, I say!" Then she fell in a faint and, through the midst of the astonished audience, was carried out to the lobby.

When revived she told an astonishing story.

She was Miss Dorothy Jordan, an 18-year-old typist from Belfast, Ireland, who lived with her grand-

mother at Jenkinson's Farm, Dungannon, County Tyrone. She was spending a holiday in Liverpool with relatives. Never before had she evinced any interest in history and she had no knowledge of reincarnation. She told her story to a reporter from the *Empire News* who stated that Miss Jordan seemed frank, intelligent and far from flighty.

As she was watching the picture, Miss Jordan said, she was suddenly transported back into another age.

"When the screen flashed the picture of Lady Jane Grey waving through the tower window to her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, on his way to his own execution I realized that this was wrong," she said. "I knew this room well and it was impossible to look out of the window! It was too high. Later, when Dudley was executed, the movie showed Lady Jane as perfectly calm. I know that is not right. She was hysterical.

"As I followed her to the scaffold . . . I was of course wearing the same kind of clothes . . . the rough, high cobbles in the street hurt my feet through the soft shoes I was wearing. Now and then Lady Jane looked around like a hunted animal but at last she braced herself.

"It was during the execution scene that I first realized, as I watched the film, that I was her lady-in-waiting. But I saw things in the film which did not agree with the facts as I know them. For instance our steps, as we progressed, were slower than in the picture. . . . Then again the streets were not silent as the film depicts . . . some persons were being trampled and trodden upon. . . . As Lady Jane went up the steps there was a little boy crying out her name. She just turned her head and looked sadly at him.

"I have a vivid impression of the executioner and recall particularly the broad black bands around his wrists which are not shown in the film. When Lady Jane first saw him she shuddered and clung to me. I can feel her arms around me now. She wept a little. Then she realized that she could not go like that and straightened herself, looking ahead.

"When she got to the block the executioner looked at her compassionately and said, 'Will you forgive me?' Lady Jane replied, 'Certainly,' not, 'Most willingly,' as in the film. She just looked round at me and bent her head to the block. They lifted her curls, as is not shown in the film, and I saw no more. I remember putting my hands over my face and that is all I can remember. I suppose I fainted.

"When I became conscious again the surroundings and the people seemed strange and I thought I was dreaming, that

reality was still the Tudor period. I was amazed to find myself not in Tudor dress. I suppose they all thought I was crazy! But it happened just as I say!"

In modern Liverpool, in the year 1936, this young and uncultivated girl was transported mentally to an execution which took place on Tower Hill, London, on February 12, 1554 . . . 382 years before.

In old books, in present day newspapers and over the radio many such inexplicable stories come to light.

On Feb. 17, 1946, a similar case was broadcast over WMAQ. Greatly condensed, the facts are these:

An American named George Laughlin went to England in 1914 to visit a friend, Paul Bixby, at York. As the two men walked through the town and passed St. Paul's Cathedral Laughlin was overcome with the feeling that he had been in the town before and knew it intimately.

He hurried ahead of his friend to the west door of the Cathedral. Then he inquired about an inn—"The Golden Ox." No one knew what he was talking about but, impelled by his strange conviction, he went next day to the library and searched through old maps of the city. Sure enough, there had been a tavern called the "Golden Ox"—but it had been destroyed by fire in 1628!

Some of the strangest cases involve young children. While living in Effingham, Ill., the Horster family lost a child named Maria. Shortly afterwards they moved to North Dakota where another child was born. From the time she could talk this child called herself Maria. When she was about six Mr. Horster took her with him to Illinois on a trip. To his amazement she recognized persons and places she never had seen.

Visiting the old schoolhouse she looked up at her father and said, "Here is where I used to sit, Daddy!" In the old family home she looked for and found a box of papers that had belonged to her sister, hidden away in the attic.

Astonishing too are the cases of talking babies. Christian Heinrich Heinichen, of Lubeck, Germany, could talk at the age of eight weeks and knew the Pentateuch and other books of the Bible at 13 months.

Scientists at Stanford University several years ago were interested in the case of Joan McGlamery. At 23 months she had a vocabulary of 450 words. Another story, authenticated by three doctors, tells of a baby at Guane who spoke pure Castilian at 30 days.

Consider Maria Isidra Guzman of Madrid who spoke at birth! Maria entered the Academy of Madrid at the age of 10 and became a doctor of philosophy and literature at 17.

Another remarkable case is that of the baby who spoke five minutes after birth. This boy was born at Mercy Hospital, Mason City, Ia., in September, 1922, of Mrs. Peter Zoutes. When the child was only a few moments old he distinctly pronounced the word "mother" three times in succession. Authenticated testimony by doctors and hospital attendants who were witnesses are on record. The mother believed also that she had had telepathic communication with her son during pregnancy.

Perhaps strangest of all is the fact that in the past 50 years at least three men have had the ability to bring back to others memory of past lives. Of these the best known is Colonel Rochas, of France, who used hypnotism to take his subjects back through what seemed to be a series of earth experiences. Several books have been written concerning his cases.

Less publicized is the work of two Americans who died in the last decade. The earlier and better known of these is Edgar Cayce, the famous psychic of Virginia Beach, who worked by going into trance.

The second is A. R. Martin of Sharon, Pa. He claimed no psychic gifts. Yet by a method, somewhat different from hypnotism, he took the seeker back into strange experiences. The patient saw and felt such remarkable things that he was forced to believe either that they were actual events of former lives or that his subconscious possessed incredible powers. After leaving Mr. Martin the patient gradually recalled many intimate and trivial details of the various centuries through which he had been taken in review—clothing, houses, landscapes — many of them entirely outside his present-day knowledge but corroborated by history. His memory would continue to unfold and events not uncovered in Mr. Martin's presence were remembered later.

Mr. Martin, who was until his recent death head of a public accounting firm in Sharon, majored in psychology at college. He made a study of hypnotism and became interested in the work of an Englishman, Dr. Cannon, who could send the subject's memory back to the moment of birth but no further. After years of experiment with a study group Mr. Martin achieved a method different from hypnotism but with some similarities.

His self-published book, *Researches into Reincarnation and Beyond,* recounts some 50 of his thousands of cases. Not every subject could be sent back through time. The ability to relax physically and mentally was vital. No leading questions or suggestions were ever made by Mr. Martin, yet so vivid were his experiences that the seeker was

seemingly transported back into the event. Intense cold, sorrow and joy were felt and remembered. On occasion even a crippled body, recognizable through its crouching gait, was visible to onlookers. In short, any experience through which the personality had lived, could be re-lived, with its attendant tears, mirth or violence.

No public demonstrations were ever made for the scenes were too intimate and revealing. In many instances the seeker spoke a foreign language during his memory journey, Chinese, German, or lectured on Buddhism, sang or danced with a skill unknown to him in his present life.

An orthodox preacher who visited Mr. Martin was given a review of several lives and later burst into tears, demanding to know if it were conceivable that he had lived through so much. Mr. Martin's reply carries weight, "If all that were not in *there* (your mind) it would not be coming out!"

This same preacher saw a past as ruler of a 10th century Chinese province. It was during this review that he lectured on Buddhism, chanting in Chinese. Later he saw himself in a Swiss chalet as an old man, then dead and futilely trying to comfort a distraught daughter. In all cases his present, visible body assumed, as if by magic, the posture, tone and bearing suitable to the character he believed himself to be. Once he appeared to suffer such agony of thirst that a doctor in the room could hardly be restrained from administering to the "dying" man. Yet when he woke he did not want a drink!

Before meeting Mr. Martin two brothers-in-law, trudging through heavy snow, were simultaneously transported back to a scene on desert sands where both dragged wearily along, famished for water. As the scene faded they found they each had experienced the same hallucination. Later, during a visit to Mr. Martin, they saw the same scene, and during the reenactment they almost lost their lives while expressing mutual devotion and sacrifice.

A man who spoke only English seemed to live a former life in Germany. A German spectator was able to understand his obscure country dialect. And little by little, after his visit to Martin, the man himself came to understand and speak German passably without formal study.

