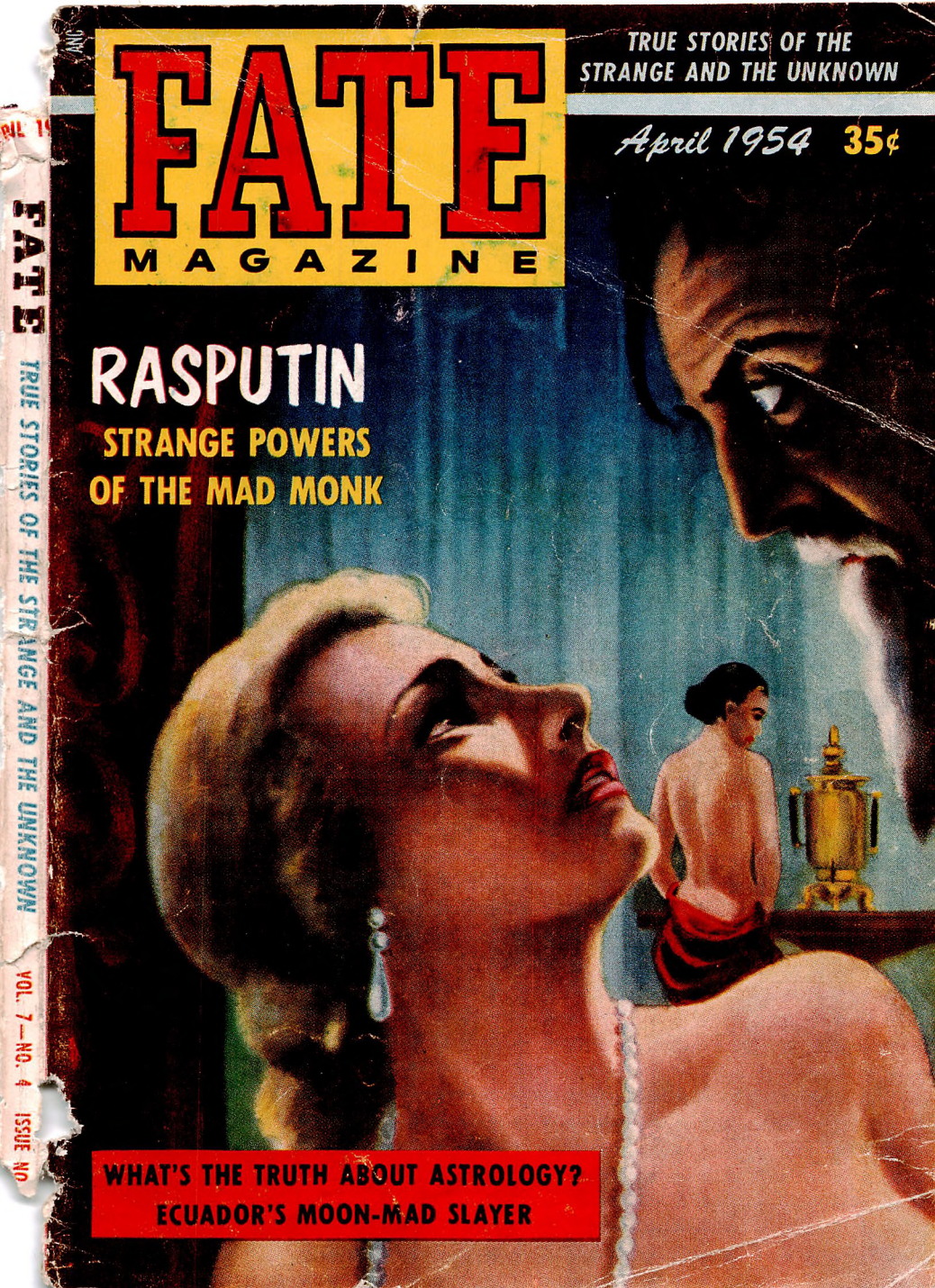
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TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

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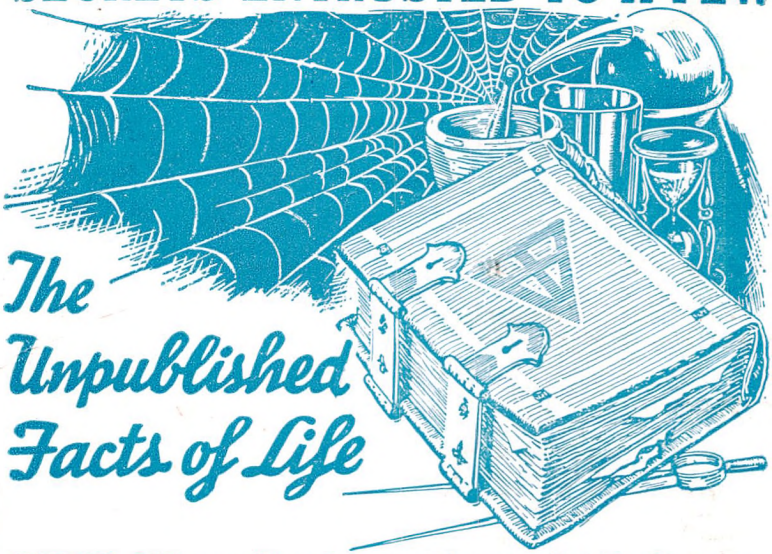
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STRANGE POWERS OF THE MAD MONK



WHAT'S THE TRUTH ABOUT ASTROLOGY?
ECUADOR'S MOON-MAD SLAYER

FATE
TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN
VOL. 7 — NO. 4 ISSUE NO.

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The Unpublished Facts of Life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.

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

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I See by the Papers...

WONDER OF WONDERS

THIS is the season, as most seasons seem to be, for new wonders and repetitions of old. The big wonder is, however, that they always seem to be wonders to the people who don't remember that they ever heard the like before.

A couple of years ago we told the story of the phantom ship of Nova Scotia which sails up Northumberland Strait ablaze from stem to stern. The ship is sighted at least once a year and sometimes oftener.

Last December, sure enough, Mrs. Aldon Langville looked out of her window one night near Cape John, N.S., and saw the phantom ship sailing up the strait with fire streaming from her masts and rigging. Mrs. Langville and her neighbors watched the ship for an hour, according to the Associated Press.

Two days later nearly all the residents of the village watched the blazing vessel again. "It has to be seen to be believed," they said. A number of years ago several sea captains from nearby Pictou set out to investigate the ship. When they neared her she vanished.

Nobody knows what ship she is



— or was. Some say she is the phantom of a pleasure ship destroyed by fire during a drinking orgy. Others claim she was once a Scottish immigrant vessel lost at sea in the 18th Century.

Of course some people say she is an illusion. And others explain the vision is due to "natural" causes. Do you know what they say? They say the vision is caused by gases breaking through the water from submarine coal fields.

RAIN OF SARDINES

WELL, this one's a little tougher to explain and it also happens at least once a year. Down in Yoro, Honduras, according to the Milwaukee *Journal*, you can get a free fish dinner de-

livered to you at supper time right out of the sky.

Every year at the beginning of the rainy season there is a fall of fish. Natives of Yoro prepare for the harvest as soon as a little black cloud forms over Cerro el Mal Nombre northeast of town. They gather up their baskets, pails and washtubs and head for the grassy plains outside of Yoro. And as the cloud passes overhead it rains thousands of sardine-like fish, three or four inches long, in the grandaddy of all storms.

The natives don't worry about where the fish come from but it might be a good subject for scientific investigation. Yoro is 50 miles inland and separated from the coast by a mountain range.



RED LIGHT FOR SAFETY

RUBE ALLYN tells the story in the St. Petersburg *Times*. R. B. Davis of Cedar Keys who supplies stone crabs to nearby restaurants, his brother Tilden Davis of Chiefland, and a retired railroad man named Oliver Holmes set out at sundown from Dazzy Vance's camp on Hall River bound for Cedar Keys.

They had a seaworthy boat powered by a 25-h.p. outboard but the wind mounted unexpectedly, they began to ship water and they capsized. R. B. Davis has sailed on the Gulf all his life. To keep the boat afloat he unhooked the motor and let it sink. Then, locking hands across the overturned boat, the trio fought to keep alive through the night.

It was pitch dark. They did not know where they were or which was the way to shore. And then, some time after midnight, they spotted a swinging red light. They broke a seat off the boat to use as a paddle and took turns paddling toward the light while the other two held on. The light appeared to move and they followed it.

Toward morning they felt the reef beneath their feet. It wasn't much, but their heads were above water. Eventually they made it to land. And they never did locate the source of the light.



BRIDGE ON THE MOON?

Is there a bridge on the moon? H. Percy Wilkins, 57-year-old engineer and director of the lunar section of the British Astronomical Association, announced from London late last year that he had observed a giant arch 20 miles long, a mile high with one huge arch two miles across.

Wilkins discussed his observation on the radio and said: "It looks artificial and it is almost incredible it could have been formed in the first instance, and lasted during the ages which the

moon has been in existence."

"The bridge, of course, is not artificial; it only looks artificial," he said.

He suggested that it may have been caused by a meteorite which had crashed through a cooling layer of molten lava, leaving a vast arch.

WHO STOLE THE CLARINET?

OUR friends on *Prediction* tell how a witch doctor in Nairobi, Kenya, Africa, was called in to find who had stolen a clarinet belonging to the Kenya Band of the King's African Rifles.

The witch doctor arrived with pieces of animal horn, bark of a tree, a smooth stone, several kinds of herbs and other odds and ends. Then the bandsmen were called in for the tests, one of which was the sliding of the smooth stone up and down the piece of bark while the witch doctor chanted.

"The stone moved for everyone until one particular member of the band came in, and then it stuck," related Bandmaster Kinsman. "No amount of force on anyone's part could move that stone while this bandsman stood in front of it. But directly he moved away and someone else stood before it, the stone once more moved smoothly up and down.

"The stopping of the stone denoted guilt, and strangely enough, he was one of the only three who could have stolen the instrument."

DIVINE RESEARCH

MANY churchmen have long felt that religion should put more emphasis on healing, as Christ did. But in most cases the churches have been so influenced by materialism they have shied away from espousing healing.

The healing movement has become so important in England, however, that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York have appointed a committee to investigate "Divine Healing." It consists of five bishops, eight clergymen, two matrons of large hospitals, a noted psychologist, and seven medical scientists. They will prepare a report on the "theological, medical, pastoral and psychological aspects of healing."

The report is not expected for two or three years.

A PICTURE OF DREAMS?

YOU can believe this if you want to but it is interesting enough to pass on.

Anyone knows that the eye is a kind of camera in miniature. The image is seen because the light rays from the image are focussed

on the retina in the back of the eye. Look into your own eye in a mirror and you can see the image reflected back from the retina—the same image that is being flashed to your brain through the optic nerves.

Now comes an "Italian scientist" named Calderon who announced in Rome recently that he was able to reverse this process. Calderon claims that when a person dreams, for instance, the mind re-creates the image and flashes it back onto the retina. Calderon asserts that he has photographed these "slumber images" on the retina of the eyes of a dreaming young woman.

We have not seen any of his pictures.

THE SAINTED POPE

THE British paper *Psychic News* declares that the canonization of Pope Pius X constitutes an acknowledgment by the Roman Catholic Church that healing comes from "the next world." Horace Leaf, the British writer, says that Pius X was canonized because he is believed to have performed healing miracles 39 years after his death. The canonization ceremony took place on November 17 and is the first for a Pope in 250 years.

The first miracle approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rights presided over by the present Pope was said to have been performed on Francesca Belsani, a Neapolitan lawyer suffering from a gangrenous abscess.

A second miracle wrought "through the intercession of Pope Pius X" was the cure of Sister Maria Louisa Scorcia, a nun of Palermo, who had been suffering for a long time from Meningo-encepho-myelitis. Both the cures occurred in 1951 after the patients had been given up by their doctors.

OUR DILEMMA

THE problems of healing are only some of many ideas with which this magazine is concerned which are neither widely accepted nor even respectable in many quarters. The whole field of psychical research may be considered to be still in this category.

Recently, Prof. H. H. Price the noted British researcher offered his explanations for our dilemma at a public lecture at Nottingham University.

Psychical research does not conflict with science, Price believes. As a matter of fact the data for psychic research have been discovered by using scientific methods.

The problem seems to be, he says, that because of the weakness of psychical research on the theo-

retical side the facts themselves tend to be ignored or even denied.

Nearly everyone can relate this idea to his own observations. So-called "scientific men" dispute Dr. Rhine's observations, for example, because they know of no theory to explain them.

As a matter of fact, Price points out that the facts which have been discovered contradict certain fundamental assumptions which most persons, including scientists, take for granted.

PSI VS. MATERIALISM

THE scientific, or educated western outlook, says Professor Price, contains certain deep-rooted assumptions about the mind and its place in nature which are usually accepted without question. "This is the point at which there really is a conflict between psychical research and the scientific outlook.

"The phenomena which psychical researchers have discovered are very difficult to reconcile with the materialistic conception of human personality.

"I do not say such a reconciliation is unthinkable. If one is sufficiently ingenious, if one were prepared to swallow supplementary hypotheses, one might at least attempt to reconstruct the materialistic conception of human personality in such a way that supernormal occurrences were consistent with it.

"But the point is that the attempt will not be made so long as the materialistic conception of human nature has the status of an unquestioned proposition, as it does for many educated western people. It is much simpler to deny the facts which psychic researchers have discovered."

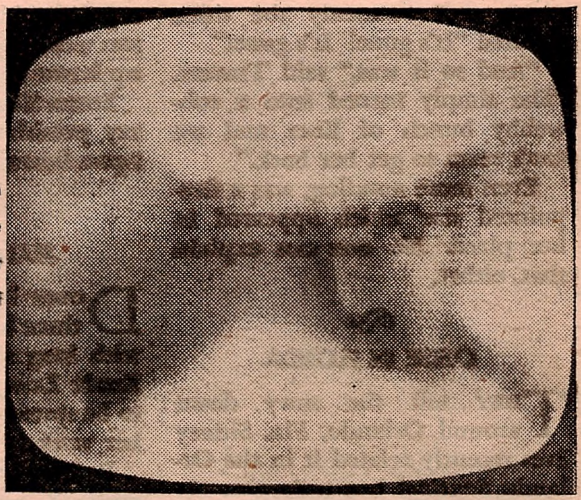
IN "GOD'S ZOO"

IS an "abominable snowman" preserved in Tibet? A Tibetan lama showed up in Kalimpong, India, recently, and said yes. Lama Chhemed Ridgzin declared that he had seen the preserved bodies of two "snowmen" in "God's Zoo" — a holy place in a Tibetan monastery where the remains of all creatures from man to flies are kept for worship.

The lama said the creatures are friendly eight-foot apes who wouldn't hurt a man unless provoked. He described the "yeti" as having a thick flat skull, dark brown face, short tail and a body covered with 1½-inch fur.

FACE ON THE TV SCREEN

YOU probably have read parts of this story yourself. It began in the home of Jerry Travers, an aircraft worker of Blue Point,



What caused this phantom image to appear on the screen of the television set owned by Jerry Travers of Long Island?

Long Island. Travers has a Zenith television set and three children, aged 3 to 6, who like to watch it. At 10 a. m. last December 9 they were watching the Ding Dong School on Channel 4 when something happened.

The unsmiling face of a woman appeared on the right-hand lower corner of the screen. The children were frightened and called their mother. She tried other channels. The face continued to show on the screen. She turned the set off. The face kept glowing eerily. Mrs. Travers moved the set so that the screen faced the wall and waited for her husband to come home at 6 p. m.

They both turned the set on. The unwelcome stranger continued to look grimly out into the room. The Travers called in television experts. Some of them offered theories—but they remained only theories. A repair man suggested that an "explosion" of electrons during a previous program might somehow have etched the image of the woman into the phosphorescent inner coating of the picture tube. The manufacturer said this wasn't "plausible."

The following night, the Travers family watched their favorite shows with their eerie guest still visiting them. She was there for Dragnet, explained Travers. "Even Jack Webb couldn't frighten her away."

On Friday, the face suddenly disappeared. Travers was talking on the phone to a friend, leaving three persons watching the tele-

vision set. Suddenly the three shouted "It's gone! It's gone!"

"And so it was," said Travers. "She simply turned into a cobwebby bunch of lines and we can't seem to get her back."

Even more amazing, was a five-pointed star which appeared in her place. No one can explain that, either.

CURSE IN FLORIDA

THEY tell the story down around Orlando, Fla. Sidney Ives recently related it in the Orlando *Sentinel* but unfortunately the names of the persons involved aren't available to us.

In the depression '30's, a well-to-do-Central Florida family lost their home. Their only servant by this time was a fierce old woman from Haiti. Before leaving the house for the last time the Haitian woman, by the light of the full moon, hexed the four corners of the house. At the east she buried a flat stone charm; at the south she said a Voodoo curse; at the north she burned sticks in a ritual pattern and at the west she painted symbols inside the foundation bricking.

The house was sold to a Northern couple with four children. One son committed suicide. The father and one daughter died in an auto wreck. The only grandchildren and their mother died in a polio epidemic. The remaining son went insane. The mother shut up house and went back north.

Seems like a cruel and unnecessay punishment, if such it was, upon innocent people.

MALAYAN TERRORS

DOWN in Malaya, reports of three hairy ape-like creatures with long sharp teeth came into Kuala Lumpur. They were said to be spreading terror among rubber workers in Perak State.

Rubber tappers claimed the creatures were two males and a female, all wearing loin cloths and carrying long curved knives. The males had mustaches reaching to their waists.

It appeared that the "creatures" knew what a gun was and were wary enough of it to dive into a stream to escape being shot at. Some skeptics were unkind enough to suggest that the "monsters" were disguised communists who aimed at interfering with rubber production on the Malayan estates.

ANATOMY OF THE HUNCH

WHAT is a hunch? Psychologists are pointing out that they are not mysterious, unexplainable bolts from the blue. People who play hunches, says

Arthur J. Snider, science writer of the Chicago Daily News, are actually drawing on a great reserve of experience.

It's experience that has been buried and forgotten in the subconscious mind and is not called on consciously, as is true when we use judgment and logic. It is a way of thinking without words.

Le Roy Vernon, Chicago psychologist, says hunches can't be trusted as readily as a verbalized, reasoned-out decision. Psychologists suspect that women's hunches may be more correct than men's, but there is no experimental data to support the theory.

NO SURPRISE

When the body of William Fleming, 60, of Woodycrest Avenue, Toronto, was discovered in wild bush country near Parry Sound last November, his family was not surprised. Fleming had been hunting partridges and the body was found with a shotgun wound in the left breast lying against boulders in Thirty Dollar Rapids in the Magnetawan River.

Discovery was made by members of a family search party, led by the widow, following instructions of a clairvoyant. The widow's sister reported that the clairvoyant had told her three different times that the missing man would be found dead in the water. Another clairvoyant had told a relative that Dr. Fleming's body would be found dead of a gunshot wound and that he was even then lying "clutching his chest."



Dr. Zakaria Ghoneim, Egyptian archeologist, watches as a workman brushes earth from a 3,800-year-old mummy case found during excavations at Sakkara, Egypt. In the vicinity Dr. Ghoneim also discovered a new pyramid which is believed to be 6,000 years old.

ANDY DEVINE'S DREAM

Andy Devine told the story himself. The movie and TV actor was about to be dropped by his studio after the advent of sound to movies. He had a peculiar voice anyway and on the early sound tracks it appeared even more weird. One night, in

the last month of his contract with Universal, Andy who had by this time been reduced to doing only a few silent bit parts, packed his clothes and determined to cancel his contract and leave for Arizona immediately.

He went to bed and all of a sudden he felt what he calls "suspended." He felt someone else was in the room. He turned over and there sitting in a chair by his side was his father who had died two years before.

The apparition spoke to Devine. The voice seemed strong and clear. It asked Andy not to cancel the contract but to stay in Hollywood. The two talked about family matters and then Andy went back to sleep.

Two weeks later Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, called Andy and told him that he had decided to capitalize on his gravelly voice by giving him comedy parts. They signed a new contract and Andy was with Universal for 18 years.



WAR NXT YR?

HERE'S a dream that we hope won't come true. Last November, Walter W. Fuller, columnist of the Detroit News, was talking with friends one evening and they got to discussing Chicago's Adler Planetarium and the great expanse of the heavens that can be seen there. They later went out to the porch to view the great expanse of sky overhead and finally Fuller went to bed. He dreamed that he was back on the porch looking at the skies which seemed just as he had seen them an hour before—except for this difference: high above, in huge star-formed letters, was this legend: "WAR NXT YR."

He called the letters to the attention of his friends but they laughed and went inside. But when he looked at the skies again he could see it written plainly: "WAR NXT YR."

"What student of the meaning of dreams can come up with an answer to that one?" Fuller asks. "Some say 'dreams are always opposite.' Let's hope so."



50,000 YEARS OLD

BRIEF notes from here and there:

• The fraud of Piltdown man, which we discussed last month, is still upsetting the archeologists and paleontologists. They are wondering who perpetrated it and have generally concluded that it was not Charles Dawson, the English lawyer who found the skull and jaw fragments and tooth, but some "erudite joker" who fooled Dawson and the entire scientific world.

• A new method is being used

to trace the age of ancient relics. The Carbon 14 dating method cannot be used accurately beyond 25,000 years. Now it has been discovered that a method of dating by measuring the accumulation of fluorine is accurate for much longer periods. One thing the method may already have accomplished is to indicate that no fragment of modern man has been found more than 50,000 years old to date.

• Sherwood L. Washburn, chairman of the department of anthropology at the University of Chicago, claims that if only adequately preserved and dated fossils are used, evolution now follows a consistent pattern from the half-human half-anthropoid South African ape-men to ourselves. — Curtis Fuller

THE PHANTOM NON-COM

EARLY in January, 1953, men of the Royal Air Force at Bulawayo Station reported that the station sick quarters appeared to be haunted by a restless spirit. Most of the staff of the station sick quarters insisted they had heard the ghost.

L. A. C. Kirby related that he was in the kitchen at the sick quarters one night when he heard the handle of the door turn and saw it open. He saw no one but distinctly heard footsteps cross the floor toward another room. He later heard the same footsteps walking the station offices.

Corporal Wragg was on night duty at the sick quarters when he heard a door open. He then heard footsteps pass him and go down a hall. He followed them into the crash room where they were no no longer audible.

Corporal Jackson reported a similar experience and offered an explanation of the restless ghost. A few years before, according to Corporal Jackson, a senior non-commissioned officer fell ill at the station and was placed in a sick quarters ward now used as an office. He tried to give a message to a man in the next bed but collapsed before he could do so. He died after being taken to the crash room for an operation. But Corporal Jackson believes that the N.C.O. is still trying to pass on his message.

ECUADOR'S MOON-MAD SLAYER



Camilo Sanchez was known to act strangely when the moon was full. All blamed the moon when he went berserk and killed nine persons.

By J. M. Sheppard

CAMILO SANCHEZ, a maniac who killed nine persons in Ecuador, South America, before he was tracked down and captured by the Rural Police late in July, 1953, had a strange alibi.

"Don't blame me!" Sanchez cried. "Blame it on the moon."

Sanchez, it appears is one of those unfortunates who are unduly influenced by the moon. Moon madness is as old as time and although the medical profession scoffed at it for decades, today's advanced psychiatrists have discovered that just as the moon influences the tides so it influences the lives and actions of people. However, some evidently feel a deeper attraction to the shining globe than others.

As a child Sanchez had to be kept from school during the time of the full moon each month and unless watched carefully he was apt to inflict cruelties upon the family cat or dog. Unable to sleep, the boy would go out into the yard of his parent's small, country *hacienda* and sit gazing at the full moon. Suddenly he would feel an uncontrollable urge to hurt some living creature with his hands and torture seemed, somehow, to release a pent up, irresistible longing.

When guarded so that he could not commit these monthly atrocities, young Sanchez would howl at the moon like a dog.

As the years went by the boy's behavior improved, at least outwardly. He was repeatedly punished and lectured by his parents

and teachers so that he learned to keep his moon madness under some semblance of control.

When he grew up Sanchez acquired a small tract of land, married and created a modest *hacienda,* raising bananas, cocoa and papaya trees. The income, although not large, sufficed to keep the man and his rapidly increasing family in the necessities of life. Three children were born and finally Sanchez was able to buy a horse. He rode this animal to and from his groves of tropical fruits and on Saturdays he rode into the nearest village of Charapoto in Manabi Province to attend to the family shopping and mix with the crowd.

Sanchez came to love his horse. He allowed no one to abuse it and he kept the animal well groomed and in excellent flesh.

"Sanchez takes better care of his horse than he does of himself or his family," the neighbors said.

As the man came into his 30th year his character seemed to change. He became morose and silent for a few days every month. The children learned to stay away from him and his hard working wife tried to give him the dishes he enjoyed and otherwise run the household in such a manner that no possible criticism could be made by her angry spouse. His anger though was never permanent. It came and went. On those days and nights when the moon was absent or small, he made himself agreeable. But when the moon reached full Sanchez was not a good man to be near.

One night Sanchez' wife awoke to hear a dog howling dismally in the back yard. Then she noticed that her husband was not in his accustomed place at her side. The woman went to her window and looked out. She saw Sanchez standing in the light of the full moon, his head thrown back, while waves of sound rose from his mouth. It was not a dog Señora Sanchez had heard. It was her husband. She crept back into bed, pulling the sheet over her head as if to shut out the eerie sound, her body trembling in fear.

The following month Sanchez worked late in his cocoa grove, gathering the rich fruit and packing it in bags to be moved to the roadside for sale to buyers who cruised the area in their large trucks. On the night of the full moon he finished his labors, mounted his horse and started homeward for the evening meal.

Darkness had fallen and the moon was just rising over the hill. As the yellow ball grew full Sanchez was seized with the old urge. He spurred his horse unmercifully, while beating the startled animal over its head with the flat side of his machete.

The horse broke into a wild and aimless gallop, neighing shril-

ly and throwing back its head in fright and pain. Then Sanchez brought his razor sharp machete down upon the horse's neck, this time with the cutting edge turned downward. It cut deep and bright blood spurted down the beast's neck and upon the hands of the now thoroughly maddened Sanchez. The machete rose and fell again and again until the horse fell and died there on the path.

Bespattered with blood, Sanchez stumbled on to his house. He spoke no word as he strode through the kitchen, ignoring the meal that had been set out for him, and into the bedroom. There he threw himself upon the bed, covered his head with his hands and moaned and groaned throughout the night. The children cried and the wife, frantic with fear, huddled all night with her little ones in the kitchen.

The next morning Sanchez told his wife that the horse had tried to kick him and that he, in self-defense, found it necessary to destroy the animal. But the woman knew better. The horse had been devoted to her husband and had followed him about like a pet dog.

The days passed. Sanchez sold his cocoa crop, went to town on foot and returned laden with gifts. There was laughter again in the small house. The thin wife smiled and the children played.

Then came the time of another full moon. As the fatal night drew near Sanchez could neither eat nor sleep. He was nervous, short-spoken and downcast.

When the moon arose that night Sanchez drank several cups of black coffee and smoked innumerable cigarettes. His wife wrung her hands in anguish for the man and put the children to bed early. Sanchez went to bed, his face to the wall, and shudders passed through his tall, spare frame.

Suddenly he lurched from the bed and went outside. He returned in a moment with the saddle and the bridle of his dead horse and with the heavy spurs upon his feet.

He commanded his wife to get down upon her hands and knees, accentuating his order with a violent shove. When the poor woman had assumed the posture he demanded Sanchez proceeded to saddle and bridle her. She screamed and the children awoke, crowding into the kitchen in tears. Seating himself in the saddle, Sanchez repeatedly dug the heavily rowelled spurs into his wife's side. The woman finally collapsed and in a fury Sanchez went for his machete.

