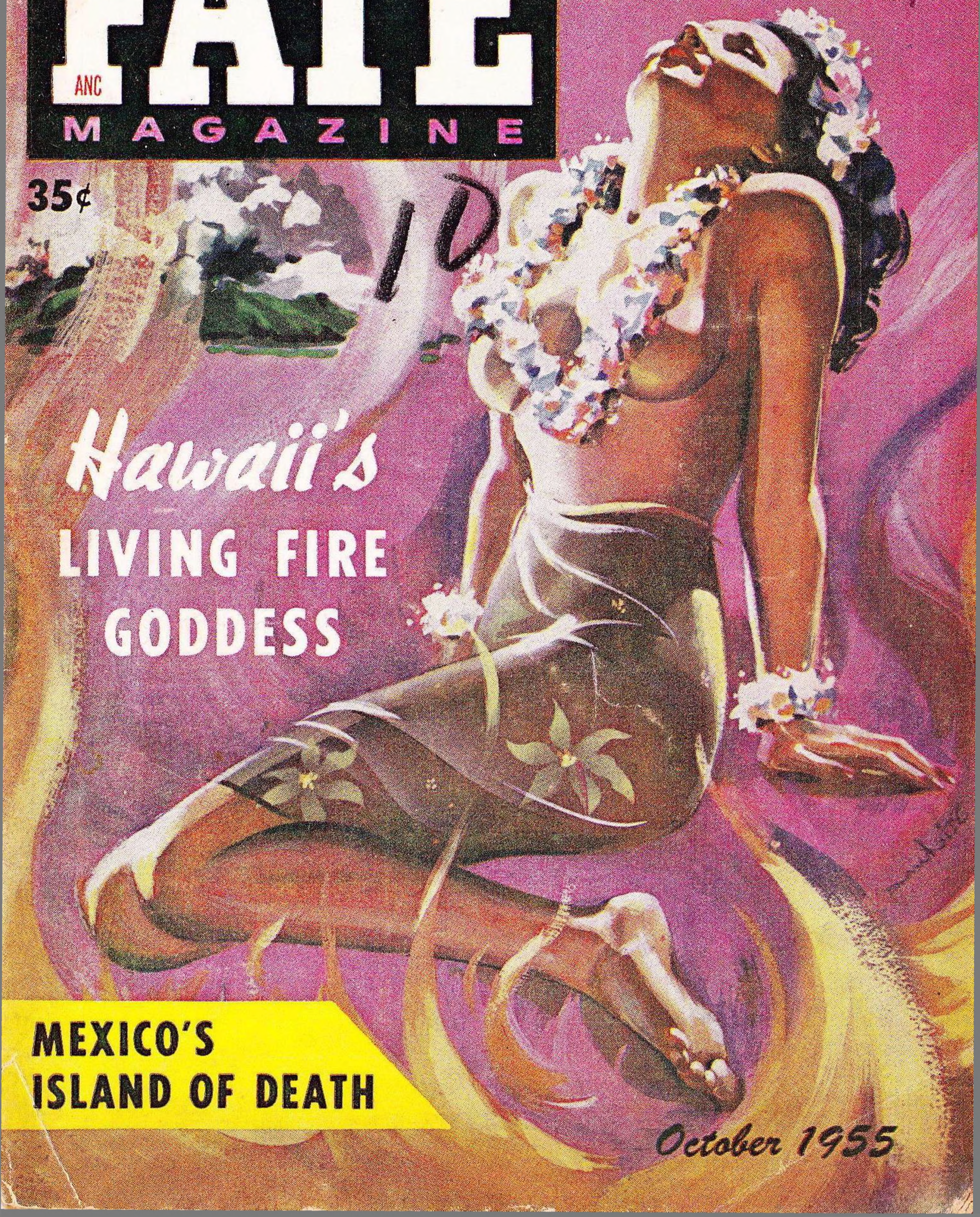
THE PLANET THAT DISAPPEARED • •

FATE
ANC
MAGAZINE

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

35¢



Hawaii's LIVING FIRE GODDESS

MEXICO'S ISLAND OF DEATH

October 1955



Marguerite Carter

You Be The Judge!

Learned men from scientists to men of all religious faiths, have been believers in planetary influences. This is evidenced in the written word, preserved in archives, in ancient archaeological ruins and currently in buildings of today and accepted procedures of today.

Marguerite Carter, a serious student, is amazing in her predictions. *Early in 1954*, in a special piece of work, Miss Carter said: "I predict a great deal of progress in the MEDICAL SCIENCES. Prominent in this field, is poliomyelitis. Science is sure to score a definite advance, and there is an extremely great probability of the achievement of final victory over this destructive virus." Remember the headlines of the second week of April?

Also in this same publication, *early in 1954*, Miss Carter observed: "This is a time of many minor or small wars. I see many powder kegs, and many small flames that threaten to touch off the powder. Any secret matter may be explosive now, and small mistakes may prove to be the beginning of hostilities in various parts of the world. Also, the coming period is one of a great deal of hustle in the political field. There will be a number of political conferences, treaties and agreements. One government representative is likely to make a number of trips . . . Our country will take a most constructive attitude in the conflicts of the Middle East, and will interfere among the warring nations with such a frame of mind, that it will eventually impart harmony to them. From the efforts of our country, will ensue a revival of spiritual values in international dealings and world relations. The impact of our influence will bring the various peoples of the world closer and closer, with deeper religious understanding of the brotherhood of man, and the importance of realizing the meaning and value of peace on earth."

For the greatest help *you personally* have ever known, get your forecast for the next twelve months. Send your complete birthday—month, date and year, the hour of your birth (if known), and the place—with a remittance of $3.00 for your forecast which will include Miss Carter's special notations showing "Outstanding Indications." Address: Marguerite Carter, 829 Jackson Bldg., Indianapolis 25, Indiana.

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Benjamin Franklin



Isaac Newton



Francis Bacon

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OCTOBER
1955

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COVER PAINTING BY CATHERINE STIEHM

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I See by the Papers...



DEATH AND THE VOODOO HEX

● Until recently, scientists scoffed at the idea that death by voodoo curse was possible. A few weeks ago Dr. Curt P. Richter of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, told the National Academy of Sciences that he has discovered rats can die when placed in hopeless, helpless situations from which no escape is possible.

The same thing, he reports, is true of human beings.

Dr. Richter says this explains sudden deaths of persons who have been cursed or doomed by a medicine man in whom they believe. Such deaths occur within hours after the hex is placed on the victim and without a hand being laid on them.

Often when persons attempt suicide they die without taking a fatal dose of poison — because they believe they are doomed.

Next problem is to find cases in which hexed persons die without knowing they have been hexed.

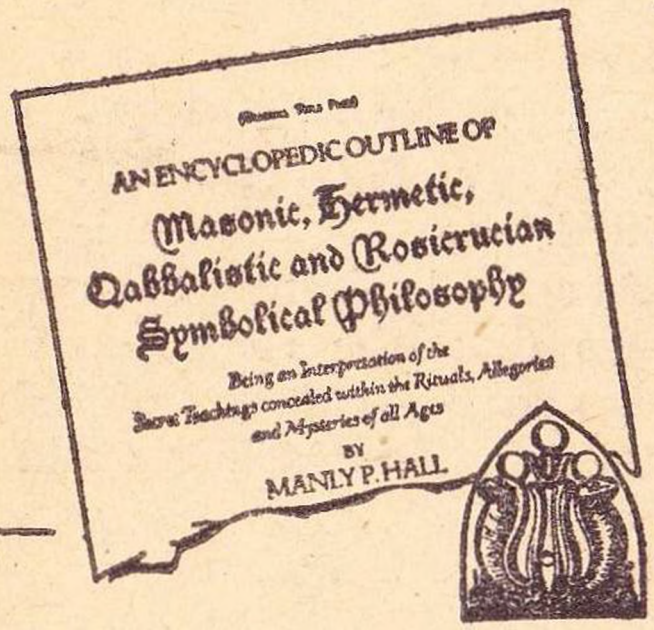
THE SHATTERED GLASS

● Late in June I was walking east on Grand Avenue in Chicago. Near the corner of Grand and Rush Street I saw a crowd gathered around a new parked Dodge sedan. The back window of the sedan was completely cracked and shattered. It had burst. There were literally millions of tiny cracks in the glass. It seemed to be virtually powdery. The entire window was affected except that parts were still intact.

I took a piece of the glass to my office and examined it. It measures about two inches square and is shattered into about 200 sections. These sections are still held together but as I picked them up to count them they crumbled in my hand. Half a dozen little pieces, penetrating all layers, of the glass broke off.

The inside of the glass is extirely smooth. The outside, as might be expected, is slightly

The SECRET TEACHINGS of ALL AGES...



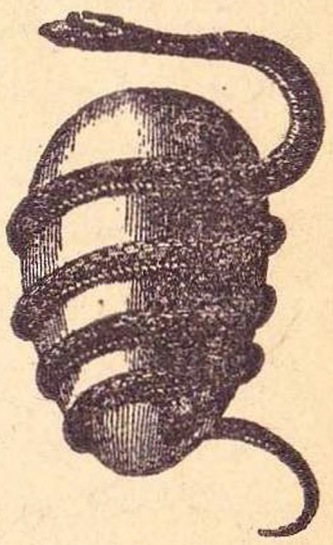
Vast research into the mysteries of antiquity has revealed the once-lost ideas of the past . . . preserved and proved the wisdom of the ancients.

ORIGINAL COST: $100 PER COPY!

The pre-publication sale of this book was without known precedent. At its original cost of $100 per copy, the entire first four prints were sold out before the first copy came off the press. TODAY you can buy this priceless, one-of-a-kind volume — just like the original $100 book — for only $15.00!

Its unique, appropriate design—a work of art in itself—embodies the finest elements of the printer's craft and bears the stamp of Dr. John Henry Nash, the foremost designer of printing on the American Continent. Measuring 9¼ inches wide by 13 inches long, the volume contains 48 full-page illustrations, plus almost 200 other illustrations within the massive text of its several hundred roman-numeralled pages. A few of the headings of its 43 chapters are:

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND SECRET SOCIETIES (three chapters) ATLANTIS AND THE GODS OF ANTIQUITY • ISIS THE VIRGIN OF THE WORLD THE ZODIAC AND ITS SIGNS • WONDERS OF ANTIQUITY • CEREMONIAL MAGIC AND SORCERY • THE QABBALAH, THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF ISRAEL • AN ANALYSIS OF THE TAROT CARDS • THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ALCHEMY (three chapters) • MYSTIC CHRISTIANITY • THE MYSTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE



Author Manly P. Halls says:

"The present work is an attempt to supply a tome worthy of those seers and sages whose thoughts are the substance of its pages . . . it is concerned with subjects openly ridiculed by the sophists of the 20th Century. Its true purpose is to introduce the mind of the reader to a hypothesis of living wholly beyond materialistic theology, philosophy, or science."

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weathered. Oddly enough, both sides have tiny black pock-marks. Every one of these marks is in juxta position to a crack, but not all cracks appear to have them.

Apparently the wave of shattered glass on cars continues.

❖

BASHIR TO VISIT

● Our friend Mir Bashir, a frequent contributor to FATE, expects to revisit this country and Canada in the later summer and early fall. He will be in New New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles and has a few open dates on his lecture calendar. Interested organizations may contact us.

❖

BATTLE OF THE POLYNESIANS

● Did the raft voyages of the Kon-Tiki and of William Willis prove that the Pacific islands were peopled from Peru or North America?

Not according to Dr. Kenneth P. Emory of Honolulu's Bishop Museum. Despite the fact that the raft voyages prove men *could* have journeyed to Polynesia from Peru, the bulk of evidence still points to Malaysia as source of the Pacific peoples, Dr. Emory declares.

He says that the languages of Polynesia have roots in the west — from Malaysia, Micronesia and Melanesia. The outrigger canoes of the Pacific Island peoples are similar to those found in Malaysia and they are not found in the Americas.

He believes that the big balsa rafts used by the Kon-Tiki and Willis expeditions probably originated under the Incas some time after Polynesia had been settled.

As a final point, Dr. Emory declares that the religious, social and material cultures of Polynesia all point to Malaysia and not to Peru.

❖

BETTER DATES FOR ANCIENT DAYS

● The radiocarbon method of dating ancient archeological finds continues to be extended and improved. It is based on the known rate at which radioactive carbon 14 enters living matter and disintegrates on the death of that matter.

Other evidence, such as the rate of formation of the Niagara Falls gorge, have helped scientists date the ice age, for example. Estimates have varied from 8,000 to 25,000 years ago. Now an improvement of the radiocarbon clock has given us more precise data.

It appears we are now at the end of an ice age which began 25,000 or more years ago. This ice age reached its maximum between 20,000 and 18,000 years ago.

The radiocarbon dating method has upset traditional ideas on the antiquity of man in America. The Southwest Museum re-



A ceremony to ward off an ancient curse is held at the Tichborne Estate near Arlesford, England. The curse said the Tichborne family would live only as long as free flour was distributed annually to residents of the estate. Monsignor J. M. Clarke blesses flour while Sir Anthony Tichborne (right) and a daughter (left) watch. United Press photo.

ported in June that man certainly lived in Nevada at least 23,800 years ago.

The bones of mammoths and other ancient animals bearing distinctive marks of human processing were found mixed with charcoal, apparently from camp fires.

❖

KEY TO ANCIENT CRETE

● As the readers of FATE know, one of the most fantastic and highly developed civilizations of all time was that of ancient Crete. The inhabitants there even had plumbing systems in their homes.

Recently a huge ruin was found in Anatolia. It seems to bear resemblances to the Cretan civilization. The city was built by a people known as "Arzawas" and lies 150 miles up the Meander River which flows into the Aegean Sea near Miletus. The ruins have been compared with those at Hissarlik which were made famous by Heinrich Schlie-

mann in 1870. The architectural style suggests that Cretan nobles may have fled to Anatolia when their buildings were destroyed either by earthquake or by the primitive Achaeans.

An alternative is that the Arzawans themselves may have inspired the Minoan palaces of Crete. Nearly 90 sites of Arzawan culture have been examined by British archeologists who have found residential buildings, servants quarters, stables, a grain store and what appears to be a court house. The stables are more elaborate than the servants quarters.

❖

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

● Are atom bombs affecting the weather?

Not by any tests scientists have been able to make, according to Dr. Lester Matcha and Dr. Lee Harris in *Science*, published by the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Possible relationship between atom-bomb explosions and weather include the chance that the bombs might have a cloud-seeding effect or that they might affect atmospheric electricity, solar radiation or the climate and energy level of the atmosphere. The investigators found no reason to believe that any of these "mechanisms" was responsible for weather changes.

On an absolute basis, according to Dr. Harris, atom bombs are small stuff. Condensation of clouds into rain during a hurricane releases energy equivalent to two H-bombs per second, he said.

But a former University of British Columbia physicist, Dr. Bohdon Medusa Cwilong, now on the physics staff at the University of Panama, declares that atomic blasts are causing more rain clouds, more gales, stronger winds, more rain fall in normally dry areas. The billions of tiny particles caused by the explosions, he explains, act as artificial nuclei for raindrops, in effect causing cloud-seeding.

"A completely new type of atmospheric nuclei has been observed," says Dr. Cwilong, "very numerous, and twice as active as any encountered before. It seems justified to conclude that they are newcomers to our atmosphere, as years of experiments never revealed them before."

"The indications are grave," he declares.

❖

LET'S TAKE A STAND

● We would like to stand up and be counted.

Recently Vernon Cole of the Carmel Valley, Calif., was convicted of violating a law. He had permitted his home to be used for a seance.

It seems a county ordinance prohibits any person from collecting money for the practice of

"astrology, phrenology, catomancy, clairvoyance, clairaudience, crystal gazing, hypnotism, mediumship, prophecy, augury, divination, mind reading or necromancy."

In Mr. Cole's case, district attorney's investigators raided a seance where a medium was attempting to communicate with the spirits of the dead.

We feel that Mr. Cole's rights to freedom of religious worship were violated. We believe that the California ordinance could not possibly stand up in higher courts.

Freedom of religious worship doesn't mean only freedom for those beliefs with which we happen to agree!

❖

THE MOLDS OF PHIDIAS

● Phidias was the most famous sculptor of Ancient Greece and perhaps the finest sculptor in all history. One of his works was a gigantic statue of Zeus, which was one of the original seven wonders of the world.

Recently Prof. Erich Boehriger, president of the German Archeological Institute in Athens, announced that the original clay molds which Phidias used to cast the statue have been found.

Not all of them have turned up as yet, but if they all can be discovered the original statue of the Greek God can be recast. The molds were found buried deep on the site of ancient workshops along with delicate tools of ivory, bronze and bone.

Descriptions of the statue survive. It has been described as a magnificent, benign figure with massive head, enthroned and richly ornamented. The garment was sprinkled with sculptured decorations. The figure is believed by some to have influenced the visual concept of God and so to have influenced Christian and Jewish art even into recent times.

❖

FRED BEMIS AND THE SULPHUR WELL

● After Fred Zurcher, a well driller of Bowling Green, Ohio, struck sulphur rock while trying to drill a well for Tracy Riches, he called on Fred Bemis to dowse a new location for him.

Bemis brought along his forked peach stick and went to work on the Riches' property. He crisscrossed the land time after time and finally he said, "Drill there."

"But that's only 12 feet from a 128-foot sulphur well," protested Zurcher.

"I can't help it," said Bemis. "That's where it is."

A few days later, sure enough, Zurcher hit pure sweet water, in good supply, at a depth of 84 feet. The Toledo *Blade* recently reported this story in detail.

❖

MAYBE IT WAS A BAT

● Seems all kinds of things hap-

pen around Houston — or perhaps our correspondents are more active there. Anyway, late in May Mrs. Leo Eaves, of 3600 Rural, corralled a mighty strange little beast in a fruit jar after it had fallen out of a tree.

The beast died a few hours later. It appeared to have the face of a monkey, ears of a rat, wings like a chicken, and reddish hair. It was about the size of a young chick. Mrs. Eaves thought maybe it had "committed suicide" with a stinger at the end of its spike-like tail.

❖

OH, OH! ANOTHER "THING"

This particular "Thing" wasn't alive, as far as anyone can tell. It was just an ugly yellowish lump of something washed up out of the ocean onto Oahu Island near Waipahu.

Jackson McBride, who found it, thought it might be ambergris. He brought it into Kiso Tamanaha's store and put the 215-lb. blob of whatsit on display.

Several customers swore they saw it move. They refused to come back into the store. Finally Mr. Tamanaha said "I think you better take this away because we got a lotta complaints." So it was hauled off to the Honolulu *Advertiser* for observation — where it turned out not to be ambergris.

George Fukuoka, a tavernkeeper, offered Mr. McBride $500 for the "Thing." He wanted to put it on display to attract customers.

Just about that time the "Thing" disappeared. A night watchman said that it was taken by two men in military uniform. Mr. McBride, at last notice, was still waiting for his $500.

❖

FIREMAN'S DREAM

● In Orlando, Fla., Fireman J. R. Spence dreamed that the Avalon Hotel had burned down on one of his days off. He wishes now that he hadn't mentioned it to his fellow firemen because, sure enough, four days later it did burn down. Things being what they are, these days, clairvoyance isn't supposed to exist.

"In the dream I remember seeing smoke as we approached from Livingston Ave., just like today," Spence told a reporter. "I don't remember fighting the fire but it's clear during the part when we looked up and saw the hotel burned out and black like it is now."

❖

A REPORT ON HEALING

● In our minds there is no doubt that spiritual healing exists. However, we believe that it doesn't always work and that when it does it isn't necessarily miraculous. It occurs to us that very often it may have the same kind of randomness that ESP — clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, etc. — have. Despite the

fabulous reports on Harry Edwards from England, it seems likely to us that healing cannot happen on order.

In Wichita Falls, Tex., a deeply religious young mother, who had spent four years in a wheel chair, was watching a TV religious service one day last May. Mrs. Anna Williams, 22, said "something told me to get up and walk" and she did. She had suffered a broken leg in a car accident in 1951. In 1953 she got polio and afterwards was paralyzed from the waist down with myelitis, and inflammation of the spine which often follows polio. The following Sunday Mrs. Williams walked down the aisle to her seat at Baptist Church.

Then there is the near-miraculous recovery of Mrs. Roberta Oliver, 28, wife of an ex-Navy flier, who survived an almost-always fatal blood disease following her baptism and confirmation into the Mormon Church. Mrs. Oliver was at Camp Pendleton Naval Hospital, unable to move, virtually unable to breathe. She had been there more than five months, ill with a disease that prevented her blood from coagulating. Yet a few days later she was able to walk into the church for her baptism and confirmation.

❖

WHY MEN ARE MEN

● Now we've heard practically everything. A new theory on what has differentiated man from apes has been proposed by Dr. Egon Orowan, a professor of mechanical engineering at M.I.T. It is called "thought-provoking" by evolutionists in England — even though it was suggested by an American.

According to Dr. Orowan's theory, man has developed intellectually because of the effect on his evolution of large amounts of uric acid in his blood stream. Dr. Orowan believes this is what happened:

Maybe a million years ago a race of unspecialized apes suddenly, somehow, lost its bodily ability to manufacture an important chemical called uricase. As a result of this lack of uricase, man now carries an excess amount of uric acid in his blood.

Now uric acid is a stimulant. Therefore, man has been under the driving force of a veritable drug for at least a million years.

❖

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

● Nevertheless, we would be misleading our readers if we implied that this always happens, and that so-called "healers" are always either successful or honest.

Southern Presbyterians meeting in Richmond, Va., in June expressed grave concern over what they called the growing interest among churchgoers in the most "spectacular" aspects of faith

healing. The report criticized many so-called "healers", including those appearing on television. The report said there was a Biblical basis for belief in the power of faith healing. But it also said that God is concerned with the "whole nature of man" and that it is a misconception of New Testament faith to limit healing to the "sudden, spectacular, and mysterious." The assembly emphasized that it had no intention of formulating an authoritative statement on the problem at this time.

Meanwhile, FATE some months ago reproduced a full-page advertisement by congregations of the Church of Christ of Phoenix, Aliz., offering a reward for proof of modern-day, miraculous divine healing.

According to a report the church has made to FATE, "not one single soul made any honest effort to claim this reward. At the time it was made, Oral Roberts, who claimed that miraculous healings were occurring under his hands every night, was holding a meeting in Phoenix. He made not one effort to refute our presentation of the truth on the question of miraculous healings of today.

"All that we asked in way of proof was that any two or three reputable physicians examine the patient before and after the healing. Thus far no one has been willing to actually have the powers which they claim to be able to use put to such an open, honest examination."

It seems to FATE that these conditions have been met in the past and can be met again — perhaps even in Phoenix. It is not always easy to get physicians to participate in such an endeavor, however, and if faith healing is a random thing it cannot always work.

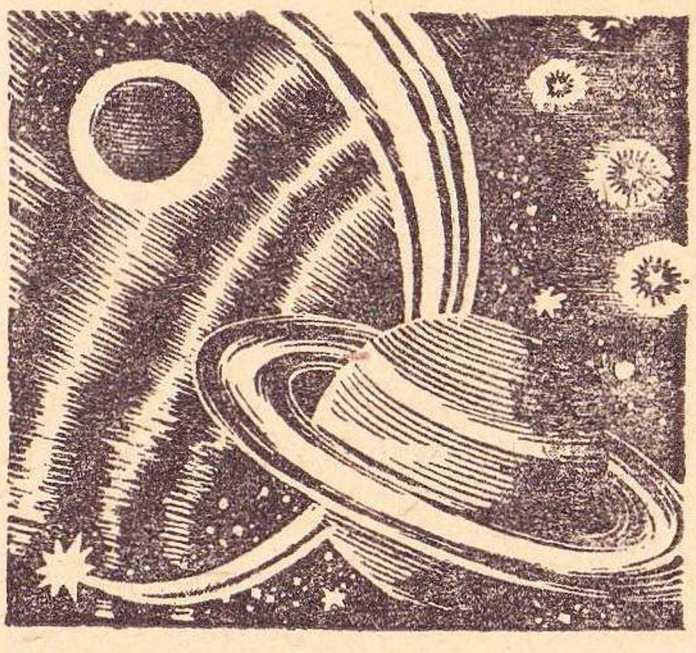
It is a tenet of the Church of Christ that the gift of healing miraculously was given to men in the First Century after establishment of the church for the purpose of confirming the word. Apparently, according to the church's doctrine, such power no longer exists and will not exist until Christ returns.

Other churches do not agree.

— *Curtis Fuller*

DEATH WAS UNEXPECTED

At a funeral in Toledo, O., Rev. John T. Mitchell, 73, finished a sermon entitled "The Unexpectedness of Death," sat down — and died of a heart attack.



the PLANET that disappeared

The amateur astronomer claimed he had discovered a new planet. Was there a flaw in his telescope?

By Michael Hervey

SOME planets have the disconcerting habit of wandering off their course, to the intense annoyance of astronomers. The most flagrant case on record is that of the planet *Vulcan*.

First mention of this erratic planet was made in 1860 when M. Leverrier, Director of the Observatory of Paris, suddenly startled the world with the news that the observed motions of Mercury did not coincide with the path theory attributed to it. There was another planet, in his opinion, circling in the vicinity. Mercury consequently was behaing rather strangely.

Mr. Leverrier, it must be stated in all fairness, did not try to take all the credit for this momentous discovery. An eager amateur astronomer had brought the matter to his attention.

This amateur was a French doctor named Lescarbault. M. Lescarbault proved to be a trifle dogmatic, insisting he actually had seen the planet in the shape of a black spot moving across the face

of the sun. Unfortunately he had omitted to mention his important discovery to anyone for almost a year. Then it suddenly entered his head to write the Director of the Observatory of Paris concerning it.

His letter must have impressed the Director for he no sooner had delivered his lecture to the *Academie des Sciences* than he was on his way to visit the good doctor.

Contemporary records describe the Director as an extremely domineering man, one who went out of his way to insult his associates and fellow scientists. The doctor, however, stuck to his guns and succeeded in convincing the other of the genuineness of his claims. In fact, the Director actually used his influence to get him decorated with a Legion of Honor medal.

The Director now made countless calculations based on the other's report. Eventually he arrived at the following conclusions; one, that the planet was approximately 80-million miles away; two, that it took close to 20 days to traverse the orbit he laid down for it; three, that it was about one quarter the size of Mercury and had about one-seventeenth of the other's density. In this case it is difficult to see how it could possibly have affected the motion of the much larger planet.

Leverrier no sooner made his findings known than a member of a Brazilian body of astronomers rudely challenged the existence of the planet, now called *Vulcan.* The latter claimed that he had had the sun under close observation on the day in question and not a single spot had marred its surface.

The planet, according to Leverrier's calculations, was due to take another bow the following April. He had the satisfaction of confounding his critic, some time later, when a German astronomer in China made it known that he actually had seen the planet at the beginning of the month, on April 4, 1875.

Other eminent astronomers took up the search and while certain of them agreed that there was an unidentified planet in the vicinity of Mercury, few if any, were ready to swear that it was the mysterious *Vulcan.*

One notoriety seeker in the States actually went so far as to claim he had seen the planet when according to all calculations *it was behind the sun.* Another theory put forward was that it had exploded shortly after its debut. Planets do explode, of course. Stars explode also, under certain conditions, but there was little to support this supposition in view of the fact that no such heavenly explosion was witnessed during the months that followed *Vulcan's* discovery.

Strangely, *Vulcan* has not been

seen nor heard from since.

Could the planet have been some sort of midge crawling across the lens of Dr. Lescarbault's telescope? Or was he having hallucinations?

Some persons suggest that he invented the whole thing. The majority, however, are convinced that what he saw was a sun spot.

The discovery, of course, may have been due to some flaw in the telescope. Many an astronomer has suddenly come across a mysterious planet, only to find in the bitter light of morning that his telescope was at fault. Such a case was that of O. Struve who, in 1874, announced that he had discovered the much discussed, dark companion to *Procyon*. He pursued this dark companion for nearly five years before discovering that there was a flaw in his lens.

ROSCOE'S THREE DREAMS

By William W. Bathlot

In 1933 my son-in-law, Roscoe Netz, worked in a molybdenum mine in the Red River Valley in northern New Mexico. One morning he said to his wife, "This is the third night in succession I have dreamed of being buried beneath a fall of rocks from the ceiling of the room in which I work. I don't understand it. The room has been inspected lately and pronounced safe. Why, I can close my eyes and see my feet and hands protruding from beneath the pile of rocks, and see a little stream of blood oozing into the sand!"

This frightened his wife. She had heard her husband say, "There is nothing more dangerous than loose rock overhead in a mine. It gives no sign of warning." However, Roscoe promised her he would examine the ceiling of the room carefully before he started to work that morning and if there was the slightest sign of danger, he would notify the superintendent and return home.

