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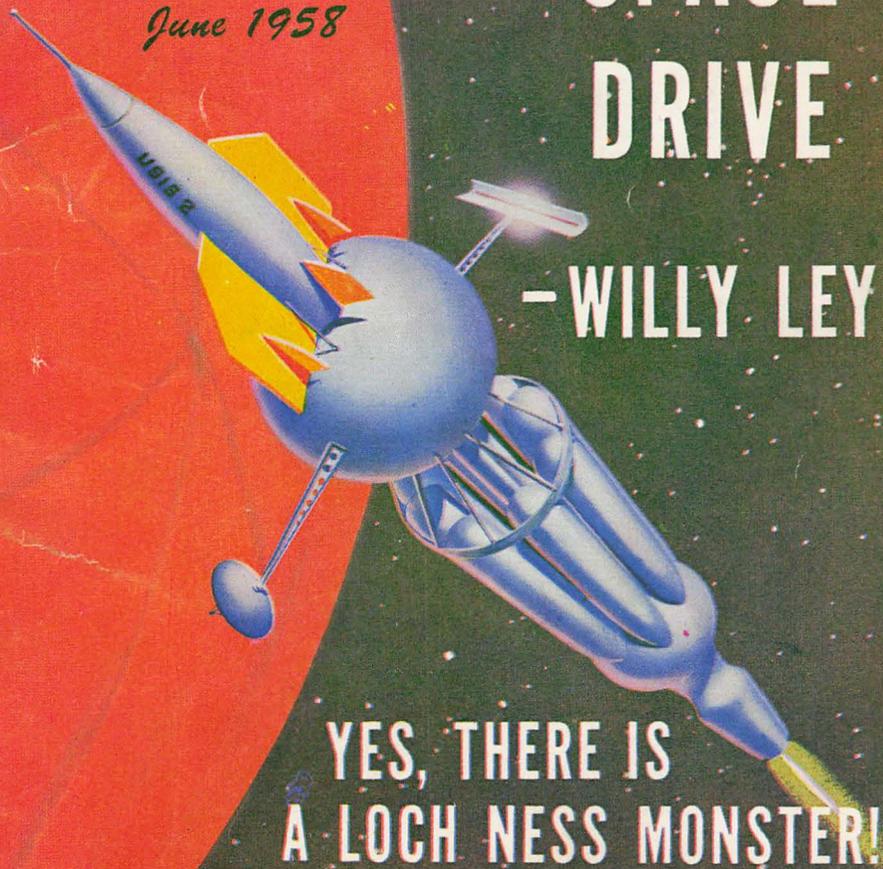
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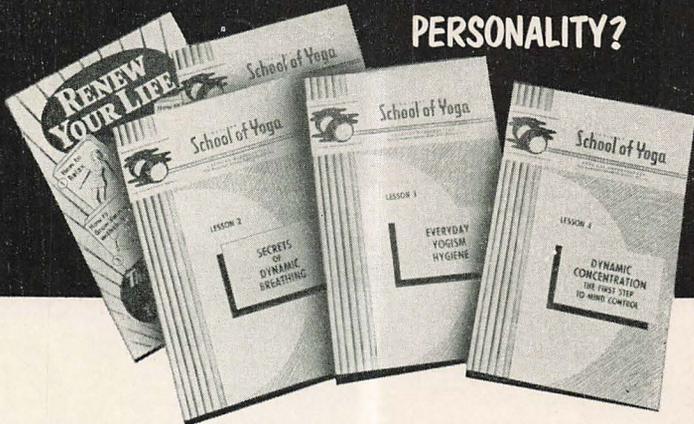
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Sedalia, Colorado

JUNE
1958

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A GOOD MANY of our readers in New England and the Middle Atlantic States heard us on the Long John radio program over WOR early in February. FATE readers outside the normal reception range of WOR, who have a suitable receiving set and lots of night time on their hands, will be fascinated by the Long John show.

Long John Nebel devotes the hours between midnight and 5:30 a.m. to discussing the kind of material we publish in this magazine. It's not a disk jockey show—just conversation about poltergeists, flying saucers, off-beat material in general. The usual technique is for a panel to question the guests. In the two programs we were on, panels questioned Mary Fuller and your columnist.

If you can't reach WOR (710 on your dial) with your present radio set, buy a more powerful set—but first try an old-fashioned aerial and see if that will help you. In addition, the program is going network over Mutual.



POLTERGEIST AT SEAFORD

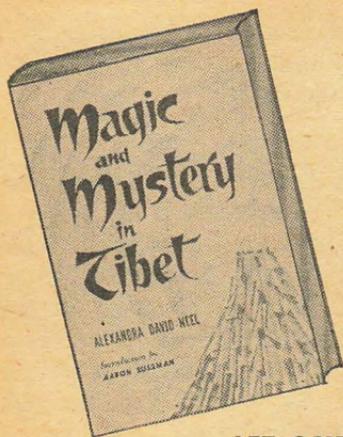
WHILE WE WERE in New York to appear on the L.J.



program, the Seaford, Long Island, poltergeist case broke in the newspapers. That story is reported elsewhere in this issue but it was coincidental to a question asked us by Bill Preston of the radio panel.

"Why aren't there any poltergeist cases in the New York area?" Preston asked, implying in his question, "Why are they always out in the sticks someplace where responsible people can't investigate them properly?"

We replied that we were sure there were poltergeist cases in the New York area although we couldn't recall any at the moment. This was on Friday night, February 7. We were scheduled also to appear on Tuesday, February



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

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11. So . . . as if to answer our need for such a case, the Seaford incident broke—undoubtedly the most widely publicized poltergeist case in recent years. It was a major topic of our discussion on February 11.

We would like to imagine that psychokinetic abilities and needs on our part caused the Seaford poltergeist to appear so propitiously, but we really think we just lucked our way into it. Seven come 11.

Before we close this comment we'd like to thank Long John, Bill Preston, Ben Isquith, Dave Bell and Courtland Hastings for two very interesting evenings on the program, for their help and opposition, as the case may be, and also Tex Dumont and Jules B. St. Germaine for their telephoned comments.



A LOOK AT OTHER POLTERGEISTS

AS LONG AS poltergeists are so much in the public eye, it behooves us to acknowledge a few others besides the rampant psychic force at Seaford.

Mrs. E. R. Prinsloo of Johannesburg, South Africa, complained to police in February that a "ghost" had twice tried to strangle her. She showed bruises on her neck and arms and further alleged that the entity picked up her five-year-

old son, moved a bookcase in her home, and hurled a flower pot across the room.

* * *

The Seaford case also reminded James S. Pooler, a staff writer for the *Detroit Free Press*, about a strange story he ran into during World War II. He went to cover the story at the brand new \$55,000 Dominion Golf and Country Club nine miles out of Windsor, Ont., in December, 1941.

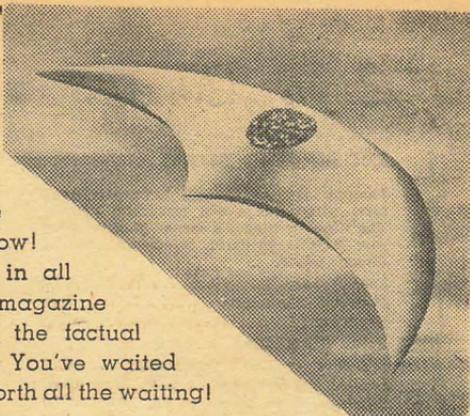
Here he found the owner, Nicholas White, gaunt-eyed and sleepless. By the time Pooler got to the club there had already been 43 separate fires—things were suddenly bursting into flames.

"It started at 1 a.m. when a customer tore out of the cloakroom yelling: 'Hey, a piece of paper in there just flamed up.'

"Mr. White was telling his help to be a little more careful with matches when suddenly a waiter pointed and cried, 'Boss, look, that table cloth's on fire!' They were rushing to put it out when suddenly all the tablecloths burst into little blue flames.

"They'd just succeeded in dousing them with water when all the kitchen towels on a rack leaped into flames. Back at the bar after that, White looked at some little cans on the bar—'Soldiers Smoke Fund'—and, good heavens, they were in flames.

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“Mr. White had enough. He dashed into his office to call the Windsor Fire Department, yanked open his desk, hauled out the phone book—which promptly burst into blue flames.

“At this point, Mrs. White, ill in one of the 10 upstairs bedrooms, ran into the hall and asked what was causing all the commotion.

“They told her fires were breaking out all over. She shrieked: ‘Now I understand. The drapes behind me are turning into blue flames.’

“They rushed upstairs and found little blue fires suddenly breaking out in seven of the bedrooms.

“They had got the fires all out for a moment—by then the fire department had arrived—and Mr. White thought this sounds like a pyromaniac’s April Fool’s Day and looked at the calendar on the wall. Just in time. It burst into flames.

“If you think this is strange, let us add how the firemen, the fire marshal from the Province of Ontario and an unbelieving insurance agent arrived.

“And the insurance agent said to White: ‘You mean to tell me that things just mysteriously burst into flames like that broom over there?’ And then his eyes grew round with wonder and he shrieked—‘Put out that broom!’

“There were more than 50 strange fires like that . . . It’s still



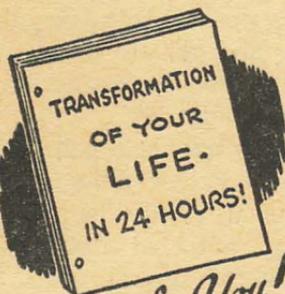
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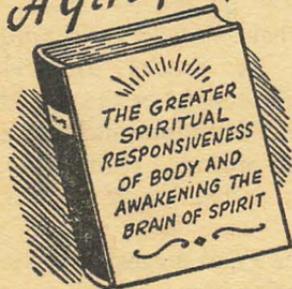
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an unexplained mystery as far as we know."

A THEOLOGICAL VIEW

WELL, CHICAGO couldn't let any old poltergeist at Seaford, L.I., which is practically New York City, beat its own claim for eminence, and so the Chicago *Daily News* interviewed the Rev. Francis L. Filas, S.J., associate professor of theology at Loyola University.

"Nothing unusual about it," Father Filas told the *Daily News*. "Such strange things as bottles popping open, things flying through the air and ghostly footsteps have been reported for many centuries in many countries."

Chicago has some poltergeists of its own, Father Filas remarked. One, in a family he refused to identify, bothered members over a period of several years. Three boys in the family first met up with the poltergeist when they found their electric train whizzing around the tracks although it wasn't plugged in to the electricity. Other manifestations included shaking bed springs, rattling clothes hangers, mysteriously opening doors.

Father Filas suggested three possible explanations offered by theologians: (1) a manifestation of the devil, (2) a soul not of this world, (3) signs that people have greater

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MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

BEFORE WE LEAVE this general field we wish to report a story from the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* of February 4. Mrs. John Spargur of Port Madison, Bainbridge Island, widow of a famed Seattle musician, had been hearing a series of mystifying concerts over a two-week period.

They began as she was about to retire for the night two weeks before. She heard music and opened her windows. Out in the dark she could see the mast light of a boat. "A man with a beautiful voice was singing songs such as 'Long, Long Ago', and 'In The Gloaming.' When he stopped a woman warbled the 'Habanera' from 'Carmen.'"

One morning Mrs. Spargur heard an exceptionally familiar song, "Get a Jap or Two." This song was written by Mrs. Spargur's late husband in 1942 and is relatively unknown.

Can anyone explain Mrs. Spargur's mystery?



JOKER'S SEARCH

DEATH HAS ENDED the life of a 14½-year-old cocker spaniel named "Joker" in Great Falls, Mont. Joker's life involved what FATE believes to be the most

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unusual search of a dog for its master on record—even more unusual than the story of "Bobbie, the Collie that Walked 3,000 Miles," which ran as a two-part serial in FATE in 1954.

The story began in 1945 when Joker's master, Army Captain Stanley C. Raye, who then lived at 340 North Street, Pittsburgh, left for overseas duty on a Pacific Island. Three months later, Joker turned up on that same island.

