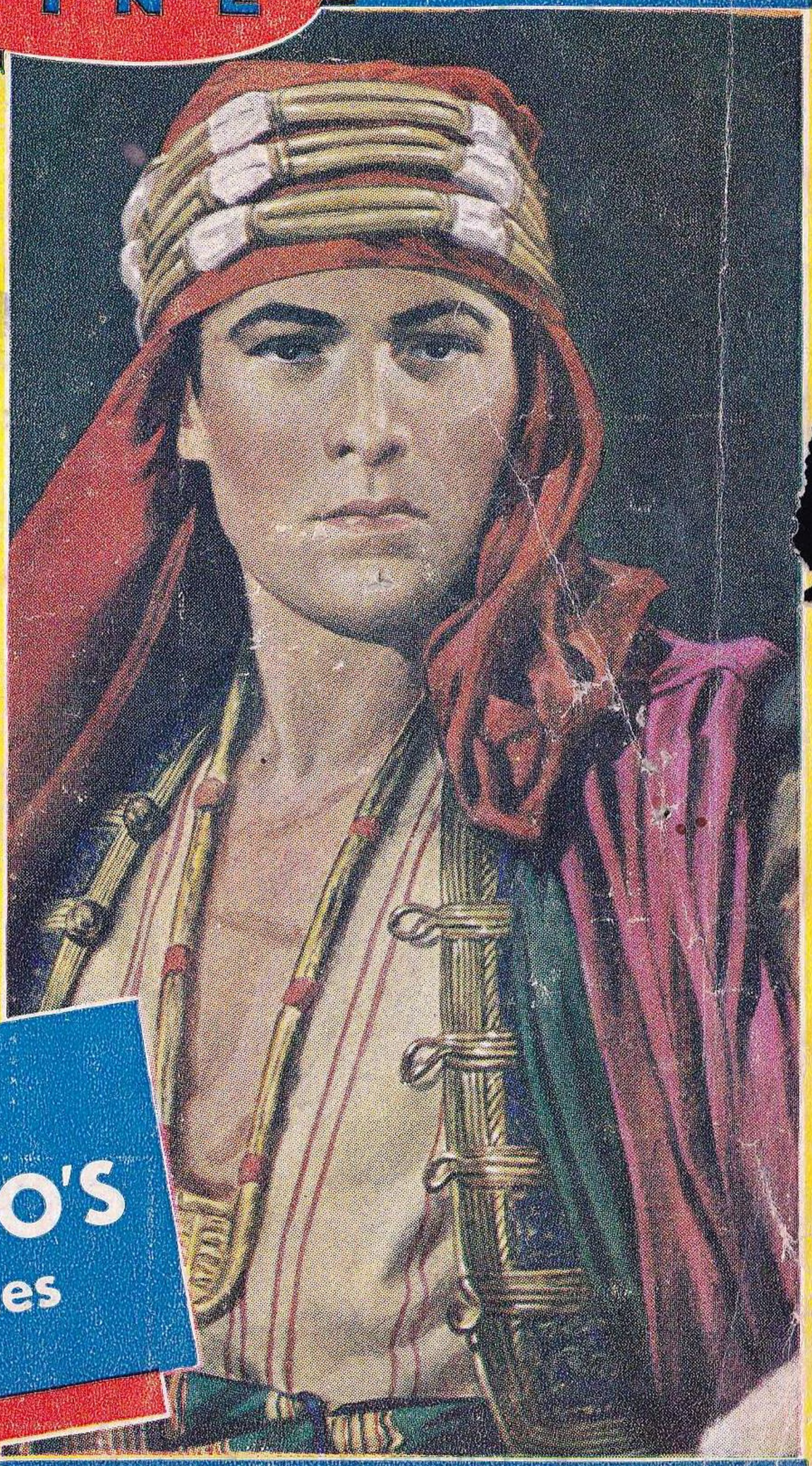
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FATE MAGAZINE

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN



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SACSAHUAMAN MYSTERY CITY OF THE ANDES

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Contents

FATE

Issue No. 72

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

VOLUME 9—NUMBER 3
Executive Editor: MARY FULLER • *Editorial Consultant:* CURTIS FULLER

STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

How My Visions Found A Missing Man ..... *Martin H. Herlick* 12
The Hanging Spectre ..... *Miriam Grinstead* 22
The Child Who Was Four Centuries Old .... *Ven. Robert Stuart Clifton* 29
Spirit Bride . . . Mortal Groom ..... *Raymond J. Ross* 53
How Catherine De Medici Tried To Cheat The Stars ..... *Dr. A. J. von Borosini* 56
Jadoo ..... *Ronald Sinclair* 63
Excitement By "Jungle Telegraph" ..... *Roy M. Frisen* 75
The Blind Girl Who Could See ..... *Esther Cox Todd* 84
I Saw The Angel Of Death ..... *V. A. Peacock* 94

ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

Valentino And His Unseen Guides ..... *Robert Gladwell* 6
DeLand's Seven Wires Fight Frost ..... *Gaston Burridge* 16
Animals That Made Their Owners Rich ..... *John Sidney* 25
How To Read Hands ..... *Mir Bashir* 38
Sacsahuaman — Mystery City Of The Andes ..... *M. K. Jessup* 48
Is This The World's First Christian Church? .... *Estella de Ford Graham* 58
Farmer Brown's Health Germ ..... *John Edward Malloy* 69
Experiment With Clairvoyance ..... *Edgar Monroe* 80
The Grave On Which No Grass Grows ..... *Michael Sheldon* 90
Your Aura Reveals Your Ills ..... *Dr. W. E. Fabstein* 97

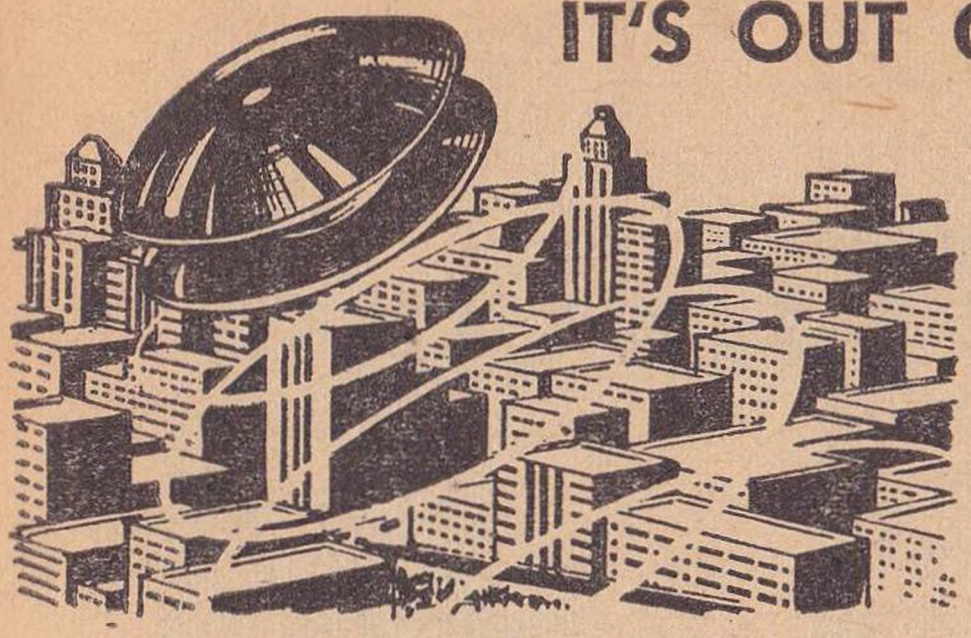
FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

House Of Terror 28
True Mystic Experiences ..... *The Readers* 43
The Missing Boys ..... *Corrette Halleckson* 52
The Ghost That Heralds Storms 55
Mystery Of The Desert Shrimp 57
Psychic Message ..... *Florence Freeman* 77
Fingers Of Fate ..... *Harold Helfer* 78
The Cursed Castle 89
Earthquake Warnings By Animals 96
New Discoveries At Stonehenge 101
New Books ..... *Arthur E. Powell* 102
My Proof Of Survival ..... *The Readers* 103
Psychic Panel 109
Report From The Readers ..... *The Readers* 115

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

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VALENTINO...

and his

Unseen Guides

Why did the famed movie star believe he had spirit advisors and consult them in matters concerning his career?

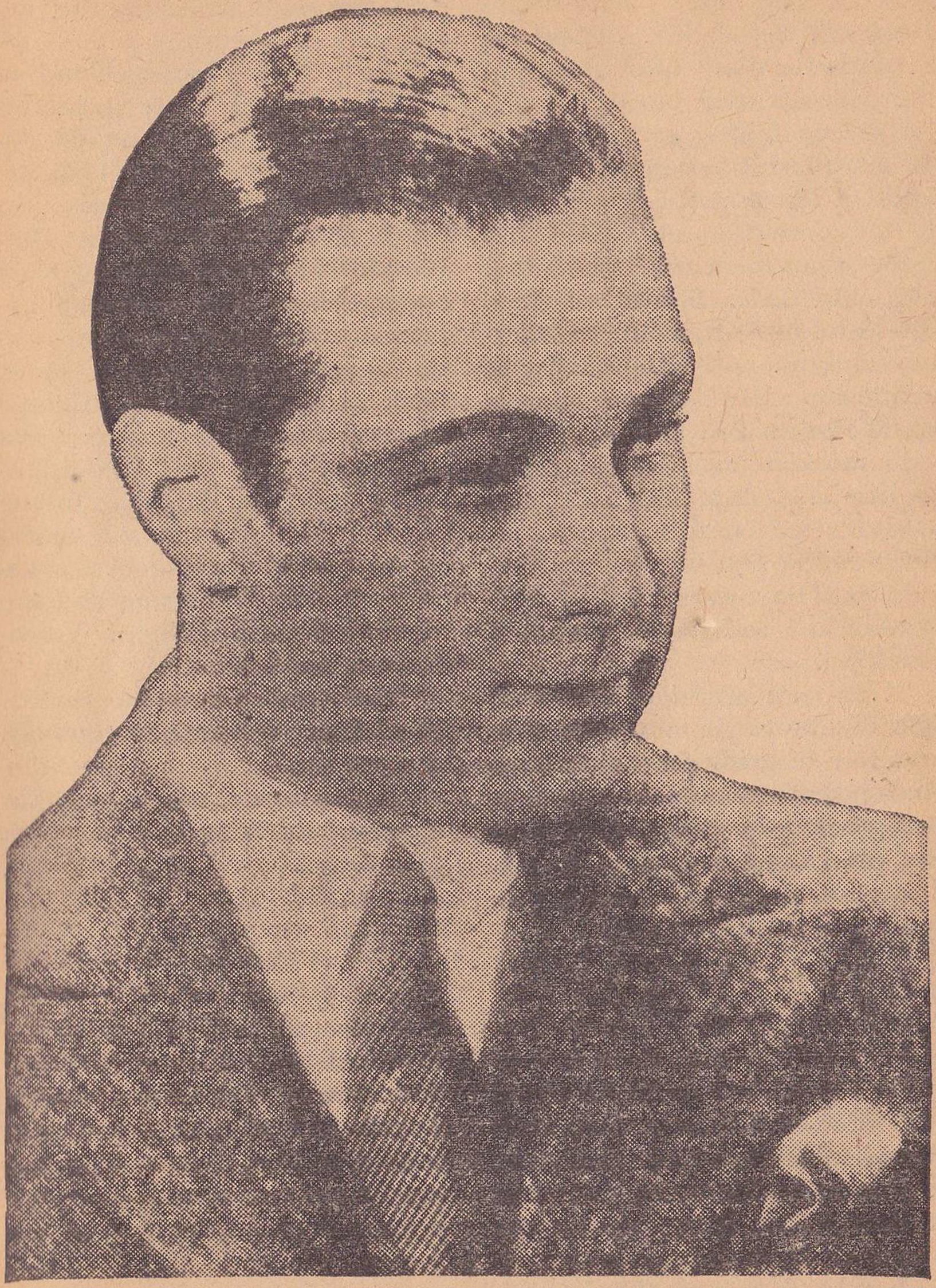
By Robert Gladwell

THE new racing car zoomed along the Alpine road all the way from Paris to the Riviera. The driver, trying out its speed on the splendid roads, was delighted — he had no trouble overtaking every car in his path. Crazily the car sped on, followed by billowing clouds of dust. The driver was smiling but his passenger gripped her seat, tense and terrified. As they neared their destination, hurtling along the twisting route through the Alps, the driver took another curve at breakneck speed. But now only nothingness was before him. It was a double curve! The driver strained on the wheel and stood on the brakes. The car jarred to a rocking standstill—with one rear wheel hanging over the rim of a chasm. The driver was trembling and deathly pale.

"Did you see?" he said. "Did you see Black Feather? He leaned over and helped me give the wheel the wrench that saved our lives."

The passenger shook her head. She was speechless.

Natacha Rambova was the passenger and the driver was her husband, Rudolph Valentino. This incident, or accident, occurred in the summer of 1923 on what was in fact their delayed honeymoon trip. For the rest of the journey Valentino drove more decorously along the Italian roads.



Rudolph Valentino, who died in 1926, was the idol of millions of women. Remembered chiefly as a romantic actor, few know he also was a student of psychic phenomena.

Eventually they arrived in Rome in September. There he wrote in his diary, after a walk in the grounds of a moonlit castle, "A creepy feeling came over me as I walked through the moonlight. I felt that the castle walls, if they could speak, could tell tremendous tales, still fascinating. Stories of love. Stories of lust. Stories of murder, swift, treacherous and unexpected. Finally, if gentlemen like Cesare Borgia could rise up and talk . . .

"I think it would fascinate me to live in such a place. Perhaps I have steady nerves, or even an imagination that needs such stimuli. But I have always felt strangely akin and at home in places of this kind.

"I am not afraid of the dead nor of ghosts. The whole store and lore of grisly fears that have shaken the human race at thought or apprehension of meeting with the dead is quite foreign to me. I am not afraid of anything pertaining to the life beyond.

"And it isn't because I don't believe in it. It is because *I do. I believe in the supernatural.* But I don't believe that there is anything I would or could be afraid of. What the average man calls death, I believe to be merely the beginning of life itself. Why call it death? Or, if we give it the name of death, why surround it with dark fears and sick imaginings?

"I am not afraid of the unknown."

The unknown was to claim him all too soon, only three years after the dramatic incident on the Alpine road. In August, 1926, he was rushed by ambulance from his hotel to the Polyclinic Hospital in New York, suffering from appendicitis. The operation appeared to bè successful, then peritonitis set in and he died August 23rd, at the age of 31. George Ullman, his business manager, was constantly at his bedside and Ullman recalls that he went to the hospital window one early morning to pull down the blinds because the sun was rising and the room was growing light. Valentino stopped him.

"Don't pull down the blinds! I feel fine. I want the sunlight to greet me."

Ullman turned with a start for he sensed that the light to which Valentino referred was that of another world. Also he felt that Valentino was not afraid.

When Valentino entered the hospital Ullman cabled Natacha Rambova, although the Valentinos had been divorced the previous year. The cable reached Natacha at her father's chateau in Juan Les Pins where she was spending the summer. Also staying, as a guest, at the chateau was George Wehner, an American medium.

One evening after another cable

had come from Ullman, bringing news of an improvement in Valentino's condition — he was reputed to be well on the road to recovery — George Wehner gave a seance. Almost as soon as Wehner went into trance, Black Feather, Valentino's Red Indian spirit guide "came through" to assure Natacha that he would stay beside his "Chief". Then another spirit voice spoke through the medium. This was "Jennie" who told Natacha that she had been with Rudy since the beginning of his illness and that Rudy was aware of her presence. He had seen her as he was carried to the ambulance. "Jennie" was followed by Meselope, another of Valentino's guides, an Egyptian of the Hermetic Brotherhood, who announced through the mediumship of Wehner, that Valentino's "term in the earth schoolroom was completed and that he would pass, within the next few days, to another plane of consciousness of this ever-continuing Life."

This was in direct contradiction to Ullman's re-assuring cable!

Three days after this seance, on August 23rd, Natacha woke to find the atmosphere of her room heavy with the perfume of tuberoses. She knew then that Meselope's prophecy had come true. The following day the cable arrived confirming Valentino's death.

During the same week Natacha Rambova received a letter from her sister in New York telling her that Valentino had called "Jennie" just as he was taken into the ambulance from his hotel. This confirmed what "Jennie" herself had reported during the Wehner seance in Juan Les Pins.

"Jennie" was in fact Mrs. Mathis, the mother of June Mathis. It was the death of Mrs. Mathis which had been instrumental in influencing the Valentinos interest and belief in the occult. June Mathis was a scenario writer for Metro. It was she who discovered Valentino, casting him for the role of Julio in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. Since then she had been a friend of the Valentinos. But not until her mother's illness did June Mathis speak to them of her belief in psychic phenomena. She told them of weird and unaccountable rappings which she had heard just before "Jennie's" death. The Valentinos were skeptical. Then suddenly one morning, a few weeks after Mrs. Mathis's death, Valentino was told that a message had come through for him from the other side. It had been received in automatic writing by a friend of June Mathis' who had been staying with her at the time of her mother's death. This friend, C.M.G., was an amateur medium.

The message was from Valentino's mother who had died in Italy a few years before. It re-

ferred to several incidents in Rudy's youth which no-one in America could have known, except himself. Further messages came through the mediumship of C.M.G., from Valentino's mother, then from "Jennie", and then from an Egyptian called Meselope, and finally from Black Feather. After this the Valentinos ceased to doubt; they became believers in the psychic. Rudy made the discovery that he himself was mediumistic and could receive automatic writings. From then on it became customary for him to seek advice from "the other side" before making any decision or move in his career.

During these seances with C.M.G. the Valentinos were told of "a long extended trip" which they would make "through many cities". Valentino was told that he would take on a new business manager, the man was described to him. He was told also that he would change his attorney.

"The long and extended trip through many cities" was the dancing tour of America which Valentino and his wife made in 1923, just prior to their trip to Europe. The new business manager was S. George Ullman, a representative of the beauty clay company who sponsored the dancing tour. Ullman says that he had no intention of taking over Valentino's business affairs. At the time of their meeting the Great Lover was 50,000 dollars in debt, had an injunction against him which prevented his appearing on stage or screen, and his salary of 7,000 dollars he owed many times over. From where was Ullman's salary to come? Yet, suddenly, he decided to take the chance and changed his mind after having refused to accept Valentino's suggestion. He imagined this about face would create some surprise, but the Valentinos just smiled. They explained that they had known all along he would change his mind; fate had decreed that he should assume the burden of Rudy's affairs.

It was during the dancing tour that Valentino completed his book of poems, *Daydreams.*

"Daydreams, Rudolph Valentino," was the inscription. The word "By" appeared neither on the cover nor on the title page because Valentino believed these poems had been psychically received. Some of the poems were dedicated to initials. For instance, *The Love Child,* (To B.); *At Sunrise Tomorrow,* (To E. B.); *Sympathy,* (To J.) This greatly intrigued the news reporters of the time. The reporters were convinced that G.S. was Gloria Swanson, a memorial to some episode in the past. Actually it was George Sand. Each poem bore the initials of the soul who had inspired it. B. was Byron, E.B. was Elizabeth Barret, and J. was Jen-

nie. The poem on the title page is dedicated to M. who can be identified as the Egyptian, Meselope. The drawing of a black feather, also on the title page, is of course in memory of the Red Indian guide, Black Feather.

Valentino always *had the feeling* that he would die young though according to George Ullman he had no premonition, even if others did, of his actual death. But it is interesting that the last few weeks of his life were devoted to the smoothing out of old misunderstandings, notably with the two women to whom he had been married, his first wife, Jean Acker, and Natacha Rambova.

One morning while lying in the Polyclinic Hospital after his operation he surprised George Ullman by asking for a mirror. His illness had left marks on his face which Ullman was not anxious for him to see. He demurred. Valentino insisted.

"Let me have it. I just want to see how I look when I am sick so that if ever I have to play the part in pictures I will know how to put on the make-up."

One day while making the movie, *Son of The Sheik*, his last film, he had walked into Ullman's office and asked Ullman how much longer he gave him to go on playing the Romantic Lover. Ullman considered. Then he said, "About five years."

Rudy smiled and said, "That is about what I think. And long enough too! After that I want to do great characters like Christopher Columbus, Cellini and Cesare Borgia." *Stories of love. Stories of lust. Stories of murder, swift, treacherous and unexpected . . .*

"And then of course," he added, "there is the American Indian. I would very much like to play a young Chief . . . ."

He had a photograph taken of himself in Red Indian headdress. It is a profile and the caption reads, "Rudy as Black Feather." There is no doubt that if he had played a young Chief, it would have been with Black Feather in mind. He would have considered it a tribute to the spirit guide to whom he believed he owed so much.

BROTHERS IN DEATH

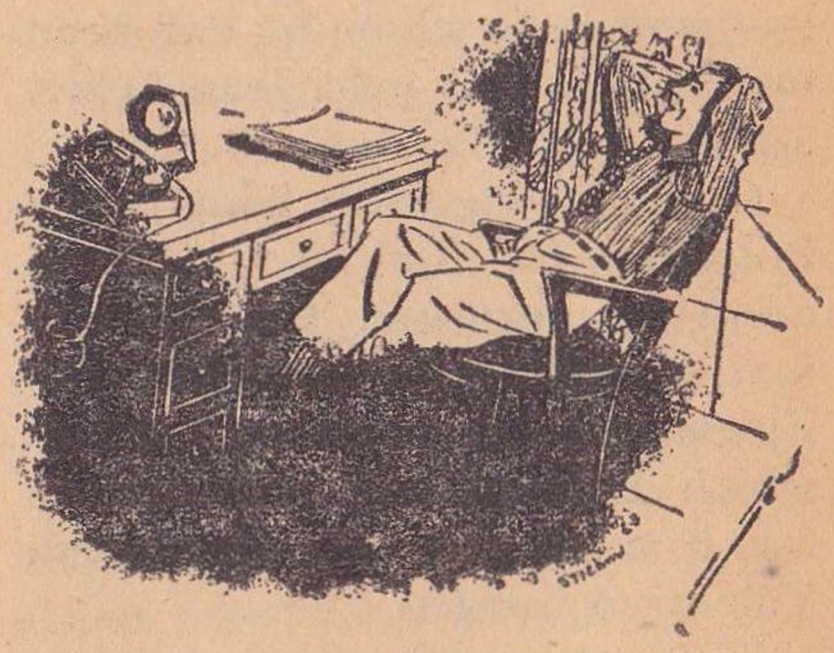
In Brooklyn, New York, Dr. Dahir E. Abu-Khair, 62, rushed to the side of his brother, James, 60, who had suffered a heart attack. While treating his brother, Dr. Abu-Khair also suffered a heart attack, Several minutes later another doctor pronounced both brothers dead.

HOW MY VISIONS FOUND A MISSING MAN

A 19-year search had not located the missing brother. Could I find him by "metaphysical detection?"

By Martin H. Herlick

As told to Milt Larsen



IN 1945 the sister of a man named Rome Renick called on me at my private investigation headquarters, Western-Pacific Secret Service, in Phoenix, Ariz. She told me her brother, Rome, had been mysteriously missing since 1926. She and her other brothers and sisters had searched for him unsuccessfully for the past 19 years, enlisting the aid of police and private detectives. They even had pooled their money and offered a reward of $1,250 for information as to Rome's whereabouts.

Could I find him?

Even after 19 years his sister appeared deeply concerned. She gave me a photograph of Rome which had been taken when he was 21. In 1945, however, he was 53 years old. It seemed unlikely that there was anything I could do after all the time and effort that already had gone into the search. But I was struck by the fact that Rome's brothers and sisters had a strong affection for him and wanted desperately to know whether he was alive or dead.

Their search for Rome, the sister said, had started in 1926, the year their and Rome's mother had died in Carterville, Mo. All the brothers and sisters — with the lone exception of Rome — attended their mother's funeral. His absence had caused instant anxiety and the search for him began.

The family had used every possible means to locate the missing brother but Rome was not to be found. There was not the slightest clue as to his whereabouts.

After seven years Rome's worried brothers and sisters had him declared legally dead. This was necessary in order to clear up certain estate matters. With this legal technicality disposed of, they continued their search for Rome.

He was not of the criminal type and this had made the search even more difficult. He had loved his mother dearly and always had been a good son. He had been equally kind to his brothers and sisters. His father, a miner, had died many years before. The brothers now were in the stamp and seal business in Tulsa, Okla., and Wichita, Kan.

I told Rome's sister I would do everything humanly possible to locate him — but I knew I had a job on my hands. I had located many missing persons during my long career as a police officer and later as an investigator for the Los Angeles Police Department. I had seen and experienced many strange and mysterious things when I was Hollywood manager of the famous Nick Harris Detective Agency and then Legal Investigator for the City Attorney's Office of Phoenix, Ariz. But the Rome Renick case was different. There just wasn't anything to "go" on.

Armed with only a 32-year-old photo of Rome, his description, working history, traits, trades, and hobbies — all ancient — I started my apparently hopeless search. I worked on the Renick case in between my many other investigations.

As the months passed my file of tracings, small leads and correspondence grew. One day about a year later, like a bolt from the blue, came the first real break.

The kindly manager of one of San Francisco's oldest and largest fishing boat companies informed me that one of his commercial fishermen had heard Rome's name mentioned and thought Rome might be fishing or diving at Bodega Bay, not far from San Francisco. Following up this lead, I learned that Rome had been receiving mail at the little combination store and post office at the Bay.

I wired Rome's sister in Los Angeles but there was a delay of a couple of days as the sister was not in Los Angeles at the time. When she returned and found my wire she immediately took a plane to San Francisco.

At this point a new difficulty arose — it became evident that Rome Renick did not want his relatives to find him. Someone in the Bay area apparently had tipped him off because when his sister arrived he was gone. As usual, he left no clues behind. No one

at Bodega Bay would give out any helpful information.

A deputy sheriff, a constable and officers of the U.S. Coast Guard did all they could to aid the sister in that and other districts. The police chiefs of San Francisco, Oakland and other Northern California cities made every effort to co-operate with Rome's sister. Their Missing Persons Divisions did all that was humanly possible to end the long search. Once it appeared they had located Rome but the "lead" vanished into thin air — as did the evasive Renick.

I now knew that during the fishing season Renick was a commercial fisherman and also a diver. At other times he picked fruit. I learned later he sometimes prospected for gold along the Russian River. I centered my search in that area but without turning up any trace of him.

Many advised me to give up my long search. They felt that Renick probably had drowned at sea or had been killed in some accident, leaving no identification marks. But after having come so close to finding Rome at Bodega Bay, his brothers and sisters were more anxious than ever about the brother who had been so good to them when they were growing kids. Their deep concern touched me and I felt I had to find Rome for them if it was the last thing I ever did as a private investigator. They were fine, successful business people who wanted only to help their long-lost brother if he were in need.

In addition to this Rome's relatives were nice to me in many ways. In their Wichita, Kan., stamp and seal plant they cast for me a special solid gold detective badge with my name and that of the great state of Arizona engraved in beautiful blue enamel lettering. They sent me gifts, including a wonderful fingerprint outfit that they had on the market.

All this made me willing to share the reward money if it would help to locate Rome. Among other things I did to expedite the search was to use the services of the famous Skip Tracers, Inc., of New York City, which employs many missing persons investigators and has associates and correspondents in every part of the world.

Then, as a result of the splendid work of the Los Angeles Police Department's missing persons detail, I learned that Rome Renick had worked for a time in Southern California. Thus it definitely was established that Rome still was alive. This important information bolstered the morale of the Renick family.

But Rome still was not found. I was more determined than ever to restore him to his family. I needed a lead — but where could I possibly turn? I wracked my

brain desperately for an idea.

Now, there are many secrets and tricks in my profession that one must learn the hard way. Here I will reveal that in all my criminal and civil investigations I am guided "metaphysically" through nightly prayers. Just before I retire I sit on the edge of my bed, close my eyes and silently talk to God. I ask God for Divine Guidance so that I will know the proper action to take the next day. Sometimes visions appear in my sleep and at other times a sort of whispering inner voice tells me what move to make next. If no vision or inner voice comes to me after my particular metaphysical type of deep, long, silent prayer, I know I am to leave well enough alone, my last move is about to bear fruit.

Seeking a fresh lead in the Rome Renick case, I prayed nightly for guidance. One night I had a vision of a police fingerprint file card. I knew it was important but in exactly what way was not clear. Pondering over the meaning of the vision, I realized suddenly that one thing nobody had thought of so far was to check whether Rome's fingerprints were on file somewhere.

I investigated this possibility and learned that Renick had been picked up on some minor charge by the Sacramento and San Jose police many years before. He had been fingerprinted and I obtained a copy of those all-important prints from the Sacramento Police Identification Bureau. In spite of this and the fact that Renick used two different assumed names, I wish to make clear that he was not a criminal.

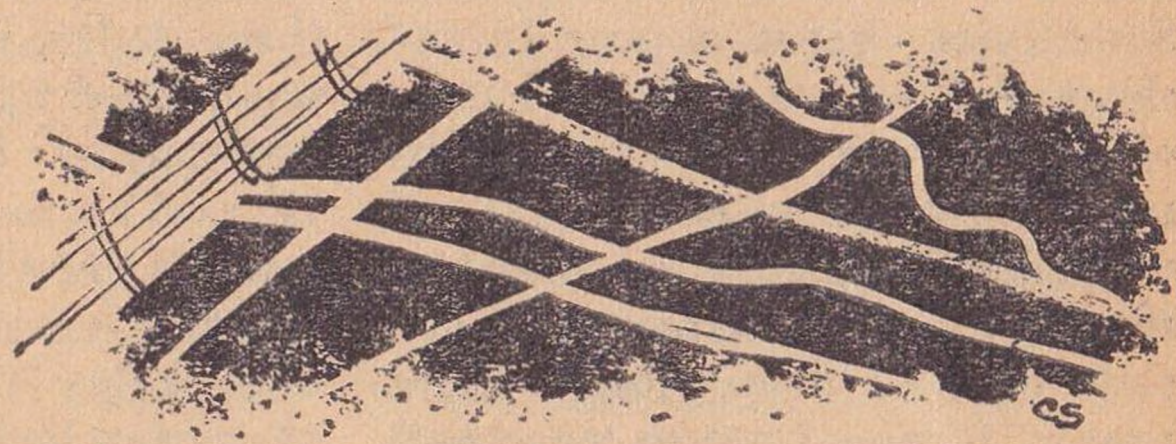
I had many copies of the fingerprints made and distributed all over the country with "stop" notices. A few months later a man was picked up for questioning by Sacramento Police Department. He said his name was John Anderson but when his fingerprints were checked it was found that he was none other than Rome Renick. My vision had paid off.

