October 1956

FATE
MAGAZINE

35¢



The Mysterious KABBALAH



I PRACTICED BLACK MAGIC

IS YOUR RECEIVER ON THE HOOK?



TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

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Contents

FATE

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VOLUME 9—NUMBER 10
Issue No. 79

STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

I Practiced Black Magic ..... *Frances Louise Martin* 15
Pretty Bobbie? ..... *Louise Marsh* 25
Death By A Camera ..... *Oleta Martin* 44
The Token of Cliff House ..... *John Harden* 61
Noisy Phantom of the Louisiana Swamp ..... *Paul F. Serpas* 73
I Dreamed How to Make the Bed ..... *Nona B. Mott* 82
London's Haunted Flats ..... *Chester S. Geier* 97

ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

Is Your Receiver on the Hook? ..... *Dorothy Gray Smith* 19
The Stars Look Down ..... *G. F. Utter* 29
The Mysterious Kabbalah ..... *L. Sprague de Camp* 55
What Happened to the Body of Jesus? ..... *William H. Leach* 66
I Make Friends With Rattlesnakes ..... *William Esenwein* 78
Mind Over Space ..... *Nandor Fodor* 85

FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

I See by the Papers ..... *Curtis Fuller* 6
The Homing Frog 24
The Feather Crowns ..... *Frank Harris* 28
The Church That Moved 43
True Mystic Experiences ..... *The Readers* 47
St. Anthony's Etheric Double 72
Fingers of Fate ..... *Harold Helfer* 76
New Books ..... *Arthur E. Powell* 100
My Proof of Survival ..... *The Readers* 103
Report From the Readers ..... *The Readers* 113

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They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers

One by one, the leading figures among flying saucer researchers, who have challenged the government denial that saucers come from outer space, have been silenced. They are still alive, still living where they used to. But they will no longer talk about flying saucers or reveal why they refuse to do so.

Who were the three men in dark suits that visited them? Were they government agents, or agents of other planets? Whoever they were, they have silenced the researchers.

Now . . . in THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, you may read the facts behind this frightening story — facts never before published!

Gray Barker, the author, was Chief Investigator for the International Flying Saucer Bureau—an organization which had its principal leader silenced by three men in black before he could reveal to the world his solution of the flying saucer mystery. Other leading investigators have also been intimidated. All their stories are here.

Grey Barker remains one of the unsilenced few. His true, amazing report includes eye-witness accounts of the famed Flatwoods "monster" which landed on a dark West Virginia hillside.

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NEW GUINEA'S WHITE PIGMIES

■ In the jungles of New Guinea there is a race of pigmy tribesmen called "Wobangs." Deep in the valleys of the interior live about 200,000 of these little people.

There is something far more interesting about them than that they are pigmies. The Wobangs are white!

Discovery of the Wobangs is one of the most amazing developments of recent years. The men never exceed four feet 11 inches in height. The women never exceed four feet five inches. Their skins are a pinkish white.

As this is being written, three Australian anthropologists are flying to New Guinea to fingerprint these lost valley tribes. Working under Prof. Adolphus Peter Elkin, former head of the anthropology department of Sidney University, the team of researchers will fingerprint the tribesmen mile by mile to see if they gradually merge into the other Papuan tribes. Professor Elkin wants to find out if they are related to any other Asian or European races. Scientists have recently learned that racial groups can be identified by their fingerprints as well as by the color of their hair, the shape of their heads and by checking their blood groups.



❖

BLOOD TYPE A — 10,000 YEARS OLD

■ Blood tests have now been carried back 10,000 years. University of Michigan researchers have recently blood-typed the oldest human remains found in the Western Hemisphere from fragments of bone.

This was the so-called "Midland Skull" found in 1953 in Western Texas. Scientists say that the Midland Man had blood type A.

In contrast, nearly all modern American Indians have blood type O.



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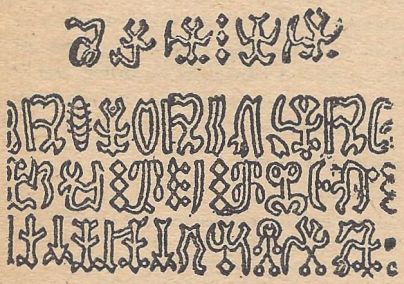
As a result, anthropologists believe that the Midland Man may have been a primitive ancestral type in the new world.

❖

BUSY DR. HEYERDAHL

■ Blood may also be the clue to the riddle of Easter Island. Dr. Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian anthropologist who led the Kon-Tiki trans-Pacific raft expedition, and whose first published magazine article on the expedition appeared in FATE, is now in Easter Island doing research.

In the middle of June, Heyerdahl sent two vacuum flasks filled with chilled blood to Australia where it will be typed in Melbourne laboratories.



These mysterious markings were found on wooden tablets on Easter Island. Some scholars believe that the markings can be considered writing. They have not yet been deciphered, but several experts believe that the writing merely records wars and religious ideas. The markings are regarded as being most probably picture-word writing. Without some sort of "Rosetta Stone" to aid in deciphering them, it is likely that they never may be read.

Dr. Gertrude Spencer, an Australian woman physician who carried the blood by plane from Tahiti to Sydney told of fantastic new discoveries by Heyerdahl.

"He said that he had found secret caves and amazing archeological discoveries on Easter Island, but he won't disclose anything until he returns to Sweden," Dr. Spencer said.

The blood that Dr. Spencer carried to Australia seems to confirm Heyerdahl's theories that North American Indians colonized the Pacific.

Dr. J. J. Gradon and experts from the Commonwealth Serum laboratories have spent 10 years collecting blood samples from the whole range of the Pacific and southeast Asia, from Japan to Hawaii and the Aleutians to New Zealand.

They show that the blood of the Polynesians is a perfect match with the American Indian but cannot be connected racially with any eastern or Asian race.

❖

A MYTH THAT CAME TRUE

■ So far this looks pretty much like an anthropological column but it is a constant amazement how many unusual things keep turning up — and how many of these things are unknown to modern science.

In May, for instance, the Unit-

ed Press reported that an expedition from the American Museum of Natural History had discovered, lived with, and interviewed a tribe of tiny oriental nomads in the jungle hills of Thailand. Hitherto, stories of them were believed to be myths.

In June, Dr. Alfred Rust, a German archeologist, reported the discovery of about 50 hand-made, sandstone tools in a gravel pit estimated to be a million years old.

Also in June, within two days, separate archeological expeditions in Syria reported finding the ruins of two ancient cities, one 3,000 years old, the other 4,000 years old. The latter, the ancient city of Semira, is expected to be a treasure house of Phoenician, Aramean, Assyrian and Greek relics because the port in northern Syria was a gateway to the Hittite and Babylonian empire. It had not been found before, despite its mention in the records, because it was located three miles inland as a protection against pirates.



DEATH SONGS

■ In the August issue of FATE we discussed the problem of 19-year-old Charlie Wulumu, who amazed Australian doctors by recovering after being "sung to death" by Australian aborigines. Charlie's is the only known recovery in recent times.

Now Australian government medical officers are hunting for a "magic grass" believed to have been fed to Charlie before he was stricken with polio-like symptoms. They think the "grass" may contain a stupefying drug.

Wulumu's Gubabwingu tribe has three methods of "death singing."

The dreamtime shark incantation kills the native in one day. He imagines a shark is attacking him internally and he dies in great pain.

The dreamtime snake or barramundi fish song means death in three days. The snake victim imagines the reptile coils around his legs, arm and chest, crushing him to death. Barramundi singing means he wastes away in three days time, until he is only skin and bone.

The dreamtime "debil-debil" song sends the victim wandering about for six months until he dies of madness.



THE ABOMINABLE BEAR?

■ Well, now you can relax. The abominable snow man is nothing but a bear — a red bear — who walks about on his hind legs.

We have this on several solemn authorities, including the Rev. Swami Pranavananda whose evidence has been reviewed by Dr. William Straus, Jr., of Johns Hopkins University in *Science*.

This much is known about the Himalayan red bear. It is found at altitudes ranging from 10,000 to 21,000 feet. Its footprints (like those of other bears) somewhat resemble those of a man — particularly if altered by sun melting and wind-blowing.

In addition, the Tibetan word for "man-bear" is easily mis-translated "Abominable snowman" by the Indians.

Meanwhile, as this was written, an AP dispatch from Nepal announced that villagers in the Himalayas had sent out word that a snowman's corpse had been found embalmed in an ice crevasse. Peter John Webster, a British tea planter and climber, said he may go back next year to investigate.



BRITAIN'S VIRGIN BIRTH

Last November, Britain's *Sunday Pictorial* was intrigued by the statement of Dr. Helen Spurway, lecturer in eugenics at London's University College, that the females of lower animals have given birth without contact with males.

"The same thing could take place in human females," she suggested.

The *Sunday Pictorial* thereupon invited all British claimants of virgin birth to step forward. Letters came from all over England and the newspaper narrowed them down to 19 claimants who requested scientific tests.

The eminent Dr. Stanley Balfour-Lynn was asked to take charge of a team of physicians to study the cases. Dr. Balfour-Lynn is resident medical officer at Queen Charlotte's hospital.

One after another, Dr. Balfour-Lynn's team disqualified the claimants. Blood groupings (here it is again) disqualified some. One mother was disqualified because her eyes are blue and her daughter's eyes are brown.

Finally only one claimant was left — Mrs. Emmimarie Jones who had an 11-year-old daughter named Monica. Blood, saliva and other types of tests matched the pair perfectly.

Finally, Dr. Balfour-Lynn wrote in the authoritative medical journal, *Lancet,* "This mother's claim must not only be considered seriously, but it must be admitted that we have been unable to disprove it.

"In such a case as this, rigorous proof is impossible," Dr. Balfour-Lynn wrote. "But it remains that all the evidence obtained from serological and special tests is consistent with what would be expected in a case of parthenogenesis (division of an unfertilized ova)."

He also said: "The probability of so good an agreement between the mother and daughter, if the daughter had a father, is less than one in 780."

WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND

■ Out of England comes another tale no less weird than a parthenogenetic female. Wallace Hullett, in an INS dispatch from London, declared that there is a startling revival of witchcraft and black magic rituals which is being attacked by church and medical authorities.

The publicity comes after the report to the British Medical Association, already covered in these columns, that black magic is being practiced widely.

W. A. Robbins, a retired school inspector of Exeter, Devon county, who has studied West Country folklore for 30 years said:

"It is not only the poorly educated who believe in witchcraft. Some people holding high office in the country are firm believers and have approached me for addresses of witches."

The Rev. F. H. Amphlett Mickelwright, of London's fashionable Knightsbridge district, told INS:

"These practices are debasing, physically and mentally. The increase of these evil practices represent a terrible danger to young people, particularly students, who might be tempted into participation out of curiosity, little realizing the awful dangers involved."

❖

HALF A BRAIN

■ In Chicago, five years ago, a little one-year-old blonde girl lay in the hospital, critically ill with sleeping sickness. Somehow she recovered — as much as she could.

But her left side was partially paralyzed. She suffered 10 to 12 convulsions a day. She mistreated others, shouted at her mother, destroyed her toys. At age six she was an ugly problem child, almost certainly headed for an institution.

Then the doctors took over. At Chicago's Wesley hospital they decided that half of the little girl's brain was responsible for all of her bad behavior and her seizures. In an operation which lasted four hours and 35 minutes, on May 14, they removed that half of her brain.

Within three weeks the surgeons reported to newsmen that the healthy side of the little girl's brain was taking over all functions. Her senses remained acute. She had suffered no more convulsions. Although she was still partially paralyzed this was now expected to improve.

And in place of the recalcitrant demon was a pretty, co-operative, cheerful and intelligent child.

❖

REV. ROBERTSON'S EYES

■ The Rev. O. F. Robertson of Hartsville, Tenn., is slowly going blind. He makes his way with increasing difficulty about his little hill farm.

Not long ago, Rev. Robertson was walking home when he felt a gentle nudge at his side. It was Mary, his cow, trying to help him up the slope.

Apparently Mary senses that her master is going blind. Now she goes with him everywhere about the farm, serving as his eyes.

❖

TELL THE BEES

■ Throughout his life, John Zepka of Adams, Mass., kept bees. He raised them, worked with them, loved them and became widely known in the Berkshires as a man who had a way with bees.

Late in May Zepka died. When the cortege reached the grave mourners found the funeral tent swarming with bees — on the tent ceiling, clinging to the floral sprays. The bees remained immobile throughout the ceremony. Then they flew away.

❖

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

■ Philosophy depends for its roots upon man's observations and interpretations of reality. Recently Dr. Paul C. Aebersold, chief of the isotopes division of the Atomic Energy Commission at Oak Ridge, Tenn., enunciated some ideas that may become basic to the philosophy of the future.

Second-hand atoms, coming from microbes to man, from prehistory to the present, fill the human body, said Dr. Aebersold. There is a continual swapping of atoms among men, animals and organic matter.

"The ten billion billion billion atoms now in your system have, during the course of the world, been under continual exchange in biological material.

"Some of your atoms may be hand-me-downs from a dinosaur or a rose, others flitting in and out of your tissues may have been exhaled by Julius Caesar when he gasped, dying, *'Et tu, Brute.'* "

Within a period of one year, said Dr. Aebersold, 98 per cent of the atoms in a human body will be replaced by new atoms.

❖

CAUSE FOR MENTAL ILLNESS

■ Does mental illness have physical causes?

Recently Dr. Robert Heath, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at Tulane University, injected two prisoner-volunteers with a protein substance taken from the blood of schizophrenia patients.

Each man manifested a different state of schizophrenic behavior. One went into a catatonic state characterized by daze and hallucination. The other assumed characteristics of a paranoid. He became suspicious and thought that everyone was talking about him.

These experiments so far in-

dicate a physical cause which it may be possible to cure. The condition of the two men lasted about two hours. Each had lost track of time but each remembered what had occurred.

The man in the catatonic state said it had been pleasant and that if he had to spend the rest of his life in prison that wouldn't be a bad way to do it.

The other said he knew he was angry and resentful toward the experimenters but didn't recognize that his reaction was irrational until later.



HE SEES THROUGH HIS SKIN

■ Dr. Karl Konig, superintendent of the Camphill Rudolph Steiner schools in Scotland, has reported the amazing case of a blind boy trained to "see" through his skin.

The child came to the school when he was only four. He was considered to be uneducable. He could talk only in parrot fashion, was thin, frail and shy.

He was placed on a couch surrounded by a screen of white sheets. Then colored light was flooded through on this white screen. The boy was literally bathed in colors – different colors for different periods of time.

Soon he was reacting to the colors. He learned to speak properly, to sing, to recite poems. The texture of his skin changed; the boy became sturdy and healthy.

Dr. Konig is convinced that there are great possibilities that blind children can perceive impressions of light and color by means of their skins – particularly the forehead and cheeks.

In one case a blind-deaf child was placed in a darkened room. Beams of colored light were thrown on the eyes. Then a lighted candle was placed between child and teacher. Soon the child was following identically the gestures made by the teacher.

Said Dr. Konig: Today this child's eyes have a vivid expression of personality. He can pick up things from the floor which he "sees" at a distance of two or three yards.



A LOOK AT TIME

■ Mr. Einstein wrote that time is a variable quantity; the rate at which it flows depends upon the speed of the observer. At the velocities with which we are familiar the difference is infinitesimal. But if man ever reaches the stars he must travel at a speed approaching that of light. The faster he travels the slower time will pass. And at the speed of light time will cease to exist. So says Mr. Einstein.

Now, says Arthur C. Clarke, in *The Saturday Review*, if a spaceship left Earth for Proxima Centauri at 95 per cent of the speed of light, and returned immediate-

ly at the same velocity, the inhabitants of the ship would think that the round trip had lasted about three years. But they would have been gone for some eight and one-half years according to all the clocks and calenders on this Earth.

❖

NOISY GHOSTS

■ A fine poltergeist case is reported through Paris from the village of San Lupicin in the Jura Mountains. It involves the "jumping fits" of 11-year-old Julienne Rachero.

As soon as Julienne enters a room, tables come towards her. Furniture moves about, blankets fly off beds, lamps whirl around. Once an eiderdown was seen "breathing like a lung."

❖

THE LIGHT THAT TAKES A WALK

■ Mr. and Mrs. Glen Zimmerman live on Route 2, Loudonville, Ohio, near Mansfield. For 13 years they have had a periodic visitor — a ghostly light that takes a walk through the field next to their home.

The light doesn't appear every night, nor at the same time of the night, but it always follows the same route.

It floats about four feet off the ground, across an open field into a wood at the foot of a hill. Mrs. Zimmerman says it bobs and sways slightly and has just about the speed of a man walking down the hill. Everything indicates that there is a man carrying a lantern through the field.

But there is no man.

❖

THE NIGHTMARE DEATHS

■ Since FATE ran the original article several years ago, dozens of magazines, including the *Saturday Evening Post,* have told about the weird nightmare deaths in the Philippines.

These strange deaths overtake supposedly healthy young men, usually between 20 and 30 years of age, and usually between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m.

Now Dr. Saburo Yoshimura of the Tokyo Metropolitan Health Bureau in Japan has reported that 200 persons have died in Tokyo in the past three years from what appears to be the same cause.

In the Philippines it is widely believed that witch doctors can, with a curse, control a victim's subconscious mind to the point of inducing a fatal spasm in sleep.

—Curtis Fuller

It was in a spirit of fun that I made the wax image and gave it his name. I did not realize his fate was sealed when . . .



I PRACTICED BLACK MAGIC

By Frances Louise Martin

I formed the image of white wax, so that it roughly resembled him. I incorporated torn strands of his hair into it and dressed it in a piece of cloth that had been his clothing. I gathered together 12 of my friends and with a great ceremony I christened it and gave it his name."

This is not the confession of a witch from the Middle Ages. These are my words, written by my hand in a rooming house on Monroe Street near Damen Avenue in Chicago in the year 1937 A. D. It was strange to run across this notation after all of these years and more strange still to realize that I may have killed him. And I can't even remember his name.

He was Mimi's husband and she was my best friend. He had separated her from her friends and family soon after their marriage. It had been almost three years since I had seen Mimi. Then I ran into her one day on Madison Street only a block from home. I was shocked at her appearance. She was thin and drawn, with a tortured look in her eyes.

"Mimi!" I screamed, almost dropping my groceries in my anxiety to reach her.

She held onto my hand without words. I took her home with me. Over coffee she filled me in on the last three years. Her story was like some kind of nightmare which she verified by showing me the scars on her body. Most of them were tooth marks! I was convinced that her husband must be an insane sadist.

Mimi told me that no matter where she moved, he always found her. She tried to work and he always showed up and made a scene so that she was either fired or forced to quit. Evidently he was trying to make it so difficult that she would have to return to him. He even threatened to take her child away. She had found a new job that day, but was almost afraid to take it for fear he'd find her again.

"Have you asked the police to help?" I asked.

"They don't want to interfere between a husband and wife," said Mimi. "You know how it is around here."

"Have you asked your Church to help?"

"All I got there was, 'He's your husband,' " she said biting her lips.

I gathered that she was too embarrassed to tell anyone except me the full details.

"Why don't you move in here?" I asked. "The room behind me is empty. Mom Trumble treats us all like we're her kids. She has three sons and two of them are big husky cops. How about it?"

"What if he finds me here and makes a scene?" She asked.

"Don't worry honey," I said. "Mom's boys will toss him out. I know, I've seen them in action."

So Mimi came to live at our house. I worked days in a restaurant. Mimi was a "Twenty-Six" girl in one of the taverns on Madison Street. In high school, just a few years back, we had dreamed of a great future. We were 23 now, each with children, each with a broken marriage behind us. My break-up hadn't been dramatic. Things in those years were still very rough, so my marriage had died a natural death — of starvation.

"How did you ever happen to marry a guy like that?" I asked one day.

Mimi shrugged her pretty shoulders. After a few weeks of peace, she looked almost like the girl I used to know. "You remember when we read *Prince Charming* in school? I said my prince was to be tall, blond and handsome. Well, he came and I guess I never looked beyond that."

There were a few hours after I came home from work and before Mimi left that we always spent together. We cooked and ate together, it was cheaper that way.

One evening the children were playing in my room so I went into Mimi's to read some mail. I lay down on the bed in the curtained alcove with my head to the foot so I'd be certain to hear Mimi when she came in from shopping. I must have dozed. I heard her come in and put the packages on the table, but I didn't speak. I was in that lovely state between sleep and waking. Then there was a knock on the door and Mimi opened it.

"What do you want?" I heard Mimi say, her voice bordering on panic.

"You!" I heard a masculine voice answer. "I've been looking for you for weeks."

I watched Mimi back away until she reached the couch, her eyes wide with terror. Then I saw the man spring after her. His hands were white against the black of her dress. Before my eyes I saw him change into a monster with blazing eyes. He's almost like a were-wolf, I thought. Then Mimi fastened her hands in his hair and screamed. The sound projected me into action.

"Let her alone," I yelled.

I had the letter opener in my hand, upraised. He straightened up and turned to me with hate in his eyes, but fear was there also when he saw the silver knife in my hand. He backed away cursing.

"You witch," he said through his teeth. "You've influenced her."

The door flew open and one of Mom's boys burst into the room and grabbed him. Another roomer caught his other arm and they hustled him down the stairs. I heard Mom's boy say, "If you ever come here again, I'll put you into jail and throw away the key."

They threw him ignominiously into the street.

Mimi was sobbing hysterically, so I took her to my room to quiet her. I knew she was in no condition to work and I called her boss.

"He must have wandered the neighborhood for days looking for me," said Mimi.

"I'll bet he followed you home today and sneaked in, but I'll bet he won't ever make that mistake again."

Let's have a party," I said, thinking perhaps a crowd would help to make her feel more secure.

While I was out shopping for the party, I got the idea for the effigy. Witch am I? I'll show him, I thought. I picked up a pamphlet on charms and black magic at the book stall near Paulina Street. Reading it, I discovered I had materials available for the image. I had some of his hair — from Mimi's tight fingers. We even had a piece of his torn shirt.

The effigy was made! And

when we had all assembled, we discovered that we were 13 in number.

"A Witches Coven," I said laughing. "Assemble my followers, for the christening."

We said the "Lord's Prayer" backwards and with great ceremony we christened him by name. Each of my "associate witches" came forward and pronounced sentence upon the hapless image with much giggling and laughter. After a while I saw Mimi smile and I knew her nightmare was over at least temporarily.

As a final gesture I drew a cabalistic sign on the floor and stepped into it. By candle light, I called upon the spirits of darkness to assist me in punishing this one.

That night we all laughed a lot; we even danced and sang. After everyone left I discovered our "guest of honor" in the midst of the mess on the table. I put him on the edge of the cupboard intending to give him to Mimi for a souvenir.

The next day after work Mom Trumble met me at the door.

"Fran, have you seen the evening paper? We'll have no more trouble with that crazy husband of Mimi's. He killed himself last night."

"How?" I gasped.

"He locked himself in his room, sealed it with paper and gassed himself," she said. "And good riddance too. That poor girl will be all right now."

It was with a mounting premonition that I ran up the stairs. The effigy was not in the cupboard! Monroe Street was a truck route in those days. One of the big ones that passed must have jarred it down. The wax image was lying with its face across the hose of my gas plate!



A TOUCH OF LIGHTNING

DURING a thunderstorm in Bath, N. Y., lightning struck Mrs. Jack McNamara's wristwatch strap. The clasp melted — but she was unharmed.



ANSWER TO A PRAYER

PARISHIONERS of St. Mary's Church in Metamora, Ill., planned an outdoors procession to pray for rain. On the day that the procession was scheduled to take place, it rained.



is your RECEIVER ON THE HOOK?

My vision of Mother seated at a piano proved to me that telepathy is like a telephone connection.

By Dorothy Gray Smith

MENTAL telepathy may be likened to telephone communication. If the receiver is on the hook (the instrument in attunement) incoming messages are received. If the receiver is off the hook connections cannot be completed and incoming messages are not received.

