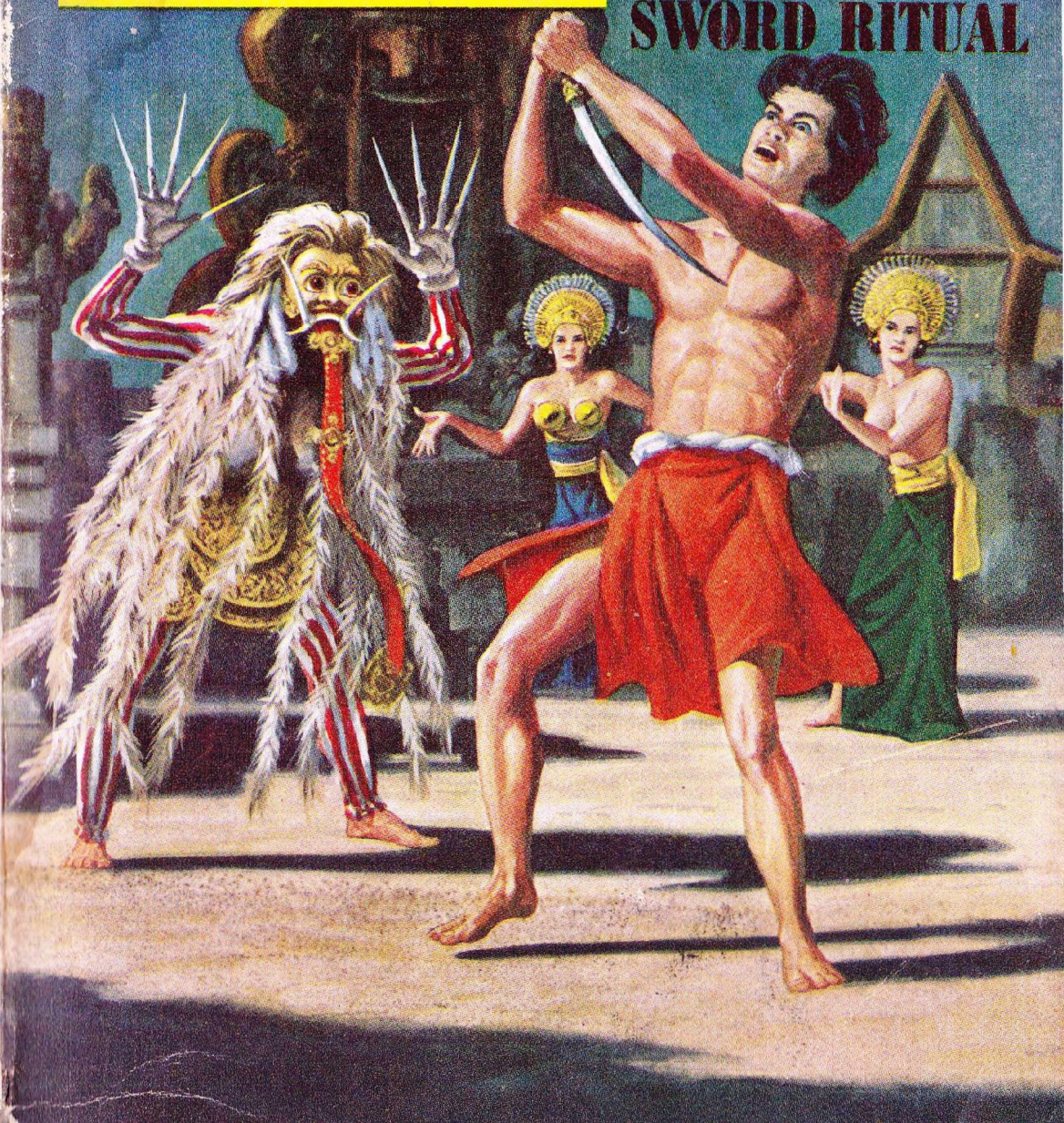
SPECIAL

THE HOLY SHROUD OF TURIN

FATE AND MAGAZINE

August 1954 35¢

BALI'S MYSTERIOUS SWORD RITUAL





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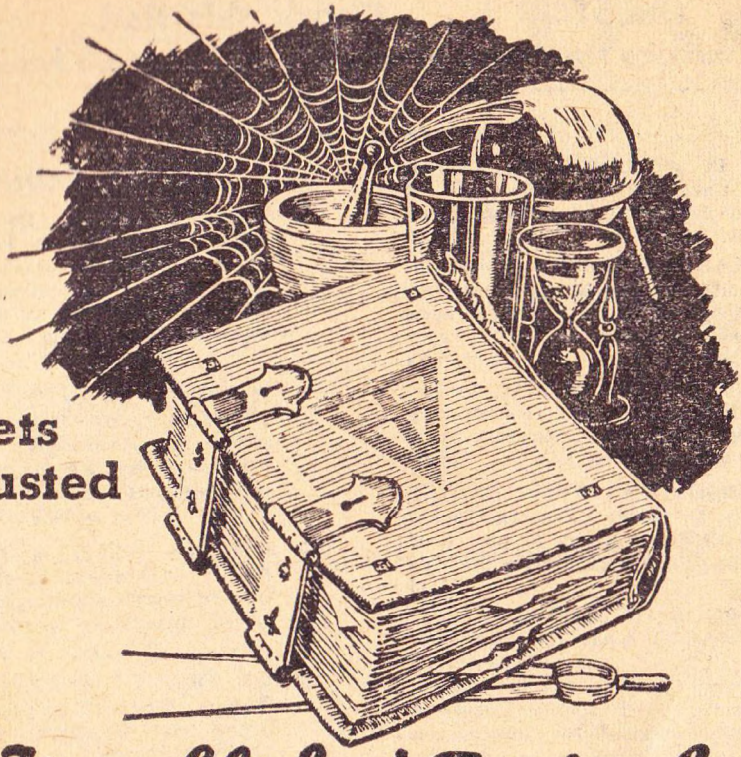
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—Bible. Ecclesiastes 3

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I See by the Papers...

TONY AND GREY LADY

JOHN ANTHONY DILLON was given Grey Lady as a present when he was four years old. She was a lovely soft kitten and while she was growing into a cat Tony and Grey Lady played hide-and-go-seek together and loved each other very much. Grey Lady slept on Tony's bed at night. And by this time Tony was five years old.

In March, a car swerved into the Dillon's yard and hit Grey Lady. The car didn't stop and Grey Lady crawled into Tony's arms and died.

They buried the cat but Tony couldn't forget her. He dug her up and his mother found him sitting beside the little grave, cradling the dead body in his arms. They buried the cat again and Tony said "I want to go just like Grey Lady did."

Six days after the cat's death, Tony was crossing the street with his mother, brother and sister. A motorcycle killed him. He went just like Grey Lady did.



THE BLONDE GHOST

IN England, Edward Westwood of Dudley claims there is a blonde ghost in his house who wears lipstick and walks around nights with a bald-headed companion. He has appealed to the Birmingham Psychic Research Society to have investigators spend a night in his home.

Westwood has moved out of his house temporarily. He claims the pretty blonde tipped one member of his family out of bed, pulled the hair of another and kept everyone awake nights by ringing a ghostly alarm clock.

SPREAD OF THE WINDSHIELD POX

IT began in Bellingham, Wash., and *Life* Magazine carried the story in its April 12 issue. In

one week, it appeared, "someone" had cracked 1,500 automobile windshields in Bellingham. The city was in an uproar.

"With ghastly regularity," said *Life,* the tiny pellets flew through the air and glass cracked, sometimes as cars were in motion. But drivers failed to see how the deed was done. The phantom respected no one. Jagged, ugly stars appeared in the windshields of police cars. Angry businessmen stalked one another, but glass kept breaking."

Police came up with the theory that somehow a vandal had hitched a BB-gun barrel to a compressor in a spark plug socket and was firing hundreds of pellets from his moving car. However, no one found any pellets.

"But as the damage mounted, Chief Bill Breuer was close to muttering officially a word that unofficially was on everyone's lips—ghosts," said *Life.*



IT'S ALL HAPPENED BEFORE

By a strange coincidence, FATE published two similar stories in recent months — the famed "Mystery Mile" in Britain, where no car's windshield, including Scotland Yard's, is safe, and "The Kokomo Mystery" in June FATE which tells of a similar epidemic in Kokomo, Ind.

Apparently they don't read *Life* closely in Seattle— or FATE either.

On April 15, the Seattle *Daily Times* carried a front page story declaring that "Windshield-peppering hoodlums, who damaged hundreds of Seattle automobiles last night, renewed their attack early today in several sections of the city." Police Chief H. J. Lawrence called a conference of police officials in efforts to "cope with the situation" which had spread to Seattle from communities to the north.

The BB theory was a good one, but nobody in Bellingham found any BB's. Now, in Seattle, Chief Lawrence was faced with the same problem.

"It would take 200 people to do the damage being done," he said. "It seems a physical impossibility for any group to have done this damage."

In addition, he said, "It would take a carload of whatever material is being used to do the damage already inflicted in Seattle."



TOUGH ON USED CARS

In Seattle, the heaviest damage appeared to be in used-car lots. In a block on the North End, every car was peppered. Some victims told police they heard something hit their windshields while they were sitting in parked cars but saw only innocent-looking pedestrians nearby.

Most of the damage was inflicted on the drivers' sides of windshields, as might have happened from a moving machine traveling along a line of parked cars.

There were scattered store and other windows being "hit."

But there were no reports of persons struck — an almost incredible circumstance if BB's or other small missiles were being fired at random. An attempt to duplicate the holes with air guns produced a different kind of breakage.

MORE WINDSHIELDS POP

After the news of Seattle's troubles went out on the wires, the epidemic of "glasspox" spread eastward.

Reports came in from all over the country. On April 17, three counties in Northern Ohio reported extensive damage to automobile windshields. From Los Angeles, from Chicago, from Kentucky, from Cleveland, from New England, from a dozen cities in Canada came news of breaking glass.

In Bromley, Ky., 50 to 60 cars were hit overnight. Nicks varied from pinpricks to a quarter of an inch in diameter — as many as 18 pits to a windshield appeared on Bromley cars. Some looked as though something had burned its way into the glass. Some reports said that each pit had a tiny brown center and that they spread like spider webs.

Tiny pellets were reported falling in Portland, Ore. They were described as round, about 1/32 inch in diameter, shiny, and about the color of a lead pencil.

Tests of the broken windshields were made for radioactivity with negative results. Some of the blobs on the windshields were attracted by magnets. Others looked like cinders.

One woman reported seeing blemishes appear in a windshield as she stood watching it. She described it as a "bubbling action" in the glass.

I WATCHED THE POCK-MARKS APPEAR

One newspaper reporter, Robert Cubbedge, went to the used car lot of Jalovec Motors, Inc., in Cleveland. A dozen tiny craters appeared in the windshields while he watched.

"I went to the lot to investigate a report that 30 windshields had been unaccountably damaged by tiny pits. Before I left I counted 90 damaged shields, each one showing small crater markings.

"It is some kind of transformation taking place while I'm watching it, but I can't explain it. There is no gravel or sand falling in the neighborhood. The

cars and windshields are perfectly clean. But I watched the mysterious 'something' that pockmarks automobile windshields develop before my eyes."

Cubbedge's experience was not unusual. Two sheriff's deputies of King County, Wash., watched the pit marks appear on a pie truck windshield. The truck was driven by Robert M. Noble of 8915 17th Ave., N. E., Seattle, who reported that his windshield was pitted with pinpoint-size holes while he was in a restaurant. The deputies saw the small pitmarks. Then they radioed back that more pitmarks appeared on the windshield as they watched. They went back to look at their own patrol car. Pitmarks were appearing on it, too.

Anthony Anselmo of Cleveland drove a new car home on a Friday and put it in the garage. The next morning his windshield was covered with the specks.



WHAT WAS THE CAUSE?

From Astoria, Ore., came reports that a shower of miniature, spherical featherweight pellets, resembling those linked with Seattle's mystery, had swept in from the sea on April 17. The tiny, shiny things began to collect on cars and cling to windshields. Many persons felt that these pellets were somehow eating pits in glass surfaces.

Dr. Arthur Livermore, associate professor of chemistry at Reed College, tested samples with a Geiger counter and found they were not radioactive. Therefore, he said, they could not have come from a mid-Pacific H-bomb explosion.

Then he put the pellets under a microscope and observed that they seemed to be some sort of ash, having a minute cellular structure. They probably were formed under high temperatures, he said, and could be either oil ash or volcanic ash.

Dr. Livermore did not think the pellets would have the power to dig pock marks in glass. Chemicals such as sodium hydroxide or hydrogen fluoride can etch glass. But the little black pellets didn't seem able to do so.

The chemistry professor found that they had an electrical charge and clung to glass as though magnetized. He suggested that they might easily settle into windshield pits already in existence, leading the cars owners to think they were the cause.

But, cause or not, the pitting kept on. Mrs. Mary Brown, co-publisher of the Redmond, Wash., *Spokesman,* said tiny pieces of glass popped off a windshield while she watched. They tinkled onto the metal hood, and she picked them up. They were about the size of a pinhead.

The damage wasn't confined to

the ground. A Flying Tiger airlines plane flew into Portland from Salt Lake City. Its windshield was pocked as though peppered with BB shot and inspectors said it would have to be replaced.

MORE AND MORE THEORIES

UNIVERSITY of Washington scientists scoffed at reports that "mysterious substances" could be responsible for windshield damage. They expressed the view that the pits were the result of normal highway damage and only just discovered by car owners because of publicity given to the "glass-pox." This pronouncement came from a group of scientists including the heads of the chemistry, meteorology, applied physics, and environmental research departments and laboratories.

They did admit that "all observations may not be completely explained."

Meanwhile, the Rev. Arthur L. McNeil, head of the Gonzaga University Chemistry Department, said that one particle taken from a pock-marked windshield contained the same substance as does dust from a meteor. His spectroscope analysis showed iron, nickel, chromium and manganese. The particle had fused with the glass as though it were hot and hit with great force.

Denial that radiation had anything to do with the mystery came from Argonne Laboratory scientists. Not only have none of the particles showed radioactivity, but the Argonne people pointed out that the glass panes of their greenhouse, in which they have been growing plants in an atmosphere of radioactive carbon dioxide, would long since have been eaten away if glass were susceptible to radiation of that kind.

One "anonymous" scientist was quoted by the Associated Press as saying he had found radioactive material in dirt samples taken from the tops of cars whose windshields had been mysteriously pocked. He didn't say how much radioactivity he had found and declined to be quoted by name.

Chemist Lewis J. Clark of Victoria College, British Columbia, and Biologist Paul H. D. Parizeau explained some of the tiny black objects falling on Victoria, B. C., which presumably were similar to those of Oregon. They found them to be a minute, single-cell sea creature called radiolarion. They were neither radioactive nor capable of pitting windshields, but they had one marked peculiarity.

Their bony skeletal structure was fused, and since their structure is silica, not chalky like plankton, this was remarkable because it takes a temperature of 2,000° to fuse the structure of a radiolarion.

The structures were not solid enough to mark the windshields, Mr. Parizeau declared. "But there is no doubt windshields are being marked."

He pointed to his own windshield to prove his point.

"I know what highway damage looks like, and this is nothing like it. But I don't know what causes it."

The American Automobile Association said that its investigations indicate that glass damage is due to a chemical reaction from some substance that comes into contact with windshields. That's where things stood at press time.

JUST FOR A LAUGH

THERE were a few laughs in the deal, though the hundreds of thousands of owners of damaged windshields may not agree.

One woman blamed it all on planes whizzing overhead burning high-octane fuel. The pits were caused by corrosive by-products of the burning fuel, she guessed.

Jack Scherer of Centralia, Wash., came up with a unique theory. Glass for windshields is made from silica, he explained. Silica sand abounds on western Washington beaches. Sand fleas abound in the sand.

"What actually has happened," Scherer said, "is that in securing the sand for the windshield glass, sand flea eggs also are gathered. The eggs remain in the glass and, with the approach of warm weather, the windshields warm up, the eggs hatch, and the fleas have to chip the glass to get out."

This seems to make about as much sense as anything else, including the solemn pronouncements of the University of Washington scientists.

ANCIENT ARCTIC TOWN

A NORWEGIAN archeological expedition digging in northeastern Norway has discovered the remains of a town estimated to be 4,000 years old. The ruins of 160 houses have been unearthed but the archeologists believe the town was larger.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

A CITY water truck used for spraying streets was filling up at a hydrant in Pittsburgh, Pa., when a wire in the pump short-circuited. The truck, with its load of water, caught fire. Driver James Flavo had to summon firemen, who brought water to put out the blaze.



THERE *WAS* A JESUS OF NAZARETH

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

On the Holy Shroud is the majestic picture of a man — and only one man fits that picture.

Not many months ago, a well-known editor wrote to me, "I want to believe that there was a Jesus of Nazareth. I know that his system of morals and ethics, as stated in the Bible, are the most sensible and just the world has ever known or is like to know. But there is no convincing, contemporary evidence that he lived. I am inclined to believe that he is a myth, built up through the ages."

Over 500 million humans venerate Christ and want to have per-

fect faith in Him. They realize that, were the precepts of Jesus Christ guiding the affairs of men, there would be no wars, no crimes, no dope-mad adolescents and taxes would be reduced to the vanishing point.

This note from the editor brought back to me the time I spent in Paris searching for devil worshippers, for it was at that time I first heard of the "Holy Shroud of Turin." Better yet, I am fortunate enough to possess a photograph of this Shroud.

The Holy Shroud is a well-woven piece of cloth about 3.7 feet in width by 14.4 feet in length. On its surface is visible what appears to be a large photographic negative of a man. When this design is photographed it is discovered that the negative is a positive of the design on the cloth. In other words, the new negative now has become a positive of the negative on the Shroud. It shows a man, probably in his thirties, wearing a full beard and mustache. His hands are crossed, covering the pubes; welts are visible on his body as if he had been scourged. Wounds can be seen on wrists and feet and in his side. His face is grand and majestic but it is the face of one who died in torture. Around the scalp, in the hair and beard are drops of what might be blood.

What character in all history fulfills this picture? The answer is plain. According to the Holy Writ a crown of thorns was prepared and thrust down on Jesus' head. Unquestionably the thorns tore His scalp causing His blood to flow. At Pilate's order He was whipped. A Roman scourge drew blood at every blow. He was nailed to the cross through His wrists and feet (if he had been nailed through the hands his weight would have torn through and He would have fallen from the cross). The very fact that the Shroud shows that He was nailed through the wrists is, to my mind, one of the strongest proofs that this picture is of Jesus Christ. Crucified men were usually tied to the cross by ropes and the sufferer died from exhaustion, thirst and hunger.

It is recorded that Jesus' body was taken from the cross, laid on a shroud and strewn with spices, as was customary among the Jews. It is generally known that the blood of one who dies in great agony undergoes changes in its chemistry. It is the opinion of well-versed and reputable scientists that the urea in the blood of Jesus, reacting with the spices and possibly with the substances deposited in the blood by blow flies, formed upon the cloth that was placed under his body and drawn up over his face a true hemograph —a blood picture.

It has been suggested by some persons that this is a painted for-

gery of the 14th century. Let them explain why it was painted as a negative! One of the French scientists from whom I got the photograph wrote that spectrographic and chemical tests proved the stains on the cloth to be ancient mammalian blood. And it is known positively that the Shroud, with the figure thereon, existed as early in the 5th century. It was mentioned in the Spanish Illation of the 7th century and it was believed then to be the Print of His Body.

The very reputable Pierre Barbet, M.D., has stated that the wound on the right side, as shown in the hemograph, was made by a lance, on a human body already dead. He said that the lance entered the body between the fifth and sixth ribs and must have pierced the right auricle of the heart.

Further corroboration comes from unexpected sources. Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, mentioned Jesus Christ. Some sceptics claim this was interpolation. But the great Jewish holy-book, the Talmud, also mentions Jesus Christ and that he was crucified at the time of the feast of the Passover. It says that Jesus Christ did cure the sick, the halt and the blind and actually walked on the waters.

Some Pagan evidence exists. Tacitus, a reputable Roman writer born just a few years after the Crucifixion wrote, "The name (Christian) comes from one Chrest (Christ) who was given over, under Pontius Pilate, to be tortured." He further stated that Nero had thousands of these people (Christians) tortured and slaughtered.

Pliny, a friend of Tacitus and of the Roman Emperor, was a Roman officer in Palestine. He wrote of torturing men and women to make them confess the horrible crime—in Roman eyes—of being followers of the Nazarene. About all the confession he could get from them was that they met once a week and sang the Ten Commandments. He wrote, "I call on these superstitious people to confess and recant. If they do not they are tortured and killed." Remember this happened only about 30 years after the crucifixion when there still lived tens of thousands who had seen or heard Jesus and his works.

Many of the written works on Jesus of Nazareth have been burned. Theodosius The Great burned the Serapeum at Alexandria and destroyed the wisdom of the ages. Perhaps the original writings of the Disciples were there.

In the first 200 years A.D. 20,000 martyrs to Christ were living monuments and witnesses to the truth of his existence. Men are not anxious to be skinned alive, to be hung head down in snake pits, to see their women raped in

public arenas, to be impaled on sharp posts, to be let down inch by inch into boiling oil, to have lead poured down their throats.

These early Christians, living shortly after the Crucifixion, knew that Jesus of Nazareth had lived. Any man that can read and reason can know also. There was a Jesus of Nazareth.

PROPHESIED FOR THE 20TH CENTURY

PROPHECIES as amazing as those of Nostradamus, the 16th century astrologer, have been recorded by a Frenchman named Albert Robida in a book titled *The Twentieth Century.* Published in Paris in 1883, the book has not yet been fully translated into English.

For the 20th century Robida foresaw television (which he called the "telephonoscope"), color photography, motion pictures and the large screen, scientific rainmaking and snowmaking, pocket books and digest magazines (which Robida called "concentrated classics"), automats, supersonic flight, skyscrapers, subways, radio, submarines and tape recorders. He also forecast the Bolshevik Revolution in 1918 (but missed the exact date by two years), the return of the Jews to Palestine, women police officers, women lawyers and women's suffrage.

Among things recorded by Robida which have still to come are synthetic foods, artificial stomachs, a theatre in which the same drama will be enacted simultaneously in many different languages and a "bacillus of health" which will wipe out all man-killing germs. Robida warns, however, that before the world will profit by this development most of its population will be wiped out by germ warfare.

Robida foresees an end to communism in Russia late in the 20th century. He predicts that an underground organization will sow Russia with mines made of a new substance combining the destructive potentials of electricity and air. When exploded, these mines will leave Russia one vast crater, allowing the Baltic and North Seas to flood the steppes.

Will this come true?

Holy Shroud of Turin

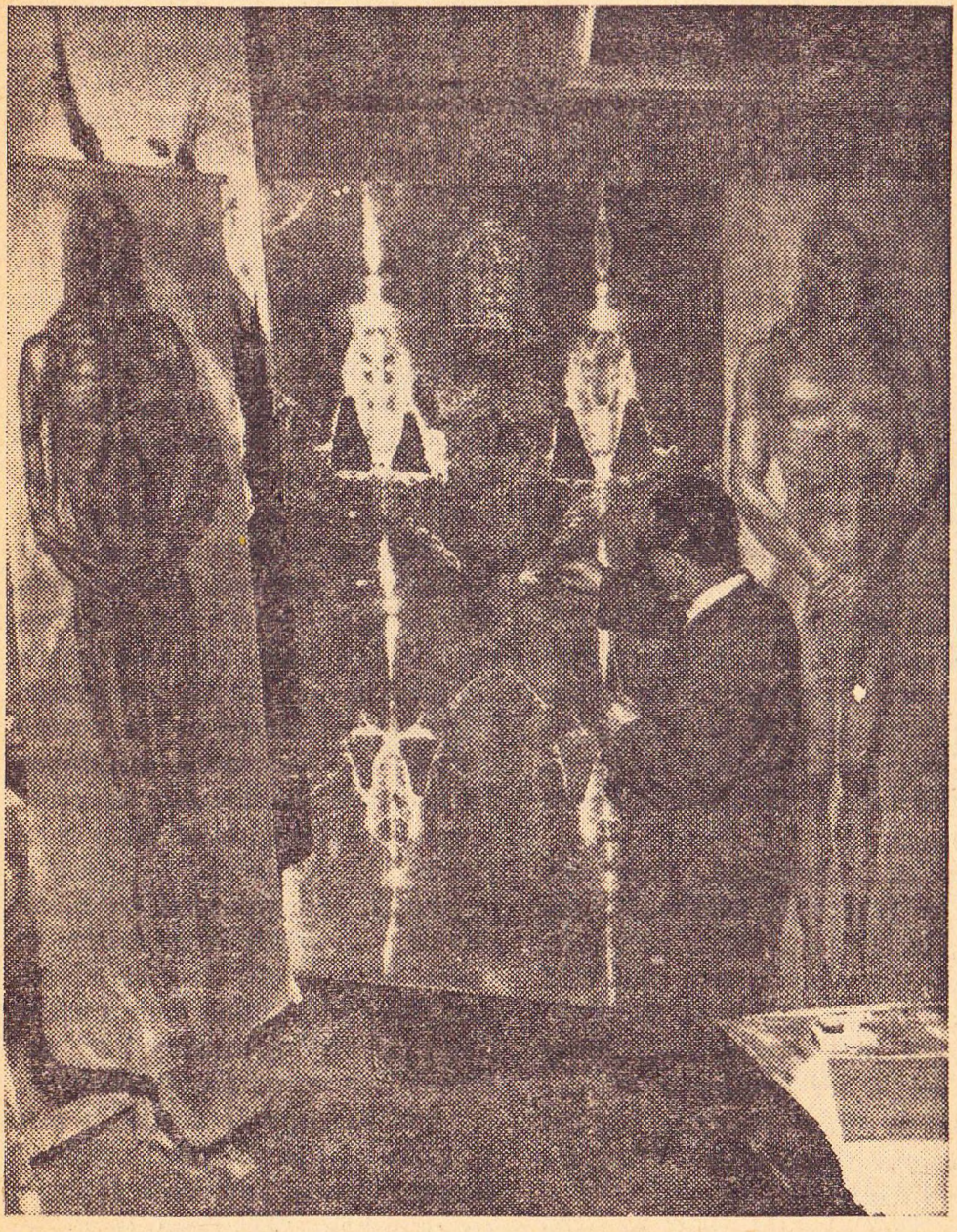
The amazing picture on this linen cloth has convinced scholars that it is the one in which the body of Jesus was wrapped.

By Francis Barton

WHAT did Jesus look like? Was He the spindly-legged, somewhat aged figure that most Christian artists have depicted for centuries? Was He a small man, a weakling who had to be helped carry His Cross on that final uphill mile at the end of which He gave His life for the redemption of mankind?

New evidence, painstakingly gathered from long, meticulous study of the Holy Shroud refutes some of these ancient conceptions.

