THE MAN WHO CREATED LIFE

FATE MAGAZINE

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

November 1955

35¢

10¢

TRUE PSYCHIC ADVENTURE:

JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

My family hears the

BANSHEE CRY

WHAT DO YOU SEEK FROM LIFE?

PSYCHIC POWERS? SELF CONFIDENCE? PERSONALITY?



TEST YOURSELF

Yes No

- ☐ ☐ Are you satisfied with your mental power?
- ☐ ☐ Can you concentrate?
- ☐ ☐ Do you feel rested when you get up in the morning?
- ☐ ☐ Do you finish every job you tackle?
- ☐ ☐ Are you in tip-top shape physically?
- ☐ ☐ Is your posture good?
- ☐ ☐ Do you control tension, fear, worry, "nerves"?
- ☐ ☐ Do people like you?
- ☐ ☐ Do you have lots of friends?
- ☐ ☐ Are you "getting ahead" in your work?
- ☐ ☐ Do you use the power of your subconscious mind?
- ☐ ☐ Is your life full, successful, happy?

If you have to answer NO to any of these questions you are not getting the most out of your life. Yogism can help you, and

YOU CAN TEST ITS RESULTS FREE!

ACT NOW!

DON'T WAIT A MINUTE LONGER! YOU ARE STARTING ON THE WAY TO A NEW LIFE . . . A BRIGHTER FUTURE.

WRITE TODAY!

YOGA — THE ANCIENT WISDOM OF THE EAST

adapted to the needs of Western man, gives you a healthy body and a calm, confident mind. European students have long marveled at the miracles accomplished by Yoga training — now available to Americans in the exclusive 12-lesson life-science course. The results are STARTLING . . . IMMEDIATE. You can prove them yourself with this first FREE lesson. All you have to do is spend a few minutes a day on this fascinating study to gain new energy, new will power and confidence, whatever your age or sex. *Yogism uses no medicines, no expensive apparatus, no strenuous exercises nor "fads."*

Learn YOGA Success Secrets

HOW TO:

- increase your ability to concentrate
- eliminate depression and fatigue
- change and improve your environment
- overcome age — roll back the years
- get and *keep* glowing health
- shut out worry and fear
- find and develop hidden capabilities
- relax and rest
- control "nerves" and tension
- avoid sleeplessness
- use the power of THOUGHT
- develop inner resources, poise and SELF-CONFIDENCE

YOUR FREE LESSON

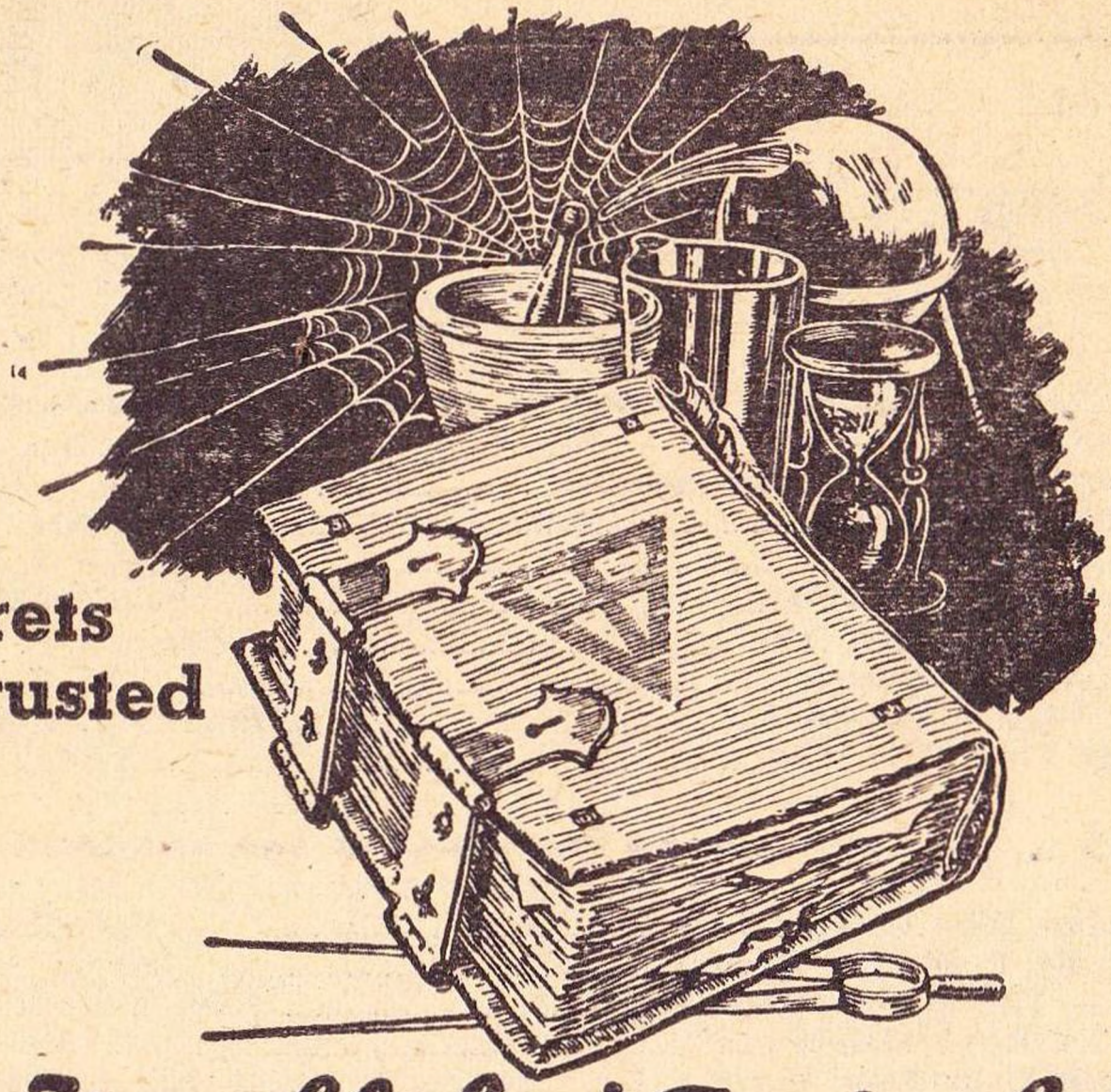
SCHOOL OF YOGA, Dept. Fe-4
806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me my FREE TRIAL LESSON, absolutely without obligation.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....**Zone**..**State**....



Secrets entrusted to a few

The Unpublished Facts of Life

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

THIS FREE BOOK

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

---SEND THIS COUPON---

Scribe O.W.F.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California
Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life,* which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....

The Rosicrucians (AMORC) SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

NOVEMBER
1955

Issue No. 68

Contents

FATE

Editor: ROBERT N. WEBSTER
Managing Editor: CHESTER S. GEIER
Art Director: SYDNEY BARKER

VOLUME 8—NUMBER 11
Executive Editor: MARY FULLER
Editorial Consultant: CURTIS FULLER

STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

My Family Hears The Banshee Cry ..... *Raquel De S. Marshall* 15
Was I A Murderer? ..... *Michael Sheldon* 26
Test Of Telepathy ..... *Helen Strickland* 40
Journey Into The Past ..... *Pauline Saltzman* 41
This Ghost Blocked The Light ..... *Edmond P. Gibson* 66
The Accursed Factory ..... *W. J. Brands* 76
I Live With A Poltergeist ..... *Eugene Y. Burroughs* 90
Message From The Mail ..... *Beulah Oswalt* 98

ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

The Man Who Created Life ..... *Valentine Dyall* 18
Learn To Read The Future ..... *Georgia Jacobsen* 31
Chris — The Mathematical Dog ..... *John Edward Malloy* 35
How To Read Hands ..... *Mir Bashir* 52
Hypnosis Helps Cure Burns ..... *Harry McCormick* 71
Mystery Of The Lead-Filled Bones ..... *Edmond Gibson* 82
Europe's Strange Sensitives ..... *Frank Harford* 84

FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

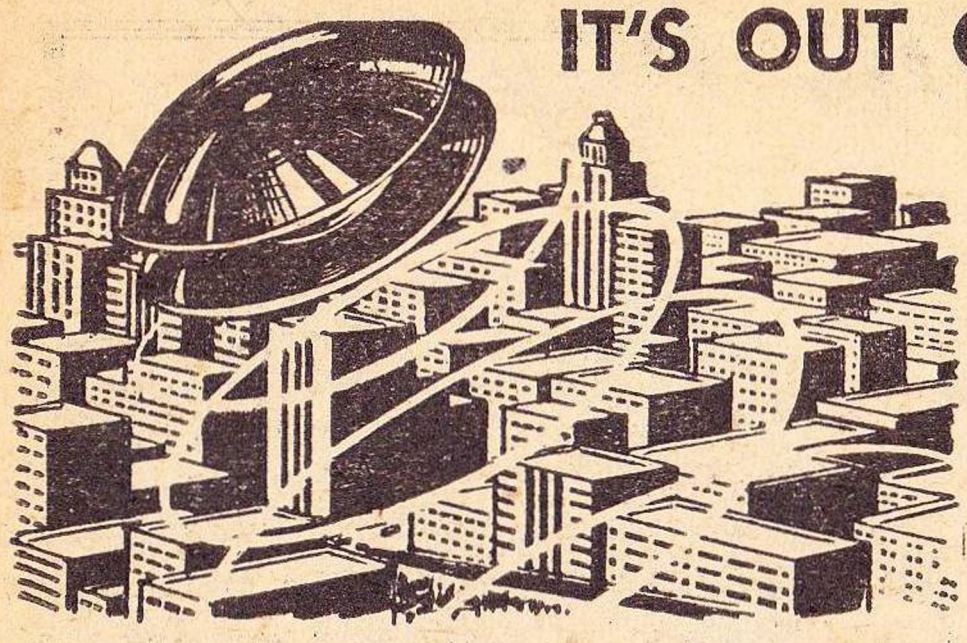
I See By the Papers ..... *M. M. F.* 6
Ghost On The Corner ..... *Candida Dee* 14
The Invisible Cat ..... *Darcea Schiesl* 17
A Lock Of Milton's Hair ..... *Thomas Mabbott* 30
Disappearance In Duplicate 49
Fingers Of Fate ..... *Harold Helfer* 50
True Mystic Experiences ..... *The Readers* 59
"Albert Is Going Home" ..... *Edith Spears* 65
Mystery Of The Sinking Road 75
Telepathy Or Guesswork? 83
Angel At The Wheel ..... *Candida Dee* 89
My Proof Of Survival ..... *The Readers* 101
Psychic Panel 105
Report From The Readers ..... *The Readers* 112

COVER PAINTING BY LLOYD N. ROGNAN

• • •

Published every month by CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Illinois. Re-entered as second-class matter September 16, 1949, at Post Office, Evanston, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879, as amended by the Act of June 11, 1934; additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork.

© 1955, CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY



IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

The most sensational experience in our publishing history!

THE FIRST EDITION OF

THE SECRET OF THE SAUCERS

THE COMPLETELY TRUE, COMPLETELY HONEST STORY OF

ORFEO ANGELUCCI

Already nearing a sellout as it comes off the press! The advance sale of this marvelous book has astounded us. Apparently no one doubts the existence of the saucers today —and the desire to know what they are and where they come from is intense.

THE ANSWER IS IN THIS BOOK!

It's no fairy tale. Psychic experience, yes! But backed by *fact*. Authenticated by eyewitness confirmation. Dozens of people saw the physical reality, while Orfeo experienced the psychic adventure. Simultaneous evidence that will astound you. There *actually* is an unknown world around us, usually invisible, but at last the veil is being torn away. You owe it to yourself to read this incredible, yet totally *credible*, book! But you'll have to act fast to get a copy of the first edition. Half the print order is already sold, being shipped directly from the binding room! Imagine it! Yes, a second edition is on order, but if you want a copy of this already rare first edition,

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

Read the amazing history of the saucers, of the people who fly in them, of their mission on earth. Read the prophecy of the future, the message to our troubled earth. Live Orfeo's tremendous adventure with him, as he tells it in his own words, simply and honestly.

SEND $3.00 TODAY FOR THIS HANDSOMELY CLOTH-BOUND BOOK.

AMHERST PRESS, AMHERST, WISCONSIN:

Enclosed is $3.00 for my copy of THE SECRET OF THE SAUCERS by Orfeo Angelucci. Rush my copy to me by return mail.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

I See by the Papers...

LIGHTNING CRACKS AND MENDS WINDOW

■ On a Thursday early in July a flash of light streaked through a store in International Falls, Minn. No one in the dress shop was hurt and nothing was burned although the bolt passed directly between Mrs. Cline, owner of the shop, and a customer.

After the excitement had died down, clerks found an eight inch crack in the big glass show window. Rain seeped in through this opening which extended for eight feet down through the window. Mrs. Cline hurriedly removed her merchandise from the window and a clerk mopped up the water that came through the crack.

Fire Chief Vernon McMicken happened by and he saw the crack. So did about 20 other persons.

A glass firm was called to replace the window. It was an emergency call and the workmen arrived about a half hour later.

The crack had disappeared!

In its place there was only a dark streak.

McMicken, who stuck around, said, "The streak was like a pencil mark. We couldn't rub it off. Then the streak began to disappear. Now there is nothing left. You can rub your fingers across the window and there isn't the least trace of a crack."



Mrs. Cline said, "We're still so startled we don't know what to think. I felt foolish having called the glass company and when they got here there was only a streak — no crack. The glass company men had never come across anything like it, either."

❖

WOMAN "CONFESSES" 2,000-YEAR-OLD MURDER

■ A woman member of the world community of Knights of the Holy Grail in Central Europe has publicly declared that she killed her husband — 2,000 years ago in 46 B.C., in another incarnation.

The divorce proceedings have been instituted in a Vienna court



AT LAST . . .
Mysteries of Ancient Egypt Revealed!

Since the dawn of recorded history there has never been a book like this! It is an esoteric document of factual discoveries and analyses — not dreamer's guesses. Thothnu Tastmona's facts have revolutionized Egyptology, for they are not "interpretations" but genuine transcriptions from original hieroglyphics, presented in a popular, readable, well-illustrated style.

FOR THE OCCULTIST . . .

Hundreds of hitherto unpublished facts like these:

Egyptian astronomers theorized that the universe was derived from solar emanations. The monstrous structures of the Gizeh Pyramid Field state in terms of enduring stone the scientific allegory of creation.

Mythology is demonstrated to be coded astronomical science. Hidden in the stories of strange gods and goddesses, human-headed, bird-headed, beast-headed, reptile-headed, is the record of Egypt's amazing strides in science and mechanics.

Egyptian scientists had the telescope — with which they correctly measured the angle of the rings of the planet Saturn. They had the miscroscope — and dissected a human spermatozoan, recording this achievement on the Gizeh Pyramid Field.

FOR THE EGYPTOLOGIST — this is an important, indispensable text book. The science of Egyptology glows in the light of new discoveries stemming from the original, independent research of one man— Thothnu Tastmona.

THE INNER CIRCLE SURVIVES

The ancient Egyptians shrouded in secrecy their factual knowledge of astronomy and other sciences and arts. This knowledge was deliberately restricted to an "Inner Circle." As iron-clad state policy, it was kept hidden from the masses by means of symbols and codes. In the opinion of Egyptologists, this policy prevailed from 3,800 B.C. through 359 B.C. when the last Egyptian king abdicated at the time of the Alexandrian conquest. But the Inner Circle held onto the ancient secrets and survived through an unbroken succession of secret custodians, probably members of the Egyptian priesthood.

SECRET: THE GIZEH PYRAMIDS is an impressive book measuring 11 x 14 inches, bound in red-orange buckram with title stamped in black, beautifully printed in large, clear type on ivory paper, with 96 illustrations.

FOR THE BIBLE STUDENT — whatever your faith, this book is a massive, authoritative text of Biblical background information.

ALL COPIES BEAR SERIAL NUMBERS

Buyers are urged to consider the prestige of owning volumes with low serial numbers.

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

Price $15.00

VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILL.

Please send me ..... copies of SECRET: THE GIZEH PYRAMIDS.

I enclose $..... in ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order. ☐ Send C.O.D.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY, ZONE & STATE .....

against her husband with whom she has lived happily for 17 years. She feels that she must atone for her age-old crime by giving up the happiness she has found in this life.

The court withholds the lady's name and the law does not recognize either 2,000 year-old crimes, or "other lives." As a result she will have to find more up-to-date grounds for her divorce.

The Knights of the Holy Grail live on the 3,200-foot summit of Mount Vomper, 19 miles from Innsbruck, Tyrol. They believe, together with the Buddhists and Lamaists of Tibet, that the human soul lives through many lives. Once the soul has risen above bad thoughts and actions it no longer need reincarnate but can go into the realm of spirit. From there it may help those souls not yet liberated from the cycle of rebirth.

The movement was started by the late Oscar Ernest Bernhardt, a German businessman born in Bischofswerda, Saxony, in 1875. He died in 1941. Calling himself Abd-ru-Shin, Servant of the Light, he claimed that in the 13th Century, in one of his lives, he had been an Arab prince. He lectured extensively and these lectures, now collected into two large volumes, are the gospel of the Grail group. The movement now has 3,500 members in more than a dozen countries. About 1,000 members live in Austria and Germany, some are as far away as the United States and Brazil.

The colony now headed by Bernhardt's widow, Marie, who is called "Love Incarnate", is entirely self-supporting. About 100 men, women and children live in some 20 buildings.

❖

TROUBLE IN EGYPT

■ Fate readers and archeologists have been wondering the same thing: "What has happened to the 5,000-year-old solar ship of Cheops discovered last year?"

Recently the true facts came out. Apparently jealousy within the Egyptian Department of Antiquities is responsible for stopping work on the discovery. Now it is feared that neglect may even ruin the valuable find.

An Arab watchman's chickens scratch around the shelter which is supposed to protect the wooden ship from the weather. A photographer saw, through binoculars, a rat run into the shelter. The area was closed to all but archaeologists at the beginning of 1955.

Most of the tarpaulins covering the roof of the ship's chamber had been taken away, exposing the drawings and markings to the weather while the Department of Antiquities was devoting itself to exploratory diggings nearby. It is believed that these unsuccessful projects were ordered in the hope of making a new discovery to rival

that of the burial ship.

Kamal el-Malakh, Egyptian archeologist who discovered the solar ship and first penetrated the ship's chamber on May 25, 1954, has been relieved of most of his official duties with the Department of Antiquities. It is said that he no longer has free access to his discovery. At the time of the discovery he was Director of Works for the department of Giza, Cairo and Lower Egypt. His duties included supervising engineering and architectural aspects of excavations, restorations and constructions in this territory and he discovered the now famous solar ship while building a road around the Great Pyramid.

As early as last September the directorship of works for lower Egypt was transferred to another official. In January the Cairo area was taken away from him, and recently his responsibility at Giza was further reduced — to nearly zero.

In July it was announced that the funeral barque had been wrapped up in DDT powder and rat poison for the summer. This is the first time that officials have admitted that work on the important archeological discovery has virtually reached a standstill. Mustafa Amer, Director of Antiquities, said the work was halted because the summer heat and dryness might hurt the ancient wood.

The closing was marked by a ceremony during which newspaper men were allowed, for the first time in six months, to enter the site in order to see what progress has been made.

❖

MEANWHILE, DETERIORATION

■ No part of the 107-foot ship has been removed from the chamber. However, linen, reed mats, cloth and ropes have been taken from the deck and the surface swept clean of the litter of fabric fragments and pieces of gypsum that fell from the chamber's roof.

The man in charge of removing the ship piece by piece from the 13-foot pit and of treating it with preservatives is Dr. Zaki Iskander, department chemist. He said 42 pieces of fabric have been preserved and the rest stored for future analyses. The fabric was treated with polyesters, resinous plastics. He explained that the mats are woven of Typho australis, similar to American cattails. This was done in April.

While the department heads fight and Kamal el-Malakh is conspicuously absent, the wood of Pharaoh's solar ship has started to warp. The heavy timber that supported the bow has fallen to the ground, showing that the bow has warped upward and then settled against the end of the stone pit. The wood owed its preservation for 5,000 years to the fact that the air-sealed chamber had 90 per

cent humidity. Dehydration and oxidation in similar tombs has reduced wood to powder. Now the average humidity in the pit is about 80 per cent according to Dr. Iskander.

Mr. el-Malakh says the excavations have been halted over his protest. He logically insists that the chamber cannot be made airtight and that the wood should be treated as rapidly as possible to prevent dehydration and oxidation. He says further that the great changes in temperature on the desert from day to night will warp and crack the wood. He has urged, in vain, that the department rush construction of the outer shell of a permanent museum which they are planning to build over the discovery site. This shell could be air conditioned.

Perhaps by the time the bickering officials get around to erecting the museum they will have nothing to house.

❖

BEES CAN TELL TIME

■ Dr. Max Renner, zoologist of the University of Munich, has discovered that bees can tell time.

In Paris, Dr. Renner trained 5,000 bees to forage for sugar water from 8:15 to 10:15 p.m. Paris time. On June 15 he brought them to the Museum of Natural History in New York. A room was made to duplicate the bees' room in Paris. No sugar water was available for three days but the bees showed up to eat at 3:15 to 5:15 p.m. — the exact hours in which they had been fed in Paris. Paris is five hours ahead of New York time.

While he was in the U. S. Dr. Renner trained some New York bees to eat at 1:30 to 3:30 p.m., New York time. If all went well these bees now are eating in Paris between the hours of 6:30 and 8:30 p.m.

❖

MURDER BY HYPNOTISM

■ A hypnotist has been convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment although he was not even near the scene of the crime. This conviction in a court of law in Copenhagen, Denmark, may set a new and important legal precedent.

On March 29, 1951, Palle Wichmann Hardrup, 33 years old, entered a Copenhagen bank and demanded money. When he was refused he shot Kaj Moller, cashier. A few seconds later he shot Hans Wisbom, a bank manager.

Hardrup told the jury that while in a hypnotic trance he had been instructed three times a week for three months on how to carry out this single-handed holdup. He had been instructed to shoot the cashier if he refused to give him the money.

Bjorn Schouw Nielsen, 39, had not been near the scene of the

crime when it was committed but he was charged with "planning the robbery and instigating Hardrup to commit this and the murders."

Nielsen admitted, during an examination by a psychiatrist, Dr. Geert Jorgensen, that he bore "the moral responsibility" for the shooting. He declared that he believed he "could compel such a man to commit a crime."

Hardrup was found guilty of the murders and the bank theft and sentenced to a home for psychopaths from which he may be released in two years. Nielsen was sentenced to life imprisonment. Denmark does not have capital punishment.

Dr. Paul J. Reiter, a former governor of Denmark's principal criminal insane asylum and now head of the psychiatric department of the Copenhagen City Hospital, was the chief state witness in the month-long trial. He declared that Hardrup had "acted in an abnormal, insane-like, conscious condition while deprived of his own free will by hypnotic, suggestive influence" and that "the impulses of the criminal acts came from without." He further stated that "any person is capable of any act" — that a hypnotist can induce most persons to commit crime.

These statements were contained in a 366-page report written after the doctor had examined Hardrup over a period of 15 months. His testimony was supported by Dr. Max Schmidt, a state psychiatrist.

In his report Dr. Reiter gave his views on hypnosis. He said, "If you say that a person has no criminal inclinations, you must remember that you are judging that person only superficially. Behind our outward culture lies something very primitive. Most murderers, for example, have no criminal record.

"In hypnosis, especially deep hypnosis, the subject is in an abnormal state of mind. If the hypnotist gives him the illusion that he is doing something quite different from what he is in fact doing, he will do it willingly.

"Furthermore, morals vary from one person to another and what is a crime in one country is often permissible to another.

"To commit a murder can be a moral act if the murderer believes he is hindering a crime of equal violence or if he is a political fanatic," Dr. Reiter added.

Dr. Reiter pointed out in this connection that Hardrup believed that the money from the bank was to go to aid groups combating communism.

"Nearly everyone can be hypnotized to some degree," Dr. Reiter said, "although susceptibility varies with individuals."

RETURN TO YESTERDAY

■ Patients injected with a memory

drug have vivid recollections of their infancy and even talk about their birth, according to a British physician, Dr. R. A. Sandison. He says they experience what is known as a "flashback" and remember scenes obviously true but long forgotten.

This memory drug was discovered by Swiss chemists but is being developed in Britain by Prof. J. J. Elkes of Birmingham University's experimental psychiatry department.

Prof. Elkes believes the drug will open "new frontiers of the human mind" and provide insight into the subconscious. It wipes out inhibitions and by allowing the patients' subconscious memories to come to the surface will help psychiatrists to understand the source of their illnesses.

STATISTICS ON GHOSTS

■ The International Conference on Psychic Research met in Cambridge, England, in July. One of the topics discussed behind closed doors was experimental research done on ghosts and poltergeists, or "spontaneous psychic phenomena." This discussion led by Prof. Hornell Hart of Duke University, brought out that statistical studies are said to disclose some group characteristics of ghosts which offer an indication that human personality survives after death.

Professor Hart codified 46 characteristics of ghosts. These included transparency, solidity, luminosity, capacity to sink through floors or glide through walls. On the basis of a comparative examination of these traits appearing in 165 cases he suggested that: 1. The projection of apparitions constitutes "the separability of consciousness from the physical brain." 2. "It would appear that at least a considerable proportion of apparitions of the dead are vehicles of memory and purpose."

Some of the persons attending the conference doubt that purported cases of "out-of-the-body experiences" are anything more than telepathy or clairvoyance. Others contend that "mental elements" can be stored, quite unknown to the individual concerned. Therefore, they said, these elements can be released in psychic phenomena.

Mrs. K. M. Goldney, secretary of the British Society for Psychical Research, asked if the professor's statistics would be invalidated by the fact that all cases of ghosts may spring from the same superstitious traditions and for that reason would all be similar.

Professor Hart replied that if there is no truth in the carefully studied cases then psychical research might as well be given up.



MR. MACLEAN'S HOUSE

■ The erstwhile home of Donald Maclean, missing diplomat, is said

to be haunted. Beacon Shaw stands in Tatsfield village, Surrey, England, and the 500 residents of the town avoid the place.

Maclean vanished behind the Iron Curtain four years ago. He was followed by his wife. The house has been unpopular since Mrs. Maclean left.

In December, 1953, it was rented by Mr. and Mrs. Randall. They did not stay long because it made them nervous when an oak chair slid across the floor of the hall without apparent propulsion, and another chair frequently bumped down a flight of stairs into what had been Maclean's bedroom. During the nights footsteps paraded around outside.

Mr. and Mrs. John Percy moved into Beacon Shaw after the Randalls left. They soon moved out because, Mrs. Percy said, "The door dividing the kitchen and the breakfast room would open and shut although we could never satisfy ourselves that the movement had been caused by a wind or a draft."

Still, the owners of the house, Edward Leslie and Luis de la Torre, say everything is perfectly normal. Depends on what seems normal!



MAGICAL RAINCOATS

■ An old superstition says that if you open an umbrella in the house it will rain. Citizens of Hobart, Okla., made it rain by donning raincoats and putting up umbrellas in the sunshine.

There has been a drouth in Hobart for the last three years. J. R. Bledsoe, a merchant, feeling that something should be done about it, talked Mayor Buster Watkins into organizing an "experiment in faith." As the result of an appeal, about a ninth of the people in Hobart wore rain coats and carried open umbrellas all day on a Saturday in May. There wasn't a cloud in the skies.

Just the same during the night rain fell, the first rain in five weeks. Before that Hobart had had no rain for seven months.



GOODY GOODY, TWO EYES

■ When Mrs. Caroline Fick was 16 years old she slipped and fell on an icy sidewalk. After the fall she was blind. However, over a period of 18 months, the sight returned to her left eye. Her right eye remained completely sightless and during the 27 years since an opaque white curtain covered the cornea of that eye.

Last Armistice Day Mrs. Fick, a housewife and mother of two children, was sitting in the living room of her home at 2435 W. Forest, Detroit, Mich., when she suddenly felt as if some one had slapped her in the face with their open palm.

She said, "My right eye flowed

tears until the collar of my dress was wet. Then I could see as well as I could 27 years ago. God must have been good to me for some reason."

The opaque veil is gone from her right eye and it is a shiny brown like the left one.

One of Detroit's leading eye specialists will examine Mrs. Fick to try to determine what happened. He said, "It has been known to happen that a blow on the head will dislodge an obstruction which has caused blindness. But such cases are rare.

"Some people have a psychosomatic loss of sight. They believe they are unable to see and actually cannot see because of a mental conflict. Then, suddenly, they are able to see again."

Mrs. Fick remembers giving her head a good crack two weeks before sight returned to her right eye. It happened when she was piling groceries on her kitchen pantry shelves but she paid no attention to the blow — it seemed like any other head bumping.

Mrs. Fick doesn't really care what caused the miracle.—*M.M.F.*

GHOST ON THE CORNER

By Candida Dee

On February 17, 1954, Alfredo Parra, the popular Mexican composer, was killed, during a tour when run over by a car on the highway at the town limits of Celaya, Gto., Mexico.

In the morning before leaving on the tour, he had gone to the coffee shop of radio station XEW, where he asked Maria Alma to introduce two of his latest musical compositions.

The following afternoon Maria Alma entered the station, walked up to a group of people who had been discussing the tragic accident and said, "What is wrong with Alfredo? I just saw him in a car at the corner. He asked me to sing his songs on today's program but refused to come in and rehearse them with me."

They told her what had happened. She exclaimed, "But that's impossible! I left him just five minutes ago, right at the corner."

When they brought her the papers to read, she had an attack of nerves that took more than an hour to calm. — *Mexico City, Mexico.*



my family hears the BANSHEE cry

The white form flashed through the room with an eerie wail.

Was another member of the family about to die?

By Raquel de S. Marshall

One of the legends in the timeless folklore of Ireland is that of the banshee. A banshee is a spirit voice which wails to announce the death of a member of the family to which it is attached. During the war many an Irish family was informed of the death of a son or a father by this eerie herald, although the son or father was thousands of miles away.

I know there are such beings as banshees. . . . for we have one in our family!

The *Shee,* to use the Celtic word, is one of the Fairy People. She announces a ban or curse, usually upon a member of the family to which she is attached. Some say this is because of the misdeeds of someone in that family, perhaps of an ancestor, dead for centuries, who has left this unhappy heritage to his descendants.

The Celtic word *ban* originally meant woman, although, in our tongue it has come to mean a

curse. The word *Shee* refers to a particular form of fairy. As far as I have been able to discover a *Shee* is always a woman with long, golden hair which floats about her like seaweed in water.

However, the banshee seems to be a far less lovely figure. Indeed, if one judges by her voice she is a fearsome creature.

As a child I had heard the women of our family speak of our banshee in lowered voices. My personal acquaintance with her did not occur until I was 13. Our beloved grandmother, Mrs. R. H. Adams, who had always lived with us, was very ill. This was in 1905 in New Orleans, my mother's birth place. Father and Mother and the doctor were downstairs in the living room discussing Grandmother's illness. I was listening quietly. Suddenly a white-clad form rushed through the room. We all heard a wild, terrible cry repeated three times. My father and the doctor, both skeptics, glanced at each other in astonishment. My mother burst into tears and ran upstairs to my grandmother's room.

Grandmother died a few hours later.

No explanation could be found for the keening cry. And the white-clad form had flashed by so rapidly we could not distinguish its features. My father refused to discuss the matter. The doctor talked about nerves. However, I had seen the look of amazement exchanged by the two men and I realized that, like most people, they simply were unwilling to consider that which could not be explained.

My second experience with the banshee was a few years later in 1911 when we were living on Boylston Street in Seattle. I was attending the University there. My mother and I were washing dishes after supper one evening when we both heard the terrible, wild cries. Mother turned pale and dropped the plate she was rinsing. I felt my blood chill.

"It *must* be a dog howling!" I insisted, though no dog ever uttered so wild and sad a cry. I ran out into the garden and the street. It was a bright moonlit night . . . and there was not a dog in sight! The next morning we received a telegram telling us that Mother's sister, Mrs. Nina Bussell, had died in Los Angeles at the exact hour in which we had heard the banshee.

Other relatives on my father's side of the family have died in the years that have passed, but the banshee does not cry for them. She appears to be attached only to Mother's side of the family, though there is Scotch and Irish Celtic blood on both sides.

Only once since my aunt's death have I heard the eerie keening of the banshee. That was when my mother passed on. This time the

cry, still wild and unearthly, held a note of almost frantic joyousness, as though something long imprisoned was at last set free. I have not heard the banshee since.

Perhaps it is true, as some of the old legends say, that if one of the fairy women of the Shee breaks the laws of her clan to marry a human being she is bound to his family and must announce the death of its members until the blood line runs out, even though it be for centuries. I am the last, but one, of that blood line.

Was the banshee set free at my mother's passing?

Or will she cry for me?

THE INVISIBLE CAT

By Darcea Schiesl

I usually go back to bed after my husband leaves for work in the morning at 5:30. One morning in the spring of 1954 I had just pulled the covers up when I thought I heard a cat walk from our living room into the bedroom. Since we have two cats, I sat up in bed, thinking I had forgotten to put one of them out. However there was no cat in sight, so I lay down again.

Suddenly I felt something jump onto the bed. The covers at my feet crushed down as if under a weight which seemed to move forward for a few steps before stopping. Still seeing nothing, I dismissed it as imagination and went to sleep.

However for several successive mornings the same thing happened. Always as I returned to bed, there was the soft pad of a cat coming, then the pause followed by the leap to the bed. When I looked I saw nothing. Usually the cat came from the living room, but once it came from my sons' bedroom.

Abruptly as the phenomena started they stopped. Since I believed them the product of imagination I said nothing to anyone.

Immediately afterward, for over a week, my eldest son, six, woke up complaining, "Mommie, I feel something sleeping on my neck." Feeling it wiser not to ask questions for fear of disturbing him or putting thoughts in his mind, I kept quiet. Whatever it was, it did not frighten him.

However, one evening while getting ready for bed, he came up to me and asked, "Mommie, when will that thing that feels like a cat, stop sleeping on my neck?" — *Tacoma, Wash.*

The Man Who

Created Life

The brilliant experimenter was amazed to see tiny insects appear on the electrified stone. Did they grow naturally — or were they scientific creations?

By Valentine Dyall

Reprinted from *Everybody's Magazine*

THE clergyman stood on a hillock at the fringe of the forest and gazed sternly down on Broomfield House, the rambling Somerset home of the scientist Andrew Crosse. In the twilight the old building looked sinister, and even more dilapitated than by day.

Behind him, silent and close together, a group of country folk edged nearer as he opened his prayer book and in a deep, angry voice began to deliver the Church's answer to Evil and Terror — the service of Exorcism . . .

In 1838 the whole of Europe looked on Broomfield as the lair of a Wizard, the domain of a blasphemer who had dared to rival the God that made him. For within these ivy-covered walls Crosse, a mere mortal, had created life from dead matter!

"Crosse is an atheist and a self-styled creator. He has sold his Divine soul to Satan, and conjured up devils to dwell in the forests about our homes . . ."

The clergyman's words sent a shiver through the listeners. Some glanced fearfully at the tree-tops, and at the sagging wires which stretched from upper branches downhill to the old house. Every man present was ready to swear that he had seen Crosse's devils — dancing on these wires, surrounded by balls of fire and lightning, often venturing far outside the boundaries of the estate.

That solemn service on the hillock was never completed: a thunder of hoofs echoed through the



forest and a lone horseman swept up the dusty road which led from the village through the trees to the estate. He was tall and spare, with grey hair and a gaunt, handsome face. He had slung a coil of wire around one shoulder.

At first sight of him the group disintegrated. Only the clergyman stayed on the hillock, a frail but erect figure in the fading light.

The rider reined up his mount.

"What are you doing here? Why have they run away?" His voice was more surprised than angry.

