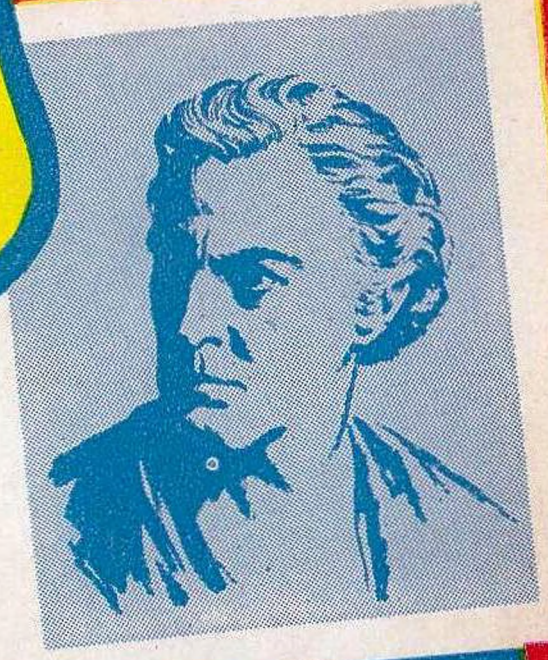
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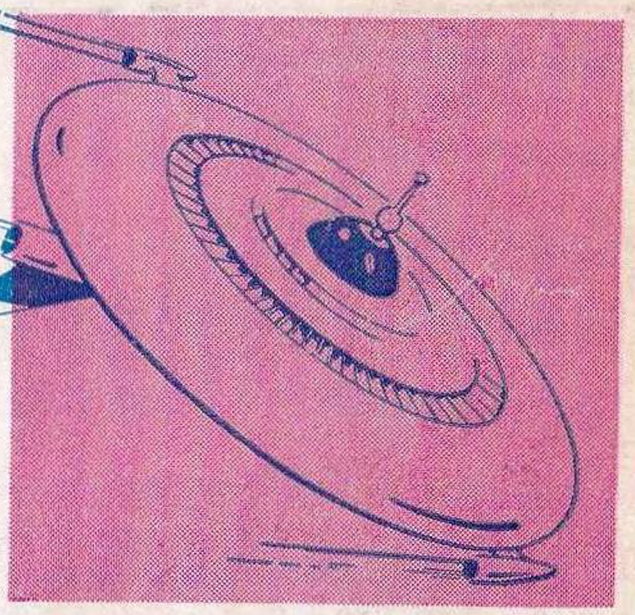
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TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

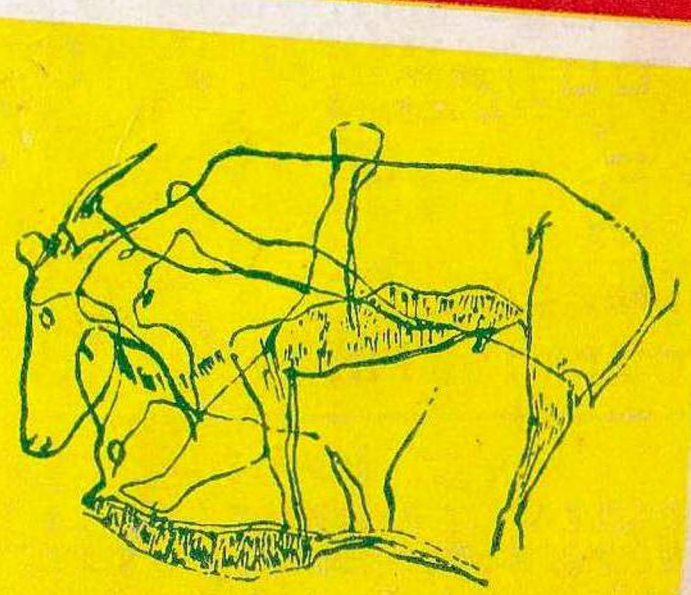


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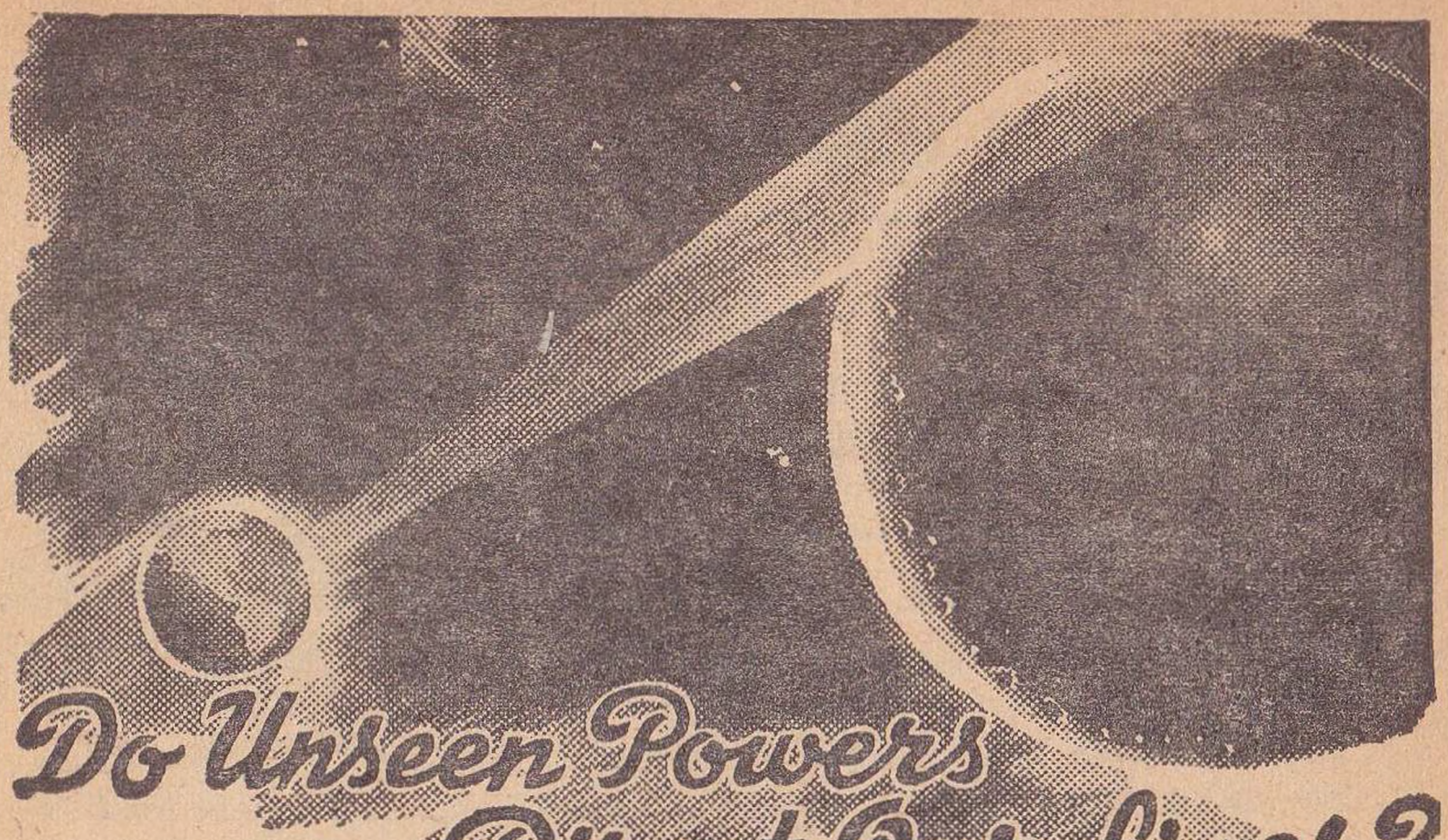
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The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)

APRIL
1956

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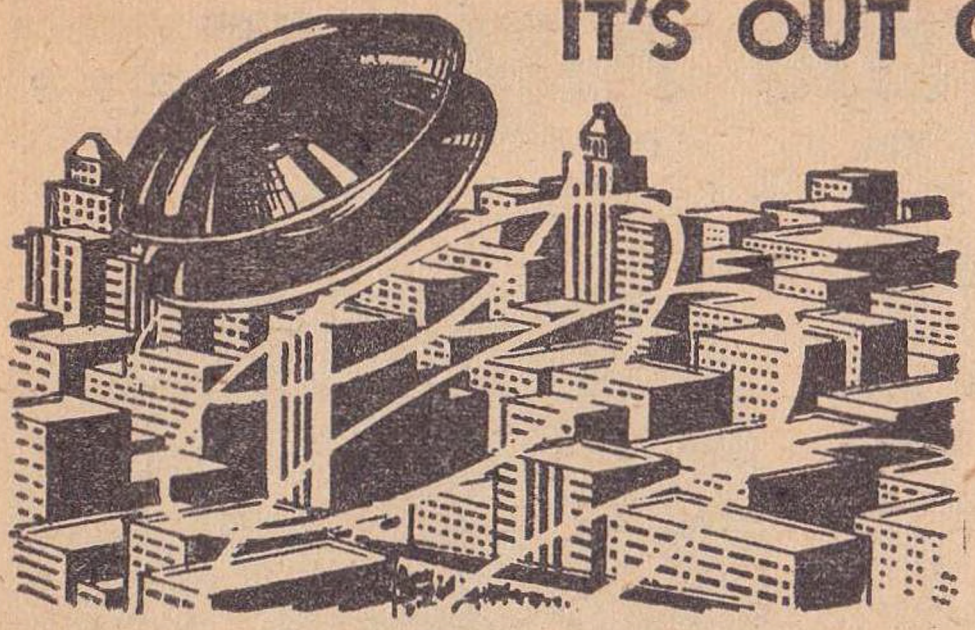
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HIS OWN TRUE VOICE



■ It had been a well kept secret for nearly a year but late last fall, through the "affectionate indiscretion" of one of his close friends, the sensational story was published.

The news break first came on November 19, when the Milan, Italy, picture magazine *Oggi* published a story that Pope Pius XII had had a vision of Christ at the height of his illness in December of 1954, and that Christ had spoken in his own true voice. Two days later the Pope confirmed the story personally. Not until December 12, however, did the official Vatican newspaper, L'Os*servatore Romano* break its own silence and tell the story.

According to *Oggi*, during the Pope's suffering he often repeated the prayer *Anima Christi* (Soul of Christ). During the height of his crisis, when the Pope arrived at the invocation *"in hora mortis meae voca me"* (in the hour of my death call me), he saw beside his bed the figure of Christ.

"At this moment the Holy Father thought that the Master had come to call him and serenely continued praying," *Oggi* reported. "But Jesus had not come to take him away but to comfort him and, we believe, to give him certainty that his hour had not yet come."

❖

"IT WAS NO DREAM"

■ The *Osservatore Romano* explained in further detail that on the day before the event a voice had announced clearly that the vision would come. No one was present at the time of the reported vision, but a few persons were in an adjoining room.

The vision occurred on the night that the Pope's illness reached its climax and many were despairing of his life. However, he recovered rapidly thereafter.

L'Osservatore said that the vision "did not so much intend to signify the complete disappear-

ance of the illness . . . as the invincible force needed to overcome the most anguished difficulty, which had not yet occurred."

It was no dream, *Oggi* declared. "The Holy Father was wide awake and lucid."

❖

"UNIQUE IN OUR AGE"

■ Vatican sources have linked the Pope with more than one supernatural event. One of them was revealed by Federico Cardinal Tedeschini in the autumn of 1951 when he spoke at the shrine of Fatima in Portugal and said that the Pope had had a vision of the Virgin Mary during the Holy Year of 1950.

The Vatican also implies that it has a secret file of miraculous happenings attributed to Pope Pius XII by Roman Catholics who consider him a saintly person.

Nevertheless, Pope Pius' account of having seen Christ is the most unusual supernatural event in modern church annals. "So far as has been reported, it is unique in our age," declared Father Herbert Rogers, theologian of Fordham University.

Not since the days of the Apostles has there been a recorded vision of Jesus more vivid or specific than that reported by the Pontiff.

Only once before, apparently, is Christ reported to have appeared to a Pope. That was in the 300's, when the vision came to Pope Sylvester as he was consecrating the mother church of St. John Lateran in Rome, when Emperor Constantine had halted the savage persecutions of the Christians there.

Other persons, not Popes, who reported seeing Christ were St. Francis of Assisi in the 12th Century; Saint Catherine of Sienna in the 14th Century, and St. Margaret Mary, a French Nun, in the 17th Century. It was this latter phenomenon that started the Catholic devotions to the Sacred Heart, as a symbol of love.

❖

WHAT THE VISION MEANS

■ Catholics teach there are two kinds of visions. One is the imaginative vision of which the object is but a mental concept — like Jacob's ladder. Such visions of Christ were reported by Saint Teresa of Avila, Spain, in the 16th Century.

The other kind is the corporeal vision in which the figure is externally present — or a supernatural power so modifies the retina of the eye as to produce the same effect.

The Pope's vision appears to have been of the corporeal kind — seen with eyes open and awake.

Individual Catholics may or may not believe that the Pope actually saw Christ. Belief is not binding.

Father John Sheerin, editor of *Catholic World,* explains that "a private revelation, such as that

given to the Holy Father, is not part of the teaching given by Christ to the Church.

"A Catholic who accepts a private revelation does so not on the infallible teaching authority of the Church, but because of the credibility and integrity of the person to whom the revelation has been given."

As recently as 1951 the Vatican cautioned against excessive readiness to believe in reported visions by highly emotional persons.

More than for any other modern Pope, Vatican sources hint, a basis has been established for the eventual canonization of Pius. Of the church's 200 popes, so far 78 have been made saints.

❖

GHOST IN THE PENTAGON

■ We always shy away from the word "ghost" because to most persons it means a white-sheeted "thing" lurking around corners scaring people. One can believe in psychic phenomena without believing in "ghosts" — at least this kind of "ghosts."

In the Pentagon building in Washington, D.C., which houses the U.S. Department of Defense, there is something going on which Government officials say is due to a "ghost", for want of something better to call it. The report, from Drew Pearson's column, states that as soon as the workers go home at night a phantom haunts the Pentagon.

It starts flashing the telephone switchboard from empty rooms, tampers with wires behind locked panels and scares scrubwomen out of their wits. It turns off lights and makes eerie noises.

Maintenance men spread grease around a locked air-conditioning unit in hopes of catching the culprit's fingerprints — next morning there wasn't a mark in the grease.

The investigation was turned over to the General Services Administration when officials got worried because of strange goings-on in a security area. Question is, does the spook have security clearance?

❖

"IT" IN BROOKLINE

■ Take the Harvey H. Mitchell house in Brookline, Pa., near Pittsburgh.

"We bought this place a year ago last August," explained Mrs. Hilda Mitchell. "We first noticed 'it' a few months after we moved in."

"It" is a muffled pulsating rumble that forms an eerie background to all conversation in the house. A *Pittsburgh Press* reporter and photographer heard it as soon as they entered the house, which is in a new development at 1724 Harcor Drive.

"It" sounds like a ghostly motor, and played hide-and-seek with them, always skipping to a new location when they thought they had it cornered.

"Don't feel badly," said Mrs. Mitchell. "We've had all kinds of experts investigate and they can't figure out what 'it' is, either."

Sometimes "it" is silent for days. Sometimes "it" runs at intervals of a few minutes. Sometimes "it" runs all night. "It" is as soft as a purr; loud enough at other times to rattle the cupboard dishes.

Coal mine officials, police, gas company, water department, fire department — all have investigated. They all go away shaking their heads. And "It" continues.

STONES IN THE NIGHT

■ Could be "It" is a poltergeist — like the "something" that keeps things interesting at a bus garage in Winlaton, near Newcastle, England. Night watchman William Parker reported in November that mighty strange things had been going on there for six months.

One night stones bigger than eggs flew through the garage for three hours. On other nights invisible furniture is shifted, there are gurgling sounds like someone being choked, and weird noises are heard. Parker's dog Queen hears them too. They scare her nearly to death.

PEG-LEGGED HAUNT

■ A "visitation" of a different kind has been occurring along Route 59 between Stafford and Houston, Tex., just before you get to the Harris County line.

One misty Saturday night reports kept coming in to the state police that a crazy peg-legged man was walking down the middle of the highway. Call after call came from scared motorists who had just missed hitting him. The highway patrol went to investigate and found nothing.

By this time the peg-legged man had crossed the line into Harris County. More calls came, this time to the sheriff's office. A prowl car searched up and down the road, found nothing.

FROM THE TRANSVAAL

■ Maybe a poltergeist explains the appearance of a "dwarf-like beast" that walks upright and leaves a spoor similar to a small child's footmarks in Port Alfred, Transvaal.

The *Sunday Times* of Johannesburg reported in September that the appearance of the creature is marked by screams in the night and the disappearance of pets.

A young girl who lives alone with her mother in an isolated cottage near town has seen the creature and said it looks like a dwarf with a large head. Her mother heard screams but did not see it.

Shades of the Bell Witch!

PHILLIPPINE MYSTERY

■ Negritos are a tiny dwarf-like people, little larger than pygmies, who live in isolated areas of

Southeast Asia and nearby islands. Little is known about them or their origins.

Even less is known about Mayakao, a Negrito girl who suddenly disappeared about eight years ago. Yet the Negritos believe Mayakao still lives among them — and they have reasons. The *Manila Times* tells this story.

Miss Marion Walker, an American Methodist missionary, drove into Capas Town on Tarlac last November 19. In her station wagon could be seen Carlos Nacpil, Jr., a young man who had accompanied Miss Walker to Maruglu, and two Negritos, Saria Molina and Francisca Ignacio.

But something else was also in the station wagon — a voice which Miss Walker said had been singing all along the way. Saria Molina explained readily. The voice was her sister, Mayakao.

At the Capas Methodist church they met the Rev. Dr. Fidel P. Galang. Dr. Galang reported that he, too, has talked with Mayakao. Mayakao's voice was the small voice of a Negrito and she talked in Pampango.

When Mayakao disappeared eight years ago at the age of 10, only her body disappeared, Saria said. But when her name was called she answered.

Napcil declared that he had talked with Mayakao for two hours. He could only tell where she was from her voice.

When the group posed for a photograph Dr. Galang asked "Where is Mayakao now?" A voice piped up beside him, "I am here, sir."

Miss Walker said she heard about Mayakao and searched her out, walking the last two kilometers through the jungle to the Negrito community in Crow Valley. She invited Mayakao, Saria, and Saria's husband to come back to Capas with her and they agreed. That's how they met Dr. Galang.

Unexplainable?

The fact remains, says the *Manila Times,* that "an American missionary 30 years in the Philippines, a church minister with a Ph.D. in theology from Boston University, and a young college student talked to Mayakao, 18-year-old Negrito girl, but they never saw her."

❖

DISCOVERIES IN CRETE

■ New light on ancient Crete is being cast by the recently discovered keys to one of its ancient scripts. A team of archeologists is laboring over the problem of translating collections of clay tablets found in Crete and in the Peloponnesus.

The texts are in a script called Minoan Linear B, an ancient Greek dialect first deciphered after years of study by Michael Ventris, a London architect.

The studies show that men

called Achilles, Hector, Deucalion and Orestes owned land on the island of Crete about 3,200 years ago and that a woman called Ariadne, who was reputed to have helped Theseus slay the Minotaur, probably lived in an intricate building called the Labyrinth.

Thus the legends of Homer are finding confirmation — though perhaps not in the way that scholars through the ages have thought.

On one tablet Prof. Leonard Palmer of Oxford University deciphered lines that read, "To all the gods — a pot of honey," and "To the Lady of the Labyrinth — a pot of honey."

The names of the Homeric heroes appear on the tablets in connection with land deals and they were probably the military lords of Knossus.

❖

THE OLDEST BIBLE

■ Family bibles in this country are old at a century. But consider the Yonan Codex New Testament.

It is the oldest known New Testament in Aramaic, the language spoken by Christ. It is believed to date back to the Fifth Century and possibly to the Fourth. It is from similar manuscripts that the Lamsa Bible was translated.

Recently it came into the possession of the Aramaic Bible Foundation, formed for the sole purpose of buying and making use of the Codex. The foundation is trying to raise $3 million to pay for the text and provide facsimiles of it for universities and seminaries and to establish chairs of research in Aramaic.

Governor A. B. Chandler and Lieut. Gov. Harry Lee Waterfield of Kentucky were sworn into office on the Codex recently.

For nearly 15 centuries the Codex has been in the possession of the Malek Yonan family, which came to America from Assyria. Let us hope that the museum in which it finally comes to rest will be able to keep it as long.

❖

PROOF OF THE LAND OF MU

■ New evidence that the islands of the southwestern Pacific are but land fragments of an ancient Melanesian continent has been found by Dr. Albert C. Smith, botanist of the United States National Museum.

A statistical analysis of known Fijian flora shows that an overwhelming proportion has its affinities with the plants of Malaysia, especially New Guinea, the Solomons and the New Hebrides.

All evidence supports the theory that Fiji lies near the edge of what was once a Melanasian Guinea and Australia.

❖

HAVE A LOOK AT SCIENCE

■ Virgin births are scientifically possible, according to *Lancet,* the leading British medical journal. Someone has taken the trouble to

calculate the chances of virgin birth at about one in 131,072,000,000.

The offspring of a virgin birth would be female, declared Dr. Helen Spurway, lecturer in biometry and eugenics at University College, London. Less probably, such an offspring could be an abnormal male, Dr. Spurway said.

At any rate, *Lancet* declared, "If a claim for virgin birth were now made, it could be proved."

The proof? "Ability of the mother to take a skin graft derived from the child without breakdown and with indefinite persistence of the graft."

❖

AND A LOOK AT THE FUTURE

■ Dr. Johan Bjorksten of the Bjorksten Research Foundation of Madison, Wis., predicts that the time may come when humans live as long as 1,000 years and even grow "younger" in the process.

"My theory is that certain kinds of cross-linkages make the protein molecules incapable of taking further part in body processes, leading to slow, progressive clogging of the cells," he told the United Press.

"An enzyme or other agent capable of splitting these cross-linkages could control or reverse aging," he explained. He said that the chances of finding such an agent "are about as good as the chances to discover penicillin were 50 years ago."

NOTES FROM ALL OVER

■ Britain's Olympic skiers believe they have found tracks of an "abominable snowman" high in the French Alps. At 10,000 feet they found prints the size of a small dinner plate with clearly distinguishable pads and claws.

■ Mr. and Mrs. Burt K. Todd, of Ligonier, Pa., recently returned to the U.S. from the little kingdom of Bhutan in Asia and reported they had heard so many tales of the snowman there that they felt the stories must contain truth. In Bhutan it is called "migu."

■ The burned, blackened body of Mrs. Eva Ola Godfrey, 76, was discovered in her home in Wichita, Kans. The body was fully clothed. It was badly blackened — yet there were no burns on clothing or hair. Police are "investigating."

■ County Commissioner Kyle Chapman of Houston, Tex., was cruising along La Porte Road when he got a call for "Car 1." He answered. It wasn't the Harris County dispatcher but a construction firm in San Juan, Peru. They had quite a conversation. The man in Peru said his apparatus only carries 15 miles while the commissioner's radio has a range of only 50 miles.

■ Mrs. Charles Clickett of Spartansburg regained sight of one eye after a bolt of lightning hit her.

■ Some time ago FATE ran a detailed story on the Cao Dai reli-

gion in Indo China. Today Pope Pham Cong Tac of the Cao Dai is a prisoner of his own organization's armed forces. Winston Churchill is said to be a candidate for Cao Dai sainthood.

■ Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia has dowsed a successful water well near his palace after two wells drilled by an American well-drilling firm proved dry.

■ California scientists have measured the energy created when the newly discovered antiproton particle hits the nucleus of an atom. It is 860 million volts. All this helps scientists learn what an atom is, they say.

■ In Normandy a couple of months ago, a miller went to his mill one night after he heard his water wheel stop. He found the river had disappeared into a mysterious hole in the earth.

■ Beneath the debris of ancient Rome scientists recently turned up primitive stone tools estimated to be 200,000 years old. They were mingled with the fossilized bones of Pleistocene elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami and hyenas. No human fossils have been found.

❖

THE DREAMING MIND

■ The images in which the mind dreams are seldom exact or specific. They are often symbolic. subject to reinterpretation by the conscious mind when the dreamer awakes. This accounts for the frequent lack of exact correspondence, we believe, between the dreaming mind and the telepathic message it receives, translates, remembers.

We feel this explains why so many telepathic messages are often only partially correct, being the result of communication between unconscious minds, whether awake or dreaming.

Typical is the dream of Mrs. Albert Harrison who woke up screaming in her home in the Bronx at 3 a.m. last November 18. In her dream she saw her son die in a flaming airplane crash.

"I saw the plane leave a big airfield . . . there were civilians around, but mostly they were soldiers," she told the Associated Press. "Then I saw a house right in the way of the plane as it dived and caught fire. I waited outside the wreck helplessly while man after man jumped out of the wreckage.

"Then I saw my boy and he was burning.

"His clothes were on fire. He fell down. He didn't move. I knew he was dead."

Mrs. Harrison was still dazed from her dream when a New York reporter called her on the telephone. Her son, Pfc. James C. Harrison, 20, was aboard a plane that had crashed and burned at Seattle.

But her son was not dead — he suffered only minor burns, though

at least 27 other persons had been killed.

And here is Pfc. James Harrison's story, as relayed by the *New York Journal-American:*

"I was in the cabin of the plane and then I saw the door. I don't know how I got out, I think I was thrown.

"Next think I knew, I was in the snow, rolling over and over.

"My clothes were on fire. My shoulder hurt. My hand burned. I tried to get up but I was too dizzy to stand. So I crawled. I had to get away from the burning gasoline.

"I put out the fire with snow. Then I turned around to see if I could help anyone else."

❖

YOU TOO CAN SEE BY THE PAPERS

■ So it goes. Some psychologists say these are "coincidences" or they offer some explanation other than telepathy. The papers are full of similar accounts and you can see them too, if you look.

Like the case of Alfred Engelhardt, 40, a logger of Snoqualmie, Wash., who had such a strong premonition of his impending death in a truck crash that he wanted to quit his job. Unfortunately he didn't, and he was killed.

Or the story of Mrs. James Dorey of Whitnam, Mass., who was killed with her husband in the crash of that sabotaged airliner in Colorado last November.

"Of course I'm glad we're going to visit George but somehow or other I've got a premonition that something's going to happen," she told her family the day before take-off.

All strange things that, to us, surpass coincidence. You don't have to take our word. Only do as we do, you too can "see by the papers." — *Curtis Fuller.*

A BOOST UP EVOLUTION'S LADDER

THE South African ape-man called Australophithecus probably was human, Dr. R. A. Dart of Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg, South Africa, reported recently. He said that two human-like teeth, badly damaged molars, were found in layers containing crude stone tools used by Australopithecus. Comparison with other attested specimens has convinced South African paleontologists that these teeth were "within the range of dental variation" of Australopithecus, Dr. Dart said.

TRIAL OF A *Tibetan Ghost*



The ghost was a vagrant and had alarmed the subjects of the Dalai Lama — so a jury sat to decide its future.

By G. E. O. Knight

FOR all practical purposes Tibetan Lamaism may be regarded as a school apart from all other religious organizations. It is a strange mixture of beliefs and practices based on corrupt forms of Buddhism and Hindu cults. It embraces mysticism, philosophy, psychology, magic, ritual, oracles, fortune-telling, spiritualist seances, astrology, and practices almost unknown to Westerners.

To explain Lamaism in detail, even if I understood its subtleties and ramifications, is not my intention. I propose to give, only, a brief account of a ceremony I attended some years ago while I was on a journey to the forbidden land. I had gone to Tibet to obtain the first moving pictures of the sacred city of Lhasa. It was after this trip, during which I had an opportunity to study the people and their customs and religion, that I was able to write the book, *Intimate Glimpses of Mysterious Tibet and Neighboring Countries.*

I have no explanation to offer of the powers possessed by the Lamas of Tibet which make it possible for them to produce a live animal out of the flimsy materials of a ghost, nor yet in what manner they can arrest and imprison spectres in turquoise jars and subject them to the will of His Holiness,

The Dalai Lama of Tibet.

At the ceremony which I wish to describe I noted that its proceedings were entirely familiar to the Lamas gathered together at Samada Monastery. Samada Monastery stands on what was formerly the trade route to Lhasa, between the plain of Tuna and Phari. While I was not travelling alone in Tibet I was the only European present at this interview.

