The WOMAN WHO GREW YOUNGER

FATE
ANC
MAGAZINE

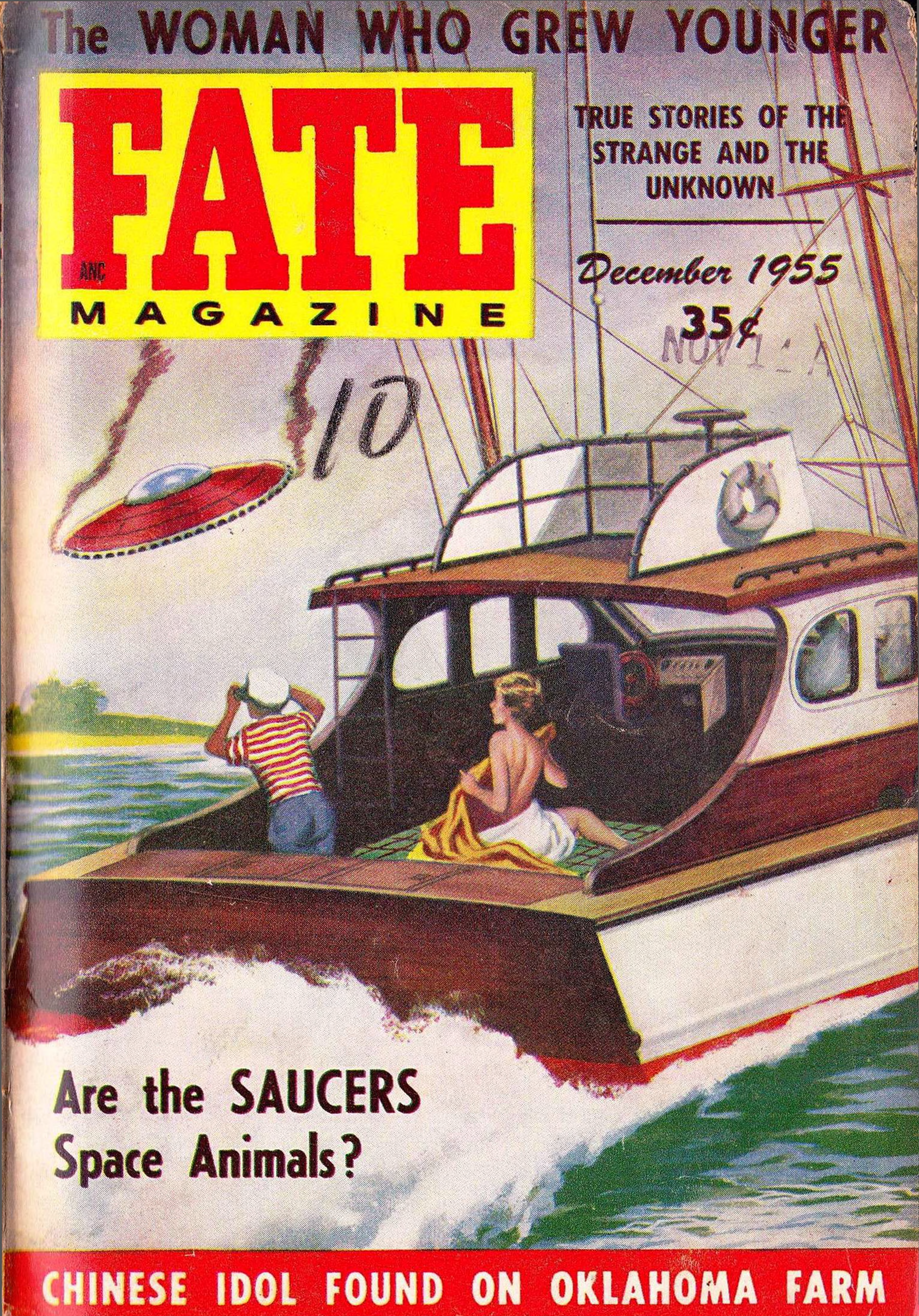
TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

December 1955

35¢

NOV 1 - A

10



Are the SAUCERS Space Animals?

CHINESE IDOL FOUND ON OKLAHOMA FARM

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

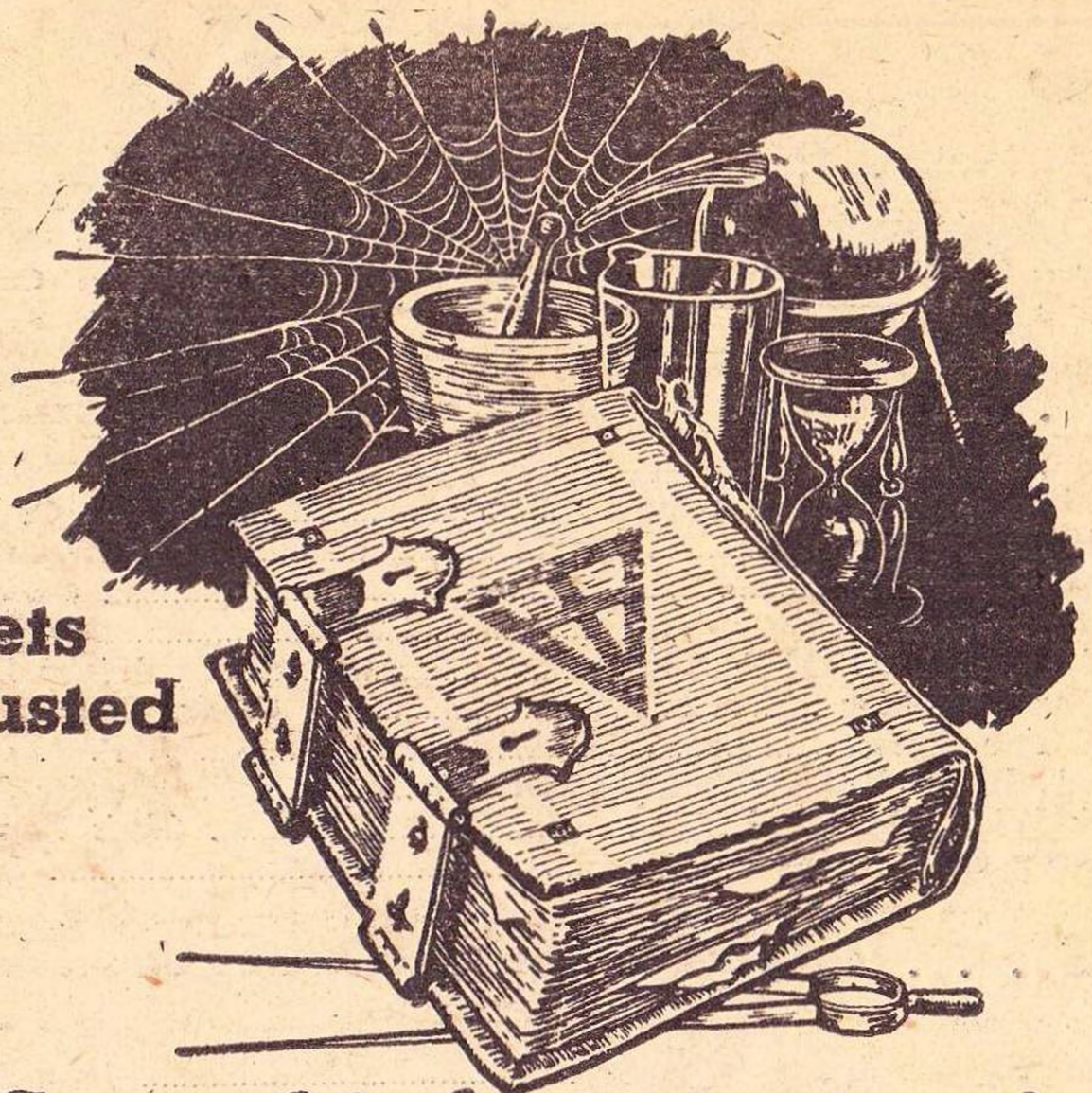
SCHOOL OF YOGA, Dept. Fe-4
806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.

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 P.A.K.

---SEND THIS COUPON---

Scribe P.A.K.
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.

DECEMBER
1955

Contents

FATE

Issue No. 69

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

VOLUME 8—NUMBER 12
Executive Editor: MARY FULLER
Editorial Consultant: CURTIS FULLER

STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

The Woman Who Grew Younger ..... *Q. Q. Quail* 24
The Invisible Dog ..... *Lady Eleanor Smith* 29
An Open Letter ..... *Candida Dee* 38
How I Found The Lost Traps ..... *W. M. Tisher* 43
Ghostly Guardians Of Dunswart ..... *Michael Sheldon* 52
The Curse Of Mar ..... *Cmdr. Charles M. Cree* 63
I Visit The Astral ..... *J. P. J. Chapman* 76
Sir E. A. Wallis Budge's Amazing Dream ..... *Marguerite Steedman* 85
I Walk With The Dead ..... *Chris Vandeventer* 95
The Story Of Sleeping Lucy ..... *Iris Barry* 100

ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

Are The Saucers Space Animals? ..... *John P. Bessor* 6
Mystery Lights Over The Orient ..... *Frank Volkmann* 13
Why The Real Saucer Is Interplanetary ..... *Thomas M. Comella* 17
Why Psychic Healing? ..... *Dr. W. D. Chesney* 32
Divination, Dowsing and Radiesthesia ..... *J. Cecil Maby, B. Sc.* 45
Edgar Cayce's Window To Eternity ..... *Vaughn Shelton* 68
Oklahoma's Chinese Idol ..... *Frank Volkmann* 82
Dervishes . . . Devils Or Saints? ..... *J. Mortimer Sheppard* 89

FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

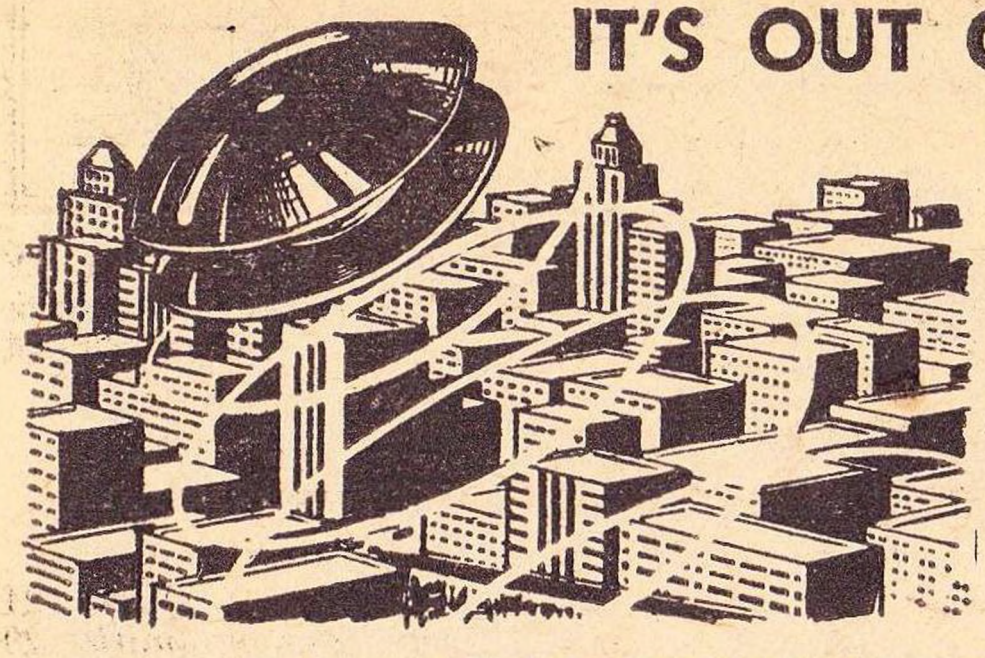
Planetary Atmospheres 31
True Mystic Experiences ..... *The Readers* 57
Has The Soul Been Photographed? 75
Nightmare On A Racing Yacht 81
Tomorrow's News 104
My Proof Of Survival ..... *The Readers* 105
Report From The Readers ..... *The Readers* 113

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 .....

Are the Saucers Space Animals?

We live at the bottom of an atmospheric ocean. Is it possible that other organisms may live above it?

By John P. Besson

From the time Kenneth Arnold saw his undulating, shining "saucers", in June, 1947, until Buck Fitzgerald and Mase Garney, two desert prospectors, claimed that they watched a flying saucer land and a little fellow jump out and run off, in August 19, 1949, a period of over two years, there was no mention of saucer crewmen landing or making conversation with earthmen by sign language, mental telepathy, or speech.

But the Fitzgerald-Garney, affair, carried by news services, touched off a veritable chain reaction of "little men" tales. In English-speaking countries the "little men have magically grown up into benevolent "guardians" or "masters" seriously concerned with the cosmic effects of atomic experimentation. In France and Italy, the crewmen remain diminutive, elf-like, and surprisingly enough, assume the physical characteristics and mannerisms of the countrymen.

Even research groups have rearranged their concepts of the flying saucers. For example- a cigar-shaped, winged object seen against the moon over San Diego during the meteor shower of 1946 was described by a medium as a space ship piloted by benevolent people "west of the moon" (and presumably "east of the sun," as in the song title). Now it has magically evolved from a creaking vehicle of balsa wood and metal



alloy covering, with electric motors to propel its huge wings, into a sleek "aeroform", piloted by "guardians" who are supposed to be warning us, by their senseless aerial gyrations and aerial explosions, against the careless use of the atom bomb.

The United States Air Force, through a series of admissions and denials, has left the issue hanging in mid-air, ripe fruit to be plucked by science-fiction opportunists. Within the past several years these writers have released a number of patently fiction "flying saucer" books (but called the gospel truth) on a gullible public. I have studied each instance of alleged human contact with a space man or space woman and have found none halfway convincing.

I do not imply, here that space travel is an impossibility or that other planets are uninhabited. Indeed, if our earth is not speeding around the sun approximately 18 miles a second, and if our constellation is not hurtling towards Vega at about the same rate of speed — as our orthodox astronomers assure us — our earth might easily be visited by inhabitants of other planets and in turn we might easily visit them, if they exist.

We know that time is a many dimensional thing, that it both exists and does not exist, that it is relative. By the same token, if there is any merit to my theory of

the homogeneity of opposites, the earth both moves and does not move in space in a four—or more—dimensional system of motion and non-motion. Research seems to indicate that this theory is applicable to various objects in haunted dwellings.

Many have seen "impossible" instances of locked, bolted and nailed doors bursting open, only to be found seconds later securely locked, bolted and nailed as before. A calendar on the wall of a haunted building in New Orleans, although firmly glued to the surface, spun like a pinwheel before the eyes of amazed onlookers. Yet it was found, moments later, glued to the wall as before.

There was the time when the sun "danced" in the sky over a large group of people on a hill in Portugal. They had assembled to view a miracle the Virgin had promised the devout children at Fatima. A photograph of the misplaced sun appeared in Life magazine. At the time of the occurrence astronomers in other parts of the world noticed nothing peculiar about the sun's behavior.

I have in my possession an account of a husband and wife who had retired for the night in a haunted house. They were awakened by the sensation of the floor collapsing. They felt themselves falling and panicked, only to find, moments later, that the floor was as solid as before.

Perhaps the entire cosmic plan of the universe is based on a many dimensional, paranormal system of superphysics.

In July, 1947, I submitted to the Air Force a theory I had evolved reading Kenneth Arnold's description of the flight of the silvery discs. He described them as undulating, or weaving back and forth. An undulating motion characterizes many poltergeist-propelled objects, and many of the aerial discs zig-zagged, or "skipped" through the sky like a flat pebble thrown along the surface of a creek, or sailed along on edge, and often exploded, or vanished, into thin air.

Because of this I contended that the "flying discs" (as they were first called) are a form of space animal, or creature, of a highly attenuated (ectoplasmic?) substance, capable of materialization and dematerialization, whose propellant is a form of telekinetic energy.

There is a saying that Nature abhors a vacuum. If the seas of our earth are swarming with varieties of living things, both great and small, is it not logical to assume that the "sea" of our sky abounds with sundry forms of living things, likewise both great and small, of varied shapes, but adaptable to their celestial environment? Some may be quite invisible, others translucent, others

opaque, still others capable of changing, chameleon-like, from one color to another, from one form to another, from visibility to complete invisibility, all in a moment.

Keeping an account of each new sighting on a large map, I noted that there appeared to be "saucer "zones or "belts" wherein the phenomena were more apt to be observed. I found that there was a predominance of sightings along both coasts, and that the northwestern part of the United States seemed extremely favored. I noted a "belt" extending from British Columbia, Oregon and Washington, through Idaho, Indiana, southern Ohio and into West Virginia.

I noted that remarkably few sightings occurred in Pennsylvania, and that the great industrail area of Pittsburgh was practically shunned by the sky objects, whereas such cities as Dayton, Columbus, and Cincinnati, Ohio, were frequently visited by the aerial saucers.

A recent survey of ghosts showed that Great Britain is one of the most haunted spots on the surface of the earth and that Sussex, in England, can boast more hauntings than any other spot in that country.

Is there some energy, magnetic or otherwise, in the ground or in the air, which attracts or gives vitality to, both ghosts and flying saucers? Disc-shaped objects are more likely to be observed in the northwestern states and along the eastern coast, whereas torpedo — or cigar-shaped — objects are more likely to be seen in the Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia areas.

In reviewing the monumental "Books of Charles Fort", I noted the prevalence of aerial phenomena during the 1870s, 1880s and 1890s, and discovered that these years saw record and near-record breaking weather, exactly as we are experiencing today. Is the current outburst of saucer sightings evidence that our aerial visitors are "migrating" into our atmosphere, forced here, possibly, by some solar, or cosmic, cyclic disturbance occurring in outer space, which is also the cause of our odd weather?

Fort mentions an instance of a flying saucer hanging low over Niagara Falls during a meteor shower on the night of November 13, 1833, and also a "very brilliant, hook-like form" seen in the sky at Poland, Trumball County, Ohio, at the same time. It remained visible for more than an hour.

Possibly these leviathans of the air seek shelter in the dense atmosphere of our earth during meteor showers and other disturbances, as ships seek harbor during a tempest at sea. Within

recent years we have read of the migration of fishes into waters previously foreign to them, and of the intrusion of wild animals into areas in which they never before had been observed. Did the mysterious, sustained vibration of the earth noted by seismologists in the early part of January, 1948, cause the huge "flaming red cone, trailing a green mist" to fly low over Clinton County, Ohio, on the night of January 8,1948?

There are bonafide reports of "saucers" the size of tennis balls, or larger than *Constellation* planes, and of shapes that vary from perfectly square to perfectly round, from paper-thin to very thick. Probably the phenomena represent varied species of aerial organisms. The luminescence observed in some may be analogous to that of the luminescent deep-sea fish, or the mysterious glow of the fire-fly.

Some of the disc-shaped objects may be likened to the clam or oyster, with a semi-material "shell" to facilitate its passage through space. The huge, bullet-shaped object, with bands around it, seen in East Africa by the passengers of an aerial transport, might be the analogue of a striped, eel-like fish found in the ocean.

There are reports of tailed saucers which certainly support my space animal theory. On May 16, 1808, at approximately four p.m. a vast procession of dark brown, circular bodies, with tails "three or four fathoms long", sailed over Skeninge Sweden, causing the sun to turn a deep brick red by their passage. Occasionally one of the weird objects would fall to earth, leaving a "soapy or jellied" film which soon vanished (*Transactions of the Swedish Academy of Sciences, 1808 - 215*).

In September, 1950, during the unexplained phenomenon of the "purple sun", a purple-glowing, six-foot globe fell lightly onto a field in Philadelphia, scarcely bending the grass with its weight. Touched by one of the policemen who saw the object fall, it dematerialized into a jelly-like mass which soon disappeared.

There were several early accounts of airplanes being "frozen" in mid-air by nearby flying saucers. Could these mysterious objects exert a force equivalent to the potent charge of the electric eel? Could the heavy trail of smoke-like substance seen coming from certain torpedo-shaped objects be the equivalent of the "ink" ejected by the octopus? Could the brilliant searchlight beamed down on earth by some of these objects be equivalent to the glowing lantern of the deep sea lantern-fish?

In my Brown Mountain, N. C., researches I learned from witnesses that many of the unex-

plained lights seen on its summit emitted a sizzling noise. How often we read of flying saucers emitting sizzling, humming, or howling sounds! Evidence points to the Brown Mountain lights, which vary from light green to orange-pink in color, being of paranormal origin, possibly of an electrical sort of energy akin to that of the flying saucer. "Ball lightning" and St. Elmo's fire may be elemental relatives of the flying saucer!

It is impossible to discern where the meteorological ends and the supernormal begins. We read of unknown bodies tearing through the structure of airplanes while in flight, or ripping through signboards and continuing on their way. There is even an instance of an object supposedly making a hole in a store window in a New York town and magically sealing it up again.

Are mystery objects which pass through solid objects necessarily solid themselves? I believe not. At Clydesdale, Scotland, (near Paisley) in the year 1295, an extremely powerful ghost haunted the home of Sir Duncan, wrestling and throwing those who sought to disturb it. Arrows shot at it and pitchforks thrown at it burned upon contact with its body. There are accounts of ghosts bending the barrels of muskets, setting objects on fire, choking people to death, or striking blows.

Often flying saucers are described as having a halo about them. Such an object was seen by the Rev. Cedric Wright, Vicar of Seighford (near Stafford), England, one night in July, 1954. He, his wife and son described it as a weird, crab-like object, emitting a light like burnished gold, with a halo above it and long "feelers" extending from its dome-shaped body. They said it moved back and forth near their house, about 80 feet in the air, for nearly an hour before disappearing.

"Acceleration" apparently does not cause the change in color of a flying saucer. There are accounts of these strange objects being an assortment of colors together. Are the changes of colors due to the thought processes of these aerial denizens?

We shudder when we read of the many falls of flesh and blood from the sky in times past and wonder whether a species of "saucer" is carnivorous, finding animals and humans a tasty dish. A report from France tells of a man becoming enmeshed in a fall of "angel hair" from the sky. It is claimed that only after a battle did he escape from being pulled up into the air. Fort often claimed we were "fished for" by aerial intruders.

We read of the weird disappearance of the occupants of sailing ships, of the strange dis-

appearance into thin air of the 25 or 30 inhabitants of the Eskimo village on Hudson's Bay in November, 1930. We read of the C-46 (which Kenneth Arnold was hunting when he saw the group of flying saucers) with 32 Marines on it which crashed in 1947. The plane was found, but there was no trace of a single body in or about the wreckage.

We read of Oliver Lerch, the Indiana boy who went down to the spring to draw a bucket of water one winter's night and who was caught up into the sky, his cries for help fading in the distance. We read of "thunderstones" falling to earth. They are almost always wedge-shaped, and we wonder if they are the implements of ancient hunters who were abducted by carnivorous species of flying saucer, having lain, perhaps for centuries, in some limbo of the sky. We wonder what effect these flying saucers have upon the very "Gates of Heaven".

Do they frighten or subsist upon the souls of the departed, as the ancients hinted, with their belief in the "Devourer of Souls"? Surely the Church should be concerned about these things.

We look to so-called "mediums" for some answer and find a wide variety of "explanations" from their colorful "guides", ranging from "reflections of cosmic ray apparatus" to sage and esoteric "Elder Brethren" from Venus.

Meanwhile, the Air Force has clamped strict censorship on all American and most foreign sightings. There is little doubt that the Air Force, disdaining to admit that the flying saucers border on the preternatural, prefer to let the subject rest, knowing that science-fiction writers and amateurish publications will finish off what Donald Menzel, the champion of the "mirage" notion, failed to complete.

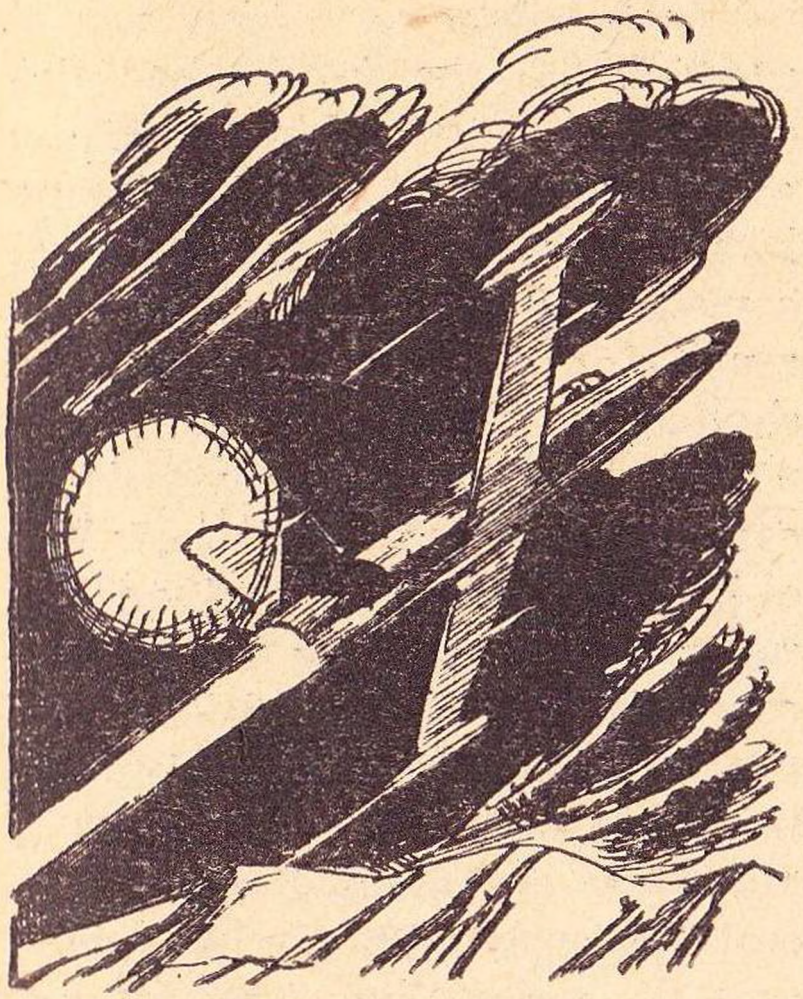
If the intelligent and sober segment of the American public does not want to sit idly by and see the subject of flying saucers thus buried in the grave of fantasy-fiction and the ridiculous, let each one beg the Air Force and our American news services to remove all censorship, eliminate all suppression, concerning the greatest phenomena of our time.

After all, it is OUR sky, too!

NOT AS FORECAST

RECENTLY the annual Cherokee Area Council Boy Scout Exposition was held in Chattanooga, Tenn. No rain was forecast but it came pouring down — after a Talladega, Ala., troop did an Indian rain dance.

MYSTERY LIGHTS over the ORIENT



The weird, brilliant light had a revolving, disc-shaped nucleus. It shot toward the tail of the jet plane as if about to hit it.

By Frank Volkmann

A prolonged flash of intensely brilliant light shot at the tail end of the F-84 *Thunderjet*, hovered briefly and then disappeared. The pilot didn't see it but Lieutenant David Brigham, who was following him to the U.S. Air Base in Northern Japan in a prop-driven reconnaissance craft, did. He reported sighting the mysterious light at 11:20 a.m., March 29, 1952, at an altitude of 6000 feet. The sky was bright, cloudless and the visibility was excellent.

The radiant body of the flash streaked from a quadrant of the sky beyond Brigham's scope of vision as if under a directional and controlled force, directly at the jet fighter-bomber in advance of his plane. The diffuse light appeared to indicate a metallic nucleus that took the form of a revolving disc-shaped object.

It vacillated for interminable seconds at the tail of the plane and then shot away as abruptly as it had appeared.

Lieutenant Brigham reported, as quoted in the official Air Force Intelligence files, that the object was "about eight inches in diameter, very thin, round, and as shiny as polished chromium; had no apparent projections and left no exhaust trails." He estimated its speed conservatively at 40 m.p.h. faster than the F-84 jet which was going only 160 m.p.h.

Of particular interest, Lieuten-

ant Brigham commented later, was that an instant before the object would have collided with the fuselage it decelerated proportionately with the speed of the jet. In his report he goes on to observe that "doing so, it flipped up on its edge at approximately a 90° bank. Then it fluttered within 20 feet of his fuselage for perhaps two or three seconds, pulled away and around his starboard right wing, appearing to flip once it hit the slipstream behind his wing tip fuel tank."

Lieutenant Brigham marvelled at the peculiar "flight characteristic" of the object — a prosaic, fluttering motion — that caused it to tip back and forth at 40° banks in several instantaneous spurts.

Brigham asserted that although the disc had no visible protuberances there was a strange "ripple in the metal skin" that encircled the edge in an unbroken white line. This is a characteristic feature of so-called "flying saucers" observed in the western hemisphere, particularly two sighted low in the skies over Brazil in 1949. At least one investigator has suggested that this peculiarity might be important in the objects' flight mechanism if it truly was an "object." Aerodynamicists do not necessarily agree.

The "saucers" reported by the Canadian destroyer *Crusader* on July 10, 1952, in the general vicinity of Korea lacked these "ripples" but possessed another distinctive characteristic. They were seen by 40 officers and crew members of the vessel at an estimated altitude of two miles — a considerable distance, which would account for the incomplete discription. Nevertheless, like the object observed by Lieutenant Brigham, they lay in an ocean of coruscating light and seemed to revolve at blinding speeds as they shot across the sky.

The officers of the vessel recounted in some detail how the objects registered "fixes" on the radar screen, placing them at a carefully calculated altitude of two miles and a distance from the ship of seven miles.

Despite the official report several "experts" ridiculed the idea that the radar "fixes" were "saucers" and contended that they were the planet Jupiter! One of the witnesses replied indignantly that "Jupiter doesn't come in pairs and is several million miles out of range of our radar."

Previous sightings of similar objects near this area included those reported by the crews of two night-flying bombers near North Korea. The descriptions were fragmentary, mentioning only that they appeared as bright lights travelling at phenomenal speeds.

Again on the night of July 26 an attendent at the Central Meteorological Observatory in Korea claimed he saw a singular green-

ish-white light with a darker interior zoom across the sky, leaving a smoky trail in its wake. A university student, Makoto Sakai, also reported seeing it but thought it was a bluish color. He emphasized that it split in half at the zenith of its flight and disappeared.

The description of these flying lights dovetailed nicely with the reports of spinning luminous objects that led U.S. jet pilots a merry chase in December, 1953. Col. Donald J.M. Blakeslee pursued weird clusters of red, white and green lights in an F-84f *Thunderjet* at an altitude of 35,000 feet. They streaked through the sky at incomprehensible speed, Blakeslee reported, and all the time appeared to be spinning rapidly in tiny mobilization units.

The official Air Force Intelligence report of December 29, 1953, reasoned that the "frequency of related sightings attest to some unconventional flying object active in this general area" (Northern Japan). An F-94 interceptor picked up queer revolving lights on his radar screen about two weeks later on the night of January 9, 1953. "Radar contact for approximately two minutes was verified" by radar observer Lt. Walter Lawley, Jr. The pilot, Lt. M.E. Conine, hastily commenced to pursue them but lost contact a few moments later. They were picked up by the radar screen over Northern Honshu, the main Japanese island, and were travelling in a generally westward direction at tremendous speeds.

The Intelligence officer who wrote the report, Lt. Col. Russell Powell, commented that "there are too many indicators of the presence of *something* for the report to be considered an observation of nothing." Col. Curtis R. Low, Commander of the northern division of Japan Air Defense base, added to this by testifying that the light clusters reported by jet pilots also had been witnessed by ground personnel.

One Japanese witness swore that he saw a large cigar-shaped vessel emit a number of "queer lights" some weeks previous to the reports of the jet pilots.

Hundreds of pedestrians and shoppers in the city streets of Singapore reported the same thing on April 29, 1952. The object was described as a silvery cigar-shaped rocket leaving a fiery exhaust tail. The Royal Air Force said that no jet aircraft was in the vicinity at the time of the phenomena.

Little globules of free-flving light streamed from the sides of the object, several observers said. They possessed no distinctive color but flew at such terrific speed they appeared to dissolve in the ether. The cigar-shaped vessel moved very fast itself but seemed

to slow down perceptibly when the tiny lights were released. They emerged from what were apparently small portals on the sides of the strange air ship, reuniting in tiny clusters as they sped off at fantastic velocity in the opposite direction.

It is possible they were the same as the strange lights frequently observed in crystalline-like pattern by U.S. Combat Troops in the night skies over Korea.

On the West Korea front on October 19, 1952, U.S. troops saw six spark-emitting "cartwheels" that revolved swiftly in a 15-foot circle. Corp. J.A. Lajoie did not think "they were flares" but likened them to the "revolving cartwheels you see on the fourth of July." Similar lights were observed on the Korea front later in April, 1953. They were "delta" or triangular-shaped, about seven feet in diameter, and moved through the skies at an estimated 80 m.p.h.

A significant fact is that few of these mysterious lights are ever described as "discs" or as typical "flying saucers." The reports of strange aerial phenomena in the skies near Suchon, Korea, early in 1952 were all "brilliant lights," spherical, and throbbing like living radiance. Most were described as vividly orange in color, halved by a bluish light and revolving rapidly as they struck across the sky. Those seen by crew members of U.S. bombers in July of the same year were globular, brilliant orange and again emitting flashes of bluish light.

There is one important exception, however, and that consists of several eye-witness reports of "white discs" near Karachi, Pakistan, early in December, 1952. Four of the "discs" were seen moving close to the horizon in purposive formation and leaving long smoke trails behind. No jets or any other military aircraft were in the area. They had a metallic luster, didn't appear to revolve, and were not bathed in the characteristic flood of light.

Are these strange lights a recent counterpart of the mysterious "foo-fighters" seen by United States and British pilots during the second World War and described in an earlier issue of Fate? In any case there seems reason to draw a sharp distinction between the disc-shaped "flying saucers" and these baffling lights seen in Oriental skies.

RIDING HIGH

TIRED of the daily hunt for a parking space in downtown Cleveland, Robert Paley, 56, took his first bus ride in 15 years. He found the fare expensive — a pickpocket stole his wallet.

WHY THE REAL SAUCER IS INTERPLANETARY

Do the saucers come from another planet? Reports of their performance suggest that they are space machines.

By Thomas M. Comella

Photos by Elwing Studios

On January 22, 1948, the Air Force investigation of the "flying saucer" matter was instituted. The technical phrase, "Unidentified Flying Object" (UFO,) was applied to the phenomena. By using this phrase the Air Force admitted that the real "saucer" was a material object not identifiable with natural or conventional causes.

Since the Air Force project began "over 10,000 sighting reports" have been filed with intelligence! This is an official figure quoted from England's Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding. Of these reports, 20% are admittedly unexplained after thorough investigation.

This means over 2,000 reports are not explained as natural phenomena, hallucinations, astronomical displays, conventional objects, or American research missiles.

Then just what is this real "flying saucer"? Following are several points which suggest only one logical answer that conforms to all the facts.

