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# FATE

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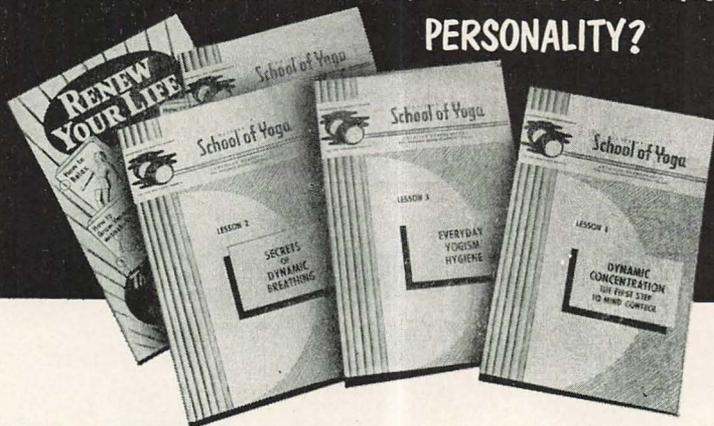
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**FATE**

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VOL. 11—NO

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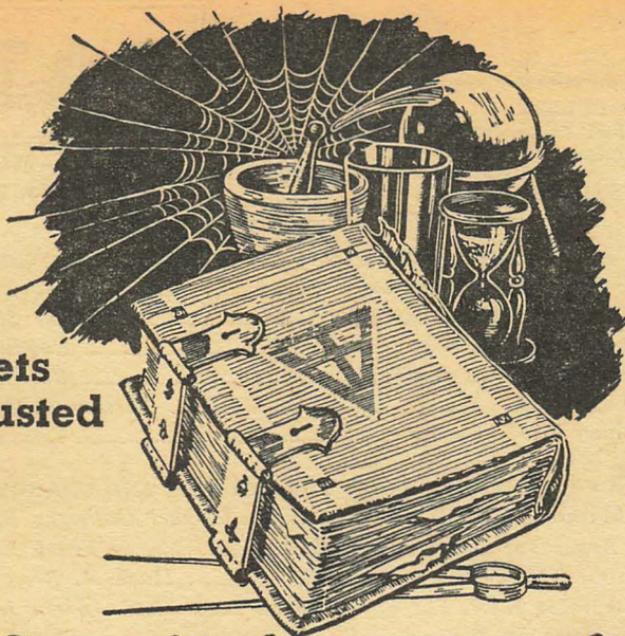
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1958

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**VOL. 11—NO. 1**  
**Issue No. 94**

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# I See by the Papers...

## KEEPS FALLING

Last month we devoted what may have seemed a disproportionate amount of space to the fall of two big chunks of ice on the farm of Edwin Groff near Reading, Pa., on July 30.

Since then the Pennsylvania papers have been full of other ice falls in the state. Although there is a tremendous amount of material, we can't devote every column to this subject so we will try to summarize the main facts.

There was an ice fall at Gowen City, near Shamokin, Pa., on August 14. Then, on September 12, a huge piece of ice plummeted from clear skies through the roof of a warehouse at 510 N. 3rd Street in Philadelphia.

But the biggest and potentially the most serious was a huge ice block that came plunging out of a clear sky on September 8. It struck the roof of a vacant Chester, Pa., home with a resounding crash and showered the area with fragments. Policemen Walter Hoyle and Alfred De Prisco said the street was littered with fragments, some as large as a grapefruit. Pieces were examined by resi-



dents who took some to the police station to be kept frozen for later examination.

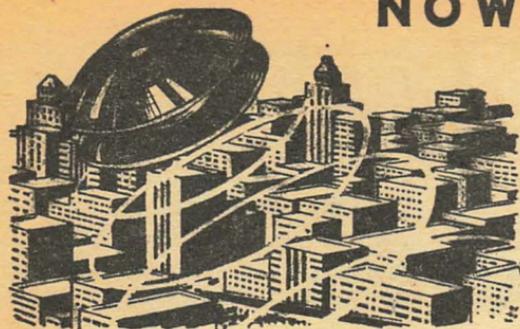
Police said that if any of the larger fragments had struck a passerby they could have been lethal. They knocked a big hole in the slate roof of the house in addition to showering on the street, and narrowly missed a day nursery where 20 children were playing.



## BUT WHERE FROM?

The attitude in Pennsylvania this last summer was different from the attitude toward most previous ice falls. The residents had been alerted by the earlier falls

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and scientists were ready to examine the pieces and to venture an opinion as to what they were.

First of all, Dr. Malcolm J. Reider, head of a firm of chemical research consultants, reiterated his opinion quoted in FATE last month that the ice was composed of fused hailstones. Dr. Reider gave this verdict after examining the ice that had fallen on the Edwin Groff farm near Reading on July 30. In all cases the ice showed a high alkalinity and also high contents of nitrite, calcium and magnesium. Other chunks that fell in Camp Hill and Philadelphia had a lower alkaline content and a lower hardness, Dr. Reider found.

But other agencies were not satisfied with Dr. Reider's theory that the ice chunks were fused hailstones carried aloft by the jet stream—that high velocity ribbon of air that circles the northern hemisphere.

Henry P. Adams, weatherman at Philadelphia, got a piece of the ice that fell at Chester, wrapped it in aluminum foil, and took it back to his offices for examination. His opinion discounts Dr. Reider's theory.

"The chunk that I had was definitely smooth and flat on one side. That makes it doubtful that it come from hailstones," he said. "On the other hand, the ice was not clear. It was kind of milky

with air bubbles in it. That indicates that it was not man-made."



THE GOVERNMENT  
ENTERS THE PICTURE

Adams checked with the Air Force to see whether the ice might have formed on the wing of an aircraft. One Air Force man assured him that ice that big never forms on wings. Adams made an official report to Washington.

A few days later, the Civil Aeronautics Administration became interested. If big chunks of ice are floating around in the air they want to know about it. They are examining specimens they have and would like more. The CAA has asked anyone observing such falls to try to freeze the ice and hold it for CAA investigators.

Airline spokesmen generally discount the idea that the ice could have come from planes. All water used internally on a plane, waste water and the like, is collected in tanks and emptied after the planes land.

A spokesman for TWA said, "If this ice were coming from planes we certainly would have had these occurrences all along."

The Air Force is also concerned but offers no explanation. A spokesman for the Air Force told the *Philadelphia Bulletin* that pilots are under rigid instructions

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never to dump any water from their planes. He pointed out the grave danger of a chunk of ice being sucked into the intake of a jet aircraft where it might do considerable damage.

Thus far no one is sure where the ice comes from. But this time, at least, no one seems to be doubting that it is coming.



### SCORE TWO FOR THE BIBLE

Late last summer two archeological expeditions uncovered additional proofs of the historical accuracy of the Bible.

Dr. James B. Pritchard of the University of Pennsylvania Museum discovered the ancient biblical pool of Gibeon and after restoration, the spring of ancient Israel flowed again after 25 centuries. The site is only eight miles north of Jerusalem.

The archeologists discovered the pool 82 feet down in hard limestone where it had originally been excavated by ancient engineers who dug a cylindrical pit 37 feet in diameter and 33 feet deep. Then they carved a spiral stairway against the face of the pit and offset a tunnel to the 82-foot level where they found the water which was used in the flourishing wine-making industry of Gibeon. The area was laid waste by King Nebuchadnezzar in 587 B.C.

Dr. Nelson Glueck, president of Hebrew Union College used the Bible to uncover the ancient copper mines of King Solomon. He remembered a passage from the eighth chapter and ninth verse of Deuteronomy:

*“. . . for the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land. . . whose stones are iron and out of whose hills thou canst dig copper.”*

Dr. Glueck uncovered the mines on a wind-swept rift known to the Arabs as Wadi el Arabah by also recalling that mines and smelters need water. He knew that Wadi el Arabah had plenty of water holes, and working on a hunch he found them, where they are already beginning to produce copper.

“It was testimony of the Bible’s fantastic historical memory,” Dr. Glueck told the *Cincinnati Post*. “Some refuse to accept the Bible as historically accurate. But along comes archeology and proves the validity of its background.”

Before this discovery, scientists disputed that King Solomon ever had mined copper. But Dr. Glueck went them one better. He also uncovered nearby, King Solomon’s port of Ezion Geber, on the Gulf of Aqabah, from where the copper could be exported.

“We still don’t know where Solomon’s ships went, but we believe he got gold in exchange for copper,” Dr. Glueck explains.

"We believe Solomon traded with the Persian kings, for the Bible says his ships came back laden with gold and spice. They weren't giving those things away, so we assume the exchange was copper."



### OTHER DIGGINGS

More discoveries are continually coming from the Arabian Peninsula and the Fertile Crescent. Recently an Iraqi archeological mission discovered the ancient Assyrian temple of Pleidas, built around 2800 years ago.

Engineers were excavating for a new road when they found historic bricks. Dr. Naji Al-Assil, director general of antiquities, immediately flew to the site and began excavation work.

In addition to the temple, beautiful artifacts were uncovered, including 14 tables with legs fashioned like lion's paws.

Other new discoveries are being made in Pella, Greece, where a marvelous ancient city covering 900 acres was destroyed by the Romans and later used as a quarry for the construction of new towns. An elaborate water system carried in terra cotta pipes and beautiful mosaics has been unearthed. One mosaic covers 80 square feet and shows Dionysus riding on a panther's back.

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### THE ANCIENT KEYS

The deciphering of two more ancient languages is about to throw new light on two great civilizations.

Perhaps most important is the solution to the ancient Cretan script recently announced by Prof. Cyrus H. Gordon of Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass.

In 1952 the Englishman, Michael Ventris, who died last year at the age of only 34, achieved one of the most illustrious triumphs in archeological research by translating the Cretan Linear Script B, which dates from the 16th Century B.C.

But the Linear Script A was considerably older and had resisted 50 years of intensive work by scholars. Now Professor Gordon has discovered that Linear A was a script employing pictographic and syllabic signs and was actually Akkadian, the language of Babylon.

Thus Linear A was written in the Akkadian language, while Ventris discovered that Linear B was ancient Greek.

But there is another Cretan script still undeciphered—a hieroglyphic writing at least 300 years older than Linear A.

Like the Linear B scripts, tablets so far translated in Linear A contain lists and inventories, records of business transactions and so on. No literary texts have been found.

Meanwhile, in the absence of such texts the actual Cretan language is still a mystery, and Dr. Gordon is convinced there must have been both an indigenous language and writing because of the high degree of civilization which the Cretans had developed.

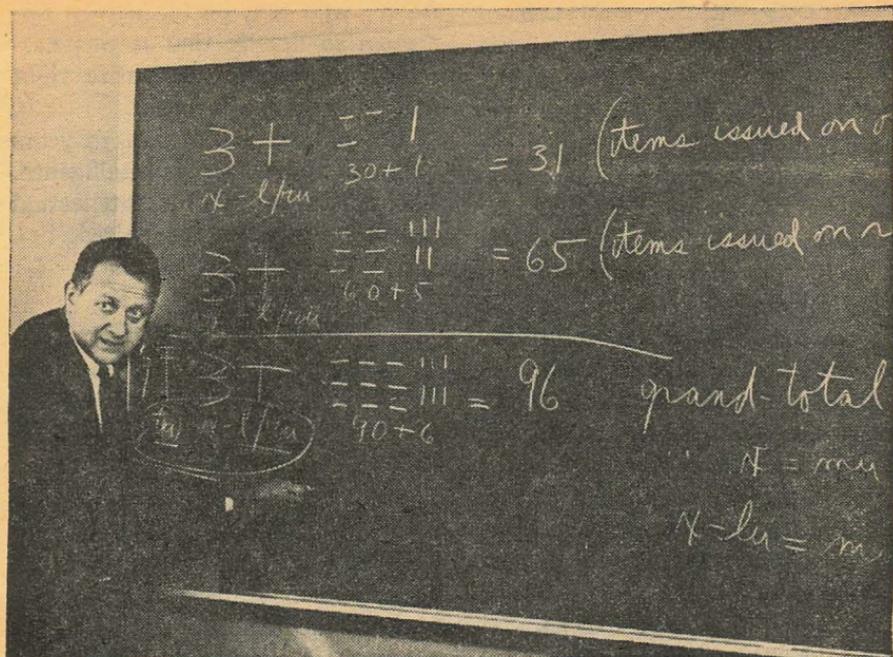


### MYSTERIOUS ETRUSCANS

The second language which may now be deciphered is the mysterious old Etruscan; spoken by the inhabitants of Italy conquered by the Romans. Recently Prof. Renato Bartoccini, superintendent of southern Tuscany, was told that peasants were secretly trying to sell archeological material. This is forbidden in Italy and the law is strictly enforced.

Bartoccini sent inspectors to the town and discovered Etruscan relics were involved. As a result Bartoccini located the ancient site of Vulci, the metropolis of the 12 towns which formed the Etruscan nation. Unlike the other Etruscan towns, Vulci had surrendered to the Romans and so was not destroyed.

In the ruins was found a tablet written in Latin by a slave who had been freed. Now the archeologists are trying to find a bilingual inscription which will help to decode the mysterious Etruscan language which has never been deciphered.



Dr. Cyrus H. Gordon demonstrates how he deciphered the ancient Cretan Linear A script by relating it to Akkadian, the language of Babylon. Thus two of the three Minoan scripts have been cracked and we shall soon solve many puzzles of Crete.

#### TIME PROBLEM

Mr. Einstein taught that time passes more slowly on objects traveling at high speeds than at slow speeds. He also taught that time stops for an object traveling at the speed of light.

The question that has bothered theoretical physicists for some time is this: Was Mr. Einstein's theory right?

Present methods of measurement do not detect any slowdown of time on fast-moving objects, but present measuring methods are not

really very accurate as yet.

Now the Russians are working on a project to produce an electronic wave that does not vary in frequency by more than one part in 1,000,000,000,000. If they can do that, they may be able to detect time changes even on objects moving only a few thousands of miles per hour—such as rockets, for example. But they admit they are still far from that goal. However, they do know—things traveling at the speed of light increase in weight.

### ALONG THE SEA BOTTOM

Something that swims in the ocean is also walking along its bottom and leaving its footprints there.

Dr. A. S. Laughton of the National Institute of Oceanography recently told the British Association for the Advancement of Science, meeting in Dublin, that he has photographed these footprints but hasn't solved the mystery.

Dr. Laughton lowered a camera nearly three miles down to the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. One thing he photographed was a fish 10 feet long with hypnotic staring eyes. He also found sponges three feet in diameter.

And he found the tracks. "It would be interesting to know what makes them," he said. "We have studied the pictures closely for evidence of something at the end of these tracks. So far we have not found it."



### HALF A BRAIN IS BETTER THAN NONE

Psychologists have tried for years to "map" the human brain and determine which parts, if any, dominate specific higher mental functions.

Early in September a sensational report was made to the American Psychological Association by Drs. Jan H. Bruell and George W.

Albee, who had performed an operation so drastic that it was necessary to remove the entire right half of a patient's brain.

The patient was a man 39 years old, with above average intelligence. The operation left his intellectual capacity virtually unimpaired.



### MEDICINE MURDER

Basutoland is a crowded little African country with 55,000 Basutos living in it. More than half of them are Christians.

But as civilization has advanced upon Basutoland, murders by witches also have increased. Since 1945 there have been 102 reported cases of medicine murder in which a person is slain to obtain human organs for potions supposed to work magic. In the previous 50 years there were only 49 known cases.

There have been eight murders for this purpose so far this year and other cases are under investigation. Apparently many killings are traceable to petty chiefs and headmen who have sought to increase their waning power by using horns containing "human medicine" against political forces they cannot understand.

Medicine murder is difficult to stamp out because the Basutos have a deep belief in the strength of human potions.

## THE WARMER YEARS

The world's climate is getting warmer—at least for the time being—and one of the main reasons may be the influence of man himself, according to Dr. Helmut Landsberg, a top scientist of the U.S. Weather Bureau.

"This is not an official view of the weather bureau, but I personally have the feeling that we have changed the natural surface of the earth so much—replacing forested areas with lots of heat-absorbing asphalt and concrete, for example—that it's conceivable this may have quite a sizeable effect on the frequency of local storms, such as tornados," he said.

Among the sources of man-made heat, Landsberg lists the following:

- Heat absorbing paved roads and brick and concrete buildings.
- More and more heat-belching furnaces.
- Great increase in number of motor vehicles.
- Even the bodily heat of an ever-increasing population.
- Increased amounts of carbon dioxide in the air from industrial and other sources which have produced a "green-house" effect around the planet.

Whatever the total causes may be, the earth has warmed one to two degrees on the average compared with 50 years ago, and most

of this has occurred in the last 30 years.

This may also be responsible for increased numbers of tornadoes and hurricanes, Landsberg believes.



## EARLY DAYS

Did the surface of the earth once look like that of the moon, pitted with huge meteoric craters and their debris?

A new view of the disaster that rained upon the earth and the moon perhaps 300 million years ago has been expressed by Dr. C. S. Beals, astronomer of the Dominion of Canada. The theory has been developed since the recent discovery in Canada of huge meteoric craters which dwarf anything previously known on Earth.

To begin with, scientists now believe that the meteoric debris is the result of the collision of two planets that saturated the solar system about 300 million years ago. This debris rained down upon the Earth and Moon, and probably the other planets.

The moon, having lost its atmosphere, has retained its meteoric craters in their original state, while those on earth have largely been eroded away or buried. The largest crater on the moon is believed to have been caused by a meteorite 10 miles in diameter. Its impact created the 400 to 600-mile

*Mare Iubrium* crater, the largest of the visible craters on the moon.

Recently there was discovered on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay a crater which is about 400 miles in diameter—nearly as large as *Mare Iubrium*. This crater, if indeed it is such, is partly submerged.

Several years ago the two-mile-wide Chubb crater was found on the Ungava Peninsula in the Canadian Arctic. More recently a hole seven to eight miles across was found at Deep Bay, Saskatchewan.

Early in this century a huge meteorite fell in Siberia, destroying everything in an area of hundreds of square miles. The reason more big meteorites do not strike the earth today may well be that most of them have been mopped up in the past 300 million years.



### MYSTERY OF SIGHT

Recently the entire *Washington Merry-Go-Round* column, written by Jack Anderson while Drew Pearson was on vacation, was devoted to the amazing abilities of a Margaret Foes, a young girl, who was tested for three hours by 25 Veterans Administration experts.

Wearing a "fool-proof" blindfold, Margaret read the Bible, traced jagged lines, played checkers, and identified random objects.

Anderson says that the demonstration was conducted by Dr. J. F. Casey, the VA's chief of psychiatry, whose staff designed what they felt to be an impenetrable blindfold. Dr. Casey selected a room at the VA offices which the girl had never seen, and he and his staff gave Margaret both arranged and impromptu tests.

Margaret "received no signals" from her father who wandered about the room chatting with the doctors, and occasionally left it.

The girl had been trained by her father, a 38-year-old railroad foreman, who started experimenting with neighborhood children as they played Blind Man's Bluff. He claims several youngsters have picked up the ability to see while completely blindfolded. One of these children, Jo Anne Ostergren, accompanied the Foes' to Washington and demonstrated her abilities. Foes hopes to use his training method to teach the blind to see.

After the demonstration one psychiatrist suggested, "It's conceivable some new portion of the brain may have been discovered."

The next day, however, Dr. Casey called a two-hour post mortem, according to Jack Anderson. He made it clear that his staff would become a laughing stock if they admitted that the girl actually could see without eyes. Since they all agreed that she had re-

ceived no "signals," they concluded that their own "foolproof" blind-fold must have failed.

Well, that's how it goes.



#### OUT OF THE TEST TUBE . . .

The age-old mystery of life may be solved in just a few years, American scientists recently told an international symposium in Moscow. S. L. Miller, a biochemist of Columbia University, declared, "I believe we will see life created in the laboratory within our lifetime."

Another American, Melvin Calvin of the University of California in Berkeley, said, "Many things can interrupt. Discovery could be thousands of years away. But I do not believe that. I would say life under laboratory conditions is a few dozen years ahead—three dozen years."



#### CURSED MONEY

Late in August, so many winners of major lotteries drawn in Australia had died within a few weeks of each other Australians were saying that to win was the "kiss of death."

Herbert Chun of Mudgee, New South Wales, won \$70,000. He died of heart failure in an ambulance.

William Lane, winner of \$250,000, died in six weeks of cancer.

The money he won had vanished.

Arthur Dyer won \$30,000 and was killed by a car three weeks later.

Harold Richards won \$200,000 and died four months later.

Annie Harris, 80, won \$20,000. On the day of the draw she was found dead in her home.

James Cooper won \$25,000 and then shot a Sydney policeman. He was declared insane.

Walter Westerer's ticket won first prize, but he died the day before the drawing.



#### ON THE NATURE OF MATTER

One of the great problems confronting FATE, as we never tire of mentioning, is the nature of reality—the nature of matter. A few months ago we discussed the problem as it related to matter and anti-matter.

It has been generally contended that anti-matter and matter would annihilate each other if brought into contact. If this is true, it would dispose of the possibility that some of the unexplained things we describe in FATE could be explained if they were made of anti-matter.

Now it appears that further research into the problem by science holds that matter and anti-matter would not necessarily destroy each other.

The International Conference on Nuclear Structure at the Weismann Institute of Science heard the results of research which suggests that there exist two types of neutrinos—a left-handed neutrino and a right-handed neutrino.

In addition, the experiments suggest that the left-handed anti-neutrino also has a right-handed twin.

William L. Laurence of the *New York Times* reports that "Despite the fact that the left-handed neutrino is the opposite of the right-handed neutrino, the two would not annihilate each other as do the right-handed neutrino and the left-handed anti-neutrino. Similarly, the right-handed and left-handed twins of the anti-neutrino would not annihilate each other on meeting."

So the way is still open to explain much so-called "phenomena" in terms of anti-matter.



#### BRIEF NOTES FROM ALL OVER

- Philadelphia was showered with four-inch strips of tinfoil which fell in huge quantities in the Penn Valley area. Golfers at two clubs were stymied by the foil.

- Mrs. Paul Stratas of Hughson, Calif., was at work in nearby Modesto when she got a feeling something was wrong at home. She called her father, Harry Schulze, and asked him to check on her 13-

year-old son Nicky. Schulze hurried over—five minutes too late. A shotgun had fallen off Nicky's bicycle handlebars and killed him.

- A search party was scouring the woods in Yemassee, S.C., early in September, for "the thing." It is described by observers who have seen it through field-glasses as a lionish-looking animal about five feet long and five feet high with a bushy tail and yellow-brown color. It bellows "hideously."

- It rained four-inch eels at Piacenza, Italy, in June. Unfortunately they were an inedible variety.

- An 11,000-foot underwater mountain has been discovered 800 miles northeast of Hawaii by engineers plotting the route of a new telephone cable.

- Symptoms of illness have been produced in normal persons by suggesting specific emotional attitudes under hypnosis at the Malcolm Bliss Psychiatric Hospital in St. Louis. Symptoms included high temperatures and high blood pressure.

- Russian explorer Dr. E. I. Tolstikov, recently back from the Arctic, says there are probably two magnetic poles. He also reports evidence that the bottom of the Arctic ocean once was dry land.

- While a TV program about a "bombing attack" was scaring the daylights out of thousands of peo-

ple in Connecticut last September, the residents of the Russian Black Sea city of Tuaspe fled hysterically to the countryside over a too-realistic newspaper fiction story depict-

ing the end of the earth. They hadn't waited to read the last installment in which Soviet scientists liquidated the menace (naturally).  
—*Curtis Fuller.*



### HIDDEN IN THE SUBCONSCIOUS

A STRANGE story of the workings of the subconscious mind recently was told by television star Dave Garroway in the "Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine." In 1930, Garroway wrote, he won \$300 in a dice game behind his high school in University City, Mo. He took the money home and placed it between the pages of a book titled "The Gold Hunters," which he hid on the top shelf of his closet.