A tragi-comic episode was enacted by one who "saw" himself beheaded as a boy-thief in early England. While re-experiencing this death he began trying to fit his head back upon his body! Told by Mr. Martin to go free and leave it, he replied instantly, "But I got to get myself together! . . . A fellow can't keep this up.

Can't go around carrying your head in your arms. It ain't natural . . . People'll stare at me. A hand wouldn't matter — but a guy's head, that's more personal!" He was finally persuaded to go to sleep in Mr. Martin's study and before waking reviewed still another life.

If it is argued that these visions are caused by contact with a Universal Mind rather than by personal experience, it should be emphasized that when two people are given understanding of their inter-relationships, each can remember what they experienced *together* but not events experienced only by the other. Only what seems to belong to the individual subconscious is brought out in that person's review.

The methods of Edgar Cayce were different than those of Mr. Martin. Cayce himself went into trances in which he successfully diagnosed disease and prescribed effective remedies. In other trances he gave "life readings" supposed to survey the many experiences of the individual in his other lives.

Cayce's methods, while less dramatic than Martin's, were more helpful to his patients perhaps. One young man brought his fiancée to Mr. Cayce who told him that the strong bond between them should not lead to marriage, as it was caused by their intrigue and deception of the girl's husband in a previous life. In the present, Cayce said, it led merely to possessiveness on her part and guilt on his.

Most of us have no dramatic experiences like these, but how many times have we felt familiarity in some new scene or knowledge. This "sense of the already seen," as it is called in psychology, is common. Strange emotions, dim longings, come without apparent reason. So much of our learning seems re-learning. The idea of "inherited memory" with its theory that the genes transmit memory from parent to child, is just as complex as reincarnation itself.

Charles Dickens wrote of a bridge in Italy, which produced a strange effect on him when he first saw it, "If I had been murdered there in some former life, I could not have seemed to remember the place more thoroughly, or with more emphatic chilling of the blood."

CRUTCHES TO THE RESCUE

RECENTLY John Clinton, 28, of New Haven, Conn., broke his left leg in an accident. Three weeks later he was involved in an auto accident and broke the same leg. But this time he was prepared — he had with him the crutches he was using as a result of the first mishap.

Attila von Sealay

INVESTIGATOR OF THE INVISIBLE

By Raymond Bayless

The hypnotized girl said she saw a man's figure standing near her. She recognized him as her father — but he had died several years before.

ATTILA VON SEALAY

Mr. von Sealay is a professional Hollywood photographer whose sidelines are hypnotism and psychical research. He became interested in the latter field as the result of psychic experiences of his own. A California university has awarded him an honorary Master's degree for his successful experiments in producing photographs of the supernormal.

PSYCHIC photography presents baffling problems and its history is practically an unbroken record of fraud. Yet there have been a few isolated cases, presented by noted psychic researchers, which have stood up under scientific scrutiny and offered substantial evidence for the genuineness of psychic photography.

On the brink of giving up an exhaustive study of this subject as hopeless I was referred to Mr. Attila von Sealay, a prominent Hollywood portrait photographer, who has made intensive experiments in psychic photography.

I telephoned Mr. von Sealay and made an appointment to visit his studio. Mr. von Sealay, a charming man in his late thirties,



Psychic photo obtained by Michaela Kelly while hypnotized shows word "Nad" and woman's shawl-covered head. Miss Kelly identified Nad as name of a dead housekeeper who usually wore a shawl.



kindly showed me the results of his many experiments made with and without a camera.

I was impressed with his sincerity and complete willingness to cooperate in any experiment I suggested under any test-conditions that I might impose, and I felt that I was at last on the right track. In the course of our conversation, Mr. von Sealay spoke of certain hypnotic experiments he had conducted, such as regressing subjects back to previous lives so that they reported remarkable experiences. However, Mr. von Sealay reminded me that these tales, while interesting, were extremely difficult to verify and were not in the least evidential.

He related that in a few exceptional subjects he was able to induce clairvoyance and clairaudience wherein the subject claimed to see discarnate entities which, in several cases, were verifiable.

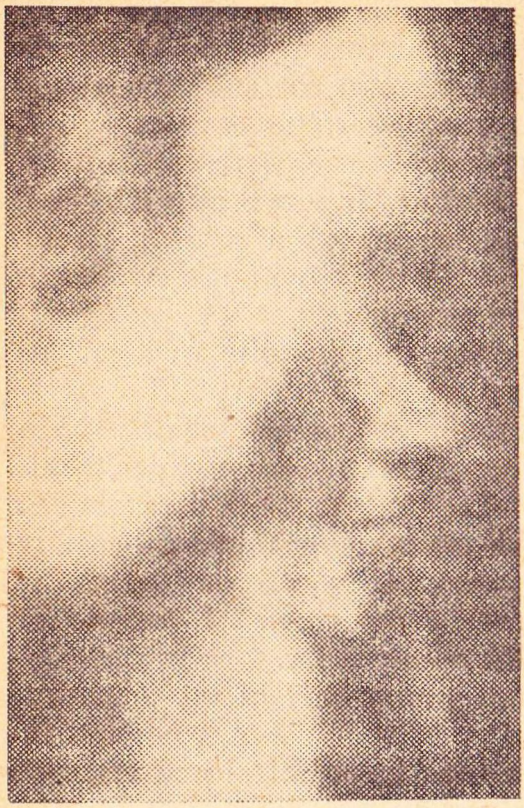
I asked Mr. von Sealay if he ever had attempted a psychic photograph with a hypnotic subject as the medium.

"Say, that is quite an idea," he exclaimed. "Let's try it."

Delighted to be a participant in one of these psychic experiments and anxious to check the claims of this unorthodox thinker, I readily agreed. Mr. von Sealay asked, "Is tonight too soon?" I jumped at this opportunity.

A young lady of my acquaintance, Miss Webber, who was interested in psychical matters, consented to be the subject for the evening's experiment. At the appointed time we met Mr. von Sealay at his studio and went right to work. Miss Webber proved to be a splendid subject, slipping easily into the somnambulistic state. To test her possible clairvoyant abilities, I held an object out of sight of both subject and operator and asked her to identify it. I had previously selected an object which I felt could not easily be guessed and which I had kept concealed in my coat pocket. The operator, Mr. von Sealay, asked, "What is Mr. Bayless holding in his hand?"

After a slight hesitation, Miss Webber said, "I see a long, shiny



Mr. von Sealay's experiments produced this psychic photo of a man's head.

object resembling a cross. . . . No, it is a silver sword, but it looks very small!"

Looking puzzled, she then exclaimed, "Why does it look so small?"

Elated, I withdrew a miniature silver sword from my pocket.

Encouraged by this success I asked if we could hold further tests in the near future. Mr. von Sealay cheerfully agreed on the following night at eight o'clock.

At our second meeting, I suggested that we attempt a psychic photograph. In the darkroom I produced a fresh package of photographic paper which I had purchased on my way over. Casting about for a subject, I suggested that we try for something relating to the atomic bomb. I selected a piece of photographic paper, which Mr. von Sealay told me to hold over my solar plexus, whereupon he placed his hand over mine and concentrated for a moment. We exposed the paper briefly to a strong light and then tossed it into the developer. I expected to see a completely blackened piece of paper but, to my amazement, a peculiar cloudy formation slowly appeared.

After fixing the picture in a hypo-bath and rinsing it in clear water we were amazed to see what looked like the familiar, ominous mushroom cloud of an exploding atomic bomb! Mr. von Sealay called my attention to a sharply defined "H" and said, "I get the impression that this has to do with a hydrogen bomb and that one may have been recently set off."

Mr. von Sealay also pointed out a "YXV" which he was unable to "interpret."

While listening to the radio at home two days later, I heard a news broadcast which mentioned a new and revolutionary development in nuclear research and the commentator went on to say that he believed it pertained to the hydrogen bomb.