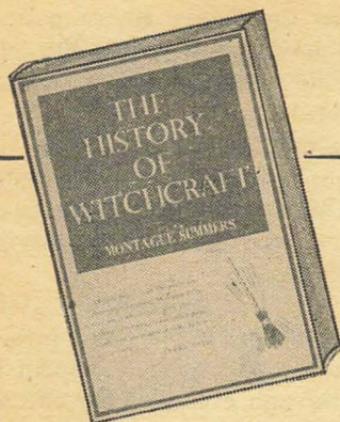
After Captain Raye's departure, his dog became bewildered and lonely. Then he disappeared. This story has been pieced together. Two Army medics reported that Joker appeared in Oakland and "stowed away" aboard an Army transport with them. When the ship stopped at a certain Pacific Island the dog slipped away from the ship. How he knew it was the island where Captain Raye was stationed, or how he knew that the ship even would stop there is a mystery that will never be solved. But this we do know, Joker never again left Captain Raye until death called him away.



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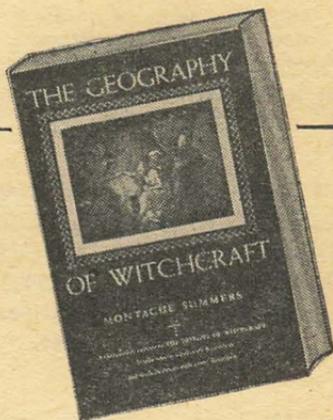
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sity of Michigan, has publicly warned the White House that we must assume the probability of a scientific breakthrough in thought control.

A public report handed to U.S. Senate leaders and to Dr. James B. Killian, President Eisenhower's science and technology adviser, stated in part:

"We must assume the probability of a breakthrough in the control of attitudes and beliefs of human beings through exceptionally effective educational techniques (or) drugs, (or) subliminal stimulation, (or) manipulation of motives, or some as yet unrecognized medium.

"This could be a weapon of great power in Communist hands unless comparable advances in the West produce effective countermeasures."

The study was suggested by Vice President Nixon, it was learned, and a group of five senators and Nixon announced publicly they would back the scientists' proposals.

It was proposed by observers not members of Dr. Miller's group that if the Russians could put up an earth satellite station broadcasting subliminal or invisible messages to control thought, "it could conceivably destroy man's will to defend himself."

Specifically proposed were additional university programs, financing of more fellowships and supply

centers with nationwide field staffs to work on these problems.



DISAPPOINTMENT?

WHILE IN ONE sense we should feel grateful that the nation's leaders are willing at last to consider the importance of using the powers of the mind in national defense, it is disappointing to find nowhere in the memorandum any reference to extrasensory perception.

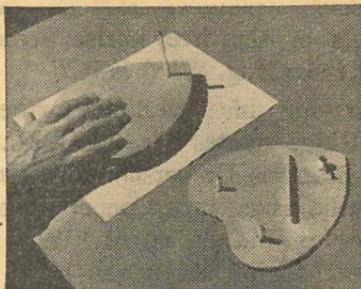
Some months ago FATE published an article by Alson Smith entitled "U.S. Researches ESP for Superweapon." Mr. Smith's story was built around a story printed in *Newsweek* that the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff were studying the possible use of ESP "not only to read the minds of Soviet leaders but to influence their thinking by long-range thought control."

Now it appears that the *Newsweek* story was too optimistic. The December issue of the *Journal of Parapsychology* carried an article by Dr. J. B. Rhine entitled somewhat plaintively "Why National Defense Overlooks Parapsychology."

If the Defense chiefs are doing anything with parapsychology, Dr. Rhine declares, he doesn't know anything about it. "It is shrouded in utter secrecy."

"The evidence of psi does not

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CITY & STATE-----

seem to have reached the Defense mind. Its significance has not yet dawned on the consciousness of statesmen, political leaders, defenders of the free world. Something is lacking. What is it?"

Carrying his question farther, Dr. Rhine quotes Dr. A.H. Maslow, Brandeis University psychologist, who asked in a Cooper Union address of March, 1956: "Why is it that there has never been a great creative American psychologist? . . . Why is American science so essentially conventional, so hostile to creativeness, to unorthodoxy, to new ideas?"

Dr. Rhine's own opinion is: "The effective block seems to be a natural defensive reaction of minds untrained to entertain a truly new and unconventional idea. It is not necessarily a fear; it is more an embarrassed resistance to a strange concept, a hesitancy that springs from not knowing how to deal with the unorthodox. . . . The tenacity of this conservatism is shown by the fact that, all through the years, although the critics of parapsychology have been answered and silenced, they have not thereby been won over even to openmindedness. . . ."

The scientists of western Europe, says Dr. Rhine seem a decade or two ahead of us in their tolerance and in their basic research ideas. . . . "If the above analysis is cor-

rect, parapsychologists may as well resign themselves to a long wait before they can expect to be assigned a role in the present science-for-defense drama."



GO TO SLEEP BY BODY

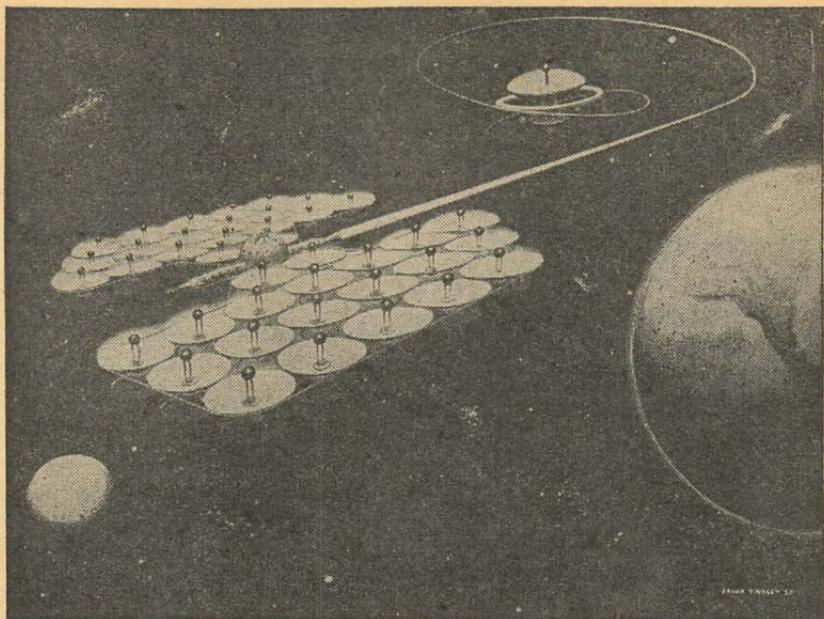
WE DON'T KNOW whether the Soviets are themselves researching ESP. It tends to be unlikely because a logical belief in ESP entails a logical disbelief in the theories of materialism on which Communism is based.

The kind of thing the Soviets are interested in studying is an "electric sleep machine" which Moscow radio announced late in January would cut normal sleeping requirements of human beings to about two hours.

The broadcast was beamed at North America and said that when Soviet scientists have the machine fully developed "people will be sleeping about one-fifth of the time they do now."

The machine is said to give off ultra-short waves which in frequency correspond to the operations of the molecules of fatigue toxins which develop in the body during waking hours. "Because the frequencies correspond," said the broadcast, "the machine destroys the fatigue toxins.

"The electric sleep machine will be able to reduce the amount of



A sun-powered space ship, shown leaving a space station, is envisioned by Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, head of the U.S. Redstone Research Arsenal in Alabama. Reflectors (white discs) would beam the sun's rays on steam boilers (black balls). This would furnish power for an ion drive of the type discussed by Willy Ley in this issue. The man-carrying section is between the discs. (United Press photo.)

daily sleep one needs to two hours without doing us the slightest harm."



CHICKEN TRACKS DOWN UNDER
FOR A POSSIBLY welcome relief from problems of the mind, let's consider some unexplained phenomena of nature. Like the "chicken tracks" photographed 7,000 feet down under the Arctic Sea.

The photographs were taken by Columbia University scientists drifting on an Arctic ice pack about 400 miles from the North Pole. The tracks seem to be a quarter to a half-inch wide and two to two and one-half inches long. What they are, how they got there, how long they had been there when the camera pictured them is all unknown.

Dr. Kenneth Hunkins, geophysicist, observed: "Tracks like that, if made by sea snails, would have

a burrow at one end and a snail at the other; only this time there is nothing. So we don't know what they are, although there is marine life there."



CASE OF THE MUMMIFIED SEALS

WHAT WERE ALL those seals doing on mountaintops near McMurdo Sound in the Antarctic? That's what Dr. Troy Pewe, a geologist of Fairbanks, Alaska, would like to know.

Dr. Pewe and his assistant, Norman A. Rivard, also of Fairbanks, discovered 81 seal carcasses far inland, as high as 2,500 feet above sea level, and at least 50 miles from water. A few of the creatures had crawled into dormant volcanic craters. Most were well preserved, kept so by the cold dry air.

Dr. Pewe and Rivard were studying glaciers in the Taylor dry valley region when they discovered the seals. They all were identified as crab-eaters, a variety usually found on pack ice far from McMurdo.

"I wish somebody could tell me how they got on the mountaintops," Dr. Pewe declares. "I don't know."



MYSTERY FROG

THIS FALLS UNDER the heading of a believe-it-or-not.

Our authority is the Salt Lake City *Deseret News* of February 3.

Four uranium miners—Charles North, Sr., Ted McFarland, Charles North, Jr., and Tom North, were opening a uranium mine in a cliff. Under eight feet of sandstone they found, embedded, a fossilized tree of high grade uranium ore. And embedded in the tree and shaken loose by a blast the men set off to break up the tree, they claim they found a live frog.

The frog was in a cavity about three times its size, with evidence that once it had filled the cavity but now was shrunk to a third its former size. They described it as having a grey-brown body, long toes which were not webbed, and suction cups on the end of its fingers. It lived 28 hours after it was found.



TO THE STARS

TEN YEARS AGO, when *FATE* got started, many skeptics scoffed at the idea that in a few years man would have an artificial satellite orbiting the globe. We should be wary now that the same attitude does not beset us in considering space travel. Important scientific authorities assure us it is in the offing.

The seven-day simulated flight to the moon and back in a "space-cabin" by Airman Donald G. Far-

rell is a long step toward man's venture into space, William L. Laurence of the *New York Times* assures us.

Airman Farrell spent seven days in a cabin six feet long, five feet high and three feet wide and the experiment at Randolph Field yielded at least the following information: "(1) the respiratory requirements for keeping a man alive and functioning normally; (2) man's physiological reactions to a simulated atmosphere, in which the pressure and atmospheric content are different from those in his normal environment; (3) man's psychological reactions to confinement and isolation; (4) an individual's adaptation to routine in the absence of the normal day-night cycle."



LIST TO THE BIRDIES

That there's nothing new under the sun is illustrated by all the data we have accumulated on the sacred mushrooms of Mexico since our first two stories appeared in *FATE*. Here are some odds and ends that may help wrap it up.

First of all, it appears that a number of Indian groups in Mexico have been using the mushrooms right along, although secretly. These include Mazotecs, Zapotecs and other groups.

The Spanish conquistadores reported that the mushrooms were in use and described their effects, but until recent years even the mushroom specialists, known as mycologists, assumed that what they were really talking about were the much more widely used cactus buttons, called *peyotl*, which also produce hallucinatory effects.

The most widely used mushroom is called San Isidro in Mexico, but there are a number of other kinds which all belong to the same taxonomic group, a section of the genus *Psilocybe*.

Widespread research is now going on in laboratories to give a better understanding of the hallucinogenic principle involved in the mushroom. There is hope that some substance it contains will give us a better understanding of schizophrenia. Also that it may be applied directly to the mentally ill in a completely new approach to neuro-psychiatric treatment. It may also become a new and better tranquilizer drug.

An unusual but little-known fact is that the properties of one variety of this mushroom—the so-called landslide mushroom—were discovered years ago in Alabama. They were called "birdies" by the Indians because they made them sing so happily.