1. Anyone who has studied the "saucer" phenomena closely is aware of one thing: the Air Force is withholding information from the public. This statement can be documented in many instances. Here is one example.

The official Air Force public release in 1954 stated that only 87 reports had been filed with Wright Patterson Field Intelligence during the first seven months of 1954. Yet in July, 1954, Len Stringfield, Cincinnati businessman and director of C.R.I.F.O. (Civilian Research, Interplanetary Flying Objects), interviewed Lt. Col. John O'Mara, deputy commander of Intelligence at Wright Patterson Field. Lieutenant O'Mara at that time stated

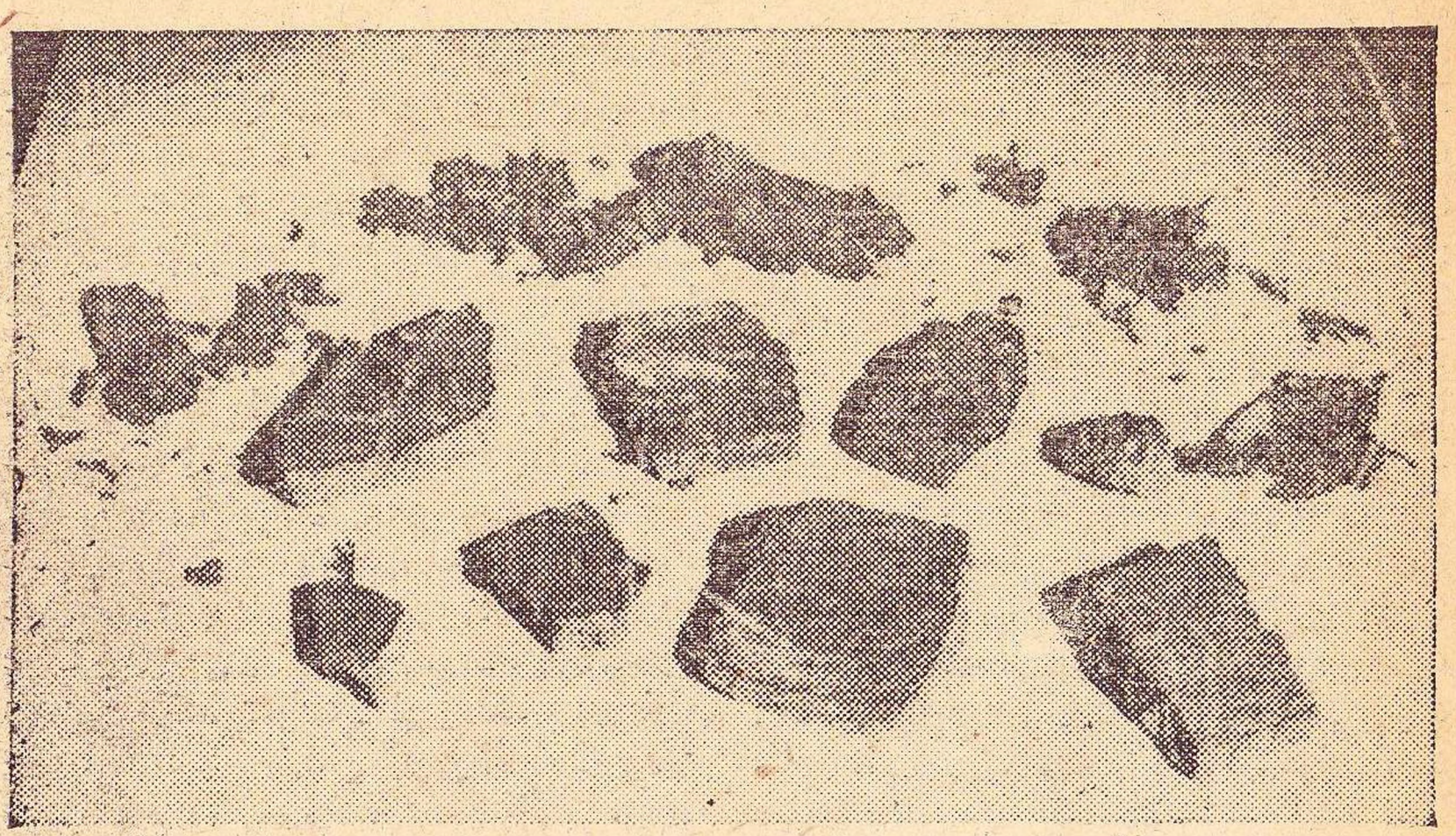


Ernest Moretton of the San Mateo County, Calif., sheriff's office studies mysterious metal fragments found along a 200-foot stretch of Portola Road in Woodside, Calif., on August 27, 1954. Discovery of the fragments followed reports of an explosion in the area and coincide in time with flood of 1954 saucer sightings mentioned in accompanying article. When found, fragments were so hot they burned holes in macadam road. They appear to be cast iron and to have come from a cylindrical object.

that during 1954 an average of 700 "saucer" sightings a week were reported to the air field. He said further that the figure "87" used in the public newspaper releases, applied only to those cases "under special analysis." Thus the public was deceived into believing that the "flying saucer fad" was just about over when in reality the most concentrated barrage of sightings in history was taking place.

Further corroboration of the incident is to be found in a Feb. 13, 1954, news release. The headline read: "5 to 10 SAUCERS SEEN BY PILOTS EACH NIGHT". Yet with all of these reports flooding Intelligence, the newswires remained silent. Even earlier in the year, on Jan. 6, the *Cleveland Press* stated, "BRASS CURTAIN HIDES FLYING SAUCERS". The article went on to state that visits to Wright Field, the saucer center, had been banned. Which simply meant that reporters could not look for stories.

2. The maneuvers and speeds, of the "saucers", reported by reliable witnesses, are proof that they operate by some totally revolutionary process which outdates rocket and jet propulsion. Let's review some of the evidence. ■ *Case 1.* On December 6, 1952, a B-29 was flying toward Florida



Fragments are of even thickness and range in size from a half-inch to two inches. Found with them were the tufts of charred asbestos-like material at top of photo.

shortly before dawn. At 5:25 a.m. three UFO's appeared on the radar screen. Their speed was calculated at 5,240 m.p.h. Twice more saucers raced onto the screen and one time two of the "things" rocketed by the bomber, appearing as two "blurs of blue light" to the crew. Once again the screen cleared....but soon another group of saucers was picked up.

They were travelling at the same speed — 5,240 m.p.h. Then, as everyone watched dumbfounded, a huge blip of one-half inch diameter appeared on the radar screen. Then, still travelling at over 5,000 m.p.h., one of the smaller blips merged with the large machine. Instantly the huge blip started to accelerate and soon disappeared from the screen. Its speed was checked and re-checked but it still showed 9,000 m.p.h.!

■ *Case 2.* First and second officers, Nash and Fortenberry, were flying to Miami on the night of July 14, 1952. They were at 8,000 feet as they approached Norfolk, Va., on their regular airline run. Six bright objects flashed into view heading in the direction of the airliner. Suddenly the leader of the saucer procession slowed markedly and saucers two and three in the line appeared to overrun the first slightly. Soon, the line of objects flipped on edge and then after executing a 30° turn, once again flipped on their flat surfaces and sped away. Then

two more discs rushed into view from under the airliner and followed the other six. All eight objects were at 2,000 feet. They appeared as red hot coals but their edges were clearly defined. Their estimated speed was 6,000-12,000 m.p.h.!

■*Case 3.* August 5, 1952, a bright light slowly approached the Japan Oneida Air Base. Binoculars were focused on the thing from the control tower. As it came closer the operators saw "a dark circular shape behind the glow, four times the light's diameter." A small, less brilliant light shone from the dark undersurface of the strange machine. After hovering for some time it turned away, accelerating at terrific speed. The radar crew picked up the craft in time to witness the launching of two objects from the first.

These cases are officially released by the air force. They describe vehicles intelligently controlled. The fantastic speeds and maneuvers were reported by military personnel, trained to observe. The objects defy Newton's Law of Gravity and apparently are not subject to inertia or metal stress. This would indicate that the power used is not aerodynamic, (does not use airlift to stay airborne).

Now either the physics texts have been re-written in the last few years or those objects were not from this earth!

3. If the real saucers were a secret project the Air Force would, in some way, be informed so that it could stop its painstaking investigation and save a great deal of money. But not only is money being lost, American pilots are being endangered.

■ *Case 1.* On August 1, 1952, Maj. James B. Smith and First Lt. Don Hemer of Wright Patterson Air Force Base climbed to 17,000 feet in pursuit of a glowing object that appeared over Dayton. The thing changed color and was stated definitely to be a solid object. The pilots maneuvered around it to determine if it could be an air inversion, etc. They watched the craft for 10 seconds, then it disappeared "into space at a high rate of speed". A cloak of secrecy was thrown around the whole incident. Even photographs of the pilots were banned.

■ *Case 2.* Ground Observers of Rockford, Ill., spotted a UFO near their post and sent a report to the filter center in Chicago. Within minutes jets were in the air on an intercept mission and, according to G.O.C. members, they fired on the mysterious object causing it to explode. Before the explosion, however, G.O.C. reported that a smaller round object shot out of the side of the parent device and then, in horizontal flight, passed up the jets. Then it was seen to turn on edge and disappear straight up into the sky. G.O.C.

witnesses were warned to say nothing of what they had seen.

These reports are typical. In 1952 the Air Force issued an order to all pilots within range for intercept planes to "shoot down the saucers" if possible. Does it not seem absurd to believe that American pilots would be endangered on intercept missions involving merely American secret weapons? Is it logical for jets to fire on an American weapon? Another interesting point concerning these, and other, reports is the apparent description of a "mother ship" which is able to launch and take aboard smaller craft at will. They appear to be actual aircraft carriers of the sky!

4. The "flying saucers" pay no attention to restricted areas or airline routes! It seems unlikely, first of all, that any nation experimenting with a secret saucer-like missile would risk it over foriegn countries. Secondly, it seems even more unlikely that such experiments would run over populated cities and over airline routes endangering thousands of people. And lastly, the saucers have appeared over areas which are restricted to any airborne object. Here is the evidence:

■ *Case 1.* On November 21, 1950, scores of Pasco residents watched a huge cigar-shaped vessel soar over the restricted Hanford Atomic Works in Washington State. Alarmed workers at the plant viewed the event for eight minutes as the craft went through its paces.

■ *Case 2.* In July, 1952, literally scores of saucers were tracked by radar over Washington D.C. When American craft came into the area the saucers would leave. When the American craft left the area the saucers returned. The discs exhibited fantastic speeds and maneuvers. Right angle turns were common. Radar experts held their breath as some of the things hovered over the restricted White House, Capitol Building, and the Pentagon. The objects were seen by pilots in the air, personnel on the ground and radar at three different stations.

Nearly two years later, in May, 1954, Air Police at Washington's National Airport watched two glowing, pulsating objects through night glasses. After several minutes the objects turned away and sped out of sight. Later that afternoon an electronics expert picked up a huge craft at 10 miles on special equipment. He tracked the thing for three hours before it disappeared. It was travelling at about 160 m.p.h. "It was like nothing I've experienced," he said.

5. When all of the recent information is considered, there always remains that voluminous material reported on saucers sightings from the past. Documented records have traced saucers

to the year 600 A.D. Charles Fort recorded literally thousands of reports throughout the 18th and 19th centuries. Reviewed here is one of the more detailed reports.

■ *Case 1.* Quoted from the July, 1952, *Readers Digest:* "In April, 1897, U.S. newspapers from coast to coast gave front page space to a huge cigar-shaped airship cruising around Chicago. Late in March dispatches from the West described a "cigar-shaped" object with no motive power, certainly not steam, first reported near Sacramento, then Denver. On March 29, according to the *New York Herald,* it was seen by a majority of the residents of Omaha. The *New York Sun* stated that Kansas City trolley cars stopped and soon the whole population was watching it from the street and rooftops. The light was as big as that produced by 20 stars. Thousands saw it in Milwaukee, over which it stopped for a quarter of an hour.

Now who was conducting secret experiments in 1897? Was this a super American or Russian missile? The fact is, reports (documented ones) date back to a time when even the balloon was new. Yet amazing saucer-like ships astounded people with hairpin turns, fantastic speeds and the ability to hover at will, apparently defying gravity.

6. Unidentified objects, not any type of astronomical phenomena, have been observed to operate in outer space! This is a very blunt statement but the facts backing it up are numerous. Reprinted here are two observations.

■ *Case 1.* Witnesses were Donald R. Carr and Seymour Gates, engineers for Convair, Dean Strawn, former Navy pilot, and Robert Haney, amateur astronomer. They observed the following on the night of May 12, 1952. Carr first sighted a "red tail" near the big dipper. After a couple of seconds they could see a small luminescent white circular object at the head of the red tail. It moved downward in a very erratic pattern, then leveled off. It made no sound and traveled in a westerly course for about 15,000 feet.

When observed through a six-power telescope it appeared like a disc or sphere. It disappeared to the north only to reappear over the same route and maneuver over the city. There seemed to be a relationship between its speed and brightness. When accelerating it brightened considerably. It had a slight blue halo around it. The observers wrote: "At all times it appeared under intelligent control."

The object's initial height was calculated at 117.5 miles by triangulation and its initial speed was 36,000 m.p.h. Observer Carr writes further: "So here we have an object coming from *above* the atmosphere at meteoric speed,

levelling off, circling the city at least twice, soundlessly, and under intelligent control".

■ *Case 2.* On September 5, 1954, amateur astronomers Peter Bartkus and Ted McColm were observing the moon. At about 10:30 p.m. they both viewed through their six inch reflector scope an object traversing the quarter moon. It seemd to be near the Mare Humboldtainum area. The object reflected dull light like a planet. It must have been powered for it did not follow the moon's orbit. Rather, it travelled in the opposite direction from that of the descending moon. Bartkus writes, . . the most unusual phenomena I have ever had the experience of witnessing. The object was definitely in space and in the moon's field or near the moon."

There is the evidence! The *real saucer* has been seen to operate in space. When this is combined with the rest of the documented material the conclusion seems inevitable.

Recently, the Mars Committee returned from South Africa. Dr. Slipher, of Lowell Observatory, has publically stated that, "Mars is alive . . . it has to be."

What new evidence was found, or what evidence will be found in the future, is not specifically known. Further, a new electronic instrument, called the screen intensifier, has proven that the canals of Mars exist (see April 4, 1955, issue of Time magazine). Astronomer Wilson recently viewed Mars through the Lowell Observatory telescope to which was mounted the screen intensifier. "Suddenly, there were canals all over the place. I had been a canal agnostic, but I'm not anymore," Dr. Wilson stated.

Is Mars the link between the real saucer and outer space? Within a few years we may know the answer.

During the many years the writer has been engaged in astronomical and UFO research, he has become convinced that the evidence available proves the existence of the interplanetary saucer. He also believes that some reports of saucers involve natural phenomena, American missiles, and conventional objects. But the fact that not one person has ever reported a saucer homing down on a military air base is proof enough that not many of the reports involve research missiles.

The great majority of authentic reports involve silent speeding discs that flee to the upper limits of the sky when chased. This is the real flying saucer! It is the controlled interplanetary machine!

By Q. Q. Quail

Seeking escape from her problems, she geared her mind to a youthful point of view. The hands of time appeared to turn backward for . . .



the Woman who grew Younger

For uncounted centuries the mind of man has grappled with the mystery of what we call Time. Men have advanced theories for going back in time, for halting the advance of old age. They have dreamed of reversing the clock so that an individual might grow younger, rather than older, with the pasing of time. Such was the goal of Ponce De Leon's celebrated quest.

Common sense perhaps tells us that time marches relentlessly onward; that all living things must grow older even with the passage of a single hour — and yet —

This stranger-than-fiction case of a woman who grew emotionally and mentally *younger* with the passage of time was reported in the daily press less than 20 years ago. Dr. Beverly R. Tucker, well-known neuro-psychiatrist, read a research paper on the case before the *Richmond Academy of Medicine* on November 10, 1936. Subsequently it was published in *The Virginia Medical Monthly* for February, 1937. As is customary in the reporting of case-histories, the patient's name was not revealed by Dr. Tucker. But her story is surely one of the strangest

among the many cases recorded for medical science.

Mrs. A. was born in Virginia shortly after the close of the War of Secession. She was raised in the "protected" manner then customary among families of "the better class." She led a pleasant, care-free existence devoid of real responsibilities. There were servants always within call. Her parents gave her, what in those days was, a good education. She was sent to well-known private schools of the vicinity, and quite probably to a "finishing school," although never to college.

In her school-days she was a beautiful girl with transparent skin, delicately-chiseled features, white teeth, wistful eyes, and lustrous chestnut-brown hair. Small wonder that her hand was soon sought in marriage by a well-to-do, rising young corporation official.

Her marriage was essentially a continuation of the familiar life of her girlhood, except for the appearance of three fine children. There were servants, a fair amount of luxury, a comfortable home and no serious responsibilities other than the rearing of the children — of course even that duty was shared with her husband and the servants. Her life remained "sheltered".

Her husband accompanied her on all journeys, usually made in Pullman drawing-rooms to insure the utmost in comfort. Mrs. A. once confessed that she had never bought a railroad ticket for herself. Her husband looked after mundane matters.

After many happy years her beloved and doting husband died. Although left in comfortable circumstances financially, she felt confused and infinitely helpless. She was appalled by the prospect of shouldering the unfamiliar duties and responsibilities which now confronted her in the handling of her husband's estate and the task of rearing her three adolescent children alone.

She felt desperately inadequate for these duties, particularly since she thought she did not truly *understand* her children. And the teen-age years were said to be so crucial! Somehow she felt out of touch with the mentality of youth. To recall her own attitudes as a young girl was not easy. Besides, times had changed. Things were so *different* nowadays. If only she were a bit younger, *then,* surely, trying to understand her children would be less baffling.

Perhaps there was a simple solution after all. She could be more companionable with them if she could assume a younger point of view. And what better way to do it than to associate with young married couples, to seek the company of her children's friends, to go out with her daughters and her son!

Since the period of mourning

was over now, why not dress the part, too? Bright-colored youthful clothes would do ever so much toward making her appear younger. She adopted the fashions of her daughters.

It was still more important to be younger *inside*. Every day she endeavored to gear her mind into a more youthful point of view — to *think* young as well as act young. Even her children grew to think of their mother more as an older sister than as a parent.

In the course of time the children married. However, one daughter and her husband invited Mrs. A. to make her home with them. At first the companionship of this delightful, middle-aged lady with her youthful point of view was enjoyed by the son-in-law and daughter. Mother was no fuddy-duddy to sit by herself in the corner and knit; no indeed, she was "one of the gang"!

But after a few years they observed, with some uneasiness, that she was slipping behind them. Although they became older, she was not growing older with them. Quite the contrary, her actions were reminiscent of adolescence. Her children began to criticize her youthful dress, her teen-age behavior, her flippant conversation. The neighbors' tongues began to wag. Soon the whole town was "talking." It became necessary to regulate her comings and goings, for she was as irresponsible as the most undisciplined high-school student.

Slowly the incredible fact began to dawn on her now-grown children. No, it *couldn't* be! It was too fantastic! Who ever heard of such a thing? But with a wave of horror they saw that it was, nevertheless, true. *As time went on, their mother was gradually growing, not older, but younger!*

Her self-induced youthful attitude was no longer her servant, but her master. She had unleashed a Frankenstein-monster. Her youthful behavior was now completely involuntary. She had become incapable of acting her age even if she tried. Her children faced the fact that their mother was steadily losing ground before the Juggernaut which had been so carefully nurtured in the early days of her widowhood!

Every few months she seemed to become a year younger.

From the behavior of an adolescent she went into late childhood, then into earlier childhood. A physician was consulted but he was powerless to help her. In desperation the children took her to many doctors, but they were no more successful.

In April, 1932, she was admitted to the hospital maintained by Dr. Tucker and his associates in Richmond, Va. At this time Mrs. A. was 61 years of age. She still retained some vestiges of her youthful beauty. Her behavior and

accomplishments were those of a child of six. She wore short dresses, liked to rock in a chair and read children's books — rather poorly at that. She talked like a child, played with dolls and pretended various objects were toys. She was mischievous and played tricks on the nurses and doctors. She laughed and cried on small provocation. When her children visited her Mrs. A. behaved as though they were the parents and she the child.

The doctors, in a grim effort to turn back the hands of her personality clock, searched carefully into her past life. It seemed clear that the crushing load of responsibility which followed her husband's death had made it necessary for her to escape back to the carefree days of youth, then childhood. Her all-too-successful attempt to act younger had set in motion mental machinery which it was now too late to stop. Except for undernourishment and marked anemia (for which medication was prescribed) she was otherwise in reasonably good physical condition. Her mental history up to the time of her husband's death had been normal, with no evidence of phobias, compulsions, sex-complexes, morbid ideas, memory lapses, hallucinations, elevation, depression, or excessive emotionalism.

Dr. Tucker and his Richmond co-workers were no more successful than the previous physicians in arresting, much less reversing, Mrs. A.'s now hopelessly advanced trend toward younger and younger behavior. Research unearthed similar cases in medical records and treatises. Mrs. A.'s illness, although fantastic, still was not unique in the history of medicine. No less a person than Dr. William A. White, recognized authority on psychiatry and mental hygiene, assured Dr. Tucker that he had personal knowledge of similar cases. Psychiatrists give the malady a name: *progressive regression*.

Psychiatrists know that non-progressive regression is not unusual in persons who are unable to cope with the vicissitudes and complexities of the modern world. These victims take refuge back in a period of their lives which seems more satisfying, more simple, and more safe. Usually they stop at a specific period and remain there. Fortunately, most of these cases can be cured. Progressive regression is extremely rare.

After a few months Mrs. A.'s behavior resembled that of a three or four-year-old. She could no longer speak plainly. She often prattled incoherently. She could not dress herself. She was clumsy in eating and once in a while soiled herself. The ability to read disappeared. Had the nurse not forbade it, she would have crawled on the floor in preference to walk-

ing on her two feet.

A few month later she was acting like a child of about one. Most of the time she spent in bed moving her hands and feet aimlessly. The only thing she said which anyone could understand was "Mama, Mama". It was useless to tell her that her mother had died 30 years previously. She no longer understood much of what was said to her. She cried a lot and had to wear diapers. She loved to roll up towels as though they were rag-dolls, then hug them and croon to them. She would not chew. The nurses were obliged to feed her with a spoon, and even then she would accept only liquids, which she took with a sucking noise. She liked to be fondled, like a baby, and was the pet of the hospital staff.

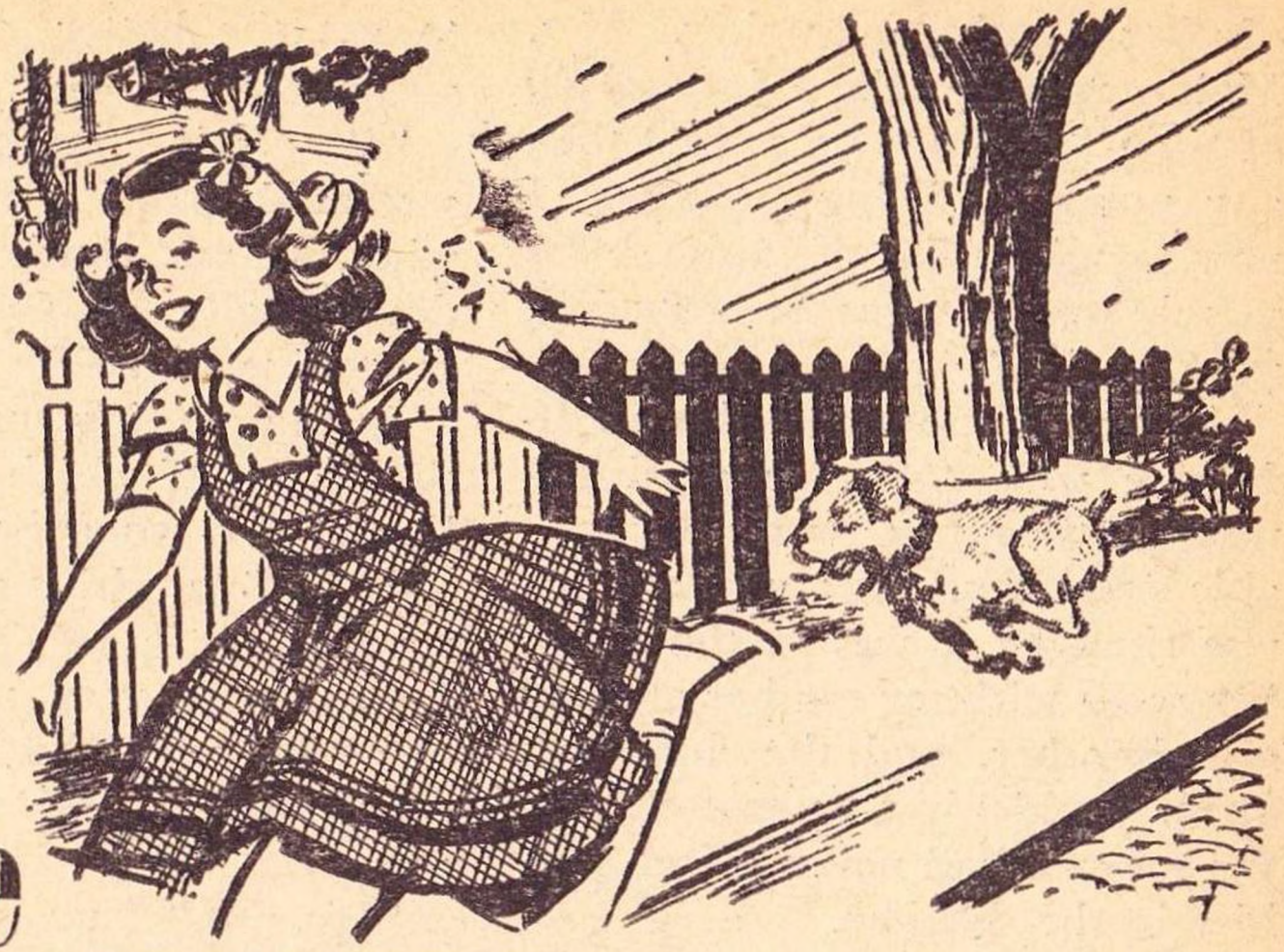
When members of her family came to see her an expression of delight would light up her face; other than that, she recognized nobody. Her activities were eating, sleeping, crying, and making the odd gurgling noises characteristic of babies.

In September, 1932, her family felt the pinch of the depression and they were obliged to transfer her to a nursing home. By then her actions were those of a four-month-old infant. But Mrs. A. had aroused too much interest to be forgotten. The nurses and doctors associated with Dr. Tucker kept in touch with the case. The reports on her case were not a surprise. The regression continued inexorably. She now made no movement except to breathe. Later she was transferred to the state hospital where, after a short time, death brought the incredible case to an end.

At the time she died she had assumed the foetal posture — the curled-up position of an unborn baby. Having gone as far backward in time as it was possible to go, there was no earlier stage into which she could regress, except the void which preceded her coming into the world.

Life can be termed a period of illumination between two voids. But there are few cases on record in which the individual's departure took the form of a return to the same void from which she came.

"As the years creep upon us," Dr. Tucker said, in reporting on the case to his colleagues, "most of us dread advancing age; but would it not be more horrible and more searing if, instead of growing older, we progressively grew younger?"



the INVISIBLE dog

Gyp had a rough white coat and a cold black nose. His body had weight. But the little girl was the only one who could see him.

Reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc., from *Life's A Circus*, by Lady Eleanor Smith. Copyright 1939, 1940 by Lady Eleanor Smith.

By Lady Eleanor Smith

About this time I saw my first and only ghost. I was not afraid as I should be now; on the contrary, I became, before long, much attached to the apparition.

One night I woke up to feel a weight on my feet. I put on the light and saw a dog lying on the end of my bed. The dog was a scrubby white terrier with sandy patches; it stared at me and I stared back at it. I felt no curiosity as to its presence on my bed, and I was very sleepy. I put out the light, and when I woke again in the morning the dog had vanished. But it came back that same night and I stroked it. The next night it was there again, and I called it "Gyp," after a creation

of that admirable writer, Mrs. Molesworth. I talked incessantly of "Gyp," but no one at first took any notice, it being supposed, I now imagine, that the animal was merely one of what Buster called my "fancies."

At first I supported this indifference with tolerable good humour. Grownups were incalculable creatures. But one day all was changed. I was in the drawing room with my mother and my grandmother, and the door was open. Suddenly Gyp trotted into the room. I had never before seen him in the daytime.

"There!" I said triumphantly, pointing at him.

"What?" asked my grandmother.

"Gyp! Look! You can't pretend he isn't real now."

There was a short silence.

I ran across to Gyp, stroking and petting him.

"Granny! Please!"

"I see nothing," my grandmother said drily.

"Don't be so silly," said my mother.

I felt myself becoming cold with rage. (I had, as a child, an extremely violent temper, and when I lost it, which was often, I was sick and shaken for hours afterwards.) I stamped my foot.

"*Why* can't you see him? *Why?*"

"Eleanor," said my grandmother warningly; and to my mother, "This child's imagination is going to get the better of her unless something is done."

"It *isn't* imagination!" I screamed, dancing up and down with rage and continuing to point dramatically at Gyp, who was scratching himself.

In the ensuing turmoil, during the course of which I was forcibly removed from the room, I lost sight of Gyp, which only increased my fury.

"You're a very naughty little girl indeed," Buster declared ghoulishly. *(Buster was the nurse.)*

"I'm not," I protested incoherently, "it's Granny — she's a liar!"

"And you shouldn't call your granny names," said Buster mechanically.

I cast myself, despairingly, upon the floor.

The next time that Gyp appeared I maintained an air of sullen superiority.

"Gyp is here now in the room," I said, "and if you still pretend you can't see him, I just don't care."

Soon he came every day. He came out on walks with us, trotting obediently beside the perambulator. When I threw stones for him he galloped after them. Frequently he jumped up, barking, scrabbling at my skirts, and then I would push him away, laughing.

"Get *down,* Gyp! Get down!"

He was more fun to play with

than anyone else, and soon I became reconciled to the fact that only I could see him. I was perfectly happy.

Not so Buster, who was inclined to superstition. She went to my mother and said that I was giving her the creeps. Whereupon my long-suffering mother took me to a doctor. I had, of course, no suspicion as to the real reason of this visit, and the doctor and I understood one another perfectly.

"Get her a real dog," he said to my mother.

Shortly afterwards Sammy, a Welsh terrier, arrived in the nursery and Gyp vanished. With a child's heartlessness I soon forgot him, for I was captivated by Sammy.

But to this day I can never quite understand the story of Gyp. He may have been only a figment of imagination, but the figment was oddly solid; for instance, he was heavier, when he lay at night on my feet, than Sammy, and it was always difficult for me to pick him up. I am still prepared to swear that he existed.

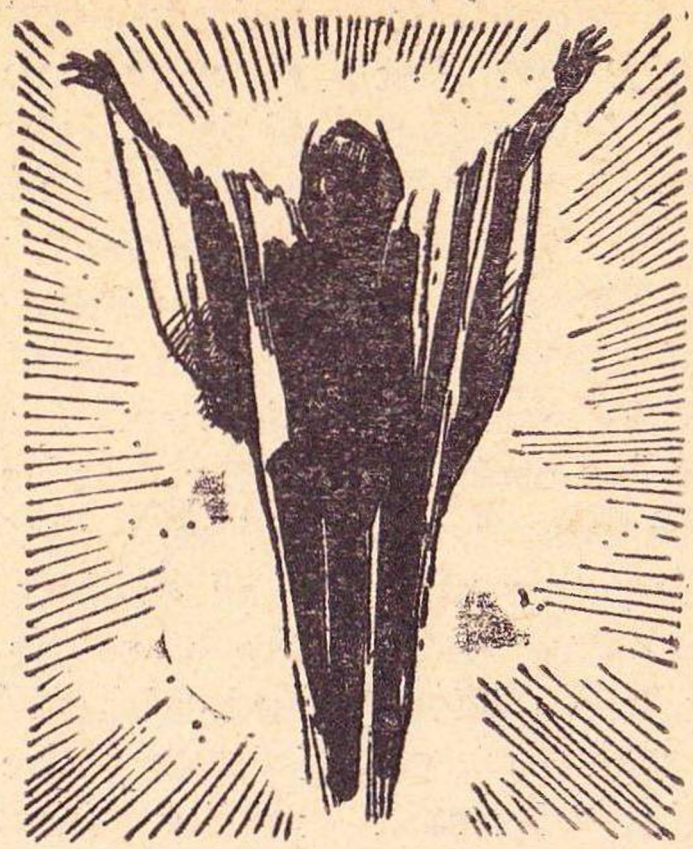
Later, at Charlton, I invented a playfellow — a little girl with the peculiar name of "Heon," and, although in many ways satisfactory, she lacked Gyp's vivid reality. That is to say, that although I almost believed in her, and even kidded myself that I could see her, with Gyp it had never been necessary to make an effort. He was *there* — rough white coat, sandy patches, cold black nose. He was as real as Sammy.

PERSONAL MATTER

IN Fitchburg, Mass., fireman Edmond Mayo heard someone shout, "Fire!" Grabbing a fire extinguisher, he ran outside to the street where he saw an automobile burning. The car was his.

PLANETARY ATMOSPHERES

ACCORDING to Dr. Jean I. F. King of the Air Force Cambridge Research Center at Cambridge, Mass., the atmosphere of Mars is relatively motionless while that of Venus is extremely turbulent. Venus, he says, has a surface temperature of several hundred degrees with dust storms that permanently shroud the planet's surface. His theory is based on studies of the degree to which the atmosphere of each planet cuts down the sun's light.



WHY
Psychic Healing?

Must a patient possess faith to be healed? Can healing come without faith — from those born to heal?

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

THERE are some 750 million communicants in the Christian church. At least 200 million of these suffer from acute or chronic diseases. If professing Christians really believe in Jesus Christ why is this? According to the founder of the Christian church it is not necessary. Why don't we follow the strict injunction laid on us by the Master?

Jesus commanded, "Heal the sick, cleanse the leper, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."

And Jesus told them how it was to be done. Why do we shirk? Is it because we fear that we shall fail?

Within a few miles of where I write, just a year ago, a lady was stricken with a condition that baffled the doctors. After the loss of much time and intense suffering a small lump was found in the lower pelvis. On biopsy it

was found to be a malignant tumor. The minister of her church for her sake read before his congregation from the apostle James, "If there be any sick among you let him call the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick . . . . . ."

However, the patient grew rapidly worse even after this sacrament was performed. At the behest of the minister every active member of the congregation entered into prayer circles on behalf of the sister. Constant prayers wafted their way to the throne of grace for weeks. Then she died.

Now why was this? Did Jesus predict it when he said, "Ye of little faith?"