The next day, he said, he discovered that the book and its contents had disappeared. He searched the entire apartment, in which he was living alone while his parents were away, but found no trace of the book or the money. He was certain the money had not been stolen as he had not left the apartment after hiding it.

Four years later, while at Washington University, Garroway related his experience with the \$300 to a professor of abnormal psychology, who said Garroway unknowingly may have moved the money to another hiding place. The pro-

fessor suggested hypnosis as a means of probing Garroway's subconscious, and they began a series of hypnoses which lasted for several weeks. Garroway said that gradually he was able to recall every detail of the period during which he had the \$300 in the apartment, but for some reason his mind had blocked off a two-hour interval on the night the money and the book had vanished without a trace.

While he and the professor were struggling to bridge this time-gap, Garroway wrote, he woke one morning to find in bed with him the book "The Gold Hunters." The \$300 still was inside it. Garroway's feet were black and the bedcovers were streaked with dirt. Apparently, while unconscious, he had recalled where he had hidden the money and had gone to his old apartment, several blocks away, to retrieve it. But, he asks, how would he have gotten in? And how could he have walked the distance in cold January weather, in his bare feet?

Mental illness and neuroses are cured by witch doctors using hallucinogenic fungi, according to the latest reports coming from Mexico.

# MAGIC MUSHROOMS HEAL THE SICK

*By Manuel Gutierrez Balcazar*

*SPECIAL NOTE: The "magic mushrooms" reported in FATE and in other national magazines may soon be used to cure mental illness, according to Dr. Sam I. Stein, Chicago psychiatrist. Dr. Stein revealed late in September that he has been experimenting with them since 1949. With Prof. Rolph Singer, head of the University of Argentina Botany Depart-*

*ment who made an expedition to Mexico to gather a supply of the mushrooms, a research program has been underway at the Bertram and Roberta Stein Bureau of Neuropsychiatric Research in Chicago. Dr. Stein believes that neuroses are biological, not psychological in origin and may be cured by the drugs contained in the mushrooms.*

IT was in Huautla de Jimenez, according to Doctor Gutierrez Tibon, that Mr. R. Gordon Wasson, author of a recent article in LIFE Magazine, experimented with the rare "magic" mushrooms which possess vision-giving powers.

High in the heart of the Oaxacan Sierra Madre, in an amphitheater

surrounded by imposing mountains, this Mazateca Indian city lies. Few tourists go to Huautla, for to reach it one must travel more than 10 hours on horseback from Teotitlan del Camino. Much of this travel is along the rims of deep, grandiose precipices.

The landscape is alpine but the

vegetation is tropical. Coffee, bananas, and oranges flourish here, 5,925 feet above sea level.

The city has only 8,000 inhabitants. All of them speak *Mazateco*, the native Indian dialect; and half of them speak Spanish also. Their native tongue has two forms: one spoken, the other whistled! By means of whistled notes the *Huautecos* converse from one mountain side to another, and they can whistle messages on a multitude of themes. These tonal idioms are awe-inspiring to hear.

The proud *Huautecos* have preserved their traditions intact through the passing centuries. When there is need for a road or a school they have recourse to the *tequio*. The *tequio*, or duty-labor, is the free-giving of one workday per week for public projects. All the able-bodied men, rich and poor alike, undertake the tasks happily. They consider this day a social gathering—a fiesta of solidarity.

Every market day the municipal president makes a speech before the people during which he outlines the public work to be carried out. Then the *tequitlatos*, town-criers, announce the proposed labor in all quarters of the city, entoning in unison a long and sonorous "O-O-O-O." One day each week the *tequitlatos* call the workers together by blowing great conchshells, just as their ancestors blew



them 2000 years ago. And the men of Huautla come to work for the benefit of the community.

Their agriculture is guided by the pre-Hispanic calendar. Their ancestors divided the year into 18 months, each month consisting of 20 days. This is exactly the same as the Aztec calendar except that the *nemontemi*, the five useless days of the Aztec calendar, are added by the *Huautecos* to their last month, *quinta*. Thus the 365 days of the year are accounted for. These "five useless" days are called *Quintaun* and no agricultural work is done at that time.

The *Huautecos* are pure-blooded Indians who take pride in their race. Although whites and *mestizos* are welcomed in Huautla as visitors, for pleasure or business, they are not permitted to establish

themselves there, for the *Huautecos* wish to preserve their way of life, their traditions, customs, and religious rites.

This does not mean that they are opposed to progress—indeed, few communities in Mexico are so progressive. Electricity was installed in 1936, in even the poorest homes. They have schools and public services. There are a number of small airfields on which small, private planes can land. In the Oaxacan ranges everyone flies; the *Mazatecos* fly; the *Mijes* fly; the *Cuicatecos* fly. Even the women, with their embroidered *huipiles* and bare feet, fly.

This, then, is Huautla de Jimenez, where the Mexico of today joins the Mexico of yesterday—and where Mr. Wasson found the “magic” mushroom.

No one knows how long the hallucinogenic mushrooms had been used in Mexico before the advent of the white man in the first half of the 16th century. Existing artifacts indicate that the strange powers of these mushrooms were known, utilized, and revered by the aborigines as far back as 1000 B.C. The first written mention we have of them comes from the pen of Fray Bernardino de Sahagun, shortly after the Spanish conquest of Mexico.

“There is a species of mushroom in this land,” wrote Fray Bern-

ardino, “called *teonanacatl*, which grows among the grasses in the fields, or in the cold highlands. They are round, and have a long, slender, round stem. Their flavor is very bad, and they hurt the throat and cause drunkenness. Their medicinal use is for fevers and gout, in which case only two or three should be eaten and no more. Those who eat them see visions and feel palpitations of the heart; and those who eat many of them are incited to lust.”

Fray Toribio de Benavente, commonly known as “Motolinia,” was another of the friars following closely on the heels of the Spanish *conquistadores* who distinguished himself, both as a student of Indian antiquities and as a friend of the natives. He also spoke of the bad flavor of the mushrooms, adding that they often were eaten with a small amount of honey to overcome their bitter taste.

“These mushrooms are called in their tongue *teonanacatl*, which means flesh of the god, the demon which they worship,” he tells us. And, after describing the manner of ingestion, he suggests: “And in the said manner, with that bitter food, their cruel god gave them communion.”

An astute investigator of the unusual, Dr. Gutierre Tibon, has been profoundly interested in the magic mushrooms for many years. He has

Manuel Gutierrez Balcazar was editor-in-chief of a Mexico City daily newspaper for 12 of the 20 years he has been a newspaperman. He studied in Europe and later was a European correspondent for his newspaper. He is now devoting himself to writing for various Mexican publications. Some of his articles have been translated into English, Portuguese, French and German and have been published throughout the world. Recently he has become especially interested in anthropological and archeological subjects and in this article he shows a capacity for sound research and extensive analysis that greatly expands the information heretofore available on the "magic mushrooms."

written about them, and has patiently compiled a bibliography of more than 80 works which were published in Mexico, the United States, France, Sweden, Germany, and other parts of the world.

Dr. Tibon is an authority on archeology, anthropology, ethnology, Mexican history, and aboriginal languages, traditions, and folklore. Italian by birth but Mexican by heart, he knows Mexico better than do most Mexicans. With his eyes, mind, and heart wide open, he has travelled its ranges and valleys by air, rail, automobile, horse-back, mule-back, and on foot. He has breathed in the magic in the air of Mexico and—he has understood.

"It was in Huautla," Dr. Tibon told me, "that I got my first glimpse into the marvellous world of pre-Hispanic magic which still exists there. The *Mazateco* witch-doctors preserve, almost intact, the rites of centuries, except that, now, after more than four centuries of

proselytizing they are strangely mixed with Christian doctrine.

"In the course of several trips to Huautla I discovered the survival of the magic rites and the use—medicinal and divine—of the hallucinatory mushrooms. In their language the smaller ones are called *ndi-shi-to* and the larger, *ndi-qui-sho*. There are various species but all are known by the native generic name of *teonanacatl* which, translated, means "flesh of the god." Among the natives of the *Mazateco* region there exists the firm belief that these mushrooms must not be sold; they are offered freely during the mushroom-eating rites, very much as the host and wine are offered in the Christian communion. An expert witch-doctor, *male-venda*, must prescribe their use for they can produce serious psychical complications.

"The *male-venda* of the Oaxacan mountain ranges treat certain psychic illnesses by a technique which has many parallels with

psychoanalysis. The *Mazatecos* believe that a relationship exists between their bad actions and their punishment, which is manifested in the form of illness. According to them, pain has its origin in a "sin" which has been committed, or in a curse imposed by a witch-doctor. Only those who are free from all "sin" are impervious to charms and sorcery.

"The *male-venda* must discover, through divination rites with maize (another rite of pre-Hispanic origin), the primary cause of his patient's suffering. The patient knows, for it is part of his atavistic beliefs, that the illness from which he suffers is caused by a "sin"; but he does not know, or does not admit to himself, what that "sin" has been. The *male-venda* must help him to discover and reveal it. To accomplish this, the hallucinogenic mushrooms, which put the patient in a sort of trance, are used. Under the influence of the mushrooms the *male-venda* questions the patient and, by means of regression, discovers the nature of his hidden deflection. Without being aware of the mechanics involved, he resorts to catharsis, eliciting the causal complex and carrying it to the field of the conscious, thus enabling the patient to express the mental reaction produced.

"The *male-venda* does not know

the word "catharsis," but he does know its therapeutic value. From a cultural aspect he is separated from us by centuries—but he nonetheless demonstrates modern psycho-therapeutic methods. Some *male-venda* attain such fame that patients come from Mexico City, the capital of the Republic, making the hard journey to the mountain fastness of Huautla in order to consult them. There is a *male-venda* in Ayautla, eight hours by horse from Huautla, who has many patients from Mexico City."

Dr. Salvador Guerra, a distinguished physician of Huautla, recounted the following case: "A short time ago a young lady of the middle class was brought here from Mexico City. She was a schizophrenic whom the psychiatrists of the capital considered incurable—I believe with reason. I knew the poor girl in the capital. She was a typical case: completely incoherent in conversation; delirious; anti-social. I saw her again recently, several months after her treatment by the Ayautla witch-doctor, and I cannot tell you my surprise! She herself opened the door to me and welcomed me into her home. She spoke like the most normal of persons, giving not the slightest sign of any mental confusion. I imagine that the witch-doctor administered the magic-mushrooms in shock doses.

"I have to admit," continued Dr. Guerra, "that many witch doctors have accomplished astonishing cures. There is something in their traditional remedies which produces curative results. In ancient Mexico the therapeutic value of many plants and mushrooms was well known. The *Mazatecos*, the *Zapotecos*, the *Mijes* and others have preserved until our time some remnants of the science of their ancestors.

"In primitive medicine there is always an inextricable mixture of empyric practices which, notwithstanding their primitive origin, have a certain scientific basis. This is generally combined with mystical beliefs which are completely indefensible from a conventional point of view. The witch-doctors of Huautla use: the interrogation, to which the patient eventually responds without inhibition, in more acute cases this inhibition is achieved definite psycho-therapeutic mushrooms; a knowledge of the medicinal value of many herbs; the absolute confidence the patient places in them permits them to achieve definite psycho-therapeutic results."

Let your imagination take you to a hut in the *Mazateca sierra*. It is night. A deep and silent night in July, in Huautla. . . . The feeble light of a candle wavers in the humble house. The witch-doctor,

or *curandero*, arrives at twilight, coming by way of the pine-bordered path so that no one shall see him. The patient is lying in the center of the room on a *petate*, covered with a white cotton sheet. Incense, *copal*, rises smokily from a three-legged censer. The doors are closed, the only other persons in the room are elders who have passed the age of desire, and children. These are the witnesses.

The respiration of the patient is labored. From time to time he groans. The witch-doctor is at his side. The ancients and child-witnesses watch silently from a corner. . . .

Speaking in a low voice, as though praying, the witch doctor commends the patient to the saints—to St. John, St. Augustine, St. Joseph, St. Lawrence, St. Anthony and, of course, to St. Michael. Then he beseeches the *chiccoun*, the powerful lords and spirits of nature, to have pity on the patient so that the mushrooms, *ndi-shi-to*, will not be harmful to him.

Eventually it is midnight. The *copal* smoke curls lazily around the head on the *petate*. Everything is calm, for all noise must be avoided lest the patient go mad. The witch-doctor extinguishes the candle. In the darkness he takes two heads of the divine mushrooms and puts them into the mouth of the sufferer who chews and swal-

lows them without water, making a great effort. The witch-doctor, meanwhile, eats four of them. In a little while they both repeat the same doses. Now the patient rests, while the witch-doctor eats eight more mushroom heads—in all there are 16 heads for him, and only four for the patient. The latter sighs, complains, says that he feels nauseated. Little by little he becomes tranquil, breathes rhythmically and then enters a kind of stupor . . .

When less than a half hour has passed the witch-doctor feels his patient's wrist—to know "what the blood says." He asks the patient quietly: "How do you feel?"

"Better," answers the patient in a thin voice.

"Why have you become ill?"

"I don't know. I don't know!"

"Yes, you do know, only you don't want to tell me."

"I don't know! What do you want me to tell you?"

"Are you content?"

"With what?"

"With everything. Is everything all right?"

Silence. . . .

The dialogue continues into the night. The patient slowly divulges his difficulties, his interior conflicts, his most intimate anguishes. He confesses the unconfessable. Nothing remains hidden. He speaks of the present and the past. He

remembers incidents which bothered his infancy. . . .

Then he falls silent. The hallucinations provoked by the mushrooms are beginning.

The witch-doctor has not lost a word. He ties threads, makes deductions, and reasons with clarity.

Very shortly the patient has fantastic visions, seen in beautiful colors. He laughs, and gives out small screams of pleasure. The mushrooms also are affecting the witch-doctor. He speaks incessantly in a loud voice, asking the *chiccoun* to pardon the sufferer. And he prays to the saints with great fervor. Finally he pronounces incoherent words, which the witnesses interpret as a dialogue with the spirits. . . .

The effect of the mushrooms wears off in about six or seven hours.

The patient does not remember his conversation with the witch-doctor, but he is still full of the same euphoric delight occasioned by the hallucinations. He feels better in general and is confident that the *male-venda* has discovered the source of his illness.

The witch-doctor's task is now more simple. He prescribes the curative medicines. He gives instructions for the further care of his patient, for during his convalescence the patient must observe absolute chastity and under no

circumstances is his diet to be altered by the gifts made to him by friends.

Thus, the *curanderos* of Huautla accomplish marvellous cures which even yet disconcert learned doctors. Many centuries before Sigmund Freud was born in Vienna primitive "magic" in remote Indian villages of Mexico employed a kind of psychoanalysis.

The Spanish missionaries who arrived in Mexico after the Spanish Conquest felt a holy horror for this

"black-magic." The modern scientist finds an incentive to study, to learn how much of this magic of the Indians may constitute a valuable addition to modern science.

The *teonanacatl* is now being studied in laboratories in New York and Paris. Perhaps, on one not-too-distant day, these "magic" mushrooms will contribute substantially to the cure of many of the psychic ills which now afflict mankind.

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### DATING MODERN MAN

RECENTLY Dr. Cesare Emiliani of the Enrico Fermi Institute of the University of Chicago published in "Science" the results of researches he carried out to determine just when *Homo Sapiens*, or modern man, first appeared on earth.

Scientists usually have dated fossils by estimating the age of the stratum in which they were found. Dr. Emiliani, however, based his researches on atomic dating methods applied to fossil shellfish brought up in cores from the bottom of the Caribbean Sea. The proportions of oxygen 16 and 18 contained in the cores indicated what the temperature of the ocean must have been thousands of years ago. Ocean temperature is linked to climate, which in turn is linked to the ap-

pearance of man on the face of this earth.

Dr. Emiliani checked this finding by means of the radio-carbon method of dating. This method, he said, made it possible to determine when the variations in ocean temperature occurred. It was found that there were four major cycles of temperature change and that these corresponded with four ice ages. The dates obtained for these were compared to dates obtained by paleontologists in studies of human fossils found in Africa. As a result Dr. Emiliani has concluded that man was present on earth at least 50,000 years ago. He admits his studies are not conclusive because too few fossils have been found, but his estimate is considered the best so far published.

# Mystery of

"No grave shall hold me," the doomed man vowed—  
then he was hanged and buried but his prophecy came true.

*By Bill Wharton*

**J**OHAN GEBHARD met the eyes of the elderly priest unflinchingly. He reached out and took the Bible from the priest's hand.

"This book," he said, holding the Bible aloft, "is my life and my faith. I believe in this book. I take oath on it and swear before God that I did not kill Pierre Villiers. I am innocent."

Father Dupre avoided Gebhard's steady gaze as he whispered, "I believe you, my son, but they have decreed that you must be hanged this morning."

The words barely left the priest's lips when there was a rattle of keys and the cell door opened to reveal two soldiers and the prison governor.

Governor Willemse of the Paarl, Cape Province, penitentiary stepped into the cell with a black bordered document in his hand, his eyes on the 23-year-old condemned man. Gebhard rose from the wooden bench on which he had been sitting and faced the governor calmly.

"John Wilhelm Gebhard," the warden intoned in even measured

tones, "you were convicted by the High Court on October 25, 1856, on a charge of murdering Pierre Villiers, a farm laborer, by strangling him. The sentence of the court was that you be hanged by your neck until you are dead. I have now come to execute that sentence. Have you anything to say?"

Calmly and without emotion Gebhard said, "I am innocent."

He permitted the soldiers to tie his hands behind his back and, with the priest incanting the prayer for the dying behind him, Gebhard walked swiftly and unfalteringly to the improvised gallows in the prison yard. He climbed the 13 steps to the platform unaided and looked for a moment at the rope swaying gently in the morning breeze; then he looked up at the liquid blue sky.

The priest started reading the burial service as the executioner moved towards Gebhard. The prisoner smiled at the uneasy priest.

"Do not waste your time on the burial service, Father," he cried. "They can destroy this body of mine but my immortal soul they cannot kill."

the

## MISSING CORPSE

Then the executioner raised the black hood to slip it over his head. Gebhard felt the tight throttling of the coarse hempen rope; then, turning toward the priest, he said his last words.

"No grave shall hold me. My body you may destroy, my soul never. You shall not imprison me in a grave because I am innocent of this crime."

A moment later his body swung at the end of the rope. Uneasy silence and electric tenseness filled the penitentiary yard. The prison doctor examined the body an hour later and certified Gebhard dead. His body was placed in a plain black coffin whose lid was nailed down and sealed by the prison warden before it was transported to an eight-foot deep grave on the lower slopes of the Paarl mountains. A stone cairn was raised on it.

"An attempt may be made to remove the body for burial in consecrated ground," the British governor of the Cape of Good Hope declared. "Place a guard over it night and day for the next three months."

### Hanged for Murder, Was He Innocent?

"Sunday Times" Correspondent

PAARL, Saturday.—In the Huguenot Museum at Paarl is a heavy tombstone of black slate bearing the name of a young man, J. W. Gebhard, who was hanged more than a century ago. It was alleged that he had murdered a farm hand.

But was there a miscarriage of justice? Mr. S. P. H. de Villiers, who is almost 90 and was formerly Mayor of Paarl for 17 years, said this week that the farm hand stole wine and, as a punishment, Gebhard tied him up.

A shepherd who owed the farm hand a grudge saw the farm hand tied up and decided to take his revenge. He killed him and left the body where Gebhard had tied him up.

Gebhard was held to have killed the farm hand. After the execution he was buried on the lower slopes of Paarl Mountain. When the grave was later dug up it was found to be empty.

But the tombstone was found and it has been given a place in the Huguenot Museum.

In eight-hour shifts around the clock, soldiers stood guard over the grave of the executed man.

John Gebhard's mother had a black marble tombstone erected on his grave.

Then, barely six weeks later, Joseph De Villiers, the owner of the ranch where Gebhard had been foreman at the time of the murder, entered his new foreman's quarters unexpectedly one day. Pieter Lorenz, who had been promoted to foreman following the arrest and conviction of Gebhard, hastily slid a purse he had been handling under a pillow. But he wasn't quick enough.

"Let me see that purse," De Villiers demanded, snatching it from under the pillow.

"This purse belonged to Pierre Villiers, the man who was murdered. It was never found. How do you come to be in possession of it?"

"I—I found it," Lorenz faltered.

"Perhaps you also have the ring and watch which were stolen from the body of Villiers!"

"You can't search my room!" Lorenz snapped. But as De Villiers moved towards the mattress to lift it, Lorenz rushed from the room. De Villiers ran in pursuit and quickly caught him and tied him to a fence post while he sent another man to fetch the police. The murdered man's gold ring and watch were found under the mat-

tress of Lorenz's bed.

"You told the court that you saw Gebhard with Villiers just before Villiers was found strangled; you also said that you heard Gebhard threatening Villiers," De Villiers declared as they waited for the arrival of the police.

"Yes! Yes! I killed Villiers!" Lorenz suddenly screamed. "But a man has already been hanged for the murder. You cannot hang a second man for the same crime!"

When the police arrived, Lorenz screamed, "It wasn't my fault that you hanged Gebhard! I didn't hang him!"

"You hanged him as surely as if you placed the rope around his neck yourself!" the examining magistrate declared bitterly.

In Cape Town the governor of the province heard the news with some confusion.

"Let John Gebhard's name be cleared of this infamous crime," he ordered, "and let his widowed mother receive an immediate sum of 1,000 pounds as compensation for the loss of her son, and an annual pension of 108 pounds until she dies. Let the body of John Wilhelm Gebhard be exhumed and properly interred in consecrated ground in the Paarl cemetery at the expense of the government of the Cape of Good Hope."

The following day a solemn party wound up the slopes of the moun-

tain to the grave where a soldier still stood guard. Gebhard's mother, Anna Katherina Gebhard, insisted on accompanying the exhumation party and stood to one side as the black tombstone and then the cairn was removed before the laborers began to dig down into the hard earth.

Ropes were passed under the coffin. It came up surprisingly light considering that Gebhard had been a young man of about five-feet 10 inches in height, weighing some 180 pounds.

The prison warden checked the coffin and satisfied himself that it was in order, sealed and nailed as it had been on the day when it left the prison with the corpse of the hanged man in it.

In a Paarl mortician's, while officials and Anna Gebhard stood by, the box was opened so that the body could be transferred to a better coffin.

It was empty!

For minutes there was complete consternation. An immediate investigation was launched. The soldiers who had guarded the grave were questioned; from the day of the burial two months previously up to the day when the exhumation took place, the grave had not been unguarded for one minute.

The warden re-examined the seals he had placed on the coffin. They were perfect; no one had

touched them from the moment he had placed them there himself according to legal practice of the day.

Father Dupre, who had accompanied the mother, placed his hand on her arm to comfort her.

"Your son took the Holy Bible in his hand and swore before Almighty God that he was innocent of the crime for which he was to die," the priest said. "He had such great faith that I believe the grave could not hold him."

"But where is his body?" the distraught mother asked.

"I do not know," Father Dupre said softly. "Perhaps no one shall ever know. It is a secret locked up in heaven."

The party returned to the town and a search was instituted for the body. Unidentified graves of person's buried during the past two months were opened and the bodies examined, but the corpse of John Wilhelm Gebhard was never found.