Neighbors found them the next day—the wife dead beside two of her little ones. The third child lived long enough to tell the story of the horrible murders and then it too died. Sanchez was gone.

Ecuador has a police system similar to that of the famed Canadian

Northwest Mounted. It is called *La Policía Rural* (The Rural Police) and this force patrols the roads in rural sections, runs down escaped criminals and even pursues those who, after their crime, seek sanctuary in the *selva* as the great rain forest is called. These men have the same motto: "Don't come back without your man," and they live up to it with as great determination as the Canadian force displays.

The Rural Police were called immediately on the Sanchez case and two officers were assigned to bring in the moon-mad killer, dead or alive. These men set out on Sanchez' trail hoping to catch up with him within a day or two but they had not reckoned with the cleverness of his distorted mind.

Sanchez took a small dug-out canoe and went down the river for some miles, then he sank the canoe with heavy rocks and walked straight into a section of dense jungle. Two weeks later he appeared at a *hacienda* near the village of Picoaza where he asked if they needed an extra *peon* (laborer) and as the *Mayordomo* was just then cutting his banana crop, he welcomed Sanchez who was given a place to sleep with five other workers in a bunk house.

The food was good and the work not too hard. The pay was all that could be expected. If Sanchez' fellow workers found him silent and unfriendly, they thought little of it. At night he tossed and moaned in grief over what he had done, for when normal he had loved his family.

Another full moon drew near—and so did the Rural Policemen who had, after a painstaking search, found the murderer's trail after discovering the sunken canoe.

Unfortunately the full moon arrived at the Picoaza *hacienda* two nights ahead of the police.

The men had worked hard that day for tomorrow would see the last of the cutting and the bananas must be ready for the fleet of trucks that would haul the fruit into Guayaquil for trans-shipment to the United States. They retired early, each man in his own grass-woven hammock slung in the sleeping quarters. And the moon came up; big, pale and round. When it reached its zenith that night, Sanchez was again seized with the overpowering urge to kill. Grasping his machete, he crawled from his hammock and began his macabre work.

Sanchez murdered all five of the *peons* who slept in the bunk house. His sharp machete sliced their throats, one by one, and the only sound was the death rattles through gurgling blood.

Again Sanchez took to the jungle to elude pursuit and when the Rural Police arrived, they knew they had to capture this maniac

before another full moon arrived.

This time the officers found his trail quickly and on the fourth day as they struggled through the heavy brush, cutting away hanging liana vines and watching for snakes as deadly as the man they sought, they came upon him suddenly. Sanchez was sprawled in deep slumber, worn out from lack of food and from his struggles through the jungle.

Before the insane man was aware of their presence, the two policemen grabbed his machete and pinned him to the ground. Sanchez was brought back to Guayaquil heavily shackled.

While awaiting trial the man grieved on dark nights for those he had killed and raged in uncontrolled fury when the moon was full and bright.

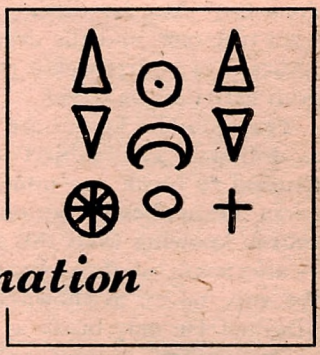
Sanchez entered a plea of guilty by reason of insanity and was given an automatic sentence of 16 years which is the maximum penalty in Ecuador. He was then shipped out to the penal colony on the Galapagos Islands, 600 miles out in the Pacific.

I am told that Sanchez is a model prisoner — except for the times of full moon when prison officials find it necessary to lace him into a strait jacket.

PRACTICAL MEDICINE IN 2100 B. C.

THE translators of a 4000-year-old document written on a clay tablet four by six inches have announced that it does not resort to magic spells or mention gods and demons as did Babylonian medicine of later times. The tablet is one of a collection unearthed 50 years ago in Nippur, Iraq, by a University of Pennsylvania archeological expedition. Written in a Sumerian script typical of 2100 B.C., it was translated by Dr. Samuel Noah Kramer of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and Dr. Martin Levy of the Pennsylvania State College.

The tablet lists over a dozen medical prescriptions for salves, filtrates and internal remedies. Most of the unknown Sumerian doctor's medical ingredients came from plants, a smaller number from animals. His favorite minerals were sodium chloride (salt) and potassium nitrate (saltpeter) which were highly effective as antiseptics and astringents. Beer was added to most of the internal remedies to make them palatable.



Chinese Divination

Here is one of the oldest methods of fortune telling. It employs six sticks and is rich in symbolism.

By Hereward Carrington

THE Chinese have used divination from time immemorial and even today the soothsayer is consulted on all problems of life, especially in the outlying country districts.

One of the oldest methods (which was also employed in the west) is throwing a handful of small sticks on the ground and interpreting the figure or pattern they form. Later, more refined methods were employed and a whole system of "geomancy" was evolved, ranging all the way from markings made upon paper or sand, to the complicated system of "Hexagrams" with which this article deals. Rightly interpreted, this system was said to be infallible since each symbol had an exact meaning and correspondence.

"Hexagram" means six, and six sticks are employed. In practice, wooden matches or tooth-picks may be used. These are laid in a row on the table, one under the other, about a quarter of an inch apart.

The subject is asked to state his question or problem — either mentally or aloud. He then manipulates the sticks and the diviner gives him his answer.

A far more interesting method, however, which you may use for testing your psychic powers, is to undergo some visional experience (as explained later) and then test the accuracy of this vision by means of the Hexagrams. Delusory or merely imaginative vi-

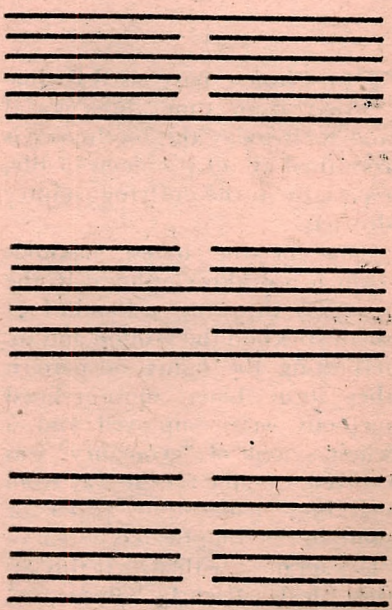
sions can thus be distinguished from true ones and the degree of accuracy of your psychic impressions may thus be tested.

The symbolic figures are made as follows: The subject is instructed to break any number of sticks he wishes — without, of course, knowing what this means — afterwards slightly separating the two halves, as shown in the diagram. He may break as many as he wishes, in any order he wishes. Thus, he may elect to break the second, fourth and fifth sticks (Example 1), leaving the others whole. Or he may leave them all whole, or break all of them. The result will be a special pattern or diagram, subject to interpretation. He must break the sticks as he is "impressed" to do and this impression is said to depend upon his innate psychic ability.

In testing psychic visions, the procedure is this: Break the sticks to form a pattern. Then gaze at this intently until you have memorized it. Close your eyes and construct this diagram before you in space. If it is not clear, open your eyes and look at the figure again; then close them and mentally construct the symbol as before. Do this until you can see the figure clearly before you in space.

Now imagine a high wall, extending indefinitely in both directions. In the center of this wall is a gate. On this gate is painted the symbol you have just seen. Visualize this clearly. Then push open the gate and pass through it!

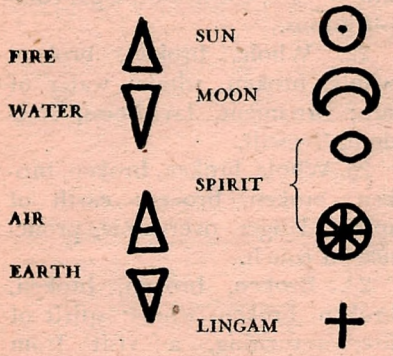
Observe carefully everything you see, hear and feel. Dictate your observations, if possible, so that they may be taken down. Include every detail. Then return through the gate and close it after you . . . you may now open your eyes and check the results. Your visional experiences, if accurate, should correspond with the symbol you placed (mentally) upon the gate. Since the meaning of the symbol is known, the correctness of your vision may be checked.



There are 64 such Hexagrams—

that is, possible combinations—ranging all the way from six whole to six broken, with variations between. The above are merely samples of combinations. The reader can test his memory and his ingenuity by constructing (drawing) *all* of them, so as to have a complete chart before him. This will make the necessary references easier.

These Hexagrams are associated with the four alchemical elements—earth, air, fire and water. Also with the sun and moon, and two other signs: spirit (yoni) and lingam (creativeness). The occult symbols for these are as follows:



These symbols should be learned by heart. Combinations of them are used in divinatory interpretations.

The general principle involved is now readily understood. If, for example, your symbol meant water then your vision should indicate rivers, ponds or the sea. If it involved fire then your vision should involve light, redness, a red glow, the sun, or fire itself. If these are reversed, then your psychic vision has been faulty and you must learn to improve your ability. Constant practice will do much in this direction.

Mental and emotional factors—happiness, depression, peace, change, danger, futility, etc. — must also be taken into consideration in your visional experiences. These are all included in the symbol. If correct, your vision should prove to be an answer to your problem!

I will list the 64 Hexagrams, with a brief interpretation of each:

1. All six whole: lingam of lingam;* heaven, peace, happiness.
2. All six broken: spirit of spirit; the earth; success.
3. Broken, whole, broken, broken, broken, whole: moon of fire; (A of A) danger and obscurity.
4. Whole, broken, broken, broken, whole, broken: earth of moon; youth and ignorance; preserve caution.
5. Broken, whole, broken, whole, whole, whole: moon of lingam; waiting, sincerity, deliberation, care.
6. Whole, whole, whole, broken,

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*These symbolic combinations explained later.

whole, broken: lingam of moon; contention, opposition, strength in peril.

7. Broken, broken, broken, broken, whole, broken: spirit of moon; age, experience, a multitude.

8. Broken, whole, broken, broken, broken, broken: moon of spirit; help, assistance—by you or others.

9. Whole, whole, broken, whole, whole, whole: air of lingam; caution, restraint, small problems.

10. Whole, whole, whole, broken, whole, whole: lingam of water; pleasure, satisfaction, attachment, treating something or somebody.

11. Broken, broken, broken, whole, whole, whole: spirit of lingam; freedom, a free course, blossoming, spring.

12. Whole, whole, whole, broken, broken, broken: lingam of spirit; patience, obedience, restriction, a shutting-up, autumn.

13. Whole, whole, whole, whole, broken, whole: lingam of sun; union, joining, federation, achievement.

14. Whole, broken, whole, whole, whole, whole: sun of lingam; success, "great havings," accomplishment.

15. Broken, broken, broken, whole, broken, broken: spirit of earth; humility, caution, temptation to new ventures.

16. Broken, broken, whole, broken, broken, broken: fire of spirit; harmony, satisfaction, joy, uplift.

17. Broken, whole, whole, broken, broken, whole: water of fire; following, succeeding, inheriting, anticipation.

18. Whole, broken, broken, whole, whole, broken: earth or air; troublesome services, hard work, hindrances.

19. Broken, broken, broken, broken, whole, whole: spirit of water; authority, comfort, approach of expectations.

20. Whole, whole, broken, broken, broken, broken: air of spirit; manifesting, contemplating, peace, accomplishment.

21. Whole, broken, whole, broken, broken, whole: sun of fire; union, care, constraint, legal complications.

22. Whole, broken, broken, whole, broken, whole: water of sun; ornament, lavishness, freedom, freewill.

23. Whole, broken, broken, broken, broken, broken: earth of spirit; danger, overthrow, proneness, a couch.

24. Broken, broken, broken, broken, broken, whole: spirit of fire; returning, a visit from friends, home.

25. Whole, whole, whole, broken, broken, whole: lingam of fire; sincerity, earnestness, simplicity, great purpose.

26. Whole, broken, broken, whole, whole, whole: earth of lingam; success, great accumulation, gains.

27. Whole, broken, broken, broken, broken, whole: earth of fire; help, nourishment, food, plenty.

28. Broken, whole, whole, whole, whole, broken: water of air; carefulness, a weak spot, desire, ultimate peace.

29. Broken, whole, broken, broken, whole, broken: moon of moon; a pit, peril, enemies, jealousy.

30. Whole, broken, whole, whole, broken, whole: sun of sun; interest, attachment, agreement.

31. Broken, whole, whole, whole, broken, broken: water of earth; influence to action, all, jointly, coöperation.

32. Broken, broken, whole, whole, whole, broken: fire of air; perseverance, keeping to the path, intuition.

33. Whole, whole, whole, whole, broken, broken: lingam of earth; returning, retirement, avoiding, accomplishment.

34. Broken, broken, whole, whole, whole, whole: fire of lingam; violence, disturbance, ultimate peace.

35. Whole, broken, whole, broken, broken, broken: sun of spirit; advancement, good tidings, success.

36. Broken, broken, broken, whole, broken, whole: spirit of sun; intelligence, charm, danger of wound.

37. Whole, whole, broken, whole, broken, whole: air of sun; duty, household, home, content.

38. Whole, broken, whole, broken, whole, whole: sun of water; disunion, family discord, care in action.

39. Broken, whole, broken, whole, broken, broken: sun of earth; difficulties, obstructions, will win by care.

40. Broken, broken, whole, broken, whole, broken: fire of sun; unravelling, finding a way, complications.

41. Broken, whole, broken, broken, whole, whole: earth of water; a lessening, restriction, final breaking through.

42. Whole, whole, broken, broken, broken, whole: air of fire; addition, increase, surplus, success.

43. Broken, whole, whole, whole, whole, whole: water of lingam; displacing, strength, tact, complacency.

44. Whole, whole, whole, whole, whole, broken: lingam of air; unexpected event, a bold woman, active happenings.

45. Broken, whole, whole, broken, broken, broken: water of spirit; collections, home, contentment, peace.

46. Broken, broken, broken, whole, whole, broken: spirit of air; advancement, ascent, achievement.

47. Broken, whole, whole, broken, whole, broken: water of moon; distress ultimately rectified, caution, growth.

48. Broken, whole, broken, whole, whole, broken: moon of

air; self-cultivation, depth, psychic achievement.

49. Broken, whole, whole, whole, broken, whole: water of sun; change, travel, happiness.

50. Whole, broken, whole, whole, whole, broken; sun of air; flexibility, alertness, quickness, fire.

51. Broken, broken, whole, broken, broken, whole: fire of fire; development, moving power, thunder, heat, ease.

52. Whole, broken, broken, whole, broken, broken: earth of earth; peace, ascent, a mountain, aspiration.

53. Whole, whole, broken, whole, broken, broken: air of earth; fortunate marriage, gradual advance, success.

54. Broken, broken, whole, broken, whole, whole: fire of water; unfortunate marriage (of a younger sister before the elder).

55. Broken, broken, whole, whole, broken, whole: fire of sun; largeness, abundance, progress.

56. Whole, broken, whole, whole, broken, broken; sun of earth; strangers, meetings, travel, changes.

57. Whole, whole, broken, whole, whole, broken: air of air; flexibility, adaptability, change, wind, caution.

58. Broken, whole, whole, broken, whole, whole: water of water; pleasure, help from friends, still water, peace.

59. Whole, whole, broken, broken, whole, broken: air of moon; dispersion, possible evil, great care needed.

60. Broken, whole, broken, broken, whole, whole: moon of water; divisions, separations, care needed for reunion.

61. Whole, whole, broken, broken, whole, whole: air of moon; sincerity, inner peace and development, attainment.

62. Broken, broken, whole, whole, broken, broken: fire of earth; success in smaller matters, divergences, caution.

63. Broken, whole, broken, whole, broken, whole: moon of sun; help attained, complete success.

64. Whole, broken, whole, broken, whole, broken: sun of moon; foolish impulses, failure if followed, care essential.

These definitions are all necessarily brief, and are symbolic, calling for interpretation and elaboration. This only the expert diviner can do.

It must be understood that the Chinese soothsayer had only the initial fixed symbols to go on—"sun of air," "water of earth," etc. So that, although these may mean almost nothing to the modern reader, they are highly important, because, to him, these symbols conveyed a mass of inner meaning. It is easy for us to see that the sun and moon convey symbolic meanings; but to him each of the

alchemical elements contained a quantity of symbolic information which his knowledge of them enabled him to draw upon. He wove all this together into a connected story, just as our modern tea-leaf readers weave together the information they are supposed to derive from the configuration of the tea-leaves. Therefore, a rounded picture, not disjointed words or expressions, is given. This picture is composed of the elements supplied by the information given in the symbols. In doing this the soothsayer doubtless used his native wit but was supposed also to draw upon his inner psychic powers for the full information he gave out in the course of his "reading."

In all events, the reader now has the skeleton of the system before him and can doubtless find much interest and entertainment in trying it upon himself and his friends. As a test of psychic vision it will be found very suggestive.



THE GHOST WHO LIKED FLOWERS

When they returned home from work one evening in January, 1953, Mr. and Mrs. K. Geldenhuys of St. James Road, East London, found that dahlias from a glass flower bowl had been laid out in a row on the carpet about two feet from the table. They considered this strange since they were the only occupants of the house and had left it locked and empty when they went to work. They found no evidence of pranksters.

Mrs. Geldenhuys said, "The flowers were lined up with their heads in the same direction as though they had been placed there carefully."

The bowl itself had been moved to the floor underneath the table. Water from it had been dashed over the flowers.

She returned the flowers to the bowl and placed the bowl back on the table. The next day when she and her husband returned from work they found the flowers once more laid out in a row on the carpet and the bowl on the floor. This performance was repeated on the third day also. Each time Mr. and Mrs. Geldenhuys found the house locked and empty. Questioning their neighbors and friends, they made certain they were not the victims of a practical joke. They concluded they had been visited by a ghost who liked to play with flowers.

Fingers of FATE

Jackson, Miss., police arrested a man for stealing a television set—they found him watching a "Crime Does Not Pay" program on it.

* * *

Mrs. Len Doyle of Boonsville, Mo., became a grandmother four times in a week. Twin boys were born to her daughter and a week later twin boys were born to her son.

* * *

Mrs. Roger Miles, Lynn, Mass., fell asleep in a chair while smoking a cigaret. The chair caught fire and Mrs. Miles ended up in a hospital. A few days later her husband was a patient in the same hospital. He fell asleep in another chair while smoking another cigaret.

* * *

Detective W. E. B. Kearney, Fort Worth, Tex., went on a vacation after closing the case of a man given a suspended sentence for burglary. When Kearney returned three weeks later he was assigned to another burglary case—the culprit was the same man.

* * *

When an explosion shattered the Arlington, Va., home of Mrs. Aurie C. Boyer, the family Bible was found in the rubble. It was opened to the tenth verse of the 140th Psalm: "Let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire; into deep pits, that they rise not up again."

* * *

Camille Ngbomi, of Alberta, Belgian Congo, paddled across the Congo River to get an award from the local chief for saving the chief's wife from drowning. He was offered two calabashes of palm wine, got drunk, fell into the river and was drowned himself.

* * *

Two years after 12-year-old Paul Moessner of Omaha, Nebr., sealed a bottle with bubble gum and threw it into the Missouri River he received a letter from a German housewife who let him know that she had found the bottle on the beach near Hamburg, Germany. It was the same beach where Paul's mother swam as a girl.

* * *

M. Kane and W. Abel live in a duplex home in St. Paul.

* * *

Miss Pauline Lehman of St. Paul, Minn., couldn't get over how lucky she was to have can-

celled passage on the British jetliner which recently crashed in India killing all aboard. Several days later she boarded an All-India DC-3 for her flight — and was among the 17 passengers who were killed when it too crashed.

* * *

All the three children of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. McKenzie, of Memphis, Tenn., — Timothy, Belinda, Jacquelyn—were born on Jan. 11, exactly two years apart.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Melon, of Missoula, Mont., were naturally a bit chagrined when their baby woke them up in the middle of the night. It turned out to be the best break they ever got. They discovered the kitchen was afire.

* * *

Undamaged by the ferocious death-dealing tornado that struck Worcester, Mass., was this sign on the city hall: "Worcester now leads the nation in safety. Help keep the record, now 15 deathless days."

* * *

While showing his brother how another steelworker fell to his death from the same place the day before, Christen K. Shade toppled to his death off a structure at Carlsbad, Calif.

* * *

A Bilbao, Spain, attorney has won $40,000 three times in successive Spanish national lotteries. Each time the tickets were sent to him in disgust by his brother-in-law, who has never been able to win anything himself.

* * *

The town council of Gateshead Burnham, Eng. had tried for months to find the owner of a plot of land which it wanted for a local project. Old records finally established the ownership of the land. It belonged to the town council.

* * *

An hour after a group in the town of Louisville, Miss., prayed for rain that would end a long drouth a torrent of water fell which damaged the roofs of 76 homes and of the high school, and broke the plate glass windows of six downtown business establishments.

* * *

Thomas Grace, Jr., a Chicago workman, fell 11 stories from a building under construction — and suffered only a broken rib.

* * *

After driving all the way to Yakima, Wash., from Wyoming to visit his nephew for the first time in 17 years, Leslie Goodykoontz had trouble finding Joe Goodykoontz. His mind more on Joe than on the traffic as he turned onto a boulevard. An oncoming driver had to slam on his brakes to avoid a smashup and skidded into a utility pole. The driver of the crashed car was Joe Goodykoontz. They'd got together.—*Harold Helfer.*

Sex, Sanctity and RASPUTIN . . .

This monk with the piercing eyes rose from a peasant village to the palace of the Czar. What strange power did he possess?

By Richard Hirsch

Reprinted from *Escape*, from the book *Crimes that Shook the World*, by Richard Hirsch, Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

ST. Petersburg society got its first glimpse of Gregory Efimovich at church service at Kronstadt.

The local preacher, Father John, had come to the end of the mass and the fashionable ladies were crowding forward to receive communion when suddenly the priest cried, "Stop—today we have a worthier one among us."

He pointed to the rear of the church where a tall peasant stood amidst a crowd of beggars and cripples. With a sheep-skin coat, greased boots, and pilgrim's staff, he moved through the throng of worshipers. To their surprise, he not only received communion, but he gave his own blessing to the priest.

The following day, Archimandrite Feofan, one of the princes of the church and former confessor to the Czarina, appeared in the home of the Countess Ignatiev and told how impressed he had been with the piety, wisdom, and charm of the Siberian.

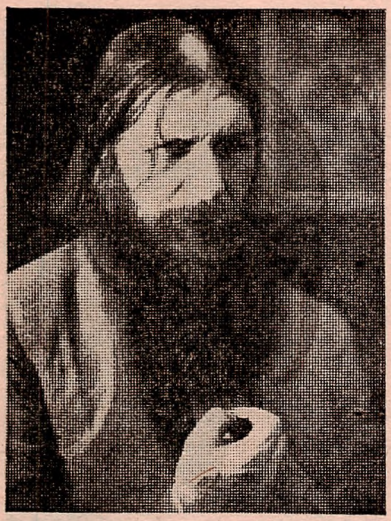
Rasputin made his debut with society that same evening. He looked like an awkward peasant, with hair falling in long strands to his neck, his forehead scarred,

his nose pockmarked, and his pale lips covered by a straggly mustache, which drooped into his beard.

His eyes were something special, however.

According to Paléologue, the French Ambassador to Russia, who met him in 1915: "The full expression of his personality seemed concentrated in his eyes, pale blue, and of an altogether exceptional brilliance, depth, and attraction. His gaze was at once piercing and caressing, naive and cunning, far off and intent. When he was in earnest conversation his





Gregory Rasputin

pupils seemed to radiate magnetism."

The Ambassador further added that "this 'holy man,' this mystical sensualist, seemed to be branded with an outward mark of his abomination, because he carried with him a sharp animal smell, like the smell of a goat."

Perhaps it was these very characteristics which made him appear so interesting to his enthusiastic followers. "While they nervously awaited his coming, a stifling atmosphere of overwrought excitement hung over the expectant company," wrote one observer. "When at last the doors opened and revealed Rasputin on the threshold, a tremor passed through all present as at the announcement of a miraculous event. If he stopped before the women to kiss them three times with bowed head after the manner of the wandering monks, they thrilled with the ecstasy of a religious experience and called him by names proper only to a saint. They were convinced that the Holy Ghost met them in the glance of his little water-blue eyes and that his touch transmitted even to their sinful bodies the grace dwelling in him and that his kisses and embraces sanctified each of his faithful disciples."

This strange blend of sanctity and sex made Rasputin a headliner even in the notoriously immoral St. Petersburg society. His advocacy of religious salvation through sexual indulgence struck a responsive audience. The orthodox priests promised spiritual peace on condition of a pure and virtuous life. Then Rasputin — who actually had no official standing in the church—appeared with the word that sin was the surest way to salvation, because sin made a person humble and only an humble person could find favor in the sight of the Lord.

It was not a new idea in Russia, but seldom had it been uttered so eloquently.

To appreciate fully the fantastic nature of Rasputin's rise to power one must know something

of his early background. Born a Siberian peasant, as a young man he established a local record for drunkenness, hooliganism, and horsethieving.

At one time he was also a coachman, and the story is told that one day he drove a clergyman on a pilgrimage to a far-off monastery. They fell into conversation and apparently the priest touched some responsive chords in the rowdy youth, whose major pride up to then had been his success with women. There was an abrupt change and a conversion and repentance, followed by an orgy of prayer, fasting and churchgoing. After a long sojourn in a monastery and years of wandering through the countryside as a pilgrim, he returned to his native village—a new man. Then he became a "teacher of the faith," preaching to women disciples an outlawed, pagan doctrine of sin and repentance, combining religious ecstasy with fiery eroticism.

Soon tales of Rasputin's holiness as well as his rowdiness began to spread through all Siberia.

In an interview published in the *Novoye Vremia,* he was quite frank about his experiences. "When I was in Siberia," he said, "I had many women disciples. Among them were ladies who were very near to the imperial court. Well, they came to me and wanted to be nearer to God. But the only way to approach God is through humiliation. So I took the lot of them to the baths, undressed them, and made them wash me . . . That is how they became humble in the eyes of the Lord."

Further details on his sex life were added by a former housekeeper, who said, "He drank heavily and during this period I often saw him drunk . . . A bevy of female admirers surrounded him. He did not leave untouched any of the women who were admitted to his dining room or study and often he would openly, before everybody, lead one of them to his private room. Generally, when drunk, he would accost them; but when he was sober the initiative was usually theirs . . . I often heard his arguments which were a mixture of religious subjects and lewdness. 'You think I am defiling you but I am not. I am purifying you.' This was his main idea."

After he came to St. Petersburg, his house was carefully watched by the police, who were always suspicious of his motives. The detectives' notes, running round the calendar year, were concise and to the point, and read like a Kinsey report of the time.

His homecomings were monotonously alike. "Drunk," "intoxicated," and "blind drunk" were but variants of the same theme.

In the course of time huge bundles of such data piled up in the archives of the Czarist police. They told when Rasputin rose, who visited him, in whose company he left the house, what he did and said. These backstairs portraits were passed from hand to hand as ministers, grand dukes, princes, foreign ambassadors, and court officials applied for them, and thought themselves lucky if they were able to study them for a day or two.

In November, 1905, Rasputin was introduced by the St. Petersburg clergy to the imperial family as a miracle healer. Czar Nicholas' diary for the 14th of November bears this simple, rather naive notation. "We have got to know a man of God, Gregory, from Tobolsk Province."

Historians agree that such an accident would never have happened except for the constant terror concerning the health of Alexis, the heir to the throne, who suffered from the dread disease of haemophilia.