The clergyman raised a black-clad arm and pointed accusingly at the coil of wire he carried.

"Criminal!" he cried. "Reviler of our holy religion! Disturber of Christian peace! We came to ask Heaven's protection from you and your foulness!"

The tall man flinched, and his eyes flashed. Without another word he wheeled his horse and rode off at a gallop, down the grassy slopes towards the house. Andrew Crosse was inured to such encounters, and he knew it was useless to argue.

Today we look back on Crosse's story as one of the great enigmas of history, a mystery still unsolved,

still debated by learned scientists the world over. Was this gentleman-scientist, this amateur electrician, in fact a forerunner of Frankenstein?

In search of the answer we must delve into the archives of the British Museum, piecing together his work, his character and his private life with fragments from yellowing scientific papers and an incongruous selection of books — *Transactions of The London Electrical Society* (1838); *Annals of Electricity; Lectures on Electricity,* by Dr. Noad (1849); *Memorials of Andrew Crosse,* by his wife, Cornelia Crosse (1857); *History of England During the Thirty Years' Peace,* by Harriet Martineau (1849), and *Oddities,* by Rupert T. Gould (1928).

Crosse was born at Broomfield on June 17, 1784. His childhood was marred by a succession of serious illnesses and his parents feared he would die before maturity. He seemed to have no defence against germs, falling victim to one fever after another. Only an iron will brought him through each crisis.

At 14 the boy told his school friend, John Kenyon, "I shall count myself lucky if I see 30!" His resignation to an early death made him gloomy and introspective. He spent much of his time trudging over the surrounding Quantock Hills, alone and preoccupied with sombre thoughts about the meaning of life, its uncertainty and its fragility.

He would sit for hours in the woods watching birds and wild creatures, asking himself again and again, "What is it inside them that makes them move and breathe?" He came to love the hills, the streams, the flowers and all animals, and in time this passion led him to write poetry — a secret which young Kenyon alone shared.

Crosse first became interested in electricity in his 20's. His restless, inquiring mind turned to the newest science in the hope that it held the secret of life. Soon he constructed a small laboratory in a disused cottage on the estate.

When his parents died and he inherited Broomfield, Crosse moved his equipment into the house and converted three large rooms on the ground floor into an "experimentorium." He read every text-book on electricity he could find, had scientific papers sent to him from electrical organizations in London, Paris and Amsterdam and worked ceaselessly amid bubbling flasks and mazes of wires.

In 1809 he married, and in the next 11 years had seven children — three of whom inherited their father's vulnerabilities and died in childhood. Sorrow, coupled with a mounting urgency as he approached middle age, increased Crosse's determination to discover, isolate and define "the spark of life".

He lived in intellectual isolation, his time divided between experiments and poetry. But in 1818 he made one of his rare journeys from Broomfield — to Plymouth, to see a young relative off to India. On the return trip he became dizzy and feverish and was forced to rest at Exeter.

Taking a room at a small inn, he flopped on the bed fully dressed, perspiring freely, wondering if, at last, he was in the grip of a malady too strong for his willpower. Suddenly a flood of thoughts burst upon him like an inspiration. He was not sleeping, yet in his imagination he travelled over the Universe, saw all the marvels of creation on the Earth and in the far corners of space . . .

"These were ecstatic moments," he told his family later. "Centuries of time were condensed and Nature's laws were clear. I knew I would live for many years. I felt immortal."

He returned home a changed man. The dread of death had gone, and the deep love of life which it had hidden emerged in a torrent. Broomfield's lawns were soon smooth as carpets, and the flower-beds ablaze with blooms. The house was renovated to the limit of his funds and he turned from his retorts and verses to lavish affection on his family.

Even the sudden death of his wife, Mary Anne, did not throw him back into introspective solitude. In time he brought a second bride to Broomfield — Cornelia, a woman of beauty and devotion who was to bear him three sons and inspire him to even greater efforts in his search for truth.

Although he had been experimenting constantly for 30 years, Crosse had made no attempt to communicate with other scientists or to publicize his work. But in 1836, when he began slinging wires from the trees around his grounds and conducted streams of sizzling, fiery discharges into his laboratory, word of the "Thunder and Lightning Man" soon reached Thomas Poole of Stowey, a noted electrician.

Crosse was delighted to receive Poole, and gladly showed him round his laboratory. At the end of the day Poole, bright-eyed and excited, said, "Crosse, I'm taking you to Bristol. You must describe your work to the British Association meeting there."

After much persuasion Crosse agreed, and a few weeks later rose to address the country's most eminent chemists, electricians, geologists and physiologists. He had no apparatus, no prepared speech — only a small blackboard and some colored chalk.

The warm Somerset voice seemed out of place at such a conference, yet clearly the man was a brilliant experimentalist — a natural scientist who had penetrated new fields despite an obvious

ignorance of several basic laws and common methods. His brief, informal address proved to everyone's satisfaction that, using water alone to pass a voltaic current through certain mineral solutions, it was possible to form various crystalline bodies *identical to those found in nature.*

It dawned on the assembly that this ruddy-faced countryman, this unknown amateur with a homemade laboratory, had been amusing himself for years by imitating some of Nature's most complicated productions!

Professor Adam Sedgwick — the leading geologist of the day, and an expert on crystalline formations — told the gathering, "However Mr. Crosse may have hitherto concealed himself, from this time forth he must stand before the world as public property!"

Certainly, Crosse was flattered, but he shrank from celebrity. Declining offers to attend further conferences in London he slipped away from his newfound friends and hurried back to Broomfield, to renew his experiments with fresh vigor.

Summer of the following year — 1837 — saw him attempting to make a new type of artificial crystal from silica. He began by allowing a mixture of hydrochloric acid and a solution of silicate of potash to seep through a piece of porous stone — oxide of iron from Mount Vesuvius — kept electrified by a battery.

He had no way of knowing that this seemingly straightforward experiment would produce results so fantastic, so frightful in their implications, that he would shortly be feared and hated from one end of the country to the other.

For this time Crosse's retorts and batteries produced not crystal formations, but an even more astounding mimicry of the Almighty's handiwork — *living insects!*

His own scientifically precise account of this phenomenon conveys only a slight idea of the excitement and amazement he must have experienced:

"On the 14th day from the commencement of the experiment I observed through a lens a few small whitish excrescences or nipples, projecting from the middle of the electrified stone. On the 18th day these projections enlarged, and struck out seven or eight filaments, each of them longer than the hemisphere on which they grew.

"On the 26th day these appearances assumed the form of a perfect insect, standing erect on a few bristles which formed its tail. Till this period I had no notion that these appearances were other than an incipient mineral formation.

"On the 28th day these little creatures moved their legs. I must now say that I was not a little astonished. After a few days they

detached themselves from the stone and moved about at pleasure.

"In the course of a few weeks about 100 of them made their appearance on the stone. I examined them with a microscope and observed that the smaller ones appeared to have only six legs, the larger ones eight.

"These insects are pronounced to be of the genus *Acarus,* but there appears to be a difference of opinion as to whether they are a known species; some assert that they are not."

But he advanced no theory, claimed no glory.

"I have never ventured an opinion of the cause of their birth, and for a very good reason — I was unable to form one," he wrote in his report to scientific organizations. "The simplest solution of the problem which occurred to me was that they arose from ova deposited by insects floating in the atmosphere and hatched by electrical action. Still I could not imagine that an ovum could shoot out filaments, or that these filaments could become bristles, and, moreover, I could not detect, on the closest examination, the remains of a shell . . .

"I next imagined, as others have done, that they might originate from the water, and consequently made a close examination of numbers of vessels filled with the same fluid. In none of these could I perceive a trace of an insect, nor could I see any in any other part of the room."

In later experiments the porous, electrified rock was discarded, and Crosse produced the *Acari* in sterilized glass cylinders filled with concentrated solutions of such substances as copper sulphate, copper nitrate and zinc sulphate. Usually the mites made their appearance at the surface of the fluid, but in some cases, he tells us, "they appeared two inches *under* the electrified fluid, but after emerging from it were destroyed if thrown back."

The "artificially produced" form of life gave promise of self-reproduction. Crosse declared, "When a number of these insects, in a perfect state, congregate, ova are produced." But, he added, none lived beyond autumn, for the first frost invariably killed them.

So long as these incredible results were known only in scientific circles Crosse attracted nothing but academic interest and admiration. But inevitably rumors reached the editor of a west of England newspaper. After a diligent investigation he published a lengthy — and all-too-accurate — account.

In a matter of weeks the story had been repeated all over Europe. The civilized world was agog — shocked! Abusive letters poured into Broomfield, and the poet-scientist was denounced from

the pulpit in a dozen languages.

The reports were exaggerated beyond recognition, and he was even blamed for a potato blight which destroyed crops in Somerset and Devon that year.

This was the angry reply he made to these unreasonable attacks:

"I am neither an atheist, a materialist nor a self-imagined creator, but a humble and lowly reverencer of that Great Being of whose laws my accusers seem to have lost sight . . . To create is to form something out of nothing. To annihilate is to reduce that something to a nothing. Both of these, of course, can only be attributes of the Almighty.

"In fact, I assure you most sacredly that I have never dreamed of any theory to account for their appearance. I confess that I was not a little surprised, and am so still, and quite as much as I was when the *Acari* first made their appearance.

"Again, I have never claimed any merit as attaching to these experiments. It was a matter of chance. I was looking for silicious formations and *Acari* appeared instead . . . ."

Urged on by eager entomologists and the scientist friends he had made at Bristol, Crosse next conducted a stringent experiment designed to preclude all possibility of the *Acari Electricus* originating from the water or from ova deposited in the apparatus.

An airtight glass retort was washed with hot alcohol, then filled with an electrified solution. One sterilized wire was led in through the wall of the retort and another through a small bowl of mercury at its beak. The solution was again silicate, but this time it was poured in hot.

Every care was taken to avoid atmospheric contact or admittance of extraneous matter. Yet again the strange insect appeared — in poisonous conditions fatal to all normal animal life.

In a further experiment he succeeded in producing *Acari* in an atmosphere "strongly impregnated with chlorine."

At the beginning of 1838 the public clamor reached a climax. Angry neighbors smashed Crosse's fences, fired his crops, killed his livestock and stoned him whenever he set foot outside the estate. He found himself practically friendless — even grown-up members of his own family shunned him. All his protests and explanations fell on deaf ears. Bitter and disillusioned, for the second time he became a recluse.

There is no doubt that he continued to produce *Acari,* but now he kept no written records of experiments. He even went so far as to destroy some of his earlier writings.

Broomfield again fell into disrepair. The only visitors now

were scientists, and even they grew fewer as Crosse became increasingly reticent about his work.

By 1850 it was generally believed that he had gone mad — a theory strengthened when one of his sons, returning from a rare visit to Broomfield, reported his father as saying:

"I prophesy that by means of the electric agency, we shall be enabled to communicate our thoughts instantaneously with the uttermost ends of the Earth!"

His final years are clouded in obscurity. His poems — never noteworthy, according to Kenyon, who became a close friend of Wordsworth, Coleridge and other distinguished men of letters — grew formless, almost unintelligible, and once more were preoccupied with death.

One person alone remained constantly by his side, never ceasing to have faith in him and his work — the loyal Cornelia.

On May 26, 1855, Crosse suffered a paralytic seizure. He knew he was dying. He had failed to find immortality, still couldn't define the spark of life! But he had found one precious thing — wisdom.

In these last days and nights, when he lingered helpless and often in severe pain, the old man talked almost ceaselessly to Cornelia who watched by his bedside.

These conversations, she tells us, were the most stimulating of her life. Their profundity lay in their simplicity.

In the hot and early sunlight of June 6, 1855, Crosse awoke from a fitful sleep, smiled, took her hand and said, "My dear, the utmost extent of human knowledge is but comparative ignorance." And then he died — in the room where he had been born 71 years before.

The poet-scientist was buried with little ceremony in the family vault at Broomfield. On his tomb Cornelia inscribed: —

He was humble towards God
And kind to his fellow creatures.

And so he passes from our sight — a mysterious yet pathetic figure, still posing a host of tantalizing questions:

Where did the *Acari* come from?

Were they a known species?

Were they born naturally or by scientific process?

Today science probes to the core of the atom, reaches far out into the vastness of Space and explores the innermost recesses of the human mind. And yet the riddle of Crosse's *Acari* remains unanswered.

Perhaps after 115 years we may still find a likely explanation — in terms of the *Natural* and the *Known* — for this extraordinary historical mystery; this story of a man who, because he dreaded death, strove to create what his enemies called "artificial life."

I saw the girl lying on the floor, blood oozing from the gaping wound in her throat. Was it a vision of a former life — and . . .

WAS I A MURDERER?

By Michael Sheldon

FIVE years ago I decided to go on a vacation to Italy. On the night after I bought my tickets for the trip I had a strange dream.

I dreamt that I was walking along an old-fashioned cobbled street towards a two-storied house. I entered the house and on my left was a living-room. On the right was a bedroom and immediately facing me, at the end of a short narrow passage, was a kitchen.

Without hesitation I walked to the kitchen door and pushed it open. I heard myself call out, "Hello, Maria, where are you?"

Then, as I entered the kitchen, I stopped, horrified.

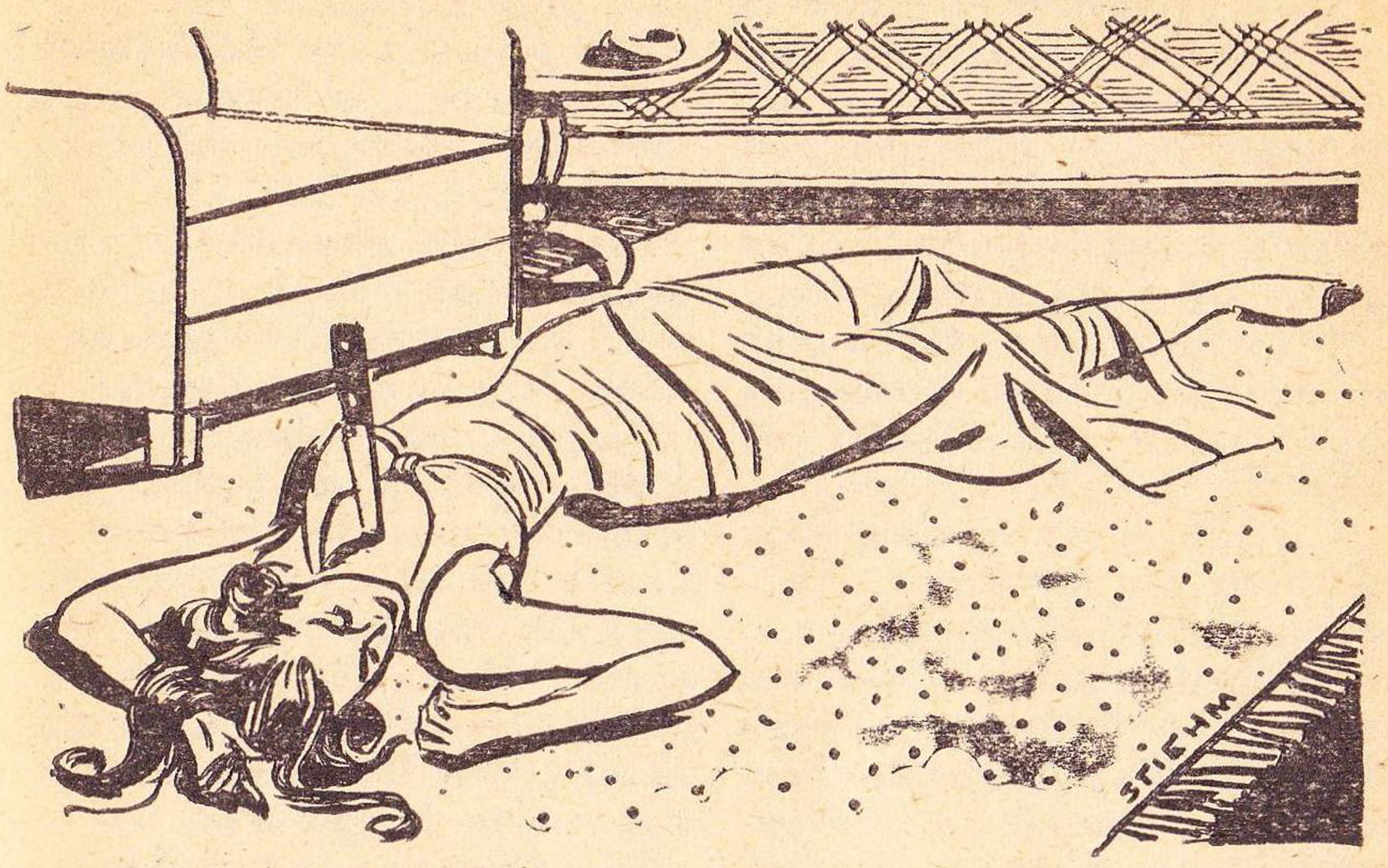
Lying stretched out, half turned on her face, was a girl. She was young and beautiful, with rich raven hair cascading in masses around her shoulders.

"Maria, Maria!" I heard myself call out as I knelt beside her. Then, as I put my hand under her to help her up, I felt sticky, hot blood that still oozed from the gaping wound in her throat. She had been stabbed!

"My God! Maria! Maria!" I heard myself screaming. With that I awoke, to find myself bathed in a cold sweat. The dream had been very vivid.

As the days passed the dream haunted me, although I endeavored to put it from my mind. At last, after six weeks, I boarded a steamer from England bound for Genoa. Soon I was walking around Italy, sightseeing, viewing those things about which I had read so much. It was my first visit to Italy.

One afternoon as I walked along a little cobbled street, I sud-



denly had the eerie sensation that I had been here before.

I cannot explain the sensation, but it is something most of us have experienced at one time or another. It was a spine-chilling feeling that I was treading on familiar ground. Yet I had never been in Italy before, not even as a child.

As I walked along the scenes looked familiar to me. I recognized houses and street names. Suddenly, on an impluse, I walked toward a door. As I put my hand on the weatherbeaten brass knob to turn it I *knew that I had been here before.*

I opened the door and there, on my left, was the familiar old living-room. On my right was a bedroom with door wide-open. Although the door at the end of the short, narrow and dark, passage was closed, I knew that behind it was the kitchen.

Even as I turned the knob I knew what I would find.

But there was no one in the kitchen!

"Maria!" I called out. "Maria!" as I had done in my dream.

I heard a movement of feet and an aged woman shuffled up to me from the direction of a passage that I knew led to the backyard.

"Who do you want?" she asked impatiently.

"Maria," I said without hesitation.

"You have been away a long time, Luigi Bondonno," she cried as her wrinkled old eyes peered at

my face. "You have been away a long time and you have returned too late, my son. Maria is dead!"

"Maria, dead?" I heard myself saying — and I was speaking in Italian, a language which I do not know. "When did Maria die?"

"Many years ago, Luigi. She was murdered, Luigi Bondonno. She was murdered there where you stand!"

A feeling of horror swept over me. I felt that I was in the presence of something unholy.

I pushed past the old woman and out into the street. I was running, not caring in what direction as long as I escaped from the terror that gripped me.

Some time afterwards, with sweat pouring from my face, I stopped running and began to walk. I had taken only a few steps when I saw a police constable. I will never know what prompted me to do it but I approached him. By gestures I made him understand that I wished to go to police headquarters.

Once there I was taken to a detective sergeant who spoke some English. I explained to him my dream and my visit to the house. I did not know the address, but with unerring feet I led him back through a maze of streets until we came to the house. As soon as he saw it he shook his head.

"That house is locked up, sir," he said. "It has not been opened for many, many years. A murder took place in there."

We returned to police headquarters where he took down a musty 1821 police file and turned to the record of a case.

"It is very, very old, sir," the detective said, "but if I can help you I will read you the parts that might fit your curious dream."

In June, 1821, Maria Luisa Caravallo, aged 19 years, had been stabbed to death in that house by a man named Luigi Bondonno, aged 25. Bondonno, the record stated, had escaped from Italy and had never come to trial for the murder. For 129 years the crime had remained unavenged.

Maria's mother had lived in the house until she had died at the age of 100 years. Since 1929 the house had been unoccupied, the police told me.

During the North African campaign I had another such, though less dramatic experience. Arriving in Casablanca I stepped from the ship, walked straight up towards the central city where I turned left and carried on until I came to a narrow side street. I walked along this until I came to another cross street and walked diagonally across to the main Post Office where I purchased a postage stamp and air-mailed a letter! I had never been in Casablanca, nor anywhere near it, before. I only began to wonder as I stood in the Post Office. How did I know my way around? I had no

maps of the city, nor had I discussed streets with anyone!

The incident that befell me in 1952 was even stranger. I was sent on an assignment to Oran, North Africa. From the moment the plane touched down, I knew that I had been there before. Everything seemed familiar.

I walked through the city's dusty streets to the old Arab quarter. Here I found myself quite at home. As I passed a shop on the sidewalk — one of those little Arab stalls where peddlers set out their wares for everyone to see — I stopped.

"Hello," I said to the trader. "I haven't seen you for a long time!"

He frowned at me and shrugged. "I do not know the Monsieur," he said in French.

Yet I knew his place and his face! At that moment a half-caste girl — half French and half Arab — came from behind a screen covered door.

"Merriam," I said. "Merriam!"

She wore no veil over her face but stared at me and came towards me, mouth a little open. A strange musty smell crept into my nostrils. It was as if I were opening the doors to an ancient, musty tomb — disturbing the dead.

For a few seconds the girl stared at me. Then, suddenly, she burst into tears and threw herself into my arms. A small crowd of Arabs gathered to witness the odd incident of a white man, in European dress, embracing an Arab girl in public — a heinous offense!

Then as suddenly as she had come to me she jerked free and ran into the curtained doorway. There she paused momentarily, looking over her shoulder.

"Goodbye, Ali," she called. "We must not meet again."

I have not seen the girl Merriam since and I don't suppose I ever shall see her in this life. But this I know, somewhere, sometime in the dim past we two had loved each other. Something led my feet back to the scene where we had met perhaps a century, perhaps 10 centuries, ago.

There are other persons in the world, who have had identical experiences, persons whose word one cannot doubt.

As recently as February one of Great Britain's leading lawyers, Mr. Christmas Humphreys, senior prosecuting counsel at the London Central Criminal Court, proved that he has lived before.

When he met the girl who became his wife, he had a strange, uncanny sensation that he knew her, had met her centuries ago.

"Hello," he said to her. "You again!"

He told her exactly where she came from, and who her forebears were. He possessed other information he could not possibly have obtained through normal chan-

nels — because he told her the very first time he ever met the girl.

Stranger still is the case of Dr. Frederick Wood, an eminent professor of music, at Blackpool, England. Dr. Wood believes that he was Rama, commander-in-chief of Pharaoh's armies.

He believes that in this early life — over 2,000 years ago — he met a temple girl named Vola. He sat with eyes closed after the revelation came to him and wrote down some things about Vola and himself, things he had never read nor heard. Later he had a psychic medium unearth everything possible about Vola.

He told no one what he had written.

The medium told him that a forebear of his indeed had been Rama. That a girl named Vola had been carried off by Rama after a war against the Syrians.

This was exactly what Dr. Wood already had written down!

How can we explain these things? How can we throw light on the dark channels of the mind that take us back through the centuries to relive lives we lived before?

A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR

By Thomas Mabbott, Ph.D.

In February, 1955, I received a letter from a professor in the South asking me if I knew the whereabouts of a silver locket containing a lock of hair of Mrs. Browning and one of John Milton. The locket had belonged to Leigh Hunt and had inspired a sonnet by Keats.

The professor who wrote me knew about the locket from an auction catalog and as I was co-editor of the final volume of the Columbia Edition of Milton, there was nothing unusual in asking me about a relic of that poet. However, I knew nothing at all of the locket.

The query had a strange sequel, however. I was invited to a tea party given by the lady who has the apartment next to mine. She is one of an old Boston family and according to a tradition, almost unheard of in New York nowadays, invited her nearest neighbor.

At the tea, I met a nephew of my hostess, a young medical man, who upon learning of my interests, said, "I really confine my collecting to Keats, but I have a lock of Milton's hair."

I asked, "Is it in a locket containing a lock of Mrs. Browning's hair?"

"Yes, it is," was the reply. — *New York, N. Y.*



She saw a mental picture of a car crashing into her husband's car. Was this to happen in the future? And could danger be averted?

Learn to Read the Future

By Georgia Jacobsen

THERE came a period in my life when, immediately after retiring and just before falling asleep, mental snatches of scenes, objects and people began to float before my eyes. Sometimes I could identify these places and persons. Sometimes they were people I did not know and places I never had visited. At first this was merely a source of amusement to me. Later I began to wonder if, instead of just accepting what came to me, I could *will* myself to see certain, definite places and persons.

I confided in my sister. Perhaps it is only natural that she suspected I had lost my reason. Nevertheless, she agreed to help me experiment. She and her husband, who is a professional ball player, had gone to Caracas, Venezuela, one season. I have never been out of the United States. I asked her to choose, mentally, some place where she had been while there. I wanted to see if I could describe it to her.

That night, after going to bed, I closed my eyes and relaxed my

muscles. Immediately I seemed to be in a strange environment. It was a cocktail lounge or a bar of some sort. There was a long counter with stools in front of it. The floor was made of tile. I noticed particularly a dark, heavy woman busily talking with someone whose back was towards me. Then the scene shifted and I was outside the establishment. Some high, iron gratings caught my eye.

Remember, all of this happened while I was fully conscious, lying on my own bed at home. It was like watching a motion picture screen.

The next morning I telephoned my sister and told her what I had seen. She was amazed. She said she deliberately had tried to make it difficult for me by choosing this particular spot. It was a place where they had eaten. One does not usually eat in a bar of this sort. She recognized the dark-haired woman from my description as one who had annoyed her by incessant chatter. My sister explained that at night the place was closed off by high, iron gratings. The floor of the bar had been some sort of tile.

You can imagine how pleased I was by her confirmation. I would call this experiment a clairvoyant one. However, it might be called telepathy. Perhaps I read my sister's mind.

Last summer on her vacation my mother decided to drive up to Portland, Ore., with my sister. One night, while she was gone, I received a very vivid impression of Mother. She was looking through a small paned window into an empty house. I asked her about this later and she confirmed it. She and my sister had gone house-hunting and this particular house had been locked. She had tried to see inside the house by peering through the windows. These windows did have small glass panes. This is a precognitive experience because I received this impression the day *before* Mother and my sister went househunting.

On another occasion my mother was planning a trip back East to visit her relatives. She intended to fly. Two or three weeks before she was to leave, in a brilliant flash I saw her standing in the center of a waiting room. On the floor beside her were two suitcases and one small make-up kit. I had the feeling she was very impatient and anxious about something. I telephoned her the next day and asked her if she planned to take three cases along.

She said, "No, I am only taking two."

I said, "Mother, whether you know it or not you are going to be taking three."

"No, dear," she replied, "I'm only allowed so many pounds of luggage and I am afraid the two suitcases are going to weigh too much as it is."

The very next day she received a long distance call from a woman back East. This woman had lived with Mother on the West Coast. She asked Mother if she would please bring back with her a small makeup kit she had left at Mother's. Mother's plane was grounded because of bad weather and she did spend a number of hours waiting. Her luggage was lost; no wonder she looked anxious. Everything I had seen occurred.

Several weeks ago I had the vivid impresion that my front door was standing open. The following day I went shopping and on returning, found the front door standing open, exactly as I had seen it. Evidently I had failed to close it properly and the wind had blown it open.

These are several undramatic cases of precognitions. But they alone are enough to prove to me that precognition occurs.

I also believe that if anything disastrous is foreseen it can be changed by thought control. One night I received a picture of an automobile accident involving my husband. He was driving down a street in the lane of traffic next to the center line. A car suddenly shot out of a side street from his left and tried to cut in front of him. Right after this I received another impression, or picture, which showed the front of our car smashed in. Since all the rest of my mental pictures had been proven true, I did not doubt this accident was going to happen. I decided to see if I could change the future.

Mentally I said something like this. "When this danger is near my husband will sense it and will swerve quicky to the right."

I must confess that for the next few days I was on pins and needles. For although, I see these events beforehand I never can pin down the time element. It may be days, weeks, or even months before they happen. I hated to see my husband get into the car but since it was necessary for his work there was no alternative.

Almost a week after I had foreseen the accident my husband come home to say, "Brother am I lucky. I almost had an accident today. Some dumb jerk pulled out of a side street and tried to cut right in front of me. Something made me swerve to the right just in the nick of time."

His face was serious. "You know", he said, "it was the funniest thing. Right after this happened the craziest saying kept running through my head. It bothered so much I pulled over to the side of the road and wrote it down."

He handed me a newspaper on which he had scribbled, "To preserve a man is more of a problem then to create one."

I had never heard this saying before. Who else had my hus-

band's welfare at heart?

Now, to those of you who wish to develop your precognitive powers, I shall give a few pointers. I must have followed them unawares.

You must learn first of all to relax. I mean you must learn to relax not only your muscles, but your mind as well. I have found the ideal time for this is just before sleep when the cares, worries, and problems of the day are past. To stop thoughts from chasing themselves through your mind is most difficult to do. It takes practice, practice and more practice. Never try to hold a thought more than 10 minutes at a time in the beginning. For if you do not succeed, and you won't, you will be discouraged.

Many times you will awaken in the morning to find that you fell asleep trying to stop your thoughts. Nevertheless, keep trying. Try thinking of an empty motion picture screen or a large smooth, shimmering body of water. One night you will be startled to find that you feel as if you were looking into a vast world of space. It is at this precise moment, if you can manage to keep your mind clear, that dark, floating scenes will begin to appear. The first few times this happens you will be so startled that you will immediately start thinking of all sorts of things. When your conscious thought begins to operate again you will lose hold of the scenes.

If you keep trying, the day will come, when you will get your first clear picture. When this happens you never again will doubt the wonders of the mind.

THE DOG TOOK THE TRAIN

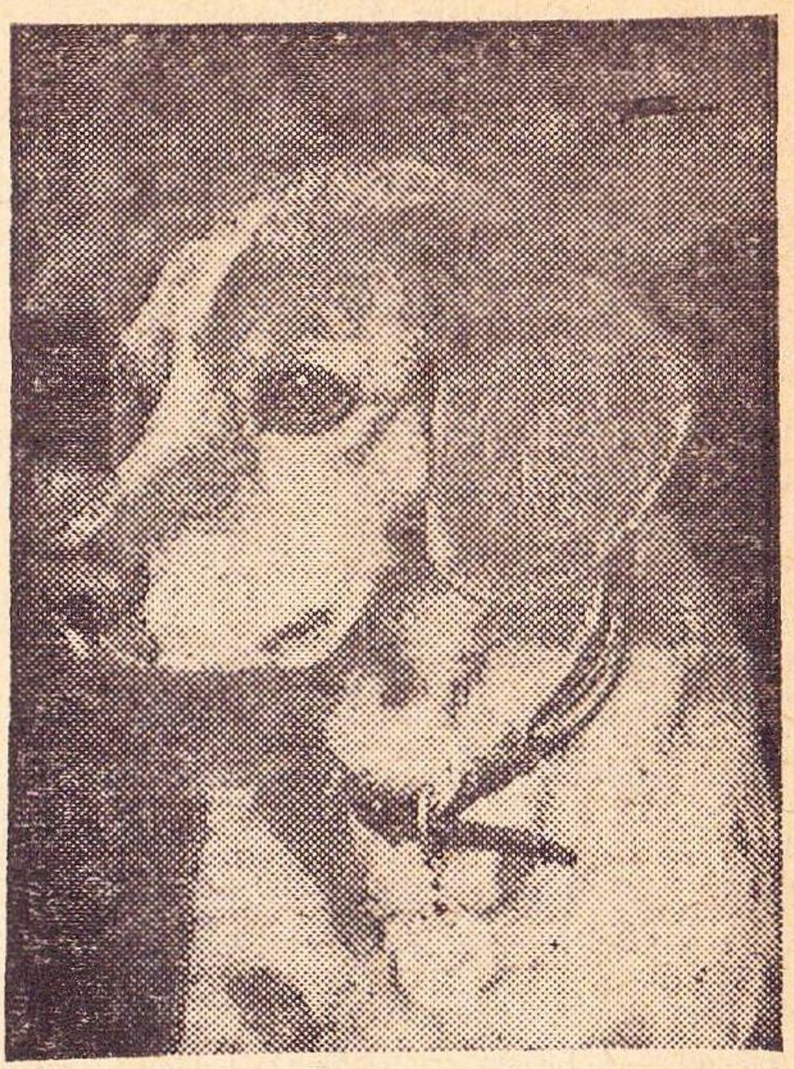
In June, 1955, M. Rempenault, who operates a pharmacy in Melun, France, took his wife, children and their pet spaniel, Fram, to a forest in Ozior on a picnic. Fram wandered away into the forest and became lost. Unable to find him, the Rempenault family returned home.

According to the reports of what happened then, Fram wasted no time in finding his way back home alone. He trotted to the railway station and climbed into a 3rd class compartment in the first train to Melun. When the train stopped at the town he jumped out and went to Rempenault's drug store.

Proud of Fram's feat, Rempenault told the story to a newspaper, which printed it. The railroad promptly sent the druggest a bill for 26 cents — the fare for Fram between Ozior and Melun.

By John Edward Malloy

Chris first was taught to count. Then soon he showed he could perform miracles with numbers and tap out words with his paw.



Chris
THE MATHEMATICAL DOG

In the sleepy little coastal town of East Greenwich, R. I., lives a seven-year-old mongrel named Chris.

Chris is a mathematical marvel.

He can count, add, subtract, multiply, divide, spell, do square root, cube root, and solve for an unknown in algebra. His answers are clear and correct. He gives them by tapping his paw on the questioner's downstretched arm. If the answer contains more than one digit, he pauses properly between each digit. He applies his mathematics to the alphabet and spells out words by tapping once for A, twice for B, etc.

Chris is crazy about baseball, particularly the Red Sox, and often watches an entire game on television. He predicts that the Cleveland Indians will win in the American League, and that his beloved Red Sox will come in second, though it's quite obvious that this makes him a little sad.

Dr. Henry F. Nugent, professor of educational psychology at Rhode Island College of Education, has made many tests with Chris and pronounces himself

"enthusiastic but baffled."

An investigator for the Parapsychology Department of Duke University came up from North Carolina to study Chris. After hearing his report of the dog Professor Rhine, famous for his extrasensory perception experiments, phoned Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wood, Jr., owners of Chris, to arrange a personal visit. This one he wanted to see for himself.

Two engineers from the Du Pont company recently gave Chris one of the most baffling of mathematical problems — the kind that, in this day and age, is reserved for calculators or mechanical brains. They improvised the question on the spur of the moment. Consequently they didn't know the answer. Chris, who usually bats out answers in the twinkling of an eye, took four minutes with this one. The men laughed out loud. Then they began figuring it. It took the two of them 10 minutes to arrive at the same answer Chris had given after four!

During my visit with Chris, he answered 200 questions. I asked some of these questions, Mr. and Mrs. Wood asked some of them, and the dog answered by taps on my arm. Mr. Wood rewards Chris with tiny, prepared hamburger pellets after each answer. Chris calls these "treats". He'll answer anyone who has the treats. No treats, no show! His training began that way and he insists on following the ritual to the letter. Chris makes a sharp distinction between these tidbits and "eats" by which he means a regular meal.

Chris started answering questions at the age of five. He has confessed to his master though, in one of their routine conversations, that he could have done just as well when he was two — if anyone had bothered to ask him.

Mr. Wood is head chemist for the Apponaug Finishing Company. His wife, Marion, teaches early American decoration. The couple are in their fifties, settled, intelligent and prosperous. They make no effort to exploit their dog.

Mr. Wood estimates that Chris has answered something like 50,000 questions — questions asked by housewives, psychologists, doctors, teachers, animal behaviorists, veterinarians, psychic research workers, professional dog breeders and one prominent banker. No charge ever has been made or accepted.

