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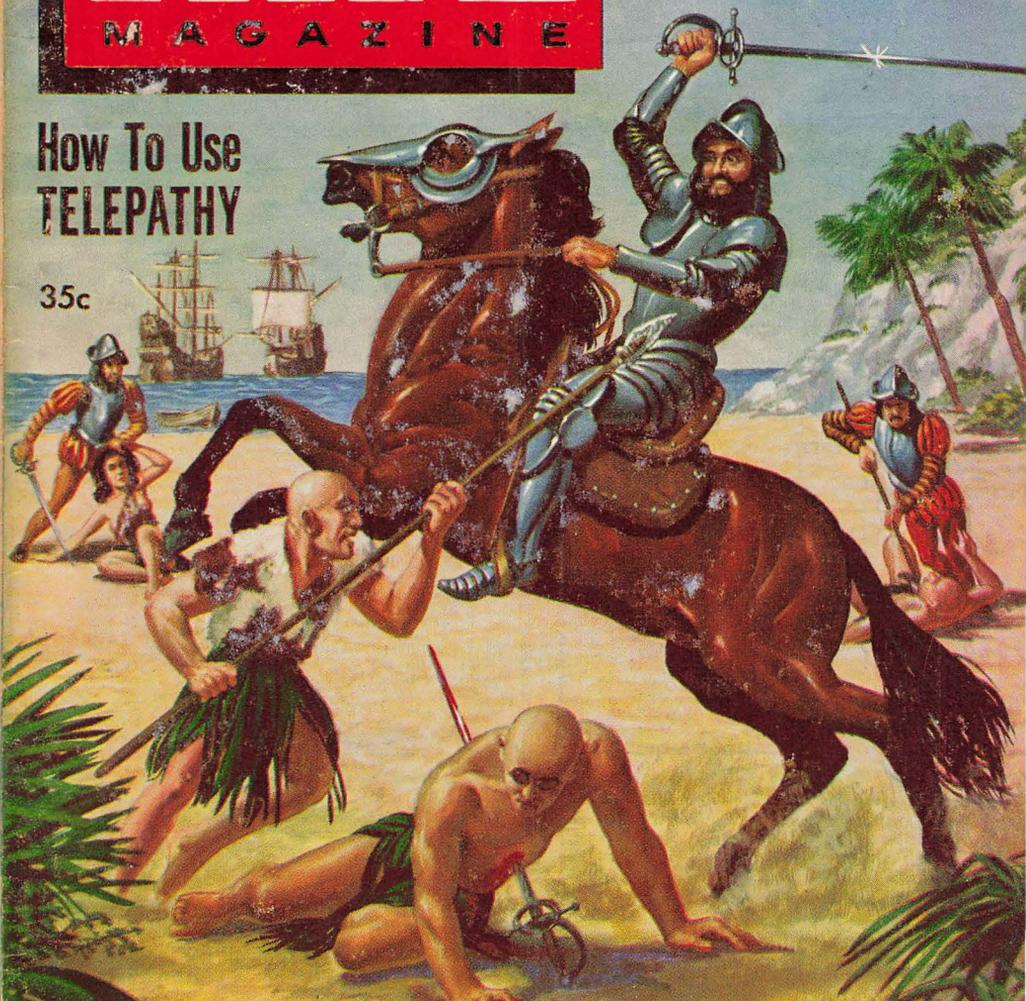
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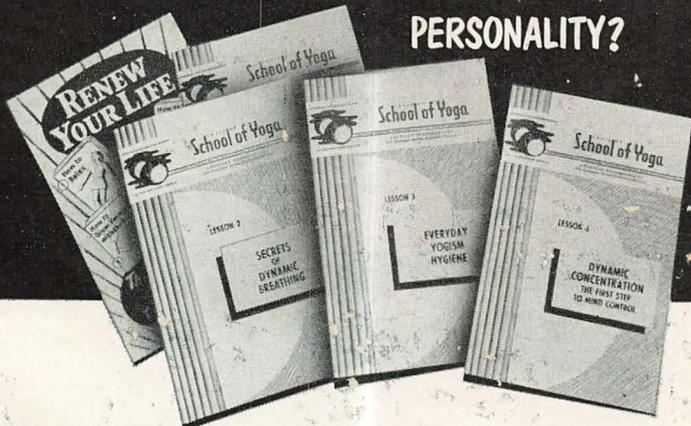
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OCTOBER 1958  
FATE  
TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN VOL. 11 - NO.10 ISSUE 10-

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**BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE TEMPLE**  
Sedalia, Colorado

OCTOBER  
1958

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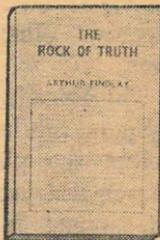
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# I See by the Papers...

## CARNIVOROUS GREEN SLIME

**P**OLTERGEISTS, whatever they are, do many strange things. But the strangest that we have come upon recently (at least it seems like a poltergeist case to us), has been going on since March, 1957, in the home of Edward Price of Mayfair, an area in Philadelphia.

Everything in the house—walls, ceiling, furniture and bedclothes becomes covered with slime. Usually it's clear and sticky; sometimes it's greenish. When it dries it crystallizes.

The Price family had lived peacefully in the house for seven years before the phenomena started in March last year. The slime appeared, stayed for four weeks, then went away. But this spring it started again and was still appearing on through June.

Every time the Prices leave the house they return to find everything covered with slime. Nor do they have to leave for the slime to appear.

The University of Pennsylvania Veterinary School and the Academy of Natural Sciences have investigated but offer no explanation. Two different laboratories have analyzed

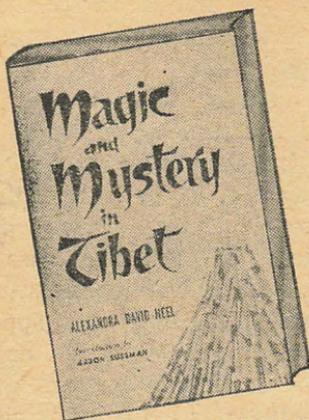


the material. One reports that it's a fungus. The other says it's animal mucus.

How does the slime get spread on the walls? Where does it come from?

The family consists of Edward, the husband; Regina, the daughter, and Ellen, the wife. They have a dog, Spotty, who sleeps upstairs with the family. But when the Prices leave the house they tie Spotty up in the cellar—and the house is freshly covered with slime when they return.

Sometimes the Prices set traps. They return to find the bait picked clean and the traps never sprung. Cups of poison are overturned, un-



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- How they learn to float in air and walk on water.
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\* Madame Alexandra David-Neel was born in Paris and studied at the Paris Sorbonne under Prof. Ed. Foucaux, a Sanskrit and Tibetan scholar. She made several journeys through the East but felt most "at home" among the Tibetans. She devoted 14 years to the study of Tibetan mystic doctrines, philosophy, lore and customs. She explored vast tracts of Tibetan territory which no white traveler had ever seen before. Her books have been translated into many foreign languages, including Annamite. Madame David-Neel herself has been awarded the gold medal of the Geographic Society of Paris and been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

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touched. Tissues are chewed to pieces.

Mr. Price takes the family away on weekends as often as possible. And they eat out because the slime keeps covering the refrigerator. Price says he won't move, but Mrs. Price says that her nerves are getting the better of her curiosity.



### THE ARKANSAS FIRES

**M**RS. HARDY MORRIS of Hartman, Ark., smelled smoke one day last April and searched the house frantically before she located it, pouring out of a box of clothing in a bedroom.

This was on a Wednesday. The following Saturday Mrs. Morris discovered her dress and skirt in flames where they lay on a rollaway bed. That evening she found fire in a bedroom dresser drawer. It destroyed her husband's shirts.

Sunday night fire broke out in a closet, damaging dresses and suits.

The Morrises had to maintain a nightly vigil, or thought they did, to keep the whole house from going up in flames. They have found evidence of two fires which apparently extinguished themselves. One damaged clothing. Several times, says Mrs. Morris, she has discovered the fires when she was alone in the house.

The Morris home has automatic heating and cooking equipment.

They keep no matches in the house, though Mr. Morris does own a cigarette lighter.

The unusual thing about this kind of fire, which appears to be caused by some type of "poltergeist" agency, is that, although it tends to do damage—usually confined to some particular class of objects, such as clothing, furniture, appliances or the like—there appear to be few cases where an entire house or building is burned down.

It is almost as if the unconscious mind of the poltergiest agent (according to the theory we lean toward) is venting its spite or hatred against some particular class of objects—which probably only symbolize what the agent is really upset about.



### NIGHTMARE DEATH

**T**HE TERRIFYING powers of the human mind were tragically demonstrated in San Jose, Calif., recently.

Mrs. John Linderman, of 14881 Acton Drive, was awakened by terrified screams early in the morning of June 11. She rushed into the room of her sister-in-law, Anne Linderman, whence the screams were coming, and found Anne writhing and shrieking on the floor. She was trying to crawl under the bed "as if to get away from something", her brother later re-

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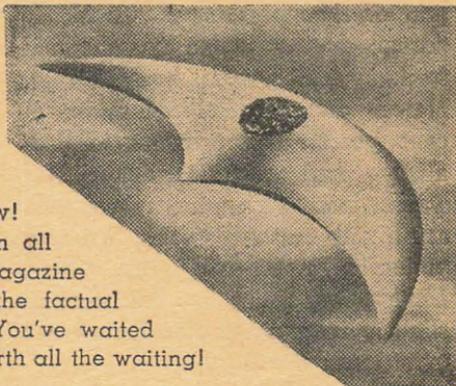
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ported to police. Then she collapsed. Her brother gave her artificial respiration and summoned emergency help but Anne died.

She had been in good health the night before, as far as anyone knew. She had appeared to be in a happy frame of mind. An autopsy failed to show any cause of death.

Deputy Coroner George Hannah said that the symptoms reminded him of the "nightmare deaths" or "dream deaths" which have claimed so many male victims in California, Hawaii and the Philippines in recent years. The previous victims always had been Mexican, Hawaiian and Philippine males who ate highly seasoned foods, dreamed violently and then died. Mrs. Linderman ate a normal, though slightly starchy, dinner before her mysterious death.



### RUNAWAY AUTOS

**I**N MILLIGAN, TENN., one day last May a 1957 automobile owned by Carl Tester somehow caught fire around 4:30 a.m. It was parked in the carport of Tester's home and before he became aware of what was happening the blaze burst through the living room picture window and destroyed all the furniture in the room.

That was only the beginning. The car backed out of the carport. Then it reversed itself and circled the

house, struck a pole in the rear and set fire to the back of the house. The car was destroyed and the house heavily damaged.

This can be considered some kind of strange coincidence, perhaps, although it would be interesting to hear someone explain how the driverless car was able to back up and then reverse itself and go forward.

A similar and even greater mystery confronted the police of Endicott, N.Y., also in May.

Sgt. Charles Garland and Patrolman Frank Bush of Endicott were on patrol in the area of North Street and Nanticoke Avenue shortly after midnight on May 13 when they spotted a speeding car weaving westward on North Street. Later investigation revealed it had been stolen.

The officers started in pursuit, red light flashing, siren screaming. They saw the car attempt to round the curve near Nanticoke Avenue, go out of control, ram the curb and careen into a utility pole. The 1952 two-door green Nash finally came to rest on the lawn of Walter J. Ballute, with one entire side ripped off.

The policemen climbed out of their patrol car and raced over to the wreck expecting to find the driver killed or maimed. Instead they found nothing—the car was empty even though the officers were

sure they had seen the outline of a head and shoulders behind the wheel.

The car had hit with such impact the police reasoned the body might have been thrown a considerable distance. But a thorough search of the area by the officers, and neighbors awakened by the crash, disclosed nothing. And there the matter stood.



### THE LAIR OF THE SNOWMAN

WITH EVERYONE hunting for the Abominable Snowman it seems only a question of time before the creature is captured—

if it really exists. Meanwhile reports tending further to support the existence of the Snowman are coming in.

An American expedition headed by Prof. Norman G. Dhyrenfurth, formerly of California, reported from Katmandu, Nepal, that the creature is not a myth but "hard truth."

Although the team's scientists didn't see a Snowman during their four-month expedition, they returned "fully convinced that the yeti is a human-like, rare and fast-disappearing creature possessing the intelligence of a normal grown-up man," Dhyrenfurth told United



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Joris-Karl Huysmans, who wrote this biography, was himself a Satanist and practitioner of the Black Art. But he was luckier than Abbe Boullan. "With his hooked paw," said Huysmans, "the Devil drew me toward God." He died safe in the church, but not before he recorded for posterity the story of the wicked outcast—ex-Abbe Boullan.

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He said one of the expedition's "responsible" Sherpa guides saw a four-foot yeti collecting frogs in a small stream, but the creature disappeared before other members of the expedition could come up to the scene.

Dhyrenfurth claims that he visited caves in which the yeti lived. He collected droppings, reddish-grey hair and enough other proofs including footprints, to "convince scientists" of its presence, he declared. He further claimed that there are two varieties, one about eight feet tall, the other smaller, about four or five feet tall.

"It appears to be a member of an almost extinct race—a most cunning and intelligent animal," he said.

Unquestionably all news from Katmandu should be taken with a large grain of salt these days. Nevertheless, both Reuters and UPI have reported from there that a creature which may have been a yeti was shot by riflemen of the Raja of Mustang.

The animal was first noted in March when it seized one of the Raja's yaks and carried it off. The Raja sent a squad of riflemen in pursuit. They reported that it ran nearly a mile on its two hind legs carrying the yak, which would certainly weigh as much as a cow.

The riflemen trailed it, cornered

it, and shot it. "He made a strange whistling sound when hurt," they declared. "He tried to get away, but we finally shot it down."

Its face was described as like a bear's. Its feet were "human." The skull and hide of the creature was being sent to Katmandu for examination.



### OUR CHANGING EARTH

**T**HE SOVIET expedition ship *Ob* claims to have discovered a hitherto unknown island in the vast open sea between Australia and Antarctica—about 450 miles from the Vincennes Bay area of the southern continent. The island appears to contain about 18 square miles.

If the find is genuine, and American and Australian authorities are somewhat skeptical, the island would lie in an ideal location for a weather station since it is in a great blank area on weather maps and would be accessible throughout the year.

But although the Russian announcement is not yet "official" they have come up with a new theory about Antarctica that has been given formal publicity. It is their theory, published in Soviet *Science and Life*, that Antarctica is not a continent at all but a string of islands covered by a huge ice sheet.

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They claim to have measured the Antarctic ice as far as 62 miles "inland" from their main base at Mirny. The thickness of the ice cap varied up to nearly 5,000 feet. But throughout the area, they declare, the bottom of the ice is below sea level.

The Russian finding is provisional. They say a lot more evidence is needed before their theory is proved.

Meanwhile the Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California has made a sensational ocean discovery, a gigantic submerged "river in the sea", 250 miles wide and 1,000 feet deep, flowing eastward along the equator beneath at least 3,500 miles of the Pacific Ocean.

The Kon Tiki expedition dramatized the westward flow of the Pacific current at the surface. But the "river beneath the sea" reported here is vastly greater and more powerful than the surface current. It is as big as "1,000 Mississippi rivers" and appears to flow only about 100 feet below the westward-flowing surface current, the report states.

Dr. Roger Revelle, director of the Scripps Institution, hails the find as "one of the greatest oceanographic discoveries of our time, comparable with the wartime discovery of the jet stream in the atmosphere."

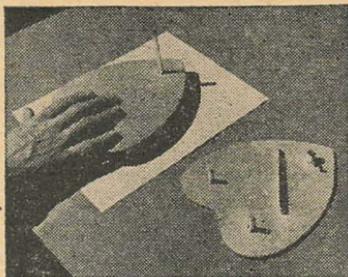
## POSTSCRIPTS

EVERY ONCE in a while it's time to take stock and report on the situation of news items we have left unsolved—either because we didn't have enough facts ourselves or because events had not run their course. Here are a few such postscripts:

THE MATA-TASH treasure cave high in the Pamir mountains, which we discussed recently, finally has been reached by the Russian expedition. They discovered no hoard of gold hidden there by the Chinese centuries ago. All they found was one eagle's egg and a few old rags, apparently carried there by eagles.

POST-ICE AGE FLOODS, repeatedly discussed here, have been traced for the last ice age by British scientists who have measured carbon 14 dates on submerged peat beds in 20 representative locations around the world. Dr. Harry Godwin of the Botany School, Cambridge, a leading chronologist, says that 450 feet "has been suggested" as the maximum rise of the sea when the glaciers melted. He himself has concluded that the oceans rose about 300 feet at the end of the last Ice Age, between 14,000 and 6,000 years ago. He believes that the ocean rise took place gradually and that there was no sudden indication, as if by the biblical flood. The problem is complicated,

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however, because many northern shorelines rose into the air when relieved of the weight of thousands of feet of solid ice. Thus they changed their "sea level."

**LOCH NESS MONSTER.** Ten different people standing in 10 different spots, are reported to have seen (10 different?) monsters at approximately the same time.

**KENSINGTON STONE.** The famed Kensington stone was purportedly found under the roots of a tree by a Minnesota farmer 60 years ago. It was a 200-pound-slab of rock carved with 222 symbols in ancient Scandinavian, "proving" that a party of Swedes and Norwegians reached the interior of this country via Hudson's Bay in 1362. Ten members of the party, says the stone, were slaughtered by the Indians. The remainder may have escaped or amalgamated with the mysterious Mandan Indians. The validity of the find has been endorsed by world-famed geologists, the Minnesota Historical Society and even by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington. But Dr. Eric Wahlgreen, professor of Scandinavian languages at the University of California at Los Angeles, editor of the national research quarterly of Scandinavian Studies and a former faculty member of the Royal University of Uppsala, Sweden, has completed a six-year study of the Kensington stone and written

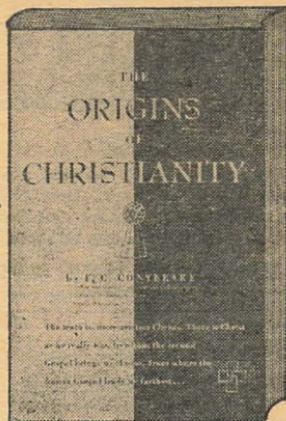
a book about it published by the University of Wisconsin Press. His conclusion: "One of the most brilliant hoaxes of all time; America's answer to England's Piltown Jaw."

JIM STEERS, the tugboat mysteriously lost in Long Island sound last winter has been found. Apparently the *Jim Steers* struck a barge being towed in a dense fog and went down near the Whitestone Bridge.

ON THE LIGHT SIDE. Lest you think that wonders ever cease, we want to tell you that it rained little fish in Dallas, Texas, last June 18, and Martha Brumley, 9, and Barbara William, 10, scooped up about 40 of them. They were three inches long, dark gray with reddish-gold spots, and had red tails. The Weather Bureau true to form, announced that they were "probably picked up from a shallow pond by violent rushing air currents of a thunderstorm and carried along until dropped out of the cloud with rain." (FATE feels this is silly for many reasons, one being that it doubts that fish could stay alive under such conditions and these definitely were wriggly type fish, although they died soon after their capture. Furthermore, no evidence ever has been offered that a thunderstorm could selectively scoop up anything of this kind, let alone one particular variety of fish, frogs, or anything similar without

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**LESSON FROM THE ANCIENTS**

**I**T'S HIGH TIME we learned a few lessons from ancient times and Prof. Thorkild Jacobsen of the University of Chicago thinks so too. So also, at long last, does the Development Ministry of the Government of Iraq.

Professor Jacobsen is an archeologist. His studies show that Iraq's agriculture nearly 3,500 years ago was producing better grain yields than the United States and Canada today. This in a region that is practically desert.

So Professor Jacobsen has prepared for the Iraqis a complete study of ancient methods of agriculture, particularly drainage methods and means of removing salt from the land. They're going to use it, too.



**CAVE OF THE STATUES**

**I**N SEPTEMBER, 1957, an Italian fisherman discovered a cave on the Tyrrhenian Sea which has proved to contain the most amazing collection of ancient art objects ever found. It is now known to be a treasure grotto of the Roman Emperor Tiberius Claudius Nero who ruled about the time of Christ.

What may be a sensational art find, this six-foot sculptured leg is one of thousands of fragments of numerous statues recently discovered in a cave at Sperlonga, Italy. Prof. Giulio Jacopi, Superintendent of Antiquities in Rome (kneeling), believes leg is part of an original statue of Laocoon which would tower 19 feet if restored. The nearly life-size sculpture of Laocoon, now in the Vatican Museum, is one of the most famous statues in history. It has been considered the one and only Laocoon. (United Press photo.)



Within the cave were stored hundreds of statues, including, it is believed, the original of the sculpture showing Laocoon and his two sons writhing in the coils of two giant serpents. Laocoon, in legend, was the Trojan priest who warned his people against the Greeks' wooden horse and was destroyed by the gods.

In the Vatican museum today is a nearly life-size sculpture of the Laocoon death struggle. But Professor Giulio Jacopi, superintendent of antiquities in Rome, believes that in the grotto he has found the

original which will stand 19 feet high if restored.

Unfortunately the sea broke into the grotto many years ago and battered the various statues into pieces. Slowly they are being re-assembled.



#### A 2,000 YEAR SETBACK

**N**EW DISCOVERIES keep re-emphasizing the setback suffered by European civilization because of the barbarian invasions after the fall of Rome. Man is a conservative and slow-learning crea-

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ture. He takes centuries to re-accumulate the kind of knowledge that has resulted in our present explosive industrial revolution. But there is no reason why that revolution could not have happened 2,000 years ago (or more) if ignorant savages had not destroyed the painfully accumulated basic knowledge of the past.

In Carinthia, a province of Austria, there recently has been uncovered the remains of an ancient city of the Noricans, a Celtic race which flourished before the Romans came conquering.

Excavations already made indicate that the entire side of a mountain was covered by this city. Thousands of objects have been dug up and a huge temple built of enormous blocks of stone.

The important point here is that among the remains are a smelting works with furnaces built of clay and fitted with huge bellows that directed strong jets of air into the fires. Here then was the basic knowledge for a civilization built upon iron—as is our own civilization. But it was destroyed and the knowledge lost for centuries—only to be re-discovered in our own time.



### INCREDIBLE RUINS

**W**HAT MAKES civilizations rise and fall is a complex

mystery that never has been completely unraveled. We are thinking here of new findings on the Yucatan Peninsula which are expanding our knowledge of the Maya Indians.