As Mr. von Sealay informed me, and subsequent experiments proved, veridical phenomena appears sporadically and, as with all other genuine psychic phenomena, is spontaneous in nature and difficult to obtain on demand.

After a long series of hypnotic and photographic experiments we received sufficient evidence to justify Mr. von Sealay's claims for psychic photography and supernormal hypnotic phenomena. One of the most dramatic examples is the "Kelly-NAD" case. Mr. von Sealay phoned to ask me to participate in a hypnotic experiment. I arrived at his studio and was introduced to two well-known models, Miss Gretchen Lombardo and Miss Michaela Kelly.

After a brief discussion of hypnotism Miss Kelly, eager for a new experience, volunteered to be the subject of the evening's experiment.

Mr. von Sealay, to create an appropriate atmosphere, turned off the electric lights and lit two candles, which cast a pleasant glow over the room. He then asked Miss Kelly to lie down on a couch and proceeded to make hypnotic gestures over her while intoning monotonous suggestions for sleep. Soon, Miss Kelly's eyelids closed and she sank into a deep slumber.

Mr. von Sealay asked me to test the depth of her sleep. I passed a small bottle of ammonia under Miss Kelly's nose while Mr. von Sealay commanded her to breathe in the fumes after saying that she would soon smell the delightful aroma of roses. Miss Kelly breathed deeply, inhaling the biting vapor and exclaiming that she could smell the perfume of many roses.

Eyes smarting from the fumes of the ammonia, I verified the completeness of the hypnotic trance. Mr. von Sealay then informed Miss Kelly that a large bumble-bee was about to light upon the tip of her nose. Showing distress, she attempted to brush away the phantom bee and after being assured that the insect was gone, became motionless.

After a few more tests, Mr. von Sealay decided that her degree of trance was sufficient for our experiment. Leaning toward Miss Kelly he asked her, in a quiet voice, if she saw anyone in the room.

As we waited tensely for her reply, the candle flickered, throwing shadows that intensified the drama of the moment. Miss Kelly breathed deeply and in a far-away voice answered that she saw a man standing near her. She was then asked to look closely at this figure and describe what she saw.

Miss Kelly, showing joyful recognition, exclaimed that it was her father!

Miss Lombardo turned to me in suppressed excitement and said

that Miss Kelly's father had passed away a number of years ago!

Slowly Miss Kelly's arm rose and embraced the invisible presence and we could hear her whispering as though her father were actually there. At last she let her arms fall back to her side and we heard her tell her "father" goodbye.

We sat quietly in the candlelight for some time and again Mr. von Sealay asked Miss Kelly if she could see anyone in the room. She replied that a woman was near but, in spite of her obvious recognition, would offer no name or description.

Miss Lombardo suddenly called my attention to Miss Kelly's left arm, which was quietly rising from her side. It began weaving sinuously, casting an eerie shadow upon the candle-lit wall.

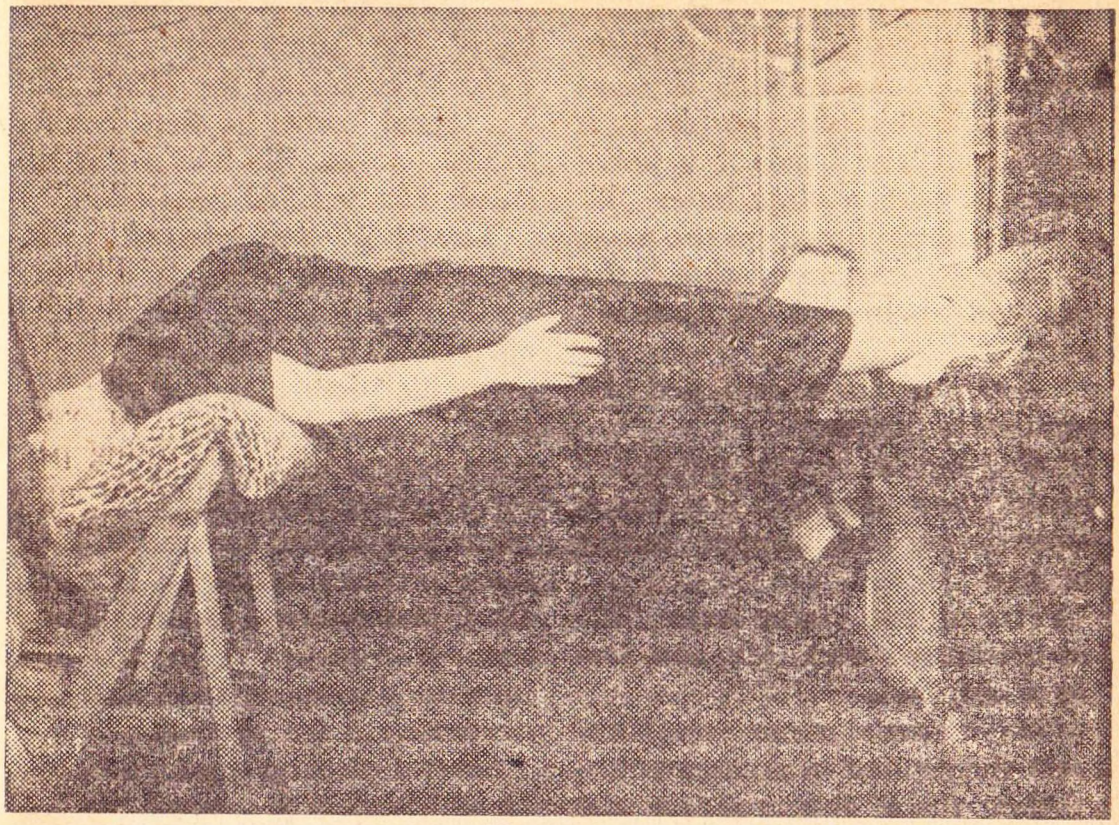
Mr. von Sealay questioned Miss Kelly, but strangely could get no reply and it seemed that for the moment the control had entirely passed from his hands to those of another.

As it became evident that the entranced model was not responding to our questions, Mr. von Sealay and I decided that the crucial time for our experiment was at hand and hurried to the studio darkroom. Here von Sealay hastily opened a fresh package of photographic enlarging paper and cut a small section from an 8″ x 10″ sheet.

Returning to Miss Kelly he placed the small piece of enlarging paper over her solar-plexus and folded her hands on top of it. After a short wait, during which Mr. von Sealay requested anyone present to please impress some evidence upon the paper, he picked up the small piece of photographic paper and, accompanied by Miss Lombardo and myself, returned to the darkroom. Mr. von Sealay exposed the enlarging paper to a light for a moment and then developed it. As we waited around the developing tray, tensely watching the darkening paper, shadowy letters began to form. Removing the photographic paper from the tray, Mr. von Sealay pinned it against a door and turned on the white light.

Under normal illumination, we could see clearly the word "NAD." Mr. von Sealay turned to Miss Lombardo and asked if she could see these letters. Both Miss Lombardo and I exclaimed at their remarkable clarity.

Returning to the entranced Miss Kelly Mr. von Sealay gently awakened her. When she was fully conscious he asked her if the letters NAD had any significance for her. Startled, Miss Kelly answered that this name was that of a childhood housekeeper who had been dead for many years and it was this very NAD whom she had seen while in the hypnotic trance. Bewildered by the unexpected vision of this housekeeper, Miss Kelly



After hypnotizing Michaela Kelly Mr. von Sealay took this photograph. Her rigid form is supported only at neck and ankles, showing depth of her cataleptic state.

apparently had failed to hear our questions at that point.

Mr. von Sealay and I, realizing that we had obtained evidence of the greatest importance, asked Miss Kelly if she would sign a statement testifying that this name was received and verified. She complied with our request.

To prove beyond a shadow of a doubt the evidential nature of this remarkable experiment, I then drew up a series of questions and asked both Miss Kelly and Miss Lombardo to answer them and sign the statement. They did this, so proving that the name of the housekeeper was utterly unknown to Mr. von Sealay, to me and to Miss Lombardo and that it was impossible for this name to have appeared by normal means. These two facts are of the greatest importance to psychical research and form one of the most remarkable cases of supernormal communication.