The working mind, conditioned to reception, can receive messages through the ether.

I had no personal experience with mental telepathy prior to my first enlightening contact, but the subject interested me and my mind was open. This may partly explain why my first message came naturally and without effort on my part.

I was living in Los Angeles; my mother, from whom I received the telepathic message, was in Berkeley, some 500 miles away. I attribute the phenomenon to the attunement of two minds in close affiliation.

I was alone, quietly writing a

letter to my mother. After perhaps five minute's concentration strains of Chopin waltzes began to interrupt my thoughts. At first the music was faint. My mother, an accomplished pianist, had lulled me to sleep with soft strains of Chopin during my childhood and he remained my favorite composer. Thoughts of Chopin and my mother could easily be synonymous, I reasoned. However, since moving to Berkeley, after Father's death Mother had not had a piano. I tried to cast the music from my mind, but it persisted until the vibrations of *Waltz in F Minor* became so strong I felt myself swaying to the rhythm.

I became disturbed. Never before had I experienced such a sensation of reality. It occurred to me that my mother might be visiting where there was a piano and that she really might be playing Chopin's waltzes. If so, I reasoned, this would be mental telepathy.

By closing my eyes, to shut out my surroundings, I was able to visualize my mother sitting at an upright piano. I could see her shoulders sway as her fingers flew over the keys. I felt as if I were in the room with her. Suddenly I became excited. I determined to find out at once if this was a figment of my imagination or if I was having my first thrilling experience with mental telepathy.

I immediately wrote a paragraph in my letter giving full details of my experience. I stated the time, named the music and asked for a prompt reply. A letter came three days later from my slightly bewildered mother.

One of our relatives had left suddenly for the east. Not wishing to ship her piano she had asked Mother to keep it and use it. It *was* an upright and it had been delivered to my mother's home only the day before my experience. On this particular evening, Mother wrote she sat down at the piano immediately after dinner, about 6:30 p.m., and played for several hours. She began with a book of Chopin waltzes and was playing them at the time I heard her, which was 7 o'clock. She played *Waltz in F Minor,* because she played every waltz in the collection; however, she could not be sure exactly what time she had played this particular piece.

I knew, after reading Mother's letter, that I had been initiated into the wonders of mental telepathy. I wondered if I could delve further into its mysteries. I was determined to try.

If this power was dependent upon mental affiliation, my reasoning told me there could be no closer attunement of minds than between husband and wife and I chose my husband for my next experiment. His business took

him out of town on a San Joaquin Valley run for one week of every month. He always left on Monday but returned home anytime from Wednesday to Friday night. It wasn't always convenient for him to call and I never could be sure. "Expect me when you see me," was his usual parting phrase.

Often he arrived home hungry and tired, long past the dinner hour. As a consequence I began a standard debate with myself every Wednesday as to whether to prepare a chance dinner for him. This debate continued daily through Friday, with many disappointments.

I worked as a secretary and was sitting at my desk one Thursday when the message came. My conscious mind was on my transcribed notes, but my sub-conscious mind must have been with my husband. The telepathic vibrations finally interrupted my conscious thoughts. I had the sensation of motion and speed — a long way off. By closing my eyes I could see the red company truck my husband drove on his engineering job. It seemed to be rolling, fast, along a highway. Then suddenly the sensation of motion ended. Two minutes later the telephone on my desk rang.

I was so sure it was my husband that I turned to my associate and said, "That's Jerry, he's coming home tonight."

As I reached for the telephone she gave me a puzzled look. But it *was* Jerry and he *was* coming home — in time for dinner.

I had proved my point.

After this experience starting each Wednesday of the weeks Jerry was out of town, I began to concentrate on him. Always I was successful and many times surprised him by having dinner ready when he arrived home. By keeping track of the time of day I received the message and later discussing it with Jerry I was able to ascertain that I received these messages at the approximate times that his thoughts were either on me or on coming home, thus proving our mental attunement. I practiced this procedure successfully for as long as he was on the road.

One particular evening, having the usual sensation of rapid rolling along the highway, I knew my husband was on his way home. At first he was a long way off, but he kept getting closer. Then the motion stopped; yet the sensation of distance, as I had learned to recognize it, still meant he was half to three-quarters of an hour away in time. I was somewhat alarmed until about a half hour later, the sensation of motion returned — I knew then he was rolling again. His mother lived in the San Fernando Valley, which was about half to three-quarters of an hour away from us,

and an elementary deduction told me he probably stopped to visit with her. When he did arrive home I met him at the door.

"You frightened me," I said. "I thought something had happened when you stopped."

He looked at me in astonishment. "How did you know I stopped?" he asked.

"Because," I replied, "the sensation of motion stopped. When it started again I assumed you had visited your mother."

"That's exactly what I did," he said, "but it beats me how you can tell."

Mental telepathy is a convenient method of communication, however, I found that practicing it too consistently brought about mental fatigue. For that reason I confined my attempts to those times when it was necessary or convenient.

One day my boss' wife telephoned. She was weeping hysterically. Her father, an elderly man who lived with them, had had a serious stroke and been rushed to the hospital in a vain attempt to save his life. She was a woman who had been sheltered and protected all her life and now needed her husband desperately. Unfortunately he was out of town for the day and I had no definite itinerary for him. I made several attempts to contact him without avail. After exhausting all possibilities I reluctantly called his wife.

"But I've *got* to have Sam," she cried frantically. "Isn't there *something* you can do?"

I had already notified the Highway Patrol, but I couldn't give them much to work on. Then I told her that while I could not promise anything as a last resort I would try mental telepathy. Sam and I had worked together for several years and I thought there was a good chance of getting through to him.

I shut my office door and began pacing the floor — part of the time with my eyes open — part of the time with them closed. Throwing every other thought out of my mind I concentrated on Sam. "Sam, call me, it is important," I kept repeating. It took between half and three-quarters of an hour to get through to him, but I was successful. He called me!

"I was rolling along the highway," he explained, "and something seemed to tell me to call you. I thought it was silly but it kept hammering away at me and wouldn't take *No* for an answer." He laughed a little as he asked, "Is everything all right?"

I told him about his father-in-law and instead of returning to the office as he had planned he drove directly home.

Perhaps my most unusual experience with mental telepathy was in contacting an animal,

which I understand is rare.

We were living on a small ranch and my seven-year-old son had a dog which he adored. The terrier was inclined to wander off down the highway and we tried to keep her inside the fence. However, one afternoon she darted out the gate and disappeared. On previous occasions she had returned within an hour but this time the afternoon wore away and she did not come back. We became concerned and began to search for her. When darkness set in and she still had not returned we travelled several different highways still searching, but the dog could not be found. No one had seen her. Our small son was too disturbed to eat his dinner. His father and I tried to assure him the dog would return but he would not be comforted. He wanted to see her *now*. When 9 o'clock came and there was still no sign of the terrier he began to cry.

"Mommy," he begged, "why don't you do mental telepathy with Nanny, like you do with Daddy?"

"But, honey," I tried to explain, "animals are *different*. I don't think we could do it with the dog."

"Mommy," he insisted, "you could *try*." And so, to comfort him, I tried.

As usual I paced the floor, trying to empty all thoughts from my mind. Again it took a half hour before I had any success — then it came. The sensation was one of motion, then it stopped. This starting and stopping continued consistently. The dog seemed some distance away at first but with each starting and stopping she got closer. Again I made elementary deductions. For the dog to move in such fashion indicated she was injured. I seemed to sense that she alternately dragged herself wearily for a little way and then rested.

"I'm sure I am in contact with her," I finally said. "She seems to be hurt, but she's dragging herself home and she's getting closer all the time."

Satisfied that Nanny was coming home, my son stopped crying. Every few minutes he asked, "How close is she, Mommy?"

When I felt she was quite close we went out into the darkness with a flashlight, but we could not find her. We returned to the house again to wait. Suddenly I had the sensation that she was very close to me.

"She's here," I said confidently, "some place in the yard."

Hopefully we three went out again — and found her by the corner of the fence. Undoubtedly she had been hit by an automobile. Her left leg and hip were broken. She had dragged herself laboriously home by her front legs, a few feet at a time.

Obviously she was in great pain and completely exhausted. However a veterinary saved her life.

I had come a long way, I thought, since that first evening when I had heard Chopin. But I am no different from millions of others. When the receiver is on the hook, the instrument is in attunement, ready and able to receive incoming messages. When the receiver is off the hook the connection is incomplete and the message cannot come through.

Why don't you put your receiver on the hook?

THE HOMING FROG

A frog named Ulysses has demonstrated that the mysterious homing instinct is not confined to such warm-blooded creatures as dogs, cats and pigeons. Ulysses has returned repeatedly to the plant nursery owned by Mas Nijima and Kay Nose in Cupertino, Calif., although taken to distant spots in an effort to be rid of him.

Ulysses appeared at the nursery almost four years ago. His friendly nature appealed to the youngsters and most of the adults there and for a while he was allowed to remain. He made his home beneath an escallonia bush, a pink-flowered shrub native to South America, the scent of which seemed to attract him.

Kay Nose, however, disliked frogs and finally obtained the consent of the others at the nursery to evict Ulysses. The frog was taken to a stream some distance away and left there. A few days later he hopped back into the nursery and settled himself once more beneath the escallonia. Several times more he was taken to distant spots, but each time he returned.

Once the frog was thrown into a drainage ditch and was seen carried away by the swift waters. A few weeks later, however, he was back under his favorite shrub at the nursery.

Finally a friend, Richard Morgin, took Ulysses home to his Saratoga ranch early in June, 1955. A string had been tied around the frog's left leg as his reappearances seemed so incredible many questioned whether the same frog was involved. In October a frog was seen hopping into the Cupertino nursery yard. A dirty string dangling from its leg identified it as Ulysses.

Pretty Bobbie?



Bob was dead — but Mom semed to think otherwise. A stray kitten convinced her that all of her sons were home.

By Louise Marsh

THE letter was postmarked from home — Chicago — June, 1953. Its words leaped at me like blows, "Did you know that Bob Rigsby is dead?"

Bob was dead! Not gloriously, as his uncle, Lucky Kelly, died; not on the field of battle; but accidently — he had fallen from a tree, somewhere in Korea. It just didn't seem to make sense.

I remembered the pride in Mom Rigsby's voice when she told me about Kelly's death. He had worked until the last moments of his life trying to repair the motor of the sub in which he and his buddies finally died. Maybe you remember the ill-fated S-4. Such courage somehow helps the family that loses a loved one.

Bob and Mom had been so close; and where would she find comfort in a death like this, I wondered?

Bob had been one of the nine reasons I married my husband, Chuck. He had eight brothers, ranging from five to 23. The boys were all talented in art or music. They were Irish and had tempers to prove it. Their arguments often ended in brawls; then Mom would get a poker and settle it.

It seemed the boys could do anything with nothing. They had to pin on their swim shorts, but they swam like fish. They put ice skates together from those other people threw away and skated like professionals. I had a lot of fun just knowing that family.

They were all scrappers, but Bob. When he was little and the

other boys fought, he'd cry. He didn't want them to get hurt. He loved animals and was always rescuing kittens. He'd put them into the front of his shirt to warm them and bring them home. That's another thing I loved about Mom's house, there was always room for one more cat or one more child. I know because I was one of Mom's adoptions.

As Bob grew up, he retained his gentleness. He went out with the others, drank and danced, but he never had a girl. When the others teased him he said, "Mom is the only girl I want."

He bought her all of the things she had done without.

The years that I knew the family, during the 1930's were lean ones. The boys never had enough to eat. They would come home with vegetables they picked up somewhere along the way and we'd make stew. They all picked up cigarette butts and together we'd strip off the paper to make cigarettes for Chuck and me. We did all of the things in those years that didn't cost money. It's surprising how many there were and what fun they were.

But in the final analysis those years were too rough; so Chuck and I didn't make it. I moved out west and lost track of the family for many years. Then one day I ran across an item in the paper about a Chicago widow who had five sons in service. They were Mom's boys. I could see all of the others in uniform, but I wondered how a gentle guy like Bob could fit into a violent war.

Now this letter said Bob was dead. "It was several months ago," I read on, "but Mom has never recovered from the news."

Within a matter of hours I was flying home to see her.

Chuck met me at the Municipal Airport and told me the rest of the story on our way home to the West Side. The folks still lived in the big frame house on Lexington Street.

It had happened in August, 1952. The 7th Division and the 187th Airborne were sweating it out in the "Iron Triangle". Bob's outfit was in reserve and he had a 72 hour pass. Bob had been walking down a street in Seoul with his buddy, Joe. A fat dog had chased a frightened, half-starved kitten up a tree. It was mewing blue murder to get down. Bob told his buddy to wait, climbed the tree and put the kitten inside his jacket. His foot slipped, he fell backward and was killed instantly.

Some other G.I.s rushed over to Bob and noticed the stirring inside his jacket. They took the kitten out just as the M.P.s arrived. When Bob's body was taken away his buddy started for the other soldier; he wanted to kill the kitten. These were hardened veterans from the Chore Wan

Sector, fresh from the battles of Heart Break Ridge and Old Baldy. They tried to reason with Joe but he wouldn't listen. It worked into a real brawl. Bob's buddy got taken into custody, but the soldier with the kitten got away. That was all anyone knew, Chuck said. Our taxi pulled up at Mom's house and the years fell away. I could see Mom sitting in her chair by the front window, but the eyes she turned toward me were blank.

After while I called her doctor.

"A shock might help," he said. "But there is nothing more I can do."

The boys were all at home. The house seemed overflowing, so I went to a hotel on Jackson Boulevard feeling pretty hopeless. The Red Cross doesn't send four boys home from half-way 'round the world unless the situation is serious. I called the Red Cross and found Bob's outfit was almost all back in the States. I decided to contact his buddy as a last resort. I was lucky. He was a Chicago boy, Joe Ginocchio and his folks had a phone out in Austin.

When I explained who I was he said, "I've been planning to see Bob's mother. He talked about her all the time. I'll come over tomorrow afternoon."

I hung up feeling a little better. But it was early morning before I finally fell asleep.

My phone rang just before noon. It was Chuck.

"Honey, come over right away! Mom knows us and knows you're in town. She's planning a family dinner," he said.

I didn't even think to ask how or why. Being a modern skeptic I believe in miracles, but I never had expected to participate in one. I dressed and almost ran all the way. Joe and I arrived at the same moment. I sat on the floor, holding Mom's hand while he told her all he knew about Bob. After a while I whispered that we mustn't tire her, so we went down the hall to look at the boys' war trophies.

"I still can't understand why he had to die like that," I said to Joe. "It seems so pointless."

Joe shook his head. "Bob and I talked a lot. He was always afraid he'd let the family down when he was sent into combat. At least, there was a little decency to the way he died."

I could see his eyes remembering some that were not.

We could hear Mom's voice crooning in the front room. Then Joe spoke again.

"She talks about him as though he was still here. Makes you feel sort of strange doesn't it?" He glanced at his watch. "Gosh, I've got to be going. I've only been home a few days and all the relatives are due over."

Mom looked up when he went in to say good-bye.

"Thanks for telling me about my boy. I feel that I have had a part in his whole life now. There was so much missing before. I feel suddenly that he isn't gone at all. I used to be able to tell without looking, when the boys were all in for the night."

There was a little purring sound and we looked down. A silver-grey bob-tailed cat was rubbing Mom's legs.

"Have you had him, for a long time?" Joe asked. His voice sounded strangled.

"No," Mom answered. "The boys say he just walked in here this morning. He came in and jumped into my lap. Then he went from room to room as if he knew the place. He purrs if I even look at him. Bob loved cats you know."

Joe said good-bye again and I walked him down the hall. His voice still sounded strange when he said, "You know, that kitten that Bob rescued was silver-grey with a bobbed tail."

I could feel the back of my neck tingle. In the startled silence Mom's voice could be heard crooning again. This time her words were clear. She was saying over and over, "Pretty, pretty Bobbie."

THE FEATHER CROWNS

By Frank Harris

In 1909 my sister-in-law and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Smith of Carnegie, Okla., were deeply grieved when their 10-month-old son, Ernest, died of pneumonia. A short time later an old lady told my sister-in-law that if she looked inside the pillow on which the little boy died she would find a crown of feathers.

My sister-in-law dismissed the advice as nonsense and thought no more about it for some time. One morning, while changing bedclothes, she discovered a lump in the pillow on which her little boy died. Obtaining a knife, she ripped open the pillow and found, not one, but two, feather crowns.

They were about four inches in diameter, firm in texture, and the butt end of each feather was turned in with the rounded side out. In the center of the crown was a hole about one inch in diameter.

I believe that no human hand could have placed the feathers in that particular shape. I do not say that all the pillows on which infants die have crowns in them but it will do no harm to investigate. — *Corona, Calif.*

the STARS LOOK DOWN

By G. F. Utter

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Is astrology fact or fancy? What views are held today? A newspaperman reports on his investigation of an ancient science.



Typical of "serious" Cleveland astrologers is Mrs. Nora M. Forrest, executive-secretary of the Ohio Astrological Assn., a former school teacher.

Is astrology a fraud, fad or a fantastically rewarding guide to a richer, fuller life?

A News survey indicates that astrology's star is rising in public acceptance. Its spread is testified to by the circulation growth of astrology publications, the entrenchment of astrological associations and by the affirmative nod of some conservative scientists.

Evidence gathered by The News indicates that astrology may be fraud, fad or fulfillment. In the hands of charlatans astrology is as preposterous as phrenology, a pretense of appraising character and personal potentialities by calipering and counting the lumps on a human head. Grandpa fell for that.

As a fad, astrology now and for ages has caught the public

fancy just as does any system which purports to let man have a clandestine gander into the future. Delvers into the occult since the time of King Saul and the Witch of Endor have used stars, straws, human bones, playing cards, whole birds or their feathers, sand, fire, wind and water for divination.

Many of today's astrologers and astrology students insist there is nothing occult or hidden in astrology. They say that the zodiac, the planets and the eternal river of time in which they move do not fix the course of future events but only lend mutable influences.

These astrologers are among members of the third classification of interested persons who are convinced that a knowledge of astrology makes life more pleasant and fruitful, better attuned to universal forces.

What kind of people are they? In the Ohio Astrological Association, Inc., an organization that has flourished in Cleveland since 1932, a cross section of its roster of astrologers and students shows them sedate, discreet and occupying a higher than average economic and educational shelf.

Mrs. Louise H. McBean, president of the association, gives a sampling of her group as follows:

"We have the president of an engraving company, who uses astrology in his everyday operations, the head of an educational extension institute, a policeman, an industrialist, an attorney, a master engraver and, until their deaths, the head of a high school English and dramatics department and an engineer for an internationally known construction firm."

Mrs. McBean, an attractive, chic, "serious" student of astrology, is a secretary in a synthetic fiber manufacturing firm. She says:

"In our study of astrology we do not look upon it as a purely predictive art. Rather, we look upon it as a means of discovering the purposes of life on this earth and the best way of furthering our individual development."

She calls attention to a statement made in 1953 by the late John J. O'Neill, science editor of the New York Herald Tribune and a Pulitzer prize winner, who declared:

"Astrology is the branch of science that concerns the effect produced on earth by the external universe. The seasons, the weather, the cycles in the plant, animal or mineral kingdoms associated with them, are all subjects of astrological research. It is difficult to draw a line beyond which astrological research does not apply."

Astrology has been and is being applied to meteorology, medicine, psychiatry, business, finance, sociology, politics and to

the burning question of whether Nov. 9 is a good day for Aunt Cissie to plant her chrysanthemums.

Astrology has unusual converts. A number of years ago a reporter named Edward A. Wagner, working for a Cleveland newspaper, was assigned to do a series of articles debunking astrology. He wrote his stories and shortly thereafter became a student of astrology.

Today Wagner is editor of *Horoscope*, an astrological publication produced in New York. Recently it has expanded its printing to include French, Scandinavian and Danish languages, Portuguese, and Spanish and is circulated throughout most of the Western Hemisphere.

But why didn't astrology work out for Hitler? Why hasn't it been more widely accepted if it offers so much? How do astrologers come to their conclusions?

This reporter has asked astrologers here and throughout the nation for replies to these and many other questions concerning the occult art. Skeptics have also been consulted. Predictions for the coming year have been obtained with, almost invariably, the astrologer's warning that: "The stars impel but do not compel."

From the days of the ancients, ever since there has been any record of superstition or the occult, it has been believed that the moon has an affinity for and a hold on the affairs of humans.



Mrs. Louise H. McBean, president of the Ohio Astrological Assn., says her group considers astrology a means of furthering their self-development.

Looking at a full moon over one's left shoulder was thought to invite ill fortune. Farmers have risked the success of their crops by waiting to plant in a certain phase of the moon. Many fishermen today consult lunar guides — abbreviated almanacs — before they will wet a line.

The ancients believed in moon-madness and the words moon-struck and lunatic still are common in our language. This belief in the moon's powers is a simple form of astrology.

It has been declared to The

News in an examination of astrology's growth in popular appeal that many prison wardens believe that trouble with inmates is most likely to start when the moon is full.

Cleveland astrologers cite the savage mutiny at Ohio Penitentiary in 1952. The riot, which cost one life and several millions of dollars in property damage, started on Halloween as the moon neared its full phase.

The astrologers say that the rioters were poised for an outbreak on Oct. 30, when the moon was in a position with respect to the planet Mars which indicated and stimulated aggressive action.

A few hours later, on Oct. 31, the moon moved to a position "squared" with the planet Uranus, an astrological indication of rebellion. At 6:10 p.m. on Nov. 1, when the moon completed its phase, the riot was in full fury.

In a study of the insane it has been found that out of 47 cases of schizophrenia the moon was dominant in 46 instances, Dr. Fields, of Washington, D. C., a pediatrician, internal medicine specialist and member of the American Medical Association declares. He adds that a Swedish physicist - chemist, Svante Arrhenius, who won the Nobel chemistry prize in 1903, demonstrated that the rotation of the moon around the earth is related to frequency of births and epileptic seizures.

Dr. Budai at the Hospital Trousseau in Paris studied the temperature graphs of 3,000 fever patients, according to Dr. Fields, and came up with the observation that the days of a new and full moon and the two days that precede and follow them are dangerous for health. Relapses are frequent at such times.

The moon's influence also extends deep into the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, according to Dr. Fields.

"Experiments have proved that roses pruned three or four days before a full moon will be later in blooming than those pruned a few days before a new moon," said Dr. Fields. "It has been shown that the maximum growth of wheat was obtained in a period of an increasing moon just before the summer solstice.

"The relation of the moon to the crystallization of mineral salts has long been an interesting phenomena. Patterns of crystallization of lead, tin and silver salts were obtained day and night both in open and completely darkened rooms.

"Silver chloride was affected in its crystal formation during eclipses of the moon. In a similar manner the crystallization of lead salts was influenced by an occultation — an eclipse of Saturn by the sun. Lead is the metal attributed to Saturn from ancient times."

It's at this point that astrology starts establishing a beachhead in the untutored mind. There seems to be a smattering of reasonable cause and effect in astrology, not that the proof is conclusive by any means.

A reasonable and easy-to-assimilate proposition that astrologers use to batter skeptic bulwarks is the presumption that the sun is the ruling "planet" and keeps things moving on earth.

The astrological premise, according to the author Stanley Barrett, is that:

"If the sun were to become extinct all life on this earth would end. Its influence dominates the entire solar system, its tremendous magnetic power holding nine planets in their orbits around it.

"The sun's influence goes to the very core of life and thinking. The powers of evil are symbolized as those of darkness, the powers of good as light."

Anyone except perhaps a mole or bat would agree.

The planets are important in modifying the effects of the general zodiacal augury and those of the sun and moon, Mrs. Nora M. Forrest explains, Mrs. Forrest is a former school teacher. She began a study of astrology in 1925, has been an astrological consultant and teacher of astrology since 1929-30 and is executive secretary of the Ohio Astrological Association, Inc.

