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September 1954 35¢

SPECIAL

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SEPTEMBER
1954

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HYPNOTISM IN MEDICINE

■ IN THE WAKE of our hypnotism issue, we have word from England that British dentists are using hypnotism increasingly to ease the pain of pulling and filling teeth.

The British Dental Association has established a group to study the use of hypnosis in dentistry and courses are being conducted in London. The next step is to extend them to the provinces.

E. K. Wookey, writing in the *British Dental Journal,* said that there is no doubt that within defined limits hypnosis can be of great value in dental practice, "while the principles of suggestion are capable of the widest application."

◆

LITTLE HOPPY TOADS

■ THE IDEA that sometimes it rains frogs and toads keeps cropping up. Recently two correspondents sent in newspaper clippings about such occurrences, neither of which, unfortunately, tells where the toad-fall occurred.

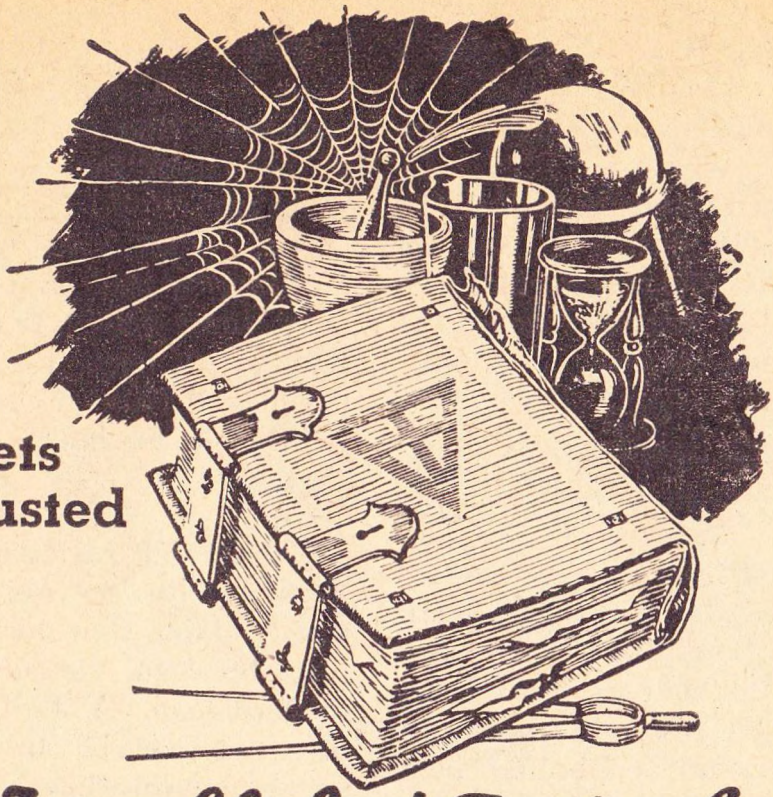
One report says that Mrs. Robert Jordin of 7814 S. Ainsworth (of what city we don't know), found tiny toads so thick in her neighborhood it was almost impossible to walk without squashing them with every step. They were only of fingertip size, colored brown, green, red and black.



Another report, from "the southwest shore of Horseshoe Lake, near Gig Harbor," said that walking was suddenly a slow and almost impossible business—especially if the pedestrian had big feet. Reason was the "jillions" of baby toads, most of them less than an inch long, which were so thick they looked like a grasshopper invasion.

From Port Elizabeth, South Africa, comes report of a toad-fall or frog-fall during a sharp morning shower.

Mrs. H. T. Spearpoint of Windermere Road said that "hundreds of little frogs about two inches long were hopping about in the



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gutter, and there were also a number in Humewood Road. It really seemed as if it were raining frogs."

The frogs were described as "smooth and glutinous" and unlike any Mrs. Spearpoint had seen before. They swarmed down the water drains, she said.

◆

PYRAMIDS—EAST AND WEST

■ THIS ISSUE we have two stories on Egypt. For obvious reasons the Great Pyramids have excited the imagination of the western world for thousands of years. But here is a fact that we think every reader of FATE should know.

The pyramid at Cholula, near Puebla, Mexico, has a larger cubic content than the Great Pyramid of Cheops. The Egyptian pyramids are higher because they come to a near-point on the top, whereas the Central American pyramids have flat tops on which temples were erected. But some of them were larger than the Egyptian pyramids.

◆

CHANGING TIMES

■ HERE'S A BRIEF NOTE on the changing times which all weathermen should file away carefully.

Harvard University anthropologists, excavating on a farm west of Bordeaux, France, have come across one of the largest and richest camp sites of prehistoric man ever found in western Europe.

The findings included tremendous quantities of horse bones, indicating that the horse was one of the chief foods some 25,000 years ago.

And what does this mean? Nothing by itself, but 7,000 years later, some 18,000 years ago, the horse had been supplanted by reindeer. Now we're back to weather fit for horses again.

◆

ANOTHER MISSING LINK

■ THE RUSSIANS, unorthodox as usual, claim they have found a link between Neanderthal and modern man. A skull and bones of a two-year-old child found in an excavation have features of both Neanderthal and modern man, Radio Moscow said.

The discovery "substantially helps to investigate the time and manner of the formation of modern man," the Russians said.

Possibly. Modern scientific thought, however, tends to be that Neanderthal man and modern man are different species. All men alive today belong to *genus homo*, and it has been held that genus homo did not mate with Neanderthal man but probably exterminated him.

They have been regarded separate branches from the same trunkline of evolution. In some respects, Neanderthal man is more "human" than *genus homo*—in the sense of development away

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from the ape. For instance, Neanderthal man had teeth farther away from the ape than does modern man.

◆

WHAT A BIRD!

■ GEORGE B. WATTERSON of Philadelphia was fishing near Timagami, Ontario, about 60 miles north of North Bay early in May.

He came back excitedly reporting that he had seen a strange bird with two sets of wings. He said it was jet black and flew at terrific speed.

Ontario officials were skeptical.

◆

THOSE SOUTHERN ESKIMOS

■ TIME AND TIDE—plus scientific advances—correct previous information and open up new mysteries. One of these is the mystery of the so-called "Dorset People," called the "ghosts of the Arctic" by anthropologists because so little is known about them.

Hitherto, scientists had concluded that the Dorset People were a pre-Eskimo group or were actually Eskimos who penetrated from the frozen north into what is now the United States.

Recently radio-carbon dating established the age of a Dorset culture in New York state as being about 5,400 years old. If so, the Dorset People didn't come from the Arctic at all, since the ice hadn't retreated enough 5,400 years ago to allow them to exist comfortably in the far north.

Instead, scientists now think maybe they came from the South.

◆

FROM OUT OF THE SEA

■ WHEN THE shrimp boat *Xochitl Elena* pulled into Tampico, Mexico, last May 20 it had strange cargo indeed. Aboard was a 550-lb. "sea monster," no less, which had been harpooned.

The animal had long sharp teeth, and was about six feet thick and four feet long. It had flippers on both its back and belly, and a tail shaped like a half-moon. Its skin was so thick that harpoons bounced off it several times.

No one knew what it was.

◆

THE LIGHTS IN THE TOWER

■ SINCE GOOD FRIDAY, strange lights have been glowing in the belfry of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church of Jersey City, N. J. Each night in May hundreds of persons gathered to see the strange lights flash on in the belfry.

The lights come from inside the belfry, illuminating two round windows in the base of the steeple. They glowed, then faded, then reappeared over a 10- to 20-minute cycle. At times they were almost white, then seemed to change color and glow with an amber shade. Then they turned almost pinkish, then back again to dull yellow.

One thing is sure. The lights are not a reflection. Watchers agree to that. The Jersey City *Journal* took photographs of the tower at night and the lights shone clearly—as clearly as the natural light through a window in the lower part of the church.

The lights have been seen as late as 9 a. m. The *Journal* sent as observer a reporter who had covered a similar story from the same church 30 years ago. Then thousands of persons stood in the street each night watching the strange lights come and go.

Priests of the parish insist the lights can only be caused by some natural source but are unable to explain what it is.

Meanwhile Matthew Guarino, 64, of 385 Second Street, Jersey City, the church sexton, announced that he was going up to the belfry to investigate the lights. Searchers found him dead in a seat in the choir loft. The doctor said he died of a heart attack.

◆

ABOUT THOSE WINDSHIELDS

■ THE GREAT windshield smashing appears to have petered out in a series of statements saying (1) the windshields were smashed, cracked, or pitted only by natural objects, and that, therefore (2) there was no rash of windshield smashings and pittings at all.

In Seattle, Wash., University of Washington scientists said that the whole thing had been "overly emphasized." Scientists at Michigan State College and the University of Michigan disagreed.

Bryant W. Pocock, head of the isotope section of the Michigan State Highway Department's research laboratory at Michigan State College, said the probable cause was hydrofluoric acid carried eastward by air movements from the Pacific H-bomb explosion.

Prof. Henry J. Gomberg, assistant director of the Michigan Memorial Phoenix Project for peacetime use of atomic energy, said "if the pock marking was caused by hydrofluoric acid in the air, the entire car would have the finish removed."

But Pocock stuck to his guns. Fluorine is a known by-product of an H-bomb blast, he said. Hydrofluoric acid is widely used for etching glass and is the only known substance having a direct chemical effect on glass. He also said it need not be radioactive. Asked why only windshields were affected, Pocock said they were slanted while the other glass in cars was not. He also said the forward motion of the car had an influence in gathering the acid particles on the windshields.

◆

MYSTERY NOT ENDED

■ MRS. RALPH MCCORT of New-

ard, Ohio, wife of an engineer, said that late in April she went outside one evening to call her children. Her 3-year-old daughter yelled, "Mommy, someone is throwing stones at the car."

Mrs. McCort looked up and saw—about 30 feet above the garage, she said—a cylindrical mass of particles. She said they fell nearly straight down at a high rate of speed and struck the windshield.

She and her husband examined the windshield and found indentations about the size of a lead pencil. A few slivers of glass were on the car's hood. The particles, she said, were smaller than peas.

Meanwhile, a piece of metal found imbedded in the windshield of a car at Fort William, Ont., resembled a tiny bit of meteorite, according to Trevor W. Page, mining instructor at the Lakehead Technical Institute. The metal was mostly iron and contained a trace of nickel. It was only about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter.

To cap the reports on pitted windshields, several housewives of Jacksonville, Fla., complained about mysterious holes appearing in freshly laundered clothing.

◆

SNOW ON THE EQUATOR

■ ADD TO THE Andes of South America, Mt. Kilmanjaro and the Ruwenzori Range of Africa, new snow-capped mountains on the equator. They were found in New Guinea recently by a party of Australian alpinists, who reported peaks 15,400, 14,900 and 14,500 feet respectively above sea level.

The exploring party found brilliantly colored mountain lakes—jet black, bright blue and green—and penetrated a hitherto unexplored valley.

Reports from New Guinea recently also announced the discovery of the "last" of the big island's hidden valleys containing big populations who have never before seen a white man.

◆

THE CURSED IDOL

■ TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO Edward Wheeler brought back to England a brass Buddha statue as a souvenir from his service as captain in the Indian army. The Indians warned him not to take it. On the voyage home one of the three officers with Captain Wheeler when he acquired the idol died suddenly.

Back in England, the Buddha was placed on the piano in the country home of Captain Wheeler's sister, Mrs. Nancy Dobner of Slough. A series of misfortunes followed until Captain Wheeler threw the image into the Thames.

Recently Michael Collins of Granbourne, Kent, dug the statue out of the Thames mud. Mis-

fortunes immediately befell him. Cycling back home on the same day he fell into the Thames. One of his children was taken ill. His uncle, in the hospital, took a turn for the worse.

Mrs. Dobner heard about Collins' find. She urged him to get rid of it at once. But the advice was unnecessary. Collins had already thrown the Buddha back into the Thames.

◆

EELS OR SEA SERPENTS?

■ NEW EVIDENCE is offered that sea serpents are often giant eels. Dr. Maurice Burton of the zoological department of the British Natural History Museum lists some of the reasons:

• Eels are the only known animals equally at home in salt, brackish, and fresh water.

• They are sufficiently amphibious to keep their heads out of water for the length of time stated in most reports.

• They habitually lurk at the bottom, making only infrequent or sporadic appearances at the surface.

• Dr. Anton Bruun of Copenhagen fished up a six-foot-long larval eel during the Danish deep sea expedition. Since the larva of the ordinary freshwater eel is three inches long and grows into an animal more than three feet long, Dr. Burton sees no reason why the larval species found by Dr. Bruun could not grow to 36 feet or more in length.

• The behavior of certain eels, such as the conger, could explain the "humping" or serpentine looping reported by those who have seen what they call "sea serpents."

Now all science has to do is to find one.—*Curtis Fuller.*

GENUINE VALENTINE

A BABY daughter born on St. Valentine's day in 1954 was the valentine of Mrs. Floyd Valentine, Saginaw, Mich. On St. Valentine's day two years ago Mrs. Valentine gave birth to a son, Raymond Floyd.

CASE WITH A POINT

ATTORNEY WOLF UKENA parked his automobile in front of the city jail in Hamburg, Germany, when he went inside to see a client accused of 20 car thefts. Returning later to where he had left his car, Ukena found someone had stolen it.

EGYPT'S ANCIENT MAGICAL Book of the Dead

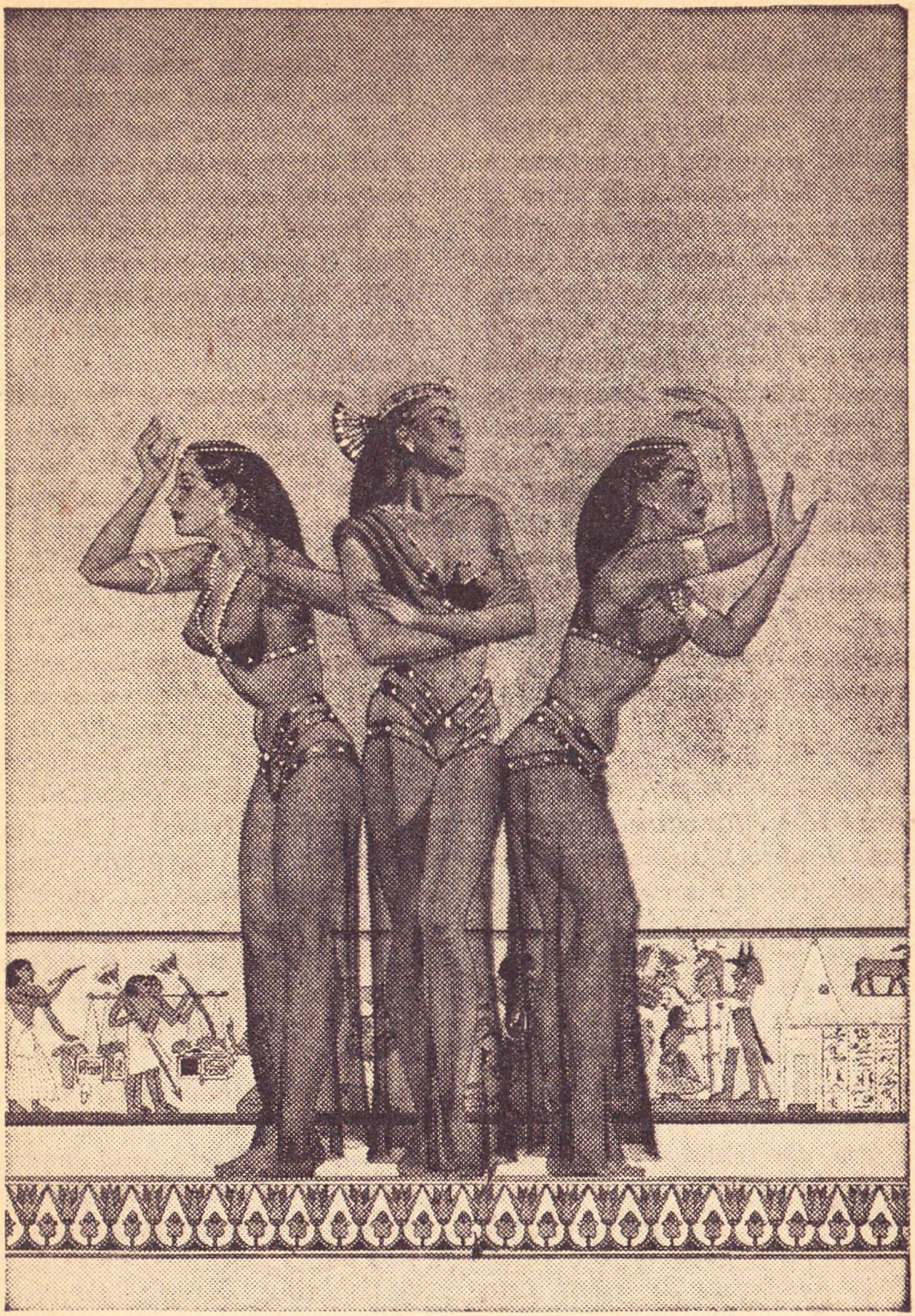
The prayers and hymns in this oldest known book were believed to protect a soul from the perils of the Underworld.

By Mary Stiehm Fuller

Have you ever wished you knew a certain path to Heaven? Such knowledge would be a great comfort and the ancient Egyptians possessed it. They knew the road and they recorded the directions in a work titled *The Book Of The Dead.*

It is perhaps the oldest and most remarkable book in the world. No one knows how old it is but it existed before the time of Egyptian hieroglyphs. It was old before the First Dynasty.

An Egyptian who lived by its teachings and was buried according to its instructions gained everlasting life. Its prayers, hymns and words were a certain guide through death and the grave to the presence of Osiris, the God who made men "to be born again." More than this, a soul could not survive without the magical words, names and ceremonies of this holy book to protect it from the calamities and horrors of the trip through the world beyond the grave! The traveller could be protected with the following words, translated by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum:



"I am the being who is never overwhelmed in the waters. Happy, yea happy is he that looked upon the funeral couch which hath come to its place of rest, upon the happy day of the god whose heart resteth, who maketh his place of alighting. I am he who cometh forth by day; the lord of the bier which giveth life in the presence of Osiris. In very truth the things which are thine are stable each day, O scribe, artist, child of Seshet chamber, Nebsini, lord of veneration. I clasp the Sycamore tree, I myself am joined unto the Sycamore tree, and its arms are opened unto me graciously. I have come and I have clasped the Utchat, and I have caused it to be seated in peace upon its throne. I have come to see Ra when he setteth, and I absorb into myself the winds (which arise) when he cometh forth, and both my hands are clean to adore him. I have gathered together (all my members). I soar like a bird and I descend upon the earth, and mine eye maketh me to walk thereon in my footsteps. I am the child of yesterday, and the Akeru (two lion-gods who watch the path of the night sun), gods of the earth have made me to come into being, and they have made me strong for my moment (of coming forth.) I hide with the God Aha-aaiu who will walk behind me, and my members shall germinate, and my Khu shall be as an amulet for my body and as one who watcheth (to protect) my soul and to defend it and to converse therewith; and the company of the gods shall harken unto my words."

The early history of this book is lost in antiquity, before the time of writing. Even its name, *Book Of The Dead,* is not really satisfactory since the ancient Egyptian title was *Teu Nu Pert Em Hru, "Chapters Of Coming Forth By Day."* However, the collection of texts is concerned entirely with the dead and with what happens to them after they enter the grave. Also the book contained words of power to be used by the deceased in the underworld. An Egyptian could gain mastery over his enemies with these words:

"Hail, (thou) who shinest from the Moon and who sendest forth light therefrom, thou comest forth among thy multitudes, and thou goest round about, let me be brought in among the Spirits, and let the underworld be opened. Behold, I have come forth on this day and I have become a Khu (a shining being); therefore shall the Khus let me live, and they shall cause my enemies to be brought to me in a state of

misery in the presence of the divine sovereign princes. The divine Ka (double) of my mother shall rest in peace because of this, and I shall stand upon my feet and have a staff of gold in my hand, wherewith I shall inflict cuts on the limbs (of mine enemy) and shall live. The legs of Sothis are established, and I am born in their state of rest."

The Egyptian hymns and religious stories in the book are collected from the walls of tombs and from sarcophagi, coffins, funeral stelae, papyri and amulets where they were placed for the use of the dead. Sometimes the papyrus was placed in the coffin, or laid between the legs of the mummy before it was swathed, or stored in a prepared niche in the hall or tomb. During the XXI Dynasty funeral papyri were placed in hollow statues of the God Osiris which guarded the tombs. Still later they were put into rectangular cavities in the pedestals upon which the statues stood.

The Book Of The Dead was a national funeral work for Egyptian kings, queens, nobles, rich and poor from 1600 B.C. to 900 B.C. But no one papyrus ever contained all the chapters and vignettes of this book and papyri seldom agree as to content or arrangement of chapters. Even as late as 1886 new, important papyri of *The Book Of The Dead* were discovered and new chapters consequently added to the whole.

Some Egyptologists criticize *The Book Of The Dead,* saying that the hieroglyphic and hieratic texts are corrupt. Certainly this is true of many passages. Some cannot be translated at all. Even ancient scribes informed their readers that they did not know which variations were correct by frequently using the words *ki tchet*—"otherwise said." These ancient scribes had trouble with the texts just as our experts do today.

These national religious hymns and prayers first were handed down orally—many of the ideas and beliefs reflected in the book were born with Egyptian civilization itself. They also represented some religious views of the Egyptians. When written copies were made finally, the professional scribes made mistakes due to carelessness and to misunderstanding the allusions and obscure words. Still, it is possible from studying this book to make a comparison of the beliefs of the peoples of early and late periods in Egyptian history.

There is no evidence that the aborigines of Egypt possessed a collection of religious hymns which were the originals of those contained in *The Book of The Dead.* The book suggests ideas which the earliest Egyptians did

not possess and speaks of elaborate burials which they did not perform. In fact, it is easier to believe that many of the beliefs stated in the book came from foreign sources brought in by conquerors or travelers, to be adopted and modified by the people along the Nile. Pre-dynastic cemeteries show that the Egyptians either buried or burned their dead. There was no attempt among these early people to mummify, but the buried bodies were often dismembered, for two reasons—to conserve space and to prevent the return of the deceased. This shows a superstitious dread of the dead. But funeral offerings were still made, proving that these people believed in a future life for the departed.

It was sometime later that the Egyptians began to embalm their dead. And the custom of preserving the dead, one way or another, lasted in Egypt from earliest pre-dynastic times until the conquest of the country by Arabs in 640 A.D.

Early graves were not marked by inscriptions. But the care and direction of burials indicate that there was a ritual accompaniment, with incantations, and it is not surprising to find that some of the earliest burial chants are directed against snakes, scorpions and prowling animals. These chants were finally written down in 3500 B.C. and the mistakes which occur prove that the texts were already so old as to be unintelligible and obscure in some places. The hymns must have been recited first when the banks of the Nile were overrun by wild beasts.

Bronze and other metal objects in later graves indicate the presence of newcomers to the region. And the earliest hieroglyphic inscriptions indicate a Semitic influence, although the Egyptian and Semitic religious beliefs had little in common. At any rate the religious beliefs and funeral customs of the Egyptians gradually changed completely. From using pits and troughs they changed to using brick-lined tombs and at the same time embraced the most important idea contained in *The Book Of The Dead*—the belief that corresponds to our Christian idea of the resurrection of man. They now believed that Osiris, the God-man and King, had suffered death and mutilation and been embalmed. But Isis and Nephthys protected him in the world beyond the grave with amulets and the recitation of magical formulae which gave him everlasting life. Budge states in his book that he believes this period of change saw the origin of many of the religious and funeral compositions. This was approximately 5500 years ago.

The Book Of The Dead gives

a clear reflection of the beliefs of the various races which helped to build Egypt and as these chapters are studied perhaps more information concerning the peoples of pre-dynastic times will be learned.

In the beginning, the prayers and petitions of the people must have been few and rather simple and were recited from memory. As they attempted to cover all the eventualities of death and life in the after-world they increased both in length and number and, finally, were written down only when the priests began to see that some of the prayers were being forgotten. Apparently there was no effective supervision of the written copies.

The oldest copy of *The Book Of The Dead* is on papyrus and was written for Nu, the son of "the overseer of the house of the overseer of the seal, Amen-hetep, and the lady of the house, Senseneb." It was written in the early part of the XVIII Dynasty and even in this early papyrus there are two versions of the 64th Chapter. The rubric accompanying the shorter version states: "chapter found in foundations of the Shrine of Hennu by the chief mason during the reign of His Majesty the King of the South and North, Semti (or Hesepti)." The longer version rubric asserts: "was found in the city of Khemennu (Hermopolis, city of Thoth) upon a block of iron of the south, which had been inlaid with letters of real lapis lazuli, under the feet of the God, Thoth, during reign of his Majesty, the King of the South and North, Men-Kau-Ra (Mycerinus) by the royal son Heru-ta-ta-f." Thus one inscription assigns the chapter to the Ist Dynasty, the other to the IVth Dynasty. Apparently the longer version was amplified from the shorter version through the centuries.