In August, 1956, some young climbers on the Paarl mountains found a black marble slab that resembled a tombstone. But there was no graveyard so high in the mountains. They endeavored to clean off the encrusted dirt of a century and found an indecipherable inscription. They hurried to the Huguenot Museum in Paarl to report their find.

Eminent professors hurried up the mountain, had the tombstone

carefully raised, then brought to the Huguenot Museum where they cleaned off the dirt. The inscription reads:

"Sacred to the memory of John W. Gebhard. Blessed are they that rest in the Lord."

But the body of John Gebhard never has been found. It was proven conclusively that no one had opened the coffin until the day when it was officially exhumed;

that the seals and nails were intact as on the day when the executed man had been interred; that the grave had been guarded night and day in accordance with the governor's orders.

A century ago the words of a man about to die for a crime he did not commit somehow came true.

John Gebhard said, "No grave shall ever hold me." And the grave did not.



## TADPOLES FROM THE SKY

SIXTY-FIVE miles from Albuquerque, N.M., is a cliff of sheer rock which rises 357 feet above the sun-baked wasteland. On its solid rock top, which is some 70 acres in area, is the Indian city of Acoma. Consisting of terraced adobe apartment houses, shops, stores and a cathedral, the city has some 1,500 Indian inhabitants.

The Acomites are farmers and are among the most wealthy of Western Indians. They are smaller in stature than the average Indian, with finely chiseled features.

The background of Acoma is shrouded in mystery. None of its Indian inhabitants knows when the first homes were built. When discovered by the Spanish explorer Alvarado in 1540, the origins of Acoma were

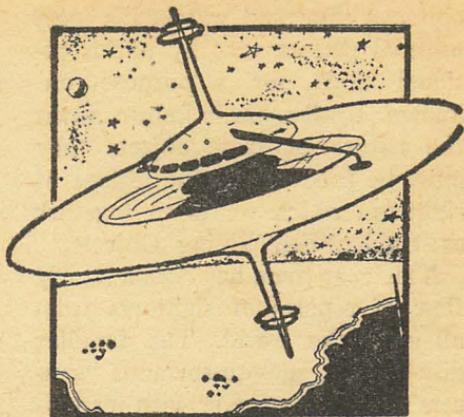
lost in the mists of time.

One of the strange features of Acoma is that all the water holes are filled with tadpoles—creatures one hardly would expect to find on a cliff of sun-beaten bare rock. The Indians believe that the tadpoles rain down from heaven—that they come from God.

The only source of water in Acoma is rain water. At times the water holes on the cliff go dry and the women must go down into the valley with buckets to bring up water to the pueblo. When the drought is prolonged, the water holes are baked hard by the sun. Then it rains—and with the rain, say the Indians, come tadpoles by the thousands. Soon every small hole again is swimming with them.

# FRANK EDWARDS' REPORT

Since flying saucers flashed into the headlines, science has come to realize that instead of being observers we may be the observed. Frank Edwards reveals the vast influence this has had on the direction of scientific research.



## Science Heads

## For Outer Space

**A** REUTERS DISPATCH from Grenoble, France, says that on the night of September 19th the director of a Grenoble engineering firm and four of his staff report they watched five flying saucers over the French Alps for a period of about eight minutes.

They described the things as black, rotating objects which made a noise similar to that of a plane. They performed a series of acrobatics before a white substance, presumably a parachute, emerged

from one of them. Then the objects shot away at supersonic speed toward the Swiss border.

This sighting report is unusual in that it mentions the apparent use of a parachute, which to my knowledge has not hitherto been seen in connection with UFO's. The fact that the witnesses also agreed on plane-like noises may mean that these things were experimental devices which the builders did not care or dare to test in daylight.

What kind of objects they were

remains to be seen. The witnesses were all engineers and in their opinions they had watched a most unusual performance by unconventional craft, for a purpose unknown. Until more is known about the nature of these objects they must be filed among the legions of sightings which we lump together as Unidentified Flying Objects.

This year there has been a steady flow of reports of sightings from all over the world. The familiar disc-shaped, smooth-surfaced "saucers" which maneuver with incredible agility, the occasional rocket-shaped devices that flit across the scene all too briefly have been among them. More than 30 nations now have official projects to investigate these phenomena. France, which has had so many and such weird reports finally has established a UFO project; or perhaps it is more accurate to say that France finally has admitted the existence of such a project.

These various investigating organizations are tacit evidence that there is real, official concern over UFOs; that there is hope that by studying them we can duplicate their characteristics which are so superior to anything we have.

Do the objects, as Dr. Herman Oberth and others have asserted, propel themselves by utilizing the gravitational field as a source of controllable energy?

At this moment I doubt that anyone can answer this question. There can, however, be little doubt in the mind of serious observers that scientists of the world, bulwarked by their national treasuries, are presently engaged in a frantic, all-out search for new forms of power—power to reach the stars. Along the way they sometimes stumble into new fields and unexpected results as they probe at the nature of creation. And this is not surprising, for in the 10 years since the so-called flying saucers first flashed into the headlines *four major nations have spent enormous sums of money and time on preludes to space travel.*

This sudden, world-wide burst of scientific interest in the alleged emptiness of space is due to the fact that we now have reason to believe space is not so empty as we had long thought. We reluctantly have come to the realization that instead of being observers we may be the observed. As Professor Norman Berrill, of McGill University, said, of the possible existence of intelligent life elsewhere in the universe, "Man must accept the realization that in all that really matters, we are not alone."

These thoughts are not new, of course, but I mention them here as the background against which we will examine some of the recent activities and achievements of

science. At great cost, and at the risk of human life in some instances, science is slowly but surely forging a springboard from which man will propel himself into space.

Before a journey into space by man-carrying vehicles is attempted we must know as much as possible about the conditions to be dealt with. High altitude rockets (regarded as impossible 50 years ago and as impractical 30 years ago) now are probing the edges of space for us, bringing back information on temperature, gases and the presence of rays which may be troublesome. The Russians have been sending dogs as high as 200 miles in their rockets to ascertain the effects of acceleration and other conditions which men will eventually face. One such test animal has made nine successful round trips without apparent injury.

But this type of toe-in-the-water exploration, while necessary, is nothing more than a bare beginning.

Our first step into space will be a landing on the moon, of course. What can we expect to find there?

The innumerable photographs of the moon still lack sufficient detail to answer our questions, simply because all of them were taken through a filter—the haze of the earth's atmosphere. Before long, however, an entirely new set of moonscape pictures will be avail-

able to scientists. Three developments make this possible: First, new films of extremely high resolving power, which means that they can record minute details which later can be magnified to usable proportions. Second: Electronic gear, some of it self-controlling and some of it remote-control type, which can find and hold a camera in position on a previously selected target in the heavens (or, God forbid the same gear can guide a death dealing rocket to a city marked for destruction.) Third: Special balloons which can carry cameras and telescopes so high that they are above most of the earth's bothersome haze.

Known as Operation Stratoscope, a giant plastic balloon soared aloft from Minnesota during the closing week of September. In its flight of seven hours the man-made bubble served as a camera platform at about 85,000 feet. There, above the turbulent atmosphere, the electronic gear fixed the telescope on the blazing disc of the sun while the automatic cameras snapped picture after picture. When the last frame of film recorded its picture a tiny transmitter flashed two signals to the Navy researchers down in Minnesota: "Mission accomplished, cameras and telescope being released." Radar picked up the devices as they parachuted to earth. Planes circled the big para-

chute, guiding crewmen to the scene when the gear settled safely to earth in northern Wisconsin. Scientists who developed the films taken from this near-space platform report that they show the seething surface of the sun with a clarity never before seen.

More balloons are being prepared to carry cameras and telescopes aloft where they can take pictures of the surface of the moon. Within a few months we should have a really good idea of what our satellite looks like. Snapped at a great altitude these special films and cameras should tell us a great deal which, until now, we have only been able to guess at. Our scientists should be able to say what the mysterious tiny white domes are—and whether the strange geometrical lines reported by Gruithuisen and many others are artificial street-like arrangements or are caused by some natural phenomena.

First, the new and finer photographs of the moon must be carefully studied and evaluated. We must know everything possible in advance of that great day when the first men (or women!) set foot on the moon. Once the landing has been made, it is imperative that we be able to communicate with our outpost and this, too, is being arranged.

On February 24, 1957, Benjamin S. Yaplee of the Naval Re-

search Laboratory in Washington modified a 600 inch radio telescope with which they bounced a 3000 megacycle signal off the moon. Using the modified radio shell as a transmitter they sent out a pulse which came back to them about two and one-half seconds later, faint but unmistakable after a voyage of approximately half a million miles to the moon and back. An odd feature of the experiment was that it indicated that the moon's distance from the earth differs by several thousand miles from the figure accepted by astronomers and based on optical measurement.

James Trexler, another scientist with the Naval Research Laboratory, reports that six years of experimentation have resulted in round trip relay of voice messages, using the moon as a backstop. Back in 1951, says Trexler, Navy scientists, seeking an antenna large enough to handle the relatively low radar frequency, determined on an experiment which consisted of using bulldozers to scoop out a hole about 250 feet in diameter and about 50 feet deep at the center. They lined this shallow pit with heavy foil to increase its effectiveness and in the center of the depression (near Boulder, Colo.) they set up a radar transmitter. On October 21, 1951, the researchers discovered that they could bounce radar signals from

Boulder to the moon and back. Later, using radio gear, Trexler says that voice messages made round trips to the moon and came back in recognizable form, which he called "a very significant development".

The most important feature of these tests is probably the proof that moon travelers can transmit voice messages to the earth using such readily available equipment as a shallow hole lined with easily transported foil. The weight of the gear must not be great—a very important factor in space travel.

The Navy is not the only branch of the government working on the problems of round-trip space travel.

The Army Signal Corps scientists have developed the first direct conversion of the chemical energy of gases into usable electricity. The new and silent generators work by taking the components of water, hydrogen and oxygen, and passing them through long, sealed jars which contain hollowed, porous carbon electrodes. The electro-chemical reaction of the gases produces the current. The power plant does not run down after the manner of ordinary batteries but will continue to produce current as long as new fuel is supplied. By varying the physical size of the cells the power output can be altered and for producing higher current densities the scientists found that they needed

only to increase the amount of oxygen in the cells. Hydrogen and plain air will produce smaller amounts of current. A battery of cells producing thousands of watts of power is already in operation at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., where the power operates the radar set.

One of the officials connected with the project said: "The day may come when such common devices as lawnmowers, outboard motors and even small automobiles will be propelled silently by the power output of fuel cells. The noisy putt-putt of the combustion engine is on its way out."

Simply stated, small tanks of oxygen and hydrogen, operating through hollow carbon tubes, in water filled cells, will produce electricity. Power units of this type would solve many problems for space travelers. Compact, simple and easily transportable, such units would have many advantages over batteries or the so-called solar plants. And already these units are available when needed.

That man is aiming for the moon is very evident. The fantasy voyages of space fiction, once the subject of official derision, have now become matters of official concern. It may be only co-incidence, but the world-wide program of space flight followed closely on the appearance of the much-maligned flying saucers.

One of the weakest links in space travel may well be man himself. Can he, with a body developed for survival at or near the surface of the earth, withstand the rigors of space travel?

On the basis of the limited information we have acquired through high altitude rockets and balloons we can simulate many of the conditions to be encountered in rocket flights. The latest experiment in this direction was the spectacular balloon flight of Dr. David Simon, who took off from an iron ore pit in Minnesota, soared to a height of more than 100,000 feet and finally returned safely to earth 30 hours later. Dr. Simon wore a space-suit designed to protect him from the disaster of a sudden loss of pressure. Cramped in his instrument-filled gondola, he took photographs, checked the self-recording instruments, reported every few minutes to ground crews who were tracking him through the skies. Perhaps his most dramatic hours came during the night when he watched a thunderstorm miles below him. Its lightning flashes raced through the clouds like veins of fire. He said it looked "like a road map with neon tubes for the highways." From his plastic-bubble platform, drifting slowly around in a great circle, Dr. Simon saw a blazing sun glaring at him from a purple-black void. He reported that he

could observe the stars and photograph them from such a base with a clarity never before possible. Among other things, Dr. Simon's historic trip gave our military medics new information on the psychological and physical reactions of a human being encased in a metal shell along the fringes of space for 30 hours.

His trip was no isolated incident. The Air Force had begun simulated five-day space flights in a specially-built flight station of the Lockheed Company at Marietta. There, 50 carefully selected men, separated into groups of five, undergo extensive tests under conditions which the Air Force said "Simulates week-long flights to the moon or other destinations in space."

For periods of 120 hours, each team is crammed into a metal cylinder 17 feet long, seven feet wide and about five and a half feet high—roughly the dimensions of an ordinary passenger car. For five days and nights they eat, sleep, fly and endure each other under these conditions. At the same time simulated space flight problems are flashed to them and they have to note and solve the flight problems as they appear.

Actually, of course, they are encased inside the metal cylinder inside the cold room at the test plant. At all times they are only a few feet from a corps of psycholo-

gists, biologists, electronics and communications engineers, with physicians standing by.

One of the officials connected with these experiments made an interesting and revealing statement. He said, "With the development of highly specialized types of equipment capable of sustained flights at remarkable speeds and under environmental conditions heretofore not encountered, greater consideration must be given to the human factors involved. . . .to determine whether trained personnel can function effectively in the restricted area of cabin space available in a nuclear-powered craft of almost unlimited range."

This is another way of saying that with the development of devices capable of space flight we suddenly find ourselves wondering if human beings are physically and mentally able to make such trips—in nuclear-powered craft!

**I**t has been a matter of record for years that certain types of gems, including diamonds, will be altered in color if exposed to rays from cyclotrons or other projectors of that general type. In some of the gems the change was permanent, in others it was temporary to a varying degree. The color change produced under such circumstances was not fully understood but there nevertheless.

One big camera company contracted to develop some highly specialized equipment for the armed forces. The device was based on the use of spectral lines from heated mercury and therein lay a problem: Natural mercury has seven stable isotopes, all chemically identical but varying slightly in weight. When natural mercury is heated, its spectral lines include the lines of those seven isotopes. The scientific yardstick needed for this new equipment was inherently fuzzy because of the nature of the mercury.

Recalling the changes that occurred in diamonds when they were bombarded with radioactive particles, scientists wondered if metals would be atomically changed by similar exposure. Nuclear-Chicago Corporation rented some space at the Atomic Energy Commission's Argonne Laboratory in Chicago and went to work. For 10 months they exposed a small amount of gold powder to the rays from the reactor. For an additional two months they let the "cooked" gold stand while it decayed into mercury 198. This mercury was heated in a still; the mercury vaporized and was condensed in a gold condenser. The result is the purest form of mercury ever produced by a commercial process. By means of this prolonged radioactive exposure, 75 cents worth of gold has been chang-

ed into 3,000 dollars worth of a metal previously unavailable. It also marked the first time that a non-radioactive product has been produced by the transmutation of one metal into another.

Man's conquest of the structure of his universe itself is proceeding alongside his conquest of the vastness that separates him from the rest of the universe. It is possible and even probable that we would have embarked on this program to invade space even without the appearance of the UFO's. However, the timing leads me to the conclusion that the UFO's spurred us to more intensive effort than we would otherwise have made. Certainly the secret sessions, between the Pentagon and various Congressional committees, at which the UFO's were described as a possible menace made it easier for the military to get the enormous funds needed for the kind of research we have been discussing here today. If the UFO's were not the prime factor they at least served effectively as whipping boy.

Nuclear-powered space craft, vest pocket electric generators, voices bounced off the moon, multi-million dollar radio telescopes to probe "signals" from Venus and Jupiter, high altitude balloon flights to test crewmen and to photograph the moon—all these

things have come about since the UFO's began to visit us in numbers. And since Dr. Herman Oberth said publicly in 1954 that the UFO's appear to operate by utilizing the gravitational field many nations, including our own, have added costly and intensive studies of gravity and counter-gravity to their research endeavors.

Even the transmutation of metals is triggered by our visitors.

On the evening of December 13, 1954, three UFO's appeared over the city of Campinas, Brazil. One of them appeared to be in difficulty. It oscillated violently and gradually settled over a residential district. Witnesses said that a shiny liquid poured from the UFO and then it ceased to oscillate and began to rise again. The three objects rose and vanished into the overcast, while frightened citizens phoned the police, the military and each other. Authorities collected several ounces of the shiny stuff which had dribbled from the ailing UFO and analysis in Brazil agreed with the analysis by Dr. Meltz, of Defiance College, at Defiance, Ohio: The substance was pure tin, not available on this earth!

Now that we have learned to produce pure mercury it seems reasonable to expect we can learn to produce pure tin. And, who knows? Perhaps someday we will produce the UFO's themselves.

# 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 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope

## MESSAGE IN THE STORM

By Amalia T. Stetter

ON THE evening of January 19, 1943, a blizzard raged in Milwaukee, Wis. Howling winds drove the falling snow into blinding gusts. Footprints disappeared as quickly as they were made.

My oldest brother, Frank, his wife and another couple were playing cards at midnight in the warm kitchen of Frank's pleasant home. They were intent on their cards when suddenly they heard a whirring sound.

With a feeling of foreboding, Frank peered about and then pointed at the electric clock on the wall. The hands were spinning crazily. Frank glanced at his wife, who rose abruptly and dashed into the living room. The clock there had stopped. When she returned, she nodded at Frank, who said, "Mom!"

The telephone rang and Frank answered it. I was at the other end. I told him to hurry over as Mother had suffered another heart

attack. Frank and his wife battled through the fury of the storm.

At the house of another brother, George, at exactly the same time, my sister-in-law was startled out of a deep sleep by a terrific pounding on the rear door. She woke George. As he listened, a shadow fell across the room. The pounding continued until with a crash the door seemed torn from its hinges. They sprang out of



AMALIA T. STETTER

bed and, just as they entered the hallway to examine the damage caused by the wind, the telephone rang. I told them, "Hurry!"

At the house of my youngest brother, Herman, also at exactly the same time, he and his wife happened to be up because of having worked late at their shop. They were relaxing when without warning a picture of my mother on the piano toppled over and fell to the floor. Herman picked it up. "Let's go over to see Mom," he said grimly. My sister-in-law thought he was unduly alarmed. As he went for his coat, the telephone rang.

Just as the doctor attending my mother said, "It's over," the fury of the storm mounted, battering the house until the huge storm window was torn from its fastenings and flung into the snow-blanketed rose-bed. Miraculously, the window didn't break—but that summer the roses didn't bloom.—  
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

### HOW DID GRETCHEN KNOW?

By Helen M. White

**I**N 1929 my husband and I lived in Laconia, N.H. As a bride of two years whose husband was in a business that transferred him frequently and kept him from home except on week ends, I found time hanging heavily.

We seldom were in one place

long enough to make friends, but Laconia proved an exception.

I loved the high, wild places and the many good backroads winding the foot hills of the White Mountains were a never-ending source of pleasure. With my German shepherd dog, Gretchen, I spent the leisurely summer days exploring the little-traveled roads in a small coupe.

I usually found my way home by dark but one day in early July I became completely lost and drove for hours without coming to a highway or sighting house or human. Almost at sundown, as I rounded a curve, a neat, white, typical New England farmhouse came into view and I stopped to ask directions.

The farmer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and their grown son, Joe, were friendly and hospitable. In their isolated setting, strangers were rare and eagerly welcomed.

A fast friendship developed from this chance encounter and I spent much of the remaining summer in the warmth of the Miller family circle. Gretchen loved them and the farm. Her apartment-cramped legs carried her in bounding leaps over the meadows. Her new friends fed her at the table, permitted her on the sofa and in general pampered her and set at naught years of careful training.

The summer sped past. September came and brought us another transfer, this time to Chicago. When I bade the Millers goodby, we all cried a little and Gretchen, sensing the loss of friends and periodic freedom, hid under the barn and had to be cajoled into the old car.

The Millers had not promised to write, and I realized as I drove away that most likely the three R's had played a very minor part in their lives.

In Chicago we found a small efficiency apartment. Skyscrapers took the place of mountains and asphalt replaced the fragrant meadows. Gretchen resumed her dignified pace on the end of a leash and her quiet demeanor in the house. I wrote my New Hampshire friends a few letters but received no replies. The excitement of the approaching holidays and the deep snows pushed the summer to the back of my mind.

About midnight on December 20, Gretchen crawled from under our bed, pointed her nose ceilingward and began to howl. Never before had she disturbed us in the night. This was not her usual lady-like request to be taken out. This was an eerie, longdrawn cry, a primitive baying-the-moon sound.

My husband dressed and took her outdoors.

"She just stood and shivered on the sidewalk," he said when he returned. "Maybe she wants you to take her out. After all, she's your dog."

Meanwhile Gretchen had resumed her weird howl. I dressed and took her downstairs, expecting to meet an awakened and irate landlord. Outside she just sat on the icy sidewalk whimpering and shivering and looking at me with large, questioning eyes.

Back in the apartment, neither food nor petting nor the forbidden luxury of being allowed on the bed served to silence her for hours.

Several days later a smudged, pencil-written note came telling me that Mrs. Miller had died suddenly around midnight on December 20.—*Lowell, Ohio.*

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### WHO WERE THE CHILDREN?

By Hazel E. Monte

IN 1934, while in the apartment house business in Portland, Ore., I moved into a small, old mansion which I turned into house-keeping apartments. I kept the front hall door locked and gave each tenant his own key. My apartment contained the only back door there was and I kept it locked, except when I was using it.

A very short time later all my tenants began to complain of strange and inexplicable occurrences. I was asked by each ten-

ant who had knocked on their door at various times during the day while they were awake, or in the deepest hours of night while everyone in the house was asleep, often at times when they were alone in the house and all others were out, including my daughter and me. Further, they told me that, no matter how quickly they opened their door, they found no one there!

My daughter, Avis, 10, and I also heard these strange knockings, which we answered with invariably the same result—to see no one!

My tenants all were respectable persons and above playing such a senseless trick on any of us.

Then on two mornings, at 7:00 A.M., I had a puzzling experience while wide awake. Both times my alarm clock went off at 7:00. And each time, I woke and turned it off.

On the first occasion, I was startled to find that I was not alone! Beside my bed stood a girl and boy, both looking directly and unsmilingly into my eyes! The early morning sun was shining brightly into my room and I saw them clearly, in natural colors. The girl appeared to be about nine and the boy about seven. They were holding hands and were dressed in old-fashioned clothes of the 1900's. They had blue eyes and dark brown hair.

After gazing long and soberly at me, they looked around the room. They moved their bodies in a most natural manner, without moving their feet. Not a word was spoken. Then suddenly they were gone.

This strange event was repeated the next day, except that this time the girl appeared suddenly beside my bed while the boy was standing at right angles across the room, looking up at a scenic oil painting which I had hung on the wall. He seemed fascinated by it and gazed at it for a long moment. Then he turned his head and looked around at other pictures. But soon he returned his gaze to the painting.

Again they turned their bodies without moving, as they looked intently and silently, first at me, then around the room. But they gazed longest at me. Then, again, they suddenly vanished. I never saw them again.

I do not know who they were. But I feel that they "went with the house" and had lived there a long time ago.—*Seattle, Wash.*

#### A POLYNESIAN LEGEND

By M. Cleton Tribble

THE LIVES of many of the peoples of the Hawaiian Islands are strongly influenced by ancient legends. I witnessed a strange happening in connection

with a Hawaiian legend while in military service on the island of Oahu in 1942.

I was with the Chemical Warfare Group at Fort Shafter. We were in training against the possibility that the war with the Japanese sooner or later might involve chemicals.