It is still a matter of dispute as to what was the Holy Devil's actual influence on the course of the disease. Sir Bernard Pares, noted authority on Russia, contended for example, that Rasputin was definitely able to stop the bleeding sometimes by using certain Tibetan drugs, sometimes by pretending to use the drugs, and sometimes by nothing more than sheer will power.

Nikolai Sokolov, the official investigator, who solved the secret of the subsequent murder of the imperial family by the Bolsheviks, came to the conclusion that Rasputin was merely deceiving the distracted mother. "The prince's malady itself helped in the deceit. It was always the same. It would begin with a bruise or other injury, a swelling would appear and harden, paralysis would set in, and the boy would suffer terribly. By his side was the family doctor. Science did its work, there was a crisis, the swelling began to disappear, and the boy began to recover. Her Majesty was naturally more than once impressed and came to believe in Rasputin's holiness."

Whatever it was, hypnotism, magnetism, or just plain coincidence, the former assistant horse-thief from Siberia gradually assumed the stature of a saintly figure in the eyes of the royal family.

For a time his new position made him more careful about scandal. Although the immorality of St. Petersburg society was well known, the imperial household was strictly disciplined. The Empress made the four daughters sleep on camp beds, take frequent cold baths, and avoid any friendships with other girls. In some respects they never grew up and

even in their late teens their conversation resembled that of ten- and twelve-year-old children.

Rasputin's period of self-restraint did not last long. After crashing the palace, he was the acknowledged darling of St. Petersburg society. Women of the highest birth threw themselves at him, eager for the sensation of being humiliated by the Siberian.

His waiting room was thronged with petitioners for army contracts, government promotions, and other marks of social or financial preferment. Nearly all of them were women, some of loose character and others from whom he demanded payment in kind.

The police report of how he celebrated his birthday on January 23, 1916, gives a clear account of the manner and style of his living.

It told how he began the day with the peasant's traditional visit to the church and to the bath. On his return he found his apartment littered with gold and silver pictures, carpets, and furniture. The maid-in-waiting to the Empress was present at lunch, and while she was there nothing indecent took place. Later came business men of all kinds who showered new presents on him. Rasputin and his lady friends then engaged in bouts of dancing and drinking until he was removed, unconscious, to the bedroom. How-



Political Cartoon

ever, before long, he recovered and his favorite musicians, the gypsies, came with their congratulations. The orgy went on until the gypsies themselves left in disgust, and Rasputin and a number of ladies were unconscious on the floor.

Although he was legally married and had three children back in his native Siberia, his wife raised no protest. She was convinced that he was selected specially by God for his holy task and added, "I am used to his tricks. He has enough for all."

Emboldened by the rush of the flower of society to grovel at his

feet, the Holy Devil even indulged himself within the royal apartments. The Empress, blinded by her belief that he alone could save her son, took no notice of these incidents. On one occasion he seduced the Czarevich's nurse. When the girl repented and confessed to the Empress, the latter did not believe her and decided that she must have joined a conspiracy to slander the holy man. She was equally deaf to the pleas of her daughters' governess, who begged that Rasputin be forbidden entry to the girls' apartments. Only the Czar understood matters correctly and forbade him to go there, while the governess' lack of faith earned her dismissal.

The first storm clouds came when Rasputin, in his cups, bragged of his influence in the palace. He boasted that "the Czar has washed my hands." To others he told how he had kissed the Empress in her daughters' room, and began to show some of the letters which she had written to him, together with the shirts woven for him by the Empress and her daughters.

Early in 1911, one of the leading churchmen of the orthodox faith, the Metropolitan Anthony, protested to the Emperor about the mounting scandal of Rasputin's life. For his pains he was reprimanded and told not to interfere in the private affairs of the palace. "Sire," replied Anthony, "this is not merely a family affair, but the affair of all Russia."

Shortly afterwards, Anthony fell ill and died. Rasputin gloated that this was a sign of God striking at enemies who would dare to detract from his good name.

In December, 1911, Rasputin finally reached the heights of infamy and raped a nun.

Summoned before the Bishop Hermogen, he was ordered to answer charges of lewdness, drunkenness, and other crimes. "Is this true?" he was asked.

Rasputin hesitated, then murmured, "It's true, it's true, it's all true."

The burly bishop rose, struck him with his heavy pectoral cross, prohibited him to touch women, and bade him stay away from the palace. "You are smashing our sacred vessels," he said. He dragged the accused to a small chapel and made him swear on an icon that he would obey.

When the ordeal was over, Rasputin hurried to the Czarina with his own version of what happened; namely, that he had been forced to admit crimes he had never committed, and that it was all part of a foul plot against him. Enraged, the Empress drafted an imperial edict for the Czar's signature, banning the bishop to a remote monastery for life.

Then the press took up the cud-

gels. As complaints of outraged maidens mounted, the imperial family shut its ears to the scandal. At the Empress' bidding the Czar issued a ukase forbidding the mention of Rasputin's name in print. Such a step was fraught with danger, both for the throne and Rasputin, for this suppression of legitimate criticism only increased the emotional tensions among those who knew the truth.

Matters reached a new climax in January 1912, when the Russian parliament, the Duma, staged a debate on the matter. A pamphlet was circulated charging that Rasputin was a Khlyst, and showed pictures of the Holy Devil surrounded by young girls and young boys who had taken part in sex orgies. His trial as a heretic was demanded.

On February 28, 1912, Czar Nicholas finally sent for Rasputin and asked him whether the charges were true. The latter stood before his sovereign with bowed head and closed eyes, said he was a repentent sinner, and announced, "All right, I shall go."

Banished from the court, he returned to his native village. But not for long.

That summer the imperial family went to a summer resort on the Polish border. The Czarevich, Alexis, climbed into a boat one day, slipped on the wet planking, and bruised his side. Immediately he suffered excruciating pain and bled without stopping. Informed of the accident by telegram, Rasputin wired, "The illness is not as dangerous as it seems. Don't let the doctors worry him."



The Holy Devil

From that moment on Alexis began to get well. To the Empress it was clear proof that "our friend" had been unjustly dealt with. As a result the order of banishment was soon lifted.

Installed once more at 64 Gorokhovaya, he resumed his scandalous mode of living without delay. The fact that during the interlude he had been almost murdered by a former concubine disturbed him not in the least.

Throwing off a stab wound which would have floored a less vigorous man, the tough-fibered Siberian started an epoch of debauchery that set a new record.

On April 8, 1914, according to the police report of the time, he sat at a Moscow night club, Yar, indecently exposing himself. When those who saw him expressed anger, he boasted that he could behave the same way in front of the imperial family. British agent Bruce Lockhart, who was an eye-witness to the scene, later described how he was taken off by the police "snarling and vowing vengeance."

Everyone assumed that this would be the end of the Siberian exhibitionist — but again they were wrong. Summoned before the Czar, Rasputin bowed his head and admitted that "he was a sinful man." Evidently this carried more weight with a Slav than it would with an Anglo-Saxon, for once more he was forgiven.

Then came World War I. Rasputin's influence moved from sex to politics and military affairs. Since he was opposed to the war from the very beginning, many Russians suspected him of being a secret German agent. Although the charges were never proved, it was undeniably true that he was meddling with the conduct of the war. As Russian fortunes declined, the resentment against him mounted. In November, 1916, there was a fiery speech in the Duma by Vladimir Purishkevich, who called Rasputin the destroyer of the dynasty. In the audience, listening intently, was a 29-year-old nephew of the Czar, young Prince Felix Youssoupoff who, enraged at Rasputin's scandalous behavior and growing political influence, had already formed the idea of assassinating the Holy Devil.

A less menacing-looking murderer would have been hard to find. Of medium height and slight build, Youssoupoff had a clean-shaven oval face and deep circles under his eyes. His disposition was gentle, almost shy. Married to the beautiful Grand Duchess Irina, niece of the Czar, he lived the life of one of the most distinguished and richest men in Russia. Yet, according to his own statement, he nursed the idea of murder for a year before he decided to bring it to fruition.

He had met his victim for the first time in 1909, at the house of a leading St. Petersburg family, the Golovins, whose daughter Munya was one of the Siberian's most devoted followers. Later they had met at other parties, and several times the Prince had played the guitar and sang gypsy songs, much to Rasputin's delight.

Now Youssoupoff decided to see more of Rasputin in order to

study his habits. Under the pretext of desiring a cure for a chest ailment, he went to his home and submitted to treatment.

Youssoupoff's description of the occasion was that, after tea, he was told to lie down on a couch. Rasputin stood in front of him, looked him intently in the eyes, and began to stroke his chest, neck, and head. He then knelt and began to pray, bending so low that Youssoupoff could no longer see his face. After remaining in this position for some time, he jumped to his feet and began to make hypnotic passes. His power seemed to be immense. Youssoupoff reported that he felt it subduing him, diffusing warmth through the whole of his being. He grew numb and his body seemed paralyzed. He tried to speak but his tongue would not respond and he felt as if he was falling asleep under the influence of a strong narcotic. Rasputin's eyes shone with the effect of luminous circles, changing distances from far to near. Although the Prince lay motionless, unable to speak, his mind was still clear enough to realize that he was gradually coming under the hypnotic sway of his mysterious adversary. Summoning his inner strength he resisted and, soon afterwards, woke up.

Estimating his opponent's strength, he decided that he would need help. Into the conspiracy were brought the Duma member, Purishkevich, the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, favorite cousin of the Czar, a cavalry officer named Captain Sukhotin, and a Dr. Lazovert.

Purishkevich had at his command a Red Cross ambulance train which made frequent journeys between the capitol and the front. They made use of the train in December to hold conferences and work out the details of the plot. It was decided to lure Rasputin to the cellar of the magnificent town house of the Youssoupoffs. The underground room chosen for the crime had originally been part of a wine cellar, but was adapted for use as a dining room and its walls had been papered. It had a stone floor, a rather low vaulted roof, and two narrow windows, hardly above street level, which looked out on a boulevard — the Moika.

Since the success of the plot depended on the room producing the impression of having been lived in, Prince Felix brought in carved wooden chairs with leather cushions, tables, and an inlaid labyrinth cupboard with a fascinating arrangement of tiny mirrors and bronze pillars, surmounted by a giant crystal crucifix. Curtains were hung at the window, Persian carpets were spread on the stone floor, and a huge table was

set in the middle of the room, with places for six.

The pretext by which Rasputin was to be lured to the palace was the opportunity to meet Prince Felix's wife, the beautiful Irina. Actually she was in the Crimea at the time, but the Holy Devil, who had long sought such a contact, new nothing of the deception.

In the palace a hissing samovar was brought in and placed on the table with tea, cups, cakes, and wine. The room, previously so chill and barren, now looked comfortably lived in with a fire flickering in the red granite hearth. Then other conspirators appeared. Doctor Lazovert put on rubber gloves to open a box which he said contained "crystals of cyanide of potassium."

He rubbed some of the crystals between his fingers, carefully lifted the upper layers of the little cakes, and sprinkled a generous quantity of the poison underneath. He said that the dose in one cookie was quite enough to kill the whole party; he then treated certain of the wine glasses. Teacups were partly filled, chairs pulled back, and the floor coverings rumpled so that the room would appear to have recently been used for entertainment.

This done, the group reviewed the plans for the murder. It was agreed that Prince Felix should feed the poison to Rasputin, while the others waited upstairs in his study. To provide the illusion of a gay party, they decided to play American jazz records on a phonograph. The house was disorganized due to repairs, and the only record they could find was "Yankee Doodle." A more inappropriate tune could hardly be imagined. That night they were to hear it over and over and over again until their eyes crawled from their heads.

At midnight Prince Felix went to Rasputin's flat. The latter was waiting for him "smelling of cheap soap and dressed in white silk blouse and velvet trousers." He was cordial but concerned. He said that earlier that evening the Minister of the Interior, one of his appointees, had dropped by to warn him of a plot against his life. But he declared, "Just let them try. They won't succeed. Their arms are not long enough."

Youssoupoff, in his narrative, indicated that at this point he began to tremble with nerves. Rasputin then suggested that they go to a gypsy night club, but Prince Felix begged off. At last they were ready to leave. The Siberian clasped the Prince's arm in a grip of steel as they groped down the dark winding staircase toward the door. It seemed an eternity until they got out of the house and into the gray limousine, where Dr. Lazovert sat at the wheel.

During the rapid drive to the Moika, Prince Felix looked back once or twice to be sure that they were not being followed. Due to the special nature of the occasion, this being a visit to one of the close relatives of the Czar, Rasputin had dismissed the usual array of spies and agents who watched his every movement. Thus, for once, the street was completely empty in his wake. The car turned into the courtyard of the palace, drew up to a side entrance and stopped.

The Prince and his guest entered the lobby, took off their fur coats and hats. Hearing the tinny phonograph, Rasputin cocked his head. "What's this? Are you having a party?"

Only a few friends with my wife. They will be going soon. Let's you and I wait in the dining room."

They went downstairs to the carefully arranged murder chamber, where Rasputin's peasant curiosity was aroused by the labyrinth cupboard with the many mirrors. He opened and shut the little doors and looked inside with almost childish pleasure before sitting down at the tea table.

At first there was a conversation about mutual friends—cousins of the Czar, ladies of the court, and finally the imperial couple. Prince Felix poured tea and offered some pink unpoisoned cakes. Rasputin popped two into his mouth and went on talking. Surreptitiously the Prince edged forward the plate of treated cakes. Rasputin ignored them, went on talking about the aristocrats and how they hated him, and how their plans to murder him had been "frustrated by God every time."

"My head reeled," admitted Youssoupoff later, as he watched the Siberian hesitate over the little cakes, then devour them one after the other.

According to Dr. Lazovert, the cyanide was bound to act immediately. Nerves on edge, the Prince waited for some change in Rasputin's appearance. The Siberian coughed once or twice as if a crumb stuck in his throat, but otherwise seemed unaffected. Puzzled, the Prince went over to the sideboard, asked whether Gregory Efimovich wanted to taste some of the famous Youssoupoff wine from the Crimea.

"With pleasure," murmured Rasputin, brushing the back of his hand across his mustache.

Youssoupoff poured wine into an untreated glass. Rasputin downed it in a gulp and asked for some Madeira. He handed over his glass for refilling. Prince Felix pretended clumsiness and dropped it on the floor. He filled another glass whose bottom had been covered with crystals by the worthy

doctor. Rasputin tossed off the poison like so much pasteurized milk and asked for a refill. He drained several glasses while the Prince stared in open-eyed amazement.

What had gone wrong? Had Dr. Lazovert tricked them all or had he put in a harmless drug by mistake? Rasputin was a superman in many respects, but that he could smack his lips over a dose of poison which would have knocked over a roomful of ordinary people hardly seemed possible. Felix looked at his guest and he thought, as he said later, that he detected a look of hatred and contempt in his eyes. Unnerved he walked over to the wall, took down his guitar. Rasputin brightened. "Play something gay," he pleaded. "I love to hear you sing."

Then followed one of the strangest scenes in the annals of crime. Prince Felix, the aristocrat, crooned over his guitar, waiting for his victim to drop dead.

Rasputin was a man of steel. He listened with a drowsy smile, called for one song after another, and, although his head rolled, showed no signs of collapsing.

The rest of the party, with the interminable "Yankee Doodle" in their ears, waited for something to happen. According to the recollections of Purishkevich, Youssoupoff, came up, first to report that Rasputin would not eat or drink, next to say that he had both eaten and drunk without visible result, and last, in despair, to discuss ways and means of bringing the murder to its climax. Youssoupoff mentions only one visit, the last, at two-thirty in the morning, when he found his fellow conspirators in a state bordering panic. Dr. Lazovert, whose nerves completely failed, went for a walk in the fresh air and promptly fainted in the snow. The Grand Duke Dmitri was for calling the whole thing off. Only Purishkevich showed determination to see the business through to the end. He proposed that they go down and strangle the bearded Siberian with bare hands.

Prince Felix pointed out that he was the only one who could return to the room without making Rasputin suspicious. He proposed to go back and finish him off with a revolver and borrowed the Grand Duke's service weapon for this purpose.

Returning to the basement, Youssoupoff found his guest sitting at the table breathing heavily, head bent low. He complained that he couldn't see very clearly and his stomach was burning. "Perhaps a glass of Madeira?" he suggested. Felix gave him the decanter.

The wine worked too well. Rasputin forgot his stomach pains,

and suggested a visit to the gypsies. "With God in thought but with mankind in the flesh," was the way he put it.

Prince Felix said that it was too late. He pointed toward the crucifix and suggested a prayer. As he admitted later, he reasoned that Rasputin would have to cross himself and this would subdue the "devil" in him. Evidently, throughout the whole proceeding, Youssoupoff was in genuine fear of his victim's supernatural power.

Rasputin approached the crucifix, but delayed for a moment to toy with the mirrors and doors of the trick cupboard. Then he raised heavy-lidded eyes to the crystal cross. As his fingers moved across his breast, Russian style, Youssoupoff took out his revolver and shot him near the heart. Roaring like a Siberian tiger, Rasputin fell backward on the white fur rug.

As the shot echoed throughout the low-ceilinged room the Prince's friends rushed to the cellar. On the way someone brushed against the switch and the room was plunged into darkness. When the light was on they examined their quarry. He lay on his back, his eyes closed, fists clenched. Dr. Lazovert studied the wound close to the heart and declared that he was already dead.

"We all felt elated," stated Youssoupoff later.

Since there was a possibility that the secret police had trailed Rasputin, the plan now called for the Grand Duke, Captain Sukhotin, and Dr. Lazovert to return to Rasputin's flat. Dr. Lazovert was to play the chauffeur, Sukhotin was to put on Rasputin's fur coat and tall astrakhan hat, and the Grand Duke was to play the role of Prince Felix in the latter's clothes.

They put out the light, went upstairs to the study, and began to change clothes. Then they left. But instead of driving to Rasputin's apartment the trio headed for the Warsaw Railroad Station where Purishkevich had conveniently arranged for the Red Cross train to be side tracked. There they were to burn their victim's clothing in the boiler of the engine. After that they were to proceed by cab to the palace of Grand Duke Dmitri, pick up the latter's limousine, come back to Youssoupoff's place, pick up the body, and drop it into the frozen Neva.

Purishkevich and the Prince sat in the study to await the development of the scheme. To throw off suspicion they telephoned Rasputin's favorite night club, the Villa Rode, asking whether he had arrived. They talked until Youssoupoff, with an uneasy presentiment, decided to have another look at the corpse.

At first everything seemed just

as he had left it. The stocky figure of the peasant mystic was sprawled at the foot of the crucifix, his skin the color of wax. He bent over the body, shook it once or twice, and saw it fall back limply. He was about to turn away when he thought he saw one eye beginning to twitch. He bent closer. Then, to what must have been his speechless horror, the dead Rasputin came to life. Bony fingers reached for the Prince's throat, missed, but tore an epaulette from his shoulder. Youssoupoff, unarmed, felt himself unequal to the contest with a dead man. In an instant he found himself in the study. But even here he was not safe. There was a noise on the stair. It was Rasputin. He came up the steps on all fours, lumbering like a great shaggy beast. Groping, he lunged against the heavy outside door. The door, although locked, burst open. With a roar Rasputin stumbled into the snow-covered courtyard and disappeared in the darkness.

Purishkevich, who had peeked through the half-opened door of the study, could not believe his eyes. He took a revolver and ran out into the courtyard. Through the gloom he caught sight of a floundering figure. He took aim, fired. The figure stumbled. He aimed, fired again. The figure kept on its course. In vexed fury Purishkevich bit his own hand.

There were three gates to the courtyard, but only the center one was open. With the instinct of a cornered animal Rasputin made for the center gate. As he reached it two more shots rang out. This time Rasputin pitched headlong into the snow. Purishkevich came up on the run and kicked the fallen Siberian in the head.

Originally the conspirators had decided to avoid the noise of shooting at all costs. For that reason they had decided on poison. Now the palace servants were thoroughly alarmed and even the policeman on the beat along the Moika, who ordinarily would not dare to inquire into anything that went on inside the courtyard of an imperial prince, came running up to see what the trouble was.

Youssoupoff met the policeman at the gate. He explained that there had been a party and that the guests had been drinking and that the man in the snow had passed out from too much merry-making, and was the one who had fired the shots. The policeman touched his cap and left.

Purishkevich went to the front door where two soldiers were on guard and said, "I have killed Gregory Rasputin, the enemy of Russia and the Czar." The soldiers swore themselves to silence and went to help drag the body into the house. At this point Youssoupoff became violently sick.

When he recovered he leaned on the Duma deputy's arm. The soldiers, skeptical that Rasputin was really dead, pointed out that one eye was still open. Youssoupoff got a steel deskweight, came back to the courtyard, and hammered on his victim's skull until he fell exhausted and the soldiers had to drag him away.

Other servants helped to carry Rasputin's body into the house. Blood was everywhere. Someone, with an alibi in mind, went off to the stables, shot a dog, and dragged its carcass along the courtyard.

At this point the policeman returned. It seemed that the shots had been heard as far away as the station house where the captain was not satisfied with the original story and wanted additional information. Purishkevich, who was dressed in the field-gray uniform of the Duma, told the policeman that the man lying in the snow was Rasputin, destroyer of the monarchy, that the shots had hit him, and that if the policeman loved his Fatherland he must tell no one what had happened. The officer, promising silence, went straight to the district superintendent of police.

The other conspirators returned with the Grand Duke Dmitri's limousine. Informed of the nightmarish events, they decided to dump the indestructible Siberian in the river. Prince Felix had collapsed from excitement. His servants got him to bed while the others set about their grim task. The two soldiers trussed up the body with a rope and wrapped it in a blue curtain. The body was flung into the car atop the fur coat and the snowboots which had not been destroyed.

With the Grand Duke's flag waving from its hood the long gray vehicle nosed through the narrow streets of St. Petersburg toward the Petrovski Bridge. Soon the broad reach of the ice-covered Neva loomed, then the bridge itself. There was a sentry box at the far end, but the sentry was asleep. Grand Duke Dmitri stopped in the center of the span and switched off the lights. Rasputin was bundled over the railing and dropped into one of the large cracks that had opened up in the ice. Originally it had been planned to take off his clothes and weigh him down with chains. But time was short. They threw his fur coat and snowboots after him and got back into the car. There was a tense moment when the machine failed to start. But finally the motor coughed into life. They made a U-turn, which took them past the sentry box where the soldier was still asleep, and drove off.

In a sweat of anxiety the conspirators returned to Dmitri's palace, where they found that the

second snowboot was still in the car along with the blue curtain and considerable blood. They burned the boot and the curtain, and told servants to wash the car.

At Youssoupoff's house an equally diligent effort was under way to get rid of the traces of the crime. Prince Felix gathered his servants, explained that he had killed Rasputin as an act of the highest patriotism, and swore them to eternal silence. He had camphor poured over the blood traces of the dog that had been left on the snow in order to frustrate any attempt at analysis, and set a crew of painters to gloss over the flagstones where Rasputin had dragged himself.

Hardly had they finished when Felix was requested to call on General Grigoriev, the district superintendent. The policeman, of course, had reported Purishkevich's statement word for word and so there had to be an inquiry.

Youssoupoff had a ready explanation. Purishkevich, he insisted, was drunk, and his mumblings had been misunderstood. What he had really said was that a dog had been shot and it was too bad that the dog wasn't Rasputin. General Grigoriev breathed a sigh of relief and accepted the explanation.

At Rasputin's apartment the maid awoke as usual at 5 A. M. She looked into the bedroom to fetch her master's clothes and boots for cleaning, but found the bed empty. Normally this would be no cause for alarm, but the girl was suddenly uneasy and ran into the bedroom of Rasputin's daughter, Matriona, and woke her. Matriona was annoyed and told the girl to keep quiet, that her father was probably spending the night at Prince Felix's house. At seven o'clock the maid was back. This time she was stammering, "The police."

Several detectives arrived. They wanted to know all about the events of the previous night, who had called, and at what time. They filled their notebooks and left without explanation.

At about eight the first petitioners arrived and soon the waiting room was full. Still no sign of Gregory Efimovich. At ten o'clock the phone rang with the usual call from the Empress. She was told that Rasputin had not yet returned. Immediately the Czarina was suspicious. She had heard that Youssoupoff had extended Rasputin an invitation to meet his wife and she knew that Irina was away in the Crimea. Why, then, had Prince Felix invited Gregory to an empty palace?

Shortly afterwards, Youssoupoff received another phone call. This time it was from General Balik, chief of the St. Petersburg police. Would he please stop by at the

office? When he did so he was informed that the Empress had ordered the palace searched. At this the Prince flew into a rage. His wife was a niece of the Emperor and the residences of the imperial family were immune against search without express order of the Czar himself. Balik beat a hasty retreat and countermanded the search order.

Youssoupoff then asked if there would be any objection to his leaving the capital for the Crimea to join his wife. The police official said he could think of none.

Lunch for Prince Felix was at 2 P. M. He was joined by the Grand Duke Dmitri and Captain Sukhotin, who told how they had got rid of the body. That same evening Purishkevich left for the front by the Red Cross train.

Meanwhile, the capital speculated on the Holy Devil's disappearance. Those in the know reasoned that the Prince and the Grand Duke had done away with him, and throughout the evening Youssoupoff was called to the phone to receive congratulations and offers of support from patriotic groups. But when he tried to leave the city, he was met at the station by a detail of gendarmes, whose colonel informed him that he was to consider himself under house arrest by personal order of the Czar.

Under the proddings of the Empress the police strove to locate Rasputin. The first clue came on the 31st, when a black snowboot, size 10, Tregolnik make, was found on the Neva ice. Taken to Rasputin's flat it was identified by servants. Thereupon, the investigation centered on the bridge, which was closed to all traffic. A spot on the railing was found where the snow had been displaced. Divers were summoned to probe the ice beneath the spot. After two and a half hours in near freezing water, they found nothing. But a river policeman chopped a hole in the ice seventy yards downstream where he had seen the sleeve of a fur coat frozen to the underside of the ice. Additional holes were chopped and the divers set to work at the new location. Within an hour they found what they were seeking.

A thick layer of ice covered Rasputin's face and beard. Despite a shattered skull, bullet wounds, and poison, such was his supervitality that his lungs showed traces of water, indicating that he was still alive when tossed into the river. After an official report, the body was removed to a wooden shed on the river bank.

Innumerable high officials came to the Petrovski Bridge, including the Minister of the Interior, the Commander of the Secret Police, and the Commander of the Military District of St. Petersburg. A

stream of cars, wagons, and pedestrians made for the bridge, but were detoured by the gendarmes.

The official post mortem was held that afternoon and lasted till 1 A. M. at the Chesma Asylum. The operation was performed by a professor of the Judicial Department of the Military Medical Academy, who was assisted by several police surgeons. The autopsy showed two bullet wounds, one in the breast near the heart and the other in the neck. Either could have been fatal. In the stomach was a ductile mass, dark brown in color. An analysis was never made, as the Empress forbade it.

Rasputin was buried in the palace park on January 3, 1916, with the imperial family as mourners. At first there was a plan to build a chapel over the spot, but with the Revolution the body was dug up by a mob in the dark of night and burned in a bonfire.

Everyone who had had anything to do with the Holy Devil now tried to cover up the connection. His wife and daughters and feeble-minded son were taken care of by a few friends, but the rest who had once eagerly sought his favor stayed far away.

Youssoupoff, who had correctly reasoned that public approval was too great for him to be punished, was exiled to his estate. During the Revolution he escaped to Paris, where he and his wife opened the fashionable dress shop "Ir-Fe." Grand Duke Dmitri was sent to Persia and thus escaped the holocaust of the Revolution.

Purishkevich threw in his lot with the White Armies during the Civil War and died of typhus in 1918. The fates of Captain Sukhotin and Dr. Lazovert have been obscured by the march of events and they were never heard of again.