After reading the titles which the Egyptians gave to the chapters of *The Book Of The Dead,* one feels that it was necessary for the dead to know all contained in *The Coming Forth By Day* in order to achieve salvation. But the chapters had become so numerous that this was difficult and shorter works consequently were composed. One of the shorter chapters was called *"The Chapter Of Knowing The Chapter Of Coming (By Day) In A Single Chapter."* This is Chapter LXIV and is believed to contain the essence of *The Book Of The Dead.* It seems to have equalled, in protective power, all the other chapters together. The underworld could be made to open with these words:

> *"The chamber of those who dwell in Nu is opened, and the footsteps of those who dwell with the god of Light are set free. The chamber of Shu is*

opened, and he cometh forth; and I shall come forth outside, and I shall advance from my territory (?). I shall receive . . . and I shall lay firm hold upon the tribute in the House of the Chief of his dead. I shall advance to my throne which is in the boat of Ra. I shall not be molested, and I shall not suffer shipwreck from my throne which is in the boat of Ra, the mighty one. Hail, thou that shinest and givest light from Hent-she!"

A great development in funeral ceremonies took place in Egypt during the V and VI Dynasties and during this period texts from *The Book Of The Dead* were placed on the walls of chambers and corridors of the pyramid tombs. Five new texts are known to have come into being during this Recension. The priests of Annu must have made many changes and clearly some of them came from their North African ancestors.

Little is known of the uses of *The Book Of The Dead* from the VI to XI Dynasties. Although large and beautiful tombs were built in Upper Egypt there was apparently little development in funeral ceremonies. However, in the XI and XII Dynasties even the insides of the coffins were decorated with texts from the book. The hieratic characters were traced in black ink upon wood. Above the text, pictures of funeral offerings were painted, accompanied by prayers that such offerings be made forever.

At the same time *The Book Of The Dead* entered a new phase. Its texts were transferred from coffins to papyri. Probably economy was the motivation. The inscribed pyramids and sarcophagi were for royalty but a roll of papyrus was not so expensive. A common man might possess or even write his own copy.

Most of the papyri of *The Book Of The Dead* have been found in the tombs of Thebes. They were copied by the priests and their wives and families who were attached to the service of Amen-Ra, the King Of Gods, whose seat of worship was Thebes. Thus it was inevitable that Amen should gradually usurp the attributes of the oldest Gods of Egypt, and in Chapter CLXXI his name is finally included in the *Book*.

The Theban copies vary in length from 15 to 90 feet, and from 12 to 18 inches wide. The early texts always were written in black ink in vertical columns of hieroglyphics separated by black lines. The titles, initial words of Chapter rubrics and catch words were written in red ink. A little later the priests ornamented the papyri with designs traced in black outline. These vignettes were seen also on some of the finest coffins of the XI

Dynasty. The scribe of the XVIII Dynasty represented the Elysian Fields in much the same manner as had the scribe of the XI Dynasty. However, in time the vignettes were painted in bright colors and in the end the texts took a subordinate position to the art work.

A great deal of labor was involved in the preparation of a papyrus of *The Book Of The Dead.* At first the "setting out" of the papyrus was done by the scribe and the artist filled in the blank spaces. Later it seems the artists painted vignettes first and the scribe filled in the texts the best he could. The Theban copies were made in sections and later joined. Through carelessness some otherwise fine papyri contain more than one copy of the same chapter.

The Papyrus of Ani is one of the finest illustrated papyri but apparently the scribe left out one whole sheet of the text, as a large portion of Chapter XVII is missing. The vignettes often describe mythological scenes and give the names of Gods omitted from the body of the script.

By the XXI and XXII Dynasties, the attitude of the priests of Amen toward *The Book Of The Dead* had changed. This was shown in the form of the book and in its content. The papyri were shorter and narrower, the work of the artists and scribes was poorer, the texts are fragmentary and incomplete, often with no relation to the accompanying illustrations. The papyrus of Anhai, XXII Dynasty, includes a picture of the Creation which has no place in a book for the dead.

At this time the book seemed to disappear in a political upheaval. The priests of Amen-Ra made their God supreme and attempted to rule Egypt. Prosperity waned, funerals were fewer and smaller and consequently there was less use made of *The Book Of The Dead.* By 700 B.C. no copies of the book were being made at all. This period seems to correspond with the final failure of the priests of Amen to rule Egypt.

With the XXVI Dynasty there was revival of ancient religious and funeral customs. The temples were cleaned and repaired, ancient texts were reviewed and copied. *The Book Of The Dead* was rearranged in fixed order. Probably a college of priests worked on it, to produce the Saite Recension, the last version of *The Book Of The Dead.* The first of the three Recensions was the Heliopolitan, during the V and VI Dynasties. It was written in hieroglyphics on the walls of the pyramids and on coffins of the XI and XII Dynasties. The Theban Recension was written on papyri painted on coffins in

hieroglyphics from the XVIII to the XXII Dynasty. During the XXI and XXII Dynasties it was written in hieratic characters on papyri also. The Saite Recension was preserved in hieroglyphic, hieratic and demonic characters on papyri and coffins after the XXVI Dynasty.

Each Recension reflects the religious views of its time and the Saite version is no exception. It includes four new chapters containing many foreign words and ideas. This last version is the one used in Ptolemaic times. However, before the end of the Ptolemies new, short religious works were composed and these partially replaced *The Book Of The Dead.* They were now copied as guides for the deceased and laid in coffins and tombs. The old texts were revised to include the bare essentials necessary for salvation. The addresses to the Gods and the hymns of praise were omitted and the many errors indicate the scribes were ignorant of the meaning of the words they copied.

A book which was popular in Ptolemaic days and one which includes many ideas and beliefs from *The Book Of The Dead* is *Shai en Sensen, Book Of Breathings.* It summarizes ideas of immortality and happiness of the soul and of the dead body and shows that the fundamental ideas of a future life had changed very little. It was very different in form however, containing no unnecessary words.

Even in the early Christian era *The Book Of The Dead* was not lost. On a coffin in Paris, probably from the Second Century after Christ, there are a number of texts which are as old as the pyramids of Sakkara. This tends to prove that the originals of the texts could still be found at that late date.

In Roman times extracts of this book still were written on small squares of papyri and buried with the dead. Thus this great, 5000-year-old religious work which could fill the chambers and passages of enormous pyramids, ended as illegible scrawls on scraps of papyri.

From beginning to end in the history of the book no man's name is ever mentioned as author or reviser. *The Book Of The Dead* was not the work of one man or group of men; it does not represent the religious beliefs of any one part or time of Egypt. Many peoples and periods are united in it. It was once considered to be of divine origin. Legend said that Thoth, the scribe of the Gods, spoke words at the Creation and these were acted upon by Ptah and Khnemu. Thoth was helper of the God Osiris and thus the author might be Osiris.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in this mysterious book is

Chapter LXIV, which accompanies this article.

This remarkable chapter is one of the oldest texts in *The Book Of The Dead,* and as previously stated it occurs in two versions, one long and one short.

The title of the longer version is *Chapter of Coming Forth by Day In The Other World,* and the shorter, *Chapter of knowing the Chapters of Coming Forth by Day In a Single Chapter.* If a man knew this chapter he was victorious both upon earth and in heaven; he passed through every gate of the Other World, he obtained everlasting life. The formulae contained in the Chapter are highly mystical and recital of them gave the deceased the power to identify himself with all the great gods and to make use of all their attributes.

It was necessary that the man who recited this Chapter be ceremonially clean and pure, and the rubric orders that before reciting he must abstain from meats and fish and women but there is no reason for assuming that he observed a strict fast. In connection with this Chapter it is further ordered that the formulae which are now generally known as Chapter XXXV be recited over a green stone scarab set in a gold mount and anointed with myrrh, and placed in the breast of a man to perform for him the *"Opening of the Mouth."* It is clear from the above that the recital of the LXIVth Chapter was a very solemn matter.



CHAPTER LXIV

"I am Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow, (and I have) the power to be born a second time; I am the divine hidden Soul who createth the gods, and who giveth celestial meals unto the denizens of the underworld, Amentet, and heaven. I am the Rudder of the East, the Possessor of two Divine Faces wherein his beams are seen. I am the Lord of the men who are raised up; the Lord who cometh forth from out of the darkness, and whose forms of existence are of the house wherein are the dead. Hail, ye two Hawks who are perched upon your resting-places, who hearken unto the things which are said by him, who guide the bier to the hidden place, who lead along Ra, and who followed him into the uppermost place of the shrine which is in the celestial heights! Hail, Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the middle of the earth. He is I,

and I am He, and Ptah hath covered his sky with crystal. Hail Ra, thou who art content, thy heart is glad by reason of thy beautiful law of the day; thou enterest in by Khemennu and comest forth at the east and the divine first-born beings who are in thy presence cry out with gladness unto thee. Make thou thy roads glad for me, and make broad for me thy paths when I shall set out from earth for the life in the celestial regions. Send forth thy light upon me, O Soul unknown, for I am one of those who are about to enter in, and the divine speech is in my ears in the underworld and let no defects of my mother be imputed unto me; let me be delivered and let me be safe from him whose divine eyes sleep at eventide, when he gathereth together and finisheth the day in night. . . .

* * *

"Happy, yea happy is he that looked upon the funeral couch which hath come to its place of rest, upon the happy day of the god whose heart resteth, who maketh his place of alighting thereon. I am he who cometh forth by day; the Lord of the bier which giveth life in the presence of Osiris."

HIGHWAY TO TROUBLE

In Sapulpa, Okla., as Mrs. A. M. Rivers, 58, fled from a brick thrown at her by her husband, 60, on February 22, 1954, she was struck by an approaching car and seriously injured. The driver of the car was a 19-year-old youth who had been on his way to the Rivers' home to keep a date with the couple's daughter.

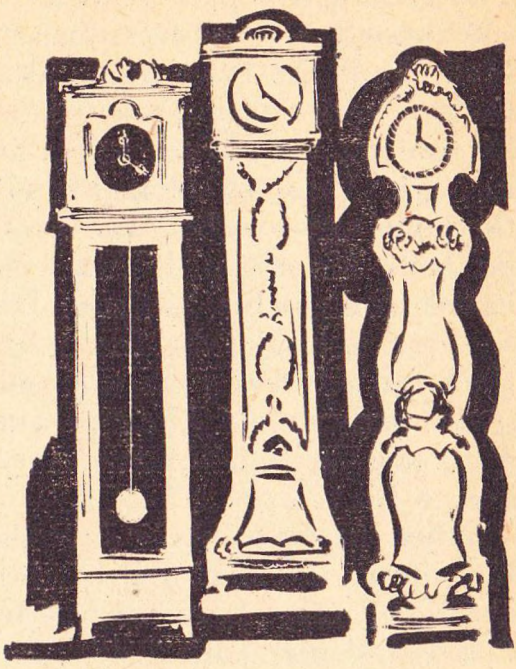
PETRIFIED ORTHODOXY

"It is a paradox that . . . the defenses we erect within ourselves against prejudice and superstition tend so to encrust and petrify the mind that it becomes increasingly resistant to novel truths. No one has had better reason to be conscious of this paradox than the student of psychical research in his efforts to invoke cooperation from orthodox working scientists in relevant and allied fields of investigation."—*Prof. C. A. Mace in 1937 Myers Memorial Lecture.*

Grandfather's Clocks

Grandfather Holly faithfully wound the three clocks while he lived. Why did they stop at the exact moment he died?

By Joan C. Holly



A few miles outside Lansing, Michigan, there is an old house that holds many memories for my family. The heart of father's family still dwells there, so that none of us ever passes the spot without feeling that the land still belongs to Grandfather Holly, even after 29 years of ownership by other persons.

The story of the farm and of Grandmother and Grandfather Holly is a strange one—but true. There were many witnesses to the strange things which took place in that house. Even the most cautious among them relate the events with firm conviction.

I will have to begin far, far back with Great-Grandfather Holly. It was Great-Grandfather Holly who bought the land in 1847. At that time it was part of a forest, untouched, wild and beautiful. Great-Grandfather bought the land just five years too late to homestead it. He worked and labored felling the trees, clearing and planting the fields, and he built a log cabin there for his wife. He loved his home with that love that only comes for something created. He set out fruit trees, and he carefully selected two young maples from the woods and planted them

near the cabin. In later years he raised horses and cattle there. The farm was a part of him.

Although Great-Grandfather Holly built the large house also, the one which stands there now, his son was born in the log cabin in 1857. He instilled in his son the same love for the farm which he held himself and that love lasted through his lifetime. His son, my Grandfather, never left the farm. He was a proud, handsome man- with a kindness and quiet dignity which drew everyone to him.

When he married, he brought his wife to the farm and his two children were born there—my father and my Aunt Ruth. His wife learned to love the land too. Their love for each other was also great, and Grandfather was the kind of man who remembered to make his wife happy. Often he would stop his plowing to walk way back to the house with a large bouquet of wild flowers for Grandmother. Such small things kept them close through all the years.

Their two children married and moved away, my father to Lansing and Aunt Ruth down the road a bit to another farm. But every weekend found the family together on the old farm.

The first grandchild born was my sister, Margaret. She became Grandfather Holly's special pet. She spent a good deal of time on the farm with him. He would tease her and tell her stories. When she was ill he sat beside her. Margaret remembers him as the most wonderful man she has ever known.

The old man and the little girl would take long walks through the fields and the woods of the farm together, until Margaret too came to know every foot of the land and to feel that she belonged to it.

The years passed and Grandmother became very ill. She was forced to remain in bed for a long time. During her sickness, Grandfather went out one cold, spring day to cut down some trees for a new field and after working hard for a time sat down, in the cold, to rest. From that short rest he contracted pneumonia, his last sickness.

The family gathered at the farm house as often as they could and Margaret, who was a young woman of 20 then, stayed in the house with Aunt Ruth to watch over him.

In the house at that time there were three clocks. An old alarm clock upstairs which Grandfather had used to wake him in the morning in time for chores, another clock stood by his bedside in the downstairs room where they moved him during his illness, and in the kitchen was a large old chiming clock which his father before him had bought.

Grandfather always wound all of the clocks religiously and so my father saw to it that they were kept running during his illness. The chiming of the kitchen clock sounded through the quiet house during all the last hours of his illness.

The day of Grandfather's death, in May of 1932, Margaret was sitting with him, holding his hand. It wasn't long before my father came into the room and, realizing that the end was close, sent Margaret away. He stayed beside his father during those last moments. A few minutes after Grandfather's death the first in the series of strange events occurred. Still sitting at Grandfather's bedside, a few minutes after the kind old man had closed his eyes forever, my father turned to the clock beside the bed, but the clock had stopped. He went to the kitchen to look at the big clock—that clock had stopped also —at exactly the same time as the other. He called upstairs to Ruth, who was sitting with Grandmother, and asked her what time the old alarm clock showed. Ruth answered that the clock had stopped running. All three of them had stopped at 10:05—the time that Grandfather Holly died.

It was startling, but to anyone who had known Grandfather it was entirely credible. It was his land and his house and they were his clocks. He had cared for them carefully. It did not seem too much to believe that they had stopped running when his life left the house.

They brought Grandfather's body home to lie in state in the front bedroom according to family tradition. Grandmother was too ill to attend the funeral and she never quite believed that he was gone. She finally recovered from her illness, but even then she found his death hard to accept. Sometimes she would say, "I'd like to go to his grave. I'd like to open it and see for myself."

She never felt really at home in the house after that. Especially after difficulty arose over her ownership of it. Grandfather had been forced to mortgage the house; the family couldn't raise the money to pay off the mortgage and consequently Grandmother was afraid of being evicted. However, the people were kind enough to grant her a life lease. She could live there until she died but the thought of losing the land haunted her, the thought that someone else would own the house after she was gone.

Although the family stayed closer to her than ever, Grandmother seemed to feel alone. Three years after Grandfather's death, in February, 1935, she became ill again. Again Margaret

and Ruth stayed at the house and the rest of the family came every day. It was during the last week of Grandmother's life that the next strange events occurred.

Every evening during that week, just at the hour when Grandfather Holly always had come in from his chores, everyone heard the latch on the back door click, as though the door had opened although no one was ever there. The sound was the familiar sound of Grandfather opening the door, hurriedly, in his own special way—as he had always done.

At first no one spoke of it. Each believed it to be his imagination. But one night suddenly everyone admitted that they heard the same sound. From that time on they listened for it together, feeling a little strange but not afraid.

The latch continued to click each evening all through Grandmother's last week and it stopped only after her death. The family was glad for if it was Grandfather, then at least at her death, Grandmother wasn't alone.

There was more to come. The house no longer belonged to the family after Grandmother's death. It had been family tradition to bring the body of the dear one home to lie in state, but for Grandmother this was not done. Her body remained at the funeral home. It wasn't right. She should have been brought home.

During the waiting period before the funeral Margaret again stayed at the house with Ruth, getting things ready to be moved. Margaret slept on the davenport just outside the downstairs bedroom where Grandmother Holly's body should have rested. Somehow she didn't want to sleep inside the room.

The first night she was awakened by a strange noise. A sighing sound which seemed to be coming from the empty bedroom. It was the sound a group of people make—sighing sadly and softly—mourning. It was a frightening sound. She turned her head away from the door and tried to sleep, but the sound continued.

It was audible the next morning and all through the day. Margaret didn't mention it to Ruth. She stayed away from the room as much as possible, in another part of the house, but every time she passed the door the sound was there. At first she didn't notice that Ruth, too, was avoiding the bedroom. Even when she did, neither of them spoke of it, and as the day wore on and the sighing continued they stopped talking altogether.

That night it was very cold in the house, the cold seemed to seep through from the walls and floors so Margaret and Ruth sat together by the living room register trying to keep warm. They

were alone in the house with the cold and the sighing.

Finally they talked of what they heard. Two persons do not imagine the same sound at the same time.

They went to the bedroom door together and the sound was there, sad, sorrowful and a little frightening. It was as though someone mourned because Grandmother had not been brought back to her home, to the place she loved, where she belonged.

The next day when they left the house to go to the funeral the sound was still there. When they came home from the funeral, and Grandmother finally lay at rest forever beside Grandfather, the sound was gone. It was never heard again.

The family tried to raise the mortgage money, but they could not. The mortgage was foreclosed and the house was no longer theirs. Sadly enough, only three days too late, the money finally was raised. Only three days—but still too late. New tenants moved in. Ten months after Grandmother died on November 21, 1935, Margaret had her first child. She was very ill, close to death. In the hospital she laid in her room and it wasn't until night came that she was again aware of her surroundings. She listened to the noises of the hospital around her, feeling a little lonely and very weak. But she was, she insists, wide awake.

She looked toward the door of her room and there was Grandfather Holly, standing in the doorway, smiling at her, wearing the suit that he had always saved for "best," the navy blue suit in which he was buried. He walked into the room and sat down in the rocking chair by her bed and rocked back and forth, still smiling at her—just quietly keeping her company. She wasn't at all afraid. How could she be afraid of Grandfather Holly? She had loved him and he had loved her. They had shared the secret of the land together.

He stayed there for a long time, rocking and smiling, and then a nurse looked in at the door and he was gone. But the chair went on rocking, only gradually slowing down as rocking chairs do when someone has just left them, until it finally stopped.

When Ruth came to visit her, Margaret told her about it. Ruth wasn't surprised. She said, "Well, you know yourself, if there is such a thing as anybody coming back, Dad would have been here to see you."

And it was true. He had always come at her slightest sickness and when she was so very ill, not even death could stop him.

Even after all of these years, as I said, the family still feels that the land belongs to them—that,

in fact, it belongs to Grandfather Holly no matter what the legal papers say or who lives there now. Margaret says the farm is the only place she ever gets homesick for, and she longs to walk over the land again. She says that she still would know every inch of the way. It is so strong a feeling inside her, that even now when she is blind she feels she could find her way.

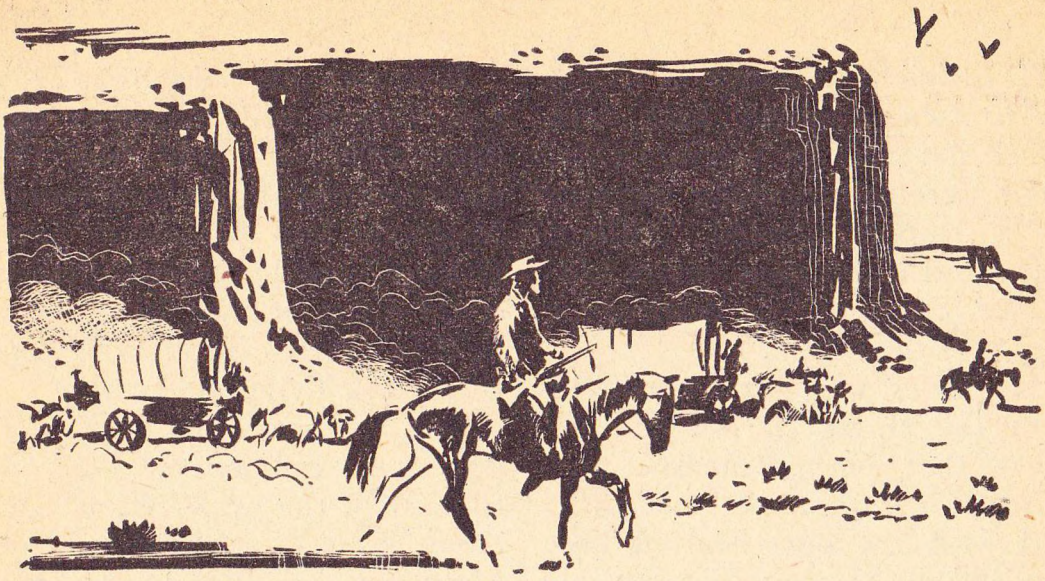
The farm is beautiful and quiet and the two maples Great-Grandfather planted there are grown tall and big.

THEY BELIEVED IN FAIRIES

Do fairies exist? Many famous persons were convinced that they do and wrote of their beliefs. Among them is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes. In 1921 he wrote a book, *The Coming of the Fairies,* which concerned the controversial fairy photographs taken by Elsie Wright in Cottingley, Yorkshire, England. Doyle personally investigated the circumstances connected with the taking of the photographs and had them examined by various experts who found no evidence of fraud.

In his book Doyle cited the cases of numerous other persons beside Elsie Wright who claimed to have seen fairies. An analysis of these cases reveals that out of the total number of witnesses most were adults, more than half were men and they saw the fairies in broad daylight. They were normal persons and in normal health. They were not ill or mentally unbalanced and did not claim to have psychic powers.

William Allen White, the famous editor and publisher, wrote in his autobiography, "And I swear across the years during which I held the picture, that under a tree—I saw the Little People, the Fairies. They were making a peculiar buzzing sound, white little people, or gray, three or four inches high. And I got out of bed and went to another window and still saw them. Then I lay on my belly, on my bed, and kicked my heels, and put my chin in my hands, to be sure I was not sleeping and still saw them. For a long time, maybe five minutes, they were buzzing about, busy at something, I could not make out what. . . ."



MURDERS solved by a DREAM

He saw his friend robbed and killed in a remote place in the mountains. The scene was sharp and detailed.

By G. H. R. Taylor

The most vicious mass murder in Idaho's early Territorial history was solved—and three killers convicted and hanged—all because Hill Beachy, a hotel operator in Lewiston, dreamed a dream.

In the early fall in 1864, Lloyd Magruder, a well-known, well-heeled freighter for the mining camps, left Lewiston with a 70 mule pack train loaded with supplies for the booming, gold mining town of Viginia City, in what then was Idaho Territory.

Magruder's departure was well-known to the citizenry and was of particular interest to a group of predatory gents which included David Howard, D. C. Lowry, James Romaine, Bob Zachary, and three others whose names never passed into history. The following day they, too, headed out of Lewiston, ostensibly for Oregon.

A sufficient distance out, the seven men doubled back and struck the trail for Virginia City. They were joined along the way by a trapper named William Page, and a few days before Magruder reached his destination they overtook him.

Magruder was not acquainted with the strangers, nor did he know that both Romaine and Lowry had criminal records, and with the open-hearted hospitality of the frontier he allowed them to travel with his outfit.

Once arrived at the diggings, Zachary and the three unknowns went to work in the mines and vanished from the chronicle, but Howard Lowry, Romaine and Page attached themselves to Magruder and his business operations. They assisted him in selling his goods at a handsome profit, and profited themselves by gaining his liking and confidence.

In October Magruder was ready to return to Lewiston with $25,000 in gold dust in his pokes, a fact well-known to the plotters, who had accepted eagerly Magruder's offer to pay them as guards. They were somewhat taken aback when they learned that Magruder's pack train would join the pack trains of two miners, William Phillips and Charles Allen, and the brothers Chalmers, Robert and Horace, the latter pair just arrived from Missouri.

It was at this point that Howard, Lowry and Romaine took Page aside and told him that they planned to rob and murder Magruder and his entire party. If Page kept his mouth shut he could share in the loot, if not he'd be taken care of, too. Page, who liked living, agreed.

One night, when the pack train was camped in the wild country of the upper Clearwater, about halfway to Lewiston, and Magruder was taking his turn as night guard over the mules Lowry walked up to him and killed him with an axe. He then returned to camp and with the help of his two accomplices murdered Phillips, Allen and the Chalmers brothers as they lay sleeping in their blankets. The bodies were wrapped in blankets and tossed over a cliff. Out of the remuda one horse and seven mules were kept for travelling. The remainder were driven into the canyon and killed.

The murderers wished to avoid Lewiston, for fear of being recognized and questioned there. Therefore, they headed for a ford in the Clearwater some 50 miles above the town. High water, however, made it impossible to cross so, leaving their stolen animals with a rancher to be kept until called for, they walked into town. One of the trio went at once to the Luna House to engage seats on the Walla Walla

stage coach, due that day.

The proprietor of the Luna House, Hill Beachy, was present when the murderer came in. Beachy was a close, personal friend of Magruder's, and before the latter departed on his last journey, Beachy had a remarkably clear and ominous dream in which he had seen Magruder robbed and murdered in a remote, mountainous spot. This vision had oppressed Beachy and its memory remained often in his waking thoughts.