One day my group began training maneuvers at Makua Pocket, a sloping valley, approximately a square mile in area, in the Wianai Mountain range, which borders the east side of Oahu. In the late afternoon of the second day a lieutenant was found to be missing from the group. The commanding officer ordered a check of the places where the lieutenant might be located, not overlooking that he might have become ill or been injured and taken to the hospital.

When the check failed to turn up the lieutenant, the C.O. ordered a search of the entire area. The group contained nearly 1,000 men who were split up into search parties of 50. They scoured the nearby beach, but no trace of the missing man was found.

The C.O. finally abandoned the search, expressing the belief that the lieutenant would show up eventually with a logical explanation for his absence.

That night the entire camp was aroused by agonized cries for help coming from somewhere along the

rim of the Makua pocket.

We were ordered from our pup tents and organized into search parties in an effort to locate the source of the voice. For several hours we combed the pocket from end to end and side to side, while nearby anti-aircraft batteries trained searchlight beams into the area. Again the search produced nothing.

One puzzling aspect of the search was that the voice definitely was not a figment of the imagination. There was not a man in the entire group who did not hear it many times. The voice was strained and agonized, like that of a man in severe pain.

Many of the men swore on their honor that at times the voice seemed to come from spots not more than 10 feet from them. The audibility of the voice remained the same over the entire valley. It was as loud and clear at one point as at any other.

The search again was abandoned and the C.O. phoned a report to headquarters at Fort Shafter. The man he contacted was of Hawaiian descent and a firm believer in the legends of the Polynesian people.

This man's first question was, "Are there any goats in that area?"

The C.O. answered in the affirmative. The other's reply was that we were to move out of Makua Pocket as early that morn-

ing as possible. It was then 2:00 A.M.

The C.O. pointed out that the maneuvers were to last into the evening of that day and we were not to leave until the morning of the day following. He received the explanation that the voice we had heard was that of a Polynesian god speaking through a goat to warn us of some impending danger. He was told that it was too great a risk to leave 1,000 men in the pocket in the face of such a warning.

This was put in the form of an official order and, much against the C.O.'s better judgment, we left the pocket at nine o'clock that morning. As we marched along the road toward Fort Shafter, laughing about the incidents of the previous night, the ground beneath us began to shake and the sound of bursting shells came from behind us.

Through some mix up in schedules, 16-inch guns were firing into Makua Pocket, using it for a target area.

We learned later that the missing lieutenant had gone swimming in the sea and had broken his neck while diving. He was taken to the hospital some time after the check was made and was not identified until later.

Whether his disappearance and injury were in some way responsible for the strange events we ex-

perienced, we will never know. But one thing is certain—had it not been for a belief in an ancient Polynesian legend, few of us would be alive today.—*Redding, Calif.*

### THE PROTECTING LIGHT

By Lauretta F. Bous

MY HUSBAND, Theodore, died in 1925 and I went to the cemetery frequently with flowers. One afternoon in July I left home, picked up some flowers at the florist and drove out to the cemetery, which was on the outskirts of Galveston, Tex.

The weather was very warm and I usually went to the cemetery in the late afternoon to avoid the heat of the middle of the day.

As I drove along the main highway from town in my car, I glanced back in the mirror and noticed a car following me. I thought little of it at first, but the car remained behind me and I wondered why it did not speed up and pass me as the highway was wide.

Two husky men of Latin type were in the car. I turned from the main highway to the road that would lead me to the cemetery and I lost the other car. But soon it caught up with me. As this was many years ago, both cars had runningboards. As the trailing car drove up beside me I saw one of the men on the runningboard on

my side and he seemed ready to jump onto my car. I swerved my car, speeded up and left them behind.

I was young and attractive, but I don't think these men were interested in me on that account. The man on the running board did not smile or seem at all friendly.

I soon forgot the incident. I reached the cemetery and entered. This cemetery had been raised about eight feet and was surrounded by a brick wall. This was done because the land was low and often flooded with heavy rains.

I went to the family plot, got fresh water and put the flowers in containers. I was busy around the plot for a while and decided to return home as it was growing late.

As I started down the long walk to the entrance, I saw one of the men who had been following me earlier. He was standing on the walk, leaning against the brick wall and watching me.

I was more frightened than I had ever been in my life. I suppose it was because these men had followed me and one had tried to get on my car.

I looked around the cemetery. Usually the sexton or some workmen were around the place, but no one was in the cemetery except me and this man waiting at the end of the walk. I thought of

cutting across the cemetery and going out the entrance on the other side but decided against that as I would be in a more dangerous position alone in the center of the cemetery.

It was growing dark and I could not stay where I was. It seemed that the only thing I could do was to walk towards the man and face whatever I had to face.

Suddenly, as I walked, I seemed to be surrounded by a bright light. I felt inches taller. The light preceded me down the walk and it seemed to have a blinding brightness. I do not know the source of the light. Neither the street lights nor the lights in the cemetery had been turned on. I continued to walk, still frightened, but the light gave me courage. When I neared the man, he crouched and covered his eyes with his arm as if blinded by the light. He could have put out his hand and touched me as I passed him, but he did not move or speak.

I reached the entrance and ran down the stairs and into my car. The car with the other man was parked in front of the entrance. I drove as swiftly as possible back to the city.

I never found an explanation for the light. It seemed supernatural and I am certain that it saved me from a very unpleasant experience.—*San Francisco, Calif.*

# CREATION OF THE

# Oceans

Why is there no decrease in ocean levels—although water continuously is evaporating and piling up as ice?

By *Hugh A. Brown, E.E.*

Excerpted from manuscript of *Popular Wisdom For Survival*

FOUR AND A HALF BILLION years ago there were no earth strata and no ocean waters. Now there are both. Their creations are universally acknowledged. Their creations from incoming radiant energy from celestial space is believed to be a new theory. From what we have learned concerning other growth processes it now seems reasonable to accept the theory that ocean waters have been created molecule by molecule, drop by drop, and that they are mainly the products of photosynthesis which converts energy into matter.

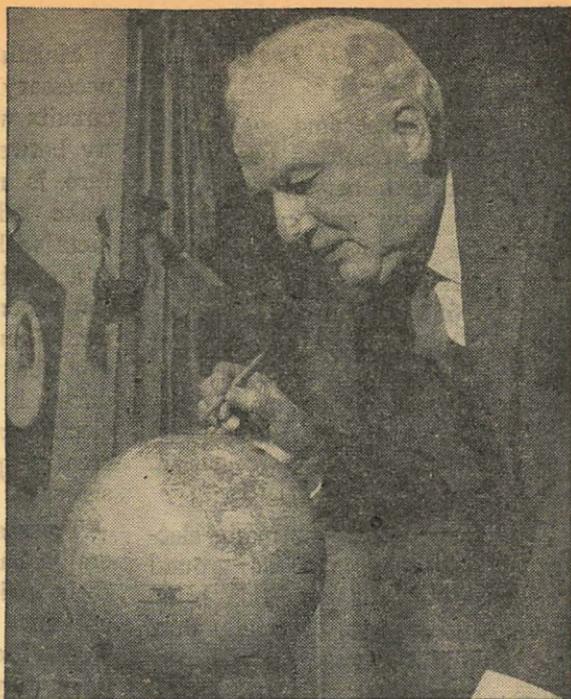
The growth of the vegetation of the earth is now accepted in theory as the result of photosynthesis. Trees and vegetation are classed as carbohydrate, i.e. composed mainly of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, combined through photosynthesis. By extending this

theory it becomes natural to suggest that hydrogen and oxygen, which are also products of photosynthesis, were similarly created during the growth of vegetation, and that they united to form water,  $H_2O$ .

The theory postulated here is that water is created by photosynthesis. Water is created through the agency of vegetation and vegetation depends on water. Water is found in trees 300 feet above the ground. Leaf suction and root pressure theories, within the laws of Physics, fail to account for bringing this water up out of the ground. Moisture in trees moves both upwards and downwards, also sideways in both directions in branches. (See *Plant Physiology*, by Meyer and Anderson.)

Trees absorb carbon dioxide,  $CO_2$ , and give off oxygen  $O$ . Ani-

Hugh A. Brown is an electrical engineer and lives in Douglaston, N. Y. He has conducted extensive research into the continuous growth of ice in the Antarctic, and the novel theory detailed in accompanying article is one result of his studies.



mals absorb oxygen and give off carbon dioxide. Thus vegetation and animal life have developed on the earth cooperatively. In the web of life one depends upon the other. The growth processes are postulated as originally starting by photosynthesis of those direct incoming celestial radiations of energy whose wave lengths are the same as the wave lengths of the atoms of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen.

Electric currents in vegetation are rationally considered as hav-

ing a part in the formation of water, from two products of photosynthesis, oxygen and hydrogen. An unidirectional electric current carries oxygen toward the positive pole and hydrogen toward the negative of any electrolytic solution. For a 300 foot tree top there is normally a difference in electrical voltage between the ambient air of the tree top and the ground of around 10,000 volts, and during thunder storms the voltage of the air may increase to around a million volts, between tree top and

ground. (*Physics Of The Air*, by W. J. Humphreys.)

Air voltages become so high at times and the resulting passage of electric current between air and ground so heavy and concentrated that it becomes visible as a violet light or flame. St. Elmo's fire at the tips of ships masts is an example of this. High air voltages are today being bled off to the ground by means of metal conductors to circumvent sudden discharges of large volumes of electricity by lightning flashes.

The tree tops are normally electrically positive and the ground negative, but this condition often is found to reverse, especially during thunder showers. Electric currents will flow wherever and whenever a difference in electrical potential exists and a conducting medium connects them. Tree saps are such conducting mediums. The liquid elements between wood and bark of trees are electrical conductors.

In an electrolytic solution some but not all of the molecules are broken into atoms by the electric currents. The atoms keep reassociating into molecules. The oxygen and hydrogen atoms, which are carried by the electric currents, will under proper conditions unite to form water,  $H_2O$ . The molecules of water form into drops of water and drops of water make the oceans.

Moisture in the ground soil is necessary to complete the electric circuits which conduct the electricity between air and ground. Moisture is required for the roots to make adequate conducting contacts with the ground. Damp soil is a good electrical conductor; dry soil becomes a dielectric or insulator. When the ground soil becomes dry the electric currents are reduced in volume; and when the electric currents cease to flow the creative processes of photosynthesis stop.

Trees and other vegetation generally have been assumed to get their main water supply from the ground; but spanish moss and tropical orchids, called air plants or epiphytes, have been assumed to obtain their water from the atmosphere. The latter grow on other plants or on grounded supports and normally have holdfasts instead of roots. Mistletoe which grows in a manner similar to the epiphytes is classed as a parasite. They grow, like other plants, from photosynthesis; and it appears rational to assume that the water contained in them is also a product of photosynthesis.

A well established theory is that sugars are products of photosynthesis. By analogy their creation makes the photosynthesis of water appear to be an equally reasonable theory. For example: Sugar and

molasses, expressed from the consecutive yearly crops of sugar cane, and the maple sugar, concentrated saps of sugar maple trees, do not come up out of the ground. We know that the ground does not contain sugar and molasses.

"Water may be produced by exploding a mixture of two volumes of hydrogen and one volume of oxygen at a temperature above 1190 degrees F. \* \* \* It may also be produced passing hydrogen over the heated oxides of several of the metals, and in various other ways." (*Encyclopedia Americana*, 1951, Vol. 29, page 13.)

Animal life creates water. "All the hydrogen that unites with oxygen in our bodies forms water, and for the average person it amounts to about a pint a day." (*Water-Miracle Of Nature*, by Thomason King, 1953.) The internal production of water seems to be the only way some animals get enough of it. The carpet moth is one of the bugs which drinks no water, yet lays eggs with 80% water content.

An excellent review of sources of water in vegetables and animals is given by S. M. Babcock in *Metabolic Water—Its Production and Role in Vital Phenomena*, in Research Bulletin 22 (1912) of Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station. Biology and physiol-

ogy books, under metabolism, give chemical equations for the water and carbon dioxide given off in the oxidation of carbohydrates and fats in the body cells.

The camel is cited by John Eric Hill in *Natural History* magazine of October, 1946, as a creator of water. He states, "The 'animal starch' or glycogen, stored in the muscles, and the fat in the hump also provide water indirectly. When these are used by the body as energy, water of equivalent weight is produced. Thus the fat of the hump, independent of the matter in the connective tissue, makes some eight gallons of water."

Land and water are postulated as having been contemporary and cooperative creations during the past four-and-one-half billion years of the earth's existence and growth. Soil and rock have been previously accounted for and explained as resulting from various vegetable, animal and mineral growths. The continuous creation of the land has developed continents and islands in the oceans.

There appears to be a Balance of Nature. If the water is created too fast it over-rides the land and thus decreases the area for the manufacture of water, by allowing less space for vegetation and animals. The coastal shelves of many continents show signs that the oceans have encroached on the land

areas and have thus cut back water production. The Atlantic shelf of the east coast of the United States shows signs of such water encroachment.

However, the sea levels of continents for any single epoch of time are determined mainly by the latitudes at which the land areas happen to arrive after a normal career of the globe. What was a coastal shelf in one epoch may be either a land area or a sea bottom in the next epoch, and then a coastal shelf again in the following epoch.

Enough water has been evaporated from the oceans and deposited as snow and ice on Antarctica to cause a lowering of the ocean level by 155 feet, as explained in *The Coming Antarctica Disaster*, published in FATE, May, 1956. Yet we cannot find any considerable decrease in ocean levels during historical time. The continuous creation of water may be considered adequate to make up for the amount extracted from the oceans and temporarily piled up as ice at Antarctica and the other Arctic islands.



### MYSTERY OF ESKIMOS' HANDS

**S**CIENTISTS of the Defense Research Northern Laboratory at Fort Churchill, Manitoba, Canada, are investigating the mysterious ability of the Eskimo to handle metal objects with bare hands in sub-zero weather.

Experiments have shown that an Eskimo's hands are not injured by freezing after holding for several seconds a piece of metal that has lain indefinitely in the cold. The flesh of a white man's hands freezes instantly.

The tests were made in temperatures ranging from 35 to 40 degrees below zero with a

wind blowing from 35 to 40 miles an hour. Used as subjects in the experiments were Eskimos living in the Fort Churchill area and 10 soldiers who were sent there for the purpose.

The theory that the hands of Eskimos are more tough-skinned and less sensitive to cold does not satisfy most of the investigators. The ability of Eskimos to handle extremely cold metal objects without injury appears to parallel the ability of South Seas natives to walk unharmed over a bed of blazing coals with their bare feet.

# Leschetizky's MELODY at MIDNIGHT

The famed music teacher heard exquisite singing  
in the remote shack—but strangely he could find no singer.

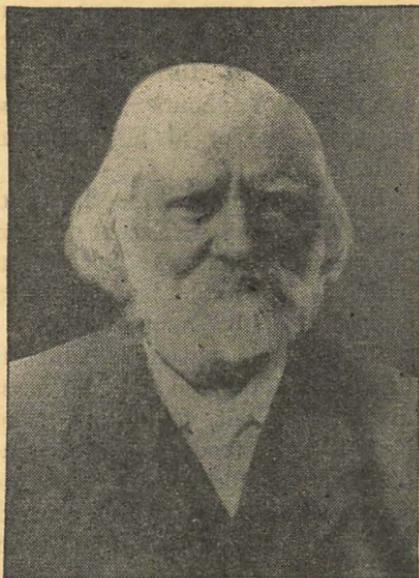
*By Pauline Saltzman*

UNTIL HIS DEATH in 1915, Theodor Leschetizky, teacher of Schnabel, Paderewski and Gabilowitsch, to name only three of his pupils, could find no satisfactory explanation for an incident that occurred when he was 23 years old.

In the summer of 1853, following his series of concerts on behalf of the Helsingfors hospital, Leschetizky decided to make a one-man tour of the vast Finnish wilderness renowned in song and saga for its scenic grandeur.

The young artist realized such a trip meant intense loneliness. Aside from occasional post-stations, there was hardly a sign of human life or habitation. But the idea appealed to his imagination and he made preparations which included the purchase of a small two-wheeled cart. This he loaded with smoked meats, staples, preserves and tea.

One night, just before 11 o'clock,



Theodor Leschetizky taught musicians Schnabel and Paderewski, among others. Photo by courtesy of ETUDE, The Music Magazine.

while Leschetizky was thus traveling he suddenly perceived, at a considerable distance, the little post-station where he was to spend the rest of that night. Thanks to the unique visibility made possible by the midnight sun he saw that the place was a typical post-sta-

tion, possibly a two or three-room affair that offered little more than a change of horses, a rude bed, and the use of an antiquated samovar, provided he brought his own tea.

As his cart approached the hut, the young pianist was pleasantly surprised to hear the faint sound of music issuing from the interior.

Delighted at the prospect of spending some hours with fellow musicians, he urged his horse to walk faster.

But as he crossed the threshold the music stopped. Except for the old station-master who tottered in with the inevitable tea-urn, there was no sign of a human being.

Curious and not a little upset, Leschetizky quizzed the old man in Russian but could not make himself understood. He decided impatiently that here was another instance where a native Finn refused to communicate in the language of his country's conqueror. (Finland had been wrested from Sweden by Napoleon and was now under Russian domination.) The lethargic old fellow said nothing; he merely stood there with the ancient samovar, smiling vacuously.

Leschetizky tried not to show his chagrin. He bustled about preparing his solitary meal from his stock of provisions. After he had eaten he lay down on the bed.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide. Here again was the music, lush and

full. Leschetizky sat up listening intently. There was no mistake about it. The melody was being sung by an exquisite contralto voice, to the accompaniment of a balalaika.

Determined now to find the singer Theodor leaped from his bed and hastily threw on his clothes. A complete search of the shack revealed absolutely nothing. With the exception of the station-master who was snoring placidly in a corner, there was no other human being!

Leschetizky's temper now got away from him. He stalked over to the old man and shook him roughly, loudly singing the melody he had just heard. Through desperate pantomimic gestures, he tried to make the old man understand that he wanted to know the singer's whereabouts. But the station-master only blinked stupidly.

The frustrated young man climbed up the ladder leading to the garret. Again, thanks to the famous midnight sun, no light was necessary. Everything was as clear as on a shady afternoon. The old Finn had clambered up after him and stood dumbly against the wall.

Suddenly there flashed through Leschetizky's frenzied mind the thought that here was evidence of foul play. Once more he seized the hapless station-master by the collar. This time he pointed his pistol at him, making it clear that the old man could produce the mysteri-

ous contralto, or else. . .

The Finn fell on his knees and raised gnarled, blue-veined hands, mutely begging for mercy. In his heart, Leschetizky felt that the old man was incapable of committing any crime. He mumbled an apology which was probably not understood, and released the dazed station-master.

Motivated by the sudden impulse to look under the rude flooring, Leschetizky pulled up the boards, one by one, but again he failed to find anything. Frustrated and frenzied, he rushed down the ladder and out into the open air. He made a thorough search of the grounds. Finding nothing, he went back inside.

Now Leschetizky was completely unnerved. He hurled himself upon the bed. Morbid thoughts raced through his mind. Old ghost stories came to his memory. Gradually he became convinced that some nameless tragedy had occurred here in the isolated little post-station. It was clear that the restless spirit of the victim was calling upon him to right the wrong.

Theodor Leschetizky spent a few more frustrating hours in fruitless searching in and around the cabin. Finally, exhausted, he lay down once more. No sooner had he closed his eyes than the enigmatic, rich contralto voice of the unseen singer flooded the cabin.

Leschetizky began to wonder if he was the victim of some strange auditory hallucination. Was he, Theodor Leschetizky, the butt of some tragic joke? Feverishly he pulled out some ruled music paper from his traveling-bag and jotted down the melody, together with the balalaika accompaniment. The singing had stopped once more but the haunting sadness of the melody was imprinted on his tortured brain.

Leschetizky awoke at 10 the next morning and immediately began preparations to resume his journey. He tried to dismiss the experience of the previous night as a nightmare until his bloodshot eyes fell on the music paper strewn over the floor-boards.

Leschetizky told the story, in his own words, to his biographer, Countess Angele Potocka: "When the old man saw me, he fell on his knees. His fears somehow restored my equanimity and I laughingly tried to reassure him. I proceeded to hitch up my horse, in which operation he assisted with great zeal. He stood on the threshold of his hut, looking after me, as I drove away. No doubt he took me for a madman.

"I had no sooner reached Viborg, the first town on the road, than I went straight to a music publisher and requested him to send all the folk-songs of Finland to my hotel. To my surprise, I found the melody

that had so strangely come to me during that never-to-be-forgotten night. There it was, but with a less refined harmonization. He begged me to leave my manuscript, but soon after the song appeared in print just as I had heard it."

Leschetizky often referred to the strange night he spent in the wilds of Finland. His sister-in-law, Countess Angele Potocka, recorded it verbatim in his biography *Theodor Leschetizky, An Intimate Study of the Man and the Musician*. The

original manuscript version of the melody, exactly as he jotted it down, is included in the book and is entitled *Motif Finlandais*. The biography was translated into English from the original French by Genevieve Seymour Lincoln, in 1903.

To the end of his life Theodor Leschetizky, teacher of the world's great pianists, wondered: Can the dead return to seek out a stranger who, they believe, can right an old wrong?



## THE DOMINEERING GHOST

**N**URSES on night duty at the hospital in Hartlepool, England, were reported in August, 1957, to have had encounters with a ghost that gives them orders. The ghost is said to be that of a nun who was killed when she attempted to elope with a friar some 600 years ago.

One of the night nurses, Ann Sedgmoor, calls the ghost the "Gray Lady." She said she awoke from a nap one night to see a shadowy figure in flowing robes bending over her. She heard an admonishing voice say, "Hurry up, you're late for duty."

Nurse Sedgmoor said she

glanced at her watch and found she actually was late. When she looked for the scolding apparition, she found the room empty.

Another nurse, Joyce Veart, said she encountered the ghost one night when she looked into a children's ward. She saw the shadowy figure of a woman bending over one of the beds. As though aware of her, the figure turned and commanded, "Comfort this child. It is crying."

Both of the nurses said they ran screaming from their encounters with the domineering spectre, although apparently the ghost wishes only to help.



# U.S. Researches E.S.P. for SUPERWEAPON

Telepathy could provide a superspy at every secret meeting  
while PK could make enemy weapons backfire!

By *Alson J. Smith*

**M**ANY EYEBROWS went up in Washington last October when the following item appeared in *Newsweek*:

"Fantastic as it sounds, a serious psychological-research project being conducted for the Joint Chiefs of Staff is a study of the possible use of extra-sensory perception. Those in on it are looking into the possibilities of using ESP not only to read the minds of Soviet leaders but to influence their thinking by long-range thought-control."

Have the science-fiction boys moved in on the Pentagon? Will Dr. Joseph B. Rhine be commissioned a Colonel and named advisor to the Joint Chiefs? Will gifted mediums be brought into the diplomatic service? Is *The Demolished Man* about to become a military reality? Has the Defense

Department finally blown its collective top?

The answer to these facetious questions, of course, is no. But it is true that the Joint Chiefs of Staff—about as hard-headed, practical a group of men as it is possible to assemble—are thinking that maybe extra-sensory perception is a reality and not just the fuzzy hope of long-haired professors and moony mescal-eaters.

If ESP in its several aspects—telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, precognition, etc.—is a reality the Army and Navy big-wigs realize it is the most important fact that man has yet discovered about himself and his universe. Beside it even the discovery of atomic energy pales into comparative insignificance. For an atom, tiny as it is, is still a material, measurable thing that obeys the old space-

time laws that we have thought of as regulating and limiting the cosmos. That a thought, completely lacking in materiality, can have the powers attributed to it by the parapsychologists and other partisans of extra-sensory perception defies the imagination.