—Curtis Fuller.



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SEAFORD'S POP-BOTTLE POLTERGEIST

It began with bottle tops mysteriously flying through the air.
Bowls, dressers, globes, statues followed them.

By Jerry Siegel

I AM THE originator-writer of *Superman*, high-flying, union-suited, do-gooder of the comic strips, television, etc., so it will probably not come as a jarring shock to anyone that I am fascinated by the unusual and fantastic. I have written many a blood-curdling tale of the strange and the macabre, but I never expected to have a real-life, scalp-tingling enigma occur practically in my own backyard.

I live in the suburban town of Seaford, on the South Shore of Long Island. It is a small, friendly

community where everything and everyone looks as normal as Mary Martin's famed blueberry pie. It is about the last place on Earth you would expect to find a manifestation of the eerie Unknown.

Possibly you read about it in the newspapers . . . how on the afternoon of Thursday, February 6, 1958, the Herrmann family, consisting of James M. Herrmann, executive of Air France, his wife Lucille, and their children James, Jr., 12, and Lucille, 14, were relaxing in their five-and-a-half-year-old home when suddenly they were

startled by a loud popping noise.

They investigated and discovered that the screw-cap of a one gallon can of turpentine had come unscrewed and popped off . . . apparently of its own volition!

This was mystifying certainly but it might have been forgotten except that all the screw-capped bottles in the house got into the act—the caps unscrewing and popping crazily into the air like pixilated popcorn! At the same time the bottles spun and danced like ballerinas, literally leaping into the air in zany arabesques, then crashing Kamakazi-like onto the floor, spilling their contents. A variety of odors filled the Herrmann household. Something smelled in Seaford!

The phenomena occurred in chain-reaction style, like a string of fire-crackers igniting one after another, in line. Caps would unscrew off bottles in a single room, one after another. Then the bottles in the next room would start. This performance was repeated in room after room, *in a diagonal line through the house!*

The force or *thing* causing these astounding pyrotechnics apparently was unconcerned with the contents of the bottles. Quite impartially it unscrewed and popped the cap off the aforementioned turpentine bottle, then busily proceeded to bottles containing bleach, hair tonic,

mouth wash, perfume, ammonia, peroxide, rubbing alcohol, medicine, toilet water, etc.

The phenomena continued on Friday, Sunday, and again on Tuesday . . . almost always during the hour and a half from 3:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. The Herrmanns, attempting to cope with the invisible menace, placed their screw-cap bottles in the bath-tub, later deposited them outdoors.

Then the time schedule changed. The fantastic bottle popping began to occur mornings, as well as afternoons.

The Herrmanns finally poured their woes into the incredulous ears of the local police. Patrolman James Hughes went to their home to investigate, probably expecting to find the bottles highly alcoholic in content. But the officer saw and heard the chaos with his own eyes and ears. He was unable to discover a solid, flesh-and-blood culprit to haul off to the local pokey, and his report back at police headquarters must have lifted many an eyebrow.

Then the story hit the newspapers. Suddenly Seaford, Long Island, was not just a tiny dot on the map. It was a place where the *unknown*, the *uncanny*, the *unbelievable* was happening.

There was plenty of room for untrammelled speculation after Dr. Donald Hughes, a director of the



Some investigators theorize that the baffling phenomena in the Herrmann home center around 12-year-old James M. Herrmann. However, it's true that weird manifestations occurred even while the boy was asleep in bed.

(United Press photo)

Brookhaven National Laboratory, informed James Herrmann: "It is certainly possible that some bottles might explode from an overdevelopment of gas, but there is nothing which could cause such a variety of occurrences."

An abundance of theories attempting to explain the inexplicable were advanced. Some of the theories appeared as far-fetched as the phenomena they attempted to debunk. It was suggested that a secret stream running beneath the house was to blame for it all—that a radio ham's transmitter was

broadcasting radio waves that caused the disturbance. Long Island used to be the stamping grounds of, among others, the Massapequa Indians. Someone suggested the Herrmann home is built over an old Indian grave and some ancient redskin is protesting the sacrilege.

It was revealed that the floor of the garage of a neighbor, Calvin Silverman, had sunk a foot and a half . . . that the kitchen storm-door of another neighbor, Howard Deery, had inexplicably broken! No one suggested a reasonable

connection between these seeming-ly unrelated facts.

A group discussion was held Wednesday morning on the "Long John" WOR 12-to-5:30 a.m. radio show. "Long John" Nebel, maestro of the air-waves off-beat, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Fuller, publisher and editor of FATE Magazine, Courtland Hastings, and Mel Shermay discussed at length the weird events in Seaford. Later they contacted Jules Germain, eminent attorney who investigates the unusual, and he reported via beeper-phone on his telephone conversations with the Herrmanns. The group debated the possibility that a poltergeist was involved. Various definitions of a poltergeist were discussed . . . Is it an evil spirit delighting in malicious pranks? Is it a psychic force manifesting itself in an untoward manner? Is there a child nearby, exerting conscious or unconscious psychic power? Is it the work of a distant, perhaps diabolic, living being? Or is it simply the work of a practical-joking youngster playing with a chemical set, inserting chemicals into bottles?

No one knew the answer. Poltergeists remain one of the world's mysteries, but the speculations voiced on the program made for diverting listening.

It is of particular interest in this case that Holy Water was

disturbed and a plastic angel and a crucifix were hurled to the floor.

I contacted Mrs. Herrmann on Thursday, February 13, and found her to be an intelligent woman who, while baffled by the amazing events in her home, did not ascribe any supernatural significance to them. She said that there must be a logical, down-to-earth explanation for what was occurring. She said she did not believe any of the supernatural theories that have been advanced to explain the popping of the bottle caps.

I asked whether they, the Herrmanns, had received any telephone calls from persons offering to "exorcise evil spirits." She said, yes, they had received a number of such calls but had declined all offers.

Mrs. Herrmann told me that some men from the Long Island Lighting Company had set up sensitive equipment in their home in an attempt to graph vibrations. She hoped these gentlemen would be able to solve the mysterious happenings. She said they apparently thought that vibrations from some source might have caused the caps to come unscrewed and the bottles to twist and fall. She also said the engineers suggested that the cold weather, acting upon automatic pumps, may have been responsible for the odd phenomena. (But out of 150,000,000 Americans,

why should it happen only to the Herrmanns?)

Mrs. Herrmann told me that the bottle poppings had resumed that very morning. As usual, the caps were being neatly unscrewed by an invisible agency without damaging the spirals on the bottles' necks. What most puzzled her, she said, was how the poppings systematically proceeded in a line from one room to another, as though a force of some sort were passing through the house.

I checked with the Seaford police. A police lieutenant stated they were as baffled as ever, but that the results of the tests were not yet forthcoming from the laboratory. (No subsequent newspaper stories have mentioned this. So apparently nothing was found.)

So at this writing the mystery of Seaford's popping bottles is as much an enigma as ever. Is there a scientific explanation for it all, or are the occult theorists correct?

Has a poltergeist—not in the medieval Germany of 100 years ago, but right here in today's New York—manifest itself in the Herrmann home?

* * *

THINGS GOT EVEN livelier at the Herrmann household after Jerry Siegel wrote the above story. Three weeks after the first turpentine bottle popped its top the poltergeist was still going strong—

stronger, in fact.

By February 25 more than the bottles were popping:

- A picture had jumped off the wall and landed on the other side of the bedroom.

- A sugar bowl leaped from the dining room table and smashed all over the living room floor. This occurred while Nassau Detective Joseph Tozzi, who has been investigating the case, was present. He reported that he saw the sugar bowl land; he did not see it take off. No one, apparently, sees the articles take off from their resting places.

- A world globe flew from its resting place on a 31-inch bookcase in Jimmy's bedroom, gained altitude to clear a 38-inch chest of drawers, curved through two doorways and plopped at the feet of a reporter sitting in the living room of the Herrmann's house. Young Jimmy was asleep in his bed at the time.

- A bookcase toppled over.

- A portable phonograph leaped 15 feet across a room and crashed into a stair railing.

- A foot-wide bowl on the dining room table took flight carrying a cargo of artificial flowers. It crashed against a wall cabinet, denting the cabinet. The bowl was unbroken.

- Two figurines, mates, crashed two weeks apart. The first figurine

flew off a living room table, sailed 16 feet through the air, hovered a moment and then crashed against a secretary. This occurred in the presence of a reporter who was sitting in the Herrmann living room sipping a cup of coffee. The second figurine followed the same course as its mate, two weeks later.

- A large dresser in the room of the Herrmann's son, Jimmy, has toppled over twice.

The first time Jimmy was in bed asleep and Dave Kahn, reporter for *Newsday*, who lived with the Herrmanns for 48 hours, was sitting in the living room. The next day about 4:40 p.m. a rumble and crash came again from Jimmy's bedroom—it was the dresser; this time it not only sprawled on the floor but was shoved about a foot from the wall. The boy had just come up the stairs from the cellar of the six-room ranch house when this occurred—he had not entered his room. His sister, Lucille, was still in the cellar.

- A statue of the Virgin Mary flew across the empty master bedroom and dented a mirror frame.

- While the family was eating dinner a plate skidded off the table.

- A bottle of ink hurtled through the air from the dinette table against the front door, spattering ink over the door, the living-room

wallpaper and the rug.

Mrs. Herrmann reported on February 18 that a new twist had been added to the popped bottle phenomena. When a perfume bottle blew its top the container was too hot to touch immediately after the incident, she said.

"Never before did they get hot," Mrs. Herrmann added.

By February 21 the besieged James Herrmann family had had enough for a while. They left their pretty ranch house shortly after dawn and went to the home of nearby relatives. When they departed they said they planned to stay out of the house until somebody unravelled the mystery. But after three days they moved back with the phenomena no nearer solution than before.

Dr. J. Gaither Pratt, assistant director of the Parapsychological Laboratory at Duke University, has been investigating the mystery. He spoke to the Herrmanns about mind over matter, about people moving objects by thought or psychokinesis. But his conclusions on the Herrmann poltergeist are not known at this writing.

Dave Kahn, the reporter who spent a lot of time at the Seaford house said, "I'm baffled. After 48 hours of living with the strange happenings in the home of James Herrmann, I'm no closer to a solution than the family or police."

Detective Joseph Tozzi announced, "We've run out of answers and theories."

And so have the scientists and other experts apparently.

A seismograph machine installed in the basement failed to turn up hidden vibrations. Engineers reported that they could not detect any supersonic waves entering the house. A cap put into the chimney to prevent downdrafts failed to

make any noticeable difference to anything. A couple of psychoanalysts spoke of a "biological force," which explains nothing.

We think you readers of FATE Magazine must be pleased, as we are, that at last a poltergeist has gotten the attention it deserves; even if nothing is explained. More attention from more investigators and one day we shall solve these mysteries.—*MMF*.



GHOST SHIP OF BAY CHALEUR

IN AUGUST, 1957, five women vacationing at Salmon Beach near Bathurst in New Brunswick, Canada, reported having seen the famous phantom "burning ship of Bay Chaleur." This phenomenon reportedly has been witnessed by hundreds of persons for at least a century and the sightings are said to be in general agreement.

The phantom is described as a sailing ship, or as a galleon. Usually three-masted, it appears with rigging and upper works engulfed in flames. The black figures of the crew are said to have been seen hurrying aloft as the ship sails on against the wind.

According to the reports of New Brunswick residents over the years, the "burning ship" ranges between Dalhousie and Perce Rock on the Gaspé Coast.