She worried along until 10 o'clock that morning when Roscoe appeared. Blood was running down his face and his clothes were torn and dusty. "I found it!" he said. "A circle, or hog-back, in the rock, about six feet in diameter, right above the place where I worked. A fine crack no thicker than the blade of a knife outlined it. I tapped the rock with my bar and little showers of dust drifted down from the seam. I jumped back just in time. With a roar, tons of rock came crashing down. There is no argument about it! — those three dreams saved my life!" — *Albuquerque, New Mex.*

Hawaii's Living Fire

Native Hawaiians say she is the reincarnation of Pele, the Fire Goddess — and strange events surround her.



A descendant of ancient Hawaiian kings, Ma Ma Loa is believed to fulfill an old legend and to have supernatural powers.

By Milton Klamen

To a dying race has come a living symbol of Polynesian mythology, fulfilling a prediction that is centuries old.

This is Ma Ma Loa — translated Mother of the Islands — a fabulous woman, by far the most noted survivor of a dynamic people whose history goes back to the Stone Age.

The Polynesians are a proud and independent people. Polynesian legends tell of a vigorous race of skilled navigators and astronomers, great warriors, athletes and astute students of nature. They were expert artisans whose feathered cloaks ranked in beauty and craftsmanship with the famed rugs of the ancient Persians.

Yet these versatile, happy-go-lucky people, who spread from Tahiti over all the South Sea Islands, had no written language. Their history was told and retold down through the years in chants. And only members of the nobility held the secrets of this oral literature.

The Polynesians were intensely religious. Every undertaking was initiated by a special ceremony. Accompanied by the hula dancers, the chanters were principals in these pageants of worship. Today Ma Ma Loa is the foremost authority on the sacred chants and hulas of old Hawaii.

In Hawaiian folklore all nature is deified. The earth, sky, clouds and sea are filled with invisible spirits or "akuas". Thunder, meteors, sharks and the vol-

Goddess

Her name is Ma Ma Loa.
Her home is in Hauula (How-oo-la)
Hauula by the mountain
Hauula by the sea
She is the Earthly Daughter
Of the Air, Fire and Water.
Native Hawaiian Chant

cano are each a living and spiritual being. But of all their gods, the one most powerful and most revered is Pele, the Fire Goddess.

Pele was a restless soul who lived on excitement. She was an inhabitant of many of the Polynesian islands long ago, but now, the natives claim, she dwells in the crater of Mt. Kileau, volcano on the Island of Hawaii. By many Hawaiians Ma Ma Loa is thought to be the embodiment of this famous deity — the age-old goddess in 20th Century form.

The sun is setting on the ancient Hawaiian civilization. Today there are only 10,000 full-blooded Hawaiians left among more than a half-million people who inhabit the Islands. Their culture is being swallowed up, assimilated by the newcomers who have poured into this tropical paradise. At the present rate, even this small handful of native Hawaiian descendants will disappear. The pure strains of a once-great race will vanish forever.

Throughout many centuries it has been prophesied that at the end for the Hawaiian race their Fire Goddess, Pele, will be reincarnated in human form. The natives believe that Ma Ma Loa is this chosen one. They cite many instances in her life to substantiate this belief.

Christened Lei Lani Kalaeloa (Heavenly Flower of the House of Fire) she is a direct descendant of the Hawaiian royal line. Records in the Bishop Museum in Honolulu show that this unusual woman is indeed a blood relative of Umi Alii Loa, the most ancient and beloved of Hawaiian kings.

When Lei Lani was only 14 her mother was approached by a representative of the Dole Pineapple Company. He asked for permission to use her picture in advertising their product.

"We are looking", he said, "for

a native girl who can be made up to look either very young or very old. Your daughter fits that description perfectly."

The mother became frightened and called a family council. For she recalled a family tradition, that her youngest child was destined to have the "Mana" or soul force of the Fire Goddess, Pele. And was it not this same supernatural being, Pele, who could appear as a young maiden or an old woman at will?

The relatives decided that it would be best to send the girl away until she reached maturity. The parents agreed. It was arranged for her to become a member of a Hawaiian group of entertainers touring the world.

Lei Lani has so magnetic a personality that she aroused considerable attention everywhere she appeared. Nelson Rockefeller, Jr., watching her dance in a Houston hotel, was so impressed he offered a fabulous sum for her contract. This was refused by Ray Kinney, leader of the troupe and a cousin of the girl.

After 10 years as just another hula dancer, Lei Lani went to Kinney one day and announced: "I am Ma Ma Loa—Mother of the Islands, Earthly Daughter of the Air, Fire and Water. I must return to my people and fulfill my destiny."

She immediately left for the Hawaiian Islands.

An inexplicable event marked her arrival home. A young Hawaiian boy who had never seen her nor heard the name Ma Ma Loa seemed to recognize her by instinct. He greeted her by her new and mystic title.

Ma Ma Loa then went to live in the ancient fishing village of Haula, (How-oo-la) about 40 miles from Honolulu, at the foot of Sacred Falls. This is where Pele's old lover, Kamapuaa, the pig god, is said to be turned to stone. Here for centuries he has been awaiting her return.

Since her prophetic return to the Islands Ma Ma Loa has become a living legend. No public ceremony is complete for the Hawaiian people without the presence of their beloved Ma Ma Loa. Many are the strange tales told about her.

When Samuel P. King, the first native governor of the Island, was being inaugurated in a formal ceremony, Ma Ma Loa abruptly walked past the many guards and approached the official party. Suddenly rain poured down from the heavens in torrents, an ancient sign that the gods approved the choice of a new tribal chief.

In the old tradition Ma Ma Loa addressed the governor in Hawaiian, presented him with a gift, and disappeared into the crowd. Immediately the rain stopped.

On another occasion President Truman was visiting the Islands

with his family. The presidential party was isolated on Coconut Island, one mile away from shore and surrounded by shark-infested waters. This retreat was under the constant guard of Marine patrols who would let no one land without an official pass. But Ma Ma Loa mysteriously appeared on the island, unannounced, bringing Mr. Truman and his family gifts of love from her people.

The mother of seven children, Ma Ma Loa presents a striking picture. She is petite and youthful looking, has sparkling brown eyes and blue-black hair tinged with just the touch of red which is the sign of the fire goddess. Paradoxically for a member of a race whose life evolves around their beloved sun, her skin is peculiarly sensitive to sunlight. And she must protect her eyes from the sun at all times. These are characteristics of the Menehunes — the Little People — earliest inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands.

Ma Ma Loa is one of the most graceful exponents of the age-old Hawaiian art of the hula dance. She is said to be the last Hawaiian to have learned the hula from the secret ritual of the Alii, ancient nobility of the Hawaiians. Part of her intensive training in this art included learning to dance while standing in the ocean submerged to the waist.

Rita Hayworth, when making the motion picture Sadie Thompson in the Islands, had the privilege of being instructed in the authentic hula movements by Ma Ma Loa. Natives believe that no greater honor can come to their children than to learn the hula from Ma Ma Loa. It is said that Ma Ma Loa's movements are hypnotic.

The ancient Hawaiians claimed that the elements of nature were controlled by knowledge of sound and motion. The temperature of the body was raised to the desired degree by the hula and a magnetic field would appear around the head in the form of a halo. This is symbolized today by the flower lei worn around the head of the descendants of Hawaiian royalty. The mystic chant would then extend this magnetic field through its art of controlled sound over a much greater geographical area. This, according to legend, is the explanation for the perfect weather conditions found in the Islands.

Down through the ages one of the most noted of Hawaiian skills has been the making of Tappa cloth. Known also as paper cloth, it is made from the inner bark of the mulberry tree and is beautifully ornamented by native craftsmen. The Polynesians found Tappa cloth ideal for blankets since nature's close weaving of the Tappa cloth filaments provided so much extra warmth for the body. Due to its cohesive quality the dyeworkers found that the cloth

readily absorbed the imprint of their symbols. The numerous occult designs of Polynesian culture are highlighted, as if painted by hand, when woven into Tappa cloth. These sacred symbols, which are the pictorial likeness of their holy chants and hulas, are greatly cherished by the Hawaiian people. It is Ma Ma Loa who is looked to as the expert on proper combinations for these signs.

This revered woman is recognized by her people as holder of the keys to the "Secrets of the Long, Long Ago". She is the only living Hawaiian who can interpret correctly the meaning of the symbols to be used in authentic Tappa cloth. Leading designers from many regions of the world have come to Ma Ma Loa for advice on the proper use of these ancient symbols and patterns. For Ma Ma Loa alone can suggest the proper combinations of the symbols which will bring health, happiness, and spiritual elevation to all who gaze upon them.

Thus the legend of the Everlasting Mother, Ma Ma Loa, goes on. She is a principal tourist attraction in the Islands. The Office of Hawaiian Affairs has featured her in their travel advertisements, which proclaim "Visit Hawaii, home of Ma Ma Loa."

Many thousands every year visit the volcano Mt. Kileau, the home of Pele, the Fire Goddess, whom Ma Ma Loa represents on earth. Native Hawaiians claim they can see the face of Ma Ma Loa in the depths of the volcano.

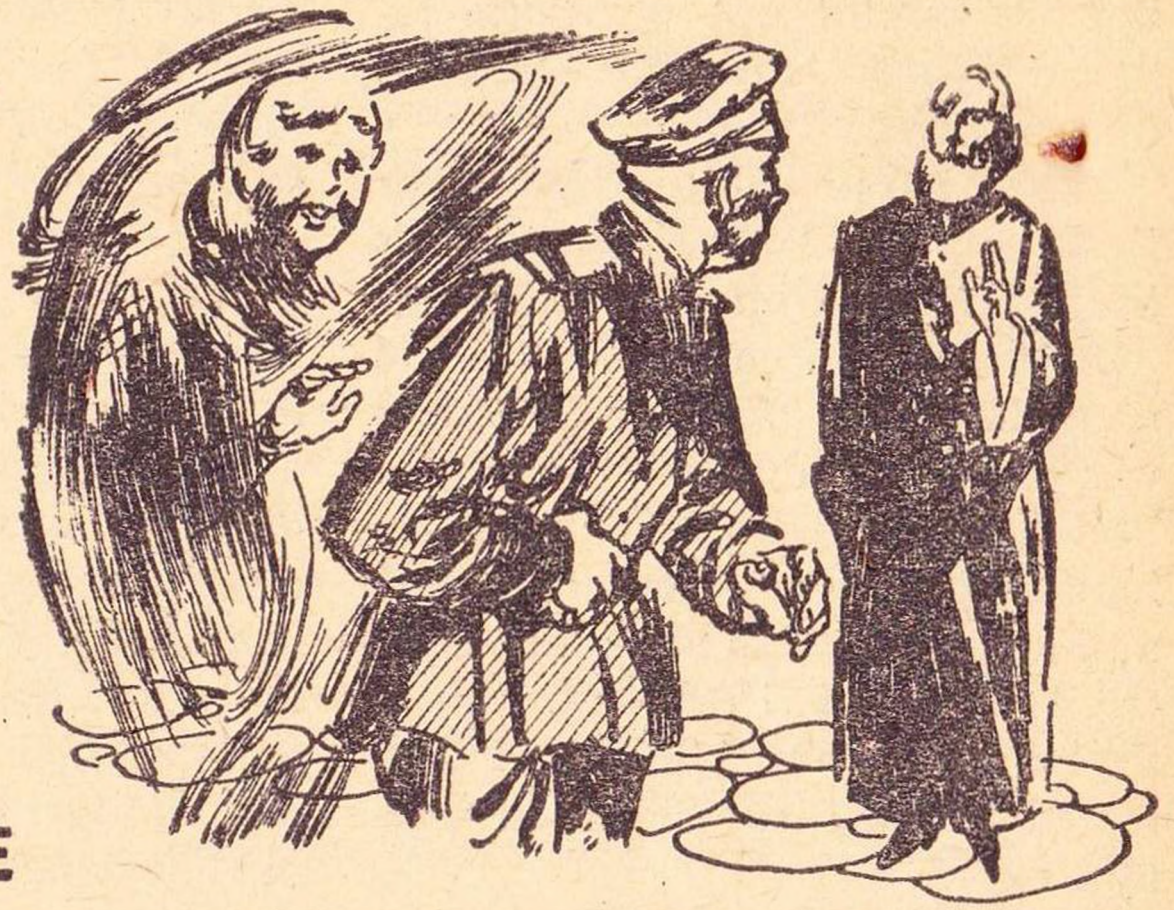
Standing on the edge of the great crater, tourists toss in ohelo berries (sacred to Pele) in the hope that her bubbling and fiery display will be stimulated. In 1952 Pele did send up smoke, fire and thousands of tons of lava during a four-month period.

Does Ma Ma Loa believe that she is truly a goddess on earth? When asked this question she only smiles and replies that Hawaiian legends belong to the past.

"It is my fondest hope," she says with dignity, "that the future generations of mixed Hawaiian peoples will never entirely lose the joyous, loving, trusting nature of their Polynesian ancestors."

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

In Maxwell, Neb., Niels Cannersgard was unhurt when his pickup truck went off the road. Congratulating himself on having escaped injury on his 71st birthday, he walked across the road to get a fence post with which to pry the truck out of the ditch. He slipped, fell — and broke his left leg.



THE COMMISSAR'S CONVERSION

Like all good Communists, Commissar Kedrin did not believe in God nor in spirit return. Then a dead woman proved him wrong.

By N. Mamontoff

In the summer of 1925 an incident involving a Party member disturbed Communist authorities in Moscow. Vladimir Kedrin, a commissar in Kiev, Ukrainia, had requested, shortly before his death, that a priest bury him with Christian rites.

The matter could not be ignored as the commissar had held an important post and his request was made at a hospital in the presence of many persons. The Communist press published articles deriding the commissar's death-bed conversion. The Moscow paper, *Pravda,* ran an editorial which heaped scorn on Party members who "were so weak in their ideology that any trick by relatives or friends at once turned them back to religion." *Pravda* pointed out that there should be no place in the Party for such Communists and emphasized that the true Communist believes in neither God nor Devil.

That Commissar Kedrin's conversion was viewed so seriously at that time was remarkable since the

Bolsheviks did not persecute religion vigorously until Stalin came into power in 1928.

What happened to Commissar Kedrin in the last minutes of his life that made him return to God?

In 1925 an orthodox priest named Father Alexis Lechnizki was prior of a small church in Podol, a suburb of Kiev. His wife had died of typhoid fever in 1921 and he had lost his two sons in the Civil War of 1918-1922. Since that time Father Alexis had dedicated himself to God and philanthropy.

One beautiful spring day he was visited by a well-dressed lady of about 60. She looked pale and troubled. She said that her only son was in danger and would die shortly. She asked Father Alexis to call on him as soon as he could. She gave her son's address and left.

Father Alexis did not delay but at once took his holy articles and went to the address his visitor had given him. It was quite a distance from his home and as he strode through the streets he wondered why the lady had chosen him for this mission. There were other priests in Kiev who lived closer to her son.

At last, in the most fashionable section of Kiev, Father Alexis reached the address he sought. His jaw dropped as he gazed at a large, luxurious apartment building. On the front door was a red plate bearing the message in gold: "The Apartments of the District Committee of the Communist Party."

Father Alexis hesitated. Knowing the Communist attitude toward clergymen, he debated entering the building.

Two youths with the insigna of the Komsomol (Young Communist League) on their khaki shirts emerged from the door and looked at the priest with surprise and suspicion. "What is this devil-dodger doing out here?" one of them asked. Father Alexis pretended not to hear the insult.

Several minutes passed before he finally entered the building. The large, comfortable lobby was decorated with expensive tapestries, the floor was covered with a deep carpet and in the middle stood a large statue of Lenin.

"They live better than the *bourgeois* ever did," Father Alexis thought.

He went to a blackboard that served as a building directory to look up the number of Vladimir Kedrin's apartment. A tall dark man in a leather coat and a cap with a red star on it appeared and scowled at Father Alexis.

"What are you looking for, citizen?" he asked the priest in a rough tone. In the Soviet Union the word "citizen" is used instead of "comrade" in addressing persons considered incompetent.

"I am looking for Comrade

Kedrin's lodging," Father Alexis explained.

"Comrade Kedrin?" The dark man's eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Did he summon you?"

"No, a lady did."

"Are you certain that Comrade Kedrin lives in this very building?" the man in the leather coat demanded.

Father Alexis produced the slip of paper with the address on it. The man glanced at it and said, "All right, Kedrin's apartment is on the third floor."

He strode away and Father Alexis climbed the steps. On the third floor he found a door bearing Vladimir Kedrin's name. He rang the bell.

The door was opened by a man in the uniform of an army commissar. He was about 35 years old, with rather thin, though handsome, features. Seeing Father Alexis at his door, he knitted his brows. "What do you want?" he asked sharply.

Father Alexis said he wished to see Comrade Vladimir Kedrin.

"He is before you. Well?"

Father Alexis was confused. If this were Vladimir Kedrin, he thought, there must be some misunderstanding. He explained, "A lady visited me this afternoon. She gave me your address and said you were in danger — even close to death. She said you were her son and urgently needed my administration."

"Come in," the commissar ordered. "I don't want anyone to see us talking out here. This could make trouble for me." He led the priest into a large, well-furnished room and indicated a comfortable armchair beside a desk. He seated himself at the desk and frowned at Father Alexis.

"Now tell me the truth. Why did you come to me? Who sent you?"

Father Alexis repeated his story. Kedrin's frown deepened. "What you have told me leads me to believe that one of my enemies plotted this dirty trick in an attempt to destroy my Party career. He used you and that lady for this purpose."

"I did not know you were a Party member," Father Alexis said, "otherwise I would not have come here. I came as a priest answering the call of a dying man."

Kedrin laughed shortly. "Are you trying to make a fool of me? I am a Communist and I do not believe that my mother, who died three years ago, could invite a priest to administer to me. As you can see, I am far from being close to death. Even when my time comes I will not ask for a priest because I do not believe in fairy tales like God, devils, ghosts and so on . . . . By the way, how did you find me in this building? Have you been here before?"

Father Alexis shook his head.

"While I was in the lobby looking for the number of your apartment a dark man in a leather coat spoke to me and told me where you live."

Kedrin looked worried. "It is a bad situation," he muttered. "I guess it was Labunin. He's with the GPU – the secret police." For some minutes the commissar sat nervously tapping the polished surface of his desk. Finally he said, "Listen, Father, I believe you were taken in by a trick. But I must take steps to keep out of trouble. I will inform the Party Committee immediately about this intrigue. You must help me. I shall record your story and you shall sign it."

Kedrin obtained pen and paper from the desk and began to write. Father Alexis, glancing about the room, noticed the photograph of a woman on the marble mantel over a fireplace nearby. He pointed in sudden excitement. "There she is! That is the lady who called on me today!"

Kedrin rose, his face pale. "It is impossible. This woman is my late mother." He handed the photograph to Father Alexis. "Here – look at it closely. You must be mistaken."

Examining the photograph, Father Alexis shook his head. "There is no mistake – unless your mother has a twin sister."

"No," Kedrin said. "Her only sister died before she did."

"Then I do not know how to explain this photograph. I am absolutely certain that this is the lady who visited me this afternoon." Father Alexis rose with dignity. "I am an old man and a priest. It may mean nothing to you but to me it would be an unforgivable sin to take part in a plot. Now let me sign your statement and I will leave."

Biting his lip, Kedrin watched as Father Alexis signed. Then he escorted the priest to the door. "Goodbye, Father. I will try to believe you are not just a tool in the hands of my enemies. You can prove that when you are summoned for questioning by the Party Committee. Tell them everything – but not about my mother's picture. They will not believe you."

During his walk home Father Alexis puzzled over the outcome of his visit to Commissar Kedrin. A deeply religious man, he was convinced that the commissar's dead mother actually had visited him. But why had she said her son was close to death? Kedrin appeared to be in perfect health. Perhaps, Father Alexis thought, she was trying to save her son's soul.

He went to bed earlier than usual that night, exhausted from his long walk. A few hours later, however, he was waked by a loud knocking at his door. Dressing hastily, he found that his caller

was a man in a white jacket.

"Are you Father Alexis Lechnizki?" asked the man. "Then let us go to the hospital. Take everything you need for administering the last rites."

Father Alexis obeyed and climbed into the ambulance that was waiting at his door. The hospital attendant sent the vehicle racing through the dark streets. He explained, "Two hours ago a commissar was brought to our hospital with a fractured skull and serious internal injuries. The doctors think he will not survive the night. He was in an auto accident on Vladimir's Hill."

"But I should not administer to commissars!" Father Alexis said.

The hospital attendant shrugged. "To this one, you should. He gave us your name and asked for you to come as soon as possible. He seems to be a friend of yours. His name is Kedrin — Vladimir Kedrin."

THE LOST LAMB

By Aldo P. Biagiotti

My uncle, Ettore Biagiotti, has a farm at San Lazero di Fossombrone, Pesaro, Italy. One evening in 1933 he checked the barn before going in to supper. He noticed that the door to one stall was open and that a small lamb was missing.

He spread the alarm to my aunt and in the gathering dusk the two of them roamed over the fields and hills in search of the lamb. When darkness finally covered the land they reluctantly returned home to wait for dawn.

While my aunt prepared supper, my uncle sat looking out of the window in the hope of seeing the lamb return. Suddenly, he said, he felt something grip him tightly around the ribs. He jumped up and shrieked. Startled, my aunt asked what was wrong. He asked if she had not placed her hands on his ribs and she denied that she had been near him.

After supper they went to bed. In the morning my aunt said, "You know, I dreamed of my dead father. He said, 'Do not worry. Sleep well, for tomorrow you will find the lost lamb.' "

My uncle was astonished. "Why, I had exactly the same dream!" he exclaimed. "I was going to tell you of it."

They dressed hurriedly and went outside. Within 15 minutes they found the lamb, safe and sound, eating grass on a nearby hilltop.—*Pesaro, Italy.*

PERUVIAN DESERT

Intricate patterns on the desert cover an area of 40 square miles. They are clearly visible and meaningful only from the air.

By James W. Moseley

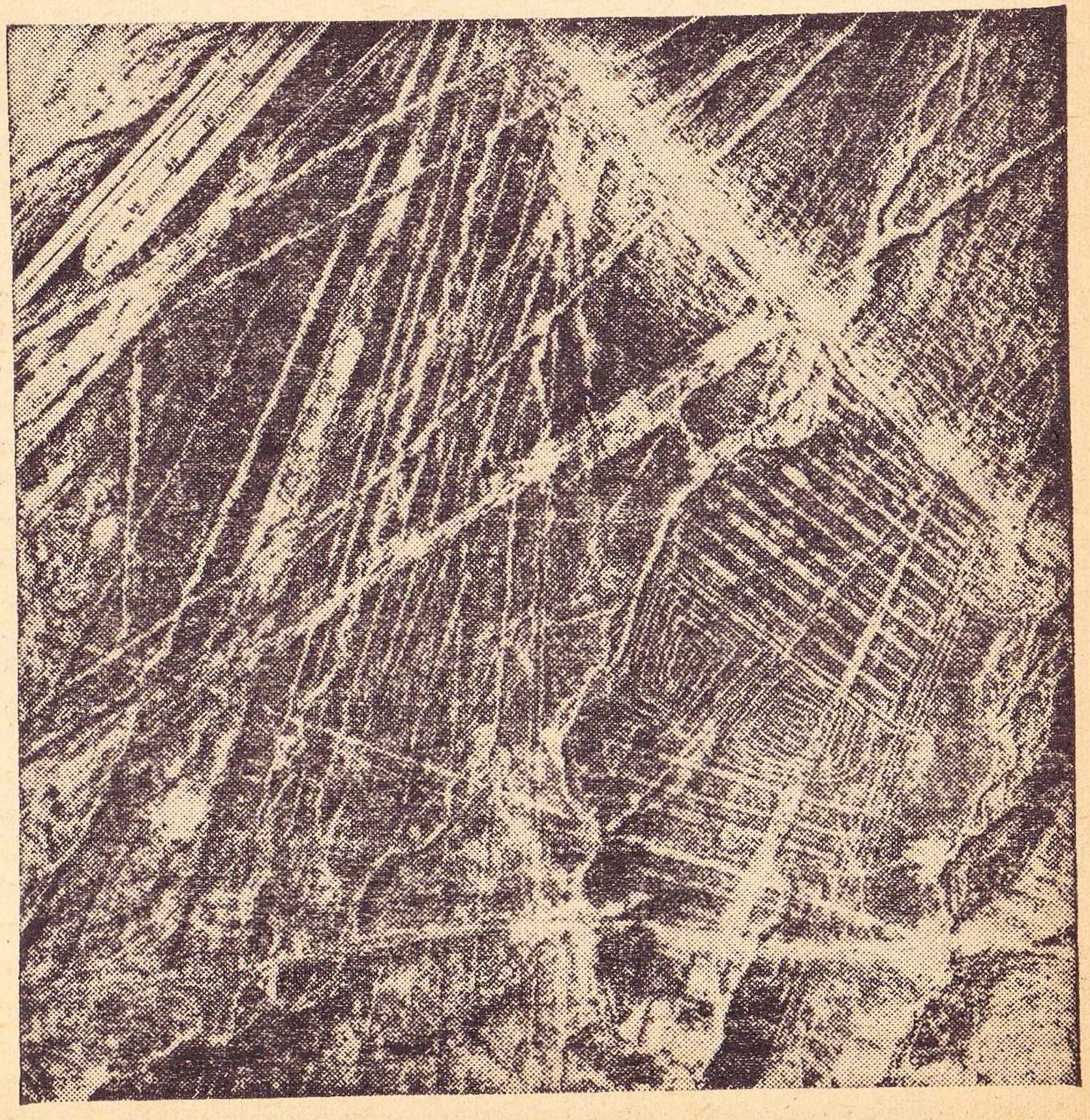
Of all the strange and ancient ruins to be found in this fascinating world of ours, none is more intriguing than those recently discovered on the desert near Nasca, Peru, S. A. Although these lines and figures are believed to be at least 1,000 years old, they have come to light only since commercial airliners, flying south from Lima, began passing over the area regularly.

Mysterious pathways, forming shapes of different animals and ornaments, now are known to cover an area of at least 40 square miles in this region, which was once the center of a highly evolved agricultural civilization. These odd pathways lie near long straight-edged fields. Numerous straight road-like traces of different widths run in all directions. Together these lines form a dense and complicated pattern, outlined in light color against a darker background.

These important prehistoric remains — unknown to the white man and forgotten by the Indian — have lain hidden for so long partly because of their astonishing dimensions. Only very small fractions of them were ever seen at one time. But from an airplane it is possible to spot the absolutely straight lines and borders of elongated surfaces which form a marvelous network which looks as if it were traced on a gigantic drawing board.

For hundreds of years travellers have crossed over parts of these great patterns. But as they do not stand out on the ground no importance was given to them. Everywhere in this region one finds low, straight elevations. Few persons would recognize them as the borders of the conspicuous, delineated surfaces seen from the air. Some of the narrower ornamental

MAP FOR SAUCERS?



Aerial view shows complexity of markings recently discovered, on the desert near Nasca, Peru, by airliners passing over the area. Markings may be 1000 years old.

lines are not even visible from a plane. These were not discovered until 1941 when archaeologists began a systematic mapping of the area. Previously the pathways had been considered merely furrows used for agriculture by the prehistoric inhabitants.

Most interesting of all to treasure hunters is the fact that most of the lines run out from widely-scattered centers of distribution. Sometimes as many as 20 or 30 straight lines proceed in slightly varying directions from one such center. A few of these are connecting lines leading to other distribution centers as far as five miles away. From the air these several centers appear as sharp points. Actually they are artificial mounds many yards in diameter. They may have been tombs which once contained pottery and other relics. So far, however, shallow diggings into these mounds have produced little of value.

The natives of the region claim that within their memory wooden posts stood on some of the mounds and at various other points along the tracings. These posts were used as recently as 20 years ago for firewood. If this is true, then vital clues which might have revealed the real nature and purpose of the Nasca markings have been destroyed, tragically and forever.

A great many questions arise in regard to these strange lines and figures. Among the more easily explained problems is that of how the markings have remained intact over a period of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years.

The plains and mountains of the region are a reddish brown color due to centuries of daily morning dew followed by excessive heat. This color does not reach deeper than an inch or two below the surface of the desert. The stones and gravel underneath this brown topsoil are yellowish white. This striking contrast made it easy for the ancient architects to use the level surface of the desert as an immense blackboard. Here white designs could be produced on a black background simply by removing the upper layer of dark stones. The accumulated stones were piled up on both sides of the cleared surfaces and in many places were carefully arranged to form long straight elevations which show up in aerial photographs along the contours of some of the figures, as if they had been outlined in black pencil.

The fact that erosion has had no marked effect on these patterns in the intervening years is due to a special climatic condition unique in this section of Peru. The Nasca desert is protected from the ocean by a range of elevations about 3,000 feet high. These run along the nearby coast. Nor does this plateau belong to the Andes to the east, where occasional rain

falls. Thus it forms a separate geographical unit, absolutely dry, without strong winds. It enjoys eternal sunshine except for infrequent morning mists.