Sacramento Police Chief J. V. Hicks wired me that Rome Renick had been found. I wired Rome's brothers and sisters and one of the brothers immediately left Wichita, Kan., for Sacramento. Rome and his happy brother then flew back to Wichita for a family reunion.

It was a satisfactory end to a long and difficult search. I signed over a considerable amount of my reward money to the Sacramento Police Department. I felt I already had been more than amply rewarded — with the vision that had helped me solve the case.

DeLand's
SEVEN WIRES
Fight Frost

Deland could hear magnetism — and he developed a magnetic device to protect crops from killing freezes.



By Gaston Burridge

ONE of the first things I noticed about the DeLand Magnetic Control system was that it has seven wires!

Have you noticed how often the figure "7" enters into our lives? In religion, in art, in esoteric matters it appears to play an important role.

Probably, if John DeLand were living he could tell us why he needed seven wires. But he is not here. John D. DeLand died in June, 1951, at the age of 80. And all his wife, Hazel, knows about it is, "John said either five or seven wires were proper, but seven was best."

The power of magnetism has intrigued the imagination of man since he saw the first lodestone gathering iron dust. Science has learned a great deal about magnets and magnetism, but the force still is not completely understood. John DeLand learned about magnetic forces by *hearing* them as well as seeing their effects. Don't laugh — because that is exactly what he did!

DeLand was one of the early men to dog-sled over Chilkoot Pass into the Klondike during the gold rush of 1897. It was on these long, lonely treks that John DeLand saw and *heard* the splendor of the Aurora Borealis. John DeLand heard the sharp staccato of those powerful electro-magnetic disturbances and his dogs heard it also. Perhaps they felt it too. There were times when the dogs' hair stood straight up — and out — during these magnetic "storms". DeLand was never sure whether the dogs bristled because they were frightened and angry, or whether the actual force of the magnetic reaction pulled the dogs' hair literally on-end. Anyway, it was during this time, and later when DeLand was carrying the mail by dog team in the Yukon, that he began to wonder about these magnetic forces of our earth. He thought they should be used some way for man's betterment. Whether his accomplishments satisfied him we cannot know — but he made a good beginning. He set magnetism to work keeping frost away from citrus trees and fruit.

After 17 years of experimentation John DeLand perfected a device which would keep frost away from citrus trees and which was powered at no cost. This system works. Since 1949 several hundred acres of groves in California have been protected with the DeLand anti-frost system.

I visited Mrs. Hibbs in Riverside, Calif., and walked with her through her grove. We talked for two hours. She has had the DeLand device installed in five acres of her grove for more than five years. In another five acres the device has been operating for more than three years, and in the remaining five acres about two years.

I have some pictures of the device which operated in a grove in Garden Grove, Calif. They were taken in 1950 but this grove is now a residential subdivision and the device is pulled out.

There is evidence that an apparatus similar to DeLand's seven wires was tried in both Switzerland and Germany as long as 25 or 30 years ago. Apparently the devices used there were "successful" but too expensive. I am told that the special "magnet pack" used by DeLand is good, but much the same affect can be obtained by using a "copper brush" in its place at the end of the radial wires.

John DeLand was not a wizard. He just stuck to a problem until he licked it. He never became famous or rich, but it may be he left the world an idea. Time will tell.

Man has built civilization by using energy of one kind or another. Most energy stems from fire or heat, even atomic energy

uses heat at one point. John DeLand searched for another sort of energy – magnetic force.

We do not know how powerful magnetic force can be. At present, and compared to heat, electricity or atomic energy, it appears to be very mild. But perhaps we have not learned to *use* it!

John DeLand's device works not only when there is frost, but it works 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. It is silent and it is simple.

The DeLand system does not raise the *air temperature* of a grove. Thermometers under the DeLand towers record the same air temperatures as are recorded in the next grove which is unprotected by the system. Oranges lying on the ground under the towers will freeze. Thermometers stuck into the fruit itself sometimes show temperatures lower than freezing! What then, does the DeLand epuipment do to – or for – the fruit?

It appears the flow of the magnetic currents set up by the apparatus produce, within the trees themselves, a condition which does not allow "freezing" to take place. This is accomplished, it is believed, through a change in the flow of the sap in the tree itself. This sap is the "blood" of the tree.

It is not yet established whether the DeLand Device collects and distributes, to the trees, magnetic forces from air and earth. It may collect and distribute forces from the atmosphere, which in turn, have been collected from the cosmos. These atmospheric forces may be magnetic, electro-magnetic or static-electric. It is possible the DeLand system makes use of a method of combining earth and atmospheric forces hitherto unknown and unused.

It is not clearly understood what part magnetism plays in growth, either of plants or animals. If the efficacy of the DeLand device is any indication it plays a very important part. The bibliography of experiments covering the effects of magnetism on growth is long.

At the same time that the DeLand system protects citrus trees from frost damage it promotes the general well being of the plants within the area it covers. I have photographs taken by the noted photographer and author *(Lost Mines Of The Old West)*, Howard Clark, which show the luxuriant condition of both trees and plant life after temperatures had been at an "official" low of 20°F. One photograph shows a stalk of corn, growing about knee high in the shade of the grove trees, to be in vigorous health. Another photo shows young oats erect and untouched by a temperature of 20°.

The DeLand system, as set up for grove trees will not protect some vegetables from frost, even when they are planted among the

trees. Mr. DeLand was experimenting with the device to effect protection for these green vegetables at the time of his death. Mrs. DeLand believes her husband's experiments had proceeded to the point that there was little doubt such protection was possible. Possibly such equipment would consist of shorter towers, shorter ground wires, more magnets and more radial wires. There seems to be a direct relationship between the height of the towers and the height of the crop to be protected. Towers might be made of variable heights, depending upon the crop growth. Thus low towers could protect corn against late spring frosts and higher towers could protect it against early autumn freezes.

As constituted for citrus grove protection, the DeLand magnetic Frost Control system is composed of units. A unit protects one acre, or 43,560 square feet, or a field about 208 feet square. It costs about $350 per unit, including material and installation. However, this cost varies as to location and type of ground covered. Hill side groves can be as well protected by this device as those on flat ground, but installation costs on hills are higher. Maintenance for hill side locations is higher also because erosion exposes both ground wires and magnet-packs sooner than in level ground.

The tower, or mast, of the DeLand unit consists of three 12-foot lengths of standard galvanized steel pipe. The first length is of two inch pipe. It is set in a concrete foundation three feet deep. On top of this pipe is fastened, by means of a reducer, a length of one-and-one-half inch pipe. Atop the second pipe is a length of one inch pipe, also attached by a reducer. This tower must be set plumb.

Resting on each reducer, and on the mast-head itself, are 12-inch disks of water-proof, three-quarter inch thick plywood. Around the outer diameter of these disks are drilled seven holes. These holes are parallel to the outer mast and at right angles to the earth. They are about 51° apart around the disk.

Beginning at the top disk with an eight inch extension of wire parallel to the ground, seven, number 10 gauge, copper wires are strung through the holes of each disk, forming a cage around the mast. These wires are brought down and through the concrete of the foundation. From here they branch out in 18-inch deep trenches for 144 feet. These trenches also are dug at the 51° angle and they radiate from the mast's center.

One wire and one trench are set exactly magnetic north. This positioning is *very* important and is different for nearly every location. It must be made with a

transit and the assistance of a U. S. Geodetic Survey chart dealing with magnetic north positions. The trenches must be placed most carefully also. A transit is necessary here too. These placings are no job for a novice.

At the end of each 144 foot ground wire is placed a specially prepared and treated "Alnico 5" permanent magnet. Then the end of the wire is brought above ground and turned so it points toward its corresponding "other end" on the mast top. The actual content of the magnet-pack at the 144 foot distance is secret — so is the method of its "attachment" to the copper wire — so is the position of its north and south poles in relation to magnetic north — so is the protection given the magnet from moisture and corrosion. These are covered by "patent pending". There are other features of the system covered by other patents already granted John DeLand.

The unit has no other electrical or magnetic connection. It is activated by no other force. Its operation costs its owner nothing. However, when I interviewed Mrs. DeLand, she emphasized that the apparatus should be checked at least once a year — better, twice a year — to determine that it was functioning properly. It is important that the ground wires not be cut nor brought to the surface. Magnet-packs must be buried to operate properly. Tower wires must be kept intact and their ends in line with the ends attached to the ground magnets.

Mrs. DeLand also said that no other magnets can be added at other points in the system. To do so renders the system inoperative. Also, this system will not function if there are other *metal* pipes under it! Sub-irrigation pipes of concrete or clay do not interfere with the system's operation but metal pipes render the device useless.

Otherwise this system should last indefinitely. The magnet-pack should last at least 20 years. If perfectly sealed against moisture disintegration, there is no reason why it can not last much longer. Continued surfacing of the magnet-pack does it no good. Copper wire is used because it works best and lasts longer. Iron wire has been used successfully but in the earth it soon rusts out. Aluminum wire has been tried but its reaction with the soil acids renders it useless. Wooden masts have been tried but they are subject to termites, wind damage, and they warp out of shape, which is bad. Masts and disks should not be painted.

Mrs. DeLand showed me many colored photos taken after heavy freezes. These photos picture the DeLand protected groves side by side with unprotected groves next-door. Black and white photos

would have marked the difference and colored ones emphasized the dramatic difference. Following the heavy freezes the DeLand groves continued a rich, deep green. The unprotected groves had turned autumn brown!

The stimulating effect of the DeLand system on plant growth, was also indicated in these photographs. But I wanted more evidence than pictures. I wanted to see the machines on the ground.

I walked through Mrs. Hibbs' grove with her. It had been picked clean only a month before. The DeLand system makes it possible, Mrs. Hibbs told me, for her to "hold" her oranges on her trees for the last "pool". Thus, she not only gets bigger oranges but sweeter ones.

I found two oranges which the pickers had missed. They were still tight on their stems and came off the trees with a pull. Their color was rich. They were firm and not at all shriveled. Cut open, I found them full of juice even though they had remained hanging in the grove beyond their supposed peak of ripeness.

All evidence points to the fact that the DeLand system works wonderfully well.

It appears that John DeLand has pioneered in a new field. Its possibilities are great. In a world where populations continue to increase and food is an urgent matter agriculturists should not neglect DeLand's seven wires.

Perhaps the DeLand system is at least a partial answer to the problem of making each acre feed more and more persons with better and better food.



RELATED IN DEATH

ARCH R. Kimmick, 63, and Mrs. Marilyn May, each traveling on separate errands, were killed recently when their automobiles crashed head-on on Auburn Road, south of Chardon, O. They were father and daughter.



SKIPPY CAME HOME

AFTER having been missing for five months Skippy, a mongrel dog, returned to his owner, Martin Rubin of Mt. Clemens, Mich. Rubin was amazed to find his pet wearing a dog license issued at Fort Dodge, Iowa. He said he couldn't explain how Skippy made the 600-mile trip from Iowa to Michigan.

She saw the dead man dangling from the rope in the hayloft — but he was nowhere to be seen when others came to investigate.



the Hanging Spectre

By Miriam Grinstead

It was in the summer of 1912 that my parents decided to move into town. Our farm was near the small village of Penn, in Norway Township, North Dakota. Our family was a large one, five girls and two boys. Educational opportunities in the country were not adequate for the older children so my father bought a house on Second Street in the city (population 6,000) of Devils Lake.

Our old house had been built by a pioneer when the Dakotas were still a Territory. It was originally constructed as a hotel and so was a huge rambling building, with a two-story stable in the rear. We kept a riding pony but that year my dad also bought a Maxwell automobile, so part of the barn was rebuilt to make a garage. The upper floor was a hayloft and there was plenty of room there for romping and games.

My oldest brother, John, of high school age, discovered a big hook fastened into the ceiling of the loft. He decided to put up a swing for the younger children. He got another hook of the same

size, and unto these two hooks he fastened a good stout rope. I remember with what anticipation we watched him cut the grooves into the piece of wood that was to be the seat in this wonderful swing.

On rainy days we were sent up to the loft to work off some of the noisy energy with which healthy children are so well endowed.

At this time I was eight years old and a healthy normal child like the others in my family. One morning quite early I was, for some reason, alone. I thought it would be fun to go and have a swing all by myself. I scurried up the ladder that led to the loft. I was still eating a piece of toast carried away from the breakfast table as I entered through the opening in the floor.

The sight that met my eyes made me nearly choke on a mouthful of toast. Half-blinded and coughing, I was transfixed with horror.

For there, dangling from the original hook in the ceiling, was a man. His face was horribly contorted, black, with eyes protruding! There was no sign of our beloved swing, only the rope that was stretched taut with the weight of his body. He was swaying and whirling slowly. He was certainly *dead!*

It seemed ages that I stood there speechless. Then at last the flood-gates of terror overcame my stunned inertia and I began to scream. I had started to creep backward down the ladder, screaming, when my oldest sister, Agnes, came running from the house. Shaking with fear and weeping miserably I dropped down into her arms. For a while I couldn't explain what had so frightened me. Later when her soothing voice had calmed me somewhat, I blurted out the cause of my agony. She turned pale but she was a brave character so she firmly climbed up the ladder to see for herself. I waited shivering below, expecting her to rejoin me in terror equal to my own.

My astonishment can be imagined when she came back down with an angry look on her face. "What kind of a trick do you think you're playing? Of all the naughty things you've ever done, this is the worst. You will have to go into the house and tell Mama that you have told a lie!" she declared.

Despair held me silent all the way to the house. Once there, with our impartial mother as judge, I affirmed and repeated what I had seen. Of course, Mother had more faith in the eldest sister who besides being sensible, was known and loved for her truthfulness. But still it was evident that I had been through a dreadful ordeal.

The consequence was that all three of us returned to the stable

and up to the loft. My relief at finding nothing there but our innocent swing, quietly waiting, was mixed with chagrin at being put so plainly in the wrong. Mother was puzzled. She was worried also. She felt of my forehead and took my pulse, then and there, thinking that I must be sick and feverish. I, meantime, kept insisting that there had been a dead man hanging from our swing hook when I first entered the loft. I would not retract my statement. It had been too real and horrifying.

The upshot was that we were forbidden to play in the hayloft for the time being, and I was held responsible for this by the other children.

In the weeks that followed I continued to be upset. At night I would start out of a sound sleep shaking with a strange chill. These night terrors finally became so acute that a light was left on in the bedroom I shared with my sister Marie, two years older than I. That ghastly vision haunted me so that I would cry out in my sleep or else talk at random. I lost weight and color and grew so nervous that I jumped at the slightest unexpected sound.

We were a religious family and placed great importance on truthfulness. I lived under a cloud, knowing that I was suspected of telling an untruth. And my final vindication, instead of calming my nerves, left me with fears and fancies that I suppose will always be a part of me.

Agnes, who had come running to me on the day I saw the hanged man, had been out for a pony ride on old Tom. On her return she found that his feed bin was empty. So she climbed up to the loft to toss down some fresh hay for him. The instant her head was above floor level she was confronted by the same apparition that I had seen. She lost her footing and fell from the ladder. Her screams brought our big brother, John, running into the barn. Crying and shaken, she told the same story I had told. Fortunately she was not hurt by her fall.

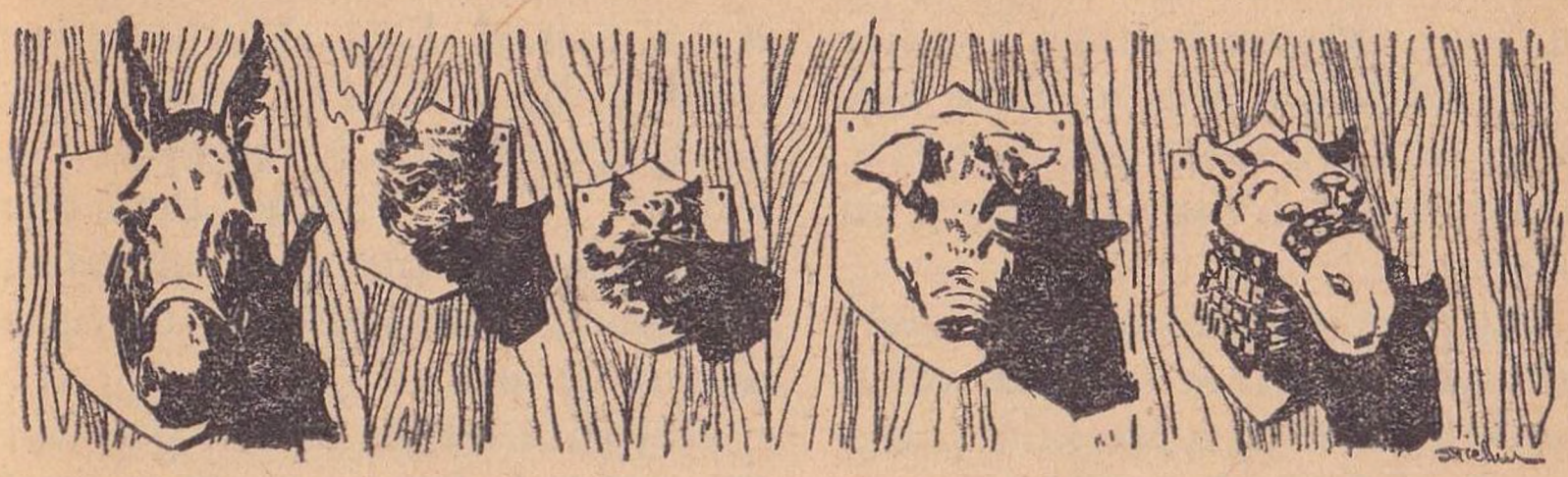
Now there was no denying it — the loft was haunted.

My father made investigations among the older residents of Penn and learned that many years before an itinerant, staying at the hotel (as it was then), had committed suicide by hanging himself from the hook in the loft. For many years thereafter this hanging ghost was seen by different persons at various times. He came to be known as an unpleasant hazard.

For all I know he is still there.

Our family are now scattered to different parts of the world. My sister Agnes, who shared my first sight of the ghost with me, now lives in Los Angeles. I enclose a statement from her verifying the truth of this experience.

ANIMALS that made their owners RICH



A kick from a donkey and a pig falling into a pit were twists of fate that resulted in great wealth.

By John Sidney

LAST year a cat at Keston, England, brought home diamonds! Ginnie, the ginger cat, came back limping from a walk in the woods. Ginnie's owner, Mrs. Winifred Mansell, examined her left forepaw to see what the trouble was and took out of it what appeared to be two small pieces of glass.

After a second look, she called her husband, Mr. Ivor Mansell, a building contractor.

"Could these be diamonds?" she asked.

Mr. Mansell laughed.

But Mrs. Mansell polished the two bits of glass and took them to a jeweller. He said they were diamonds, very finely cut, and worth about 100 dollars each.

Mrs. Mansell reported her find to the police. They tried to trace possible owners of the stones, kept them for a month during which no claimant appeared, and then handed them back to Mrs. Mansell.

For months afterwards Mrs. Mansell examined Ginnie's paws but she found no more diamonds. Somewhere in the wood at Keston almost certainly there are more diamonds, for it seems unlikely that Ginnie trod on the only two.

In 1948 Mrs. Palmer of the Blue Anchor Hotel, Croydon,

England, bought an Australian frozen rabbit. She gave the liver to Ricky, her dog.

He spat out something which Mrs. Palmer thought at first was a piece of glass. When she picked it up she saw it was a perfectly cut stone. She took it to a jeweller who told her it was a white sapphire worth 150 dollars. Mrs. Palmer had her find mounted in a ring.

Animals – even such unlikely creatures as mules – have often played a leading part in the discovery of untold wealth.

A well-placed kick by a mule was responsible for the discovery of a fabulously rich Bunker Hill silver mine in Idaho. A disconsolate prospector and his mule were making their way across a stony hill. It was 120° in the water-bag and the mule "crasser" than the usual run of mules. The prospector stopped in the shade of a rock ledge and delivered himself of some fiery opinions of prospecting in general and mules in particular.

Mules don't like to be talked about in that manner. This one curled its lip and let fly with both heels. It scored a direct hit on the man's belly. It followed up with another double kick which struck the rock edge over the man's head knocking off a chunk of rock which rolled conveniently near the now sitting prospector. He picked it up intending to throw it at the mule, but the training of a lifetime asserted itself. That piece of stone lay too heavy in the hand!

He peered at it and saw the glorious dull gleam of silver!

In Northern Michigan a surveyor named E. J. Hulbert was finding the route for a road in a newly settled area. He stopped at a settler's cabin, learned that one of the farmer's pigs had strayed in the woods, and offered to help him recapture it.

Hulbert and the farmer pursued the animal for some time and eventually traced it to a deep hole in the forest floor. Hulbert hopped down into the pit to grab the animal and his eye caught on treasure. The pig had fallen into an old Indian copper mine. Copper lay all about in large lumps. For many years that accidental find was the richest copper mine in the world.

A mongrel dog he had befriended made John Thorburn Williamson, a Canadian, the richest man in the world – richer than the Aga Khan or any Indian Maharajah. Williamson owns 600 acres in Tanganyika which are estimated to hold 6,000,000,000 dollars worth of diamonds!

Williamson arrived in Mwadui, Tanganyika, 10 years ago. He was broke after five years' fruitless search for diamonds. The dog he had befriended scratched the soil near a baobab tree and dug up a

glassy stone which Williamson recognized as a real diamond.

There were many other stones in that patch of soil, including the priceless 54-carat pink diamond which he presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

Williamson now is content to dig up 10,000,000 dollars worth of diamonds in a year. He works a 16-hour day.

In 1923 an Alaskan gold rush started when a miner's eye caught the gleam of gold between the toes of a dog. He spread the dog's toes and out fell a tiny nugget. He found where the dog had been trying to dig out a badger. There the soil was full of small alluvial nuggets, "thick as plums in a pudding". He pegged out a claim that yielded him 1,000,000 dollars worth of gold.

Another dog's interest in badgers made a fortune for his owner. A Montana badger hunter was inspecting his traps one day when his dog tried to help by scratching at the mouth of a badger hole. The man started digging too when he saw that the dog was scraping up pieces of blue-green stone which glittered in the light.

Like the Alaskan miner, he staked his claim and found he owned one of the world's richest sapphire ledges. The stones the dog dug up were sold to a New York jeweller for 2,400 dollars — first of the many checks the dog's lucky owner was to receive.

In 1915 a gold prospector named Hutchison and his young son were camped in the desert country of South Australia. They rode camels and one morning as they broke camp the boy picked up a stone to throw at a camel. It flashed in the sunlight and the boy showed it to his father.

Hutchison took it to an expert who said it was an opal, but of poor quality. Hutchinson told others of his find and thought little more about it — until two other prospectors went out to the spot and found a pocket of opals worth 50,000 dollars. A rush started and during the next few years 3,000,000 dollars worth of opals were taken from the field, later known as Cooper Pedy.

The reverse of this story of lucky finds by animals is that of a mistimed swing of a pick which robbed a Nevada prospector and his brother of great wealth. Working on a silver claim William Gosch injured himself with the pick. His brother took him to a nearby town for medical aid. But nothing could be done to avert the blood-poisoning which had set in. Gosch died. His brother gave up the claim. Some years later two men, Reilly and McLaughlin, swung a pick on the same claim and found a rich reef of silver.

However, the hoodoo still persisted. A man named Comstock went into partnership with Reilly

and McLaughlin and later sold his share for a few hundred dollars.

That mine was to be worth over 15,000,000 dollars a year. Grief-stricken at having parted so cheaply with a great fortune, Comstock shot himself.

HOUSE OF TERROR

After Frank Pell, 31, and his wife and five children moved into a pleasant, newly decorated old house on Coxwell Road in Birmingham, England, they were waked in the night by the slamming of doors. Pell said he investigated but found no explanation.

Then the Pells heard loud raps from the ceiling above the kitchen. The raps started around 10:20 every night and continued for several minutes. Relatives and friends also heard the raps.

At the same time unpleasant odors that came and went mysteriously were noticed in different parts of the house. At almost hourly intervals the temperature of the bedroom above the kitchen dropped inexplicably. In addition strange whispering sounds were head upstairs.

One morning the Pells woke to find their month-old baby dead of suffocation, although Mrs. Pell said it had been a hot night and the bed covers had been thrown back. A few days later four-year-old Alan Pell told his parents of a small white dog that often came and sat on his bed. He said he saw the dog sitting on the baby's face the night it died.

The Pells had been on the housing list of the Birmingham Council for two years before they were able to rent the house and they were determined to remain. They summoned a priest to exorcise the house. The priest heard the whispering and, when they continued after his ritual, he advised the Pells to leave.

One morning a few weeks later Pell saw his wife standing at the top of the stairs, her mouth open as though screaming. He attempted to run up the stairs to her but an "invisible barrier" stopped him. He was able to continue up the stairs only after he gripped the bannister and heaved against the barrier with all his strength.

An ex-paratrooper with 40 drops to his credit, Pell decided this was the last straw. He left the house with his wife and children and moved in with relatives.



THE CHILD

who was

FOUR CENTURIES OLD

The little Japanese girl wore garments of superb brocade — but why was the style and design of a long-gone era?

By a U. S. Army Major

As told to Ven. Robert Stuart Clifton

THE station platform at Okazaki was rather depressing. Like so many other interurban stations in the Tokyo, Yokohama, Kamakura area its small waiting-room was unheated and cheerless. We were the only passengers to descend at the village of fewer than 1,000 residents.

The immediate surroundings did nothing, in the damp chill of a late October morning, to lift our somewhat sagging spirits. But we consoled ourselves with the thought that, in all lands, house-hunting is likely to be a dolorous procedure and fraught with many disappointments. Rather cynically we set out to traverse the some 200 yards to the line of half a dozen stores, mostly food shops, which seemed to comprise Okazaki's shopping center.

Once we had passed through the

shopping lane the view became considerably reassuring and quite at variance with the first impression we had gained from the station platform.

At right angles to the shopping lane there was a delightful little street lined with small houses which seemed to have been taken bodily from some old Hiroshige print. Except for electric lighting standards at three points, no slightest touch of modernity could be detected. Pleased with our discovery and wishing to savor its charm to the full, we sauntered slowly toward what seemed to be the end of the small street, only to find that what appeared to be a dead-end was actually a sharp curve eastward. It was when we made this eastward turn that we knew our long search was over.

We stopped short and fed our hungry eyes with a view which seemed to have come out of some amazing time-machine capable of bringing before 20th century gaze a scene from Japan's ancient feudal period. Not even an electric lighting standard or fire-hydrant marred the perfect picture of what apparently had been, in ages past, a monastery compound. One side of the quadrangle was occupied by a large temple, grey with age and lichen-trimmed. Tall granite lanterns graced the areaway immediately before the temple and a huge incense burner, seemingly hewn from a granite monolith, was centered between the two lanterns. A graceful spiral of grey-blue smoke and the not-to-be-mistaken odor of sandalwood, gave evidence that some pious villager had paused to make offering to the Heavenly Powers in general before entering the temple to render homage to some specific Divine Power.

While we were pondering whether to enter the temple or to knock at the door of some dwelling and seek information about possible houses for rent, the village priest emerged from the temple and gave a dustcloth a vigorous shaking. An eye-closing smile lighted his face when he caught sight of us. He invited us to come in and inspect the interior. Taking firm grip on our painfully acquired Army-Navy Y.M.C.A. conversational Japanese, we went through the customary polite exchanges, making plain that our command of the language was limited indeed. By combining the priest's scant knowledge of English with our almost infantile Japanese, and by dint of liberal use of imagination, we gained some slight knowledge of the temple and its treasures. A seated image of Oshakasama (Gotama Buddha), the central object of veneration, was flanked by the two most commonly met bodhisattva images, Kwannon, the Compassionate One, and Dai Seishi, the Embodiment of Wisdom. Several other images occupied subordinate

positions at side shrines. All were in lacquered polychrome and seemingly of great age, although our limited comprehension of the system of dating used by the priest prevented our grasping any exact idea on that point. Then, too, our interest in such matters came to an abrupt halt when the monk told us, in answer to our query about a vacant house, that there was one house in the village which was seldom occupied by the owner, who preferred the more exciting life of the capital. He said that conceivably the house might be rented.

His Reverence offered to accompany us to the house and explain our purposes to the caretaker. Donning a cape and a quaint little hat bearing some resemblance to the G.I. trench cap, he led us across the quadrangle and pulled the bell cord at a gate set in a wall of plastered wattle, of a type once reserved for the compounds of temples and the houses of nobility and samurai. A somewhat sharp-featured woman of perhaps 60 years finally opened the gate and bowed respectfully to the priest and, it seemed to us, less respectfully to the two Americajin who had disturbed her preoccupation with what was obviously a first-class toothache. Contrasting oddly with her aquiline features was a jaw so badly swollen that it resembled a Hood River apple.



Ven. Robert Stuart Clifton

The Venerable Robert Stuart Clifton (Phra Sumangalo), who relates this true story just as he heard it, was born in 1902, in Alabama. When he was 13 years old he was converted to Buddhism.

He attended Columbia University, Chicago University, the Language Institute of Paris, and the National University of Mexico. He took special courses at the University of California in psychology and sociology.

In 1933 he was ordained a Buddhist priest, second class, at San Francisco. In 1934 he was raised to priest, first class, at Kyoto, Japan, by Prince Patriarch of Nishi Hongwanji. In 1952 he was given the rank of the purple robe, Sojo or Bishop, and in 1954, on his third visit to Japan he was elevated to Dai Sojo, Archbishop.

He lives in Bangkok, Siam, where he is professor of English and English Literature at the Royal Buddhist University.

This story, The Child Who Was Four Centuries Old, was told to him by a United States Army Major and his wife.

When he is in Japan for a good stay in 2501 (1957) he plans to undertake a scientific investigation of the appearances of "the child".

At once my wife's tender heart was touched and her purse yielded a pocket-size box of aspirins, bought only the day before on the Ginza. The gift and the obvious kindliness that prompted the gift seemed to put the suffering old woman into a somewhat better frame of mind. She invited us in for a cup of tea. In place of the usual polite conversation one expects in all one's dealings with the Japanese, the toothache prompted the caretaker to come to the point at once and make plain that the house could be bought or rented, as one pleased. The name, address and telephone number of the owner were supplied, a small gift of "medicine money" was pressed on the now considerably brightened old woman and we took our departure.