Members of the University of Pennsylvania Museum expedition to Yucatan have been exploring and restoring in the northern El Peten region of Guatemala. Five great temples, one 20 stories high, and scores of smaller temples with plazas, courts and a network of graded roads linking the central city to outlying districts are being freed from jungle growth.

Edwin M. Shook, field director, describes the area as the greatest ceremonial center in the world. There is evidence of violent destruction, of smashed statues and pottery. Yet Tikal was occupied more than 2,000 years before being abandoned.

The incredible thing is that expedition members say there are thousands of other ruined stone structures spread through the Yucatan forests. It will doubtless be decades before they are all known.

#### A NEW SEARCH IN ESP

A NEW ORGANIZATION to investigate psychic phenomena is being organized in New York City. It is called the Belk Psychic Research Foundation and is being financed in large part by William

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Henry Belk, Jr., of Atlanta, who heads a chain of 350 Southern department stores.

Belk is board chairman of the new organization. Research director is Dr. Andrija Puharich, Northwestern University trained medical scientist. Dr. Puharich explains the aim of the foundation as follows:

"We simply want to develop reliable, factual data to try to establish whether man has potentials beyond his physical senses, or whether these abilities are somehow related to the rest of the physical world."

A key subject for experiments will be Peter Hurkos, the Dutch psychic, who has been employed under a five-year contract.



## UNCONSCIOUS MESSAGES

**F**ROM TIME to time in this space we have mentioned subliminal advertising—the flashing of advertising messages on screens so rapidly that the conscious mind does not register them although the unconscious mind does.

Recently three University of Michigan psychologists joined in a discussion of subliminal stimulations in a report written for the American Psychological Association.

The power of subliminal techniques to create new needs and desires, they wrote, "is marked by the greatest potential risk to the individual's emotional equilibrium."

They declare there is no evidence that such persuasive powers are limited to known desires and familiar products. In fact, they say, statements that make this claim are "reckless assertions."

The three men, James V. McConnell, Richard L. Cutler and Elton B. McNeil, point out that subliminal phenomena work differently with different people. They protest that "we psychologists find ourselves unwillingly cast in the role of invaders of personal privacy and the enemies of society" because of commercial exploitation of subliminal phenomena.



#### FINAL NOTE

AS WE WROTE the above little headline we got a sudden attack of the shivers, as everyone does once in a while in this painful age. We gave this heading to the article because it is the last in this month's column and not because we believe it is the final note—yet.

What we started out to say is that radio-active fall-out from hydrogen bomb tests is now lodged in the bodies of every man and woman alive on the earth today.

This has been confirmed by K.G. McNeill of the University of Toronto at the recent 13th Annual Congress of the Canadian Association of Physicists. —Curtis Fuller

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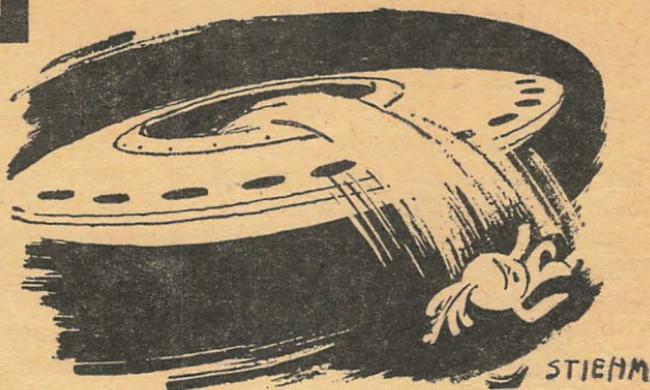
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## Things that fall from UFO's

Here is an analysis of some of the most baffling of UFO phenomena—falls of web-like, chaff-like materials.

*By Robert N. Webster*

ONE DAY last October 24, the town of Portales in Eastern New Mexico was blanketed by mysterious cobweb-like material that fell from the sky. Silk threads as long as 50 feet festooned telephone and power lines and created a nuisance in nearby corn and cotton fields where harvesting was underway.

What happened in Portales has been happening for many years—sometimes related directly to Un-

identified Flying Objects and sometimes with no apparent connection.

Silk threads are undoubtedly the commonest kind of fall connected with UFO's and have been almost universally dubbed "angel hair."

What is "angel hair?"

First of all, from information we are able to gather, a complete study of "angel hair" never has been made either from a viewpoint of chemical composition or from a viewpoint of location of falls.

Where does it occur, and when?

It is even possible that "angel hair" may be several different kinds of substances with several different origins.

For example, on October 4, 1957, a "tadpole-shaped" object passed over Ichinoseki City in Northeast Japan—which was the same day, coincidentally, that Russia launched its first sputnik.

As the UFO passed over the city, "angel hair" began falling, and the fall lasted from 10 a.m. to noon. The material consisted of threads like spiderwebs, and in great profusion.

A chemical analysis of the material disclosed it to be organic, dissoluble in hydrochloric acid and inflammable. The report stated that from Roentgen photographic determinations it could not have been spider webs or fibres.

**CAREFUL CONSIDERATION** of this report discloses an apparent contradiction. First of all, the report says the material was organic. But then it denies that it was either spiderwebs or fibres. It seems contradictory to have determined the organic nature of the substance and then to state flatly that it was not two different kinds of organic fibres, one animal, one vegetable.

As a matter of fact there is a good case for both spiderwebs and

vegetable fibres in many "angel hair" cases. It is known that heavy hatches of certain species of spiders occur at times and that they are transported on filmy webs by the wind. The same thing is true of seeds surrounded by silky threads, such as cottonwood, milkweed and the like. As a matter of fact, nature created their fibres for wide dispersal by the wind and we ourselves have seen regular windrows of them blown by the wind into favorable traps.

At the same time they should be easily recognizable. The spider webs usually have the spiders enmeshed in their silky threads, and the vegetable fibres usually have attached the seeds which they were created to disperse. It would take a pretty unobservant person, it seems to us, or unusual circumstances to confuse them.

A great deal, though not all, of the "angel hair" seems to fall in New Mexico. Last February 21, for example, a shower of the shiny cobwebby stuff fell near Los Lunas. It looked like tinsel and collected in trees, on wires and around clothes.

**ON MARCH 20, 1957, W. B. Brown**, an Air Force veteran and businessman who lives at Route 3, Steel Creek, N.C., but works in Charlotte, saw five UFO's as he left his office with his wife after

he had been working late.

As the Browns watched, one of the objects separated from the other four and tumbled to the ground only 60 feet distant from the Browns. Mr. Brown approached it and said it was "foam-like but clear" with a "slimy" feel and had a cooling or numbing effect on his finger-tips.

Mr. Brown had a cold and was unable to detect an odor about the substance but his wife said it smelled like burned matches or sulphur. The object seemed to melt into and soak the ground. The report is similar to a number carried in FATE recently.

Could the object seen by the Browns be a kind of material that, under different circumstances, would be blown apart by winds and fall in shreds as "angel hair"? This is speculation only but we are dealing in an area where we have so little definite factual material to go on that all we can do is speculate.

One of the most detailed cases of a web-like fall from the sky occurred in Chemung County, New York, on August 27, 1956. Charles Reese of Sagetown, about eight miles south of Elmira, left his farmhouse around 6:30 a.m. to do his chores. Over a two-acre chicken range he discovered thousands of bright shiny metallic shreds scattered over the ground. They resembled the "icicles" used on Christmas

trees. The material showed slight radioactivity.

Now it is a fact that a similar substance is used by military aircraft to jam radar reception. The British call this material "window" and our own Air Force calls it "chaff." When dropped from airplanes in quantity it confuses the radar sets because they pick up the reflections from the "chaff" as well as from the airplane.

The main point at which this chaff did not look like the chaff used by the Air Force is that it was silver colored on one side and lavender-tinted on the other. Officers at Griffis Air Force Base in Rome, N.Y., admitted that they never had seen or heard of chaff of this color.

Whatever the substance was, it brings us to consider a theory that has been too long neglected.

That is that the falling material associated with so many UFO sightings may not be a by-product of UFO propulsion but is used for the same purpose that our own Air Force uses chaff!

It is well-known that time after time when radar operators have locked onto a UFO it seems to disappear or fade away. At other times, even when the UFO is visually seen by observers on the ground, it is invisible on the radar screens.

Is it not at least a possibility, therefore, that UFOs use chaff-like

materials to make them invisible or to confuse the radar?

The only alternate theory that makes sense, considering report after report, is that UFO's are both material and immaterial—that is, capable of rendering themselves immaterial at will and hence invisible or transparent at least to radar reflections.

**O**N THE OTHER HAND we should not forget that all kinds of things keep falling from the skies all the time. A good many of them are identifiable as familiar objects and it may be that the others are not because we don't know enough about them. The greatest mystery is still: where do they come from?

The frequent ice falls that have been going on for years, in our opinion, never have been explained. And if the CAA's theory that the ice comes from aircraft waste water is partly true, how do we explain that ice was falling before there were any airplanes to have waste water? And how do we explain the occasional concentrated and repeated falls within confined areas?

How do we explain the falls of small fish, small toads and frogs? And many other things?

Last September and October there were falls of huge pieces of a thin, clear plastic in Eastern Klickitat County, Washington. They were observed over an area cover-

ing many square miles. Deputy Sheriff George McCredy found pieces on his ranch as big as 12 feet by 20 feet. They were of varying size and could be seen all over the huge fields. One piece on another ranch was big enough to cover a stack of baled hay. The area of the fall is several miles wide and at least 15 miles long.

The material was .002 inches thick and made from strips 60 inches wide welded together. Most edges had irregular tears although a few were torn at the seams.

It was suggested that the finds represented the remains of a balloon or balloons but their extent would indicate a balloon of absolutely tremendous size, or many huge balloons. No one, as far as we know, made an effort to determine the number of square feet of plastic in the entire area.

Cholly Knickerbocker's column from New York last year stated that Countess Marie Laure De Noailles heard that a UFO had landed at Hyeres on the French Riviera, near where she was staying. She hurried there and found a small piece of metal which she turned over to the French Naval laboratory at Toulon for analysis. Experts later said it was a metal they'd never seen before and that they hadn't been able to analyze it. We think this is somewhat questionable.

Then there has been a great deal of controversy over analysis of waste material supposedly dropped by three UFO's over Campinas, near Sao Paulo, Brazil. Most of it was seized by the Brazilian Air Force but a chemist, Dr. Risvaldo Maffei, claimed to have analyzed it and said it showed a strange alloy, with 88.91 per cent tin but without the common impurities of lead antimony, iron etc. Our information doesn't indicate what the remaining 11.09 per cent of the alloy was.

**B**EFORE WE CLOSE, we ought to report that the spring of 1958 was only mildly active with UFO sightings. April and May showed some sightings, June hardly any. We are including a few representative reports.

- Six UFO's were reported over Mt. Hood, Ore., at 8:20 p.m. on March 10. At least seven persons reported seeing them in the Sandy-Eagle Creek area. Jack R. Reef, a former communications executive of the California Eastern Aviation Company, declared the objects were flying east to west. All were lighted and gave a faint droning noise quite unlike a jet aircraft. All had white lights and if standing still could have been mistaken for a star formation except that at intervals they showed flashing red and white lights similar to regular aircraft

navigation lights. They took approximately six minutes to fly from horizon to horizon.

*Comment: The only unusual thing about this sighting, which otherwise could be explained as a conventional military formation flight, is the droning sound of the aircraft. This has not been explained.*

- A correspondent in Phoenix, desiring to remain anonymous, reports that he has seen something very peculiar in that area; a mist "like a white cloud" changing form as it moved along, traveling from west to east at a high rate of speed.

- Near Ellwood City, Pa., just before Easter, a two-foot red-blinking disc frightened children over the Walnut Ridge housing area. Police Officers Joseph Scala and Emanuel Mavero investigated and watched the bright disc for 10 minutes. They said:

"At first we thought it was an airplane or some kids with a balloon, shining a light on it. But the situation got mysterious when the radio in the police car went out of order and we could not get in touch with the department."

The night was brightly moonlit and the patrolmen could see the object rising and falling, with its light blinking. After about 10 minutes they decided to get closer to it but when they got to the top of the hill the object had disappeared.

● Anne Lesnikowski of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., early in April saw a series of yellow lights low in the sky off East Chop. At first she thought it was a ship coming into the harbor but soon saw that the lights had neither the right color nor placement and were too high on the horizon. For the first minute or so they seemed to hold their position in the sky, although oscillating slightly. Then they moved slowly toward the mainland. Four went out; the other five slowly lost altitude and appeared to sink into the sea.

● A bullet-shaped lighted object flashed across southeastern states April 20. It moved rapidly, was fiery red with a yellow tail. It then appeared to burst with a blinding flash and two tremendous explosions.

*Comment: Undoubtedly a meteor.*

● A round flat object, about 45,000 feet high with green, red and white flashing lights, was seen over Houston, Tex., early on May 8. At least two police officers saw it.

● Sputnik watchers of the Jacksonville, Fla., Astronomers Club saw a bright light which appeared to be pushing a smaller, dimmer one on May 16. It moved straight across the sky to the horizon, then made a 180-degree turn, followed by another 180-degree turn. Then it disappeared. A television camera-

man who photographed the UFO said it appeared to be "dumbbell-shaped" on his film.

● Mysterious patches of blackened grass covering an area of over a quarter of an acre on scattered pieces of property west of Estacada, Ore., were under close observation after they were discovered to be radioactive late in May. Marion Fletcher, Route 2, Estacada, found some of the spots on his property and asserted that the blackened ground burned his finger when he touched it.

At first the problem was referred to the county agent's office since the blackened grass appeared to be stricken with some type of plant blight. Later it was reported that the radioactivity had disappeared and really had been negligible in the first place. The blackened blotches did not seem to follow any pattern.

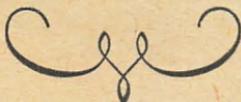
● A bright, star-shaped object skimmed over the northeastern San Gabriel Valley in California for nearly an hour and a half before dawn on May 26. It did not appear to be an aircraft because of its slow speed and shape. To some it looked like a red flare. The object disappeared gradually at sunrise. It did not show up on photographic film. The night and atmosphere were clear.

These are the only reports we will have space to record in this

article. The trouble with them, as with so much UFO material, is that they are unrelated to each other; they show no pattern. It is quite possible that they represent different types of sky objects for we never have been adamant in believing that UFO's represent but a single type.

Because of the confusion inevitable in these separate observations, this article marks the first in a

series of *interpretative analyses* of UFO's which will attempt to bring some order out of the seeming chaos and which will be published in *FATE* from time to time. Our interest will be less in reporting individual sightings than in trying to discern a meaningful pattern in groups of sightings. *FATE* hopes readers will continue to send in their individual reports; they are essential to this project.



### "PILLOW THERAPY" FOR PRISONERS

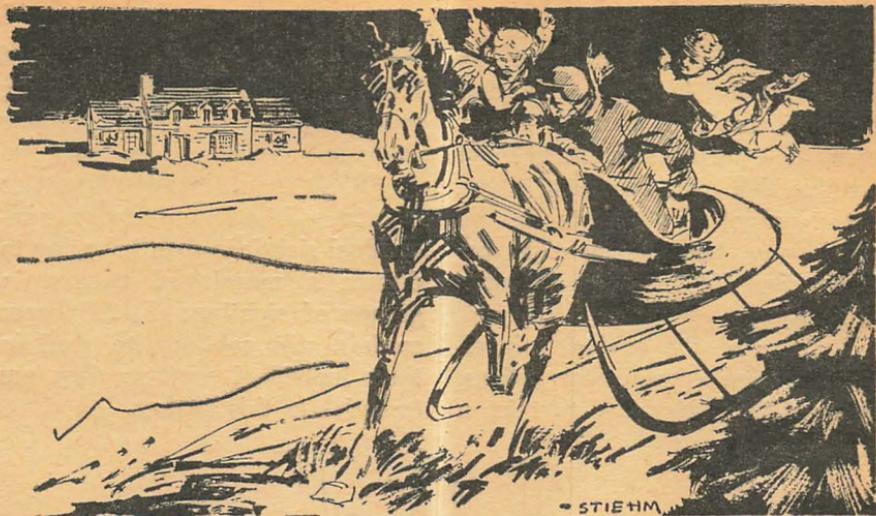
**G**OOD PROGRESS recently was reported in an experiment to improve the mental attitudes of criminals by reading inspirational messages to them while they slept. Previous studies have indicated the possibility of conditioning the subconscious mind during sleep.

The experiment, which covered a period of six weeks, was initiated by John Locke, public defender of Tulare County, Calif., in an effort to rehabilitate prisoners at the county's industrial road camp near Woodlake. All the prisoners who participated did so voluntarily. A man's voice speaking words of encouragement came to them through earphones while they lay in bed at night. The messages beamed to the

sleeping men emphasized such things as a more constructive outlook on life, a friendlier attitude toward other persons, self-confidence, feelings of greater physical well-being and relaxation and a decreased desire for liquor.

Locke said the program had greatly stimulated the prisoners to do more thinking about their problems and about life generally. Of the 110 prisoners at the camp, 52 per cent believed the program was beneficial to themselves and others; 15 per cent said they received no benefits; 7 per cent believed the experiment beneficial to others but not to themselves; 12 per cent were undecided; 7.6 per cent did not answer; and 6.4 per cent did not participate.





## Our Two-Angel Escort

The murderer crouched in the brush as our sleigh drew closer.  
His finger tightened on the trigger. And then . . .

*By Asa M. Russell*

**I**N 1903 I WAS seven years old. We lived at Bellvale, Orange County, N.Y. Dad, a minister, had an outside parish at Greenwood Lake, which extends into New Jersey. He made this trip once a week and I always went along for company.

The road wound around over a steep, wooded pass and in the winter the horse and sleigh moved slowly. The snow and moonlight made a pretty scene and I enjoyed going with Dad.

Two days after our last trip in the afternoon, I was gathering eggs when a nervous, unshaved man of about 45 called to me over the back fence. I had seen him come out of the woods on the side hill. "Hey, kid—does Domini Russell live here?"

I answered, "Yes, he does. Do you wish to see him? He is in his study."

He looked at Dad, then at me, in a suspicious manner as we entered the study, and then asked,

"Did you cross the pass to Greenwood Lake two nights ago about 7 p.m.? Did you have this kid along? Do you drive a black horse?"

Dad said, "Yes."

"Did you see anyone behind the oak tree on the right side near the top of the Pass?" The man asked.

Dad looked surprised, said, "No, I did not."

"Well, Domini, I was behind that oak tree with a cocked gun. I had vowed I would steal the first horse and sleigh that came along—regardless of who it was—I was desperate—but something stopped me. I tried to fire the gun as a warning shot—my trigger finger wouldn't move. I tried to step out from behind the tree. I could not take a step.

"Two angels seemed to be with you, one on each side. The angel nearest me pointed a finger at me and held me motionless. I could not move until you were out of sight.

"Domini, I am a bad man and do not like such interference. Tell me the truth, is there a God? Do you really believe in One?"

Dad met his gaze and answered softly, "I don't know. Sometimes I feel strange—as if someone was looking out for me. When I have a sermon to preach and am at a loss for words they come from somewhere. I cannot explain it. It must

be a powerful Force since you yourself say it stopped you from armed robbery."

The man said, "There is a price on my head. I broke out a week ago. I am going back. I can't fight something that don't make sense—and some Power protects you."

He left the house and Dad and I watched him go back into the woods.

We saw his picture in the paper a few days later with a caption stating that he had returned to prison to finish his sentence.

This was my first contact with the Unseen Power.

Dad died when I was nine years old. One night he drove for many miles through a storm to bring comfort to a member of his flock who thought he was going to die. The man lived, but Dad caught pneumonia and passed away.

I joined the Navy at the age of 16 and served a four-year hitch. I was working in a lumber camp in the state of Washington when I was called into the Service again. This time I chose the Army and came out a sergeant.

While working for the Skykomish Lumber Company in Washington I had my second psychic experience. I was 21, weighed 200 pounds and was a first-class rigger.

The town boasted only one hotel, the Banning House. "Old Man Banning" had four daughters. Flor-

ence, the oldest was 19 years old and my steady girl. Her sisters were May, 15, Alice, 13, and Violet, 10.

The three youngest girls never had been to Seattle, a few hundred miles away, when their aunt invited them there for a visit. They accepted. They had been gone for about a week when Alice, who was my favorite, took sick. First she had a cold, then pneumonia. The family was called to Seattle to her bedside.

Skykomish was a division point on the great Northern R.R. The railroad men helped keep the town up—they lived and ate at the Banning House.

"Old Man Banning" thought I was no good, that I just liked to fish and hunt and keep his oldest daughter out late. But Florence had a mind of her own. She said, "We are all going to Seattle." She called the logging company and told them it was necessary that I be given 10 days leave to take care of the hotel on account of sickness. "Old Man Banning" showed me the ropes, said he didn't expect the hotel to make any money while he was away but for me not to let it burn down, the town needed it. Then Florence put the family on the train for Seattle.

George Ward was my buddy at camp. I moved him into the hotel room next to mine, and guaranteed

him free meals. He spent most of his salary on ammunition, and was a swell fisherman, Columbia River trout replaced bacon when George was around.

The Banning Family had been in Seattle four days when I decided to write Alice a letter. Sitting at the desk in the lobby I tried several times, but could get only as far as "Dear Alice."

Then I visioned her lying in bed, helpless with pneumonia. I was at a loss.

George was cleaning his 30-30 rifle. The Janitor had just filled the wood box. I looked at the big clock over the fire place and it said 9:50 a.m.

I tried to write a few words after "Dear Alice." My throat seemed clutched by powerful hands, I could not get my breath. I tried to rise and fell back helpless, as if I was being throttled. I lay on the floor in a sweat. George dropped his favorite gun and bent over me. The janitor got a bucket of water and threw it on me. But I still gasped for air and then lay still for some time.

When I recovered, George asked, "Pal, what happened?"

I didn't answer because I wanted to think and figure it out for myself. Then it all came clear to me—I knew the explanation.

I looked at the big clock, then across to the railroad station and

told George and the janitor that before 6 p.m. I would receive a telegram from Seattle. When it arrives, I said, I will tell you its contents without opening it.

George remarked, "If you do, Pal, you get a new buddy. I will go to Alaska to get away from crazy guys like you."

At exactly 5:30 p.m. the agent came over with the telegram addressed to me.