Only the Siberian peasants mourned Gregory Efimovich. They took the view that one of their number had got through to the Czar and that the courtiers had killed him from jealousy.

PREMONITION OF A DROWNING

IN May, 1953, Mrs. June Hamilton of San Pedro, Calif., dreamed that her husband, Ernest, had died. The dream was so terrifyingly real that she drove at once to Bixby Slough, where her husband had gone fishing with a friend, William Foster. She learned that her husband had drowned when he and Foster attempted to swim the lake fully clothed.

THE FIRST QUAKER And His Healing...

George Fox founded the Quakers. Less known are his amazing gifts of healing and clairvoyance.

By Margaret Newby

Reprinted from PREDICTION

It does not follow that a healer is clairvoyant, and clairvoyants are not necessarily healers. In George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, we find a combination of both psychic gifts.

Fox was 24 when he received foreknowledge of the great religious revival of the 17th century.

"I saw there was a great crack to go throughout the earth, and a great smoke to go as the crack went; and that after the crack there should be a great shaking: this was the earth in people's hearts, which was to be shaken before the seed of God was raised out of the earth."

Three years later, in 1651, he had an even more striking experience. He was walking towards Lichfield when, about a mile from the city, he took off his shoes and handed them to some shepherds who, greatly bewildered, promised to keep them until he returned.

In his stockinged feet Fox walked up and down the wintry streets, crying: "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" And as he walked he seemed to see rivers of blood flowing through the market-place.

Not until he had unburdened his soul and redeemed his shoes did he pause to consider why he should have been impelled to behave in this way.

Later he learned that in the time of the Emperor Diocletian, many Christian Britons had been slain in Lichfield. Unknowingly, he had walked through the city streets "to raise up the memorial of the blood of those martyrs which had been shed above 1,000 years before."

Twice in Lancaster jail Fox had experience of future events.

In 1665 there was a great fear among the English that the Turks would overrun Christendom. But as Fox paced his cell he saw "the Lord's power" turn against the Turks. A month later news arrived that they were defeated.

Another time he had a vision of "the angel of the Lord with a glittering drawn sword stretched southward," that is, toward London. Soon after came the Black Death followed by the Fire of London, "so the Lord's sword was drawn indeed."

Earlier, Fox had a vision of London, "wherein I saw the city in heaps and the gates down." In 1667 he walked among the ruins "and saw the city lying according as the word of the Lord came to me concerning it several years before."

The death of his mother had a profound effect upon Fox and brought with it an unforgettable experience. Grief overcame him at the news, "and when my spirit had got through I saw her in the resurrection and my father in the flesh also."

When he visited Ireland, Friends tried to dissuade Fox from visiting Cork: the Mayor had issued four warrants for his arrest.

One morning as he was dressing there appeared to him in a vision, "a very ugly-visaged man, black and dark." It seemed to him that he struck at the man and rode over him with his horse. From this, Fox judged that he might safely enter Cork.

Accompanied by one Friend he rode through the town. As they passed the Mayor's house, the Mayor said: "There goes George Fox," making no attempt to arrest him. They rode on unchallenged past the sentinels and alighted at a Friend's house where they remained for a while.

As his vision had indicated, the powers of evil had insufficient strength to interfere with his journey through Cork.

Under Oliver Cromwell, Friends were sorely persecuted. When a woman Friend prophesied the restoration of the monarchy three years before the event, Fox was able to endorse her clairvoyance: he too had had "a sight and sense of the King's return."

In 1658 he journeyed to Hampton Court to intercede with Cromwell for the release of the 700 Quakers held captive by him. He met the Protector riding at the head of his bodyguard.

"I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man." Cromwell died in the following year.

Friends were first called Quakers by Justice Bennet of Derby because they trembled at the word of the Lord: the very walls appeared to shake with the power which came upon their meetings.

It was natural for such power

to flow into miracles of healing. In 1653, 300 years ago, in passing through Hawkshead in Cumberland Fox found an 11-year-old boy, grown almost double and lying in a cradle. Before leaving the house he spoke to the child and laid his hands upon him.

Three years later he learned that the parents had returned to find their son playing in the street.

But Fox never healed unless "moved" to do so, regarding healing the sick as incidental to his ministry.

In America, a convert who inquired if it were true that Fox had cured a dying woman, received the reply that "Friends did not glory in such things."

In Nottinghamshire they brought a mad woman to him.

"The Lord's power settled her mind and she mended."

In Lancaster his enemies devised a particularly crude form of persecution. They armed a lunatic with birches and urged him to thrash the preacher.

"But I was moved to speak to them in the Lord's mighty power, which chained down the distracted man and made him like a lamb. Then I bade him throw his rods into the fire and burn them; and he did so."

In *The Journal of George Fox* we read also the amazing story of the healing of John Jay, presumed dead with a broken neck. Fox stood over him pulling at his hair so that his head rolled about. Suddenly, he went on his knees.

"I put one hand under his chin, and the other behind his head, and raised his head two or three times with all my strength, and brought it in. I soon perceived his neck began to grow stiff again, and then he began to rattle in his throat, and quickly after to breathe."

On the day after, Jay rode 16 miles on horse-back, none the worse for his adventure and Fox's almost incredible feat of manipulative surgery.

We do not always discriminate between avoidable bodily ills and sicknesses which are a form of spiritual travail: hence it is often remarked in our day that healers cannot always cure themselves.

In common with most psychics, Fox suffered acutely when his friends were being persecuted, even though he may not have been consciously aware of what was happening in some other part of the country.

While on the road to Rochester in 1670 he was suddenly overcome by a deep sense of oppression. For several weeks he lay, deprived of sight and hearing, hardly able to eat or sleep. He refused all medicines, feeling he had a trial to undergo.

During this time he dreamed he was directing the digging operations of Friends engaged in releas-

ing men and women packed into a great vault buried under earth and rocks. It was indeed a "cruel, bloody, persecuting time," but, ill though he was, the faith of George Fox stood firm.

As the persecutions, this time under Charles II, died down, he began to emerge from his dark night. Just when his friends had almost given up hope for his recovery he astonished them by demanding his clothes.

Gradually his sight returned and after convalescing through the winter months he returned to London to continue the fight for religious freedom.

At Ulverston, however, where Fox was himself set upon by a mob and knocked senseless, he came out of his experience unscathed. On recovering consciousness he received a blow violent enough to deprive him permanently of the use of his arm. But he looked at it in the love which he bore his persecutors.

After a while he felt the power flow through him and, before the eyes of the onlookers, his bruised hand and arm were restored.

On this occasion the power which enabled the healer to perform miracles was sufficient for the healer himself.

THIS UNDERWEIGHT UNIVERSE

ACCORDING to Dr. Thornton Page of the Operations Research Office of Johns Hopkins University at Chevy Chase, Md., the universe weighs 10 times more than previously estimated. The average galaxy of stars weighs about as much as 80 trillion suns, Dr. Page reports, basing his figures on measurements of double galaxies made with an 82-inch reflecting telescope.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

THE same things seemed to happen to Bill Davis of Cookeville, Tenn., and Jesse Marley of Doniphan, Mo. They joined the Navy in May, 1952, went through training camp together and sailed for duty in Korean waters at the same time aboard the cruiser *Los Angeles*. In Hong Kong recently a ship's cable snapped and broke the left legs of each.

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.

PREVISION OF DISASTER

By Nan C. Nash

DURING the night of April 13, 1933, I woke from a dream which left me trembling. I was walking across a marshy area when suddenly I was compelled to look up at the sky. I saw a large dirigible traveling in the same direction in which I was going. Soon I came to a bulkhead which prevented my following the course of the airship. A sense of fear gripped me as I stood there watching it move away from me. It was nearly dark and the weather was stormy.

Suddenly, as I seemed compelled to look at the dirigible, it broke in half and the pieces fell into the water. I also could see people falling from it into the water and with that my husband woke me asking what I meant by crying out, "There it goes! There it goes!" I told him of my dream and slept little until morning.

At breakfast my husband, son and daughter listened to me relate the dream. Just then the daily paper arrived with big black headlines stating that the *Akron* had crashed into the Atlantic Ocean, about 30 miles of Barnegat, N. J. This happened on April 4, 1933, and 73 lives were lost.—*Miami, Fla.*



NAN C. NASH

THE 25 PUMPKIN SEEDS

By Pauline Morgenthal

IN the spring of 1900 while we lived in the village of Tustenky, Galicia, Austria, my mother became seriously ill. I was then seven years old.

After the doctor examined my mother I overheard his brusque

verdict as he stood looking down at her. "You'll never live to sail to America to join your husband for you will die very shortly."

I heard my mother reply in a feeble voice. "God holds in His hand all the tomorrows; the future in His."

I was especially tired that night after performing the nursing chores, as well as mentally confused, but I could not sleep. I lay awake pondering my mother's statement and hating the doctor for his tactless prediction. As I stared into the darkness I saw a white-shrouded form emerge from the wardrobe closet opposite my bed and approach me.

I tried to speak but could not utter a word. I gazed open-mouthed at the figure which I now saw to be that of a woman. She introduced herself as my maternal grandmother, Sarah. Taking my hand, she said, "Here are some pumpkin seeds. Know that as many of them as I leave with you, which number in all 25, so many years will your mother live from here on."

Then she patted my hand and with a chuckle walked backwards to the wardrobe closet and disappeared. I clenched my hand tightly around the seeds and, somehow calmed by my experience, I fell asleep.

I woke early the next morning and found my mother in a cheerful mood. I told her of my experience and from my description of the vision, including the slight lisp with which it had spoken, my mother was convinced that Grandmother Sarah had appeared to me. I had never seen my grandmother while she was alive. She had died many years before I was born.

I was disappointed over not being able to find the pumpkin seeds but my mother consoled me with the explanation that they were invisible to the living.

According to the vision's promise, my mother recovered and we sailed to the United States—25 years later, in 1925, my mother died.—*Bronx, N. Y.*

THE BOUQUET OF RED ROSES

By Wm. W. Bathlot

SAM PARKS and I, two husky young teenagers equipped with fishing poles and grasshopper bait headed one beautiful summer morning in the early 1900's for a slough of water that lay in the river bottoms not far from the Little Wabash River, in southeastern Illinois.

To reach our destination we had to cross a 20-acre farm belonging to Tom Driscoll. This small farm with its log house and other log buildings lay upon a gentle slope facing the river. Between us and the house a spring bubbled out of the side of a small hill and formed a pool of cool, pure drinking water for the Driscoll family.

Ahead of us and not over 50 yards away Driscoll's only child, Mollie, five years old, stood in plain view in the shade of a big oak tree beside the spring. She was dressed in white and held a bunch of red roses in her hands.

"That's odd," I remarked. "Seems as if Molly got well in a hurry. Libby Arnold told Mother yesterday evening that Molly Driscoll was a mighty sick little girl. They called in old Doc Brown and for awhile they didn't think Mollie would pull through."

A small gully lay just ahead of us. When we reached the top Mollie had disappeared. Upon a log near the spring lay a bunch of fresh red roses. Apparently Molly had dipped the flowers in the pool for water dripped from the stems.

We found her doll in a little play-house cave near the spring but Mollie was nowhere to be seen.

The spring was only 50 steps from the house and when we arrived there we saw Mary McGuire, a neighbor of the Driscolls, standing with her back toward us as she hung out clothes. I said, "Mary, we are searching for Mollie Driscoll. Here is a big bunch of Ma Driscoll's roses the little scamp left lying at the spring."

Mary turned to face us and I noticed she had been crying. She glanced at the bunch of roses I held in my hands. Then her eyes flashed and she grabbed Sam and me by the shirt collars. "You two spalpeens! The Devil himself couldn't think of anything worse to say! Are you crazy to come here with a tale like that when little Mollie lies in her last sleep there in the front room? She died less than a half hour ago. Go in there, you wretches, and see for yourselves!" She pushed us toward the house.

Mollie was dead. She lay there in her white dress as if asleep. I placed the bunch of roses upon her breast. Then we told our story to the three women and old Pa Jenkins who were in the room.

They looked incredulous. Pa Jenkins jumped to his feet and hurried through the doorway. He came back with the news: "Every rose has been picked from Ma's rose bush and there's no sign of a track in the soft dirt around it. These boys didn't pick those roses."

Sam Parks and I left the Driscolls and went home. We had lost all taste for the catfish in the slough.—*Albuquerque, N. Mex.*

THE GHOSTLY COFFEE

By Celia Jones

IN 1946 my mother and I lived in Bath, Me., in an old house which once had belonged to a sea captain. Neither of us drank coffee and so never had anything but instant coffee in the house. Freshly ground and instant coffee do not smell alike and my grand-

mother says they do not taste alike. She complained when she came to visit us about the tasteless and odorless coffee which we gave her to drink.

One afternoon as the three of us sat in the front parlor we smelled freshly ground coffee being brewed. My grandmother thought we had bought some as a surprise. My mother and I said we hadn't and the three of us went to investigate.

The odor was strongest in the kitchen. It was a bitterly cold winter day and all the windows were shut tight. We stepped outside to sniff the air but it was fresh. The coffee was being brewed in our kitchen, even if we could not see it.

A few nights later my mother told the story to her sewing circle and said that apparently we had a coffee drinking ghost. At the next meeting, a week later, one of the women said she had repeated the story to the son of the old sea captain. She said that, on hearing the story, he became deathly pale and stammered that we newcomers could not possibly know of his father's trade in coffee beans.

It seemed that whenever he could the captain used to bring home several bags of coffee beans to sell in the town. It was not exactly legal but it added to the family income. When he was home he would occasionally take a handful of beans and make coffee to test their freshness.

At the time of our experience with the ghostly coffee the captain had been dead for 30 years.—*Chicago, Ill.*

I SAW HER CHANGED

By Alby Reah Love

WHEN I was 18, in 1909, I spent a night with my Aunt Mary who lived at Forth Worth, Tex. During the night (I thought it was morning) Aunt Mary touched me on the shoulder and said in her sweet, soft voice, "Alby Reah, dear, it is time to get up."

Aunt Mary's voice was always like music. The touch on my shoulder caused me to turn to look at her. She was sitting on the side of the bed.

At that time my aunt was a young woman with a soft black hair and beautiful brown eyes. Her face was long, with a classic look.

Not another word was spoken but what I saw when I turned and looked at Aunt Mary is as clear as a picture in my mind to this day. Her hair was snow white and wiry, combed in a pompadour. Her long face was almost as white as her hair. At first her eyes seemed to glow like balls of fire but as I gazed they became large black splotches.

Before I could speak or cry out she was gone. I lay there trembling.

Soon after that night I moved from Texas and did not see Aunt

Mary again for 20 years. When I did see her tears came rushing to my eyes but she could not see them. She was blind. Her eyeballs had shriveled away as the result of an eye disease and the sunken hollows were just two large, black splotches. Her hair was snowy white and wiry, done in a pompadour. Her face was long and very white.

Her sightless face was the same in every detail as I had seen it 20 years before.—*El Paso, Tex.*

OUIJA BOARD TO THE RESCUE

By Winifred Layton

DURING World War II, when our husbands were away, Helen Fink, a next door neighbor, and I became interested in the Ouija board as a means of whiling away the lonesome hours. It proved many things to me but the greatest test was something that came through for my neighbor in the summer of 1944.

Helen's husband, a boat builder, was at sea with the Merchant Marine and although she wrote him letters, evidently he did not receive them or he could not answer. The government was inspecting boats anchored at the docks in the Long Beach Harbor and each boat had to have its license aboard or be confiscated. Helen's small yacht contained no license and she tried vainly to get in touch with her husband to find out where he had put it. There was very little time in which to locate it and Helen was desperate the night we sat over the Ouija board at her breakfast room table and she asked where to find the license.

For a time the pointer on which our fingers rested lightly did not move. Perspiration poured down my arms. Then I felt a tingle of excitement as the pointer slowly began to spell "The Flivver."

We looked at each other, puzzled. Then Helen had a sudden inspiration. The old Ford pickup out in the garage! Do you suppose it could mean that?"

It was midnight. We grabbed a flashlight and the keys to the pickup and went to investigate. The front compartment revealed nothing. The back end was closed and Helen said it was crammed with junk, certainly no use opening it. Why would the license be in a place like that anyway?

We sat down and thought it over. I came to the conclusion the Ouija board was just a game after all and could spell out some awfully silly answers.

Just to show me how impossible the whole thing was, Helen unlocked the back of the truck and jerked open the door. My flashlight revealed old tires, tools, everything crammed in for safekeeping. We were about to close the doors when the beam shone on something hanging on the wall of the truck. There, in a frame,

was the boat license! After that eventful night we used the Ouija often, some of it came true, some didn't. But never again have I doubted its possibilities.—*Grants Pass, Ore.*

A FEELING OF DEEP WATER

By Jessie M. Sylor

WHEN World War II broke out my youngest son, Ulna, enlisted in the Air Corps. He became a B-24 pilot and was stationed on one of the Marianas Islands in the Pacific.

I worked in Blum's shoe factory in Dansville, N. Y., and as I sat at my machine one day in the summer of 1945 I suddenly felt frozen in my chair. It was about 10 a.m. I wanted to scream but could only sit there and pray.

The lady next to me put her hand on my arm and said, "Whatever troubles you, put it in the hands of God and He will help you."

I managed to gasp, "It's my boy. Please say a prayer for him right now. He needs help desperately."

As soon as I returned home from the shop I wrote to my boy and told him of my experience. In his answering letter he said, "Mom, I don't like your dreams and visions but I'll tell you this. That was my first battle. We were bombing Truk Island. The Zeros were attacking and I don't mind telling you I was never so scared in my life but I had no idea my thoughts reached you."

A few weeks later as I stood ironing in my kitchen I seemed suddenly to feel myself in deep water. I could scarcely breathe. I began to cry chokingly.

At last I went to the old piano in the next room and tried to play, "Master, the tempest is raging, The billows are dashing high, The sky is o'er shadowed with blackness, And danger and death is nigh."

I then picked up the Bible and read the psalm which I had sent Ulna. "There shall no evil befall thee—" But I was so beside myself that nothing calmed me.

Months later I received a telegram from the government saying my son was missing in action. He and his crew went down near Yap Island in the Pacific when another plane went out of control and crashed into them. All those aboard the other plane were killed.

I did not have to wait a year for notification of my son's death —I knew when it happened.—*Goleta, Calif.*

THE PHANTOM WORDS

By Irene Ostring

MY foster father, Louis Mondeau, was fatally injured in an automobile accident in March, 1930. He didn't die immediately but lay unconscious for four days and three nights. When we heard about the accident, my husband,

little girl and I traveled to his home in Tomahawk, Wis., to do what we could to comfort his wife, Anna. She had idolized her husband and they had no children of their own to help her bear her great sorrow.

By the third night my foster father wasn't expected to live until morning. Anna and her niece were at the hospital with him. My husband was dozing in the living room. Anna's sister, Margaret, and her two grandchildren (children of the niece) were in an upstairs bedroom. My little daughter and I were in another bedroom. My child was sound asleep and I was sleeping too when suddenly I woke and distinctly heard Anna say, "Oh, Louie, Louie, Louie! He's gone!"

I thought sadly, "It's all over and they've come home from the hospital." I hastened downstairs. To my astonishment there was no one down there except my husband, sound asleep. Puzzled, I went back upstairs and into Margaret's room. She woke and I told her what I had heard. She thought I had been dreaming but I was positive I actually had heard Anna's despairing words.

I went to the window which faced the street. It was around three o'clock in the morning and the streets were deserted. But while I gazed a car came into view and drew up in front of the house. Anna and her niece got out and came wearily up the walk. Margaret and I distinctly heard Anna's moan of anguish as she entered the hall.

"Oh, Louie, Louie, Louie! He's gone!"

The same words, the same tone of voice I had heard before! I never have been able to account for the weird experience of hearing another person's words before they were spoken!—*Ogema, Wis.*

THROUGH THE WINDOW

By Florence M. Combs

ONE night, in the fall of 1934, I had a realistic dream. I first heard a series of moans. Then I had the sensation of floating out through the open window in the direction of the sounds.

The moaning ceased and I found myself bending over the unconscious form of my husband. Then an ambulance came and carried him away.

After a short interval I found myself in a hospital corridor. The time, judging by the quietness and dim lights, seemed to be in the small hours of the morning.

There was the sound of a door opening and the odor of anesthesia filled my nostrils. A doctor wearing a white, starched coat stepped into the corridor.

The room became alive with activity. Nurses scurried to and fro. One young nurse brushed past so closely that I stepped back instinctively to avoid a collision.

I watched as she readied a bed at the far end of the corridor.

In the middle of the corridor a grayish-white fog gathered. Again I heard the moaning. The cloudy mass swirled and out of it emerged my husband. His face was white and twisted in pain. For a moment his anguished eyes met mine and I saw that his left arm was in a cast and sling.

I awoke from the dream with a feeling of impending disaster. But convincing myself I'd had a nightmare, I again fell asleep only to be awakened by the ringing of the phone.

As I picked up the receiver I glanced at the clock. It was six a.m. From the voice on the other end of the line I learned that my husband had had an accident and was in the King County Hospital with a compound fracture of one arm.

When I entered the hospital emergency ward, I was struck by the similarity of the room to the one in my dream. At the far end of the ward a young nurse was arranging a pillow under my husband's head. His left arm was in a cast and sling.

He accidentally had fallen out of a second-story window of the hotel in which he was, for business reasons, staying temporarily. I learned later that he had fallen out about the same hour that his moans first entered my dream.—*Seattle, Wash.*

VOICE OF THE STOVE

By Elizabeth Sanford

I LIVED in Grand Forks, N. D., in 1914 and one cold November night a friend, Virginia Currie, and I went to a symphony concert. We fixed the fire in the wood-burning stove before we left and as Virginia thought the drafts were closed too tightly I opened the chimney damper a bit. The stove stood in a corner of the dining room where two doors opened, one into the bedroom where my two young boys were sleeping.

Toward the end of the concert, while I was completely lost in the beautiful music being played, a voice spoke into my right ear saying, "You had better go home and tend to that fire."

I thought my friend had spoken but she was absorbed in the music so I looked around to see if someone else had spoken. Everyone seemed intent on the music so I tried to settle down and listen. The voice came again, more urgent, saying, "You had better hurry home and fix that fire." I told Virginia about the voice and she said, "Then you'd better go."

When I stepped outside I knew the chimney at least would be in danger of burning out as a terrific wind was blowing. I ran the three blocks to the house, helped along by the gale. When I opened the door I saw the stove glowing redly and smelled the charring woodwork and wallpaper.

I grabbed a sack of salt in the pantry, dumped it into the stove and ran to get wet bath towels to cool the walls and woodwork. I ran upstairs to do the same as the red hot chimney went through the ceiling.

Virginia returned from the concert as I was cleaning up the mess. She asked if I had called the fire department. I said, "Why, no, I had to put the fire out first." She laughed and I laughed and cried at the same time, realizing that my boys could not have gotten out of the bedroom if the stove had started a fire.—*Palo Alto, Calif.*

MY $275 TOAD

By Charles C. Stemmer

I WAS postmaster in a second class office in 1943 in which waste paper accumulated with great rapidity. Back of the office was a shaded yard and improvised incinerator, two pieces of sheet iron propped against a concrete wall, each setting out about four inches at the bottom and always with an amount of ashes between the irons. Along with regular business I had received a cashier's check for $275 which I was holding pending correct address of its owner. One day I cleaned out all the waste paper from the post office and carried it outside to burn. I placed the paper in the makeshift incinerator but was too busy to burn it then.

Three days went by and I received the address I was waiting for. I looked for the check and could not find it. I again had a lot of waste paper that had accumulated since I carried the other pile out to burn. I looked through the new stuff but did not find the check. Finally I decided to have the maker write a new one.

About five days after my preparations to burn the paper mentioned I struck a match to burn it and saw a toad hop in behind the iron on the side and under the paper. I pulled the paper from the wall, reached into the ashes and tossed the toad about 30 feet. Then I struck another match but before I could touch it to the paper the same toad rapidly hopped back under the paper and buried himself in the ashes. I could not find him, so went about other tasks.

In a day or two it occurred to me that I had not looked for the check in the paper I was about to burn. After a careful search I found the missing check. What impelled that toad twice to hinder my attempts at burning the paper? He is still in my back yard and I call him my $275 toad.—*Cottonwood, Ariz.*

PREVIEW OF A BUMP

By Rosalind John

IN 1934 I stayed temporarily with my parents in their farm home near Oswego, Kans. My boy, Davey, was then two and a half.

One night I dreamed Davey was playing in the dining room. As in many farm homes this room also served as a second living room and contained a rocker and a daybed as well as the dining furniture. The daybed stood against one wall and directly in front of it was an old fashioned wood burning heater with a heavy nickel-plated guard rail around the bottom on which to warm one's feet.

In my dream Davey climbed upon the daybed and jumped up and down, having a great time. I scolded him and told him to get down. He just laughed and jumped harder. Suddenly he fell. His head hit the iron of the stove.

I ran to pick him up and discovered he was not breathing. I become panicky. When I could not rouse him I shook him and paced the floor while tears ran down my face.

Then my son stirred. He opened his eyes and looked into mine sadly. "Mama, I'm dying," he said with a strange, long-drawn intake of breath. Just then I awoke. I got little sleep the rest of the night.

When I told my parents about my dream the next day they said I was silly to worry about it. Needless to say I did not talk about this in the presence of my little boy. I watched him closely and forbade him to do anything that might result in an accident.

Nothing serious happened that day and the next one arrived with me feeling somewhat foolish. Nevertheless when Dad wanted to take Davey to the field that morning I refused to let him go. I kept a close watch on my son until noon. Then Dad came in for dinner but as it was not quite ready, I stepped out of the room.

As I re-entered the dining room I saw Davey jumping on the daybed. I told him to get down but he only laughed. Before I could reach him, he leaped high into the air and fell. His head hit the nickel-plated guard of the stove and I rushed to pick him up with a prayer on my lips. The scene was just as in my dream. Davey was limp and not breathing. I was sure now that this was the end! Then with a long sigh Davey opened his eyes and looked at me. He said, "Mama, I'm dying!" Then he stopped breathing again.

Dad snatched Davey from me and before I could stop him he was out in the freezing winter air running around the house with the child. Finally he came in and put Davey's limp body in my arms. We were all crying. Someone spoke about going out to phone the doctor. (We had no phone in the house.) But we were all sure it was too late.

Then Davey drew in his breath with a rasping sound and color crept back into his face. In a few minutes my boy was all right.

Nobody laughed about my dream after that!—*Norco, Calif.*

the DISAPPEARING WARTS

The doctor marked the patient's warts with harmless dye and said this treatment would cure them. Can science explain why it did?

By Jack M. Swartout

HELEN, a friend who is in the apartment business, recently developed a wart on her little finger. At the time she had a woman tenant who, learning of the wart, asked Helen to let her cure it.

"But how in the world can you cure my wart?" asked Helen.

"I will merely rub my finger over it for a few moments," explained the tenant. "The magnetism in my body will then cause the wart to dry up and disappear. I've cured many people before."



Helen laughed outright at the absurdity of this proposition. An intelligent, well-educated person, she held no stock in such claims. Her tenant was so persuasive, though, that at length she submitted to "magnetic healing." At least it would do no harm, she thought.

Afterwards, Helen made a joke of the whole thing. It amused her to think that warts could possibly be cured merely by letting somebody touch them. But two weeks later, when she intended to show her wart to a friend, she found it was gone.

"You can never make me believe 'magnetic healing' had anything to do with it," she still stoutly maintains. "The wart went away, it is true. But it did not go because of anything that woman did."