Is ESP a reality?

By this time there are few readers of popular magazines who do not know that card and dice tests, performed under rigid laboratory conditions by hundreds of subjects over a period of almost 20 years at Duke University, the Universities of London, Groningen, Bonn, and elsewhere apparently have established the actual existence of a mind-force, or spiritual component, or psi-element in man which is not limited by the space-time laws that seemingly govern the physical universe. They have established also the high mathematical improbability (odds of many millions to one in most cases) that the positive results obtained in the laboratory tests can be due to chance.

Insofar as telepathy, clairvoyance, and psychokinesis (the ability of the mind to influence physical objects) can be demonstrated in the laboratory, they have been demonstrated. The American Institute of Mathematical Studies has pronounced the statistical side of the Duke tests "valid," and the

American Psychological Association has affirmed their experimental soundness. Professor R. H. Thouless of England's Cambridge University sums it up: "The reality of the phenomena (ESP) must be regarded as proved as certainly as anything in scientific research can be proved."

Fifty years ago or less, radar and television would have appeared no less wildly improbable than telepathy, clairvoyance and psychokinesis may seem to us today. But what of the strangest of all the psi-phenomena, precognition—the ability of the human mind to perceive something that has not yet happened, to leap the time-barrier and see the future? Are the Joint Chiefs prepared to accept this?

Precognition also appears to have been demonstrated in the laboratory, experimentally and statistically.

After the card and dice tests at Duke and other universities had established the existence of a measurable mind-force (psychokinesis) and a mind's-eye (telepathy and clairvoyance) beyond mathematical doubt, the researchers went further. The tests had proved that this psi-component, whatever it was, was not limited by space. Einstein already had established theoretically the complementary relationship of space and time—they were the opposite sides of

the same coin, a space-time continuum. Was this psi-component also free of the limitations of time? Could laboratory subjects successfully predict what the order of a deck of cards would be after it was subsequently shuffled, or what the arrangement of marbles on a Chinese checkerboard would be when it was subsequently arranged by someone unknown to the subject?

The answer to these questions was yes. The odds established against chance were not as astronomical as in the cases of the telepathy, clairvoyance, and psychokinesis tests, but they were convincing—400,000 to one. More recent experiments at Cambridge University, the University of London, and other institutions—some with cards, some with matching pictures, some with other experimental devices—show the same results. As far as the laboratory is concerned, precognition is an established fact!

Apparently, the parapsychologists say, there are two types of precognition, general and subliminal. In general precognition the future event is "seen," with varying degrees of clearness, in a dream, a vision or a trance. It enters into the consciousness and remains there briefly. In subliminal precognition the precognizing is unconscious or subconscious. A hunch may be a

kind of subliminal precognition.

ESP obviously could revolutionize military intelligence. If the human mind can identify a card in a deck a thousand miles away (and it can) then it is necessary only to regulate and amplify this ability in certain gifted people—call them mediums, sensitives, or what you like—so that they can apprehend any knowledge, anywhere. They not only could "read the minds" of the Soviet leaders, they could render secret diplomacy and surprise attacks impossible. There can be no defense against this all-seeing Mind's Eye, this parapsychical penetration. At the same time, the *Big-Brother-Is-Watching-You* type of malevolent paternalism envisioned by the late George Orwell in his "1984" becomes all too possible.

The eye and all the marvelous extensions of the eye that science has created in the telescope, microscope, radar, etc. are insignificant when compared with the perceptive power manifested in ESP. This super-eye of the mind could locate hidden mineral wealth, discern the beginnings of epidemics, ferret out all the secrets of the planets, and, as the precognition experiments have demonstrated, extend to perception unlimited time as well as space. The mind's eye ranges not only across the present, but forward into the future (pre-

cognition) and back into the past (retrocognition). The literature of parapsychology is full of amazing retrocognitions—displacements in time so sensational that the human mind is almost incapable of accepting them. If these retrocognitions are true, if retrocognition itself is true, then the Joint Chiefs of Staff, instead of arguing about the Battle of Gettysburg, might quite conceivably regress, perhaps by means of some fantastic "Time-Machine" like the one envisioned by H. G. Wells, and actually witness the battle!

The Joint Chiefs might use ESP to prevent accidents and disasters in military training. For instance: in early October, 1930, Mrs. Eileen Garrett, the writer and gifted medium, went to Sir John Simon, the British Home Secretary. She had a precognition, she said, that the R-101, a gas-filled, zeppelin-type lighter-than-air ship, would crash the next time it went up. The ship's load, she said, was too great for a long flight. The bulk of the dirigible was too much for her engine capacity. These technical details had been revealed to her in a precognitive dream; she herself had no technical knowledge of lighter-than-air ships.

Sir John politely told Mrs. Garrett that he could not cancel the flight scheduled for October 5. If he did he would become a laugh-

ing-stock—everybody would say that the British government was being run by "spooks."

On the early morning of Sunday, October 5, 1930, the R-101 crashed and burned near Beauvais, France. The official report on the disaster announced that "the bulk of the dirigible was too much for her engine capacity" and "the load was too great for a long flight."

Could this disaster have been prevented if Sir John had taken Mrs. Garrett seriously? Perhaps the fact that the accident could be precognized means that it already existed somewhere in time. And if it existed, wasn't it immutable?

Not necessarily, say the parapsychologists. In many cases of precognition, in the files at Duke and elsewhere, the precognized future is not inevitable but conditional. Man retains a measure of free will. In scores of cases studied, the precognition has been beneficial in that the subject acted on the precognition and changed the conditions (i.e. did not take the train that was subsequently involved in the accident).

ESP also would give mankind in general and the military forces in particular a tremendous new source of energy. The power of the mind to influence physical objects (psychokinesis) is feeble and uncertain in the laboratory, just as the power of the split atom was 20 years

ago, but it is there—psychic or spiritual energy can be transformed by a process of will into kinetic or physical energy. The parapsychologist, carefully charting the fall of dice influenced by human thought, is no more ridiculous than was Galileo rolling metal balls down an inclined plane, Archimedes displacing water in his bath, Watts watching the teakettle rock on the stove, or Rutherford observing the “jump” of a battery spark.

The idea of deliberately using this consciously directed mind-force not only to influence but to injure or to destroy human beings and other targets thousands of miles away staggers the imagination.

In his crack science-fiction story, “*The Demolished Man*,” Alfred Bestor described the fictitious destruction of one human being by the consciously-directed thought of another. Primitive societies always have used nanigo (in Cuba) and voodoo (in Haiti) to destroy their enemies. The parapsychologists now are saying if psycho-kinesis is a fact, as demonstrated in the laboratory, then malevolence and hatred may be real and terrible weapons. If the thought of one man can influence the fall of dice in the laboratory then the consciously-directed thought of a million men might bring about the destruction of an army or the fall of a

city. *And against this destructive mind-force there can be no defense whatsoever!*

However, the opposite also is true. If consciously directed hatred is a weapon which can destroy, then consciously directed love, as in prayer, is an equally real force which can be used to build and to heal. The power of the mind to influence material objects and living cells well may revolutionize the healing arts. The so-called “faithcures” at Lourdes and elsewhere appear in a different light when the power of mind over matter is demonstrated experimentally. In the future, consciously-directed clairvoyance may rival the x-ray machine in diagnostic importance, and consciously-directed psychokinesis may permit the energy locked up in the mind to heal the body. Edgar Cayce, the psychic diagnostician who died a few years ago, demonstrated the great potentialities of trance diagnosis.

For years after the explosive power of the split atom was ascertained, the physicists experimented with various methods of harnessing and unleashing this power. Today the parapsychologists know that the power locked within the human mind is potentially a great and frightening new source of energy. How to magnify it, channel it, and use it are now the problems. For instance, can the poten-

tial healing power in a thousand minds be combined and directed towards one target? Can the potential destructive force in a million minds be brought to bear upon a single foe?

Religious pioneers like Dr. Frank Laubach and Dr. Glenn Clark of the *Camps Farthest Out*, would say that the healing power of mass prayer already has been demonstrated many times. And surely the ingenuity, diabolical or otherwise, that enabled man to harness and direct the energy of the split atom will enable him in time to harness and direct the mind's energy.

Scientific acceptance of ESP will open vast new avenues of research. The great discoveries of tomorrow will be in the field of the spiritual. The nature of time, for instance, will intrigue the scientist of tomorrow just as the nature of the atom intrigues the nuclear physicist today. Psychokinesis may open the way to a new branch of science, *psychophysics*.

The key to the use of ESP as a super-eye and a super-weapon on the one hand, and as a great new source of energy and healing on the other is simply this: the percipient, or director, or user of ESP *must know when he is right*. In the laboratory, he must *know*

when he has called a card correctly or identified a distant thought or object or predicted a coming event. This knowledge is indispensable if ESP is to be channeled and used either constructively or destructively. And the tests at Duke and elsewhere have indicated that this is possible. On one occasion during a card-call at Duke, the percipient cried out "Star—the next three are stars!" And they were. Anyone who has ever taken these tests knows that at times there is a feeling that can be described only as a *flash of confidence* that a correct call has been made. It will not be necessary for the percipient to "hit" every time—ESP is capricious—if he knows *when* he has hit that will be enough.

"We know the atom," observes Dr. Joseph B. Rhine, "far better than we know the mind that knows the atom."

When we know the mind as well as we know the atom our knowledge will change the world more profoundly than have the previous discoveries of fire, the wheel, gunpowder, electricity, atomic energy.

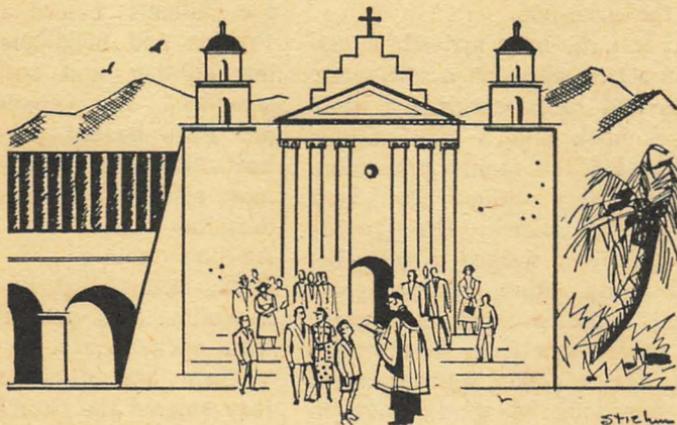
The Joint Chiefs are on the right track.

In the human mind, they will have the ultimate super-weapon.

But will they know what to do with it?

# Did Augusto

## LIVE Twice?



Young Augusto stood before the priest to make his first communion—but it seemed he was not himself.

*By Candida Dee*

**A**GUSTO was a very blond little boy with large blue eyes and long dark, curling lashes. He was tall for being only seven years old that February 5, 1924.

His first communion was to be celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. His father had promised him a Fiesta, with roast calf and pig. His aunt was making an enor-

mous tamale filled with delectable chicken in sauce. His mother had been busy for more than a week making sweet meats, grinding the chocolate beans and almonds for the chocolate drink—all this for his Fiesta, to usher him from boyhood into adolescence.

The day was beautiful. The sun shone hot. The air was clear; the

flowers brilliant. Augusto danced about shouting, "This is my day; this is my day." He refused to be petted by his mother and aunts, preferring to follow his father about overseeing the preparations for the barbeque.

At last the hour arrived. Dressed in a new white linen suit, white shoes and socks, carrying a white prayer book and a white candle Augusto led the family procession. He was very serious now, very sedate and solemn. His parents and godfather walked directly behind him; other relatives and friends followed them. Excitement and pride shone from Augusto's big eyes. He was not worried about the questions he would have to answer. He had them letter perfect. He had studied with his grandmother, his aunt and the parish priest for the past six months.

The bells of the church were ringing joyously. The white, pink, blue and yellow paper banners, strung from one side of the square to the other all the way to the church door, fluttered in the light breeze. They gave a festive air to the solemn occasion.

Then the bells stopped tolling. In hushed silence Augusto climbed the church steps to stand before the priest. He was accompanied by his godfather and his parents.

The priest began to question

the boy. Suddenly the child remembered another similar ceremony and answered, not in Spanish as he had been taught, but in another, strange tongue.

Augusto's high clear voice filled the stillness before the church. Friends and neighbors looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders. The ceremony droned on. Flies buzzed in the vibrant heat. The congregation began to move restlessly. They could not understand what was happening. Augusto's mother and father suffered, feeling that he was failing miserably. His godfather listened with open mouth.

Then, the questions finished, they entered the church and Mass was celebrated. Augusto received his first communion and all left the church for the barbeque. But instead of a happy joyous throng, the crowd walked slowly, whispering, wondering, uncomfortable.

After the feast the priest took Augusto and his parents aside and asked where the boy had learned French. He asked Augusto why he had answered in that language instead of in his native Spanish.

Augusto told the priest and his parents that, during the ceremony on the church steps, he had remembered a similar ceremony. He had remembered that his name was Jacques Lamonde and that he lived in France. He recalled all his

life there until his memory blacked out when he felt himself falling to the earth in flames.

The priest was greatly disturbed. He asked his bishop for permission to write to the parish priest in that small town in France that Augusto had named. After the circumstances were explained to his superior, permission was duly given and the letter of inquiry was sent.

The answer which came from France stated that there had been a young man, a pilot in World War I, who on the eve of his 21st birthday had been shot down. The young man's name was Jacques Lamotte. (The similarity between Lamonde and Lamotte is striking, but still one wonders at the variation.)

People fear that which they do

not understand and persecution started almost immediately. The boy's father finally decided to sell his store in El Cenco and the family moved to a ranch. Thereafter, Augusto had no formal schooling. He refused to go out into the world although his brothers were sent to the United States to be educated. He worked hard on the ranch and was a dutiful son, though much given to introspection.

On the evening of June 28, 1938, he kissed his mother and said, "Goodbye, Mother dear, I am going away. I am very tired."

Augusto died in his sleep that same night, less than eight months before his 21st birthday.

One wonders, when he said with such assurity "I am going away," just where he was going.



### WHEN DEATH CAME VISITING

ON ALMOST any other weekday at 5:00 p.m. the Raymond Meyer and Charles Schneider families would have been at home in Berkeley, Mo. But on Tuesday, September 4, 1957, Raymond Meyer was kept 10 minutes overtime on his construction job. This delayed his wife as it was his practice to pick her up at her own place of employment on his way home. Mrs. Charles Schneider decided to take her children to visit her mother, as it was the first day of school and the children were dressed in their best clothes. She phoned her husband to pick her up there. While both families were absent a disabled Navy jet fighter crashed into the Meyer and Schneider homes, leaving them in charred ruins.



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# The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

Leo Richard, a Portland, Me., trucking farm owner, told reporters, "Send me a rabbit's foot, quick," after the following incidents happened: one of his Cadillacs was wrecked; one of his trucks was demolished in a Connecticut crash; another truck was wrecked in a Massachusetts crack-up; a new tractor was nearly demolished; a big new trailer was demolished; his summer home was burned to the ground. And this all happened within six months time!

After a Sandston, Va., housewife found 15 four-leaf clovers, five six-leaf clovers and two five-leaf clovers on her front lawn, she went inside to do some housework. There she crashed through a first-floor window while trying to wash it.

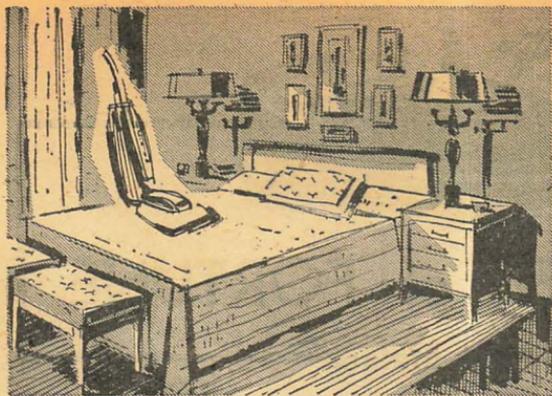
Two Yuma, Ariz., horseback riders, John Wilson, 13, and Charles Martin, 27, reported that their mounts stepped on a 7,200-volt

power line blown down in a storm. The horses were killed instantly but the riders felt only a "slight shock."

Herman Perry, of Hot Springs, Ark., who in 1914 carved his initials and the date on the shell of a terrapin and released it, found it again the other day, about 700 yards from the spot where he first had found it, 43 years ago.

About a month after Lamar Henry, five years old, was hit by an automobile at a Des Moines intersection his twin brother, Dell, was hit by a car at the same street corner. Both suffered only cuts and bruises.

Within 72 hours, three sisters—Mrs. Alvin Boman, Mrs. Elmer Filipi, and Mrs. Theodore Safranski—gave birth to babies at the same hospital at Crookston, Minn.



## “Haunted House” on Berryhill

Shirley keeps blaming Grandpa for the strange events in her Tulsa home—but Grandpa died 5 years ago!

*By Curtis Fuller*

IT HAD BEEN going on in the Berryhill Community, Tulsa, Okla., for a month before the newspapers got wind of it. Then the press association wires and the Tulsa papers were full of the strange happenings in the C. A. Wilkinson home.

It's a modest cottage, only 23 years old, and “ghosts” can't have had much time to get established there, though some of the neighbors feel they explain the spooky affair.

It began early in July and all

the disturbances seemed to be centering around the electrical wiring and appliances in the home.

The most serious damage was done to a new \$1,300 electric organ that got all churned up inside even though it wasn't even connected to the electricity. In fact, the repairman of a Tulsa music store said it looked as though “a bear had walked around” inside the organ.

But though the damage to the organ was by far the most costly, it wasn't the most mysterious, even

if mighty few bears are walking around in organs.

A more unusual event was the habit of an electric hand-sweeper of creeping through the house—generally settling on or around the bed of the Wilkinson's 11-year-old daughter, Shirley.

Mrs. Wilkinson declared that her daughter came into her room one night and complained that a sweeper was crawling across her stomach. Sure enough, Mrs. Wilkinson said, the extension cord had wrapped around the bed several times and the sweeper was sitting on the bed where her daughter had been sleeping.

The refrigerator motor "blew up" not once but twice and caused so much trouble that the Wilkinsons finally stripped its wires and filled it with ice.

Electric plugs jumped out of their wall sockets with such force the prongs were twisted—again when the electricity was not connected. Wilkinson said they were "shot out" of their plugs even when the master switch had been pulled.

**A**LL THIS ACTIVITY naturally upset the Wilkinsons. Mr. Wilkinson, an employe of the Sunray Mid-Continent Oil Company, finally concluded that some sort of an "electrical field" must be operating around the house,

though it never had operated before in the 23 years since the house was built. He suggested maybe a leaky electrical transformer had set up such a field.

Mr. Wilkinson dug up the water pipes surrounding the house and tore down a new fence in an effort to stop the field. He also removed the ground wire to the house's electrical lines but the utility company advised him that this was dangerous and that their equipment had nothing to do with his troubles.

To show this was wasted energy an electrical clock toppled from its perch six times.

"Some kind of a doctor called me and suggested something that might work," Mr. Wilkinson said. "He said by putting in four grounding rods around the house and extending them up from the electric meter to the top of the house, like a parasol, the magnetic field would be neutralized."

By the first of August, activity in the Wilkinson home was no longer confined to electrical appliances. Metal chairs and tables moved mysteriously and toppled over. A pan of water jumped off the kitchen stove.

The family called sheriff's officers for help but they could offer no solution.

Mrs. Wilkinson consulted an attorney with a view to taking legal

action if the annoyances didn't stop. But it was hard to figure who to sue.

A newspaper reporter and the attorney examined several of the electric plugs which had been connected to extension cords and appliances. They found that more than half a dozen of them were twisted and bent.

Meanwhile, the Wilkinsons got so desperate that they spent the night of Thursday, August 1, sleeping in their car. They did this after the tables and chairs went into a "weird sort of dance."

Then they moved a block north of their house at 3951 S. 61st Avenue.

"We don't know if this thing is a magnetic field, uranium, an old gas pocket under the ground, or what," Mr. Wilkinson said. "But it has us so completely unnerved and so upset we can't live a normal life here. We're moving."

**D**URING ALL THIS time, the term "poltergeist" was never mentioned.

Poltergeists, as readers of FATE know, are strange forces that operate at times—usually in the vicinity of adolescent children and particularly of adolescent girls.

Poltergeist activities often take the form of "tricks." They are usually random, apparently senseless, and represent the kind of humor

a four-year-old mind devises. But, although they are associated with adolescent children, the children are unconscious agents.

While science tends to scoff at poltergeist activities, they occur everywhere in the world, and have occurred throughout the ages. The unusual thing about the Berryhill poltergeist, if such it was, is the early emphasis on electricity and electrical appliances. However, this emphasis soon degenerated into a more random type of behavior closer to the usual poltergeist pattern—chairs and tables dancing about and a pan of water jumping off a stove, for instance.

Now, although the word "poltergeist" nowhere appears in the Berryhill record, the Tulsa newspapers at times referred to the Wilkinsons as a "haunted" family and it was not long before a "ghost" was being blamed for the activities.

On Monday, August 5, the 11-year-old daughter of the Wilkinsons, Shirley, decided that there was an explanation for all this and that she had known it all along. She said, "Grandpa did it and blamed it all on me." Shirley's Grandfather Wilkinson had died in 1952.

Shirley blamed Grandpa after the Wilkinson house and the events themselves had been investigated by Tulsa employes of an engineer-

ing research firm and by members of the American Society for Psychological Research.

The electrical research firm made all kinds of tests and concluded that there was nothing electrical or magnetic causing the affairs at the Wilkinson home.

Shirley was told that several articles in the home had been dusted with invisible powder that couldn't be removed from her hands and showed up only under a special light ray.

“Grandpa stole my fingerprints and put them there,” Shirley told Roy Hanna of the *Tulsa Tribune*. “I don't know why he did it, he should have known it would cause a lot of trouble.”

SHE SAID she had known it was Grandpa all along but hesitated to tell anyone about it for fear her dead grandfather might discontinue his “visits” with her.

“I'm going to talk with Grandpa Tuesday night and tell him to stop all this,” said Shirley when it was explained that the strange events were upsetting her family and causing her father endless trouble.

“Grandpa cut the wires and pulled out those springs in the organ,” Shirley said. “He didn't want me to play the organ and I loved it.”

Asked if she were going to get

back the organ which was then being repaired, Shirley said: “It might be better if it stayed in the shop a while longer.”

In the course of the investigation it became known that Shirley was an adopted child.

Mrs. Wilkinson said, “Grandpa didn't take much to the idea of our adopting a little girl. But before he died, he kept calling for Shirley.

“I have felt several times that someone—who I could not see—was laying a hand on my shoulder,” Mrs. Wilkinson declared. “Usually, before these things start, I feel this heat and smell the stale odor of earth as if I were in a tomb.”

But although Shirley planned to ask “Grandpa” to stop all the nonsense she wasn't sure that he would.

“Something in my heart tells me that it is not over yet,” she told Reporter Roy Hanna on August 4.

Immediately after these words Shirley's purse fell, unassisted, from a table beside the girl's bed, Mrs. Wilkinson reported.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Here again, the requirements of a true poltergeist case are fulfilled. Not only are poltergeist phenomena usually associated with an adolescent girl but such a child is almost invariably upset or unhappy.*

*FATE'S* editors surmise that if the facts are correct, Shirley probably felt herself unwanted because of her grandfather's opposition to her adoption. Somehow in her mind the poltergeist activities became involved with her feelings about her grandfather and she came to blame him.