And, much more startling, a physical indication if not outright proof of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead — central, all-important belief of the Christian world —may have been found in the linen cloth, the shroud be-



Artist Lorenzo Ferri points to mark which he is convinced was caused by blood from nail which fastened Christ's arm to cross. The regularly spaced, rectangular dark marks and white spots show damage caused to the shroud by fire. At left is a muscular reconstruction of image, at right a figure reconstruction.

lieved to have been wrapped around His dead body after it was brought down from the cross on Calvary nearly 2,000 years ago.

This is the hypothesis, really the conviction, of a man who has studied photographs of what some scholars and scientists are certain was the "fine linen" cloth that St. Luke said, (chap. 23 v. 53), Joseph of Aramathea wrapped around the body of Jesus. Strangely, it remained for modern photography to intensify the study of the shroud and to contribute to new belief in its genuineness.

Lorenzo Ferri, Roman artist and sculptor, who has studied photographs of the shroud for nearly 25 years now is convinced that it is genuine. He also believes that it adds weight to the words of the angel who met Mary Magdalen and Mary, the mother of James and Salome on that first Eastern morning:

"Be not affrighted. You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen: He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him." (Luke, ch. 3, v. 53.)

Ferri's long study, paralleling that of other students of the shroud in other countries, has led to various discoveries. They include these:

1 — The shroud may provide physical evidence of Christ's resurrection.

2 — Christ was at least 6 feet tall, with a majestic face and the well built, finely-muscled body of an athlete.

3 — His left shoulder was dislocated, possibly during the torture of the cross.

4 — His lungs were inflated with air when He died.

Ferri's studio in Rome's old Monte Verde section is packed with the results of his long study. It is full of life-size reproductions of the latest photographs made of the Holy Shroud. There are rows upon rows of sculptured faces of Christ, sketches, paintings, plaster casts—all undertaken after countless experiments, including reproductions of imprints on linen cloths with greased, live models. These experiments led to the computation of Jesus' size and Ferri's conclusion that He was a big man. Ferri approximated in his experiments the procedure employed by Joseph of Aramathea who had begged for the body of Jesus from Pilate.

Joseph, accompanied by Nicodemus, anointed the body of Jesus with a mixture of myrrh and aloes and folded it in a white linen cloth, according to the burial custom of the Jews.

"And he took It down," wrote St. Luke of Joseph, "and wrapped It in a linen and laid It in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid."

Ferri's most dramatic discovery in his long study of photographs



Ferri believes that this S-shaped clay model shows the position of Christ on the cross, as well as His position when wrapped in the linen shroud after he was taken down from cross.

of the shroud is the fact that in various parts of the fine linen mesh there are double, or even triple imprints. There is, for example, a double imprint of the nostrils. Lines of the breast are repeated two and three times.

This, Ferri admits, could have been the result of succeeding impressions upon the cloth as it slowly adhered closer and closer to the face and body of Jesus, perhaps as the spiced mixture thinned. But, Ferri believes, the double and triple impressions could also have been the result of the returning warmth of life in the resurrecting Christ and His consequent first movements.

"It is a hypothesis," said Ferri, "which we cannot definitely prove, but it is plausible."

Ferri will present the results of his long study in a volume that doubtless will be the most complete study of the shroud that has ever been undertaken. Examples of the head of Christ, cast in

bronze and sculptured in marble have been accepted by Pope Pius XII, who received in special audience delegates to the first international congress of students of the "Sancta Sindone," as it is also called, held here in 1951. The Pope encouraged them to continue their study.

Another recent discovery of Ferri's continuing study—related to the computation of Jesus' height—was that the imprint was not that of a cloth flatly on a flat body, but the imprint on a cloth curved to fit the contours of a body, curved somewhat in the figure of the letter "S." It was only after many experiments that Ferri succeeded in fitting measurements of the shroud to a living body and thereby arrived at Jesus' height. At the same time, each succeeding step and each succeeding discovery added to his conviction that the shroud actually carried the imprint of a body and that it was not the falsification of a middle-ages artist, as has been claimed by some.

The first great renewed interest in the shroud occurred in 1898—the shroud was then the property, as it is now, of the House of Savoy, Italy's ex-sovereigns—when it was publicly exhibited in the Cathedral of Turin, where it is kept. It was at that time that first photographs of the time-darkened, partly fire-damaged figure was permitted. The photograph was taken by Secondo Pia, an Italian attorney. It caused a sensation.

The photographer himself, frightened, dropped the first glass plate he inspected when he saw that the image on it was a positive that gave a more definite, clearer image than did the linen cloth. The image on the shroud, it now developed, was itself a negative—very likely the first negative in history of which there is a record.

The shroud was photographed again carefully in 1931 by Giuseppe Enrie. It is from life-size reproductions of these photographs, showing both back and front imprints of the image, that Ferri has worked and continues to work. The shroud was last exhibited publicly in 1933, when a special Holy Year was observed here by the Catholic church to commemorate the 1900th anniversary of Christ's death. The exposition gave new impetus to study of the shroud, whose history long has been known and was in the past the subject of frequent, sometimes hot, argument.

The shroud is clearly traceable to Lirey in the diocese of Troyes, France, where first records of it date to the year 1300. A comparison of the cloth with other linens of the time of Christ shows definitely, says Ferri, that the shroud is of that period.

The linen is about 13½ feet long by 4½ feet wide. It was

placed both under and over the body so that it contains two complete impressions. A miniature by Julio Clovic, made about 1540, gave an impression of what was depicted upon the cloth at that time. But the life-size photographs now used to study the linen are far more complete.

In 1453 the cloth was at Chambery, in Savoy, where it was damaged and narrowly escaped destruction by fire. Lead melted from the case in which it was kept, dropped and burned 14 holes in the folded sheet. There are vague reports that the shroud was brought to Europe in the 13th century by crusaders. It appears to have been in the hands of a Franca-Contea Ponzio de la Roche in 1208 and was later in the possession of the Archbishop of Besancon, France. It was then given as a gift to the House of Savoy and remains its property, so far as is publicly known.

Ferri believes that his discovery of the dislocated left shoulder may have established knowledge of the shroud to at least the year 900. At that time, he said, there was then a russian legend that spoke of Christ as being lamed. This legend, he believes, could only have been the result of knowledge of the shroud and the image impressed upon it.

Since 1578, the shroud has remained at Turin cathedral. In the past, its authenticity seems to have been taken for granted in various pronouncements of the Holy See. An office, for example, "de sancta Sindone" was formally approved by Pope Julius II in his bull "Romanus Pontifex" of April 25, 1506.

There is one historical hitch, however. Research by Canon Ulysee Chevalier unearthed a series of documents showing that in 1389 the Bishop of Troyes appealed to Pope Clement VII, the Avignon pope then recognized in France, to put a stop to what was at that time described as the scandal connected with the shroud at Lirey.

The bishop declared that it was the work of an artist who had admitted painting it some years before. The pope did not forbid exposition of the shroud but he directed that its exposition should be accompanied by the announcement "in a loud voice" that it was not Christ's actual shroud but a representation of it.

That was centuries ago. Now, with the new evidence provided by modern photography and the discovery that the imprint on the cloth is a negative, Ferri and other students of the shroud believe its authenticity must be reconsidered. His book will argue that the shroud is genuine.

"How," asks Ferri—and others have asked the same question—"Could an artist have known of photographic processes? And why

should he have made, in various parts, two and three impresses?"

In the photographic negative, the lights and shadows were natural. In the linen cloth they were inverted—that is, the cloth was itself a negative.

Three years after the first photographs were taken, Dr. Paul Vignon read a remarkable paper before the French Academie Des Sciences in which he maintained that the impression upon the shroud was a "vaporigraph," caused by the ammoniacal emanations radiating from the surface of Christ's body after so violent a death.

He professed to have proved experimentally that such vapors are capable of producing a deep reddish brown stain, varying in intensity with the distance, upon a cloth impregnated with oils and aloes. The image, he maintained at that time — a contention in which Ferri concurs—was a "natural negative" and, as such, completely beyond the comprehension or skill of a medieval forger.

Ferri has himself made some 50 experiments with sheets and living models. He has made countless sketches, clay heads, bronzes, and, most recently, is reproducing the curved position of Christ on the cross.

Study of the photographs of the shroud shows that the scourging administered by the Roman soldiers before Christ was crucified was indeed a thorough one.

His body is virtually covered with a criss-crossed network of clout marks. They show distinctly the two-thonged imprints of the Roman whip, each thong ending with two small lead balls—in all four balls. The image is covered from head to foot with these marks, clearly visible on hands, arms and legs—all a bloody mass, the chest marked with blows and coagulated blood, the thorn cuts clearly visible. It was this beating that so weakened Christ that he was unable to carry His cross all the way to Calvary, Ferri believes.

Adding confusion to the tenet that the image is an artist's forgery is the computation of measurements that led to the discovery of what Ferri now believes was Christ's true height.

Ferri noted that Jesus' folded hands reached a point on His thighs that they could not have reached if He were lying flat. The measurement would not fit Ferri's live model. Then he asked the model to bend. Immediately the imprint of the hands corresponded to the position of the model's own hands. This was the first step of many that led to the conviction that Christ was bent in the position of a figure "S." More experiments and measurements, Ferri said, led to his conviction that Jesus was at least 6 feet 1 inch and not more than 6 feet 2 inches tall.

Ferri made another puzzling, odd observation. The umbilical mark on the shroud was four centimeters, about an inch, too low to correspond with that of the live model. There appeared to be no explanation. Then Ferri had another thought. He asked the model to take a deep breath and hold it. This brought the mark exactly to where it was on the shroud.

From this Ferri deduces that Christ died with His lungs inflated with air. Consultation with doctors has confirmed this possibility. They said that if death occurs at an instant in which the lungs are inflated, a blockage ensues and they remain inflated.

This too, Ferri believes, indicates that Jesus surrendered Himself to death which could not otherwise have had dominion over Him at the instant in which all the conditions of his earthly mission for the redemption of mankind had been fulfilled. St. John, in chap. 19, v. 30, wrote: "He, Jesus, therefore, when he has taken the vinegar said: it is consummated, and bowing His head, He gave up the ghost."

St. Mark, in chap. 15, v. 37, wrote: "And Jesus, having cried out with a loud voice, gave up the ghost."

Other students of the shroud are conducting experiments parelleling Ferri's. Dr. Hermann Modder, for example, reported results of experiments made upon himself and others at Cologne's St. Francis hospital in recent years, to show exactly what happens in crucifixion.

Death, it was discovered, is caused normally by asphyxiation. Respiration rapidly increases as the stretched arms draw the body and lungs taut. The heart beats hard in effort to compensate for lack of oxygen. Persons suspended without supports fainted at the end of six minutes, generally. Some lasted as long as 12 minutes. Death would have followed soon from lack of blood to the heart and brain. This is what happens without support. And for this reason some support usually was given to victims of crucifixion in Roman days—to prolong their torture.

In some instances a supporting brace was placed under the crotch. In this manner and with hands and legs roped instead of nailed, to avoid loss of blood, a stricken body could hang for days. Jesus had no such support. His only support was that of the nails, on which He slowly bled.

Leg bones were broken—as in the case of the two thieves crucified with Jesus—to snap their supporting strength, collapse the body, cause it to sag tight from the cross arms, cut circulation and produce suffocation. This was done not for humane reasons, but to dispatch the matter for one rea-

son or another, in the case of the two thieves because of the approach of a Jewish holiday. But Jesus was already dead from a Roman soldier's lance.

The lance mark shows clearly in the photograph of the shroud. Standing before it Ferri said: "I feel a little as Thomas, the doubter, must have felt when he put his hand on the wound of the risen Christ."

DEATH WAS THE JUDGE

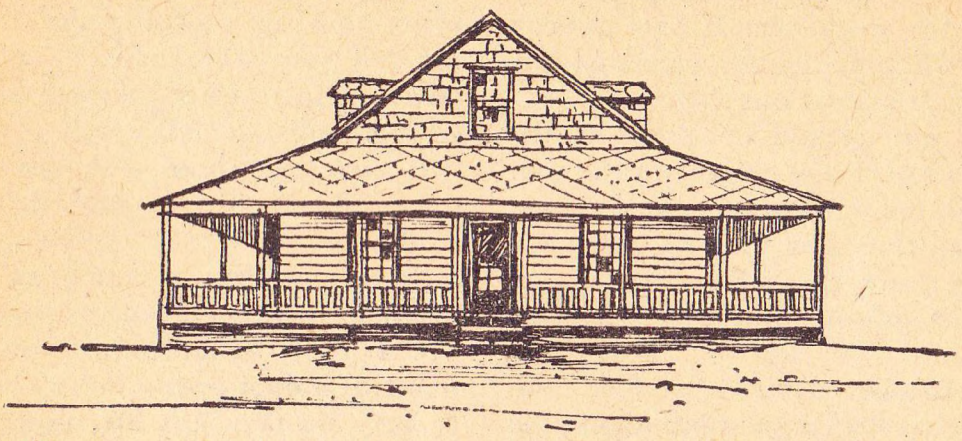
JUDGE ROBERT O. DOWD of St. Louis City Court demanded to know why two motorists charged with speeding failed to appear on August 7, 1953. Traffic police reported that one of the defendants, Carl Abney, 18, was killed in a two-car collision because of speeding. The other, Seth Reynolds, 28, was killed in a two-car collision blamed on sideswiping.

DISEASE FROM THE PAST?

RICHARD TREWEEKS, 35, an archeologist, fell ill after excavating among the bones in a 1,300-year-old Saxon graveyard in Barnham, Sussex, England. He was taken to Basingstoke Hospital where surgeons had to amputate one leg and three fingers. Villagers in Barnham claim that Treweeks was infected by a Saxon plague germ which had lain dormant in the cemetery for centuries. Doctors in the town ridicule the idea and diagnose. Treweeks' illness as phlebitis.

THE EXPLODING DOOR

IN the afternoon of August 19, 1953, one of the two large glass doors forming the entrance to the United American Life Insurance Co. in Denver, Colo., suddenly began losing its transparency, turned milky and filled with bubbles. Finally, with a loud report, it crumbled into hundreds of pieces. Glass contractors explained that such things occasionally happen to glass "because of some defect in manufacture."



After we moved into the cottage strange things happened. But we now are used to them and almost enjoy the fact that—

WE LIVE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE

By Pauline Barry

BECAUSE of the housing shortage we have lived for the past 10 years in an old eight-room beach cottage which, in addition to being uncomfortable in winter, is the scene of many strange happenings.

The room arrangement of our cottage is unorthodox. Coming in from the street one first enters the kitchen, then the living room which has a small music room off to one side. Straight across the living room is a door leading into a hall and the stairway to the second floor. The hall opens onto the front porch which faces the beach. Ours is a lonely spot in the winter but wonderful in the summer.

At the top of the stairway on the second floor is a large space with a couch where, when the house is full of guests as it usually is in the summer, someone can sleep. There are two bedrooms upstairs also and it was in the back bedroom that the first odd thing happened. We had moved into the house in February, 1943, and it was our first summer there.

I had gone upstairs one afternoon to rest and was lying down reading. When I glanced toward the window I saw a face draw away from the window, toward the right. I went on reading but after a moment glanced back at the window. There was the face

drawing back again, a queer-looking, peaked face. It was raining and I thought it strange that any one should be out there.

I got up and went over to the window. I saw no one on the roof and no one could possibly have been there for the rain was coming down in sheets and the roof went almost straight up to a sharp point.

Another day of that first summer in 1943 a guest occupying the front downstairs bedroom came into the kitchen to tell me that a bright orange light suddenly had appeared in her room, stayed for a couple of minutes and then vanished.

One night my husband heard someone walking up and down in the hall. He listened for some time before getting up to see who it was. It was three o'clock in the morning and naturally he was curious. But he saw nothing.

Then one day as he came into the living room he stopped suddenly and said, "I just saw my mother standing there. She had a red rose in her hair." Later when I questioned him he said, "Oh, I guess it was a shadow." His mother had died when he was 10.

My daughter, Ann, who was 14 at the time, said one day, "Mother, there was a girl standing there just now but she disappeared. She was wearing a sweater and skirt."

At this time Ann was sleeping on the couch at the head of the stairs and one morning she told me that a small light had appeared at the foot of her bed and stayed there until she fell asleep.

I often go to hook a slamming screen door only to find it already hooked.

Since that first summer we've taken all these occurrences calmly. We've even given our ghost a name. If a door opens and no one is there we say, "It's Mr. Boggs."

We had lived in the house for three years when one night at nine o'clock a policeman called to say that my husband had been in an accident. He was in the hospital but not seriously hurt and would be home shortly.

The four children, all teenaged, and myself waited up for him until midnight, then went to bed. The boys occupied the front room upstairs and the girls the back one. That night I slept in the back room with the older girl, Margaret, and Ann slept on the couch at the top of the stairs.

We had been in bed for about 15 minutes when I heard my husband come in. The door between the kitchen and the living room sagged on its hinges and had to be lifted and pushed to be opened. We have since taken it down but that night it made the usual noise on opening. I heard my husband moving around the living room.

I told Margaret that I was going downstairs to see how her

father was when Ann called from the hall, "Mother, Dad's downstairs." We had closed the door at the foot of the stairs when we went up to bed. As I went down I noticed that no light came from under the door. I heard him groaning and thought he had collapsed in pain on the davenport. Ann said later that she heard him even from upstairs.

I called to him several times and got no answer so I called to the children to come down. We went through a bedroom and into the living room by another door, turning on lights as we went. There was no one there. Everything was as we'd left it a short time before. We turned on all the lights downstairs and went back to bed. My husband didn't come home until the next day.

In the summer of 1951 several of us were sitting in the kitchen having tea and sandwiches when suddenly there was a noise, like the explosion of a firecracker, in the cabinet. We looked at each other silently for a moment, then my husband got up and looked through the cabinet. He found nothing.

Through the years we changed things around and during the summer of 1952 our oldest boy, Will, had the back room upstairs. Our other boy, Ben, was away in the service. Will already had served four years in the Marines.

Will had gone up to bed around 11 o'clock one night. I was in my room directly under his when, half an hour later, I heard his bed rattle and squeak as if it would come to pieces. Will told me the next day, "I went to sleep after I had been in bed only a few minutes. I dreamed that a man was standing a few feet from the bed. He was arranging white blocks on the floor, as if he were spelling out something. Suddenly my bed tilted up on that side. I awoke and the man was gone but my bed really was tilted. I tried to push it down with one hand while reaching out on the other side toward the table to turn on the light. I got the light on and my bed slowly went down. But when it reached the floor it began to shake back and forth, harder and harder, as if unseen hands were trying to shake me off the bed. But I stuck and pretty soon, after about five minutes, it stopped and I relaxed and went back to sleep. But thinking about it now scares me and if anything more happens to me up there I'm not going to sleep there any more."

Nothing more happened to Will. He was married in June, 1952, and moved away.

Ben came home on leave and took the room. One night in November, 1952, he was terrified when he awoke and saw a man standing at the foot of his bed. There is a window on that side

of the room and the shade was up and the moon shone in. The man was clearly visible, except for his face since his back was toward the window.

Ben said, "He had long arms that dangled to the floor. He stood there a few seconds, then suddenly jumped onto my bed and across me, one leg on each side. Then he jumped up and down, his long arms dangling. He seemed to go right through the ceiling, up and down, up and down. I was too scared to make a sound. I couldn't move. I guess I was never so scared in my life. He continued jumping until I closed my eyes and held them tightly shut for a moment. When I opened them he was gone. I got down under the covers and didn't stick my head out again until this morning."

When Ben repeated this story to his brother, Will said, "Come to think of it, that guy playing with blocks didn't stoop over to play with them either."

But apparently we have no real reason to be afraid of "Mr. Boggs." He never hurts any one of us. Perhaps he is used to us as we are used to him.

THE IMMORTAL SPANIEL

FOR 13 years Marjorie Cadney of Bush Hill Park, Middlesex, England, had as a pet a black spaniel named Tessie. She and the dog were deeply attached to each other.

In 1944, during the Nazi air attacks on England, Miss Cadney was partially blinded by a bomb blast. When two years of medical treatment brought no improvement in her vision she decided to live with relatives. Tessie was by now old and ailing and with regret Miss Cadney had the dog put to sleep.

After two days in her new home she heard the sound of a dog following her as she climbed a flight of stairs. She heard the same sound two hours later as she climbed the stairs again.

Entering her bedroom, Miss Cadney glimpsed a small figure moving across the floor. It was, she said, the black shape of Tessie.

In the seven years that followed, according to Miss Cadney, Tessie continued to appear to her. "I am quite sure," she was quoted recently, "that Tessie has been trying to get in touch with me."

IS THERE A TIME DIMENSION?

By Don Mullen



He recognized the ruined Scottish abbey. He had been here before—while seated at his desk in England.

THOMAS TROWARD, late retired divisional judge of Punjab, India, resident of Norwood, England, was seated at his desk one warm summer afternoon writing a philosophical treatise on the relationship between the world's great religions. Outside the second-floor, mullioned windows the green-golden, English hills rolled to the horizon like the open sea. His pen whispered across the paper.

Suddenly, as if someone had touched a switch, Judge Troward found himself wandering through the unkempt grounds of a half-ruined Abbey. It took him a moment to adjust his eyes. Pieces of a stone arch lay scattered about like broken bones, half grown over with brome and heather; wind-worn pillars and buttresses supported nothing but themselves and the open sky. A voice, somewhere, was telling him to enter the portion of the abbey still covered by a roof, where he would find the rooms of the resident clergyman. As though he had no

will of his own, the Judge followed instructions, noting that the furnishings of the usable rooms were of ancient design and workmanship.

Then, again without warning, Judge Troward found himself sitting back at his desk in Norwood, his pen poised in mid-air. The strange experience was still clear in his mind; the abbey, the clergyman's rooms, and a curious Latin inscription which he had seen on a half-ruined abbey wall. This inscription he hastily wrote down on the margin of his composition. In vain he tried to recall having seen the Abbey somewhere before.

Within the month Judge Troward was invited to lecture at famous Edinburgh University and, while "in residence," to stay at the home of a distinguished Edinburgh family. His host and hostess entertained many guests during his stay there and among them was the gracious wife of a Carlisle judge. During one of the interesting dinner-table discussions Judge Troward asked if anyone had heard or knew of the inscription which he had seen in his strange dream. No one had and the conversation soon changed to another subject.

When leaving Edinburgh the wife of the Carlisle judge invited Judge Troward to visit her family when he had finished at the University. Judge Troward did so. On one of their short, scenic tours, Judge Troward was taken to visit the famous Lanercost Abbey . . . a favorite and venerable spot for tourists and antiquarians. The Judge found himself uneasily familiar with the grounds and half-ruined arches, though he had never visited that part of Scotland before. As he strolled between the crumbling pillars and over the rubble he saw, clearly and unmistakably on one of the walls, *the Latin inscription.* He knew at once that here was the place he had seen in his Norwood dream. The inscription was in memory of the devout founder of the Abbey church, put there during the 12th century.

A few moments later Judge Troward and his hostess were invited into the living quarters of the resident clergyman for tea. Here, too, Judge Troward recognized every room and its furnishings—he had seen it all before in his dream. They were told that Edward I had occupied one of the Abbey rooms while on his Scottish campaign and that he had returned to England with the famous Stone of Scone—the same Stone of Scone that made a brief, unofficial journey to and from Scotland only recently.

A few years later Judge Troward was again asked to visit and lecture at Edinburgh University. And again he was involved in a curious psychic experience.

As the Judge prepared for his

second journey to Scotland he grew more and more concerned about finding permanent living quarters in Edinburgh, though an acquaintance had asked him to stay at his home until permanent quarters could be found. The Judge, always considerate of others, was anxious not to prolong this arrangement and before going to bed, two nights before the journey, included in his prayers the request for a satisfactory solution.

On reaching Edinburgh, Judge Troward went at once to his friend's home and, after the usual exchange of pleasantries, was asked by his host what he had been thinking of at 10 o'clock the preceding Sunday night. The Judge was surprised and with an effort recalled that he had been concerned about his lodgings in Edinburgh.

His host seemed pleased. "Let me tell you something very curious," he said. "Sunday evening my son and I happened to enter our dining-room at the same time. As we did so we both were surprised to see *you* standing, very much at home, near the fireplace."

Judge Troward was amazed—yet, he could recall nothing unusual about his prayers that night except that he had been deeply concerned over his living arrangements in Edinburgh.

This occurrence made a deep impression on the Judge since his host was an extremely practical business man—not given to metaphysical speculation.

In or about 1904 Judge Troward with his family had arrived and settled in Norwood, England. Seated one day in the dining-room of their new home, he was surprised to see two women ascending the hall stairway. They seemed quite at home; one large and stoutish, wearing a purple and white striped blouse, the other, shorter and older, judging by her white hair and black dress. They made no sound and it was not until they had disappeared that Troward considered that he may have witnessed a vision of former tenants of the house. Not wishing to upset his family, he said nothing about the strange ladies. A few weeks later Mrs. Troward engaged a governess for the children who, much to Troward's surprise, appeared to be the taller of the two women he had seen on the staircase. She came to breakfast the next morning, wearing a purple and white striped blouse, thus proving her identity. However, this did not explain his visions, the first he experienced in the new home.

Not wishing to startle the governess, Troward resolved to say nothing about it until they became better acquainted. It wasn't until a year later that he asked her if she knew a woman fitting the description he gave of the

older woman. The governess looked at him with surprise and said, "Where could you possibly have seen my mother . . . she has been an invalid for years!"

Judge Troward was a cultured and well-educated Englishman respected by friends and members of his profession in two great countries. He was an honorary member of the Medico-Legal Society of New York. He was born in Belgaum, India in 1844, educated in England and served many years as division Judge in various parts of India. About 1904 he retired from active Judgeship and returned to England to lecture and to expand his theories of the subconscious and its relationship to active personal living. Though he offered no explanation for his own mystical experiences, he believed the subconscious to be the universal and infinite manifestation of God-consciousness — the "open sesame" of man's personality; accessible to him for the enjoyment of an abundant and rewarding life. Living as a youth in various parts of India, he had many opportunities to see and study Indian mysticism. In later life, his writings and lectures attempted to present a workable combination of Indian mysticism and Christianity.

In 1875, as assistant Commissioner, he was ordered to take up duties at Hoshiarpur, Punjab. Retiring for the night, Troward fell into a deep sleep while his wife remained awake reading by the light of a small lamp at her bedside. A loud report brought him suddenly to his senses and he found the room in darkness, his wife speechless with terror. When she had regained her composure she told him that she had been reading when suddenly a man in grey appeared beside the bed, whispering something about not being afraid. There was a shot and at the same time the lamp was extinguished. Mrs. Troward insisted that she had not been asleep. Troward, himself, had heard the shot but there seemed no logical explanation.