Perhaps not. Doctors know that warts often do disappear, sometimes overnight, seemingly on their own accord. Still, the "magnetic healer" may actually have had more to do with the wart's disappearance than Helen is willing to believe, not because of any special powers she possessed but because of the suggestion she implanted deep in Helen's subconscious mind.

Considerable evidence indicates that suggestion can cause warts to disappear. This is strange for nobody can accuse a person of "just imagining" that he has a wart. A wart is a tangible thing. It can be seen and touched. When a person has a wart there can be no doubt but that there is a definite pathological condition in some of the body's cells.

Moreover, it is now known that warts are caused by a virus and that they are infectious. Though psychotherapists are able to cure psychosomatic disorders through suggestion, it is not generally conceded that their methods will work on disease. And yet, at times, suggestion apparently does cause warts to disappear.

Dr. R. H. Rulison, a dermatologist, made a statistical study some years ago of 921 wart sufferers. During this study he came across persons who claimed to have cured warts by the following means: "Tied a cord around one wart, and the others soon went away." "Tied a red cotton thread around wart and buried a lock of hair under a stone in the field." "Stole raw beef from the butcher [many folklore cures involve larceny], rubbed it on warts, and then buried the meat." "Went to a 'healer' who rubbed fingers on warts and mumbled a few words."

We may scoff at such ridiculous procedures but the fact is that they actually caused warts to disappear in the persons who used them. Or, rather, the suggestion that these methods implanted in the patients' minds caused their warts to go away.

Science itself has made use of suggestion in treating warts. In 1927 a French dermatologist by the name of Dr. Bonjour reported that he had been able to cure almost 100 per cent of his wart patients by using a method just slightly more complicated than that employed by Helen's "magnetic healer." He explained his method as follows:

"The patient puts his hand on a sheet of paper: I run a pencil around the fingers, then draw the warts in full size. Then I cover the patient's eyes with a triple thickness of cloth to prevent his seeing. I make him hold out his hands; lightly I touch the warts with my fingers or a glass rod and I say: 'From this day on you will never again feel any warts and they will disappear. . . .' "

This scientifically-trained spe-

cialist firmly believed that "it is sufficient to promise the cure to produce it." He even went so far as to cure warts by "mail order." It was not necessary personally to see the warty person, he said. Then he explained how he had cured one patient:

"On September 30, 1902," he reported, "I replied to a young lady who wrote me on the subject of her warts: 'Draw a picture of your hands, mark on the sketch the outline of the warts, and don't bother with them any more. On November 1 you will send me the sheets of paper, telling me that all the warts have disappeared.' On November 1 she sent me the sketches announcing the cure."

In 1927 a German skin specialist by the name of Dr. Bloch wrote in one of Germany's leading medical journals that he had cured many wart patients by suggestion. His particular method involved "blindfolding the patient, turning on an electric motor, painting the warts with harmless laboratory dyes and warning the patient not to touch them until the color had disappeared." The dyes he used had absolutely no medicinal value.

In the United States more subtle forms of suggestion therapy have been used. One doctor in this country told 18 wart patients, whom he had been unable to cure by other means that he was giving them "a wonderful new remedy." Then he injected into their arms a harmless salt solution. Of these 18 patients 16 lost their warts within one to four months. Other dermatologists have obtained good results by injecting patients with sterilized cows' milk, distilled water, and even with an unloaded needle.

Sometimes, it seems, doctors unintentionally cure patients through suggestion. One dermatologist writes of such an experience. He was in his office with a colleague when a young girl came to him for treatment. Her hands were literally covered with warts. The doctor, knowing that he had a difficult case, ordered her to take three teaspoons of magnesium oxide a day and to report back to him in a week.

When the patient left the specialist turned to his friend and said, "That stuff I asked her to take won't, of course, do a bit of good. I merely ordered it to make her feel a little better until I've had more time to study her case and can decide on a proper course of treatment."

Two weeks later, the girl returned. This time, though, she didn't want treatment. She just wanted to thank the doctor. All her warts had dried up and fallen off.

A St. Louis skin specialist relates that after having treated many wart victims he developed a growth on his own thumb. Con-

sidering it professionally disgraceful, he determined to remove it. Several days passed, however, before he found time to treat himself. He got his electrolysis needle ready and then started looking for his wart. He looked for it in vain for it was no longer there.

This doctor pointed out that suggestion—the mere fact that he had thought about removing the wart—may have been sufficient to cause it to disappear. He ended his report with this statement: "I think the next time I see a patient with a wart I will advise the time-honored treatment of burying a toad in the waning of the moon."

What is the scientific explanation for such amazing wart cures? At the outset it must be admitted that very little research has been done to evaluate suggestion therapy for warts. Some doctors, having tried suggestion with little luck, deny that the method is of any use at all. Certainly not every person can be cured by suggestion. If that were so then any treatment would prove successful, since it would tend to suggest a cure. But it is a fact that in many wart cases all known scientific treatments fail to produce results.

At the same time it is difficult to explain the disappearance of warts in many cases without considering the role of suggestion. It seems quite clear that in some mysterious manner warts often can be "suggested" away. Just how the human mind works to cause an infectious growth to disappear is, unfortunately, unexplainable at the present time. Perhaps some day science will find the answer.

TWIN TRAGEDY

PLAYING in the driveway of his home in Center, Colo., on September 3, 1953, Donald Quintana, 2, was killed by a salesman's car. On September 12, as Donald's twin brother, Daniel, played in the same driveway, he was killed by a car driven by his father.

A TOUGH BREAK DOUBLED

LESLIE and Susan Harris, 3, identical twins of Atlanta, Ga., were riding in a car driven by their mother when a bee flew inside and distracted her attention. The car crashed into a tree and the identical twins were taken to the hospital with identical bone fractures.

STRANGE EVENTS AT

Poltergeist Canyon

Mysterious lights flitted through the deserted mining camp. A phantom dog howled and rocks flew.



By Charles C. Stemmer

Charles and Bessie Stemmer live in Cottonwood, Ariz. Mr. Stemmer served as postmaster in Cottonwood for 29 years and is now retired. Though past 70 he is active in civic affairs in his home town. One of his main interests at present is writing of his many adventures as an Arizona pioneer.

ON Lynx Creek, 15 miles southeast of Prescott, Yavapai County, Ariz., is a deserted gold mining camp called Howells. In 1885 it had a lawless population of 2,500 and there were many killings. These appear to have set the stage for a variety of weird phenomena which have been witnessed by other persons beside myself.

In its heyday Howells was strung out along Lynx Creek for about a mile. The canyon through which the creek flows, its tributaries and the hills all around were rich with gold. At the lower end of the settlement was a smelter 100 feet wide and 225 feet long. The west side of the canyon had been excavated to make room for the structure and a yard about 100 feet wide that covered the space between the building and the edge of the canyon. The yard ended at the lower end of the smelter. Opposite the site of the furnaces, in the canyon below, several thousand tons of slag had been dumped.

By 1936 all that remained of the community were the ruins of the smelter, the slag dump at the bottom of the canyon and the old graveyard a short distance above the smelter and behind a low hill. Some miners built three small

houses about a quarter of a mile above the smelter and in line with these houses was a CCC camp known as Fly-camp 62-A. In order to reach the three houses and the ruins below it was necessary to travel the road leading from Walker Post Office to Prescott.

At this time a man named Ray Parker and I were prospecting for gold in the neighborhood. Parker, his wife Thelma and their four children occupied the three houses. Whenever I could get away from my tasks Parker and I went prospecting. I was keeping company with Bessie Howard whom I later married. She often accompanied me on my visits to the Parkers.

On the evening of June 9, 1936, Bessie and I went to the Parkers as usual. Parker and I left and went 300 feet down the canyon by a zig-zag trail to a point below the level of the old smelter site. When it grew dark Parker and I sat on the floor of the canyon to talk over our findings.

Since the elevation at this point is over 6,000 feet above sea level, it grows cold at night, even in summer. Thelma Parker, accompanied by her four-year-old son and Bessie came down the trail to the lower end of the smelter site and called to us. Thelma had brought Parker's coat to him. We told the women we would be up in a few minutes.

While they waited the small boy tugged at Bessie's dress and asked her to see a light on the east side of the canyon. She saw it and called our attention to it. It looked like a mirror and had a phosphorescent glow. It was about 400 feet above us and a little down the hills from where we were.

We went to the spot and as we got there the light traveled from its resting place up the canyon maintaining the same distance from the bottom. We followed it to a rock where it stopped, looking like gob of pink jelly. I made a grab for it and it went 200 feet straight up the east slope of the canyon and stopped. When I climbed up there it went back to the rock where I had tried to grab it. While in motion it looked like the red tail light on an auto. It became so cold that we decided to give up the chase. We built a cairn, No. 1, at the point where I made a grab for the light and then we crossed the canyon to where the women were standing and built cairn No. 2. Then we returned to the Parker home.

We returned the next evening before darkness and stayed until about 11 p.m. We saw rocks leave the ground without visible aid and saw them hurtle through the air with great force. The red light was present again as on the night before. In addition to these phenomena we heard a long, spine-chilling whistle and the baying of a phantom dog.

These happenings appeared to take place in an area of the canyon a mile and a half long. The whistling, the baying and the hurling of rocks became almost routine. But each night there was some variation of phenomena. Some of the rocks were small while others were several inches across. At times small stones struck us harmlessly and fell to the ground. The general direction of the missiles was from the west side of the canyon to the east.

The ruin of an old cabin stood about 150 feet down the trail from the end of the smelter site toward the bottom of the canyon. The stone foundation and chimney were all that remained. Placing flat rocks here for seats, we used this as a headquarters throughout our investigation of phenomena. The rocks were spaced so that four of us could sit close together with the fifth about eight feet from the others.

Early in July, 1936, a man named Rufino Chiarra associated himself with us. He built a shoo-fly of wood and sheet iron at the upper end of the old ruin which contained his bed and a few belongings. He did his cooking on an improvised outdoor fireplace. In going to our rendezvous each night we passed his abode. We asked him if the flying rocks bothered him and he said, "So long they don't hit me, it is all right."

Chiarra told us that one night



when the din was especially loud he woke to see 13 different colored lights around his bed. He said he told them to "get to hell out of here and leave me alone." They formed a line and like a torchlight procession filed off down the dump yard between smelter and canyon and disappeared one by one into the canyon.

On Saturday night, July 11, 1936, Parker, Thelma, Bessie and I went down to an old arrastra (a device used in the early days to grind ore so the gold could be re-

covered). Parker and I leaned against a tree while Bessie sat with her feet overhanging the arrastra. Thelma sat next to her. Rocks were flying, the red light moved about on the east side of the canyon and we all heard the baying of the dog. Bessie and Parker saw the dog and described it as large, black and shaggy. Suddenly Parker said, "There comes that dog!" and Bessie said, "Yes, he is coming right at us!"

I heard a rush through the air and Parker screamed in terror as the dog attacked him. It bit him on the right hand. I turned my flashlight on Parker and saw that the back of his hand was covered with blood. Parker was pale and trembling. I told him to wipe the blood off on his trousers. He did and no marks of any kind were visible on his hand. This ended our investigations that night.

On the evening of July 19, 1936, Parker, Thelma, Bessie and I went down the canyon after dusk and sat in our usual place. We had heard the whistle, the baying of the dog and witnessed the hurtling rocks. We saw a red light across the canyon almost an eighth of a mile above us. It moved about 150 feet above the canyon floor along the east side and it swung jerkily like a lantern being carried by a person walking over rough terrain. Only the red light was visible and as it made its way slowly down the canyon there was the sound of heavy boots grinding and slipping on rocks. It progressed slowly and when it was about 150 feet from us I played my flashlight on it. We all saw a figure that looked like a human being in a dark, heavy cloak. Thelma screamed.

About this time a frightened voice from the canyon depths almost below us shouted, "Parker, where are you?" Bessie said, "He's here."

One of the CCC boys, Rufus Blanchard, had gone to see Parker at his home. Parker's children told him Parker was down the canyon so he followed the floor of the canyon to where we heard him call out. Then the grinding of his shoes mingled with the grinding and slipping of the shoes of the phantom.

I played my flashlight on Blanchard as he approached us. He was a tall youth, over six feet, and he was pale and trembling. He said, "I would not come down that canyon again for a thousand dollars." He told us he had been stoned all the way down. He paced back and forth in a small area while we returned our attention to the red light across the canyon. It was then a little above us but still on the opposite side.

Bessie, in a spirit of bravado, said to it, "I dare you to come over here." I chided her for this as she was dealing with unknown forces. Again I played my flash-

light on it and Thelma screamed and asked me not to do that. The light soon arrived at Cairn No. 1 from which it began a zig-zag course down into the bottom of the canyon about 100 feet to our left as we faced the east side. When it got to the bottom it followed the floor of the canyon until it was directly below us and then it came straight toward us.

I played my flashlight on it and, suspended in midair, about 50 feet from us, was a figure in a black cloak with a cape and the tri-cornered hat of a priest. He was facing us and holding a red light to his eyes as if it were binoculars. I said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, what do you want or what can we do for you?" The figure did not move or reply. I then said, "If there is nothing we can do for you, perhaps you had better be on your way." The figure turned in a normal manner and sped up the canyon in the direction from which it came, disappearing as a red light.

I was seated on the south end of the group with the flashlight in my left hand. Bessie sat next to me, Thelma sat next to her and Parker sat at the end. Blanchard was still pacing. I felt a vicious jab on my right shoulder. I swung my flashlight around and saw the red light stationary over the lower end of the smelter ruin. I spotlighted it and saw another figure, dressed as people did 200 years ago. He seemed to be a shepherd, old and bent, leaning on a strange looking crook and looking straight at us with the most beautiful eyes I ever have seen. He had a full white beard, a white slouch hat with holes in it through which white hair protruded and on the band around his hat was what appeared to be a silver buckle. I repeated what I had told the other phantom and he turned around and disappeared.

I found Bessie in the arms of Blanchard, both terror-stricken. Thelma had fainted and Parker was white and speechless. We'd all had enough for that night.

On Sunday, August 9, 1936, Bessie and I arrived at the Parkers at dusk and found Rufino Chiarra there. He asked to accompany us down the canyon and we consented.

Parker, Thelma, Bessie, Chiarra and I walked down to the old cabin. On the way Chiarra picked up an oaken club. I asked him what he wanted it for and he said, "If that spook makes any trouble, I may need it."

It was still quite light as we seated ourselves in the usual close group of four, with Chiarra a few feet away. Just as we sat down we all saw Chiarra's hat leave his head and go flying down the canyon. He cried, "My hat! My hat!" and went in pursuit.

The hat dropped and Chiarra picked it up and returned to his

seat. He placed the hat under him and said, "Now I bet that spook won't get it." But an instant later the hat disappeared. None of us saw it go and several minutes' search failed to reveal it.

Chiarra gave up, sat down, then suddenly arose and began beating the air furiously. I asked, "What is the matter, Rufino?" He said, "That spook pulled my hair and pinched me."

Bessie played her flashlight around and suddenly she told Rufino, "There is your hat." It was rammed into a bush 60 feet above us. Rufino retrieved the hat and buttoned it inside his shirt.

It grew cold and we decided to quit for the night. We walked single file along the upward trail, Bessie, myself, Thelma, Parker and Rufino Chiarra, in that order. We had gone only a short distance when Bessie turned her flashlight on us and asked where Parker was. None of us had noticed him leave but he was nowhere in sight.

We searched for 10 minutes and over 50 feet from the trail we found Parker, in sort of a stupor, lying alongside a boulder. I shook him and asked how he got there. He could give no explanation. We again formed in line to ascend the trail. I told Thelma to take Parker's hand and Rufino to watch him. We were about halfway up when Bessie again turned her beam on us and found Parker missing.

Thelma said, "I have him by the hand." Then she discovered his absence and screamed.

Rufino said, "I see him, then I don't see him."

Again we searched for Parker and after 15 minutes we saw a red light, like those used by trainmen, which apparently was signalling us from 250 yards away. When we went to where the light beckoned us it disappeared and we found a circular corral made of brush arranged so the butts and branches all pointed toward the center of the circle.

The enclosure was about eight feet in diameter and four feet high around the outer edge, the leaves and pine needles dry but still clinging to the brush. In the center lay Parker, semi-conscious. He could not have left us and gotten into the corral without some crackling of twigs and leaves—but there he was.

We got him out and for the third time began the ascent of the trail. When Bessie reached the top of the dump she played her flashlight over us and again we found Parker missing. Thelma and Rufino were dumbfounded. Thelma insisted she had been keeping a strong grip on Parker's hand and Rufino, who had been watching Parker closely, had not seen him leave.

Since we feared that our batteries would give out we gathered beside a "shaker" used in placer

mining. This consisted of a pine box six feet deep, the same in length and width and topped with an 18-foot pole flush with one end of the box and protruding over the other for 12 feet. The whole structure was solidly built and set on wooden runners. As we debated whether to call on the lieutenant in charge of the CCC Camp and have his boys help find Parker, the shaker rose about 18 inches off the ground and for several seconds shook violently. None of us had touched the thing.

As we proceeded toward the Parker home we heard a faint call. It was hard to locate. We finally decided it came from above the old smelter and returned to the ruined cabin. About 50 feet back from the ruin we found Parker. I asked him how he got there. He told us two dark figures lifted him from our midst and placed him gently where we found him. He said he had been unable to utter a sound.

As we were climbing down over the smelter ruins Bessie said, "Here comes that dog again!" Parker said, "Yes, and he is after me."

We heard the sound of the attack but only Parker and Bessie saw the animal. It bit Parker on the right hand. He wiped the blood off on his trousers and again there were no marks from the bite.

We resumed our journey but after a few yards there was a loud slap and Thelma was boosted several feet off the ground, screaming. A moment later I felt something touch my right hand. I played my flashlight on my hand and found a V written in blood. I wiped it off and no marks remained.

Rufino Chiarra had buttoned his hat inside his shirt but when we arrived at his shoo-fly we found the hat hanging on a nail at the head of his bed. His shirt was still buttoned.

Bessie and I visited the Parkers again on September 19, 1936, and walked down the trail with Parker and Thelma. As we arrived at Chiarra's shoo-fly the sight of his suit case and cooking utensils all packed for removal made me ask questions. Parker said something had dragged Chiarra from bed and down over the dump onto the slag pile below. Chiarra was bruised so badly that he had to see a doctor.

I remained in town that night and the next morning I met Chiarra on the street. He had a scar two inches long on the left side of his forehead. He said, "The spooks take me out from my bed and drag me down the canyon and hurt me. No, I don't go out there, only to get my things."

Many others visited the smelter to witness the phenomena. None would sign affidavits as to what they saw—but neither would they return to the spot.

As the season progressed the phenomena subsided. On November 21, 1936, Bessie and I went alone to the lower end of the old smelter and as it was very cold we built a fire while waiting for something to happen. Suddenly we heard a roaring sound and saw the branches of a pine tree about 45 feet tall and 200 feet away begin bending from the top downward so that the lower branches were bending as the upper ones resumed their former position. Bessie said a woman dressed in white seemed to slide from the top to the bottom of the tree and disappear. We had seen the woman in white at least twice before.

We did not visit this locality any more in 1936. We have made occasional trips to the smelter since then but there are no further demonstrations.

THE TWO MADEMOISELLES SAGEE

One day, in 1845, 13 girl pupils in the Neuwvelcke School near Volmar, in Sivonia, were terrified by an unusual sight. As their teacher, Mlle. Emilie Sagee, 33, an attractive blonde, stood writing a French lesson upon the blackboard, they saw an identical duplicate appear beside her and go through the same motions. However, the duplicate held no chalk and merely imitated the movements of the real Mlle. Sagee.

All the girl students saw the duplicate and their descriptions of it agreed in every detail.

Later 42 girls in an embroidery class saw Mlle. Sagee picking flowers in the garden outside at the same time that a double of her appeared in a vacant armchair in the room. The pupils described the figure in the garden as moving with leaden slowness as though exhausted or sleepy. In the meantime the figure in the chair sat without moving or speaking.

Two of the pupils reported going up to the chair and touching the phantom. They said they felt a light resistance as if they had touched filmy gauze. One claimed to have stepped partly through the figure.

The phantom slowly vanished and the pupils noticed that the movements of Mlle. Sagee in the garden regained their normal speed. All 42 of the girls described the unusual incident in the same way.

Hearing of the strange rumors involving Mlle. Sagee, the head of the school discharged her. "Alas," Mlle Sagee said in despair, "this is the 19th time I have been obliged, since I was 16, to give up my position as a teacher."



SCIENCE OR PSEUDO-SCIENCE?

the story of a strange debate

Is there any basis on which a scientist can believe in astrology? Here two noted scientists disagree.

By Sydney Omarr

HERE, for the first time in a magazine not limited to professional astrologers or students of astrology, I present two letters of great historical value. They were written to me by scientists. Roy K. Marshall, famed astronomer and former director of Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia, and the late John J. O'Neill, former science editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* and winner of the Pulitzer Prize and Clement Cleveland Medal for scientific achievement. These letters are the result of an amazing debate in which I participated.

The debate, which was heated and lasted for three hours over radio station WPEN, Philadelphia, took place between myself and Dr. Marshall who is an outspoken enemy of astrology and astrologers. It started June 29 at 11:30 p.m. and continued into June 30, at 2:30 a.m.

I was invited to participate in an Open Forum discussion of astrology. When I arrived I was introduced to Dr. Marshall. The moderator was an announcer named Frank Ford. The discussion became heated almost immediately as Dr. Marshall was determined to annihilate the practice and teaching of the subject. I was just as

determined to present a fair view of the oldest science in the world. I cannot relate here all the details of the argument, suffice to say the controversy proved of such interest that the radio station dispensed with news and commercials so that the debate continued uninterrupted. Telegrams, phone calls and mail swamped the studio for days after the program.

During our arguments the name of John J. O'Neill was introduced. Dr. Marshall professed great respect for the science editor and claimed that O'Neill would openly condemn astrology if he was consulted. I made an opposite claim. We agreed that a letter would be dispatched to O'Neill *and that his reply would be aired.* But when O'Neill's answer came through, the radio station *refused to allow listeners to hear it.* By their silence they inferred that nothing came of the matter and that Dr. Marshall had won his point.

For this reason I am anxious for readers of FATE to see the O'Neill letter. It helps clarify the status of modern-day astrology and disproves the oft-repeated claims of astronomers that no reputable scientist now alive ever said anything favorable about astrology. I am convinced that the O'Neill letter will serve as a guide to future investigators of this very controversial subject.

In all fairness to Dr. Marshall, I will say I do not think he, personally, had anything to do with silencing the contents of O'Neill's reply. Neither, however, did he protest when he learned that agreement to read the O'Neill letter—whether favorable or unfavorable to astrology—was broken by radio station officials.

Also, in fairness to Dr. Marshall, I am inviting FATE readers to study his complete reply to me in regard to O'Neill's statements.

Astrology has commanded man's interest from earliest times. Today, although constantly attacked, it continues alive and kicking. I believe I know something about astrology because I have studied the subject. I do not believe anyone has ever studied astrology and come away disbelieving. But I may be wrong. My experience as a reporter taught me long ago that any human being is subject to errors in judgment.

But, right or wrong in my belief that *astronomy* must arrive ultimately at a practical *astrological* technique, I know it will be only through investigation that man will find his true relationship to the sun, moon and the planets.

With this in mind, I present the O'Neill and Marshall letters for your consideration.

JOHN J. O'NEILL LETTER DATED: JULY 8, 1951:

"I received your letter asking

me to verify a quotation from one of my lectures which you used in a debate with Dr. Roy K. Marshall, Director of the Fels Planetarium, over the radio station WPEN.

"The quotation you cite is: 'While I do not believe all astrology is scientific and worthwhile there is a certain amount of good work being done in that field and it is that which makes me try to do something to help the astrologers.'

"The quotation is substantially correct.

"I have no hesitancy in verifying the quotation. If I were making the statement today I would make it much stronger on the basis of developments in the meantime.

"It may be asked what experience I have had that would give value to my opinions on the subject of the debate.

"I am not an astrologer.

"I am fundamentally an astronomer. More of my time is spent at the eyepiece of my telescope, in making astronomical gadgets, and in working on astronomical problems, than in any other of my activities. I have had over a long period of years extensive professional contact with all of the sciences from anthropology to zoology. I have a good background in history, the history of science, and in philosophy.

"With this useful background available I have made numerous contacts with astrology. For years I condemned it as unscientific and totally irrational. This was the usual formula of the astronomers. Just as they have done for a long time I condemned without making an adequate investigation of what I was condemning. Such a procedure is the utter negation of the scientific attitude but I was quite blind to the fact at the time and mistakenly assumed I was rendering a useful service to science.

"With repeated contacts yielding increasing knowledge of what astrology is, and what it stands for, I have learned that astrology is something vastly different from what I thought it was, and what most astrologers think it is. I have, undoubtedly, had greater contact with astrology than any other scientist and am, therefore, competent to express an opinion concerning it. Most of the critics have lacked the competence that comes from adequate investigation. The converse is equally true of the most outspoken and aggressive propagandists for astrology—they are less competent for the task than many who remain discreetly silent.

"I speak as a scientist who does not deviate to the slightest degree from the most rigorous adherence to the highest standards of demonstrated evidence in support of truth. I do not deviate from the

average attitude of scientists in that I place more reliance on direct observation of nature than I place on text books and human authorities. Since I am not associated with any academic institution I probably enjoy a much greater freedom to speak and write than the average run of scientists. It is only through the freedom of such individuals as myself that science can progress to new domains and I do not intend to pull my punches in discussing what I believe to be either a truth or a falsehood.

"Astrology is one of the most important fields for scientific research today, and one of the most neglected. Astrology, properly defined, is the science of the relationship of man and his celestial environment; it is the accumulated and organized knowledge of the effect on man of the forces reaching the earth from surrounding space.

"The study of this subject has been under way for at least 5,000 years and a vast amount of knowledge has been accumulated. Practically all of our sciences have stemmed from it and are actually specialties within the larger field of astrology. Today astrology, per se, occupies a more restricted and sharply defined field. Its center of gravity lies more in the field of the biological than the physical sciences but its borders extend into both realms. It is still a virile, intellectual mother lode out of which a continuing succession of new sciences and new knowledge will be born.

"There is absolutely nothing unscientific about engaging in research in this field, and no stigma of any kind should be associated with it in the mind of any scientist or layman.

"The human race should not tolerate further delay in bringing the full cooperative resources of science to extended researches in this field. We know very little about the array of forces that are impinging on the earth but that little demonstrates a great urgency for further researches, and the fascinating possibilities that await discovery.

"The hypothesis of the astrologers that forces are transmitted to the earth without attenuation with increasing distance, and do not vary with respect to the differences in masses of the sun, moon and planets on which they originate, was totally inconsistent with the old style Newtonian mechanics but today it is in complete accord with the much more recent Einstein photoelectric theory, which demonstrates that the effect of a photon does not diminish with distance, and which has been universally adopted by scientists to supplant the Newtonian mechanics in that field.

"The hypothesis of the astrologers that different effects will be

produced by different configurations of the heavenly bodies is entirely consistent with the modern developments in the field of chemistry in which the properties of substances are stated in terms of the architectural configurations of the atoms within the molecules, and with the theories of the atomic physicists that the properties of atoms are associated with the orbital architecture of electrons.

"It is well to keep in mind that the same wave length of radio transmission can carry to the listeners the 'Suicide Sonata' or a lively military march with vastly different psychological effects on the audience but these effects would not be detected by a wavemeter.