Is faith enough in these cases? What can be added to faith to accomplish the desired end? Yes, there must be something lacking. Both James and St. Paul pointed that out within a few years after Jesus left this earth. James 2:26 states, "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so *faith* without *works* is dead also." From the words of Paul we must assume that healers are born, as witness, "to another faith, by that same spirit; to another the gift of healing, by the same spirit . . . to another the discerning of spirits." 1 Cor. 12:9.

From this must we not assume that healings may come through those born to heal without the patient possessing faith? Many cases are recorded in Holy Writ in which the dead were restored to life and the sick healed when they did not possess faith. But, you say, someone else had faith.

When Peter and John went into the temple to pray, a lame man begged alms, "Peter said, Look on us. And he (the lame man) gave heed unto them expecting to receive something of them. Peter said, Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee; In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up; and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping stood . . . . ."

This man had no faith. Evidently the healer had the faith or, it may reasonably be that healing is possible without the element of faith.

If we are to cover every aspect of the matter, we must recognize that healing was being accomplished before the time of Jesus Christ, by Pagans. Personally, from my own considerable experience, I know that Paul spoke truly when he set aside the gift of healing from the gift of faith and the gift of "discerning spirits." I have seen Navajo medicine men help desperately sick Indians. I have seen them seat themselves on

the floor and make magnificent sand paintings on the hogan floor, all the while chanting low, mournful Navajo songs which most certainly were not invocations to the Diety of the white man. And I have seen wonderful healings occur because of these invocations.

Acts 9:32 describes the healing that came to Aeneas through Peter. Aeneas had palsy — we call it Parkinsonism today — and there is no known cure by any medicine, nor by physiotherapy. There is no mention of faith in that passage.

Tabitha was dead (Acts 9:37). Peter was sent for and on his arrival he raised her from the dead without any mention of faith, or without calling on the name of Jesus. Nevertheless, in the matter of the impotent man at Lystra, Paul perceived that the man had faith that he might be healed. Therefore he was healed. (Acts 14:8).

It seems logical to believe, therefore, that where faith exists immediate healings are possible. However, today, as in the apostolic age, healings are taking place regardless of whether the patient has faith in higher spiritual forces, or in men born with the gift of healing. And furthermore, healing takes place at a distance, whether the patient knows or does not know that healing is sought.

Let us recall Mark 5:30, "And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, but rather grew worse. . . . If I may touch his garment, I shall be whole. . . . . and she was healed of the plague . . .And Jesus immediately knowing in himself, that *virtue* had gone out of him. . . said, Who touched my clothes?"

Surely this makes it clear that there is some form of electricity or magnetism that emanates from some healers and passes to the suppliant for healing. This is confirmed also in Acts, 19:12, "So that from his body (Paul's) were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them." Apparently the same virtue that Jesus possessed was possessed by Paul also.

There are thousands of modern healings, at great distances as well as by contact — the laying on of hands — to prove that this virtue has not been lost. And it must be a direct challenge to the clergy and to modern medicine.

Nearly five centuries before the birth of Christ, Hippocrates, a pagan who did not worship Jehovah and, of course, had never known Jesus, remarked that it was far easier to cure a disease if the patient had faith in him.

Remember the present day, great Italian healer, d'Angelo? Healing comes through him on

contact, or at long distance. He declares that a "magnetic, psychic force emanates from his body and heals the people". I respectfully suggest that this virtue comes through him, not from him. Even Jesus declared, "It is the Father that doeth the works. I, of myself, can do nothing." There is not the shadow of a doubt that this Italian who cannot read or write, has been the source of cures for untold thousands of people. (See FATE, July, 1953). The great tenor, Gigli, was healed in a few minutes when suffering from a severe laryngitis. Ex-Queen Marie Jose had gone blind and medical scientists finally declared that nothing could be done. d'Angelo visited her three times and her sight was restored. But, as great a healer as he is, he makes a grave error when he says that healing by mail is a fraud.

I should know that distance is no bar to psychic healing. In November, 1929, while working in the photosynthesis of vitamins, a drill broke lose and drove the left lens of my spectacles into my left eye ball. Specialists said I could never recover the sight. Believing them, I let the matter drop. In late 1953 osteo-arthritis attacked me and, in spite of heroic doses of various vitamins and salicylates, I grew progressively worse. Knowing the condition I could only look forward to a semi-chronic invalidism for the remainder of my life. The stiffness and pain was terrific.

I recalled an article on Harry Edwards, the English healer, which I had read in FATE, February, 1952. I read it over and over. Then I wrote Harry Edwards describing my condition and also mentioning my left eye. Harry, God bless him, wrote me that he would make intercession for me, that I was to write him once every week enclosing stamped envelope. I noticed almost immediately that the pain and stiffness was leaving so I quit taking salicylates. Within 10 days I woke up early one morning from some uneasiness in my blinded eye. It felt as if some one was probing the eye with delicate touch. There was little pain. Without any other treatment, that eye has regained some vision and continues to improve. I expect to recover full use of it. And this is 24 years after my accident. Do you remember how the scales fell from Paul's eyes when he received his sight? My eye had prominent scars on the eyeball. They are gone now.

There is not the least doubt in the world that hundreds of ailing humans are being relieved and very often completely healed through Harry Edwards. Most detestable is the criticism launched against him and other healers by the orthodox church

of England and the medical profession in general. Every doctor worth his salt knows the value of music as a therapeutic agent. And, if he knows the rudiments of psychiatry, he knows that the uncontrolled emotions can bring on some of our great killers. He knows that when the emotions are under control that the vis naturae medicatrix takes over and the patient gets well. Then, in heaven's holy name, why does he fight psychic healing? Why does he not work with known healers?

In my files are a score of photostats of letters, written by clergymen to people that have been healed by psychic healers, telling them that they were healed through the power of the devil; that they will go to hell for accepting healing. Surely this reminds us of the times that Jesus was accused of performing his healings by the aid of the devil? "The people answered and said, Thou hast a devil." John 7:20.

Why do the orthodox churches ignore this direct commandent of the God they claim to serve? Jesus commanded, "Heal the sick . . . .Provide neither gold, nor silver nor brass, in your purses; Nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves: for the workman is worthy of his hire". Compare this with the ways of modern evangilists and missionaries. They just will not follow in his steps. Although, everyday men, blessed with the divine spirit of healing, are bringing blessed health to the multitudes. There is plenty of documented evidence that cases of cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, Bright's disease, insanity, hypertension, paralysis, and a host of other scourges of humanity have been positively and permanently cured.

Innumerable times, successful healers in England have invited the clergy to come and witness psychic healing. This teaching like the teachings of Jesus is without cost. Why won't the ministers come? Are they afraid? Of what? Didn't our God promise, "These things and more shall ye do?"

The Church of England has set up a committee to study and evaluate spiritual healing. English healers have offered every opportunity for the committee to obtain the whole truth. And what do we find? The patient, suffering the tortures of the damned, must go through a thorough study by medical men. Next, he may approach the church for a season of prayer and preparation. Then at long last, if he still lives, he may or may not be blessed through the intercessions of the clergy.

If Jesus, with the blind Bartholmeas, had followed the precept set forth by the Anglican Church, he would have said,

"Well, son, go get a medical certificate. Then the church will study the matter and, after a few weeks of spiritual preparation, we will see what we can do."

When I was traveling down the Frisco from Kansas city to Memphis I often met and talked with Harold Bell Wright. He was a clergyman and he wrote some books. May I quote a few words from his best seller?

"I'm a pretty good friend to preachers," said Uncle Bobby Wicks. "I aint got a thing in the world agin 'em. I reckon a preacher is as good as any other fellow as long as he behaves himself; but seein' he has been tryin' fer about 2,000 years to fix this business, and aint done nothin' yet, I think its a mighty good ide' to give the poor fellow a rest, and let the Christians try fer awhile."

These are the words of a minister of the Disciples of Christ church.

And what a wonderful idea it would be for every preacher to read the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's great book, "What Would Jesus Do?"

If we are honest with ourselves, and with our Creator, we *know* that we are not following in His steps. When we do disease and crime will vanish from the earth. We physicians recognize that a large percentage of crimes and of juvenile delinquency are primarily psychosomatic conditions. They could readily be handled by psychic means, plus a decent natural diet.

Joaquin Miller said, "He who will not tell the whole truth, is a liar, the coward."

But how many of us are hiding spiritual and psychic truths even from ourselves?

◎

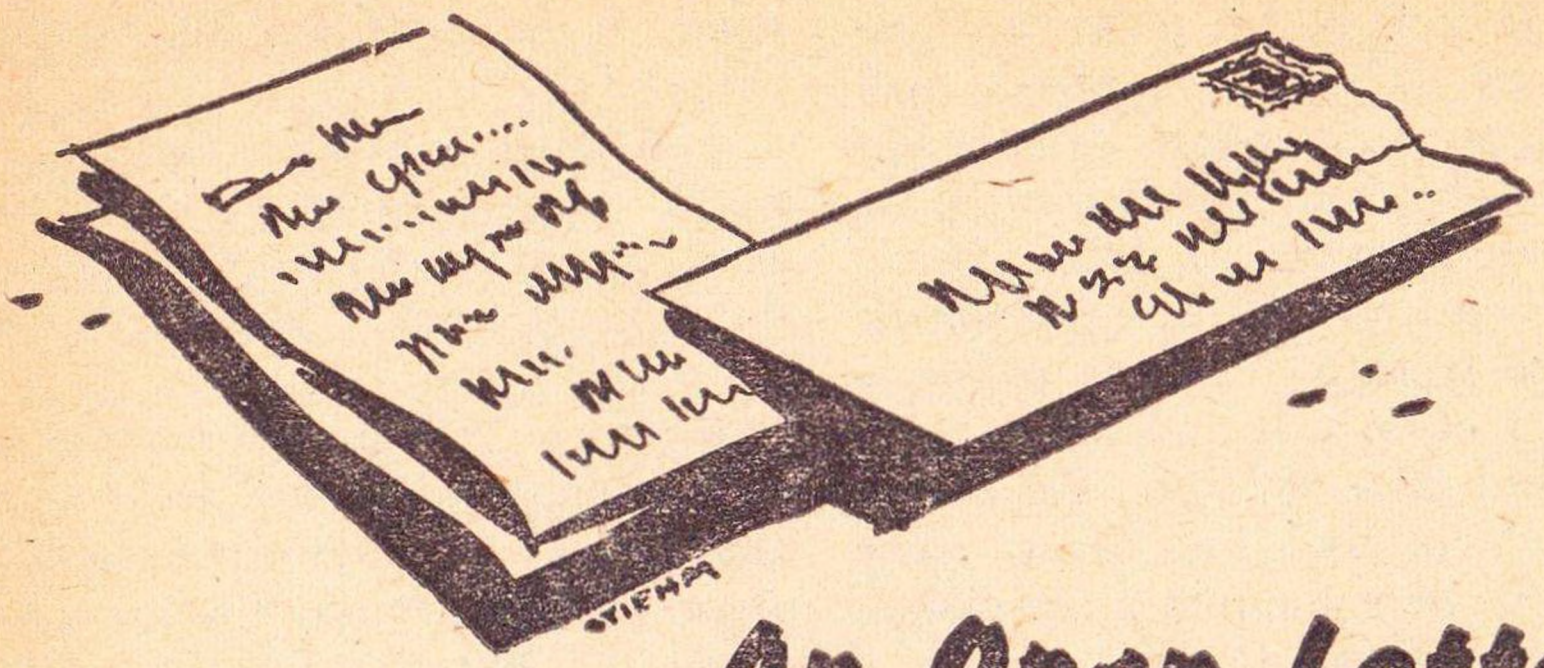
MONEY ON THE WIND

In Spokane, Wash., weatherman Robert McComb found a $10 bill which was being blown along by the wind as he walked near his weather station. He told a fellow worker who said he had found a $10 bill the day before. McComb told of his find to another man, who later found a $20 bill.

◎◎◎

DOCUMENTARY MOVIE

A psychology professor at the state college in San Diego, Calif., was scheduled to show his class a film but was unable to find a room. One finally was made available and he set up the movie projector. A fuse blew out. After it was replaced it was found that someone had forgotten to bring the film. The title of the film was "Frustration."



An Open Letter

I write to tell you why I refuse to have my future told — I believe you will understand my reluctance.

By Candida Dee

DEAR Friends:

Just what does superstition mean to you?

To me it has no meaning as a word at all. We are each of us the sum of our experiences and because I am the total of mine, I say that I would rather not know what is going to happen to me next month or next year.

You laughed when I refused to have my cards read the other afternoon. You accused me of being superstitious. I shall try to tell you why I did not want my future read.

The first time I had my fortune told was at a charity bazaar, in March, 1929. I was terribly excited. I just had finished buying my wardrobe and luggage for a trip to California. My Uncle Robert had bought the tickets that very day for his wife, himself and me. I actually was going on my first ocean voyage, through the Panama Canal to the West.

One of my friends insisted that I have my cards read, although I wasn't much interested. They said that it was all in fun and for a good cause so I submitted.

In these words that woman tore my happiness to shreds, "You think you are going to California, but you aren't. No, not at this time. However, you will go next year under entirely different circumstances. You are going to cross water though. And when you ar-

rive at your destination you will hear of the death of someone very close to you."

And that is how it happened. I suddenly changed my plans and went off to Europe with Uncle Jule. Because Uncle Robert had typhoid pneumonia. He insisted that I go to Europe. When my sister, Mellisa, took me to New York to see me off I wept because I recalled the fortune teller's words. I thought my uncle would die. However, he recovered and went to California.

We went to Granada, Spain, and I laughed when a Gypsy told me I was going to divorce and remarry on my return home, that I would have a son — all this within two years. I knew the son was a myth because of the operation I had had the previous year. But I did divorce and I also remarried.

I remember sitting in the surgeon's office the following summer and telling him that I was going to have a son. He explained very carefully just why that couldn't be possible.

"I'm going to Portland, Ore., to have my son," I said.

I can't tell you how shocked I was to hear myself telling such a lie. I was so ashamed that I hurriedly said goodbye to the doctor and left.

When I arrived home, I called Carlton to come to the station for me and his first words were, "Darling we are leaving for Portland, Ore., on Tuesday. I have just returned from the telegraph office confirming my acceptance of accomodations on a freighter." I was crying a few minutes later when he picked me up.

It was a wonderful trip through the Panama Canal. There I ate my first mangoes; they were so refreshing after "man's" food for so many days. We were the only passengers and so ate with the officers.

Carlton and I disembarked in San Francisco to go up the Redwood Highway by bus. It was so beautiful and different from anything I had ever seen. My mother was constantly in my mind. I thought how much she would have enjoyed the ferns, her favorite plant.

Carlton's brother met us at the bus terminal and drove us to the Post Office. After 33 days of travel there were a number of letters awaiting me. I looked through them for one from my mother. There wasn't any, so I opened the one from my sister Mellisa. Her letter started, "Dear Candida, Mother died . . ."

Several days later, when I was able to read my mail, my sister's letter reminded me of the fortune teller's prediction, about crossing water and receiving bad news on arrival.

In Portland, I gave birth to the son that it wasn't physically pos-

sible for me to have. So the Gypsy was right too.

Six years later I went to live in Detroit, Mich. There I met a woman who was having grave financial and marital difficulties. She begged me to go with her to a fortune teller. I was very happy at that particular time and had no interest in fortune tellers, especially after my past experiences. However, to please her I went.

The fortune teller read her cards and had very little to tell her. Naturally my friend was disappointed after spending 10 dollars she could ill afford.

"Please let me make a reading for you," the fortune teller offered. She said she could give me a really good reading as our vibrations were harmonious. Again, I let myself be talked into it.

"You will leave soon for California; but you will go by way of Florida. You will cross water. I see you living in a foreign country. There will be a very grave illness in February but you will recover."

This reading was given in November. On the 18th of December Carlton and I went to a dinner party. There I met a charming woman, who said, as we were leaving, "I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"I am sorry but I am going to California, otherwise, I should be very glad to see you again," I answered.

"I am going also, the first of the year, but I have to go to Florida first. I am driving, why not go with me?" she asked.

"I would love to," I replied. I dismissed this conversation as a pleasantry, until on January first, I received a telegram asking me to meet her in Columbus, Ohio, on the fifth.

I sent a night letter explaining that I had a six year old son. I knew she had no children, but I said if she were in agreement we would go as far as Birmingham, Ala. We had mutual friends there, and if the boy annoyed her, he and I would continue West by bus.

She wired back that my proposition was most agreeable to her. We started out on the fifth. Elsa Bailey and I had many things in common. We were both Theosophists and had many friends all over the country. She loved the boy so we continued the trip together. I left my son with my sister, Lorraine, who was living in Pensacola, Fla. Elsa and I went across Florida to Miami, then down to Key West. We ferried over to Cuba, thereby "crossing water".

On our return we stopped at the Automobile Club to be routed to California. The clerk suggested that we should go down to Mexico City. The Laredo Highway had just been completed and he said it was a tourist's paradise, everything was unspoiled.

After picking up my son, we proceeded to San Antonio, Tex. I tried to find a boarding school for my boy there and again in Laredo but without success. I suggested we would wait while Elsa went on to Mexico City. However, she insisted that we all go. I felt most strongly that I shouldn't go, but finally allowed her to persuade me.

I was in no hurry to reach California. My husband couldn't join me there for 18 months when he would complete his job in Detroit.

Our tourist cards in hand we started across the bridge. Wooden shacks housed the Customs and Immigration officials, it wasn't so clean and prosperous looking as Laredo, Tex., but New Laredo had a friendlier spirit. Or perhaps it was just the seemingly bluer sky that made me say "Elsa let's look for an apartment and stay a month. I am sure we are going to love Mexico."

We finally decided to stay just 10 days as a wire was waiting for her. Her father was ill. On the eighth day of our visit a bus struck our car. I was the only one injured. If February had 30 days the fortune teller would have been correct in predicting illness for me in February. The accident occurred on March second.

It was eighteen months before I could travel again.

Before leaving Mexico I again went to a seer. This time I was persuaded by an acquaintance I had made in Mexico. She was on the verge of breaking up her marriage. I entered his office after my friend had left it in a shower of tears. The room was full of gorgeous flowers.

The seer was a handsome man with a beautiful speaking voice, "You don't look unhappy. What are your troubles?" he asked as I entered.

"I haven't any, but I would like you to tell me when I am going home," I answered.

"Then, please let me shake your hand. I meet so few people who aren't in difficulties of one sort or another, that it is a great joy to meet a well adjusted person," the seer said.

I shook hands with him and he started laying out the Tarot for me. He described Carlton exactly. Then he described a man and a woman whom I recognized immediately as the couple whom I had begged to board Carlton when I left Detroit. Carlton was a vegetarian and such a diet is difficult to obtain in a hotel restaurant, and they were vegetarians.

The seer told me that this couple were responsible for a change of my husband's attitude toward me; that he was going to ask me for a divorce.

I couldn't believe any of this because only the day before I had received one of Carlton's beautiful love letters. He wrote me sev-

eral times a week.

But when I arrived home for lunch, I found a letter from a lawyer in Detroit with a plea for divorce enclosed. The letter stated that my husband wouldn't send me any more money until the divorce was granted; that he was sorry but that he had to ask for custody of our son in order to present the plea for divorce.

If the purpose of this letter was more than to tell you why I don't like to have my fortune told I would tell you how I felt about that letter but I must stick to my subject.

I returned to Detroit to file cross-suit in order to keep my son.

The night the decree was made final my now ex-husband invited me to a dance and bazaar in the T. S. Lodge rooms. There a young man was reading fortunes in sand. This method is popular in the far east where this chap had learned it. I was interested now because my future was completely uncertain.

He wasn't any help at all. He started blowing on the sand and moving it about with his finger tips. Then he said, "I see you leaving your home. You are going on a long journey. I see you separating from someone very close to you. You will not return to this loved one but will make another life far from here, perhaps in California, even in a foreign country. Are you perhaps leaving your husband?" he asked finally.

I was infuriated. I thought he was pulling my leg. I hadn't wanted the divorce, I was still in love with Carlton, but I had it, so what.

I asked, "Do you know who I am?"

The tone of my voice startled him. He looked up. I could see that he didn't know me. He said, slowly, "No, I have never seen you before."

"I am Carlton's wife, rather ex-wife," I stated.

Poor fellow, he started to mumble apologies. I forgot my hurt and anger in feeling sorry for him.

Perhaps I am superstitious about looking into my future. It really isn't fear that holds me back. If it were possible to change one's life by knowing beforehand then I would be tempted. But since it is not I prefer to face my future when it is upon me. You surely can realize why I believe in fortune-tellers and their predictions.

Affectionately,
Candida

By W. M. Tisher

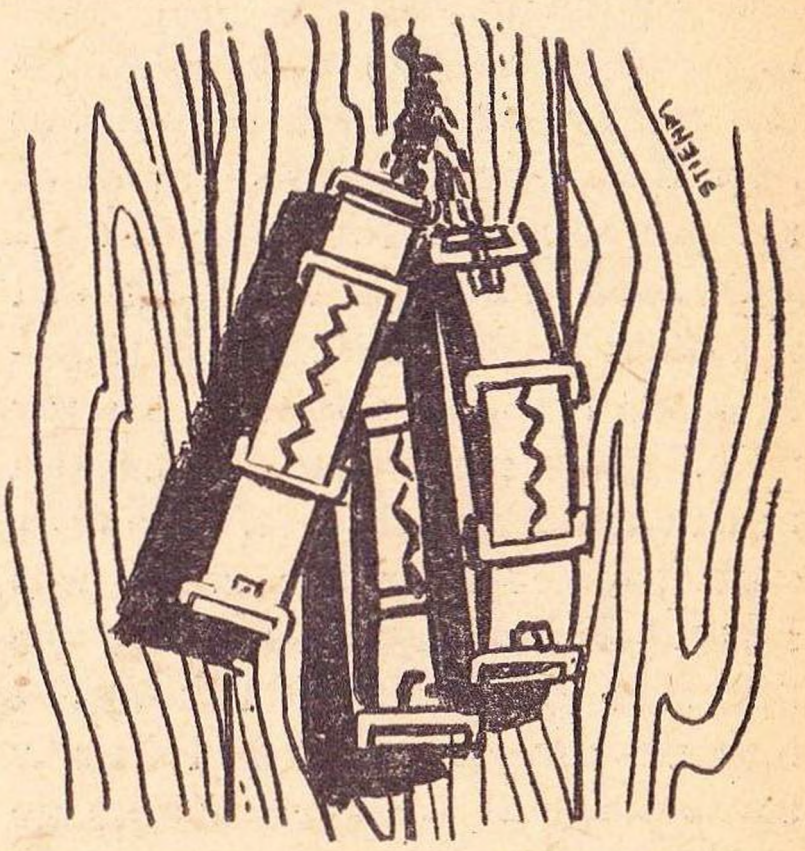
I thought the story of the lost traps was strange enough — but even stranger is the story of . . .

how I found the LOST TRAPS

A sharp, biting wind tugged at our old trapping shack and threatened to finish what other winds and other winters had whittled at for years. The clapboard construction and the lack of bracing added very little to our peace of mind, although we were grateful just for the roof over our heads.

My wife and I were spending the winter of 1947-48 trapping on Calvin Baccala's ranch in the foothill country north of Chico, Calif. So far we had managed to put aside and behind us most of the little chores connected with trapping. We had an adequate wood supply. We had treated and checked traps, made trap stakes, and had fixed up the cabin the best we could. I already had finished one arm of a long cat and coyote line and was starting on a second one. It was slow work because the rough country was cut up into steep, rock canyons, tough going for a trapper on foot.

We had achieved a steady intake of pelts, but our dwindling trap supply was a never ending worry. I had only enough to finish two-



thirds of my intended branch line. This would leave a number of important coyote passes wide open. My other lines already were spread too thin to allow removal of any traps.

One evening I arrived home after dark, tired and hungry. I had strung the last bit of steel I possessed. A hot meal and a rest improved my spirits but did nothing toward solving the trap shortage. Sitting on the edge of the bed, mulling over the trap situation, made me remember a story that Baccala had told me some

time before. Some shirt-tail relative of his had been trapping here years before and had just about cleaned out all of the cats and coyotes. Then he had cached his traps and moved away. Sometime later he returned to pick up the traps but in hours and days of searching he could not find them. Others had searched also but the traps never had been found. I had taken the story with a grain of salt but now that I was completely out of traps it sounded better.

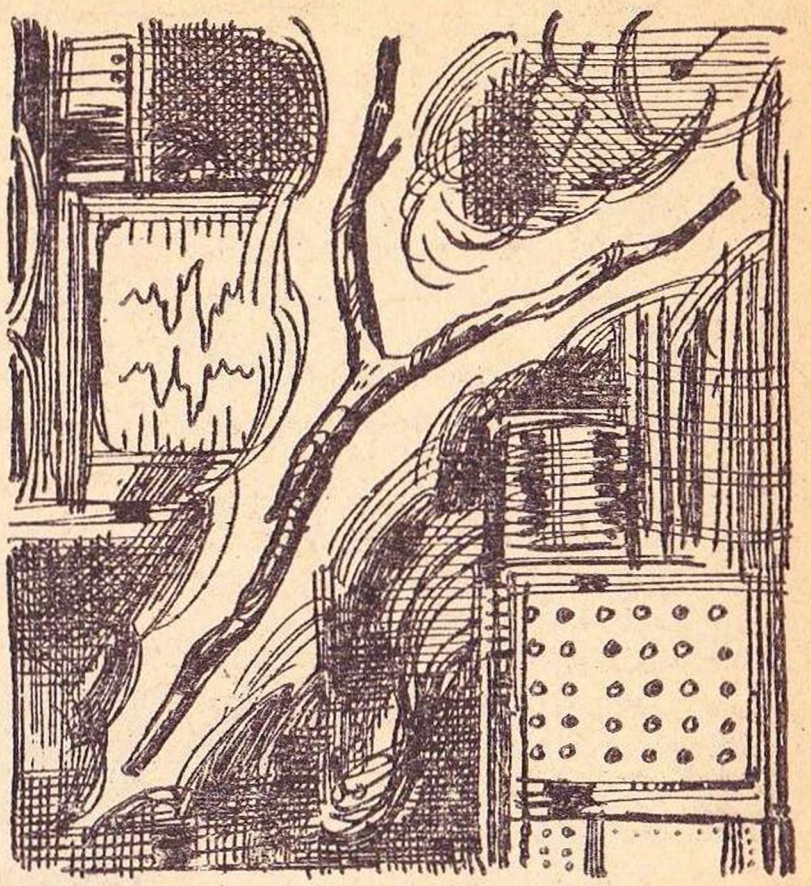
Suddenly, as I sat there, I could see those traps before me so plainly that I spoke about it to my wife. They seemed to be hidden under a live oak thicket. The only such thicket near the cabin was several hundred yards away, up the side of a ridge. I couldn't feature anyone hiking half-way up the side of a mountain to hide traps. Nevertheless I decided to look the next morning.

When breakfast was over the wife and I, together with our Dachshund, headed up the ridge towards the thicket. After a short climb we arrived at the spot. Our enthusiasm was dampened by the heavy layer of leaves and twigs that covered the ground. There certainly were no traps in sight. I rummaged around on my hands and knees much to the delight of our dog who thought it was a wonderful new game. He responded accordingly. Finally I gave the dog a playful shove and then, wonders of wonders, I saw the end of a trap spring. It showed rusty red against the leaves. With a yell I started uncovering traps. There were about two dozen, all number three traps. Considering the 20 years they had lain there they were in remarkable condition. I held them up for the wife to see. As I did so I felt something hard under one knee. Further investigation uncovered another bunch of traps, some thirty in all. After this the dog and I really dug the place up proper but didn't succeed in uncovering any more traps. We did find a jug of foul smelling liquid. Evidently the old trapper had used it as scent and cached it along with the traps.

After cleaning and preparing the traps I found that only a half dozen of them were unfit for use. Thus I had an even four dozen with which to run my much-needed third line.

Perhaps I should tell you that the lion's share of pelts came from this third line which was made possible only by my waking vision of the old trapper's lost cache.

A noted authority presents an up-to-date report on progress in an important field of research.



Divination Dowsing and Radiesthesia

By J. Cecil Maby, B.Sc.

ALMOST everyone is a pontential dowser. Numerous exacting laboratory and field tests with a wide variety of subjects show that there is nothing abnormal about the dowsing reflex. But, although not less than one in 10 persons is a potential dowser, only one in a thousand possesses sufficient ability, patience and skill to achieve success at the craft. Dowsing and radiesthesia are not an amateur's game. Professional results require considerable practical experience, as well as radiological, geophysical and even medical knowledge.

Dowsing is an old English word of uncertain derivation. It means mineral or water divining; that is to say, searching for underground objects of various kinds, especially minerals and water, metallic veins, pipes, etc., by means of some simple mechanical indicator that moves in response to neuro-muscular reflexes in the body of a sensitive operator.

If such reflex reactions in skilled dowsers can be shown to be of objective, physical origin, capable of detection by automatic physical instruments, then we may



J. Cecil Maby is a private science consultant in England and operates his own research laboratory. Since 1930 he has investigated a wide variety of biophysical and geophysical problems for businesses and scientific groups. In 1935 he began a study of dowsing and radiesthesia, which has continued up to the present. He has published numerous books, articles and reports on these subjects. Using modern dowsing methods, he has conducted hundreds of undergound water surveys throughout England.

fairly speak of the dowsers as being radiesthetic sensitives who respond to what we now call "radionic" fields. Radionics, the instrument side, recently has developed as a parallel study to radiesthesia, the physiological side of the picture. Radiesthetic sensitives may be termed ordinary or "straight" dowsers, who claim no mysterious faculties other than a particular sort of physical sensitivity which can be examined and analyzed scientifically.

Many dowsers, however, employ a subjective, psychical faculty, as do spiritistic "mediums," "clairvoyants" and "psychometrists." Although they too may use a divining rod or a pendulum, they tend to act intuitively and, at times, telepathically. It often happens that both objective radiesthesia and subjective cryptopsychicism are used together by the same operator, although a few introspective persons know how to avoid such confusion on most occasions.

The physical dowser usually surrounds himself with radiesthetic hypotheses, instruments, geological, radiological and statistical data. He shuns intuition and "hunches" as being products of imagination or wishful thinking. In short, he tries as nearly as possible to function like an automaton, using special sensitivity simply as a scientist or engineer would use a recording instrument. By following well tested routines based on field and laboratory work he may hope to achieve 90% success,

both qualitatively and quantitatively, under suitable operating conditions. But he must be cautious about his own physical state, the weather, local geology and other sources of interference.

The psychic diviner, on the other hand, puts his faith in the intuitional, cryptopsychic faculties of his own subconscious. He requires an unshakable confidence in his personal inspiration and the infallibility of his rod or pendulum to supply the right answers to his questions, whether consciously or unconsciously formulated. His neuro-muscular reflexes seem, as a rule, not to be genuinely radiesthetic, although he may start his search with subtle physical clues. But these soon are left behind and the diviner steps across the borderline into metaphysical realms where everything is possible but where very little is scientifically provable.

Nevertheless, controlled tests show that such divination is remarkably successful with gifted operators — as successful as with the genuine radiesthetist. But the faculty seems less dependable and as liable to psychological interference as radiesthesia is to physical interference. Moreover, each operator may have individual symbols for the interpretation of results, so that no common denominators seem to exist on which to base any sort of rational science. Such operators tend also to be extravagant in their claims to infallibility, since for them everything depends on personal faith.

With psychic dowsers on one hand and physical dowsers on the other, the dual nature of radiesthesia naturally has led to misunderstandings and skepticism.

Seemingly intermediate between the two classes of dowsers is the diviner who has the ability to sex fertile eggs, to sex unborn children; to detect and diagnose various materials (elementary, mixed or compounded) inside opaque, randomly mixed containers; to forecast the succession of rock strata or the quality of some subsoil deposit; to specify the polarities of magnets and electric battery poles, or the different parts of a living organism. All these things have been achieved beyond chance of expectation in laboratory tests, and some corresponding instrumental reactions of a new "radionic" kind have been obtained to confirm their physical possibility.

Dowsing results like the above may be obtained by comparing the opposite gyrations or two-way oscillations of a small pendulum bob, hung by a fine thread from one hand, or by the rise or dip of a balanced divining rod if "radionic" polarity is in question. If it is a question of diagnosis, one may count the number of reactions of a pendulum before it comes to rest or changes direction

and reverses; or one may count the number of seconds taken by a rod to react (known as specific reaction time). Or one may test for reaction or non-reaction towards the supposed radiation field of a given object while holding in hand a succession of "samples" or "witnesses," one of which may match the specimen under examination. In this case, if the radiesthetist is highly skilled and sensitive, he should get a strong reaction when true matching is achieved. This may be attributed to some sort of radiological "tuning" or syntony between materials of like kind – in accordance with the empirical findings of radiesthetists the world over.

The use of a pendulum in radiesthesia is better restricted to laboratory and indoor work of the subtle and analytical kind. The more robust and controllable forked rod, or other alternative devices, seems better for field survey work. Since the pendulum seems more prone to subconscious influences by auto-suggestion, it often is preferred by psychic diviners. In this sense the pendulum is a simple variant of table-tipping, the Ouija board or the planchette in spiritistic practice. The *objet de rapport,* held or touched by clairvoyants and psychometrists in order to put them on the scent of missing persons and to set in action the so-called subconscious mind, is analagous to the "sample" or "witness" used by advanced radiesthetists. Hence it appears that even the cryptopsychic operator is aided by the purely physical clue, which "tunes him in" radiesthetically – although thereafter he sails away on uncharted seas that transcend our normal notions of space-time.

The initial clue obtained by means of rod or pendulum reaction, even in objective radiesthesia, may be no more than a starting point. The mere fact that one gets a reaction at a given time or place does not guarantee that there is water, gold or uranium nearby, that the child will be a girl, that Uncle Harry is dead, or that the subject whose hair, saliva or blood is being examined is dying of cancer. A baby can hit a few notes on a piano but it cannot create music at concert-platform level. That is why dowsing and radiesthesia have to be studied hard and practiced harder before one tries to perform in public.

Dowsing and radiesthesia are highly complicated, physically speaking, even when the psychological issues are ignored.

During the past 50 years the various aspects of radiesthesia and radionics have been greatly clarified as the result of prolonged, critical and detailed scientific investigation in both field and laboratory by a number of competent physicists, electronic engineers biophysicists, mathematicians and

medical men. Special congresses have been held, societies formed and considerable sums of private money spent on such inquiries. Although as yet there remains much controversy the main contentions of dowsers and medical radiesthetists have been authenticated.

A great deal of useful information now can be obtained by means of scientific dowsing, a branch of radiology and geophysics. This information can supplement orthodox geological and geophysical information on underground streams, lost pipe or cable lines, ore bodies, radioactive deposits, ground cavities and various subsoil discontinuities. Substantial, preliminary knowledge has been acquired regarding potential methods of "radionic" analysis and medical diagnosis and treatment of disease. But it is impossible to be too cautious about the interpretation of the radiesthetic or instrumental data, since these novel methods provide no royal road to infallible success.