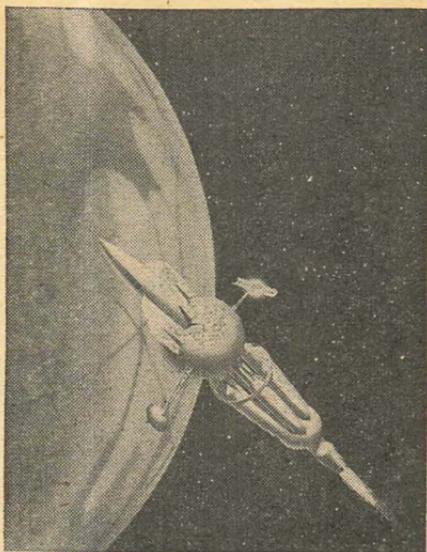
Men in fishing craft claim to have pursued the apparition but were unable to overtake it, as it vanished.

The five women who reported the most recent sighting were staying in a cottage at Salmon Beach. Four of the women, Violet Manuel, Ella Irvine, Amber Wiggins and Olive Grant, were visitors from Perth, Australia. They were accompanied by Ava Caldwell of Bathurst.

Violet Manuel said she woke from a sound sleep one morning at four o'clock and, glancing out of a window, saw what appeared to be a burning ship. She woke the others and they watched the blazing vessel until it moved out of sight. They said they had heard of the Bay Chaleur ghost ship and were certain this is the ship that they saw.

The ION SPACE DRIVE

For space flight to become a reality, a true "space engine" is needed. Here is an authoritative discussion of current scientific theory on a practical space drive.



By Willy Ley

Explorers of the 19th century have complained, on occasion, that the natives of some remote area displayed a concept of politeness not shared nor understood by the explorer. For example, if one asked a native whether there was a very large animal in his district he would say "yes", not because there actually was a large animal around; but because it would have been rude to say "no" to a stranger.

I do not really think that Russians, and especially Russian scien-

tists, have been brought up with such a code. But the results of newspaper interviews sometimes make me wonder.

When Sputnik No. 1 appeared in the sky most reporters, or editors, seem to have jumped to the conclusion that this feat could only have been accomplished by the use of a new and marvellous fuel. Actually it was done with nicely refined kerosene burned with liquid oxygen in both the first and second stages, and a solid fuel in the third stage. But the newspapers kept after the

new and secret fuel idea and a number of days later they succeeded in finding a Russian scientist who admitted that the fuel of the third stage was secret.

If you go after our own rocket men with regard to the fuel in the third stage of the Vanguard rocket, or even in such a production item as the Honest John artillery rocket, you can get the same answer without too much trouble. The composition, and especially the manufacturing processes, of solid rocket fuels happen to be military secrets right now—everywhere.

A day or two after the use of a secret fuel in the third stage of the first sputnik carrier had been "revealed", another Russian scientist produced another flurry of excitement by saying that they were studying a photon drive for spaceships of the future. The word "future" was not actually dropped from the reports but it was treated so casually that a reader easily might have come to the conclusion that roughly one third of the members of the Russian Academy of Science were sitting in corners or on park benches (weather permitting) brooding about photon drives.

The point to keep in mind is there are two facets to the total picture. They must not be confused. One of these facets is general knowledge of scientific facts and the theories based on these facts.

The other is to build things based on the theories. In the actual building the Russians have an undeniable and rather large lead. But what might be called the level of theoretical knowledge is likely to be about the same everywhere.

Now what are scientists thinking about future developments? What are they working on; what should they be working on, so that the engineers can be given facts to work with in turn?

Since this a large and complicated field, it is best to sort the problems by their possible or probable application. If we do that we have: 1. The question of construction materials. 2. The problem of improved fuels. 3. Possible propulsion methods that differ from the chemical fuel rocket motors everybody is using right now.

The question of construction materials for rockets depends to a large extent on which section of the rocket you have in mind. As regards the body of the rocket, strengthening members, skin, fuel tanks and so forth, the engineers are quite satisfied with the materials, like the stainless steels, which they now have. Naturally if somebody should come along with a new alloy which has the same strength but only half the weight the engineers will be pleased and use it. But they can do without.

One might say more or less the same thing, with certain restrictions, about the rocket motor. The simple facts of the case are that the normal chemical fuels now in use operationally or experimentally produce combustion temperatures which are higher than the melting point of *any* pure metal and any known alloy. These combustion temperatures are not very far below the melting point of anything known. In short, a rocket motor would, in time, melt itself down, no matter what was used to build it. The catch in that sentence is the "in time." Rocket motors for liquid fuels which were made of ordinary mild steel—for the propulsion of sled-like testing devices—have stood dozens of test runs. The reason is that the hottest section of the burning fuels tends to be near the center of the motor and not near its walls. And if the walls can be built reasonably heavy so that they can absorb a good deal of heat they will stand up for, say, 20 seconds, for a large number of runs.

But since a rocket motor must be as light as possible the metal walls cannot absorb much heat. The heat has to go somewhere and this difficulty, in practice, is circumvented by having the fuel absorb the heat. The motor is surrounded by a cooling jacket, and the fuel, before it is injected into

the rocket motor, is sent through the cooling jacket. This works very well, mainly because of the high fuel consumption of a rocket motor. There is always a fast, large volume fuel flow through the cooling jacket. Moreover, the high fuel consumption limits the duration of the burning period. No rocket can supply enough fuel to stretch the burning period beyond two minutes or so. Hence, if you have a rocket motor which, on the test stand, reliably holds up for three minutes you have a reliable motor.

Again, if a new alloy could be found which does what the present alloys do but which weighs less it would be very nice. A higher melting point would be fine too. But the main question would be whether this new alloy also has good heat conductivity. Remember that the function of the motor wall is to pass the heat through to the fuel in the cooling jacket.

The story is somewhat different when it comes to leading edges and noses. These still are vulnerable. The tip of a rocket and the leading edges of tail fins and of wings, if any, are the parts that suffer most from aerodynamic heating when the rocket moves through the atmosphere at high velocity. During the ascent it is, as a rule, not bad. Since a large rocket rises slowly it does not ac-

quire a high velocity without gaining high altitude in the process. Hence, by the time it is moving fast it is also moving in a rarefied atmosphere.

During re-entry, when the rocket comes back from space, from very high altitudes in rarefied atmosphere, conditions unfortunately are reversed. The rocket's velocity increases as it comes down, the density of the atmosphere increases too.

In the case of ballistic missiles the engineer can avoid some of the trouble by eliminating troublesome parts. Since a ballistic missile can be steered perfectly by having its rocket motor mounted in gimbals and since the same mechanism can balance the rocket during take-off you can avoid trouble with buckling tail fins by simply not having tail fins. The well-publicized, first stage of the Vanguard rocket is an example.

This leaves the nose of a ballistic missile as the only weak point in this respect. So far the problem has been attacked, and partially solved, by having a rather massive nose which can absorb a great deal of heat, made of materials with a high melting point. One material used is a type of heat resistant glass. Another material which might prove useful is one of the ceramics which acquire their final characteristics only by heating, by "fir-

ing" as the ceramics men call it. It should be possible to use such an "unfired" ceramic and "fire" it by the heat of its re-entry into Earth's atmosphere. If it is not strong enough in the unfired state it could be held in shape by a metal skin that would be vaporized away.

But the solution of the nose cone problem for ballistic missiles is not the same as the solution for the coming manned flights. The missile is used only once and it does not matter if it is in sorry shape when it gets to its target, provided that it does get to its target with its warhead still in functioning (exploding) condition. The nose of the manned vehicle should be re-usable, if possible. And the vehicle itself must remain in perfect shape.

Nor can you dispense with the tail fins for a manned vehicle. It needs wings; it needs a tail assembly. For at the end of the flight it is supposed to handle like an airplane and to land like an airplane. The problem probably could be solved by internal cooling. But for the noses and the leading edges of manned vehicles new materials would be most useful. Whether they would be new alloys or possibly "cermets" (ceramic-metals) is impossible to predict.

Now for the fuels.

The ideal rocket fuel would be a liquid which shows no tendency to freeze when the thermometer reads 200 degrees below zero. By the same token it should not boil when the temperature is 300 degrees (or more) above zero. And within this temperature range of at least 500 degrees it should not develop any noticeable vapor pressures. It should have a very high energy content. It should be able to absorb lots of heat so that it can be used for cooling. It should have a high density when liquid—the higher the density the less tank volume needed and the less weight for the tanks. On the other hand it should form very light molecules after combustion so that the velocity of the exhaust blast will be very high. Of course its raw materials should be abundant, the manufacture simple and the price low.

Naturally no such fuel exists. But this list of desirable characteristics of the ideal fuel contains all the points a rocket engineer looks at, or for, in real fuels. Ethyl alcohol, for example, comes fairly close to this ideal except for a low boiling point and low specific weight. If there were a special research project for finding a liquid rocket fuel it is quite possible that the chemists would investigate polymers which are liquids at ordinary temperatures. However, no

fuel will be considered acceptable if it has a tendency to deteriorate in storage, if it is not safe, or if it costs too much.

The fuel, of course, is precisely half of the story. The other half is the oxidizer which is carried along in the rocket. The list for an ideal oxidizer would be quite similar to the list for the ideal fuel. Ordinary liquid oxygen comes rather close; its main drawback is its very low boiling point which makes storage very difficult. Small quantities simply boil away but this drawback is improved literally with the quantity stored. The bigger the tank the smaller, in proportion, the evaporation losses. During World War II the Germans considered a storage tank to hold over a quarter million gallons.

Interestingly enough the performance of a rocket can be improved by the oxidizer, even if the fuel remains the same. If it were possible, for example, to use liquid ozone (O_3) instead of liquid oxygen all performances would jump by nearly 20 percent. Liquid ozone can be made and has been made, but it will be a long time before it can be considered as safe as its relative, liquid oxygen. Another possibility is liquid fluorine which would also improve performance. Fluorine, in its normal state, which is gaseous, is certainly the most

difficult substance to handle. Apparently things improve a bit when it is cold enough to become liquid. But from what is known at present mixtures of liquid fluorine and liquid oxygen seem more promising than fluorine alone.

The research chemist's job here is to create a liquid which, while stable and storable will release large quantities of oxygen or fluorine, or both, during combustion.

A last remark to be added here has to do with ignition. Rockets running on kerosene, gasoline, benzene, alcohol and so forth, burning their fuels with liquid oxygen, have to be ignited just like solid fuel rockets. But if the oxygen is provided in the form of nitric acid there is often no need for an ignition device. If the fuel is aniline or hydrazine, to name only the best known of these liquids, we have a so-called hypergolic fuel combination. The hypergols burst into flame when they touch each other. There can, therefore, be no ignition failure. While this might be fine for missiles, the designers of manned rocket propelled aircraft have refused to let themselves be lured by the hypergols. If there is a leak in a fuel line with non-hypergolic fuels you can still hope to avoid a fire and explosion by flushing the area with carbon dioxide or even, especially at higher altitudes, with lots of

fresh air. But in a hypergolic combination disaster would be inevitable.

But are we going to stick with chemical rocket fuels for all time? How about atomic energy? What about the ion drive? And the photon drive?

Let us consider "ordinary" atomic energy first. An atomic reactor for power and an atomic bomb for destruction actually differ in one respect only, namely in the rate at which the energy is released. In the case of the bomb it takes a few microseconds; in the case of the power reactor it takes years. But in both cases energy is released in the form of heat. And heat can be put to work as we have known since the days of Papin and Newcomen. That atomic energy can be put to work in the same manner is demonstrated in the power plants of the atomic submarines.

In the power plant of an atomic-driven vessel the atomic reactor is run at a temperature high enough to keep a working metal liquid. This liquid metal imparts its heat to water, boiling it into steam. The steam drives a turbine and the turbine drives a propeller. The propeller scoops up air (in the case of an airplane) or water (in the case of a submarine) and throws it backward, moving the vessel forward by the reaction

against this air or water which has been accelerated in the opposite direction.

In a rocket this last step is missing. The "reaction mass" of a rocket is its own exhaust. Hence, if atomic energy were to be used a special "reaction mass" would have to be provided. (Of course you can dispense with the turbine.) This is the crux of the matter. The atomic reactor does *not* make the fuel tank superfluous, the fuel tank now is merely filled with a reaction mass, e.g. water. Another important point is that the heat of the reactor must somehow be transferred to the reaction mass in order to eject it. This heat transfer is poor. To make it better the reactor would have to be run at a higher temperature. If it were run at a temperature which looks reasonable the exhaust velocity of the reaction mass would be far less than the exhaust velocity you obtain by burning alcohol. If you wanted to triple the exhaust velocity obtainable from alcohol the reactor would have to run at a temperature of 5000 degrees Fahrenheit—provided the heat losses are only five per cent!