"Modern mechanistic and materialistic astronomy which makes organic man a stranger in an inorganic universe is antiquated, in this concept, by at least a century. A vitalistic cosmogony will recognize a complete and most intimate harmonic relationship in a single pattern between every entity, from the fundamental particles, through the atoms, through man, through the planetary system, through the galaxies, through the whole cosmos, to the Godhead himself. The hypotheses of astrology are consistent with such a vitalistic cosmogony. In this respect the astrological concept is much more modern than the astronomical.

"Scientists today cannot look down on astrology; instead they must raise their eyes to take in the greater horizons that astrologers have preserved for them.

"In presenting this objective view of astrology I do not want to be misunderstood as recommending that scientists take lessons in the technique of casting and interpreting horoscopes, or that I am giving sanction to varied misconceptions and unsupported claims in which many of the astrologers indulge. Astrology has about the same kind and magnitude of a lunatic fringe as astronomy, biology, psychology or economics. Almost all novel developments in any science pass through the lunatic fringe before being incorporated in the orthodox nucleus, but of course the mortality in making the transition is very high.

"I do urge an extensive statistical investigation of every claim for specific and configurational effects attributed to the planets by the astrologers. Until this is done no scientist can provide justification for making a statement for, or against, the existence of such effects.

"Attacks on astrology, without previous extensive investigations by competent individuals must, from now on, be regarded as a very antiquated, unscientific practice closely related to witch hunting, and must be correctly diagnosed as a symptom of profession-

al paranoia on the part of the individual doing the attacking.

"This, of course, does not include criticism of a constructive nature that is designed with good intentions to arouse an interest in a more scientific approach to the investigation of the very interesting problems which astrology presents. I am assuming that the present debate belongs in this category for I am sure Dr. Marshall would not dissipate his valuable efforts and energy to other than constructive activities.

"May I suggest to Dr. Marshall that he stage a special solar system show at the planetarium. He could extend a special invitation to astrologers to attend. He could share the platform with an astrologer and let each have equal time to present his story about each of the heavenly bodies. It may be desirable to arrange a series of such meetings. The experiment would be an interesting one and I don't think the box office would suffer.

"Scientists are not going to rush into this field to take up research problems. The task must rest largely on the astrologers themselves. The experimental sessions suggested could lead to a cooperative effort in which the astrologers would learn more about the astronomical aspects of the problems they will have to solve. Both sides could join in singing the recently popular song — 'Accentuate the positive, minimize the negative.'

"It has been my experience that when two sincere men disagree both are right to a great extent, and that a more fully resolved statement of their differences would lead to further agreement."

DR. ROY K. MARSHALL
LETTER
DATED: AUGUST 24, 1951:

"I'm sorry that I have not been able earlier to write this letter. Wednesday night I had to drive to Princeton and from there on up to New York. I must always spend Thursday in New York and last night I had to drive my car back. I hope this morning to write this and this afternoon to deliver it to your home, if complications of several hours of paper work and two television shows do not prevent it.

"I have read J. J. O'Neill's letter with considerable interest, and I must confess, with some amazement. The latter response is provoked by the information in the letter that there is an American astronomer who is unsung as such. By this time I should have become inured to claims to the designation "astronomer" by anyone who has read a book, but somehow I never thought that a science writer would call himself an astronomer, and speak casually of spending time with his telescope. Particularly, it is startling when he then takes off into a defense or even furthering of belief in astrol-

ogy. It is undoubtedly a case of 'a little knowledge.' So it has been with civilizations; the beginnings have been saddled with all manner of superstitious beliefs; as they become older, they have put away childish things. With decadence of established religion and with established moral concepts, beliefs in superstitions have increased. The growth of civilization in any land has been accompanied by, if not the result of, an abandonment of beliefs in mysterious forces; name the backward countries of the world, and you have named those where belief in witchcraft, astrology and other esoteric philosophies are most strongly entrenched. Need I cite India, China and Africa?

"It appears, from your remarks and those of O'Neill, that astronomers once more must seek a new name for their science. They abandoned the name astrology, which is etymologically the correct one, to divorce themselves from any notion of the stuff of which astrology is made. Now, you wish to take over cosmic rays, corpuscular and energy radiation in general, and the law of gravitation. You're crowding us! I don't want to be misinterpreted in what I say here, but this is it: I can't help being reminded of the way in which Communists have moved into labor unions and some genuinely liberal movements, and have given them the kiss of death.

"It poses the very important matter of the responsibility of astrologers to the people of the world. There should be a clear-cut statement from your kind of astrologer to the effect that the prognosticators and the weekly-horoscope vendors are charlatans. If astrology no longer includes this kind of stuff, it is the very strong responsibility of the astrologers to denounce it, because this is the vicious stuff that astronomers wish to get out of our civilization.

"Frankly, O'Neill's letter contains nothing very concrete except the notion that he apparently wants to lump a lot of what is known as astronomy into what is generally known as astrology. He falls into the fallacy of saying and hoping that others will believe him, when he says tests are not made. Many have been made that have utterly denied the statements of astrologers, when it has been possible to arrive at any statements upon which two or more astrologers can be found to agree. The American Association of Scientific Workers, as recently as 1941, gave up further investigation when they found that every test that could be applied to some of the generalities of astrologers showed nothing that would support such generalizations. I recall in particular the finding that fewest musicians are born in the sign of Libra, contrary to the be-

liefs of a considerable body of astrologers, which were to the effect that Libra produces most musicians. To disprove such statements, when they are made with absolutely no evidence and no reason, becomes a task in which more people than all the astronomers and all the astrologers combined would be needed. One does not disprove statements; if he is honest, he does not make them unless he has some reason for doing so, and no astrologer can advance proof of any of his statements. He uses always isolated examples, and proof by example alone has never been accepted as scientific proof. The challenge that is made to the astronomer, to disprove astrology, makes as much sense as the original advancement of astrological generalities. This is, of course, the kind of astrology which (I believe) you deplore. Then denounce it in some real organ of information, so it will be read from coast to coast by people who don't know that even the astrologers now denounce what has been called astrology.

"You win on your point that John J. O'Neill made the statement attributed to him. After reading his letter, and after speaking with some astronomers who talked with him at the recent meeting of the American Astronomical Society, which he attended as a science writer, I can say only that it is a good thing that he has not peddled the stuff in his own column, or the *Herald-Tribune* would have had a new science writer long since! There appears to be considerable confusion about what constitutes astrology. That confusion is not the making of the astronomer, but I am beginning to wonder if it is not a studied action on the part of astrologers, not to purify themselves, but to get admissions that part of what they talk about is fact, therefore all of what they talk about is fact. It's a well-known device, particularly in modern times. It still does not prove anything but rather perpetuates best forgotten traces of a childhood of the human race.

"Thank whatever there is in man that makes him say, in the vast majority, "I am the Master of my Fate, I am the Captain of my Soul." I personally am very happy to make or break my own career; I would dislike very much having the planets telling me what I should do. In my stubborn ignorance, you see, I could never restrain my desires to nudge the planets back a little, and that is quite impossible. But I can tell the planets what they are going to do, and they will do it. Should I then say that I control the planets? That's the basis for a new pseudo science, but I hope that civilization is too far advanced for me to put the idea across."



TRUTHS ABOUT ASTROLOGY

IS THERE AN ASTROLOGICAL FORCE?

Astrologers say the stars influence your life. But how? What form could this influence possibly have?

By Jenn Germer

ONE great difference between astrology and the other philosophical analyses of our world, solar system and universe, is this: Astrologers do not know the nature of the force they are postulating. They know only how it works.

Not having a sound theory of what "astrological force" is handicaps the understanding of astrology. Above all, it turns away many who might be interested in the subject if "there were something definite to go on." But, as with the social sciences, none so far have put their fingers on just what produces astrological results. Astrologers can predict events correctly nine times out of ten but as yet they cannot say positively what astrological force is, nor what generates and transmits it through space.

Let us look about our known universe; perhaps there are forces active within our ken that give a rational basis for astrological influence. Then if a substantive connection can be made between the two further research may reveal astrology as a science as absolute as physics or chemistry.

Astrologers contend that the position of planets and other heavenly bodies relative to and largely measured by the yearly orbit of the earth round the sun, determines fate. Changed position means different social, personal

and physical influences come to bear upon people and things in our world. Some astrologers hold these forces to be causative, while others contend they merely give impulse—"the stars impel, they do not compel" is often quoted.

It would seem, at a glance, there is not much case for people's lives and actions being influenced by a force transmitted from millions of miles away. But one fact is clear at once: the motions of large bodies like the sun and moon and to a lesser extent planets like Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars and Saturn (in order of their brightness), affects everyone on earth physically and psychologically. Men guide their craft by the planets and stars. They tell time and date at sea by Jupiter's four moons. They rise and retire by the sun. They make love by the moon.

Also there is the yearly cycle of the four seasons and lesser divisions within these seasons that may correspond to constant monthly influences. This was pretty well established in the "Astro-Statistics" analysis of thousands of birth-charts assorted by months, showing a preponderance of births of professional men of certain types in given months.

One can go off the deep end and say that sign influences; as they come down from our forefathers, are sacrosanct, always accurate and reliable. But this attitude ignores the more reliable establishment of facts by scientific methods.

Speculation also is a tool of science. To work up a theory to fit the facts gathered and classified is the third, inductive step, of the scientific method. So if there is such a thing as astrological influence it must take some nature or form. Is it a vibration that penetrates space? Is it related to the gravitational pull of the planetary bodies? Is it a psychological influence that permeates our bodies and through them our surroundings? Is it a clock-like influence of the planets regulating human nervous systems from time immemorial?

We can say positively that it is inconceivable that any force can operate in our world without having matter or energy as a basis. To say that "God does it" or that the influence is imponderable begs the question. To say that the planets set up vibrations which are indetectable is nonsense because by astrological theory man detects them. Nor does it help to say that "astrological influence operates in mind." The present "advanced" condition of our world makes one wonder if "mind" exists more than as a theory! "Spirit" or "mind" are merely descriptive words, subjective not objective, hence they are not explanations of phenomena. Air, though invisible, we never-

theless can see and feel; mind or spirit can only be guessed at.

There are known influences which reach us from the planets. Science has established that electromagnetic fields spread through space in all directions around a heavenly body. It also measures the "gravitational fields" of the celestial bodies—comets, planets, asteroids and suns. Professor Einstein, through his equation, has made it possible to combine these two kinds of field.

Finally there is the tremendous emanation of light—the one visible and substantial energy that spreads from planet to planet and from star to star. Physicists still are not certain whether light is a material emanation, a wave-motion, or both. Light appears to travel in a straight line from its source which demonstrates to a philosophical mind that nothing material exists in space. Astronomical studies have shown that light travels without hindrance or loss of speed for billions of light-years, so, clearly, any substance that may inhabit space must be so thin as to be practically non-existent. Of course, if there is a planet in the way the light will be partially absorbed and partially reflected back into space to go on again, indefinitely.

But to speak of a "beam" or a "ray" of light is not accurate, for light is a radiation in all directions from its source or reflector. Thus a star-sun vibrating with light has, besides its physical substance, a vast sphere of radiation that stretches out around it into infinity. Radiation from different stars appears to be immune to interference, with some exceptions; that is, light from one source can cross light from another. Lack of interference indicates that light itself has no material substance. Yet its "wave-front," spreading out forever like an ocean-wave in three dimensions, would seem to exist in a vast sea of matter or ether. It is very puzzling because the electron-beam which produces your television image is known to be substantial yet acts like light.

However, this much is certain: Light does exist and does exert a tremendous force upon planets and all large bodies in space. Because of the influence of light comets' tails always are turned away from the sun.

There is no guarantee that astronomical theories are true interpretations of what we see in the heavens but they do have a great weight of evidence. There are some phenomena which astronomy doesn't explain satisfactorily, such as the unusual increase in speed of motion in space shown by a class of very large and very distant nebulae or "island universes." Also very distant stars seen in large telescopes show a ring of light around them that cannot be accounted for. But

since such a ring as ordinarily seen in a telescope is a well-known indicator of an optical refraction, perhaps astronomers are seeing in these superspeed nebulae a reflection from a vast enclosing sphere. An optical surface of very slight but perfect curvature, billions of light-years distant, could conceivably create such an inexplicable "ring of light" in a telescope. Such a surface would also explain the magnified speed of travel of these nebulae.

Therefore, if, as shown above, there may be nothing in space sufficient to "transmit" light, the transmission of an "astrological influence" through space seems unlikely. But as energy in the form of light does travel through space we have to consider that "something traveling through nothing" indicates the need for a revision of our conception of distance. Distance is resistance, simply stated.

Astrological influence accordingly has to fall into one of two remaining classes:

A. It operates over electromagnetic light vibrations just as a voice may modify an electric current in a telephone circuit;

B. It is definitely "psychological" in character — "earth-bound," with no direct energy from outside our atmosphere.

Either of these conclusions limits our profitable fields of research very sharply.

It seems logical to conclude that both effects operate to affect human life astrologically. Millions of people rise daily with the sun in extraordinary unanimity. Making love under the moon is pretty general.

But to astrologers the first theory is perhaps all-important. For there we find a rational foundation for the direct action of astrological influences. Not too long ago electromagnetic waves were modulated to transmit pictures through the air, over great distances. Modulation of existing flows of energy occurs in the telephone circuits, in radio transmission, in sending sounds or odors over beams of light. We may conclude that the nature of "astrological influence" must be closely allied with light-waves and perhaps with other types of electromagnetic radiation in space. These are the only radiations that seem able to cross the empty nothingness that lies between the planets.

A super-force is exerted on our Earth, its electromagnetic field, its atmosphere. Light strikes it at the inconceivable speed of 186,000 miles per second, more or less. It strikes a tremendous area of atmosphere equivalent to say 10,000 or 12,000 miles times 12.5664 (four times *pi*), divided by two.

Astronomers are able to determine—from spectroscopic light alone—the speed of rotation of a

distant sun, whether it is a double or multiple star, the type and direction of rotation of its surface, its chemical composition, its distance, and how fast it is traveling — merely by spreading light through a prism and measuring the results. One is almost forced to the conclusion that astrological influence is due to some unobserved modulation in the light-waves from stars and planets.

THE CAPTAIN'S GHOST

At approximately seven p.m. on the evening of January 3, 1856, Captain Joseph Collyer of the Mississippi steamship *Alice* died aboard his boat under mysterious circumstances. At the time the *Alice* was at a point about 20 miles above New Orleans.

On the same night and at the same time, allowing for the difference in longitude, Captain Collyer's mother, who was not feeling well, went to bed at eight p.m. at the family home in Camden, N. J. She reported later that she became uneasy and sat up in bed.

To her amazement she saw her son standing near the door, looking at her with an expression of great seriousness. He wore what she described as "a dirty nightcap and a dirty-white garment something like a surplice." Under the nightcap she could see that his head was bandaged. About his face and eyes were marks which looked very much like bruises or wounds.

During breakfast Mrs. Collyer told her family about the vision and was not convinced when they insisted it was only a dream. On January 16 she received a letter from another son, William, revealing that on January 3 Joseph had died aboard the *Alice* apparently as the result of a collision with another steamer, the *Red River*. Death was attributed to a broken section of mast striking Joseph in the head and splitting it open.

William, who was in New Orleans at the time and saw the body laid out, described Joseph as dressed in a nightgown and with a bandage over his fractured skull.

The Royal Navy captain watched the huge sea serpent for 20 minutes. His detailed report started a heated controversy over —

PETER M'QUHAE'S MONSTER

By Valentine Dyall

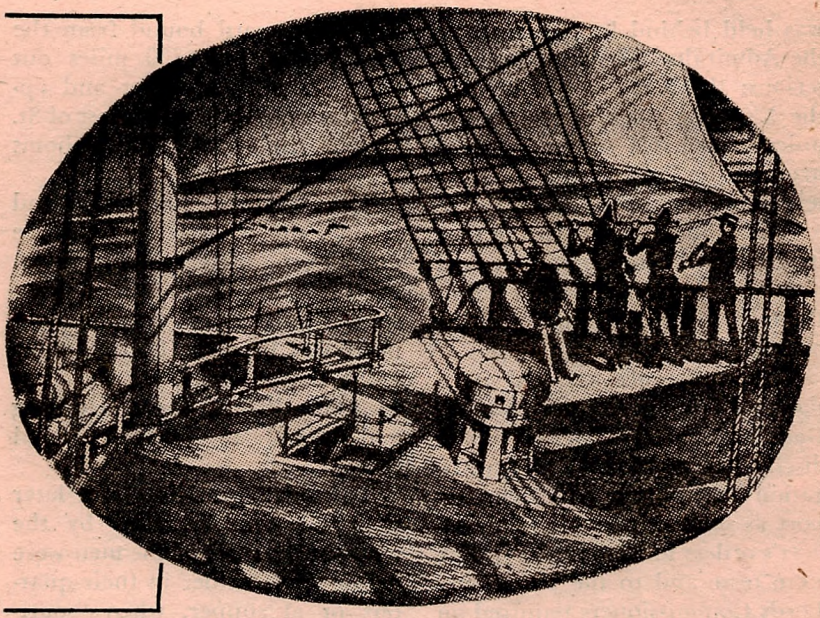
Reprinted from *Everyman's Magazine*

THE admiral limped into the club lounge shortly before 11 o'clock on the morning of October 10, 1848. He nodded perfunctorily to a fellow member, crossed to the bay window and lowered himself into the winged chair which had become his property by right of daily usage since his retirement nearly eight years before.

The steward brought the two items necessary to complete the morning's routine — a cup of strong coffee and "The Times." For some minutes the old sea dog sipped and read in contented silence, then suddenly he jerked forward, stiff and bristling, glaring at an item on the home news page. Seconds more and an angry bellow reverberated through the lofty clubrooms like the roar of a broadside echoing below decks. The first squall had arrived. . . .

"Steward! Pen and paper—hurry, man! Damme if I heard the like o' this in m'life!"

For the next half-hour the old gentleman scribbled furiously, spluttering and cursing under his breath, composing two irate letters—one to the Admiralty, the other to the Editor of "The Times."



And in a dozen neighboring London clubs that day many other retired naval officers—veterans of Trafalgar, Cape St. Vincent, Miani—were similarly occupied, equally incensed.

The offending report, datelined "Plymouth," began:

"When the 'Daedalus,' frigate, Captain M'Quhae, which arrived on the 4th inst., was on her passage from the East Indies between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, her Captain, and most of her officers and crew, at four o'clock one afternoon, saw a sea serpent. . . ."

To men like the Admiral this was an insult to the Royal Navy! It was the business of ignorant fishermen, Arab traders and a few alcoholic clipper captains to report sea monsters for the public's amusement—Her Majesty's ships had more important duties. There could be only two explanations: either "The Times" had been grossly misinformed by its Plymouth correspondent, or this fellow M'Quhae was an irresponsible hoaxer unfit to command a dinghy, who ought to be dismissed from the service!

The story was taken up by other newspapers; within two days it was a country-wide sensation. Not even the Sea Lords could ignore it, and a conference

was held behind locked doors at the Admiralty. The situation was serious: the Navy would become the laughing stock of the nation unless a sensible statement were made to the Press within the next few hours.

"The Times" was insisting that its Plymouth correspondent had obtained his information from Captain Peter M'Quhae and his officers. . . .

The conference resulted in a signal directing Admiral Sir W. Gage, a practical sailor and a firm disciplinarian, to make an investigation and obtain an official report as soon as possible. This officer's orders to Captain M'Quhae were terse and to the point—my Lords Commissioners required an immediate explanation of how this wild tale concerning the "Daedalus" and her commander had found its way into print.

But before the day was out M'Quhae had presented a detailed and soberly phrased report, supported by testimony from his subordinates, which turned what might have been a nine-days wonder into one of the greatest sea mysteries in history. The Admiralty was dumbfounded: without comment the Commissioners handed a copy to "The Times," and it was printed—almost verbatim—in the issue of October 14.

M'Quhae's astounding story began late on the afternoon of August 6, 1848. The 19-gun "Daedalus," homeward bound from the East Indies, was 330 miles out from the African coast and approximately 1,015 south-east of St. Helena, in about 2,000 fathoms of water.

The weather was dark and cloudy, the wind fresh from the north-west, with a long ocean swell from the south-west; the vessel was on the port tack, heading north-east by east. It was Sunday —the day set aside for the crew to write letters, mend clothing and attend to other personal tasks.

Towards 5 p.m. (an hour later than the time specified by the newspaper) most of the men were below decks, either in their quarters or at supper, when "something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from the beam."

The "snotty" leaned far over the rail, training his glass on the object for nearly a minute, utterly amazed. Then he hurried to the quarterdeck in search of the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond; he found him walking with Captain M'Quhae and the navigation officer, Mr. William Barrett. His boyish face went crimson as he saluted and stammered out his fantastic news:

"Unidentified animal, sir — off to starboard!"

The three seasoned mariners eyed the lad coldly. Without a

word the Captain led the way to the rails.

M'Quhae's report describes the object which met their gaze as "an enormous serpent, the head and shoulders about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length our main-topsail yard would show in the water, there was at least 60 feet of the animal, no portion of which was, to our perception, used for propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation."

In the same matter-of-fact style he continues: "It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the south-west, which it held on at the pace of about 12 or 15 miles an hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

"The diameter of the sea-serpent was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake, and it was never, during the 20 minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water; its color was a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse . . . or a bunch of seaweed washed about its back.

"It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel in addition to myself and the officers above mentioned.

"I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by tomorrow's post."

Journalists flocked to Plymouth, but M'Quhae refused all interviews and forbade his men to discuss the incident.

Despite the Captain's orders, a number of newspapers published what were alleged to be interviews with ratings from the "Daedalus" —omitting their names. Some of these added lurid details of the strange creature, such as "gnashing teeth and luminous yellow eyes," but most of them merely confirmed the skipper's account.

One unnamed seaman, who claimed to have been on deck at the time of the "sighting," was quoted as saying: "The monster was like something in a nightmare. I thought it intended to attack the ship, and was so frightened that I fainted." But all these anonymous informants were agreed on one matter which their Captain, not unnaturally, had left out of his official version: the monster was adopted by the crew

as an "absent mascot," and referred to for the rest of the voyage as "Snotty Sea-Serpent!"

Although these accounts could not be taken as serious evidence, they were avidly read and discussed everywhere in the weeks that followed. Then the "Zoologist" published something more definite — extracts from Lieutenant Drummond's private journal, corroborating Captain M'Quhae's testimony and adding a few descriptive details:

". . . Its head, which, with the back fin, was the only portion of the animal visible, was long, pointed, and flattened at the top, perhaps ten feet in length, the upper jaw projecting considerably. . . . It had no scales. . . . In fact, it gave one quite the idea of a large snake or eel. . . . No one in the ship has ever seen anything similar. . . ."

The "Illustrated London News" now reproduced M'Quhae's report together with three sketches made under the Captain's supervision and vouched for by him. The controversy raged throughout Britain.

Opinion appeared to be equally divided. One school of thought regarded the evidence as overwhelming and believed that the frigate had in fact sighted an unknown species closely resembling the popular conception of the sea-serpent. The witnesses, it was maintained, were unimpeachable.

The opposing faction declared that though M'Quhae and his comrades were undoubtedly honest, they had been the victims of delusion. Through some unusual circumstance—probably connected with sea or weather conditions —they had failed to identify a perfectly normal sea creature, such as a large shark or whale, which approached their vessel.

The sceptics asked why M'Quhae had not turned his ship and pursued the strange animal? The Captain's defenders pointed out that the "Daedalus" could not have hoped to overhaul an object moving through the water at 12 to 15 miles an hour, especially when it was encountered on an opposing course.

Then why didn't he put a shot ahead of it, in an attempt to turn it from its course and thus obtain a view from another angle? Hundreds of champions hurried to give the obvious answer — it was Sunday, the ports were secured and the hands were below: there simply wasn't time.

Into the fray there now stepped Sir Richard Owen, famed naturalist and paleontologist, curator of the Hunterian Museum — as M'Quhae's most formidable critic. Once more "The Times" was the battleground.

Owen's letter, filling the best part of a column, stated bluntly: ". . . My knowledge of the animal kingdom compels me to draw

other conclusions from the phenomena than that which the gallant Captain seems to have jumped at." Quoting points from M'Quhae's report, and skillfully ridiculing the sketches, he declared that the estimation of the creature's length had been made "under a strong preconception of the nature of the beast."

"The closest inspection," he added, "failed to detect any undulations of the body, although such actions constitute the very character which would distinguish a serpent or serpentiform swimmer from any other marine species."

Sir Richard then stated his conviction that "Snotty Sea-Serpent" was in reality a "sea elephant"—otherwise known as Anson's sea lion, or *phoco proboscidia.* These great seals, he pointed out, often attained lengths of 30 feet.

But how could a seal get so far north, particularly in August? The naturalist had a glib explanation: it had drifted up from the cold southern waters on an iceberg which gradually melted away, leaving it to swim until exhaustion claimed it, or it found another resting place!

Captain M'Quhae had kept silence since making his official report. But he lost no time in delivering a resounding reply to this attack:—

"I now assert—neither was it a common seal nor a sea elephant, its great length and its total physiognomy precluding the possibility of its being a 'phoco' of any species," he wrote.

"It was not until after the great length was developed by its nearest approach to the ship, and until after that most important point had been duly considered and debated . . . that it was pronounced to be a sea-serpent by all who saw it.

". . . I deny the existence of excitement, or the possibility of optical illusion. I adhere to the statements, as to the form, color, and dimensions, contained in my official report to the Admiralty. . . ."

M'Quhae now gave many other prominent naturalists opportunity to question him and his colleagues; the majority of the scientists declared their belief that a new species had been discovered. Only a handful subscribed to Owen's theory.

Looking back over a century, weighing the evidence, it seems inconceivable that eight experienced individuals could simultaneously mistake a seal, a shark, a whale or any other surface-swimming species for a giant sea-serpent! A trick of light seems unlikely: "sea mirages" have often been reported, but never one approaching twenty minutes in duration. . . .

Nor, in view of Captain M'Quhae's excellent character and

service record, and his unquestionable sobriety, can we accept another theory with which many sought to dismiss the entire incident — that those on deck had been "splicing the mainbrace."

Even today, despite many other "sightings" reported in various parts of the world—including the modern enigma of Loch Ness—science lacks definite proof that anything remotely resembling a sea-serpent ever has existed.

A satisfactory explanation, in terms of the Known, has yet to be found for this riddle of the sea. Have YOU a theory?

Out in the windswept Atlantic, exactly 104 years ago this month, these men of the "Daedalus" saw something so incredible, a living creature so monstrous and so hideous, that they were prepared to contradict the foremost naturalist in England.

Reviewing their testimony we may find a clue to the true identity of "Snotty Sea-Serpent"—the only one of his kind ever to be "enlisted" in the Royal Navy and made the subject of an official report to My Lords Commissioners.

SURGERY INCA STYLE

A successful and almost completely bloodless brain operation with instruments used by Incas 2000 years ago was performed recently in Lima, Peru, by two noted surgeons, Francisco Grana Reyes and Esteban Rocca. The operation involved the removal of a blood clot from the left parietal region. It was performed in 14 minutes and the patient was announced to have made a complete recovery.

Drs. Reyes and Rocca studied hundreds of ancient skulls bearing trepanning holes made by chisels or saw-edged knives of obsidian (volcanic glass). After practicing on two cadavers with chisels and knives, they decided to use the Inca tools and techniques on a living patient. A unique feature of the operation was the use of an Inca tourniquet, a bandage one inch wide wound tightly three times around the head, which made the operation virtually bloodless.

FOOTSTEPS BY THE BED

"The footsteps advanced to the side of my bed. Then I felt a touch and heard my dead daughter's voice."

By Della Fricker

As told to Guy Hedlund



Mrs. Virginia Elaine Heaton, who figures in this case of spirit return.