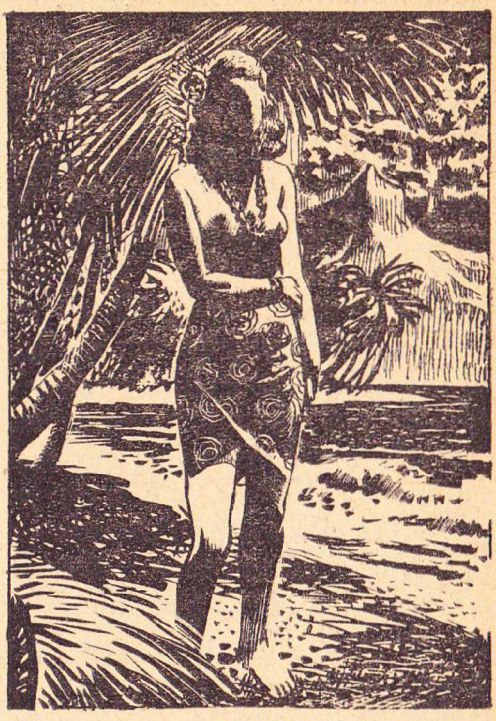
The next day the Trowards were visited by a Mrs. de Courcy who said she was a widowed neighbor and had once lived in the Troward's house. Mrs. Troward, still shaken and upset by the night's experience, told her what had happened. Mrs. de Courcy was shocked and surprised. Eighteen years before, while living with her husband in the Troward house, she had been lying ill in bed when her husband came into the room and shot himself to death before her eyes. Her husband's grey mustache and grey suit fitted the description of Mrs. Troward's vision exactly.

Judge Troward died in 1916. His wealth of writings only now are being recognized as classics in the field of metaphysics.

Uratua

By May Elliott

Was the native girl a spirit? She gave her name and then, on an open beach, mysteriously vanished.



BEFORE going to the island of Tikehau in French Oceania we lived in Tahiti for several months, in order to study the language and the customs of the people. My husband was a missionary. I was young—just out of my teens—and inclined to be cynical about things in general, and inclined to be contemptuous and amused at the natives' fear of ghosts.

In Papeete, Tahiti, we lived near a man whose name I now cannot recall, but who was a Harvard graduate much interested in the study of paranormal phenomena. He seemed to think the tropics an especially favorable place for such research. I scoffed at the idea and he smiled at me tolerantly.

I can still see him in my mind—a handsome, intelligent man of about 30 sitting beside the table on his wide veranda. It was evening and the lamp at his elbow spilled its light over everything in the little circle where we sat. The huge fern was half in light and half in shadow and the narrow white stone path with hibiscus blooming on each side lost itself in darkness before reaching the street.

"I give you two years to find out for yourself," said our friend. I

shivered in spite of myself. "There are spiritual forces all about us but they do not always become visible."

But my impression vanished by sun-up the next morning. We were busy and soon moved a few miles from Papeete to a place called Faaa (pronounced fah-ah-ah). It was a pretty place on the side of the mountain and a number of houses, all vacant, peered with friendly mien through the masses of tropical foliage. We were permitted to clean one of these empty dwellings and to move in there.

Two native girls had come with us to help and the work progressed swiftly so that soon we could do the smaller tasks at our leisure. The girls stayed with us all night. I noted a tenseness as the shadows fell and for the first time realized that the place was quite isolated and somewhat lonely. Before they went to bed the girls locked all the windows and shoved heavy pieces of furniture against the doors. Questioned, they admitted they were afraid of *"Te mau tupapa"*—ghosts.

They explained that during the flu epidemic of 1918 so many people had died that they couldn't all be cared for and buried in the cemetery as they usually were and the men of this place had buried their dead in their own dooryards. I wondered privately how locked doors and windows could protect against ghosts but I held my tongue. The night passed without incident.

The Tahitian language is not a difficult one and is very beautiful with its soft vowel sounds and pretty idioms. It did not take us long to learn it sufficiently to make our wants known and, as usually happens, we could understand it better than we could speak it.

Our next venture led us to the island of Tikehau, where no one spoke or understood English. We found Tikehau a semicircle of narrow land surrounding a large lagoon. The one village consisted of rows of neat frame houses with clean-swept, palm lined streets. Now and then one came upon a temporary home made entirely of products of the coconut tree. The church with its bell tower stood in the center of the town. Then there were the inevitable Chinese shops with their rows of canned goods and toward the edge of the town, the cemetery. We sometimes walked there, in the shadows, when we wanted to be alone. The cemetery seldom was frequented after dusk by the natives unless one of them recently had suffered so great a grief that fear was momentarily overcome.

A man named Tane asked me one evening if we were not afraid to linger by the cemetery. I laughed and assured him we were not. Tane squared his shoulders. He was a big man and I thought noth-

ing of it when he said that he, also, was not frightened. The natives, standing nearby, seemed incredulous, however.

Tane continued, "One night I was coming along this road and I heard steps behind me. I looked around. I saw no person but still I could hear the feet. Then I felt hot breath on the back of my neck. So—" he turned toward us with a dramatic gesture—"So I turned around, seized him by the scruff of the neck and shook him. I shook him hard."

A gasp went up from the assembly. "That," said a quiet voice, "is a lie." Another added: "Yes, Tane. You saw the ghost, yes. But you did not shake him. That part is a lie."

"Well, then," Tane was crestfallen. "It was what I ought to have done."

We enjoyed and loved the people. I think they returned the feeling for they were all very kind to us. Toward the end of our stay on the island we arranged for a baptismal service and my husband and I collected the names of the people who wished baptism. We were away from the village, near the beach, talking to two girls, when a young woman came up. She said her name was Uratua and she wanted to be baptized. My husband took his small book from his pocket to write her name.

One of the girls plucked at my sleeve. "To whom do you speak?"

I looked at her quickly and her eyes were wide with fear! I indicated Uratua. She was gone. I had seen her a moment before. To the left of us was the lagoon sparkling in the sun. On the other three sides there was no hiding place for a distance of three or four blocks. It would have been impossible for her to reach a hiding place in that short time.

The girls told us no one named Uratua lived on the island. We at first thought perhaps they were conspiring with someone to prove to us the existence of spirits. But why their very evident fear? Why attempt such a thing in broad daylight when they would have the least opportunity of startling us?

There were only 200 inhabitants on the Island at that time and, since we had lived there three months, there had been sufficient time for us to know them all. We searched everywhere, vainly. I recalled her pretty face, framed with neat, abundant black hair. I wished I could remember her eyes. Were they gay, whimsical? Were they sad, solemn, or laughing? I simply could not bring them to mind.

On the date set for the baptisms Uratua did not appear. Everyone else came but I'm afraid their minds dwelt more on the mysterious stranger than on the religious ceremony. I couldn't blame them considering the state of my own mind. And I had an uneasy feel-

ing that we had not seen the end of the business.

A young mother, Ani, lived near us. Her baby was born prematurely but had managed to live almost two months and there was hope that it might survive. Ani held the little one constantly, as if to give it the warmth and life of her own body. But he suddenly grew weaker and died. Ani almost went out of her mind. She kept at her tasks numbly during the day and at night stole out to the cemetery to weep beside the grave.

One evening she appeared at the door of our home, her eyes blazing, her face almost happy.

A crowd was assembled in our living room and on the large veranda. They were singing and playing guitars. As one person they became silent when Ani appeared.

Finally she spoke. "I went to the cemetery to weep. I looked up and through my tears I saw a young woman. She told me her name. It was Uratua. She said she was the same who had appeared to the missionaries. She said my baby is all right. Do you hear me? He is all right—he is *maitai roa*—fine!"

Ani stood slim, dressed in white, vivid in the moonlight and the glare from the evening fires. She looked almost wraith-like herself.

Tane broke the silence:

"Of course the child is fine. Do we not read in the Bible, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven?' "

Ani moved toward us, a touch of impatience in her manner, "This Uratua—she sent a message to the people of this land."

I began to see the cunning of the apparition. By appearing to us she established her identity. Now she appeared to this grieving mother and established herself as the teller of a truth which would be verified by reference to the Bible, which these people held in reverence and respect.

The governor of the island rose with dignity. "Ani, what did this spirit say to you? Make it known to us at this time."

There followed the strangest message I have ever heard:

"The missionaries are good people; they are kind and they mean well. But they do not understand the people of this land, nor their ways. You should be good to them but you should not pay attention to them, nor let them influence you in any way."

Having disposed of us she continued: "Things in this land must be changed. The consequences will be dreadful if you do not listen and heed." Ani paused, dramatically, then went on with emphasis, "Uratua says the governor must step down and Kanetoa must be governor in his stead."

I gasped. Kanetoa was an old, old man of unknown age. He was so decrepit that he fell every few steps he took, like a small child. His two accomplishments were

swearing volubly in English and singing endless songs in the dialect of a remote island. They were lurid songs about sex and the sea and he often burst out singing them in prayer meeting. The idea of his being the governor filled me with horror and mirth at the same time. I reflected that we wouldn't have to worry about it, however, as the French government would take care of this situation.

Kanetoa was to marry Pitipitio, one of the prettiest girls in the place. Two happily married couples were to obtain divorces. Other instructions were given, which, if followed faithfully, would upset the entire life of the village and produce the utmost confusion.

Many were frightened and actually considered trying to carry out the silly mandates. They feared a tidal wave, or serious epidemic. Prompted by some idea of self-sacrifice, Pitipitio made overtures to old Kanetoa, who only stared at her blankly. I do not doubt that he had had more than passing interest in pretty girls long ago, but they meant nothing to him now. As the weeks passed and nothing happened things became tranquil again and settled into their old, comfortable routine.

We never saw Uratua again, but her escapade convinced us of the existence of a spiritual world. And among those spirits, I have no doubt, Uratua still cavorts, pretty, capricious and full of mischief.

THIS ANCIENT EARTH

THE discovery of radioactivity has enabled physicists to determine closely the age of the earth. Previous estimates of the earth's age ranged from hundreds of thousands of years to hundreds of millions.

Physicists have found that it takes radioactive uranium more than four and a half billion years to turn into lead and for this reason they consider uranium an excellent clock. By measuring the amount of uranium in rocks they arrived at a figure of two and a half billion years for the age of the rocks. But they feel the earth must be older than this because uranium decays into two types of lead, one with an atomic weight of 207 and one with an atomic weight of 206. They found that rocks were older when they contained more lead 206.

Physicists at the University of Chicago compared the proportions of the different leads in meteorites with those in terrestrial rocks and found that the proportions agreed. They conclude that the earth must be about four and a half billion years old.

Fingers of FATE

William R. East and Robert H. West room together at the University of Oklahoma.

* * *

At the 25th annual convention of the Associated Master Barbers in Asheville, N. C., the barber adjudged to have done the best job of barbering was Wade E. Barber from nearby Charlotte.

* * *

In Higher Bebington, England, Miss Eve married Mr. Adam.

* * *

Discovering that all three of her children were stricken with the measles Mrs. Larry Wright of Detroit rushed to a drugstore to get some medicine for them. En route, she was stopped by a traffic officer and given a ticket for speeding. The ticket was signed by Patrolman Tom Measel.

* * *

A letter he didn't mail saved the life of Paul H. Johnson of Mount Dora, Fla. He was driving to the post office when a windstorm knocked a tree over on his car. He grabbed the door handle but received a severe shock from live wires the tree had pulled on to the automobile. He used the letter as an insulator, opened the door and stepped out just as the car roof caved in from the tree's weight.

* * *

The toss of a coin decided that Capt. Herman Felhoelter would be the first Catholic chaplain killed in the Korean War it was revealed at a requiem mass held recently for the chaplain in Louisville. He was killed after he and a Baptist chaplain tossed a coin to see who would remain behind to tend the wounded along the Kum River. Capt. Felhoelter lost and the protestant minister left with the retreating allied troops.

* * *

Officer H. E. Adcock of Little Rock was investigating a traffic accident when a woman approached and said she was a witness to the mishap. "What is your name?" he inquired. "Mrs. H. E. Adcock," came the reply. She turned out to be no relation.

* * *

The 36-year-old Glasband twins of Los Angeles, partners in a building maintenance firm, both began getting gray hair at the same time, their eyeglasses are identical and they each have had the same teeth pulled and filled. The other day Eugene had pains and underwent an appendec-

tomy. Later that same day Victor had pains and his appendix also was removed.

* * *

When a giant candle was lit at Berwick, Pa., in honor of the 50th anniversary of the town's bank, Mrs. Angelo Magrone guessed publicly that the candle would burn 138 hours and five minutes. That's exactly the length of time the candle burned.

* * *

Mrs. Florence Berdoulay, of Barre, Mass., left home for her job as a nurse at Athol Hospital and arrived there as a patient. En-route, her car suffered a blowout and struck a tree.

* * *

C. L. Webster, of West Plains, Mo., and his son, Dan, returned from a possum hunt tired and hungry and without any possums. But Mrs. Webster had a surprise for them. While her men were out in the woods hunting Mrs. Webster found and captured a possum in her basement.

* * *

Supt. James L. Rogers made a public statement about the Spartanburg, S. C., General Hospital. He called it "crowded and overflowing." Six days later a patient, rushed in for an emergency appendix operation, was put in a bed in the hallway. After the operation he was bedded in the office. The patient: Supt. Rogers.

* * *

Twelve years ago Jess Kanady, Falls City, Neb., painter, fell 35 feet while on the job and walked away unhurt. The other day he took a 2½-foot fall—and broke his arm.

* * *

Michael Pascisino was police desk officer at Hartford, Conn., when he took the parents' report that 11-year-old Irene Fiedorowicz was missing. Police hunted the girl all through the night without success. When Officer Pascisino returned home early the next morning, his wife asked him to investigate a "red and green" object lying in their back yard. It was the missing child who had been strangled.

—*Harold Helfer.*

NEW ATOMIC PARTICLE

MYSTERIOUS bits of the nuclei of atoms called V-particles have been created by man for the first time at Brookhaven National Laboratory, Upton, L. I., with the two and a half billion-volt atom smasher. The particles get their name from the V-shaped vapor trail which they leave when passing through a cloud of water.

The dancers leap wildly as they try in vain to stab themselves. But a self-induced trance protects them as they perform —

Bali's Mysterious

THE powers of the mind which in this country we regard with awe, born of unfamiliarity, are a part of every day living on the Island of Bali. Trances, during which supernormal feats are accomplished, are a part of the folkways, the celebrations and the entertainments of the Balinese people. They are an integral part of their religion as well.

Three years ago, in August, 1951, FATE published a detailed article on the fabulous trance dance by untrained girls who under induced hypnotic trance can perform the traditional and difficult postures and movements of the elaborate Balinese dances.

Perhaps even more amazing than this beautiful trance dance of the young girls is the Balinese sword dance, also performed in trance, this time self-induced.

This sword dance is part of the traditional, formalized conflict between the bad witch, Rangda, and the good lion, Barong. This dance, as described by Miguel Covarrubias in his book, *Island Of Bali*, is performed by half-naked men, assistants of the Barong. They draw their krisses and advance upon the witch, to destroy her. But Rangda curses them and escapes. Then, still in trance, the men turn their sharp, gleaming blades upon themselves. They push the fine points with all their strength against their bare chests. They leap and roll in frenzy as they try in vain to stab themselves. The krisses bruise their flesh but will not cut it. This immunity is provided by Barong, who has hardened their skin. They believe that he protects them with his invincible spirit and very apparently he does.

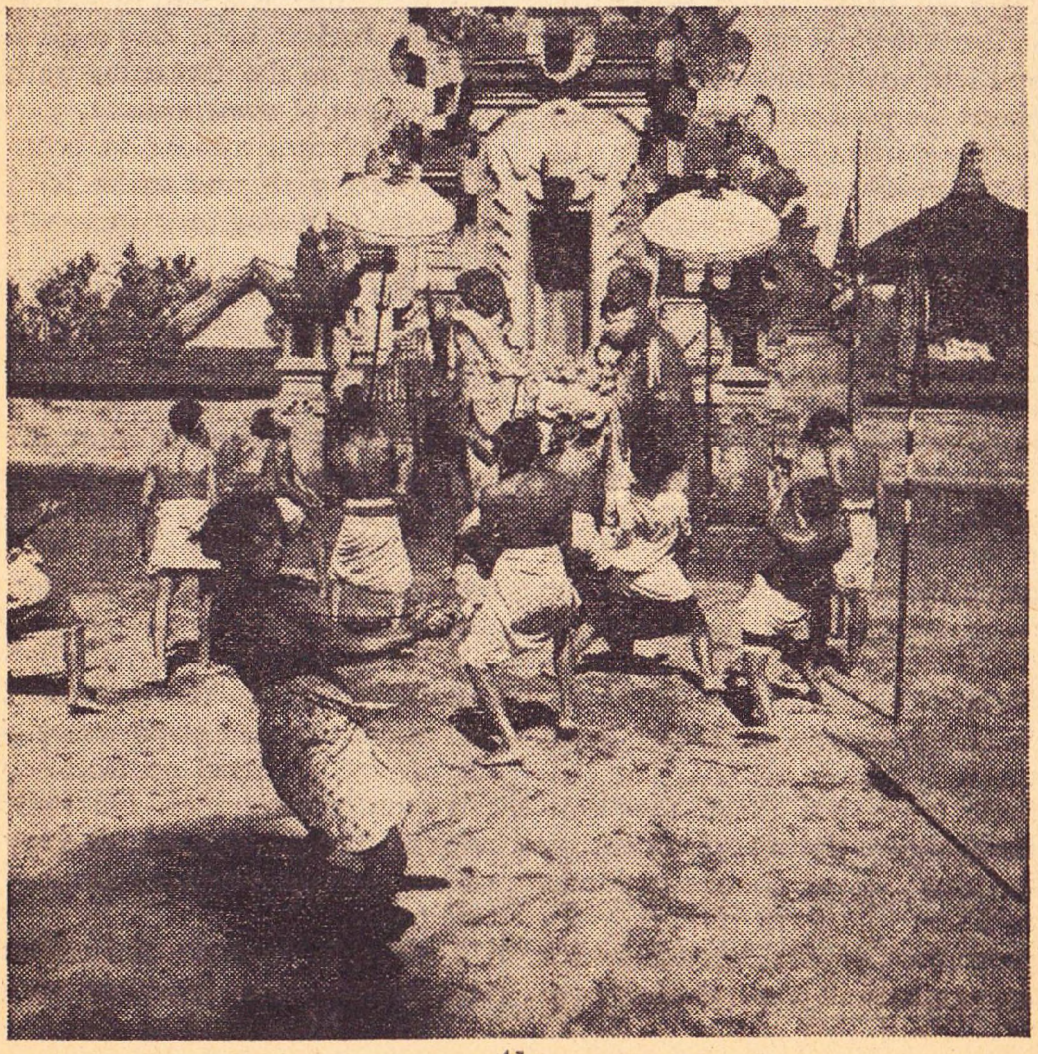
Any man entering this exhibition without being in complete trance is in grave danger and may injure himself severely before the spectacle is over. Covarrubias reports that he saw one such dancer succeed in cutting himself on the chest. The watchmen, standing at the side, immediately disarmed

By Mary Stiehm Fuller

Photos by Horace Bristol from East-West

Sword Ritual

The Balinese sword dance is part of the traditional conflict between the bad witch, Rangda, and the good lion, Barong. Dancers must be in a complete trance to perform.



him though his strength seemed more than human and it took many men to hold him.

These men are brought out of trance by having their faces wiped with the beard of the stage Barong which has been dipped in Holy Water. They appear dazed after being awakened and seem not to remember what has happened.

Keeping the witch from the door is a very important part of every day life in Bali. Certain prescribed offerings must be prepared and left, with suitable ceremonies, about the yard and house each day for the spirits of the ancestors who hover nearby to protect the family. On special occasions, such as marriages, births and deaths, and at such times as the leyaks, Balinese witches, are abroad in greater numbers than usual, these offerings assume elaborate proportions.

The figure of the witch occurs all over the world, with all peoples. And according to Dr. Margaret Mead the witch is much the same among the civilized and the primitive peoples—always a lonely figure of fear.

The existence of leyaks is an undisputed fact in Bali. The Balinese have seen them, they continue to see them and what they see they believe. Stories of leyaks and feuds between leyaks form a great part of the legends which are enacted in their shadow-puppet shows; they are the basis of the stories they tell; and they are the reason for many of the elaborate ceremonies which are such an important part of life in Bali.

These Balinese leyaks may assume a number of shapes. They appear as vampires to suck the blood of the sleeping or devour the entrails of unborn babies and small children. This is thought to account for the high death rate among the young. Or the leyak may be visible as a ball of fire or a white shadow, or it may appear before one on the darkening path in the form of some animal.

Some witches appear as beautiful, mute girls and make lewd advances to young men in lonely spots.

Witches are naturally attracted to the easy prey of the weakened patients in the modern hospital on the Island and for this reason the Balinese refuse to enter the hospital except as a last resort. Then when the leyaks finish them off—as often happens—the relatives are consoled by the thought that they were dying anyway.

Witches gather under the kepuh trees that grow in the cemeteries and under the male papaya tree—the one which bears no fruit—to carry on their orgies. No male papaya tree is allowed to grow within or too close to a village or residence.

Leyaks do not show themselves to strangers—there is no use going to Bali to hunt witches—but any



The witch Rangda is the star performer in the temple ceremonies of Bali. She is depicted as a female monster who sucks blood, eats children and brings bad luck.

Balinese may catch sight of a lurking witch by standing naked and then suddenly bending and looking between his legs. Flames issue from the tongues and the top of the heads of leyaks, and by this they are easily recognized.

Rangda, the queen of the leyaks, is a blood-sucking, child-eating monster of a woman with pendulant breasts encircled by rings of black fur. The long white hair of her head hangs to her feet. She has bulging eyes and her teeth are twisted fangs. Her tongue hangs long and red from her open mouth and flames shoot from the end of it, as well as from the top of her head. Her hands are huge claws and her ugly body is naked

and striped with black, She lives on the top of the highest mountain on the Island of Bali, the Gunung Agung.

This awful witch is the feature player in numerous temple ceremonies. Sometimes when a village seems to be having a streak of bad luck the temple priest will ask Rangda to say what she wants to leave them in peace. For this purpose the people gather at dusk in the temple yard. Incense is burned and a mask of Rangda is placed on the head of a medium who soon goes into a trance. Rangda then enters the body of this medium and with many groans her voice issues from the mouth of the medium. She enumerates her desires and usually requests the enactment of the Tjalon-Arang, a play in which her triumphs are portrayed upon the outdoor stage which the Balinese love and attend so regularly.

There the mythical lion, Barong, vies for power with the witch Rangda. This lion is on the side of the Balinese people and tries to prevent Rangda from carrying out her evil plans. Without the protection of Barong humanity would be destroyed completely. Barong is male, as apposed to the female Rangda, and his power is centered in his luxuriant beard. He has a large body covered with long hair. His sagging back is protected by gold scales and he has a beautiful, arched golden tail. He wears a high, gold crown over his red face. His eyes bulge fiercely and his jaws snap continually.

When Barong appears in a play two trained men operate his effigy—one the front and one the hind quarters of the animal. The Barong dances and behaves in a comical and undignified manner, much as comedy horses behave on our own stages. Barong is a gay character, though forever alert for invisible enemies.

The Balinese people believe their bodies store up magic power, sakti, that helps them to withstand the onslaughts of evil influences. Some persons are able to accumulate more sakti than others. Those who can store the highest amount become priests and witch-doctors. Their magic eventually comes to serve their will and they possess supernatural powers. Witch doctors may be good or evil depending upon the thoughts they carry in their hearts.

This magic power is thought to emanate from persons, caves, rivers and from the masks used in the Rangda and Barong plays. Ceremonies performed by the priests help to provide the magic necessary to the success of dancers, actors and story tellers.

The Balinese must be constantly vigilant to maintain their psychic purity. The state of being unclean renders one more vulnerable

to the forces of evil. A person becomes unclean during illness or menstruation, after giving birth to a child, at the death of a relative. The entire community becomes unclean in cases of incest, the birth of twins, temple robbing and bestiality. When a person or community has become impure then leyak rites of purification, involving offerings, pageants, feasts, etc., must be performed. Thus it is evident that there are two kinds of magic—and evil magic may be counteracted with good magic. The Balinese person and his community must work continually to see that the balance is maintained.

Almost anyone may become a leyak or werewolf, though the process is long and difficult. Ancient magic contained in long manuscripts must be committed to memory and chanted in sequence. These chants are repeated after midnight in some lonely spot. A cemetery or death temple is ideal. And at the same time a specified offering must be made. Contact with the evil spirits comes gradually and awful tests of the seeker's courage are made before the transformation is achieved. Giants appear to cut off the would-be leyak's head. Great snakes wind themselves about him. The way to the devil is no primrose path in Bali.

The witch-doctors and priests who combat the evil leyaks must also go through these transformations so that they will understand what they are up against. One old medicine man claimed to have experienced all these things and told Covarrubias that the change is very painful. Violent headaches precede a swelling and enlargement of the tongue. And each such transformation shortens the life span of the practitioner.

It is true, that some persons become leyaks more easily than others. Women have greater success in this direction than men. And a person having no groove running from nose to lips certainly has leyak tendencies. The cult of the leyaks has much in common with witches of our western hemisphere. They hold rowdy sex orgies and black masses. Though the leyaks do not ride brooms, they appear naked and with greatly enlarged sexual organs.

Colin McPhee relates an interesting personal experience he had with a Balinese leyak in his book, *A House In Bali*. He said he awoke one night feeling that someone had called him. There was a bright light burning in his bedroom door. He spoke but there was no answer and the light immediately went out. He got up and investigated with his flashlight. It had been raining but there was no sign of wet footprints on the porch outside the door.

The next day when he mentioned his experience his friends

told him that the Island again was alive with leyaks and it was only through luck that he had not had some encounter with them before. A week later McPhee awoke again in the middle of the night feeling he had been called. He went out onto the porch and looking across the valley saw a whole row of lights moving slowly, backward and forward. These lights would go out, then flash on again. They would come together to form one single ball of light and this ball would float up the valley. Then again the lights separated and shown smaller and singly. He woke his friends and they all watched the display. "Leyaks," they whispered. The scene was one of weird beauty and one which Mr. McPhee never saw again.

Nothing is undertaken in Bali without determining, through the priest at the temple, what day and hour will be favorable. Before starting to build a house the day must be chosen carefully. Offerings are made at a newly erected shrine on the building site before work is begun. Each time a tree is felled a little branch is planted in a crack of the stump so that the spirit of the tree will have some place to go.

A Balinese house is surrounded by walls as a protection against evil spirits and the gate is protected by a strip of wall inside the courtyard. This wall blocks the outsiders' view and prevents the demons from entering, since evil spirits cannot turn corners. At intervals it is necessary to expel encroaching demons from the household with a purification ceremony. This is elaborate and often expensive. The priest sings his magic chants and fancy offerings are placed before the altars. Then the day becomes a fiesta for the attending neighborhood. A large feast must be provided by the householder and the evening usually brings a shadow play or some other type of stage entertainment.

Even in their offerings to the Gods, however, the Balinese remain a practical people. The Gods are thought to absorb the "essence" of food offered to them and then before nightfall the food is reclaimed and even though the "essence" has been abstracted it is found to be nourishing by the Balinese who then eat it themselves.

The cremation ceremony for the dead in Bali assumes an aspect of wild celebration. Cremation is necessary in order that the spirit of the departed may be released from the dead body and thus be ready for reincarnation. The individual spirit is reincarnated over and over within the same family. Between lives

the soul exists in a kind of heaven or limbo. Thus death is only a transition which lacks real climax since it is only part of an endless cycle.