In the field, provided allowances are made for sources of error and confusion, such as nearby power cables, metalwork, electromagnetic apparatus of all sorts, and stormy weather conditions, excellent results now can be obtained by modern dowsing, using a few instrumental accessories and ground energizers. In addition, accurate vertical locations, close depth approximations and approximate yield or quantity forecasts can be made at sites where there are no serious interferences or rock refractions by contorted or tilted strata. Many hundreds of trial boreholes, made during commercial undertakings, have provided invaluable data and counter-checks on the professional dowser's work. The writer has many confirmations of this sort, often proving that generalized geological forecasts were mistaken and the "radionic" data correct, both as to precise siting of boreholes to hit narrow water veins in arid areas and as to the nature and thickness of strata.

War work on isolated static and moving targets proved beyond reasonable doubt that it even is possible, despite complications and a percentage of error, to get a rough "fix" on a selected type of target, such as static water or high explosives, by means of a kind of radio direction-finding technique. Directional beams were obtained from two or more divergent stations, using "tuning" to the material under search by means of matching samples, with or without an artificially generated ground wave to boost the emergent field. The target was found approximately at beam intersection point. But if more than one object existed within reception range, the problem was more complicated. Response was found to be pro-

portional to mass, distance, weather and ground states and detector sensitivity setting — all of which evidently modified signal strength and resultant reaction. If the target was moving (an aircraft) a kind of natural radar operated, giving both radiesthetic and instrumental reactions of an undulatory kind. These built up as the target approached.

In the medical field, radiesthesia and radionics continue to make some progress, in terms of specific diagnosis by the use of "witnesses" or somewhat arbitrary dial readings on semi-electrical pieces of apparatus of unorthodox construction. These still require a human sensitive as the actual detector but give promising results in skilled hands. The devices stem from original discoveries by Drs. A. Abrams and Starr-White, followed by careful work by Wigelsworth and Drown (U.S.A.); Boyd, Richards, Wright, Eaman, de la Warr, etc. (Britain); and Regnault, Larvaron, Turenne and others in France. Turenne, Voillaume and the writer also have added substantially to radiesthetic theory and practice with respect to the "rates" and "frequencies" of the apparatus. But the dial rates do not matter as much as their correct interpretation when an analysis or diagnosis is in question. Many operators want to run before they have learned to walk.

However, the original Horder reports (Britain) of very searching tests of the claims made by Abrams and Boyd, followed by the writer's own experiments, clearly show that there is a definite physical basis — more or less in accord with radionic theories — for these subtle and controversial reactions. But a difficult instrumental problem is posed, since it is not definitely known what class of radiations may be involved, or what their frequency ranges may be. Modern work indicates that a wide range of Hertzian radio frequencies are involved, as well as certain very high frequencies beyond the ultraviolet. The issue is complicated by the wide range of human response and the difficulties of eliminating interference, especially while automatic instrumental methods are lacking — although research here may at last be on the road to success.

It has been found, among other curious things, that emotionally tensed living organisms throw out what the Italian physiologist F. Cazzamalli termed "psycho-radiant reflexes," which affect dowsers and some sensitive instruments up to many yards' distance. This may indicate that strong dowsers throw out a radionic field which, acting like a radar beam, is reflected back to them from suitable targets. If so, they may act as transceivers on occasion — which may explain their resultant ex-

haustion when natural fields are weak or confusing.

Scientific tests by skeptics have failed to appreciate these difficulties, the physical nature of radiesthetic reactions, their probable causes, or the distinction between physical and psychical methods. Such tests, therefore, seldom have been properly planned or their results fairly analyzed.

Nevertheless, the records of the best dowsers have satisfied impartial investigators that the craft is well worthwhile as an adjunct to geological and medical science. Expert dowsers repeatedly have sited bores and predicted the approximate depth and yield of underground water and mineral deposits occurring in narrow veins, in strata where random bores on geophysical information, only a few feet or yards distant, proved fruitless. The depths and thicknesses of horizontal beds likewise have been forecast accurately by dowsing, in new districts, without normal sources of information. In addition many bodies and lost objects have been located by diviners, using bits of clothing, etc., as "samples" to help them "tune in." Such feats can be confirmed by police authorities in numerous European countries, as well as by landowners, mining concerns, water boards and local councils. Military commanders also can testify to the good services of dowsers in war time theatres where other methods have failed. In recent years the writer himself has been employed widely in Britain in this manner and has obtained (as have others elsewhere) about 90% success in detail, using a mixture of traditional dowsing and geophysical methods.

This necessarily brief survey can hope to serve only as an introduction to a complex field of inquiry — a field in which the potential harvest is rich but the reapers few. One should not expect quick results and simple solutions, or financial rewards and public acclaim.

For further particulars on the subject of dowsing and radiesthesia interested readers are referred to the following literature:

Psychical Physics, by Prof. S.W. Tromp (Elsevier Publishing Co., New York, 1949).

The Physics of the Divining Rod, by J.C. Maby and T.B. Franklin (Bell, London, 1939).

Proceedings Radionic Congress, London, 1950.

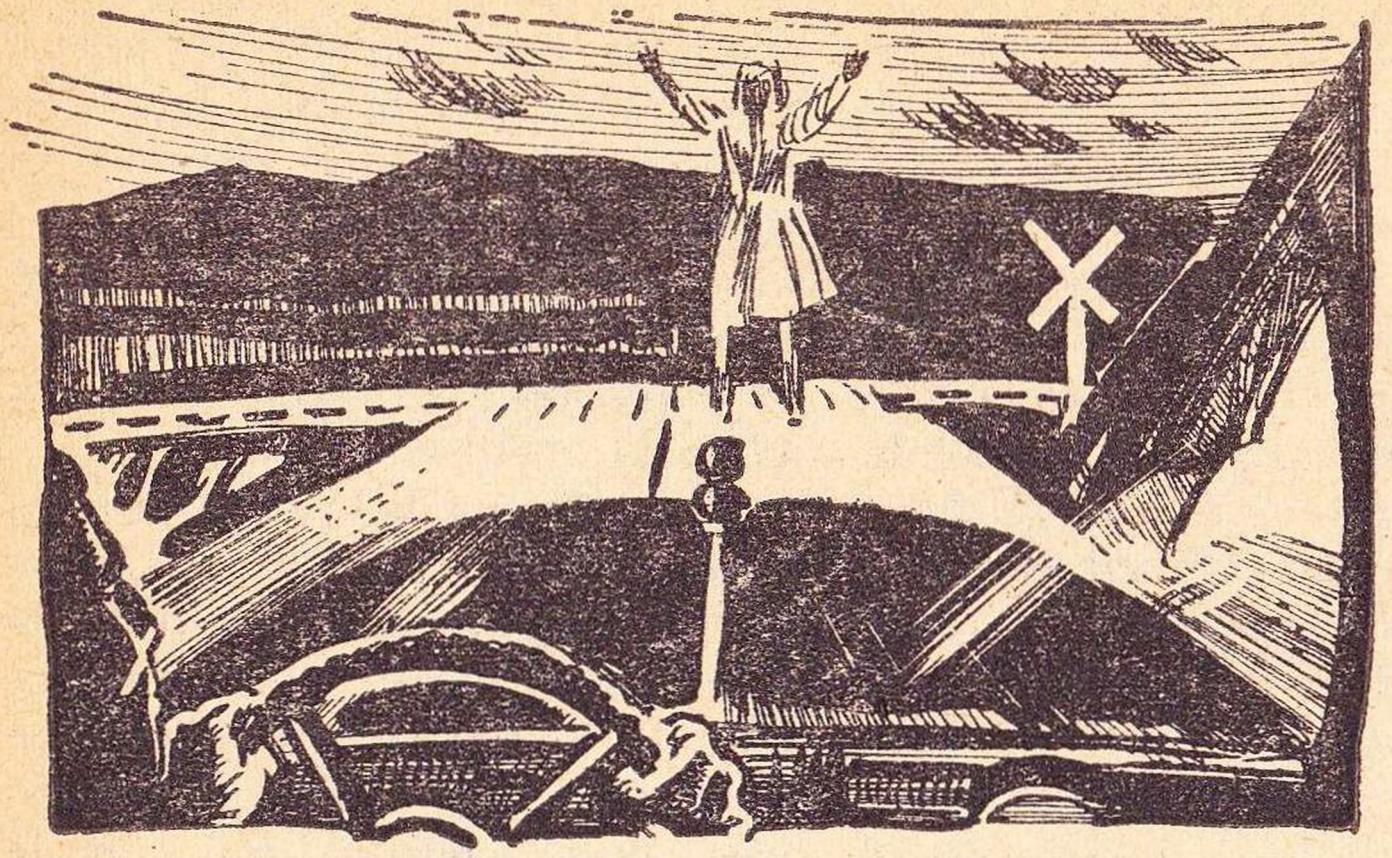
The Divining Rod, by Sir W. Barrett and T. Besterman (Methuen, 1926).

Water Diviners and Their Methods, by H. Mager (Bell, 1931).

The Secret of Life, by G. Lakhovsky (Heinemann, 1939).

Co-operative Healing, by L.E. Eaman (Muller, 1947).

New Concepts in Diagnosis and Treatment, by A. Abrams Physico-Clinical Co., 1924).



GHOSTLY GUARDIANS OF DUNSWART

The mysterious woman waved the car to a stop just before a train roared across the road — then vanished.

By Michael Sheldon

We were traveling at between 55 and 65 miles an hour as we neared the Dunswart railroad crossing a mile out of Benoni, Transvaal. I was dead tired after six hours of solid driving.

Suddenly my tired brain jerked as I saw a woman in the center of the highway, less than 150 yards ahead. She was waving her right hand. I lifted my foot from the accelerator and applied the brake.

Jan Beukes, a colleague employed on a Johannesburg newspaper, was half dozing next to me. I nudged him. I wasn't going to stop unless he was fully awake, for the road at this point was notorious for robberies committed by African Natives on unwary motorists.

Jan sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then he suddenly came to life.

"Stop the car!" he shouted. "It's the woman of Dunswart!"

I jammed my foot on the brake and gripped the steering wheel as the car slewed left toward a

deep trench. On the edge of the drop the car rocked to a stop. The woman still stood where I had originally seen her — 150 yards away. Only then it occurred to me that she had remained at the same distance although I had been speeding towards her. As I looked I saw the highway suddenly light up and a train thundered across the road at 50 miles an hour. The wail of wheels and shrill blast of its whistle sounded startlingly close.

My scalp prickled and I felt sick in the pit of my stomach as I realized that, had I not pulled up for that woman, assuredly I would have hit the train dead center. Both Jan and I would have been killed instantly.

It was shortly after midnight on June 23, 1949, that this incident occurred. I had known about the ghostly guardians of the Dunswart railroad crossing in South Africa for several years.

At irregular periods during the past 10 or 11 years a woman and sometimes a man and woman had appeared to stop cars only moments before trains crossed the highway.

I had tended to discredit the stories told in the press about the experiences of motorists on this highway which runs east from Johannesburg to Natal. Yet I should have known Johannesburg newspapers are far too prim and proper to print sensational stories without full documentation, investigation and authentication.

The story of the ghostly guardians of Dunswart was heard just before the start of the Second World War. A woman motorist, Mrs. Molly Coertze, of Boksburg, was motoring along the Main Reef Road towards Benoni shortly before midnight when she saw a woman in white waving wildly about 100 to 150 yards ahead.

Although she was alone in her car and knew the road to be dangerous, Mrs. Coertze slowed down until she coasted almost to where the woman stood. She was then about 30 yards from the unprotected railroad crossing.

She saw the woman plainly in her auto's headlights. She described her as about 20 to 22 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall, slightly-built, flaxen-haired, pretty, wearing a fawn or dark-gray colored swagger coat, hatless and — shoeless. Being a woman, Mrs. Coertze automatically noticed such details as shoelessness on the woman.

"I pulled my car to a halt," Mrs. Coertze related, "and in the same instant, while I was still looking at the woman, she simply vanished. One moment she was there and the next she was gone — and in that same instant I became aware of the thunder of train wheels and the wail of a locomotive whistle as the express thundered across the highway.

I knew fear at that moment, because if the woman had not stopped me I would have crashed into the train. Nothing could have saved me."

Sceptics declared that Mrs. Coertze had seen no woman but that the grey road and the night had played tricks on her eyes. She was adamant, however, and when someone suggested that possibly she had been drinking, she instituted court proceedings for libel. This was settled out of court when she was paid a substantial sum on proving that she had never partaken of liquor in her life.

Within 10 days of this occurrence, the sinister highway was again in the news. This time a senior police officer, Lieutenant Alfred Parkes, accompanied by a sergeant, Dennis Richter, was traveling in the *opposite* direction, from Benoni to Johannesburg. The time was exactly 11:48 p.m. and as they neared Dunswart crossing, Sergeant Richter suddenly saw a man and woman emerge from the woody roadside. They literally ran into the road and began to wave their arms.

"The fools," Lieutenant Parkes cried, "do they want to get killed!"

Richter slammed on the car's brakes and swerved to the left. The car skidded to a halt. As the lieutenant climbed from the car to question the man and woman, the night train roared over the highway at 60 miles an hour!

"Good God!" Richter cried. "That was a narrow escape! If those people hadn't stopped us —" suddenly he froze. The couple had disappeared.

Parkes telephoned police headquarters and within a few minutes squads had circled the entire area, cutting off all escape routes in an effort to find the mysterious man and woman. They could not be found.

Weeks passed. Newspapers ran the story of the mysterious occurrences and spiritualists visited the scene in an effort to discover who guarded the crossing. Authorities brought pressure on the South African Railways to build a subway under the railroad track at Dunswart or to put up booms, but the cost was declared prohibitive and the war intervened.

From time to time during the war there were stories about the strange woman in grey who warned motorists of approaching trains. Sometimes there was a young man with her, but more frequently she appeared alone.

Early in 1947 I had joined a newspaper in Johannesburg and heard about the Dunswart mystery, but paid little heed to it. Several fresh cases were reported and I interviewed a number of the people concerned and investigated the authenticity of their stories. In each case I found no loopholes.

Every man and woman involved was certain of what had occurred.

One week-end three motorists were pulled up as they sped toward the crossing. That was when I decided to go to the police and ask for official assistance in trying to find out what was going on. The woman and man who guarded Dunswart surely were not alive.

The police offered me all possible help and that night, accompanied by Constable Dirk Pieters, I took up a post about 30 yards from the spot where the woman usually was seen. The constable and I concealed ourselves about 11:30 and, although the night was bitterly cold, lay deadstill, waiting. Nothing happened. However, we noted that as the night train approached there were no cars in sight on either side of the track.

The following night it was the same. On the third night, a Saturday, we saw the headlights of a car in the distance a few seconds before the train was due. Even as we spotted the car, we saw a girl emerge from the bushes a scant five yards away from us. She walked to the center of the road and began waving her arms.

Before I could stop him the constable leaped up and ran towards the girl. She seemed to flee and then vanished in the mist gathering on the highway. A second later there was a blinding flash of fire as the car collided with the train.

The following Monday I was transferred to a paper 500 miles distant and the matter of Dunswart faded from my mind. In fact, I forgot all about it until I returned to Johannesburg two years later. Then came the night when I myself received a warning and pulled up just in time.

"I am going to find out who this girl is — or was," I said. I began to dig into the newspaper files for the period immediately before the girl's first appearance.

I spent two weeks on the job. Then one day, in the morgue of the newspaper, I felt a cold hand down my back as my eyes alighted on a double column heading: "COUPLE KILLED IN REEF CRASH". I read the news story. I knew I had the answer to the Dunswart guardians.

The story was brief. A young couple, traveling on a motor-cycle, had collided with a train at Dunswart. An eye-witness reported that as the girl, whose age was given as 22, lay dying while she awaited the arrival of the ambulance, she whispered, "George. . . George . . . I warned you a train was coming . . ." Then she died.

The description of this girl fit exactly with the appearance of the ghostly guardian of the crossing.

Moreover, the description in the paper of the young man who had been driving the motor-cycle at

the time of the fatal accident fitted the descriptions given by those motorists who had seen him at the crossing since.

I had solved the mystery, I was sure of that, but the girl still made her appearances regularly — no car could approach Dunswart at the time when the night train was due without being warned by the girl.

Later in the same year the South African Railways decided to put up booms at the crossing. It was just after the booms were completed that I decided to go and establish my solution of the mystery. I was positive that if it were indeed the girl who had died on the pillion of the motor-cycle, she would appear once more, on the anniversary of the accident.

Colleagues with whom I discussed the matter laughed. Ghosts! They didn't believe in such nonsense. But on the day when the anniversary came around, I took with me two reliable colleagues. We were at our post a few minutes after 11 o'clock.

The train was due through, according to my timing, at 11:48 p.m. I had arranged for another colleague to drive towards the crossing a few seconds before the train was due.

Just as the first sounds of the train became audible and I saw the approaching headlights of the car, I spotted a figure in gray about eight yards from us, standing at the road side.

Without rising from my place I called out: "Dulcie! Dulcie Hutton!" I saw the figure start. Then I rose. "Dulcie Hutton, all is safe now, you can go to your rest!" I cried.

The girl seemed to stare at me through the grey night. Then, with almost a sigh, she faded from sight as my colleague, warned by the flashing red lights on the boom, pulled up for the train to roar past and into the night.

Dulcie Hutton had been the name of the girl killed in the accident. She has never appeared at Dunswart since that night so far as I can learn.



THE DARKER DRINK

RECENTLY a campaign to raise funds for a waterworks system was launched in Fredonia, Ky. After almost $2,000 was raised workers began drilling for water. The drill went down 265 feet — and struck oil. According to experts, the well may be one of the best producers in Western Kentucky. But the townfolk still are looking for water.



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

HEALED BY UNCLE JIMMY

By William P. Hann

As a boy in the early 1920's I lived in Butler Township, Miami County, Ind. One of our neighbors was a gentle old man named Uncle Jimmy Armentrout who had the remarkable gift of being able to heal both human and animal members of the community.

People did not hesitate to call on Uncle Jimmy, even if only as a last resort. I never heard of him failing in his cures, whether it was removing warts, banishing a fever or curing a sick cow. I personally witnessed many of Uncle Jimmy's healings — and was the principal in one of them.

One day while catching in a baseball game at school, a foul ball struck my nose and caused it to bleed uncontrollably. The teachers did all they could in the way of first aid but my nose continued to bleed. The nearest doctor was many miles away.

As the teachers debated what to do, Uncle Jimmy walked by. Noticing the excitement, he came over to me. He said a few words which I could not hear and made a pass or two with his hand over my nose. Almost immediately the bleeding stopped.

A more remarkable cure by Uncle Jimmy involved a cousin of my father's, Mrs. Alex Johnson, now deceased. She had come down with erysipelas and after several days her illness was so advanced that the family doctor called in two other doctors. Even with all their efforts she grew steadily worse.

Finally Uncle Jimmy was called in. He followed his usual procedure of saying some words and passing his hand over the patient's face. She seemed to get relief at once and within three days hardly any trace of her illness remained.

Uncle Jimmy cured many cows of milk fever. Back in those days little was known about milk fever, an ailment cows occasionally got upon dropping their

calves. Actually it is caused by lack of calcium. Today an injection of calcium gluconate quickly relieves the cow but then many good cows died.

I saw Uncle Jimmy cure my father's cows several times and twice I saw him cure cows that were considered doomed as they had been down for several hours. After he had been summoned and told of the trouble, he wished no one to talk to him until after he had helped the animal. He would kneel by the animal, saying some words in a low tone and at the same time stroking the cow's back and side. After a few minutes the cow would get onto her feet of her own accord and soon would be eating. In humans a cure like this possibly could be explained as the power of suggestion — but surely not in the case of animals.

Uncle Jimmy lived in a log cabin with his wife, who was known as Aunt Sarah. Although they never had much worldly goods, Uncle Jimmy never would accept money for his cures. He believed he would lose his gift if he was paid. But on holidays and at other times grateful neighbors left baskets of groceries on his doorstep.

I once asked Uncle Jimmy to teach me to heal. He said he could teach only one of the opposite sex, explaining that an elderly lady had taught him many years before. — *Fontana, Calif.*

THE DOG THAT REMEMBERED

By A. A. Golden

In 1923 I was working in my uncle's drug store in Parksville, Sullivan County, New York. One winter night I was very busy at the prescription counter in the back of the store. I looked up to see that a stray dog had found his way to where I stood working. I noticed that he limped as he came towards me. I stopped my work and, bending to lift his paw, found it was cut and bleeding. I gave him first aid. When I finished he walked to the front and I let him out the door. To me that was the end of the matter.

At least six months later I again was in back working at the prescription counter, when something caused me to look up from my work. Two dogs stood awaiting my attention. I saw one was cut and bleeding and gave him first aid. The other dog stood patiently watching as I worked. As I took a closer look at him I recalled the previous occasion when a dog had come to me for aid. I felt certain that this was the same dog. I examined him for markings which I remembered. Sure enough, he was my former patient.

I often have wondered about this experience. Why did the dog come to me, in the back of the

store, walking past the clerks at the front? How did he know enough to approach the store's pharmacist? Then, had he remembered and led his injured friend to the store for treatment? — *Studio City, Calif.*

"I SAW HIM FALL"

By Lynn Dallin

In October, 1940, my father took my older brother, Harvey, deer hunting with him for three days in the High Uinta Mountains. They planned to hunt on foot.

At 4 p.m. on the second day of the hunt, Mother called to me urgently. "Lynn," she said, "your brother has been hurt. He has fallen from a horse and blood is coming from his mouth. He is lying by the side of a trail."

"But Mother, how could you know when they aren't back?" I asked.

"I saw Harvey fall," she said with conviction. She had been at work in the kitchen and apparently had had a waking vision. She was so disturbed that she went to our next door neighbor and told her Harvey had fallen.

Early the next morning, Dad and Harvey came home. As they drove into the yard, Mother rushed out, saying, "Harvey has been hurt, hasn't he?"

"Yes," Father replied. "How did you know?"

"I saw it happen," Mother told him. "He fell from a horse and bled from the mouth."

"What time did it happen?" Dad asked.

"At four o'clock yesterday," Mother answered.

"That's exactly what happened, and when it happened," Dad said.

"We rented a couple of horses. The one Harvey was on stumbled and Harvey was thrown. Although he wasn't seriously hurt, his mouth bled."

A hundred miles away from the accident, Mother had seen it in detail. — *Provo, Utah.*

A YULETIDE VISION

By Walter M. Germain, Ph.D.

The State of Michigan is experimenting with an outdoor conservation camp for rehabilitating young men between the ages of 18 and 25 who otherwise would be sent to prison.

This humanitarian project is under the direction of Robert H. Scott, Assistant Director of the Department of Corrections, formerly Associate Professor of Police Administration at Michigan State College.

At the request of Professor Scott, I talked to this group of young men at Brighton Camp on the evening of December 6, 1954. It was a soul-stirring experience for me to see the changing expressions on the faces of those love-

starved young men as my talk progressed. Their glances of skepticism and antagonism changed to rapt interest and a warmth that disclosed that these young men are no different at heart than the rest of humanity.

What I saw in the faces of those young men that night and things many of them said to me afterwards moved me deeply.

As I turned North onto Route 59 on my way home, I was startled by what I thought at the time must be an optical illusion. The North Star (if that's what it was) was not a star at all but a shining silver cross. It was perfectly shaped and much larger than any star I ever had seen before.

It made me wonder. Had my stirring experience at the prison camp cast a spell of some sort over me? I could reason as well as ever but I could not alter the illusion. It shone brightly in the sky, on my left, like a symbol from heaven, for the entire nine miles to Route 23 and was unchanged, now on my right, as I turned left. As I made several more turns into Fenton, it was once again on my left, still a perfect cross. From then on I left it behind.

Of course, common sense told me it must be an optical illusion — but nevertheless it was a thrilling experience and in my heartfelt gratitude for the spiritual uplift, I heard myself uttering aloud a prayful thanksgiving, "Thanks God — thanks for everything."

SPLIT-SECOND MESSAGE

By A. W. Daniels

In the summer of 1929 I boarded with an elderly Scandinavian couple in Ladysmith, Wis. They had a daughter, Norma, about 20, who was taking teachers' training at the time, and as a result was extremely nervous. She was fond of a young man named George, who worked as a trouble-shooter for the Superior District Power Co.

Usually both Norma and her mother were present at my early breakfast, but one morning Norma did not come down. The mother explained her absence.

"I had a terrible time with Norma last night," she said. "The poor girl woke up screaming and declared that George was dead! She tried to rush off and find out what had happened, but I talked her out of it. It was about two o'clock, and the whole thing was just a bad dream. That training course is driving Norma crazy! I got her back to sleep after a while, and she'll be all right now."

That was how matters stood when I took my lunch-kit and left for the day. At supper-time I found my landlady wide-eyed with amazement.

"I never heard of anything so

strange!" she declared excitedly as soon as I showed up.

It appeared that during the previous night George had been called to the Port Arthur substation several miles distant. In setting the trouble right, he had gotten across a live circuit, and had been thrown violently against a wall with some bad burns. He wasn't in serious condition but the doctor said that only the violent blow against the wall had kept George from death; that, in fact, he was practically dead during the instant he was being hurled across the room.

Apparently Norma received an instantaneous message, by some means not fully understood nor recognized, at the moment of her boy friend's accident. But despite this rapport between the young couple, they drifted apart and found other marital companions. — *Ladysmith, Wis.*

THE BODY IN THE RIVER

By Molly Anstiss

As a reporter of 20 year's experience, I have always followed my hunches. But only once has an unknown voice spoken to me directly.

One afternoon in August, 1945, I was covering my beat on the Health Department run, which is a half-block from the winding San Antonio River.

The afternoons were a little dull, so I checked all the offices in the building and sat down beside the switchboard girl in the lobby. She was busy and I had to wait for a line to report in to the office.

I started idly to read one of the small books I always carried. This time my mind somehow refused to take in the reading matter. Instead, as clear as a bell, a voice said to me: "Come on, we are going to find a body in the river."

I closed the book and got up. The river was so close I would lose no time if I investigated this message. I walked rapidly to the bridge and looked down, searching. There was nothing in the river. But something wouldn't let me give up. I looked again and saw a patch of debris floating along but try as I might I could not see it as a dead form.

"That's it," the voice said.

I stopped a passerby and asked if the debris looked like a body. I got a very definite "no."

But the "hunch" wouldn't let go. I walked down the steps from the bridge to the river. I looked closer but still was not convinced.

A crowd formed. I asked the question again, then gave up and called the Fire Department to bring a grappling hook. I was no nearer to being sure when the fire department arrived. The firemen didn't think it was a body either — but when they used the grappling hook they found the

body of a young man, long submerged and turned black.

My paper investigated and found that the young man was a prizefighter named Gutierrez who apparently had become ill and fallen into the river at night. I've never told the paper, nor anyone else, how I happened to find his body. — *Boerne, Tex.*

BIBI'S PREMONITION

By Florence Geddes DeCicco

In August, 1950, my mother and father were living in San Jose, Calif., and I was staying with my married sister, Bibi Ogden, in San Francisco.

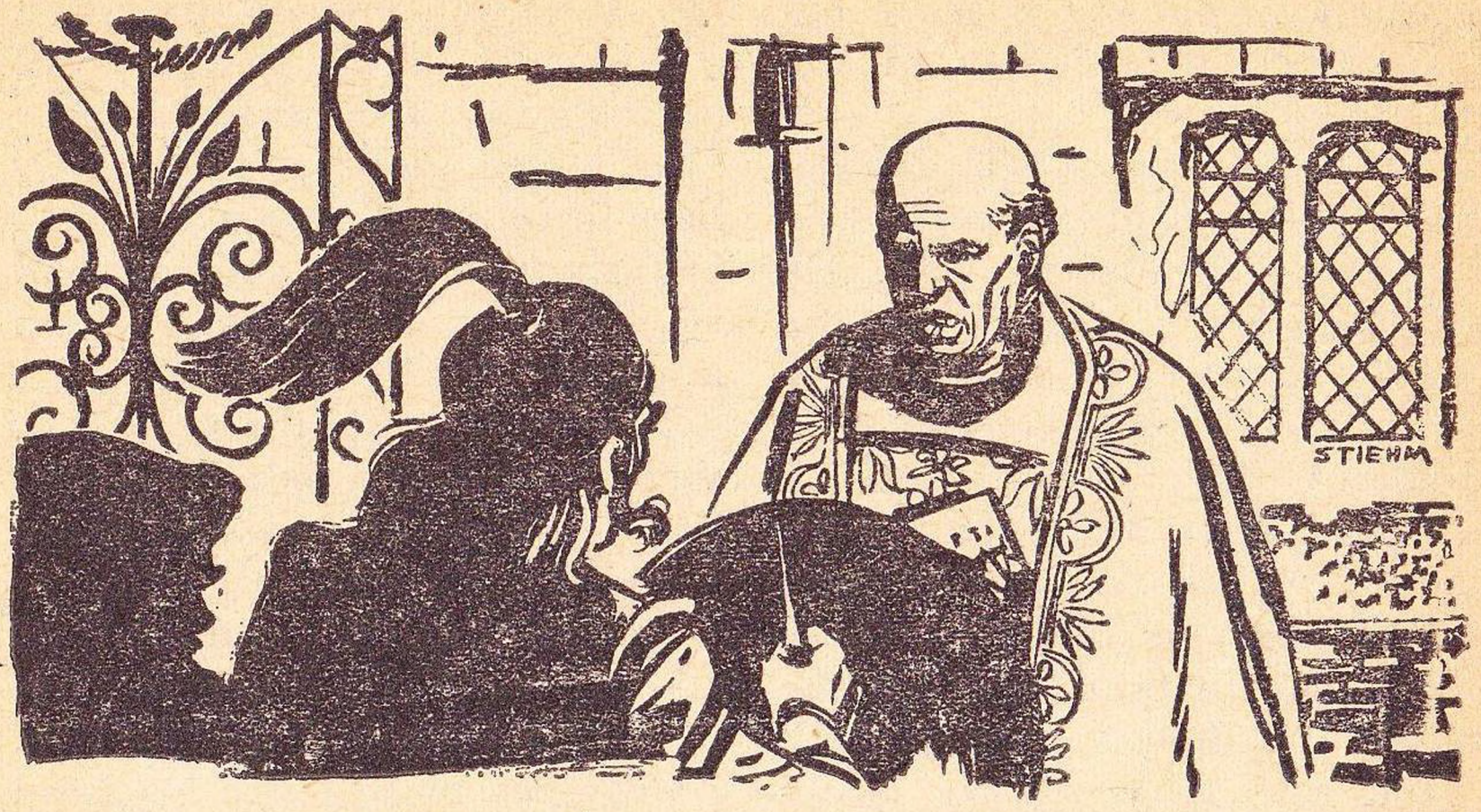
Mother and Daddy were planning to drive to Yosemite National Park for a vacation and were very anxious to have me go with them since, like them, I had never been there. A few nights before I was to leave San Jose, Bibi had a dream. We lived at Hunters Point, one of San Francisco's many hill sections, just over the crest of a steep incline. Bibi dreamed that her husband's brother was driving up the hill road. When he reached the top and started down the other side he lost control of the car and ran headlong into a telephone pole. The car was wrecked and he was horribly mangled.

In the morning Bibi told me of the dream. She said she knew the accident would not happen to her brother-in-law but to our parents and that if I were along I would be seriously hurt.

Mother telephoned that day for my decision and when I made excuses she coaxed me to change my mind. At the telephone I was torn between Mother begging me to go and Bibi, in the room with me, shaking her head and saying, "No, no, you can't go — you just can't." She finally won and I stayed home, much against my will.

Several days later, early in the morning, the telephone rang. Bibi got out of bed to answer and I followed to see what might be wrong. Daddy had blacked out at the wheel of the car which had plowed into the rocky side of a mountain and been wrecked. Daddy was only bruised and Mother got off with several broken ribs and a cut leg which bled so profusely there was some doubt of reaching the Park hospital before she bled to death.

Had I been along, I would have been in the back seat. The impact of the concussion was so great that the back seat had pulled loose from its moorings and slid up against the back of the front seat. My legs would have been completely crushed, or possibly amputated, had I not heeded Bibi's premonition. — *San Jose, Calif.*



the Curse of Mar

The curse the Abbot placed on his enemy also proved to be a remarkable prophecy. It came true in detail.

By Cmdr. Charles M. Cree

THE Curse of Mar is of extraordinary interest because the Abbot who pronounced it, at the same time, foretold accurately the future history of the family of his enemy. No less than 17 times the words of the Abbot have come true.

The wording of the Curse of Mar is taken verbatim from Burke's *Romance Of The Aristocracy*. Although it has been attributed to the famous Thomas The Rhymer who lived in the 13th Century there is little doubt that it originated with the Abbot of Cambuskenneth in 1569 when, incited by John Knox, the Scottish reformer, the hereditary nobility were despoiling monasteries and abbeys for personal gain.

It should be stated that such

a curse as this is not effective unless uttered to the face of the individual cursed.

The venerable Abbot of Cambuskenneth was in high ill-humor that May morning in 1569. He mentally flayed John Knox, the Scottish reformer, who was playing such havoc with the established Roman Catholic Church. Scarcely one year before Mary, the Queen, had crossed the Solway Firth and sought safety in England. Since her departure from Scotland the barons had done as they pleased, seizing Church properties, feathering their nests with Church monies.

The Abbot just had received word by runner that an armed force, commanded by the Earl of Mar, was approaching rapidly with the avowed intent of dispossessing him and his monks of Cambuskenneth Abbey, its holdings, and its treasures.

Loud knockings echoed through the hall and the Abbot raised his ponderous paunch from the table and strode majestically to the massive doorway.

Opening the spy-port, he called, "Who are ye, and what would you here? Why do ye dare disturb the worship and meditations of God's Holy Men?"

A rough voice answered, "We are come under the authority of the Lords of Parliament and the Commonalty of this realm of Scotland, under the command of My Lord of Mar, to dispossess the idolaters and worshippers of graven images from the lands they have stolen and the riches they have ill-gotten to themselves. Will ye then open up the gates or shall we be forced to burst them asunder?"

Peering through the peep-hole, the Abbot saw a heavily armed body of men. In the background he spied a big battering ram.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," he muttered. Then in a loud voice he replied, "Aye, I will open the gates to My Lord of Mar, but let him be warned he enters this — God's House — at his peril. He who takes or desecrates what belongs to Almighty God must be prepared for the vengeance of the Lord. Brother Anselm, open the gates for My Lord of Mar!"