The hospitable and kindly priest insisted that we take tea with him and, knowing that we had almost an hour before the return train would arrive, we enjoyed his tea, his company and his recountal of the village history. A somewhat amorphous understanding was reached that, in case we succeeded in renting the house which seemed more desirable to us with each passing moment, we would exchange language lessons with the amiable priest and he would undertake to smooth our way with the villagers.

A multitude of questions plagued our minds on the journey back to Tokyo. In view of the desirability of the house would the rental be within the pay of a major, U.S. Army? Would the owner insist on renting the house furnished? Would our scant command of the language enable us to make out all right far from post exchanges and the bi-lingual clerks in downtown Tokyo shops? Would servant hire be a problem in the little hamlet? Wishful thinking disposed of all these problems and we permitted ourselves a certain elation at the prospect of getting out of the razzle-dazzle, honkey-tonk atmosphere of frenetic Tokyo where we had put in two rather hectic years.

My army assignment could be done better in a quiet locale than in a downtown office. Once or twice a week at the most it was necessary for me to report at headquarters. That slight amount of commutation would offer no problem. The constant interruptions at our home in Tokyo's "Lincoln Heights" created quite a problem for one who needed undisturbed calm for analysis of certain statistics. It was still early in the afternoon when we arrived at Ueno station and we decided to go at once to seek the owner of the Okazaki house.

One week later our goods and chattels, Lares and Penates, had been settled in the Okazaki house. The caretaker had been retained,

minus one tooth, to act as housemaid and laundress. A buxom daughter of a shopkeeper had been engaged as cook and handy-girl. We had formed connections with the shops and were going through the process of being nine-day wonders to the villagers. Every Saturday evening was set aside for language exchange with the village priest and we were in a happier frame of mind than had been our previous lot for some two years in Tokyo. Within a month we were accepted as if we always had been a part of the life of Okazaki and, far from the constant round of cocktail parties, luncheons, dinners, golf tournaments, dances and receptions which we had had to endure for so long in the capital, I began to accomplish far more in one week than I had formerly been able to get done in three.

Then the child came into our lives.

We never had any name for her except just "the child" and, at first, we took it for granted that she was the daughter of some one of the houses around the village square. Our first encounter took place when we went to make color films of the interior of the temple. The priest and my wife set up floodlights and we were particularly pleased with our efforts. The last portion of the interior to be filmed was the side shrine on the left of the main altar. It was then that I noticed the little girl sitting on the pedestal of one of the bodhisattva statues. She was holding on, rather trustingly and affectionately it seemed, to the draperies of the image.

The priest volunteered the information that the statue was a favorite bodhisattva. He and my wife got the floodlights rearranged so that I could finish my filming. I was a bit apprehensive that the glare would hurt the child's eyes, but seemingly, no such hurt occured, even though the child appeared to be looking directly into the lights. I wanted to finish my small store of film and get the reels off to Honolulu for developing. I noted the colorfulness of the child's clothing and made sure that I included her in some footage.

On our way home I mentioned the odd fact that the lights had not seemed to annoy the child and was a trifle surprised that my wife had not noticed the youngster. However, we were long overdue a letter from our 14-year-old son at school in The States and I knew his mother was always a bit preoccupied when "junior" was remiss in writing us. The reels were packaged and posted to Honolulu and I thought no more about the little girl.

Late November and early December were rainy and cold. Only rarely was there a sunny day. My wife was occupied with Christmas

packages and I worked at an end-of-year report. Then the color films were returned from Honolulu.

After supper we set up screen and projector and enjoyed the reels in their chronological order. The temple interior pictures were especially good and we were quite pleased with them; so pleased, in fact, that I showed them a second time and was about to rewind the film when suddenly I remembered the child. But she was not in the pictures. I called my wife's attention to this strange fact but she attached no importance at all to the matter and pointed out that the child could very well have moved out of range while I was making adjustments. I was certain I had "shot" the child and yet — no child was on the film! Had I not been very busy that week and a bit tired, I might have been more than considerably puzzled over the strange incident but my wife's explanation seemed to be the only sane one and I dismissed the matter from thought.

Five days before Christmas the sun came out strongly, the mists rapidly cleared away and an almost spring-like atmosphere prevailed. My report was finished. My wife's Christmas preparations were completed and we were both in the mood to sit in the welcome sunshine and just relax. Two deck chairs provided almost sybaritic luxury and I dozed off for a few minutes, only to be awakened by my wife's voice. She shook me gently and called my attention to a beautiful child coming down the garden path. It was the little girl I had filmed in the temple. She was wearing the identical clothing I had noted then. I explained this fact to my wife and we called to the child to invite her to come to us. Slowly, yet smilingly, she came and stood beside my deck chair. She stroked the tweed of my jacket as if she found the material strange and unknown. When we spoke to her there was no response other than a winning smile. Neither of us had ever seen such a strange little girl. Her eyes were wells of sadness and an expression of utter loneliness was unmistakably imprinted on her face. That sad-eyed loneliness was all the more marked by contrast with the winsome smile on her little face. My wife got a box of freshly arrived Christmas-gift chocolates from America and offered the little girl the box. The only response was another smile but no word. I opened the box and took a handful of tinsel wrapped chocolates and held them out to the child. Again no response other than the pleased smile. The little girl's sole desire seemed just to be near us and to hold onto my jacket in much the same manner that she had held onto the lacquered draperies of the statue when I photo-

graphed her in the temple.

Suddenly it struck me that it was impossible for the child to have opened the gate of our compound. The latch was much above her reach and I was positive the gate was closed at the time of her arrival. I called this fact to my wife's attention and asked if she had seen the gate open. She had become aware of the child only when she was halfway down the garden path. This point, too, we soon overlooked in our interest in the exquisite garments the child wore. In no silk shop we had ever visited had we seen such superb brocades. I took a pencil and envelope from my pocket and sketched the designs of the fabric. The child seemed pleased by our interest and stretched out her little hands in order that we might make a closer examination of the sleeves. We took those tiny hands in ours and were appalled at their clammy coldness. The fabric of the rich garments seemed equally clammy and we were indignant at the thought of parents who permitted careless servants to put damp clothing on such a delicate child. We took comfort in the fact that the warm sunshine would soon put some warmth into those cold hands and dry the clothing.

The gate-bell jangled and old Fujitsubo, the elder servant, went to answer it. The postman had left some letters. She handed them to me silently and went back into the house before we could think to ask her as to the child's identity. The stacks of Christmas cards engaged our attention for a few minutes and when we looked up from them the child was gone.

The following evening the priest came after supper for our weekly exchange of language lessons. We mentioned the child to him and gave a close description. He was puzzled and could think of no such child in the village. Only a dozen families were sufficiently wealthy to dress a child so lavishly and none of them had a daughter of anywhere near age three. I took out my sketches of the brocade designs and he recognized them at once as being the crest of the ———— clan, now extinct.

The head of that clan, at a time almost four centuries past, had erected the temple as a memorial to all the deceased members of his clan for all time and, in his deed of gift, had specified that no one not a member of the clan was ever to have his ashes interred in the temple's burial ground. The temple used the clan crest as its own mon or emblem. At the monk's request I sketched for him the style of garment worn by the little girl. He was able to identify it as the court dress of children of the nobility some four centuries past. We told him of my attempt to include the child in the films of the temple interior and the lack

of result. He was sure he would have remembered if a child had been present, especially such an unusual child.

The priest was a graduate of one of Japan's better universities. My wife and I both are university people, and my own training was along scientific lines. The three of us toyed with the notion of an apparition, but more for amusement than any other reason. We were sure there was some rational explanation concerning this strange child and that, eventually, we should discover the facts of the case. However, just when we were priding ourselves on being modern and scientific and quite without superstition, old Fujitsubo came in with tea. We remembered to ask her about the child who was with us in the garden the day before when she handed us the letters. Imaginativeness was not one of Fujitsubo's strong traits. She looked at us incredulously and flatly declared that no child was in the garden at that time.

My wife said that she did not feel quite well and asked if she might be excused to go to bed.

Winter was a long-drawn out affair and spring was cheerless with almost no sunshine. It was late in April before I saw the child again. On the first day of sunshine my wife had gone into Tokyo for shopping and I was lazily lounging in my canvas deck chair enjoying the belated sunshine. My mind was busily engaged with a problem and I was anything but drowsy. My gaze was turned in the direction of the garden gate, the only way of ingress into our compound. That it neither opened nor closed I am sure. Yet, suddenly, there was a gentle tug at my sleeve and there was the child! The same sad little smile, the same cold hands, the same clamminess to the same garments. The gate opened and my wife came in with a huge furoshiki of purchases. Seeing me she talked to me all the way from the gate to my side. It was a certainty to me that the child was not visible to her. Then the little girl simply wasn't there. One moment she had been stroking my coat sleeve and the succeeding moment my wife and I had the garden to ourselves. I decided to say nothing to my wife, at least not at that time.

It was more than a month before I saw the child again and that was when I had gone to the temple to search for the priest. As I passed by the bodhisattva images of the side shrine I saw the little girl sitting in the gloom holding onto the drapery of the bodhisattva image. In the faint light I could barely discern the warm smile she gave me. Then the priest came in and, once more, the child simply wasn't there.

I related the incident to him and he appeared lost in thought for a few moments. Then he

asked me to show exactly which of the statues the child favored. This I did. The monk asked me if I knew the identity of the bodhisattva represented by the image. I told him I had no faintest idea.

"This is Jizo, the Friend and Protector of Little Dead Children" he told me. I noted a queasy feeling shortly thereafter and, hastily concluding my errand at the temple, went home. At supper, my wife noted my lack of appetite and the preoccupied look on my face and pressed for an explanation of what ailed me. Had I paused to remember that she was going through a somewhat trying period in life and was inclined to be nervous and distraught, I'd have invented some plausible story to cover my lack of appetite and state of mind. Unwisely, I told her of the encounter with the child in the temple and also of the other visit the little girl made on the day my wife had gone shopping. The next day I had to get an army medic out to prescribe for my wife. She remained in bed for almost a week and then slowly regain possession of herself.

The good weather came eventually and abundant sunshine. We sat in the garden on many days and enjoyed the sunshine. Two months went by and there was no sign of the child. We had put the matter of the little girl out of our minds and were our normal selves.

One day in a moment of jollity my wife decided to bake some apple pies and introduce the village to a typical American dessert. After our own luncheon she took one of the pies and went to deliver it in person. The shortest way to the priest's quarters lay through the temple. As she told it to me weeks later, she was about to pass by the side shrine when suddenly she felt a cold little hand grasping hers. Filled with a nameless horror she compelled herself to look down. Of course, it was the little girl. I shall always be glad that my wife's instinctive kindliness overpowered her almost paralyzing fear of this apparition from out of our bourne of time and space. She knelt and talked to the child and stroked her musty clothing. She had the presence of mind to place the pie carefully on the tatami. Then she lost consciousness.

One of the villagers came running for me and, presently, we were able to walk my wife home and help her into bed.

"George, George, take me home to the States," she begged, over and over through the night.

We are back home now and the permission to publish this story is given solely on the ironclad promise that no true identities are to be revealed; that all details likely to give a clue as to persons, places and time are to be replaced with misleading details.

It is good to be home in Kansas.

HOW to READ HANDS

Your palm's Line of Health is a barometer of your physical condition, Mr. Bashir says. What does yours tell you?

By Mir Bashir

THIS is the sixth installment in the detailed study of the hands. You are ready now to examine the Line of Health, also known as the Line of Liver (Fig. 1). As its name suggests, this is something of the nature of a barometer of its owner's health. It is also one of the most changeable lines of the hand and it should be studied to ascertain more or less the current state of physical well-being.

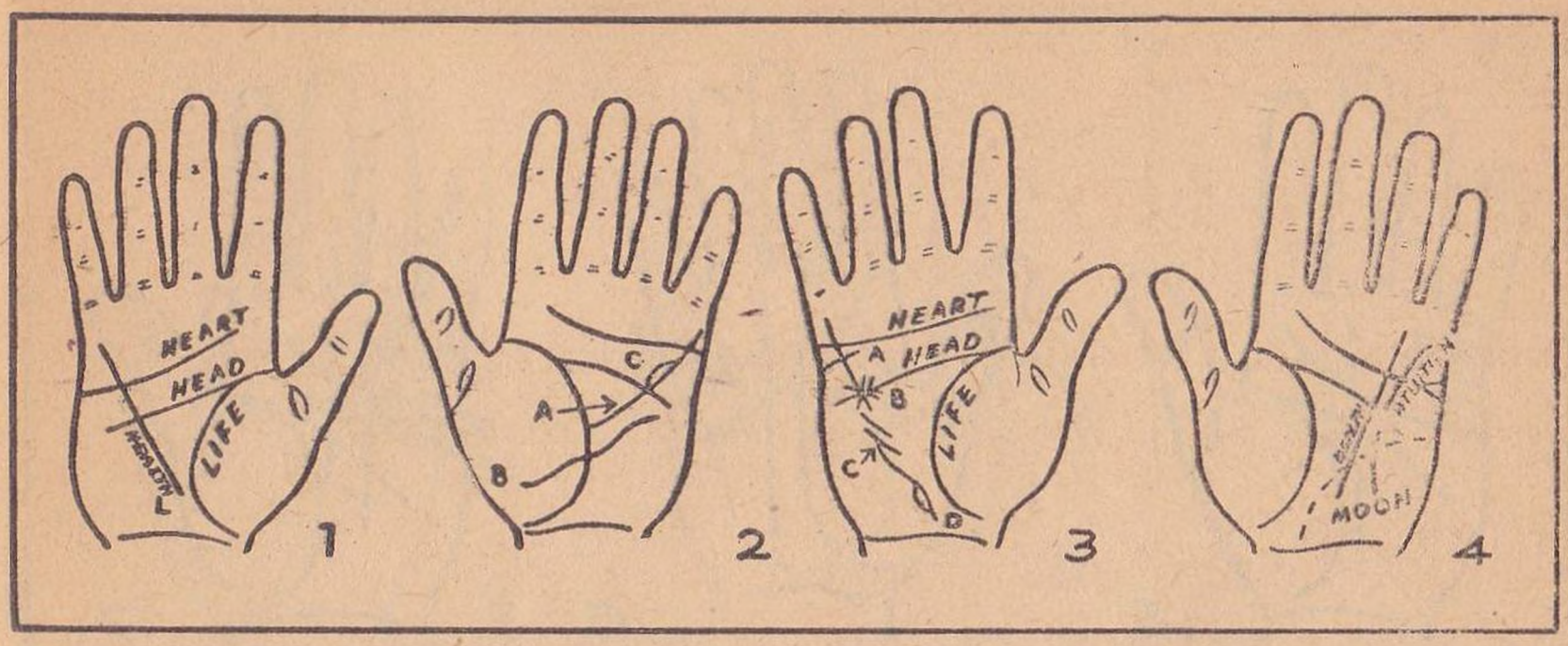
Though some hand analysists think differently it is generally accepted that it begins near the wrist, crosses the palm surface on a slant and terminates below the little finger. This is the case when it is normal.

Whenever this line is well marked in the hand, it speaks of an awareness of need for care of health and physical fitness. Its owner seems unable to forget his bodily well-being and tends to be over careful in the use of energies. In the main, a distinct and long Line of Health which is free from any malformations, suggests good health and active disposition.

When it is completely absent it is a sure sign that its owner needs hardly worry about his health. He is able to undertake extra work, to tax his energies when the occasion demands. It is a good augury to have no Line of Health.

When it begins from the Life Line (Fig. 2-A) it denotes digestive weakness which is normally accompanied by palpitation. Its owner is apt to be apprehensive and taut and usually has to be careful about his diet, hours of work, sleep and other factors associated with the maintenance of physical fitness. There is a strong predisposition to suffer from acidity and bilious complaints. However, the heart itself is sound.

If the Health Line begins from the Mount of Venus and cuts through the Life Line (Fig. 2-B) its indication is much worse. If it is stronger than the Life Line at the point of crossing, it is an



Distinct, long Line of Health, Fig. 1, suggests good health. Line of Health in Fig. 2-A denotes digestive weakness, tension; in 2-B it shows danger to health. Island in 2-C denotes internal illness. Bar in 3-A shows weak digestion. Star in 3-B indicates sterility. Lines of Health and Intuition as in Fig. 4 should not be confused.

ominous sign and indicates serious danger to health. Medical attention and careful living are essential in such a case.

In some cases the Line of Health seems to originate from the area of the Mount of Moon (Fig.4). Another rather unusual line is the Line of Intuition which also begins from the palm in the shape of a bow. Care should be exercised in delineating the Line of Health from the Line Of Intuition.

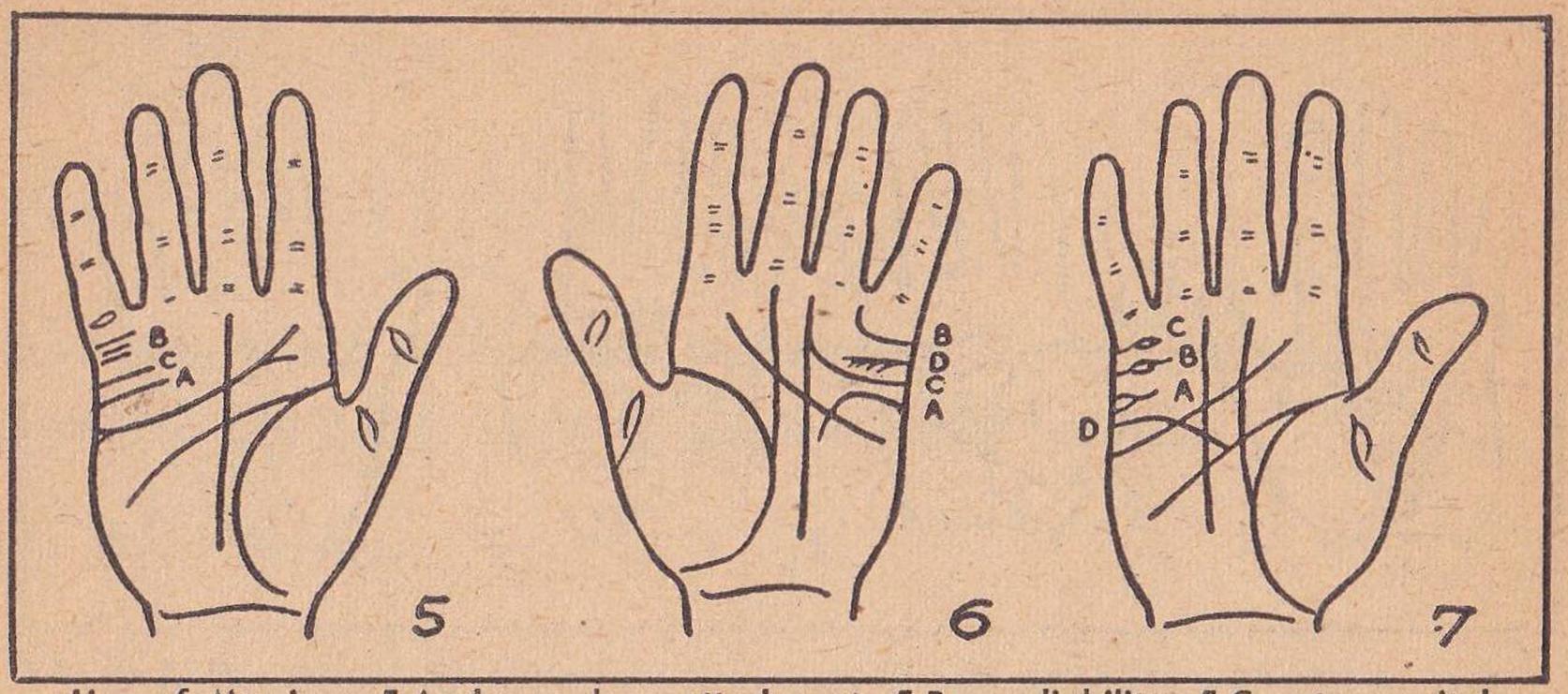
When it begins thus, it shows freedom from worries about health. It also suggests a healthy digestive system and a tendency to be cheerful and active.

When the Health Line is made up of overlapping pieces (Fig. 3-C), it is an ill omen for it denotes a poor state of health, the digestive system and the liver being the main centers of trouble. The owner of such a line scarcely ever feels well, is devoid of stamina and his store of energy is low. He misses the zest of life.

When the Health Line is wavy (Fig. 2-B) it denotes extreme biliousness which is prone to cause a good deal of discomfort and bad health. A deep bar across the Line of Health betrays weak digestion. (Fig. 3-A).

When the Health Line begins from a neat large island, it speaks of a tendency toward somnabulism (Fig. 3-D). Its owner is sure to be a sleep walker and as such should be carefully watched and kept out of harms way.

An island during the course of the Health Line however, (Fig. 2-C) denotes internal illness, the trouble lasting so long as the island continues.



Line of Marriage 5-A shows deep attachment; 5-B unreliability; 5-C extra-marital attachment. Line of Marriage 6-A shows owner will outlive partner; 6-B will remain single; 6-C will marry rich; 6-D lack of marital happiness. 7-A shows early separation; 7-B late separation; 7-C a divorce; 7-D loss of prestige through marriage.

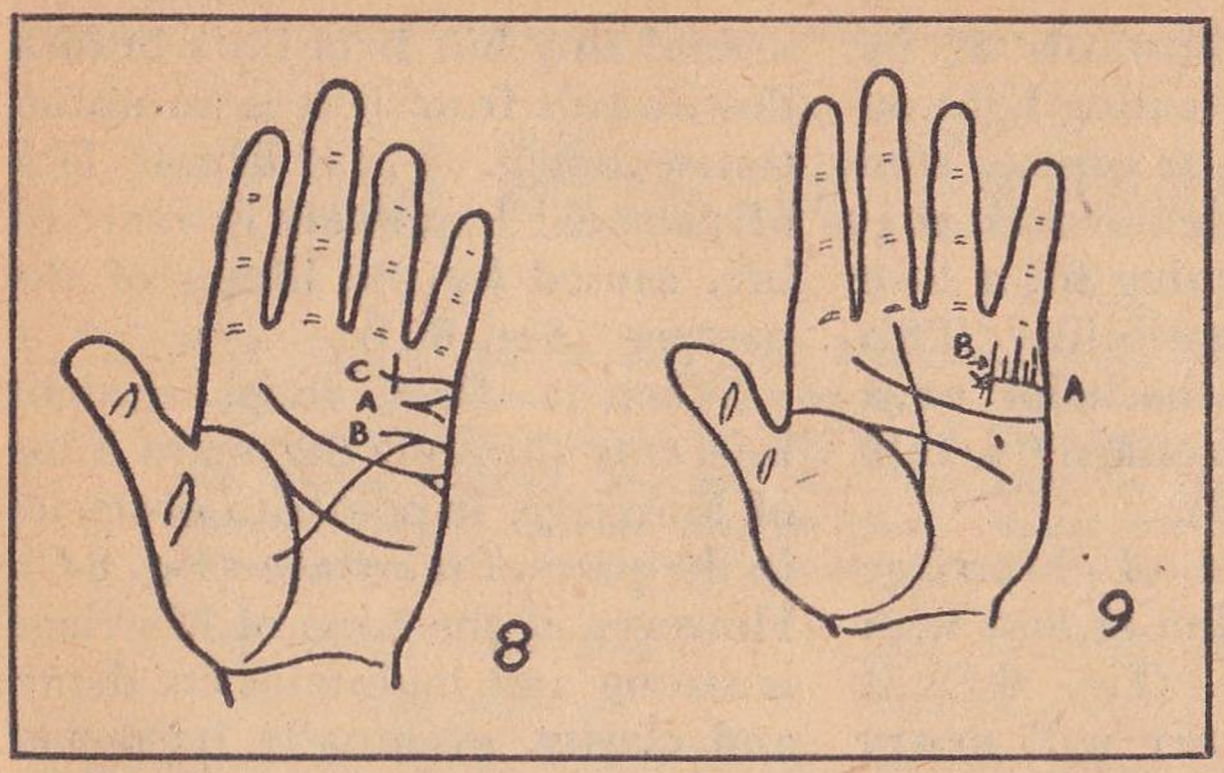
A star on the Line of Health is a sign of sterility. However, when it is found at the junction of the Lines of Head and Health (Fig. 3-B), it accentuates this defect, and also speaks of serious complications in connection with child bearing.

Now examine the Line of Marriage which gives interesting and useful information as to the matrimonial prospects of its owner. It begins at the outer edge of the hand and enters the palm below the root of the little finger. As a rule, there are several Lines of Marriage in each hand, however, it is the most outstanding one that really matters (Fig. 5-A).

When several indistinct and thin Lines of Marriage are vaguely marked they point to the fact that the owner has an indifferent and capricious attitude towards love and marriage and is far from reliable. In fact, he is not likely to marry. (Fig. 5-B.)

When a distinct straight line is well marked it reveals that its owner is capable of deep attachment and loyalty, and is sure to marry (Fig. 5). When such a line is marked close to the Line of Heart, he tends to marry early. The higher the Line of Marriage is, the longer its owner will take to settle down. Nevertheless, it is certain that he will marry at one time or the other of his life.

If a strong Line of Marriage starts from an island (Fig. 7-A) it shows that it will be a long time before its owner will be able to enjoy married life. He may actually get married but circumstances are likely to intervene and cause separation. However, if the line continues strong and whole,



Line of Marriage in 8-A indicates instability in married life; 8-B, separation. Tiny upright lines in 9-A indicate children; 9-B shows that child means more than partner.

he is sure to reunite with his partner.

When the island is marked in the middle of the line separation will occur during the middle years of the married life (Fig. 7-B). It is unfortunate if the Line of Marriage ends in an island (Fig. 7-C). In that case, there is no hope of bridging the separation. Such a marriage is bound to end unhappily.

The Line of Marriage, at times, seems to start from a large fork (Fig. 8-A). This indicates a period of long waiting before married life can be stabilized. Its owner, for one reason or the other, is unable to be near his partner. However, if the line maintains distinct clarity after the fork, he achieves successful marital unity.

When the Line of Marriage ends in a large fork, (Fig. 8-B,) it denotes that the marriage will end in separation.

When one of the prongs of the terminal fork droops to touch or cross the Line of Heart, such a marriage is bound to end in divorce. It is all the more certain, if it proceeds to reach the Line of Life and, unfortunately, implies bitterness, enmity and great unhappiness till the divorce is final. is final.

When parallel, above the Line of Marriage, another deep line is shown another emotional contact is likely to be made after marriage and may continue to be maintained (Fig. 5-C).

When the Line of Marriage curves down and reaches or crosses the Line of Heart, it is an indication that its owner will outlive his partner (Fig. 6-A).

When the Line of Marriage

curves distinctly upwards at its end, it throws a revealing light on the psychology of its owner, who is not likely to settle down. It suggests a strong yearning for a love life without responsibility. This is the mark of a bachelor or a spinster — not necessarily a celibate one (Fig. 6-B).

When the Line of Marriage merges into the Line of Sun with an upward curve (Fig. 6-C) it shows that its owner will marry a high personage, someone with great wealth or outstanding distinction. When the Line of Marriage proceeds downwards and cuts through the Line of Sun, it shows loss of prestige or riches through a marriage — which might be unfortunate. (Fig. 7-D).

When the Line of Marriage itself is deep and well marked but several tiny but firm lines branch downwards from it it is an unfortunate omen. These denote lack of personal happiness in married life, caused by the illness of the partner (Fig. 6-D).

When a firm, long, straight line cuts through the main Line of Marriage, it points to obstacles in the path of marriage (Fig. 8-C). However, if the Line of Marriage is strong and maintains its depth and clarity, eventually its owner is able to marry.

Tiny upright lines marked on the Line of Marriage are signs of children, the heavy and distinct ones stand for male and thin ones for females (Fig. 9-A).

When a line of issue touches the Line of Heart, it shows that the child means more than the partner. (Fig. 9-B)



THE SHORT WAY BACK

A prisoner in the reformatory at Lincoln, Neb., recently escaped by climbing a fence. His freedom was short-lived because he thumbed a ride. The motorist who picked him up was a state policeman.



DONATED BY DEATH

PHILLIP L. Hardy, an 18-year-old high school student, arranged to donate his eyes, after his death, to the Massachusetts General Hospital eye bank. A week later, while on his way to school in Braintree, Mass., he was struck by a train and killed. The same day corneas from his eyes were transplanted to a patient in Massachusetts General Hospital.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

THE THREE COFFINS

By M. Daly Hopkins

WHILE ill with tuberculosis at Saranac Lake, N.Y., in 1912, I had a strange dream. All my life, I have had prophetic dreams, but only once have I been present while asleep at a scene that was actually taking place. My mind was apparently projected from northern New York State to New Hampshire, a distance of several hundred miles.

Early in the morning of August 1, 1912, I saw myself driving the little black mare named Nora, hitched to the run-about that I used while a child. The air was cool and fresh. Myriads of birds were flying through the underbrush and singing joyously on both sides of the road. I could see clumps of reeds and cat-tails mirrored in small pools of water.

I was driving at a fast clip and finally I crossed a railroad track. I drew up before the small wayside station at the end of the long straight road and looked around me. I saw a number of people among whom was my husband, his brother, and a girl cousin named Alice. They were standing beside three caskets covered with tarpaulins. A fourth casket was on a truck at one side.

I asked a native lad leaning against a post what had happened. He replied as though mumbling to himself: "Hotel burned. Three people in one family, from New York, lost their lives, and a school teacher from Boston."

I then knew exactly what had happened and woke crying and sobbing. The night nurse said I had had a nightmare and gave me a sedative.

That day my newspaper, the New York *Herald & Tribune*, failed to come. It didn't come for five days. I learned later that my husband had telephoned from New York, asking the nurse-in-charge not to give me the paper. By that time he had arrived.

He told me what had happened. His Aunt Alice and Uncle Charlie Perkins, and their two daughters, Effie and Alice, had gone to a summer hotel in New Hampshire to spend July and August. The

hotel stood on the lake shore.

It was chilly that early morning of July 31, 1912. A high school student employed at the hotel — most of the personnel were students — was asked to build a fire in the general lounge. This he did, and in order to hurry it along he poured kerosene on the kindling wood. Some of it splashed on the dry pine boughs decorating the large stone fireplace at the sides and along the mantel shelf. In a flash they ignited and the whole place became a blazing furnace. The entire building burned up in half an hour.