An auspicious day is carefully chosen. Bright cremation towers are built according to detailed specifications suitable to the rank and caste of the dead person. This tower is called a wadah. On the wadah the body is carried by the men of the community to the cremation grounds. The tower glistens and shines with the gilt and mirrors which have been used to decorate it. It is a complicated structure of bamboo with many small roofs built, like a pagoda, above the platform on which the body lies. Back of this platform, leering over the corpse, is the grinning mask and spread wings of the God Bhoma, son of the earth. Tinsel and tissue-paper dyed in many colors hang as streamers from the platform. A steep runway provides egress for the body from the ground to the high perch on the multi-roofed platform.

A crowd of noisy, struggling men load the body onto the wadah and as many as 100 men may attempt to help carry the swaying, careening tower to the cremation ground.

A sarcophagus or patulangan, also elaborate and expensive, awaits the body at the cremation site. This, too, is built according to the rank of the departed. The lowest caste, sudra, is entitled to burn its dead only in an open case. Satrias are entitled to a winged lion and wesias use a deer. Most noblemen now use the figure of a bull for men and a cow for women.

These sarcophagi are of wood. The hollow body of the wooden animal, which receives the body of the deceased, is carved from a tree trunk and its back contains a hinged lid. The whole animal may be covered with felt or velvet and ornamented with gold leaf and silk scarfs. Caste also decides the color of the animal. The playful Balinese do not resist the temptation to make clearly defined sexual organs for these wooden, sarcophagi animals and sometimes these are made to move by means of a concealed cord.

Frequently a number of dead are cremated at the same time. The bodies may have been buried while awaiting this final release and are exhumed for the ceremony. Funeral fires are built under the wooden animals and it often takes most of a day for them to be completely burned. The dead are lifted down from their platforms on the wadah and laid into the sarcophagi. Smoke swirls about the wooden figures and flames lick upward. The people mill about quite happily and the fires are poked

without reverence. Finally, when they have burned down, the ashes are gathered and the people trail away to their homes in the gathering gloom. Few, if any, tears have been shed.

As long as a month after this cremation the ashes of the dead are carried, again on the wadahs, down to the sea. The wadahs have been redecorated and are now all in white and gold with small mirrors to reflect the sunlight. The people wade into the water to cast away the ashes. They sing as they perform this happy duty. The gold and mirrors are stripped from the wadahs and then they are set on fire. Built of bamboo, they soon crash and disintegrate. Then still playing music and singing, these relatives of the departed wander slowly home.

The souls of the dead have found complete release from the ties of their former lives at last. And as the ashes dissolve and float out to sea the soul goes to join its ancestors for a brief rest, before it must be reborn into this world.

THE GLOBE-TROTTING CORN

DR. M. D. W. JEFFREYS of Witwatersrand University in Southern Rhodesia, Africa, believes that Africans made contact with the Americas before the time of Columbus. His evidence is clay pottery made by the Yorba tribe of West Africa, dating back to about 900 A.D., some of which evidently was decorated by rolling a corncob over the moist clay.

This indicates, Dr. Jeffreys says, that Africans, particularly Arabs, sailed to the New World from Africa some 500 years before Columbus and brought Indian corn back with them, since corn is believed to have originated in the Americas.

Studying names given to corn by ancient African Tribes, Dr. Jeffreys found that many of them had given it the name of the tribe to the north or northeast. From this Dr. Jeffreys concludes that American corn was brought to Northern Africa by Arab navigators instead of having been brought to Coastal Africa by the Spanish or Portuguese.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

THE FIVE NICKELS

By Nina K. Bolkhardt

In the spring of 1918, while teaching in Newark, N. J., I had a strange dream. I paid little attention to my dreams and upon arising seldom could recall the particulars of any I had during the night. But this dream was so vivid that at breakfast the next morning I related it in detail to Louise who lived at the same rooming house I did.

I dreamed that I went to a pay telephone hanging on the north side of a long hall of a house in which I was living, dropped a nickel in the slot and called a Mr. H——. What I said I did not remember nor the reason for my call. However, as I hung up the receiver five nickels fell out of the telephone.

Louise was not impressed until I pointed out I had never experienced, nor had I heard up to that time of anyone having experienced, the return of several nickels from a pay telephone, also that I was positive I would never call Mr. H——, in any event.

At the time of my dream we were both rooming in a house on the west side of the street. There was no pay telephone and all calls were made on the library desk telephone belonging to the landlady.

Several days passed and I thought no more of my strange dream. One day the landlady told Louise and me she was opening an additional rooming house across the street and if we liked we could move there. Since we were able to get larger rooms nearer the bath, we decided to move.

Within a day or so after moving I learned of Mr. H——'s injury in an automobile accident. I felt I should call the hospital and express my best wishes for his speedy recovery.

Upon returning from school that afternoon I stepped to the telephone in the house, a pay telephone on the north side of a long hall, dropped in my nickel, called the hospital and inquired as to Mr. H——'s condition, requesting

that my best wishes be conveyed to him.

I had completed my call and hung up the receiver when five nickels fell out. In order for my dream to "come true" it had been necessary for me to move to a new house (at the time of my dream I would not have considered this probable) and also that Mr. H—— should have an accident, for under ordinary circumstances I would not have called him.—*Washington, D. C.*

THE MISSING FINGERS

By Quentin R. Howard

FROM November, 1935, until August 8, 1940, my Uncle Edward Howard was a timber cutter and sawmill handyman at a rig in the Johns Creek Valley 12 miles from Pikeville, Ky.

On August 4, 1940, he was late starting home because of a heavy storm that came up at quitting time. When he started home at dark the rain had let up but lightning was still flashing and thunder was resounding from hill to hill.

At the Narrows, so-called because the road was a sharp elbow turn, the vision of a hand with the index and middle fingers missing appeared in front of him. It appeared three times.

When he got home he told his wife, Maudie, about it. She laughed and told him he only imagined he saw the hand.

Three days later, while at work at the sawmill, Uncle Edward's index and middle fingers of his right hand were sawed off—the same fingers missing from the "hand" he saw at the Narrows.—*Pikeville, Ky.*

POLTERGEISTS?

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

HERE is a form of psychic phenomena that is positively genuine yet has received little attention. When my wife's father passed away a heavy thud was heard in the room upstairs, just over the death bed. Examination showed that a strong cotton cord had been severed as if with a knife.

I later tested the cord with a good scale and found that a force of 15 times the weight of the oil painting, was required to break it. Some unknown power had severed the cord.

In 1940 I sold my country place at Algonquin and moved to my new duplex in Kansas City. My neighbor to the north at Algonquin disliked us extremely because we were Americans and he was a Hitlerite. I often heard him cursing me in German because we had cut off his view of the Fox River.

An excellent artist had made a watercolor of our Algonquin home. We took it with us and hung it on the wall of our duplex. One night we heard a loud crash

and found that the strong picture wire had been cut letting the picture fall and smash on the floor. The next day we received a wire from Algonquin stating that our Nazi-sympathizing neighbor had fallen from a tree and been instantly killed. His death and the picture's fall happened within a few minutes of each other although we were 500 miles away.

Over my cot on the second floor front porch a very heavy light fixture was suspended. One night a few days after the picture incident my dog, Chica, called me for recess outdoors. I got up and let her out the back door. When I returned to my cot I found that the heavy light fixture was lying in the very spot where my head had been a few minutes earlier. An examination by an electrician showed no natural reason why the fixture should have fallen.

I am just as positive that this was a case of spiritual intervention as I know I still live. This is just one of several instances when Chica got me out of trouble. Coincidences? I think not. Such cases of pictures falling are known to us all. We would welcome an explanation that really explains. —*Milton Junction, Wis.*

THE DANCING CHAIR

By Catherine M. Washburn

IN 1894, while visiting cousins in Nymphsfield, Gloucestershire, England, my mother witnessed their dancing chair. One of the cousins, Claudine Witchell, had the power to levitate tables. She did not believe in Spiritualism and sought a "natural" explanation. The chair gave no messages and its actions remained a mystery.

One evening Nellie Witchell was playing the piano for the gathering. Claudine stood facing the chair-back, resting the palms of her hands on it but not grasping it. The chair danced a Scotch reel all over the room, Claudine following, providing that Nellie played "Keel Row" or "The Devil Among the Tailors."

My mother tried to hold it still by grasping both sides of the seat and leaning over with all her strength; but as long as Claudine's hands touched the back mother was powerless. My aunt, stronger and more heavily built, tried with no more success.

The Witchells thought that the vibrations of the music might explain the chair's actions for "Keel Row" and "The Devil Among the Tailors" hovered about a certain range of high notes.

In 1929 Claudine visited us in Hackensack. She was 59 years old and her magnetic power had decreased. One night she experimented with a dining-chair. She then had to drop her hand over it as though holding it but she exerted no muscular action.

With only a radio in the house we could not play "Keel Row" but the chair jostled about. With effort one could thwart its motion. It displayed mischievousness in coming over to step on my foot as I sat watching. Thus it seemed a basically psychic phenomenon with a poltergeist touch. Were the musical selections favorites of the ghost? Was the effect that of strengthening the manifestations as at a séance, or was there in addition some physical connection between the sound of the music and the chair?—*Hackensack, N. J.*

THE PHANTOM HEARSE

By William P. Schramm

All day on February 19, 1952, a severe snowstorm raged in our part of Minnesota and every road was so blocked with snow that highway travel was impossible. Our farm is located close to a main highway so that we can, if we wish, talk from our porch with anyone who stops at the roadside.

I sat by the fire that evening. Three days before I had taken my father, quite sick, to a hospital. At about 9:45 a sudden impulse made me get up and look out of the living room window that faced the road. At the side of the road stood a car with bright red tail lights. It surprised me since the road had been snow-blocked since the forenoon when the last car had churned past.

I called upstairs to my wife, "There's a car out here on the road!" But she failed to hear me above the roar of the blizzard.

I hurried to the kitchen, turned on the yard light and stepped out on the porch to shout a greeting to the unexpected visitors and invite them in. By the yard light's illumination I saw the car clearly through the swirling snow. It was a hearse. I cannot say for certain if its headlights were on but its tail lights were clearly visible. Its glass-enclosed and crepe-draped interior was dimly lighted. In the vehicle's front seat I saw the figures of two men.

These observations took only seconds. I was about to call out again when the hearse vanished.

I returned to the kitchen, shaken. No material vehicle could have driven up on that snow-blocked road.

The next morning the hospital called to inform us that my father had passed away. The phantom hearse apparently was a message to me of my father's approaching death which occurred about six hours later.—*Russell, Minn.*

THE WHITE HAND

By Mathilda Newman Reed

Six ix years ago I was in the Extension Service at Mississippi State. I had met my classes at Pontotoc as usual and stayed overnight in that city preparing to

leave the following afternoon for Granada 100 miles away. The February sky was cloudy and threatening but upon questioning the local weather prophet I was told that no snow or rain was expected and that travel for the next day or so would be perfectly safe.

Upon hearing this good news I set out at 1:30, after lunch, for my next station feeling certain that I would be there long before four o'clock. I was almost at Oxford when a drizzling rain began falling, but in my anxiety to be on time for my next class I did not stop here and continued to Batesville along Highway 6.

The rain grew worse and I had difficulty seeing as my windshield wiper refused to work. This was high hill country. The beautifully paved highway was now one sheet of ice, clear like a mirror. On both sides of me were steep slopes which made me all the more aware of the great danger confronting me.

I was approaching a particularly steep hill and knew my car would have difficulty climbing it unless I gave it some extra speed and yet if I was not careful I knew that there was the possibility of skidding off the precipitous highway.

With this in mind I bolstered myself for the ordeal. When almost to the top my car suddenly swerved to the left and slid across the highway toward the abyss below. I was terrified but had the good sense to keep my feet off the brakes and to shut off the ignition.

Just as I went down the steep slope a long white hand reached out in front of me and stopped the car, about 15 feet down. It rested against the steering wheel and held up the car.

I had never seen this hand before but I will always remember it vividly. There were no obstructions to prevent the car from landing in the steep canyon below but the white hand saved my life and spared my car.—*Cullowhee, N. C.*

CUPID'S TRICKS

By M. C. S. Holbourn

For many years I kept a savings account in which I invested small sums to provide, when the time came, wedding presents for my three sons. The two older boys married and received their gifts. Then I lost the book. I knew it must be in the house, yet it had vanished completely.

Meantime it appeared my youngest son would remain a bachelor all his life. Then at last he wrote to tell me the exciting news that he was going to St. Albans to visit a girl to whom he hoped to become engaged.

I did not know the whereabouts of St. Albans and in order to follow my son's journey I got out several maps. Folded in the ap-

propriate sheet, right on top of St. Albans, was the missing bank book. How it got there is a mystery.

Perhaps I should add that the lady said "yes" and my son duly received his wedding present!—*Pencaitland, Scotland.*

THE TORPEDOES THAT MISSED

By Irving R. Kitts

On July 3, 1942, I was aboard the *U.S.S. Tuscaloosa,* a heavy cruiser, in company with convoy PQ-18 in the Arctic Ocean enroute to Murmansk, Russia. At eight o'clock that morning we slowed down to eight knots, to permit a destroyer escort to fuel. The weather was clear and the ocean smooth. The area was infested with submarines but two destroyers were sweeping the sea with sound gear.

At about 8:15, while the ship was making little more than headway, three torpedo tracks were sighted by the lookout, all headed at our ship broadside to port. I had just walked out on deck on the port side and stood transfixed, watching the deadly bubble tracks heading dead-on toward the ship. I knew that if an explosion occurred directly under where I stood, I would not survive, yet I seemed unable to move.

The emergency alarm was given and the engine room was signaled for full speed ahead. But it takes time for a heavy cruiser to pick up speed. We could not possibly maneuver out of the torpedo tracks.

Suddenly, at a point approximately 100 to 75 yards from the ship, the torpedo spread "broke." Two of them went astern of the ship and the third passed a few feet ahead of the bow—something that has never been recorded before on a spread of three German torpedoes for at least one will nearly always get a hit.

Our destroyer escorts were dropping charges and no more torpedoes were fired. I heard a great deal of discussion about the strange action of the torpedoes in breaking their run after holding true almost to the target.

When I returned to Iceland and received my mail I found a letter from a dear friend who had been my correspondent for almost a quarter of a century. She had followed my wanderings over the world and wrote me letters of encouragement and prayer.

In her letter, dated July 3, 1942, she related that at approximately midnight or a little after, she awoke suddenly and "saw" me in great danger. She got out of bed and kneeled in prayer for about 15 minutes. Then she got the feeling that I was safe, returned to bed and to sleep.

I went up to the bridge and checked the time zones. Our time zone at the time of the torpedo incident was Zone Minus One.

The time zone of my friend was Zone Plus Seven, making exactly eight hours' difference in time—and the exact time I was in danger!

Are we able to say, that there is no power in prayer?—*Springdale, Ark.*

RAIL DISASTER FORESEEN

By Anna Bemis Palmer

THE following story was related to me by my mother, Ada Gray:

In 1870 when my first baby was six months old I planned to take him from Belle Plaine, Ia., to Marion, Ia., several miles distant, for a visit with my parents. A visit home with a first baby is an experience that can be understood only by the participant. I was excited and nervous.

The train left at four o'clock in the morning and with all my preparations for the trip made in advance, I lay down on a lounge to rest.

With no conscious transition into slumber I found myself on the train and sitting by the window watching the landscape. Rain was falling heavily and it was difficult to see. The train wound through high hills and in a particularly bright flash of lightning I saw a sharp turn in the track with a high bridge spanning a deep gorge.

The bank of the track sloped precipitously and seemed dangerously narrow as the train approached it. A moment later there was a jerking and jolting and everyone in the car flew from their seats. I leaped up with a scream and snatched my baby.

My husband laughed at my dream and by the time I left on my short trip I had forgotten it myself. As the ride was brief I did not take a sleeper but sat in the chair car, my baby on the seat ahead which the porter had turned to face me.

I lay back in the lowered chair with my face toward the window, watching the rain and lightning, for a severe storm was in progress. The car was crowded and although the lights were turned low and the passengers quiet the thunder kept everyone, except a few children, awake.

Suddenly, in the brilliance of an unearthly flash of lightning, I saw the exact spot of my dream. There was the same sharp turn ahead, the sloping sides of the railroad embankment, the bridge. With a shriek I sprang forward and caught my baby, pillow and all, to my breast, dropping to the floor and bracing my knees against the seat.

The next instant the car was in wild confusion as it jerked and jolted precisely as I already had experienced.

The car was off the track but by the mercy of a broken coupling it was left on solid ground

while the three cars preceding us, together with the locomotive, were thrown into the river far down below.

Later, when questioned as to why I had screamed and snatched my baby *before* the disaster, I could only say I had dreamed of it in advance—but it was not a dream. I was not asleep either time when I saw the bridge.—*York, Neb.*

REUNITED BY A DREAM

AFTER World War II Helmut Gerwig, 23, found himself without home or parents. His father had been killed in the war and his mother's whereabouts were unknown. He followed an army comrade to Bremen where he found work. For the next six years he made many attempts to find his mother, all without success.

Meanwhile Helmut's mother, Hedwig Gerwig, made equally fruitless attempts to locate her son. Her heart was failing and at last she was placed in a hospital in Augsburg where specialists gave her only a few months to live.

One night Frau Gerwig dreamed Helmut was on a ship in the middle of the ocean. A nurse heard her say in her sleep, "Helmut, where are you? The ocean . . . a ship. He is on a ship. Helmut, come here."

That night Helmut dreamed his mother was in a hospital and that he sat at the side of her bed. He saw her face clearly. The vividness of the dream disturbed him and he woke in a confused state of mind. He heard a taxi stop in front of the house in which he lived. A door slammed and the voices of people drifted upward to him.

"We must catch the train for Frankfurt," one of them said.

"Then you must hurry," another voice answered. "With the next train there will be no connection for Augsburg."

In some strange way, Helmut said later, the word Augsburg seemed to form an association in his subconscious. Making certain that he had enough money, he dressed and bought a round trip ticket to Augsburg. Once on the train he had misgivings over having spent what little money he had on what must be a wild goose chase, yet he felt compelled to make the trip.

In Augsburg he investigated and found his mother was in the hospital and given three hours to live.

According to the doctors and nurses at the hospital, Frau Gerwig expected her son. They thought she was suffering from hallucinations when she pleaded with them to let Helmut in. His appearance beside her bed a few minutes later gave her great happiness in her last hours of earthly life.

THE STORY OF

ZEN BUDDHISM



By Frank Jackson

Reprinted from PREDICTION

The strangest form of Buddhism, Zen teaches profound self-revelation and offers peace of mind in a tense age.

ZEN Buddhism is supposed to have developed out of Buddha's flower sermon. One day, Buddha was given a golden flower and questioned on the truths of his teaching. He made no other answer but looked at the flower, and smiled.

Such direct understanding, without the assistance of words, books or arguments, is the very essence of Zen.

Zen was brought to China by Bodhidharma in 552 A.D. At once it took a great hold on the Chinese mind, to which it was more sympathetic than the subtle word-spinning of other Indian schools of thought. Thence it spread to Japan, where it is still a great power.

In the centuries since Bodhidharma first came from the West—that is, from India—Zen has undergone many changes and developments, and has split into several sects. Yet its main teachings persist unweakened.

Though all explanations are repugnant to Zen, it may be said that Zen is a way towards achieving a complete insight into one's true self, that self in which there is no longer any division between body and soul, and from which all man-made incidentals, such as conventions and social graces, have been shorn away, leaving only the essentials.

It is, in other words, a means of achieving that complete sincerity which is the avowed goal of the

best schools of modern psychiatry, though Zen's methods, with all their ferocious singleness of purpose, are hardly likely to be taken into Western use, at least undiluted.

The way of the Zen monk is long and hard, and nothing is promised to him at any stage of his journey.

He will have achieved his aim when he has that sudden, shattering revelation into himself and his relationship with everything about him which, in Japanese Zen, goes under the name *satori*.

But *satori* may come to him on the very first day of his monkhood, or it may never come at all.

Nor need he think that studies alone, however hard and sincere, will avail him, since Zen insists that *satori* may as well come to an ignorant milkmaid or shepherd as to the most learned monk.

In this case, why bother about learning at all? Indeed, Zen constantly reminds seekers after *satori* that learning is, at best, only a means to an end, and must never be taken as the end in itself.

To put it in the more graphic way found in Zen writings: the finger pointing at the moon must not be confused with the moon. However, in spite of this, there are ways of preparing the mind to receive *satori* and that is why monkhood is worth while.

It is just as well for us that Zen is prepared to make this compromise; for, as a result, there have come down to us those hints and guides which enable us, too, to gain some sort of insight into Zen.

It is true that Zen writings do not seem very satisfactory if we approach them with that logical attitude which has been bred into us from childhood. There is no "therefore" or "because" in Zen, and nothing whatever would be proved in Zen by the simple means of writing Q.E.D. (because it has been proved) at the bottom of a problem.

Indeed, one of the first aims of Zen is to break down the logical, so-called "reasonable" attitude which, as Zen sees it, only encumbers our true selves with so much rubbish.

Zen teachings are not contained in a series of logical arguments but in stories or in questions of the following kind:

"What is the sound made by one hand clapping?"

"When all is reduced to One, to what is that One reduced?"

Or there is the typical story of the disciple who came to a Zen master, asking to be instructed. The master asked him if he had had his meal; the pupil replied that he had. "Then go and wash your dishes," said the Zen master, and this simple answer opened the disciple's eyes to the truth of Zen.

Pondering upon such simple, yet profoundly disturbing sayings, brings the Zen monk's mind to the

very edge of all logical thought until, when he jumps over that edge, he achieves an enlightenment beyond all logic.

Such a leap must, of course, be made under expert guidance, or it may result in complete mental breakdown.

Since Zen insists on its practical nature, it is fair to ask what application Zen teachings may have for use in our daily lives. It is also fair to doubt whether Zen could ever become a major force in the West, but I believe that it can help us to modify our outlook in a direction which leads to inner peace and happiness.

Just two examples: Most of us these days live in a state of worry and anxiety, rushing from one problem to another, never seeming able to settle anything. The world moves too fast for us; we cannot cope with the problems life constantly sets before us; and in any case, we feel as though our efforts to cope are appreciated by nobody.

Zen put the following problem to you: "You have a goose inside a bottle. The goose grows too big for the bottle. How do you get it out without either harming the goose or breaking the bottle?"

And the answer is: "You say, 'There, it's out.' "

I hesitate to put into other words one of the many morals of this little story, but, if you think about it, you will see that Zen is trying to tell us that many of the anxieties and worries which beset us are of our own imagining and do not really exist.

Since, then, we make our own difficulties, we can just as easily provide our own solution. How many of our daily worries are of this nature, and, imaginary though they are, how they sap our energy!

A friend is a few minutes late for an appointment. You begin to imagine all sorts of horrible reasons for this—a train crash; an attack by cosh bandits.

But *you* are inventing these worries; you can do nothing until the friend actually appears to set your mind at rest with a perfectly simple explanation.

When next you find yourself getting into that sort of panic, just remind yourself of the goose in the bottle.

A Zen master once said to his pupils: "If you sit, sit; if you walk, walk; but don't wobble." In truth, a saying which can help us enormously.

One of the reasons we seem to make so little effect on the world about us is that, in our anxiety to get everything done, we do nothing properly. Zen can help us to concentrate our attention on the task in hand, however simple, and to extract full value from it.

If we can learn to live fully in the moment, without being distracted by worries about the future and fears of the past, then

surely we shall give our best, and, having done that, we need never feel regret for wasted time and opportunity.

This, of course, is but the very beginning of all that Zen can teach us, but I hope I have said enough to give you an indication of the ways in which this strangest and apparently most reasonable form of Buddhism can lead us towards that peace of mind we all desire so intensely and yet seem unable to find.

AROUND THE CORNER OF TIME

EVIDENCE that many persons have visions of other persons or objects moments before actually seeing them was presented recently in the London *News Chronicle.*

Joan Young of Cricklewood, London, N. W., told of seeing a white horse in her mind a few seconds before an actual white horse pulling a wagon trotted around a corner.

W. Taylor of West London recalled that as a young man 50 years ago he was able to cycle along unfamiliar roads and predict accurately three times out of four what lay around each bend.

Mrs. C. A. Bradley, Sutton, Surrey, related that as she cycled toward a bend in the road she saw in her mind two men up a pole. When she turned the bend she saw two men at the top of a telegraph pole exactly as she had envisioned them.

On another occasion, as she rode her bicycle after a storm, she saw mentally a large tree that had fallen across the road. A mile further on she found the fallen tree in the exact position in which she had seen it.

Fred G. Phillips, Tresillian, Cornwall, had a vision of one of his car wheels coming off. He was driving his car a short time later when one of the wheels of a car in front of him did come off. He was able to brake in time to avoid a crash.

SO SOON OLD — SO LATE SMART

COMPARING the scores of tests taken 12 years apart by the same persons, Dr. Nancy Bayley of the University of California has found that smart people get smarter as they grow older. The tests were designed to measure superior intelligence but it was found that even persons not rated as "gifted" made higher scores when they were 12 years older.

VISITOR from 50,000 A.D.

A spot of light appeared on the wall near the foot of my bed. It grew brighter and larger and then took human form.

By Dr. X



I WRITE of my incredible experience with an entity from the distant future, first, because it is true. Second, I write in the hope that others who have had similar experiences will be encouraged to come forward and admit that such things do happen.

My adventure began one night a few days after the November, 1953, issue of FATE containing my article, "Hypnotic Victim," appeared on the newsstands. (October 2, 1953.)

I retired early and dropped off to sleep immediately. A moment later, it seemed, I heard a voice calling my name. Startled into complete wakefulness, I automatically glanced at the clock near my bed. Its radium dial showed the time was 11:40.

I heard my wife's gentle breathing from the other twin bed some six feet away. Again I heard the voice. It was feminine and sounded young. I could not determine its source for it filled every part of the room with its rich tone.

I placed my fingers in my ears. The voice was as clear as ever. I removed my fingers and listened.

The voice spoke English but with an accent. It was intoning a prayer of thanks to someone. My heart pounded and I wondered if finally I were going mad. It seem-

ed that my damaged brain, which neuro-surgeons have likened to a telephone switchboard with mixed up circuits, finally had blown a fuse. I have mentioned in previous FATE articles the terrible automobile accident which required the removal of glass splinters from my brain and the covering of my fractured skull with a silver plate.

I moved to switch on the bed lamp and wake my wife. The voice stopped me before I could pull the chain, flinging a sharp command into my mind. "Stop!" it said and then became gentle. "That's better. Don't be so impulsive."

I withdrew my hand and waited. Complete silence lay over the room.

Finally I summoned courage to whisper into the darkness, "Who are you? What do you want?"

The voice held a hint of laughter. "There's no need to whisper," it said. "Just think your words. And have no fear that you are insane. All I want you to do is to watch and listen. I have little time."

I lay back on my pillow and tried to relax. After a long moment I began to doubt again. Maybe this was nothing but a dream after all.

