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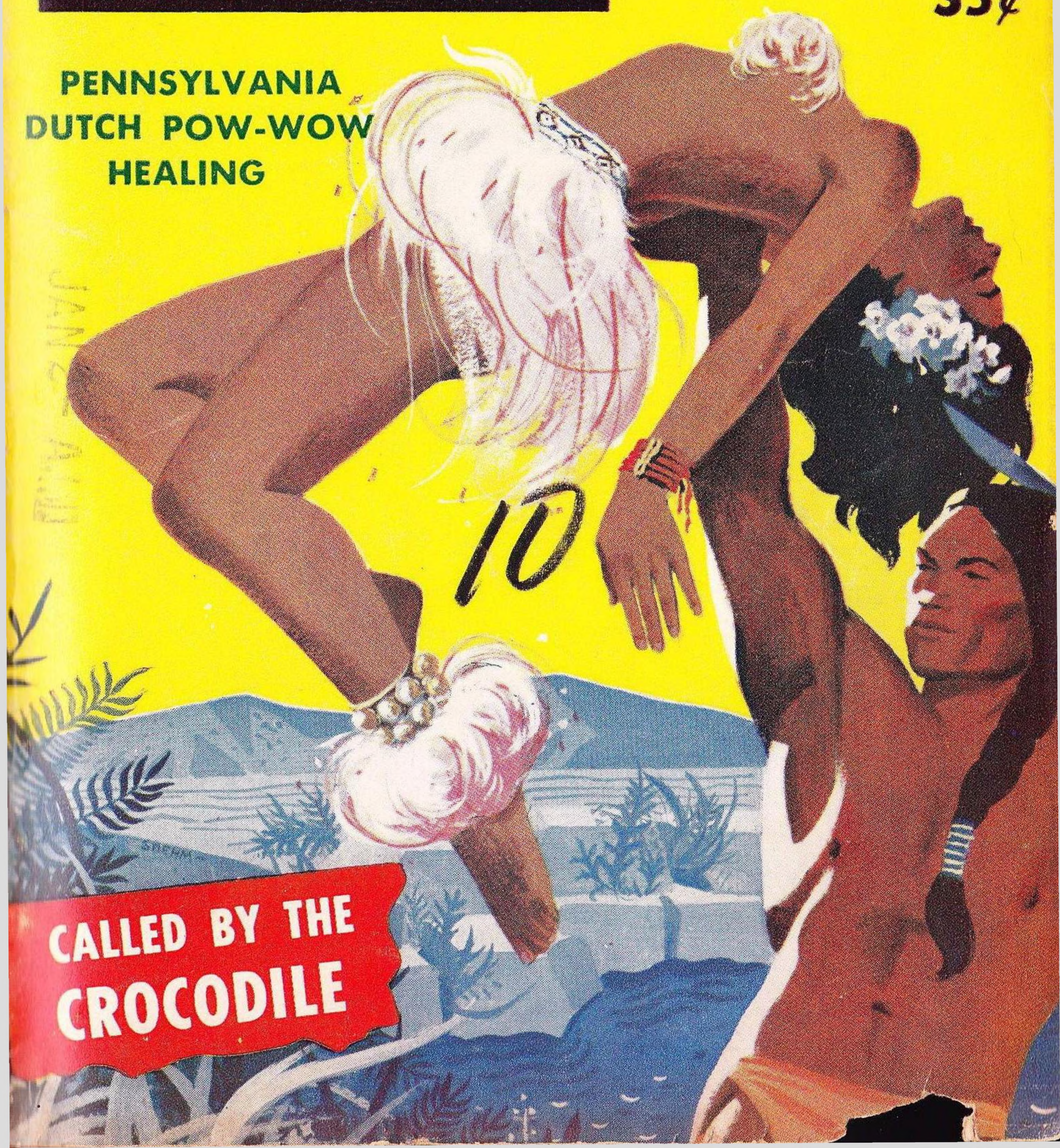
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February 1956

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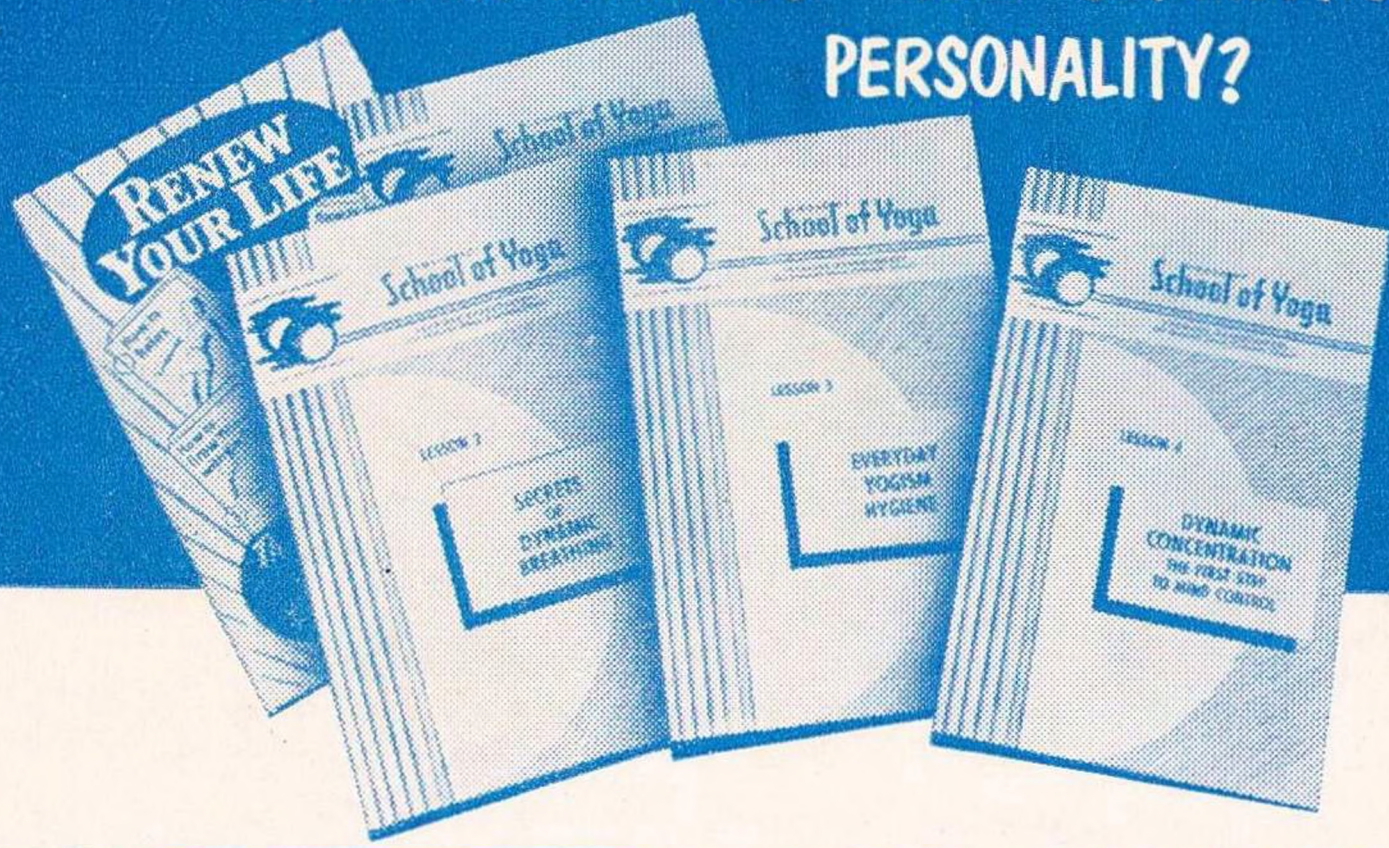
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- ☐ ☐ Do people like you?
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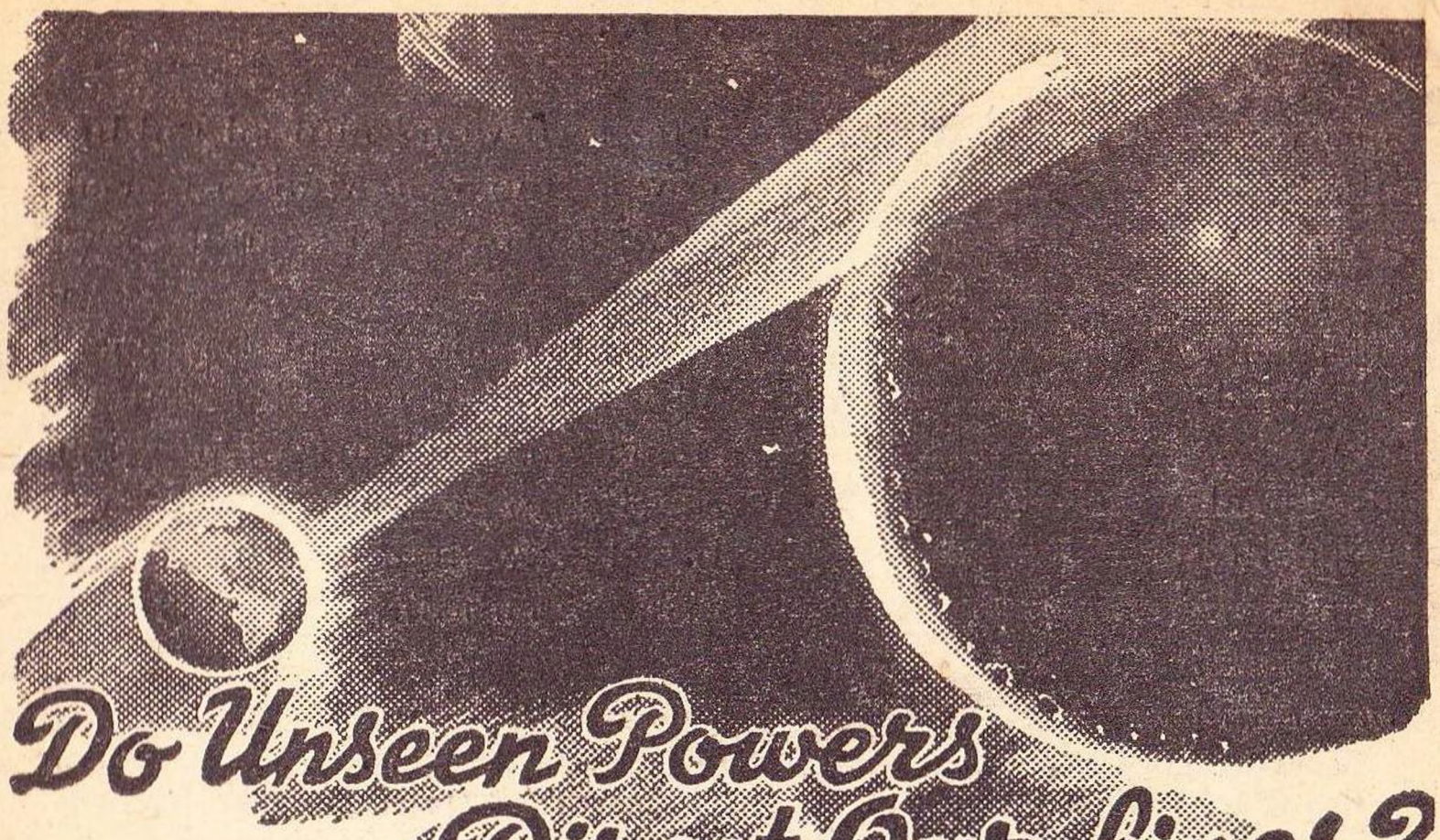
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The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)

FEBRUARY
1956

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I See by the Papers...

THEY DON'T EXIST, BUT . . .

■ Latest report from the Air Force indicates that flying saucers do not exist but that the Air Force, on the other hand, is building an airplane that is a flying saucer.

An artist's conception of what the craft would look like shows a huge disk with a raised central cabin crossed by many vanes. Atop the cabin is a transparent cockpit like that of a conventional aircraft.

While releasing the photograph of the artist's drawing, the Air Force was at pains to point out that its actual "saucer" doesn't look like that. What it does look like, nobody would say but it is being built by Ryan Aeronautical Company and may have already flown by the time you read this.

The Air Force "saucer" is not like the Navy's "Pogo" which is really a kind of helicopter.

At the time of the announcement of the "saucer" Donald A. Quarles, secretary of the Air Force, made public a 316-page study complete with charts, drawings and statistical data, showing that sightings of flying saucers are all illusions or explainable as "conventional phenomena."

The study purports to be based on 4,854 sightings beginning in



1947. Its main point appears to be that if reporting of the sightings had been improved, virtually none could be considered authentic.

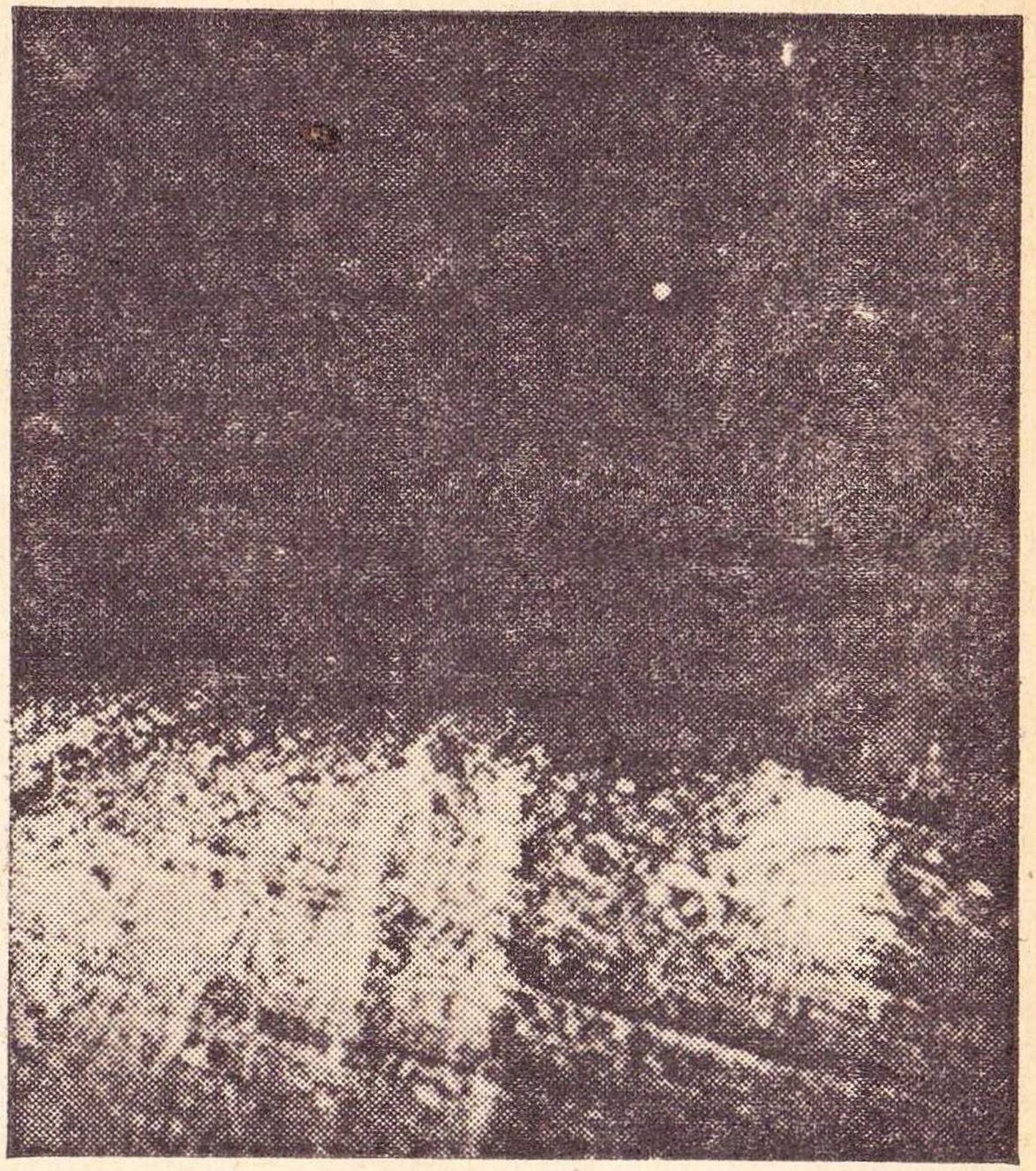
Despite the fact that no foreign power, no alien creatures, and no one else has sent such craft flying over the U. S., said Secretary Quarles, we ourselves "are now entering a period of aviation technology in which aircraft of unusual configuration and flight characteristics will begin to appear."

Which reminds us of a story we think is apropos: When Robert Peary first arrived at Cape York, Greenland, he found Eskimos. They were very surprised to see him, because they had thought they were the only people in the world.

▼

This strange light has been seen at night in the Joplin-Neosho area of Missouri since 1901. Its source is unknown, although it has been investigated by various scientific groups using advanced equipment. It is seen only in two or three locations about two miles south of the village of Hornet. Its distance appears infinite and its brightness and color vary. Photo by G. R. Massie, Missouri Division of Resources and Development.

▲



SAUCERS AT PLAY

■ Deputy Sheriff Oakie Montgomery of Garrard County, Ky., who lives in the Scott's Fork section of the county near Lancaster got up early one morning early in October. His wife was already up and about when she called him to come and look. Deputy Montgomery came — and looked.

He and his wife watched for about 45 minutes, 18 flying objects wheeling and swooping in formation. At times the formations were oval-shaped and seemed to be "about six feet in diameter." At other times they made a perfect circle "about two feet in diameter."

These tiny aerial objects appeared about 6:30 a.m. and disappeared in a northward direction around 7:15 a.m. They flew at a terrific rate of speed when they were not stationery. Individually they were oval-shaped and snow white. They gave off no smoke nor sound. At times they looked like balls of fire.

"The most fascinating sight I have ever seen," declared Deputy Montgomery. At one time they

formed a perfect star. At another time they stood still in the air, arranged one atop the other in step-like form. "Not airplanes, not balloons, not a sky reflection," he said.

Sounds like flying saucers out for a frolic.

❖

■ In the San Francisco Bay area they're worried about tremendous explosions that occur. No one can find out where the blasts are set off or what their source is. They definitely aren't earthquakes. Time after time all jet aircraft have been checked and cleared by military authorities. No known explosives are being set off — and in fact the place of the blasts can't be located.

But the blasts occur all right — heavy enough to shake houses, rattle windows. Thousands of people have tumbled out of their beds and rushed into the streets during the blasts. Some windows have been broken. The intensity of the blasts has been heavy over widely separated areas. Switchboards of police, newspapers and radio stations have been jammed.

One radio station put out a bulletin stating that one blast had been caused by a gas furnace or water heater explosion in the vicinity of 27th Avenue and Ortega or Noriega Streets in San Francisco. Thousands of cars converged on the area, causing a traffic jam that took hours to untangle.

Army, Navy, Air Force, Lick Observatory, University of California, Weather Bureau, Coast Guard, Pacific Gas and Electric, Fire Departments and Police Departments have all investigated. No one has come up with a single worthwhile idea.

❖

STUDY OF MINOAN BONES

■ What did the ancient Minoans look like — those highly civilized men of old Crete? - Dr. Jack Trevor of the University of Cambridge has been making hundreds of measurements from the bones of Minoas who lived in the "middle period" of their civilization — from 1900 to 1600 B.C.

Some of the bones come from the tall burial jars into which the Minoans stuffed their dead. Others come from the labyrinthine corridors of the wrecked palace of Knossus, traditional home of King Minos.

Dr. Trevor has found that the Minoan males were rather short — about five feet, five inches tall. Many of their long bones had a flattened appearance which the anthropologist believes arose from a dietary deficiency.

So far no one knows where the Minoans came from. Possibly from Egypt; possibly through Palestine and Lebanon and across on

one of the land bridges that existed 8,000 years ago; or possibly down from the Grecian mainland.

In the Minoan excavations, many cultural links have been found between Crete and Egypt, including cosmetics, depilatory tweezers and the game of Backgammon.

❖

SICILIAN MYSTERY CITY

■ In Sicily, the first excavations have been made in a mystery city that has dropped completely from the knowledge of man and that must have flourished more than 2,500 years ago.

No one knows what its name was or what caused its destruction. Excavations by an archeological mission from Princeton University are just beginning to reveal some facts about it.

Part of an ancient market place has been unearthed. It was built around a kind of bowl, shaped like an amphitheater. Three flights of 15 steps connected the upper and lower levels.

The excavations will continue for several years; meanwhile a large number of coins, nails, chisels, bowls, lamps and glass beads have been unearthed.

❖

ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS IN CANADA

■ Traces of nine different, extinct civilizations have been unearthed in the Canadian North by Government archeologists. Of the nine, four have never been known before, according to Jean Lesage, Northern Affairs Minister.

Many of the 8,000 articles found last summer are similar to relics discovered in Eastern Siberia and other parts of Asia.

The discoveries were made by a group led by Dr. Richard S. MacNeish, chief archeologist of the National Museum at Ottawa. A site on the banks of the Firth River, just east of the Alaskan border, appears to have been a "sort of Grand Central Station of the North," Dr. MacNeish said. Different groups of migratory peoples stopped there for varying periods of time.

In the permanently frozen ground of the north, the diggers found implements belonging to the oldest civilization known to have existed in North America — 10 crude stone implements of bone and stone.

Pottery has been found similar to that used in Siberia 3,000 to 5,000 years ago.

Meanwhile, the Smithsonian Institution of Washington has announced that one of its archeologists has discovered big roofless stone houses belonging to the mysterious Dorset people who lived in the Canadian Arctic thousands of years ago — yet who apparently died out only a few hundred years ago.

OUSTED BY GHOSTS

■ Out in Passaic, N. J., Patrolman Stephen Sargent was on his beat when he saw Mrs. Rose Deraiczuk, 30, and her two young children in a parked car piled with clothing and food. "How come?" asked Policeman Sargent.

"Ghosts" was the answer.

Sargent located the father, Manislaw Deraiczuk, at work in the Botany Mills and confirmed the story.

The family had moved out of their five-room apartment because they said spirits were roaming about, making odd noises and talking in the walls. So they moved into the car, where they had spent two or three days when Policeman Sargent happened along.

Police investigated the apartment thoroughly, found nothing. At last accounts, the Deraiczuks were back in the house.

❖

WHAT IS FIRE?

■ As everyone knows, the word "fire" describes combustion created by the combination of oxygen with other chemical elements. It is accompanied by flame and heat. The combination of oxygen with other chemical elements not accompanied by noticeable flame and heat is called oxidation but for our purposes combustion involves flame and heat.

Now a new type of flame has been discovered — orange red and disk-shaped. It was discovered at Cambridge University in England by experimenters burning methyl nitrite vapor in a large glass tube.

This strange new flame was first seen as a bright cone which cut itself off from the base of the grayish-yellow flame burning at the mouth of the tube. When the vapor was reduced, the orange-red flame traveled down the tube and flattened into a disk shape topped with a cone-shaped halo.

It continued to burn without air!

It continued to burn after the main flame had been blown out!

Similar chemical reactions in the laboratory have been known to give a luminescent glow but not flame.

We submit the results of this unusual finding to the serious investigators of flying saucers and *ignis fatuus.*

❖

"DIFFERENT" KINDS OF GHOSTS

■ Prof. H. H. Price is a world-famous philosopher and Wykeham Professor of logic at Oxford University. Recently Professor Price stated categorically that he believes in haunted houses. Only to Professor Price they may not be "haunted" in exactly the traditional sense.

They aren't nearly as numerous as psychical researchers may be-

lieve, he says. He appears to believe that apparitions could be explained as either the thoughts or emotions of a surviving personality, or the surviving influence of the thoughts and emotions of that personality when it was still alive.

Some apparitions appear to have intelligent purpose. For these he believes that telepathy is the proper explanation. Other apparitions show a repeated stereotyped routine. The second explanation could account for these.

Price believes that an apparition is seen as a kind of telepathic dream in two stages. In the first stage the living viewer of the apparition somehow acquires a piece of information on the unconscious level of his mind. Such information could come as a hunch or impulse — or could express itself in the form of automatic writing or speech through a medium.

What is needed most, said Professor Price, is a philosophy to explain "paranormal" facts because at present the facts discovered by psychical investigators clash with what is generally considered to be the "scientific outlook." Certainly the facts do not square with science as it is known today.



LATE REPORT ON "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN"

■ The elusive "abominable snowman" of the Himalayas stays in the news although direct evidence of its existence still is not available. There are all kinds of theories, and here are some of them.

Prof. Jules Detry, a Belgian monk and ethnologist who explored in Nepal last spring believes the snowman may belong to a tribe of pigmies. He reported that he had found pigmies in the eastern Himalayas in the Kioukan range of upper Burma.

Detry's companion, a Swiss mountain climber named Raymond Lambert, believes the snowman is a large monkey. Lambert has seen many monkeys, though small ones, above the snowline in the Langtan Range.

Edmund Hillary, who climbed Mount Everest, said he had seen tracks of the snowman and believes them to be of an unknown species of bear with super strength.

The sherpas who accompanied Hillary claim to have seen the snowman at a distance and say it is a reddish brown in color, with long hair all over its body but with a bare face and that it stands upright like a man.

It has been suggested also that the snowman may be a prehistoric race of ape men living in caves, shut off from the evolutionary processes of the rest of the world by the mountain ranges.

Recently the British Air Ministry officially announced that an

RAF expedition, exploring in the Kulti Valley, had discovered and photographed the tracks of the Yeti (snowman). The feet were 12 inches long and had sunk 11 inches into the snow — whereas the feet of the British airmen went down only one inch — indicating that the creature is pretty hefty.

The RAF reported that Wing Commander A. J. M. Smyth and Sgt. J. R. Lees were en route from the expedition's base camp on June 12 to Camp No. 1. At 12,375 feet altitude they came upon the tracks of a large animal in the deep snow.

"There were many prints, each measuring about 12 inches by 6 inches, and indicating that the creature that made them was two legged, with five toes on each foot."

The RAF men reported the creature had apparently swum three fast-running streams, climbed a steep slope and disappeared.

❖

"LAKE OF DEATH"

■ Another mystery of the Himalayas was reported from India recently by Reuters. Deputy Forestry Minister Jagmohan Singh Negi was returning from a tour of the area around Trisul Peak, about 150 miles from Naintal.

Around the shores of Lake Rypkund, just below Trisul Peak near the Tibetan border, at about 18,000 feet, he found about 200 human bodies scattered haphazardly and in "a miraculous state of preservation."

Some of them were covered lightly with sand and others were buried with only their hair showing. "I was tired and did not count them," Negi said, "but I think there were at least 200. Lying scattered around were wooden utensils used by traders for churning tea and butter."

Frightened villagers call the area the "lake of death."

❖

3,000-YEAR-OLD PALACE

■ In Anatolian Turkey, British archeologists have unearthed a 3,000-year-old palace comparable to the mighty palace of Minos in Crete and apparently the home of a people called the Arzawas who fought the ancient Hittites before the Trojan War.

The palace lies beneath a huge mound about 150 miles up the Meander River in southwestern Asia Minor.

Most of the large rooms had subpavement corridors that carried a heating system. The palace had been painstakingly destroyed and burned and in every chamber large areas of pavement had collapsed into the blazing corridors beneath.

❖

HARPS — OLD AND NEW

■ Another archeological oddity at-

testing to the brotherhood of man is the discovery, in a hidden mountain range of the Himalayas, of a kind of harp used by the Ancient Sumerians of Iraq at least 5,000 years ago.

Identical harps are still in use by the Kafiristan tribesmen, who are of ancient stock, distinct in race and culture. They speak an Indo-European language akin to Sanscrit and wear sheeps' wool cloaks and trousers.

The instruments themselves are made up of two parts — a string-holder consisting of a bowed stick and a hollow wood sound box constructed in the middle something like a violin. They are played with a plectrum, the sound box held under the left arm with the bowed stick pointing forward. The four or five strings form a four or five note scale with tones and semi-tones.

The harp is called the Kafir harp, and is supposed to form a connecting link between the "musical bows" of antiquity and the bow harp, according to the New York Times.

They are closely similar to the arched harps found among the ruins of Sumerian city states of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys built 4,000 B.C.

Archeologists theorize that they originally came from Asia into the Fertile Crescent, making the Kafiristan tribesmen their ancestors, not their descendants — *Curtis Fuller.*

◎

SHOTGUN FIRE ALARM

THE noise of a shotgun blast woke Frank Gaines, Jr., of Tallahassee, Fla., one morning recently. He sat up in bed to find that his house was on fire. The heat had exploded the shell in the gun and possibly saved his life.

◎◎◎

THE OBITUARY WAS READY

AFTER James Smart, 19, died in a Los Angeles car crash he was found to be carrying a printed card that read:

"Sing while you drive.
"At 45 miles per hour sing —
" 'Highways are Happy Ways.'
"At 65 miles, sing —
" 'Nearer my God to Thee.'
"At 85 miles, sing —
" ' Lord, I'm Coming Home.' "

Police said the car in which Smart was riding was traveling at 85 miles an hour when the crash occurred.

VIRGIN BRIDES OF THE MAYAN POOL

The Mayans believed the Sun God dwelt at the bottom of the great well — and threw their loveliest maidens to him.

By Mary Stiehm Fuller

EDWARD Herbert Thompson, American explorer and archeologist, first saw the *Cenote del Sacrificio,* Well of Sacrifice, by moonlight on the night of his arrival at Chichen Itza in 1885. He could not rest until he had climbed to the top of the nearest pyramid. From here, 96 feet above the jungle, he could see the magnificent ruins of what had been the largest and most beautiful of all the Mayan cities.

The tangled jungle melted away as he gazed backward into time. The empty palaces filled with richly dressed Mayan nobles, the temples hummed with music and from their ornamented doorways religious processions marched into wide courtyards and out onto the stone causeways. One of these processions surely wound away into the jungle — down a path still distinguishable after 1500 years of disuse — to the sacred well.