Beachy looked at the man who entered his hotel and in a moment recognized him. Recognition led to suspicion. A few days later he heard about the horses and mules left with the upriver rancher. He rode out there and found that the careless killers had left Magruder's own saddle with the rest of the gear. He immediately had a warrant sworn out for their arrest, had himself deputized, and secured necessary requisitions from the governors of Orgeon, Washington and California.

Accompanied by Thomas Pike, another deputy, Beachy trailed the killers to San Francisco where they were waiting for the stolen $25,000 in gold dust to be coined at the mint. He and Pike arrested the trio, who put up no resistance.

At the first session of the District Court ever to be held in Idaho Territory, January 5, 1865, the trial of David Howard, D. C. Lowry and James Romaine began. The charge was murder. Chief witness for the prosecution was William Page. On the basis of his gruesome story, and other corroborating evidence, the accused were found guilty. Judge Samuel C. Parks sentenced them to be hanged on Friday, March 4, 1865. This sentence was duly carried out.

Some time afterwards, Page led a party to the scene of the crime where complete confirmation of his story was obtained.

The gold dust was coined in San Francisco and returned to the Magruder family.

Thus justice was done; vicious murderers were punished through the instrumentality of a dream.

ANCIENT IRISH TOMB

A MEGALYTHIC tomb, so-called because it is made with a huge prehistoric stone, was found recently near Kiltyclogher in County Leitrim, Ireland. Erected somewhere between 1900 B.C. and 2000 B.C., the tomb is of the gallery grave type with a porthole entrance.

Amazing NEW DISCOVERIES of ANCIENT EGYPT

The archeologist stared in disbelief at the object in the hidden underground chamber. "It's a ship!" he cried.

By Chester S. Geier

THE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES of the Great Pyramid of Giza may be revealed as a result of astounding new discoveries being made in Egypt. More than a hundred feet below the present surface of the land a huge hidden underground chamber has been opened up to human eyes for the first time in more than 5,000 years.

For decades, many persons have felt that the Great Pyramid itself was something special and apart from the other pyramids. They have made predictions by the steps within the gigantic pile of stones. The World Wars and the atomic bomb are said to have been forecast by intricate systems based upon signs and symbols within the Great Pyramid. It has been felt by some that even the pyramid itself was built at a far earlier time than the other pyramids.

And now the discoveries in the underground chamber tunneled out near the south face of the pyramid may hold the answers to these questions. But whether they do or not, Egyptologists are already saying that the discoveries are more important and hold a greater wealth of artifacts, than did the tomb of King Tutankhamen.

One of these is a magnificent and well-preserved "spirit boat" —apparently the first completely intact relic of its type ever discovered. It is discussed in detail here. But other discoveries may prove to be even more exciting.

Events leading up to this find began last year and the immediate findings date back to early May, 1954.

The Great Pyramid, nearly 5,000 years old, stands in the desert on the outskirts of Cairo. The Egyptian government has been building a road around it



Dr. Zakkaria Ghoneim, Egyptian archeologist, supervises unearthing of a 3,800-year-old coffin near Sakkara. Recently he discovered a 5,000-year-old tomb containing an alabaster coffin and numerous gold objects.

for tourists. In charge of this work was Kamal El Malakh, 34, Egyptologist and director of archeological works for Giza and Lower Egypt.

While directing work on the road El Malakh found an ancient, crude enclosure wall. He had his workmen demolish this and a foot under the age-packed earth their shovels uncovered a row of limestone blocks sealed with pink gypsum cement. The blocks were each three to five feet wide, 15 feet long and estimated to weigh 15 tons. They showed superior stonecutting and El Malakh felt at once he was on the track of something important.

As the workmen continued to shovel away the sand more of the blocks were unearthed. They formed a strip 450 feet long that looked like an ancient pavement. As an architect, however, El Malakh felt the blocks might be lintel blocks forming the roof of an underground chamber or *serdab*.

On May 21 El Malakh revealed his discovery of the limestone blocks to Dr. Abdul Moneim Abu

Bakr, one of Egypt's foremost Egyptologists. Dr. Abu Bakr was greatly excited by the news. He told El Malakh that two years before he had found a scarab inscribed with hieroglyphics that mentioned "a southern tomb of Cheops." El Malakh thought the blocks might be the roof of a corridor leading to this tomb.

On Sunday, May 23, El Malakh visited the site and noticed a projection of bedrock across the strip of limestone blocks which appeared to divide the corridor into two parts. This made him wonder whether the blocks might cover something other than a tomb. The obvious thing to do was to find out by cutting an opening into the blocks.

Dr. Mustafa Amer, head of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities told him, "Go ahead and try your luck."

El Malakh chose a block of lesser quality about one-third of the distance from the east end of the row of blocks and on Monday, May 24, he ordered two of his workmen to begin cutting the end of it.

El Malakh was proceeding cautiously. He did not know how the limestone blocks were supported and he wished to avoid a structural accident which might damage whatever lay below.

On Tuesday the workmen cutting the block reached a ledge six feet below the surface of the bedrock into which the stone was set. Deciding to leave as much as possible of the stone to support its 15-ton weight, El Malakh told the workmen to begin chiseling a small diagonal tunnel in the direction of the corridor. He had them stop at intervals so that he could test the thickness of the remaining stone by tapping it with a stick. He heard an increasingly loud hollow echo.

When tapping finally indicated that only a few inches of stone separated him from the corridor, the archeologist ordered the workmen to stop. He consulted with Dr. Amer and Dr. Mohammed Mahdi, his immediate superior in the Department of Antiquities, and on Wednesday morning, May 26, they hurried to the site for the next step in the investigation.

Mohammed Abdel Al, a 65-year-old stonecutter, was called and he began chiseling away the thin layer of stone that remained in the hole. El Malakh, leaning forward tensely at the edge of the pit, heard the hollow echoes grow louder with each blow.

It was a dramatic moment—a moment for which El Malakh had waited through the night in a fever of impatience. Archeological history, he felt, was in the making. Would Abdel Al's chisel fulfill his hopes?

After 10 blows of the hammer the chisel pushed through. Abdel

Al pulled it out to reveal a small black hole in the white limestone. It was 11:30 A.M. and the sun glared down on the scene.

Jumping into the pit, El Malakh told Abdel Al to enlarge the hole. When it was large enough to see through he peered at what lay beyond. In his haste he gashed his forehead against the stone.

In the excitement of the find he and the others had forgotten to bring flashlights. Peering through the hole with eyes dazzled by the sun, El Malakh could see nothing. He asked the watching men to find a flashlight and as he waited he closed his eyes to increase their sensitivity to the darkness of the chamber. From the hole drifted a faint perfume of incense and cedar—a breath of the ancient, exotic past.

Peering through the hole again, El Malakh now was able to see a dim white surface directly ahead. Below it, in the faint light streaming past his head, he made out a brownish area and against it a long oval object was discernible. El Malakh realized suddenly the object was an oar.

He was, he says, "in a terrible state of nervousness." He glanced up at the men standing above him and cried, "It's a ship—a ship!"

Unable to wait for a flashlight he asked for a mirror. In the light reflected into the chamber by the mirror, the first thing he saw was a symbol in red paint on the white surface about three yards away. He thought it to be a magic religious symbol rather than a hieroglyph. The white surface was a curved wall.

The brownish area he had seen proved to be a wooden deck on which were coils of linen rope and spear-shaped oars. He was certain that what he had found was a funeral ship, or "solar ship of night," to carry the soul of a pharaoh on its eternal journey through the heavens with the sun.

The boat is about 50 feet long and 15 feet wide with a high bow and stern. Its hull, estimated to be nine yards deep, is carved out of solid limestone. Its wooden decks have shrunk away from the stone sides which enabled El Malakh to count them. He found there were six. The painted cedar and sycamore wood was in a superb state of preservation. The chamber had been so well sealed with gypsum cement that not even dust or cobwebs were visible.

El Malakh is certain the boat was built by Cheops—or Khufu—powerful king of the fourth dynasty who reigned about 2,800 B.C. Cheops, worshipped by his subjects as a "god on earth," was the builder of the Great Pyramid.

At the present writing the hole in the chamber is only large

enough to admit a man's head and shoulders. El Malakh has kept it sealed to protect the ship from air and sand, although he has opened it frequently to allow Egyptologists and others to view the chamber's contents.

What he will find in the ship is as yet a matter of speculation, but since the ancient Egyptians believed the souls of possessions as well as the souls of the owners entered the spirit world, it is possible that the boat is laden with jewelry, clothing, household furnishings and papyrus documents, in addition to statues of Cheops, his court favorites and the crew of the funeral boat. The lack of dust and cobwebs in the chamber indicates it never was opened before and that these articles will be intact.

El Malakh believes he will find another boat at the sealed western half of the corridor or *serdab*. The corridor, he says, is long enough to contain two. Kings before and after Cheops built two solar ships of night—one for each of the royal titles, King of Upper Egypt and King of Lower Egypt.

The archeologist plans to enter the western half in the early winter and says he will announce the opening one month in advance so that Egyptologists will have the opportunity to be present and to smell the perfume of incense and cedar which may be present here as in the first chamber.

Solar or "spirit" boats long have been known to Egyptologists from ancient papyrus texts, tomb paintings and hull-shaped chambers such as the one containing Cheops' boat. But until El Malakh's discovery none has been found intact. Empty hull shapes hollowed in the rock, believed to have been built by Cheops, have been found on the east side of the Great Pyramid. El Malakh believes two of these were "solar boats of the day" and that a third was for the king's ghostly pilgrimage to Abydos in Upper Egypt where the god Osiris worshipped.

The royal funeral boats were built in sets of five—two for the day journey through the heavens, two for the night journey and one for the pilgrimage to Abydos. The solar boats of day and the solar boats of night were built in pairs for the kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt each had different gods.

The chief concern of the ancient Egyptian pharaohs was life after death—they literally lived to die. They believed that boats were the way to travel in death as well as in life. Solar boats were as important as tombs in the ancient Egyptian religion. The pharaohs took great pains to preserve the boats from thieves and over the centuries they evolved into replicas carved into earth or stone. By the time of Cheops the stone boats were magnificently

built and furnished and as a result were eagerly plundered by tomb robbers.

Like other ancient Egyptians, Cheops believed that the soul of the ship carved into the desert bedrock could rise in ghostly form to carry his soul in the company of the immortals believed to journey with the sun-god Ra. Egyptian religion taught that the souls of the dead followed the sun through the heavens. While the pharaohs made elaborate preparations for this voyage, lesser Egyptians had to content themselves with clay models of spirit boats.

The solar boats of the day were for traveling with the sun-god Ra from the gates of dawn where he was reborn each day to the gates of night, or the underworld, where he died and where the traveler transferred to a solar boat of night. The boats had to pass 12 gates or hours on each half of the journey and the traveler could obtain permission to pass them only by speaking the secret name of the god who guarded each. The secret names were imparted after death only to good souls. The most dangerous interrogation was believed to take place at the sixth gate of night, or midnight.

Dr. Herbert Ricke, a German Egyptologist who has been excavating and doing research in Egypt since 1926, believes that the solar boat found by El Malakh was not built by Cheops. He says that a hieroglyphic cartouche partly visible on the wall of the boat chamber indicates the boat was the work of Cheops' son and successor, Khefren, builder of the second Giza pyramid. Dr. Ricke examined the cartouche on June 30 when El Malakh removed the gypsum cement seal over the hole to permit a group of Egyptologists to view the chamber.

The hieroglyphs in the cartouche consist of a dotted circle, representing "Ra," a sun for "Kha," and a horned snake representing the letter "F." Dr. Ricke says the cartouche ending with the symbol for "F" cannot represent the name of Cheops or Khufu whose cartouche contains a shaded circle for "Kh." a young chicken for "W," a horned snake for "F," and another young chicken for "W." The exact transliteration is given as *Khwfw*. Cheops did not have the dotted circle for "Ra" in his cartouche, Dr. Ricke said, as this symbol first appeared in cartouches of his successors. Dr. Ricke explains that Khefren's name is a corruption of the hieroglyphic transliteration of "Kha-F-Ra" which had been written "Ra-Kha-F."

Furthermore, Dr. Ricke says, the cult of the sun-god Ra did not become important until immediately after the reign of Cheops. He adds that solar boats

came into use after Cheops when, along with the worship of Ra, the belief rose that kings traveled through the heavens in boats with Ra.

According to Dr. Ricke the remains of the boat east of the Great Pyramid, which is believed to be for Cheop's pilgrimage to Abydos where Osiris worshipped, would be an anachronism in Cheops' time as the Osiris cult did not become important until 1,600 years after Cheops, when Pharaoh Seti built the famous temple of Osiris at Abydos.

Dr. Ricke points out, however, that the importance of El Malakh's find is not lessened whether the ships were built by Cheops or Khefren. Linking the boats with Khefren, he says, actually would make them more important as dramatic evidence dating the emergence of the Ra cult.

In discussing Dr. Ricke's theory El Malakh maintains that the placing of the boats on either side of the exact north-south axis of the Great Pyramid indicates they are an integral part of Cheops' over-all design. Regarding the cartouche questioned by Dr. Ricke, he says it has not yet been studied sufficiently to identify it with Khefren. If it should be identified with him, it may indicate that Khefren sealed the boats built by his father with blocks previously cut.

The blocks themselves, El Malakh adds, are larger than those cut during Khefren's time. The stonecutting also is superior, indicating it had been done by Cheops' workmen.

He says the Great Pyramid itself is a symbol of sun worship. Its ancient name, "Akhet," referred to the light of the sun on the white limestone which once faced it.

The answers to all the various questions being raised over the find will come soon. El Malakh currently is planning to enter the boat chamber—and to experience the thrill of being the first man in 5,000 years to touch its treasures.

Editor's Note: At press time new discoveries had been made in a chamber 100 feet below the surface. There was an alabaster coffin and numerous gold objects. Because of the dangers of working so far underground, workmen must proceed carefully. Reports of the findings will appear in FATE *as they are made.*

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.

ASTRAL HOMICIDE

Is it possible for one astral entity to hurt another on the same plane? Can an astral entity be killed? If so, what would happen to him? Where would he go? —Howard Wasserman, Philadelphia, Pa.

■ Little is known as yet regarding possibilities and conditions on the astral plane. Mystics have spoken of "the second death" but this refers, apparently, in a more or less symbolic manner, to a spiritual death in which the individual simply becames non-existent. So far as is known it may be said that an astral entity cannot be killed, in the usual sense of the word, though it may be injured and tormented—mentally and spiritually. The immortal spark in man cannot be killed though it has been contended that the astral body is in time outgrown or discarded when the higher "mental body" alone is entered and lived-in. Theosophical literature contains a good deal of material on the astral plane but, so far as I know, this particular problem has not been dealt with in any of it!

—Marie Elene

■ Anything that can happen to consciousness can happen to a so-called "astral" body, since the astral body is a mere projection of consciousness. Since consciousness as we know it can be snuffed out, it follows that astral entities can hurt each other if they lack knowledge enough to desire such hurt.

After death, the "astral body" goes wherever consciousness goes, since the two cannot be separated.

—Alson Smith.

■ Here we are forced to enter into

realms that are purely speculative. Spiritualistic communicators tell of visits to certain earthbound hells or purgatories where the discarnate are in a state of continual conflict. If a human entity survives bodily death, how less likely that the continued persistence of conflict in other realms could result in any but subjective injuries. Eventually, we are told, such entities pass into more advanced states of being when they realize the nature of the experiences they have undergone.—E. P. Gibson.

DEVELOPING A PSYCHIC GIFT

My daughter, 10, always has been able to find lost articles although she has not seen them before. She senses when I hide goodies even though there is no ordinary way in which she can know they are in the house. Often when she is away from home I have only to think that I want her home at once and she comes in the time it takes her to walk from where she is. I believe these psychic talents can be developed so as to become as natural as sight or hearing if the development is begun at an early enough age. How can I help my daughter develop them?—June E. Weidemann, New Athens, Ill.

■ Psychic sensitivity, like religious sensitivity, can be developed through constant and careful guidance. It was only through the practice of the spiritual disciplines that Christian mystics were able to say "Deus Factus Sum" (I have become God).

Although I believe that psychic sensitivity is rudimentary in most of us, it is obviously highly developed in only a few. I doubt that it could ever be "as natural as sight or hearing." And it must never be forgotten that the psychic gift is a capricious thing which does not always answer when called upon.

You can help your daughter develop her demonstrated psychic sensitivity by encouraging her to experiment and to take a real interest in the psychic field. Beyond that I doubt if you can do much for the gift will take her where it will.—Alson Smith.

■ Your daughter evidently is a natural psychic, with telepathic and clairvoyant powers. Most parents do not encourage their children in this and you are to be congratulated as one who does! At the same time, of course, you must exercise wise guidance and great patience.

One good method is to cultivate your daughter's powers by means of psychometry—handling objects unknown to her and seeing how far she can tell their true history. Another is by means of ESP cards, for telepathy. Stop all such experiments if you feel that they are in any way interfering

with her natural psychic abilities, which so far have been spontaneous.

The American Psychical Institute has prepared a very thorough course in psychic development and you may find it of help in your daughter's development. —Marie Elene.

■ Parapsychologists as yet have found no "sure-fire" method to develop and improve psychic abilities. It seems quite obvious that your daughter already possesses these abilities to an unusual degree. They will probably continue to aid her throughout her entire life.

The literature of occultism suggests many methods by which psychic abilities are supposedly improved. I would suggest that you read Dr. Hereward Carrington's *Your Psychic Powers*, particularly chapters VIII and XIX. —E. P. Gibson.

Who are the Basques?—R. S. Renfrew, Portland, Maine.

■ The basques are a mysterious white-skinned race living in southwestern France and northern Spain. They have been called "the oldest people in Europe," but nobody knows for sure who they are or where they came from. Neither their language nor their race has ever been successfully catalogued. It is said that their language is so difficult that "even the devil has never been able to learn it." The Basques have lived in their present area since historical times. They were Pagans who were Christianized. We do know they believed in a universal god before that time. He was *Yaun-Goicoa*, who created the three principles of life—all interpretations of light. These were *Egia*, the light of the spirit; *Ekhia* (sun) the light of the world, and *Begia* (eye) the light of the body. Some time soon FATE will publish a story on this amazing people, who are not even Indo-Europeans.—Robert N. Webster.

DIFFERENT ENTITIES?

Is there any difference between "astral" and "discarnate" entities? —Josephine Liddel, Richmond, Va.

■ Yes. An "astral" entity or body is a projection of consciousness onto another plane of existence. This projection of consciousness may or may not materialize into a physical body, either animal or human. But it has a definite connection with the physical body even though not limited in space-time as is the physical body.

A "discarnate" entity, however, is a spirit or soul which is not carnate—that is to say, is not in the body. The astral body has a definite connection with the physical body and the physical body is still alive. But where the word "discarnate" is used the body is usually

thought of as being dead.

The word "astral" is an esoteric term; it has no scientific status. "Discarnate," though is in good scientific repute, at least among parapsychologists.—Alson Smith.

What is the famed "shittah" or "shittim" wood which is so often referred to in the Bible?—W.E.A. New Orleans, La.

■ It may have been what we now call acacia. The thorns of the acacia crowned Christ. The wood of the acacia was burned in Hindu sacrifical fires and on Buddhist altars.—Robert N. Webster.

HEALTH IN ASTRAL PROJECTION

It is true that astral projection is more likely to occur in persons who are ill or under the influence of drugs or anaesthetics than those who are in good health or in a normal physical state?—J. K. Norris, Toledo, O.

■ Yes; projections are more likely to occur when the astral body is loosened, to some extent, from the physical. Drugs and illness will facilitate such projections, which are probably most pronounced under anaesthesia. The trouble in such cases is that the separation between the two bodies may be so great that little or no memory of the experience is retained. Sylvan Muldoon, in his book on the subject, emphasizes the fact that astral projection is not easy and that a certain degree of what he calls "incapacity" is essential first—that is, a loosening of the bonds between the bodies, which good health would tend to keep in place.—Marie Elene.

■ Spontaneous cases of astral projection are most likely to occur in cases of persons under the influence of deep anaesthesia or certain specific drugs. They also have occurred in cases in which the projecting person was in a state of coma.

However, ill health does not seem to be the criterion. The person who is able to respond to deep hypnosis, however induced, also may be adaptable to so-called astral projection. Perhaps the occurrence depends more upon the ability to dissociate the mind, letting the unconscious mind take complete charge for the time being.—E. P. Gibson.

COLORED DREAMS

While asleep at night I see scenes, sometimes in black and white, sometimes in color. The scenes in color are the important ones. Is there any explanation for these two steps, color and non-color?—Ileana Consuelo Pereira, Bronx, N. Y.

■ The only explanation would seem to be that the dreams in color, being more vivid, come from a more profound disturbance of the subconscious than do the

ones in black and white. Otherwise the difference in color would not appear to be significant.
—Alson Smith.

■ Alice Goodrich Freer, in her little book *Essays in Psychical Research,* describes in great detail her personal experiences in developing her psychic powers by means of crystal vision in which scenes are visualized, both in black and white and in color.

F. E. Leaning made a study of these phenomena which generally occur when the subject is falling asleep but not fully so. The dream vision often is so vivid as to wake the dreamer. In this so-called hypnagogic state psychic impressions often impinge upon the dream, many of which are precognitive. The vivid colored visions appear to be most significant.

See F. E. Leaning's *Introductory Study of Hypnagogic Phenomena* in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, Vol. XXXV (1926), pages 289-409.—E. P. Gibson.

HASHISH vs. HUXLEY

After reading Aldous Huxley's recent book, "The Gates of Perception," I am wondering if the idea of using drugs to obtain mystical experience is new?—Marlene Jefferson, Zanesville, Ohio.

■ Huxley took the drug mescaline under medical supervision. Mescaline is commonly used as peyote by many Indians of the Southwest U. S. and of Mexico to induce religious trances, color visions and experiences. However, other drugs have also been used since time immemorial. Among these have been opium, a poppy derivative, and hashish which comes from the Indian hemp. Many students believe that the magical passage of time in Oriental stories—in which tremendous long events take place in a few minutes—reflects experience with hashish. Note that neither mescaline nor hashish are narcotics in the usual sense.
—Robert N. Webster.

THEOSOPHY

What are the beliefs or teachings of Theosophy?—Colin MacNamara, Reading, Pa.

■ Theosophy, in the broad sense, is a system of speculative mysticism. The emphasis of this system is on the "allness" of God with the oul of man endlessly seeking repose in the Godhead. The Gnostics were theosophists. They believed that there was a magic formula, an esoteric knowledge, that would unlock the doors of life and reveal its inner meaning. Later, Meister Eckhart and Jacob Boehme were theosophists in this broad sense. So was the renowed Paracelsu.

In a much narrower sense theosophy is the system adhered to by

the members of the Theosophical Society which was founded in this country by Madame H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcutt in 1875. This system holds that the esoteric knowledge needed by the human race to discover the inner meaning of life is revealed through a number of seers called "adepts" or "mahatmas," some of whom dwell in Tibet. Belief in moral causation and reincarnation are basic tents of the Theosophical Society. —Alson Smith.

PSYCHIC SCENT

Twice in one month recently, while returning home from work on an elevated train, I smelled Italian meat sauce like a scent of perfume carried on the air. On arriving home each time I found my mother had prepared an Italian dish. We are not of Italian descent and do not often eat Italian foods. Is there any record of this happening to other persons? How can odors be transmitted over a distance?—Ileana Consuelo Pereira, Bronx, N. Y.

■ Spiritualistic literature is full of incidents in which various scents accompanied certain communications, so that the communicator was recognized by the perfume before the communication actually began. If interested see Frederic W. H. Myers' monograph on the mediumship of W. Stainton Moses in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, Vol. IX (1894), pages 245-352. Your experience may be truly psychic.—E. P. Gibson.

ASTRAL ASPIRATIONS

I have tried without success to project my astral body by rhythmic breathing and concentration. Is there any method besides the one described which would help me succeed?—Howard Wasserman, Philadelphia, Pa.

■ There are two other methods which have been advocated. The first is by what is known as "dynamizing the will," which is a more or less conscious exercise—though executed, of course (as an astral projection) while sleeping. The second method is by means of dream-control, in which a dream is constructed and the dreamer passes from this into astral projection. Both these methods are given in full in *The Projection of the Astral Body* by Muldoon and Carrington.—Marie Elene.

INDIAN RELIGION

Who or what is Devi?—William G. Parsegian, Madison, Wis.

■ Devi or Mahadevi is the great goddess of Hindu religion, consort of Siva and daughter of Himavat. She has many aspects. In one she is essentially a nature force and represents the female

principle of Siva. She may be worshipped as a mild and loving mother or as the fierce aspect of Chandi, Durga and Kali. In each aspect she is represented by the appropriate symbols. The worship of Devi was at its greatest during the time of the Tantras. Apparently Devi represents a coalescence of various local Indian goddesses.

—Robert N. Webster.

PROPHETESS OF DISASTER

In 1857 weird prophecies by a 13-year-old girl caused the destruction of a wealthy and populous African tribe, the Amaxosas. The tribe possessed over 200,000 head of cattle and lived in Kaffraria in the eastern part of the British Cape of Good Hope colony, a territory which covered 22,000 square miles.

As increasing numbers of white men arrived to settle in the region unrest grew among the natives. The chiefs and tribal doctors were particularly disturbed for they saw their power being undermined.

At this crucial time Nongquase, the young daughter of the chief of the Amaxosas, suddenly claimed to be under the control of spirits. They instructed her, she said, to tell the tribe that it must kill and eat the best cattle in the herds. No crops were to be planted and none were to be reaped.