At the same time, there is the realization on her part that some-

how she is associated with the strange goings-on. Child-like, she tries to blame her grandfather for what she feels, unconsciously at least, is her own fault. Nonetheless, if this is a true poltergeist case, she is not consciously aware of causing the havoc and, in fact, the physical mechanism by which poltergeist activities function is unknown.



## HYPNOTISM MACHINE FOR DENTISTS

**A** "FIRST" in medical history was announced in May, 1957, when Chester Green of Alton, Ill., had a tooth extracted while in a state of hypnosis induced by a machine. The extraction was performed by Dr. De Lafayette Reid, dentist, of Upper Alton. Hypnosis was induced by a machine called the Electronic Multi-Stimulus Hypnotic Inducer, invented by Robert L. Carlin, an Alton psychologist.

While Green was seated in the dentist's chair, hypnotic suggestions previously recorded by Carlin were run off on a tape recording machine. They were accompanied by an inaudible, high frequency noise designed to produce fatigue. At the same time a flashing light was directed into Green's eyes.

In a slow, soothing tone the recording told Green that he would have a pleasant experience, that he would enter a deep trance, and that his teeth,

mouth and gums would become numb. Various tests were made by Carlin to check Green's concentration and his obedience to the recorded suggestions. As two reporters and a photographer watched, Green clasped his hands together and was unable to unclasp them until Carlin directed him to unclasp them.

After about 45 minutes of suggestions, Green's tooth was pulled. After the extraction he was slowly brought out of the hypnotic state. All he recalled of the hypnotic period was becoming sleepy and feeling as though he were floating on air. He said he felt fine and his mouth felt as though the tooth never had been there. He reported feeling absolutely no pain and Dr. Reid was amazed that there was almost no hemorrhaging. The dentist stated that the extraction was the easiest in his 43 years of practice.

# FLYING SAUCERS in EUROPE

By *Aime Michel*

## SAUCERS — OR DELUSIONS?

**B**EFORE setting up a balance sheet of the crisis in Europe during the fall of 1954 I wish to record one of the most bizarre and better verified of the strange episodes. Not only did men, children, dogs and radar see a veritable avalanche of Flying Saucers at that time, but the saucers themselves left evidence.

At Le Mans on October 7, around 6:20 A.M. Mr. Alexander Tremblay was driving his truck on the road to Le Mans—Alencon, which veterans who served under General Patton know very well. Mr. Tremblay, who works for a large chocolate firm, picks up the milk in the area each morning.

Near Saint-Jean-d'Asse, he went up a small hill with his motor turning over quite fast and then suddenly it stopped and his headlights went out. Surprised, Mr. Tremblay put on his brakes, shifted out of gear and stepped on the starter.

The motor turned over, but would not catch.

Since the lights had failed also the trucker thought perhaps he had a short circuit. He climbed out of the cab to see, his lighted flashlight in his hand. Mr. Tremblay said, "At the moment that I opened the hood of the truck I saw in the sky above an intense blue light which seemed to be coming toward me. This lasted only a few seconds, then disappeared. Not knowing what to think of this incident I climbed back into the cab and tried again to start the motor. This time it caught, and the headlights went on."

Mr. Tremblay got back into his truck without having touched the motor. It now worked and he went on his way with his load of milk.

On October 9, two days later, two other witnesses saw a flying saucer. They are mechanics, Mr. Andre Bartoli, of Paris, and Jean-

Jacques Lalevee, of Cuisy (Seine-et-Marne).

That day, a Saturday, Mr. Bartoli had gone to see Mr. Lalevee at Cuisy near Dammartin by car. As he left at 7:20 p.m. he was turning the car, backing up at high speed to do so, when he saw through the rear window that the sky was lit up by a large yellow-orange light. At the same time the engine of his car died.

"At that minute," Mr. Bartoli told me, "I was not thinking of the car. Intrigued by the light I quickly opened the door and got out to see what was happening. I had time only to see the thing disappear above Saint-Souplet, towards Paris to the south west."

"It was a sort of yellow-orange cigar, about half the diameter of the moon," Mr. Lalevee said. He had been standing 10 feet behind the car, leaning on his bicycle and had seen the object very clearly as it passed overhead. "We talked about it for a few minutes, asking ourselves what it was. We thought perhaps it was a very large aerolite flying low. Whatever it was it disappeared almost immediately," Mr. Lalevee concluded.

Mr. Bartoli continued, "After it disappeared I went back to my car. It was then that I realized my headlights were out. Being pre-occupied with the passing of the strange object, I hadn't noticed it

before. Intrigued I leaned toward the dash board; contact had not been broken and the shift was still in reverse—the motor was in gear."

When Mr. Bartoli told me of this incident I suggested an explanation. "Perhaps it happened this way," I said. "You are at the wheel, you went back while accelerating, suddenly the light in the sky surprises you; being surprised you took your feet off the foot-pedal without thinking. Naturally the motor died. You got out of the car without thinking that you had neither shifted gears nor shut off the motor."

"Sir," Mr. Bartoli told me, "I must remind you that I am a professional mechanic. In what you have just suggested there are two or three things a mechanic would never do. I am not in the habit of taking my feet off the pedals for a light in the sky—even an unusual one. But all these are moral arguments that you aren't forced to believe. I will ask you only one question: How does your theory explain the fact that although the ignition was on, the lights were out?"

"Maybe you automatically turned them off when you got out to take a better look at the light," I suggested.

"That's what I thought at first," he replied. "But I soon found that

the switch was on. It was on, the ignition was on, and the lights were out. That is what Mr. Lalevee and I both saw—something that two mechanics had never in their lives seen on a car which was in running order."

"Then what did you do?" I asked.

"I shifted gears, pulled the starter and the motor turned over, caught, and the headlights went on again. I'd be curious as to how you explain all that," he ended.

"If you report this to the papers," I answered, "they'll say that a flying saucer flew over your car and stopped your motor."

"I'll have to see one to believe in flying saucers," Mr. Bartoli stated emphatically.

"And what do you think you just saw?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

The statements of the two mechanics end there. I studied them during the next few days and asked myself several questions:

1. The path assigned to the object by the witnesses implied that it would soon afterwards have crossed National Road No. 2, one of the busiest highways in France or, for that matter, in the world. The incident had occurred on a Saturday night, at an hour when thousands of Parisians are leaving Paris for the weekend. Is it possible that Mr. Bartoli's car was the

only one which was stopped by the passing of the object?

2. The path of the object would then have taken it over Paris where hundreds of thousands of cars must have been moving. Therefore, the objection becomes even stronger—were none of these cars affected?

3. Motor failure notwithstanding, would the flight of so luminous an object have gone unnoticed by these thousands of persons?

During the next month four statements came to my attention that in large part answered these questions I had asked myself, and at the same time further complicated them.

I discovered that the object had, after all, crossed National Road No. 2 south of Dammartin-en-Goele, had stopped several cars and had created a great bottleneck. It had been seen by witnesses driving south of Orly but had caused no excitement. It seemed at that time to be travelling quite slowly. One driver had seen it more to the west on the road to Chartres. There also it seemed to be going slowly. No cars were stopped. Still further west, near Dreux, some hunters who were going home had, a few minutes later, seen in the country a vaguely luminous mass which flew off at their approach and disappeared to the southwest.

To my great regret, I was not able to get more details about these

observations. At the time that they came to my attention flying saucers had become a laughing stock and the witnesses, rather than be ridiculed, talked only with reticence—especially if they were successful businessmen.

But the car at Chartres was driven by a well-known biologist, and among the hunters one was a pilot and the others were businessmen. The witnesses at Orly and at Dammartin denied their stories later on and, therefore, the reports on the sightings are rather vague. But they have some value, nevertheless, because, except for the last two, these people did not know each other and didn't know there were other witnesses. Despite this, the stories coincide exactly in time, in description, and in the flying direction indicated.

Nocturnal observations over Clamecy and Jonzieux were reported for the nights of October 10th and 11th. They were reported by milkmen and travelling salesmen. Heavy truckers run at night also, yet there are no stories of saucer sightings from them. This fact, as we shall see later, has an explanation.

A few hours before dawn on October 11 Mr. Baptiste Jourdy, a milkman, was driving his small truck in the region of Saint-Etienne. When he arrived near Jonzieux at 4:00 o'clock his motor stopped

abruptly and his headlights went out. Mr. Jourdy braked, stopped, got out and saw in the sky an enormous light which moved rapidly beneath the clouds. Its path cut the road perpendicularly, then flew off and disappeared. A few seconds later his lights went back on by themselves. Mr. Jourdy returned to his cab and pushed the starter. The motor started immediately and he drove away.

A quarter of an hour later, about 155 miles to the north Mr. Henri Gallois and Louis Vigneron, travelling salesmen from Clamecy, were going to the fair at Corbigny when something even stranger took place.

"I was driving in the middle of the road from Clamecy," said Mr. Gallois, "when suddenly near Sasser I felt something like an electric shock through my whole body. At the same time the car motor stopped and the lights went out. Paralyzed, we asked ourselves what was happening. It was then that, in a field bordering the road about 165 feet away, we saw a round object. Next to it we saw clearly three short beings who seemed to be moving about quickly. Their silhouettes soon disappeared into the saucer-like object which flew off immediately.

"Almost right away my lights went back on and we were able to drive away."

Mr. Vigneron confirmed his com-

panion's statement in all particulars.

If the two phenomena at Jonzieux and at Clamecy are only one, as the time and direction would seem to indicate, the saucer would have covered more than 155 miles in less than a quarter of an hour (since at Clamecy it had already landed when it was seen). This makes a speed of 620 miles per hour.

I will cite the last saucer sighting uncovered during the crisis of Autumn 1954 because it seems to me the most significant. Near Forli, Italy, two tractors were going side by side, one tractor engine was gas with magnito and the other diesel. An object emitting a red luminosity, flew over both tractors at the same time but only the electric motored vehicle had a light failure. The diesel had no trouble of any kind.

This explains, perhaps, why none of the saucer cases I heard of concerned heavy trucks, which are almost all diesel powered in France, functioning without electricity.

The study of these cases leads us to a question: Why did they all take place in the country?

The stories of the drivers show that the electric circuit paralysis takes place in a radius of about 165 feet around the "object". A paralyzing circle of 330 feet in diameter moving over a city with

heavy traffic (as in the 50 principal cities of France) would have been sensational! Thousands of cars at a time stopped, all headlights out, in the dark of night! What an extraordinary and indisputable phenomenon! But it never happened. The only traffic jam I know of is that which took place to the south of Dammartin, in the country.

From this we may draw one of two possible conclusions:

1. The witnesses all lied. It is reassuring to believe this and we cannot deny anyone his right to peace of mind. The refusal to believe is a marvelous appeaser. It permits, for example, the occidental communists to disbelieve in the Russian concentration camps.

2. The phenomena really happens only in the country. But why? Why would a natural phenomena avoid coming close to a human agglomeration—closer than 165 feet?

Let us work out our balance sheet:

The peak of the crisis came about October 12, 1954. The saucer observations began in July, increased slowly up to August 20, then from this date on the curve goes straight up. From September 10 there are several sightings every day; which means from four or five up to several dozen in a single day. After September 20 we are

lost. We can no longer count them. Hundreds of observations were never reported and even now, more than three years later, I meet persons who saw unknown flying objects but kept quiet for fear of being ridiculed.

All possible types of observations were reported—from those of solitary witnesses to large numbers of witnesses together, to neighboring villages and even whole regions where the people all saw the same thing. The phenomena varied from a simple trajectory in the sky to physical contact on the ground, to visions of bizarre little beings—all seen many times by all sorts of witnesses. Some of the witnesses claim to have seen men like us come out of the saucers.

All of these cases are suspect, not because of their likelihood since we must renounce that criteria when we study flying saucers (and we have known since Boileau that "the truth can at times seem unlikely"), but because in all these cases we were able to find other explanations or some contradiction in the story.

None of the physical contacts (however ephemeral and fugitive) included intellectual contact. Everything always took place in an "aura" of profound mystery as if two entirely different universes momentarily were side by side and could not understand each other.

We must ask, however, how such an extraordinary avalanche of events, which has no precedent in history, could fade away without leaving traces?

The answer is, they couldn't. Traces exist and two at least are indelible.

In a little valley not far from Paris a saucer landing was reported. The police interrogated the only witness, a peasant. After several hours of questioning he admitted what they wanted him to admit: that he had not seen very clearly and was not really sure that he had seen anything. They gave him a lecture and he apologized. Nevertheless, a learned friend of mine went to the place with a compass. He wanted to see if there was some metal object near the "landing spot". He found wire enclosures which were highly magnetic near the place where the witness had said the saucer landed. Farther on they were not.

The second indelible trace is the existence of two photographs. They have not been published in magazines or books dealing with flying saucers. They are two simultaneous photos taken by two self-registering cameras constructed for an entirely different purpose by an official French astronomer of reknown. This astronomer does not believe in flying saucers. Nevertheless, his two cameras recorded

an object that is neither plane nor aerolite, nor shooting star, nor bird, nor ball of lightning, nor anything known in the Paris sky. Specifically it is an unidentified flying object (UFO).

I have these photographs in my files and will publish them with a complete analysis in my next book.

After October 20 the number of saucer sightings diminished rapid-

ly and at the end of three weeks was practically over. By November 15, when the papers began seriously to report on the avalanche of observations, and when everyone began looking at the sky—there was nothing to see.

Europe was now attentive, but the sky was empty.

And nothing like this crisis has occurred again.



## MIRACLE OF THE MAORI HEALER

THE CASE OF a New Zealand farmer who suddenly went blind is cited by Ronald and Lyndon Rose, in a recent issue of the "Newsletter of the Parapsychology Foundation, Inc.," as showing that the influence of Maori "tapu" may extend even to the white man.

The story, according to the Roses, was told to them by a man whose name is given only as W. R. Shortly before the visit of Queen Elizabeth to New Zealand, W. R. said, a man of his acquaintance, Mr. C., lost his sight, which previously had been weak. Mr. C. consulted eye specialists in England but they were unable to help him.

On his return to New Zealand Mr. C. visited a famed Maori healer named Hori Keeti, who reputedly had healed several

white persons or "pahekas."

Keeti told Mr. C. that he had used a bulldozer to clear a part of his farm where there were many boulders. In doing so he had disturbed a Maori burial vault where bodies were kept. This, Keeti said, was the cause of Mr. C.'s blindness. The Maori burial places were "tapu"—not to be disturbed either by the Maori or by white men.

Mr. C. admitted that he actually had lost his sight shortly after using the bulldozer. Keeti then performed a magic ceremony and told Mr. C. to bathe his eyes in seawater. He did not tell Mr. C. that his sight would return—a possibility about which Mr. C. was highly skeptical. A short time later, however, Mr. C. recovered his sight.



## Mysterious CHEIRO

This amazing seer looked into the hands of the famous and notorious—and unerringly saw the future.

*By Norman L. Bierman*

ON NOVEMBER 1, 1866, in a little village near Dublin, Ireland, a baby boy was born. He was destined to become the most amazing seer of modern times.

Such was the beginning of Count Louis Hamon, the celebrated palmist, who under the pseudonym of

Cheiro excited the interest of the world with his astounding predictions.

After more than two years study with a sect of Brahmin Priests in India, he turned up in Bond Street London in 1892 at the age of 26. A tall, handsome man with a dyna-

mic and charming personality, he moved in the highest social circles and was the talk of England's drawing rooms. He was consulted by, and took the impressions of the hands of, most of the crowned heads of Europe.

His prediction to King Edward VII of the exact day, month and year of his death was given wide publicity. The King often referred to Cheiro as the man who would not let him live past 69.

In June, 1902, the coronation of His Majesty was postponed owing to his serious illness. The King was so depressed, so filled with apprehension concerning his condition, that Queen Alexandria summoned Cheiro to Buckingham Palace to reassure His Majesty.

The King recovered and on August 9th his coronation took place. In April, 1911, the public learned that His Majesty's health was again causing grave concern. His condition grew increasingly worse and on Friday, May 6th, in his 69th year, the Monarch passed away—on the very date predicted by the seer.

The famous journalist, W. T. Stead, who became the celebrated editor of the *Review Of Reviews* was warned in 1894 and again in June, 1911, that his death would be caused by drowning. Mr. Stead must have recalled this prediction with terror when he saw death ap-

proach on the decks of the sinking Titanic.

On July 21st, 1894, Cheiro called at the War Office in Whitehall to take an impression of the hands of Lord Kitchener. During the interview the seer predicted that the heaviest responsibilities of his career would occur in his 64th year which would be 1914. Of course this was the start of the first Great War.

In response to Kitchener's inquiry concerning the length of his life, the seer replied, "Your fatal year will be 66."

"Are there any indications of the cause?" asked Kitchener.

"Yes", replied Cheiro, "but not the kind a soldier might expect on the battlefield. Your death will most likely be caused by storm or disaster at sea, with the attendant chance of some form of capture by an enemy and exile from which you will never recover."

When Kitchener met Commandant de Balancourt at Dunkirk and was told a friend of his had been killed close by, he replied, "I am not alarmed because I know I shall die at sea." The incident was recorded in an Exchange Telegraph on June 19th, 1915.

On the evening of June 5th, 1916, the battleship Hampshire sank in the North Sea and Lord Kitchener lost his life 11 days before his 66th year.

In the year 1900 in Paris Cheiro met and took a signed impression of the hand of Mata Hari, the famous woman spy of World War I. A strong line of destiny sweeping up the entire hand and ending in a distinct star under the second finger foreshadowed a remarkable career, and one containing the elements of tragedy.

The seer warned her of a violent death, likely to occur near the end of 1917. They became very good friends and as the years rolled by and the Great War engulfed the world and Mata became a German spy, Cheiro reminded her of his prediction and implored her to give up her life of intrigue. However, she was fascinated by her career of espionage. Her beauty, intelligence and sex had full scope for adventure in her lucrative profession. She refused to listen to the seer's dire warnings. The rest is history. His tragic prophecy was fulfilled on a dismal morning in October, 1917. Standing before a French firing squad, refusing a blindfold, she threw a kiss to the soldiers an instant before their bullets ended her fabulous career.

Before World War I a London paper reported that the Czar of Russia, on a visit to England, had consulted the famous seer without revealing his identity. He had been told that a war would cause his violent death!

Perhaps Cheiro's most remarkable experience was a one hour interview with His Holiness Pope Leo XIII at the Vatican, who listened with rapt attention to Cheiro's discussion of occult subjects. It was here the seer met and predicted to Cardinal Sarto that he would occupy the Papal Chair as Pope Pius X.

One day in London a 16-year-old girl heard the seer tell her that she had difficult and unfortunate years ahead of her. She would marry within the year and lose her husband in a mysterious way which would prevent her from remarrying for some years. She would meet again and again the man that eventually would become her second husband. Quite impulsively the young girl said if this was the case she intended her second husband to be the seer himself!

The girl did marry, and lost her husband in a mysterious accident in which his body never was recovered. She had to wait seven years before the courts declared him dead.

She met the seer in later years in China, Cairo and Paris. One day in London she read in the *Daily Mail* that Cheiro, the well-known seer, was seriously ill with double pneumonia; was not expected to survive. She went to him, nursed him back to health,

married him and became Countess Mena Hamon!

The attempt upon the life of the Shah of Persia, the death of King Humbert, the unfortunate end to Oscar Wilde's career and thousands of other predictions made concerning the lives of more ordinary people gained Cheiro world-wide recognition.

In 1893 he embarked on a world tour and arrived in New York. His name was already known in America. He was met by reporters from the *New York World* who stated bluntly, "We believe you to be a fake and an imposter. You will be offered a test; if you are successful, your future in America will be assured. If you refuse or fail, you better take the next boat back to England."

Cheiro accepted the challenge and before him were placed about a dozen impressions of hands on paper. No clue to identity was given, but he read with uncanny accuracy the life and characteristics of Lillian Russel, Richard Crocker, "Boss" of Tammany Hall, and other famous persons.

When he reached the last hand print he turned to the reporters, "I must have your complete permission to reveal what I see." It was given and he continued, "Whether this man has committed one crime or 20 is not the question. As he enters his 44th year

he will be tried for murder and condemned to death. It will be found that for years he has used his intelligence and whatever profession he has followed to obtain money through crime; he has stopped at nothing to achieve his ends. He will be sentenced to death, yet his hands show his life will not end in this manner. He will live for years, in prison."

The reporters were flabbergasted. It was the hand of Dr. Meyer, the Chicago Poisoner. He had been sentenced to death for poisoning wealthy patients whom he had insured for substantial amounts of money.

This test was reported on two pages of the *New York World* on November 26th, 1893. Cheiro's mysterious powers were beyond question. It was thought he had made one great mistake only. The heinous crimes of Dr. Henry Meyer would be punished by death in the electric chair; there would be no escape!

The doctor learned of Cheiro's prediction and requested that he be brought to his cell at Sing Sing. There he begged the seer to tell him if he would escape the dreaded chair. Cheiro studied his hand again and left the condemned man with the hope that some miracle might save his life.

Meyer's sentence was appealed. Three trials were held and again

he was sentenced to die. However, at the last moment the miracle happened. The Supreme Court found a flaw in the indictment. His sentence was altered to life imprisonment and Dr. Meyer lived until he was 70, to die in the prison hospital.

Cheiro's success and popularity in New York was instantaneous. Appointments with him in his offices on fashionable 5th Avenue had to be made months in advance.

He visited the principal cities of the States. He was the center of attention whenever he appeared. During a season in Washington, in 1896, two ladies appeared at his offices at the end of the day. The elder lady asked Cheiro to read the future for her daughter. She said sarcastically, "I believe you to be an imposter, but do your best or worst!" The seer predicted a brilliant but short life for the young lady, a marriage in a few years, to a man of a different nationality from her own, that would elevate her to a position, in an eastern land, equal to that of a queen! The prophecy was considered preposterous.

The young lady was Mary Leiter, daughter of a Chicago millionaire, who, by her marriage to Lord Curzon became the Vicereine of India. Her early death wrote the finish to the prediction.

Mark Twain, after a consulta-

tion, wrote in Cheiro's Visitors Book, "Cheiro has exposed my character to me with humiliating accuracy. I ought not to confess this accuracy, still I am moved to do it."

The seer prophesied to the famous humorist that he would unexpectedly become rich in his 68th year. Mark found this hard to believe; he was heavily in debt and owed \$94,000 due to the bankruptcy of the Charles L. Webster Company. But on October 22, 1903, the prediction was fulfilled when the author signed a contract with Harper and Brothers. His yearly income was in excess of \$100,000.

When Cheiro returned to America for the second time his appearance was the signal for a storm of controversy. His mysterious powers were never really understood and he was often accused of fraud.

One day in Hollywood a wealthy mother brought her beautiful daughter to Cheiro. She wished her to become a famous actress; would she be successful? The seer replied that the young lady had contracted a marriage with a man so beneath her that success as a famous actress was impossible.

The mother was horrified. She denounced the seer as a fake and demanded an apology. Cheiro replied, "I am sorry, madam, if I

am mistaken. I cannot honestly give any other interpretation of your daughter's hand."

The mother left, with her daughter, thoroughly indignant and convinced he was a charlatan.

Cheiro was not surprised when a few days later the daughter returned alone to tell him she secretly had married a truck driver, and had no aspirations for a film career.

During his lifetime he accumulated over 60,000 hand impressions and wrote numerous books on the occult arts. His *World Predictions*, published in 1926, is filled with prophecies which since have come true. An amazing example of his accuracy is his reference to the "Prince of Wales," heir to the throne of England: "It is well within the range of possibility that he will, in the end, fall a victim of a devastating love affair. If he does, I predict the Prince will give up everything, even the chance of being crowned, rather than lose the object of his affection."