The real work of the astrologer begins in interpreting the effects of planetary configurations on humans. Astrology is not confined to humans, however, because a horoscope may be charted for a dog, cat or even an organism such as the Cleveland Transit System.

The astrologers admit sadly, however, they never have won a decisive nod in the perennial tag match with charlatans who smear ethical astrology with fraud-by-association.

Howard M. Duff, Findlay, O., newspaperman and astrologer, said, "Much of the criticism against astrology is due to the statements made in its name, uses to which it is put by some persons, and magical claims made for it honestly or otherwise. To judge it by these is as fallacious as to judge medicine by its quacks, religion by venal priests or the law by its shysters."

A review of the charlatans' record indicates that Duff has stated his view with restraint. During the not-too-distant depression days of the early 1930s charlatans fell over each other getting into the astrology business. In cities such as New York, Los Angeles and even in Cleveland they set up astral bucket shops to milk the thin wallets of troubled Americans who were willing to turn anywhere for a morsel of hope or guidance.

The "astrologers" promised clients guidance on getting or keeping a job, and on love or any other affairs for fees ranging from two bits up. "Up" could mean $500 if the star-gazer had a plush office and a rich clientele.

Some of the prosperous star-gazing frauds actually had expensive, tripod telescopes as part of their office equipment. Reputable astrologers, of course, get celestial data gratis and willingly from the United States Naval Observatory at Washington. They need a telescope like they do a glockenspiel.

The net result was to tar ethical astrology with a widespread opinion that all astrology has no more substance than a knack of telling fortunes by reading beer suds. When the charlatans reached the end of their depression boom the impression remained: astrology was a fake.

Shortly thereafter Adolf Hitler nee Schicklegruber dealt ethical astrology one of the lowest blows of all. To a world which in the main was contemptuously critical of his manners, morals, habits, hobbies, foibles and follies, Hitler let his traffic with astrologers be known.

It is pretty well agreed that Hitler's astrologers were specialists of the first order because Der Fuehrer never called in second-raters for a discussion of any subject be it slaughter or sauerbraten. And on the face of it Hitler's wise men helped guide him to one of the most catastrophic national smashups in history.

A few years ago Mrs. Redding, one of the nation's leading astrologers and writers on astrology, wrote in American Astrology Magazine, a leading national publication devoted to "serious" astrology students, that: "Rulers have always taken a dangerous dislike for prophets who persisted in croaking like ravens."

There is no reason to believe that the headsman's axe or the stockades at Belsen and Dachau had more appeal for astrologers than any other mortal, she observes.

"Like Napoleon, Hitler had an afflicted Saturn in the 10th house of his chart, and like Napoleon, Hitler was unable to carry out his plans to invade England, was defeated in Russia and finally, ringed about with enemies, fell headlong into the bloody dust of history," Mrs. Redding writes.

There are indications that a brighter future is ahead for the astrologers. One city in the nation, Columbus, O., licenses astrologers just as it does other professional people.

The American Federation of Astrologers at Washington, D.C., which has members in 25 countries, is out to pull the rug from under the charlatans.

"The federation is interested in putting the fortune-teller and charlatan who plays upon the credulity of the public out of business," Ernest A. Grant, its executive secretary, said. "We will co-operate with any governmental agency to that end. We have a code of ethics to which every member must subscribe. I think you will find it as high in its standard as that of any other profession, including the cloth."

To an astrologer there is no moment more important than that of birth, the instant at which a baby draws its first breath and is living independently of its mother. At that precise moment, or within an astrological allowable space of four minutes either way, the sun, moon and the planets are presumably beaming rays, vibrations, magnetism or other emanations which, the astrologers say, may influence an individual for all of his days.

Heredity and environment are not minimized by the astrologers as determining factors on the human animal nor is it said astrology is a doctrine of fatalism.

Llewellyn George, a first-rank astrologer declared:

"Astrology provides us with an inventory of the working materials with which we were endowed at birth in the form of tendencies, mental capacity, physical endowments and abilities. But how we use or neglect to use the tools remains within our own jurisdiction."

Of all the vestments of astrology the zodiac is the most fascinating because it contains the colorful, mythological trappings of at least two milleniums of astrologic thinking and also is subject to manipulations of astronomical precision and delicacy, according to astrologers. From the zodiac comes influences which may determine health, success, physique and personality, even down to the color of an individual's hair.

The zodiac, as explained by an astrologer, is a circle of space surrounding the earth. It may be imagined as a belt in the heavens about 15 degrees wide in which the planets travel. Remember that a circle has 360 degrees and the arc of heaven from horizon to horizon is 180 degrees. The zodiac lies on the sun's apparent path, called the ecliptic, and is divided into 12 parts, each part containing 30 degrees of space called a sign of the zodiac. Thus a sign is a 1/12 division of the zodiacal circle and is defined as containing 30 degrees of celestial longitude.

In this circle the planets move within their own orbits. Each planet travels or transmits from west to east, going through one sign after another in their order from Aries to Pisces. Each sign is said to possess a certain specific influence of its own.

The motion of the earth around the sun once a year causes the sun to appear to pass through one of the 12 signs each month. The sun's influence, according to location, determines the seasons and the general nature and character of all persons at birth, astrologers say.

The planets as they travel around the zodiac exert an influence according to their separate natures and in accordance to the quality of the "aspects" they form.

Astrologers are not only definite about the characteristics of those born under certain signs, but occasionally they are lyric. Following is an astrological report on personalities by their birthdate signs:

Aries, the Ram, March 21-April 21 — "These eager, zestful, impetuous people are the most stirring and inspiring of the zodiac. Active, ardent, almost childlike in their enthusiasm, they spur us all to action. Ever on the go, mentally and physically, they are contemptuous of faint-heartedness. No problem is too difficult for these daring, self-reliant people."

Taurus, the Bull, April 21-May 21 — "These placid, good-natured, consistent people have more latent strength than any other group of the zodiac. Their primeval powers seem to find renewal in contact with the soil. Their broad shoulders carry heavy responsibilities w i t h o u t complaint."

Gemini, the Twins, May 21-June 21 — "Gemini people are the opportunists, the mixers of the zodiac, the most versatile and expressive. Their intellectual curiosity dips into all manner of subjects. Here today and gone tomorrow their pleasing personalities are as refreshing as a summer breeze."

Cancer, the Crab, June 21-July 21 — "Those born under this sign are impressionable and complex and some nearer to understanding the heart of mankind than any other sign. They hang onto the importance of the individual in any special order because they translate all of life in terms of its effect upon themselves and their families."

Leo, the Lion, July 21-Aug. 22 — "Child of the sun is Leo, vital, high-handed and magnanimous. Despising all that is mean or petty, this proud aristocrat of the zodiac sets an example which inspires others to match his standards and achievements."

Virgo, the Virgin, Aug. 22-Sept. 23 — "Their clear, logical minds are responsible for much of the world's scientific progress. They are self-possessed, orderly and efficient people who are the intellectuals, the professional servants of mankind. They are conscientious, untiring workers."

Libra, the Judge, Sept. 23- Oct. 21 — "The most charming, gracious, refined and balanced people of the zodiac. Shunning ugliness and sordidness, they are the most delicately attuned to beauty, harmony and justice."

Scorpio, the Scorpion, Oct. 21-Nov. 21 — "These are the most intense, passionate, and self-willed people of the zodiac. They are shrewd and penetrating judges of human nature. Strong individuals they are either saints or sinners and have more control than any other sign."

Sagittarius, the Archer, Nov. 21-Dec. 21 — "Sagittarians get more fun out of life than others. They are the genial philosophers of mankind. Capable of seeing both sides of a question, they are just to both. High-minded, they are never petty. They make friends easily and keep them."

Capricorn, the Goat, Dec. 21-Jan. 21 — "These people are the most serious and determined of all the signs of the zodiac. Capricorn will reach the heights or know the reason why. Extremely practical and industrious these steady, patient people turn everything to account, plan every step in their upward climb."

Aquarius, the Water Bearer, Jan. 21-Feb. 21 — "The most brilliant, contradictory and unpredictable members of society, yet ever anxious to benefit mankind. Dispassionate when considering humanity at large, they can be most personal in reaction to individuals."

Pisces, the Fish, Feb. 21-March 21 — "The most imaginative, sympathetic and charitable members of the zodiac, so temperamental they are the most difficult to understand. Moody and dreamy, they live in a world of their own imagination, so different from actuality they are often unable to cope with practical problems."

"Intelligent, responsible people use astrology that has been tested against facts, in the same way that a wise motorist uses maps, guides and weather reports to insure a profitable journey," says Howard M. Duff, former Clevelander who now is a Findlay, O., newspaperman and astrologer.

The astrologer's road map, the zodiac, plus a large assortment of astronomical time tables, logarithms and other paraphernalia of purely orthodox scientific origin are all rather numbing to the mind of a non-mathematical layman.

An astrologer erecting a chart or horoscope draws a circle and divides it pie-style into 12 equal slices. These are known as "houses" and are numbered successively from one to 12. The houses always are stationary with respect to earth, the first by number being just below the eastern horizon and the 12th house oc-

cupying its 30 degrees of celestial longitude immediately above the eastern horizon, at the left.

Each house is held to have a particular concern with mundane matters, such as finances, neighbors and relatives, journeys, contracts, farming, mines, beginnings, endings, death, taxes and sex.

The signs of the zodiac, also 12 in number, are visualized as revolving around the earth on the same plane as the houses, like a listless roulette wheel. A new sign passes through each house and rises on the eastern horizon every two hours.

When a zodiacal sign is in the first house, just below the horizon it is called the ascendant or rising sign, an important distinction.

Properly, the ascendant is that particular sign and its position in degrees on the eastern horizon in the exact latitude of a person's birthplace, in the case of a natal chart.

Now the planets enter the scene. They, as explained by an eminent astrologer, "Have a corresponding vibration, a harmonious condition, with the zodiacal signs. Each sign is, therefore, given a planet which is termed its 'ruler'."

As it works out for the astrologers, Mars, Venus, Mercury and Pluto each rule two signs, respectively Aries and Scorpio, Taurus and Libra, Gemini and Virgo, and Scorpio and Aries.

Both the moon and the sun are arbitrarily given rank as planets and assigned respectively, to the signs Cancer and Leo. The rest of the astral overlordship is paired off with Jupiter and Sagittarius, Saturn and Capricorn, Uranus and Aquarius and Neptune and Pisces.

Progressing into an astrological chart the planetary representations, according to the astrologers, are held to be somewhat as follows:

Sun — The heart, life energy, the father, husband, the employer.

Moon — The stomach, digestion, absorption, the breast, the mother, the wife, instincts in general, g r o w t h, physiological changes.

Mercury — The hands, mechanical ability, the lungs, music, nerves, young people, communication, letters, writings and the ability of man to associate with others.

Venus — Son, beauty, attraction, cohesion, artistic work, a loved one.

Mars — Outgoing energy, creative capacity, mechanical and engineering ability, a soldier, an engineer, a worker in metals.

Jupiter — Justice, law, aspiration, principles, philosophy, religion, wealth, expansion, arterial blood.

Saturn — Crystallization, organization, government, time and experience, the bones and the teeth.

Uranus — The unexpected, thunderbolts, electricity, originality and invention.

Neptune — Gases, fermentation, distillation, dreams and unreality.

The position of the planets in their orbits around the sun is determined by astronomers and used by astrologers for the particularization, the detail work, on a horoscope. When planets are in conjunction or parallel — exactly aligned — they can exert their best or most malefic influences, depending on the planets, for a person in whose house they appear, according to the astrologers.

When planets are in opposition, 180 degrees apart in the heavenly circle, or 90 degrees apart, they are considered adverse. Three planets forming a triangle, each 120 degrees apart, are deemed heralds of good fortune. Other aspects in terms of position range from slightly good to slightly adverse.

The conclusion of astrologers that a planet such as Jupiter, 480,000,000 miles from the sun; Saturn, which is 880,000,000 miles from the sun, and Neptune, 2,770,000,000 miles away can exert influences on mankind has persisted since Assyro-Babylonian times.

Rays, magnetism or cosmic vibrations, no one is sure how the planets broadcast their power but the astrologers will try to pinpoint the planets' effects almost to the intersection of Euclid Ave. and E. 9th St., and that is not entirely hyperbole.

Astrologers point out that nearly 2,000 years ago there was a conjunction of three planets, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, aligned each behind the other in the eastern sky so that they blazed brilliantly and to the naked eye appeared to be one heavenly body, a star. It was one of the most favorable of planetary conjunctions (if they do have power over humankind).

And it was at that time the Christ Child was born.

"Astrology has the same relation to astronomy, and common sense," said one astronomer, "as alchemy had to chemistry. Astronomers exposed the hocus-pokus in astrology. Then, as astronomy advanced as an exact science, the astrologers tried to climb aboard. Astrologers try to take natural facts and convert them into some magical cure-all.

"Pure rubbish! Astrology is not a science and never will be. I think that's the view of scientists who have ever given the subject a second thought. Most scientists don't."

Astrologers claim that astrology in times past has been espoused by science, the state and the church and that in the days of the kings of ancient Chaldea, and in Greece and Egypt astrologers were given high estate and pampered, presumably so long as

their predictions were favorable.

As one instance, the Bible makes it clear, according to astrologers, that Daniel was an astrologer and that he proved himself better than the home-town, first-string star-gazers in the court of King Nebuchadnezzar.

In ecclesiastical circles there apparently is no support for astrology.

A letter from the Rev. Peter J. Andrisan says simply:

"I do not believe in it."

The main trouble with astrology, say some critics, is that hardly anything connected with astrology can be proved without a shadow of a doubt, except that the planets will move in their usual orbits, whatever happens to the astrologers.

Gabriel's King is a Basset hound living at 324 E. 310th St., Willowick. He is two years old and comes with the standard equipment of Bassetts — potholder ears, jowls like an alderman, crocodilian teeth, skewed fore legs, a tremendous appetite and a worried look.

Along with three Greater and lesser Clevelanders, Gabriel's King — Gabby for short — was drafted as a mystery subject to give astrologers a "blindfold" test. The News wanted to know whether an astrologer could take only the birth date of an unidentified animal or person and come up with a horoscope that would fit the subject at least as closely as the first try-on of a cheap suit.

The astrologers said they could.

So a panel was assembled comprised of Mrs. Nora M. Forrest, dean of Cleveland astrologers and executive-secretary of the Ohio Astrological Association; Mrs. Louise H. McBean, president of the association, and Stanley Barret, author of "Your Birth Star Influences."

It was agreed that there would be umpires, persons intimately acquainted with or knowing the subjects by reputation.

Subject No. 1 was submitted to the panel merely as "a male dog, born at Hudson, O., August 9, 1955, at 2 p.m."

Mrs. Forrest and Mrs. McBean answered:

"His chart represents a very strong, healthy animal, shown by so many planets in the sign of Leo. He should be an excellent show dog, and is proud and loyal.

"He needs a firm hand in control but no coercive treatment should be used. To use force is of no avail for this type of creature, but kindness will produce wonders with him.

"He is tempermental, inclined to be destructive and may be addicted to stealing."

ACTUAL SUBJECT — Gabriel's King.

UMPIRE — This reporter, who owns Gabby and provides him with groceries.

VERDICT – Gabby is strong and destructive enough to knock an overstuffed chair and bridge lamp through a French window and has proved it. He is healthy. Presumably he could be a show dog because he is registered and his old man was a champ. Gabby not only needs a firm hand in control but there's always a temptation to use a firm foot in the stern when he gets stubborn. Force is of no avail with him. Try it sometime with a 50-pound bale of contrary canine muscle. He steals anything not nailed down, a canine klepto.

SCORE – Excellent.

Subject No. 2 was "a man born at Greensboro, N.C., June 18, 1918, at 12 noon.

The Forrest-McBean chart says:

"This man has a lot of drive and ambition and a highly nervous temperament. He has a very good earning power. His life will be for the most part one of dealing with the public and he will rise far through his own efforts. This man would be a good business man even though he were engaged in a profession.

"His childhood home would have been good. His mental equipment should be of an exceptionally high order, broadgauged, intuitive and imaginative."

ACTUAL SUBJECT – H. W. Branson, Cleveland district manager of The Carrier Corp., a top national manufacturing firm in the air conditioning and allied fields.

UMPIRE – Mrs. Gennille Branson, wife, of 1915 Westway Dr., Rocky River.

VERDICT – "That certainly fits Buck. We've been married 14 years and I should know."

SCORE – Excellent.

Subject No. 3 was a man born near Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, on Feb. 21, 1907. No exact time. Barrett replies:

"The sign of Aquarius. The basic Aquarian is outstanding in his individuality. There is a strange perversity in the Aquarian make-up which contributes much to their reaction to life.

"He is sociable and a good mixer. He likes nothing better than to get a group of people together and start a discussion. A warm-hearted desire to do all he can for people often puts the Aquarian in a fix. He will offer most sincerely to do something for you and give his solemn promise . . . but the days come and go without fulfillment.

"Aquarians assiduously guard their own interests and are indifferent to the opinions of others."

ACTUAL SUBJECT – Alex (Shondor) Birns, erstwhile Clevelander now serving a term in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary for not fulfilling his promise to pay Uncle Sam back income taxes.

UMPIRE – The reader.

Dr. Eldon Webb Tice, chief

obstetrician of the Methodist Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif., has testified in court that an investigation carried on for several years indicates a definite correlation between the moon's phases and frequency of childbirth.

The most fertile months are February and March, researchers reported, and births are more common in early morning and fewer between noon and three P. M. They hint there may be a connection with the position of the sun.

Dr. Fields says: "I have attempted to correlate astrology with disease to the best of my ability. There is one disease known as alopecia aerata, meaning a sudden loss of the hair in spots, which has characteristics which seem to prove astrology to me.

"Its cause has been variously attributed to many factors, but especially to nervous shock, fright, worry and fatigue. Those who are subject to this condition are frequently troubled with a dystrophy – faulty nutrition – of the fingernails, eczema of the palms and an extra rib. In this disease the thyroid often is underactive.

"In astrology we see an analogy to all this. Many astrologers believe the thyroid is ruled by the planet Mercury. It is said that Mercury rules Gemini and Virgo. It has long been held that Gemini governs the chest and fingers and Virgo rules the hand.

"These astrological premises have existed for hundreds of years. Modern scientific analysis of the various systems of disease presents a picture of correlation between alopecia aerata and the position of the planets. The Planet Mercury has been assigned as ruler of the nervous system from Hippocrates to the present."

Dr. Fields holds that preliminary studies in the analysis of 1,000 cases of cancer suggest that the disease is more likely to occur in the bodily area ruled by the sign of the zodiac in which the sun was found at birth.

Astrology has been tested scientifically in another way, according to Dr. Fields. "In a study of the civil registers of the towns of Basle and Geneva, in Switzerland, Krant, in his book *Astrophysiologie*, listed 62 persons in groups of two or three who were born at apparently the same hour, day and place, and invariably died at about the same age and from the same cause. In this research he found no exceptions.

"Some would say that this fact is coincidental but it is hard to explain 30 such coincidences without finding a single exception."

In the field of astro-meteorology, astrologers cite George J. McCormack of Fair Lawn, N. J. He made daily weather reports for New York City 90 days in advance and, tested by a New York

newspaper for a period of three years, showed greater accuracy than the government weather forecasters.

Among astrological predictions for 1956 given exclusively to The Cleveland News by Mrs. Joanne S. Clancy, editor of American Astrology, a "serious" monthly astrological publication, are the following:

President Dwight D. Eisenhower will not be a candidate for re-election in 1956. Vice President Richard M. Nixon is favored.

Russia will expand its influence on its "colonies" next year.

The new year will see the medical profession triumphant in its fight against cancer.

Mrs. Louise H. McBean, president of the Ohio Astrological Association says, "We believe that the stars impel, though they do not compel. We feel that a knowledge of planetary forces helps us to have a better life."

THE CHURCH THAT MOVED

MEMBERS who know its history speak of Providence Methodist Church in Swan Quarter, N. C., as a "church moved by the hand of God."

It received that distinction in 1876, when Swan Quarter Methodists appealed to a rich landowner to donate a choice lot for a new Methodist Church. Money at that time was scarce. The landowner refused to make a gift of the lot as he hoped eventually to sell it for a profit.

The disappointed Methodists purchased a cheap lot on a back street and built a modest wooden church on brick pilings. On dedication night a severe storm descended on Swan Quarter. Surging tides and howling winds tore through the coastal village. All night long the storm howled. By morning the winds subsided, but flood waters swirled turbulently through the streets.

Then, so the story goes, a strange thing happened. The new church floated from its brick pilings and drifted slowly down the street. Turning and bobbing in the swirling flood waters, it moved toward the heart of the village. Persons who witnessed the voyage of the church were amazed to see it settle down on the very plot of land which the rich man had refused to donate.

Visibly awed by the occurrence, the landowner deeded the property to the Methodist Church as a gift. He'd had plans for the land, he said — but apparently God had plans too. And God's plans took precedence.



Death BY A CAMERA

Each time I photographed a beloved pet it died. Did my camera kill them or was it coincidence?

By Oleta Martin

PINK apple blossoms drifted slowly down upon the fresh-made mound. I knelt beside it to smooth the loose earth into place and long-held tears spilled down my cheeks. I thought the tears and blossoms together paid fitting tribute to the beautiful animal sleeping there. But the thought that tore at my heart was that I, in some mysterious way, had killed this pet I'd loved.

This was the sixth, and I hope the last, in a series of deaths which started eight years back, in 1948.

My family is especially fond of animals. We always have pets of some kind. In 1948 we owned a beautiful, snow-white Samoyed. Our neighbors owned a black dog of the same breed and the two dogs always played together. Everyone laughed at their funny antics and they were so amusing

we decided to take their picture.

About two weeks after we took the picture our neighbor's dog died suddenly, apparently without reason. The Crists were delighted to have the picture we'd taken because it was the only one they had of their dog.

Five months later our white Tippy was killed. We were heartbroken. Tippy had lived with us for seven years and no other pet could take his place.

We were glad, nevertheless, to welcome a big Gordon Setter who came to our farm shortly after Tippy's death. He seemed to be lost and, although we tried to find his owners through the S. P. C. A., no one claimed him. He was a magnificent animal. We decided to keep him and named him Buddy.

Buddy had shiny, black fur and his eyes shown red even in the daylight. He was friendly and playful and we soon came to love him too. Of course I wanted a picture of him and I snapped one in 1952. Before the roll of film ever was developed death had struck! Poor Buddy was killed exactly the same way Tippy had died.

Later, when I looked at Buddy's picture, I vaguely felt that I shouldn't have taken that picture. I dismissed the thought as silly.

We now had no dog, but we did own two lovely cats. They were a constant delight to watch as they played on the lawn, rolling and tumbling about. And, of course, it is only natural to want to preserve any thing so beautiful. Taking their picture was the only way I knew to do it. How could I know that soon after I took their pictures both cats would be killed?

One was killed on the highway; the other was shot; both died in October, 1953.

Home seemed a lonely place afterwards. Now we had no pets at all. I think we all were glad when our 10-year-old daughter, Sharon, found a half-starved, yellow kitten and brought it home. Quite promptly we found a black kitten to keep it company and you should have seen them swing on the curtains and pounce from behind chairs. They were happy little clowns!

One day Sharon said, "Mother, you ought to take their picture. You know how we are always losing animals and that way we'd have their picture anyway."

Icy fear gripped my heart. But I shook myself, mentally — am I superstitious then? I asked myself. The best way to rid myself of such a silly fear was to defy it, I argued silently.

I took the camera, focussed it on the two cats and deliberately clicked the shutter.

That was in August, 1954. By September the little black kitten was dead — killed by a horrible

disease which spread through his body. The veterinarian could not save his life. The same September out pretty yellow cat got caught in a trap. His one leg was badly mangled. Soon afterwards he disappeared.

For some months I was oppresser by vague fears which, at length, I determined to face. My reasoning was based on early years with my father who considered superstition a stupidity belonging to the ignorant and weak-minded. And how could a camera kill our pets? I arrived at the conclusion that the successive deaths of our pets were due only to strange coincidence.

