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MAGAZINE

September
1956



DOWSING FOR *Murder*

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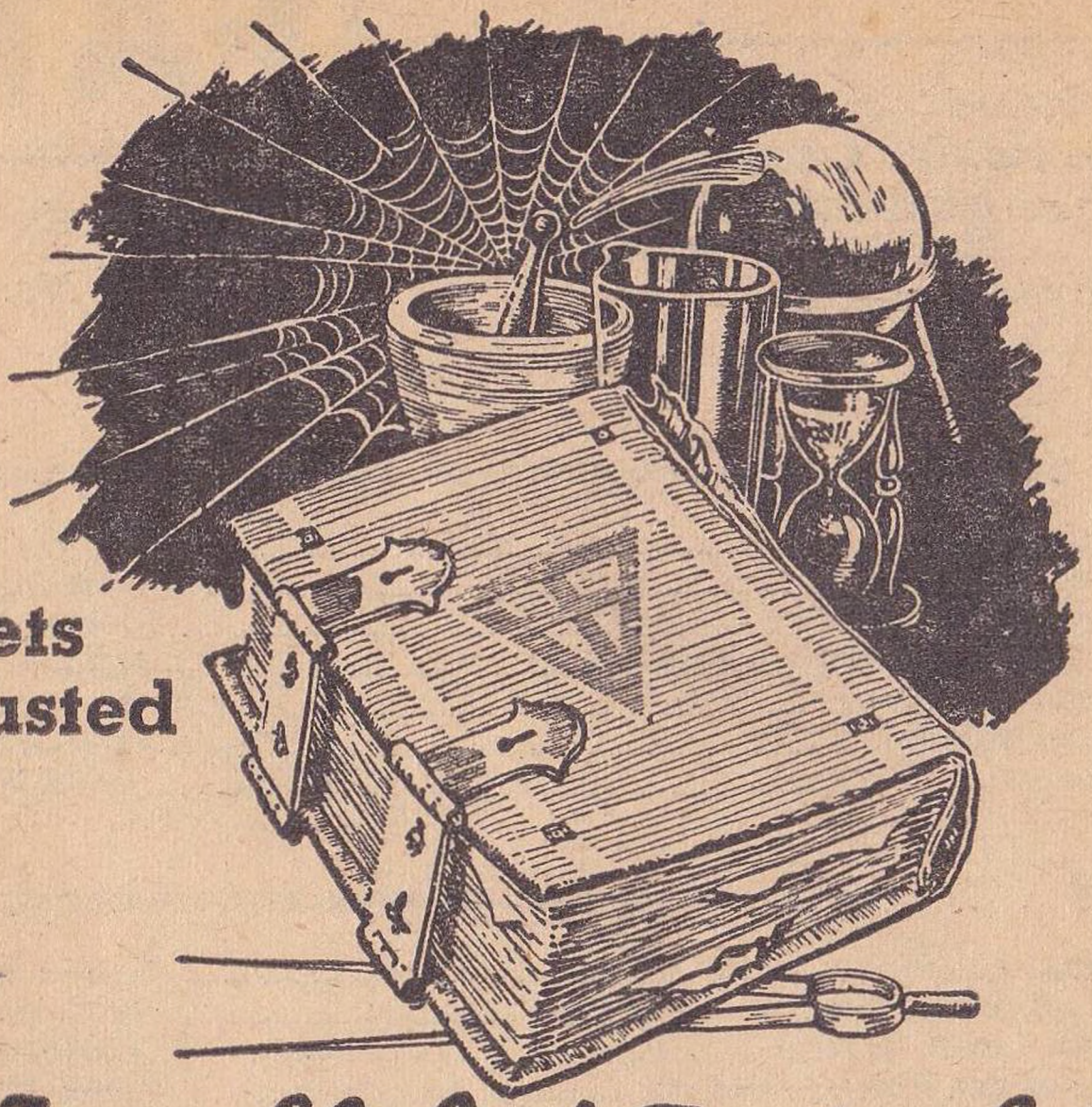
I WAS LOST IN THE *Fourth Dimension*



THE *Phantom* WOLF



TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN



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SEPTEMBER
1956

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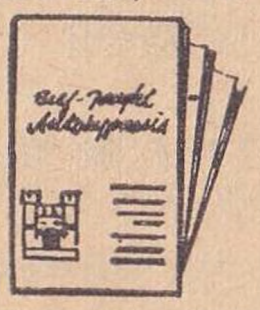
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I See by the Papers...

AFTER BRIDEY MURPHY

■ The ramifications of the Bridey Murphy book extend in a hundred divergent directions. To catalog them would take an encyclopedia and that is hardly our intention anyway.

In Wayne County, Mich., the county prosecutor called a conference to determine whether hypnotists should be regulated by law. Law enforcement officers puzzled over such questions as:

Will physical and mental harm result from hypnotism practiced by amateurs?

Can hypnotism be taught, and if not aren't courses offering to teach it a fraud?

Can hypnotized persons be induced to commit crimes?

Can hypnotism infringe on the rights of physicians?

While all this hullabaloo was going on, Dr. Roy M. Dorcus of the University of California at Los Angeles quietly edited a new book which emphasizes the growing importance of hypnosis in bringing about something better than temporary healing effects. Chapters of the book have been written by a dozen physicians on the faculties of various medical schools and they list the following ailments helped by hypnotism: severe pain, essential hypertension, prolonged hiccoughing, serious skin disorders, peptic ulcers, and excessive smoking.



❖

■ In Shawnee, Okla., a newspaper carrier killed himself and left the following note:

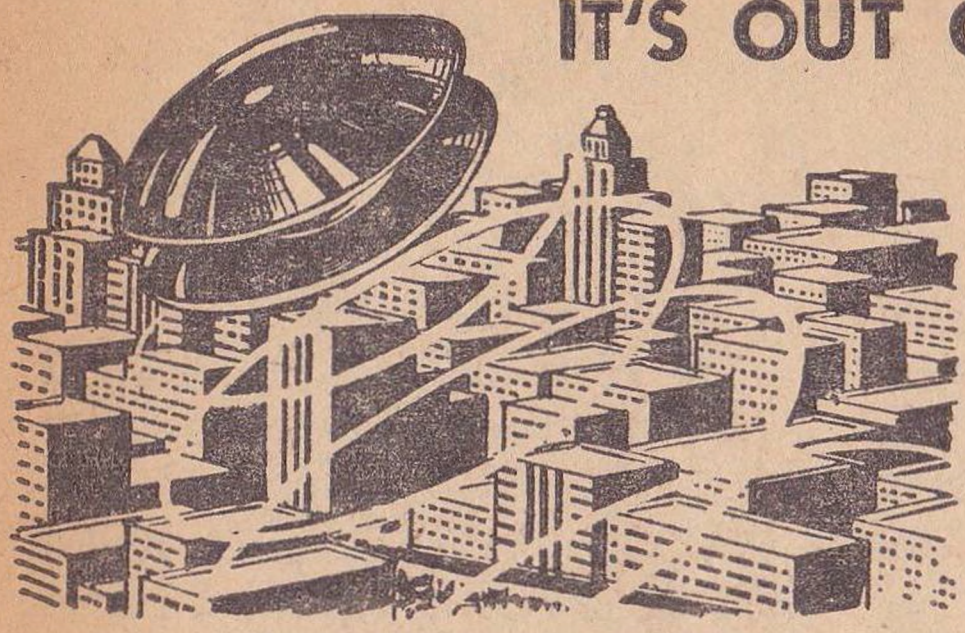
"They say that curiosity kills a cat. Well, I'm going and I'm very curious. I am curious about this Bridey Murphy story, so I am going to investigate the theory in person."

❖

A REAL HYPNOTIST

■ In Italy a 25-year-old Algerian named Mohamed Sisbane arrived from Genoa with his dancer wife

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in a sleek limousine but with an empty wallet.

To hear the Italians tell it, Mohamed Sisbane had a hypnotic manner that would put the Sphinx to sleep.

First he called on Francesco Noferi, a jeweler, and asked to be shown a selection of jewelry. As Signor Noferi began his sales talk he felt himself looking into Mohamed's black eyes and slipping into a trance. Ditto his mother. When they woke up both jewels and Algerians were gone.

This happened twice more in the next few days. In the Aquila Reale Hotel, Mohamed asked the pretty cashier to change a $100 bill into lire. When she started counting, the girl found she couldn't stop until she had handed Mohamed her entire pack of banknotes.

Officials in Frankfurt, Germany, finally caught up with the Sisbanes but now police have another headache: European penal codes make no provision for hold-ups by hypnotism.

❖

IN THE HIGH HIMALAYAS

■ No more frustrating series of rumors has even plagued the editors of FATE than the continuing reports of the Abominable Snowman. This month there are two such reports.

On May 27, Australian climber Peter Byrne reported in Darjeeling, India, that he found tracks believed to belong to the Yeti at 18,000 feet on the Sikkim-Nepal border. The footprints in the snow and sand were 10½ inches long and 4½ inches wide and appeared to be made by a two-legged creature walking upright. Byrne has been given permission by the Nepalese government to hunt Yeti in the Everest region next winter and was on a reconnaissance expedition.

Meanwhile, the new book, *The Long Walk,* published by Harper's and written by Slavomir Rawicz, offers new evidence of the Yeti.

Rawicz and six companions escaped from a Soviet slave labor camp in Siberia and walked by foot 4,000 miles through forests, across the burning deserts and finally over the Himalayas themselves.

One day they saw two strange creatures in the Himalayas: "They were enormous and they walked on their hind legs. They could not have been less than eight feet tall. There was something both of the bear and ape about their general shape, but they could not be mistaken for either. The color was a rusty kind of brown."

❖

WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE?

■ It seems impossible to believe that these persistent reports, these frequent sightings, are hallucinations. But consider several other

matters recently reported in the newspapers. What about these?

Alfred Scadding of Kingswood Road, Toronto, Ont., is the sole survivor of three men trapped in the famous 1936 Moose River Mine disaster. Recently Scadding made a confession to George Bryant of the Toronto Daily Star.

Minutes before the mine caved in, he said, he was on his way to join the others. "I came to a crosscut, a tunnel running across the one I was in, and as I passed I looked left. I saw a small light, like a flashlight, about two feet from the ground and swinging as if in someone's hand, moving away from me.

"Yet, as we later learned, there wasn't another human being down there at that time."

Bryant recalls the belief of older miners in the reality of gnomes. If they are seen it portends a big strike or a major disaster.

"And two minutes after I saw that light the mine came in on us."

After they were trapped Scadding and Dr. Eddie Robinson, both conscious and apparently clear-headed, heard a sound like children playing off in the distance.

"There was shouting and laughter, as of little people having fun," he says. "We both heard it so clearly we thought there was a vent to the surface. But there wasn't. It went on for 24 hours."

■ "There are fairies in everybody's gardens," says Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding who headed the Royal Air Force during the Battle for Britain. "I have never seen them, but I believe implicitly in their existence."

"I have a friend who can see fairies and converse with them freely. I have often been there when she has been talking with them." Fairies are very unhappy because humans do not believe in them, said Lord Dowding.

"Fairies begin as little insensate specks of light which want to do nothing but dance about. Then come the gnomes, usually little men with long beards and hobnail boots, followed by the elves with round heads and pointed ears. The little fairies themselves are only 12 inches tall, complete with wings."



REALMS OF THE UNKNOWN

■ Anyone who explores the realms of the unknown must deal with the worlds of the impossible.

An Associated Press report from Leamington, England, dated May 28, says that midget deer only two feet tall are leaping like kangaroos in Leamington's streets and gardens.

One householder spotted a midget deer among his radishes and cabbages. "It sailed gracefully over a five-foot fence and vanished," he said.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals said their origin is a mystery.

❖

■ On the same order as these "impossibilities" comes a report from Wilder, Johnson County, Mo. A swift, westbound Santa Fe passenger train was speeding through Wilder when both the engineer, R. E. Lee, and his fireman saw the body of a child fly through the air.

Air brakes screamed; slowly the train ground to a halt. Engineer Lee got our of his cab. "I'm sure I struck a child," he said. The word spread quickly through the town. The sheriff was called. Mothers were alerted.

A search began along the tracks on each side of the train over a distance of a mile. Mothers hunted out their children. The search lasted 30 minutes.

No crumpled little body was found. No child was missing. As far as could be learned no child had been seen playing near the tracks.

The train continued on its way to Topeka.

❖

■ Late this Spring, Farmer Henry Morton and Rural Policeman Manley Thomas hunted a "huge beast" that left footprints 13 inches long in Morton's watermelon patch near Wadesboro, N. C.

The tracks were 13 inches by 5 inches — twice the size of the tracks of a 650-pound bear which was held captive in Wadesboro.

Morton saw the beast on a foggy night as he drove up to the riverside field. "It was foggy and when I took a closer look the moving object appeared to be a man in a stooped over position. Then the beast came out of the melon patch and disappeared."

❖

ARTIFICIAL MARS

■ At the University of British Columbia, students working under Dr. D. James Wort have created an artificial planet simulating life on Mars. A glass sphere in a cold storage room on the University campus serves to demonstrate life conditions on Mars so far as earth scientists have been able to judge them.

Pressure within the sphere was one-tenth that of earth. Temperatures varied between 87° and 4° below zero for alternate 12-hour periods.

The atmosphere within the sphere was 98.5 per cent nitrogen, .25 per cent carbon dioxide and 1.2 per cent argon.

Earth-type lichens and moss were planted within the sphere. At the end of a month one lichen was dying and the moss was dead. Another lichen was thriving, however.

The experiment proved the def-

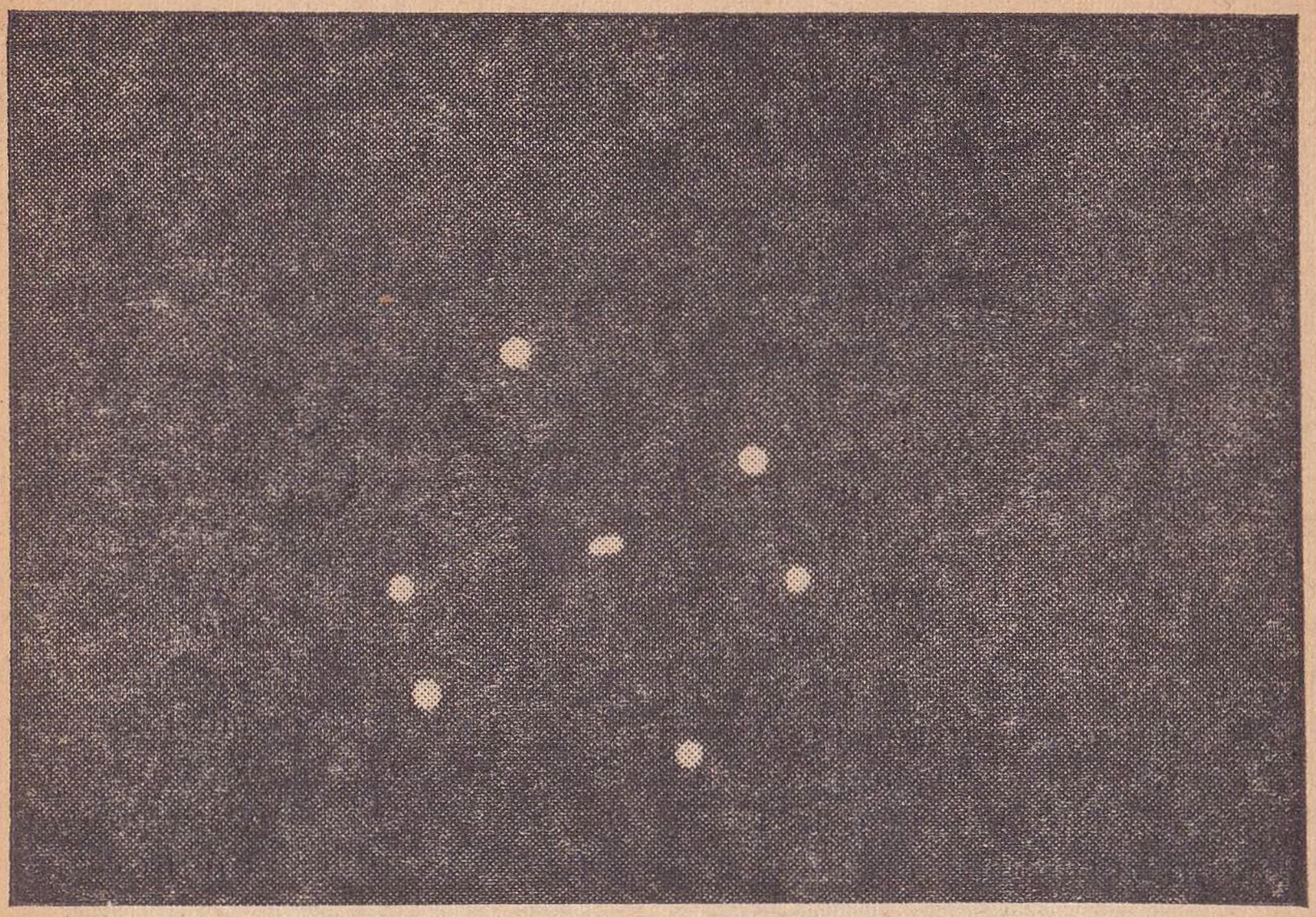


Photo above is a scene from a hitherto "top secret" Air Force film being used in United Artist's documentary movie, "Unidentified Flying Objects." A radar screen image, scene shows an investigating Air Force jet interceptor surrounded by six UFO's over Washington, D. C. United Press Photo.

inite possibility of earth-type plants living on Mars. How much more likely that plants conditioned to the Martian scene could flourish there?

❖

ANOTHER PLANET HEARD FROM

■ So far as is generally known, until the month of May, 1956, the Planet Venus had never been heard from on radio telescopes. Then in May, the Ohio State University Radio Observatory received strong radio signals from Venus on several occasions. The signals were crackling sounds, something like radio static from thunderstorms on Earth. This announcement came out of Columbus early in June.

Then on June 5, the U. S. Navy reported that it too had tuned in on Venus after receiving the OSU report.

Navy scientists Cornell H. Mayer, Russell M. Sloanaker and Timothy P. McCullough, using ultra sensitive equipment said that the sounds they heard appear to indicate that Venus is surrounded by a cloud bank of about 220° Farenheit — 8° higher than the boiling point of water at sea level.

They expressed the belief that the temperatures on the planet's surface must be a lot hotter.

The radio waves, they said, are created by the heat around Venus.

If their deductions are true there's obviously no possibility of earth-type life existing on Venus.



PUSHING BACK HISTORY

■ Archeologists continually push back the history of civilization. If they push it back far enough it is not impossible that they will push themselves into a series of civilizations that preceded the cycle of which we are a part. If they do that they will confirm the theories of many responsible people that there have been other great cycles of human life on earth, each destroyed by some great catastrophe concerning which we can only guess.

At any rate, French Archeologist Jean Perrot has unearthed in Israel, stone structures believed to be at least 12,000 years old — more than 6,000 years before historical records were kept.

Perrot's find pushes back the limits of time when men should have developed civilization because the Netufian culture which he found depended on grain harvests for livelihood. Thus man had already settled down into communities and was practicing agriculture — all conducive to civilization.

Discovered here was a walled pit more than 20 feet across with a paved floor covered by a mound with two concentric stone circles. There was a basin and the remains of a fireplace.



LONG, LONG BURIED TREASURE

■ Latest news on the Dead Sea scrolls reveals a list of hidden treasures. Sixty hoards of treasure are described, including one with nearly 200 tons of gold, all hidden in a 50-mile area near the Dead Sea. Experts agree that the treasure may still be there.

The scrolls were on copper, and believed buried by the mysterious Jewish sect known as the Essenes — who hitherto have been considered people who regarded money as unimportant.

Although the translator expressed caution over the validity of the description, which resemble other Biblical and Arabic accounts, he also admitted that this was "the first ancient document of its kind — a guide to treasure trove — ever to be found and the earliest known text in colloquial Mishnaic Hebrew.

The writings on the scrolls were found to contain more than 3,000 characters punched onto copper. About 95 per cent of the characters still were intact after the scrolls had been opened.

Two hundred short tons of gold would be worth $204 mil-

lion at present prices.

The problem of finding the treasures, if they still exist, is greatly complicated by the fact that the topography of the land has changed considerably since the time the scrolls were written.

Great importance must have been attached to the instructions for finding the treasure because they are the first ever found on copper — an expensive metal at that time.

Here is a typical instruction from the scrolls:

"In the cistern which is below the rampart, on the east side in a place hollowed out of rock, 600 bars of silver."

"Close by, below the southern corner of the portico at Zadok's tomb (Zadok was a high priest under Solomon), and underneath the pilaster in the exedras, a vessel of incense in pine wood and a vessel of incense in cassia wood."

"In the pit nearby, toward the north, near the grave, in a hole opening to the north, there is a copy of this book with explanations, measurements and all details."

❖

CLAY I. O. U.

■ Thirty-seven years ago Elwood D. Hummel was fishing along the Susquehanna River near Winfield, Pa. In the stream he noticed a little rock with strange markings on it. He picked it up and found it was made of baked clay.

For 37 years Hummel kept the thing in his collection. Then one of his four kids found it and used it as a plaything. After a period of handling the wear on the surface of the clay object brought out its markings more clearly. Hummel got curious and sent it off to the curator of a Chicago museum.

Back came word that the markings represented a cuneiform inscription which, translated, describes a short term loan of an Assyrian merchant in Cappadocia around 1800-1900 B. C.

Well and good, but what was the tablet record of the transaction doing in the bottom of a Pennsylvania River in A. D. 1921?

❖

NEW LIGHT ON WITCHES

■ On the moors of lonely Devonshire, where Sherlock Holmes tracked down the Hound of the Baskervilles, witchcraft is still practiced according to no less an authority than the British Medical Association.

A panel of medical specialists in England has just completed 21 months of studying whether illness can be cured by faith and has recommended that the medical association should investigate "witch doctors practicing in Britain with so-called magic cures," according to the *Daily Sketch*.

An unnamed doctor reported

through the medical association:

"The practice of magic, both white (using good spirits) and black (using evil spirits), was widely spread in my Devon practice.

"I had one definite death from witchcraft, or I suppose I should say suggestion, while I was there. The practice of charming away warts is extremely effective."

The British Press Association followed up the report and discovered that witchcraft is indeed still practiced on Dartmoor and "belief in the healing powers and efficacy of the white witch doctor is prevalent."

The group from the British Medical Association, which has been investigating spiritual or faith healing, reported that "many aspects of healing are still outside our present knowledge and this we should honestly and humbly admit." However, the group could find no evidence of any particular illness that responded to spiritual healing and not to medical science.

❖

MORE ON HEALING

■ And while we are on the subject of healing we should recall to our readers the case of Randy Eckman, the seven-year-old boy who was hospitalized with "incurable leukemia" a year ago in his home town of St. Joseph, Mich.

The Eckmans are Lutherans but a woman's club in St. Joseph raised $2,320 to finance a flight for Randy and his mother to Lourdes, France, late in January.

On May 15, Randy's mother said he is doing "just fine." He returned to school shortly after his trip to the shrine in France. "If you could see him now and had seen him before, you'd know what I mean," said Randy's mother. "He's so full of life now."

❖

ST. JANUARIUS' LIQUIFYING BLOOD

■ St. Januarius' blood has liquefied again, Msgr. Alfonso Castealdo, Archbishop Coadjutor of Naples announced on May 5.

As previous columns in this magazine have pointed out, the blood of the martyred Saint is kept in a silver and crystal vial and traditionally liquefies on the Saturday before the first Sunday of May and on September 19.

Crowds cheered in the streets for the liquefaction of the blood is a traditional omen of good times.

❖

ANOTHER CREMATION

■ Last April 28, Harold J. Hall, 59, of 141 East F. Street, Benicia, Calif., was talking with his landlord, Sam Massenzi, who lives in the top half of a two-story frame house.

"I guess I'll go to the movies

tonight," Hall told Massenzi and excused himself to dress. He carefully dressed himself in a blue serge suit, dress shirt, necktie and hat. Apparently he then sat down at his kitchen table. That was the last time anyone ever saw Harold J. Hall conscious.

Within a half hour after Hall had talked with Massenzi the latter smelled smoke in the house and went downstairs to investigate. When he entered the kitchen, there was Hall horribly burned, unconscious on the floor.

Hall's clothes were in shreds in front. His chest, arms and face were burned to a crisp. The legs and the lower part of his body were burned less seriously. There were no burns on his back; the cloth was not even scorched.

His lungs were burned severely; his air passages were closed. An incision was made in his throat to keep him breathing. But Harold J. Hall died within a few hours.

There was no other trace of a fire in the entire house — except for Hall's body. Benicia Fire Chief Thomas Gieffels said it could not have been due to gas.

There was one possibility however that Hall had spilled cleaning fluid down the front of his suit which then had become ignited. If this turns out not be the case, the death of Harold Hall will have to go into the books as another of the mysterious cases of spontaneous combustion of human beings.

BROTHERS IN CRIME

TAKEO Toda, 28, recently was jailed in Tokyo for bicycle theft. In the next cell, also charged with bicycle theft, he found his brother Masao, whom he had not seen for 10 years.

POSTPONED BY FORGERY

RECENTLY Charles Carson Chitty, 33, of New York City, planned to found the Anti-Forgery League of America, a non-profit organization charging dues of 50 cents annually. The proposed object of the organization was to furnish businessmen with information to prevent their falling victim to forgers. Chitty's plans had to be postponed indefinitely when he was arrested for having forged a signature on a Social Security check.



Alchemist 1956?

By Gaston Burridge

A Salt Lake City man claims discovery of a new form of energy with which he performs metallurgical miracles.

LEGEND, if not history, has it that the alchemists of old searched for two things; how to make gold from baser metals, especially lead, and how to produce an elixir of life. Some persons believe the alchemists were not searching for a *new* formula for making gold, but rather looking for information they believed was once known, then lost.

Gold has intrigued the minds of men since history was first recorded. In several lands gold was called the "sun metal". It was used in worship and to decorate holy places. Modern scientists are not adverse to the idea that gold – and other metals – can be transmuted from materials not containing gold as we recognize it. In fact, scientists already have transmuted gold! It is a terribly expensive process and the amount of gold is tiny, but it has been done. Too, this man-made gold has not proved stable. That is, it does not remain as made for very long. Rather, it changes into something else – or just disappears.

This brings us to Thomas Henry Moray, of Salt Lake City, Utah, who claims to have made

gold which is stable and long-lasting enough to be assayed by the ordinary methods used to determine the presence of gold anywhere. Further, he says his process uses no cyclotron or other atom-smashing device.