Then my eyes were attracted to a spot of light on the wall near the foot of my bed. It was about four feet above the floor and over two feet wide. I watched the spot in fascination. It appeared to whirl and lengthen. Then it grew brighter and the wall behind it became transparent.

As I watched the light stopped whirling and took human form. A white-robed woman stood there. I knew she was beautiful although it was impossible to focus upon her face to confirm this. It was difficult to see details since concentration upon any part of her body caused the spot to shift. However, the overall picture was very clear.

The landscape beyond her was hazy but a tall mountain with a snowy crest was visible in the distance.

As I moved my head to take in all the details of the scene around the robed figure my eyes again fell on the clock. It was midnight. I was surprised at the passage of time.

Finally the lady spoke. "I am She, the worker. I am here, there, everywhere and nowhere. I have been and will be. I am Laysha, a worker for the one and only." She pronounced her name with pride.

My wife tossed restlessly in her bed but Laysha appeared not to notice. I wondered if my wife would be able to see and hear Laysha if she woke. Laysha appeared to read my thoughts for she said, "Pay attention. Your wife will sleep. I have work for you to do."

"What kind of work?" I whispered.

"You will learn in due time," she said. "First, you will receive a letter from a Mrs. L. O. of Red Bank, N. J."

Laysha gave me the street and number and as she did so the full name and address of L. O. appeared on the wall beside her in bright letters. As I looked at the shimmering name and address I knew I always would be able to remember it.

"L. O. will type you a letter," Laysha said. Then as an afterthought she added, "She has to type because she lost her fountain pen. Write her a card and let her know the contact has been made. Karma must be served." The words sounded weary. A moment later Laysha's form faded from view.

The name and address remained on the wall for several minutes. Then they too disappeared.

I watched the wall off and on the rest of the night without turning on the light but nothing else appeared. Finally, long after sunrise, I dropped off to sleep.

Morning found my emotions confused. I was inclined to dismiss my strange experience as a nightmare except for the name L. O. and her address in Red Bank, N. J. I wondered if there were such a place as Red Bank.

After lunch I found the courage to tell my wife of Laysha's visit. My wife is very understanding and knows of all the queer things that have happened to me since the day I looked up through the ceiling. ("I Had X-ray Vision," December, 1950, issue of FATE.)

When I finished my story my wife looked at me oddly and then left the room. She returned with several automobile road maps. Drawing a chair close, she spread the maps upon her lap and began searching for Red Bank, N. J.

I helped her but we didn't find Red Bank. In a way I was glad for if there were no such place it meant my experience was only a dream.

My wife must have read my mind for she shook her head and said, "You won't be satisfied until you write, so you may as well write and get it over with."

Feeling a little foolish and self-conscious, I wrote to Mrs. L. O.

Three days later, among some letters which FATE Magazine forwarded to me, was one from a Mrs. L. O. of Red Bank, N. J. She had written the letter to Dr. X in care of FATE before Laysha appeared to me.

In her letter Mrs. L. O. commented on my article, "Hypnotic Victim," and then told me of Laysha. Two days later a second letter came from Mrs. L. O. in reply to the one I wrote after Laysha's appearance. In this letter Mrs. L. O. confirmed what Laysha had

said about her losing her fountain pen. Later Mrs. L. O. confirmed other things that Laysha told me.

You can imagine how I felt about this. Before my accident I was a normal man, with normal thoughts, sensations and beliefs. I read stories about mind reading and the supernatural with tongue-in-cheek. I felt that such things just didn't happen to ordinary people. To have these things happen to me is a different matter entirely.

I told my wife that it was now more important than ever to keep my real name a secret. Life would be intolerable if people started pointing me out on the street and exchanging exaggerated gossip about my strange abilities and experiences.

Laysha came again six nights after her first appearance. This time I was fully awake, reading the Bible in bed. I was interrupted by Laysha's insistent voice and I glanced automatically at the clock. It was exactly midnight. Then I glanced over at my sleeping wife and recalled she had asked me to wake her at Laysha's next appearance.

Laysha's voice cut in on my thought. "She could neither see me nor hear me, even if she were awake. She wouldn't be in tune. Besides that, her Karma matrix is well set and firm."

Laysha appeared in about the same spot as before. But when the outlines of her figure steadied she seemed to be hundreds of years old. Age was apparent in her every feature and action, in the stoop of her slender shoulders and in the thousands of tiny wrinkles I could sense but not really see in her withered face.

I stared at Laysha's new form in astonishment. As the wall behind her turned transparent I saw that she was standing at the very edge of a narrow ledge which skirted what appeared to be a tremendous mountain. I had the impression I was viewing a part of Tibet. The time appeared to be late afternoon. The sun cast long shadows from the peaks and boulders. I could see a thin ribbon of road winding up the mountain in looping white curves.

Laysha watched me in silence as I examined the vast landscape around her. She appeared amused at my interest. I knew she was smiling but as I have mentioned I was unable to get her face clearly into focus. If I attempted to do so her features would run together and in order to discern the shape of her head I had to glance away for a moment.

Finally Laysha's patience gave out. Her form straightened with purpose and she spoke. "You are correct. This is part of Tibet. But not as people know it today."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"What you see is a Tibet of another year. Too many years,"

she added sadly. "Fifty-thousand of them, in fact. All in the future."

I began to phrase a question but Laysha forestalled me by saying, "Tibet should not concern us now. We have work to do. So relax and listen closely."

Laysha talked for 20 minutes by my clock. She told me too much to set down here. Most of it I do not fully understand. I do know that L. O. and I have many things to do.

Laysha told me she would appear four more times to instruct me. She said she had so much work to do and so many contacts to make that she has been forced to use her other self; she calls it her "ka." She gave that as the reason my eyes could not bring her form into sharp focus. What I saw of her was only a projection of her other self. And in order not to disturb things in this 1953 time stream she had to use a time 50,000 years in the future. The reason I saw only mountains around her was that no mortal of this age is to look upon a future time where there are buildings, men and other signs of civilization. The mountain area I saw would be the same 50,000 years from now except for the road and even this followed the line of a former road.

At the end of Laysha's talk I began to understand a little of what she sought to accomplish by her contact with L. O. and me.

It seems that through one of the rare accidents that happen along the time stream a birth occurred some 12,000 years in the future. And instead of the twin boys supposed to be born only a single boy came into the world. The twin who did not appear was to have become a great leader of mankind, to change the world of his time for the better.

It was Laysha's duty, as a tool of the Great One, to correct this error so that the twin could be born as scheduled and do his good deeds for the world. To bring this about Laysha had a great deal of work to do contacting different persons in different times.

According to Laysha's explanation, each person is reincarnated from life to life. There is a tiny connecting ribbon of ancestral memory which makes each person do certain things in his or her lifetime. It sounded complicated.

Laysha told me many other things, convincing me that all this was true and not a nightmare. She said I would receive a letter from an editor of a magazine published in Brazil. This editor would ask me to write a story for his magazine and would offer me a position on his staff. This letter came two days later. I have written the article for the Brazilian editor and have been offered a job.

As yet I have no idea of L. O.'s

part in all this but I am certain that all of Laysha's predictions will come true.

I have sent Mrs. L. O.'s letters to the editors of FATE Magazine. They will, I believe, get in touch with her to verify her part in this. Editor's Note: *In our regular procedure of authenticating material for* FATE *we wrote to Mrs. L. O. of Red Bank, N. J., (full name in our files) and her answer in reply to us follows:*

"I am mailing card, envelope and first letter received from Dr. X as proof that the incredible article which he has submitted to you is true.

"I assure you that I do not know this man, had never heard of him, except as an author of some very interesting articles for my favorite magazine, FATE.

"I do not know exactly what Dr. X has written and I am not being paid to write this letter. Any financial returns from the article belong to him.

"I confirm that Laysha appeared to me also, and that she did so before Dr. X first wrote to me and mentioned her."

CANNY CANINE

SMOKY, a dog owned by the Hunter family of Jackson Hole, Wyo., apparently is able to read. As guests of the Hunters recently, Attorney and Mrs. P. W. Spaulding of Evanston saw Smoky select his can of dog food from an assortment of other cans. It appeared, they said, that Smoky was able to read the label.

Mrs. Hunter told Smoky to go down to the basement and get a can of dog food. Smoky obeyed promptly. After he had been fed and was no longer hungry the Spauldings tested him by placing several cans of other foods with labels similar to Pard atop the dog food cans.

Mrs. Hunter again sent Smoky to the basement for dog food. Smoky hurried from the room and the Spauldings listened intently as he pushed the cans around in the basement. A moment later he returned with a can of Pard gripped in his teeth and his tail wagging.

PSYCHIC PANEL



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

SPIRITS WHO KNOW

Is it true that many houses are haunted because the ghosts or spirits do not know they are dead and keep repeating activities they performed while alive? How does this explain cases where houses are haunted even though the spirits seem to know they are no longer alive? — Cornelia McCormack, Chicago, Ill.

■ Many apparitions seem entirely unaware of their material environment as far as it concerns present day conditions. They repeat activities of the past, which usually are concerned with some strong emotional event in their earthly life. In these cases they appear to act like a dissociated portion of a personality, rather than the whole person, and that dissociated portion seems to be burdened.

Other apparitions have a purpose which they wish to achieve. Still other apparitions seem bound to a locality which still interests them. — E. P. Gibson.

IS REINCARNATION SENSELESS?

According to the tenets of reincarnation, souls are reborn on earth to pay off a debt of "Karma" — that is, sins accumulated during previous lives. This doesn't make much sense to me. All the evidence of biology, anthropology, paleontology, etc., is that man is essentially an animal. — Warren Kastel, Chicago, Ill.

■ That man is merely an animal is of course a materialistic concept. The vast majority of the earth's inhabitants believe in Reincarnation, and the doctrine of Karma is based on the idea that man is essentially spiritual.

The complicated system of Karma was promulgated to explain away the inequalities of man.

In a spiritual philosophy, man is something more than the "product of his instincts and drives." One has two viewpoints from which to choose! — Marie Elene.

SELF-MATERIALIZING SPIRITS

Can spirits materialize without the aid or presence of a medium? Are there any cases on record where spirits have been known to do so?—Herman Balcher, Miami, Fla.

■ Apparently they can, if apparitions are included in the "spirit" category. Vol. 33 (1923) of the Proceedings of the SPR, London, contains a good illustration of the spirit, or apparition of a recently-deceased aircraft pilot being perceived by a fellow officer. This incident is recorded on pages 151-160. F. W. H. Myers cites another instance on page 371, Vol. 2 of his *Human Personality. Phantasms of the Living*, the Gurney-Myers-Podmore book, published in London in 1886, contains a great many instances. — Alson Smith.

SPIRIT OR POWER?

In stories about poltergeists it seems to be assumed that the strange phenomena are caused by a spirit. However, couldn't they be caused by some unknown power of the young boy or girl who is always involved in such cases? This explanation seems the most reasonable to me, since the poltergeist always is mischievous, more a characteristic of a youngster than an adult ghost.—Anton Sherkov, Philadelphia, Pa.

■ In the recent book "Haunted People" by Dr. Hereward Carrington and Dr. Nandor Fodor, the writers conclude that most, if not all, poltergeist cases rest upon the activity of some dissociated part of the unconscious mind of an adolescent child, which mischievously causes the phenomena paranormally.

Harry Price, in his book "Poltergeist Over England," believes some poltergeist activity to be associated with hauntings. In such cases, he appears to believe that the paranormal activity is due to the activity of mischievous discarnate minds.

While in general, the hypothesis put forward by Drs. Carrington and Fodor will cover all of the facts, there are some poltergeist activities which defy this explanation. Perhaps they may be due to discarnate activity of some sort. — E. P. Gibson.

ASTRAL OR MENTAL?

In literature on astral projection it is assumed we have two bodies, the astral and the material. The astral body, it is said, leaves the material during sleep or illness. It is supposedly able to fly effortlessly through the air and visit distant places on the earth. Isn't it possible that what is called

astral projection is really clairvoyance? The sensations of flying and so forth may be only delusions created by the mind to explain in material terms the way the non-material contact with a distant person or place was made. The so-called "astral cable" also may be a device of the mind to provide a feeling of safety, a linkage with the material, so that alarm over the sensation of being "out of the body" will not break the clairvoyant contact. — F. Willard Gray, New York, N. Y.

■ There are several parts of this question.

An analysis of real cases of astral projection shows that one is able to see his own physical body, separate and apart from the astral body, *before* traveling to a distant place (which he invariably does).

Genuine clairvoyants — able to describe distant places and persons — often experience sensations of spiraling, flying, etc., which seemingly are subjective though real; but not objective and real as in astral projection.

The "astral cable" has been seen even by those who have not read on the subject, seeming to show that it is more tangible than "a device of the mind."

The astral cord does provide a means of safe return to the body; but knowledge of its functions not allay fears — which may come to even the more experienced! — Marie Elene.

THEORY OF ESP

I have read quite a bit about telepathy and clairvoyance in FATE *but have yet to see a clear explanation or theory of how these ESP abilities operate. What theories or conclusions have psychical researchers arrived at regarding the function of telepathy and clairvoyance? Are they functions of the soul, the subconscious mind — or something else? — S. M. Tenneshaw, Evanston, Ill.*

■ Telepathy and clairvoyance are fundamentally the same process. They are functions, not of the *subconscious* (Freud) or the *unconscious* (E. von Hartmann) but of what Prof. Sorokin of Harvard calls the *supraconscious*. The supraconscious lies above the level of any conscious, rational or logical thought or energy.

We do not know very much about the supraconscious because it is a comparatively new concept. But out of it come genius, creativity, idealism, religion and extra-sensory perception. Telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and other so-called "psychic" phenomena are all functions of the supraconscious.

So far as we know, the supraconscious has no physiological base. It is not connected to the nervous system or the brain cells and therefore does not lend itself

to the statistical and experimental analysis of science. We see the fruits of its functioning and the parapsychologists have demonstrated its existence experimentally but so far the experiments have not revealed *how* it functions as it does. — Alson Smith.

SPIRIT TRANSPORT

If spirits are supposed to be unable to affect material objects, how is it that they seem able to transport material objects from one place to another as in so-called "apport" cases? — John Brannan, Miami Beach, Fla.

■ Most spiritualistic phenomena imply the aid of a medium who supposedly furnishes, by means not understood, the motive power for such apports. If someone can explain how the spirits produce such effects through the medium, perhaps we may have a clue to what occurs.

I do not believe your question is quite proper, for who is it that delimits spiritual power? Experiments at Duke University and at other universities in America and England in PK (psycho-kinesis) indicate that the mind of a living person can affect material objects and their behavior, without any known mechanical means. It seems foolish to delimit what the mind or what spirits can do, working in other dimensions than those known to our senses.—E. P. Gibson.

MEDIUMISTIC POWER

What is the power mediums are supposed to have which makes it possible for them to contact spirits where the average person is unable to do so?—Sam Krader, New York, N. Y.

■ This question asks in effect: what is mediumship?

Certain individuals claim to know exactly what mediumship is, but investigation has shown that, in practically all such instances, these individuals are frauds. It is true that African witch-doctors, for example, claim to be able to understand and utilize their psychic powers. But the analogy probably is the same as utilizing electricity and knowing what electricity is!

Mediumship is still largely a mystery.—Marie Elene.

■ In most minds, the unconscious mind only reaches the surface or conscious mind in the form of urges, hunches, and emotional states. There would seem to be a barrier or curtain between the conscious and unconscious minds which only rarely is lifted.

In the case of good mediums, there exists a possibility of removing this curtain and permitting the activities of the unconscious mind to emerge at conscious levels. The conscious mind rarely perceives anything of a spiritual nature without some leakage in this curtain.

Why mediums possess minds in which this barrier is more pervious to the unconscious is not known.—E. P. Gibson.

WHY INDIANS?

One thing about Spiritualism has puzzled me. Why do the spirit guides always seem to be Indians?—Rex Walker, Toronto, Ont., Can.

■ Mediums seem to copy each other; they are not to be outdone!

Two kinds of Indians manifest. The early American Indian and the Eastern (Hindu or Tibetan) Indian.

William James best describes these two types in Volume I of his *Psychology*. "The 'control' here in America is either a grotesque, slangy, and flippant personage ('Indian' controls, calling the ladies 'squaws,' the men 'braves,' the house a 'wigwam,' etc., are excessively common!) or, if he ventures on higher intellectual flights; he abounds in a curiously vague optimistic philosophy-and-water, in which phrases about spirit, harmony, beauty, law, progression, development, etc., keep occurring."—Marie Elene.

GHOSTS – OBJECTIVE OR SUBJECTIVE?

In cases where we read of persons seeing phantoms or apparitions, does what they see exist outside of themselves or does it exist only in their minds, like a mirage or a hallucination? In other words, is the thing seen objective or subjective? We read of two or more persons seeing the same apparition, but does this necessarily mean that what they see has objective reality? Can it be that the same mental influence works on them to make them see the same apparition at the same time? — Robert Jordan, St. Louis, Mo.

■ In the first place, it is not true that a mirage has no objective existence. It is a picture of a very real place produced by certain very real atmospheric conditions. A hallucination has no objective existence, being entirely the product of the hallucinated mind.

The answer to the question is also divided — yes and no. Sometimes a person claiming to see an apparition is hallucinated; the "ghost" is entirely the product of his own mind, induced by alcohol, mental disease, ecstasy, etc. In other cases — those cited in *Phantasms of the Living*, for instance — the apparition apparently has an objective existence and is seen by several people; it is extremely unlikely that they are all hallucinated. No two mental and emotional make-ups are completely the same and, while mass hysteria and other temporary derangements might effect all of them equally, it is very unlikely that this condition, filtered through dissimilar minds and nervous systems, would produce exactly the

same hallucination.—Alson Smith.

ECTOPLASM

Is ectoplasm essentially the same as protoplasm? From what part of the medium's body—cells, tissues or organs—does it appear to be drawn? — Vern Brassard, San Antonio, Tex.

■ We know very little about ectoplasm. It has been captured, only to dissipate itself and slowly disappear. Sometimes it appears to have many of the properties of protoplasm but a form of protoplasm, if such, which is elusive to study and which is very evanescent. It seems to be easily molded and directed by mental or psi activities.

In many cases contact with ectoplasm has produced injury to the medium. However, this is not always the case for some European experimenters have succeeded in capturing bits of the substance without causing harm. Studies to date in this field have not as yet yielded results of clarity.—E. P. Gibson.

■ *Protoplasm* is the normal physiological basis of all living organisms.

Ectoplasm is, theoretically, a psychic emanation, varying in consistency all the way from vapor to solid forms—usually passing through a semi-fluidic stage.

In many cases it emanates from the various orifices of the body, though in some instances it appears to exude from the epidermis generally.—Marie Elene.

ETHERIC SIMILARITY?

Aren't the "etheric body" and the soul really the same things?— Connie Crowther, Portland, Ore.

■ The questioner has used two different terminologies. "Etheric body," is a term used only by occultists and psychical researchers. "Soul," on the other hand, is a theological word.

Most religionists would deny that the "soul," the divine component in man, has the same attributes as what occultists call the "etheric body." For instance, occultists would say that the "etheric body" leaves the material body on occasion and goes off on its own. But the Christian "soul," while immaterial, never leaves the body in which it dwells until death.

The basic argument here is the spiritual monism of the psychicist vs. the soul-body dualism of religion. To me the dualism of McDougall. Rhine, et. al. makes more sense than the spiritual monism of most occultists. — Alson Smith.

TRANCE STATE

I understand that the trance state into which many mediums go is essentially self-hypnosis. Can anyone who develops self-hypnosis become a medium? — Sylvia

Bronski, Cincinnati, Ohio.

■ No. That is, not in the highly specialized sense in which the word "medium" is customarily used. Self-hypnosis is chiefly valuable as an adjunct to healing, as Dr. Richard von Krafft-Ebing proved at Graz many years ago. The self-hypnotized patient may give himself suggestions of health and wholeness and the physical organisms will act upon these suggestions. Self-hypnosis implies an ability to slip easily into a trance state, but that is all it has in common with mediumship.—Alson Smith.

■ Mediumistic trance is essentially different from hypnotic trance —or any other kind of trance.

The difference is that, in real trance, supernormal information *is* given, while in self-hypnosis there is no assurance of mediumship, (unless one already has this psychic ability). If there is any indication that one has psychic experiences, then self-hypnosis and suggestion would perhaps prove helpful.—Marie Elene.

THE A.S.P.R.

What are the objectives and functions of the American Society for Psychical Research?—Stephen Vickers, San Diego, Calif.

■ The purpose and scope of the Society may be listed as follows:

"1. The investigation of claims of telepathy, clairvoyance, veridical hallucinations and dreams, psychometry, precognition, dowsing and other forms of supernormal cognition; of claims of supernormal physical phenomena, such as raps, telekinesis, materialization, levitation, fire-immunity, poltergeists; the study of automatic writing, trance speech, hypnotism, alterations of personality and other subconscious processes; in short, all types of the phenomena called psychic, mediumistic, supernormal, parapsychological and metapsychic, together with the bordering subjects.

"2. The collection, classification, study and publication of reports dealing with the above phenomena. Readers are asked to report incidents and cases. Names must be given but on request will be treated as confidential.

"3. The maintenance of a library on psychical research and related subjects.

"4. Cooperating in the above tasks with qualified individuals and groups who will report their work to the Society."

The American Society for Psychical Research is located at 880 Fifth Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Information as to current activities can be obtained from the Secretary, Mrs. Edward W. Allison.—E. P. Gibson.



The tall cloaked figure radiated a chilling cold. His piercing eyes seemed to cast a spell on the beholder. He had appeared with —

A WARNING FOR THE GRAND DUKE

By Virginia D. Randall

THE Grand Duke Paul, heir to the throne of Russia in 1782, believed in ghosts because he saw and talked to one.

When he was 27 years old, his mother, Catherine the Great, sent him on a get-acquainted tour of Europe and he and his wife traveled incognito, under the name of the Count and Countess du Nord. One evening, in Brussels, Belgium, the after-dinner conversation turned to dreams and presentiments and his host, the Prince de Ligne, noted that while the others related odd tales the Grand Duke remained strangely silent.

"And why, Monseigneur, have you nothing to tell us? Is Russia without the marvelous? Have devils and sorcerers failed to cast their spells about you?"

Paul exchanged glances with Prince Kourakin, his chamberlain who had accompanied him.

"Kourakin knows that I could tell a strange tale," replied the Grand Duke, "and if you promise me secrecy, especially from my wife, I shall relate it to you.

"I happened one warm spring

night to be walking with Kourakin in the streets of St. Petersburg. We were attended by two grooms, one a few paces ahead, another behind. We had passed the evening at home, chatting and smoking, and thought it would refresh us to walk in the moonlight. Our conversation was not serious nor religious, but rather we were joking and Kourakin was making facetious remarks about each passerby. The moonlight was brilliant enough to read by, while the shadows were proportionately dark.

"Suddenly at a turn in the street I spied a tall figure standing in the gateway of a house—an exceedingly thin man with a cloak wrapped around him, Spanish style, his eyes partly hidden by a military cap. He appeared to be waiting for someone and when I reached the gateway he came to my left side and began walking with me without speaking. I was still unable to distinguish his features.

"It struck me that his feet as they fell on the pavement had a curious sound, like stones knocking together. Then I was astonished and stupefied to feel an icy chill creeping towards me from my unknown companion. I shuddered and said to Kourakin: 'We have chanced upon a strange companion.'

" 'To whom do you refer?' asked Kourakin.

" 'Why, to the figure walking beside me! The noise he makes as he walks along must surely be sufficient alone to make anyone aware of his presence.' Kourakin stared at me, assuring me that there was no one near me.

" 'What! Do you mean that you cannot see the man to my left walking between me and the house?'

" 'You're walking so close to the wall that it would be physically impossible for any living person to squeeze into the space between that wall and you.'

"I put out my arm; it went through the figure and I touched the wall. Nevertheless, the stranger was still there keeping step with me while the noise of his feet was like hammer blows.

"I looked at him more closely and all of a sudden beneath the visor of his cap I saw a pair of glittering eyes unlike any I have ever seen before or since. These eyes fixed themselves upon me and seemed to hold me in a spell.

" 'My God!' I said to Kourakin, 'I cannot explain to you how I feel. There is something about it I cannot understand.'

"I was trembling from head to foot, not with fear but with cold which seemed to penetrate my every limb and my blood froze in my veins. Suddenly I heard the mysterious figure in a low sad tone pronounce the word: Paul!

"Some unknown power gripped

me and I replied mechanically, 'What do you want?'

" 'Paul!' said the figure again, with a note of sympathy, though sadder than before.

"I was incapable of speaking. Again, for the third time the voice called me. The figure stood still and some unseen force voluntarily stopped me.

" 'Paul! Poor Paul! Poor Prince!'

" 'Do you hear that?' I blurted out to Kourakin who had stopped also.

" 'I hear nothing, absolutely nothing,' replied Kourakin.

"Again I thought I heard the voice, then I made a desperate effort and asked the unknown figure his name and what he wanted.

" 'Who am I, poor Paul? I am one who takes a lively interest in your fate and who is anxious that you should not become too attached to the things of this earth, on which you have not long to remain. Be just and upright and your end will be a peaceful one. Remorse is one of the deepest torments of a noble soul.'

"He then started walking again, keeping his piercing eyes on me still and the same unseen force obliged me to walk on with him. I followed blindly, he guiding my footsteps. We walked for an hour and I had no sense of direction.

"At last we reached a square between the Neva Bridge and the Senate House. He went straight to a spot where my mother the Empress Catherine was erecting a statue for Peter the Great. There he paused.

" 'Goodbye, Paul,' he said. 'You will see me again here and elsewhere as well.'

"At that moment his cap was lifted as if of its own accord and I saw the eagle-like glance, the swarthy countenance and the cold smile of my grandfather, Peter the Great, who died in 1725."

"When I recovered from my surprise and terror the vision had disappeared. But I remember every detail even today and I returned to the palace exhausted with fatigue, with my left side absolutely frozen. It took a full night in bed to thaw it out."

The Prince de Ligne asked Paul how he interpreted his vision and Paul assured his listeners that he was sure it foretold a short life.

And Paul was right. He ascended to the throne in 1796. History shows him as a weak and dangerous ruler who instigated many cruel changes before becoming so erratic that he was thought to be mad. The people hated and feared him and so did the nobles so that many plots to assassinate him were made.

He must have been aware of his unpopularity and danger for he seemed in constant fear of being strangled or poisoned. Four or five days before his death he was riding in one of the alleys of the pal-

ace, when he suddenly stopped his horse and spoke to the Grand Master of the Horse, in a tone of great alarm, "I feel quite suffocated. I feel as if I were going to die. Will they strangle me?"

During what turned out to be his last supper on a night in March, 1801, he dined with General Koutousor. Paul startled the party by turning suddenly to a looking-glass which had a flaw in it. "What a strange mirror! My neck looks as if it were twisted!" he said.

Apparently he had received a final warning because at midnight, that same night, a band of assassins broke into his apartments, dragged him from the chimney where he had hidden himself, and strangled him with a scarf from an officer's uniform.