Less easily understood is how these primitive people solved the complicated problem of transfering elaborate figures from scale drawings or models onto the desert itself. Modern archaeologists cannot fully explain how this was done. It is hard to imagine by what means this ancient race, with its supposedly limited knowledge of engineering, could have projected these intricate patterns with such precision onto the Nasca plateau — where only one or two of their lines can be seen from the ground at one time.

The difficulties encountered by the original tracers of the figures were forcibly impressed on the archaeologists who mapped them. Even with the best methods known today, using a theodolite and measuring rod, many hours were spent in mapping a single figure. To obtain a faithful reproduction on paper, one to three days were needed. Only gradually in the process of mapping did the true shape of the figure develop.

Intelligence and perseverance were needed for transfering these designs to the ground in such exact proportion. It is believed that the pottery or models on which these patterns were originally drawn were about 100 times smaller than the finished product. By modern methods the converting from one scale to another would therefor begin with arduous paper work. Points of reference on the ground would have to be established, as well as the correct distances and angles between them. Each individual part of the scale drawing then must be referred to these reference points. Several days' hard work with compass and tape measure would scarcely complete the work involved in planning just one of these figures. And there are many.

The ancient builders presumably used a much cruder system. How then was the work accomplished?

The only clue lies in the spherical shape of the figures. One of their peculiarities is that most of them consist of but one curved line which forms the figure by innumerable twists and turns, ending finally near its starting point. There are no sharp corners. This suggests to archaeologists that a long rope was used for the tracing. If this theory is correct, a small string may have been employed for transfering each line from the model to a rope, onto a scale at least a hundred times larger. The angles may have been transferred by establishing sight-lines over the lines of the model, which was laid on the ground. Against this idea is the argument that the size of many figures

would require a rope several miles long, unless the work was done in sections. Perhaps further study will give us the final answer.

Most baffling of all is the question of the purpose of these desert markings. The tremendous amount of care put into the designs by generations of ancient Peruvians points to the fact that they were of central importance in the life of the people. Most archaeologists believe that the Nasca markings served an astronomical or time-reckoning function. Perhaps they were connected with a primitive star-worshipping religion as well.

Dr. Paul Kosok, professor of history at Long Island University, has a theory which seems to be in agreement with a considerable number of the available facts. He saw the sun set exactly over one particular line on June 22, the solstice date. He, therefore, conjectured that the line was traced for the particular purpose of marking that date. If such is the case, it is reasonable to assume the other straight lines also mark certain dates of the year. Dr. Kosok calls this multitude of tracings a gigantic calendar. He points out that a reliable calendar was a vital necessity for an agricultural race whose economy was based on irrigation from rivers which carry water only during a few months of the year.

Astronomers may object to a modern observation being applied to ancient times, as the setting point of the sun and stars are, of course, somewhat different today than they were a thousand years ago. However, Dr. Kosok took this into account and made his observations with due allowance for these intervening changes. As yet it has not been possible to assign to each straight line the heavenly body whose course it marks, partly because of the great number of the lines and the almost infinite number of possible interpretations that can be given to each. Even so, the fact that many groups of lines run on almost parallel, though slightly divergent, courses confirms their general astronomical nature. It suggests that each succeeding generation of Peruvians attempted to correct the lines according to positional changes of the sun and stars.

The importance of a calendar in this area is all the greater because there are no seasonal changes as we know them. Sowing and planting must start abruptly and unannounced in November or December—whenever the water comes. From one day to the next the water suddenly fills the wide riverbeds of the Peruvian lowlands, which during the past months were bone dry or, at most, tiny rivulets.

Even today the local inhabitants attach great importance to this event. In November and De-

cember, when passing over a bridge in car or bus, the people look out eagerly to see if *el aguita* (the dear little water) has come. In ancient times this expectancy must have amounted to fear. The uncertanty as to how far the year had advanced and how soon to expect the sowing and harvesting season, must have harrassed the population as they watched their provisions from the previous harvest dwindle. For them, no effort to attain this knowledge seemed too great. Also those who were able to calculate the time no doubt attained power and respect among their fellows.

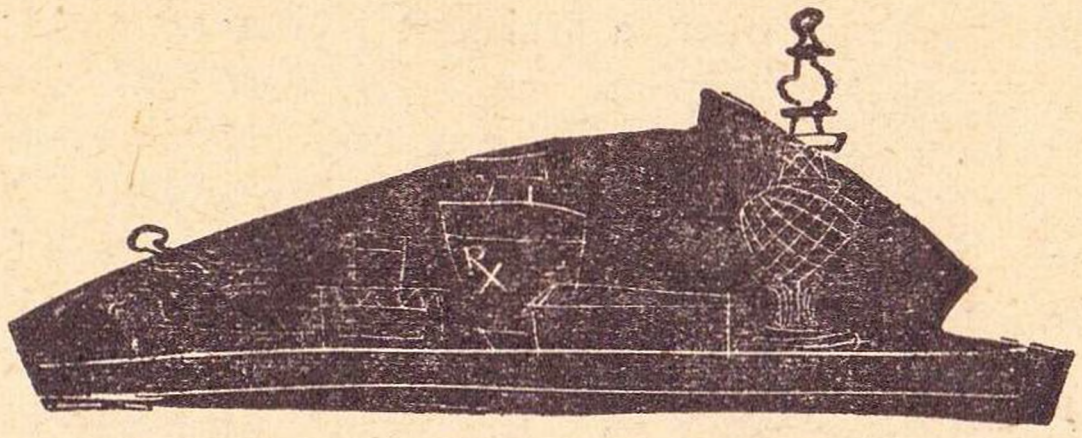
The coming and going of the constellations, which in some months appear high in the night sky and in others pass invisibly during the day, has been watched since the earliest dawn of mankind. Quite likely the ancient inhabitants of Nasca, like other primitive peoples, evolved a system of star-worship based on the idea that the heavenly bodies were gods whose actions one could influence by sacrifice and adoration. Thus the desert markings may have been places of worship and astronomical direction markers at the same time.

Of even greater interest these days, especially in view of persistent flying saucer reports, is a consideration that seems to have been entirely overlooked by archaeologists. As has been noted, the tremendous size of these lines and figures makes them clearly visible and meaningful only from the air. It is hard to imagine why any civilization would build such a huge, intricate pattern knowing that neither they nor anyone else would ever be able to admire the completed beauty of their handiwork. And if the purpose of these markings was purely astronomical and religious, wouldn't a much smaller scale of construction have done just as well?

The unprejudiced student of the Nasca ruins is forced to consider the possibility that these ancient people, primitive as they must have been in some ways, had a means of travelling by air.

Or more likely, earth-bound themselves, they constructed their huge markings as signals to interplanetary visitors or to some advanced earth race that occasionally visited them. Fantastic as these suggestions may seem, such theories cannot be discarded until or unless some other account is given for the size of the desert patterns.

To date no better explanation has been offered.



The Mind can Kill or Cure

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

The patient thought the harmless bread pills contained a healing drug — and she recovered her health.



NEVER was Solomon wiser than when he declared, "For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Certainly the mind can kill or cure. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, wrote that the physician in whom the patients place the most confidence performs the most cures.

Soon after nitrous oxid (laughing gas) was discovered and found to intoxicate those who breathed it and to induce deep sleep for a short time Dr. Bedoes of the London Hospital, got the idea that it might be of value in paralysis or palsy. He planned an experiment. A suitable patient was selected and Sir Humphrey Davy, probably the greatest scientist the world has ever known, was selected to supervise the experiment. Sir Humphrey invented the miner's safety lamp; he invented and used the first arc lamp and incandescent lamp; his work established the isolation of sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, boron and strontium by the direct electric current. He was President of the British Royal Society. His work in chlorine was classical and he proved that hydrogen gas was necessary in all acids.

Sir Humphrey placed a clinical thermometer under the selected patient's tongue before the administration of the nitrous oxid. The patient thought he was getting the

gas and enthusiastically declared that he felt much better. Sir Humphrey winked at Dr. Bedoes and Prof. Coleridge, who was also present. This was an opportunity not to be missed. Davy made an appointment for the next day and again the patient got the thermometer — and no gas. This continued for 10 days during which time the paralytic received no treatment whatever except a clinical thermometer under his tongue. He improved rapidly and in 10 days he was discharged from the hospital, cured of his paralysis.

Another series of tests were made on this gas, nitrous oxid. A number of patients were told that they were to inhale it and fully anticipated the usual symptoms of intoxication and narcosis. Instead of the gas, the patients were given nothing but common air. They complained of dizziness, faintness, sickness and hilarity. These symptoms lasted from six to eight hours. These tests were observed by 20 of the leading scientists and doctors of Britain.

Early in the 19th century, a man named Perkins invented a device that nearly blew medical science into oblivion. It was a small metallic gadget, something like a witch hazel divining rod which he called a "Tractor". With it Perkins apparently was curing diseases that the regular physicians could not handle. But reputable doctors of the General Hospital of Bath, England, felt that the alleged cures were a sort of self-hypnosis. They decided to prove their contention.

Perkins had stated that his secret was in the metallic composition of his tractor. Dr. Falconer and Dr. Davis had a tractor made of common wood and painted it to resemble Perkin's gadget. The patients they selected, were chronic suffers from gout (podagra), various forms of rheumatism, palsy, debility, and non-localized pains all over the body. None of them had responded to the ministrations of the hospital staff doctors. These patients were gently stroked with the imitation tractors. Every patient so treated declared that he was much improved by the first treatment. Some who had not walked for months rose and walked. The resident doctors were aghast. It seemed medicine was neither a science nor an art.

The Bristol (England) Infirmary heard of this affair and made similar imitation tractors. The apparent cures were so marvelous that thousands of sick persons demanded treatment. "Many patients," wrote Dr. Cole, "who been unable to lift a foot or an arm, could immediately walk about and lift heavy weights. Nearly all of them were able to return to a normal life after a few treatments consisting of a gentle stroking of pathological zones with the tractor." Was this faith

healing, or were the doctors unconsciously employing hypnotism?

Here is another classic case of mind over matter, recorded by Dr. Cheyne (it is said that the syndrome called Cheyne-Stokes was named after him) in his excellent book, *English Malady*. The experiment was observed by the following reputable physicians, Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Baynard and the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Skine. The Hon. Cornel Townshend had suffered for many years with a chronic kidney disease. The patient declared that he could die, by an exercise of will, and then return to life at will. Here is Dr. Cheyne's account:

"We all took his pulse and found it steady although it was weak and thready. He composed himself. In a few minutes he was apparently dead for no heartbeat could be found and a mirror held over his mouth showed absolutely no moisture."

For several hours the physicians watched and found no pulse and no respiration. They officially declared him dead. But just before leaving the corpse they again felt for a pulse — and found it. In a short time he breathed weakly and began speaking.

Several months later Townshend again tried the experiment. Before he could resuscitate himself — if he could have done so — a post mortem was performed on him. Outside of his right kidney, every organ in his body was found in healthy condition. Was this a case of self-induced catalepsy? We will never know. But in any event it does prove the power the mind can have over the body.

Dr. Charles Foote reports the following: One of his patients was in considerable pain and could not sleep. He suggested tincture of opium (laudanum) as a remedy. The very thought caused nausea and vomiting. She declared she could not retain any preparation made from poppy. In a private conversation with the patient's husband Dr. Foote learned that it was her custom to make copies of his prescriptions and then look up every drug in medical books. Foote then appeared to sympathize with the patient and swore he would under no circumstances prescribe opium for her.

He told her of a brand new remedy called Tinctura Thebacia that would surely help her. She could not find the name Thebacia in any of her books and so took the medicine with excellent results. She could not take opium but she could and did take Tinctura Thebacia. And Tinctura Thebacia is Tincture of Opium (laudanum, Papaver somniferum). Who says mind does not rule matter?

In my own early medical practice I had exactly the same experience with opium and calomel.

One woman swore that opium made her deathly ill. She could tolerate highly flavored Tinctura Thebacia. Another could not tolerate calomel. She got along fine with Hydrargyrum chloridum mite — calomel that is.

Before going into the more macabre aspects of mind over matter, let's remember the very old Arabic story:

One day Mahomet was walking from Mecca to Medina. He met the Genius of Cholera. They stopped to pass the time of day. On parting Mahomet said, "Where are you going?" "To Mecca to kill 10,000 of the Faithful," replied the Genius of Cholera. "See to it that you do not kill over 10,000," ordered Mahomet. A few months later the twain again met and Mahomet abused the Genius harshly as a liar, a cheat and a murderer. He shouted, "You promised to kill only 10,000. You killed 30,000." "Not so," said the Genius. "I kept my word and killed but 10,000. Twenty thousand died from fear."

Here is a documented case to prove that the mind does kill.

During the French revolution a young aristocrat was sentenced to the guillotine. He begged for some other means of death so that his family would not suffer such a disgrace. By special permit from the Government he was turned over to a staff of physicians for scientific experiment. The convicted man was entirely willing. He was told that he was to be killed by opening the median basilic vein above the elbow and permitted to die by exsanguination. He was placed on an operating table and blindfolded. A large vessel of water at normal body temperature, 98.6, was suspended just over his elbow. A stop cock permitted the warm water to run slowly down the arm.

The proposed point of incision was pricked lightly with a needle. The warm water trickled down the arm. The victim complained of weakness, his features blanched and he exhibited every symptom of dying by loss of vital blood. And he did die — right there — without the loss of one single drop of blood.

Some years ago the London Medical Times reported a most astounding case. Four murderers were convicted and sentenced to die. Their living bodies were turned over to a group of physicians for scientific tests. They were placed in beds in which many patients had died of Asiatic Cholera. No attempt had been made to clean or sterilize the beds or bedding. The prisoners did not take cholera. As the next step absolutely new beds were provided, with sterilized bedding. The condemned men were told that patients had died of cholera in each bed. Within three hours after the criminals were placed in

these sterile beds three men were seized with what appeared to be cholera. They died with every symptom of acute cholera. A necropsy found no single evidence of cholera.

Dr. Foote wrote that while he was taking a postgraduate course in London, he attended a clinic in an institution for the insane. An insane woman patient of the celebrated Sir William Ellis was admitted and put under treatment. She insisted that mercury was the only drug that would be of any avail in her case. She was placed on bread pills. The hospital staff was infinitely shocked to discover that within a few days she presented every evidence of mercurial poisoning, salivation being the chief symptom. She was taken off the bread pills and the salivation subsided.

On being again placed on bread pills, she was more violently salivated. This condition and its subsidence on leaving off the bread pills occurred three different times. After the third subsidence her insanity was apparently cured and she was discharged from the hospital in fine spirits and excellent health.

Among the ludicrous memories of my youth are those concerning my representation of a large pharmaceutical house. A very successful doctor in central Illinois used to buy 10 grain Epsom salts tablets in 100,000 tablet lots, so many green, so many blue, so many black, brown, red and pink. But all of them were 10 grain Epsom salts. How many times I have heard this doctor's patients say something like this, "Doctor, I get so much better results from the blue tablet than I do from the red tablet."

I once knew a physician in St. Louis who ordered more than 50 different drugs in one liquid prescription. I swear to you, he got results. I firmly believe that the highly technical prescription, sometimes covering two sheets, worked on the patients' minds. Just another case of mind over matter.



NEW STAR IN THE HEAVENS

A rare super-nova "several million times brighter" than the sun recently was reported by Prof. Hans Haffner of the Hamburg Observatory in Hamburg, Germany. He said that the super-nova, as seen from Hamburg, was moving on the southern horizon in the so-called "Snake" group about three million light years from the earth. According to Prof. Haffner, only two similar cases of super-novas have been observed in the Milky Way in the past.



WHAT "WEEJIE" TOLD US

They counted on the wheat crop to pay their debts — but the Ouija board said their hopes were doomed.

By Marion Kirkpatrick

AT Christmas in 1921 Mother bought a Ouija board for my sister and me. Mother bought the board only as a toy, to help occupy the time we had to spend indoors during the long, cold winter in western Kansas.

My sister scoffed at any possibility of the board working, therefore, she and I as a team could get no response from it.

It was different, however, when Mother and I worked together. We sat facing each other with the board lengthwise between us. The pointed tip of the table faced the letters on the board. Each of us rested both hands lightly on the table. For several weeks we played around with "Weejie" (as we named the control) asking unimportant and often downright silly questions. Weejie finally became impatient.

"Goodbye," it spelled out one evening. "I won't be back. You're silly."

Mother was dumbfounded. "Wait, Weejie," she said. "What do you mean — we're silly?"

"I can help you, but you play."

"But the board is a toy." Mother said. "I bought it for the children to play with."

"No, not a toy, a way of communication," the table spelled. "A

way to help you, if you will let me.

"Tell Gertrude not to have an operation. She does not have a tumor. She is going to have a child," Weejie wrote.

"But the doctor said Gertrude cannot have a child, Weejie. She has tried for many years." Mother talked as if to a child.

"The doctor is wrong. Goodbye. Do not ask me childish questions any more. I will not waste time answering."

Mother talked to Aunt Gertrude about the proposed operation, begging her to wait. Weejie had impressed Mother greatly, although she did not mention Weejie to Aunt Gertrude who would not have approved.

"You have every symptom of pregnancy," Mother argued. "The doctor could be wrong. He said it wasn't necessary to operate at once. Wait until spring and see. If you are with child you would never forgive yourself. You've wanted a baby so badly."

"If you really think I might have a baby, I'll wait." Aunt Gertrude agreed.

"I really think you will," Mother assured her.

By spring, it was evident that Weejie's prophecy was correct.

After that Mother would not touch the Ouija board for amusement.

Three years before Dad had bought the first tractor in the county, a small, track-type. Dad, being a machinist, planned to make any necessary repairs himself. But there had been no mechanical trouble during that time.

Now our financial condition was very bad. The first year's crop had gone to pay for equipment. Hail had ruined the crop the second year we were on the farm. Dad was counting heavily on making it up the following year.

Like any plant wheat needs a certain number of days to grow. It must be planted by a certain time in the fall in order to ripen when the harvest crews come to town. This was before the days of the wheat combines and it was necessary to hire migrant labor for harvesting and threshing. A good crew meant a good income, as a stacker could pack the wheat stacks so they were waterproof. Also, a good pitcher handled the wheat with the least shattering of the heads.

If a wheat crop was late, the farmer was forced to pay men for as long as a week before harvest began in his fields, in order to insure competent help.

Dad, that fall, was working against this deadline. Because he needed money, he had agreed to plant for a sick neighbor, leaving his own planting until later. He could plant three times as many acres in a day with the tractor as could be planted with a team and he decided he could get both

crops into the ground on time.

However during the time he was planting for our neighbor, a bearing in the tractor started knocking. Mother began to worry. Dad sent to town for another bearing to replace it.

When Dad finally started his own plowing Mother continued to be worried and upset.

"Are you sure the tractor's all right?" she asked.

"Now, Lady, don't you worry. I can change the bearing in half a day and still make the deadline. Stop your fussing," Dad soothed.

But Mother didn't stop. That afternoon she asked me to sit down with her at the Ouija board.

"Are you there, Weejie?" she asked.

"Yes," was the instant reply. "You are worried."

"I am," Mother said. "Tell me, will Jim finish his planting by the first of the week?"

"No." Weejie spelled promptly.

"Why?" Mother asked. "He can change the bearing in half a day."

"An axle will break tomorrow afternoon at 2:45. The track will break also. Tell him to take care."

"Will Jim be able to get parts in town?" Mother wanted to know.

"No. Kansas City. It will take four days. Then two days to fix. Six days in all."

"I'll tell Jim so he can order parts today," Mother said.

"He will not believe you. He will laugh. Goodbye." And Weejie would respond no more that afternoon.

Dad did laugh, and told Mother he would let the pixies fix his tractor when the axle broke.

Next day Mother watched the hands of the clock approach 2:45. Finally she could stand it no longer. She went into the yard and looked across the field toward Dad. He was working only a quarter of a mile away, was plainly visible.

Dad saw Mother watching and waved cheerfully. Then before he had gone five feet farther the tractor went wild. It bucked and pitched. The nearest track broke and whipped around like a writhing snake. Dad hung on for a few seconds, then pitched to the ground on the other side of the tractor.

Mother didn't scream. Instead, she moaned and started running across the field. I was close behind her. My sister stood paralyzed.

Mother had crossed half the distance when Dad stood up behind the tractor.

"I'm all right," he yelled. "Don't be scared."

He rushed to the front of the tractor and managed to grab the choke wire and hold it until the motor died.

Mother had reached the tractor

by the time Dad stopped the motor. She flew into his arms.

"I knew something awful was going to happen," she panted, "Oh, your poor face. You're hurt."

"Just scratched. I dived off to keep the track from hitting me."

He was examining the tractor by this time. Then sat back on his heels and looked at mother soberly. "You know, your Ouija board was right. Exactly right."

It took Dad just six days to get back to planting. He fixed the bearing while waiting for the parts from Kansas City. After this his planting went along fine.

The wheat crop was late but it was the best looking crop in the county. Dad had mortgaged everything except our three cows in order to buy seed that year. It looked like he was going to make enough and more to pay off his debts.

The bank president stopped by one day to say, "If you need any more money at the present time, we'll be glad to loan you some. This looks like a 45 bushel crop. Most beautiful wheat I've ever seen."

"I'll need about a thousand to harvest," Dad told him. "I haven't a cent in the bank now, as you know."

"Come in any time, we'll be glad to fix you up."

So a few days later Dad borrowed the money. Then Mother started to worry again. She became more and more depressed.

Dad was gone and my sister with him when Mother called me one day.

"Will you help me with Weejie?" she asked. "I must know what is wrong. She'll tell me."

"Will the wheat crop pay off our debts?" Mother asked when we were settled.

Weejie answered with a flat "No."

"Why?" Mother asked.

"Can't tell," came the reply.

"Will part of it be paid, then?"

The table spelled "No."

"Can't you tell me anything at all about it?" prodded Mother.

"Bad trouble, bad trouble. Can't tell. Goodbye." And, despite further questions, the table would not move again.

The next week as Mother was gathering in the wash she saw something in the sky. She rushed into the house calling Dad.

"Jim, come out here and look."

Naturally, we kids followed along to look too.

Northeast of our place was a black, ominous cloud, coming closer and closer. There was a roaring in the air, like a high wind, but no wind was blowing.

"What on earth is it, Jim? It's not a dust storm. Is it smoke? Is the wheat on fire? Oh, Dear God, don't let it be fire," she prayed.

"It isn't smoke, Lady," Dad said, "but I'm afraid it's just as bad. You go in and close all the

windows tight, and keep the door shut. I'll 'tend to things in the barn."

"But what is it?" Mother cried. "Jim, *what is it?*"

"Grasshoppers!"

Before Dad returned from the barn the sky had darkened and the noise was upon us. Grasshoppers hit the house like hailstones. Mother watched at the window for Dad. When he came he was trying to run. Several times he almost went down, slipping on the grasshoppers that covered the path.

Mother opened the door and Dad dashed in. With him came a swarm of grasshoppers. Mother grabbed the flyswatter, and Dad the broom.

"Don't open the door again if you can help it," Dad said. "We'll put these grasshoppers in the stove."

He looked at Mother as he said "Have you seen the wheat?"

We all rushed to the side window. Through the haze of darkness we could see swarms of grasshoppers settling on the wheat field. They had passed up mile after mile of ripened wheat, and found our late wheat field. It was the only field in the county that was still tinged with green.

I have never seen Dad cry before, nor since, but he and Mother cried together then, as they watched the wheat stalks fall slowly, one by one. Later examination showed that the grasshoppers had chewed the stalks through at ground level, where the wheat was greenest. The heads had not been touched but the wheat was not sufficiently ripe to be salvaged.

Dad's 45 bushel wheat harvested less than six bushels to the acre. It was enough to pay the harvest hands.

In mid-summer we were called to Missouri. My maternal grandmother had suffered her fourth stroke and was thought to be dying. Dad took us there. When grandmother got better in a couple of weeks, he left us and returned to the farm alone.

"I'm going to have to go bankrupt," he told Mother. "The bank won't carry me any longer. I'll write to you when I've got a job and you can bring the kids. Don't worry. We didn't have anything to lose when we went there. We sure tried our best but nature was against us. You stay with your Mother, she needs you."

Dad hated writing letters but Mother heard from him once a week for the first month. Then for a month there were no letters.

One day when Grandmother was napping Mother said, "Let's see if Weejie knows why Dad doesn't write."

I ran and got the board.

"Weejie, can you tell me why Jim doesn't write?" Mother asked first.

"He's been in jail," spelled Weejie.

Mother laughed aloud. Dad was the most law-abiding person on earth, he couldn't have been in jail!

"When?" Mother went along.

"Last Thursday night, a week ago," Weejie replied.

"Is he still in jail?" Mother asked.

"No. He was out next morning. He's in Kansas City now. At your sister Emma's. He's sick."

"Sick? Is he badly sick?" Mother was frightened.

"No, Worried sick. He wants to get a job before he sees you. That's why he doesn't write."

"Why didn't Emma write? She knows I'm worried about Jim."

"He asked her to wait. He will be here soon. He will come with Emma. Goodbye." Weejie was gone.

Several days later Grandmother became worse during the night and passed away. We wired Aunt Emma and sent a wire to Dad at the Kansas address. They arrived together that night.

After Grandmother's funeral Mother said to Dad, jokingly, "I hear you were in jail," she said.

Dad's face flamed. "Who told you that? Did Gertrude write you?"

"No," Mother replied. "*Were* you in jail, Jim?"

"If you must know, yes. I was," Dad admitted. "You remember the cows weren't mortgaged. I sold them to Jeff Crowe. I don't know who told Davis at the bank, but he didn't even bother to look up the mortgage. He had me clapped into jail for selling mortgaged property. My lawyer fixed everything up by morning. I didn't want you to know about it, though, Lady.

Afterwards I never could get her to ask Weejie what was going to happen again.

"We must face life as it comes to us. "What good does it do to know what lies ahead?" she said.



NO METEOR IN METEOR CRATER

ARIZONA'S famous Meteor Crater was not caused by the impact of a projectile from outer space, according to Dr. N. H. Darton of the U. S. Geological Survey. He says that a long and expensive search has failed to turn up a deeply buried meteorite at the spot. He believes the crater is the result of a volcanic steam explosion and has given it the name of Crater Mound. This name has been officially adopted by the U. S. Board of Geographical Names, which makes its use obligatory on all approved maps.

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

SAVED BY A GUARDIAN ANGEL

By Vollie Tripp

KNOCKING about as a young man, I tried a number of things, including mining. In 1926 two other men and I tried to find a gold mine, or at least a little gold, in the bleak, cold juniper-clad hills 40 miles southeast of Yerington, Nev.

One day we decided each to go a different way, a practice inadvisable in uninhabited country. Being youngest, I went farthest and found, on the far side of a mountain, a ledge of quartz. It was miles from camp and my friends hadn't the least idea where I had gone.

I tunneled into the side of the hill. The ground, which in miner's lingo means rocks, mostly, gave easily to my pick. It was a kind of shattered slate, or serpentine, with a stringer of white quartz running through it.

At the end of about three hours of hard work I had dug quite a hole into the side of the hill. It was big enough to sit down in comfortably, six or more feet from the surface.

The sun was hot. Taking a drink from my canteen I sat with my back against the cool rocks. I rolled a cigarette and reflected on the utter stillness and peace of these grey Nevada hills.

Then a voice, clear and commanding, broke through my revery, "Step back!"

I stared around me but saw no-



VOLLIE TRIPP

body. I listened for footsteps. The same voice came again, "Step back!"

The voice held a note of command, almost of pleading. I leaped out of the hole as if I had found myself sitting on a rattlesnake. Just as I made the mouth of the tunnel it caved in, with a loud thump.

Once out, alive and unhurt, I peered around to locate the person who had spoken. But there was no human being anywhere near, nor any place on that barren hill where one could hide. My heart beat furiously. I did no more mining that day.

I have come to believe the warning was uttered by an entity outside my own mind and independent of it. If this is true it implies a guardian who considered me worth saving; who felt that there was work important enough to hold me here a little while.

This thought has been a staff to lean upon in times of despair. — *San Diego, Calif.*

ACCORDING TO PREDICTION

By E. Veda Davis

I once did not believe in fortune telling but a Gypsy changed my mind. It happened in 1917 when I was just out of my teens and lived in Prescott, Ariz. One day a carnival came to town and with a man I had consented to marry but two hours before I strolled through the concessions in search of entertainment.

As I passed a Gypsy's fortune telling tent she said in an undertone, for my ears alone, "You will not marry your escort. Come in and let me tell you who you will marry."

Going into the tent alone, I insisted that the Gypsy tell me the past first. If she were accurate about it, I would allow her to tell me the future. I crossed her palm twice with silver dollars, one for the past and one for the future.

Her reading of my past, using Tarot cards, was accurate. I was amazed when she told me things only I knew about. Her predictions of the future, however, were so fantastic I refused to believe them. She assured me that every one of them would come true during the next 40 years.