Not only does Moray say he has transmuted gold, but he writes me that he has produced, or perhaps "treated" is a better word, ordinary lead, "Pb", in such a way that it will not melt under 2000 degrees Fahrenheit! Common lead melts at about 625 degrees Fahrenheit. Moray writes, "I mean 2000 degrees, *not* 200 degrees Fahrenheit!" So, there is no question of a misplaced zero here!

Going into this matter of metallurgy still farther, Moray says he has treated copper, "Cu", so it does not melt under 3000 degrees F. Ordinarily copper melts at about 1980 degrees F. Moray also wrote me he has produced an alloy which will not melt under 12,000 degrees F! This figure has been checked. He says, "Hundreds of persons have seen and tested these metals."

One ounce of lead treated by Moray's process, and afterward assayed by the Boaz Mine Laboratory, Norris, Mont., showed 35 cents in gold. Five ounces of soil, which assayed no gold at all before treatment, after Moray's treatment, assayed gold content at the rate of $122.50 per ton. Another interesting test was made by the Union Assay Office, Salt Lake City on about 50 c.c. of artesian water which showed no trace of gold before treatment. After treatment it assayed at the per ton rate of $10.50 in gold and $2.63 in silver!

It should be understood these experiments were not done on a commercial basis, but as a laboratory experiment. It should be remembered too, these metals did not "vanish" after the experiment was concluded but remained stable at least long enough to be run through standard assaying processes.

Mr. Moray has experimented along lines of *increasing* the radioactivity of certain already radioactive minerals by his process. He says he has increased the activity of carnotite, uranium and other radioactive substances, including a combination of copper and lead!

Immediately, one is anxious to know how such wonderful things are accomplished. Therein, lies a set of secrets known completely only to T. H. Moray. It would appear they may involve a whole new concept of things. Whether these concepts coincide with present scientific concepts of atomic structure I do not know.

T. H. Moray is an electrical engineer, born and brought up in Salt Lake City, Utah. *Who's Who In Engineering* carries the following information concerning

him. "Born August 28, 1892. Educated, public schools, Salt Lake City. Graduated from The Latter Day Saint's Business College there: completed an Electrical Engineering course with International Correspondence School: Took his E. E. degree, University of Upsala.

"Moray has held the following positions: Electrical Engineer and designer, Utah Power & Light Co., and the Phoenix Construction Co.; Assistant Chief Engineer, Aarastard Construction & Engineering Co.; Division Electrical Engineer, Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co. He was also a consulting engineer in private practice."

Moray has written articles for several publications dealing with electrical engineering matters. For many years now he has devoted much time to experimenting and developing what he chooses to call "the field of *radiant energy*".

It is through the application of this "radiant energy", then, that Mr. Moray stakes his claim for his many metallurgical accomplishments. Within this realm lie his secrets. Perhaps, like Sir Issac Newton, Moray is ahead of his time.

Just what is *radiant energy*? Where does it come from? How may it be used by man? These and a host of other questions must be answered. Unfortunately much of this information is held secret by Mr. Moray. Even if it were available it would require a large volume to cover it.

However, we can make a beginning. Mr. Moray believes there exists a band of vibrations or waves "beyond the light rays". These vibrations come in surges or groups like ocean waves — a powerful first surge, followed by other less powerful and graduated surges which finally fade to nothing, only to begin over again immediately. It has been reported to me, although not by Moray, that these waves follow the pattern of "7". I have understood, though again not from Moray, that he first became aware of these strange surges early in his career, as he sat through the long nights, his ear "glued" to a silent set of telephone lines. Here he first heard the regular but oscillatory "cadence of sounds" and wondered what produced them. During his search he discovered this force he chooses to call *radiant energy*.

Moray has come to believe this force pervades all space. He believes one may tap it on the Moon, on Pluto, at the farthest point of the Milky Way, or anywhere between, as well as on Earth. While Mr. Moray does not believe in "perpetual motion, perpetual light or perpetual power", he does think the supply of *radiant energy* is ample for all mankind's power needs indefinitely.

One of Moray's adherents wrote me, "I think Moray's *radiant energy* is the greatest invention of our time. Atomic energy is 'peanuts' by comparison."

One may think as he pleases, of course, but it seems such a statement is a bit over-optimistic at this time. Nothing approaching so vast an accomplishment has been demonstrated thus far. However, Nikola Tesla never made known *all* the results of his Colorado experiments and it is quite possible he learned something of a potential force similar to *radiant energy* but thought the world not ready for it. It is known that Moray is a close student of Tesla's work.

On the other hand, Moray gradually has perfected his device's output from a capacity to light one small incandescent light bulb to a present capacity claimed to be 50 kilowatts. Fifty kilowatts represents about 67 horsepower and, certainly, 67 horsepower is not to be disregarded. Many small factories do not use as much as 67 horsepower.

According to Moray, one of his present units can be built for about $800. Mass production methods might cut this price in half. Under these circumstances, a unit in a home would bring about a substantial saving in power bills over several years time.

As many as 100 persons have witnessed *radiant energy* demonstrations. *Radiant energy,* as it emerges from the Moray apparatus, may be considered a form of electricity. It is an alternating current, but an alternating current of very high frequency or cyclage. This current will light ordinary incandescent light bulbs. The light which comes from these bulbs is called "pure white on the blue side, not on the yellow side as light given off when the same bulbs are lighted with commercial currents." This light possesses high actinic qualities, which mean it affects photographic films quickly and powerfully. Photographers who have exposed films in this light have found they are forced to "stop way down" to prevent over exposure.

If a photograph of a single bulb lighted with *radiant energy* is taken the print shows a large, dark ring, perpendicular to the base of the bulb. This ring looks like a circle of translucent black fog. It seems the light somehow reflects itself on the air, or projects a shadow of itself there.

Some persons who have seen *radiant energy* power lights say the bulbs look as if they were filled entirely with white light, as if the gas itself which fill the bulbs were fully incandescent. Moray believes this to be true.

Radiant energy will heat electric flat irons and other electrical heating devices. It is claimed

heating capacities are reached much more quickly with *radiant energy* than with commercial currents, and are considerably hotter than when powered with ordinary electric energy. The high frequency of *radiant energy* is responsible for this. Moray says he has learned the exact frequency of *radiant energy* but he will not disclose it. Further, he says voltmeters and ammeters used to measure commercial alternating currents will not measure *radiant energy*.

Electric motors wound to turn on commercial electricity will not operate on *radiant energy*. He says, "Motors wound to accept the frequency of *radiant energy* will operate." However, I learned elsewhere, that while such motors will operate they are not as efficient as motors running on ordinary commercial currents. Moray says when his motors are running in the dark they glow with a violet aura. His motors run cold!

The speeds of the *radiant energy* motors, as reported, are fantastic. Moray wrote me they turn over better than 36,000 revolutions per minute, more than 600 per second! When I asked where he gets bearings to withstand such phenomenal speeds, Moray replied that he makes them. Thus I learned about his metallurgical work.

What sort of an apparatus is Moray's *Radiant Energy Device?* Briefly, it would appear to be similar to a radio receiving set — of power proportions. It is composed of two coils of wire, or *inductancies.* It contains several condensers, or *capacitors,* of different sizes. There is a *detector tube,* or electronic valve, and two *oscillator tubes.* Added to this is a "bar of silver and a bar of copper", a *starting device,* and a step-down electrical transformer, reported to be 1000-to-1, primary to secondary. All of this is enclosed in a box measuring about 30 inches long by 16 inches wide by 16 inches high. It weighs about 50 pounds. There are no moving parts. Moray says there are no dangerous radiations surrounding the box when it is in operation.

Many persons have looked inside the box. Several have made more than a cursory examination of its contents — except for the *detector tube!*

The inductancies are about eight and 10 inches in diameter. They are composed of several layers of wire. The diameter of the wire is much smaller than necessary to carry anything like 50 kilowatts of ordinary commercial electricity. Probably, there is a direct relationship between the size of the wire and the number of turns of it on *each* coil. Further, it can be assumed the distance separating the two coils is important, as well as the direction in which the coils are wound.

Moray is silent as to the materials used in his capacitors or condensers. Neither does he tell their capacities. They vary in size but this is not indicative of capacity!

If one part of the apparatus is more important than another I would conclude it is the tubes or valves. Moray will not say much about these. He admits they are "cold" tubes – that is, they do not contain an electrically heated filament whose radiations provide the means of carrying currents to different parts of the tube and which produce the valve action. How, then, is this valve action produced? Moray does not say. I have learned, from other sources, of Moray's purchase of radioactive materials. I have been informed by one source that Moray uses these radioactivities as the "carrying-currents" within his tubes. Exactly what the radioactive materials may be, I have not learned as yet. Some say it is a uranium compound; others deny this. What is more, we do not know whether the detector tube and the oscillators use the same materials.

Being cold tubes, it can be assumed they are not vacuum tubes. However, Moray does have vacuum pumps in his laboratory. The tubes may be filled with gas. But if they are filled with a gas, what gas? These tubes, especially the detector, seem to be the weakest links in the chain of parts in the Moray system. By far the greater number of times the demonstration apparatus has stopped because of trouble, it appeared the trouble lay in the detector tube. Moray does not allow anyone to see the detector tube – apparently the *big* secret of the device lies there!

At the same time, the least understood of the device's mysteries is the function of the bar of silver and the bar of copper set side by side. Are they "true" copper and silver? Or are they alloys – possibly treated with the very *radiant energy* they may help to produce? Have they been transmuted in some way? Are they only decoys? Are they a special type of air condenser? Are their lengths, widths, thicknesses, as well as their distance apart, important? All of these questions, and many, many more, flood into one's mind – and remain unanswered!

Early in his experiments Mr. Moray used both an antenna and a ground connection. He no longer uses either. This eliminates the possibility that he taps either current from power lines or from radio transmitters.

The longest known *continuous* run of the apparatus has been a little over 57 hours. It has been run nearly three times that long with short shut-downs for inspection of different parts. Such long test runs pretty well spike any idea

that Moray has batteries in the box. If he does have batteries in the box he has something new in batteries!

Even if Moray's device were a commercial item today — which it most certainly is not — it would be years before our present-day electrical power would become obsolete. Perhaps it might never become out-moded. It is quite possible many uses made of commercial electricity could not be supplied by *radiant energy*.

We are quite sure *radiant energy* does not transmit well — even over short distances. It seems quite possible that definite limits exist on the size of *radiant energy* units. There is some question as to how many such units could be operated within any given area. Further, what effect would *radiant energy* devices have upon radio and television reception and transmission?

It appears long research will be necessary before *radiant energy* can be more than an "interesting matter to ponder"! And within our lifetimes other forms of power generators may be commercialized. Already we begin to hear of electricity so cheap it will not be metered! But little either comes or goes in a day. As always, time is both our enemy and our friend.

FATE IN THE BAG

By John J. Kaylock

THE following true incident, which occurred on December 28, 1955, at the 30th Street Post Office in Philadelphia, Pa., may explain why FATE Magazine occasionally is delayed in the mails.

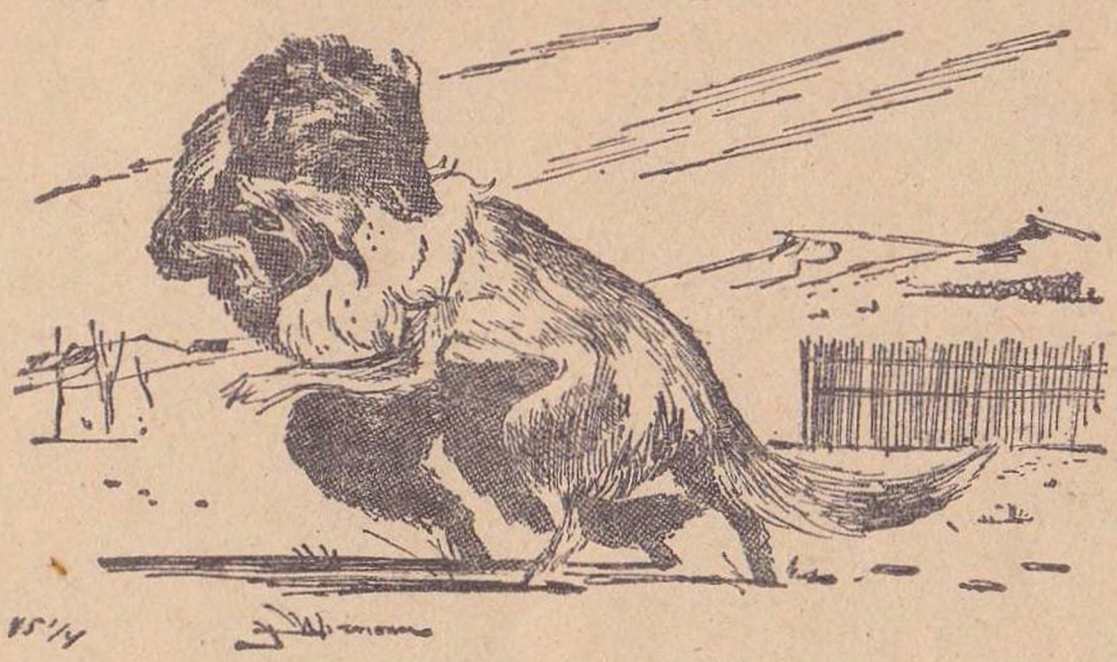
After a long night's work on Maryland papers, with everything tidied up and 10 minutes remaining before quitting time, I volunteered to help Postal Clerk J. Brady to "dress" his New Jersey paper rack. While "dressing" I discovered that one of the empty sacks was slightly heavy, and I informed Brady that a check of the sack was definitely in order.

We checked and found two copies of FATE addressed to Edison, N.J. To make it fantastic, the sack hung on the Edison, N, J., rack — a one-in-a-million chance.

Brady said, "Now I've seen everything. From now on I'll believe anything."

This happening seems to show that when we do make errors the fingers of FATE correct them. FATE always is in the bag. With FATE on our side, we boys at the 30th Street Post Office just can't make a mistake. — *Philadelphia, Pa.*

Phantom Wolf



The collie and the wolf joined in soundless combat. Was it a re-enactment of a scene from the past?

By J. P. J. Chapman

EVEN now the West Country of England is host to superstition, witchcraft, magic and strange happenings of all kinds. Most of the villages have their own *grey lady, headless horse* and local *witch.*

The village of Pareham where I lived was no exception and often as a boy I listened with popping eyes to stories of the *phantom wolf.* These stories told how, on certain nights, the wolf howled around the village and could be seen loping in the moonlight along the *Green Walk* which led from my home to a gardner's cottage at the edge of the wood.

One of the older men of the village, a jovial fellow named Tapp, assured me that in his father's day the wolf had been shot in the leg and next day old Amy Prouse, a witch who had lived in the next village, was seen to be limping. When questioned about her bandaged leg she said she had cut it while chopping wood!

Tapp also said that, as a small girl, Amy had been seen collecting certain herbs from the hedges. When asked why she had replied, "I'm picking victuals for mother's toads."

Her mother had been the wise woman of the nearby village of Aston. Tapp had gone to see her about his warts and she certainly knew how to get rid of them — with the orange-colored juice of an herb which grows freely in Somerset. He had found her cottage a fascinating place. Bunches of dried herbs hung from the old oak beams. Dried toads, pots of powdered snake skin and bags of charred feathers lay on shelves. On the mantle over the wide, open hearth stood many curious clay figures. Hanging within the chimney itself, so wide that one could peer up and see the sky, was an assortment of dried animal hearts stuck with pins. The local chimney sweep vouched for the truth of this also as these mysteries were taken down and carefully placed aside when he swept the chimney.

Love charms and ceremonies were part of the old lady's strange trade. One such ceremony included piercing the dry shoulder blade of a rabbit with a needle. It was to be pierced nine times and each time the following jingle was recited:

"This bone I do not mean to prick
but through my true love's heart I mean to stick
and may he neither rest nor sleep
until he comes to me and speaks."

The bone was then burnt in the fire and results eagerly anticipated.

Beauty treatments were part of her stock-in-trade. And truly she and her daughter, Amy, had marvelous complexions that with the years did not turn sere and yellow and were remarkably free of wrinkles. To this day there is a recipe for one of her beauty masks used in the village.

Through the years I questioned many people in the village and it seemed that Amy Prouse and the *phantom wolf* were, in some way, connected. Tapp was convinced that she had been able to turn herself into a wolf when it suited her. Of course, she had been dead for many years now and why she should *walk* as a wolf was a mystery. But, according to many people, *walk* she did and always as a wolf. Those who saw this wolf swore that it was so powerful it even could cross water by walking on the surface.

I was told that the wolf loped across many miles of country, through valleys and glens, from the village of Aston, where Amy Prouse had lived, to the *Green Walk* near my home. I was particularly fond of this part of the garden. During good summer weather my friend, Tom Turner, and I often camped out there. It was a delightful spot of wide, grass-grown walk between overhanging oak trees and not in the

least bit eerie. At the end of the walk stood an old thatched, white-washed cottage with a tangled, overgrown garden. It had not been occupied for many years for the village people swore that the water in the nearby well was bad. The old well-head was overgrown with brambles and the gear above it had long since disappeared.

The last gardner to live in this cottage had been Ted Prouse, a distant cousin of Amy's. He had been a queer, miserly chap who lived alone with only his old collie dog, Nelly, for company. Nelly had disappeared mysteriously one evening. She was never found and a few weeks later Ted had died.

Tapp told me that Amy had come over from Aston to clear up the cottage and take away the few bits of furniture. He remembered his father saying that she had made a great fuss at finding no money in the house and was worried because she could not find a three-handled quart cup that had belonged to her mother.

I was having a drink with Tapp one evening in the summer of 1912 and, as usual, reminiscing over Amy and her witchcraft when I decided it might be a good idea to camp out in the *Green Walk* that night. The weather was set fair, although with a slight tendency to thunder, and, who knows I thought, I might see the *phantom wolf*. Finishing my beer I dashed off to see Tom Turner. He was quite pleased at the idea of sleeping under canvas for a few nights and together we collected our camping equipment, eventually settling down comfortably for the night with one side of the tent open. However, I could not sleep. It was very warm and close. Occasional flashes of lightning were visible in the distance. Silvery green and black patterns danced on the grass. Nearby an owl hooted mournfully.

Lying on my side and looking through the open tent flap I suddenly became aware of something moving along the *Green Walk*. My skin grew taut and a prickly feeling ran over my scalp. Thinking I must be dreaming I turned to look at Tom. He was awake also.

"Look, Tom," I gasped. "Look, along the path. Isn't that the *phantom wolf?*"

Tom laughed and said, "Good Lord! Surely you don't believe that nonsense." But as he looked in the direction in which I was pointing his eyes widened in fear. There, advancing slowly toward us and outlined in a luminous glow, was a huge wolf. Its jaws seemed to salivate with a phosphorescent drip. As it approached an evil smell filled the air. I began to recite the Lord's Prayer aloud. Tom hurriedly joined me. As we reached "deliver us from evil" there was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a rumble

of thunder. At the same time the wolf suddenly changed his course and made off along the *Walk* towards the cottage. As we watched another form emerged from the brambles near the well-head. It appeared to be a grisly, greyish collie dog. There began a soundless but truly horrible fight between wolf and dog. Over the well, around the well, they snarled, rolled and jumped. Eventually the wolf seemed to lift the dog into the air and it disappeared into the well.

Horrorstruck we watched as the wolf, still outlined in a greenish glow loped off towards the cottage and entered it through the closed door.

Another flash of lightning released us from our stunned, immobile state. We realized the cottage had been struck and already was blazing freely. The thatched roof and old timbers were very dry. Hurriedly pulling on our trousers we dashed off for help but in those days there was not even a telephone in the village. By the time the local fire brigade arrived the cottage had burned to the ground.

Some years later another cottage was built near the site of the old one. The well was cleaned out and rebuilt. During this renovation a curious three-handled quart cup, nearly filled with coins, was found in a niche in the side of the old well. And the skeleton of what appeared to be a collie dog was taken from the bottom of the well.

I have never found the courage to sleep again on the *Green Walk* – to find out if the wolf still runs there.

THE WISH WAS GRANTED

THE parents of Johnny Lewis, 5, who was incurably ill with leukemia in Children's Hospital at Los Angeles, Calif., had to deny his request for a parakeet because hospital regulations forbade pets. A short time later a parakeet flew in through the open window of Johnny's hospital room. Hospital officials allowed him to keep the bird.

50,000-YEAR-OLD RUINS FOUND

THE remains of a settlement estimated to date back 50,000 years recently were unearthed during excavations in a cave in the Carmel Mountains, according to scientists at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. The discovery was made in the Zichron Yaacob region, about 18 miles south of Haifa.



THE STRANGE GROWING IN MARTINIQUE

Humans, animals and plants are growing fantastically on this West Indies island. Is some weird force responsible?

By Michael Hervey

At a press interview the eminent French scientist, Dr. Jules Craveur, startled his listeners by announcing that the 400-square-miles of the island of Martinique, in the West Indies, might well be the future birth-place of a new race of giants.

"There are radio active deposits of an unknown nature on the island," he declared, "which seem to effect the growth of animals, insects, plants and man to a remarkable degree — I may even say a fantastic degree! I, myself, am living proof of this peculiar phenomena. I came to Martinique two years ago. Since then I have grown two and a half inches. My assistant, Dr. Albert Rounan, has grown two inches in that time. I should like to point out that I am 64 years of age whereas Dr. Rounan is 57."

Dr. Craveur went on to explain that the first signs of this strange

growth were noticed in 1950 and that, inexplicably, insects, animals and plants are more strongly affected by the rays than humans. It is as if the weird nightmare world H. G. Wells visualized in his novel, *The Food Of The Gods,* is becoming a reality. Ants, flies, lizards, beetles, snakes have — since 1950 — grown to eight times their normal size in some instances and *they are still getting bigger.*

Men and women have grown a mere three or four inches in that period, whereas some cats and dogs have increased their stature by six inches. Poisonous Copa-lizards, normally eight inches long, now are to be found up to two feet in length. Horses, cows, pigs, fowls and other farm animals are also similarly growing.

"Theoretically it is possible, perhaps inevitable, that all these reptiles, insects and animals will grow larger from generation to generation," Dr. Craveur went on. "They will become giants — I dare say unique specimens of their species."

In an attempt to solve the mystery the French Government set up a special institute at Fort de France. The strongest radiation apparently was to be found in the Mont Pelee area. Here expert geologists, mineralogists, radiologists and others are feverishly working on the problem.

They have planted vegetables, trees and other seeds in the area. All have shot up with fantastic speed. Much as they hate to admit it the experimenters are a little terrified by what is happening. Where will it all end? Will these plants like Jack's bean-stalk, keep growing until they reach the sky?

If the insects, plants and animals continue to grow at this phenomenal rate all humans will eventually be crowded off the island. There is nothing then, to stop these giant insects from invading the mainland — and the rest of the globe. It is a terrifying thought!

The natives of Martinique are convinced that witch-craft is responsible. As is to be expected, they are filled with alarm, especially as the authorities have failed to produce any other logical explanation. To make matters worse, much of the population lives in primitive shacks where rats are numerous. When I visited the island a couple of years ago the rodents had grown to the size of cats and were openly defiant. They seemed prone to attack sleeping children and adults alike.

A highly ingenious and original theory concerning the strange radiation has been advanced by a group of rocket experts who believe firmly in the existence of life on other planets. They contend that a flying saucer or similar space ship, or a Martian projec-

tile of some sort crashed on Mont Pelee in 1948 and that the strange rays are emanating from the wreck which has buried itself deeply in the ground.

Have you another explanation?

FEATHERED NAVIGATORS

SCIENTISTS in West Germany believe they have proved that migrating birds navigate by the sun in daytime and the stars at night. An investigator at the Max Planck Institute in Wilhelmshaven says his experiments have shown that, during the day, birds adjust their course by the sun. He admits, however, that he has not determined how they take the sun's movement into account.

Two scientists at the Zoological Institute of Freiburg University reported on their experiments with birds that migrate at night. They placed young hedge sparrows that never had migrated in a cage from which only the sky could be seen. On starry autumn nights the birds took up a position facing southwest — the direction of their winter homes in the Mediterranean region — and fluttered about excitedly.

On starry nights in spring the birds took up a position in the opposite direction — that in which they would return to Germany. If the sky were clouded over, however, the birds merely fluttered around haphazardly.

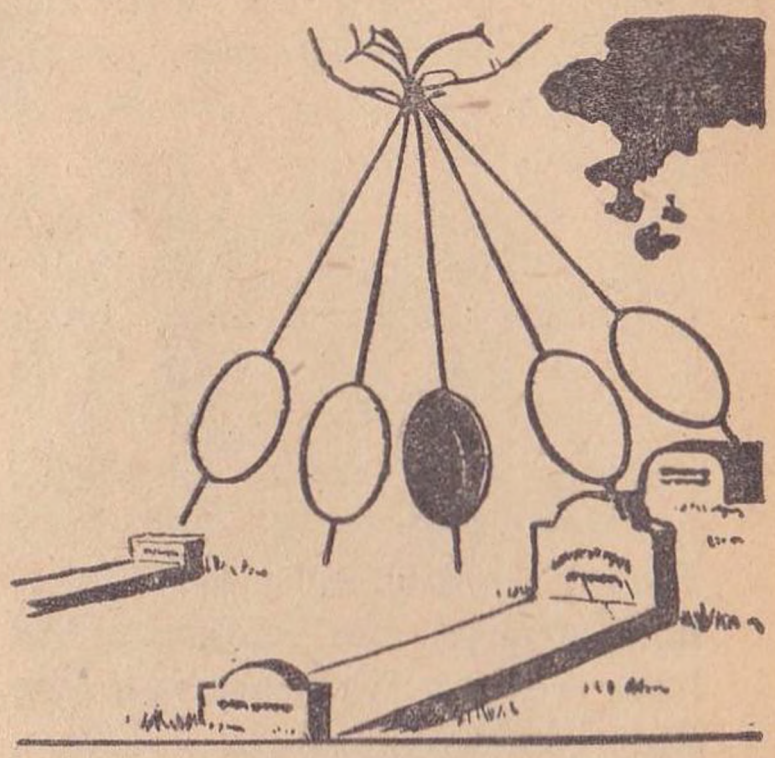
The Freiburg University scientists are not fully certain as to whether the birds adjust their position at night from the stars or because of some other stimulus from the night sky. They plan to repeat their experiments inside a planetarium that projects an artificial night sky onto its curved ceiling.

BROUGHT TO A HEAD

THREE weeks after his skull was fractured in an accident, Thomas P. Wright of Windsor, Conn., was driven to a doctor's office for an examination. The car collided with two other vehicles — and Wright's head was injured a second time.

Dowsing for Murder

A search by police turned up no trace of the missing girl. Then a clairvoyant heard her voice and revealed her location on a map.



By Rev. William Earle

On March 12, 1953, 11-year-old Phyllis Jean Warren disappeared from her home in Tulsa, Okla.

Her absence was reported and after 10 days had passed the sheriff's deputies and police reported they could find no trace of the missing girl.