The Russian Emperor Paul died at the age of 46 as his grandfather had warned him he would.

SOLOMON WAS NOT SO WISE

ACCORDING to recently published studies by Dr. Leroy Waterman, professor-emeritus of Semitics at the University of Michigan. King Solomon, who lived between 972 B.C. and 932 B.C., was one of the most over-rated figures in history.

In 1948 Dr. Waterman proved that the Song of Songs had not been written by Solomon and was. in fact, highly derogatory to him. After more than 40 years of study Dr. Waterman has evidence that Solomon's reputation for wisdom consisted of nothing more than a knack for solving riddles. None of the thousands of proverbs and songs credited to Solomon can be positively identified as his, Dr. Waterman reports.

Although Solomon had the opportunity to unite North and South Israel, he placed heavy taxes on his people and forced them into the equivalent of slave labor, thus laying the foundation for the civil war which, after his death, resulted in the easy conquest of the two nations. Solomon was a shrewd merchant and amassed great wealth but he spent so recklessly that he never could balance his budget and was forced to cede 20 cities in northern Galilee to Hiram, Phoenician king of Tyre.

Solomon married an Egyptian princess and went bankrupt trying to live on the scale of the Pharaohs. He spent 13 years building a palace for his Egyptian consort and only seven on the temple which he erected later. Dr. Waterman says Solomon's famed temple was little more than a storehouse for valuables and trade goods and was placed in a remote corner of the palace grounds. He has found no evidence that Solomon used the temple even as a private chapel.

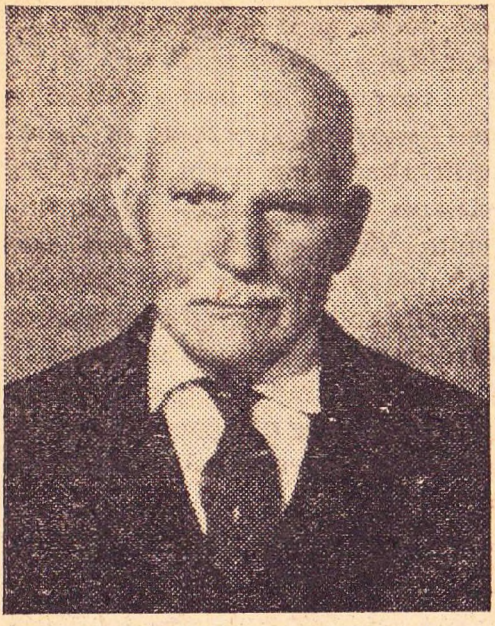




Photo at left shows writer's father as he appeared five years before his death. At right is psychic artist Frank Leah's drawing of the spirit who posed for him.

PSYCHIC PORTRAIT

... of my father

The artist drew his spirit communicator and a photo later gave proof of identity.

By D. Mitchell

I LAST saw my father in January, 1921. I said goodbye to him at Waterloo Station when he left for New Zealand. I was 19 and, except for an interval during which we lost touch with each other, we corresponded until he died in October, 1951, three days before his 93rd birthday.

I always had hoped to visit him in New Zealand but circumstances kept me from doing so. Father could not bear our English winters and never considered returning to Britain. This might have been a cause of deep regret had I not become a believer in spiritual survival. After his death I was confident that eventually my father's presence would be made known to me.

My interest in Spiritualism led me to read about the amazing gifts of Frank Leah, the psychic artist, who combines clairvoyance with artistic skill. His name dominated my thoughts for I hoped that he might help me communicate with my father, through one of his portraits.

The use of the telephone is an important preliminary to Mr. Leah's work and on my first call, before I could do more than state my name, he told me that I desired a portrait of my father and described him in his youth.

I have a portrait of my father showing him just as Mr. Leah described, with large dark eyes, wavy hair parted in the middle and wearing a folded cravat.

In six seances Mr. Leah gave an accurate and detailed description of his communicator who now showed himself as an old man. It would have been impossible for me to give so precise a description from my own knowledge.

Finally, Mr. Leah invited me to his studio the address of which was, until then, unknown to me. Awaiting me on an easel were two portraits, one of them of a young man, unfinished.

The other which needed only a little shading to show up the thin white hair at the temples was of a man I did not recognize. This was not the face I had cherished in memory all these years.

But I had with me several photographs of my father, the latest taken in New Zealand about 1946, and among them was the man of the portrait. This showed my father not as I recalled having seen him in person but as he had appeared some five years before his passing.

As I watched, Mr. Leah put the finishing touches to the sketch and then outlined the character of the man who had so patiently sat for him. He described my father's habits, his likes and dislikes and the manner of his passing with the same accuracy that characterized the drawing

GAS CHAMBER CURE

WHEN Fluffy, a dog belonging to James Cox of St. Louis, Mo., ate some rat poison he was placed in the gas chamber of the Humane Society to end his pain. Humane Society Officer Richard Jones checked the gas chamber and found it was operating properly. However, when he opened it 35 minutes later Fluffy was wagging his tail happily. The dog returned home with his owner.



the truth about WITCHES

This was the Great Sabbat. The Horned God watched from his altar as his frenzied worshippers danced.

By Virginia Stumbough

IT is Hallowe'en, 1953. You can walk along a pleasant English lane and smile to yourself at the antics of the boys and girls. There prances a witch on a broomstick, long flowing black robes, pointed hat, and hideous fanged mask. You pretend terror and are pounced upon with delight by the witch's cat, also black. Not for a moment will you show that you recognize the neighbor's little girl beneath her feline costume.

In a corner lot weird shapes hover over a bonfire roasting apples. What fun they have on Hallowe'en! Your front gate will be missing when you return home but it won't be hard to find again by daylight. This night belongs to the children.

But on Hallowe'en, 1353 the witch peers through the shutters, gauges the place of the moon in the sky. It is time. She takes the heavy oil from its hiding place

under a mantel stone, strips, and rubs herself hard, all over. There are belladonna and aconite and other ingredients in the oil.

She feels herself rising into the air, free of the earth, of family and of all responsibilities. She snatches up cloak, hood and mask and is almost at once deep in the woods. On the way she has glimpsed other hooded figures flying on their broomsticks. They follow that same English lane on their way to the Witch's Sabbat. But this time it is real, and child's play is one thing it is not.

This is the night of the Great Sabbat. The god this witch worships will not survive the night. But for her there is excitement, mystery and the satisfaction of physical desires in these rites.

The Old Religion is built around the horned god of paleolithic man. He represented, through his association with the totem animal of each particular tribe which worshipped him, all powers of good and evil. For this reason he wears a mask, usually like the animal. Talking through the mask gives him a sepulchral voice. He has horns on his head, with a lighted candle between them, a tail, and sometimes an animal skin. He has many names: Robin Hood, Old Hornie, the Old Nick, Puck, Bog (not our Boogie Man), Simon (possibly from Semo, the Sabine god of fertility).

In early days he was of a small, dark-skinned tribe. Now he blackens his skin so that he is a black god and sometimes he walks on stilts so that he seems tall. He too oils and massages his body with ointments. His skin becomes loose and supple, and the drug, rubbed in so that it enters the blood stream, excites him, makes him feel a super-man, makes him see visions which he thinks are real, makes him believe he flies through the air.

The meeting place in the sacred grove has been the same for hundreds of years. It is named Fairy Mound, Dancing Maiden, or Witches' Circle — and will be so called still in 1953.

If the meeting were but an Esbat it would be small and local, perhaps but a coven of 13—a priest and his 12 followers. But this is a Sabbat, a great meeting, where the god will be sacrificed with full rites. It will last from midnight to dawn. The participants' hearts leap with fear and excitement.

Already the horned god is seated upon his altar which is a stone in the clearing. Before him, around a blazing bonfire, dance torches in the hands of leaping shadows—the oiled, masked and hooded bodies of his frenzied worshippers. One by one they prostrate themselves before him, offer him candles, give him the kiss of shame—an act of humility since

this two-headed god wears his second mask beneath his tail. Behind the dancing figures slashes a masked witch with a whip for here "the devil takes the hindmost," punishing laggards.

The participants answer to their special witches' names in roll call. They report on good or evil done during the week and listen to advice on what more should be done. Initiates are introduced and take their vows. They are given the Mark of Satan, a bite, often on the shoulder—an identifying scar they will carry for life. Much of the rest of the service is similar to that conducted every Sunday in the village church: hymns, prayers, a sermon. To it is added tonight an exhortation on fighting persecution, especially from the Christian Church.

The music quickens. It is only an hour until dawn. The firelight dies as drums, violin, tambourines, flutes, pipes and Jew's harps join clapping hands to excite feeling to fever pitch. The witches feast and dance. Their senses reel. They do not know exactly when it happens but a shriek from the altar says that the old, aging god is dead and the new, virile god has taken his place. By dawn all desire is satiated, the grove is empty, the village is quiet and sleepy. Sabbat is over.

These great meetings were held at mating time, a date left over from pre-agricultural practices. May Day was the most important. Our innocent school May Pole dances are, as recently stated in FATE, the remains of religious rituals of the most pagan and ancient times. The second greatest festival was on October 31, Hallowe'en, of which we still see the most vivid reminders.

The meeting was a happy time, often ending in sexual orgies as part of the fertility rites. The witches in Salem, Mass., according to Cotton Mather in 1692, had officers, a baptism and supper much like any church organization, led by the Rev. George Burroughs. Actually these were not an imitation, being older than the Christian era.

The bread, drink and lights were black, as were the clothes or skin of the god. Dancing was sometimes in a ring around the priest-god (called the Devil by many), making, naturally enough, a "fairy ring" where grass would not grow because of the many tramping feet. The dance might be back-to-back (a la the more recent "Bumps-a-daisy"), a follow-the-leader (like a Conga), or a mad series of gyrations and antics. By the time witch trials followed the rites, sacrifice of the god had been largely replaced by symbolic sacrifice of an animal, or by a parody of the Christian Mass called a Black Mass.

The incarnate god was assisted by a second in command, called

the officer, and by a maiden, a woman member. Any of these could be the summoner, the musician, or the chief dancer. An animal for divining might be used, or a small domestic familiar, an animal for magic practices.

The god might be completely naked but among the appurtenances of his office was always the garter, or "points," which played a large part in ceremonial rites. Dr. Margaret Murray, who has done much research in this field, speculates that the importance of the garter to popular religious leaders may have had much to do with the founding of the famed Order of the Garter in Britain. The better-known tale is that the King's gallantry in picking up a lady's dropped garter was the origin. In medieval England it would take more than a dropped garter to shock onlookers, which makes the story a little hard to believe. But there would be real political acumen in adopting a popular superstition as a royal prerogative.

This theory gains strength when we remember that the horned god's coven or inner group of attendants consisted always of 12, or a total of 13 in the group. The Order of the Garter also is based on a group of 13: the King and 12 knights, plus the Prince of Wales and his 12 knights.

Many anthropological, as well as historical, proofs of the Old Religious coven of 13 have been found. In a neolithic cave in southern Spain 12 skeletons were found sitting in a circle around a central skeleton dressed in a leather skin; poppy heads littered the floor.

The numbers of witches in the 13th Century have been computed as from seven million to nearly two billion. In the course of history over nine million were killed for their beliefs. Certainly they were many: peasants reacting from the asceticism and hell-fire of the medieval church, and there were more women than men since primitive societies are usually matriarchal. There were also converts among European women who resented their subjugated position in society and welcomed a place of equality and honor.

Among the worshippers were found also those intellects affected by Eastern mysticism; politicians and others who were the witches' customers in magic; and the Little People or fairy folk, who were survivors of the original paleolithic culture and had completely died out by the end of the 17th Century.

Children were dedicated either at birth or initiated into the mysteries at puberty, as among Hopi girls today. The initiate must freely wish to join, must renounce the established church, and must sign a pact with the Devil, the old fertility priest-god. He put

one hand to his crown and one to his feet, vowing fealty by all that lay between. A secret name was adopted, then a sacrifice offered, perhaps a black hen, while the name was entered on the rolls. Finally the convert received the Devil's Mark, a scratch or bite by the master. The skin was then rubbed with mud or dye to leave a permanent tattoo. Initiates were usually drugged so that they were excited, full of dreams and fantasies.

A fully initiated witch could cast spells, make and administer poisons, interfere with the lives and well-being of domestic animals and human beings whom he wished to harm. He had three kinds of power by which he retained control. That over animals is symbolized today by the Indian snake charmer. That over people continues today in some degree among hypnotists, telepathists and faith healers.

The priest's control of his body has developed into such practices as Yogism. The witch's levitation on her broom seems to be on the order of our common dreams of flying but induced by drugs.

The third power was that of detached consciousness, also seen in Yogism, mediumistic activities and the practice of all forms of advanced mysticism. Intense, deep prayer or meditation may attain this state.

Human sacrifice of the priest-god was justified in the Old Religion by the theory that he was the source of fertility for all and at signs of age he must die lest this power be weakened in all. A younger, stronger god took his place.

Among those ritually killed in our own historic time were King Edmund at Pucklechurch, May, 946; Edmund Ironside, November, 1016; William Rufus, in New Forest, August, 1100—all months of the great Sabbats. Also Osred, King of Northumbria, 792; Cnut, 1035; Yalchere, Bishop of Durham, 1080; Thomas á Becket, Canterbury, 1170; Joan of Arc, 1431; and Gilles de Rais, 1440.

The Old Religion of primitive peoples was a forerunner of all modern beliefs.

Primitive women suckled the young of their totem animals. Sacrifice of the animal, the god-head, was particularly desirable because only through its death could its strongest qualities be acquired by other members of the group, by eating its flesh. Gradually the part of the animal-god was taken over in religious rites by a man substitute, a priest-god who acted like and felt himself to be the animal, wore its skins and a mask simulating its head. From this came the witch's mask and peaked hat. The worshippers also became the animal and acted as it would act, finally slaying their priest-god every seven or nine years so that

he and the tribe with him would not age and weaken.

This animal worship reached its highest form of advanced psychological and nervous control in Egypt, and lasted there for thousands of years. In these early times man had a psychic sensitivity to group or universal consciousness which has since been in large part lost.

Egyptian culture, religious and magical practice spread with her colonists and traders to all parts of the known world. Traces of it can be seen not only in Africa and India but in the mysteries of the Roman Delphi, the Minotaur of Crete, the Druidic culture of early Britain, and in the worship of Odin among the Northern tribes. Witchcraft everywhere developed from the indigenous fertility cults of a particular locale, merged with Egyptian magic.

On the eve of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain, enormous bonfires were lighted the length and breadth of England. From any point in the land one of these pyres could be seen. How many of those responsible, do you suppose, realized that they were continuing a custom handed down to them from paleolithic times, by way of the Old Religion, Egypt, and the witch-gods of their own early Druidic culture?

And how many Hallowe'en revelers realize that their witches' robes are a remnant of the almost forgotten fertility rites of antiquity?



THE NON-EXISTENT SHELL

THERE is an old story, that one day a student brought to his professor a sea shell which did not fit into accepted scientific classification, and that the professor, after puzzling over it a few moments, dropped the shell on the floor, ground it under heel, and declared: "There is no such shell!"—*C. J. Ducasse in Journal of the ASPR.*



PENGUIN GRAVEYARD

A PENGUIN graveyard was found recently on South Georgia Island in the Antarctic. In the depths of a clear snow-fed lake hidden by hills lay the bodies of hundreds of penguins, perfectly preserved by the cold. The discovery parallels the finding of a seal graveyard in the same region. On a bare patch of ground near a great ice barrier explorers found the frozen bodies of hundreds of seals, some of which appeared to have been there for centuries.

The aged Italian genius unsuccessfully sought a spectacular way to die. Then Fate played an ironic joke.

By Harold Helfer

THIS COULD Kill YOU

THERE is no stranger record of human obsession—nor of the workings of fate—than that of Gabriele D'Annunzio, Italy's great literary figure, lover and war hero.

D'Annunzio led an exciting and dramatic life. He was a major poet, a playwright, a top general during World War I, and a celebrated lover who broke the heart of Eleanora Duse, the famed actress, and other beauties of his time. As D'Annunzio reached 70 he decided that he wanted to die dramatically, as he had lived. It became an obsession. Feeling that life held nothing more for him, he determined to leave the world in the most spectacular and dramatic fashion possible.

In the mid-1930's this rather slight, balding, man sat in the garden of his magnificent villa near Rome and brooded. He thought only of how to leave this world in some altogether original and memorable way. One of his notions, as he confided to friends, was to smother himself under a mass of rose petals. But he discarded this as too "effeminate."

He considered jumping into the fiery crater of Stromboli. But had not the Japanese people, by the hundreds, for ages taken their lives by jumping into volcanoes? This, then, was not for him—he must think of something else.

D'Annunzio had, on the grounds of his villa, a cannon from World War I. He thought to get himself blown up by a charge from this cannon. However, this would take cooperation from someone and he never found anybody willing to fire the cannon at him.



Gabriele d'Annunzio met a different death than his imaginative mind had devised.

Italy's versatile genius at one point wished to kill himself while broadcasting over the radio, so that thousands of people all over the nation would be a party to this dramatic occurrence. He was heartbroken to discover that some months before one Alexander Wirken, a disappointed lover, had shot himself to death in the middle of a news broadcast he was making over a Crimean station.

He next thought of leaping out of an airplane but found a couple of sisters had jumped arm-in-arm over Britain. That took the edge off of that scheme. He gave some thought to flying out over the sea until the gasoline in his plane gave out—a truly poetic idea—but it seemed this too had been done — by a Jacksonville, Florida, woman grieving over the death of her aviator husband.

A more gruesome notion he entertained was to get into a bathtub filled with a solution that would dissolve his every tissue and bone and arrange for someone to remove the stopper so that every particle of him would go down the drain. But that also required co operation and he could find no accomplice. Besides, he did not know of such a powerful solution as would be required.

D'Annunzio contemplated drowning himself in a cask of wine. But somebody already had drowned in a barrel of vinegar and that took the splash out of that.

That was the trouble with virtually all of D'Annunzio's ideas, they had either been done before or they required cooperation.

Perhaps the idea he cherished most was embalming himself inside a glacier. This, he was sure, nobody had done before and it would enable generations to come to view him through the ice. In this manner he would be preserved indefinitely.

But again this required assistance. No one seemed willing to help.

No telling what bizarre method of exit from the world was uppermost in his mind at the moment when meditating drowsily at home before a cozy fireplace, dressed in houseslippers and long woolen underwear, he died.

DREAM BATHING SUIT

IN a dream one night Mark Shaw watched a girl in a bathing suit fall into the water. For a short while she thrashed around as though she couldn't swim. But instead of sinking she floated on top of the water.

Shaw found himself beside her, examining the material of her bathing suit. It was made of cotton, woven in an original way such as he had never seen before. The cloth was definitely unsinkable!

When he woke he wrote down his dream. He was a textile merchant of Blackpool, England, and told his dream to a textile expert who assured him such a material could be woven.

Shaw patented it and formed Marksway Fabrics to market his unsinkable bathing suit. He now has contracts that run into several hundreds of thousands of dollars and his bathing suits will be on all the beaches this summer.

Although British taxes are taking most of his profits he is happy that his cloth is being used to teach crippled children and adults to swim, and that unsinkable mail bags and other safety devices such as lightweight rafts for planes can be manufactured. — *Russell N. Case.*

A LESSON IN FIRE

RECENTLY students at a school in Sherborne, England, were asked to write an essay titled "The Day the School Caught Fire." They had to leave the project unfinished when the school did catch fire.

My PROOF of Survival

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

BIRTHDAY CAKES FROM BEYOND

By Anne B. Marley

My late husband had the enthusiasm of a child when it came to his birthday or Christmas. On his last birthday before he passed away, November 20, 1952, we celebrated as usual with a cake and all the surprises that were in order. The following evening we attended an organization in which we were both active and he was presented with another birthday cake, the largest and the most elaborately decorated I ever have seen. He was as pleased as a small child would have been.

My birthday was on January 10, two months after his. I never had a birthday cake. My family was a large one with not too much of this world's goods and since my birthday fell so soon after Christmas it always passed without special notice.

I teased my husband about having had two birthday cakes and he said, "Mom, this year you shall have two birthday cakes, on my word of honor—then we will be square!"

One week later, on November 27, my husband died from a sudden heart attack.

On my birthday the following January 10 I was alone in the house. I have no family nor near relatives. I am blessed with many good friends but none knew the date of my birthday.

About eight o'clock in the evening one friend telephoned me. She said, "Anne, this is your birthday. I will be over in a short time." She lived a long way from my home and didn't drive a car. The trip required several transfers. It was snowing and the street was icy. I insisted that she remain at home but she said, "Goodbye, I'll see you soon!"

She arrived in an hour with a birthday cake and a carton of vanilla ice cream.

As we feasted she explained, "I had just returned to my apart-

ment from work. As I opened the door your husband spoke to me as though he were in the room: 'Mattie, this is Anne's birthday!' I immediately picked up the telephone and called you. In the shop in my building I bought this ice cream. Then I started to the bus stop. Your husband's voice rang out, 'Mattie, get a cake!' I returned to the shop and bought this cake."

Just as we finished the ice cream and cake the Cuban girl who stayed with me at night opened the front door. She carried a box that contained a beautiful birthday cake.

I never had mentioned to this girl that it was my birthday. She never had known my husband. She had come after his death to stay in the house with me at night.

This touching experience convinced me that we can commune with loved ones who have passed beyond material sight. — *Austin, Tex.*

DOUBLY WARNED

By Iris Knight

One night in January, 1940, I had a disturbing dream. In the dream a woman whom I had never seen before appeared and said: "You are going to die in a few weeks." Just that and nothing more.

It was the middle of the night when I woke and, strongly impressed by this apparent warning, I rose immediately and wrote it down in a notebook near my bed.

I thought frequently about the dream the next day but told no one. I did not want to worry my parents with whom I lived. Anyway I did not take it too seriously. I was in good health, happy and not ready to die.

On the following night I had a second dream, more detailed and explanatory than the first. This time a man appeared. I found myself seated in a darkened room with someone invisible sitting nearby. My complete attention, however, was riveted to a small, quiet, elderly man who stood by the daylighted window. I am certain I had never seen him before.

I watched his profile as he gazed down intently at a box resting on the window sill. It was white, about the size of a shoe box and of similar shape. After a moment the man turned away from the box, and looked intently at me. Then slowly and distinctly he said, "I am looking at this coffin so long because one or the other of you is going to die in a few weeks."

I awoke and as I had done the preceding night wrote down the dream in my notebook while it was fresh in my mind. This I did because I realized how quickly even important details are, at the coming of day, erased from the memory.

About three weeks later my father, who was co-owner of a contracting firm in our town, became ill with a recurrent heart ailment and was advised by his doctor to remain at home for a period of rest. This was hard on him for he was active by nature and seldom missed a day at the office. His recuperation seemed rather slow although to Mother and me he did not appear to be seriously ill. At no time was he actually bedfast.

On the morning of March 16 I went downstairs to find Pixie, our pet canary, dead in his cage. We had owned him for several years and as he was our only pet we grieved for him. Mother and I put the tiny body in a shoe box for burial in the back yard. It was not until I saw the bird in its white coffin that I recalled the white box of my second dream. "This is the end of it," I decided. "Pixie was one of our family and his death fulfills the warning I received in my dreams."

That afternoon Dad, who was feeling much improved, came downstairs and, discarding the shoe box as being too large, put the bird's body in a coffee can. Together we buried our pet near the house.

Two days later, on the morning of March 18, Dad, apparently on the mend, suddenly died. Thus was the dream warning finally fulfilled. If only I could have interpreted it correctly, I would have been better prepared in my mind—for the death of the canary was only the prelude to the greater loss.—*Charleston, W. Va.*

SPIRIT DOCTOR

By Virginia D. Randall

A SPIRIT-DOCTOR'S advice helped me cure a lady who had suffered for three months from severe pains in her back following a freak accident. Early in 1952 her car door had blown shut as she stood between it and the back seat helping her baby out of the car and she had been hit in the middle of the back so hard that she had a concussion where her forehead hit the side of the car.



Virginia D. Randall

She had been treated by various doctors and finally had been sent to me. I am a physical therapist and work entirely according to doctor's orders. These orders

were to apply heat, massage, and exercise the lady's spine and upper back. I did so and found her spine unusually spastic and taut. She could not relax no matter how I adjusted the pillows and worked on her. Ordinarily light massage was indicated but she could tolerate very little.

In spite of my efforts I felt that I was making no progress. She seemed to derive no benefit from my therapy. I felt blocked and thwarted. In desperation I prayed for help. As though at my elbow I heard a man's voice say distinctly: "Treat her rough!"

"Rough, with that tender back?" I thought to myself. Well, the light stroking had not helped, so at least I would try this advice. I did so, explaining that as the other had not worked, maybe a hard massage might. In a matter of minutes, I could feel the spasms letting so. She relaxed for the first time in many, weary months.

I sent a thankful prayer to my spirit doctor. I hope he will come again when I need him.—*Newtonville, Mass.*

A SPIRIT'S FLIGHT

By M. Frances Case

On February 14, 1946, while living near Nashville, Tenn., I had a strange dream in which a woman patient was lying on an examination table in a hospital room. We nurses were working about the room and teasing the patient. One went to a blackboard and wrote the name "Martin" all over it. This appeared to please the woman, whose face was not clear to me. We stepped into another room for a moment and when I returned to check on the patient I was shocked to find that she was dead.

As I awoke from the dream I had a strange experience. A woman's smiling face appeared very close to mine. I did not recognize it and it disappeared. The thought rushed into my mind, "Someone has just died," and I wondered if I had just seen a spirit take flight from this world.

An hour later my husband, a doctor, came in from an early morning call, reporting wearily that his woman patient had died. Although she was the sister of my friend, Marie, I had seen her only once. However, it dawned on me that her's was the face I had seen after the dream. As far as we could check the time of the appearance coincided with the time of death.

Two weeks later I told Marie of the experience, thinking it would comfort her to know that her sister had departed with a smile of happiness. Then I asked, "But who is Martin?"

She said, "That is certainly strange. Martin was our older, foster brother. He and my sister

loved each other dearly. In fact, he was always even closer to her than her husband. He died 10 years ago and my sister never got over his death." — *Pueblo, Colo.*

FOREWARNING OF ARSON

By F. Beatrice MacIntyre

WHEN my husband and I were having our home built in 1949 we stayed with my brother several miles away. No unusual incidents had occurred and there was no apparent cause for worry.

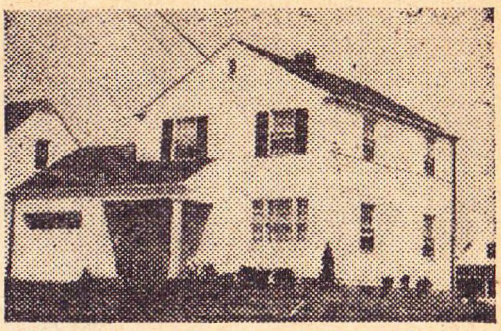
However, on Sunday, April 3, I felt a strong urge to go to Port Chester to see the house.

"But you went through it yesterday and there's been no further work done since then," my husband protested.