In his mind's eye Thompson followed the procession to the edge of the almost vertical walls of the *Cenote.* Even today a weird sense of tragedy hangs over the pool and it is impossible to gaze into its brackish water without a thrill of fear.

It was here that the most spec-



Cast of a Mayan altar slab in the National Museum in Washington, D. C., is typical of altar at rim of sacrificial pool. Figure of Assistant Curator F. M. Setzler, shows its huge size. It bears carving of a dancer and a long inscription in hieroglyphics. Original, which dates back to 531 A.D., was unearthed in the city of Quirigua, Guatemala.

tacular of the Mayan religious ceremonies were held. When the Mayan nations were in danger from pestilence or drought they made offerings to their sun god. Usually these offerings were the most beautiful of the Mayan virgins — although occasionally a nobleman or a great warrior might be sacrificed.

The maidens may have come from the nunneries where the penalty for violating chastity vows was death by arrows or they may have been chosen by lot from among the noble Mayan families.

The worshippers came from all over bringing treasured ornaments, bowls, and idols to place on the small altar beside the great circular sink-hole. In the early morning the gifts were thrown into the well. The human sacrifices followed the trinkets. The ruins of the altar still stand not far from the platform from which the maidens were sacrificed.

They were carefully prepared for their marriage with the Sun God who dwelt in the bottom of the pool, garlanded with flowers, dressed in fine cloth, so the waiting bridegroom would be pleased. At the rim of the pool, after solemn ceremonies, the priests caught hold of the girls and swung them in a great arc out over the water. Their muffled cries must have echoed within the limestone walls before they hit the water, 70 feet below. At that moment the people cried out to the god for mercy and aid.

However, if the beautiful victim survived the long fall and was still alive and swimming when the sun was directly overhead, so that its golden light filled the entire 150-foot circle of the pool, she was dragged to safety. It was assumed then she had spoken to the Sun God and had been permitted to remain in the world to give the people his message. Thereafter, the victim was honored almost as the God himself.

Thompson wrote, "I stood upon the roof of this temple one morning just as the first rays of the sun reddened the distant horizon. The morning stillness was profound. The noises of the night had ceased and those of the day were not yet begun. All the sky above and the earth below seemed to be breathlessly waiting for something. Then the great round sun came up, flaming splendidly, and instantly the whole world sang and hummed. The birds in the trees and the insects on the ground sang a grand *Te Deum*. Nature herself taught primal man to be a sun-worshipper and man in his heart of hearts still follows the ancient teachings."

Perhaps Thompson came to understand if not to sympathize with the Mayans' belief that their sun god must have the most beautiful of their maidens.

Thompson later dredged the

bottom of this Sacred Well, using both diving equipment and a bucket and winch. A large number of precious objects, together with the delicate bones of many young victims, were brought up from the mud.

The people we call Mayans were a peace-loving, agrarian nation. We do not know what they called themselves 1,000 years ago in Central America. But we do know that they had the highest civilization of any American Indians.

They developed an accurate calendric system whose numeration called for the independent invention of zero and place-numeration as early as 400 B.C. Their calendric system was superior in exactness to the ancient Egyptian calendar and even to our present-day calendar. They erected enormous stone buildings and covered them with beautiful ornamentation. They handled perspective with greater understanding than any other ancient builders, with the exception of the Minoans.

But for all their advanced civilization their religion seems bloody and barbaric.

Within the beautiful Mayan temples one finds an outer and an inner room. The inner room invariably contains a low altar. Floor decorations sometimes are human skulls with the first few cervical vertebrae still beneath each skull, showing that the owners' heads must have been severed from their bodies as they were sacrificed.

The Mayans, as a benevolent society, took care of their poor and crippled and blind but on feast days slaves and captives were bound to scaffolds while the Mayan warriors danced about shooting arrows at white spots painted over the victims' hearts.

Other victims were carried to the sacrificial stone altars in the temples. There four priests, clad in black garments clotted with blood from years of ceremonies, stretched them over the altar while the high priest with his flint knife tore out their hearts as an offering to the god.

Then the corpse of the victim was thrown down the temple steps where the devout could carry away portions of the flesh to eat. This form of cannibalism was accepted because of a religious belief that in the sacrifice the victim became god himself. Before you shake your head in horror, please remember that the Christian communion is based upon much the same idea. The flesh and blood of Christ, in the form of the bread and the wine of the Christian sacrament, are eaten by the worshippers.

Mayan history is divided into two distinct periods. Mayan civilization first flowered in the southern part of the peninsula of Yucatan, in southeastern Mexico. Yuc-

atan is an arid country without rivers, despite the fact that it is in the tropics with rainy and dry seasons. The porous coralline limestone which forms the Yucatan peninsula makes surface water rare and the heavy rainfalls disappear into subterranean lakes and rivers. However, during May and June of every year the daily rains do make the low lands in Yucatan almost impassable morasses.

The first Mayan empire lasted 727 years, ending in 629 A.D. The second empire was built farther north, after the Mayans, for reasons unknown drifted away from the cities and centers around which they had lived for hundreds of years.

The second empire began in 960 A.D. and lasted into the 13th Century. During this time a series of fine cities in northern Yucatan, including Chichen Itza, were built. The final breakdown of the Mayan empire came 80 years before the arrival of the Spaniards. Enough remained of the dying civilization so that the Spaniards left detailed histories of what they found. But like so many other dead civilizations there is no real hint of what happened to this mighty and advanced people.

For centuries their temples stood alone in the jungle where yellow breasted fly-catchers, humming birds, birds of paradise with tails eight inches long, and the unique and beautiful ocelated turkey of Yucatan flew undisturbed about them. When the sun went down flocks of bats kept the lonely ruins company. Pich trees, covered with hanging orchids, and choy trees, bright with their own yellow flowers, moved forward out of the jungles again, and together with vines, small bushes, air plants and myriad other small plants reclaimed the sites from which the Mayas had banished them so many hundreds of years before. They even grew on the topmost perpendicularly faced roof combs before men saw these structures again.

The Mayan center of Tikal, a name meaning "place where spirit voices are heard" and which is not a Mayan name at all, was first revisited in 1696 by a Spanish priest, Andres de Avendano. He brought back stories of a lost city buried in the jungles of Guatemala in the Mexican State of Campeche. But not until a century and a half later, in 1846, did the Governor of Peten, Ambrosio Tut, investigate this story.

In the meantime, in 1841, John L. Stephens, lawyer and United States official, rediscovered Chichen Itza, city of the second empire. Since then the Carnegie Institute at Washington and the Mexican Bureau of Pre-Hispanic Monuments have been clearing and rebuilding the Mayan ruins.

Original Mayan names have

not survived because of the time gap between abandonment and rediscovery. The names which we use come from the Indians now living in Yucatan. As, for instance, the name Tikal "place where spirit voices are heard", was given because the present-day Lacandone Indians believe that the ancient inhabitants sometimes reappear among the ruins of their city.

Tikal is one of the least accessible of the major centers of the first empire. It was abandoned more than 1,000 years ago. Today not many miles away the Wrigley Import Company operates a half dozen camps where they gather chicle, an ingredient of chewing gum, from the sapodilla tree.

Since the Mayas were agriculturalists the Mayan ruins are not the remains of extensive cities but only of civil and religious centers. It was to these centers, often built on the artificially flattened tops of natural hills, that the farmers flocked on feast and market days. These farmers lived outside the centers and the platforms of ancient house-mounds extend throughout the jungle.

The tallest of all the Mayan buildings still stands at Tikal. It rises 200 feet above its base level. From the top of this pyramid a Mayan temple sat overlooking the living city — nearly 1,200 years ago.

The main portion of Tikal covers one square mile. The Great Plaza has temples on its east and west sides. These temples are single, thickly-walled rooms divided into chambers. They stand atop pyramids which rise about 150 feet in several steeply pitched layers. A stone stairway leads to a wide platform at their top. Stone masks of large grotesque human faces with exaggerated teeth in their open mouths, decorate the pyramid stairs. The tall ornamental roof combs of the temples continue to carry the eye pleasingly upward. Stone causeways made travel within the city quite rapid.

Stelae, stone pillars covered with hieroglyphs, carry dates and histories of the Mayas. It has been discovered that all Mayan decorations are an expression of calendric dates and histories. The stelae were erected at specified intervals at Tikal and are flat tomb-like slabs. The astronomical and chronological data recorded on the stelae attests to the cultural activity of the Mayas. The earliest stele to be accurately deciphered dates to 400 B.C. The last date found is 400 years later and this is thought to be the span of the old empire. However, it should be noted that the Mayan hieroglyphics and systems of bar and dot numerations often make possible more than one translation for a given passage.

The Mayan centers usually had

a ball court where a kind of basketball was played with solid rubber balls, one foot in diameter. These courts were anywhere from 200 to 500 feet long and had four-foot stone rings set vertically into the thick stone walls of the courts. According to some of the early Spanish historians, Father Duran, Bishop Sahagun, Molina and Oviedo, the players attempted to drive the ball through these rings without using their hands or feet. They were divided into two teams and the betting was wild. It was the national sport and apparently a dangerous one. The players wore leather girdles and played mainly with their knees, arms and buttocks. Because the ball was so heavy it often injured the players severely.

More amazing than the sport itself, which resembles some of our "modern" games, is the fact that these ball courts were built with perfect acoustics. Apparently these amazing people had mastered the complicated art of acoustics in 400 A.D.

Each Mayan nation, and there were many, had its own Halach Uinic, head man. His family held the governing posts. He appointed governors to each principality and these offices also became hereditary. The most important duty of every official was to keep peace and to see that the people supported themselves and their rulers. The farmers were expected to give one-third of their produce to the royal ruler, one-third to the priesthood, and to support their families on the remaining third.

The rulers were the judges and there was no appeal from their decisions.

Next to the rulers in authority were the priests. Ah-Kin-May was the name given to the high priest of the Mayas. It was his office to advise the rulers and to act as an oracle. The Mayan priests dressed as richly as the rulers and sometimes wore masks of the gods they served. They were absorbed in the study of the stars, since the movements of the heavenly bodies controlled the lives of the Mayans. Their feast days, their plantings, all were controlled by the priests' interpretations of the movements in the sky.

Chichen Itza is probably the most famous of the Mayan centers. It covers an area two miles square. The stones in the temples and other public buildings are gigantic, weighing several tons apiece. The Mayan builders, like so many early architects, knew nothing of keystone arches or the bonding of corners. They used no mortar in their walls which were six to seven feet thick. Their corbelled vaults were closed at the top by a key slab but when this slab is removed the walls remain standing. The buildings were decorated with stucco, some of them such a

pure white that they must have shown like diamonds in the tropic sun. Many of the later buildings had mosaic decorations. All were covered with carvings of statues, gigantic heads, and hieroglyphic records.

The colossal Mayan buildings, while beautiful in their own right, seem even more wonderful when it is remembered that they were built without metal tools of any kind. The Mayan pyramids differ from the Egyptian in that the latter were built fundamentally as tombs whereas the Mayan pyramids are sub-structures of temples, altars and other public buildings.

El Castillo, at Chichen Itza, was built to the creator-God, *KuKul Can,* the feathered snake. It is 100 feet high and rises in nine set-back terraces. A hundred steps lead up on all four sides at a 45-degree angle. These steps are flanked by low balustrades with winged serpents writhing and twisting over them.

Within one of the inner rooms of *El Castillo* the famous Jaguar throne was found. This throne is a magnificent sculpture from a single piece of stone. It was discovered in August, 1936, by Senor Ignacio Marquina of the Mexican Bureau within a great box of squared limestone blocks which were in turn covered with rubble. It was so well protected that it has retained its original brilliant red color. The eyes of the Jaguar are polished jade. Seventy-four inlaid disks of polished jade form the animal's spots. Its sharp teeth are of polished flint and carved limestone painted white. Its tail has six jade disks and sweeps outward as if about to switch.

The *Temple of the Warriors,* at Chichen Itza, incloses an area of 20 acres. Here the soft, lovely colors can still be seen in the bas-reliefs on the temple walls. In each corner is the image of the rain-god *Chac,* with pendulous nose, and teeth inlaid with turquoise and obsidian. His receding forehead reflects the Mayan custom of fronto-occipital deformation.

The Mayans achieved the flat, elongated foreheads which were considered a mark of great beauty by fastening a board across the heads of their infants. The pressure of this board threw the head out of shape. Many of the ruling classes also had their incisor teeth filed to sharp points and inlaid with turquoise and obsidian.

Another temple at Chichen Itza, called *Las Monjas,* is thought by some to be the palace of the rulers or high priests. Other investigators call it the house of the vestal virgins whose fate lay in the Sacred Well. Whatever its purpose, it is a beautiful building, richly carved with the symbol of the feathered snake, *KuKul* (quetzalbird) *Can* (snake).

The Mayans believed in four

principal gods who were brothers. They represented the four corners of the earth and it was their task to hold up the sky. These four brothers, called Bacab, took turns ruling the earth. Hobnil was ruler of the south. Yellow was his color. Canzienal, ruler of the east, chose red. These two gods were benevolent and kindly. Zaczini of the north, whose color was white, and Hozanek of the west, whose color was black, were gods of evil, death and destruction.

Altars to these gods were built in the north, south, east and west entrances of the towns. When the time came for another brother to come to power, a time like our New Year, the Mayans spent five days cleaning house, literally and spiritually. The old and the soiled were discarded. A statue of the incoming god was fashioned from clay. Incense was burned in the temples. The people celebrated the hope for a new and better year with torchlight parades after dark. They danced naked and barefooted through fires of glowing coals. It is recorded that some passed over the coals without injury. Others died of their burns. In the frenzy of these ceremonies many of the dancers stabbed themselves and drew their own blood in order to smear it on the clay idol. Life was the greatest gift the gods bestowed upon them, therefore the greatest gift they could return to the god was their own life blood — and sometimes the life of a human sacrifice.

Four years ago, as reported in *Time* Magazine in July, 1952, a Mexican archeologist, Alberto Ruz Luhillier, made an interesting discovery in the *Temple Of Inscriptions* at Palenque on the Isthmus of Tehuantepac. In a secret room down 59 steps in the bowels of the pyramid he found the most sumptuous mortuary chamber ever discovered in the Western Hemisphere. First of all he came upon a sacrificial stone covered with Mayan hieroglyphics which he estimated had taken 25 years to carve. Nearby were the skeletons of six men and he immediately judged it to be more than an altar. He felt that the skeletons represented men who had been slain there to guard a tomb. With truck jacks he and his helpers lifted the stone top off of the altar after 24 hours of work. Within the stone altar lay another stone box. The second lid was finally lifted with crowbar and ropes. Inside a red-painted rock cavity lay the pulverized skeleton of a middle-aged man. His cloth garments were in rags but his jewelry still shone after 13 centuries.

A jade crown perched awry on his skull. Large jade earrings lay where his ears had been. A jade mask with emerald eyes covered his face. His mouth cavity still

held a jade bead. A jade necklace hung around his neck and on his crumbling collar bone lay a pearl as big as a walnut. He held a jade cube in one hand and a jade sphere in the other. Two jade idols, looking like Mayan Sun Gods, popeyed and with goatees, kept him company in his resting place.

The Egyptian Pharaohs of the Sixth Dynasty in their tombs in Sakkara could not afford jewels to compare with the jewels of this Mayan ruler of the same era.

Although this tomb is similar in many ways to the opulent tombs of the pharaohs Dr. Ruz says that no Egyptian influence is evident and that it only shows that the two civilizations developed apace.

Dr. Robert Redfield contends, in a paper prepared for the Carnegie Institute in Washington, that the Mayas still constitute the largest element of the present population of Yucatan. He says that the Mayan language is still spoken.

At the same time he states that the present day people have no sense of connection with the builders of the Mayan temples. They do not read Mayan hieroglyphs. Dr. Redfield says, "To present-day Mayas, the builders of these temples were quite another race, no ancestors of theirs."

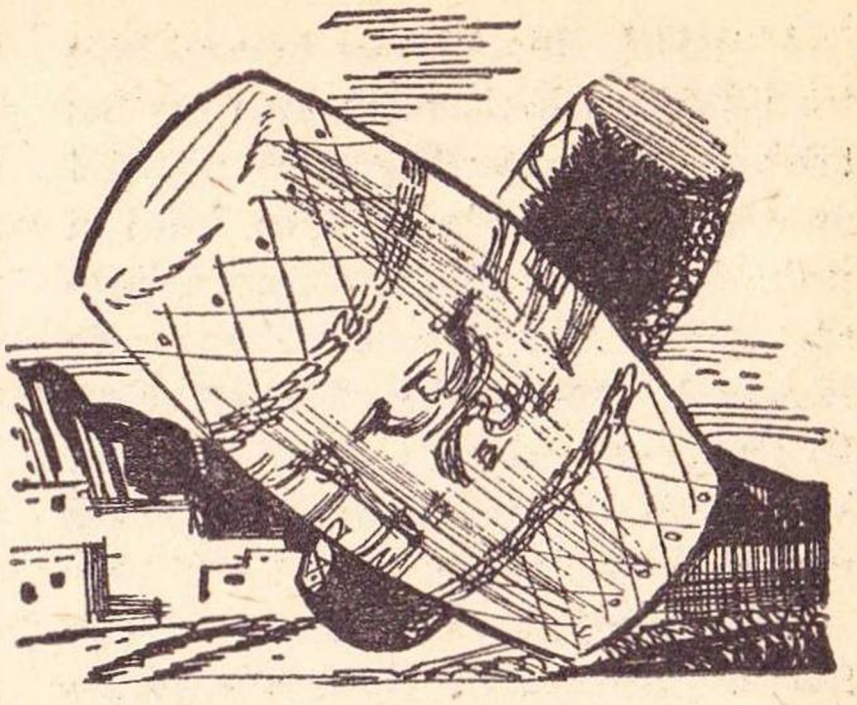
One wonders what has happened to their folk songs, folk stories, their myths and word-of-mouth history, that no racial memory remains.

The Indians living in Yucatan today say that the vanished race were the Itzaes, great people with supernatural powers. They say that they possessed magic whistles that caused the giant stones to leap into place to form their colossal stone pyramids. And they say all this occurred "before our grandfathers were here".

LIVE WIRE CANINE

F. E. Old, striding toward the gate of his Wellington, New Zealand, home, found his path blocked by his big Alsatian dog. Old was puzzled by the animal's unusual behavior until he noticed that it glanced repeatedly at a tree near the gate. Following the dog's gaze, Old saw a broken power cable hanging from the tree. Repairmen who arrived shortly afterward said the dog undoubtedly had saved Old's life — although broken, the cable was live.

The Indian sang without error a song he had not known. Was it because his big drum possessed a unique ability?



THE DRUM THAT REMEMBERED

By Julia M. Seton

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We had made a special trip to the pueblo of Nomchoka to see Richard, our Indian friend of years ago. We were disappointed to learn from his wife Anna that he had gone off on a trip the day before, and would not be back for a week.

She hospitably invited us into her immaculate home. We accepted gladly, for it is always a joy to us to take our ill-informed White friends from the East into these houses, and let them compare them in cleanliness with any others they know.

Anna was, as usual, busy with her pottery. She is the best potter in her pueblo and her wares are always in demand.

As we sat and chatted with our hostess, I noticed in one corner of the room, the finest, biggest drum I had ever seen. It was made, as are all the Indian tombays, of a cottonwood log, hollowed out to a resonant thinness, and covered across either end with a cowhide,put on wet and allowed to dry into a tightening boom.

The size of this one held my interest and my fingers itched to try its tone.

Anna, seeing me turn again and again toward the drum, said, "It is the drum of Richard's grandfather. He made it many years ago and it knows many songs."

"May I try it, Anna?" I ventured.

"Yes," she replied, "if you sing a song into it, so it can sing it back to Richard when he comes."

I lifted the drum which was in truth half as tall as I. The padded stick in my hand seemed of its own accord to strike the top, gently. The reverberating boom came from the earth itself, up through the drum, along the stick, and into my very heart.

Then, while Anna went on with her pottery bowls, I sang a song, an Indian song, but not of this part of the country at all. As I finished the strain, I continued to sing, improvising as do these Indians, exploring the original melody and playing variations upon it.

When I finished and put the drum aside, Anna softly said, "That was a good song. Richard will like it."

"Did you ever hear that song before?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "But it is a good song."

Soon after we took our departure, leaving a message for Richard that we would try to see him again before we went back East. Circumstances, however, prevented. A sudden call came which forced us back the next day and we forgot all about the incident.

It was two years later when we next found ourselves on the same road, going again to see Richard Sancho. This time, it was he who met us at his door and bid us welcome in his quiet hearty tones.

We sat for some time, talking of many things. Then, in a pause, Richard rose.

"I want to show you something," he said. He went into the other room and returned with the Grandfather Drum. He stood before us with smiling eyes; and sang back to us, without error or flaw, the song I had sung to his wife two years before. All my variations were there, come back to me for the first and only time since I had made them.

He finished and I wonderingly asked, "Where did you learn that song?"

"That is the song you sing into this drum long ago. A good drum, he never lose a good song; and many times Anna and I, we sing together in this song when we think of you."

Julia M. Seton, wife of Ernest Thompson Seton, has written a number of books about Indians. She has written them from the wealth of her own personal experience and knowledge of the Indians near whom she lives, in New Mexico. Out of her great admiration for these people she has attempted to show to the world the Indians – normal, natural individuals – as she knows them.

the REINCARNATION of Louie

Her beloved Louie died — and then she saw him in a vision. He carried a present she thought meant death to accept.

By Rebecca Nebur

My brother, Louie, died when my first baby was six weeks old. After a very difficult pregnancy and delivery I was told I must not have any more children. This disappointment and then Louie's sudden death gave that period in my life a nightmare quality.

One night about a year later, in the fall of 1943, I had a dream in which my brother appeared. He was carrying an infant in his arms. When I asked whose baby it was he said, "It's yours — a little daughter. Please, take her."

I told him that I couldn't, that I would not be able to take care of two children, that the doctor said I might die if I had another baby.

He started to sob brokenly, pleading with me, "Please, take her — please! I can't go where I have to go unless you take her."



I loved Louie dearly and I couldn't stand to see him crying so bitterly even in a dream, but still I said, "I can't, believe me, I can't." Then, curious, I asked, "What do you mean, Louie, you can't go where you have to go unless I take her?"

Still crying he said, "Don't ask

me. I'm not allowed to say. But if you take her I'll be all right. Please! Please! You'll be all right too. I'll be with you all the time. They'll let me stay with you 'till she's born."

"All right," I consented starting to cry too, because he was crying. "I'll take her, Louie."

Smiling through his tears he placed her in my arms. Her face was so clear and radiant in the dream that her every feature was indelibly imprinted in my memory. "Oh, she's beautiful" I breathed. "I've never seen a baby so gorgeous, never."

"Remember her face," he said, "and you'll see for yourself that this is exactly what she'll look like." Then he thanked me for taking her and repeated that now he could go where he had to go.

When I awoke in the morning I shrugged it off as a dream — for I knew I wouldn't have any more children. But I did tell my mother, Fran Sosnoff. She cried a little and said, "It's a good omen. In Europe my mother always used to tell me, 'When you dream of the dead never go anywhere with them and never give them anything. But if they give you something it's a good omen.' Louie is watching over you and trying to help you, 'cause he knows how you loved him."

A week or so later I became very, very ill and the doctor, through tests, verified the fact that I was pregnant. I kept saying, "It's impossible — impossible! I don't believe you!"

My life was very upset and unhappy during the months that followed. There were so many problems that I was too ill to cope with or solve. Yet, every night my brother appeared in my dreams to reassure and guide me.

Finally after five long days in the hospital my little daughter was born, on a Sunday night. I saw Louie in the delivery room. I put out my arms to him, clung to him and begged him to take me with him.

He pushed me away gently saying, "You'll be all right now. You don't need me anymore. They let me stay for awhile, but now it's time to go where I have to go."

I cried aloud, "I don't want you to go alone. Please, take me with you. Don't leave me like this!"

"You mustn't say that," he answered. "You still have lots of time, and there's so much ahead for you. Believe me, there is." Then, with sudden urgency, he loosened my arms from around him and said, "I have to leave now. Don't hold me back. It's time — I have to leave you — right now. Please! Don't hold me back!"

My little daughter, Luiss, named after Louie, was born June 4, 1944, at exactly 10:25 p.m. Louie had left the earth June 16,

1942, *at exactly 10:25 p.m.*

It's impossible to put into words the shock that went through me when I pulled away the blanket and looked at my daughter's face for the first time. I felt I was back in my dream. She was so unusually radiant and beautiful, so unlike a newborn baby that the nurses took her around to show her off to others in the hospital.

Even now I think of the dream each time I look at her. When she asked me recently, "Why are your eyes sad, Mother, when you smile at me like that?" I said "Because you're my angel. Because you're my Louie."

MY PROPHETIC DREAM

By Dorothy H. Foden

I began having a strange, recurring dream in September, 1952, shortly before we moved to Washington State from Massachusetts. I had this dream at intervals until the summer of 1953.

In my dream I would see a man driving along with his arm leaning on the door and his left hand holding the roof. Suddenly there would be a blinding flash. When everything cleared I would be on the side of a small hill and the man would be lying with his head in my lap. His left arm would be hanging by the skin, cut off clear through the bone. I would want to run for help but he would beg me to stay and I was afraid to leave him as I feared he would die while I was gone. In order to get help I had to go across a creek and up a hill to a white house. My dream always ended just as I was making up my mind whether or not to leave him. I never did finish it.

I would wake up crying and covered with perspiration. I told almost everyone who would listen to me about the dream and it got so that people would greet me asking if I'd had any good dreams lately.

One day in October, 1953, a friend came to my place of business and asked me to come quickly to the hospital. I knew immediately what had happened although he did not explain until we got into the car. I was not surprised when he suddenly cried out, "It's Russ. They may have to cut his arm off. We were out hunting and the gun shot his arm almost off. It was just hanging there and we had to cross the river and go to that house on top of the hill for help — just like your dream."

My friend Russ had to have his arm amputated. — *Kennewick, Wash.*

WHEN IS HEALING Psychic?—

By
R. G. MacRobert, M.D.

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Even orthodox medical techniques can result in what apparently are miracle cures. How is the true miracle cure accomplished?

AFTER several months of severe headaches, a young woman of 26 lost the sight of her right eye, and then of her left, so that within one week she was totally blind. She was admitted to the New York Neurological Institute. There the consulting opthalmologist confirmed complete loss of vision. After several psychiatric interviews she was told that if she really wished to, she could see again, that she had the power to turn on her eyesight just as she had the power to turn on the electric light above her chair.

The light switch was put into her hand. She was told she must not turn on the light unless she was sure that she really wished to see. She paused one full minute, turned the switch and exclaimed with astonishment, "I see my hands! I see everything!"

About the same time, another young woman was admitted to the hospital with violent, one-sided convulsive seizures, which occurred almost daily; some briefly, but one, while the patient was under observation in the hospital, persisted for 30 consecutive hours. The arm and leg jerks were so severe that at times she was almost thrown from her bed. For four years she had been treated unsuccessfully with anti-epileptic medication.

At a large conference of the hospital staff some of the doctors present believed the seizures to be due to structural brain disease. After several separated hours of psychologic exploration the pa-

tient was completely cured. She never again had a convulsive attack.

To many people such cures may appear as miracles or — evidence of "psychic" or spirit healing; however, they are not.

The first patient Miss M., was one of eight children. She lived on a farm 14 miles from the nearest town. She was 13 when her mother died, but the care of three younger children depended wholly upon her. At first the older children managed the house for her father, but within three years they all married and left Miss M., at 16, alone to do all the cooking, scrubbing, sweeping, sewing — in fact all of the work of the house and some of the farm.

She had no organic neurological abnormalities and psychologic exploration revealed the blindness to be desired. Her inability to see had fulfilled an unconscious wish to obtain relief from drudgery and have the rest and attention she had experienced during the three weeks of the previous summer when she was confined to bed for a heart or stomach ailment.

An added significance of the blindness was relief from the sight of her farm existence and the face of a tyrannical father. A desire to run away long had been in conflict with her stern conscience and sense of duty to her young sisters, to whom she was devoted. The blindness in a poor way resolved that conflict.

When, through brief analysis she became aware that her intolerable home situation might be dealt with in a better way than being blind and helpless, she was willing to give up her blindness.

The case of Miss M., is reported in detail with two similar ones by her psychiatrist, Dr. Thaddeus Hoyt Ames. "Blindness as a Symptom of Hysteria," *(Archives of Ophthalmology,* Volume 43, New York, 1914, pp. 357-367). The case of the woman with convulsive seizures is reported fully under the title, "Psychogenic Convulsions, The Result of a Wish," *New York Medical Record,* May 29, 1915, Ames, T. H. and MacRobert, R. G.

Both the blindness and the convulsions were symptoms of hysteria. Such cases provide the most persuasive imitations of "supernormal," "psychic" or "miraculous" cures. Hysterical symptoms abound in neuropsychiatric practice. They are especially numerous in wartime.

In the early days of World War II an Army officer was thrown from one ship to the deck of another when a large transport collided with another ship near Bermuda. He was found unable to move either leg, or even wiggle a toe, and was transferred to a U. S. Navy Mobile Hospital.

Neurologic examination revealed that he had a complete

motor paralysis of his lower limbs and total loss of sensation for pain and touch below his waist. When my examination was finished, I told him I could cure his paralysis completely and would after lunch.

At one o'clock he was carried by stretcher bearers from his bed to my examining room. At 1:15 he walked unaided and confidently to his bed, to the intense astonishment of his ward-mates. An apparent miracle had just occurred, but this cure was neither miraculous nor supernormal. Its explanation was simple.

The officer was a volunteer reservist. He had left two children at home, and a wife who was unreconciled to his military life. When the collision occurred he was enroute to Africa, across a submarine infested ocean.

My examination had assured me that he had no broken back nor injured spinal cord. I knew that the paralysis was hysterical and tacitly assumed it to be caused by a subconscious emotional conflict between his sense of duty and a desire to return home. The physical jarring and emotional shock of the crash had lodged an idea in his mind: "I am paralyzed. A paralyzed man is of no use in the Army." He was cured by a psychotherapeutic technique: suggestion, reenforced by a simple neurologic procedure: lumbar puncture. A new idea was lodged in his mind: "I am cured!"