Without opening it I said to George it says, "Alice passed away 9:50. Funeral Wednesday. Be home Saturday. Signed, Florence."

Then George tore it open. Those were the exact words on the telegram.

George said, "Buddy, here's where we part company."

I told him to wait until the family returned to see what they had to say.

Sunday morning I took Florence, George and the janitor aside and asked how Alice had died.

Florence answered, "It was the strangest thing. Alice looked up and saw the whole family by her bedside. She asked, who is taking care of the hotel? I told her, Russ. Alice started to laugh and said, Russ will give the place away. Then Alice started to choke. She couldn't get her breath and she died at 9:50 a.m."

I explained what had happened to me at exactly that same time

and said I must have taken on her vibration and had passed out, temporarily, with her.

George and the janitor said they never had heard of anything like that before. But I knew that I had experienced the power of vibration.

Among the other strange experiences I have had all my life is a dream about a hat.

Loggers at lumber camps usually wear a felt hat, even in the heat of summer. The hat serves to protect their heads and eyes from falling debris—dead twigs and broken branches. Wearing a hat in hot weather, however, causes a great deal of perspiration, which runs down into the loggers' eyes, making them smart and water. Every few minutes a busy logger has to stop work and wipe his sleeve across his eyes to dry the moisture. This gets to be quite a nuisance.

I swore that some day I would try to invent a hat for loggers that would permit them to work in comfort. I planted that desire many times but nothing ever came of it while I was at the logging camps.

A few years later I moved to Los Angeles. One morning around four a.m. I woke suddenly and glanced out of the window. A summer shower was driving rain hard against the glass. I thought about the hot foreheads and sweating eyes of the poor loggers.

Some invisible influence seemed

to be near me, compelling me to look at the dark wall. I squinted at it and was amazed to see on the wall, drawn out in complete detail, the answer to my desire of the past couple of years—how to make a comfortable, ventilated hat.

Little more than half awake, I stared at the wall for several minutes. Then I lay back and fell asleep again.

When I woke at my regular time I recalled the drawing perfectly. I jumped out of bed, got together scissors, an old hat and some material. I changed the hat exactly as I had been shown in the drawing on the wall.

When I was finished I was surprised and pleased to see what a perfect answer the hat was to what I had needed at the logging camp. Now, however, I had no use for the hat. I put it in a trunk and left it there for a few months.

One day I went to a patent attorney and asked his advice about the hat. He suggested we make a patent search to see if a similar hat ever had been patented. We found that none had, so we applied for a patent which was quickly granted. My patent number is 2,580,323 under "Ventilated Hats," Asa M. Russell.

While in Los Angeles I went into business cutting down trees on private property. I worked too hard at this business and as a result of

the long hours and the worry over bad collections I lost my health. My doctor advised me to sell out and go to the desert for a year and get away from tense city conditions. I had developed asthma and I sought a place where the climate would be high and dry.

I chose the Panamint Mountains, on the west side of Death Valley. I found a perfect location for a campsite in Butte Valley, at an elevation of 4,500 feet. Here, with the help of an old Shoshone Indian, I developed a nice running spring, built two cabins and planted some trees. The spot is a considerable distance from the main highways and some 65 miles from the nearest store. It is a paradise. I have a 90-mile view from my cabin towards the east. I look down into Death Valley, out over the Black Mountains which form the east side of Death Valley, over the Funeral Range and into the Sterling and Charleston ranges in Nevada.

Although I eventually returned to Los Angeles and for the past 15 years have been employed by the Los Angeles Water and Power Company, Butte Valley has remained my real home. I go back there at every opportunity.

I am now 61. Only a few summers ago I again experienced Unseen Power.

A little old lady of 82 asked if I would take her to visit a friend

at Anvil Springs, across and up on the west side of Death Valley.

I agreed but warned her that she must walk about a quarter of a mile through the soft sandy silt in the wash, as the trucks could not make it through loaded, but a light car, empty, with tires half deflated, could pass through quickly.

Mrs. Taylor smiled and said that her forces had told her that she would get through okay and to prepare for a pleasant trip and not to worry.

My car is old. I knew it could not go through loaded. I had a heavy load of fresh fruits and vegetables, and other supplies. When we arrived at the sandy spot I started to unload as usual, to pack the boxes ahead.

Mrs. Taylor stopped me. "Please do as I ask," she said. "My forces say I am to sit still and enjoy myself. Use low gear; do not race the motor, leave the tires alone and proceed slowly. Let's go."

We did. We went about 50 feet and the old car sank to the hub caps and almost stopped. Then to

my amazement, the car started to rock a little from side to side and, as if heavy hands were pushing it along, it slowly passed over the sandy spot and we were on solid road bed again.

I could hardly believe it. I looked back twice but saw no one, although I still felt the Force that carried us through.

Mrs. Taylor just smiled and said nothing. Arriving at camp, her friends asked her how she enjoyed the quarter mile walk through the sand. When we told them what had happened they would not believe us, and told how they had had to unload when they came through a few days ago.

I tried to get an explanation from Mrs. Taylor. She just repeated, "My Forces said they would be with me, not to worry, enjoy myself and leave it up to them to see me through."

I call it Unseen Power. But what is it? Who controls it? Where does it come from?

Perhaps someday we shall all know.

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### ACT OF MERCY

**W**HEN HE HIT a rabbit on a dark country lane near Hallsall, England, James Wilding, 55, stopped his car to end the animal's suffering. As he stepped out onto the road, an approaching motorcyclist crashed into him and killed him.

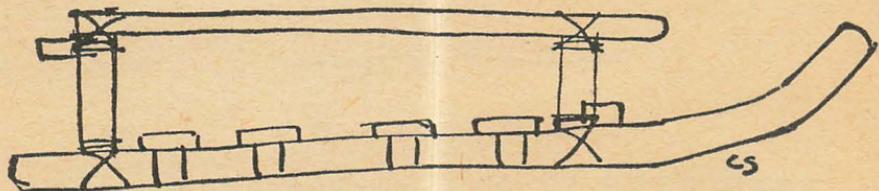
# How the Spaniards Destroyed THE LAST OF THE

*By Lawrence D. Hills*

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This is an amazing article, the details of which have never been published in any general magazine in this country before. It deals with a mysterious white race that lived in the Canary Islands. They had been known to the ancient Greeks and the Phoenicians. But modern Europe knew nothing about them until 1284 when Lancelot Mancello of Genoa was shipwrecked there. Then in the 15th Century the Spaniards came conquering—as they did in the New World also. And as they did in the Americas, they destroyed the culture, the language, the writings of the Canary Islanders. Only a few manuscripts have come down to us but they, with the research of modern archeologists, tell us of a

great white race destroyed in ignorance by rapacious men who happened to have horses, armor and cross-bows. Most of the Canarians were killed, destroyed by disease or sold into slavery.

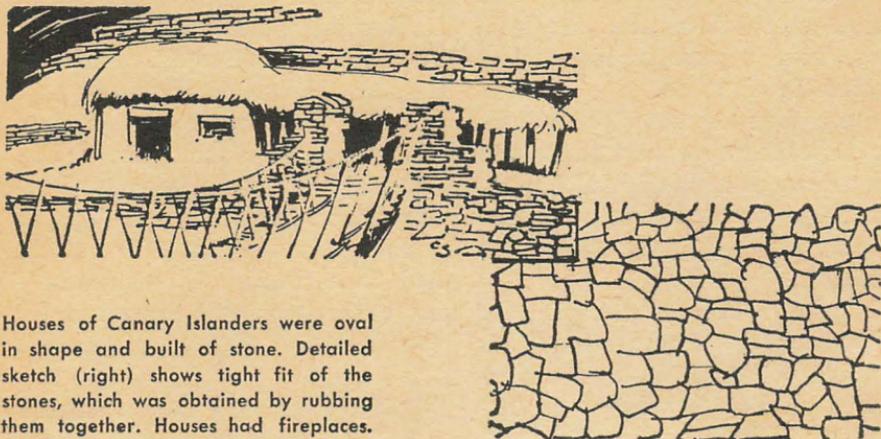
Who were these Canary Islanders? The nearest to the Cro-Magnon race that survived in the 15th Century. Not pure, of course, for they already had mixed with other peoples when they sailed from Europe around 4,500 B.C. Lawrence D. Hills, the author, is an agricultural journalist who can fix the date pretty closely because the Canarians took a low chromosome barley with them but no wheat. If they had left later their barley would have had more chromosomes. Such is the science of archeology. . . .



Vehicles of Canary Islanders were sledges with smooth runners, usually drawn by men.

# CRO-MAGNONS

Here's the nearly unknown story of the Canary Islanders, whose civilization was 6,000 years old when it fell in 1496.



Houses of Canary Islanders were oval in shape and built of stone. Detailed sketch (right) shows tight fit of the stones, which was obtained by rubbing them together. Houses had fireplaces.

ON JULY 1, 1341, three caravels sailed from Lisbon, Portugal, on the first state-financed expedition since King Necho of Egypt had paid for a Phoenician voyage around Africa. They were bound for the Canary Islands which had been "discovered" in 1284 by Lancelot Mancello of Genoa.

In early August the three ships were standing in towards Tenerife, the largest island of the Canaries, which contains the mighty volcano of Teyde. Nicoloso de Recceo, the

Genoese navigator for the expedition, worked out its height to be more than 30,000 feet in a long letter he wrote to Boccaccio, the poet. This letter still survives.

Then Nicoloso saw on a pinnacle of rock near the summit something that was strange and frightening—a great sail swelling from its yard arm across a mighty mast, and moving as though giants were hauling on the braces and the whole island altering course to bear down on the little fleet.

All three captains saw it, all the crew saw it, and they decided to sail right around the island to make sure it was not a strange rock or a trick of light.

Nicoloso checked his figures again. He calculated that the sail must be about a mile square to be visible at sea level that far from shore atop a peak as high as he figured Teyde to be.

Once they lost sight of the sail, for it leaned over backwards and went down in a flapping of ghostly canvas, to rise again "with the lower part drawn into the shape of a shield."

Nicoloso's chart was copied for the next two centuries and his carefully checked observation appeared on British versions as "Island of Hell—Here be Demons".

WHEN NICOLOSO'S estimate of his distance from shore is corrected to give the true height of Mount Teyde, just over 12,000 feet, the sail those early navigators saw comes down to a size to fit one of the later Cape Horn wind-jammers. And since they had no telescopes in 1341 they could not know that it was made of thousands of goatskins sewn together.

By chance the Portuguese expedition had arrived at Tenerife on "Founders Day" and perhaps 200 of "the sons of the Sixty" were wrestling with the stays and sheets

of a giant replica of the sails that had carried their ancestors to the Canary Islands perhaps 6,000 years before. These sails had propelled double dugout canoes and their method of operation even included a primitive method of "heaving to" and reefing.

They were chiefs with the same knowledge of hide ropes, canoe sailing and the command of men that brought the 60-ton uprights to Stonehenge from across the Bristol Channel and up the Avon to Salisbury Plain. They were hoisting and handling the sails as their fathers had done through the centuries—in thanksgiving and prayer to *He Whose Voice The Waters Heard*.

ABOUT 4,500 B.C., 60 families of fisherman-farmers from the Atlantic Coast of what is now Spain and Portugal set out in huge double canoes from the area of modern Cadiz. The approximately 30 canoes were made by felling and hollowing tree trunks—burning and chipping away the center charcoal with stone tools.

In addition to barley they took with them beans, fodder vetch seeds, sheep, goats and pigs. It was an easy trip—only a few days, aided as they were by ocean currents and the Northeast Trades.

They were the most fortunate farmers in history for they got away 2,000 years before the pyra-

mids of Egypt were built and they survived in happy isolation until the end of the 15th Century.

The Canaries had no dangerous animals, nothing four-legged except a lizard the size of a cat which still survives on one small islet. There were no snakes, no poisonous insects, no rats or mice. The climate was so mild there was no need to make hay. There were mild droughts—far less severe than those of the present because they felled as few trees as possible.

These people are known today as the Gaunches. They were the last of the Cro-Magnon men. In their ancestry were the men who drew the Spanish and French cave paintings.

They were quite a small tribe, pushed out on the coast line. Their customs were different from their Cro-Magnon ancestors. They had hardly any artistic ability whereas the Cro-Magnons of 10,000 to 20,000 years before had been magnificent painters. They did not expose their dead to weather and then paint the bones with red ochre, as had the Cro-Magnons. Instead they mummified their dead, and it is from the few mummies left that we have learned how big they were, and about the length of their thigh bones. There would have been plenty more mummies to measure if the Spaniards hadn't looted even the caves to sell the

mummies for "mummy brown" paint and nasty medicines.

Some of them had blonde hair but usually it was brown. Their skin was not olive-colored, but white. These men were not "Aryans" but an older and taller race. Their blood, of course, is in all the peoples of Europe and even in you and me.

They may have been responsible for the mythology about giants. They included eight-foot men, though this was not common, and the average of men and women was five feet 10. The eight-footers were not glandular cases, however, but well-balanced, well-muscled athletes.

The Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans knew of them. In their mythology they put Atlas and the Titans in the Canaries. It is no coincidence that their "Land of the Giants" corresponds to these islands. They were not conquered—no doubt because they could fight like furies and because they had nothing to trade and little to plunder.

There were tales of Canarians 15 feet tall, but these must be taken as the terrified comments of the smaller Spaniards who fought with them for decades. De Bethencourt's chaplain insists that he saw no one over eight feet and he has an interesting story about a man of this size surprised walking with his

family during a landing in 1406. The giant simply ran at the Spaniards who were in armor. He fought them with his bare hands to give his wife a chance to escape with the baby. They bound him but he broke his bonds and got away—a valuable slave lost.

Their brains were slightly larger than ours but certainly not more complex. They were intelligent in different ways—better farmers, for example, than modern Spaniards, and far superior in keeping their science and progress under control than we are.

At any rate, about 1,000 years after the original Gaunches arrived in the Canaries, a party of hunting people landed from Africa, driven away by the drying up of the Sahara. They brought their hunting dogs. These were dark-skinned, smaller men but not Negroes.

By this time Tenerife, Gran Canaria and Palma, the most fertile islands, were covered with farms and the new-comers had the choice of working as hired men for the Gaunches or going to Gomero, Ferro, Lanzarote or Fuerteventura, where they made up the majority of the population at the time of the conquest.

The then-current Canarian attitude is recorded in the Gaunche story of Creation: "*In the beginning God created men, women and flocks to feed them. Then He creat-*

*ed more people but when they prayed for flocks also, God answered, 'Go work for the others and they will give you food to eat.'*"

Nonetheless, the Greek myths of "The Garden of the Hesperides" or "The Fortunate Islands" as a paradise of giants and sheep where no one works probably arose from sailors' stories of the Canaries. To a Greek sailor from the slums of Piraeus the standard of living enjoyed by these hired men was one of wealth. As far as food and housing were concerned it was undoubtedly better in the Canaries than for Portuguese peasants or British farm workers at the same time.

**T**HEIR ARCHITECTURE is an example of the development of Neolithic farmers living undisturbed by war, trade or the stirring of new needs and ideas. About the time the Egyptians were building pyramids some thoughtful Canarian farmer invented a new kind of house, copying the oval shape of the huts that men of his race had built on the continent. He built in stone without mortar.

His invention was a fireplace and chimney built, into the thickness of the wall, with stones rubbed to fit tightly enough to give a draught to take the heat and smoke clear of the thatch. A stone house can stand a thousand years;

it is as permanent as a cave.

The Canarians used laurel for the lintels, loft and roof timbers because it lasts. They grew tall straight laurel for this purpose but little of size survives today. The loft floor and doors were made of the mighty Canary Island pine, split with stone wedges and rubbed smooth. These were pegged to cross beams through holes drilled with the bow drill. The same drill was used to light fires in Red Indian fashion.

The other fastenings were lashed with hide, the thatch was reeds, and large pegs were embedded in the walls. From these hung pottery jars used for storage. All their clay vessels had pointed bottoms and were made by coiling a long sausage of clay round and round; they never had a potters wheel. Milk, cream, cheese and a whole range of berry preserves went into these jars, which were hung in fibre nets.

The lofts were used to store barley, beans, dried figs and dates in baskets. The homes were about 30 feet by 10, and often had hide partitions hung from the roof. Primitive as they were by our standards they were far in advance of Saxon England, where the smoke went out through a hole in the thatch. They impressed both Greeks and Nicoloso. A farm might have several such buildings, variously

used for barns, cottages or dairies. They remained unchanged through thousands of years.

The basis of the Canarians prosperity lay not only in building to last but in not building or inventing anything that was not of immediate practical use. It lay in efficient farming, with perfect control of the grazing of sheep and goats.

The sheep and goats were not herded by dogs, but were trained to obey a code of whistled signals. Their great victory over the Spaniards was won by giving the stampede order to 20,000 looted sheep which drowned horses and men in a bleating flood.

From this whistling of commands to livestock the Gaunches developed their greatest invention—a kind of whistled shorthand. It is still used on Gomera by peasants with Gaunche blood. It allowed two herdsmen on opposite sides of a steep mountain valley to talk at five miles range. News or gossip was whistled from one end of an island to another. It gave every Stone Age warrior a two-way radio.

The island was full of birds, including wild canaries that no longer sing. But they sang in the past, trained by whistlers as the Germans used to train canaries with a flute.

A third style of whistling was the Canary Island music—at least

a great deal of it consisted of whistling. With 20 whistlers and clapping hands they had a dance band. One of their dances, the "Canaria", had a short-lived popularity in Europe after the Conquest. It was a rapid jig, much like the folk dances of Old England before the violin and accordion changed it to square dancing.

The need for writing began with trade but the Gaunches used only small scale barter and never invented money. They made baked clay seals and used the red sap of the dragon's blood tree to stamp these seals on personal property. This is only a first step to writing, but they took no further step. Men and women kept their knowledge in their heads and there was a surprising amount of it, including how to start the year in August by sighting the rising of the Pleiades across a stone circle. They were too far south to use the sun to give them midsummer and midwinter by shining on the "altar stone" at dawn, on the Stonehenge principle. The first man to work that out was a Stone Age Einstein.

**T**HEY INVENTED the first breakfast cereal, roasted barley ground in a stone hand mill and eaten with milk, cream, hot mutton fat or jam, using a horn spoon (this was a natural plastic, they bred both sheep and goats to supply it)

and slender bowls made to hold between a herdsman's knees as he squatted in the open pastures. They had soap made of woodashes and mutton fat, which was used on Ferro even for shaving with razors made of volcanic glass. But, though they made sickles for barley reaping out of volcanic glass, a high skill, they never invented anything as complicated as a pair of scissors.

Their process of soft tanning goat and sheepskin to something like washleather, which the Greeks took for cloth, has been lost, for it was passed by word of mouth from mother to daughter.

They wore a kind of sleeveless smock, open down both sides but laced with thongs and toggles, with leggings and laced sandals. This of course varied with the weather. Their light, soft leather was so satisfactory that they never invented weaving, though they spun fibres for cordage and nets. Transport was by sledge, smooth runners sliding on short grass, hauled by men with ropes. Every farm produced nearly everything needed by those living on it and goods rarely had to be moved far.

The main obligation was to take the rent to the "noble" who in turn sent on his tribute to the King. All farmers were tenants, but all nobles were also farmers and so were the Kings of whom there were nine on Tenerife at the time of the

Conquest, although the total population was not more than 30,000. The greater part of the rent was returned to those who paid it at the annual payment festival where great feasts were held. The festival included athletic sports, and served as a hiring fair and estate agency.

Marriage customs were unusual. A boy might meet a girl and ask her to marry him. If she said yes, she had to ask his parents as well as hers. This underlines the fact that women were regarded as the equals of men in most ways in Gaunche society.

If either or both sets of parents refused the couple could appeal to the noble, or to his choice of nine kings, or to the Overlord, who ruled the entire island but with limited powers as a kind of "United Nations" overseer. If all else failed they could swim to another island.

The idea that the Gaunches had no boats comes from Nicoloso having sighted two runaway couples from shipboard, both of them covering distances equal to swimming the English Channel. As a matter of fact, the Gaunches still had their mighty double canoes and they sailed the Atlantic with them to America, as a subsequent article will prove.

**T**O PREVENT splitting up farms by inheritance, when a man retired or died his farm was put

up for combat at the next payment festival.

In the combat, the young knight wore a light wooden shield on his right forearm and faced his opponent—the other applicant. Each had four round stones the size of baseballs. Each would take a long run, hurling his stone at the opponent, then race back for the next stone. The winner of the combat took the farm.

This form of combat explains why a race without bows and arrows invented trepanning to deal with skull fractures. The women were the doctors and it is my belief that this is one of many customs they took with them on their migrations to the Americas.

Only aristocrats were expected to risk their lives in combat. They could not buy a farm, they could only show that they were strong and brave enough to deserve one. The alternative was to take "starve acres." Farms always stayed the same size to prevent the best stone hurler from taking more than his share.

They were all good farmers; everyone had that ability. The noble or king wanted the kind of tenant who could win in a fair knockout because of the constant warfare over grazing rights. This was fought by rules like the sports meet. Houses were sacred; they were too much work to build to

risk setting afire. So were flocks, crops, trees and women.

Any warrior of either side who even spoke to a woman in war time suffered the death penalty, for women were assigned to look after the farms and the children who were also sacred. All that was left was meeting the enemy man to man, with king and council fighting too and settling the quarrel quickly. The weapons never changed and the rules were so rigid that the side with the best and nimblest fighting men won.