Della Fricker is a modest farm woman of Monette, Mo., to whom psychic experiences have been so numerous and long-continued that she regards them as a normal part of daily life. She describes experiences which range from vocal messages and materializations to direct physical contacts. Neighbors, as well as members of her family, testify to the accuracy of predictions she has made as a result of messages she has received. Yet Della Fricker does not claim to be a medium and never has attended a seance. The following incident is one of the more recent and well-authenticated of her psychic experiences.

ON the evening of June 15, 1953, I watered my flowers as we had a drought here and at 7:30 as I returned to the house I heard a voice whisper close to my ear. It said, "You will know a lot more than you now know before this night is over." When I asked, "What shall I know?" the voice answered, "Just wait and see."

I told my husband and our son Bob what I had heard. I said I felt that something had happened to our youngest daughter Elaine from whom I received an affectionate letter that morning stating that she planned to visit us.

At eight o'clock an older daughter, Evelyn, and her husband who live in Neosha, Mo., drove into the yard. I knew immediately that something serious had happened and I asked, "What's wrong?"

Evelyn said, "Mother, I don't know how to tell you, so I guess I must come right out and tell you that Elaine is dead. She died suddenly in a hospital in Indianapolis about four o'clock this afternoon. She just had time to call an ambulance and to give the nurse her sister's address at Beech Grove, Ind., before she died of heart failure."

Elaine was only 22. The previous Christmas an attack of flu weakened her heart but she went back to work and continued until she died.

Elaine's death was a great shock to our whole family but to me it was overwhelming. She was my baby and I loved her deeply. But I controlled my grief, realizing it might affect my heart as I have high blood pressure. We delayed Elaine's funeral for four days until our son Edward arrived from Florida on June 19.

On the night of Elaine's death I kneeled and prayed as I always do before retiring. I asked that Elaine be allowed to return and talk to me. I couldn't sleep because of my sorrow over her passing and at 1:05 a.m. I rose and went to the kitchen for a drink of water. When I turned on the light Bob woke and also rose to get a drink, then we returned to our respective beds in my room.

I judge we had been in bed about five minutes when we heard footsteps cross the dining room. We thought it was my husband who had been waked by the light but we heard him turn over in his bedroom adjoining mine and knew it was someone else. The footsteps came into my bedroom and advanced to the side of my bed. Then I felt my left arm patted gently and a voice whispered, "Mother, oh, Mother!"

Then the voice spoke out loud and Bob and I recognized it as Elaine's. I said, "Oh, Laney girl, why did you have to go?"

"I had to, Mother," she answered. "They couldn't do anything for me and I didn't want to be a burden on you and Dad."

I could not keep from crying. I felt Elaine place her hands on my shoulders and press them affectionately. She said, "Oh, Mother, you are crying. Now I know you love me."

I replied, "Why, what made you think I didn't love you?"

"You didn't cry when Evelyn and Joe told you of my passing early this evening. You just sat with the others and talked."

I explained that I didn't dare give way to my grief because of the danger to my heart. Elaine patted my head and said, "All right, Mother, don't cry any more. I have to go now but I'll come back often and talk to you."

Bob was frightened when he heard Elaine's voice and pulled the sheet over his head. Suddenly I heard his muffled voice shout,

"Mother, is that you pulling the sheet off my head?"

I said, "No, maybe it's Elaine."

Then Bob said in a happy voice, "It's all right, Mom, it must have been Elaine. She patted my cheek and went out through the kitchen door."

The kitchen door was locked as usual.

Since that night Bob and I and my husband have had vivid dreams of Elaine's return. Her loving caress of Bob was his first psychic experience. It meant a great deal to him.

CLOTH 3,500 YEARS OLD

A PIECE of cloth 3,500 years old has been discovered by archeologists in the Vall de Servet cave near Llacuna in southern Spain. The find is the oldest of its type known in Western Europe and is described as being in an excellent state of preservation. Remains in the cave date from the Neolithic to the Bronze Age and it is delieved that the cloth was imported from the Phoenicians who are known to have worked mercury mines in southern Spain.

ARCTIC GATEWAY TO THE PAST

A HUGE cave found in the Arctic Northwest by Prof. Otto W. Geist of the University of Alaska in the summer of 1953 may be a treasure house of prehistoric life in the Yukon. Prof. Geist discovered the skull of an Arctotherium or cave bear, a monstrous animal twice as large as the Kodiak bear which today is the largest known carnivorous animal. He also came across the tooth of an ancient, giant beaver which was as large as the tooth of a modern black bear.

Prof. Geist hopes the cave will yield remains of other prehistoric animals, such as the mammoth and the Fairbanks lion, which inhabited the Yukon as long ago as 48,000 B.C. The Fairbanks lion was larger than the African lion of the present and is known to have inhabited the Arctic Northwest in prehistoric times along with the sabre-toothed tiger. Prof. Geist also hopes to find traces of men in the cave older than the 2000-year-old remains found so far in Alaska.

VAMPIRE OF CROGLIN HALL

By Valentine Dyall

Reprinted from *Everybody's Magazine.*

A face with flaming eyes appeared at the window. As the terrified girl sat up in bed it began removing the glass.

MARCH winds were howling dismally through the Cumberland hills and the dawn light was a feeble glow behind heavy cloud as Edward Cranswell, master of Croglin Hall, and his younger brother Michael led their small party of farmers and landworkers into the cemetery.

Silently, that morning in 1876, they filed past the rows of tombstones—vague, shadowy figures in the eerie grayness, muffled in heavy topcoats, carrying flickering lanterns. Turning from the main pathway they entered the oldest part of the churchyard, where time had erased the names from headstones and worn deep scars on the massive walls of family vaults.

The brothers stopped before the rusted iron gates of one of the largest tombs—long disused, the crumbling memorial to a house extinct and forgotten.

"This is the one," Edward said. "I saw him disappear down those steps . . ."

Michael gripped the corroded bars and pulled with all his strength. The gates would not budge.

He took one of the lanterns and inspected the weighty chains which held them closed. At first sight they looked solid and intact, as if they had not been moved in fifty years. But after a moment he discovered that a link had been loosened in each.

He undid the chains. With a



series of creaks and grating sounds, the great gates swung open. . . .

Edward drew a pistol, cocked it and turned to the others.

"Who will accompany us?"

The countrymen hesitated, staring down the moss-covered steps into the blackness, suddenly catching the dank noisome odor of death. Then three of them ventured forward and lined up behind the brothers.

Each of the five took a lantern and Edward kept his pistol raised as they descended—slowly and silently. At the bottom of the steps they came to a door—solid oak, bound with iron. Michael put his shoulder to it; it opened with a deep groaning noise. Now the stench was overpowering. All stealth had to be abandoned. Coughing and holding kerchiefs to their nostrils, they blundered into the underground chamber.

Seconds later, those waiting above heard shrill and dreadful cries. One of the "volunteers," a young gamekeeper called Jem Croswell, came rushing up the steps—arms gesticulating wildly, face contorted in an agony of terror. He fell into their arms, bab-

bling incoherently—then suddenly broke away and raced from the churchyard.

The other four emerged. They were pale to the lips, they breathed jerkily and their eyes were stunned with horror.

Apparently deaf to their companions' frantic questions, they stumbled away from the place like men in a dream and collapsed on the sodden grass outside the cemetery. Several minutes passed before they were able to gasp out a terrible story which set the listeners shivering and casting glances of fear and amazement back at the churchyard. . . .

The Cranswell brothers had called all these men from their beds in the middle of the night—to help in the capture of a dangerous criminal, possibly an escaped lunatic, who broke into homes and attacked women. Edward had trailed him to this spot, and had seen him enter the tomb—"a tall spindly fellow in a curious cloak . . ."

But within the gloomy vault they had found something totally unexpected—a scene so hideous and unearthly that, in Edward Cranswell's own words, "for the moment we feared we had come upon the entrance to Hell itself!"

The whole underground chamber was littered with the remains of shattered coffins. The grisly contents, little more than skeletons with scraps of decayed flesh and hair, were scattered about the floor—horribly mangled and distorted.

One coffin alone remained undamaged. It stood in the midst of the devastation, its lid propped up on one side. Lying inside was the body of a tall, thin man—shrivelled, almost as though mummified, but entire. He wore the clothing of an earlier century—including a long cloak. And from the corners of his mouth two streams of red were trickling—fresh blood!

Little wonder Jem Croswell had fled, screaming and half out of his mind! Little wonder the other searchers had suffered such a severe shock that they could not speak for several minutes!

They had found their quarry in the vault, all right—but he was neither criminal nor maniac. He was—a vampire!

Three hours later, in the full light of day and reinforced by dozens of villagers, they returned to the churchyard and carried out the loathsome ceremony which, in many different lands throughout the ages, has been recognized as the only means of laying a vampire: they drove a stake through the heart and then burnt the body. . . .

But for its English setting, the story reads like a sequel to "Count Dracula" — Bram Stoker's world-famous horrific novel, based on Central European folklore. Yet

there is this great difference: documentary evidence proves that "the Croglin Hall Vampire" does not belong in fiction, but in fact —one of the great, unsolved mysteries of history! Moreover, "Count Dracula" was first published in 1897; the Cumberland phenomenon can be definitely placed in the years 1875-76.

The strange tale must be pieced together from the works of independent writers—notably Augustus Hare, in "Story of My Life"; Charles G. Harper in "Haunted Houses," and the Rev. Montague Summers in "The Vampire in Europe." There are discrepancies in these three versions, but they do not necessarily militate against the essential truth: dates and names are uncertain, and beyond doubt details have been embellished for the sake of shudder and thrill, but to the fair-minded researcher the main facts are clear.

For hundreds of years Croglin Low Hall — alternatively called Croglin Grange—belonged to an ancient Cumberland family named Fisher. It was a curious and lonely house, set on the summit of a hillock overlooking miles of empty uplands, with large grounds sweeping away towards the church—in a hollow, about a mile away. And never at any period of its long existence had it been more than one storey high.

About 1873 the current owner reluctantly decided that the Fishers must give up their ancestral home: they had outgrown it in family and fortune, and newly-acquired business interests in London called for a move to the South.

It seems that all attempts to find a buyer failed—not unnaturally, considering the unusual arrangements and remote location of Croglin Hall. But in the autumn of 1874, the Cranswell brothers and their sister Amelia viewed the house and offered to lease it for seven years; after some discussion the Fishers accepted and moved to Thorncombe, near Guildford in Surrey.

There is nothing in the evidence to indicate why the Cranswells, cultured and widely-traveled people, should wish to live in the wilds of Cumberland, but there is ample proof that they were delighted with their new home—at any rate, for the first few months. A member of the owner's family, Captain Fisher, testifies: "They shared in all the little social pleasures of the district and made themselves very popular."

Early in the summer of 1875 there came a day of sultry heat. After dinner they sat out on the verandah and watched the sun set. Soon the moon rose over a belt of trees which lay about halfway between the house and the churchyard, bathing the stretch

of lawn in bright silver light. It was a night of rare beauty, and they did not retire until well after eleven o'clock.

Since all the rooms were at ground level, from the outset Edward Cranswell had insisted that every window should be fastened at night. Amelia found her bedroom stifling, and could not sleep. She did not disobey her brother, but she did open the wooden shutters. Then she put out the lamp and lay propped against her pillows, staring out at the beautiful summer moonlight.

Gradually, looking over toward the belt of trees which screened the distant church, she became aware of something unusual. Two pin-points of yellow light appeared and disappeared repeatedly —as if two small lanterns were being carried, close together, through the little wood. . . .

After a while the lights shone steadily, and she realized they had emerged from the trees. They came on toward the house—at a surprising rate. In a matter of seconds they were crossing the lawn. Surprised and puzzled, Amelia sat up in bed. And then, with a start of uneasiness, she saw that they were small *round* lights, and they were fixed in a definite black substance. . . .

She started to get out of bed, but suddenly cold fear stopped her: the door was close to the window, and the lights were fast approaching the outside of the glass! She opened her mouth to shout for her brothers, but somewhere in her mind there persisted the thought that there must be some perfectly logical explanation for all this—in a moment more she would know it, and laugh at her foolish fears.

Then all at once the lights seemed to swing to one side, seemed to be going round the house. She leapt from the bed and rushed to the door. It was locked on the inside—in her excitement she had forgotten. She was fumbling in the dark, trying to turn the key, when the dreadful sound started — a soft, animal-like scratching upon the window glass. . . .

Wheeling round, she saw the two lights not more than five feet from her. They were not lanterns. They were eyes — huge, flaming eyes, set in a wrinkled brown face!

For several seconds Amelia could not move: those glaring orbs seemed to fascinate her. She tried to scream, but her lungs seemed frozen and no sound came. And all the time the thing was scratching at the glass—trying to get in. . . .

Yet, despite her terror, dimly she felt a sort of mental comfort —drawn from the certain knowledge that the window was securely fastened on the inside. This thought regained for her the power of movement: frantically she

flung herself at the door. But her trembling hand knocked the key from the lock and it clattered on the floor—lost in the shadows.

In that instant the scratching ceased, and a strange pecking sound took its place. Without turning she knew that the creature was unpicking the lead!

Now her voice came back. Scream after scream broke from her and echoed through the darkened house. But the picking continued and, just as her brothers came running down the passage outside, a diamond pane fell into the room. A long, bony hand came in and loosened the catch, and then the creature climbed through. . . .

Amelia could remember little of what followed. Shock and hysteria clouded her memory. She could recall only those flaming eyes advancing . . . a tall, grotesquely thin figure looming over her . . . bony hands reaching for her throat—and then blackness.

During the attack the brothers were only three yards away—flinging themselves against the locked door, hearing crash after crash as furniture was knocked over, shriek after shriek as their sister struggled for her life. When at last the lock splintered and they burst into the room, Amelia was lying unconscious over the end of the bed, bleeding heavily from wounds on her face, throat and shoulders.

Michael rushed to the open window and glimpsed the assailant bounding over the moonlit lawn. Vaulting over the sill, he gave chase. But the tall figure seemed to take gigantic strides; gaining ground at amazing speed, it disappeared into the belt of trees. Michael lost the trail and hurried back to rejoin Edward at their sister's bedside.

The girl was seriously hurt. They managed to staunch the blood, but her breathing was labored and she remained unconscious. Edward rode three miles and fetched a doctor: the country physician took one look at the wounds and cried: "Mercy on us —these are *bites!* She's been attacked by some animal!"

During the two days when Amelia hovered on the brink of death her brother strove to identify her assailant. The doctor thought the wounds could have been inflicted by the teeth of a large dog, and suggested that under the great stress of the moment Michael, snatched out of a deep sleep, had imagined the tall bounding figure. But how could a dog pick the lead from a window? Why had they heard no growling?

A local farmer, hearing of the attack, called at Croglin Hall with startling news: similar crimes had occurred before. . . . His own house had been broken into in the dead of night two years ago; something had bitten his little

daughter, making deep wounds on her neck, face and shoulders—disfiguring her for life. But she had never been able to describe her attacker, and no one else had seen it.

There were other houses, the farmer declared, where women had awakened in the night to find "a terrible monster, in the shape of a man, trying to get in at the window, or actually climbing into the room." But in these cases the victims had screamed for help in good time, and the intruder had fled.

When Amelia began to recover they decided she must have a change of environment. She was a practical girl of strong disposition, broad-minded and not given to romance or superstition: it was typical of her that she should tell them: "What has happened is most extraordinary, my dears . . . but of course there *is* an explanation, and we must wait for it. It will turn out that a lunatic has escaped from some asylum and found his way here—you will see . . ."

When she was well enough they took her to Switzerland. With good sense she threw herself at once into the interests of that country—studying its history, exploring its lakes, climbing its mountains. An ardent botanist, she dried plants and made hundreds of sketches—and, as autumn came, she was the one who urged that they should return to Croglin Hall.

"After all," she told Edward, "we've taken it for seven years, and have been there only one. We'll always find it difficult to let a house which is only one storey high, so we'd better be sensible and go back there. Lunatics don't escape every day, you know . . ."

In mid-September, they returned to Cumberland. But now Edward and Michael moved their beds to share a room exactly opposite Amelia's—and on a table by the door they kept two loaded pistols. The girl always left her door unlocked and never forgot to close the window shutters — but, as in many other old houses, these left the large, top pane uncovered.

The winter nights passed in peace and happiness. Then in March, 1876, Amelia was awakened by the sinister sound she remembered all too vividly — something scratching on the glass.

Looking up she saw those same glaring eyes, that same shrivelled face, on the outside of the topmost pane. This time there was no hesitation: she screamed at the top of her lungs . . .

Edward and Michael jumped from their beds and grasped their pistols. Following a pre-arranged plan, they separated into the corridor: Michael burst into Amelia's room, and Edward charged out of the front door.

As the elder brother ran on to the lawn he saw the creature bounding away toward the trees. Stopping, Edward raised his pistol, took careful aim and fired. The tall figure staggered, then ran on—at a much slower pace. Edward raced after him.

Once again the unknown intruder disappeared into the trees —but this time his pursuer was close behind, and overhauling him steadily. Emerging on the other side, Edward saw his quarry limping badly, heading for the twenty-foot wall surrounding the churchyard.

Less than ten yards separated them as the figure gained the wall. Edward felt a surge of triumph, sure that the wounded creature could never scale the barrier in time.

But he was wrong. With astonishing ease the thing seemed to glide up the sheer stones, grasp the top and haul itself over!

Precious seconds were lost as Edward rushed round to the churchyard gates. But he came down the main pathway in time to see a slim, black silhouette pass through the moonbeams which slanted down through the trees on the far side of the cemetery. It staggered over the graves, bumping into some of the tombstones, then vanished into the largest vault.

Edward started to follow, then changed his mind. He still did not know the nature of his enemy. Better not to tackle it alone down there in the darkness. He turned and hurried back to the house.

So it was that Edward and Michael Cranswell, accompanied by a little band of neighbors, came to enter the old vault at dawn. And so it was that they discovered their enemy was neither criminal, maniac, nor yet — as many had hinted — some kind of huge ape or "gorilla-man." There could be no mistaking the characteristics of the vampire — long, curved teeth . . . fresh blood trickling from the mouth . . . the remarkable state of preservation . . . the broken coffins and mutilated bodies scattered about the tomb.

The superstitious countrymen knew these characteristics — for the lore and legend of the vampire is not confined to Central Europe, but is almost universal, dating from the very dawn of history. On the other hand, to cultured, intelligent men like the brothers Cranswell the idea of a re-animated, blood-sucking corpse must have seemed impossible. We may be sure that before they agreed to take part in that drastic and unsavory ceremony of exorcism, they tried to find a more natural explanation.

But they found none. It may be that today, reviewing the facts in the light of modern criminology and medicine, we can work out a likely, down-to-earth answer

to the mystery of "The Croglin Hall Vampire." Have *you* a theory?

Many previous investigators have tried to prove that the corpse in the vault, though surprisingly well-preserved, was long-dead and harmless. They suggested that when the real criminal—very much alive—sought refuge in the old tomb, he "doctored" the body with his own blood and smashed the other coffins, thereby duping his pursuers. But all such theories are shattered by one fact.

When the Cranswell brothers and their helpers carried that brown, shrivelled corpse up into the daylight to be burned, they noticed a round mark high on one leg. Ripping the clothing aside, they found a ragged hole in the dry, parchment-like flesh. And probing with a knife, they extracted a pistol ball of unusual coloring: Edward immediately identified it as one he had bought in Switzerland.

THE MIRACULOUS PAINTING

DURING World War II the Shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel in the little town of Genazzano, Italy, 30 miles south east of Rome, was damaged extensively by a direct hit from a bomb. Incredibly, however, a fragile painting of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus resting precariously on a tiny ledge within the shrine was unharmed.

The atmosphere of the miraculous which surrounds the painting has existed since 1467. One day while a festival was being held in Genazzano the assembled townspeople saw a strange cloud float down from the sky and attach itself to the unfinished walls of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, the rebuilding of which was being neglected although it was old and in poor condition. The cloud vanished to reveal a beautiful, small painting of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus set upright on a tiny ledge on the inside of the church. At the same time the bells of churches in the vicinity pealed spontaneously.

Inspection showed that the painting was done on a paper-thin substance like porcelain instead of such materials as canvas or wood. A commission appointed by Pope Paul II later was convinced that the painting was the same one which somehow disappeared from the wall of a church in Scutari, Albania. But how it could have been taken without damage from the church in Scutari and transported to Genazzano is a mystery which cannot be explained materialistically.

A prophet appeared among the Indians — and they began dancing until they fell into a trance. They believed that they could then talk with the dead.



The Ghost Dance

By Virginia Stumbough

THOUSANDS of American Indians once talked to their dead through the medium of the dance. Today there are only a few scattered remnants of this Ghost Dance religion. Most Indian believers lost faith when government troops shot down in cold blood unarmed Indian dancers at the Massacre of Wounded Knee. That tragic termination of the pathetic last plea of the Indians to their ancestors for help is only one more example of the white man's injustice and abuse.

The Ghost Dance, or Resurrection Dance, was the strongest and most widely held belief in American Indian history. Although it included many Christian-like tenets and rituals it was crushed by white people who feared it and called it superstitious and pagan. Actually it may have had a Christian origin, having been brought to the Indians by Norsemen.

The racial shrine of these Indian peoples was at Red Pipestone Quarry in what is now Minnesota. Their shamans or medicine men lived in nearby caves in wooded cliffs. They taught the people that the red stone of the quarry was stained by the blood of their ancestral race, who had perished there in a great battle between the Red Nations. The red people of America survived only through three maidens impregnated by the Great Spirit. Through mystic rites held at this shrine, the Gitche Manito spoke to the shamans through the murmuring falls of the Winnewassa and in this way the Indians communed, indirectly, with their dead. The medicine men were the mediums through whom the spirits spoke, the falls were the voice of the spirit world.

No spot in America was more sacred to all Indians than this quarry shrine. As the white man's civilization crowded them, missionaries and government agents fought their ancient beliefs and habits. Their religion was one of peace, but like "civilized" men, they ignored the teachings of their priests when they saw their way of life endangered. Blood was shed, and the white men came to fear and hate this sacred center of Indian learning and inspiration.

The government of the United States seized the shrine several times on various pretexts. The Supreme Court gave it back to the Indians in 1884, but five years later Congress condemned a strip through the heart of the quarry country for a railroad. Surveyors and contractors invaded the tract and routed the shamans. An emotional protest spread like wildfire throughout the Indian nations. They were ripe for revolution, confined to reservations far from their homelands and without hope of redress, they were sick and starving.

Then in 1888 there rose a prophet among them. A young Paiute medicine man named Wovoka had a revelation. About 350 years before the Manito had foretold at Red Pipestone Quarry shrine that a prophet would come to teach a new peace. Now the Manito spoke to Wovoka and told him the Messiah would come soon. Wovoka took the good news to his people and they welcomed it eagerly.

The Great Spirit, he said, foretold that soon their dead ancestors would return, the buffalo would run again, and whites and Indians would unite in peace. Long ago the whites had denied and killed the Messiah, so this time He would come as an Indian. Healers would come to cure all wounds and sickness with a touch, and all good people would live together, alongside their beloved ancestors. If any man disobeyed, his tribe would be destroyed. If any man

disbelieved the Great Spirit would know it, no matter where he hid to think his secret thoughts.

To bring all this to pass the Indians must cease fighting, live together in harmony, and practice ceremonial dances and songs of the new religion until the coming of the Messiah. Wovoka urged patience and tolerance. News of this wise man living in a little mountain valley in Nevada spread over the whole land. From a thousand miles away, from all directions, tribal delegates came seeking information and hope.

Wovoka had a forceful personality and was completely honest in his conviction that he was a prophet sent to the Indians by God. Six feet tall, good looking, he was about 35 years old. He had an open and firm countenance, was industrious and reliable in his work although of a solitary and contemplative disposition. He was clean-shaven with heavy eyebrows and black hair cut in the Paiute style, long and even just below the ears. He wore white man's clothes, including a broad-brimmed white felt hat held under the chin with beaded ribbon.

Wovoka's name among the whites was Jack Wilson, for he had been taken in by David Wilson after his own father died. Wovoka was married and had a son four years old at this tme. His revelations from God came to him in dreams over a period of several years, the first occurring when he was ill with a severe fever during a total eclipse of the sun on January 1, 1889. The Indians had a tremendous fear of this "eating up" of the sun and the emotional effect on them was powerful.

Wovoka's father had been Tavibo, a prophet who was not a preacher but a "dreamer," and Wovoka was under his influence until he was 14 years old.

Superstitious Indians who visited Wovoka interpreted his teachings according to their own needs and understanding. The scars on his face and wrists led some to believe him to be Christ himself, a thing Wovoka never claimed or wanted anyone to believe.

But like the Man of Galilee, Wovoka lived in a fertile valley surrounded by deserts, near the sacred mountain of the Utes. And like the Disciples, men came to him to learn and went away to teach the new religion.

He worked on a white man's ranch only 30 miles from Carson City but no white man asked him what he taught. They feared him and his spirit religion of universal love and peace, without knowing what it was.

Sitting Bull, who had once restored the quarry shrine to the use of the Indians, had great influence over his people. He had no faith in the new religion but he hoped it would compel a more intelli-

gent Indian policy on the part of the government. His people were hungry and in the Ghost Dance religion they saw their last chance to return to the old ways of living. He had Kicking Bear start the first Ghost Dance on the Standing Rock reservation in October. The band numbered 200 with only 50 men able to bear arms. All were peaceful. They wore no war charms.

But a fearful agent called out troops. The Indians fled west, settlers ran east and the Ghost Dance was front page news. Sitting Bull was seized, where he waited unarmed in his tepee for soldiers he knew were coming. They shot and killed him, then beat in his head.

Everywhere the Indians danced. Sioux in the East welcomed the ancestor religion fiercely. The Arapahoe were led by it into more intense mysticism, and danced until they fell. The magic of the Ghost Dance was that in it the Indians danced until they fell dead (into a trance), then they talked to their ancestors and were advised concerning their troubles and the joys to come. There was no intermediary, no medium; they talked directly to the wise men who had passed beyond.

Some could not fall into a trance and they seized on the use of peyote. For 400 years this powerful drug made from cactus grown along the Rio Grande, had been used by only four or five tribes north of the river. Between 1890 and 1924 it spread to 30 more tribes. The Ghost Dance religion paved the way for its use. Fasting sometimes failed to bring visions but peyote never failed. It brought the Indians into immediate touch with the supernatural.

During the Ghost Dance a sacred shirt was worn by each dancer. Even women and children were protected by these garments —long-tailed, fringed shirts painted with sun, moon, stars, eagle, buffalo, rainbows, horsetracks in blue and yellow and further decorated on shoulders and sleeves with fluttering feathers. These magic shirts were believed to be bullet-proof. The Indians did not anticipate a fight but rightly they mistrusted the whites. With their bullet-proof shirts they could dance in safety they believed. They also wore a feather on their head and could make any man crazy by shaking this feather in his face. They were unarmed for the most part but a few carried guns.

Wovoka had nothing to do with the wearing of these shirts, or the superstitions concerning them. His teachings spoke only of peace and there was no need for protection from friends. The dancers held hands, men and women alternating, and danced in a wide circle around a pole, eyes closed so they could see into the other world. They sang, moving slowly,

and continued for five successive days, at no particular time of year. There were no feasts or fasting connected with the dance and it was more a "Woman's Dance" than the usual ceremonial of men.

One great religious dance was held at White Clay Creek, near the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota. Thinking it a war dance, the whites called troops. On December 29, 1890, part of Custer's former regiment of cavalry, armed with Gatling guns, came upon the Big Foot band on their way from another reservation to the Ghost Dance camp to learn of the new Messiah. At Wounded Knee the band was disarmed, a shot was fired, and both sides commenced shooting. Nearly 130 Indian warriors were killed, as well as over 100 women and children who were unarmed and fleeing from the scene. Only a handful survived. After this the spirits of the Indians were crushed, their nerve gone. They gave up.