The first to enter was the Earl of Mar, clad in full armor. As the Earl stood before him the Abbot folded his hands. Looking his unwelcome visitor full in the face the Abbot said:

"Proud Chief of Mar, thou shalt be raised still higher, until thou sittest in the place of the King. Thou shalt rule and destroy, and thy work shall be after thy name, but thy work shall be the emblem of thy house, and shall teach mankind that he who cruelly and haughtily raiseth himself upon the ruins of the holy cannot prosper. Thy work shall be cursed and

shall never be finished. But thou shalt have riches and greatness, and shalt be true to thy sovereign, and shall raise his banner in the field of blood. Then, when thou seemest to be highest, when thy power is mightiest, then shall come thy fall; low shall be thy head amongst the nobles of the people. Deep shall be thy moan among the children of dool (sorrow). Thy lands shall be given to the stranger, and thy titles shall lie among the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt, in which a King is nursed — his wife a sacrifice in that same flame; his children numerous, but of little honor; and three grown and born who shall never see the light. Yet shall thine ancient tower stand; for the brave and the true cannot be wholly forsaken, Thou, proud head and daggered hand, must dree thy weird, until horses be stabled in thy hall, and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in thy chamber of state. Thine ancient tower — a woman's dower — shall be a ruin and a beacon, until an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thy sorrows be ended, and the sunshine of royalty shall beam on thee once more. Thine honors shall be restored; the kiss of peace shall be given to thy Countess, though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thee and thine. The line of Mar shall be broken: but not until its honors are doubled, and its doom is ended."

Turning on his heel, the Abbot of Cambuskenneth strode down the corridor and, entering the chapel, fell on his knees in prayer.

The Earl of Mar hesitated as the words of the curse seeped into his mind. Then, curse or no curse, he waved his henchmen into the abbey.

In 1571 Regent Moray of Scotland, who had taken over the reins of government when Queen Mary fled to England, was assassinated. Much to the chagrin of the Earl of Morton who was ambitious, the Earl of Mar was elected Regent of Scotland. In truth he now "sat in the place of the King."

Mar immediately began to build what was intended to be a magnificent palace at Stirling. The work never progressed beyond a facade and for years after was called "Mar's Folly."

"Thy work . . . . . shall never be finished," the Abbot had said.

One reason that Mar failed to complete his palace was that in 1572, just one year after he assumed the regency, he dined at Edinburgh with his old crony the Earl of Morton. Later that same evening after reaching Stirling, he died suddenly and unexpectedly. It occurred to some that he had been poisoned.

John, Earl of Mar, was succeeded by his son — another John —

who recovered the family estates, long alienated.

"But thou shalt have riches and greatness," the Abbot said.

For nearly 100 years the curse lay forgotten. In the background, however, was the loyalty of the House of Mar to the cause of the Stewart Kings.

"True to thy sovereign," said the Abbot.

In 1689 the existing Earl of Mar was a staunch Jacobite. As long as the Stewart family occupied the throne of the United Kingdom in the persons of Queen Mary, wife of King William III, and of Queen Anne, the Earl was reconciled. However, Queen Anne died in 1714 and King George I, a Hanoverian, ascended the throne.

In 1715 the rebellion of the Old Pretender broke out and, as was expected, Mar threw his lot in with the House of Stewart. The outcome of that rebellion is history. The Earl of Mar was stripped of his Earldom; his estates were confiscated.

"Deep shall be thy moan among the children of dool. Thy lands shall be given to the stranger, and thy titles shall lie among the dead," the Abbot had said.

The Mar estates were, in fact, sold to the Earl of Fife.

By 1776 some of the Mar estates had been repurchased, including the old ancestral Tower of Alloa. This originally come into the family as a dower and had housed King James VI of Scotland — who also was King James I of England — when he was a child. In 1801 a careless servant left a lighted candle near a bed. The bed caught fire and the house burned down. Lady Erskine, titular Countess of Mar, burned to death in the flames. She left several children, three of whom were born blind.

"The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt, in which a King is nursed — his wife a sacrifice in that same flame; his children numerous, but of little honor; and three grown who shall never see the light," had been the Abbot's curse.

During the Napoleonic Wars the hollow ruin of Alloa Tower served a variety of purposes. The superstitious Scots, knowing the Curse of Mar, were not surprised to see horses stabled in the old Hall when a troop of cavalry was stationed temporarily at Alloa.

"Until horses shall be stabled in thy hall," the Abbot had said when he stood facing his enemy.

In 1819 a party of visitors were surprised to see a weaver at work in what was left of the Chamber of State.

Then in 1815 an ash sapling was seen sprouting from the topmost stones of the tower.

The curse of the Abbot of Cambuskenneth had been almost completely fulfilled. "Thine ancient Tower — a woman's dower — shall be a ruin and a beacon, until an

ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone."

Now all that was necessary to conclude the curse was the rehabilitation of the family and its fortunes.

In 1822 King George IV paid a state visit to the Northern Kingdom. George, profligate as he was, was anxious to make some amends to the Scottish nobility who had suffered for their adherence to the lost Stewart cause. By special act of Parliament the Earldom of Mar was restored to the titular Earl who shortly was succeeded by his grandson who had inherited the title of Earl of Kellie.

"The sunshine of royalty shall beam on thee once more. Thine Honors shall be restored."

In 1842 Queen Victoria made her first visit to Scotland. In Stirling Castle she happened to enter a small room where Lady Mar was sitting. The Queen was acquainted with neither the curse nor with the Countess. For some time, the two ladies talked and as she was leaving the Queen, in bidding the Countess good-bye, impulsively kissed her on the cheek.

"The kiss of peace shall be given to thy Countess, though she seek it not," the Abbot had said.

In 1866 the existing Earl of Mar died without a son to succeed him and the title passed to a cousin who already had inherited the Kellie title. However, the right of the Earl of Kellie to inherit was hotly contested by a Mr. Goodeve, nephew of the late Earl.

For almost 20 years the contest raged. Then in 1885 an act of Parliament recognized, on technicalities, two earldoms of Mar. These two earldoms exist to the present day.

The terms of the Abbot's Curse had been fulfilled to the very last sentence — "The line of Mar shall be broken; but not until its honors are doubled and its doom is ended."

LOST AND FOUND

RECENTLY Jack Martgan placed a classified ad in a Corona, Calif., newspaper for a house to rent. He included his name and phone number. Mrs. James Wattenbarger read the ad, noted the name and wondered if it might be that of her father. She had lost track of him 12 years before. She phoned — and found her guess had been right.

Edgar Cayce's Window

Do the readings of this famed psychic hold the answer to the vital question of life after death?

By Vaughn Shelton

In nearly half a century of practice as a "full time" clairvoyant, the late Edgar Cayce (Kaysee) answered every kind of question. But none was asked him more often than these two: what is the nature of death? What is the nature of life after death?

As a result, his files contain thousands of single-spaced, typed pages of "information" on this ultimate enigma, including much "eye-witness" description of life beyond the veil.

Mr. Cayce, who died at Virginia Beach, Va., in 1945, spent most of his adult life obtaining clairvoyant information for those who needed it. He could find out *anything,* simply by lying down and going to sleep — which he did twice a day for over 40 years. While he slept a conductor, usually his wife, Gertrude, presented the questions and his sleeping voice answered them.

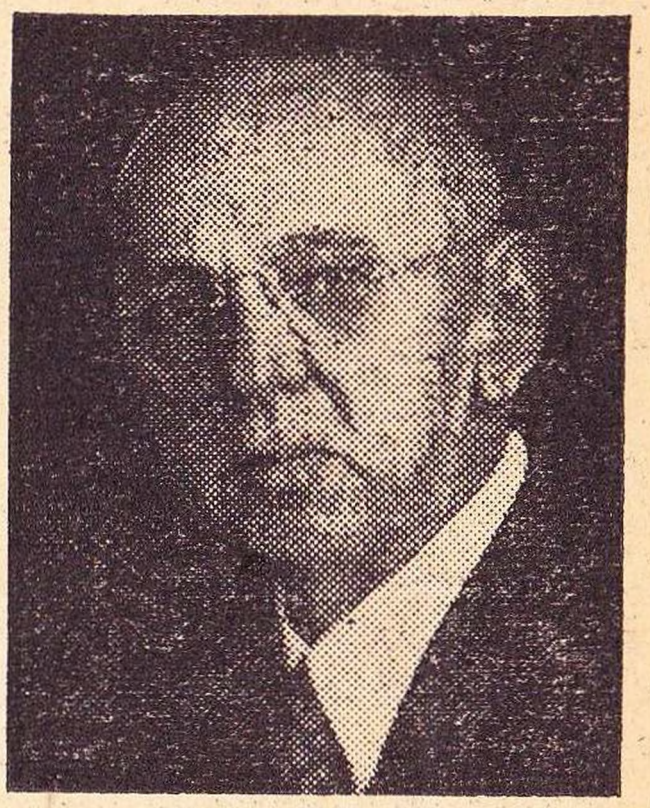
A great many of these questions, from all over the world, concerned critical ailments that could not be cured by ordinary means. Cayce, in trance, diagnosed the ailments and proposed treatments — if it was not already too late. His "information" was taken down in shorthand, typed and mailed to the questioner. A duplicate copy went into the files. In every case where the sleeping man said recovery was possible, and the patient and his physician carried out his instructions faithfully, the patient got better.

Thousands received the benefit of this psychic miracle. And miracle it was! For Edgar Cayce never had studied medicine and had attended school for only nine years. Yet, in his sleep, he was a master physician. He could speak any language, could tell what was happening anywhere in the world at any given moment. He read the past like a universal history book and foresaw the future with astonishing accuracy.

When Cayce slept, his subcon-

to Eternity

Twice a day for almost 50 years the late Edgar Cayce went into a trance. In this state he is said to have been able to obtain information of any sort. Thousands of incurably ill persons reportedly benefitted from the information on medical diagnoses and treatments which he obtained clairvoyantly.



Edgar Cayce

His clairvoyance explored human ills — and the nature of the after-life.

scious mind became articulate and it spoke from the timeless, spaceless, four dimensional plane he saw.

The statement, "There *is* no death!" appears frequently in his readings. He took the position that death is not the most serious event in human existence. Life, in the eternal sense, is fundamentally spiritual with occasional brief (but very important) manifestations in the flesh. From this point of view death becomes the return of the entity to its natural condition.

Death is a birth or transition into a finer, less confining type of being. The same personality, with its virtues, faults, loves, hates and ambitions is adjourned to a sphere of activity where time, age and physical limitations are absent. There it will continue its earthly undertakings in greater freedom, until its evolution requires another experience in the flesh.

One of the questions often asked of Mr. Cayce was, "At what point does 'death' take place?" He explained that this differs with every individual, depending upon the circumstances of his passing and upon his training and mental preparation for the experience.

"..... Many an individual has remained in the state called death for years without realizing it was dead." After the spirit has put aside the physical body it may sleep until it gradually becomes conscious of its new environment in much the same manner an infant becomes aware of its physical

body and its presence in a physical world.

"On the other hand, the individual may be quite oblivious to the change. He may continue his normal activities – work, recreation, any usual routine – in surroundings that are entirely real to him. The fact that others no longer respond to him as before may be disconcerting and may hasten his recognition of the change."

In one reading, Cayce was asked to give medical advice for an elderly woman who was very ill. The sleeping voice said there was nothing that could be done in the way of medication, as her soul already had departed. The physician was still in attendance and death, as far as the physical body was concerned, had not yet occurred. Yet the spiritual development of this individual was such that the transition was conscious, at will, and considerably prior to the physical death.

Ordinarly, the finite mind cannot grasp the abstraction of "death" and must grow to an awareness of its new state. "Death is but the beginning of another form of experience in the earth's plane and may not be understood by the third dimension mind from a third dimension analysis. It must be seen from the fourth dimension....." Cayce goes on to explain that spiritual elevation alone (which includes the development of psychic faculties) makes this higher viewpoint possible to mortals.

His premise was that the will, as expressed in thought, is the governing factor in existence whether in or out of the flesh. But the finer matter into which the spirit projects itself at death responds readily to thought – things, conditions, appearances (normally) become what the individual thinks they are or wants them to be.

An individual who was elderly at the time of death would resume his appearance as it was in his late 20s, or at whatever point he thought of as his prime. This explanation was given to a woman who had had a psychic experience and said she had seen her father and two uncles as young men, though all had been elderly and white haired at the time of their deaths.

There are two cases that will illustrate the continuation of the *same* existence under much less restricted conditions. The first is a psychic experience of Edgar Cayce's on which a reading was given later and the statement made that it was an actual occurrence and not a dream.

While living in Selma, Ala., in the early 1900's, Mr. Cayce operated a photographic studio. He employed a young woman to retouch negatives and act as general assistant. She was with him about four years.

Many years later, after moving to Virginia Beach, he was awakened one night by a voice calling his name. He recognized his former assistant. She was asking him to come downstairs and let her into the house.

Dressing quickly, he went down and let the young woman in at the front door. He could see her distinctly, though objects behind her were also visible. Until this moment he had not known that she had died. In appearance, she was about the same as when he had known her years earlier. Her voice was audible and apparently she could hear him.

The girl said that she was living with her mother and father in their home. She had been quite ill of a throat infection but her family doctor, whom she had been unable to find for a period, had come to live nearby, was treating her, and the condition was much better. (This physician had been treating her at the time of her death and was an old friend of Edgar Cayce's. The girl's news that the doctor had passed on, too, turned out to be correct.)

She said her father was away from home a great deal and had promised to take her with him on his trips as soon as she became stronger. While visiting the studio in Selma, she had heard someone say Mr. Cayce had moved to Virginia Beach. She had decided to pay him a visit and had had considerable difficulty finding the town.

Edgar Cayce was very much surprised to find that the young lady did not realize that she had passed to another plane. He explained it to her as tactfully as he could and made some suggestions he thought would help her adjust. She left then and he did not see her again.

A second illustrative incident occurred on July 9, 1934. A scheduled reading for a man in a distant city had just been completed and Mrs. Cayce had given her husband the suggestion that he wake up. Present were Mr. Cayce's secretary and two witnesses, in addition to Mrs. Cayce. Still asleep, Cayce began to speak:

"There are some here who would like to speak to those present, if they desire to communicate with them."

Mrs. Cayce replied, "We would like to communicate with them."

Mr. Cayce, after a long pause, continued, "Don't speak at once. (Pause) Yes, I knew you would be waiting though. Yes? Haven't found him before? All together now, huh? Uncle Porter, too? He was able to ease it right away, huh? Who? Dr. House? No. Oh, no. No, she's all right. Yes, *lots* better. Isn't giving any trouble now. Haven't seen her? Why? Where have you been? Oh. She is in another change? How long will they stay there? Oh, they don't

count time like that. Oh, do you have 'em? Well, those must be pretty now, if they are all growing like that. Yes? Yes, I'll tell her about 'em. Tell Gertrude you are all together now, huh? Uncle Porter, Dr. House, your mother? And Grandma? Oh. Grandpa is still building? He made the house; yeah? Tell Tommy what? Yes? Lynn? Yes, he's at home. Oh, you knew that! Huh, isn't any difference. Well, how about the weather? Oh, the weather doesn't effect you now. Doesn't change. You have what you want..... depends on where you go. Sure, then you are subject to that anyway. Little baby, too! Uu-huh. All right. Why? Oh, yes, they hear you . . . I'm sure they do. *I* hear you! For Gertrude? Yes, she's here. She hears you. Oh, yes."

Mrs. Gertrude Cayce said, "I don't hear. May I have the message?"

Mr. Cayce then spoke again, " 'Mamma and Doctor House and Uncle Porter and the baby, we are all here. Grandpa has built the home here and it's *nice!* We are all waiting until you come and we will all be here ready . . . we are getting along fine, doing well, yes! No, no more troubles now, for springbiter's (?) all along the way; for we have reached together where we see the light and know the pathway to the Saviour is along the narrow way . . . We are on that plane where you have heard it spoken that the body, the mind, are one together with the things we have built. Yes, I still play baseball and Charlie has recently joined my club and I am still captain to many of 'em. Well, we will be waiting for you! ' "

The foregoing was taken from the stenographer's transcript of the reading, duly witnessed, on July 9, 1934.

When asked to identify the person whom he had quoted, Cayce gave the name of Mrs. Cayce's younger brother who had died many years before of tuberculosis. At the time of the boy's death, his grandfather had been building a new house and he had been unable to play his favorite sport, baseball, for many months. His grandfather had since passed on and, according to this message, had completed the building. The question about Gertrude's (Mrs. Cayce's) health apparently referred to her near death from tuberculosis a few years earlier — of which she had been cured by treatments prescribed in a reading.

If we assume that this was a genuine communication with someone in the life beyond death, it gives us several pleasant aspects. Those who wish to be together are together. The physical undertakings and pleasures continue to a satisfactory degree. Time and the weather oblige the wishes of the individual.

Once, explaining how life and death are different phases of the same experience, Cayce said that as the spirit leaves the physical body, the *soul* becomes the *body* of the entity and "the subconscious mind or intellect of the body."

It seems, too, that an individual may inhabit this higher plane for varying lengths of time. The sojourn can range from minutes to hundreds of years. Time is of no consequence and it depends upon how soon the entity becomes aware of his more universal nature and thus is ready to be about his larger affairs, the soul's development. If his own involvement in materiality calls for another sojourn on the earth Mr. Cayce says he will try to re-enter under conditions that suit his purposes.

Many persons wonder what specific changes occur in the individual after death. According to Edgar Cayce there are no changes in the individual – only in the environment. The nature and personality remain the same; if generous, affectionate, spiritual, they will be still; if selfish, greedy, material-minded, they will remain so. "As the tree falls, so shall it lie." However once outside the flesh, the appetites that are peculiar to the flesh are gone.

There is one important exception to this, however. Cayce says that those in life who were *slaves* to physical appetites remain bound by these compulsions unable to extricate themselves. They linger in the borderland, tormented by desires they cannot satisfy. They search for weak-willed humans through whom they can give vicarious expression to their urges, without responsibility for the results. *Possession* is the result – the domination of a personality by a disincarnate entity.

Edgar Cayce warned those who experiment with the various types of "communication", which he agreed are possible. Two things should be considered before taking advice from discarnate sources: First, the danger of submitting the will, even temporarily, to an unknown entity who may be degraded. Second, being "dead" does not increase the knowledge or wisdom of an entity even though his range of observation may be greater since he is outside of time. A trusted, "living" advisor is more reliable.

The bond of love is not impaired by death and warnings and advice from departed friends and relatives often are given to help the living. Such guidance may be a single incident or continue over many years. Its value is more in its point of view than in its judgement or wisdom – as a man in a tower, who can see farther, might cry a warning to someone on the ground.

As a rule, Cayce insisted, manifestations by departed entities are

seeking help, rather than wishing to give it. All of those entering the new environment do not find their way readily, particularly if they have neglected spiritual things in life. When lost and confused, they turn again to the only source of help they know — the living.

The questions asked by a woman who had lost her brother — and the answers — illustrate Mr. Cayce's views of such communications. The lady waked in the night and felt the presence of her brother, who was overseas. On June 2, 1942, she thought she heard him calling her. She wanted to know if that had been the date of his reath and if there was something he wanted her to know.

The sleeping Cayce said her brother had not died on the date but he had found the attunement to speak to his sister then. Implying gently that her brother had found himself confused and afraid, due to his carnal attitude in life which had left him unprepared for death, Edgar Cayce urged her to pray for him and thus act as *his* guide in his new environment.

On October 30, 1932, Edgar Cayce was teaching his Sunday School class at the First Presbyterian Church at Virginia Beach. The lesson concerned one of the books of the Old Testament. In the middle of his discourse he became aware of a presence in the room and turned to see a number of persons, of the Hebrew faith by their appearance and costume, standing by the door listening. Since none of the members of the class seemed to notice the visitors, Mr. Cayce supposed it was some kind of hallucination and went on with the lesson. When he had finished he turned toward the door again. The visitors were gone.

On November 15, a reading was given to explain this. The sleeping voice said, "It should be understood that this was real and literal." Absorbed in his discourse Cayce had had a brief glimpse of normal activity on a higher plane. He was told that, even though the vistors were on a different level of consciousness, they had been drawn together by their common faith and interest in what Cayce, the Sunday School teacher, was saying. They, like many in the flesh and out of it, were seeking understanding wherever the opportunity offered.

Edgar Cayce may disappoint those who hope for an escape from problems and responsibilities, or for a miraculous transformation. He says, "Do not consider for a moment that an individual soul, passing from the earth plane as a Catholic, a Methodist, an Episcopalian, is something else because he is dead. He's only a dead Episcopalian, Methodist or Catholic . . . "

Through Edgar Cayce's "Window To Eternity," we see life and death as a continuous process of growth. On all levels we see the weak and the strong, the purposeful and the purposeless, the spiritual-minded and the material-minded. An oft-repeated quotation in the Cayce readings sums up the matter:

"The knowledge of life is the knowledge of death."

HAS THE SOUL BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED?

EARLY in 1934 a group of research workers in the United States performed an amazing experiment to determine whether it was possible to see electrons leaving the body at the moment of death. They used the Wilson Cloud Chamber which consists of a cylinder from which the air can be pumped to make a vacuum. A bit of moist paper at one end releases sufficient moisture to form a mist. An electron passing through the tube leaves a brief track in the mist which is recorded by a camera taking instantaneous photographs.

Grasshoppers, frogs and mice were placed successively in a cell at the side of the Cloud Chamber. They were killed and the camera took photographs of what happened at the instant of death.

In 36 cases out of 50 the camera recorded nothing unusual. It developed that in the majority of these cases the creature under experiment was still alive while the camera was in operation. In the remaining cases it appeared that the camera had recorded nothing because of split-second errors in timing.

In 14 cases out of 50, however, the developed photographs showed a vague form of the animal outlined on the vapor above its corpse but pointing in the opposite direction. The electrons had left the body not in a flash of light but in the form they had had when occupying the countless cells of the animal's body. This form seemed more electrical than material in nature.

Each of the photographed forms moved through the mist, keeping its shape, until it was beyond the range of the camera. What were these forms? Had the soul been photographed?

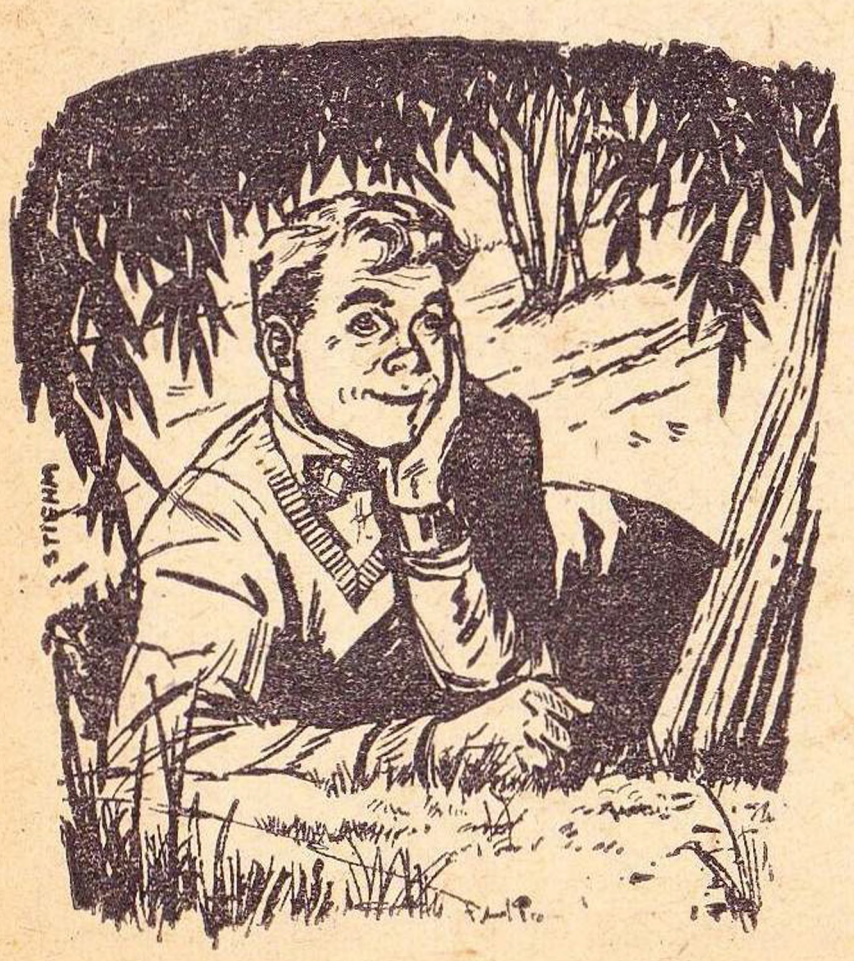
I Visit the Astral

I found I was riding my bike — and that was impossible, for I also was lying in the woods five miles away.

By J. P. J. Chapman

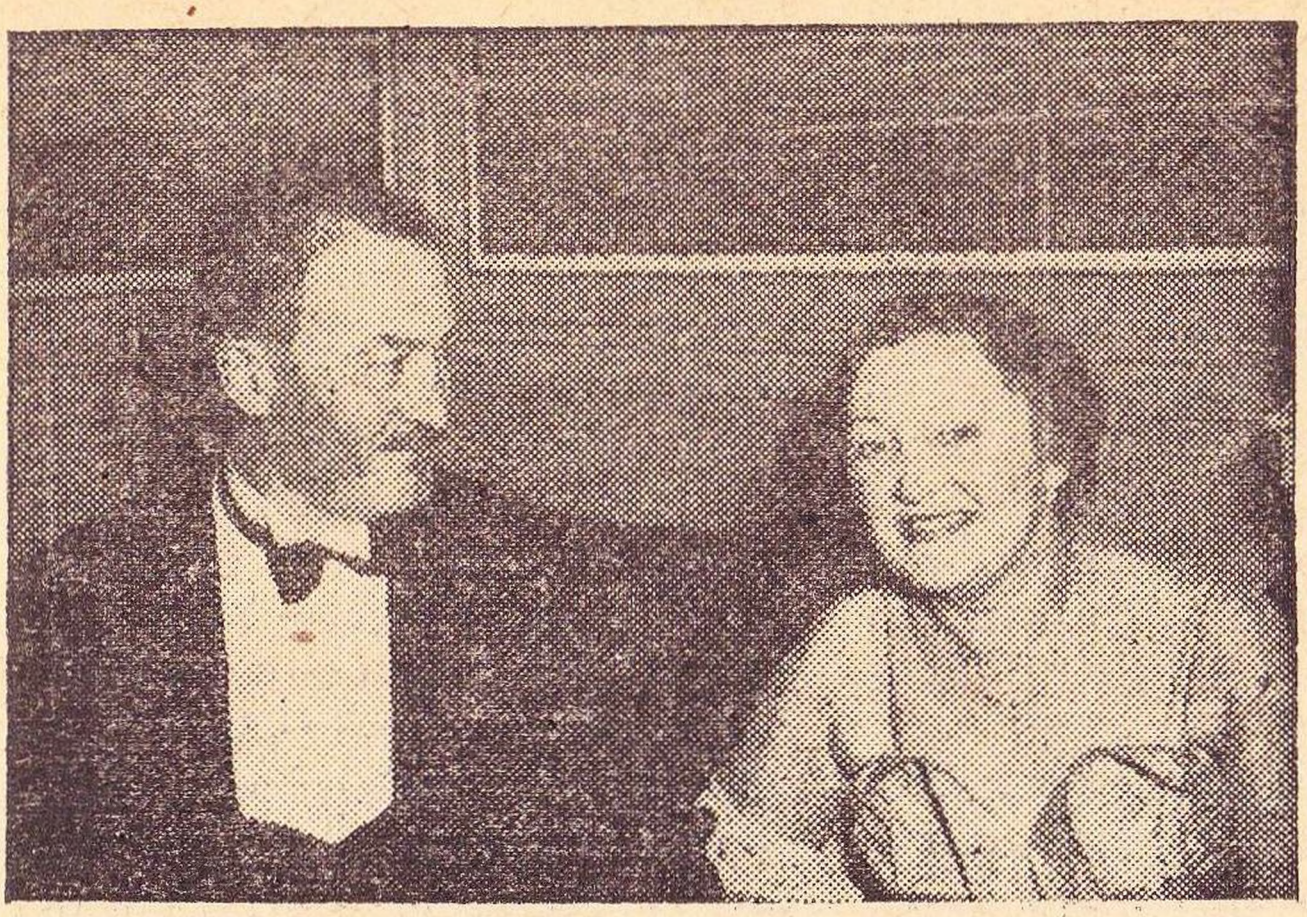
At the age of eight I suddenly found I could see the auras of trees. At the same time I became deeply conscious of any article with a "character".

My first intimation of anything Astral came one night when I was in bed. We lived in the country and if the sky was overcast the nights could be as black as ink. This was in the winter time. I had had a very exciting day at a party and could not get off to sleep. I lay on my back, looking over my head. The wall seemed to have a peculiar color, like luminous paint. It glowed like waves of illuminated vapor. Against this I saw black vertical bars which looked like shadows. I put out my hand and I found they were the bars of the bed which stood a few inches from the wall.



Later I discovered that when I got near any metal in the dark the same thing happened.

This first night I got out of bed, slipped my feet into my slippers and groped my way around the room. When I got near the fireplace the grate, fender and irons stood out as black shadows in the glow. This glow was visible only at close range. Naturally I was thrilled. The only person in whom I could confide was Mother's old



Author J. P. J. Chapman, shown here with his wife, lives in England. His main interests are writing and lecturing on psychic phenomena.

nurse. She did not laugh at me. She said quite seriously, "You have the sight."

While I retained this gift it developed in another direction also. I found if I lay perfectly still and calm in bed the room seemed to get darker and darker. Then a pin point of light would appear. It would expand gradually like the opening of a camera lens and then I would have a wonderful clear vision of many things, usually of beautiful landscapes.

I found it was fatal to concentrate on it, particularly on any one point. If I did it immediately blurred and faded. Since then I have gotten over this difficulty.

My next phase was a form of floating, with a dual consciousness — of being both in and out of my body at the same time.

These and similar events continued for years at various intervals. I could not do them at will; conditions had to be just right.

We had a large woods around the house. It grew in a semi-circle and was several hundred yards deep and quite three-quarters of a mile around. Many times when dusk came to this woods I could see Astral formations. By then I was in my 'teens and already realized there was some danger involved. I would have to be careful not to allow a complete breakthrough as fatalities have resulted from confusion between the Material and the Astral.

Not until I was 20 years old did

I have an actual projection. Previously I used to just "snap out" for a period, then back in the same way. There seemed to be no time lapse. My first Astral projection occurred one lovely Sunday in August. I was in my beloved wood, lying on my back, watching the leaves blowing in the wind. Fleecy clouds passed overhead in the blue sky. I began thinking it would be nice to have a bike ride.

Immediately I found myself on my machine cycling along the turnpike about five miles away! I felt confused. I could not make out *how* I came there. The machine seemed extraordinarly light and I went along absolutely without effort. I could see the road with the greatest clarity. Around a bend I saw one of the garden boys coming towards me on his bike. I called, "Hullo, Fred." He gave no answer but as he passed he looked around. So did I, and we both waved. Then the thought struck me, "This is wrong. I ought to be in the wood." Immediately I found myself lying on my back under the trees. I could not make head nor tail of the experience.

Next day in the garden I found Fred doing some digging. I said nothing about the day before. But Fred remarked, "What were you up to yesterday, young Master? I met you on the road and then suddenly you had gone."

I related the whole experience and finished saying, "So that you will know I am speaking the truth I will tell you, I met you at White, ball corner. I called to you but you did not seem to hear. Then I looked around the same as you did and we both waved."

Fred looked at me queerly and remarked, "I'll be tellin' thee zummat zur, Oi allus thort as thee be a bit queer like. Now to be sure I knows! But I bain tellin' nobody, mind. I knows it be true, as I felt a bit queer at the time s'now — after all as bin zed. I knew as it wuz you. I never thort anything was up until I cum think it out, mind. Thee seemed to be whizzing along peculiar like. As fur saying, 'Ullo, Fred', can't say as I 'eard it — never did in fact! Then I looked aroun' agin an' the road was empty! Then I noticed your bike 'ad made no marks an' no dust, thick as it wuz. I began to get frightened like, but now I knows."

This taught me one thing. Except under most exceptional circumstances, sound made in the Fourth Dimension is not heard here. In later years I had ample and alarming proof of this.

Since we lived in the country we had a cat. He was a good mouser and ratter, a very large Tom with a nasty temper. I have never loved cats, they are too difficult to understand, but I would not mistreat them. One night after reading late I fell asleep and

dreamed that I was looking into a void. Sitting in this void was our cat with his eyes focused on me. After a while I realized, still with my eyes shut, that there *was* a cat. Without moving I opened my eyes and there he was. The actual scene differed from my dream only in that the room and furniture snapped into place.

About a year before World War I broke out I met a very charming girl. She has since become my beloved wife. She lived in what had been an Abbey, given by King Henry VIII to Catherine of Aragon. I won't go so far as to say this place was haunted, but some queer things happened there. Its atmosphere was most conducive to my experiments.

I told my beloved, before I left France, "I cannot write all that I would like, as there will be censorship. But I will find *some* means of telling you how I am faring. If I am killed I will come and tell you."

The war was reaching its end. I was with a Squadron as a mechanic. I had just been transferred to this outfit with another fellow who was my friend. I said to him one day, "We had better find an excuse to shift to another hut. I don't like this one." We got the permission and moved our kit. A short time later, at night, Jerry came over and gave the place an awful plastering. Our former hut, and all the fellows in it, was blown to bits. Out of 150 men in the squadron only 40 were left. We were amongst them.

I worried about how to write my future wife about this serious trouble. I need not have concerned myself. My thoughts found her and *she* wrote me. She knew as much about it as I did!

On many occasions when I was off duty I would go into a wood nearby. There I used to dream how wonderful it would be to ride into the courtyard of my beloved's house on my motorbike. I visualized this so vividly that sometimes I seemed to be doing it! Perhaps I did manage it Astrally for several times her family heard the sound of the machine coming up, stopping, and then footsteps — but the courtyard was always empty!

During the last war I was in *The Home Guard* of men who were too old for regular service. One night I had to go on duty when I was feeling far from well. I had a temperature and should have stayed at home. However, I went. During my watch off I fixed myself up on a couple of chairs with several army blankets and fell into a fitful sleep. My thoughts continued on my condition. I thought, "This won't do, *do* something about it."

Then I remembered the words of a great occultist, now some years dead. She told me the Ceremony Of Making An Appeal. It

was to be used only in dire necessity. Nearly 30 years had elapsed since this information was given me. But I proceeded to follow the instructions. Suddenly I found myself standing by my body. I was drawing out the "ill condition" and dissolving it as instructed. Shortly after I woke up, completely free of any trouble. My wife was rather surprised in the morning to find my heavy, chesty cold had gone.

I regret I am not in a position to give out any information on this Ceremony.

I have found in my excursions into the Astral that one can move about without walking. The wish to move is sufficient. Things seem to have a peculiar glowing phosphorescent vapor. One can pass through solid matter. But one cannot move or pick up an object. One can pass over the surface of water or go underneath. One can walk through other people or through traffic, nobody seems to notice. One can enter a furnace and study the combustion process.