*With historical records as fragmentary as are our available sources on the Canary Islands, it is only natural that accounts should differ. Other sources than those used by the author of this article include the following information.*

*The Canarians used stone saws to work their trees into lumber. They fought their battles with javelins tipped with goat horn and wooden clubs in addition to stone throwing.*

*Reports of ancient Canarian cities state that two of them on Gran Canaria may have had as many as 14,000 homes each. If so, these would have been among the largest cities in the world at that time. The round homes of the poorer classes were roofed with palm trunks with a layer of sod on top. Those of the upper classes were*

*partly underground, these sources state.*

*It is further reported that the Canarian men wore short skirts of palm leaves and rushes woven on looms, while their upper bodies were covered with goatskins. This contradicts the descriptions of the author, and the sketches accompanying this article. These skins were made into caps and jackets. The women wore goatskin costumes exclusively. In the winter they wore sheepskin cloaks. Grain was eaten in meal form, since bread was unknown.*

*An important aspect of Canarian culture was the dogs, who were raised and fattened for eating like livestock. They had both sheepdogs and greyhounds. It was the dogs, as a matter of fact, that gave the islands their European name, since the Latin word for dog is "canis."*

*It is reported that the common people had shaven heads, although Mr. Hills says they wore a kind of long bob. This may have been only for the nobles, however. As with the Tibetans, the most despised trade was that of butcher. Other trades included carpenter, builder, ropemaker and tanner. They fished with leather lines and bone hooks. Fish nets were made of woven grasses and strips of palm wood.*

*Canarian justice was most unusual. The murder of an upper class Gaunche brought a curious punish-*

*ment. They believed that death was not the worst fate and instead of killing the murderer they killed the person he loved most, on the grounds that sorrow was a worse punishment than death.*

*There were several Canarian scripts, none of which has been deciphered. As with the ancient Cretans the writing appears to have originated with personal "seals" which were stamped on the property and persons of the people.*

*The only hope of unravelling this mystery probably will be the discovery and translation of still unknown ancient Spanish manuscripts.*

**B**UT ALL GOOD things must come to an end and a culture that could exist fairly unchanged for 6,000 years is unprecedented in our world—except for the Canaries. It could happen only to an island civilization.

In 1404 Jean de Bethencourt and Gadifer de la Salle began the conquest of the Canary Islands with a shipload of adventurers. Their expedition had the blessing of the church for were not these Gaunches heathen even though they worshipped a single God, *Acoran*?

By 1408 de Bethencourt had conquered the smaller islands of Lanzarote and Fuertaventura. He was able to raid Ferro and Gomera for slaves but he had accomplished

no more than trade with Tenerife, Gran Canaria and Palma.

De Bethencourt's venture was private. The Spanish Crown granted him the "right of conquest" in return for a fifth of the loot and on such a letter of piracy it was possible to finance an expedition. It wasn't long, however, before de Bethencourt had cheated de la Salle out of his share and from there he went on alone.

It took a long while to straighten out the confusion of the Canary conquerors' rights because of the chicanery that ran through it. In 1414 the Spanish crown had not received its 20 per cent of the profits so the Spanish king (Isabella's grandfather) sent a ship to find out what had happened. In the Canaries he found that de Bethencourt had left his nephew in charge. The nephew promptly sold the right to conquer all the remaining islands to the captain of the Spanish king's ship. He skipped off to the Azores (then newly discovered) and sold his Canarian deeds to Prince Henry the Navigator. Then he went on to Spain and sold them a third time. He didn't dare go back to France so he went to Madiera and settled down. It was a mess and took a long time to sort out.

By this time Ferro had been pretty well stripped by slavers and the Hierro family, which had bought the third lot of (crooked)

deeds took Gomera by force. Eventually they sold their property back to Spain.

So matters ran for many years, with the three big islands still holding out. In 1483, with Ferdinand and Isabella on the thrones of Spain, Pedro de Vera conquered Gran Canaria after five years of hard fighting. He sent a party of fifth-column Christian and Spanish-speaking Canary islanders to raid Tenerife. They got beaten and, to save his finances, de Vera sent these beaten troops back to Spain to be sold as slaves. The ship was lost and the story got out.

Francisco Maldonado then commanded an expedition against Tenerife. He went in by daylight and lost 40 men, killed by stones. His jaw was broken. By 1488 Gran Canaria was well enough under control so that Columbus anchored there but Tenerife and Palma were still unconquered.

Raids against Palma finally ruined its inhabitants. They had to keep moving their herds from one end of the island to the other and you can't farm on the run. That broke down the Palma civilization.

After a disastrous expedition, De Lugo on June 13, 1494, pledged his estates and took in four Genoese merchants as contractors for a new try at conquering the islands. He gave up four-fifths of the take of slaves and livestock and promised

repayment of costs from the freehold value of the land. With Canarian auxiliaries from the Guimar tribe, now partly Christianized, and 650 foot soldiers from the Duke of Medina in six caravels he invaded Palma and had a quick success.

Now it was time to attack Tenerife. There were, altogether, 70 cavalry, 1,000 Spaniards and the Guimar auxiliaries, six cannon and no guns. Crossbows were better and faster than the clumsy matchlocks of those days. Nevertheless, the expedition was defeated at Laguna and retreated to Santa Cruz. Then nature accidently aided the Spaniards. Influenza or its prototype, brought by the Spaniards spread like wildfire among the Tenerife Gaunches. The Spanish priests said it was a judgment on the natives for resisting Christianity. One story has it that a tall Gaunche woman, maddened with grief, taunted some Spaniards and Canarian auxiliaries, "Why do you not come up and occupy the land, all are dead and only the worms who have eaten the brave wax fat."

It wasn't quite that easy. The Spaniards didn't have the wherewithal except that one knight still had something left. Lopez Fernandez de la Guerra sold his last estates for 16,000 ducats and bought more arms and provisions. The battle went on for three more years. On November 5, 1496, De Lugo got

his governorship. The last of the Gaunches had been defeated.

**I**N SUMMARY: on the Canaries lived our ancestors. We found the last of them living on as we ourselves had lived in the neolithic age. We killed for profit. Other civilizations that the Spanish wrecked overshadowed them in material accomplishments, but certainly not in their way of life.

The Canarians made one fundamental mistake "they believed in the honor and good faith of their enemies and trusted an oath sworn upon the Host, before a priest, by the Spanish governor, Pedro de Vera," according to Hermann and Georg Schreiber in *Vanished Cities*.

Through 60 green and sunlit cen-

turies the Canarians' way of life continued in splendid, isolated success until the world caught up with it. A crossbow fires a guided missile that flies too fast to dodge and kills at 200 yards. Peru and Mexico were rich in material things but they went down like cardhouses before Pizarro and Cortes. Of all the civilizations that were destroyed by the West only the Gaunches met steel, horses and armor with stone age weapons—and held out for more than 90 years. When de Lugo finally conquered Tenerife in his last campaign he had six times as many men as Cortes against only 6,000 warriors. They had the courage of free men fighting for all they knew and loved. But that was not enough.

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### MORE OF THE SAME

**A**FTER insurance agent Paul A. Hipps parked his car in front of a house in Spartanburg, S.C., and went inside to make a collection, his car was struck by another car. Four weeks later he parked his newly repaired car in the same spot to make another collection at the same house. The same other car came along and struck his car in the same place, causing about the same amount of damage.

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### HISTORY REPEATED

**T**HE CAR of Roger Putnam, 16, of Springfield, Ohio, was struck from the rear by another car at an intersection and sent spinning for 120 feet. The youth was thrown to the pavement and killed. Eleven years previously Roger Putnam's father was killed when a car struck his from the rear, spinning it and throwing him to the pavement.

*the strange death of*

# Washington Irving Bishop

It was just a harmless parlor game of make-believe murder; but unfortunately the subject played for keeps.

*By Art Crockett*

UNDOUBTEDLY, Dunninger is beset constantly by doubters who offer ready solutions to his amazing performances of mind reading. Equally beset was mentalist Washington Irving Bishop whose uncanny mental ability astonished the Victorian world in the late 1800's.

It was unfortunate that Bishop had to die in order to prove, once and for all, that his supernatural gift was an irrevocable fact.

Bishop was a tall, gaunt man with a spade beard and an air of indifference to worldly affairs. In his day Americans for the most part never had heard of mental telepathy. To them Bishop's demonstrations of telepathic power were as important, news-wise, as the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. Yet, in every awed audience there were some who could not believe what they saw.

The mentalist's big finale of the evening was his solution of a simu-



lated murder mystery. As the stage was set with a table covered with a complete assortment of murder weapons, Bishop was escorted out of the theater by a group of prominent citizens. In his absence another audience group was requested to construct a mythical murder. The group decided upon one weapon from among the assorted knives, daggers, coils of wire and rope,

various kinds of firearms and poisons before them on the table. They also selected one member of the audience as the "victim," another as the "murderer." The weapon then was hidden.

Invariably, Washington Irving Bishop returned to the theater, without hesitation pointed out the murderer, the victim, and then found the hidden weapon.

At this point scoffers often sat with their mouths agape, but when Bishop sometimes appeared to become desperately ill right before their eyes they argued this was sheer theatrics, that Bishop wished his audience to think the strain of reading minds had been too great for him.

In reality, Bishop was always ill after a performance. In some instances the attacks came immediately. At other times he had no ill effects from the strain he had been under until he was back in the privacy of his hotel room.

Bishop's insistent claim was that when he solved the crime manufactured by his audience he actually lived it—that to him the crime was as real as any crime uncovered by the police. The illnesses he suffered always were related to the type of "murder" involved. If, for instance, the make believe victim of the evening's performance was hung, Bishop could expect an agonizing pain in his neck for hours after

the show. If the victim was shot, the mentalist suffered severe cardiac pains.

On March 21, 1889, Washington Irving Bishop gave a command performance at Buckingham Palace in London. With the exception of Queen Victoria, who had a cold, all the members of the royal family were present. Bishop solved the murder concocted by the bluebloods within minutes. He pointed to a lady-in-waiting as the victim, tapped her uncle, the Prime Minister of England, as the murderer and then pointed to the huge chandelier above them as the hiding place for the vial of deadly snake venom. It had been tossed up into one of the glass bowls during Bishop's absence from the room.

Die-hard skeptics had a hard time contesting the truth of this particular performance by Bishop because the murder was instigated by none other than the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII! The idea that the Prince was a party to Bishop's scheme was too fantastic.

As usual, later that night Bishop was violently ill. He writhed in agony as insufferable pains swept through his body. His symptoms were those of poisoning.

Bishop returned to the United States on May 11, 1889. His European tour had been a triumphant success. The following night he and

Sydney Drew, uncle of John Barrymore, visited the Lamb's Club in New York City, a meeting place for showfolk. During the course of conversation, Bishop was persuaded to "go into his act."

The weapon chosen that fateful night, May 12, 1889, was a Bowie knife. When Bishop was in another room the audience agreed to hide the knife in the grand piano.

Bishop then was brought back into the room and, as usual, had little trouble identifying the murderer and his victim. He walked to the piano, lifted the lid. Then he picked up the knife and announced, "This is it."

Those were Bishop's last words. His long, bony fingers clutched at his side. Slowly, he sank to the floor. Minutes later he was dead.

New York City police demanded an autopsy of the body—and with good reason. The circumstances surrounding Washington Irving Bishop's death were, to say the least, unusual. However, there were no marks on the outside of his body and the medical examiners found he apparently was in good health.

But his heart had been split almost in two! Their verdict was that the organ had been rent by some sharp-bladed instrument.

Like a Bowie knife, for instance!



## THE DERIVATION OF "METAPHYSICS"

By Lucy W. Kilbourn

FEW STUDENTS in the field of metaphysics are aware that this widely-used term has a definite historical origin, or that the name of the man who gave it active form is known to many.

The time of Cicero truly was great. It was then that the works of Aristotle were brought out of their hiding places to be prepared for giving to the world. Because of his breadth of vision and patience with detail, Andronicus of Rhodes was selected to edit the manuscripts.

His work had fruitful and far-reaching consequences. A-

mong the many pages of powerful expression he found fragments of highly abstruse speculation. He was uncertain about just what to do with these, but of their value he was assured. With great care he selected, ordered and finally labeled them, "Addenda to the Physics"—*Ta Meta Ta Physica*.

These fragments, under the title *Metaphysica*, became the most revered of all Aristotle's writings. The Scholastics called them his "First Philosophy." But some credit also should go to Andronicus of Rhodes as a great editor.

# True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$5 for each True 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, 845 Chicago Avenue, 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

## OUT OF THE SKY

By Jerry Siegel

ON APRIL 16, 1958, I had a fantastic and rather unnerving experience. I was helping my daughter learn how to ride her two-wheeler bike. It was great fun for her, but somewhat exhausting for me. Finally, since it was growing dark, I put the two-wheeler away, and took out her old three-wheeler bicycle, and told her she could peddle around a while longer.

Sitting on the front steps of my home, I watched her joyously peddling about. It was relaxing to sit on the steps a short while, and the air was refreshing.

Suddenly I heard a couple of sharp impacts in the street. Glancing in the direction of the noise, I saw something that made me stare in amazement.

In the street lay two burning objects which had not been there moments ago. Both were mysteriously aflame! As I stared, one of the objects flopped about. I saw burning wings and tiny dark legs

that were kicking convulsively.

Then smoke arose from the two objects. In a matter of seconds there no longer was any sign of fire or smoke. Tiny legs kicked a few more moments then were still.

I was stunned. An inveterate reader and fan of FATE Magazine, I am aware of Fortean accounts of raining frogs, fish, etc., but this was the first time I had heard of, much less seen, a burning bird hurtle down out of the sky!

Quickly, I sent my daughter into the house. I wanted to do a little investigating and I did not want her to be present while I was doing it.

It rapidly was growing dark and I hurried in order to be able to see the objects in the road clearly. I conquered feelings of revulsion at possibly witnessing something unpleasant at close view. I decided to look at the more distant object first. (The two objects were about twelve feet apart on the road.)

I fully expected the second object to be an animal also. To my

surprise, I found it to be a piece of heavy charred material that resembled wood, or asphalt, or a great clinker. It was roughly circular in shape, about the size of a very large grapefruit. It was thoroughly burned, with a small fragment splintered off.

I lifted a stick from the road and poked at it to get some idea of its weight and consistency. It was so heavy that I had trouble budging it.

I walked toward the other object. It was a dead bird, gray in color and about a foot long.

I went into my house, and looked at a clock. I estimate that the amazing event had occurred at exactly 7:00 P.M.

I have read of fantastic real-life occurrences, I have written of them, but this time I actually saw the incredible happen with my own eyes.

Did a meteor strike the bird and both crash flaming to the earth? Did a Sputnik crash near my front yard? Did an invisible heat ray knock the bird from the sky? Is something malevolent occurring in our skies of which we are unaware? I don't know.

But it's something to worry about.—*Seaford, L.I., N.Y.*

### BOAT FROM TOMORROW

By Thelma Welty

**I**N THE LATE summer of 1957 my husband and I were fish-

ing from an old jetty that led out into the ocean at Coos Bay, Ore. Even after fog closed in around us, we enjoyed the sight and sound of the ocean below us, and the muffled sound of fog horns as ships passed through the channel.

Suddenly I heard a fog horn that seemed much closer. As my eyes strained through the fog, I saw a small brown and white ship, headed straight toward the jetty.

I jumped to my feet and called to my husband, but he failed to hear me, above the roar of the water. I was certain, however, that he had seen the boat. I watched as it came closer, and then it veered sharply, as if the skipper had seen the jetty. As it turned I saw three men in the back, and to my horror, I saw a fourth man, lying face-down in a metal basket-like stretcher. He was completely wrapped in a transparent plastic, and I knew he was dead.

I raced to where my husband was standing, but by that time the boat had disappeared in the fog. My husband said he had seen no boat, and even if I had, it probably did not contain a dead man. "They would wrap a body in canvas," he pointed out, "not in plastic."

I pretended to agree with him, but I checked with the Coast Guard anyway. Only when they told me there had been no drownings was I

able to put the incident out of my mind.

Two days later the U.S. Engineer dredge, the *H. W. Rossell*, was rammed by a Swedish Ship in the channel and sank there. We read that three men had lost their lives and that the body of one of them had not been recovered.

A few days later we went out in a small fishing boat to see the *Rossell*, for part of the hull was still visible above the water. As we went out through the channel, I saw a familiar, brown and white boat ahead. "That is the boat I saw," I told my husband. "The one with the dead man."

My husband shook his head at me, but as the small boat passed us I saw the same three men standing in the back, and there, wrapped in plastic as I had seen it, was the body of the fourth man.

We learned later that this was the body of a man trapped in the *Rossell*, and that skin divers had just brought it up from the wreck. I never will understand how I saw all this before the *Rossell* was rammed, or this poor seaman even was dead.—*Turner, Ore.*

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### TERROR IN THE NIGHT

By Gladys Blake

**I**N 1905, when I was a girl of 13, I lived with my parents and a 17-year-old sister in a four-family house on Nobhill Avenue in Seattle,

Wash. Mother was confined to bed with an incurable illness from which she suffered for many months before her death.

As our means were limited, our quarters were small. My sister, Pat, had a room to herself but I slept on a couch in my parents' room.

Night after night Pat was waked by sounds that she said seemed made by some heavy-breathing creature creeping stealthily across the floor until it was right beside her bed. At the same time, she said, there was the distinct sound of bricks being lifted and lowered at the fireplace hearth in the room. If Pat spoke, all sounds immediately ceased until the following night.

One night I went to bed with Pat, but I became so terrified by the sounds that I returned to the couch in my parents' room.

Then began a nightly din in the basement room just below the room we occupied. It sounded as if blocks of wood were being hurled about, but if one of us spoke the sounds ceased at once. They never resumed until the next night.

One night I woke to find my little dog curled up on my pillow. I tried to move him but he seemed paralyzed with terror. My father got out of bed, put the dog in the adjoining kitchen and closed the door. The dog threw himself against the door but made no outcry.

Finally all was quiet in the room. At this point the most terrifying of the experiences began.

We distinctly heard footsteps descend the stairway from the upstairs flat, progress through the hall directly past our bedroom door with a sound of rustling garments and go on to the locked kitchen door. My father, armed with a club, threw open the hall door, fully expecting to encounter something material—but the hall was empty.

This continued at intervals the rest of the night until we all were so baffled, alarmed and exhausted that we were numb. When daylight finally came we opened the door to the kitchen. The dog was nowhere to be seen, but presently we heard a stir among the bottles and jars in a low cupboard near the stove. Here we found the dog curled up, so frightened that his eyes were glassy. We had to pull him out of his hiding place.

As my mother's life was now ebbing, the lights were left burning all night and someone in the family always stayed up to attend to her. For this reason, apparently, the terrifying noises and other strange happenings were not repeated.

After Mother died we moved from the flat. Neighbors told us that one prospective tenant, after looking the building over, said, "Oh,

there seems to be such a conflict of spirits here, there must have been some recent deaths!"

What had this person apparently grasped that to us always has been a terrifying mystery?—*Seattle, Wash.*

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#### TAKEN BY AUNT ELSIE

By Mrs. Charles Chaves

MY AUNT Elsie Duran was the oldest sister of my father, Daniel Aragon. She had raised him and her frequent visits to our house in Trinidad, Colo., were proof of her strong affection for him.

Aunt Elsie was a proud, arrogant woman and at times I resented her overbearing ways. I especially resented the way she always said, "I'll never leave this world without taking my brother Dan with me." The conviction with which she said this made me feel strangely helpless, for I too loved Father.

Her visit in the summer of 1941 lasted longer than usual and I was relieved when finally she returned to her home in Albuquerque, New Mex. A few weeks later Father suddenly fell ill. The doctor said it was nothing serious and that Father should be up and around again in a few days. He was wrong for three days later, on August 3, Father died.

We had no telephone and after the first shock of Father's death I was sent to a neighbor's house to

call Aunt Elsie and tell her of our loss. A strange woman answered Aunt Elsie's phone and informed me that she was the landlady. When I told her who I was she gasped with relief. "I've been trying to reach you all day!" she cried. "Your Aunt Elsie passed away at eight o'clock this morning."

I hung up the phone in a daze. Father had died at nine o'clock.—  
*Denver, Colo.*

### THE SMALL COFFIN

By Albert Meagley

**I**N 1937 I lived with my wife and three children on a small farm near Cadosia, N.Y. My children were a girl of 14 and twin boys three years old.

I worked at a chemical plant in Cadosia. One night when I came home from work I saw that my wife had been crying. I was surprised for she always had seemed happy.

I asked her what was wrong and she told me she had been sitting at a window with one of the twins in her lap when suddenly she seemed to see a small coffin in front of her. The twin in her lap was lying in the coffin and she felt that something was going to happen to him.

I told my wife she was tired and her nerves were playing tricks on her. She insisted she knew better.

One night a short time later, around midnight, I heard a terrific noise. It sounded as if someone were tearing the house to pieces. The bed shook and the pictures on the walls swung.

My wife and I slept in a room with double beds. She had one twin in bed with her and I had the other. She and the babies were still asleep. I woke her and asked if she had heard the awful noise. She said she had not and seemed convinced that I had been dreaming.

I heard the strange noise several times in the next six months. Nobody else seemed to hear it. Then my wife woke me one night, looking very frightened. She asked if I had heard a terrible noise. I told her I had heard nothing. The sounds she described were exactly like those I had heard several times.

One morning in October, while I was at work, I received a telephone call to come home at once as one of the twins was very sick. When I reached home I found that the sick twin was the one my wife had been holding in her lap when she had seen the coffin.

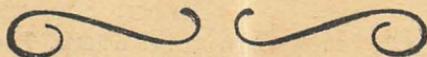
The doctor said the boy had typhoid fever complicated with pleurisy and that he could give us little if any hope.

A kind neighboring couple, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mason, came over to help every day while the boy lay

ill. Late one night Mr. Mason and I sat up with the boy until midnight. Mr. Mason was praying and as he did so I happened to glance at the window. I saw what looked like the corner of a handkerchief come up against the window three times and then disappear. I felt

it was a sign that my boy was going beyond human care. He died early the next afternoon despite everything we could do.

We lived at that house for several years afterward, but we never heard the strange noises again.—*Cadosia, N.Y.*



### THE MIRACLE OF MRS. FEELY

THE STORY of a miraculous healing at the famous shrine of Lourdes in France recently was related by Ruth Cranston in the *Champaign-Urbana Courier* column "Lenten Guideposts." Ruth Cranston wrote that she had spent several months at Lourdes, interviewing doctors and patients and checking medical records. A Protestant, she said she had wished to prove or disprove nothing, only to report facts. She became convinced "that from time to time sudden healings or cures do take place in sick men and women that are totally inexplicable in the light of modern knowledge."

One such cure reported by Ruth Cranston was that of Mrs. Winifred Feely who had come to Lourdes from London. X-rays had revealed a growth in Mrs. Feely's chest between the pulmonary and the heart.

She suffered agonizing pain and slowly was dying. "Rest" was the only treatment doctors were able to prescribe for her.

Mrs. Feely, according to Ruth Cranston, had gone to Lourdes less to seek a cure than a quiet and peaceful end. Although ill, she was anxious to be of help and she volunteered her services at the Hospital of the Asile.