Nongquase prophesied that herds of cattle finer than any that now existed would rise from the ground to take the place of the cattle destroyed. Fine golden corn would cover the land and dead tribal warriors would rise from their graves to lead the people to victory over the white man.

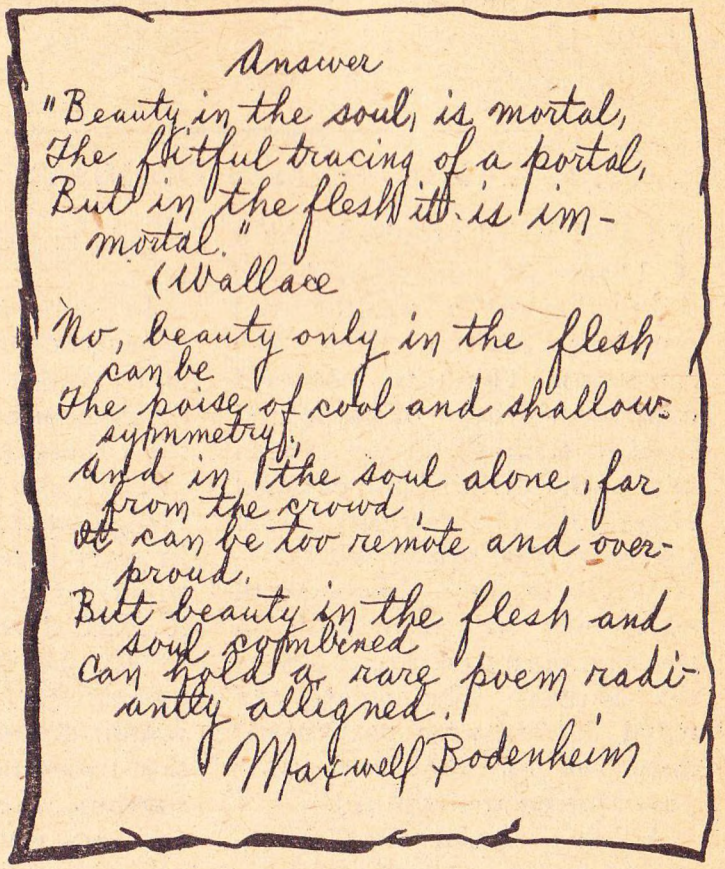
In superstitious frenzy the Amaxosas butchered their cattle and gorged themselves. The destruction and waste continued for 10 months.

The tribe began starving but Nongquase prophesied that within several days a blood-red sun would rise in the east and when it reached zenith would return to its starting point. At this moment a terrible hurricane would destroy the enemies of the tribe and the resurrected warriors, the miraculous cattle and corn would appear.

The weakened and hungry Amaxosas prepared for the fateful day. But when it came nothing happened. The sun followed its normal course across the sky and sank in the west. Disillusioned and crazed with hunger, the people fell wildly upon anything edible, bones of slaughtered cattle, skins, weeds—even upon each other. Whole families starved to death. Out of the original population of over 100,000 natives less than 30,000 survived. Nongquase fled and spent the remainder of her days in exile.

The last person to see the famed poet alive reveals the astonishing story of how—

MAXWELL


Answer
"Beauty in the soul, is mortal,
The fitful tracing of a portal,
But in the flesh it is immortal."
(Wallace
No, beauty only in the flesh can be
The poise of cool and shallow symmetry;
And in the soul alone, far from the crowd,
It can be too remote and overproud.
But beauty in the flesh and soul combined
Can hold a rare poem radiantly alligned.
Maxwell Bodenheim

Author Sheridan talked to Bodenheim a few hours before he died. Bodenheim gave him this poem—the last he ever wrote.

By Jack Sheridan

At 4:15 P.M. February 7, 1954, screaming sirens shattered the usual Sunday afternoon quiet of New York's Bowery. Denizens of that famed thoroughfare emerged from taverns to gape curiously at the police cars screeching to a stop in front of a shabby rooming house a few blocks north of historic Cooper Union.

"Someone's murdered," they whispered as they watched the police move over the neighborhood.

Inside the rooming house, on the third floor, the proprietor was explaining to an officer that he had sawed off the lock on the door because the room was unusually quiet and its occupant, Harold Weinberg, owed two

BODENHEIM predicted his own DEATH

weeks' rent. Just off the hallway in a small room lay the bodies of a man and a woman. The body of the man sprawled on the floor with a copy of *The Sea Around Us* on its chest. The girl lay on a cot with stab wounds in her side and breasts. On the table nearby were some sheets of paper with bits of verse scribbled on them and an empty wine bottle. In a dusty corner of the room was a worn leather briefcase stuffed with manuscripts.

It was not long before the identity of the bodies was established. The famed poet, Maxwell Bodenheim, and his third wife, the brilliant and exotic Ruth Fagan, were dead.

"Who would want to kill Bodenheim?" asked Ben Hecht when he was told of the death of his life-time friend. "Everybody," said a drunken artist when the news of Bodenheim's murder reached the artist colony in Greenwich Village.

For 25 years Bodenheim was looked upon as the "bad boy" of American literature. His novel, *Naked on Roller Skates,* the story of a girl that wanted to live with a worthless man, and *Replenishing Jessica,* the story of a millionaire's daughter who wanted to go to bed with every man she met, were considered obscene and were suppressed by the authorities. Despite the furor his novels created, many critics considered him first-rate. They said that what the authorities called pornography was savage realism of the French school of literature introduced for the first time into American fiction.

Although Bodenheim married only three times, he was always surrounded by beautiful women. They followed him everywhere he went. They gathered around him in the Dill Pickle Club in Chicago and flocked to the Raven Poetry Circle in New York to be charmed by his poetry and hypnotized by his voice. It was reported that one girl threw herself in the East River because he criticized her poetry. Another time, another girl attempted to commit suicide by gas with a picture of Maxwell Bodenheim propped before her. Still another girl found dead in a subway wreck carried love letters written

to her by Bodenheim. It was rumored that she was on her way to keep a rendezvous with him when she was killed.

Over the years Bodenheim built a reputation as a very fine poet. Now he was dead of a gunshot wound at the hands of a maniacal murder in a cheap Bowery rooming house—and a 13-state alarm was out for his killer.

I talked to Maxwell Bodenheim just a few hours before he was murdered and was the last person to see him and his wife alive. In fact, he introduced me to his killer!

It was early Saturday evening, February 6. I had left my friend on South Street at the waterfront and took a subway to Greenwich Village. I walked into the Waldorf Cafeteria, a restaurant frequented by artists and writers. Bodenheim saw me and got up from his table to greet me, inquiring about our mutual friends in Chicago.

"Meet my friend Harry," he said as we walked back to his table. I shook hands with the man and sat down. Bodenheim's wife, who was sitting at another table, yelled over to me, "Don't go away, Jack, before seeing me." I assured her I was going to stay a while. She walked over to our table and handed me 24 pages of manuscript. "Here," she said, "is part of Max's memoirs that he started while living with you a year ago." As I started to read the manuscript, Bodenheim tilted back his chair and with a sardonic smile said to Harry, "You hate me, don't you?" "Sure I do," said Harry. I thought they were kidding and continued to read the manuscript.

Shortly after this exchange Harry got up, patted Bodenheim's shoulder and said, "I really like you very much," and walked out of the restaurant.

Bodenheim sucked reflectively on his corn-cob pipe and remarked, "Jack, what do you think beauty is?"

"I don't know," I replied, "but I'd like to go over some parts of this manuscript with you—especially the section in which you are describing Jack Jones of Chicago's Dill Pickle Club."

"To hell with you and the manuscript," he shouted and then started to write. I continued to read. "Here, quit reading that and read this poem. It's probably the last one I'll ever write."

After reading the poem I looked at the clock on the wall. It was 8:15. I had to be in a studio on Fourteenth Street within a half hour. "Can I buy this poem?" I asked.

"It's yours," he said.

Stuffing the poem in my pocket, I called to his wife, Ruth, and told her I was going uptown and handed her the manuscript. She scribbled my telephone number

on a scrap of paper saying she would call me on Monday.

Early Tuesday afternoon, February 9, I sat in the headquarters of the Fourth Detective District, the East Fifth Street Police Station, in Manhattan, recounting to three detectives the activities of Bodenheim's last hours on earth. When I finished telling them all I knew of Bodenheim they handed me a picture of Harold Weinberg, who I identified as the man Maxwell Bodenheim introduced me to as Harry. This was the man that 13 states were hunting. The police surmised it was a murder of passion. Then an extraordinary coincidence occurred, a white-haired man in a blue serge suit entered the room where I was being questioned. One of the detectives said, "Mr. Sheridan, we would like you to meet Deputy Chief Inspector Hugh Sheridan, commander of this police district and in charge of the Bodenheim murder investigation. Chief Inspector Sheridan smiled at me and said that the information that I supplied would be helpful.

Outside, on the steps of the police station, I mused on the strange ways of fate—a Sheridan who had known the murdered poet for 25 years was the last man to see him alive—and a Sheridan was chief of the investigation of the murder.

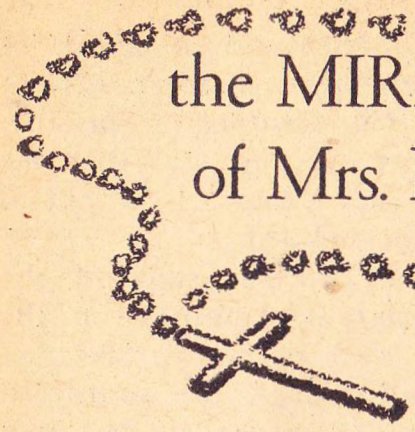
I headed for the Minetta Tavern in Greenwich Village where I met my friend, Jake Spencer, the newspaper caricaturist. "Let's drink a toast to the dead," he said. "Last week in a conversation with Bodenheim he said he would be dead before the spring wind came to Washington Square." After draining the glass of beer, he smashed it on the tavern floor.

THE FATAL FAMILY

CHARLES GARRISON, 34, a farmer living near Wooster, O., was driving to church on Sunday morning, February 14, 1954, in company with his wife, Naomi, 33, and their five children when his car struck another head-on. Garrison and his wife were killed and the children were injured, three seriously. The two occupants of the other car were killed also. They were Garrison's father, Willard, 61, and his sister, Faye, 14, who had lived eight miles from Garrison and had been on their way to a different church.

◆

the MIRACLE of Mrs. Brennan's ROSARY



By G. A. Cevasco

Why have certain beads on this rosary, a gift from Theresa Neumann, turned blood-red on four different occasions?

(Note: This story was related directly to the author. All facts and quotations come from Mrs. Brennan, a woman whose veracity is above suspicion. Widow of the late New York Supreme Court Judge Philip A. Brennan, she was the first American woman to be honored by Pope Pius XII with a "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" medal.)

What would be your reaction if six beads on a pearl-white rosary you owned turned blood-red in your hands?

It happened to Mrs. Brennan. The story behind these beads, a gift from Theresa Neumann to Mrs. Brennan, is extraordinary indeed.

Hundreds of scientists, theologians, and parapsychologists have followed with extreme interest the phenomena in the life of Theresa Neumann, living stigmatic of Konnersreuth, Bavaria. Mrs. Brennan is convinced that "Theresa is the greatest mystic of our time."

Still, it seems necessary to consider reports about Theresa Neumann as exaggerations. How can anyone live who has not tasted solid food since 1923, who has not had a drink of anything since 1927? Can reports about her clairvoyance and bilocations be true? Does she really bleed profusely from Christ-like wounds every Thursday midnight until Friday afternoon at intervals of ten to fifteen minutes? And what of her reported visions of Christ?

With these questions foremost

in her mind Mrs. Brennan, traveling through Europe in 1933, decided to visit Theresa Neumann. Before leaving Miss Neumann on July 26, Mrs. Brennan had the answers.

In return for a gift of a relic of St. Theresa of Lisieux that Mrs. Brennan gave her, Theresa Neumann gave Mrs. Brennan a beautiful mother-of-pearl rosary. Accepting a supernatural explanation of Theresa's stigmata, which views the wounds in terms of expiation since stigmatics seek to share in the Passion of Christ, Mrs. Brennan recalls, "When she gave me the beads I took both of her wounded hands in mine and, stooping, kissed them in honor of the Blessed Lord for Whom she suffers gladly."

In describing these wounds Mrs. Brennan relates, "On the back of her hand was a black scab that had the appearance of the head of a nail; it seemed to pierce the flesh which was drawn back and flecked with blood. Below the surface the raw flesh was visible. The palm of each hand seemed dug out; vivid, red wounds. . . . They were covered with a transparent film like cellophane, as a protection, which enabled her to do various household and church duties."

For eight years before he became a lawyer, Judge Brennan had been a practising physician; and after he examined the wounds thoroughly his decision was "that had these open wounds not been of a miraculous origin gangrene would have set in within a few weeks." At the time of this statement the stigmata had existed for 10 full years, yet the tissues remained "perfectly healthy, though raw; and at times bleeding," as they do to this day.

Both the Judge and his wife were impressed with what they saw. Mrs. Brennan was especially moved by the gift she received. "Theresa Neumann could have given me nothing that I would treasure more highly than this, her best rosary. In thanking her, I promised to remember her each day by reciting at least one decade."

Mrs. Brennan still keeps that promise, but the beads that Theresa Neumann gave her are strange indeed. *Six beads of this rosary have turned blood-red on four different occasions.*

Mrs. Brennan first noticed something unusual about the beads toward the end of August, 1933, after she returned home from Europe. "I unfolded the handkerchief in which I kept the beads wrapped to say my nightly prayers. To my amazement, I saw six blood-red beads on the third decade." (Divided into five decades, the third, in the recitation of the Sorrowful Mysteries, commemorates Christ's crowning with thorns.)

"I was shocked," Mrs. Brennan claims, "because I believed at the time that somehow the beads had been desecrated by coming into contact with my rouge. Yet I knew that they had been tightly wrapped in my handkerchief.

"I took them to my washstand and with hot water, soap and wash cloth, tried to remove, as I thought, the red stain but to no avail. The color was fast. I was then confident that I had strained my eyes and was seeing red that was non-existent, so I said my prayers, put away my beads and ceased to think about them. The next morning at Mass, the rosary was *pure white* again which convinced me that the trouble was with my eyesight.

"Several weeks later, in September, I unrolled my beads as usual at night and to my great surprise there were the six red beads exactly as before. I got up from my knees and took them to the adjoining room where my husband was reading. I held up before him two decades and said, pointing to the decade of the Crown of Thorns (the third decade), 'Do you see any difference between the beads in this decade and those of the other one?'

"'Why, yes,' he answered, 'There are six red beads on this one,' pointing to them. 'Well,' I replied, 'there shouldn't be, for this is the white rosary given to me by Theresa Neumann and it certainly had no red beads on it at that time.'

"I then told him of their previous appearance and he said, 'Now, don't get an obsession on Theresa Neumann. This must be some atmospheric condition, for miracles do not happen to people like us.' I replied: 'I conceded that. But this is Theresa Neumann's own rosary and her whole life is a miracle, so why not this evidence of it?' "

Mrs. Brennan showed the rosary to another witness. "I took it to show my aunt, who lived with us, and she saw the red beads." But the Brennans were not credulous: "I was puzzled by what we had witnessed but we were unconvinced."

The third time the beads turned red was October 3, 1933. Mrs. Brennan states: "I remember the date exactly—after all, how could I forget it?—because I was on a train en route to the Convention of the National Council of Catholic Women held in St. Paul, Minnesota. We were due there at 2:30 P.M. About 10:30 that morning another delegate to the convention told me that a professor from Dubuque College, Iowa, was on the train and wanted to talk to me about Theresa Neumann.

"I was glad to do so. I walked back to where he was sitting. As soon as I was seated, he said: 'I

understand you have met Theresa Neumann. I heard you have a rosary she gave you. May I see it?' I answered, 'Certainly,' and took the beads from my bag. When I unwrapped the rosary there were shining up at us the six blood-red beads. When I told the professor and two women looking on of the past appearances of the blood-red color in the beads, they declared it must be a miraculous manifestation.

"I now was convinced of it myself. I had not mentioned to anyone but my husband and my aunt the first two appearances; but since this third time the beads remained red for fully 24 hours, fading gradually to pink, then white, and even after this, when several other delegates to the convention who had heard of them took them in their hands, they seemed to glow as if the red were returning."

In April, 1943, Mrs. Brennan returned to Europe. The main object of her trip was to see the stigmatic.

Mrs. Brennan wished to have Theresa explain the mystery of the red beads, but each time the mystic smiled and evaded the question. Mrs. Brennan had to leave without the explanation she sought.

From Konnersreuth she traveled to Paris. Here she visited with a Sister Mary Reeves and showed the nun the rosary. Mrs. Brennan said, "She had not heard of its miraculous character as no account had been printed. As I placed it in her hands she exclaimed, 'Oh! look at the blood on these beads!' and pointed to the third decade."

Mrs. Brennan and her companion, Miss Ada K. Gannon, both looked but they could see *only white beads.* Miss Gannon had been one of the witnesses of the manifestation at the St. Paul Convention. But on this occasion only Sister Mary saw the blood-red color of the same six beads.

On August 3, 1934, Mrs. Brennan returned to Konnersreuth for the third time and this time she was allowed to see Theresa in her agony. "It was 12 o'clock noon," Mrs. Brennan recalls, "and Theresa was in the beginning of the agony of the Cross. Her hands were extended with the stigmata plainly visible—her dear face had lost all semblance of beauty and was drawn and agonized.

"The white cloth covering her head was becoming saturated with blood. The six stains (note the number six) became a deeper red as the minutes passed. Her eyes were pools of blood and black streams clotted her cheeks and throat down to the neck of her white gown. Her face was ashen, the lips drawn over the teeth, while her head turned from side to side in intense pain.

"Theresa, whose head was turned slightly toward the wall quickly jerked her head in my direction and peered down upon me, making an effort to see me from her poor eyes blinded by blood. She reacted at once to my declaration of faith, and quite evidently recognized me even in her state of agony." Several minutes later Theresa's agony ended.

Mrs. Brennan now relates the number six of the beads to the thorn wounds Theresa had in her head. Significantly, four of the wounds bled more profusely than the other two, and four of the six beads are reported to have been a darker red than the others.

Now Theresa has eight wounds in her scalp. These wounds, corresponding to the wounds suffered by Christ when He was crowned with thorns, Mrs. Brennan believes, will be the cause of the mystic's death when they finally spread across her head.

The beads have changed color only four times in 20 years. Of these four times only three times was the red color visible to Mrs. Brennan. There is no explanation.

Each time color change occurred, at one end of the decade was a group of three red beads, followed by two white, then two more red, then one white, another red, and a white, completing the 10. Why is it always these particular beads of the third decade? Mrs. Brennan answers, "In my judgment it marks not only the decade Theresa wanted me to pray, but it also honors the Crown of Thorns, the wounds which caused the Savior the greatest agony."

UNIVERSAL BIRTHDAY

JANUARY 23 is a memorable day for a couple named Smit-Ahling in Zaandijk, Netherlands. Recently both husband and wife celebrated their birthdays on that date. Both were 70. It was also the birthday of a daughter, a grandson, two cousins and a brother of Mrs. Smit-Ahling.



THE O'TOOLE INCIDENT

IN Clinton, Mass., recently a patrolman named Martin O'Toole arrested a man named O'Toole on the complaint of a man named John O'Toole and took him to the police station. There the arrested O'Toole was booked by a desk officer named Edward O'Toole and later he was fined for drunkenness by a judge named George O'Toole.

THE SILENT MINUTE FOR HEALING

England's great psychic healer tells how a minute a day may heal discord in nations and individuals

By Harry Edwards

Each evening at nine (regional time) the Big Ben Silent Minute is observed by unknown numbers of men and women in England and throughout the world. The signal for its observance is the chiming and striking of Big Ben as transmitted by radio in the Home Service of the British Broadcasting Company.

The Silent Minute was inaugurated at the time of the Dunkirk evacuation, its public inception coinciding with the National Day of Prayer on Sunday, May 26, 1940. Its main purpose has been to create a channel, by united prayer and silence, through which Divine Power may flow down into human consciousness to bring world understanding and peace.

The Big Ben Council has suggested also that the Silent Minute can unite daily all who are connected with healing movements everywhere. This provides a splendid opportunity for those believing in Spiritual Healing to strengthen the purpose of the Silent Minute by praying for the healing of discord and disease in the lives of individuals as well as in the affairs of nations.

The blessings of Spiritual Healing are more widely recognized each day. Spiritual Healing is non-sectarian; not limited by race, caste or creed it is God's gift to all.

In my healing work I know of many sufferers healed through silent intercession or absent treatment. There can be no doubt that if the Silent Minute is regularly kept in the spirit of faith and prayer by those who practice healing, including patients, their families and friends,

a great reservoir of Divine Power will become available for the blessing of us all. Because I am convinced of this, I ask you to give the proposal your earnest support. Its success depends on the selfless co-operation of each person willing to respond.

Do not wait—the campaign already has begun. If you reside in America's Eastern time zone your hour of 2 A.M. corresponds to 9 P.M. in London; it is 3 A.M. in the Central zone, 4 A.M. Mountain time; and 5 A.M. Pacific Coast time. Regularity of observance is vitally important in order that a rhythm of good intention be set up in your life. While it is not my purpose to dictate how I think the Silent Minute should be kept, the following suggestions may be helpful.

I feel this observance should be approached in a reverent spirit, with a mind free from mundane preoccupations. If possible devote a short period before the Silent Minute to relaxing in body and mind. Allow your thoughts to dwell upon "Healing" in the widest possible meaning of the word. Pray for the healing of the differences between nations, pray that world leaders may be shown how this can be achieved. Pray for all who are in need of healing and for those who practice healing.

During the Silent Minute remain completely still and silent, "tuning in" to the one Source from Whom all healing flows. When the Minute is ended pause to give thanks and then go on your way rejoicing.

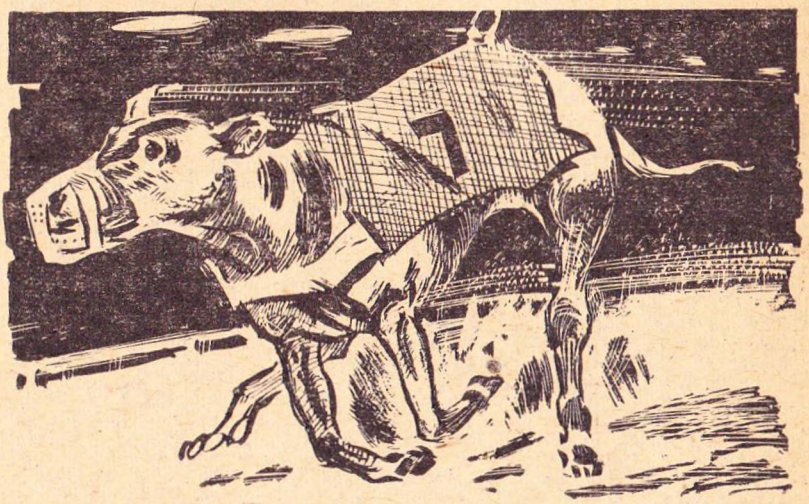
THE JINXED CAR

INFORMED by Lynn, Mass., police in March, 1954, that his car, stolen a week before, had been recovered, Martin Rosenthal of Swampscott, Mass, hurried to claim it. But he forgot his key and had to go back home for it. When he returned to Lynn he found the car had been stolen again.

THIS THICKENING ATMOSPHERE

THE earth's atmosphere actually is much thicker than it was believed to be, according to Prof. L. R. O. Storey, of Cambridge University, England. By measuring radio "atmospherics" resulting from the passage of radio waves through the earth's air envelope, he found that it extends over 4,500 miles around the equator.

I Dreamt the Winning Dogs



The dark brown eyes seemed to bore into mine. A voice said, "Yes, that is the winner, Irish Prince."

By Harold G. Hemming

It was a Friday night in the latter part of July, 1952, when I had the first dream. It was not the first dream I ever had but it was the first dream of this nature. In my dream I saw the conclusion of a greyhound race in which a large white dog, which had been leading all the time, was defeated by a small grey dog who with a determined spurt passed the white dog just before they reached the post. The grey dog was the winner by a head.

The girl in charge of this particular dog then came up, put on his collar and started to lead him away. They passed fairly close to me and as they did so I noticed that the dog's number was 4. I wanted to know his name so I opened my program and looked into it. Beside NO. 4 was the name "Irish Prince."

I looked up suddenly, having felt that peculiar sensation one gets when he is stared at for a long time by someone; as I raised

my head my eyes met a pair of dark brown ones, which stared at me from a face which seemed to be surrounded by fog. All I could see was the eyes—dark brown eyes which seemed to bore into mine. There was something familiar about those eyes, although I couldn't say then what it was. Then the owner of the eyes spoke to me. "Yes," it said, "that is the winner, Irish Prince." Like the eyes, the voice was familiar but it came from a great distance and again recognition eluded me through I *knew* that it was a woman.

The next morning when I awoke I remembered the dream quite clearly and it seemed to me it had been an actual experience —not a dream at all. I could still feel those dark eyes looking into mine and hear the voice saying, "Irish Prince." I was puzzled about the dream because, although, I had been to the dog races I was not a regular fan and had not been reading or thinking about the dogs prior to my dream.

At this time I lived at Earls Court Road in the South Western section of London and was doing graduate work in psychology at King's College. But school was then closed for the Summer vacation.