In the 38 years that have passed the Gypsy's predictions have been almost completely fulfilled. They were as follows:

1. My escort at the carnival would go to war before we had a chance to marry and would be killed in a plane crash. He was!

2. Three years later I would have a whirlwind courtship, marry and divorce a man who had something to do with the U. S. mails. This happened too!

3. Four years later I would meet a blond, young Englishman from "down under" (Australia), the educated, much-traveled son of wealthy, famous parents, with

whom I would have a two-year courtship and a marriage of 16 years, ending in divorce. That too happened exactly as predicted.

4. Fifteen years would pass, during which I would be single, earn my own living and undergo a complete change in personality, desires and values. Then I would meet a highly cultured man who would give me a kind of love I never had known before. I would marry this man and conclude my life with happiness and security. The Gypsy refused to identify or describe this man in any way. She said I was not to try to find him. that our meeting would come about as a reward of activities in a past life together.

The 15 years since the second marriage are almost ended and I have not as yet met a man who answers this last prediction, nor am I looking for him. I am accustomed to being single and self-supporting and I do not wish to give up my freedom for another marriage. But I will know within another year whether the Gypsy's last prediction comes true. — *San Francisco, Calif.*

VISION IN THE GLASS

By Ethel G. Lichty

In 1937 I lived in Birmingham, Ala. My daughter, Elinor, was away on vacation in Pensacola, Fla., when I received tragic news from our former home in Maryland. A girl with whom my daughter had been inseparable friends while residing in Maryland had been killed in an accident. It was regatta season there, and with several other young people she had been in a speed boat which had crashed into a wharf. Deeply distressed myself, and knowing how greatly saddened my daughter would be, especially while away from home, I decided to withhold the news until her return.

When Elinor returned and I told her of the tragedy, she cried, "Oh, mother, then it was Jean I saw!" She explained that while out with a group of other teenagers one evening during her stay in Pensacola, she had said in the spirit of fun, "I am a seeress. I can tell you anything you wish to know, but since I do not have my crystal ball with me, I shall have to use this water glass."

She told them several things that happened to be true, (of which she had not known) and was enjoying their apparent amazement. Suddenly she "saw" something that gave her mock crystal gazing a serious turn. She found herself saying, "I see several young people in a speed boat that is going too fast. One is a girl who has curly hair and who is wearing a red and white checked gingham dress. I can't see her face clearly but I think I know her." Then, pushing the water glass away, she cried, "I don't want to look any more. Something horri-

ble is going to happen!"

Checking over all this together, we decided it must have been the result of telepathy, strange as that may be. But the point regarding what Jean was wearing when she met her death remained to be verified. The letter had not stated what she was wearing.

Sometime later we visited a friend in Maryland. Without telling her our reason for wishing to know, we asked what Jean wore when she died. Somewhat puzzled she said, "I was at the wharf when they brought her in. She was wearing a red and white checked gingham dress that her mother had made her for the regatta season."

— Louisville, Ky.

GRANDMOTHER WAS RIGHT

By Constance R. Grant

My brother and I were brought up by our maternal grandmother. She was a spritely, practical little woman, good-living and God-fearing, but little given to talk or display of her religious convictions. However, I once heard her say something, which at my then tender age was puzzling but which since I have come to understand fully. Her remark was, "Let go, and let God." Her statement was forgotten by me for a great many years.

In 1952 my husband, our daughter and I, and a business associate of my husband's, were traveling east from Los Angeles, on our way home to New England. In a small town in Kansas we stopped at a filling station to have the car checked over. We discovered the car trunk had not been closed tightly when we loaded early that morning in leaving our motel. We hastily checked the luggage but to our relief found nothing missing.

However, upon reaching Kansas City, Mo., where we planned to leave our traveling companion and continue our journey east by bus, we discovered that a small, round traveling case was not among the other pieces of luggage. I was greatly disturbed because this case contained a number of important items, including my few pieces of good jewelry.

After making reservations for our departure from the city that afternoon, we visited the Highway Patrol office, and reported our loss, leaving our forwarding address in the hope that the case might turn up. Having taken the only logical step we knew to try to regain our property, we did a little sight-seeing in the city, then went to a restaurant to relax and eat before continuing our journey. The atmosphere of the restaurant was pleasant, the food and service excellent, but my appreciation was dulled by my concern over the missing traveling case and its irreplaceable contents. My husband, sensing my mood, said suddenly,

"Let go, dear, and let God."

I was startled to hear this phrase again, after so many years, and in a strange place. I felt this was a special directive and I resolved to put the worry out of my mind.

After we arrived home, I told a few members of the family of losing the traveling case to account for some of the items in it which they noticed were missing. On Christmas Day, two weeks after our departure from Los Angeles, and a week after our arrival home, we spent the day at my brother's home 20 miles distant. I was sitting quietly in the living room, momentarily alone, contemplating the beautiful tree and recalling earlier Christmases at my grandmother's, when suddenly and clearly Grandmother's face appeared before me. I heard her voice say, "It is done." Of course I was startled and at the moment the message meant nothing to me. I told no one of my experience but went to help in the kitchen.

In a few minutes my brother came in and greeted everyone. When he came to me he said, "Oh, Sis, I have a letter — or part of a letter — for you. There was a fire in the post office yesterday, and after we put out the fire and were cleaning up the mess, I found a letter addressed to you at your old house. Here it is."

I gingerly opened a badly scorched and still wet envelope, and opened the note-paper within. Much of the letter was illegible, but enough remained for me to learn that a gas station attendant in Kansas had been given a small traveling case by a motorist. In trying to determine ownership, the attendant had opened the case and found within a letter bearing an address I had used some eight years previously. He had directed the news of the traveling case to me at that old address.

The finding of the case by an honest motorist, whose identity I never have been able to learn, and the efforts of the gas station attendant to return it to me, I consider quite remarkable. But that the letter came safely enough through the fire in the post-office, and that my own brother rescued it, seemed a miracle. Quite suddenly, my Grandmother's remark, my husband's reminder of it and my Grandmother's message that "It is done" became connected and clear to me.

Ten days later I received the traveling case, unscratched and its contents intact. — *Riverside, R. I.*

CALL FROM THE SKY

By Merry E. Stevens

On June 6, 1944, my birthday, we heard over the radio that it was Invasion Day. Everyone was urged to go to church and pray. Our minister called the post of-

fice to notify that he would be in our town to hold special prayers that evening.

I was certain that my son, 18, was in the invasion and I was nervous all that day. Everything seemed to go wrong. The baby spilled ink all over a lovely lace tablecloth I had made and I cried, which is something I am not in the habit of doing. I am a good cook yet the cake I made for my birthday was a failure. I made it only to please the children. I couldn't bear the thought of a cake or a celebration.

In cleaning up after supper I was all thumbs and broke four dishes. Then I burned a dress while pressing it to wear to church.

My husband was tired and I had to coax him to go to church with me. I reminded him that we were the only family in our town who had a son in the invasion.

We did not get gathered at the church until late. The minister said he had picked verses at random for those who had no prayer and the ushers passed them out in a basket. My husband and I both took one from the basket. Then the minister started the service and each person in church read his prayer. My turn came and I stood up to read what I had drawn. It is etched on my mind to this day. I always have thought it strange that I should draw this verse, for my son was in the Air Force. This was my verse:

O spirit whom the Father sent
To spread about the firmament
O wind of heaven by thy might
Save all who dare the eagle's flight;
And keep them by thy watchful care
From every peril in the air.
In Jesus' name, Amen.

Then I seemed to see a huge blue explosion that filled the entire church. I heard my son call, "Mom, oh, Mom!" And I screamed, "Lewellyn got killed!"

I fainted and knew nothing more until I found myself at home. The minister was there, having brought us. Nothing he said could calm me for I was certain Lewellyn had been killed.

On June 20 we received our regret notice from the President. It said my son had been shot down in action on June 6, Invasion Day. And dawn there was the exact time I was reading my prayer in church here when he called me. Everyone of the plane's 10-man crew died in the explosion. — *Little Sauk, Minn.*

The followers of this ancient, cazy-quilt religion ate only vegetables, believing that meat prevented spiritual salvation.

By Harry E. Wedeck



STRANGE CULT OF THE *Manicheans*

Of all the strange religions that have existed through the ages, none is more unique than Manichaeism. It is now an old, forgotten cult, but in the third Century A.D. it excited long and tremendous interest. Today some of its principles, especially those concerning food, still exercise influence.

This ancient religious cult which flourished 17 centuries ago was little known except through occasional summaries and mention by Oriental writers and a few comments by the Church Fathers. Then in 1930 an expedition to Eastern Turkestan unearthed some 300 fragments of the long-lost Manichaean literature, the only actual remains of the Manichaean Bible.

Mani or Manes, the founder, was a Persian of Babylonia. He was born in the village of Mardin, in Babylonia in 215 A.D. His father, Patak, gave his son a sound education at the famous city of Ctesiphon. According to a strange legend, Patak once was commanded by an angel to abstain from flesh, wine and women, and this

legend later motivated the direction of Mani's thoughts. Mani was brought up in the Moghashilah sect, which, in some respects, was similar to St. John the Baptist's Christians. Mani, however, lived in contact with other religious groups in the city and thus was well aware of differences in tenets and view points, although all seemed to strive toward the same goal.

At various times Mani experienced spiritual revelations and dreams. Presently he began to preach publicly. He proclaimed his new religion at the court of the Persian king, Shapur I. Then he traveled the uplands of the Asiatic hinterland, among nomadic tribes and obscure racial communities. He haunted the bazaars in the cities too, mingled with herdsmen in the fields, with fishermen and camel drivers, traders and seamen. Wherever he went he preached and both men and women were receptive to his new beliefs.

Thus Mani wandered as far east as the frontiers of China, as far south as India. On the way he gathered large numbers of devoted disciples who took up the mission of spreading Mani's doctrines. Mani was their prophet, the only true representative of the Divinity, who they claimed was destined to establish a universal and ideal religion.

After many years of pilgrimage Mani finally returned to Persia. But he found no peace there. The priests of the dominant Zoroastrian religion were violently hostile to this new preacher. They regarded him as a spiritual upstart who was encroaching on their established domain. They rose against Mani, agitating to such a degree that he was imprisoned. He escaped but again was seized. This time he was killed – flayed alive and beheaded in 275 A.D. His body was exposed on a gibbet in the city of Gondeshahpur.

Mani considered himself a prophet, a disciple of Jesus, an ambassador of light. As Mani Prestig ig Yeso – I, Mani the Apostle of Jesus – he meant his doctrines to spread through the known world. "I have come," he announced, "from the land of Babel to sound a call into the world."

After his death his adherents fled to Khorasan, Turkestan, India, China, North Africa, and to the Roman colonies.

In the fourth century, in the days of St. Augustine, the Manichaean cult flourished in North Africa. Augustine himself thought he had found spiritual truth in this Oriental religious system. For nine years he was a faithful Manichaean. Later, disappointed in Manichaean practices, he denounced the cult. In a violent attack against a certain Faustus, an African Manichaean, St. Augustine told the Manichaeans to burn

all their literature.

In 362 A.D. the Emperor Theodosius punished most of the practicing Manichaeans by death, although some still survived in Rome. The cult never died out completely. In the 10th century the Tuguzguz, Turkish tribe living near the frontiers of China, still practiced Manichaeism. Even in the 12th century the cult flourished in Southern France, having been brought there from the Balkans, especially Bulgaria, where there was a revival, Neo-Manichaeism. Macedonia, in Greece, also had numerous devotees. Perpetuated in folklore and romance, in epic poetry and legends, such as that of King Arthur, Manichaeism survived through the Middle Ages.

Manichaeism is a composite religion. It has elements drawn from numerous sources. It borrowed from Babylonian doctrines and from Zoroastrianism. It adapted certain Christian features as well as fragments from the current sects and cults that, in Mani's days, were in constant competition with each other.

The Manichaeans believed the universe was governed by two forces. One force controlled an earth composed of light; the other force dominated an earth of darkness. Man was buffeted constantly by these two forces and his salvation lay in being released from the dark earth into the freedom of the light, good and sinless, earth.

The domain of light was associated with all good elements, with the Godhead, with love, justice and kindness. It was represented by five symbols: a mild breeze, a cool wind, light, fire and water. The domain of darkness, on the other hand, whose symbols were mist, heat, the hot sirocco wind and darkness itself, was the realm of evil. Satan and all the demons that haunt the universe sprang from this kingdom of darkness.

These two kingdoms are everlastingly opposed, vying with each other for supremacy over the cosmos. Satan at one time assailed the realm of light with his grim hosts. But the God of Light blocked these onslaughts and as a final gesture created primal man. He sent Man to crush the attacks of the Satanic forces and, after aeons of time, succeeded. But there had entered into Man certain elements of darkness stemming from Satan. Thus Man is a dual being, perpetually in conflict with himself, torn between two extremes, striving toward good, but tainted with evil.

In this dualistic Manichaean world where two warring elements persist, what is Man's purpose in life? It is to separate the light from the darkness, by continuous effort to reach the uttermost realms of light. In this afterlife, when all the elements of light

throughout the universe have been released into a blissful freedom, the cosmos will come to an end, devoured by a monstrous, all-embracing fire. In this respect, of course, the Manichaeans shared the view of Stoic philosophy, which similarly visualized the final destruction of the cosmos through a universal conflagration.

The religious features of this cult attracted large numbers of men and women who sought consolation and tranquility from the hazards of life. In Manichaeism they were offered redemption, in the afterlife they were promised immortality. And in this mortal life they were given social equality. Manichaeism welcomed without distinction the poor and the wealthy, the ignorant and the wise, the scholar and the peasant.

One significant feature of Manichaean doctrine deserves special mention. To the Manichaeans food in its domestic use, at feasts, festivals and sacrifices, was related to the spiritual life. This is in harmony with numberless folk rituals from Homeric days to Christian, Judaic, and Moslem practice. But the Manichaeans were entirely vegetarians. To them food was a means not only to health but to spiritual salvation. The two warring spirits in man — the Radiant Spirit and the Dark Spirit — were conditioned by the type of food that was taken into the body.

The Manichaeans ate no meat because they believed that it roused the Demon of Darkness in them. Meat of any kind they considered the product of lust, suitable only for beasts of prey. Likewise all fermented drinks were taboo. They ate only legumes and vegetables. Even then certain kinds were preferred. Whatever had roots, developed through the trunk, flowered and blossomed into ripe fruit was good. The more glowing and soft the plants and fruits were, the more suitable for the Perfect Life. Pulpy fruits such as melons were highly acceptable; also fruits containing oils and juices. Fruits contained light-principles through which sunlight had streamed.

As an additional health measure the Manichaeans fasted on the first day of the week in honor of the Sun which they regarded as the principle of life. The priests fasted also on the second day of the week, in honor of the Moon. There was a monthly one-day fast which began on the eighth day of the month. The Elect — those who were completely initiated Manichaeans — and those aspiring to the Perfect Life were prohibited from killing anything animate even plant life, including trees. They did no manual labor.

The fundamental teaching of Mani in this regard was that food that absorbed the light principle was beneficial to man and to ultimate Perfection. All foods, resist-

ant to the light principle were harmful to men, who in eating them were exposed to the disastrous influence of the Power of Darkness. All matter perishes. The soul remains, ultimately becoming free. Therefore animal food, essentially perishable, must not interfere with this final freedom. Only vegetables and plants without animation were compatible with the Manichaean ideals.

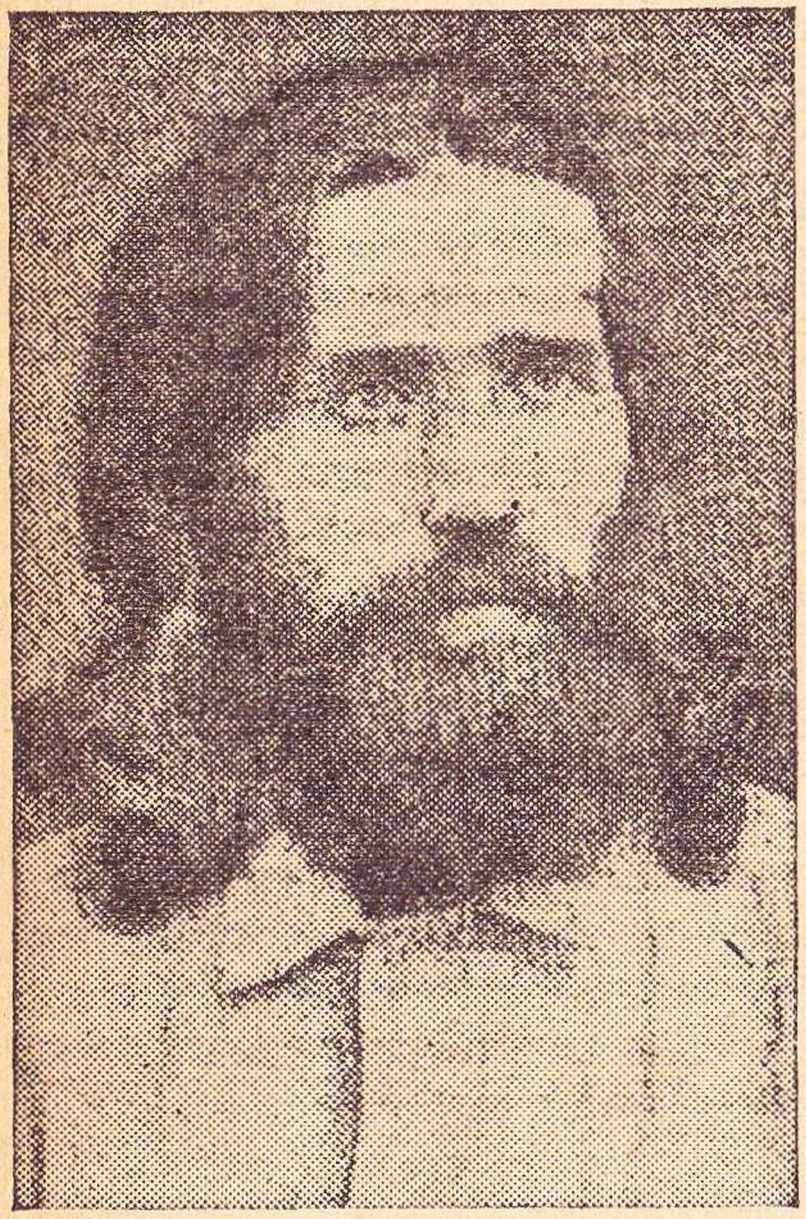
PRE-COLUMBIAN CHRISTIANS IN AMERICA

CHRISTIAN beliefs and symbols existed among New World Indians before the landing of Columbus, according to some scholars. Felipe Lira Giron, Bolivian ambassador to Spain, believes that the Virgin Mary was venerated in America long before its discovery. He points to the existence of ancient Christian crosses througout the American continent and to a legend which persists among Indians from the islands of Barlovento to the banks of the Plata River that the Apostles St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew preached in America.

Although "Christian traditions" were found among some New World Indians, few scholars are willing to give them a Christian interpretation. The idea that the Apostle St. Thomas was the legendary Quetzalcoatl venerated among the nations of ancient Mexico is now rejected. Most scholars today believe that Quetzalcoatl was an Icelandic or Norse priest of the 10th or 12th century who accompanied a band of seafarers on a voyage of adventure which led them to the New World.

Quetzalcoatl was said to have been a tall bearded white man who preached a new religion which taught love and reverence for a Divine Father, virtue, penance and fasting. He predicted that bearded white men like himself would come from the east in ships, take possession of the country, overthrow the Indian idols and establish a new religion. Later he sailed to his own land in the east.

In Anahuac and in Yucatan Christian traditions, especially the veneration of the Cross, are said to date from the coming of Quetzalcoatl. In Yucatan Francisco Hernandez de Cordoba found crosses which were worshipped by the Indians, who in at least one instance are said to have believed that a man more splendid than the sun had died upon a cross. The Mayas reportedly preserved a rite suggestive of Baptism and Confession, and the Totonacos are said to have practiced a form of Communion.



Francis Schlatter achieved nation-wide fame as a healer — but remained an enigma.

FRANCIS SCHLATTER -- A FOOL FOR GOD

By
Estella DeFord Graham

Thousands claimed to be healed by this mysterious Christ-like man. Did he have supernatural powers as many were certain?

"You are a murderer!"

These words, though spoken quietly, electrified the crowd surrounding the healer. There were reporters present. This man's healing activities were news not only in Denver but were reported in newspapers throughout the country.

It was noon. The man who now had reached the healer had stood in line since six o'clock in the morning. The line still stretched out for many city blocks.

The healer asked the man to pass on but he was insistent that treatment be given.

"I can not treat you," said the healer firmly.

"Why not?" asked the man.

"Do you wish me to tell you before all these people?"

"Yes," replied the man brazenly.

"I can not treat you — you are a murderer!"

The man slipped through the crowd and was gone. In a few minutes many men were searching for him.

Now those waiting in the line knew that, besides being able to restore their bodies, this man's intuition could lay bare their souls.

Who was this six-foot-tall man with the blue eyes and the long golden, waving hair and beard? His serene manner drew such crowds that special trains were

being run to accomodate them, crowds that would have crushed him had not well-wishers protected him by building a narrow gangway so that only one person at a time could reach him.

Born in the village of Ebersheim in Alsace, France, on April 29, 1856, to poor Catholic parents Francis Schlatter's schooling ended at 14. He was apprenticed to a cobbler. He arrived in New York when he was 18 and there he worked at his trade for several years. He never married.

Seemingly there is no record of how or when his ability to heal first was discovered. That this rare and precious gift landed him in jail intermittently is a matter of record. His chief complaint about jails was that he was not allowed to have his Bible to read.

For five and a half months the authorities of Hot Springs, Ark., kept this Christ-like man imprisoned. In Throckmorton, Tex., in the heart of the Bible Belt, he was given the choice of leaving town or going to jail. Seeing no chance to heal in jail he departed.

The next summer, in 1895, Francis Schlatter hit the headlines. He had accomplished that which had been deemed impossible — arriving in Albuquerque after walking across the Mojave Desert. He had lived, for the most part, on a minimum of water and unleavened bread which he baked himself. If you have driven across the Mojave in summer, or even stepped momentarily from an air-conditioned train into the 130 degree heat, you too will consider Schlatter's foot-journey incredible. But it was amply authenticated.

After this feat he began to fast as the last necessary preparation for his life work. After 40 days he broke this fast with no ill effect eating for his first meal fried eggs, beefsteak, and fried chicken. Newspapermen and friends have left well authenticated accounts.

In that summer of 1895 E.L. Fox, alderman of the city of Denver, was suffering from increasing deafness and an incessant pain in his side caused by an obscure kidney ailment. Glancing through his Denver paper the headlines about the Franco-American healer, Francis Schlatter, attracted his attention.

Mr. Fox left for Albuquerque. There he finally located the healer in a small adobe house in the old part of town. He was surrounded by such a crowd that the air in the room was stifling.

Mr. Fox said, "I felt from the moment I saw the healer that I would be cured, and my hopes have been realized. I remained a week in Albuquerque and was convinced that not half had been told as to the powers of Schlatter. I invited him to come to Denver, and after I reached my home I received word that my invitation was accepted. I sent him a rail-

road ticket and he arrived in the city on the night of the 23rd of August."

His healing work began in Denver on September 16 and continued until his unexpected disappearance on November 13. The numbers seeking healing had grown until Schlatter was treating from 600 to 2,000 a day.

Those he treated reported feeling something like a mild electric shock when he took their hands in his own crossed hands, one of which felt cold, the other hot. With his eyes closed his lips moved in prayer. Hatless and without a coat though winter was approaching, he stood for six hours daily treating the afflicted, healing all manner of diseases and never once accepting pay. The newspapers carried accounts of healings of congenital diseases, long standing infirmities, deafness, blindness, cancer and tuberculosis.

Toward the middle of November the skin on his hands was worn thin.

He blessed handkerchiefs and some of the most spectacular healings were reported coming from these. When he held a handkerchief for a few seconds it became charged with his healing power. Often Schlatter requested that he be allowed to hold handkerchiefs so that some of the healing power might be carried with them when they returned home.

After the day's work he would go to the carriages, healing those unable to stand in line. Always serene and sympathetic he would say, "Don't thank me; thank the Heavenly Father. Put your faith in Him, not me. I have no power but what He gives me."

Among those who sought to touch the healer's hands was a Mrs. Morley of Datil, N. Mex. Datil is on highway 60 which goes from St. John's, Ariz., to Socorro, N. Mex. In 1895 it was at the end of the wilderness. Mrs. Morley was a woman of wealth and culture whose second husband had invested her money in a cattle ranch and there built a 10-room house. All her fine effects were moved there, after which he left and never returned. Mrs. Morley was trying to run a cattle ranch and raise three children by herself. Francis Schlatter and Mrs. Morley were to meet again under dramatic circumstances but neither suspected it when she stood before him in Denver.

The newspapers of Nov. 14, 1895, carried the stories, of Schlatter's disappearance. The evening before he had been very busy as visitors from a distance followed him to the Fox home where he was staying. Before bedtime, after the visitors had gone, the family gathered around Schlatter while he read passages from the Bible.

The next morning, when Schlatter failed to appear for the

usual six-o'clock breakfast, Mr. Fox waited until seven and then knocked on his door. Getting no reply he entered and found the bed had not been slept in. An unsealed envelope lay on the pillow. In consternation Mr. Fox read: "Mr. Fox. My mission is finished and Father takes me away. Goodbye. Francis Schlatter. Nov. 13."

Mr. Fox was stunned. He knew thousands were coming for healing that day and the next. Hundreds had waited since dawn and more hundreds arrived on the morning trains. At first they could not, would not, believe that the wonderful man would not return to heal their afflictions. By evening they began to turn away, sadly, in disappointment.

The most diligent search did not turn up a single clue as to where Schlatter had gone. This was most surprising as Schlatter had acquired a large white horse named Butte and he and Butte had vanished together.

By the next day, when it became evident that Schlatter was gone and for good, strange scenes were enacted outside the Fox residence. Some sobbed and cried, others gibed or cursed. Men, women and children jostled each other as they sought to touch the wood of the gangway where Schlatter had stood. Handkerchiefs were pressed to the boards. Sacred relics are regarded with no more reverence than were the articles he had touched. Finally, when Mr. Fox found that his fence was being carried off piecemeal he dismantled it.

The reasons for Schlatter's disappearance were probably threefold. While he had refused all pay saying his wants would be met, which indeed they always were, there were those who were selling handkerchiefs he never had touched. Others were brazenly hawking places in the healing line. Places at the head of the line were bringing as high a 10 dollars. The bickering over prices must have reached the healer's ears. Also he must have a rest, in which to rebuild his healing powers.

Newspapermen vied with each other in trying to locate Schlatter and Butte. Every white horse for hundreds of miles was suspect. But as far as the newspapers ever learned Schlatter and Butte had vanished into thin air.

In her fascinating book, *No Life For A Lady*, Agnes Morley Cleaveland has a chapter titled "A Healer Comes to Datil". Seven weeks after his disappearance Schlatter arrived, on a mid-winter-night, at Mrs. Morley's home in Datil, N. Mex. He had travelled 700 miles from Denver over wild mountainous country covered with a foot of snow.

A Mexican ranch hand came to the house to tell Mrs. Morley that a man had put his big white horse

in the haystack corral and was going to freeze to death on the ground near the barn. The man said he could not come to the house unless he were invited, so reported the Mexican. Mrs. Morley sent for him and recognized him instantly. When she addressed him by name he said, "The Father has led me to a safe haven. I must restore my powers in seclusion, by prayer."

He remained at Mrs. Morley's home for three months. During this time he dictated a book which ran to some 90 printed pages, *The Life of the Harp in the Hand of the Harper.* Mrs. Morley had this printed at her own expense. Today only two copies are known to exist. One is owned by Mrs. Morley's daughter, Mrs. Cleaveland. The other is in the New York Public Library.

Francis Schlatter remained much in his bedroom restoring his powers by prayer and meditation. He also twirled a strange 40-pound copper rod. This rod had been mentioned by the Fox family, who said it resembled a baseball bat and that Schlatter told them that The Father cautioned him not to fail in its use as it built up his healing power. Mr. Fox said it took a giant's strength to twirl it as Schlatter did, endlessly, tirelessly.

Schlatter was careful not to be seen around the ranch but Butte, in the corral, plus Schlatter's big footprints started tongues wagging. When people began coming from all around and camping near the house Schlatter decided it was time to start on his trip to Mexico.

Mrs. Morley went a long piece with him, walking beside him as he talked of the future. He told her that she would receive that which would seem positive proof of his death but, in spite of this, he would return. The Father had told him that Datil had been chosen as the seat of the New Jerusalem.

Such proof of his death did come in the form of a newspaper clipping saying that in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, a skeleton had been found in an isolated spot. Near it was a strange metal rod and a weather-beaten Bible with the name Francis Schlatter inscribed on the flyleaf.