Time seems to stand still. Past, present and future exist concurrently. Emotions are strongly felt. There seem to be no physical encumberances; one's body is as in the heyday of youth.

One can see, hear and know, be unseen and unknown.

I have met those who have gone over, and those who are to be born — the latter are contactable only shortly before birth, on their way down.

I am convinced that I can look into the future. I would not say that *everything* that will happen to us is worked out beforehand. Events are subject to individual action in the intervening time. But sometimes I have seen events many years ahead. This usually takes place when I am alone, either in a wood, a large open space, or by the sea.

My most tragic view of the future concerned the ship Titanic. Many, like myself, were deeply concerned that all was not well. Personally I was *convinced* the ship was doomed.

On the night of the disaster I went to bed healthily tired and was soon fast asleep. I awoke in the night feeling restless. This sensation of tension increased. I was aware that something, somewhere was wrong. I lit the candle on the pedestal by my bed. The room was large and one candle gave only a feeble light. The opposite walls were some 30 feet away. With no warning these walls seemed to dissolve.

The dimness changed to a phosphorescent, greenish - blue light. Looking down I seemed to be surrounded by waves. The water washed against the bed legs and the pedestal. Next I saw a large ship, evidently in distress. The whole scene continued until the great ship's final plunge be-

neath the waves. Then the vision gradually faded. The small boats, the drowning people, the wreckage just faded away. I was powerless to do anything. The walls of my room closed in again.

I was in a cold sweat. I knew only too well what had happened. I went to my father, woke him, and told him what I had seen. He thought I was sleep walking. But I woke his housekeeper, found a bit of paper and wrote down my message. Then I made them sign it.

The next morning we knew that my Astral vision had been correct in every harrowing detail.

NIGHTMARE ON A RACING YACHT

In the 19th Trans-Pacific race from California to Hawaii recently, the 98-foot ketch *Morning Star* was one of 52 yachts racing for the finish line. Strong winds and high seas made sleep almost impossible for the *Morning Star's* crew. As the yacht climbed wave crests and shot down into troughs, the mainsail boom sliced dangerously into the water.

One night crewman Bob Carlson dreamed that a mast fitting had broken and the boom had fallen overboard. The vividness of the nightmare woke him. Like the skipper of the *Morning Star*, Richard S. Rheem, San Francisco manufacturer, Carlson had his heart set on breaking the record crossing time if not winning the race.

Although exhausted from his arduous spell of duty on deck, Carlson could not return to sleep. His dream was too vivid in his mind. Was the boom actually in danger? Losing it, he knew, meant defeat for the *Morning Star*.

He went on deck to investigate the mast fitting — and was amazed to find that it had worked loose. A bit more stress and the boom would have gone overboard to make his nightmare real.

The danger from the boom averted, the *Morning Star* was the first yacht to cross the finish line near Diamond Head. She also had beaten her old record by 19 hours. However, the *Morning Star* did not take the prize, since the complicated calculations of the handicap formula gave top honors to the 39-foot ketch *Staghound*. Skipper Rheem, nevertheless, was satisfied with his new record.

Oklahoma's CHINESE IDOL

This little figurine is considered a fine example of ancient Chinese art. But why was it found 15 feet deep in U.S.A. soil?

By Frank Volkmann

Photo by courtesy of Mrs. Alleyne K. Ecker

When Mrs. Alleyne K. Ecker discovered what looked like an Oriental idol on the farm of her late husband in Guthrie, Okla., she had no idea that it would give archeologists a headache. Her find again proves the fact that historical mysteries are likely to turn up anywhere. Roman coins dated before Christ have been discovered in Venezuela, images of Egyptian-looking men riding dinosaurs have been unearthed in Mexico and stone axes of European origin have turned up unexpectedly in the United States.

Casually watching workmen dig a well on her farm, she glimpsed a peculiar piece of wood protruding from the red clay 15 feet down at the bottom of the pit. Moved by a lively curiosity, she went down into the pit and got the object. After she had washed off the mud and clay that clung to it she saw that it was a figurine some eight inches high. It depicted a bearded, robed and saintly-looking figure holding a lamb in its arms. Even to her untrained eyes it appeared to be very old.

"I thought it represented Moses or Abraham or some saint," Mrs. Ecker said. "I showed it to many people but none of them could tell me who it represented. One man said he had made a study of woodcarving and that the object was made from the heart of a tree that was harder than ebony. He said that the tree had been extinct for a long time."

Mrs. Ecker took the figurine home, aware that there was some mystery connected with it but not fully realizing that it was an important and unusual discovery. When friends visited her she showed them the figurine in the hope that someone might furnish a clue to its origin. Her friends, however, were as puzzled by the relic as she was.

Nothing definite was established until Father John Sullivan of



Eight-inch idol is considered to be the earliest representation of the Chinese God of Long Life. Its discovery on an Oklahoma farm poses a unique archeological mystery.

Saint Mary's Catholic Church in Guthrie saw the idol. He told Mrs. Ecker he believed it was of pagan origin. On his advice she took it to a nearby college, where it was placed on exhibit.

A short time later two Chinese students at the college, Cynthia Chiang of Shanghai and Victoria Chu of Hong Kong, identified the idol as the Chinese god of longevity, Shou Hsing, also known as Fu Shou Lu and Nan Chi Lao Jen. Another, relatively modern version of the deity, which has existed only for a thousand years, is Sho Sing Lao. In Chinese mythology he is the god of longevity and generally is associated with happiness and prosperity. He usually is shown with a fawn in his arms, or with a staff in one hand and a peach in the other.

Mrs. Ecker's figurine is considered to be the earliest representation of the God of Long Life, who was venerated as a religious deity as long ago as the Ch'in Dynasty, several centuries before Christ. It depicts Shou Hsing with a ram in one hand and a stout club, or possibly a shepherd's crook, held over the shoulder, in the other.

The eyes of the image are closed as if in religious contemplation or prayer. The head is bent slightly forward and the mouth is partly open. The image is heavily bearded, the moustache extending far below the chin in characteristic Chinese fashion.

The excavators evidently struck the idol while digging and chipped off part of the crook and the connecting pedestal. Regardless of this the idol has lost little of its beauty or value. The fingers of time have done the most damage, since from the top of its head to the pedestal on which it stands the

idol is covered with a multitude of tiny scars and cracks. Part of it seems to have been burned at some time.

The idol actually is a remarkable piece of woodcarving. Expert woodcarvers who have examined it conjecture that once it was highly polished for its head and face are almost faultlessly preserved and still show the exquisite workmanship that went into its creation. It has excellent composition and balance and, considering that it must have been carved thousands of years ago, it is an astonishing example of early Chinese art. Art authorities, who appear to be greatly impressed by the idol, agree that it represents Shou Hsing in a beautiful and unusual manner.

The idol, which is carved from an unknown type of wood and is nearly as hard as rock, represents the earliest depiction of Shou Hsing known. Consequently there seems no doubt that it is incredibly old. This is supported by the fact that it was discovered 15 feet beneath the ground in a type of strata that does not undergo change in a short period of time.

The great mystery connected with the idol is: what it is doing here in America? How did it arrive here? Who was its original owner? It is questions such as these that Mrs. Ecker wishes someone would answer.

Several theories have been advanced to explain the idol's origin. According to one theory, the idol was lost by an Asiatic who crossed to America via the Bering land bridge many centuries ago. Another theory suggests that Coronado in his famous quest for the Seven Cities of Cibola may have been accompanied by a Chinese cook who lost it. Still another theory maintains it more plausibly was lost by one of the Chinese immigrants who came to the West in the last century to open one of their celebrated hand laundries. In the unpublished *Book of China,* currently in a Chinese museum, there are curious passages which some scholars think refer to a voyage to California made by Asiatics about the time of Christ.

Since the discovery of the idol several years ago Mrs. Ecker has cooperated with various institutions in an effort to solve its mystery. She has received letters from several persons who claim to have discovered similar idols. Mr. James J. Halsena of the U. S. International Information Administration in Washington, D. C., has sent photographs and information to Hong Kong, where it will be distributed to various institutions there for study. The Smithsonian Institute has displayed interest in the idol to the extent of sending a representative to examine it. But the key to the mystery, locked within the eight-inch woodcarving, still remains to be found.

Sir E. A. Wallis Budge's

AMAZING DREAM

By Marguerite Steedman

His career as a scholar depended on passing the examination—but a strange vision warned him he would fail the very first test.

THE career of Sir. E. A. Wallis Budge, the famous scholar who translated such ancient texts as the Egyptian *Book of the Dead,* was made possible by a dream. This dream produced the money for his university degree and, indirectly, for all his later work. It is one of the best-authenticated psychic cases on record.

In 1878, as a poor 21-year-old scholar from Cornwall Budge entered Christ's College, at England's great Cambridge University. His schooling had been meager but his ambition to become a scholar of oriental languages was boundless. Already, young Budge's scholarship had won the interest of England's former Prime Minister, the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, himself a master of classical languages.

Gladstone had just finished writing his learned preface to Heinrich Schliemann's revolutionary book, *Mycenae and Tiryns,* which stripped much of the mist from the Greece that Homer knew. He arranged for young Budge to attend Cambridge as a "non-collegiate student" — what, in modern American universities, would be called a "special."

A degree seemed out of the question for the young scholar for Budge's family were poor, except in one thing. The youth's mother and grandmother had been helped repeatedly by dreams which had given clear advice in difficult times. Both women, deeply religious, had followed their dreams, feeling that God Himself had sent them. Young Wallis had no such notions.

Budge already was studying several ancient oriental languages, among them Assyrian and its ancestor-tongue, Akkadian. Scholars long had puzzled over the different varieties of language found in the strange rock-writings of Persepolis and the piles of mud tablets in the ruins

of Ninevah, Babylon and other towns of ancient Mesopotamia. All the records were written in the same wedge-shaped characters — cuneiform they are called, from the Latin *cuneus,* a wedge.

The two varieties of this cuneiform writing could be translated in the usual, logical way, but the third, Akkadian, was a headache. It came from the very dim past, from an older civilization than Babylon's or Ninevah's. Its foundation was some imported tongue, with later words included almost at random. One Akkadian character might have as many as six unrelated meanings. The translation of an Akkadian text was one of the most formidable tasks confronting any scholar. Luckily a series of tablets, arranged almost like dictionaries, had been discovered in the ruins of King Assurbanipal's palace at Ninevah. But hours of puzzling still produced only the translation of a single sentence, and mistranslations were heart-breakingly easy, even to the best scholars of the time.

So matters stood when young Wallis Budge received a call from Dr. Peile, of Christ's College, in Cambridge, England.

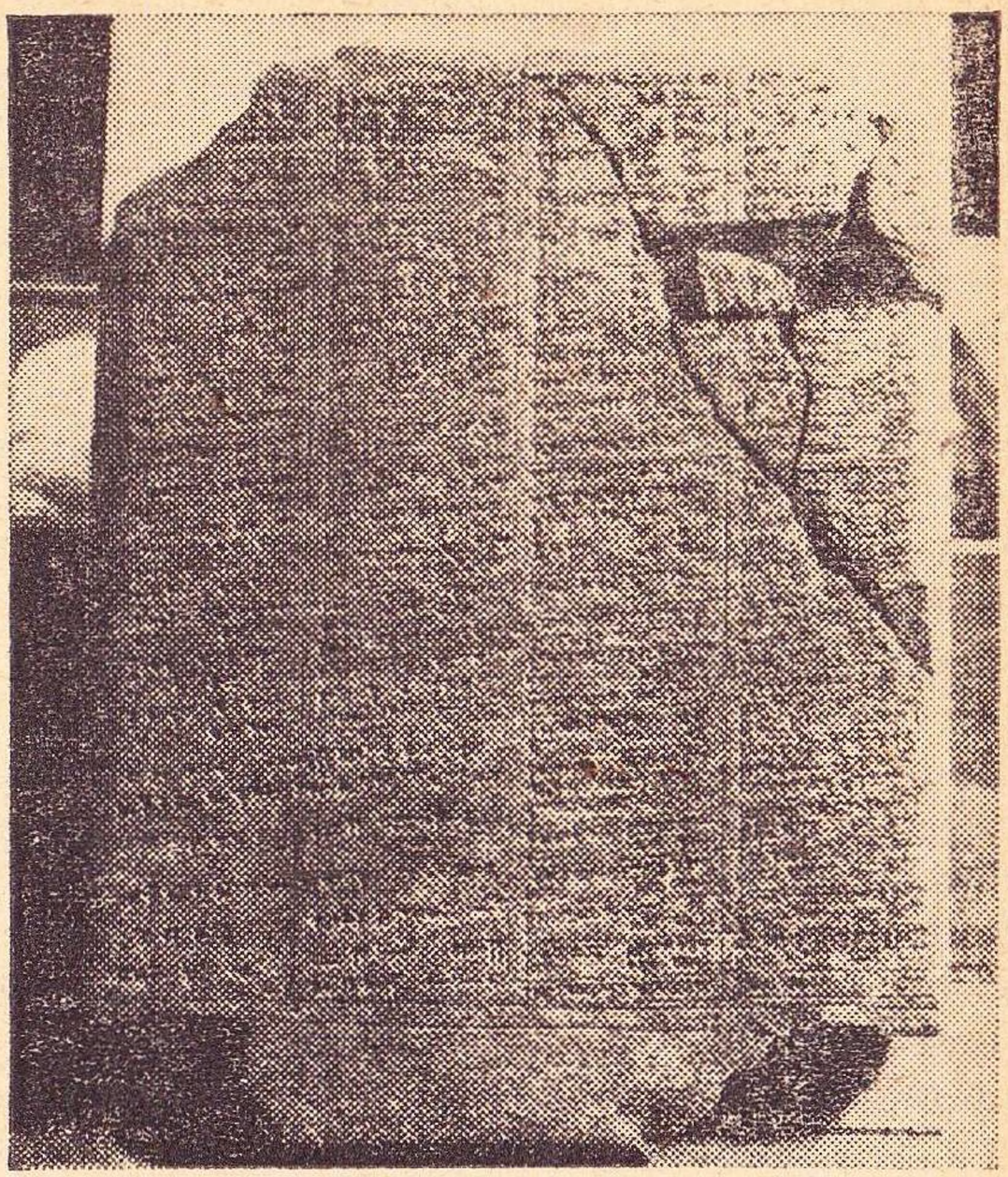
"The University," said Dr. Peile, "offers an exhibition to the student winning a competition in oriental languages — among them, Assyrian. If you win, the money is yours — and I happen to know that you need it. Will you compete?"

Budge jumped at the chance. Such an exhibition is what we now call a fellowship. He was told that Professor Sayce, of Oxford, would give the examination — really four examinations in one. One question would be given in the morning, one that same afternoon and so on, until the examination was over. Budge never had seen Professor Sayce and knew little about him, except that he was one of England's greatest authorities on the languages of the ancient world.

The night before the exam that meant so much, Wallis Budge dreamed that he was seated in an odd-looking room. It resembled a shed with a skylight. Ordinarily the exams were held in a great hall, which Budge knew well.

In the dream, a tutor came into the room, took an envelope from his breast-pocket, and extracted several slips of green paper. He gave one to Budge, told him to answer the questions and to translate the texts, locked the young student in and left him.

In the vision, Budge stared helplessly at the texts. He could answer the questions — but the passages to be translated were in bi-lingual Assyrian cuneiform characters and in the devilishly difficult Akkadian language. He knew the passages by sight, but that was all. He felt such panic



Ancient Assyrian clay tablet bears cuneiform writing of the type which challenged the knowledge of Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. Tablet, a little over five inches wide and seven inches long, was found in the ruins of King Sargon's great palace at Khorsabad, Iraq. It lists the names of 95 kings who reigned from 2,400 B.C. to 746 B.C. Photo by United Press.

that he woke damp with sweat.

The dream came again — and once again. When he had dreamed those Assyrian and Akkadian exam papers twice more, Budge got up, noted that it was 2:00 A.M., lighted his study fire and located the texts in Sir Henry Rawlinson's monumental work, *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*. That Budge should have dreamed those two isolated passages three times, is miracle enough. He worked steadily at the translations until breakfast, mastered them, and was at the college at 9:00 A.M.

There, he was informed that the usual hall was filled with students taking a classical exam. He was told to go to a room near the kitchen. The shed-like walls, the skylight were duplicates of those he had dreamed the night before.

The tutor entered, took the now-familiar envelope from his breast-pocket, extracted several sheets of *green* paper and handed one to Budge.

"It's an odd color," said the tutor, "because Professor Sayce is having trouble with his eyes. When he writes cuneiform, he al-

ways uses green paper. He finds it doesn't strain his eyes."

Dumbfounded, Budge heard the door close, the key turn in the lock. He glanced down at the texts. *Character for character, they were the ones he had been studying since 2:00 A.M.!*

The young scholar's brain whirled so that it was hard for him to settle down to work. He finished the paper long before the tutor unlocked the door to present more comparatively simple questions. What unseen power had singled out the very texts that would have meant young Budge's failure, possibly the end of his hopes? Instead, they were the beginning of a life of magnificent scholarship.

Today no student of Egypt and Babylonia reads far without encountering the name of Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. The poverty-stricken scholar from Cornwall was knighted in 1920 for his services to learning. He excavated the very Ninevah whose language had come to him so strangely. His archeological explorations took him to Egypt and the Sudan. He lived to fill the honored post of Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum from 1893 through 1924. When he died in 1933, his books filled shelves in numerous libraries. No man, save possibly Rawlinson and Champollion, has done more to unfold the story of the Ancient World.

Early in their long friendship, Budge told the great novelist, Sir Henry Rider Haggard of his Assyrian dream, and of other strange things that had come to him from the far past. Haggard told the story in his autobiography, *The Days of My Life,* which was completed September 25, 1912, and placed for safe-keeping with his publishers, Longmans, Green and Company, Ltd., in London. Haggard never saw those pages again. When the autobiography was published in 1926, a year after Haggard's death, the editor, J. C. Longman, added this footnote:

"I have Sir E. W. Budge's permission to say that he has seen and consents to the publication of the above stories. — Editor."

Does the past, then, speak to those who seek its story?

THE SAME, ALL AROUND

MRS. Frank Joy of Deep River, Conn., recently drove to visit her son, a patient at a Boston hospital. Her car was involved in a collision. She suffered head injuries — and became a patient in the same hospital. Her husband was convalescing at home from an operation.

Dervishes . . .

DEVILS OR SAINTS?

They enjoy every Oriental luxury — yet believe that by long, hard study they can perform miracles.

By J. Mortimer Sheppard

Editor's Note: *The author has been a Foreign Correspondent for North American publications and firms in South America for 14 years. Fifteen months ago he set out on a three year world tour, spending a month or more in each country visited. The following article and photograph were mailed to FATE from Beirut, Lebanon, just after Mr. Sheppard had spent seven weeks in Egypt during which he experienced the strange adventure that follows.*



WHEN I was in Cairo, Egypt, (almost a year ago now) an Egyptian friend casually announced one day that we were to lunch with a *Walis* in whom he felt sure I would be interested.

"What or who the devil is a *Walis?*" I asked.

"A *Walis,*" Naguib answered, "is one of the Dervish — how shall I say it — learned men; miracle men; call him sort of priest if you like, although no branch of the Moslem faith has official priests or ministers."

I ventured to say that I was not aware that Dervishes belonged to the Star and Crescent — the Moslem faith.



Sheikh Ahmed Serry Dada Papa is High Priest of the fantastic Dervish monastery of Tekiet El Biktashia in Egypt. Photo by the author shows him holding his prayer beads and wand of office.

"Oh, yes," Naguib replied. "There are many different kinds and types of Dervishes. All of them have their origin in our Moslem creed even though they deviate widely in their practice of it. Each order of Dervishes," he went on, "has its own peculiar garb and they all date back to Ali, or Abu Bakr, from the first and second Moslem centuries. There are 32 orders of Dervishes in all; some of them lead monastic lives while others have the conventional Islamic four wives as allowed under Moslem law. Still others go so far as to support a substantial harem.

"By and large," Naguib explained, "the Dervishes are what you might call the cream of the Moslem crop. They are all studious men, having spent the required 1,001 days as a lay servitor under some *Shayk*, or a very holy man in the order of their choice. A *Walis*," Naguib added as if in afterthought, "has miraculous powers, you know."

I didn't know but I was willing to be shown.

The luncheon went off smoothly. The *Walis* turned out to be a small dark man with deep set back eyes and possessing a sort of nervous energy that had me sitting on the edge of my chair. He failed to pull any rabbits out of my sleeve, and uttered no mumbo jumbo. The conversation centered on the Islamic faith, since I evinced an interest in it. Towards the end of lunch as we were sipping thick, black Turkish coffee, Naguib asked the Dervish if he would arrange, not an interview, but a whole week-end for me as the guest of his Egyptian monastery.

"But of course," the *Walis* answered at once. "Bring Mr. Sheppard to us Friday evening in time for dinner. He will be more than welcome."

I asked if I might bring a camera.

"Why not," the man replied.

"Only I cannot promise that you will be allowed to photograph all that you may see." . . . . .

In retrospect nothing else seems to explain it other than to say that it all seems ike an Arabian Night's Dream and almost from the lips of Scheherazade. Naguib was a Dervish himself. I should have guessed that. The *Walis* was hardly more than an emissary from the *Shaykh* of the monastery. This man — the High Priest is the Sheikh Ahmed Serry Dada Papa. The monastery is that of Tekiet El Biktashia which was built 500 years ago by the great Abdulla El Megawry, a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed himself.

The monastery sits upon *and in* a small mountain of solid rock. Most of the rooms and inner recesses consist of great caves one leading into another. Cut out of rock also are gardens and pools; even patches for vegetables and a small fruit orchard to which rich earth has been carried. The great advantage of this series of caves lies in their even temperature which is virtually the same throughout Egypt's long, hot summers and its cool winters.

This Dervish Order is one of the Bi-shar whose greatest numerical strength lies in Albania. Centuries ago the Bi-shar Dervishes were aligned with the ancient Janissaries and fought with them as their allies. The word "Bi-shar" in literal translation means "without law." But they do have very strict laws. Very likely this "without law" refers to the fact that they embody all of the 32 Dervish Orders rather than act as an order apart. I am led to this conclusion because within the walls of Tekiet El Biktashia I found *Rifa'is,* the so-called "Howling Dervishes," as well as the better known "Whirling Dervishes", and the leser publicized, but perhaps wiser *Biktashia* Dervishes for whom the monastery is named. This latter group has many points of similarity with Freemasonry. There appeared to be a close alliance between the *Bi-shars* and the *Biktashias* since the two orders were about equally divided, numerically, in this monastery.

The word "monastery" invariably brings to mind a grim dwelling inhabited by monks living in self denial. But the Dervishes of Tekiet El Biktashia enjoy every known oriental luxury. No alcoholic beverages are permitted, as this is completely contrary to Islamic and Dervish laws, but they all smoke, using the *Sheesa,* or water pipe. Apparently most of them make moderate use of *Hashish.* Cocaine, opium and heroin are unknown to them, but having been brought up to know and use hashish in much the same fashion as a very moderate drinker takes a cocktail before

dinner, the Dervishes make no excess of it. I was assured that addiction is absolutely unheard of amongst them.

This same self-control applies to sex. They believe in sex and certainly indulge in it, but moderately, regardless of the number of really beautiful young women that are, let us say, "available."

A fairly large monastery, such as Tekiet El Biktashia, may house as many as 60 Dervishes among whom some 35 or 40 are being taught under the few *Shaykhs* of the establishment. In view of the fact that these younger "students" are by no means able to afford even one of the four wives allowed them, it is thought necessary to maintain something in the nature of a seraglio in the monastery, for the benefit of these younger Dervishes.

On one of the two evenings of my week-end at the monastery, we were entertained by these young women. They danced, sang, played stringed instruments and told wondrous tales of Dervish achievements. In no way, by implication or gesture, was any of this entertainment lascivious or suggestive. The girls are in no sense prostitutes. When a young acolyte feels the physical need of a girl, he tells his *Shaykh* or personal instructor. That worthy arranges matters for him without fanfare. During the entertainment given by the girls, no man so much as stood up, much less endeavored to touch a girl. The whole affair was conducted decorously. I could readily imagine though, the wolf calls and veritable pandemonium that would have accompanied the performance had the audience been of westernized (American) men.

On the other evening we were entertained by the Dervishes themselves. Some of these men were residents of the monastery; others were visiting Dervishes from different orders. The first of these to take the center floor was a *Rifa'is,* or Howling Dervish. Just where they acquired the name "howling" I have no idea. it is more of a moaning song than a howl and faintly reminiscent of the Spanish Flamenco music or way of singing.

Here is where I encountered deep mystery. For the feats that this Dervish performed were completely beyond my ken. How he accomplished them without painful and sudden death is more than I can guess.

Walking about while he sang in his moaning voice, this Dervish would stop in front of one or another of his audience and, pulling a sharp knife from his waist band would deliberately cut himself deeply upon the arm, chest or leg. Blood would well up but never run over the wound. A second or two later there would be no evidence that the flesh had

been so much as scratched.

Or pausing in his song, the Dervish would reach among the red hot coals of a charcoal burner, select one of the largest coals and pop it into his mouth. On another occasion the man picked up a small tea glass, deliberately broke it in his clenched fist and then apparently ate the broken glass.

The climax came when he withdrew, from his inner garment, a live snake 18 to 24 inches long, placed it upon the heavily carpeted floor where it tried to squirm away. Picking it up again he threw back his head, opened his mouth wide, and grasping the serpent by the tail he dropped it slowly down his throat. The last I saw of the reptile was its wriggling tail disappearing into the throat of the Dervish. During these accomplishments the Dervishes often stood no more than two feet away, and well within arm's reach.

When I asked how it was done all I got in reply was a shrug of the shoulders.

The man who followed was a Whirling Dervish. He "whirled" of course, but not at the dizzy speed I had expected. Rather in a moderately slow spin, he propelled himself by one foot much as a youngster pushes a scooter. Before it was over I became thoroughly bored, for the whirl or spin went on at the same tempo for at least 45 minutes. This gyration is designed to bring on a sort of cataleptic trance. Apparently it was successful since during the last half hour of the spin this Dervish shouted continuously in Arabic — of which I understand but a smattering of common words — but the others gave vent to ohs and ahs that indicated they were deeply impressed.

In this cataleptic state the Dervish becomes an oracle and gives predictions of the future and revelations of the past. It might have stirred me momentously had I understood him, but alas, the whole of it was lost on me.

Dervishes believe that there is always one of their number upon earth who has direct contact with God (Allah) and this person is known as "Quth," meaning the axis or head. He is a Saint, the holiest of the holy. Some Dervish orders believe that this one man is always the same; that he has been here since the beginning of time; that he is immortal although he possesses the body of a man. Others believe that the Quth is changed from time to time, although not oftener than once every few centuries when the reigning Quth tires of his labors on earth and asks Allah to take him to Paradise and appoint another to replace him.

In any event the Quth wanders the earth occasionally revealing his presence to bring messages

from Allah to certain elevated members of the faithful.

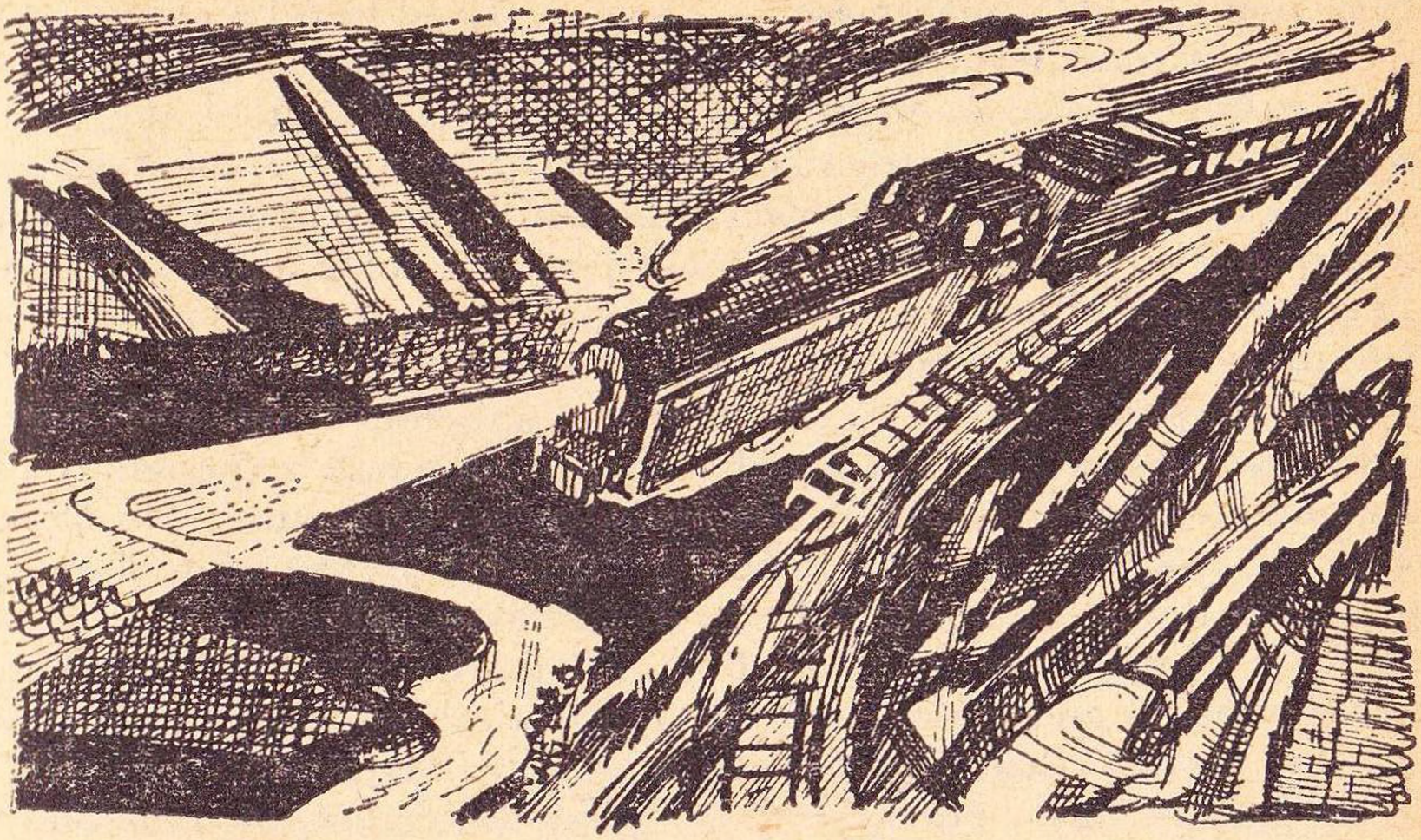
I was told that the Quth recently had visited this monastery with the message that the Dervishes should broaden their membership, reaching out to the far corners of the earth with their religion.

During my stay they told me many things about their faith. They said that the Dervishes, all Moslems in fact, regard Christ as a great teacher along with Moses, that they are not nearly so far removed from Christianity as most of us think. Many of the tenets of the Dervish faith seem logical and their idea of enjoying life on earth, as well as in the hereafter, is bound to attract those who feel that our purpose on earth is not one of drudgery, but one of constructive pleasure if we care to take advantage of that view and seek happiness rather than riches and worries.

One thing that impressed me is that the Dervishes do not believe in conformity. A Dervish may be an exceptionally holy man and still follow the pursuits that give him most pleasure, providing those pursuits in no way injure any fellow man. Thus a good Dervish may lead a celibate life or marry four wives. He may be a wanderer or a stay-at-home. He may be an ascetic or completely free and virtually devoid of inhibitions. They point out that their God, Allah, is always merciful and forgiving; the real exponent of love without revenge, of happiness without pain.

The Dervishes flatly assert that any of their present day *Walis* or *Shaykhs* can perform any miracle listed in the Christian bible, providing only that the purpose of the miracle is for good, not evil. To reach the stage of being able to perform miracles, according to them, it is not necessary to lead a monkish life. Merely the application of one's mind in long, hard study will bring the necessary "know how." As in any profession, they say, only study and practice can bring success. Those who aspire to becoming a *Walis* must spend, as previously stated, 1001 days under the direction of a *Shaykh*. When a single error or mistake is made, they start again on another 1001 days. And since errors are as common among these people as in any university, it is a fortunate man indeed, who attains the title of *Walis* in under 10 years time.

Followers of other faiths often refer to the Dervishes as devils, while the average Moslem looks upon them as saints. The truth, as I see it, lies somewhere between. It is difficult for the western mind to accept Dervish tenets. On the other hand, those in the Middle and Near East find our own concepts of religion just as hard to assimilate.



I Walk With the Dead

By Chris Vandeventer

As told to Bill Wharton

I saw the train jump the tracks and crash. I knew it was the train I planned to catch that afternoon.

FOR 33 years I have walked with the dead. I am 36 years old.

I was three years old when I awoke in the middle of the night, crying. When my mother asked me what was wrong, I told her that I had seen a train scream down a mountainside and crash into a river. My father was on that train and I saw his mangled corpse lying with the water flowing two feet deep over him.

My mother said that I had just had a nightmare — but just before dawn I heard the telephone shrill. A few seconds later I heard my mother scream. I found her in a faint and called my grandmother.

At 1:30 that morning — precisely the moment when I awoke

from my horrible nightmare — the express train from Johannesburg to Cape Town, South Africa, where we lived, left the tracks on a steep incline and plunged 500 feet into a river below. It killed 21 people, including my father who was on his way home from a business trip.

Five years later I dreamt that I saw my grandmother step from a sidewalk and, almost at the same instant, I saw a truck strike her, crushing her to the ground. I saw her blood and gore splashed on the street. When I awoke I hurried to tell my mother.

My grandmother was in London, England, at the time. The same morning my mother sent Grannie a cable: "Exercise great care. Danger threatens."

It arrived too late to save Grannie. The very same morning she stepped from a sidewalk in Trafalgar Square and as her foot touched the street, a three-ton truck struck her down. She was killed on the spot.

What is it that lets some of us see into the future? I cannot explain it. But I have seen every major catastrophe which has hit the world in the past 25 years. I have had at least a month's warning.

I was in New York City visiting friends in 1951 when I awoke in the night with the sound of moaning and screaming in my ears. I had heard the roar of an aircraft engine. I had heard a crash and I had seen flames.

At breakfast I told my host, Lionel Phillips: "Somewhere in the United States today a number of people will die in an aircrash. Probably it will not be more than 100 miles from us."

He questioned me and I explained my past experiences of seeing into the future. He made a few notes, all the while looking extremely skeptical.

That day the first of the two air disasters at Newark, N.J., rocked the United States!

Last December in London a friend, Dr. John Werner, of Hamburg, Germany, was on the point of flying to Scotland to spend Christmas . We were visiting a mutual friend, Tom Scott, in Chelsea that afternoon when he told us that he intended to take the night plane from London to Prestwick, Scotland.