It was at this time then that Mrs. Kenneth Warren, sister-in-law of the missing girl, visited the Rev. Leontine Bryant, 72-year-old ordained minister of the Universal Church of the Master. Mrs. Warren decided to see the spiritualist after a niece had telephoned her from Denver Colo., to say that the Rev. Bryant had found her daughter several years before.

Rev. Bryant asked Mrs. Warren to bring some article of clothing that Phyllis Jean had worn. Mrs. Warren and her son returned a short time later with a red hat and coat. Rev. Bryant placed these items upon her altar and then awaited some word or message. During the night Rev. Bryant said she heard the voice of the missing child beg her to tell "them" where she was buried as "the worms are eating my eyes out."

The next day Rev. Bryant told Mrs. Warren, "Phyllis will not be alive when she is found. She will be found in a crevice in the dumping ground not far from her home." She also said, "Phyllis was murdered. Her body will be

lying face up and I will draw a map showing the location of her body."

Mrs. Warren telephoned *The Tulsa Tribune* on the following day and told a reporter of the seance and the map.

However, when Phyllis' relatives searched the area on Monday they failed to locate her body.

The next Thursday, two days later, Phyllis' father, Robert Warren, 52, took the girl's dog, Smoky, and went hunting again, in the vicinity indicated by the map. When Smoky, a big mongrel, began digging at the base of an uprooted tree, Robert Warren decided to investigate the spot more closely. He found the body of his daughter in a dirt-filled depression under a mass of logs, brush and broken tree roots. The young victim's knees became visible first as they were drawn up over her stomach as she lay on her back in the crevice of a log, just as the Rev. Bryant had described. She was wearing blue jeans and a blouse, but police said her panties were found in a back pocket of her blue jeans.

The map drawn three days before by the spiritualist had pinpointed exactly the spot where the body was found. Apparently the searching party which had gone out with the map on Monday failed to locate her body because it was too well concealed. But Smoky led the way.

After Phyllis Jean's body had been found Rev. Bryant told reporters she could "probably name a suspect," but declined to give any information to the reporters, and nothing ever came of this. Rev. Bryant said she had never visited the scene designated by her map.

Phyllis was in the third grade at the time of her death. She was survived by six brothers besides her parents. She was buried in Timber Ridge cemetery.

Her murderer has never been found.

And without the map, drawn by a woman who had never seen the place or the child, even Phyllis Jean's body would never have been found.

HOME IS THE HUNTER

AFTER a long and unsuccessful hunt for partridges, Lyle Davis of Detroit Lakes, Minn., returned home to find a cooked partridge waiting for him on the dinner table. His wife explained that the bird had flown into the house through an open window during his absence.

you can LEARN to HEAL

The study of miracle healings suggests that they are based on natural laws — and any one may use these laws to heal.

By Walter M. Germain, Ph.D.

SCIENTISTS call it Faith Healing. Spiritualists know it as Spiritual Healing. The clergy like to think of it as Divine Healing. Call it what you like, it is a fact that tens of thousands of afflicted persons, many of them incurable according to medical science, are cured each year by an unseen power attributed variously to the human soul, spirits or some other supernatural source.

The ministry of healing was established by Jesus Christ, who admonished his disciples to cure others. That Peter raised Tebitha from the dead (Acts 9:40) indicates that the miracles Jesus performed were not worked by His divine nature. Evidence that He worked miracles through His *human nature* is found in these words: "Otherwise believe for the very works' sake. Amen, amen I say to you, he that believeth in me, the works I do, he also shall do; and greater than these shall he do."

Mere belief in Jesus will not change our human nature to divine nature. How, then, can mere man do greater works than Christ did? In answer to Philip's inquiry, "Lord, show us the Father," Jesus replied, "Do you not believe that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak to you, I speak not of myself. But the Father who abideth in me, he doth the works."

Obviously this means that God the Father worked the miracles Christ performed through his human nature — just as God continues to work miracles of healing through the medium of man's human organism; otherwise Jesus would not have said what He did, for He was truly God and truly man.

But miracles of healing are not supernatural as the miracles of Lourdes are purported to be. God works his wonders by natural law, by activating miraculous

Walter M. Germain, Ph.D., is the author of the recently published book, "The Magic Power of Your Mind." A first lieutenant in World War I, he served with the Saginaw, Mich., Police Department from 1931 until his retirement in 1950. He was Police Inspector and later superintendent of the Crime Prevention Division, which he established and which was the first bureau of its kind in the United States. His work with the bureau led him into the study of psychology and later of parapsychology, on which subject he has written numerous articles.



powers with which every human being has been endowed by His divine plan of evolution. Thus Christ confirmed the Law of Love when He told the Pharisees of the importance of the first two commandments — to love God and one's own neighbor: "Upon these two commandments depend the Law and the Prophets."

Faith is essential, as Jesus told us on many occasions. But the kind of faith that produces miracles of healing is more than just *objective* or conscious belief; it is belief devoid of *subjective* or unconscious doubt.

In order to comprehend the vast difference between ordinary belief and the kind of faith that produces miracles of healing, it is necessary to have more than a vague idea of what is meant by the subjective or subconscious mind; or, if that be the case, to correct the erroneous impression that it is the soul. Writing in *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* (in 1892), the late Thomson Jay Hudson stated:

"I have assumed, therefore, that man possesses a dual mind. For the sake of clearness, as well as for the want of a better term, I have designated one as the 'objective mind' and the other as the 'subjective mind.'

"The objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world. Its media of observation are the five physical senses.

"The subjective mind takes cognizance of its environment by means independent of the physical senses. It perceives by intuition. It is the seat of the emotions, and the storehouse of memory. It performs its highest func-

tions when the objective senses are in abeyance. In a word, it is that intelligence which makes itself manifest in a hypnotic subject when he is in a state of somnambulism."

The word somnambulism means "a sleep or sleep-like state in which walking or other acts are performed" – in brief, a trance state, such as can be produced by hypnosis. Hypnosis is much the same as natural sleep inasmuch as the objective senses (consciousness) are in abeyance.

The memory storehouse of the subconscious mind referred to by Dr. Hudson is called the "collective unconscious" by the celebrated psychologist, Dr. Carl D. Jung, because in this part of the human brain (located in the two exterior segments of the basal ganglia) is the cumulative memory of both man's personal and racial experiences. Sin, crime, mental ills and degenerative diseases are traceable to the inherited negativeness of our ancestors – primarily greed, fear, hate and doubt, aggravated by mental disturbances of modern-day stress and strain.

The faith required to produce miracle healing is belief devoid of all subjective doubt. This therapeutic faith can be cultivated by continued practice of self-discipline through devout prayer, deep meditation, or prolonged concentration. Mediums sometimes attain this kind of faith through the trance state. Spiritual healing is possible, not because of alleged spirit power, but because of the perfect faith the spirit healer has in the spirit guides whom he believes work miracles of healing through him.

Some healers are said to be able to diagnose the ailments of those who go to them for healing without knowing much if anything about medicine. How do they do it? Spiritualists believe they get this knowledge, as well as the power to heal, from the spirit guides or "controls" who take "possession" of their bodies. The writer believes that the late Edgar Cayce provided the true answer.

Although Cayce was a photographer by trade and had no knowledge of medicine, he was able, while in a self-induced trance, to diagnose ailments of every sort and to prescribe a wide variety of medicines and methods of treatment which effected cures. Despite his many successes, his healing ability amazed and baffled him. He never asked questions about the source of his powers while in a trance. But Dr. W. H. Ketchum did – while Edgar Cayce was giving some readings for him. The answer Cayce gave was included in a report Dr. Ketchum made at the September, 1910, meeting of the American Society of Clinical Research in Boston, Mass.

"Our subject, while under auto-

hypnosis, on one occasion explained as follows: When asked to give the source of his knowledge, he being at this time in the subconscious state, he stated: 'Edgar Cayce's mind is amenable to suggestion, the same as all other subconscious minds, but in addition thereto it has the power to interpret to the objective minds of others what it acquires from the subconscious minds of other individuals of the same kind. The subconscious forgets nothing. The conscious mind receives the impressions from without and transfers all thought to the subconscious, where it remains even though the conscious be destroyed.' He described himself as a third person saying further that his subconscious mind is in direct communication with all other subconscious minds, and is capable of interpreting through his objective mind and imparting impressions received to other objective minds, gathering in this way all knowledge possessed by millions of other s u b c o n s c i o u s minds."

Note the specific classification, "from the subconscious minds of the same kind" — not from spirits!

If miracle healing is not accomplished through soul power, spirit power or direct supernatural power, how account for the many miracles of Lourdes and the cures by such spirit healers as Harry Edwards of England, to say nothing of the numerous so-called divine healers?

As has been stated, man has two minds — the objective or conscious mind, and the subjective or subconscious mind. Mind is how the brain works, especially how it mediates the various motivations of the whole organism. Man really has two brains: a racially older, instinctive and emotional brain; and a racially newer, thinking and reasoning brain. The basal ganglia make up the older forebrain; and the cerebral cortex and middle portion make up the newer forebrain.

The thalamus, the middle segment of the basal ganglia, controls the involuntary functions of the body through the medium of the autonomic nervous system, which has two parts, the sympathetic nervous system and the parasympathetic nervous system. The cerebral cortex controls voluntary bodily actions through the medium of the frontal lobes and the motor or cerebral-spinal nervous system. The thalamus is the seat of the subconscious mind, while the cerebral cortex is the seat of the conscious mind.

So-called psychic healing is a phenomenon of the subconscious mind. It can be induced for self-healing by devout prayer, deep meditation, or prolonged concentration. The very same subconscious forces that induce self-healing can be consciously controlled

by long practice for healing others.

What is the nature of this healing power?

It is the electrical force generated by the thalamus under the influence of human emotion. That is why, as Dr. John A. Schindler, M. D., points out in his best-seller, *How to Live 365 Days A Year*, "Unpleasant emotions can make you sick. Pleasant emotions can make you well — and keep you well." Electrical waves generated by the thalamus convey intelligence from the memory storehouse (the two exterior segments of the basal ganglia) to the various nerve centers of the body. These electrical vibrations activate the endocrine gland system. One of the most important functions of the endocrine gland system is to activate the processes of organic repair. Retardation of the processes of organic repair (due largely to negative "emotional thinking" at the unconscious level of intellect) causes premature old age.

My friend, Jacques Romano of New York City, recently appeared on the television program "Life Begins at 80." Jacques is past 91 years of age and still enjoys the mental and physical health of a man of 35. When asked for the secret of his longevity, he said, "I never indulge in fear or hate." He well might have added, "I practice the *Law of Love*."

As this amazing man might tell you, the secret of psychic healing, as well as of good health and longevity, is *positive thinking*. Positive thinking increases the vibration rate of the thalamus, which in turn stimulates creative activity of the endocrine glands, including the processes of organic repair.

The late Dr. Alexis Carrel, famous biological research surgeon, made a study of the healing miracles at Lourdes, France. One of his observations was; "The miracle is chiefly characterized by an extreme acceleration of the processes of organic repair." In some instances, the acceleration is great enough to effect instantaneous cures.

Prayer is the commonest type of "positive thinking" that induces miracles of healing. Dr. Carrel made another important discovery at Lourdes: "There is no need for the patient himself to pray, or even to have any religious faith. It is sufficient that someone around him be in a state of prayer." This suggests that the healing power produced by the electro-chemical forces of the human organism is capable of being transmitted from one person to another without bodily contact — that is, telepathically.

If devout prayer, deep meditation or prolonged concentration is practiced often and long enough, the gap between the con-

scious and unconscious minds lessens until finally the individual possesses conscious control of his subconscious faculties and bodily functions. He then is capable not only of performing phenomenal feats but also is able to maintain normal processes of organic repair and thereby enjoy good health and longevity, as Jacques Romano has demonstrated.

Christian churches would do well to emulate the "subconscious prayer" technique practiced by The World Literacy Prayer Group of the Ghent Methodist Church at 900 Gales Avenue, Norfolk 7, Va. This group of true Christians tells the how of "subconscious prayer" in a booklet, *A Challenge to Christians,* which reads in part:

"We have discovered that those who care enough can help in an astounding measure others, whose wills and desires have become too weak to conquer without another's assistance. It has long been known that the subconscious mind will take orders from another person if its own conscious mind is asleep or inactive.

"By constantly sending out loving, positive thoughts to anyone caught in the throes of a destructive habit we can most certainly help him break the shackles that are binding him and wrecking his life.

"Over and over we have helped an alcoholic break the power of that awful curse by telling him repeatedly, while in his drunken stupor, how much we love him and how infinitely great is God's love for him. Such thoughts as these planted in the subconscious mind of a weak, discouraged person can furnish the necessary impetus for a complete reversal of his undesirable traits.

"An encouraging fact we have learned is that distance makes no difference in working with a person through this method. The subconscious mind never sleeps but is constantly alert, receptive and obedient. It always hears its owner's name called and listens to build the ideas suggested.

"Be sure in praying this way that the beneficiary is asleep for he will never regard another's orders if his own conscious mind is in control. *Your message must be expressed out loud in order to set the vibrations in motion that will reach him whose name is called.* Speak clearly, distinctly and positively. It is well to write out beforehand the things you wish to impress. Continue to give the same suggestions or similar ones strengthening the ideas you wish to impart. This should be repeated every night and if the case is urgent, given several times each night."

The miracles of healing effected by this "subconscious prayer" technique are illustrated by the following case of Franklin.

"Five months before we were called in for prayer, he had been opened and sewed back, with an inoperable condition. The only remedy offered him was increasing sedation to make his remaining time endurable. At this advanced stage of his malignancy, no amount of dope could relieve the agony. His only request was for peace in his soul and some cessation from pain.

"We prayed for his awareness of Christ's Love and Living Presence around and within him. As we poured out the LOVE of his Savior upon him he relaxed and opened his whole being to the invading Spirit of Peace and recreating Power of the Great Physician. As his wife and I stood silent beside him, offering our all as a channel for God's Healing Love to permeate his entire being, he fell asleep. He slept quietly and naturally for 16 hours, totally unconscious of the incision opening and draining profusely during his entire rest. By the following morning, when he awakened, his abdomen that had been terribly swollen with infection and hard like rubber, had become flat, soft and felt natural. He was entirely free from pain.

"It was thrilling to watch his improvement from day to day, but the greatest victory was what happened in his soul. He asked for a service of thanksgiving to give God the glory for his return to health. He humbly confessed his bitterness of heart and asked for God's forgiveness. Then he took the church vows again, that he had forsaken since his father's death. Those who were privileged to be in that church service will never forget the awareness we all had of the Presence of the Living Christ in our midst.

"Franklin's recovery was founded on the basic Truth that Jesus taught. This Truth is like the Spirit of Jesus. 'The same yesterday, today and forever.' It will work for *you, in your need,* the same as in Franklin's need."

By praying for others one helps himself. A striking example of this was related by the wife of the late Dr. Alexis Carrel while she was a nurse at the shrine of Our Lady in Lourdes, France. She was holding in her arms a woman dying of cancer of the throat. Looking across the room at the suffering people, the woman forgot her own suffering and started praying for the others. There was a miraculous, instantaneous healing. Mrs. Carrel felt the life flow into her own body, as well as the patient's.

Whether an individual suffering from a serious ailment, say cancer, presents himself at the shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes, or to a spiritual healer in England, or to a Christian Science practitioner in Boston, or to a Polynesian Huna doctor in the South

Seas, or to a Voodoo priest in Haiti, the cause underlying the cure is the same — *faith,* a belief on the part of the patient or the healer, or both, that a miracle of healing will take place, and take place soon.

Paracelsus, over 400 years ago, stated what is now an obvious fact: "Whether the object of your faith be real or false, you will nevertheless obtain the same effects. Thus, if I believe in Saint Peter's statue as I should have believed in Saint Peter himself, I shall obtain the same effects that I should have obtained from Saint Peter. But that is superstition. Faith, however, does produce miracles; and whether it is a true or false faith, it will always produce the same wonders."

THE POWER OF "RAM NAM"

FOR ages Hindus have considered the mantrum "Ram Nam" as the supreme purifier of the mind, the bestower of perennial joy, the giver of peace and the key to the gate of immortality. They believe that when "Ram Nam" is chanted a significant change takes place within the entire organism of the person chanting it.

According to Hindu beliefs, the Mantra-Sakti, or power generated by chanting the mantrum, sets in vibration the entire nervous system. This vibration brings rhythm, harmony and equilibrium. When the nervous system is in such a harmonized state, the breath flows rhythmically and the mind becomes tranquil.

"Ram Nam" is thought to be a powerful aid in destroying the animal passions in man. When uttered with genuine devotion, it is said to destroy all pains and to overcome physical ailments. It is regarded not merely as a sound but as a force which can overcome all the destructive forces in the human body and render it pure and fit for the experience of Satva, the highly transparent medium through which the Immortal Being is thought to be reflected.

Hindu teachers stress that "Ram Nam" should be spoken with Bhava or deep feeling. Even when uttered mechanically, however, the mantrum is said not to be without beneficial effects. Mechanical repetition produces no direct psychical changes but causes biological changes through the nervous system, which is influenced by the vibrations set up by chanting the mantrum. These biological changes indirectly bring about psychological changes.



Wife of the author. He says she communicated with him through automatic writing after her death.

By DeWitt B. Lucas

My Invisible Wife

I had just seen my wife buried — but the pencil in my hand wrote a message that said she still was with me.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control prevented my getting married until I was 48 years old. The woman I married was four years younger than I and we both had suffered the loneliness of two half-egos. When, at long last, we found each other recognition was immediate for both of us. Our meeting occurred in a railroad station in Detroit, Mich., where I had alighted to meet the program director of a women's club. I was to be the house guest of this club official. Instantly, when our eyes met, we *knew!*

The year that passed before we could be married was most difficult for both of us. We had found each other so late that the remaining time seemed too short.

It seemed natural during the next nine years that spiritual and psychic unity should bind us together in constant, close companionship. In the theater, I held her hand. In the car, on the street, or sitting in our home, the gentle pressure of her hand upon mine was as natural as breathing. In our pew at church, crossing the street, our hand-clasp was automatic. It was only one of the countless manifestations of our love and understanding, made possible by our similar mental and spiritual outlooks upon life. Separate, we were "half-egos". Together, we were complete.

We had nine wonderful years.

And then disaster struck. My wife had cancer of the colon. For three months she became steadily worse. We both understood I soon would be walking alone again. During the time between diagnosis and departure, her noble, courageous spirit never faltered. She was eager to see what was beyond death: but sorrowful over our inevitable parting and my coming loneliness. For 35 years she had derived great satisfaction from membership in her church. She knew her Heavenly Father so well it was not necessary for her to make frantic preparation for entering the new life. Her departure in my arms was peaceful, smiling and confident.

Notwithstanding my foreknowledge that she was leaving me, the shock was tremendous. I lived in

Note at top shows handwriting of author's wife in 1923, while alive. Author says note at bottom recently was received from wife through automatic writing.

manifest these days — and above and beyond
every thing, my precious, precious heart, I thank
God you are in the world and that He lets me contact
you, even from my afar..
deepest and devoted love always
Reta.

Thursday, Feb. 22nd, '23.

My precious precious precious daddy —
This is a real red letter day for me to
again be talking to you in this marvelous way.
I want to tell you again of my abiding love and
that I will ever love you my most precious
precious precious one as long as you are in the
body and not after that God willing through with
deepest devotion and abiding love. Reta. (11/20/1953)

a sort of daze, stunned with grief, desolation and loneliness.

The evening of her funeral I compelled myself to start thinking of realities, duties, necessities and responsibilities, as she had so wonderfully and kindly directed me to do. There were letters to write, accounts to audit, bills to be paid, adjustments to be made.

By two o'clock in the morning, after her funeral, I was worn out with emotional exhaustion, strain and sadness. I had gone over bills due for doctors, hospitalization, deep ray therapy, nursing, consultation fees, funeral, and other expenses. There was still much to do but I could not go on.

I sat still, holding my head with my left hand. My right hand still held the pencil I had been using. Then something happened! I felt a tremor travel down my arm to the point of the pencil. It was a vibration not of my own making, as though someone l i g h t l y touched the end of the pencil. At the same time, I was seized by an involuntary inclination to write. The tremor became more insistent!

I wondered if I was having a nervous upset, due to great emotional strain. I went to the bath room and splashed my face, hands and wrists with cold water. Returning to my desk I again took up the pencil and began adding columns of figures. Once more the pencil trembled. I laid it down, flexed my fingers and once more tried to work.

The trembling grew so pronounced I could not continue. It was almost with detachment I *felt* the pencil compelled to independent action. The pencil actually began to *write words:* "Daddy, thank God I can sp (ea)k t (o) y (ou)." Then it ceased suddenly. But there was a message, clearly understandable — "Daddy, thank God I can speak to you." The writing was wobbly and weak. But I believed it was a message of consolation from my now invisible wife, and subsequent careful tests and innumerable identifications have proved this to be true!

During the following months many little messages concerning mutual experiences identified her to me. My beloved had not forsaken me. She was almost constantly with me in spirit.

I asked her many things. Invariably the replies were direct and satisfying. For instance, I asked her mentally, "Do you still believe in reincarnation?"

"Yes" she wrote, "I know it is true."

"Now that you are in the spirit world, are you able to remember any of your former lives?" I asked.

"Yes, dimly," she wrote. "But when I am fully matured spiritually, then I will be able to look back and see each life as I would a book."

Continuing my impulse to pile up proof that my beloved really was communicating and I was not a victim of some form of auto-intoxication or self-hypnosis, I asked her to write the outstanding recollection of her three months' illness. "The sound of the elevator door as it closed and your footsteps coming quickly along the hospital corridor to my room. Then the sight of your face framed in the door-way." she wrote.

Replies to other questions elicited a memory of our happiest day together on our last vacation in the East: "The Berkshire hills in apple-blossom time." The pleasantest surprise of this trip was, "The evening Mr. W. invited us out to his home and took us through his conservatory." Our host had asked my beloved how old she was and then had cut an armful, 48, carnations. "One for each year," he had said.

At no time were the written replies to my mentally propounded questions halting or uncertain. Once I asked her what she did in her life beyond the grave. She wrote that she had been detailed, along with other intelligent mature souls, to contact the spiritual essences of men and women who had been suddenly and forcibly torn from their bodies and did not know what had happened to them. She wrote that these frightened, distraught people had to be released from their fear in centers established for that purpose. She affirmed she was happy in this kind of work.

Occasionally I sensed or felt extreme exhaustion when the familiar tremor of the pencil told of her nearness and desire to speak. When questioned about this, she said she had come from "a long way off", that she had had difficulty breaking through the dense, black aura or envelope of evil, violence, greed and selfishness, that encompasses and presses heavily upon the earth. Getting through this dark band took a heavy toll. Powerful, evil entities, it seems, ever were alert to injure or turn back those messengers of light bringing peace and comfort to troubled beings on earth, as well as to those in the invisible world.

It is impossible for me to relate all of the sacred, interesting and evidential messages and identifications that proved to me the existence of her individual, continuing stream of consciousness and her ever enfolding love for me. Often she would say that we were "closer than hands and feet", expressing how thankful she was we were able to talk to each other "in this marvelous way". She never got over the wonder of it. Another thing which cemented my conviction of her reality, although unseen and unheard by me, was her invariable

opening address — "Daddy, my most precious, precious, precious one." She always had addressed me in those words when she was in her body. She continued to use this exact formula of endearment in her spiritual contacts.

Shortly after we had improved our communication technique, something went wrong. There was an unexplainable confusion which caused me to discontinue talking to her for a time. It transpired later that some mischievous entity had taken over in place of my beloved, trying to create doubt and suspicion. It became plain to me that irresponsible, evil entities do seize control, exerting an evil influence whenever an opening occurs.

I inquired whether there is any way whereby these *good* and *evil* writers can be recognized. "Yes," she wrote. "Take your Bible. Turn to the First Epistle of John, fourth chapter. Read the first three verses of that chapter." I had no more trouble after that.

I asked how she could find me, no matter where I was. She gave me to understand that two egos who have had close contact with each other have created a "psychic cord" that continues to exist between them even after death. Any tremor of this cord attracts the attention of the other ego. And, also, the cord becomes a guide line. This invisible connection seems to be a *law* of the material and spiritual worlds.

I wanted to know many things concerning the invisible life and asked her countless questions. One of my first queries was whether she had experienced pain in dying. What were her sensations when stepping out of physical into spiritual existence?

She replied that there was no pain in the actual transition. A sort of lethargy took possession of her. For a short time she seemed to sleep. Then she became aware she was vacating the tortured body and there was a feeling of blessed relief. Then, seeing how desperately I was "weeping inside" she wanted to get back into her body — just for an instant, to let me know she was all right, to tell me not to grieve for her.

In explaining how the automatic writing is done she wrote that it was necessary for her to enter part way into my body to reach her hand and arm down through my right side, then to "dense her spiritual hand and arm" so that she could move my heavy, material arm. I learned it was because of what she called our "spiritual cleanliness" that this method of communication was possible. Neither of us ever used tobacco or liquor.

One thing that greatly impressed me was the manner in which she wrote the capitals "T" and "F". These were made with a straight, swift down stroke. The

horizontal bar was added on top like a small "2", the tail pulled out in a straight horizontal line. I have never seen these letters written in this exact manner except in the handwriting of my wife. To me it was an irrefutable identification of her.

I have been ridiculed and criticized by people who learned of my continued association with my invisible wife. I do not blame them. Such things *must be experienced by each individual.* It is difficult to accept another's experiences as true.

Some readers will remain skeptical no matter what the evidence for survival, that is, until they have had a personal and similar experience. Some others will believe on the principle that faith is justified for the same reason that we believe the planets Uranus, Neptune and Pluto actually exist, though we may never see them.

The account I am about to give, however, illustrates something entirely different than blind faith. It is absolutely true. Maude, my wife's closest friend, is a woman of about 38. She learned I had received communications from my beloved and she arrived unexpectedly one afternoon to announce: "DeWitt, I understand you have heard from Leta. If this is true, I want to know more about it and receive *proof* of her continuing personality. If only one person supplies irrefutable proof of intelligent, continuing memory after death then survival must apply to all of us. Would it be possible to bring your wife through — now?"

I said I would try. Putting the pencil point on the paper, in Maude's presence, I thought very intensely of my wife for a few seconds, sort of "twanging" the invisible cord that binds us together. After a few seconds the familiar little v i b r a t i o n announced her presence. Then came these words, "Hello, Maudie, dear. It is good of you to visit daddy. I am glad to see you."

Maude was a school teacher for many years. She has an impatient, somewhat dictatorial manner. Disregarding the friendly greeting, she commanded: "If you are Leta, as you say, I want you to give me *proof* of it."