Another patient referred to our Navy Hospital, about this time, was an overworked woman telephone operator, from a Bermuda hotel crowded with civilian war personnel. She was unable to speak above a whisper, and therefore had been unemployed for three months. Examination excluded physical disease and revealed her inability to speak as — hysterical aphonia.

Lunch was brought to her at my office desk where I left her alone, having told her I would cure her at 1:00 o'clock. Cure by reenforced suggestion was achieved within a few minutes. She went away talking clearly and loudly and eager to tell others of her "miraculous" cure. To her friends the cure seemed miraculous, but, like the others cited, was every-day medical practice.

The above cases were presented to show what true "psychic," spirit or spiritual healing is *not*. It is not healing by recognized medical techniques, such as hypnotism or other forms of suggestion; nor by psychologic exploration or analysis. Real "psychic" healing is accomplished through the agency of parapsychological phenomena.

Of the many cases in the literature of psychical research, I have chosen two which in my opinion should qualify as "psychic" healing.

The first case, that of Mr. C. E. is abstracted from the original rec-

ord of the late Dr. Titus Bull, kindly given to me by his wife, and from a report of the case in a book by Helen C. Lambert entitled, "A General Survey of Psychical Phenomena," New York 1928, The Knickerbocker Press, in the library of the American Society for Psychical Research.

Professor James H. Hyslop, before his death in 1920, came to the conclusion that many psychopathic, and neurotic persons were psychic sensitives and could become the victims of spirit influence and spirit obsession. He persuaded Dr. Bull to carry on the work they had begun together of attempting to cure intractable cases not responding to orthodox medical or psychiatric therapy.

Mr. C. E. was forty-nine years old. He looked much older and talked and acted in a demented manner. He was unable to concentrate enough to reply to questions. He babbled ceaselessly and incoherently about paintings and inventions. He could supply no life story. This had to be pieced together from facts first revealed by Mrs. Duke, the clairvoyant and trance-medium who assisted Dr. Bull. Confirmation of the facts came much later from the patient, including verification of the names of many of his relatives, divined by Mrs. Duke.

At the age of 11, epileptic attacks had commenced, which recurred periodically for several years. When they ceased, the patient continued to be morose and seclusive throughout adolescense with his mind preoccupied by sex fantasies.

Someone gave him a ouija board. He worked with this and received messages. Later he became engrossed with automatic writing. Then followed a long period through which he automatically drew grotesque creatures, the products of his hallucinations.

Presently he seemed to be controlled by discarnate personalities. One, who gave his name as Joseph Selleny, supplied a biographical sketch of his life. Selleny had been a prominent artist in Vienna who died insane. Subsequent research at the New York Public Library corroborated many of the facts communicated by Selleny.

Eight obsessing personalities were differentiated. They were a strangely curious group. These "spirit entities" were allowed to control the medium, Mrs. Duke, in the course of 39 separate sittings. The individual spirits, when in control of the medium, behaved in characteristic ways, each contributing activity and mannerisms which combined to make the total symptomatology of the patient. Dr. Bull talked with these controls one by one and by discussion, persuasion and command and with help from his identified spirit guides or collaborators, was

able to dispel these obsessing discarnate persons. As each was persuaded to depart, the patient improved in the specific symptoms associated with that particular influence.

Mr. C. E., freed at last, was well, normal and agreeable in conversation, considerate and interested in others. Formerly egotistic and self-centered, he was now sympathetic with other patients and interested in their recovery. He talked less, but in conversation became fully coherent. He was grateful and appreciative of what had been done for him and followed medical directions for maintaining his new-found mental and physical adjustment. Before the treatment he had lacked the will, and seemingly even the intelligence, to obey instructions.

Another example of "psychic" healing is a case supplied by Dr. Elwood Worcester, which shows his method of handling a victim of apparent spirit obsession. The case is abstracted from an article by H. Addington Bruce in the *Journal* of the ASPR, volume 25, 1941, page 159.

Mrs. A. had been a morphine addict for several years when she sought help from Dr. Worcester. He treated her by gradually reducing her daily intake. In one month the dose was reduced from 20 to two grains daily. At the end of the next month, morphine was discontinued entirely. She gained weight, acquired normal mental activity, and looked 15 years younger. A complete cure had apparently been effected.

Mrs. A. had experienced a series of brilliant morphine hallucinations and after her apparent cure, she agreed to record them from memory for Dr. Worcester. The patient returned in 12 days, and Dr. Worcester was shocked to find her appearance worse than it had been at the beginning of the treatment. Most puzzling of all, her right arm was completely paralyzed. She told him that although she had taken no morphine, the hallucinations had returned and tormented her day and night. As soon as she had finished writing the account he had requested of her, the right arm had dropped helpless to her side.

Her principal hallucination was the vaguely familiar figure of a man who stood before her holding out a syringe and bottle urging her to return to her former practices. Dr. Worcester found that she was a good hypnotic subject, but his commands to her in *deep hypnosis* to lift her arm, met with no response. Neither suggestion nor prayer helped her.

One day during treatment Dr. Worcester heard a rapping from his desk which was six or seven feet away from where his patient was sitting. Mrs. A. told him she often heard similar raps at home. Dr. Worcester then decided to try

an experiment. He arranged to bring into the case a gifted private medium. This medium divined, among other things, that a spirit personality named Dr. Harris was responsible for Mrs. A.'s hallucinations, and for the paralysis of her right arm. During one sitting the patient developed trance, and was controlled by a spirit who gave his name as Dr. Parker. This control, Parker, told Dr. Worcester that Mrs. A. had always been mediumistic though she did not know it. Parker explained that when Mrs. A. was writing the report of her morphine hallucinations, she had fallen into trance and a spirit named Harris had taken control. In order to prove his power over her he had deprived her of the use of her right arm. At this moment, the hitherto paralyzed arm was raised and the communicating "Dr. Parker" shook hands with Dr. Worcester and stated that he would deal with Harris, and that Mrs. A. would need no further treatment.

On awakening from trance Mrs. A. was surprised and gratified to find that she had recovered the use of her right arm. Dr. Worcester asked her if she knew anything of Harris. The patient told him that there had been a doctor named Harris who before his death had lived in her neighborhood and had taught her to use morphine.

After this curious episode, Dr. Worcester continued to see Mrs. A. twice a week for six weeks until he was convinced that her apparent cure was permanent.

Mrs. A. was not cured by faith, by prayer, nor by psychoanalysis nor any other orthodox medical technique. Although a good hypnotic subject, Mrs. A. failed to get relief from the paralysis by hypnotic suggestion. The spirit agency Dr. Parker, succeeded in moving the paralyzed arm and removing the obsessing entity, Harris, as he said he would. The arm remained well and the hallucinations and morphine craving did not return.

The cases presented by Dr. Bull and Dr. Worcester both involve alleged spirit obsession. Obsession seems to be evident also in many of the published reports of multiple personalities.

One of the most extraordinary cases of alleged spirit control is that of Lurancy Vennum, "The Watseka Wonder," reported in the *Journal,* Society for Psychic Research, London, volume X, page 99; (and also in FATE, March, 1955.)

Doris Fisher, a remarkable case of multiple personality, received minute and continuous study by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince and Professor Hyslop.

"Sally" Beauchamp, investigated and fully reported by Dr. Morton Prince, is another of the well

known multiple personality cases. Dr. William McDougal and Sir William Barrett agreed that "Sally" was a distinct psychic being controlling the body of Miss Beauchamp.

Professor William James predicted "that the demon theory will have its innings again, is, to my mind, absolutely certain. One has to be 'scientific' indeed, to be blind and ignorant enough to suspect no such possibility."

If the medical profession is to be persuaded eventually that there is such a thing as psychic healing and that a big field of therapy is being neglected, the purported "psychic cures" first of all must not be cures such as doctors are performing daily. The reports also should reflect some awareness of modern medical and psychotherapeutic techniques. For instance some writers on "spiritual" healing seem ignorant of the fact that psychiatric treatment always includes efforts to eradicate destructive emotions such as the ill-will and lovelessness which so often underline mental ill-health.

It should be better known also that some cancerous growths occasionally undergo spontaneous cure, and that skin cancer is curable, if properly treated; that in serious paralytic disorders such as multiple sclerosis, temporary remission of all symptoms is almost part of the clinical picture.

When is healing "psychic" or "supernormal"? One might say, "always." For in one sense no healing takes place except as an activity of uncomprehended natural forces. The doctor "but applies the bandages and God does the healing beneath them."

The distinction I am asked to make is something more precise: When is healing accomplished by spirit agencies, or when does it employ parapsychological effects and phenomena not recognized nor utilized by orthodox medical science?

If the following requirements were met, the cure *should* be acceptable as "psychic" or "spirit" healing to the medical profession:

1) an appropriate case scientifically diagnosed;
2) failure of the best orthodox medical and psychiatric treatment to cure;
3) application of strictly psychic or spirit healing methods, involving psychical phenomena such as clairvoyance, trance mediumship and control;
4) cure of the patient to the satisfaction of expert medical scrutiny;
5) identification of the spirit agencies involved, by corroboration of names, addresses, facts and information supplied by the spirit agencies, and perhaps by cross references and independent mediumistic sources.

Such tests as these will not satisfy the materialistically-minded

scientist. This can hardly be expected. For the most part he is unacquainted with, or wholly skeptical of, the rich background of parapsychological facts indicating a spiritual realm of knowledge.

The mystic dictum seems true, that "to each in his own time the Spirit of Truth will come." Spiritual knowledge may indeed require spiritual discernment. After 150 years of successful emphasis on physical science, with man's psychical discerning faculties unemployed, it may be a long time before there is an emphasis on psychical science and a general acceptance of the statements of Saint Paul: "You have a natural body and a spiritual body . . . . The things that are visible are temporal, and the things that are invisible are eternal."

For my use of the word "spirit" I expect to be spoken of as courageous, but really deemed anachronistic or sub-scientific by some colleagues. Pertinent scientific events have been happening so rapidly in our modern world that no adequate philosophy of mind has been written.

The scientific student of mind, eagerly followed the trail pursued in the field of physical events, by the scientific student of matter. The psychologist tried to prove that all mind and purpose was matter, — merely some kind of organization of activities that goes on within the physical brain. While searching for some way to support that contention, he finds that the physicist in recent decades has moved on in his search for reality and arrived at a conviction — that the reality in matter is essentially mind.

This is one of the strangest spectacles that the history of mankind affords. The old materialistic physics, which sought to eliminate mind and purpose from the universe by showing that physical events can be otherwise completely accounted for, is now practically obsolete. The whole vast realm with which science deals, finds its rational order and meaning in the knowing activity of mind. So, far from being a curious sensitive substance present in a small corner of the brain, or even an activity of the nervous system, mind seems to be a unique something extended in time and space.

The now popular dichotomy of mind and body is insufficient, almost meaningless, for something is missing. Reason, feeling and purpose compose a marvelous unity of functions, and we may soon be obliged to re-introduce the word "spirit" if we are to be 20th century, up-to-date and realistic. Just a few decades ago the word was criticized as a hopeless anachronism, but now it is a word that moderns must face up to again — even the sophisticated men of science.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

The engineer of the B-25 shot down over the Burma Road was dead — but was that news to his mother in the U.S.A.?

By John L. Russell, Jr.

Dear Editor:

During the war I was a crew member of a B-25 that was shot down by Jap fighters. When I bailed out I saw the engineer on our plane burning alive in his turret. He was dead, barbecued alive.

After I was liberated from a Jap prison and returned to the U.S. I learned that this engineer's mother was terribly concerned about the fate of her son which was unknown to her, except that the War Department began paying her insurance on her son's military policy.

I wrote her a very frank letter explaining how her son was killed.

Enclosed is the letter that I received from her. In it she refers quite simply to a mystical experience which she had, apparently at the time of her son's death.

I believe your readers would be interested in hearing of this.

Sincerely,
John L. Russell, Jr.

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Dear Mr. Russell:

I am Edgar Wilson, Jr.'s mother. Wanda has been married since June to a navy boy, Ernest Wilson, of California.

I am so glad you have written and told us this news of our son, as the War Department never stated how he died — only that it was on a raid over the Burma Road.

I felt all the time that he was killed instantly because the day he was killed we were asleep and I heard him call "Mom" as plain as though he were in my room. I jumped out of bed

and my husband asked me what was the matter. I told him Junior called me.

Of course we were just waiting, maybe it could be he may come home. I think you understand that. So we are so thankful to you for your letter. It will always be treasured and appreciated by us. It leaves no doubt. We want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for this information and should you ever come through Oklahoma City we would be glad for you to come and see us. I will give you our address in case you are and could or would come and see us. We would be more than pleased to have you.

Sincerely yours,
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Sr.

HUNCH OF A HOLOCAUST

By Heber V. Menner

EVANGELINE Adams was not the only person who had a premonition regarding the disastrous Windsor Hotel fire of March 16, 1899.

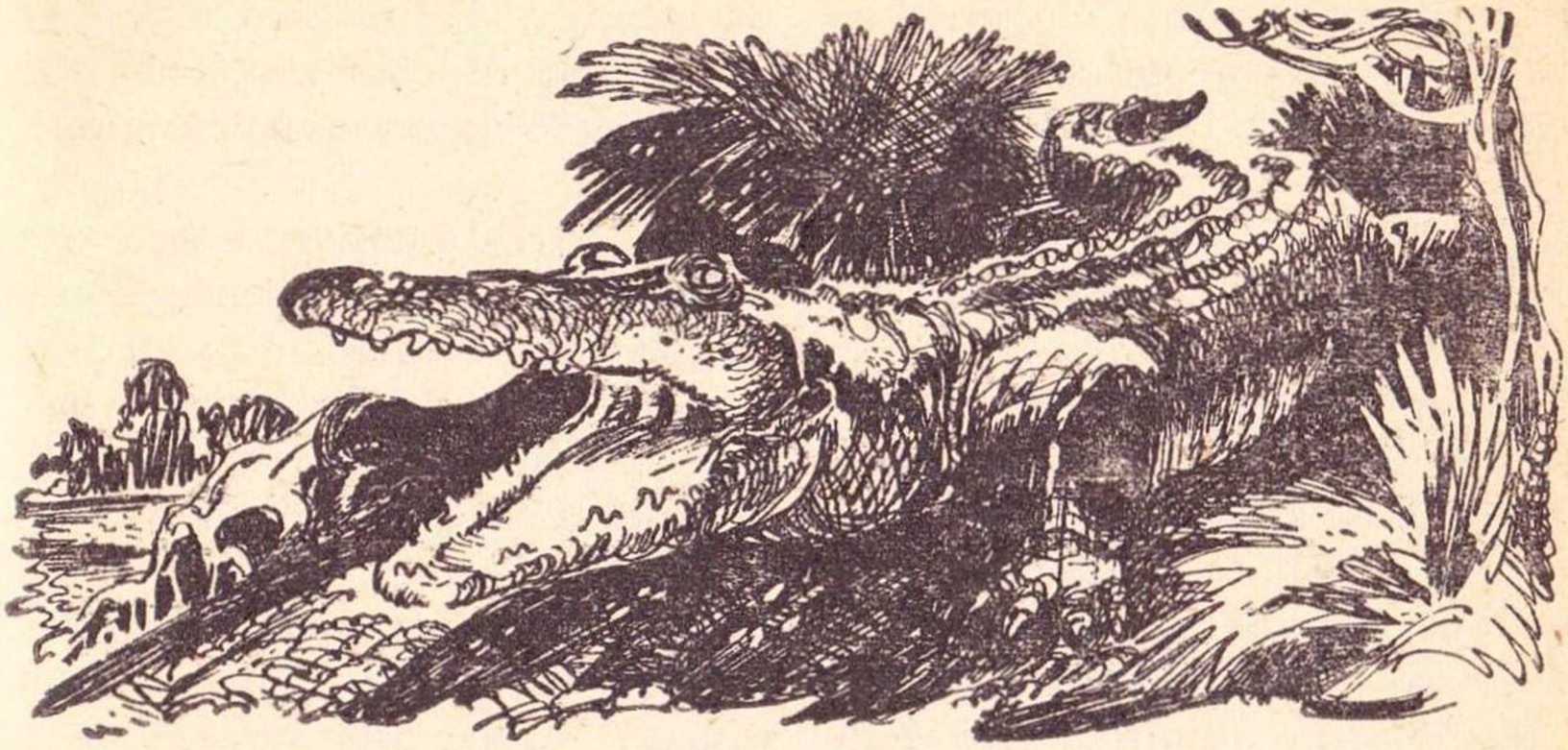
My first husband's aunt, Mrs. Adam Badeau, widow of General Adam Badeau, a veteran of the Civil War, and her companion, a Miss Van Dolson, told me of a similar premonition under the same circumstances. They had just arrived in New York from one of their many European trips and went as usual to the Windsor Hotel, where they were shown to a suite on the 4th floor. As their hand luggage was brought in, Mrs. Badeau, an imperious little Frenchwoman, said to her companion, who made her traveling arrangements for her, "My dear, I do not like these rooms. Please go down to the manager and tell him I wish to have them changed."

Miss Van Dolson protested, "But the hotel is very full. You are tired and perhaps you had better wait at least until tomorrow."

But Mrs. Badeau insisted that Miss Van Dolson try to get their rooms changed. Miss Van Dolson went down to the the manager and returned saying the manager was most apologetic but had no other suite he could give Mrs. Badeau.

"Then I will not remain here," Mrs. Badeau said. "Please order our luggage sent down. We will seek accommodations in another hotel."

Within less than a half-hour after they left the Windsor Hotel fire, with its terrible loss of life, broke out. — *New York, N. Y.*



Called by the

CROCODILE

The African river was full of crocodiles. Why did this particular one war with fisherman Mudungwe?

By Art Crockett

MUDUNGWE, the fisherman, tugged impatiently at his crude line. He ignored the crocodile slipping through the water toward his boat. The African river Mudungwe had fished all his life was infested with crocodiles. If a man were to make a living from the river, their presence had to be tolerated.

He spat at the line and reached far out of the boat to untangle it. Suddenly, a crippling pain shot through his right arm. The crocodile had seized it. Angrily splashing and twisting he was trying to throw the man into the water where he might feast leisurely on the delicacy of human flesh.

In a desperate effort to save himself, Mudungwe grabbed his knife and slashed out the crocodile's eyes.

Reluctantly the vise-like grip on Mudungwe's arm relaxed. The croc sank away into the water, defeated. Once again Mudungwe spat, this time on the

blood that swirled to the surface of the river — mute evidence of the agony being suffered at the river's bottom.

Hours later, at a local hospital, the fisherman's right arm had to be amputated. It was too badly mangled to be saved.

But in time Mudungwe grew strong again. He returned to the only task he knew — fishing. The years that followed were good to him. He learned to use one arm as well as most fishermen use two.

Mudungwe admitted he had been careless. But, he said, it would never happen again.

Yet, incredibly it did happen again. This time he was letting his companion do the fishing while he dozed in the boat. His arm slipped over the side, and once again he felt the excruciating pain of a crocodile's jaws.

Mudungwe's friend leaped forward, spear upraised. Blow after blow he struck on the crocodile's back, the spear digging in deeply, before, finally, the jaws opened.

At the hospital Mudungwe's left arm was amputated.

Now a great change came over him. He was no longer cheerful or friendly. He refused to eat or drink. He did not mix with the others. His days were spent alone, brooding.

Although the villagers were not aware of it, they were seeing Mudungwe in the final hours of life. For one day he rose from his place screaming. "Crocodile calling me! Crocodile calling me!"

Before he could be subdued, he ran to the river and leaped in. Seconds later his friends saw him dragged under the surface by a crocodile.

The horrified villagers immediately summoned a policeman who shot the beast and ordered it dragged ashore.

It was only then that Mudungwe's strange action was perhaps understood. Close examination revealed that the crocodile's eyes had been dug out and the scars of spear wounds dotted its back. It was the same crocodile Mudungwe had met twice before. On the previous encounters it had claimed his arms and he had repaid it. Now each had given up his life to the other.

Such is fate?

SAVED BY A CHILL

RETURNING home from a business trip to Toledo, O., Harold Burk, an Owosso, Mich., salesman, drove at speeds up to 60 miles an hour. The weather turned chilly and, just outside of Owosso, Burk stopped his car to put on his coat. As he started up again his left rear wheel fell off the axle which, on examination, proved to be defective.

Pennsylvania Dutch "POW-WOW" Healing

This strange form of healing uses incantations and symbolic gestures — and many believe that it works.

By Vincent R. Tortora

When Sofia Bailer attempts to "heal" someone suffering from some disease like erysipelas she whispers in Pennsylvania Dutch:

"Rode laufa, rode laufa,
(Red inflamation, red inflamation)
"Ferlere du deina hitza,
(Lose your color and heat)
"Ve der froma Toby seina farva
(Like Judas lost his color)
"Wu er unser leva Heiland betroen hut:
(When he betrayed our Lord)
"God the Father, God the son,
"God the Holy Ghost, help to this,
Amen."

Picturesque Aunt Sofia has lived in Tremont, 45 miles northeast of Harrisburg in the Pennsylvania soft coal section, for about 85 years. For more than 60 of these years she has been "healing" such ailments as toothache, epilepsy, dysentery, warts, burns, sore eyes, worms, bleeding, etc., by doing what she terms "calling a blessing." However, most persons in Southeastern Pennsylvania, where the Pennsylvania Dutch influence is very strong, prefer to call it "pow-wowing." The word is thought to have its origin in the intermingling of the early Pennsylvania German and Indian cultures, though the practice is early Christian in origin.

The "pow-wower" actually is a type of traditional Pennsylvania Dutch prayer-healer who uses a

variety of incantations, symbolic gestures and prayers to "cure for" human and even animal ailments. Half a century ago almost every fair-sized community had its "pow-wower." Today relatively few remain. Aunt Sofia laments the gradual passing of her art and encourages "some of you younger people" to "take ahold" of the practice.

While whispering the prayer *"rode laufa"* in "curing for" erysipelas, for example, Aunt Sofia performs the symbolic gestures she describes in her own words:

"You take a red thread or woll (wool), hold it in your two hands and stretch it across the person. The string must be wider than the person. Take your two hands, with one end in your right hand and the other in your other, then say, 'wild fire,' or in English, 'erysipelas, move out of this person.' Mention full name and say, 'The red string will chase you by, by, by.' You throw your arm with the red string as if you were throwing the wild fire away. But I do not want them to eat salty meat until it is gone away. You smoke the string with smoke. You light a stick, blow it out and let the smoke fly out at the string and hang the string near the stove. If it falls on the floor, sweep it with your broom and throw it in the stove."

Professor Don Yoder of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa., points out: "The red string which Aunt Sofia (uses) represents the red color of the disease. Passing it back and forth over the body of the sufferer, the red string gathers the disease to itself. As the string is symbolically lighted and burned, so the disease will vanish."

An elderly woman who is a neighbor of Aunt Sofia Bailer told me that she had been coming herself and bringing her relatives to be "pow-wowed" for 50 years. The day I talked to her she had come to be treated for arthritic pains in her legs. I stayed to watch the treatment. As Aunt Sofia performed the ritual I've described, the woman began to smile. At the end of this one treatment, she stood up, flexed her legs and said to me, "Look, I could scarcely bend my legs when I came in here. Now I can bend them almost double and I feel absolutely no pain. After a few more treatments from Aunt Sofia, I'll be just like new again."

The practice of getting "pow-wowed" is extraordinarily deep-seated in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Four out of every five persons with roots in this area have been to a "pow-wower" at one time or another. Babies are taken to be "cured for" incessant crying, etc.; young children for colic, bed-wetting, worms, etc.; older children for their ailments,

and grown persons for theirs.

Persons who have been to pow-wowers insist they have been helped. Here are some typical cases:

Miss N. of Lancaster, Pa., was afflicted at the age of 17 with skin eruptions around her hands and wrists. At first she applied salves in an effort to relieve the discomfort. Since she worked as a typist in an office, her inflamed, hands caused her much embarrassment. Finally she went to her family doctor, who in turn referred her to a well-known Lancaster dermatologist. The dermatologist used every conceivable treatment without success. Miss N. was reduced to such a state of physical and mental depression that she had to leave her job. Her skin disorder, which her family doctor diagnosed as acute dermatitis grew worse.

One day a neighbor of Miss N. suggested to her mother that she go to see Mrs. K. to be pow-wowed. Mrs. N. scoffed at the idea until the neighbor cited cases of persons who definitely were helped by going to a pow-wower.

Mrs. N. was persuaded to make an appointment to see Mrs. K. Mrs. K. prayed over Miss N.'s hands for several minutes, then told her to go home and apply warm olive oil to them. The first series of treatments lasted for three days. Then there was a one-week pause, followed by another series of three treatments. In all, Miss N. received three sets of three treatments (the use of three's so frequent in treating is said to derive from the Trinity).

After the first set of treatments large scabs formed on Miss N.'s hands. In about 10 days the scabs fell off.

At the end of the third set of treatments the only signs of inflamation on Miss N.'s hands were the scars from the eruptions. Today she works as a secretary in one of the major hospitals of Lancaster with no trace of her former affliction.

Mr. L. is a carpenter. Several years ago he fell from a ladder and injured his arm. A large welt developed which doctors were unable to heal. Having lived in Pennsylvania Dutch country for many years, Mr. L. visited Mr. A., a pow-wower in Lebanon, Pa. Mr. A. gave him treatments for three consecutive weeks consisting of prayers and massage. His only prescription was for Mr. L. to stay away from foods with "dope in them" and to drink "three swallows of water morning and night."

The welt gradually subsided under the treatment. At the end of three weeks, Mr. L.'s arm was back to normal. I met and talked to him at the offices of Mr. A. in the spring of 1955. He had fallen again and the same

welt developed. This time he had been to the hospital for X-rays — but again the doctors were stymied. I talked to Mr. L. a week after he received his first treatment. He claimed that the welt already was reduced to half its former size.

Mr. and Mrs. R. have been going to the pow-wower Mr. O. for several years for a variety of ailments. When I talked to them, Mrs. R. was being treated for what she said was an internal fibroid tumor. She said a gynecologist has insisted that an operation was necessary. Not wishing to undergo an operation, she started going to Mr. O. for treatment. Within two weeks, she said, she practically had lost the tumor. When she showed the results of Mr. O.'s treatments to the gynecologist, he was quite amazed.

While his wife was out of the room for her treatment, Mr. R. told me that a year before he had been cured of a hernia by Mr. O. That treatment, he said, had taken about three months in all. At the end of that time the pain in his lower abdomen was gone and he was able to lift weights he was unable to budge while he had the hernia.

"Why," he said, "it's coming to the point where my wife and I will never go to a medical doctor again."

The Pennsylvania German term for "pow-wowing" is *Weitz Braucherei,* which can be freely translated as "white magic." Its opposite form, *Schwartz Braucherei,* or "black magic," involves placing curses and hexes and is, therefore, completely out of the province of the pow-wower.

All the pow-wowers claim to have secret powers passed on to them by their parents. Usually the power of the father is passed to the daughter and that of the mother, to the son. Most pow-wowers specialize in ailments. A few, however, will try their powers on virtually every type of complaint.

These powers, interestingly enough, says Professor Shoemaker of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, are believed to be so secret that revealing them to an outsider would result in losing them. Aunt Sofia Bailer has defied this tradition by revealing a few of her secrets. At 85, she says, "God has work for me to do yet."

Each individual pow-wower has his or her own particular practices. This became clear when an associate and I went from one to another, claiming that my associate had a bad case of stomach ulcers. We found that every one employed a different style or method of "healing." Despite variations, however, the basic tools of the pow-wower continue to be incantation, symbolic gestures and prayer.

Through the use of these basic

tools the pow-wower attempts essentially to instill the sufferer with the faith that he can be and is being cured. Obviously, the sufferer already has some faith in the power possessed by the pow-wower, otherwise he would not go to him.

Scientists have proved that many physical disorders have their origin in an individual's mental state, describing these disorders as "psychosomatic." The pow-wower, in a primitive and naive manner, influences that mental state by injecting a large dose of faith. The frequent result is the end of the disorder.

An unfortunate result of the pow-wowing custom, in a few cases, is that some persons suffering from acute diseases have continued to visit a pow-wower and death resulted. One always wonders under such circumstances if a medical doctor could have saved them.

On the other hand, a massive collection of testimonials to the efficacy of pow-wowing readily could be made. Indeed, if thousands of persons had not benefitted from being "cured for," the pow-wower long ago would have passed into oblivion.

PROJECTION OF A WISH

By Martha Burns

In September, 1954, my family and I moved from the house we were renting because it had been sold. We spent the next two months looking for another house to rent. People kept asking me if we had found a house until I grew very sensitive about the question. Finally in desperation, I said yes, we had found a place — although actually we hadn't.

Pressed for information, I told a tale of finding the sort of house I always had wished for — a white house in the country with a large lawn, a small chicken house and other features I had dreamed about. I described the neighborhood in which the house was located and even stated the amount of rent.

Just when it seemed that my little fiction was about to catch up with me, we found and rented a house just as I had described, in the exact neighborhood I had described and for the same amount of rent I had stated. I don't know how this was possible but I do seem able to predict events that actually come to pass. — *Milwaukee, Wis*

By Frederick J. Goshe

Sitting Bull sat down before the firing U.S. troops — and calmly smoked his pipe. Did magic keep the bullets from hitting him?



Bullet-Proof Indians

In the history of the Old West there are a number of Indian warriors who seemed to possess magical powers against bullets. Three of the most famous of these "bulletproof" Indians were Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Roman Nose. All three of them fought in many battles with white men.

Take Crazy Horse! His bullet-proof magic defied the expert marksmanship of famous Indian-fighter, General George Crook. Crook was a crack shot, an ardent hunter of elk, bighorn sheep and deer. Yet in the Sioux war of 1876, Crook himself said that he took careful aim at Crazy Horse at least 20 times — and missed!