As he said "B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser" an icy hand crept down my back. I felt the clammy touch of death and *I smelt its foul odor emanating from my friend.*

"What is wrong, Chris?" Tom asked. "You look sick."

I put my hand on a chair to steady myself. Then I looked directly into Werner's eyes.

"Do not go on that plane, John," I said. "You will die."

He looked astonished. "Die? Are you crazy, man?"

"I said you will die," I replied

numbly. "That plane will meet with disaster."

"Chris has forecast some funny things," Joan Scott, our host's wife chimed in. "Why he told me once...."

I felt sick and walked away. I still smelt death. I knew why. Werner was wavering between taking the plane or staying for the morning train. Suddenly, as I stood at the far side of the room, the terrible smell of death faded. I knew that he had decided against the plane. A few minutes later he came over to me and told me he had changed his mind.

The Stratocruiser crashed at 3:30 the next morning as it was coming in to land at Prestwick. Twenty-eight persons died.

In 1946, while I was living in London, I dreamed that I was on board a speeding train. I was sitting at an observation car window as the train drew into a small station and I looked out to see the name of the station. Plainly I saw the odd name *Little Plains*. I had never heard of such a place let alone visited one by that name.

A year later I was in Australia on a business trip. In the early morning my train slowed down at a station. It was my first visit to Australia and I glanced with interest out of the observation car window to see where we were.

Suddenly, with that same icy feeling I knew the name of the station before I looked. The name was *Little Plains* and the sign was almost covered with creepers and flowers just as I had seen it in my dream.

In Johannesburg, South Africa, Mrs. Pieter Wessels was visiting my wife one afternoon. I entered the living-room where they were talking and the moment I looked at her I saw Death. She was covered with sorrow; I saw the black of the sorrowing woman and the tear-stained face. I smelt again the horrible odor of death.

My wife, Violet, who knows about my ability or curse of seeing into the future, knew that something was wrong.

"You have seen something, Chris," she said suddenly.

I turned to go when Mrs. Wessels, a woman of 45 years, asked me to stay. She said. "What is it that you see about me?"

"Sorrow, tragedy, death," I said, slowly.

She turned pale. "Billy, my son...." she cried. "May I use your telephone?"

She dialed a number, but the person to whom she spoke had no bad news of her son, who was a pilot in the South African Air Force.

The next morning I opened my morning paper and there was a small paragraph: "Lieutenant William Edward Wessels, aged 24, of the S.A.A.F., was killed late yesterday afternoon when his plane crashed...." I could not

read further in the sad story.

I am not the first man nor the last to see into the future. A Harley Street, London, specialist, whose name I cannot divulge, has proved to the Royal College of Surgeons, and to other authorities, that he forecast a number of tragedies after dreams in which he had seen them occur.

Perhaps everyone, at one time or another, has had such a dream and wondered what it meant.

There are few of us who have not had dreams which have come true. My mother wrote down in her diary — *two years before* the assassination of the duke at Sarajevo in 1914 — that a man of royal blood would be assassinated and that this would start a World War.

I recorded a bombardment by the Japs of an American base *two months before Pearl Harbor.*

On April 9, 1912, my mother wrote to a newspaper in London to tell them that she had dreamed that a great new ship was sailing shortly from Southhampton on her maiden voyage to New York. The ship sank and many people lost their lives.

The newspaper did not print it. Yet my mother had described vividly the disaster of the Titanic which went down a few days later.

In 1943 I was with the 8th Army. One night, in the Western Desert, I suddenly felt strange. I felt I had been in those parts before, yet I knew I had never set foot in North Africa before I came over with the troops. However at 10 o'clock one night, I described to two friends a village 50 miles away. I gave them so many details of the village that they were sure I had been there. Of course, I never had.

A few days later we marched into the village and I recognized it at once. Everything was exactly as I had seen it in my dream. Can you account for this?

In the early 1900s John Williams, an Englishman, entered the House of Commons of the British Parliament and warned the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he would be murdered. "I saw your murderer in the House of Commons in a dream," Williams said.

A few days later a murderer lurked in the House of Commons and killed the Chancellor. His description was exactly as Williams had said, even to blood-stained buttons on his jacket.

How does man see into the future? How can he accurately describe a place he has never visited?

Think back to Robert Elwood Martins who was a Canadian lumberjack in Halifax in 1917. He told the Canadian city officials that Halifax was doomed — and within a few days. He smelt death everywhere. The lumberjack said he had seen a great ship blow up killing thousands of people.

"I see flames and death and water everywhere," he told his incredulous listeners.

The Nova Scotians laughed in his face. They suggested that he enter an institution.

Martins left Halifax. He was in Fredericton, New Brunswick, when a ship exploded in the Halifax harbor with 3,000 tons of dynamite on board. Three-quarters of Halifax was destroyed. Three thousand people died. The city was first engulfed by flame and then by water. Afterwards a horrible blizzard gripped the ruined city.

At one time when I was visiting Northern England, and was due to return to Blackpool, I planned to catch an afternoon express train. But as I packed my grip I smelt the odor of death. It came in the open bedroom door. For a moment I tried to shake it off. Then I felt drowsy and lay down on the bed. I closed my eyes.

The moment I shut my eyelids I saw a train hurtle through a station, leave the tracks and crack up. I saw mangled corpses. I heard many people screaming.

My host found me in a cold sweat.

I told him what I had seen and asked if I might stay another night. He readily assented and I lay down to an uneasy rest the same afternoon.

A couple of hours later the train on which I was due to have gone came hurtling through the station at Sutton Coldfield and left the tracks.

Seventeen people died; many others were injured.

My seat was reserved in the second car from the engine. It was in this car that most of the passengers were killed.

How did I foresee the disaster? I do not know. No one knows. Maybe no one ever will know.

But I live in a nightmare world peopled by the living dead. I always know when people will die. And I am sure I shall know beforehand the time of my own death.

LAKE MICHIGAN MYSTERY FISH

FISHING in Lake Michigan recently, five-year-old Anthony Czapczyk of Chicago, Ill., caught a weird fish. About five inches long, the fish has the head of a catfish, the dorsal fins of a gar and the tail of a trout. Thus far the identity of the fish has not been determined.

The Story of Sleeping Lucy

She had no medical training yet she set broken bones and diagnosed illnesses — while in a trance.

By Iris Barry

BEHIND drawn shades in a high-ceilinged parlor in a house in Boston in the Autumn of 1877, a man lay stretched on a leather sofa. His face was haggard with pain.

Bending over him was a sweet-faced woman. Her small head was crowned with brown, satiny braids. Her dark eyes wore a veiled, unseeing look. But her hands deftly manipulated the man's shoulder.

Another man, tall, intent, stood watching the operation. Suddenly the patient groaned, then gasped with relief. A wan smile spread across his features.

"It's back in place!" he exclaimed. "My shoulder's back in place. Thank you, Doctor Cook, thank you."

But the woman made no reply. She moved to a chair, seated herself in it and quietly relaxed her hands in her lap. Her eyes closed.

The tall man bent over her. "Lucy," he said softly. "Lucy, wake up."

Lucy opened her eyes, looked dazedly about . . .

The patient with the dislocated shoulder was Alvan Wright, of Groton, Mass. In a mesmeric sleep a year after his accident the medium, known as Doctor Lucy A. Cooke, or Sleeping Lucy, set his shoulder as she had set countless broken and dislocated bones. The man who awakened her from the trance in which she worked was her husband.

Lucy Ainsworth Cooke's unusual gift became apparent for the first time one morning when the cool fragrance of apple blossoms was drifting through the open door of a village kitchen.

Lucy was helping her mother. She was a serious girl in her early teens. Her most notable feature was her brilliant, dark eyes.



Dr. Lucy A. Cooke healed the sick while in a deep sleep. She practiced for 53 years, is said to have set over 1,300 broken and dislocated bones. Photo was taken about 1898, while she was practicing in North Cambridge, Mass.

The Ainsworth home stood at the edge of the little village of Calais, Vt., peaceful under its leafing maples in the spring of 1833.

There was a rap at the back door and Lucy hurried to open the screen to Mrs. Barnes, a neighbor. Mrs. Barnes was upset.

"Nathan lost his watch," she exclaimed, "his grandfather's gold watch that he sets such store by. We've looked everywhere."

Lucy joined her mother in expressing consternation then returned to her dishes. She felt oddly sleepy. When Mrs. Barnes had gone she went into the parlor

and curled up on the plush sofa. Immediately she sank into a deep sleep. When she awoke she hurried to the dining-room where her mother and two brothers sat.

"If Mrs. Barnes will go to the apple-tree in the side yard," she exclaimed, "and look in the long grass she will find the watch. It fell out of Mr. Barne's pocket while he was sleeping in the hammock."

They all stared at her in amazement but the boys ran over and told Mrs. Barnes who, to humor the child, did as she was directed. Under the apple tree she found the watch.

After this incident when anything was lost the villagers would say laughingly: "Let Lucy Ainsworth find it."

Later they ceased to laugh for Lucy would sink into a death-like slumber and while unconscious tell the people where to look for their lost treasures. Curiously, after the first time or two, she never remembered after she waked what she saw or told in her sleep. She had become a sleeping medium.

Lucy Ainsworth was my great-grandmother's cousin, her senior by seven years. Consequently I always have been deeply interested in her life.

It was those about Lucy who realized how unusual her gift was, principally her two brothers, George and Luther. They both possessed some psychic perception themselves. But the most convincing proof any medium can give to the world, is the acclaim of his neighbors. It was Lucy's neighbors who spread her fame.

Not until after her marriage however, did her most miraculous gift develop. This was her ability to diagnose disease and prescribe cures and finally, in mesmeric sleep, to set broken bones, dislocations and fractures. She could accomplish these acts with less pain than was inflicted by the licensed physicians of her day.

This new ability was due, apparently to the fact that Mr. Cooke was able to induce the deepest trance state in his wife.

Luther Ainsworth was her business manager. Lucy with her gentle smile, her retiring manner, was merely a receiver through which flowed mysterious and awesome forces. Her life in many ways resembled that of the late Edgar Cayce, healer of more modern times. It was as though she were in touch with medical minds beyond this world. It would be fantastic to assume that her own simple learning could account for such deep knowledge of medical science.

Her destiny was directed by her brother and her husband. She was compliant. However, once she was in the trance state a forceful, learned personality emerged. Lucy became "Doctor Cooke." It was

claimed that she set over 1,300 broken and dislocated bones; that persons coming to scoff, came away completely convinced of her healing ability and gift of diagnosis.

For over 20 years Sleeping Lucy practiced in Montpelier, Vt. There was a farm on the East Montpelier Road known as the "Sleeping Lucy Place." In Boston she practiced 12 years. For an unrecorded time she practiced healing in Wallingford, Vt. Finally at North Cambridge, Mass., she was in residence at two different addresses, one in Forest Street, the other in East Liberty between Loomis and Main.

We have lost track of just when Mr. Cooke died but I can remember Grandmother shaking her head and saying, "Lucy killed him! The terrible strain of putting her to sleep!"

After an interval Lucy was married again, in 1898, to Everett W. Raddin, of Danvers, Mass. Lucy's second husband, amazingly enough, took up where Mr. Cooke left off. He also was able to induce the deep sleep which made possible Lucy's heavy medical practice. Her business was so successful that she had her own laboratory where drugs she prescribed in trance were compounded for her patients.

Lucy practiced medicine for 53 years. No charlatan could have endured for such a long time. When she was 76, she sank into a sleep deeper than trance, from which no voice could arouse her. Presumably she passed into that world with which she had been mysteriously in contact for so long. Her obituary respectfully refers to her as "Doctor Cooke" (Mrs. E. W. Raddin) and mentions that her practice extended throughout New England.

Another healer, living today, offers confirmation of Sleeping Lucy's powers. She is Susie Jessel of Ashland, Ore. In many ways she is like Lucy.

Mrs. Jessel is able to set broken and dislocated bones but, unlike Lucy, she does not work in trance. With uncanny skill her hands manipulate the limbs of the hundreds who flock from all over this country, from Alaska, Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands, to receive her aid.

Susie Jessel has lived in an unpretentious grey house in Idaho Street in Ashland for 22 years. For all of these years she has been healing the sick.

Mrs. Jessel claims that the miracle is in her hands — X-ray hands they have been called. She is now 64, a slight, fragile-looking woman with quiet eyes, as unassuming as Sleeping Lucy.

In a 12-hour period Mrs. Jessel may have personal contact with as many as 700 persons. She stands in the center of the room, surrounded by the afflicted. She

motions to one of them. He will come up and sit down. She stands behind him and moves her hands lightly over his head, shoulders, neck, finally to the afflicted area. The treatment lasts a minute. Mrs. Jessel washes her hands and is ready for the next patient.

One well-dressed woman remarked quietly to a reporter, "People come because they are desperate and have tried everything else. When they go away — they believe."

"My daughter walks now," a mother said joyfully. "She was hopelessly crippled with rheumatoid arthritis, was in a wheelchair. Doctors said there was no hope for her. We finally brought her to Mrs. Jessel — and you should see her run now. She can use a typewriter. She's *well.*"

No pretender could fake the cures accomplished by Sleeping Lucy and by Susie Jessel. Their powers are impressive evidence of psychic phenomenon which we do not understand and which we cannot deny.

TOMORROW'S NEWS

By Letha A. Fly

ONE summer day in 1934, exhausted after finishing my laundry, I decided to rest for a while. I put my small boys to bed for a nap and I also went to bed. I had slept only about 15 minutes, when I woke from a terrible dream.

In my dream I saw a little blond boy, about two years old, being swept by water along a high curb and gutter. There seemed to be a flood caused by a heavy rain storm. Before I could reach him, he was sucked into an unguarded sump drain, such as usually are found at street corners.

The dream apparently had nothing to do with our present neighborhood, because we did not have city sidewalks, nor gutters nor sump drainage for excess rain water.

I was so upset about the dream, that I talked it over with my neighbor, Mrs. Golda Shaffer. She told me that I had just washed too many clothes that day. I was dissatisfied with this answer but accepted it reluctantly. She said she had never heard of such an accident.

Two days later Mrs. Shaffer showed me an article in our daily newspaper, which reported that a two-year-old boy had drowned in Los Angeles, under exactly the same circumstances that I had described to her. And it had happened at almost the same time that I had dreamed my dream. — *Joplin, Mo.*

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.

UNEXPECTED VISIT

By Beth Chandler

IN 1938 I was living in San Pedro, Calif., with my husband and three children.

One late afternoon in October I was alone in the house when my first husband, Henry Shepard, whom I had not seen for 12 years, appeared. I felt self-conscious and could find nothing to say. He seemed older and more mature than when I had divorced him.

He said, "I left you a little something. It wasn't much." He gazed at me for a moment, then left as suddenly and unexpectedly as he had arrived.

A few days later my mother told me that Henry had fallen from a telephone pole while at work in Texas. He had died, without regaining consciousness, on the day he appeared to me.

No one ever gave me anything from him. Perhaps he never had a chance to arrange it, but I appreciated the thought and the visit. — *Long Beach, Calif.*



Beth Chandler

A SOLDIER RETURNS

By Thelma Bolin

MY fiancee, Pvt. Leo D. Beck, was killed in action in Korea on September 19, 1950. He had promised me that if we could not be together in this world we would be together in the next.

EYES THAT SEE GOD! God-Realization thru applied, scientific techniques of meditation. Lesson No. 1 and quarterly magazine sent upon request. Send 10¢ for postage.
THE SHRINE OF ALL FAITHS
P. O. Box 961 Manhattan, Kansas

TEACH - LECTURE - COUNSEL
My books, "Thought Realm," 'Harmonious Thinking," and "Progressive Studies," show you "how." All three for $5.00, or any one for $2.00 postpaid. **C. H. Samuelson, 1733 Yosemite Blvd., Modesto, Calif.**

One night in May, 1953, as I lay awake in bed, a hand came down from above. The hand pulled me to the railing and I held on to this to stay in bed. After the hand released me, my hand and wrist were sore and red and remained so for some time. I was convinced that Leo's spirit had come after me.

Late one night in July, 1953, two months later, I woke in bed and was unable to return to sleep. Suddenly the door to my room opened and Leo walked in. He was dressed in his summer uniform and carried a Bible. I saw him very clearly.

As he passed by my bed, I said, "Leo, wait for me."

I jumped out of bed and caught his arm. I actually felt him; his arm was solid. However, at that moment he disappeared and to date has not returned. — *Evansville, Ind.*

WHAT FRIGHTENED WANG?

By L. J. Towne

FROM puppyhood my two male Pekingese dogs, Wang and Tang, fought constantly over which one would lie in my lap. The contest ended only with the death of Tang, age 12, on May 15, 1949.

We buried Tang at the back of our yard in a flower bed. In the evening of that day I was sitting in a lawn chair feeling sad over the loss of my little dog. My other Peke, Wang, was resting in my lap.

Suddenly he stood up and stiffened, bristles high. He growled low in his throat, with teeth bared. It was the same sound he had made to tell Tang that he had possession of my lap.

But this time Wang was afraid. He glanced up at me and then toward the newly-filled grave. Then, with a chilling howl, he jumped down and began backing toward the house.

I walked toward the grave in the flower bed but found nothing disturbed. Wang refused to go near it for several weeks. I know that Tang visited us — he had wanted to lie in my lap, too. Only great fear could have forced Wang to leave my lap. He never had been intimidated by the living Tang. — *Oklahoma City, Okla.*

A TAP ON THE BACK

By Adele Thornton

WHEN Father died in 1932, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mother was left alone in a three-story frame house. My sister and I vis-

ited her frequently but I wondered how she was able to bear the loneliness. Old homes can hold an emptiness all their own.

Mother slept in the back parlor. One day she told us that while in bed here she heard Father's voice call her name, Ann, twice. This happened on a Sunday morning at about 4 A.M.

The following Sunday she was waked by a couple of taps on her back. She heard Father's voice call from the front parlor, "Ann, Ann." Father, while living, had had a habit of tapping her on the back.

Mother phoned my sister and told her what had happened. She said she could no longer remain in the house and asked my sister to come at once and get her. She had packed some clothes and was ready when my sister arrived in a taxi to take her to her own home in Park Slope.

Mother found peace for a while. Then, she said, every time my sister went out in the evening, she heard slow, heavy footsteps ascend the stairs on the top floor of the house. Six months later Mother died. — *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

A GLIMPSE OF GERTRUDE

By Lois Alike Kaili

When I attended high school in Liberty, N. Y., in 1917, one of my friends was a beautiful girl with long red hair. Her



YOU CAN BE A DOWSER!

with the NEW radiesthetic detector

THE PASQUINI AMPLIFYING PENDULUM

Invented by Elio Pasquini in 1952, this new pendulum is so simple and so sensitive that beginners get results much earlier than usual. It gives clear AMPLIFIED indications of water, metals, minerals, etc.

The new amplifying pendulum consists of a double-cavity handle to which is attached a carefully balanced bead-weight at the end of a sprung wire. The effect of the spiral spring near handle (see illustration) is to amplify all radiesthetic energies and to increase the power of the energies directly as well as mechanically.

The sampling process makes the pendulum super-sensitive to one substance. "Samples" of the substance are placed in the handle cavity and the sensitivity of the instrument is increased for that substance and decreased for all else.

For water divining, metals, minerals and other search tests

GET YOURS TODAY! . . ONLY $5.00

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

Please send me ..... Pasquini Amplifying Pendulums TODAY!

I enclose $..... ($5.00 per pendulum)

in ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY & STATE .....

.....

STRAIGHTENING THE RECORDS ON GOD, MAN AND DEVIL

By Everett H. Lea, known on the inner planes as Enoch-Elijah-John. Yes, John the Baptist is here again to prepare the way leading into the new age.

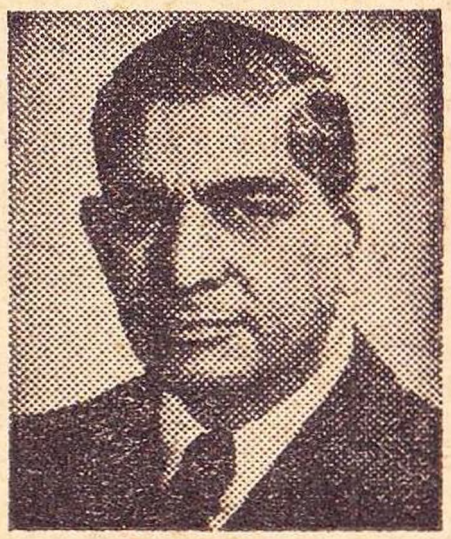
Read how he captured Lucifer the prince of the devils and sent him to the bottomless pit, thus fulfilling the prophecy contained in Rev. 20: 1-3.

Read how he called the dead from their graves, and many other facts that are stranger than any science-fiction story ever written.

This is the first of a series of messages to be published at short intervals. Send a dollar bill today for your copy to

HARRY C. BATES, Publisher,
P.O. Box 595-F, Arlington, California

YOUR LIFE IS WRITTEN ON YOUR HANDS!



Few can read it but it is all there — your love, marriage, business career, hopes, successes — and your future.

Timely advice may make the difference between success and failure.

By special arrangement with FATE, Mir Bashir, world-famed Indian palmist, will read your handprints, send you a detailed hand analysis for $7.50. Learn the direction where your success and happiness are greatest!

To take handprints: Obtain tube of oil paint. Press out small quantity on wad of cotton or tissue. Dab evenly on each finger and palm, including one-inch space on wrist. Press hand on plain sheet of paper. Let prints dry.

Send prints of both hands to Mir Bashir, c/o FATE Magazine, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. with check or money order for $7.50. Be sure to enclose your name, address and date of birth. Your reading will be sent to you air mail from abroad.

name was Gertrude Miller. Then we moved to a large city many miles away and I attended another high school. Later we moved back to Liberty where we owned property and I returned to the high school there.

On my first day at the old school I was hurrying up a stairway to the next floor where a group of students stood talking. With them was a red-haired girl who waved to me. I recognized Gertrude. When I reached the head of the stairs she had disappeared.

Later I met some mutual friends and mentioned that I had seen Gertie as I went up the stairs but could not find her when I reached the top.

"Why," one of them said, with a strange look on her face, "Gertie died soon after you left."

They told me the circumstances of her death and they all had attended her funeral.

At the time I tried to convince myself that I had seen someone who looked like Gertrude. But I know I didn't. I saw Gertrude. — *Los Angeles, Calif.*

CLOSE TO HEAVEN

By Monica Delmar

NEITHER my brother nor I were old enough to go to school when our father fell ill. I remember distinctly that we were hushed in our play and told not

to disturb Father, a thing we did not remember long. Often we saw him sitting in his rocking chair, a soft comforter folded across its back.

One morning I was told that Father had died. It made little impression on me; I think it made less on my brother. We did not understand what death meant. My mother's weeping impressed me more than anything else. When she took us, two small children, into the room to show us our father, she broke down completely. The practical nurse led us away.

In the weeks that followed Mother spoke to my brother and me about Father being buried. We knew only that he was not coming back. Soon the first snow came, thick and heavy on all the tree branches. A remark Mother made remains with me, "Think, poor papa is buried in the ground under all that snow."

One day, while the older children were at school, Mother baked cookies in the kitchen. My small brother and I were in the living room by the fire, playing with a set of blocks we had received for Christmas. My father's empty rocking chair stood beside the fire, no comforter on its back now. We continued to call it "papa's chair."

I smelled the cookies and went to investigate. I stood beside the table watching my mother roll the dough flat, cut circles and place

LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT
FLYING SAUCERS

Our bi-monthly magazine contains all the latest information on flying saucers and related topics. Only $2.00 for one year's subscription.

Send your order NOW to:
SAUCER NEWS
P.O. Box 163 Fort Lee, N. J.

50 MINISTERS

In every State: needed by
The Church of the Father
Write
The Father's College
Chartered
Box AAA Wayzata, Minn.

JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

The most amazing psychic story ever told —

"AN ADVENTURE"

By C. A. E. Moberly and E. P. Jourdain

Walking in the Gardens of Versailles at the beginning of the 20th Century, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain found themselves witnessing an 18th Century scene. The two women — who were distinguished Oxford scholars — set down the account of their amazing experience.

Interest in this remarkable story is today as widespread as ever. The new edition of "An Adventure" is unique for its painstaking verification of the evidence.

FOR THIS EDITION, THE EDITOR HAS GONE BACK TO THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

See the startling results! Get your copy of "An Adventure" today! Only $4.00

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

IT'S FINALLY HERE!!

The 12-months Astrological Calendar for 1956 - in 3 colors: GREEN for good influences; RED for adverse; GRAY for neutral! It can be read at a glance for months ahead.
For example: On this day you can see:

IN GREEN →
MOON IN AQUARIUS →
IN RED →



An explanation chart is attached to the Calendar. You can make your dates for financial, social and business enterprises months in advance. Send $1.00 to —

PLANETARY CALENDAR
P. O. Box 99
Sun Valley, California

AMAZING SECRET BIBLE DISCOVERY —

Makes $15,000.00 in three weeks!
Details free. BOX 425, RIALTO, CALIFORNIA

The ANCIENT FIRE CEREMONY

as practiced in the Temple of The Living Flame may be *your* way of attainment.

We have recently issued a special unit of six White Light Lessons known as THE TEMPLE LESSONS. In these plainly worded lessons the great esoteric wisdom regarding the spiritual power of Fire and Flame is set forth; and the exact ritual used in the ancient Temple of The Living Flame is given. These lessons are not sold, but sent to sincere students on offering basis. Ask for details.

ELAINE B. RYCE
P. O. Box 665, Evanston, Illinois

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

them on a large pan to bake.

Suddenly my small brother, whom I had left with his blocks beside the fire in the living room, walked calmly into the kitchen. As he approached my mother he said casually, "Papa is in there." Mother said, "Ah-h," a mannerism of hers to express disbelief.

My brother was positive, "Yes he is. He sat in his rocking chair."

She took the small boy by the hand and started toward the living-room door. I followed close behind. I wanted to see papa too. I remember I was elated. I had thought he would never come back.

The living-room was empty. My brother stared in surprise at the rocking chair. He insisted, "Papa sat there and looked at me. I saw him looking at me."

Mother asked, "What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything, just looked at me. He still sat there when I walked past him to go to the kitchen." He repeated the same story when Mother questioned him, asking him to show her where father sat. The boy went to the rocking chair and insisted Father sat there looking at him.

Later I overheard Mother telling the story to a neighbor, a kindly sympathetic woman who accepted Mother's explanation. "I think maybe a small child sometimes sees things we older ones cannot see."

The other woman nodded. "They are closer to heaven." — *Ellery, Ill.*

AUNT MARY'S WARNING

By Ami Alfreda Hosch

WHEN I was 10 years old I stayed for a few weeks with my maternal grandother, Mrs. Alice M. MacIntyre, who lived on a lovely farm near Ogdensburg in upper New York State. During my stay Aunt Mary, Mother's oldest sister, who had been married a few years before, came to the farm for a brief visit. Uncle John, my mother's youngest brother, managed the farm.

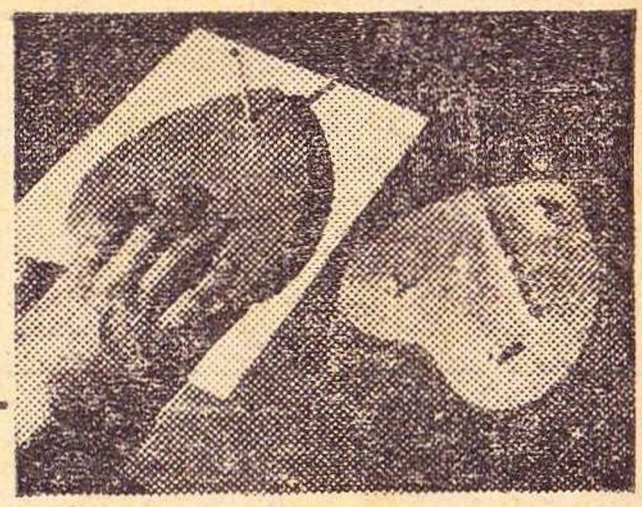
The old house was large and roomy, with verandas almost entirely circling it, roofed balconies and pediment windows. There was a wonderful fireplace, flanked by Dutch ovens, that extended completely across one end of the large kitchen.

Early one morning I was waked by a strange activity all through the house. It was spring and water was rushing in rivulets everywhere through the melting snow. I knew something had changed overnight — something, whatever it was, had gone wrong.

I crept down the back stairs to the kitchen to find Bridget, the cook, busy at the big range. I heard the sleigh go past the house, the bells on the horses sounding muffled. Bridget told me that Aunt Mary had become ill sud-

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 .....

.....

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

denly at about four that morning. She had had convulsions. Uncle John was going to town in the sleigh to get the family doctor.

Aunt Mary died just before Uncle John returned with the doctor. As I mentioned, it was spring and since we'd had a heavy snow-fall during the winter, the streams and creeks were higher than usual at that time of year.

Uncle John told us that he and the doctor were riding down a hill toward a sharp bend in the road that crossed an old wooden bridge, the creek was swollen to the size of a small river and, as they neared the bend the horses reared and plunged with fear. Uncle John had trouble holding them.

Then he saw Aunt Mary standing in the middle of the road, warning him away from the old bridge. As he stared at her she vanished.

Uncle John and the doctor left the sleigh and continued on foot. They found that four of the timbers in the floor of the bridge had been washed away by the high waters. If they had continued in the sleigh, the horses would have fallen through the hole.

When Uncle John and the doctor reached the farm Grandmother met them at the door to tell them that they were too late — Aunt Mary was dead. Uncle John said that he already knew. — *Spokane, Wash.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

UFO MOTHER SHIP?

I work nights and usually take a walk around noon. On May 27, 1955, I was striding along, watching the path in front of me, when suddenly the sun seemed to go behind a cloud. That immediately struck me as strange for it was a bright, hot day, without a cloud in the sky.

I looked up and saw a huge object suspended about 2,000 feet in the air. It seemed to be the size of an ocean liner. It was not a blimp because I am familiar with them and this object was entirely too large. It made no sound, released no smoke, just hung suspended. It was oval in shape, colored black, silver and red, and seemed to have windows.

I looked at it for at least three minutes, too scared to move. Then I heard a car coming and flagged the motorist. When I looked at the sky again the object was gone. It disappeared in the few seconds I took my eyes off it.

I told the motorist what I had seen and he said he, his wife, and his mother had seen exactly the same type of object at Palermo, Calif., two years before. He thought the object may have been



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 .....

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.

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.

connected with the Brush Creek flying saucer incident. We discussed my experience for an hour and a half at the side of the road and concluded that what I had seen was a mother ship.

At 9 A.M. on June 4, 1955, I saw the object again. This time my mother and father also saw it. We were at our home in Oroville. The object appeared to be at the same height as before and was moving toward the east. It was visible for about five minutes.

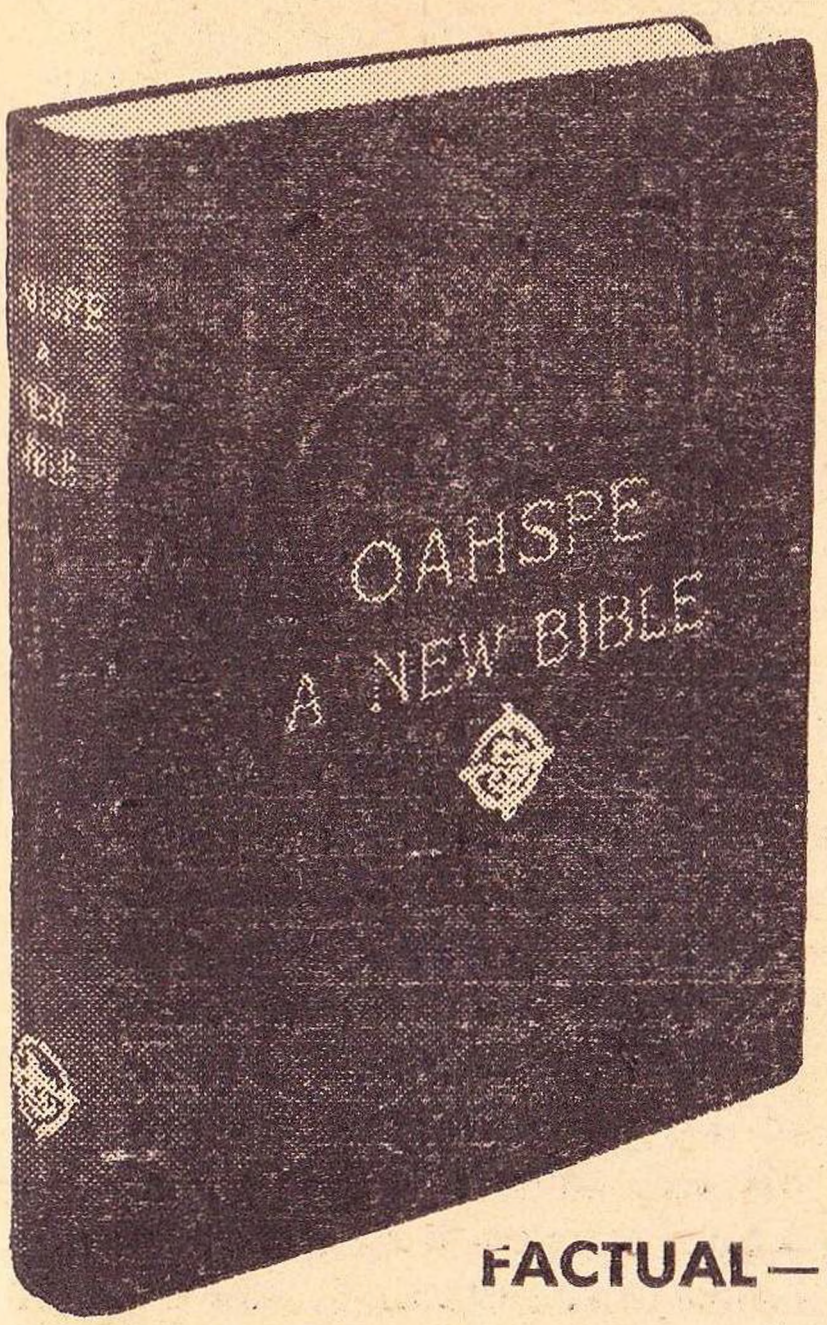
My mother, remarking that seeing is believing, said that in all her 55 years on earth she had never seen anything like that moving object. Dad said the same. — *Bob Wright, Oroville, Calif.*

PEARL IN THE SKY

Back in 1930 I saw an oval object in the sky over Bainbridge Island, Wash. It was a fair and windy day, with scattered clouds going from north to south. I saw the object distinctly against the blue sky when clouds were not in the way. It was three times smaller than the moon and looked like a magnificent pearl in the sky.