After a slight pause, the pencil traced these words: "Well, Maudie, I will convince you. Do you recall the time when you, Ralph and I met at the Michigan Central Station, to put Betty on the train for Ann Arbor?"

With a note of severe censure in her voice Maude replied, "No! I have absolutely no recollection of such an experience!"

Another pause — "Well, then" she wrote, "Perhaps you can remember that wonderful autumn day in late October when the foliage was so beautiful. You and

Ralph and I motored over to Grosse Isle, just two weeks before Eleanor came?"

The effect of these words written before Maude's very eyes produced a tremendous emotional reaction. With tears streaming down her face she exclaimed, "Oh, yes! Yes, I do remember! I know that you are right here with me in the spirit."

The impressive thing about this incident is that I had never known of such a trip. It was a stray item in my wife's past experience that she had not made known to me during the nine years of our marriage. I had never known about the trip made to Grosse Isle (a lovely, island suburb of Detroit). It was long before I came into her life. *It had never been in my consciousness at all.* It could not possibly have been "remembered" by my objective or my subjective consciousness. It was a perfect and an absolute identification.

As time passed, she wrote many bits of common and important information about coming events. In due time they came to pass. Sometimes I would inquire *when* concerning these things. Then she would remind me that where she is there is no such thing as time. "We see it," she wrote, "like one exposure from a motion picture film. We do not know whether the exposure is at the beginning, middle or end of the film. We only know that *it is,* that it will come to pass in due time."

We do not communicate as frequently now as in the earlier years. It is not necessary. I *know* where I am going. When I step out of the present into the future she will be there to greet me. I have no doubt or anxiety. So long as I can go through life *meriting* the critical approval of my own conscience there is nothing to be afraid of.

One evening after a long conversation, Leta making written replies to my mental questions, I said, "When you were with me in your body, we used to say Grace at meal time. Also, you prayed a great deal. The very last thing at night before slumber, you would pray to our Heavenly Father, asking His blessing, for strength and for understanding. Do you still pray?"

"Yes," she wrote. "And you should pray unceasingly, because *prayer* is the only thing with which man may reach God."

PROPHETIC FILM

HUNDREDS of patrons fled when a recent thunderstorm sent a flash flood pouring through the side door of the Liberty Theatre in Elizabeth, N. J. The film being shown on the screen was "Interrupted Melody."

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

ASTRALLY IN ATTENDANCE

By Mrs. Ted Stoeckel

My sister-in-law, Mrs. Mildred Thoreson and I always have been as close as twin sisters. We have lived within two blocks of each other since we both were married.

At the birth of her first baby on February 21, 1955, two weeks before the expected time, I was with her. It was a very trying time for her and her darling baby girl weighed in at only four and one-half pounds. In her weakness after the birth she held my hand and said the baby would be named for me.

When she was expecting her third baby we planned that I again should attend its birth, but three weeks before the baby was due my brother moved his family to Spokane, Wash. With tears in our eyes, my sister-in-law and I said good-bye. I promised I would come and stay with her a week before her time was up so we would be together again.

Two weeks after my brother left with his family I had a dream. I was in a delivery room with my sister-in-law again, but this time it was different. It was larger, pink instead of green and there were two delivery tables instead of one. I stood over my sister-in-law and held her hand. As she gave birth to a five-pound girl she clutched my hand tighter and called my name.

The vividness of the dream woke me. I got up from my bed and turned on the light. It was 5:45, September 17, just dawn. I knew without a doubt that I



Mrs. Ted Stoeckel

had been with my sister-in-law during the birth of her third child.

Three days later I received an announcement card from her saying a girl, Dawn Marie, had been born on September 17, at 5:45 A.M. — the exact time of my dream. — *Cumberland, Wis.*

TRIP TO A FAR COUNTRY

By A. W. Bergfeld

ONE day in the summer of 1955 I dropped in on two widows who live on the farm next to my father's in western Pennsylvania. Old Mrs. Hardy was born in June, 1858. All her contemporaries are gone and for years now she has looked forward to her end with real pleasure. Each year when I go home she tells me she will probably be gone when I come up again but promises to watch for me "on the other side".

Her daughter-in-law, Hazel, is about half her age but crippled with an inherited affliction of the hip so that she is nearly as helpless as her mother-in-law.

We were talking about my trip home the last time I visited when old Mrs. Hardy said, "I went on a trip myself not so long ago — but was it a year ago or two or three?" She looked at her daughter-in-law. "Time runs together when you've had so much of it."

"A year last September," Hazel said.

"Well, it doesn't matter so much — but I had a trip and I'm going back soon. I promised." She withdrew into that semi-dreamland of the old and her daughter-in-law took on from there.

"It's true," she said, "and you know we have each other for witnesses. I get everything upstairs before going down so I won't have to be going up and down in my condition. And that morning it was a little cold so I went and looked at Grandma. She was sleeping so well I thought I'd let her sleep while I got the house warmed so I went down stairs. After a time I called her but I got no answer. It sort of scared me and I went back up. She had thrown the covers back. Her head was bent in an odd way and her mouth was open. I called her and shook her but she paid no attention. I was really scared. I'd have run if I could. I went downstairs to the porch, where I hoped to get help from someone going by."

They have no telephone.

"On the porch I called as loud and as long as I could, stopping only to catch my breath and pray. Then I'd go back to the stairs and call her. This went on for quite a spell. Then something told me to go back upstairs and I went."

Now the older woman took over. "I was gone, really gone," she said. "I keep telling Hazel that if it happens again she is to keep still and let me go. I was in a good place. It was all light and

there were no trees, only people – oh, so many people, and there was Lloyd."

Lloyd was husband to one and son to the other.

"And he came up and was real glad to see me. And the others were too. But I could hear Hazel calling and I told them so. I said I'd have to go back because Hazel was calling as if she needed me something awful."

"And she opened her eyes and looked at me," Hazel said. "And she said, 'I've been away and I've seen people but you called me and I had to come back.' You may doubt that, but it's real. I prayed and called and she came back."

"But I tell Hazel not to call the next time, for I'm going to stay," old Mrs. Hardy said. "I promised. It is nice, don't you think, to know where you are going? I won't feel strange when I go again."

I agreed. It is nice to know where you are going and to look ahead to the going that way. — *Arlington, N. J.*

THE SHADES OF DUFF

By A. H. Duncan

DUFF was the most intelligent and the most delicate of 14 pups when he was born in the fall of 1911 in Humboldt, Sask., Can. His mother was a thoroughbred brown spaniel and his father a purebred bird dog. He was little more than a long-legged, awkward pup when I first saw him.

I took great delight in training Duff. Among other things, I taught him to say my name, Hugh, very distinctly.

In the spring of 1918, I left home. Late the following fall, my father wrote that Duff had disappeared. At first we thought some child had taken him home, but later events pointed to foul play.

The next spring my father wrote me that Duff's body had been found in the woods. He had brought it home and buried it near the garage.

Not until I returned home at Christmas of the following year did I hear the story about Duff. We were seated at the supper table when Father asked me if Mother had told me about Duff.

I replied that she had mentioned Duff only to show me where he was buried.

"Well," said Father, glancing at the snow flakes whirling against the window pane, "it was a night like this, before we discovered Duff's body, that we first heard him pawing at the door. I opened the door but saw nothing — no dog and no tracks in the drifted snow. I had no sooner returned to the living-room when I again heard a pawing at the door this time accompanied by the rattle of tags just the way Duff used to shake his head to make them rattle when he wanted in. Once more I opened the door, sure this time

that the dog would be there. But there wasn't even a track.

"The third time Duff pawed on the door, we waited. The pawing was followed by a series of barks. This time when I answered the door I took a flashlight and went all around the outside of the house peering at the fresh-fallen snow. But again there were no tracks to be seen.

"This kept up night after night. Your mother and I would be awakened two or three times in the night by the sound of Duff's toe nails clattering on the hardwood floor, first in the hallway and then up the stairs, accompanied by the jingling of his tags, right into our bedroom.

"It wasn't until after we found Duff's body and brought it home and buried it that the phenomena ceased. Since then Duff must be at rest for we have had no further sounds from him." — *Brighton, Ont., Can.*

SAVED BY PREVISION

By E. R. Ritchey

From earliest childhood I have experienced flashes of previsions. On at least one occasion this faculty saved me from bodily harm, possibly even death.

When I was 10 years old I lived with my family on the far outskirts of Los Angeles. Today the locality is packed almost solid with subdivisions, but in 1924 it was mostly empty fields.

About a mile from my home was a huge field which today is a beautiful golf course. The field was covered with crab grass and tall weeds, and was bisected by a large, abandoned irrigation ditch choked with tulles and wild blackberry bushes. It was a wild and lonely place, and even when a group of us children noisily invaded it to gather berries, the silence seemed heavy with foreboding.

At this time there was an outbreak of child molestations. Parents and teachers repeatedly warned us children against strangers. These warnings apparently were responsible for my prevision.

Sitting on the porch steps one day, my thoughts drifted to the berry patch and I wondered if the berries were ripe enough to pick. I closed my eyes and saw a picture of the field with the irrigation ditch, thick with vines and grooved with narrow paths left by past forays. I saw myself alone, picking berries. A few yards from where I stood was a large patch of crab grass. I somehow knew that a dark-complexioned man was lying in ambush behind it, watching me with evil intent. I was terrified until I rationalized that I never went to the berry patch alone.

But I reckoned without coming circumstances. A short time later I was punished for misbehavior by being kept at home while my brothers and sisters went to the

circus, which had just arrived in town. While my mother visited with a neighbor I sat alone on the porch steps, tormented by the thought of the fun I was missing.

I wondered how I could reinstate myself into the good graces of my parents. In my family this was accomplished by performing extra deeds beyond the regular chores — preferably deeds we thought up ourselves.

Everyone in the family liked berry pies. Deciding I could please my parents by gathering enough berries for a couple of pies, I took a pail and set out.

Without the chatter of companions, the silence of the field was ominous as I picked my way through the weeds. By the time I reached the berry patch the warm afternoon sun had thawed my apprehension. I began filling the pail, humming a tune.

Suddenly I knew I was being watched, I tried to control my rising panic, picking berries in a hit or miss fashion. I found that if I moved in the direction of a large clump of crab grass, my fear increased. I recognized the clump as part of the picture I had seen mentally a short time before.

Still picking berries at random, I gradually moved away until I had the width of the irrigation ditch between me and the clump. Then I started to run home. Behind me I heard a shouted curse. I looked over my shoulder and saw a dark man in dirty clothes gesturing angrily for me to come back. When he started in my direction, I dropped the pail and took off like the wind. I didn't stop running until I was safely at home.

To avoid further punishment I said nothing of my experience. I knew I'd had a narrow escape and I was grateful that my prevision had made it possible. — *Long Beach, Calif.*

THE ROAD THAT WASN'T THERE

By Elizabeth Ward

WHEN I was ten years old, I lived near Okmulgee, Okla. It was summer and peaches were in season. The woman next door suggested to my mother that we take our little hand wagon and go to a farm about a mile distant and haul some of the fruit back with us.

Accordingly, one evening just about sunset the woman and her two little girls, my mother and we three children, set out.

We made the trip without incident and were returning home, taking turns pulling the wagon. I had just served a turn and, replaced, ran on ahead down the road to limber up.

At this particular point the road swung out into a wide curve, and as I ran along I noticed a little side road branching from the main one just at the starting of the curve.

I was puzzled and wondered why I had never noticed it before, being accustomed to wander all over that territory in company with the other children. Curious, I darted down the strange little trail and continued running.

The soft warm dust puffed pleasantly between my bare toes, and as I trotted along I took note of the wild roses and verbenas which grew alongside. I crossed a dry gully and as I went up the other side I thought what a nice little road it was for us to play on. It was so peaceful and quiet and there were no wheel tracks to indicate any traffic.

Presently I came back onto the other road and waited for the others to catch up with me. In a short while they came around the curve.

Mother asked me why I went on ahead and hid from the others. They had chased down the road after me but I seemingly had vanished and they were sure I had slipped behind some brush to tease them. I replied that I had taken a short cut by the other little road and described it to them.

The neighbor woman asked, "What road?"

I explained again. She gave me an odd look and said, "There's no road there, girl. There used to be but it was closed over 10 years ago."

"But I just came down it," I protested in bewilderment.

Mother chided me for an overactive imagination and I saw our neighbor did not believe me.

But the other children did and were greatly intrigued. Next day we went hunting for the strange road but could not find it. We went back the main way and found where my foot prints turned off into some thick bushes, but there had been no bushes in my path the night before. We were all greatly puzzled and searched several times, even climbing tall trees to get a better view, but without success. We finally gave up, but we didn't forget about it and always referred to it as "the little road that wasn't there." — *Brentwood, Calif.*

APPARITION FROM THE PAST

By Muriel E. Eddy

In April, 1917 I had the same dream three times in succession. The dream was so vivid that each time it left me exhausted and panting. I dreamed I was driving the family car on the outskirts of Boston, Mass., when it ran into a soft shoulder in the road and became stuck, leaving me stranded in the middle of nowhere. Then, in my dream, I walked until I came to a small farmhouse. What happened after I knocked at the door made me wake up screaming.

I told my husband about it,

but he said, "Too many bedtime snacks. Better cut it out, honey."

A short time later I drove out into the country after pussy-willows. I was on my way home when my front right wheel sank up to its hub in mud. Try as I would, I could not free the car.

I walked for some time before I saw a house. It was oddly familiar and I realized it was a replica of the one I had seen in my dream. Despite my memory of that frightening dream, I knocked at the door. I felt I had to notify my husband of my predicament. He would be expecting me home soon and, although he knew the general direction I had taken, he never would imagine that I had gotten stuck in mud.

An old man answered my knock. I drew back in sudden fear, for he was the man of my dream. Trying to overcome my fright, I asked if he had a telephone I might use. He said, "Come in," in the same husky voice I had heard in my dream. As if under a spell, I followed him into the house.

I saw no telephone. The house was furnished in a most out-of-date fashion, exactly as I'd seen it in my dream. The old man was eyeing me wickedly. He turned around and when he faced me again I saw a knife gleaming in his hand. My dream had come true to the last terrifying detail. I fainted.

When I regained consciousness I found myself in the ruins of what once had been a farmhouse. Little more than rotting timbers, overgrown with vines, now remained. The old man was nowhere in sight. I staggered back to the road, where I signalled a passing motorist who kindly assisted in hauling my car out of the mud.

My husband shrugged off my story as the result of a too-active imagination, but later I learned that the farmhouse once had been occupied by a disreputable old man known only as "Jed the hermit," whose main object in life seemed to be to frighten the wits out of anyone who ventured onto his property — particularly unlucky wayfarers who knocked at his door. Whether he actually harmed anybody is a matter of conjecture. He had died several years before and his farm had fallen into decay — *Providence, R. I.*

HISTORY OF THE LOST ESSENES

Do clues found in a ruined monastery near the Qumran caves show that the mysterious Essenes were the scribes of the famed Dead Sea Scrolls?

By Frank Volkmann

When the two distinguished archaeologists, G. L. Harding, from the Department of Antiquities of Jordania, and Pere de Vaux, from the Ecole Biblique, examined the caves of the Qumran region of the Dead Sea in February, 1949, seeking additional clues and fragments of the famous Dead Sea Scrolls which had been uncovered two years earlier they also investigated a desecrated monastery nearby.

This rather impressive ruin, called Khirbet Qumran, the ruin of Qumran, by the Arabs, has puzzled archaeologists for more than a century; so have the thousand graves in the lonely cemetery adjacent to it. These graves, 19 of which just recently have been opened, each contain a single human skeleton lying on its back with its head toward the south.

The first investigator to brood over this strange remnant of a bygone people was the French Orientalist Clermont-Ganneau, in 1873. Harding and de Vaux searched the ruin hoping to uncover some clue linking its ancient inhabitants with the scribes of the Dead Sea Scrolls. A preliminary excavation of the ruin revealed that part of the foundation of the Khirbet Qumran was originally an Israelite wall constructed about 700 B. C. The actual monastery was superimposed on this about five centuries later in 200 B. C. Numerous coins found in the rubble date various-

ly from the reigns of Antiochus VII, 136 B. C., to the Hasmonean epoch, 37 B. C., and indicate the dates of habitation. The evidence indicates also that the monastery was built two centuries before Christ by a group of Jewish ascetics called Essenes. That they were the authors of the scrolls seems evident from the discovery within the monastery of a large scriptorium complete with tables, ink pots and basins. Moreover, a huge jar or vase was discovered in this room identical with those used to hold the scrolls in the Dead Sea caves. Perhaps the plaster basins indicate that the scribes practiced ritual handwashing before they began to write.

Pliny the Elder, Roman naturalist and author, 23-79 A. D., wrote much of this in several short and tantalizingly incomplete passages:

"On the western shore of the Dead Sea the Essenes have withdrawn to a sufficient distance to avoid its noxious effects — a solitary people, and extraordinary beyond all others in the whole world, who live without women and have renounced all commerce with Venus, and also without money, having the palms for their only companions. They constantly renew themselves from the steady stream of refugees that resort to them in large numbers, men who, weary of life, have been driven by the vicissitudes of fortune to adopt their manner of living. Thus through thousands of centuries, incredible though it may seem, a people has perpetuated itself in which no one is ever born. So useful for recruiting their number is the disgust of other men with life. Below them the town of Engadda (Ain Jidi today) once stood — in its palm groves and general fertility second only to Jerusalem, but now a heap of ashes like it. Beyond this is Masada, a fortress on a rock, and itself not far from the Dead Sea."

On the western shore of the Dead Sea somewhat north of where *the town of Engadda once stood* describes perfectly the Qumran region where the dilapidated monastery stands today. This bleak desert is the "great and terrible wilderness" that Moses mentions in *Deuteronomy* 8:15.

Except for several short notices by the Ecclesiastical historians Eusibeus and Epiphanius and two pagan chroniclers, Solinus and Porphyry, only three writers have left any record of the Essenes. All three of these writers lived in the first century after Christ. Pliny writes from a strictly Roman point of view, of course, and is more impartial and in some respects more discerning than either Philo or Josephus, both Hebrew writers.

Because Josephus was once a member of the Essene sect he speaks to us with the most authority. In his *Jewish Wars* he ex-

plains that there were three principle Jewish sects in his time, the Pharasees, the Sadducees and the Essenes. Josephus voluntarily abandoned a life of wealth and leisure to become a follower of an austere hermit named Bannus. He describes, in monotonous detail, his three years of poverty and privation in the desert. He describes too his torment in repressing the desires of the flesh.

Several centuries before Christ it became an ascetic idea that mortification of the flesh led to truth. The seer who didn't pollute his body with carnal pleasures was thought to peer deeper into reality. This creed of asceticism was the loftiest ideal of conduct in the last days of the ancient world. Buddha, Zarathustra, Plato and Pythagoras all advocated it. The teachings of these men had penetrated to Judea several centuries before Christ and had culminated in the severe stringency of the Essenes.

Philo, who lived in Alexandria, the most cosmopolitan city of that time, composed a thesis on the sect. His *A Treatise to Prove that Every Virtuous Man Is Free* tells us that there were 4,000 Essenes. This estimate is confirmed by Josephus. The two accounts of these Jewish historians coincide with peculiar exactness though there is no reason to suppose that one had read the work of the other. Both writers tell us that the Essenes dwelt in considerable numbers in most of the small villages of Judea but that they avoided the larger cities where oriental evangelists had instituted magical sex cults.

The Essenes held all property in common. New recruits were compelled to surrender their possessions to the order, even including their clothing and other personal articles. Thereafter (Eusibeus says) the steward, or a monk assigned to that particular task, supplied them with the necessities of existence. Selling objects to each other was strictly forbidden although one member could *take* anything he desired from his "brother."

The sexual purity they demanded, and to a large extent established, was the most extreme ever held by any group of people in history. They repudiated marriage thereby striking at the roots of family life, and regarded all women as unclean and wicked. Continence was peremtorily enforced for to "know a woman" was sinful and diabolic.

Josephus wrote that "they do not condemn wedlock on principle — the propagation thereby of the race — but they wish to protect themselves against women's wantonness, being persuaded that none of the sex keeps her plighted troth to one man." Philo affirms that no Essene would consider wedlock because every Essene

knows, "a wife is a selfish creature, excessively jealous and an adept at beguiling the morals of her husband and seducing him by her impostures."

Josephus says that though none are ever born among them their number steadily increases. He says young children are adopted by members and trained for the brotherhood. Philo dissents, claiming that only adults are admitted among them and these must live up to difficult requirements and must subscribe entirely to the Mosaic laws of Levitical purity. New members were required to undergo initiation, a noviceship lasting two years, baptism and an extended two years *trial.* The novice "before he is allowed to touch *their* common food" is compelled to "take tremendous oaths (or vows)" that:

". . . . he will exercise piety towards God; and that he will observe justice towards men; and that he will do no harm to anyone, either of his own accord or by the command of others; that he will always hate the wicked and assist the righteous; that he will ever show fidelity to all men, and especially to those in authority, because no one obtains the Government without God's assistance; and that, if he be in authority, he will at no time whatever abuse his authority, nor endeavor to outshine his subjects, either in his garments or in any other finery; that he will be perpetually a lover of truth and propose to himself to reprove those that tell lies; that he will keep his hands clear from theft, and his soul from unlawful gains."

The attitude toward governments is interesting. A tradition in Judea at this time asserts that an Essenian seer once approached Herod the Great, before he became ruler, and prophesied that one day he would be king. Years later, after his dictatorial rule had begun, Herod remembered this prophecy and indulged the Essenes. Apparently he was ignorant that the seer also had predicted that he would later sink to wickedness and commit terrible atrocities upon the Jews.

Herod's palace, we know, lay directly across the Dead Sea opposite the Qumran monastery. Philo probably had this monastery in mind when he said that groups of Essenes living in Judea radiated from a common center in the wilderness. It was here in the first century before Christ that young novices were trained for full admission into the mystic brotherhood of the "Holy Ones." Josephus echoed the prevalent sentiment of the Jewish people when he said that the Essenes were "the most virtuous men on Earth." The monasticism they developed presents an extraordinary paradox if one considers the race-consciousness of the ancient Jews. Their

idea of universal brotherhood seems incongruous with the beliefs of the time; when the Jews were combatting enemies on every side in order to preserve their unity. But both Philo and Josephus affirm that all the Jews, of all sects, held these ascetics in the greatest esteem.

The Essenes held that among those virtues that led to the good life chastity, poverty and cleanliness were the most important. Hippolytus *(Refutation of All Heresies)* reported that they "possess neither two cloaks nor two pair of shoes." Cleanliness, a cardinal virtue, made it necessary for members to take constant baths (really a Persian practice) although oiling the body, which Mediterranean people have always done to prevent the drying of the skin, was not permitted.

Essene members were subjected to a truly rigorous disciplinary system. They could not converse before the rising of the sun but if they were awake át an early hour were required to recite lengthy prayers invoking the sun to rise. When morning dawned they went to work immediately regardless of weather conditions. Philo comments that they never used the weather as an excuse for idleness. When the day ended they returned from the fields to wash themselves at once in cold water and don clean though scanty raiment. Then they proceeded to the refectory to eat a frugal meal of bread and vegetables.

What is the origin of the Essenes and their doctrines? Scholars have only begun to appreciate their importance as a pre-Christian sect and the discovery of their sheepskin manuscripts undoubtedly help to enlighten us. In one of the few translated scrolls, the *Manual of Discipline,* the sect refers to itself as the *Serek Hayahad* which Dr. Millar Burrows, of Yale, translates as the *Order of Unity.* Some scholars are convinced that John the Baptist was of their order. They point to his abstinence from wedlock, his reclusive life "in the wilderness" as evidence. The theory that Jesus was a member of this order in his youth is not without supporters.

Scholars are troubled that the New Testament makes no mention of the Essenes even though the oldest fragments of the Old Testament apparently were written by them. Josephus and Philo both say that they were much given to reading the writings of the ancients and that they preserved much of the venerable lore of their people. Successive Roman assaults on Jerusalem probably led them to hide their scrolls in caves so they might not be lost to posterity.

As for the Romans, the *Kittem* of the *Habbakuk Commentary*

scroll, the Essenes considered them the Children of Darkness, the workers of the devil. Josephus tells us that:

"The Romans tried their souls through and through by every variety of test. Racked and twisted, broken and burnt and made to pass through every instrument of torture, in order to induce them to blaspheme their lawgiver (Moses) or to eat some forbidden thing, they refused to yield to either demand, nor ever once did they cringe to their persecuters or ever shed a tear. Smiling in their agonies and mildly deriding their tormentors, they cheerfully resigned their souls, confident they would receive them back again."

One detects here much of the moral conviction of the early Christians who possibly emerged from Essenism. This would explain, among many other things, the New Testament omissions. It is clear that the teachings of Jesus and those of the Essenes are similar to an extent that precludes coincidence. Jesus must have gotten a part of his ethics, at least, from these venerable mystics. Remember that the novice, new to the brotherhood, was required to take vows that he would respect God, observe justice, love truth. All the moral sentiments Jesus embraced are here. Moreover, Jesus upheld virginity as an ideal. Like the Essenes he was an itinerant, content with scant garments and the life of an ascetic. He had a fiery social gospel to preach and no compunctions against preaching it in the streets. Both the early Christians and the Essenes held property in common. Both rejected animal sacrifice. Both contended that the soul was incorruptible and, therefore, immortal. Further proof of their affinity is the universality of their religion; neither the Christians nor the Essenes joined together as a race but merely as *brothers.*

The teachings of Buddha, Zarathustra and Pythagoras had already found their way into Jerusalem at the time Essenism came into existence so we should expect to find traces of them all in the new religion and we do. They all proclaimed the superiority of chastity and truthfulness, however, this can be said of all great philosophers.

Of the few beliefs the Greek, Pythagoras, held which are not found in Essenism nor Christianity the most conspicuous is the transmigration of souls, metempsychosis. Pythagoras is credited with being the first to teach the immortality of the human psyche, however, his is an eclectic philosophy, adopting the superior features of all great philosophies and synthesizing them. There has always been a theory that the Christian idea "born again" was really a misunderstanding of the Py-

thagorean doctrine, as the idea of being born in sin is a misunderstanding of the conception of the soul doomed to an unhappy estate in retaliation for a sinful previous existence. Be this as it may, it seems clear that the ideas of Pythagoras infiltrated into Jewish religion from the Egyptian Therapeutae by way of such religious centers as Alexandria where a subtle blending of Greco-Roman and Egypto-Babylonian thought kindled many new religious faiths.

Besides incorporating the ethical system of Pythagoras, in a modified form, Essenism cultivated distinct ideals such as monasticism, messianism and the already prevalent Jewish idea of imminent world destruction.