Another fine example is the "Yuba Mike" case. I received a telephone call from Mr. von Sea-

lay one morning in April, 1951, informing me that during the previous afternoon, while demonstrating psychic photography to a lady client, the head of a horse appeared with a large letter "Y" clearly superimposed on the nose.

"Why, that is my father," the girl had exclaimed in astonishment.

"What, the horse"? queried Mr. von Sealay, jokingly.

"No, that is the way my father would show himself. He was a professional handicapper before he died."

Pointing to a faint letter "R" on the horse's neck, Mr. von Sealay asked, "Who is 'R' "?

"My father's name was Robert!" she replied in amazement.

Also, there appeared on the photograph the number "113" and the letter "C."

Curious as to the meaning of the letter "Y," Mr. von Sealay turned to the racing page of the *Los Angeles Times* and was delighted to find that of all the tracks operating that day, only two horses were running with names beginning with "Y" — Yuba-Mike in California, and Yazdegerd at an Eastern track.

Mr. von Sealay, on the phone, asked me to write down the name Yuba-Mike, the jockey's name, beginning with a "C," and the weight, 113 pounds. He told me this was a test case.

Several hours later, listening to the radio for the race results, I heard the announcer say that Yuba-Mike placed for $46.80 and Yazdegerd came in first paying $15.00 to win. We had a fine example of a verified prediction.

The "J.C." case, selected at random from our files, is another veridical instance of paranormal effects. A Dr. Cedar, after seeing a psychic picture of Mr. von Sealay's reproduced in the Los Angeles newspaper, *The Times Mirror,* in connection with a lost airplane prediction, came in to have some pictures taken for himself. Dr. Cedar referred to this picture and Mr. von Sealay invited him into the darkroom and offered to demonstrate his process.

Several pictures were made, one of which clearly showed the initials "J.C." Mr. von Sealay asked Dr. Cedar if J.C. possessed any significance for him. He replied, "Yes, my father's initials are J.C., but he is dead."

I am enclosing statements signed by Dr. Cedar, Miss Kelly and Miss Lombardo corroborating the facts I have stated in these cases. *(We have in our files—Ed.)*

These are but a few of the results attained in our experiments. It must be understood that Mr. von Sealay is a psychic researcher and does not consider himself a medium. His work is of a scientific nature and he accepts no remuneration for it. He insists that those wishing to participate in

experiments bring their own photographic paper to avoid any accusation of fraud.

An excellent example of astral projection occurred in an experiment which we call the Roger Case. Mr. von Sealay demonstrated this phase of the occult to me by inducing a deep state of hypnosis in an acquaintance of ours named Roger.

Turning to me Mr. von Sealay said, "I am going to attempt astral projection with Roger. Where do you want him to go?"

After a moment's reflection I suggested that he be sent down the block to the Chinese Theater and report the name imprinted in the cement of the forecourt to the right of the box-office.

I asked, "What name is imprinted there?"

"I don't know," he replied.

Further cross-examination produced the same answer, "I don't know."

Mr. von Sealay made repeated suggestions that Roger's astral body was peacefully floating above his recumbent form and then directed him to the Chinese Theater. Finally he succeeded.

"I am standing there," Roger replied.

"You can *now* see the name imprinted there. What is it?"

"There is more than one name; I see two names together, not one."

"Two?" Mr. von Sealay asked in surprise. "What are they?"

"Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery," answered Roger quickly.

Anxious to check this, we awakened Roger and the three of us rushed over to the theater. The information proved absolutely correct.

The following "Iris" case has a strong spiritualistic basis. The lights were turned low and June Kent, the subject, was placed in a deep trance. There was a rap, the door opened, and in walked seven people. Taken by surprise, we invited them to take seats and watch the experiment in progress.

Tommy P., one of our visitors, said, "We are all friends of Iris M. I'm sure Mr. von Sealay remembers her. She was killed in an auto crash about two weeks ago and we wonder whether it is possible to contact her. She worked with us at C.B.S." (Columbia Broadcasting System.)

Saddened by this news Mr. von Sealay then turned to the entranced June and urged her to "contact" Iris and describe her to us. Both Iris and the new guests were unknown to the subject, June Kent.

All eyes were fixed on the entranced girl, who suddenly exclaimed, "I see a beautiful blonde girl . . . she's so sweet . . . standing across the room near the door. She is very unhappy and bewildered and wants to come back. She is carrying a gardenia and is

holding it up for me to see. The fragrance of gardenias is choking me."

The group became excited at this point and Tommy P. explained, "Iris was very fond of gardenias and the studio sent a wreath of them to her funeral."

Mr. von Sealay gave Iris some encouraging instructions and June said that Iris smiled and faded from sight.

Awakening June, Mr. von Sealay hurried to the reception room and returned with a stack of unmounted photographs.

"June, look through these photos and pick out the one of the girl you saw."

Thumbing through the stack June selected three. "This is the girl I saw — this is Iris!" June exclaimed.

The three photographs June had selected were pictures which Iris had ordered shortly before her death and for which she never had called.

DEATH IN THREES

THERE are many who deride as "superstition" the belief that two deaths never come without a third. But here are some instances from the building in which I live and which in the late seventeenth century was a wing of the Versailles Palace of Louis XIV.

Shortly before World War II broke out the aged Countess de Montaigu died in the flat immediately below mine.

A year after the occupation my floor-neighbor, Monsieur Damour, died.

A year after that it was the turn of Madame Maréchaux in the flat immediately above mine.

That made three deaths in a space of five years but skeptics will point to the length of time as well as to the abnormal conditions prevailing in France due to the war and the occupation. Recently, however, a new sequence of events took place in the building.

Not quite three months ago the concierge, an Alsatian named Schmidl, died.

Six weeks ago the Baron de Rostang died in the room where the Countess de Montaigu had died.

Three days ago Madame Damour, widow of my floor-neighbor, died, making a total of three deaths within less than three months. — *Warrington Dawson.*

By Margaret Linden

Born in Australia, Margaret Linden chose the stage instead of a musical career. She appeared in plays touring Australia and New Zealand and in 1917 she came to New York. She has appeared in many successful plays with such stars as Catherine Cornell, Henry Hull and Irene Bordoni, in addition to a number of silent movies.



"Don't Send Me Back!"

"I knew I had died. I had no weight, no substance at all. It was so wonderful I wanted never to return."

IN THESE dark days when we wonder whether the world is headed for atomic disintegration I find it comforting to have first-hand knowledge that we never can be reduced to nothing. My certainty of personal survival stands as a bulwark against fear.

I am so certain that life continues after death because I once was permitted to cross the threshold between them.

This happened in the early Twenties while I was playing at the Lyceum Theatre in New York with Irene Bordoni in "Little Miss Bluebeard." Quite soon after we opened I became ill and was rushed to a hospital where one of the foremost surgeons of the day operated on me.

In not much more than a couple of hours I was back in bed and as I was coming out of the anaesthetic, I heard myself cry despairingly, over and over: "Don't send me back! Don't send me back!"

I can further remember trying frantically to move my inert body and being restrained by the doctor, who held both my hands. He was speaking quietly, insistently, striving to impress on my subcon-

scious that it must hold fast to the remembrance of *why* I was begging not to be "sent back."

Ordinarily, he told me, he paid little attention to what patients say on coming out of anaesthesia. But in my case he was struck by this single sentence uttered over and over in such despairing accents. Then, after urging me again not to forget, he ordered rest and sleep, promising to return when I awakened.

The next day when I struggled back to full consciousness the doctor was there. Again he held my hands warmly and comfortingly in his while he asked me once more, did I remember? I did—and do now—very clearly.

At some time during the operation I—my spirit—left my body. I remember distinctly that I was flying, soaring. And I knew this was no dream such as I'd experienced so often before in life—like flying round a room, or high over open water—wonderful as such dreams were.