One day Mrs. Feely was desperately ill. She had exhausted herself the previous afternoon guiding ambulatory patients about on a sight-seeing tour. She went to the baths as usual and afterward she assisted patients who requested her services. She was putting on one woman's stockings when she realized she was bending over without pain. Mrs. Feely reportedly has not known a sick day since. X-rays showed she had been healed.



# HOW to use TELEPATHY



I visualize light streaming from my forehead and carrying a message directly to the person I want to reach.

*By Elsie Bulow*

We lived in a suburb of Chicago, Ill., for 30 years before moving to Florida. Getting into the city where I was attending classes in metaphysics meant commuting and I used the Oak Park Elevated system which was approximately five miles from my home. My husband was in the habit of taking me to the "L" and picking me up on my return.

Although I usually told him

when I expected to be back many times circumstances beyond my control intervened and I would arrive in Oak Park before or after the time stated. It was not always pleasant for him to wait outside for me but to call him would have necessitated a toll call.

Therefore, I decided I would use my own private line to inform him of earlier or later arrivals. As soon as I left the station downtown I

would communicate with him mentally, telling him when to expect me. This system worked infallibly over a period of three years. Then one night it seemed not to work.

I communicated with my husband mentally as usual apprising him of the time of my arrival. I expected to see him at the station. To my surprise he was not there. I waited 15 minutes with my friend and then telephoned home. My husband answered the phone and when I asked why he hadn't come down to pick us up he said he had received the message all right but he was listening to a night ball game and wanted to see how it was going to come out; that it was just about over.

I had with me a "young" woman of 80 whom I called Mac because she was such a good sport. We both had a good laugh over this and were happy that nothing had gone wrong with our private line. In fact, we were elated that not even the absorbing interest of a ball game could keep my message from getting through.

My husband, my daughter and I were all very receptive to thought waves, not only those of our own family but of others as well. My husband was not a student of metaphysics, just a good husband and father, but we were so much in rapport that many times when I was about to suggest something I

would start by saying, "I don't know if this is my thought or yours." And many times he would have been thinking of exactly the same thing. After my daughter was married she lived five miles away but we still had the ability to tune in on each other's thoughts.

The same thing was possible with friends. One Sunday evening I had invited a dear friend and her husband to come to visit us. I had mentioned 5:00 o'clock tea but it developed that my husband could not be present until 5:30. I sat down quietly and sent my friend a mental message. I told her to be at our home at 5:30 instead of 5:00 as planned.

She and her husband arrived at 5:30. She was apologetic for the delay and said, "You know, Elsie, I'm the soul of punctuality but for some reason I had the feeling that I should take my time and get here a little later. I hope you don't mind. I don't know what got into me."

I told her then that I had sent a message for her to come a half hour later. I hadn't said to her, "Ann, this is Elsie. Fred's going to be a little late so come a half hour later." This is probably what I should have done but I just gave the change in time without explanation.

I can give you another true experience involving a man whom I

saw rather infrequently. He was the vice president of a railroad. He and his wife were planning to celebrate their wedding anniversary in a distant city and I was invited to go with them. I was to be at their home at 6:00 o'clock. About 4:00 I started to pack my overnight bag but the thought came to me that we might not go at all. Consequently I turned my attention to something else and in an hour returned to my packing. This time there was no deterrent.

We were on a private railroad car miles from home, at dinner, when Mr. H. explained that a very dear friend of his had died that day and he very nearly had cancelled our trip. I told him that I had intercepted his thought, had been about to pack my bag at 4:00 o'clock but had stopped. He said 4:00 o'clock was the time he had considered cancelling the trip.

You may call this a coincidence but something else happened on this trip that could not possibly be coincidence.

We attended a gathering of hundreds of persons the following afternoon and I became very conscious of Mr. H.'s silent criticism of what someone was saying and doing. His thought was so loud it seemed shouted to me.

At the first opportunity I mentioned this to him because I felt embarrassed, believing that the

person he was holding in such critical thought would undoubtedly intercept his ideas as clearly as I had. He poohpooed this idea. But just a moment or so later the lady involved came our way and I introduced her. She acknowledged the introduction graciously enough, then told Mr. H. what he had been thinking; also explaining that his criticism was unjustified because he did not understand the circumstances. Mr. H. was embarrassed.

There is nothing mysterious about telepathy. We all have within ourselves the ability to become aware of thoughts. When we recognize that there is only one Universal Mind and that Mind is in each of us, as well as in all space, it is simple to receive and to send. Thought, as vibration, is recorded upon our consciousness; we are like radios. The more sensitive we become the better our transmission and our reception.

The method I use to send messages directly over the thought waves to the person I wish to contact may be of interest to you.

I hold the idea that the One Mind is in each of us, everywhere, that there is no separation in Mind, that the Mind of God that is in me is also in the person to whom I am addressing myself mentally. I believe that thought travels on a stream of light; that this light is a rate of vibration which records the

message I have in mind; that time and place make no difference—the person can be a few miles away or thousands of miles away; that there is no interference in mind, or in space, for in Divine Mind there is only harmony and perfect activity.

Knowing that Light is Intelligence, present everywhere, responsive to my thoughts, I visualize a stream of light from my heart center ascending to my forehead, to a point between my eyes. I visualize the face of the person with whom I wish to communicate, if I know or have seen them. If I don't know them I mention their name, conscious of the fact that Divine Mind will visualize them. Upon this visualized ray of light, coming from just slightly above and between my two eyes, I send the words of my message. I "see" this ray of light travelling directly to the forehead of the person I have in mind. I "know", I accept completely, the idea that they have received my

message. I harbor no doubt.

If you wish to issue instructions, visualize and feel these instructions being carried out by the person to whom you are sending. It is most important that there be no doubt in your mind as to the receipt of your message for it will tend to neutralize your message, the doubt being recorded upon the light also.

Remember, whenever we use spiritual means to achieve results we are responsible to spiritual law, which cannot be denied or violated without penalty. Therefore, I stress the necessity of spiritual honor. Be sure not to use this means of communication for anything but good, for any evil we expect to do to others will surely be experienced by us. Vibration knows no exceptions. It is governed by immutable law. It registers upon the cellular structure of our brains when we send forth messages. We may fool other people but never spiritual law which is inexorable.



### ANSWER TO PRAYER

**T**O END A prolonged drought which in July, 1957, was causing widespread crop damage in the state of Massachusetts, Governor Furcolo suggested a "day of prayer" to ask divine intervention. Catholic Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston directed priests in his diocese to include a prayer for rain in their daily masses. Shortly afterward the state had its first substantial rainfall since mid-April.





## Who Saved FATHER WEBER?

*By Dr. Rumble, M. S. C.*

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**Father Weber knew who had pulled him from the icy river—  
but would science and theology accept his belief?**

**A**T ONE TIME there were scientists who thought everything within this universe could be explained by matter, energy and mechanical physical laws; and that beyond these there is nothing. Some undoubtedly still think in such a way, but there are not so many of them now. More and more, scientists are beginning to pay attention to evidence which at one time they refused to consider at all. Things do happen which cannot be explain-

ed unless a spirit-world exists quite independently of the material world we know. . . .

Some time between 1829 and 1832 two priests sat at their evening meal in the presbytery at Mittelberg, in the diocese of Ratisbon, Bavaria. It was a bitterly cold and stormy winter's night; and both priests were surprised when they heard someone knocking at the front door.

The curate, Father Johann K.

Weber, went to see who was there. He found a small boy, dressed in rags, shivering with cold, who begged pitifully for food.

Father Weber brought him in, and the kindly parish priest told him to sit at the table with them and share their meal. Afterwards, however, since the boy looked so weak and ill, Father Weber suggested that he should have the spare room kept for visiting priests, and that the doctor should be called.

The doctor declared the boy seriously ill. Father Weber constituted himself nurse. For weeks he tended his small patient with the utmost devotion. He learned that both the boy's parents were dead, that he was homeless, and had no one responsible for his welfare.

The boy knew nothing of religion and had never been baptized. So Father Weber instructed him, the little fellow drinking in all the simple explanations about God, Our Lord, Our Lady, the Church, the Sacraments, the graces they gave, and the rest.

But his physical health had been shattered. The doctor gave no hope of his recovery. Within two months, safely baptized, he developed a violent fever and died. That was in the spring.

Summer came and went, and autumn also. Winter came round again. One night, pitch-dark, bitterly

cold and stormy, Father Weber set out on a sick call, about an hour's walk from the presbytery. On the way home, the snow having covered the roads, making them unrecognizable, he lost his way. He trudged on through the snow, but suddenly there was a loud crack beneath his feet. He had wandered onto the ice covering a deep lake, into which he found himself plunged as the ice gave way. Vainly he clutched at the ice-edges around him; they broke away, unable to support his weight. Giving himself up for lost, he began to prepare for death.

Suddenly he saw a bright light coming towards him from the atmosphere. As he gazed in astonishment, he saw the boy whom he had nursed, instructed and baptized. The boy reached out his hand.

He grasped it, and with amazing strength the boy drew him out of the water, guided him safely across the ice to firm ground and then, with outstretched arm, pointed out the path the priest was to take towards the presbytery. Then he vanished. No word had been spoken.

Father Weber went in the direction indicated and arrived safely home, changing quickly into dry clothing. Next day, to make sure, he went out to the lake. His footsteps were clearly visible in the snow. The ice was broken at the deepest part of the lake where he would surely have been drowned.

The profound impression made upon himself was shared by his parish priest, by Michael Sailer, the Bishop of Ratisbon, and by all who heard of the incident.

How explain it? Hallucination? Impossible. Father Weber's guardian angel? It could have been, as the angel delivered St. Peter from prison, throwing open the doors and striking the chains from his wrists. But there would be no reason why the angel should impersonate the boy. The disembodied soul of the boy himself? There are difficulties.

Theologians hold that departed souls—at least those who do not yet enjoy the Beatific Vision—cannot know of events in this world without a special revelation from God, nor return to it without His special permission. There seems adequate reason for both the revelation and the permission in this case, both to reward the priest for his charity and to enable the boy to discharge a debt of gratitude.

But, even so, what of the boy's body? It is certain that his real body was still in the grave. From material elements somewhere the soul of the boy must have built up a replica of his body. The hand

Father Weber had grasped was solid and firm. Physical forces far beyond a boy's normal power had been employed. Yet the moment the priest's feet had been set on solid ground and he was safe, the apparition dissolved into thin air, and was as if it had never been!

Scientists, as I have said, were at one time unwilling to admit the existence of any order of reality outside their accepted materialistic notions of the physical universe. But they are growing less confident. Events such as these cannot possibly be made to fit in with their ideas.

Today there are those who are devoting themselves to psychical research. They hope to discover and formulate the laws regulating abnormal occurrences, bringing them within the organized system of human knowledge.

But there are mysteries that are simply beyond any natural human solution; and one of them, surely, is this rescue of a priest from death by the soul of the dead boy whom a year earlier he had baptized.\*

\*The incident narrated above was fully described by Bishop Schneider in his book *Der Neue Geisterglaube*, quoted by Abbot Wiesinger, O.C.S.O., in *Occult Phenomena in the Light of Theology* (1957), pp. 28-29.





# The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

In North Providence, R.I., a daughter was born to Mrs. Vincent Monti on March 23, 1958. She was the fourth member of the family born on that date.

Susan Ellis and her father, Milton Ellis, of Denver, Colo., also share the same birthday. Both were born on a February 29th which, as everyone knows, comes but once every four years.

In Courtenay, B.C., court, the author of a book titled, *I Stole \$16,000,000* was fined \$2 for shoplifting.

While workers were setting up Mother Goose characters for a Utah kiddie park a five-foot fiberglass replica of Humpty-Dumpty fell off a wall and had to be sent back to the factory for repairs.

A French paratrooper who jumped, fought and survived the war in Indo-China, was killed when he

fell 20 feet from a gallery—on his wedding day.

Three sisters, Mrs. Leonard Ireland, Mrs. Gerry Hockey, and Mrs. Roscoe Zolman, all gave birth to sons in a Pontiac, Mich., hospital within 12 hours.

Six years ago Mrs. William Brigman, of Asheville, N.C., gave birth to a baby girl at a street corner while being driven to a hospital. This year she did it again. Her husband was driving her to the hospital when she gave birth to her second daughter at the very same spot.

A 70-year-old Tokyo fabric merchant died of shock when he tried to pay for a new supply of material and found his roll of 200,000 yen (about \$555) was missing. At the morgue the money was found inside the lining of the old man's trousers. It had slipped through a hole in his pocket.

In 1956 Walter W. Dunker, a shipping line executive, sponsored a refugee baker and helped him come to this country. The other day on his way to the railroad station at Bogota, N.J., Mr. Dunker found a canvas bag containing \$35 but no identification. Investigation showed it had been reported lost by the same baker Dunker had aided once before.

A Provo, Utah, housewife slipped on a marble in her home. In falling she struck and broke a gallon tub of paint lacquer. The paint flowed into a floor furnace which promptly exploded. The house caught fire and was badly damaged. The woman suffered only from shock.

Hollis Miller, of Haleyville, Ala., thought he had a sure-fire way of getting rid of a cat. He shipped it, via railway express, to a family in Fort Worth, Tex., 700 miles away. But the cat disappeared from its new home shortly after arriving and nine months later showed up at Miller's house as if nothing had happened.

Robert Hausman worked with a volunteer group who were dragging a lake near East Hampton, Conn., for a supposed drowning victim. He quit when he learned the person they were hunting was himself.

In Akron, Ohio, a tire blowout upended a 21-year-old motorcyclist named Wes Bryan. An alert photographer clicked his camera just as Wes landed and the photograph appeared on the front page of the *Akron Beacon*. The publication of his picture produced a veritable avalanche of letters from teenagers, matrons and grandmothers, all of whom were struck by Bryan's amazing resemblance to James Dean. Included in this deluge was a telegram from Hollywood producer Clarence Greene inviting Wes to come to Hollywood.

In Hollywood it was discovered that he not only looks like Dean but has considerable talent as an actor, can play the guitar and sing.

Wes Bryan can thank a blow-out for this blow-up.

Patricia Painter, walking down a Batesville, Ark., street suffered a deep cut on her leg from a sign attached to a passing bicycle which read, "Accidents Spoil Fun."

Eugene B. Tucker, of Kansas City, Mo., attempting to circumvent a wave of petty thievery in his neighborhood, removed the hubcaps of his car at night and took them into the house. The following morning, while Tucker was away at work, a burglar broke into the house and stole the hubcaps and some other household items.



## NO. 4 - How to

*By Desmond Dunne*

Breathing is one of the most important of body functions—yet few persons breathe properly. Learn how to use the Yogism method of Dynamic Breathing to eliminate tiredness and depression.

OF ALL THE MILLIONS of actions in your life the *most* important, breathing, receives the least attention! Yet breathing is the source of all life. Your body can be sustained for long periods without food or sleep, but it cannot live more than a few moments without breath.

You realize you have to breathe to live—and you leave it at that. A study of the principles, however, shows that you can live a healthier, happier life if you will harness the wonderful power which is undoubtedly in the air you breathe.

Learn to use this power, even though it may not seem so easy in first practice. It involves knowing

about air, how the body functions when it breathes in air, how to breathe properly *and couple thought-forces with the physical action*. These all are essential if you are to practice Dynamic Breathing properly. And glowing, vibrant health will make it worth the trouble and concentration.

With physical culture and similar forms of “drill” exercises a simple formula is laid down and off you go. You will benefit—anything which helps to promote deeper breathing *must* profit the person concerned—but Dynamic Breathing goes much deeper than the process of imbibing large draughts of air! It teaches you why you do so, what

# Banish Fatigue



happens when you do and what benefits you derive from it. The Yogis treated the subject of respiration mystically . . . they gave it an exalted place in their scheme of things. This knowledge gained by the Yogis forms the basis of Dynamic Breathing.

In a single day a human being breathes 23,000 times. Yet, so great was the Yogi knowledge and control of the subject, that they could suspend breathing for an indefinite period! Many have been "buried alive" without air, to re-emerge, days later, none the worse for the experience. (One Yogi was "buried alive" for 87 hours without ill-effect!)

It would seem, therefore, that although breathing is essential to sustain life, it *can* be suspended for long periods, by certain people, under special conditions. It would seem also that the Westerner can learn much from a people who gained such complete control of a normal thing like breathing. So, following the Yogi principle of analyzing in detail the simple, natural phenomena of life, I went

deeply into the subject and devised my Dynamic Breathing.

Life is not supported by air alone, but by a more active and subtle part of air—oxygen. The lungs separate the oxygen from the atmosphere and pass it into the blood stream. However, I believe that oxygen is only the "outer garment"; that air contains a still more subtle force—the force the Yogis identify as *prana*. As yet science has no instrument to measure *prana*, but this does not prove that *prana* does not exist.

The ancient Hindu theory is that all physical and mental manifestations are dependent upon *prana*. Just as man takes oxygen from the air, so can he draw *prana* from the atmosphere and distribute it, with great benefit, throughout his body. The nervous system is the line of

communication and the Yogis believe that *prana* is automatically inspired in our every-day breathing—albeit in limited form.

It can be increased by exploiting man's greatest gift—his power of imagination—by consciously concentrating on certain power-centers called *chakras*. These *chakras* are located at the crown of the head, the brow, the throat, heart, solar plexus and elsewhere. To “awaken” them a number of curious exercises have been invented.

The secret is to couple the power of imagination to a very slow, controlled breathing sequence. Dynamic Breathing, therefore, demands mental and physical activity simultaneously. Try it—together with Deep Relaxation—when you are tired or in low spirits. Your whole outlook will be changed immediately. And you will better understand the scriptural allusion to God “breathing” into man the “breath of life”.

You must practice this slow, controlled breathing sequence *through your nose*. Among other things, the nose contains “filters”, whereas breathing through the mouth allows impurities to enter your system. Simultaneously with this respiration, you learn to push out the abdominal wall which enables you to fill the lower part of your lungs first.

The pressure thus exerted on the

abdominal wall stimulates those organs concerned with digestion and elimination. After a week or two of practice, you will notice distinct improvement in these latter functions.

During the period of inhalation, you should form a mental picture of fresh energy being drawn *into* your body. When your lungs have been filled to capacity, the air is exhaled—*again through your nose*. This, too, is done slowly and you imagine yourself pouring *out* from your system all fatigue, ill-health and depression.

Although the traditional Yoga breathing exercises specified that the breath should be held for a certain period, and that there should be a period of breath-suspension between two acts of respiration, neither of these pauses enter into my technique because certain dangers attend them. They cannot, therefore, be universally commended.

When you breathe the oxygen is sent along to your heart. From there it is pumped through your arteries, to your capillaries and fed into your bodily tissues. Thus your body is continually nourished with new oxygen. Now, your tissues, having used the oxygen, give off a waste product which we call carbon-dioxide. This passes back into your blood stream and returns, via your veins, to your lungs, and is

finally expelled in your outgoing breath.

The *deeper* you breathe, therefore, the higher the percentage of carbon-dioxide you expell, and the greater your overall physical and mental health.

The twofold operation of coupling the power of your imagination, to this slow, controlled breathing is not easy because breathing is not just a simple physical action. It is also emotional and mental. Dynamic Breathing combines these three planes—the physical, the emotional, the mental—and gives a “boost” to each. The air you breathe is food, actually the most important food known to man.

What is responsible for this new “life” which Dynamic Breathing imparts? Is it the physical exercise given to the lungs by long, controlled respirations? Is it merely auto-suggestion? Or is there a separate energy-source which can be tapped by visualization (the process whereby one creates mental pictures) as I suggested earlier?

Perhaps all these things together account for the energy released by Dynamic Breathing. I know not, I do not care. More relevant than theories are the results reported by those who practice this new form of breathing.

C.H.D. of Stapleford, Nottingham, Eng., states that “Yogism breathing exercises have resulted in



lessening catarrh, regular bowel action, clearer thinking and a return to 100% fitness.”

B.W. of Manchester, Eng., writes “All weariness leaves my body after doing the Yogism course of breathing. My head is clear and I feel new blood in my veins. You have created a new man from a wreck!”

A Brazilian student, W.C., writes “After this exercise, I feel as if all worries and anxieties have left me.”

Other students testify to “a smaller waist line”, “a more supple and elastic diaphragm”, “more energy”, “better memory and self-confidence”. T.A.H., of Farsley, Leeds, Eng., sums it up by saying, “I have experienced a refreshing and beneficial sensation from the Yogism breathing. I can breathe more clearly and freely. Most wonderful, this exercise! *I have become a happier and more alert person.*”

Surely all the thousands who have derived personal benefit from Yog-

ism's Dynamic Breathing cannot be suffering from hallucinations! But even if they are, at worst, they are using their imaginations constructively to give themselves a happier, healthier, more vigorous life. Surely it is worth having?

However, I know that hallucination is *not* the answer. First of all, the physical exercise involved cannot be disputed. There are many persons with weak abdominal muscles which are soon strengthened by Dynamic Breathing. As the air is taken into the lungs the liver and pancreas are pushed out against the abdominal walls and gently massaged. With expiration, contraction takes place and so the good work of stretching and massaging continues. Internal organs concerned with elimination, organs which normally become flaccid and inactive when not exercised, are given a shaking up, are rejuvenated.

In physical terms alone, Dynamic Breathing is unquestionably beneficial. But when it is carried out imaginatively, as explained in this article, then it becomes a much more potent thing.

Make your first experiments in Dynamic Breathing as rhythmical and smooth as possible. Take approximately the same time to draw in the breath as to pass it out of your body, even though, normally, inhalation is a shorter movement than exhalation.

As you breathe in the splendid air and *prana*, *visualize* your limbs as hollow tubes, through which the health-giving *prana* is being drawn. Picture this energy rushing throughout your body, completely filling it at the height of the inhalation. Then exhale as slowly, and in as controlled a fashion, as possible. As you do this, *visualize* the fatigue and exhaustion passing out of your system with the exhaled breath.

You know you are getting rid of poison—banish fatigue and exhaustion with it! After having practiced this highly dramatized breathing technique for some minutes, finish with the "Cleansing Breath".

To do this you again inhale slowly through your nose and when you feel that your lungs are fully extended expel the air suddenly with a quick, inward jerk of the abdomen—again through your nose. Do this "Cleansing Breath" two or three times, no more, and you will experience a "tonic," bracing effect.

Remember, you have already done a short period of Deep Relaxation, followed by its complementary, Deep Contraction. Dynamic Breathing has a vital place in this four-way plan for living more happily and healthily.