The recently translated scrolls give an extraordinary picture. Apparently there developed within the Essene Order, about the time of Christ, a group of fanatics who traced their lineage back to Zadok and who called themselves the "Sons of Zadok." They refer to their leader as the "Teacher of Righteousness" who foretold the coming end of the world and who, by his new doctrines, incurred the wrath of the orthodox priests at whose instigation he was persecuted and finally crucified. The scroll account even describes a messianic banquet in which this "Teacher of Righteousness" blesses bread and wine and distributes it to the convocation.

Whether all this is a garbled rendition of Jesus' story as related in the gospels or whether Jesus' story sprang directly from the Essene Tradition only further research can tell.

COINCIDENCE IN CARS

In 1951 Mrs. Ellen Kenney of Los Angeles, Calif., won a Cadillac in a church drawing. In April, 1956, she won a 1956 Buick at another drawing at the same church. Each time she obtained her tickets from her employer, Irving Glasser, who bought them from Superior Judge George A. Dockweiler.

PERSONAL ALARM

VOLUNTEER fire units in Lumberton, N. C., are alerted over the air by the local radio station announcer in case of fire. Recently he interrupted a program to announce that a house was on fire. He gave its location and then gasped, "That's my house!"



I WAS LOST IN THE *FOURTH DIMENSION*

I stepped out of the elevator — into the depot to another plane of existence. How could I return to where I belonged?

By Miriam Golding

THE recollection of an experience I had in the fall of 1934 still fills me with chills of apprehension. Mentally, I always refer to this event as *the depot,* and I wonder what would have happened to me if, somehow, I had never come back.

I was a young girl. My husband was still my fiance and we lived in Chicago. We both were music students and had been to an afternoon concert. Finding we had ample time before keeping a dinner date with his family, we decided to brouse around in a near-by music store. We took the elevator upwards and, once in the store, settled down on stools to study the latest scores and literature. I was paging through a magazine when my fiance, Stan, nudged me, pointing to the clock.

As far as I can be sure we *both* returned to the elevator but in the crush on the way down we got separated in the crowd. On arriving at what I thought was the main floor I tried to push my way out but was shoved back. The door closed again and we started down. I thought I could hear my

fiance calling my name as the elevator descended below street level. Finally there was that familiar thud which marked the end of the line for old-fashioned elevators and the door opened once more. I was going to stay on to ride back up, but an unfriendly operator insisted "Everybody off!"

Leaving the car I was astonished to find myself in an immense place, a basement surely, but not of a downtown office building. There were boxes and crates stacked everywhere. Grimy, perspiring men were pushing carts or riding little trucks loaded with trunks and baggage. My eyes searched the place and I discovered, in one corner, a large iron staircase like a fire-escape. Walking toward it I thought I could see daylight above so I hurried to climb upward. Reaching the top, which was indeed above ground and in broad daylight, I was completely bewildered. There was no sign of the store I had left. Nothing else that should have been there was visible. There was nothing unusual in my surroundings but the place was totally unknown to me. I was in a large railroad station!

Crowds of travelers were hurrying about. There were the usual signs, *To Trains, Waiting Rooms, Lunch Counter, Tickets.* I was so engrossed with my surroundings that I almost knocked down one poor woman. I apologized, but she hadn't even noticed me. I could see no signs of arrivals or departures of trains, no timetables, and was curious, (an understatement) to know where I was. Just then an announcer's voice rose above the din to read off a long string of names. However, I have seldom been able to understand railroad announcers and of this I caught not one word. Wandering around confusedly, I finally sighted the Information Booth. There was a long line and I joined it. Standing there I felt decidedly foolish about having to ask where I was, but when I reached the girl and voiced my question, she seemed completely unaware of my existence. This was the last straw and I hurried away.

I followed the wall until I saw a *To The Street* sign and went outside into the open air. I still had no idea where I was. It was a beautiful day, warm, with a cloudless, blue sky that would have seemed like mid-summer had not the leaves on the great trees along the avenue already turned gold, crimson and orange. There was a new red brick building going up across from the station. It looked like it might be a church. There were many people out on the street too, all looking healthy, pleasant and contented. I smiled at some of the passers-by but received only blank stares. I heard

friendly voices but couldn't understand a word. The place seemed so normal that I scarcely was frightened but who in such a situation could be other than confused and perplexed?

Wandering aimlessly along the street, I noticed, ahead of me, a blond boy, probably in his teens, standing in the center of the walk staring in all directions. Nearing him, I stepped to one side to pass but as I did so he smiled eagerly, reached out to touch my arm as if to see if I was real. I stopped and smiled back.

He said haltingly, "I guess they – let you off at the wrong stop too?"

I immediately understood that, however fantastic, the same thing had happened to both of us. Our mutual plight created a bond and for want of anything better to do, we continued together down the broad avenue.

"This is weird," he remarked. " I was playing tennis back home and went to the locker-room to change my shoes. When I came out I was – in that depot."

"Where is 'home'?" I asked.

"Why Lincoln – Lincoln, Nebraska, of course." He sounded puzzled.

"But I started this – trip – in Chicago!" I told him.

We walked on, discussing everything we had ever heard or read of time-travel, teleportation, other space dimensions, but neither of us knew much of this sort of thing and we didn't get far.

After a while the street became less crowded. Ahead the road sloped downhill. Soon the town was behind us. We were in open country and ahead we saw the deep blue water of a lake or ocean. It was a welcome distraction and we raced down the hill, out onto the sandy beach where we flopped down on some large rocks to catch our breath. It was really lovely there, warm and fresh. The sun was dipping toward the water on the horizon now, so we assumed west was out that way. As we watched the sun drop we noticed a large sandbar not too far out. I thought I heard voices coming from there. Suddenly, I heard someone calling my name and, as I grew accustomed to looking into the bright sunlight, I saw with great surprise that one of the girls on the sandbar was my fiance's sister. There were others with her and they all waved and shouted again.

My new-found-friend jumped up in excitement. "But this is wonderful!" he said. "Maybe they are some kind of – connection or – link." He searched for the right words and as he talked he scrambled out of all his clothes but his tennis shorts. "I'm going out there!" he exclaimed. "They *see* us! They *know* you! It's not far, I can make it in a few minutes!"

He dived into the waves and swam off. With an inner excitement I watched him go. He shouted back occasionally and swam on. The figures remained on the bar and their voices still reached me. But as he swam a queer thing happened, try as he might he could get no nearer to the sandbar. Then gradually the bar seemed to grow more distant. Finally he turned and swam back to shore where he dropped onto the sand in total discouragement. There seemed nothing to say; when we looked out again the bar had disappeared. There was no fog, no obscuring mist, the sun was quite low in the sky but it was still very light. However, the sandbar had vanished.

I can't imagine what we would have done next but suddenly I was enveloped in darkness. I felt as if I floated in space and then I was back on the stool in the music store! The magazine was still spread out before me. A clock was striking and the clerks were tidying up the counters preparatory to closing. I looked around for my fiance fully expecting to see him there, too. However, he was not in sight. I decided the best thing to do was go straight to his home. This time I walked down the stairs!

When I got to my destination my fiance opened the door. He certainly looked relieved. He said he'd lost me on the elevator. After stepping out on the main floor he had been unable to locate me. Thinking I had gotten off on some other floor he had waited a while then finally decided to go on home.

The rest of the family already was in the dining room and we followed them without further discussion. On entering I was more than a little surprised to see Stan's sister with the same friends I had seen on the sandbar.

She smiled as she said, "We saw you in town but you were so engrossed in each other you didn't even hear us!"



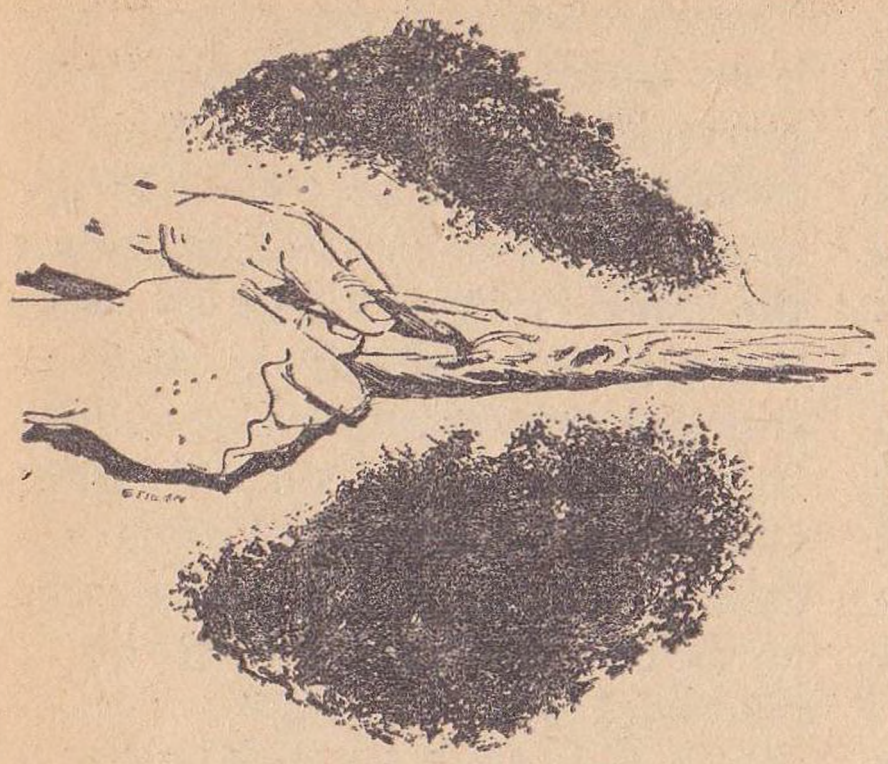
LONGEST INHABITED SPOT

THE Sandia Mountains near Albuquerque, N. M., are considered by scientists the longest inhabited part of the United States. They estimate that crude utensils found in a cave here were used by man some 30,000 years ago.



PUSHBUTTON BLAZE

SHOWING a neighbor how her new doorbell operated, Mrs. J. F. Kimberly of Azle, Tex., proudly pressed the button. Faulty wiring started a fire and her six-room house burned to the ground.



Scientists say dowsing is bunk and list its failures. Laymen say dowsing works and tell of its successes. Who is right?

By Arthur M. Sowder

Reprinted from WATER, The Yearbook of Agriculture, 1955, the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

the age old debate of the FORKED STICK

FEW subjects are more hotly debated than water dowsing. Few activities are more stoutly supported by their practitioners (of whom I am one in my spare time) or more roundly ridiculed by others. On the one hand are the words and experiences of those who have used a forked stick to locate underground water. On the other hand is a large body of scientific investigation and writings, which say flatly that water dowsing is pure nonsense and without any valid basis.

The purpose of this essay is to tell both sides without trying to convince the reader one way or the other. No discussion of water can be considered complete without a mention of this ancient debate.

At various times I have had opportunity to experiment and discuss dowsing with people, some of whom were dowsers. I learned that not many can dowse and that those who can, do so in varying degrees. Those who cannot generally assert scoffingly that dowsing is faked by hand manuplations.

I have tried forked twigs of many species of wood, and each seems to work, but twigs of peach, apple and maple seem to be best. I grasp the ends of the twig firmly

with palms upward. As I start, I have the butt of the stick pointed up. As I near moving water, I can feel the pull as the butt end begins to dip downward. When I am over the water, it is straight down, having turned through an arc of 180 degrees. A stick of brittle wood will break under my grip as the butt dips downward. Pliable twigs will twist down despite efforts to hold them straight.

Now, some excerpts from published works to indicate the pros and cons:

Interested persons will do well to read Water-Supply Paper 416, *The Divining Rod, A History of Water Witching,* by Arthur J. Ellis. It was published in 1938 by the United States Geological Survey.

In an introductory note, Dr. O. E. Meinzer wrote: "The outline of the history of the subject presented in the following pages will probably enable most honest inquirers to appreciate the practical uselessness of 'water witching' and other applications of the divining rod, but those who wish to delve further into the mysteries of the subject are referred to the literature cited in the bibliography, in which they will find reports in painful detail, pseudo-investigations of every phase of the subject and every imaginable explanation of the supposed phenomena.

"It is doubtful whether so much investigation and discussion have been bestowed on any other subject with such absolute lack of positive results. It is difficult to see how for practical purposes the entire matter could be more thoroughly discredited, and it should be obvious to everyone that further tests by the United States Geological Survey of this so-called 'witching' for water, oil, or other minerals would be a misuse of public funds."

Nearly half of the booklet is devoted to a bibliography arranged in chronological order back to the 16th century.

Mr. Ellis wrote: "The origin of the divining rod is lost in antiquity. Students of the subject have discovered in ancient literature many more or less vague references to it, and though it is certain that rods or wands of some kind were in use among ancient peoples for forecasting events and searching for lost objects, and in occult practices generally, little is known of the manner in which such rods were used or what relation, if any, they may have to the modern device. The 'rod' is mentioned many times in the Bible in connection with miraculous performances, especially in the books of Moses . . . ."

In an article in *Arizona Highways* for June, 1954 Gaston Burridge wrote: "I have been interested in the dowsing phenomenon for

nearly 40 years, not as a participant, for I have none of the dowser's powers, but as an observer. I think I have seen every kind of locating device there is, from a common willow fork, up through and including a $10,000 'electronic' machine! I believe I've listened to as many methods, heard as many theories, as many explanations, as many experiments as any man in the Southwest. I have witnessed 'map dowsings,' 'long-distance dowsings,' have been on actual locating jaunts for water, oil, minerals and buried treasure. I've heard of all sorts of 'mistakes' dowsers have made. I have taken the trouble to do some investigating and now I can match those tales with 'mistakes' both well drillers and geologists have made!

"Most dowsers I have met believe the dowsing instinct, ability, power, 'atunement,' or whatever it is, comes to a person with birth. But they also believe this innate ability can be developed, its use expanded, by study and practice. Many people have the ability but don't know it, never having had reason or opportunity to try it. Some students of the matter believe about one person in every 1,000 has some dowsing ability, that one person in about 10,000 has enough of the ability to become a good dowser. And I would like to point out right here, there is a vast difference between a dowser and a good dowser!"

Kenneth Roberts, in his book, *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod* (Doubleday, 1951), wrote:

"Not all the derision of all the geologists in the world can in any way alter the unfailing accuracy of the dowsing rod in Henry Gross's hands. Not all the cries of 'hokum,' 'curious superstition,' 'fanciful delusion,' 'hoax,' 'witchery,' 'pseudo-science,' can destroy or even lessen the value of Henry's dowsing, to whose unvarying success Horace Levinson and I have attested by the publication of this book . . . ."

Mr. Roberts' book was reviewed by Thomas M. Riddick in an article, "Dowsing Is Nonsense," in Harper's Magazine for July, 1951. Mr. Riddick, a member of the American Water Works Association, wrote: "If this book on dowsing indicated that Henry Gross possessed unusual powers, explainable or not, which enable him to locate extractable underground waters, I would be a most ardent supporter of his cause. But this indication, much less this proof, is lacking. And to accept Mr. Roberts' beliefs necessitates a complete disregard of the basic principles of hydraulics, hydrology, meteorology, physics, thermodynamics, and geology, and even the fundamental laws of gravitation."

And so it goes.

Space does not permit a complete listing of the references on

the subject of dowsing. Some titles, though, indicate the way the subject has been treated: *That Dowsing Hokum; Water Witching; An Interpretation of a Ritual Pattern in a Rural American Community; A Dowser Talks Back; The Problem of the Divining Rod; All-Purpose Dowsing; Can a Water Witch Really Find Water?;* and *Witching Wands and Doodlebugs.*

The controversy will continue until someone can explain and prove the action of the dowsing stick.

"SEA SERPENTS DO EXIST"

At the International Congress of Zoology in Copenhagen, Denmark, in the summer of 1955, Dr. Anton Bruun, eminent Danish oceanographer, announced that years of research had convinced him huge sea serpents actually do exist in the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Dr. Bruun said his interest in the sea serpent question was fired when a strange six-foot fish was found in the South Atlantic by the Dana deep-sea expedition of 1930. This fish was identified as the larval form of an unknown type of eel. It had 450 vertebral plates, whereas the largest eels known have only 150. Dr. Bruun said that if the fish had grown to adult size, it would have been fully as large as the enormous sea serpents which have been reported.

He pointed out that if the bulk of such huge fishes as basking and whale sharks were elongated in the shape of an eel, they would appear to be of monstrous size. He cited the case of the oar fish an eel-like inhabitant of tropical and semi-tropical seas, which has been known to reach 40 feet in length.

Dr. Bruun said he had made a long study of sea serpent reports. Discounting those due to dolphins, basking sharks, giant squids and other huge sea creatures, he narrowed down the reports to 200 which he felt were valid. Of these he considered six "indisputably authentic." They include the monster seen at different times off the shores of Loch Ness, Scotland; the enormous serpent seen by Captain Peter M'Quhae, commander of the *Daedalus,* off the Cape of Good Hope in 1848; the monster observed off the coast of Sicily by Captain H. L. Pearson, commander of Queen Victoria's yacht, in 1877; and the 60-foot beast seen in 1942 near the Chatham Islands, Vancouver, by British Columbia government officials F. W. Kemp and Major W. H. Langley.

Blood on My Hands?

My elbows suddenly felt electrified. Both my hands and arms appeared to be bathed in blood. Was this a warning of tragedy?

By Charles C. Stemmer

I first heard George Harvey Brooks speak on the night of January 14, 1925, in Phoenix, Ariz. He was a big man, around six-feet four-inches tall. His gray hair was thinning, but he wore sideburns and a goatee. He carried a derby and a cane when he entered the hall for the first Spiritualist meeting I had ever attended. Going to the rostrum he seated himself behind a temporary pulpit while the organist and the master of ceremonies got started with the evening's program.

Dr. Brooks was a noted trance medium, lecturer and exponent of Spiritualism. On this particular evening he delivered an interesting lecture while entranced. I was much impressed. Afterwards he gave personal messages, in each instance verified by the recipient.

Two months after this a medium in Prescott, Ariz., with whom I had sat in seances asked me about inviting Dr. Brooks to come to her city. I advised her to get him if possible. My mother and I visited him in Prescott and he gave each of us a remarkable personal reading. I saw him several more times there, before returning home to Cottonwood, Ariz.

Back in Cottonwood I suggested to some Spiritualist friends that if we raised a little money we could have Dr. Brooks with us for a week or two. The response was gratifying; arrangements were made and we looked forward to his arrival.

Just before this I was subjected to one of the most remarkable

and terrifying experiences of my lifetime.

I was typing letters in my office when my oldest daughter, Rema, entered to say that supper was ready. As she stood by my side at the desk I pushed the typewriter to my right and took up in both my hands some 8½ by 11½ typewriter second sheets with the idea of straightening them. My elbows, which rested on the desk, suddenly became electrified. Both my hands and arms appeared to be bathed in *blood!* On the second sheets between my hands there appeared, in bold relief, the face of the man I had heard speak in Pheonix — Dr. Brooks. I was astounded and alarmed.

Still holding the papers with this image of the partially bald head, the sideburns, goatee, glasses and piercing blue eyes, I turned to Rema and asked, "Do you see anything on the paper I am holding?"

She said, "Yes." She said that my hands appeared covered with blood and that an old man's face appeared so plain on the paper it was hard to believe it wasn't real.

While both of us continued to stare in amazement the face very slowly disappeared. At the same time my hands and arms resumed their normal color.

The incident left me shaken and wondering. Of course, Rema who was only 11½ years old at the time did not know what it meant. Neither did I. When we got home I told my wife but she made little of it.

The evening of April 18, 1925, I brought Dr. Brooks to my home and introduced him to my wife and daughters. I asked Rema if she had ever seen this gentleman before.

She replied, "Yes, Papa, I saw him on the sheets of paper in your office."

Dr. Brooks only smiled after I told him what had happened. He said something similar had occurred to him some years before.

The whole town had cooperated to make possible Dr. Brook's visit to Cottonwood. The proprietor of the Cottonwood Hotel donated a corner room on the second floor overlooking Main Street and Mason Avenue. The local theatre owner, Mr. Bechetti, let us use his theatre without cost during Dr. Brooks stay.

Sunday, April 19, 1925, a goodly crowd came to the meeting. Dr. Brooks again talked while entranced. His subject was "What Is Spiritualism" and it was well taken. Afterwards he gave a number of startling messages, all acknowledged by the recipients.

He was our guest at dinner that evening. My wife had roast leg of lamb and all that goes with it. Dr. Brooks ate heartily and joked with us throughout the

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,)
) ss. AFFIDAVIT.
County of Los Angeles....))

I, Rema Duggan, the former Rema Leota Stemmer, first being duly sworn, depose and state that I am a resident of Los Angeles, California, and that my present address is 660 West 35th street, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

That Chas. C. Stemmer, author of the story to which this Affidavit is attached is my father and that when I was between 11 and 12 years of age I was in his office and saw him hold some papers between his hands and as he did so, his hands and arms looked like they were completely covered with blood and that a face appeared almost lifelike on the papers between his hands.

He did not ask me if I saw a man's face on the paper. He asked me what I saw and I told him. He told me the reason he asked the way he did was not to stimulate my imagination; but get my unprovoked or coached reply, and in order to insure himself that he was not a victim of imagination.

Saturday before the great disaster he describes in the story, he brought Mr. Brooks to our home and introduced us all to him and then in front of Dr. Brooks, he asked me if I ever saw this gentleman before. I told him I did. He asked me where, and I told him on the papers in his office. I do not remember what remarrk Mr Brooks made; but seems like he once had a similar experiance.

I can never forget the bloody hands and arms and the face on the paper, nor the terribke fire that destroyed almost half the town April 20th, 1935. I remember my dad was terribly upset over the whole thing.

Further, the affiant saith not.

Rema Duggan
Affiant.

Subscribed and acknowledged before me, this 18th day of June, A.D. 1955 by MRSREMA DUGGAN, the former REMA LEOTA STEMMER.

Hazel D. Barber
Notary Public.

My Commission Expires ##

My Commission Expires August 9, 1958.

Affidavit signed by daughter of Charles C. Stemmer states that she also saw blood-bathed appearance of his hands and vision of face of medium George Harvey Brooks.

meal. After dinner we went to a circle meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cargill.

We all entered a room which was about 14 feet square, through a door in the east wall. A single, drop electric bulb lighted only a small spot in the room where we seated ourselves. Dr. Brooks sat in an arm chair at the left of the door as we entered. Next to him was a table that extended to the north wall of the room. Around the other two walls the chairs for the sitters were placed. There were 10 of us besides Dr. Brooks.

After a prayer and a song or two he made a brief talk, not under trance. Then he remarked, "It seems my guides have deserted me. I seem to see heaps of ruins and piles of building material. I

don't seem to be able to get any word from Danville, Ill., where I am supposed to go from here."

After a brief silence he sat down and began giving messages to each of us there. As he talked I saw a most beautiful golden light. It looked like a large golden bumble-bee at his right ear. It was self-contained and illuminated nothing. It began a wavering, moth-like flight outward from his ear, in an inverted arc, and headed for the corner above the opposite end of the table where he sat. This was the northeast corner of the room at the ceiling. It grew smaller as it continued its slow, wavering flight until it completely disappeared into this corner.

I searched the room for a jewel, watch crystal, any object that could make such a reflected light. There was none.

The circle ended and my wife and I accompanied Dr. Brooks to his hotel, where we bade him goodnight.

At 4:15 Monday morning, April 20, 1925, my wife waked me with the dreadful news that the town was on fire. I dressed hurriedly and rushed to the corner opposite the hotel where Dr. Brooks was staying. A 45-mile-an-hour wind was blowing. Half the block, including the hotel, was a mass of flames.

I shouted above the roar of the flames, "Is everybody out of all of the burning buildings?"

Half-a-dozen voices yelled back, "Yes."

I was Postmaster, with about 18 months encumbency, and when I saw the flames spread north from the hotel into the block where the Post Office was located I went there. Meanwhile the valiant fire fighters were handicapped not only by the high winds but by lack of water. Some persons helped me clear my building of everything. About that time the wind changed and the flames went to consuming residences on the street behind us. Fourteen business houses, 11 residences, warehouses, garages and automobiles all were destroyed.

At the moment the wind changed I suddenly knew Dr. Brooks had died in the fire. I felt his presence. It seemed he said to me, "You are not to blame. I am all right now."

I rushed across the street and, looking toward the hotel, I saw flames completely surrounding a bed which was visible in the skeleton of the building. In this bed, about seven feet above the ground, lay the body of Dr. Brooks. We did not have enough water to quench the fire about his body and it was too hot to approach. I phoned the Prescott medium to wire Mrs. Brooks the awful news. When some water had been found and the terrible heat had abated I supervised get-

ting Dr. Brook's body out of the debris.

I felt like a murderer. I had engineered his coming to my town, therefore, hadn't I killed him? I remembered the blood on my hands and arms and thought it meant his blood was upon me. I nearly lost my mind.

About 4 p.m. of this terrible day my left arm again became electrified. I had done a small amount of automatic writing previously but was skeptical of it. Now my arm wrote to inform me that the tragedy had to be, that I was not to blame. I was only partially comforted.

The next day Mrs. Smith who, together with her sister-in-law, had been present at the circle Sunday night came to me. She said, "Please do not tell me what you saw Sunday night. Let me tell you." She described the light as I have described it. She also had tried to explain it as some type of reflection. She had failed as I had.

Unfortunately only four of us who attended the Sunday evening circle on April 19, 1925, now survive. The good Doctor, Mr. and Mrs. Cargill, and four others are gone. However, my daughter, Rema, sends an affidavit, signed before a notary public, stating that she saw, as I did, my bloody hands and Dr. Brook's face upon the paper they held — a terrible warning of a more terrible tragedy.

TOGETHER AGAIN

IN Dallas, Tex., two houses that stood side by side for 40 years recently were purchased and moved to new locations. They turned up side by side. Neither purchaser knew the other.

CLINICAL CANINE

HEARING a scratching at the door, a nurse at Witt Memorial Hospital for Animals in Worcester, Mass., opened it to see a boxer dog with injured paws. The dog was admitted and given treatment.

AWARDED TOO SOON

THE city of Chelsea, Mass., recently was given two safety awards for not having had any auto or pedestrian fatalities since 1953. Within 24 hours a woman was killed by a car.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

A group of Apache and Zuni Indians, brought from Arizona and New Mexico to help battle California's forest fires, took time out from their fire fighting to do a "rain dance." It promptly started raining hard.

●

Enrollment figures show that Wilson Junior High School in Tampa, Fla., has 1056 students — 528 boys and 528 girls.

●

Edward Hoffman, Boston cab driver, found a red wallet containing $70 on the rear seat of his cab. A year later to the day he found another red wallet on the rear seat. It also contained $70.

●

Within 24 hours after Chelsea, Mass., received two safety awards for having no traffic fatalities in two years Mrs. Agatha Baris was struck down and killed there by a car.

●

Recently the 12th child was born to Mrs. Calvin A. Clapp in a Knoxville hospital. Her mother, Mrs. Ida Metabarger, and her sister, Mrs. John Hopper, each have 12 children too.