For, I had died. I knew it and welcomed it; it was more wonderful than dreams. I was no longer imprisoned in my body. I was lighter than a thought; I had no weight, no substance at all. And oddly, yet logically, I knew I no longer was an entity—a person—Margaret Linden—though I remembered that had been my name.

I was just an essence, a vital spark, equipped with thoughts, feelings and senses. And the one feeling above all was of the most extraordinary happiness.

I could hear, although I had no ears, magnificent music. And it seemed as if I, myself, were the center of this music, the mind and the heart of it.

Then as I was savoring this ecstasy in its entirety a voice rang through me, commanding: "You must go back. You must go back."

I felt as if I were being pushed inexorably downward. I cried, I implored—though I had no eyes to shed tears, no voice to beg. Again came that command: *"You must go back."*

With despair I realized there was no appeal. I must obey. So down I came, faster and faster until, with a crash, I felt myself pushed into a coffin of lead which my spirit knew was the body I had left.

After I had told this to my doctor, he told me that, toward the end of the operation, the anaesthetist reported that I had no pulse, no heartbeat, no breath. I was, apparently, dead. The doctor immediately inserted his fingers through the exploratory stomach incision he'd made before removing my gall bladder. From there he was able to massage my heart, hoping in this way to start it beating again. He had succeeded—and I was alive again, alive on this less wonderful plane.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

Those Bashful Saucers

Filled as it was with so much saucer material, the October, 1953, FATE was an issue long to be remembered. Congratulations!

One aspect of the flying saucer mystery that always has puzzled me is this. If the disks, intelligently-controlled, have been visiting us for centuries, why the apparent bashfulness on their part about meeting us personally? Why the constant spying with never an attempt at personal contact? Will more centuries pass before they make up their minds to visit us openly?

In reverse, if we here on earth visited Mars and discovered it teeming with intelligent life, would we not make our presence known almost at once? I believe so. Centuries of needless exploration would not be our way, I am sure. So why do the Saucerites refrain from establishing contact? Do they feel so superior to us that they regard us as vermin and consider communicating with us as distasteful, even nauseous? Perhaps, but I doubt it. Of course, there is the possibility that they have landed secretly and even have gotten in touch with one or more governments, unknown to the general public.

In regard to their timidity about meeting us, I have a theory. It is not stretching credulity too far to assume that the aliens may live at a different time rate from ourselves. What is to us the passing of a month, or a year, may be no more than an hour, or a day, to them. Of all the centuries that flying saucers have invaded earthly skies, is it not possible that for the Saucerites only a year, or less, has elapsed? — *Alex Saunders, Toronto, Ont., Can.*

Humans In A Magnetic Field

There is no bilgewater about sleep and magnetism, I am now thinking. Mr. Mayne Coe in the July issue of FATE handled the

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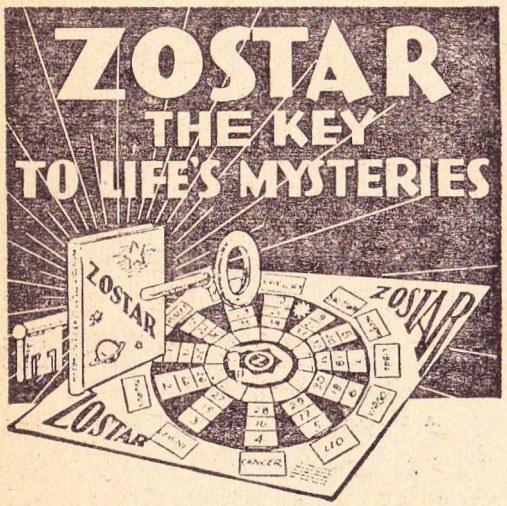


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subject even better than Mr. Edgar Payne who originally started this discussion.

To both their letters I can add something I uncovered quite some time ago while researching old newspapers for Fortean phenomena data, plus something in the way of hard scientific fact.

In the September, 1953, issue of *Radio-Electronics* is the article "Electronic Fishing." Most of this article deals with catching fish by means of an echo-sounding recorder. But in this article is an account of experiments in catching fish by electricity.

A buoy is the negative plate of an electric field and is connected to the ship by a cable, while the metal hull of the ship is the positive plate, connected to the other side of the generator. The electric field is set up by starting the generator and any fish between the two poles are forcibly aligned along the lines of force. Raising the voltage causes them to move toward the positive pole — the ship.

Let me now remark on what I found in the Baltimore *News* of August 14, 1922, under the title "Sleep With Head to North, Said Doctor." A French newspaper had unearthed a document dated 1860 and signed by a Dr. von der Fischweiller who was reported to have died at the age of 109. The document urged all to sleep with their heads pointing toward the mag-

netic north in a horizontal position if they desired a long life.

Finally there is an article "What About Vitic?" by N. Meade Layne in the Autumn, 1944, issue of *Doubt,* the magazine of the Fortean Society. Here mention was made of a curious discovery by a scholar who observed the strange objects in each hand of Egyptian statues and who by research found them to be a piece of hard carbon and a piece of magnetized iron. Their purpose, he concluded, was to serve as a nerve vitalizer.

When the carbon is held in the right hand and the iron in the left there is a stimulating effect. Switching each to the other hand gives a sedative effect.

If fish can be made to align themselves compulsively along the lines of force, one wonders what effect the earth's magnetic lines of force must have (though not so compulsive in their action) on humans. This action of fish in a magnetic field lends support to the matter of sleeping with one's head to the magnetic north.

The idea of switching around to obtain a stimulating or a sedative effect leads me to hazard the hypothesis that high-strung persons should sleep with their heads toward the south, while calm persons should sleep with their heads toward the north.

The forcible alignment of the fish toward the positive pole sug-

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gests that aligning the body's opposite poles contrary to the flow of the earth's magnetic lines of force creates a disturbance in the neutral currents. This may explain why sun spots disturb the growing cycles of living things.

The philosophical implications of a new science are here but some time is required before the first principles are stated. The initial process of observation, however, is under way and by correlating different facts some of these first principles will be seen.—*George Wetzel, Dundalk, Md.*

Overlooked?

Why did Dr. W. D. Chesney ("Lost Language of the Bible," October issue) overlook *Matt. 12:40?* Christ spoke of Jonah and the whale as a fact!

However, Dr. Chesney may be right about other translations.—*L. C., Abington, Conn.*

As stated in my article, "to be in a great fish (or whale) is an Aramaic idiom meaning to be in great perplexity. Do we not use even more puzzling idioms? How will our descendants in 5000 A.D. translate "he was in a great stew about the matter?" Or "that burns me up." Or "that's a pretty kettle of fish." Or "he was pickled to the gills," in speaking of one who drinks too much.

To a Latin or a Greek scholar, take our word "and." See the Latin word. Take each meaning

and then check back from the Greek or Latin to English. Take the English meanings and go back to Latin. You will really find yourself in a great fish. Or take English "in" and follow through. You will find a still greater whale.—*Dr. W. D. Chesney, Milton, Wis.*

Dr. Lamsa and the Mark

Your article "Lost Language of the Bible" recalls a speech Dr. Lamsa gave in Philadelphia 20 years ago when he spoke of a letter he had received from a friend in Syria. His friend wrote the "girls" annoyed him every evening as he sat on his porch. The "girls" also tried to get into the house.

Dr. Lamsa said the letter astonished him as the maidens in Syria were the most modest in the world. His friend denied writing that they were not and Dr. Lamsa showed him the letter. "Why," said the friend, "there it is as plain as can be — the *mosquitos* annoyed me dreadfully."

Dr. Lamsa said just a little mark made all the difference. So is it any wonder our Bible is full of unintentional errors? — *Mary Packard, Welaka, Fla.*

Spiritual Crisis

Many of your readers must be wondering about the predicted climactic in the year 1953 and must be in danger of falling into the same error of complacency as voiced by A. Dautun in the Oc-

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tober, 1953, issue of FATE.