There is now only one more step to Yogism—how to exercise your *will*. Next month I will give you the secret of this all-important step to long life and happiness.

The Observatory, Clifton, Bristol, England, is scene of the strange events related in accompanying article. Designed to house a large astronomical telescope, the building is over 150 years old.

## WHY I Believe in GHOSTS



We listened in terror as the sound of footsteps came from the locked room in which my aunt lay dead.

*By David West*

**I** HAVE SEEN A GHOST; I have heard a ghost; and I know other persons who have seen and heard ghosts. I can think of no better reason for believing that ghosts exist.

The Clifton Observatory, Bristol, England, where I was born in 1894

and where I lived for most of the first 12 years of life, is the place where these ghosts were seen and heard. It was built over 150 years ago by one of my ancestors, William West. He was interested in astronomy and apparently built the odd building to house a large

telescope. It was in a part of the Obby we called the "round building". This telescope was so large that it was mounted on wheels and rails.

The Obby, as we called our home, is on a hill on Clifton Downs overlooking the world-famous Clifton Suspension bridge and the beautiful River Avon gorge. The building is exposed to the elements and gets the full blast of storms, winds and rains.

When I lived there with my aunt and her daughter, my cousin Edith, the only illumination available was from candles or oil lamps. Our drinking water was collected from the roof into a tank. When the wind blew it howled around the building, made the floor boards creak and the doors rattle. Its whining, sighing noises seemed to come from everywhere. But, as I had been born there and had visited there many times, these noises did not worry me.

There are four rooms in the tower of the building. A kitchen is at the base of the tower; above this is the bedroom where I was born. Above this bedroom is another room without doors, open to the stairs which lead up and down the building. This room housed the telescope and was called, of course, the "telescope room". At the very top of the building is another small bedroom which my aunt used. The

kitchen is connected to the round building by an oblong room which we called the "long room".

The first appearance of a ghost at the Obby occurred before I was born. As a child I often heard the story from my mother, my aunt, and from a friend, all of whom were witnesses to the event.

Uncle Fred West, father of my cousin Edith, lived at the Obby and used to go to London by train from Bristol once each week, always on the same day. He took the train up to London in the morning and the train back the next afternoon. Consequently he would turn the brow of the hill and come into sight of the Obby at approximately the same time, the same day each week—about four o'clock. His wife, my mother and anyone else present used to make a practice of going outside to watch for his coming. When he appeared they would wave to him and he would wave back. They would wait for him at the door and then all go in to tea together.

This ritual continued for years. It was so accepted an event in the family that friends who happened to be visiting at the time would say, "Fred will be coming up the hill soon won't he?" On the particular occasion of which I write Fred's wife, a friend and my mother were present.

My mother told the story as fol-

lows: "I was the first to go outside. The others came a few moments later. It was a lovely, sunny afternoon. Looking towards the brow of the hill, I saw Fred come into sight. He was carrying an overcoat over one arm, and also a bag. I waved to him and he raised his arm in answer. I watched him make his way up the hill towards us. As he came close to the round building, following the pathway, I lost sight of him for a few moments because the pathway skirted out of view behind the round building wall. When he came into view again he was within speaking distance and I said, 'Have you had a nice journey?'

"He answered by nodding his head and smiling at me. Then he looked at his wife and our guest and smiled at them, but he did not speak. Then as a group we entered the building with Fred leading. Inside the tiny hall entrance, at the inner door, I stood back while Fred opened this door which swung on a spring hinge. I expected him to hold it open for me but, instead, the door slammed to after him with great violence. This I thought was unusual because there was no wind.

"However, I opened it again and went inside but Fred was not there. I went into the kitchen, only two or three paces away to the left, but he was not there either. I turned to his wife and said, 'Where

has he gone?' I called him by name but received no answer. I continued calling and then we searched the rooms, upstairs and down, but there was no sign of Fred.

"Well, you can imagine how we felt. It didn't make sense! He had vanished out of sight and hearing and yet we all had seen him and spoken to him and followed him into the house as we always did.

"There was no answer to the mystery. It all seemed unnatural and uncanny, which indeed it proved to be, for shortly after we had made a second search and were discussing the problem, a telegram boy arrived. As soon as I saw him I sensed what was coming. The telegram was addressed to Fred's wife, and I felt she too knew what it contained. It said, 'Your husband passed away in his office at lunch-time.'"

My mother used to say that after the telegram came, although it was a great shock to everyone, still it was a relief to know why Fred was not there. She always added, "He was so real; the bag, the coat and his smile made us all sure that he was with us. The only thing that was unusual was that he did not answer when I asked him about his journey. He had always spoken when greeting us before. When we had recovered from the shock there was one thing which stood out in my mind and has intrigued me ever

since. That telegram should have been delivered long before we saw Fred come round the brow of the hill. We never had a satisfactory reason for its delay. Fred had died in London more than three hours before, yet he evidently wanted to make his appearance at the brow of the hill when he knew we should be waiting to wave to him. I always like to think he thought that would be the nicest thing to do."

- It was after my own father's death that I became a permanent resident at the Obby. Father was drowned at sea when his ship went down in the English Channel. Mother was left with four children. The two girls were younger than I and they stayed with her in Brighton where she had a boarding house. My brother stayed on at the Obby with me until he won a scholarship to a boarding school. I was four years old when my father drowned.

My aunt died four years later at the Obby. She died in her room at the top of the tower and her body remained there until the time of the funeral. On the night she died my mother, Edith and a friend and I were having supper in the kitchen. Everyone was occupied with their own sad thoughts and there was very little conversation. It was in the winter time; the wind was blowing hard, howling around the building, rattling doors and

whining at the windows as it always did. We were eating silently in this dreary atmosphere when suddenly we all were jolted out of our reveries by the loud bang of Auntie's bedroom door at the top of the tower. We all knew this door was locked! A few seconds later we heard footsteps start down the stairs toward the telescope room. And there was nobody upstairs except Auntie.

Edith, sitting beside me, gripped my arm in terror. I thought, "Auntie isn't dead after all."

The footsteps continued down the stairs slowly and steadily. When they came to the bottom they stopped. In the pale light of the oil lamp I could see everyone's face set tight. Apprehension hung in the air. After a moment or two the footsteps crossed the floor of the telescope room and halted at the top of the next flight of stairs. Here they stopped for a longer time. I pictured my aunt standing at the top of these stairs looking out of the window there.

Finally the steps started to descend the stairs again. I felt I recognized a slight scuffle as a shoe dragged across the wooden steps. My fear gave way to excitement as I became sure that I was going to see Auntie again and I was very fond of her. The footsteps finally reached the stone flooring outside the kitchen door. I made to jump

up and open the door for her but was held back by Edith who now gripped my arm with both hands. I held my breath, expecting the door to open at any moment. But nothing happened and then the footsteps moved away from the door; quickly now they went along the "long room" floor to the door which opened into the round building. That door was locked too but still it banged as if someone had slammed it.

I did break away from Edith then and dashed through the kitchen door, ran through the "long room" to the door which had just banged. But it was locked and bolted. Next, before anyone could stop me, I rushed upstairs to Auntie's bedroom. That door, too, was securely locked. When I returned to the kitchen Mother scolded me for running off like that. But I told her I only had tried to see Auntie. I told Mother I knew it was Auntie. She asked how I knew it was Auntie and I told her I first recognized the footsteps and when the footsteps stopped at the top of the stairs for a few minutes I knew it must be Auntie because she always stopped there to look at the view of the down and the Avon gorge through the window. Especially when it was fine weather she never missed doing that.

My mother was silent for awhile and then she said absently, "But

it's dark outside now and if it was Auntie she could not have seen anything."

Edith said, "David's quite right. She always stopped at that window. Perhaps she did it this time although it is dark, to let us know we have nothing to fear."

After this calm settled over us, as if a weight had been lifted. We seemed agreed that it really had been Auntie, and now she was truly gone.

I was eight years old when my aunt died. I continued to live at the Obby with cousin Edith, and I remember that she used to take me shopping in Bristol on Saturday nights. This was always a great event for me, because she used to buy me a weekly boys book called *Chums* which she called a "penny dreadful". It was not really all that bad but when I became engrossed in it, to the exclusion of requests from Edith, then probably it deserved everything she called it.

Our Saturday night routine was nearly always the same. A late visit to the shops—they were open till 11:00 o'clock—the spending of my "Saturday's penny" with which I could buy four bags of sweets, or two liquorice ribbons, or a quarter of a pound of mixed sweets, or a combination of the lot, and my copy of *Chums*.

With the shopping done, we trudged uphill to the Obby, which

was always in darkness when we got there. It was my job to open the front door with a huge key, grope for the candle and matches which had been placed near the door, light up, and then lead the way into the kitchen where most of our time was spent.

I would then light the oil lamp on the table and straight away dive into the pages of my book, starting with the serials. The story might have been about pirates, explorers, Indians or schoolboys, but, whatever the subject, once I had my nose inside the pages nothing else mattered and I was oblivious to what went on around me.

On one such occasion I was sitting on the side of the table furthest from the window. The oil lamp which was on the table threw its light onto my book but left most of the room in shadow, including the window seat cut into the two foot wall which faced onto the downs. As I have said, once I started to read, I was completely lost to the world. I remember I had reached a most exciting part in the story I was reading when, for no reason whatsoever, I looked up. I stopped reading at the most exciting part, for no reason! My eyes seemed to be drawn toward the window and there I saw, on the right-hand side of the window seat, the face of a kindly, old gentleman looking at me. I could

see his face more plainly than the surrounding area, as if it was slightly illuminated.

There was no neck, no shoulders, just the face. As I looked my mind seemed a blank and I certainly did not feel any fear. I was just surprised. I could see bushy grey hair and a red scar on his left cheek. After a moment or so I began to wonder what to do.

I was alone. Edith was in another room. I got up slowly, moved round the table and went cautiously toward the face which must have been about 10 feet from me. As I got nearer I thought I saw a faint smile and then the face very slowly faded away. It was gone by the time I reached the window.

I remember putting out my hand but there was nothing there. For a while I stood quite still and then I started to cry and call for my cousin. In a few moments Edith came and asked what the matter was. I said, "I've just seen a man."

"Where?" she asked.

I pointed to the window. Then I told her everything, from the time I looked up until the face vanished as I approached it. She seemed particularly interested in the scar and saying, "wait a minute," she ran upstairs to return with an oil painting of the head and shoulders of the man I had just seen. I never had seen the picture before.

When I told her it was a picture

of the face I had just seen she said, "That's your great grandfather."

I looked at the painting again and pointing to it I said, "The face I saw had a scar on this cheek, but this one hasn't."

Edith said, "This was painted before the accident. Your grand-

father fell down the cliff by the bridge and gashed his face. What you saw was that healed gash. Without a doubt, you saw your great grandfather."

You can see why I believe that ghosts—whatever they are, whatever they mean—are certainly real enough.



### THE STATUE'S DEADLY SPELL

**B**ECAUSE it appears to exercise a dangerous fascination over men, the wooden statue of a strikingly beautiful woman is being kept hidden in the basement of the Naval Museum in La Spezia, Italy. The statue, revealingly clad in classical Greek garments, is thought to depict a goddess of Ancient Greece named Atalanta and once to have decorated the prow of some vessel of the same name.

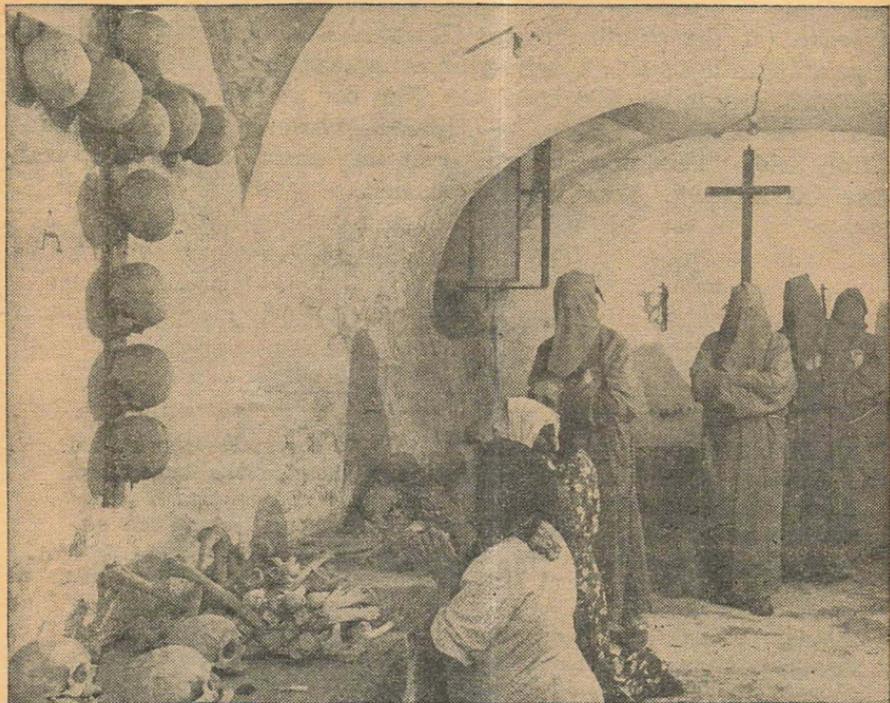
Men aboard the Italian frigate *Veloce* found the statue floating in the mid-Atlantic one day in 1864. Captain Aristofane Caimmi ordered it brought aboard, where some of the sailors fell to gazing at it for long periods. Soon jealousy over the statue arose among the crew and quarrels followed. To avert further trouble Captain Caimmi had the statue locked in a cabin.

In 1879 the statue was moved from Genoa to the new naval museum in La Spezia. A guard at the museum committed suicide by drowning in 1924, after reportedly having told friends that the statue had "bewitched" him.

During World War II Erich Kurz, a Wehrmacht soldier who had been placed in charge of the museum, fell under the spell of the statue. One day he placed it on an army truck and took it to his small rented room. Here a few months later Kurz was found dead at the foot of the statue by military police investigating why he had failed to report for work. Kurz had put a bullet through his head after writing a note, dated October 13, 1944, that read:

"Since no woman except you can give me the life of dreams, O Atalanta, I sacrifice my life to you."

# The RED Hoods



Women of the Red Hoods Confraternity pray before cross studded with skulls in church cellar. Some of the brethren in traditional garb stand by, answering the litanies.

*By Francis Barton*

**U**NDER ROME'S ancient Ponte Cestio where the Tiber river, in a mad rush and swirl of water, crashes against jagged rocks and then sweeps away into a deep pool, two boats moved slowly back and forth. The men aboard patiently prodded with long hooked poles.

In the bright sun of the cold winter's day, men, women and children leaned against the bridge and formed little groups in adjoining streets.

Again somebody—usually it's a poor girl disappointed in love or frightened by its illicit conse-

# of ROME

Members of this strange, centuries-old religious cult perform their rituals among the piled bones of the dead.

quences—had sought death in the muddy Tiber.

“Who was it?” people asked.

“A girl—I saw her, rather young. She jumped right there.” And the one who had seen it happen pointed at the sharp, wet rocks.

All day the men in the boats continued their grim work. But this victim they never found. Her name never became known—she was one of the lost ones, swept out to sea.

But that same night, only a few feet from where she had leaped, a strange company of men and women, inheritors of a mournful cult, gathered in the church of The Devotees of Jesus on Calvary, or Jesus Crucified, to pray for the girl’s soul.

Amidst the gathered bones of those who had sought and found death in the Tiber and of members of their own ancient company, somber, hooded men and heavily scarved women mumbled their prayers, continuing the work of mercy that their mournful society has done for many years.

These are the members of the *Confraternita dei Sacconi Rossi*—

fraternity of the big red sacks, or hoods, or, as they are commonly called, the Red Hoods.

Centuries ago, the fraternity met in the Colosseum. Its members then numbered hundreds. There are fewer of them now—little more than a dozen men and about 50 women, scattered throughout Rome. Each Tuesday and Friday they gather at their church on Rome’s Tiberina island, next to the famous Basilica of St. Bartholomew, the apostle of the Armenians.

Here the men don the loose, sack-like robes that completely cover their heads, leaving only slits for their eyes. The women wrap red scarves over their faces and heads.

A skull and bones are placed before the little company and soon their mumbled, mournful incantations for the newly dead as well as for other dead drift through the dimly-lighted church. Sometimes, in particularly solemn prayer, the Red Hoods gather in the catacomb-like cellar of the church amid strewn skulls and bones, some of which were washed out of their resting

places by the great Rome flood of December 17, 1937.

Because the Tiberina island is a good many feet lower than the level of most of Rome, this flood swept through both the ancient Basilica of St. Bartholomew and the church of the Red Hoods, reaching a depth in the latter that was well over its altar and, of course, completely flooding the cemetery below which for many years had been used as the burial place for members of the Red Hoods.

Three hundred members of the fraternity were buried there, their skulls and bones preserved in benches on the sides where succeeding members of the Red Hoods for many years had gathered to pray.

Now an old custodian still spends time cleaning the bones and restoring them to their places. It has been slow work, partly because the fraternity no longer is as active as it once was and because its membership has declined. The church of the Red Hoods now has no priest of its own, but one from the neighboring Basilica of St. Bartholomew is assigned to it for services.

The society of the Red Hoods was founded in 1700 for the express purpose of praying for the souls in purgatory—a work of mercy that is encouraged by the Roman Catholic church as a means of helping the souls of the dead to

attain release from the fires of purgatory and admittance to heaven.

For many years, members of the society met by night amidst the shadowy stones of the colosseum. Then they acquired a large barn on the Tiberina island and converted it to the present church. The church's cellar was converted into a cemetery.

One of the society's prized relics is the body of St. Pacifico, which Pope Pius IX gave to the Red Hoods and which today rests under the altar of the church. The society also counts a saint among its own membership, Gaspare del Bufalo, who was canonized by Pope Pius XII, the reigning pontiff, in 1951.

The Red Hoods' major observances now, as for many years, are held annually on November first and second, All Saints' day and All Souls' day, when Christians pray especially for their dead and decorate their graves with flowers and candles.

On those days the Red Hoods don their hoods and scarves and, carrying wooden crosses, file out of their church by night in mournful procession through the streets of Rome, chanting their prayers for the dead. From their church they pass over the narrow Fabricio bridge, filing slowly under an old shrine of the Madonna and Child. It is a Byzantine-type painting,

Bones of deceased members of the Red Hoods are piled on benches along walls of church cellar. A flood in 1937 swept bones from their resting places. Women assist custodian in task of cleaning bones and restoring them to proper niches.

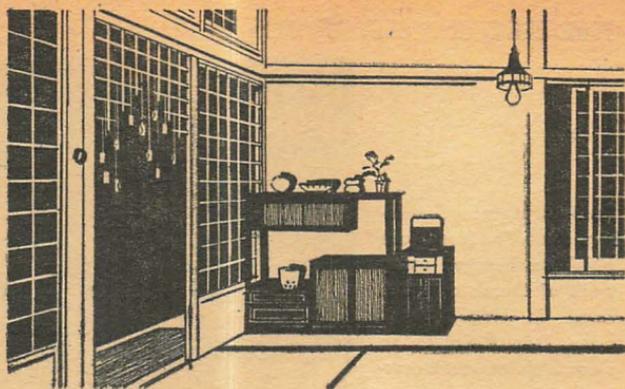


dimmed by time and weather and entitled *Madonna della lampada al Tevere*—Madonna of the lamp by the Tiber. Usually there is a little bunch of flowers beneath it, left by some devotee. Six tiny electric bulbs, gray with the dust of traffic, glow under it during the night.

The Red Hoods file by praying. Their prayers, explained the old custodian, are offered for all the souls of the dead who are suffer-

ing in purgatory, atoning for their sins. But they are offered especially for those who die in the Tiber, and even more especially for those poor distraught ones who are swept out to sea and whose names are lost and who, therefore, may have few or none to pray for them.

"You know," said the old custodian, repeating a biblical saying, "it is a good thing to pray for the dead."



## Javanese Jeemahds

### for Health, Wealth and Happiness

*By W. J. Brands*

The Jeemahds hanging in the doorway were believed to bring luck to the house. Then skeptics took them down.

**I** WAS LIVING in Java in 1913 when I first encountered magic Jeemahds.

Having dropped a coin on my bed I was searching for it. Everybody knows how a coin will find a hiding place and in the end I lifted my mattress to shake out the whole bed. It was then I found a surprise. Underneath the mattress were

some copper coins, some dried sprigs, and a few small flat paper parcels, about two by one-and-a-half inches in size. Disgusted with this messy looking collection, I called my housekeeper who seemed somewhat shocked at my discovery.

"What are the coins for?" I asked.

"So you should become rich."

"And the sprigs?"

"To keep you healthy."

"What are these paper parcels?"

"Tuan, they are Jeemahds."

"And what are Jeemahds?"

"Tuan, there are many kinds. Some are for your health; others are to give you wealth; there are some also that one can place in an employer's bed and he will give you a rise of pay. Just see! I use them myself."

She lifted her kabaiah (coat-like jacket) and showed me a belt round her waist. It was made of linen and contained many of the small paper packets.

"But what is in these packets—and where do you get them?" I persisted.

"Tuan, they are holy verses from the Alkoran. I purchased these from a Hadjee. They cost me 70 guilders in all."

With this explanation I had to be satisfied. Later I learned that in each village in Java one or more of the Arab Hadjees live. They are men who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca. They also sell love philtres and medicines. The villagers, who at that time were all Mohammedans, respected them like holy men. And the Arabs played their role as such, dressed poorly and abided strictly by all Mohammedan religious rules. Unfortunately most of these men hailed from the Hadramouth in Arabia, where they

would return when they had accumulated sufficient wealth.

At one time I had some business in Weltevreden, the European quarter of Batavia. I went to a boarding house on Rijswijk, one of the main streets, and it was there I discovered how the Jeemahds could work. There are many mysterious things in Java and the Jeemahds are among them.

No better proof of the complete acceptance of the supranormal in Java could be found than in the fact that the Dutch Government Railway Time Table used to contain advertisements offering remedies against "Stille Kracht", also called poltergeists. I do not know if such remedies are still advertised.

The boarding house in Weltevreden was used mainly by officers of the Dutch mercantile marine. While talking to these young men one day I noticed some Jeemahds in the trellis work over the openings separating two of the rooms, in one of which we sat.