●

Mrs. Dorothy McDonald and Mrs. Helen McDonald, Rochester, N. Y., twins, became engaged to their husbands who are brothers on the same day and were married on the same day seven years ago. The other they gave birth to babies within a half hour of each other.

●

George Smith, Dungannon, Ireland, auctioneer, closing a bid, shouted, "Going once . . . . going twice" and then dropped out of sight when the floor collapsed.

●

When fire destroyed the home of Charles Leasure in Warner, Va., only three items were not burned. They were the three family Bibles.

●

When Lieut. Cmdr. Victor Utgoff was killed in the unexplained explosion of a Navy seaplane near Washington history was repeating itself after a quarter of a century. Commander Utgoff's father was

killed in an unexplained crash of a seaplane 25 years ago.

●

In Montreal, Canada, a woman bank teller fainted when a bandit pointed a gun at her. She fell against the buzzer that set off the bank's alarm. The bandit had to flee empty-handed.

●

Bernard A. Wissman, a sheet metal worker, was working on the roof of a Washington, D. C., building when he felt ill. He collapsed in the elevator going down and was pronounced dead. Minutes later his brother, Warren Wissman, also a sheet metal worker, on a job several blocks away felt a pain in his chest. He was going up in an elevator to the dispensary when he collapsed and died.

●

The East Pembroke Volunteer Fire Department of New York bought a new automobile from Joseph Attardi, auto agency sales manager, as a prize to be raffled off to raise money. The winner of the raffle was Joseph Attardi.

●

Mrs. Dorothy Anthony, Newark, N. J., was finally killed by a bullet accidentally shot into her breast 10 years ago. The missile was never removed and finally weakened the heart muscle where it lodged so that her heart stopped beating.

A conversation between two women in a South Charleston, W. Va., bar resulted in a one-to-five year penitentiary sentence for a bigamist. The two women got to talking about their respective husbands and soon discovered they were married to the same man.

●

A car tore down the highway near Las Cruces, N. Mex., at 75 miles an hour. State Policeman Leo Teague gave chase and finally flagged the car down. Just as the speeding car stopped its right front wheel fell off. A few more feet and there would have been a fatal accident.

●

After years of trying to locate his brother through newspaper ads, Frank Wiley of Salt Lake City persuaded a Denver foundling home to tell him his brother's adopted name. He found his brother, Hugh Bernecker, lived only a few miles away and was a school-teacher who'd taught Frank's children in grammar school.

●

After Harrington, Me., firemen carefully had carried the furniture from Warren Eaton's burning farmhouse to store it in the barn, sparks from the house set the barn on fire. The barn was destroyed and the furniture with it.

As the organist played the candles flickered. He looked up and saw a visitor who had been buried for 150 years.



By Cmdr. Charles M. Cree

SHADES of HANDEL!

COCKINGTON Hall is an ancient and huge, red brick structure situated in its own park just outside the little village of Cockington in Cheshire, England. Cockington Village is so small a tourist might pass right through it unless he was thirsty and his eye caught sight of the local pub.

Cockington Hall, however, is really something to see. The entrance to the building is through a small and unimposing doorway and down a narrow corridor. A sharp right turn leads into the real hall. This is a huge room with an organ loft directly overhead. Someone, in the dim and distant past, ordered this loft constructed between two husky trees which were built in as integral parts of the entire house.

When I first visited Cockington Hall the daughter of the house told me a story about this organ. She said that George Frederick Handel, the famous composer, frequently had stayed at Cockington Hall; that it is said he composed portions of the famous *Messiah* on the organ of Cockington Hall. He was probably the first but not the last musical genius to rejoice in this glorious instrument.

She also said that in the days before and immediately after the first World War the eminent organist, Mr. Rouget, frequently visited the Hall and dearly liked to play the magnificent organ. One winter evening he was alone in the house and decided to amuse

himself practicing church music. The organ long since had been adapted to electricity and, climbing to the loft, he switched on the power and let his fingers ramble over the keys and stops. He played Mendelsohn's *Wedding March*. He played some of Wagner's works. Then he played Brahm's beautiful *Lullaby*. After a while he began to play Handel's *Messiah*. Concentrating on the music he felt inspired. Never before had his playing seemed so wonderful, and never before had he seemed to capture so completely everything contained in the *Messiah*.

Church music always seemed to Mr. Rouget to sound better under subdued lighting and he had brought with him two candles in their sconces. Suddenly they seemed to gutter. Someone must have opened a door, letting in a draught, Rouget thought. Also it seemed to be getting colder. He turned to see if anyone had entered the hall below, their movements covered by the sound of his music.

Seated in a far corner of the loft was a figure. Mr. Rouget looked closely. There could be no doubt as to the identity of the visitor. And he had been dead and buried for over 150 years – and still he was seated in the Cockington Organ loft. Mr. Rouget turned back to the organ. The candles were burning steadily now. He gave the entire rendition of the *Messiah,* and turned once more to the corner.

The visitor still sat there – not faint and fuzzy but apparently in full body, his face beaming with pleasure.

Mr. Rouget wondered if he was dreaming and actually pinched himself until it hurt. Then an idea came to him. He turned back to the organ to play from *Samson*. Half way through the score he deliberately made a serious error. He turned to see if the visitor had noticed it. An expression of disgust went over the well known features of the composer. The candles guttered. When he looked again Mr. Rouget found that he was alone in the loft.

Switching off the electric power he descended to the floor of the Hall. The days passed and Mr. Rouget thought a great deal about the occurrence. It could not have happened – but it *had* happened. If it had happened once it might happen again. He made up his mind as to what he would do. A few days later when opportunity presented itself he climbed once more into the loft with his candles and, switching on the power, began to play. He played the masterpieces of several composers. Once in a while he would glance out of the corner of his eye to the spot where Handel had sat. Mr. Rouget was alone in the loft.

The moment for his experiment had come and once again he commenced his rendition of the *Messiah*. Not once did he glance from the keys and stops until the entire score had been played. And again he felt his playing was inspired. When the candles guttered he paid no heed. Finally as the last notes died away the player turned to the corner. Seated in the same place as before was the unmistakable figure of Handel looking, as on the first occasion, supremely benign and happy. Rising from his seat Mr. Rouget made a slight obeisance to the Master and descended to the floor of the Hall.

Mr. Rouget frequently played thereafter on the organ of Cockington Hall. The music of other composers seemed to have little interest for Handel. But whenever he played through the score of the *Messiah* in its entirety he would see the ghost of the great man seated in the familiar corner smiling.

THE THRUSH'S REQUIEM

By George Milburn

UNTIL the death of my father, William Milburn, in 1917, we always had some kind of a bird in our home in Jarrow-on-Tyne, Durham, England. They were wild birds Father had caught in the English countryside: goldfinch, bullfinch or songthrush. They were fond of Father and when released from their cages did not fly away but perched on his head or shoulders and warbled.

After several years the only bird he had left was a songthrush, which burst into melodious song whenever Father appeared. Eventually Father fell seriously ill with influenza and the thrush sang very little. Early one morning Father died and that day the bird did not sing, nor for the three days that Father lay in his coffin.

The day of the funeral arrived and still the thrush remained silent. However, when the pallbearers lifted the coffin the bird began to sing more beautifully than ever before. Loud and clear it sang until the hearse reached the bottom of the street and turned toward the cemetery. Then and only then did the thrush again for the following morning it was dead. — *Stratford, Ont., Can.*

MIND OVER SPACE

THE MYSTERY OF TELEPORTATION

By Nandor Fodor

Borne by the Poltergeist

If we could divest the Devil from theological connotations and use the word impersonally and collectively, it would be as good and as bad a term as the Spirit of the Lord to explain mysterious disappearances and re-appearances. The logical procedure is to discuss singly all the dynamic components which appear synthetized in these two terms. Thus we come to people who speak no longer of being wafted away by angels, of travelling by magic, of being kidnapped by fairies or by his Satanic majesty, but are carried away by the Poltergeist or his kith and kin.

The word "Poltergeist" comes from the German *polter* (noise) and *geist* (ghost). It means a noisy or racketing "spirit" that hurls crockery and makes things appear and disappear. The poltergeist manifestation is an explosive energy discharge by a mischievous and often malevolent intelligence. It acts as if a secondary, hostile part of a personality had broken loose from the main stream and had established itself extraneously in space. Yet it remains closely bound to its unwilling victim whom it follows like a familiar in witchcraft stories.*

*Hereward Carrington and Nandor Fodor: *Historic Poltergeists,* London, 1935; Nandor Fodor: *The Psychoanalytic Approach to the Problems of*

Sometimes, however, it is difficult to draw the line between the Poltergeist and the ordinary ghost. The main difference is that the Poltergeist always is attached to a person and carries on in daylight, whereas the ghost usually is attached to a house and goes bump in the night. In old accounts we find the devil or the fairies in the center of this picture; in modern ones the ghost turns into the spirit of the dead. At this point we land in a spiritualistic circle and have to determine how much of the manifestation is due to the spirit of the dead and how much to the spirit of the living. The latter borders on problems of the unconscious in every respect, the former in a good many.

In the chapter "Transportation by Invisible Power" of John Aubrey's *Miscellanies,* Poltergeist disturbances centering around a 21-year-old servant named Francis Fry are reported by the Rev. Andrew Paschal, B. D., Rector of Chedzoy, in Somerset, in a letter dated May 3, 1683:

> But the most remarkable at all happened in that Day that I passed by the Door in my return hither, which was Easter-eve when Fry returning from work (that little he could do) he was caught by the Woman Spectre by the Skirts of His Doublet, and carried into the Air; he was quickly missed by His Master and the workmen, and quite an enquiry was made for Fran. Fry, but no hearing of him; but about half an Hour after Fry was heard Whistling and Singing in a kind of Quagmire. He was now affected as he was wont to be in his Fits, so that none regarded what he said; but coming to himself an Hour after, he solemnly pro-

Occultism, Journal of Clinical Psychopathology, July 1945; and *The Poltergeist Psychoanalyzed,* Psychiatric Quarterly, April 1948. Both reprinted in *Haunted People,* by Carrington and Fodor, E. P. Dutton, New York, 1951.

> tested, That the Woman carried him so high that he saw his Master's house underneath him no bigger than a haycock, that he was in perfect Sense, and Prayed God not to suffer the Devil to destroy him; that he was suddenly set down in that Quagmire.
>
> The Workmen found one Shoe on one side of the House and the other Shoe on the other side; his Perriwig was espied next Morning hanging on the top of a tall Tree. It was soon observed, that Fry's Part of his Body that had laid in the Mud, was much benumbed, and therefore the next Saturday, which was the eve of Low-Sunday, they carried him to Crediton to let blood; which being done, and the Company having left him for a little while, returning they found him in a Fit, with his forehead all bruised and swollen to a great Bigness, 'till he recovered himself, and then told them, that a Bird flew in at the Window with a great Force, and with a Stone in its Mouth flew directly against his Forehead. The People looked for it, and found on the ground just under where he sat, not a Stone, but a Weight of Brass and Copper, which the People were breaking and parting it it among Themselves. (P. 153.)

It is not unusual for the victim of the Poltergeist to suffer minor injuries. On the other hand, it is less common to see the Poltergeist personified, particularly by the opposite sex, as is Fry's "Woman Spectre." Let us set the Fry account against the case of Vilma Molnar, a 14-year-old Hungarian peasant girl of whom Baron von Schrenck-Notzing reports:*

> Returning home with Vilma Molnar, the lady of the house found her six-months-old child, who was left in the cradle, in the middle of the floor sitting on a cushion. Next day, the same thing happened again. The lady of the house ran out to find the servant girl. They returned together, and found the child on the floor again, covered

*In *Gesammelte Aufsatze zur Parapsychologie,* Stuttgart, 1929, p. 390

> with four cushions, happy and satisfied as if she had found a wonderful playmate. The same day a one-year-old neighbor child of whom she was taking care, twice disappeared from the lady's side. First she found her in a stall in the stable, then in the barn in a high grain basket. Vilma's clothes were scattered all over the floor of her room.

The actual arrival of a transported boy has been reported in *Psychic Research,* March 1930, by Harry Price and Miss H. Kohn, a lecturer in languages at Deccan College, Poonah, Bombay University. A 9-year-old Indian boy, named Damodar Ketkar was the subject of violent Poltergeist persecution. He was levitated and suffered from complete physical exhaustion after the experience. His older brother, Ramkrishna Bapat, suddenly materialized in front of Miss Kohn's doorway like a rubber ball. He looked bright but amazed, and said, "I have just come from Karjat."

Miss Kohn's sister, who reports the event, describes the posture of the boy as most remarkable. He was bending forward when he appeared. Both his arms were hanging away from his sides, the hands limp. His feet were not touching the floor, as she saw a distinct space between them and the threshold. "It was precisely the posture of a person who has been gripped around the waist and carried, and therefore makes no effort but is gently dropped at his destination."

Today such a happening is ascribed to the Poltergeist. The feat was the same when, in witch hunting times, it was ascribed to the Devil.

> Vincent of Beauvais (Spec. Hist. XXVI, 43) relates a story told by S. Peter Damian of a five-year-old son of a nobleman, who was for the time living in a monastery; and one night he was carried out

> of the monastery into a locked mill, where he was found in the morning. And when he was questioned, he said that he had been carried by some men to a great feast and bidden to eat; and afterwards he was put into the mill through the roof.*

If a libidinal element entered into the situation, it was the demon lover, the incubus:

Describing the temptations of Hieronyma, in the City of Padua by an incubus, Father Sinistrari of Ameno, who was lecturer on Sacred Theology in the same town 25 years afterwards, says that

> Sometimes, while she was nursing her little girl, he would snatch the child away from her on her breast and lay it upon the roof, on the edge of the gutter, or hide it but without ever harming it.**

In a haunted house, it is the ghost.

In his *Haunted Houses,* Chapter VII, entitled "The fantastic Villa of Comeada, Coimbra (Portugal)," Camille Flammarion quotes Mr. Homem Christo's adventures, as told by himself in *Le Parc du Mystere,* 1923. Mr. Homem Christo rented the villa in October, 1919. He was a first-year law student expelled from the university for refusing to conform to a religious custom and for armed revolt. He moved into the villa with his young wife, his six-weeks-old-baby and two maids.

From the first day his wife complained of hearing strange noises in the house. But Mr. Christo believed that after the row at the university some practical jokers wanted to exasperate him.

After inspecting the house from cellar to attic and look-

*Malleus Maleficarum, by Rev. Montague Summers, London, 1948, p. 105
**Demoniality or Incubi and Succubi, Paris, 1879, p. 43

ing in the servants' quarters he installed himself in the suspected room.

> My wife, trembling in all her limbs, though my friend's adventure was unknown to her, put the baby's cradle at the foot of her bed upstairs, taking every precaution for the watching of the cradle and of her bolted door. She knew that she could expect no concession from me to the 'supernatural', and that the trickster or tricksters, if caught, would be brutally done to death. It was, in fact, war.

The phenomena began by the opening of the closed and bolted shutters. According to Mr. Christo, "They were both resistant and elastic to the touch, as if held by muscles working against my own." He let go, bounded to the door or the passage leading into the garden. It opened suddenly. There was no human being behind the wooden shutters. He ran around the house. When he came back, the shutter closed itself. He had to call his wife to be let in. He went to get his revolver and accompanied his wife upstairs.

> As we were going up the stairs, pressed against each other, I suddenly felt her getting heavy and pulling me back with the weight of two bodies. She started crying and struggling: 'Frances, help! Somebody has got hold of my feet.'
>
> We had arrived on the small landing lighted by a window towards the garden at the back of the house.
>
> Without turning round — so convinced was I that I should not see anybody — I passed my right hand over my left shoulder and fired in that direction. The shot rang out fearfully in that sonorous house, and my wife, leaning across my arm, seemed to be dead; but I had not killed the vile thing that pursued me, for I received a violent blow on the cheek as if with five small sticks.
>
> Singularly enough, the blow on the cheek gave

me back all my energy. Being struck means that one strikes out and reacts immediately. I bore my wife from the terrible grip which sought to take her away from me, and by the vague light of the window I saw once more that there was nobody behind her. We reached our room and I banged the door feverishly as if I were crushing something in the doorway. My wife, feeling herself saved, and thinking of a malefactor because I defended myself with a revolver, rushed to the cradle of her child; the cradle was empty. Then she fainted away.

Savagely watching the circle of feeble light which the lamp shed around me and the woman on the floor for a sign of something which would no doubt appear there, I waited. It was useless to think of defence. Knife, revolver, all this became powerless against an enemy who could not be seized.

From afar the servants, having heard the firing, howled like dogs at the moon. I know of nothing more demoralizing than the cries of women in the night. But the soft wailing of a baby which seemed to come from under the floor awoke me from my moral feebleness. It had to be found, the little mite, for I knew from my wife's fainting fit that it was not she who had put it away.

So I had the courage — it required some courage to go up and down stairs in that house — to search the whole ground floor, holding the lamp on high. I found the infant, quite naked, all its swaddling clothes taken off, placed on its back in the middle of a marble table like an object of no value abandoned by the redoubtable robber in his haste to escape in the light.

All night long I had to soothe the hysterics of my wife and the tears of my infant child. It was only at sunrise that everything returned to its natural order, and the mother went to sleep with the baby's lips on her breast.

I must say that this horrible adventure put me into such a state of breakdown that I could no longer face my invisible enemy or enemies. This last conjuring trick, this baby taken from one story

> to another without our being able to guess how it passed the staircase — or the walls — it could not be explained, could not be tolerated.

Homem Christo's book was published in collaboration with Mme. Rachilde of whom Flammarion writes: "I have had the honour and pleasure of knowing the latter for thirty years, and know that she will not admit the reality of psychic phenomena at any price, for the respectable but disputable reason that her parents were victims of mediums."

Mrs. F. E. Leaning, a prominent member of the London Society for Psychical Research, comments* and continues:

> This seemed to me, in spite of its credentials, a wild tale at first reading, until recently I came across an account of a haunted house, not in Portugal but in the West End of London, and given, not by a foreign law student, but an English doctor who uses the pseudonym of MacDonald on account of his Scottish blood, and who is known to Mr. Ralph Shirley as a perfect reliable witness. He lived next door to a family named Thompson who were subjected to the utmost inconvenience by the disappearance of keys in particular, but of other objects as well, such as a hearth brush. These things would either be found elsewhere (as in Mr. Morell Theobald's case) or would come into sight under the eyes of someone present. The hearth brush, for instance, reappeared in a horizontal position and so came down slowly to the ground, in a manner reminding us of Poltergeist works. It was hot to the touch; so were two clean collars of Mr. Thompson's though there was neither fire nor hot flat-irons in the house at the time. Miss M. L. Lewes, the authoress of *Stranger than Fiction,* in relating the haunting of an old Welsh mansion, speaks of exactly the same sort of thing.

**Light,* April 4, 1925.

> All in the house were often annoyed by the tricks of the family ghost. Frequently books, garments, umbrellas, anything in fact, if left lying about, would disappear in the most unaccountable way. But if no notice were taken the articles were always returned in a short time.

A baby also figures in this story. A visitor had missed her infant daughter from the cradle and, after a fruitless and distracted search, was told to wait patiently and to try to sleep. As the night passed in wakeful anxiety, she had a sudden impulse to get up and look into the cradle. There lay the little one, sleeping peacefully and none the worse for its strange adventure.

Further details on the MacDonald story are given by Inkster Gilbertson, F. J. I.,* giving the date as July, 1893:

> So sensitive did the maid Bridget become to the influences about the house that she was in a state of trance every day – frequently all day. Sometimes she would disappear mysteriously, and after being absent for hours, would return as mysteriously as she disappeared. This became so troublesome that at last her mistress had to send her away. She could not keep her, so a situation was found for her in a school near Bristol.
>
> A few days after she had gone – as recorded by Mrs. MacDonald – on March 20, 1895, "the most appalling thing happened." At seven o'clock in the evening, the Thompsons were assembled in the kitchen, for they were now without a maid, when the door burst suddenly open, and in tumbled Bridget helplessly on the floor. She was without hat or jacket or boots, and wore her ordinary house shoes – which bore no trace of travel – and a rough apron, as if she had been at work.
>
> She was in a state of trance and remained in that condition until 11 o'clock, when on being questioned she said she had been to a friend. She seemed to

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remember nothing of her new place, and when asked where she went on being put into the train by Kate and Jimmy on Saturday, she replied "We don't go to Fairyland by train." She persisted in saying she had been to Fairyland since Saturday.

Mrs. Thompson, however, related that she afterwards wrote to the girl's mistress to ascertain if she had been to her new place, and received a reply to the effect that she had been there alright, but had suddenly disappeared and that she had been last seen downstairs, at work, cleaning the boy's boots.

The doctor who was present on the occasion of the girl's reappearance, before returning home that evening, went to the landing and calling upstairs said "Since you have brought back the girl, can you not send us the girl's boots, for we must send her back again?"

Almost immediately the boots were thrown down from the upper regions. He then asked for the hat and jacket in the same way. They were also sent down, the jacket falling on Mrs. MacDonald's head. The hat, which fell on the floor, was observed to be a new one, which no one in the house had ever seen before. The girl declared it was not hers, and that she knew nothing about it.

For a variation in ghostly fare let us now turn to a story about a disused burial ground in the Canara jungle, as printed in the *Occult Review*.

Under the title "Asleep Among the Dead" Flora M. Fox tells the following story as told to her by her brother, C. P. Fox, C. E.

"I was on construction work on the Southern Mahratta railway. Rather late one evening, I arrived near Castle Rock in the Canara jungle. I had left my inspection carriage at Londa, the point where the line had been completed, and had been busy levelling for the continuation of the permanent way to Castle Rock.

"Besides my usual staff of trolley men, chain holders, and the like, I had with me my old and faithful 'boy', and my Mohammedan bearer, Nabi. As there were quantities of big game close at hand — to wit, bison, bear, panther and tiger, besides black buck and other deer — I had my shooting kit with me and had so far been lucky with my bag. Not far from Castle Rock was the dak bungalow where I proposed passing the night.

"It was a dark, misty evening, and even when the moon rose it only created a sort of pale twilight, very different from the usual brightness of an Indian night. The bungalow was, like most daks, not of an inviting appearance. On entering, I found my servants had arranged things as best they could, and dinner, apparently produced from nowhere, was ready. Having dined, I stretched myself on my long chair on the verandah with a 'butty', and buried myself in the latest novel from home.

Time went by but I was loath to turn in, as the sleeping apartment was stuffy and not too clean. So I directed my servants to bring my camp-bed outside on the verandah, which they did: and here I lay down in the soft night air, and was soon asleep. I had noticed, on my arrival, an old disused burial ground near the bungalow, with great tombs rising eerily in the mist, but had not given it much thought as a possible lurking place for game. So I had my trusty heavy-bore beside me as I slept. I slept but "with one eye open", as befitted at the time and place. My slumbers were light. Imagine, then, my amazement when I suddenly found myself broad awake — not on the verandah, but out in the old burial ground, my bedstead wedged in between two crumbling tombs.

"I was up in a moment, and of course in an unreason-

ing fury. To shout for the servants to threaten them with pains of death for daring to play this joke on me, was the work of an instant.

"I found them sound asleep, and when they saw the position of my bed, they trembled as with an ague, protesting with every solemn oath that they had had no hand in the matter. My bed was delivered with some difficulty — so firmly was it wedged — and moved back to the verandah. I was resolved to have no more tricks. So I lay awake, holding my rifle at my side.

"Yet I must have dozed off, for I was aroused by a strange movement and an increased blowing of the damp night air on my forehead. The swaying ceased, I was again broad awake, and again, to my amazement, in the company of the dead. I am not a nervous man, yet I must confess to a decided shock when I saw those crumbling tombs once more. How did I get there? Who moved my bed? The servants, I knew, were guiltless, for I had awoken before they had time to run away, and the terror, in the first instance, I could see was no fake. I determined, nevertheless, to remain where I was, and not to give any nocturnal spirits the trouble of moving my couch again. The tombs protected me from any draft, and I slept peacefully, having settled to myself to make the move before anyone was astir.

"I woke at daybreak — to find myself back on the verandah! Was the second incident a dream? I tried to think that it was — tried, in fact, to explain away the whole occurrence, but in vain. There, conclusive evidence, were fragments of gravelly moss clinging to the sides of my bedstead. Cumbered as I was with my rifle (which was always in my grasp) I could not possibly have

moved the bed myself in my sleep. So that way out had to be dismissed.

"India is not only a 'land of regrets', also a land of mystery. I could not help thinking of a story of Kipling's in which he asks whether the gods of the East exercise power over us at times when we invade their country. Be that as it may, I never solved the mystery. The proper sequel, of course, would have been some terrible calamity either to myself or to some of my men; but nothing occurred beyond a slight superstitious uneasiness on the part of the servants, which soon passed.

"I had a successful end to my construction work on that part of the line, brought down plenty of big game and escaped fever."

The story of Angelica Darocca, the blood-sweating girl at Radein in Tyrol, belongs to modern religious phenomenology. This is how Dr. Franz Hartmann reports it.*

> The girl was desirous of leaving the place, as she felt she was a burden to her brothers, and the bishop of Trient at last got her a place in a convent at Mern. On November 17, two nuns of that convent came to take her in charge. They talked and prayed with her, and while they spoke the girl fell into a trance. When the nuns called again the next morning, they found the bed empty; the girl had disappeared and her brothers informed them that this was not the first time she had thus mysteriously been taken away. The parson was called, they searched the house, but Angelica was nowhere.
>
> On November 25, the brothers and some of the neighbours held their usual prayer meeting in that room, when suddenly the girl was in the same bed again. She said that some superior power had taken

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> her away, without any volition on her part. She also did not know where she had been; but a day or two after a lady in the vicinity received a letter from a friend of hers living at Rome; in that letter she said that she and her sister had enjoyed the visit of an amiable Tyrolese girl by the name of Angelica Darocca — that she stayed with them and went with them to the Church of St. Peter; that the girl had disappeared without even taking a drink of water during that stay.

Dr. Hartmann then tells the story of Dr. Z., a friend with strong psychic faculties who was transported from Livorno to Florence, a distance of 100 kilometers, in 15 minutes:

"I had to go to Livorno for a few days. I had already been at Livorno for two days when a strange thing happened to me. It was after 9 p.m., and I had not yet dined, when I distinctly felt an occult message coming from my friends M. at Florence, asking me to come as soon as possible, because they needed my presence. Instinctively I took my cloak and, without even changing my jacket, bestrode my bicycle and went to the station, intending to take the first train leaving for Florence; but as I went on I was forced by an irresistible impulse to take the right road which leads towards Pisa, and at this same time my bicycle went on with such a velocity that I became giddy and my legs could not follow any more the quick movement of the pedals, so I had to abandon them. Still the velocity grew to such an extent that it seemed to me as if I was flying without touching the ground. For a moment I saw Pisa and its lights, then my breath began to fail me owing to the pressure of the air caused by the rapidity of the motion, and I lost consciousness.