After determining on this attitude my conflicting emotions disappeared. My mind was once again at peace.

At this juncture my daughter-in-law, a German war bride who was returning to Europe to see her mother, asked me to keep her three lovely cats until her return. Of course, I consented.

One of the cats was a Blue Persian named Mimi, a beautiful animal with long, silky fur and copper-colored eyes. We had her only a short time when Elizabeth, by then in Germany, asked for a picture of her.

Here it is again, I thought. Had I succeeded in eliminating suspicion and fear regarding my recent experience with the camera? This was the test.

My family, always loving and thoughtful, said nothing. They were well aware of my grief at the death of our pets, and of my embarrassment that I, who had taught them the foolishness of superstition, was tempted to believe the camera had killed them. And beautiful Mimi, from her lofty perch on the highest object in the room, just looked at me with her copper-colored eyes.

As though in a dream, I found myself reaching toward the camera. Trembling in every limb I held the camera. I clicked it. Then — crash — the camera fell from my nerveless fingers and was broken!

"What have I done!" I cried as I sank into the nearest chair.

Only a short time later Mimi's body was discovered, crushed and broken in death. I had taken her picture and killed her by the act.

What else can I believe?

Now she is buried beneath the apple blossoms and the tears. And with her passing there is born within me the conviction that the death of our pets was not coincidence.

There's only one thing to be glad for in all of this. The camera is gone — smashed! It will take no more pictures, kill no more loved animals.



True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

THE APPORTED LETTER

By Ethel Lincoln

IN September, 1903, my mother and my step-father made a business trip from Buffalo, N. Y., to Yorkville, Mich. Concluding their business deal, they stayed overnight at a hotel. My step-father was to return to Buffalo the next day, but my mother planned to spend a week with a friend in Battle Creek before returning home.

In their room that night my mother asked her husband if he had mailed a letter she had written to her friend, Louella, to announce her arrival. He sheepishly admitted he had forgotten to mail the letter and took it downstairs for the hotel keeper to mail in the morning.

When he returned he still had the letter. He explained that the first train which would stop at the town the next day was the one they were taking. He placed the letter on the bureau.

In the morning my mother saw the letter was gone and asked her husband if he had it. He said he had left it lying on the bureau. When they went down to breakfast Mother asked the hotel keeper if he had mailed the letter.

"No," he said in surprise. "I told your husband last night there was no early mail train, so he



ETHEL LINCOLN

took the letter back to your room."

Mother said nothing more about the letter. She no longer considered it important, since it could not have been mailed in time for her friend, Louella, to receive it before she arrived in Battle Creek.

When Mother rang Louella's doorbell at noon that day, she expected her friend to show surprise at her unexpected visit. Louella, however, appeared to be expecting Mother. She said, "I got your letter in the morning mail saying you were coming."

Mother was amazed and said that was impossible. Louella reached into her apron pocket — and there was the letter!

Examming the letter, Mother saw that it indeed was hers. It was postmarked: "Det. & Chicago, R. P. O. Tr. 32."

Mother told Louella about her husband having failed to mail the letter the previous afternoon and having been informed that there was no early morning train on which it could be sent. The circumstances of Louella having received the letter were so strange that Mother took it to the postoffice and asked an official how it reached there.

He said, "The letter is stamped 'Tr. 32.' That is the Chicago fast mail train." Turning the letter over, he continued, "It arrived here at 3:30 this morning. No question about it. The stamp is plain." (At that time the arrival time and date was stamped on the reverse side of all letters.)

Mother shook her head. "I can see the stamp, all right — but I held that letter in my hand at 10:30 last night in Yorkville."

"Lady, you couldn't have!" the postoffice official said. "That Chicago fast mail train doesn't stop within 25 miles of Yorkville!"

How the letter got aboard the train was a mystery as far as the postoffice people were concerned. Mother, however, was certain that the letter had been apported. She kept it as evidence of a marvelous happening and it rests today in my safety deposit box. — *Alhambra, Calif.*

WHY DID I BUY ROPE?

By R. E. Hooper

IN 1911 my sister and her husband, with three small children, were homesteading in Gove County, Kansas. The summer in that part of the state was so dry that farmers were threatened with starvation in the fall. Since I lived in a more favorable section about 100 miles distant, I offered to go after my sister and her children and keep them for the winter so that the husband would be free to go where he could find work.

My only means of conveyance was a mule team and wagon. I was a newly married man, poor

as a churchmouse and had just a few dollars on hand.

The morning I started out on my trip I stopped at the country store where we did most of our trading. I bought a few items of food to eat along the way. As I was leaving the store I noticed a large coil of half-inch rope. I had plenty of rope at home and had taken along everything I thought I might need, but something impelled me to buy 35 feet of rope. I could not explain why I did so. I had no definite need for the rope. I wound the rope into a neat compact coil and hung it on the wagon.

About two o'clock in the afternoon on the second day of my trip, after having watched for some time for a place to water my mules, I came to the bottom of a large draw. A few yards to my left I saw an inviting pool of water with a sand-bar where I could lead the mules to the water's edge. I unhitched, left the traces hanging loose, removed the bridles and, taking a rope in each hand, led the mules to the water.

They rushed to drink as they were very thirsty. To my horror they hit quicksand and began to sink. At each movement they sank deeper.

I pulled at the ropes until almost blind with exhaustion, but to no avail. One of the mules twisted frantically and jerked the rope out of my hand. I still had a grip on the other mule's rope and, able to exert more strength on one than two, I managed to swing his head around so that his effort, added to mine, enabled him to climb out. The other mule now had sank to where his nose was submerged part of the time.

Despair filled me. I had just a few dollars in my pocket and the loss of a mule would be a serious blow. I would be unable to transport my sister, her children and their belongings — and might very well find myself stranded in this remote section, with not another person nearby for miles.

As I groped desperately for a solution to my predicament, I remembered the rope I had bought. I rushed back to the wagon, grabbed the coil and made a slip-noose in cowboy lasso fashion. I threw it around the sinking mule's head, took up the traces of the rescued mule. I said, "Pull him out, Frank. You've got to do it."

The little mule settled down to pull in determined fashion. The rope tightened and for a moment it looked like "here comes a mule's head without the mule," but the sinking mule slowly was pulled to safety, coughing, slobbering and covered with a thick coat of mud.

I was happy that I had been impelled to buy rope for which at the time of purchase, I ap-

parently had no use. — *Stratton, Colo.*

CASE OF THE MISSING COIN

By Leo McDonald
As told to Howard Meloy

BACK in the early '30's, my wife, Winnie, gave our prospective son-in-law, Harold Hendershot, a half-dollar dated 1900. The coin had a hole drilled through the eye of the Liberty head.

Harold, who lived next door, was engaged to my daughter, Virginia. He was going into the Civilian Conservation Corps and my wife intended the coin to be a "good luck" piece.

When Harold returned from the CCC in 1934, he and Virginia were married.

Harold assured us that the coin brought him good luck.

When World War II arrived, Harold enlisted in the Navy, taking the good luck coin with him. He was in the Pacific area for several years. When he returned home in 1946, he told my wife, "Your coin brought me luck again."

On Easter Sunday, March 25, 1951, my wife and I, along with our daughter and Harold, attended services at the Baptist Temple in Akron, O. That night Harold said, "Dad, I've put that good luck coin in the church collection by mistake."

He phoned the pastor, Dr. Dallas F. Billington, who said the coin already had gone to the bank. They called the bank and were told that there wasn't any way to trace it there. "I guess," said Harold, "I'll never see that coin again."

That is the last we heard about the coin until just recently.

I worked for the B. F. Goodrich company in Akron, O., and retired on January 31, 1956 with 26 years and seven months continuous service. The week before I retired, I received my last big pay. I waited until I got home before opening the pay envelope.

I sat down at the dining room table, tore open the envelope and dumped the bills and coins in a pile. One coin rolled off by itself.

That coin was a half-dollar, dated 1900, and had a hole drilled neatly through the eye of the Liberty head.

The lucky coin had come home.

I called my son-in-law, who was away at school for the Navy, and told him to come and get it before it got away from us again. — *Akron O.*

MY DREAM HOUSE

By Helen Scott
As told to Elizabeth N. Hunt

IN the late 1930's I had a very vivid dream that recurred an uncounted number of times. In my dream I saw a large white house and, when I entered it, I found it furnished with beautiful antique furniture.

At that time I was living in Quincy, Ill., and never had been to California.

In 1943 I moved to San Jose, Calif., and later that same year to Los Gatos. Here some friends told me of an old house they were thinking of buying. They said that it had belonged to a deceased old lady, and that it was furnished throughout with antiques.

Since I am much interested in old furniture, I thought there might be some pieces I would want. I accompanied my friends the next time they visited the house.

When we drew up in front of it and started up the walk, I recognized my dream house. Stopping, I said to my friends, "I can tell you every piece of furniture that is in that house, and where each piece is standing."

I did, and my friends, of course, thought I had been there before, but I never had — except in dreams! — *San Jose, Calif.*

VOICE IN THE NIGHT

By Mary Quive' Gregory

NEAR the turn of the century my sister, Grace, who was 10 years older than I, married and went to live in the city. I was 11 years old at this time. My sister and brother-in-law prevailed upon my parents to let me live with them to get the benefit of musical advantages I'd outgrown in our tiny Indiana town.

A few years later, as Grace Van Studdiford, my beautiful sister was a singing star of grand opera roles at the Met in New York City. Later she became a famous star of light opera. In all these years we were inseparable.

Presently I married and settled in a Western city. Several years later, in 1911, my sister was forced to retire because of illness. Doctors who were called in for consultation said she had ulcers of the stomach.

In order to be close to our family, Grace opened up a voice studio in a nearby city. For a few short years she managed to hold her own despite her illness. Then she took a turn for the worse and the doctors, operating, found she had cancer. The case was diagnosed as hopeless.

My sister returned to her studio and kept on her feet for six months. In the meantime I was living on the West Coast and had not been told that Grace was slowly dying. My mother thought she would be able to send for me in time. I had a baby six months old and she wished to spare me any additional burdens.

One night I woke around 3:00 A.M. I went to the room where my two older children were sleeping to see if they were covered. I returned to bed but before I fell asleep again, I heard a voice call my name loudly, "Mary!"

I was frightened and woke my husband. He said I'd had a nightmare. I told him I had been wide awake and that I had recognized the voice as that of my sister, Grace. The call was not repeated, but it had been so loud I felt that everyone in the house should have heard it.

I had no reason to be concerned about Grace, for I had not been told of her cancer. She was teaching again and her letters to me were cheerful.

At six o'clock in the morning a telegram from my mother arrived telling me to come quickly because Grace was dying. I arrived barely in time for Grace to recognize me before she died. She said, "Mary," the night she left us. — *Fresno, Calif.*

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE"

By W. Martin Ross

On the first Sunday in December, 1955, a rainy day, I was walking in downtown Los Angeles, planning to stop at a restaurant for lunch. I noticed an attractive young woman without a hat or raincoat, trudging along with a large suitcase. She stopped frequently in a doorway to rest and to find shelter from the rain. Several men in cars tried to pick her up but she ignored them.

I finally went up to her and offered to help her with her suitcase. She told me she was on her way to Hollywood and that she was a minister. She said the Lord had directed her to go to Hollywood, and she had started out in the rain, without a coat and without even money for carfare.

Hollywood was another six miles from where we were. I gave her my cap to cover her head and took off my raincoat for her to wear. She already was quite damp.

I walked her to a bus station, where we could get in out of the rain and talk. Her name was Dottie Viola and she came from Warren, O. She was 25 years old, a brunette and of Italian descent.

I asked Dottie just what she planned to do in Hollywood. She said she did not know but that the Lord certainly had a purpose in sending her there. I asked her how she would manage the six miles to Hollywood without a cent for carfare. She said the Lord would provide.

I offered — even begged — to buy her a hot lunch, but she declined on the grounds that she was fasting that day. She refused even to accept a cup of coffee. I felt I would be unable to eat a nice lunch, knowing that this girl was hungry.

After an hour's conversation I was thoroughly convinced that Dottie was sincere in her beliefs. I told her, "Well, the Lord *is* providing you with transportation to Hollywood — and here is the money."

I gave her a dollar and asked her to phone me that evening if she found herself stranded in Hollywood. She promised to write me, in any event. The following Tuesday I received a nice note from her. Everything was fine, she said.

Three weeks later Dottie came downtown to see me. She stayed for four days. I fed her, paid her rent at a hotel and gave her warm clothing. I would take her to the hotel desk and check her in for the night. I learned, however, that she would rest for only a few hours, then take her Bible and go out all the rest of the night, visiting bus stations, dark streets and any place where persons might need her help.

One morning Dottie turned up with a young Mexican girl who was destitute and hungry. Dottie asked me to feed the girl instead of herself. Of course, I fed both.

All during the week before Christmas, when Dottie came downtown, she met me at the cafe where I ate. I saw to it that she had food, carfare and anything else she needed. My friends shook their heads, called me "Santy Claus" and hinted that Dottie was "tetched." Actually, she was an intelligent and cultured person, and came from a splendid family.

Dottie belonged to no specific religious group, preferring to extract her creed directly and solely from the Bible. This creed, as far as I could determine, simply was Faith. In answer to her friends' expressions of fear for her safety on her nocturnal excursions to remote spots, she smiles, "When my Lord sends me anywhere, He certainly is able to provide me with protection. I could not preach faith in the Lord if I failed to show faith myself. Fear is lack of faith."

She has pledged never to marry. When she hears the Lord call, she fares forth, regardless of the weather and the condition of her finances, which in her case are always low. She receives no salary and never asks anything for herself. She cheerfully gives her last dollar or dime to anyone else in need.

Of course, my activities in behalf of Dottie cost me money, but I did not mind as long as I had it. I certainly did not expect to be repaid — but an amazing thing happened.

In the afternoon of December 31 I bought a pair of shoes and a jacket for Dottie. On my way home I saw a shopping bag full of old magazines beside a trash can on a street corner. I know a woman who always needs something to read, so I took the bag of magazines home with me.

Waiting for my bath water to heat, I took the magazines from the bag and sorted them out. I was about to throw the bag away

when I noticed something more at the bottom of it – money. Not only that, but the amount was just about what I had spent on Dottie. It was so unexpected that I was dumbfounded. That bag of old magazines certainly had not looked like treasure. To top it all, the day already had been a profitable one for me, the best business day I'd had all year. – *Los Angeles, Calif.*

VOODOO OPENED MY SAFE

By Captain James H. Wallace, USAF
As told to S/Sgt. George Sarant

IN 1946, I was stationed at an Army Air Corps installation on St. Lucia Island, a British Crown Colony in the Caribbean. This small island, one of the many Windward islands, is populated by descendants of slaves brought from Africa to work on plantations. The descendants, who speak a French Dialect, are highly superstitious. Voodoo, outlawed by the British for many years, still is believed in and practiced by many of the islanders.

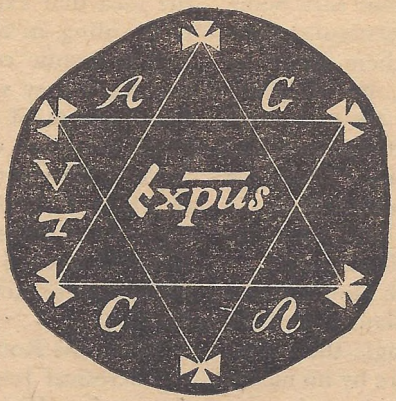
While I was stationed there I had many strange experiences with Voodoo. The most outstanding of these was the time it opened a safe for me.

I had just taken over some new equipment as an intelligence officer. Among it was a military-type safe. I didn't have the combination to it and, going through military channels, I found it would take two weeks before I could obtain a locksmith. In desperation, born of necessity, I asked a friend if he knew of someone who could open my safe. Much to my delight, he said he did and would send him to my office in the morning.

The next day a native came into my office. I pointed out the troublesome safe to him. He grabbed a nearby chair and set it beside the safe. Sitting down, he put his ear close to it as if listening to a weak radio.

For three hours the native sat motionless in this position. Not once did he ever touch the safe. Sometimes, he appeared to be speaking to the safe. Just before lunch-time, the so-called locksmith got up from the chair. He told me that the safe had told him it was now open.

By then I was furious with him for wasting my time. He left, muttering his crazy words to himself, "The safe told me it is now open." I kicked the safe angrily. The door mysteriously swung open. To this day, I wonder if the safe actually was opened by some form of Black Magic.



the mysterious KABBALAH

the Kabbalah is associated with ancient wisdom and occult power. But what does it mean? What is its history?

By L. Sprague de Camp

KABBALAH"* is one of those words which, like "Atlantis" and "Druid," carries a feeling of mystery, of ancient wisdom and occult power. Yet few know what it really means.

What is the Kabbalah?

What is its place in our intellectual heritage?

The Kabbalah is the school of magical Jewish philosophy and also the group of books in which this philosophy is set forth.

How is it magical? What part does magic play in Judaism?

People who believe in a supernatural system like to say that *our* beliefs and practices constitute a religion which is good and true; but *others'* beliefs and practices are magic and are false and wicked.

Most human beings hold super-

*The word is spelt several ways. "Cabala" is the simplest; "Qabbalah" the most scholarly.

natural beliefs of some sort. Some try to sway the supernatural powers or beings in their favor by flattering, bribing, or pleading with them. Others try to control them by manipulating, coercing, or compelling them. Thus, we see that there is some magic in nearly all religion and some religion in most kinds of magic.

The great Semitic monotheisms — Judaism, Christianity and Islam — have less magic than most religions but they are by no means free of it. Though the priests of Judaism sternly commanded: "There shall not be found among you any one . . . that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer," Judaism nonetheless had its official magic. This is shown by such Biblical stories as that of Joseph's divining-cup. The Urim and Thummim mentioned in the Old Testament seem to have been a pair of divining-stones kept in a bag, the ephod. When the priest wanted to know something he reached into the bag and got the answer "yes" or "no" according to which stone he pulled out.

Later the Hebrews used more sophisticated magic. Some of it has entered into modern occultism. In the Hellenistic Age, between Alexander the Great and Jesus Christ, Hebrew mystics got the idea that Ezekiel's account of God riding in a chariot was the key to cosmic consciousness. On this basis they worked up a confused system of angelology. The angel Metraton was said to be the world's manager (like the *logos* of Philo Judaeus and the Demiurge of the Gnostics) because God Himself was too pure to come into direct contact with our sinful earth.

When the Roman Empire made the heretical Jewish sect of Christianity its official cult, the Jews became a minority in a hostile Christian world. They were given a sinister but mostly undeserved reputation as mighty magicians. For instance, when the Byzantine general, Belisarius, invaded Italy in 536 the king of the East Goths, Thiudahad, "inquired of one of the Hebrews, who had a great reputation for prophecy, what sort of an outcome the present war would have." The Jewish diviner told the foolish king to starve three sets of swine for a certain time. Ten swine were divided and labeled "Goths," "Romans," and "Imperialists." After the pigs had gone without food for the designated period the king and his wizard went to the pens and found most of the "Goths" and half the "Romans" dead but most of the "Imperialists" alive. Thiudahad, believing that the Byzantines ("Imperialists") were bound to win, did nothing to defend

Italy from them. The Goths slew him and chose another king.

During and after the Crusades, the Christian clergy of Europe incited their people to persecute the Hebrews. The clergy of course believed they had a divine right to a monopoly of religion. The leaders of Christianity seemed to believe that the Hebrews stayed outside the fold out of simple stubborn wickedness. Therefore the Christian priests urged their flocks to plunder and kill these folk, who set a bad example by their independence and who gave no money to the support of the one true faith. Most of the anti-semitism among Christians of later ages stems from these barbarous, medieval campaigns.

To work up their people to the right pitch, the clergy made fearful accusations against the Hebrews. They stressed the idea that they were evil magicians, though even during the great witchmania of the 16th and 17th centuries there were few indictments for witchcraft against members of the Hebrew race.

All the priesthoods wanted bigger followings, either to save souls from damnation or to increase their own power and wealth, or both. And followers, apparently, always are willing and eager to believe that men of rival groups are degenerate scoundrels who delighted in the vilest depravity.

Human sacrifice played a part in many older religions, such as that of the Gauls and the Phoenicians. It occurred in Rome as late as the Second Punic War. There have been spectacular crimes and bizarre cult-practices in all times and cultures.

But Montague Summers, the credulous and fanatical writer on witchcraft, was talking through his clerical hat as usual when he said that medieval Jews were persecuted "for the practice of the dark and hideous traditions of Hebrew magic" and that "the evidence is quite conclusive" for Jewish ritual murder.

Real Hebrew magic came from Egyptian, Babylonian, Canaanite, and Hellenistic sources and was much like Christian magic. It dealt with symbolic magic: the power of letters and numbers and the magical use of the holy names of God and His angels, and other words of power like *Shemhamphorash.* The purposes of this magic were mostly harmless — to find lost articles, cure aches and pains, or win the love of a reluctant girl.

Hebrew magic differed from Christian magic in one curious way. Judaism tended to tolerate sorcery (that is, control of spirits) on the ground that it is no crime to make demons do good. On the other hand Judaism was much less friendly towards sympathetic magic. Christianity, con-

versely, allowed some sympathetic magic, like astrology and the use of amulets, but permitted no dealings at all with devils.

Medieval writings record many practices of Hebrew magicians. For instance, they beat off the attacks of witches by reciting Isaiah XII, 24: "Behold, ye are nothing, and your work a thing of nought; an abomination is he that chooseth you." They exorcised the demon Shabriri with the cantrip: "Shabriri, briri, riri, iri, ri," in the hope that the demon would shrink as his name dwindled.

Now the Kabbalah is the apex of Hebrew occultism. It is one of the most important branches of symbolic magic.

This system of mystical philosophy, theology, and magic was embodied in a number of Hebrew books written from the sixth to the 18th centuries. The first book, the *Sepher Yetsirah* or *Book of Formation,* has been attributed to Rabbi 'Aqiba, the leader of the last Hebrew revolt against Rome (132-35 A.D.). Actually it was probably written several centuries later. It may be connected with the doctrines of Marcus the Gnostic, who taught how God made the world on the basis of the Greek alphabet. The *Sepher Yetsirah* uses the same idea but substitutes the Hebrew alphabet for the Greek.

The author of the *Yetsirah* divided this alphabet, quite unscientifically, into three "mothers" *(aleph, mem, shin),* seven "double letters," and 12 "simple letters." One typical sentence tells how God "caused the letter Z to reign in Smell, bound a crown upon it and fused them together; He produced by means of them: Gemini in the Universe, Swan in the Year, and the right foot in man, male and female." It goes on through the whole alphabet.

The most important Kabbalistic work is the *Sepher Zohar* or *Book of Splendor,* published by Moses de Leon in the 13th century. This purports to be the divine revelations of the second-century rabbi, Shim' on ben Yochai. Though Moses de Leon has been suspected of writing it all himself, it is more likely that he took parts out of several older manuscripts and added some ideas of his own.

Like the *Yetsirah* and the Gnostic and Neoplatonic writings, the *Zohar* is so symbolic, allegorical, and purposely obscure that the reader may well wonder if there is any meaning here at all. The author speaks of "excavations of excavations . . . under the form of a vast serpent, whose "tail is in his head. There are swellings in his scales. His crest keepeth its own place. But his head is broken by the waters of the great sea. There were two. They are reduced to one . . ."

Using sexual imagery, the author spends many chapters relating the story of Macroprosopus and Microprosopus (literally, Big-face and Little-face). We may guess these mean aspects of God.

From the Kabbalistic treatises, scholars have drawn out what they believe to be a philosophical system hidden under all the murky Kabbalistic wordiness. This system assumes that there are four "worlds" or planes of existence. These are: *'Atsiluth,* the world of archetypes or emanations; *Beri'ah,* the world of creation; *Yetsirah,* the world of formation; and *'Asiyah,* the world of matter. These four planes are probably the source of the seven planes of Madame Blavatsky's Theosophy and ultimately of the parallel-world idea which has been used many times in science fiction.