Uncautiously I exclaimed, "Look at all those Jeemahds."

There were nearly a dozen small envelopes, half the size of a visiting card. I explained that they contained verses from the Koran and that Arab Hadjees (pilgrims who had visited Mecca) wrote them and sold them to the Javanese. What surprised me, I said, was their presence in a house run by an edu-

cated Eurasian lady.

One of the officers called a servant. "I am going to fetch one of these things down and have a look at the mystery," he told the Djon-goes (native boy).

"No, Tuan," said the lad. "Don't do that. It will bring misfortune on the house."

However, the young man insisted and went to get a stepladder.

Not wishing to be implicated in the affair, I left.

The next morning I had to pay another business call at the same house. The Javanese boy greeted me, "Tuan, there is nobody here."

Surprised, I asked what had happened.

"Tuan, the officer tuans took down all the Jeemahds and opened them. Then the Nonia (lady of the house) returned and was very angry. She told the man who had done the tearing down to leave. After that she mounted the stepladder to put the Jeemahds back into their places. But the ladder slipped and she broke a leg. She is now in hospital. As there is nobody to look after the house all the boarders have left."

The magic Jeemahds surely had their revenge.



## HOW THE CHURCH VIEWS MIRACLES

REV. FATHER Reginald Omez, O. P., of France, in speaking on the subject *Psychology and Parapsychology: The Viewpoint of a Roman Catholic Theologian*, stated that Roman Catholic theology, "in dealing with the miraculous, rules out the preternatural origin of a phenomenon, unless it is established that no plausible natural explanation of it may be found." His words appeared in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research*, July, 1956.

Father Omez included under

"natural" explanations physical, psychological and parapsychological factors, such as telepathy and suggestion. Roman Catholic authorities, he said, are "eager to exhaust all possibilities of natural explanation, before accepting the hypothesis of miraculous divine intervention." He also said that this policy should be "encouraging" to parapsychology as it must "urge scientists to explore the depth of psychic life that is as yet little known, but which may explain apparently paranormal events."



*Laughter and*

## *MUSIC FROM NOWHERE*



They were alone in this lovely little valley—but they heard amazing sounds. Were they echoes from the long ago?

*By Carl O. Bergner*

**I**N THE LATE August of 1953 the Michigan countryside seemed to revel in the summer sun as my wife and I drove along highway U.S. 131, north of Grand Rapids. On many a previous Saturday we had sought rest from the week's work by taking a planned trip, using a road map as a guide. But this trip was hit or miss, and our only guide was a compass. It was an airplane-type compass attached to a metal strip on the car windshield.

At a point somewhere north of Rockford we decided to drive northwest toward the shore of Lake Michigan. We chose the dusty old back roads using the compass to keep us headed in the general direction.

After many bumpy miles we entered the southern tip of Newaygo County where, like most of Michigan, the ground is fairly level and what hills do exist are small. Therefore, we could hardly believe our eyes when we slowed the car on

the brink of a steep down-grade into a deep ravine or valley.

Slowly we eased the car down the sharp incline. The road was very rough and appeared seldom used. It was strictly "one lane" but, in spite of that, upon reaching the bottom I turned off the ignition and we sat there for a moment staring at the enchanting scene. After a few minutes I started the car and drove over a narrow lane into the valley for a short distance. There we parked. Apparently we had silently agreed to explore the place.

A sparkling stream wound along the bottom of this dream valley. Its steep sides were wooded. Hemlock trees were numerous, although normally they are scarce this far south in Michigan. The west side of the valley was very steep and perhaps 150 feet high. At the far end, the valley tapered and turned, inviting one to come and see what was around the bend.

As we stood there, still in silence, I was sure that I heard laughter. It was faint and far away but seemed to be the laughter of many people. I asked my wife if she heard something and she nodded.

Then I heard music. It was like an old-fashioned orchestra playing a Three-Step. This time I asked my wife what she'd heard. She replied, "Laughter. Laughter and music."

Since we had *both* heard it at the same time we reasoned that it could not be an illusion. We were a long way from any house and a search of the entire district revealed no presence other than our own.

In our search for the source of the sounds we heard we did come upon some unusual things. There was an old, wooden stair running from the bottom to the top of the 150-foot steep west wall of the valley. The slope was heavily wooded and the stair was mossy and rotten in places. Near the bottom of the stair was an iron drinking fountain, its water supply apparently piped from near-by springs. A little further on, half buried in the ground, were sections of a narrow-gauge railway track held together with steel ties. Off on the east side of the valley we found leveled areas that bore evidence of having once supported buildings or pavilions of some sort. There were earth-works which indicated that at one time the shimmering little stream in the bottom had been dammed to form a small lake in the valley. It seemed reasonable to conclude that here, at some time in the past, there had existed a bustling amusement park. And that, on some other Saturday afternoon, many years ago, music and laughter really *had* sounded through the area. What we heard seemed an echo—from across the years.

We finally left our mysterious valley and as we neared home I decided to tell our story on the radio program I did daily in Grand Rapids. I figured that someone might hear the tale on the air and send me some historical data concerning it.

Sure enough! Shortly after I broadcast the story I received an anonymous letter from Muskegon, Mich., which stated that around 1900 such an amusement park did exist and its patrons were transported via narrow-gauge railway from Muskegon hourly during the summer. The letter concluded say-

ing, "more information will follow". But months went by and no further information arrived, so we made a trip to Muskegon. Although we searched diligently we turned up nothing official. Even an 82-year-old, life-time resident there who had done considerable historical research for the community said he had never heard of the place.

Unless our anonymous friend writes again we may never know the whole story of the Ghost Park in the beautiful valley where we heard laughter and music that seemed to come from nowhere—except the long ago.



### CULT OF THE "DEVIL" PEACOCK

ONE OF THE world's strangest religions is that of the Yezidi tribesmen who live near Mosul and in the Sinjar Hills of northern Iraq. They worship the Devil in the form of a peacock.

The fierce Yezidis believe that God is interested only in heavenly affairs and that He has appointed the devil to rule over the earth for 10,000 years, 3,000 of which already have passed. For these reasons, the Yezidis believe, God does not mind their worship of the Devil.

The Yezidis refer to the Devil only as "King Peacock." They believe he is determined to bring harm and evil to people.

The 50,000 Yezidis are a mix-

ture of Arab and Kurd, and speak a language derived from Armenian, Arabic, Turkish and Kurdish. The founder of their religion was Sheikh Adi Bnu Mousafer, who was born at Balbeck, Lebanon, in 585 A.D. During a trip to Persia, the Sheikh is said to have been "divinely inspired." He set down the cult's doctrines in the *Aswad*, or "Black Book."

The *Aswad* shows the influences of Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan religious beliefs. The book treats Christ as an angel in human form, and Mohammed as well as the Biblical Abraham are recognized as prophets. Among other things, the Yezidian cult demands baptism and circumcision.

"Table-tipping" is a familiar experiment in psychic phenomena. But what causes a table to tilt in answer to questions?

*By Hereward Carrington*



KATHLEEN GOLIGHER

## Mysteries of TABLE LEVITATION

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PROBABLY EVERYONE interested in psychic phenomena has experimented at one time or another with "table tipping." A group sits round a table with their fingers resting lightly upon it. After a time the table begins to rock, tilt and move in a mysterious manner. Many persons believe they can receive "messages" through the table, by means of tilts. Either the letters of the alphabet are spelled out by tilts, or "yes" or "no" answers are

obtained through a simple code (usually three tilts for "yes" and one tilt for "no").

We are not concerned, in this article, with such alleged "messages," but only with the movements of the table itself. Are such movements invariably due to subconscious muscular action, as generally contended, or is some genuine psychic force involved in the movements?

There can be little doubt that

the vast majority of such simple movements *are* due to unconscious muscular action. Unknowingly, the combined hands push and move it. . . . If the table never rises clear from the floor this is the probable explanation. But what of those cases where the table rises completely off the floor? Usually this can occur only in the presence of a real "physical medium." And it does occur—if only rarely.

I have seen hundreds of such levitations in the seances of Eusapia Palladino, under the strictest conditions of control, when it was shown that no physical connection whatever existed between the table and the body of the medium.

What is the actual *mechanism* involved in such levitations? We psychical researchers do not believe for a moment that these manifestations depend upon the direct action of some "spirit," which runs round the room like a chicken, producing "phenomena." We believe that some psycho-physical mechanism is employed, and we want to know what that mechanism is!

Some years ago Dr. W. J. Crawford, of Belfast, Ireland, was fortunate enough to encounter a brilliant young amateur medium named Kathleen Goligher, who was capable of producing such table levitations, as well as other physical phenomena. Dr. Crawford, an engineer, was interested in experi-

menting with her in an attempt to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the force or forces responsible for the movements of the table. His efforts were amply rewarded and he succeeded in throwing a great deal of light upon this mysterious phenomenon.

Kathleen Goligher was the youngest of four daughters. Her sisters were Lily, Anna, and a married sister, Mrs. Morrison. These, together with Mr. Morrison, and a younger brother, Samuel, constituted the family circle for the seances. As Dr. Crawford said, "It was altogether a family affair . . . All the members were mediums to a greater or lesser degree, the various phases of the phenomena presented consisting of trance speaking, automatic writing, table movements, and so on." Kathleen, however, proved to be the outstanding medium in this group.

When Dr. Crawford first met her, she was about 18 years old. His initial period of active investigation lasted for about two years (1916-17). Various members of the British Society for Psychical Research attended seances, during a later period and, after Dr. Crawford's tragic death, the investigation was continued for a time by Dr. Fournier d'Albe, a scientist of some note and translator of several books on psychic phenomena. All the sittings took place in Belfast,

and seem to have been discontinued soon after the d'Albe sittings.

Writing of this completely amateur circle, Dr. Crawford said, "The whole of the family look upon Spiritualism as their religion. They attend no church other than the Spiritualistic, but they are devoted in their attachment to that. . . . They are simple and harmonious in their home life, and are in every way fit recipients of the extraordinary phenomena obtained through their instrumentality."

One of the first things Dr. Crawford discovered was that when a table was levitated the medium took on the weight of the table! Kathleen Goligher herself weighed about 145 pounds, and the table about 10 pounds. The medium was seated on the platform of a weighing machine. Now, when the table was lifted, the medium weighed 155 pounds—that is, her own weight plus the weight of the table—despite the fact that there was no physical connection between the two. Somehow, therefore, the weight of the table reacted upon her, showing some sort of *invisible* connection between her body and the table. What was it?

Now, of course, the same thing would happen if the medium leaned forward, grasped the table with her hands and lifted it. The scales would then show the weight of the table plus her own. But since no

contact existed between medium and table, some beam of energy coming from her body was seemingly responsible for the levitations obtained. Dr. Crawford showed that such an *invisible* beam of energy existed. He called it a "cantilever" (A rod fastened at one end and free at the other. A walking-stick held out at arm's length constitutes a cantilever).

This beam or rod, though invisible, nevertheless must be solid or material—otherwise it could not lift the table. Dr. Crawford believed that it consisted of a form of psychic matter akin to "ectoplasm." This apparently issued from the medium's body in the neighborhood of the genital organs, extended outward into space, until it contacted and actually lifted the seance table.

This "psychic cantilever" seemed to extend forward and then bend upwards, until it made contact with the under side of the table. It then seemed to "grasp" it and exert an upward pressure. This forced the table to rise.

In order to test this and to find, if possible, the point of contact and the "fulcrum" of this lever (Remember Crawford was an engineer) he placed a spring balance on the floor directly under the center of the table. No pressure! He then placed it in turn under each leg of the table when it was raised.

Again it registered no pressure! He then gradually raised the scales on supports (under the center of the table) until it was only a few inches below its under surface. Suddenly, the weight of the table was registered—there was a pressure of 10 pounds on the scales. It was at this point, therefore, that the “curve” of the psychic cantilever rested upon the scales and this weight was transmitted, *via* the cantilever, to the medium’s body, showing the increase on the weighing machine.

Dr. Crawford also showed that this ectoplasmic rod was, to some extent, “elastic” in nature, for when pressure was exerted on the table from above it showed this elastic resistance. (I myself often noted this in the case of Palladino.)

Regarding the nature of this invisible beam of energy Dr. Crawford said, “On one occasion, while the table was levitated I placed my hand under it, near the top. As in previous test, I felt no sense of pressure whatever, but I did feel a clammy, cold, almost oily sensation, as though the air there were mixed with particles of dead and disagreeable matter. Perhaps the best word to describe the feeling is ‘reptilian.’ I have felt the same substance often—and I think it is a substance—in the vicinity of the medium, but there it has appeared to me to be moving outwards from her. Once felt, the experimenter

always recognizes it again. This was the only occasion on which I have felt it under the levitated table, though perhaps it is always there but not usually in such an intense form. . . . There can be little doubt that it is actual matter taken from the medium’s body and put back at the end of the seance and that it is the basic principle underlying the transmission of psychic force.”

In this connection it is interesting to note that the medium lost weight during the seance, and the circle of sitters also lost weight, to a lesser extent.

Dr. Crawford believed that this psychic “arm” was responsible also for certain types of “raps”; the free end of the rod rapping upon some resounding substance causing the sound noted. In order to test this, he placed a box of wet clay some little distance away and obtained on the clay the imprint of the end of the psychic rod! A photograph of this imprint is reproduced in one of his later books.

Dr. Crawford also published a photograph showing a sort of column of light in front of the medium’s body. In this connection he said; “It seems to me that we are seemingly witnessing, in this photograph, something of the mechanism of levitation. The most important matter that it hints at is the circulation of the psychic fluid. This fluid appears to be sent along the

arch to the base of the column, and to be projected vertically upwards to the top, where its kinetic energy becomes exhausted, and then to fall downwards behind the up-rising column till on a level with the medium's chest, whence it is drawn, in a horizontal stream, into her body. . . . In the present example the psychic fluid seems to be losing its energy owing to being projected upwards against its own weight only, much in the way a vertical jet of water does . . ."

Dr. Crawford was quite convinced that, aside from the purely physical manifestations, there was an intelligence involved in their production, since results were often obtained upon request. He said, ". . . In order that there may be no misapprehension, I wish to state explicitly that I am personally satisfied they are the spirits of human beings who have passed into the Beyond."

All the same, the energy liberated and used during a seance is a semi-physical energy, capable of moving and affecting material objects—it is a *living* energy, drawn from the body of the medium, as shown by loss of both energy and weight. Harry Price, in his experiments with Stella C. and Eugene Osty and Rudi Schneider, arrived at much the same conclusion.

Regarding this psychic energy, Dr. Crawford said, "I have certain-

ly received messages via the table stating that the spirit entities mix the psychic or nervous emanations of the sitters and that sometimes there is difficulty in getting these emanations to blend, this especially being so if the circle is a promiscuous one. And my observations on non-contact phenomena lead me to believe that there is a certain amount of truth in the statement. For instance, in seance rooms where tables were moved without physical contact I found that, after a sitting was well started, I was always unable to charge an electroscope even though I tried to do so in a corner of the chamber furthest from the medium. In order to charge it I had to take it outside the room. . . .

"The type of table used in these experiments is of some importance if good results are hoped for. To begin with, it should be made of wood, and a wood of not too great density. Ordinary deal is, I think, the most suitable. The wood must not be painted or stained or touched in any way. The rougher the surface, within limits, the better. . . . An open, porous wood is best . . . The weight of the table should, generally speaking, not exceed 10 or 12 pounds. . . . If possible the table should be constructed without nails, screws or metal clamps of any kind. The dimensions of the table should be about 30 inches by 20 inches on top, its

height about 27 inches. . . . A dim red light is advisable."

Dr. Crawford concluded, "I think, therefore, that the greatest need of the present day is that means should be provided to enable scientists to get on the track of this energy and sift the matter to the bottom. No amateur diletante work is likely to be of the slightest use. The investigators will have to be equipped properly in the scientific sense and must be prepared to make the subject their life study. This will entail the provision of a considerable amount of money for the establishment of laboratories thoroughly equipped with all the apparatus which experience shows to be necessary. But the field is so promising and a successful conclusion to the search would have such a profound effect on the history of the world, that I have often marvelled that the necessary funds have not been forthcoming in abundance long ago. I can think of no way in which wealthy adherents to the psychic movement could so well employ their surplus riches as in the direction I have indicated."

With these conclusions I am in whole-hearted agreement, and I have in fact stressed these same sentiments many times in lectures and articles. In a letter written to me by Dr. Crawford on July 17, 1919, he said; ". . . I was very

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glad to hear from you. Of course your name is quite familiar to me and, in fact, your careful experimenting with Eusapia was one of the causes that led me to make investigations on my own account. It seems to me that the chief difficulty with regard to psychic investigation is the general financial apathy of the public. People are, for the most part, anxious to hear all about the subject, but they object to contributing financial help towards its elucidation! There ought to be properly equipped laboratories in many centers, with abundant funds. It will come to that some day, no doubt, but valuable time is being lost. To take my own case, for example: I could do six times the amount of investigation now possible if I could give my whole time to it. And I dare say it is the same with you and others. . . . "

It is possible to raise millions of dollars to explore the South Pole or to construct atomic bombs, but not a penny for psychic investigations! Yet most persons consider themselves vitally concerned with the things of the spirit.

The greatest difficulty of psychic research is not the problems it must solve but obtaining the means to solve those problems. We can only hope that some day—not too late for man's benefit—this difficulty will be overcome.

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## A PREVIEW OF HEAVEN

By Freida L. Mitchell

MERRY ANNE was a beautiful child, filled with spiritual grace and the love of God. I often told my husband, in awe, that she was an unusual being—a normal, happy, mischievous child with the understanding and maturity of an adult, and the faith and goodness of a Saint. That she was given a rare mystic insight denied most mortals was proven by a dream she had one night in September, 1953.

She was sleeping with me as she often did when her father was away. She awoke during the night and, gently prodding me awake, said, "Mommie, I had the most wonderful dream. I dreamed that I saw God. Do you want me to tell you my dream?"

I sleepily answered, "Yes, Honey, do tell me your dream. I'd like to hear it."

She looked up raptly and said, "I was standing in front of a great big gate. Some women were standing there. One of them said, 'Little girl, do you want to see God?' I said 'Yes.' They opened the gate and I went in. There was a pretty light and Jesus was sitting in a

great big chair. A lot of little boys, dressed in white shirts and blue pants, were standing around Him singing. I was so scared—until Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not.' Then, I wasn't scared any more, but I was just too bashful to sit in his lap like the other children were doing."

"What happened then, Honey?"

Merry sighed and said, vaguely, as though the dream had become hazy at that point. "We-ell, I think they gave me wings, and I flew home."



MERRY ANNE MITCHELL



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She surprised me by adding, "Oh, Mama, I think I'd like to go to Heaven and see God, I think I would." She clasped her hands in eagerness.

Merry always had gone to Sunday school and church during her short five years, but she never had seen little boys dressed as she had described them, nor had she seen a boys' choir at all.

I am very certain that my little daughter was given a preview of Heaven, for just two weeks later she succumbed to the ravages of a particularly virulent form of Meningococcus. It happened very suddenly. One day she was well, vibrantly alive and happy, and the next she was gone to be with the Lord she loved so well.—*San Bernardino, Calif.*

### VISIT FROM AN ANGEL

By G. Cleve Stinebuck

**M**ANY YEARS ago, when I was a young man in my early twenties, I worked in Arkansas, near the little town of Gravette. I was a section foreman and was supervising track work for the Kansas City Southern Rail Road.

While working in Arkansas I became acquainted with many people. Among them was a lady by the name of Lindquist. Her husband had committed some crime in Missouri and was serving a long term in the state prison. Mrs. Lindquist had no hope of seeing him again.

The good lady had three children, a boy named Robert, a girl named Frances and a baby boy whose name I do not recall. Robert was the oldest of the children and was going to

school—that is, when he could find the time from working hard to get in enough wood from the forest nearby to help his mother cook their meager meals.

During my work on that section of track I noticed how difficult it was for Mrs. Lindquist to make ends meet. Whenever there was time to spare I or my men would cut wood from the forest and carry it into her yard. Many of the neighbors did the same. We then would take turns cutting up the wood and carrying it into the house.

One day, after working for some time cutting up wood for Mrs. Lindquist, I sat down on the doorstep to rest. Mrs. Lindquist came with a glass of water for me and, as we sat there, talking, little Frances came out and stood at her mother's knee. Frances was a good child, but frail and small, with blue eyes and a doll-like face. She must have been about five years old.

As we sat there Frances suddenly cried out and pointed to the back gate of the yard. Mrs. Lindquist and I looked up to see standing in the gateway a girl of about 10, the most beautiful being it ever has been my pleasure to look upon.

When this child knew that we had seen her she smiled and held out her hands in a gesture of invitation. Frances started to go to her, but Mrs. Lindquist told her to stay with us. At this Frances began crying.

As we sat looking at the child in the gateway I felt she was not of this world. I was convinced she was an angel. I glanced at little Frances, who had stopped crying and now stood perfectly still, watching the stranger and smiling as if her whole

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heart was on fire to go to her.

In that one quick glance the stranger vanished in the air. No human being could have gone from my sight so quickly. I walked to the gate and looked around. The whole countryside was open to my view and there were no trees or bushes nearby to hide behind. I saw no trace of the strange girl.

When I returned to Mrs. Lindquist she said soberly, "Cleve, I've been thinking that what we saw means Frances is going to die in a short time. I'm sure of it."

Within a few weeks little Frances did die. Before she passed into the coma from which she never emerged she told her mother, "Mom, that little girl has come to get me again."  
 —*Seaside, Calif.*

**A GOOD-BYE KISS**

By Virginia Hoerle

**P**SYCHIC experiences seem to solve most of my problems. Occasionally they comfort me when I need it. I received such comfort in April, 1937, when I lost my oldest son, Beryl, in a car accident.

I knew Beryl would not live. He was spitting blood and hiccupping. At the hospital he picked at the covers and his head turned restlessly. I spoke to him and he smiled.

I wanted to kiss him, but I did not want him to know death was so near. He was only 16 years old.

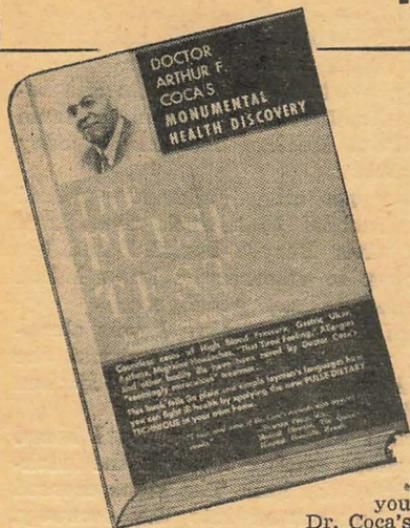
I didn't kiss him. I waited.