The really competent occultists and seers have not said there would be visible, material calamities in this great crisis year. The revolution and breakup is mainly on the spiritual plane. In this year humanity is being torn apart on spiritual issues, on the principles of right and wrong.

The peoples of all nations are being divided into two camps, those who are deciding, in their hearts at least, that the U. S. and our American way is their ideal and their focus of allegiance, and those who are deciding against us.

Peace and safety, thinks Dautun, but there is no peace. A mighty battle is being fought. All anti-Christian isms, the U. N. Babelites and the devotees of Mammon are forming on one side and the lovers of truth and Jehovah on another.—*Curtis L. Gibson, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Prophecies Realized

The French peasants have a saying, "Nostradamus was never wrong; wait and see." This maxim is particularly apropos in view of the October issue of FATE wherein one of your contributors complains, "Where are the prophesied calamities for 1953?"

In a press release sent to you and shown by Telenews on most of the cinema and T.V. screens all over the world, the following firm statements were made by me for

the predictions of the then, coming year 1953:

1. "Iron and steel will be more valued than gold."

2. "The Korean situation will become of secondary importance about the month of May."

3. "The first phase of Armageddon will begin no later than August 20, 1953, when unprecedented disturbances of cosmic magnitude will take place on the 48th degree."

With the mad race for horrific weapons and missiles merrily nearing its climax and with the Korean truce a reality and with the acceptance by the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission on August 20, 1953, that the forces opposing us have the power to retaliate with a hydrogen bomb, you must admit that all three of the prophesies have been realized.—*Henry C. Roberts, New York, N. Y.*

Mystery House

Looking through your October issue, I noted the article "The House That Disappeared." It may interest you to know that my wife, when a girl, had a similar experience in her home village in Creech near Taunton, Somerset.

She was sent out collecting for some charity or other and, passing the house, she thought: "Strange, I have never noticed this before!" She went in through the garden gate and up to the house. In one of the front rooms she could see an old man sorting papers. She peered in but did not like the look of him, so ran down the garden path slamming the gate after her.

Afterward there was a family argument. My wife insisted there was a house and everybody else said there was nothing there.

Investigation proved the family correct. There was no house, gar-

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STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)
SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

Of FATE published monthly at Evanston, Illinois, for October 1, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher,* Clark Publishing Company, 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.; *Editor,* Curtis Fuller, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill.; *Managing Editor,* Chester S. Geier, 1714 W. Leland, Chicago, Ill.; *Business Manager,* Evelyn Schaefle, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Clark Publishing Company, 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.; Curtis Fuller, 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.; Mary Margaret Fuller, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill.; Raymond A. Palmer, Amherst, Wisconsin; Marjorie Palmer, Amherst, Wisconsin.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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CURTIS FULLER, *President*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1953.
[SEAL] BETTY LOU MUNSON (My commission expires March 10, 1954)

IMPORTANT OCCULT BOOKS

Here's our special list of hard-to-get occult books—each carefully selected for its importance to you. Many of these books have been imported from England and are difficult or impossible to obtain from booksellers in this country.

1. THERE IS A RIVER
by Thomas Sugrue

The exciting life story of Edgar Cayce—called "America's greatest psychic"—who healed the incurably ill through clairvoyant medical diagnosis and treatment. Price $5.00.

2. MANY MANSIONS
by Gina Cerminara

A fascinating study of the metaphysical teachings of Edgar Cayce, revealing facts about reincarnation that will give you a new outlook on life. Price $3.75.

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STALIN: "He Believed In Dark Gods" —writes Shaw Desmond

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den or gate. Where the gate should have been was a solid bank with a fence on top.

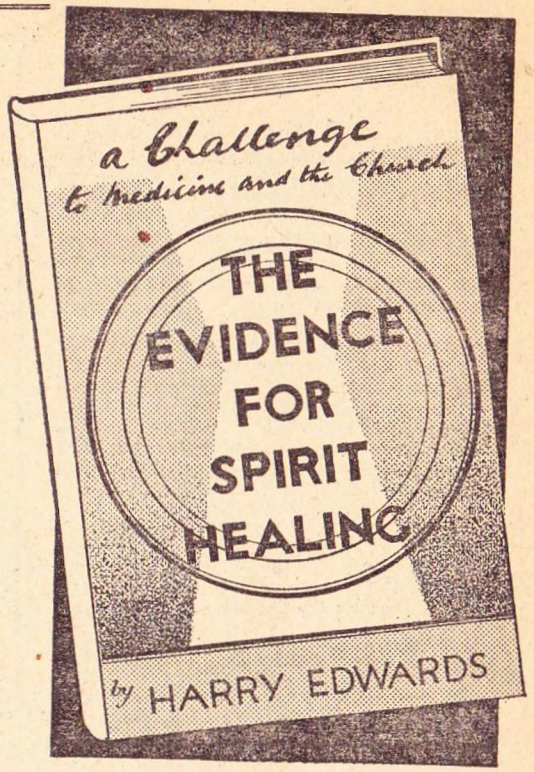
My wife's mother — who has now passed on — was the only one who would believe her, as she herself was psychic.

Here is the problem: Did my wife have an unconscious projection or did she, with her physical body, pass into the fourth dimension? — *J. P. J. Chapman, Parkstone, Dorset, Eng.*

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me but they aren't explained.

My baby was in the hospital very sick with pneumonia and the doctor informed me that an immediate operation for a strangled hernia was necessary but that he would try to put the operation off until Friday (Christmas Eve), if possible.

On Thursday afternoon I went upstairs and prayed by my baby's cot as I had never prayed before and on coming downstairs I put my head down and cried. I heard a man's voice, deep and gentle, in my ear. He said my baby would be all right. But the beginning of his talk was something I will always remember: "The power of

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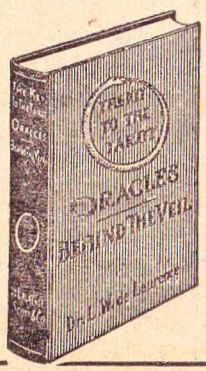


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prayer is universal."

I looked at the clock and saw it was three o'clock. When I arrived at the hospital that night, a passing nurse asked me "Are you Mrs. Briggs? Your baby was operated on this afternoon and will be all right."

I asked the time of the operation and the nurse said it was three o'clock in the afternoon. — *Mrs. E. Briggs, P.O. Box 185, Ajax, Ont., Can.*

"Tops"

I've bought FATE on the newsstands ever since it started and have been instrumental in getting many of my friends to buy it. Some have been better than others, which is quite natural, but the October issue seems to be the best — and not on account of the Flying Saucer Report either. "Lost Language of the Bible" and "Space, Time and Dr. Einstein" were really "tops." — *Dr. Marcus Fite, Kellogg, Idaho.*

Appeal for FATE

Have you among your readers one who will, after reading FATE, post the copies on to me? I could reciprocate by sending books in German or even in English.

Many thanks in advance! — *Willy Werner, Erwitte (Kr. Lippstadt), Völlinghauser Weg 1, Germany, British Zone.*

Regarding the letter by C. R. Thompson in the October, 1953, issue of FATE, I hardly see where

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the name "Future" or "Wonder" as a new name for FATE will better matters in the least. Our fate and our future are linked together as closely as faith and belief, so what can be gained by substituting "Future" for "Fate"?

In my opinion the name "Fate" for our growing little magazine cannot be improved upon. Its slogan "True Stories of the Strange and the Unknown" cannot be made better and its cover places it in a class by itself. — *William W. Bathlot, Albuquerque, N. M.*

As a reader of FATE Magazine I wish to inform you that I do not like the title any better than C. R. Thompson. He is right, the name doesn't fit the contents. If the policy of the magazine is to report phenomena, they why don't you name it "Phenomena"?

The present title "Fate" suggests fatalism which this writer considers a poor philosophy for thinking people. — *Fred William Renz, Indianapolis, Ind.*

I read the October issue and saw the letter in "Report from the Readers" about changing the name of FATE. I have over 13 copies of FATE and intend to keep them.