Still feeling puzzled I walked out to the tube station at Earls Court Square and got a paper from a regular stand there. I returned to my room, placed a shilling in the gas meter and got my fire going. Then I sat by the fireside and started to read. In the section which dealt with greyhound racing I read that there would be two meetings that day, one at Park Royal and the other at White City. I looked at all the names of the dogs entered trying to find one named Irish Prince. I scanned the paper for a good while without finding such a name; finally in the substitute section in the fifth race at Park Royal I saw the name "Irish Prince." My heart started to beat faster. Here was the exact name I had dreamt. He was quoted at 20 to one and was only a substitute; that is, if a dog was withdrawn from the race he would be used to replace that dog. Not having anything to do and wishing to test my dream I decided to go to Park Royal and bet on Irish Prince.

After a long ride in the tube, I arrived at Park Royal to discover that the second race was just about to start. I only had $10 with me and was only interested in the fifth race. The second, third and fourth races passed off with me betting $1.00 in each of them and not picking a winner. With the arrival of the fifth race I was happy to note that the favourite had been withdrawn and been replaced by Irish

Prince. Excitedly I went to the ticket window and bought $7 worth of winning tickets on Irish Prince. Then I settled back to watch the race.

With odds at 20 to one I stood to win $140.

Irish Prince got off to a bad start but he kept on gamely and did win the race in exactly the same manner as my dream dog had won. I felt as if I were walking on air as I went to the cashier's window and collected my winnings. It was all amazing and unreal. I had a dream and the dream had come true in every detail except for the woman with the dark brown eyes.

That night I continued to wonder about my dream and its lucrative sequel but I could arrive at no explanation. I thought of it from a psychological point of view but psychology doesn't give a practical explanation for prophetic dreams which come true. So I was left with a puzzle and $140.

On the following Friday, exactly six days later, I had another dream. I was at the track again and I was witnessing the end of a race. A dog with NO. 3 on his side was the winner by two lengths and as in the first dream the woman was beside me but her features were clearer and a soft smile was on her lips. I recognized her now. She was a very dear friend who had died three months before, in May. In the dream it was as if she had not died but was alive and well beside me, watching the dogs run as we had on those other occasions when we visited the tracks together. She rested her arm lightly on mine, as she used to do, and said, "That's a good dog, NO. 3; his name is Bugle Call."

When I awoke I felt sad, because she had been really dear to me and while I was dreaming I had felt as if she had not left me and gone away forever. Nevertheless, I searched the paper for a dog named Bugle Call and sure enough I found him. He was second favourite, quoted at three to one at the same track, Park Royal. I went to the tracks that day and placed $90 on Bugle Call. He won a beautiful and effortless race giving a nice, big profit on my investment.

Even though I had won that night I felt sad as I remembered her, seeing her smiling lips and laughing brown eyes, and remembering how cheerful and gay she used to be, even though she suffered from an incurable illness and knew that she hadn't much time left on this earth. For a long time after I went to bed that night I couldn't sleep and just when I reached that stage between consciousness and unconsciousness I heard her voice clearly and distinctly. It came from outside yet it sounded as if

it were somewhere within me.

"I will always love you," she said. That was all; then I fell asleep.

The next morning, recalling this strange experience, I remembered that the last words she had said to me before she died were, "I will always love you."

Every Friday night for four consecutive weeks following my second dream, I dreamed that I was at the dog track and she was with me; and each time she told me the name of the dog which had won. I didn't bother to go to the races any more but simply placed my bets with a large bookmaking firm and each time I won. I didn't tell a single soul about my dreams, for I felt that if I talked about them the dogs might not win.

At the end of six weeks I had accumulated over $5,000 from my winning bets! Besides being quite happy to have made such a substantial sum in such a short time, I also was grateful, because I felt certain that somehow she had discovered a way to return to me.

On the seventh Friday I had no dream and I was disappointed because, though I knew it couldn't go on indefinitely, I had come to look forward, not only to getting the winning dog, but to seeing her again. Each dream had become more clear and more vivid, until the following day I would feel as if it had been a real occurrence.

On the Friday following her absence I dreamed again. But this time I was not at the tracks, but standing in the doorway of a room and she was beside me. Her face was sad although she was smiling and she looked into my eyes without saying anything. Then I felt as if she were coming nearer and nearer to me, though I could see she wasn't moving. Suddenly I felt as if she had entered within me—within my body and mind—then a mist seemed to cover her and slowly she disappeared from me, until only her eyes could be seen, as in my first dream. Finally I could see her eyes no more but the mist remained and from it I heard her voice, soft, loving and sweet as it had been, say, "I will always love you." Then my dream faded away.

That was almost two years ago and since that time I have had no more dreams, nor have I heard her voice; I have not been back to the dog track either.

I am offering no explanation for these most unusual dreams. I am simply narrating these incidents as they actually occurred.

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.

CLAIRVOYANT S.O.S.

By Edga Kinne

At the time of this incident I was employed as a manicurist at the Comb & Shears Barber Shop in Beverly Hills, Calif. On Thursday, July 24, 1952, business was unusually active. But my 3:30 P.M. appointment was cancelled and my next one was scheduled for 4:00 P.M.

I whiled away the time in the dressing room with a book. At about 3:55 P.M. my eyelids closed suddenly as if pulled by an irresistible force. I had a vision of a young woman in a reclining position and surrounded by darkness. At the same time I had the split-second impression of the words, "sister, hurry, help, love."

I had just received news from Europe that my older sister was ill. Consequently the darkness surrounding the reclining woman and the impression of the word "sister" suggested death.

I went to the receptionist's desk to check on the time and to mention the occurrence. A moment later my appointment for 4:00 P.M. was cancelled too which gave me another half hour to think about my experience.

I recalled all the details of the woman I had seen, her dark suit, white blouse, bent knees, her hair in long fluffy curls, the shape of her mouth and the color of her lipstick. I decided she didn't look like any of my sisters. However, I was certain that someone was in trouble and sending me an S.O.S. Yet there seemed nothing that I could do.

At 5:35 P.M. I received a telephone call from a man who asked me to come downtown as quickly as possible because my close friend Kathy needed my help. At the time Kathy was employed as a teletype operator at a downtown department store. She reported for work at 4:00 P.M. although her closing hour was irregular. Kathy and I always had felt like sisters toward each other.

When I arrived at the office



EDGA KINNE

Kathy was seated at her desk and the man who had called me, a co-worker named Jim, was still there. As I entered I said, "Hi, Sister, you sure know how to faint gracefully." I described the position in which I had seen Kathy in my vision. Then I pointed to a spot beside her desk and asked, "Is this the spot you picked?"

Kathy and Jim looked at me in amazement and asked simultaneously, "How did you know?"

After I related my experience the time element aroused my curiosity and I inquired whether Kathy had fainted at 3:55 P.M. Jim informed me it had been at 5:30 P.M., only a few minutes before he had phoned me. He left a moment later and Kathy unburdened her mind. She had been going through a serious emotional crisis and had been desperately in need of understanding and help.

I promised Kathy my moral assistance and in four months she came through her trying crisis with flying colors, without anymore fainting and without missing one day's work.—*Hollywood, Calif.*

THE SPIRIT RAILROAD MAN

By Maud Johnson

When I started taking lessons to develop mediumship in 1923 I progressed rapidly. But I wanted proof that the messages I received for others were correct, otherwise I would not allow my spirit teachers to use me as their instrument.

One day a friend brought with her a beauty parlor operator whom I never had seen before and who wished a demonstration of mediumship. After a moment of prayer I found myself at a farm on which were dozens of white chickens. I described the farmhouse, a woman inside who impressed me as being the operator's mother, and other details which the operator said were entirely correct.

Suddenly I was transferred to another scene and exclaimed, "There is the spirit of a man here. He has curly red hair, blue eyes, is about five feet, 10 inches tall and wears a blue suit and a blue tie with white spots on it. He shows me a railway terminal. He was waiting on the tracks to connect an engine to a passenger car when he slipped and fell. The

engine ran over him and he was killed. I can see the whole scene as it happened."

The operator leaped from her chair and said indignantly, "When you told me about the farm I thought you were all right —but to tell me something that has not happened is outrageous. I am going home." She left with my friend. I was very downcast.

A few days later the beauty operator returned and said, "I want to apologize. When I went home that night I realized that what you had told me about the farm was correct and that your description of my husband was perfect in every detail. So I telephoned a friend of his in Reno who worked with him at the railroad yard. I had been separated from my husband for several years and no one in Reno knew where I was. The friend told me he had tried to locate me when my husband was killed, exactly as you described, two weeks previously.

The operator then asked, "Can you tell me if my husband had any insurance made out to me? He said he would do so shortly after we were married."

Almost immediately I saw her husband. He was standing in a room before a writing desk. He pulled open a drawer, took out an insurance policy and showed me that it was made out to his wife for $2,500. He told me to tell her that he wanted her to have the money because he still loved her and was sorry they had parted.

The operator again telephoned the friend in Reno. He said there was an insurance policy for $2,500 made out to her but because he could not find her he had put it in her husband's trunk and sent it to his mother. The operator later received the money.—*San Francisco, Calif.*

THE THREE COFFINS

By Mary Rosener

On the night of March 27, 1948, I dreamed that a large moving van backed up to the gate in my front yard and the driver got out and came to my door. He knocked and I opened it and he said, "I have three coffins out there and you'll have to come and identify the body in the first coffin."

I asked who he thought it was and he said, "I don't know. It may be your father, brother or husband. Come now."

I told my son-in-law to go and identify the body in the first coffin but the driver insisted that I go also. So I went and he opened the back of the van and there was a long coffin first, then a shorter one and the third looked as if it would fit a 10-year-old child. Just as the driver was going to open the first coffin, I woke up.

A few days later I received a letter from my brother in North

Dakota. I lived in Miles City, Mont., at the time, that my father, William La Verdure, was ill and in the hospital in the next town where the doctors told him there was no hope for our old dad. He died on the night of April 27; my aunt, Mrs. Celena Du Cept, my mother's only living sister, died April 28 and my cousin's nine-year-old boy, David La Verdure, died on the 29th. He was killed accidently by a playmate while showing him a new rifle. All died in the order of the coffins in my dream a month before.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

GRANDFATHER CALLED ME

By Lucille G. Brockman

Forty years ago my grandfather lived with our family after my grandmother's death. He was quite deaf, so I appointed myself his interpreter and relayed all conversations to him loudly enough so he could join in family discussions. That, I believe, endeared me to him above the rest of the family. He always showed a marked preference for my company.

When he became ill we did not think it was serious as the doctor did not say it was. In fact, grandfather refused to go to bed and lay on the couch fully dressed. My aunt visited us almost daily but beyond that life was routine. My music lessons were twice weekly and my daily practice went on as usual.

One day while having my lesson I stopped abruptly, got up from the piano and told the Sister, "I must hurry home, my grandpa just called me."

I had heard him call as clearly as if he was beside me. The Sister, however, did not and tried to prevent my leaving. I became quite hysterical, so she said she would telephone my mother about how disgracefully I was behaving and warned I would be punished when I got home.

When she left the room to telephone I left and ran like a deer all the way home—a good two miles. In the house I ran to Grandpa—but there was a sheet over his face. Mother and my aunt came in and told me he was dead. But just before he died he sat up and called my name! The Sister had telephoned as she had promised and mother had told her Grandfather *had* called me at the exact time I heard him. They could not explain my hearing him at that distance but all agreed I had.—*Burbank, Calif.*

DIRECTED BY TELEPATHY

By Charlotte T. Mazur

Three months after my marriage in 1942, shortly before Christmas, I moved from Huntington Park, Calif., to a choice, furnished single apartment in Hollywood. At this time my

soldier husband, Charles, was stationed temporarily near San Francisco.

At about 2:30 on the afternoon I moved I thought of Charles and how happy he would be with the news of the apartment. Toward evening a persistent feeling that Charles was trying to reach me gave me a peculiar headache. I complained of this in a jesting manner to my cousin, who had helped me move. "You know that you are psychic," she said. "Bring him into focus—on the beam."

I sent a mental S.O.S. to Charles. I quietly repeated to myself every hour before retiring, "Honey, we now live in Hollywood. Come to Kingsley Drive at Santa Monica Boulevard. Rear of gift shop. Red brick court. Upstairs at the back."

It started to rain when I retired at 10:30 P.M. At 12:30 the ringing of the door chimes brought me tumbling out of bed. I sang out, "Coming, dear!"

I opened the door to see Charles, drenched but smiling. He hugged me and said, "Yipe! So this is home."

Later, while having tea and Jello we both realized suddenly that circumstances had jelled in an unconventional manner. "Don't laugh, dear," Charles said, "but honestly I didn't know you moved. Seems as if someone pushed and pulled me here. I hitchhiked in and told the driver to let me out at Kingsley Drive and Santa Monica Boulevard. Then I walked to the rear of the gift shop and upstairs to you. Funny thing is I distinctly heard you say, "That's right, darling." —*Los Angeles, Calif.*

ANGEL IN THE PANTRY

By Michael E. Galfano

On the eve of my first Holy Communion, May 5, 1928, I meditated alone in my room. The room wasn't completely dark as we kept a vigil light burning constantly before a picture of the Blessed Lady.

Suddenly, as I closed my eyes for a moment, I felt a cool breeze and someone kissed my cheeks. A strange but beautiful perfume filled my small bedroom.

I opened my eyes and saw before me the Virgin Mary. She was smiling and appeared to be five feet, 10 inches tall. Her face was of indescribable beauty. Her hair was long, touching the hem of her robe, and it glittered like gold. Her tiny feet were bare and on each foot was a golden rose. Over her hair she wore a thin white veil that touched the floor.

Then, smiling at me again, she turned, walked into our humble pantry and disappeared.

For three days the Blessed Lady appeared like that to me. Each time she strangely disappeared into our pantry.

One day I went into the pantry to see if I could find a reason why she chose to vanish there. Investigating carefully, I noticed a trapdoor in the pantry ceiling. I climbed up on a ladder and after some difficulty managed to open the ancient door.

I lit a candle to examine the dark, musty room above. To my great surprise I saw in one corner a large, beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary, dressed exactly as I had seen her in my vision. The statute was covered with dust and spider webs and appeared to have been up there for many years. I cleaned and painted it and placed it on a home-made altar. Later I was told by my god-mother that a relative of hers, who had owned the old house, had placed the statue up in the attic room a short time before her death. It had been forgotten—but apparently the Virgin had not wished her statue to remain forever in that dark, musty room.—*Chicago, Ill.*

VISION IN THE COFFIN

By Grace Weir

One afternoon in March, 1953, my husband and I took one of our frequent pleasure spins. The scenic beauty of California always thrilled him. As usual after he returned home he lay down to rest because of a heart ailment while I prepared supper.

Shortly after he retired for the night he complained of severe chest pains. I went to the medicine cabinet for his medicine and as I reached it I heard frightful, strangling sounds. I rushed back and found my husband dead.

Friends sent a wire to my daughter Grace who arrived the following morning. Al, her husband, was to arrive in time for the funeral services.

When Al didn't arrive by 11 o'clock we began to worry. At one o'clock we had to leave without him, thinking he would be at the funeral parlor. He wasn't.

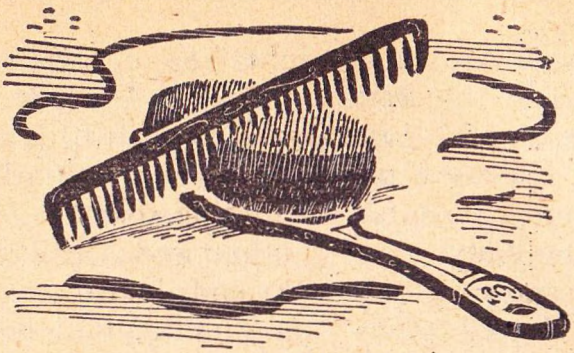
After the services we stood near the casket, Grace in front of me. Suddenly she gasped, placed her hand over her eyes and dashed outside. She offered no explanation and I asked no questions.

After we returned home there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see the neighbors who had just returned from the funeral with us. They stood silently, looking at us strangely.

Grace spoke first, saying, "I know it's Al. What happened to him? Is he hurt?"

"Yes," one of the neighbors said. "He was killed instantly on his way to the funeral."

Then Grace said, "Did you notice I left the line at the funeral parlor and went outside? Well, when I looked into the coffin I gazed into Al's face. Tom wasn't there. It was Al. It was horrible."—*Watsonville, Calif.*



HEAL YOURSELF BY ZONE THERAPY

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

The Zone Therapy treatments required daily brushing with a wire hair brush—and cured a paralyzed boy.

On mature thought and painstaking investigation one cannot escape the inevitable fact that one of the most strange, the most mysterious, and the least known things on earth and in heaven is man—his natural and his spiritual body. What force carries on the functions of the body while it is deep asleep? Psychologists call it subconsicous mind, but this is only a word.

The celebrated Dr. Crile discovered many years ago that electric currents are generated when one thinks. This current has been measured and recorded. Telepathy employs the nervous system to send and receive electrical impulses; but this is not quite an explanation.

There is another strange and mysterious function in the human body. This function prevents and cures some of the most vicious diseases. Take what are called 'referred pains or other symptoms'. One may have a severe headache. The cause of the headache may not be in the head at all but in the colon. The collapsed arch of a foot may

cause such complex and diverse symptoms as to puzzle the best diagnostician. These are just two instances of a distressed organ referring symptoms to a far distant portion of the body.

Careful, conscientious physicians noted these referred pains and studied the matter. They reasoned, "If pains or other pathology are referred to distant sections, could we not influence the diseased areas by treating some of the referred areas?"

This is Zone Therapy.

Why do men instinctively press on an aching stomach? Or rub a spot that has been struck a violent blow? Why does the child that has burned a finger thrust it into his mouth? Why does your dog lick his bruise? These are some of the unanswered questions concerning physical metabolism.

When Zone Therapy was first introduced many physicians used it with excellent results. But there were thousands of old quinine and calomel doctors who would not consider it. This is *not* strange for a New York medical journal once stated editorially, "It is better to see a man die under our form of therapy than to see his life saved under the other school of medicine (Homeopathy)." I stand ready to furnish this reference.

A series of special articles regarding Zone Therapy was published in *Everybody's Magazine, The Strand,* a very popular English magazine, *Associated Sunday Magazines* and *Every Week.* Bruce Barton, the well-known author and Member of Congress, was detailed to investigate the almost miraculous healing claimed for Zone Therapy. He said in part, "Frankly, I did not believe what was claimed for Zone Therapy, nor did I believe that we could get magazine readers to believe it. I went to Hartford, unannounced, and spent a day at Dr. Fitzgerald's office.

"I saw people who had been cured of goiter; I saw throat and ear troubles immediately relieved by Zone Therapy; I saw nasal surgery performed without any anaesthetic whatsoever; and in the dental chair teeth extracted with only the analgesic influence of Zone Therapy. Afterward I wrote to 50 practicing physicians in various parts of the country who have heard of ZoneTherapy and are using it for the relief of all kinds of pain, even to allay the pains of childbirth. Their letters are on file in my office."

My first experience with Zone Therapy was in Findlay, Ohio, in 1920. I had been overcome with heat and had a badly infected bicuspid. The doctor was afraid of an anaesthetic. The dentist urged the use of Zone Therapy. I admit that I had very little confidence in this tech-

nique. He called my attention to the fact that Chinese dentists often rub the gums of the patients with their strong hands, then lift out the aching tooth, employing their fingers instead of steel forceps.

I remembered seeing this done in a first floor, open-air Chinese dental office in Chicago. I seem to recall that it was on Washington Street between Clark and Dearborn.

While talking to me the dentist exerted strong pressure on my gum, at the seat of the infected tooth. My eyes were shut and I was grasping the arm of the chair with a death grip—another form of Zone Therapy. I felt a strong tension on my jaw and opening my eyes saw the dentist holding my tooth. He had inflicted no more pain than is caused by a hypodermic needle.

The surgical use of Zone Therapy remains exclusively with the doctor, surgeon and dentist. But there are hundreds of pains, some disquieting, some severe, that the layman may often completely relieve in a few seconds by applying Zone Therapy.

Sneezing may be dangerous to people suffering from heart conditions and hypertension. In 1921 while I was in Paris I watched the celebrated Dr. d'Arsonval electrocoagulate several X ray cancers on a colleague's first and second finger tips. At a crucial moment the patient, who also had heart trouble, began to sneeze violently. Dr. d'Arsonval placed his first two fingers on the upper lip directly below the nostrils and exerted considerable pressure for half a minute. The sneezing stopped instantly and did not recur. The doctor smiled pleasantly and continued the operation.

Later Dr. d'Arsonval remarked that he never had encountered a single case of sneezing that could not be relieved immediately by pressing on the upper lip just under the nose.

Possibly the greatest secondary evil in our American life is tension. It is the indirect cause of a thousand illnesses. It causes, both directly and indirectly, family squabbles and divorces. Perhaps you call it nervousness. There is no doctor worth the name who does not know of the benefits of anal dilatation. This treatment is one of the aspects of Zone Therapy. Although this is usually done by a physician, your general practitioner can supply you with dilator and instruct you in its use.

Of course, like all good things, it can be overdone. But no Zone Therapy will do harm if carried out sensibly. Nor is Zone Therapy habit forming. If one cannot sleep at night a gentle massage over the entire body with a wire hair brush will usu-

ally induce restful sleep without the kick-back of hynoptic drugs. All that is required is an aluminum hair comb with dull teeth and a wire bristle hair brush.

Have you noted the relaxation of your dog following his long, slow stretch and prodigious yawn. Your dog very slowly and deliberately stretches, then shakes himself violently, beginning just back of his head and finishing at his tail. Such long stretches also have a very beneficial effect on human metabolism and hence on health.

Unfortunately medicine as a whole no longer uses one of the best means of retaining and regaining health. It was called the jury mast. I have asked many physicians why they no longer use it. There are answers; patients do not wish to give the time; doctors are too busy to spend the time.

The jury mast consists of a harness around the head and under the chin, and a harness under the arms. A strong rope is fastened to these harnesses and passes through a pulley at the top of a door frame. The harnesses are arranged so that traction is applied to the head thus stretching the cervical vertebra about one half inch to one inch. The traction is applied automatically to the entire vertebra by the harness under the armpits. This enables the careful physiotherapist to diagnose subluxations of the vertebra and correct them painlessly.

Every day traction is applied to limbs that have been injured.

Another example of Zone Therapy is illustrated when one gets a blow in the pit of the stomach—over the solar plexus. Profound adverse effects may be observed at distant parts of the body. Swedish massage is but another form of Zone Therapy. Sister Kenny brought a new treatment for infantile paralysis to America. The Kenny treatment is sensible and simple Zone Therapy.

Dr. Blucher reports the case of a boy of 18 months stricken with paraplegia (motor and sensory paralysis of half the body). He was able to raise the affected foot a short distance from the ground but was unable to move it forward or backward. In six Zone Therapy treatments the lad could walk and kick the affected foot as high as his head. Here is the treatment:

The body was brushed gently with a wire hair brush for half an hour each morning. Following this firm pressure was made on the palm of the hand on the affected side and on the instep of the left foot for 20 minutes. Does this sound foolish? It cured the boy and it could not posssibly have hurt him.

The well-known Dr. White

once said, "Every doctor has been using Zone Therapy although he did not know it."

I have seen phantom tumors and real tumors disappear under mild Zone Therapy. I have seen people exhausted with insomnia, use simple Zone Therapy and sleep like innocent babies. If doctors would instruct their patients in the simplest uses of Zone Therapy the use of habit forming drugs could be cut down enormously.

Dr. E. F. Bowers said, "On the basis of giving real relief in sciatica, lumbago and rheumatism, Zone Therapy must be considered one of the most valuable methods for treating these obstinate conditions. Naturally it is not always successful. Neither are the salicylates (aspirin, sodium salicylate, etc.), hot mud baths, porous plasters, nor having the teeth extracted.

"Lumbago, as a rule, responds quickly and kindly to Zone Therapy. Cases which come to our office all doubled up are straightened out—frequently in one treatment—and wend their way rejoicing. The weapon giving us the best results in attacking lumbago and kindred affections (rheumatism, sciatica, etc.) is a dull pointed aluminum comb such as may be procured at any pet shop for combing dogs. The teeth of the comb are pressed firmly on the palms of the hands and fingers. This should continue for 10 to 20 minutes. Occasionally it may be necessary to also exert comb pressure on the web between the fingers."

There is a certain technique that one should understand and Dr. Bowers wrote further, "For pains in the back portion of the body, treat the palms of hands and fingers. For pains on the front of the body, treat the backs of the hands with the combs."

This is but a primer of a great discovery.

One thing is certain: if Zone Therapy does not help you it will not harm you.

THIRD TIME UNLUCKY

WILLIAM POWICK of Chevy Chase, Md., was unhurt when his car skidded into an embankment near Bethesda, Md., in February, 1954. He remained unhurt when his car was struck by a car driven by Curtis Dangler of Potomac, Md. But as Powick removed his belongings from his damaged car another slid into it and sprayed him with glass. He and the driver of the other car, Mrs. Gusti Greger of Rockville, Md., were taken to a hospital.

Fingers of FATE

Two bandits held up a Wilmington, N. C., roadside cafe and robbed it of $200—while the jukebox played "From Rags To Riches."

* * *

Ernest A. Sullivan, a truck driver of Fairmount, Neb., who guided his vehicle through more than 1,615,000 miles during a span of 17 years without a single accident, had his first mishap the other day, and was killed.