The editor of the Chicago *Tribune* wrote that "If the United States army would kill a thousand or so of the dancing Indians there would be no more trouble." He was right. Masse Hadjo, an educated Sioux, answered him, pointing out that "Christians" who held such beliefs could hardly hope to gain Indian converts and that the new religion was better suited to peaceful Indians than such "Christian" ideas.

There are some Indians today still dancing the Ghost Dance, but few believe. The white man's guns effectively killed their faith and cut them off, perhaps forever, from the spirit world.



TWICE IS FATAL

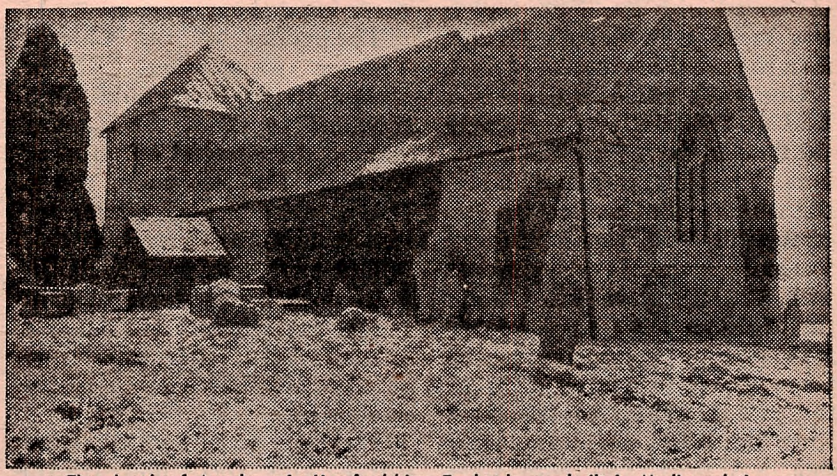
As he drove his car in Ionia, Mich., on September 19, 1953, Frederick W. Schultz, 77, collided with a car driven by Paul Geiger, 33. Schultz escaped injury but a half hour later, as he was continuing on his way home, he was killed when his car smashed into a truck. At the wheel of the truck was Geiger's wife, Mary.



ANOTHER SUNKEN CITY

Moscow radio recently announced the discovery of a huge marble bas relief at least 2,000 years old on the bottom of Sukhumi Bay on the east coast of the Black Sea. Remains of ancient walls under the water also were reported. The finds apparently indicate that an ancient city was once located in the area.

The Haunted



The church of Avenbury in Herefordshire, England, was built in Mediaeval times.

By Marion C. S. Holbourn

In a secluded valley in Herefordshire, England, there stands, amid venerable oaks and elms, the little Norman Church of Avenbury, near Bromyard.

Within the chancel of this church is the tomb of a crusader, covered with a slab bearing the effigy of a knight in chain armor, with his legs crossed at the thigh to indicate that he had fought in all three crusades. At one time the pedal organ stood on top of this tomb.

On a number of occasions strains of music have been heard issuing from the empty church. People also speak of seeing the apparition of a beautiful damsel in the old structure.

One evening when the organist was practicing, a loud, hollow groan came from under the organ. This was interpreted as a protest regarding the position of the instrument upon the crusader's tomb rather than a comment on the organist's performance. The organ was moved, and the groans were not repeated.

Church of Avenbury



The church was locked and empty — but the Vicar heard loud, triumphant organ music issuing from it.

But the ghostly music continued to be heard from time to time and once the organist was able to recognize the strains. The first recorded date for this unearthly music is September 8, 1896, when the Vicar's wife, Mrs. Wilson, and the three grown children of Colonel Purser, Bromyard, all heard it at the same time. The only other date of which there is a record is September 5, 1919, when a man and his son (who were employed in buying horses for the war office) heard it as they walked along the road.

My father, Rev. E. H. Archer-Shepherd, who was Vicar of Avenbury from 1897 to 1931, was a matter-of-fact Victorian who scoffed at superstitions. Anyone of his flock who dared express a belief in ghosts was dealt with firmly and pontifically.

Certainly my father was not a man to let his imagination run away with him. But one day as he stood in the Vicarage garden he heard strains of music coming from the direction of the church. He concluded that Mrs. Smith, the church cleaner, was allowing her child to play with the organ while she performed her duties. In a temper he hurried to the church to give the offender "a good blowing up." As he strode across the meadow the strains grew louder and his rage increased in proportion. He reached the churchyard gate and just as his finger touched the latch the music stopped abruptly. The massive door was shut and locked and nobody could be seen through the windows.

My father admitted that it was peculiar. He pondered over the affair for some years before he wrote, "There are some who would explain the music as the sound of a street organ or some other instrument played in Bromyard, which is only a mile in a straight line from Avenbury Church. But when we do hear Bromyard music from Avenbury Vicarage the sound always comes from the direction of Bromyard. Others suppose that the music is only an echo. But an echo is seldom heard to come from two directions and the music has been heard by people who were north, south, east and west of the church. Others suppose that the music really is due to a ghost. But the souls of the righteous are in the

hand of God. They rest in peace. The music is certainly not the wail of a lost or tormented soul; for, on the two occasions I heard it, it sounded, though quite loud, more like the reverie of a mind at peace with itself.

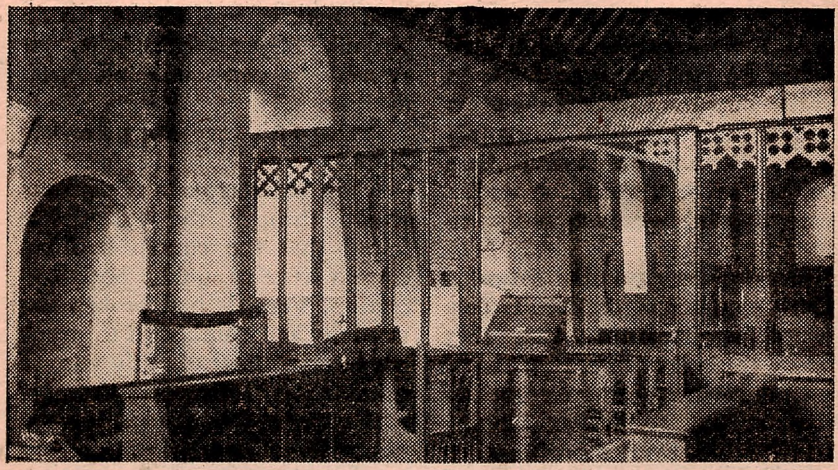
"As none of these theories will hold water, I incline to the belief that the cause of the music is to be found in the mentality of those (including myself) who hear it. Some telepathic, or auto-suggestive, or atmospheric, or other natural cause may have acted on our auditory nerves, setting up sensations which were transmuted by the brain into external sounds. If this explanation be the true one, there remains the interesting fact that under certain circumstances several people at the same time may distinctly hear loud and continuous sounds which have no existence except in their own minds."

Mrs. Smith, who lived in a cottage on a rise overlooking the church, said that one evening she saw a funeral attended by a crowd of people, all without heads. When this came to the ears of one of the church-wardens he also related that, many years earlier, he had had a similar vision but recognized the congregation as a company of monks with their cowls drawn over their heads. Viewed from above it would have been easy to mistake them for a headless company.

A happier event is also recorded concerning Avenbury Church. A lady residing at Leamington Spa wrote to my father in 1919: "I am inclined to tell you of an experience my husband and I had one Christmas night 40 years ago. Our home was in Bromyard and we, on Christmas afternoon, visited my parents who lived between your church and Bishop Frome. We commenced the homeward journey about 11 o'clock. It was then snowing very fast—considerable snow having fallen—which made our walk very fatiguing.

"On drawing near the church I remembered the entrance porch and asked my husband if we should go in and wait to see if the storm would cease; also to get a little rest. It was then 12 o'clock on Christmas night. Almost immediately after entering the porch we heard what at first were many human voices conversing. The church seemed full of extremely happy, joyous human sounds. Although we distinctly heard so many voices in the church we could not distinguish a word they said.

"I was not alarmed while it lasted, as it seemed to lift me above earthly things. Naturally we tried the door of the church but it was locked. We went outside but the church was in darkness. The wonderful sounds came distinctly from the inside of the church. The experience so deeply impress-



In the chancel of Avenbury church stood the organ from which came ghostly music.

ed us both that the memory has never grown dim."

Avenbury Church had three beautiful bells, one of which bore a Latin inscription meaning, "I am Gabriel, messenger from Heaven." As the church was dedicated to St. Mary the name of the bell doubtless commemorated the archangel's annunciation to the Virgin. The other bells were named, if I remember rightly, Paul and Andrew, but Gabriel was the master. He was the passing bell and his tolling aided the departing soul and accompanied the body on its last journey to the grave. He was said to toll of his own accord when a vicar died or when tragedy affected the Parish.

I was living in Scotland when my father died. He had a seizure in church and was carried home on a stretcher. He lived on for 10 days and as his end was not thought to be imminent I was not sent for in time to see him alive. Our daily help, Sarah, lamented that I had not been summoned earlier. "They said they did not know he was dying," she exclaimed indignantly, "But they know perfectly well that bell never tolls for nothing!" She said that the bell started tolling about nine o'clock in the evening and that it wakened her several times during the night. Sarah was deaf and we always had to shout into her ear but she heard the bell distinctly.

I shall never forget Gabriel's pe-

culiarly deep tone as my father's coffin was carried from the church where he had ministered for 34 years. The first stroke of the great bell sent a shudder down my spine. Within the sound there seemed to be a voice, an undertone of awful solemnity and warning.

During the days that followed every member of the family confessed to imagining that they heard the bell tolling. But, except for my mother, we were conscious that it was subjective, coming from within. Every morning when I went to her room Mother told me she had been unable to sleep because of "that bell, tolling, tolling, tolling all through the night." It affected her health so that I had to hurry my arrangements to take her away from the house.

My father was the last vicar of Avenbury. The parish was divided between three neighboring ones; the church was dismantled and the bells sold to a London church with the curious name, St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe. Our aged sexton was almost beside himself. "If you sell the bells," he warned, "a curse will fall upon the parish."

Perhaps his prediction was fulfilled.

A few years ago one of my sons passed through the valley. He found that the church had become a scene of squalor and desecration. Vandals had broken the windows and climbed in to wreck the interior. Instead of the former exhortation "Whosoever thou art who enterest this church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who minister and those who worship here," there was now posted the warning: "Anyone entering this building does so at his own risk."

And what of the sorrowing Gabriel? During the London blitz the church where the bells hung was destroyed. I passed the site and could find not one stone to indicate that a church had ever stood on the spot. Later I learned to my great joy that the bells were saved.

Ph.D. FOR WITCH DOCTORS

THE *Journal* of the American Medical Association reported recently that the African Witch Doctors Association plans to build a $28,000 university. To obtain a degree the student must complete a five-year course in such subjects as magic, masking and mumbo-jumbo. This entitles him to become a licensed *mganga* who practices good magic in opposition to the *mchawi* who specializes in back magic.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

GLOBES IN THE SKY

For 30 minutes on the night of October 3, 1953, I watched three large, orange-colored globes of light in the skies north of Manila. It was near election time and almost every night fireworks were set off somewhere in the city. I thought of the fireworks when I saw the first globe but it did not explode—it remained motionless in the sky.

The first globe was near the horizon and quite close, I thought. I immediately put a pair of eight-power field glasses on it and it seemed to be pulsating with light. It appeared darker on the top and to have interlacing dark lines across the top.

The second light was much further away than the first when I spotted it and it soon dipped down behind the cloud skim. But before it was out of sight I was surprised to see a third globe, quite near and bright, rising further east and near the horizon. The show was over at 9:45 when the last globe disappeared behind the clouds. — *Ken Cornish, Healdsburg, Calif.*

"UNEXPLAINABLE" SKY OBJECTS

Ever since the first mention of "saucers" in the news several years ago, I have been interested in them, having seen at two different times "unexplainable" objects in the sky. I read everything I come across regarding the saucers and incidentally have read FATE almost since the first issue.

The first time I saw a sky object was about 1920. I was 10 years old and living on a homestead in northern Montana. I had been to my uncle's place about three miles from home and was walking across a pasture on my way home. The sky was clear, almost cloudless. I was watching some curlews flying around when I noticed an object traveling from the northwest to the southeast. It seemed very high and traveling fast. It was a long, slim, pointed shape and appeared silvery in color. It didn't have the "wobbling" motion that some of the saucers seem to have. I immediately classified it as a zeppelin, having heard of

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their use by the Germans in World War I.

I told my parents about the object and they said it was a balloon which satisfied me at the time. Now I'm not so sure about that. If my memory is correct, and I remember the object very vividly, it was traveling at least twice or three times as fast as the swept-wing jets that fly around here now.

The second time I saw a sky object was a couple of years ago. I was helping two other carpenters on a roof. The boss, who was standing on the ground looking up at us, suddenly pointed overhead and said, "There go some of those flying saucers now or I'm seeing things."

We all looked and saw the things. There were nine of the objects, traveling in formation toward the southeast. They were—as other people have reported—small round "disks," very high and traveling very fast. They had the "dipping" motion at times and also seemed to be silvery.

I know they weren't balloons and I don't think the first one I saw was either.—*Stanley Clason, Kent, Wash.*

THE CREMATED CHECK

Articles and letters in FATE on cremation mysteries remind me of a similar occurrence, although not so phenomenal, which startled me several years ago.

I was ill in bed near Christmas. On my dresser lay a check, a Christmas gift from my aunt. It was not near an ash tray nor any flame, yet when I reached for the check it was burned to a crisp. Only the dresser was lightly scorched where the check had lain. Newspapers and magazines lying beside the charred check were untouched.—*Maxine Oakes, Richland, Wash.*

UNACCLIMATED SAUCERMEN

In the January issue Alex Saunders described the operators of the saucers as bashful in not landing and making themselves known and says that should we earthmen go to Mars, we would make our presence known at once. I doubt it very much. We may be curious but not to the point of sticking our necks out.

It may be that the gravity of our planet is greater than that of the planets from which the operators of the saucers may have come, particularly Venus. The atmosphere and atmospheric pressure which surrounds us also may be different and explain why the saucers do not land on our planet. They have been said to land but mostly in remote areas, perhaps so that their crews can gradually acclimate themselves to our gravity and surface pressure.

Even earth people experience discomfort by traveling out of their accustomed surroundings. A person used to a sea-level existence is uncomfortable in the

mountains where the air is thinner and the air pressure lighter. The same applies to one accustomed to living in the mountains going down to sea-level. So if going out of our accustomed surroundings affects us here on earth, it seems that visitors from other planets would be even more affected by going out of theirs.—*Waldo B. Richards, Omaha, Neb.*

A-BOMBS AND CLIMATE

At various times FATE has run articles on the effects of atomic explosions. Probably the true explanation is furnished by the third law of Newton. (Every action has an equal and opposite reaction.) Every man knows of the "kick" of a fired gun.

The earth is held in a rather precarious state of equilibrium by the mutual attraction of the planets in our Solar System. Our planet is literally floating in air. It has been proved that a man in a small row boat can slowly but surely produce enough traction to put a large ship into motion.

If an atomic explosion occurs at the earth's equator, opposite to its direction of motion, it would be driven ahead on its schedule. If the explosion occurred at or near the north pole the earth could be made to wobble in its orbit. Continued explosions might cause, and probably have caused, this reaction, all under Newton's proved third law.

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angles atomic explosions might cause, and probably have caused, a further wandering of the poles. This may conceivably produce an entire change in climate, explain recent droughts and floods.

The government's explanation that atomic explosions have not caused, and cannot cause, tornados, is puerile. No reasonable individual claims that the explosion itself is the tornado. But the explosion may be the trigger, just as the H-bomb must employ the A-bomb as a trigger.

A few pounds push on a blasting battery plunger can explode a pound or a billion pounds of TNT. The battery is the trigger. Under Nature the universe is held in a rather good state of equilibrium. But when man begins interfering he is pretty sure to run into difficulties. Australia tampered with the natural laws. Just consider the trouble which resulted from importing the first rabbits into that continent. Rabbits are the scourge there now.—*Dr. W. D. Chesney, Milton, Wis.*

SCOTLAND'S MAGNETIC HILL

Early in 1953 there was an article in FATE about a magnetic hill at Moncton, N. B., Can. Do you know there is also a magnetic hill on the west coast of Scotland near the home which the people of Scotland gave President Eisenhower?

I was there in the summer of

1952 and went up and down the hill in a car. My brother stopped the car a short way down and told me to watch it go back up. It did, very slowly at first. If it had been any ordinary hill we would have rolled down.

We passed two men coming up. They had stopped their motor and were letting the hill pull them up to the top. As they passed us they said that this was the way to save gas.—*Art Goff, Los Angeles, Calif.*

EXAMPLE OF REINCARNATION?

I believe in reincarnation — that this present existence is not the first nor the last for us. I also believe that persons whose lives have been knit in close association, such as by love or marriage, will establish contact again in following reincarnations. I have a wonderful example of this experience which may interest your readers.

About two years ago while studying occultism I was in the habit of visiting with a group of advanced occult students. I went to the library to get a book from the shelf when a lady who was a perfect stranger entered the room. We exchanged a few words and as I looked into her eyes I lost all sense of time. I felt or rather had the memory and feeling of oneness, as if we had known each other all our lives.

At this meeting we said little

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and did not stay long in each other's presence. The next time we met I had the same feeling and determined to find the reason for it. I asked her if she were interested in certain countries, people and their customs, also other subjects and studies in which I was interested. I discovered that our tastes were the same.

Then I found that my subconscious mind was revealing past events bit by bit. I spoke of these to her and she seemed familiar with them.

We both admitted believing there was a bond or affinity between us which made us feel exhilarated and animated when we were together. There is nothing sensual or selfish in this companionship and we meet only at the occult group gatherings, and then only for a few minutes.

We believe that if certain obstacles which exist at present are not removed in this life we will be together in our next life. At present I weigh certain factors in my own present existence which cause me to hesitate to make other arrangements. But those brief moments are priceless. I feel that I have found my true and former mate and am content.—*H. H., Toronto, Ont., Can.*

NOISE AT THE WINDOW

In 1894 when I was 10 I had an uncle named Jesse King who worked on the railroad. On a Sat-

urday afternoon in January he and four other men took an engine and caboose and left Mineral, O., for Chillicothe, O., on an inspection trip.

My grandparents and Aunt Nora King decided that since Uncle Jesse would be away over the weekend they would visit relatives in Barrington, O. This was in horse and buggy days and they reached the relatives' home about three p.m. At five p.m. supper was announced and they gathered around the table. When they were partly through eating they heard a sound at the west window, as if someone had thrown a handful of bird shot at it. It was a clear winter day with no wind. There were no trees near the window.

Made uneasy by the sound, my grandparents decided to return home that same night instead of staying until Sunday as they had planned. They reached home about 11 p.m. and at 12:30 George Pinney, a neighbor from Mineral, O., knocked at the door. He told my grandparents that Uncle Jesse and two other men had been killed in a train wreck.
—*Pearl O. Mace, Carbondale, O.*

SUNSPOT THEORY

For at least 15 years I have observed sunspots in connection with an interest in meteorology.



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In my observations I find that each and every sunspot is directly related to a definite and specific atmospheric condition. I have also checked many meteorological maps and find that the drawings of certain atmospheric areas were identical to the sunspots observed. This fact cannot be denied.

However, astronomers have stated for years that sunspots are gaseous eruptions on the surface of the sun, some of which are many times larger than the earth.

I beg to differ since my observations and research indicate that often some are identical in shape to areas on the weather map and that some are only reflections of atmospheric conditions in the light rays. Furthermore, by following the movement of the sunspots from day to day, forecasts as accurately as those made by the U. S. Weather Bureau can be made.

I have tried to present my data to the U. S. Weather Bureau but they do not wish to study it as they do not think any improvement in forecasts can be made.

However, a great deal could be learned from the study of sunspots on this basis since actual weather conditions could be photographed for study. — *Eric G. Nichols, Washington, D. C.*

RETURN FROM DEATH

I have just finished reading "Don't Send Me Back" by Mar-

garet Linden. It is like an experience I had two years after I was married at the age of 18.

I was going to visit my mother-in-law in the country. I was riding in a buggy and the horse was frightened by a passing truck. It upset my sister-in-law and me. I was badly hurt by the truck and lay there in the road, stripped of clothing and torn badly in several places. The pain finally dulled and a feeling of lightness and floating came to me. Three days later I had the same sensation Margaret Linden experienced as I returned to my body which "lay in state" in the farmhouse of my in-laws.

As I began to come to, I heard my husband crying over me and although I wished to speak to him I could not. I seemed far away, with no control over my body. I also had been flying through space with no cares until I had heard my husband's voice and little by little I did return to my body and the farmhouse room to find it full of flowers from my friends who had read of my "death" in the daily paper.

Several persons from the church came to ask me how it felt to be dead. I could say nothing. It was strange and as the years pass I think much about it. — *Georgia Woody, Nevada, Mo.*

HE WANTED TO DIE

In 1929 I knew a bright young man of 31 who was in the garage



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business with his brother. I worked for them at times.

On a Sunday night at about 11 o'clock I sat talking with him in the garage. He said he wished he were dead for he had nothing to live for. Life was nothing but the same old grind over and over.

He told me to get his revolver and kill him. I was shocked and indignantly asked him if he thought I was crazy. He said he didn't care to live and wouldn't.

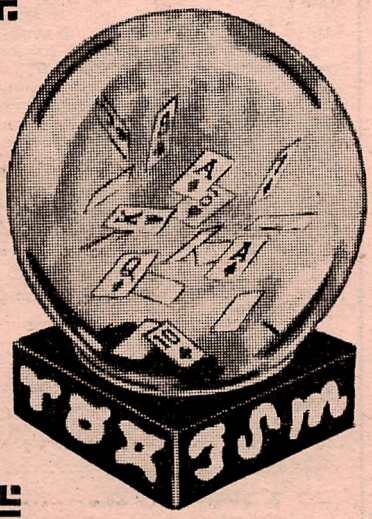
I told him to see a doctor in the morning, that I would take his place at the garage. When he came in the following morning and found I had taken his place, he went home. I again insisted he see a doctor but I learned later from his mother that he didn't.

Finally, on Tuesday, his parents called in a doctor who found the young man was running a fever. The doctor could not find what was wrong and called in other doctors. All were bewildered.

On Wednesday the young man was delirious and on Friday he died.—*Herman E. Sabin, Milwaukee, Wis.*

ROAD TO THE UNKNOWN

Referring to the very interesting article by Alson J. Smith in the January issue of FATE, it will not be amiss to point out one or two of the errors constantly made by ESP experimenters, omitting now any treatment of the carelessness in defining terms which is



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somewhat characteristic of them.

A more thorough training in higher mathematics and an exhaustive course in logic would prevent some of the unauthorized conclusions they present to the public. The jump made by Herbert Spencer from the Known to the Unknowable is an example of the error in question. From the Known can legitimately be reached only the Unknown, not and never the Unknowable. From the ESP experiments with dice and cards can be reached only the belief in unexplained faculties of the mind, not and never the survival of the mind after leaving the body.

The writer does not question the fact but only the road by which it is reached. In the manner by which it is attained the conclusion is unauthorized and worthless.—*H. M. Wagner, De Funiak Springs, Fla.*

PROMPTED BY SOMETHING

Twice in the recent past I have gone to bed and almost immediately found it necessary to get up again; one time to get a drink of water and another to take some medicine I had forgotten. Something seemed to keep prompting me to get up until I did. And each time I found I had left a light burning in another room.

Then on November 18, 1953, something far more serious happened. I was sweeping the room adjoining the porch when I

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heard the mail carrier arrive. We live a mile from town and get our mail R.F.D. I walked to the porch and saw that my husband, with our two-year-old grandson and the puppy we got a few days before, was already on the way to the box. My impulse was to go back to my sweeping but something impelled me to remain where I was.

I watched as my husband led the baby across the cattle guard to the road and let him take the mail out of the box. Suddenly he put the baby down and ran up the road. I first heard and then saw a huge truck coming down the road as fast as it could come. Then I saw the baby running straight for the road. I screamed at him. He stopped instantly and at that moment the truck roared by.

The puppy had run into the road and my husband tried to catch him before the truck hit him. But the truck never slowed and the puppy was killed. I am thankful that I kept my grandson from harm by obeying whatever prompted me to keep watch.—*Christine Hasdorff, Yorktown, Tex.*

FROM COVER TO COVER

FATE is the only magazine I buy regularly and read from cover to cover. I have never missed an issue. I have told many of my friends about your excellent magazine and have even bought extra copies to give away. All my life I have been deeply interested in almost every subject FATE covers. I have done an immense amount of study and research and so I can fully appreciate the good work you are doing. Keep it up. FATE is greatly needed.

If any of your readers are looking for back numbers, I have extra copies of the following for sale: Vol. I, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; and Vol. II, Nos. 1 and 2.—*Rev. Ralph Rayburn Phillips, 1426 S. W. Clay Street, Portland 1, Ore.*

FATE ON METAL

In my family the word "Fate" is synonymous with such terms as "angelic love" and "heavenly joy" and the "Divine Presence."

When FATE arrives a ghostly hush descends over the household for we suddenly begin to feel as if we were living in two worlds—the spirit world and the physical.

If I were to make a suggestion, it would be to print the magazine on metal sheets instead of paper, so it might have some chance finally to reach our library. But for heaven's sake, don't change the name of the magazine. — *Jack Hanna, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Saucers in Japan

I became acquainted with FATE with the May issue and have not missed a single issue since. No other magazine has interested me as much as yours. Several friends of mine have started reading

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FATE since I passed one issue around. I always have been interested in true stories of the strange and unknown and FATE covers all subjects of that nature.

There have been many letters on flying saucers in Report from the Readers. I wish to relate an experience of mine on that subject.

In November, 1952, while I was with the U. S. Air Force on Kyushu, the southern island of Japan, I was sitting outside talking with several friends of mine. It was about 10 o'clock on a warm, clear evening.

One of my friends pointed to the sky and said, "Look up there!" About one mile distant and approximately 1,000 feet high were two flying saucers of oval shape, one behind the other. They stopped and remained motionless for over 10 seconds, then both rose vertically and again were stationary. They were glowing like hot metal and were a brilliant blue-green.

There was nothing to obstruct our view as there was open sea between us and the saucers. It is difficult to determine their size but at one mile they looked over 60 feet wide.

The saucers were approached by a jet plane which we believed came to investigate from a nearby base. As the plane drew near the saucers retreated backward at a 60 degree angle until out of sight.

I had a camera nearby but no film so unfortunately I have no pictures to prove what we saw. But there were six other persons present at the time, most of whom did not believe in flying saucers until then. I am convinced that the saucers are not imaginary.—*Fred Brown, Clovis, N. M.*

Old Stuff, Those Saucers

I have been reading so much concerning flying saucers in the past few years and how they baffle our finest experts. Since nobody seems to know what they are, the way is open for my opinion, though I know they are nothing new, since Ezekiel of Biblical days saw them.

I heard my grandmother tell of seeing a big, bright ball of fire back in covered wagon days. It hovered over a camp near Salt Lake City and then disappeared over the horizon like a flash. In 1912, while eating dinner, my father saw a big, fiery ball come flying over a hill, make a half circle and disappear over another hill.

My neighbor, a very reliable person, told me that while at work one day in July, 1921, he saw a bright disk about the size of a wash tub fly directly overhead. It made a screeching noise and frightened his horses so that they nearly got away from him. So you see that the disks are nothing new. —*William Montgomery, Frazeysburg, O.*

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