"When I regained my senses, I found myself in the

parlor of our friends M. at Florence, and they expressed their surprise, seeing that I had come so soon, as there were no trains arriving from Livorno at that hour. I looked at my watch. It was 9.30 p.m. Thus it could not have taken me more than a quarter of an hour to travel the 100 kilometers (63 miles) from Livorno to Florence, considering the time necessary to put on my cloak and get my bicycle.

"I asked our friends how I happened to enter the house, the doors being always closed at that hour, and they told me that 'Tom' (a certain spirit who frequently manifested himself in their house and used to give directions) told them to go to a certain room, called the 'magic chamber', to make certain signs and pronounce certain words. This they did and immediately there began a racket and noise as if a bomb had exploded at the window towards the street, and they heard a thump as if a human body had fallen upon the chair. They struck a light and found that the human body was myself and that I seemed to sleep. While this conversation took place, the doorbell rang violently. It was the night watchman, who claimed to have seen somebody, presumably a robber, enter the house through the window. Evidently, it was I whom he saw. Our friends told him that everything was all right and the watchman retired, apparently not quite satisfied and not fully convinced.

"While our friends went to open the door to speak with the watchman, they found a bicycle in the entrance hall. Thus it seems that my bicycle was carried through the closed door and I through the window, which was also closed. This happened in March, 1902."

"Another time," Dr. Hartmann continues, "the same

gentleman while sitting in the parlour of our friends at Florence, fell into a trance, and while in this condition was taken bodily through the solid ceiling of the room above. I myself repeatedly have seen materialized ghosts which were apparently perfectly solid, pass in this way through floors and walls; but Dr. Z. was not a ghost.

"At one time the family of M. found Dr. Z. on the sofa in their parlour, after he had made an aerial trip, in a semi-conscious condition and not fully materialized. They lifted his limbs which seemed as light as a feather. He spoke to them in a whisper and asked to be magnetized, which they did. After a few minutes his strength and solidity returned, and as he jumped up and struck with his fist upon the table, he exclaimed with his usual voice, 'now I am material again'."

Dr. Hartmann is an occultist who does not believe in spirits. While noting that an intelligence called Tom seemed to have something to do with things that happened to Dr. Z., he expressed the opinion that

> these beings could not be any disembodied human spirits; for it is not reasonable to suppose that the human soul or astral form should by dying acquire such powers, and living people temporarily abandoning their physical forms do not possess them.

There is no reason why transportation should be a human monopoly once an extraneous agency appears to be involved. Here is a typical story about the transportation of a cow:

At Birchen Bower, Hollinwood, England, the mummified body of Miss Beswick, preserved under the terms of an ancient will at the Manchester Natural History Society (until 1869) was exhibited every 21 years.

> In the morning . . . when the corpse was fetched the horses and cows were always found let loose, and sometimes a cow would be found up in the hay-loft, although how it came there was, indeed, a mystery, as there was no passage large enough to admit a beast of such magnitude. The last prank of this description played by Miss Beswick, so far as our information goes, was a few years ago, when a cow belonging to the farmer then tenanting the place was found on the hay-loft, and it was the firm belief of many thereabouts that supernatural agency had been employed to place it there . . . . How the cow got up was a mystery to everyone, while that blocks had to be borrowed from Bower Mill to let it down through the hay-hole outside the barn was an equally well known fact.*

In a stone throwing case reported in the Colombo *Observer,* October, 15, 1863, it was said: "The dogs often ran howling out of the house, and were shortly afterwards found on the roof without any possibility of getting up thither of their own accord."**

Here is a quotation from the London *Daily Mail,* May 18, 1906, about a horse: "Barrels of lime were hurled downstairs, with no one near them. A horse vanished from the barn and was found in the hay room. A partition had to be knocked down to get him out."

At Prignano, Italy, in 1936, a pair of oxen took the strange trip:

> Phenomena of incendiary infestation have been recently established on a farm in Prignano (Salerno): fires broke out spontaneously, destroyed household objects, and burnt persons and animals. Bricks and stones fell in the rooms, although the windows were closed. There was spontaneous displacement of objects. A pair of oxen were even found to have been carried from one stall to another without hum-

*John H. Graham: *The Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain,* London, 1905, p. 348.
**Spiritual* Magazine, 1865, p. 66.

an agency. The carabinieri, assisted by young fascists and other local persons after long and careful observation came to the conclusion that it was impossible for anyone to play a bad joke. An anonymous Neapolitan doctor and psychical researcher who was on the spot found a 16 year old girl with strong mediumistic faculties who was the involuntary means of the striking phenomena.*

Having concentrated on its transportation activities, we have left a great deal unsaid about the Poltergeist. But enough has been stated to reveal it as a dangerous madcap. Nor is his cousin, the common ghost, a pleasant bedfellow. How do they do it? That is a problem to which we still have no answer.

Ali del Pensiero, April, 1936, p. 448.

THE HEALING STRING

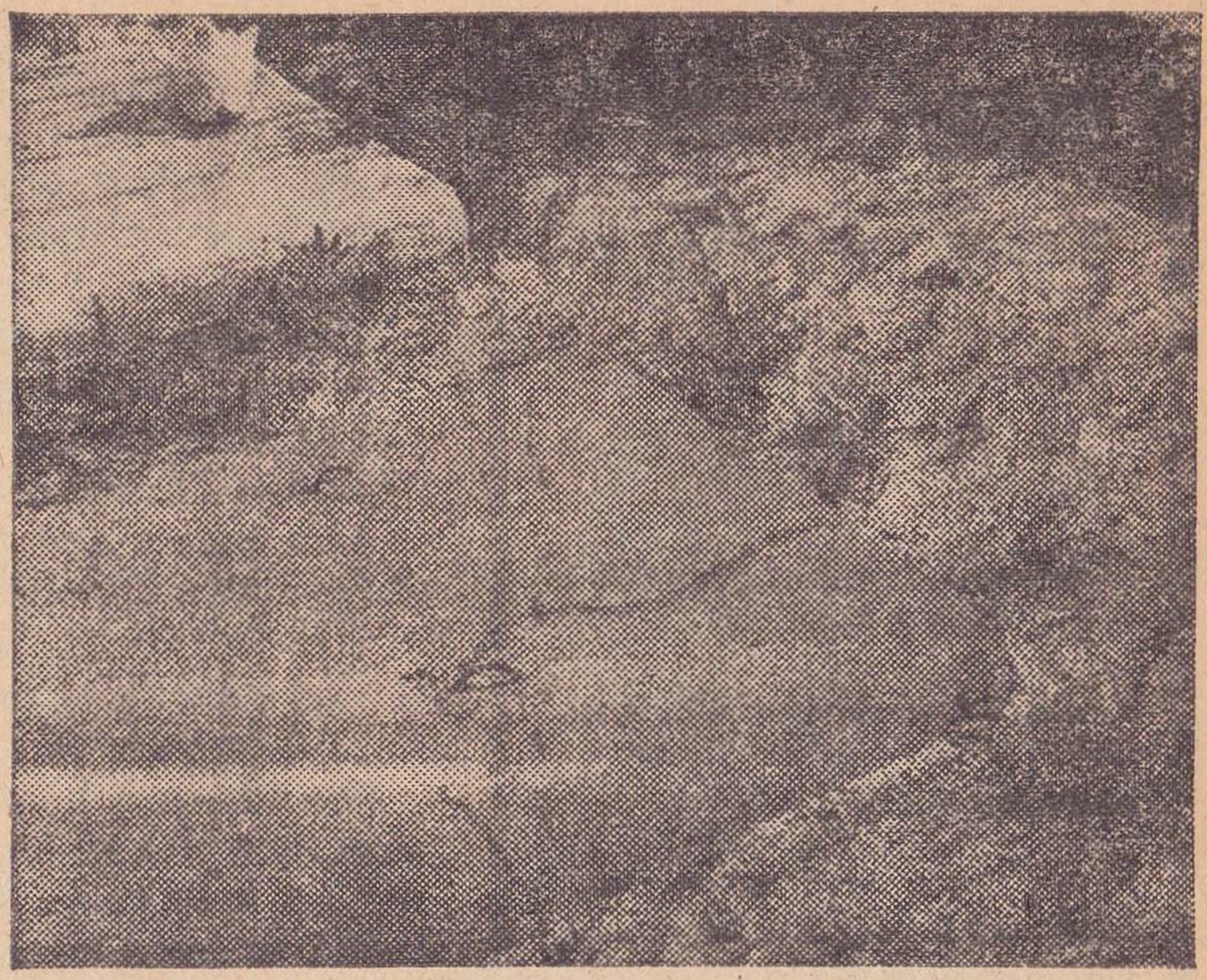
By Anne Hubbard

My father believes firmly that a few persons are blessed with healing powers because of a personal experience. When a boy in Comanchee, Texas, in 1910, Father suffered from numerous cysts. Each left a scar after being removed. In desperation Father finally went to see "Dr. Howell" — the only name by which he was known — who had a reputation for being able to heal people by strange mystic methods.

Dr. Howell studied the cyst on Father's hand for a minute and then reached for a piece of string. He deftly made a loop in the string and placed it over the cyst. He pulled slowly on each end of the string and, as the loop became smaller, he raised it over the cyst until a knot was tied.

Then he quickly wadded the string into a ball, put it in his pocket and went outside. He removed the string from his pocket and tied it around a dead tree limb. That is all there was to it. Father thanked Dr. Howell, who said the cyst would break before he went to bed.

Immediately after sundown Father's cyst broke of its own accord and all the poison oozed out. He never had another cyst. — *Bellflower, Calif.*



The Bleeding Grave

Blood-colored stains mark the slab over this Florida grave. Why do they reappear each time they are scrubbed off?

By Dale M. Titler

HISTORY infrequently mentions obscure stains that cannot be removed by human agency — stains which are said to mark bloody deeds.

There is such a case in the graveyard of a little country church several miles north of Marianna, Fla. The grounds of this century-old cemetery are kept neatly by loving friends and relatives. Fresh flowers adorn many of the graves, new and old. Near the eastern corner, the oldest part, is the grave of Leona Woods, a widow, who died 25 years ago. It is covered with a concrete slab in which are imbedded the four familiar lifting eyes.

The curved cover is unmarked except for two reddish-brown stains that seep from its left side. One runs toward the woman's head; the other runs to the

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left side of the stone.

The legend of the origin of these stains does not make pretty reading. It is said by the natives thereabout that Leona Woods was a woman of unsettled disposition who practiced fortune-telling and witchcraft; and for this reason she was avoided by the country folk. Although she had several children to care for, she still found time to incite ill-feelings between several of her neighbors. It is said she carried tales from one to another until a murder resulted.

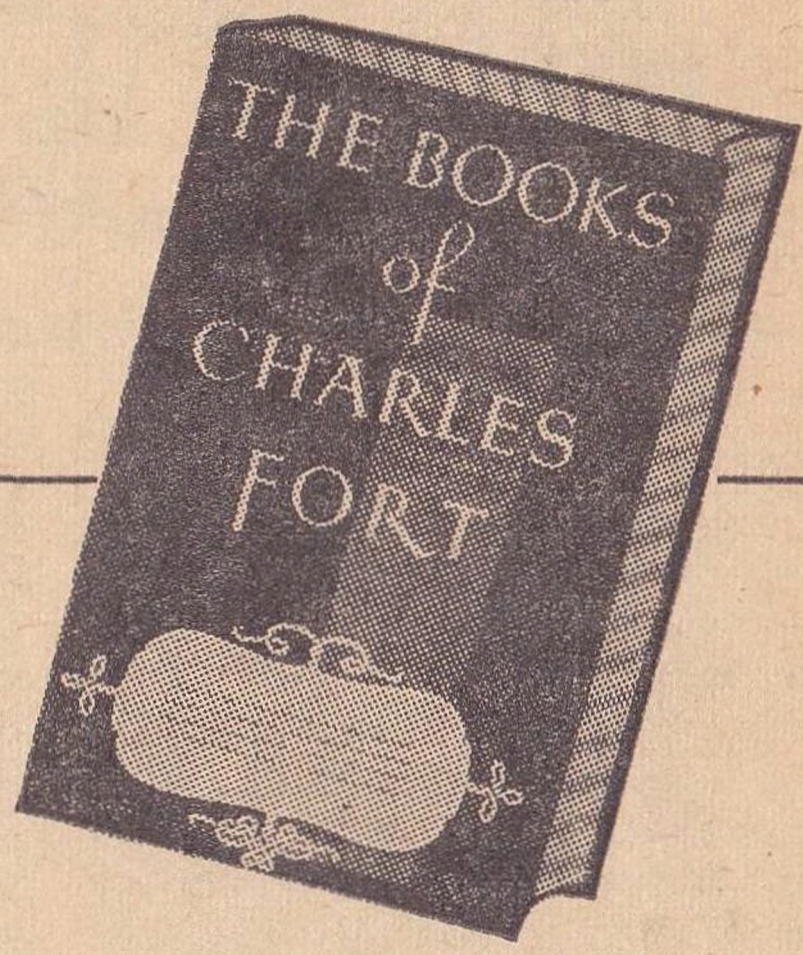
She also was known as a midwife, but linked with her name was an ugly word, for she is believed to have taken the lives of unborn children.

Shortly after her death, visitors to the cemetery noticed the creeping stains. Relatives made attempts to wash them away with strong soaps and cleansers, but after each attempt the stains reappeared, starting in the concrete from the region of the heart.

Older residents of nearby communities believe that Leona Wood's grave will be forever marked with this bloody symbol of her earthly deeds. Whatever force marked her resting place, earthly or unearthly, it has successfully resisted all human attempts to cleanse the woman's past.

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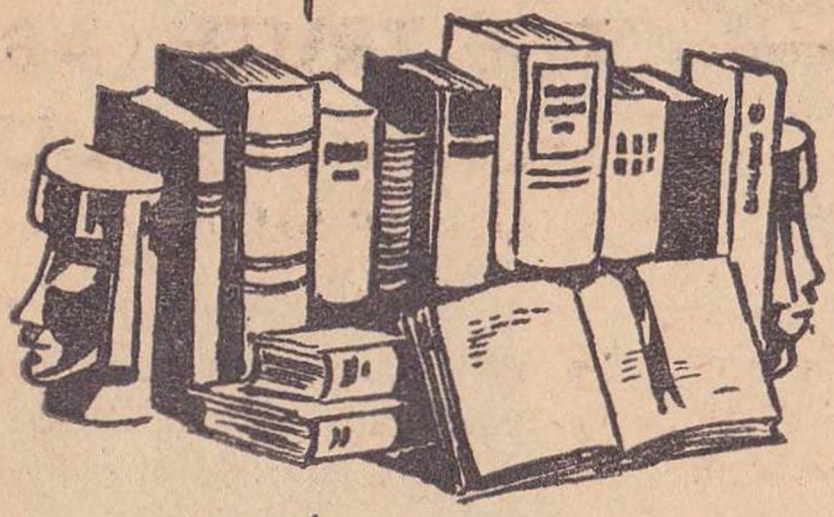
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NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

THE 25th MAN, by Mildred M. Ward, Vantage Press, New York, 373 pages, $3.75.

If this book were fiction, it should never have been published. As it bears every mark of being literal truth, it had to be written. It describes the deeds of fiends who, to their shame and ours, are members of the human race. Even to leaf through its pages is sickening.

It tells of bandits and outlaws, murder and torture, treachery and sadism, with more than adequate details. Above all, it tells of prison life — if we can call it life — of unspeakable cruelty by prison officials and others. Hideous, revolting, ghastly, blood-curdling, diabolical — such adjectives are too tame to describe its horrors.

For readers whose main interest is the occult, however, parts of the book are of outstanding interest and significance.

Ed Morrell, the hero of the book, was a prisoner in San Quentin, condemned for life to solitary confinement. Through self-hypnosis, his psychic faculties unfolded. He devised a system of irrigation, now in use in Western States. He played checkers with himself, mentally. He studied the common housefly, finding in it many "amazing traits", the creature being "almost human, sensitive to pleasure and pain . . . its buzzings registered different degrees of emotion." His flies "understood perfectly" that he did not wish them to fly in a certain zone of his cell. "Each was distinctly an individual." One was happy-go-lucky, another nervous, others phlegmatic, selfish, or given to strutting like a dandy. "A miniature world of humanity", he calls them. His experience could be placed on a level with that of Allen Boone, with his famous "Freddie the Fly."

It was the horror and agony of the strait-jacket that opened Morrell's psychic faculties, and made him a mystic. From the depths of infinite space, bright

and luminous, came a clear voice: "You have learned the futility of trying to fight off your enemies with hatred . . . from today a new life vista will open . . . your weapon henceforth will be the sword of love . . . this new weapon will cut and hew away all evil forces . . . even the strait-jacket will be only a means to greater things." He was told of his release and pardon, which duly came about.

Morrell was the hero of Jack London's "Star Rover," having learned to leave his body, roam through space, and enjoy remarkable adventures and experiences.

With the aid of Dr. Raymond S. Ward and his wife, (the author), Morrel founded the American Crusade, a national prison-reform organization, which we cannot but support to our very utmost.

"The 25th Man" is "a blistering indictment of a system of justice based on retribution and coercion", told by a man who knows it, first-hand. Most certainly, all who can "take it", should read this book. Evil has to be faced, remembering that: "All that is needed for the triumph of evil, is for good men to do nothing."

THE GATES OF HEAVEN, by Clifford Allen — Comet Press Books, New York; 40 pages, $2.00.

This "Metaphysical Primer" is a small book, but to have packed so many cogently phrased ideas into so small a compass is a mental and literary feat. Its topics are: The Universal Spirit, The

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The author says that today science is demanding a metaphysical explanation of the physical world, melting away crude materialism and searching for that which "holds everything together and in order;" "the mind," as Alexis Carrel says, "is hidden within the living matter, completely neglected by physiologists and economists, almost unnoticed by physicians. And yet — the most colossal power of this world."

According to the author, man is "the instrument of God's thought" and "is endowed with every key to the gates of heaven." He tells what these keys are. Among them are ESP and prayer. He suggests that such demonstrations of psychic ability as psychokinesis (PK) are ways in which prayer is sometimes answered.

The author moves deftly among the significant ideas or contributions of such noted figures as J. B. Rhine, Alexis Carrel, Lecomte du Nouy, Edgar Cayce and Albert Einstein. In my own mind he conjured up a picture of a man walking over the house-tops of a big city, naming the occupants of the buildings as he stepped across the tiles. He takes the reader on an effortless flight over the mountains and canyons of the metaphysical — a flight which is certain to leave the reader richer for the f a s c i n a t i n g vistas glimpsed.

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THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES

By G. L. Strong

At the age of 17 Arnetta Yost was vivacious and fun-loving. She lived with her parents and several brothers and sisters during 1887 in Bellaire, Ohio.

Jim was her favorite brother and the two were very close, sharing many joys and sorrows. "Nettie," as the family called her, was deeply religious and she was grieved that in this one thing Jim did not share her feelings.

Little was known in those days about appendicitis so when Nettie, having eaten her favorite dried currants, began to complain of pains, the doctor called it "obstruction of the bowels." Her suffering was intense and Jim was greatly distressed by what was happening to his favorite sister.

Before Nettie lost consciousness she pleaded with Jim to "make his peace with God." Much moved, Jim promised, if Nettie could prove to him that there was a life after death, he would believe. Nettie pledged that if there was a hereafter she would return and tell him. A short time later she died.

A few days after the funeral, while the women were washing bedding in another part of the house and the four-year-old daughter of one of Nettie's sisters was playing by herself in another room, they heard the child talking.

"Oh, Aunt Nettie, you look so pretty. How pretty your dress is."

The women saw the child looking raptly up into the corner of the room. They saw nothing.

When Jim came home from work he was told what the child had seen. Then he told of the pact that had been made between Nettie and himself. He was convinced that Nettie had tried to communicate with him. He believed that the mind of the child was the only one open enough for

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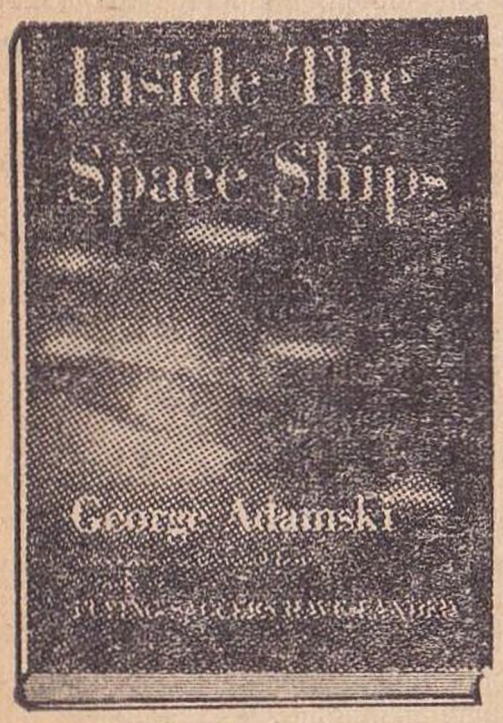
Nettie to reach so it was through her that the communication was made.

I believe this to be a true story as Jim was my relative. — *Pasadena, Calif.*

VISION OF MOTHER

By Lillian A. Ryan

My mother died in 1903 when I was nine years old. After the funeral Father sold his business and our home, which held lovely memories of a happy marriage. We moved from Los Angeles to a furnished house in San Jose. Life seemed so strange with Mother gone that my brother,



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who was two years younger, and I feared to be left alone and hardly let Dad out of our sight. So that we three would be close, he slept with my brother while I slept on a foldaway bed in a far corner of the room.

After we had been in our new home for a week I waked one night in the small hours. The room was pitch black since in those days we had only kerosene lamps. I heard a rustle and from the opposite corner near the ceiling a beautiful soft blue light appeared. I saw my mother drift in through the light, looking young and beautiful in a filmy mauve robe that trailed like fairy cobwebs in her wake.

She sat down on the edge of my father's bed and that ethereal light surrounded them both. As I watched she caressed his brow ever so gently, a happy smile on her features.

I wanted to scream, "Mama!" but I could not utter a sound. I felt that her death had been only a dream and that I would wake in the morning to find her back with us.

Then Mother drifted away in the same manner in which she came. The light faded, leaving the room in darkness. I pulled the bedcovers up over my head and sobbed silently until, exhausted, I finally fell asleep.

When I rose and dressed in the morning Father noticed that my

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face and eyes were swollen from crying. He asked me if I were ill. I feared to tell him I had seen Mother and said I had a headache. However, the vision plagued me all morning. Aware that something was wrong, Father gently lifted me upon his lap and said, "Tell your Dad what is bothering you and maybe I can help you."

I sobbed, "I saw Mama come into our room last night and she sat on your bed and touched your head like she used to do."

He hugged me close and said, "I know, Honey, I saw her too."

MY FATHER IN THE SKY

By Kenneth M. Epps

As a result of my first ride in an airplane, when I was just a boy, I developed a desire to learn to fly. From the start, my father, who also was interested in flying, did everything he could to encourage my interest. He hoped that some day I would become a pilot. Dad died in 1944, without ever seeing me take my first lesson in an airplane.

Two years later, as a veteran student, I made my first solo flight. That night, in my room at school, I dreamed that Dad walked into the room and we started to talk about flying. During the conversation, I told him that I thought it a shame that he, who always had been interested

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in me learning to fly, was not alive to watch me make my solo flight. In my dream I seemed to know that he had died but somehow was back talking to me. His reply, in these exact words were, "Don't worry about that, son, the next time you fly a plane solo, I will be there riding with you."

The next day after classes were over, I again was out at the airport for flying instruction. The instructor let me take off on another solo flight. I had completely forgotten my dream of the night before.

After taking off and reaching an altitude of 1500 feet, I saw the tower of the radio station at Clinton, N. C. (I was in school at Salemburg, near Clinton.) While circling over this tower, I turned to look at the seat my instructor had vacated several minutes earlier. I saw the spectral image of my father. He was watching proudly as I handled the plane.

I thought of my dream of the night before. I never have been able to analyze my emotions at this time, but I decided then and there that I had better land as soon as I could reach the landing field. I feared I could not keep my mind on flying as I should.

As I made my final turn on my approach to the runway, I again turned. Dad still occupied the instructor's seat and this time he

motioned to me to keep my eyes on the runway instead of looking at him.

After landing and coming to a stop, I turned once more to see if Dad were still there. This time the seat was empty. On later flights, although I did not see Dad, I have felt his presence. — *Raleigh, N. C.*

NOCTURNAL PLAYMATE

By James C. Williams

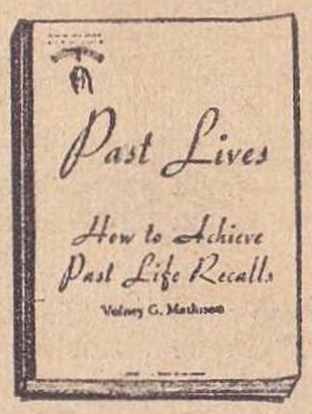
In 1933 I lived in Kirkintilloch, a small town in Dumbartonshire, Scotland. Among my wife's circle of lady friends was a charming young lady whom we called Lottie. She was an accomplished violinist and earned a living by taking in pupils.

At that time a young man named Willie Bell, who was about the same age as Lottie, was frightening the wits out of everyone by careening around on a high-powered motor-bike. Speed was Willie's only vice, for he was quite a nice lad. Many prophesied an early end to his career unless he took life at a slower pace.

One day Lottie surprised us all by announcing that she and Willie were to be married. After the marriage she settled down to housekeeping while Willie still kept tearing around on his motor-bike. He tried to coax Lottie to ride pillion with him, but this she steadfastly refused to do.

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One day, a bare half-hour after Willie set out for a spin on his bike, he crashed and was killed instantly. After the funeral Lottie returned to giving violin lessons and in due course she gave birth to a son. He was a bright little lad and everyone adored him.

One night Lottie visited us. During the course of conversation she revealed that for quite some time her small son, who now was about seven years old, had been telling her that a nice man came in to play with him after he had gone to bed. (Lottie had his bed in a small room off her own bedroom.)

Lottie considered her son's story mere childish fancy. Another lady who also was visiting us asked, "Have you a picture of your husband, Lottie?"

"Why, yes," said Lottie.

"Has your boy ever seen a picture of his father?"

"No," said Lottie, "I have kept it locked in a trunk since his death."

"Then show it to the boy and see what happens," said the lady.