It is obvious that atomic energy, in this particular form, does not work well for rocket propulsion. Somebody will have to discover a new principle, one which makes the use of atomic energy more

feasible. Until such a new principle has been discovered we may as well stick with the chemical fuels. It is possible that we'll stick with chemical fuels for the take-off even after such a new principle has been discovered. If the atomic rocket motor based on such a new discovery should produce a radioactive exhaust it would contaminate the take-off site. The solution would be, of course, to use a chemical booster which lifts the ship two or three miles before the atomic rocket motor is switched on.

This first lift by chemical fuels also applies to the ion drive but for a different reason. The ion drive is a fine and interesting idea, but it is not likely to work inside an atmosphere. The ion drive is a "space engine" in the most definite meaning of the word. It will work only in space.

An ion might best be defined as an incomplete atom. A complete atom is electrically balanced, an ordinary copper atom of the mass 63, for example, is as follows: There are 34 neutrons in its nucleus. These are electrically neutral and may be said to carry both a positive and a negative unit charge. The other 29 particles in the nucleus are protons, each one carrying a positive unit charge. These 29 positive charges are balanced by the negative charges of 29 electrons which swirl around the nucleus. If,

in some manner, one or several of these electrons are lost you have an atom that shows a definite charge. This is an ion. The copper atom could be "ionized" to different degrees, depending on whether one, two, three or a dozen electrons are missing. (I have to add here that an ion does not have to be a single atom, as I have described for the purpose of explanation. The ionized atom can be a part of a simple molecule. In fact, the atoms forming a molecule can all be ionized—even to different degrees.)

The principle of the ion drive is to create ions and then accelerate them by means of an electric field. The velocity of expulsion is going to be very high but the mass expelled is going to be very low so that it is advisable to use comparatively heavy atoms for an ion drive. One of the ideas for ion drive that has been worked out to some extent (by Dr. Ernest Stuhlinger) proposes to use cesium ions. A cesium atom has a mass of 133 and normally carries 55 balanced unit charges. Producing the ions can be done simply by heating. The metal must be vaporized anyway for expulsion. Of course a metal vapor would form an exhaust jet all by itself just because it is hot, but this would not be an ion drive.

The ion drive accomplishes the acceleration of the metal vapor by

the action of electric fields which form, so-to-speak, the exhaust nozzle.

It is rather obvious where the problems lie.

The first problem is the ion source, or rather which element to pick as an ion reservoir. As has been stated, it is advantageous to have a heavy atom, or ion, but it so happens that the heavier atoms belong to more expensive substances. The only two elements with atoms heavier than cesium, which are reasonably cheap, are mercury and lead. Of course, every atom also has advantages and disadvantages that are tied up with its atomic structure. But in the last analysis price is a factor.

The second problem hinges on the electrical field which must be created to accelerate the ions. Producing the field itself is not hard, but where do you get the energy? Your raw material is electric current, but where, figuratively speaking, can it be plugged in? Some designers, like Dr. Stuhlinger, rely on the sun as an inexhaustible source of energy and one that it is always available in space. The sunlight would be collected and converted into electric current which then would do all the work. Other experts say that this can be done, of course, but that it is a lot of fuss and bother first to concentrate sunlight, boil

mercury into vapor, run a turbine, drive a generator with the turbine and so on. One can do the same with an atomic reactor which, though its energy is not free of charge, is easier to handle and to control than the solar energy collecting elements which must, of necessity, be large in size.

It is from this discussion that the term "solar powered spaceship" and "atomic powered spaceship" are derived. Both ships really use an ion drive; the terms refer only to the source of the electric power. What really counts will be the weight of the device. Personally I feel that the atomic energy men hold the better cards. In the years that will have to pass before an ion driven spaceship is built for actual use they are likely to suppress the weight of their reactors considerably. To date the proposals I have seen all promise to produce about half-a-pound of thrust per ton of equipment weight. No, this is neither a slip of my typewriter nor of my memory, I repeat—half-a-pound of thrust per ton of equipment.

Even if this were improved 100 times it would never lift a ship off the ground. It is not supposed to. It is to be used by a ship which is already orbiting around the earth. The advantage of the ion drive lies in the fact that its thrust is steady. You don't depend

on a few minutes burning time as with a chemical rocket; you will have a small thrust for as long as you want it.

We should know much more about ion drives in a year or two, for there is a research contract for its investigation.

And what is the photon drive that Russian scientist mentioned?

In plain language it refers to the fact that a light beam will produce a tiny amount of reaction. And the "exhaust velocity" of a light beam is big indeed, 186,000 miles per second. What is sadly lacking is mass. The result is that 1,330,000 kilowatts would be required to produce *one pound* of thrust.

Several years ago T. F. Reinhardt, of the U.S. Naval Air Rocket Station, in New Jersey, ran off a few calculations along this line. Supposing we have a rather large ship which is to be propelled by a light beam or photon engine with a thrust of 10,000 pounds. As in the ion drive this thrust would be constant so that this could be a rather large ship, weighing several hundred tons. Now 10,000 pounds of thrust require 13,300,000,000 kilowatts. If we assume a current of 1,000,000 amperes the potential needs only to be 13,300,000 volts which could be carried on copper conductors 20 inches in diameter. Now we come to the radiating surface which produces the pro-

elling light beam. Since we are not going to assume anything fantastic we'll say that the temperature of the radiating surface should not be higher than that of the carbon arc or about 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Then we need a radiating surface with an area of

60 acres—about six city blocks.

Russian scientists, as can easily be seen from this, must have some kind of sense of humor.

The ion drive certainly is a much more realistic proposition. But we can't get to it except by space lift with chemical fuels.

THE WIDOW'S FIERY DEATH

A SCENE that had all the earmarks of a typical cremation mystery met the eyes of Samuel Martin, 39, a fireman, when he returned home from work in the afternoon of May 18, 1957. The charred remains of his mother, Mrs. Anna Martin, 68, a widow, lay face-down before the coal furnace in the basement of their two-story home in West Philadelphia, Pa. Only the torso, burned almost beyond recognition, remained. The only clothing not reduced to ashes were her shoes.

After a week's investigation of Mrs. Martin's death, Chief Inspector John J. Kelly said, "It's one of our most mysterious cases."

The police were unable to answer such questions as, how did Mrs. Martin's clothes catch fire? What caused the fire to burn with such intensity? Why

didn't the fire spread?

Dr. Joseph W. Spelman, chief medical examiner, said that the fire would have had to burn at 1,700 to 2,000 degrees in order to destroy the body. However, police determined that the furnace before which Mrs. Martin's remains were found had not been burning at the time of her death. Newspapers, trash and cardboard cartons lay within two feet of the body, but none were so much as scorched. The floor joists above the body, although covered thickly with soot, were not burned or charred.

Most perplexing to the police was a stain about four feet square on the floor around the body. They expressed belief it was made by oil or some chemical substance, but Martin said he knew of nothing in the house that could have caused it.

By Emmie Les Tina

Blackness swallowed me and filled my mind. I knew I was dead. Then I rose slowly and steadily onto a luminous plain. Was this Heaven?



I LIVED through Death!

IT WAS THE night of my death. I lay on my bed in a Chicago hospital, too weak to speak or make a sign, feeling neither fear nor pain. By the bedside stood four persons—my doctor, my husband, his mother and my sister.

The doctor's fingers were on my pulse. I felt the warmth and strength of them.

I heard him say, "She has less than two minutes."

At that decree, my husband gave a cry and ran from the room, un-

able to watch. My eyes clouded and I found I could no longer see. Moments ticked by . . . and then it was over.

Death came as if a switch were clicked off—but not before my ears registered the anguished cries of the two women beside my bed. Blackness swallowed me and filled my mind.

How long the blackness and oblivion lasted I do not know. My next sensation was one of rising, slowly and steadily into a growing, lumin-

ous landscape. Presently I stood upon what, for want of a better word, I'll call a wall. This wall was three or four feet high. To the right and left of me on the wall stood other persons who apparently had just passed over. I knew them—without knowing how I knew—to be people of every race and color. Now the race or color had no meaning, however, all our bodies had become merely coverings for our true selves.

I realized I was dead. Yet, my identity survived. I could recall my religious training and compared that theology with what I was now experiencing. Was this Heaven then?

Before me, and the others, lay a flat plain. It was of limitless size, peopled by innumerable souls. These souls were gray, shapeless, and indistinguishable one from the other. I knew I looked the same as they. From these souls came a love so strong and powerful—as tangible as the force of an electric current—that it *drew* all of us new souls from the wall. As I mingled with the souls on the plain and became part of them, I realized that I was in a resting place.

A profound sense of well-being and joy, greater than anything I ever had felt on Earth, flooded through me. I relaxed in the all-enveloping love, taking and giving it in unison with the others. To-

gether we extended it to the endless procession of new arrivals. They were drawn from the wall, as I had been, and their addition to the multitude on the plain gave no impression of crowding, as we were all without substance. Light and love, only, had substance.

While in this state three separate thoughts came to me. 1. I was near God. 2. I could, if I so desired, seek and find all those dear to me who had come before. I thought of my mother, whom I never had known. She had died with my birth. Now I could find her, tell her how all my life I had felt her loss, and that I wanted her to love me and to let me love her. I thought of my father, who raised us wisely and honorably—10 children in a poverty-stricken little, German village. I could tell him now I understood and appreciated the sacrifices he had made for us. But I made no effort to find my parents. There was no need. The human love for only a few was now transmuted to an emotion so encompassing that *everyone* was beloved equally.

My final thought grew in intensity. 3. What about those loved ones I left on Earth? They were weeping and sorrowing. If only I could return and *tell* them how wonderfully happy I was. If only I could convince them that death was a cause for joy—not for grief!

I sensed that this was only the first phase of marvelous experiences to come; but still I thought that if God would grant me a return to Earth, only long enough to spread the word, I would promise to try to reach as many of His children as possible. Afterward, with a glad and grateful heart, I would return willingly to this resting place and wait for whatever He had planned for me.

This desire grew so great it filled my whole being.

If only I could get back. . . .

I *would* find a way to let the world know. No one need have fear. It is joy and light and gladness when you die! Love meets

you, surrounds you, sustains you. *Never be afraid!*

Please, I prayed, let me tell them. . . .

And I awoke.

My doctor stood by my bed. My dear ones were near. My husband had returned to the hospital room.

"The pulse is stronger!" my doctor whispered, incredulous. "I thought she was gone. I must have been mistaken. She's going to pull through!"

I opened my eyes. In my gratitude and love I knew I would find a way to tell the *truth* of my experience. . . .

This is my way.



VANCOUVER ISLAND'S "ZONE OF SILENCE"

AT RACE ROCKS in the Pacific, off Vancouver Island, B.C., Canada, is a stretch of water known as the "Zone of Silence." This area is described as acoustically dead, since it is claimed that sounds such as from warning bells and ship's sirens cannot penetrate it. Why this condition at Race rocks exists appears to be a mystery.

According to R. T. Elmer, secretary of the Transportation and Customs Bureau, Vancouver, B.C., the "Zone of Silence" gained its name from the fact

that the warning bell could not be heard in the area and as a result a number of ships were wrecked on the rocks.

"However," Elmer said, "as far as we can ascertain, it was not because of the entire area being acoustically dead, but because the sound waves from the bell were deflected by something—just what has not been fully determined."

The warning devices, Elmer added, were moved to another spot on the rocks and now can be heard.

The proud Zulu believed he had been cursed and swore to get revenge. Did he keep his promise by unleashing destructive forces of nature?