Reliable witnesses have said that on one occasion, Sitting Bull deliberately exposed himself to the close-range rifle fire of U. S. troops for a half-hour. Yet no bullet even grazed Sitting Bull.

It happened in August, 1872. Sitting Bull and his Hunkpapa Sioux were camped along the Yellowstone River valley in Montana. The U. S. cavalry came into the valley as escorts for surveyors who were laying out the route of the proposed Northern Pacific Railroad. Resenting this intrusion into their hunting grounds the Sioux went after the soldiers. The shooting began soon after dawn.

Among the Sioux older men were not expected to fight. They were exempt after the age of 38. But in this instance Sitting Bull, then 41 years old, did not hesitate. He wanted to show up the younger braves — those who dashed recklessly to and fro in front of the army line. Many considered his a foolhardy act.

Dismounting from his horse, the chief put aside his weapons and took up his pipe and tobacco. Then he strolled casually toward the line of fire. When he got within 300 feet of the shooting soldiers he sat down on the grass, lit his pipe and started his smoke. He was determined not to move from his seat until he had smoked his pipe down. So there he sat, smoking quietly, while the bullets peppered the ground around him and crackled over his head. Shot after shot missed Sitting Bull — at the easy range or 100 yards.

When his pipe was smoked out, he cleaned it, put it into its case and stood up. Slowly, with his back toward the still shooting troopers, Sitting Bull walked back to his Sioux. For many days the Sioux talked of this show of courage which never had been equaled among the tribes.

What was the secret of this strange power which enabled the Indians to defy death? Was it luck? Or poor shooting on the part of the soldiers? While some of the white troops may have been recruits and poor shots, there were always 50 to 80 percent veterans in the Western cavalry units. These men — seasoned campaigners of the Civil War, the Apache wars, and the Piute wars — could shoot well enough, particularly at less than 300 feet.

The Indians themselves believed that "bulletproofing" was protective magic, *medicine* acquired by ritual and through visions. It was the power to enlist the aid of ghosts and animals. All this was part of the Sioux religion — the belief that the Great Spirit gave certain powers to each animal, plant and insect. These powers could be transmitted to those Indians who were spiritually and mentally able to communicate with bird and beast.

Thus the bear, the deer, the eagle, the crane, the owl, the dragonfly, and all other creatures had his own peculiar powers. Some animals had endurance, some had strength, some others had speed, cunning and courage. The grizzly bear seldom was downed by a single shot, but could stay on his feet and charge a man with several bullets or arrows lodged deep in his vitals. The elk was wily and strong, hard to stalk and kill. The black-tail deer seldom was brought down by hunters for he was wary, swift, keen-sensed and lived in rough country with abundant cover.

If an Indian did manage to kill

a black-tail deer he preserved its skin whole — even the head, legs and hoofs. He would wear this skin when going to battle, firmly convinced that he could not be hit by arrow, bullet, club or lance. But this protection from harm did not come automatically just from wearing the skin. The wearer had to seek the protection of the dead deer by praying to it, asking its help and by performing elaborate ceremonies meant to contact the spirit of the dead animal.

One of these lucky Indians was the Minneconjou Sioux, High Crane. In the battle of Slim Buttes, in the northern part of South Dakota, in September, 1876, an advance unit of General Crook's army under Captain Mills had struck a small camp of Indians — about 40 tipis — at dawn. Mills had the advantage of surprise and of superior weapons. His cavalry killed many of the Indians and drove the survivors from the village. Yet those surviving warriors who had managed to seize their weapons during the surprise attack fought back from caves and gullies. A few Indians ran for help to where Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse were sharing camp at that time.

Hearing the news, the two chiefs saddled their ponies and rode out with about 800 warriors. They had few guns and little ammunition, and therefore were forced to rely on bows and arrows. Yet they did not hesitate to help the small camp under American Horse, who was now trapped with a few warriors and their families in a cave.

The Sioux under Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse reached the besieged camp about noon — too late. General Crook had come up with the main body of the troops, so that the combined white army outnumbered the Sioux at least two to one.

Things looked bad for the Sioux who had bows and arrows against accurate, far-shooting carbines and six-shooter Colts. But the chiefs would not let American Horse down. They lined up their warriors out of rifle range. There they held a brief council. Sitting Bull looked over his 800 warbonneted, breech-clothed men with their bows, clubs, lances, and their few rifles. To charge 2,000 riflemen would be suicide. Many warriors would be uselessly killed. The war had gone hard against the Sioux since they had wiped out Custer in June. Food was short, ammunition was scarce, and the hearts of the women and children were heavy.

Sitting Bull called upon High Crane, the warrior with the "war-charm" of the black-tail deer's skin. High Crane, said the chief, is protected, he has the magical power of the black-tail deer against bullets. High Crane was

asked to ride alone against 2,000 troops.

And High Crane did not hesitate. He adjusted the big skin over his body, its head over his head, its forelegs tied to his arms, its hind legs tied to his legs. Mounting his pony, High Crane rode against the troops!

The other Indians sat their ponies and watched, their gaze fixed on the bravery of High Crane. Bullets began to whistle around High Crane and his pony. Bullets plowed the damp sod and cut the grass over which he rode. Back and forth within easy rifle range High Crane rode — back and forth.

A great many revolvers and carbines clattered and roared sending a hurricane of lead. And not one bullet touched High Crane or his pony.

A great awe seemed to fill the white soldiers. Who was this invincible warrior who could not be touched with bullets? What strategy was this from the wily Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse? Orders were given. The line of troops withdrew 500 yards. Next day the troops pulled out completely, with the Sioux harrying the column. General Crook had had enough.

High Crane's "secret helper," the black-tail deer had come to the Indians' aid.

The Indians never went into battle without performing their "battle medicine." They sang songs to their helpers, to the bear, eagle, deer and hawk. They used markings, symbols, pictures on their clothes and on their warbonnets. The head-dress of tail-feathers was not a decoration. It was a "war-charm" — against death in battle. The eagle feathers symbolized the protection of the strongest bird of all.

The famous Cheyenne warrior, Roman Nose, had a very powerful warbonnet. It had the eagle feathers and also the skins of animals sewed or tied to the head-band. It had the skins of a hawk, a kingfisher, a swallow, a bat. Each of these creatures gave Roman Nose some of its qualities — courage against foes, strength, swiftness, maneuverability.

Before going into battle Roman Nose was careful to preserve the magic of the warbonnet by making the proper *medicine* and by observing the taboos. Roman Nose further strengthened his spiritual help by making a vow never to marry. This was the "no-woman" medicine which was believed very powerful in battle.

Roman Nose fought the white men many times. In a battle in September, 1865, Roman Nose successfully performed the same feat that High Crane accomplished at Slim Buttes. The great Cheyenne warrior mounted his pony and rode within easy range of the enemy lines. At the sight of

the tall, magnificently bonneted warrior, the troops let loose their brisk gunfire. Roman Nose made a splendid target. The bullets enveloped him like rain. Even though his horse was killed, Roman Nose escaped unharmed.

There is a sequel to the tale of Roman Nose. As long as he observed the rituals and the taboos he seemed invulnerable. The most important taboo was that the bonnet wearer must avoid touching iron or other metals with his mouth. Before a battle, he could not eat with metal spoons or knives. For the Sioux and Cheyennes believed that metal had the power to kill. The iron or copper of cartridges, the lead of bullets, the steel or iron of rifle, knife, saber, or hatchet must not be touched with the mouth.

In September, 1868, at the famous battle of Beecher's Island in the Arikaree River in Colorado, white scouts were besieged by the Cheyennes. Roman Nose was there but could not take part in the charges because before the battle he had eaten meat with an iron spoon. There was not time enough for him to go through the purifying ceremonies — to take a sweat bath, burn the sacred cedar or sagebrush branches and stand in their smoke.

Roman Nose's heart was heavy. He saw his friends, relatives and friends falling in the charges. He realized they would be defeated unless some leader could inspire them. Roman Nose debated with himself and resolved to serve his people.

Roman Nose led the next charge, believing that he was going to his death. The great Cheyenne never hesitated. Although he had lost the protection of his sacred warbonnet, Roman Nose was foremost in the charge. He got through to the whites under Colonel Forsyth but, as he passed, a shot got the brave Cheyenne in the back. The end he had foreseen for himself had come to pass.

A second curious incident involving the taboos of the warbonnet concerns High Back Wolf. This warrior was also a Cheyenne. At the fight called the battle of Platte Bridge in July, 1865, High Back Wolf rode straight into the gunfire of the white troops, right up to the soldiers. And in the storm of bullets High Back Wolf fell. When his body was retrieved by his friends, they found it riddled with bullets. High Back Wolf had died hard.

But High Back Wolf had been seen putting metal to his mouth. For as he rode alone against the troops, he had re-loaded his old-fashioned muzzel-loading revolver with powder and ball. Forgetfully he had held the bullet in his teeth to keep his hands free to put powder down the barrel of his gun. Like Roman Nose, High

Back Wolf had violated the law of the "bulletproofing medicine."

The tale grows even stranger when we remember the fates of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. Both were assassinated — Crazy Horse in 1877 and Sitting Bull in 1890. Neither warrior died in battle. Sitting Bull was shot by those of his own people who had gone over to the white man and who regarded the Indian chief as ringleader of the Indian trouble-makers.

All his life Sitting Bull had been a man who prayed, meditated, and kept close to nature and to the Great Spirit. It was said that Sitting Bull often was warned of danger by birds whose songs he could understand. It was said that he had the protection of the birds and of the buffalo whose name he bore. Yet such "war-charms" did not prevail against betrayal and tribal jealousy.

The death of Crazy Horse has a mysterious and prophetic quality. It was well-known among the Sioux that Crazy Horse had received his bulletproofing medicine in a vision. When he was still a boy — in 1857 — Crazy Horse went out into the wilderness, as was the custom, to fast and pray, to get spiritual help and guidance. In his vision Crazy Horse saw a man on a horse. The man rode against dream-enemies, conquered them and was never hit.

Curiously, in that dream, the man's own people kept wanting to hold his arms, to hold him back. From behind, the man's people would creep up and try to clutch him. Also in the dream, when the man fought enemies a red-backed hawk flew over his head.

A Sioux holy man had interpreted the dream for Crazy Horse. He said the dream-man was Crazy Horse. If the boy dressed and acted like the dream-warrior he would be invincible in battle — a hero and leader of his people.

Crazy Horse did as the holy man counselled. He wore his hair loose like the dream-hero, not braided or tied with fur, according to the Sioux custom. The dream-warrior had been foremost in the fight and so Crazy Horse always was first to strike the enemy.

By the time the boy had reached manhood he acquired an almost legendary prowess in battle — against Crows, Shoshones, white troops. He rode to wars wearing a red cape and the stuffed skin of the red-backed hawk on his head rather than a warbonnet. Thus Crazy Horse fought many, many times — in the Fetterman fight and the Wagon-Box fight along the Bozeman Trail in the 1860's. He was leader in the famous battle of the Rosebud on June 17,1876, when he defeated General Crook's army although the Indians were poorly armed and greatly out-

numbered. Crazy Horse had helped lead the Sioux and Cheyennes when they wiped out Custer at the Little Bighorn, on June 25, 1876.

When at last Crazy Horse and his tribe surrendered in the spring of 1877, it was not because of any military defeat. In all of his fights Crazy Horse was never defeated by the enemy. They surrendered because there were no buffalo, no food. To keep his people from starving Crazy Horse gave up freedom and settled down to agency life in Nebraska, at Red Cloud Agency near Fort Robinson.

During the fighting years, 1857 to 1877, a legend had grown up among the Indians. Crazy Horse could never be killed except when his own people, by stealth, seized his hands and kept him from striking back. Such was the interpretation given to the dream that Crazy Horse had dreamed in 1857. The great warrior was bulletproof, arrowproof, and knifeproof the legend said.

At the agency, though Crazy Horse tried to live in peace he was constantly in trouble. Indians who had turned to the white man's ways were jealous of him, of the prestige he held among the Sioux. Spies were sent by agency chiefs. Rumors said that Crazy Horse intended to leave the agency and go back on the warpath. The army officers believed this. General Crook in particular believed this.

Crazy Horse was arrested. He found himself alone, with only a few friends. Fear had driven the rest of his friends into hiding. Agency Indians and white troops took Crazy Horse to Fort Robinson. Through an interpreter, the soldiers told the chief that he would not be harmed; that on the morrow Crazy Horse would be allowed to clear his name of the vicious rumors. Crazy Horse believed what he was told. Yet they took him to the guardhousel When Crazy Horse saw the iron bars, saw the iron balls and chains on the legs of the prisoners already there, he made a break for freedom.

He might have gained freedom — except for the prophecy of his early dream. As he tried to dash out of the guardhouse his own people — friends he trusted — seized his arms and held him. An officer yelled, "Kill the ....." And a soldier with a fixed bayonet made the deadly thrust. With his own people holding his arms Crazy Horse's bulletproofing medicine was futile. He died a few hours later.

The prophecy of more than 20 years before had been fulfilled.

PIU-PIU and TIKI

The captain and the crew believed the Maori kilt and amulet would protect them during battle. Were they wrong?

By Cmdr. Charles M. Cree

DURING the happy days of peace, early in 1914 when the shadows of the first World War had not yet threatened the World, the tenor of life was placid and comfortable.

The great battlecruiser New Zealand commanded by Captain John F. E. Green, Royal Navy, was engaged in the pleasurable task of "showing the Flag" on a worldwide cruise.

Towards the end of the itinerary orders called for a series of visits to various ports in the Dominion of New Zealand itself. In view of the name of the warship these visits were occasions of much ceremonial and celebration.

At Wellington, capital of New Zealand, the ships' company were delighted with a delegation of native Maoris which arrived aboard to give an official, tribal welcome. As was the custom souvenirs of the occasion were presented to each member of the tribal delegation. However the Maoris were not to be outdone. Captain Green was astonished when a venerable chieftain presented his



ship with a Piu-Piu and a Tiki. The presentation was accompanied with instructions that the Pui-Pui and the Tiki were to be worn by the Commanding Officer whenever the New Zealand should go into battle.

A piu-piu is a Maori rush kilt or war mat, made of strips of black and white flax woven together alternately and attached at the top to a waist band. It is worn tied around the waist and practically encircles the hips,

reaching down to the knees.

A Tiki is an amulet or talisman made usually of a green stone with a hole bored in it. It is usually oval in shape and polished smooth. It is worn around the neck suspended by a flaxen cord.

In making the presentation the Maori chief prophesied that one day the ship would be in a great battle and that she would be struck three times. One hit, he he said, would be on the conning tower, one would be on the after turret, and the third hit would be on the foretop. He went on to say that casualties would not be serious.

Captain Green thanked the Maoris and told them the gifts would be much treasured. He said that since the ship was returning home to pay off he personally would deliver the emblems to the officer appointed to relieve him.

The Maori Chief immediately took issue. He said no new Captain would take the ship into battle. It would be Captain Green himself who would command the ship and, moreover, it would be the identical crew present aboard.

At the time this prediction seemed absurd and entirely unlikely. When the British Admiralty decides to de-commission a ship de-commissioned she is.

However, even as the battlecruiser plowed her way under easy steam back towards England the clouds of war were gathering. On August 4, 1914, three weeks before the New Zealand was due to pay off war was declared. The New Zealand was not de-commissioned. Captain Green and the crew remained aboard. The Maori Chief was once right.

New Zealand took part in the indecisive action off the Dogger Bank when the German Blucher was sunk. Captain Green wore the Piu-Piu and the Tiki during the course of this battle which certainly could not be called "a great battle."

She took part in numberless tiresome and fruitless sweeps up and down the North Sea. On May 31, 1916, she forged into action with Sir Beatty's Battlecruiser Force. As the crew went to their action stations a sailor's head peeked over the bridge rails and a delighted voice was heard, announcing to those below, "It's all right boy's. He's got 'em on." Sailors are notoriously superstitious. The Piu-Piu and the Tiki were expected to do their duty.

The Battle of Jutland was no Sunday School Picnic and the battlecruisers were in the middle of it. They bore the brunt of the action. Leading the line was Sir David Beatty himself in the *Lion*. She was followed in turn by the *Princess Royal, Tiger, Queen*

Mary, New Zealand, and *Indefatigable.*

At 3:47 p.m. the *Lion* opened fire on the enemy. At exactly 4:00 p.m. the ship astern of *New Zealand,* the *Indefatigable* was struck by a heavy salvo of shells and blew up. At 4:26 p.m. a grouped salvo struck the *Queen Mary* on her port side and a cloud of what looked like coal dust spurted from where she was hit. Twenty seconds later a terrific flash of flame and a colossal mushroom of smoke showed from where the *Queen Mary* had been. As the *New Zealand* hauled out of line to pass the *Queen Mary* another explosion rent the stricken ship, blowing masses of paper and pieces of iron into the air and hurtling one of her steamboats hundreds of feet upwards.

Admiral Beatty signaled his ships to turn two points to port — towards the enemy.

Of the original six battle-cruisers now only four were afloat and fighting. The *Lion* herself was badly damaged and the *Tiger* had been hit many times.

It was indeed a big battle. The *Queen Mary* and *Indefatigable* were gone. *Lion* had 99 men killed and 45 wounded. *Princess Royal* had 22 killed and 80 wounded. *Tiger* had been hit 22 times with 24 killed and 37 wounded.

And the *New Zealand?*

She had been in the middle of one of the most blistering sea battles of all time. As the firing died down and darkness covered, a survey was made. The ship had fired 416 shells from her 12 inch guns. *New Zealand* had been hit on the after turret as the Maori Chief had predicted. She had been sprayed with splinters on her conning tower. There was no trace of a hit on her foretop but of course there might have been a near miss. She had not sustained a single casualty.

As is customary in the Royal Navy other ships will inherit the name of *New Zealand.* It is certain, also, they will inherit a Piu-Piu and a Tiki. And when the ship named *New Zealand* goes into battle it is probable that a sailor's head will peek over the bridge rail to make sure the Captain is wearing the Piu-Piu and Tiki and so to call down to the men below "It's all right boys, he's get 'em on!"

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PERFECT ALIBI

In Milan, Italy, recently two men had a perfect alibi when arrested in connection with a bank robbery. They proved they were stealing several suitcases from a car at the time the bank was robbed.

The Fire-Proof Lady

What was Signora Girardelli's secret? Heat that melted lead and made iron red-hot did not affect her.

By W. T. Black



In awed silence the crowd watched as the hot iron came into contact with the tender flesh of Signora Girardelli. If they expected to hear her cry out in pain or to smell the odor of her burning flesh, they were disappointed. The Signora did not even flinch. She continued to smile calmly at the wide-eyed spectators.

The Signora was not undergoing the ancient ordeal by fire. This was just a part of her incredible act that daily thrilled the people who crowded around her booth at English country fairs during the first quarter of the 1800s. The story of her immunity comes from a careful, contemporary report in Chamber's *Edinburg Journal,* December, 1838.

The Italian lady, Signora Girardelli, demonstrated immunity to a marked degree. In 1818, calling herself "The Incombustible Lady," she toured England. Her act consisted of five parts.

First she took a small quantity of nitric acid into her mouth. After holding it there for a short time she would spit it onto some iron filings to let the fumes it produced prove its strength. She would then place a copper coin in the palm of her hand and cover it with the acid. Though bubbles and fumes arose and the coin brightened there was no discoloration of her skin.

The Signora's second feat was to bring some Florence oil to the

boiling point and rinse her mouth with it. To prove that it was oil she spat it into a brazier where it blazed up instantly. Sometimes, to make the demonstration more effective, she would cook an egg in the boiling oil before taking it into her mouth. In this part of her act she also placed melted wax on her tongue and forced the impression of a seal on it.

The lady would dip her finger tips repeatedly into molten lead and even pour a small quantity of the liquid metal into her mouth. After a while she would spit out a hardened piece of lead. She would pour out some of the metal and, as soon as it began to solidify, when it was still quite hot, she would step on it with her bare foot.

Her fourth feat was to heat the end of an iron shovel until it was red hot. After igniting some small pieces of wood with it, she would slowly rub the glowing shovel over her feet and arms, and finally over her hair without producing any marks, smoke or odor. While the shovel was still hot she would lick it with her tongue. In this case the hissing of her tongue's moisture could be heard by those seated nearest. She then heated a second shovel and bent it by stamping on it with her bare feet.

As the finale for her act, Signora Girardelli took a bracket of eight lighted candles and slowly played the flames beneath each of her forearms and even between her toes. Though the skin was blackened by the candle smoke, no other effect could be detected.

At the time of her visit to England, Signora Girardelli was apparently about 40 years old. She was described as a pleasant looking lady who seemed most anxious to convince the spectators that her act was genuine. She freely and cheerfully submitted to examination both before and after her act. No evidence of fraud was obtained.

One contemporary writer, who claims to have observed her performance most carefully, attempted to duplicate some of her feats. By using dilute acid he was able to clean a halfpenny in his hand, and even to hold a little of the acid in his mouth for a short time. He reported that its only effect was to set his teeth on edge. However, he did not attempt to rinse his mouth with boiling oil. He merely pointed out that eggs coagulate at 156° and that if some water had been previously added to the oil, it would appear to boil at close to 212°. He did place melted wax upon his tongue and made an impression of a seal on it. He claimed there was only a temporary sensation of heat with this.

Although he prudently refrained from sticking his own finger into molten lead, he asserted that plumbers were accustomed to do this. (Evidently this

hardy breed of plumbers has become extinct.) The writer suggested that saliva protected the lady's tongue during its brief contact with the red hot iron. He refrained from trying it but claimed that if the iron were only at black heat, the tongue would be burned, while uninjured at red heat.

The writer was greatly impressed with the ability of the Signora to apply red hot iron to these portions of her skin that were dry. He could not explain this. Nor could he explain the failure of the candle flames to burn her flesh.

In an interview after her performance the Signora Girardelli stated, in answer to a direct question, that she possessed a secret preparation which she applied to her skin to make it insensible to heat. This explanation the writer himself rejected, pointing out that her tongue was clean and red, and that there was no evidence of any chemical having been applied to her skin. He suggested that this explanation had been offered solely because it happened to be convenient.

During the interview, the Signora claimed once to have been locked in an oven with a leg of mutton until it was cooked. Scientific investigators have recently demonstrated that this is quite possible.

After reviewing all the evidence, the writer concluded that the lady had demonstrated a remarkable immunity to heat. He suggested that this strange power was due to some peculiarity of her constitution, greatly increased by practice.

PREMONITION ON A BRIDGE

By Hatti Bryant

My sister, Annie, and her husband, Frank Texter, drove from the country to our home in Richmond, Va., one morning in 1923 to visit my father, C. E. Haley, Sr., who was seriously ill with double pneumonia.

Just before evening the sky grew very dark and strong gusts of wind made the trees writhe and toss. My father, who was delirious more than half the time, called my mother to his bedside.

"Tell Annie and Frank not to leave now," he said. "The bridge is washed away at Midlothian."

My mother persuaded Annie and Frank to remain overnight. The following evening we learned that the bridge at Midlothian actually had been washed away, carrying to their deaths a young couple in a car.

The strange thing is that when Father told us the bridge was gone it had not yet started to rain. — *Albany, N. Y.*

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

MY INVISIBLE GUARDIAN

By Violet Schnipper

CERTAIN events in my life have made me feel that I am protected by an invisible guardian. On July 24, 1915, when I lived in Chicago, I prepared to go on a boat trip with my Sunday school class. I had looked forward to the boat trip for a week. My mother had packed a delicious lunch.

At the last minute, however, I had a feeling that I should not go. Unable to overcome this feeling, I told Mother I had decided not to go. She could not understand why I had changed my mind and I was unable to explain.

That evening we heard of the disaster to the *Eastland,* the excursion boat I was to have taken. It had sank in the river with a loss of 300 lives. Everyone had rushed to one side of the boat to see something and it had capsized. All my little friends drowned.

In December, 1933, when I was married and expecting my first child, Mother wrote that she was ill. I went to Springfield, Mo., to take care of her. When she was well I notified my husband, in Belleville, Ill., that I would arrive home on a bus and asked him to meet me at the depot.

I packed my suitcase and was ready to leave — but suddenly I had the feeling that I should not take the bus. I knew my husband would be worried when I did not arrive at the appointed time but my feeling was too strong to ignore.

That night there was a snow storm which turned to sleet. The bus I was to have taken skidded on the ice and collided head-on with a truck. Many of the passengers were killed and injured. The driver of the bus was thrown through the windshield and decapitated.

In 1937 my little girl and I went to see a movie in the Chicago Loop. Afterward we ascended to an elevated platform to take a train to Rogers Park. As we reached the platform I was de-

lighted to see that a train to our destination had just arrived. The doors were open. With just a few quick steps we would be inside and on our way. But a feeling that I should not take that particular train swept over me. I stood frozen as the doors closed and the train left.

We had to wait several hours for the next train because the tracks had to be cleared of wreckage from a crash. The train I had avoided taking had ploughed into another, the wooden cars telescoping and splintering like kindling wood. People were thrown out of their seats and into the street below. I was grateful that I had heeded my invisible guardian. — *Daytona Beach, Fla.*

MY DREAM SAVED LIVES

By Wm. W. Bathlot

In the summer of 1944 I went fishing with a friend, John Evans, in El Vado Lake in the northern part of New Mexico. Instead of taking a perfectly good road to the lake, Evans, for some unknown reason, turned his new Ford Coupe into an old, unused road leading in a general direction to the north end of the lake. Neither of us had ever been over this old road before, but when we entered the little valley ahead of us I recognized the old dismantled adobe house with its tumbled down outbuildings and sagging fences. I knew I had been here before.

For a moment I wondered if it were possible that I had lived here in a previous existence. Then I remembered a dream I had a week before. In the dream I saw an old road, with a bridge just out of sight around a curve in the road ahead. I saw a blue Chevrolet car headed for the old bridge. In it were a man, a woman, a boy and a girl, also a brown spaniel. I heard a crash and saw the old bridge go down in a cloud of dust pinning its victims down in the mud and water beneath the falling debris.

We rounded the curve and right ahead of us was the identical bridge I saw in my dream. It looked perfectly safe but a feeling of calamity seemed to hold me as if in a vise. We stopped the car at the bridge. I got out and looked it over. It took only a moment to spot the old broken girder.

We knew the bridge would collapse under the weight of our car, so we crossed at a little ford below the bridge. We stopped the car, gathered up several arm loads of brush and piled it upon the bridge. Setting fire to it we drove on. This would be one death trap, we thought, which would never claim a victim! We reached the upper part of the lake and were ready to start fishing when a blue Chevrolet car drove up.

In it were a man, a woman, a boy, a girl, and a brown spaniel. It was the same car with its living freight I had seen in my dream.

These people had been over this old road five years before and had decided to drive over it again. "We'd have crossed the bridge, but we found it burning like a torch. We saw your tire tracks in the sand below the bridge and decided to cross where you folks did," the lady explained.

I told them of my dream. "Shucks!" the lady remarked. "I don't believe in such nonsense. Dreams are just a lot of hashed over junk which bedevil us in the night!"

Well, maybe so — but I always will believe my dream saved the lives of that family. — *Albuquerque, New Mex.*

BOBBY SOX KNEW

By Gladys Carter



GLADYS CARTER

One cold, wet evening in the winter of 1943 my sister, Harriet, brought a hungry, frightened kitten in from the street and gave it a home. The kitten soon repaid her with grateful affection.

We had no trouble naming her for she was charcoal gray with white paws. She was "wearing" little white bobby sox and naturally we named her "Bobby Sox".

Bobby Sox grew beautiful, loyal and affectionate. She chased squirrels into tree tops and seemed to enjoy life in general. Sometimes, locking her front paws around our big collie's neck, she would "hitch a ride". But always she was Harriet's loving companion.

In April, 1945, Harriet fell seriously ill and was taken to Emory University Hospital, in Atlanta, Ga. Anxiety clutched at our hearts and Bobby Sox was unhappy too. At dawn on May 14, the hospital phoned and asked us to come at once. We went — it was a day of horror and suffering.

When we arrived home again it was dark in the world and dark in our lives. Bobby Sox was on the steps to meet us. She was upset; obviously things were wrong for her too.

When the door was opened she rushed into the living room, hesitated, then gave the most unearthly, inhuman wail I have ever heard. Words cannot describe the soul-chilling sound.

She wandered from room to room, stopping at intervals to utter her anguished, grief-stricken wails. Coming at last to Harriet's room, Bobby Sox walked around her bed several times. Then, jumping up on it, she went straight to Harriet's pillow and patted it gently with her paw. She sat there patting the pillow and wailing like a child in unbearable grief. Finally we coaxed her out of the room.

No one present that night doubted that Bobby Sox *knew* Harriet never would return. But *how* did she know? — *Madison, Ga.*

UNEASY FEELING

By Edith Spears

For a few months in 1947 my husband, Albert, did not feel well although he was not really ill. One day in August, 1947, he went to work looking just as he usually did. Around noon I began feeling uneasy about my husband and, although I tried to throw the feeling off, it grew stronger.

By 2:00 p.m. I no longer could bear my uneasiness. I changed my dress and went to where my husband worked. He was an engineer at a naval barracks just six blocks from our home.

When I walked into the engine room I found him sitting down, white as a sheet and in great pain. I located the chief engineer, told him my husband was ill and obtained permission to take him home with me.

When my husband was home and in bed, he asked, "What made you come after me?"

"I don't know," I said. "I felt I was being silly but I just had to do it."

"Well, you came just when I needed you," he said. "I was feeling terribly sick."

My husband, a veteran of World War I, spent a few weeks in Vancouver Military hospital before he was well again. — *South Burnaby, Vancouver, B. C., Can.*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

By Adele Welch

In February, 1948, my husband and I arrived in Detroit, Mich., where he hoped to find work. After paying the rent on a one-room apartment we had almost no money left.

On the day of our arrival, while my husband was out looking for a job, I started toward a corner grocery store to get food for our evening meal. It was raining and as I reached the sidewalk I opened my umbrella. It was old

and the ribs were rusted and weak. One of them snapped and ran deep into the palm of my right hand.