I do not care for the name "Wonder" or "Future." The name

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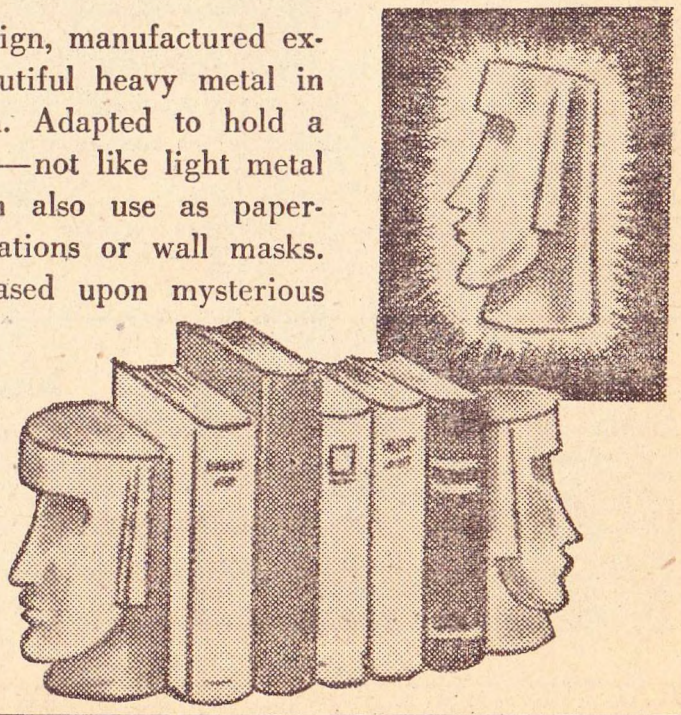
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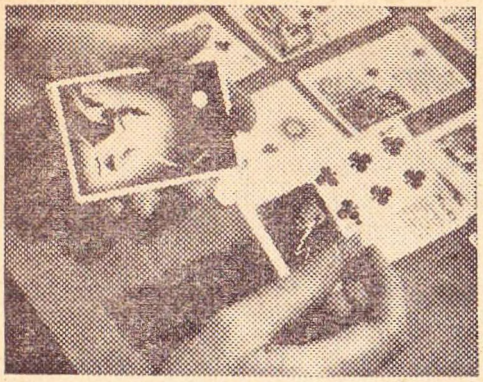
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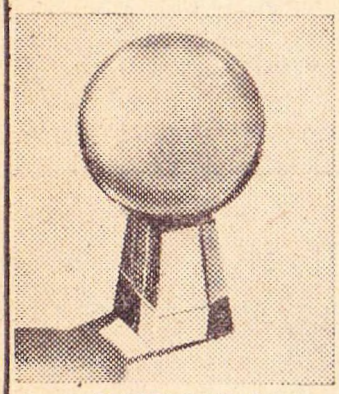




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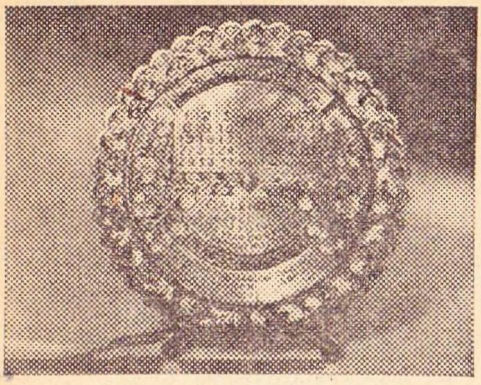


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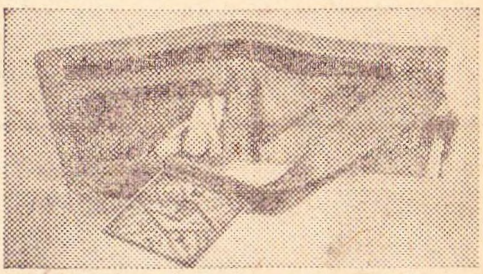


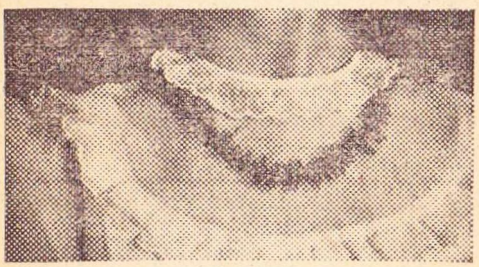
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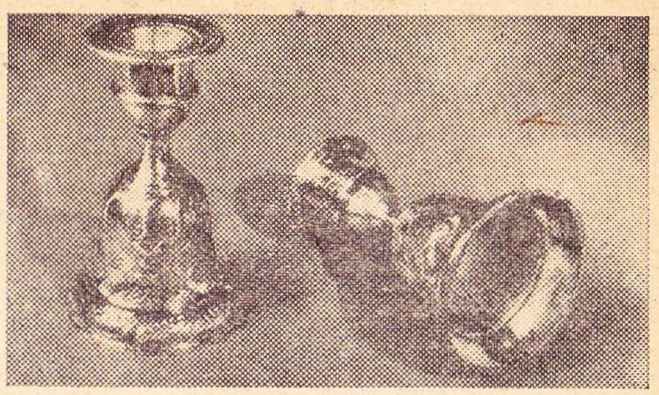
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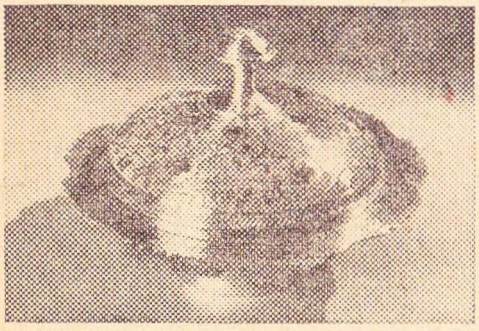
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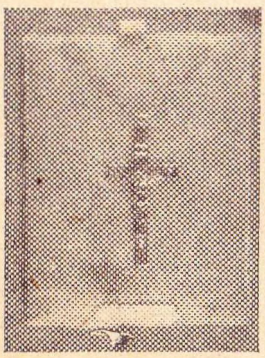
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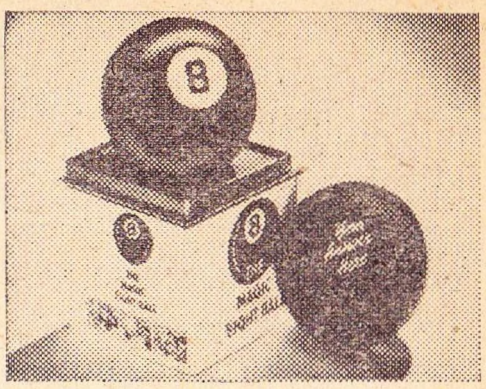
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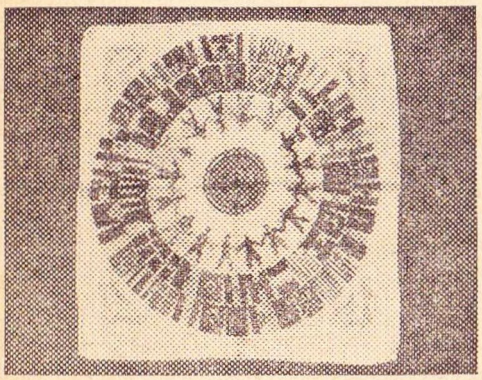
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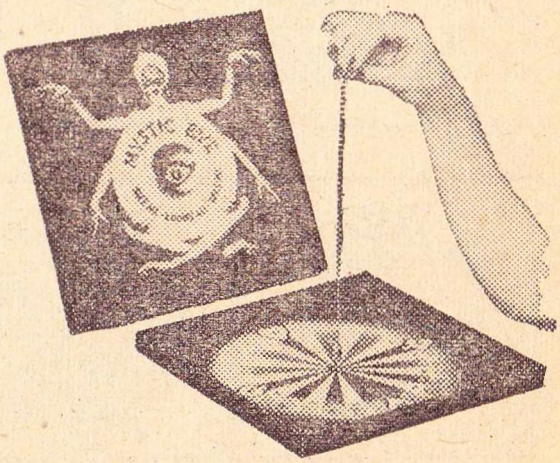