'En Soph (God) puts forth 10 *Sephiroth* or emanations. These are something like the Aeons of the Valentinian Gnostics. They are called the Crown, Wisdom, Intelligence, Love, Justice, Beauty, Firmness, Splendor, Foundation, and Kingdom. There is much talk of the primordial sexless man, Adam Qadmon, reincarnation, scales, spheres, angels, demiurges, and so on. All this is illustrated in Kabbalistic books by diagrams of stunning complexity.

Finally, Kabbalism involves much magical play with letters and numbers. This is the "practical" or thaumaturgic Kabbalah, which has three branches: Gematria, Notariqon, and Temura.

Gematria, or Hebrew numerology, grew from the fact that the Hebrews, like the Greeks, used letters for numbers: *aleph* for 1, *beth* for 2, and so on. Hence every Hebrew written word was a number and vice versa. For example, the numbers of the letters of the names Metraton, the angel, and Shaddai, one of the names of God, each adds up to 314, so each was held to symbolize the other.

In Notariqon, words are expanded into sentences by anagramming. In this way the first word of Genesis, *ber'ashith* ("In the beginning") becomes a sentence reading: "In the beginning the Elohim saw that Israel would accept the law." Thus the Kabbalist could make up evidence in favor of his theological ideas from the most unlikely sources.

In Temura, the remaining branch of practical Kabbalism, the letters of the Hebrew alphabet are shuffled, as in cipher, to see what mystical meanings can be gotten out of it. Since Hebrew can be written without vowels, the Hebrew alphabet lends itself to such games.*

*The primary meaning of all the Hebrew letters is consonantal. Vowels can be shown, either by using consonants for this purpose (e.g. the letter *vau,* mean-

Such was the original Kabbalah. By the 16th century Kabbalism was taken over by all occultists and further developed along magical lines. Casanova, for instance, used a numerological system of fortune-telling which he called "Kabbalistic."

Kabbalism thus has been part of Western occultism up to the present time. In the 19th century one MacGregor Mathers organized a society of "Christian Cabalists" called the "Order of the Golden Dawn." This wizard was born about 1852 in Hampshire and named Samuel Liddell Mathers. In middle life he added the "MacGregor" as a gesture of Celtic romanticism, though he was no more Scotch than a kangaroo. In time this alias gave way to grander ones, such as Count MacGregor of Glenstrae. In the 1880's he married the pretty sister of Henri Bergson, then an obscure philosopher, and got a job as curator in a private museum in England. This post enabled him to spend much time running his Order and translating old grimoires and Kabbalistic books he read in the British Museum. His best-known translation is that of the *Key of Solomon,* a famous medieval, magical text.

Mathers' followers included writers like Algernon Blackwood, Arthur Machen, and William Butler Yeats. Most bizarre of all was Aleister Crowley — born Edward Alexander Crowley, an occultist, explorer, big-game hunter, poet, s a d i s t, pornographer, bisexual satyr, dope addict, and professional screwball.

In recent decades the banner of Kabbalism was upheld in the United States by an elderly and rotund Italo-American named Joseph De Vincent, who ruled a Kabbalistic circle in New York City called the "Church of the Absolute Center." De Vincent once gave me a numerological "reading" of my name which had absolutely everything wrong. During the Hitlerian War, it has been said, he "treated" the soldiers related to his clients with "psychic rays" for a dollar a month to keep them from being sent overseas.

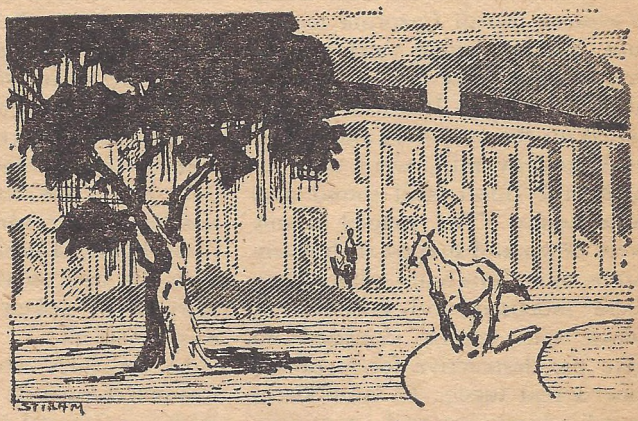
So much for the mysterious Kabbalah.

If there is any moral in this very muddy well of wisdom, it would seem to be that, in occult matters, Hebrews can be just as foolish as other men. This is not exactly how most people set out to prove the brotherhood of man — but it is proof of a sort. And that is something.

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ing *w* or *v*, can be used for the *u*-vowel) or by a system of "points" — little dots and dashes above and below the letters. But it is just as correct to omit the vowels altogether.

the TOKEN of CLIFF HOUSE



The riderless white horse galloped madly through the summer night. All knew he brought a message of death.

By John Harden

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CLIFF House, near Hendersonville, was built of stone. The fine old structure was erected in the days when a well-planned home was an adventure in construction and when large forces of carpenters and masons took many weeks, sometimes months, to assemble the best available materials and to mold from them a home that would last with living and live with lasting.

Rooms in the stone structure have high ceilings and windows with shutters to close out the sun of the day and shut in the yellow glow of lamps or candles at night. Doors open with massive keys. Quoins at the corners of the masonry walls and lintel bars above doors and windows are of native granite.

The stone of the walls is limestone of varied colors. There is

much gray, with splotches of red, and even some green. Mellow moss fills the outside crevices. Pillars and steps are of granite — granite that was cut, chiseled, and polished by Aunt Liza Corn, a western North Carolina mountain Amazon whose work was to endure long after she herself was all but forgotten. Hardwood trees, felled on the very spot and sawed at a near-by mill, were used to make the floors, still sound and solid today. The rugged beams were hewn and shaped with many hours of tedious hand labor. They were mortised and fastened in place with tenons designed to give the destructive forces of nature a real tussle. In front there is a hitching post and an upping block. A rock wall encircles the house and the yard, including a small branch of a stream that consists of pools held together in a chain by a series of tiny waterfalls and rapids.

Long the home of the Linwoods, though not built by them, Cliff House has had a strange "token," a harbinger of death. Grant Linwood, one of the last of the family, knew its story and told it to Sadie Patton of Hendersonville, who passed it on to me.

Grant Linwood had just returned to the empty, rather ghostly Cliff House after wandering in Mexico, up the Pacific coast, and into Alaska. Mrs. Patton said he sat on the steps of the quiet, deserted old Henderson County place as he told her the story of the Token of Cliff House. As he talked, the storyteller and the listener looked off across the unkempt yard. Behind the great house were the silent quarters for the slaves of other years, empty stables, barns without hay or animals, the deserted stone dairy, with its empty pans and crocks. The place was wrapped in memories for the romantic traveler come home. Invisible hosts were with the two on the steps as the story of the Token of Cliff House was unfolded.

In the days when civilization was marching west across the Blue Ridge, a General came back from the Revolutionary War and built Cliff House. He started the place, there on a hillside above the river, for his daughter, a young bride at the time. The dwelling was so located as to face the family plantation that spread out along the river valley below. Behind the house, long ranges of hills were piled up like stairs into the sky. The main road east and west in those days made its way for two miles in front of Cliff House, on the same level as the house. Stagecoaches lumbered back and forth along this route. Most of the traffic followed the course that the sun takes each day. Little of it moved east. Much of the travel consisted of

people from the coast country headed for Ashville; from there on to Tennessee; and then to the new world of wilderness and wonder.

The first family of Cliff House stayed long enough to see the last Indian gone from that area. Some of the early Cliff House clan are said to have followed the Forty-Niners west to the gold fields of California. Adventure carried others out of the Hendersonville hills to new wilderness trails, leaving Cliff House behind and in other hands. Then, for a time, it sheltered a group of boys whom a priest gathered around him in a parochial school.

During the ante-bellum period, the head of the Linwood family bought the place as a summer home. Later, tired of the business world, he decided to spend his last years there. As time passed, succeeding generations of Linwoods came to Cliff House — from Baton Rouge, New Orleans, the great plantations of the Mississippi Delta country, New York City. These family groups gathered for holidays, celebrations, vacations. For more than half a century, flames of the annual Yule log cast dancing lights over groups of merrymakers gathered in the walnut-paneled ballroom for the famous Linwood Christmas parties. Sidney Lanier, dying poet of the South, once ran his fingers over the keys of the concert piano there, to the delight of the guests. And in a later decade, Bill Nye, world-famous humorist, stood with his back to the glowing fire and held forth with tales that enthralled his listeners. For many years, small, wraith-like Grandmere had her accustomed chair in the corner. On sunny days she was moved outside where tall boxwoods let the sunlight filter through on the terrace.

In all these years at Cliff House, there was one dark shadow — a strange and chilling episode that recurred at intervals as long as the Linwoods lived there.

On a certain summer evening back in ante-bellum days, the family was sitting on the wide veranda that extends along the entire front of the house, overlooking the gardens and the meadow stretching off toward the river below. The driveway that completely encircles Cliff House has always been bordered by heavy growth. It swings across the top of the knoll where the house sits and then loses itself in shadows of shrubbery and pines on either side. On this particular evening the sun had gone down. It was dusky dark. The velvety twilight was too deep to show more than an outline of any moving object.

In the slave quarters, Blue Gum Bet crooned a hymn she had learned in the rice fields of the Low Country, working down there for the Linwoods. Next to

her, Nell, a Negro girl light of skin, took up the tune. Soon the whole group had gathered about, and all were singing and humming – quietly. There were to be no shindigs. Everyone understood that Ole Marse was sick and that things had to be kept quieter than usual.

Upstairs that evening the frail old squire, the head of the family, the man who had discovered and purchased Cliff House, was sleeping. Windows were raised to give him all the benefit of the mountain breeze on a hot summer evening. A Negro slave who had been keeping watch over the aged squire, day and night, was dozing in a chair.

All the Negroes on the place credited Blue Gum Bet with being possessed of second sight; so they all came to an abrupt quiet and a listening attention when they saw Blue Gum Bet stop singing and cock her head to one side as if she had heard something. For a moment everything was quiet. Only the normal sounds of a dreamy summer night came to listening ears.

And then, in the evening stillness, the sound of the galloping feet of a horse broke the silence. The hoofbeats swung off the main road into the drive and surged on to Cliff House. The hurrying rider, pushing his horse at such a maximum pace, surely must be bringing important news. Two of the Linwood boys were on their way from New Orleans and were due to arrive by stage almost any day. But travel from Charleston and Savannah had been heavy of late and no one knew the exact time when they might get seats in the stagecoach. Maybe this meant news of the boys.

On and on around the long circling, swinging driveway came the sound of pounding hoofs. They didn't turn into the drive to the overseer's house. They rushed on by the area adjoining the slave quarters with no change in pace, unless it was to quicken the pounding – on through the dark shade of the pines, to the final slope by the hitching post and into the driveway that passed the veranda.

And then the waiting members of the Linwood family saw, in the dim lights from the house, that the horse, milkwhite in the night, was riderless! Here was a mad white horse, without saddle, bridle, or rider, covered with foam, mane and tail streaming in the night air – and traveling at a breakneck speed, quite alone.

The horse hardly missed a beat of his rhythmic feet as he pounded by the veranda and the family group sitting there. He then swung on around the driveway, away from the house, off down the knoll. Farther down along the driveway the hoofbeats died out on the evening air. All was

quiet again. In the sudden stillness, the stunned family sat motionless.

And then, in a moment, the voice of Blue Gum Bet from the slave quarters picked up again the song that had stopped so suddenly, and her high-pitched, shrill singing floated across the grounds as she chanted:

"My Lawd call me, I mus' go,
My Lawd call me, I mus' go,
Mus' go down de lonesome road,
Yes, yes, Lawd, I'se on my way."

That was the first time death came to Cliff House. It was not the last time.

And death came riding again and again. The galloping white horse, as later generations were to find out, was the Token of Cliff House, which brought messages of death to other Linwoods, until the place finally became a quiet, deserted, mouldy home for ghosts and shadows.

But the madly racing hoofs of the phantom steed sounded only for the Linwoods. Death never rode a white horse for other families that lived in Cliff House after the last spirit of the last Linwood who lived there rode away with him.

That's the tale of the Token of Cliff House as told to Sadie Patton by Grant Linwood, a descendant of the family, returned from far wanderings to sit on the steps of the quiet old house and to recall the story handed down to him — the story of how a riderless white horse galloped along the driveway at Cliff House when the soul of a Linwood was ready for release.

A DOG'S BEST FRIEND

EARLY one morning Mrs. Orman Gallihugh of Burlington, Mich., was waked by the scratching and whining of her pet Chihuahua dog, Pancho. When Pancho kept dashing from the bed to the back door, Mrs. Gallihugh investigated. She found another pet dog, Snooky, a beagle, hanging four feet above the ground from a wire fence by its chain, which was wrapped around its throat. She was just in time to save Snooky.

TOO MUCH ATMOSPHERE

FIRE in a kitchen grease chute recently drove some 30 diners from a Chicago restaurant. The name of the restaurant was The Fireplace.

What Happened

By William H. Leach

There is a physical body; there is also a spiritual body.
—I Corinthians 15:44*

I am one of those who have never questioned the continuing life of Jesus Christ. I have sometimes questioned my own immortality; and I have always been skeptical of pictures of heaven, hell, and the judgment, common in much religious literature. But it has seemed to be the most natural thing in the world that one who lived the sacrificial and pure life, such as was lived by Jesus, should rise from the dead and return to his Father who sent him. One phrase in the Apostles' Creed never posed any problem for me; it is, "On the third day he arose, again, from the dead."

But while I affirm this conviction I must add to it a confession that I have always felt there is no satisfactory explanation of the disposal of the physical body of Jesus. The thought that the physical body was carried to heaven is not very convincing. Nor are some of the other suggestions. This paper will not bring the answer. But it will show the problems involved.

Some of the basic facts to be considered are:

On a Friday afternoon the bruised body of Jesus was placed in a tomb on the property of Joseph of Arimathea. The tomb was sealed by a stone. According to the Gospel of Matthew, a Roman guard was placed at the tomb so that it would be secure.

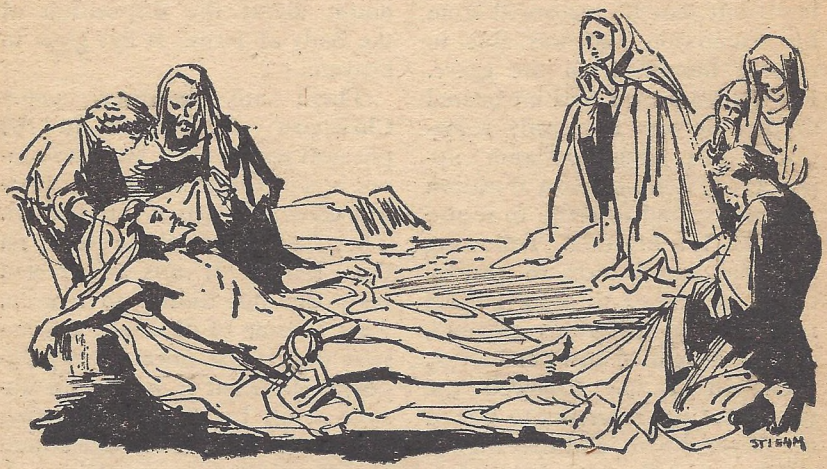
On Sunday morning the women who came to the tomb found that the body was no longer there. Others, however, were there. According to Matthew there was an angel seated on a stone who told them that Christ had risen. Mark says that a young man was the messenger. Luke says that two young men were there. These stories may not be contradictory. All of the synoptic Gospels are certain of one thing. There was no physical body in the tomb where the body of Christ had been placed.

Where was the body?

The Roman soldiers, bribed by the priests, insisted that while they (the guards) slept his disciples came and stole the body. Just how sleeping guards could be so certain it is hard to say. But it would seem a very good possibility

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*All Bible quotations in this article are from the Revised Standard Version.



to the Body of Jesus?

Did Jesus ascend physically to Heaven? If He did not, we face one of the greatest mysteries of all times.

that disciples had removed the body of the one they loved to a place where it would not be desecrated by evil hands. Of course, if we yield to this presentation we must then accept the thesis that the appearances of Jesus to various groups after his death were appearances not of the physical body but of a spiritual body. I have been told by advocates of spiritualism that for every physical body there is a spiritual or astral body, and I know that there has been a trend in our day toward the belief that human personality is not invested in the physical brain as some of us have been taught, but rather in this spiritual body.

Mary Austin, who called her biography of Jesus *A Small Town Man*, did not believe in the spiritual body thesis, nor did she believe in the resurrection of the natural body. Her contention

was that Jesus had not died in the tomb but that he recovered from his crucifixion and was able to remove himself from the grave. He was weakened and emaciated so that he was not easily recognized. His post-crucifixion appearances were of short duration because he had to retire to secure strength for his task. Following his final appearances to his disciples he retired to some hidden retreat, away from his enemies, and there he died and was buried.

Orthodoxy has followed the thesis that the resurrection was of the physical body and that the appearances following his death were physical appearances. After his work on earth was completed he ascended into heaven to be with his Father. Artists following this interpretation have shown the body rising in the air partially covered by the clouds. This thinking has inspired the Roman Catholic doctrine of the physical assumption of Jesus, which has recently been followed with the doctrine of the physical assumption of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

It has been difficult for some of us to follow this reasoning, not on the grounds that such assumption is impossible but that it is not rational. If the place of departed saints is a spiritual kingdom, just what purpose will the physical body serve? But if one accepts this physical resurrection theory, it definitely does one thing for him. It removes any doubt about the disposition of the body of Jesus. It has gone to heaven.

There are, however, many Christians who believe in the physical resurrection but who cannot accept the idea that the physical body was carried into heaven. They have a definite problem on their hands. If this resurrected body did not ascend to heaven, what became of it? Some will answer that it was miraculously disposed of. That is hardly an answer at all for they are denying a miracle in one instance and merely substituting another.

It is interesting to check the scriptures to see just what is said about the so-called ascension of Jesus.

Matthew does not mention the ascension at all.

The comment in Mark's Gospel evidently is under question for the Revised Standard Version has removed from its main text verses nine through 20 of the 16th chapter of Mark. It is printed in small type with the notation that "some texts and versions add as 16:9-20 the following verses." In this small type we find this:

> So then the Lord Jesus, after he had spoken to them was taken up into heaven, and sat at the right hand of God.

This, of course, could apply equally to a spiritual or physical body.

Luke's statement is short and concise: "While he blessed them he departed from them." If his appearances were physical, Mary Austin may have the solution.

In John's Gospel there is no reference to an ascension. This Gospel does not even mention his final departure.

There is really very little in the Gospel story to justify a theory of the assumption of Jesus. It would get little support from the experiences of Saint Paul. He was very insistent that he was entitled to apostleship because he had been called direct from Christ. In the letter to the Galatians he insists that he did not receive his apostleship from men, "but it came through a revelation of Jesus Christ." When Ananias appeared to Saul to direct him in his faith he said, "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus who *appeared* to you on the road by which you came has sent me." Paul, himself, said, "Have I not seen the Lord?" (I Corinthians 9:1). Surely no one believes that Saul on the road to Damascus was confronted with the physical body of Christ.

In the letter to the Corinthians the apostle goes very much into detail about the resurrection of the followers of Christ. There is an earth body but there is also a celestial body. Flesh and blood are not to inherit the kingdom of God. This is hardly the reasoning of a man who would believe that the physical body of his Lord would be raised to heaven.

It seems to this author that the evidence of the post-resurrection experiences of Jesus, as related in the Gospels, points toward a spiritual resurrection rather than one of the physical body. Should we accept this thesis, we at least are freed from any responsibility about the physical ascension. Let's take some of the appearances to see what the evidence is.

The four Gospels agree that the first visitors to the tomb on Sunday morning were women. They disagree as to the ones who first came. Matthew says two Marys came; Mark say two Marys and Salome; Luke says two Marys and several others; John's Gospel has Mary Magdalene alone.

According to John's Gospel, Mary Magdalene was weeping at the tomb when Jesus came to her.

He said to her, "Why are you weeping?"

She did not know him but assumed that he was the gardener and said, "Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away."

He called her by name and then she knew it was Jesus.

"Do not hold me," said the master, "for I have not yet ascended to the Father."

The Gospel of John relates two instances when Jesus appeared to

his disciples when they were secluded in a room, with the doors shut, for fear of the Jews. At the first of the two instances Thomas was not present and he protested that if he had been there he would not have believed unless he could see and feel the wounds in the hands and side of Jesus.

Eight days later, at the second instance, Jesus addressed himself directly to Thomas and said, "Put your finger here and see my hands; and put out your hand and place it in my side." Thomas did this and became convinced that it was truly the resurrected body of Jesus.

Both the passage through closed doors and the visualization of the stigma would indicate a spiritual body. Some early authorities, however, have held that the appearance of the wounds was a physical one. The reader of the Gospels runs into this confusion as he reads the various narratives. However, the student of spiritualism and psychic research knows that wounds are many times visible in materialized bodies of the dead.

The failure of identification of a materialized body is very common in psychic appearance. Not alone is recognition difficult, but the materialized body changes from time to time. In the experiences of Sir William Crookes, the distinguished British scientist and psychic investigator, he found this often happened, and even the materialized "Katie King" who played such an important part in his studies varied in size and appearance in different sittings. Mary was experiencing what many first time observers of the psychic phenomena have witnessed. It is a shock to be unable to identify the forms which come before you.

More amazing from a psychic view point is the story in Luke of the walk to Emmaus. Two disciples were walking from Jerusalem to Emmaus. They were discouraged and downcast. They considered the news which had been passed on to them by others of the appearances of Jesus as "idle tales." In their conversation they told of their hopes that Jesus might have been the redeemer. But that was all a thing of the past. Then they found that a third person had joined them. He rebuked them for their unbelief, but they still did not know with whom they were speaking. He accompanied them to Emmaus and went with them to the inn. At the meal he took the bread, blessed and broke it as he had a few days earlier. As he handed the bread to them they suddenly recognized him. Then he vanished from their sight. They said to each other, "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us on the road, while he opened to us the scriptures?"

Then they turned their faces and went back to Jerusalem, found the other disciples and shouted, "He is risen indeed."

This ability to pass to and from individuals, passing through doors at times, is a quality of the psychic body. Certainly that is not true of the physical one.

The Gospel of John tells of how the frightened disciples secluded themselves and shut the door. Suddenly Jesus stood by them and said, "Peace be with you." Again he appeared by the seashore to start a fire upon which fish were cooked for the final breakfast before his ascension to the Father.

All of these things fit into the picture of the psychic body but are difficult to explain if we insist that it was his physical body which was raised from the dead.

If one believes that the resurrected body was spiritual, not physical, he gets free from the dilemma of explaining the disposition of the body at the time of the ascension. But he still has a body on his hands. He must explain, if he can, what happened to the body which was placed in the tomb on Friday afternoon but had disappeared by Sunday morning.

Did the Roman soldiers tell the truth? Did the disciples come while they slept and steal the body? Matthew said that "the story has been told to the Jews until this day." It is hard to believe this when you think of the haste the women and the disciples made to the tomb Sunday morning. Perhaps one or two of the most courageous took the body and gave it other burial. Certainly neither Mary, the mother, nor Mary Magdalene knew anything of this removal and were shocked to find the tomb empty. If we follow the psychic interpretation, the removal of the body must have taken place between Friday afternoon and Sunday morning.

Some argue that the body was never removed from the tomb. The basis for this is that while Saint Paul was familiar with the appearances of Jesus, he did not mention the empty tomb. It is remarkable that in urging the resurrection of Jesus he did not mention this evidence in his presentation. Others have felt that he could not have supported the appearances of Jesus unless he had accepted as a fact the empty tomb. Some have even argued that the enemies of Jesus stole the body. This may be passed over without much consideration. After all of the efforts of his enemies to show that they had destroyed this prophet they would hardly do anything to support the idea that the body disappeared from the tomb.