I am positive the object was not a reflection nor any sort of electrical phenomenon like ball lightning. It hovered high above the clouds and showed no signs of making headway. Dark clouds presently covered this amazing object from my view. — *Larry Reynolds, San Pedro, Calif.*

THE MIRACLE BOOK OF THE AGE!



HISTORY OF THE PLANET

HISTORY OF EVERY MAJOR RELIGION

HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACES

MAN'S ORIGIN, PURPOSE AND DESTINY REVEALED

SECRETS OF THE SPHINX

SECRETS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH

SECRETS OF SUBMERGED CONTINENTS

MISSING LINK BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST

Only ONCE IN 3,000 YEARS

IS THERE A BOOK LIKE

OAHSPE

A NEW KIND OF BIBLE

FACTUAL—INFORMATIVE—SCIENTIFIC

Such books as OAHSPE (meaning Sky, Earth and Spirit) are given mankind but once each 3,000 years, at the birth of a new cycle in man's evolution. OAHSPE is a key to the past, a panorama of the present and a preview of the future. OAHSPE bridges the gap between the Seen and the Unseen Worlds, explains psychic phenomena in terms anyone can understand, floods the mind with new LIGHT on life's every problem. Deluxe Edition. Flexible binding of rich blue Fabrikoid, 980 pages, 95 illustrations. Thirty-six books in one volume.

ACT PROMPTLY!

36 BOOKS IN ONE VOLUME AT A SINGLE-BOOK PRICE . . . $5.00

ORDER TODAY!

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

Please send me ..... copies of OAHSPE for only $5 each.

I enclose check.... cash.... money order....

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 — FD55
790 Broad Street Newark 2, N. J.

FIRST SAUCER

I saw my first and only flying saucer on July 29, 1952. It looked exactly like those that have been photographed. It was bluish-green, with no sign of an exhaust or vapor trail, and was absolutely silent. It came out of the southwest and traveled east, seeming to follow a definite course.

I called a passerby's attention to it and asked him what he thought it was. He said, "I never saw anything like that before." — *Paul C. Figley, East Liverpool, Ohio.*

CELLINI'S SAUCER

I've been asked about my reference to Benevenuto Cellini's report of a flying saucer (mentioned in my article, "UFO's and the Modern Bible," in the July FATE.) The reference is to Cellini's autobiography, Book I, Section LXXXIX. Cellini is leaving Florence for Rome with his apprentice, Felice (masculine despite the apparently feminine name).

"We mounted," he says, "and rode rapidly toward Rome. When we had reached a certain gently rising ground — night had already fallen — looking in the direction of Florence, both with one breath exclaimed in the utmost astonishment: 'O God of Heaven! What is that great thing one sees there over Florence?' It resembled a huge beam of fire, which sparkled and gave out extraordinary lustre.

A Rare Book is the Perfect Christmas Gift!

THE BIG TEN you've been asking for!

We've culled hundreds of catalogs to find the titles you want — on religion, religious history, prophecy, books of inspiration, research into psychic and occult subjects. These rare book "finds" are scholarly works

TO OWN — TO READ — TO KEEP FOREVER!

Please order by title. Check here the books you want, fill in your name and address below, and send us this page. Your money refunded if you are not completely satisfied.

☐ **BUDDHISM AND ZEN**
By Senzaki and Ruth Strout McCandless. An elementary introduction to the theory and practice of Zen Buddhism and a practical guide to its further understanding . . . contains glossary of terms used and instructions for the beginner in meditation $3.75

☐ **HINDU PHILOSOPHY**
By Theos Bernard. Outlines six classic systems of Hindu philosophy. All other schools of thought are but variations of these six. According to these, there is a universal technique that enables man to acquire actual insight into the true nature of the world. All schools agree that faith must be fortified with understanding . . . and author includes in one concise volume essentials for that understanding. Also glossary of Sanskrit terms $4.50

☐ **THE SECOND BOOK OF MACCABEES**
Ed. by Solomon Zeitlin. Dealing with the uprising of the Jews in defense of religious freedom this book casts valuable light on Jewish belief of the period and reveals the enormous influence the Antiochean Jews had on later Judaism and early Christianity. This book also points to the development of later Judaism and early Christianity, giving a clearer understanding of the tendencies of emerged Christianity $4.00

☐ **THE FUTURE OF THE KINGDOM IN PROPHECY AND FULFILLMENT**
By Martin J. Wyngaarden. One of the most important contributions in the field of prophecy in our generation. Israel, Zion, The Promised Land and the Old Covenant are shown to be spiritually interpreted in Scripture with a wealth of evidence. Every serious student of prophecy will welcome these new discoveries. $3.50

☐ **PSYCHICAL RESEARCH TODAY**
By D. J. West. Loosely grouped under the heading "psychical research" are telepathy, clairvoyance, hauntings, spiritualism, water-divining, psychokinesis, extrasensory perception, poltergeists, hypnotism and all "supernormal" manifestations on the borderline of the known and unknown $3.50

☐ **THE WISDOM OF THE TALMUD**
By Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser. The Talmud is one of the great cultural treasures of mankind. Its vast literature is the culmination of a thousand years of Jewish thought. In this volume the author has culled the choicest material in Talmudic literature to give a fascinating portrait of the Talmudic mind, its conceptions of God, of social ethics and personal morality, of law and general human wisdom $3.75

☐ **THE BHAGAVADGITA**
An English Translation and Commentary by W. Douglas P. Hill. Generations of Hindus have turned to the Gita for the solution of their religious difficulties. W. D. P. Hill first brought its inspiring message to the western world in 1928. New modern volume printed in 1953 in India $2.00

☐ **REFLECTIONS ON LIFE**
By Alexis Carrel. Author of Man the Unknown climaxes his work as a great scientist and original thinker in this provocative study of the problems of modern man. He sets forth his three basic laws of nature, demonstrating how men can use these universal forces to bring himself the finest development of his hereditary power and his personality $3.00

☐ **SPACE, GRAVITY AND THE FLYING SAUCERS**
By Leonard Cramp. Member of England's Interplanetary Society shows that reports of sightings from all over the world assume a definite pattern. He develops a well-thought-out and original theory of space travel based on overcoming gravity. Book contains numerous photographs and drawings by the author $3.00

☐ **FROM THE WORLD OF THE CABBALAH**
By Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser. One of the most lucid expressions of Cabbalistic wisdom is contained in the writings of the 16th Century sage, Rabbi Judah Loew (Maharal) of Prague. In this book the author traces a fascinating portrait of Rabbi Judah the man and presents a comprehensive summation of his ideas $3.00

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

Please send me the books I have checked above.

I enclose $..... in ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... 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.

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 27633-B, Hollywood 27, California.**

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

FREE FIRST LESSON, and amazing letter of PROOF: "HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS AND MEDIUMSHIP." Write: TCC, Box 82, 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. 75TH ST., CLEVELAND 2, OHIO

"I said to Felice, 'Assuredly we shall hear tomorrow that something of vast importance has happened in Florence.' . . . (After arriving in Rome, with minor misadventures) I related the adventures of the day's chase and the diabolical apparition of the fiery beam which we had seen. They exclaimed, 'What shall we hear tomorrow which this portent has announced?' I answered, 'Some revolution must certainly have occurred in Florence." So we supped agreeably, and late the next day there came the news to Rome of Duke Allesandro's death."

Cellini assumed that any out-of-the-ordinary appearance must be supernatural in origin, and must refer to the fortunes of the highly respected nobility of his day — *Kenneth H. Cassens, Roxbury, Mass.*

MOUND GARDENS?

In the September, 1955, issue of FATE I note an article about the Tenino Mounds. I lived in that vicinity for many years and have studied the mounds closely. It is my opinion that they were built by Indians for garden purposes. Anyone familiar with that prairie will tell you that the soil is extremely gravelly. The top soil is very thin and for that reason not productive.

The mounds appear to have been built by scraping the soil up into a heap, thus making it deep

enough for the proper rooting of crops. Some of the mounds have been cut through the center by highway construction and the soil has been found deep and rich for the full depth of the mound.

All geological theories so far advanced to explain these mounds seem pretty far-fetched to those of us who are familiar with the region. Thousands of Indian arrowheads have been found on the prairie, indicating that it was inhabited by more than one tribe of Indians at different times. I knew a man who had collected and classified several hundred arrowheads. He showed me specimens which he attributed to several different tribes.

Mounds of varying depth and diameter, and located in different parts of the prairie, apparently indicate the work of the different tribes. The mounds are quite evenly spaced, showing they are the result of planning rather than glacial deposits. I might add that mounds of large diameter and deep depth are very few. About 90% of the mounds are not more than a foot or two in depth. — *James Nester, Sherwood, Ore.*

BONES IN THE MOUND

In the September issue of FATE is the item, "The Mystery of the Tenino Mounds." I have seen these mounds many times and have puzzled over their origin.

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.

INSTANT MEDIUMSHIP

Use your amazing psychic powers NOW! Why "develop" for years? MONEY? HEALTH? LOVE? NOTHING IS HOPELESS. Remarkable NEW APPROACH (demonstrated by Jesus) now verified by modern science. This simplified monograph teaches psychic secrets THAT WORK. How to avoid dangers. Send only $1.00 donation for "The Eleventh Revelation" and other Bible secrets to, The TRUE Church, P.O. Box 2, Station "G", Buffalo, N. Y., Dept. F.

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.

WILL YOU BE LUCKY THIS COMING YEAR?

SPECIAL OFFER:
Send $2.00 and your birthdate for: Your Life Analysis — a booklet compiled according to the celestial indications of your birth sign. Approx. 30 pages, including Periodicity, which explains the cycles and transits to the years 2000 A.D. in plain readable English, how they affect the different signs as they move through God's universe.

FREE GIFT
If ordered within 10 days, we will send your "lucky charm" key tag with your birth symbol printed thereon.

BEN-MAR'S PERSONAL SERVICE:
Your "wheel" drawn up, mathematically correct, giving you the planets' positions for your own day of birth. No interpretation. Only $1.00.

If you cannot use an Ephemeris, we will select your "lucky days" for any six-month period you designate. Only $1.00.

BEN-MAR
927 South Alvarado Street
Los Angeles 6, California

Send me: .....

I enclose money order, check, cash for $.....

Name .....

Address .....

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

Birthday ..... Month ..... Year .....

In Eastern Washington, west of Spokane, is a similar area of mounds, identical in shape. I have not as yet seen these mentioned. There also is a similar area of mounds in eastern South Dakota, on the west shore of Lake Traverse. As I recall, one was dug into and at ground level it was found to contain human bones, brown with age. The soil in South Dakota is loam and perhaps this is the reason why the bones were preserved. The soil in Eastern Washington is volcanic clay, while the soil in the Tenino area is gravel, which is not noted for preservative qualities. — *John M. Anderson, Seattle, Wash.*

"WATER CREATES MOUNDS"

I was interested to read about the Tenino Mounds in the September, 1955, issue of FATE. These are no puzzle to me, since I have found and explained similar mounds in the plains east of Las Vegas, Nev. There are many hundreds of them there.

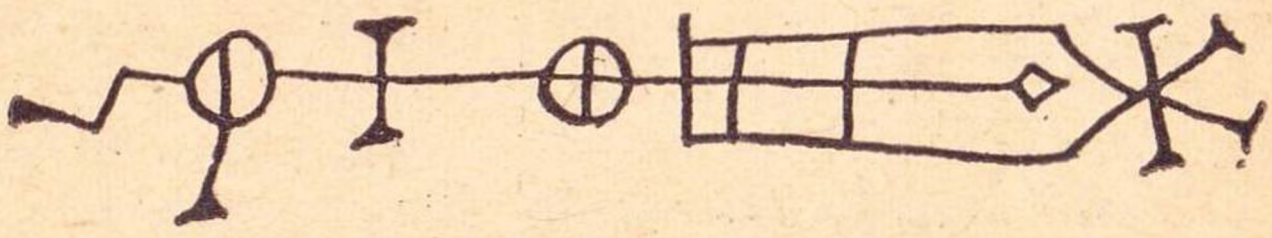
Ten years ago I conducted a six-month survey of the underground water in and around Las Vegas. I found many interesting things — mainly that the water there comes up in thousands of volcanic vents or blow-holes which bring up hot or cold water, most of it carrying quite a bit of mineral in the form of white alkali, principally, or sodium sulphate. When drilled into, these vents often make artesian

OCCULTISM

ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE



A book of WITCHES and SORCERERS . . . of DEMONOLOGY . . . of BLACK MAGIC and WHITE MAGIC . . . of SPELLS and ALCHEMY . . .



PROFESSOR SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH . . .

has compressed the work of years of research into one masterly volume. The Grimoires, or notorious Black Books of the wizards are included here. Spells and charms are described. The mysteries of the secret societies. Never before has there been gathered into one volume these processes of magic from the Grimoires, from Arabic sources, from the Great and Little Alberts and the Heptameron of Peter de Abano.

Profusely illustrated with the swords, candles, pentacles and circles inseparable from the equipment of the classical wizard. Exhaustively complete, yet perfectly organized and easy to read. This book is a must for anyone interested in the magical processes of ancient days.

Price: $5.00

ORDER TODAY!

VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. Box 671, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me ..... "OCCULTISM, its Theory and Practice" at only $5.00 each, including mailing charges.

I enclose check, cash, money order for.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY & STATE.....

.....

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.

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.

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.

wells, one of which was flowing a stream six inches in diameter across the desert — just going to waste.

Among the interesting things I found in that district was the great profusion of mounds. They seemed to have no reason for being there until I investigated one or two close up with my "Aurameter" or water locating instrument. I found that each of the mounds was sitting squarely over a spring.

It was easy to explain the formation of the mounds after discovering this, since obviously a spring causes a wet spot on the ground. This would be surrounded and covered by vegetation which requires considerable water — bunch grass, willows and other water growth. Vegetation of this kind traps "blow sand" which blows across the desert, and as the blow sand piles up the vegetation keeps climbing to the top. Each one of these springs, then, became a trap which later became a mound.

In the City Hall, later, I met a water man and told him about this phenomenon. He said, "You are absolutely right. I was raised here in Las Vegas, and years ago I shot Mallard ducks off at least 200 of those mounds, in the summer time. At that time every one of them had a pool of water on the top."

I have not seen the Tenino

Mounds but I imagine they can be explained the same way. Perhaps there is no blow sand there at present but that does not rule out the possibility that there was in past centuries. — *Rev. Verne L. Cameron, Elsinore, Calif.*

DISKS EXPLAINED

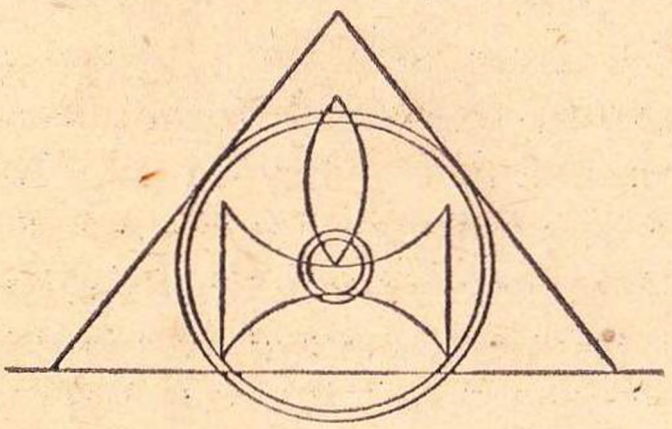
I wish to give you the complete story about the item in "I See by the Papers" in the August issue of FATE, which said, "'Take the case of O. L. Breitkreutz of 3117 Churchill Drive in an unnamed city at an unstated time. Breitkreutz complained to police that since last October somebody or something has been 'laying, throwing, or growing bright aluminum disks in his front and back yards.'

"'The disks are about five inches in diameter, a 16th of an inch thick, and weigh about two ounces. In the center is a slight depression. A dozen of them have turned up mysteriously in Breitkreutz' lawn. None of his neighbors have any and he can't figure out where they come from."

The unnamed city was Corpus Christi, Tex. Since my home is in Corpus Christi, I had a good opportunity to investigate this case for myself. Here is what I found:

The disks had been thrown into Breitkreutz's yard. They were disks made by the Corpus Christi

---



The nippled mammary gland design of the ancient Egyptian Astronomical Telescope: a secret of the Great Pyramid, discovered and Copyrighted 1954 by Thothnu Tastmona.

SECRET: The Gizeh Pyramids —— the book of stupendous new discoveries; revelations of Twentieth Century heliocentric knowledge enciphered into the contrived arithmetical layout of the Gizeh Pyramid Field. Not guesswork by fumblers, but truly demonstrable factual discoveries, based on fantastic allegories created to form a universal language for all people in all ages.

Second Edition, beige buckram, green fly leaf, serial numbers in 500s. Size 11 x 14 inches, 10 chapters, 144 pages, printed in large type on ivory paper, 96 illustrations. Price $25.00.

The Thothmona Book Company
520 Fifth Avenue (Dept. G. P. 1)
New York 36, New York

Enclosed find $25.00 in cash....., check....., or money order....., Send postpaid a Second Edition copy of SECRET: The Gizeh Pyramids.

(please print)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY, ZONE .....

STATE .....

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.

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

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

Sheet Metal and Roofing Company. They are used by the Central Power and Light Company in the wooden boxes in which meters are packed.

The whole story had been distorted by the local newspaper. The reason that Breitkreutz called the police was because he wanted to put a stop to the throwing of the disks into his yard. He feared a window might be broken. The reason the disks were thrown into his yard was because local children were aggravated by his attitude about various things. — *John R. Leslie, Corpus Christi, Tex.*

KEY IN THE BIBLE

As a result of my story, "I Knew A Witch in Somerset," in the May, 1954, issue of FATE, I have had many requests for further information about the key in the Bible turning episode.

A large key is obtained and this, all but its loop, is inserted into the passage of *Ruth* I, 61. The Book is lashed firmly with twine to keep it in. Each person then holds one side of the loop with the tip of his forefinger, and the question is asked.

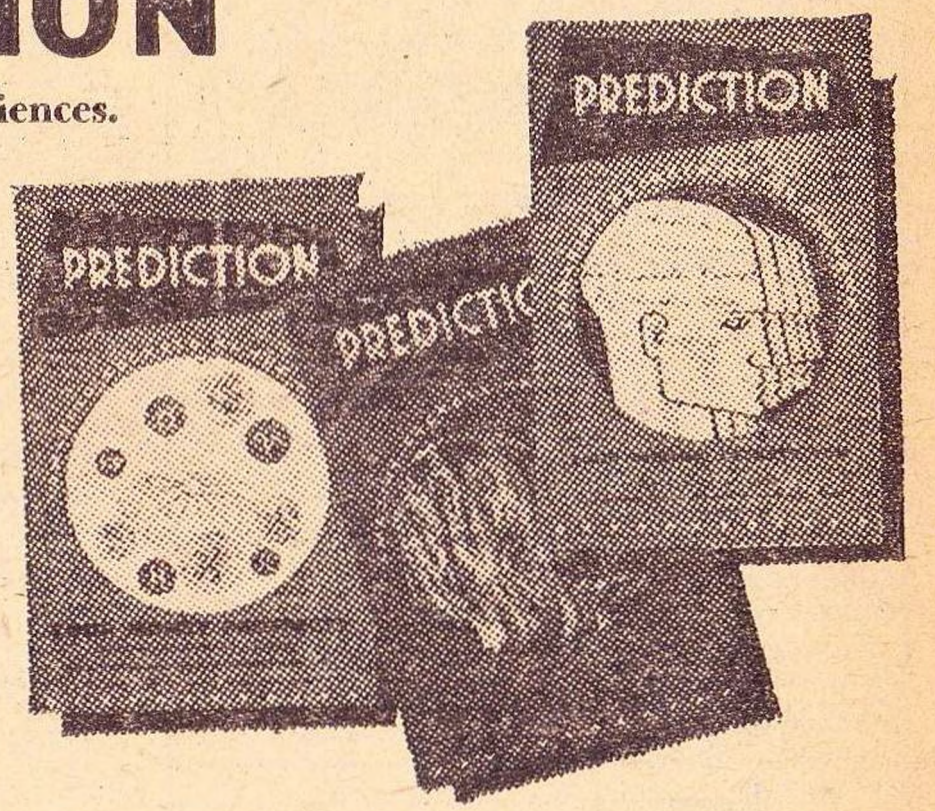
Here is the passage: "Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried;

The World of the Future . . .

spreads before you in each issue of

PREDICTION

the magazine of the occult sciences.



In today's world of high-speed living you can be up to date only if you get reports of psychic and occult events **as they happen!** Here's a monthly publication that brings you the facts of our ever-changing present and the future that is as close as tomorrow.

Prediction Magazine (International Edition) brings you every month the latest word on all the occult and psychic sciences: astrology, palmistry, Yoga, spiritualism, dowsing, theosophy, dreams, the Tarot and psychic health.

The scope of PREDICTION is worldwide!

By special arrangement with the British publisher, we can now offer American students of the occult sciences this special International Edition for only $3.00 per year, 12 information-packed issues, devoted solely to psychic and occult sciences. (Note special money-saving 2-year price . . . only $5.00.)

SUBSCRIBE TO PREDICTION TODAY!

THE VENTURE BOOKSHOP

P. O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Please enter my subscription to PREDICTION, the British occult magazine. I enclose

☐ check, ☐ cash, ☐ money order.

TWO YEARS $5 ☐ ONE YEAR $3 ☐

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... 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	**$3.25**
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 161, Term. A, Toronto, Ontario

the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

The occult significance of this is deep. Woe betide the person who abuses it!

Incidently, would you be kind enough to insert in FATE a note asking those who want a reply from me to send an International Reply coupon, obtainable at post offices? Stamps from abroad cannot be used at this end. I have developed a terrific mail, thanks to FATE, but the cost of answering in stamps can become quite a problem. — *J. P. J. Chapman, Parkstone, Dorset, England.*

ESP WITHOUT RULES

I wish to take exception to the letter in the August, 1955, issue of FATE by Mrs. Eva Weekes of Suquamish, Wash. She states that amateurs should not attempt to read tea leaves or cards for themselves.

I started out reading for people "cold" as it were, not knowing the "rules." After several years I find that I can read not only for myself but have read for over 150 others as well. I also find that I obtain a high degree of accuracy by "reading" while listening to TV or while otherwise engaged. In fact, I strongly suspect that anyone can train himself to "read" while other things are going on simply by learning to concentrate.

I don't agree that there are rules

FACTS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!

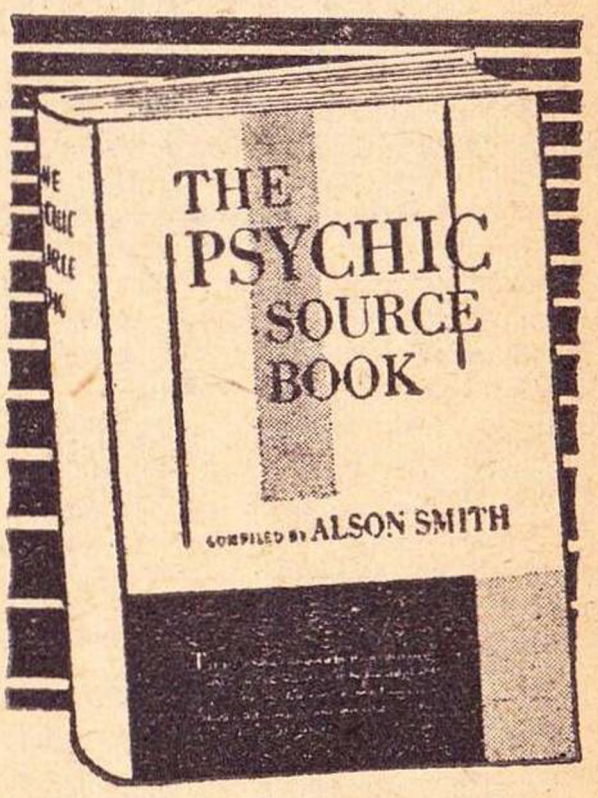
Your library is not complete without this major reference work . . .

ALSON J. SMITH'S
PSYCHIC SOURCE BOOK

If you are a serious student of psychic phenomena, the PSYCHIC SOURCE BOOK is "must" reading for you. It is the most valuable reference work on psychic research and extra-sensory perception, complete in one volume with introduction, bibliography, glossary and index. Contains more than 150,000 words, 464 pages.

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM US — at this amazingly low cost! Only $3.00 buys this mountain of facts, the best writings by the world's greatest writers on religious ecstasy, the heavenly arcana, the mysteries of man, time, telepathy, precognition and many hundreds more.

IT'S GUARANTEED
that you will want to keep this
book forever —
OR YOU PAY NOTHING!



Thousands of satisfied users of this unique reference book report they couldn't do without it! That is why we can make this offer: MAIL THE COUPON BELOW . . . BUT SEND NO MONEY! When the book arrives, look it over — you have ten days to study it. You will be convinced that it is a library in itself . . . If you are not, return the book and you owe us nothing.

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

VENTURE BOOKSHOP

P. O. Box 671, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me my copy of the PSYCHIC SOURCE BOOK. I understand that I may inspect this book for a period of 10 days — after which I will either remit $3.00 or return the book.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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

SEND NO MONEY! PAY POSTMAN NOTHING!

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 .....

.....

for ESP but I do believe that each person must understand his or her limitations to get best results. I know that the tea leaves do not actually show anything but serve as a focal point for concentration, thus allowing a gifted person to "see" the answer. The more the superconscious is released, the better the person is able to "see."

I don't know about the cards but about the leaves I will say that a person gifted with ESP can read under almost any circumstances, provided they are conscientious and rest when they become tired. The time allowed for readings before one becomes tired may be increased after practice. — *June E. Weidemann, New Athens, Ill.*

THE BIBLE AND THE PANEL

In the "Psychic Panel" in the July, 1955, issue of FATE, page 108, Alex Saunders of Toronto, Ont., Can., poses a problem similar to the one the Sadducees placed before the Master as written in the 22nd Chapter of Matthew, beginning with the 23rd verse. — *Cyril McEvoy, Vernon, B. C., Can.*

MYSTICAL DEMONSTRATION

Some years ago in a church I talked with a lady who taught what she called Christian Mysticism. I told her I was interested in mysticism with a universal scope and that I had experienced mystic occurrences in many languages and beliefs. She was curious

and asked me if I could give a demonstration in Oriental mysticism. I asked her to put everything out of her mind – not to let any thoughts enter.

In a few seconds I announced, "At this moment Chiang Kai Shek is walking down the steps of Sun Yat Sen's tomb. Tears are in his eyes. He is leaving China."

The lady said, "Isabel, how am I to know this is true?"

I told her, "I believe you will find this to be true very shortly."

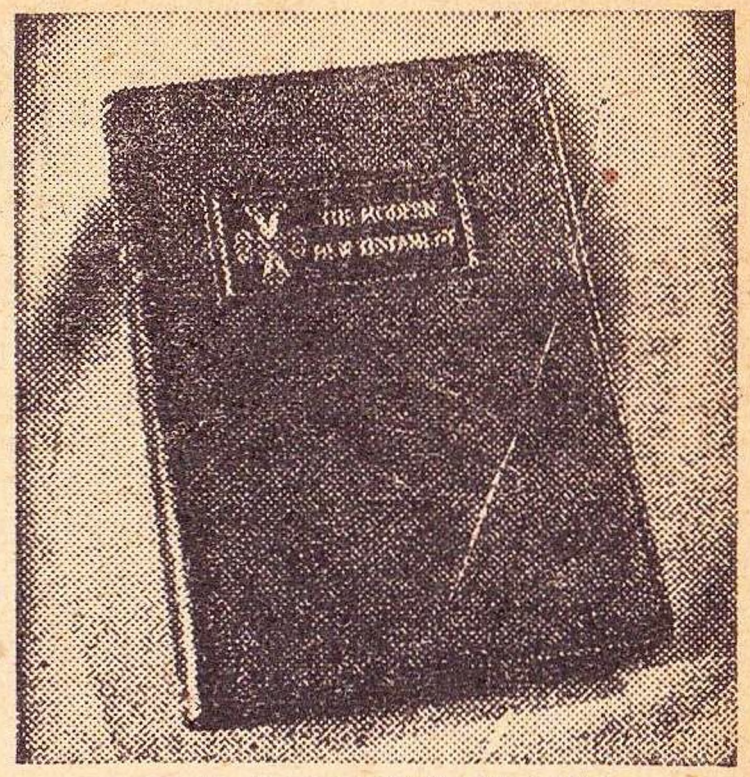
I gave her my phone number and the following day she phoned me. "Isabel, did you see the evening edition of the Toronto *Globe And Mail?*"

I told her I had not. She said, "There is a picture of Chiang Kai Shek walking down the steps of the tomb of Sun Yat Sen. Tears are in his eyes. He is leaving China." – *Isabel MacDonald, Toronto, Ont., Can.*

FOUND – A FRIEND

Although I have been a reader of your magazine for only a few months, I feel that I have found an intellectual "friend;" a magazine on psychic and scientific contributions that shows literary quality and validity.

I enjoy your magazine tremendously and to expound further still would not express the mental stimulation and relaxation I derive from FATE. – *Karl D. Wright, Morgantown, 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 . . .*
- ***The Buddha's Curse**—weird mishaps that followed an English railroad engineer in Siam after he stole a Buddha from a cave and took it home . . .*

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 ☐

69

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*

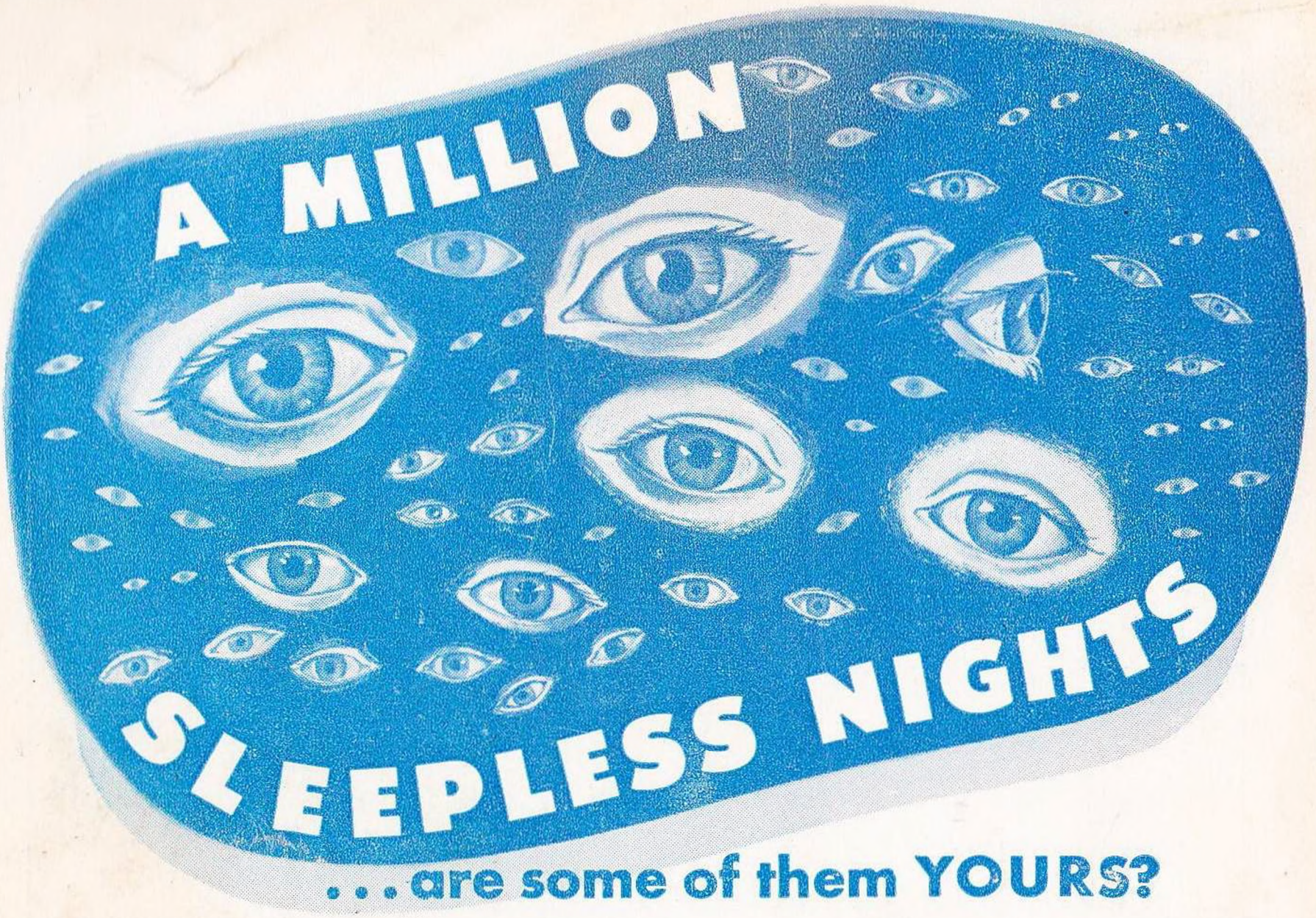
BOOKS OF INSTRUCTION

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

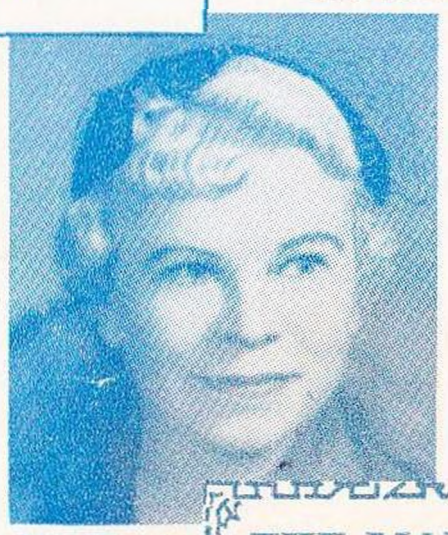


. . . are some of them YOURS?

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.

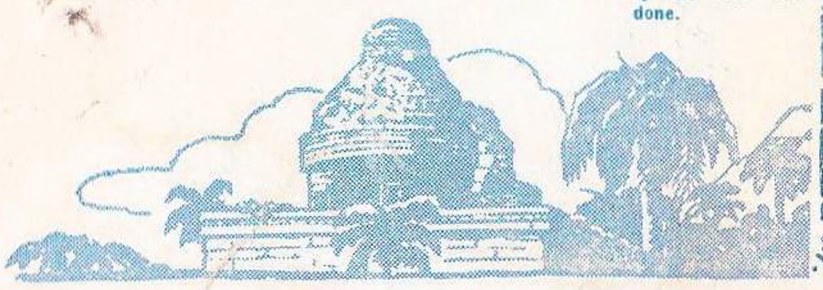
What is it you want most? A better job? Greater harmony at home? More pride in achievement? Vitality of glowing health? Thousands of people like you have found the great key that unlocks these secrets. The little known principles of the ancient Mayan Order can reveal the unlimited natural powers within 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-125
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_____