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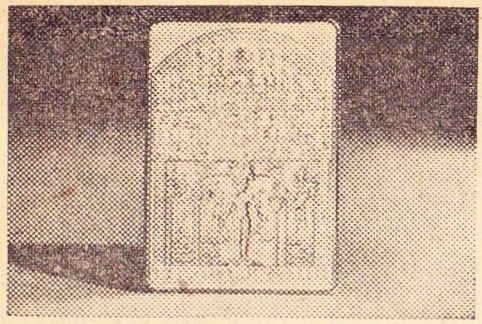
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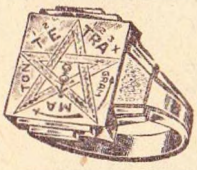
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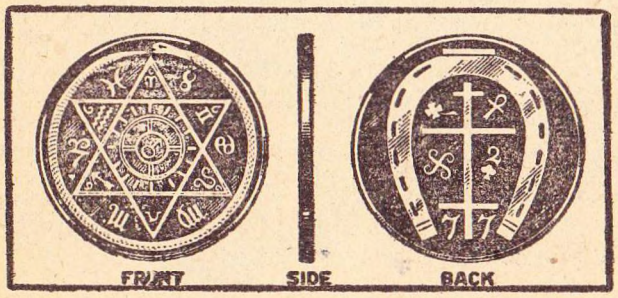
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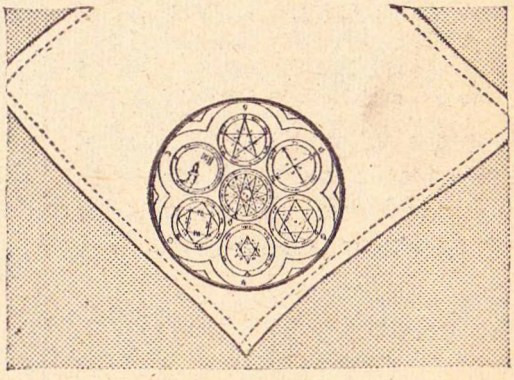


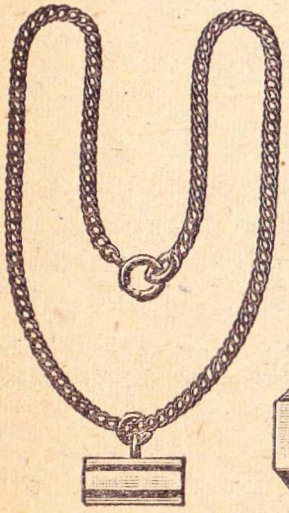
CHINESE GOOD LUCK RING

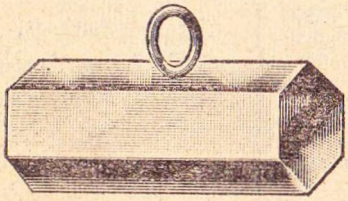
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"Fate" could not be surpassed as a title for your magazine as it fits perfectly your many articles about the unusual and the unknown. — *Martha H. Baker, San Francisco, Calif.*

Observers of Death Wanted

I should like to hear from readers who have had the experience of astral projection and also from clairvoyants who have observed the process of dying. Most published accounts of the act of dying are concerned with death in old age or after prolonged illness. Accounts by those who observed accidental or sudden death would also be of interest. — *R. Crookall, D.Sc., Ph.D., 66 Langley Rd., Chippenham, Eng.*

Pro and Con on "FATE"

In reply to your question in the October issue of FATE, I agree that the title is not good or significant. How would "Mystery" do? Or "Weird"? Or "Quest"?

I know it is difficult to find an appropriate title not already in use but I never could understand the connection between "Fate" and your excellent magazine with intelligent articles pertaining to all phases of occultism and mysticism. — *Leila Sherman, Hollywood, Calif.*

"Fate," in my opinion, is the best name for the magazine. It makes me happy the day it comes — especially the October issue

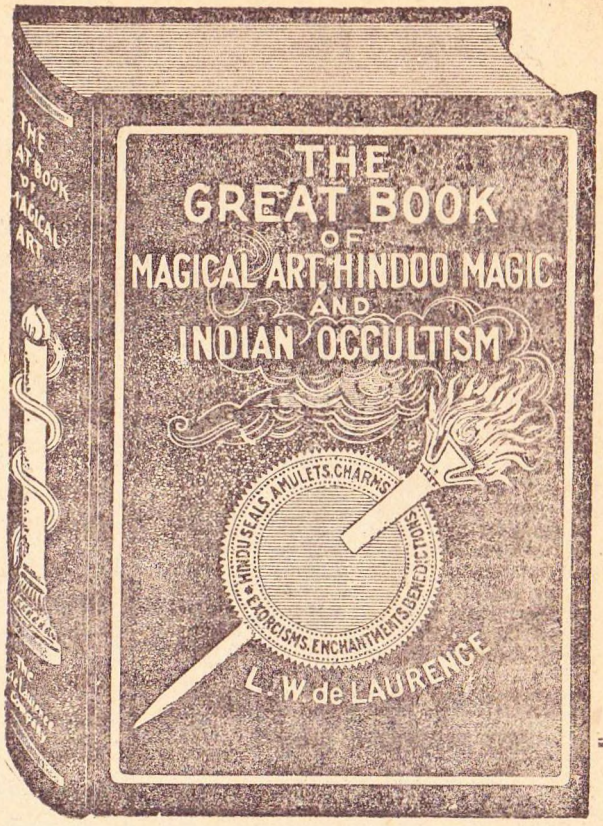
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which contained so many articles about "saucers." — *Walter Neel, Dallas, Tex.*

I agree wholeheartedly with C. R. Thompson. The name of the splendid little magazine FATE sounds cheap and I believe it is often passed up for this reason. I have been a reader of this magazine since its inception and I have always been hesitant about placing it on my table with other worthy publications for fear of jibes from friends who are not familiar with the excellent articles it contains.

Inasmuch as we are approaching the Aquarian Age, how about "The Aquarian Oracle"? "Psychic Digest," "Psychic Science" — practically anything but "Fate." — *Gladys Strickland, North Tonawanda, N. Y.*

My vote is to retain the title "Fate" for your good magazine.

Some people are never satisfied, not even with life. FATE discusses articles on past, present and future so what better name for it could be suggested? I say keep the name as it is. — *Albert Lloyd, Tulsa, Okla.*

Now you are really going places with FATE Magazine. The October number was superb, the front cover was scientific, the subtitles were dignified, the contents wonderful. "The Prayer Circle" by Rev. W. H. Leathem was an in-

spiring article. "The Lost Language of the Bible" by Dr. W. D. Chesney was informative and gave sense to debatable passages. Keep up the quality of the October number, please.

Regarding the title "Fate." Like a great many of the front covers of past issues of FATE, which were not quite up to my idea of good taste, the name "Fate" does not seem to give one the right idea of the contents. How about one of these? "Horizons." "New Vistas." "Wonder" (which was suggested by a reader previously).

Perhaps someone will suggest something better than these, but any of them would be good I think. — *Orpha M. McMillan, Mt. Pleasant, Ia.*

Some readers of FATE never will be satisfied with good enough. They want to change the name of the magazine, do they? Now my comment on that is, leave the name alone. "Fate" is plenty good enough. — *Donald B. Foltz, Texarkana, Tex.*

Here's an added thought to the suggestion to change your name: We have *Focus, Look* and *See.* What about *"Think"? "Fate"* smacks too much of doom. "Think" — The Stepladder to Understanding." That would convey more truly the nature of your excellent publication. "Fate" conveys the wrong idea.—*V. N. Fair, Lincolnton, N. C.*

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