To me, the privileged visitor, the whole proceedings seemed fantastic. In the company of the Lamaist hierarchy, I felt as one transported to another planet. Most of the Lamas present had come from afar to determine the future of a ghost found wandering freely about the countryside, causing consternation and alarm to the law-abiding subjects of the Dalai Lama. That I was permitted to be present as a spectator I regarded as a rare privilege. It is true I was desperately interested in psychical phenomena and still am. It was this urge that had prompted me to beg for admission to the proceedings. I have not regretted my brashness to this day.

More than once, however, I asked myself whether I would prove a disturbing influence. How would my mind influence the principal actors in the drama? For it should not be forgotten that in that sacred land of mountains, monasteries and monks, *thoughts* are *things* which can not only be *seen* by the occult minded but *felt* in their passage through the air. Harmonious thoughts are said by the Lamas of Tibet to give out blue waves. If the radiations are red they show a complete lack of sympathy and understanding, and would prove fatal to any gathering where harmony is essential. Apparently I passed the test with flying colors.

The gathering was convened by the Dalai Lama in compassion for his troubled people, as well as for the composure of the "soul" that would not, or could not, re-incarnate in the orthodox manner. Punishment could take the form of a transmigration of the lost "soul" into an animal.

The chapel of the monastery in which the inquiry was held was hot, smelly and stuffy. Including myself, a mere spectator of the proceedings, there were 15 present. The "soul" of the dead man was said to be enclosed in a jar of turquoise, measuring about three feet. The lid bore the replica of the Tibetan form of swastika. The jar itself stood on a small table covered by a saffron cloth, above which, in an opening of the wall, an image of the Adhi-Buddha gazed benignly down. The crumbling, dirt-laden walls were decorated with a variety of crude, hand-painted pictures all in a sorry state of preservation. Among them I recognized divinities and demons of

the Malayana School of Buddhism, first introduced to Tibet in the Eighth Century by Padma Samblava.

By becoming spiritual masters of themselves the Lamas of Tibet claim to be the spiritual masters of their country. It is true that environmental conditions give rise to religious meditation and deep thinking in this part of the world.

Tibet is not only a land of exquisite beauty with great open spaces and stupendous mountain ranges but, combined with the most stupendous forces of nature, there prevails an all embracing silence, only broken occasionally by the mournful cry of a hungry wolf. In such altitudes and solitudes new and unlooked-for experiences arise. In the presence of the Great Unknown the human mind is freed from the fears, frustrations and neuroses of western civilization and its baleful effects on man's moral and spiritual progress.

The presiding Lama was a man of outstanding personality and learning, claiming descent from the Milarepa family. By signs he indicated the proceedings were to open. First came the ceremony of the Five Precepts; vows to abstain from killing, stealing, sensuality, lying and intoxicating liquors were taken. This was followed by the reading of an indictment against the captive "soul" who, within a few minutes, would be summoned before its judges. There was scarcely a movement among those present as the charges were read aloud by a lay monk.

Dead silence followed the reading. Then the "soul" was commanded to answer for its delinquencies. With one exception the six guttering candles were extinguished. Now the little chapel presented an eerie appearance. No one stirred. Then a Lama sitting next to me rose in response to a word from the presiding Lama. Noiselessly he went to the table on which the turquoise jar was standing. With a small, silver-pronged instrument he gave three soft taps on the lid, thus summoning the "soul" to appear. As the lid was gently raised the name of the delinquent was thrice repeated. There was a long pause. Then the presiding Lama spoke in severe tones. Almost immediately thereafter, from the body of the jar emerged an unmistakeable glow of red. Having risen a few inches the light shot back into the jar with remarkable rapidity. Again the commanding voice of the Lama was heard. A few seconds passed. Now a bright column of light, at first hesitant, came from the jar. It gathered volume until it finally assumed the form of what westerners call a ghost. The whole of its skeleton was visible. An aura of the purest white encompassed the object as it faced the company. I

gasped as I gazed on the vision before me.

I noted that none of the assembled Lamas expressed surprise or emotion at the appearance of the ghost. Everything was taken as a matter of course, a normal experience among them. To me it was phenomenal, unbelievable, uncanny. But then, I knew little of Lamaism, and still less of Tibetan psychism.

The ghost looked about itself apparently conscious of all its surroundings. I thought it might concentrate its attention on me, the only white man present. Its complete indifference to my presence rather surprised me. More than once it fixed its gaze on the turquoise jar, now covered with the lid.

The examination of the apparition began. To every question asked, I learned, that the responses came, not from vocal chords of which the ghost possessed none, but by way of emanations, or light waves issuing from the aura surrounding the ghost. I neither witnessed these emanations nor did I understand a word that was being said.

For three hours I suffered physical discomfort during the examination of the apparition. The novelty of it wore thin. I would have walked out had I dared. Now I'm glad I didn't.

An unexpected rap came from the table. The presiding Lama consulted with his colleagues. They had reached their verdict. A deep silence fell upon the assembly while the Lama addressed the ghost. Having recovered interest in the proceedings I gazed hard on the spectre. As the presiding Lama ceased speaking, the ghost collapsed on the table into a shapeless mass. While it came as no surprise to the Lamas, I experienced something of a shock as the apparition dissolved before my eyes. I had become familiar with it by now and its dissolution seemed a tragedy.

Then the totally unexpected happened. I watched with bated breath as the collapsed ghost began to take shape again. But not as a ghost. No! Certain rather ill-defined lines began to shape themselves out in close succession, the curve of a belly, four objects that looked like legs, two ears, a head. Yes, there was no doubt about it — the erstwhile ghost was now a magnificent wolf. With head lowered, the animal walked to where the presiding Lama was seated and licked his hands. In his turn the Lama gently caressed the animal. Then the wolf was picked up by a lay monk, taken out of the grounds of the monastery and released. On my way to the bungalow, which was my temporary residence, I saw something swiftly cross my path. It was a wolf.

On the following morning I

heard the full story.

In its human form the ghost was a killer of animals. To kill anyone or anything in Tibet is a sin, punishable with the loss of good Karma earned in previous incarnations. Remorsefulness had seized the man when his time had come to die. He told the Lamas he could not reincarnate and consequently wandered about the countryside as a ghost. Of his own free will the spectre asked to be transmigrated into the form of an animal and he chose that one he had most injured, the wolf.

THE AUTHOR

G. E. O. Knight, author of 'Trial of a Tibetan Ghost," lives in Helston, Cornwall, England. He is well known as an explorer, foreign correspondent, writer and lecturer. His lecture tours have included the United States and Canada. He has authored numerous books about his travels. One of them, based on a trip to the interior of Russia in disguise, was considered a journalistic coup of the '20's. Entering the U.S.S.R. under the noses of Red guards, he traveled freely about the country without being detected. The story of this adventure is told in *To Belshevik Russia in Disguise.*

THE PERPETUAL INSOMNIAC

EUSTACE Bennett, 76, a retired farmer who lives near Hose, England, claims he has not slept for 46 years. Recently Bennett went to a hospital for observation. Nurses who sat at his bedside for a week said he never so much as drowsed, even after a double sleeping potion.

WHAT BUOYED UP THE BABY?

DURING an outing Donald C. Newton, 43, of Long Beach, Calif., discovered that one of his four daughters, Pamela, 18 months old, had fallen into the water and was being carried away by the current. He dived in after her with the desperate hope that he could reach her before she disappeared beneath the surface. When he reached Pamela after a 50-yard swim he found her floating on her back, apparently unconcerned by her danger. He feels something beyond mortal power buoyed her up.

The Mystic Quest of John Barrymore



What made this famed actor seek guidance in astrology, and rehabilitation in Hindu beliefs?

By Alson J. Smith

JEKYLL — and — Hyde was not one of the late John Barrymore's favorite characters and yet Stevenson's fictional case of split personality was a peculiarly fitting part for him to play. He was, himself, a classic and tragic battlefield on which two opposite selves struggled for possession of a single body.

The world knows one John Barrymore well — the drunken, amorous clown, who wasted his talent in debauches of the flesh, who reminds us that great men in their declining years tend to become caricatures of themselves. This is the Barrymore whose excesses were so appalling that his best friends referred to him privately as "the Monster". This is the Barrymore of the leering ad lib, making money by burlesquing himself during the later years of his life. His once-fabulous memory was so far gone that he could not remember the simplest lines and had to have every word spelled out for him in large letters on "idiot boards" out of sight of cameras or audience.

The other Barrymore unfortunately was largely hidden from the public view, particularly in the later years, but this was his truer self. This was the Barrymore who was the greatest Hamlet of our time. This was the mystic who could discourse learnedly on the deep psychological truths in Shakespeare's plays; who loved to go alone on a moonlit night to the vast, deserted Hollywood Bowl. There on the great stage, with the full moon for a "spot" and himself the only actor, he would recite those lines from Act II, scene 2, of Hamlet which begin: "O! What a rogue and peasant slave am I!" This is the Barrymore of Gemini ascending, who would not make a serious move without consulting his "court astrologer"; the Barrymore who late in life went to India, where his father had been born in the fort at Agra,

intending to spend his remaining years in studying the religions of the East and undergoing the Ayurvedic treatment. And this is the Barrymore who, *in extremis*, returned to the Catholic faith in which he had been baptized as a child.

As a young man, Jack (as his friends called him) became convinced that the stars govern the destinies of men. The formal religions with their sectarian morality and taboos had little appeal for him. But his deep mystical strain demanded some expression. He was an avid reader of the Chaldean books and found great satisfaction in astrology. However, the horoscopes cast for him under the signs of Virgo, Scorpio and Sagittarius by New York astrologers never seemed to hit the mark. The one under Virgo, which attributed "domestic constancy" to the much-married Barrymore, was especially wide of the target. But when he made his permanent home in Hollywood he found a "court astrologer" in Helios Hotchener, wife of Hank Hotchener, his business manager. Helios had lived in India for many years and was a student of the occult. She quickly straightened out Jack's horoscope. The New York astrologers had accepted his own statement that his birth date was Feb. 15, 1882. Helios was skeptical. Barrymore was characteristically hazy about the actual date of his birth ("I am always thirty-seven years old", he said.) but he thought it was Feb. 15 and the encyclopedias gave that as his natal day. Helios, however, stated that he was definitely a "Gemini person" and must have born when Gemini was ascending on Feb. 14. She instituted a diligent search of the Barrymore family records and the vital statistics of the City of Philadelphia and these bore out her contention that Jack's actual birthday was Feb. 14 — not Feb. 15. The new horoscope she drew based on Feb. 14 date was remarkably accurate and Jack had great confidence in it.

This confidence was strikingly justified on at least two occasions.

Before undertaking a winter cruise on his yacht *The Mariner* in 1926-1927, Barrymore asked Helios to circle in red on his astrological chart any days that might have special import. She circled Feb. 6 and warned him to look out for an accident on that day. When Feb. 6 arrived *The Mariner* was moored off the coast of Mexico and Barrymore decided to spend the day in bed, reading. However, he grew restless and along about noon went ashore with a shotgun to see if he could scare up any game birds. Scanning the tree-tops for birds, he did not notice where he was walking and suddenly began to sink in quicksand. He was un-

able to extricate himself from the sucking mud and in the space of a half hour had sunk to his waist. He fired off the shotgun shells to attract attention but no one came. He had sunk to his chest and seemed certain to die in the quagmire when he suddenly saw his dead father's face before him. As he looked into the face, the eyes turned slowly upwards to an overhanging shrub which Barrymore, in the excitement of his predicament, had not noticed. The shrub was out of reach but by manipulating the gun he finally managed to bring a branch within reach of his finger-tips. It was an agonizing five minutes before he got a grasp on the branch sufficient to pull himself slowly out of the mud. It seemed impossible for the thin stick to support his weight — but it did. All the while the face of his father remained before him, smiling and encouraging. When he was completely out of the muck the face slowly disappeared.

On another occasion, in 1932, Helios Hotchener circled another date on Jack's calendar in red and warned him not to drive his car to the studio that day. But it was the fifth day of a hectic production schedule at RKO where Barrymore was making a picture for David O. Selznick; they wanted Jack on the set. He decided to ignore the red circle on his calendar and hope for the best. While driving from his Tower Road home to the RKO lot, Jack (who had been up all night) turned the car over and suffered a fractured hip. The picture was delayed two weeks and Jack never drove a car again.

Barrymore himself attributed many of his later troubles to a loss of blood from a severe gastric hemorrhage in November, 1930. He had gone on a sailing trip to Central America and the hemorrhage occurred when his yacht *Infanta* was off the coast of Guatemala. The hemorrhage was stopped by a Guatemalan physician, but Jack was ill in his cabin all the way back to California. When he stepped ashore at Long Beach, pale and weak, he was met by a horde of reporters and press photographers who insisted that he pose holding a 100-pound sea turtle caught early in the voyage. Not wishing to let the press and public know how sick he was, he picked up the heavy turtle and the strain resulted in more illness.

He summoned Helios Hotchener and spoke to her about the "mystic aftermath of losing one's blood." He told her that he believed the blood irradiated certain spiritual qualities. Later he ordered all the sheets and mattresses which had been used on the voyage to Central America burned, in line with the primitive system of taboo which holds that the blood, hair and nails

must not be allowed to fall into the hands of enemies who might practice sorceries with them.

After his experiences with the red circles on the calendar, Barrymore refused to do anything unless the stars were propitious. Hank Hotchener carried a detailed astrological list of the aspects of each hour to the studio, and whenever Jack called out, "Hank, the W.C.", he would hurry to the washroom to look at the list. When he came out he would either nod or shake his head, and Barrymore would be governed in the issue by the chart. Often he put off signing a contract or shooting a scene until a more "favorable" time. He frequently irritated directors and cameramen by insisting that all battle scenes be filmed under the sign of Mars, love scenes under Venus, etc. He also insisted that his directors find places in his pictures for a number of dwarfs and oldtimers whom he insisted brought him luck.

It was characteristic of the "good" Barrymore that he was capable of complete rapprochment with all sorts of people. "Turkey Mike" Donlin, the wry-necked old baseball player, was his good friend. So was the celebrated physiologist Dr. Gustav Eckstein. Jack corresponded familiarly with Dr. David Starr Jordan, president-emeritus of Leland Stanford University. Their friendship had grown out of a mutual fondness for monkeys and apes. And Albert Einstein said of him: "Several mathematicians understand my theories, but of all persons it is an actor, John Barrymore, who *discusses* them the most intelligently." This attunement extended to the animal world also. Fierce dogs who bit other persons happily licked Jack's hands and face. He placed bread crumbs on his lips and wild birds would come to sit confidently on his shoulder and eat the crumbs.

In 1934, with his marriage to Dolores Costello on the rocks and his memory so unstable that he could not remember the lines from *Hamlet* long enough to make a film, Jack was told by his doctors that unless he stopped drinking he soon would die. This combination of factors drove him to a decision that he had been pondering. He would go to India, take the Ayurvedic treatment for his ailing memory, stop drinking, and pay a sentimental visit to the fort at Agra where his father had been born. If all went well and his health improved, he would remain in India and spend the rest of his life in study and contemplation. It was a serious decision, and Jack made his will. He was through with Hollywood and Broadway, with wives and with alcohol, with false friends and foolish, fawning "fans".

He arrived in Bombay on Nov-

ember 5, happily carrying down the gangplank a child whom he had befriended on shipboard. After a few days in Bombay he went to Madras, where he had reserved rooms at the Connemara Hotel. Here he awaited the coming of Dr. Srinivasa Murti, who was to tell him what is involved in the Ayurvedic treatment. Dr. Murti turned out to be a brisk, smooth-shaven, middle-aged man dressed in occidental fashion — not at all the bearded patriarch in the long white robe that Jack had been expecting. He further surprised him by not objecting to his mixing himself a drink, although the doctor himself drank nothing.

Dr. Murti told Jack that the treatment consists of a combination of spiritual factors and medication, a vegetable diet, and the use of certain herbs, essences and leaves from the Himalayan mountain area. It takes six weeks. No hospitalization is required, but if he took the treatment Jack would have to move to a smaller, quieter hotel. Jack thought that this was a ruse to get him into a hotel where there was no bar, but Dr. Murti told him that the smaller hotel also had a bar and that he would have to decide for himself whether or not he would patronize it. If Jack were a Hindu, the doctor said, he could assure him of the success of the treatment, because the Hindus have faith in the method. But in Barrymore's case he promised nothing. Jack assured him that he believed in the philosophy behind the Ayurvedic method and was confident that it could cure him. Dr. Murti finally and with considerable misgiving agreed to take Jack as a patient.

The treatment began with a series of routine tests (Dr. Murti is an expert physician and a founder of the Madras Medical Association). After these were completed an Ayurvedic specialist and four assistants, all physicians, were assigned to the case. They moved into the room next to Jack's, bringing with them certain clinical equipment, a small brass altar, and a quantity of flower petals. The altar was set up and the petals strewn in front of it. Brass receptacles were placed in niches in the altar, filled with sacred oils and lighted. Incense burned in a brazier.

The treatment began as follows: the chief Ayurvedic specialist seated Jack before the altar and asked him to keep in mind his desire that his health be restored. After awhile the five physicians seated themselves around Jack and began to intone a series of old Sanskrit chants. Jack was told to interpret them in terms of his own religion, as their purpose was purely psychological and they were designed to dissipate thoughts of sickness and depres-

sion. After the chants the doctors undressed Jack and laid him naked on a slab of highly-polished wood. The specialist sat at his head and presided as the four assistants manipulated different areas of his body and rubbed him with oils from Himalayan sources.

After about an hour of this, Jack was bathed in a soapy brew of leaves which had been heated and then allowed to cool to body temperature. Then he was put to bed, where he fell at once into a deep sleep.

After three weeks of this daily regimen, Barrymore's memory began to improve, his ankle swelling diminished, and his weakness, headaches, and indifference to food disappeared. His interest in literature and music revived; he read the great Hindu religious works in English translation and played his favorite operas on the phonograph. He went for long drives in the country with Hank Hotchener and mingled happily with the students from Madras University on a Bay of Bengal Beach. He had never felt better. But Dr. Murti warned him that he must continue the Ayurvedic treatment until it became automatic, when "the benefits will be so obvious and exhilarating that you will of yourself desire to maintain them permanently."

One day as Jack and Hank Hotchener sat in their car, a gaunt, wizened yogi came up to them and offered to tell Jack's fortune. After looking at his palm, the yogi remarked that he should stay in India because "this land harmonizes with you." However, the yogi added sadly, Jack would not do this. And because he would not, he had not very long to live. He would go back to America soon, where his life would be shortened by "toddy." Jack laughed and offered the old man a rupee, but the latter refused to take it and walked sadly away.

One day not long after this, Hank Hotchener discovered that Barrymore was not in his hotel room. He disappeared for a week. When he finally did turn up it was obvious that the "bad" Barrymore had been in charge. The weeks of treatment had gone for nothing. A salesman whom Jack had met on shipboard had called him and invited him down to the bar. Always hospitable and friendly, Jack had gone. After several drinks they had gone to a bagnio known to the salesman and had remained there a week, drinking and carousing. Jack was repentant and asked Dr. Murti to resume the treatments and the doctor finally agreed. But after two days Jack disappeared again for another week. Dr. Murti threw up his hands.

Jack and Hank went to Bombay, where Helios joined them. Jack was terribly depressed. "I've

thrown away my last chance for health", he told Helios.

John Barrymore was 53 years old when he came back to California from India and he had seven years to live. Seven years in which he illustrated the sad truth of Ashton Stevens' aphorism that "nobody goes downhill as fast as a thoroughbred." In those tragic seven years the gaunt yogi's predictions came true and Dr. Jekyll obliterated Mr. Hyde.

Before Jack died of cirrhosis of the liver in Hollywood Hospital on May 29, 1942, his old friend, Father John O'Donnell, administered the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church at Jack's request. Jack, baptized an Episcopalian in childhood, had been rebaptized a Roman Catholic when his mother was converted to that faith, but he had never been a practicing Catholic.

There is one odd footnote to the story of this great actor and great mystic who deliberately and compulsively destroyed himself.

Jack died at 10:20 o'clock on the night of May 29. During his last days his friend Gene Fowler had asked artist John Decker to make a death-bed sketch of Jack to be hung on the wall of Fowler's den next to the *Richard III* sword which Barrymore had given him several years before. Delivering the sketch a day or so before Jack died, Decker remarked that the sketch and the sword did not look right hanging so near an old cuckoo clock. Decker wanted to throw out the clock, but Fowler demurred, saying that Jack had been particularly fond of it. He said the clock had not been running for two years and when Jack died, he (Fowler) would set the hands at the exact time of his death and leave them that way.

On the morning after Jack's death Fowler remembered what he had told Decker about the clock and went into the den to set the hands at the exact hour and minute of Jack's passing.

He did not have to touch it. The hands of the clock had stopped at exactly 10:20 more than two years before.

JUPITER'S RADIO STORMS

STORMS on the planet Jupiter, largest in the Solar System, have been linked to radio signals received from it according to Dr. C. A. Shain, an Australian radio-physicist. Dr. Shain said that a Jovian storm was seen through telescopes at the same time that static-like signals from the planet were heard. The frequency of the signals coincided with the rotation period of the storm center.

the Strange Search for BRIDEY MURPHY

The hypnotized woman told of a former life in Ireland 100 years ago. Can her amazing story be proved?

By William J. Barker

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"TONIGHT I will attempt an experiment in hypnotism that I have never undertaken before," Morey Bernstein wrote in his diary. "The subject will be Mrs. S. This is Nov. 29, 1952 . . ."

The young Pueblo, Colo., business executive paused then to recall how he had met "Mrs. S." (name withheld by request) and her handsome husband several months prior. There had been a dance at the Minnequa Club one evening and friends had invited the Bernsteins and several other married couples to their home after the party was over. Among the assembled group were a few people Hazel and Morey Bernstein didn't know — including Mr. and Mrs. S.

Inevitably Morey was asked to hypnotize somebody. Eight years earlier he had taken up hypnotism out of curiosity and, since that time, had become noted in Pueblo for his ability to use the little-understood science.

However, hypnotism long since had ceased to be a plaything for Bernstein, then 32. He'd learned to employ it as a psychiatric means of curing such primarily mental ills as stuttering, recurrent headaches, alcoholism, smoking and bad habits. Further, he'd applied it in tests of mental telepathy and clairvoyance, with amazing results.



Hypnotist Morey Bernstein (holding pencil and paper) questions Mrs. S., in trance, about her previous life as Bridey Murphy. A tape recorder transcribes her answers.

Hypnotism was no longer for parlor games in Bernstein's book, and so he told the group, " I won't attempt to put anyone in a trance tonight. However, I'll give you a group exercise in relaxation."

He asked them all to choose easy positions, to inhale deeply and slowly a few times and then to close their eyes and concentrate on his words.

He talked soothingly of quiet and sleep, of relaxation and release from tension. His efforts were calculated only to make the group comfortably drowsy. However, as he droned on he noticed that a petite, smartly dressed brunet, the girl introduced as Mrs. S., had gone completely "under." She, with just this threshold hint of hypnotism, was in what Morey recognized immediately as a definite trance.

He made a mental note to ask her to be a subject sometime in the future, then roused the party, calling to their attention the fact that they should now feel quite rested.

Some weeks later, the Bernsteins invited Mr. and Mrs. S. over. Morey asked the girl to let him hypnotize her and, though she wasn't particularly interested in the idea, she consented. Her host discovered very quickly that she was an ideal subject, one of those

rare individuals capable of going into a very deep somnambulistic trance.

On still another occasion, Bernstein hypnotized the young woman again, and this time took her through an age-regression session.

Age regression is one of the most impressive of hypnotic demonstrations. The hypnotist tells the hypnotized subject that she is able to remember scenes and events as they were at any given time in her early childhood. The subject then answers his questions with amazing accuracy and clarity: Recalls, for example, who her schoolmates were at the age of 8; what clothes she wore at 4 years old; what toys she played with when she was just one, and so on.

This probing of the memory via hypnotism is employed by many psychiatrists as a means of seeking the roots of mental disturbances in their patients. It has been tested scientifically and found to be a reliable method of obtaining long-buried or seemingly forgotten facts.

"The unconscious mind under hypnosis apparently remembers things that the conscious mind has discarded," Morey says. "But, like the conscious mind, it recalls most easily the things which had an emotional significance at the time they happened."

The particular evening which Bernstein was noting in his diary dated Nov. 29, 1952, he proposed to explore Mrs. S.'s mind even further.

Earlier in the year he had come up against something which had challenged and annoyed him. There were other men working with hypnotism and age regression who claimed to have been able to evoke memories of previous lifetimes from their subjects.

Bernstein had scoffed at this. As a conscientious businessman who had followed hypnotism up many a weird and exciting side path, he seriously questioned the testimony of Sir Alexander Cannon. The British psychiatrist had reported that some thousand cases had been investigated wherein hypnotized persons remembered the lives they'd led prior to this "present incarnation."

This night then, Bernstein, the skeptic, intended to direct Mrs. S. to reach back into her memory and try to touch a yesterday lost in the mists of time pre-dating her birth.

"I had difficulty in making an appointment with Mr. and Mrs. S.," Morey says. "Neither of them were then or are now particularly interested in hypnotism. Mr. S., in fact, felt all along that if his wife became involved in this sort of thing, his business might suffer because his customers would think he was nuts."

Mrs. S., then 28, is a typical young Pueblo matron who enjoys her bridge club, likes to follow the

ball games with her husband and concentrates a good deal of her time on their attractive home. She is neither "bookish" nor theatrical by nature. These factors of normality, plus her susceptibility to hypnotism, made her perfect for Bernstein's eerie experiment.

"When they arrived at my house that particular night," Morey says, "I didn't tell them the theory I wished to explore. Then at 10:35 p.m., with my wife Hazel and Mr. S. looking on, I had Mrs. S. lie on our couch in the dim light of a single lamp. I used a candle flame as the hypnotic device, asked her to take seven deep breaths and to stare at the candle, and to open and close her eyes as I counted slowly. I established the thought that the flame meant sleep. I kept repeating 'flame . . . and sleep. Flame . . . and sleep.' She went into a trance very quickly."

For some months, Morey had been recording all his hypnotic sessions on tape. He was similarly prepared to make a transcription now.

Bernstein started his tape recorder and then proceeded to lead Mrs. S. through the familiar age regression. ("We are going to turn back . . . turn back through time and space . . . . You feel yourself getting smaller, younger . . Now. Now you are seven years old and you can tell us where you are . . .") For several minutes she spoke into the recorder microphone in answer to simple questions about her life as a youngster.

Now Bernstein took a deep breath. It was time for the big try. "I will talk to you again in a little while," he said in a slow, almost casual voice. "Meanwhile your mind will be going back . . . back . . . and back . . . until oddly enough *you find yourself in some other scene, in some other place, in some other time* . . . and when I talk to you again, you'll tell me about it. You will be able to talk to me about it and answer my questions. And now just rest while these scenes come into your mind . . . ."

Morey got himself a glass of water and, with Mr. S. and Hazel looking on, waited a minute or two before continuing the interview. Then he asked Mrs. S. if a scene from an earlier existence had come to her. Breathing heavily, she said:

"I scratched the paint off my bed . . . dug my nails into it . . . dug the paint off . . . ."

"Why did you do that?" Bernstein asked.

"I was mad . . . I got an awful spankin'."

"What is your name?"

It sounded as if she replied, "Friday."

"All right, Friday," Bernstein said. "And what is your last name? Or is that your full name?"

"Friday Murphy," was the apparent response. She went on un-

der questioning to say that she was four years old and lived in Cork, that her mother's name was Kathleen and her father's was Duncan.

Morey Bernstein was not particularly impressed by this unearthly information. "Some strange responses come from people under hypnosis," he says. "However, I continued to ask Mrs. S. for details about herself, meaning this Friday character. She corrected me to point out that the name was 'Bridey' not 'Friday.' Bridey is an abbreviation for Bridget.

He asked Bridey to recall herself at a later age, and she obligingly spoke then as an 8-year-old. She told of "playing house" and of her her brother, who was named Duncan after their father. They lived in "a nice house . . . white . . . with two floors . . .," where, to reach her room, "you go up the stairs and turn to the left."

"Now that you are 8," Morey said, " what year is it?"

This presented a little difficulty, and he had to ask her to recall what year her parents might have said it was. "18 something," she replied hesitantly. "18 . . . 0 . . . 1806."