* * *

Mrs. Charles R. Salmon and Mrs. Robert S. Woodford had babies on the same day recently and shared the same Pasadena hospital room. Each thought the other looked familiar. Small wonder for 18 months before they'd shared the same room and had babies on the same day.

* * *

Edwin Enguis and his wife were watching the crime show "Dragnet" in their Minneapolis home when two masked youths rang the doorbell, forced their way in, tied up the couple and fled with their money.

* * *

"This is going to hurt me worse than you," Wesley Orr, of Portsmouth, Ohio, told his son when he paddled him. He spoke the truth. Shortly thereafter the father was taken to the hospital with a dislocated shoulder.

* * *

Thirty years ago Rabbi Abraham Bernstein, of Newark, N. J., wrote a book on longevity. The other day he celebrated his 100th birthday.

* * *

Ronald Earle Diesterweg, of Oklahoma City, failed his driver's test because he rolled through three stop signs. Mr. Diesterweg manufactures traffic stop signs.

* * *

A Great Barrington, Mass., bank handled a check for one dollar and marked it "insufficient funds." It had been sent as payment for a booklet entitled, "How To Balance Your Budget."

* * *

Robert Broday explained at the Knox County, Tenn., courthouse why he wanted an automobile license with a lot of 13s in it: "I was inducted in the Army on Friday the 13th, assigned to the 13th Infantry, am home on a 13-day leave and have to report back to the base on the 13th of the month."

* * *

J. Ed Johnson Jr., of Waco, Tex., a veteran snake authority,

once called fear of snakes "nonsense." He died the other day—from a snake bite.

* * *

Three times in the last 30 years Tom Wade tried to become a Philadelphia city fireman but was rejected because he was one inch too short. The other day Mr. Wade was honored by fire authorities for dashing into a blazing house and saving the lives of four children.

* * *

Frank Fingleton, of Bolton, England, bought a second-hand book and found inside a letter he wrote to a friend 10 years before.

* * *

A bumpy Ponca City, Okla., road solved a problem that physicians hadn't been able to handle. Judy Rice swallowed a pin while sewing and it lodged in her throat. Local doctors didn't have the instruments to remove it and she was rushed to Tulsa. While frantically driving over the bumpy, curving road in the family car, Judy suddenly swallowed the pin and it gave her no further trouble.

* * *

In Bluefield, W. Va., Mrs. Helen Swaggerty, 23, died after an operation. In another hospital some distance away, her mother, Mrs. Alma Milles, 43, died of an ailment. Death to both women on the same day and at the same hour—5:30 A.M.

William Robert Cove, of Atlanta, opened his mouth to bite an apple—and wound up in a hospital. A bee flew along at just that moment, zoomed into Mr. Cove's mouth and stung him in the throat.

* * *

John Wilson Lockamy, of Lillington, N. C., was killed when struck by a car driven by Julian Hart. At the same spot—a year earlier to the very day—Hart was one of the drivers in another wreck which killed three persons.

* * *

Claude M. Meyers, of Inverness, Mont., came to the Arlington Cemetery in Washington to visit the graves of his old World War I buddies. When he returned to his hotel, he collapsed and died.

* * *

A Puckeridge, England, policeman, summoned to an automobile crash, pulled out a body from the wreckage. The dead youth turned out to be Eric Turner, his son.

* * *

His wife was having a baby and Vincenzo Fedele, of Rosarno, Italy, ran out into the stormy night to fetch a doctor. On the way he was struck by a bolt of lightning and killed. Persons coming to tell his wife of his death were greeted by the cries of the newborn baby.

—Harold Helfer.



When Spirits Guided Me

"You will receive a telegram," my dead sister told me. It was the first of many true predictions.

By King Hamilton Grayson

The head waiter seated me at a table for two in the main dining room at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. This was in December of 1912. The portly, white-haired gentleman already at the table introduced himself as Franklin Cross, President of the Ohio Wholesale Optical Company. Our conversation mostly concerned the fascination of Michigan Boulevard for the visitor. After we had finished dinner my new friend asked, "Do you believe in Spiritualism?"

"I know absolutely nothing about it, Mr. Cross, but I'm a good listener!"

"Very good. How would you like to go to a seance with me this evening?"

"It sounds interesting! Yes, I'll be happy to go!"

Our taxicab took us to a large house on Chicago's south side and a few minutes later I was in-

troduced to Mrs. Margaret Eastland and her husband, a vice president of one of the large railroads. We entered a spacious library where 26 persons formed a circle under the dim gas light. Mr. Cross and I were the last to arrive and as we took our chairs, Mrs. Eastland sank into a large rocker in the center.

"We will start our services with 'Rock of Ages' and then turn out the light," she said.

Mr. Eastland turned on the phonograph which played softly and then turned off the already dim light. I was very curious and listened intently to the strained breathing of the others in the pitch blackness. First I heard the tearing of cloth. When this ceased tense black silence followed for what seemed to be thirty minutes as I counted seconds. Suddenly, out of the blackness very near me, I heard the voice of a tiny child who said, "Here, Chiefus! You came to us a stranger tonight! Take this tiny dolly in your hand! Keep it always! She will bring you much money and good fortune and keep you safe from harm! Here, Chiefus! Take it!"

"It's for you!" Mr. Cross whispered, guiding my hand into which something soft dropped as the child voice continued, "You won't believe anything you hear because you don't believe in us! Do you?"

"I don't know!" I stammered.

"Your sister will speak with you to prove we are always with you!" The voice giggled slightly.

I nearly fell out of my chair. My sister had passed away seven years before and the question which flashed into my mind was, "How can anyone here know that I ever had a sister?"

Then another voice came out of the blackness. I almost cried out as she said, "Dear Brother, I have come a great distance from planes far away from this earth to speak to you through our good lady! I will repeat some things so you will know that I'm really here with you! When I left this earth you were kneeling at my bedside in the hospital praying to our Father not to take me away! You pleaded with the doctors to transfer your blood into my veins to save my life! Mother and our step-father were kneeling beside you! I'm coming again to speak to you each time you come here! I give you this proof now that we know! When you return to your hotel you will find a telegram that Margaret fell today and broke her arm in two places! Please believe in me! Goodbye, Brother, for tonight! I cannot remain longer!"

I was dripping with cold perspiration as I sat tensely on the edge of my chair. Then we heard a heavy voice say, "I, Sitting Bull, am here! I bring message! Mr. Thatcher! You go South Dakota

in south-east corner to fence post! Dig down three feet! You find box, your money and papers! Be there sunrise! Work fast so no one see you! Thief kill you if he see you!"

Later that evening I was introduced to Mr. Thatcher, a hardware wholesaler, whose partner had absconded with half a million dollars in cash and securities. He later told me that he had recovered the box, cash and securities.

Again the voice of the small child spoke to some woman present, "Stop worry! He will ask for marriage tomorrow! Laugh! Be happy!" and to another she said, "Your boys will go to War in France Bill will come home! Tom will die there! I sorry!"

Then the voice of an elderly lady spoke, "Mr. Cross, it is best you do not sell your mills in Texas! Keep them or you will lose all your money! And, Mr. McClain! You can catch the thief who has robbed your bank! Look carefully across the alley! A man sits at his desk on a higher floor in the next building! He uses strong glasses to watch your men put the money in the big safe! At midnight he will cross a board to the roof of your building. He will lower a ladder and open the window by your safe! He knows the numbers and will open the door! He will take bundles of money, close the safe, then the window, sliding the lock back in place, and return to his office! Your watchman will not see or hear him! Watch for him tomorrow at midnight! Watch him when the money goes into the safe before you close the bank but do not let him see you watching him or he will be afraid!"

Headlines in Chicago papers told how the thief was caught at midnight of the following day as he emerged from the vault with $50,000 in cash.

The seance ended after another tense silence during which no more spirit voices spoke. Mrs. Eastland sighed deeply, then said, "John, dear, please light the gas!"

I looked at the token that had been given me. It was a tiny doll, woven from strips of cloth, perfectly fashioned. It was made from Mrs. Eastland's lace handkerchief. I put it into my wallet for safe keeping.

"Well, my friend," Mr. Cross asked as we rode back to the hotel. "What do you think about it?"

"I am desperately anxious to learn about that telegram! How could she have known about my sister? Mrs. Eastland never saw nor heard of me before that moment! I tell you, Mr. Cross, it's uncanny . . . unbelievable. I don't know what to think! Do you?"

"Frankly, no! This is the fourth time I've been there since McClain first took me. He's a hard-

boiled Scotch banker! He believes in her messages and has been waiting for the one she gave him tonight! Tomorrow night he will have either the proof or failure! I'm going with you to see if you get that telegram!"

We crossed the lobby to the desk where the clerk handed me my room key *and a telegram.* I tore it open with shaking fingers and read, "Margaret fell from tricycle today breaking left arm in two places. Otherwise we are okay."

I handed the message to Mr. Cross.

"It seems impossible!" he gasped.

"Let's go to my room to talk for a while!"

Franklin Cross talked on through the night. He and his two brothers owned five rice mills in Texas. A firm in Holland had offered them a fabulous sum for them and his brothers wanted to sell but since he had received the spiritual messages at Mrs. Eastland's he had held back until the offer had been increased to such a sum that they could not afford to refuse it.

"Do we believe in spiritualism, Mr. Cross?" I asked when he finished talking.

"Can we afford not to believe in it?" he answered. "That telegram is positive proof to you! Was that your sister's voice?"

"Perfectly! Exactly! And I *was* kneeling in prayer at her bedside! I idolized her and begged the doctors to pump the blood from my veins into her's as they pumped out the poisoned blood from her body! There must be some connection between us here and our loved ones who pass beyond this earth!"

The following morning I reported to the president of a firm which was to send me to Milwaukee on an engineering assignment. He said, "Come in Friday morning for your transportation and expense money!"

That was Tuesday morning. I sent a telegram and letter to my wife, telling her about the seance and that I knew about little Margaret before I opened her telegram. In her reply she suggested perhaps I could learn what had happened to a large sum in Government Bonds which had disappeared from the body of an aunt who had recently died.

Tuesday afternoon I purchased a small gold and silver case, with a chain, to hold the pictures of my wife and two children. I also put the tiny doll into it and showed it to Mr. Cross at dinner that evening. He said, "I would guard that talisman very carefully! We don't know the true meaning, but it is worth guarding and your sister's predictions may come true . . . or rather those of the child voice!"

"I am all set to go to Mil-

waukee next Friday but I would like to go to Mrs. Eastland's for the next seance."

"Thursday night, my friend. I wouldn't miss it. If I am told again not to sell our rice mills I'm going to Cleveland for a meeting with my brothers before I decide!"

Thursday evening we arrived at the Eastland home promptly at eight o'clock. Again the circle was full. In the meantime, we had read the headlines about the bank thief and we congratulated Mr. McClain. Mrs. Thatcher was there and excitedly told us that her husband had telephoned earlier that evening that he was coming home—he had found the box, cash and securities where the voice of Sitting Bull had directed him.

We waited for the music to end and for the darkness. I was tense with anticipation but had to wait while others received their messages. Then my sister's voice spoke, "Dear Brother, you received the telegram! Look into the safe at Uncle Dan's farm in Nebraska. You will find Aunt Ella's bonds hidden there! Just believe the truth! You are not going to Milwaukee but to Ft. Wayne where you will find yourself in a flood the next morning. Be very careful when you get into the boat. You will go to Auburn and live at the YMCA. The boys will throw you into the pool as a welcome. Be very careful when you drive your new car through the woods. There is water under the road and you may tip into it and be drowned. I will guard you but you must be wise. Be sure to keep your talisman always in the little case where you've put it. I will be here with you again the next time you come. Goodbye, Brother. My love goes with you!"

That night I wrote telling my wife and mother that they might find the missing bonds in the safe at Uncle Dan's sheep ranch. That is all I said because I knew that Mother would not believe in spirit voices. The bonds were there and my step-father was furious about it. He wanted to know later where I got the tip but when I told him he answered, "Tommy-rot! You're joking! Spiritualism is nonsense!"

Franklin Cross was waiting for me in the hotel lobby when I returned from the offices on Friday noon. He smiled broadly as he read the answer before I said, "Yes, it's true! I leave for Ft. Wayne not Milwaukee Sunday night."

He was leaving for Cleveland and a meeting with his brothers but he made me promise that if and when I returned to Chicago I would wire him so that we could visit Mrs. Eastland again.

I arrived at the St. Anthony Hotel in Ft. Wayne on Sunday night in the midst of a storm. I

was given a room on the second floor and went to bed, unmindful of the warning I had received. I was awakened at four-thirty. The clerk shouted, "Get dressed! St. Mary's River is over the banks! Flood waters are near the second floor windows! Hurry!"

"Flood waters!" Then I remembered my sister's words.

I dressed quickly, slammed things into my suitcases and rushed to the windows. Water roared through the streets within inches of my second floor sills. Police boats were approaching. The clerk joined me, saying, "They'll take you to high ground across the river! You can go by train to Auburn to the YMCA! Here they come!"

It was near noon when I entered the YMCA in Auburn and that evening true to prediction, I was initiated—stripped and tossed into the swimming pool.

A few days later a glistening new, crimson roadster was delivered for my use.

I was working on engineering reports one night when Franklin Cross phoned me from Cleveland. He laughed as he asked, "Did the Ft. Wayne flood chase you to Auburn?"

"Just as predicted, Mr. Cross! And I've got a new crimson roadster. How about your rice mills?"

"Don't forget the warning about the corduroy road," he reminded me. "I'm standing pat against my brothers and refuse to sell the mills until I visit the Eastland's again," he chuckled. "I'm about ready to believe in spiritualism—the Dutch have increased their offer."

I renewed my promise to join him in Chicago when my work in Indiana was finished.

A month had passed when I was summoned to a fire in an oil plant 50 miles away. It was near midnight and I used the road through the woods. The accident happened so quickly that I barely jumped free of the car into four feet of swamp water. The car I tried to pass toppled on the opposite side. I remembered the warning too late and did not reach the fire until after a telephone line crew with their derrick had restored my car to the roadbed.

After my accident I telephoned Franklin Cross to meet me in Chicago. I was being transferred to New York. All predictions were proving true and I wanted to hear more before I started my new assignment.

"Have you still got the little doll?" Mr. Cross asked.

I handed the case to him. "I still cannot understand how Mrs. Eastland wove this doll from her handkerchief in that blackness!"

Franklin Cross was very serious as he answered. "We are two sane men, I think, and yet we know that the voices we heard

were not Mrs. Eastland's. We heard the message to McClain and we know they caught the bank thief!"

I reminded him about my Aunt Ella's Government Bonds. She had carried them in a canvas bag around her neck. Uncle Dan was the last one to see her alive but no one suspected him of taking the bonds. My sister's voice told me where they were and they've been found.

Monday morning I received my final instructions, tickets and expense money. I was to leave for New York on Tuesday. That evening Mr. Cross and I attended the seance. I told Mrs. Eastland all the predictions had come true, to which she replied, "My son, I do not know why I am allowed to receive these messages nor do I know what the spirit controls are saying when I am in trance! I do believe that if we pay attention to the messages we prove our wisdom!"

The circle had increased in size. The lady who had been told she would be married was there with her husband. The banker and Mr. Thatcher were present. Mr. Cross and I were seated in front of Mrs. Eastland. The voice of the little child, who called herself Woodviolet, had addressed messages to some of those present. Then my sister spoke to me.

"Dear Brother, you do not think carefully about what I tell you. You could have drowned in that swamp! Please listen because I cannot be with you long. You are going to New York but you will cross the ocean on a dangerous mission. You will be gone many months. When you return you will make a huge fortune. You will have many others working under you. Then you will come back here to our lady! You must be careful—do not tell others your secrets. A terrible war will start, and you will be in uniform when you return to New York. God will bless you if you trust in Him. My love is with you always!"

The spirit voice of an old man spoke to Franklin Cross, "You are to sell your rice mills on the first day of the month but if you put that money into coal as you plan you will lose it! Those who urge you to do this are not friends! Listen to your brothers!"

We returned to the hotel, silently analyzing what we had been told. We wrote out the messages as we remembered them and checked with each other. We promised to keep each other posted.

On Wednesday afternoon I sat across the desk from the president of our New York corporation. He said, "You have been selected, as one of our best engineers, to go to Europe—to Germany. Your mission is secret because it is connected with war plans. A great

deal depends on your silence. I will give you a secret cable code. Send all messages to this code name. You will be gone at least 12 months so you had better advise your family in Denver but do not tell them your mission, nor write to them about it after you reach Berlin. We want you to go to Heidelberg to take a post-graduate course, as a blind to conceal your real mission. I am giving you a letter of credit for your money. Trust no one! After you memorize your secret instructions on board ship I want you to destroy these papers."

My wire to Franklin Cross said only, "Am going to Europe. Confidential mission. Cannot say more."

I telephoned him from my room that night. I felt that I needed his advice which he gave immediately, "Remember, tell no secrets to anyone or it may cost you your life. Good luck . . . and don't forget that little doll."

I arrived in Berlin and in a few days was a student at the famous old university. The next 12 months changed my whole life and the night I was graduated from Heidelberg was the night Germany declared war.

My sister's spirit had said that I would build a large fortune, that I would be in uniform, that I would have many working under me.

Franklin Cross visited me in my New York offices. He had sold his rice mills on the first day of that month as advised but he had foolishly ignored the further warning and had invested his money in coal. His brothers had joined him and on the day he visited me it appeared that they had lost a fortune.

The spirit voice of Woodviolet told me that I would earn a fortune if I kept the tiny doll. I saw this prediction coming true. Only Franklin Cross knew what the doll meant to me. Months passed, during which I returned to Chicago to meet my wife and children. I took one of my assistants and our two secretaries with me. The evening of the day we arrived in Chicago I took John Brandly and the secretaries with me to visit the Eastlands. I introduced them and they followed Mr. Eastland into the library. I stood in the reception hall talking with Mrs. Eastland. She was holding my right hand very tightly and suddenly passed into a trance. Again the voice of my sister spoke to me, "Brother, guard yourself each day. Your assistant soon will go to war because your country will be involved! He will marry his secretary. She will become a nurse. They will go to France where they will be killed in an army hospital. Take heed, my Brother."

This prediction sadly came true. My friend John Brandly, of

the First Marines, was killed, with his wife, a Red Cross nurse, in France during the war.

Mrs. Eastland recovered consciousness, smiled at me, and led the way into the library. My wife and the children arrived the next day and the day following we started for New York.

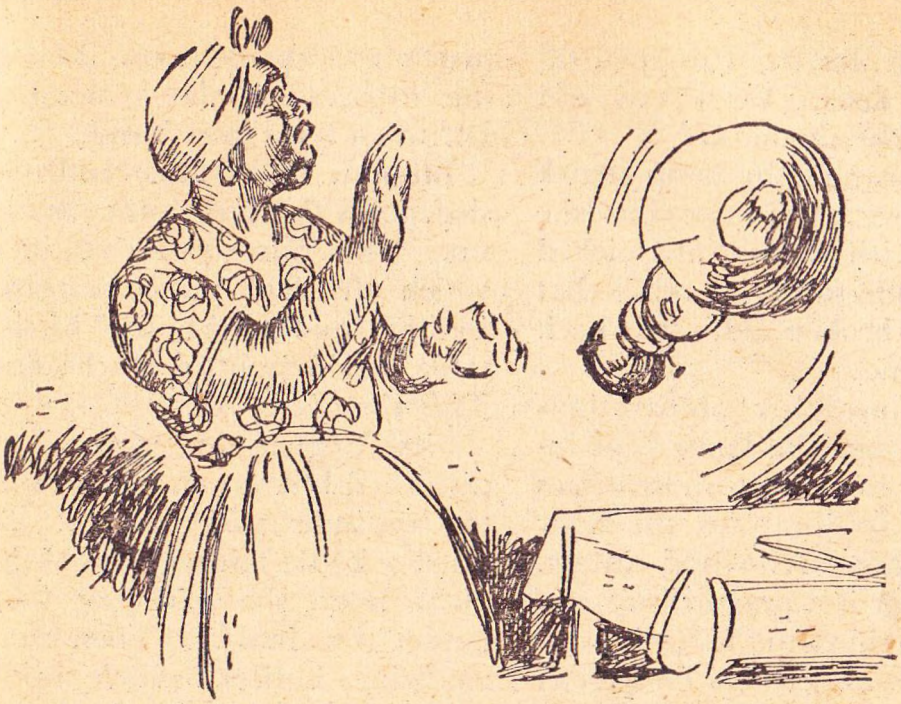
When I next travelled to Chicago I telephoned Franklin Cross to meet me there. I had to lend him the money for the trip because he had lost everything. But, it was a real pleasure to me because I had become wealthy. We arrived on a Thursday morning and that evening went to the Eastlands promptly at eight o'clock. There were some new faces and some we had seen before. Mrs. Eastland's son had gone to war and she seemed anxious and slightly depressed. Mr. Cross had been working on a new invention from which he hoped to regain his fortune. The voice of Woodviolet spoke giving messages to one and another. She spoke briefly to Mr. Cross, "You will sell your invention when you finish it. They will try to cut down the price. Do not accept because another will pay you more."

The voice of my sister spoke to me, "The war will end soon. You must not use your money to buy war supplies or you will lose all of it. Act quickly when you return to New York, there is not much time left. Do not make another trip to France. The ship will be sunk by the enemy."

I often wish I had heeded those words. My associates refused to believe Germany would ask for an armistice. They insisted that I go to Paris when I was called there. The ship was struck by a torpedo and I nearly lost my life. The armistice followed soon and our firm was hit hard when foreign credits were cancelled.

When I was fished from the cold, ocean water after the ship was torpedoed my little case disappeared. All my efforts to locate it were fruitless. Now everything seemed to go wrong for me. Mr. Cross blamed it on the loss of my talisman, that tiny doll which had come from a seance in Chicago. He suggested that we meet again with the Eastlands and that my sister might direct me to a new fortune. Before this could be arranged, however, both Franklin Cross and Margaret Eastland passed away.

I met A. Conan Doyle in 1923 on a Denver & Rio Grande train, travelling from Pueblo to Denver and related our spiritualistic experiences to him. He said that he and Sir Oliver Lodge, after years of serious research, found themselves still in some doubt and he admitted that they never had such conclusive proof of survival as that received by Franklin Cross and me.



the BEWITCHED APARTMENT in Cincinnati

The household articles were strangely active. A lamp kept jumping to the floor and a stove walked.

By Guy Archette

Until the lamp jumped off its stand, ushering in five days of excitement, Saturday, November 7, 1953, began like every other Saturday for Mrs. Dorothy Regner.

Along toward five o'clock she started preparing supper for herself and her eight-year-old great-granddaughter, Ilean Sanders. Although she is 75 years old she moved spryly about the kitchen of her three-room, front apartment at 1020 West Eighth St., in Cincinnati, O.

As Mrs. Regner set the dishes out on the table a lamp fell from its stand in a corner. It seemed

to her that the lamp jumped off onto the floor. Ilean was not nearby at the moment.

The falling of the lamp struck Mrs. Regner as strange but she was busy with supper. She picked up the lamp, saw with relief that it was not broken and set it back on the stand.

She resumed her preparations for supper but the lamp kept interrupting her. Two more times it seemed to jump to the floor but somehow remained intact. Mrs. Regner is a practical woman and she decided the vibrations of passing cars and trucks on Eighth Street caused the lamp to fall although it had not happened before. She took the precaution of placing the lamp on the larger kitchen table.

A few minutes later she heard a loud crash in the hallway. She jumped, for by this time she admits she was edgy. Investigating the cause of the noise, she found that several garbage cans and a wash ringer somehow had fallen downstairs from the third to the second floor. They ended up against the doorway of Mrs. Bertha Jackson who, startled, opened her door and then quickly closed it. According to Mrs. Jackson, the fallen objects tried to "walk" into her apartment.

Mrs. Regner returned to her apartment but now she found it impossible to concentrate on supper. She discovered that the telephone was on the floor. This led her to examine the apartment—her worst fears were borne out.

In both of her two bedrooms she found the bed clothes mussed up. The queerly active lamp, which she had placed carefully in the middle of the kitchen table, again jumped to the floor. This time it broke.

Mrs. Regner was worried and disturbed but she was determined to continue with supper. She filled a kettle with water. A moment later, she said, the kettle "upset by itself." Then some medicine bottles, which up to this time had stood quietly on a shelf in the kitchen, "blew off to the floor."

Deciding abruptly that she had had enough, Mrs. Regner called the police. They arrived shortly and Mrs. Regner explained the weird events. "I try to be a good Christian," she said, "but it looks like something's working on me."

The police investigated the apartment but found no clue to the cause of the disturbances. Neither did they offer any theories, but one of the officers performed an eloquent action. He took a box of salt from the kitchen and sprinkled Mrs. Regner's threshold. Salt, according to tradition, has the power to ward off jinxes.

Mrs. Regner decided not to depend on salt. She and Ilean spent the night at the home of Mrs.

Savannah Love, who operates a grocery store on the first floor of the building.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Regner returned to her apartment with Ilean and Mrs. Love. Things looked quite normal to Mrs. Love as she investigated one of the bedrooms. She was decidedly skeptical until a little doll of Ilean's "jumped over my shoulder and landed in a corner."

Ilean said that the doll had been among toys in the other bedroom. Mrs. Love admits she was frightened. She was still feeling chills from her experience with the doll when, she said, "a bread basket blew in from the kitchen and hit me on the shoulder." It swung and hit Ilean also but she was amused by the manifestations and laughed.