In spite of this Mrs. Morley believed in and awaited his return until her own death.

Perhaps the strangest incident of his strange life came about just after his departure from Datil. There appeared on the west wing of Mrs. Morley's house a 10-foot-high, white cross. Mrs. Cleaveland describes the cross as appearing to have been painted on with whitewash. There was no whitewash, nor any ladder on the ranch, and the dog had not barked. None of the hired hands could have painted the cross unnoticed. It was a

bent cross, the upright curving counter-clockwise. It remained on the house for many years.

Mrs. Morley interpreted this as being a crude map of Schlatter's travels, past and future. There can be little doubt that it was of psychic origin but its meaning remains a mystery.

Schlatter never was heard from again. There were those who claimed to be Schlatter but they did not follow his example in never taking money for healing.

Schlatter was a modern saint, a man whose life pattern was one of devotion to God. The Catholics have a name for such a man They call him, "A Fool for God".

Trusting implicitly for food and shelter in his Father in Heaven, doing the Father's will, going where he was sent, healing the afflicted — why was he sent to his death in a desolate spot in Mexico? Why did the Father in whom he trusted so implicitly desert him? For that matter, perhaps we should remember to ask why the voices of Joan of Arc deserted her.

And the New Jerusalem, the seat of which was to be in Datil, what of that?

Can it be that at some future date Francis Schlatter and Mrs. Morley will again play their roles on the stage of life at Datil? If so, I would like to be there.

A DREAM SOLVED THE CRIME

In Sylvester, Ga., recently a strange dream led to the discovery of a murdered woman's body and to the conviction of her husband, Hall Cooper, 45, a laborer.

Three weeks before Cooper's wife, Mary, mysteriously disappeared. Neighbors and police searched the locality for her but found no clue to her whereabouts. Then blood stains were found on the floor-board of Cooper's car and in the front yard of his home. Sheriff D. S. Hudson of Worth County suspected murder but could find no trace of Mary Cooper's body.

Then Ella Mae Weston reported that she had had a dream in which she saw the body of a woman buried under straw in an empty house. Searchers went looking for abandoned houses used for storing hay.

Three miles from Sylvester one of the search parties came across a vacant house containing a pile of hay. Under it they found the mutilated body of Mary Cooper.

A Worth County jury found Cooper guilty without recommendation of mercy — a verdict that makes the death penalty mandatory.



Was the J. C. COUSINS Steered to Destruction?

Watchers who saw the ship run aground agreed a human hand was at the helm. Yet the four-man crew had vanished.

By Walker A. Tompkins

No one will ever know what dark thoughts ran through Captain Alonzo Zeiber's head when he left his rooming house in the vice-infested "Swilltown" district of Astoria's waterfront for the last time. One wonders if he was aware, as he mounted the gangplank of his pilot schooner *J. C. Cousins,* that he was stepping into one of the most dramatic sea-mysteries of all time?

In his pocket, that sunny morning of October 6, 1883, Captain Zeiber carried orders from the ship's owners to proceed through the mouth of the Columbia River and cast anchor. There he was to await a French barkentine, due shortly to make landfall from a voyage out of Saigon with a cargo of spices and ivory. The French skipper would pay a high fee for Zeiber's escort craft to guide him

safely through the quicksand of the Columbia bar.

Perhaps Zeiber regarded this assignment only as a routine cruise, one which he made several times a month. Or possibly he was preoccupied with a master plot involving barratry and multiple murder on the high seas? God alone knows.

At any rate, 24 hours after the *J. C. Cousins* cast off its lines at the Astoria wharf she was a surf-battered derelict on the Oregon coast. And Captain Zeiber and his crew had vanished without a trace.

The mystery of the *Cousins* bears a striking resemblance to that classic enigma of the sea, the *Marie Celeste.*

But, whereas, the *Marie Celeste's* tragedy occurred more than a thousand miles from the nearest land, the *J. C. Cousins* disaster happened in broad daylight before the eyes of scores of witnesses on shore!

An 87-foot, two-masted topsail schooner, the *Cousins* was originally outfitted as a luxury yacht in San Francisco. She was one of the finest examples of marine design afloat at the time.

Her furnishings were mahogany and teak, furbished brass. The hull, below waterline, was copper-plated and her lustrous superstructure was replete with intricate designs hand-carved in the finest exotic hardwoods. She floated like a racing shell. When the wind billowed her snowy canvas she was without an equal for speed.

Records show that in 1881 the *Cousins* was purchased by an Astoria, Ore., river pilot service, the Welsh, Wood, Doig & Olson Company. She was brought to the northern port to wage a cut-rate price war against rival pilot services. Perhaps the answer to what happened to the *Cousins* lies in the violent hatreds engendered by that river feud. Who knows?

The entrance to the Columbia River, even today, is one of the most treacherous in the world. Over 100 major shipwrecks occurred in that area before the government, after the turn of the century, spent millions of dollars building twin jetties 10 miles out to sea. Even in this day of radar and electronic fathometer sounding devices rarely does a winter pass without a marine disaster being added to the Columbia's dreaded "Graveyard of Ships".

Back in the windjammer era of the early '80s, no shipmaster dreamed of entering the uncharted trap of the Columbia's mouth without the services of a skilled local pilot. Such a pilot was Captain Alonzo Zeiber.

When the *J. C. Cousins* put out from Astoria on what turned out to be her last run, Zeiber was accompanied by a cook and two able-bodied seamen. There is no record of the names of these men.

By noon the *Cousins* had Fort Stevens, Ore., athwart her port beam. When the flood tide turned against her in mid-river, the schooner dropped her mudhook off the gray sands of Clatsop Spit to await the ebb tide on which to ride the foaming bar to the safety of the open ocean.

Hove to throughout the afternoon, she was plainly visible to the crew of the deep-sea tug *Mary Taylor,* anchored in the roadstead of Baker's Bay off the fishing town of Ilwaco, Wash.

Lookouts on the stony promontory of Cape Disappointment, Wash., later reported that the schooner got under weigh at five o'clock that evening, nosing into the sunset-tinted chop of the open bar. A skilled mariner was obviously at the helm — no doubt Captain Zeiber himself, for no riverman knew the Columbia's changing shoals more intimately than he.

Through the following star-bright night, the *Cousins* — and this is vitally important in view of what was to happen on the morrow — was under the constant observation of U. S. Coast Guardsmen at Canby Lighthouse, on the Washington shore. They were responsible for checking on all river traffic. By morning the *Cousins* had deep water under her keel and was tacking into the open sea, another routine escape from the Graveyard of Ships.

The glass was rising on this cloudless Sunday morning of October 7. A moderate ground-swell was running. Foul weather could not be blamed for what happened next — an unexplainable feat of seamanship which made headlines across the country.

For the *J. C. Cousins,* for no apparent reason, suddenly reversed course and headed her bowsprit straight inshore toward the menacing gray whaleback of Clatsop Spit!

Landsmen at Oregon's Point Adams watched in growing amazement and concern as they saw the rakish two-master cruise shoreward toward waiting doom. Something was wrong on board! Had a crewman been taken ill, to be rushed ashore by smallboat? In that case the schooner would shortly drop her weather anchor well outside the churning surf.

Alerted for emergency, the Coast Guard began assembling gear on shore — a horse-drawn ambulance, surf boats, a doctor hastily summoned from Astoria with a hospital tent and nurses in the event he was called upon to operate.

Each passing moment brought the *Cousins* closer and closer to the Spit. All her sails were set to the wind. As she approached the outer line of breakers which denoted shoal water, she gave no sign of heaving to.

While landsmen watched with

soul-sickening helplessness, they saw the *Cousin's* masts lurch violently as her copperclad bottom wedged into a sandbar. Angry combers tumbled over her taffrail in a salty wash, thrusting her hull deeper into the entrapping sands.

It seemed the *Cousins* had been deliberately stranded on Clatsop Spit, after having spent the night carefully navigating away from that sandbank's dangers. Surely a ship as seaworthy as the *Cousins*, undisputed mistress of the Columbia waterway, and manned by a crew who knew every inch of the shifting channel, was not beached without cause.

Powerful telescopes were focussed on the grounded vessel now watching for the crew to break out distress signals, either flags or rockets. None came.

The sails were not furled; the canvas slatted in the shifting winds with loud reports, muted by the ominous drone of breakers. No lifeboat put out from the wreck; no figures dived over the side into the creaming breakers in an attempt to swim ashore.

The time for waiting was past. Coast Guardsmen put out to sea in surfboats. Approaching the *Cousins* from starboard, they received no answer to their megaphoned hails. The first men over the ship's rail found the canted deck deserted, but shipshape down to the last belaying pin in the racks. Hawsers were coiled neatly, lifeboats hung in their davits.

The boarding party entering the cabin found an untouched noon meal on the table. The galley cookstove was warm, potatoes had boiled dry in a pot.

Frantically the searchers went through the schooner, from foretop to hold, missing no cranny nor crevice in their hunt for some sign of life. Galley, wheelhouse, forecastle, canvas-hooded lifeboats — all were examined minutely, again and again. Only silence — the silence of death — rewarded them. From taffrail to knightheads the proud *J. C. Cousins* was as deserted as an open tomb.

There was a flurry of excitement when one of the Guardsmen discovered a cigar lying on a binnacle tray, smoke still fuming from the fragile ash on its tip. This, it was claimed for a time, was proof that the cigar had been placed there since the *Cousins* wedged herself immovably into the sandspit — obviously by the helmsman who had brought her in from deep water.

But the "cigar clue" was erroneous. Investigation easily demonstrated that, whereas a cigarette might burn itself out in an ash tray, a cigar extinguished itself within a minute or two at the longest. That cheroot could have been laid there only by a ghost — or by an excited member of the search party who forgot what he had done.

The crew's quarters in the forecastle head were in perfect order. The logbook shed no light on what had happened. The final entry, in Captain Zeiber's familiar scrawl, had been made out in mid-river at sunrise: *"All's well . . ."*

Baffled, the searchers scanned the sea with powerful glasses, hoping against hope, and against the impossibility of anyone having disembarked unseen, to glimpse swimmers.

They saw nothing, not even a floating life preserver.

Later, maritime insurance investigators inspected the *Cousins'* steering apparatus. Rudder and helm were in perfect condition. The hull was undamaged even by the impact of grounding. The *Cousins* had been in no danger of foundering after a collision with some navigational obstacle. Nothing accounted for her sudden return to shore.

There was no whit of evidence pointing to mutiny or a drunken struggle among the crew. Zeiber was known to have been on the friendliest terms with his men. The reputations of all four were good.

In the long weeks which followed, beachcombers patroled day and night on the shoreline from Oregon's Tillamook Head on the south to the North Beach Peninsula on the north. They knew that sooner or later the corpses of the vanished crewmen would float ashore. Their vigil was fruitless; none was ever found.

Tugboats could not extricate the *Cousins* from her sandy grave. Her fittings were stripped by salvaging firms. The hull and masts were smashed by winter storms and high tides. By the spring of 1884, all that was left of the proud luxury yacht were a few curved timbers which jutted above the surf at low tide, like ribs projecting from a whale's skeleton. Even they soon disappeared.

After lengthy litigation in the barratry courts, an insurance company paid the *Cousins'* owners $4,000, one-tenth of her assessed valuation, to settle the most fantastic controversy in the history of Pacific shipping losses.

Many theories were advanced to explain the ghostly riddle. The most popular explanation was that Captain Zeiber had been bribed by rival pilot-services to murder his crew, sew their bodies in weighed tarpaulins, heave them overboard during the night, beach his ship and make his own escape.

But how, asked the skeptics, could Zeiber have escaped in broad daylight, under the constant scrutiny of dozens of high-powered glasses on shore? It was unanimously agreed that human hands were at the wheel when the *Cousins* made her landward run.

In the years that followed rumors filtered in, as rumors will, from the far corners of the globe.

From Singapore, Madagascar, the Straights of Magellan came stories that Alonzo Zeiber had been seen. One by one these reports were investigated and successively were proven false.

Over 70 years have passed since the wreck of the *J. C. Cousins.* Time has a way of further obscuring events as weird as these. For example, files of Astoria newspapers have been diligently combed for accounts of the *Cousins* strange end – but the 1883 volume is unaccountably missing from files otherwise intact from the late '70s to the present day. Official government reports should be in the archives of the Customs House at Astoria – but these were burned in 1922 by the great fire which destroyed the fur-trading settlement John Jacob Astor founded in 1804.

Old-timers who knew Captain Zeiber, eye-witnesses who boarded the doomed ship on that grim Sunday morning are all gone now.

The answer to the riddle of the *J. C. Cousins,* like many others, is apparently sealed forever in the depths of the sea.

SAVED BY A PREMONITION

On June 15, 1955, John H. Sullivan, 41, a welding contractor of Boston, Mass., was welding a water pipe deep in a 10-foot trench. Shortly before it was time for him to stop work for the day the trench caved in. Sullivan was buried by an avalanche of earth and rocks. Only his welding mask kept him from quick death by suffocation.

Sullivan was jammed against the pipe on which he had been working. The hot weld burned deep into his shoulder. His nose and an ankle were broken — but luckily one hand projected above the earth.

At first he shouted for help. Then, realizing he could not be heard, he decided to save his breath and pray. "I learned to pray," he said. Time crept by and he wondered if it was dark. Darkness would keep his projecting hand from being seen and end his hopes of rescue.

Miles away, Thomas Whittaker, an employee of Sullivan, was starting for home in his car. Suddenly he had a feeling that he should check on his boss. He did so, he said, "for no reason at all . . . must have been a premonition." He turned his car around and drove to the trench. He saw Sullivan's hand waving above the earth that covered him and gave the alarm that led to his employer's rescue.

Island of Death

Bells toll and candles burn in the cemetery as the Janitzianos observe the eeriest of holidays — the Day of the Dead.

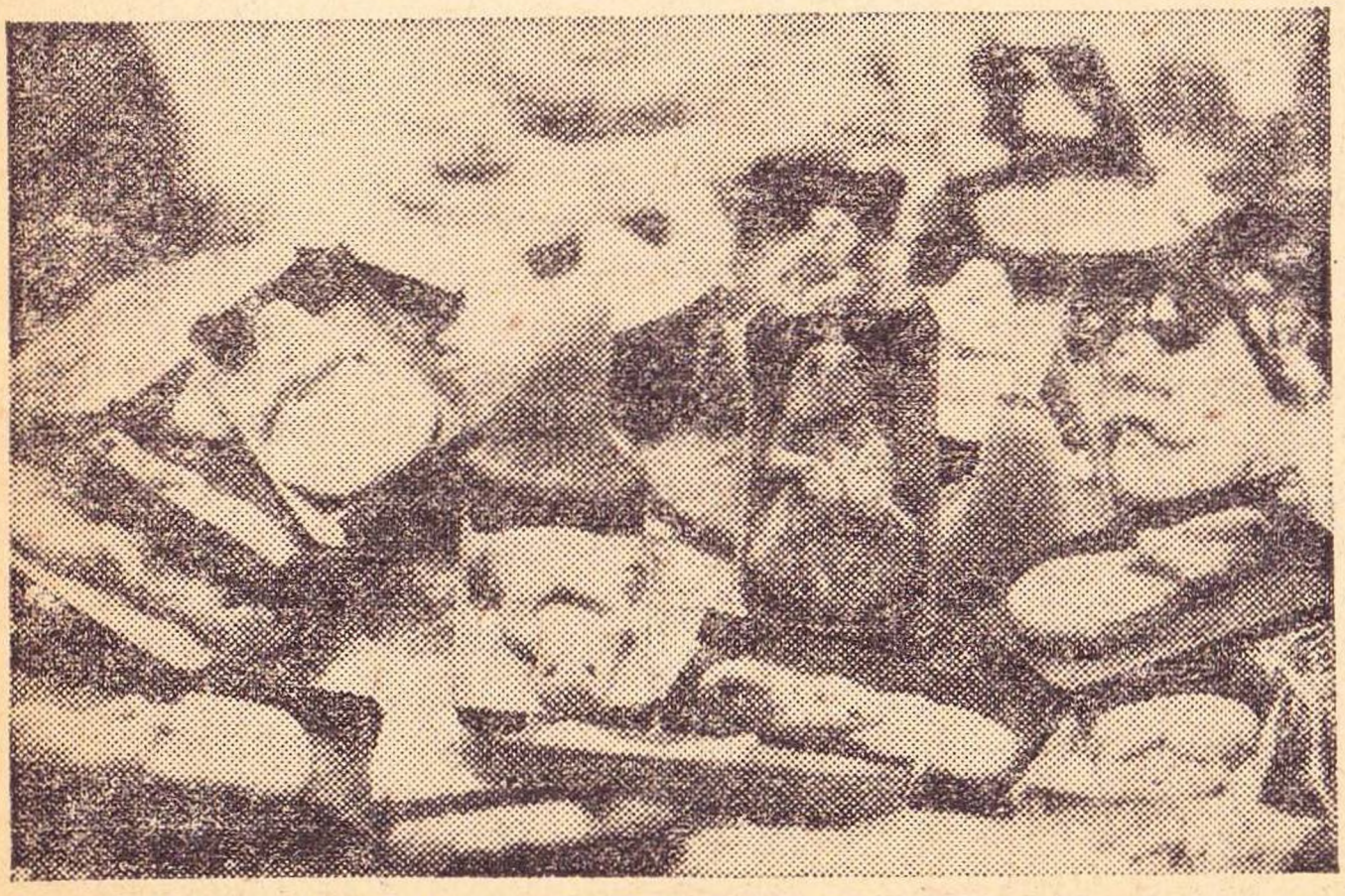
By Richard Magruder

Photos by the Author

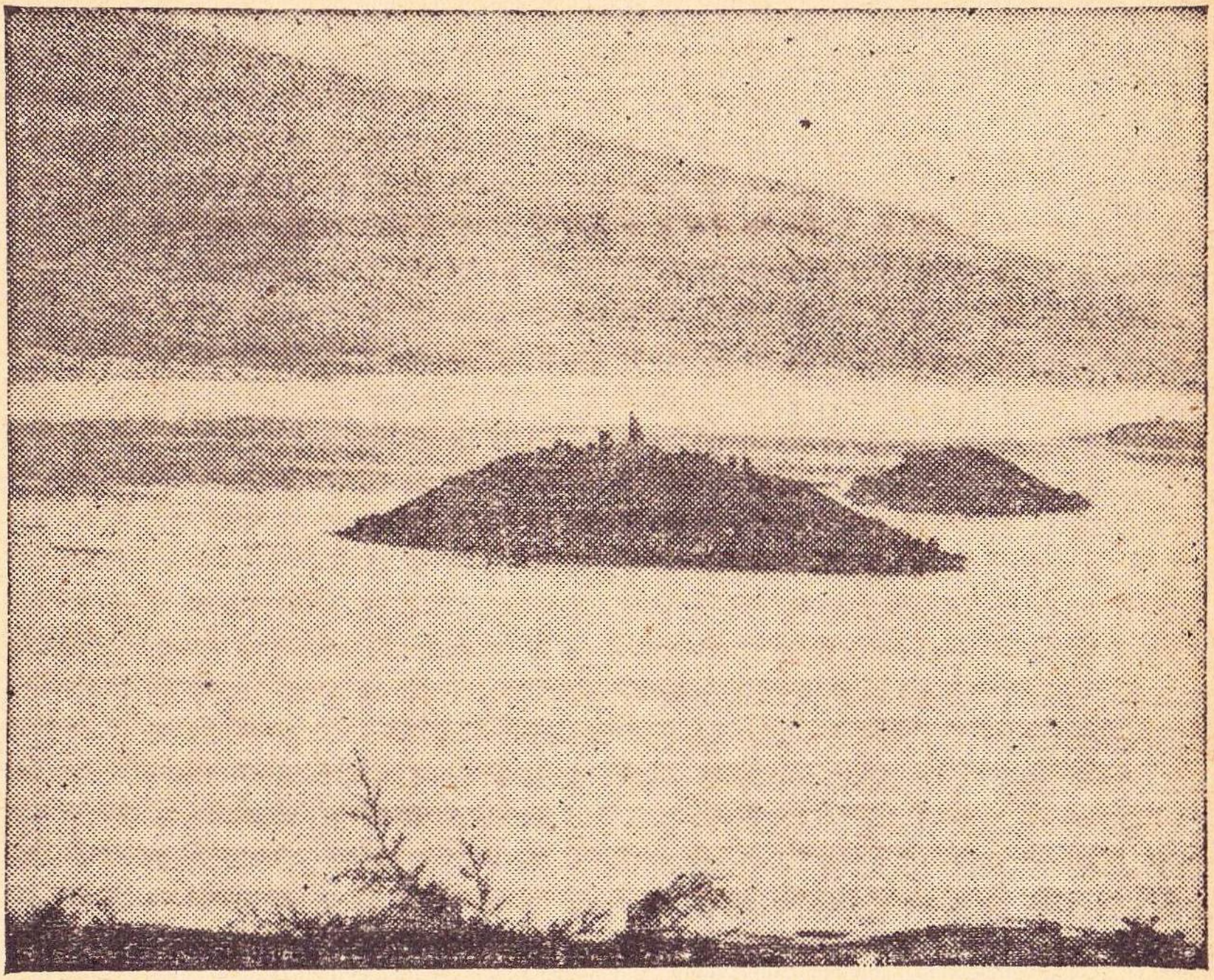
THE people of Mexico, on the surface at least, have an almost pathological preoccupation with death.

The apparently carefree conviction that each day must be lived as if it were the last only bears out this strange attitude. The Mexican peon is the greatest fatalist on the face of the earth. The specter of Death stands by his side.

Viewed realistically, this fatalism is quite justified. The infant



Some of the weird foods prepared to celebrate the Day of the Dead are these "Breads of the Dead" — shaped like corpses, with paper coffins.



The island of Janitzio as seen from the mountains surrounding Lake Patzcuaro.

mortality rate in the Republic is as high as India's or China's. And only a relatively short time ago the finest specimens in the land willingly gave their lives in sacrifice to their pagan gods.

Nowhere in Mexico is this preoccupation with death more in evidence than on Janitzio, the tiny, volcanic island isolated in the center of Lake Patzcuaro, a beautiful crescent lake nearly 7,000 feet high in the mountains of the state of Michoacan. Here there are some 2,000 descendants of the once-mighty Tarascan Indian nation, living in their tiny adobe huts on the steep sides of the rugged isle.

On Janitzio there are few very young and few very old. Those who survive the myriad dangers of childhood grow old early. They die before their time. They are poor people, the Janitzianos, and they eke out a tenuous existence on the catches of whitefish in the lake waters surrounding their island. For a few days each year the waters are turned black by the hoards of small diving ducks which descend on the lake to rest

during their long, migratory flights. A few of these are speared, but most escape by disappearing beneath the water or into the sky. Life for these people is cruel and hard.

Throughout Mexico one day each year is devoted specifically to the Grim Reaper. November 2nd is known as *El Dia de los Muertos* — The Day of The Dead. On this day everyone goes to the *panteon* — the cemetery — to pay homage to the memory of their departed loved ones, to gossip, to see old friends.

Every cemetery in the Republic is the scene of great activity during the night of November 1st also. Offerings and altars are set up at each graveside. Living relatives keep watch by candlelight until daybreak.

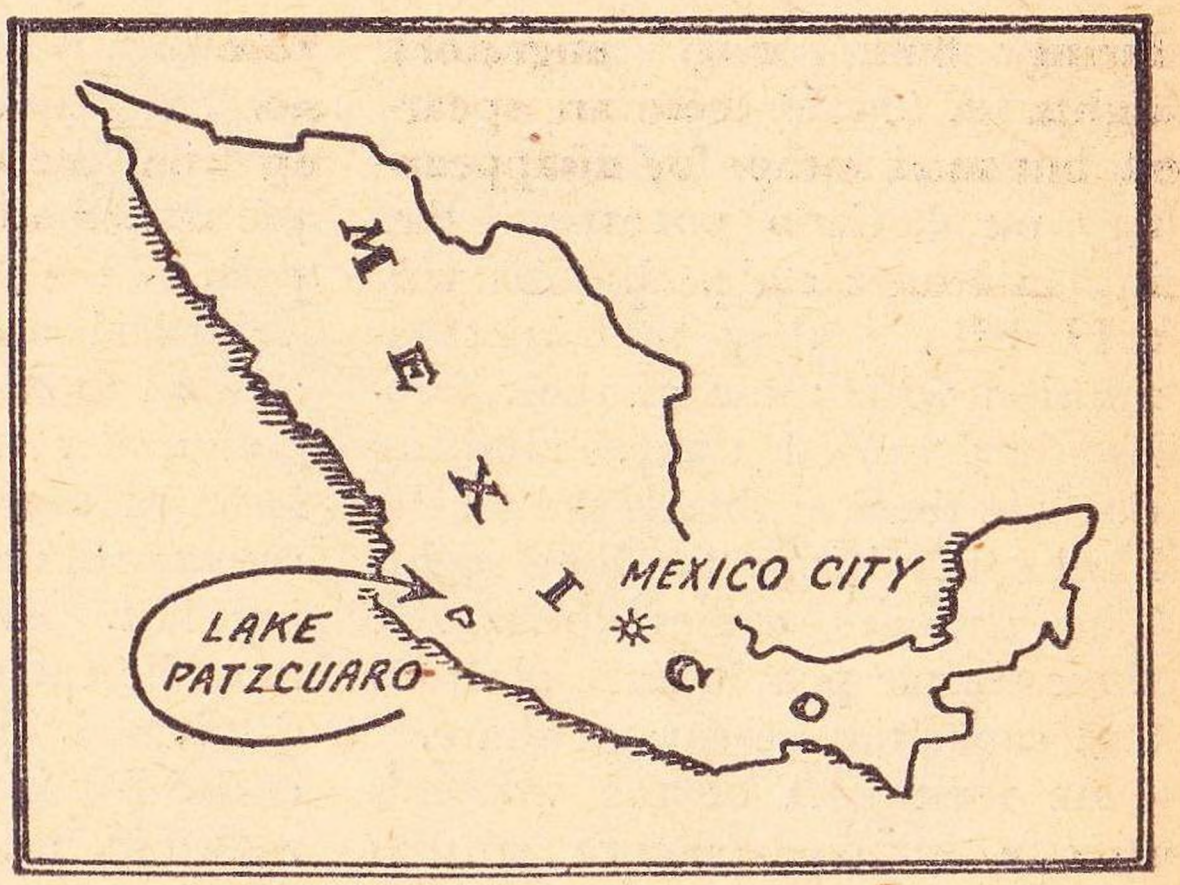
But, in all of Mexico there is no ceremony so strange, eerie or beautiful as the one in the small, rocky *panteon* halfway up the steep side of the island of Janitzio.

The women and girls go to bed at sunset on November 1st. The men and boys gather on a landing near the edge of the lake to play ancient Tarascan songs on their guitars and to drink huge quantities of *mexcal* or *pulque*. Not a sound comes from the cemetery, not a light flickers; the dead rest quietly.

Near midnight the sleeping women rise and dress quietly. Forming a solemn, funeral procession, they slowly wind their way up from the silent village to the old arched entrance of the *panteon* As the first shawled women enter the gates, a great bell in the tiny chapel near the head of the cemetery starts a somber tolling. And it never stops — through the long, cold night — until morning. This is the Bell of Death. It is a moving, chilling thing to hear resounding off the hilly island and booming across the waters to the lakeside villages miles away.

The women and girls carry altars made of woven reeds and marigolds to set up beside each grave. They carry a tall wax candle for every grave and a meal for themselves and for each dead member of their family. One by one the candles are lit. The flickering light as it plays across the stoic faces of the women is a beautiful thing to see. They kneel there with their daughters all through the night, never speaking, never moving.

The only sounds now are the measured and hollow boom of the bell and an occasional snatch of song floating up from the village, where the men are reeling along the shores of the island, afraid of the message of the Bell of the Dead and trying to cover their fear with gaiety and dull it with wine. The boys sit about. They are forbidden the alcohol and made to form circles about



Lake Patzcuaro is a beautiful crescent lake 7000 feet high in the mountains of the Mexican state of Michoacan.

the men as they shout and yell of their bravery in the face of Death.

This is The Day of The Dead, then. But it does not explain the scope of the superstition, nor the myth upon which the beliefs are founded. Actually it is almost impossible to unearth the true foundation of many of the ceremonies. They are buried and lost in antiquity. Christianity and Paganism, folklore and reality, the ancient and the modern, are entwined inextricably.

The *Panes de Muertos* — breads of the dead — fill the markets everywhere. Most of them are shaped like cadavers in coffins, death's heads, or skeletons. The *Dulces de Muertos* — sweets of the dead — are also common. They are fashioned into leering skulls, entire skeletons, images of dead pets or of lost loved ones — peasant women in their *rebozas,* long-dead *matadors,* many of whom met death on the horns of a savage bull in some obscure ring. These are made by the people. For weeks before the actual Day of The Dead they stand beside the Christian altars in their humble homes.