The interview progressed. Bridey Murphy mentioned another brother who died as a baby. She said that for breakfast she and Duncan ate "muffins 'n' jam 'n' milk 'n' fruit. Muffins mostly."

"What does your father do?" Bernstein asked.

"He's a barrister . . . down town . . . a barrister . . . in the town and the village."

She pronounced "barrister" *bahr*-stur — not as an adult American would say it: *bear* -iss-ter.

For the first time in the proceedings, Morey Bernstein, the subject's husband and Hazel Bernstein were genuinely excited. Mr. S. was sure his "everyday" wife was unfamiliar with the British word for lawyer. "It was out of character for Mrs. S.," Morey says. "It was the first thing that had bobbed up which suggested that I really might have something here in my experiment."

The questioning went on. Little Bridey said she played "hide 'n' seek . . . an' Duncan finds me. Can't find Duncan. He knows better places than me to hide." Duncan was two years older, and had, she said, "reddish hair like mine."

"What color is your hair?" Morey asked. (Mrs. S. is a brunet.)

"Real red," she replied.

The recorder turned silently and the tape gradually filled with fragmentary statements about a forgotten family which had lived, it seemed, in the first of the 19th century. The three listeners heard Bridey Murphy at 15, telling how she attended Mrs. Strayne's school in Cork "studying to be a lady," learning "house things and proper



Morey Bernstein begins hypnotic session by placing Mrs. S. in a deep trance. Candle is used as hypnotic device, subject being told that the flame will produce sleep.

things." They visualized her as she married Brian MacCarthy, a young barrister who took her to the large northern city of Belfast to live "in a cottage back of his grandmother's house," not far from "St. Theresa's church."

As the narrative ran on, a subtle brogue crept into Bridey's voice — so subtle that presumably only an accomplished actress could have faked it and maintained it.

Bridey had no children, she reported somberly and without elaboration. And a small point of conflict threaded through her life: She was a Protestant while Brian, her husband, was Catholic. A frequent visitor to their home was his life-long friend, Father John from St. Theresa's church.

"Tell me how you died," Bernstein asked.

Now the voice was tired and querulous, the brogue very noticeable: "I fell down stairs . . . . It was a terrible burden. I was 66 . . . . Such a burden . . . . I had to be carried about."

Further questioning brought out that when she died "T'was on a Sunday. Brian was at church . . .

It upset him terribly . . . ."

Here Morey exchanged glances with Mr. S. and Hazel. The unspoken thought uppermost in Morey's mind was, "If she was dead, how'd she know her husband was distressed?"

"What happened when you died?" he asked.

The answer came swiftly and surprisingly. "I didn't do like Father John said. I didn't go to purgatory."

She told of lingering beside her husband, trying to let him know that he shouldn't grieve for her, but he didn't hear her.

"People on earth, like Brian, couldn't hear you?"

"They won't listen," she said.

"Do you think that if they tried to listen, they could have heard you?"

"Yes, I think so."

She volunteered that she had waited for Father John to die and then had pointed out to him that he was wrong about her going to purgatory. "He admitted it," she told the amazed Morey.

Then, it seemed, she had gone "home" to Cork to see her brother Duncan. He, too, had failed "to listen" when she spoke to him. And in the spirit world of the dead, "you couldn't talk to anybody very long . . . they'd go away."

Further, you did no eating, never slept, never became tired.

"You must have lived in the spirit world a long time," Morey said rather helplessly.

"About 40 years," she thought. After that, she said, she was reborn in 1923 in this country to begin her "current" life.

Bernstein terminated the trance interview shortly after this, although he hated to do so. Naturally, he was fascinated, but his subject showed signs of fatigue and her husband was concerned for her welfare. It was around midnight when Mr. and Mrs. S. departed for home, leaving a tired but excited Morey Bernstein with his head awhirl.

In the days to follow, Morey listened to the tape with certain of his Pueblo friends and business associates whose steady common sense he respected.

An engineer advised him to continue to interview Bridey Murphy, but to let someone else check her statements in old Irish records or elsewhere. Morey agreed.

He made careful notes in preparation for a second meeting with Mrs. S. "It is necessary," he says, "to plan a session of that kind before you launch into it. For example, you have to avoid loaded questions in dealing with a hypnotized person. The subject in a trance is a little like a child in that he will be inclined to say what he thinks you want him to say.

Mr. and Mrs. S. consented, not too happily, to a second interview

in December of 1952.

Bernstein had Mrs. S. in a trance within just a few minutes, and she picked up the role of Bridey Murphy very readily.

She began by recalling a trip she'd made to Antrim, a seaside resort, with her mother, father and brother Duncan when she was 10. Almost wistfully she described the "white, bright cliffs" and the red stones and the black ones from the glens. There were "streams that run down in rivulets," and "Father says the sandstone is used for ballast, black ballast that just comes from Antrim . . ."

Many of Bernstein's questions brought replies which repeated what Bridey had told him during the first session. Now, however, he was after possible data which might verify her story. Were there any records to prove she had lived in Ireland?

"There might be some articles in the *Belfast Newsletter,*" she said.

She announced that Brian had taught at Queens University in Belfast during his mature years, and that his name appeared in the paper several times. She also referred Bernstein to her marriage certificate and said that Father John had "published the banns" (A figure of speech new to Bernstein at the time).

Their house was "about three minutes' walking time from St. Theresa's."

Bernstein asked her if she could speak Gaelic. She recalled that, when she was 47, "There was trouble . . . people in the south wanted nothing to do with England . . . sent no representatives. We wouldn't talk Gaelic . . . Gaelic is fit only for the tongue of the peasants . . . ."

"Do you remember any wars?" Morey asked at one point. The reply was typically unpredictable. She spoke of the legendary hero, Cuchulain, who "was a warrior. He was the bravest and strongest and . . . when he was 7 . . . 7 years old, he could slay big men. When he was 17, he could hold whole armies."

Her mother, she explained, had told her about this Irish Hercules when she was a little girl.

Speaking of the death of Father John, she said that she saw him die in his sleep ("a pleasant death") and that she talked to him. He told her " he was going home."

"Where is he now?" Morey asked. "Is he living on this earth?"

"I don't know . . . . He's living. He lives."

"How do you know?"

"I just . . . know that you live."

This reintroduced the Hereafter (or Heretofore?) as a topic. Bridey described it as nothing to be afraid of, painless. There is neither love nor hate experienced in the spirit state, and relatives do not stay together, she said. "My mother was

never with me . . . . My father said he saw her, but I didn't."

She summed it up as a "place of waiting" where you are until you pass on to "just another form of existence."

Morey ended the second interview shortly after Bridey had mentioned in detail some stories her mother had read her as a child. He took care to give Mrs. S. the posthypnotic suggestion that she would feel rested and well when she awakened. He was concerned for fear Mr. S. would call a halt to the "search for Bridey Murphy," and Morey by now was desperately eager to go on with the interviews.

The third tape was recorded in January, 1953. While much that Bridey offered on this occasion she'd said previously, still additional details about her were obtained.

She recalled her own tombstone and read it with apparent difficulty: "Bridget Kathleen M. MacCarthy . . . 1789-1864."

Morey's engineer friend had suggested that Bridey be checked for any musical abilities, knowing that Mrs. S.'s interests did not take that direction. Bridey under questioning, told of her love of dancing, and mentioned a step called "the Morning Jig." Bernstein gave Mrs. S. the post-hypnotic suggestion that, when he'd awaken her, she would be able to do the jig.

"After the tape was finished," Morey says, "I restored Mrs. S. to consciousness. She looked rather bewildered, shook her head a bit. I helped her to her feet and let her stand there. Suddenly she started to dance with great animation, feet flying in what could only be a lively rendition of a jig.

"Then she stopped and raised a hand to her mouth. 'What did you do that for?' I asked. 'That's for the yawn,' she said, and seemed puzzled at her own words."

Shortly after this, the Bernsteins went to New York where Morey was to study investment analysis at Columbia university. However, Bridey wasn't forgotten. Morey kept in touch with the Pueblo engineer he'd interested in her, and the man reported the results of some investigating he'd managed to do locally.

"He'd established a few facts," Morey says. "He'd learned that there was a paper called the *Belfast Newsletter,* and that Queens university was still going strong. He'd also found out how to spell Bridey's legendary hero's name — Cuchulain. It was the merest beginning, but we were intrigued by that much. The thing was, you see, that that was about all she'd mentioned that was available information in Pueblo libraries."

Morey, in the east, did some research, too. Bridey'd mentioned some towns she and Brian had traveled through en route from

Cork to Belfast. One of these, Baylings Crossing, Morey was unable to find on a map. He called the Irish consulate and inquired about the place. No one there had heard of it. The British information service was equally at a loss. So were British and Irish railroad representatives.

Then, while the Bernsteins were visiting friends on Long Island, a neighbor dropped in with a gift of asparagus for their hostess. Casual conversation revealed that the asparagus gardener had bicycled through Ireland during the war. Had he heard of Baylings Crossing?

"Sure," he said. "Been through it a lot of times on a bike. It's just a wide place in the road — not big enough for most maps to show." This was verified a few weeks later by an Irishwoman the Bernsteins also met by chance.

And there was the matter of St. Theresa's church. The Consulate reported that it was not in the Belfast phone book; however, British Information services established the fact that the little-known church was indeed there and still in use.

Morey made three more tapes with the cooperation of the S. family. These were recorded in July, August and September, 1953.

The new details drawn from Bridey Murphy were many and varied. Bridey said she played the lyre (she pronounced it "leer"). A favorite childhood board-and-card game she and Duncan enjoyed together was called "Fancy," and the loser had to give the winner a little prize.

She told of having pulled straw from the thatched roof as a child and having been spanked by her mother for this mischief and sent to her "chamber." There Duncan came in secret and said he was sorry, because he'd been the one who'd put her up to it. She didn't tell on him, she recalled with quaint pride.

She described a children's party she'd gone to "at the Straynes" (Mrs. Strayne ran the school Bridey attended). "The party was for Genevieve," and Bridey's mother decided to make her a new slip for the occasion. ("My mother said 'We'll just make you three while we've got you on the board'.")

On another trip east, Bernstein located a single copy of the *Belfast Newsletter* in the Congressional library. It had been published in 1847. He copied names and news stories from it and, upon his return to Pueblo, asked Bridey if she remembered any of these. Neither the names or news items seemed to mean anything to her.

However, she was full of information about her family and in-laws. Brother Duncan Blaine Murphy married Mrs. Strayne's daughter, Aimee, and became a farmer, raising flax, hay, corn, and

tobacco. Aimee's father operated the livery stable.

Bridey's husband's full name was Sean Brian Joseph MacCarthy. She pronounced the first name "See-an," correcting Morey who thought it should be pronounced "Shawn." She allowed that some people said "Shawn," but it was "not the *right* way."

Brian's grandmother (who owned the house in Belfast behind which was the cottage or "hut" where Brian and Bridey lived) was named Delilinan MacCarthy.

Brian's father was upset when Brian's uncle Plazz "married an Orange. He wasn't upset when (Brian) married me!" Bridey remarked with spirit at one point.

Brian's mother died when she "had a still child," Bridey also reported.

In one of the earlier tapes, Bridey had said her husband had taught at Queens university. A lawyer friend of the Bernsteins, hearing this on the tape, challenged it. "Queens has always been Protestant," he said. "She stated that Brian was a Catholic. Ask her how come they'd let a Catholic teach there."

Morey did so at the next interview and Bridey said impatiently, "He taught law; he didn't teach religion." A subsequent inquiry through the Irish consulate upheld Bridey on this. Queens university drew no religious line where its instructors were concerned.

She volunteered that Brian had written some articles for the *Belfast Newsletter,* 25 years after they were married, but couldn't remember what they were about. She didn't read them because, she said primly, "they were above me."

Occasionally what seemed to be a simple question would baffle Bridey completely. For example Morey asked her the name of the family doctor in Belfast. She apparently did not understand the word, "doctor." Morey tried "physician" and fatuously added "medicine man." but neither of these was comprehensible to Bridey.

He asked her to locate St. Theresa's church in Belfast, and she said it was on "the main way, just off Dooley road." The big house behind which she and Brian lived was also on Dooley road, and she explained that her husband would leave for church on Sunday mornings "five minutes before the bells."

In response to a question about her favorite stories, she said, "You'll laugh. I liked the weird stories, and I liked the stories of things beyond, and I liked the dreamy stories about Cuchulain my mother used to read."

She also mentioned a poem by Keats ("He was a Britisher but I read it"), and she had enjoyed a book titled *The Green Bay.*

Her favorite music included

Sean (a song "about a young boy"), *The Minstrel's March* ("There's no words, but I just liked the *March*"), and *The Londonderry Air.*

She was present, she said, at her own "ditching" (burial), back of the church where her body was put to rest in "unhallowed ground." Mary Catherine and Kevin Moore, friends of Bridey and Brian, and "the man who played the Aeolian pipes" were at the graveside.

As she seemed to see the scene in retrospect, she complained that the numeral 4 (in the date 1864) had not been cut clearly on her tombstone. "Brian," she said, "was upset about it."

Here, in substance, then, are the final bits and pieces of the Bridey Murphy story as elicited from Mrs. S.

It should be explained that both she and her husband are most reticent about the whole affair, and that only their high regard for Morey Bernstein persuaded them to carry on with the "search for Bridey Murphy."

In fact, no one involved in this story stands to profit by it – with the exception of the book publishers.

Bernstein has invested at least $10,000 in his exploration of hypnosis to date. He is sure that the book royalties will not begin to replace his expenditures, nor does he care.

One more question is often asked. Does Morey believe that "you were once one of your own ancestors?"

"It would make a better story, I suppose, if we could prove that Bridey Murphy were one of Mrs. S.'s forebears," he says. "However, though Mrs. S. is one-third Irish, it is to be remembered that Bridey had no children. Once again to quote others who've taken subjects back 'over the hump' into a previous life-memory, the evidence would seem to show that blood line and families and heredity have nothing to do with previous incarnations. It's as if the place of the dead-departed were a sort of stockpile of souls. When a certain sort of spirit is required to animate a body about to be born, that spirit is selected and introduced into that body. In short, you may be a person who boasts of having noble French ancestry, yet in your last visit you might have been an African slave or a Chinese concubine. I need hardly add that all this is speculation on our part."

He says, "It seems to me you must take one of two points of view regarding the Bridey Murphy case. First, you may conclude that the whole thing is a hoax without a motive. This would mean that Mrs. S. is not the normal young gal she seems to be in her daily life, but actually a consummate actress – even though she has

never shown any special interest in the stage. And Morey Bernstein is an accomplished script writer who has cooked up this entire business because he likes to fool people or something.

"If that is *not* your conclusion, then it seems to me you must admit that we may have opened a hidden door for just a second, and that, without fully understanding what we have seen, we've had an exciting glimpse of immortality."

Editor's Note: The details about the life of Bridey Murphy as given by Mrs. S. have been checked by an Irish law firm, several librarians and a number of investigators whose identities were not revealed to Morey Bernstein so that he could in no way communicate with them nor influence them. The investigation was a completely independent project.

Research into the life of Bridey Murphy proved to be a major undertaking. A Cork librarian reported, for instance, that no records of births, deaths or marriages were kept before 1864. A further complication was the fact that Murphy is the most common surname in Ireland.

Morey Bernstein's book manuscript had to be turned over to the publishers, Doubleday & Co., Inc., five months before the date of publication, which was scheduled for late fall 1955. Thus it was possible to publish only those findings which had been made by the spring of 1955.

The facts unearthed up to this time, however, are highly interesting. Only evidence in connection with the foregoing article is given here. More extensive evidence is given in Morey Bernstein's book, *The Search For Bridey Murphy.*

Through Mrs. S., Bridey had said her father-in-law was a barrister. An Irish solicitor reported that a register of barristers in Cork, in 1830, showed that a John MacCarthy, from Cork, the only barrister of that name at the time, was educated at Clongowes School. This indicates that he was a Roman Catholic, which fits Bridey's story.

Bridey mentioned that her favorite music included *Sean* and *The Londonderry Air.* An Irish commission on Folklore reported there was more than one song called *Sean* and *The Londonderry Air* was popular in Bridey's time.

A prominent Irish literary figure stated that Bridey's account of the Cuchulain story was correct in all details. Keats' work could have been read by Bridey as he was born in 1795. As for the book, *The Green Bay,* which Bridey said she had enjoyed, other investigators reported that there had been more than one book by that title in 19th century Ireland. Although the New York Public Library listed *The Green*

Bay Tree, it had no record of *The Green Bay.*

Bridey had listed tobacco among the crops grown by her family at Cork. An Irish authority said that since only small amounts of tobacco would have been grown around Cork, the fact could not have been generally known. An American who checked on this point reported that tobacco was not listed as one of the crops grown in Cork.

Bridey's use of the word "slip" was challenged on the basis that "petticoat" would have been the word in use at the time. Research, however, showed that "slip" was an old word referring to a child's pinafore or frock — the sense in which Bridey had used it.

Bridey mentioned an uncle that "married an Orange." The term "Orange" was criticized on the basis that the proper word was "Orangeman." However, research disclosed that an individual, particularly a woman, could have been referred to as "an Orange."

Bridey gave the name of the uncle that "married an Orange" as "Plazz." This was considered a very odd name, but an Irish investigator reported it was genuine. It was the popularized, phonetic spelling of the rare Christian name Blaize, after the Irish Saint Blaize.

Many other authenticated details appear in *The Search For Bridey Murphy.* Morey Bernstein points out, however, that numerous details still remain to be verified. He expects additional evidence to appear now that his book has been published.

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SMASHING A RECORD

FOR 34 years Mrs. Margaret Ray of Salem, Ore., drove a car without an accident. Then she had a minor collision with another car. As she drove to a police station to report the accident, her car collided with a truck. Mrs. Ray was taken to the hospital with bruises.

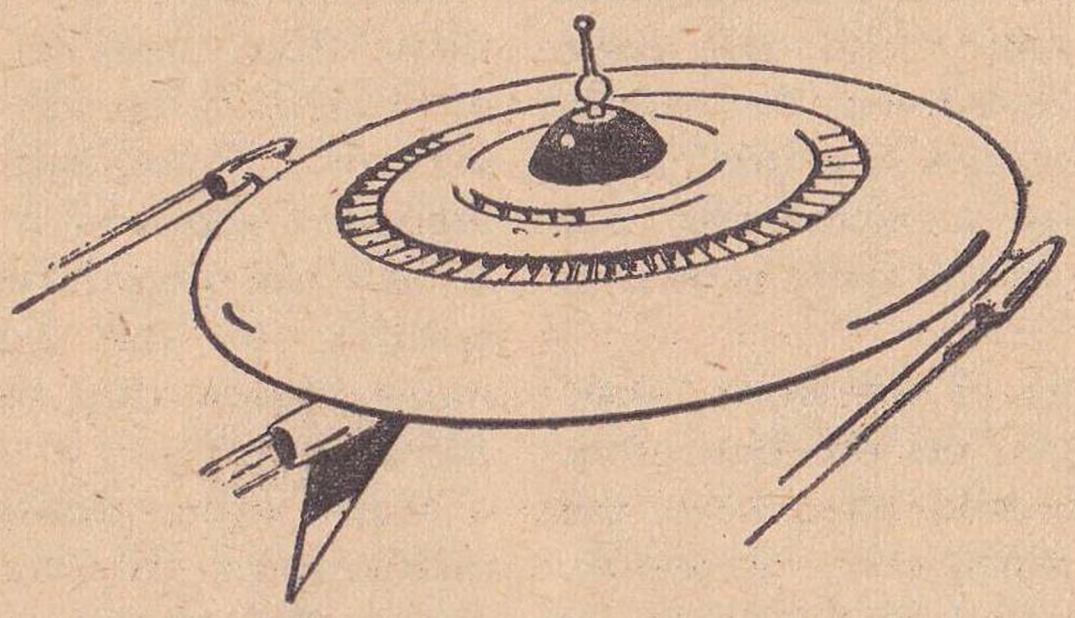
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THE MAGIC OF NUMBERS

IN Grand Rapids, Mich., Alfred J. Simpson and C. W. Thomas live next door to each other and share the same garage. Last March, returning from Grand Rapids where he had bought his 1955 license platess, Simpson drove into his side of the garage and found that Thomas' 1955 license plates bore the same numbers as his own — 8686. The only difference was that Simpson's plates had an "AH" prefix while Thomas' had a "JA" prefix.

SPECIAL:

LATEST SAUCER SIGHTINGS



By The Editors of FATE

Amazing UFO sightings continue — but current technological advances threaten to complicate observations.

ABOUT a century ago, the famous New York newsman James Gordon Bennett published a story purporting to be from South Africa. The story told how an astronomer looking through a new giant telescope had seen men on the surface of the moon.

New York City was agog and even Europe stopped warring for a little while to pay attention. The "Moon Hoax," as it later was called, seemed, for a brief moment, about to unite the diverse and warring peoples of Earth against this enemy from Outer Space. But the story was a complete fabrication and men went back to their everyday carryings-on and backyard quarrelings.

Last fall, however, no less a personage than Gen. Douglas MacArthur told Mayor Achille Lauro of Naples, Italy, that because of the development of science all peoples of the earth will have to unite in order to make a common front and survive against attack by beings from other planets.

Mayor Lauro visited General MacArthur because the Sperry-Rand Corporation, which MacAr-

thur heads, recently had built a plant in Naples. He spent 45 minutes in the general's Waldorf-Astoria suite.

Concerning this strange and enigmatic interview, the editors of FATE raise two questions:

1. Did General MacArthur make his statement in order to build up an imaginary enemy so that the peoples of Earth may at last unite — as, a century ago, James Gordon Bennett claimed he was trying to do?

2. Or does he have secret information that you and I do not have?

NO SECRETS HERE

FATE's editors lay no claim to having secret information. All we have is what has been general public knowledge in recent months — and as a matter of fact this specific report closes on January 10.

One of these specific reports comes from Whitsett, N.C., where, last October 27, a former Air Force observer and 120 students and teachers reported sighting about 10 flying saucers while wisps of "angel hair" fell from a cloudless sky.

H.D. Lambeth, 31, principal of Whitsett School and an aerial observer during World War II, with three other teachers and all the students at the school, watched the strange objects from the basketball court alongside the school. There were about 10 of them and they moved in a steady straight line without wobble. Occasionally one would stop momentarily, then move on. Lambeth was watching through a pair of binoculars.

"I'm near-sighted," he told Guy Munger of the Greensboro *Daily News*. "The children or one of the teachers would point one out and I'd check it with the binoculars.

"I tracked one over the sun and as it moved in that direction it seemed to glow a coppery color."

The "angel hair" started to fall about the same time that the saucers were sighted. It fell generally in small wisps, though a few pieces as long as six inches were found. It looked to Mrs. W. T. Newton, who lives near the school, like "a long roll of cotton candy,"

The fibrous stuff landed all around the school and was scattered over a tract of several acres nearby. Children swarmed through the stubble of the field picking up the pieces. One youngster tasted it, said it was salty. When burned, it smelled like burning silk or some other animal fiber.

It was the "angle hair" that called Lambeth's attention to the saucers. He was upstairs wrapping prizes for the Hallowe'en carnival when two children ran in to say they had seen some of the stuff.

Lambeth went downstairs and got his binoculars to try to track the angel hair. Then right above one of the strands he saw a round silvery ball.

"You couldn't estimate the speed because you couldn't tell how high they were or how big. But I asked one of the teachers to time one and it took a minute and half to go from directly overhead to the horizon." Whitsett kids got out of school early that day.

Four days later the "angel hair" was still a mystery. A fiber technician with Burlington Industries tested a sample and said it was not cotton, wool nor any commercial synthetic yarn. He suggested that it might be spider webs or a similar animal material. But a Greensboro biologist who examined it under a microscope declared it was "unlikely" that it could be spider webs because the fibers were too even, there were too many of them, and no spiders were found.

Capt. Murray Thornton, executive director of Civil Defense for Greensboro and Guilford County, visited the area and interviewed adults who had seen the objects. "I'm inclined to think that the 'silver balls' were reflections of the sun on whatever the stuff was at higher altitudes," he said.

"It would ease a person's mind to believe that," rejoined Lambeth, "but I'm not convinced it fits all the facts."

He explained that "the silver things we saw were moving in all directions and there was hardly any wind or turbulence that would have moved wispy stuff like that. Besides, the teachers and children said the objects looked too solid to be just reflections."

The Burlington Mills technician who examined the "angel hair" declared, "It does not have the properties of any synthetic or natural fiber known to commerce."

He used a series of chemical and heat tests on the sample and concluded that "it looks like it's of animal rather than cellulose origin."

He explained that the material "fused before it burned" and gave off a yellow flame, indicating salt was present. He said that an individual strand measured 1/10,000 of an inch in diameter, explaining that "that's about 1/25 the size of the finest normal textile fiber."

MONSTERS OF PLATTSBURGH

A far more sensational account of flying saucers comes from Plattsburgh, N. Y., which has a band of consecrated sky watchers who swear that flying saucers "flit like fireflies around the north end of Lake Champlain," to quote C. R. Roseberry of the Albany *Times-Union*.

James F. Roddy, a lanky war

veteran, is one of these sky watchers. Until recently he was news director of Station WEAV. Listen to Roddys' story:

"I watched white, green and blue lights coming down in the area (around Point Au Roche). I couldn't place them. They made no sound.

"About 2:30 a.m. I made one last run towards Chazy Landing. Then I saw a glow through the woodland that I took at first to be a fire. But it went out suddenly. I started trying to work nearer to the spot by zigzagging over back roads. Finally I approached it on an old farm road and got within a few hundred feet of it, driving slowly with only my parking lights on. It was off in a clearing, glowing like a whole batch of 200-watt bulbs.

"Then I heard the sound of heavy footsteps running from the opposite side of the road. Somebody walloped the back of my car. It seemed as if he put his hands on the rear end and vaulted all the way over. The car bounced on its springs. It had to be a very heavy person to rock my car that way. Then the person ran on in the direction of the shining object.

"I admit I was scared. I started the car and got out on the main road as fast as possible. Then I looked back. The white glow had disappeared and in its place was a bluish green light rising straight from the ground.

"The glow seemed to come from the center of a globular object at least 100 feet in circumference. It didn't rise rapidly but by stages, seeming to bounce as if suspended on a rubber band. Then it started to glow a terrific bluish-white and moved away at amazing speed in the direction of Plattsburgh. I took out after it and opened up wide, but couldn't keep up."

Thirty-four miles north of Plattsburgh is the village of Hemmingford, Quebec. One day in August, 1954, the two sons of Mrs. Philip Coupal were out picking peas. They came riding home on horseback, frightened pink. They said that they had seen a sudden strange flash of light accompanied by a high whining sound — like a swarming hive of bees. They looked up to see a round glowing object descending slowly to earth. It didn't touch, but instead lowered a square shaft which sank into the ground and supported it. A huge man, seven or eight feet tall, wearing what looked like a rubber suit, climbed out and looked at them. They took off for home.

The oldest of these boys was only 12, but Mrs. Coupal went to investigate and saw a globe of many colors. She didn't dare go very near but called her neighbors. Several of them came and saw the object. It remained for an hour or more, then flew away, glowing a brilliant orange.

Edward McShane, in the FBI office at Plattsburgh, admits he investigated a strange report by a 19-year-old youth who was on night duty at Plattsburgh Air Base recently.

The lad claimed he was alone in the building at 4 a.m. when, through an open door, he noticed a brilliant blue-white flash and saw an elliptical object on the ground outside. He was frightened and closed the door. Then he heard a heavy thud on the opposite side of the building as another door was opened. There stood a man taller than seven feet, stooping and looking in. The young man promptly fainted. When he awoke the figure was gone.

Several members of the Ground Observer Corps declare they have seen strange glowing objects come close to their tower and hover over Plattsburgh Air Base. "How could we all imagine the same thing?" they demand.

Meanwhile, Roddy was discharged from his job at WEAV — not because of his preoccupation with UFO's but because he was staying up every night to look for them and his loss of sleep was interfering with his work — according to Alexander Coursey, program director. His wife also left him because of his hobby. He seems to have given up a great deal.

— So much for the saucers of Plattsburgh.

REPORTS FROM EVERYWHERE

ACTUALLY, flying saucer reports are coming in from all over — not as many as in many other periods, but enough to make the editors of FATE pause and consider.

GAINESVILLE, FLA., OCTOBER 31. The Alachua County sheriff's office reported receiving 15 calls from persons who claimed to have sighted flying saucers in areas scattered throughout the county.