The one suggestion, which makes sense to this author, is the

one that Joseph of Arimathea, gentle and courageous follower of Christ, took the opportunity at the end of the Sabbath to remove the body to another part of his property. This would leave the tomb empty for one of the family at a later burial. Temporary entombment was a common practice. Joseph is still largely a mythical figure. Marvelous are the stories told of this Joseph, the churches he founded and his loyalty to the Christian faith. In these traditions he was a "lone wolf," working by himself. If this was true of the man he would have removed the body without asking help from others.

Of course, this is purely a rationalization. The great enigma of the resurrection is still the physical body of Christ. Those who believe in the physical resurrection and the assumption of the physical body into heaven, at least do not have this problem to worry about.

Those who believe in the physical resurrection but do not affirm the ascension of the body into heaven have a problem on their hands, as have those who follow the psychic interpretation. The question asked at the beginning is still with us. What became of the physical body of Jesus?

ST. ANTHONY'S ETHERIC DOUBLE

IN the annals of the paranormal are numerous cases in which persons have been seen in two different places, often many miles apart, at one and the same time. The explanation of such events is that those involved have projected their astral double.

A particularly interesting and well authenticated case, which has been accepted by the Church for many centuries, concerns St. Anthony of Padua. On Holy Thursday in 1226, as he preached in the Church of St. Pierre in Limoges, France, he remembered suddenly that he was scheduled to officiate in a service at his monastery which was over two miles away.

He drew his hood over his head and kneeled while those in the church waited in silence. At the same time the monks assembled in the monastery chapel saw him step from his stall. They heard him read the appointed office and then saw him disappear. The waiting congregation in the Church of St. Pierre then saw him rise from his knees and continue his service.

NOISY PHANTOM of the Louisiana Swamp

The weird whistling and barking approached our camp. I switched on the spotlight and saw — nothing.

By Paul F. Serpas

It was coming closer. We could hear the leaves rustling close to the trail. Quietly I climbed into the overhanging branches of a young swamp tree. In one hand I carried a powerful navy spotlight, a war surplus job capable of lighting up the whole area.

Below me Charles Brand and two other friends were taking cover in and around the tents. We were ready to protect ourselves from . . . . . whatever it was. As we waited in the pitch darkness, the whistling and barking came nearer.

Beads of perspiration trickled down the open neck of my shirt. The steaming heat of the swamp had not cooled, although it was almost 1:30 in the morning. In another minute, I thought, we would get a glimpse of the *thing*. It came relentlessly onward through the jungle-like foliage, directly toward our camp. I held the light in readiness . . . . . .

We had started our camping trip early that summer morning. There were four of us; Emile, Archie, Charles, and I. It was only an overnight camping trip but one would have thought that we were going on safari into darkest Africa, judging from the large boxes of food and supplies we carried.



Author, left, and Charles Brand were among members of camping party who heard strange sounds in the swamp.

A friend volunteered to drive us a good part of the way or I doubt if we could have made it with most of the stuff. As it turned out, we managed to haul everything deep into the interior of the vast wooded area we had become so familiar with. We knew most of the trails leading in and out of this Louisiana swamp from our frequent week-end visits, when we fished or hunted wild birds and turtles. The huge palmetto plants and twisting vines that grow in the Louisiana swamplands are not unlike the tropical vegetation one finds in the African jungles. A hot sun beat down upon us as we walked along the winding footpaths. We carried two 10-gallon jugs filled with water for drinking and cooking. We had filled them at a trapper's cabin on the outskirts of the marsh and they were plenty heavy.

After a few hours we had found a suitable campsite where a small bush trail widened to about 15 square feet. The ground was high and dry and made an excellent overnight spot. It didn't take long for the four of us to set up camp. Emile and Charles started to get lunch while Archie and I took off into the thicket to gather firewood. After lunch we went down to a little freshwater creek and tried our luck at fishing. Three small cats were all we got for our trouble.

Night was closing in when we finished dinner. Soon a heavy blanket of fog kicked up and swirled around our feet as we walked. Crickets and frogs began their songs, and the night took on an air of mystery. We spent most of the evening just sitting around the fire, exchanging friendly chatter. We discussed our plans for the following day, and not long afterward retired to our tents. Archie and Charles occupied one of the tents, Emile and I the other.

Smoldering embers were all that remained of the fire when Emile and I awoke simultaneously. The mosquitos were out in force, and the heavy netting we had hung over the doors didn't allow much of the night air to enter; consequently the heat added to our discomfort.

Both Emile and I lay there in the darkness, smoking and talking softly so as not to wake the others. Suddenly the silence was broken by the wailing and barking of what sounded like a large dog, some distance away.

It struck us as odd that a dog should be in the vicinity, but we dismissed it and continued our conversation. Then, from the same direction came another sound — of a man whistling! It was a tuneless sort of sing-song, weird to say the least. It startled us.

A few moments later we heard it again. This time closer than

before. Again it came still nearer. Emile and I decided to wake the others.

We all sat together in my tent and listened. There it was; clear, unmistakable and growing louder. Twigs and bushes began to rustle. Charles and Archie grabbed their guns. Emile took up his ax. I reached for the spotlight and made for the door.

Outside the stillness of the night was almost a tangible thing. We spread out around the camp and I made my way over to the tree. All the while the sounds came closer. Now, I thought, it is within a few yards of us. I waited for a moment, making sure of the direction, then threw the switch on the big light. It was almost as if the sun had come out — but there was nothing there to be seen.

Thinking I had jumped the gun and missed him, I turned off the the light. Darkness rushed in like water filling a hole.

My spine chilled and the hairs on the back of my neck began to tingle as once again the whistle pierced the night; this time from almost directly beneath me! Light swept over the entire area as I played the beam back and forth across the shadows, straining my eyes to see where the sounds were coming from. As far as I could see — there was nothing!

We began to shout, to yell threats. There was no answer. Only the eerie sound of the ghost-like whistle and the rustling of the bushes broke the stillness — going away from us now. We sat quiet, unmoving.

The sounds did not stop but rather faded slowly into the distance, just as they had approached from the distance. It was almost as if a ghostly hunter and his dog has passed through our camp on their journey into eternity!

At last they were out of earshot.

None of us could explain it then, nor can we now.

HISTORY OF A HUNCH

PATROL Car Officer Herman Boritzki, Jr., on duty in Detroit, Mich., heard a radio call that a young girl had been injured by a car at an intersection. He had a hunch that the girl might be his eight-year-old daughter Susan Lee. Speeding to the scene with his partner, Boritzki found the girl actually was his daughter. She was taken to the hospital with an injured arm.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

In 1952 787 babies were born in Chelsea, England. In 1953 787 babies were born there. Last year the number of babies born in Chelsea came to 787.

●

Mrs. Bertie Benfield of Cherryville, N. C., became a great-grandmother and a grandmother on the same day. Her daughter, Mrs. Lithai Benfield Polk, gave birth to a son. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Patricia Polk Ward, gave birth to a daughter.

●

Prices really fell in Ogden, Utah. Kathy Price, Sheryl Price and Karen Price all are wearing casts on their arms. Kathy fell out of a tree. Sheryl fell off a fence. Karen fell off a teeter-totter.

●

Three executives of an electric company and their wives were in Chicago and wanted to catch a plane to Salt Lake City. There was room for only two of the couples, however, on the chosen plane. They tossed a coin to decide the matter. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Felton lost. Mrs. John B. Merrill and Mr. and Mrs. James E. McGarr won. The four winners were among the 66 persons killed aboard the plane that crashed into a mountainside in Wyoming.

●

After moving to San Diego, Calif., from Philadelphia, Mrs. Betty Ann McClaughlin learned that she won a $45,000 house in a raffle. The house is in Philadelphia.

●

Twelve-year-old Everett D. Bell, Jr. of Boston refused to join his friends on a raft because he considered it unsafe. Then, as he watched the raft floating away down the channel with his friends on board, Everett fell from the bank and was drowned.

●

The Red Cross chapter in Hartford, Conn., had to cancel a "dry run" disaster exercise. A real disaster had come along in the form of a hurricane.

●

In Entrocamento, Portugal, Domingos Faia, a marketplace sweeper, was baptized in the morn-

ing, got married in the afternoon and died that evening.

●

A lightning bolt struck six-year-old Andy Vest of Harselle, Ala., and knocked off one of his shoes. Andy wasn't hurt.

●

All excited after she'd found 16 four-leaf clovers, Mrs. W. R. Pritchett of Sandston, Va., fell and broke her arm.

●

A pizza pie saved the life of William Shelhart of Detroit. When the car in which he was riding took a sharp turn, the door of the auto flew open and William toppled out, together with the pizza he was holding. Falling headfirst, he landed on the pizza, skidded across the paved street and was uninjured.

●

Robert J. Johnson of Santa Barbara, Calif., did not answer his summons to appear in court on a speeding charge. Instead, at the bottom of the document that was mailed back from his home, was this notation: "Robert is dead. He was killed when the car in which he was riding skidded on a curve and hit another car."

●

A pen that wouldn't write set off a chain of circumstances that led to a shooting, a police chase and a drowning. Soldier Melvin L. Gerbitz, dining in a Danville, Va., cafe, became angry when his pen wouldn't write. He pulled out a pistol and shot the pen to bits. The restaurant owner called police. The soldier hopped in a car and sped away, with police giving chase. The soldier's car went over an embankment and Gerbitz was killed.

●

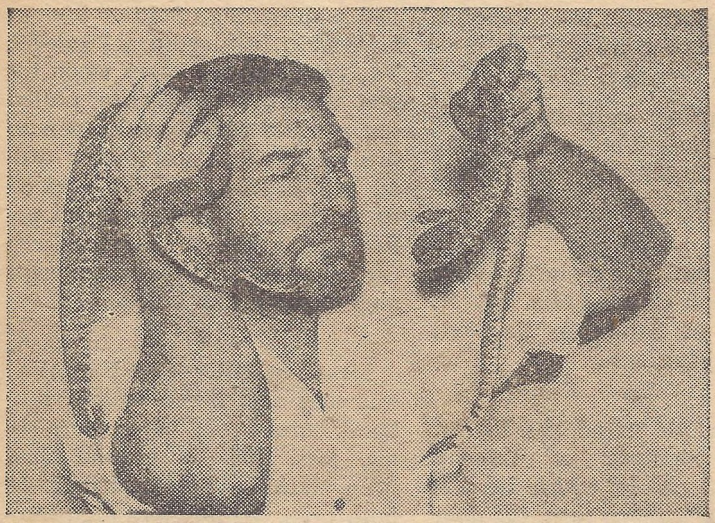
Mrs. Guy Mills of Radford, Va., was shot and killed by her husband. Six weeks before her sister, Mrs. Joe D. Howell, had been slain by her husband. In both cases, the husband then committed suicide.

●

In July, 1955, lightning struck the home of Robert Lowe of Weymouth, Mass., blasting a light fixture, destroying a bed and causing $500 worth of damages. Almost a year to the day later lightning struck the Lowe home again — went into the same room, blasted the same fixture, ruined the new bed and caused a $500 fire.

●

Mrs. Gertrude Whitely of Philadelphia phoned her niece to say that her husband, Mr. Whitely, had just dropped dead in the house . . The niece got the family doctor and they rushed to the home. They found Mrs. Whitely lying besides her husband — she had dropped dead too.



The author fondles two of his pet snakes, each capable of a poisonous bite.

I Make Friends with

My rattlers possess their fangs and poison glands — yet never strike me. I am en rapport with them.

By William Esenwein

CAN a story be so incredible that even with proof it remains unconvincing? Sometimes I think it can!

During my numerous television appearances I have watched people squirm uneasily trying to avoid the truth. Audiences who are thrilled when a man picks up a rattlesnake with a 10-foot pole or grabs it behind the head so that it cannot strike, show only disinterest when the same snake coiled around my neck in perfect position for a fatal lunge, kisses me on the cheek instead.

To many persons seeing may be believing, to others it is no such thing. A man's hate for snakes may be so intense that the mere word alerts his subconscious and provokes a strange hypnosis,

as though unknown glands secreted a stupefying poison. Previous convictions can be so entrenched that if a man could levitate himself at will I really believe people would dismiss the matter by declaring him crazy.

This psychoparalysis concerns only the mysteries which are muddled by phobias. First among these is the snake phobia.

The rattlesnakes I handle are perfectly free to strike at any time, yet I never have been struck. On the Steve Allen show I picked up a rattler that was not only coiled but poised to strike. I used only my bare hands and constrained him not at all.

with rattlesnakes agents of sports shows swarm around me like flies, waving contracts. But once they discover that my work is genuine they drop me like a hot potato. When they discover I'm not a fake they lose interest – perhaps to control their jitters.

At the age of eight the unknown lured me to scientific research in an attic lab because I sensed man's attempt to kid himself. And the call of the wild echoes through my earliest memories. I felt that somewhere in Nature the key to the mysteries of life could be found.

In 1929, at the age of 23, I went into the jungles of Brazil

RATTLESNAKES

But the adult mind is so prejudiced that the significance of this is lost and I have been placed mostly on childrens' television programs, such as Super Circus and Captain Hartz' Pets. And "snake-handlers" who never touch snakes continue to be a big attraction for adults.

Emotional disbelief is such that Alan Devoe, animal "expert" for *Reader's Digest* waived proof of my story and summarily declared it to be impossible.

After viewing my TV romp

for an intended stay of six months. I was without the slightest knowledge of woodcraft but I lived in the Brazilian jungles unarmed for 19 years, til the end of 1947.

Perception of the basic principles of Nature entails a purging of the murk through renunciation of human fallacy. My six-month apprenticeship was too short to permit unlearning the fallacies I had been taught and so I lengthened my stay.

For 19 years I prowled the great solitudes of the Brazilian

hinterland, alone, unarmed, unequipped, in search of truth. I slept unsheltered on the jungle floor despite the hordes of insects and carnivors that sniffed me and went their way. I was attacked by only one creature, a civilized man, greedy for the diamond that I carried on me for striking fire. I lived among jaguars, javalis, caranguejeiros (mammoth tarantulas), anacondas, primitive Indians and other jungle dwellers in whom the powers of intuitive cognition remain unsullied. I cultivated the friendship of two jaguars and kept them in my jungle hut. This communion with Nature taught me basic principles that civilized man, wise in his own conceit, will never heed. Some of these principles lent themselves to empirical testing and have been verified repeatedly.

Cosmic forces unknown to man operate within the jungle. Manifestations of these forces, observed by the natives who have a rigorous respect for the night forest, allowed me to prowl it in the moonlight, when vari-colored orbs glowed from a thousand hiding places to watch, like miniature lamps battling the overwhelming blackness of night-time jungle depths.

Since my return to the States I have offered by press, radio and television to be dropped into any jungle of the world, unarmed and unequipped, to prove what I have already proven to myself — that the jungle is hospitable to one who is in tune with its mysteries. But no one has challenged me because few men let themselves believe that the jungle's perennial canopy perpetuates a moral structur superior to the white man's civilization.

I offered to be placed in a pit and covered with rattlesnakes, also with no takers.

For five years I have lived at close quarters, almost constantly, with rattlers. I keep them loose in my room whenever possible. Their favorite resting place is atop the manuscript of a book I am writing, *Jungle Beasts Are My Bed-fellows.* They know the book concerns them.

How do scientists look upon my work with rattlesnakes?

Some begin with the premise that I use a mechanical technique in handling these creatures. They become strangely silent when I grab a bunch of rattlers in one hand, or when a rattler resounds on the floor after falling off my neck. This happened once on the Steve Allen show and Steve Allen sarcastically inquired, "And how do you think he liked that?"

"He knows I didn't do that on purpose", I replied, amidst an uproar from the audience who evidently thought I was trying to be funny.

But I was dead serious. The

rattler *did* know it. Like the side-winder on which I stepped in the Phoenix, Ariz., Reptile Garden's *pit of death* where I have descended at least nine times to the horror of cowboys oggling from above. Side-winders are reputed among Westerners to be the most aggressive of all rattlesnakes. Yet, when I lifted my foot this fellow just crawled away a few feet, turned around and pouted.

It would seem unnecessary to add that my own rattlesnakes are always in full possession of their fangs and poison glands, that any interference with these would be contrary to the principles that must be observed. The rattlesnake I used on Super Circus was inspected by Dr. Harold Gloyd, Director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. He is aware of the obstacles presented by disbelief and was willing to help by attesting that my rattler possessed both its fangs and its poison glands.

Dr. Gloyd and Dr. Carl Kauffeld, Curator of Reptiles at the world-famous zoo and serpentarium on Staten Island, have asked me to warn people not to try to imitate what they see me do with rattlesnakes. Although, during my shows, I explain how to avoid snake-bite when walking through the woods, rapport with rattlesnakes is an intangible and I cannot implement anyone to handle them with impunity.

In these intangibles lies my departure from dogmatic dictum. The scientists agree that the snake's forked tongue is a radar-like organ and that the facial pits mid-way between eyes and nostrils are ultra-sensitive to infrared rays but they do not believe snakes can communicate or understand.

I believe that the ancients recognized the snake's transcendency and worshipped it for that reason. The American Indian's reverence of the snake as a messenger to the gods also implies a linkage with the occult. The same idea lurks behind the symbol of the snake entwined around the staff of Aesculapeus, Greek and Roman god of healing. This staff, reproduced on labels and insignia, is now the honored symbol of pharmacy and medicine.

On my mining claim in Arizona, called Rattlesnake Haven, I use rattlesnakes for watch-dogs. They are faithful, require no care, and are hard on intruders.

To me this link with the unknown universe has been a great source of contentment.

Meanwhile people continue to watch me on television and they do not believe that what they see is true — and they do not want me to prove it is.

By Nona B. Mott

To please my friend I took on a task that professionals had turned down. But I didn't know how or where to begin work until . . . .

I Dreamed how

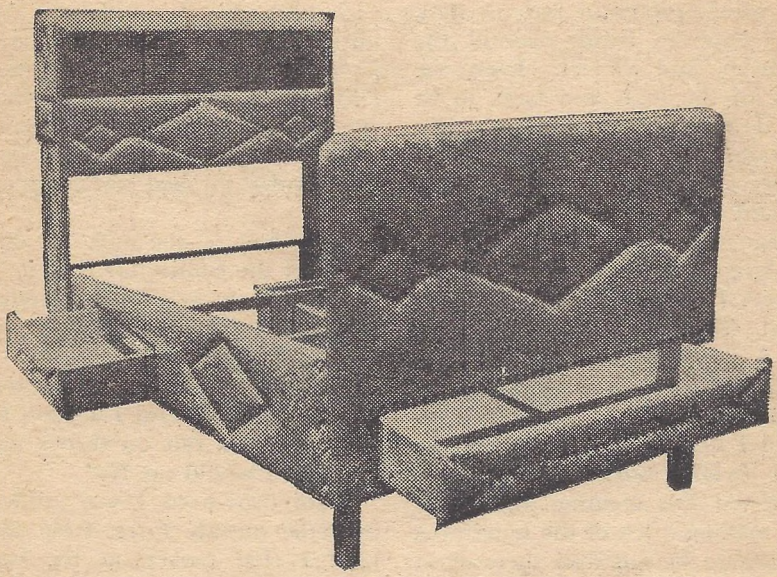
I had my feet very much on the ground, was completely without superstitions, until about 10 days ago. Since then my mind has been taken up with a whole new train of thought — perhaps extra-sensory perception does exist!

This radical and miraculous change in my beliefs came about because of an almost impossible job I undertook to do for my close friend, Marjorie Alexander.

Marjorie planned a bed, had it built, and wanted it padded and covered, head-board, foot-board *and* sides, with leather or heavy plastic. This might not seem such an outrageous job except that there are drawers built into every available space on this bed. There is a large drawer in the foot, a large one in each side, and small drawers in the sides of the head-board, which also has shelves for radio and books. As a bed it is a living unit.

Marjorie first took the bed to the two upholstering shops in our town. They refused to touch it. She took it to shops in neighboring cities and they also turned her down. They said a passable, finished upholstering job could *not* be done on it with the type of material she wanted to use because of the drawers and shelves. After this she was almost ready to give up the idea of covering it and finish it with sanding and varnish.

Then, a couple of weeks ago, while I was visiting her she jestingly asked me if I would do it. Before I could think I answered "yes." Immediately I wondered just why I was so sure I could do it. I never have upholstered furniture in my life and certainly not a piece with drawers and shelves to finish around. She asked if I really meant it. Something would not let me back down, although I had no notion



Bed, built especially for a friend of the author, had drawers in every available space. Problem was to upholster it in leather or plastic without taking it apart.

to make the bed

even how to begin! But I promised to do the bed for her!

She brought the bed and the material to me Wednesday morning and informed me that the cabinet maker had said it should *not* be taken apart at any time. One more thing to make the job more difficult!

I ignored the unfinished bed for two days. I had no notion how or where to start. Then I began thinking — thinking night and day, every waking hour. My family thought I was foolish to undertake the job and at the same time wanted to know why I didn't get busy on it. Plan after plan was discarded.

Friday night, naturally, I went to bed with it on my mind as usual. I seldom dream but this night I had a vision. I saw the way the upholstering should be done — exactly down to the last detail for mitering the corners,

of which pieces to put on first, and how to finish around the drawers and shelves. Even the size of the nails and tacks to be used was given to me in this dream. And in my mind was a perfect picture of how the bed would look completed.

So many dreams are lost on waking and I was sure I would forget but I need not have worried. Saturday I started to work. As I progressed I scarcely had to think. I *knew* how to do it! As I measured each piece for cutting I found I already knew the size before looking at the rule. I tested this seeming knowledge by making a list of the remaining pieces to be cut and their exact size before I measured for them. Not trusting, rather, still unbelieving, I determinedly measured each part. But I could have cut all the pieces of material and padding the correct size without taking any measurements whatever, for the actual measurements were the same as my dream list. By Monday the bed was completed.

This bed is the talk of our town, of the county for that matter, and I am getting the credit. Did I subconsciously figure out the right way?

Knowing myself as I do and knowing how careful I am not to stick my neck out on things not my line, I would say *No!*

I am convinced I was guided by some outside force, from the time I first looked at the bed and said I could do it until the last nail and upholstery tack was driven into it.



FOR WHOM THE BELLS TOLL

THE funeral bells at St. Monica's Catholic Church in Santa Monica, Calif., tolled unexpectedly during the early morning hours recently. Police officers, summoned by Rev. John Sammon in the adjoining rectory, found no signs of a prowler. They said the bell switch — which was in a locked steel cabinet — "somehow had been turned on."



BROTHERS IN FATE

JOSEPH W. Jenkins, Jr., 31, of Rockaway, N. J., was killed when his new car struck a curb and overturned. He was the fourth of five brothers to die in traffic accidents. He lost control of his car one block from where the first brother was fatally injured in a motorcycle accident.

MIND OVER SPACE

THE MYSTERY OF TELEPORTATION

By Nandor Fodor

Conveyed by Spirits

THE Poltergeist, as we have seen, is a mischievous spirit – much like a mischievous child. Usually it is associated with children, although where it appears to be the agency in transportation children may not always be involved. However, children figure prominently in a closely similar type of transportation case where the spirits are of the seance room rather than of the crockery-throwing, variety.

Even if we have brought spiritualistic "spirits" into the picture, long-range transportation which involves children and which does not take place under pre-arranged conditions, is virtually a fool-proof demonstration of psychic agency and power. To cheat distance is impossible and children do not knowingly, or willingly, place themselves in the frightening situations of the transported. Furthermore, transportation is a type of phenomenon that does not lend itself readily to exploitation by those who enjoy mischief, crave notoriety or desire to hoax.

In cases where children are surrounded by adults, how long could the air of mystery over their disappearance and reappearance elsewhere be maintained if the claim were spurious? Consider the Pansini children of Bari

who succeeded in keeping the Italian press busy for several weeks with their mysterious adventures.