The room occupied by Effie and Alice was just above. Effie, who was lame, was burned to death, but Alice jumped from one of the bedrooms. Aunt Alice and Uncle Charlie jumped from their room just above, at the front, into the lake. Their backs were broken. They died that afternoon. I had loved them dearly. It was a terrible tragedy.

I asked my husband about the railroad station. He said the track ran at right angles to a long straight road that ended at the station. — *Newmarket, Ont., Can.*

ANGEL IN MY CAR?

By Jean Field

WHENEVER I step into my car I know that I always have a passenger riding with me — my guardian angel.

I have learned to heed my guardian's warnings, even if it is only a hunch to take a different route than usual. Invariably I learn that in doing so I avoided a traffic jam that would have delayed me. Once I was given the impression that it was not safe to proceed through an intersection although the green light was in my favor. A split second after I came to a full stop a car tore through the intersection against the red signal. Had I not stopped I am certain there would have been a serious accident.

Two incidents especially stand out in my memory.

One evening I had a dinner engagement and when my baby sitter arrived late I hurriedly kissed my boys goodbye and left. Just as I was starting the car my youngest boy called from the window and insisted that I kiss him goodbye again, but as I was then quite late I blew him a kiss from the car.

As I backed out of the drive I felt strongly impelled to go back and kiss the child, but because of my extreme haste I disregarded the urge. Less than two blocks from home I ran broadside into a car that had run through a stop sign. My car was damaged extensively and I suffered minor cuts and bruises — all of which would have been avoided had I obeyed the warning of my angel. Besides I never did get any dinner that night.

One night I worked late. It was about 10:30 when I left the office and after a short distance I discovered that I was about to run out of gas. At that hour I knew that the nearest open service station was about five miles away. I just crossed my fingers and hoped that I would make it. When finally I did see the light of the station in the distance I breathed a sigh of relief and silently implored the car to please make the last few hundred feet. Not only did I reach the station but I drove right on past, for suddenly I decided that I would go on to the next one, about a mile farther down the road.

My action so astonished me that I spent the first half mile scolding myself for having been ridiculous enough to believe that I had actually been warned to drive on. By that time there was no point in turning back so I continued and rolled into the next station just as my car sputtered its last.

While the attendant was filling my car I wondered why I had obeyed the sudden impulse to go on. Just then another motorist drove in and excitedly told us of an accident up the road. A truck had driven into the other gas station and sheared off one of the gas pumps causing an explosion and fierce fire.

Miraculously no one was injured but I often have wondered if I would have been the only casualty had I stopped there. — *Lakewood, Calif.*

MY ASTRAL FLIGHT

By Louis Berkovitz

In 1935 I was confined to bed for a few weeks as the result of nervous exhaustion. One evening during this period what I can describe only as an irritation in the brain caused me great discomfort. I sought relief by changing my position in bed but to no avail. I longed for sleep but sleep would not come.

Suddenly I felt a sort of rattling sensation in my brain. This lasted for several seconds and then I found myself rising into space. My bed stood on a screened porch and the roof of this was no obstacle to me. I went through it,



LOUIS BERKOVITZ

rising ever higher, in a straight line and with considerable speed, into the dark dome of the sky.

I noticed that I lay in a coffin-shaped, dark flat surface. I looked downward but could see no trace of the earth. Above me, however, the starry heavens were clearly visible.

The spell of this swift upward flight lost its hold on me and I felt a desperate desire to return to my home on earth and to my devoted wife. My lonely flight became horrifying and I struggled wildly t stop it. I seemed helpless and felt that my fate was beyond my control.

The next thing I knew I was back in my bed at home. My wife sat watching me with an expression of great sadness. Her expression seemed so unnatural that I questioned her about it. She reluctantly told me that I had been unconscious for two days and nights. She had called a doctor to examine me and he had told hc to force some nourishment into my body which she did. — *Los Angeles, Calif.*

MOTHER'S MENTAL RADIO

By Marion Zimmer Bradley

I live in Texas and my mother in New York, but we are so close that often we discover we have written letters to each other at the same time.

One Monday night in January, 1955, I put my baby boy, Steve, to bed. As was my custom, I sat beside him, waiting for him to drop off to sleep. It was very quiet and dark in the room; all day I had been feeling homesick and thinking of my New York farm home and about my mother and brothers.

Suddenly I heard music, the duet "O sweetest maiden" from Puccini's opera *La Boheme.* We had had a record of that at home, sung by Caruso and Nellie Melba. The music has been familiar to me since I was a little girl and both my mother and I are fond of it. However, it didn't seem to be Caruso and Melba singing, and I thought that my husband had turned on the radio and accidentally tuned in a program of operatic music. I did wonder why he had turned on the radio while I was trying to get the baby to sleep. But as it seemed not to disturb Steve, I sat quietly and listened to the music, then tiptoed out of the room. I found that the radio in the living room was off. My husband said it hadn't been turned on at all. I dismissed the music as a trick of my imagination.

However, later that week I received an airmail letter from my mother. After giving me news of my family, she concluded, "Last night on the "Firestone Hour" they played some lovely music, including the duet from *La Boheme* that you love so much. I was sitting here thinking of you

and wishing that you could hear it too, because we heard it so often together."

It seems that my mother had been using a sort of telepathic radio to send me the music that we both loved! — *Rochester, Tex.*

AUNT TESS'S CANARY

By E. W. Smith

RAIN had fallen all that day in November, 1950. At dusk, when I went to the window to close the blinds and draw the curtains, I looked across the woodland to see if there was a light in Aunt Tess's cottage among the trees.

I hoped she was all right for since Uncle Jeb's death a year before she had lived alone, except for a cat and a canary. We had begged her to live with us but she had said she was happier in her own home. She was 80 and growing feeble. I worried about her because she had no phone and other neighbors were miles away.

I went back to my book and comfortable chair by the fireplace, where my husband was dozing, and presently forgot about Aunt Tess.

An hour later the peace and quiet of the room were broken by a tapping at the window. I paid no attention, thinking the sound was made by wind-tossed tree branches. The tapping became louder, followed by what sounded like the cry of a human in distress.

I ran to the window, pulled back the curtains and threw open the blinds. I saw a small bird beating frantically against the pane. As I watched in amazement it fell exhausted to the sill.

I woke my husband and brought the bird inside. It was Aunt Tess's canary, Bibs. It was dead.

"Oh, Ed," I told my husband, "something must be wrong with Aunt Tess. She must have sent Bibs to tell us."

"Nonsense! Impossible!" my husband said. "The bird got loose and was attracted by the light in our window."

"But the blinds were closed and the curtains drawn," I argued.

At my insistence we drove over to Aunt Tess's cottage. We found her lying unconscious on the floor in a pool of blood. She had slipped and fallen, striking her head against a table. We put her in bed and Ed went for the doctor.

Aunt Tess recovered and came to live with us. But how Bibs got out of his cage and the house to fly to our window and beat its life out to warn us in time to save Aunt Tess, remains a mystery.

Aunt Tess says, "God gave him the power!" — *Hermitage, Tenn.*

SACSAHUAMAN

Mystery City of the Andes

The walls of this ancient city are 12,000 feet above sea-level. How were the enormous stones lifted and worked?

By M. K. Jessup

SACSAHUAMAN, pronounced Sac-sa-wa-man, is perched high in the Andes Mountains, 13½° south of the equator, in Peru. It overlooks Cuzco, the largest of Peru's mountain cities. In terms of its 12,000 feet above sea-level it is one of the highest works of man. It is remarkable in other ways as well.

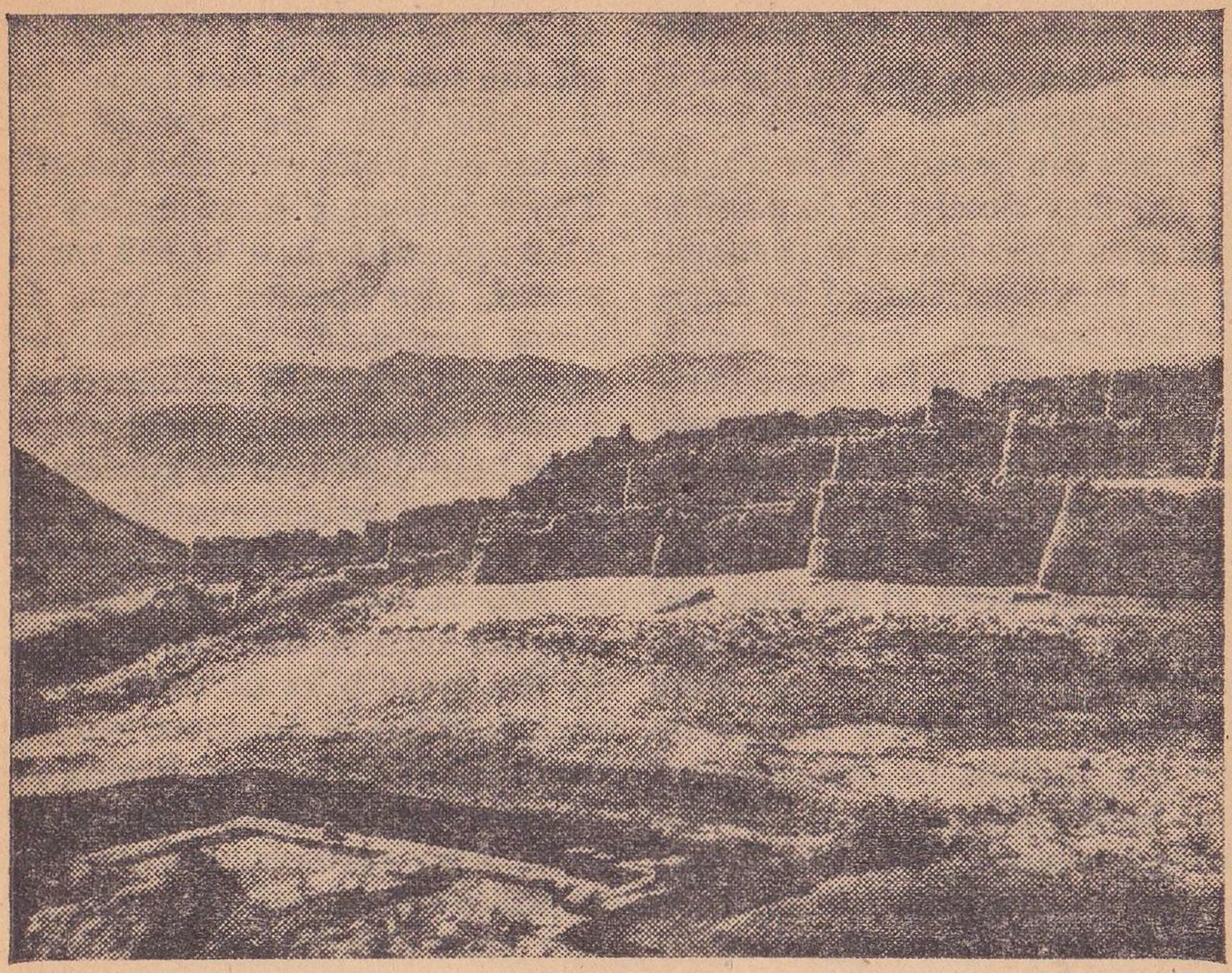
Once this fortress, together with the city it guards, was the heart of the far-flung Inca Empire. Today this forbidding structure whose massive walls frown down upon the world is a tourist attraction, and a puzzle to engineers and architects.

The citadel of Sacsahuaman covers about 40 acres, on the top of a cone-shaped hill to the north of Cuzco. Walls which must have been impregnable to weapons in use during the Inca's supremacy are built in echelon around the fort. Originally they surrounded it completely. Today sections are missing.

Within these walls are vast residential palaces, inner-forts, storehouses, paved courtyards, and an enormous reservoir for storing water. It is estimated to hold over 50,000 gallons. Tradition has it that it was filled through an underground syphon system, from a source known only to the ruling Inca.

The solid rock underlying the fortress is honeycombed with tunnels which lead from the center of the fort to its ramparts. Through these tunnels troops could be moved from place to place without exposure to the enemy.

The guide books state that Sacsahuaman was built by the Incas during the 15th Century but that the basic structure may have existed previously. The modern city of Cuzco is built upon foundations which once supported the Inca palaces and public buildings, and the Inca palaces and other buildings had in turn been built upon



The walls of Sacsahuaman are built in a zig-zag pattern. Some of the basalt stones in the lower tiers are 12 feet thick and 25 feet long, weigh as much as 200 tons.

underlying foundations which they inherited from predecessors. Thus is one civilization built upon the ruins of another.

The stones for this gigantic structure with its megalithic, zig-zag bastions were quarried from nine to 20 miles from Sacsahuaman. How they were transported to their destination — over rivers and deep ravines to the mountain top — remains a mystery. Some of the boulders in the lower tiers of the walls weigh as much as 200 tons. They are of hard basaltic stone and the largest is 12 feet thick and 25 feet tall. The power needed to haul such a colossus up a mountain side most certainly was not furnished by llamas nor the backs of Indians.

Some archeologists suggest that the Incas were a race of super-stonecutters who quarried and shaped thousands of boulders, no two alike, so that they fit together perfectly without cement. It is quite true that a mechanic's thickness gauge cannot be inserted between the rocks in the walls of

Sacsahuaman. But this precision is not necessarily due to the skill of stonecutters.

Stones can be worked *in situ,* to fit together closely. It is possible that after these stones were roughly cut they were shaped by being rubbed together. In other words they were worn to fit. Some Peruvians believe that a chemical may have been used to soften the surfaces of the stones for quick-wearing. However, to say that the stones were worn to fit does not explain how these megaliths, weighing t o n s apiece, were handled. It is clearly impossible for the Indians to have pushed and pulled these stones into the desired shapes. No satisfactory answer to this problem has been found.

At the same time, these questions of *how* are only a part of the mystery. On the mountain top adjacent to Sacsahuaman are scattered niches, holes steps, pits, corners, etc., which have been cut in the solid rock. Some writers suggest that these represent local quarrying. But the holes from which stones supposedly were quarried are perfectly rectangular. Therefore, the quarrying would have had to be done simultaneously on five sides of a block — impossible by any method.

But there is another, possible explanation. There is evidence of glaciation on every hand and it is quite apparent that glaciers, or similar agents, have sheared off the top of the mountain. At the same time the tops of the niches and holes were also cut off. There is even a cross section of what appears to have been a small tunnel, also sheared in two. It seems reasonable then that the mountain originally contained extensive subterranean works which have been destroyed by glaciers — or, as some writers postulate, actually destroyed by the formation of the mountains. Evidence to support such a conclusion exists in the great piles of stones, one rock is 40 feet in diameter, heaped on the plain. They are dressed on one side, obviously wall faces complete with cornices, but on the opposite side they look as if they had been torn bodily from solid rock.

Two-hundred miles away from Sacsahuaman, on the opposite shore of Lake Titicaca, are the remains of Tiahuanaco. Here archeologists have found remains of what appear to be astronomical observatories, oriented for a period which is at least 26,000 years past. According to geological estimates these observatories may have been pre-glacial. The doorways remaining erect in Tiahuanaco resemble the megaliths of Sacsahuaman. When these scattered facts are added together one finds it easy to believe that here was a high civilization, more than 25,000 years ago, which antedated

even the traditions of the Incas.

The principal walls of Sacsahuaman consist of three tiers, concentric around the hill top. The heaviest tier quite naturally is the lowest one. About 1800 feet of the original wall, constituting the longest dimension of the fort, remains in good condition. It is laid out in zig-zag fashion, the upper and inner walls following the same pattern. The original circumference, before the Spaniards rolled the south-side walls down to make buildings for themselves, must have been close to a mile. The three concentric walls, together, must have totaled about two and a half miles in length.

When one considers the wall, the inner structures, the labyrinth of underground tunnels and rooms, the magnitude of the work becomes staggering. It is claimed, but not verified, that one tunnel extends all the way to the heart of Cuzco. Through it the populace could be evacuated to Sacsahuaman in case of emergency.

There is also a tradition of tunnels which are said to run hundreds of miles lengthwise of the Andes. The fact that the massive stones of Sacsahuaman were handled at all makes it possible to believe that the same race could have carved such tunnels.

The exposed cross-section of the tunnel previously mentioned is just one-third of a mile north of Sacsahuaman. However, if this tunnel was used by people, rather than as an aqueduct, then we must consider the possibility of the existence, in pre-Incan times, of a highly skilled race of midgets. This tunnel is only about 20 inches wide and three-and-one-half feet high. To stand in this tunnel one could not be more than 40 inches tall.

Not far from this tunnel lies a large rock about 40 feet in diameter. It is covered with niches, sometimes called seats. This rock has been literally torn from the mountain side by geological forces. On one side of it there remains a fragment of stairway, with dimensions comparable to those of the small tunnel. The stair treads and risers are only six inches each and were obviously intended to be used by small people. The entire fragment lies upside down, as shown by the wear on the stair treads.

Before the conquest of the Incas by the Spaniards Sacsahuaman was not only a fortress but also a place of beauty. Perhaps it provided a welcome change during some seasons of the year for the royal Inca and his family and friends. It must have been a shining palace, sitting almost on top of the world. Sheets of solid gold covered some of the palace walls. It is said that some of this gold went to ransom Atahualpa.

Sacsahuaman was seen, in its pristine, golden glory by only

three white men before the Spaniards looted and destroyed it. One of these men was Hernando De Soto.

There are, then, two mysteries in the story of Sacsahuaman. *Who* were the people able to accomplish this great feat? *How* did these unknown people find the means to move these enormous stones?

The reality of a highly civilized race which preceded the Incas is accepted by many serious researchers. But the history of this vanished race is lost in the shadows of the years that have passed since Sacsahuaman first looked down from the moutain top.



THE MISSING BOYS

By Corrette Halleckson

My husband was born and raised in St. Cloud, Minn., on the Mississippi River, and became proficient in handling a boat. In May, 1929, two teen-age boys were reported missing. No trace of them was found for two weeks. It was feared they had fallen into the river but the river was dragged without results.

One night my husband had a strange dream of being in a mist-like body and moving about freely. He saw three other individuals in the same form standing on the bank of the river. They were gesturing toward the water and talking. Moving in the direction indicated, my husband discovered the bodies of the two missing boys. It appeared that they had drowned.

Two days later my husband was rowing his boat in the river close to shore when suddenly he felt impelled to row to the opposite shore. There, directly in front of the boat, he discovered the drowned body of one of the missing boys.

He actually had found the body about an eighth of a mile further downstream than in his dream two nights before. The next day the body of the other boy was found two miles further downstream.

The boys were Michael Merton 15, and Clarence Olson, 16. The discovery of their bodies was reported in the *Daily Journal-Press* on May 13, 1929.

My husband feels the strangest part of his experience is that he had forgotten his dream entirely until he made his discovery. — *Grants Pass, Ore.*



Spirit Bride... Mortal Groom

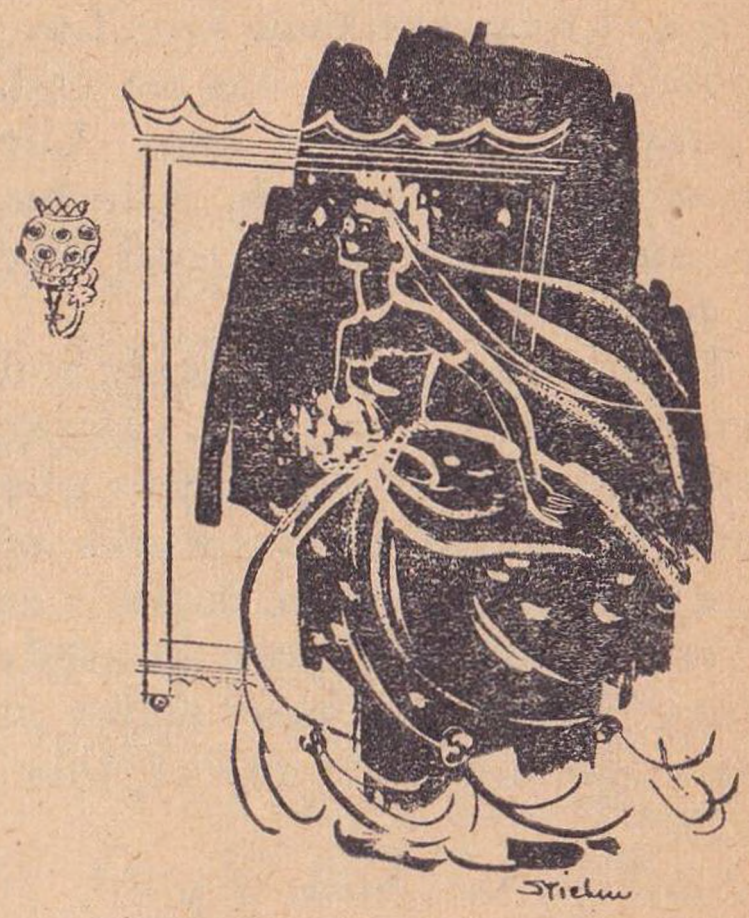
It was a strange wedding ceremony. A living man exchanged vows with a woman who had been dead for two years.

By Raymond J. Ross

At the home of Dr. H. Robert Moore, 354 Forrest Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, on June 20, 1920, 40 members and guests of Dr. Moore's class in psychic investigation witnessed the 22nd anniversary of the marriage of Pearl V. Graham to Thomas S. Macquithey. It was one of the most unusual and sacred ceremonies ever witnessed — considering that *the bride had passed away two years before!*

After the members and guests had been seated there was a prayer for guidance, hymns and several minor demonstrations. Then everyone turned to the cabinet in the right hand corner of the room. Silence fell on the group. Within six minutes the wife of Thomas Macquithey fully materialized. Looking like a radiant June bride Pearl stepped from the cabinet.

Rev. Moore rose, stepped to her side and gently led her to Mr. Macquithey and their daughter, Delphine, who stood on the other side of the room. Tenderly Mr. Macquithey embraced his beloved



and then, clasping hands, they stood together in front of the cabinet. This took place in a bright light. Everyone seated in the room was able to distinguish clearly the face of the spirit bride.

For several seconds Rev. Moore stood with his eyes closed, waiting for inspiration from his guide.

"My friends," he said, "22 years

ago a man and a woman, then filled with the exuberance of youth, with all the world before them, stood in the presence of a regular constituted authority of law and religion. There they vowed fidelity, trust and love 'til death do us part.

"For nearly 20 years thereafter they trudged along life's uneven road, sharing each other's sorrows and joys. They never took one step from the fidelity they had vowed. Not even the tomb could win a victory over their love. Love knows no death. It has no end. Today this is proven here. Life exists beyond the tomb. Life has no end. Love fears no road here or hereafter."

Turning to the spirit bride and her mortal groom, Rev. Moore said, "Dear Angel Pearl, you who have transcended the world of care and now return, is it your fervent wish and do you solemnly renew the sacred vow made 22 years ago this 10th day of June, 1920?"

Smiling, the bride replied, "I do."

"Dear Mortal Tom," Rev. Moore continued, "do you, in the presence of these witnesses, seen and unseen, swear eternal fidelity, love and trust in the renewal of your vow made 22 years ago?"

Tears rolled down his cheeks as Mr. Macquithey said, "I do."

Rev. Moore raised his hands over the heads of the pair, "Then, in the presence of these witnesses, in the name of God and His holy ministers, by the virtue of the power granted me by angel guides, I do hereby declare you husband and wife, united in soul and spirit throughout all eternity 'til time is no more. May God forever bless you and fill your souls with that life and light which passeth all understanding."

Pearl Macquithey, spirit bride, lovingly embraced her husband, Thomas, and their daughter, Delphine. They spoke together alone a few minutes and then faced the excited group to receive their congratulations.

In the Montgomery County, Ohio, records is a statement signed before a Notary Public that reads:

"We are able to affirm this, and that Pearl Macquithey was the same person who has appeared to us on each occasion. We have always been able to see her distinctly, and the room has had all the light possible to be had on such occasions. No person, at this or any other meeting, has been in the cabinet nor has any person at any time been in what is called a trance state. Mr. and Mrs. Macquithey and their daughter, Delphine, who acted as bridesmaid, stood before us during the ceremony, as stated in the foregoing, after which each of us was called in turn to extend our congratulations.

"We, the undersigned, were pre-

sent at the 22nd anniversary of the marriage of Pearl V. Graham with Thomas S. Macquithey, at the home of Dr. H. Robert Moore, 354 Forrest Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, First Speaker of the Psycho-Science Church. Mrs. Pearl V. Macquithey, who passed away October 10, 1918, has appeared to us (also to other friends) many times during the past year."

Today 88-year-old Thomas Macquithey lives with his daughter, Delphine, now Mrs. Ackerson and mother of three children at Bridgeport, Conn.

I met Mr. Macquithey here in my home city, Bridgeport, during one of my quests for a story. I know from him and from Mrs. Ackerson that he receives visits from his spirit wife from time to time still. And he looks forward to the time when he will walk with his bride into eternity.

THE GHOST THAT HERALDS STORMS

AMONG the inhabitants of Pawleys Island, S. C., exists the legend of the Gray Man, who is said to be seen just before storms and hurricanes. In the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* recently Alberta Lachicotte told of a prominent South Carolina woman seeing the Gray Man during a visit to Pawleys Island.

As the woman reported her story, she reached the island at 7 P.M. on a Thursday evening with her children and grandchildren. All walked to the beach to look at the ocean. As the woman glanced toward the dunes on the beach she saw a man of medium build and dressed in gray from head to foot.

The man looked so real, the woman related, that at first she thought he was a member of her group. She said he walked along casually, swinging his arms and looking at the dunes. Then his figure began queerly to grow less distinct.

Amazed, the woman called out to her family to note the disappearance of the man. None of the others, however, saw him. He became a blur and vanished.

All Friday night and all day Saturday strong winds lashed at Pawleys Island. The weather bureau alerted the Carolina coast against tornadoes that were approaching from Georgia and Florida.

The Gray man reportedly was seen for the first time in 1893, just before a tidal wave struck Pawleys Island and left it a level reef.

By Dr. August J. von Borosini



The astrologer told the haughty queen the name of the place where she would die. Could she avoid the destiny written in her stars?

HOW CATHERINE DE MEDICI TRIED TO CHEAT THE STARS

CATHERINE de Medici once consulted the Florentine astrologer, Ruggieri, and asked him to name the place of her death. She was very superstitious and thoroughly believed in astrology, as did most people in those days. It must have been a matter of great satisfaction for Ruggieri to see this haughty queen tremble when he started to walk around her with his magic wand at the Castle of Vincennes. He then asked to be left alone in one of the rooms of the watch-tower, where he traced magic circles and worked out a detailed horoscope. Finally he studied the stars carefully and then said to the anxious queen, "Saint Germain, Your Majesty."

Ruggieri made this statement with such assurance that Catherine was greatly impressed. Of course in this case, Ruggieri must have considered himself safe in any prediction. Obviously when the hour of her death arrived Catherine would be too busy considering how to get into Heaven to think about Ruggieri's prophecy — no matter where she died.

Catherine, on the other hand, felt sure she could outsmart Ruggieri and fate. From that time

on she refused to live either in the Tuileries, because they belonged to the parish of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois. Nor did she ever go back to her palace of l'Abbaye, because it bordered on Saint-Germain-des-Pres. Catherine never paid another visit to Saint-Germain-en-Laye and avoided all other Saint-Germains as if they were hell, and there are quite a lot of them in France. By living in the Hotel de la Reine at Paris, at Blois, or at the Castle of Vincenne, Catherine thought to cheat the stars.

Ruggieri must have felt somewhat uneasy about his definite prediction when he heard that Catherine was gravely ill at her castle of Blois, where she died on January 5, 1589, 14 years after Ruggieri's prophecy. Of course nothing happened to the Italian, because in spite of having died in Blois, Catherine was not thinking of Ruggieri in her last days. But all the same the astrologer thought it better to disappear for a while to escape ridicule if nothing worse.

One can imagine Ruggieri's amazement when, soon after Catherine's burial, he received news from Paris that ladies and gentlemen of the Court were asking eagerly for his where-abouts. When he learned the reason he must have been still more amazed.

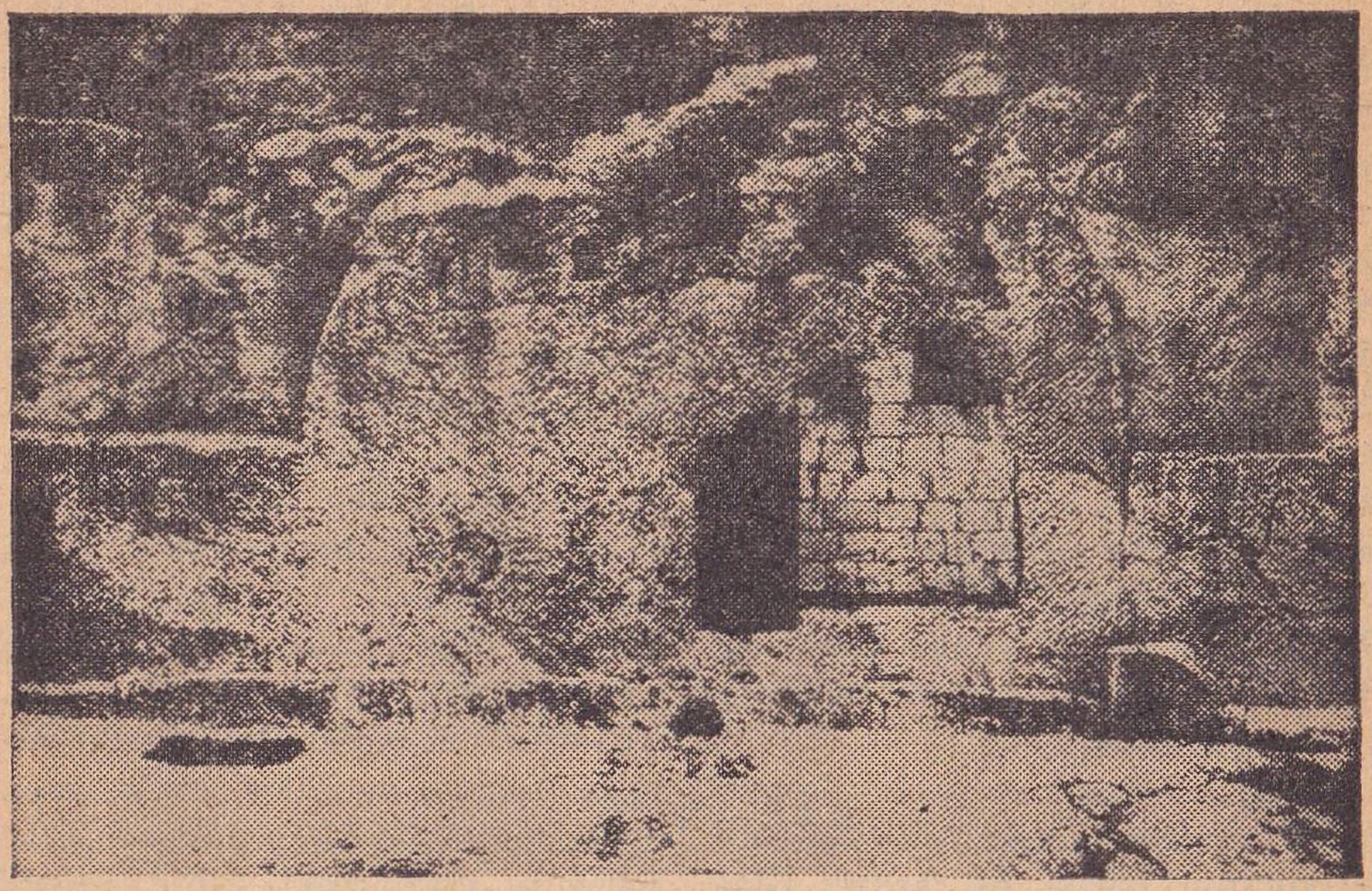
Catherine de Medici had died at Blois in the arms of the King's confessor whose name was Saint-Germain.