They are included in the meals taken to the *panteon* on the final, eerie night. They are eaten along with the *tacos, tortillas, frijoles* and other favorite foods of the deceased. The Janitzianos think the loved one's soul is, in this manner, rejuvenated and given another year's residence in some far-off paradise.

The candles burn, according to legend, to lead the dead one back to those left alive, that he may

spend one night each year in their company. Many of the women mourners in the hillside cemetery on Janitzio put themselves into a trance state. In this way they believe they are in communion with those of their family they buried there. Nothing disturbs them as they kneel on the hard earth during the long night. The stranger comes to realize these simple people have abilities and capacities he cannot share.

At least part of the women's strictly imposed silence springs from another legend. Many years ago, it is said, the men invaded the *panteon* during the night, with their drinking, ribaldry and singing. Many of the women joined them in their fun-making. This greatly disturbed the souls of those lying dead. In retribution, the gods caused the mountainside above the cemetery to give way. A tremendous avalanche of rock and earth came down on the revelers, burying the panteon and those in it under tons of debris. Since that time the mourners have been careful to devote the long night in silence.

As soon as the first rays of the sun strike the placid waters of Lake Patzcuaro, the men begin the arduous walk from the water's edge to the cemetery. Some stagger and fall on the rocky path. Arriving at the arched entrance the first man asks permission to enter. This is given and the Bell of Death is suddenly stilled. Other, higher-pitched bells begin a gay, musical tune, telling the people that the time for sorrowing is past.

Mexcal and pulque is passed around to one and all. The party gets under way with a great release of tension. The meals are consumed, those for the dead coming last. Every morsel of food must be eaten or the gods will be displeased. The people spend the entire day in the panteon and, by nightfall, most of them are dead drunk, whooping, dancing, or lying in a stupor.

The party ends with the day, and the people stagger back down the mountainside to the village. There they disappear into their huts to sleep away the effects of the orgy. Often Janitzio is wrapped in silence for two or three days after the ceremony. The people are too exhausted, emotionally and physically, to resume their tasks. Finally, however, the little island does wake up again.

The specter of Death is not far away. Seldom is there enough to eat. The fish don't bite, or the corn doesn't grow, or the rainy season passes them by. Then they know the toll will be great on their island this year. So they look forward to the Day of The Dead, when they may ask the gods for forgiveness and plead with the spirits of their dead to intercede in their favor.



WHO PHONED THE DOCTOR?

By Garfield Scott, M. D.

A phone call brought him to the side of his critically ill patient — but it seemed nobody had phoned.

I eased the receiver back on its hook hoping that the phone had not awakened my wife. But she stirred slightly and asked in a sleepy mumble, "Another night call?"

It was as simple as that. Nothing unusual. Just another night call, we thought. I tore myself from the drowsiness which tugged at my brain, tempting me to fall back into bed and to sleep. Downstairs the mantel clock struck three.

Once outside, the stimulating spring air roused me fully. By habit, my mind directed itself to the case at hand.

I had seen Gus Thornton daily for almost a week, treating the bronchial asthma which he had had for many years. The afternoon before he seemed at his best. We both felt that he had put behind him another of his wheezing, gasping, strangling, coughing seizures. He wanted to know if I would be calling the next day. His last words had been, "See you tomorrow, doc?"

"You're a well man" I said. "Tomorrow's Sunday. If patients

permit, I'll go to church." I asked if he had any special reason for wanting me to return.

"Well, I just sort of wanted to tell you about me and the horses."

"So that's where you lost all your money — at the tracks," I teased.

"Oh, no. I never played them. I followed them in my younger days as a sort of third rate jockey. Lately, I've just worked around the stables. You might say the horses have been my life."

Turning onto Elm street from the busy thoroughfare, I was startled by the comparative darkness and quiet. Here in this residential section, on the edge of town, street lamps and houses were more widely spaced. I thought it strange that my patient's home was dark and silent. Maybe they had rushed him to a hospital. Perhaps they all had dropped off to sleep again. I pushed the button. Gus's married sister, with whom he lived, called, "Who is it?"

She admitted me, pulling her robe loosely about her tall, straight figure. I detected surprise on her face as she led me directly to her brother's room.

He was expecting me all right. "It's not my asthma this time, Doc. I have an awful pain in my stomach and its not something I ate. No appetite today."

His thin, pale face was blanched with agony. Icy perspiration bathed his forehead. The spasmodic gritting of his teeth was punctuated by low groans. I saw his pain doubling him up as he lay there, his knees drawn up to his chin and his frail fingers interlocked across his midsection. His flesh was so tender that any examination of his abdomen was difficult. Even brief scrutiny convinced me that something was radically wrong internally.

I told the family that immediate hospitalization was imperative. I made arrangements for his admission to St. Luke's and left for the hospital.

As luck would have it a long, slow freight had beaten me to the crossing. I dozed until a polite toot from the driver behind aroused me. Mentally I envied the horse-and-buggy doctor whose steed, given the reins, would carry her slumbering passenger safely home.

At the hospital everything was done for poor old Gus. He had blood counts, X-rays, electro-cardiograms and consultations in rapid fire order. All tests disclosed nothing. Although the electrocardiogram did show that his heart was bad.

Occasionally, the pain of a coronary heart attack is felt mostly in the stomach region.

Despite our feverish efforts the brave, little horse attendant died late that Sunday afternoon.

I found Gus's two sisters and brother waiting in one of the hos-

pital's reception rooms. I approached the anxious family determined to clear the question that had haunted me from the moment I turned into darkened Elm street on that night call. I wanted to know who had phoned me. Why had they seemed surprised at my arrival?

"Which of you ladies called me to come and see Gus last night?" I asked.

They stared at me in bewilderment, mouths open. They exchanged glances.

The elder sister was first to regain her composure. "It's strange that you should ask us at this particular moment. We were just discussing that very question. You see, Doctor, nobody phoned you for Gus last night."

DOGS OF DEATH

By Jean W. Floyd

I was seven years old in 1930 when my grandfather, Samuel Chambers, lay dying of cancer in our house in Globe, Ariz. At twilight one evening I heard a strange sound that seemed to come from the front of the house. From the window I saw, on the embankment above our driveway, two huge, black hounds, noses pointed skyward, howling dreadfully.

Frightened, I called for Mother to come and look at them. She said she could see no dogs but that she thought she could just faintly hear a sound that might be howling. She scolded me for playing games at such a sad time.

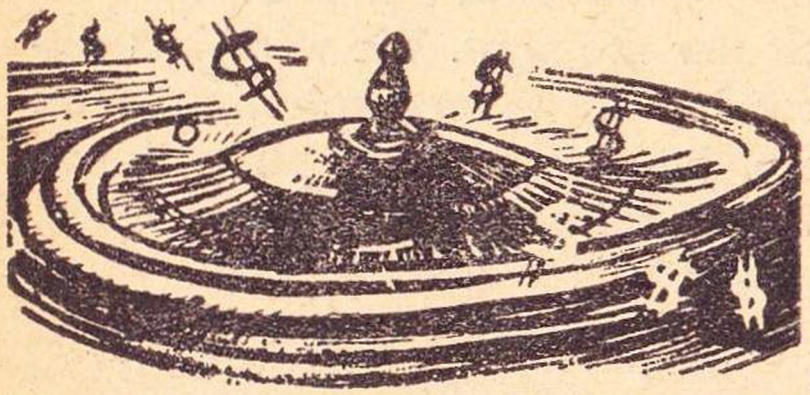
I watched the dogs rise to their feet and walk slowly down the road. They turned into the driveway of a nearby house and were lost to view. That night my grandfather died.

Later that week, at twilight, I heard the howling again. This time I saw the dogs seated before the house toward which they had gone on the previous occasion.

I called my father but, like Mother, he could not see the hounds. He did not scold me, however, and said he also heard the howling. A few minutes later the dogs vanished.

That night the man who lived in the house before which the dogs had howled died unexpectedly of a heart attack. Father inquired throughout the neighborhood but found no one who had seen or heard of two large black hounds in that locality within the past week or two. — *Richmond, Calif.*

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• Ten months ago, Thomas Connelly, of Edmonton, Canada, saved a man from making a suicide jump from a bridge spanning the North Saskatchewan river. The other day Connelly again prevented a suicide leap from the same spot. Connelly is doing himself out of work. He is an — undertaker.

• In Hamburg, Germany, Mrs. Edith David, 35-year-old housewife, gave birth to her fourth set of twins.

• Mr. Ramsey, a talking mynah bird, of Washington, D. C., owes his life to a thief who stole him from a local pet shot a few hours before a blaze destroyed all the other pets in the building.

• Robert Owen, of Criccieth, Wales, went out to the cemetery and hours later his body was found in an open grave which he had dug. A wooden cross above it carried the inscription: "Robert Gwilyn Owen, born June 11, 1920, Died June 29, 1954." A post mortem revealed he had died a natural death.

• A Louisville man, who helped foil a $1,400 robbery got his photograph in the newspapers and was promptly arrested by police on a three-year-old grand larceny warrant.

• Daughters were born to Mrs. Clarissa Crangle and Mrs. Helen Johnson, both of Syracuse, N. Y., who shared a hospital room. The two women promised to visit each other but didn't. They saw each other again 13 months later to the day, when they both turned up in the same hospital room. This time each gave birth to a son.

• Vincent Bisogno, a Los Angeles realtor, tacked up a "House for Sale" sign. The first man who stopped to see the house turned out to be his father who, separated from his mother, had been searching for Vincent for 25 years.

• A Philadelphia clerk who dreamed he was a victim of a holdup took $1,000 in daytime receipts and deposited them when he reported to the telegraph office where he worked nights. Two hours later a bandit held him up and got only a few hundred dollars, all late receipts.

• George Massman, of Manitowoc, Wis., who lost his wallet while attending a baseball game

in Chicago three years ago, got it back in the mail. With it came an unsigned letter from the pickpocket, who said: "I have picked many pockets and I have kept the wallets as mementoes. But ever since I picked yours I have been having bad luck. So I'm sending it back, hoping my luck will change."

• In February, 1950, Melvin Brock, a railroad conductor-baggage master of Atlanta, Ga., was hurt in a train wreck. In February, 1952, he was injured in another train wreck. In 1954 he decided not to take any more chances wtih his every-other-February jinx and arranged to take that month off. But on January 31 he started his vacation in a hospital — he was hurt in another wreck.

• Lester Spiro, of Wakefield, Mass., was cleaning up debris left by safe crackers who robbed him of $2000. Among scattered papers he found a forgotten insurance policy covering the theft.

• On the same day that Ken Griffin, a Barrie, Ont., construction worker suffered a crushed hand when it was caught in a cement mixer, his wife was attacked by a vicious dog. When the couple returned home after being treated at a hospital they found their house burned down. Even their pet dog and cat perished in the blaze that destroyed their belongings and left them homeless.

• Since an astrologer told British heavyweight champion Don Cockell, "You will never lose another fight," the pugilist has won 10 fights in a row.

• Ronny Toughluck, of Portland, Ore., was fined $20 for drunkenness. He didn't have the money and had to work it out in jail.

• After reading an FBI circular describing a man wanted for fraud, a clerk in the Brazil, Ind., post office looked up and saw the fugitive standing at a nearby counter. He called police who arrested the man for forging money orders.

• In White River Junction, Vt., E.H. Plummer is the plumber. George Beard is the barber. And Denny Blood is the butcher.

• A scheduled talk by Expert Mountain Climber Carl Thomson, who crossed the Andes in South America 11 times without a mishap, had to be postponed when Mr. Thomson tripped on the steps of the school where the lecture was to be given and dislocated his shoulder.

• While Michael Gasper of Jersey City, N.J., was driving past an intersection, a sign fell from a traffic stanchion and dented the hood of his car. The sign carried a reminder for a safe-driving campaign. — *Paul Steiner.*



WHAT GRANDMA SAW IN THE GRAVEYARD

Grandma looked at the graves all around and turned pale. She said she saw the dead hovering above them.

By Robin Barret

MY "Granny" was one of those sweet, little old ladies that everyone loves. She was almost as round as she was tall. She had snow-white hair which she twisted tightly into a bun on top of her head. Although she brushed and brushed it to make it neat, there were always several tiny curls that escaped the pins and fell at the nape of her neck. She told me these were her "Widow's Curls", that she never had them until my grandfather died. I believed her of course.

There was something strange

about her eyes. I remember noticing it for the first time when I was about seven years old. They were a very pale blue. Sometimes they seemed to have almost no color at all. Sometimes I could see odd designs, etched in black, in the iris of her eyes. At other times a transparent film would cross them. When this happened she didn't seem to hear or see anything around her. I mentioned this to my father one day and asked him about it.

All he said was, "Yes, Mother has strange ways sometimes."

He told me that I mustn't bother her when she was in one of these moods. So, while I wondered about it, I was careful to do as he said. And I never questioned "Granny" about it.

By the time I was 10 I noticed that when "Granny" came to visit us, the neighbors wouldn't come near our house. I thought this was odd because they were usually in and out of our house every day. They wouldn't permit their children to come to my house to play either, until "Granny" left. They never objected to my playing at their houses though. I was as welcome as ever.

One day when "Granny" was visiting us and I was playing dolls at the home of one of my little girl friends one of the children said, "I wish your Grandmother would go home so we could come over to your house again."

I asked them why they didn't like my "Granny".

"Why, don't you know?" Eloise said, her eyes very wide. "She's a witch!"

"She is not!" I yelled. "You're hateful. And you tell lies."

I ran home crying. I went into my room and threw myself on my bed.

I didn't hear "Granny" enter the room but I felt her hand on my shoulder. She asked me what was wrong. I sat up on the bed and threw myself into her arms. I asked her if it was true that she was a witch. She assured me she wasn't a witch. Then, I asked her why she wouldn't go into a graveyard.

"You are too young to understand these things," she explained. "But the part about me seeing things that others can't see is true. A cemetery is a horrible place to me. Just don't you worry or feel bad about what the children said. Sometimes, when people don't understand the supernatural they call those who do witches. When you are a little older I will explain a lot of things to you. You trust your old 'Granny', will you?"

I remember wondering what the supernatural was. I asked Mother about it. She said "Granny" claimed she could see the bodies of people buried in cemeteries hovering above the graves, in all stages of decay. From the way my

Mother said it, I think she didn't believe it either. We didn't mention the subject again.

But when I was 14 something happened to make me wonder if it was true after all.

My grandmother lived in a small town in Tennessee. This story was told us by my uncle, who was Sheriff there.

A young man came to a nearby town about 30 miles from "Grannie's" home, looking for his mother whom he hadn't seen in 15 years. His mother and father had been divorced when he was quite young. She had married again and with her second husband had gone to live in this little town. The son had remained with his father, and he had heard very little from his mother in all these years. When he arrived to see his mother he found that she had died several months before. After his mother's death, her second husband had left town. No one knew where to locate him. The young man wished to have her body exhumed and returned to her home town. He wanted to bury her in the family burial plot.

After the son received permission to remove his mother's body he found, to his dismay, that no marker had been placed on her grave. There were several unmarked graves in the little Church Cemetery and no one knew for sure which was hers. Finally someone who knew Grandmother's reputation, suggested they ask her to help them. At first she refused. But the son pleaded with her and she finally gave in. She went to the cemetery with him and my uncle, the County Sheriff.

When they entered the graveyard my uncle said "Granny" turned as white as a sheet. She asked to see a photograph of the dead woman. After studying it for a moment she pointed to a grave. It looked the same as the others, but she said, "That is your Mother's grave." Then she turned and left as quickly as possible.

Both the son and my uncle were skeptical about opening the unmarked grave. But there was no other way to find out so they chanced it. When the coffin was opened they found the body of the young man's mother.

Shortly after that my grandmother became ill. She lived all alone so we brought her to our home to look after her.

I was asleep in my room one night when I was awakened by "Granny" who told me she had come to kiss me good-bye. She said she was well now and was going home. She leaned over, kissed me and told me to be good, that she would see me real soon. Before I had a chance to say anything she turned and walked from the room.

I jumped out of bed and ran to the living room. I wanted to

know why she was going home at that time of night and, also, how she had gotten well so fast. As I entered the living room I stopped short. My father was sitting in the big chair by the window. His head was in his hands and I never will forget the terrible, hoarse sobs that came from his throat. I ran into the guest room where "Granny" always slept. My mother was standing by the bed, crying too. "Granny" lay on the bed. I knew she was dead.

I went back to my room. I found it was heavy with the scent of lavender — the only scent my grandmother ever used. And she had not been in my room in over four months. Or did she really come to kiss me goodbye?

Somehow I think she did.

SHORTLY after sending FATE Magazine the manuscript of the above article, "What Grandma Saw in the Graveyard", on January 5, 1955, author Robin Barrett fell seriously ill. Despite the efforts of doctors, her condition steadily grew worse.

One day in April Mrs. Barrett was asleep under a sedative. Her husband, Joseph, was tidying up in the kitchen of their Long Beach, Calif., home when he heard her call him. He says;

"I went into the bedroom, took her in my arms and asked what was wrong. She looked at me with a slightly dazed, slightly worried expression and said that she had had an awful dream. In this dream, she was standing in the living room and knew that she had died. I was packing her clothes in some steamer trunks and crying as I folded them and smoothed them down.

"Two and a half months later, on July 2, I was doing just that. Robin had died on May 28."

Born in Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1920, Robin Barrett attended the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, where she majored in psychology. She was adept at music, ceramics and oil painting. Her other interests were raising Tiny Toy Poms and writing. She had written a number of science-fiction stories and had hoped to break into this field. In a letter to the editors of FATE she said:

"I am especially fond of science-fiction and FATE. I very definitely believe in the unknown. I have seen too many strange things not to believe in it."

We are sure you all join us in expressing our sincere regrets to Mr. Barrett. His loss is ours also.

— The Editors.

I Talked with

I became conscious that I was not alone. Someone sat on the bench beside me. I said, "Good evening, Mr. King."

By Percy J. Philip

On a June evening in 1954 I had a long conversation with the former Canadian Prime Minister William L. Mackenzie King as we sat on a bench in the grounds of his old summer home at Kingsmere, 12 miles from Ottawa. It seemed to me an entirely normal thing although I knew perfectly well that Mr. King had been dead for four years.

Of course, when I returned to Ottawa and told my story nobody quite believed me. I myself became just the least bit uncertain as to whether it really had happened, or at least as to how it had happened. Did I fall asleep and dream? Was this due to paranormal circumstances which cannot be explained?

Of one thing I am sure. Mr. King himself would believe me. He once held similar conversations — almost daily in some cases — with persons who had left this world. He talked with his father and mother regularly and with great men and women of the past. His diary, in which he recorded his spiritual experiences, as well as his political activities and contacts, gives detailed accounts of these conversations. Unfortunately it is not likely to be published in full because his will provided that certain parts should be destroyed. His literary executors feel bound to carry out these instructions.

It was not until after his death that the Canadian people learned that their bachelor, liberal Prime Minister communed with the dead both directly and, occasionally, through mediums. When it did become known — in a rather sensational way — it shocked many.

Yet the Prime Minister made no secret of his beliefs and practices. To friends who had lost dear ones he wrote in this manner: "I know how you feel. It seems as though you cannot bear to go on without that wonderful

Mackenzie King's Ghost

companionship and affection. But let me assure you that that love still exists. A bond as strong as that is not broken by death or anything else. Your father is still near you. If you can be still and listen and feel, you will realize he is close to you all your life. I know that because it is so with my mother and me."

That quotation is from one of the many hundreds of letters of condolence which Mr. King wrote with his own hand for he was punctilious in such matters. At funerals he always spoke similar words of comfort to those bereaved. Otherwise, although he made no secret of his beliefs, he did not parade them.

Once, at Government House, about Christmas time in 1945, he told the Governor General, the Earl of Athlone, that he had spoken with President Roosevelt the previous night. "President Truman, you mean," said the Governor. The Earl saw that some of his staff were making signs from behind Mr. King's back, evidently trying to convey some message. He was puzzled but, being a good constitutional Governor General, he kept quiet and did not again correct his Prime Minister when he repeated, "Oh, no, I mean the late President Roosevelt."



Mackenzie King, former Prime Minister of Canada, believed in survival after death.

The occasion of the incident was the showing of the Noel Coward film, "Blythe Spirit," which Mr. King found "most interesting."

"It is difficult to imagine the life after death," he said, chatting gaily. "Probably the best thing to do is to regard it as a continuation of the one we know with the same processes of growth and change until, eventually, we

forget our life and associations on this earth, just as old people tend to forget their childhood experiences."

His Excellency who was a brother of the late Queen Mary and a soldier by profession muttered, "Yes, yes, probably." He obviously was shaken. He had been chosen by Mr. King to be Governor General of Canada and it made him nervous to learn that his Prime Minister was receiving advice from extra-mundane sources.

"Good God," he exclaimed when his staff explained why they had tried to shush him, "is that where the man gets his policies?"

Having an open mind about the occult and being inquisitive by nature, I later managed to turn several conversations with Mr. King to this subject. Once, especially, when we were crossing the Atlantic to Europe, he talked freely about his beliefs and experiences as we walked the deck.

"If one believes in God and a life after death," he said, "it is inevitable that one must believe that the spirits of those who have gone take an interest in the people and places they loved during their lives on earth. It is the matter of communication that is difficult. For myself I have found that the method of solitary, direct, communion is best. After my father and mother died I felt terribly alone. But I also felt that they were near me. Almost accidently I established contact by talking to them as if they were present and soon I began to get replies."

These and other things that the Prime Minister said to me at different times came back to my mind as, on that June evening, I drove up the Kingsmere road and was reminded by a sign that the estate of Moorside, which Mr. King had left to the Canadian people in his will, lay just ahead.

It is a beautiful place. There are 550 acres of woodland and clearings, through most of which everyone is free to wander at will. A little stream with a waterfall flows through it down to the valley below. Mr. King accumulated it almost acre by acre, adding steadily in his methodical way, to the original lot he had bought when he first came to Ottawa at the beginning of the century. His quick temper seldom flashed more hotly than when he discovered that some neighbor had sold a parcel of land without giving him a chance to buy. Adding to his estate became a passion with the future Prime Minister. There he loved to receive visitors and also to be alone.

In buying the land Mr. King showed his Scottish shrewdness. But the building of the "ruins" was a perfect example of that romantic daftness that sometimes bewitches the supposedly hard-

headed Scot. The direction sign now set up for tourists calls them "ruins" but the uninformed must wonder what they once were. There were doorways and windows, a fireplace, a row of columns, which Mr. King called the cloisters, coats of arms carved in stone, bits and pieces of the old Parliament Buildings, the mint, banks and private houses all built into an artistic enough and wholly whimsical suggestion of a ruined castle. Somehow, perhaps because the surroundings with outcrop rock and pine trees are so fitting, they escape being silly.

On that evening there were no other visitors. The air was clear and cool. I sat down on a bench beside the ruins and thought about the strange little man who loved his hill-top home so dearly. I suppose I was in what is called a receptive mood. Although I had not then read it I was following the instructions in that letter from which I already have quoted, to "be still and listen and feel."

I became conscious that I was not alone. Someone sat on the park bench beside me.

There were no sighs, groans and lightning flashes such as mark a spirit's arrival on the Shakespearian stage. There was, if anything, a deeper peace. Through a fold in the hills I could see a stretch of the broad Ottawa Valley. I tried to concentrate on it and keep contact with the normal but the presence on the bench would not be denied.

Without turning my head, for somehow I feared to look, I said as naturally as I could, "Good evening, Mr. King."

In that warm tone which always marked his conversation the voice of Mr. King replied, "Good evening, Philip. I am so glad you spoke to me."

That surprised me. "I was thinking of you," I muttered.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I knew that. But one of the rules which govern our conduct on this side is that we are like the children and must not speak unless we are spoken to. I suppose it is a good rule because it would be very disturbing if we went around talking to people. The sad thing is that so few of them ever talk to us."

Here I think I should say that the reader must decide for himself whether or not he believes this story. It puzzles me greatly.

"I suppose," I said, or I think I said, resuming the conversation, "that we are just a bit scared. You know how hard it is to speak into a dark, empty room."

"That certainly is a difficulty for many people," Mr. King said. "But the room is never really empty. It is often filled with lonely ones who would like to be spoken to. They must, however, be called by name, confidently,

affectionately, not challenged to declare themselves."

"Your name," I said, "must often be so mentioned in this lovely place you bequeathed to the Canadian people."

"Oh, yes, mentioned," he said. I glanced at him and seemed to see his eyes sparkle as they did in life, for he had a great deal of puckish humor. "But between being mentioned and being addressed by name, as you addressed me, there is a great deal of difference. I have heard things about my character, motives, political actions and even my personal appearance and habits that have made me laugh so loudly I thought I must break the sound barrier. And I have heard things about myself, too, that have made me shrink."

In the evening silence I had the sensation of being suspended in time and space as the quiet voice went on, "There are things that I said and did that I could regret but, on this side, we soon learn to have no regrets. Life would be meaningless if we did not all make mistakes, and eternity intolerable if we spent it regretting them."

He paused and I thought he looked at me quizzically. "By the way," he said, "do you still write for the New York Times?"

When I said that I had retired he chuckled. "But still," he said, "I think I had better not give indiscreet answers to your questions."

I asked several but he answered with the same skill as marked his replies to questions in the House of Commons and at meetings with the press, divulging nothing. It was I who was the interviewed. He was eager for news and it surprised me then, as it does now, that he seemed not to know fully what was happening in the world. The dead, I discovered, are not omniscient. Or perhaps what we think important is not important to them.

We talked of the development of Canada, of housing and new enterprises like the St. Lawrence Seaway. "My successor has been lucky," Mr. King said. That was as far as he went in any personal reference. "Canada has been very prosperous. I hope it will continue to be so. But you cannot expect good times always. It is adversity that proves the real value of men and nations."

The conversation drifted to the international scene, to philosophic discussion of forms of government, of the balance between Liberty and Authority, the growth and decay of nations and of systems. I cannot tell how long it lasted but I noticed that the sickle moon was getting brighter. I mentioned the time, fumbling for my watch.

"Time," said Mr. King, "I had almost forgotten about time. I suppose I spend a great deal of time up here. There is so much beauty and peace. I gave it to

the Canadian people but in a way I have preserved it for myself. It is good to have some familiar, well-loved place to spend 'time' in, until one gets used to eternity."

We both rose from the bench — or at least I did. When I looked at him, as I then did for the first time directly, he seemed just as I had known him in life, just as when I had talked with him once at this very spot.

"I think you told me once that you are Scottish born and a wee bit 'fey'," he said. "It's a good thing to be. We have two worlds. Those people who think their world is the only one, and who take it and themselves too seriously, have a very dull time. Do come back and talk with me again."

I muttered words of thanks and then, following the habit of a lifetime, stretched out my hand to bid goodbye. He was not there.



WITCHCRAFT IN GUATEMALA

IN Guatemala recently police arrested Olga Monzon on the charge of practicing witchcraft against President Castillo Armas. They said she had placed a small rag doll in a jar of liquid with pieces of garlic and onion and stuck some pins in the doll's head. Then she had sent her maid to the cemetery to bury the jar.

The maid was intercepted by police, who arrested Olga, a sister of Col. Effego Monzon, exiled former member of the ruling Junta that took over the government of Guatemala after the regime of Jacobo Arbenz Guzman was ousted.

The doll was turned over to Guatemalan witchcraft experts. After studying it they said the doll evidently had been prepared to cause the death of the person it represented.



ALL IN THE FAMILY

TOLD that someone had been injured in an accident at a nearby intersection in Roseville, Mich., Patrolman Raymond Kosciolek went to investigate. He found that the victim was his son, Lawrence, 7, who had run into the side of a truck which was backing out of a parking lot.

WHEN WE ENCOUNTERED WITCHCRAFT



Four-month-old Danny acted strangely. He threw tantrums and refused to eat or to sleep. Was he under a spell?

By London Fair

It all started in April, 1954, when my small son, Danny, began to scream and throw tantrums whenever my husband or I tried to put him to bed.

All during the day Danny, who was nearly four months old, was a perfect baby, cooing and smiling and behaving in a completely normal manner. But as soon as we tried to give the child his bottle and put him into his bed, the fits began. We couldn't understand it because for the first months of Danny's life he was a wonderful baby, a perfect joy to tend.

Now night after night I sat up with the baby while he screamed and held his breath. Bill had to get some sleep or he would have lost his job. So, every night from around eight in the evening to from three to five in the morning, I rocked Danny, walked the floor with him and just about went crazy in the process.

After a while my husband got the idea that the child was simply developing a temper and began to yell at him. This in turn made me so angry I could have slapped Bill's face. We started to argue and fight over our child.

It wasn't long until every nerve in my body was drawn to the breaking point. Danny's screaming was bad enough but when Bill quarrelled with me every time the

baby cried, that seemed more than I could take.