Recently, because there are so many visitors, they have to do some screening. The Woods are very hospitable but they do not enjoy being told that Chris' performances are "the work of the devil", nor do they enjoy having some amateur animal trainer insist that Chris hold a fountain pen and write his answers.

Chris himself does not like to

be criticized or questioned by people trying to prove there is some trick involved. On such occasions he has been known to walk away. Somtimes he sits in the corner and sulks.

I asked Chris how he does his amazing mathematical feats and he spelled out "smart dog" in his arithmetical alphabet.

There are two big cats in the Wood household also. They are almost as big as Chris, whose dam was a Beagle. His sire is unknown. Chris is friendly with the cat called Bonnie Brae. He will have no truck with Kitty Babe and prefers to have her leave the room when he is "concentrating."

The first question Mr. Wood asked Chris in my presence was whether he wanted Kitty Babe put in the cellar. He answered a mathematical yes.

Mr. Wood said, "Will I put Bonnie Brae in the cellar, too?" Chris answered no.

Kitty Babe was banished. But half way through the performance she started to scratch on the cellar door. Chris promptly left his position in front of the kneeling Mr. Wood, walked to the cellar door and gave the cat a severe tongue lashing with several lusty barks. Then he came back with great dignity to continue his numerical exhibition.

Mr. Wood insists he doesn't know any more than anyone else about the dog's apparent "thinking" processes. "I'm not an actor and I'm not a trainer of dogs. Chris has had no obedience training at all," he says. "The actual training, in this case, consisted of our getting together on certain fundamentals – he would use his paw if I would hold out my arm as a registration point.

"The whole thing started two years ago. A friend of ours has a dog that is trained to count up to 10 by tapping its paw on the owner's arm. I thought it would be fun to teach Chris that. He responded with great alacrity. In fact – and here's the strange angle – he was ahead of me all the way. I taught him addition and subtraction up to 100. Then suddenly he could count to a million. I taught him square root and suddenly he knew cube root and gave evidence of knowing the whole of the mathematical scale up and down and sideways.

"Completely astonished, we then tackled the alphabet. I wrote letters on a small card and numbered each letter. I put the card on the floor and explained to Chris that each letter was given a number and I asked him to look the card over and learn the number of each letter if he could. After about five minutes the card was picked up. That was in October, 1954. The dog never has seen the card again, yet he can give correctly the numbers of any letter without hesitation."

Mr. Wood is a mild-mannered man but he gets angry, he says, when he reads articles by animal psychologists which pretend to prove that dogs aren't very intelligent.

He quoted one of these experts as saying that dogs are pushovers for flattery and food, that all you have to do is give them a bite to eat and a scratch behind the ear and they will try for hours to do something which is obviously impossible for them.

"Didn't our present day civilization, inventions, and scientific knowledge all come from this same desire for flattery and reward? I don't suppose that these experts who write such theories for publication do it for nothing, do they?" asks Mr. Wood.

Chris is a very ordinary dog in many ways. He chases cats, romps with other dogs, chases automobiles when his owners aren't looking. In other ways he is very different. He will not sit on anyone's lap. It is beneath his dignity. He expresses no doggy enthusiasm when Mr. Wood comes home after a day at the lab. That is routine stuff. He knows none of the usual doggy tricks. And he doesn't like to go for a walk with Mr. Wood.

"He'll start out with me and then just disappear, preferring to romp with his canine pals. But he always comes home promptly for dinner," said Mr. Wood, smiling.

"The idea that by muscular contractions I give Chris the answers is the one I hear most often," Mr. Wood said. "But that goes by the boards quickly when they find that Chris can answer their questions with me out of the room."

Chris can answer a written question but his accuracy here seems not to be the 99 per cent plus that Mr. Wood finds for his record generally.

James E. Reilly of the R. I. S. P. C. A., is a frequent visitor to the Wood home. "I've handled about 35,000 dogs in my day," he said, "but this one leaves me gasping for breath. I've never seen anything like it and I don't have any idea of how it works — whatever it is."

Chris consistently denies that he is activated by any being or intelligence from another world. He denies that he is a reincarnated entity, a ghostly consciousness or a spirit of any kind. He sums it all up repeatedly by spelling out "smart dog". Sometimes Chris answers the question, "How do you do this?" with sarcasm. He spells out, "With my paw."

When the Woods were explaining to me about Chris and his background before asking him to do his stuff, Mrs. Wood mentioned that, in the course of a conversation one day, she asked Chris if there were other dogs who could do what he was doing.

Chris answered, "Yes, there was

a dog in Germany."

The question was not pursued that day.

In my pocket, at the time they were telling me this, I had the April, 1955, edition of FATE magazine. In it was the story of a remarkable dog with abilities somewhat like Chris who performed in Germany about 1913. The Woods hadn't seen the magazine. I showed it to them.

Mrs. Wood looked at Chris and said; "Well, you were right."

Chris spelled out, "Sure."

Chris also answered "Sure" when a boy in the neighborhood asked him if he'd like to learn the Morse code. According to Mr. Wood, the dog has just about mastered the code now.

A reporter for the newspaper, The Providence, R. I., *Journal,* once asked Chris if he had a sweetheart. The canine marvel answered, "No."

"This dog says he's smart and then proves it," the reporter quipped.

As my interview with Chris came to an end both his owners came to the door of their attractive home with me. Outside, it had been threatening rain all day. I expressed the hope that it would hold off until I made the drive back home.

Mr. Wood asked Chris, "Is it raining outside?"

The dog's answer was no. He was right.

"Is the moon out?" I asked.

The dog answered yes.

I walked out into the evening darkness and could find no sign of the moon.

That was the only time during the entire evening — predictions excepted of course — that Chris had been wrong.

To err is human and also canine — sometimes!

DEATH AS DESIRED

GRIEVING over the death of a daughter, Mrs. Martha Miller, 89, of Knoxville, Tenn., told another daughter, Mrs. R. M. Ross, that she was going to die. She discussed her funeral arrangements and the details of settling her earthly affairs.

Alarmed, Mrs. Ross called the family physician. He reported that Mrs. Miller was in good health.

A short time later, Mrs. Ross said, Mrs. Miller asked her to make her more comfortable in bed. Mrs. Ross did this. Mrs. Miller breathed a gentle sigh of relief — and died.

TEST OF TELEPATHY

By Helen Moore Strickland

DURING the winter of 1941, my friend Mr. J. Cross and I practiced mental telepathy with some success. On March 17 he was obliged to take a trip to Toronto, about 1,000 miles east of where we lived. We decided to take this opportunity to test our telepathic abilities at long range.

We planned to sit each evening at a specified time and try to project our thoughts to one another. The time chosen was 11 o'clock in the evening which, allowing for the difference in time zones, would be midnight in Toronto.

The first two nights of such sittings were unsuccessful as far as I was concerned. The third night, however, after I had arranged myself comfortably and closed my eyes, I had the sensation of being on a crowded street. I next entered a large building and walked up a large curving stairway.

When I reached the third floor I was compelled to turn to the right. I entered a long corridor. On one side of this corridor I saw a door with the number 301. On the other side was a room numbered 302. I stopped before room 302, opened the door and entered. I found myself standing in a bedroom and could see everything very clearly. The bed was covered with a green spread. A green, plush, barrel-shaped chair stood in one corner of the room beside a dresser. One side of the room appeared completely bare of furniture.

As I gazed at the bed, I plainly saw the figure of my friend lying upon it. I bent over him and whispered goodnight.

It wasn't until Mr. Cross returned the following week that I learned the accuracy of this test.

The arrangement of the furniture, the color of the spread and the chair were identical to those in the room he had occupied for two nights in Toronto. He had been ill with flu, had been confined to bed and so had been unable to sit for the telepathy test. The third day of his stay he had made an unexpected trip to Kingston, Ontario, and the number I had observed on the door of the room the night previously was that of the room he occupied the following night in Kingston.

We often have spoken of the results of this test and have wondered why I received the number of the room which neither of us knew he would occupy the next day. — *Fort William, Ont., Can.*

JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

The path should have led the two sight-seeing lady school teachers toward the Petit Trianon — but it apparently sent them backward in time.

By Pauline Saltzman

THE wind was dry and hot over Versailles. Charlotte Anne E. Moberly and Eleanor Jourdain, distinguished English tourists, sought cooler air in the Hall of Mirrors where they stopped to rest and consult their guidebook.

"The Petit Trianon," they read in their Baedeker, "a little north to the North East of the other (Grand Trianon), erected by Louis XV for Mme. duBarry, and afterwards a favorite resort of Marie Antoinette, is tastefully fitted up, but contains nothing remarkable . . ."

Perhaps Petit Trianon wasn't very remarkable, but it sounded like a cool, pleasant place. The two vacationing spinster teachers decided to explore the favorite retreat of the ill-fated French Queen. Promptly they descended the great flight of steps, walking from the playing fountains directly into the enigmatic past . . . .

As the Englishwomen walked the air grew even hotter and, somehow, more oppressive in some manner defying description. Idly, Miss Moberly noticed that an old-fashioned plough and other farm machinery lay about. Quaint rustic buildings, too, were in evidence. The ladies proceeded in the general direction of Petit Trianon. Although each did not mention it to her companion, both felt that the very atmosphere was charged with a nameless, inexplicable "something." *Everything was entirely different than described in the guidebooks!* Every object attracting their attention was old, archaic, mysterious. And it was August 10, 1901!

Both women were intellectual, matter-of-fact women, recognized

authorities in their profession. In 1886, Miss Moberly had become First Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, having built it up from its foundations. Miss Jourdain, Vice-Principal, was a Master of Arts at Oxford, and had earned her doctorate from the University of Paris. A brilliant musicologist and renowned for her knowledge of the French language, Miss Jourdain would one day, during World War I, become an invaluable interpreter for the British Government. The two friends and colleagues were women of great erudition. Neither was given to hallucinations. And yet —

No other tourists were about. Suddenly Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain noticed paths they definitely knew were uncharted on any maps they had seen. A woman was shaking a white cloth. They walked on a little and encountered two men wearing long, grayish green coats and tricorne hats. Miss Jourdain noticed to her right, a detached, old-fashioned cottage with stone steps. A woman and girl stood there. Both wore dresses with fichus (kerchiefs) which were popular in another century.

Within minutes the English ladies came upon a small kiosk, or open pavilion, which both took for the Temple of Love mentioned in the guidebook. A man lounged against the small structure, and the two women noted that he wore a dark cloak and slouch hat of the "Spanish" type. When he looked up, they were repelled by the malignant expression on his pitted face.

They momentarily forgot the heavy, unnatural atmosphere as their attention was caught by the sound of running footsteps. A young man, who, like the others wore a dark cloak, soon came into sight. He noticed the Englishwomen and suggested to them with marked agitation that they must proceed along another path, not along the one they had taken. Miss Jourdain, who was currently holding the post of Taylorian lecturer in French at Oxford, could understand only the gist of what he was saying. His language was archaic and unfamiliar. Even so, she tried to thank him, but he had disappeared. His running footsteps continued to reverberate for several minutes.

The two women walked on in silence. Eventually they reached the famous English garden of Petit Trianon. Its cobwebbed windows were heavily shuttered, as if guarding some secret from its turbulent past. Miss Moberly turned her head and saw a lady sitting on the grass, sketching. She wasn't what one might call youthful in appearance but she was, nevertheless, oddly attractive. Her blonde features were framed charmingly in a floppy white garden hat. Her light dress boasted

a bodice into which was tucked a gold- or green-bordered fichu. Miss Moberly could not help thinking that the lady was in masquerade costume. From time to time she held her sketch at arm's length, as if trying to determine the general effect.

As the Englishwomen ascended the terrace steps, Miss Moberly glanced back, and saw once more every detail pertinent to the lady, who continued to work on her sketch. Miss Jourdain, surely must have seen the lady too but she said nothing.

A youth stepped unexpectedly out onto the terrace, slamming a door behind him. He accompanied the ladies down to the French garden and until they reached the entrance of the front drive. Suddenly the oppressive pall lifted and everything took on a normal, light-hearted aspect. A conveyance took the Misses Moberly and Jourdain back to their hotel. Neither was in a conversational mood.

A week or so later, while they were writing letters to friends in England, Miss Moberly asked, literally out of a clear sky, "Do you think that the Petit Trianon is haunted?"

Her question, asked half in jest, touched off one of the strangest mysteries of all time.

On January 2, 1902, Eleanor Jourdain returned to Versailles. She paid no attention to the damp, murky weather and walked directly to Petit Trianon, although by a different path than she and her friend had taken in August. The route led right to the Temple of Love so she soon reached the small colonnaded edifice which she believed to be the original kiosk at which the man with the pitted face had lounged so ominously. To her amazement, the building was not the kiosk, but actually the celebrated *Temple de l'Amour.* But the instant Miss Jourdain crossed the rustic bridge leading to the Queen's Hamlet *(Hameau)* the odd, depressing sensation returned in full force. She saw two men in tunics, capes, and pointed hoods, obviously park workmen, who were filling a cart with sticks.

Diverting her attention, Eleanor Jourdain focused her interest on the *Hameau,* where Marie Antoinette had spent the happiest years of her tragic life. When she glanced back, cart and men had unaccountably disappeared. She left the Queen's Village and was soon lost in a labyrinth of paths bounded by dense woods that stood out in tapestry-like relief, unstirred by the cold wind. A cloaked man slipped swiftly among the trees.

A sudden swishing sound directly behind her made Miss Jourdain think of silks and taffetas. She turned around but no one was in sight. However, she heard voices speaking distinctly in low-pitched,

archaic French. Before Eleanor Jourdain could recover from her amazement, the voices resolved into string music which was as faded, and unnaturally low-pitched as the conversation. Although the English teacher was thoroughly trained in 18th-century music she was unable to recognize the melody or its composer. However, she had sufficient presence of mind to jot down a few measures.

The incident preyed upon her mind and Eleanor Jourdain returned to Versailles again and again, but she was never able to locate the precise spots where the adventures had occurred.

In July, 1904, she and Anne Moberly returned together but everything was exactly as the guidebooks listed it for the tourist trade. They made two more visits that same week, but the gates to the *Hameau's* English garden were tightly secured. Yet both women knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that on that first August afternoon three years back, a youth had flung open the same door! They quizzed park attendants, who insisted that this area, now completely denuded of the tapestry-like woods, cottages, buildings, and quaint rustic bridges, had not been opened within the memory of living man!

The scientifically undertaken research by Anne Moberly and Eleanor Jourdain took nearly 10 years. It concluded that either they had been projected backward in time to the days just before the French Revolution; that all persons encountered were ghosts who returned to relive parts of their lives at Petit Trianon — or that the ladies had shared a telepathic illusion induced by a kind of hypnotism. When a few facts did not jibe to the ladies' satisfaction they decided to write independent versions. These two separate accounts were published in 1911, under the title *An Adventure.* This case is one of the greatest documented classics of the paranormal. Because of their academic standing and social reputation, the ladies used *noms-de-plume,* rather than subject themselves to ridicule.

After countless visits to antiquarians where they had access to ancient maps, contemporary fashion books, and valuable documents, they finally managed to convince even the most skeptical minds that the lady they had seen sketching in the garden was Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated Queen of France. They also established that August 10th — the day of their initial visit to Versailles — marks the anniversary of the sacking of the Tuileries by the Paris mob, in 1792. True, the unhappy Queen was not at Versailles during the tragic upheaval, but it was entirely logical that her confused mind might have flitted back to the idyllic days she had known.

During their research, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain attended a matinee performance at the Comedie Francaise, and made a strange discovery. The cast of Beaumarchais' satirical comedy, *The Barber of Seville*, a play that had been instrumental in fomenting the Revolution, included in its cast of characters, guards, resplendent in the traditional liveries. These were identical with the uniform worn by the men they'd encountered on the Petit Trianon grounds! Amazed, the two Englishwomen learned that these were the *petite liveree* worn at Versailles by Swiss Guards and other personnel, including the gardeners!

Step by step, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain pieced together the enigmatic jigsaw of Versailles. One by one, the persons they had met were identified. This testimony may be found in records of the Archives Nationales and the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris, where Miss Jourdain was requested to sign her name and the date of each of her visits. The original documents of their 10 years of intensive research are deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where one may easily follow each step of their adventures. The accounts are the originals. They are signed and independent. The ladies' notebooks, correspondence and letters to each other may also be fully examined.

The man lounging against the kiosk was, or had been, an actual person, an evil influence upon Marie Antoinette. DeVaudreuil, Grand Falconer of the Court, was a complex character, whose make-up combined suave charm with a violent temper. A self-styled Liberal, he posed as "a man of nature," professing scorn for the emptiness of Court life. He encouraged the buxom Queen to enact upon the Royal amateur stage the role of the slim, vivacious Rosine. The role did not contribute to her dignity. He himself played Almaviva, a controversial role.

Prior to the French Revolution and its bloody ramifications, *The Barber of Seville* had created a violent sensation, for it facetiously portrayed the weaknesses and foibles of the French nobility. Louis XVI banished the piece from the stage. But society, eager to laugh at itself, clamored to have the *Barber* reinstated upon the French stage. DeVaudreuil, the Queen's confidante and the finest amateur performer of the time, finally persuaded the King to lift the ban.

The young man, whose running footsteps had been heard before he himself was seen, proved to be the attendant who ran to warn the Queen about the frenzied Paris mob converging upon Versailles. This mob was maddened by starvation and spurred by the

scurrilous tales of an allegedly depraved Queen.

More overwhelming proof followed when it was firmly established that even the costumes encountered by the teachers were completely representative of Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon days: the flopping picture hats, fichus, and billowing summer dresses. Old maps, charts, documents and contemporary histories all tended to prove that the Englishwomen's experiences were no figment of the imagination. The music jotted down by Miss Jourdain was identified as the music written by one Sacchini, who rode the crest of popularity around 1780. The composer had been completely unknown to her.

The woman and girl on the cottage steps also were identified. The girl, a Mirianne, had once deliberately disfigured her face, so she would not have to act as goddess of Reason at some Reign of Terror festival insulting to the Queen. The woman was obviously a member of one of the poor families installed in 1785 by the Queen on her model farm at the *Hameau.*

If Baedeker did not mention the terrain covered by Misses Moberly and Jourdain, it was only natural; it had existed only up to the time of Louis-Philippe.

Why has some facet of Marie Antoinette's personality managed to survive at Petit Trianon?

Her husband succeeded to the French throne upon the death of his grandfather, Louis XV. For years following their marriage, Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, had been starved for love. As Dauphin, a dull-witted, well-meaning dolt, Toinette's husband had avoided her company, expressing preference for the locks and clocks with which he loved to tinker. When the day came that he finally abandoned his hobbies and toy regiments to become a fine husband and father, it was too late. Marie Antoinette, now Queen of France, was obsessed with the frivolity and luxurious living of Versailles. She plunged headlong into the empty life of banquets, masques, pecadillos. The people of France, long overburdened with fantastic taxes, were starving in the disease-riddled country. The wheels of the Revolution had begun to grind.

The only real happiness allotted the Queen was at her beloved Petit Trianon, the estate which Louis had presented her four years after their marriage, upon his succession to the throne.

Her *Hameau* was begun in 1782. Six years later, the miniature farm village stood complete with its fairy-tale cottages, model farm, and *Laiterie* (dairy), which, too, is notoriously haunted. The charming Tower of Marlborough, named for the folk-song which

Toinette's little son loved, was constructed here. The two-storied *Maison de la Reine* (Queen's House), with its open gallery, is now a tourist attraction because of its indescribable loveliness and loneliness. The *Moulin* (windmill) and school house were added as the *Hameau* became the Queen's favorite domain where she felt safe from calumny and the sham of Court life.

In the year 1785, 12 poor families were installed at the *Hameau* at the Queen's expense. The historian, Montjoie, was inspired to write: "In the midst of her pleasures, the Queen sought to draw near to her humble folk."

In the little *Laiterie* Marie Antoinette churned the cream and with her own hands shaped butter pats made from milk she herself had taken from the Swiss cows, Brunette and Blanchette.

Every Sunday the charming gardens of Petit Trianon were thrown open to the public. Marie Antoinette frequently danced the quadrille with French citizens, and always made it a point to talk to the children, whom she loved. She participated in the rustic balls and was sincerely interested in the people. But it was too late. Toinette's flighty escapades and appalling extravagances had made her an object of scorn and hatred.

On August 10th, 1792, the Paris rabble converged upon the Tuileries to which the Royal Family had been relegated by the Assembly. Marie Antoinette, the King, and their two children, the Princess Royal and the little Dauphin, huddled together in fear of their lives. They heard the rabble's approach from the distance. The Royal Family managed to escape to the Hall of the Assembly where they were ignominiously confined for many heartbreaking hours. There the King and Queen heard themselves deposed as their loyal servants, the valiant Swiss Guards, and a handful of friends were massacred. In that moment of anguish, Marie Antoinette's distraught thoughts flew to Petit Trianon and the happiness she had known there. At least, this is the theory advanced by psychic researchers.

Christina Hole, distinguished British historian, theorizes that the strong mental forces released by acts of violence or great emotional upheavals, project a kind of re-enactment onto the surrounding atmosphere, so that the identical sights and sounds are repeated periodically. They do not frighten the observer, who merely watches the re-enactment, as though it were on film.

Louis XVI was beheaded January 21, 1793. The Queen was removed to the fortress-prison, the Conciergerie, and went to the guillotine October 6, 1793.

In 1914 an English couple told

the Misses Moberly and Jourdain whose book, *An Adventure,* by then had become famous, that while living at Versailles in the Rue Maurepas, they too had seen a lady engaged in sketching. They felt she was supernormal because of her uncanny ability to appear and disappear. Their apartment had overlooked the park near the *bassin de Naptune,* and many times they had been obsessed by a heavy feeling of sadness and oppression. In 1908 they had seen persons in 18th-Century attire peering from windows of a cottage the couple had never seen before on the premises.

In the year 1920 a correspondent of the *Daily Mail,* an English newspaper, told of the experience of a woman visiting the *Hameau.* She saw the shuttered windows of Marie Antoinette's dairy, or *Laiterie,* but this did not prevent her from attempting to open the shutters. To her horror she felt herself being pushed aside, as if by unseen hands. It was broad daylight but the lady saw no one. The correspondent concluded: "She entertains no doubt that this was a supernormal happening; and she had an eerie feeling which the association of the place may explain in part."

Robert Gibbings, the Irish raconteur, traveler and writer, tells of his personal experience during a visit to Versailles. According to his charming book, *Coming Down the Seine,* he admits to having read *An Adventure* many years before the incident occurred. At that time, however, he had forgotten it.

Gibbings passed the various and sundry *Bassins* that dot the grounds and finally reached the little *Temple de l'Amour.* The day was hot and he felt very tired. In fact, he was so uncomfortable that he felt quite indifferent to his historical surroundings.

Gibbings intended to return to town and he proceeded along the path that passes through the Trianon gardens, thinking he would soon arrive at the *station de voitures.* The path was lonely and deserted. As Gibbings came into the small formal gardens situated to the east of Trianon, he saw two girls cross the path just a little ahead of him. Bushed as he was, the writer's masculine eye caught the blue flower-patterned skirt of one of the girls. To his left he saw a path of grass along which grew trimmed shrubbery. He watched, expecting to see the girls reappear. He waited for several minutes.

He was completely mystified at their failure to emerge. He stepped onto the grassy strip and peered behind the shrubbery. There was not a trace of the two girls!

Mystified, Gibbings drove back to town and stopped for a bite to eat. The incident had aroused his curiosity and he asked the waitress

if she had heard of persons appearing and disappearing on Versailles' grounds. The woman stared at him and said that while she herself had never experienced anything of a mystifying nature, she had frequently heard of *les fees du Trianon* (spirits, or fairies of Trianon).

"There are some who cannot live in Versailles," she told Gibbings. "They say the air is too heavy with the past."

William Oliver Stevens, the late renowned scholar and writer on psychic subjects, relates that Professor Charles Richet told a friend of his that many Parisians had told him of similar experiences at Versailles.

A visitor from New Zealand once told Stevens that during her sister's first visit to Paris she had gone to Petit Trianon and had experienced an uncanny sensation of being carried back to the closing decade of the 1700s. She had been so puzzled and so impressed that she made notes which she wrote and submitted to a London editor. The man was highly indignant. How could anyone dream of plagiarizing *An Adventure*? But the sincere lady had never heard of the book!

Is it possible that Versailles and particularly the Petit Trianon is haunted by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette? The facts indicate that it is.

DISAPPEARANCE IN DUPLICATE

POLICE in Macon, Ga., recently were confronted by an amazing coincidence involving two men reported to be missing. Both were of the same age, the same weight and the same height. They had been bound for the same destination.

The first report concerned Carl M. Jones of Macon. His sister, Mrs. J. T. Wilburn, said he had left home one morning a few days previously to go to work in uptown Macon and had not been seen since.

The second report was about Jake Mathis of Byron, Ga. Sheriff Bill Beeland of Peach County asked Macon officers to watch for Mathis, who had left Byron for Macon and had not returned home.

Both men were described as 48 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, 160 pounds in weight and as having grey hair.

Fingers of FATE

Perturbed when her husband failed to arrive home on time, Mrs. Louise Wilson, of Wichita, Kans., set out to search for him. She searched in one of the family's two cars. Her search ended with a bang. She crashed her car into the car driven by her husband Terrance.

* * *

On December 14, 1933, Sam Clyburn slipped from a river barge at Huntington, W. Va., and was fished out of the icy Ohio River by John Forgey. Almost 20 years later to the day, with the temperature again near zero, John Forgey fell into the river from a boat. His rescuer was Sam Clyburn.

* * *

While two bandits were robbing Frank Hornig, Kansas City apartment manager, his phone rang. The gunmen told him to answer it. The caller was a policeman, wanting to sell Mr. Hornig tickets to a police party.

* * *

A snowman saved the life of Mrs. Donald T. Bennett of Manchester, Conn. Her husband and daughter called asking her to bring out a hat for the snowman they were building in the yard. She had just left the house when it was wrecked by an explosion.

* * *

Paul Phillips peered over the shoulder of the man in front of him in a line before the cashier at a Toronto bank. He noticed the man was cashing a $225 check and promptly pounced on him yelling for the police. The man, a forger, had been about to cash a check endorsed Paul Phillips.

* * *

Charles Gower, Dallas theater manager, "looking for some excitement" joined a policeman friend and sped to the scene of a reported disturbance. — It wasn't very exciting. But when he returned he found that two armed men had held up his cashier and escaped with $300.

* * *

John Hoover, Rochester, Ind., cafe owner, studying his weekly horoscope, casually read this statement: "You will receive cash in the mail." A few days later he received a letter from a Fort Wayne woman. She had enclosed a nickel. Her note explained that a waitress in his cafe had undercharged her.

A Dallas lawyer, Peter Schley, swapped cars with someone and then remembered he hadn't taken his belongings out of the glove compartment of his old auto. One of the items he recovered was a book on "How To Improve Your Memory."

* * *

L. V. Eheart, 100, and his 87-year-old wife of Charlottesville, Va., had vowed that they would never leave their old homestead as long as they lived. They kept their vow. They passed away in their home within a few hours of each other.

* * *

Michael Christian of Washington, D. C., had a party to celebrate his 10th birthday. He told his friends he didn't want presents but asked them to bring money for the polio fund instead. Some months later he was rushed to the hospital, where it was discovered he had polio. Thanks to modern equipment and know-how, made possible by the polio fund, Michael Christian recovered completely.

* * *

When Patrick Flanagan of New York City was two years old, he fell and broke his arm. The shock of the accident left him unable to speak. The other day Pat, now eight, fell and broke his arm again. The new shock restored the boy's speech.

* * *

One of two cars in a collision at Des Moines, Iowa, had license number 77-28372 — the other was 77-28373.

* * *

Forrest T. Stauffer, Ann Arbor, Mich., golfer, made a hole-in-one. On the same hole, at the same time, on the same day, exactly a year later, he made another hole-in-one.

* * *

An expert in judo, Robert Trung Huong, was showing a class in Paris how easy it is to strangle a man. He told a 17-year-old pupil, "Grasp the neck of my kimono, lock your arms in a scissors grip and squeeze as hard as you can." The pupil did so — Huong died.

* * *

Vicki Martin of London survived 12 auto crashes in four years. Then was in the 13th crash and was killed.

* * *

An egg killed a Detroit man. Frank Sepulski, cooking his own breakfast, dropped a raw egg on the floor. It broke. He stepped on it and slipped, hitting his head on the floor. He died.

* * *

An auto parts dealer was awakened in his New Haven home at 3:30 a. m. by an apologetic customer who needed a truck tire. He hurried to his shop and arrived there just in time to scare off burglars. — *Harold Helfer.*

How to Read Hands

Our palmistry series has discussed the Line of Life. Here is how to read other vital lines in your palm.

By Mir Bashir

Now observe the Line of Mentality. It originates from the same area as the Line of Life; however, the Line of Mentality tends to cross the palm horizontally. It speaks of our mind and all that pertains to the head. Fig. 1-C.

There are two important variations; the sloping line and the straight one. The sloping Line of Mentality forms an arch through the palm, Fig. 1-C. It gently slopes towards the percussion of the hand, in the area of the fleshy pad generally known as the Mount of the Moon, which stands for imagination and creativeness. Such a line shows an inventive and artistic nature. Such people feel romance and adventure in the discovery of something out of the ordinary.

When the Line of Mentality crosses the palm in a horizontal manner without any slope downward nor deviation towards the fingers it makes a straight line Fig. 2-B. This is the symbol of a

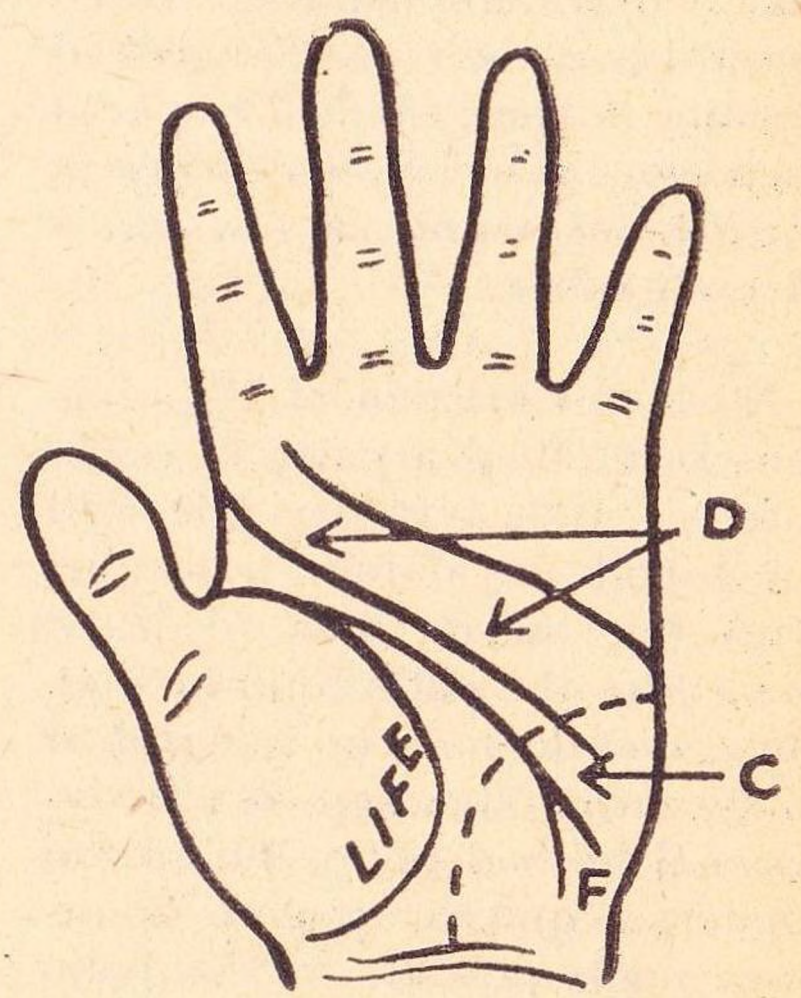


Fig. 1: Sloping Line of Mentality C shows inventive and artistic nature. Slanting line D shows a practical approach.

realist. Such people are essentially practical. The pattern of their behavior mainly is determined by the realistic requirements of life. Such people prefer cold facts to creative or artistic faculties. They tend to be logical, conventional

and down to earth. They enjoy routine and respect tradition. They are capable, active and prefer getting down to actual cases rather than to sit and dream fantasies. Vocations that are useful and necessary to everyday life attract them.

You are likely, at times, to come across the Line of Mentality which, although it is straight, also implies the qualities of a sloping line. Such a line tends to start at a point higher than its normal beginning and reaches the area of the Mount of the Moon towards its termination. This is generally known as a slanting Line of Mentality, Fig. 1-D. It contains attributes of both the types and denotes a practical and realistic approach to life by one who possesses a creative imagination.

Its owners try to exploit their creative faculties in a realistic and business-like manner. They are methodical, practical and yet retain their dreamy artistic dispositions.

The length of the Line of Mentality is of great importance as it helps in the judgement of mental strength and intellectual capacity. In order to judge the length of the line, use the following simple method: draw an imaginary straight line across the palm surface beginning between the index finger and terminating at the percussion that is at the outer edge of the hand. Having done this, follow the natural divisions provided by the fingers.

Draw a straight line parallel to the inside edge of the first finger similar to that shown in Fig. 2. Draw two more similar lines parallel to the edges of the second and the third fingers. These lines show four sections of the palm obviously determined by the width of the four fingers at their roots.

The Line of Mentality need not be considered until it enters section B. You are not likely to find a line shorter than this. When it ends in section B it shows a poor mind, not much above animal capacity. Such people tend to live by instinct rather than by mental

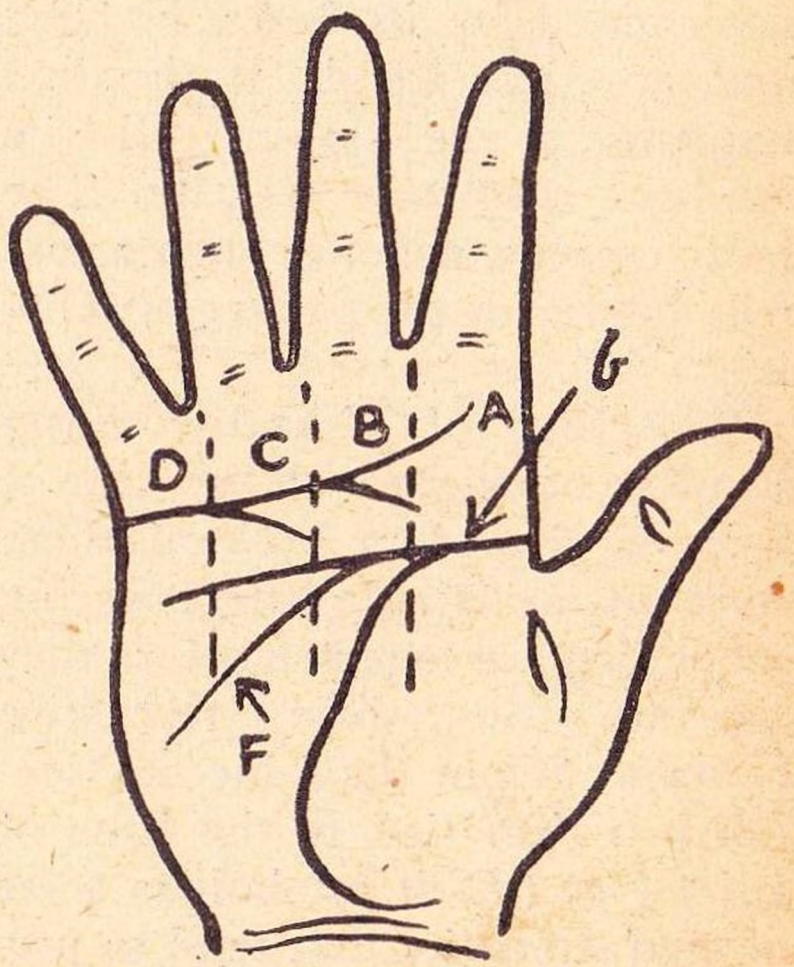


Fig. 2: Length of Line of Mentality shows intellectual capacity. It is determined by dividing palm as in A, B, C, D.

cognition. They lack foresight and cannot plan ahead. Their values include only basic physical needs and appetites. Education, culture or intellectual development are beyond them. They tend to be selfish and restricted in their views.