MYSTERY OF THE DESERT SHRIMP

On August 23, 1955, Army men at Camp Irwin on the Mojave Desert in California found that Bicycle Dry Lake, filled with a foot of water after heavy rains, contained thousands of tiny shrimp-like creatures. They were described as one inch to less than two inches in length and pink or white in color.

Bicycle Dry Lake is estimated to have been waterless for 100 to 400 years. Before the rains its surface had been so hard that it was used as a landing strip for jet and transport aircraft.

Dr. James P. Welsh of the zoology staff of Los Angeles State College, who was called in to investigate, classified the crustaceans as a type of fairy shrimp. He said they resemble fresh water crabs found generally in the Southwest but belong to no known species. He theorized that the shrimp had been lying dormant in eggs beneath the sun-baked surface of the lake and had been hatched by the rains.



Entrance to cistern in the Garden of the Tomb, Jerusalem, which was found to be a beautiful, ancient church. Arched roof of church is clearly outlined.

IS THIS THE WORLD'S FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH?

Authorities believe Christ's apostles worshipped in this recently discovered underground church.

By Estella de Ford Graham

An amazing archeological discovery was made in the Garden of the Tomb, in Jerusalem,in September, 1954, although the information was not released until February, 1955. Even then the information was given only to an American missionary group called The Defenders of the Christian Faith.

If you have been one of the 8,000 to 10,000 yearly visitors to this holy place you have walked all unawares over a beautiful underground structure.

The Garden of the Tomb which

covers some three, walled acres was once a part of a vineyard, with numerous cisterns. It is near the hill of Calvary where Christ was crucified. This vineyard belonged to a wealthy shipowner, Joseph of Arimathea, he same Joseph who later went to Glastonbury, carrying with him precious relics. *(Fate, May, 1955.)*

Out of love for Jesus he provided the tomb where Jesus was laid after His body was brought down from the place called Golgotha, the place of the skull, because here the rock formation clearly defines a human skull.

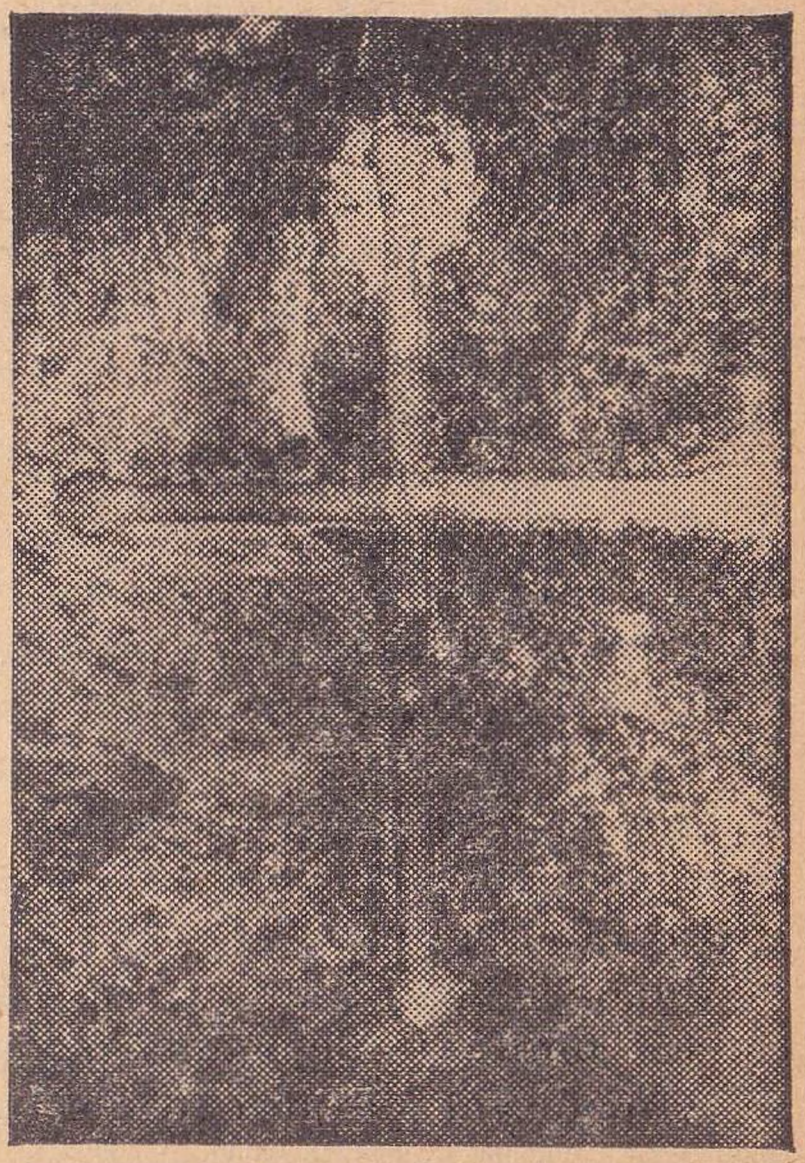
The great seeress, Anna Kingsford, said, while in trance in London, March 22, 1881, " I am shown the descent from the Cross. I see Jesus carried by Joseph of Arimathea to his house. The house connects with a sepulchre. . ."

This rock-hewn grave, outside the city's old walls, was discovered by British General Charles Gordon in the 19th century. It is generally accepted by Protestants as Christ's tomb. The finding of the Church of the Rock lends authenticity to this claim.

In the New Testament the tomb is described in these words, "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden was a new sepulchre wherein never man was laid . . . for the sepulchre was nigh at hand." (John 19:41-42).

"When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple; He went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth. And laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock . . ." (St. Matthew 27:57-60).

"Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counsellor . . . came and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. And



Bas-relief cross on east wall of church is four feet high by three feet wide.

he bought fine linen, and took him down, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock . . ." (Mark: 43-46).

"And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man and just; . . . he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews . . . This man went unto Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man was before laid." (Luke: 23:50, 52-53).

A door leads into the Garden of the Tomb where there are trees, hedges, flowers, singing birds and green grass. It was here that Mary, hearing a voice behind her, turned and saw the risen Jesus. Today, as then, a caretaker lives at the sacred spot and it was he who discovered, by accident, the ancient church where the Apostles must have worshipped.

S. J. Matar, a Christian Arab, is the caretaker today. He says: "As far back as memory goes there have been three cisterns in the Garden of the Tomb. One was known to be very deep. One day I discovered that this deepest cistern was dry and contriving a rope ladder I went down into the cistern with a flash-light. I found all the water had escaped through a crack in the floor and then to my utter amazement I found myself in a very ancient and beautiful church carved from virgin-rock. It is 56 feet, eight inches long and 33 feet, four inches wide.

This ancient place of worship has a gate 10 feet high and eight feet, four inches wide. This gate and four windows, 36 inches high by 27 inches wide, had been sealed. On the east wall of the church is a cross in bas-relief, four feet, two inches high by three feet, four inches wide. On the same wall also in bas-relief is a shield, three feet, four inches in diameter. At a distance of five feet from the south end of this underground church is a circular baptismal pool, 10 feet in diameter and five feet deep.

The walls and floor are very smooth. The whole is spacious, with a feeling of beauty and dignity.

The roof is not solid rock but a curious tunnel arching, very pointed and with nearly straight sides made of hewn stones. The side walls are not perpendicular but rather slanting so that the space to be arched is much narrower than the floor of the structure.

It would seem that there must be a stairway down to the main door of the church but it has not been found. Perhaps a stairway comes up to it instead from some tunnel. There may be an underground connection with the quarries of Solomon for an entrance to these quarries, now

closed, is across the street from the Garden of the Tomb.

Whether a place of worship existed near the Tomb long has been a matter of controversy. Now it is settled for the newly found church is only 100 feet from the Tomb.

A church above ground was destroyed in 139 A.D., probably by the Emperor Hadrian.

At the beginning of the 3rd century there were 40 Christian churches in Rome. Prior to this persecutions had driven the Christians underground and worship was in the catacombs and other hidden places.

The Palestine Excavation Fund, a famous archeological society founded in 1865, has stated that 65 years ago one of the world's leading archeologists, Baurath C. Schick, discovered the underground church and wrote about it in official reports of the society in 1890 and 1891. Most of his writings were in German. A few were in English. But conditions at that time did not give Christians ready access to Holy Land shrines and his findings were never widely known.

Dr. Schick stated: "This remarkable cistern is certainly not of Mohammedan nor Christian origin but apparently Canaanitic, its form being like so many made by Canaanites in rock; but I have never seen one so large.

"The last repairs were done by Christians, as there are, on the eastern side some feet above the bottom and near both ends, crosses, four feet, six inches high and three feet wide."

Schick's reference to two crosses is puzzling since recent visits disclose one cross and one shield.

Regarding the Canaanites, Harper's Bible dictionary says, "The first Canaanites may have been migrants from Arabia about 3,000 B.C., for by that date several of their cities had already been established, like Jebus (Jerusalem). The spies sent out by Moses returned with a report which, in the light of recent archeology was scientifically accurate: 'The people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled and very great'.

"Israel's conquest of Canaan was much more gradual and incomplete than a cursory reading of Old Testament narratives suggests. Jerusalem did not fall till the time of David.

"Many Old Testament passages connect the ancient Canaanitish city of Jebus with Jerusalem. Chronicles I states they were one and the same. According to best authorities the Canaanites had a high order of civilization."

It is entirely possible that we are indebted to them, at least in part, for this underground church.

Dr. George Turnbull, missionary and Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and Dr. George

B. Dewey, of Chicago, also a missionary, both made the descent into the cistern-church.

Dr. Dewey says, "Basing my opinion upon information, the sources of which I am not at present free to disclose, I am confident proof will be deduced that the Apostles worshipped and conducted baptismal services here."

Dr. George Turnbull lived in a cottage inside the Garden when he was in Jerusalem. He says. "At what time the cistern-church was first used for worship has not been proved to our satisfaction, but is is gratifying to know that research demonstrates it could have been used in the days of the Apostles, since it was made, if Schick is correct, long before that period. It is logical to believe that Apostles would not have had time to hew out such a large place to worship, but would use it if already prepared."

Since Schick says he knew of no other Canaanitic cistern so great it may have been enlarged when it was made into a church. And since the cistern belonged to Joseph of Arimathea it was probably close to his house. No more logical spot could have been found for Christian worship in time of persecution.

While excavating with pick and shovel on March 18, 1955, S. J. Matar made an exciting find. Its importance is hard to evaluate. He came upon the remains of an iron chest which had rusted away to powder. But the magnificent artifact it once housed, being of gold, silver and precious jewels, was perfectly preserved. In all likelihood it will never be known whose reverent hands placed it near the Church of the rock.

At the top of the strange emblem is a crown containing five green stones. The sunburst in the background, with its rays of light extending outward, is solid gold. The cross in the center is made of 12 rubies. The large bird and the seven little birds at the bottom are silver. Some stones at the bottom are crystal.

Mr. Matar's explanation is that the golden sunburst represents God the Father; The cross is God The Son; the silver bird is God the Holy Spirit; the five gems at the top represent the five wounds on Christ's body; the 12 rubies arranged to form a cross are the 12 disciples; and the seven little birds, sheltered by the mother bird are the seven churches of Asia Minor, described in the Apocalypse. The 11 crystal stones at the bottom represent the disciples this time, minus Judas.

This is a very literal and limited interpretation. Other interpretations are possible. Mr. Matar has overlooked the crown at the very top of the artifact.

More about this little publicized but important Biblical discovery should come to light in the future.



By Ronald Sinclair

They said the old man knew the ancient, genuine magic. And to prove it he offered to create a human being out of a potato.

Jadoo

One cannot live many years in the East without encountering events which savor of the mystic or supernatural and, as such, admit of no logical explanation.

One particular incident stands out vividly in my memory. To this day no one has been able to offer any convincing explanation of it.

In 1915, I lived in Peshawar, in what is now Pakistan, nine miles from the famous Khyber Pass. It was a fascinating place and its caravanserais and bazaars teemed with a polyglot population drawn from all the corners of Central Asia.

I had encouraged my staff and servants to bring to my attention anybody or anything of particular interest they encountered in the bazaars. As a result the strangest collection of characters found their way to my bungalow to be regaled with tea and a hookah by my retainers — often to the despair of my bearer, Din Muhamed, who good humoredly tolerated these strange visitors while protesting that it was beneath the dignity of a Sahib to invite such nondescript characters to his residence.

One evening my orderly reported he had come across a magician of unusual talent.

"Sahib, they say he is the father of all magicians. You should see him."

"But every *jadoowala* always claims he is the best in the world!"

"That may be, Sahib, but down in the city they say this man, unlike most magicians, practices the real ancient *jadoo.*"

"All right, in that case I will see him."

A few minutes later, as I sat in my lounge chair on the verandah, an old man appeared before me and salaamed deeply.

There was something indefinably ancient about him. His skin was wrinkled and had the parchment-like texture of extreme old age. His white beard was brushed back in the Rajput tradition, which gave him a distinguished appearance. But what particularly drew my attention were his eyes. Sunk deep beneath bushy white eye-brows, clear and lustrous and full of vitality, they resembled those of a much younger person. As I looked him straight in the face he returned my gaze unflinchingly. His piercing eyes seemed to penetrate my own and to focus right through me onto something in the far distance. I have never since seen eyes quite so penetrating or so striking as those of this old fakir.

Apart from his face there was nothing unusual about the old man. He was slightly built and wore the usual Hindu loin-cloth, cotton shirt, and a loosely fitting coat of some thin material. On his head he wore an ordinary turban. Over his shoulders he had a white cotton sheet or scarf, and he carried the inevitable pair of round wicker baskets which form the professional equipment of every native magician or snake-charmer.

The old man lost no time in going to work. He squatted down a couple of paces in front of me on the blue cotton rug which covered the brick floor of the verandah. My orderly and two of the servants squatted nearby to watch the show.

The magician first went through a succession of old tricks which I knew well, and which constitute the repertoire of all native conjurors. But his skill and technique were finer than I had ever seen before. His sleight-of-hand was astonishing. I was so close that I was actually breathing down on him, which was an unfair ordeal for any performer, however skillful. But the old man went through his program with a far-away look in his eyes, as though his thoughts were centered in a different world. It gave me great pleasure to watch him, although so far I had witnessed nothing that I had not seen done many times before.

Finally the old man paused, then asked if he could be given a potato. A servant ran out and brought back several from the cook-house. The old man selected one and passed it to me to show that it was just an ordinary potato.

"Now, Sahib," he said, "I am going to make this potato grow, but first please tell me what it should grow into."

I hesitated for I did not quite know what he meant. I immediately thought of the mango trick, which everybody in the East knows well, and I imagined this would be just another form of it. I said, "What do you mean?"

He replied, "Whatever your Honor wishes, that I will make it grow into. For instance, if you wish, it shall be made to grow into a human being."

"All right then," I said, "let it be a human being."

"Very good, Sahib. A human being it shall be."

Still squatting, the magician placed the potato on the floor in front of him. Then he took the sheet which he had been wearing over his shoulders and spread it out over the potato. Producing a small flute from one of the baskets, he played a few notes, then gripped the ends of the sheet and flicked it upwards, allowing it to fall back on the ground again. He did this a number of times, while playing weird snatches on the flute.

Since he always flicked the sheet towards me I could not see behind it. However I did notice, when he had repeated this operation several times, that there was a distinct bulge underneath the center of the sheet, obviously made by some solid object definitely larger than the original potato. I was fascinated by the fact that the mysterious object seemed to get bigger each time the sheet was raised and dropped again.

All this time the old man's lips were moving and I could just hear a sort of murmured speech or incantation. In his eyes was still that far-away look, while the rest of his features remained completely expressionless.

I was looking straight into the old man's eyes, trying to define his intentions when, with an abrupt exclamation and a deft movement of his hands he jerked aside the sheet. There, lying on the blue cotton matting, was a living native baby.

For a moment or two I could only stare in speechless astonishment at the infant which lay quietly on its back and could not have been more than a few weeks old.

The orderly and servants were equally surprised. I had many questions to ask the old *jadoowala* but he appeared exhausted and asked for a drink of water. By now it was almost dark. I told my orderly to take him round to his quarters and look after him. I saw the old man carefully pick up the infant and wrap it in the sheet before following the orderly to the back of the house.

I myself had to leave to keep an appointment. I left a generous reward, told the orderly to give it

to the old magician and at the same time to find out something of his history.

Later, at the club, I told a group of friends about the *jadoowala* and his performance. They just laughed and told me that I had evidently been out too long in the sun. After a good deal of joking at my expense I felt that my personal reputation was at stake and said, "All right, you fellows. I'm going to find that old *jadoowala* and arrange another performance. If I find him, you're all invited to the show. But I warn you — if you see the same thing that I saw this evening, you're all going to apologize to me, and I stipulate that you stand me drinks every night for a week."

"It's a deal," they said.

Back at home I asked the orderly whether he knew where to find the old *jadoowala*.

"No, Sahib. I'm sorry, but after you left I followed your instructions. I took the old man to my quarters. I gave him the money, for which he thanked you. Then, as he seemed very tired, I went to the cook-house to get him some hot tea. I returned almost immediately, but he had gone and had taken his baskets and the bundle with the baby. I ran down the drive, but there was a lot of traffic on the main road, and in the semi-darkness and the clouds of dust I could not see which way he had gone."

During the following days I had people search the bazaars and caravanserais for the old man but nobody seemed to have seen him. Not until a week later did we run him to earth.

He appeared reluctant to repeat the potato trick. He explained it took a great deal out of him, and for this reason he reserved it for special occasions and only for audiences he knew to be sympathetic. However, finally he agreed to come.

For days I hardly had dared show myself at the club but now I quickly passed round the word. That evening half a dozen of my skeptical friends turned up at my bungalow.

Most of those friends are now dead but one of them, D.G., is still alive and still remembers vividly the details of that eventful evening. Of the remainder, Captain B., a military surgeon who subsequently died during the war, was the most skeptical of all. He refused to believe anything he did not see with his own eyes and frequently he refused to believe even his eyes. He therefore brought his camera, prepared to make a thorough investigation and debunk "this *jadoo* monkey business".

We all settled down comfortably in chairs on the verandah with drinks. The old man came and all looked searchingly at him as he made his deep obeisance.

Captain B. impatiently wanted to get straight down to the main act while the light was still good enough for photography. But the old *jadoowala* refused to be hurried and, for some good reason of his own, insisted on going through his regular repertoire first. There was, of course, one important difference between this and the first performance in that the element of surprise had been eliminated. We all knew, or thought we knew, what was going to happen.

At last came the final act. A potato was provided and was duly passed around for inspection by each member of the party. All agreed that it was just a common or garden potato with nothing unusual about it, although Captain B. insisted on photographing it "just to complete the record."

Then the act started exactly as before. Captain B. photographed the sheet after each stage as the bulge became successively larger. We all were quite silent by this time. Even the old man, I thought, looked tense, as though he felt that his reputation was at stake. Then the sheet was whisked away — and there again was the baby!

To me it looked like the same infant. Captain B. was so anxious to examine the child that instead of photographing it, he stepped forward hastily and took the baby in his arms.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is it is a male child, not more than seven or eight weeks old, and perfectly normal as far as I can see." He spoke in a rather uncertain manner as though he feared the child might vanish any moment.

Just hold it a minute," I said. Picking up B's camera, I snapped him as he stood holding the infant which now began to howl. Captain B. placed it back quickly on the rug.

"Where on earth did the baby come from?" was the question we all asked each other. Certainly not out of the two baskets. They were too small and we had kept them under view the whole time. We were positive that it had not been concealed in the old man's clothing. We had been alert to any possibility of concealment. We were, in fact, all convinced that the old man had not brought the infant with him.

While we were discussing the mystery , the old *jadoowala* wrapped the child in the sheet and picked up his baskets. Again he seemed very much exhausted. I told the orderly to take him to his quarters, and give him some food and let him rest until I had a chance to talk with him. There was also the question of payment. I called to the orderly to wait while I passed the hat around. In those few moments the man slipped quietly away. None of us noticed him go until, with a sud-

den exclamation, the orderly hurried off down the drive.

Considerable time passed before he returned and it was growing dark. He said he had glimpsed the *jadoowala* at the end of the drive just before he passed out of the gateway onto the road. He called out to the old man to wait and ran after him. But by the time he reached the roadway the *jadoowala* had vanished.

The orderly, a tough tribesman from the frontier hills, was visibly shaken. He muttered something about *djinns* and bedevilment and in the servants' quarters they spoke of nothing else for the rest of the night.

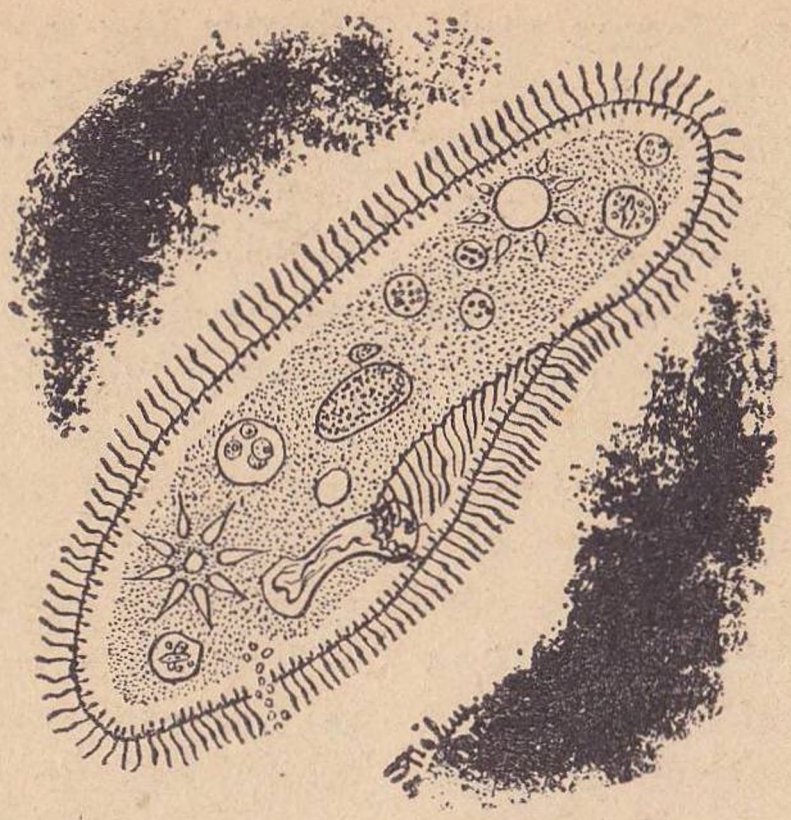
So did we at the club. Unable to offer any plausible explanation, we finally concluded that we all had been hypnotized by the old *jadoowala*. In any case, my own reputation for veracity had been upheld, and all my friends came forward with apologies. They also kept their word about the free drinks!

It now was my orderly who felt his reputation to be at stake. For the next few days he and as many of his friends as he could muster searched the bazaars and caravanserais but without result. Enquires were made in all the most likely quarters and a reward was offered to anyone who could find the missing *jadoowala*. But nobody came forward and I never saw nor heard of him again.

But this was not the end of the story. Two mornings later Captain B. hurried to my bungalow. "I've got the photographs", he said breathlessly. "Afraid they're not very good. The light was poor, you remember, particularly towards the end. But you can make out everything, all right — at least almost everything.

"Look, here you are; here is the potato. You can just see that it *is* a potato. And here is the sheet on the ground. Here's the next one of the sheet with the small bulge. In this one you can see the bulge is larger. And in this one you can see quite clearly how much bigger the bulge is, and then this last one with the very big bulge. The white sheet shows up very well. But now, just look at this! This is the photograph you took of me with the baby. The details are quite good considering the failing light — but look at it!"

I looked and suddenly I felt my flesh creep. For in the photograph Captain B. stood out quite clearly with his arms held cradled — but of the baby itself there was no sign! There definitely was no baby in the photograph!



Farmer Brown's Health Germ

A Massachusetts man claims discovery of a bacillus that prevents plant disease — and grows huge crops.

By John Edward Malloy

Is Farmer John C. Brown, natural scientist and bio-chemist, way ahead of his time and way ahead of the books?

Or is Farmer John C. Brown a magnificent charlatan, who once had thousands of farmers fighting to buy his mysterious "Brown Cell" and cable queries coming in from as far as India – while the U. S. Government was preparing to slap an injunction on him prohibiting him from selling what the Food and Drug Commissioner told a Congressional Committee was only a mixture of impure water, gravel and cement as a health aid?

Which?

I spent a whole day at Brown's laboratory and field test plots in Middleboro, Mass., trying to determine the answer.

And while, for the layman, the scientific jargon is as mysterious as the hieroglyphics of Ancient Egypt, I did see with my own eyes clover beds with stems reaching a height of 69 inches! timothy hay six feet in length! corn stalks

bearing from 15 to 21 ears each! bean clusters 250 to the plant, where the same variety of plant on neighboring farms were producing about 90! tomato plants heavier with fruit than any I had seen! One plant, Brown told me, produced over 300 tomatoes!

I saw photos — backed by an invitation to see with my own eyes — of a peach tree growing in sterile beach sand. This was said to be on the Cape Cod estate of one Gustav Guerner, retired Dupont employee.

Brown says he worked all these wonders with his discovery which he variously refers to as a cataclyst, a matrix, or the Brown cell. The government of the United States said in effect: "Nuts. The Brown cell is worthless," leaving one with the definite impression that the extraordinary crops on the Brown farm may be accounted for by the fact that Brown is an extraordinary farmer.

Brown produces circular pieces of what appears to be cement with air holes in the center. These, he says, contain a new and potent secret of life.

These, said the Commissioner of Food and Drugs of the Food and Drug Administration in Washington, D. C., "would make good paperweights."

Brown puts the circular pieces in water and this water he uses on his fabulous crops. He says it prevents degenerative diseases in plants. He says it contains a bacillus of health which destroys degenerative bacteria.

The controversial gentleman says his concept is so entirely new that those who analyze and assay his product "don't know what to look for and don't know what they've found when they've found it."

Brown doesn't use fertilizers or sprays "or poisons" on his crops.

It is his theory that life began on this planet only because health bacilli has the power to defeat degenerative bacilli or bacteria. He thinks mankind in general, at least as far as the health picture is concerned, has taken the wrong road when it uses "artificial chemicals" to accomplish the job which nature, properly guided and abetted, could do of itself with its own life force.

He is opposed to the often repeated slogan that "one poison kills another".

But let the 64-year-old Mr. Brown tell his own story as he told me the day I visited him at his "lab":

"I am a registered pharmacist by trade, a natural scientist by self-application. After many years of watching diseased and maimed people trek into my pharmacy for chemicals and drugs, many of them pain-twisted chronics, I was seized by a penetrating thought; that man was never intended to pour so many of these objectionable potions and sometimes poi-

sons into his body.

"In 2,000 years of accepted medications, science has failed to provide a total banishment of the sources of mankind's agonies. In modern times the most prolific killer-diseases barely are being thwarted. Could the answer to science's failure lie in the invariable search for the artificial solutions, its reliance on research with the inanimate instead of the animate?

"Since man is an animal by nature, I concluded that the field of natural science must hold the key to his well-being on earth. Anyone with the slightest background in biology knows that a living cell is the fundamental unit of all life on this planet.

"What unknown secret did it hold? If the means of its sustenance — the 'missing link' in evolution — could be found, everything in our world would be subjected to a glorious change.

"I was not foolish enough to overlook the magnitude of the odds against my discovering the 'missing link'. Others have tried and failed. Yet I became determined to try my hand. Nights and holidays I descended to the basement of my home where I had constructed a simple laboratory.

"By 1945, I had perfected a semi-colloidal fog dispersion, a protoplasmic solution.

"It contained no discernable living cell but I was sure I was on the right track and I decided to buy a place in the country where I might experiment directly with the soil elements. I sold my drug store. I divided a section of my new land into laboratory test plots, treating some seeds with the colloidal solution while letting others of the same group go untouched.

"Late that summer I was just as amazed as my family and friends at the crops grown from the treated seeds. All were unusually large, vigorous plants. The leaves were only slightly scarred by parasites while those of the ordinary crop were chewed extensively.

"Building lab cultures of the semi-carbonized vegetation from the extraordinary growth, I waited several days before placing the first smear under the microscope. Still sharp in my mind is the way I trembled with excitement when I saw the results, *living nuclei.*

"I nursed them, keeping constant watch. The cells began to transmute themselves into motile ones, dividing and feeding, reproducing themselves into two or three cells in a period of 24 hours. I was gratified — but my enthusiasm was tempered by the fact that other researchers also had succeeded in causing this feat of uni-cellular reproduction. The real goal was a multi-cellular discovery.

"Dismal failure marked the

next four years of my search. I will spare you the myriad technical enigmas and entanglements that confronted me in every direction.

"My reward came December 24, 1950. The isolated cell (I named it the Brown cell) had unmistakably reached a higher state of life, now crystalline in appearance, and each cell of a culture was developing an umbilical cord in one to three days. Through it, each emitted nuclei colonies of 'mother' cells. These produced 'daughters' who became mothers, etc. The reproduction rate reached many thousands in a few hours.