I'ZULU

THE LIGHTNING DEATH

By Michael Dugmore

APRIL BRINGS a welcome relief from the scorching summer of South Africa's Natal coast. In truth, this is actually autumn, but as there is no winter to speak of, it does little more than temper the violence of the sun's rays.

The vast, undulating fields of sugar cane ripen. Feathery flowers appear on cane tips and sugar farmers prepare to cut the cane. Into the thatched huts flow great mounds of corn meal bags, potatoes, sugar beans. Three legged

Kaffir pots are given a good scouring in preparation for the influx of seasonal labor. The huts of the native compounds are swept clean. New, razor-sharp *celemba* cane knives are placed on special racks beside the doorways.

Sugar mills and refinery machinery get a last going over, for delays at crushing time can be expensive. By the beginning of May, even the open railway cars which will carry the cane stems from farms to mills are ready.

Workers are always a problem. Many Zulus, still proud and disdainful of menial tasks, do not take kindly to the dirty, sooty duties of a cane cutter. It is necessary to import Pondos from the Transkei to supplement the ranks, and as the two nationalities do not get along well together, separate accommodations are necessary to avoid trouble.

Far back in the history of the Zulu nation the outcasts and traitors fled from King Shaka and Dingaan's tyrannical rule. They crossed the Umzinkulu (Great River) into Pondoland and Basutoland, going as far west as Swaziland. The Zulus spat after these people and called them *AmaKafula* (The Spat-Upon). That is where the word "Kaffir" originated. So it is never easy to have both nationalities working side by side in the cane fields.

The "Lucas" plantation about mid-way between Umtwalumi and Umzumbi, differed not one whit from the rest. By mid-May billowing clouds of black smoke spiralled into every dawn, proving that slash was being burned preparatory to cutting. Gangs, clothed in meal bags with holes cut out for head and arms, sweated in the sooty fields, cutting their set sections. As each cutter finished a batch of 10 or 20 canes he loaded the bundle onto his shoulder and loped with it to the

truck. Up a board ramp he went, his bare toes gripping slats for purchase. Then he dumped the canes between holding chains and he went back for his next lot.

Ginyam'conto (spear-chewer) was one of the cane cutters. Hut and head taxes unpaid, he was forced to work or go to prison for default. As proud as any other Zulu, he disliked the work and obviously seethed with a bitter discontent. At each trip to the corn meal sour-gruel calabash he would grouse and protest his misfortune. He was ripe for trouble, which came all too quickly.

An old Pondo was cutting across a strip of cane from 'Conto. By some miracle, a snake had escaped the searing flames and the Pondo disturbed it. It slithered from almost under his feet to wriggle towards 'Conto. The Zulu hastily cut at it with his *celemba*, killing it. But from that moment on he swore that the Pondo was a wizard, bent on destroying him.

With his temper always near boiling point 'Conto was prone to any occupational hazard. He cut his leg; he burned his hand on a hot stone. Somehow, the poor old Pondo was always nearby and always 'Conto vowed that he was being bewitched. The sorry business came to a head when 'Conto slipped and fell from the ramp on the truck. Ten paces behind him

was the old Pondo.

"You Kafula!" screamed 'Conto. "You would kill me!" He rushed at the old man. Only swift intervention saved the Pondo's life.

"You think you are safe, you tagati, you!" bellowed 'Conto. "As all these here are my witness, you would destroy me. But you will not get another chance. I will not remain in these accursed fields any longer. But I will have my revenge, believe me, I will not give you another chance to kill me!" Muttering threats, he called for his pay, then disappeared over the hills to his kraal.

An uneasy hush hung over the work gangs during the next two days. Retribution could take many forms. The old Pondo was ostracized. Nobody would speak to him, eat with him, or sleep with him. His companions left the thatched hut at the compound, preferring to crush into another *rondavel* rather than be present at the holocaust, when, and if, it came.

Notwithstanding this fracas, cutting went on as usual. Gangs vied with one another for task work, for the more they cut, the fatter were their pay envelopes at the week's end. Sucrose content was high that year and mill officials beamed at each carload of cane which came in from the "Lucas" flats.

The old Pondo went about his

duties with the reserve and understanding of the aged. Only the severe shortage of manpower had given him this opportunity to work and he did not mean to let the chance go by. He worked hard and well, otherwise he might have been sent home as a "disturbing influence".

On the third day news came of the sale of three oxen from 'Conto's herd. This might have gone unnoticed under normal circumstances but, with 'Conto's curse in the air, men grew more fearful as the day progressed. It could be that the Zulu had sold these cattle from his precious herd in order to liquidate his taxes. But no one took a chance; the old Pondo was more carefully avoided than ever.

The night of the third day seemed no different from any other. The sky was clear. Looking into the heavens, one could see the starry Southern Cross. Somewhere under the lip of the horizon was *Kwezi*, the morning star, resting before her appearance at dawn. Alone in his hut the old Pondo slept.

At midnight, from a cloudless sky, there flashed a brief but devastating lightning bolt. It hit the Pondo's hut squarely at its apex. Sizzling sparks showered down every roof pole. In an instant the dry thatch grass burst into flame. Before the hapless old man could

know what had hit him, the roof, now a blazing, scorching mass of solid flame, tumbled in. One must hope that the lightning numbed the Pondo's body so that he felt nothing. For he died in the blaze.

It took real persuasion to keep the work gangs on the "Lucas" farm. But, eventually, daily routine blotted out the vividness of the tragedy. However, remnants of the hut, burned and crumbling, stood for a while, a mute reminder of things which we do not understand—cannot comprehend.

Many of the workers whispered of the dreaded curse of the *I'Zulu*. There is no African curse so awful as that of the Lightning Death. Few *N'yangas* have a charm powerful enough to oppose it. It is said only two witchdoctors in all South Africa have the power to invoke this curse, for it involves the mystery of utilizing natural forces.

But how otherwise explain a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky? How otherwise explain a bolt of lightning which hits squarely the avowed target of the curser?



THE JINXED FISHING BOAT

THE STRANGE STORY of a "jinxed" fishing boat emerged in January, 1958, after the mysterious disappearance of John Pilles, 43, a Greenport, N.J., fisherman. Pilles, who was last seen aboard the boat, the 34-foot *Correct*, may be the third man to meet a watery death after purchasing the craft. Police grappled unsuccessfully for four days in Greenport harbor for Pilles' body.

Pilles bought the *Correct* in 1943 from his sister, Julia, whose husband, Raymond Jacobs, drowned the day he purchased the boat from an Ama-

gansett man. Jacobs was in another boat which was towing the *Correct* to Greenport when he disappeared. His body was found floating in Gardiner's Bay a few days later. Michael Actu, a brother-in-law of Jacobs who was aiding in the towing operation, said Jacobs "just disappeared" from the boat which was pulling the *Correct*.

According to newspaper accounts of the case, Greenport fishermen say that the unidentified Amagansett man who owned the *Correct* before Jacobs also disappeared. He too was found drowned, the fishermen claim.

FRANK EDWARDS' REPORT



Are UFO researchers making any headway against the Air Force "curtain of silence?" There are signs that progress is being made. Here is an analysis of official actions that indicate a change is coming.

Is the UFO "Curtain" Lifting?

A FEW DAYS AGO, as I was leaving a large mid-western college where I had just spoken on the subject of UFO's, I was accompanied to the airport by a member of the faculty whom I had known for many years. We had some time to spare so we went into the coffee shop.

"You look tired," he said. "I have a feeling that you're wondering if it's all worth while. Am I correct?"

I assured him that I often wondered. No doubt every serious researcher in the UFO field has had

this feeling at some time or other. The endless frustration is wearing. The repeated banalities from the Air Force, printed and broadcast ad infinitum, are thrown in your face at every turn by the uninformed. You inevitably come to the point, as I have, where you wonder why you ever got into this business of grinding yourself down on a project where you can't seem to make headway.

But, as many a researcher in other fields has found, sometimes progress is being made in such form that you don't recognize it for what

it really is. Little by little things are happening that constitute steps toward the ultimate goal, things that are so vague in their shadings that only by looking back at them from a distance can you evaluate them.

It seems to me that the struggle to force a policy of truth on the Air Force with regard to the UFO's is making more headway than most of us have realized. The indications are to be found in certain Air Force actions, which become more pronounced and meaningful as time goes on. This realization came to me at a time when I was particularly low, ready to abandon the idea of breaking the silence barrier. Are we making any progress at all, I asked myself? Or just kidding ourselves and wasting time making speeches, writing articles, and sifting the mass of reports that filter through the screening?

Let's stop to analyze the case.

The best indication of progress comes from the Air Force itself. The first report that was compiled after a group of specialists had "studied" hundreds of sightings was available to me in late 1949 in the form of a thick note book filled with multigraphed pages. It was loaned to me for a couple of days by the Air Force publicity section in the Pentagon and I had to return it promptly since they

claimed to have a very limited number of copies.

In the back of that volume were a half dozen pages which purported to be the "solutions" to the sightings reported in the front of the book. Some of them were certainly correct. Others were debatable to say the least. They consisted of such questions: "Could this have been a balloon?" "Could this have been the planet Venus?" These were listed as *explanations!*

By mid-1952, when the flap at Washington occurred, the policy of the reports had undergone some major changes. Venus and the balloons had been largely retired in favor of temperature inversions (courtesy of Dr. Menzel) and ionized particles, with a liberal sprinkling of other scientific odds and ends which, the Air Force apparently hoped, had the saving grace of being little understood.

There was a major gap in the Air Force technique at that time. I was on the air on a national network, reporting sightings from such highly credible sources as airline pilots, weather men, control tower operators and in some cases professional astronomers. I was silenced by a coup arranged at the White House in mid-54. The military pilots were muzzled by official order Janap 146 issued in September of 1951. The meteorologists, control tower men and commercial

pilots were muzzled by a subsequent order, AFR 200-2, which followed the Washington flap, and by specific orders from the airlines themselves. Many commercial airline pilots told me they had been called in and instructed to make no written reports of any UFO sightings but to report such things verbally *only* to their flight supervisors. The reason for this was that the airlines were tired (as were the pilots) of having their pilots subjected to hours of questioning by various Intelligence officers after they had filed a report of a UFO sighting. Besides, too many reports of strange aerial objects might alarm airline customers!

(The ban really worked! On the night of October 19, 1953, a big four-engined commercial plane flying from Philadelphia to Washington was forced into a hasty power dive near the Conowingo Dam to avoid colliding with a UFO. Passengers were thrown into the aisles. The pilot radioed ahead for doctors. Medical aid was on hand at the Washington airport when he landed. Fortunately none of the passengers was badly hurt but the dramatic story of the near-collision with a UFO ran only in the early edition of the *Washington Post* which subsequently pulled the story. It appeared nowhere else! The lid was on.)

If I seem to be wandering from the original theme of this discussion, please bear with me, for we shall soon see where progress is being made. I am re-living some of the complicated past of this subject for comparison with important events in the present.

Having plugged the press loopholes, there remained but one major trouble spot to be dealt with by the Air Force. That was the broadcasting networks and they moved swiftly to cover that breach.

The night after the near-collision which I have just mentioned, Major Donald E. Keyhoe and I were to appear on a Dumont network television program known as "The Author Meets the Critics." It was a long-established program which was fed to 21 stations from its originating point in the studios of WABD in New York City. The week before we were to appear it was announced by the network that we were to be featured on the show for the following week, with Willy Ley as the critic who would challenge Keyhoe's position. Viewers in the 21 cities covered by the Dumont network were told to watch the forthcoming program. But on the night when Keyhoe and Ley and Edwards appeared, the program was yanked off the network and carried by only one station, WABD in New York. Why?

The network lamely explained that it had other commitments! Actually it furnished no program at all to the network at the time we were on the air and the stations filled the time with whatever they could scrape together. In the case of WTTG in Washington, it meant running an ancient western movie while they struggled with the avalanche of phone calls.

For the Air Force it constituted a major victory. They had shown that they could induce a network to throttle a program which did not meet with Air Force approval. A few months later I was blotted out by a piece of collusion between some top Administration officials and some top officials of the American Federation of Labor, which had sponsored my network broadcasts nightly for almost five years.