OCALA, FLA., NOVEMBER 1. Dozens of flying saucers have been seen in this area for the past two nights. Closest-look was by A. H. Perkins, Levy County Deputy Sheriff, who said:

"You couldn't tell what it was — just a bright light. It was awful bright. But there wasn't any sound.

"First I thought it was stars falling, but then it went down and up, levelled off, picked up speed and slowed down. No star does that. A couple stopped where I had got out of my car to watch and they said they saw the objects all the way from Perry."

LEXINGTON, N.C., NOVEMBER 8. Eight shiny round objects were seen in the sky by the local ground Observer Corps during a routine alert Sunday, reports Jack

Swain, chief observer. Two of the objects were brighter than the others but all appeared to be about the size of an orange and were silver in appearance. Two jet planes were seen in the sky at the same time but were moving in an opposite direction.

INGERSOLL, ONT., DECEMBER 7. Mr. and Mrs. Huron Clark think they saw a flying saucer over Ingersoll. Their sons Floyd 16, and George 19, saw it too.

"It looked as if someone had blown a big smoke ring," said Mrs. Clark. "It was the thrill of a lifetime."

George Clark, 19, said: " It was circular and moved at an angle with the back end tipped down. It wasn't all black, but was lighter and sort of transparent in the center. There was no exhaust trail or anything behind it. It was below the clouds and it was moving against the wind. It was as high as an airplane would be if you could see it plainly but couldn't make out details. It travelled fairly slowly and we watched it for about three minutes."

SPIRIT LAKE, IA., DECEMBER 1. An unidentified object which has appeared in the sky over this area four times in a week has Civil Defense officials mystified.

It appears in the early evening and is marked by the brilliance of the light it gives off. It passes slowly over the region moving upward and within 30 minutes disappears over the horizon. As it passes over, the light changes from red to green, blue, purple and white and is exceedingly brilliant. Officials of the local Ground Observer post are seeking more effective means of establishing positive identification.

WALSENBURG, COLO., DECEMBER 16. Bluish-green objects were reported Tuesday night in this area for the third time this month. William Thach, Mackey McAlpine, George Pepper and Dr. Lloyd Faulkner, of Colorado State College of Education, reported seeing the "thing" near the Pepper Ranch in the Gardner sector.

In all sightings the object was traveling at a high rate of speed parallel with the ground and made no noise. It was tremendously bright, leaving a trail of light behind it. Those who reported seeing the object described it as pear-shaped.

A similar object was seen near Colorado Springs the same night by George Alderman.

EUROPE. Unidentified flying objects have been seen over Germany, Belgium, Egypt, Argentina, Lebanon, the French Cameroons and London.

Nothing particularly unusual

about any of these sightings except one near Muenster, Germany, where Franz Hoge, a movie projectionist told DPA he saw four creatures about three and one-half feet tall get out of one. He said they had "thick-set bodies, oversized heads and delicate legs" and wore rubber-like clothing. He watched them for 10 minutes from about 200 feet, he said.

"THEY'RE REALLY HERE"

FLYING saucers are really here, announced David Lawrence in his column from Washington not long ago.

"The mystery has been solved officially, at last," he said.

And what's the solution?

Why, Lawrence explains, they were really American aircraft all along. It was just that "for official reasons, mostly related to security, it was apparently decided never to admit that there were objects of such shape — planes or missiles — which could rise vertically."

Lawrence harks back proudly to his magazine, "U.S. News and World Report," for April 7, 1950, which described models of convertiplanes and other craft that could land and take off vertically or almost vertically.

Lawrence has been beating on this drum for years. Most of the planes he describes have never flown — or at most have flown only experimentally — and only one had flown at the time Kenneth Arnold made his historic flight back in 1947.

That does not mean that aircraft with a saucer-like configuration may not soon be flying, however. As the Air Force said in its official statement last October 25:

"We are now entering a period of aviation technology in which aircraft of unusual configuration and flight characteristics will begin to appear.

"The Air Force and the other armed services have under development several vertical-rising, high-performance aircraft, and as early as last year, a propeller-driven vertical-rising aircraft was flown. The Air Force will fly the first jet-powered vertical-rising airplane in a matter of days. We have another project under contract with Avro, Ltd., of Canada, which could result in a disc-shaped aircraft . . ."

All of which doesn't explain past saucer sightings but may very well explain some future ones. And that will certainly add to the confusion of the thousands of dedicated UFO watchers in these United States.

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

MOTHER KNEW THE SCORE

By Louise V. Gomez

On November 11, 1920, my family planned to go to the big game between Manual Arts and Los Angeles High Schools which would decide the city championship. At the breakfast table that morning Mamma said she had dreamed Manual Arts won.

"Now we'll lose for sure," I cried, "because dreams go by contraries!"

"I can't help it," she returned. "It was a completely crazy dream, but very real. There was a terrible crowd. People kept pushing out on the field so they couldn't play. Then we all began rushing away. We ran through back yards and climbed fences and tore through alleys until we reached another field. It was still so crowded we had to stand. Some people watched from trees and from the roof of a low shed. We couldn't see, but at last there was a lot of shouting and everybody said Manual Arts won."

That afternoon we reached Wilson Field about an hour early but the bleachers already were full. We stood on the opposite side of the field. So many people came that those behind pushed those in front out on the field until the sprinkling system was turned on to clear it. Soon it was announced that the game would be moved to Bovard Field, which had double bleachers.

Mamma said it was like seeing a movie the second time — she knew just what was coming. We rushed through back yards and alleys and over fences. At Bovard Field we had to stand up. Boys were watching from trees and from the roof of the old Women's Gym, which was very like a shed. We couldn't see a thing over the people's heads, but finally there was a terrific shout and everybody said Manual had won. I have forgotten the score, but I never will forget Mama's dream.

Neither will she. Every vivid dream she has worries her to this day for fear it may come true. — *Los Angeles, Calif.*

A DEATH I FORESAW

By Anne S. Wardle

My niece, Dorothy, and I were close friends when I lived in England before World War I. In 1915, when I left to stay in Canada for the duration of the war, we exchanged frequent letters.

In May, 1917, I fell ill and developed a high fever that puzzled the doctors. On May 15 I fell into a deep sleep during which I dreamed I was back home in England. I had entered the hall when I saw Dorothy, who appeared to be a child again, standing with one hand on the newel post and the other holding her nightgown.

At sight of me she exclaimed, "Where have you been? You've been gone so long. I'm so tired."

I walked over to the stairway, sat down and took her in my lap. Her back seemed purple with blood streaks. She placed her arms about my neck, put her head under my chin — and died.

When I waked I told my family about the dream and we put down the date. I was certain I would hear unpleasant news of some sort. I felt much better and my fever was gone.

Two days after my dream I received a cablegram telling me Dorothy had died on May 15 from cerebro-spinal meningitis.

In 1919 I returned to England and checking with Dorothy's doctors learned that the condition of the lower back, the sacrum, had been as I had seen it in my dream. They were surprised that I had known of this detail for Dorothy's parents had not been told.

Those who were with Dorothy at the last said she had rallied, stretched out her arms and called, "Oh, Mity, where have you been? You've been gone so long. I'm so tired."

Mity is the family's pet name for me. — *Necedah, Wis.*

PEARLS IN MY SHOES

By Enid S. Smith, Ph.D.

In the Winter of 1955 I went shopping downtown, several miles from my small apartment on Union Street, South, in St. Petersburg, Fla. About noon I broke my pearl necklace on Fourth Street. North, near Second Avenue. The beads fell suddenly at my feet and scattered in all directions. As people were hurrying back and forth I simply picked up the remainder of the string of pearls. More fell to the ground as I did so and I did not try to find the rest of the beads.

When I arrived home I saw that not enough beads were left to be worth restringing as a necklace. I put them in the top drawer of my dresser, considering them useless.

Several days later, after having worked all morning at my typewriter, I rose at noon and went to

the kitchen to prepare lunch. Suddenly I felt a strange sensation under the sole of my right foot. I seemed to be walking on pebbles. I had not been out in the garden that morning, nor had I been anywhere recently where pebbles were to be found. I could not understand how I possibly could have pebbles in my shoes. I do not wear the open-toe type of shoe.

I sat down, unlaced my shoe and to my great surprise took out three pearls. I replaced my shoe and went about preparing lunch, walking comfortably. But suddenly I again had the sensation of walking on pebbles, this time under my left foot. I unlaced the shoe and found two pearls of considerable size.

After replacing my left shoe and resuming preparations for lunch, I felt pebbles or pearls for the second time under my right foot. Again I stopped and went through the process of removing pearls from my shoe. Going to my dresser to place the apported pearls with the remainder of my broken necklace, I found I now had enough pearls for a good-sized necklace. I restrung the pearls and wore them for several months. — *Lily Dale, N. Y.*

MESSAGE FROM THE UNKNOWN

By Caroline Smith



CAROLINE SMITH

THE night in 1917 before father was due at the hospital for an appendectomy, he called me into his room.

"Toots, do you see anything at the foot of my bed?"

"No Daddy."

"You are sure you see nothing?"

"Yes, Daddy. What am I supposed to see?"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it in a few days. You can go back to your own room now."

Next morning father went into the hospital operating room, smiling and chatting casually with the three doctors in attendance. They were mystified. After all, an appendectomy was no trivial matter.

I was allowed to visit him on the third day. Although I had resolved to keep a brave face, on walking into his room I burst suddenly into tears. Comforting me, he said softly:

"You will be happy to know that your daddy is going to be well and strong again. Remember

when I asked you if you saw anything at the foot of my bed? You couldn't see anything, but I certainly did! There was a row of black marks in groups of five with another mark crossed through each set. A voice in the dark said, 'These are the number of years you have left to live.' I began counting frantically and when I reached 20 they began to fade. I knew it was a message of courage from the unknown.

"I had been worried because of you two children and your mother. I did so wish to live at least until you were grown and able to care for yourselves.

"When I called you and asked you to look at the foot of my bed, the marks were fading rapidly."

Father died in 1941. — *Maple Valley, Wash.*

MEETING IN TOKYO

By Thomas Oliver

AFTER my graduation from high school in 1946 I enlisted in the Army. Several months later I was on occupation duty in Yokohama, Japan. I was fortunte in that a classmate of mine, William Mazza, was stationed about a mile from me. I found the monotony of army life was relieved by being able to talk to someone from my own home town.

Shortly after our meeting William told me he had received a letter from home saying that another classmate of ours, John Stura, was stationed in Japan. I wrote home to my brother and obtained John's address. William and I were happy to learn John was stationed at Haneda Air Base near Tokyo, only 10 miles from us.

I wrote to John to arrange a meeting. Since William and I wished to avoid any difficulty in getting out to the air base, we decided to meet John somewhere in Tokyo. I wrote him that the best place for us to meet would be at the Tokyo post exchange. I told him we would be at the information desk there at two o'clock the following Sunday.

On Sunday William and I took an electric train to Tokyo and went directly to the P.X. Shortly before the appointed time I saw John standing at the information desk.

He was greatly surprised to see me and exclaimed, "Tom! What are you doing here?"

I was bewildered by his words. Had I not written him that we would meet him here? But I said only, "Mazza is here with me."

John said, "Where? I thought he was in Korea?"

Thus we met and we had a fine time. The strange thing about out meeting was that, although I had written John and the meeting was held as arranged, John never received my letter. — *Lorain, Ohio.*

DID A WITCH KILL MY FAMILY?

By D. Belcher
As told to John L. Cogburn

I had a premonition of disaster that day in 1915 when I heard Quillie, a neighbor, tell my husband, "If you don't lend me the hoe, you will never live to use it."

A spinster, Quillie was known in the village as a witch. People swore she was in league with the Devil, that she kept black cats and cast evil spells. One of the stories told about her is that one day she asked for credit at the village store. George Bobbs, the owner, refused — and became a hunchback. A woman named Mrs. Cook is said to have refused Quillie a bunch of green vegetables — and her garden wilted and died.

Saying that he planned to use the hoe, my husband turned his back on Quillie and entered the house. As he sat down to supper I thought he never had looked better. He never had been sick in all the time we had been married.

The next morning, for the first time that I could recall I had to wake my husband for work. He said he did not feel well. Before he finished feeding the stock he had a high fever.

Quillie came by about eight o'clock and demanded the hoe again. My husband refused. Although in bed, he said he did not believe in spells cast on people by agents of the Devil.

"You will regret it!" Quillie snarled in her high-pitched voice. "You and your three oldest children will never live to use it."

I begged my husband to give Quillie the hoe but he refused.

At 10:30 my oldest son came into the house with a high fever. I sent my daughter down the street to Dr. Black's house but he was out on a call. I applied all the home remedies I knew without results.

By one o'clock my 11-year-old daughter also was stricken with fever. I was frantic.

The doctor arrived about two o'clock — but by then my next oldest son, nine years old, was stricken. The doctor said my family's illness was due to "swamp fever," for want of a better name. He did all he could but to no avail.

After the doctor left Quillie came. She looked at my husband and three children with hate in her eyes and screamed, "I told you so!"

Wild with grief and anger, I drove her from the house.

Three days later I watched my husband and three children being buried in the small cemetery behind the church. I never have been able to forget the events that followed my husband's refusal to lend Quillie the hoe. The hoe itself disappeared. I never learned what happened to it but I suspect Quillie of having taken it — *Wauchula, Fla.*

I SAW GRANDMOTHER DIE

By Edith M. Clark

In 1920 I was taken to the hospital, seriously ill. After a week I began feeling better. Sleeping was good for me because every noise frightened me. I would sit up in bed until I heard one of the nurses walk down the hall.

One morning about three days before I was due to return home I fell into a doze. Suddenly I was standing in the doorway of the newly built addition to my mother's home. She used it as a bedroom for my grandmother who found climbing stairs difficult. My mother was a widow at the time.

I stood quietly and seemed not to be noticed. Grandmother had one of her great-granddaughters with her. She had asked for a glass of water. After drinking it her hands dropped to her lap and her head fell over on her shoulder. My mother walked in and cried.

When I returned home from the hospital I found Mother waiting for me. She said, "You don't seemed surprised to see me."

I told her I had known she would be there and she asked "Why?"

When I said, "I knew Grandmother had died," she asked, "Who told you?"

I told her of my vision and she said, "That is exactly what happened." — *Upper Darby, Pa.*

I HEARD A VOICE

By Alice Pearce

One day in 1919, when I was 12 years old and lived in Glasgow, Scotland, my mother had a visitor, a Mrs. Kidson. As they were talking over lunch, I heard a voice say, "Tell that lady to go home."

I was startled as I could not understand where the voice came from. I did not wish to tell Mother and her visitor I had heard a voice for they would be certain I had gone crazy. So I just told my mother, "Mrs. Kidson has to go home."

The lady appeared hurt by my words and Mother said she would take the stick to me if ever again I told anyone to go home.

A few minutes later I heard the voice again. It seemed louder and demanded that I make the lady go home. I finally plucked up courage and told Mother I had heard a voice say Mrs. Kidson had to go home. Mother appeared certain that I was out of my mind.

When Mrs. Kidson returned home, she found her house had been burned. — *London, Ont. Can.*

the NIGHTMARE that caught a THIEF

Bates saw the man who stole his watch and money — in a dream. Was it possible that such a man actually existed?

By Vaughn Shelton

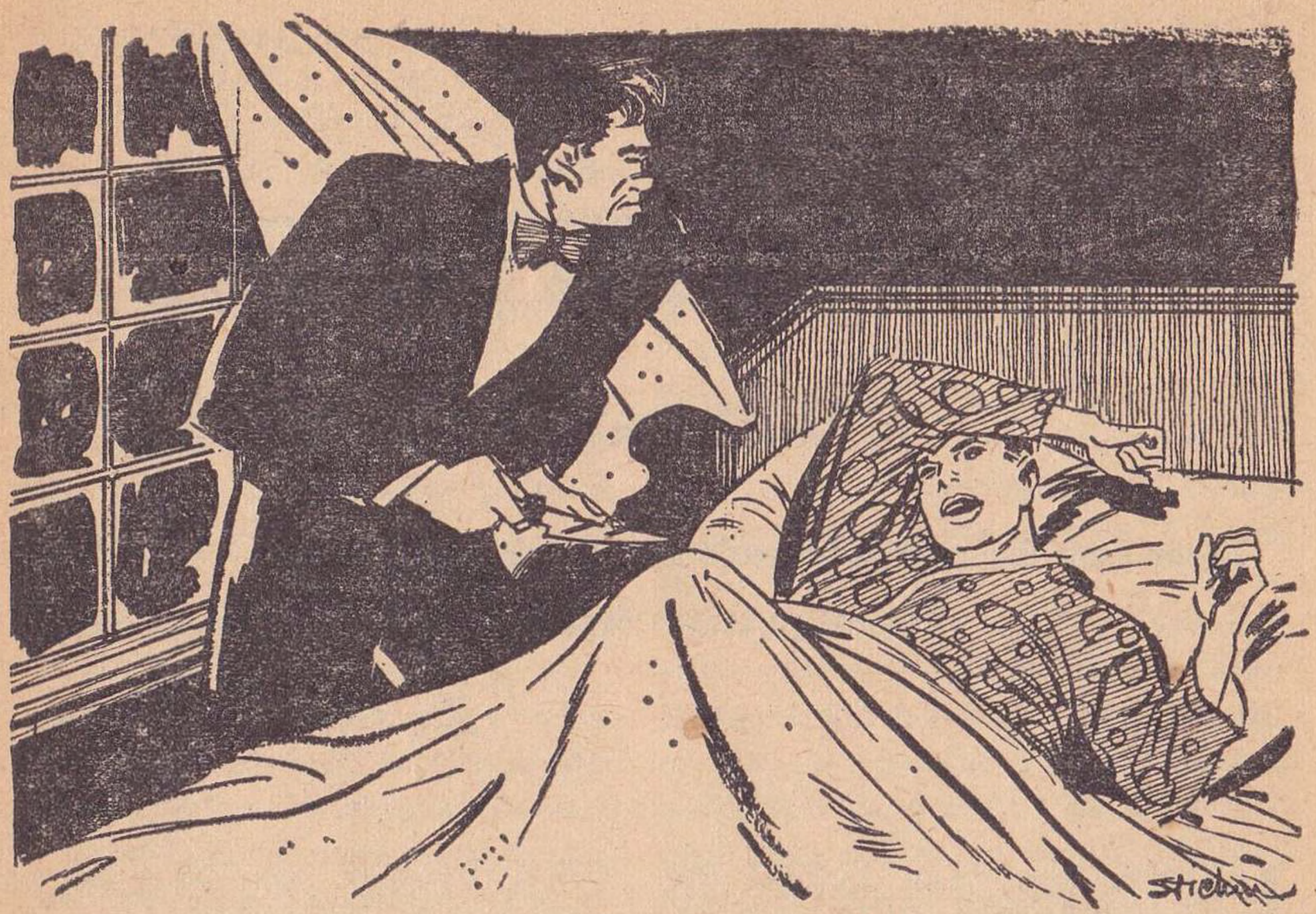
In 1870, the year before the Great Fire, Mr. William Bates was living in bachelor quarters at 26 Cottage Grove Avenue, in Chicago. He was a temperate man in his thirties, cautious by nature and accustomed to living by strict routine. He generally retired about 10 o'clock and always put his watch and wallet under his pillow.

During one summer night Mr. Bates had a most disturbing dream. It was so vivid in every detail that he could scarcely believe it wasn't real.

He dreamed that he awoke to see the door of his room open very slowly. A shadowy figure entered and stole toward the bed. A shaft of moonlight caught the knife in the intruder's hand, and the horrified dreamer, supposing he was going to be murdered, struggled to get up. But he could neither move nor cry out.

Then the visitor leaned over him, staring into his face as if to make sure he was asleep. Bates stared back and noted the intruders' every feature — the protruding eyes, the thin, tight mouth and the coarse texture of his beard. It seemed to William Bates to be the cruelest face he had ever seen. He knew he would remember it forever.

The stranger's free hand darted under the pillow and felt around for Bate's watch and purse. These went into a pocket and the man straightened and backed toward the door. It closed behind him and Bates lay still for a moment,



grateful just to be alive. Then he remembered his lost valuables.

He leaped out of bed intending to wake the neighborhood and with this action brought himself drowsily awake. Could it have been a dream? He snatched up the pillow. His watch and wallet still lay there.

Next morning the landlord laughed at Bate's story and advised him not to eat pickled pig's feet at bedtime. But three days later the joke turned sour. On the following Sunday morning, Bates woke to find he really *had* been robbed while he slept.

There were no clues and very little hope of getting his watch and wallet back. He reported it to the police but did not mention his dream for fear of being thought a crank. Privately, he was sure there was a connection between the ugly man in his dream and the robbery. He took to studying the faces of people on the street. He knew he would recognize the dream thief if he saw him.

A week or two later a similar crime was reported in the Chicago papers. The victim of this burglary had awakened, struggled with the thief and managed to drive him away. Next day the police found a pistol at the scene of the robbery with a large chip of thumbnail caught in its hammer. Unfortunately, there was no des-

cription of the intruder.

Two months after Bate's dream, the sensational Thompson-Story trial opened. Bates, now an avid student of criminal matters, went to the courthouse to watch the proceedings. The courtroom was packed and he was lucky to find a seat. He tried to concentrate on the testimony, but something about his surroundings kept drawing his mind back to the dream. He became restless.

In changing his position, Bates kicked the seat in front of him. Its occupant turned halfway around and Bates gasped. Even in profile he recognized the face of the man ahead of him as the face he had seen in his nightmare.

What should he do? There were several police officers in the room — but what would they say if he asked them to arrest a man who had robbed him in a dream?

After several minutes' dilemma the man in front helped Bates decide on a course of action. The man reached back to run a finger under his collar and Bates saw his right thumb. There was a wedge cut out of the nail that could easily have been done by a pistol hammer.

Mr. Bates slipped out of his seat and found a policeman on duty in the lobby. The officer remembered the story of the broken nail and, although he was skeptical, he agreed to stop the ugly man after the session ended and ask him to explain it.

When the crowd filed out, Bates stood at the officer's elbow. They stopped the suspect. At first the man was indignant. Then suddenly he seemed to recognize Bates and darted toward the street.

But the thief was caught and brought to trail. Bates recovered his watch and some of his money. Also he enjoyed brief fame in the press as the man whose dream had trapped a thief.

THE JIG SAW PUZZLE SKULL

A bone fragment found by archeologists in August, 1955, in southeast England is part of what is known as the Swanscombe Skull, which is estimated to date back 270,000 years, according to The Natural History Museum in London and Alvan T. Marston, London dental surgeon. The fragment, a right parietal bone dug up at Swanscombe near the scene of the discoveries of 20 years ago, fitted exactly into the existing pieces of the Swanscombe skull.

This strange luminous glow appears each night. Scientific tests fail to explain the . . .

Ghost Light of Hornet

By Chester S. Geier

For more than 50 years, residents of the Joplin-Neosho area of Missouri have been seeing a strange light at night. Nobody has been able to give a satisfactory explanation of what causes it or where it originates.

Persons who have observed the light say it may be brighter one night than another. It may be intermittant and it may change color. It is said to appear almost every night, especially when the sky is cloudy, and to be visible many times in a single night.

The phenomenon, known locally as the "spook light," occurs 12 miles southwest of Joplin, Mo., or two miles southwest of the village of Hornet, on a lonely gravel road just off Missouri Highway No. 43. The "spook light" has become a top tourist attraction in the area. As many as 40 cars in a single night may park along the road where the light appears.

In September, 1955, Howard Turtle, a newspaperman on the staff of the Kansas City *Star*, visited the spook light area. At dusk he parked his car on the gravel road where the light is seen. He chose a spot a mile and a quarter west of the Missouri state line.

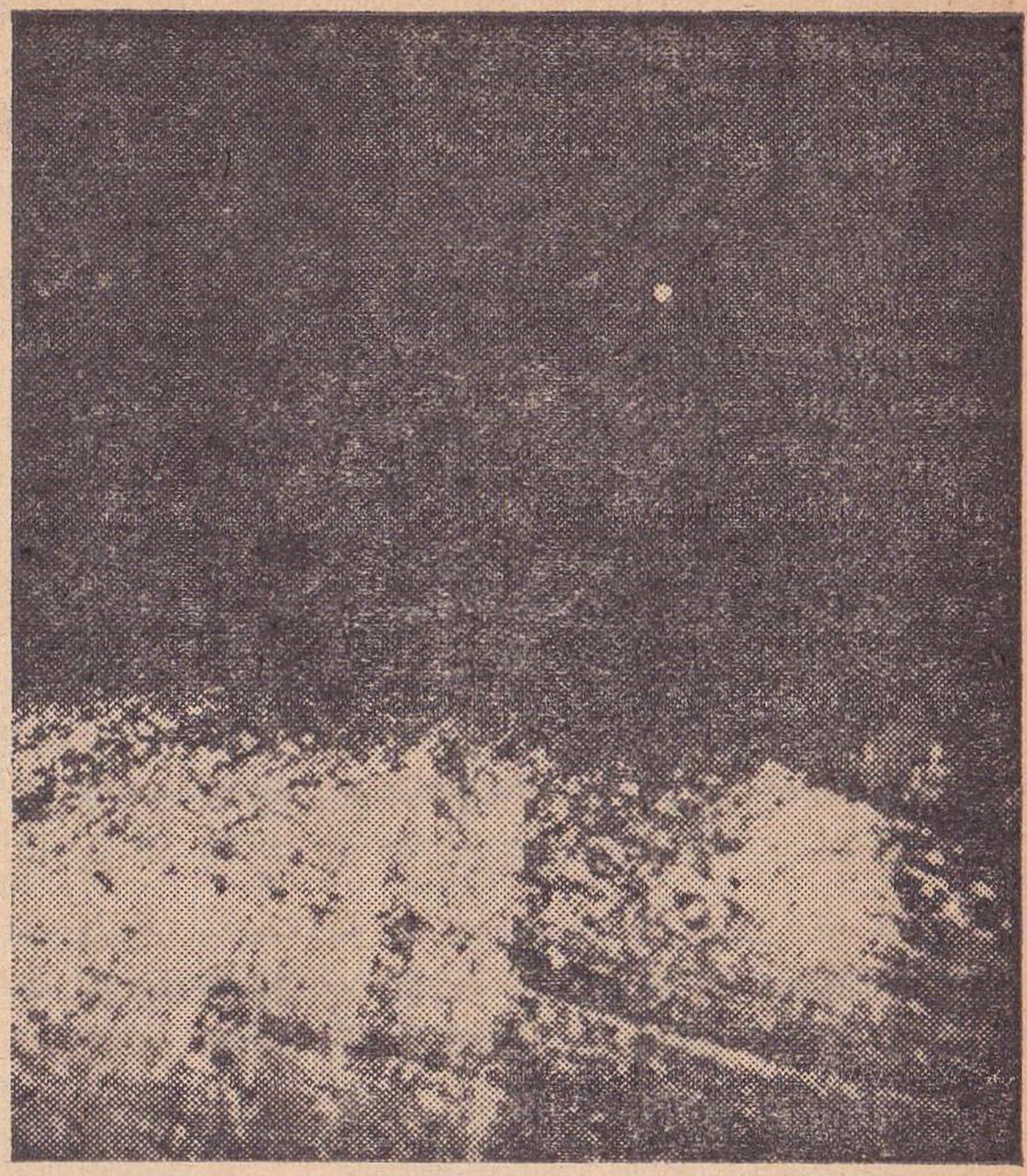
The road, he reported, is in a secluded setting, surrounded by thick growths of blackjack oak. As it runs out of sight on the horizon a V-shaped notch is visible where the distant trees merge.

Shortly after dark, Turtle said, he saw a flash ahead. It was a light, bright, round and yellow. A moment later he saw another light. This one was lower over the road, in a slight dip, and to the left. He described it as a luminous white, faint rather than bright, and the size of a baseball. He decided the first light had been made by a car.

Turtle reported that as he watched the luminous glow it grew larger and brighter. It became the size of a football, turning from white to yellow. It grew

▼

Photo shows "ghost light" during one of its nightly appearances along lonely gravel road near Hornet, Mo. A four-minute time exposure, photo shows light suspended above road. Light is described as a luminous white and size of a baseball. Foreground is illuminated by car lights. Photo by G. R. Massie, Missouri Division of Resources and Development.



▲

still brighter, until it dazzled the eyes. Then abruptly it vanished.