"This will not seem new or startling to anyone with a basic knowledge of genetics. What will astound such a person — and anyone sincerely looking for the truth is always welcome at my lab — is the expanding and contracting phagous development of the whole evolutionary process. In this expansion and contraction, the cell organism assumes the shape of a cucumber seed then reverts back to its original form through a lightning process of statics.

"This is the miracle science has been seeking through the decades."

So says Farmer Brown, a determined, fiercely sincere look on his face when he discusses this subject around which his whole life evolves now.

There was a time, back in 1950, when Mr. Brown had to call the State Police to hold back the eager motorists who crowded his farm waiting to buy his product. He says they came because they knew his cell produced sensational results.

The government says they came because they were just plain gullible — that Barnum was right when he said "there's one born every minute."

The "battle of statements" between Paul B. Dunbar, then Commissioner of Food and Drugs of the Food and Drug Administration of the Federal Security Agency, and Brown, received national press coverage.

Dunbar said at first his information indicated that "Brown's *discovery* was promoted under the name 'Brown Cell' labeled only 'For plants, soils and seeds.' As such, it did not come under our jurisdiction.

"But it was originally called 'The Master Cell' and the 'Solar Crystal Matrix Battery' or 'Master Cell Matrix'. It was under these identities that it came to the attention of this Administration."

Dunbar condemned Brown's product at a congressional subcommittee hearing on the appropriation for the carrying out of the work of the Food and Drug Administration. "It was not singled out, but was cited with several other products as instances

of many worthless articles on the market which demand a substantial proportion of our enforcement funds and time.

"The story of the 'master cell' came to the attention of our Boston Inspection District in July, 1948. To us, it seemed incredible and at first we thought it must be something only of a local nature. However, the investigation which we forthwith undertook disclosed that the article was being widely distributed not only in Massachusetts but in New England generally, thus bringing it within our jurisdiction.

"As part of the investigation, samples of the device were taken from the interstate consignments for examination in our laboratories. It is a piece of perforated cement composed of sand, cement and unsterile water containing the common single-cell animal known as protozoan paramecium. It appears that Farmer Brown observed some of these common cells in water and concluded in his own mind that he had discovered 'the cell of life, something hitherto unknown to science'.

"The paramecium is one of the lowest forms of animal life, among the first encountered by every college freshman who studies biology. Its wide distribution in nature makes it useful for teaching purposes but no other practical use of the organism is known.

"It is widely consumed by animals as well as humans in the ordinary water supply on farms because it is universally available from grasses and hay.

"Farmer Brown has claimed that the device is a breeding plan for new life; that its action is biological not chemical; that it will produce new animals free of disease; that cows develop new coats, give more milk, and the milk will be antibiotic and destroy all deleterious bacteria; that its use in water will 'crystalize the water' in reservoirs and make unnecessary the use of chlorine or iodine; and according to testimonials of 'satisfied customers' the use of the cell in watering stock will cut down food consumption in cattle, 'has quieted down nervous cows and has brought back an old hen 'till she looked like a pullet'.

"The results of our tests with the 'master cell' show that it is utterly worthless" (in specific diseases of turkeys and chickens) and that "there is no scientific evidence available that it would have any value in the prevention or treatment of any disease of humans or lower animals."

Farmer Brown denied all this loudly and he added a stout invitation which he has been echoing ever since: "Come on down to my laboratory and see for yourself. Seeing is believing.

"The so-called cement block that Dunbar speaks of," Brown answered, "is not a paperweight

but a matrix or womb in which pure cultures of the 'Brown Cell' have been embedded. If the learned gentleman instead of sterilizing his test tubes, would add a little pure, organic matter of the right kind into them, it would help him to understand.

"But first he must set up new laws which are not found in his books."

Brown denied making claims that his product was a cure-all. Then he added, "I personally did not make these statements. But the truth is that these people whom he calls gullible have old hens that are going through a state of moulting" (after using Brown's product) "and that they are laying at the same time. The old hens really have been rejuvenated. Let him come here and I will personally show him."

Brown figures the newness and strangeness both of his product and his concept is his biggest stumbling block.

For a world accustomed for centuries to using chemicals for disease cures to take in an entirely new idea is like Columbus asking the authorities to accept the fact that the world was round not square, Brown says.

But he says he will continue the fight. "And I expect to be around for a good long time," he added. "You see, I drink my own product."

The vitality and spryness of the 64-year-old Brown certainly makes one feel like gulping down some of his "product"!

SUBTERRANEAN TRAIN

IN 1875 at Pueblo, Colo., a locomotive and several cars were derailed into quicksand. They sank out of sight almost at once. Workmen later probed down to a depth of 50 feet — but they never found the vanished train.

IS THE UNIVERSE EXPANDING SLOWLY?

THE universe apparently is expanding only one-third as fast as scientists calculated five years ago, Dr. Walter Baade of Mount Wilson Observatory announced recently. He adds, however, that it may require up to 12 years before really accurate measurements are completed. Dr. Baade works with the largest telescope in the world, the Hale reflector, which makes possible photographs of stars so distant that their light takes 500,000,000 years to reach the earth.



EXCITEMENT BY "Jungle Telegraph"

He sensed the Voodoo rhythm of the drums long before he heard them. Does this explain an old mystery?

By Roy M. Frisen

It was on Armistice Day, 1936. I had been asked to transport a teacher and some children from Aliiolani Grammar School, in Kaimuki, Honolulu, to the Armistice Day program at Kapliolani Park in Waikiki. Parking my car by the nearby Polo Grounds, I let my passengers out. Now I had but to await their return after the program.

Locking my car, I strolled over the grass through the dense crowd lining Kalakau Avenue opposite the War Memorial Natatorium, terminus of the parade. Here the distinguished speakers sat in the reviewing stand and here the speeches would be given.

There was considerable noise. The people, of numerous and fascinating racial mixtures, were chattering; a marching band was playing loudly. Behind that I could hear the muted, conflicting melody of another band, farther

back in the line of march.

I was about 50 feet from the street curb when suddenly I felt the short hairs on the back of my neck actually bristle. A thrill raced up and down my spine. This sensation intensified rapidly; my nerves tingled with increasing excitement.

I stopped and looked around me, wondering if some danger threatened. But I felt no fear – just a strange and powerful thrill.

I pushed and elbowed my way through the good-natured crowd until I stood on the curb under the shade of the thick palm trees. Marchers were wheeling into the reviewing space of the Natatorium grounds. Fifty yards down the avenue the Oahu Prison Band marched towards me playing lustily. Hundreds of marchers from various organizations followed. Then came a high school band, playing a tune which conflicted with the melody played by the white-uniformed prisoners. There was nothing to account for the growing excitement I felt.

Now, several hundred yards away down the avenue I saw a file of United States Marines swing into view around the masonry seawall which did not keep high-tide surf from spraying passersby. In the vanguard was a Marine drum and bugle corps.

The bugles were not blowing but I could see the drummers smacking their drums. I could not hear them. The Oahu Prison Band was now a dozen feet in front of me, turning into the reviewing and dispersing area, playing loudly in my ears. The approaching high school band continued to add to the overall din.

But I knew what excited me. It was the rhythm of the Marine drummers – although I still could not hear the beat.

The prison band stopped playing. Soon the high school band wheeled in front of me and stopped also. As the Marine contingent approached, the beat of the drums gradually came into hearing and the effect upon my nervous system was electric. They were beating a peculiar rhythm they obviously had picked up and adapted from the voodoo ceremonial drums of Haiti, where the Marines had been in occupation for many years.

It all became clear. Years before, as a boy, I had spent a few weeks in Haiti when the Marines occupied that Negro republic. I had witnessed, surreptitiously, one of the natives' inexpressibly exciting, erotic dances in the jungle night. I had heard the blood-tingling rhythm of their drums and chants.

I had been hidden under a large bush near the edge of the clearing where a huge bonfire blazed its orange glare over the weird scene. Later I had heard, from a

distance, some of their drums beating out voodoo ceremonies. Since that time, try as I would, I could never recall any of these exotic rhythms — I still cannot.

But the Marines were beating one of those strange, primitive rhythms and I recognized it for what it was. My ears had not detected the sound, but for at least five minutes before the drummers came into view and earshot some faculty within me had picked up and recognized the vibrations of that savage beat. It had stimulated me to a high degree of excitement.

My conscious mind refused to recall that peculiar rhythm but it was stored in my subconscious and something within me picked up the unheard vibrations, causing my body to react swiftly and powerfully.

I wonder if the mysterious "jungle telegraph" is based on the receipt of unheard drum rhythms whose vibrations are felt and interpreted by individuals who are normally as sensitive to them as I was that sunny day in Hawaii.

Sometimes I wonder too if our occasional contacts with obscure natural laws presage the development in mankind of a sixth sense that in time will become a normal faculty as we progress along the path of evolution.

PSYCHIC MESSAGE

By Florence Freeman

I heard my father tell the following story many times as I was growing up. It happened about 1880, near North Henderson, Ill.

At three o'clock one cold winter morning my grandmother, Mrs. Harvey C. Pitman, woke my father, Samuel, then 17 and the oldest boy, and told him she was certain that the little Ellis girl, a neighbor's child, had just died. Father was certain that Grandmother had no previous knowledge of any illness in the Ellis family.

Grandmother insisted on going over to the Ellis' to do what she could to comfort them in their grief. Father unwillingly hitched up the team of horses and drove her the three miles to the Ellis home.

When they arrived Father found that Grandmother's message was true. As nearly as he could determine, the little Ellis girl had died at the same time that Grandmother somehow had received her message. — *San Jose. Calif.*

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

While the fire chief of Cloverleaf, Tex., was making a trip to San Antonio to buy a new fire truck, his home burned down.

●

George E. Kilgore went to Mrs. Stella Talamento's house in Salt Lake City to make an estimate on remodeling her front porch. He gave the porch support a kick to test its strength. It collapsed on him, breaking his arm and injuring his hip.

●

The Rev. Eric Renshaw of Leicester, England, warned his congregation in his parish that "to ride a bicycle in Leicester is to take your life in your hands." The following day he was killed while riding his bicycle.

●

Frank Gallagher paid his life insurance premium at a Tulsa, Okla., office. He was handed his receipt, whereupon he collapsed and died.

●

In Charlotte, N. C., death parted a couple who had been married 62 years, but for less than an hour. Thirty-two minutes after Mrs. J. Fred Burton died her husband was dead also.

●

Staff Sgt. James Moore was stationed for months in Alaska but the only time he ever has been snowbound was in Texas last winter.

●

A year ago Coach Jim Elliot of Brownfield, Tex., Junior High stepped on Jack Purtell's big toe during basketball practice and broke it. The other day Student Purtell accidentally stepped on Elliott's big toe — and broke it.

●

A car carrying four teenagers along a highway near Salt Lake City suddenly burst into flames. The driver, Willis R. Harper, leaped from the moving auto. The driverless car continued on until it finally hit a fence and stopped. The three youths in the car received only minor injuries. Young Harper was struck by an oncoming car on the highway and killed instantly.

●

In Salt Lake City, Grocer Sam Shortino hired a relief clerk so

that he could attend a meeting of the Butchers' and Grocers' Association. There he listened attentively as police warned of the danger of keeping loaded guns in stores. When he returned to his store Mr. Shortino found that his substitute had routed two bandits by firing at them with the pistol that Mr. Shortino always kept in his store.

●

A Portland, Ore., man, William Tannebaum, died of a heart attack. Two hours later, while she was sobbing over the phone, his wife dropped dead too.

●

Billy Bacon halted his car when he saw an injured pigeon at a San Francisco intersection. As he hopped out to remove the bird from danger, he was knocked down by an auto. The accident broke Billy's leg and killed the pigeon.

●

Julius K. McKinney, a Sylacauga, Ala., farmer, is several hundred dollars richer because his mule is so stubborn. When the animal refused to pass an object in the road, Mr. McKinney got out to investigate. The object was a valuable meteorite from outer space.

●

Some months ago Alex Herschell of Pretoria, South Africa, fell six stories from a window. bounced off a car and escaped injury. The other day he fell again from the same window. This time he was killed.

●

At Plymouth, N. C., the Grace Episcopal Church planted 12 sycamore trees in a row and named each tree after one of Christ's apostles. Lightning struck and killed one — the one called Judas.

●

Two Appleton, Wis., sisters, Mrs. Joseph Van Nuland and Mrs. Martin Van Nuland, whose husbands are brothers, gave birth to baby girls only six hours apart.

●

A faithful clock on the wall in the London home of Miss Margaret Stephens stopped at the exact minute its 84-year-old owner died.

●

In Los Angeles, Joe Simpson, a 15-year-old honor student shot and killed himself after receiving a notice that he had failed in mathematics. The .22 calibre rifle the boy used in the suicide was a gift from his father for excellent school work. The notice had been sent to him by mistake.

●

Jackson Fleckstien of Ionia, Mich., claims to have a "magic" hunting stump. He has shot his fourth deer in four years while seated on the same stump.

EXPERIMENT WITH CLAIRVOYANCE



The hypnotized woman described the distant scene — but did she fail the most crucial part of the test?

By Edgar Monroe

For many years I have studied and investigated hypnotism, mediumistic manifestations and other psychic and occult phenomena. The experiment recorded here is only one of hundreds I have conducted and which have convinced me of the existence of telepathy, clairvoyance and the power of mind over matter.

In 1918 I was living in Dayton, Ohio, employed at night at the National Cash Register Company. In the afternoons I often spent some time at a tavern not far from the Register factory. The tavern was owned by Louis Miller. It was there I became acquainted with Walter Cook, City Medical Examiner at that time. Doc Cook and Lou Miller were much interested in psychic phenomena and we would discuss the subject for hours at a time. Lou Miller had seen me demonstrate, on several occasions, some amusing and puz-

zling effects of hypnotic control on a number of his customers.

My wife, who died recently, was the best hypnotic subject I ever have known. She was remarkably susceptible to hypnotic suggestion. On several occasions, while in a state of hypnosis, she had described the actions of distant persons we knew. Her statements later were verified by letters from them. I had told Doc Cook about these experiments and one day at the tavern we decided to conduct a test the next afternoon.

The procedure was to be as follows: From two o'clock until four o'clock Lou Miller was to note carefully every move he made, together with everything that occurred in the tavern during that period. Doc Cook was to be a witness of this. We further agreed that at exactly three o'clock, the half-way mark, Lou Miller was to perform a particular act which was to be the crucial part of the test.

My wife and I lived on the West Side of the city, fully a mile and a half from Miller's tavern. My wife did not know Lou Miller personally and never had been in his tavern, although I often had talked to her about Lou.

I prepared a large ruled chart with spaces representing every five minute period between two and four o'clock. At about 1:45 P.M. I placed my wife in deep hypnosis, closely approaching a state of catalepsy. I then explained to her that she was to get *en rapport* with Lou Miller and tell me everything he did at the tavern and whatever else occurred there. With my chart and a clock before me, I prepared to write down my wife's impressions and the time they were reported.

At two o'clock, at my suggestion, my wife began to describe the actions of Lou Miller, his conversations with customers, the drinks they ordered, the amounts rung up on the cash register and other such details. I set down all these happenings in the spaces of their supposed occurrence.

As the hands of the clock moved towards three o'clock, the time set for the decisive test, I directed my wife to pay careful attention to what was going on at the tavern. At precisely three o'clock I asked her, "What is Lou Miller doing at this moment?"

She answered, "Nothing."

I said, "Surely he must be doing something."

She replied, "He came out from behind the bar and is now standing looking at a picture of some sort on the wall opposite the bar."

I thought, "Lou must have forgotten the most important part of the test." I had expected something more spectacular than this.

However, we continued the test for the remaining hour, during which my wife described many in-

cidents supposedly taking place at the tavern.

At four o'clock, I released my wife from hypnosis, caught a taxi and went to Lou Miller's tavern. I found Lou and Doc Cook awaiting my appearance. I handed Lou the chart without comment. He and Doc Cook began reading it; Lou would say, "Yes, I did that!" and "That's right, I did that!" and "By golly, old man Peterson borrowed a dollar from me, just like she said here." Doc Cook chimed in every time with, "That's right, Lou." and "Yes, sir, that's what you did, Lou!" and so on throughout the reading of the chart.

"Now, wait a minute," I said to Lou. "Just exactly what did you do at three o'clock? That was supposed to put the clincher on the whole test. My wife said you didn't do anything but come out from behind the bar, walk over to the opposite wall and stand looking at a picture on the wall. There isn't even a picture over there, nothing but a plain calendar."

Lou Miller said, "Well, Ed, three o'clock slipped up on me before I was ready for it. I didn't know what to do. I walked over there and looked at that calendar, trying to think of some unusual thing to do like you suggested I should. You remember I wrote your address and telephone number on that calendar a long time ago. I was only standing there, looking at it and thinking about you."

In view of this explanation, and considering the nature of our experiment, we concluded that this part of the test had been a success after all. The question was: Did my wife actually see those things clairvoyantly or did she receive her information from the minds of Lou Miller and Doc Cook through telepathy?

My researches into psychic phenomena indicate thought is both electrical and magnetic.

Electricity, magnetism and chemical affinity are inherent qualities of the brain and produce thought impulses. The brain of any living creature has an electric beat that is conducted by neurons, not by blood vessels nor connecting tissue. All brain cells show varying degrees of mechanical, thermal and chemical affinity. The strength of the infinitesimal electric charges which the brain produces is easy to measure by an electro-encephalograph in which brain waves are recorded on a paper strip flowing through the machine. In connection with this statement, I present the following news item which was published recently by North American Newspaper Alliance:

"London — The human brain literally broadcasts on four short wave lengths, with the same set of frequencies being used by all

men, women and children. This is the latest discovery about the mysterious radiations emitted by humans, which previously had been detected with the help of photo-electric devices, and which probably account for such phenomena as telepathy or transmission of thought at a distance.

"Dr. W. Grey Walter, of the Burden Institute of Neurology of Bristol, England, has succeeded in identifying four principal types of cerebral radiations. He has classified them as follows:

"Delta waves, of from 0.5 to 3.5 cycles a second, are associated with our organism's defensive mechanism against maladies and disease.

"Theta waves, of from 4 to 7 cycles a second, are associated with feelings of pleasure, pain and violence.

"Alpha waves, of from 8 to 13 cycles a second, are connected with certain "imaginative" types of humans.

"Beta waves, of from 14 to 30 cycles a second, are closely related to the states of anxiety and nervous tension."

One day, while we were discussing the machine which measures the strength of the electric charges which the human brain produces, I remarked to Doc Cook that since it thus was proved that thoughts possess power and energy, I was of the opinion that they also possess substance. I quoted Newton's assertion, "Power cannot subsist without substance."

This I believe and I will tell you why. Two years ago I was involved in an automobile accident which fractured bones in both my legs. I was laid up in bed at home with my entire lower body in a cast, making it impossible for me to move more than my arms.

I was lying there in bed one day when I became extremely thirsty. I think this tremendous thirst came on me as a result of the medicine I had been taking.

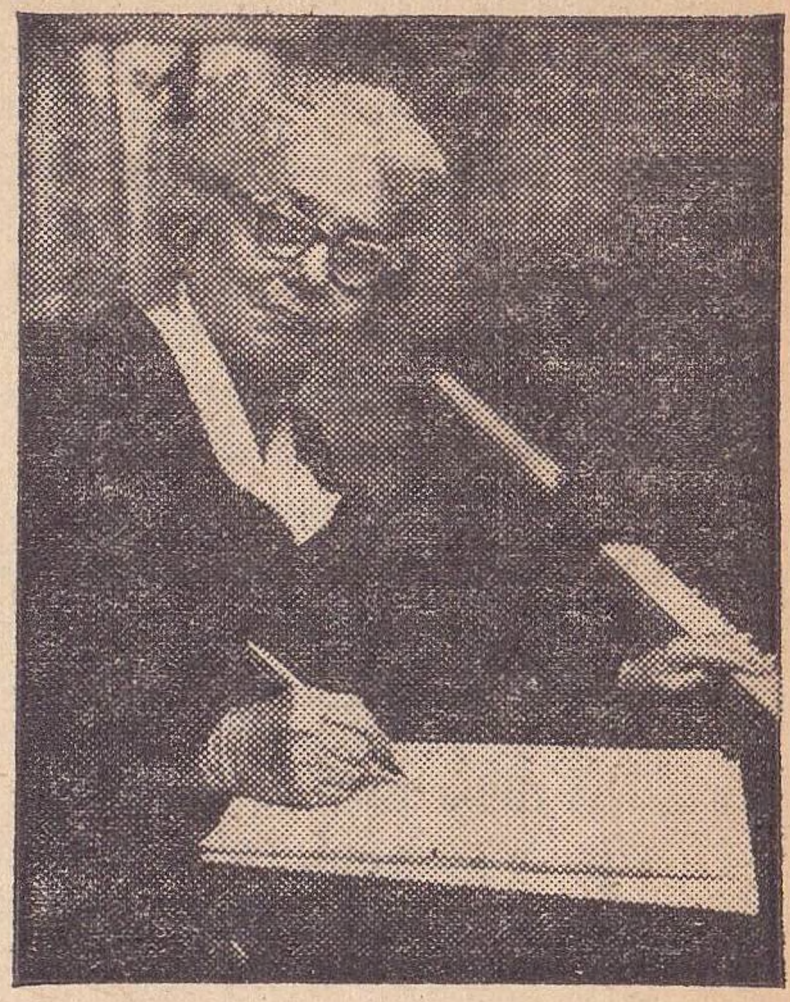
All my folks were away from home at the time and I had nobody to wait on me. There was a pitcher of water on a table beside my bed, but it was so far back that I was unable to reach it. I strained to get hold of that pitcher but I couldn't reach it by a foot. Meanwhile my thirst increased in intensity until I really was suffering torture.

Now you may not believe this, but I swear to you that at the very moment my desire for a drink of water reached its unbearable peak, and while I was vainly reaching to grasp the pitcher, that pitcher suddenly moved toward me across the intervening space to a position where I was able easily to take hold of it.

For me this proves the power of forceful thinking — it moved a pitcher of water. Who is to say it cannot also move mountains?

By Esther Cox Todd

She knew the color of my dress and she described Ella, whom she had never met. But this was only part of the amazing ability of —



Esther Cox Todd composes piano music in addition to writing.

the BLIND GIRL who could see

We Todds practically were strangers in Portland, Ore., in 1927, although I was becoming known through my music. My husband had a small snack shop a few blocks up the hill from Reed College. Needing help in the kitchen, he phoned the College for student help. A girl applied who wished to work for money, board and lodging. As our home was not far from the shop and not too far from the College, it sounded like a practical solution for us.

Although Ella (not her real name) was smart enough to have a College scholarship she was far from brilliant in appearance. She had drab hair and a dull complexion. Her nondescript clothes were unpressed. The only thing about her which seemed alive were her furtive brown eyes. Her worst feature was her large and protruding teeth. A little mouse starved after a hard winter could not have been more depressing.

Before coming to us Ella had worked in the college office. She had been discharged because of petty thievery. Of course we knew nothing of this at the time. Tele-

phoning her own references ahead of her, she made application for work and my husband hired her. When he saw her he said he thought, "Surely anyone can wash dishes!"

The poor creature fainted the first day but she was with us several days before we realized what a problem she was. My husband thought she was starved for food; I thought she was starved for an understanding friend.

She had a great many peculiarities which we overlooked until one night I found her stealing armloads of flowers from a neighbor's yard. In our own yard we had only a lovely magnolia tree in early blossom. I told Ella she could have some of the blooms. She broke off large branches which she carried to her room but didn't care enough about them to put them in water. A few days later, in spite of a confidential talk, she rifled another neighbor's yard. My embarrassed apologies to the neighbor troubled Ella not at all.

We had given her the cheeriest room in the house and I gave her my most becoming dress, a sheer rose-knit. I sent her to the beauty parlor and bought her silk stockings and a pair of new shoes. My husband urged upon her nourishing foods and quarts of milk shakes. He even did not scold her for the many dishes she broke in her absent-minded fashion.

Because she was so erratic, we didn't dare leave our four-year-old son with her even one evening. She had told me that at one time she had tried to kill herself. That fear was in my mind constantly. When I'd come home from my downtown piano studio, I'd catch myself going to the basement to see if Ella was swinging from the rafters. I'm telling you all this about Ella so you may know the state of mind I was in.

About this time I was invited to play piano solos for a tea being given on the battleship *Oregon*. That heroic old boat, resting on the Willamette River at the foot of the Broadway Bridge, was kept open to the public as a museum.

The woman in charge of the tea explained to me, "We have asked a blind girl, Marguerite C —, whom you have heard on the radio, to sing. Will you play for her?" I said I'd be glad to do that.

To make it easier for Marguerite I went to her home for our rehearsal. Her voice was lovely and we were really en rapport. As we finished practicing, a rather stout but handsome middle-aged woman, dressed for the street, came briskly down the stairs. One hand rested on the railing and the other on the arm of a young man holding car keys. Marguerite introduced us as they stopped on their way to the door.

As Anna Lee Snyder put out her hand to shake mine, I felt the impact of her personality but

something seemed missing. With surprise, I realized suddenly that she, like Marguerite, was blind.

"Your music sounds lovely, girls," she said. "I wish I could stay long enough to hear you go through it again but I have an appointment."

As the young man opened the door, she called back, "I'll see you tomorrow, Mrs. Tood. I'll try to get down a minute to visit with you before you go on to your program."

After they had gone Marguerite told me, "This is Mrs. Snyder's house. I've lived here with her for several years. She's a wonderful person and a wonderful friend."

The next day — the day of the tea — the weather was balmy, just the kind of a day to go partying. I was wearing a lovely spring outfit, a tailored suit of pale green crepe and a hat the color of daffodils. New clothes usually give me a lift but I was worried about Ella. That morning we had called the Dean of Women at the College. She considered Ella a problem too, but had nothing to suggest.

I was thinking hard about Ella as I parked the car in front of Mrs. Snyder's home. She must have heard me walking up her steps for she herself opened the door.

Taking my hands, she enfolded me in warm friendship. "How becoming that pale green is to you," she said. Surprised out of my good manners, I blurted, "I thought you were blind! I . . . I mean I thought you couldn't see!"

She laughed, "I can't see with normal eyes but sometimes I just *know* things. Maybe you would say I *feel* these things. You should wear that shade of green often. It's good for your personality and it's good for prosperity too."

I made a reply of some sort. Lowering her voice to a more intimate tone, she said, "I should have talked to you yesterday but I was almost late for my appointment and didn't dare take the time. I wished to tell you that what you are worrying about is not your problem." Slowly then and with great emphasis, she repeated, "It is not your problem. It came to me very clearly yesterday and again just now."

I was dumbfounded. This all moved in dimensions too deep for me.

Mrs. Snyder went on," I see a girl of about your height . . . young . . . 17 or 18. Do you know her birthdate?" I said I did not. "Never mind, then. But it sometimes helps. Back of her I see a large group of unattractive children — brothers and sisters, I suppose. I don't see her features very clearly except she has small and furtive dark eyes. And her teeth are like this."

Mrs. Snyder pushed out her upper lip and pulled back her lower lip, suggesting buck teeth.

I suppose I was excited and nervous, but she looked so funny I couldn't help but laugh out loud. If anyone who knew Ella were describing her, they couldn't have done better. Fortunately Mrs. Snyder was not offended when I laughed. "Good!" she said. "I'm glad to hear you laugh. . . Though at this very moment I see this girl dipping into your husband's till. But it's the last time she's going to do that!"

Mrs. Snyder was silent for a moment and I wondered how she had known my husband had a till. I felt awed and very queer. Finally she shook her head." I wish I could tell you where she is going and what she is going to do but I can't make it out. But rest assured, you are through with her!"

Again she said, "That is not your problem." I want you and Marguerite to go to the party and have a wonderful time!"

"But, how can you know all this?" I asked. "It can't all be in my mind. You might get the color of my dress from me, but I don't know whether Ella even has any brothers or sisters. How do you know that my husband is in business?"

"This *knowing* is a gift that was given me when I lost my sight. It is God-given. It didn't all come at once. I think everyone has some of this sixth sense, but often the blind have more opportunity to develop it. I used to have hunches before I lost my sight. But now this knowing goes beyond that. It is very strong at times but it does not always come on demand. Sometimes my stomach seems to tighten into a knot when people come for readings. When that happens I have to send them away and tell them to return later."

By now Marguerite had come down ready to go. I was intrigued with Mrs. Snyder and left with reluctance.

I drove the car as close as I could to the long flight of wooden stairs leading from the bridge to the ship. Marguerite was courageous and trusting. We laughed when, guiding her about, I told her to duck her head and immediately bumped my own forehead!

Our music was appreciated and we had a fine time. I barely thought of Ella. However I hardly could wait to get back and resume my conversation with Mrs. Snyder.

She was waiting for us, calling out as we entered the front hall, "Let's hear all about the party!" Marguerite was full of the afternoon's experience. The two blind women thought it excruciatingly funny that in prowling about the boat I, the seeing one, bumped my head!

As soon as I could I brought the conversation back to extra-sensory perception. For another hour Mrs. Snyder enthralled me with stories of her experiences. Of one she related:

"Two girls came to me for a reading. One had been to me before. Usually I do not read for two persons at a time as I prefer to concentrate on one. However I thought I could already see something of importance to both girls so I agreed.

"At first I told them a few unimportant things to give them confidence in me and to relax us all. Then I saw a very disturbing thing. 'Your brother,' I told the girl who was visiting me for the first time, is invited to a party Saturday night. Try to keep him from going. If he goes he will drink and if he drives he will be killed. This will happen at 39th and Sandy Boulevard.'

"Almost jeeringly the girl said, 'That's too far-fetched for me to believe. You can't know a thing like that. If he is killed, I will be too for I'm going with him to the party.'

"No, you will not be killed. I can't be positive you are the girl with him but I think so. There seem to be several boys and girls but only the one young man is fatally injured.

"At this the sister promised, 'I'll do the best I can, Mrs. Snyder, to keep him from going.' "

Mrs. Snyder looked sad as she told this. "What happened?" I asked. "Did they go to the party?"

"Yes," she answered. "The boy was killed. Perhaps his sister couldn't stop him. All I could do was to tell what I saw."

"Do people ever come to you for help in finding lost articles and things like that?" I asked.

"Oh my, yes!" she laughed. "Often. Those are the easiest of all. It's a sort of game."