We took Danny to at least half a dozen doctors, child specialists, anyone we thought might do something for him. Most of the doctors said the same thing — the baby had colic. He'd outgrow it in time. They gave us colic pills, nausea pills, teething pills, perscriptions containing just about everything. Nothing helped.

At seven months Danny was a thin, run-down, shadow of a baby. The fat, cuddly baby we loved so much was a skinny, cranky, little skeleton. He continued to get worse as time went on. The doctors frankly told us they could do nothing. They could find no physical cause for Danny's condition.

Bill and I were broke. Our marriage was on the rocks. There seemed no hope for either our marriage or our child. Now Danny not only cried at night but practically all day as well. He slept no longer than half an hour at a time. My nerves were shot and so were my looks. There was no time to worry about make-up or clothes.

When evening came I was completely fagged out. Poor Bill tried to take over during the night but, as I said before, he needed his sleep to hold his job. And after a few hours of walking the floor he, too, was played out. Then it would be up to me to take over for the remainder of the night and all through the approaching day.

We were at the end of our rope that day in November when old Mrs. Bailey, a childhood friend of my mother's, dropped in to see me. She was aghast at the way I looked and the condition of our household.

"Norma," she said gently, "tell me. What's happened to you?"

After I had related the whole thing three or four times over the old lady said, "Do you believe in spells, Norma? Witchcraft, some folks call it."

"Of course not," I said. "Oh, Mother Bailey, surely you don't believe in that silly stuff, either."

"Yes," she answered. "Yes, I do."

"But what could something like that have to do with us?" I asked her.

"It's your whole trouble, Norma," she said. "Someone is working on your baby. I don't want to scare you but it's true, child. I've seen it happen before."

A chill went over me like an ice cube down my back. I'd never believed in such things. But something was wrong, that was certain.

Mother Bailey stayed with me most of that day. After seeing some of Danny's reactions she was thoroughly convinced that someone had "a spell on the child."

Before she left Mrs. Bailey gave me the name and address of a man who lived almost 100 miles from

our small town. She told me that he would cure the baby. He also could show me the image of whoever had cast the spell on Danny. The man's fee, she said, would be whatever we wanted or could afford to give him.

As soon as Bill walked in the door that evening, I told him of Mrs. Bailey's visit. He laughed in my face.

"Spells!" he said. "Norma, don't be childish!"

"Don't you want Danny cured?" I shouted at him, "Aren't you at least willing to try something that *might* help him? Bill please, please, let's go see this man. It can't do any harm and I can't stand this nightmare we're living in."

I pleaded with Bill all that evening. Finally, in spite of his disbelief, he gave in.

That night was the same old story — screaming and rocking and walking.

Next morning Bill called the foreman of the plant where he worked and asked for the day off. We ate breakfast and started off on the 100-mile journey.

In the strange town we found the address Mrs. Bailey had given us. The house was an old stone mansion. Our knock on the ancient door was answered by a spry, old man who must have been very close to 70. He was extremely courteous and hospitable.

"Come in, come in" he said. "And bring the boy. I'm sure I can help you."

"How do you know about the boy?" Bill asked.

"Mrs. Bailey called me this morning and told me to expect you folks," the old man said. "She told me as much of the story as she knows; enough to make me feel I can help you at least. Perhaps you'd like to tell me the whole thing. Start at the beginning and don't worry about how much time it takes. I have plenty of time."

I let Bill tell about Danny. After almost an hour when Bill finished his story, the old gentleman looked at us sadly.

"You young folks and your baby in particular are undoubtedly the victims of an evil influence," he said. "Now I am going to show you the face of the person who is exerting the influence. I don't want you to be shocked or frightened at what you see, because it will be someone you know. Of that I'm sure. Come with me."

We followed the man over to a corner of the room to a desk. It was bare of anything except a beautiful antique kerosene lamp, a piece of plain white paper and an ordinary lead pencil. He picked up the pencil and on the blank sheet drew the outline of a face.

"Now watch closely," he said. "I told you before, don't be frightened at what you see, because I assure you that the person who has

been working on your child will no longer disturb you in anyway. Come up close to the lamp and keep your eyes on the paper."

He lit the kerosene lamp, beckoning us to move still closer. Then he placed the piece of paper with the outline of a face on it, over the smoking globe. I looked! Stark terror filled my body! For there, blown up before my eyes, was the face of my next door neighbor, Nell Martin.

I backed away in horror. So did Bill.

"You know her quite well, don't you ?" the old man asked us.

"Know her," I gasped, "she's in and out of my house every day."

"Yes, and she'll be there again as soon as you get home," the man said. "She'll ask you for something. Don't, under any circumstances, give her anything that belongs to you personally."

I was shaking and Bill's face was paper white. We paid the old man 10 dollars, thanked him and left.

Danny slept in my arms the whole way home. It was something he hadn't done for months. Bill and I were both too much shaken to talk.

When we reached the house I put Danny to bed. Then we sat down to wait for Nell to pay us a visit, as the old man had said she would. We hadn't long to wait. True to the man's word, she soon was at our door. I let her in, trying to act as normal as I could. But her face! It was burned bright red!

She saw me staring and said simply, "Sunburn. Got it weeding the garden this morning."

"It's been raining all day, Nell," I replied.

"So it has," she answered. "Say, Norma, I'm out of sugar. Would you lend me a cup?"

She asked for butter, eggs, cream, everything she could think of. I refused, saying I hadn't bought any groceries for the week yet. Finally, she grabbed a spoon off our table and started for the door. But Bill got there first. He took the spoon from her. She fought him, kicking and biting.

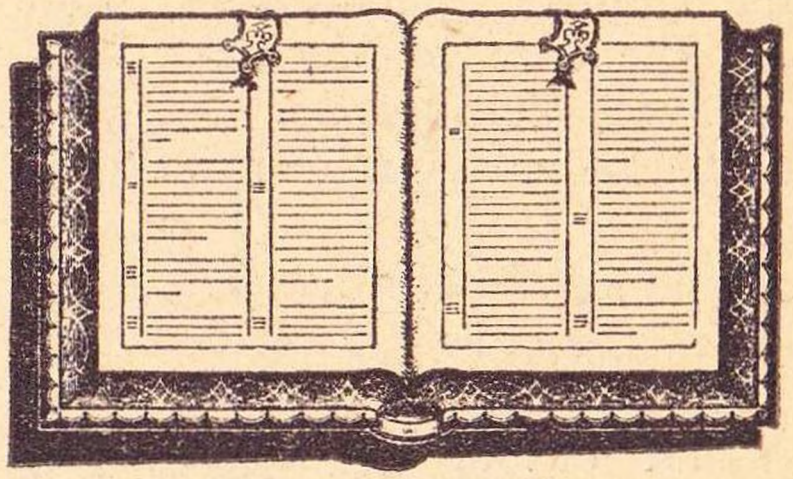
I was completely horrified. I guess I still am, for I never believed such things possible.

All I can say is that our troubles straightened out almost overnight. Danny sleeps soundly through the nights and part of the days now. He no longer screams; we no longer walk the floor with him. My husband and I no longer laugh at what some folks call silly superstition.

As for Nell, she moved away from our town.

PSYCHIC STORIES FROM THE BIBLE

By Ralph Underhill



THE Bible is the greatest source book of psychic information that has ever been published. It is amazing that the Christian churches never have realized the depth of the spiritual information available to a thoughtful student of the Bible. Precognitive dreams, prophetic visions important to history, trance states during which glorious experiences were recorded, and spirit travel all are related in this great book.

Careful reading of many portions of the Bible will convince you that the ancient writers of Biblical books accepted as facts what we now are relearning by tests in parapsychology and through other psychical research. The experiences recorded in the Bible should serve to strengthen our resolve to progress in this direction.

When Ezekiel was living with the Hebrews as a captive in Babylon, a vast desert separated him from his native Palestine. Yet across this distance he was able to travel in spirit to his homeland. His experience was presented in two verses, Ezekiel 40: 1-2:

Numerous cases of precognitive dreams, trance states, astral projection, make the Bible the greatest psychic source book.

"In the five and 20th year of our captivity, in the beginning of the year, in the 10th day of the month, in the 14th year after that the city was smitten, in the self-same day the hand of the Lord was upon me, and brought me thither.

"In the visions of God brought He me into the land of Israel,

and set me upon a very high mountain, by which was as the frame of a city on the south."

The description of the direction from which he looked toward the city of Jerusalem was in the exact line of his spirit flight from Babylon. In several of the last chapters of Ezekiel we are told that from these spirit journeys he gained considerable prophetic knowledge about the future of his nation and the destiny of mankind.

The first chapter of Revelation contains a prophecy covering the period from the Apostolic Age until the end of the worldly age. John to whom the message of Revelation was given, declared:

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet." Rev. 1: 10.

Several similar indications of soul travel appear in the same book of prophecy.

Paul related a glorious experience which occurred to him in trance. It can be considered a definite instance of astral projection. He wrote of his spirit travel:

"I knew a man in Christ above 14 years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven.

"And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God Knoweth;)

"How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." 11 Cor. 12: 2-4.

This wonderful experience of Paul's closely resembles all the spirit flights throughout the history of the human race. One of the most forceful proofs of the reality of these contacts with the higher dimension is the similarity of the testimony concerning such experiences throughout the ages.

Precognition, vision of future events in dreams, is recorded throughout the Bible. When the conscious mind is asleep the subconscious mind or soul is open and alert to spiritual visions and eternal reality. I believe that we have a receiving set within our spiritual nature and that this explains what has long been one of the outstanding mysteries of life.

The nature and purpose of serious dreams is plainly explained in Job 33; 14-18:

"For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.

"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed;

"Then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction,

"That he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man.

"He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perish-

ing by the sword."

Knowledge from prophetic dreams and visions is recorded in various books of the Bible. After Pharaoh, ruler of ancient Egypt, had two successive dreams warning of the fat years of plenty and the coming lean years of famine, Joseph interpreted these symbolic dreams to Pharaoh with this explanation:

"God hath shewed Pharaoh what He is about to do." Gen. 41:25.

Many centuries later Daniel, one of the greatest mystics in history, was captive in Babylon when King Nebuchadnezzar, ruler of the known world, dreamed the future of the four kingdoms. When Daniel was asked to interpret these dreams, he answered:

"As for thee, O king, thy thoughts came into thy mind upon thy bed, what should come to pass hereafter: and He that revealeth secrets maketh known to thee what shall come to pass.

"But as for me, this secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living . . . ." Dan. 2: 29-30.

Throughout history, also, the deathbed testimonies of many persons have been noticeably similar. These persons about to die have spoken of seeing dear ones previously passed through the change called death, and of seeing beauties of the Beyond. We have a very clear statement of this sort in Acts 7: 55-56. Stephen, the first martyr for the Christian faith, was stoned and while he lay dying he happily declared:

"Behold, I see the heavens opened . . . ."

We can rightfully believe, from these dying statements, that as the mortal eyes close in death the spiritual mind comes to see the so-called invisible reality.

Prophetic visions from the Bible have been fulfilled. How better describe the automobiles roaring along our highways, the frequent wrecks, the bright streaks of brilliance from glaring headlights than in Nahum's words, written long before the time of Christ:

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." Nahum 2: 4.

In Joel 2: 30, we find a very ancient foretelling of incendiary bombs and pillars of smoke caused by atomic bombs:

"And I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke."

Rev. 9: 18, also clearly prophecied the time of incendiary bombs, poison gas and atomic warfare:

"By these three was the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone."

Even the words used are correct for brimstone was the ancient name for sulphur and enormous quantities of sulphur are used in making incendiary bombs.

Everyone, including the skeptics, must see that the Bible, with its many prophecies made before the time of Christ and being fulfilled in this age, presents proof that precognition in dreams is a reality, that inspired persons do have visions of future events, that our spirits do travel independently of our bodies to distant places, and that in our final hours many of us do find happiness in reunions with departed friends and catch glimpses of the Hereafter.

THE FIRST MAN WHO USED FIRE

FOSSIL proof of what is believed to be the first man to use fire and stone tools recently was discovered in a cave near the Makapansgat River, 13 miles northeast of Potgietersrust in the Transvaal, South Africa. The find was made by Dr. Raymond A. Dart of Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg and Dr. Paul Fejos, director of research of the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research in New York City.

The discovery consists of damaged specimens of the right upper jaw and first and second molars of an adult ape-man called Australopithecus promotheus, who has been known since 1925. Many fossil remains of this creature have been found in the Makapansgat River caves. the newest remains, however, were found in layers of debris containing evidence of fire and crude stone tools, establishing for the first time that Australopithecus promotheus lived during this primitive culture. Scientists previously doubted that he was connected with the evidences of fire and the stone tools found in the caves.

Australopithecus promotheus is estimated to have lived from 100,000 to as much as 1,000,000 years ago. He weighed 80 to 100 pounds, stood erect, had delicate hands and feet, and his brain size, in proportion to his body weight, was not much less than that of modern man. The two molars in the newly-found jaw fragment appear to be sharp and indicate that he ate flesh as well as vegetables. He was an aggressive hunter, since the caves contain the bones of the hippopotamus, rhinoceros and elephant which he killed with only his crude stone weapons.

PORTRAIT of a woman who DIED IN BOMBAY

The psychic artist saw his spirit sitter clearly — yet had difficulty describing her appearance. It seemed she was both a young girl and an old woman.

Published through the courtesy of Frank Leah and *Two Worlds*.

I AM at a loss to express in adequate words the exhilaration I felt when the portrait was completed. It was like being alongside my mother as in days gone by."

This tribute to the accuracy of the clairvoyance and artistry of Frank Leah, the famous medium, is paid by N. Whaddia of Epsom Downs, Surrey.

His mother, who died in faraway Bombay, had posed for her portrait in a London studio in order to give her son this permanent memento of her survival. No wonder that he could say, "It has given me great satisfaction and irrefutable proof of life eternal."

Ever since his mother's passing over ten years ago, Whaddia had been told by several guides, through their mediums, that his mother was always by his side.

As a confirmed Spiritualist of long standing, though he was flattered by this statement, he was not satisfied. His reason was "I consider a lot of my actions in the lifetime of my parents had materially displeased them."

However, the constant reference to his mother's presence through mediums of high repute made him determine to try to get a psychic drawing made of her.

At one sitting with Lilian Bailey, he was told that his mother





Artist Frank Leah did not see above photo of Mrs. Whaddia in making drawing of her at right.

would manifest to satisfy her own desire and bring a triumphant finale to his quest, if only he could get help from the right quarter.

Mrs. Bailey's guide nominated Leah as the most likely to handle this difficult case, particularly as the communicator was handicapped by extreme shyness and was not competent to manifest without help and sympathetic understanding of the difficulties involved.

Whaddia made the first move by writing to Leah for an appointment without disclosing that it was his mother's portrait he sought. The artist replied by telling him to telephone.

It is usually during telephone talks with potential sitters that Leah finds their spirit communicators stand by him. While the artist clairvoyantly describes what he sees, he begins to sketch his portrait.

When Whaddia telephoned, Leah told him that there was a large family gathering from the Other Side. Among them was a shy young girl, wearing a sari. She

was indicating a close relationship and a motherly influence.

After a short pause, he added: "It is your mother who was always dressed in a sari. She is very shy and resentful of being called old. Now she looks about 50."

There was another pause. "Now she is growing 60 . . . 70 . . . 80 . . . 81 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 — and she stops."

This was remarkably accurate, for the mother was in her 84th year when she passed on!

"She insists on being youthful," said the artist, who described her straight black hair, parted near the middle, and taken over the ears.

After another pause, Leah said: "I see the hair has gone grey and then white . . . no, it's not . . . it's black again."

Whaddia's comments on these statements are: "How right! My mother's great weakness was always to look younger and to feel younger. Unknown to her family, as she thought, she always had her hair tinted to her young natural colour. This trait persisted to the end of her life."

Then slowly and carefully Leah correctly described her features, height and figure. He particularly drew attention to her richly embroidered sari, describing its colours and its sequins, saying that she wore it over her right shoulder in a cluster, then over the back of her head and down behind the left shoulder. The artist commented too on the pearls which she always wore.

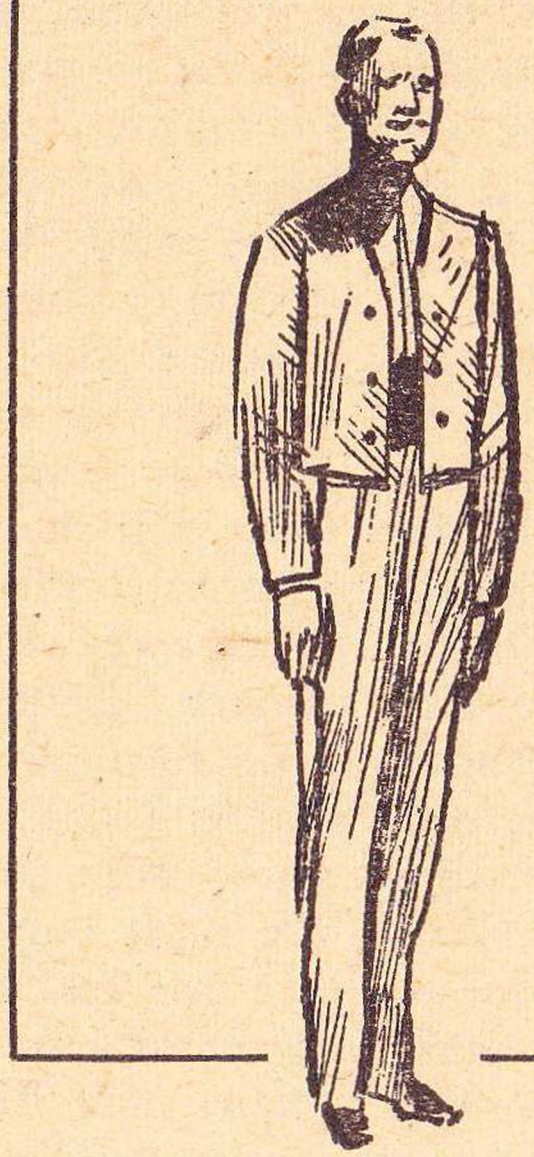
"By this time," says the son, "my mother appeared to be shedding her reserve. She completed the telephone experiment by describing her last earthly journey from her large residence on the Malabar Hill, Bombay, to the Tower of Silence a short distance away."

The next step was for Whaddia to visit Leah the following day and to watch him finish the portrait in his studio. Naturally he was fascinated to see it take shape through every stage of development.

THEY BELIEVE IN DOOMSDAY

AFTER experiments with animals, and research into the cause of many human deaths, Dr. Curt P. Richter of Johns Hopkins University reports the following theory explaining why some people and animals die: "Apparently from a belief in their own doom . . . a sense of hopelessness. They believe they are going to die and they die because of that belief. A small number of suicides die after taking sub-lethal doses of poison or from small non-lethal wounds."

My Ancestral Memory



Entering the room, I saw a figure in regimental dress uniform — but when I switched on the light, he vanished.

By Mortimer Noyes

Reprinted from *Light*.

It sometimes happens in normal army routine that an Infantry Battalion leaves barracks in England for service overseas, perhaps takes part in a war, after which, usual service in one garrison or another follows. And after 15 or 20 years' foreign service the Battalion may return, by chance, to the same barracks they left all those long years ago.

This happened to the 1st Battalion of my Regiment. They left barracks in the West Country in 1877-78 for South Africa. From the Cape they were moved to Zululand, and went into the Zulu War of 1878-79. At the beginning of 1879 they more than distinguished themselves by getting wiped out and losing both the Queen's and Regimental Colours. The two subalterns who were killed while trying to save the Colours were posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

Of course, from 1879, 12 years before I was born, onwards, the Battalion was in battle many times over, in various lands, including France and Flanders, 1914-1918. Then in 1924 they were moved into the West Country barracks which the Battalion had left in 1877.

Among the subaltern officers who were with the Battalion in 1924 was one whom I will call Glyn. I was another. Both of us are Welsh, as are most of the Regiment. We were over strength in officers when we took over our new barracks, and as there were not enough accommodations to give each officer his own room, Glyn and I were detailed to share the big guest room, which we did very comfortably and happily.

Regimental Mess dress had been re-introduced by 1924, and was worn every evening at dinner. The uniform is scarlet jacket with green facings, green waistcoat and dark blue trousers with the narrow red piping down the outer seams. The undecorative khaki had not come into use in 1879, and so in the Zulu War the 1st Battalion were wearing uniform in colours the same as the Mess dress of 1924. The pertinence of this will be apparent.

Glyn and I were very comfortable in our new quarters, as I have said, but we both seemed to notice certain queer happenings. The door, fast shut, but not locked, would open, or else being open, would shut with no apparent motive power. A voice saying something indistinct would be heard just outside the door, but there would be no one there.

One evening the two of us had changed into Mess kit early, and were sitting one each side of the fireplace enjoying a really good blaze, which we stoked up again a minute or two before we went down to Mess. Immediately after dinner I found that I had left my pipe upstairs and ran up to get it. As I opened the door of the guest room, just before I switched the light on, in the blaze of the fire we had made up, I saw a figure sitting in the nearest armchair, with his face turned away from me. I recognised the vivid scarlet of the jacket, and the green of the cuffs. I switched up the light, and as I reached up for my pipe on the mantel shelf I said "You made a flying start to get so quickly from the Mess, Glyn."

Getting no reply, I looked round the quite empty room, and then, feeling a "little odd," ran downstairs again very quickly, and found Glyn in the billiard room. He said he had not been up to the guest room since we had come down for Mess, and when I told him what I had seen, he said in a completely ordinary voice, "You have seen him at last, have you, Noisy?"

At about this time, within a week or so, I "dreamed a dream." I was with the Regiment in Zululand. I knew that without thinking. It was soon after sunrise, and the Hill was all old gold and pink in the bright sun, with a lot of white mist lying in bands and clouds, lazily drifting in the dawn breeze.

We had been in action, and had been hit very badly. There were not many of us left on our feet. I remember another officer away on the right. The dead were lying where they had fallen. Some were covered with a blanket or tarpaulin. There were a lot of wounded about, too. One man, near me, was dying – I did not see him, I heard. We had been holding a rough sort of square, with "walls" made up of ration boxes, bales of equipment and oddments. I remember the trade mark on one case of biscuits – it was a green shamrock.

In places the barricade had been broken in, and there were mounds and heaps of dead Zulus. Other enemy dead were scattered round about. In all, there were a very large number of still bodies lying about.

We were all wearing uniform, scarlet, with green facings. The officers had been wearing swords but mine had gone, although for some reason I was still wearing the scabbard on my belt. Another odd thing I remember, my revolver was of an unusual pattern. To eject the spent cases the barrel had to be swung or swivelled over to the left. I never examined it, but I am quite certain about that pistol, in the same way I know that we had a thing called a Gardner gun with us in the square, and I remember the queer noise it made when it was fired.

Then, as the mist cleared, the Zulus, some hundreds of them, appeared 200 or 300 yards away in front, and to the right and left. Those in the center came on steadily, while the flanks went out at a quick run, and got round behind us very soon. I made my way to where there was a break in the "rampart," and in a very little time I could see the eyes of the Zulus in front of me. They broke into the charge. Our men had been firing steadily for some minutes, and the Gardner gun had been banging now and then. The Zulus were dropping quickly, but they were so many, and we so few.

As they broke into the charge a big man, whom I thought of as a chief, singled me out, and came for me at a swift run. I remember his shield, it was covered with brown hide, whereas most were black. He had a plume tucked in the iron ring round his head. I cannot think why I did not shoot him at long range, perhaps my ammunition was low.

Anyhow, he came straight for

me, and with one last magnificent bound his right hand with his stabbing spear went back for the killing lunge. His left hand rose with his shield, and as his feet came down with a thud from that last bound, he threw his head back and yelled "Iji!" at me. Before he could stab I had shot him. Another Zulu on my left became troublesome, and I shot him. Then there is an impression on my mind as of a crashing blow on my head, with no pain at all — and then nothing else, until I awoke in the guest room, quite aware and awake with the bugles sounding Reveille outside.

At the beginning of the scene on the battlefield, the Hill mentioned in the first paragraph is a very prominent one and a landmark for miles. Its name also has been that of the battle ever since.

I wrote an account of this "dream" at the time of its occurrence, that same day, in 1924. At that time I was studying Malay. It was only about every other month that I could get up to London from the West Country to put a day in at the School of Oriental Studies, but the next time I went there I was pleased to find a Zulu Dictionary and there was *Iji*. The Dictionary said: 1. "To finish, to make an ending, 2. To kill, the Zulu War shout."

Now, in 1954, through a great courtesy, I have had made available for my use the South African Government Zulu-English Dictionary, 1948, and that gives: *Iji:* 1. "Exuberant spirits expressed in rhythmic dancing. 2. Triumph in killing."

I want to make it clear beyond any doubt or query that I have never been in Zululand. And I know nothing of the Zulu language, which is a Bantu tongue. My only connection with Africa physically has been service in the Royal West African Frontier Force, where I got a smattering of the Haussa language, which is Malay, in which I was interpreter. Malay is an Eastern language, based largely on Arabic, using the Arabic alphabet.

I cannot say anything about the pistol in my dream. I have never seen one like my description, but there were many types when the self-ejectors came into use.

I have no knowledge of any "Gardner gun."

I can give no explanation of the very vivid dream. All I have written here is the truth as I dreamed it but the explanation is beyond me.

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.

"GOOD-BYE JOSEPHINE"

By Josephine Willman

In 1918 my daughter, Edru, and I visited my father, who lived on a ranch 160 miles north of Toronto, Ont., Can.

It was a glorious 12th of July, a Canadian holiday, and we planned to celebrate that night with an old-time square dance.

All forenoon I was busy making pies and cakes. After lunch, tired, I went to my room to rest. Enjoying the cool breeze drifting in through the open windows, I was thinking of the many things I still had to do for the party, when suddenly I had the feeling I was not alone. Looking toward the open door, expecting to see my daughter, I was astonished to see my brother, William, who lived in Rochester, N. Y., and whom I had not seen for over a year. He was coming toward me, not walking, but swimming through the air. He came straight to me with a look of pain on his face, crying out, "Good-bye Josephine." Then he fell, face down, across my bed.

Terrified, I ran downstairs. When I could speak, I told my father and daughter what I had seen. Both said it was only a bad dream.

But I knew it was not a dream as I had not been asleep. I insisted on making the eight-mile drive to the post office daily. On the third trip I brought home the sad news that William had drowned while swimming.

The day and hour coincided with the time he came to my room and said, "Good-bye, Josephine." — *San Jose, Calif.*

"BERKLEY WENT UPSTAIRS"

By Beulah Nelson

When my sister, Mary Vesta, and I were children, our family lived on a farm near Sedalia, Mo. We had few playmates, but occasionally the two oldest Staples' children, who lived about

a mile up the road, came to play with us. Berkley Staples and my sister were nearly the same age and as time passed they became inseparable companions; especially after they entered high school in Sedalia, where the Staples family had moved by that time.

We continued to live on the farm. I was older than my sister and had graduated from high school. In Mary Vesta's sophomore year, she and Berkley contracted measles at the same time. They thus were separated, with each ill in her own home. Our living room was connected by a wide archway with the front entrance hall, which had a winding stairway to the second floor, where our bedrooms were located. My sister was confined upstairs in her room.

One day in March, 1922, during her illness, I was sitting by the fireplace in the living room. Mother had just gone up the stairs with a tray for Mary Vesta when I saw Berkley standing in the hall.

"Where's Mary Vesta?" she asked.

"Upstairs in her room," I told her.

With a smile Berkley vanished up the stairs. When Mother came down, I inquired, "Did you see Berkley?" Mother looked puzzled. I told her Berkley had just gone upstairs.

"You've been dreaming!" Mother said as she went to the kitchen.

I was not at all surprised when a phone call a few hours later informed us that Berkley had died, calling for Mary Vesta, at the time I saw her spirit 10 miles away out on the farm. — *Erie, Pa.*

A VISIT FROM SNAPS

By Ralph Brock

In 1936, when I was 14, I lived on a ranch in southeastern Montana. My first cousin, Joe Brock, had a homestead a mile south of us. He lived alone except for a black tomcat called Skunk and a wise little dog called Snaps.

Snaps got his name from his habit of snapping at flies and grasshoppers. He was a mixture of fox terrier and shepherd.

When Joe visited our home Snaps would rush ahead and, if the door was open, he would come in. If not he would scratch for some one to let him in.

When Joe came along a few minutes later, he would make Snaps wait outside. This was a family game to get attention from the dog.

One night Joe visited us with Snaps. I told him I had set out poisoned bait for coyotes and explained where it was located. I warned him to watch that Snaps did not get at the bait.

Joe stayed until 10:00 o'clock that night. Later he said that when he got home Snaps scratched at the door to be let outside. Joe

let him out, thinking Snaps would scratch at the door again to be let in. He was accustomed to this as he let the dog sleep in the house.