Objects in the apartment continued strangely active. A small stove standing against the wall in one of the two bedrooms moved into the center of the room. Mrs. Regner pushed it back but a short time later found it had moved again. Each time she pushed it back it moved once more to the center of the room. Then the kitchen table moved out of its customary position. A jug jumped off the stove and broke on the floor.

The only noise associated with these happenings was when something fell to the floor and broke. There was no sudden mysterious wind, no knocks or ghostly footsteps. The objects in the apartment, Mrs. Regner said, "simply jump and move."

She was deeply worried for she liked the apartment and had lived in it without incident for 14 years. She paid only $18 a month rent and at 75 this means a great deal.

By Tuesday, November 10, the disturbances in Mrs. Regner's apartment were front-page news. Groups of friends and neighbors already had trooped through the apartment to witness the weird antics of the furnishings. Now crowds of curious persons, attracted by the newspaper stories, began pushing into the building to visit the apartment. Mrs. Regner had not slept in it since Saturday, though she visited it during the day in the forlorn hope that the manifestations would cease.

By Wednesday the crowds were so great that the street and sidewalks in front of the building were jammed. An estimated 200 persons jostled and shoved outside and on the stairs leading to the Regner apartment. Police drove them away, but they drifted back and that night an excited mob of 500 was present.

Mrs. Regner's sister, Mrs. Ora Lopez, and her two daughters, Mrs. Ida Miller and Mrs. Lucille Bell, arrived from Chicago to comfort her. Mrs. Lopez said she

had come fearing that Mrs. Regner might not be well. But after hearing the full story she concluded that her sister was not ill or suffering from hallucinations.

Since the previous Saturday there had been a total of 24 incidents of mysteriously moving household objects. Five persons had witnessed the manifestations and three had been struck by flying articles. Now the phenomena ceased as abruptly as they began.

By Thursday the crowds were gone and the street in front of the house was quiet. Mrs. Regner said she had come through her ordeal "feeling chipper, in spite of a heart condition." She was determined not to be frightened away if the phenomena resumed.

Various persons theorized that a poltergeist had been active in the Regner apartment. They noted that poltergeist phenomena usually center about a young girl and Ilean was present during the manifestations.

Experiment in Telepathy

Professor Gilbert Murray, the classical Greek Scholar, carried out many experiments in telepathy and obtained some remarkable results. One of his most amazing experiments was made with Arnold Toynbee, the famous historian, acting as the sender.

It was arranged that Toynbee should dictate a statement to a recorder while Professor Murray, the receiver, was safely out of hearing in another room, a point which was tested. Professor Murray then was to dictate to the recorder whatever he had received of Toynbee's message.

While Professor Murray was in the other room Toynbee dictated the following to the recorder:

"Isle of Capri, and on it is the old Master of Balliol (Strachan Davidson) and my uncle (Arnold Toynbee), and they are reading the Bible, and my uncle says what a good book it is, and Strachan Davidson is chuckling."

The recorder quoted Professor Murray as having received the following:

"I get someone on the Riviera being very funny about the book of Samuel. He had never read it. It's Italy, I am sure, and it's somebody being impressed by the Bible or talking about it as though he had never read it before. I get the name of Strachan Davidson. I should say it was at Naples, or some place with the blue sea all about. Should say it was Capri. Oh, your uncle Arnold Toynbee."

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.

DEATH'S MESSENGER

By Harriet Laurent

About 10 o'clock in the morning on July 8, 1918, my mother saw my brother Thomas walk into the house with a duffle bag in his hand. He smiled at her and said, "Mom, I'm home."

Although Mother had received a letter from him the day before, postmarked France, she rushed to greet him with open arms. But when she reached the spot where he was standing he was gone. She was inconsolable for she was certain that her oldest child had died. Three days later the telegram arrived stating that Thomas had been killed in action.

One year later my father fell ill. Once again Thomas appeared to Mother carrying the same duffle bag in his hand and said, "Sorry, Mom." That night Father died.

Three months later my four-year-old brother had convulsions. And once again Thomas appeared to my mother. She knew then that my little brother would not last the night. He died that evening.

Each time she saw Thomas in the day time. Mother is 83 now and we fear Thomas' next visit will mean that she herself will go to join him.—*Sturgeon Bay, Wis.*

MY WHITE GRADUATION SHOES

By Ethel Ray

During my last year in grammar school my widowed mother and I lived in a two-story building in New York City. We were quite poor and I cried bitterly as I told the old Rabbi who lived in the apartment below us about my need for the white shoes which all the graduates were asked to wear for the occasion. He patted my head and told me to have faith in my prayers. The Lord would provide. He never failed anyone but my faith must be complete.

Before going to bed I prayed

with all my heart that somehow I might obtain a pair of white shoes for graduation day.

That night I dreamed of the old Rabbi. He assured me that the money for my shoes could be found under the linoleum near the kitchen sink in his apartment. He showed me the bills and change.

In the morning as I left the house on my way to school I saw that the door to the Rabbi's apartment was open and many persons were gathered inside. I learned that he had died during the night. I was greatly saddened for we had been good friends.

The Rabbi's family moved when my graduation was just three days away. I told my mother about my dream and, to please me, she took me into the vacant apartment and looked under the linoleum near the kitchen sink. There we found the bills and change I had seen in my dream. The amount was enough not only for the white shoes I needed but for a new dress as well.—*Bolinas, Calif.*

AUNT LAURA'S RETURN

By Marie Satterlee

I grew up in a house owned by a widowed aunt in Westchester, N. Y. She was childless and doted on me. Her possessive attitude was sometimes too intense to be comfortable "I only live in you," she used to tell me.

My aunt died in February, 1919. The following August I married a man who had been an officer during the first World War. After my marriage my mother and brother moved from the house to an apartment in New York as the house belonged to me and nobody thought it wise for in-laws to live together.

My husband, Andrew, though brilliant and charming, proved to be difficult and temperamental. I hoped it was due merely to the after-effects of war and tried to carry on with patience.

We slept in twin beds in the room across from the one in which my aunt died. One morning in November, 1919, I was waked by my husband's voice. He said quietly, "Marie, I just now saw your aunt's ghost."

As he had never met or known her, this seemed strange. Also, it worried me. In his nervous state I didn't know what might come next.

I asked, "How do you know it was my aunt's ghost?"

He said, "Well, I just had the impression it was."

I asked what she looked like and what she wanted.

He replied calmly, "She was small and thin, with untidy gray hair and very bright, dark eyes. She stood in the doorway and asked, 'Are you being good to my Marie?' "

I was shaken. His description

was accurate. But as Andrew was not being good to me I supposed that it might be just a dream that dramatized his sense of guilt. I made a last effort to discredit the vision.

"How was she dressed?" I asked.

"Oh, she wore some sort of long gray dress," he said.

I laughed. "Then you didn't see her," I said. "She never owned a gray dress in her life. She always wore black. She was buried in a black taffeta; I dressed her for the grave myself."

He seemed a little taken aback but said obstinately, "Well, I thought it was your aunt."

It was the more odd because I hadn't talked to him about her at all.

Some days later I went to New York to visit my mother. I told her the story and ended by saying, "But Aunt Laura never had a gray dress as long as I knew her."

Mother turned white. She said, "But, Marie, you remember it was I who found her dead! I went into her bedroom that morning and found her kneeling beside her bed. She had tried to get back into bed and had a heart attack. And she had on that long, gray woolen wrapper she always slept in!"

I never told my husband of my mistake. I thought it best not to. But Aunt Laura's words had no effect on him. We were finally divorced.

My family and I lived in the house some years longer but my aunt never came again.—*New York, N. Y.*

SALLY'S LAST GOODBYE

By Estelle Adams

In November, 1936, my sister-in-law introduced me to Sally, a beautiful girl of 20, and we became close friends. Sally and I exchanged confidences about our "boy friends" and I learned that Sally was in love with an only son of wealthy parents, who discouraged their son from seeing her. However, Sally and Don met secretly twice a week.

My mother became seriously ill and my sister and I moved to a hotel. I didn't see or hear from Sally for four months but my sister-in-law told me that Don had married a



ESTELLE ADAMS

wealthy girl a few days previously and Sally was heartbroken. I attempted to call her but she had gone to Ontario, Calif., to visit friends.

One Thursday night in December, 1937, my sister and I returned from a movie and went to bed. At exactly 11:10 P.M. I woke suddenly. The only light in the room came from a neon sign across the street. Looking up, I saw suspended in mid-air the upper half of a grey coffin. In the coffin was Sally, lying on a pink satin pillow and covered with a pink veil!

I lay terrified, watching this strange apparition for what must have been two or three minutes. Suddenly the telephone rang and the coffin vanished.

I woke my sister and told her what I had seen. The call was from the desk clerk. A telegram had just arrived for me. It read: "Sally died suddenly this afternoon. Funeral Sunday. Please come." We went to the funeral and there was Sally, laid out exactly as I had seen her, in a grey coffin, on a pink satin pillow and covered with a pink veil.—*Gardena, Calif.*

THE PHANTOM MOTORCYCLE

By M. Daly Hopkins

In 1910 my husband and I spent the summer in the country north of Stamford, Conn. We were having painting and carpenter work done on our house and the workmen had as an assistant a young Yale student who rode a heavy motorcycle. Morning and night he rode past the main house on the back driveway to and from the stables where he kept his motorcycle in one of the stalls. We had just one horse for driving to the station and for going shopping.

The workmen, of course, had a holiday on July 4. The young student told the men that he intended to have a glorious day in Boston.

That night I was waked by the sound of his motorcycle coming up the road toward the house. When it turned in at the lower gate I leaned over and waked my husband. He said that he could hear nothing and that I must be dreaming.

The sound grew louder as the motorcycle approached. I was out of bed by that time, watching for it from the window overlooking the driveway at the back. It was a bright, moonlit night.

As it roared past the tennis court and drew near the house my husband spoke to me and when I turned my head to hear what he said, the motorcycle dashed past on its way to the stables.

I looked at my small clock and found that it was just one o'clock in the morning, July 5.

Later that morning the student did not appear for work. When my husband returned that evening he telephoned the student's house as he was anxious to get the work done as soon as possible. He learned that the student had crashed his motorcycle while returning home from Boston and had been found dead. His watch had stopped at one o'clock.

Had his spirit come to our place afterward? I had never spoken to him at all while he was alive. My husband heard no sound that night and the caretaker and his family, living in the cottage at the gate to the lower, back driveway, had heard no sound either. I was the only person who heard his motorcycle.—*Newmarket, Ont., Can.*

"GO TO PRESCOTT"

By E. Veda Davis

In 1918, during the flu epidemic, I was stricken while living in Prescott, Ariz. I had gone there to earn my own living after a quarrel with my mother and neglected to write and let her know where I was.

The doctor attending me told me that he could do nothing more for me and asked for the names and addresses of my folks. I replied that I did not know where Mother had moved since I came to Arizona. I asked God to forgive me for leaving Mother as I did and let her know somehow that I was dying.

In San Francisco at this same time Mother was waked from a sound sleep by a pet name my Father, dead for nine years, always had called her. She sat up in bed and in the dark room saw a man standing at the foot of the bed. She said, "Who is it? What do you want?"

The voice said, "It is Wallie. Ethel is dangerously ill. Go to her."

"But I do not know where she lives. How can I find her?" Mother said.

"Go to Prescott, Ariz. You will find her there."

The figure faded from sight as Mother said, "Wallie, wait. I want to talk to you."

Getting up immediately, she packed a bag, dressed and telephoned for information about trains to Prescott. She never questioned the vision of my father and his message.

In Prescott some time later I became conscious of my mother's voice and felt her cool hand on my brow. I opened my eyes and realized Mother had found me. I got well.

Mother, smart woman, had gone from one local doctor to another until she found the one attending me. When I was able to travel she explained that Father had given the information that brought her to my side. I went

home with Mother, thanks to a Dad who watched over my welfare from the spirit world—*San Francisco, Calif.*

A PROMISE FULFILLED

By Laura Maude Miller

My husband, a healer and lecturer who possessed great psychic powers, passed away in February, 1953. Throughout our lives together we successfully practiced thought transference and he frequently told me that if he died first he would keep in close touch with me.

On Sunday afternoons it was his habit to lie on the bed and read. Growing sleepy, he would take off his glasses and they would fall from his relaxed hand about midway on the bed.

One Sunday afternoon, October 18, 1953, I felt bluer than usual and decided to lie down to read. As I entered the bedroom the first thing I saw was my husband's glasses in the middle of the bed. I live entirely alone and had packed the glasses away in the bottom of a drawer months before. Nothing in the drawer was disturbed but the glasses were not there.

Another habit of my husband's was emptying all his change onto the middle of the bed on Sunday morning, counting it and putting it into a piggy bank. One Sunday in January, 1954, I could find no change in the house for bus fare yet when I returned from church there, in a neat little pile on the bed, was $1.37 in dimes, nickels and pennies. I do not keep my purse in this room.

Each time these incidents have been a minor shock and a major comfort to me. I am looking forward to the next manifestation of my husband's loving presence.—*Miami, Fla.*

FATE AND THE FAMILY

On Sunday morning, February 14, 1954, Charles Garrison, 34, of Burbank, O., his wife, Naomi, and their five children started for church in their car. As they reached the crest of a knoll near Wooster, O., they collided head-on with another car. In it were Willard Garrison, 61, and his daughter, Faye, 14—Charles Garrison's father and sister—who lived 12 miles from him and who were on their way to a different church. Only the son's five children survived.

◆



A strange Indian faculty told that the two tiny girls would arrive with the body of their dead father on the dog sled.

By Jean W. Godsell

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

During the days I spent in the Canadian Northland, before the advent of the radio and the airplane, I often marvelled at the uncanny faculty displayed by some of the Indians in forecasting future events—often through their dreams. Call it clairvoyance—call it what you may—these people appeared to retain, through generations of toil in the primeval forests, some instinct the white man has lost.

In that north country where we depended for news on the infrequent dog-team packets which brought our mail, the *moccasin telegraph*—which carried astonishingly correct news through the Silent Places, even to points entirely out of touch with ordinary communication—was a source of never-ending wonder to me.

My first experience with this *moccasin telegraph* was at Fort Fitzgerald. Late in the fall of 1921 I stood on the river bank watching the departure of the Caribou Eater Indians for their hunting grounds in the Hill Island Lake country to the eastward, and I felt a deep compassion for the daughters of the Chief, Marie and Therese Cheesie, as they staggered and slipped down the muddy bank to their

canoe. They were toting bundles and bales heavier than their own slim bodies. Motherless tots, of six and seven years respectively, they were being taken into the wilderness to help their father with the daily chores of his life as a hunter and trapper.

"Poor little mites!" I exclaimed to my husband as the canoes surged across the Slave to disappear into the mouth of the Dog River.

"It's tough," he replied, "but it's part of their life!"

Soon winter was upon us. The trees and rock-ribbed ridges were buried beneath a mantle of shimmering whiteness which lent a foreign glamour to the usually drab settlement and driftwood-littered waterfront. Somehow, as the days slipped into months and the frigid silence became so intense you could almost *hear* it, I remembered those two little girls far off in the frozen wilderness. I could picture them in their caribou-skin dresses setting their rabbit snares; cutting wood to keep the wigwam fire alive, and bending beneath huge loads of faggots as they snowshoed through the silent woods.

I was thawing out a loaf of bread one bitterly cold morning when John James Daniels, our Indian interpreter, burst into the kitchen. "Injuns," he told me, "dey come today!"

"Indians!" I exclaimed. "How do you know, John? Not a living soul has come into the fort for weeks!"

"Me know!" There was emphatic assurance in his voice. "Dey have plenty bad luck, too. Dem come," he pointed to the meridian, "before de sun reach here." Next second he was gone.

Shortly after lunch Constable Bob Baker of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police dropped in and suggested I accompany him on a hike to the river bank. "You've been cooped up in the house too long," he said. "Come on. Some Indians are coming from the direction of Dog River—let's see who they are."

Out on the ice a thin, serpentine line—a dog-team—was moving slowly in our direction. In vain I looked for the lithe, swinging figure of a driver loping behind the sled urging on the dogs with snapping lash.

"Look!" John pointed to an upended mass of ice. Around it a diminutive, fur-clad figure was ploughing a furrow in the deep drifts with a pair of snowshoes, breaking trail for the dogs. Behind the sled moved another tiny form.

Slowly, with drooping tails, five emaciated dogs panted and tugged at the loaded toboggan as they clambered up the steep river bank in the wake of the small guide, Marie Cheesie, while Therese, the driver, flourished a

caribou-hide whip and urged them on with shrill, sharp cries. At last they drew up before the trading post.

A torrent of guttural Chippewyan crackled from John James' thin lips as Marie gazed around with dark, inscrutable eyes and answered in monosyllables. Her face was seared and blackened with frost-bite, her hair and caribou-skin *parki* white with frost.

"What's the trouble, John?" I asked as a bevy of awe-stricken squaws covered their faces with their shawls and gave vent to blood-curdling howls. "Where is their father?"

For a few seconds John stared at me with unseeing eyes. "Cheesie," his voice was hushed, "him die 'way out in de bush eight sleeps to the eastward. Dem kids, dey tie 'im on de sled an' trek 150 miles through de woods to bring 'im to de fort so de mission people can bury 'im proper."

I glanced quickly at Bob Baker.

"I told you," John shrugged, "Indians—dem come today!"

"But," I persisted, "how did you know,"

"Last night I had a dream," he replied. "Saw everything . . . just as now!"

Some years ago at Fort Churchill, in Northern Manitoba, another Indian's prophetic dream came true. It was getting late in the season and the exiles at the lonely fort on the storm-tossed shores of Hudson Bay gazed anxiously out at sea for a sight of the long overdue Hudson's Bay Company's ship from England with its annual cargo of much-needed supplies—supplies upon which their very existence depended.

In the log trading store Ashton Alston, the factor, was busy issuing gunpowder and bullets to hungry hunters so that they could supplement dangerously slim rations by shooting caribou along the coast.

"I wonder," Mr. Tremayne, the Inspector, strode anxiously to and fro, "what could have happened to that confounded ship."

As he spoke a leathery-visaged Indian in blanket *capote* and fringed leggings entered and squatted on the floor.

"How about seeing what old Shonkelli, the medicine man, has to say about it?" Alston motioned towards the sphinx-like figure now puffing serenely at his pipe.

"Are you bushed?" Tremayne snorted with disgust

Piling plugs of nigger-head tobacco on the counter, Alston spoke to the medicine man. But, the old Indian was not to be tempted lightly. Not till his "fee" had assumed considerable proportions did he agree to commune with the spirits and find out what had become of the missing ship. Picking up the tobacco he slipped

silently from the store and headed for his caribou-skin wigwam, where he went into a trance. At sundown, he returned.

"Me had'm dream," he said succinctly. "I send my spirit body out over the water."

The *Nascopie*, he continued, was safe. She had delayed to rescue a marooned party from another vessel lost in the ice of Hudson Straits. They'd had bad luck, too! One man, wearing clothes like a woman, had died and been buried at sea.

"Tomorrow, when the sun is dere," he pointed low in the sky, "the white man's ship—him come!"

Tremayne, still unconvinced, shrugged.

Next day, as the sun dropped towards the horizon, Willie Oman dashed into the trading store. "De ship!" he cried, panting with excitement. "She's comin'. She's heading for de harbour!"

Far out at sea a diminutive speck grew larger and larger till the delighted exiles at last made out the familiar lines of the *Nascopie*. Slowly she swung around Eskimo Point into the harbour. When Alston and Tremayne piled aboard they learned from Captain Mack the cause of the delay.

As the ship threaded the ice of Hudson Straits, he told them, they'd sighted, on an ice-floe, the marooned crew of a foundered vessel and had gone to their rescue, only to be caught and held in the heavy pack-ice for days. Then, a few days out from port, they'd encountered still more ill-luck. A priest, en route to the Mission at Chesterfield Inlet, had fallen overboard and drowned!

Shonkelli's prophetic dream was fulfilled in detail.

The most recent case of Indian clairvoyance which has come to my notice occurred in the vicinity of Edmonton, Alberta, six years ago.

Archie Belcourt and Josie Le-Tan, Indian trappers and guides of Rio Grande, were drowned near the headwaters of the Wapiti River on June 11th. Attempting to ford the swollen stream while guiding a survey party, the two men were swept from their horses and carried away in the swirling current. Although a search was made immediately—and other search parties were organized later—not a trace of the bodies could be found.

An Indian squaw on the Horse Lake Reserve, 50 miles from Rio Grande and 100 miles from the scene of the drowning, had a dream about a month later. She dreamed that her husband, who had been drowned in just such an accident on the same river some years earlier, came to her as she slept and led her to the exact spot on the Wapiti where

the bodies could be found. The story of this vivid dream came to the ears of Josie LeTan's squaw and she asked the woman to help in still another search.

The woman consented, although she had never been to the Wapiti.

She insisted, however, that a certain guide, known to her late husband, must row the boat—for so it had been in her dream. They would find the bodies about two days travel down-river from the scene of the drowning she told them. The body of Belcourt would be found first, close to the shore and out of the water. That of LeTan would be on the opposite shore, some distance down, entangled in a mass of driftwood.

Arriving at the scene of the drowning, the party started downstream. They made camp the first night as directed by the Indian woman. Near the end of the second day she suddenly exclaimed: "This is the place I saw in my dreams! You will find the body of Archie Belcourt there."

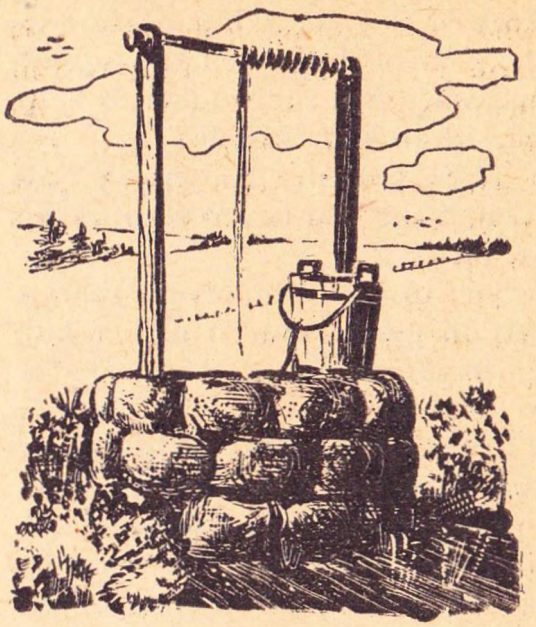
Landing, they discovered a skeleton outstretched on the shore. The wolves had been there first, but the body was identified by a large metal buckle which Belcourt always wore on his belt. Some distance down-stream, on the opposite shore—exactly as the squaw had dreamed—they found the body of LeTan held in the water by a log-jam!

Each of these episodes is authentic; my own experience was with John James Daniels, my husband's Indian dog-driver and interpreter. Ashton Alston, Inspector Tremayne and the late Captain Mack, were all intimately known to my husband and myself and related to us their experience with the Fort Churchill medicine man; whilst the squaw's dream of the drowning of Belcourt and LeTan was reported fully to the pages of the *Edmonton Journal* at the time.

THE SUNKEN MAMMOTH

The remains of an imperial mammoth which inhabited the earth some 20,000 years ago were discovered recently in the ocean off Seal Beach, Calif., by scientists diving to obtain data for the development of offshore oil. The remains, which were buried in a sandstone outcrop at a depth of 15 feet, consist of two huge molars and parts of a tusk.

He "SEES" Through Solid Earth



Pain tells the Canadian he is standing over water. Then he receives a mental picture of the soil and rock over it.

By Roger Russell

Biology plays some queer tricks on animals and people, but few stranger than the one that happened to J. Raoul Desrosiers of Montreal, who finds he can "see" through solid earth.

Up to 1935 Mr. Desrosiers was a prosperous businessman in the wholesale meat trade with a packing house of his own. One day he stepped out of his car and collapsed with an internal hemorrhage which sent him to the hospital for a serious operation. The treatment that saved him involved the use of radium. Perhaps that fact has nothing to do with it, but when he recovered he found himself the possessor of a remarkable gift. Just as ordinary people can see down through clear water, Mr. Desrosiers found he could "see" down through solid earth.

Last year his case was investigated by a group of experts representing the Rockefeller Institute. For several days in Maine Mr. Desrosiers was subjected to experiments of all kinds to reveal, if possible, trickery or, alternatively, to trip him up. But the experts were stumped.

The story of Mr. Desrosiers is fantastic. Up to 1940 he was conscious of intermittent pains in his sides behind the ribs. He consulted his doctor, thinking it was indigestion, and his doctor gave him pills.

One summer day he was in the country on the farm of a relative who was complaining that his farm was a hopeless proposition because of the lack of water. As Mr. Desrosiers walked near the barn he felt the pain sharply and at the same time a sudden impulse to speak.

He cried: "There is water under me. I cannot explain it but I am certain of it."

Then he remembers seeing clearly all the way down to the water. He gave the exact depth, the formation of the earth down to the water and the quantity of water the future well would provide.

He also said: "The water runs over a bed of shale that is only three inches thick. Don't drill through that shale or all the water will drain away underneath it."

The well was drilled and the results confirmed the prediction. The well driller came to the bed of shale and was careful not to break through it. Today the farm is well supplied with water and won a blue ribbon from the province of Quebec for one of the best dairy herds in the province.

Following that experience, whenever he was conscious of a pain in his ribs Mr. Desrosiers knew he was over a vein of water and whenever he was over a vein of water he could "read" the earth right down to the water and "see" the shape of the vein and the flow of water. He has since "read" over 700 wells and every time his predictions have been proved exact.