The pain was frightful. Blood, spurting from my hand, soon formed a pool on the sidewalk. Persons passing by stopped to ask what had happened and the policeman at the corner came to my aid. He wanted to call an ambulance to take me to the hospital but I would not permit this as I had little more than a dollar in my purse.

By tying a handkerchief tightly around my hand and keeping it raised, I reduced the blood flow somewhat. A million thoughts ran through my mind. I realized I would be unable to use my right hand in doing any work and that the injury might result in blood poisoning. I had no money for medical care.

I was weak from fright and loss of blood. I wanted my husband but had no idea where to find him. As I turned to go back into the apartment building someone touched my arm. I found myself looking at a man with the kindest eyes I have ever seen. I remember that he at once filled me with calm and trust.

He said, "You are all right. I will go with you."

I thought nothing of it then but now I recall that I did not unlock my door. The man held it open for me as I entered my apartment. The lock was the usual type of Yale lock and I am certain it was locked when I left.

The man walked over to the table where I had placed my Bible. He picked it up, seemed to open it at random and then placed it on the table again, face-down. Looking at me with a kindly expression, he said, "Lie down. I will sit with you while you sleep."

This struck me as perhaps the most absurd thing anyone could have said. But from sheer inability to do anything else, I sank down on the couch and rested my head on a pillow.

The next thing I remember is that my husband was standing over me, greatly concerned over the injury to my hand and the fact that I had not waked when he returned. I was astounded to find my hand neatly bandaged. I told my husband about the accident and the kindly stranger. He said he had not seen the man and wished he had been able to thank him.

Examining my hand, I found it badly scarred but not inflamed or painful. It appeared to have been injured days ago instead of just a few hours before.

As I prepared supper and thought about the stranger, I recalled that he had opened my Bible. It was face-down on the table, just as he had left it. I picked up the Bible carefully feel-

ing the man had left a message for me. In the place to which he had turned I read:

I, Jehovah, thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, "Fear not, I will help thee."

The words are from Isa. 41:13. They answered all my questions and silenced all my doubts. — *Clarksville, Tenn.*

THE TELL-TALE BULLETS

By Harold Rolseth

WHEN I was a boy guns, and everything pertaining to them, had an irresistible fascination for me. This was a source of great anxiety to my parents. Finally after several narrow escapes from injury my father sternly forbade me to touch guns or anything concerned with them.

One day in the autumn of 1919, shortly after his order, a playmate vividly described to me a pistol owned by his father. I begged to see it and spent a delicious five minutes handling the huge revolver. I traded my jackknife for a handful of bullets. I was afraid to carry the bullets home so I hid them in a hollow stump in a vacant lot about two blocks away. No one saw me.

The next morning at breakfast my father said, "I had an odd dream last night. I dreamed, Harold, that you hid some bullets in a hollow stump down the street." Then he added jokingly, "Maybe I had better take a look."

My first thought was that somehow someone had told him my secret. But this was not the case. He had dreamed precisely what I had done. Fortunately for me he considered it only a dream, and I got rid of the bullets at the first opportunity. I didn't disobey again. — *Pewaukee, Wis.*

BROTHERS IN DEATH

IN March, 1955, Luther A. Friddle of Westmorland, Calif., died in a hospital after a heart attack. His brother, Earl, died on the same day after a heart attack at his home in Fort Worth, Tex.

PUZZLE FOR COIN COLLECTORS

IN October, 1954, a strange coin was found near Buttons, N. C. It bore the numerals 1215 — apparently a date. The characters on the coin appeared to be Arabic. The question of whether the coin arrived in America before or after Columbus has not been solved.

"Voice" foiled Narcotics Robbery



The big man said he wanted treatment for a burned hand. How could a voice warn the nurse of danger?

By M. J. Doyle, R.N.

WHILE still a very young nurse I was asked to replace the night superintendent at our small hospital for one week. This meant I was in charge of the narcotics and, of course, the emergency room.

One evening, just after lights out but before the first floor nurse had locked the front door, a big ugly man came into the hospital. He asked for the night superintendent so I was called.

When I came to where he was sitting at the desk he said, "I want the big lady who is here every night."

I said, "I am taking her place. What do you want?"

He looked so mean that the sight of him was unpleasant. He had a big scar running from the corner of his mouth to his ear. His right hand was bandaged. Oc-

casionally he moaned. He said he had burned his hand and wanted me to fix it up for him.

I started toward the phone to call the intern but he said, "I'd rather have you fix it. I don't trust doctors."

Suddenly I heard Mama's voice say, "Mickey, be careful! That scoundrel is up to no good."

My mother lived several blocks from the hospital and the sound of her voice startled me.

I turned to the man, saying, "Now, look here! This is a hospital and I must call the doctor on duty."

He followed me to the door of the phone booth where I pressed the buzzer for the intern. "Come to emergency to dress a bad burn immediately," I said into the phone.

As we started for the elevator Mama's voice spoke to me again, "Mickey, don't go down with that fellow!"

So instead I went up to the third floor for the intern. The man growled, "Hurry up. I can't wait all night. Why don't we go down to the emergency room?"

I didn't answer.

As the doctor got into the elevator I said, "Hold it a minute." I started to step toward the nurses desk but the big fellow said, "You come along. My hand hurts."

Between listening to my mother's warnings and his mean voice I was getting very nervous but I couldn't let him know it. I said, "I have to know how our newest baby is doing. I'll be right with you."

I stepped up to the nurse on duty and told her to call the squad car to rush to the emergency but to enter as quietly as possible. I can't tell why I did this, except that Mother's warning made me do it.

Asked how he burned his hand and who had dressed it, the man said, "I burned it in a fire and never mind who dressed it. Just take off the bandage and fix it."

The bandage had been too carefully applied to have been done in a hurry. Now for the third time Mama's voice said, urgently, "Watch him, Mickey!"

To delay I pretended that the instrument case wouldn't open. I called the intern, asking him to see if he could open it. Just then I saw the lights of the police car so I handed the bandage shears to the doctor. The bandage was snipped off and the man jumped to his feet. He held a gun he had been hiding under the bandage.

"Get the narcotics for me and hurry!" Now he was snarling and smiling at the same time; but only for a second.

The police officers had come up behind him in time to hear the whole thing.

They took him away.

The next morning when I got home Mama said, "Did anything

unusual happen last night?"

"Just the usual stuff, a few accidents, a few babies, a few laughs, a few gripes. Why?" I asked.

Papa laughed, "Your mother wanted me to call you about 11:00 o'clock and see if you were all right. She felt something was wrong but she couldn't tell me why she thought so."

I told them what had happened and how I had heard Mama's voice.

My mother said quietly, "I knew there was something wrong."

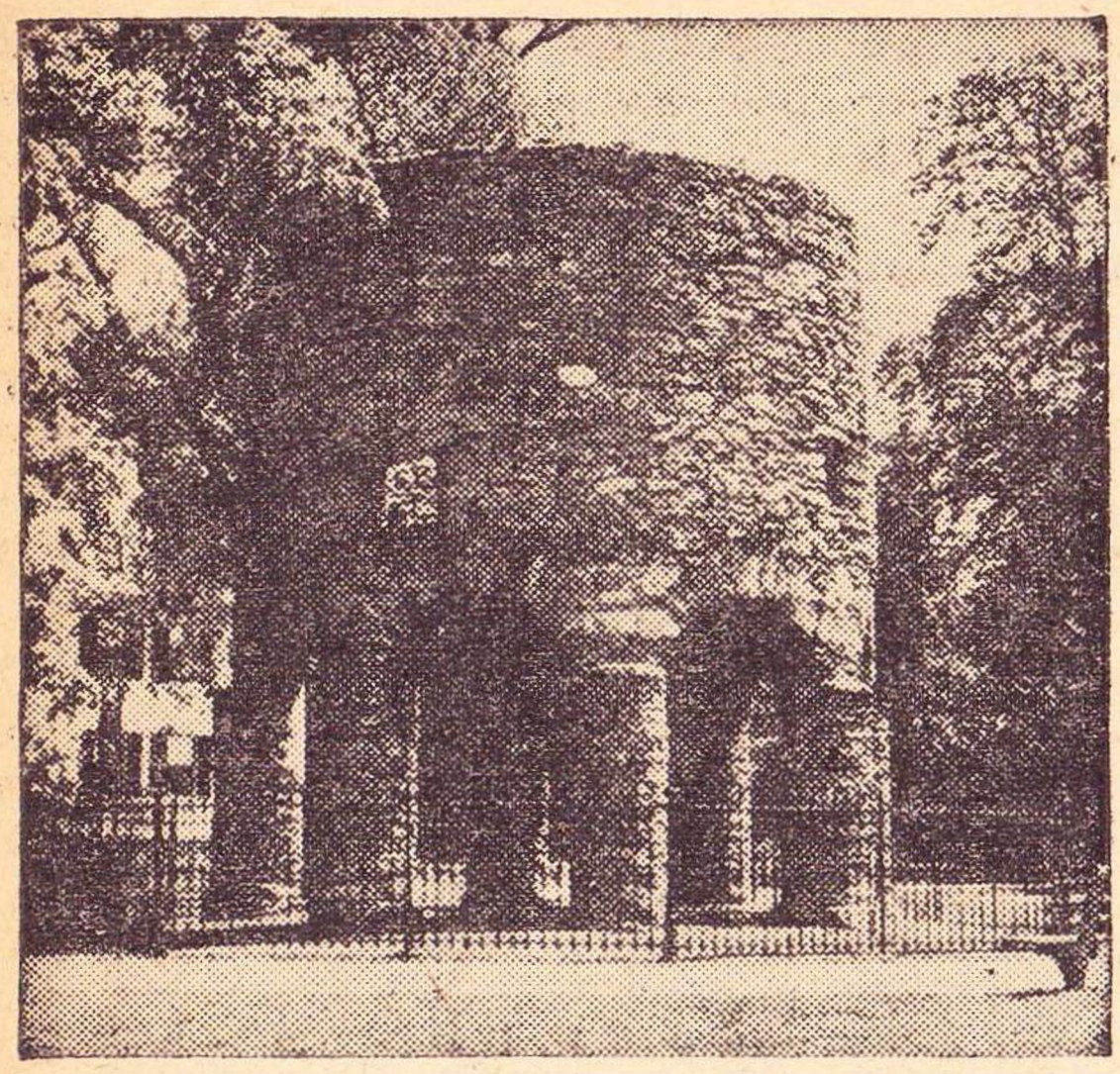
MIND OVER BODY

By Homer C. Platt

THAT doctors generally believe the imagination possesses a strange and powerful influence is abundantly demonstrated by their writings, and by their oft-repeated directions to nurses to divert the patient's mind so as to prevent his dwelling upon the symptoms of his case.

The following is from a treatise written a number of years ago by a Dr. Warren and illustrates the influence of the mind over the body:

"Some time since a lady presented herself to me with a tumor, or swelling of the submaxillary gland of the neck. It was about the size of an egg, had lasted two years, and was so very hard that I advised it to be removed by an operation. To this the patient would not consent; therefore, to satisfy her wish, an effort was made to dissipate the tumor by medicine. A number of weeks passed without any change. After this she called on me, and with some hesitation ventured to ask whether an application recommended to her would in my opinion be safe. This consisted in applying the hand of a dead person three times to the diseased part. One of her neighbors now lay dead, and she had an opportunity of trying the experiment, if not thought dangerous. At first I was disposed to divert her from it, but, recollecting the power of imagination, gravely assured her that she might make the trial without apprehension of serious consequences. A while later she presented herself once more, and with a smiling countenance informed me that she had used the remedy. Upon examination I found the tumor had actually disappeared."



Mysterious stone tower at Newport, R. I., may date to as early at 800 A.D. Experts believe the type of masonry used rules out possibility that tower is the work of Colonial British or Norse masons.

DID ANCIENT CELTS BUILD NEWPORT TOWER?

One theory is that Norsemen built this mysterious Rhode Island structure. But new finds point to another people.

By Edmond P. Gibson

One of the problems which has plagued the American historian since our history began is posed by the ancient Newport, Rhode Island, tower.

It, and other samples of similar masonry, remain an unsolved problem. These structures, whose antecedents are mostly unknown, have been found along the Atlantic coast from Victoria Island to Rhode Island. Inland sites showing similar stone masonry are found along the St. Lawrence River and also in Ohio, near Spruce Hill. Another site is in Kentucky, near Louisville.

In Salem, Massachusetts, prehistoric Celtic or Irish bee-hive huts have been excavated. They

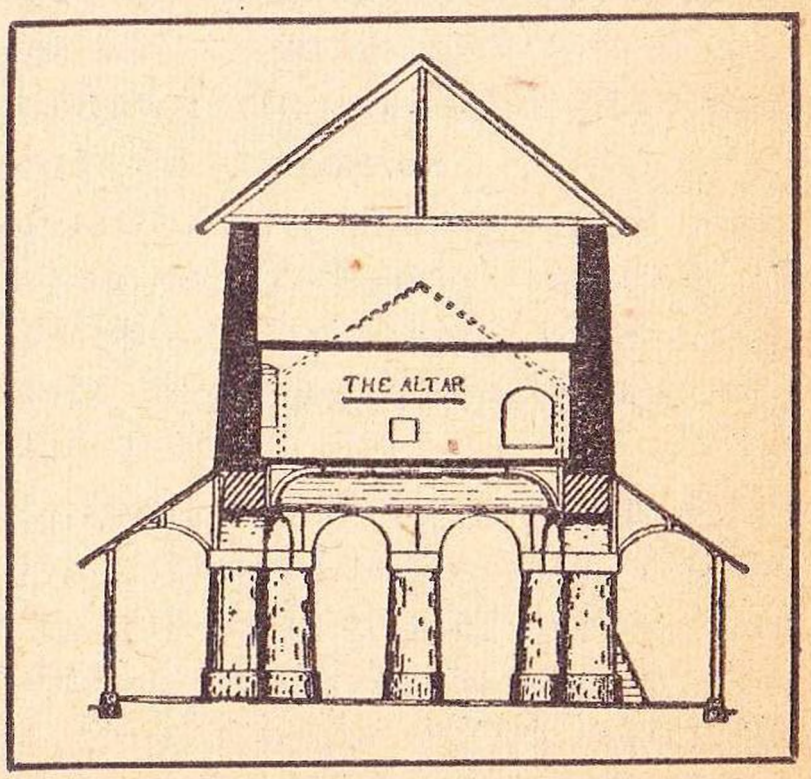
are similar to huts identified with the Irish occupation of Iceland which preceded that of the Northmen.

The controversy over who built the Newport tower has divided itself into four hypotheses. All have found some support among historians and archaeologists. The first thesis ascribes the construction of the tower to the Norsemen who traveled back and forth to America during the period 986 A. D. to 1121 A.D. However, the masonry of the tower is not Norse nor Scandinavian. It is a Celtic type used by the Irish and the Scotch.

A second theory assumes the tower was built by Portuguese sailors who are known to have visited the Rhode Island coast in the 16th century. There is little supporting evidence, except this coincidence.

A third theory suggests the tower was constructed during the Dutch occupancy of New Amsterdam which began in 1625. If the Dutch built the tower they did so at the same time they were building the fort at New Amsterdam for the tower is mentioned in the Plowden petition of 1631 and in the Wood map of 1634. The Dutch did not occupy Rhode Island and there seems to be no good reason why they should have built a tower of Irish masonry in that area.

A fourth theory says the English colonists who first settled at Newport in 1659 constructed the tower. This theory ignores entirely the literary evidence that the tower already existed in 1631. However, it has been supported by Archaeologist William S. Godfrey who made an examination of the soil and footings of the Newport tower in 1948-1949. In 1949 he found colonial artifacts under the base of one pillar, between the pillar base and the foundation stones. He attributed this and other artifacts which included a gun flint, a piece of glazed pottery, and two pieces of a clay pipe, to the original builders of the tower. Godfrey readvanced the hypothesis that the tower was built by Governor Benedict Arnold or a contemporary. If Arnold, grandfather of the Revolutionary traitor, built the tower, it



Drawing by Capt. Arlington H. Mallery suggests tower originally was a church.

must have been built subsequent to 1651 when he first came to Newport. It is good history that Arnold remodeled the tower into a windmill in 1675 or 1676.

Because of the controversy regarding the origin of the tower, Captain Arlington H. Mallery, professional engineer and archaeologist of Columbus, Ohio, together with Gardner C. Easton and John Howieson, professional engineers of Rhode Island, made a careful study of previous archaeological reports and then undertook to investigate the tower.

After making detailed measurements, photographs and sketches of the tower, these engineers completely excavated one column foundation, that of the south column, together with the intervening space. They found that the very ancient masonry of the tower columns had been underpinned with later and heavier masonry of English type. The so-called foundations all substantially alike, mentioned by previous investigators, were all underpinnings placed there at a much later date than the tower columns themselves. Captain Mallery states that the original columns did not go to the frostline because the original stone tower had been a roofed central tower supporting an octagonal wooden structure which formed an ambulatory lean-to around its circumference.

The three engineers found that the ground beneath the tower was covered with a layer of disintegrated mortar. This comparatively thin layer was disturbed at each of the columns and carried down to the underpinning which must have been done at some subsequent time. Here the disintegrated mortar was found at the level of the underpinning, where it had been previously reported by earlier investigators. This serves to give the underpinning a later date than the original structure.

A careful examination of the type of masonry used throughout the tower indicated to the three men that it was not related to any historical British work. Nor could it have been the work of Norse masons who laid up walls with dirt joints, without mortar. There is no doubt in the minds of the three engineers that the tower is of Celtic origin, probably Irish, of a type common to the ancient Irish-Scotch ecclesiastical towers of the period 500 A.D. to 1000 A.D. Captain Mallery and his associates feel quite certain that the tower was already old and partly disintegrated when the English masons, employed by Governor Arnold, underpinned it below the frostline, probably in the year 1675. It was underpinned on three sides of each column.

The three engineers state in their preliminary report:

"The thickness of the deposit of plaster fragments and the enduring quality of the original plaster and mortar of the tower justify the conclusion that the tower had been built hundreds of years before 1675 . . . . . .

"The tower foundations are so well underpinned on three sides that it will withstand the strongest hurricane. If the gap in the inside of the underpinning is masoned up, it should stand the most violent earthquake shocks probable in this area . . . . . .

"The exact identity of the builders of the tower may never be known. It well could be that it was the central tower of a Christian church similar to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre by Constantine at Jerusalem about 330. Churches resembling that were often built throughout Europe during medieval times."

For many years Captain Mallery has been studying the early Norse sagas and Icelandic maps and records. Some of the results of this study are presented in his book, *Lost America,* published in Washington, D.C., by the Overlook Company in 1951. In this book Captain Mallery traces the available data showing the early occupation of Iceland by the Irish and the subsequent movement of the Irish colony, under Viking pressure, westward to their settlement in America. The Vikings came to America several hundred years later. Mallery has located the area of the prehistoric Irish settlement in the St. Lawrence Valley, with a subsequent spread down the Atlantic coast.

Here Thorwald encountered white men in his explorations of 1002 A.D. and reported that these people raised grain. Later traders named the location Vitramannaland or Irland Mikla, and sometimes Albania.

Captain Mallery has explored this area for signs of early occupation at old beach levels and he has come to the conclusion that the Irish of Vitramannaland moved south along the Atlantic Coast to escape Norse pressures, probably about the year 1000. Here he believes the remnant of Irish settlers merged with Algonquin coastal tribes, absorbing and trading cultures with them. This may account for the fact that there are many root words common to the old Irish and the coastal Algonquin tribes, and with similar meanings.

In the light of his present investigations, Captain Arlington H. Mallery places the date of the Newport tower at approximately 800 A.D.

Some years ago Captain Mallery suggested that what is indicated on modern maps as the east coast of Greenland was once a chain of islands known in earlier times as Gunnbiorn's Skerries. He stated his belief that between this

chain and Greenland's mainland lay a forgotten strait which was known to the Norse of an early era as an immense fjord. This theory was immediately opposed by geographers until it was verified by a French polar expedition in 1951. Sounding through the polar ice cap they found the vast underlying strait which has been ice bound for at least 800 years. However, this strait was navigable in the year 100 A.D., and at this time crops could be raised in southern Greenland.

Mallery also has relocated the prehistoric furnaces at Spruce Hill, Ohio, where several thousand years ago primitive attempts to smelt bog iron seem to have been made in furnaces similar to those used in the early Iron Age in Eurpoe. It was at Spruce Hill, Ohio, that a prehistoric city with stone walls was discovered by James Foster in 1811. His claims were substantiated by Caleb Atwater, Ohio's early archaeologist.

Captain Mallery and his coworkers are now preparing a complete report of their investigation at Newport, with corroboratory evidence obtained outside the Newport area. This report will be included with other new evidence, in a second volume of *Lost America,* to be published in the near future.

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VICTIMS OF THE "EVIL SPIRIT"

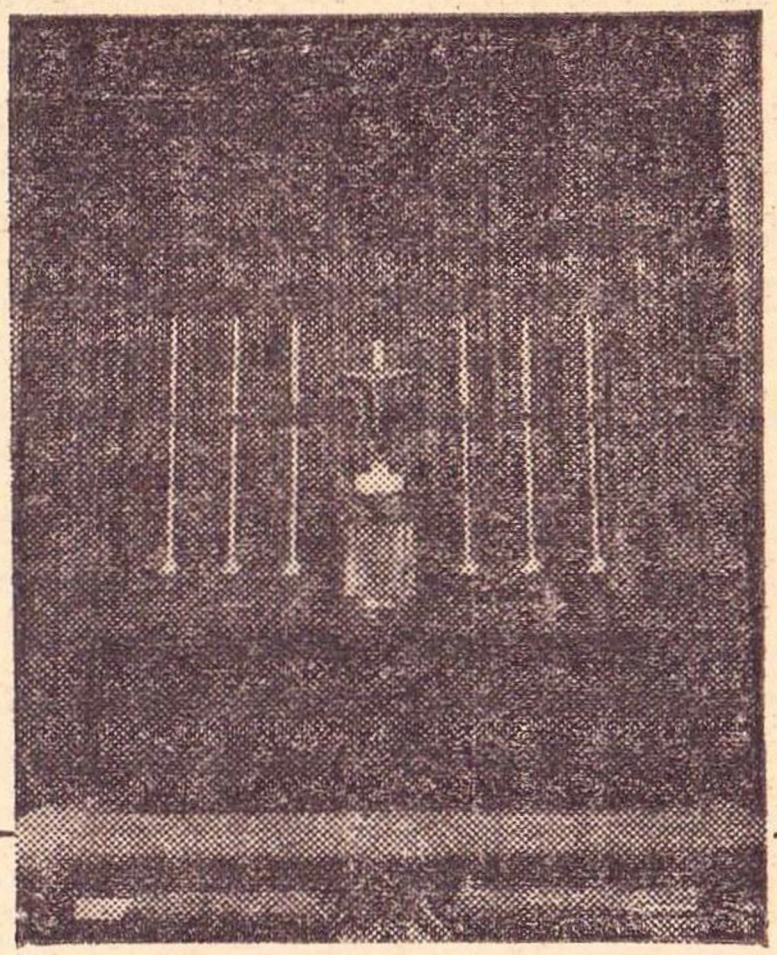
At Domodossola, Italy, recently, police arrested a 33-year-old peasant for killing a girl with an axe. He explained he had done so to free himself from an evil spirit she had passed on to him.

A short time previously, he said, he had noticed that the girl was acting strangely. He consulted a local wizard who told him the girl was possessed by an evil spirit. Acting on the wizard's advice, the girl's mother put one of the girl's sweaters and a lock of her hair in a pot of water and boiled them for several hours. As the pot bubbled she repeated a magic incantation.

Soon after this was done the girl appeared to return to normal. The peasant, however, said he now had a strange feeling. He concluded that the evil spirit, driven from the girl, had taken refuge in his own body.

He sought to exorcise the spirit and make it return to the girl. Frightened at the prospect of being possessed once more, the girl refused to take back the spirit. When she attempted to flee, the man pursued and killed her.

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APPARITION of SAINT PIUS X

Hundreds who visited the new El Paso church say they saw a face on the white satin veil of the tabernacle.

By Betty Pierce

PARISHIONERS and visitors at the little Church of Saint Pius X, 1007 Geronimo Drive, El Paso, Texas, believe they witnessed a miracle on the night of Holy Thursday, 1955.

The story really begins in Riese, Italy, where Giuseppe Melchoir Sarto was born, June 2, 1835. Guiseppe's father, Giovanni, cobbled the few shoes worn in the small village. He filled the rest of his time with such work as he could find. And in addition he worked his three acres.

Giuseppe, or Beppo, as he was affectionately called, early showed the same industry and vigor as his father. His parents, pleased with the manner in which he distin-

guished himself at his studies, made every sacrifice so that Beppo could continue his education.

Humble and devout, Beppo longed to become a priest. His family was poor but, as he was to say later, "Nothing is impossible for those who will and those who love."

Beppo Sarto had the will and the love and his request to be admitted to study for the priesthood was granted. The same will and love carried him to the highest place which can be occupied by a Catholic in this life. In 1903 he was elected Pope.

In 1914 Beppo Sarto, now Pope Pius X, set up the El Paso Diocese. And in the same year he died.

In 1951 Puis X was beatified. In August, 1954, Pius X was canonized.

And on March 20, 1955, the little church Saint Pius X was dedicated.

On the night of Holy Thursday, April 7, 1955, the Blessed Sacrament was taken from the tabernacle and exposed for perpetual adoration. Monsignor Lawrence E. Gaynor, pastor of Saint Pius X church, was in the rectory when his telephone rang. A woman's voice spoke excitedly over the wire, "Monsignor! You'd better come to the church at once! There's a crisis!"

With the dedication of the new church falling just before Easter Sunday there had been a hundred and one things to be done. There had been a hurried scramble to organize a choir and find an organist. "My first thought," said Monsignor Gaynor, " was that my choir had *exploded!*"

But the woman on the phone said, "Saint Pius is here!"

Monsignor Gaynor, his mind still filled with his embryonic choir, things ordered and not received and other last minute details, hurried to the church to investigate. He hoped fervently that if someone had seen an optical illusion they had not spread the word which, running like wildfire, would bring a deluge of curiosity seekers and newsmen to witness "new-church jitters."

The cry, *miracle* is heard always by the Roman Catholic clergy with grave doubt. Until such a matter can be thoroughly investigated the news of a so-called miracle must be confined to factual material only.

When the Monsignor arrived at the church crowds already had begun to gather. As he walked up the middle aisle, his attention focused on the white satin veil of the tabernacle from which the Blessed Sacrament had been taken and he knew that here was no mere optical illusion.

The face of Saint Pius X shone luminously upon the white veil.

Newsmen already had arrived. But the Monsignor could make no statement as the manifesta-

tion had not been investigated. He did give permission for pictures to be taken. He was privately of the opinion that they wouldn't get anything as the image was composed of light and shadow and the brilliance of the flash-bulbs would fade it out.

"It was just that," said Monsignor Gaynor, "light and shadow. Not the usual appearance of the body which one thinks of when we say apparition, but complexity of light and shade."

But light and shadow from where?

The face of the Saint gave out light. The image was not produced by any fullness or folds in the veil. There was hardly the suggestion of a ripple in the way it hung. It was not the reflection of the face of a statue. The statues had not arrived. Not a picture, not the smallest, was in the church. The lighting was exactly as usual. There was nothing out of place.

People were arriving by the hundreds now. The Monsignor dispatched a car to bring Bishop S. M. Metzger of the El Paso Diocese to the church. Across the hall the Monsignor's secretary was busy with the books.

"Here we were," said Mrs. Welsh. "The auditor and I! And all these people were coming in to use the phone and to ask if we'd seen what was in the tabernacle. Finally, I gave up trying to get the work done and went to see.

"As soon as I stepped through the door I realized what it was. I was familiar with what decorations had been placed there and I knew they had not included a photograph of the Saint.

"Just imagine!" she continued. "Some people, who were here earlier, saw what they thought was a picture of the saint, went home and woke up the next morning to read in the papers what had happened here!"

When Bishop Metzger arrived he too walked up the middle aisle with his attention fixed on the radiant veil. As he knelt to pray the whisper ran through the church, "The Bishop believes it to be Saint Pius, too!"

During the time that the image was visible, from 8:30 that night until 3:00 the next morning, the church officials carefully examined the veil. When it was shaken the image faded. When the motion ceased the veil again took on the image.

Mrs. Edward J. Wells, of 6432 Cheyenne Terrace and her two children, Sharon and Michael, came into the church at 10:00 o'clock.

"We went to the church for our Holy Hour," said Mrs. Wells. "There were so many people there that we wondered what was going on."

A friend, Ruben Shaeffer, said,

"Don't you see?" He told them to look around the church more carefully.

"We looked. We saw what we thought was a photograph in the tabernacle. Then when we went closer we saw that the face was on the white satin veil."

Martin Fernandez, who took the accompanying photograph, said, "The picture shows the outline. But there in the church it was more startling — clear as the picture on a TV set and radiating light."

Mrs. Paul Hodges, of 1316 Geronimo Drive said, "We were at the church from 11:00 until after midnight. Our four year old son, Gary, saw and recognized the image only as the face of a man, but I am familiar with pictures of the Saint and I recognized it as the face of Saint Pius X."

Mrs. Arthur Hammel, 6420 Navajo Drive, said, "I saw a face. I can't say that I knew it to be the face of Saint Pius, as it had been quite some time since I had seen the Saint's picture. But it was there! Clear and visible, even from the side.

"A miracle? Some people say they think it was. I'll say this, I'm glad we bundled the children into the car and took them to the church that night."

The devout and the skeptical continued to throng the church. They came, quietly, saw the image and most of them knelt to pray.

Saint Pius X was, for those few hours, visible to the hundreds of people who came to the church. This much is fact. The reason for his coming is less clear.

Did he come to bless the parish? Did he wish the people to know that he was pleased that they built the church?

It was said that the Monsignor thought the Saint had come to bless the parish.

It has been said also that during his lifetime Pius X had the power to heal the sick — that his intercession, even after death, brings comfort to sufferers in every land.