I insisted something was wrong and he finally yielded. Soon we were turning the corner of our street.

The house loomed unmarred before us.

I commented, "No flames to be seen. I would have sworn the house was on fire."



House owned by F. Beatrice MacIntyre in Port Chester, N. Y. A strong "hunch" told her it was in danger of burning.

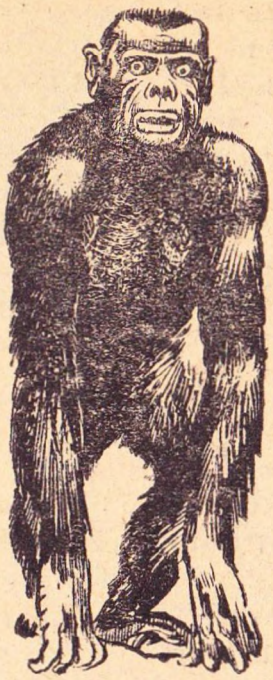
We opened the door. Clouds of smoke greeted us. A pile of flooring blazed in the dining room, in a nest of waste paper.

We smothered the fire, then went down into the cellar. Here a bomb, of the type used by excavating firms, had been placed on a box with a rope fuse connecting it to a carton of inflammable rubbish.

Only our opportune arrival saved us from serious loss. We had no known enemies and so concluded that the arsonist was seeking a thrill. At any rate, he was never found nor can I explain how I was warned in the nick of time.—*Port Chester, N. Y.*

THE BRUISED BROTHERS

AS Harry Provencher of Middlebury, Vt., drove along a narrow dirt road recently his car collided with another on a hill. Provencher got out to scold the other driver — and found himself face to face with his brother, Art.



Unknown Apes of the Americas

By Frank Volkmann

The horse had been disembowled. Gathered around it was a group of dark, hairy, sub-human creatures.

IN 1929 M. de Loys, a French geologist, observed two ape-like creatures near the Catatumbo river in Venezuela. One of them he was compelled to shoot in self defense. Apparently they were ill-tempered, easily provoked creatures. The animal he shot was an ape fully five feet, two inches tall and covered with long coarse hair. It possessed 32 teeth and a large snout not unlike the South American monkeys. The body of the ape quickly decomposed, owing to the climate, but he took several photographs before this reached a serious stage and also preserved its skull. Unfortunately on his return trip he had an accident during which he lost the skull and all but one photograph.

In his report Dr. de Loys dropped strange hints about the structural peculiarity of the creature's sex organs and seems to imply a form of feral hermaphroditism

that completely baffled scientists.

This unknown anthropoid ape of South America which de Loys, who was not a zoologist, examined and upon which he wrote a full report, was named *Ameranthropoides loysi.*

Since 1929 several other explorers and some disinterested persons have reported seeing a creature that looked like an ape in the Venezuelan and Brazilian jungles, where there are thousands of square miles of unexplored forest.

In the formidable Araguaya gold country not far from the vast Matto Grosso, where the Britisher Fawcett mysteriously disappeared some years ago, there are said to exist monster apes that the authorities at Rio de Janeiro call "the Araguaya Roarer." Its footprints are 20 inches long and resemble the foot print of a human. It seems to be a veritable King Kong, and in 1937 reports that these monsters were terrifying native settlements along the Rio Araguaya were cabled to England and the United States. The creatures, perhaps driven by hunger, wandered from their native haunts and attacked large herds of cattle. It was reported by authoritative sources that they could break the back of a Spanish Steer with a single blow of their hand!

There is another strange story about the existence of sub-human, ape-like creatures in the heart of the Brazilian jungles that appeared in many journals and scientific publications in the early part of this century. It may or may not be true.

It relates that a well-to-do Portuguese father and his son, walking one morning down to their lower cattle pasture to look at their fine stock of horses, saw in the middle of the pasture a horse, dead on its side, its belly gouged open and its entrails strewn upon the ground. Around the horse were a group of alien, dark and hairy looking creatures that could walk erect or nearly erect, as the ape. The father, perhaps angered and not realizing the danger, left his son leaning against the fence and rushed to investigate. The creatures turned upon him and, before he could flee, they tore him to pieces. The young boy, terror-stricken, raced home to tell of the horrible murder of his father which he had witnessed. A party of natives and white men, who lived in the small settlement, armed themselves with rifles and machetes and hurried to the pasture.

They managed to capture two of the creatures, a male and a female. They confined these to a barred cage where they died several weeks after their capture. Unfortunately their remains were tossed into the river before competent authorities could examine them.

It was reported that the crea-

tures were not apes and certainly not human but on the borderline between the two. Their bodies, except their faces were covered with hair and their hands had short fingers resembling claws and gave the appearance of being webbed. They ate anything given them providing it was uncooked and they particularly liked to dig in the ground for grubs which they ate raw as the present day blacks do in Australia. The female had great, pendulous breasts and nearly as much hair on her body as the male. It was said that they engaged in sexual congress in broad daylight surrounded by amazed spectators.

Admittedly this story reads like fiction but authorities in Brazil said that stories of this general purport were told to government inspectors more than once for investigation.

Turning now to another part of the Americas—the British archaeologist, Thomas Gann, in his *Discoveries and Adventures in Central America* (1929) tells at length the now oft' repeated story of an encounter with a giant, apelike creature by Frank Blaucaneaux, a naturalist and author of *Biologica Americana Centrale,* in Central America. I wish to repeat this unusual story again, as it was told to Gann.

Blaucaneaux and a negro servant, "Joe," were exploring the then little known region of thick jungles and brush near the headwaters of the Rio Mopan, northwest of Arenal, at the turn of the century. One day, after an exhaustive spell of cutting their way through the matted underbrush, they decided to sit in the shade and recuperate. Blaucaneaux admired the lovely valley that lay below them but with a naturalist's unfailing keenness observed that its tranquillity was not complete. A large Cohune-palm was shaking vigorously in the still air.

"Joe," Blaucaneaux said turning to his servant, "go see what makes that Cohune shake like it was blowing a gale."

Joe muttered something about "Obeah" but at last, reluctantly and with his rifle in his hand, he headed into the brush to see what the trouble was about.

He was gone sometime when a series of shrieks rent the otherwise silent atmosphere and sent Blaucaneaux racing into the bush after him. When he arrived at the base of the tree his servant was doubled up on the grass moaning dreadfully. His face was half torn off and his internal organs were exposed by several large, bloody gouges.

Blaucaneaux forced some rum, from a small pocket flask, down the negro's throat and before he died he mumbled in agony, "I find the ole devil himself, under the tree; him rip me up, then run."

Joe was buried under the Cohune-palm, on the spot where he had died.

Blaucaneaux hardly was able to shake off a feeling of terror but at the same time he was stimulated by the possibility of discovering a hitherto unknown animal, large enough to kill a man with a few swipes of its paw.

He followed its indistinct trail for many miles until he arrived at the mouth of a limestone cave. Such caves are common in this part of Central America. He ventured into this yawning hole in the rock and on the soft, brown earth of the cave floor he clearly saw the footprints of the beast. Blaucaneaux later told Gann that these footprints looked like the thumb and first two fingers of a human hand, each finger armed with a terrible claw.

Night was approaching and Blaucaneaux decided to get away from the cave until morning. Unfortunately he got lost and when he eventually did find his way to the village of El Cayo and equipped an outfit of natives to return, he was unable to locate either the tree or the cave.

This strange story, which we have no reason to doubt, has been followed by reports from the women of the El Cayo region that they were attacked from behind by a tall, hairy, ape-like creature that tore off their clothing and inflicted many scratches on their bodies. The women were carried into the forest and then dropped to the ground. No further harm was done them.

Thomas Gann, who collected these stories, explored this region sometime after he had talked with Blaucaneaux and confesses, that while penetrating the depths of these caves, he actually expected to come across this strange, unknown creature.

One Indian of this jungle region told Gann that men of his tribe had found, on the trunk of a tree, deep scratches and numerous stiff black hairs. On some of these hairs was a fine, white dust that the animal must have picked up in a limestone cave.

This vicious, monstrous creature reminds us of our South American friend the horrible "Araguaya Roarer" and it is not impossible that both may owe their origin to a common ancestor that became extinct far back in misty antiquity in the New World.

So, perhaps it is wise to withhold final judgment as to whether anthropoid apes exist today or ever did exist in the Americas.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• A black and white cat on the Thomas Jones farm, near Rowdy, Ky., has given birth to kittens on four successive Easter Sundays.

• An Irish retriever belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rice romped up to them during the workouts at Hialeah racetrack and dropped a slightly chewed piece of pasteboard at their feet. It was a $100 ticket on a winning horse, worth $600 at the cashier's window.

• Recently, a Seneca Falls, N. Y., patrolman arrested three men named Steele, all on different charges and on different occasions. None of the men are related.

• Insurance salesman Joe Pace, of Poplar Bluff, Mo., picked an opportune time to sell fire insurance to Mrs. Burris Walker. The Walker home caught fire as the two were discussing the policy on the front porch. When the fire was extinguished Mrs. Walker signed on the dotted line.

• A Columbus, O., firm, promoting a liquid hair spray for women put on a safety demonstration in the office of the chief of the city's Fire Prevention Bureau to prove that the product was fireproof. A representative of the firm had Chief Walter Hoelcher hold a lighted match while he squirted the spray at it. Bright yellow flames soared, burning the chief's finger.

• In Pittsburgh, O. K. Munnie married a young lady named Katie Cash.

• Tom Hoot, cook for a fire-fighting crew at Lassen National Forest in California, dreamed there was a fire. He jumped out of bed at 3 a.m. and roused the crew, realizing too late that it was only a dream. But while he prepared breakfast for the disgruntled firemen an alarm rang and they responded without delay.

• Little Rock, Ark., police hunted a householder wanted for failing to pay his garbage collection fee; they found him working on a city garbage collection crew.

• In Topeka, Kans., schoolteacher Miss Jerry McConkey got engaged to another schoolteacher, Mr. Jerry McConkey, of Quinter, Kans.

• When Oliver Phillips, of Reading, England, threw £500, about $1,400, in bills into a furnace while cleaning out his desk

six years ago, he vowed to be more careful in the future. But the other day, when cleaning out the same desk, he tossed £100, about $280, into the same furnace.

• A San Francisco motorist who had just smashed into two cars and was trying hard to keep cool, lit a cigarette, then tossed it into a pool of gasoline setting fire to three cars.

• Elton Garrit of Philadelphia, Pa., got up from the couch to tune his television set. As he bent over the set, a car smashed into the living room and rammed the couch where he had been sitting.

• A Lawrence, Mass., man was given a suspended jail sentence for disrobing and blowing kisses from his rooming-house window to a lady seated in a nearby beauty parlor. The lady was a local policewoman.

• In Pittsburgh, Pa., an airport maintenance worker injured his hip when he fell off a ladder in the first-aid room.

• Less than an hour after a Port Huron, Mich., building inspector inspected and condemned a city-owned warehouse, it collapsed.

• An Akron court appointed Attorney Joseph Roulhac to defend Charles Williams, a youth charged with automobile theft. The appointment was withdrawn when it was discovered that it was Roulhac's own car the defendant had stolen.

• Wesley Moon, the boating and sailing columnist for The Asbury Park *Press* failed to report for work one day the other week. He was seasick.

• Lecturing in Dublin on "How To Improve Your Memory," R. Backley found that he had forgotten half his manuscript.

• In July, 1953, Mrs. Celia Jackson of Memphis, Tenn., was despondent because her husband's leaves from Korea had twice been cancelled. She took her own life. Neighbors who discovered her body also found an unopened telegram lying at the door of Mrs. Jackson's house. It was from her Marine husband, telling her that he was on his way home.

• While R. C. Carter, of Baxley, Ga., was out distributing handbills attacking a proposed bill to curb cattle on highways, his car struck a stray bull and was smashed.

• Near Squaw Creek Canyon, Calif., a woman walked up to hunter W. S. Lloyd in the woods and asked: "My husband's trying to hunt bear but there aren't any around here, are there?" Suddenly a piece of redwood bark fell to the ground. Lloyd looked up and fired. A 250-pound bear fell out of a tree.

—Paul Steiner.



HISTORY OF HYPNOSIS



Scientific interest in hypnotism began recently. But ancient peoples used hypnotic techniques.

By Virginia Stumbough

HYPNOTISM is as old as history. One London historian, Richard Harte, suggests that Adam, in the Garden of Eden, was a subject of magnetic slumber when God took out his rib!

Early use of hypnotism was one of the ways in which magic functioned successfully. Today, through increased knowledge, hypnotism has grown from witchery to one of the most delicate tools of the psychiatrist's couch.

Records of the use of hypnotism have been found in the painted and sculptured figures of the paleozoic age in Egypt and Assyria. Raised hands pass before the eyes of slumbering figures, in gestures still used today. The Harris Papyrus on magic, written in Egypt about 5,000 years ago, describes hypnotic processes; and the Ebers Papyrus of 1552 B.C. tells of medical treatment by the laying of hands on the head.

A typical Biblical story of healing by the laying on of hands is in Acts V:12-17:

> "And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people; . . . Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might

overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one."

Hypnotism was used by the famous Sibyl of Cumae whose caves can be visited today near Naples, Italy; by the priests of ancient Greece; by the Medes and the Chaldeans a half millenium before Christ; and by the Brahmins of India. Not only the Bible of the Christians, but the sacred Vedas of the Hindus refer to hypnotism, the latter including a poem intended to put its hearers into a hypnotic trance:

"In this hour of deepest night
I hold fast all their limbs
Whether sitting or walking or standing or looking before him,
We close his eyes as fast as this dwelling here is closed . . .
With thy drowsy spell submerge the whole people in sleep,
Bewitch them, until the sun is rising . . ."

Hippocrates, father of modern medicine (460-377 B.C.), mentioned hypnotism and so did Plato (427-327 B.C.) and Aristotle (384-322 B.C.). King Pyrrhus of Epirus (279 B.C.) and the Emperor Vespucius (9-79 A.D.) could cure by the laying on of hands. In the temples of the Gnostics, 100 years after Christ, hallucinations were induced by the closing of eyes in trance, and 50 years later the great physician Galen mentioned its use. The Chinese, Persian magi, Indian yogis and fakirs all practiced hypnosis.

Skipping 1000 years, we find a report in 1253 of the three-day hypnotic sleep of a slave girl in the court of the Emperor of Mongolia, Mangu-Khau. This is an early record of the use of hypnosis for clairvoyance.

In the 15th century Vaninius, the "Arcana of Nature," said, "By a strong imagining, that which is mentally conceived becomes executed in reality; not only within the body, but outside."

The famous Swiss physician, Paracelsus, delved deep into alchemy and said that, "Imagination and faith can cause and remove diseases. Confidence in the virtue of amulets is the whole secret of their efficacy. It is from faith that imagination draws its power." He believed that the magnetic, positive virtues of healthy persons attracted the negative, weak magnetism of sick people, so that the body in this way healed through its magnetic powers.

Van Helmont, a famous physician, born in 1577, discoverer of laudanum, ammonia, volatile salts

and aeroform fluids (gas), was imprisoned by the Inquisition for having dealings with Satan. He used verbal suggestion among the victims of plague in Brussels and auto-suggestion to keep himself from catching it.

"Magnetism is a universal agent," he said. "It is that occult influence which bodies exert over each other at a distance by means of attraction and repulsion."

Leaders as different as the Middle Age witch-gods leading their frenzied followers in midnight dance orgies and Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727) shared a knowledge of the uses of hypnosis. In his *Principia*, Newton said, "... a very subtle spirit . . . exists in a latent state in solid bodies. It is by the force and the activity of this spirit that the particles of bodies mutually attract each other at short distances and adhere when they come in contact . . . All sensation is excited, and the limbs of animals moved at will by the vibrations of this spirit, propagated by means of the solid filaments of the moves of the external organs and of the senses of the brain, and from the brain to the muscles."

A Swabian priest named Gassner, who cast out devils by putting his patients into a trance, inadvertently led to the first modern scientific interest in hypnotism. F. Anton Mesmer, a Viennese physician, began to apply to his patients his knowledge of Paracelsus' teachings on magnetism and Gassner's use of trance. He believed that everyone possessed a magnetic "fluid," a physical activity or effect rather than a substance, but he did not think of it as a psychological force. He thought this fluid, which could be disturbed or missing and thus cause disease, could be restored by a hypnotic technique. Like those before him, he felt that he had a special power. He was the first to teach others how to use this power and the first to apply magnetic power by direct contact.

Immediately preceding the French revolution Mesmer became the wonder of Paris. He stroked the arms and the ailing parts of patients and induced sleep, during which he suggested healing. Practicing both in Vienna and Paris, he created world-wide interest in hypnotic phenomena. He used many methods of magnetizing, laying on of hands, pressing or kneading with the fingers, touching and pointing with a rod, and finally merely passing the hands over the affected part. Finally Mesmer found that he could fix his eyes on those of the patient and induce him to concentrate to the point of trance with as good effect as with other methods.

Several European countries became so excited over Mesmer's activities and success that they sent

representatives to study animal magnetism under him. Then in 1784 during the French revolution a government committee investigated his work. The commission included many famous men, Benjamin Franklin, United States representative in Paris, and Antoine Lavoisier, the French chemist, and others. The commission reported that magnetism had nothing to do with trance and that trance was entirely the work of the imagination. One of Mesmer's followers, the Marquis de Puységur, showed that trees could be magnetized and humans magnetized through them. Franklin reported that mere belief in the power of the trees was enough to cure.

Mesmerism was followed by other isms: animal magnetism, Braidism, Statuvolism, psychodiamany, pathetism, neurology and electro-biology, none of which lasted long in popular favor. After the beginning of the French revolution interests were diverted and for the next 50 years mesmerism was practiced mainly by charlatans. However, clinics opened in London, Edinburgh, Dublin and elsewhere. Hypnotism was used first for the treatment of nervous disease, then for anaesthesia in surgery. The Royal Medical Society ruled against it, with the old flagellation argument that pain was good for the patient and shouldn't be avoided.

After Mesmer's death in 1815 there were two main schools of animal magnetism, run by Chevalier de Barberin and by de Puységur. Barberin, the "Spiritualist," said that cures were an act of God, the result of faith alone which the operator could only strengthen. He used religious exhortation and prayer. His followers, found chiefly in Sweden and Germany, believed that cures were a general law of God rather than a miracle or a particular law. They were more apt to be protestants than catholics.

The school of de Puységur, the "Experimentalist," was larger. In 1784 he discovered the secret of genuine hypnotic somnambulism, a great step forward. He and his two brothers, all army officers, one day cured a fellow officer after an attack of apoplexy. Other healings were so impressive that he took over all medical care of the regiment, and finally drew the sick from the surrounding countryside. He founded a Society of Harmony at Strasburg, with 188 members.

De Puységur's discovery of somnambulism occurred by accident when his gardener, in a deep trance, answered some questions which a man of his limited education couldn't be expected to handle. He answered brilliantly, showing telepathic capacity. Later de Puységur found that a schoolmaster patient, Viélet, could

write, in the dark, while asleep, accurate and knowledgeable forecasts of coming events. De Puységur feared the effect of clairvoyance on the public and warned his brothers to keep it secret. In 1811 he made a second startling discovery—how to produce trance with passes, and later still he announced the existence of the subconscious mind, or double personality in a single being.

By 1920 this early form of hypnotism was used in hospitals in Germany, Russia, Austria, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, though it could be used legally only by medical men. In France it fell into lower and lower repute because of its use by laymen for entertainment and in public exhibitions of anaesthesia, clairvoyance and trance. Eventually, it became illegal in every country but France, the United States and England.

Some doctors went to incredible lengths to discredit and disprove the existence of magnetism. They claimed that patients in trance were merely shamming. They burned the subject's flesh, pulled out his hair, stuck pins in his body, shot guns off next to his ears, flogged him. When awakened the trance subjects suffered agonies but the doctors honestly believed they only pretended to sleep.

John Elliotson, scientist and philanthropist, the first Englishman to use a stethoscope in 1817, used mesmerism as a therapeutic aid in hospital and private practice. A professor of medicine at the University College of London, he first treated hospital patients with mesmerism in 1834.

James Braid, a Manchester surgeon, first used the word hypnotism and investigated it in a truly scientific manner. After observing the work of the mesmerist Lafontaine, he decided to try out the phenomena on his own family. He discovered he could put them to sleep but decided, and announced publicly, that it was a purely physiological condition resulting from fatigue of the frontal lobes of the brain, rather than a transference of force from the operator.

Braid actually put mesmerism in a position acceptable to the medical profession through his new interpretation. In 1843 he published the first of many books about it, *Neurypnology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep, Considered in Relation with Animal Magnetism.* By discovering the effects of hypnosis on the memory he opened the way to the use of suggestion and dissociation, as practiced in modern psychiatry.

James Esdaile, an English doctor residing in India, found the Indian government more tolerant than the medical profession toward new means of healing. He persuaded the government to

build a hospital in India where in 1845 he performed the first operation under hypnotic anaesthesia. By 1851 he had successfully performed thousands of painless, minor operations and 300 major operations, including 19 amputations, a lithotomy, and many removals of scrotal tumors.

In 1853 the American Congress offered a $10,000 prize to the discoverer of ether as an anesthetic, calling it the earliest anesthetic. Esdaile wrote them an indignant letter, not claiming the prize but pointing out that he had performed painless, mesmeric surgery in his hospital years long before ether. Congress ignored the letter.

Charcot, the head of the Salpétiére in Paris and a recognized authority on nervous diseases, investigated hypnotism. He called it a form of artificial hysteria, a medical and physiological state to which only nervous patients were subject.

The Charcot school and the school of physicians at Nancy, France, were the two focal points of hypnotic experimentation and practice in the 1860's. Among Charcot's many pupils were Pierre Janet and Sigmund Freud, the two leading, modern psycho-pathologists. Janet concluded after experiments that in hysteria the personality may split into two selves with different characters and memories. Freud and Breuer used hypnotism to treat mental patients. Freud later dropped the method because he thought it mystical, unscientific and unclear. According to him, "the history of psychoanalysis proper . . . starts with the technical innovation of the rejection of hypnosis."

Dr. A. A. Liébeault and his follower Bernheim founded the school of hypnotic theory at Nancy, France in 1864. Liébeault experimented with hypnotism after his retirement by taking advantage of the French peasant's desire to save money. He charged fees for treatment with drugs, but offered his services free to those who allowed use of hypnotism.

The Nancy school's insistance on the general psychological basis of suggestibility was nearer the truth than Braid's belief that hypnotism was a result of nervous disease. After Braid's death medical hypnotism died in England, but is still practiced today in Europe because of the influence of the Nancy school.

Three United States psychologists, E. W. Scripture, J. A. Gilbert and C. E. Seashore, experimented with hpynotism on well and normal persons. Between 1929 and 1938 200 articles were published in medical journals on the scientific study of hypnosis as applied to the psychological aspects of human behavior. Experiments continue today in university classrooms.

Bringing In THE PLANES

By Lillian Ayers

JANET'S in trouble."

It had been more than eight months since I first heard "The Voice." Eight months ago I had attributed it to imagination due to chronic anxiety over the safety of my daughter. But now, the second time, when I was awakened from a sound sleep I knew "The Voice" was not a product of my imagination but a guardian angel warning me whenever my daughter was in danger.

"Again I heard the warning voice. It said, 'Janet's up there. Janet's in trouble.' And overhead in the storm I heard the drone of engines."

The first time I heard the warning voice Janet, an airline stewardess, was still in reserve training, flying to both coasts out of Chicago. Denver was almost "closed in" with a late spring blizzard. As my husband and I got ready for bed the radio announced that a Visiting Important Person's plane had flown over the city for an hour before the pilot could come in.

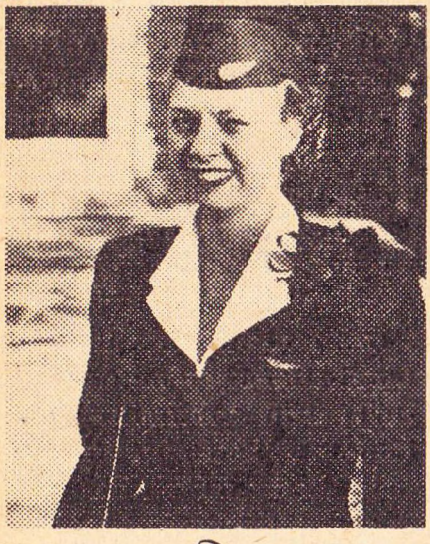
According to custom I said a little prayer and went to sleep. I awoke with a start. I could hear a voice saying, "Janet's up there. Janet's in trouble." I rushed to the window but my eyes could not penetrate, in the early morning light, through the blinding, white swirl of the blizzard. There had been no let-up in the storm which had raged all night.

"Janet's up there. I do hope they can get down," I told my husband.

"Oh, no, she couldn't be. Remember she called Wednesday saying she was flying to New York. Denver is not on her schedule," he consoled me.

While we prepared and ate breakfast he continued to quiet my fears. "The planes always get in. If the weather is bad one place they are advised ahead and refuel for a longer flight. She's all right."

Nevertheless, as I sat at the breakfast table writing out my



Each time Author Lillian Ayers' daughter, Janet, an airline stewardess, was in danger, a mysterious warning came.

Saturday grocery list I still felt uneasy and could hear that voice, "Janet's up there. Janet's in trouble."

And I could hear the drone of motors overhead. An army plane swooped past the window, with wings tipped at right angles, circling as if to land, then gaining altitude and disappearing into the whiteness. I thought of those aboard and of my daughter up there — I could see her strained, white face. I sat and prayed as I had never prayed before, not only for my own but for every mother's child who might be caught above us in the whirling blizzard.

Immediately I found peace and, with motors still droning overhead, picked up the phone to call in my order. Before I finished a cheery voice called from the front door, "Hello, folks." I dropped the phone in amazement.

"Oh, so you made it?" I excitedly greeted our daughter.

"But, mother, you didn't know I was coming. I wanted to surprise you."

I could only smile happily and inquire about the trip. "Did you run into any trouble?" I asked.

"Well, a little. We've been circling the city and the pilot was ready to try Salt Lake City but we didn't have enough fuel. Then, suddenly, the control tower signalled the ceiling had lifted and for us to come in."

As the months passed and I didn't hear the voice again I forgot about it.

Then about a week ago I heard The Voice again. It woke me from a sound sleep. "Janet's in trouble." I looked at the clock—it was still early, about 11:00 p.m. Just about the time she should be leaving Chicago for a trip home, I thought. I tried to go back to sleep but tossed and turned and finally I saw my daughter's face and heard her frightened voice just as she used to call as a tiny child. "Mother, I'm scared." There was nothing for me to do but try to quiet her fears and pray. Finally at 4:00 a.m. I fell into a peaceful sleep.

The next morning when I call-

ed Janet's apartment she told me that 45 minutes out of Chicago two motors on the four motor plane failed and a third went out just as they landed back in Chicago. She said she had never been so frightened in her life. Another plane was readied and they finally reached the Denver airport at 4:00 a.m.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE TOMB

IN June, 1883, Dr. A. H. Herring, 40, died at Red Land, La., after a long illness. His last request was that his body be placed in a temporary brick vault above ground and at the proper time moved to Georgia and interred in his family's burial ground.