Here is a report from the *Giornale d'Italia,* dated Bari, November 15, 1905, and titled, "A Mysterious Residence."

"In the year 1901 Signor Maura Pansini, a mason and architect, went with his family to live in an old house not far from the Palazzo Municipale. A few days passed off quietly, but then the family was terrified by strange noises and phenomena; the pictures fell from the nails, plates, glasses and bottles were thrown against the walls and broken to pieces, and the furniture moved about without anyone touching it. They concluded that the place was haunted by evil spirits; the priest was called and went through the prescribed ceremony for exorcising the devils; but even the most liberal application of prayers and holy water availed nothing; the tables were overturned and chairs were broken just as before.

"One evening the little Alfredo Pansini, aged seven years, while the rest of the family were present, fell into a state of sleep and began to speak in a voice which was not his own, saying that he had been sent by God for the purpose of driving away the evil spirits. It seemed for a while as if a better class of spirits had come, for now there were all kinds of sweets, candy and chocolate, brought to them by the invisibles; and one night the little boy, while in a state of trance, described a battle taking place between the good and bad ghosts. Next, the boy began to walk mechanically and answer questions concerning things which he could not know. They took the boy to Church. There he became as insensible as a corpse, but woke up as the bishop called his name. He

remained with the bishop for several days and then returned to his parents. There still more curious phenomena took place.

"One day the lad Alfredo, with his brother Paolo, aged eight years, were at Ruvo at 9 A.M.; and at 9:30 they were found at the Capucine Convent at Malfetta (some 30 miles away). Another day the whole family were sitting at the breakfast table at 12:00 o'clock and as there was no wine the little Paolo was sent for it. He did not return, and an hour afterwards Alfredo suddenly disappeared, and at 1 P.M. both boys were found in a fishing boat on the sea, not far from the port of Barletta. They began to cry, and the fisherman, being himself frightened almost out of his wits by their sudden appearance, took them ashore, where by good fortune they found a coachman who knew them and took them home, where after a rapid drive of half an hour they arrived at 3:30. In this way they were spirited away on other occasions to Bisceglie, Giovinnarri, Mariotti and Ferlizzi (the distance of which places from Ruvo may be seen on the map) and brought back to their parents in the ordinary way.

"The Doctor Raffaelo Estugno and other scientists investigated their cases, but they either came to no result, or they avoided giving the only reasonable explanation which presents itself to an occultist; and this is not to be wondered at, if we take into consideration the storm of indignation which has been raised in "scientific" quarters even against such a celebrated scientist as Professor Richet for publishing the accounts of his experiments in the Villa Carmen, and having had the hardihood to affirm publicly having seen and touched a materialized ghost."

It is impossible to wish for better evidence of human transportation than two boys droping into a boat, in open sea, out of the blue. The story is unprecedented. Among the people who attested the diversified flying adventures of the Pansini boys are some important ecclesiastical functionaries, as Berardi Pasquale, Bishop of Ruvo and Bitonto, Archbishop Guilo Vaccaro di Bari, Archdeacon Vallarelli di Terlizzi, Cavalier Carmarino, magistrate Mellusi, delegate of Bari, Father Vito Garretti and the editor of the *Corriere delle Puglie.*

Dr. Joseph Lapponi, who was chief physician to Pope Leo XIII and Pius X, gives further information on this extraordinary case.* He interviewed a member of the family and makes it clearer than the *Giornale d'Italia's* account that the phenomena of the Pansini children covered a period of three years. They began with Alfredo when he was seven and his two years younger brother, Paolo, did not become a partner in the Peter Pan flying concern until three years later. He also adds the following to their adventures.

> One day the two boys were in the Piazza di Ruvo at 1.35 o'clock, and at 1.45, about ten minutes afterwards, were at Trani, before the door of the house of one of their uncles, Signor Girolamo Maggiore. Passing into an hypnotic state, and being questioned, Alfredo replied to many difficult questions, to the amazement of all. Among other things which he announced, he said that he would not be able to leave on the morrow, but only after fifteen days. The next day his uncle's horse was ill, and the aunt then hired a vehicle to take the nephews back to Ruvo. But hardly had they reached their parents than they disappeared afresh, and were again found at Trani. Being taken back to Ruvo,

**Hypnotism and Spiritism,* Longmans, Green and Co., New York, 1907, pp. 127 – 33.

> they disappeared yet again, and were found at Bisceglie, whence it was concluded to be useless to fight against supernatural forces, and they were reconducted to Trani to await the end of the fortnight.

Presumably, these mysterious journeys, for which a trance communicator calling himself Cavallieri Fernandez claimed responsibility, stopped as the originator, Alfredo Pansini, approached the age of puberty, as we have no further record. The case also is important by reason of the collective aspect of transportation. It is a rare feature but we meet with it elsewhere, too, in the adventures of other Peter Pans.

T. L. Nichols, M.D., in *A Biography of the Brothers Davenport,* 1864, writes of the early youth of the two boys (Ira Erastus and William Henry), sons of a police official of Buffalo who years later made a spectacular, international stage career:

> One day by rapping and then trance speech the presence of a "George Brown" was signalled. He described himself as a Canadian farmer. He had been robbed and murdered in a place which he described by members of the notorious Townsend gang. He said he resided at Waterloo, W. C. and his family still lived there. Little faith was placed in the story, though the sheriff of the county declared that a George Brown used to live sixty miles away at Waterloo, whereupon the "ghost" announced (p. 42) that he intended to take Ira to the scene of his murder. Not much attention was paid to what was considered an absurd threat; but the boy, a few evenings after, while engaged in his daily task of delivering evening papers, first felt "queer", then lost his consciousness, and found himself standing in the snow, with no tracks around him to show how he had come there, in a solitary place, a mile and a half from home, on the right bank of the Niagara River. "George Brown", at

> his next visit, declared that he had carried him across the river, which is half a mile wide, and brought him back again, just as an experiment; but as the boy was unconscious all the time, until he found himself on the bank, while his family was getting alarmed at his absence, and as nobody saw him carried across the river, we have only George Brown't testimony on the subject, which we are not obliged to believe without a sufficient corroboration.

Ira was the older of the two boys, less than 14 at this time. Later the experience was duplicated with the simultaneous transportation of both boys.

> "John King" advised the father of the Davenports, at an early stage, to take his two sons away from Buffalo, that it was dangerous for them to stay, and that they were needed elsewhere. Mr. Davenport would not consent either to leave his family with them or allow them to go . . . . . A strange event which took place as the result, apparently, of this conversation, is variously vouched for; but I have preferred to take the facts from the lips of Mr. Ira Davenport, the elder of the two brothers. He says that he was walking one evening, at about 9 o'clock, in the streets of Buffalo with his brother William, this being in the winter of 1853-4 and the boys in their 12th and 14th year.
>
> Here Ira's recollection ceases. The next thing he knew was that he found himself and his brother in a snow bank, in a field, with no tracks near him, near his grandfather's house, at Mayville, Chautauqua County, New York, 60 miles from Buffalo. On waking up William, who had not returned to consciousness, they made their way to their grandfather's house, where they were received with surprise and their story heard with astonishment. Their father was immediately informed by telegraph of their safety and whereabouts, and he, good obstinate man, set himself to find out how they got to Mayville. On inquiry, he found that no railway train could have taken them, after the hour they left home, more than a portion of the

> distance, and the conductors on the road knew the boys and had not seen them. "John" declared through the trumpet, after their return home, that he had transported them, or caused them to be transported, simply to show Mr. Davenport that they could be taken to any distance as easily as they could be carried about the room, and to show him that it was useless for him to try to keep them in Buffalo. The boys, so far as I can judge from the manner in which the story was related to me by Ira, undoubtingly believe that they were taken by no ordinary means of conveyance, and that the difficulties of the journey were overcome in some unexplainable and inexplicable manner by the same power, whatever that may be, which has for eleven years worked in their presence so many marvels, not less difficult to explain than their trip from Buffalo to Mayville. They do not say that they were carried all the way, or part of the way. They think they must have walked a long distance for their feet were blistered. They were there, and knew not how. (pp. 48-52)

Appearing in a snow field without any tracks is almost as good evidence of a miraculous journey as the appearance of the Pansini brothers in a boat at sea.

The Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, one of the most noted American preachers in the South before the Civil War, supported the Davenport records in these words:

> From as good testimony as I have of any fact that I can accept without personal knowledge, I believe that these young men have been raised into the air to the ceilings of rooms, and have been transported a distance of miles by the same force and intelligence, or intelligent force that has for eleven years worked in their presence so many marvels.*

While nothing was seen of the physical mechanism that accomplished transportation, the levitation of the

*T. L. Nichols: *Supermundane Facts in the Life of the Rev. J. B. Ferguson*, London, 1865.

brothers Davenport left behind telltale marks on the ceiling, and also exposed to the eye two gigantic hands and a monstrous arm that certainly did not belong to any of those present. Because of this unusual element, it is worth quoting from Nichols' book (pp. 33-35) the detailed story:

"At the seances, which now began to be held regularly, the manifestations already described were repeated. Loud raps were heard; the table answered questions; spectral forms were seen in the flash of a pistol; lights appeared in the upper parts of the room; musical instruments floated in the air, while being played upon, above the heads of the company. It would be too much to expect of human nature to suppose that all these things were witnessed with simple faith and open-mouthed credulity. There were enough to say it was a trick, and to be determined to detect it. Probably nine out of ten, when told of what occurred, declared it all a humbug, and that they could detect and expose it. Consequently, a close watch was kept upon the Davenports. Persons were appointed to hold them. The whole company took hold of hands when the room was darkened, that each might watch for the two next him. On one occasion, four persons selected for the purpose held the two boys; four others securely grappled Mr. and Mrs. Davenport; and even the little Elizabeth was held by two others. Every possible precaution was taken.

"When all this had been arranged, Ira was lifted bodily into the air, until he rose above the heads of those who held him, and floated away close to the ceiling. Then both boys, Ira and William, were laid upon the table, and Mr. Plympton, a well-known auctioneer of Buffalo, was

requested to hold them firmly by the feet. He seized their ankles, when Ira was raised bodily into the air, followed by William. Not succeeding in holding both, he next tried the youngest, who, in spite of his added weight, was raised up with such force that his head broke through the ceiling of lath and plaster. Mr. Plympton had held to the boy with all his strength, but letting go, to prevent being himself drawn he knew not where, the boy, suddenly freed, went up by lunar attraction, let us say, or terrene repulsion — with the result to his skull and the plaster already stated. The people who heard the crash thought the boy was killed and called for a light; but he was found to be quite unhurt. There was no mistake, however, about the hole in the ceiling.

"Once the entire store of family crockery and glassware was invisibly taken from the shelves in the dark and piled upon the table. Then the boys were raised up and placed upon the dishes, and all the chairs heaped upon the table, without the agency of any mortal hand that could be discovered. All this was done without the fracture of a single article, and in total darkness. Lights were struck, and with great care the boys and chairs were taken down. The lights were again extinguished, and every article was restored to its proper place in the pantry, without the slightest mishap or accident."

On other occasions "the two boys were raised from their chairs, carried across the room and held up with their heads downward before a window. An eye-witness said, "We distinctly saw two gigantic hands, attached to about three-fifths of a monstrous arm; and those hands grasped the ankles of the two boys, and thus held the lads, heels up and heads downwards, before the window:

now raising, now lowering them, till their heads bid fair to make acquaintance with the carpets on the floor. This curious, but assuredly not dignified exhibition was several times repeated; was plainly seen by every person present. Among these persons was an eminent physician, Dr. Blanchard, then of Buffalo, now of Chicago, Illinois, who was sitting in a chair by the side of Elizabeth Davenport; and all present saw an immense arm, attached to no apparent body — growing as it were, out of space — glide along near the floor, until it reached around Dr. Blanchard's chair, when the hand grasped the lower back round of Elizabeth's chair, raised it from the floor, with the child upon it, balanced it, and then raised it to the ceiling. The chair and child remained in the air, without contact with any person or thing, for a space of time estimated to be a minute, and then descended gradually to the place it first occupied."

We only can guess why, in these instances, the levitation of the boys should be accomplished by such an agency as a giant arm. It may be a matter of leverage but that explains very little about the non-human entity to which the arm was supposed to belong or the process by which it became visible and tangible. We quote this paragraph only in support of spiritualistic contentions that levitation or transportation is closely bound up with the agency of the spirit of the dead.

A fairly safe rule in the treatment of psychic phenomena is that when something totally new is introduced, the utmost caution should be observed. The case of 18-year-old Ophelia Corrales, the daughter of Buonaventure Corrales, a landowner of San Jose, Costa Rica, is a good illustration. She had two younger sisters, Bertha 12

and Flora 7, and a younger brother, Miguel 10. According to the account of Dr. Alberto Brenes, Professor of the Law Academy, dated March 5, 1908,* the three young children disappeared from a seance room one by one, were found in a nearby pavillion, the door of which was locked, and then were simultaneously re-transported. The children apparently had fun. No mention is made of their entrancement and their own story is just what is compatible with their range of imagination. They told of feeling a pressure under the arm, after which they were lifted up in the air and placed where they were found. As if the material barrier did not exist at all, they described an ordinary flight, the kind that all Peter Pans would relish.

In a letter to *El Siglo Espirita,* the organ of the Mexican Spiritist Federation, published on March 28, 1908, Don Rogelio Fernandez Guell, Mexican Consul at Baltimore, describes a novel kind of transportation for which we have no precedent:

> One evening in the early part of November, 1908, we left Ophelia outside the seance room in the patio of the house and closed the door. We then asked her to project her double, which she immediately did. This double exactly reproduced the voice and appearance of Ophelia, but the costume was different. We asked the medium to transmit to the double a hankerchief and a comb which was in her hair, and the two articles were sent simultaneously although all openings were closed.
>
> Whilst the double talked with the spectators, the medium remained outside knocking at the door and continuing to speak, in order to assure us of her presence in the patio. "Come, Ophelia!" was said, and instantly she was in the midst of the spectators.

Annals of Psychic Science, Vol. IX.

This is the type of phenomenon which a vivid imagination but lack of sufficient knowledge of the range of mediumistic power would suggest.

There is one more case of transportation for which Dr. Brenes is ready to vouch, but only on the basis of his intimate knowledge of the persons concerned:

> It happened once that Mlle. Ophelia proposed to go with her father to the town, but as she was not ready, her father set out alone, walking slowly so as to give her time to catch up to him. He reached the Square called "de la Fabrica". There, all of a sudden, he heard a deep breath, and she appeared in front of him as though she had come up out of the ground. A working woman and a a young girl who were passing by were witnesses of the incident which, as can easily be understood, greatly surprised them, because they were quite unable to explain it.
>
> Ophelia stated that when she left home, as she thought her father was already some distance ahead, she mentally formulated the wish to be transported close to him, and that immediately she heard the voice of "Mary" who said, "I am going to please you. Count, one, two, three." She obeyed, and had hardly uttered the last word when she felt herself at the spot mentioned, about six hundred yards in a straight line from where she had been.

Some time after this "Mary" came to grief. She was playing doubles and lost; a strange girl was found to have been fraudulently introduced and photographed. The story was told by Ophelia's own father in a letter to W. T. Stead, published by the *Voz de la Verdad,* and though "Mary", contrite and repentant, was ready to submit to any new test, by 1914 Ophelia retired from the psychic stage.



London's Haunted Flats

Two housewives living in a converted convent report frequent sightings of a shadowy black-robed figure. Is it the ghost of a former nun?

By Chester S. Geier

Two London housewives say that the ghost of a nun passes occasionally through their adjoining flats in a converted convent building off Streatham High Road. They describe the apparition as "a very solid shadow" having the appearance of a black-robed nun.

The two housewives, Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Cooke, have lived for some nine years in what formerly was Coventry Hall. During this time, they claim, they have seen the ghostly nun at intervals, both during daylight and in the evening.

The flats occupied by the Savage and Cooke families are on the first floor of the remodeled convent and take in what originally were the Mother Superior's private rooms. For this reason Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Cooke believe that the apparition is a former head of the convent.

According to Mrs. Savage, the ghostly nun usually follows a regular route through the flats. She and Mrs. Cooke have come

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to call this "the Nun's Walk." They say the apparition moves from the front room, which Mr. and Mrs. Cooke use as a combination sitting and bedroom, past the kitchen door and around into the hallway toward the bathroom door. At the point where a new wall separates the Savage bathroom from the Cooke flat, the figure disappears.

During their first four years in Coventry Hall, Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Cooke relate, they saw the apparition about twice a week. Since then, however, the visitations have been at intervals of three or four months. Tenants of other flats in the building say they have not seen the ghostly nun and know of her only through the reports of the two women.

Mrs. Savage says she became aware of the nun shortly after she moved into the remodeled convent in 1947. She had occupied her new flat for only a few days when she saw the figure of the nun walking around the corner of the hall to the bathroom. One day, she recalls, her visiting sister-in-law saw a figure in the kitchen doorway. She spoke to it under the impression that it was Mrs. Savage, who at the moment was in the bedroom.

At first, Mrs. Savage relates, her husband was skeptical about ghosts in general and refused to believe her story of the phantom

nun. Some time later she returned home from a vacation trip to find her husband shaken. He admitted that he himself had seen the ghost. He had glimpsed a figure walking into the bedroom and, certain it was a human being, he had followed it. However, he had found the room empty.

Mrs. Savage is the mother of three young children. As the result of certain strange experiences she has had earlier in her life, she believes she is psychic. On occasions when she has seen the ghostly nun, she says, regardless of what she happened to be doing, she has felt compelled to look up. Once, as she and a friend sat outside on the lawn in broad daylight, she saw a black-robed figure standing by her french windows. She pointed out the figure to her friend, who saw nothing.

Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Cooke say they have seen the ghostly nun so often that they no longer consider it remarkable enough to mention. They have accepted the haunting as a matter of course, particularly as neither they nor their families have been disturbed by the ghost. They have no particular desire to move, although Mrs. Savage says that she would like a home of her own, for the benefit of her children. This desire, she emphasizes, has nothing whatever to do with the ghostly nun.

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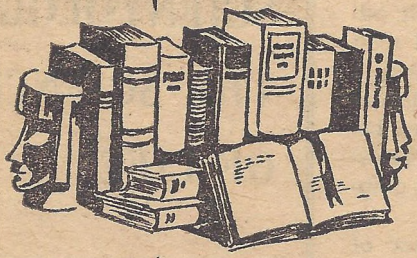
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NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, by Gray Barker — University Books, New York; 256 pages, $3.50.

This, my 17th book on Flying Saucers, is perhaps the most intriguing and stimulating of all. The writer is cunning. At first, you wonder: Is he being serious, or satirical? "There are no such things as flying saucers." Government, President, innumerable "scientists", virtually have told you so. The Big Press is silent. But there are hallucinations. And hallucinations "often leave burned patches on the ground after they have taken off."

He relates a handful of incidents, selected for quality; for quantity, we have Wilkins, Keyhoe, etc. You still wonder. He draws you on. At last you realize he is completely serious. Strange things are happening — such as three black-clothed s t r a n g e r s striking terror into those who investigate these weird saucer affairs.

The highlight of the book is an exposition of its title. Some half-dozen men, keen students, editors of or writers in Flying Saucer magazines, suddenly cease their activities and fall silent. When asked apparently innocent questions they say, to question after question, "I cannot answer that." Obviously, they have been terrified. One was made sick for three days, according to Barker. There is mystery: there is danger: there is terror. The conclusion seems inescapable that these students have been genuinely, deeply frightened because they knew too much. They have guessed their way to the heart of the Flying Saucer conundrum. The "silence group" — who may be government agents, or those of some other organization, even of another world — is using what has all the appearance of blackmail.

What is the secret that must not be even whispered? Could it be a "new source of energy", which can be plucked out of the atmosphere so cheaply that it

would "kill the gas, oil and coal industries, making obsolete automobiles and power stations, and bring about "world economic collapse"?

Barker wonders why he has not been visited by the three men in black. He has published a magazine with considerable circulation in many countries. He has received "mysterious telephone calls that plague all saucer researchers." Maybe it is because he has not yet obtained samples of those strange metal fragments alleged to have fallen from Flying Saucers, analysis of which has never been published.

Barker is disturbed: "There exist forces or agencies which would prevent us from finding out whether or not there are green men, or bug-eyed monsters, or saucers with things in them. I have a feeling that some day there will come a slow knocking at my own door. They will be at your door too, unless we all get wise and find out who the three men really are."

Once started on this book, you cannot put it down. The author is to be congratulated on producing so entrancing and tantalizing a volume. It demands a place on your Flying Saucer shelf.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF DYNAMIC LIVING, by Cy Stevens, R.Sc.M. — Pageant Press, New York City; 55 pages, $2.00.

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II. Take one step at a time. RIGHT NOW, or you miss the boat.

III. Do the BEST in everything. Make every infinitesimal action PERFECT.

IV. Never turn back. Decide. Do. Keep Doing.

V. No negation. Do you want discord, unhappiness, regret; or abundance, harmony, happiness? It it up to you.

VI. "Good" and "Bad" situations don't matter, Your reaction does. Why call stepping-stones names?

VII. Recognize the "Oneness" in everything. Make sure it is *everything.*

The author concludes with a few "working texts", or "slogans", the efficacy of which I happen to know from experience. Remember a slogan for a few days. Act it out. It becomes automatic. Then add another.

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MESSAGE IN STONE

By Muriel E. Eddy

We were greatly saddened when Howard Phillips Lovecraft, the famous Rhode Island writer of weird and uncanny tales of the unknown, died in March, 1937. Mr. Lovecraft had been a friend of the family for years. He often had brought his weird writings, still in manuscript form, to our house, reading them aloud in his sepulchral voice and awaiting our approval or disapproval. He considered the Eddy family "good critics." I still can see him, sitting in our humble abode and reading his famous horror tale, "The Rats in the Walls," which has been reprinted frequently since his untimely demise.

We often discussed the mystery of death and one night Lovecraft expressed the opinion that the human brain was practically indestructible. He believed that, whether or not his body was embalmed, his brain would continue to function. He said that if his brain continued to "work," as he believed it would after death, he would send a message in some material form that we could understand.

At that time he was in excellent health and death seemed distant. However, shortly afterward Howard Phillips Lovecraft suddenly became seriously ill and died in Jane Brown Hospital in Providence, R. I., in March, 1937. He was only 47 years old.

After the funeral I often visited his grave and placed floral offerings there. The grave is in Swan Point Cemetery and is marked by a tall granite shaft.

One night in September, 1937, I had a very vivid dream about Howard Phillips Lovecraft. In my dream I visited his grave, now covered thickly with grass, and was on my knees, parting the grass as I hunted for something.

My dream haunted me and ear-

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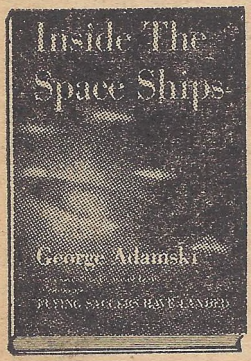
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ly the next day, a Sunday, I drove out to the cemetery. I felt driven by an invisible force.

As I stood beside Lovecraft's grave, I seemed to hear his sepulchral voice again, intoning the words, "If my theory is correct, if my brain continues to function after my death, I will send you a message in some material form that you can understand."

My eyes scanned the grass on the burial plot, still wet with dew, and then I glimpsed something white shining on Lovecraft's grave. Stooping, I parted the heavy growth with my hands and picked up a heart-shaped stone, as smooth as satin and about two



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inches across. It was milky white and looked oddly like a quarried stone of the translucent variety. I recalled that Lovecraft's grandparents, long dead, had owned a stone quarry in East Providence.

How the stone happened to be lying on Lovecraft's grave may be only a matter of conjecture. However, he had known that I collected odd-shaped natural specimens, such as unusual shells, odd bits of wood and minerals, especially stones and rocks of unusual formation.