"And can you tell them where to find their valuables?"

"Often I can, can't I, Marguerite?" She chuckled. "That's when I have my fun."

I had already stayed longer than I should; it was nearing dinnertime. Taking leave of Mrs. Snyder and Marguerite, I drove to the snack shop. My husband had had an eventful day too. "Guess what's happened! Ella's gone!"

"No!" I exclaimed. In spite of Mrs. Snyder's prediction, I didn't quite believe it. "Where has she gone?"

"We don't know. She came in this afternoon and said she was leaving. She said she was quitting school and was going to live in another town. Whether that's the truth or not, who knows? But at least she's gone!"

One of the women who helped in the shop said, "I told Mr. Todd he'd better go home and see what was missing there. I'm almost sure I saw her at the till before she left. She saw me watching her. I've suspected for several days that she was stealing."

I told them what Mrs. Snyder had told me. My husband, although somewhat incredulous,

agreed that these events went beyond coincidence. Friends told me they had known of Mrs. Snyder for years and had heard her lectures and her talks on the radio. She was called the "Blind Psychic."

I saw Mrs. Snyder only once after that first day. She died several years ago. But I always will remember her as one who, although blind, saw more truly than those possessing sight.

THE CURSED CASTLE

THOSE who have followed the history of beautiful Miramar Castle, which stands at the edge of the Adriatic Sea near Trieste, believe a curse hangs over it.

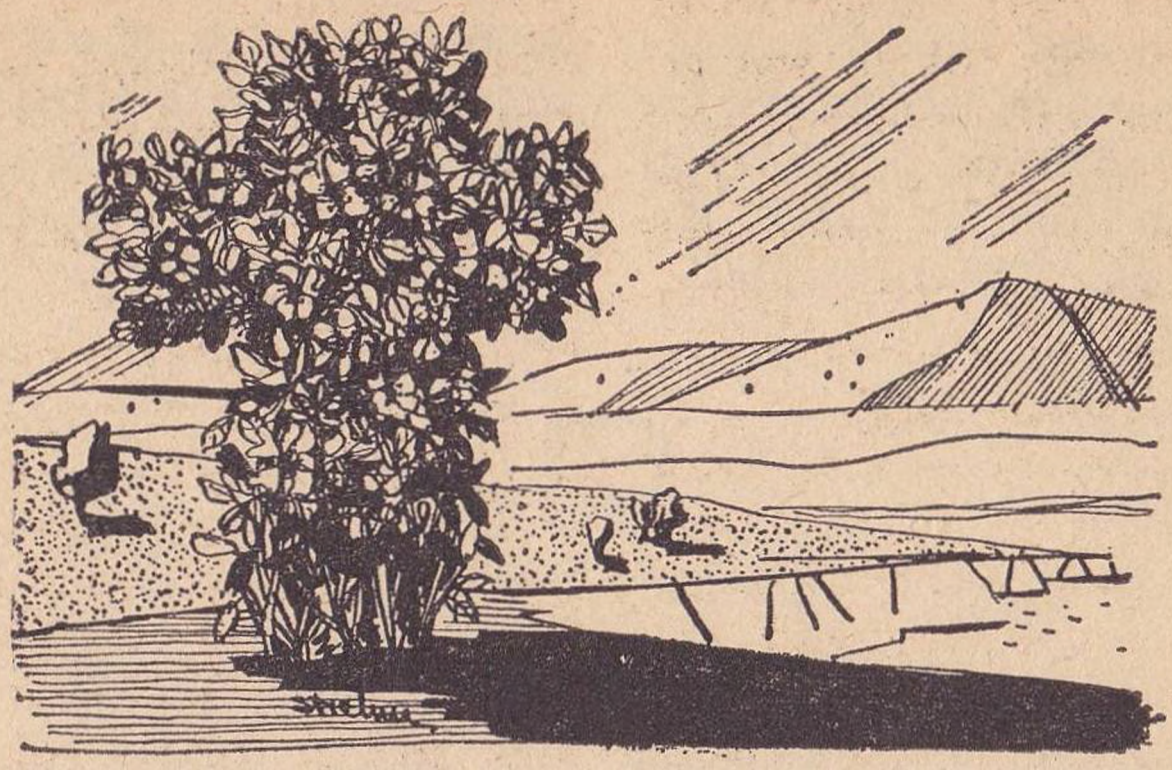
The castle was built 100 years ago for Archduke Maximilian, brother of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. After living in it for a few years he left to become Emperor of Mexico — where later he died before the guns of a firing squad.

The next occupants of the castle were Empress Elizabeth of Austria, Maximilian's sister-in-law, and her son, Crown Prince Rudolph, heir to the Austrian throne. In 1889 Rudolph and his sweetheart, Baroness Marie Vetsera, were found mysteriously shot to death at Castle Mayerling near Vienna. In 1898 Empress Elizabeth was stabbed to death in Geneva, Switzerland.

Scoffing at the superstition which by this time had attached to Miramar, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Rudolph's cousin and the next in line to the Austrian throne, made the castle his summer home. In 1914 he and his wife were assassinated at Sarajevo, an event that resulted in World War I.

At the end of the war, when Trieste became a part of Italy, Amareo, Duke of Aosta, occupied Miramar. Because he supported Mussolini, he was made Viceroy of Ethiopia. Captured later by the British when they liberated the country during World War II, he died at the age of 43 in a Kenya prison compound.

When American troops occupied the new International Zone of Trieste after the war, Major General Bryant E. Moore and Major General Bernice McFayden successively made Miramar Castle their quarters. Both died later of heart attacks.



The Grave on which no grass grows

Why has this grave remained bare? Does it prove its occupant was innocent of the crime for which he was hanged?

By Michael Sheldon

JOHN Davies raised his right hand above his head, his eyes fixed on the small group of men and women who had come to see him hanged for murder.

"As true as there is a God in heaven I am innocent of this crime," he cried. "I die praying to God that he will let no grass grow upon my grave and that he will so prove my innocence."

A minute later the hangman kicked the box from under Davies's feet; the rope snapped taut and Davies died. When his body stopped twitching the people went home. Attendants cut down his body.

During a thunderstorm, which had been threatening during the whole ritual of the execution, Davies' body was buried in a six-foot hole. Then for a time the matter was forgotten.

John Davies had come to the Welsh town of Montgomery to

run Heightly Hall, farmstead of the Pearce family, which was occupied by the widow of a farmer and her young daughter. The woman and her daughter were poverty-stricken and her brother had asked Davies, who was living in Staffordshire, England, to come down and try to make something of the farm.

Within a few months Davies, young and ambitious, had the farm running well. He worked extra hard because he wanted to marry the widow's daughter. In Montgomery, however, Davies was not welcomed. The Welsh are extremely clannish and Davies was technically a foreigner — from England.

Two men, Thomas Pearce, whose father had once owned Heightly Hall, and William Jones had a dual reason for wanting to be rid of Davies. Pearce wanted the farm and Jones wanted the girl. Meanwhile, unknown to either the woman, her daughter, or Hall and Jones, Davies was wanted in another part of the country.

Pearce and Jones were firm friends and it was inevitable that they should pool their resources against the one man who stood between them and their ambitions.

One day after Davies had gone to sell sheep at Welshpool Fair, a few miles from the farm, he was returning when Pearce and Jones overtook him. They accused him of stealing their sheep and Pearce invited Davies to fight. Davies at first refused but when the man began to attack him, he pulled off his coat. While he and Pearce were fighting Jones slipped a watch and purse into one of Davies' coat pockets.

Davies was soundly beaten by Pearce who was a much bigger man. Then the two men took him back to Welshpool where they laid a charge of robbery against him. Jones told the authorities that he had just arrived in time to save Pearce from being murdered by Davies.

Davies protested his innocence but stood shocked into silence when from his coat pocket the police took the purse and watch Jones had put there.

At the Criminal Sessions a month later he protested his innocence in vain. Jones testified to seeing Davies beating up Pearce, and Pearce testified that he had been robbed on the highway by Davies. Highway robbery carried the death penalty.

When the judge asked him whether he had anything to say before the sentence was passed, Davies declared:

"My Lord, it would be useless me saying anything against such evidence. I can only say I am perfectly innocent of the charge made against me. I sincerely trust the time will come when my inno-

cence will be proved and that my mistress and her daughter will know that they did not befriend a highway robber."

He paused a moment, then continued: "I have prayed earnestly for forgiveness and shall continue to pray that God will not let the grass grow upon my grave — to prove my innocence."

Shortly before he was to be hanged Davies confessed to a minor offense committed some years before. What he hoped to gain by this is not known.

After his body had been buried in the Montgomery parish churchyard, turf was placed on it. The mound was grass covered.

But the next morning the sexton was astonished to see that the grass had withered on the grave. It was now bare. As the months passed, the mound sank and took on the shape of a coffin. It remained devoid of any growth although neighboring graves were grass-covered.

After a year, two years, three years the adjoining graves were overgrown with grass, but Davies' grave remained bare. There wasn't one blade of grass on it.

People began to visit the grave now to see for themselves that no grass grew on it. Some brought grass seed. Others planted flowers on the grave. But everything planted on it died. The earth was turned and manured. Fresh seed was planted. Yet nothing grew.

The vicar hired a laborer to dig halfway down into the grave and refilled the hole with fresh soil. This was fertilized and planted but his effort was wasted.

Some 30 years after Davies' execution the churchyard was remodelled. The old graves were covered with tons of soil and grass seed was planted over the lot. In a few months the entire old cemetery had become a lawn — except for one patch two feet wide by six feet long — the patch where Davies' body lay. Again every effort was made to grow grass on it, but without success.

Twenty years after this someone noticed that the shape of Davies' grave was altering. It seemed to grow arms about a foot from the top. In amazement the people visiting the grave saw that the coffin-shape had changed to the shape of a cross. Two Anglican church bishops visited the grave and consecrated it. A Roman Catholic priest sprinkled it with holy water.

But still nothing would grow on it. At this time some unknown visitor planted a white rose at the head of the grave. A white rose is and always has been a symbol of innocence. Perhaps for this reason the rose took root and grew where nothing else would grow.

By this time the opinion throughout Wales was that Davies had been innocent. Pearce was dead in an accident. Jones had

become a tramp, roaming aimlessly up and down the country until the sexton found him one day, lying unconscious on Davies' grave. Jones told the vicar before he died that he had not thought Davies would be hanged.

"I know he was innocent," he said.

A few years ago an American nursery man visited St. Nicholas graveyard in Montgomery and planted seed on Davies' grave, after treating the soil with fertilizer. The man was killed soon afterwards in an automobile crash and never knew that his seed too failed to grow.

But the rose tree grew and in time the practical people of Montgomery had another shock. They saw that it was growing in the shape of a cross at the head of the grave. Arms were shooting out to resemble a cross exactly.

The grave has been watched almost from the day Davies was hanged, September 6, 1821. A succession of vicars have considered it their duty not only to plant grass on the grave but to see that the grave was not tampered with.

A skeptical American visitor in recent years visited the grave and took away a small sample of the earth to have it analyzed. Before he could have this done, however, he died.

Today, after 134 years, the grave of John Davies may be visited by anyone who does not believe that a man's faith can be strong enough to remain in force after so long a time. The grave is open for inspection.

The present vicar firmly believes that nothing but the strong will and faith of John Davies has brought about this miracle — the grave of an innocent man, hanged for a crime he did not commit, upon which no grass will grow.

MORE THAN THE NAME'S THE SAME

Two different James Hughes families live on the same street in Tulsa, Okla. At 2 p.m. on a Tuesday recently a baby boy was born into each. Both boys were named John. The Hughes families are not related.

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LIGHTNING IN THE FAMILY

In 1934 the sister of Giovanni Bruno was killed by lightning while sheltering under a tree near their home in Potenza, Italy. On July 19, 1955, caught in a storm, Bruno took refuge under the same tree. A bolt of lightning killed him also.



I Saw the

The angel came out of nowhere, kissed the baby's forehead—and vanished. Was this an omen that the baby soon was going to die?

By V. A. Peacock

WHEN my girl friend and I were 18 years old we went baby sitting regularly.

One night one of my regular families phoned for me. I was busy so Do, now Mrs. Doreen Koushnir of Vancouver, decided she would go. It was a sultry summer evening.

There was only one child in the family, a little girl four months old. When Do arrived the child's mother, Mrs. Welles, told her the baby had been fussy all day because of the heat. She suggested that if Do couldn't get her to sleep she might take her for a walk.

As was expected, the baby wouldn't sleep. So Do wrapped a light blanket around her and started out for a walk. There was a small park quite close and as it was still daylight and the park looked like the coolest spot, she started walking through it along the trail.

She nearly had reached the other side when, out of nowhere, an angel appeared. The angel was as tall as Do. She had flowing, golden hair and was dressed in a graceful white gown. She walked up to Do and the baby, gently lifted the corner of the blanket covering the baby's forehead and kissed her. Then she disappeared as strangely and suddenly as she had appeared.

Do was frightened and ran all the way back to the house. There she phoned her mother and told her what had happened. Her mother, Mrs. J. Ellis, came over and stayed until Mr. and Mrs. Welles returned home sometime later.

Angel of Death!

Do's mother always had been psychic. On numerous occasions she had seen spirits. Mrs Ellis told Do that the baby was going to die, but cautioned her not to mention a word about any of it to the Welles. When the baby's parents came home Do's mother explained she had walked over to get a little fresh air before going to bed and had decided to wait for Do.

The following evening Mrs. Welles called Do again. Her husband had gone out and she felt lonesome. The baby had fussed the entire day again. She just wondered if Do would come over and visit with her.

Do was frightened. She said she was sorry but she had a lot of homework to do. When she hung up the receiver her mother scolded her, saying she was not being kind, especially in view of what had happened only last night.

Do knew her mother was right and finally agreed to visit Mrs. Welles.

Mrs. Welles was pleased and the two of them sat talking for over an hour. Mrs. Welles, was up and down constantly, turning the baby this way and that, trying to get her to settle down. But the child seemed hot and restless, nothing her mother did helped her. She would be quiet for a few minutes, then they would hear her pitiful little cry again.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Do got up to answer it. She opened the door but there was no one there. They supposed someone was playing a joke so they sat and waited for a second knock. A short time later, the second knock came. This time Mrs. Welles said she would see to it. When she opened the door again there was no one there, nor anyone in sight either. They thought



DOREEN KOUSHNIR

it strange but dismissed it and started to play cards while waiting for Mrs. Welles' husband to return.

They became quite engrossed in their game and lost track of the time. Mrs. Welles absently looked at her watch and suddenly realized it was late. She remarked happily to Do that the baby had not stirred for a whole hour. It was the first time in two days that she had been content for such a long period.

"I must go in and see that she is covered. I'll go very quietly so I won't wake her. Poor little dear she must be so tired," Mrs. Welles said, getting up.

She tiptoed into the baby's room. Then Do heard her scream. She ran into the bedroom and found Mrs. Welles clutching the baby to her breast. She was on the verge of hysteria.

The baby was dead.

When Do told her mother what had happened, Mrs. Ellis said that when they opened the door in answer to the first knock, it was the angel of death come to take the baby. When they opened the door in answer to the second knock, the angel was leaving the house — taking the spirit of the baby with her.

EARTHQUAKE WARNINGS BY ANIMALS

ANIMALS apparently know in advance when earthquakes are about to occur. Instances of this foreknowledge recently were reported by Mrs. F. E. Soward, who has lived in different parts of New Zealand.

At the time of the Murchison earthquake she lived in Lower Hutt, Wellington Province. As she stood on her doorstep, talking to a neighbor, she saw her cat race across the yard and scurry up a tree as if from some danger. Her dog crawled up to her, whining. The actions of the animals were a mystery until the earthquake followed.

Mrs. Soward says that just before the Napier earthquake, in which some 300 persons were killed, horses and cows were seen running wildly up a hill. A moment later the entire hill slid across a road at its foot, burying traffic. By running uphill many of the animals saved themselves.

Shortly before the Wairarapa earthquake, Mrs. Soward relates, her dog crawled under a bed and her cat scratched at the door to be let out. The tremors continued in lessening intensity for several days. During this time she observed that horses and cows ran for the highest spot simultaneously with, or moments before, each tremor.

YOUR AURA REVEALS YOUR ILLS

This noted doctor found he was able to detect the human aura. Then he learned he could tell certain diseases by their color.

By Dr. W. E. Farbstein



DR. GEORGE STARR WHITE

DR. George Starr White, well-known pioneer in the use of zone therapy and other unorthodox medical fields, relates that he first noticed the phenomenon of the aura — or "magnetic atmosphere" — in a cat lying before a fireplace in his home. The fireplace furnished a favorably dark background and quite by accident the illumination was sufficiently subdued. He saw a peculiar emanation around the light-colored animal. At that time he was only a child and he remarked to his playmates that pussy looked "bluer than usual".

Of course his friends didn't understand what he was talking about. At this moment the family dog came onto the scene and began to tease the cat. Young White was astonished to see that the cat's aura immediately changed to a reddish hue.

From that time on White watched for this phenomenon and noted that his pet pigeons changed the color of their auras during their mating season. He observed that when two pigeons were attracted to each other their auras blended. If two birds were antagonistic the auras seemed to repell each other.

White later observed that trees and plants in bud have auras. The distinct emanation surrounding the budding portion of their veg-

etation is not observable during the rest of the season. He said that to look at an orchard when there is just enough moonlight to make visible the vari-colored magnetic atmospheres around each bloom is a gorgeous breath-taking sight.

George Starr White was born in Danbury, Conn., in 1866. He spent his youth and received his early education there. When he was in his teens he considered becoming a clergyman and, characteristically, began his study of religion by conversing with pastors of four different denominations at one time. What he heard set him thinking – and he never quit. However, he forthwith gave up all thought of entering the ministry and began the study of medicine. When he found the allopathic professors too dogmatic, hidebound and reactionary for his taste he gravitated to a homeopathic college where the faculty members were more open-minded and progressive. Here he was graduated, receiving his M.D. degree.

About this same time he was amazed to learn that his ability to see the human aura, which he had taken for granted, was a very uncommon gift. He also discovered that it was a great help in diagnosing disease.

But when he published reports and delivered lectures to his colleagues on auric phenomena they deluged him with ridicule and abuse. He became the target for official condemnation from medical associations. Organized medicine branded him a quack. It stated that if a man really could observe the human aura, as Dr. White claimed he could do, then he must be abnormal and his judgment was not to be trusted. To this Dr. White replied that perhaps the man who could see the aura was normal and those who could not suffered from a stunting of their sixth sense.

At any rate, Dr. White pursued his independent path, mastering such unorthodox branches of healing as osteopathy, chiropractic and naturopathy. Before he was 50 he could write these degrees after his name: M.D., D.O., N.D., D.C., Ph.C., Ph.D., LL.D., F.S.Sc. Lond.

He adopted any therapeutic principle he found helpful no matter in what school of healing it originated. He was a pioneer in the use of quartz light, heliotherapy, chromotherapy, zone therapy and innumerable other modalities.

In the early part of this century Dr. White settled down in Los Angeles and there used his unorthodox and original methods of diagnosis to help many thousands of patients. He gave lectures and demonstrations in postgraduate work to hundreds of doctors in every major city in the

country. Now, at the age of 88, he has retired entirely from professional practice.

When White began practicing medicine in the office of his medical preceptor he noticed a peculiar violet aura about portions of the anatomy of some of his preceptor's patients. He mentioned this to the older doctor and they began to investigate. They discovered that the persons who gave off these violet rays suffered from cancer. White thus was able quickly to diagnose cancer patients for his preceptor. Although he tried time and time again to teach the older doctor to see the violet light he was unsuccessful. Other physicians to whom he demonstrated his amazing ability were equally unable to see the aura.

In 1904 Dr. White made repeated attempts to observe the aura of dead persons. For this purpose he made arrangements with the manager of the dissection room of a large medical college in the East. He studied first the death certificate of each body, then attempted to see the aura of the lethal disease emanating from the corpse. In every instance he failed. None of the dead bodies gave off a detectable aural emanation.

Dr. White found that the aura from a normal, healthy human body is steel blue in color and that every disease has its own characteristic color which emanates from the affected organ. Cancer is violet; syphilis is red; tuberculosis is cyan blue; and Gonococcal infection is yellow-green.

Among his early cases was a young man who exhibited a reddish aura emanating from the back of his head. Dr. White diagnosed the trouble as a syphilitic brain tumor. The relatives of the man were furious. They sent the patient to New York for examination and eminent physicians there confirmed White's diagnosis. An autopsy later proved they were correct.

In another case, which came to Dr. White after a diagnosis of breast cancer had been made by a reputable surgeon, an aura of normal steel blue color was apparent. The characteristic violet of cancer was not present. Dr. White diagnosed the case as a benign noncancerous tumor. Time proved he was right.

Dr. White believes that the pressure of modern living has changed the finer properties of nature so that the auras are lost to most of us. He points out that we have abundant evidence in the literature and paintings of the ancients that they clearly discerned the auric rays.

However, Dr. White believes that almost everyone can train himself to see something of the human aura.

He says that the best way for a

novice to begin is to observe the magnetic rays emanating from his own fingers. Go into a dark room, allowing just enough light to come in so that the shape of the fingers is visible, and wait perhaps 10 minutes, perhaps half an hour, until the eyes become accustomed to the lighting. The hands may be held opposite each other, with the fingers of one hand pointed toward the fingers of the other. Then they are drawn apart gradually. When the fingers are about an inch apart, streamers of light can be seen between the finger ends. When the fingers are drawn apart or moved sideways these rays will follow the direction of the movement like sticky molasses candy. The auric rays — moonlight blue or bluish gray in color — will gather more densely on points, — conforming with the laws which govern static electricity. When mental and nervous tension are applied the volume of rays increases. Persons having artistic training of any kind should see these radiations readily.

For some persons the rays emanating from the fingers will seem to be composed of coarse granulations while for others, they are of fine granulations almost as homogeneous as smoke. In general, the more refined the person, the more refined the rays.

After the student of the aura achieves some results he can attempt to examine a budding plant in its soil. This should be done against a dark background and in subdued light. When the eyes become accustomed to the semi-darkness, the aureola should appear.

The next step is the study of rays from the entire human body. For this a dark cabinet is an advantage. A four-winged screen may be used but one must always have a very dim light, perhaps a one-candle power electric globe shining through two thicknesses of white linen. The subject should stand on a piece of felt a half inch thick, as an insulation. The portion of the body to be studied must be uncovered.

Women make the best subjects as the radiations from a man are not nearly so pronounced.

Dr. White believes that most people, after sufficient practice, can see the auric aureola of the human being. This aureola is the luminosity which immediately surrounds the whole body, and which changes with the moods of the individual, as well as with the condition of his health.

Beyond this aura are the streamers which may extend eight feet from the body. Dr. White believes that these streamers are invisible to all but a gifted few, like himself.

In a way, this aureola may be considered a person's "double". But Dr. White insists it is not

supernatural, but perfectly natural — not metaphysical, but physical — not etheric, but earthy.

Futhermore, Dr. White believes that the human aura can be sensed in other ways than by sight. For example: a man sitting in a trolley car is engrossed in a book. Suddenly he begins to feel uneasy. He feels there is something wrong but doesn't know what. He looks around him and for the first time observes nearby a person whose appearance is disgusting and repulsive. This person gives him a feeling of revulsion that makes him change seats.

According to Dr. White the auras of these two persons were antagonistic and this antagonism was felt in the reader's subconscious mind.

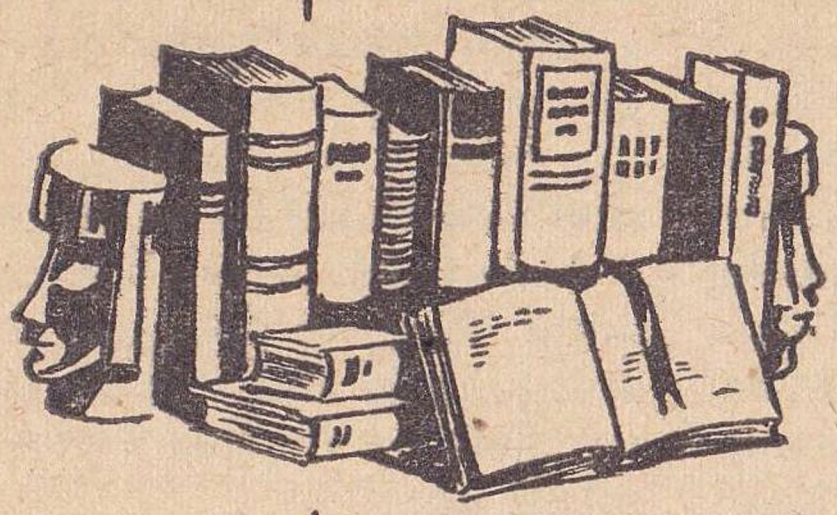
NEW DISCOVERIES AT STONEHENGE

STONEHENGE, the remarkable prehistoric stone temple in England, evolved into its present form over a period of some 300 years, Dr. R. J. C. Atkinson, an Edinburgh antiquarian, reported recently before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

According to Dr. Atkinson, the first Stonehenge Monument, a huge earthwork, dates from about 1800 B.C. The second, discovered only recently, was begun about 150 years later. It consists of two concentric circles of stones with an embanked avenue or processional entrance nearly two miles long. In the third period of Stonehenge, about 1500 B.C., a circle of 30 upright stones, capped by a continuous ring of stone lintels, was constructed. The stone ring surrounded a semi-circle of "trilithons," each of two uprights and a lintel. The larger stones weigh as much as 40 tons.

Dr. Atkinson says that stones used in constructing parts of Stonehenge have been traced to a quarry in the Prescelly Mountains of Pembrokeshire, Wales, more than 100 miles away. They apparently were carried part of the way by boat and hauled to the temple site over dry ground on sledges. This task may have occupied over 100 men for 10 years or more, while dressing and fitting the stones may have occupied 50 masons for at least three years.

Dr. Atkinson believes that the chieftains of the Wessex aristocracy were responsible for this achievement. Carved double-ax signs found on the stones suggest to Dr. Atkinson the influence of master builders perhaps from Minoan Crete.



NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

PLIF, by Myrl Edwards McMahan — Exposition Press, New York City; 102 pages, $3.00.

PLIF stands for "Postdeath Life Is Factual, Postdeath Life Is Fun." Rather silly, I thought. Not clear or witty enough to be effective. PLIF has too much the sound of *poof*, or *pooh* or *fooey*.

I waded through the book. It is too thin to plough.

The writer, a woman, experimented with ESP. Then she tried automatic writing. She got in touch with a spirit named Joe. Not an interesting spirit.

She began to see "pinpoint lights" and a "very lovely blue light." Joe signalled by a method that was "like the touch of a needle's point or a tiny electric shock." Occasionally he produced a word or two audibly, a tiny clicking sound, music bell-like tones, a whistle. He blinked electric lights and disturbed television.

The author claims that television was interrupted deliberately by communicating entities. Then they let words come on the TV set to carry their messages.

SORCERERS' VILLAGE, by Hassoldt Davis — Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York; Little, Brown and Co., Toronto; 334 pages, $5.00.

This is the 12th book to the credit of this tireless explorer and skilled photographer describing the peoples of the Ivory Coast, including the Lobi, the "healthiest, happiest, handsomest race of Negroid Africa," with 22 pages of superb photographs.

A few of the subjects covered are anthropophagy (cannibalism, to you) hypnosis, a witch doctor's curse that nearly finished Davis, approval of the Catholic Church of the use by missionaries of pendulum-dowsers to find water, an amazing funeral ceremony, and another to assist childbirth at which hypnotized little girls are tossed among the knives of giant acrobats.

Not for the squeamish but definitely for those who delight in the weird, wonderful and macabre.

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.

A SMILE FROM MOTHER

By Lillie Brown

WHEN I was 14 years old, in the year 1900, my family owned a cattle ranch in western Kansas. In November my mother fell seriously ill and my father took her to my married sister's house in Coldwater, Kans., 16 miles from our place. Mother lived only five days. She died on November 17, 1900. I was deeply grieved to lose Mother and cried every time I thought of her.

As the oldest girl, I was left to care for three other girls and two boys younger than I. My father and baby sister, three years old, slept in the bedroom off the front room. As we three older girls had been sleeping upstairs, Father thought it best for us to move downstairs into the front room so we could be closer to him.

One evening in December Father and I read the Bible before going to bed. The other girls were asleep, Nora, five years old at the foot of the bed and Anna, seven years old, at the head of the bed. About nine o'clock Father and I went to bed.

As I got into my bed and blew out the lamp, Mother came through the closed front door, dressed in white. She stopped at the foot of the bed and smiled down at Nora. Then she came around to the head of the bed and smiled at Anna and me. She then went back out through the closed door.

Frightened at first, I told Father about it. He said he believed me. He knew I had not dreamed it as I had not had time to go to sleep. This happened 55 years ago but I think of it often — *Modesto, Calif.*

THE VOICE IN THE CHURCH

By Bluebell Stewart Phillips

MY father, John Stewart, was an ardent Presbyterian. He died when I was 19. At that time I was inclined to believe the dead

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remain interested in their living loved ones.

When I married an Anglican (Episcopalian) I felt that one religion would mean less complications when children came along. Although I, too, was an ardent Presbyterian I fell in love with the Anglican service and decided to attend confirmation classes in order to determine whether or not I could accept my husband's religion wholeheartedly. I found I could and that I was much happier in his church than in the one I had been brought up in. However, a sense of loyalty to my dead father kept me from making up my mind to take the step until I attended a confirmation service and decided that I would be confirmed the next time the Bishop performed the laying on of hands.

One Sunday in September, 1927, I sat in my pew in St. Cuthbert's Church in Montreal. As I listened to the Bishop speak, I felt a hand ruffle my hair in a familiar gesture and heard my father's voice say, "It's all right, sweetheart." Startled, I turned my head. My father was standing in the pew behind me. He looked so real I put out my hand to touch him.

I truly believe he came to set my mind at ease, knowing how much I loved him and how my sense of loyalty had made my decision difficult. This was probably the first time I had been in

a truly receptive state. — *St. Vincent de Paul, Que., Can.*

CELESTIAL TROUBLE-SHOOTER

By Henrietta Burns

A bachelor uncle of my husband's whom we called Uncle Hoke, took great interest in his nephews and nieces, advising them and helping them over the rough spots in life. He always claimed that if you want to do a thing and visualize yourself doing it, sooner or later you'll find yourself actually doing it.