The image is gone and the story had its end — unless higher officials should ask for information concerning the appearance and declare it a *miracle*, which seems doubtful.

To questions concerning Pope Pius X's appearance Monsignor Gaynor answers simply, "It would be entirely fitting. This is one of the first churches to be so named. The tabernacle houses the Blessed Sacrement to which Pius X felt a particular devotion. And Holy Thursday is the first day on which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for perpetual adoration. Then, too, this is a wonderful parish, full of devout Catholic families which would be dear to Saint Pius."

So the parish of Saint Pius X waits quietly for the coming of the next Easter season. Of course

they wonder if the Saint will appear again.

Perhaps it was not a miracle of the Church. But for those who knelt in the church and raised their eyes to behold the face of Saint Pius X something wonderful happened.

VIKINGS IN MICHIGAN?

The late Johan G. R. Baner of Ironwood, Mich., a newspaperman and authority on Norse history, believed that a band of Vikings visited Michigan in the 12th century. He based this belief on a runic inscription which he found in Sweden and translated.

Baner said the inscription told of the voyage of Vidar, a young chieftan, and 11 men. It was written by a historian named Arnyaat, who accompanied the party. Traveling to Vinland (America) from Iceland in a galley, Vidar and his band reached the "Big Mouth," which Baner said was the entrance to the St. Lawrence River. They proceeded down this river to Georgian Bay. Since they could not have carried their galley above Niagara Falls, Baner said, they apparently built a dugout canoe, or one of bark. After a long and difficult journey they reached an "enormous lake" and a "big island" where copper was obtained. Baner believed the lake was Lake Superior and the copper site Isle Royale where Indians operated primitive mines. After a peaceful stay among the Indians, according to the rune, Vidar returned to Sweden.

As a young man Baner left Sweden and settled in America. In an article he relates that one day in 1891, while he was editor of a Swedish newspaper in Ashland, Wis., an Indian visited him at the newspaper office. The Indian said his name was Arnyaat, the same as that of the historian with Vidar, and spoke a corrupt form of Swedish. He said the Swedish words were "magic" and had been passed down to him by his ancestors. Other Indians, Baner said, later verified this claim. They told of a legend regarding men dressed in "ice" (armor) and winged helmets who came from a far-off place in a boat.

Recalling the Vidar saga, Baner said, he dug from a trunk the notes he had made long before and found the saga dovetailed perfectly with the Indians' story. He was convinced that the Indians could have learned ancient Swedish words only from Vikings, who alone of the early visitors to America fitted the Indians' description.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

Mrs. Florence McCarthy was brought into a Washington, D.C., hospital with a strained back. The next day her twin, Mrs. Mary E. Dyer, was brought into the same hospital — with a strained back.

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At Mecca, Calif., a windstorm, before blowing over a large tree, first moved a truck that would have been crushed by the falling tree.

●

The auto license plate number received by Dr. K. L. Blodgett of Stillwater, Minn., is 20-20. Dr. Blodgett is an optometrist.

●

In Houston, Tex., doctors despaired of the life of Beverly Duvall, age 3. She had leukemia and was given a year to live. Then she developed a severe infection. When she recovered from the infection a week later all traces of leukemia were gone.

●

In Steubenville, Ohio, rescue squad workers carried fire chief, Edward P. Davis, off a field in a stretcher. It was part of a civil defense exercise. But as the stretcher was set down Mr. Davis suffered a heart attack. He was carried away on the same stretcher now "for real". He died shortly afterwards.

●

A deer came out of the woods and ran down the streets of North Adams, Mass. After a lot of excitement, a policeman finally shot the scared animal. It fell in front of a sign reading: *Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.*

●

In Invercargill, New Zealand, Kenneth Blackmore escaped from prison, fled 140 miles to Dunedin, took refuge in a tree and was promptly captured — the tree grew in the backyard of Sgt. Alex McRae, the police officer who had been detailed to look for him.

●

Maurice Barnes of Los Angeles is the 11th child of an 11th child of an 11th child.

●

In Bombay, India, a would-be murderer raised an axe in an at-

tempt to kill his sister. He brushed against a bush, rousing a king cobra snake which stung him fatally.

●

In Lebanon, Ohio, four sisters, Ann, Elizabeth, Mary and Sarah Horner were killed by the same bolt of lightning.

●

In Lansing, Mich., a car driven by William Bush collided with one operated by Doris Bush. Both had leg cuts. When the ambulance arrived it was operated by Lloyd H. Bush. The three were no relation.

●

Fire in the cellar of the home of Philip Feldmesser, Irvington, N. J., insurance salesman, was caused by spontaneous combustion in a pile of pamphlets titled, "How To Prevent Fires In The Home."

●

Boxer Ralph Weiser died in Klamath Falls after a knockout in a fight he would have won if he hadn't tried to give fans their money's worth by refusing to accept a knockout victory in the first round.

●

Just one hour after he won an $8000 verdict in Boston courts against a motorist as the result of an automobile mishap five years before Badeen Leon dropped dead.

A bandit at Lincoln, Neb., held a gun to the stomach of Officer Frank Robbins and fired five times. Each time the gun missed fire. Then officer Robins took away the gun and tried the sixth shot. It went off.

●

George A. Skibbs of Boston is alive today because he has a wooden leg. He fell into the pit of the Park street subway station and his left leg lay across the lethal third rail which supplies electricity to the trains. But his left leg is made of wood — a non-conductor.

●

When lightning struck a sheepfold in Lapleaux, France, all the black sheep were killed — and none of the white ones.

●

"Drop dead!" Paul Smith, of Atlantic City, told his brother, Herschel, during an argument. Herschel sat down, collapsed and died.

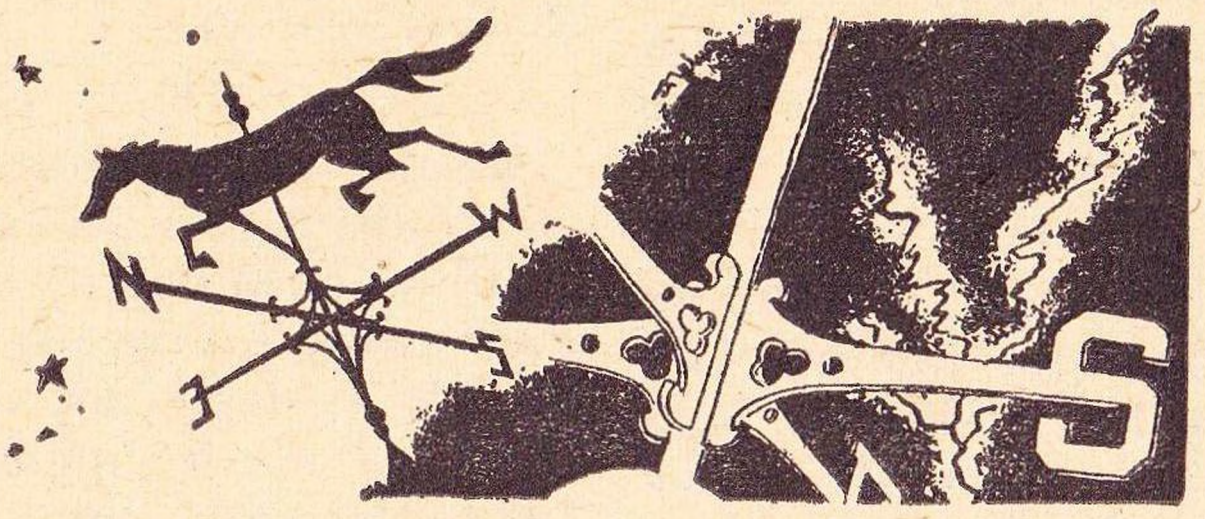
●

Taking part in maneuvers near San Simeon, Calif., a Marine was bitten on the arm by a skunk — just under the tattoo: *Stinky.*

●

The last song the Mariners sang on the Arthur Godfrey program before they were fired by Godfrey was *We Didn't Come To Say Hello But To Say Goodbye.*

Does Man Make the Weather?



By Eugene Grossenheider

Man's mind can affect the weather — rain-making rituals often succeed where scientific methods fail.

On August 20, 1952, this United Press dispatch appeared in many newspapers:

"Anadarko, Okla. — Apache Indians from New Mexico yesterday showed this drought-stricken area the power of their medicine dancing. They performed their ancient 'rainbow dance' a ceremonial prayer for rain, at the American Indian Exposition Monday night. The clear skies clouded over and a steady rain soaked the exposition grounds yesterday morning.

"Four years ago Kiowa tribal dancers performed their 'forbidden' sun dance over the protests of Indian officials of the exposition. Their plea for rain worked just as rapidly as did that of the Apaches this year. A deluge started the next morning and continued for six days, with disastrous results on the exposition's attendance."

It must be very real "medicine," when Government officials plead with the Indians not to do it! And evidently it works.

On May 20, 1949, the following Associated Press dispatch was pub-

lished : "Las Vegas, Nev. — This desert resort will think twice about inviting the Jemez Indians again for Helldorado Week. In the parade last Thursday the New Mexico tribe did a rain dance. It has rained every day since in this arid city, whose slogan is: Fun in the Sun."

On August 23, 1935, the following appeared: "Mishongnovi, Ariz. — The Hopi Indians will end their supplication for rain with a snake dance tonight. Hundreds of snakes have been gathered for the ceremony. Hardly had the antelope dance, the first public rites of the ancient ceremonies, started when rain fell and drenched the parched fields of the tribesmen. They felt they had pleased the rain gods."

Again, on August 2, 1934: "Durango, Colo. — Results. That's what the Navajo Indians get when they go after a good rain. Tribesmen sent here to fight a forest fire raging through the Mesa Verde national forest gave a 'rain dance' for 'the God's pleasure.' Two days and nights of the primitive rites resulted in a downpour that greatly facilitated the work of fighting fires."

Many such articles have appeared in the papers through the years:

"Gallup, N. Mex., Several Days of Rain Follow Navajos' Appeal."

"Durango, Colo., Navajos Pray and Get Rain."

"Flagstaff, Ariz., Rain Follows Snake Dance."

"Gallup, N. Mex., Rain Answers Prayers of Hopi Indian Chiefs."

"Oklahoma City, Arapaho Dancers Get Rain After the Cheyennes Fail."

However, the power of the concentrated mind over the elements of nature is not a secret of the American Indian alone. A few years ago a dispatch from London stated: "During the South African tour of 1947, the King had a chance to meet a real autocratic ruler — paramount chief Sobhuza Dlamini II of Swaziland. With him was the queen mother who 'commands the heavens.' Before the British royal party arrived the queen mother called for rain to lay the dust. It rained. Then she called for sunshine which burst forth as George VI and his family arrived. 'I must,' murmured the British King, 'tell Mother about this.' "

The Associated Press carried this story out of Johannesburg, S. Africa, on September 9, 1954: "Budekung tribesmen, plagued with a long drought, asked German Missionary O. Brummerhoff to pray for rain.

"Nothing happened, so the tribesmen went off into the mountains and prayed to their own gods. It poured.

"Then, they complained in the local district court, Missionary

Brummerhoff criticized their action in a sermon. The tribesmen told the court they had asked the Hermansburg mission to remove Brummerhoff, but the mission refused. So they asked the court to eject the entire mission from their territory, where it has operated for the past 82 years. The court agreed."

In this case it certainly seems the primitive prayer was more effective than the civilized one.

On April 4, 1955, the following Associated Press item came from Taipei, Formosa: "Formosa has been in the grip of a drouth almost without parallel. On Saturday the magistrate of Hsinchu led a procession of 3000 Chinese in a march to the sea to invoke the benevolence of the gods. As they were marching, dark clouds gathered. Heavy rain began to fall. The marchers knelt in the downpour and gave thanks."

But there are stories for the other side also. On September 5, 1930, an Associated Press item from Chicago said: "Prayers for rain are futile in the opinion of a majority of prominent American clergymen who took part in a symposium conducted by the Christian Century Magazine. 'No imaginable connection exists between man's inward, spiritual attitude and a rainstorm,' said Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick of New York. Dr. W. P. Lemon of Minneapolis called praying for rain an attempt to 'involve God in a cooperative scheme to maintain American living standards.'

"Dr. Mark Matthews of Seattle, Wash., and Dr. James D. Gray, of Chicago, were among the minority in the symposium, declaring that God made the weather and could change it.

It would appear that the Hopi Indians and the people of Africa and China should send missionaries to the materialistic element in the Christian church. They could teach them something about spiritual law.

In a religious paper, *The Target,* of October 24, 1931, we find a long article called *The Indian Rain Dances,* Here the skeptics again become vocal: "The secret of this dance is handed down from one old medicine man to another. If the witch doctors are clever enough to stage it just before a rain, they have been so successful in their weather predictions that the people believe in its efficacy, just as you and I believe that two and two make four."

What this skeptic fails to make clear is how, if clever weather forecasting is the explanation for the primitive witch doctors' success, the white man's scientific weather bureau can be so often wrong.

However, there are Christians whose faith brings results. Associated and United Press items have appeared with such captions as these:

South Carolina: Drouth broken after prayer.

Lexington, Ky: Rain follows prayer in Kentucky.

England: Bishop prays, rain falls.

Mississippi: Arrow Scouts dance, rain falls.

Texas: Prayers for rain announced, downpour begins.

Arkansas: Storm follows prayer for rain.

There was a recent case in Oklahoma which received wide publicity. The news article was captioned: "Hobart, Okla., May 7, 1955: Rain Falls as 1000 Show Faith by Wearing Raincoats."

Even the materialist and the hardshell skeptic want rain on occasion. They purchase airplanes, silver iodide, dry ice, the services of pilots, and proceed to "seed" the clouds, when there are clouds to seed. When this method was first tried marvelous results were announced. It seemed civilized man was on the way to mastering the world's weather.

Some 15 years have passed since those first thrilling announcements. And on June 8, 1955, a long A. P. dispatch from Washington was headed: "Practical Cloud-Seeding Is Still Unsettled Issue, Committee Says." Part of it reads: "All along the Weather Bureau has maintained that proof is lacking as to the practical possibilities of cloud-seeding. Dr. F. W. Reichelderfer, chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, said: 'Careful studies by the Weather Bureau and other Government and private agencies show no evidence of greater frequency of rainfall as results of artificial seeding.' He granted it has been demonstrated that cloud droplets can be transformed by cloud seeding into ice crystals which may reach the ground as rain. However, he said, the amounts of rain or snow that can be deposited on the ground by precipitating all the cloud droplets in most clouds would be inconsequential."

A dispatch came from Columbia, Mo. on April 27, 1955, headed: "Scientist Talks at Missouri U. — Little Evidence Man Can Control Weather." The speaker was Vincent J. Schaefer, "one of the first of present-day research workers in experimental meteorology."

Another A. P. item of May 6, 1955, from Toronto, says: "Canada's Government weather service concluded today that commercial rainmaking experiments in parts of the prairie wheat belt caused less — not more — rain to fall. It estimated that one-seventh less rain fell in areas where clouds were seeded than could have been expected if man hadn't prodded nature."

It is time to appraise the evidence.

We have here two sets of facts: the power of the concentrated hu-

man mind over the lower levels of nature; and the comparative failure of the merely material attack on matter. The higher law dominates the lower, the spiritual dominates the material. Ruskin wrote, "The greatest thing in the world is man, and the greatest thing in man is character."

Civilized man believes that he is on a higher level, mentally, than the untutored savage. But when civilized man tries to make rain he bungles it; when the unlettered heathen tries it he usually succeeds. However, it seems that even civilized man when he lays aside his total belief in three-dimensional matter and resorts to the simple and "savage" superstition of prayer gets results.

The cloud-seeder with his plane is at the mercy and caprice of Mother Nature who must bring the clouds over the dry area. Cloud-seeding is impossible where there are no clouds to seed. But in the rain ritual of the Indian the clouds are literally summoned from over the horizon to where they are needed.

The ritual of the medicine man, and the fervent prayer of the Christian, are still as right as rain.

THE TUMBLING WALLS OF JERICHO

ACCORDING to the Biblical account, the walls of Jericho fell after Joshua's army had marched around the city once a day for six days and seven times on the seventh day, and everyone in Joshua's camp had shouted "with a great shout."

This was not the first time the walls of Jericho fell, a team of American and British archaeologists excavating at the site of the Biblical town, in what is now Jordan, announced recently. The archaeologists say they have discovered evidence that at least 23 successive walls tumbled down long before Joshua appeared on the scene in the 14th century B.C. The expedition is being conducted jointly by the American School of Oriental Research and the British School of Archaeology, both of Jerusalem.

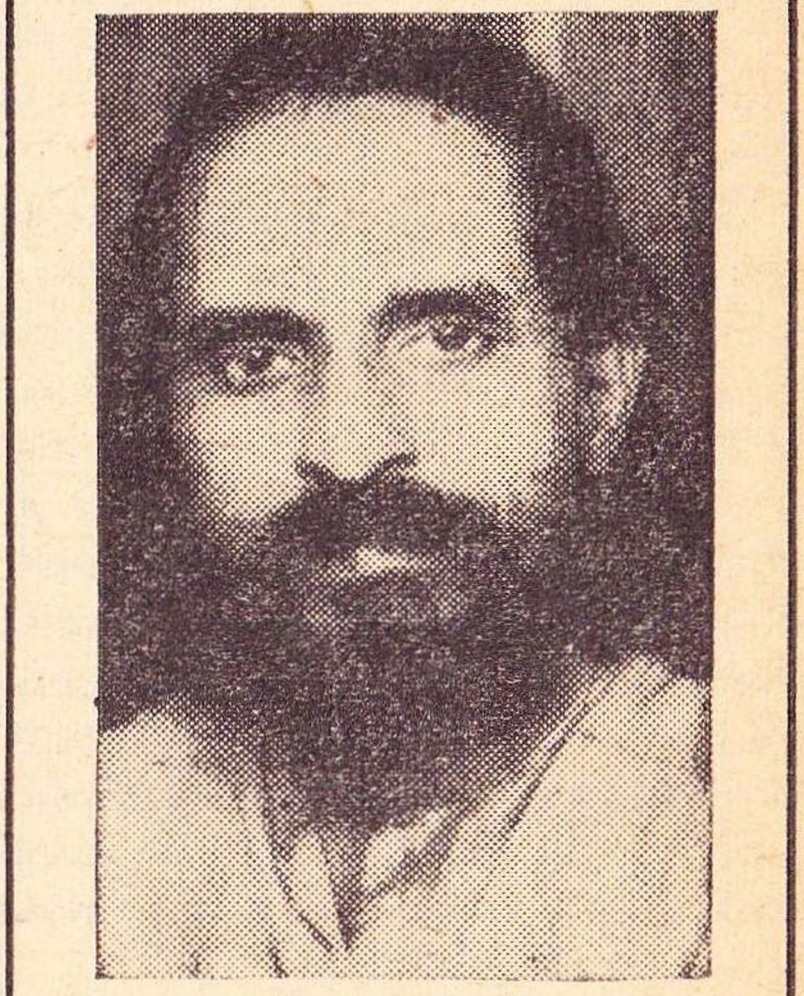
After working for four years, the archaeologists have reached Jericho's earliest known town wall, which was built on bedrock and buried beneath the debris of at least 7,000 years. The remains of this wall, constructed of uncut stones placed against a mud embankment, reach a height of five feet. The wall that fell before Joshua's hosts has disappeared. Apparently built of mud bricks at a time when successive human habitations of Jericho had created a mound 75 feet high, it has been washed away by rain.

All walls rise to fall.

Can They Lead You Through FIRE?

The fire-walker told the young woman he could keep her from being burned — and led her into the flames.

By K. M. Talgeri



K. M. Talgeri

No one who has witnessed fire-walking in South India can ever forget the wild mystery and the subtle magic that surrounds this esoteric, age-old ritual. Go to almost any village of Tamil Nad during an annual festival. There you will see weird and uncanny sights which, in the eyes of the participants, are "all the work of Goddess Mariamma, the presiding deity of the village."

Fire-walking is generally undertaken by a band of devout worshippers of the village deity, in propitiation for the fulfilment of certain desires. Usually the site is the small compound of the village *koil* (temple). A trench, from 30 to 50 feet long and two to five feet wide, is dug to a depth of about three feet. It is filled with coal and firewood. About an hour before the ceremony commences the heap is lighted. The fire-lighting is encouraged by the deafening shouts of young and old.

Later when the flames die down the big, burning embers are broken and spread out and the surface ash removed. As the time for the fire-walking approaches, over a dozen villagers, specially chosen for the ordeal, prepare by smearing themselves with fragrant sandalwood paste

and marking their foreheads with vermilion. Flowers, in heavy garlands, adorn their necks.

In the gathering dusk, the *periya pujari* or head priest of the Goddess Mariamma approaches the trench followed by the chosen. Carried on his head is a symbolic idol of the deity. There is a wild look in his flashing, blood-shot eyes and something eerie about his floating hair. His followers, holding ears of rice and *Neem* leaves, dance to the sound of archaic horns and deafening drums.

The procession wends its way to the near-by tank, where prayers are said to the deity and the devotees then take a collective ceremonial bath. The return to the temple is relatively quick, but is characterized by more frenzied dancing and louder cries, accompanied by the sound of tom-toms and cymbals. As the crowd approaches the temple, the rhythmic swaying of the dancers increases and they behave like people possessed.

Now the spectators gather on all sides of the trench, at a respectable distance. The head priest, who leads the dancing fire-walkers, places the effigy of the goddess on the ground and muttering a few inaudible hymns steps bare-foot onto the live, red-hot embers. Standing motionless for a few seconds on the coals, he surprises you by lifting a handful of the glowing embers and throwing them with abandon high into the air. He may give an unearthly shout. Then he paces to and fro on the bed of burning coal and firewood as if it were a plot of wet, green grass.

After a few rounds, the *pujari* (priest) emerges, unscathed and unburned. The *chelas* (followers) then repeat this performance. When the fiery orgy is over a few of the spectators seem to feel an emotional exultation which leads them to attempt to walk across the trench. Strangely one or two of them cross successfully, without injury. Others jump out of the inferno with blisters and ugly burns. But the dancers themselves have not the slightest trace of burns on their feet.

I have questioned these folk as to how they do it. They answer, invariably, "It is the will of Goddess of Mariamma!" Apparently implicit faith in her power sustains them, perhaps induces a mild trance state in which pain is absent and immunity to burns is possible.

After two experimental tests in London the famous North Indian fire-walker, Khuda Bux (professionally known as Prof. K. B. Duke) was questioned some years back by Harry Price, Secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation. To questions concerning

his technique, he replied that his immunity to burns was due to "faith". He also claimed that he could convey this immunity to another person and take him over the fire without injury.

Obviously, the object of these experiments was to ascertain whether Khuda Bux was immune to burning when walking over the fire. And if so, why? The official report by Harry Price throws some light on these questions. No one in England knew anything about preparing a fire trench and Harry Price was compelled to seek information from books. He purposely refrained from consulting Khuda Bux because it was important, if the results were to be conclusive, that the conditions of the test should be imposed by the University Council for Psychical Investigation.

After the fire had been laid and lit Khuda Bux removed his shoes and socks in order to "test the fire". He said the fire was satisfactory except that there was too much unburnt wood and not enough fire! Before the test commenced Khuda Bux's feet were examined by Dr. Collier, who took several swabs and pronounced the fire-walker's feet normal and untreated.

Khuda Bux stood with bare feet at the end of the trench on a wooden platform. With his left hand upraised he recited a prayer from the Koran. Then he stepped onto the fire and took four steps. Each foot was in contact with the embers twice. He stepped off at the side of the trench. All together, he walked the trench four times. His feet then were photographed and examined. They appeared unaffected.

Among the investigators was a physicist who suggested that the "cotton test" should be applied. Human flesh scorches at a lower temperature than cotton fabric and it was argued that in this way they could obtain some idea of the heat on the surface of the fire. They got a wooden shoe, covered it with calico and placed it on the live embers. In less than one second, the calico was scorched; in two and half seconds the cotton was burnt through. After this test, one of the investigators, removing his own shoes and socks, stepped boldly onto the fire. He took two skips before he jumped out with feet blistered and bleeding!

A final test was arranged for Khuda Bux by the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation. "Seven tons of oak logs, one ton of firewood, a load of oak charcoal, 10 gallons of paraffin and 50 copies of *The Times* were provided. Khuda Bux took four strides, each foot being in contact with the embers on two occasions, walking deliberately, but fairly quickly. Once more he step-

ped onto the same pit, and again took four strides, each foot being again in contact with the embers twice. The time record on this occasion was 4.3 seconds. His feet were again examined and found to be uninjured."

After the scientists had made their tests Khuda Bux prepared to do the fire-walk for the third time. But he asked for five minutes' rest. Then finally, to everyone's surprise, he went up to Harry Price and said that he could not do it again.

"Something inside me has broken," he said. "I have lost my *faith* and if I do it again I shall burn myself."

He looked nervous and worried and Harry Price did not press him to do the walk for the third time.

"It is clear that further experimental research is necessary before the *modus operandi* of the fire walk can be considered to be fully understood," said Harry Price in his report on the investigations.

The case of Swami Sevanand of Belgaum (Bombay State), who surprised an international gathering in India's capital city recently, may be cited as a remarkable instance of a fire-walker who can "convey" immunity to another person. He actually invited persons from the audience to walk on the wide fire bed and assured them that no harm would befall them. Only one individual volunteered. This was a young Indian woman. Although bold in her first flush of enthusiasm and excitement, she became a little hesitant as she approached the trench of live embers. But the Swami repeated his assurance.

Then the miracle happened. Raising her *sari* slightly above her ankles the lady walked confidently over the fire. She took four normal steps. When she emerged from the trench no one was more surprised than she! Asked about her experience, she said she did not feel the slightest touch of heat on the unprotected soles of her feet. They were examined and there were no signs of burns or blisters. Swami Sevanand said that it was possible for anyone to perform this feat "provided the individual has the requisite will to accomplish it."

Is it then a question of "will"? Or is it a matter of "faith", as Khuda Bux would have it?

One can only agree with Harry Price — the matter calls for further experimental research.



By Peggy Juergens

I CAN SEE FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES

A screen seemed to drop in front of me. I saw mother working in her kitchen — but she was 2,000 miles away.

I have the *gift* of being able to see, as though on a motion picture screen, scenes many thousands of miles away. I see these scenes at the very moment that the event is occurring.

It was not until World War II that I first became aware of this ability.I cannot control it. I receive no warning as to when it will occur. Although it does seem to come when I am thinking strongly about someone in particular.

I have seven brothers. Four of them saw active service overseas during the last war. We are a very close family and it was a wrench each time one of the boys had to leave. Mother and I would try to ignore the fact that there was one less bed to make; one less plate on the table. But the boys were always in our thoughts.

In October, 1943, Mother and I went from our home in Washington State, to San Diego to see one of the boys who was in the Mar-

ine Corps. He knew that he soon would to be sent overseas. For security reasons, of course, the men were not told just when. We returned home in early November and heard from Gene several times after that. Then his letters stopped. We knew he must be on his way.

Christmas drew near. We dreaded the holiday with so many of the boys away from home. Christmas Eve was a sad time though we all tried to be cheerful for the sake of the younger ones. But all day I had a severe headache. I couldn't push off a feeling of depression. Finally, after supper, I went to my room and lay down in the semi-darkness. The only light in the room came through the French doors that opened off my room into the living room. I lay there thinking of all the happy Christmases we had known before the war broke up our family. Suddenly my room became dark.

No light from the living room showed through the partially opened doors. A screen, like a movie screen, seemed to hover in front of me. I saw hundreds of young men on the deck of an over-crowded ship, Some were leaning dejectedly against the railing. Some were wandering aimlessly in the shifting mass of men. Some were just sitting, smoking. One boy was playing a melancholy tune on his harmonica. I saw tears glistening on the cheeks of many of the boys.

With his back supported against something — I couldn't make out what — sat my brother Gene, with a writing pad in one hand, a pencil in the other. He wasn't writing, but sat looking off into space as though he were seeing right through the men milling around him. There were tears on his cheeks, too.

My feeling of being on the ship near him was very intense. At the same time I was aware of where I was and of the voices of the family out in the living room. I seemed to be seeing a picture; yet I felt also that I was out there on the ship. Probably it lasted no more than a second or two. When the picture had vanished, I hurried out to tell the family about it.

A couple of weeks later we received a letter from Gene, dated Christmas Eve, it began: "Dear Folks, Here it is Christmas Eve — my first Christmas away from home — and I'm somewhere on the Pacific Ocean." He went on to say he was sitting on deck trying to write to us, inspite of the crowded conditions, the talk of the men, and the music of the harmonica. He mentioned that many of the men, himself included, had found they were not too grown up to cry with the loneliness of being so far from home on Christmas Eve.

A similar experience occurred

some nine months later. I was corresponding with a young man in the army. At the time of which I am writing he was in Africa. One fall day I was walking home from the office where I worked when the screen dropped in front of me. I saw Vic sitting on a huge, flat-topped rock under a strange kind of tree — one that I had never seen before. He was looking out across the water and he too, had a writing pad on his lap. He looked so sad, so lonesome, that I had an almost unbearable desire to speak to him and to try to cheer him up. When I got home I told Mother what I had seen.

Ten days later I received a letter from him. He said that he was writing to me while sitting on a rock under a cork tree, looking out over the Mediterranean. He said it was a beautiful day and the scenery unbelievably lovely, but he found himself unable to enjoy it because he was so homesick. Always before his letters had been cheerful, with a minimum of talk of the hardships of war. Never had he hinted at fear or pessimism. In this letter, for the first time, he mentioned the possibility that he might not return — and that he would prefer that to being blinded or otherwise permanently maimed.

A few days after writing this letter, which was the last I ever received from him, he was killed during the landing at Salerno.

After the war I married and came east to Indiana to live. My marriage is extremely happy. But, as I have mentioned, my family is a close one. I suffered acute homesickness many times. One evening I was lying on the davenport reading. My husband sat at one end, also reading. My thoughts of home became so strong that I could no longer concentrate on my reading. I dropped my magazine for a moment and, as I did so, the now familiar screen dropped in front of me.