In the morning Joe found Snaps was missing. He walked to where I had explained I had set coyote bait out and came across Snap's tracks in the snow that had fallen a few nights before. The tracks led straight to the bait. But before he reached the spot where the bait was set out Joe found Snaps lying dead on the ground. The dog's tracks in the snow showed he had been on his way back home.

Joe did not visit us again for several days and so we did not know Snaps was dead. One evening as we sat down to supper we thought the room was too warm and opened the door. Snaps came in, walked up and down the room a few times and then left. We thought he had gone out to get Joe who must be coming to the house.

When Joe didn't show up I went out to see if his windows were lighted. His house was on the edge of a hill and his lights could be seen from the ranch. We feared he might get hurt working alone in the hills and often checked to see if his lights were on. They were on this evening and we wondered what had brought Snaps to the ranch without Joe.

Then Joe came over to go shopping in town with us and we learned what had happened to Snaps. We decided Snaps' ghost had visited us to warn me to be more careful with poison. — *Shepherd, Mont.*

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THE RESTLESS FLOWERS

By F. Davis

FORTY years ago in Cochranton, Pa., we had a neighbor named Uncle Davy. A finer old man never lived but he'd been sick a long time and it was a mercy when he finally died.

My grandfather died the same year. Grandfather's death was followed by a long period of illness on the part of my grandmother and we were unable to visit the

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cemetery until the next year. By then we had forgotten the exact location of Grandfather's grave. We asked the caretaker's wife and she looked it up on her plot-map and directed us to the grave.

We took our flowers there and planted them above the grave. Then we went for water. When we came back, we found the flowers on top of the earth and the soil beneath them filled in.

Mother accused me of playing a joke on her but I never had that sort of humor even at 13. I denied it vehemently.

We planted the flowers again and were leaving the cemetery when we heard the caretaker's wife call to us. She explained that she had been in error. The flowers we had planted were not on Grandfather's grave but on Uncle Davy's. We went back to the grave and found the flowers on top of the earth again — just as they had been when we came back with the water. There was no possibility of accusing anyone this time and for the first time in my life I saw my mother so frightened her teeth chattered.

I never had been afraid of Uncle Davy in life and saw no reason to be now. I went down on my knees beside the grave.

"We know you wouldn't keep anything that wasn't yours, Uncle Davy," I said. "Of course you know we really meant the flowers for Grandad but if we'd known

they'd left you so alone we'd have brought you something, after all the flowers you've given us down the years. There are five plants – if we take three of them to Grandad will you keep the other two?"

I handed three up to Mother who hadn't yet gotten over her fright and I reset the other two in Uncle Davy's grave while she planted the three on Grandfather's. We watered the flowers and poked around for about an hour – just to see – but this time Uncle Davy's flowers stayed planted. – *Arlington, N.J.*

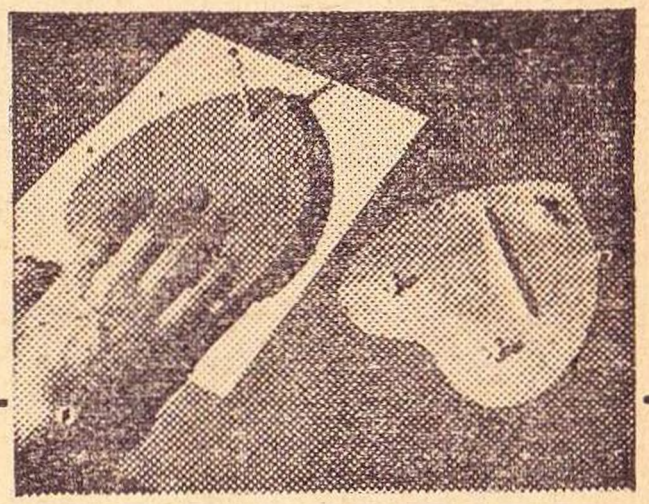
THE CANDLE WENT OUT

By G. Mack

WHEN my son, Donald, went into the Navy it became my custom to place a lighted electric candle in my window if I expected him home, to show that I was in the house. If the candle was not lighted he came to where I was employed.

On the night of March 29, 1948, expecting Donald home, I placed the electric candle in the window as usual. As I lay in bed, expecting him to ring at any moment, the candle went out. I thought the bulb had burned out and replaced it with a new one. Five minutes later the new bulb also went out. I tested the socket with a lamp and found it in working order.

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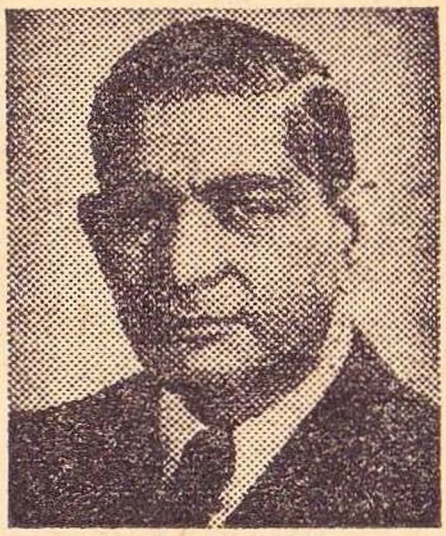
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The burning out of the new bulb seemed strange and I feared that something had happened to Donald. I noted it was 2 A.M. and returned to bed but did not fall asleep until 5 A.M.

A week later I was notified that Donald had been strangled and robbed in Richmond, Va., on the night I expected him home. He was on his way from his ship in Norfolk, Va. A friend was with him and there was a 20-minute stop. Donald got off the train to buy some candy bars and cigarettes and failed to return. The other boy got off the train and waited for him in the station. When Donald did not appear he returned to the ship and reported him missing. Several hours later Donald's body was found. The time of his death was figured to be 2 A.M.

I feel that the candle's going out was Donald's way of letting me know that something had happened to him. — *New York, N.Y.*

MY SECRET COMPANION

By Dorothy G. Bornefeld

My father died on March 13, 1914, just one week before I was born. The fact that I was born with a double-caul made my German grandmother predict that I would be lucky. But my early years in East St. Louis, Ill., were not always happy ones.

SPIRIT, POWER and MATTER

By Baroness Adelma Vay

To enjoy and understand this book, the reader should have an open heart and mind to grasp the truth, even if it is unknown as yet by others.

The first part of this revelation describes the way God called the Universe into existence and created the "First-borns" as dualistic spirit beings. With God in the midst, "all was harmony and unity." This was followed by the "Fracture", when arrogance found its way to the minds of some spirits, causing separation, darkness and degradation. The downfalls continued to the extent that it was necessary to create the "Embryonic spirit beings" to be connecting links between the deeply fallen "Contrast" and the loyal "First-borns".

The degenerated spirits dragged their regions with them, causing its original substance of pure light to change into gaseous globes, then into half solid, finally into solid matter. In the course of innumerable eons this formed the millions of solar systems, including our sun and planets. After each fall God's infinite love and mercy manifested through His loyal workers, teaching and calling the rebels back to righteousness, back to God. There always were some who were converted, while others continued their course of degeneration, until they completely lost their free will and their consciousness.

The second part of "Spirit, Power and Matter" deals with the "Involution", describing the road upward for the fallen spirits. With each step on their way of spiritual progress, the spirit or human beings purify not only themselves but their regions and worlds as well. The millions of solar systems will gradually regain their state of primordial purity, until finally all will be spiritualized.

On our Earth, the Scriptures and all of God's revelations teaches that man must first realize his smallness in order to gain a higher spiritual level. He has to be humble.

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In sad moments my father would come to me.

He would stand by my bed at night, blonde and handsome. He would smile and sometimes he would say, "My Dorothy, my little daughter." All through the years he was my secret companion.

When I was around 15 years old, mother was rummaging through some old pictures. She said, "I believe I have a picture of your daddy here. He's in a large group at a picnic."

"Let me pick him out, Mother," I cried.

"You've never seen him," she remarked. "How on earth would you know him?"

"I'll know him," I answered confidently. I looked at the picture, which showed about 30 young men grouped together. It was dark with age but in the back row I found the face I was searching for.

I pointed him out to my amazed mother. "I never talked much about him to you," she said. "I don't remember ever telling you how he looked."

She hadn't needed to tell me how he looked. I knew. I told her he had a tiny scar at the end of his right eye. She admitted that I was right. There *was* a tiny moon-shaped scar at the end of his eye. I told her then, for the first time, how he had hovered near me so lovingly through the years. — *Kansas City, Mo.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

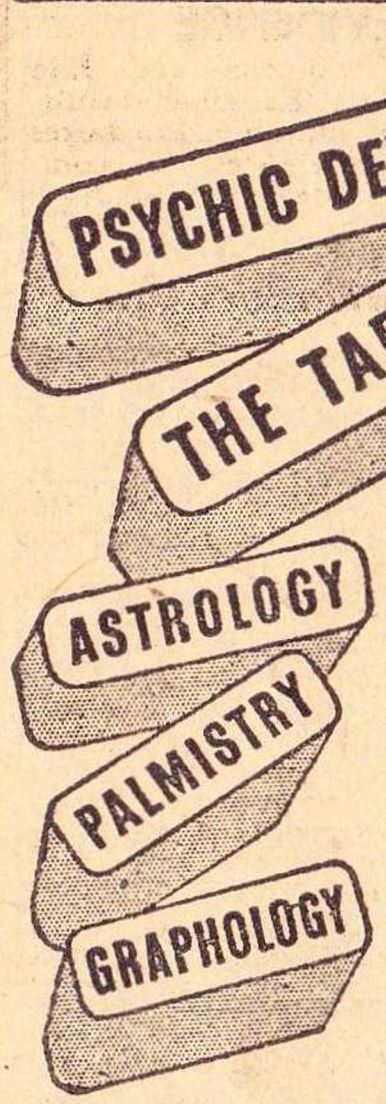
MYSTERY HUM

About three years ago my mother and I lived in a two-room apartment on the near north side of Chicago. One evening after we had lived there for two months I walked into the living room to watch TV. On my way to the chair I heard a humming sound. When I reached the chair it stopped. A little later I walked to the TV and heard the humming sound again. When I reached the TV it stopped.

I thought little about the noise that evening, but a couple of days later I heard it again. The noise could be heard only from the center of the room, although as one stood in the center of the room it sounded very loud.

One night I investigated and found the area in which the sound was audible to be about six feet in diameter and about two feet thick. If a tall person walked into this area he would not have heard the sound unless he stooped. The sound was loudest late at night, although, it was not always audible. Other persons beside myself heard it.

I thought at first that the sound might be due to radio waves hitting some metal object in the



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room. We moved all the furniture around but the sound remained. A check revealed no radio ham in the neighborhood. Later I became convinced that the sound was not connected with electric equipment, for one night a fuse blew and it was louder than ever and even changed tone, like speech.

Have others had this experience? — *George Mueller, Chicago, Ill.*

IS DOWSING ELECTRICAL?

I have been psychic to some degree all my life and over the years I have experienced many inexplicable incidents. In addition to this trait I have the "gift" of dowsing. Since I do not understand the nature of either of these abilities I cannot say if one is a prerequisite for the other, or if there is any relationship between the two.

As the result of experiments I have made with dowsing, however, I am inclined to believe that dowsing is electrical rather than psychic in nature.

My experiments show that when a person who does not possess dowsing ability worked together with me he felt the pull of the forked twig, which he could not feel when he worked alone. I conducted this experiment many times with my father, as well as with various other persons who did not have dowsing ability, and

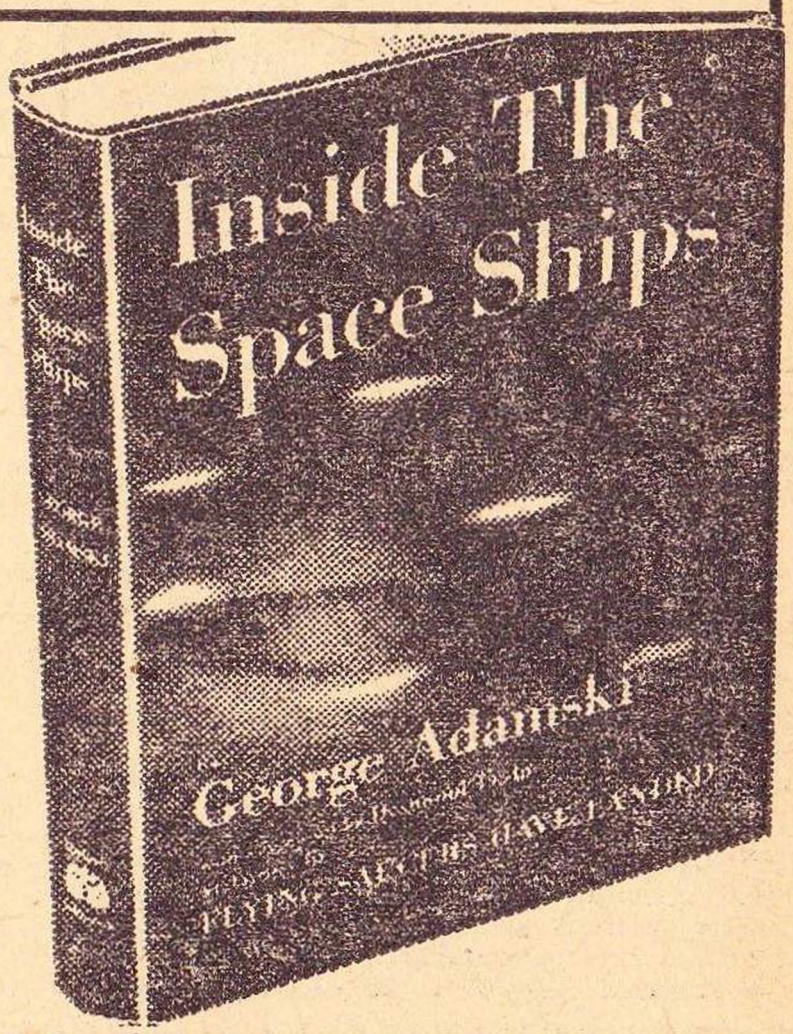
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the results always were the same.

The experiment is performed by the dowser and the other person holding hands. Each holds one of the forks of the stick with his free hand. — *Sigurd Nelson, Winnipeg, Man., Can.*

HARMONIZING SYMBOLS

In reference to the letter headed "Conflicting Symbols" in Report From The Readers in the May issue, I wish to point out that the symbols Mr. Maethner gave as representing the runes on the Heavener stone are identical (except for two of the letters) with the earlier runes from the Vadstena bracteate.

The Kensington stone, according to the eight runes in Mr. Maethner's letter, are not like the earlier or later runes, with the exception of three of the letters.

The fact that the Heavener stone and the Kensington stone do not employ the same runes seems to have no bearing on Mrs. J. Ray Farley's theory that the Vikings reached Oklahoma. But the fact that the earlier runes were used on the Heavener stone offers excellent support to her theory. — *Y. Ryder, New Orleans, La.*

SEEN IN THE TEA LEAVES

I was very interested in the discussion about tea leaves in the Psychic Panel in the March, 1955, issue. I once considered the idea

Do We Have To Die?

Forty-three years ago in forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young journalist named Edwin J. Dingle found the answer to this question. A great mystic opened his eyes. A great change come over him. He realized the strange power that knowledge gives.

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In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Forty-three years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Once his coffin was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back home to die, when a strange message came — "They are waiting for you in Tibet." He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his lifetime of travel throughout the world. He wants everyone to experience the greater health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the world's leading geographical societies, for his work as a geographer. And today, 43 years later, he is still so athletic, capable of so much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send to readers of this paper a 9,000-word treatise. He says the time is here for it to be released to the Western World, and offers to send it, free of cost or obligation to sincere readers of this notice. In addition he will give to each of them a 64-page book showing the astonishing events the world may soon expect, according to great prophecies.

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of reading tea leaves funny, but I had an experience that convinced me there is truth in the tea leaves.

Three years ago, a few weeks before Easter, Mother and I decided to have some fun reading the tea leaves in our cups. In my cup we saw what looked like an airplane with people falling out of it. One tea leaf especially looked like a man falling head first. Mother and I joked about this, saying that if the man didn't straighten up he was going to bury his head in the ground like an ostrich. Then we went on about our business, forgetting the tea leaves.

A few days later, about four in the morning, an old friend phoned and told us a Globemaster had crashed near Mobile, Ala., with her husband aboard. Her husband's body was the last one found. It had been burned almost beyond recognition. He was identified by his red hair. He had landed head first and his head was buried in the ground. He had been a major and was one of 13 officers killed in the crash. — *Darlene McCoy, Kendall, Fla.*

ASTRALLY BREATHLESS

I wish to raise a question in regard to the article, "I Have The Gift of Psychometry," by Marjorie Talbot in the April issue of FATE. Why doesn't she stick to psychometry? Toward the end of the article she tells of her experience



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in the astral body where she entered the burning mine and *could not breathe.* One does not breathe when in the astral body. One can go anywhere — air, water, fire — and it makes no difference. — *Byron E. Emereich, Dutch Flat, Calif.*

Mr. Emereich raises an interesting question in connection with my article. I do not know what others experience in the astral body but I do know I reported my own experiences accurately. It seems that, on journeys in the astral body, one simply expects to be affected by conditions that affect the physical body — and, as a result, is affected.

One hardly can prove that fire and water do affect the astral body but a parallel case may be convincing. My doctor told me that a patient of his dreamed she had an accident in which she burned her hand. When she woke the skin of her hand was red and painful. She went to the doctor. By the time she reached his office the skin had begun to heal but signs of inflammation still were visible. By that evening her hand was normal — Marjorie Talbot, New Westminster, B.C., Can.

"I SMASHED A CLOUD"

Ten years ago in the Phillippines I, too, smashed a cloud. I was working at Tacloban Airport, on Leyte. One day I called the attention of some of my buddies to

a fat, cream-puff-type cloud floating by overhead.

"See that cloud?" I said. "I'm going to make it disappear." Anyone who has been in the Service knows the kind of comments I evoked with that remark!

I made a few hypnotic passes at the cloud, mumbled a few naughty words under my breath and said, "Watch!"

The cloud started breaking up immediately and in about five minutes was completely gone. Needless to say, there was a lot of head-scratching going on for the next hour or so. I let the boys stay dumbfounded, too. I never repeated the trick, never explained it.

But now that you've printed the story about the man who smashes clouds, maybe I'd better explain it — there may be some similarity. It's really very simple.

I had noticed previously that when clouds reached a certain spot in the sky, almost directly overhead, they just melted away. It was puzzling at first, but finally I concluded it was due to a thermal rising off the nearby hills. After a few day's observation it was a simple matter for me to determine exactly when and where the break-up would occur. So all I had to do was call the boys' attention at the proper time — and bingo!

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stroy *any* cloud, big or little, high or low, anywhere in the sky, anytime — my hat goes off to him! If not, maybe he's using my method, plus a little luck. Anyway, I'm going to remain skeptical until a thorough investigation proves he has something. — *E. G. Nitch, Santa Monica, Calif.*

SUCCESSFUL CLOUD-BUSTER

Ater reading about Dr. Alexander's cloud-busting ability in the June issue, I experimented. It worked admirably. — *Durwood Lewis, Garland, Tex.*

ANOTHER POLTERGEIST?

Regarding the letter titled "Our Poltergeist" in the April, 1955, issue, I wish to say that I, for one, believe everything Mr. DePledge says. I have had similar happenings in my own home.

One evening I was stuffing a chicken for the next day and wondered where I could find a piece of string and a needle large enough for the string, to sew the chicken up. I concluded I had neither a large needle nor small string, so decided to sew up the chicken with ordinary thread and a small needle. I went to my sewing machine, where I keep my needle cushion — and there was a large needle threaded with about four feet of string, doubled. On the end of the string, as if to impress me, were five needles thread-



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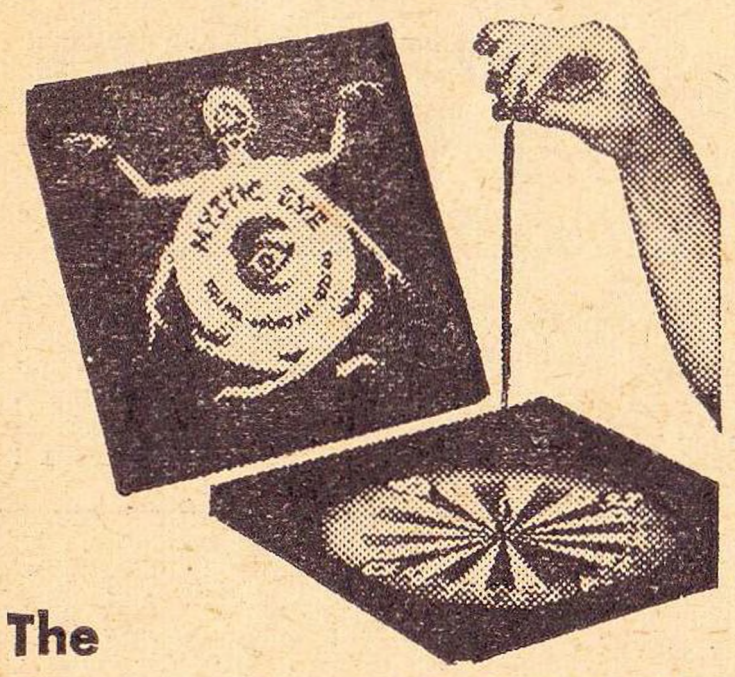
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ed with five different colored threads tied in a bow knot to the end of the double string.

I nearly fainted. Nobody had been in the house that day and I had cleaned up my box of threads that morning and had put the needles away in my sewing cabinet. To get the five different colored threads one would have had to open my box of thread and the cover of the box was exactly the way I had left it.

I have found money on three different occasions. One day, preparing to spend the day in New York City, I wanted a $10 bill. I opened my hat box and found a $10 bill. My daughter said she had missed a $10 bill. On another occasion I found a dollar bill on the floor when I wanted one dollar for something. I found a $5 bill on a similar occasion. — *Florence L. Holden, Groton, Conn.*

MONEY BY VISUALIZATION

God — the immortal spirit within you — is the giver of every good and perfect gift, including money. Years ago I met Mrs. Genevieve Behring, a newly married widow. She told me she had studied in London with Judge Troward, who taught a method for obtaining money by visualization.

She said, "Don't believe what they tell you about it taking six months. It took me nearly a year but I never missed even one night,

at bedtime, using a $1,000 bill and counting out the exact $25,000 I desired by visualization."

She explained she had used the words Judge Troward had taught her: "My mind is a center for Divine Operation and Divine Operation is for the expansion of something greater than ever has gone forth before."

When she returned to New York City from England a lawyer sent for her and told her that her deceased husband had left her $25,000 — the amount she had visualized for almost one year.

There are other money methods but visualization is easy and simple. Your feelings make it quicker, so be serene and harmonious. Avoid doubt and fear. See, for example, large sums of money falling all around you. Do not scatter your forces talking about it until you prove it. And never think poverty even if you have no money at all because thinking of lack makes less. — *Lottie Moriarty, Meriden, Conn.*

HE FLEW WITH GHOSTS

The article, "Flying Ghosts," in the May, 1955, issue of FATE, by author and aviation authority John Goldstrom, is excellent and you are to be commended for printing it. I was on the flight referred to by Goldstrom and am

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particularly struck by the extreme accuracy of his account of it. — *Meredith Hayes, Pittsfield, Mass.*

FATE GETS AROUND

I drive a bus for the Kansas City Public Service Company. Recently a lady passenger asked me if I believed in flying saucers. I told her I did and had followed the subject for years. I told her about FATE Magazine and recommended that she subscribe. She said she already was a FATE reader and naturally we became better acquainted.

Not long after that the company had a man on the bus making a traffic check. He overheard this lady and me talking about Rev. Cameron's article in the April, 1955, issue of FATE and joined our conversation. He explained he also is a FATE reader and had a letter titled "Highly Polished Object" on page 107 of the March, 1955, issue. His name is Richard Marquis.

Well, we made quite a trio — as you can see, FATE gets around! — *R. H. Gutsmethl, Kansas City, Mo.*

CLIMBING LIGHT

I wish to report that I saw a saucer — at any rate, a strange light — at Chief Lake on the night of June 17. It was a very clear night. I was preparing to retire and as I stood before the south windows I saw in the sky a

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bright, blue-white light traveling northward at a terrific rate of speed. The object was circular in shape and was at a rather high altitude.

I thought it was a reflection but there was no possible source of light to cause a reflection. The object could not have been a jet because it made no sound and traveled much faster than any jet I ever have seen. I thought it might be a comet or a meteor but it had no tail and was climbing northward instead of falling.

I ran to the north windows but saw no sign of the mysterious light. This indicated it had gone west, or east, and had made what amounted to a right angle turn — something a comet or a meteor could not do. — *M. Rhodes, Kaleva, Mich.*

SOLVED BY A DREAM

The article, "Develop Your Superconscious," by George L. Mock in the May issue, calls to mind a similar experience I had while studying civil engineering at the University of Washington in 1905. One evening I worked until 11 P.M. on a descriptive geometry problem but could not solve it.

I went to bed with the problem still on my mind. I had a vivid dream in which I saw the drawing I had started and the solution. In the morning I still saw the solution clearly and was able

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to complete the problem at once.

I never have had such an experience before or since but presume it was the conditions that made the dream so vivid. I was batching it and there was nobody else in the house. The nearest neighbor was a block away and there was no nearby traffic, nor noise of any sort. I had worked hard on the geometry problem all evening so that it was the only thing on my mind at the time.

Perhaps I had experienced that absolute concentration practiced by Oriental scholars. — *John G. McCormack, Seattle, Wash.*

DRAWN BY LIGHTNING

I enjoy all the articles in FATE but was especially interested in "Nature's Strange Photographs" in the January issue. I know of an interesting case pertaining to photographs or drawings produced by lightning.

On the front page of the New York *World* for August 6, 1907, is a picture and story about a man named Abbott Parker, whose home was in Charleston, Mass.

While walking along a street in Morristown, N.J., he was hit in the back by a bolt of lightning and knocked unconscious. He was taken to the hospital where it was discovered that on his back, between his shoulders, was a perfect impression of Christ hanging on the cross, even to the forma-

tion of the rocks at the bottom of the cross. — *Elizabeth J. Titus, Providence, R. I.*

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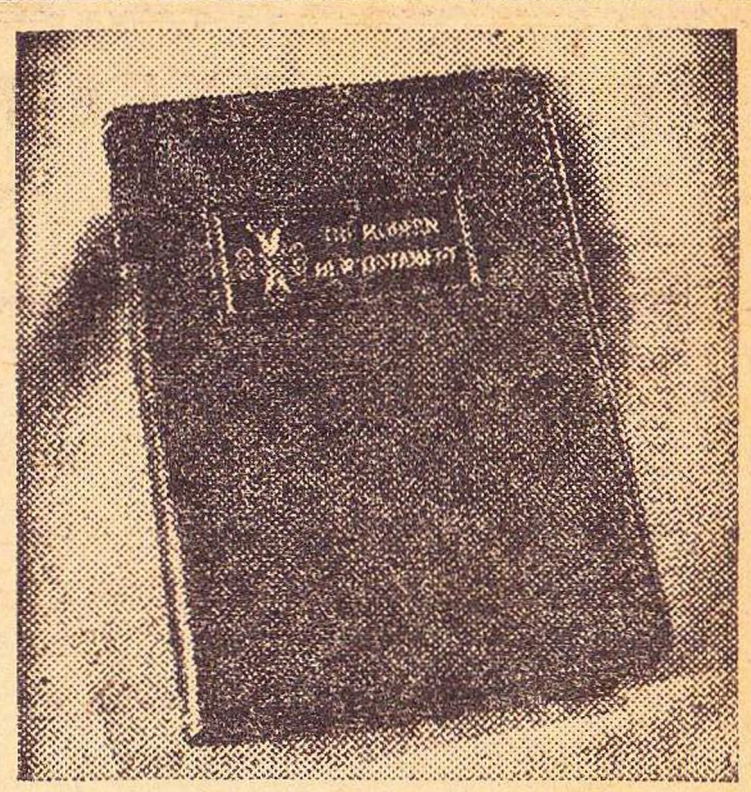
Jeanne Johnson was a stenographer in Portland, Ore., who always had copies of FATE Magazine cached away in her desk. But when she took a job on Canton Island in the South Pacific magazines via airmail were beyond her finances.

Then she sold her story to the *Saturday Evening Post* (see "I Traded My Desk For A Tropical Isle" in the February 26, 1955, issue). Immediately she wrote me, "Air mail FATE Magazine." That was in January. Every time I thought of sending the magazine, something diverted me, until almost a month passed and I was confronted by the necessity to explain why, in a city the size of Long Beach, it had taken me so long to mail a magazine.

Suddenly I had the impulse to send it at once. I found to my surprise that the March issue already was on the stands. I sent it to Jeanne with my explanation and received this reply:

"That *was* fate. I am collecting data on flying saucers and the March issue was just what I wanted."

Does the word Fate carry a psi rating? — *Olive Breed, Long Beach, Calif.*



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