When the Line of Mentality ends in Section C it is of normal length. A large majority of persons have this length line. The grade of intelligence and understanding still varies in accordance with its length. When it passes the mid-point of Section C it indicates mental development; the longer it grows the greater the degree of intellectual progress.

When the line is straight application of all the attributes is determined by its basic, realistic and practical trend. If the line happens to be sloping all the qualities tend to be creative. The basic creative trend in such a case will determine the pattern of activities.

The Line of Mentality shares its place of origin with the Line of Life. Quite often both of them start off as a single line, covering some distance together before they separate on their respective courses. When the Line of Mentality is thus tied to the Line of Life, Fig. 1-C, it symbolizes a set of characteristics that tend to persist throughout life. It is a mark of sensitiveness. Such persons are often touchy and readily take offence. Their sensitive disposition also contains elements of reticence and lack of self-confidence. They respond warmly to sympathetic treatment and encouragement but lose heart when criticized. Consequently they often are cautious and rather careful.

Occasionally the Line of Mentality starts independently of the Line of Life. When the space between the lines at the start is narrow, Fig. 1-D, it removes sensitiveness and replaces it with self-reliance. Such people are inclined to be restless and impatient. They are happy when up and doing, but become restless when compelled to wait.

The manner in which the Line of Mentality terminates should be carefully observed. When it ends neatly without any off-shoots, it shows capacity for concentration. It denotes an inclination for singleness of purpose. Fig. 2-B.

You are apt, however, to come across a Line of Mentality which splits into two large forks towards its close. When the fork is wide and covers approximately one-third of the line it is not a good mark to have. It shows that the mind can be drawn by two things simultaneously. Such a Line of Mentality shows uncertainty and lack of decisiveness. Such people hesitate before arriving at conclusions. They suffer from mental uncertainty. Fig. 2-F.

When the Line of Mentality

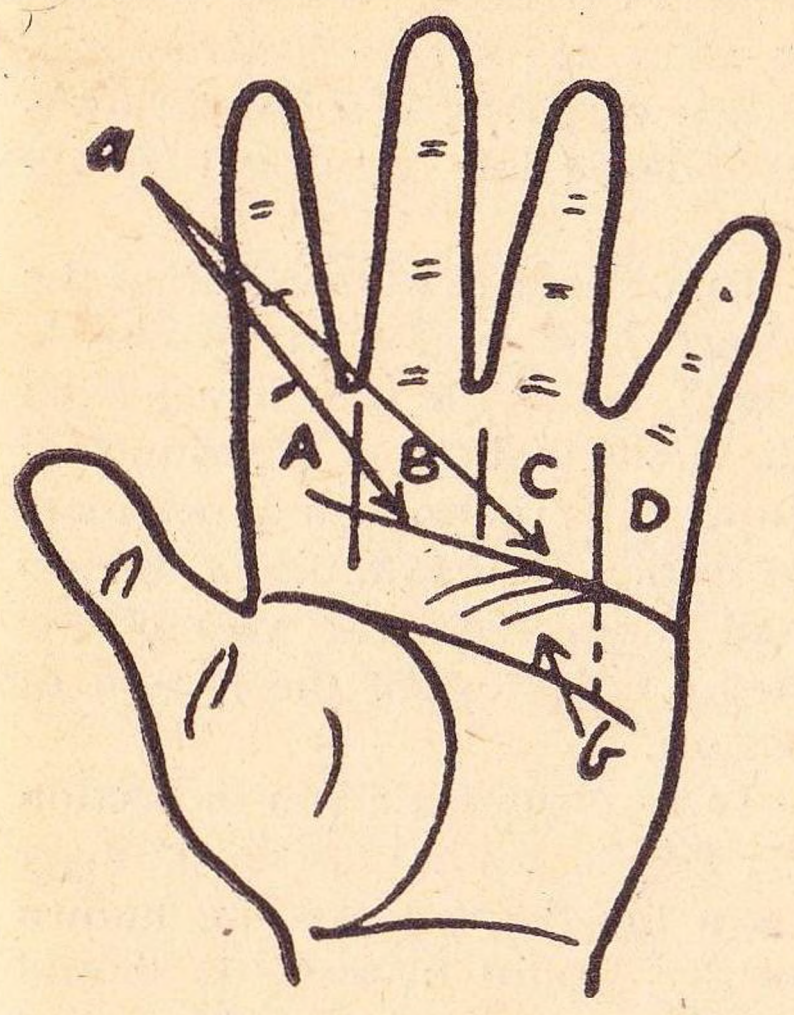


Fig. 3: Heart Line shows emotional attitudes. Straight line a indicates fastidiousness and lack of emotional response.

ends in a sharp small fork it is another matter. Fig. 1-F. Here it shows descriptive aptitude. People with this type of fork have a flair for writing. When the Line of Mentality is long and well marked, such a fork is a great asset. It is usually seen in the hands of individuals whose vocation requires good powers of expression. Writers, public speakers and barristers, as a rule, have this mark.

The Line of Heart generally begins from the area below the first finger and crosses the palm horizontally. It tends to end below the little finger towards the edge of the hand. In the main it represents individual emotional attitudes. It also reveals the state of health, particularly in connection with the heart.

Because emotions play an important part in human life the value of the Heart Line hardly can be over emphasized. The formation, starting and termination points, depth, color and several other aspects of the Heart Line give valuable clues to the individual's character and make-up. It has two important variations (a) the straight, (b) the curved line.

When the Heart Line runs straight, as if drawn with the aid of a ruler, it tends to restrict emotional responses. Fig. 3-a. Persons with this formation require intellectual stimulation to feel emotionally alive. They are inclined to be fastidious and seem to be wanting in natural emotional

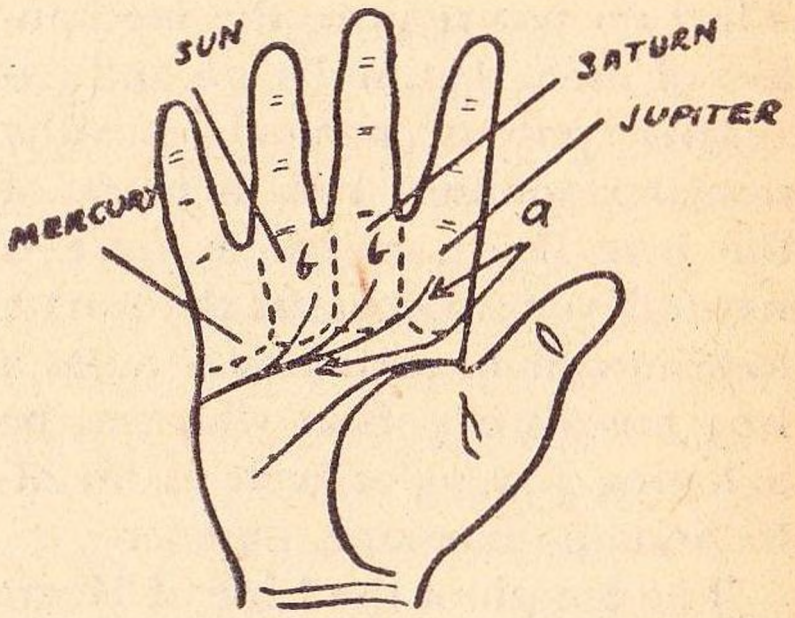


Fig. 4: Sweeping Line of Heart a denotes warm and healthy emotional responses. Upward branches b show additional warmth.

response. They are not easy victims to sexual allure but appear to appreciate intellectual qualities. They have selfishness as part of their make-up.

Aesthetic appreciation is the outstanding characteristic of these people and unless refined and intellectual comradeship is available they tend to be unresponsive. Under such circumstances these people prove trying and difficult.

However, if a husband and wife both possess similar Heart Lines the course of married life is likely to be smooth, although without much glow.

When the Line of Heart sweeps across the palm with a large curve it tells a different story. Fig. 4-a. Such a mark is a symbol of warm and healthy emotional responsiveness.

Persons with this kind of Heart Line are affectionate by nature. They make loving life partners. They do not require the mechanism of mental stimulation and naturally possess normal, healthy sexual responses. It is a mark of the true heart, which at once is natural and appreciates the innate longings of human flesh. Such a line reveals a person who can be a loving parent as well as an affectionate marriage partner.

The length of the Line of Heart reveals basic attributes of the human heart. A short line denotes poor quality of feelings, whereas a long one stands for richness of human emotions. When extremely short it betrays heartlessness. When very long it shows an overabundance of emotional qualities.

In all normal human beings the Heart Line begins in section A, Fig. 3, below the first finger from the fleshy pad called the Mount of Jupiter. It is also seen to originate in section B, Fig. 3, below the second finger from the area of the fleshy bulge called the Mount of Saturn.

In rare cases it starts in Section C., Fig. 3, below the third finger from the fleshy elevation, known as the Mount of Sun. It should not be too short as to be traced below the little finger only, Section D, Fig. 3.

When the Heart Line is so short as to extend from section C to D, Fig. 3, only; it betrays lack of normal human emotion. In fact, such a line can be regarded as a symbol of heartlessness. Such persons tend to be cold and devoid of any real feelings of love. In matters of health also it reveals some serious defect.

When the Line of Heart begins in section B, Fig. 3, below the middle finger it is an improvement on the former length of line. However, such a beginning of the Line of Heart is only slightly better than the previous one. Absolute heartlessness tends to be replaced by a selfish and physical type of love nature. Such persons

are prone to be sensuous without being warm-hearted. As a rule they seek satisfaction of their physical love appetites only. They cannot appreciate fine shades of love and tend to be crude and rough. However, in their primitive way they do respond to sexual attraction.

When the Heart Line is longer than this and originates in Section A, Fig. 3, below the first finger in the area of the Mount of Jupiter, it reveals a totally different attitude towards emotion and love.

The Mount of Jupiter stands for ambition. When the Line of Heart begins in this area people tend to be ambitious in love. They endeavor to seek the ideal and are inclined to place the object of affection on a pedestal. In their longing for an ideal being for adoration such individuals can be jealous and possessive. They also are capable of undergoing great hardships for the achievement of their ideal. They love with devotion and zeal. Usually they are prepared to sacrifice anything for the attainment of their love object.

When the Line of Heart originates very close to the edge of the palm idealism is accentuated. Such persons demand perfection. Such an extreme length of the Line of Heart is not healthy. The Jealous Heart, on the one hand, grows extremely possessive and, on the other, demands flawless perfection.



Fig. 5: Deep Line of Heart b indicates capacity to feel deeply and strongly. Owner is loyal, devoted and reliable.

Its owner expects too much and consequently almost inevitably comes to grief. They are predisposed to be frustrated and disappointed. In their search for the ideal they seem unable to recognize human limitations. They expect their friends and loved ones to be perfect and faultless. However, so long as their belief in the perfection of the loved one lasts they tend to be passionately adoring. There is a dangerous and almost religious fervor to their devotion. They have the makings of martyrs.

You are likely to come across Heart Lines of varying depths, the deep and the shallow.

A deep Line of Heart is distinct, well defined and neatly imprinted in the palm, Fig. 5-b. Such a line indicates a capacity to feel deeply and strongly. Its owners tend to be constant and reliable. There is nothing flighty or indifferent about them. Naturally they are careful in the choice of their friends but when they do form an emotional bond it tends to be lasting. Such an affectionate tie is real and implies a deep sense of devotion.

These individuals make good friends and reliable partners. At the same time they seem self-contained and are inclined to be undemonstrative. Due to this self-control they unfortunately are often misunderstood. However, when an occasion arises their actions speak volumes for their innate affection and devotion.

In some hands you will find a thick and heavy Line of Heart. Such a line furrows through the palm like a coarse crease. It gives the impression of a deep track rather than a palm line.

As opposed to a merely deep line it is neither distinct nor neat. A deep line appears to be imprinted with a fine chisel whereas a coarse one seems to be dug out with a blunt instrument. Fig. 5-c. A coarse Line of Heart is a symbol of animality. Its owners are ruled by a physical love instinct. They lack emotional refinement and culture. As a rule they are crude and rough. Their feelings border on the primitive and mainly center round coarse manifestations of sex.

Upward branches in the Heart Line are welcome indices, Fig. 4-b. Each such rising off-shoot implies additional affection. Such persons respond heartily to attractive attributes in others. Their innate ability to reach out towards others forms a healthy basis for mutual attraction and the development of affection. Upward branches of the Heart Line speak of helpful affections that prove the source of advancement.

Falling branches of the Line of Heart are marks of disappointment and frustrations. Fig. 3-b. They point to affectional losses. If a Heart Line branches into a series of short downward lines it denotes that there is something the matter with the psychology of its owner. It points to a persistent emotional defect which can cause great harm.

A series of downward offshoots from the Heart Line show their owners to be perpetually on the rebound. They seem unable to keep their friends. They are usually unreliable and do not settle down to a steady emotional life. When they are able to develop a sense of sincerity and devotion these tiny branches usually fade out.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

THE BALKY PLOW-HORSE

By Alice Harrison Miller

My son, Jimmie Utsey, lived on a farm near a small village in Brazos County, Texas. My residence was in San Antonio, Texas, and our only means of communication at that time was by way of rural mail or by telegram. He had no telephone. His post office was in a country store.

One day in the late spring of 1929, after having worked very hard all morning I went to bed in the middle of the afternoon and fell asleep. I dreamed I saw my son unhitch a horse from the plow, take it to the barn and beat it because it refused to follow the furrow. The horse kicked him viciously and he lay badly hurt, seemingly dead. His face was a mask of mangled flesh and smeared blood. The dream was so real I sent him a telegram begging him not to beat the horse.

The next day I visited him. A hired man saddled a horse and left for the village to fetch some groceries and the mail. I then asked Jimmie if he had received my telegram.

"No", he answered, then added:

"A strange thing happened to me yesterday afternoon. I had trouble all morning with my team and then decided to take old Chalky to the barn to give him a beating because he would not walk the furrow. As I stooped to unhitch the traces you suddenly appeared in front of me. I asked you what you were doing and how



ALICE HARRISON MILLER

you got out here. You looked at me, smiled, shook your head as if to say, 'No', then sank down into the ground before me.

"I naturally thought the sun had addled me. After awhile I returned to the field and started plowing again. I had no further trouble with the team."

Just then the hired man rode up and yelled, "Jimmie! Somebody must be dead! Here's a telegram!"

"No", my son replied, "Somebody is *alive* because of that telegram!" — *Austin, Texas.*

PSYCHIC PRESCRIPTION

By K. H. Isselstein

In March, 1918, I brought my wife, Annette, and three children to Spokane, Wash., where I hoped to obtain medical aid for Annette, who was very ill with heart trouble and goitre. We visited several doctors who said they could not help her.

I began to study the mechanism of the human body from the drugless angle in the hope that I could find the answer to her problem. One of the first things I did was to teach my son, who was not yet six, to pound with his little fists on his mother's spine to control her heart while I was at work. Normally her heartbeat was 150. Any slight exertion would cause it to pound like a jackhammer. To reduce the heart action my son would pound on the fourth dorsal vertebrae. At times Annette's heart beat too slowly and my son would pound on the second dorsal to keep his mother alive. Neighbors who saw him doing this asked me to see if I could find anything wrong with their spines. I found many displaced vertebrae which pinched the nerves to vital organs and caused much illness. With a set of chiropractic benches I was able to help them and they in turn helped my wife with her washing, ironing, mending and baking.

At night, after putting the children to bed and giving my wife a massage, I studied the nervous system, hoping to find the cause of my wife's illness. All through the summer and part of the autumn I studied the complicated nervous system without finding the answer.

One night, waked from a doze when my book fell to the floor, I heard a voice say, "The inflammation of the ascending and descending colon has spread to the ovaries. Inflammation of the ovaries has caused the increased heart action. Inflammation of the stomach has irritated the upper stomach nerves. This irritation shuts off the nerve supply in the associate nerve branches, which supply nervous energy to the thyroid gland. That is what causes goitre. For the ovaries use smart weed herbs. For the stomach use saffron. Add yerba santa for the

liver. It also will dissolve gall stones. Add some senna leaves to assist elimination."

That was all. I wrote it down immediately.

The next day I bought the herbs mentioned but when I told Annette what caused her trouble she insisted on consulting one of the doctors she had gone to in the spring. He said, "Your husband is crazy. There is no such information in the medical books."

Annette refused to cooperate. Then she caught the flu and became so ill it seemed she would not live another day. I insisted that she try a cup of tea brewed from the herbs the voice had described. She did so and reported that she felt somewhat better. She continued taking the herbs and in two months she was well. — *Spokane, Wash.*

THE TRAIN WHISTLE

By Irene Akker

My mother, who is 77 years old, related the following story to me.

In 1900 she and my father lived in a frame house close to the railroad tracks that bordered the small town of Palmyra, Mo. They had lived so long in this one-story building that they knew each train by its movement and whistle. They knew the "danger" and "all clear" signals and the train schedules as well as the brakemen.

One night mother woke with a start. Waking my father, she told him of a terrible dream that had frightened her out of her sleep. She dreamed that she heard the train whistle, loud, shrill and mournful, as it screamed around the bend where the dirt road crossed the train tracks. Something was wrong because the train whistle blew only two or three times at that crossing before it went into the station.

Then mother saw the train slow down and stop. She saw a wrecked buggy and two horses, a filly and a mare, running away in fright. She saw groceries scattered around — sacks of flour, meal, sugar and slabs of bacon. And bodies were everywhere. The dream came to a sudden end when she saw father shoveling a woman's severed head from the cowcatcher.

Father was laughing at what he thought was a silly dream when someone knocked at the front door. A trainman reported there had been a terrible accident on the railroad tracks, down at the bend. Most of a family named Nickelson had been killed on their way home from a shopping trip in the city. The horses, a filly and mare, had been freed from the buggy by the collision and were grazing in the fields nearby. Minutes after the dream, father was at the scene and with a shovel scooped up a young woman's lifeless head. For months afterward the groceries that had been hurled

out of the buggy by the crash lay scattered around the train tracks and the nearby fields — untouched by anyone. — *Denver, Colo.*

KIWANDA'S LOOKING GLASS

By Bernice Norton-Harness

KIWANDA'S Looking Glass is a small lake near an old sandy road in the southern part of Tillamook County, Oregon. It was so named because of a legend that an Indian Chief, Kiwanda, spent many hours looking at his reflection in its clear depths.

My brother, Cyrus, and I often played there as children, running up and down the logs, white with age, which were partly submerged in the lake. One day in the spring of 1906, when Cyrus was 13 and I nine, we were crouching on the biggest white log, watching our reflections in Kiwanda's Looking Glass as we had many times before. The sun was gently warm. All was quiet except for the birdsongs in the thick green firs surrounding us.

"Cyrus," I said dreamily, "what if Chief Kiwanda sat on this very log and saw his face in the water just like we do now?"

"Well, what if he did?" he answered crossly. "All you do is think of fairy tales! I'll bet he never even saw this lake!" He took some flat pebbles out of his overalls pocket and skipped them across the water. Tiring of this, he began carving pictures into the log with his jacknife. Then, he fell once more to gazing in the water.

I was watching his face closely to see if I dared dream again, when suddenly his ruddy features twisted in amazement. I looked down into the water where he was looking and caught a fleeting glimpse of a face framed in the headdress of an Indian Chief.

"Let's get out of here! And don't you dare ever tell anyone!" Cyrus admonished gruffly, as he grabbed my hand and guided me excitedly along the log to the shore.

I didn't feel frightened as my brother did, probably because I saw the pictured reflection so briefly. As I recall, the face was full and the headdress magnificent.

After that strangeness hung over Kiwanda's Looking Glass for us and we rarely ventured near it unless playmates were along. — *Phoenix, Ariz.*

MYSTIC CURE

By Julian M. Cummings

ONE night several years ago, I was so discouraged that I really wanted to die. I had been suffering all summer long with a terrible case of athletes foot. The treatments given me by my doctor seemed not to help a bit. In fact, he told me that I would suffer from the disease seven years.

My right foot had developed a

raw sore that was as large around as a dollar, and it was very painful. There also were other sores between my toes and on top of my foot.

As I sat in my chair in my bedroom, I called upon God and told Him that I wanted to die unless I could get my foot healed. Then a voice seemed to whisper in my ear, "Prepare a concentrated solution of potassium permanganate and put it on the sores and it will heal them."

I happened to have these crystals in the house as my doctor had prescribed them, but for use in a very *dilute* solution as a foot bath. So I immediately prepared a concentrated solution. When I looked at it and realized how powerful it was, I was afraid to put in on my foot. But I was suffering so badly that I took the chance.

My how it did smart! But the pain soon went away and I went to bed. The next morning the disease was gone but a large scab was left. I put vaseline on it to keep it from cracking, and in a few days it was gone. I then went to my doctor and showed him my foot. He could hardly believe what he saw.

I then told him that he need never again tell one of his patients that he was in for it for seven years, for he could cure him overnight.

He then said, "I will not use that remedy." I asked why. He replied, "If I cured my patients that quickly, I couldn't even pay my rent."

I was so disgusted that I declared I would tell the whole world about the treatment, if I ever had the opportunity. Since then, hundreds of people have been cured by it. — *Salt Lake City, Utah.*

"DID I WRITE YOU THIS?"

By Isabel Stubbe

RECENTLY Jan, a friend of mine, made a trip to Seattle, Wash. She likes to go sailing on the ocean. On leaving she said, "Now don't worry about me being out on the water. You know I am an excellent swimmer."

"It isn't the water I fear," I replied. "I can't tell you what it is but I have a queer feeling. So do be careful."



ISABEL STUBBE

Jan left that noon for Seattle. I could not overcome the unease I felt concerning her.

Four nights later I had a vivid dream and found myself sitting up in bed wide awake. In my dream Jan was riding in a long black automobile. She was sitting in the front seat next to a dark-complexioned young man. In the back seat, on the right side, was an elderly white-haired woman.

The three of them were talking gaily as the car sped around a curve near the edge of a steep cliff high above a wide river. Suddenly Jan leaned on the car door and pointed to the distant mountains. "Oh," she said. "How beautiful!"

The car door flew open with Jan clinging to it. The elderly lady in the back seat grabbed Jan's coat just in time to keep her from falling out of the car.

When Jan returned I immediately told her of this dream. Her eyes widened and she stammered, "Why, that's exactly the way it happened – down to every little detail! But did I write you this?"

I assured her she hadn't. —*Tucson, Ariz.*

THE STRANGE VOICE

By Annie Ellis Campdon

In 1941 I suffered from a kind of arthritis I labeled "the traveling salesman" because of its tendency to linger, agonizingly, in one joint and then shift its torment to another. One day, early in December, "the traveling salesman" was especially painful, located in a sensitive area on my right side. I deadened the pain by applying a hot water bottle which I subsequently discovered was so hot I had burned the skin.

My suffering increased as night approached. I longed for the moment when the maid, my son and my husband would leave to keep their appointments and I would have the house to myself. When ill I prefer to be alone. As the door closed on the last of the three I found some relief in tears and an audible expression of my opinion of the "traveling salesman."

I tried to concentrate on a mystery story but finally gave up and went to bed. I heard the clock strike nine. Someone opened the kitchen door and walked rapidly toward my ground floor bedroom; it was my husband.

"How's the rheumatism?" he asked, looking at me intently.

"The worst dose I ever had," I responded, "But what on earth brought you home this early? Weren't you having a good time?"

He brushed this aside by saying hastily, "I'm getting the doctor."

"Wait till morning," I urged, but my husband was at the phone and shortly the doctor came.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked, ramming an exploratory finger at several places

on my abdomen, and then at the tender place beneath my ribs.

"Since yesterday," I answered.

He nodded. "Appendicitis." He turned to my husband. "You waited too long to call me. This is an emergency. I'll phone the hospital to prepare and meet you there."

In my hospital room after the operation I wondered what had brought my husband home so early from his card game. I was still puzzling over this when he entered the room. I asked, "You haven't told me yet. What made you come home so early last night?"

"Believe it or not, this is what happened," he said. "We had played one game and the cards had been dealt for another. I picked up mine and just as I bid I distinctly heard a voice say to me, 'Go home! Go home! Go home!' three times, just like that. I told myself I was imagining things and tried to go on with the game.

"Again the voice spoke, louder and kind of angry, 'Go home! Go home! Go home!' Everyone was surprised when I said I had to leave. As I drove home something urged me to hurry. I was relieved when I entered our driveway. I found you in serious condition. Strange, wasn't it?"

I agreed. Alone later I murmured gratefully, "Whoever you are who watched over me last night, I can only say 'Thank you for sending him home in time.' As I settled myself comfortably for sleep I felt that my thanks had been heard. — *Johnstown, Pa.*

"ALBERT IS GOING HOME"

By Edith Spears

EARLY in May, 1952, I received a telephone call from my daughter-in-law who said that my son, Albert, was ill. She asked me to come to their home for a few days. I packed a small bag and left.

When I reached my son's home and was crossing the lawn, I suddenly heard a voice within me say, "Albert is going home."

I stopped and said out loud, "Oh, no!" Then I went on into the house and tried to forget the voice.

Two days later Albert was taken to Vancouver General Hospital. At the time it seemed he was suffering from nothing more serious than ulcers of the stomach. We did not think he was very ill and expected him to be home again soon. Two weeks later he died from what we learned was cancer. — *Vancouver, B. C., Can.*

The man looked solid — but he vanished when he was approached. Then a photo revealed that . . .

THIS GHOST BLOCKED THE LIGHT



By Edmond P. Gibson

WHILE English ghosts are relatively common, American ghosts are far more rare. This may be a reflection of America's dominant materialism. Perhaps the American people are psychologically unreceptive to ghosts. However, American ghosts are seen sometimes by observers whose testimony no one can question.

One of the most unusual cases of haunting, among the thousands collected by the American Society for Psychical Research, was submitted to that Society by then Lieutenant Albert M. Hinman, U. S. Navy. His report was published in their Journal, *Psychic Research,* for February, 1931, under the pseudonym Lt. A.M.H. It is with the permission of now Lieutenant Commander Hinman, U. S. Navy (Retired), that this anonymity is broken and his name is released for publication.

The apparition which Lt. Cmdr. Hinman encountered on four occasions appeared to be solid. He saw it in good light and it also was seen by his dogs, who were so excited and frightened that they fled upstairs. He did not recognize the apparition at the time he saw it but subsequently identified it from a photograph.

Lieutenant Hinman had been assigned to duty at the Naval Powder Factory at Indian Head, Md., on June 1, 1926. He had moved into his newly assigned quarters with his wife and his two dogs on June 6th. One of the dogs was a collie and the other a Chesapeake Bay spaniel. The Hinmans had owned both of the dogs for about eight years. The new quarters consisted of one half of a double house. Their apartment consisted of 15 rooms, on two floors. The Hinmans occupied the east apartment and Lieutenant M. R. the west. However, Lieutenant M. R. was soon transferred to sea duty and his quar-

ters taken over by Lieutenant B. G., U.S.N., with his wife and a nine-year-old boy. The families of Lt. Hinman and Lt. B. G. soon became good friends. At Christmas, 1927, the Hinmans met Mrs. G's mother, who visited the G. family on that occasion.

The arrangement of the rooms in both sections of the double house was approximately the same. A screened-in porch about eight feet wide extended across the front of the house. All the first floor windows were seven feet above the ground level. The living-room was 18 feet square.

The front hall was separated from the living-room and the dining-room by arches. The opening between the living-room and the den was a large arch also, so that the front hall, living-room and den really were one large room.

Lt. Hinman describes the first uncanny incident of the strange series as follows:

"Early in the following March I was sitting at a card table in the den solving a problem in navigation. I was facing the front of the house. The time was about 12:25 a.m. Both dogs were sleeping on the floor at the end of the davenport in the living-room. I heard the spaniel growl; but as he often growls at the marine sentry as he passes the house, I paid no attention to it. Both dogs then got up, passed me in the den and

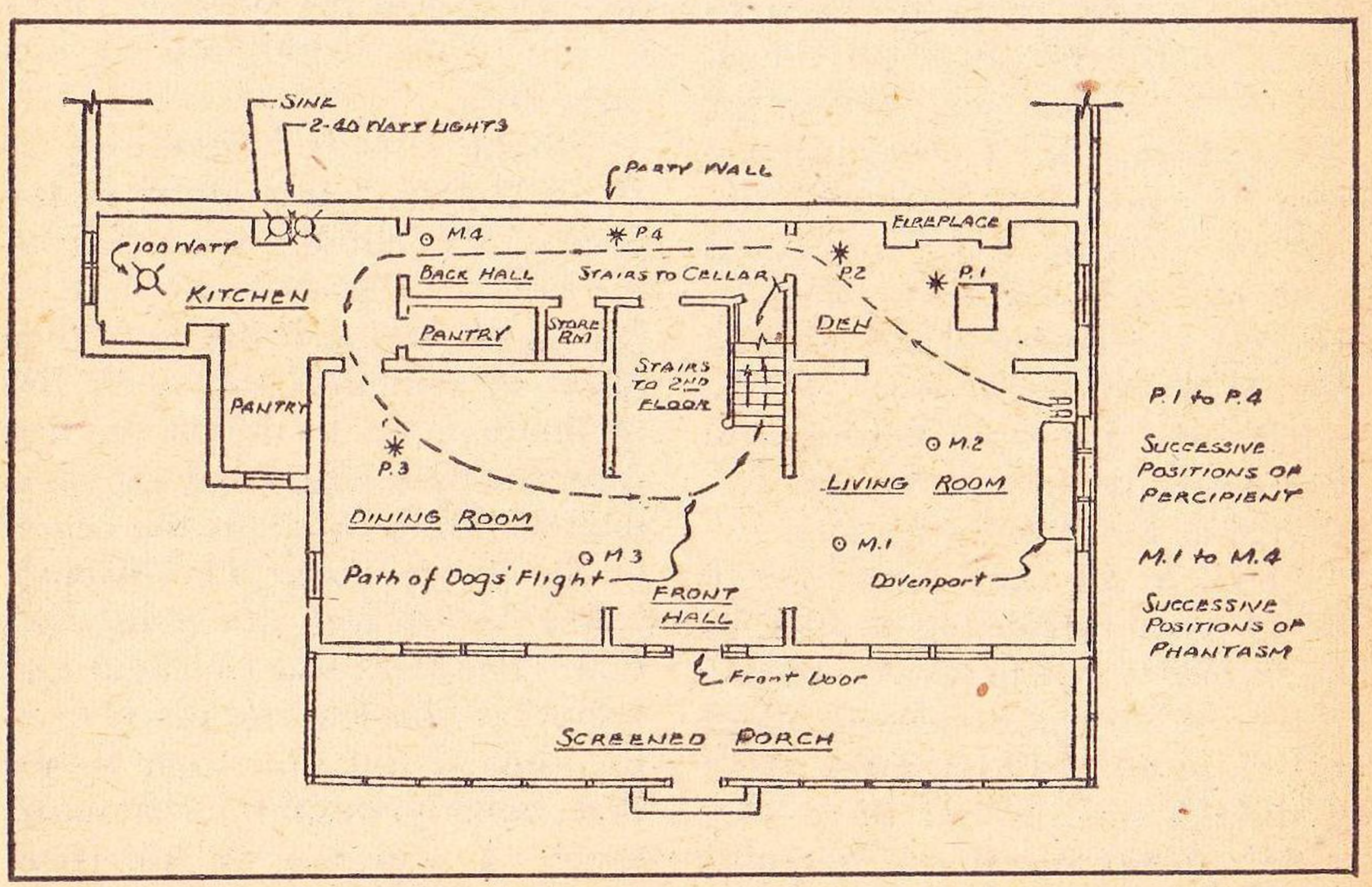


Diagram shows successive locations in house where apparently solid ghost was seen.

went down the back hall into the dining-room where both dogs again growled and then tore madly across the hall and up the stairway. The noise they made going up the stairs awakened my wife, who was asleep on the second floor.

"Surprised at their actions, I looked up from my work and saw a man standing in the living-room near the hall archway. He was probably 22 feet from me. All outside doors and windows were closed. There was no light burning in the living room, but both the den and the dining-room were well lighted. I could see him plainly.

"In view of the character of the duty I was performing it was not an uncommon thing for men to come to the house at all hours. Hence, I was not surprised at his being there. But I *was* surprised that he could have entered without my hearing him, and I was annoyed at his not knocking or ringing the doorbell and waiting for someone to answer. I had never seen the man before, and was sure that he was not an employee at the Powder Factory.

"I sat in my chair for about 10 or 15 seconds, looking at him, as he seemed about to speak. Then I rose from my chair and took about two steps toward him, when all of a sudden he was not there. He didn't go up, nor down, nor sideways; neither did he slowly disintegrate. He simply vanished instantly. It seemed strange that I was not frightened; but I was not.

"I snapped on the living-room lights, assured myself that all doors (outside doors) and windows were closed, made a careful search of the lower floor and then, deciding that I had worked too long and was 'seeing things', I turned out the lights and went upstairs to bed. My wife had been awakened by the dogs dashing up the stairs and asked me what it was all about. At that time I told her nothing about what I thought I had seen. What I couldn't understand was why I thought I had seen a man. I had not been reading, and the work I was doing was over a chart of the Western Pacific which of course had no pictures on it.

"About a week afterwards, at about 9 p.m., I was alone in my part of the house. My wife and the dogs had gone some place. I had gone to the cellar for some wood to replenish the open fire in the den. As I entered the den from the back hall, I saw the same man standing in about the center of the living-room. The distance was about 20 feet, not more than that. The light was excellent and I could see his features plainly. At the time it did not occur to me that nobody should be standing there. I was not in the least frightened. Again he seemed

about to speak and again I waited . . . . I put down my armful of wood, brushed the dust from my coat with my hands, and took about two full steps toward him, which brought me within 15 or 16 feet of him at the most, when, again, *he wasn't there!*

"This time I was sure of what I had seen. He was a man who would weigh a little over 200 pounds. His clothes were of a light grey and he had the appearance of being 'solid.' His face was dark and he looked like a man who had been in the sun and wind and had gotten a healthy coat of tan.

"About 10 minutes after that I went to the other part of the house to tell Mr. G. about it, and ask his opinion. When I told him about it, Mrs. G. came into the room and Mr. G. told her that I had seen a ghost and that the ghost was no relative of mine. Mrs. G. got out about 20 photographs of cabinet size and asked me to look through them. I shuffled them through carelessly and at about the seventh or eighth picture I came across the portrait of the man I had seen a few minutes before. There is no doubt in my mind of its being the same man. I would know him among a thousand.

"Dumbfounded, I said 'That is the man. Who is he?'

"She replied, 'My father, he has been dead for several years.'

"I was sorry that I had been taken off my guard, as she was a bit frightened.

"Again, about 10 days later, coming from the kitchen into the dining-room at about 8:30 p.m., I saw the same man standing in the main hallway. This time I got within about 10 feet of him before he vanished.

"Ten days later, about 10 p.m., I saw him again. My wife was in the den at the time. I had gone from the living-room through the dining room and pantry into the kitchen, and thence down the back hallway towards the storeroom door. The back hall was dark but the kitchen was brightly lighted. As I neared the end of the hall I felt a very cold air and, as it was raining outside, I thought the cellar door had been left open and that a draught was coming through it. The air was very, very cold. I found the cellar door closed, however, and upon turning around I saw the man about 10 to 12 feet from me in the hall-way between myself and the kitchen lights. Three lights were burning in the kitchen, one a ceiling light of 100 watts and two 40 watt lights in a bracket over the sink. The man stood between me and the lights over the sink and his bulk blanked off the lights. That time I stood frozen for a short time, probably a few seconds, when he disappeared and I again saw the bracket lights.