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Although surprised at this suggestion, Lottie promised to follow it. The next evening she visited us with her son. She was greatly mystified because, she said, when shown the picture of his father the boy immediately exclaimed, "Why, Mommy, that's the nice man who comes to play with me!" — *Toronto, Ont., Can.*

MESSAGE FROM MOTHER

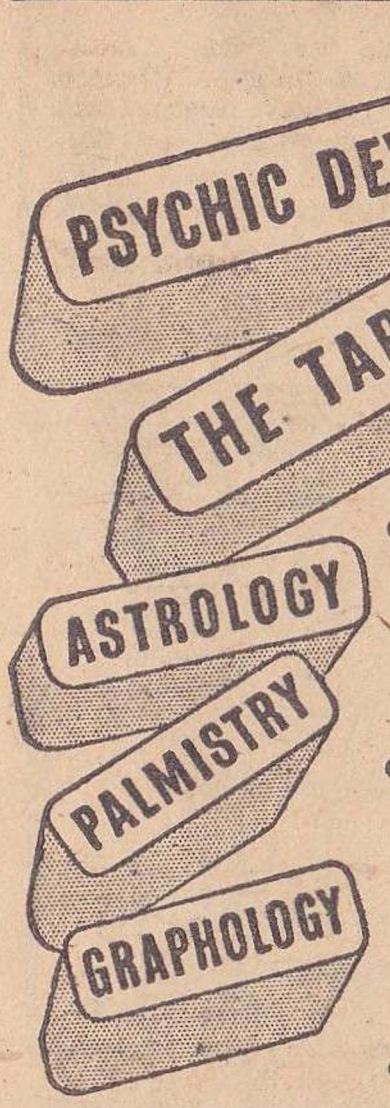
By Harriett M. Gallagher

My mother, Mrs. Mary Pritchard, died on March 2, 1934. She appears to me in the event of illness or accidents, or to warn me of trouble to come, especially where I am concerned.

On Sunday, March 4, 1956, I went out to get the Sunday paper and a few items I had overlooked on the Saturday grocery list. On my way home I took a short cut through one of the many parking lots in downtown Detroit. I was seemingly the only pedestrian until suddenly I was aware of a woman's form at my side. I recognized my mother. She smiled as only my mother could have smiled, then vanished.

The message she had conveyed was more like a thought than words, but in the brief contact I knew there was something wrong with my daughter, Faye, who lives in Chicago.

Three days later, on March 7, the telephone rang and I was



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informed that Faye had been taken to the hospital suffering from what was assumed to be a tumor. I was told not to worry as the condition was favorable.

On the following Sunday morning, March 11, Mother was with me all morning. She insisted that I go to Chicago. "Faye wants you with her when the operation takes place," was the message she kept repeating. Later in the day I received a long distance call and heard the same words Mother had spoken.

On March 13 I left for Chicago.

— *Detroit, Mich.*

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

NEW ENGLAND UFO'S

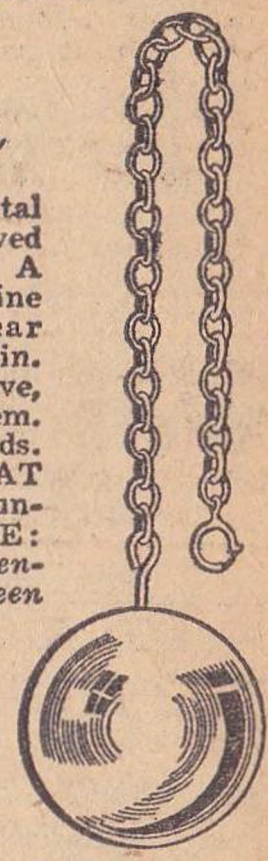
At 2 A. M. on November 24, 1953, I stopped my car about six miles beyond St. Albans, Vt., not far from the Canadian border, on Route #7. I got out to stretch my legs and get some air.

It was a clear night and, as I glanced up at the sky, I saw, near the North Star, a swift-moving, fiery, round, flat-looking object. It moved across the sky from north to west, making no sound. It was very large, with blue streaks in it. It left me with a vibrating feeling.

The object disappeared towards New York State across Lake Champlain. It looked like something from out of this world and acted as if intelligently guided.

At 11. A. M. on April 18, 1955, a sunny morning, I had a second UFO sighting. I was crossing the street when I saw several men looking up at the sky toward the north. Following the direction of their gaze, I saw in the sky a round silvery object, about a mile and a half high. It looked as if it were observing the Torrington, Conn., valley. It remained in the sky for almost half an hour. Then it moved toward the west, trail-

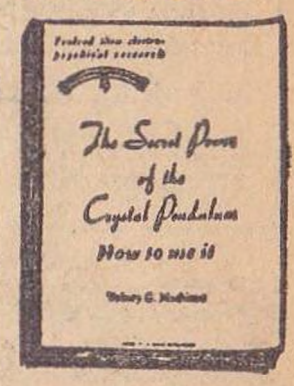
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ing a fiery orange streak. — *Edward Lake, Torrington, Conn.*

ROANOKE UFO

I read your magazine every month and enjoy it very much. What I like best is flying saucer sightings given in Report from the Readers. So I am sending you a sighting of my own.

On September 11, 1955, three friends and I were walking down a small road near my home. It was almost dark but still light enough to see where we were going. I was almost ready to start back home when one of my friends called my attention to a very bright object over some distant mountains to the west. At first I thought it to be the planet Venus, although brighter than usual. Then it moved slowly eastward. After traveling a short distance it stopped and remained stationary for about two minutes. It then grew dimmer and faded from sight.

My friends and I agreed that it was not a star or a planet. I personally believe it was a flying saucer — or at least something like one. — *David Brugh, Roanoke, Va.*

POWER OF MESMERISM

I was much interested in the article by George F. Brietz on psychic powers and hypnotism. I have had some experience in this

Will 1956 Be the year That Changes the World?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," is offering, free of charge to the public, an astounding 64 page booklet analyzing famous world prophecies covering these times. It shows that four of the greatest prophecies could not come true until the present time. But now they can, and the years that change the world are at hand. Great dangers but still greater opportunities, confront forward looking people in 1956.

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The book formerly sold for a dollar, but as long as the present supply lasts, it is offered free to readers of this notice. This liberal offer is made because he expects that many readers will later become interested in the entire system of mind power he learned in the Far East and which is now ready to be disclosed to the western world.

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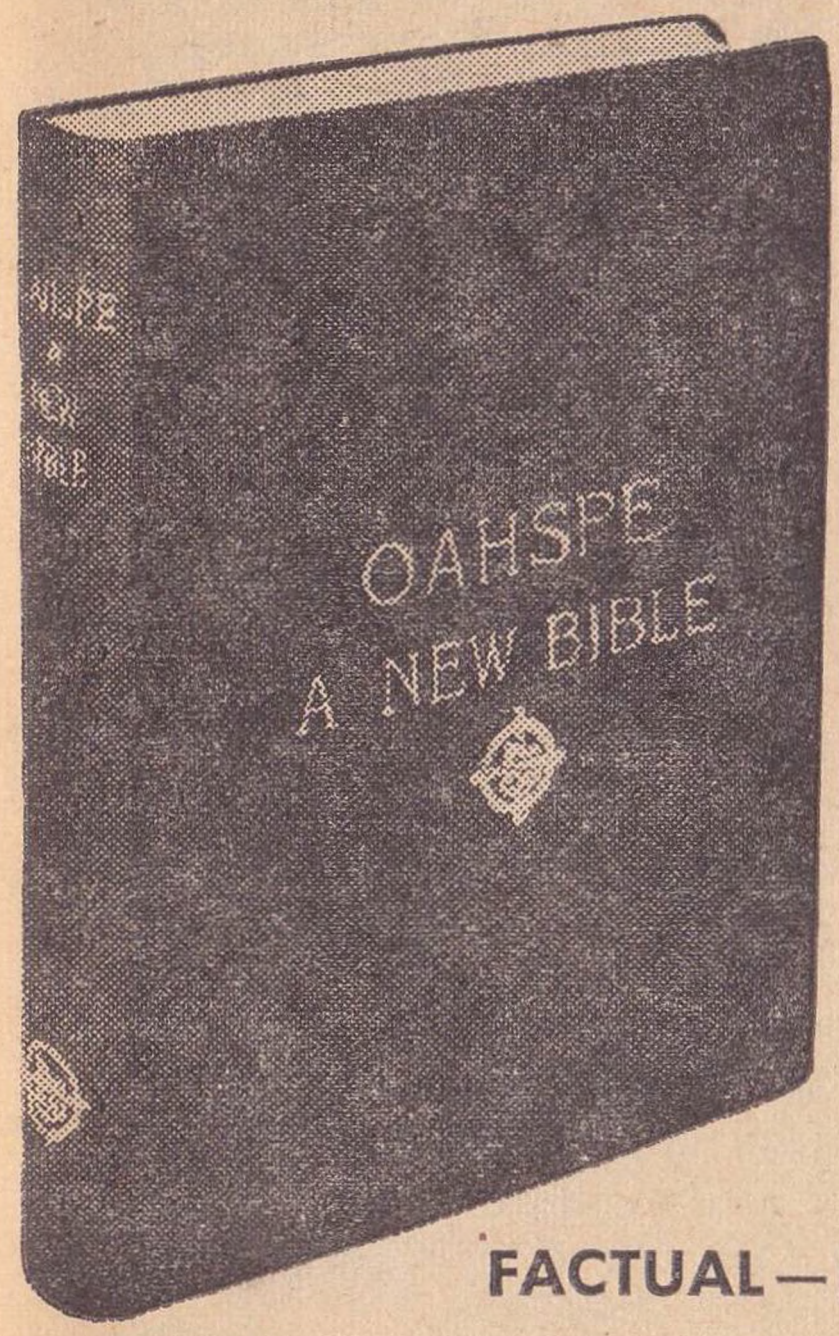
field. The following statements are true but cannot be verified by a living person as the events took place many years ago.

In 1886 an Englishman named Prof. J. Cadwell, who claimed to be the strongest mesmerist in the world, came to Lowell, Mass., where I lived at the time, and lectured on mesmerism. After the lecture he invited volunteers to come up to the front seats to be mesmerized. Those he could influence he took up on the stage and had them perform comic stunts for the entertainment of the audience.

He seemed not to have any power over me, although he tried to mesmerize me each time I was there. Finally he said *I* could mesmerize and gave me a few pointers. I found I could mesmerize persons he could, and others also. I cured my sister's headaches by mesmerism and later I made a test, telling her to give truthful answers to my questions. I told her I was taking the feeling out of part of her finger and then pricked this part with a needle. She said she did not feel it. When I told her she could, she said she did.

One evening a young lady who had a useless left arm went with me to hear Prof. Cadwell. I suggested she allow him to mesmerize her, and he did. While she was on the stage he noticed her useless arm. He gave her a broom

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and asked her to sweep the floor. While she was doing so he brought her out and she saw she was using her bad arm. She said, "Oh my arm is well!" — *L. S. Brisbin, San Jose, Calif.*

"ASTRAL PROJECTION IS HARMLESS"

I have read FATE for several years and have become fed up with all this bosh about the dangers of astral projection. I wish to give the results of my own investigation of this so-called dangerous practice.

I have performed astral projection for many years and have experienced no ill-effects. In 1928 I made a survey among my acquaintances and friends to determine how prevalent astral projection might be. Of 2,000 persons questioned:

900 out of 1000 had experienced astral projection.

300 out of 1000 were more or less aware of being out.

50 out of 1000 were very sure of it.

10 did it voluntarily and knew what they were doing.

None reported any ill-effects from the practice.

Although many spoke of the cord attached to the physical body and of how it pulled them back, I never have seen it and never have been compelled to come back by anything except my own will. True, I've been told when out that I should go back to finish my

time here, but I have not been compelled.

I always have found it as easy to project as to go to sleep. While in the astral body I have sat in a chair across the room from where the physical body lay and have experienced the feeling of complete duality; that is, I felt the couch as felt by the physical body and the chair as felt by the astral. The sensation really is odd. When I turned my attention away from the physical body, I no longer felt it and the sensations of the astral body were precisely as if it were material and solid.

In time I found that one could entrance the astral body just as one can the physical and leave it

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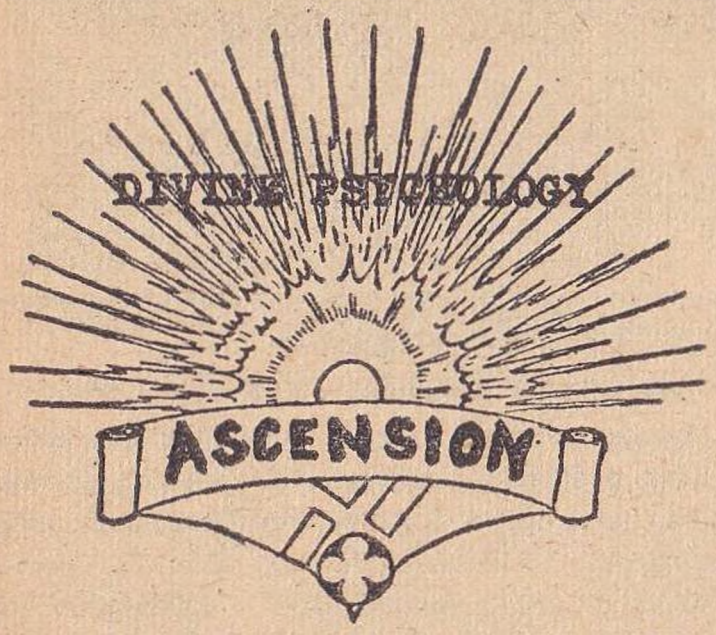
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also. This second projection releases one entirely from matter, or so it seemed to me. I found that the universe is our playground if we will to have it so.

However, a double projection leaves the physical body in a state of catalepsy which might convince a doctor that the person was dead. Or in an attempt to return the person to consciousness, the doctor might shoot him full of drugs, making it difficult to come back. Thus a double projection should not be attempted without some reliable person knowing of it and standing by.

I can remember what occurs while projected and always retain it as clearly as any other memories. When very young I was unable to distinguish between astral and material experiences and often was greatly confused. As the years passed, however, I became able to separate them, which was quite a relief. — *B. T. Stevens, Cinebar, Wash.*

SECRET OF HEALING?

I wish to criticize the so-called shrines where persons reportedly are healed. One is in Portugal where some children supposedly saw a vision of Mary. I do not believe that the cures at these shrines are due to supernatural powers. Here is what I think happens.

The New Testament tells of

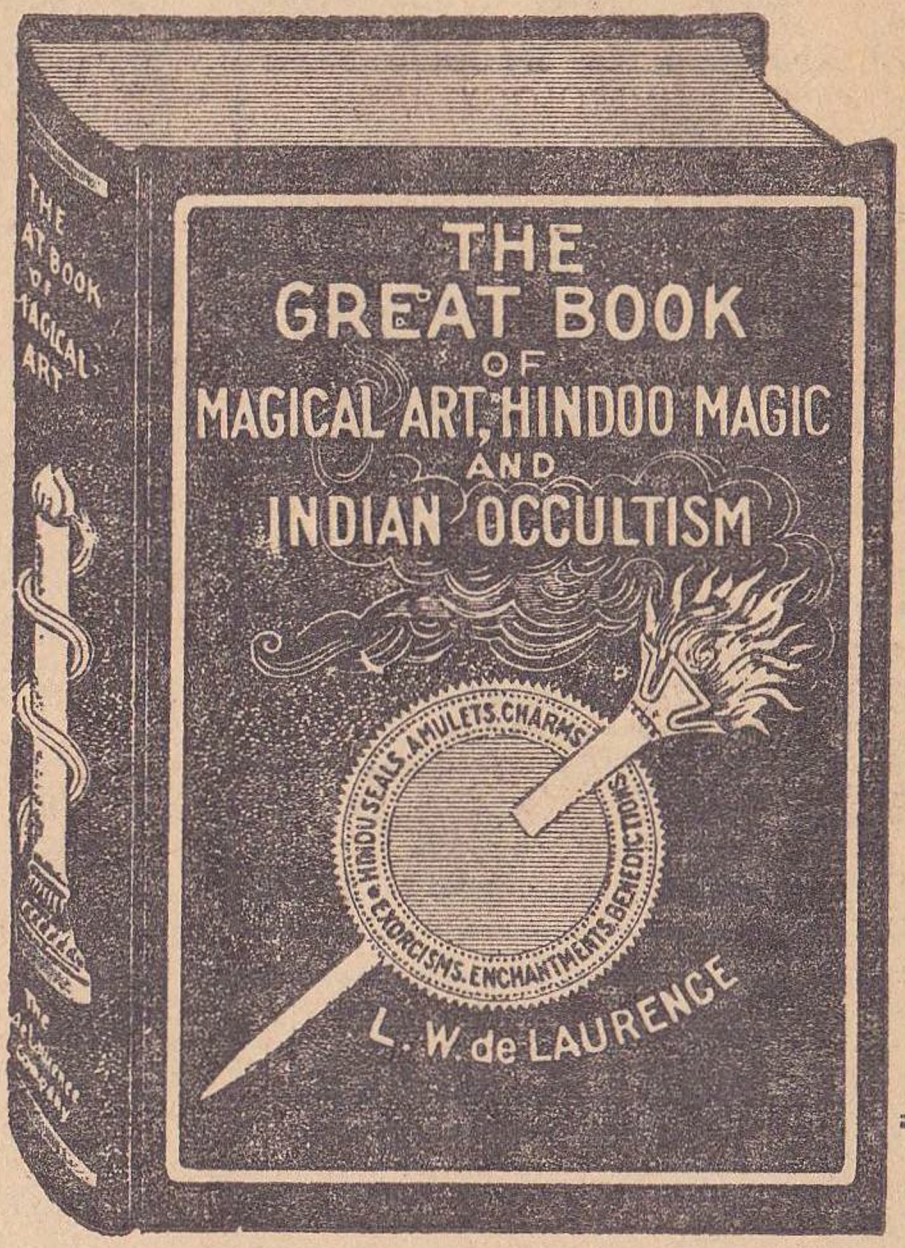
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the woman that had an issue of blood for 12 years. She had built up faith strongly within her and was saying to herself, "If I can only touch His garments I will be healed." When she fell in a faint before Christ, he told her, "Be of good cheer, daughter, thy faith has made thee whole."

If a person visiting a healing shrine has the same faith as this woman, he will be healed — not because of any supernatural healing power but because of the faith he has built up in himself. — *Joseph G. Serene, Leechburg, Pa.*

UNEXPECTED RESPONSE

Thank you for forwarding all the letters I have received in response to my article in FATE, "How I Prophesy With The Tarot." I had not expected to receive so many letters. Inasmuch as I am very busy, typing for eight to 10 hours daily, besides other chores involving much counseling and advice, it is difficult to answer immediately in all cases.

Also, many of the questions sent to me by FATE readers involve such precarious human circumstances that I feel very unqualified to give the expert assistance that is required. Some of the problems submitted to me call for expert family guidance and seem to me far out of the realm of Tarot readings.

However, I wish to give each letter as much undivided attention

as possible and to help whenever I can. But I hope that all the nice persons who wrote me will understand that this takes time, thought and much writing. I appreciated their letters and each will receive an answer in time. — *Florence Holmes Sutter, Milwaukee, Wis.*

SUPPORT FOR BRIDEY

We have read in current magazines and heard over the radio and television authorities express their opinions as to the story of Bridey Murphy. Almost without exception, these so-called experts hand down opinions contrary to the findings of Morey Bernstein. They claim that a subject under

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deep hypnosis as was Ruth Simmons, will invent a personality and all that goes with it.

It is perfectly possible that a subject can and will do exactly that, when the proper suggestions are given; but — and this is a big but — those suggestions were not given in the case of Ruth Simmons.

What happened in her case was as much a surprise to the hypnotist as to anyone else, and has been a surprise in hundreds of similar cases before and since. All such subjects, when sent back in their memory under deep hypnosis, report whatever is found in their memory at any particular time in the past, whether they were embodied on earth or disembodied.

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selves, they never can be proved to us.

The experts who give their opinion of the Bridey Murphy story give theories which often are more fantastic and unacceptable than what the story itself implies. Some of these experts are hypnotists themselves and know that the hypnotized subject does not lie, or fabricate or dream when asked to recall memories of his present life. So why do they insist that a subject will lie about the same memory stream when it is traced further back?

When the hypnotized subject is told to go back in memory, that is exactly what he does. His imagination does not enter into what he reports. He could not fabricate a single incident while in deep hypnosis, unless he were commanded to do so by the hypnotist. If commanded to do so, however, he would tell you he was a prince or a pirate and would weave as colorful a life as any professional weaver of tales could imagine.

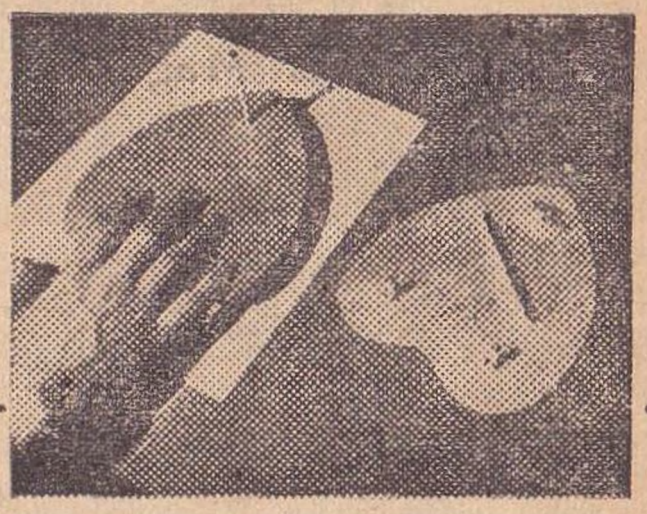
Poor Bridey Murphy, on the other hand, led a simple and uneventful life. She reported her life to us quite truthfully, of that I am convinced. — *Robert Bates, Bemus Point, N. Y.*

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in I see By the Papers in the April issue of FATE. During the construction of the Pentagon I worked there as a Federal guard. Among the other guards was a Mr. Smith and a Mr. Dodd. Mr. Dodd broke me in on the routine. He always was very jovial and full of fun.

One weekend Mr. Dodd stayed with Mr. Smith as their wives had gone on a trip together. On Sunday morning the two men were found dead in the apartment.

After his death I saw Mr. Dodd psychically several times when I was on duty. He knew the entire lay-out of the Pentagon.

As a natural psychic, I feel that if some professional medium could be present at the Pentagon when the so-called ghost manifests, he might be able to solve the mystery. — *Rev. Fred Ide, Orlando, Fla.*

FIRE OF FATE

As a long-time reader of FATE, beginning with its very first issue, I have come to the conclusion that fate is something of a jester. To illustrate, and to tell of a personal experience:

Back in 1937 I was a special events broadcaster with Hollywood station KMTR. One of my assignments was an 18-day tour through the famed Los Angeles Fire Department, considered then (as at present) the nation's largest. My job was to give listeners a

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graphic portrayal of the duties and activities of firemen.

Countless fires, I was told, actually were mysterious in origin. On the night my tour concluded, Fire Chief Ralph Scott presented me with a badge and swore me in as an Honorary Battalion Chief. "You can fight your own fires from now on," he chuckled. In a more serious vein, he added, "Radio has certainly contributed immensely to fire prevention, but where or when a fire will start is in the hands of fate."

We both laughed, and, directing my remarks to my listeners, I signed off with these words: "And this, my friends, is the end of fires for KMTR!" I immediately returned to the station and upon arrival, believe it or not, I found it ablaze from one end to the other! — *Hal Styles, Beverly Hills, Calif.*

"FAVORABLY IMPRESSED"

I bought a copy of the May, 1956, issue of FATE and was quite favorably impressed with it. To me, the most interesting article was "Death Has a Number," by Sibley S. Morrill. — *John Morphy, San Francisco, Calif.*

JUPITER IN TRANSIT

If Reader Waldo B. Richards, whose letter appears in the June issue of FATE, were an astrologer, he would have known that every planet apparently retrogrades for

a few weeks at least once a year.

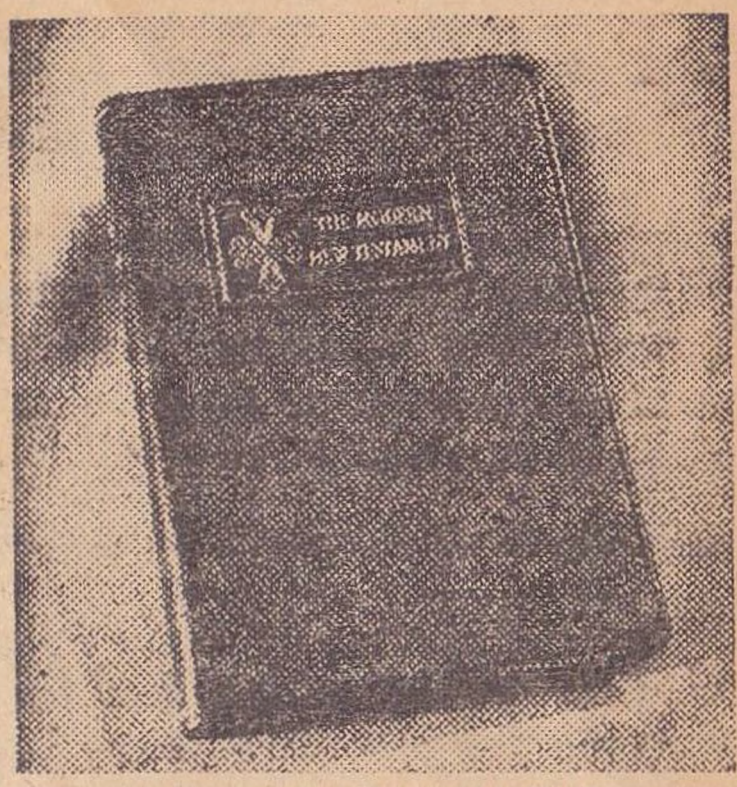
What Reader Richards saw was Jupiter transiting past the blue fixed star Regulus, or "Cor Leonis," then turning retrograde (the ephemeris says December 17, 1955) and falling behind it again. If he continued to watch the bright star, he'd see it again change direction and start to approach Regulus in mid-April, and about July 1st, it will be back to the place he first saw it.

Apparent retrogrades are due to the motion of our planet and, with the "superior" planets, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, always occur during the months they are opposite the sun in our sky. — *Curtis L. Gibson, New York, N. Y.*

REMINDED BY FATE

There are so many articles in FATE that appeal to me that I wish to thank the writers for sharing them with us. The July issue especially is chock-full of good articles.

"A Case of Mistaken Identity" by Winifred E. Best reminds me of myself to a small degree, as often I am mistaken for another lady I have never met. Nearly every time I'm uptown someone walks up to me, smiling, offers their hand and says, "Why, hello, Mrs. ———, I'm glad to see you looking so well," or something like that. Even taxi drivers have taken me to be this lady. — *Mrs. G. W. Harding, Livingston, Mont.*



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