The room was fully lighted. I was aware of where I was, that my husband was sitting at my feet although the screen was between us. I saw the living room at home. My father sat on the davenport reading. My mother was in a corner chair crocheting. One of the younger boys romped on the floor in front of the fireplace with the dogs. I saw it all as a picture, yet I was there too. The feeling of being home was warm and comforting even though the picture remained only a moment. When it disappeared, I described it to my husband and said I would like to know if everyone really was doing what I had seen them doing at the moment.

"Why don't you call them up and see?" he suggested.

I did. Mother answered the telephone. She must have thought

it was strange that I insisted upon knowing exactly what each of them was doing — even the dogs. She described the scene as I had pictured it. In some manner, I *had* received a picture of home.

I cannot explain this. I do not know whether I am projected across the miles, or if those I am thinking about are projected in some way, on the screen of my mind. I do know that it gives me happiness to have these flash visits with those I love. I wish I could learn to "get in touch" at will. As it is, I go for months and sometimes years without "receiving" a picture. Then at some unexpected moment the screen drops in front of me, giving me a glimpse of those I long to see.

My most recent experience came the day before Thanksgiving, 1954. At home we always had 20 to 25 people for a holiday meal. Mother and I loved preparing these big meals and were so familiar with each other's ways that we worked smoothly together. After nearly 10 years of marriage I still find myself feeling at holidays that she and I should be making preparations together, instead of 2,000 miles apart.

This last Thanksgiving I was expecting my husband's family for dinner — 18 in all. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to prepare a holiday meal for a crowd. I was happily working about the kitchen, doing those things that can be done beforehand, and also thinking of the many years that Mother and I had prepared for the holidays together. I felt very close to her and wondered what she was doing then.

I glanced out the window across my work table as I rolled out pie-crust. Instead of our yard and our small pear tree, I saw Mother, in her kitchen, moving from table to refrigerator, to stove, to table in the familiar routine of getting a big meal. Instead of the usual screen, I seemed to be looking out my window and directly through her kitchen window. Briefly I was home. I could smell the spicy mince pies. I could see the changing expressions on my mother's face. I started to speak and the picture was gone.

It is no longer necessary for me to check on these pictures to prove to myself that their every detail is true. Many such experiences have convinced me, beyond a doubt that I actually see what is happening at that moment. However, when it is possible I do check on the accuracy of what I have seen — just for the record.

Was the biographer, Plutarch, the first psychic researcher? He did record many interesting cases of psychic phenomena.

By Eugene Grossenheider



the GHOSTS of ANCIENT ROME

As the astronomer, having learned the laws of the moon's eclipses, can calculate the exact dates of past eclipses back through the centuries, so the student of psychic science can see a new significance in the so-called miracles and supernatural occurrences in ancient writings. The woman of En-dor calling up the spirit of Samuel in the presence of King Saul takes on a new probability. The apparition of Hamlet's father may well have been more substantial than the subjective hallucinations described by Freud.

Such thoughts come when one reads Plutarch's magnificent old classic, *Parallel Lives of Greeks And Romans.* Proceeding through the book one sees proof of a superior mind, of the careful precision of the true scientist. Plutarch strikes a happy compromise between easy gullibility and hard-shelled skepticism. He weighs every report before putting it onto his pages. Untouched by the general hedonism and brutality of his time, he has pity and compassion for the slave and for the beast of burden. He is a civilized man, with an educated heart.

To such a writer we may listen with profit.

As psychic science becomes better understood the portents, vi-

sions and other events recorded by Plutarch drop into their right places.

In his *Life Of Theseus,* the first of the series, he says:

"In succeeding ages the Athenians honored Theseus as a demigod, induced to it as well by other reasons, as because, when they were fighting the Medes at Marathon, a considerable part of the army thought they saw the apparition of Theseus completely armed and bearing down before them on the barbarians."

Doesn't this remind you of the vision of the Angels of Mons in World War I? When, in a supreme crisis, the soldiers of England saw the spirits of the bowmen of Agincourt fighting on their side!

In his *Life of Romulus* Plutarch says:

"While things were in this disorder, a senator of great distinction, and famed for sanctity of manners, Julius Proculus by name, went into the Forum, and declared on the most solemn oaths, before all the people, that as he was traveling on the road, Romulus met him, in a form more noble and august than ever, and clad in dazzling armor. Astonished at the sight, he said to him, 'For what misdemeanor of ours, O king, have you so untimely left us?' To which he answered, 'It pleased the gods, my good Proculus, that we should dwell with men for a time, and having founded a city the most powerful in the world, return to heaven, whence we came! This is very like the Grecian account concerning Aristeas, the Proconnesian. For Aristeas, as they tell us, expired in a fuller's shop; and when his friends came to take away the body, it could not be found. Soon after some persons coming in from a journey said, they met Aristeas traveling toward Croton."

How like the account of the Disciples meeting Jesus on the road to Emmaus!

In the *Life Of Themistocles,* Plutarch speaks of the battle of Salamis, one of the decisive naval fights of history:

"While the fight was thus raging, a great light appeared, as from Eleusis; and loud sounds and voices were heard through all the plain of Thriasia to the sea, as of a great number of people carrying the mystic symbols of Bacchus in procession. A cloud, too, seemed to rise from among the crowd that made this noise, and to ascend by degrees, until it fell upon the galleys. Other phantoms also, and apparitions of armed men, they saw, stretching out their hands from Aegina before the Grecian fleet. These they conjectured to be the Eacidae, to whom, before the battle, they had addressed their prayers for succor."

Herodotus too, in his *History,*

makes mention of these voices and visions at Salamis.

In the *Life Of Camillus* we read:

"Camillus, in offering up his petition, touched the image of the goddess Juno, and entreated her to go with them and she consented. Those that support and defend the miracle, have the fortune of Rome on their side, which could never have risen from such small and contemptible beginnings to that height of empire, without the assistance of some god. Several miracles of a similar nature are also alleged; as, when images have often sweated; that they have been heard to groan; and that sometimes they have turned from their votaries and shut their eyes. Many such accounts we have from our ancients; and not a few persons of our own time have given us wonderful relations, not unworthy of notice. But to give entire credit to them, or altogether to disbelieve them, is equally dangerous. It is best to be cautious, and to avoid extremes."

Again, in the same *Life,* Plutarch writes:

"The first token of the approaching calamities was the death of Julius the Censor. A second token happened a little before the exile of Camillus. Marcus Ceditius, a person of great probity and virtue, informed the military tribunes of a matter which deserved attention. As he was going the night before along what is called the New Road, he was addressed by a loud voice. Turning about he saw nobody, but heard these words in an accent more than human, 'Go, Marcus Ceditius, and early in the morning acquaint the magistrates that they must shortly expect the Gauls.' But the tribunes made a jest of the information, and soon after followed the disgrace of Camillus."

Then he tells the sequel, after the return of Camillus from exile:

"Next, Camillus sacrificed to the gods, and purified the city, in a form dictated by the pontiffs. He rebuilt the former temples, and created a new one to Aius Loquutius, the *speaker,* or *warner,* upon the very spot where the voice from heaven announced in the night to Marcus Ceditius the coming of the barbarians."

In the same *Life* Plutarch writes:

"The persons appointed to search for the holy places found all in confusion. As they came to the court of Mars, where the buildings, like the rest, were burned by the barbarians, they discovered under a great heap of ashes the augural staff of Romulus. When he was taken out of the world, the priests carefully preserved it from defilement, like other holy relics; and this having

escaped the fire when the rest were consumed, they considered it a presage that Rome would last for ever."

The staff of Romulus, regarded with veneration for centuries, had acquired an immunity from destruction. This strongly reminds us of the many instances of Bibles and Crucifixes surviving untouched in buildings reduced to ashes.

In the *Life of Pericles* we read:

"In the building of the vestibule of the Citadel, one of the best workmen, missing his step, fell from the top to the bottom, and his life was despaired of by the physicians. Pericles was greatly concerned at this accident, but in the midst of his anxiety the goddess appeared to him in a dream, and informed him of a remedy, which was applied, and thereby soon recovered the patient. In memory of this cure, he placed in the Citadel, near the altar, a brazen statue of the Minerva of Health."

A little later Plutarch writes:

"About this time Pericles was seized with the plague, but not with such symptoms as it generally shows. Theophrastus relates, that Pericles showed to a friend, who came to visit him in his sickness, an amulet which the women had hung about his neck, intimating that he must be sick indeed, since he submitted to such a thing!"

It appears that the use of talismans and religious medals is not exactly of recent origin! Possibly this "superstition" has some basis in fact, and the long experience of humanity has shown some connection between consecrated amulets and good fortune.

In the *Life Of Fabius Maximus* we find:

"Hannibal, invading Italy, gained the battle of Trebia, laying waste the country, and striking Rome itself with terror. This desolation was announced by signs and prodigies, some quite strange and unaccountable. For it was said that certain shields sweated blood; that the Falerians saw the heavens open, and billets fell."

These bleeding shields may have been the 12 sacred Anciles, which had hung in the temple of Vesta since the time of Numa. The bleeding image of St. Ann, as related in FATE for May, 1954, lends credibility to the account of the bleeding shields.

In the *Life Of Coriolanus,* Plutarch has an interesting passage in which his incredulity and skepticism assert themselves and oppose the testimony of many eyewitnesses. He relates how, after the city was delivered from the imminent threat of the Volscians, largely by the heroism of the women, a new temple was built, and the image of the goddess (whom he does not name), uttered

these words: "O Women! most acceptable to the gods is this your pious gift!"

Then he adds: "They report that this voice was repeated twice, thus offering to our faith things that appear impossible. Indeed, we will not deny that images may have sweated, may have been covered with tears, and emitted drops like blood, for wood and stone often contract a scurf and moldiness that produce moisture. They not only exhibit many different colors themselves, but receive variety of tinctures from the ambient air; at the same time there is no reason why the Deity may not make use of these signs to announce things to come. It is also very possible that a sound like a sigh or a groan may proceed from a statue, by the rupture or violent separation of some of the interior parts: but that an articulate voice and expression so clear, so full and perfect, should fall from a thing inanimate, is out of all the bounds of possibility. For neither the soul of man, nor even God himself, can utter vocal sounds, and pronounce words without an organized body and parts fitted for utterance. Wherever, then, history asserts such things, and bears us down with the testimony of many credible witnesses, we must conclude that some impression not unlike that of sense, influenced the imagination, and produced the belief of a real sensation; as in sleep we seem to hear what we hear not, and to see what we do not see. As for those persons who are possessed with such a strong sense of religion that they cannot reject anything of this kind, they found their faith on the wonderful and incomprehensible power of God. For there is no manner of resemblance between him and a human being, either in his nature, his wisdom, his power, or his operations. If, therefor, he performs something which we cannot effect, and executes what with us is impossible, there is nothing in this contradictory to reason; since, though he far excels us in everything, yet the dissimilitude and distance between him and us, appear most of all in the works which he hath wrought. 'But much knowledge of things divine,' as Heraclitus affirms, 'escapes us through want of faith.' "

In the *Life Of Timoleon* he says:

"It was in the night that he set sail, and was making his way, when on a sudden the heavens seemed to be rent asunder, and to pour upon his ship a bright and spreading flame, which soon formed itself into a torch, such as is used in the sacred mysteries; and having conducted them through their whole course, brought them to that quarter of Italy for which they designed to steer. The soothsayers declared that this appearance perfectly

agreed with the dream of the priestesses, and that by this light from heaven the goddesses showed themselves interested in the success of the expedition. Particularly as Sicily was sacred to Proserpine, and the island was bestowed on her as a nuptial gift."

The brilliant light that guided Timoleon to his destination corresponds strongly to the Pillar of Fire which went before the Israelites.

In the same *Life* we read:

"Upon this the people of Adranum opened their gates to Timoleon, declaring with terror that during the battle the sacred doors of the temple opened of their own accord, the spear of their god was seen to shake to the very point, and his face dropped with sweat."

In the *Life Of Pyrrhus* Plutarch writes:

"It was believed that he cured the swelling of the spleen by sacrificing a white cock, and with his right foot gently pressing the part affected, the patients lying upon their backs for that purpose. There was no person, however poor or mean, refused this relief, if requested. He received no reward, except the cock for sacrifice, and this present was very agreeable to him. It is also said that the great toe of that foot had a divine virtue in it; for, after his death, when the rest of the body was consumed, that toe was found untouched by the flame."

Here we have a parallel to the King's Touch for scrofula, as practiced by the royal houses of France and England from the time of Saint Louis to the reign of Queen Anne.

In the *Life Of Sylla* (or Sulla), Plutarch relates that the general, being in Asia Minor with his troops, had a vivid dream in which the goddess Bellona appeared to him:

"She seemed to stand by him, and put thunder in his hand, and having called his enemies by name one after another, bade him strike them: they fell, and were consumed by it to ashes. Encouraged by this vision, he took his way to Rome."

To this vision, which induced Sylla to break off hostilities with Mithradates and return to Rome, he owed the fact that he became emperor.

Plutarch also tells us:

"In all his battles he wore in his bosom a small golden image of Apollo, which he brought from Delphi. On this occasion he kissed it with particular devotion, and addressed it in these terms: 'O Pythian Apollo, who hast conducted the fortunate Cornelius Sylla through so many engagements with honor; when thou hast brought him to the threshold of his country, wilt thou let him fall there inglorious by the hands of his own citizens?' "

In the *Life Of Cimon,* Plutarch

tells an anecdote of a young man, Damon by name, who with some accomplices had killed the whole senate of the town of Cheronea, in revenge for some insult to himself. But under pretense of pardoning him, the citizens lured him back into the city, and immediately after killed him as he was anointing himself in the bathhouse. Plutarch adds:

"For a long time certain specters appeared on that spot, and sad groans were heard; for which reason the doors of the bath were walled up. And to this very day those who live in that neighborhood say that they see strange sights, and are alarmed with doleful voices."

It is possible that in this case Plutarch had direct knowledge of these phenomena, for it was in this town of Cheronea that he lived through all the latter part of his life, and in which he wrote his famous *Lives.*

In the same *Life Of Cimon* we read:

"When Pausanias was at Byzantium, he cast his eyes upon a young virgin named Cleonice, of a noble family there, and insisted upon having her for a mistress. The parents, intimidated by his power, were under the hard necessity of giving up their daughter. The young woman begged that the light might be taken out of his apartment, that she might go to his bed in secrecy and silence. When she entered he was asleep, and she unfortunately stumbled upon the candlestick, and threw it down. The noise waked him suddenly, and he, in his confusion, thinking it was an enemy coming to assassinate him, unsheathed a dagger that lay by him, and plunged it into the virgin's heart. After this he could never rest. Her image appeared to him every night, and with a menacing tone repeated this heroic verse — 'Go to the fate which pride and lust prepare!'

"The allies, highly incensed at this infamous action, joined Cimon to besiege him. But he escaped; and as he was still haunted by the specter, he applied to the temple at Heraclea, where the manes of the dead were consulted. There he invoked the spirit of Cleonice and entreated her pardon. She appeared, and told him, 'He would soon be delivered from all his troubles, after his return to Sparta,' in which it seems his death was enigmatically foretold. These particulars we have from many historians."

The editors of Plutarch added this note: "Pausanias applied to the necromancers at Heraclea called Psychagogi, whose office it was to call up departed spirits." Apparently, these were mediums.

In the *Life Of Lucullus,* Plutarch tells that the goddesses Proserpine and Minerva were seen in dreams by many at the siege of

Cyzicus, in Phrugia. A dream of one person only may be explained away as an act of the unmonitored imagination; but when an identical dream appears to a number of persons, it becomes a subject for parapsychology.

In the *Life Of Pompey,* Plutarch tells of the mystic omen that appeared in the dawn, on the decisive field of Pharsalia:

"Beside, a panic fear ran through the camp, the noise of which awakened him. And about the morning watch, over Caesar's camp, where everything was perfectly quiet, there suddenly appeared a great light, from which a stream of fire issued in the form of a torch, and fell upon that of Pompey. Caesar himself says he saw it as he was going his rounds."

Here we have, not a subjective impression received by one, but an objective appearance witnessed by many.

In the *Life Of Cato the Younger* our author writes:

"Cato had likewise in his train some of the people called Psylli, who deprive the serpents of their ferocity by their charms."

The translators added this note: "Crates Pergamenus says there were a people of this kind at Paros, on the Hellespont, called Ophiogenes, whose touch alone was a cure for the bite of a serpent. Some writers asserted that the Psylli have an innate quality in their constitution that is poisonous to serpents, and that the smell of it throws them into a profound sleep. Pliny maintains that every man has in himself a natural poison for serpents; and that those creatures will shun the human saliva as they would boiling water. The fasting saliva, in particular, if it comes within their mouths, kills them immediately."

With these statements we might compare a passage in John W. Vandercook's fascinating book *Tom-Tom,* which has a chapter on true magic among the Surinam blacks. He tells of snake-cut, a black powder prepared by witch-doctors in the jungles of Guiana, which, rubbed into an open cut, or taken by mouth, makes one absolutely immune to the venom of serpents. No snake will strike a person inoculated with it. And any snake coming within a few feet of such a person goes into a coma. Smaller snakes die. Some of this black powder, sent overseas to Dutch chemists, was analyzed. Eighty-eight percent of the ingredients were identifiable; 12% were absolutely unknown. Is it possible that a person in whose blood-stream this potion is mixed, radiates an aura, or vibration, which affects reptiles? And does this in any measure throw light on Plutarch's Psylli?

In the *Life Of Cicero* the biographer describes the pathetic last days of that orator's life. Hunted

by the hirelings of Antony, "He passed the night in the most perplexing and horrid thoughts; insomuch that he was sometimes inclined to go privately into Caesar's house, and stab himself upon the altar of his domestic gods, to bring the divine vengeance upon his betrayer."

This brings to mind the statement of Franz Hartmann, in his book *Magic, White and Black,* that many Chinese commit suicide with the express purpose of haunting an enemy and driving him to insanity. An Associated Press dispatch some five years ago reported that six young Chinese women, whose families had been destroyed and whose property was confiscated by Communists, killed themselves by mutual agreement, in order to take effectual revenge upon their Red persecutors.

Seemingly, this is what Cicero, hunted and desperate, considered doing for a time.

Finally, Plutarch, in his *Life Of Antony,* recounts some of the omens that appeared at the opening of the war which Caesar declared on Antony and Cleopatra:

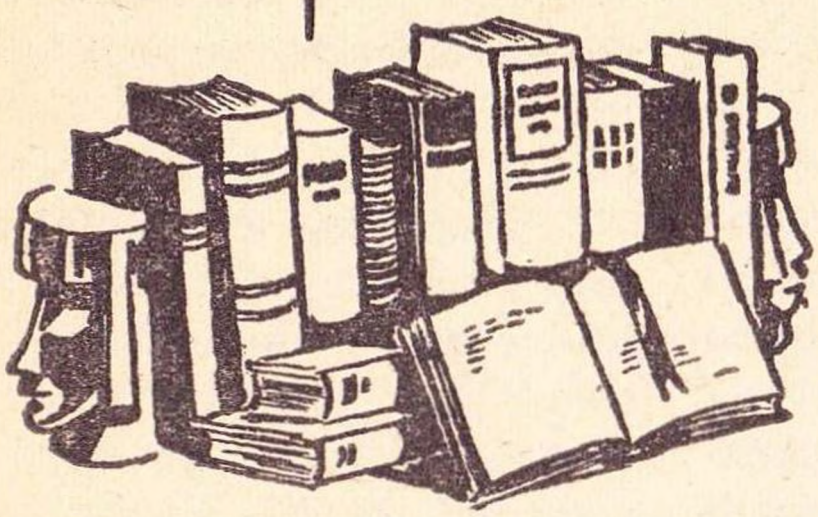
"Pissaurum, a colony of Antony's on the Adriatic, was swallowed up by an earthquake. Antony's statue in Alba was covered with sweat for many days, which returned, though it was frequently wiped off."

We can see that Plutarch did his utmost to be conscientious and cautious before including supernormal events in his history. Moreover, almost every event he did include had been witnessed by a number of persons.

He used such care in sifting the material for his various *Lives* that scholars, checking his statements against earlier writers, find small fault with his accuracy. His few errors are minor ones. No major misstatement has ever been proved against Plutarch.

POLARIZED LIGHT GUIDES FISH

ACCORDING to Talbot H. Waterman, Associate Professor of Zoology at Yale University, the long-standing mystery of how fish are able to chart their courses over hundreds of miles may be solved. Dr. Waterman says that apparently they are guided by polarized light. Evidence has been obtained, he says, that such marine creatures as the horseshoe crabs are equipped with a type of light polarization analyzer similar to that possessed by bees. This analyzer detects even minor changes in the light striking the eye.



NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

FROM MYSTERY TO MEANING, by Archie Matson — Pageant Press, New York City; 206 pages, $3.00.

A courageous man, dissatisfied with traditional beliefs, has tackled the jigsaw puzzle of psychic phenomena and classified it into more than 50 groups.

In Polynesian magic, as expounded by Max Freedom Long, the author found a hypothesis which accomodated a large proportion of the puzzle-pieces. He now calls for the study of all psychic phenomena to fill the vacuum in modern thought resulting from neglect of these phenomena.

It is indeed a treat to find a mind unrestricted and yet possessed of the true scientific spirit — that first determines "what happens" and only then theorizes. If more scientists were as scientific as this Methodist minister, we would have a firmly founded science of psychicism

The book is highly recommended, particularly to those who tend to overlook psychic facts and their incalculable significance.

GHOSTS AND POLTERGEISTS, by Herbert Thurston, edited by J. H. Crehan — Henry Regnery Co., Chicago; 210 pages, $4.00.

Admirably written and produced, this book deals mainly with poltergeist phenomena, providing a rich collection from many countries and from as far back as 1,000 years ago. Examples given include missles appearing from nowhere, lifting of heavy weights, smashing of crockery, bedsteads tilted or dragged about rooms, the occupants being gently lowered to the floor, breaking of windows, tearing of garments, potatoes leaping from pot to fire, or just vanishing, the perpetrators of these antics sometimes doing as requested. There is a whole chapter on "Ghostly Visitants that Bite."

A useful collection of poltergeist pranks, most readable and well worth a place in the student's library.

My PROOF of Survival

FATE will pay $5 for each story published in this department. Stories should deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to "Survival" Editor, FATE Magazine, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. Manuscripts must give author's name and address and include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

"SO LONG, PAL"

By E. L. Eaton

In September, 1945, I worked for a large construction company on a building in Anchorage, Alaska.

I had just received a letter from my step-brother, Edward, stating that he was stationed with the United States Air Corps in Manila and would remain there until discharge from the armed forces.

Edward was like a real brother to me and a deep affection had grown up between us. He was married and had a baby boy.

I also had a Cousin Edward in the armed forces. He was stationed on the Island of Okinawa. I knew this Edward only slightly and thought him a nice young man.

I received a letter from my mother telling me, simply that "Edward was killed in Okinawa." I immediately and logically thought of Cousin Edward. I felt badly about his death and thought how close war seems to persons who lose their loved ones.

The next morning I went to work as usual. About 10 o'clock several large bombers spiralled up into the clear sky. Just then I felt a touch on my shoulder. I turned and found no one near. The familiar voice of my step-brother Edward said, as he had many times in the past, "So Long Pal!" It was his pet term for me.

I realized with a shock that it was my step-brother Edward who had been killed on Okinawa



E. L. EATON

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and not my cousin Edward!

Later I received a long letter from my mother telling me that my step-brother Edward had been ordered to Okinawa suddenly. On landing, his plane went out of control, crashed and burned. — *Canoga Park, Calif.*

GONE WITH FRIENDS

By Florence Keith Stanaway

I was feeling especially happy on January 26, 1930, as I lay in bed in St. Ann's Hospital in Anaconda, Mont. My brand new baby Jeane was very much improved. Her nurse had brought her to me at seven o'clock that morning. Her breathing was normal and her color, good. She was sleeping quietly, which she hadn't done for two days.

The nurse had said, "The doctor is very pleased with the baby and I won't be needed any longer."

Around 9:30 the floor nurse gave me my bath, laid some magazines on my bedside table and left. I reached for a magazine and, glancing into the mirror of the dresser, I saw a field of beautiful white flowers. In the distance two figures were walking toward me. As they came closer I saw that the taller was a man holding the hand of a boy. Watching, fascinated, as they approached, I recognized General Warren, the grandfather of a very dear friend of mine, and

the small son of this friend. Both had passed away, the boy only a short time before. I was certain I was not dreaming because I still could feel the magazine in my hand.

When they seemed close to the bed, the General said, "Florence, we've come for your baby."

Perhaps an hour had passed, when the head nurse opened the door. I managed to control my voice enough to say, "You don't have to tell me, I know."

"The doctor did everything to revive her but she had quietly—"

"Gone with friends," I finished.
— *Douglas, Ariz.*

THE TABLE WALKED

By George F. Brietz

HAVING been for years a skeptic about psychic experiences it took a real one to open my eyes. In September, 1939, my wife and I were visiting the home of her cousin, Laura Wall, just outside Raleigh, N. C. The house was very old and originally was occupied by a Civil War officer. The conversation drifted around to a story that the original owner had been killed by the Northern Army when he would not divulge the hiding place of his savings.

My skepticism mounted when my wife's mother suggested that we try the walking table method to find the hiding place of the

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money. We used an antique marble-top table and it was obvious even to me that the touch of our hands could not move the weight.

My surprise can be imagined when the table began to pop and crack and finally to spell out answers to our questions, with one knock for *A*, two knocks for *B*, etc. To the question, "Can you show us where the money is hidden?" the table answered, "Yes," and began to bump across the floor toward the stairway with our hands still just lightly touching the surface. The table ended its trip at the stairs because there wasn't enough room for us to go up the steps.

We continued the search upstairs and finally we came across a secret compartment in an old chest of drawers. In the compartment was almost $8,000 in Confederate money. — *Daytona Beach, Fla.*

THE OTHER FACE

By Grace V. Clemons

At about 1:30 P.M. on April 13, 1946, while having a "coke" in a resturant with my husband, I glanced at him and was astonished to see, like a mask on his face, the face of my 22-year-old nephew and foster-son, Bill Turner, who was on a nine-month tour of duty with the Merchant Marine. For a few seconds I stared at the ser-

ious, relaxed face, then it moved horizonally and was gone.

I asked, "Are you feeling all right?"

My husband said, "I feel cold and weak. Maybe we'd better go home." We went home.

For several days, as I went about my household duties, Bill seemed very near to me. I kept remembering a remark he had made many times: "Don't worry, Aunt Grace, everything's O. K.".

The following Wednesday I received a telegram saying Bill had died suddenly, aboard the ship *Chaco Canyon,* at 7:30 P.M., Port of Abadan, Iran, on April 13.

As I sat holding the telegram, wondering how he had died, again I felt his presence. Then I seemed to be in a foreign city, up in the air. Two sailors in great haste were running through the streets, between automobiles and pedestrians. I had the impression that they had just eaten a heavy meal. As they neared the docks, I saw no more.

A week later I received a letter from the shipping company, with a copy of the Master's report. Bill had had shore leave; he and a shipmate got back at the last moment. He helped with some deck-work a few minutes. Then, starting for his quarters, he fell forward on his face.

The autopsy report, stated he had eaten a large meal a short while before death.

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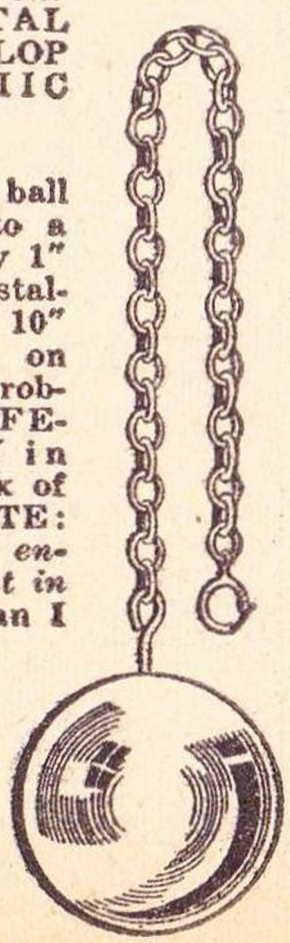
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MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

By Marguerite Batley

For years I mourned the death of my father. We had been very close, and his passing left an unbearable emptiness. Nothing interested me any more. I retreated within myself, and the world ceased to exist.

I was a budding writer but after my father died it was impossible to concentrate on my writing.

Strange as it may seem, I never dreamed of my beloved father, although I thought of him constantly in my waking hours. I wanted desperately to dream of him, to recapture the happiness we shared when he was alive. I prayed to God I would be allowed to see him in my dreams.

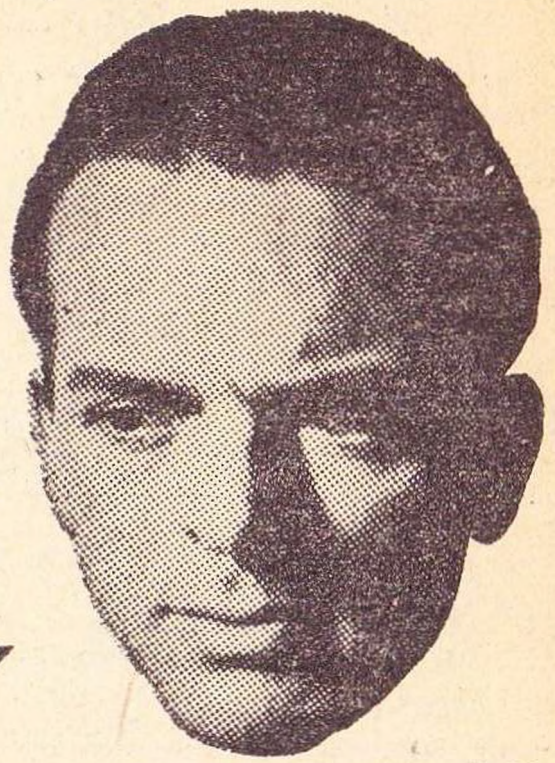
One night I waked suddenly with the feeling that someone was in my room. I saw my father sitting on a chair a few feet from my bed, looking directly at me. The light from a street lamp shone on his face. He looked sad and pale.