"When I returned to the living-room my skin was still 'goose-flesh' and I felt chilled through. From that time until I was transferred to this vessel on the 24th of May, I saw no more of him.

"At the times I saw this man I had not been reading, nor had I been thinking of him. Until the last time I saw him I had not been frightened. Mrs. G. says that her father was fair, whilst the man I saw was as dark as though he had a heavy coat of tan. Otherwise the picture and the figure seen were identical. His body cut off the kitchen lights whilst he was between them and me . . . .

"I am willing to swear to the truth of the above statements. I hope there is some simple explanation of all this, as I would hate to have my faith in a ghost-less world shattered. My parents taught me from childhood that ghosts did not and could not exist, and all my life I have believed that to be true. Naturally the beliefs of a lifetime (Lt. H. was 42 at the time of writing) are hard to shatter. Hence this letter seeking an explanation of that which to me is inexplicable.

"Very respectfully,
Albert M. Hinman
(Lieutenant U.S.N.)"

The editor of *Psychic Research* commented that the apparition, as described, probably was not a purely subjective experience. The behavior of the dogs placed the ghost outside of the hallucinatory category. The blanking out of the strong lights by the ghostly form and the cold air indicate that the ghostly figure was in the nature of a materialization. The editor inferred that Lieutenant Hinman may have acted the part of the medium in the construction of the objective figure.

To these comments of the editor may be added the further fact that the figure seemed aware of Lieutenant Hinman and each time avoided too close proximity by vanishing while he was at a distance of a few feet. This awareness also indicates that the apparition was an objective one.

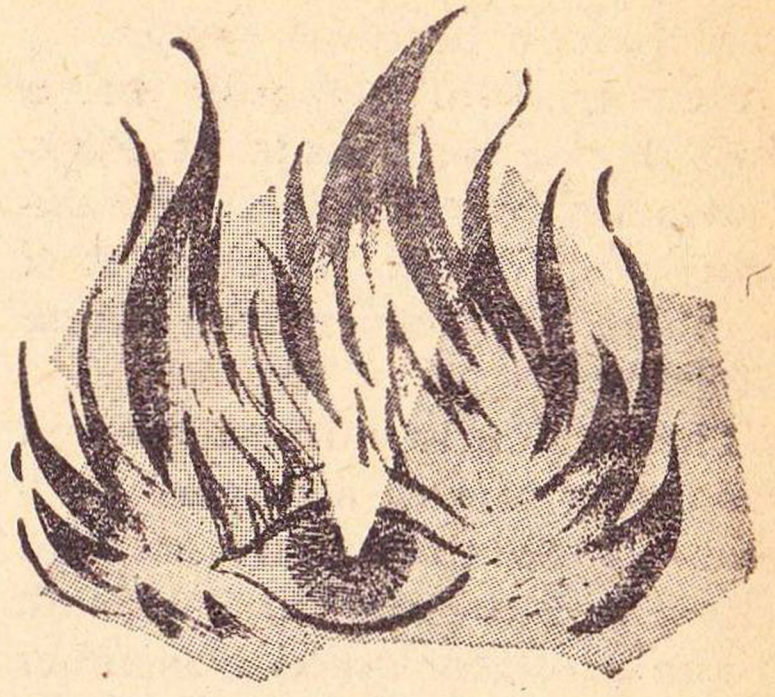
A recent letter from Lieutenant Commander Hinman states:

"In reply to my original letter the A.S.P.R. noted that the behavior of the dogs was an important element as tending to indicate that the experience was not a wholly subjective one on my part. In fact, had it not been for the behavior of the mutts I would have assumed that men in white coats soon would come after me.

"This, to my regret, is the only experience of this kind I have had."

We wish to thank the American Society for Psychical Research and Lt. Commander Albert M. Hinman, U.S.N. (Retired), for permission to use this case study, originally titled "An Apparition Identified from a Photograph."

HOW *HYPNOSIS* HELPS CURE BURNS



Agony made it impossible for the severely burned patient to eat and sleep. Now hypnosis obliterates pain.

By Harry McCormick

Reprinted from the Dallas Morning News.

NEW discoveries in the use of hypnotism for severe burn cases are making national medical history in Dallas. Professors of Southwestern Medical School of the University of Texas at Parkland Memorial Hospital are helping make this history.

As far as can be learned from past medical histories, these procedures developed by surgery and psychiatry staffs of Southwestern Medical School, have never been attempted before.

The results have been near miracles.

Veteran medical men and nurses cannot believe their eyes. They have seen critically burned patients rise from their beds and walk, just a few hours after extensive skin grafts have been done.

They have seen burned patients eat ravenously when heretofore such patients have refused to eat at all. But it is in the field of pain that results have been most amazing.

Hospitals are filled with pain. None seems more severe than that of a seriously burned patient.

Pain appears more intense in such cases than in terminal cancer.

First trial of hypnosis in a burned case was made at Parkland a few months ago. The patient was dying. Veteran staff members had never seen worse suffering.

This seriously burned patient was under care of a surgery professor at Southwestern Medical School and the staff at Parkland.

The professor asked a member of the psychiatry staff to try to hypnotize the patient to ease the unbearable pain. A hypnotic suggestion was made that the patient would feel no pain. Then the patient was awakened from the hypnosis.

"I was in doubt about our planned results," the surgery man said. "I couldn't believe my eyes. We removed large pieces of dead burned skin. The patient did not even wince. We changed the dressings and still no pain. Without hypnosis such procedures would have been unbearable."

In the last 30 years there has been little change in the treatment of severe burns. A patient's hospital stay is usually for many months. The death rate is pathetically high.

The rate is high because of a vicious cycle that comes to every badly burned patient. Pain affects their reason so badly that most become rebellious toward both doctor and nurse. Or they weep and cry out to the point of hysteria.

They cannot force themselves to eat. The salts of the body are taken away through the burns. The body dehydrates. All of these factors keep from the body the nutrition necessary to make new blood cells, to make skin grafts grow. The psychological disappointments suffered lessen the desire to live and prolong the illness and delay recovery.

Multiple narcotic injections must be given to kill pain. Repeated use of narcotics decreases the appetite to further low levels.

The first hypnotized, totally burned patient died in a few days. But his last moments, through hypnosis, were blessed with complete absence of suffering.

Medical men have long known the value of hypnotism as a pain killer. It was used in the days before modern anesthesia. Patients were hypnotized during surgery in those early days.

Members of the surgery and psychiatry staffs of Southwestern Medical School and Parkland Memorial Hospital extended their studies in hypnosis after this first amazing demonstration. They then used hypnotic suggestion to increase food intake in patients chronically ill.

They also used hypnosis as a method of muscle re-education in burned patients who previously had refused to exercise burned ex-

tremities. Early adequate exercise of severely burned hands is one of the most important methods used to prevent muscle wasting, burn contractions and scar deformities.

A great number of studies will have to be done on burns and other forms of illness to discover the final role hypnosis may play in the treatment of disease. Initial studies show that hypnotism is not only of great benefit to the patient as an aid to surgical treatment, but it is also a great saver in hospital costs. The patient gets well faster and goes home earlier.

Much more will have to be done at Southwestern Medical School and Parkland Memorial Hospital. More money will have to be raised and spent to extend the first, promising results.

But the studies have progressed far enough to provide medical histories in numerous cases. They point the way to a new day in the treatment of burns, and findings soon will be presented in medical journals.

The school faculty believe that increased food intake induced by hypnosis is a superior method compared with forced feeding by stomach tube. The psychic benefits are obvious to all who have seen the results.

Not only were tremendous appetites stimulated by hypnosis. It was even possible to create a selective desire for foods high in protein and caloric benefits needed by burned patients.

One man, given a suggestion that he would crave tuna fish when he awakened from his hypnotic trance, asked for it immediately when he awakened. The man seldom ate any kind of fish and cared for it not at all.

One patient with 45 per cent of his body covered with deep third degree burns, was among the early persons to be treated. He was given hypnotic suggestions, to ease his pain, to create an appetite and to exercise his burned fingers and hands.

On his admission to the hospital he had received no hypnosis. His skin grafts were done under general anesthetic and pain was ever present. He had refused to exercise his hands at all and loss of their use seemed a near certainty.

Hypnotism was administered to do a split thickness skin graft. He was given the suggestion that he would feel no pain, during or after the grafting. He was told, while hypnotized, he would be hungry and that he would exercise his fingers every 30 minutes.

"Gimme a cigarette and a lot of food —I'm starved," the patient demanded when he was awakened. He said he had no pain and that skin graft areas felt normal and cool.

Food was brought in and he ate like a horse.

Thirty minutes after he awakened, although he looked at no watch, he began to exercise fingers that he had refused to exercise before. An hour earlier his hands had been so painful he could not hold his own cigarette.

That night his nurse checked the patient. She was amazed to see he was exercising his fingers at 30-minute periods while he slept.

The man had to be re-hypnotized and his exercises limited to his waking hours. The remainder of the night he slept peacefully but 30 minutes after he woke up he was at his exercise again.

A 24-year-old patient who was most rebellious was another of the early patients to be given hypnotic suggestions. He had 45 per cent body burns.

One wrist and hand had been burned off. His weight dropped from 130 to 90 pounds in 30 days. His muscle mass melted away. Skin grafts would not take and had to be redone time and time again.

He refused to leave his bed. Severe contractions came to his remaining hand, to his knees and neck. His pain never ceased and he cried incessantly for narcotics.

He was told he would die if he did not eat. His family pleaded with him in vain. Still he refused. Forced feeding by tube irritated him. He finally refused to let the tube be inserted in his nostril. Because he was so rebellious the psychologist had difficulty in hypnotizing him. It was feared he might be one of the type who cannot be hypnotized.

Hypnosis finally was accomplished, and a suggestion made that he would be hungry when he wakened. He was. He began to anticipate his meals and soon was eating 4,200 calories daily.

His transition was most vivid in a matter of an hour.

In eight weeks he had gained back the lost 30 pounds. He got up out of bed cheerfully and rode in a wheel chair. He suffered no pain after hypnosis. Skin grafts that previously would not take at all became 90 per cent successful. He became cheerful, left his room, and often sought companionship of nurses and other patients on his floor. He received no more narcotics and asked for none. His pain was gone.

Recently he walked out of the hospital under his own steam. His wounds were nearly all healed. In his early hospital stay a death watch had been placed upon him by newsmen. Perhaps, without hypnosis, he might have died.

Most of the burned cases have responded in similar manner. A few have been found who could not be hypnotized at all because the psychologist could not establish rapport between himself and the patient. But they have been few.

Use of hypnotism in the theater and for entertainment for years had brought the phenomena into disrepute medically. It smacks of magic and medical men looked down their noses at it.

As the surgery professor put it — "I'm from Missouri — but I believe it now."

However, in the last 20 years in medicine, hypnosis and the terrific power of hypnotic suggestion in the treatment of many ailments has become recognized. Other uses of hypnosis are being recorded in other hospitals and its use in proper case has become well accepted.

The work on hypnosis in burns at Southwestern Medical School and Parkland Memorial is only one of many advances in medicine and surgery which have been brought to Dallas by these institutions.

The use of hypnosis in burns is a mutual co-operative project of the department of psychiatry and surgery. The studies involve a great deal of personnel, time and money. The doctors rush to the hospital at all hours of day and night when a severely burned patient comes in.

The institutions plan to continue these amazing studies.

MYSTERY OF THE SINKING ROAD

In April, 1954, six miles south from New Castle, Pa., a section of Route 18 caved in, carrying with it telephone poles, road signs and grass on both sides of the road. The sinking left a 450-yard gap in the road with a huge pit 50 feet deep.

The State Highway Department sent engineers from Harrisburg to determine the cause of the sinking and to repair it. The experts decided that a shifting clay stratum had caused the roadbed to sink and recommended that the hole be filled in.

For a week 1600 cubic feet of filler material was poured into the hole — 24,000 pounds altogether. The engineers were confident that they could fill the hole to the former road level — but suddenly the sinking began again. The new road sank 50 feet.

The State Highway Department gave up. It now appears that it will be necessary to build a bypass around this bottomless pit. The Pennsylvania Railroad already has closed its tracks nearby and rerouted traffic to another line.

Against warnings, he built the factory on land considered holy by the Assamese. Is that why bad luck followed him?

THE *Accursed* FACTORY

By W. J. Brands

To this day I consider myself the helpless victim of the curse which lay on a piece of land which I was ordered to invade.

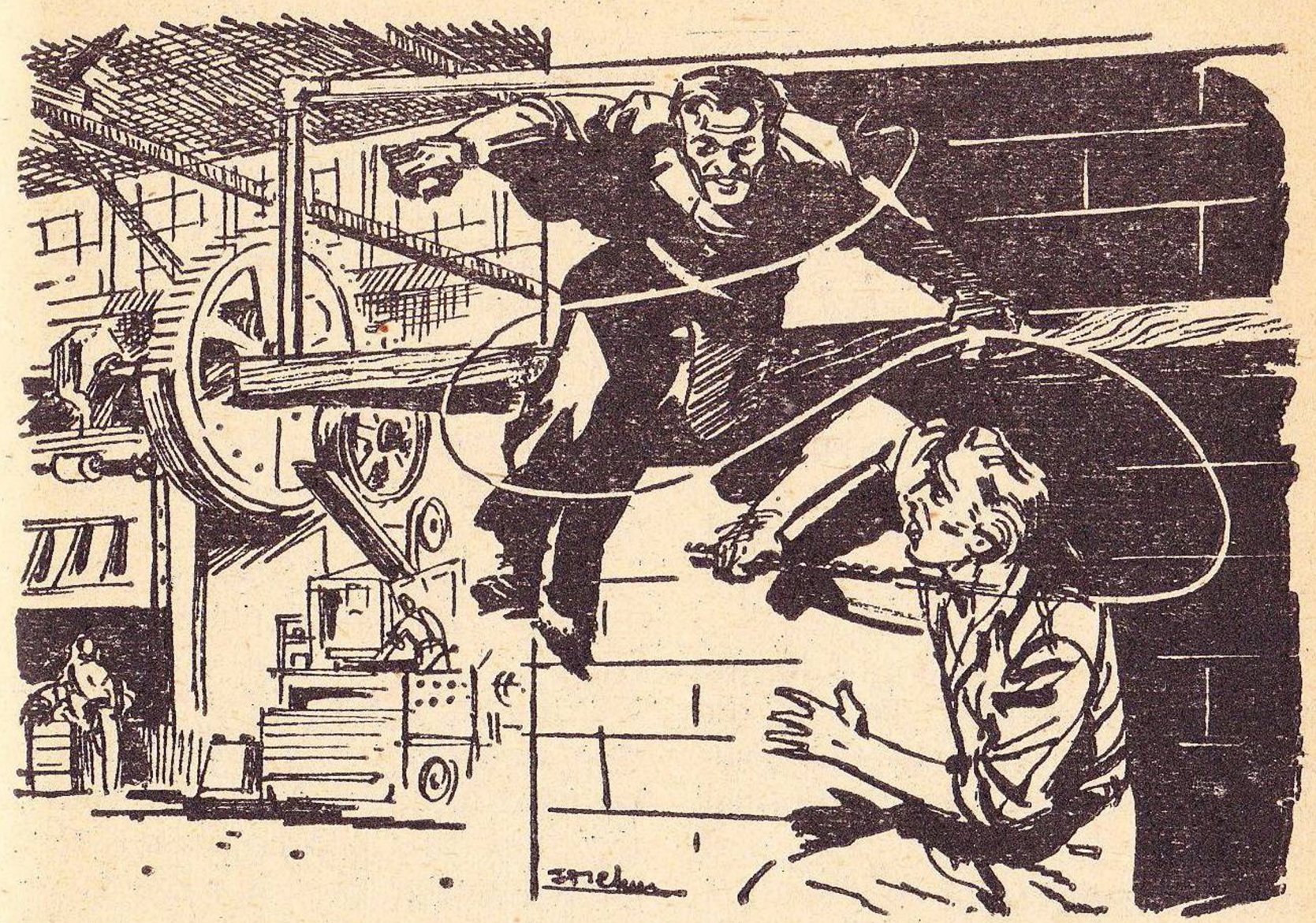
I was only a Tea Garden Assistant in this, my first post in India. I owed the Company my fare to that country as well as the cost of my horse. My job was to supervise the tea factory and any civil or mechanical engineering the 1200 acre estate required. To tie me further, the Company had given me a three years' contract which, at their choice, could be extended to five years. At the end of this period I would be granted a passage back to England and nine months leave on half pay. I was young and foolish or I would never have entered into this bondage.

It was during my third year when, one morning at breakfast on my back verandah, I heard the jingling of bullock bells in my front garden. I did not expect any heavy goods and it was too early an hour for travelling merchants. Wondering who my visitors could be I left my meal and went to the front verandah.

I saw that a cart drawn by two beautiful milk-white bullocks had entered. The animals were decorated with heavy tassels in gay colors. Both front and back the cart was shrouded by silken shawls. The driver, who had been sitting on the shaft, unyoked the bullocks, lifted the shawls and two veiled Assamese ladies stepped out. They mounted the bungalow steps and sat down. Both were dressed in the magnificent Assamese home-spun silk. One of them wore a heavily embroidered saree. She was the first to speak.

She gave the Hindoo greeting, "Rham Rham."

I replied: "Rham nahm soodah Hai." (The name of the God



Rham is the true one.)

My visitor spoke again, "Sahib, I hear that you intend to build a factory at Ketkibaree. Do not. It will bring you misfortune. For the Assamese this land is Holy."

"Lady," I replied. "I know nothing of such a plan., But should it be true, I cannot do anything against it. I am only a Chota Sahib (an assistant). I have to do what I am ordered. You should speak to the estate manager or the general manager in Nazirah."

"I have spoken to the Nazirah Burrah Sahib. He would not listen. He just laughed and said that any misfortune the scheme would cause, would fall on you, as you are to build the factory. So I came to warn you."

Joining the palms of her hands, she bowed and left with her companion.

You meet many strange situations in India but this was a complete surprise. I had heard nothing of the plan. Perhaps it was a bazaar rumor, as the land near Ketkibaree was a bare field of several acres lying close to our coal siding on the Assam Bengal Railway. I did think it was strange that dense scrubb jungle grew all around the land, but

these few acres were bare. Not even a weed struggled on them.

However, the lady's information proved correct. By the next mail runner I received an order from my manager to proceed to Gauhati to study the mustard oil manufacturing there. My chief told me that the General Manager had contracted with a native merchant to mill his oil seed free of charge. In return my company would keep the oil cake and use it as cattle fodder and fertilizer.

In the Gauhati factory I found that the prehistoric Indian oil mill had been somewhat modernized. In the past a blindfolded bullock had walked round and round, turning with his shaft a tub in which a heavy pestle stood. This pestle was anchored to a post. The seed was filled in from the top and the oil ran out through a hole in the bottom. From time to time the mill was stopped and the dry oil cake removed.

But in the mill I inspected an engine drove the shaft. The principle was the same but two mills were provided with gears and worked in couples. Now all woodwork except the tubs was replaced by steel and iron.

When I returned to my estate, I was ordered to collect two locomotive boilers and two engines from an abandoned estate at Ligri Pookree. There they had been lying for 30 years, overgrown with jungle creepers. Their condition gave me a bit of a shock. But with elephants I managed to get them to Ketkibaree where in the meantime, the factory had been built. I continued to feel uneasy about the project but now 120 mills were installed. They were in double rows and illuminated by three ordinary oil lamps, all the Company would provide.

It took me some time to patch up the boilers and engines. But finally we were ready to start.

Probably I should explain here that mustard oil is the standard fat used in North India for cooking. For the poorer classes the melted butter *ghee* is too expensive. To produce this universally used oil it was necessary to hire men of the oilmakers caste, *Talies*. I was lucky to find three brothers of this caste among my labor force. They were exceptionally nice fellows and pleased to do the work of their own caste.

I had not forgotten the warning of the Assamese Lady. But all my enquiries proved fruitless. Our labor was imported into Assam from India. Even the clerical staff came from a north western Mahomedan district. No one knew anything of the curse.

On the very first day an accident occurred. One of the *Talies* caught his hand in an oil tub. His fingers were crushed and had

to be amputated immediately.

A few nights later when I arrived at the mill, four miles away from my bungalow, the machinery was stopped. The clerk in charge explained that the tubs were being cleared of dry oil cake. The work was finished and then we were ready to start up again. This was done by turning on the steam and pulling the driving belt.

Instead of leaving this work to the engine driver, one of the *talies* went to help pull the belt. I was examining accounts when I noticed that the mill had started, then suddenly stopped. Shouting from the engine room made me rush there. I found my *talie* jammed into the vertical engine. One of the foundation bolts had stuck through his chin while his feet rested against the hot steam cylinder. The driver and his helper stood helpless. The shock had turned them to stone. I shut off the steam and released the badly injured man.

This second accident caused trouble in the mill. My men refused to work. They started packing up their luggage to return to the tea estate. After a lot of persuasion I managed to calm them. I gave the last of the three *talies* 25 rupies out of my own small salary and asked him to have a Hindoo priest come to bless the mill and exorcise the ghost.

I did not attend the ceremony but saw, a few days later, that some red powder had been sprinkled over the machines. My clerk told me that the priest had cleared the building of all evil influence. I hoped my troubles were ended.

It was not to be.

Since there was only one *talie* left night work became impossible. This meant that the mill had to close every night and the boilers fired up again in the morning. Consequently we used more coal than before. This proved to be grist on the General Manager's mill. Right from the start he had disliked me. My work in the tea house, however, had been so good that he could not find fault there. Now he had his chance to complain that I was using too much coal. I was caught on the horns of a dilemma. If I milled faster and used less fuel the Indian merchant claimed the seed was not properly treated, that a lot of oil was left in the cake. If I milled slower I was wasting fuel.

Every second day the General Manager came out to berate me, calling me a fool, a wastrel, threatening me with dismissal. If you remember my contract with the Company you will appreciate how miserable I felt. I had paid my debts to the firm but the little that was left would not buy my passage home.

Every week the estate managers

and assistants went to headquarters, where the samples of the week's tea were tasted and compared. On these occasions the managers from the other estates noticed my harrassed appearance and questioned my chief.

I know that he was disturbed about the way I was being treated but he was in a position similar to mine. His fiancee was travelling to India, to be married to him in Calcutta. He feared that any action on my behalf would prevent his getting the necessary leave.

Then, one day, one of the managers spoke to me, "Brands, we all know what is going on. We all think this state of affairs must have an end. Don't stand anymore. Fight back. If you get discharged, anyone of us will keep you as a guest until you get a new job."

This promise gave me fresh courage. I decided to follow his advice. Very soon my opportunity came.

One morning I was standing on a plank which was raised along the line of revolving mills. One of the pestles had become detached and I had mounted the narrow shelf to fasten it. Suddenly, a push in my back almost sent me into the turning gears. Recovering my balance I turned around. Below me stood the General Manager, red in the face with rage. He had pushed me with the staff of his flywhisp.

"Why don't you answer when I talk to you?" he shouted.

It was a ridiculous question. The churning of the 120 mills made it impossible to hear much of anything.

For a few seconds I gazed down at the raving man. Then I leaped at him. Jumping from the plank, with all my weight behind me, I crashed my fist into his face. He went down like a nine-pin. Sitting on his chest, I punched away at him. Three years of brutal mistreatment had to be paid.

Somebody grabbed my shoulder and pulled me back. It was my manager.. "That is enough, Brands, get up. You better go back to your bungalow and stay there until you hear from me."

I mounted my horse and went.

At home I nursed my bleeding knuckles, wondering what would happen now. The day passed without news.

The following morning a message came from my chief, calling me to his bungalow.

"I am sorry, Brands, I have bad news for you, as well as for myself. I got a letter from the G.M. Until the end of your contract you are transferred to Suntok Estate. After that, as the letter says, "owing to your strange behavior yesterday", you are discharged. I am sorry to lose you. You have been a great help to me and I am grateful for your

loyal work here. But I cannot assist you; you know how I am placed. However, any of the other managers will put you up until you find another post."

My last seven months were spent at Suntok. When my time was up I went to the head office at Nazirah to settle my accounts. The G.M., meanwhile, had left for England on a holiday. His subsitute, a senior manager, sympathized with me and provided me with an excellent certificate which enabled me to obtain a new post.

After I had bid him farewell, I passed through the office where his assistant sat.

"Cheerioh, H.", I called out to him.

"Hold on Brands," he answered. I have to tell you something. Sit down a minute. I could not speak to you before because the G.M. was here, but now I can let you know.

"You will be surprised to hear that all of us here expected that you would get into serious trouble. I will tell you the reason. Before the Ketkibaree Mill was started, a noble Assamese lady came to call on the General Manager. She begged him to place the mill elsewhere. He asked for her reasons. She told him that the field was holy ground. For hundreds of years the ashes of Assamese Princes had been scattered in the field, after their bodies had been burned on the funeral pyres.

"You will have noticed that nothing grows there. The Assamese think this is due to the curse laid on the land against anybody who disturbs its peace. Unfortunately you did just that."

He added that he, as well as my manager, had been forbidden to tell me of this curse. Of course I had known but was powerless to change company plans.

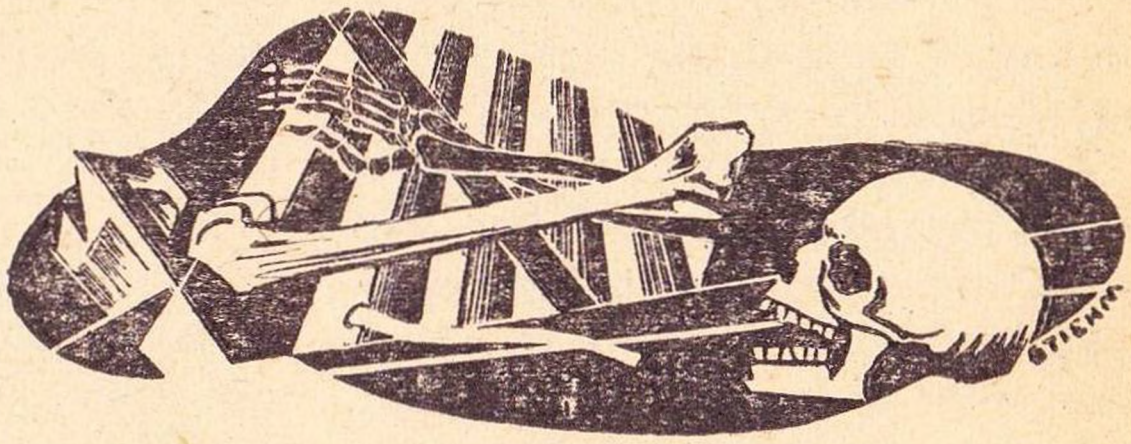
So I left. It was seven years before I saw home again. With the exception of my parents, all my relatives had become strangers to me. Then the death of my mother and father left me in such loneliness that I went out East again. This time for 16 years. I paid a heavy debt, indeed, before the curse was laid.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

IN Foggia, Italy, after having been married for 20 years, Michele l'Erario and his wife Maria suffered heart attacks on the same day and were confined to bed. Several weeks later me." She died less than 10 minutes later.
Michele died after telling Maria, "Our time has come. Follow

mystery of the LEAD FILLED BONES

The skeleton was very old — and very heavy. Every hollow bone of it had been filled with lead.



By Philip Bartholomew

In the year 1748, in the parish church of Axminister in Devonshire, England, a vault was dug for an important burial. During the excavation, several human bones were unearthed. They were extremely heavy. When they were broken open it was found that they were filled with lead. A thigh bone, so loaded, made a heavy ponderous club.

Similarly the skeleton of a man was found buried in the north aisle of the parish church of Newport Pagnell in Buckinghamshire. The skeleton was oriented north and south. Every hollow bone of this body was filled with lead. The skull was solid with lead and placed on the scales weighed 30 pounds, six ounces. The spinal column was likewise filled with lead which made it a solid continuous piece. The burial seemed to be very old and it was unmarked. The bones were placed in a little chest which was kept in the church near the original burial place. Unless they have been removed by some overzealous rector, they still can be seen.

At Badwell-Ash church in Sussex, old burials commonly produce lead-filled bones. In one case, a lead-filled femur weighed over four pounds. There is no suggested explanation for these lead-filled bones.

However, at Gravesend, in 1727, the parish church was destroyed by a fire which also leveled most of the town. The old church was known to have had a lead roof. It is thought that the lead melted

and ran into the cellar crypts and into the surrounding ground. Many years later, when lead was scarce and bringing a high price, the ruins were dug over to extract as much lead as possible. All of the hollows of the ground seem to have been filled with lead. It was traced into several crypts and graves in the body of the church. It also was found to have filled the bones of several burials in the immediate vicinity.

In this last case the lead could be traced definitely to the melted roof. In the other cases, however, the lead was confined to the bones of a church burial. It did not extend into the grave itself.

Is it possible that at some ancient period an attempt was made to preserve the bones of important persons by injecting molten lead into them? But if the purpose was to preserve the bones of important personages for a long period, why were the lead-filled burials unmarked?

The entire question still puzzles archaeologists.

TELEPATHY OR GUESSWORK?

PEOPLE who can foretell the future are brilliant guessers, according to Brian Welbeck, an English psychologist and a columnist for *Reynolds News*. Welbeck has been investigating the abilities of clairvoyants in England.

In each case, he says, he was certain that the clairvoyant knew nothing of him. However, one told him that he had a strong association with the Sussex coast. Welbeck admits that he spends most of his week-ends there.

Among other things the clairvoyants told him correctly are that he is a psychologist working with children as well as adults, that he lives in a corner house bearing the number five and that his father suffers from a leg ailment. Welbeck confirmed that his father walks with crutches.

He says, however, the clairvoyants were wrong when they told him he had exceptional musical talent, owned a dog and planned to move to New Zealand. Nevertheless, it appears that about 50 per cent of what he was told is correct.

Welbeck says he was "deliberately unco-operative" but he feels the clairvoyants obtained clues to his thoughts from unconscious changes in his tone of voice and facial expression, as well as from slight changes in muscular tension. However, he says he is inclined to believe that some persons claiming to be clairvoyant do possess some sort of sixth sense or mental supersensitivity.

EUROPE'S Strange Sensitives

A strange class of sensitives lived during the 19th Century in Europe. They claimed no psychic powers and practiced no occultism. They were not spiritualist, clairvoyant, or telepathic. They possessed a different kind of extra sensory perception. Because of it they did amazing things and had startling experiences.

Their uncanny experiences were confined to sensory organs with no chance factors involved. They were consistent under identical conditions. Some had the powers of rhabdomancy (divination by wands) aided only by their sensations. Others saw the poles of magnets glow with light. One woman was knocked unconscious when she unwittingly touched a quartz crystal.

This woman, unaware that she was sensitive, arrived at Bad Gastein, Austria, for the purpose of bathing in the hot springs of that resort. Needing money to pay for her baths she hired out as a light housekeeper to a local physician, Dr. Gustav Proll. Nothing unusual happened until the morning she was dusting in a room where several cabinets of the Doctor's mineral collection were housed. A fine specimen of a rock-quartz crystal lay on a table where Dr. Proll had left it the night before. The housekeeper noticed it only as a pretty stone. In order to dust off the table she reached to move the crystal. The instant she touched it she screamed and collapsed on the floor.

Dr. Proll, sitting in the next room, jumped to his feet. Rushing in he found his housekeeper unconscious, her body contorted apparently in agony. After considerable effort he revived her. Getting to her feet she stared, through tears, at the offending crystal. Trembling with fear she pointed at it and gasped, "That stone hurt me."

She had been hurt; the Doctor could see it. She was not faking. "But a quartz crystal," he wondered, "how could a mere stone



By Frank Harford

The subjects were not clairvoyant, telepathic or mediumistic. They heard and saw magnetism, felt and tasted the vibrations of minerals.

cause such terrible agony?"

Other learned men wondered too. One particularly interested man was the wealthy manufacturer and scientist, Baron Karl von Reichenbach. He is remembered today for his discovery of creosote and paraffin. He spent many years investigating supernormal phenomena; those strange, inexplicable happenings which occur to seemingly ordinary people. In two of his books, *Dynamiten* and *Der Sensitive Mensch,* published in Germany, Baron Reichenbach records hundreds of his experiments with these strange European sensitives.

One among them was a secretary named Billing who saw a luminous figure always over a certain spot in his master's garden on dark nights. In company with others Reichenbach watched with Billing on a few moonless nights. No one, except Billing, saw the ghost. He, however, insisted it was there. So Reichenbach hired some workmen to dig up that particular spot. They found a human skeleton, covered with lime. The bones and all traces of lime were removed. Then the hole was refilled with fresh earth. Billing no longer and never again saw a luminous figure there. He did continue to see hovering luminations above certain graves in cemeteries.

Reichenbach reasoned that the chemical reaction of decaying

matter created a luminous gas which emanated from the grave to hover in space above it. This theory might have held if only graves had been concerned. It broke down when other sensitives saw luminations emanating from various objects.

The Vienna artist, Gustavus Anschutz, could see rock crystals and magnets glowing in the dark. Even his wife's face and hands became illuminated in the dark when he looked at her.

A young lady of 29 declared that rock crystals not only shine in the dark, but also emit a bluish flame. Unable to touch a crystal because of the violent pain it gave her, she had a handle attached to one and carried it for a nightlight. She walked about with ease where others groped and stumbled.

Fourteen years after Reichenbach's death the recently organized London Society for Psychical Research decided to investigate these strange sensitives. A committee was formed, plans made for a closely controlled experiment, and three known sensitives selected for the test. An electro-magnet was chosen as the instrument to be used. It could be accurately and secretly magnetized and demagnetized at will, unbeknown to the sensitive under test. The three sensitives did not know each other and each was tested separately, at a different time.

While sitting in a dark room, in company with committeemen, and at a distance from a magnet controlled electrically from an adjoining room, each sensitive immediately became aware of the "make" and "break" of the magnet. On April 24, 1883, this committee issued a report in which it said:

" . . .there is a prima facia case for the existence, under conditions not yet determined, of a peculiar and unexplained luminosity resembling phosphorescence, in the region immediately around the magnetic poles, and visible only to certain individuals."

The committee readily admitted that their test, "Agreed generally with the evidences recorded by Reichenbach." They noted also that there were, "Indications of other sensory effects of magnetism." This fact had been observed by Reichenbach and his colleagues on numerous occasions, included objects other than magnets and involved all five sensory organs. Reichenbach evolved the theory of "od-emanations", meaning a force discharged from matter, instantly observed by supersensory or extrasensory preception. It might be explained today on the atomic radiation theory. C. G. Raue, M. D., writing in his *Psychology as a Natural Science applied to the solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena,* 1889, calls this peculiar sensitiveness, "The

primitive psychic forces." He thinks we all have them in some degree.

An instance of audio-sensitiveness recorded by Reichenbach is that of a Miss Nowotny. She heard sounds like, "the dying away tone of an Aeolian harp," "like the sound of a tuning fork just when it ceases to vibrate," when she *listened* to the poles of a magnet. Two other persons heard the same thing but only intermittently.

Olfactory sensitives who were pushed could identify metals by smell alone. Some could distinguish between healthy and sick persons by odor. Others distinguished between the poles of a magnet by smell. Under test they identified the north pole of a magnet as having an acidic odor; the south pole had a disagreeable alkaline smell. There were some who could not stand near a rock crystal because of its "sickening odor."

Sensitiveness by taste was noted in a few who experienced unpleasant sensations in the tongue when they handled metals. Others could tell which foods had been cooked in different metal utensils. Reichenbach said, "In general, sensitive persons prefer acidulated to sweet and fatty foods."