He cannot explain his gift. "It is as though someone outside me is telling me. At the same time that I feel this pain I can see before my eyes like a film on a screen and on this film I can read clearly all the details down to the water, including soil, boulders and rock strata."

He says also that when he walks over a vein of water he has difficulty in breathing. "I have the feeling that I am drowning," he remarks.

According to the experts who have examined him, there are only two other men on earth who have a similar gift.

The scientists made exhaustive tests on Mr. Desrosiers with a skin potentiometer to see of there was any electrical effect. They discovered that his "electrical field" was different from that of ordinary men and that, if properly connected to the right poles in his body, the electrical current from three men like him would be enough to light a house of five rooms.

In the meantime, Mr. Desrosiers has dropped his other work to devote himself to the exploration of his remarkable biological gift.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

HE KNEW LULU HURST

Here is something that I think will make you sit up and take notice. It relates to the Dorothy Pope story in the March, 1954, FATE regarding Lulu Hurst. "The Georgia Wonder."

I will soon reach the 82-year-old mark. I was born in Cleveland, O., on September 11, 1872. When I was somewhere between 14 and 16 years old I visited with an uncle in Berea, O. One day posters appeared in the little town of Berea announcing that Lulu Hurst, the Georgia Wonder Girl, would demonstrate her wonderful power in a series of shows lasting three days. The German Wallace College was there at that time and with its crowd of students in addition to the townfolk the fair-sized theatre was jammed beyond capacity.

The admission, if I remember right, was 25 cents. As I was strong as a mule and very much interested in ghosts and strange happenings, and money with me was as scarce as hen's teeth, I got the job of packing water to the elephant, which means that I took part in most of the work on the stage and ended knowing exactly nothing about the terrific power that seemed to possess the body of Lulu Hurst, a girl of not over 14 or 15 years of age and of not over 115 pounds in weight.

Dorothy Pope's story is true with one exception: Lulu Hurst did more than merely touch articles. Being on the stage and helping with the demonstrations, I know to an absolute certainty that Lulu gripped every article she laid hands on like a starving hound grabs a bone. Then she seemed to lose all control.

To give an idea of my meaning, the manager gave me this advice: "This is a brand new umbrella. Open it and hand it to her. When she closes her hands upon the handle you get away fast or she'll brain you." I found this advice good for as soon as she got a firm hold on the handle of the umbrella she started an up and down movement so quick and violent it left the cloth in tatters and the wire stays broken and bent beyond belief. In this as well as all other demonstrations the power seemed to come upon her a second or so after she gripped an object.

I appear in the picture on page 102 of the Lulu Hurst article—"believe it or not," as Ripley says. After three days of close association with those good, common folks, the Hursts, I can still remember their faces. Lulu stands behind the chair. Mr.

Hurst, her father, sits in the chair while I, a big overgrown kid, sit astride Mr. Hurst's lap. The manager, I do not remember his name, sits astride my shoulders. The profile of the young man sitting upon Mr. Hurst's lap is my profile.

Seventy years is a long time and I may be the only living person among all that crowd at Berea who can furnish the real facts relating to the Georgia Wonder.—*Wm. W. Bathlot, 2878 Campbell Road, N.W., Albuquerque, New Mex.*

NAMING A FUTURE PRESIDENT

On musing over the concluding paragraphs of "Can You Name A Future President?" (May, 1954, FATE) I am amazed that the simple interpretation which I submit herewith has not been read into Sir William's metric numerology. Perhaps it is the simplicity of its meaning that cloaks its obviousness.

At least here is one shot from the "long bow."

"Four sixes hold a glittering star that on his way shall shine. . . ."

General Dwight D. Eisenhower (24 letters) holds a glittering star. Note that the "four sixes" do not *contain* a glittering star. Therefore the star is not part of his name but *hold* a glittering star. Which is true of the President. He did hold a glittering star as a general that on his way to the presidency did shine most effectively. Also his middle name is David which is synonymous with the most renowned star symbol of the East and West.

And in conclusion:

"And twice four sixes mark his years from birth to manhood's prime."

It is public knowledge that the President is a devoted man in all respects and that his life from "birth to manhood's prime" has been marked by his patriotic devotion to the 48 (twice four sixes) states of America—and from manhood's prime into greater maturity as our President.—*M/Sgt. C. J. Cosby, Norfolk, Va.*

I've just been rereading "Can You Name A Future President?"

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in the May, 1954, FATE—also predictions by Zenor. Zenor says Lindbergh will be much in the news: "'You will be very much surprised at what this name will mean to you. . . . A very important individual . . . to appear in the political field. . . ."

Now Charles Augustus Lindbergh has 24 letters. I don't know his age nor just what happened when he was 48. You might check up. The fascist oil zillionaires of Texans who are back of Joe McCarthy are backing Lindbergh, I think. Could be he is it! Hope not. The prophecy does not say he will be president at 48, only that he will reach maturity then.—*E. Graham, Ruidoso, New Mex.*

FATEFUL MEETING

Reading the incidents in "Cosmic Chuckles" in the June issue of FATE calls to mind one that happened to me. Some five years ago I had occasion to go to Miami. Riding south on the train, it occurred to me that an old friend of mine from the North had moved to Miami some years before and I wondered if I could contact him.

My thoughts continually reverted to him as the train sped toward Miami and I went to bed at the hotel still thinking of him. In the morning I started down Flagler Street (Miami's most heavily traveled street) in search

of a place to eat my breakfast. But all the eating places seemed to be filled and people stood waiting their turn for a seat.

So I continued on down the street and at last came to a place with two vacant stools side by side. I sat down on one of them and gave my order. Scarcely had I done so when a man sat down on the other stool. I glanced at him—and there sat my old friend.

Miami is a large city and the streets are crowded with people. I certainly believe a guiding hand directed this meeting.—*Sanford B. Manks, Deland, Fla.*

FATE AND THE OUIJA BOARD

I wish to tell you how I learned about FATE. My father has been dead for several years and my mother for a short time. A visiting friend saw my mystic Ouija board and asked if I used it. I said it never moved for me. He said they always moved for him and suggested we use the board.

The first one to talk to me was my mother and then my father. He told me to go to the magazine store and buy FATE. I had no idea what he meant. My friend knew because he had been buying FATE for years.

My father said the same thing over and over and that is all he would tell me at that time.

The first FATE I bought was one of the best and I never miss an issue. I enjoy FATE greatly



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and I also enjoy my Ouija board. Please don't change the name of FATE.—*M. Nannery, Linden, N. J.*

MYSTERY OF MOON-STROKE

To aid your public in forming a true estimate of astrology is a fine thing. The letter by John J. O'Neill is a perfect statement of the truly scientific viewpoint. Science is defined as the systematic correlation of observed phenomena. Astrology has always been true to this definition. Incompetent observation or application is no rational objection. Dr. Roy K. Marshall is typical of the irrational reactionary who doesn't like what he can't understand.

Probably the full moon is the best known of astrological configurations and the story of the full moon murderer (April FATE) in Ecuador is very simply explained by astrology. His horoscope, the birth-moment chart of sun, moon and planet positions, would be found to contain one or more exact alignments of sun, planets or horizon, either in conjunction to, opposite or at right angles to his moon. The sign of Cancer, domain of the moon, probably was also prominent in the chart.

I was born on a full moon night, moon near cusp of Cancer, at zenith, and two planets in Cancer, and two near the sun in

Capricorn, its opposite sign, and am very sensitive to the sun-moon opposition. But with my Mars about 60 degrees from the moon and exactly 120 degrees from my sun, both major harmonious angles, no urge to violence is felt.

"Electromagnetic rays" is a vague term for any kind of radiative influence which has so far eluded our physicists. Astrologers don't claim to be physicists, so use the term without embarrassment. We also say that application of scientific astrology is a far more important and crying need than the discovery of the exact nature of the radiation.

Science hasn't yet even found the notorious moon radiation that causes moon-stroke. Lay all night under a bright moon (not necessarily full) in the Near East, with head and feet uncovered, and you'll be ill for many days. It can permanently injure almost any American past middle age. It is apparently reflected actinic sun rays, the same that cause sunstroke, but science cannot account for their being relayed almost undiminished when only 1/50,000th part of regular light rays or radio waves, or anything else comformable to known physical laws, can be reflected. Science cannot even detect those actinic sun rays and "actinic" is just a layman's term for them.—*Curtis L. Gibson, Salt Lake City, Utah.*



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Ever since reading the article about the man who had an operation on his brain ("Hypnotic Victim," November, 1953, FATE) I've been thinking, "What on earth could that fellow do as a job?"

You recall he was too good a salesman in that people seemed to be hypnotized into buying from him, only to cancel the order later. With this type of ability I believe he'd be quite successful as a collection agent for firms which have trouble getting customers to pay their bills. A pretty good percentage is generally given to an agent when he does collect.

He could start out by looking up small privately owned businesses, such as small neighborhood grocery stores. A good part of their business is credit and there always are persons who won't pay their grocery bills. Doctors and dentists always have patients that won't pay too.

I hope this man writes again for your magazine and tells us exactly how he solved his problem.—*H. C. E.*

HOW TO REACH THE SOURCE

In Report from the Readers in the May issue I read a letter, "The Source Explained," which does not quite answer the question of how to go to the Source. So here is my explanation of how

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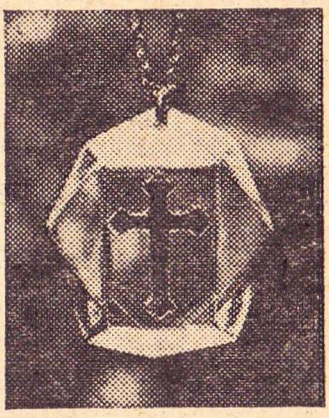
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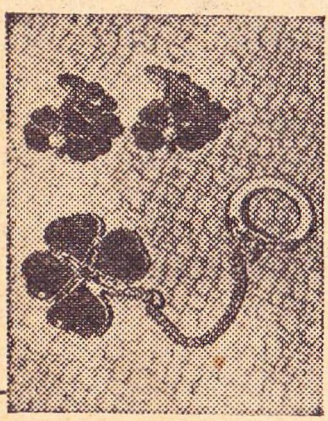
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to reach the Source quite easily.

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To reach the Father in yourself sit in a straight-back chair with your hands on your knees, palms up. Close your eyes and image yourself as the Christ in you. Sit still and think only that you are waiting for the Father to speak. Ask for nothing as the Father knows before you ask. In your mind be still and know, "I am God." You might have to practice that for sometime before getting results.

Do this for only 15 minutes once or twice a day, never at night after a meal, which would make one too body conscious. You will feel a great power flowing through the top of your head and a wonderful uplift. The Father is always waiting for just such a contact. It is your own ego which acts as a closed door and only you can open that door.

But please don't try it if you are a cigaret smoker or a drinker of alcoholics. These earth habits and Divine Spirits do not mix.—*Mrs. Josephine Culver, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.*

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ting extremely weary of these endless eye-witness accounts of flying saucers. Each account begins and ends about the same with very little variation.

I'm not denying the existence of these flying objects but please, until we learn something concrete about them, let's not devote so much space to these extremely boring accounts.

I've enjoyed every issue of FATE with the exception of your May issue and I'm sure you welcome constructive criticism. As far as I'm concerned the May issue was the poorest to date. Let's not allow FATE to deteriorate into a semi-science-fiction magazine which your May issue shows every indication of doing.

The flying saucer belongs in the same category as the sea serpent—plenty of eye-witnesses but nobody ever has hauled one in. —*W. F. Rodgers, Philadelphia, Pa.*

SPIRITS IN THE KREMLIN

As a new reader of FATE, I wish to congratulate its publishers. It belongs in every science class in America. The implications of its contents are of tremendous importance. Among other things, they strike a lethal blow at the Marxian materialist interpretation of history.

Many incidents described in FATE have occurred in my family at various times—falling pic-

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Have you ever started to say something at exactly the same instant that someone else started to utter the SAME words?

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Some years ago the noted "father of modern psychology," Will James of Harvard, made the astonishing statement that most people use only 10% of their mental powers! The other 90% lies idle. Now, at last, science is making it easy for us to USE that vast reserve of brain power!

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For almost a hundred years, scientists have known about and talked about atomic energy. It is only recently that something has been done about it.

Likewise, the most amazing and mysterious powers of the inner mind were known to ancient sages, wise men, alchemists and philosophers. Their knowledge of these miraculous forces never died. It has been passed down through the centuries by a chosen few of each decade. Now these secrets are being brought to light for the first time. Now you and I can benefit by the precious knowledge of the inner mind — and learn how to put those forces to work!

As You Think — So You ARE!

That phrase comes from the Bible. It is just as true today as it was 2,000 years ago! But NOW we have the means to *think along the right lines!* Now we know how much better we can make our lives by simply releasing and putting to work the tremendous forces which have been lying dormant in our minds!

Of course you'd like to have a better home. A happier, fuller life. More understanding, respect and affection from your family, friends and associates. Greater success in your life work. More genuine security and peace of mind in this troubled world!

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Jenny Smith had a good singing voice but lacked the courage to use it in public. "I Can!" gave her direct contact with her source of power and she has since appeared on concert stages throughout the United States.

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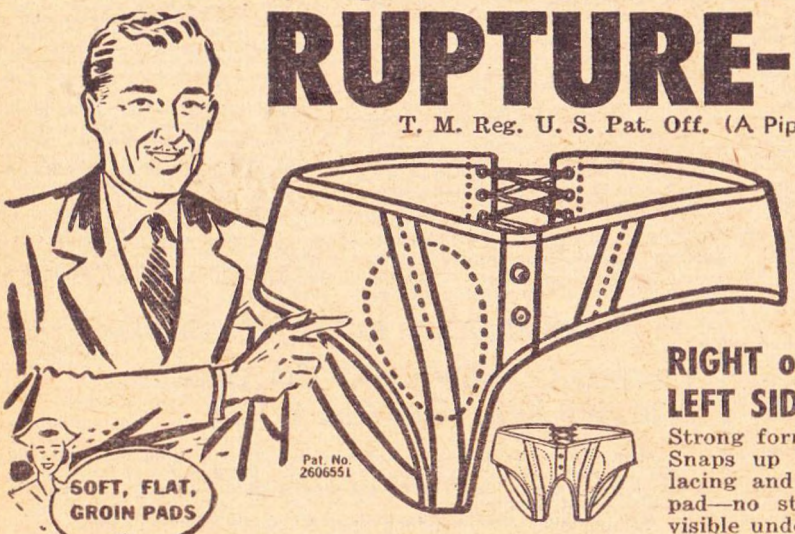
Will some medium try contact with Col. Robert Ingersoll? His matchless eloquence could not be duplicated by any living man. His words of praise for Spiritualism, delivered at press interviews many years ago, suggest that he would now, if his spirit survives, be anxious to enlighten us on the truth about the Hereafter. His beautiful words, "There may be a Being whose dreams are constellations and within Whose thought the universe exists. . . ." suggest high spiritual development.

Also inquire about a cure for cancer and most important ascertain why psychic manifestations do not occur where they would do the most good—at the Kremlin, in government departments where wars are planned; also in centers of learning like universities where materialism reigns supreme. I marvel that those who seem to have contact with spirit intelligences never think to ask this type of question. Like Scholastic Theology in the Middle Ages and Darwinian Evolution later, psychical research must first win the universities before press and public will accept it. Mediumship might help in ob-

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taining answers that would solve problems now defying man.

As a final test, would some medium ask if any "entity" has a message for Arthur of Bronx, N. Y.? If authentic particulars should come through, that medium could not possibly know by "natural" means. Write any results to FATE Magazine.—*Arthur* Morris, New York, N. Y.

IN APPRECIATION

Enclosed find a clipping from our local paper which may be suitable for your "I See By the Papers" or "Wheel of Fortune" columns.

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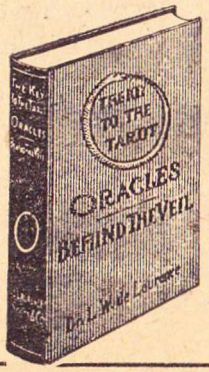
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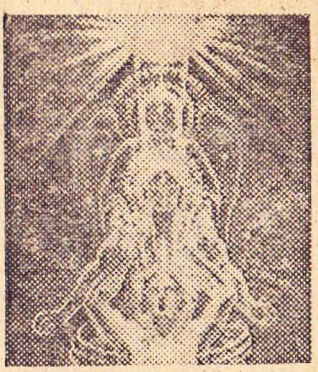
which we all enjoy reading and discussing. Keep up the good work.—*J. J. Janca, Redondo Beach, Calif.*

We wish to thank the many, many readers who send us clippings which we need for up-to-date coverage of the world's strange occurrences. We feel that our readers help publish FATE. *—R. N. W.*

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When I saw that you had added the "Psychic Panel" to your magazine, I instantly sensed possibilities.

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tion; and second, I think that the "Psychic Panel" can mean a great deal to your readers.

I think, however, that more thought should be given to answering the questions because I feel that you must have a great number of readers who, while particularly interested in phychical research, nevertheless have academic backgrounds and possess a technical turn of mind. These readers are evidently interested in getting a great deal of valuable information from this department.

It is my opinion that a few of the answers which were given in the June issue were scribbled off without enough serious thought. Information is available for a few of these answers to have been more to the point and therefore more helpful to your readers.—*Julian Pennington, Kansas City, Mo.*

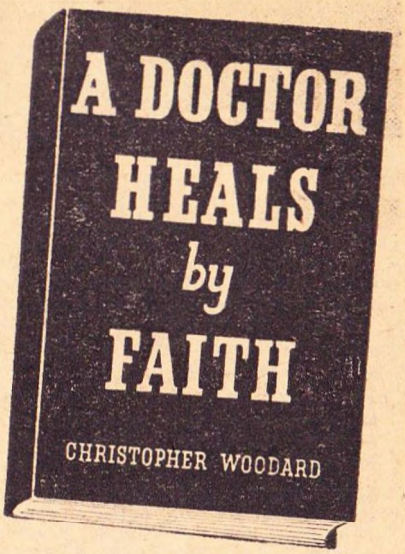
SOME UNKNOWN BEING

I have just finished reading Mrs. Thomas Doan's letter in the Report from the Readers section of the May, 1954, issue of Fate and wish to say I, too, have had similar experiences.

When sound asleep I am waked by an unknown force and find myself completely unable to move. This condition lasts a minute or so and I sense the presence of some unknown being beside me.

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I have, on two occasions, been waked from sound sleep to see a black-robed man or woman tugging at my bedclothes as though to convey some message to me. I was able to scream both times and the person disappeared.

My guess is that whoever it may be is on a friendly mission and I hope some reader who has had the same experiences will send his or her theory to Report from the Readers.

I'm a regular reader of FATE and enjoy every issue.—*Mildred J. Oates, Cleveland, O.*

HITLER REINCARNATED

From the article "The Rod and the Pendulum" in the June issue of FATE, I quote the following:

"It is to be hoped that the 'map' method is indeed fallible, for a large number of radiesthists have asserted that Hitler is still alive and is at large somewhere in South America. . . . there is enough trouble in the word without our having to cope again with this intrusive personality. . . ."

This expressed apprehension about Hitler being alive today indicates that the author of the article either has a great deal yet to learn about metaphysical subjects or is somewhat addicted to nonsense, for it was fully established by qualified seers about eight years ago that, immediately following his demise in 1945,

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Adolf Hitler reincarnated as a female in a good family and is now living as a beautiful, innocent, intelligent, sweet-tempered girl. Of course, she has no recollection whatever of having lived as Adolf Hitler.

The present exemplary state of the one who was Hitler does not in the least detract from the heinousness of the Hitler crimes. The subject of reincarnation is highly involved, but when one knows something of the cosmic laws that govern reincarnation, one can readily see how an entity may be a devil in one life and an angel in the succeeding life.—*U. M., Charlotte, N. Car.*

AN OPEN SECRET

In the May issue of FATE, someone stated there are no male rabbits during January, February and March. Between us kids and it's an open secret—all rabbits turn female during that period in order to pinch-hit for the Easter Bunny.—*Mariechen Al'An, Evansville, Ind.*

THE DRESSER DANCED

A few years ago while staying at a friend's house in Apollo, Pa., I was waked during the night by a strange happening. The moon was shining through the window and over in a corner of the room a dresser was doing its darnedest to dance.

I raised my head on my hand and elbow and waited until the

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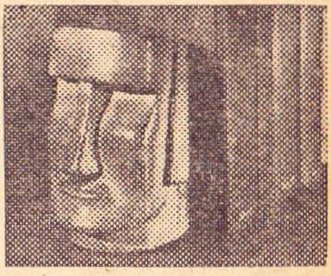


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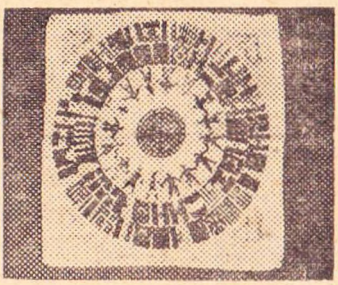
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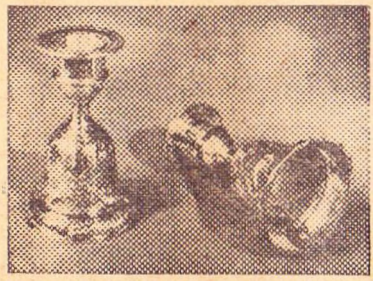
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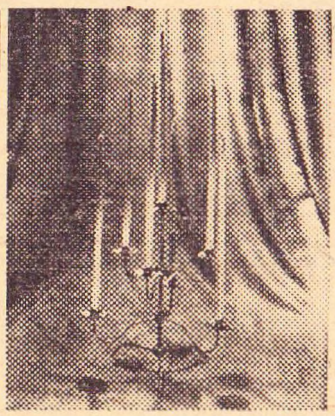
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performance ceased, then went back to sleep. The next morning I asked my hostess if she had seen or heard anything unusual around the house. She said she and her daughter both had seen a strange woman on quite a few occasions.

I only saw the dresser dance but did not see the agent causing it.—*Joseph G. Serene, Leechburg, Pa.*

OCCULT DANGERS

In my article, "I Knew a Witch in Somerset," in the May, 1954, issue of FATE, I mention Mother Warren having said that the astral plane could be opened by boiling and inhaling the fumes of a certain mushroom. I have received several inquiries regarding the type of mushroom referred to and I wish to explain that the actual name was omitted deliberately.

There are several varieties that can be used for different effects, but I must point out that this growth is ruled by the lowest forms of the Elemental Kingdom and has many dangers. To use this method is to break into the astral borders on black magic, as does any system which forces open the Door. It means that a person doing this can form a permanent contact that could mean danger through the rest of this life and severe trouble in the next.

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Also, under the Law of Cause and Effect (Karma) the person who imparted this knowledge would be personally responsible for the abuse of occult knowledge, which it would be, and put himself back in progress and be responsible for the other individuals stopping in advancement. It must be understood also that entry into the astral by these means is by lowering one's own vibrations. Hence there would be no protection. Three things could happen: injury to the astral body, possible break of the Higher Nomad, and permanent mental trouble. The only correct method of astral entry is from the higher downwards, then one is "with it" and not "of it."

Occult search should never be on these lines. When a person has made sufficient advancement, all this will be granted to him—i.e., when he is ready to receive and there is not the remotest chance of abuse.

I will grant you that these powers *can* be obtained by the Left Hand Path, but the ultimate fate the individual must face is indeed a sorry one.

The first thing one has to do is to put one's own house in order and that is the biggest fight of all. It means the mopping up from Karmic Ties—tolerance, no form of revenge, an even temper under the greatest provocation,

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consideration of others. This Karmic business is indeed the most difficult. To cite one simple instance, one might be looking at a magazine and see the picture of some person and then say or think, "Well! If I had a face like that sour puss!"

Exactly; one has gone wrong there. If one must make any comment at all, one should think more with a thought of compassion. This thought will find that person and help, but like most thoughts it will rebound to the sender and create the same result either that way or in some other.

I think it will be understood now why I have not disclosed the information regarding the mushroom. I assure you I have never made use of it and would not do so under any circumstances.—*J. P. J. Chapman, Parkstone, Dorset, England.*

"SHEER POPPY-COCK"

It is one thing to label articles facts, but it is another thing to label fiction and sheer poppycock facts. I was given a copy of your magazine (June) which I read. Almost every one of those articles are the products of diseased minds and overimagination.

Let us take the one called "My Reincarnated Son" by Miriam Teel Clark. Now, wouldn't you think that if she had been so

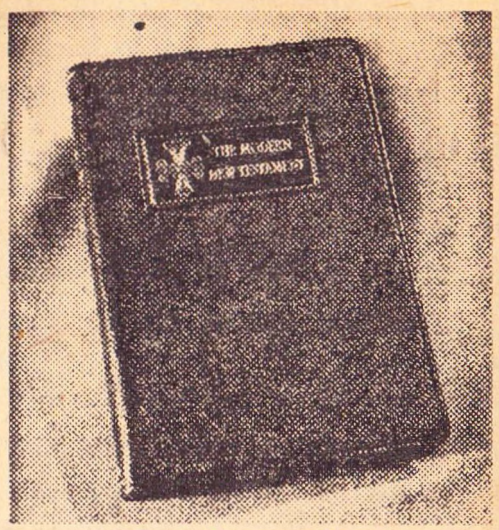
convinced that the boy was really hers, she would have made some effort to obtain custody of him, or at least see that he was removed from his so-called miserable surroundings?

I think it a fine thing for earnest people to attempt the exploration of the unknown— especially the psychic world of which we know so little—but to give way to such rot as you print retards progress in all directions.

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