Cheiro eventually moved to

Hollywood in 1930, where he retired from public life to establish a school of metaphysics. One of his last documents foretold the date and manner of death of the great film director, Irving Thalberg, husband of Norma Shearer. Many great stars, Mary Pickford, Irene Rich, Erich Von Stroheim, Lillian Gish, countless others, attested to his mysterious ability to peer into the future.

He died at his Hollywood home on October 8, 1936, at the age of 70. Strange and unexplainable events reportedly occurred at the time of his death.

The corridors and stairs in his white mansion creaked under the feet of invisible hosts who seemed to walk in and out of his room.

Three times the big clock at the foot of the stairs mysteriously tolled the hour of one. Cheiro died at 1:05 a.m.

At the last moment the whole house was filled with an overpowering fragrance of Lily-of-the-Valley and roses, the Count's favorite flowers, although none were in the house.

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## QUICK CATCH

**D**URING THE FIRST hour of his first patrol in East Hartford, Conn., rookie State Policeman Joseph Letita halted a suspicious motorist. Investigation revealed the man was a car thief.

By *The Rev. James W. Welgos*  
as told to Kenneth Hart

There are four kinds of prayer. They  
work mysteriously; no man knows how.  
But the important thing is: they work!

*Do you understand*



**PRAYER?**

**H**OW DOES PRAYER work? We know that it is working *all the time*, for we are all “praying” every time we think or feel. Every thought is a “prayer” because every thought finds its way into what may be called the Universal Mind—that is, the Creative Power resident within all of us. We are all basically one, since we all draw our life from One Source. Some call it Life, some call it God, while psychologists like to call it the “subconscious mind” or “racial mind” or some such thing.

Thus prayer works by finding its way into the ever-receptive mind of the universe, causing a manifes-

tation in the visible world. We shall understand this better when we have looked at the different types of prayer. There are four kinds, corresponding to the four levels of life-activity in the world. They are:

1. Verbal prayer;
2. Action prayer;
3. Sensory prayer;
4. Identity prayer.

The first two are obvious enough. Verbal prayer is used by all those people who “say their prayers.” Action prayer is used in all the forms of ritual and ceremony that are practiced in churches.

Do these bring any result?

Not usually since most such rit-

uals do not have sufficient intent or purpose behind them. There are some that do, of course. One is the yearly dance of the Hopi Indians, whose ritualistic motions are performed specifically for the purpose of bringing rain. The intent behind the dance is clear and definite in the minds of the dancers—to bring rain, and it is on record that they never fail. This is action prayer at its most apparent. It can be very powerful. The actions and the intent make a clear impression on the Universal Mind, which responds with rain.

Another good example of action prayer was reported in *Life Magazine* some time ago. A minister wanted to break a serious drouth and asked his parishioners to wear raincoats and carry umbrellas—to prepare for rain. To most persons' amazement it worked!—The rain came. It rained because the actions of the people had purpose, preparation and expectation behind them.

A man in Michigan learned one day of a local farmer's urgent need for rain. He went home and used a combined verbal and sensory prayer. That is, he "sensed" falling rain and verbally "aimed" it with the words: "North of where I am now." The farm was about five miles north of the student.

It rained all right—but 15 miles north of the student's home. Thus

a good rainstorm hit an area 10 miles north of the farm! But the student learned of this and so corrected his "aim", satisfying the farmer!

Sensory prayer is the most powerful prayer method easily available to the most people. The power of sensory prayer rests upon the vividness with which you can sense within yourself the thing you desire. I suggest that you completely relax in a chair, then remember any incidents in your life that are vivid to you. Remember a number of them. Now check back. Which sense is the most vivid in your recalls?

Do you "see" things vividly, while other portions of your memories are not so clear? Then the visual sense is the one you should use in your prayers.

Or do you "hear" things, such as speech, the sound of moving objects, the spatter of rain? Then use this auditory sense in your prayers.

If you have two or more senses that are vivid, then that's all to the good and you can use them all.

Let me point out that each one of us has more than five senses. Many persons can "sense" the size of objects at a considerable distance from them. Some persons can sense the motion of objects, as well as the mass. Orthodox science tends to regard such perceptive abilities

as “paranormal” but they are not. They are only outside the range of the commonly recognized five senses. Because our society unwittingly teaches people that the five, well-known senses are the only senses most people tend to ignore their true abilities.

Now, in just the manner you remember most vividly, make your prayers. Don't use great effort. Just know what you want and allow the picture to grow strongly, with clear, sensory details. You'll find as you continue that your other senses will develop automatically. If you are regular in your praying, the thing or circumstance you are mentally building will manifest in the visible world around you.

You can combine your sensory prayers with verbal prayers. Like the man who sensed the rain and “aimed” it in words. But you must be specific. Vague prayers, poorly sensed images do not have much effect upon the Creative Power within you. Just sense vividly, be definite in your words and be regular in your practice—and you'll soon get what you want, whether it's rain, a better job, or alleviation of a troublesome ailment.

Now I'll quote two letters from persons who made effective use of combined verbal and sensory prayers. Please note their simple confidence and definiteness. These

two people had heard that other persons had controlled the weather and straight away *accepted it as possible*—and so it was, just as it can be for you.

C.S. wrote: “While I and a friend were out along the coast fishing in a small craft, rugged-looking storm clouds built up fast. The sea grew rough and things looked grim. At any moment the storm would break into vicious action. I asked inwardly and visualized, with attention to sensory realness, a path of safety before us. Then the storm crashed about us. But we were safe. The black clouds split to either side of us and through a protected channel we made it to harbor. Boy, I wouldn't like to say where we'd be now if I hadn't used your prayer methods!”

Another man did much the same thing, but his experience was on an airplane journey. Mr. F.S. wrote: “Drawing nearer to our destination on a flight to the south, fog closed in and the airport was blanketed out. I deliberately relaxed and asked the higher power within me for a safe landing—then focused myself completely on “feeling” the sensation of the plane coming in smoothly, wheels touching down with an easy hiss. We landed smoothly! The pilot afterwards commented that a “hole” had opened in the fog for him and he went straight down through it

without circling. I checked and found ours was the only plane to land during 30 hours."

Still another powerful prayer method is in the combination of verbal and action prayers. Words and actions, when fitted together smoothly and purposefully, are most effective. A Negro woman here at our Headquarters complained one day about the lack of rain, saying her vegetable garden was drying up; the plants were dying. I asked her to bring me a glass of water and together we went to the garden. Over the plants I gently scattered the water (the action part), then uttered this verbal prayer:

"As I have given water to these plants, showing my wish, so it will come to pass that further water will be supplied, softly and in abundance, by the Universal Power. What I have given . . . shall be increased."

The next morning it began to rain. Gently it continued to rain over the entire area for about eight hours.

Actions and words, fitted together for one specific purpose, will bring you the manifestation or circumstance you desire. Be calm, direct and purposeful: you cannot fail.

Now let's look at an interesting letter from a Mrs. D. N., of Southern Rhodesia. She has been

combining verbal and action prayers for some time. She writes: "I think I have the idea you are teaching, especially in regard to controlling the weather. You know, I think I have been using your methods without knowing it! For years now, on the days when I've finished my washing and wanted to put it out to dry, I've been telling the rain to go away—and it always has! I have sometimes put my washing on the line with the rain pouring down, meanwhile saying: 'When the last piece is up, the sun will shine.' And every time it has! My neighbors are amazed. In the end they have had such faith in me, they beg me not to take my washing in until theirs was dry. Here in Africa we sometimes have non-stop rain for two weeks at a time. When my husband is on his way to and from work, I often put a few pieces of washing on the line and the rain stops just for that time. But my husband couldn't believe it. So one day I said: 'Tomorrow I will put no washing out and you can come home in the rain.' He came home soaking wet!"

A point which Mrs. D. N. does not mention in her letter but which I shall point out now is this: she is a good friend to people, has a cheerful nature, remains on good terms, not only with people, but with things—even the weather. For this type of person, the environ-

ment, in all its aspects, tends to *respond positively*. I am quite sure that Mrs. D.N. does not "swear at the weather" as many of us do. Hence, for her, weather control came easily. The moral is: get on "good terms" with the things or persons you wish to influence through your prayers.

We can consider now the fourth and last type of prayer, Identity prayer. This is not easily available to most people since it takes some training to re-establish it. We are all born with the ability but refine it away in the process of becoming "normal" human beings. Identity prayer means the ability to "become one" with the thing desired—with the dream, picture or desired circumstance. Have you ever felt yourself "in the other person's shoes"? Have you ever imagined what it would be like to "be" an animal, insect or plant—and felt the realness of it quite vividly? This is identity prayer although in a limited way.

This is not "astral projection." It is pure manipulation of awareness, or "beingness," as it is sometimes called. Many poets have the ability, and certainly William Wordsworth possessed it as one can see in his lines:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales  
and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the  
breeze."

Here Wordsworth felt himself to be a cloud and from this viewpoint perceived the daffodils beneath him. Poets, owing to the high degree of sensitivity they develop toward nature, give freedom to their awareness to establish a closer, more intimate contact with the beauties of nature they describe. We can all re-establish this ability to a certain extent by finding more in life to appreciate. Loving appreciation of anything, whether a flower or a person, will bring you into closer "unity" with it.

Very young children use this ability all the time, and in this way learn to become socially "normal" human beings, able to sense things just as their parents do. They "identify" themselves, through awareness, with the bodies, functions and feelings of others. And as they grow up they learn more and more to regard things that are separate from their physical bodies in space, as mentally separate too, and hence their awareness becomes more and more limited to the confines of their physical being.

Another name for identity prayer, which will help us to understand it is *direct contact*. This means just what it says: the ability to experience full direct contact with a

thing, to "be" it, through unlimited awareness to permeate it. It entails a recognition of the *oneness* of life. It is what Christ meant when he said: "I am in the Father, and the Father is in me." Another expression of its basic nature is called "The Love of God" which is a pure and neutrally benevolent force eternally seeking to draw us all, and all of life, together into a unified and harmonious whole. This same Love is in every one of us although we deform it into many types of emotions.

Each man wants to be "right", to have others agree with him, to have them love the little world of belief and desire that he lives in—and this of course brings disagreement, conflict, hate. What we need is to recognize that all men are "right"—within the limitations of their awareness and beliefs. Christ's admonition to "love one another" is aimed at this basic recognition, but few persons seem to understand.

Direct contacts sometimes involve "clairvoyance", "clairaudience", "extra-sensory perception", and "precognition." All are manipulations of awareness in space and time.

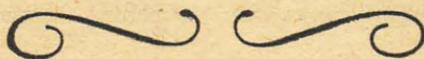
Sometimes a number of us sit on the floor with our hands joined and I, or a staff member who is

sufficiently advanced, will do a requested healing, while the others concentrate on the desired result and thus add power. I "reach out" in awareness to the body and being of the ailing person; I note the tensional states comprising the disease and release them. Any form of disease rests on tensional forces permeating the cellular structure of the body and these are but a reflection of the tensional, conflicting forces within the mind.

However, use of this "identity" prayer method requires some training; although all these forms of prayer I have discussed are but methods of utilizing the Creative Power that rests universally within us all.

Every one of us is using these methods anyway, each and every day that passes, but most of us are not aware of it. We have suspicions, hatreds, unpleasant expectations—unpleasant little mental pictures—and thus the world around us reflects back the chaos we project.

It is up to those of us who know the basic methods of prayer to bring a little more harmony, a little more gentle rain, more hours of sunshine, more order into life by establishing order in our prayers and minds.



I wish to say that I do not believe in the supernatural. I believe that seemingly inexplicable events have rational explanations—if we can but find them.

Members of my family have had the gift of precognition and I would like to understand their abilities.

My cousin was a qualified teacher in a New York High School, a graduate of Hunter College, with a Master's Degree from Columbia. She eventually married

wanted a diaper or something for the baby forgetting that only the small handbag belonged to them.

Other passengers murmured because some of the suitcases belonged to them but my cousin paid no attention. She laid the baby across the seat the other way, so that his head rested in Bill's lap, saying, "The falling baggage could kill one of us. This way we will all be safer. I mean, when the collision comes."

"What collision?" Bill asked,

# PRECOGNITION

a Trenton dentist, Dr. Howard Oldfield, and went there to live. When she, her husband, and 18-month-old son, Stanley, were returning on the train to Trenton from a visit in New York with her parents on Thanksgiving of 1932, my cousin suddenly said to her husband, "Bill, take the suit cases down from the rack quickly."

The baby lay on the seat between his father and mother drinking his bottle and dozing. My cousin sat next to the window, the baby lay next to her and her husband sat on the aisle. Bill took down the suitcases thinking his wife

*By Lillian Flyer*

thinking she had suddenly taken leave of her senses. At that same moment, there was a crash, a terrific rending noise and the car ahead of them rose almost upright into the air. The baggage dropped from all the racks everywhere, seriously hurting those on whom it fell. Only the rack above my cousin and her family was empty. The seat in front of them was smashed but the baby's position saved him from being crushed.

It was many hours before a wrecking crew extricated them

through the window. Except for their fright, they were unharmed.

How did my cousin know what was going to happen?

She cannot answer this question.

One day in December, 1932, my Aunt Anna and Uncle Peter Krain went to the wedding of young Rose Brown who they both loved. Observing the bridegroom my aunt said, "Oh my, how well he can marry! He seems such a practiced bridegroom. I think he has been married several . . ." Placing his

midnight. Of course, there is a superstitious reason for this. You know how women are!"

Undoubtedly the bride's father had suspected something before and at midnight a woman leading three small children arrived. She was the groom's wife, with his children.

But how did Aunt Anna know?

My mother, Nina Nagy, had a precognitive dream when she was three years old. Her sister, Erzie, just a year younger than she, was

## IN MY FAMILY

**"Take the suitcases down from the rack," my cousin said.**

**"The train is going to crash."**

hand over her lips, Uncle Peter interrupted, "Please be quiet. When you say such things you frighten me. I would hate to have something like that happen to Rose."

"Well," said my aunt, "he has been married before and I fear bigamously."

The father of the bride overheard her and a minute later announced to the guests, "We are going to reverse things. We will have the reception and the dinner first and then the ceremony after

two years old at the time. A third sister was just about to be born.

At that time they lived on the edge of the village square in a tiny Hungarian hamlet on the bend of the Tiszo River. Her father had an alcohol distillery and a large farm there. He raised potatoes from which he distilled alcohol, using the left-over mash to fatten cattle for the market.

Selling his alcohol, buying and selling cattle, buying more potatoes than he could raise, entailed quite a bit of travelling for him. Although his wife, Marie, was close to her time then, he had to

leave on a week's trip. He was so concerned about her, he arranged with his foreman, Andreas Haidu, to look in on her twice a day. She had a maid living with her but the girl was unexpectedly called away so she was alone with the little children.

One morning when Mr. Haidu arrived, he found the oldest girl standing at the window, weeping bitterly. She was hugging a loaf of bread to her bosom. This struck him as so peculiar that he inquired about it. "Do ask her, I am tired of her story," her mother answered. The child was willing to talk.

"I dreamed," she began, "that the whistle blew at 12 o'clock. The soldiers came out of the fort and began to drill on the village square. Then the river rose on its banks so quickly that there was panic among the soldiers. They could not get to safety quickly enough and many were drowned. The water rose on the hill and got into our house. Mother took us into the attic. The water got higher and higher and she sat us on an old table and got on herself. After a while the table floated to the window and mother held on to the frame. Outside, we could see the water was full of people and animals; a house went by. Then a horse swam down the stream with a soldier riding on his back. The water was rough and finally

mother could not hold on anymore. I don't know what happened after that. I woke up and could not sleep anymore."

"And that," said her mother, "is why she is crying."

The man was very much impressed but the mother not at all. He tried to console the child, telling her it was only a dream and could not happen. But the child would not be consoled and continued to weep. The foreman had to leave to take the 11 o'clock train to meet his employer who was expecting him.

Twelve o'clock came, the whistles blew and the soldiers came out of the fort to drill, just as in mother's dream. Hardly had they begun when the river suddenly overflowed its banks, swiftly rising higher and higher. Many soldiers were drowned. Others were carried down the stream by the strong current. The water kept rising, higher and higher. It rose on the hill. It got into my grandfather's house. My grandmother went up into the attic of her two-story house with her two children. Soon she had to put the children on a table and climb up herself.

As the water rose, the table began to float. It reached the window where grandmother grabbed the frame hoping to make it stop. It was rocking dangerously in the rushing water. Outside she and the

two children could see farm animals and furniture going by. Houses, barns, and other buildings sailed down the rushing stream.

The table now rose higher than the window top and floated away on the turbulent waters which swirled through the attic. The water continued to rise. When it reached the ceiling they would drown.

So far everything had happened as in Mother's dream. It was at this point she had waked up. What would happen now?

Suddenly they heard knocking. Grandmother thought the house was coming loose from the foundation. She thought this was their moment of doom. But the knocking got louder and soon an axe showed through the gabled roof. The hole got bigger and, just in time, the three were rescued.

The foreman had been so impressed by my mother's recital of her dream that he went into the next town where he bought a row-boat and an axe. He hurried back with them in time to rescue the little family. If he had not they would have perished.

"This child," he said, "is prophetic. I had to rescue her."

My grandfather returned that day much worried because his foreman had not met him. He found a new born babe. The third little sister had arrived.

Why and how did my mother have that dream?

My great-grandmother, Jolan Schultz, had a niece, Gizela, her brother's daughter, who was married at 16 to Alexander Szegedi, 20. He felt that America offered more scope for his talents than his hometown in Hungary so they left for the United States. Feeling they might never be in Europe again, certainly not soon, they went to Paris to visit and to buy things. They had such a good time they nearly missed their ship, the *Lyra*. They got to the dock just as the sailors were ready to raise the gangplank. The young husband ran ahead hoping to keep the gangplank down long enough for Gizela to cross it. She stopped just as she got to the ramp and looked aloft. Horror showed on her face. Neither the Captain's orders, the men's shouts, nor her husband's coaxing could make her advance one step.

"I will not board this ship," she cried. "I see Death riding on the mainmast. This ship is doomed."

"All our possessions are on board," entreated her young husband.

But Gizela was determined to stay and stay they did.

"On the next ship we sail even if you see a troop of devils. My advice to you is not to look up," Alexander stormed while Gizela

wept and wrung her hands.

This was in February, 1828, when sailing ships were still in use and it took time to arrive at one's destination.

They had to wait a month for

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another ship and then it took more than seven weeks to cross. Thus it was a matter of three months before they reached New York. Alexander worried because their goods were on the first ship. When they finally arrived in New York they hurried to the shipping office directly from their boat. Alexander explained to the clerk that his goods and baggage had been on board the *Lyra*. He asked where he could collect his things.

“How is it,” asked the clerk, “that your goods were on board the *Lyra* and you were not?”

Alexander explained shamefacedly that his wife had a premonition that all would not be well with them if they sailed on the *Lyra*.

Gizela was not ashamed. She spoke up, “I refused to sail on that ship because I saw Death riding on the main mast.”

“You saw Death riding on the main mast?” asked the clerk, whitefaced. “That ship and all on board have not been heard of from that day to this. God knows where it and your goods are.”

So Alexander and Gizela were stranded in a foreign country without goods or money, to start their new life.

“Well,” said Alexander, “here we are, alive to be sure, safe it is true, but how are we to live? What do we do now?”

“Open the packet,” said Gizela,

"that grandfather gave me when I left home. It is in my little black bag. He said to keep it with me always, to open it when we are alone. He knew we would be in trouble."

This bag had been on her arm for months, since they left home. As soon as they were alone in their room in an inexpensive hotel, Gizela opened her packet. In it they found a handful of unset diamonds, a ring set with three large, flawless gems, and a note. Grandfather wrote:

"If you are opening this packet, you are in trouble, as I knew you would be. I felt it. The ring is for Gisela. It was my wife's engagement ring. Pawn it only if you must. Take the unset stones to the address enclosed. This man is honest. He will not cheat you."

Gizela's grandfather had been a diamond merchant and this was the last of his stock. It became the nucleus of a large fortune for Alexander and Gizela.

The grandfather, who also had the gift of precognition, had always worried about Gizela's future. He knew she would have to overcome some great handicap early in her married life, so he prepared her for it.

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And how did Gizela recognize Death on board the Lyra?

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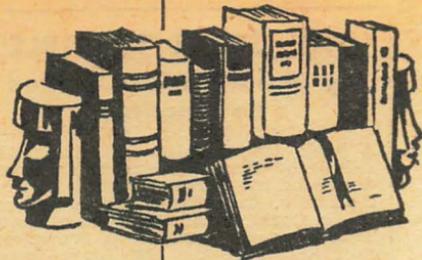
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## NEW BOOKS

THE HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY by Montague Summers—University Books, New York; 353 pages, \$6.00.

This book, by an orthodox Roman Catholic priest who spent more than 30 years in the study of his subject, is pronounced the best Roman Catholic history of Witchcraft and the Church's fight against it. The author vigorously defends all the Church has ever done to extirpate witchcraft and heresy. He is thoroughly familiar with ancient and modern Spiritualism, the literature of which he quotes freely; he accepts all types of Spiritualistic phenomena, having "absolute and complete belief in the supernatural, and hence in Witchcraft."

With copious quotations, he shows that history is saturated with Witchcraft: "the most brilliant minds, the keenest intelligences, the most learned scholars,

the noblest names . . . all firmly believed in Witchcraft." More than 2000 popular books of spells, in Greek and Latin, were publicly burned in Rome. Witches put to death are estimated at anything from 30,000 to several millions.

Proofs of Satanic influence are considered to be speaking unknown tongues, seeing distant things, possessing abnormal strength and foreseeing the future, which "can be known to God alone." The very core and kernel of Witchcraft—which is virtually synonymous with Spiritualism—is commerce between human beings and evil spirits. Witches make compacts with the Devil, abjure the Catholic Faith, vow obedience to the Devil, practice sacrilegious baptism, and have been observed to taxi on broomsticks to their Sabbats or assemblies.

Modern Spiritualism, according to the author, is nothing but

Diabolic Possession: "only the trained theologian can adequately treat the subject." The Catholic Church "condemns it utterly and entirely."

The volume is a monument of erudition and scholarship, there being 31 pages of bibliography, and about the same number devoted to references at the end of each chapter. It is, in fact, so jampacked with names, dates and historical detail as to be heavy going for the average reader. But for the serious student it is a virtual encyclopaedia.

No one could have more perfectly caught the spirit of the book than Elmer Davis: "Firmly believing in the whole paraphernalia of Satanism, Montague Summers has a wonderfully good time describing its nefarious orgies with a gusto which even the reader of feeble faith is apt to catch."—*Arthur E. Powell.*

THE BOOK OF MIRACLES by Zsolt Aradi—Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, Inc., New York, N. Y.; 316 pages, \$5.00.

This book seems to indicate that there is a new tendency, first noticeable in the writings of Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., for the Roman Catholic Church to be increasingly objective and analytical in its appraisal of paranormal gifts and of miracles.

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ous well-meaning priests were devoting a good deal of energy to the attempted exposure of paranormal phenomena as unmitigated evil. They wrote books in which most of the phenomena discussed were denied, and those which were not denied were credited in the main to the Devil.