Like Dr. Proll's housekeeper several sensitives received a shocking pain upon touching rock crystal. None could be induced to touch one after the first experience.

The famous Switzerland historian and member of the Grand Council, Johann Heinrich Zschokke, experimented with sensitives having the power of divination. Among his many subjects was the scientifically educated Abbot of St. Urban Monastery, in Canton Luzerne. His prize sensitive was a young lady named Katharine Beutler from Canton Thurgau. Her sensitivity surpassed any of whom he knew or had heard, he said.

"I led her," Zschokke declared, "on several occasions, in company with a friend of hers, into regions unknown to both where, however, to my knowledge subterranean layers of salt, ore, and sweet water canals were situated. In no instance was she misled by her miraculous sensitiveness."

Unlike modern day dowsers Miss Beutler had no need for a rod or pendulum. Her "feelings" were her only indication of the presence of a mineral or water. Gypsum always gave her a spasm of choking. Deposits of coal created a sensation of bodily warmth, so did sulphur which was "a different kind of warmth." She said, "I cannot explain it." Anhydrite, a calcium sulphate, caused a stinging sensation on her tongue, like pepper. When near copper she experienced a, "warm, bitter water taste." An underground lay-

er of salt produced a salty taste and perspiration on her lower arms. When in the immediate vicinity of water she explained her sensation as "a feeling like a column of water rising up in my body and dripping down again, drop by drop."

You would hardly expect to find one more sensitive than Katherine Beutler. Nevertheless, it was Frau von Seckendorf, a sensitive in Carlsbad, Bohemia, who gave what is, perhaps, the most amazing demonstration of sensitiveness on record. Jons Jakob Berzelius, one of the world's greatest chemists, received the shock of his scientific life during an experiment with her.

Berzelius heard about von Seckendorf's peculiar sensitiveness and wished to test it. He got in touch with his friend Reichenbach and had him make arrangements for an experiment. Only Berzelius knew that the test would involve a principle in electrochemistry, a scientific process which he himself had developed, and a subject of which the sensitive, von Seckendorf, was totally ignorant.

The day of the test in 1845, arrived. Berzelius, Reichenbach and a friend, Dr. Hochberger, met Frau von Seckendorf in Carlsbad. Together they went to a selected room furnished only with a bare table. Berzelius carried a box from which he took a large number of small, securely wrapped parcels, spreading them upon the table. None but Berzelius knew the contents of the parcels.

He turned to the lady. "Frau von Seckendorf," he requested, "pass your hand over these parcels and tell me what sensations you have."

Slowly her hand passed over each one. Pausing, she said, "This one, I feel a drawing sensation in my hand." At another one she told him, "Here, I feel no sensation at all."

He watched her closely for awhile. Then he interrupted, "Now separate these parcels according to your sensations and arrange them into two rows."

She separated the parcels quickly. In a few minutes her task was completed. She stepped back from the table.

Berzelius stepped forward to inspect the results. Each parcel contained a different mineral chemical substance. He began to unwrap them. His surprise mounted with each unwrapping. When he had finished he surveyed the two rows in astonishment. For each row of minerals was arranged in natural electrical series. The minerals that had caused the "drawing sensation", arranged in one row, all had an electro-positive conductivity in accordance with electrochemistry. The other row which had produced no sensation were electro-negative, every-

one. She made no mistake.

Staring at what was seemingly impossible, the great Berzelius cried, "Great God! By the simple guidance of her sensations, this sensitive person has effected in 10 minutes the work science required a century to do."

ANGEL AT THE WHEEL

By Candida Dee

On Sunday August 29, 1954, Vera Cordoba was married to Manuel Arias in the church of the Coronation in Mexico City.

After the ceremony the wedding party and friends went to the Casino Vera Cruz for lunch. Champagne flowed and all was happiness and laughter.

At three o'clock the bride's uncle Othon Cordoba, drove his mother to her home, and returned about four to find the guests leaving.

He had had just one glass of wine before he drove his mother home, and that only to drink the health of the young couple. He was suffering from a stomach ulcer, which is not conducive to imbibing alcohol.

As he was driving the bride and groom, and two other nieces who had been bride's maids to his brother's home, he said, "Why have I come this way? I never have before. I always go the other way."

No sooner had he said this than a bus, passing a stop signal, crashed into his car.

The bride's collar-bone was fractured, and her cousin's head was cut severely. The bridegroom suffered a dislocated arm and the uncle had three broken ribs.

An ambulance took them to the hospital. The uncle and the driver of the bus later were taken to the police station for questioning.

On Monday evening, after being released on bail, Mr. Cordoba went immediately to his brother's home. He found the family in hysterics. Until then he had puzzled over why he had taken the route that had led to the accident with the bus.

"Othon, my dear brother," his brother greeted him, "I am sorry that this happened to you, but if it were not for the accident I would have neither daughter nor son-in-law today." He handed his brother the afternoon paper, pointing to a headline that read:

"Bus to Guadalajara goes over precipice. Explosion, All 21 passengers killed."

The bride and groom had reserved seats on that bus for their honeymoon trip. — *Mexico City, Mexico.*



Eugene Y. Burroughs

I LIVE WITH A POLTERGEIST

By Eugene Y. Burroughs

As told to Mary Ellen Carter

WHEN Henry Stone and I meet in the same room an Invisible Force moves cookstoves, suitcases, coats and other objects. Anything is liable to happen. That's the way it has been ever since Henry and I were boys. I cannot explain it but I can tell you my strange story.

Henry is one of the best fishermen on the Atlantic Seaboard although he's been blind since he was nine years old. His family always have been fishermen, as far back as he knows. It was shortly after the accident that totally blinded him — a gunshot wound in one eye — that the manifestation we call "Old Crump" began.

It was also shortly after the death of my uncle, Billy Cox, that we first got acquainted with our poltergeist.

I'm 65 now and am the mechanical engineer for the Mayflower Hotel, in Virginia Beach. When Henry and I first met up with "Old Crump" I was about eight, living in Princess Anne County, Virginia, on a farm not far from the little town of Sigma. The house was filled up with company that first night and Henry and I had to sleep on a pallet on the parlor floor.

I was almost asleep when I was suddenly roused by my pillow sliding away from under my head. I grabbed it back.

"What are trying to do, Henry?" I grumbled.

"Me?" protested Henry. "I didn't do anything." With that, *his* pillow zipped across the floor and he said, "Stop it, Eugene."

We began to argue, then to fight. My father came in and made us be quiet. When we told him about our pillows, he laugh-

ed. After he left we got frightened. Things, like cats, kept walking across our feet.

But when that harrowing night was over we soon forgot about it — until the next time we spent the night at my house. We began to enjoy the funny antics of our pillows. We tried to make things happen. We found that there were no poltergeist activities (we learned this word years later) when we were not together. Only Henry Stone and I together were able to create the mischief with "Crump." Wherever we were together, "Crump" made objects, heavy or light, even people, go sailing about, irrespective of gravity, thick walls or the personal wishes of those present.

Some time in the winter of 1906 when I was about 17 my parents had to be away from home for a week. I got Henry and another boy, named Joe Walters, to stay with me. Henry and I looked forward to having some fun with Joe.

The first night nothing much happened except we couldn't keep our pillows or covers on the beds. Even so Joe wanted to go home the next morning but we persuaded him to stay on with us.

The second night the pillows and blankets acted up again. On the third night we decided to catch the Invisible Force. We went to my room on the second floor. After locking all windows and doors we knew there was only one place where Crump could enter — through the stove-pipe hole in the chimney.

Henry agreed to sit by the chimney. When we were sure "Crump" was in the room he was to put heavy cardboard over the hole. Then it would be up to Joe and me to catch "Old Crump".

Joe and I went to bed.

It wasn't long before Henry yelled, "He's got my hand!"

Joe and I rushed to him but he had been *dragged under the bed!* The cardboard had been torn in two. We were very frightened. We decided to keep the lamp burning and to sit up the rest of the night.

On the fourth day I had to beg Joe and Henry to stay another night. Henry had been blinded by the gunshot blast several years before this and what was happening must have been more terrifying to him than to Joe and me.

"A mysterious force goes into action when Henry Stone and I get together. It moves objects and people."

But they both stayed another night. Hardly had we put out the light when our pillows and covering sailed off. We let "Crump" take everything he wanted this time. Afterwards he threw it all back on the beds. A big, old-fashioned rocking chair hopped onto my bed. The longer it stayed, the heavier it got! It took me 30 minutes to get that chair off the bed.

We put the chair, the pillows, and the covers out in the hall. The pillows and covers went into a big camphor chest. We went back into the room locking the door with an old-fashioned night latch. As we lay in bed again in the dark, talking, we felt the pillows and covers fall onto the beds. In another moment the chair, which we'd placed out in the hall, was back on my bed.

I checked the door. It was *still locked.*

I spent the fifth night alone. I kept two lamps burning and didn't rest much.

The sixth night Stone and Boyd Beecham, who is dead now, spent the night with me. After a half hour, our shoes fell heavily onto the bed. The covers crept away. I thought that "Crump" never worked in the light and, since we were in no mood to go without blankets that night, we lit a lamp. I'd scarcely gotten into bed when the lamp flew over from the dresser about 15 feet away, and nudged me. It was still burning. I returned it to the dresser and wearily crawled back into bed. The lamp sailed right back and sat on us again.

We got a lantern and a piece of rope from the barn but now the lantern jumped onto the bed. I tied the lantern to the bedpost with the rope, whereupon the lantern began to rattle.

"You can jump as much as you please," I told the lantern, "but you can't get on the bed this time."

With that the bed turned bottom up.

Henry and I did not get together again with "Old Crump" until two years later in April, 1908. We were working for *Stephens and Easter Fish Company* then, at their packing house at Virginia Beach. Near the camp was a bunk house and kitchen. One night about 9:30 we decided to bunk there after a hard day's work.

During the night a terrible crash shattered the quiet. The pipes of the kitchen cookstove at the far end of the house had fallen. The stove came sailing 25 feet in mid-air — to stop by our beds. I jumped out of the window and the stove crashed to the floor. Three men came over from the nearby camp and helped us put the stove back.

The next night several fellows from the other camp saw shoes,

clothing, fishing gear, everything thrown onto the bunks — except the stove.

After the men returned to their camp we went to bed with the lantern lit. It landed on us, still lighted. Harry Flanagan, plant engineer, came by and suggested we tie the lantern. With us, he saw the lantern rattle and jerk from its lashing. It sat on us; then, after five minutes, flew back to the floor and sat. When the lantern came back to us we grabbed it. The upper frame stayed in our hands but the bottom section and chimney fell to the floor.

When I left to spend the rest of the night at the nearby camp, nothing else happened.

As the years went by, we came to call our meetings "seances" for want of a better word. Neighbors, friends and strangers, too, came to our meetings, usually held on Saturday nights. We met at Stone's home, or in a barn. We met in a hotel room one time.

Once Stone and I met unexpectedly on a street in Norfolk. Immediately stones, bottles, other things began rolling toward us. We had to get off the street before we alarmed the passersby.

"Crump" even played the piano once. It was the time we went to the Mackintosh farm in Princess Anne County. I took an old friend of mine, C. L. "Slick" Whitehurst, who weighed 230 pounds, with me. He'll tell you that he was tossed about like a rag doll, by "Crump." The oil lamps had blown out and after about 30 minutes all six of us — Henry, Slick, the Whitehursts and I — were piled upon the floor.

A shower of kitchen matches fell over us. Then, as Lena Whitehurst, our hostess, began to call off the articles in the next room in response to her husband's remark that there was no one in the next room, she uttered the word *piano.* Suddenly, we heard played on that instrument the hymn, *"Nearer, My God, To Thee.*

There *was* no one in the room! Moreover, the windows were all shut and screened.

Doctors, scientists, newspapermen and lawyers have all sat with us. Many have accused us of faking. But those who have taken the time to investigate agreed these phenomena could not be faked.

Henry and I have never considered commercializing our talent for poltergeists because *we can't control it.* Furthermore, we can't find out from "Old Crump" who or what he is.

Dr. J. Malcolm Byrd, of the Scientific American, investigated us back in 1925 and told us to try communicating with "Old Crump" by means of taps. Through Mr. Richard B. Taylor, his representative, Dr. Boyd told us that we could talk to this Invisible Force and that we would

be answered. He said that it was possible for a voice to answer but this has never happened. He prescribed a simple code by which we could communicate with the Force.

The first time we tried to talk to "Crump" was at 12:30 the night of July 5th, 1925. We went out to the barn so as not to disturb Mrs. Stone. After about five minutes in the inky blackness, Crump threw some sticks into my lap.

I said, "Invisible Force, I have been informed that you will talk to us. If so, speak."

No response.

"How about talking to you in code?" I said. "One knock for 'yes,' two knocks for 'no.' Three knocks for 'I don't know." If this is satisfactory, knock once."

We heard one really loud knock.

My stomach contracted with fear. I had had a thousand questions to ask him and all of them left me. I did managed to ask, "Who are you?" He replied "Uncle Billy", my mother's uncle whom I had known as a small boy and who died only a few years prior to the beginning of the poltergeist activity.

We still called him "Old Crump."

Since then we have talked to the Invisible Force and gotten answers to nearly every question we asked. There were times when he did not reply. We have found we get better results *when the moon is full.*

Among the predictions we have received was the predicted victory of Tunney over Dempsey. Once "Crump" foretold the passage of a county bond issue. Another time, when we had a roomful of people, he told us that among those present were four members of the Ku Klux Klan.

After his investigation Dr. Boyd told me, "Please don't make the Force mad because you don't know what you are dealing with nor how much harm it may do you."

We've never made the Force mad as far as we know. No one has been hurt by it – except a few who have hurt themselves in their haste to get away from a seance.

"Old Crump" can create all kinds of physical noises, for instance the "rip" of stitches torn apart, or the grinding of a hole being bored through the wall, or music from a piano.

One time, when my Uncle Jerome came in to see us at Sigma, a lot of toilet articles came into the room.

"I bet nothing else moves in the room while I'm propped against the door," said Uncle Jerome.

At that moment we heard a boring sound as of an auger boring a hole through the wall. Then a Coca-Cola bottle appeared in Uncle Jerome's hand. He mark-

ed it to identify and put it in another part of the room. It returned to him as mysteriously as before.

Some persons have experienced a cold rush of air on their cheek, or the feeling of being rapped on their legs, or of having ice put down their back. These are in addition to the lifting and transporting of heavy objects.

Once a pillow in my hands began to breathe like a living thing! I beat on the pillow to make it stop but it jumped out of my arms and slid across the room.

Stone and I met a man named Etheridge, from St. Brides, Va. He wanted us to hold a seance for him and a few of his friends. I told him we couldn't control the Force and we had stopped holding seances for public entertainment. But he insisted so a seance was arranged. Etheridge seemed to think we might operate by tricks. He told me he was not going to allow us to set up any wiring or other paraphernalia.

This was Thursday evening. On the following Tuesday the papers carried big headlines saying that Stone and Burroughs were going to hold a seance in Girkins Hall in Norfolk, that night.

We had to have a police escort to get there. Etheridge had so many "friends."

Also on the bill were a couple of old friends of mine, the Randalls. He was a good magician, and she a fine hypnotist. There was an orchestra to play, too, while we waited for the Force to begin to work.

We waited an hour. Nothing happened. I asked my Spiritualist friends present if they knew something we could do to hurry things up. The crowd was getting impatient. About 25 of us joined hands and said a prayer.

In a few minutes a young lady opposite me rose to her feet. She put her hands out and in a moment sailed over to me. She traveled a distance of 12 feet after swaying a moment there in her place. Fortunately I was able to catch her. I gave her a hard push and let go. She stretched out in a horizontal position about two feet above the floor, her arms still straight in the air. She was lowered slowly to the floor during a period of about five minutes. I then tried to stand her up straight but she was completely rigid. We called a doctor. He checked her and whispered in my ear, "Burroughs, she's dead. She has no heart beat nor pulse."

I asked him how she could become rigid in so short a time. I was alarmed. A friend of mine, Captain Ford, helped the doctor and me to stand her on her feet. She was so stiff you could have broken her fingers like match sticks. The Randalls told me to tell her she was all right.

I did that. I kept repeating it and after 10 minutes, she drew a long breath. She came to, relaxed and we were able to sit her on a chair.

I asked her to explain to the audience that she was not a part of the show and to tell us what had happened to her. She said she didn't remember anything after joining hands. That the very next thing she knew, she was sitting in the chair. She also told us she was Mrs. Mudge, wife of a Naval commander, a Roman Catholic by faith.

The Randalls said they thought I was gifted with the power of levitation and simply had lost control of my subject.

I have been suspended in mid-air many times. Other persons too, have been transported about the room during sittings. I never had attributed this power to myself, but always to the Invisible Force. Certainly I was not conscious of any will to transport myself or any one else.

Once Stone and I were riding together in an automobile when it suddenly refused to run. When I got out it ran as smoothly as before.

Another time we and two friends held a sitting in my father's barn. As we approached the barn entrance, we were met by a corn planter coming toward us. There was no one with it. We caught the planter and tried to take it back to the barn. It was a job, holding that planter. It rolled out in the yard for some distance and fell over. It was an old Saint Clair and would not stand up alone.

Inside the barn, we sat in the section where there were a lot of farm implements, among them a grass scythe. It came down from its hook on the wall and fell across Rob Whitehurst's lap.

Another time we had friends in the house at Sigma when a shot gun came into the room. We found it was loaded with five shells which we cautiously removed.

Many people have tried to catch the Force, to trick him, to take his picture. Amateur and professional investigators have sat with us to solve our riddle. One photographer who brought his camera to take pictures one night, was heaved, camera and all, out the door.

Hugh Lynn Cayce, noted investigator, lecturer and manager of the Association for Research and Enlightenment, Inc., at Virginia Beach, met with us a great number of times during the '30s.

He says, "Some of the meetings were held at my home, then on 35th street. My father, the late Edgar Cayce, was present at the first sitting with Stone and Burroughs. (Edgar Cayce was a famed clairvoyant who gave psychic readings for thousands of people

during his lifetime.) Other meetings were held at Burrough's apartment in Norfolk, I remember, and I attended others at Stone's home in Sigma. Also, we once held a meeting at a church in Princess Anne County. Contrarily, whenever I was present, the Forces were not very active. On one occasion, a phenomenon did occur which I could not explain. It was during a sitting at Stone's house. Several young boys were there with us. It was pitch dark and I sat between Burroughs and Stone, with one foot on one of Stone's feet, and my hand and other foot on Burroughs.

"A picture came off the wall. I got up and put it back, winding the wire about the nail to make it more secure. Then I insisted that Burroughs and Stone stand in the middle of the room. Again the picture came off the wall. This I can't explain.

"On another occasion there was a pounding noise, but no movement.

"I have talked to many honest, intelligent people who certainly believe they heard and saw all manner of poltergeist activity."

Mr. J. G. Pratt, of the Parapsychological Laboratory, at Duke University, planned to investigate our poltergeist six years ago, in 1949.

Dr. J. B. Rhine, head of the Laboratory wrote in part, "If, as I understand, the phenomena almost never occur in full light, we might arrange for observation through the infra-red gunsight developed during the war. I presume that this idea would appeal to both you and Mr. Stone provided we could borrow the equipment."

I wrote back saying we were very pleased with the prospects of an investigation by Rhine and his staff. I pointed out that we have our best results on moonlit nights, and added that the infrared gunsight would be agreeable to Stone and myself.

Mr. Pratt had his bags packed in readiness for his visit to us that summer of 1949, but we had a wire from him at the last moment saying his son had been struck down by a truck and injured his hip. Pratt's trip had to be called off.

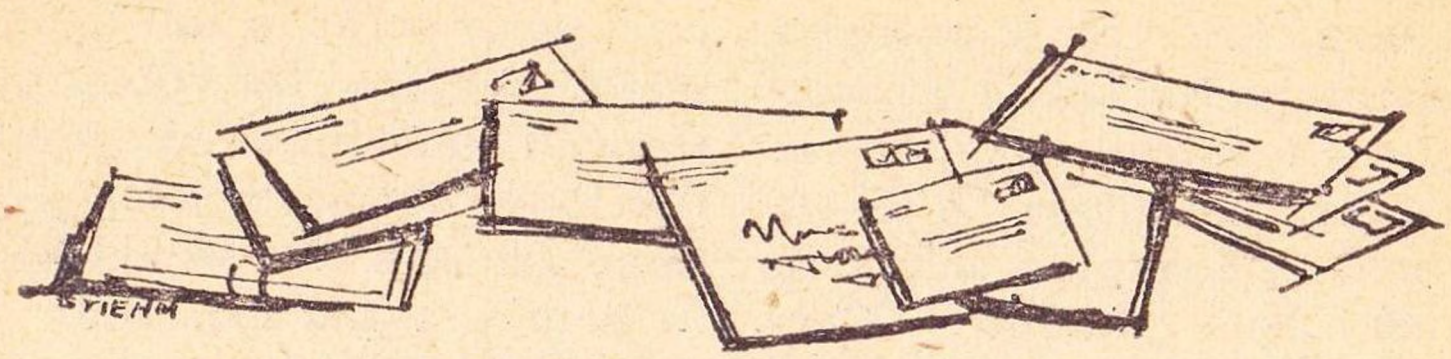
There have been no further plans for an investigation by the staff of Duke University so far as I know. But I keep hoping I'll understand, some day, about the strange powers that Henry Stone and I possess.

We have discovered that our sons also engender the Force, when they meet. Is it inherited?

Is the Force part of our subconscious minds?

Is it mischievous spirits that enjoy our amazement at their pranks?

Or is it really Uncle Billy Cox?



Message from the Mail

The medicinal odor filled the house — yet it vanished when I put down the letter I was holding.

By Beulah Oswalt

To my delight I have accidently discovered the art of psychometry.

Psychometry is to touch or hold an object in one's hand and be able to know certain facts about the object itself and/or the person or persons who have owned or handled the object previously. The definiteness of the impressions one receives depend mainly on the strength of the owners' characters and personalities. A weak personality leaves a weak impression, while a strong personality leaves a vivid and forceful impression.

One morning in the fall of 1954, after getting my husband off to work and my daughter off to school, I walked out on the front porch to pick up the mail. Our box is attached to a slender pole on the front of the house. There were several letters and pamphlets. I glanced at the top one, an advertisement, and went back inside. Just as I closed the door I suddenly perceived a strong medicinal odor.

It smelled like ether and was momentarily so heavy that I found myself gasping for breath. Fearing that a bottle of medicine had spilled I ran immediately to the medicine chest in the bathroom. I found the bottles undisturbed. The odor continued so strong I spent the next half hour frantically searching the house. Then, fearing the smell would penetrate my curtains and draperies, I placed the letters, I still had clutched in my hand, on a nearby

table. The very minute I let go of the letters the odor disappeared completely.

I was baffled. Just a second before my house had smelled like a hospital; now, the air was sweet with the smell of the roses I had cut that morning. I finally shrugged and tried to dismiss the incident.

I turned again to my mail. When I picked up the letters the odor returned. I deliberately placed them back on the table and the odor disappeared. I knew now it must have something to do with the mail.

I went through the envelopes and on the bottom was a letter from a very good friend of mine who recently had gotten himself into a jam. He is a doctor and a fine surgeon. I believe I received this psychic impression so strongly because this man was troubled by his recent experiences and many of his friends had deserted him. In his letter he begged me to write to him.

Not too long afterward I had another very interesting brush with psychometry. I was seated on the floor of my den going over old books from the bookcases. It was my intention to discard some of the oldest books and replace them with newer and more interesting ones. I came across a book which a dear friend, a minister, had loaned me when I was a member of his congregation. After my husband died I moved away from that neighborhood, this friend, sent us a photograph of himself. I had slipped the photograph between the pages of the book. As I took the book from the shelf, thinking to return it to its rightful owner, the photograph fell to the floor. I picked it up.

In doing this I suddenly felt myself to be in another place. I knew that I was sitting on the floor in my den, but another part of my consciousness seemed to be somewhere in a large city. Ahead of me was a large church with a tall steeple. I could not tear my eyes away from this church steeple. As I watched, a very strange thing happened. The steeple began to bend. Slowly, it bent until it made a complete arch. The spire of the steeple pointed toward the ground. I instinctively felt this was a bad omen concerning my friend. I knew that in someway this minister's spiritual life was suffering, that he was turning more to the world and away from God. I was distressed.

Two weeks later I visited a friend of mine who also had been a member of this minister's congregation.

"Did you hear about Rev. Stevens?" she asked.

I replied, "is something wrong?"

"Yes," she answered. "He has asked for a divorce."

I remembered my vision of the

church steeple. This man headed a church which did not believe in divorce. It was necessary for him to resign his position.

This same year I received a Christmas card from a friend, Bessie. As I opened it I received the impression of a post office. A quietness surrounded the place and I noticed particularly a large clock on the wall. The hands of the clock were stopped at exactly three o'clock. I felt that this Christmas card had been dropped into the outgoing mail slot in the post office at exactly that time. I picked up the envelope and turned it over. The time stamped on the letter was 3 p.m.

Yet another time, a neighbor, Dot, and myself were lying out in the back yard taking a sun bath. Our suntan lotion, dark glasses and other supplies were on the blanket beside us. Dot suddenly sat up, saying that she had to go home for a minute but she would be right back. I watched her as she opened the gate and went around the building.

I picked up the suntan lotion, rubbed it briskly onto my legs and then lay back down. Five minutes later the sun made my eyes start to smart. Without looking my fingers found a pair of sun glasses on the blanket beside me. The instant I touched the glasses I received a strong smell of soap. I reached up and took them off. Inspection showed they belonged to Dot. I was certain at that very minute she was either washing out something or was handling soap or soap powder for some reason.

When she came back I asked her what she had been doing while she was gone.

"Oh," she said, "I forgot to put some clothes in the automatic washer. They were beginning to look a little dingy so I dumped practically a whole box of soap powder in with them." Another impression had proved correct!

Just how one could develop psychometry, I do not know. With me it was spontaneous.

SUBMARINE SIMILARITY

THE floor of the central part of the Arctic Ocean shows a complicated pattern like that of the Mediterranean Sea, Russian scientists who accompanied the Soviet Polar Expeditions of 1954 reported recently in *Voks*, a Russian cultural magazine. They state also that the central Arctic ice is not a solid mass of ancient ice-pack but consists of fields of ice of different thicknesses.

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.

THE PHANTOM KNOCKER

By Hal Falvey

My parents live in an isolated farmhouse near Newaygo, Mich. My father sleeps soundly, my mother lightly.

At about 3:30 A.M. on August 8, 1953, Mother heard a loud knocking at the front door. She rose, opened the door and found nobody there. After she returned to bed the noise repeated. Again she investigated and found nobody.

Puzzled, Mother wrote my wife, Mary, and me about this experience. Mary has clairvoyant abilities, which I have described in an article in the October, 1951, issue of *FATE*. She went into a light trance and said, "Thirty-nine years ago a car overturned on the road passing that farm. It happened at about 3:30 in the morning. Before he died the driver's last desperate thought was to reach the house for aid. The action was relived because of a spiritualistic seance at Muskegon the night before this manifestation. Somebody had inquired about this man."

On January 11, 1955, Mary and I, together with my son, Randolph, and his wife, Margo, visited my parents. At 3:30 A.M., on January 12, I was waked by a loud knocking at the front door. I had forgotten about the "ghost," and hurried to the door, to find nobody there. My son also waked and joined me at the door.

We stood there and listened. There were five heavy knocks.

Then my mother called, "It's only that ghost, kids. Go back to bed." — *Chicago, Ill.*

BLUEBOY CAME BACK

By Carol Darling

I've raised many cats but never one like Blueboy. He was given to me by a friend when he was very small. He grew into a huge smoke-colored Maltese. He was the only cat my husband ever liked

and since his death we have not kept a cat.

Blue Boy played hard, sometimes jumping straight up as high as the top of the door as if propelled upward by a hand. He appeared wild some times. At other times he was very gentle.

These things seemed odd enough to me but when he guarded my three-year-old son with the same jealousy displayed by dogs, I was baffled. Cats seldom assume this role. They usually are antagonized by small children.

In the winter of 1947 our son developed pneumonia. The doctor was forced to give him a shot of penicillin. I sat on the edge of the bed holding the baby across my lap. Blueboy was curled up in a rocker at the foot of the bed. Naturally, the baby screamed when he was injected. Blueboy came out of the chair like a streak of lightning, every hair standing up. He made straight for the doctor. I threw my arm up in time to deflect his attack.

He scampered under a nearby table where he lay growling at the bewildered man. Thereafter he had no use for the doctor. Each time the doctor called, he scampered under the table where he lay growling until he departed. During the whole of the baby's illness, Blueboy lay on the foot of his bed, moving only to eat or to go outside, returning almost immediately.

In May, 1948, we decided to spend a weekend in Lansing and left Blueboy in the care of our landlady, Mrs. MacMahand. Upon our return home, she reported Blueboy missing. We were very upset and searched the neighborhood in vain for him. At 10 P.M. that night, while making myself some coffee, I heard a scratching at the window. Blueboy always scratched to get in when the window was closed. Overjoyed, I rushed to the window but nothing was there. I rushed outside and called but got no reply. Thinking I had imagined the scratching, I went back to my coffee. I was no sooner in the house than I heard a cat crying on the porch. Again I rushed out and again nothing was there.

Mrs. MacMahand came in and asked when Blueboy had returned, explaining she had heard him in the hall. She was equally baffled when I told her he was not at home.

Around midnight I sat down with a copy of FATE Magazine. Suddenly I heard a distinct purring under the stove. Nothing was there and my nerves were on edge.

I finally went to bed. A moment after I turned off the light I heard the chair at the foot of the bed rocking. But again, nothing was there! Each time I turned off the light this occurred until, completely unnerved, I left the light on.

When my husband came home from work about 1:00 A.M. I told him all that had happened. He laughed at me. He ate his supper and went to bed. Instantly we both heard a cat purring and felt it move across our feet. My husband broke all records getting out of bed and switching on the light — but there was nothing to see.

When we again had settled ourselves, we felt the cat jump on the bed, move to a point between our feet and lie down. The purring continued for a time and then stopped.

We are convinced that Blueboy was killed in an accident while we were away and came back to tell us about it. — *Detroit, Mich.*

VISION AT THE WELL

By Eunice S. Gentry

When I was a young girl I lived in Irwinton, Ga. My aunt, Mrs. Fannie Beall, lived on a hill across the road in front of us in a little cottage surrounded by cypress and pine trees so thick one barely could see the house from the road.

Having no well of her own, Aunt Fannie had to get water from a neighbor a short distance away. She usually carried the bucket on her head. Whenever she saw me sitting on the porch she would blow me a kiss and I would return it.

In March, 1925, when I was 18 years old, I left home and did not return for several years. During this time Aunt Fannie died. I did not attend the funeral but returned home for a visit during the summer following her death in 1928.

I was sitting on the porch on the afternoon of my arrival. I glanced toward the old well. To my surprise I saw Aunt Fannie with a bucket on her head. She went to the well, filled the bucket, placed it on her head and went up the path, disappearing into the woods.

This happened each afternoon for several days. Then one afternoon when I saw her at the well I ran across the road toward her but when I reached the well she was going into the woods. I called her name. She stopped, looked around, blew me a kiss and was gone. I watched for her every afternoon after that as long as I was there but I never saw her again — *Atlanta, Ga.*

WELCOME TO ETERNITY

By Louise Livingston

On March 10, 1937, I was night nurse for a man named Claude Nethaway in Florence, Neb. His wife had met a tragic death in 1918. Her picture always was on his desk and she was in his thoughts constantly.

On this particular night my patient seemed restless. Suddenly I heard him calling, "Yoo, hoo!"

I rushed to his side to ask what

he wanted. He answered, "I see my wife over there. She is calling and waving for me to come to her."

A few days later he died.

I always have felt that he did receive a message from his dead wife and that he went to join her. — *Oakland, Calif.*

THE GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS

By Marlene Brenner

IN 1944 I lived in Cordell, Okla. My husband, a Naval officer, was attached to the local base.

We rented a large house that had a furnished attic apartment. During our residence there three different couples occupied the apartment but always moved because they claimed it was too drafty at night.

Nevertheless, when it was vacant I still heard footsteps overhead. Finally, one day when they had been unusually disturbing, I ventured up to the apartment by way of an indoor stairway leading from a guest room. There also was an outside stairway at the rear of the house.

When I was half way up the stairs I was surprised to see an elderly, benign-looking man standing at the head of the stairs. He smiled down at me. His gentleness kept me from questioning him. I concluded the owner had sent him there to make some repairs.

I saw him several times again, always after being disturbed by the footsteps. One day the footsteps were so loud they woke my year-old son. Annoyed, I partly mounted the stairs, saw the old man above me and said firmly, "I wish you would be more quiet." He looked at me sadly, then walked toward the end of the attic from which there was no exit. Fearing I had offended him, I climbed to the top of the stairs only to discover he had disappeared.

When I told my landlady of this incident she seemed not to be surprised. In explanation she showed me a picture of her husband who had died three years previously. He resembled the man I had seen.

I never saw him again although sometimes I heard his footsteps. They ceased when I climbed the stairs. — *Bogota N. J.*



TWO MEN ON A HORSE

IN Louisville, Ky., Vernon Hite drew Nashua in a Kentucky Derby Office pool. His brother, Charles, drew the same horse in an office pool at Lexington, Ky. They are twins.



PSYCHIC PANEL



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

DO ZOMBIES EXIST?

Are there actually such creatures as Zombies — the "living dead" of Haiti? How are they created? — John W. Mann, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

● I have not made a study of Haitian voodooism, but friends who have say that the so-called "Zombies" are the result of a combination of emotional frenzy and man's natural fear of the darkness in which most voodoo rites take place. In other words, the Zombies are (a) the product of the whipped-up imaginations of the participants in voodoo rites, or (b) Haitian natives play-acting for the benefit of friends and relatives.

In many primitive cultures it is the custom to evict from the tribal colony people thought to be bewitched or incurably sick (lepers, for instance). These unfortunate individuals are then forced to subsist as best they can. Sometimes they do so by stealing from the colony at night. Sometimes they revenge themselves by making weird sounds and harrassing the colony in other ways. The colony considers these people to be dead and sometimes refers to them as "the living dead." The belief in Zombies may well be connected with this custom. In that case, the "Zombies" are very real, but not yet dead. — Alson J. Smith.

● Voodoo practitioners in Haiti and in other islands of the Caribbean Sea use hypnotized or entranced subjects in their rituals. This may have given rise to tales about the "zombies." The term "duppy" or "jumby" is common throughout the West Indies to designate the sort of ghost believed responsible for poltergeist phenomena. These are commonplace

throughout the areas in which voodoo and obeah rites are practiced. In other words, a "jumby" or a "zombie" presumably is a ghost.

W. B. Seabrook, author of *Magic Island* apparently penetrated more deeply into voodoo secrets than his contemporaries. Perhaps he found exaggerated material which improved upon an already startling story when he attributed to the "zombie" a half-dead, half-living existence. He could find something similar in any mental institution but they are not called "zombies." Seabrook goes on to tell about the dead being exhumed and being brought to life as "zombies" by a ghoulish Voodoo priest and priestess. His tale admittedly is second-hand. Later Seabrook claimed to have seen "zombies" at work, but his description may just as well be that of persons in a state of near-idiocy who still were able to do simple garden work. This he admits. Seabrook's final evidence is the story of a man, supposedly dead and buried, who subsequently was seen by his friends, still alive, but an imbecile. This story is also second-hand and on this Seabrook rests his case for "zombies."

Anthropologists who have spent much more time than Seabrook in the same area investigating Voodoo, do not mention "zombies" in the sense implied by Seabrook. It is only since his death, that zombies, in the "living-dead" sense, have entered our literature. — Edmond P. Gibson.