What was left? A few isolated broadcasters on local stations who carried occasional UFO items, generally of local origin. A handful of saucer publications, intelligently edited and carefully written. Infrequent sighting reports in newspapers, reports which were oft-times burdened in the last paragraph by repetition of the Air Force claim that it could explain everything.

Those of us who cared to challenge this conspiracy of silence were at our lowest ebb in those

days. FATE Magazine was a glimmer of light in the prevailing blackness of censorship. It was the clearing house for material which would otherwise have been "lost piecemeal. The rest of the press, with a few exceptions, was closed to the subject. Broadcasting stations, which must seek Air Force approval for their transmitting towers, were jittery about touching a subject which was officially frowned upon. Only the crackpots found broadcast time available to them. They flocked to the studios to describe their incredible "experiences" as promotional stunts for their personal appearances in nearby auditoriums. It gave the subject of Unidentified Flying Objects an air of banality and held up to ridicule everyone who dared to mention it.

It looked like the silence barrier could not be broken.

But all over the world events were taking place which now are having their cumulative effect. All over the world sightings were occurring and being reported by credible observers. In Taormina, Sicily, news photographers got clear pictures of disc-shaped things which maneuvered over the city and its harbor for several hours. In Africa, India, Japan, the Philippines, Australia, Canada and throughout Europe a mass of sightings surged over the wall of offi-

cial silence and flooded the news services. Aime Michel has recorded many of them in his splendid book, part of which has been serialized in FATE. Keyhoe covered the American scene in his third book on the subject and Jessup published a lengthy volume which added to the evidence.

The cumulative effect of these things, the sightings and the books, was to alert millions of people to the fact that they were being hoodwinked. Little by little, chinks appeared in the wall of silence. More and more newspapers found the courage to attempt some objective reporting on sightings or experiences in their respective communities. Occasionally the wire services found themselves with a story which was too big to be suppressed, even to please the Air Force. More and more broadcasting stations permitted their staff to discuss and report UFO's, or to interview those who could discuss them.

This resurgence of UFO reporting caught the Air Force with its complacency down. It was, I think, the turning point in the story.

If this supposition is correct, then the most conclusive indication comes from the treatment of recent important sightings.

Typical is the case of the Air Force twin-engine C-131 D, familiar to millions of air travelers

as the Convair, which was flying at 16,000 feet over Pixley, Calif., on the morning of July 22, 1956. It was being piloted manually by Major Merwin Stenvers, a veteran flier. His co-pilot was Captain Robert Marble, who also had thousands of hours of flying time on his log book. Suddenly there was a deafening bang. The plane staggered as though it had struck something. One of the crewmen was thrown into a bulkhead and cut. The plane went into an almost vertical dive and plunged 9,000 feet before the Major could control it again. None of those aboard could explain what had happened. They heard the crash, felt the plane go into the dive and then blacked out.

The plane made an emergency landing at the Kern County airport. Examination revealed 36 square feet of the left elevator (the horizontal portion of the tail) was missing. There was a dent about 10 inches in diameter on a nearby section of the tail. Major Stenvers and Captain Marble agreed that they had struck something—or that something had struck them. The plane was placed under guard immediately. The two officers and two crewmen were ordered not to make any public statements. Air Force investigators took over.

Two days later came the official "explanation." The Major and his

co-pilot were all wrong, of course. Some rivets had pulled loose weakening the missing tail section and it had torn loose with a bang. Why the rivets should have pulled loose in level flight was not explained. Two veteran pilots were dipped in ridicule and dropped into the well of silence.

It was the gentle opening touch of a technique that has been used frequently since. I think you may safely regard it as the technique of desperation.

Something landed in the highway near Levelland, Tex., on the night of November 3, 1957. The UFO sighting was well authenticated, by CAA tower men at Amarillo, by drivers whose cars stopped when they approached it, by the Ground Observer Corps personnel at Midland, Tex., who saw the object in the air. The Air Force brushed off the CAA tower men and the Ground Observer Corps on whom they rely for so much help. The whole thing was dismissed as St. Elmo's fire. But the important thing in this case is not the ridiculous "explanation," which was to be expected, but the recurrence of the brushing off of trained personnel with whom the Air Force customarily works closely.

The manner in which the news-wires carried the original report was a heartening thing. Countless broadcasting stations and newspa-

pers openly referred to the thing as a space ship. No wonder the Air Force was in a flap of its own!

The Levelland incident was followed in quick succession by reports from three separate groups of officers and men at White Sands of the brief landing of an object on the rocket range. Again, the Air Force dismissed the testimony of its own personnel as "unreliable!" James Stokes, a veteran research engineer at the AF center at White Sands got the back-of-the-hand treatment for his report and so did Air Force Major Louis F. Baker. Two other AF weather experts and 10 members of the military personnel at Long Beach also got slapped when they reported watching six UFO discs, each larger than a DC3.

There have been many other incidents in the past six months wherein the Air Force has publicly disavowed the competency of its own personnel, as well as the competence of the personnel of other branches of the military. This is, in my opinion, a clear indication that the Air Force is making a back-to-the-wall stand to keep the truth about the UFO's from the public as long as possible. No public relations man worth a grain of salt would deliberately destroy morale in his own organization unless it was regarded as necessary to play for time *at any cost*.

You will note that the military personnel involved in these incidents could have been punished under the specific orders mentioned earlier—but not one of them was touched. This may be due to the shakiness of the official position which makes them reluctant to force a showdown, or to the desire to let the whole thing drop as soon as possible, thus avoiding further publicity.

Operation Hoodwink was on thin ice around the turn of the year. It had to reach the public effectively and quickly with another batch of deceptive statements, and it did. The vehicle was a network television broadcast on the Armstrong Circle Theatre. Billed as a panel discussion on Unidentified Flying Objects, it turned out to be nothing more than a heavily loaded propaganda device wherein a trio of Air Force mouthpieces, including Dr. Menzel, paraded the same tired old theories and the same fraudulent old statistics before the public. The only dissenting voice was that of Major Keyhoe and he was cut off the air because he tried to tell his audience that Congress had become interested in the UFO's. The importance of this thing lies in the fact that the Air Force had nothing new to offer. Their ammunition was old. They were fighting a delaying action only.

As you endeavor to evaluate the

situation from its present position, the significance of these events becomes apparent. After a couple of years of fumbling, the Air Force was stung by the rash of UFO's over Washington in mid-1952. Subsequent tightening-up restricted the flow of reports which had been reaching the public by press and radio. FATE, the saucer clubs, a few books and a handful of local broadcasters kept a trickle of information flowing. Then came the frenzied flap of late 1957 with the space ships sharing space with the satellites on the front pages, and the whole Air Force censorship program blew apart. By deriding reports from Air Force, Navy and Coast Guard personnel, by participating in a thinly veiled propaganda show on television, the Air Force has managed to regain some of its lost ground.

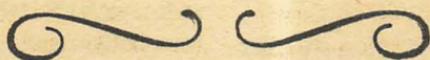
I regard these developments as progress toward the ultimate official disclosure that these objects are extra-terrestrial devices over which we have no control and with which we are unable to cope—for better or for worse. The story almost got out with the sensational and well-authenticated sightings of late 1957. I do not believe that the tattered curtain of official silence can survive another experience of such magnitude.

Life Magazine, which has been on both sides of the UFO story in

recent years, now seems to have been disillusioned by the Air Force antics. In its issue for January 6, 1958, on page 16 it carries a special item beside the editorial entitled "A Short List of Sure Things". It says: (during 1958) "There will be authenticated sightings of

roughly 200 unidentified flying objects, of which the Pentagon will be able to disprove 210."

Just another straw in the wind perhaps, but those of us who are veterans of the UFO battle have learned to be grateful for small favors.



RESERVED FOR THREE CENTURIES

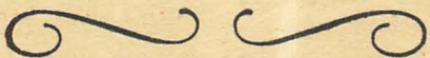
By Alfred I. Tooke

THREE HUNDRED years ago a party of entertainers visited the small island of Herm, in the Channel Islands between England and France, to entertain the vacationing Governor of Guernsey. On the island are two beaches said to have no equal in the world for the amazing variety of beautiful shells deposited there by freak tides. The singers visited the smaller beach to search for shells and one lost a gold signet ring valued highly for its associations.

The British Crown, which owns the island, leases it on the condition that tourists are permitted to visit the famed shell beaches on two days a week throughout the summer, for a small fee split between the tenant and the Crown. One

tenant was the noted English novelist, Sir Compton Mackenzie, who occupied Herm and the neighboring island of Jethou just after World War I.

How many thousands of tourists from all over the world have visited the shell beaches during the three centuries since the ring was lost would be impossible to estimate. According to Sir Compton, in the early 1920's a lady descended from the singer who lost the ring visited the beach. Besides shells, she also had in mind the lost ring, the story of which had been handed down to her; and "while looking for shells," Sir Compton related, "she found her ancestor's signet ring. I believe it is now in the Guernsey Museum." Fate had kept it for her for three centuries.



True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$5 for each True Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope

MY APPLE TREE OMEN

By Margaret Ehrhart

WARNINGS COME in different forms for me. Early in February, 1945, I dreamed that the apple tree in the back yard of our home in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, would be in full bloom when I rose in the morning of the next day. The dream did not make me happy and I did not tell my husband about it.

When I went to bed that night I had the odd feeling that my dream would come true.

When I got up in the morning I looked out into the back yard from my kitchen window and saw the apple tree in full bloom. Amid all the snow it was beautiful—but I felt it was a warning. I knew, deep in my mind, that I was going to lose my fifth child, whose birth was expected late in June.

Neighbors flocked to our house to see the blooming apple tree. Most of them predicted that the tree would die, probably before cold weather was over.

On April 29 my baby was born. He was two and a half months early and lived only eight hours.

The apple tree did not die and still bears apples today.—*Carey, Ohio.*

GRANDMOTHER "WAS THERE"

By R. A. Lemieux

MY MATERNAL grandmother, Alphonsine Brunet, in 1917 had a strange dream which puzzled everyone in her immediate surroundings and which still puzzles me.

Terrified, she awoke in the middle of the night and called my mother who was sleeping in the next room. I also was awakened and we hurried to her room thinking her seriously ill or the victim of an accident. We were joined there by my two aunts who also had heard the calls.

When we entered Grandmother's room we found her crying. She explained through her sobs, "Malvina, this is terrible! Baptiste is dead, I just saw him kicked to

death by his own horse!"

We tried to comfort her, telling her it was just a bad dream. We pointed out that Baptiste never had owned a horse. She insisted it wasn't a dream, that she had been there and had seen the accident happen. She urged Mother to find out whether Baptiste was well.

We promised her that the first thing in the morning I would go and inquire. Nothing could be done then as it was 2:30 A.M.

Baptiste Gingras, an old friend of the family, lived 15 miles away. We had no telephone and there were none in the neighborhood; 40 years ago telephones were scarce.

Inconsolable, Grandmother cried until morning. At seven o'clock the parish priest came to the house and told us that Baptiste's brother had informed him that Baptiste "had been kicked to death by a horse he had purchased the previous day."

The accident had happened exactly three hours after Grandmother's dream.—*Montreal, P.Q., Canada.*

THE GLOVE THAT SAVED OUR LIVES

By Wm. W. Bathlot

SOME 10 years ago my grandson, Allen Natz, did quite a lot of work building hot rods for friends in and around Los Alamos, New Mex.

One morning Allen and his helper decided to take a souped-up job he had just finished on a trial run of 20 miles from Los Alamos to Espanola, New Mex., and back. An overwhelming feeling of disaster seized me and the words, "You must go with them! You must go with them!" seemed to fill every part of my body.

This time I was not anxious to make the trip as the back seat held greasy tools and bolts, an open can containing some oil, and several greasy rags. But these words churned in my mind continuously, "You must go! You must go!"