Several minutes later the white glow was visible again at the dip in the road. It grew brighter and began to move, making a straight line through the air. Turtle said it moved toward him and to the right, approaching with "the speed of an express train."

When the light appeared to be about a city block away Turtle saw it change color, from white to red. Its speed increased. Then, as it passed overhead and to the right, it vanished.

Turtle said he watched until midnight and saw the phenomenon repeated "many times." Cars bearing other spectators arrived all evening, he reported. Over two dozen cars were parked along the road at one time. By midnight cars still were arriving.

About 10 years ago Richard Y. Jones, a civil engineer, and Charles W. Graham, a newspaperman, investigated the spook light with the aid of a surveyor's transit. When the light came into view, they said, it appeared to their unaided eyes as a glowing

ball. However, Jones said that on looking through the transit he saw two lights side by side as if from the headlights of a car.

Shortly afterward Jones and Graham conducted an experiment in which a car was taken to a road running east and west through Quapaw, Okla., just across the state line from Hornet. The road near Quapaw is some 250 feet lower than elsewhere, so that an observer on the spook light road looks down into it.

Jones said he found, by flashing the car lights at certain spots in the Quapaw vicinity, the flashes were seen as the spook light at points as far as 10 miles away. Although this test convinced Jones he had determined the origin of the light, old-time residents of the area do not agree. They claim to have seen the spook light in the early 1900's, when few if any automobiles existed.

The spook light apparently was seen by Quapaw Indians living in the region even before white settlers arrived. The Quapaws have a legend that a young brave fell in love with an Indian maiden and asked her father, chief of the tribe, for her hand. The chief required a payment for his daughter that the youth could not meet. The couple ran away. Pursued by warriors, they leaped to their deaths from "Devil's Promenade," a cliff overlooking Spring River. Since then, according to the Quapaw legend, their spirits return at night and become evident as the spook lights.

Lloyd Bilke, 55, who lives a quarter of a mile north of the spook light road, says he grew up in the area and is certain the phenomenon is not the result of car headlights. He relates that one evening, near dusk, he and his wife were at the barn on their farm, milking cows. His mother-in-law was sitting in a chair in the yard, facing east. Suddenly he heard her call out to him and his wife. They hurried out of the barn to see the light hovering over the trees to the northeast, about a quarter of a mile away. Bilke says it lighted the treetops with its glow. It was in view for several minutes. Then it floated southward, bobbing, and disappeared.

Bilke feels the light could not have been made by a car as it was a quarter of a mile north of the road where car lights are said to be seen. Also he points out that the light was observed by looking in the opposite direction — to the east.

During World War II the U.S. Engineers Corps spent a few weeks in the area in an effort to determine the origin of the spook light. Their investigations were made with the aid of telescopes, electronic equipment and Geiger counters. They tested caves, mineral deposits and highway routes. Although every possibility was ex-

plored, they evidently found no explanation for the light.

In recent years nationally known scientists reportedly have visited the area. None is known to have advanced a satisfactory explanation or theory for the spook light. Whether the light is due to ghosts, will-o-the-wisps or car headlights still is anybody's guess.

DESTINY IN YOUR FACE

A man's aptitudes can be read in his face, according to John H. Wear, a New York lawyer and industrial designer. He believes that "facereading" will solve the manpower problems of tomorrow when automation becomes widespread. He has formed a corporation with the plan of recording and classifying, in connection with an electronic brain, the facial characteristics of millions of workers.

Like an estimated 2000 other men scattered throughout American industry, Wear is a disciple of Holmes Whittier Merton, a physician who died in 1948 at the age of 87. Merton spent most of his life studying facial characteristics. He concluded that a man's face was divided into 36 facial areas, which in turn were subdivided into 1,286 subfaculties.

Merton claimed that each area and point reveals aptitudes to trained eyes because they are located at the ends of nerves, each of which leads from a region of the brain controlling specific natural aptitudes. Their size and development corresponds to the development of the related facial areas. An area above the eyebrow for instance, indicates extent of vocabulary; various areas of the nose reflect capacity for observation, foresight, imagination, judgment; specific points on the lower cheek and jaw indicate firmness, hardihood.

The system has been used primarily by business executives who have studied Merton's ideas. After obtaining performance records, personality and aptitude tests, they use face reading to determine which of half a dozen candidates for a job have the elusive quality that spells the difference between success and failure. They are convinced that "face-reading" selects men who can fill a job and who will be happy in it.

Frank C. Haas, vice president of the chemical products division of Archer-Daniels-Midland Company of Cleveland, O., says he has used the Merton system for years to pick chemists. He states, "No chemist I've hired has yet quit on me."



THE CHILD WHO BECAME A ZOMBIE

Little Ida died — and a strange Jamaican woman brought her back to life. But something vital was missing.

By Virginia Nyeholt

WHAT I have to write will startle you. The knowledge still startles me after all these many years. But it is true that I once knew a woman who had returned from the dead.

It began early one morning in April, 1866, when a small steamship pulled sluggishly into the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, in the West Indies. Among the passengers on deck waiting to disembark were Edward Santana and his wife, Elizabeth.

As they leaned over the railing watching the boat's slow progress to the wharf they little dreamed that before their residence on the island ended they would bring a child into the world, watch her die, and see her brought back to life.

Business hadn't been good in England and when Edward saw an opportunity to do better in the far off West Indies, he arranged his affairs, packed up and sailed on an early ship to Jamaica.

Jamaica was not all that Edward and Elizabeth had hoped. The climate was hot and sultry. There was little to do for recreation. But the island itself had beauty and charm that partially

compensated for its many drawbacks.

The company operating the plantation that employed Edward furnished them with a plain but comfortable wooden house, with a maid to help with household chores and with some livestock.

Here Ida was born on November 6, 1866. Attended only by Eliza, her Jamaican helper, Elizabeth Santana ushered her first child into the world.

Ida was a healthy child and lived an uneventful life up to the age of four. Then tragedy struck. Shortly after her fourth birthday the little girl contracted what is believed to have been spinal meningitis. Although everything possible was done for her by the doctor in attendance, she died after a brief illness.

On the morning of Ida's death her grief stricken parents prepared their little girl for her funeral. Because of the tropical climate she would be buried that same evening. Ida was laid out in her best dress and all through the long, sad day friends and neighbors of the Santana's came to the house, to pay their respects to the departed and console the bereaved parents.

Towards evening, when the grave was ready, a Jamaican woman, whom neither Edward nor Elizabeth had ever seen before, came to the house and asked permission to come in. She looked at the still little body and then, turning to Edward, asked if she could take the child home with her. Startled, Edward demanded to know why. The Jamaican replied that she could make the little girl "all right" again.

Years afterwards, Edward and Elizabeth must have wondered what made them consent to such a mad request. But, following an impulse neither could define, the couple agreed. Surrounded by the curiosity and amazement of the visitors, the Jamaican lifted Ida's little body in her arms and walked out of the house.

The next day this strange woman returned to inform Edward and Elizabeth that things were coming along nicely, that Ida was better. Edward, shocked, pressed for details but she smiled secretively and left. This visit was repeated for 9 days. Each day the woman gave the same report.

Early on the 10 day when she walked up the path to the house the child Ida walked beside her. Elizabeth and Edward were stunned. Scarcely believing what they saw they rushed to greet their little girl and to touch her. Wonderingly they turned to speak to the Jamaican woman, but already she had headed back down the path she had come. They never saw her again.

A short time after Ida's return to her parents a large, angry carbuncle appeared on the child's

right shoulder. After festering for a few days a long rusted needle was discharged from the boil. Apparently it had worked its way all through her system. Her physical recovery after that was rapid but at the same time Ida seemed apathetic and slow to respond to her parent's wishes. A few years later when the Santana's enrolled her in school it became obvious that she could not keep up with the other children in learning.

The Santanas were forced to realize that something was wrong with their little daughter. Nothing the island doctor prescribed seemed to help. As a consequence Edward resigned his position and he and Elizabeth made plans to go to New Brunswick to consult a specialist there. They hoped to discover what was wrong with the child.

A few months after their arrival in New Brunswick, Elizabeth Santana fell ill and passed away. The specialist whom they had travelled so far to see was unable to help Ida and Edward once again prepared to move. This time he took Ida to the South where he had heard of doctors successfully treating mental cases.

By now he knew, beyond doubt, that the strange island magic that had brought his little girl back from the dead had failed to allow her mind to grow with her body. Now at the age of nine she was still thinking and acting like a much younger child – perhaps like a four-year-old.

In New Orleans Edward was disappointed again. After working there for a few years, and with Ida unchanged, he moved on. This time he went to Central America, where he and Ida lived for many years before finally returning to the United States.

Ida was now grown to womanhood. In their years of travelling around she had visited many doctors but none had been able to help her. Perhaps if Edward had told them what really had happened they could have known better what to do, but fear of ridicule prevented his telling the doctors the truth.

Of course during their never ending search for help, they often encountered charlatans. One of these, after checking Ida, claimed he could stimulate her mind. This he sought to do by tying a rope around her forehead and tightening it gradually. Indignant, Edward paid the quack his fee and he and Ida left the office. From then on Edward, discouraged at last, made no further attempts to have his daughter treated. Subsequently he made plans to go to the West Coast where members of their family were living.

On their arrival in California Aunt Ida, as the family called her, went to live with relatives in a small suburb. It was here, in 1919, that I met her for the first time

when I was a small child.

We often rode over on Sundays and while the grown-ups visited, Aunt Ida, now middle aged, and I would play with our dolls and sew little dresses for them. Physically well, Aunt Ida was still a "little girl" mentally. She enjoyed the simple things that a child enjoys. Her main pleasure was making quilts. She took great pains in sewing the scraps of colored cloth together in patterns. Then if they didn't suit she ripped them out and started all over again. The family had taught her painstakingly to do dishes and other small chores around the house. She responded as alertly as a child responds but sometimes she "forgot" things as a child forgets.

In 1921 my family moved to Central America to work a banana plantation and I didn't see Aunt Ida again until my return in 1929. Now in her 60s, she rocked in her chair and worked on her endless quilts. She could answer simple questions about simple matters and seemed to busy herself happily about the house.

In 1940 Aunt Ida went to live in a home for the aged. She spent four uneventful years there at which time she had reached the age of 78. She had lost most of her sight and no longer could sew on quilts. One evening she died quietly in her sleep.

Thus the story of the little girl who came back from the dead, to live 74 more years on this earth, came to an end.

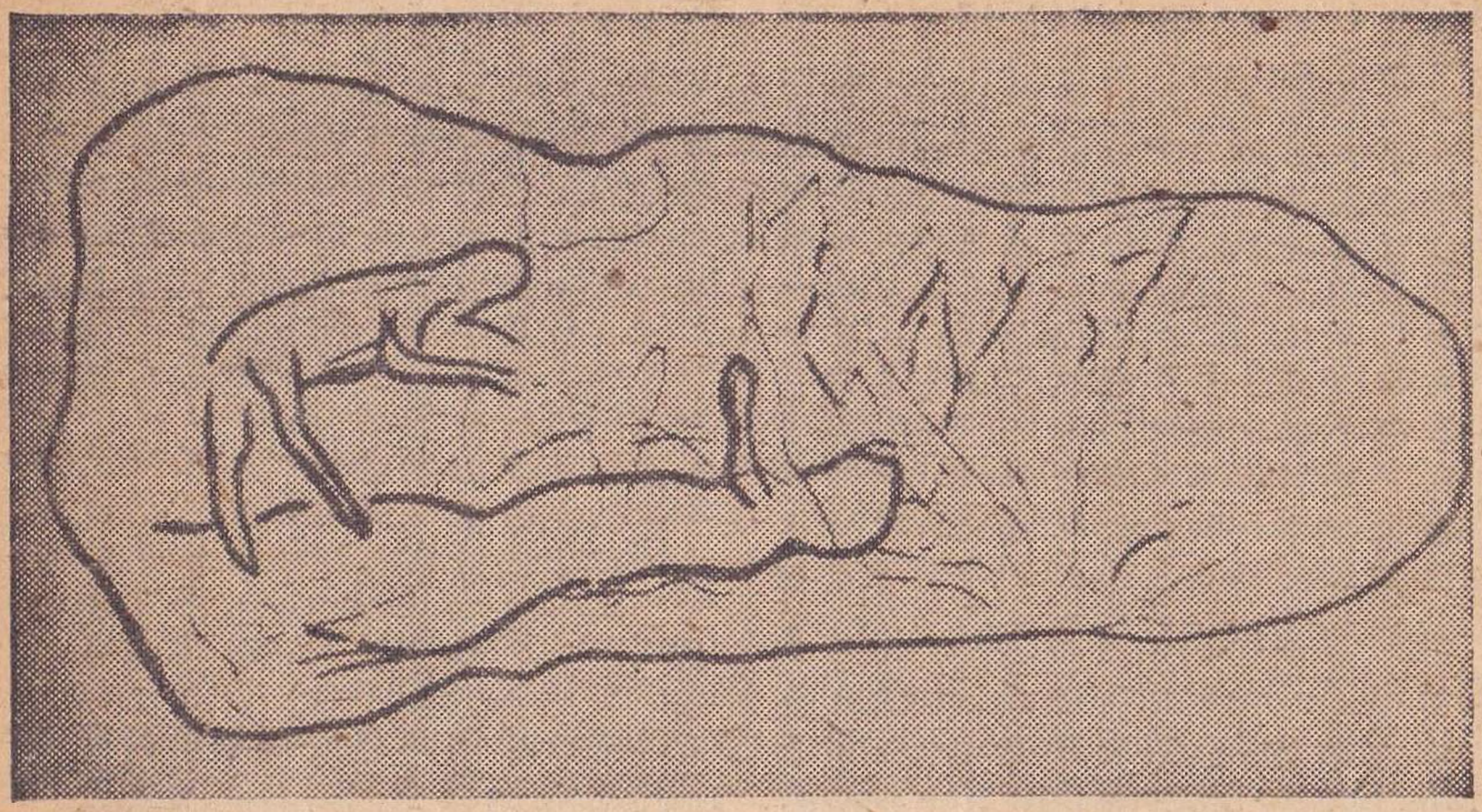
PASSING THE WART

By Mildred Miller Snyder

In 1920 when I was 16 a wart appeared on my right elbow. Because of its position the wart bled and grew painful whenever I bumped it. I tried unsuccessfully every remedy for removing warts suggested to me. Finally I tried a superstitious notion.

I rubbed the wart with a Lincoln penny and tossed the penny over my left shoulder into a much-traveled path in a public park.

Later my eight-year-old nephew, Charlie Robinson, found a penny. We gave the matter little thought until his hands became covered with warts. My wart disappeared — and never came back. — *Atlanta, Ga.*



Ancient cave painting shows priest bending over covered corpse in funeral ceremony.

Religion in 25,000 B.C.

Prehistoric man is known to have held religious beliefs. What do his cave paintings reveal about them?

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

ARCHEOLOGISTS and anthropologists agree that some highly clever humans lived at least 25,000 years ago. There is abundant evidence that these humans were not only skilled artists and craftsmen but held advanced religious conceptions.

Scholars long suspected that man existed on earth for thousands of years before Adam and Eve are said to have been created – although admitting it might have meant being burned at the stake. Today it is known to be a fact as the result of such modern scientific techniques as the Libby Carbon-14 method of dating ancient organic material. This method gives accurate figures to as far back as 25,000 B.C.

Bishop Ussher's date of the creation, 4004 B.C., obviously is incorrect. The good bishop ar-

rived at this figure by adding together the length of life of the various Jewish leaders mentioned in the Bible.

We have positive proof that Neanderthal man and Cro-Magnon man once existed. Scientists have found their bones, their art works, their toys. All date back to at least 25,000 B.C. Some may date back to as far as 100,000 B.C.

When some small sections of human skeleton were found about a century ago, there was strong suspicion that they were far older than 4004 B.C. One reputable anthropologist, a Dr. Boule, made a rather good restoration from the fragments. Soon after this investigators began finding enormous quantities of most ancient material — bones, artifacts, weapons, all mixed with huge bones which unquestionably were the skeletons of mammoths, mastodons, cave bears, sabretooth tigers and giant sloths. Entire skeletons were unearthed and such excellent restorations were made that we know exactly what Cro-Magnon man looked like. In fact Roy Chapman Andrews said that if one were dressed in a cutaway and Homburg hat, he wouldn't get a second glance on Fifth Avenue.

Dr. Weidenreich wrote that we Caucasians are without question the direct descendants of Cro-Magnon man. Roy Chapman Andrews agreed and said he was proud to own ancestors that went through at least one glaciation and beat off mammoths, hairy rhinos, cave lions and sabretooth tigers with nothing more than stone weapons. Dr. Andrews omitted to mention that Cro-Magnon man made a friend of the dog — the truest friend man has had since the beginning of time.

Any person fortunate enough — as was the writer — to visit the Cro-Magnon caves in the Pyrenees will see an etching on a wall showing a Cro-Magnon hunter about to shoot an arrow at a gigantic elk while his dog barks at the beast to turn it so that his master can get in a good shot.

Prof. Faurel wrote, "Religion, magic and superstition were part of . . . the daily life of our Cro-Magnon ancestors."

We all respect and honor every man's religious beliefs — that is, if we believe in our Constitution. But we cannot escape the fact that religion, magic and superstition go hand in hand. This is no less true today than it was in prehistoric times. In 1860 Mons. Lartet dug up the floor of a very ancient cave at Aurignac, France. Deep in the debris of ages he brought up bones of animals and men, together with tools and figures carved out of mammoth tusks. These figures were recognized as idols — objects of religious veneration.

In 1895 the Prince of Monaco



Cro-Magnon cave painting in the Grotto of Lourdes shows a priest-medicine-man engaged in a ceremonial dance. His body is symbolically painted and he wears stag horns and the scalp and tail of a fox.

employed a group of anthropologists and archeologists to explore and report on a number of ancient caves in his principality. From artifacts found on the floor, the Prince believed that great discoveries might be made.

As the scientists dug deeper into the cave floor, which apparently had not been disturbed for thousands of years, they found 10 separate cultures running back, they estimated, to 50,000 B.C. Numbers of human skeletons were disinterred from each level together with artifacts such as flaked spear points up to 14 inches long, a feat that not even modern Indians could accomplish. In the bottom layer they found two skeletons — a boy and a woman — whose bones were dyed red. Scientists consider this a religious symbolism.

In Monrovia, in 1894, Prof. Maska dug into loess deposits which had not been disturbed for

tens of thousands of years. Loess is a wind deposited mixture of sand and clay, mostly prehistoric. He unearthed a dolmen – ancient burial tomb – which was more important than the tomb of King Tut. This tomb was 7½ X 13 feet, constructed of mammoth bones, with a stone roof. The remains of 20 humans were found mingled with artifacts, some of which evidently were of religious significance.

Prof. Maska then established a "dig" in another area of loess deposits. He again found thick layers of mixed human, wild animal and bird bones. Here again he discovered strong evidence of religious ceremonials in the form of hearth-altars. Not far from this "dig" Dr. Absolon unearthed an entire village. There were garbage disposal pits and great heaps of mastodon and mammoth thigh bones, piled up for fuel. This culture had great artists who molded their gods with a mixture of blood, sintered bones and clay. One figurine in particular is considered a sort of primordial Venus who was worshipped as the goddess of fecundity.

On the estate of Compte de Begouen in the Pyrenees was an unexplored cave from which a stream of icy water poured forth. The Compte had three sons who, when they reached their teens, decided to investigate. They made a small boat and set out to explore the mysterious cave.

Deep in the bowels of the earth they found walls covered with fine etchings. Stones set in a circle bore strong evidence of religious ceremonies. Against a mass of modeling clay they found a modeling of two bison *in situ*. This is believed to be a religious symbolism to insure fecundity in an animal valued for its meat.

The three boys were not satisfied with having electrified the world of science. They found a large hole not far from their original find, the Tuc d'Audoubert, from which a blast of cold air constantly emerged. Supplying themselves with ropes and electric torches, they descended into this hole.

In a cave now known as "Les Trois Freres" modern man glimpsed for the first time a prehistoric religious leader. Plainly engraved in a rock, the boys saw the figure of a priest-medicine-man decked out in an animal hide. His face was masked with the scalp of a fox and he wore the tail of the animal at the spot where tails usually are found. Large stag horns were attached to his head. His legs were painted to resemble a skeleton. His posture shows him to be engaged in a dance that seems in no way to differ from the dance of David before the Ark, or the religious dances of American Indian medicine men.

Of this find Weintraub said, "It is evident this is no local matter because a similar figure is seen in the grotto of Lourdes."

About 17 kilometers from the Tuc d'Audoubert cave Norbert Casteret found a stream of ice-cold water jetting from a hole in the ground. After preparing for every contingency, he plunged into the stream. Alternately swimming on and under the water, he reached a beautiful and elaborate cavern art gallery. On the walls and roofs he saw pictured with great artistry every animal with which Cro-Magnon man was acquainted. For years scientists doubted the existence of the mammoth. They were finely represented on the walls. Confirmation of the existence of mammoths was found in 1901, when the body of one was spewed out of a glacier in Siberia. The mammoth is now on display in the Leningrad Museum of Natural History. Casteret found the only representation of a gigantic cave lion known. This cave also contained many religious symbolisms.

Casteret next explored another cave, now called Labistride. It too was a great art gallery. And here was another etching resembling the one found in Trois Freres. In one of the galleries leading from the main cavern Casteret discovered a raised dirt platform which reminded him of a modern church pulpit. On this platform he saw two circles of rounded boulders, filled with calcined bones, ashes, charcoal, jaws, teeth and man-made artifacts. Casteret said he was positive that this was a chapel or sanctuary for religious or magical ceremonies.

Cueva de Altimira in Spain has the finest prehistoric art gallery so far discovered. Hundreds of animals are depicted in color. Of them Breuil said, "These magnificent paintings represent animals and anthropomorphic figures. The word anthropomorphic definitely links our remote ancestors to a belief in a god.

Do you carry a luck piece in your pocket? Do you wear a scapular around your neck? Or bind to your forehead or arm a phylactery containing quotations of Talmudic wisdom? Well, Cro-Magnon man did too. We do it out of religious beliefs. So did Cro-Magnon man.

For success in hunting he engraved on pocketsize stones, representations of the beasts he wanted to kill or capture, and carried them on his person. He sometimes engraved them on pieces of mammoth tusk, bone or teeth. Such objects were found by explorers in these marvelous caves.

A Cro-Magnon funeral ceremony represented on a stone shows the corpse of a woman. What appears to be a tanned pelt is drawn up over her body and face. A priest bends over her as

if he were throwing holy water on the cadaver. A close inspection shows something resembling an astral form rising from the neighborhood of the dead woman's solar plexus.

There can be no doubt that man of 25,000 B.C. believed in a god, or in gods. As a token of his belief he raised altars and created images. He sacrificed to his gods to obtain favors and to insure fertility and success in the hunt. He believed in the soul and in some form of the after-life and he clothed his belief in elaborate rituals and symbolisms. In these essentials the religious beliefs and practices of modern man differ little if at all. Who can deny? "For we are the same as our fathers have been."

As the Jewish minnesinger said, "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday or as a watch in the night."

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER RETURNS

SCOTLAND'S Loch Ness monster recently was reported to be putting in an appearance again. In August, 1955, at least a dozen persons living on the shores of Loch Ness claimed to have sighted the mysterious marine creature. Loch Ness, which is 23 miles long and somewhat less than two miles wide, is said to be extremely deep in spots.

Typical of the accounts given about the monster is that by Mrs. Elizabeth Sharpe, 60, of Dores, on the eastern edge of Loch Ness. She said she saw the monster from a window of her home. She obtained a pair of binoculars and had a good look at its head. "It had a head like a sheep and was all shiny," she said. She saw two humps protruding from the water instead of three as others have reported.

A photograph of the monster, taken by a man named Stuart in 1952, is said clearly to show three humps above the water. Stuart described the creatures head as about the size and shape of a sheep's head. He judged it to be about 40 feet long and three feet in diameter at the thickest part.

Mrs. C. E. Whyte of Inverness said she has collected reports from persons who have seen the monster during the past 20 years for a book she is writing. She is convinced that Loch Ness is inhabited by one or more unknown creatures. Villagers at other lochs nearby have reported seeing monsters also, she said. One woman living on the shore of Loch Ness claims to have seen two at the same time.

The earliest recorded sightings of the monster date back to a visit to the area by St. Columba in 565 A.D.

Mother accurately described how the two men in the buggy fought to calm their wildly rearing horse — although she was miles away from the scene.



By Grace Darling Ludwick

MY MOTHER'S MIRACLES

My grandmother has told me strange tales of my mother's childhood — tales which fill me with wonder and awe; tales of strange dreams which came true; tales of warnings to playmates of impending disasters which did occur.

"The child has such an imagination!" neighbors and friends said.

Grandmother told me that the first time any of Mother's unusual capabilities were demonstrated before anyone but her family or her playmates was at an old-fashioned quilting bee. Mother was then 14 years old.

The women suddenly heard the children say, "Lucy, lets see you do it again. Ma and Granny never saw it. I've told them about it but they say you can't do it. Show them Lucy! Ma, Granny, come here! Lucy's going to make a table walk."

With a laugh and a flourish Lucy touched the tips of her fingers of both hands to the flat top of the small table. She rubbed them around and around, first slowly then faster and faster, for

several minutes. Then with her fingers still resting lightly on the table, she slowly backed several steps and – yes, it did – the table followed her.

Her young friends had seen her do this numerous times before but the women were aghast. They asked many questions. And before the day had ended Grandmother saw three old ladies with their heads together and she caught the word *witch*. The next day she had a long talk with Lucy. She forbid her to perform any more tricks. Superstition was still alive and sometimes dangerous in the 1860s.

A most unusual occurrence came close to being Mother's last experience in the late '80s. I was a child and we were living on a farm near the Platte River in western Nebraska, not far from old Fort Kearny. When Mother was a girl my Uncle DeWitt Hallock was stationed there with the army, fighting the Indians.

Mother had pneumonia. One long, sad night the family was grouped about her bed, momentarily expecting her to die. For 10 long hours she was unconscious. Then she rallied. In only two days she was much improved. And she had a strange tale to tell.

She said her father had gone on a long journey and that she had walked with him to a river bank where a boat was waiting. He kissed her on the forehead, then was helped into the boat by a tall, dark-haired man who was waiting beside it. Most strange to her was the sight of her father walking without a crutch. He had not been without his crutch for 25 years. Mother attempted to get into the boat with him but he pushed her gently back onto the shore. In a firm, quiet voice he said, "No Lucy. You can't come now. You have to go back and take care of your children. I will be waiting for you and you can come later."

The boatman rowed out across the broad stream. Her father waved to her and she returned home.

It was several days before the family thought it safe to tell her that her father really had passed away that night while she was so sick.

The first personal knowledge I had of Mother's occult abilities was when I was six years old. Mother and I were visiting her sister in Algona, Iowa. Aunt Isadore had a little girl, Pearl, about my age who, according to the prevailing fashion, wore fancy pinafores. One day her very prettiest pinafore could not be found in the drawer where it belonged. My aunt, a rather stern woman, accused the maid of letting it blow off the line on wash day. Anna insisted she remembered ironing it and putting it away. The argument continued daily until one

morning when Mother and I came down to breakfast, Mother said, "Isadore, do you want me to show you where Pearl's apron is?"

"Show me!" my aunt replied. "How do you know where it is?"

"I saw it."

"When?"

"Last night in my sleep."

Mother walked acress the room to an old fashioned walnut bureau and started to pull out the bottom drawer.

"You won't find it there," Aunt Isadore said. "I keep them all in the top drawer. I have taken them all out and it is not there."

Nevertheless, Mother removed the bottom drawer and persuaded Aunt Isadore to look into the space there. Sure enough, standing stiffly starched against the back of the bureau was the lost apron. The top drawer had been so full that as it was pulled open the top apron had been pushed over the back and into the space behind.

Another summer several years later, Mother spent a few days on the Emery farm near Meadow Grove, Nebraska. Mr. Emery was an old man, so hired an obliging neighbor named John to do odd jobs. When Mr. Emery's two big hogs were ready for market John came with his wagon and team and hauled them into town. The next morning Mr. Emery was unable to find his hammer. He was a nice old man but easily upset. At meals he grumbled. He knew he had used that hammer to nail a strip onto the wagon box while loading the hogs. Over and over he said he just knew "John had thoughtlessly dropped it into his wagon." He didn't "see how folks could be so careless!" Three or four days of this and it became monotonous.