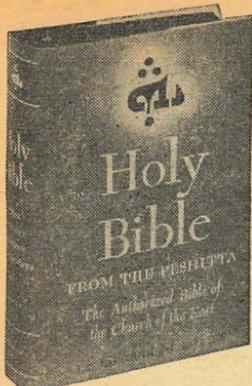
It is refreshing to find an eminent Catholic authority presenting a carefully documented analysis of paranormal and supernatural phenomena. These include such solidly verified miracles as some of the cures at Lourdes and such mystifying phenomena as surround the stigmatic Theresa Neumann. Although Mr. Aradi does not so state, one draws the conclusion that he believes the phenomena associated with Theresa Neumann to be psychopathological. One also is struck with the large amount of good evidence existing in Church records for the levitation of various saints.

Before his death Father Herbert Thurston wrote several studies of mystical phenomena and their relationship to the Catholic Church: *Ghosts and Poltergeists*, *Surprising Mystics* and *The Physical Phenomena of Mysticism*. These volumes brought together for the first time many mysteries which have occurred within the Church or adjacent thereto. Father Thurston's books appeared after his

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Ecclesiastes 10:19—A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things.

Isaiah 19:10—And they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish.

Matthew 6:13—And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Matthew 19:24—And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

#### Lamsa's Aramaic Translation

Nevertheless for David's sake did the Lord God give him an heir in Jerusalem, to set up his son after him and to establish him in Jerusalem.

Bread and wine are made for joy, and all makes life merry; but money brings one low and causes him to go astray in all things.

And all those who make strong drink for the drinking of the people shall be humiliated.

And do not let us enter into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Again I say to you, it is easier for a rope to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

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death. They make a very careful examination of many unusual cases. Mr. Aradi's book is a less detailed but nevertheless very comprehensive study of various strange phenomena and miracles and of the saints in whose presence many of them have occurred or are occurring.

Mr. Aradi attributes some of these phenomena to little understood powers of the human soul, some to by-products of psychoneurosis and hysteria, some seemingly to Satan, and still others to God. His analysis of events in the field of parapsychology is very clear-cut and he examines the factors involved in each case with great care. His book makes fascinating reading and is a source book of information in its special field.

The author is an Hungarian who now lives in the United States. As author, editor and publisher, he has served as a correspondent in Rome and as a diplomat accredited to the Vatican. His book is of sufficient importance to have a preface by Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M., who is also the president of the Pontifical Academy of Science in Rome. For those who are interested in the attitude of the Catholic Church toward psychical phenomena, the book is "must reading."—Edmond P. Gibson.

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## THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT

By Albert E. Wilkinson

**M**Y MOTHER died in May, 1908, leaving me an orphan at 15. When school was out I was taken to live with Charlie Orai, a widower who had a ranch near Halfway, Ore., which was in a mountain valley 60 miles from the railroad.

We boarded at the Sam Sanders ranch about half a mile away. After supper the Sanders family would gather about an old organ and sing old-time songs until about 9:00 P.M. Then Charlie and I would walk back to his ranch along a country lane bordered with pine trees and crossed by several small streams that were forded as they were too small for bridges. On a moon-lit night the lane was quite an eerie place. The brooding silence occasionally was shattered by the howl of a coyote or the hoot of an owl—and this may have put our minds in a suitable condition for what happened one night in

July, 1908, when we arrived at Charlie's home.

The house faced the west and a large moon was coming up in the east, which placed the west side of the house and the long veranda in pitch darkness. Being slightly ahead of Charlie, I opened the screen door which he held while I opened the main door. As I entered the living room I stopped in amazement.

Sitting on an old-fashioned sofa against the opposite wall, and in a circle of yellow light about three feet in diameter, was my mother, a smile on her face. The room was completely dark, so that the vision stood out clearly. Everything in the circle of yellow light was visible, including the figures on the wallpaper and the fabric on the sofa.

The vision lasted only a moment and then vanished. I turned to Charlie and blurted out what I had seen. He said he had been looking over my shoulder

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and had seen the vision also. He died in May, 1949, at the age of 91. I have a letter from him, written shortly before he died, confirming the incident.

As this was my first psychic experience, I was quite shaken. As soon as the kerosene lamp was lit I asked Charlie many questions. He told me not to be frightened as such experiences were not uncommon.—*Long Beach, Calif.*

## AN AFTERNOON IN DAMASCUS

By Donald Frederic Hughes

I WAS FLYING from Istanbul to Damascus and, although I am an experienced traveler, I was unusually restless and anxious to reach my destination. I never had been to Damascus, "the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world."

The moment I stepped off the plane a strange feeling came over me. I can describe it only as being drawn by a powerful, magnet.

When I reached the hotel I immediately changed clothes and went out. At first I walked aimlessly, then gradually I felt the magnet-like pull. I was conscious and I was completely aware of myself and everything around me, but I was not functioning under my own will. I had the peculiar feeling that I was watching myself from a distance.

I continued walking, going deep-

er and deeper into the crooked, narrow streets of Bab Tuma Quarter, one of the oldest sections in Damascus. I had never been there, and yet at no time did I fear that I was getting lost. Suddenly I was aware of the fact that everything I saw I had seen already. Before turning a corner I knew positively what I would see ahead of me; every detail was vividly in my mind before I actually saw it. Even the odors were familiar.

A little man came walking towards me. Already I knew every wrinkle in his face, I knew he was going to stop and talk to me, and I knew every motion his mouth would make. When he was close to me he looked up and spoke in Arabic. I could not understand him. A desperate feeling came over me. In French and English I quickly explained that I could not speak Arabic and I begged him to tell me what he had said, who he was. He stared at me for a moment (even this stare I had seen before, ages ago), then shook his head and walked away.

Without hesitation about directions I found my way back to the hotel and, completely exhausted, slept for many hours. When I woke I realized I had come close to seeing something out of a life long past. During the next several days I tried to regain the spirit that had guided me, but I never

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was able to recapture it.

Since then I have traveled in most parts of Arabia and frequently people tell me they feel they have met me before. I often sense that I am not in a totally strange environment although it is the first time I am there, at least in this life span. Sometimes I accidentally overhear the conversation between two Arabs, in their own language, and although I know none of the Arabic dialects, somehow I know what they are talking about.—*Northport, N.Y.*

### MOTHER'S PREVISION

By Peter Parker

**T**HIS experience happened over 60 years ago, but still is fresh in my memory.

My Mother, Mrs. Nancy Parker, and her twin sister, Mrs. Sarah Parker (they were married to brothers), lived several miles apart in a thinly settled part of Michigan. They didn't get to see or talk to each other very often because there

were no cars or telephones there.

My Aunt Sarah was expecting a baby and we knew it was about time for it to arrive, but we hadn't heard from her.

Early one morning Mother awoke and told us her sister was dead. She said she had dreamed that Aunt Sarah appeared to her, told her she was going away and asked her to take the baby and raise it as her own.

Mother was convinced of the truth of her dream and went about her work, confident that a messenger soon would arrive.

Dad and us children could only

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await developments. The idea of a new baby in the house was exciting although we were already a large family.

At nine o'clock that morning my Uncle Albert drove into the yard, bringing the nine-day-old baby. He told Mother her sister had passed away that morning at four o'clock, the exact moment of Mother's dream.—*Newberry, Mich.*

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By Mary Geneva Smaltz

**I**N EVERY family there are those who are spiritually akin, who fulfill some deep need in each other. Thus it was with my nephew Robert and myself. There was deep understanding and an abiding love between us.

Robert was an aerial photographer. He loved his work and often discussed it with me.

One day in the spring of 1941, while on a field trip, something went wrong with Robert's plane and it crashed into one of the large, swampy lakes of South Carolina. Three weeks passed before Robert's body was found and during that time I was numb with grief. I was like an automaton, walking but not thinking or seeing clearly.

When Robert's body was found, the dam of my emotions broke and I lay sobbing, uncontrollably, until finally I dozed into a state between waking and sleeping. Suddenly I

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saw Robert beside me, smiling the old playful smile, holding out his arms to me. I had a feeling of shock but not fear.

"Don't cry so, Aunt Mary. I am all right. See, I will show you," and he caught up my hand and held it over his beating heart.

My heart ceased to grieve. Almost ecstatic peace flooded my whole being. I smiled and in that instant he was gone.

I came fully awake, but I knew it had been no dream. I knew Robert had been with me—that he was vitally alive, that he was the same joyous person I knew and loved.—  
*Cushing, Okla.*

### GRANDPA SAID GOODBYE

By Mabel Wilton

MY HUSBAND'S grandfather, James H. Wilton, lived with us in Detroit, Mich., for two years. In 1931 he decided to return to the farm near Flat Rock, Mich., where he had lived with a cousin. About a month after he returned to the farm he became very ill and we knew he did not have much longer to live.

One night after the family had gone to bed my husband, Colin, and I prepared a late snack in the kitchen. We were about to sit down at the table when suddenly I felt someone come up behind me and place a hand on my shoulder. Then I heard Grandpa's voice

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say, "I am leaving you, Honey, for a little while. Until I see you again, goodbye."

I must have looked strange as I stood there, frozen in my tracks and feeling the shoulder where I had felt Grandpa's hand, because my husband said, "What's wrong with you? You look as though you'd seen a ghost."

I said, "Grandpa was here. He just left. He said goodbye to me. He stood beside me with his hand on my shoulder. He must be dead." I glanced at the clock and said, "Look, it's 11 o'clock—and Grandpa just died."

My husband thought I was crazy. The next morning, however, he changed his mind about me—and about ghosts. The phone rang and Grandpa's cousin said, "Your Grandpa passed away last night at 11 o'clock."—So. *San Gabriel, Calif.*



Seven years ago Martin Manoo-gian's oil truck rolled unattended down James Street in Pawtucket, R.I., plowed through a fence and struck a home on Pleasant Street. The other day Mr. Manoo-gian's oil truck rolled unattended down James Street, crashed through a fence and struck the same house on Pleasant Street.

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

## QUERY ON KATIE KING

In following the extremely interesting articles, "Mind Over Space," by Nandor Fodor, I wish to comment on some statements in the August issue.

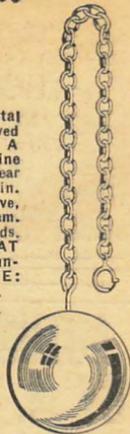
Mr. Fodor states that complications arose when Miss Florence Cook married Capt. Corner as the poor man did not know if he had married one woman or two. This is somewhat contradictory to the book *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, by William Crookes, F.R.S., which was written in 1898.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had added an appendix to this book. He states that he was present when Katie King, the spirit, bid a pathetic farewell to Miss Cook, the medium, and that Miss Cook never saw Katie again. Since it is quite evident that his own friendship with the medium continued, it is logical to believe he would be in a position to know the truth.

He also states that shortly after Katie had gone, because her work was done, another spirit, known as Marie, came into Miss Cook's life. Marie without doubt

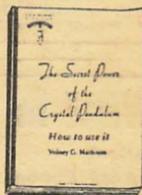
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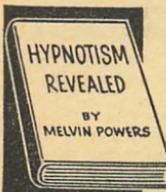
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two women, and was not quite sure which of the two was his wife."

The farewell meeting between Miss Cook and Katie King took place on May 21, 1874. Indeed, Sir William Crookes was a witness to it, behind the curtain. But this has nothing to do with Capt. Corner. The marriage between Capt. Corner and Katie King took place in the same year. While I do not have the date as to the month, Katie King well could have been on the scene before the nuptials. The very anecdote narrated by Florence Marryat points to it. It would have been totally out of place unless the marriage occurred before Katie King's farewell. As a matter of fact, it would be rather interesting to know whether the marriage had something to do with Katie's farewell. One easily may imagine that it did. While Capt. Corner may have tolerated her presence, Florence could have become quite embarrassed by her intrusion on her marital privacy.

As to the later control, called Marie, the exposure by Sir George Sitwell took place on January 9, 1880, i.e., six years later. It has no bearing on the Katie King story.—*Nandor Fodor, New York, N.Y.*

## THRILLED BY A WORD

In the fall of 1956 I had a strange dream, and during the

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This is not a religious prediction, but is purely SCIENTIFIC. However, the Bible predicts it. Isaiah 13:13, "Therefore I shall shake the heavens and the earth SHALL REMOVE OUT OF HER PLACE, 24:20, "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard." See also Amos 8: 9; 8:8 Haggai 2:6; Isaiah 10:26; 19:5; 28:17; 44:3; 24:20.

"I freely take an oath that God strike me dead this very moment if there is any substantial error in this book—Adam D. Barber, author."

READ in this book (1) a letter from the Nobel (prize) Foundation referring it to their physics committee; (2) the report of an analytical laboratory confirming it; (3) many newspaper clippings, letter from the Civil Defense Corps of Ohio, letters from astronomers and others pertaining to it; (4) about 25 "run of the mill" fan letters from readers of it; (5) our efforts to date to save civilization through this flood and our latest plans for it, including pressure on Congress to build balloons and boats; (6) our plan to prevent the flood by diverting the axis of the earth with atomic jets.

Eclipses are foretold with accuracy many years in advance. The prediction of the shift is along similar lines, only more complicated. On Dec. 21, 1956 the sun rose in the wrong place, indicating a forerunner slight shift.

Reports are that the South Pole is now 600 miles off its nest and that the polar expedition scientists are disagreeing as to the cause. Its chief, Dr. Paul Siple, has this book.

Dr. Frampwich-Gospatt, the noted English Scientist, writes he has come to the same conclusion as we have about the shift.

Dr. Malcolm H. Tallman, noted astronomer of 669 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn 22, N.Y., writes of this book: "I find in it much valuable data as well as interesting reasoning which substantiate the conclusions."

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dream I kept reminding myself that I must remember this when I awake. We were in a valley and many persons seemed present. Each was getting answers to three questions.

The first two questions I asked I do not remember, but the third I remembered when I awoke. It is as vivid today as the night I had the dream.

The voice giving the answers seemingly came from a great distance, speaking very slowly and enunciating each word with exact distinctness. It told me, "That which you have is not arthritis. It

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is not a-r-t-h-r-i-t-i-s. It is—" The word started with an "S." "It is caused by deposits forming in the bone structure."

The explanation was repeated three times, and each time I knew I must remember it when awake, but I did not remember the word beginning with "S" as I never had heard of it before. I asked everywhere, looked in the dictionary and the encyclopedia, for I knew I would recognize it once I saw or heard it.

I was thrilled when I read the article "Doom of Man" on page 11 of the May issue of FATE, for it mentioned "Strontium 90."



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That was the word the voice had given me, and I saw that word for the first time in FATE. I recognized it immediately when I read the article.—*Hannah M. Holmgren, Los Angeles, Calif.*

## MYSTERIOUS BALL OF LIGHT

In the fall of 1918 my wife and I were invited to supper at the home of friends who lived three and a half miles southwest of us. In order to reach their home we had to travel one mile south through a neighbor's farm, then we had to cross a half-section catter-corner to reach a road with a deadend.

We had supper with our friends and at 10:00 P.M. started out on the trip home. As we took the deadend road in our wagon, we noticed a small light in the road. I judge it to have been about two miles away, near the deadend.

This ball of light was approaching us swiftly. We had to cross a small bridge over a deep gully, so I pressed my team to avoid meeting what we thought was a car with only one headlight. When we reached the gully the light was illuminating the countryside for nearly half a mile around.

As we came up on the other side of the gully, my horses shied and tried to get off the road. We and the horses were blinded by that powerful light.



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The ball of light stopped about 150 feet from our wagon, and after a moment it receded to where it had come from. We did not hear a sound. I searched the road for tracks with a flashlight, but found only my wagon tracks. What it was we saw, we do not know to this day.—*J. P. Alphonse Dupas, Okanogan Landing, B.C., Can.*

### BRILLIANT FIREBALL

About July, 1929, my husband, my oldest daughter, my oldest son and an Englishman who boarded with us were returning from Havre, Mont. Around midnight, when they were about 15 or 20 miles from Robsart, Sask., a huge, fiery ball came down and seemed to

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Clark Publishing Company, 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.; Editor, Mary Margaret Fuller, 1314 Isabella St., Wilmette, Ill.; Managing editor, Chester S. Geier, 1716 W. Leland Ave, Chicago, Ill.; Business manager, none.

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MARY MARGARET FULLER, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1957.

(SEAL)

BETTY LOU MUNSON (My commission expires March 10, 1958)

settle gently on the ground. It lit up the surrounding prairie like sunshine for miles. It seemed like midday, the light was so bright. It lasted for at least half an hour, then faded away. We always have been mystified about it.—Mrs. Einar Rostwold, Warrenton, Ore.

#### DAVE DEAN'S "FRIZZEN"

In "The Strange Return of Dave Dean" in the August issue of FATE, the personality known as Dave Dean, who allegedly died before 1800, talks about the "frizzen" on his flintlock rifle.

Firearms historians claim that the name frizzen was not applied to this part of the flintlock until the advent of the percussion lock era of firearms, which came in the 1820's and 1830's, and there is ample evidence to support their belief.

During the flintlock period, this part was called the "hammer," because it erroneously was believed that it hammered the sparks out of the flint clamped in the jaws of the cock. (Exactly the opposite is true.)

As percussion lock firearms became more numerous, the part of the lock (similar to the cock on the flintlock) which "hammered" the percussion cap was being more frequently called a hammer, which obviously led to some confusion, since two entirely different parts

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now were being called a hammer. So the term frizzen (possibly derived from German "frisiren," or French "frisen," both meaning "to curl") was applied more and more to this flintlock part, and it is so called today.

If it can be shown that the term frizzen was used prior to 1800, it would be strong evidence for point four of Gibson's hypothesis, otherwise it tends toward point two, on this score.—*Robert White-man, Jeanette, Pa.*

### DAVE DEAN'S CORRECTNESS

I was fascinated by the Dave Dean story in the August issue. If any telepathy was involved, they sure picked some thought waves that were 100 percent correct. As a better than average expert on flintlocks and their history, I can certify to the absolute correctness of Dean's statements concerning their care and performance. I shoot jackrabbits with a muzzle-loading rifle.

I don't have a source book at hand, but I think two leading rifle-makers of Dean's day were Allard and Decker (rather than Deckard), but I could be wrong. French powder was at a great premium since it was made up by exact methods difficult to duplicate on the frontier. Grains of the powder were of even size and gave more consistent performance

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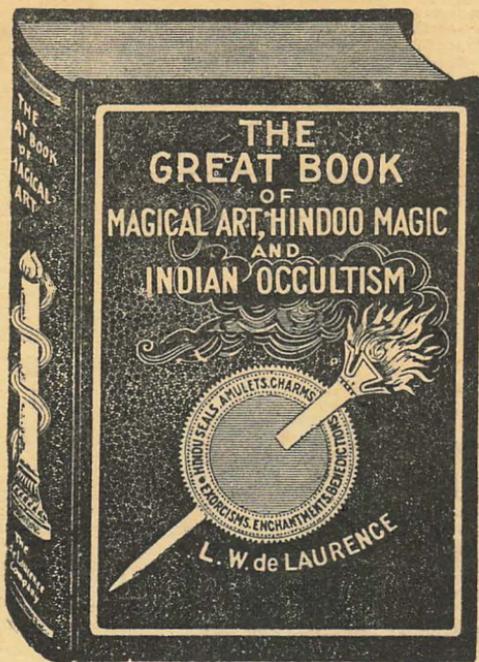
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than the rough-ground mixtures  
made here. Blending of sulphur,  
carbon and saltpeter also was more  
mathematical in the French pow-  
der. All this meant a reliable  
charge, which would go off when  
the frizzen spark hit it, deliver  
consistent power (a frontiersman  
varied his powder load for differ-  
ent distances and types of game)  
and be the same from batch to  
batch. This was a matter of life  
and death to the American fron-  
tiersman.

“Rifle-gun” is correct and a  
good folksy word, appearing in  
many of the songs of the period.  
It first was “rifled-gun” to dif-  
ferentiate a weapon with rifling  
from the smooth-bore muskets al-  
so used.

There seems to be a little dif-  
ference of opinion on the song  
“World Turned Upside Down.”  
My version from Frank Luther’s  
*Americans and Their Songs* does  
not match the verses given either  
in meter or general content.

The song “Lillibulero” has been  
a favorite of mine from way  
back. The music first was written  
as a harpsichord exercise by Henry  
Purcell about 1550-1560. It is a  
wonderful swinging marching tune.  
A century later, in 1688, a noble  
of the court of King James II  
wrote a set of satirical words,  
mocking the Irish Catholics, whom  
he believed the king was favoring

unduly—which he was. The song was written as a doggerel intended to represent how a Frenchman spoke English. The French, as a Catholic nation, always backed the Irish, and hence were disliked by James' Protestant court.

It is no wonder that the song puzzled both Dave Dean and the writer of the article. It was written in a form of code almost indecipherable for those not familiar with the events of the time.

"Lilli" referred to the fleur-de-lis, symbol of France, one of the two Catholic countries backing Ireland. "Bulero" was bolero, the Spanish blouse or cape, symbolic of the other country backing Ireland, which was Spain.

It would be nothing short of a miracle for the medium ever to have encountered this song or the fact that it was sung by the British in the American Revolution; and just as miraculous for him to pick any brain with this information in it—any more than the average citizen would know the correct information about a flintlock rifle. Dean, with his almost provable facts, makes Bridey Murphy look sick.—*H. C. Goble, Phoenix, Ariz.*

#### A SONG RIGHT SIDE UP

I much appreciated Mr. H. C. Goble's remarks concerning my Dave Dean story.

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I did some intensive research on the song "World Turned Upside Down" and found five versions, two of which certainly were extant at the time of the Revolution. However, Frank Luther's version is not supposed to have been the one given by Dave Dean-Kenneth Roberts or another song of the same name known as the Derry Down version, which has completely different words and music. No authority believes the Luther version is the one used in the Revolution. I have a 17-page analysis of the "World Turned Upside Down," and have sent Mr. Goble a copy.

I knew some of the things he says about "Lillibulero," but he has gone farther on that song than I have, turning up the Irish angle of which I knew nothing.—*Edmond P. Gibson, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

#### UNLISTED BOOK

Permit me to express my admiration for your courage in publishing the article "Quimby, The Father of Mental Healing," in the October, 1957, issue of FATE. It is interesting to note that the bibliography lists "The Quimby Manuscripts" by Horatio W. Dresser and published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company in 1921, a volume of some 474 pages.

Recently the Dresser book was

displayed at a price of \$35 a copy in the show window of the Cherokee Book Store in Hollywood. Dresser lists Miss Georgine Milmine twice on pages 165 and 435 of his index, but nowhere in the FATE article is there any mention of "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy" and the "History of Christian Science" by Georgine Milmine, published by Doubleday, Page and Company of New York in 1909. Miss Milmine's history first was published in serial form in *McClure's Magazine* in 1907 and 1908. Her book contains revisions and added new material.

Not long ago the owner of a second-hand bookstore formerly on Sutter Street here in San Francisco told me that a fanatic Christian Scientist bought a copy of Miss Milmine's "The Life of Mary Baker Eddy" for \$13.50 and then tore it up, saying, "That is what I think of Georgine Milmine's book on Mary Baker Eddy." Then he asked for a broom and cleaned up the litter he had created.—*Kaye Hyde, San Francisco, Calif.*



Dr. S. R. Warren stood up to address 750 members of a women's institute at Chelmsford, England. He remarked, "I feel quite unnerved facing so many women." Then he fainted dead away.

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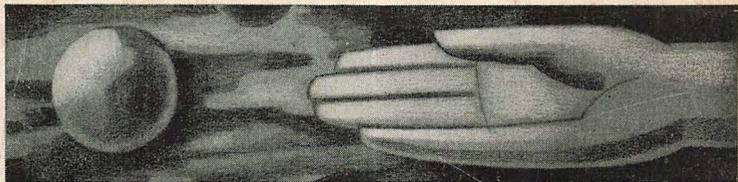
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