In accordance with his wishes his body was put into a metal casket which was closed hermetically and placed in a pine box. The box containing the casket was placed in a brick vault above ground which was then roofed in. First a rough pine plank was placed on supports prepared to receive it and then bricks were laid atop this. Finally the entire vault was plastered over with lime cement.

Dr. Herring's body remained in the vault for two and a half years. At this time his family decided not to have it moved to Georgia but to have it buried under ground. Samuel A. Boggs, a family friend, was asked to superintend the final interment in Red Land cemetery.

The cement on the roof of the vault was broken up, the bricks were removed and the pine plank beneath was lifted off. The underside of the plank was wet and discolored and those present at the disinterment were amazed to see on its rough surface a life-sized picture of the buried man. The features were not distinct but the entire body was clearly outlined. The large veins were visible in full relief, darker in color than the fleshy parts, the lungs were depicted in light pink and the brain was shown in a whitish shade. No other vital organs were etched in color but the bony structure of the body, including the ribs, was partly outlined.

On exposure to air and sunlight the picture disappeared as the moisture in the plank evaporated. The outline of the lungs was the last to go but the veins remained permanently and were visible on the plank for weeks afterward.

The pine box containing the casket also was wet and discolored and on the underside of the cover was found a second picture, similar in size and shape to the first. In this second picture, however, the veins were not traced and the vital organs were not shown in color. Of the two pictures, the one on the pine plank from the roof of the vault — which had the most solid material intervening between it and the body—was the most detailed and complete.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

HINDSIGHT ON FORESIGHT

In your April issue of FATE, under True Mystic Experiences, page 51, Nan. C. Nash states in "Prevision of Disaster" that on April 13, 1933, she woke from a dream of the crash of the dirigible *Akron* and finishes saying the accident happened on April 4, 1933.

Is it mystic to dream something occurring nine days before?

I trust not too many persons will catch the error.—*Mrs. Roy J. Adair, Burbank, Calif.*

Sorry, the date of the dream should have been Apr. 3.–R.N.W.

SIMILAR AND PECULIAR

I was very interested in the report of Mrs. Thomas Doan on her "peculiar sensations" and am replying because I have had similar experiences — in fact, almost identical. Some years ago in a house in Pittsburgh, Pa., I was in the habit of going back to bed after my husband had left for work in the early morning but had to give it up as each time something happened to frighten me.

Just as Mrs. Doan described, I would fall into a state half-way between sleeping and waking. I would be numb and unable to move yet aware of all sights and sounds around me. And always two entities came to frighten me.

One was an old woman dressed in a full-skirted brown dress. I never saw her face as she wore a bonnet or hood. She seemed ugly and malicious.

The other entity I always refer to as "the ghost." I could not see this one, but could feel it. It jumped up and down on my bed trying to frighten me, and since I was unable to move or cry out being numb, the entity appeared to think itself unsuccessful and became enraged.

It was a terrifying experience and by exercising will power I finally learned to avoid this state. I now recognize it as being a trance state. I thought the house, which was an old one, was responsible for my experiences.

A short time after my mother's death I saw her enter the kitchen where I was working and she was in a horizontal position like Mrs. Doan's mother. She comforted me with the words of an old hymn which she had loved, indicating to me that she was well off in her new dimension.

I too once left my body as Mrs. Doan did. I seemed to be whirling at a very swift speed. It was interesting until I realized suddenly that I was not breathing and grew panicky. With a supreme effort I "snapped back" into my body, exactly as Mrs.

Doan described in her letter.

I always see (in my inner mind) the hooded, robed figures she described before the death of someone I know. It has never failed. The figures are in white and seem to be arching in a procession.—*Frances M. Bell, Mt. Rainier, Md.*

SPIRIT ON THE WINDOWS

Years ago when I was seven years old and lived on a farm in Nebraska corn was much cheaper than coal—10c a bushel—and we burned it for fuel. I noticed the frost on the windows always formed into long rows of corn. I often spoke of it but nobody seemed interested except me. It puzzled me. I was interested in unusual things at an early age.

Many years later I read an article by Manly P. Hall (lecturer on metaphysics out here in California) that any growing thing is able to reproduce itself on frosted window panes on the day it is cooked or burned. Its "spirit," one might say, remains in the air and if the windows frost it reproduces itself on them.—*Norna M. Ludlam, Whittier, Calif.*

CLAIRVOYANT CHILD

I have a daughter who is 10 years old at the present writing and who seems to have telepathic powers. When we lived in Florida she always knew when there was a snake in the yard even before she went out. This was when she was two to five years of age. My neighbors marveled at her seeming sixth-sense. She had only to think about going outside to play to know whether it was safe. This happened at least 17 times during those years and I soon learned to pay attention to her.

Many times she has found lost articles by just thinking about them for a minute. Sometimes she never has seen the article I am

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hunting and yet she can go to it.

I have tested her and I find that I cannot hide anything from her. Yesterday I baked her favorite pie. When it was cool I hid it The pie was baked and the house aired many hours before she came home from school and to make certain that no odor remained I had onions cooking on the stove. There was nothing around to suggest that I had baked a pie. Yet when she came home she walked almost immediately to the hiding place, discovered the pie and demanded a piece.

I questioned her about this and she said she "just knew there was something in there." I have acted as if her unusual abilities are the most common thing in the world so as not to make her conscious of them. I am psychic too but find it works better when I am not consciously thinking of it.

I hope she will not outgrow this gift and wish to help her develop it but I do not know how to go about it. Perhaps some of your readers can point me in the right direction. I think there must be some way of developing this sense instead of letting it die out as she grows older. — *Mrs. June E. Weidemann, New Athens, Ill.*

THE PHANTOM CRY

My present husband is a full-blooded Indian from Alaska, young and modern. He does not believe anything that we call su-



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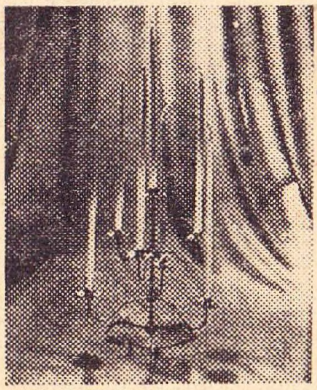
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pernatural but he says he remembers well an incident that happened when he was a young boy.

A woman's husband drowned while fishing one day. She disappeared and her body was never found. All the other Indians supposed she had drowned herself. Then one day the whole village was startled to hear a woman's cry. Nobody saw her but the dogs heard her before the people did and they barked and howled.

My husband heard this himself. He said his father stood outside with a big game rifle and kept the family indoors. He said the hair raised on the back of his neck. — *Jewel Johns, St. Louis, Mo.*

A LITTLE DINOSAUR

Thank you very much for FATE, a very interesting magazine. I believe Peter M'Quahae's monster was really only a little 60-foot long dinosaur which has been reported to be much larger and weighing as much as 80 tons. It is quite possible that many prehistoric forms of life escaped annihilation by being in the oceans during the earth-wide cataclysm known as the Deluge.—*Cyril McEvoy, Vernon, B. C., Can.*

RAMMED ON ASHRAMS

I am a gullible sort of person and enjoy reading your outré material. I have queer experiences, hunches and the like. But when you report on something I hap-

pen to know about and make such a misleading statement as in your May issue on the Ashrams of E. Stanley Jones, it causes me to read the rest of your magazine with a few more grains of salt.

While it is true that the word "Ashram" is from Hinduism and that Dr. Jones got the idea for his meetings from the Indian Ashrams, I wish to point out, as one who has attended, that the Ashrams he conducts are in no sense "Hinduism for Christians." They are thoroughly Christian in every sense. Dr. Jones is merely adapting a Hindu technique to Christian purposes.

One more little point — you state that the Ashrams started in 1940. I attended one of Dr. Jones' Ashrams in Blue Ridge, N. C., in the summer of 1939.

I am not sending this as a carping criticism. I like your magazine and eagerly look forward to receiving every issue.—*W. L. Stafford, Marion, O.*

"FAR FROM ACCURATE"

The article on the Rossetti's ("The Couple Who Lived Twice," March, 1954, FATE) is far from accurate. The marriage was romantic but tragic and I fear Mrs. Rossetti's two powerful poems, "My Love is Turned to Hate," and "I Lie Emptied of all Love Like Beaten Corn of Grain," reflected her personal feeling.

Rossetti came home one night to find his wife had taken an over-

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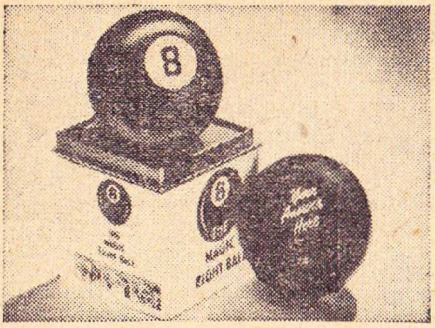
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dose of laudanum. She did not regain consciousness. He was overwhelmed with remorse and his death was anything but "joyful." He repeatedly asked for a priest to absolve him of his sins but his companions did not take him seriously.

I can't believe he was ever "ragged." He was very particular about his dress in accordance with his unconventional standards of beauty.

When FATE does not accept the usual version of a well-known story, references should be supplied and reasons for differing given.—*M. C. S. Holbourn, Pencaitland, East Lothian, Scotland.*

SPIRIT PICTURES AND WRITING

This is an effort to find others who are experimenting with making spirit photographs and doing automatic or inspirational writing with "the other side."

When the medium I was working with in my lab—on a chemical formula for an explosive, invented but never revealed by a foreigner long since "dead"— was unable to get through to him because of illness, I suddenly developed the ability to use the Ouija Board alone, to write alone and to have spirit entities make pictures for me.

For eight months I've experimented with these intriguing phenomena, spending all my evenings on them—as a bachelor I have freedom to put in six hours

a night. I find few who know anything about this sort of adventure.

So far everyone who has worked in my dark room with me has got such pictures, and many have been able to feel the strong magnetic pull of the pen in starting to write with spirits.

For instance, a few months after this all started, I answered the phone one afternoon and was asked if my employer, a mining engineer, had got some photostats of a map of an oil field back yet. I had been out of town prospecting for uranium and hadn't got caught up yet with the office details, so told him I knew nothing of the maps but would check and call him back. The instant I stopped writing his phone number, I felt a strong pull on the pen as if someone wanted to write. I hung up and let the pen rest on the paper and asked mentally if someone had some message.

"Yes, the maps are here. Look on the shelf behind you where maps are kept." I looked and found them though I had never seen or heard anything about them before. After calling back on the phone to say I had found them, I turned to writing and asked, "Who are you, who knows so much about what goes on here?"

"My name is Landos. I owned the oil land involved and am here watching to see what is done



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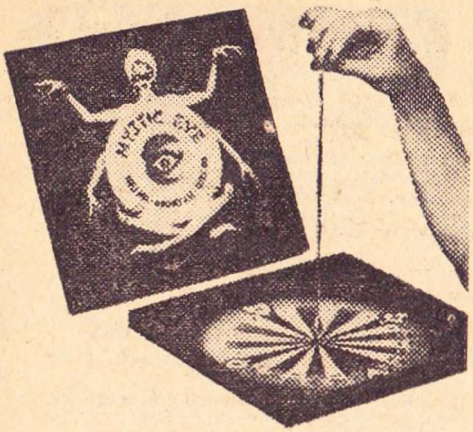
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to get things under way to drill."

"Did you do any drilling? When did you die?"

"Yes, I drilled one well but then was murdered—shot in the back. I don't know who did it. 1889."

"Thanks for coming in, Landos. This is Open House for everyone on your side, you know, so you are welcome. I wonder if anyone else is around who wants to say something now instead of waiting till tonight."

"Yes. My name is Emmanuel. I murdered Landos. I've been in terrible despair and agony of mind and want you to pray for and intercede with Landos to get his forgiveness. . . ."

I have more adventure, in short, sitting here nights than I do hunting for buried treasures. —*Harold D. Kinney, Inglewood, Calif.*

FIRST ISSUES FOR SALE

If any of your readers would like the first issues of FATE I can sell them Vol. I, Numbers 1, 2 and 3; and Vol. II, Numbers 1 and 2.—*I. Wesley, Spencerville, Md.*

RED STREAK OVER ULITHI

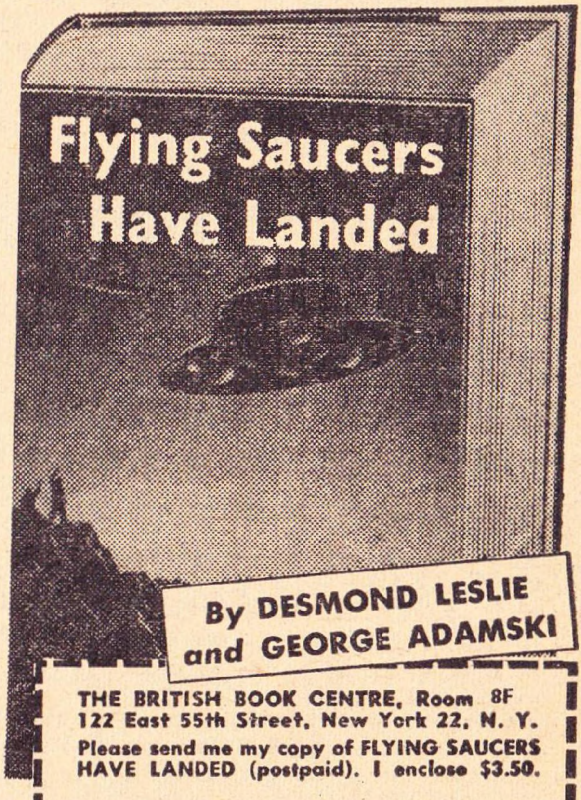
In August, 1945, while in the Navy, I had the anchor watch at Ulithi in the South Pacific. Just after sunset, while it was not yet dark enough for the stars to show, I saw a red streak appear in the sky to the east. It traveled direct-

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ly over my head, heading west toward Japan.

It was visible for 40 seconds or more from the time it came into my sight to the time it passed from view. It reminded me of a hot bar of steel about one-half inch wide and about a foot and a half long. It was not a flame. No object of any kind was visible in front of the red streak.—*Andrew Cimbala, Duquesne, Pa.*

FIERY BALL OVER ANADARKO

Anadarko is a city of about 5,600 persons in the mid-western part of Oklahoma. On the evening of April 1 a man on the streets of the city noticed a red spot high in the sky and he called it to the attention of his neighbor who called another. At 6:45 p.m. the police made a record of it and watched it until it slowly faded out 35 minutes later.

The information reached the ears of Editor Wallace Kidd of the Anadarko *Daily News* who hunted up a telescope and looked at the bright spot. He described it as "oval shaped and pink on the inside with a blue glow on the outside" and said that it seemed to be exceedingly high and moving slowly in a northwesterly direction.

Tinker Air Force Base at Oklahoma City, Okla., about 70 miles northeast of Anadarko, was contacted. A representative said there were "several plausible" explanations for the fiery ball. A

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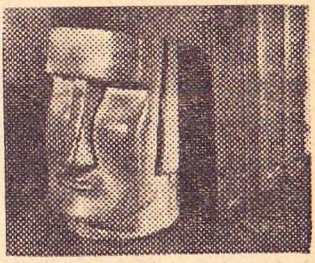


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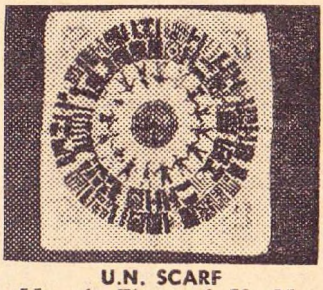
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weather balloon had been released at about that time, he said, and a high-flying plane could have reflected the light of the sun. Although the sun had set the rays would continue to be visible for some time at a high altitude.

Anadarko seems to think that a plane high enough to stay in sight for 35 minutes at 6:45 p.m. would leave very definite vapor trails and since no vapor trails were mentioned they wonder what the other "several plausible" explanations might be. Since it was April 1 they wonder if perhaps it was all just an April Fool joke. But they did see something that looked like a ball of fire crossing the sky on that day.—*H. C. Randells, Tulsa, Okla.*

"AIR FORCE MENDACITY"

In the *Rocky Mountain News* for March 24, 1954, is an item datelined Washington, March 23, which says that a United States Air Force spokesman termed without basis an assertion that the Air Force has recovered hunks of "flying saucers" and just isn't telling the public about them.

The Air Force position, he said, is that "given enough factual data" every flying saucer report over the last six years could be explained in natural, earthly, non-sensational terms.

"We don't think the so-called saucers come from outer space or

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from a foreign government," the spokesman said.

Earlier, in the same newspaper, there was an item dated February 13, 1954, saying that Airline pilots had been seeing five to 10 saucers nightly. In this same dispatch it said airline pilots were asked (by the MATS Intelligence Service) not to discuss their sightings publicly or give them to newspapers.

So apparently the USAF is up to its usual mendacity and the denial in the *Rocky Mountain News* for March 24 is the usual denial voiced when saucer sightings are at an upsweep on the frequency chart.

I have little patience with this military secrecy and believe that flying saucer news should be given to the public. Any possible danger connected with the saucers should be mentioned so that people can prepare themselves.

I have the impression that increasing numbers of saucers are arriving with each planetary conjunction and opposition, and that this world is being systematically studied and mapped, and that the military installations of the "peace-loving democracies" are being extensively investigated.

It has been mentioned in several periodicals that Non-Soviet countries produce the greatest number of saucer reports. Possibly Soviet countries are withholding information of sightings.

The USAF can deny until it's purple in the face but something,



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nonetheless, is going on which bodes us no good.

That is the way it seems to me, but maybe I'm wrong. I hope so. —*Norman G. Markham, Denver, Colo.*

CHARM FOR WARTS

Your article on "Disappearing Warts" is quite interesting. I've never had any so can't speak from personal experience but my half-sister used to have them all the time, usually two or three at a time. They never bothered her, though, as she could always "charm" them off.

She would wait until the dark of the moon, then peel a large potato without breaking the peeling, rub the peeling over the warts, then throw it backward over her left shoulder and bury it in the spot where it fell. Invariably, within three weeks, her wart was gone.

A neighbor here has another way of charming warts off of children. He pays them a dime for the wart, rubs his thumb over the wart and within two weeks the wart is gone off the child—but appears in exactly the same place on him! It lasts for two or three weeks on him, then disappears. The children love to have him buy their warts, naturally!

A local doctor prescribes milkweed juice rubbed over the wart as an almost sure cure. He says it rarely fails—if he has built up in the sufferer's mind the belief that

it is infallible.—*Mrs. C. W. Vallette, Declo, Idaho.*

POLTERGEISTIC SPACEMEN

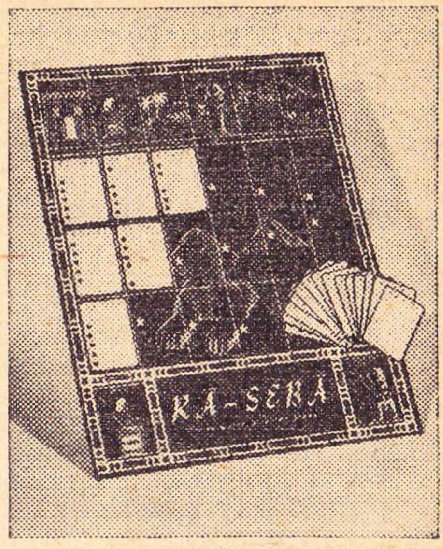
"Strange Events in Poltergeist Canyon" in the April, 1954, issue of FATE was a very good story. The people from outer space who come here in their various atmosphere ships and space ships live in underground cities far in the earth. They go about their own way of life and interfere with us as little as possible. If they see that we are too near their abode they will try their own brand of mischief to make us move on. That these people can fly through the air, project images that appear real and feel real as well as move inanimate objects is known.—*Umberto V. Orsi, New York, N. Y.*

"POORLY EDITED"

You may print this letter in FATE in whole or in part if you dare. I am writing regarding the exceptionally poor way the "Rasputin" story in the April issue was presented.

I am taking the pains (and believe me, it is pains) to show a few examples of a poorly edited story and to ask you to quit publishing a mag for idiots.

1. On page 46 it says, "Rasputin was buried in the palace park on January 3, 1916, with the imperial family as mourners." But on page 33 it says, ". . . he celebrated his birthday on January 23, 1916, gives a clear account . . ."



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Unusual, I'd say, for a man even of Rasputin's calibre to celebrate his birthday 20 days after he was buried.

2. On page 45 it says, "The first clue came on the 31st when a black snowboot . . ." On the 31st of what month? Of what year? Clearly, this is very poor writing. In other places too numerous to mention is the hour of the day given but not the day, nor the month, nor the year. Nor is the story presented in anything resembling chronological order. We seem to jump from 1915 to 1905 to 1916 to 1912 to 1914 to 1909 and so on. You seem to have gone off the deep end.

Since I am relatively unobservant I feel that errors I do observe must really be pretty bad and hence an insult to whatever intelligence I claim to possess.

Do not get me wrong. I am not trying to run down your magazine. The fact that I bother to write this means I think your magazine has possibilities. If I thought it was worthless I'd just quit buying it and you'd never know the difference. However, it is within the realm of possibility that I may be among your ex-readers unless I see some noticeable improvement. — *Leo Nash, Cleveland Heights, O.*

We reprinted the article just as it appeared in the book from which it was taken which means quite a few other persons missed

the error you describe. However, this is no excuse and we are sorry for our carelessness.—R.N.W.

STAMP OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS

My father used to say, "You can't make a trotting horse out of an ox."

That is to say, heredity is stronger than environment. But is it? Take the recent case of the "wolf boy" found in New Delhi, India. A British physician, Sir Philip Manson-Barr, is reported as saying, "I saw him three days after he was found. He looked like a wild animal. He behaved like a wild animal and there was to my mind absolutely no doubt he had been reared by animals."

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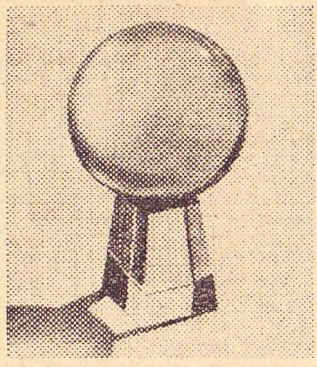
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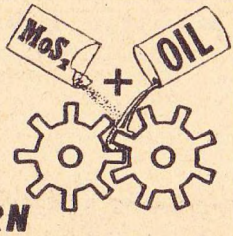


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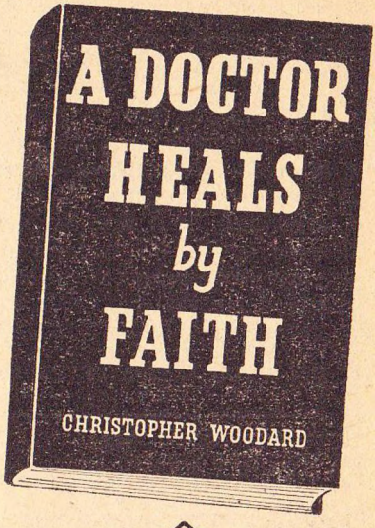
During the brief period of gestation (pregnancy) the embryo goes through the anatomical stages of the lower forms of life which in the course of human evolution took millions of years. In the same way, the subconscious mind is the sum-total of vestigial psychic elements which make it possible for human beings to acquire, or assume, various human personalities, as well as animal or savage characteristics. They are all there, dormant in the memory storehouse of the subconscious mind. For example, the late Dr. Norman Prince of Boston found four different personalities living in the same body. The phenomenon of split personality is known also as dissociated personality. (See *Dissassociation of a Personality*, published by Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, 1905.)

Doesn't this explain the "Vampire of Croglin Hall" in the April issue of FATE?

Before the dead were embalmed for burial many persons were buried alive. Suspended animation is a trance state in which the vital functions of the body are suspended and the subject appears dead although actually he is still alive. The body in the vault was not that of a dead man but only in suspended animation with a mental throwback to blood-sucking animal characteristics which dominated his personality on oc-

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casions of temporary awakening. —*Walter M. Germain, Ph.D., Saginaw, Mich.*

HEXED HEXAGRAMS?

I noticed a few errors in your article, "Chinese Divination," by Hereward Carrington in the April, 1954, issue of FATE.

I copied all the hexagrams in my personal file, converting the words into lines or broken lines as listed for each hexagram.

Each one of the hexagrams is made up of two triagrams, each representing a specified element. I checked each hexagram in its linear form with its written interpretation and caption.

I will list the hexagrams by number as in FATE and will describe what was wrong with each:

22. Listed as "water of sun" and hexagram is actually "earth of sun." No. 49 was also listed as "water of sun" but its hexagram form checks with its caption. No. 22 had earth triagram in its hexagram. Changed caption of No. 22 to check with its hexagram form.

39. Listed as "sun of earth" and hexagram is actually "moon of earth." Changed caption to match.

40. Listed as "fire of sun" and hexagram is actually "fire of moon." Changed caption to match.

41. Listed as "earth of water" and hexagram is actually "water of water." No. 58 is listed as "water of water" with its proper hexagram. No. 41 hexagram changed

to "earth of water," hexagram to match the caption and interpretation.

61. Listed as "air of moon" but hexagram actually is "air of water." Changed the caption to match hexagram.

I hope Mr. Carrington will check these and state whether the interpretations will have to be changed to match the actual hexagrams or whether the present interpretations are correct in their present locations.

The nature of these errors leads me to believe that Mr. Carrington's subconscious was trying to convey a message to his conscious mind. I will list the numbers of errors and subconscious message.

22. Change in place of freedom.

39. Changes in obstructions.

40. Progress with caution.

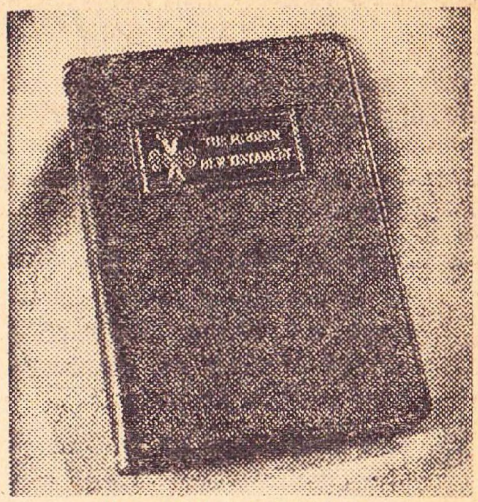
41. Help from friends with aspiration.

61. Great care needed in development.

I wish to see more articles on methods of paraphysical and parapsychological development. Please continue publishing them. — *Charles R. G. Rowe, Newport News, Va.*

"CORRECT"

I have checked with the best authority I know — Aleister Crowley's occult dictionary, "777" — and find that my definitions were correct; so I cannot retract those given in my article.—*Hereward Carrington, Hollywood, Calif.*



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24 Again I say to you, It is easier for a rope to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.. Matt. 19.	*24 And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. Matt 19.*

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