One morning at breakfast my mother asked, "Mr. Emery, have you found your hammer yet?"

"No. And I won't till I see John again. Don't suppose he even noticed it was mine. But I'll know it when I see it."

"All right," my mother said, "then go out back of the barn and identify it."

"What do you mean?"

"Look up on the roof of the hoghouse. You will see a short piece of board laid across the roof boards. The batts on the roof hold the board up so it is not easy to see that the hammer is under it."

Without waiting to finish his breakfast Mr. Emery went. He was soon back, looking shamefaced. He had the hammer in his hand.

The strangest thing of all occurred in the winter of 1902. My husband and I lived on a farm nine miles from Verdigris, Nebraska. I was not well so my mother was spending the winter with us. My husband was away on business and a neighbor boy, Frank Kearns,

was doing the farm chores for me. During this time my brother, Arthur, from Minnesota stopped for a few hours on his way home from a western trip. He rode out from town with one of our neighbors but had to leave on the 3 a.m. train. I asked Frank to take him to town with our team and buggy. We sat and visited until about midnight; then they left.

I worried about Frank taking the team as he was not a good horseman and one of the horses, Fly, was fractious and likely to cause trouble. The night was cold and dark. There was snow on the ground and the road was bad with washouts. I was afraid the buggy might tip over.

Mother and I retired immediately, hoping for the best but anxious. I was soon asleep but she wakened me when, with a little startled cry, she sat up in bed.

"It's Fly," she said. "She's rearing and plunging and acting terrible!

I shook her, saying, "Mamma! Wake up! You're dreaming."

She pushed my hands away, telling me to be quiet. Puzzled, I watched her sit there, looking off into space.

"She's quieted down a little. Now they're starting up again. She's rearing again! I wish he'd let Arthur drive."

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Right by Gross' pasture fence, along the south side, three or four fence posts east of the corner." she answered.

In a few seconds she said, "Now they are going around the corner and heading north. They'll upset! He can't do a thing with her!

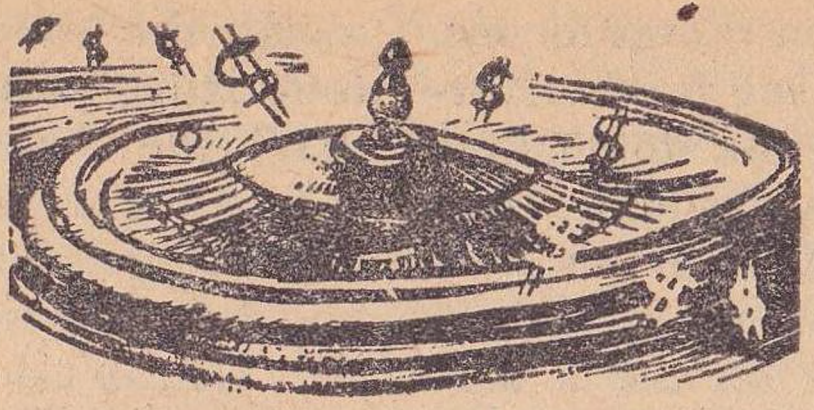
"She's quieting down. They're slowing and Arthur jumped out. He's going around to Fly's head, talking to her and petting her. He's doing something with the front of her harness. I believe he took something off from it. Now Arthur's getting into the driver's seat. He threw something into the back of the buggy.

She lay back in the bed and was soon asleep.

The next morning Mother and I argued. I was sure her recitation had been a dream. She insisted she had not been asleep. She suggested I ask Frank.

He was back in the early morning and we were both out in the yard to meet him. He told us he had had trouble with Fly. He picked up from the back of the buggy a broken harness snap which he said was on a strap hanging down in front of Fly, so it struck her knees when she trotted. He said Arthur removed the snap, buckled up the strap and all went well from then on — with Arthur driving. It had happened by Gross' pasture fence as my Mother had said.

What power enabled Mother to *see* these things?



THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

A Philadelphia woman who won a free trip to Spain through a radio quiz program finally was located by the show's sponsors. She was on vacation in Spain.

•

On Groucho Marx' program *You Bet Your Life* a contestant was unable to identify the front of a locomotive as "cowcatcher." The man explained that he was a vegetarian.

•

At Borrah Minevitch's wedding the tiny bride and groom figures fell off the wedding cake. He thought it a bad omen. Three weeks later, still on his honeymoon, he suddenly died.

•

Tom Mounts of Crescent City, Calif. wished to be doubly careful. He put his .22 caliber revolver in the glove compartment of his car and the cylinder of the gun in his shirt pocket. Driving home from a family outing he stopped to pick a wild flower. As he bent over the cylinder fell onto a rock and a bullet fired into his chest.

•

A Huntington, W. Va., mother mailed a letter to her son, addressed: "Mr. Donald Crouch, 941 Alexandria, Va." She forgot the name of the street. The letter bore no return address and it was unlikely that Crouch, in a city of 61,000 people, ever would receive his letter. However a mail sorter stuck the letter in Box 941 by mistake. This box belonged to an insurance agent who had recently called on Crouch and who delivered the letter promptly.

•

Ivan Blaze was appointed publicity man for the Newbury, Ohio, Volunteer Fire Department.

•

In Caracas, Venezuela, a cabdriver and a grocer parlayed a $4.00 bet into $298,000 at the race track by selecting six straight winners.

When a burglar alarm was out of order for a single day in a store in London's west end, smash-and-grab raiders came around and made off with $1000 worth of cameras.

●

Sansregret is the name of a man operating a funeral parlor in Montreal, Canada.

●

Circus daredevil Morgan Warlace who made 113 parachute jumps without a scratch broke a foot when he fell 18 inches off a ladder at his home in Pueblo, Colo.

●

John Bradley, of South Connellsville, Pa., received an auto license plate with both his initials and his telephone number on it — JB-670.

●

Lee Robert Atkins, of Norfolk Va, decided to visit his brother, Oscar, in Danville. He arrived late at night at the building where Oscar works as a watchman. "Open up," he ordered. Oscar, believing him to be a prowler, shot him in the leg before he recognized him as his own brother.

●

Maj.-Gen. Henry C. Hodges, of Stamford, Conn., served in three wars without a mishap. Recently he fell in a store and broke his arm.

Pat Wiggle teaches dancing at Arthur Murray's Washington, D. C., studio.

●

A deer hunter near Antigo, Wis., wounded by a companion, fired a shot as a signal for help and hit a third member of the party who was on his way to fetch an ambulance.

●

Railroad engineer, L.E. Hocks, died in a train wreck at the same spot, near Tampa, Fla., where his engineer father, John, died in 1925.

●

A Fresno, Calif., man received a phone call from "Stop the Music" and was asked by MC Bert Parks to name the $11,000 mystery melody. The contestant knew the answer but didn't have a chance to give it . "Just as I was going to win," he wrote in a letter to the program, "my TV set blew up. My telephone went dead, too. I was sabotaged by gremlins!"

●

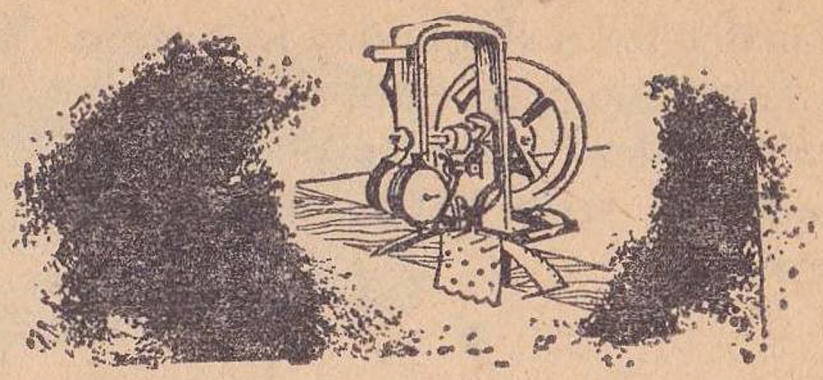
A few hours after being chosen as the typical American boy a Michigan youth was arrested for speeding.

●

Three of the children of Frank Branch, of Kalamazoo, Mich., were born on November 25. They are Billy, 10; Marilyn, 5; and Cathy, 3.



INVENTIONS FROM DREAMS



Inventions are things that are entirely new, that have never existed before. How can dreams produce them?



By Trevor Holloway

By no stretch of imagination can coincidence be said to explain the riddle of inventions that have been inspired by dreams. An invention is essentially an original thing. It has no counterpart, nothing to set in motion the chain of circumstances that culminate in what we term "coincidence".

In the early days of the British gas industry there arose the problem of how to measure accurately the quantity of gas used by consumers. The solution was found by inventor Sir Charles V. Boys. At a meeting of members of the Imperial College of Science, Kensington, Sir Charles demonstrated the first foolproof gas meter. The experts were astonished when Sir Charles explained that the details and working of the instrument came to him in a dream. On waking he found himself in possession of a mental "blue-print" of the complex mechanism. A very profitable dream indeed!

A dream made possible the

first really satisfactory sewing machine. In 1840 Elias Howe, an American, was troubled by the low state of his finances. After a particularly worrying day he went to bed and had a nightmare in which cannibals closed in on him, jabbing him with sharp-pointed spears. His end was near when he noticed that the spears that tormented him each had a hole near its point. Then he awoke – and in his mind was the memory of those pierced spear points. At that instant he realized his dream had supplied him with an idea for designing a needle that would revolutionize the crude sewing machines of his day. He hurried to his workshop and before long had perfected a sewing machine that worked – like a dream!

In one of America's largest stores is a department popularly referred to as the "Sleep Shop". As its title implies, it caters exclusively to insomniacs – that large section of the public who find sleep difficult to woo. The department offers the sufferers a wide range of sleep-inducing gadgets – lamps that fade out as the user falls asleep, anti-snore devices, "Jack Sprat" beds (one half of the mattress hard and the other soft), a gadget called a "lullaphone" that makes a soothing noise like a gentle breeze rustling leafy trees, and so on.

This remarkable – and highly prosperous – department came into being as the result of a dream. A member of the store's staff, a frequent sufferer from insomnia, dreamed of such a shop where aids to sleep could be bought. On waking the dream idea struck him as having great possibilities. He put the idea before the management and within a few weeks the department had been organized and stocked with 600 sleep-inducing aids. In a short space of time more than 100,000 insomniacs had patronized the department.

For many years a machine was sought that would turn ivory billiard balls to perfection. Among those that sought the answer to the problem was John Carter, a member of an old-established London firm of ivory craftsmen. He had conducted several experiments, but every time he was beaten by his inability to devise a suitably-shaped knife that would cut a perfect sphere from valuable ivory without waste.

One night he startled his wife by jumping out of bed and exclaiming "I've got it!" He dashed downstairs to his study and quickly made a few rough sketches of the knife-blade that he had just "seen" in a dream. The dream knife very soon became reality and proved the perfect tool for the job.

A painter living in San Diego had good cause to be thankful for a dream he had in 1950. In

this dream he "saw" a simple gadget that would greatly improve window-frame construction. Using his dream as a blue-print he made the gadget and found it highly successful. He took out a patent and before long his sales reached impressive figures.

A dream invention helped the Allies to victory in World War II. In 1940 David Parkinson, of the Bell Telephone Lab., dreamed vividly of an anti-aircraft gun that was controlled electrically. The need for such a gun was vital and of extreme urgency for the Luftwaffe was stepping up its striking power daily. David Parkinson lost no time in getting that dream gun on the drawing board and before long the new weapon was being used most effectively by American troops.

How can the dreaming mind create something entirely new — something that has not existed before? We may have no scientifically acceptable explanation, but there is no doubt that the "stuff of dreams" can be practical.

MIRACLE IN A HURRICANE

At the height of Hurricane Connie in August, 1955, a bridge crossing the Inland Waterway which carries auto traffic to Carolina Beach, N. C., became weakened at high tide. As huge waves buffeted the bridge State Highway Department workers labored against time to reinforce the bridge to keep it from tearing loose from its moorings.

Meanwhile some 300 persons waited on the beach for work on the bridge to permit them to be evacuated. They apparently had not heeded warnings issued earlier to leave the beach.

If the bridge were washed away, it would be impossible for them to escape exposure to the fury of the storm.

As the highway crew worked at reinforcing the bridge a building floated away from the community of Seabreeze a few hundred yards north. It sailed down the waterway — directly in line with the bridge. The workmen fled for their lives.

Just as it appeared certain that the building would smash the bridge what many described as a miracle happened. The building sailed right through the middle span of the bridge with only inches to spare at the sides and top.

"It was as if it were a ship with a sea captain at its helm," a highway crewman said.

MIND OVER SPACE

THE MYSTERY OF TELEPORTATION

By Nandor Fodor

Taken Up by the Lord

ONE of the most intriguing forms of psychic phenomena is the transportation of human beings, animals and inanimate objects, often over great distances, in a fraction of the time it would take to cover the same distances by normal means. It is as though the barriers of space-time somehow are transcended.

This paranormal transportation — known as teleportation — undoubtedly occurred throughout human history, as indicated by certain curious myths and legends of earliest times and by well-documented reports of the present. For as long as it has occurred men have groped for an explanation. What agency possibly could effect, in literally the twinkling of an eye, the disappearance of a man from one location and his reappearance at another? Are supernatural powers, or some natural but unknown power of the human mind by which it can act on space, responsible?

Men base their theories on the knowledge or beliefs

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is the first installment of a book-length feature dealing with what is perhaps the rarest and most spectacular phenomenon in the field of psychic research. Further installments, developing the problem in detail, will appear in future issues of FATE.

they possess at any particular time. At different periods gods, demons, sorcerers, witches, fairies and ghosts have been advanced as the cause.

In the Bible, which is considered to have a historical foundation, we find accounts of a miracle known as Translation into Heaven by the Spirit of the Lord. The most dramatic of such accounts is the one describing the prophet Elijah's disappearance from mortal view in a chariot of fire.

> And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. (II Kings 2, 1.)

Few passages in the Old Testament equal in drama the description of this momentous event. Moreover, the Biblical record is supported by testimonies that will stand critical examination.

Elisha, the principal witness, was prepared for the event. He knew that he was walking with his master for the last time. So did many others, "the sons of the Prophet" that were at Bethel.

They came to meet him and asked him: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head today?" He answered them: "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace!"

The same question was addressed to him by "the sons of the Prophet that were at Jericho," and he returned the same answer. Because he knew that the supreme moment of his master was coming, Elisha was determined to stay with him.

Followed from afar by 50 pairs of anxious eyes, Elijah performed his last miracle by smiting the waters of the



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Dr. Nandor Fodor is a practicing psychoanalyst in New York City and a noted psychic researcher. He is the author of "Encyclopedia of Psychic Science," "These Mysterious People," "The Search for the Beloved" and "Haunted People," this last in collaboration with Hereward Carrington. He is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, the American Psychological Assn., and the National Psychological Assn. He also is on the editorial board of "Psychoanalysis."

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Jordan with his mantle. The waters divided and Elijah and Elisha crossed on dry ground.

Elijah's hour was now at hand. He turned to Elisha and said: "Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee." Elisha asked that a double portion of Elijah's spirit should rest upon him.

Elijah said: "Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not it shall not be so."

Elijah's disappearance thus was made the crucial test of Elisha's seership. He would inherit a double portion of Elijah's spirit if he were to see how he vanished. Prophets have been moved through space before by the spirit of the Lord, but no one yet had seen the actual means by

which their transportation was accomplished. Elisha saw it and he cried: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

As Elijah never was seen again the fact is established that he was whirled away by some mysterious power. The appearance of the chariot of fire as a means of his transportation rests on Elisha's testimony alone.

Elijah's mantle fell from him as he disappeared. Elisha took it and wore it. With it, as predicted, Elijah's power descended on him. He divided the waters of the Jordan as Elijah had done. The Sons of the Prophet at Jericho, seeing him alone, bowed to the ground before him and accepted him as Elijah's successor.

But while Elisha was convinced that Elijah had ascended bodily to heaven, the Sons of the Prophet had their doubts. They did not see the chariot of fire. They were certain only that Elijah was dead. They thought that his body might be found and insisted on a search of the countryside "lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley."

It was not for the first time that Elijah was carried away. If he died in the process, they thought, his body must have dropped somewhere. Elisha disagreed because he saw the chariot of Israel and knew that this was not just another mysterious disappearance.

Jehovah, in the Hebrew ideology of the times, lived in a fiery element and had horses and chariots at His disposal. If His chariot descended, Elijah must have been taken into His presence and therefore would be seen no more.

The Sons of the Prophet searched for three days. They

found nothing. Let us, therefore, assume that Elijah's body was not to be found. Are we to accept Elisha's testimony that it was taken away in a chariot of fire?

What was it Elisha saw? What was his state of mind when he saw it?

That his mind was predisposed to a vision of a chariot of fire by Hebrew ideology and by his foreknowledge of Elijah's impending death seems unquestionable. It also may be taken for granted that Elijah's farewell words acted as a powerful suggestion. Elisha's future as a prophet hung in the balance. If he failed to see how Elijah was taken away, Elijah's power would not descend on him. Picture him overwrought, grief-stricken over the impending loss of his master, anxious over his own future!

In that state of mind the drama of Elijah's disappearance would have caused an abnormal awareness in any ordinary mortal. Was it not likely that in Elisha's unconscious the idea of the chariot of fire as the only fitting vehicle for the last journey of the prophet from earth to heaven already was taking visual shape? Subjectively he was all prepared for an overwhelming visual experience.

A blaze of light enveloped Elijah — and he vanished. It may be expected that the emotional shock projected Elisha's dominant mental ideas into visual form. The blaze of light actually assumed for him the shape of a chariot and horses.

But was there a blaze of light? Records of similar disappearances throughout the centuries indicate that the vortex of power that appears to accomplish the stupendous feat of human transportation does sometimes pro-

duce a luminous phenomenon which may give the impression of fire. From fire to fiery chariot is a mere step. It matters little whether the luminous phenomenon was objective or subjective. Elisha witnessed a tremendous event when his master vanished and could not but conclude that he saw Elijah ascend to heaven.

The 50 Sons of the Prophet had only their previous experiences to go by. It was a matter of common knowledge to them that Elijah, from time to time, was carried away by the Spirit of the Lord and that his body never came to harm.

Not so long before, Elijah predicted a bad drought. When it came to pass he was held responsible for it. King Ahab, in his anxiety to preserve the horses on which his army depended, was on the march. Obadiah, his steward, passed through the land in another direction. Suddenly he found himself face to face with Elijah. He knew that he had to report the finding of the prophet to his king, but he knew also that unless he could produce Elijah in person Ahab would have him killed.

Elijah promised that he would call on the king, but Obadiah wanted to know what would happen if "it will come to pass, as soon as I am gone from thee, that the Spirit of the Lord will carry thee whither I know not." Then Elijah assured him: "As the Lord of the Hosts lives, before whom I stand, I shall surely show myself unto him today."

Did he know that the Spirit of the Lord would have no power over him that day, or that it could not carry him away against his will?

Beyond the crude notion of the chariot of fire, the Bible gives us no hint of the dynamics or the purpose of

these aerial transportations. They seem to have been spontaneous occurrences, without intelligent design. The Spirit of the Lord could not be questioned, doubted or resisted. No harm was known to result from these mysterious journeys unless translation to heaven was a subsequent invention to cover up transportation into a far-away land from which there was no return. It was possible to assume, as did the Sons of the Prophet, that an accident had occurred. But assuming there was no accident, we still do not know what it means to be translated to heaven; and the Bible is not too helpful.

> By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God. (Hebrews 11, 5.)

The words "was not found" indicate that a search was made for his body as in the case of Elijah and that the searchers concluded that he was translated because they failed to find him.

In one instance we can calculate accurately the distance of transportation. It is in Acts 8:

> 39. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing.
> 40. But Philip was found at Azotus; and passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Caesarea.

The eunuch rejoiced because he saw a miracle: the vanishing of Philip. One moment he was there, in Gaza,* on the water's edge, and the next he was gone, reappear-

*The desert of Gaza once again became the scene of transportation in monachistic history. Four monks of Hilarion, the founder of monachism in Palestine, were on their way in the desert of Gaza to their convent at Bethelea when, according to Sozomen, Malchio, the youngest and most esteemed of the four, suddenly vanished from their midst, and later in the journey reappeared. *(Eccl. Hist. Lib.* VI. c. 32.)

ing at Azotus 30 miles away. The description that he was "found" faintly suggests that he appeared dazed and not quite himself — a recurrent feature, as we shall see, in all similar mysteries.

For a rational motive behind transportation we must turn to the Apocrypha. In Bel and Dagon we read:

> 33. Now there was in Jewry the prophet Habakkuk, who made pottage, and had broken bread into a bowl, and was going into the field, for to bring it to the reapers.
> 34. But the Angel of the Lord said to Habakkuk, go carry the dinner that thou hast into Babylon unto Daniel, in the lion's den.
> 35. And Habakkuk said, Lord, I never saw Babylon; neither do I know where the den is.
> 36. Then the Angel of the Lord took him by the crown and lifted him up by the hair of his head, and with the blast of his breath set him in Babylon over the den.
> 37. And Habakkuk cried, saying, Oh, Daniel, Daniel, take the dinner which God has sent thee.
> 38. And Daniel said, Thou has remembered me, Oh God; neither hast Thou forsaken them that love Thee.
> 39. So Daniel arose and did eat; and the Angel of God set Habakkuk in his own place again immediately.

The word "immediately" should be noted. The Angel of the Lord accomplished Habakkuk's transportation from Judea to Chaldea "with the blast of his breath." It also is worth noting that Habakkuk did not land on solid earth in Babylon. He apparently hovered over the lion's den, dropped the food and watched Daniel eat. Lifting by the hair of the head probably is allegorical and indicates only the ease with which the feat was accomplished, or hints at the presumed lightness of Habakkuk's body.

While Habakkuk heard a voice and felt a touch on his

forehead, Ezekiel in trance (the hand of the Lord fell upon him) saw a luminous apparition which "put forth the form of a hand and took me by a lock of mine head; and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the vision of God to Jerusalem, to the door of the inner gate that looketh eastward towards the North."

But for the lock of his head, the experience could be called a subjective one, as on the occasion when the spirit took him up and he heard a voice of great rushing, saying, "Blessed be the glory of the Lord from His place," the noise of wings of the living creatures that touched one another and the noise of the wheels over against them. The recorders are uncertain as to what actually took place. When at times the spirit of the Lord began to move young Samson in the camp we may doubt the objectiveness of the event. But we do not find such doubts openly stated until we read St. Paul (Cor. XII. 2). He knew a man in Christ who was "caught up to the third heaven" and "heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for man to utter." But he could not tell "whether in the body or out of the body; God knoweth." The wording suggests that St. Paul considered it equally possible that the experience was subjective and that it was objective, in which case it would fall under the heading of transportation mysteries.

Enoch was translated that he should not see death. Moses failed to earn the same privilege.

> The Lord buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day. (Deut. 34. 6.)

As Moses died on the top of Pisgah, "burying by the Lord" is just another expression for vanishing without a

trace. According to an old legend preserved by Josephus* he was talking on a mountain with Joshua, the general, and Eleazer, the high priest, when a cloud obscured him. He vanished and never was seen again.

In the disappearance of the body of Jesus from the rock-hewn tomb we face a better attested mystery. The body vanished. The shroud fell from it as the mantle fell from Elijah. But in this case no search of the surrounding mountains and valleys was made as the immediate apparition of Jesus in the garden gave rise to a belief in bodily resurrection with which the vanishing of his mortal remains fitted well.

The body was placed in the tomb Friday night. Its disappearance was not noticed until Sunday morning. There is no hint in the Bible as to how and when it may have gone. But if the Shroud of Turin is a genuine relic, as Catholics claim, the experiments of Dr. Paul Vignon, Professor of Biology at the Institute Catholique, Paris, would indicate that it disappeared almost immediately after the sepulchre had been closed by a stone.

In several cases of transportation recorded in Ethiopic manuscripts the Virgin Mary takes the place of the Spirit of the Lord.**

> She transported a sick monk to Jerusalem and back to his deathbed (p. 33). She carried a chaste abbot to Heaven in the body (p. 303) and she transported the church of the monastery of Akona, monks and all, to the edge of a stream where it should have been built.

While this story need not be considered anything more than folklore, the monumental nature of the feat is

Antiquities, Book IV, Chapter VIII, Section 48.

**Sir. E. A. Wallis Budge: *One Hundred and Ten Miracles of Our Lady Mary*, Oxford University Press, London, 1933.

paralleled by two curious details: the monks were exceedingly numerous and they all were fast asleep. Had there been any indication that their sleep was not a natural one but a state of trance, for a concerted output of "power," the story might have been considered a record of a psychic mystery.

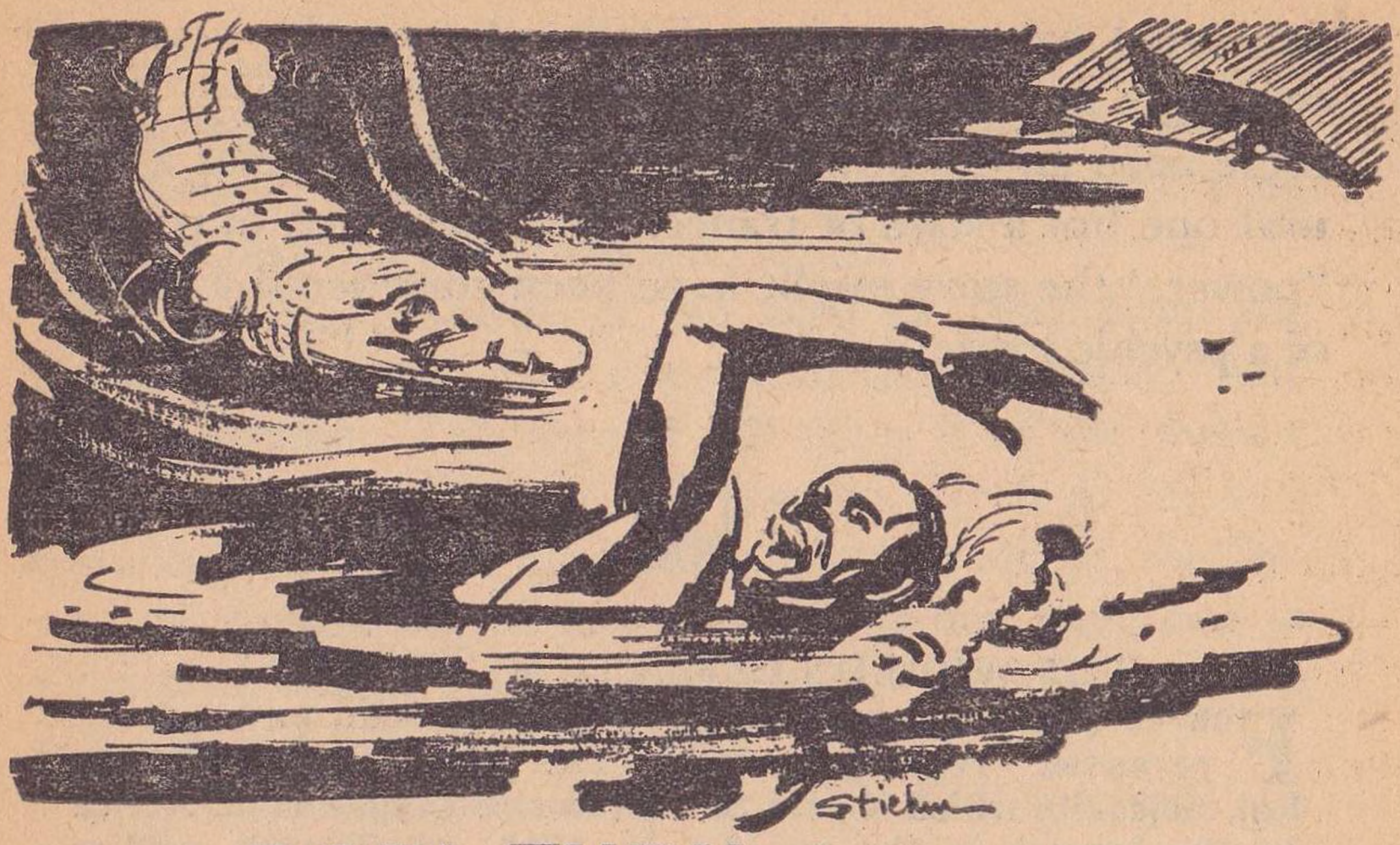
THE WORLD'S LARGEST METEORITE?