As I stood there, wishing so much to kiss him, I suddenly realized it was too late; for with a spasm, he died.

As we drove home that morning I kept wondering if Beryl knew, when

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### WHO IS THE AUTHOR?

Dr. Arthur F. Coca, famed physician, medical director of Lederle Laboratories for 17 years, is honorary president of the American Association of Immunologists and founded the **Journal of Immunology**. He studied at the University of Pennsylvania and Heidelberg University and was Professor of Medicine at the Post Graduate School of Columbia University. This is the man who has discovered

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I put my lips to his cooling forehead, that I wanted to say good-bye? I kept wishing I had kissed him before instead of after.

On Wednesday we buried him beside the other boy, killed in the same accident. He had died on Saturday evening.

Our two other children were off from school that week. The third day after Beryl's burial I had the answer to whether he knew I had wanted to say goodbye.

On Friday morning I was cleaning the stove. It was against the wall which separated the kitchen and dining-room.

As I wiped the stove top I heard footsteps coming towards the kitchen from the hall. The steps crossed the dining-room into the doorway, close to me. I stood there looking at Beryl.

At this moment my remaining son's voice came from the bedroom where both boys had slept. His startled words were, "Mom, those were Beryl's footsteps." I answered, "Yes, I know." He didn't know that his brother had brought me a message, that he understood how I had wanted to kiss him on Monday.

I could say only those three words for there was the entire form of my son. His face was so clear. His one-sided smile pulled his lips down.

But the most wonderful thing of all was his placing his hands on my shoulders and his lips on mine, pressing lightly; just the way I had wanted to that last morning in the hospital.

Beryl stayed until he knew I understood his kiss of good-bye. I knew his mind and mine met in that parting.—*Monrovia, Calif.*

## I WAS KILLED BY LIGHTNING

By Wiley Taylor

As Told to Molly Anstiss

I AM 82 years old now, but I remember vividly the day I died.

I was 21 years old at the time and I was working in Kendall County Tex., on the ranch of Tom Smith. This particular day was a beautiful, sunshiny one. I was working in sight of the Guadalupe River and I was enjoying my work.

All morning my horse Jerry drew the planter and I planted cotton.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the weather changed as only Texas weather can on such short notice. A sudden, violent storm broke, with hail and lightning. Before I could reach shelter I heard a terrific crack at my back and I knew lightning had struck. I felt the great heat of the bolt and the last I remember as I fell from the machine was a blinding light in my eyes.

I "awoke" to find myself lying on the ground. When I got up it was with a strangely weightless feeling. I was in full possession of my senses and I realized suddenly that I was not in my body. I got up and walked over to my horse, which lay dead on the ground.

"Dead?" I said to myself. "That's what it is. I am dead too."

But I had no time to do more thinking about the situation, for I felt drawn back to the machine from which I had been thrown. Again I lost consciousness.

When I awoke I was in my body, and I had a headache that was something to write home about.

Jerry was stretched out on the ground just as I had seen him.

I staggered to the house and

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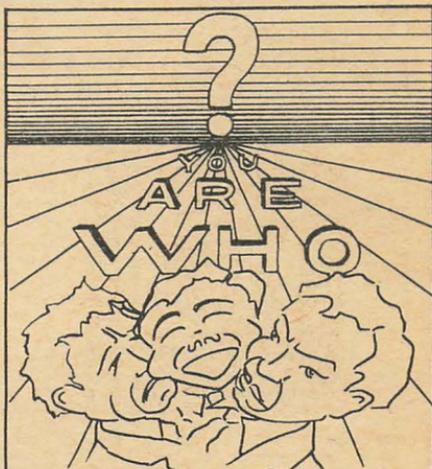
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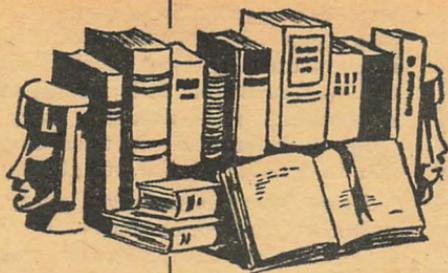
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## NEW BOOKS

THE EVIL EYE, *Studies in the Folklore of Vision*, by Edward S. Gifford, Jr., M.D. The Macmillan Co., New York City. 216 pages, \$4.95.

Belief in the horrible effects of the evil eye still exists all over the world. The effects are believed to range from "fascination," which can bring on a most fiendish chain of evils as its aftermath, to such less subtle effects as are included under mesmerism and hypnotism. It is still believed by millions that it is possible to project evil forces from the human eye. In Europe, particularly in Italy and Spain, many objects of jewelry are manufactured for the sole purpose of diverting the evil eye.

Dr. Gifford is Chief Ophthalmologist to the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. In connection with his medical work with eyes, he collected the strange beliefs he encountered among his patients and later he made a serious study of the folklore concerned with eyes. There is little doubt that the weird ideas concerned in this folklore are still capable, through suggestion, of affecting the eyes of those who have

faith in them. Equally it seems possible that the believer in the evil eye can bring many strange troubles upon himself without any malicious rays having passed his way.

Dr. Gifford's fascinating presentation studies this folklore, sometimes with respect and sometimes with tongue in cheek. Incidentally he is equally interested in the effects of neurosis on vision and particularly in the odd effects on vision produced by a sense of guilt or sin.

The chapters on *Protective Measures, Pagan Gods and Saints, Christian Gods and Saints*, and on the *Sexual Behavior of the Human Eye* will open up vast fields of knowledge for the uninitiated in the workings of the Evil Eye.—*Edmond P. Gibson.*

---

DOWN THERE (*La Bas*), by Joris-Karl Huysmans. University Books, Inc., New York 1, N.Y. 317 pages, \$5.00.

*Down There* generally is considered to be Joris-Karl Huysmans' most important novel, but it has not been available in this country since it was suppressed in 1924. Although

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termed a novel, it is in large part a biography of the Abbe Boullan, a black priest who was expelled from the Roman church. It is also in part a re-telling of the shocking story of Gilles de Rais, who practiced Satanism in France in the Middle Ages.

*Down There* is mainly a study of Satanism, in which Huysmans interested himself for many years. The hero represents a bewildered modern man who seeks in mysticism, theosophy, spiritualism and other beliefs in the occult some relief from the burdens of the material world. For those interested in Satanism, the book is top-notch but it's pretty strong medicine for most others.—  
*John C. Ross*

EGYPTIAN MAGIC, by Sir Wallis Budge. University Books, Evanston and New York. 234 pages, \$5.00.

Sir Wallis Budge was Keeper of the Egyptian Collection at the British Museum from 1894 to 1924. He writes that ancient Egypt was unique in its emphasis on "magic"—the exercise of power through names, spells, formulae, pictures, figures and amulets, ceremonies, and above all, words of power, all these being employed with immense care and attention to detail. The Egyptians believed that earth, underworld, air and sky were filled with visible and invisible entities. The object of their magic was to give man mastery of all these, both during life and in the after-world. Belief in magic ante-dated even any conception of God, in any form or under any name.

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Introduced by the Hon. Brinsley le Poer  
Trench. Citadel Press, New York, 1958. 224  
pages, \$3.75.

This book is a compilation of  
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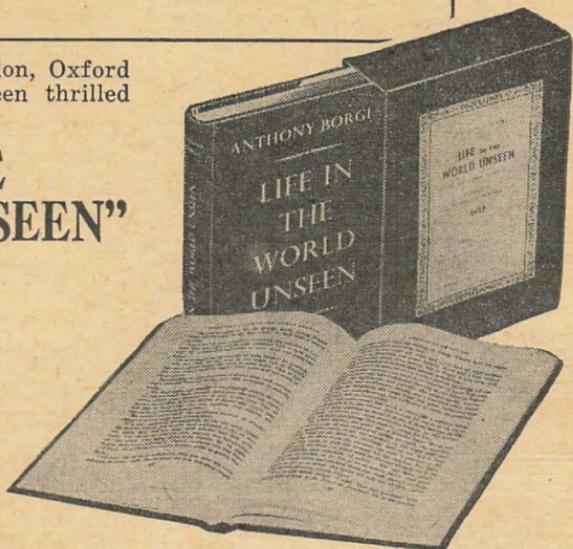
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GROWTH OF SPIRITUAL POWER, by Maud Remington. Vantage Press, New York. 282 pages, \$3.50.

This book is described as "revealed to Maud Remington by the spiritual teachers and Master Juana Ashawaska." It is claimed to have been received by automatic writing over a period of nine years. It consists solely of these "messages", which really are sermonettes and moral exhortations.

Typical subjects of these short dissertations are: God reigns supreme; the law of liberty is the law of Love; friendship; everyone has Spiritual Guides; you are God in action; let nothing disturb you; the Soul is part of the Oversoul; the Christ-presence; Light vibrations; kindness; the Power to heal; the Presence within; there is no death; keep declaring the Truth; always expect the good; etc.

I found nothing in this volume that could not be heard in almost any church.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

## PINK UFO

On May 20, 1958, at about 7:30 P.M., a UFO flew high over the mountains in Kentucky. It was observed from Williamson, W. Va., across the river.

I had just taken a bath and put on pajamas when my younger brother, David, who is 10 years old, ran into the house. He said he was going to get his telescope and look at something. He rushed back outside and stood on the sidewalk in front of the house, looking through his 30-power telescope. Three other boys stood beside him and looked into the sky too. I watched them curiously from the window. The front porch roof blocked my view of the sky. I wished I was wearing clothes instead of pajamas when I heard one of the boys say, "It looks about the size of an ant from here."

They observed the object for about five minutes with the telescope. Then it disappeared behind the mountains.

Finally David came back into the house and told me he and the other boys had been playing outside when one of them, Bruce Eanes, 10, pointed to what he thought was a jet in the sky. David said he took one look at it and knew it was not a jet because it left no vapor trail. It traveled slowly, straight across the sky.

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## ORIENTAL MAGIC



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The boys viewed the object with the naked eye for about five minutes. The mother of one of them, Mrs. Yvonne Gillespie, also watched it.

David said he viewed the object for another five minutes with his telescope. After about two minutes it dropped from its level course and slowly glided downward at a slant. It took about three minutes for it to slant downward and disappear behind the mountains.

David said that through the telescope the object looked saucer-shaped and was of a pink color which did not glitter or sparkle. Three flames shot out from one end of it, at different angles. The flames were shimmering and shaking rapidly.

David said the object looked about three-eighths of an inch long through the telescope. He was certain it was not a jet.—*Ronald Hyden, Williamson, W. Va.*

## STAR THAT MOVED

One night over six years ago my father and I were on the porch of his home in Chickasha, Okla., which faces the east, when I saw what appeared to be a star moving in a horizontal curve through the sky. The object did not twinkle or glare.

My father had noticed the object also and we watched it come to a complete and sudden stop between two stars, one above it and one below. I continued to watch for 30 or more minutes, but the object did not move from this spot.

A few nights later I was lying outside on my back and looking up at the sky when I saw something shoot across it, not too far from the earth.—*Jim Bush, Eugene, Ore.*

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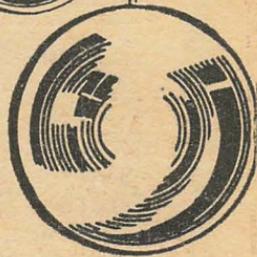
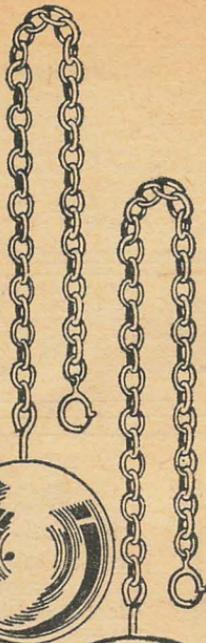
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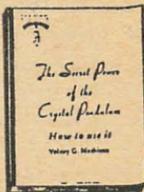
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**UNBELIEVABLE STORIES**

I recently picked up a copy of FATE Magazine, read the stories and unbelievably enjoyed them. The story, "Prophetic Words on Grandma's Mirror," in the July issue, was very interesting. But who could put any stock in such stories?

The stories brought back to mind something that happened in April, 1954. My wife and I were staying in St. Louis, Mo., with my mother and our son, Jack, Jr. Our daughter, Peggy, was staying with my wife's mother here, in Stockton, Calif.

One day I was walking home from the drug store when the thought came to me that Peggy had died. A cold chill ran all over me, and then the thought was gone. I said nothing about it to my wife or folks.

Two days later my wife went to see her doctor. She was gone for about half an hour when I heard my sister call me. Sis was crying and so was my mother. Then, without a word, that thought returned. It was correct. Sis told me someone had just called from Stockton, Calif., and said Peggy had died.

My wife and I returned to Stockton the next day. Peggy had drowned in the bathtub on April 7, 1954, at 11:00 A.M.

As I said at the start of this letter, the stories in FATE are interesting reading—but who would believe them?—*Jack Robert Geiger, Stockton, Calif.*

**GENETIC MEMORY—PRO**

I am glad that you published the letter "Origin of Reincarnation" by Mr. B. E. Roessling, Ps.D., of Green Cove Springs, Fla. His explanation

of so-called reincarnation is the only one possible. I long have had the same theory.

Time, which receives all things, events, thoughts and deeds of men, becomes a map of these things.

The person who has within himself the combined memory genes described by Mr. Roessling often has the ability to explore this map of time and to see things which have happened. Hereditary genes may cause this person actually to relive events in the life of a remote ancestor.—*Joseph A. Skinner, St. Petersburg, Fla.*

#### GENETIC MEMORY—CON

The criticism of reincarnation by Mr. Roessling is not based on a

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solid philosophical foundation. It appears from his article that the cell is composed of genes carrying the "memory" of an individual's remote ancestors.

My argument against this is based on the fact that science never has proved that matter has the power to think or even to remember. As we know, genes are composed of matter, which forces the conclusion that genes cannot remember. I can't blame Mr. Roessling for his conclusion (which I once held), for science seems to keep proclaiming that matter is the only ultimate reality and pays no attention to the thing called mind.

I'm not writing this in favor of reincarnation, but simply to point out the erroneous viewpoint, held by so many persons, that matter rather than mind is the ultimate reality. In fact, the occurrence of psychic phenomena supports the idealistic view of philosophy that only mind truly exists—that everything else is thought and only thought.—*Bernard Kovisto, Deerwood, Minn.*

**"CHEIRO, THE ULTIMATE"**

"Superb" is the word to describe the article about Cheiro by Norman L. Beerman. Of all the seers, prophets and revelators whose lives bridged the 19th and 20 centuries, Cheiro was the ultimate. I was fortunate to have had a personal interview (not a reading) when Cheiro resided at his Hollywood Boulevard address near Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

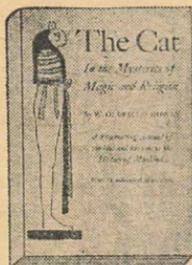
It was my understanding that Cheiro, (Count de Hamon) had invested considerable personal funds

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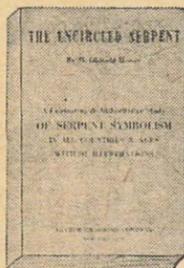


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in the production of an occult film which, apparently, never was released and is stored in some Hollywood motion picture studio vault.

What a rare treat the great television audience would have if Cheiro's occult motion picture were released now!—*Kaye Hyde, San Francisco, Calif.*

### THE WORK OF SPIDERS?

On page 16 of "I See By the Papers" in the July issue of FATE, reference is made to an apparently unknown substance falling from the skies. A Mrs. Joe Tondre and her neighbor, Mrs. Arthur Ridlon, watched a shower of cobweb-like material fall onto a neighbor's farm.

There is nothing mysterious about this occurrence. May I refer you to the book *Secrets Out of Doors* by William Hamilton Gibson? In this book, published in 1913, the author describes several events identical to those witnessed by the above persons. The cobwebs merely are the work of the Ballooning Spiders. They shoot webs from their tails, rendering them lighter than air.

These showers of webs were recorded as early as the 17th century. People then were closer to nature and did not become mystified or hysterical over this yearly occurrence.—*Charles E. McBride, Jr., Dover, N.J.*

### THEORY ON MYSTERY SHOWERS

I believe FATE is the best publication on the supernatural today. I indeed am proud to have copies of FATE among my possessions.

I often have theories of my own

about unusual happenings—for example, about the mysterious falls of ice and web-like substance from the sky. In my opinion, a fierce wind storm (hurricane or tornado) in some northern areas, or high mountain peaks, may carry chunks of ice up to very high altitudes and deposit them in warmer parts of the world. The frozen fishes may come this way too, from lakes frozen in the high mountains.

The web-like substance could be of volcanic origin and carried by winds for great distances. In Hawaii, during volcanic eruptions, a similar substance sometimes falls from the sky. It is known as "Pele's Hair" (Pele is the Hawaiian goddess of fire).—*Elisha Rosanova, Honolulu, Hawaii.*

#### ESP IN DREAMS

I am writing concerning "Dream of Murder Becomes Reality" by D.H.B. I do not agree with him.

I believe that his attitude is due to not properly assaying the purpose of his dream, which was to warn him, He missed the warning. Dreams are a form of what is called extra-sensory perception, for want of a better name, and are not from a subconscious mind. The subconscious mind theory is the result of an attempt to explain dreams, and perception, without accounting for the spiritual nature of life.—*Willard Totten, Philomath, Ore.*

#### TRANSFORMED INTO CASH

Concerning my experience with the old oil dowser (page 120, August issue): on June 2 we received a substantial check from Standard Oil of California for rights to the

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oil under our property. Inasmuch as I long have specialized in debunking fakes, I find this event somewhat difficult to accept. This check seems to transform what I previously regarded as dubious theory into some kind of cash-value fact.—*Volney G. Mathison, Mathison Electropsychometers, Los Angeles, Calif.*

## LEFT BY AN AXIAL SHIFT?

The shift of the earth's axis quite probably will occur on August 5 or 6, 1960. See the advertisements by the Barber Scientific Foundation. The mummified seals mentioned in "I See By the Papers" in the June issue of FATE could have been left atop the mountain by the last shift of the earth's axis.—*A. A. Smith, Van Wert, O.*

## ONCE UNDER SALT WATER?

I have something to tell in connection with the report in FATE about the seals on the mountain top. In Corvallis, Ore., about three or four miles out toward the hills and King Mountain, the valley once was under salt water. I found here large clam shells, six-inch blue and brown mussel shells and the largest barnacles I ever saw.—*Rose McFadden, Seattle, Wash.*

## OUT DROPPED A MOUSE

Years before there were vacuum cleaners I dreamed of emptying my carpet sweeper and out dropped a dead mouse.

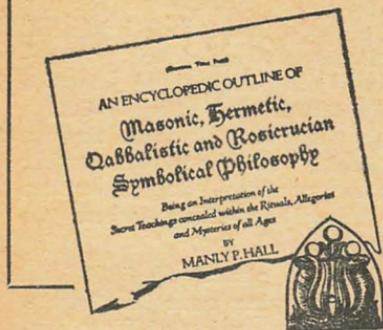
The dream was so clear and, although I had emptied the sweeper the day before, I decided to investigate it. Sure enough—out dropped a dead mouse!—*Mrs. I. E. Bloberger, Las Vegas, Nev.*

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### NATURE'S STRANGE WAYS

It seems that Nature has strange ways of doing its work and that we humans have much to learn before we can understand even a fraction of the work of nature. This is apparent not only from reports about rains of toads and other creatures from the sky, but from many other happenings which we can observe.

During the years of 1955 and 1956 I was living near Marfrance, W. Va. In that section of West Virginia are millions of acres of wooded mountains, and in the early spring of both of these years there appeared what seemed billions of caterpillars that worked the timber. To a person entering the woods the droppings from these insects sounded almost like a rain. The caterpillars killed much of the young timber. I have seen oak trees, a foot or more through, dead from the raid.

In the spring of 1956 my children and I saw in the woods thousands of strange bugs which we never had noticed before. Some were black and others were a dark, shiny green, but both kinds seemed to be the same species. I told the children not to kill any of the bugs, for I believed they were bugs that fed on caterpillars.

Deciding to investigate, I returned to the woods and watched one of the green bugs. He went out on a twig of a small sapling, caught a caterpillar and bit the insect until it was dead. Then the bug went to work at one end of the caterpillar and began rolling it up. When he was finished he had made a little round ball of the caterpillar.

I watched both the green bugs and the black ones, and the work was being done by both kinds. But in spite of the bugs that could be seen rushing up and down almost every tree one looked at, the caterpillars couldn't seem to be missed. The destructive work went on until late in the spring, when there came hard and steady rains. After the rains ceased the caterpillars were thinned out to a small fraction of their former numbers. When the caterpillars were about extinct, the bugs went somewhere.

I was still living near Marfrance in the spring of 1957, but the caterpillars that worked the timber were not numerous and little or no damage was done, although the caterpillars that made nests in fruit trees were as numerous in 1957 as I can remember ever having seen them.—*Thomas E. Wade, Cleveland, O.*

#### TELEPATHIC MORSE CODE

Around July, 1954, I was taking a radio course and was using a long and short wave battery radio in my lessons. By adjusting the different condensers, I got the radio out of tune one evening. As it was 11:00 P.M., I decided against trying to fix it that day.

After I had been in bed for a few minutes I started hearing a dot and dash code. It seemed to be coming out of my head and was very clear.

I got a pencil and paper to record the code, but I was unable to hear it when concentrating to write it down. When I relaxed and only listened, I heard the code again.

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mind seemed unusually alert. I did not fall asleep until 5:00 A.M. that morning. When asleep I did not hear the code.—*Frank J. Galinski, Bangor, Sask., Can.*

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Looking over "Report From the Readers" in the August issue, I was somewhat annoyed to read all the reports pointing out the error in the figures pertaining to the speed of light.

This quite obviously was a small oversight on behalf of the author and, although many readers were quick to find this mistake, they possibly overlooked the fact that the article, "Reaching Toward Infinity," was a wonderful piece of work.

Kindly let us have more articles of this nature.—*Martin Overland, Montreal, Que., Can.*

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