I ran toward him sobbing, "Father, oh, Father, you're back! Please, please stay!"

He shook his head sadly, then said, "I want your promise to do something for me. It is my

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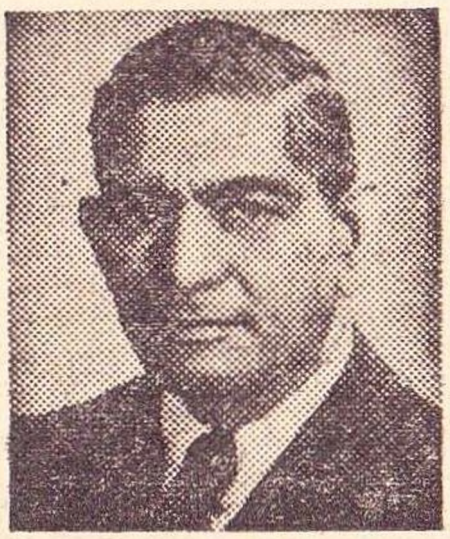
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wish that you write again. Do not bury your talent because I am not here with you. You must continue with your writing. It is your vocation." He gave me a searching look. "Will you do this for me, Marguerite?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes, Father," I replied, with tears streaming down my cheeks. Sitting on the arm of the chair, I drew him close to me. Just as I was about to say something he melted away. I was startled but did not cry out.

Needless to say, I slept no more that night. Early the next day, armed with new courage, I wrote an article. It was accepted, and I have been writing ever since, thanks to my father's visit. — *Asheville, N. C.*

SPIRIT ON THE STREET

By Carol Bird

When I was a staff member of the Detroit *Free Press* in 1919, George P. Goodale, dean of U. S. drama critics, was the drama editor of that paper. He was then in his 80's. Frequently he asked me to review plays for him.

One day, with his head cocked to one side (a mannerism of his) and with a twinkle in his eyes, he said to me, "My wife and I have made a pact; whoever crosses to the other side first will negotiate a return, if possible. Would you like me to make myself known to

you after I pass on, if it is possible for me to do so?"

I had not known that Mr. Goodale had occult beliefs. I sensed that, although he was smiling in a cheerful mood, he seriously meant what he said. I told him that I would, indeed, rejoice if he could materialize to me.

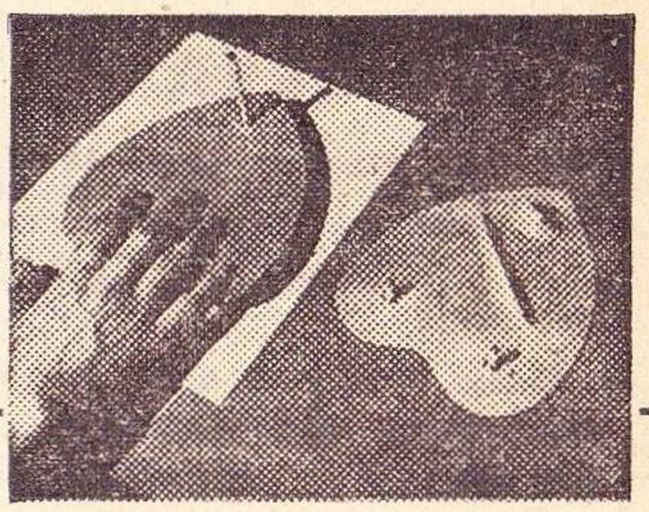
Several months after that little talk, Mr. Goodale died quite suddenly. I grieved but I was young and soon was concentrating on my own gay affairs again.

About six or seven years later, when I was living in New York, I was walking down 31st Street early one evening and as I approached Lexington Avenue I saw Mr. Goodale on Lexington, walking toward the corner of 31st Street. He had his head cocked to one side in his characteristic pose and although he did not speak, his whole bearing and expression said, "You see, my dear, I have succeeded."

Spontaneously I cried, "Mr. Goodale!" before the realization came to me that he had died years ago. At the same time I tried to move forward. It was as though a curtain fell between Mr. Goodale and myself. When I could make progress and reached the corner my old friend was nowhere in sight. — *Plant City, Fla.*

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

TINGLING SAUCER

On the night of July 6, 1955, I made a remarkable saucer sighting.

The Great Lakes UFO Association holds weekly field trips and I was certain there would be a good crowd at the Illinois State Park, known locally as the "Dunes." It is approximately two miles from the main highway and has a beautiful beach, touching Lake Michigan.

I drove to the "Dunes" with my friend, Jim Clayton. The sky that night was clear and beautiful. I was scanning it when I felt a strange tingling on my chest, arms and face. Coming from the north and very high, was a saucer. It sailed over us and went down below the horizon to the south.

A few minutes later I again had a strange tingling sensation. We saw the saucer returning from the south. It passed directly over us, slowed up momentarily, then accelerated and proceeded north.

About five minutes later I again experienced the tingling sensation. As before, we saw the saucer come up from the northern horizon and head south. This

time it had another saucer with it.

Shortly after they disappeared from view we saw a ball of light appear suddenly 100 feet above a group of trees. It burned brightly and fell slowly to the ground. We are of the opinion that it was some sort of "signal" from the same origin as the saucers. — *Ron Castator, Waukegan, Ill.*

THE LIGHT WENT OUT

In the March, 1953, issue of FATE you published a letter from me about lights in my home mysteriously going on and off. At the time I was living in a rented apartment and people always said there was something wrong with the wiring. I was certain this was not the case but I never was able to present a convincing argument.

Recently I built a house of my own — in fact, it is not yet complete in all details. But the wiring was completed within the last three weeks. It was done by a bonafide electrician so nobody can advance any theory about the wiring being defective.

Last night I turned on the porch light and climbed up on a stepladder to paint the eaves. I had been painting for about half an hour when the light suddenly went out. I looked at the neighbors' houses and saw the lights



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all were on. Wondering if the lights inside the house were on, I climbed down from the ladder. Just as I reached the foot of it the light went on. I had not been painting near the light itself and the switch was inside the house. Even if I had been painting near the light I was at the foot of the ladder when it went on — a step-ladder, not one leaning against the side of the house.

I never have been able to explain this strange behavior of lights. It does not seem to be connected with warnings. I have a 12-year-old son but he is away at military school so there is no association of an adolescent and a poltergeist, so far as I can determine. — *Mary Jane Knisely, Orlando, Fla.*

VISION OF A JACKPOT

I am an entertainer working with a singing act called the Royal Rogues. The return engagement we played at the Golden Nugget at Las Vegas, Nev., was a happy one in many ways. We had appeared there not long before and I got to know the location of nearly every piece of gambling equipment in the establishment.

One afternoon I was taking a short nap when I dreamed of a certain "one-armed bandit" in the Golden Nugget. In my dream I saw myself put in three dimes and on the third dime I hit the jackpot.

Will 1956 Be the year That Changes the World?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," is offering, free of charge to the public, an astounding 64 page booklet analyzing famous world prophecies covering these times. It shows that four of the greatest prophecies could not come true until the present time. But now they can, and the years that change the world are at hand. Great dangers but still greater opportunities, confront forward looking people in 1956.

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These strange methods were found in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enable many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

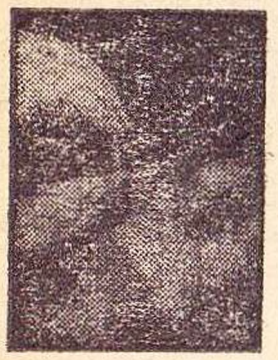
The 64-page booklet he is now offering free to the public gives guidance for those who wish to prepare themselves for the momentous days ahead. It gives details of what to expect, and when. Its title is "Beware of These Days!"

The book formerly sold for a dollar, but as long as the present supply lasts, it is offered free to readers of this notice. This liberal offer is made because he expects that many readers will later become interested in the entire system of mind power he learned in the Far East and which is now ready to be disclosed to the western world.

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I said to my wife and the other fellows in the act, "Here is a chance to see if this dream stuff ever comes true. I'm going down to the Nugget and find out."

I went to the same machine I had seen in my dream, told the change girl to watch me, and on the third dime I hit the jackpot. I have proof of this because I told all the people involved *before* I played the machine. — *Mark Cook, Los Angeles, Calif.*

LETTERS FROM THE CLOUD

I was in the Army at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1917. I was in the 59th Infantry, Co. H., which later became one of the regiments of the famed Maple Leaf or 4th Division.

Co. H. had just been given a round of the much dreaded shots of whatever it was they gave us in those days. I remember that the shots made us sore and, more often than not, sick. It was a rather hot day and as we had no afternoon drill on shot days, the tents were all furled and everyone lay on their cots.

There were only a few clouds in the sky but suddenly there was a clap of thunder. I saw no lightning. I had been watching a rather large cloud and now this cloud seemed to swirl and twist and then turn inside out. Out of the cloud came letters in the shape of old English printing. They spelled *Germany*.

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I was not the only person to see this phenomenon. I called it to the attention of several of the boys in my squad, among them Samuel Wood of Philadelphia, a boy named Bevan from Pittsburgh, and a boy named Bill Needs of Columbus, O.

I haven't thought of this incident for years, until just lately, when I was given a copy of your magazine. I think it is great. — *R. A. Gillette, Woodinville, Wash.*

MAN'S ANTENNAE

A friend in Santa Barbara, Calif., has kindly sent me some copies of your magazine. In the December, 1954, issue there is an article, "Problem of Pigeon Navigation." I am not a scientist, just an ordinary observer of nature, and I think that not only pigeons but also other animals really do possess a sixth sense. Furthermore, I am convinced that man also has a sixth sense. Man's antennae are his hands and their projections are the rod and pendulum.

Abbe Mermet, the famous Swiss dowser, showed how to locate water in the open country at any distance by just turning on his heels while holding his pendulum in working position. As soon as his left index aimed at a spot where water was flowing underground, the pendulum in his right hand would start swinging.

I know of French and German hunters who can locate, on maps, game in its lair. The French dowser, Emile Christophe, of Orleans France, has given exact directions for this manner of proceeding. First of all, a dowser should formulate in clear and concise terms what he is looking for: "I wish to render myself sensible to the radiations of drinking water." Christophe calls this "mental orientation." Next he applies the "mental convention": "I herewith convene that my pendulum shall gyrate clockwise as soon as I walk across an underground flow of water."

The German dowser, Arthur Usthal, goes one step further and says: "The most incredible thing is that the mere pronunciation of an unknown person's name enables a dowser to ascertain the direction in which the absentee is to be found, and to contact him immediately so as to be able to tell his state of health."

Is this faculty not akin to the faculty of a pigeon to locate its loft, or a bee its hive? Is it not a fact that some persons feel uncomfortable at table when a knife or fork is pointed at them? If you point with a finger or a pencil at the back of a person's nose and move it up and down without touching the skin, a tickling sen-

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sation is bound to be felt. — *Albert Engler, Freiburg, Germany.*

"THE METEOR IS THERE!"

On page 44 of your October issue you have an article on the meteor crater in Arizona. I am afraid that Dr. N. H. Darton is mistaken.

The Indians have a tradition that the sun fell one day and buried itself in the earth at the crater site. The Indians who saw the fall expected the world to be always dark thereafter and were much surprised to see the sun rise as usual in the morning. It is not wise for modern men to ignore tribal history. It usually is based on fact.

But we do not have to depend on such reports alone for pieces of meteoric iron have been picked up on the surface around the crater and today can be found at shallow depths by digging. Some of the pieces were as small as one ounce while others have exceeded 100 pounds. Did they come from a steam explosion?

These pieces have been assayed many times and average as follows: iron 89%, nickel 10%, platinum 1/10%.

In the early 20's a company was formed to exploit this deposit. They sank a shaft 700 feet deep in the crater without reaching the metal. Then they discovered the course of the crater

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The discoverer and author takes an oath: "I freely take an oath that God strike me dead this very moment if there is any substantial error in this scientific discovery, or in the proofs offered — Adam D. Barber."

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was not vertical. The meteor had hit at a slant. The company then diamond-drilled outside the crater and struck the metal at a depth of about 1,200 feet. Then, however, it disbanded due to lack of funds.

The meteor is there! Ask the professor who has his home and museum there. — *William R. Workman, Tumacacori, Ariz.*

THE TRICK OF A TREAT

In the June, 1955, issue of FATE Pearl M. Holmes told how she and her daughter bring things to pass, by making a "treat" and then forgetting about it. Thanks to her, I now am well again and able to work. I was very ill — blood pressure of 60 and in bed most of the time. I had spent hundreds of dollars and only got worse. My weight was down to 95 pounds. I was so discouraged that I stopped going to the doctor who had been attending me.

I read the article by Mrs. Holmes to Mother and said, "Let's try it. I've tried everything else without results."

The "treat" was made on June 20, 1955, and the time limit for some help was set for July 13, my son's birthday.

On July 5 I found a new doctor and on July 9 I received $350 unexpectedly in the mail, so that I was able to pay the bill. Now, my blood pressure is normal and I have gained eight pounds. I feel

wonderful and my doctor said that soon I would be able to go to work. — *Pearl Engel, Baldwin Park, Calif.*

ABDUCTION BY NON-HUMANS

Regarding the mysterious disappearance of Eskimos from one of their villages west of Hudson Bay as described in a recent issue of FATE, let's not forget the logical explanation — abduction by non-humans.

This part of Canada is the habitat of the dreaded man-taking Wendigo, apparently a giant race somewhat like the man-eating Yeti of the Himalayas. I have not read the just-published book, *The Abominable Snowmen,* but since it is the report of the expedition that went last year for the purpose of finding and observing this mysterious non-human Himalayan race, it ought to be worthwhile for FATE readers.

Actually there are two or three races of these Himalayan Snowmen. The man-eating Yeti are about seven feet tall, of massive build and their tracks confirm as to their beast-like degeneracy. The tracks show their feet to be as wide as they are long and cloven almost like a hoof. Disuse of the heel and cleavage of the sole are the two most regular signs

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of degeneracy found in feet.

Then there are the giant Snowmen, perhaps the Kangmi proper, who are about 10 feet tall, have feet like ours, enjoy singing together and are said by the natives to be non-molesters of humans, eating only the wild yak.

The family group of three — male, female and child — encountered by members of the successful Mt. Everest expedition possibly was of a third race. They surely were superrior to the Yeti but of about the same size. — *Curtis L. Gibson, New York, N. Y.*

"ZOMBIES DO EXIST"

I read the answers to the Psychic Panel question "Do Zombies Exist?" in the November issue. Perhaps the Panel members do not realize the entire truth about zombies. They do exist and they "resemble" the living dead.

Zombies are not the result of "whipped-up imaginations." Zombies are not "natives play-acting." Zombies are not "bewitched." Zombies are real and living people.

The natives do a number of things which we of the Western World little understand. Many white persons have seen zombies but only a fistful really have known the cause or purpose of zombies.

Having studied this and related subjects, I feel certain that any-

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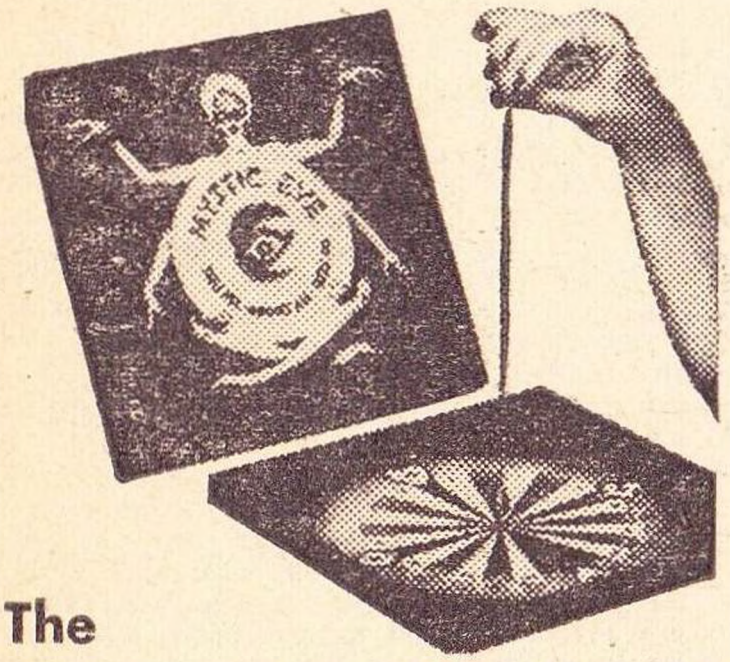
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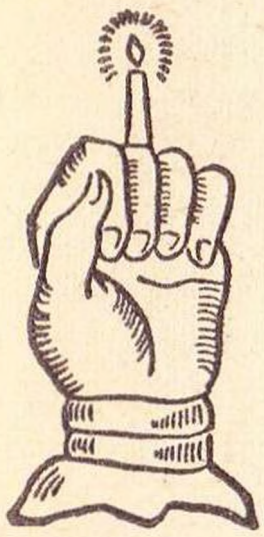
FATE LOSES A FRIEND

I felt you would wish to inform your readers that Clarkson Dye passed away recently in California. He was 82 years old. An ardent psychic researcher, Clarkson Dye was occupied with his investigations until the very end. I trust he has obtained the "ultimate evidence" of survival so many psychic researchers seek. — *Dr. W. D. Chesney. Milton Junction, Wis.*

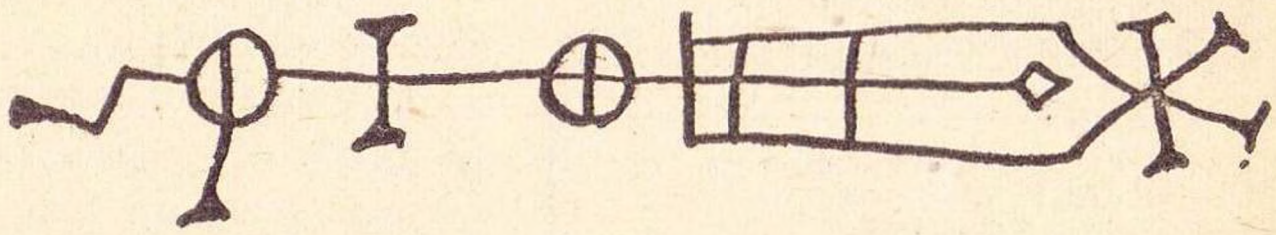
Clarkson Dye was the author of "Through Solid Walls," in the July, 1949, issue of FATE *and "Radio To Other Worlds," in the March, 1955, issue. Shortly before his death he published a book on survival,* The Greatest Puzzle of All. *The staff of* FATE *extends its deepest sympathy to his relatives and friends. — R. N. W.*

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DRIFTING OBJECTS

At dusk on October 6, 1955, at the corner of Wilshire Blvd. and Bonnie Brae St., here in Los Angeles, I saw three round, white objects — seemingly about 10 inches across — drifting soundlessly from south to north. They had vapor trails about 10 feet long — not the sort of vapor trails left by jet planes which remain in the air for long periods. These remained the same length.

There were no tall buildings at my observation point and the objects were in full view for several minutes as they approached and passed. Two turned gradually to the east and disappeared in our well-known "smog". One continued north until it too disappeared.

The saucers appeared to be in no hurry. They just loafed along, going hardly faster than helicopters which I sometimes see below the haze layer. — *Marie Lindquist, Los Angeles, Calif.*

MYSTERY FLASHES

On October 21, 1955, at 7:40 p.m. (E.S.T.) I took a walk with my younger brother, Dave. As we were returning home along our street, South Seneca Avenue, we saw a green-blue flash of light seven or eight houses down the west side of the street. Most of the flash was hidden between houses but we saw the top of the

flash and the brightly illuminated side of one house.

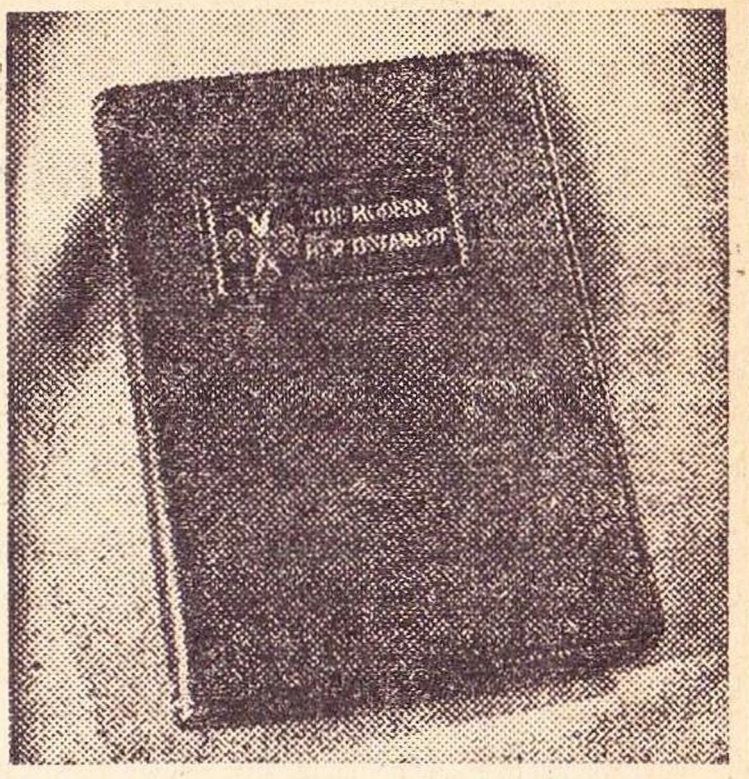
Dave and I did not think there was anything remarkable about the flash and walked on. A moment later a huge blue-green flash flared out right beside us, between Mother's house and a tall apple tree. Lasting only a split second, the flash seemed to originate three to six feet above the lawn. We stood there astonished.

Perhaps a quarter of a minute later another flash occurred across the street, between two houses.. After a brief interval a fourth flash occurred on the south side of one of the same houses.

All the flashes were blue-green in color, silent and lasted only a split second. I noted that flash #2 appeared over the grass and #3 and #4 rather close to the houses, near the driveways. There was no alarm and no investigation. — *Walter N. Webb, Alliance, O.*

MYSTERIOUS WHITE CROSSES

I just finished reading "Francis Schlatter — A Fool For God" in a recent issue of FATE and became very much excited when I read about the "white cross" which appeared mysteriously on Mrs. Morley's house. I too have had some strange experiences with "white crosses" appearing mysteriously. It is one of the stories I wish to write some day for FATE. — *Nellie Heuer, Peoria, Ill.*



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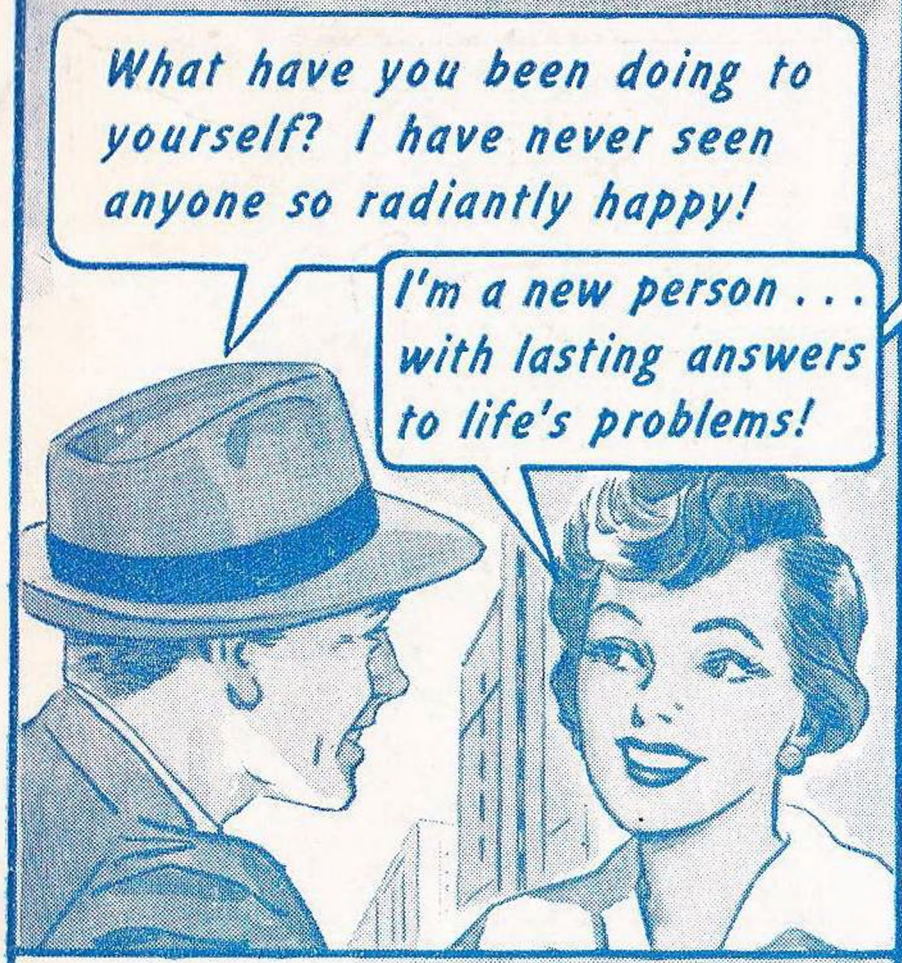
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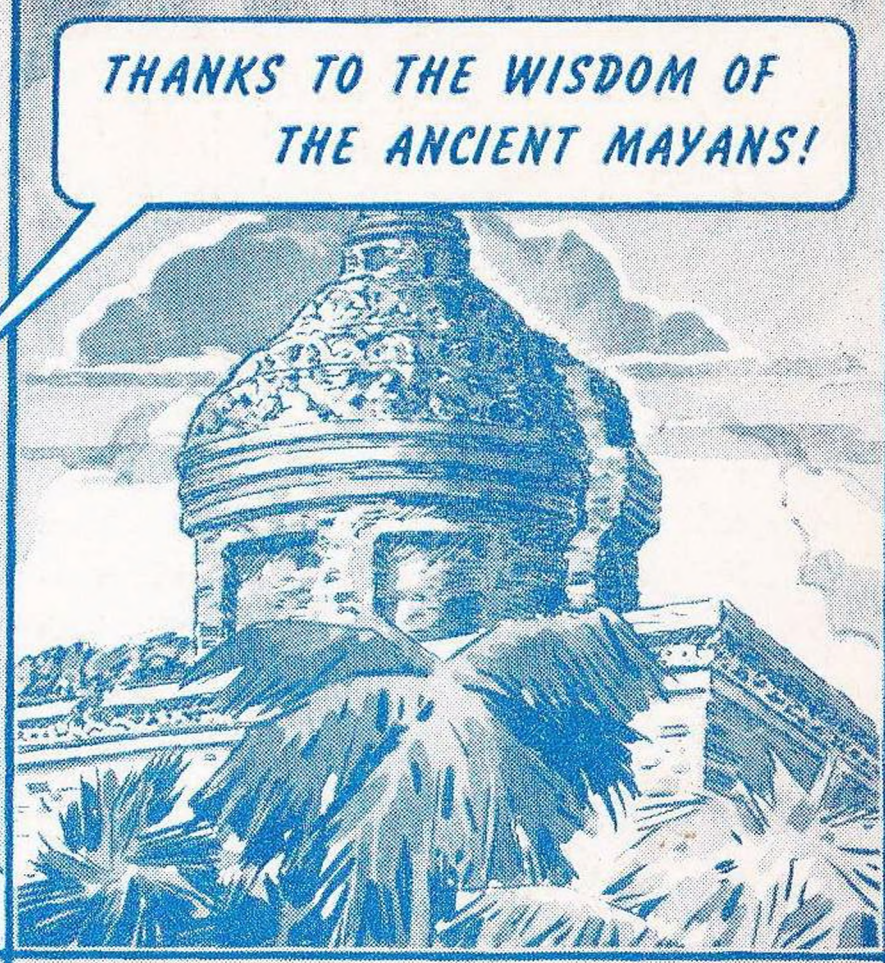
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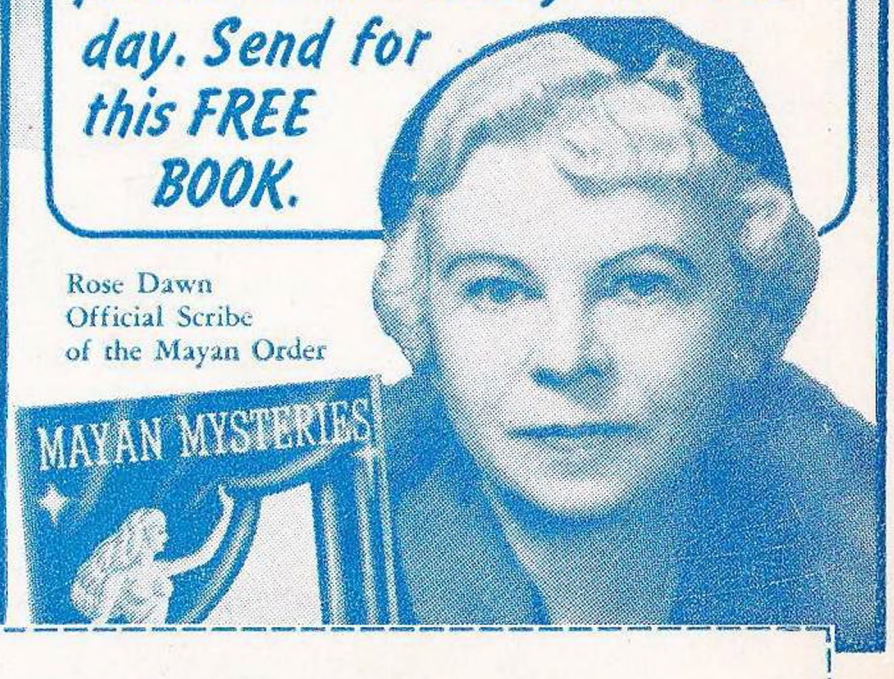






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