FOR 40 years a legend has persisted regarding a lost meteorite which is said to be the largest in the world. The meteorite is thought to be located near Chinguetti, a town in French West Africa in the Sahara Desert.

Interest in the legendary meteorite recently was renewed with the discovery of an actual meteorite crater near Chinguetti by William Cassidy of the Institute of Meteorics of the University of New Mexico. Both Cassidy and Dr. Lincoln La Paz, also of the Institute of Meteorics, believe that the crater confirms accounts of the meteorite's existence. They say the crater may have been made by a fragment of the meteorite which broke off as the huge parent mass smashed into the earth thousands of years ago. According to the legend, the lost meteorite weighs more than one million solid tons.

The first report of the meteorite came out of Africa in 1916. A French soldier named Ripert heard tales of a huge mass of iron, which the Arabs called the "Iron of God." He asked to be taken to see it. He was led to the site blindfolded and was not allowed to use a compass or to make notes. Ripert said he saw a mass of metal which jutted like a cliff above the surrounding landscape. He obtained a fragment of the meteorite which now rests in the French Academy in Paris, France.

In the ensuing 40 years numerous investigators visited the Chinguetti area to search for the meteorite. French Army searchers scoured the region in planes. However, the cliff-like mass Ripert claims to have seen has not yet been found.



PORI TUPU--
Crocodile Magic

The two natives swam the crocodile-infested river repeatedly. What kept them from being torn to pieces?

By Oskar Koenig

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How often have I roamed on these literally "sight-seeing" safaris through bush and plains: next to an ant-hill or behind a thorn bush; perched on a rock with a silvery moon as my only light; high up in a tree, watching the traffic in a forest glade; or crouched next to a river, full of hidden dangers. Ever and again I marvel at the contrast in Africa's fauna, between models of fragile elegance and grace of movement, like the gerenuk, and at the other extreme, those tank-like monsters or prehistoric shapes, impressive for their tremendous weight and power, often too for their ruthless and destructive ferocity — like the crocodile.

The crocodile is one of the three creatures in Africa which I have learnt to hate; a second is the baboon, who shows an indescribable cruelty towards animals smaller than himself; and the

third is the cowardly, sly, repulsive hyena, which creeps round camps and villages on its thievish prowl.

Crocodiles have the habit of establishing a "larder" below the banks of the river which, though above the surface of the water, can only be reached from under the water through a narrow entrance. On the Pangani river, often referred to simply as "Ruvu" (which means "River"), I met a native with probably the unique experience, of having been inside one of these larders and escaped from it.

He had been standing unsuspectingly on the bank when a crocodile smashed him down into the water with its mighty tail, grabbed him at once and dragged him along under water to the "larder." The unfortunate native was at first unconscious, and when he came to, bleeding from a mass of wounds and half dazed with pain, he found himself here among the excrement of several crocodiles and all the stinking tidbits they had collected, with bones rattling round him whenever he moved. Despite his wounds and weakness, he somehow managed to dive back into the water unobserved by the crocodiles, reached the surface and eventually the safety of the river bank. Here he collapsed, was found by friends – and so, almost incredibly, lived to tell the tale.

I always indulged in practice shooting whenever I was near this river, and derived great satisfaction from any crocodile I succeeded in killing. Thinking of the natives, and also of the game which it no longer had power to harm, I felt almost like a Boy Scout who had done his good deed for the day.

One morning I shot seven, all with brain or neck shots. If you achieve one of these shots, the crocodile will give one last convulsive leap into the air, and then drop with a thud, to lie for many minutes as if paralyzed. There will be periodical tremors, for it takes a good hour before the last movement can be seen in a crocodile's body, even if its brain has been smashed.

On this morning six were lying on the bank of the river, but number seven was in the middle of the river on a sandbank. I should have liked to have it, but of course nobody would go into a river where those foul reptiles lay packed like sardines in a tin. Few would even venture near it, for the attack with a crocodile's tail at some victim on the bank was a well-recognized danger. "Pity," I said to my gunbearer, "can't get it."

"No chance at all, Bwana," he replied, "we should be torn to pieces."

While we were standing there chatting, I saw two natives sauntering along the river bank ap-

proaching us. They greeted us, put down their loads of evil-smelling fish, and began the usual polite talk about our movements and theirs, where to, where from, in which direction, and the rest of it. "Your crocodile?" one of them asked me, jerking his head in the direction of the sandbank.

I nodded. "Yes, I shot it just now."

"Don't you want it?"

"Of course — but who'll be likely to go in there after it, eh?"

"We will, Bwana, we'll fetch it for you, there's nothing to it really."

Nothing to it? — I stared at them in astonishment. The crocs. were so thick you could have used their backs as stepping-stones to reach the other bank — if you had felt like an easy suicide. "How d'you think you're going to get there?" I eventually managed to inquire. "Have you a boat or a raft or something?"

"Oh, no, we'll swim across and get your crocodile. And when we have brought it here, perhaps you will give us some baksheesh?"

Baksheesh! — it was like asking for the guarantee of a tip after you had dived into the crater of Vesuvius. "You shall certainly have plenty of baksheesh," I told them . . . "but you're really going to swim? At least let me shoot into the river first so as to scare some of the crocs away."

"You can do that if you like, Bwana," they said politely, "but it's really quite unnecessary."

"Let them go, Bwana," said my gunbearer. "They know best, they are Wa Ruvu, folk who live on the river."

My new friends rammed their hunting spears into the ground, undressed completely, except for a small loincloth, and let themselves down into the river. They calmly swam past a few crocodiles which had just surfaced, showing their green bleary eyes. I took up my gun in excitement. "A-a" said my gunbearer. "Don't, Bwana."

The two swimmers reached the sandbank, tied some string to the dead crocodile, and started to climb back into the water again. Suddenly one of them cupped his hands and shouted over the water: "Bwana."

"Yes," I yelled back.

"Please watch out for hippo. If they come, you must protect us and shoot, they are very nasty here."

"All right," I yelled back again, much disconcerted once more; "I'll shoot, of course — any hippo I see." There were no hippos to be seen, and why on earth, I thought, start worrying about hippos when you are surrounded by crocodiles? I strained my eyes, watching the two Wa Ruvu slowly swim back to us, drawing the dead crocodile behind them. When at last they reached the bank on which we all stood, my

relief was intense. They stepped ashore quite calmly. "Here's your crocodile," they said, "and now please can we have that baksheesh?"

I gave them five shillings each, and they grinned from ear to ear, as if they had never dreamed of receiving this princely sum. "Ahsanti sana," they said, "oh, thank you very much indeed."

"If you know where my camp is, you can come and get some fresh meat also." Of course they knew my camp. "Listen," I said, bursting with curiosity, "you must really tell me how you can possibly go into that river with all those crocodiles. Are they good crocodiles? Are they tame?"

"No," they laughed, "they are not tame, not at all. If you went in, Bwana, or your gunbearer, you would be torn to pieces at once. But we, we have our dawa, our magic, we are the Wa Ruvu, the folk who live on the river, and our dawa is very strong."

With that they pointed to their legs. Below the knees they were wearing a kind of bracelet made of the tail-hair of giraffe, into which they had knotted an oval piece of what looked to me like black shell. "Yes," they went on proudly, "we can always go into the river, and the crocs. will not touch us. Oh, it is a very strong dawa – but only for us. We could not protect you, Bwana, if you came into the river with us."

I had no intention of testing the strength of the charm on this point, and nearly said so.

"And if we have an enemy with us in the river," one of the two was remarking, "or a man who has done wrong to us, we can even tell the crocodiles to take him and eat him, and they will."

Charming thought – I shuddered, and turned to my gunbearer, "Ali," I asked, "would you go in there if I fired into the water first with a rifle?"

He backed away in horror. "Not me, Bwana. Not if you fired with 10 rifles and promised me 100 shillings."

A little later the two Wa Ruvu came into camp, and were given plenty of meat. "Now that I know where you are," I told them, "I'll try and find you when I come back. I'll be coming in about 12 days, with a European who has one of those little machines which make a whirring noise and take pictures. Do you think you could fetch another crocodile when he comes?"

"Certainly we will," they said with happy smiles, "if you will again give us all this money."

For a few shillings they were evidently quite prepared to brave death, or rather they were not even worrying about the possibility of it. The tight-rope walker relies on his expert skill and balance; the man on a motorcycle, who scales the "Wall of

Death" in a circus, calculates the skill of his engine and relies on the centrifugal force. But these river-folk put all their confidence in a little piece of black shell – which allowed them to swim through layers of crocodiles, the most horrible man-eaters in the world.

A fortnight or so later I duly returned with my client, to whom I had promised some first-class pictures. "Now I want this to look absolutely real," he said to me. "You must shoot a crocodile, and I'll film the whole thing from beginning to end."

"All right," I said, preparing to play my trump card. "And when I've shot it," I went on innocently, "Shall we leave it there, or would you like us to fetch the crocodile over from the other side?"

"Oh, the latter by all means," he answered with deep sarcasm. "Anyhow, if you happen to have a little motor-boat hidden away somewhere here."

"Not necessary," I remarked in the same offhand manner. "I'll call some natives and they'll collect it for you."

"Collect it from there," he said, "don't be a fool – just look!" – and he pointed to some large crocodile backs in their dark-grey armour, floating down the river.

"You'll see," I told him, and left it at that for the moment. My Wa Ruvu friends had meanwhile arrived in camp, and I completed arrangements with them, reflecting once more on this unusual form of "piece-work"; there could not have been many employers hiring men to fetch dead crocodiles out of a river at five shillings per crocodile.

My client and I walked along by the river, and at the first crocodile we saw lying outside the water, he got his cine-camera in position, while I aimed carefully and fired. The crocodile leaped in the air as usual, came down with a thud and lay in its final tremors. I gave the Wa Ruvu a sign, they went into the river and swam through the crocodiles, collected the dead one with their bit of string, and came back with it. The camera had been whirring away all the time, and my client burst out ecstatically: "D'you know what this means? Do you realize I've got these chaps into my film swimming past dozens of live crocodiles with that dead one on the string? It's a sensation man, a sensation."

"It's quite normal to them," I said, smiling at his excitement, pleased that the act had gone down well.

"Do you suppose they could possibly do it again?" he asked, plainly not believing what I had just said. "It must be incredibly dangerous, but I'll make it worth their while. Offer them any money they want, I'll pay any-

thing that they ask!"

"Okay," I laughed, "the act will be repeated" – and I doubled the "danger-money" tip. The Wa Ruvu, though certain I had gone mad, were only too ready to continue with this sport. As long as they could remember, nobody had even given them one shilling for every time they went for a swim in their river.

Altogether the performance was repeated three times. It was a terrific success with all parties, and my client was thrilled beyond words. "Have you any idea how these people can do it?" he asked me later, when he had had time to calm down a little. "I mean they just go into this crocodile-infested river with about as much concern as we'd go into a hotel lift. How can they do it?"

"Well," I replied, "it's perfectly simple according to them. You see that kind of amulet thing just below their knees. That's the explanation, you know, that's all they really need . . ."

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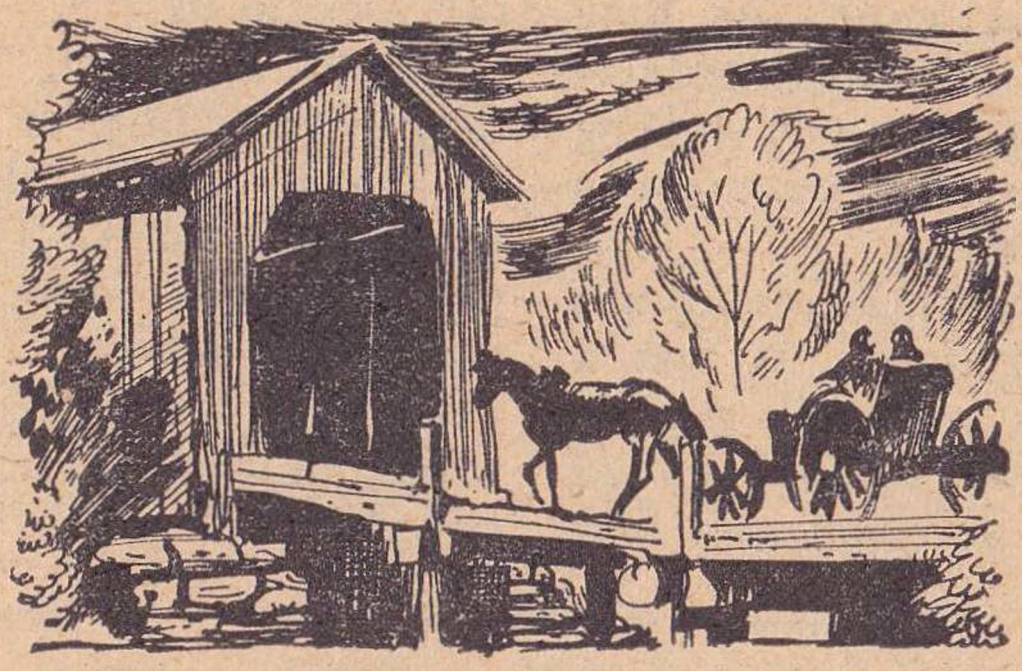
A MODERN JEKYLL-AND-HYDE

THE strange story of a kind of real-life Jekyll-and-Hyde who served in two different branches of the Armed Forces under separate personalities — unknown to himself — recently was told to the American Psychiatric Association at Atlantic City, N. J. Doctors Joseph J. Peters, of Philadelphia, Pa., a psychiatrist, and David Cohen, of Coatesville, Pa., a psychologist, revealed that the 33-year-old man had led distinctly separate lives under the names "Rickett" (his real name) and "Charles Dice."

As "Rickett" the man ran away from home at 16, lost his identity and served for a time as a paratrooper before going AWOL. As "Charles Dice" he worked in a circus, served in the Navy during World War II when he was cited for "valiant action," married and became the father of two children.

In his "Dice" identity he was hospitalized a couple of times in state hospitals in New York and diagnosed as a schizophrenic. Peters and Cohen said that during treatment over the past three years the man continued to switch from one personality to another. They found evidence that as "Dice" he had been at the borderline of insanity. As "Rickett' his illness had been limited to a neurotic condition. Now, however, Peters and Cohen said, the man's double personality apparently has been integrated into one and will remain so.

THE HAUNTED BRIDGE



Strange things happened at the old bridge after dark. Was it because a thief had been hanged there?

By Wm. W. Bathlot

The old wooden bridge spanning the Little Wabash River between Watson and Mason, Ill., must have been built sometime after the Illinois Central railroad flung its way southward from Chicago. Just exactly when it was built is anybody's guess. When we moved from Cleveland, O., around 1890, to a little farm down on Mason prairie the bridge looked as old as if Moses had built it himself.

Folks travelling by wagon, buggy, or on foot, had no trouble crossing over the bridge, day or night, until Jake Brandt, horse thief and never-do-well, was caught skinning one of the widow Hinkle's calves. This ended Jake's career, in the flesh that is, for a bunch of irate farmers caught him red handed and instead of hanging him from the limb of the nearest oak tree, they swung him up by the neck to a girder in the old wooden bridge.

Two days later neighbors cut down his body and buried it at the south end of the bridge where

campers habitually stopped to rest on their journey westward. Although Jake's body now lay in its grave, it soon became common talk that Jake's ghost had been seen after nightfall by several reliable persons, hanging by the neck in the old bridge. I lived a little over a mile from the bridge and knew to a certainty that horses, mules and dogs would not cross the bridge after darkness closed down. This forced travellers to ford the river some distance below the bridge.

Evening was shading into darkness when Sam Parks and I, both around the age of 16, sat quietly upon our horses in the scrub oak brush which grew along the roadside south of the old bridge. We could hear a wagon coming and soon two big grey mules emerged from the shadows of the covered bridge. Behind them rumbled a large prairie schooner, its wheels squealing in un-oiled agony. Harness creaked and a whip cracked, while cuss words that only a mule skinner uses effectively, crackled through the air.

This outfit pulled slowly out onto the road and stopped just opposite us. In the seat sat a man and a woman. The man's hoarse voice split the air. "Say, young fellers, can you tell us how far it is on to the town of Mason?"

"Just go a mile south, a mile west and half-a-mile south and you'll be right in the middle of town," I answered him.

The old fellow looked as if he thought I was lying. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "What the heck's wrong with that old bridge of yours? I like to have never got my mules through it!"

I flared up. "It isn't my bridge, Mister. It's haunted. If you had been just a little later you'd have camped right there 'til tomorrow morning with old Jake Brandt's ghost!"

"Land o' mercy," came the voice of the little old lady as she peered at me from beneath the poke of a large sunbonnet. "You're not tryin' to fool us, son, by tryin' to make us see ghosts, be you? We're on our way to visit with one of our boys livin' near Mason. His name is Tom Shriner. Perhaps you know him? As our mules are about fagged out and Pa's rheumatism in his back is a hurtin' him a right smart worser than they should this time of year. We sure don't want to miss the road."

I came wide awake when she mentioned Tom Shriner. Tom was the biggest joker on Mason prairie. He had taken my girl away from me and laughed about it. I wasn't one to forget.

My eyes travelled along the outline of the covered wagon. At the back I saw kitchen chairs hooked to cross braces. A wonderful thought struck me. Why not get even with Tom by play-

ing a joke on his folks? I could see myself crossing over the corner section of land, riding my horse and carrying a chair in my arms to a certain spot in the middle of the highway. Heavenly days, what would happen when those old folks met their own chair sitting in the middle of the road right ahead of them!

I whispered to Sam and as the wagon pulled away, he handed me the chair. We swung out south and west across the corner of the section to intercept the wagon. I soon discovered that a docile chair, one of the tamest things made by man, could turn into a fighting, raging devil. It punched me in the eye, mouth and stomach with three legs at one time. Then it reversed itself and smacked my skittish horse, Buster, a wallop right behind the ears. Holding the reins in one hand and wrestling the chair with the other we tried our best to get ahead of that covered wagon.

We reached our destination at last — a bunch of small oaks and hazel brush through which a dilapidated rail fence ran. Buster, wild-eyed and wet with sweat, stopped dead still. The chair and I slid to the ground. I was bruised, cut and gouged. The chair was looking as chipper as it did when we unhooked it from the back end of the wagon.

Sam caught up to us and slipped from his horse. He was trembling like a leaf and his voice quavered. He was the worse scared man I ever saw. "Put that chair out in the road and then let's get away from here as quick as we can. A mighty mean looking visitor with a rope around his neck rode you and Buster all the way from the wagon to here."

I didn't believe it but I ached so bad I couldn't laugh.

By this time it was as dark as a stack of black cats. To the east we could hear the faint rumble of a wagon and the crack of a whip. The faint glimmer of a lantern shone through the darkness. Carrying the chair I stumbled painfully over the rail fence and placed it upright in the middle of the road. As I turned to go back, a misty, moonlike radiance seemed to light up the chair. Seated, with hands tied and lying in his lap, bare headed and with a short piece of rope tied around his neck, was the big hulk of a man. Since that moment I am a firm believer in ghosts. I left that vicinity faster than the Devil chasing a Christian.

From our hiding place we heard the steady rumble of the wagon grow louder. Opposite us the sound ceased. With our heads above the brush we watched those two mules as they stopped dead in their tracks, their noses almost touching the chair. With snorts and tails swinging they

lunged upward and backward like two huge cats. They almost upset the wagon.

The lantern that stood on the seat between the old folks went over. The little old lady let out an ear splitting yelp. The old gentleman let go a string of profanity. Then he picked up the overturned lantern and climbed down over the wheel. He grabbed the nearest mule by the bits. "Dang yore wuthless hides!" he whooped. "Scared of a chair, are you? If I had a club handy I'd beat the livin' tar outa you!"

He paused in his tirade. In a moment we heard him say in a scared sort of voice, "I wonder what a chair is doin' setting away out here in the middle of the road. Say, Martha, dum my hide this sure looks like one of our chairs! By grab, this is our chair! Don't you remember you held it steady for me while I drilled holes in it to thread wires through to hold it together?"

"That's right," Martha quavered. "Joe, it's been a haunt. No human being could do a trick like that. Do you suppose the ghost of that old cow thief that youngster was tellin' us about has been sailin' along ahead of us a carryin' that chair?"

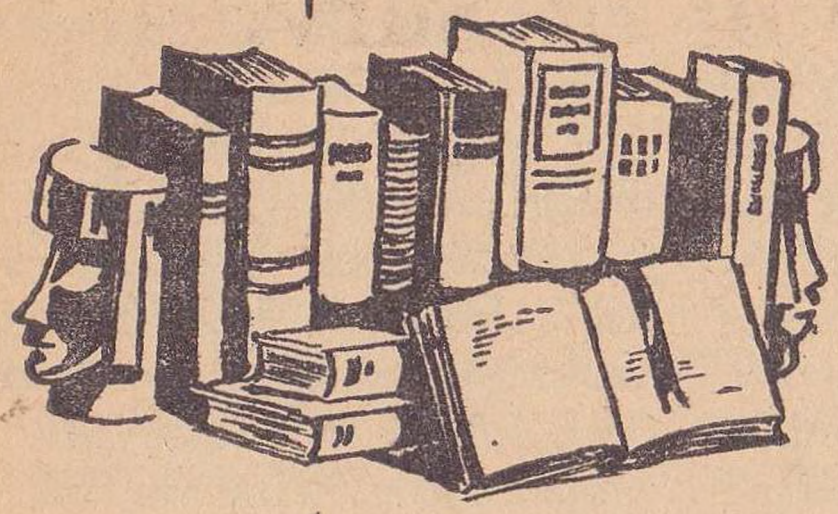
"Don't know nothin' about that Martha, but I do know nothin' short of a ghost could unhook that chair from the back of the wagon, carry it through the air and set it down in the road ahead of us!"

Joe, instead of replacing the chair on its hook at the back of the wagon, hurled it into the brush at the roadside. "Lay there, dad gum yore hide. I don't want no dad blamed haunted chairs following me to Mason and back home to Shelbyville.

Sam stayed with me that night. The next morning we started back to finish some work on a well we were digging for Dave Parks, Sam's father. We passed right by the place where Joe Shriner had hurled the chair into the brush at the side of the road. The chair was gone. When we came to the little camp ground near the old bridge there, resting on its four legs over the spot said to be the grave of Jake Brandt, was the kitchen chair.

The news spread all over the country. After nightfall folks avoided the east and west road past the Matkin place north of Mason — the road on which I had placed the chair — and took the old road south to the town of Mason.

Later on, after we had sold out and left the country, we heard the old wooden bridge had been torn down and a new bridge had been built in its place. Anyway, the ghost of Jake Brandt disappeared about that time and, as far as I know, has not been seen since.



NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

UPPER PURGATORY, by Edward Longstreet Bodin — College Publishing Co., Daytona Beach, Fla.; 159 pages, $2.50.

This is a discursive account of seances, in which an ex-soldier talks with his buddy, who is in what he calls "Upper Purgatory." It will interest those who wish to know what takes place in seance rooms.

The book mentions flying saucers, the strange death of Franklin Roosevelt, the birth of Christ, Christian Science, divine healing, the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy and Original Sin.

We read that Marconi was interested in apports and hoped to apply apportation practically; that the "healing ray" is omnipresent; that the terms "astralization" and "physicalization" would be useful for materializations; and that, as doctors speak of "materia-medica," we might speak of "materia-psychica."

The book makes the interesting suggestion that Francis Bacon, who was interested in physic phenomena, found in Shakespeare a medium through whom immortal poetry and plays were spirit-dictated.

QATABAN AND SHEBA, by Wendell Phillips — Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York; 362 pages, $5.00.

This is the detailed diary of an expedition exploring the "Ancient Kingdoms on the Biblical Space Routes of Arabia." It shows a down-to-earth picture of the life of little-known Arab peoples, including peeps into harems.

Wendell Phillips succeeded in penetrating to places where no white man ever had been. For those with a keen interest in archeology, as well as those fascinated by the strange and unknown generally, the result is rewarding.

Dr. Casper J. Kraemar, New York University, Department of Archeology, and Roy Chapman Andrews and Lowell Thomas speak very highly of this interesting book.

My PROOF of Survival

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

THE SAD ANGEL

By Elma D. Smith

In August, 1942, my only child, William, 12 years old, was burned fatally while playing cowboys with several other children. Unable to overcome the shock of his death, I grew bitter and resentful. I could not open my Bible or pray. I felt that God had been unjust. Why, I questioned, did such a sweet, innocent little fellow have to suffer and die as he did?

A few weeks after William's death I fell ill. I had no desire to live. The doctor gave my husband little hope for my recovery.

One morning, just as day was breaking, I lay in bed with my eyes half open. William appeared at my bedside. I was so overjoyed that I laughed and cried at the same time. I held him closely for a voice seemed to tell me if I moved a finger he would be gone.

My angel's head was bowed and he looked sad. Puzzled, I asked what was wrong. Wasn't he happy up there in heaven?

He shook his head and said, "No, Mother, I'm not happy because you are not up there with me."

A moment later he vanished but I felt I had the answer to my questions. I fell on my knees, begging God's forgiveness. I have submitted to His will and my



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faith has returned. — *Lexington, S. C.*

WHISTLE FROM THE GRAVE

By Rebecca Nebur

I grieved deeply over the death of my brother, Louie, in 1942. I had had a perverse fear of death since childhood and Louie, only 36, was the first of those close to me to pass on. I couldn't adjust to the thought of one as warm and alive as my big brother deteriorating into nothing. All I could think of was that I'd never see him again, never hear him whistle *Intermezzo* again.

According to Jewish custom, the unveiling of Louie's tombstone took place a year after his death, on June 16, 1943. I still was inconsolable at his grave. When time came to leave I told the others I wanted to remain there alone for a few minutes.

After they left I pressed my head against the grave like a child. Suddenly I heard someone whistle four notes. Anger flared in me at whoever was so callous as to whistle in a cemetery. Then I heard a man's voice say, "Look how beautiful it is out here. See? Don't cry for me any more." The voice sounded happy and at peace.

I lifted my head but saw nobody. Yet instead of being frightened I felt suddenly light-hearted as if a load had been lifted from my chest.

Louie had known my fears. I am certain he came to reassure me, to tell me he still was as alive as he had been while on earth. I have an ear for music and in retrospect I recognized the four whistled notes. They were the melody of *Intermezzo.* — *East Liverpool, Ohio.*

MESSAGE IN VERSE

By Rose Smith

IN 1945 I lived in a small Arizona town. One day I arranged to take my ward, Betty, to the state capitol the following morning. Because we were taking an early bus, she spent the night with me.

About four o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark, I was waked by a voice directing me to turn on the light and get my pad and pencil. I sat up in bed and turned on the bedlamp. I saw my step-son, William, standing at the foot of my bed. He smiled at me and told me to write down what he was going to say. He called me "Mother," although previously he had used the word only in his letters. He could not remember his own mother and through the years had used pet names for me. However, he had called me his mother when speaking to others.

He stood waiting and smiling, dressed in a light-colored Navy flier's uniform, without hat or coat. Filled with urgency to do as he directed, I had little time to

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reflect on the strangeness of his visit.

When I had paper and pencil ready he said:

"Don't bury me, Mother,
when I am dead
Beneath dark clods of
weighty, pressing
loam;
No heavy lidded casket
be my home.
I want no one to weep,
no one to sing,
For mine, the bier of an
ancient king.
A Viking burial they'll
give to me,
A great burning ship on
the ocean wide,
Giant sails set with the
out-going tide,
Deep waters below and
the sky above —
For wishes come true at
long last, my love!"

As he finished speaking, he moved backward into a thin mist and faded from sight. When he had vanished, Betty raised herself on one elbow and asked, "What are you doing? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"I have," I answered. "William is dead."

"What makes you say such a thing?"

"He was just here. Look at the message he gave me."

I trembled as I recalled an incident many years old. William had had difficulty in learning to

read. At last he found a book of Norse fairy tales. Fascinated, he spent many hours reading them. One day he came to me and said, "Don't bury me when I'm dead. I want a Viking funeral."

I told Betty I was certain William's ship had burned and that he had been buried at sea. She went to the calendar, marked a circle around the date and said, "There, you can look at that in a few months and realize how silly you were to imagine a dream could be real."

It was May 11.