On one occasion a member of the family asked Uncle Hoke whether he thought he would be able to return from the other world and he laughingly replied that he would if he saw any of his nephews or nieces in trouble.

In the autumn of 1939, several years after his death, my husband and I had extended domestic difficulties and after a lengthy argument I retired to our room alone. Sometime after midnight I woke to see Uncle Hoke standing at the foot of my bed bathed in an aura of golden light. He appeared to be standing behind a lectern which supported a large open book and a rather large bird. His right hand was raised and held palm outward in an attitude of benediction. He was clothed in a robe of the same golden light.

He stood there for perhaps a minute or two. Neither of us

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spoke and the vision slowly faded, leaving me with a delightful sense of peace.

From that day on the long-standing difficulty between my husband and me disappeared. I believe that Uncle Hoke came back to attend to it. — *Santa Monica, Calif.*

ROSE PERFUME

By K. Ria Carmelle

"I will always be with you." These were the last words that my uncle, Charles Bender, whispered to his wife, my aunt Daisy, just before he died.

For years afterward I had heard that a cloud of rose perfume came to my aunt whenever she was troubled or blue. It meant nothing to me for I had never been present when it came. My Aunt believed her dead husband sent her the perfume.

One morning in late November, 1934, my mother, my aunt and I were alone in the house. My father had died several hours earlier and his body was at the undertakers. We were waiting for my grandmother and grandfather to arrive. Suddenly from under the kitchen table came wave after wave of perfume. My aunt said to my mother, "Charley is telling us that Jim is with him now."

Just then my grandparents came. The cab driver had come up for his fare. As I gave him the

money, he remarked, "What is that incense you are burning? It's beautiful."

A few moments later the lady in the next apartment knocked on the door. She said, "That perfume is so strong it woke me up. It smells like a thousand roses." It was about two hours before the scent completely left the house.

About two years later, my three aunts and one uncle were driving from Bloomington, Illinois, to Chicago. Aunt Jessie turned to Aunt Daisy and said, "Sis, you are crying."

Aunt Daisy shook her head and said, "No, I'm not. The perfume Charley uses is so strong that it's choking me." The next minute she died of a heart attack and the car was filled with the scent of hundreds of roses. — *Chicago, Ill.*

"A VISIT FROM JOE"

By Hettie Penny Averitt

My father, Ransom Penny, lived to be 79 years old. He was an invalid for the last two years of his life, and the family employed a male nurse to care for him. This nurse, a Negro man named Marion, was very kind to him, and to my mother, who was feeble at that time. He often sat by Father's bed and talked to him.

One Sunday in February, 1920, Marion, was sitting by Father's bed. Father, who seemed to be in a very happy frame of mind, be-



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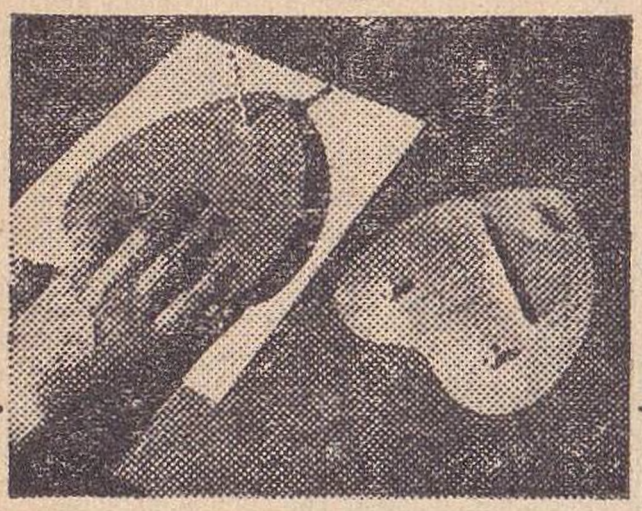
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gan telling Marion how much he appreciated his faithfulness in looking after him, ending with a fervent, "God bless you!" He then continued, "Joe Johnson came to see me last night." (Joe was my father's life-long friend and buddy, and they had fought through the Civil War together. Joe had been dead many years.) "We talked awhile, and then he said, 'Ransom, I'm coming for you in a few days. Hold fast to the Faith,' and I said, 'By the grace of God, I will!' "

My father died a few days later. — *Raleigh, N. C.*

"RAISE THE WINDOW"

By Gloria Bush

In January, 1947, I lived with my mother and my Aunt Jean in Philadelphia, Pa. One day while I was at school, Aunt Jean was reading a book at home when suddenly she became drowsy and weak. Then she heard the voice of my grandmother, Mrs. Pauline Wilkowski, who had been dead for many years, saying, "Jeanie, Jeanie, get up and raise the window."

Waked from her drowsiness by the voice, Aunt Jean went to the window. When she had opened it, she phoned my mother, who rushed home immediately.

Later we discovered that the pilot light on the stove had gone out and gas had filled the apartment. — *Indianapolis Ind.*

PSYCHIC PANEL



Do you have a question about FATE subjects? State it briefly, include your name and address, and mail it to FATE's Psychic Panel, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. The Panel cannot answer personal questions and will answer only those selected for this column. Besides FATE staff members, the panel consists of Marie Elene, secretary of the American Psychical Institute; Edmond P. Gibson, psychical researcher and popular FATE contributor; and Alson J. Smith, noted author of books on parapsychology.

DEAD BUT UNAWARE?

I have heard that conditions in the spirit world are so similar to ours that most of those who have "passed over" are unaware that they are dead. As things seem more or less normal to them they usually continue along their familiar paths for a while. Is this true? — Alex Saunders, Toronto, Ont., Can.

• While there is doubtless more than a grain of truth in your question, this point-of-view as expressed has been greatly exaggerated.

There is considerable evidence to show that, for some time after "passing," the mind of the spiritual entity is confused, disoriented and uncertain of the nature of its environment. This seems to be true especially during periods of attempted "communication." It is perhaps only natural that this should be so, since any shock to consciousness (such as an accident) will confuse the mind *pro tem.* The greatest shock it could sustain is the shock of death. Under such circumstances the mental faculties might well continue to function semi-automatically for a time, along familiar channels . . . This is, however, a difficult and complicated question. Much more has been written about it than can be touched upon here. — Marie Elene.

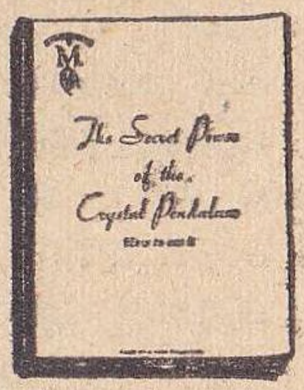
• The condition you imply as being that of the "spirit world" seems to belong more properly to what the spiritualists call "earth-bound" entities. The spiritualists teach that such entities are still half in the material world and unaware of their transition. Some of them seem to be asleep as regards the spiritual world to

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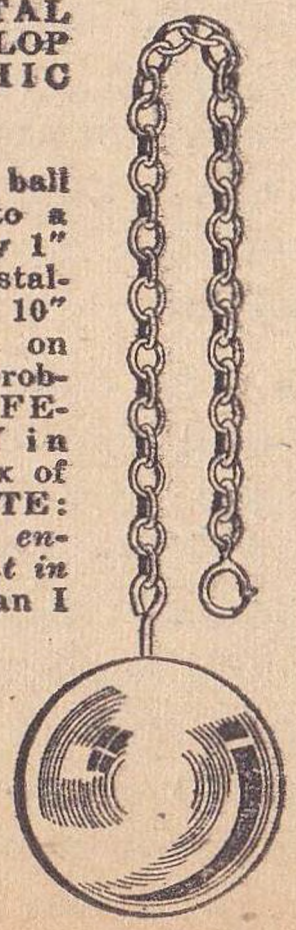
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which they have come. As awareness of their true state eventually comes to them, they then pass to a more truly spiritual condition.

In this regard the book *Spirit Teachings* by William Stainton Moses gives a picture of the other world from the point of view of various spirit entities. Moses was one of the greatest mediums of the 19th Century. His book is available in most large libraries and it can be found by booksellers in a recent reprint edition. — Edmond P. Gibson.

• I do not know whether it is true or not, because I do not know what conditions in the spirit world are.

However, from my own research I would say that those in the spirit world are very much aware of the fact that they are what we call "dead", even though they do — for awhile at least — continue to do just about what they did on earth. In the best examples of communication we have — those coming through mediums like Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Garrett, Arthur Ford, etc. — there is a pronounced awareness on the part of those allegedly communicating that they are "dead". — Alson J. Smith.

ASTRAL VISITING

Is it possible for a person to go on an astral flight and then materialize so as to be seen by others at some point designated in advance?

Are cases known where this has happened? — P. Walter O. Fritze, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

• Astral traveling seems rather common, but it cannot be said that it is possible for everyone to achieve results in this field, nor would it be particularly advisable. There are many cases on record in which a person has been able to project to a distant location and has been seen by the person so visited. Whether this implies any degree of materialization or is a form of reciprocal extra-sensory perception we do not know.

Professor Hornell Hart of Duke University is now collecting the evidence for such cases and has published preliminary reports on his collection of cases in Vol. 48 of the *Journal* of American Society for Psychical Research, October 1954. The *Journal* is published at 880 Fifth Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Many cases of this type have been published by the Society for Psychical Research in its *Journal* and *Proceedings*. These are published at 31 Tavistock Square, London W.C. 1, England. These publications are available in most large American libraries. — Edmond P. Gibson.

• It is allegedly possible to do this, and many instances of it are described in the literature of the occult. Several intriguing illustrations come to us from Africa.

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Since I personally am quite skeptical of so-called "astral projection", I would suggest that the questioner write to the Parapsychology Foundation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, for instances of this kind of phenomena. — Alson J. Smith.

• There are a number of cases on record in which an individual has "willed" himself to appear to another, and has been seen at the place and time specified. This also has occurred spontaneously and in dreams. But this is a different thing from actually "materializing" at the other end.

African Witch Doctors claim to be able to do this, however. In a contribution to the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research some years ago, Dr. Shepley Part (Assistant Colonial to the Gold Coast Colony) said:

"The stages (of development) may be divided as under:

"1. Simple clairvoyance.

"2. The paying of 'astral visits,' or projection of the consciousness only.

"3. The same as 2, with power to materialize the entity projected . . . ."

Evidently, therefore, this power is well known to the natives. — Marie Elene.

VOICES FROM THE TRUMPET

I often have heard of "trumpet phenomena" in which spirit voi-

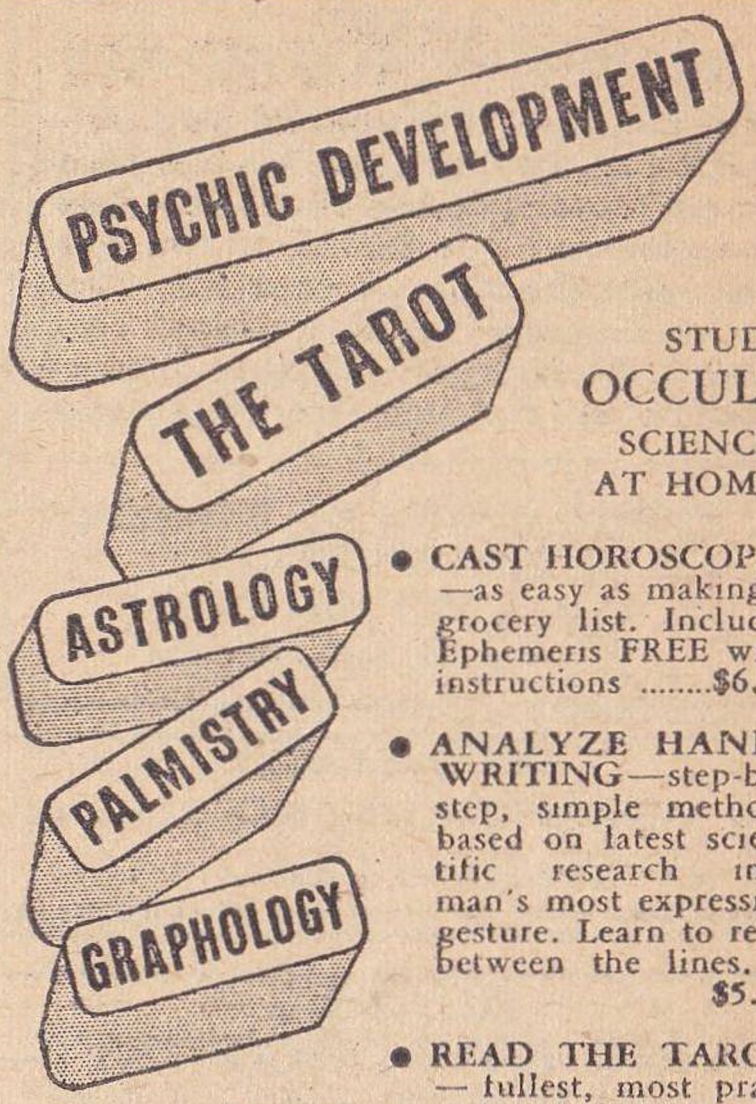
ces are said to speak through a tin or aluminum trumpet, in the dark. Why is a trumpet necessery? Are such manifestations genuine? — Millicent Potter, Indianapolis, Ind.

● The spiritualists explain that the trumpet usually is necessary to confine and direct the voice paranormally produced. In a similar environment but on a different scale, a cabinet is used by a materialization medium to confine and control the process.

Both trumpet phenomena and materialization generally are produced in partial or total darkness. The darkness is presumed to aid the phenomena.

These manifestations usually are conducted under such conditions that fraud can be suspected if not proved. However trumpet phenomena and materializations have occurred under carefully controlled experimental conditions and these phenomena should not be dismissed as being always of a fraudulent nature. — Edmond P. Gibson.

● I do not deny that trumpet phenomena may at times be genuine; I know only that genuine manifestations of the kind are rare, although I never have witnessed them. They invariably have been fraudulently produced. This also has been the experience of Dr. Hereward Carrington — who has more than 50 year's experience in this field.



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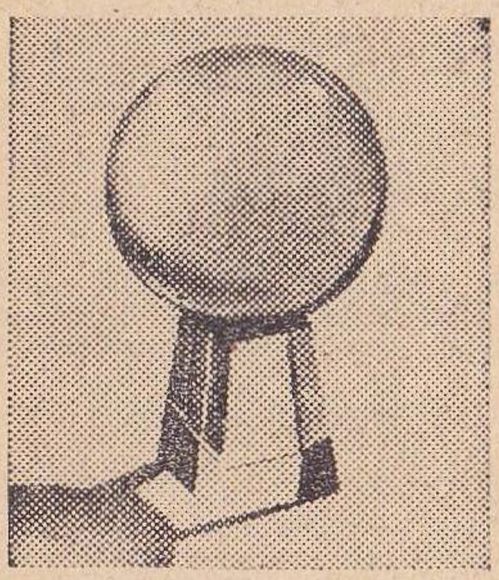
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The trumpet is used to magnify the voices; but these also are heard "independently" at times; i.e., without any trumpet. The mechanism underlying their production is the same.

It undoubtedly is true that all such manifestations only occur in darkness. This *may* be necessary but, I feel, unfortunate! — Marie Elene.

• The trumpet is said to provide a kind of a material voice box for the spirit voices, which otherwise might not be audible. The darkness is due to the belief that light is injurious to ectoplasm, which spirits use to materialize.

There are other and, to my way of thinking, much better means of communication than the trumpet — clairaudience, for instance, or automatic writing and speaking.

-Some of the manifestations may be genuine; many undoubtedly are not. — Alson J. Smith.

UNSENSITIVE MEDIUMS

Is there any difference between a "sensitive" and a "medium?" — Vera Mancek, Detroit, Mich.

• A sensitive and a medium both possess psychic powers but with the medium these may consist solely of the alleged ability to communicate with the dead. A medium may not be a sensitive and a sensitive may not have the ability to communicate with spirits. — Robert N. Webster.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

THOSE NON-EXISTENT SAUCERS

The Air Force has "done it again"! On October 25, 1955, it sprang upon the public the statement that "97%" of flying saucers could be explained away as balloons, birds, meteors, airplanes and paper. Commenting on this report, Air Secretary Donald Quarles stated, "On the basis of this study we believe that no objects such as those popularly described as flying saucers have overflown the United States. I feel certain that even the unknown three per cent could have been explained as conventional phenomena or illusions if more complete observational data had been available. However, we are now entering a period of aviation technology in which aircraft of unusual configuration and flight characteristics will begin to appear."

The report went on, "No evidence of the existence of the popularly-termed 'flying saucers' was found." No evidence? What was the sticky substance the F.B.I. obtained at the spot where the six-foot purple sphere settled in a Philadelphia field in September, 1950? And what was the "angel

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hair" that fell from observed flying saucers in many parts of the United States and Europe in recent years?

I little doubt that the physicists employed by the Air Force to study saucer reports have as their motto: "We do not acknowledge that which we cannot explain."

In the spring of 1949, after nearly two years of studying UFO reports, the Air Force came out with the statement, "The flying saucers are no joke, but don't worry." It then stated that only 60% of the objects were identifiable.

The 1955 report apparently was issued to kill public interest in flying saucers and, by admitting that only three per cent as yet were unidentified, to create an "escape hatch" should some spectacular display of flying saucers take place over a large city.

I see this 1955 report as the next to the last issued by the Air Force on the subject of saucers. The final report will come in a year or so and state, "No flying saucers ever existed. What people saw were aircraft of unusual configuration and flight characteristics." — *John P. Bessor, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

STRANGE TRACKS AGAIN

In the article "Unsolved Saucer Mysteries" in the March, 1955, issue of FATE, Curtis Fuller told

of my experience at Kilbourne Hole, near Las Cruces, N.M. I was out there again recently and found more of the mysterious circular tracks. One interested me very much in that it was impressed upon a small weed. The weed was mashed flat as it something heavy had stood there for some time.

I also saw a strange hand-like print with no tracks leading up to or away from it.

About a week before this I was in my front yard at around 7:30 p.m. when a group of airplanes flew over in formation. They were trailed by a strange looking ship. The airplanes flew out of sight and the sound of their motors died away. The strange ship seemed to give up the chase and glided around in the sky for a time, making no sound at all. Once it turned toward me and I saw what appeared to be two large searchlights that gave off blue-green beams. I had a side view of the ship at one point and it seemed to have a long row of lighted portholes. What looked like a smaller craft followed the ship around like a dog. — *Cosette Weiss, Las Cruces, N.M.*

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"Magic Land of Mescalin," by C. W. Chamberlain. This article, along with Aldous Huxley's book, *The Doors of Perception,* may cause impressionable individuals to try uncontrolled experiments with mescal which may lead to injury. Mescal is not a harmless drug. An overdose may cause serious complications, even death.

True, in the article the dosage was small, yet would the eager amateur take note of this fact? Is it not possible he may feel that if a little is good, a lot is better? The pleasures of mescalin are extolled in the article but the dangers are not mentioned. If the experimenter tends toward disassociation or instability, he may suffer severe psychological effects from even a small dose of mescalin.

It may be wise to warn experimenters of the dangers of uncontrolled experiments with any drug and especially with mescalin (or peyote). — *J. H. Bruening, Gainesville, Fla.*

CROSS IN THE SKY

I have just read Walter M. Germain's True Mystic Experience "Yuletide Vision" in the December issue of FATE. On two different occasions I have had the same experience.

On the night of VJ day I accompanied my husband on a cream route which he was driving

at the time. This consisted of visiting numerous small-towns within a radius of 150 miles, picking up 100-pound cans of cream and leaving empty cans.

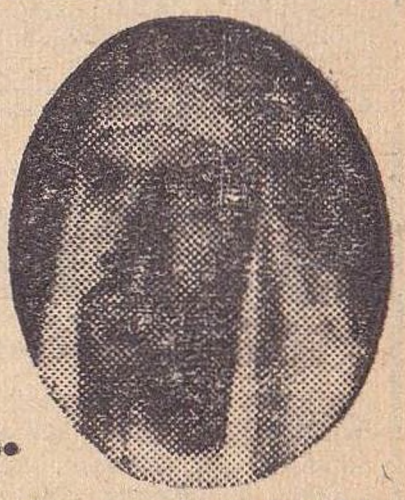
We drove west and north as we went from town to town. When it was time to return we drove south and east. All the stars were very bright that night, but I noticed that one star in the east seemed larger and more brilliant than the others. As I watched it became a cross. My eyes followed it as we turned south and then east again but it was always a huge, brilliant cross. I mentioned the cross to my husband, but to him it was just a star. Two years later at Christmas I saw the star in the east again, and again it became a cross. Call it an illusion or what you will, but I believe it is a promise that he who believes in God need fear nothing. — *Dorothy Godwin, Des Moines, Ia.*

A MYSTERY SOLVED

In the Feb., 1955, issue of FATE you ran a filler item about the disappearance in 1940 of Earl Kirk and his wife Dolly during an auto trip from North Bay, Ont., Can., to Winnipeg. On October 20, 1955, police in Sault Ste. Marie discovered the car in the water beside a government dock while

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dragging in the hope of finding a man reported missing. The car contained parts of a man's and a woman's body. The license number identified the car as belonging to the Kirks.

It was known that the Kirks had wanted to catch an early morning ferry from the Sault to Manitoba. They are believed to have driven to the government dock by mistake. This dock is two blocks east of the international ferry dock and is the first one they would reach as they drove into the Sault.

The government dock is cement-paved, with no railings or bumper curbs, so that a car could roll off into the water with ease. This apparently is what happened. The ignition of the Kirks' car was found turned on and it was in reverse gear, indicating that Kirk had backed up the car on the dock in order to turn around and in the darkness had misjudged the edge of it.

This ends a case that baffled Canadian police for 15 years. — *John King. East St. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Can.*

CORRECTION

Through no fault of yours a very serious error appeared in the advertisement for Morey Bernstein's *The Search for Bridey Murphy* in the February, 1956, issue of FATE. The address of the Wholesale Supply Company in

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HARRY EDWARDS' ADDRESS

I was deeply impressed by what Dr. W. D. Chesney said about the English healer Harry Edwards in his article in the December issue of FATE. I wish to write to Mr. Edwards and would appreciate it very much if you would send me his address — *Mrs. Frank A. Lovett, Brunswick, Ga.*

Ordinarily we do not give out the addresses of writers and persons mentioned in articles, but only forward to them letters addressed % FATE Magazine. Mr. Edwards, however, is a public figure and since we have had more requests for his address than we can handle we will give it here:

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4¢ for each additional ounce. Mr. Edwards charges no fees but it must be pointed out that handling numerous requests for absent healing involves time and expense on his part. — R.N.W.

MORE ON FRANCIS SCHLATTER

I read "Francis Schlatter — A Fool For God" in the October issue of FATE with great interest, not only because the story took place in Denver but because I have collected books and magazines about the healer's activities in Denver. Among them is a copy of the rare book mentioned by Estella DeFord Graham which Schlatter dictated. In my own book, *You, Too, Are A Believer!*, I have given due credit to my sources of information.

I also am in possession of a rare paper copy of the *Biography of Francis Schlatter, the Healer,* published by Schlatter Publishing Co. in Denver, in 1896, containing many interesting photos of the crowds and the healer before Alderman Fox's residence. One other interesting item contained in this volume is a photo captioned "Mail that accumulated up to October 1st."

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60 years ago give evidence that the subject of divine healing was as controversial among ministers then as it is today. — *Elizabeth Tischler, Denver, Colo.*

THE SAME MURDERER?

In the article "A Fool For God" in the October issue, Estella De Ford Graham relates an incident at Denver in 1895 in which healer Francis Schlatter refused to treat a man because he was a murderer.

In 1913 I lived in Pueblo, Colo., and at that time I was interested in psychic phenomena. While conversing with a man on this subject, he related an experience of his several years before in Denver. What he told me was almost identical with the incident at the beginning of Estella De Ford Graham's article.

I asked this man if the healer had told him the truth (that he was a murderer). He said that in a way the healer was correct. He had been indirectly responsible for the deaths of two men. Estella De Ford Graham's article strikes me as a strange coincidence. I wonder if she witnessed the incident and remembers if the man accused of being a murderer was a large man with crippled hands. —*G. M. Bergner. Sheldon, Wis.*

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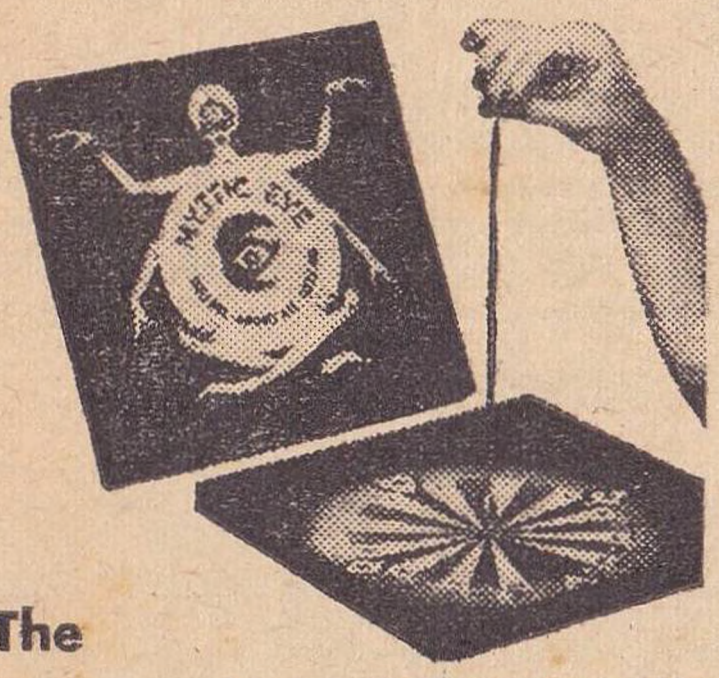
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such talents if only we were not too busy or too lazy? Out on the job one day, a friend of mine, who is a little eccentric and introverted, gave me a rusty piece of #6 bare wire with a string attached to it and a galvanized washer at the end of it.

He stood me on a certain spot and the wire began to swing like a pendulum, 92 times. Later they dug there and water was found 92 feet below. — *Alfred Newcomb, Corona, Calif.*

TAPIOCA FROM THE SKY

I am writing in regard to the letter titled "Manna From the Sky" in the August, 1955, issue of FATE.

Some years ago I listened to an account related by a missionary who had been in South Africa. He told how a group of natives facing starvation prayed for help. A white substance, about the size of rice and with a sweet taste, fell from the sky. The missionary had with him a pint jar about half full of the substance. It looked very much like tapioca. — *Vernon G. Mason, Eugene, Ore.*

DREAM OF VICTORY

At 4:00 A.M, on V.J. Day I woke after dreaming that the war in the Pacific was over. I woke my wife and told her of my dream. She told me to go back to sleep and I did.

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However, I had the same dream again and this time both of us got up. It was then 5:00 A.M. Much later that day the news came over the radio that the war was over. — *C. H. Heflin, Kansas City, Mo.*

JOPLIN SPOOK LIGHT

I am enclosing a newspaper item about the spook light seen by many persons southwest of Joplin, Mo., on Highway No. 43. The item mentions a civil engineer who claims to have found that when car lights were flashed at certain spots near Quapaw, the flashes were seen as the "spook light."

This spook light was being seen in 1901 when I was a girl of 14, going to school in Joplin. There were no cars there at that time. I am now 70 years old. — *Myrtle Collins Masmer, Kansas City, Mo.*

PILLARS OF FIRE

Last summer as I was returning home when it was almost dark, I looked into the western sky and saw two pillars of fire. They stood still for about five minutes, then disappeared.

I kept walking and when I glanced up at the sky again I saw the pillars of fire once more. I felt very depressed for something seemed to tell me this was an evil sign for the human race.

Look at the disasters which have

happened all over the world. I figured the two pillars appearing twice meant two years. Look at the hurricanes and floods in the U. S. A. alone. This summer was the hottest I remember — which seems to indicate something unusual is happening to the weather. — *Joseph G. Serene, Leechburg, Pa.*

"I MUST BE PSYCHIC"

A short time ago I dreamed that my daughter, who lives in a small town near Washington, D.C., was upset for some reason. It seems that in her anxiety she had come to my room in the night and I prevailed upon her to return to bed.

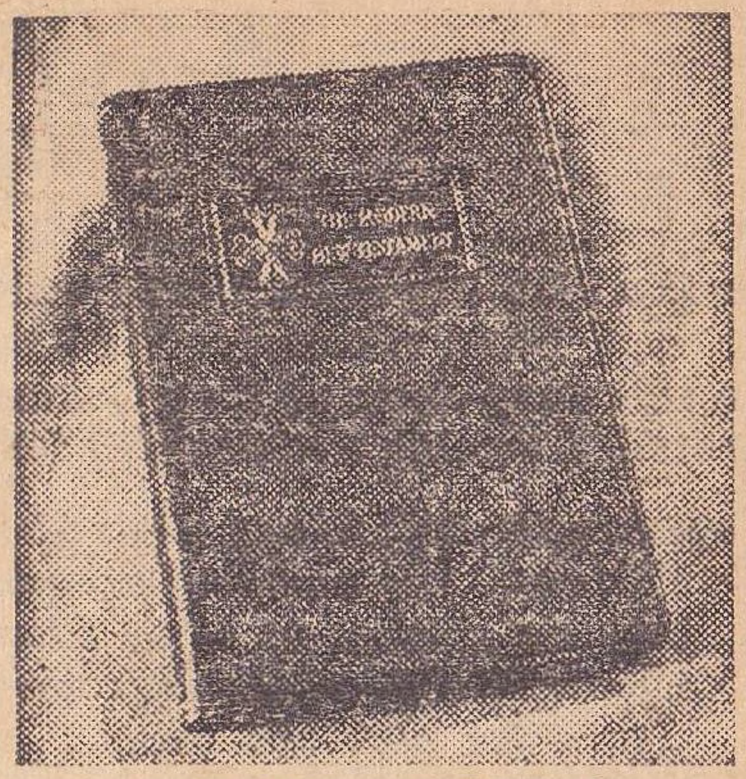
A few days later my wife received a letter from her saying that her two-year-old son had fallen out of the car while it was traveling 25 miles an hour. Fortunately he was not hurt.

I must be psychic. — *Millard F. Rickert, Wahpeton, N. Dak.*

"VERY GOOD MATERIAL"

The December issue of FATE has some very good material in it — for example, "Edgar Cayce's Window To Eternity," "I walk with the dead," and "The Story of Sleeping Lucy."

Such articles should serve to enlighten people and help them on their way to their goals. — *H. S. Conard, Port Orchard, Wash.*



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