● It is doubtful if such creatures as "zombies" exist, in the popular notion of them. William Seabrook, in his *Magic Island,* has discussed this question at some length, based on his first-hand investigations in Haiti, of such alleged cases. The native tradition is that certain people, who have died and been buried, are dug up and resuscitated, and are thenceforward Zombies — living, but without "souls." Certain somewhat analogous cases are known, in which subjects have been revived, and lived, after seeming death from drugs, or spontaneous death. In these, the brain has doubtless been impaired. They are not true Zombies, in your meaning of the word.

An interesting case occurred some years ago, here in Los Angeles. In this, however, the subject was a dog, which had been killed experimentally and left dead for two minutes. By means of injections and heart-massage it was then revived — and lived for several months! However, it was a "dog without a soul." It could move, eat and wag its tail, but never succeeded in getting onto its feet, or showing any signs of mental life. One curious fact about this case was that other dogs, brought into the presence of

the "zombie dog," showed every evidence of fear and terror, and could not be induced to approach it. They recognized a "zombie," and would not go near it! — Marie Elene.

PSYCHIC BOOKSHELF

Will you please list a "psychic bookshelf" — say four to six good reference books on ESP, telepathy and allied subjects — for interested beginners? — Ivka, Kansas City, Mo.

● Carrington, H.: *The Story of Psychic Science.*

Rhine, J. B.: *The Reach of the Mind.*

Driesch, Hans: *Psychical Research — The Science of the Supernatural.*

Price, Harry: *Fifty Years of Psychic Research.*

Garrett, Eileen: *Telepathy.*

Anspacher, Louis: *Challenge of the Unknown.*

And may this panelist humbly suggest that his own *The Psychic Sourcebook* might be helpful? — Alson J. Smith.

● *Extra-Sensory Perception* by J. B. Rhine. Boston: Bruce Humphries, 1934.

The Reach of the Mind by J. B. Rhine. New York: William Sloane Associates, 1947.

The Personality of Man by G. N. M. Tyrrell. London: Pelican Books, 1948.

The Psychic Source Book by

IT'S ON RECORD

You Can Achieve Your Life's Desire

Yes, through the use of phonograph records in your own home you can start on the road toward achieving your life's desires. This scientific technique — used by doctors, executives, and colleges throughout the world — has met with sensational success. Regardless of age or education a happier future awaits you! Hundreds of letters give proof of this amazing discovery. Satisfaction is guaranteed — so you have nothing to lose — and a great deal to gain. Prove to yourself and to the world that your life can be all you desire it to be — abundant in health, happiness and success!

For complete free information and catalogue write

EDUCO, Inc.

Box 86, Dept. C I Ojai, California

RARE BUDDHA COLLECTION

FOR SALE — My extremely handsome collection of 20 assorted cast bronze and ivory authentic Tibetan Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, Tantric, etc., well-nigh unobtainable now. $1,000.00. Full description on request. Write Vermosen c/o FATE.

Amazing Science Helps Solve Your Problems

We all have our secret worries, perplexing problems concerning talents, desires, capabilities, ambitions. Now we have a science that helps us.

Yes, Handwriting analysis helps give us a clearer insight into our inner-selves. It reveals our secret Self in amazingly accurate detail. It may give you a surprisingly new slant on Yourself!

. . . Special for YOU! . . .

Act immediately! Send me a full page or two of your handwriting, outlining your problem, enclose three dollars, and mail at once and get a five-dollar analysis from

Perry P. Reigelman, Ps. D.,
Certified Grapho Analyst, and
Personal Relations Counselor,
940 Mill St., Salem, Ore.

LEARN
TECHNICAL METAPHYSICS

By all odds the simplest and most efficient treatment known. Easy to learn correspondence course. Inexpensive and is a MUST if you want to make the most of your life. Only school in the world teaching Technical Metaphysics in this manner. Diploma. For valuable information write:

PREMIER COLLEGE OF TECHNICAL METAPHYSICS
Dept. B, 2532 McKenzie St.
Vancouver 8, B. C., Canada

PSYCHIC DOMINANCE

How to **rule others** with your **thoughts.** Full course — with stirring exercises. $2 postpaid. **(Adults only.)**

DELMAR WISDOM
846 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. B6, Chicago 40, Ill.

TWO ENEMIES

OF POSITIVE THINKING are the words NO and NOT. In the book "AFFIRMATIONS" by The Master-Teacher, Mahasiddha Satchitananda, the words NO and NOT never appear. Affirmations are the best forms of auto-suggestions. Auto-suggestion is the employment of Mental Suggestion directed to one's own subconscious mind, for any and all purposes. Send $1.00 and a 3¢ stamp for a copy of this book to:

SATCHITANANDA,
P.O. Box 944,
Kansas City 41, Missouri

Alson Smith. New York: Creative Age Press, 1951.

The Nature of Human Personality by G. N. W. Tyrrell. London: Allen and Unwin, 1954.

The Case of Patience Worth by Walter F. Prince. Boston: Bruce Humphries, 1927.

Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death by F. W. H. Myers. 2 vols. (New Edition) New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1954.

The foregoing are mainly concerned with mental phenomena of paranormal type. Those interested in the physical phenomena should consult *The Story of Psychic Science* by Hereward Carrington. New York: Ives Washburn, 1931. — Edmond P. Gibson.

● If you want to consult books on ESP, those of Dr. J. B. Rhine are the standard works.

If, on the other hand, you want to consult books on general psychic topics (summaries), I suggest you read:

F. W. H. Myers: *Human Personality.*

Charles Richet: *Thirty Years of Psychical Research.*

Hereward Carrington: *The Story of Psychic Science.*

Paul Joire: *Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena.*

Nandor Fodor: *An Encyclopedia of Psychic Science.*

For simple introductions to the subject, I suggest H. Carrington's

Primer of Psychical Research, or his *Mysterious Psychic Phenomena.* — Marie Elene.

UNSPECIFIC SPIRITS

Why don't "spirit communicators" give specific and important information, such as a cure for cancer or a solution to current world problems? The majority of spirit communications seems to consist of little more than moral platitudes. — Allan Swift, New York, N. Y.

● Spiritualists claim that in some respects their communicators are limited or censored in what they are permitted to bring through. It seems that certain discoveries may be intentionally dependent upon human enterprise, even as many of our troubles and diseases seem to be dependent upon human will and volition for their continued propagation.

While there have been many successful healing mediums, very little in the way of successful prescriptions seem to have come through from the realm of the paranormal. The communicators do not claim to possess all knowledge. If their knowledge is dependent upon their earth lives, certainly a cure for cancer must have escaped them.

The majority of "spirit communicators" are believed to be products of the medium's conscious or subconscious mind.

MEDIEVAL MAGIC — Occultist by powerful magical ceremony, for EACH WISH, prepares a Glyph Talisman for "LOVE" "MONEY," "SUCCESS" or "BEAUTY." Internationally unique. $6.00 for each wish. B/M ASMODEUS, 3 Bloomsbury Street, London W.C.1, England.

STUDY NUMBER SCIENCE
Learn how electric powers control YOU and the UNIVERSE.
Write for full information.
WOODWARD PUBLICATIONS
314 Lloyd Bldg., Seattle 1, Wash.

RARE PORTRAIT OF JESUS. Send fifty cent coin and stamp for photo of divinely inspired painting by America's great mystic artist. Ancient verification included. GABRIEL, 109 SO. WING STREET, NORTHVILLE, MICH.

FIRST TIME ON RECORD

Talks on Science, Philosophy, Metaphysics, and Occultism
by Members of the **Inner Circle**
Direct Voice Communications
received through
MARK PROBERT—deep trance medium

Available now:

ICR-6001 **THE IMPORTANCE OF EMOTIONAL CONTROL**
by E Yada Di Shi Ite

ICR-6002 **SURVIVAL, KARMA, REINCARNATION**
by Professor Alfred Luntz

ICR-6003 **THE NATURE OF MATTER**
by Ramond Natalli

ICR-6004 **LIFE IS MAGIC**
by Lao-Tse

ICR-6005 **THE SCIENCE OF TEACHING**
by E Yada Di Shi Ite

ICR-6006 **THE FEAR OF FAILURE**
by Sister Theresa Vandenberg

These talks are made from original tapes recorded during sittings held especially for this series. Records are Long Playing 33 1/3 RPM Tru-Fidelity pressed on pure vinylite, unbreakable and long wearing. Prices are $4.98 each, $12.50 for any 3, $22.50 for all 6 — postpaid. Order from:

INNER CIRCLE RECORDS
Box 86 Dept. F
Ojai, California

Books - Courses - Hypno Discs - Hypno Lights - Whirling Discs - Revolving Mirrors - Hypno Scopes - Flashers - Pendulums - Crystal Balls

The HYPNO-AID COMPANY
4137 No. Mission Road
Los Angeles 32, Calif.

ASTROLOGY
Learn to read your birth-chart in 5 lessons. Use this knowledge as a guide to a more prosperous future. Send birth-date and place, with $1.00 for first lesson, to Suzie Baroky, Ms.D., 321 Prospect St., Romeo, Mich.

I LIVED 5,000 YEARS AGO IN ANCIENT EGYPT
Send for
SUN WORSHIP IN THE BIBLE
By Priest of the Sun
Price $1.00
REV. EUGENE L. WHITE
(Priest of the Sun)
P.O. Box 7139, Apex Station
Washington, D. C.

OUIJA BALL
1214 W. 30th St.
Los Angeles 7
Calif.

$1 postpaid



For the first time in 5,000 years the magic crystal ball of the East has been improved into a pendulum. A costly 1" genuine methacrylate crystal-clear ball on a beautiful 10" chain. EASY TO USE. Instructions included. Write for circular.

Only the occasional and unusual medium produces anything that approaches communication in the spiritualistic sense. — Edmond P. Gibson.

● It is true that the majority of so-called "spirit communications," obtained through the average medium, are little more than platitudes. This has always been a stumbling-block for Spiritualists. The most reasonable explanation is that the majority of alleged "communications" represent the subconscious ramblings of the medium, and consequently display no more knowledge than he (or she) possesses. Most psychical researchers take this view.

However, there are a few cases on record in which striking and unknown material *has* been obtained; for example, the discovery of Edgar Chapel, Glastonbury; the Egyptian language material obtained by Dr. F. H. Wood; scientific data obtained through Hudson Tuttle and A. J. Davis, etc. If you are interested in these cases, consult: Bligh Bond's *The Gate of Remembrance;* Wood's *Ancient Egypt Speaks* and his *The Egyptian Miracle;* Tuttle's *The Arcana of Nature,* and Davis's *Nature's Divine Revelations.*—Marie Elene.

● Sometimes they do give important information. The experience of the well-known medium Mrs. Eileen Garrett is a case in point. On October 5, 1930, the

dirigible R-101 crashed in flames near Beauvais, France. Mrs. Garrett previously had been warned in seance that this would happen and unsuccessfully had tried to get the British government to cancel the flight. There are many instances of important communication – matters of life and death – in the mediumships of Mrs. Garrett, Arthur Ford, Mrs. Leonore Piper and others. And the Spiritualists, at any rate, would insist that spiritual healing is an important fact.

The amazing thing, as Prof. William James pointed out, is not that so much of little value comes through but that anything comes through. When we consider how difficult it is to communicate an idea from one human mind to another we must be amazed that a spirit-entity is able to get anything at all through. – Alson J. Smith.

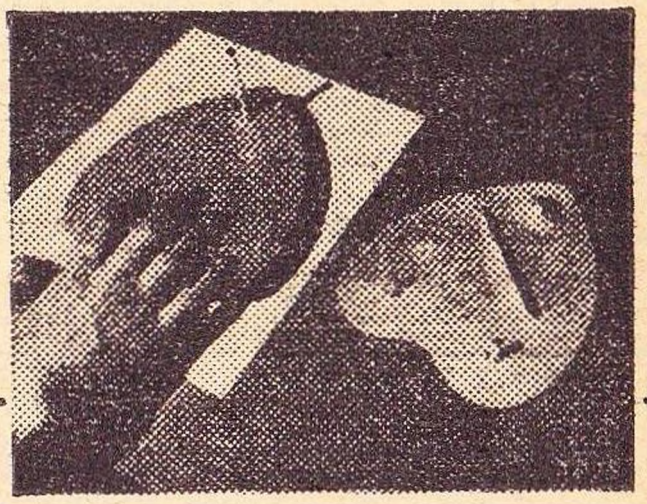
CRYPTESTHESIA

What is the meaning of cryptesthesia? – Delmar C. Newman, Garret, Ind.

● This is a term coined by Prof. Charles Richet and literally means "hidden sensitivity." In general it refers to faculties whose operation is unknown to science, such as clairvoyance, dowsing, psychometry, premonitions and telepathy. The cryptesthesia theory was advanced to oppose a spiritistic explanation for these faculties. – Robert N. Webster.

PROVE YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS WITH A

PLANCHETTE!



THE PLANCHETTE IS A MECHANICAL MEANS FOR AUTOMATIC WRITING. IT AIDS PSYCHIC MANIFESTATIONS WHICH HAVE NO OTHER MEANS OF BECOMING CONCRETE.

The result of an exhaustive search, our authentic planchette is hand-made from a special wood—an "alive" wood that magnetizes—and will absorb YOUR vibrations. It measures about 6 inches in length. Smoothly hand-finished, it is polished to high luster with a resin polish which, being a wood byproduct, will not interfere with the vibrations which the operator's continued use sets up.

HOW THE PLANCHETTE WORKS:

Specially-fitted pencil forms one leg of planchette, the other two rolling free on ball bearings. These ball bearings permit the slightest indication of movement to take effect, the tiniest wisp of pressure transmitted through your hand. Only a superior product, an authentic psychic appliance, could have this expensive ball-bearing feature.

Complete instructions for use of the planchette, as well as its care and protection of the vibrations, are included with this advanced psychic instrument.

ORDER YOURS TODAY! ONLY $4.00

VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILL.

Please send me ..... planchettes at only $4.00 each.

I enclose check...., cash...., money order....

for $..... ☐ Send C.O.D.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY & STATE .....

.....

MIRACLES

Via Subconscious Control
Achieve Dynamic Personal Success
Free Exciting Brochure

Dynamic Psychology Center
Box 847, Ocean Park, Calif.

MESSAGES ON LOVE AND PEACE
Guiding Keys to beauty from beyond the stars for joyous reading and quiet meditation. Pocket-size, large type, good quality paper, blue and gold bound. Price 50 cents. Order from E. C. PORTER, STERLING, UTAH.

FAIRY CROSSES
These unusual good luck charms are perfect cross-shaped stones found in Virginia mountains. About one-inch over all, they are reddish-brown, mounted with gold-plated eyes for wear as watch charms or pendants. Two types are available — Roman and Maltese. Specify shape you wish when ordering.
PRICE ONLY $1.00 EACH POSTPAID
THE VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. Box 671 Evanston, Illinois

The "Goddess of LOVE"
is Venus, who plays an important part in your life. The brochure, "Venus Magic" explains Venus in each zodiacal sign. Send for your FREE copy today to: **Joan Carlson, Box 53-A, House Springs, Mo.**

Subscribe to . . .

HYPNOSIS

"The Hypnotists' Magazine"

At last! — a reliable quarterly devoted to Hypnotism, ESP and related psychic phenomena jam-packed with new methods, latest advances, free services, exciting how-to articles, photos, news.

EXTRA SPECIAL! As an introductory bonus, you will get "The Best and Easiest Disguised Method of Inducing Hypnosis" FREE of extra charge with your subscription order for HYPNOSIS Magazine. It reveals a subtle technique of hypnotising suitable subjects indirectly. Get this unique folio while supply lasts — subscribe TODAY!

Per year $3 2 years: $5.50 3 years: $7.50

Also Available Books by Harry Arons

Master Course in Hypnotism $2.00
Techniques of Speed Hypnosis 2.00
How to Make Money with Hypnotism 2.00
Develop an Alarm Clock Mind (folio) 1.00

All Unconditionally Guaranteed

POWER PUBLISHERS — FN55
790 Broad Street Newark 2, N. J.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

DEMON IN THE CELLAR

I have been a reader of FATE since the earliest issues and always admire the way it deals with the unusual and the unknown. FATE presents what facts are known on off-beat subjects with little or no editorial coloring. A great many unusual things do happen every day to show that our vast modern knowledge is as nothing compared to what we still have to learn.

I myself have observed two cases of unexplainable phenomena.

When I was a small boy living in Elyria, O., my mother received a letter from my grandmother in Waterville, N. Y., warning her not to go down in the cellar. Grandmother said there was "something" in the cellar.

The cellar was closed up tight for the summer and had no particular function except for the furnace and related supplies. Mother obeyed the warning and when my father came home in the evening she told him of Grandmother's letter. He investigated the cellar and, to our great surprise, found it contained a huge black cat, apparently quite mad. Father cautiously opened a

window and the cat left. It never had been seen before in the neighborhood. Grandmother had not visited us for several months.

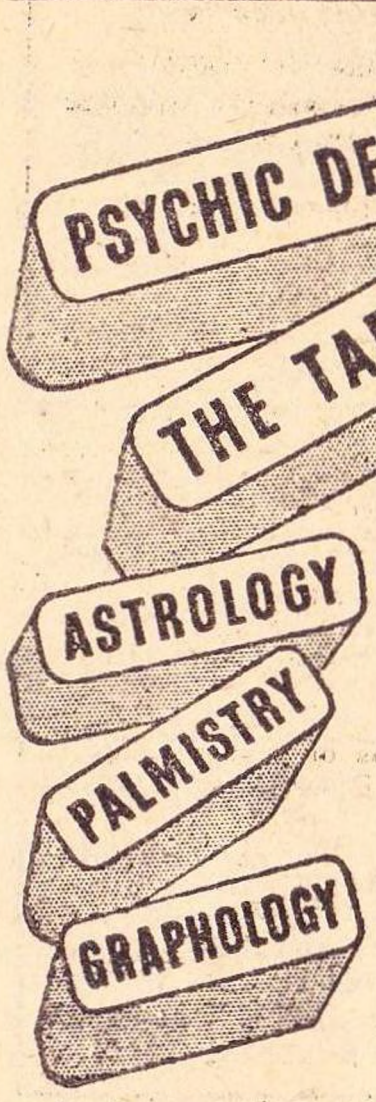
When I was in my teens my mother had an unusually vivid dream concerning an elderly man who lived a short distance down the street from us. In the dream she saw him dead. She considered this so strange that the next day she mentioned the dream to him. He was going fishing at the time. He laughed and said, "I am the livest dead man you ever saw."

A few days later his body was washed up in the St. Lucie River at Stuart, Fla. Evidently a heart attack had caused him to topple from his boat. There is a chance of coincidence here but still the odds are in favor that my mother's mind somehow did penetrate time. — *Johnny Jones, Orlando, Fla.*

THE HEALING TOUCH

I was much interested in the article "Edith's Miracle" in the May issue of FATE. It brought to mind a personal experience with a faith healer whom I had known for many years, right up to his death.

This man was a poor carpenter but deeply religious. He had the God-given gift of divine healing and always was happy to use this gift when called upon to do so. He healed many and did not charge



STUDY OCCULT SCIENCES AT HOME!

- **CAST HOROSCOPES** —as easy as making a grocery list. Includes Ephemeris FREE with instructions $5.00
- **ANALYZE HANDWRITING**—step-by-step, simple method, based on latest scientific research into man's most expressive gesture. Learn to read between the lines. $5.00
- **READ THE TAROT** — fullest, most practical exposition ever made of the uncanny Tarot and how to use it to foresee events in everyday life. Includes 78 authentic Tarot Cards $5.00
- **READ HANDS**—Ancient science of palmistry brought up to date and presented in a sensible, verifiable way that anyone can master $5.00
- **DEVELOP PSYCHIC POWERS**—How clairvoyance, psychometry, telepathy, etc. can be developed under your complete control. Most comprehensive training ever perfected. Along safe, positive lines — student can switch "on" and "off" the psychic plane when he chooses $5.00
- **EACH COURSE SENT TO YOU COMPLETE** including full set of lessons, charts, examples, numerous self-tests and full model answers. You need no special advance training. Every course supplies everything required. ORDER TODAY!

INSIGHT INSTITUTE
806 DEMPSTER ST., EVANSTON, ILL.

Please send me the courses checked below for only $5.00 each. I enclose check, cash, or money order for $.....

☐ Cast Horoscopes ☐ The Tarot
☐ Analyze Handwriting ☐ Read Hands
☐ Develop Psychic Powers

Name .....
Address .....
City and State .....

PSYCHIC Magazines

Best American, British, Australian Chimes, Psychic Observer, Prediction, Psychic News, Psychic Realm, Spiritual Healer and Two Worlds $1.00
LILLIAN BOBBITT, 1609-T Tenth Avenue North, Nashville 8, Tenn.

YOUR AURO-SCOPE, drawn in color on white satin book-mark, is your personal spiritual progression chart. Color chart aiding interpretation included. Send $2.00 to
ALBERTA CORBIN
Box 66, Avondale, Ariz.

IN THE HANDS OF FATE

Your advertisement is in good hands when it appears in FATE. Advertisers find that FATE gives them tremendous response for their advertising dollars Write for an advertising rate card today.
Advertising Director, Clark Publishing Co.
806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Illinois

SURVIVAL!

"now a proved fact of science . . ."
says SHAW DESMOND
founder of International Institute of Psychical Research; author of *How You Live When You Die, Love After Death,* and *Reincarnation.*

Now this world-renowned occult investigator says:
YOU *CAN* SPEAK WITH YOUR DEAD!

THE PROOF: *What would you and I regard as proof? The compelling "Direct Voice"; the so-called dead appearing and speaking to us. Shaw Desmond piles proven fact upon fact; meticulously recorded data prove that "death is the only superstition."*

THE COMMUNICATION: *Lengthy chapters on How to Be Your Own Medium, The Divine Plan, What Happens After Death, The Astral Prayer Technique, and many others . . .*

YOU CAN SPEAK WITH YOUR DEAD *clarifies first the proofs, next the method, and lastly the goal. It ends with a brilliant mental excursion on Man's future outside Space and Time.*

Revised and Enlarged Edition $2.75

Send cash, money order or check. Order Today!

VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. Box 671, Evanston, Illinois

for it. Some simply accepted his help and let it go at that. Others repaid him in some way, in money or in other help for his needy family.

I have today just a few light and barely noticeable scars from a bad burn on my hand which I received as a child. We called this man at the time. He simply placed his fingers lightly upon my burned hand, told me to go to sleep and that my hand would be well when I woke.

It was customary for him to tell patients to go to sleep but hypnotism was not involved. He did not wait to see you go to sleep. He simply left you alone and you fell asleep naturally. And as he said, when you waked the pain was gone and the healing followed in a natural way.

There are cases where he stopped severe bleeding by what might be called remote control. In 1923, while living in Chicago, I was seriously ill with flu. Nothing that was done for me at home seemed to help. I sent a wire to this man asking for help. He was at his home in the Little Egypt area of Illinois. He replied by wire and shortly I fell asleep, after many hours of wakefulness. When I waked I was free of chest and head pains. In a day or two I was completely well again.

We had rheumatics in our family and this man restored them to health — and with no "doctor-

ing" about it. — *H. Elinor Smith, Clearwater, Fla.*

MIRACLE WORKER

Regarding the healer mentioned in "Edith's Miracle," I have known just such a man. Here are a few things I know he did.

A woman in her late 70's was thrown out of a car in an accident. She was brought to the hospital in a coma. As she had several bones broken she was expected to live less than 48 hours. This woman's sister asked this man if he could help. He said he would see what he could do.

Within 12 hours after he visited her, the injured woman came out of her coma, her organs began functioning again and within the week she was discharged from the hospital to spend a couple of weeks in a rest home. She still is alive, hale and hearty, more than five years afterward. The doctors at the hospital declared it an outright miracle.

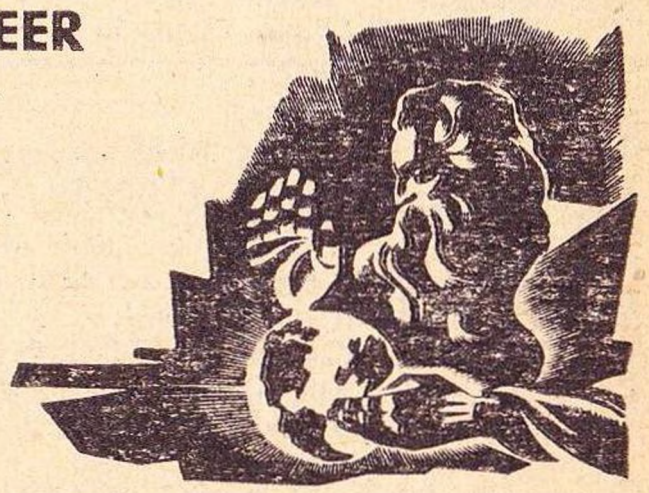
The 28-year-old daughter of a friend once came home to die. She was a nurse at one of the top hospitals in the country and had received the best medical care. A mysterious disease was sapping her strength and the doctors were helpless. This man was asked to

PROPHETIC VERSES OF ANCIENT SEER OPEN THE DOOR OF THE FUTURE!

Now, in one volume . . .

THE COMPLETE PROPHECIES OF

NOSTRADAMUS



. . . contains every word of the more than 1,000 prophecies dating to the year 3797 A.D. translated, edited, and interpreted by Henry C. Roberts, foremost authority on Nostradamus.

The secret of Notradamus' power to foresee the future has never been fully explained. With this book you can see for yourself the scope of that power and relate his mystic visions to actual events, past and future.

Nostradamus' forecasts of past events have come true with uncanny accuracy.

NOW SEE WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS!

End of the world — date and circumstances — Atomic warfare — date of the next world war
Return of Hitler — actual time when he returns, alive
Fate of the Jews, capitalism, trade unionism
Blue buckram binding, gold lettering, 350 pages

ORDER TODAY! ONLY $4.00

VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILL.

Please send me my copy of THE COMPLETE PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS at once. In enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order for $4.00

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Don't let it get away! Jot down the meaning of last night's dream before day rubs it out. Learn what it means in

A DICTIONARY OF 1,000 DREAMS

Keep this book, paper and pencil on your bedside table. The record you make will help you chain the power of dreams. They advise, warn, predict the future, explain the past — but only if you know what they mean!

Only $1.00. Send your order today!

VENTURE BOOKSHOP

P.O. BOX 671 EVANSTON, ILL.

RESURRECT AND EXPAND the Magic and Creative Power-Faculties of your Inner Intelligence. DEMONSTRATE abundance of Success and Happiness in your Life and Affairs. Write: **PSYCHOGRAPHY, Box 27683-B, Hollywood 27, California.**

FREE FIRST LESSON, and amazing letter of PROOF: "HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS AND MEDIUMSHIP." Write: TCC, Box 32, Sta. "G", Buffalo, N. Y. — Dept. F.



USE POWERFUL HIDDEN FORCES . . . for guiding your life through the changes of the emerging New Age to a pedestal of brilliant achievement.

TRUE OCCULT SCIENCE

In a New, Timely, Soul-Inspiring Treatise, by Dr. R. Swinburne Clymer, America's outstanding authority. Vastly different from the teachings of the charlatans who have abused it through the ages. Contains teachings of the Ancient Magi, who alone foresaw the coming of the Nazarene, simplified so as to be easily understood. Dr. Clymer shows how Occult Science is the true path to success on all planes of being, physical and spiritual — and helps man to awaken the hidden forces within himself — and to be free from enslavement of any kind.

Here, packed in a beautifully bound 270 page book of instructions you will find the true Occult Science that has been the force behind all great men of leadership and power — little known Ancient Wisdom, now designed for the New Order of the Ages. Order Your Copy Now! $4.00 postpaid. Free descriptive folder upon request.

LINCOLN PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH FOUNDATION

1401 W. 78TH ST., CLEVELAND 2, OHIO

see if he could help the girl. He visited her and told her to eat whatever she wanted and to get as much sleep as possible. Instead of dying she returned to work within two weeks. — *Frederick G. Hehr, Santa Monica, Calif.*

DOLLAR FROM NOWHERE

The story "Money From Nowhere" in the August issue of FATE calls to my mind an incident that happened to a friend of mine some years ago.

My friend was a widow with two small children to support. She was helped each month by her brother in a distant city who sent her a check. Near the end of the month she was down to just 25 cents but had a supply of groceries. As she walked along a street she was approached by a little old lady selling sweet peas. Touched by the pathetic look on the old lady's face, she gave her the quarter for a bunch of sweet peas.

Her brother's check did not come at the end of the month. Walking along the street again, she said aloud, "I was a fool to spend my last quarter on those flowers. Oh, God, if I just had a dollar it would help me so much!"

An instant later a silver dollar fell in front of her, coming apparently from nowhere as she was the only person on the street.

Prepare and

LIVE THROUGH OR DIE

in the

GREAT FLOOD

Coming Soon, Which Will be Caused by a SHIFT OF THE AXIS OF THE EARTH as a result of the GYROSCOPIC ACTION of our Solar System.

A similar shift, thousands of years ago, caused the ice ages and the oceans to rush over the land at terrific speed, tearing mountains away and covering tropical forests (which are now our coal beds) with hundreds of feet of earth.

READ and HEED the amazing booklet "The Coming Disaster Worse than the H. Bomb" (29 pages) telling what the flood will be like, about when it will come, the warning to be had, and containing the astronomic, gyroscopic, mathematical and geological proofs, written plainly so anyone may understand it.

This book is concisely written and the description of the proofs and facts cannot be abbreviated. Shortened items in newspapers have merely led to confusion and misunderstanding. Therefore we do not permit news items to be published and for that reason you may not have seen any publicity in regard to it. It is worth a hundred times the price asked if you consider your life and we were to take into consideration the 20 years of diligent and heart breaking experimenting and calculating which led to the discovery that this great flood would come soon.

Our purpose is to persuade Congress to take action and build boats, moored at every street corner, to save civilization. To convince them that the public is aroused, we want to take a wagon load of orders for the book to them.

The discoverer and author takes an oath: "I freely take an oath that God strike me dead this very moment if there is any substantial error in this scientific discovery, or in the proofs offered — Adam D. Barber."

We are about to engage in some expensive experiments with a view to possibly preventing the flood by deflecting the axis of the earth with atomic energy, and we very much need the small profit on the book. We have received such wonderful response in orders with excess remittance, telling us to keep the change, so we have raised the price on the book, which will enable us to proceed faster with our experiments and advertising program, and will afford everyone an opportunity to join this humanitarian cause.

The proofs in the book are undisputable and all those who have called on us for mechanical demonstration leave fully convinced that the flood will come as we state.

This flood should be prepared for as QUICKLY as POSSIBLE.

The great danger is FLOOD, not WAR.

Send remittance for book to:

BARBER SCIENTIFIC FOUNDATION

P.O. Box 3254, Washington 10, D. C.

1 copy $1.00; 3 copies $1.50

HYPNOTIZE

Modern speed hypnotism taught. Methods revealed. You are shown exactly what to say and do. Photo illustrated. Many interesting experiments. Self-hypnosis is fully explained. Amazing results. Detailed hypnotic tests given. Learn this exciting fascinating art. Hold your friends absolutely spellbound. Entertain. A professional hypnotist tells you his secrets. Free catalog of new hypnotism books sent on request.

Send for the startling books

"HYPNOTISM REVEALED" → **$1**

"ADVANCED TECHNIQUES OF HYPNOSIS" → **$1**

Thought of using sleep for learning, self-development? Send for new intriguing book, "Mental Power Through Sleep Suggestion" → **$1**

78 RPM Phonograph Record Inducing Self-Hypnosis & Group-Hypnotism → **$5**

MELVIN POWERS, *Master Hypnotist*

1324 Wilshire Blvd., *Dept. F*, Hollywood 17, California

NEVER, EVER BEFORE, ANYWHERE! 7000 fantasy and science-fiction books and back-issue mags at 50% to 90% under what they've ever cost you before, here or anywhere, while they last! List free. Werewolf Bookshop, Shannon Rd., R.D. 2, Box 866, Verona, Penna.

INSTANT MEDIUMSHIP

Use your psychic powers NOW! Why develop for years? Remarkable NEW APPROACH (demonstrated by Jesus), now verified by modern science. This concise thesis, in monograph form, reveals psychic secrets THAT WORK. How to avoid the dangers of mediumship. Send $1.00 donation for "The Eleventh Revelation" to P.O. Box 2, Sta. "G", Buffalo, N. Y., Dept. F.

VENTURE BOOKSHOP

CATALOG—*Free to you!*

OCCULT & MAGIC ARTS
MYSTICISM
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA
PHILOSOPHY
RELIGION
INSPIRATION
YOGA
HYPNOTISM
HEALING

Hard-to-find rare books! Scarce items for your occult library. Hundreds of books 32 pages of listings under one cover!

GET YOURS TODAY! SEND postcard for NEW, just-off-the-presses **BIG FREE CATALOG!**

Write to: VENTURE BOOKSHOP P.O. Box 671, Evanston, Ill.

Her brother's check came the next day. — *Dr. Maxwell S. Dunn, Orlando, Fla.*

"A MESS OF MALARKEY"

The article "China Cure" in the May issue of FATE was the worst I ever read.

The three examples at the beginning of the article are a lot of baloney. If the Chinese know such great secrets of healing, why don't they have a longer life expectancy? As stated in the story, the girl didn't even know why she threw the groceries in the street.

As for the centipede, I wish to know how an eight-inch monster could get inside a man's shirt. Only the claws of the centipede are poisonous. Add to that the fact that they paralyze only worms and insects and you have one big mess of malarkey.

The girl, Lei-ying, probably never existed. The name seems more Filipino than Chinese anyway.

I have an item for your "Fingers of Fate" column. My birthday fell on June 17 and believe it or not, I was born two days before the 19th of June. That is about as fantastic as some of the hokum you throw in your magazine. — *Paul Kiernan, Sioux City, Iowa.*

I did not intend to give the impression that the Chinese know any "great secrets of healing." I

merely described a curious incident which I personally observed and found hard to explain. I do not think that such practices would have much effect on the life expectancy of the Chinese people as a whole.

The girl's full name is Wu Lei-ying and is not an uncommon one. During my 11 years in China I met several Lei-yings. My wife, who was born and spent most of her life there, says she also has met quite a number.

Concerning the centipede, I suggest that Mr. Kiernan consult the Encyclopedia Brittannica *or any other standard reference book on the subject. He will find that many of these creatures are poisonous and that the seven or eight inches described in my article is far from an excessive length. I do not consider anything eight-inches long a "monster" and I have no difficulty inserting an eight-inch object inside my shirt. Perhaps Mr. Kiernan's shirts are tighter. — Jack Dunning, St. Petersburg, Fla.*

BROUGHT TO PASS

A friend and I have followed, without realizing it, the three simple rules in "How to Bring Things to Pass" in the June issue of FATE.

Last April my friend and I discussed where to go on our vaca-

---

Yoga -- Science of the Soul

India has specialized during all ages in Yoga — the science of the soul. This highest of all sciences is taught by Self-Realization Fellowship through weekly studies prepared by the great yogi, Paramhansa Yogananda.

You will find in Self-Realization teachings a detailed guide to physical, mental, and spiritual well-being. Free literature will be sent to you upon request.

Free Booklet — "HIGHWAY TO THE INFINITE"

SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP, Dept. F-1

3880 San Rafael Avenue **Los Angeles 65, Calif.**

STUDY At Home

for your Ps.D. degree and for your personal advancement and Spiritual unfoldment. SYSTEMATIC study of Metaphysics or Metaphysical Psychology will do much for you. Learn the secret of contentment, happiness. Solve mental worries. Experience the revelation of Truth. Correspondence only. Individual help. Write for FREE book showing the way to greater attainment.