On May 28 a telegram came telling me William was dead. Later I received the information that he had been killed when Japanese suicide planes hit the deck of his ship, the *U.S.S. Bunker Hill,* setting it on fire. The ship did not sink — but William had his Viking burial. — *Prescott, Ariz.*

VISIT TO THE BEYOND

By Thaynne Westfall

My paternal grandfather, Isaac de Baun, died when I was about three years old. Consequently my recollection of him is dim. I learned later that he was a man of strong character, to whom everyone looked for guidance in material affairs.

In July, 1949, I reached a critical time in my life when I groped for the solution to a problem. I thought of Grandfather and with-

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in me rose a great desire to speak with him. I felt myself whirling and I lost consciousness.

When I "woke" I found myself walking along a dirt road bordered by a stone fence. Peasants were working in the fields and I asked one of them where I could find Mr. de Baun. She said, "I will fetch him," and hurried in the direction of a castle-like stone structure. As I waited a young man, dressed in the style of 1850, came down the steps. Although he appeared to be about 30 years old, I recognized him as my grandfather.

He smiled and greeted me affectionately, saying, "I expected you to come, but not quite so soon."

I replied, "But I am not dead. I came only to see you."

He seemed embarrassed at this but I hastened to tell him of my problem, feeling that my time here was short. He said, "Nothing matters now, so don't worry any more."

I felt the warmth of his hand and then a great drawing backwards as though through a cone. I lost consciousness and "woke" on this plane.

Later I told my father of my experience, describing the place and the appearance and mannerisms of Grandfather. He wept and said my descriptions were exactly as when he was a small boy.

The experience was so real and

wonderful that it never has left my mind. I know now that life does indeed continue and that the gap between the physical and etheric worlds can be bridged by anyone whose desire and sincerity are strong enough. — *North Hollywood, Calif.*

MY CANINE GUIDE

By Louise Ray

My Aunt Theresa Scatena had a friend whom everyone called Saint Cecelia because she was so religious. In 1925 Cecelia invited me to visit her in San Anselmo, Calif. She told me to be certain to call her first because she feared I might not find her little house nestled on the side of a hill.

I decided to surprise Cecelia, however. Alighting from the electric train in San Anselmo, I walked past a garage. Sitting in front of it was a large Collie dog. He rose and walked beside me on the right. I love dogs but had not spoken to him.

Presently we came to a three-forked road. I decided to take the middle road but the dog stopped and sat gazing down the left fork. I walked about half a mile but felt I was wrong. I returned to the forks again and started up the road to the right, paying no attention to the fact that the dog still was gazing down the left fork.

I walked quite some distance,

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then returned once more to my starting point. The dog rose and walked slowly up the left road. Thinking he was going home, I followed him to ask his owner for directions.

When we had walked about three-quarters of a mile the dog stopped at a gate. Cecelia greeted me from the house steps and asked how I managed to find her. I said, "Your dog led me here."

"I have never seen that dog," she said.

Feeling grateful to the dog, I was reluctant to leave him without at least feeding him. We called him to the house, but he did not look at us and walked away.

Unable to forget the dog, I asked Cecelia to go to town with me so that I could thank the owner of the dog. She looked at me as if I were crazy and said, " I never saw a dog like that in town."

Later when I told Mother about the dog she said, "Why, that was our dog, Jack. He took care of you children years ago — he still must be guarding you." — *Santa Rosa, Calif.*

A WALK WITH SELMA

By Dr. S. J. Goldberg

My wife Selma died November 27, 1943. After the funeral, I left Cincinnati, where I practiced then, for a week's visit with her sister. On my return, I was walking down a street, when

suddenly my wife appeared beside me, taking my arm. She appeared very weak and pale, with the effects of her last illness still upon her, although she did say she was feeling better. Then she vanished and I found myself alone.

About three days later I was walking down the same street, when suddenly she joined me again. She was now gay, vivacious, sprightly, "Sam," she said, "I am well now. Everything is going to be fine." She had taken my arm as before. Then again, in the wink of an eye, she vanished.

Twice more she appeared. I used to lunch at a little restaurant across the street from my office. She joined me there about a week after the second encounter with her, asking me how I was getting on. I told her I missed her terribly. Her second visit to that restaurant occurred about a week after the first. Again she inquired how I was getting on and again I told her how much I longed for her company.

That was my last encounter with her. Neither in dream nor apparition have I seen her since. Some years ago I bought a book *100 Authentic Cases of Life After Death.* Should my wife's appearances be added to that number or were they hallucinations as some have interpreted them? If hallucinations, why have they not recurred?

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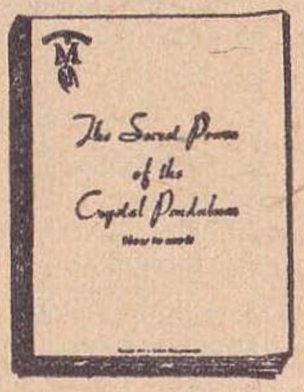
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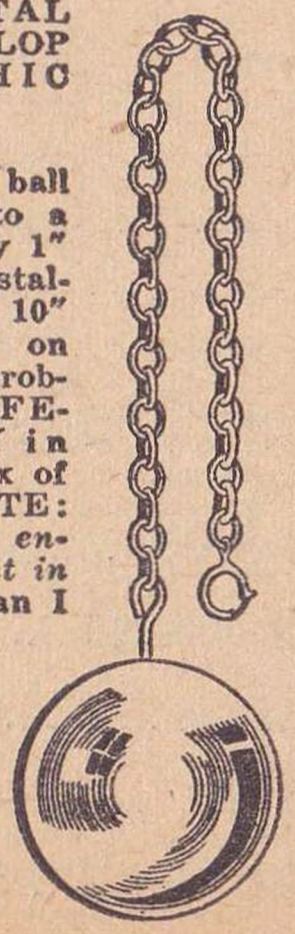


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REPORT FROM THE READERS

MYSTERY CRAFT

On July 29, 1954, my husband and I were driving up the beautiful San Simeon Highway toward Carmel, Calif., along the Pacific Coast. It was my turn at the wheel and the cool air and curving two-lane road kept me keenly alert.

Soon a light fog began rolling in but offshore a long, thick blanket of the white stuff promised more to come. It grew denser, blotting out the grand scenery we had come to enjoy.

However, the fog was forming a tunnel-like visibility hole over the road-bed, arching over and coming to rest against the sharply rising cliffs on the land side. My husband and I noticed that few cars were coming from the north and we assumed that the fog, thicker at that end, discouraged drivers from taking this highway.

As we reached the highest point several miles south of Big Sur State Park, the fog became opaque — except for the "tunnel." We drove cautiously as we could see only straight ahead.

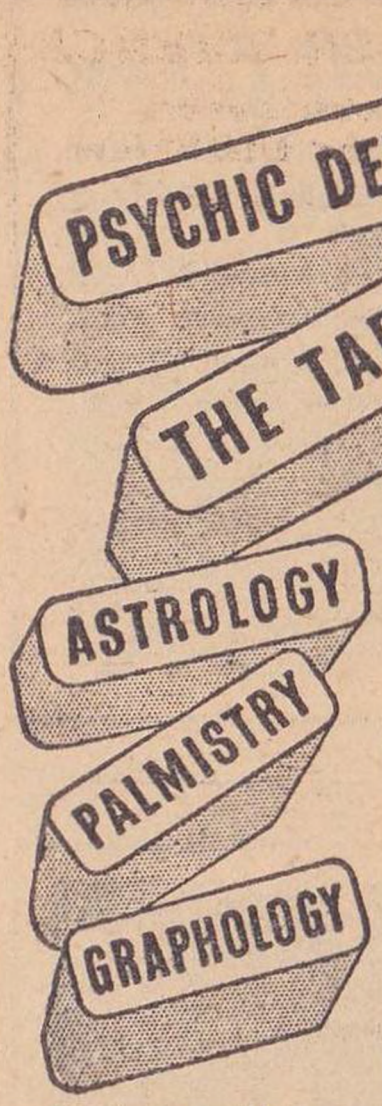
Suddenly we erupted into bright sunshine. On my right the earth still "stood on edge" but on my left, a couple of hundred feet

straight down, was the blue Pacific. Straight out, at eye-level, the fog was sheared off in a straight line as if by a giant knife. And there, stationary in mid-air with its tail-end seemingly holding back the long, thick, white blanket of fog, was what looked like a small plane. It was very smooth, aluminum-colored, with no propellor or moving parts. It made no sound and no one was visible.

I slowed the car and searched vainly for a place to draw off the road and have a good look. Cars were parked on every scrap of roadside and we realized this was why traffic had been so light. Many of those in the parked cars signalled us to look at the strange plane and I indicated with signs and smiles that we saw it too.

We drove on but still found no parking spot. At every place where the road curved back sufficiently we still could see this bright plane hovering in the air. Cars still were parked along the road and oncoming cars were stopping in their tracks.

My husband and I puzzled over the plane. It had no marks of any kind that we could see. It was approximately 150 feet offshore and a little higher from the ocean. We noted it was not anchored. Ordinary planes or helicopters could not have remained motionless in mid-air as as long as this craft did.— *E. Long, Pasadena, Calif.*



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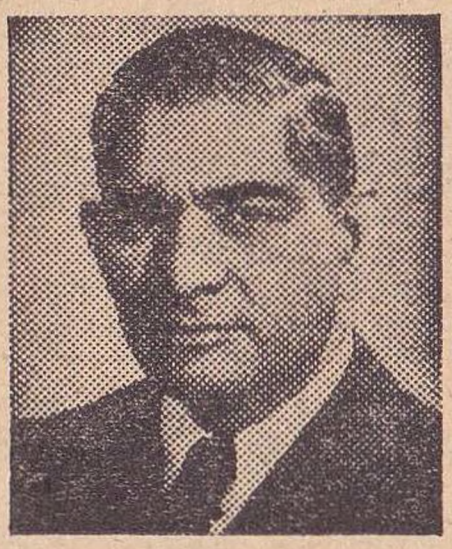
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SIDELIGHT ON MESCALIN

I greatly enjoyed the article on mescalin in the January issue. Just one thing was wrong with it. Author C. William Chamberlain did not say what effect it had on the appearance of other persons. Did they too appear in beautiful colors? He describes all else in such detail, one wonders why this omission? — *Ada Ferguson, Santa Cruz, Calif.*

In regard to the query about my article, here's the answer. I was not interested in people per se. I observed them only objectively. A coat button or a shoe lace held my attention quite as much as a face or a particular human expression. I felt no emotion toward any person. Their colors and designs meant no more to me than a wrinkle in my own shirt sleeve. My interest was held no more by a person than by a tree or a piece of furniture.

I recall being fascinated by the whites of Dr. Peterson's eyes, which protruded slightly. The shadows displayed by the eyeballs were beautiful but the face as a whole made little impression on me. What held my attention was the detils unobserved in a normal state.

I realize that it is difficult for the reader to visualize the situation without ever having had a similar experience. Words hardly give an idea of the pictures con-

veyed through my eyes to my drugged brain. It is almost impossible to get a schizophrenic patient to discuss similar visions. He does not have the words to paint an intelligent picture.

To the mescalin-drugged subject a beautiful woman is not considered as a woman but various details of her appearance, ordinarily given slight notice, hold him fascinated. Unmoved by her personality or charm, he is enthralled by the lights and shadows in a fold of her gown. That was my experience. Perhaps it is this concentrated attention to small details that makes the subject oblivious to danger and pain, as well as other feelings — a state of hypnosis, so to speak. — C. William Chamberlain, Oceanside, Calif.

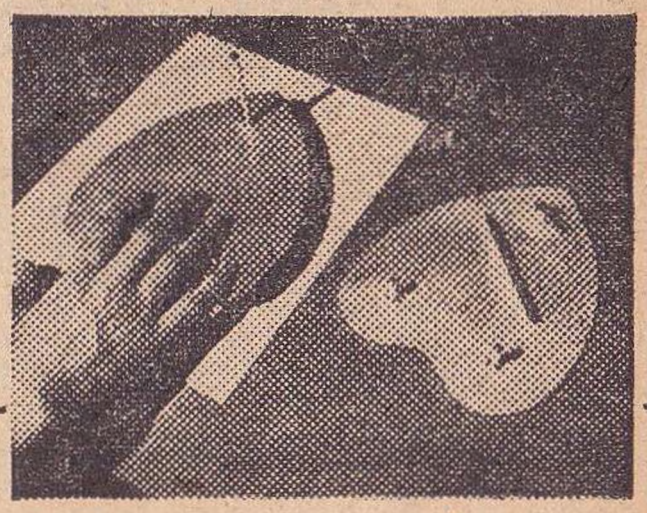
WOMAN WHO STAYED YOUNG

The article in the December FATE about the Richmond, Va., woman who grew younger is very interesting but Mrs. A. was young only in emotions and actions. Her body aged.

A London medical magazine called *The Lancet* published an account of an Englishwoman who went insane in her early years as the result of disappointment in love. She believed she was living in the same hour which parted her from her lover and from that time on, while waiting for him, she did not age physically. She remained

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This book is concisely written and the description of the proofs and facts cannot be abbreviated. Shortened items in newspapers have merely led to confusion and misunderstanding. Therefore we do not permit news items to be published and for that reason you may not have seen any publicity in regard to it. It is worth a hundred times the price asked if you consider your life and we were to take into consideration the 20 years of diligent and heart breaking experimenting and calculating which led to the discovery that this great flood would come soon.

THE FORERUNNER — STORMS, CYCLONES and FLOODS

Calculations made since the book was printed, and proved by gyroscopic experiments, show that the earth is drawing nearer and nearer to the sun and that the angle of the slant of its axis is changing, causing the polar ice caps to melt faster and drastic climatic changes in various areas. The floods just recently suffered on the West Coast and New England states are some of these forerunners and until the great shift occurs, they will increase in intensity each year, so prepare by every means possible.

"I devoutly believe in God, but do not believe in the divinity of the bible, and it was as a result of this disbelief, and disbelief in the rainbow story in the bible, that I made the discoveries mentioned in the book. I freely take an oath that God strike me dead this very moment if there is any substantial error in this book, or in the calculations. In the early stages of our program I was threatened, cursed and ridiculed, but by the grace of God we now are having far greater success with this program to save humanity, than

were my fondest hopes, and having carried us through thus far, I do not believe God will permit the program to die.

"I have had no supernatural inspirations or visions, and the discoveries are entirely scientific and not based on any religious belief or the bible, but I have unmistakably had the assistance of God in the course of the experiments that led to the discoveries. We have already received quite a number of unsolicited donations to further this program. Many religious people have written that they are sure the book is correct.

"An eminent astronomer, somewhat unwillingly, conceded to me, and I believe he based it on my book, that the earth and poles make regular periodic great sudden shifts, and I believe also that astronomers know of the drift of the earth toward the sun, but fear a public statement might cause a panic.

"I do not believe a panic would come, and I further believe we will be successful in our experiments to deflect the axis of the earth to prevent the flood with great atomic jets. We need, however, the support of the public. If the public continues to respond as it has, humanity will LIVE — otherwise WE ALL DIE.

"My sacrifice to this cause in time and money exceeds $20,000. With your cooperation the program is assured of success." — Adam D. Barber, the author.

We quote from the December 8, 1955, issue of the Baltimore News Post:

"Dr. Vannevar Bush warned today that mankind is headed for catastrophe.

"Bush, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and one of today's 'giants' in the field of science, declared in his final report for the institution that 'wars ASIDE, man is STILL headed for TROUBLE'.

" 'We need to know whether the poles have shifted, and if so where they have moved, whether the skin of the earth has slipped over its core, and whether it is still slipping'."

Our purpose is to persuade congress to take action and build boats or balloons, moored at every street corner, to save civilization. Many government officials have refused to take action, fearing it would cause a panic. To convince them that the public is aroused we want to take a wagon load of orders for the book to them. The National Academy of Sciences of the United States, however, has written us: "We wish to thank you for your book 'The Coming Disaster Worse than the H. Bomb.' I can assure you that your comments in this book on earth satellites will receive serious consideration and we are appreciative of your interest in this program." (Note: the calculations on earth satellites and in regard to the flood all interlock closely — the author).

We need the small profit on the book to carry on the experiments to deflect the axis. These advertisements cost much money. Is the large percentage of the public buying this book and supporting us, crazy?

This flood should be prepared for as QUICKLY as POSSIBLE. Money is worth life now — after the flood it will be worthless.

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youthful looking — no wrinkles or gray hair.

Some strangers saw her when she was 74 years old. Asked to guess her age, they estimated that she was under 20.

Mary Baker Eddy relates this case on page 245 of her book *Science and Health. — Frances M. Headen, Richmond, Va.*

REALLY A SMART DOG

This is to take issue with John Edward Malloy at the conclusion of his article, "Chris — The Mathematical Dog," in the November issue.

Mr. Malloy says he asked Chris if the moon was out. Chris answered yes. Mr. Malloy says he then walked outside, found no sign of the moon and concluded that Chris was wrong.

Well, the dog was not wrong. The moon really is *always out.* Where would it go when it is in? If Mr. Malloy had asked, "Is the moon visible?" the answer still would have been yes as the moon always is visible somewhere. Had the question been, "Will I be able to see the moon?" probably the answer would have been no.

Anyway, for my money, when when the dog was asked, "Is the Moon out?" and he answered yes, he was right. He is, as he says, a smart dog. — *Claire Robinson, Ocean Park, Calif.*

A TUG AT THE SKIRT

While I was staying with my mother-in-law she told me that while she was out in the yard one night something pulled at her skirt hem. She was quite upset.

I thought her skirt had caught on a weed.

One night I went outside to fix a bed as it was summer and we were sleeping outdoors. As I started back to the house I felt something tug at my skirt hem. Thinking it was a weed, I reached down to pull my skirt from it. To my surprise nothing was there.

Later in the week a cousin came to stay with us. One night she walked into the house pale and shaken. She said she had had the same experience as my mother-in-law and I. Each time this happened at a different spot in the yard.

We never have been able to explain just what it was that tugged at our skirts. This happened over two years ago. The house burned down this year. — *Mrs. Bob McKinney, Cushing, Okla.*

PROPHET NOT WITHOUT HONOR

You will recall that about a year and a half ago during the McCarthy fuss I sent you a prediction that McCarthy would be a forgotten man in less than two years. Also that Ike would not finish his term in office. As I write, this appears probable as a result of his heart attack.

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I also wrote that Nixon would take over the office of president, and we would face the worst condition we have ever seen in this country. Much to my regret this seems slowly to be coming true. McCarthy is a forgotten man, Ike is a very sick man and Nixon is the confused boy of the White House.

I have tested my foresight before and found it about 90% accurate. So take this as you may — and thanks for a very interesting magazine. — *Virgil DeBoe, Glendale, Calif.*

"LET'S HAVE MORE"

Let us have more articles like "Psychic Stories From the Bible" by Ralph Underhill in the October issue of FATE. — *William E. Carter, East Orange, N. J.*

ELECTRICAL VS. PSYCHIC DOWSING

There seems to be a never ending controversy regarding dowsing, with each individual who has the gift claiming that his is the only true and successful method. In the October issue of FATE the writer of the letter titled "Is Dowsing Electrical?" decided that it is electrical.

This is not an untenable theory. With me, dowsing appears to be a combination of the electrical and psychic. According to some, if feet are insulated from electric currents in the ground rods will not operate. This is not true with

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me. I have shoes with heavy rubber soles, also soft rubber insoles. Moreover, I can locate water from an auto moving at 45 to 50 m.p.h. It seems that the rubber tires would insulate against ground currents.

As for the psychic theory, occassionally my rod, or rods — I have three, of different sizes — will not operate. This is easily remedied. I burn a box of incense and this clears the rod for months. — *E. H. Douglass, Los Angeles, Calif.*

"KEEP THEM COMING"

I am writing to tell you how much I enjoyed the articles by Estella de Ford Graham and Dr. W. D. Chesney in the October issue of FATE. Please keep articles from these fine writers coming. — *Mary Judith Hyde, Alexandria, Va.*

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE?

I received several letters from a lady in California who said she did not believe a "reading" could be given which would foretell the future. I did a "reading" for her. I told her that within a month she would hear from a young man. I described him as in his early 20's, athletic, tall, with curly blond hair, grey or blue eyes, lines from nose to mouth, tanned skin. She wrote back that she knew no such person and that she planned to

have no heart affiliations at all. She was quite vehement about it.

Later she wrote, rather contritely, that during the week I had specified she received a letter from a brother she had not seen in 16 years. His description fitted exactly the description I had given her. Out of three brothers, from none of whom she had heard in 16 years, all were dark-haired except the one who had written.

Many persons think that psychometry involves mental telepathy. This is proof — for me, anyway — that it is not. The lady in California had not been thinking of her brother — in fact, had not heard from him for so long that she did not know whether he was dead or alive.

This should prove to skeptics that there are people who can look into the future and tell what is going to happen. — *June E. Weidemann, New Athens, Ill.*

INVISIBLE CAT

My mother used to live in Lausanne, Switzerland. Once she and another lady were invited to tea — there were just three ladies all together.

As they were gossiping, the other lady kept bending down to look at her legs. Mother asked what was the matter.

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"Something keeps rubbing back and forth across my legs — but I can't see anything," she answered.

"Oh, don't worry," said the hostess. "That's just my cat. It died several days ago." — *E. Friend, Los Angeles, Calif.*

"HOG-WASH"

In the story "Was I a Murderer?" in the November, 1955, issue of FATE, author Michael Sheldon states that he asked in Italian, "When did Maria die?" Then he says that he cannot understand Italian. If he could not understand Italian, how did he know what he said? Then if he had been in dream form, witnessing the murder he had committed, why did he call, "Maria," when as Luigi Bondonno he would have remembered he had killed Maria and would not have been surprised to find her dead. To be brief, I think the author has been feeding us a lot of hog-wash. — *Joseph E. Suthren, Port Colborne, Ont., Can.*

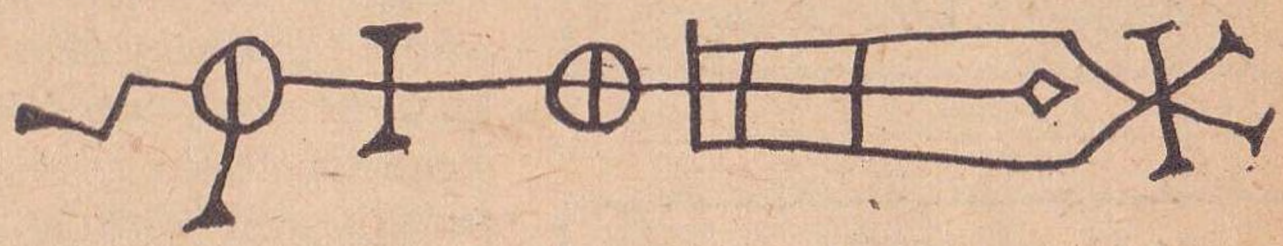
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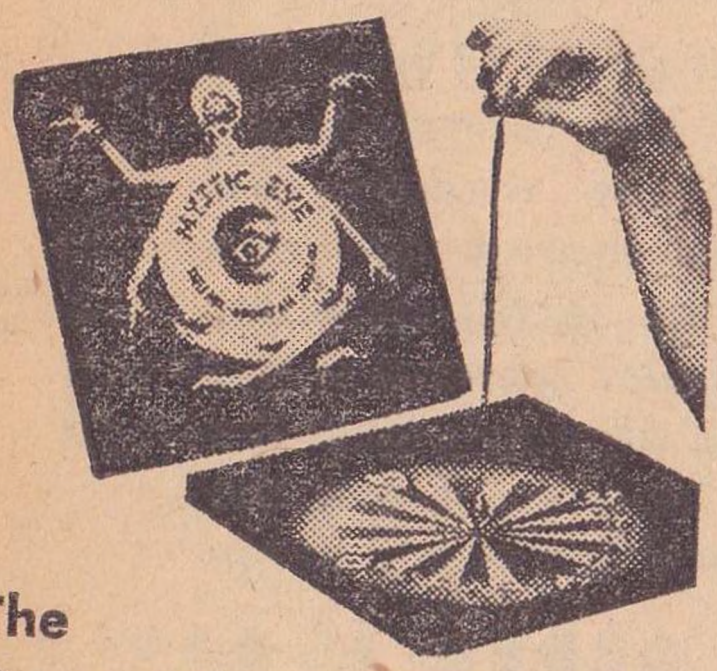
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trance or, as reader Suthren puts it, "dream form," spoke French, German, Czech, Dutch and Spanish — languages they never learned and could neither speak nor understand after awakening from trance.

After murdering Maria Luigi Bondonno called out, "Maria, Maria!" Is this so unusual? A person who has killed a loved one is likely to be in a state of mind where he simply cannot accept the fact. In every day life it may take a person weeks or months to readjust to the death of a loved one. — Michael Sheldon, Gravesend, Kent, England.

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showed him my collection of back issues. He like so many is too timid to admit an interest in the unusual and unknown. — *Alfred Newcomb, Corona, Calif.*

"MUST" VS. "MAY"

I was interested in Mr. Saunders' letter in the January FATE regarding the Wilzen-Flammarion theory.

Mr. Saunders says, "In eternity any combination of atoms and events that once existed will exist again — many times." And, "By the laws of chance alone, repetition must occur, even down to the most minute detail."

I question the use of the words "will" and "must." I think they should be "may."

If we are talking about pure chance, no control whatever, then there are no "laws" of chance. In fact, "laws of chance" is a contradiction in terms. There are only probabilities, and in pure chance those probabilities might change at any time.

If a penny is tossed into the air, there is no law that prevents it from coming down "heads" five times running — or 100 times, for that matter. Just probabilities, and those probabilities are based on past performance. In pure chance, no control of any kind, probabilities on the past could not be relied upon for the future.

So in the infinite making of

universes, if it were a matter of chance, there is no certainty that any one universe would turn up a second time. Universe No. 1 might happen a thousand times, but Universe No. 2 might not be repeated at all. The absence of control means chaos and in chaos there are no dependable probabilities. — *Raymond G. Buckley, Philadelphia, Pa.*

TAKING WARTS AWAY

Reading about the wart cure in the January, 1956, issue of FATE made me recall an experience of my own. My small niece visited me one day. Her hands were covered with numerous warts. I said I would take the warts away. I pretented to count them, then rubbed a finger over them.

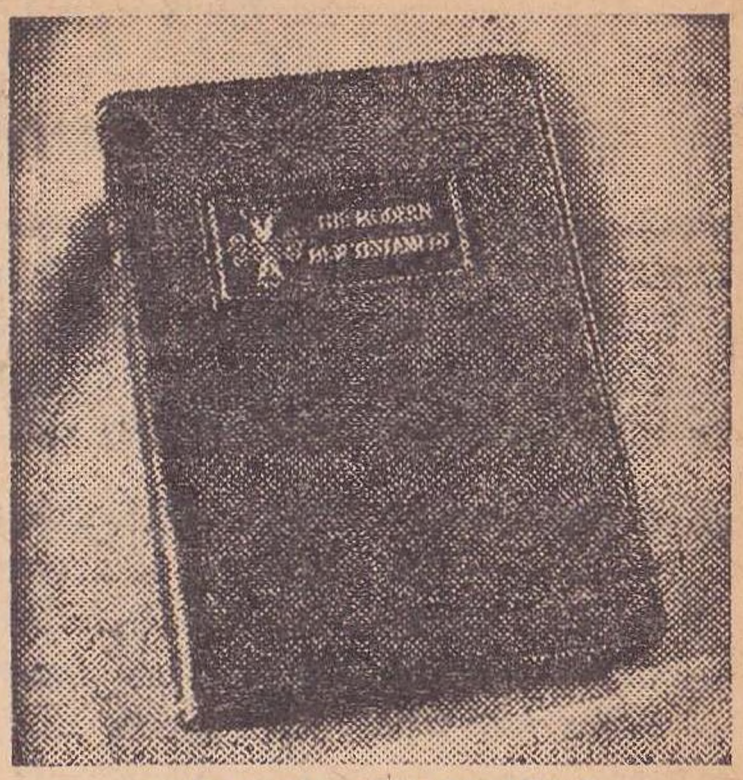
A short time later her mother noticed a change in her hands and asked "What became of your warts?"

My niece said, "Uncle Will took them away."

I am not a doctor — not even a witch doctor. I expected the warts to go, although not as completely as they did go. — *W. R. Martin, Marianna, Pa.*

"CAN'T LAY IT DOWN"

The only thing wrong with FATE is that when I get my copy I can't lay it down. I wish it was published weekly. — *Hazel Robinson, Bartlesville, Okla.*



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