I could find no stone in the cemetery that resembled even remotely the one I found on Lovecraft's grave. — *Providence, R. I.*

THE EXTRA CHILD

By Mrs. John Johnson
As told to Mrs. Ted Stoeckle

My mother-in-law's last birthday party was a huge success and her "thank you" was given with tears in her eyes. She said it would probably be her last birthday as she was nearly 90 years old. She went back to her home the next day, which is nearly 70 miles away. We often heard from her in the following year. She occasionally was sick but was able to get around and visit with her friends on the days she was well. Life went on as usual, and Mother-in-law was nearly forgotten.

When my son and daughter-in-



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law went out for the evening, they always called on me for baby-sitting. This was a great joy to me as I enjoyed my grandchildren as much as I had my own little ones.

One night in July, 1955, when I was baby-sitting I read to the oldest ones until they became tired. Then I tucked them into bed with a prayer.

I picked up the little two-year-old and put her on my lap to rock her to sleep. She was a beautiful child and I fondled her dark curls as I rocked her. Soon she too was fast asleep.

I held her this way for awhile, luxuriating in my love for her. Then I laid her in her little crib and turned out the lights.

I went back to my rocker, put on a dim light and laid my head back to rest. I looked up at the time. It was exactly midnight. Then I seemed impelled to look at the bedroom door.

A beautiful little child was walking towards the bedroom door. She was dressed in a long white nightgown and had long hair down her back. When she reached the bedroom door she disappeared.

I rushed into the bedroom and looked at each one of the children. They all were sleeping soundly, as I had left them only a few minutes before. Puzzled, I turned on the lights and read until the parents returned. To avoid

alarming them, I did not mention my experience.

The next day I told them about it and said I feared for one of their children's lives. They scoffed, saying I must have fallen asleep and had a dream.

The next day my husband got a telephone message that his mother had passed away gently in her sleep.

The time of her death and my vision coincided. I believe I saw my mother-in-law in the beauty of her newborn childhood. — *Cumberland, Wis.*

MY HUSBAND RETURNS

By Harriet E. Williamson

My husband, Billy, suffered from coronary occlusion attacks. One day in August, 1948, we were watching the sun set over the Pacific Ocean when he turned to me and said, "I am going now." He died an instant later.

In our 31 years of marriage, our love for each other had deepened so that now I was prostrated with grief. I remembered how he had suffered and in my sorrow kept repeating to myself, "Oh Billy, if only I knew you were all right and were contented." I always had thought only of his welfare.

I could not sleep. All night I would look hourly at the clock. One night several weeks after

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my husband died, I sat up in bed and saw that it was three o'clock. I turned to the other side and saw Billy standing beside the bed, looking down tenderly at me. He looked young and healthy. I forgot that he had died and, always having worried about his health, I said aloud, "Oh Billy, I have never known you to look so well." He continued to smile. Then the rosy light which illumined his face so clearly faded and he vanished.

For some time afterward I worried that grief had unbalanced my mind and that I had had a hallucination. I knew that it had not been a dream. I told friends about my experience and they insisted that I had been dreaming. So when I heard that Eileen Garrett, the famous medium, was coming to Hollywood to lecture, I went to hear her. Afterward, I told her of my experience and asked if she thought it actual or only wish-fulfillment.

She said, "My dear, your Billy came back to comfort you. You are so fortunate. He wanted you to know he was well and happy."

Now I am comforted. — *San Clemente, Calif.*

IS THE CHAIR VACANT?

By Pearl Boyle

My little Pekingese dog, Sing Toy, was very devoted to my husband. Every evening the

Peke would put his front paws on my husband's knees. He would ruffle the hair on his neck and wag his tail when my husband petted him.

Three months after my husband's death in 1949, Sing Toy put his front paws on the front of the vacant chair and ruffled his hair and wagged his tail as though my husband was petting him. My daughter and I often have seen the little dog walk up to the chair that has been vacant for several years and beg the way he used to when my husband sat there.

Sing Toy appears still to feel the presence of the master he loved. He often looks at the chair as if he still sees his master sitting in it. Nobody but my husband ever has sat in that chair — *Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE ROCKING CHAIR

By Jessica B. Scott

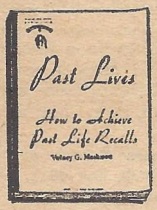
THE following true story was told to me by my aunt, Celia Bailey:

In the spring of 1922, my husband took me to Atlantic City, feeling that I might recuperate there more fully after a long illness.

We had accommodations in one of the many cottages in a section near the boardwalk. The cottage was a large, homey-looking place, and we were welcomed by a pleas-

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ant, middle-aged woman who showed us to our room. Before she left, she told us to call her if we needed anything.

That evening when my husband and I returned after dinner and a show, I was surprised and disappointed to note that the rocker was no longer in the room. When we questioned the landlady about this, she seemed rather upset. Seeing we were serious, however, she had the chair brought back to the room.

That night I was waked by a vivid dream in which I saw a beautiful young woman seated in the rocker by the window, brushing her long hair. I was so disturbed by the dream that I found it difficult to go back to sleep. When I finally did, I had the same dream. I lay awake until dawn and slept again. When I told my husband of the dream, he said it was just a case of nerves.

That evening during a stroll on the boardwalk, we met a friend whom we had not seen for several years. This young woman, we knew, spent several weeks at this resort each year. We invited her

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to have dinner with us and, during dinner, I told her of my strange dream. After inquiring where we were staying, she seemed thoughtful, as though making a decision. Finally she told us that the cottage where we were staying had been the scene of a brutal murder a few years previously. It seems that a jealous husband had murdered his young wife there, while she was seated in a rocking chair brushing her hair!

When my husband and I returned to the cottage that night, the rocker was gone. Neither of us commented on this fact but went quietly to bed, where we both had a fitful but dreamless sleep.

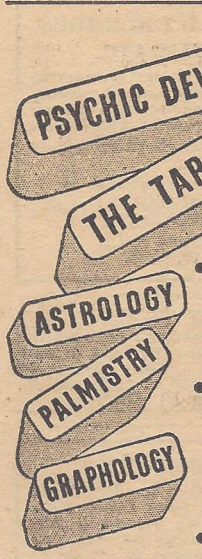
The next morning we checked out of the cottage and went to a hotel. —*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

A RESTLESS GHOST

By Lucy Gaylord Starnes

In November 1936 my family and I moved into a small house in Raleigh, N. C., which we had rented from the owners. One afternoon a short time later, I came home from my teaching job to find the house empty. I sank wearily on the couch facing the front door.

The late afternoon sun slanted through the glass portion of the door, and suddenly I saw a mist, the shape and size of a man's



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head, appear in the soft light. It moved slowly, growing larger as it moved. A large mahogany desk stood near the hall door and, as the shape was silhouetted against the dark furniture, I saw that it had assumed the form of a slender man. It walked through the doorway into the dark hall. I watched in terror as the shape passed into the middle bedroom.

Walking slowly into the hall, I stared into the bedroom. The shape turned to face me. I saw that it was faceless, with a white blur where features should have been. It moved to the windows, collapsed and vanished.

Weeks later, in talking to a permanent resident of the neighborhood, I said that there was something unhappy and restless about the house. "No wonder," she replied. "An awful thing happened there about a year ago. The son of the owners, a very dissipated person, married against his parents' wishes. They refused to accept his marriage or to help him out financially. He came home late one afternoon, when no one was there, went into the middle bedroom and shot himself in the face."

I am certain I saw the unhappy spirit of that young man that winter afternoon — saw it long before I heard the story of his death. I felt its presence from the day I moved into the house until the day I left. — *Arlington, Va.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

PANHANDLE SAUCER

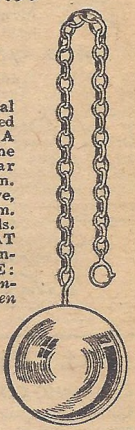
My husband and I saw a flying saucer in the sky at our home 10 miles north of Borger, Tex., and eight miles north of the huge Phillips refinery, on Sunday, May 13, 1956, at 7:25 P.M.

This object hovered for 35 minutes at a height of approximately 10,000 feet. Through binoculars it appeared to be three feet in diameter, shaped like an egg and wavering a little from side to side. Each of its ends and its underside were a reddish orange like very bright lights with a greenish blue center. There were no clouds or planes in the sky at the time. The saucer finally took off at terrific speed to the east. —*Mrs. Helen Turner, Borger, Tex.*

UFO's AND AUTOMATIC WRITING

I have taken a deep interest in UFO's from the very first. I have read all the books available on the subject and any published articles or theories which came to my attention. So I confess I had formed the opinion that the saucer "people" were of a superior type and that their mission probably was to help us and to

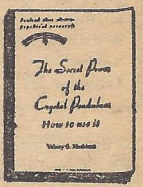
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One day, after reading a book on UFO's, I had a sudden urge to do some automatic writing. This is something I had put aside long before, having decided that, remarkable as it was, I was merely talking to my own subconscious mind.

However, my urge was so strong that I picked up a pencil and instantly found myself — or rather it seemed to be something outside myself — writing: "Yes, Mars is inhabited, but *not* by those vagrants." I felt that something more was to be written but nothing came. Mentally, however, I seemed to hear someone say, "We drove them off."

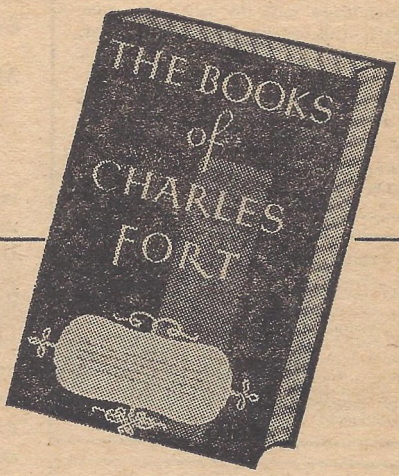
Later what seemed to be the same voice said, "It is not that they are so particularly advanced. It is more that in some way they have discovered a method of flying, an easy method, and how to stay in space for long periods of time."

As time passed I decided that this was all wrong and returned to my theory of the saucer people being mentally and spiritually superior. Then I had an urge to glance in the Bible. I have resorted to this on occasion in order to decide upon a course of action, and 90 per cent of the time I have received astonishingly accurate replies.

I happened to open the Bible

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at Verse 16, Chapter I, The Epistle of St. Paul, and I read these words: "They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him, being abominable, and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate."

Not very encouraging, is it? — *Mary C. Jones, Bradenton, Fla.*

MECHANICS OF DISAPPEARANCES?

I feel impelled to write you regarding the article "They Disappeared Into the Unknown" in the July issue of FATE. This article intrigued me because I have been a student of occultism, metaphysics and philosophy for many years. I believe that it is not necessary to pass through what we call death to reach our immortal state.

Many great scientists, including Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington, state that matter (which includes the human body) is made up of invisible particles called electrons, protons, etc., and that these make up all matter which is visible according to the vibration rate maintained. In other words, cloth is these invisible particles vibrating at a certain rate, while flesh is the same particles vibrating at a different rate.

If this is so, then why, when the vibration rate is changed or raised, cannot matter disappear? — *Dr. U. W. Gazley, D. D., San Diego, Calif.*

ANOTHER LUNAR PUZZLE

Donald Keyhoe's "Enigma on the Moon" in the August, 1956, FATE brought to mind one of the biggest of many lunar puzzles, one which I believe never has been mentioned in FATE. It is the moving from place to place of small, dark areas. The movement is slow, only a few feet every minute.

Professor W. H. Pickering, an expert on selenography, is credited with having observed them. Discounting the dark areas as being vegetation, he thought of them as tiny objects massed together and estimated their size as that of tropical red ants.

This makes one wonder whether — incredible as it may seem — enormous swarms of lunar insects roam the surface of our "lifeless" satellite. — *Alex Saunders, Toronto, Ont., Can.*

DREAMING THE FUTURE

I have had precognitive dreams which came true in detail, also dreams in which the message was symbolical.

One precognitive dream I recall vividly concerned my brother, who had been missing for two years. He crept up behind me, to surprise me, while I was kneeling, chopping kindling wood for the evening. I looked up and saw my brother. At the back of the yard, I saw my father fastening the gate.

On the morning of the dream,

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before I went to school, I told the family about it. That evening it occurred exactly as pictured.

One of my symbolical dreams concerned the death of my mother. I stood one night in a graveyard. A curving macadam driveway faced me. At the other end of the curve stood a dark stone building. A flight of steps led upward to two great iron gates. The structure was half hidden in the gloom, illumined only by a half moon. Behind me were rows of graves, with crosses and monuments. This dream occurred twice.

I told my family about the dreams. Two months after the second dream my mother died. In her will she expressed a desire to be buried in a mausoleum. I stepped out of the undertaker's car at the cemetery — and found myself in the exact spot I had dreamed about! — *Frank Rogers, Oakland, Calif.*

LORE OF ANCIENT EGYPT

Your cover story in the July issue of FATE, "Ancient Mysteries of Egypt," seems to me an excellent example of a little knowledge being worse than none. Probably the unfortunate impression is a result of the article's brevity, since the details listed by Mr. Brock are quite accurate. If he had gone more deeply into the subject, however, we would not

have an overall impression of the ancient Egyptians expending a great deal of energy and ingenuity on a lot of pageantry of rather vague import.

First of all, it should be emphasized that the sages of ancient Egypt were not superstitious semi-savages who literally believed in gods and goddesses which were half human and half animal or insect, as many of them are depicted symbolically, though it is probable that the vast majority of the uninitiated so believed them to be. Scholarly research has revealed that these many deities actually were regarded by priests and initiates as representing symbolically very real forces and principles

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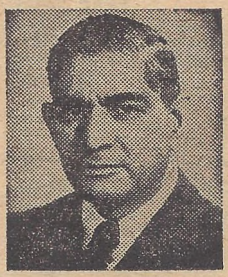
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in the cosmos, both visible and invisible.

Before the mysteries were corrupted and distorted by a priesthood more interested in self-perpetuation than in the spiritual regeneration of the race — a fate apparently common to all religions — each step in the rites, each ritual object, was understood to be a graphic depiction of some stage in the evolution of consciousness from lower to higher levels. Basically, their fundamental teaching was that man is a being compounded of a fragment or ray of divinity and the animal organism through which it functions on the material plane.

It was considered the destiny of the god to "refresh itself in blood," i.e., physical incarnation, through which experience it would project and realize its own inherent powers, and at the same time raise to a higher level of consciousness the primitive life form with which it coalesced (or into which it "fell"). Plato stated it quite plainly when he said that it is the work of man to "weave together mortal and immortal natures."

The celebration of the animal rite of rebirth was an attempt to dramatize this concept in terms which would be intelligible in that *milieu,* while it undoubtedly is true that, originally, the candidate for initiation actually was astrally projected from his body at

the high points of the rite in order to experience the step-up in consciousness subjectively. The more one peers into the depths of this ancient people's understanding, the more apparent becomes the abysmal ignorance of spiritual matters in which we moderns dwell. — *Emerson Farwell, New York, N. Y.*

APPORT OR ASTRAL?

The article, "The Apported Doctor," in the July issue of FATE calls for some comment.

The dictionary will tell you that "apport" pertains to things, not to living or spirit beings.

Astral travel by healers (and others) is commonplace and no apporting necessarily is involved. It is simply astral travel, in the etheric body. Usually those who undergo astral travel are not seen; in fact, cannot be seen except by one who is clairvoyant, at least temporarily.

In the article the deceased husband of the woman said to her, "I have brought you someone who will fix your arm." That does not imply an apport. If you bring a friend to a party or to a meeting, you hardly could say you apported him.

While the woman may "be convinced that this was a true apport," she could have assumed so only without knowing the doctor had been carried from London

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to Ohio. Astral travelers don't carry each other; they go under their own power. — *Peder Husby, East Stanwood, Wash.*

TO 1981 VIA HYPNOSIS

Speaking on the subject of age regression, has any eminent hypnotist attempted any experiments in age progression — going into the future instead of the past?

Is there a snicker of disbelief? I have found a subject who has traveled to the distant year of 1981. Upon questioning the subject as to his whereabouts, he replied he stood at the intersection of Frankford Avenue and Torresdale (or where it once was situated). Further questioning brought out that there was nothing but a row of tin shacks along a creek that ran parallel with Torresdale Avenue. In the creek, which was dried up, were thousands of dessicated human corpses and skeletons. As far as the eye could see was a desolate waste of rubble. My subject said he saw no sign of any steel framework, or walls of buildings or factories. The landscape was completely flat.

My subject saw a ragged page of a newspaper fluttering toward him and told me there was a four-inch-high headline on it announcing an "Evacuation Plan" for Philadelphia. At this stage he began to bleed from the nose and undergo a series of tremors. I

found it difficult to bring him to awareness of the present.

When I told him what he had revealed in his trance, he said, "That's a lot of tripe." He has promised to come around for another session of mental time-spanning and I plan to unearth more information about the year 1981. — *Stephen Wasko, Philadelphia, Pa.*

MYSTERIOUS INVENTION

"The Hubbard Energy Transformer" brought back to me exciting memories of another inventor. In 1918, while doing painting and decorating, I was hired to paper several bedrooms

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in a large two-story house. While at this work I went down to the back porch to pick up some materials. I happened to glance at the light meter and saw it was not moving.

I opened the fuse box and saw the main power fuses had been removed. It took only a minute to make sure the line had not been tapped beyond the meter.

The only member of the family at home at the time was a young man in his early twenties. I asked him, "Earl, where do you get your juice? I noticed it does not come from the power lines."

"Come along and I will show you," he said. He led me up to the attic. He placed some steel bars on a work table and picked up a coil which looked like a loose coupler. After placing the coils on the steel rods he connected one wire to a door bell. Then, with the other wire, he touched the opposite terminal. The bell rang with great force and there was quite a spark, too.

I picked up the coils to make sure there was no contact with other appliances. I could see right through them. There was no battery inside. The bell rang just as vigorously. The wire was iron.

In the basement Earl had what he called an Activator Transformer, the size of two fists, which had to be within 10 miles of the radius of the generator coils. The

activator was not in contact with any visible wires or appliances. It was activated by the electric currents which surge around the earth and activate the compass needle. By cutting into these currents, Earl said, we can obtain unlimited power.

A year later Earl demonstrated his Cosmo Electric Generator in Denver. He had placed two copper spheres on the front fenders of his car in place of the headlights. From these copper spheres he obtained enough power to drive that old jalopy all over Denver as reported in the Denver *Post* at the time.

While Earl was demonstrating his invention all over the streets of Denver, the power had been shut off in the foothills. In spite of this, when he went to Washington, D. C., shortly afterward to try to obtain a patent on his Cosmo Electric Generator, he found that charges had been filed against him claiming he had a device to steal power from the power lines. – *K. H. Isselstein, Spokane, Wash.*

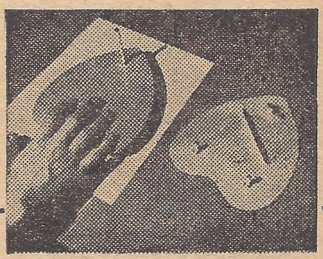
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On the cover of FATE appears: "True Stories of the Strange and the Unknown."

The private pronouncement of meteorological officials in the June issue of FATE, page 79, is so fantastically irresponsible that I must register a vigorous protest

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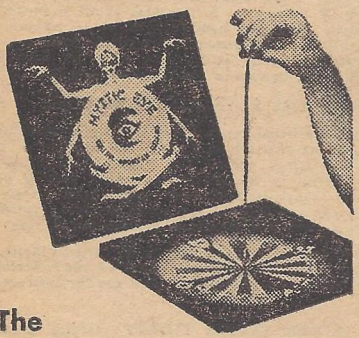
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on such statements appearing in FATE. They tend to bring discredit to everything else appearing between its covers.

Let me quote just one paragraph of the statements made by those weather officials: "The energy which goes into the building of a cloud bank over the eastern United States in a 24-hour period is equal to that produced by 1,000,000 bombs of the power used in the Bikini tests." Such power is positively "strange and unknown" even to would-be-know-it-all scientists.

We pride ourselves on being open-minded and credulous, but we certainly are not that gullible. — *Lester D. Ehmke, Sebastopol, Calif.*

BATTLE OF THE BLINDFOLD

I enjoy FATE so much that it is rather distasteful to read opinions such as those expressed by Edmond P. Gibson of the "Psychic Panel" in the July issue. His remarks on blindfold billet reading are dastardly in that they reveal thoroughly unfortunate experiences on his part and give no credit whatsoever to the many honest mediums. He says that in many years he has never seen a genuine billet reader. This is an amazing admission, surely. Where has he been pursuing his investigations all this time? It is quite easy to blindfold anyone so that there are none of those convenient

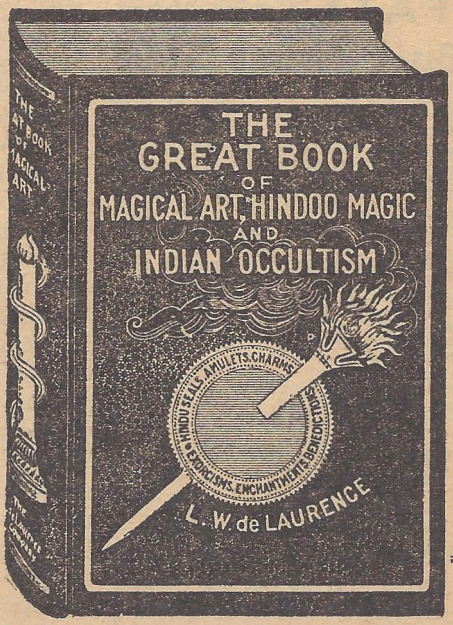
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"pinholes" to which Mr. Gibson refers.

A heavily folded wide cloth, such as used by many mediums, is laid slant-wise over one eye and tied tightly. Another such cloth is bound over the other eye in the same manner. Properly applied, the cloths leave only the nostrils free. Try to see along the side of the nose then!

Assuming there *could* be a pinhole of light, it would have to be focused so exactly that the medium would be forced to do considerable maneuvering — and what would the audience be doing during this time?

Some billet readers use wide adhesive tape pressed against the closed eyes and then covered by a thick mask. It is fantastic how many obstacles people will place before themselves in order not to believe in honest mediumship.

If blindfold billet reading is in bad odor at present, is Mr. Gibson responsible? He should make an effort to investigate without wearing a blinder himself.

Spiritualistic organizations have not fallen into disrepute because of "bad mediums" but because of investigators who have not recognized honesty when they saw it. — *Priscilla Wildschut, San Clemente, Calif.*

It seems to me that Miss Wildschut is under the illusion that I am prejudiced as regards blindfold billet reading. This is not

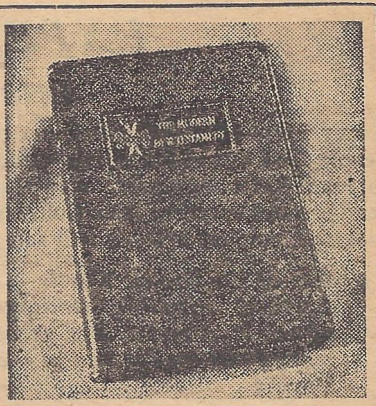
so. I ask only that the blindfold be a blindfold.

Miss Wildschut is correct in that I have been unfortunate in that the "blindfold billet reading" I have witnessed personally has not been well controlled. In fact, I have never seen an adequate blindfold used by a sensitive except in the case of Kuda Bux. The best billet reading I have witnessed has left a doubt in my mind that could have been settled by means of a simple screen. The poorest performance I have witnessed made it very evident that the psychic was seeing along her nose.

I am quite sure that a good sensitive can read billets without contact under test conditions, but the ordinary public demonstration work, in this area at least, never meets such conditions.

My remarks were made in the hope that the various spiritualistic demonstrators would improve their controls so that such so-called tests could really demonstrate the paranormal. I hope sometime to witness blind billet reading under the stringent and adequate conditions that Miss Wildschut describes.

Nowhere in my Panel comments do I find any mention of "pinholes". Miss Wildschut seems to have confused my remarks with those of another Panel member. — Edmond P. Gibson, Grand Rapids, Mich.



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