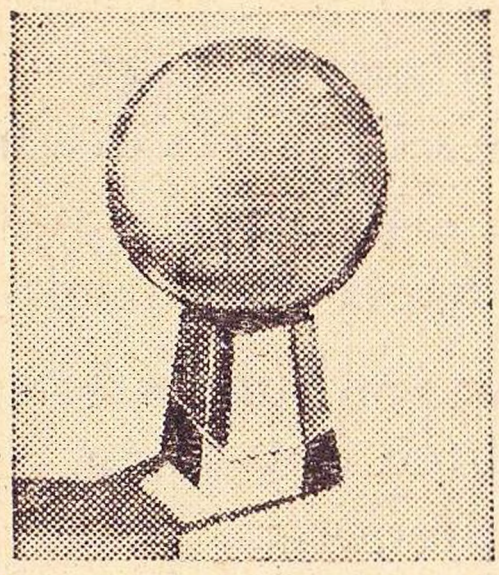
COLLEGE OF UNIVERSAL TRUTH
5038 Broadway, Desk 2, Chicago 40, Ill.

FACTUAL EVIDENCE

of Spirit Reality, Phenomena and Life Beyond; photo prints, "78" rpm recordings; all explained in monthly brochures on my seance room experiences and communications. Send $5.00 cash for Brochure 1, photos and recordings.

CRAIG
BOX 852, LOS ANGELES 53, CALIF.

CRYSTAL BALLS



Test your clairvoyant powers with these beautifully polished, imported crystal balls. Ideal as ornaments on desk or knick-knack shelf. Complete with stand. Specify size desired.

2-3/8 in. ..... ea. $ 5.75
3-9/16 in. ..... ea. $16.25

Send check or money order today to

VENTURE GIFT SHOP
P.O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

tion. Not having seen my aunt in 10 years, I suggested Miami, Fla. We thought it over and decided we didn't have enough time to make the trip in one week. We couldn't afford to take a plane and planned to travel by car. We settled for West Virginia and dismissed Florida from our minds.

In May my friend placed an order with Gimbel's Department store to have a chair upholstered. The store was looking for its 10,000th customer and the prize was an all-expenses-paid trip for two to Miami, Fla. Never having won a prize, my friend gave no thought to winning this one.

On June 17 she was informed that she was the lucky winner. The trip we could not afford was ours. We had planned our vacation without knowing it. This may be verified through Gimbel's or the TV station WCAU-TV in Philadelphia. — *Rita Hickok, Philadelphia, Pa.*

GHOST LIGHTS

The article, "Voices of the Kwei," in the July issue of FATE answered a question that has bothered me since I was in the Army and stationed in Osaka, Japan.

In 1947, on one of our monthly bivouacs around Shinodyama, which is approximately 20 miles from Osaka, I was on guard duty. It was a warm summer night and if I recall correctly the time

Send for your FREE PENDULUM today . . .

Learn RADIESTHESIA at home!

(the art of using the pendulum)

The pendulum is a finely-tuned instrument, an absolute necessity for psychic research—but BY ITSELF THE PENDULUM DOES NOTHING! It responds to the extra-sensory perception of the operator. This basic course in the art of using the pendulum teaches you to interpret its movements under YOUR influence.

Now available for the first time in the U. S.!

A Practical Elementary Course In How To Use The Pendulum

You teach yourself! This special course in radiesthesia is in 6 parts (which we will send you all at one time so that you can study at your own speed), clearly and concisely written by Bruce Copen, Vice-President, British Radiesthesia Association, a world-renowned authority.

PART 1 — How to hold the pendulum . . . how to tune it, mentally and physically . . . polarity . . . left and right-handedness . . . experiments.

PART 2 — The mental approach . . . the physical approach . . . disturbances, magnetic fields, etc.

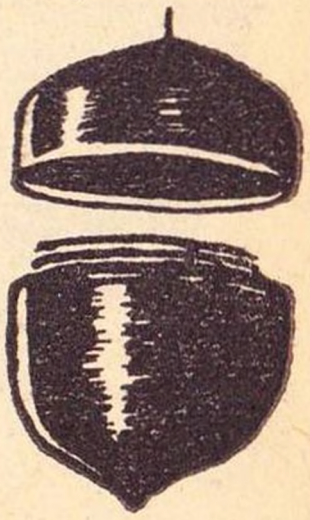
PART 3 — Movements of the pendulum . . . tests with magnet, battery, flex, pencils, coins . . . rays of union . . . warnings about images . . . reactions at compass points . . . colors.

PART 4 — Use of witnesses, specimens. Tests of diet, color effects. Use of the pendulum at work, at home. For prospecting . . . (Pendulum is acknowledged supreme in the search for minerals of all kinds.)

PART 5 — Movements of the pendulum over the body . . . in health . . . in illness. Mental orientation without witness . . . handling witnesses and specimens.

PART 6 — Word witnesses. About radiesthesia broadcasting . . . teleradiesthesia. Purposes for which radiesthesia is used. How to go ahead on your own.

Great avenues into the unknown will open up to you — when you have learned the basic methods of this science. Remember . . . radiesthesia is not a parlor game! It is a serious, delicate science that requires constant research, experiment and study. Like any science, the art of using the pendulum obeys basic laws that YOU MUST KNOW! When you see your first results you will realize how valuable the use of the pendulum is to YOU!



SIX-PART ELEMENTARY COURSE IN RADIESTHESIA $20.00

And you get hand-turned, plastic cavity-type pendulum



($5.00 value)

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

ORDER TODAY!

INSIGHT INSTITUTE
806. DEMPSTER ST.
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Yes! Send me at once my six-part RADIESTHESIA Course for which I enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order for $20.00. Send me the pendulum illustrated on this page ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

SOLAR-VISION*

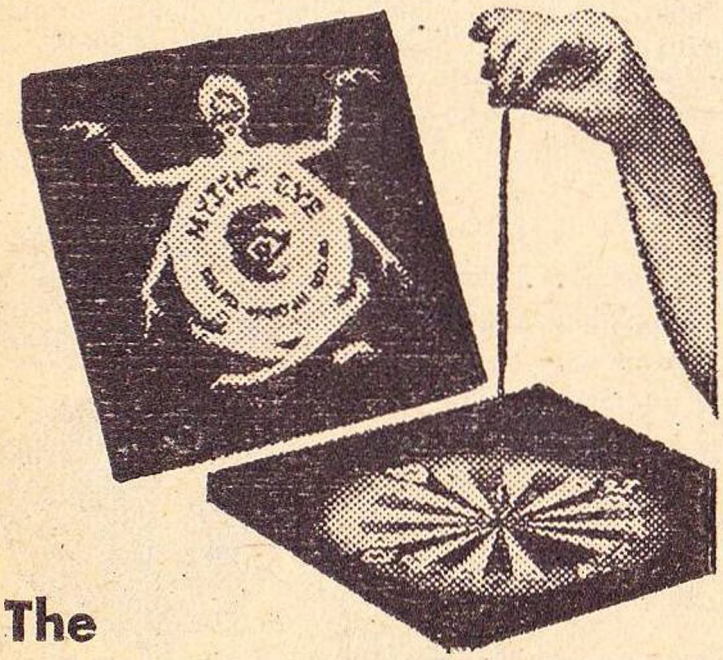
NEW, vital method of Effective Visualization! Success, Happiness, Prosperity through priceless secrets revealed on the desert. Booklet $1.00.

*Including The Good Ether

SOLAR-VISION, Pauline Prie d'Amour
P.O. Box 1925 Portland 11, Oregon

● BE ALL OF ONE - THE SEEKER ●
Organizing a world-wide Mystic Club. Join forces with others the world over and investigate the UNIVERSE that is Man.
"The Works that I do, ye may do also," Christ said.
Learn the facts, Secret teaching, Mystic Village, and membership.
For information write:
MYSTIC BROTHERHOOD
P.O. BOX 283 GARDEN GROVE, CALIF.

Give it a chance!



The Amazing MYSTIC EYE has the answer!

Ask it any question about love, health, business, money — past, present or future! Determine the sex of unborn children! Find missing valuables!

Two sets available: Standard Set complete with pendulum, reading board and booklet of instructions, $1.50 postpaid. Deluxe Set in gold-stamped plush box, $3.25 postpaid. Order yours today!

THE VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

was around 12 o'clock midnight.

To the left of our bivouac site were rice paddies and to the right was nothing but rolling land. As I toured my post I heard weird sounds and chanting. Investigating, I saw glowing ghost-like lights dancing or floating, as described by Jack Dunning. It was extremely weird and I had no idea what the lights were.

I asked a few of the fellows who were awake if they heard the sounds and saw the lights. They said they did but could not explain it. The next morning there was nothing to indicate that any religious ceremony or festivity had taken place where the dancing lights were seen. — *W. F. L., Gettysburg, Pa.*

PK AND THE REFRIGERATOR

I was much interested in Frank M. Chapman's article, "Have You Tried Psycho-Kinesis?" in the July issue of FATE, especially where he writes, "The size and diversity of the objects may not matter but, significantly, all tests to date have proved only that PK works on objects already set in motion by some physical means."

I agree with this statement, except for the word *only*. I worked in a cigar store where beer, ice cream and soft drinks also were sold. Each of these items requires a refrigerator whose temperature is controlled by means of thermostats. The coolers had been in use

for several years and were a little noisy.

Now I don't hate noise but I do prefer quiet. When only a few customers were in the store, looking at magazines, and I wasn't busy ringing up the cash register, it was quiet except for the refrigerators, the noisiest one being the big one containing beer and milk.

I would think how nice it would be if it would stop rattling, even if the other two remained in operation. At that precise instant I would hear a click as the thermostat broke the connection and the motor would stop. The thought of stopping the motor was instantaneous and was, I think, coupled with an emotional factor (as Mr. Chapman writes) because when I tried to stop it deliberately and applied "mind pressure" there was no result.

The refrigerator had to be going for quite a while so that in my willing to "throw" the thermostat there was less friction to overcome, the thermostat being on the point of closing anyway. If more than one machine was in operation, only the noisiest was affected.

The reverse of this is possible also. Lying in bed late at night, I'll tell myself it is unusually quiet and suddenly the household re-

Books by WILLIAM W. WALTER on

ESCHATOLOGY

The Pastor's Son	$2.50
The Doctor's Daughter	2.50
The Arbiter of Your Fate	2.50
Five Years in Christian Science	2.50
The Healing of Pierpont Whitney	2.50
Vol. 1 — The Unknown God	4.00
Vol. 2 — The Unknown God	4.25
The Sweetest Story Ever Told	2.50
The Unfoldment	2.50
The Sower, The Seed, The Soil	1.25
The Christ Way	1.25
The Allness of Good	2.00
Metaphysical Bible Lessons	1.75
The Great Understander	2.50
The Plain-Talk Series — 12 Booklets	3.00
The Common Sense Series — 34 Booklets	6.80
The Sickle (Sold only on recommendation of teacher)	25.00
The Sharp Sickle (Sold only on recommendation of teacher)	35.00

Distributor-Teacher:

PHILIP WELKER

Box 237 Safety Harbor, Florida

FATE READERS — Are you getting

MYSTIC Magazine?

Ray Palmer, who helped start FATE, has put out a unique new magazine designed to cover everything not covered by FATE.

MYSTIC is a "participation" magazine. For instance, you can actually ask questions of the famous Mark Probert Controls! Or get a psychometry analysis from the great Dorothy Lauer! Or have your theory and your letters published **and answered!**

MYSTIC contains FACT articles; STORIES based on fact, by famous mystics, which really **teach** occult science; up-to-date news; prophecy; and many other features.

MYSTIC is the magazine you have been LOOKING FOR!

Subscribe now!

12 issues $3.00
(issued every other month)
Write direct to:
RAY PALMER, AMHERST, WISCONSIN

"A POWER AS REAL AS GRAVITY!"

says Alexis Carrel, famous surgeon and Nobel Prizewinner. "(Prayer) is the only power in the world that seems to overcome the 'laws of nature' . . . Only in prayer do we achieve that complete and harmonious assembly of body, mind and spirit which gives the frail human reed its UNSHAKABLE STRENGTH."

Now in Alexis Carrel's footsteps comes another famous doctor with moving testimonials to Christ's healing presence:

A DOCTOR HEALS BY FAITH

BY CHRISTOPHER WOODARD

the story of how Dr. Woodard by self-training and prayer learned to bring Divine Healing to hundreds of sufferers.

Includes fascinating case histories and appendix of healing hymns and prayers.

A DOCTOR HEALS BY FAITH *Only* $3.00

SUPPLY LIMITED! ● ORDER TODAY!

THE VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

frigerator or deep-freeze will begin operating. In this case I do not hear the click of the thermostat as my room is too far away. — *Rodolphe Ettore Ratto, Redwood City, Calif.*

RAIN-MAKER

After I joined the Huna Research Associates founded by Max Freedom Long I wrote to an H.R.A. in Austin, Tex. I told him I could make it rain and planned to try it in California in the summer of 1951. He said that would be a tall order as many had tried and failed.

On our arrival in California I met a nice old lady who said she wished she could have rain, with thunder and lightning, as she did in the East. She owned an avocado ranch near Escondido.

I told this old lady I could make it rain and would. That was on August 25, 1951. The next day I said the prayer I always say when I want it to rain. I told my next door neighbor it was going to rain and she smiled and said that would be nice. Apparently she thought I was only fooling.

When my husband rose for work at 5:30 the next morning he said it sounded as if it were raining. I said of course it was and that it would rain for three days and nights. He did not believe me until the next day, when he said I had better tell it to stop raining because he worked out-

Suppose YOU had the POWER to read men's minds . . .

. . . to know their character, strength, weakness . . . know false friend from true, con man from benefactor — just by seeing a few words of their handwriting!

I might add — the personality of the writer, is peculiar in the extreme — I am desirous of

SAMPLE ABOVE ANALYZED: Extreme backward slant means very little sentiment. Writer is cold, calculating, ruled entirely by his head. Lack of terminal strokes indicates selfish, scheming nature that will take every possible advantage.

A WORD ABOUT DEWITT B. LUCAS

Author of this course fought 57 years for acceptance of handwriting analysis as the science it has become. He is world's outstanding graphology authority. By special arrangemnt with Mr. Lucas, we can help you aquip yourself with the power to analyze handwriting!

THE BASIC COURSE:

You teach yourself! Basic Course in Handwriting and Character Analysis is SELF-TAUGHT! No one can ever rob you of this precious knowledge that you can get easily, pleasantly and inexpensively.

THE HANDBOOK:

For purse or pocket, a handbook of HANDWRITING ANALYSIS SIGNS, for ready reference when you need the information quickly.

THE BOOK:

HANDWRITING AND CHARACTER, by DeWitt B. Lucas. A whole library on graphology: 368 pages, 425 illustrated examples, 28 chapters, an education in psychology as well as in scientific handwriting analysis.

TOTAL COST (3 items) only $17.50

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER!

If you order IMMEDIATELY, we will send you a special gift FREE! The EMOTIONAL INDICATOR — a clear, plastic line guide for exact measurement of affection, sympathy, sensitiveness. To get this gift, you must act NOW!

ORDER TODAY!

INSIGHT INSTITUTE
806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me ..... sets of handwriting analysis materials. $..... enclosed for: THE SELF-TAUGHT BASIC COURSE — and 368-page book, HANDWRITING AND CHARACTER; Handbook, HANDWRITING ANALYSIS SIGNS and my free gift, the EMOTIONAL INDICATOR.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

IS SPACE FLIGHT POSSIBLE?

Read

IMAGINATION
STORIES OF SCIENCE AND FANTASY

TALES OF TOMORROW'S SCIENCE TODAY!

You'll voyage to strange planets and distant stars in the pages of America's most exciting science fiction magazine. The thrill of new worlds await you! Ask for current issue at your newsstand today—or take advantage of special subscription offer below. IMAGINATION supplies the SCIENCE in your fiction!

IMAGINATION
P. O. Box 230A, Evanston, Illinois
I enclose cash . . . check . . . money order for $3.00. Enter my subscription for 12 issues. RUSH current copy to me!
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY & STATE_____

OCCULT REFERENCE BOOKS

Are you familiar with these standard cloth bound reference book by C. C. Zain, covering all branches of occult science? Do you know the unseen forces which bombard your finer body continuously? These books tell what they are and how to handle them. Order yours today.

Imponderable Forces	$3.25
Evolution of Life	$3.50
Organic Alchemy	$2.25
Esoteric Psychology	$4.75
Divination (and character analysis)	$3.25
The Next Life	$4.00
Occultism Applied	$4.75

Catalog upon request

THE CHURCH OF LIGHT
Dept. 56, Box 1525, Los Angeles 53, Calif.
In Canada
Box 181, Term. A, Toronto, Ontario

doors and would be unable to work. I had asked for rain only in San Diego County.

Since then I have brought rain to Cleveland and other places. I find I get better results if I don't eat anything while calling and singing my rain song. — *Elsie Pusl, Cleveland, Ohio.*

WITHOUT CAMERA OR FILM

I wish to report a new phase of spirit photography. Four of us were sitting in a trumpet seance with the Rev. Clarence Britton of Cassadaga, Fla., on May 19, 1955. The seance proceeded in the usual manner and all the entities were very strong. Mr. Rollo Johnson, who had passed over about eight months before, came in and played the accordion. He sang two of his favorite hymns in a clear, strong and natural voice. We had known him for many years.

Then sheets were torn from a scratch pad on the table. The sheets seemed to be rubbed against one another for three or four minutes. One sheet was laid on my wife's lap and one on the lap of Mrs. Brandenburg. Showing on each sheet were three heads. One Mrs. Brandeburg identified as that of an old friend who had just talked to her through the trumpet. These heads apparently were photographed on the paper wthout the use of a camera or photographic film. Before the seance each sitter had examined the pad

Book Sale!

Here are books that may change your life! Check this list of unusual, hard-to-find books everyone is looking for.

1. THERE IS A RIVER, by *Thomas Sugrue.* The exciting life story of Edgar Cayce—called "America's greatest psychic healer." $5.00

2. MANY MANSIONS, by *Gina Cerminara.* Fascinating study of the metaphysical teachings of Edgar Cayce. Reveals facts about reincarnation. Will give you a new outlook. $3.75

4. SECOND SIGHT, by *Lewis Spence.* Traces history of second sight from its origin in early Celtic arcane practices. Now only $3.00 (was $3.50)

6. RELIGION AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY, by *Alson J. Smith.* Explains how, through parapsychology, religion is finding the means to prove our spiritual existence. Now only $2.00 (was $2.50)

7. GHOSTS WITH A PURPOSE, by *Elliott O'Donnell.* Fascinating collection of stories about spirits who warned of impending disaster. Now only $2.50 was ($3.00)

8. MY OCCULT DIARY, by *Cornelius Tabori.* Enthralling psychic cases collected over 40 years by famed Hungarian journalist. Now only $3.00 (was $3.50)

10. OCCULTISM, ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE, *by Prof. Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah.* Describes spells and charms used by wizards, mysteries of the ancient secret societies. $5.00

11. THE EVIDENCE FOR SPIRIT HEALING, by *Harry Edwards.* Chronicles over 10,000 healings in past four years by Britain's great healer and his associates. $4.00

12. PSYCHIC SOURCE BOOK, by *Alson J. Smith.* A basic collection of material on psychic phenomena. Special low price, $3.00

14. THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS, by *Kenneth Arnold and Raymond Palmer.* Documentary book by two original researchers $4.00

17. 10 LESSONS IN PRAYER. Ten pamphlets give you secrets of True Prayer — the secrets Jesus taught. $2.75

18. THE PROJECTION OF THE ASTRAL BODY, by *Sylvan Muldoon and Hereward Carrington.* The remarkable account of Sylvan Muldoon's astral experiences. $3.50

19. THE PHENOMENA OF ASTRAL PROJECTION, by *Sylvan Muldoon and Hereward Carrington.* Gives over 100 case histories on astral projection $3.00

23. THE NEW TESTAMENT, *Translated from the Aramaic by George Lamsa.* Printed on India paper, bound in genuine leather with gold edges. $5.00

27. HOW TO LIVE FOREVER, by *Harry Gaze.* An inspirational volume containing mental and spiritual exercises for building a healthful, youthful and successful life. $2.95

28. THE SCIENCE OF SPIRIT HEALING, by *Harry Edwards.* Explains the mechanics of spirit healing and the forces and agencies employed. $2.75

29. NEW WORLD OF THE MIND, by *Dr. J. B. Rhine.* A complete report of world-renowned researcher's study of extrasensory perception. $3.75

30. A DOCTOR HEALS BY FAITH, by *Christopher Woodard.* How Dr. Woodard by self-training and prayer learned to bring Divine Healing to hundreds of sufferers. Includes fascinating case histories and appendix of healing hymns and prayers. $3.00

THE VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. Box 671, Evanston, Illinois

please send me postpaid, by return mail, the following books listed by number:

.....

I enclose check, money order, cash, for

$.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY & STATE .....

SPECIAL OFFER to FATE Collectors 5 Back Issues $1.00

We have on hand a few copies of each back issue listed below. Check the ones you need and mail the list and coupon with your remittance as soon as possible. From our thousands of readers' letters we know there will be a rush to get these back copies. SO DON'T WAIT!

GET YOUR ORDER IN TODAY!

CLARK PUBLISHING CO.
806 DEMPSTER STREET
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Please send me immediately the back issues I have checked at the special reduced price of 5 for $1.00:

No.	Month	No.	Month
☐	5 May 1949	☐	28 June 1952
☐	9 Jan. 1950	☐	30 Sept. 1952
☐	10 May 1950	☐	31 Oct. 1952
☐	12 July 1950	☐	33 Dec. 1952
☐	16 Dec. 1950	☐	34 Jan. 1953
☐	18 Mar. 1951	☐	36 Mar. 1953
☐	19 April 1951	☐	37 April 1953
☐	20 May 1951	☐	39 June 1953
☐	21 July 1951	☐	40 July 1953
☐	23 Oct. 1951	☐	42 Sept. 1953
☐	27 April 1952	☐	45 Dec. 1953

(All issues available except No. 2, 3, 4, 8, 11, 25.)

I enclose: check, cash, money order

for $.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CITY & STATE .....

.....

and all the sheets had been blank.

The sitters were Mr. and Mrs. Clay Brandenburg of Hagerstown, Md., Mrs. Dunn and myself. The battery was Mrs. Elsie Britton. — *Dr. Maxwell S. Dunn, Orlando, Fla.*

SNORES FROM BEYOND

As a student in a private school, I did my evening "home work" in the class rooms, particularly one with a large podium in one corner. On this podium, every evening, a huge St. Bernard dog lay snoring while we studied. This went on for quite some time, until one day the dog was reported dead of old age. We all missed him.

One evening I was alone in the classroom with the podium. I heard the sound of snoring as I sat reading. I looked up to see if the St. Bernard had been replaced by another dog. The podium was empty — but the snoring continued.

I ran out and returned with one of the other girls. I told her to listen but she said she heard nothing. From then on I studied in another classroom and the girl I have mentioned stayed alone in the "dog room."

One evening she burst into the room where I was sitting with some other girls. Her face pale, she stammered, "I've heard it, I've heard it, too!"

That was the last time she stay-

ed alone in the "dog room." — *E. Friend, Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE SCENE ON THE CEILING

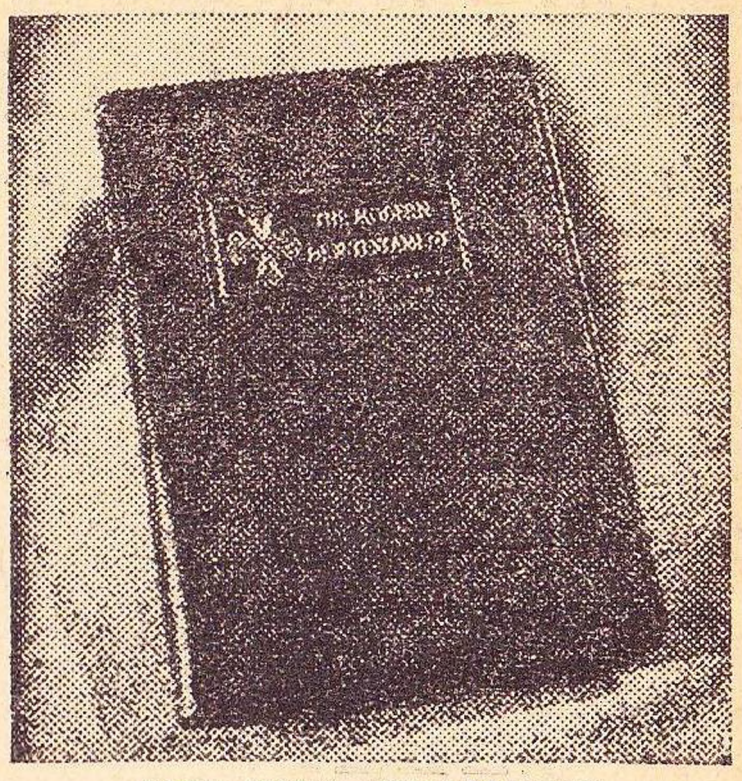
In October, 1954, while visiting a lady friend of mine in Chicago, I slept in her spare bedroom. Her son had died in that room sudenly two years previously. I had placed my watch on the dresser, far enough away so that on waking in the morning I lay and wondered what time it was. At the same time I noticed a flickering light on the ceiling and concentrated on it. It circled around, finally forming the face of a clock. The hands of this shadow clock pointing to 7:30. I got out of bed, went to the dresser and saw that my watch also said 7:30. The scene on the ceiling had disappeared. — *Ella M. Bokhof, Freeport, Ill.*

BIBLICAL SYMBOLS?

In answer to Dr. Harold J. Jolet's letter in the June FATE I wish to say that the Tarot symbols are from the Bible.

For example, the Death card is found in the book of Daniel and also in Rev. 6:8.

"And I looked, and beheld a pale horse and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth." — *Mrs. Charles A. Holbert, Wheeling, W. Va.*



THE NEW TESTAMENT
TRANSLATED FROM THE ARAMAIC
(the language Jesus spoke)

Here is the famous translation by George M. Lamsa, a native Assyrian who reads, speaks and writes Aramaic. Here for the first time many obscure passages are cleared up. Here is the language used by Jesus and his disciples. Here are HIS TRUE WORDS!

Compare These Versions

Aramaic	King James Text
24 Again I say to you. It is easier for a rope to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. Matt. 19	*24 And again I say unto you. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.* Matt. 19

OTHER LAMSA BOOKS AVAILABLE:

Commentary (New Testament)	$2.75
Gospel Light	$2.75
My Neighbor Jesus	$1.50
New Testament Origin	$2.00
Lamsa New Testament	$5.00
Book of Psalms	$1.50

VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILL.

Please send me ..... copies of Lamsa New Testament, printed on India paper, bound in genunie leather with gold edges, only $5.00 each.

$..... enclosed. ☐ Send C.O.D.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY & STATE .....

EXPEDITION into the UNKNOWN...

Every issue of FATE takes you on a great adventure. Thousands of people find life more worth while, more *meaningful*, since they began to read FATE regularly. And that is because FATE is exploring new worlds more exciting than Columbus or Magellan ever dreamed of. For instance, coming articles will tell you about . . .

- ***England's Most Durable Ghost—the amazing account of the spectre of Lady Elizabeth Hoby which has been seen for over 300 years . . .***
- ***The Other John Barrymore—strange story of the little-known side of a famous actor, who was also a mystic interested in astrology and Yoga . . .***
- ***The Aura Doctor—amazing story of Dr. George Starr White who sees the human aura and diagnoses ills from its appearance . . .***
- ***Excursions Into The Astral—an Englishman's astonishing experiences with astral projection. He rode his bike—while lying under a tree . . .***

YOU CAN READ SUCH STORIES ONLY IN FATE
BECAUSE FATE IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD!

DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE — SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

SEND YOUR REMITTANCE TO:

Clark Publishing Company • 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Illinois

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

ZONE ..... STATE .....

I wish to subscribe to FATE Magazine for (check square)

.....☐ 24 issues $6.00 ☐ 12 issues $3.00

Enclosed is ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order for $.....

Begin my subscription with the ..... issue.

If this is a renewal of a previous subscription, check here ☐

68

ANCIENT WISDOM

Latent in every man are Spiritual, Mental and Occult powers awaiting the Secret Keys to emerge into full flower. The Brotherhood maintains a Wisdom School, both personal and by correspondence, through which the secret wisdom keys are taught to the sincere seeker. With headquarters on a large tract of land high in the Rocky Mountains it invites correspondence with all True Seekers for Truth.



MASTER YOUR DESTINY

Write for Free Brochure

LITTLE TEMPLE LIBRARY

Secret of True Prayer
Secret Teachings of Jesus
Occult Anatomy
Soul Cycles
Banner of Shamballa
Akashic Records
Mysteries of Mt. Shasta
Reincarnation
Atlantis and Lemuria
Bordo—The Soul After Death
Tibetan Dream State
Color and Light
Maitreya—Lord of the World
Mysteries of the Mayas
Perfect Way
Astral Projection
Masters of the Himalayas
Spinal Brain and Health
Previous Incarnations of Jesus
Second Coming of Christ
Divine Healing
Ten Lost Tribes of Israel
Wheel of Life
Spiritual Alchemy and Healing
Wisdom of the Kabballa
Shamballa—The White Lodge
Christ and the Last Days
Mysteries of the Gobi
Science of Health
The Master Key

Any of the above 35c each—3 for $1.00 The entire 30 Books for $7.00
Minimum order $1.00 *Sample magazine on request*

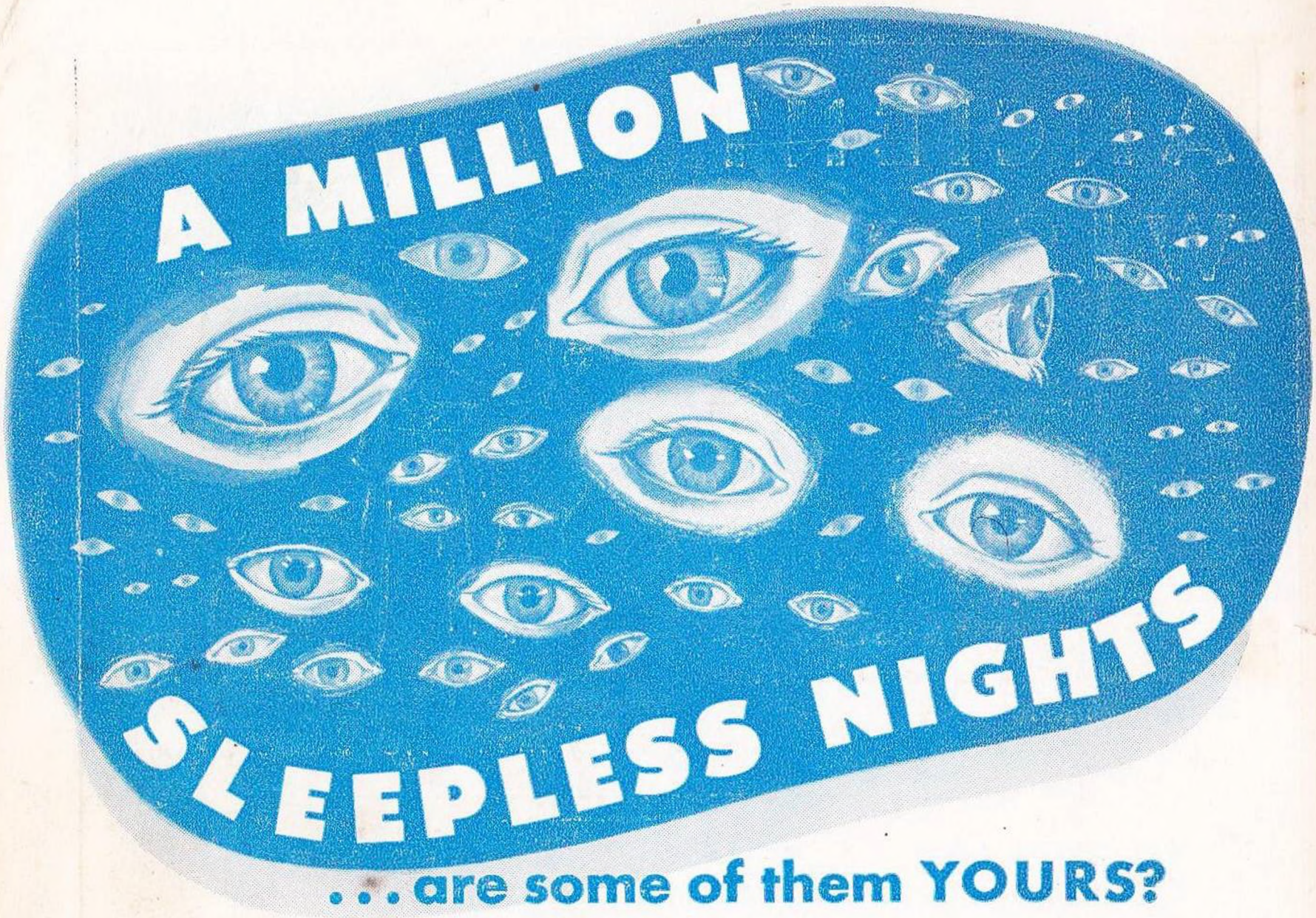
BOOKS OF INSTRUCTION

By Doreal

Four Planes of Healing—Typescript text-book of Spiritual and Magnetic Healing—$3.00
Asana Mantram and Breath Science—Entire Technique—$3.00
Sepher Yetzirah—Primary Work of the Kabballa—$2.00
Instructions of a Master to His Chela—$1.00
Symbolism of the Great Pyramid—$1.00
Masters—visible and invisible—$1.00

BROTHERHOOD of the WHITE TEMPLE, Inc.

SEDALIA, COLORADO



. . . are some of them YOURS?

For just 3 cents discover the priceless secrets that bring peace-of-mind

JUST three cents — price of a postage stamp — and you're taking the first big step towards miraculous new self assurance . . . and happiness beyond your hopes.

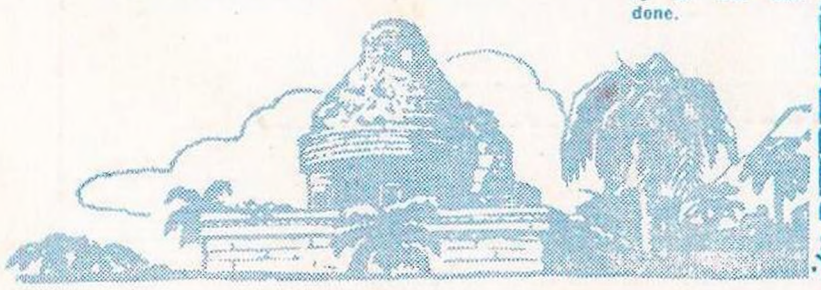
What is it you want most? A better job? Greater harmony at home? More pride in achievement? Vitality of glowing health? Thousands of people like you have found the great key that unlocks these secrets. The little known principles of the ancient Mayan Order can reveal the unlimited natural powers within you. Yes! *You have these powers now.* All you need is to release them for use! This we can show you, with little effort on your part. A whole new world — fresh, courageous, and health-giving — can unfold before you.



Rose dawn, famous radio personality, wants others to benefit from Mayanry as she has done.

The Mayan Order is a fraternal society which has brought to light the ancient inner wisdom of that mysterious race of astrologers and temple builders, the Mayans of Mexico and Central America. Many centuries ago their wise men discerned important, little known natural laws — some of them only now recognized by science. Such things as the vast power of your subconscious (your "brain within a brain") and other fascinating hidden powers through which you can find happiness that lets you "live again"!

The richest years of your life can begin — today! Mail the coupon below. There is no obligation whatever. Act now! Join the thousands who report the glow of new happiness, health, successful living.
This Coupon . . . Is For You



THE MAYANS
BOX 2710, DEPT. D-115
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Yes, I do want to know how to use the cosmic wisdom of the ancient Mayans.
Send me your free book, Mayan Mysteries.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____