I noticed a new cotton glove lying on the floor boards at my feet. I picked it up and absently drew it on and off my right hand as we sped over the road to Espanola.

My grandson and his friend in the front seat were smoking cigarettes. When Allen finished his, he held the wheel with his right hand and rolled the window down six or eight inches. Then with his left hand he threw the cigarette stub into the face of the wind, which was then coming through his window, back over me and out of the window on my right.

The cigarette butt was alight and the draft from the window made it burn even more hotly when it lit beside me on that oily seat and its bunch of greasy rags.

Luck, if it was luck, was with

me. Never have I moved as quickly in my life as I did when my hand, encased in the cotton glove, struck down and smothered the small fire. Had I not done so the old car would have been a roaring mass of flames before any of us could have gotten out of it.

Allen thought he had placed both gloves in his pocket, but he had left one in the back of the car and it saved our lives.

I often have pondered the questions: What was it that urged me to go with them? What caused Allen to forget one glove and leave it in the car? What caused me to have the glove on my hand a split second before I slapped it down on the small blaze?—*Los Alamos, New Mex.*

HEALED BY QUIMBY

By W. C. Trowbridge

I AM 98 years old and in the early 90's I lived in Mill Valley, Calif., where a close neighbor of mine was a Mrs. Sarah Crawford. She had lived in Belfast, Maine, where Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, "the father of mental healing," was born and died. Quimby first practiced mental healing at Belfast, giving his services free. He did not insist on faith, as stated in the splendid article on him in the August, 1957, issue of FATE. He did state that if a patient had faith in a medicine, his faith rather than

the medicine would cure him.

Mrs. Crawford told me that while living in Belfast one of her five children, a girl of nine, developed a painful white swelling on one knee. Medical treatment failed to help the child, and Quimby called as he usually did when a neighbor fell ill. He chatted casually with Mrs. Crawford, then called the little girl to him, patted her head and told her to return to her playing. He told Mrs. Crawford, "If your little girl gets sick tomorrow morning, just take care of her as a mother would."

He then asked Mrs. Crawford if she knew what her daughter's leg measured at the swelling. Mrs. Crawford said she did not know and he told her it measured 16 inches. After he left, Mrs. Crawford measured the leg with a tape and found the swelling was exactly 16 inches around.

The next morning, while playing on the floor, the little girl told her mother she felt sick and wanted to go to the back house. While in attendance there, Mrs. Crawford said, a most offensive matter was discharged and from that moment the swelling diminished. The child's health returned. Quimby did not call again, nor did he ask pay.

Mrs. Crawford also told me that Quimby visited an old sea captain who was crippled with rheumatism.

During a neighborly chat, Quimby asked to try his mental healing on the old man in the hope of a cure. The old fellow said, "You can try it, but I don't have any faith in it." According to Mrs. Crawford, Quimby soon got the old fellow walking around, free from stiffness and pain. Quimby told him to hang his cane on a nail as it no longer would be needed.

Another story Mrs. Crawford told me concerned a woman in Belfast who had been bed-ridden for 20 years and was a severe burden to her family. Quimby called as a good neighbor and interested her in his ideas, although he said nothing about a cure. He uncovered her feet and then asked for her shoes and stockings. Her daughter said, "Mother hasn't had shoes or stockings for 20 years."

Quimby then placed the daughter's shoes and stockings on the woman's feet and made her stand little by little, although she kept protesting her inability to do so. He moved her feet with his hands and then got her to take a step alone. Finally he helped her to walk around the room.

The daughter, who had been staring in amazement, rushed outside screaming, "Mother walks!"

All rushed into the house to see the phenomenon—a woman walking who had not taken a step for 20 years.

Such miracles, Mrs. Crawford said, puzzled Quimby's neighbors, who did not know what to think of him. Most agreed, however, that he was a kind and generous neighbor. He was described to me as having "piercing eyes that seemingly could look right through you."—*San Francisco, Calif.*

THE VOICE OF DEATH

By Bob L. Austin

ON APRIL 9, 1957, Otto Meyerbeer, an old German farmer in southern Missouri, caught fire to his pants leg while burning some brush behind his house. It was only a minor burn, but his wife persuaded him to see the family doctor.

That afternoon, while sitting in the waiting room of his doctor's office, a voice told Otto that he would die at midnight that night by the blow of a hammer. Otto rose and was about to leave just as the doctor came from his inner office. When he asked the old farmer where he was going, Otto replied, "To prepare for death."

"Nonsense," the doctor replied. "You aren't going to die for a long time yet. Come in and let me take a look at that leg."

Otto shrugged and followed the doctor into the other office. The doctor looked at the leg and smiled. "You'll never know you burned it two days from now." He put some

salve on the leg and then wrapped it with gauze.

Otto pulled out his pocket book but the doctor said he'd mail the bill. "I'd rather pay now," the old German said, "seeing that I'm going to die at midnight tonight." Then he told the doctor about the voice of death.

"Nonsense," the doctor replied. "You're only 55 years old; besides, you're in perfect health."

Otto went home and told his wife about the voice; his wife said much the same the doctor had said. Nevertheless Otto went around the countryside to see all his friends and tell them he was going to die. Everyone laughed at him.

That night when he returned home he found that his son and daughter-in-law had driven 200 miles from their home to spend a few days on the farm. They had had "a feeling that something was wrong."

Over the protest of his wife, Otto prepared for death; and by nine o'clock that night he had everything in order.

Everyone went to bed at a little before 10:00; and from all accounts everyone was asleep a few minutes later. Otto's wife said she heard him snoring a few minutes after they had gotten in bed.

At exactly midnight everyone was waked by a noise like someone pounding on the side of the house

with a sledge-hammer. Everyone was awakened, that is, except Otto; he had died of a heart attack.—
Bloomfield, Mo.

EXODUS OF THE RATS

By Walter E. White

IN 1937 I moved to the old Bob Hamilton stock ranch, eight miles from Harrison, Ark., the county seat of Boone County, Ark. I owned this ranch and had leased it for two years to a man named Tom Bailey, while living in Los Angeles, Calif. With me were my step-daughter, Ruthie Amandy Carpenter, and her five sons.

The ranch was one of the first settled in that county. The original owner had built large buildings and generally put the ranch in fine shape. The buildings were mostly of hewed logs and sat flat on the ground. Originally big flat rocks had been placed under them, but that had been some 50 years before and the rocks had sunk down out of sight.

The only thing wrong with the ranch was that the buildings were infested with rats. Their odor was so strong that after several days we thought it surely would drive us out. I tried to poison the rats but without noticeable results. There were so many buildings and hiding places that I was stumped.

My step-daughter and I discussed the situation and agreed it

was hopeless. Around midnight one night everyone was in bed and asleep but me. I was sleeping by myself in a small room adjoining the living room, and there must have been 50 rats in the room, the kitchen and the dining room.

I called to my step-daughter, who was sleeping in a room near mine, and told her I had heard that if one wrote the rats a letter, telling them to go and just where to go, and put it in one of their dens, they all would go at once. My step-daughter told me if I wanted to enter into correspondence with rats I could do it myself.

I had been lying on my back. Turning over to my left side to face the rats, I told them, "Rats, bug your eyes and straighten your tails to John Travis' ranch, never to return a single one of you here again!"

At once all the rats in my room began pouring out the door. One very large one dropped through a 14-inch stovepipe hole in the ceiling of my room. He landed on the floor in front of me, scrambled to his feet and joined the bunch going out the door.

I lay quietly for a moment, spell-

bound by what was happening. I heard my step-daughter sit up in bed. She said, "You know, those rats are all going!"

"Yes," I said. "I aimed for them to go."

Strangely I seemed able to follow the rats with my mind. The ranch I had sent them to was diagonally across two 40-acre tracts of land, and my mind flashed them directions. They were in perfect formation, a packed mass of rats of all sizes, some four feet wide and eight feet long. They formed perfectly straight rows, the noses of those in the rear rows touching the tails of those in the front rows. They moved along at about the rate a human being walks. From the eyes of each issued crooked streaks of light, like lightning, extending about 18 inches from the eyes and breaking into sparks.

John Travis had a fine ranch, and he had about 10 bushels of shucked corn in his crib to sell his neighbors for seed. He told his neighbors those rats came and ate up all the corn in a few days.

We lived on the Old Bob Hamilton ranch for years and never saw another rat.—*Ontario, Calif.*





YES, *there is a* LOCH NESS MONSTER!

Numerous witnesses report having seen this unknown creature—and carefully organized investigation has turned up amazing proof.

By Constance Whyte

TWENTY-THREE years ago the 30 square miles of deep, land-locked water which is Loch Ness was no more important or well known than any other loch in this beautiful country of Scotland. Then suddenly news flew around the world, through the press and radio, that a monster had been seen there.

The first known photograph of the monster was taken by Hugh Gray of Foyers, a village overlooking Loch Ness about halfway between Dores and Fort Augustus. Mr. Gray has seen the monster six times in all but he has very vivid memories of that first exciting experience nearly 24 years ago.

One Sunday (Nov. 12, he

thinks) in 1933, he was taking a walk around the northeast side of the point. Suddenly there was a great upheaval of water followed by a terrific commotion about 100 yards out. About 40 feet of a thick rounded back and a powerful tail came in sight, though the head was submerged. The creature lashed about furiously and was so enveloped in spray that further details could not be distinguished. He took five snapshots before it disappeared.

Another successful photograph of the Loch Ness monster was taken in April, 1934, by a London surgeon. He and a friend were at that time lessees of the wild-fowl shooting on the north shore of the

Beaully Firth close to Inverness.

When this picture appeared in the London *Daily Mail* there was a fresh stir in the scientific world. If it portrayed a head and neck they must belong to some animal unknown to science, and a number of suggestions were put forward.

Zoologists attempted to interpret the head and neck as the dorsal fin of an old killer whale. The collected suggestions made during 1933-34 in more or less responsible quarters based on press reports include: Rotting tree trunk; white whale; tortoise; otter; killer whale; cat fish; salamander; ribbonfish; sturgeon; giant squid; crocodile; walrus; plesiosaurus; sea lion; sea elephant; sea leopard; mass hallucinations, and "spirits."

Evidence for the presence of a strange creature in Loch Ness before 1933 is not difficult to find. Among older people in the Glen there is nothing new about the idea, though, in most cases, they are reluctant to speak of it.

Mr. D. MacKenzie of Caberfeidh, by Loch Ness, wrote in 1934: "I saw it about 1871 or 1872 as near as I can remember now—about 12 o'clock on a grand sunny day, so that it was impossible to be mistaken. It seemed to me to look rather like an upturned boat . . . went at great speed wriggling and churning up the water. I told the same story to my friends, long

before the present monster became famous."

Parts of the shore of Loch Ness are remote and for long hours are in complete darkness. No fishing is allowed in the loch excepting by line or trolls in the upper few feet of water. There is, therefore, over a large area, a depth of 700 feet, unexplored and undisturbed; the color is dark, on account of the peaty nature of the water entering the loch.

THE creature seems to have no real need to surface, except to enjoy some sunshine and fresh air. Accounts given by Count Bentinck and by another witness both refer to a wide, flat head showing a few inches only above the water. Considering its ability to sink and disappear without a ripple, it is not surprising that such a view of the creature is very rarely obtained.

It is sometimes suggested that there was a monster in Loch Ness but that now it is either dead or gone. Yet a large number of people, resident in the Inverness district, have seen the Loch Ness Monster during the last few years, in some cases more than once and reports of its appearance have come in from time to time.

In April, 1955, two boys, Robin Ward and Gordon Lowe (aged 18 and 16 years respectively) were climbing Mealfuarvonie when they

saw the monster swim out from Foyers Bay. An object appeared consisting of two dark humps which moved off at great speed until hidden by the trees on the near side of the loch.

Robin R. MacEwen, a professional man in Inverness, has seen the monster twice; on both occasions from near Brachla. He described a dark-colored object, rather like an upturned boat.

"It was only a quarter-mile away and stood about four feet out of the water; to say that it was 12 feet long would be an understatement. It was not moving along but moved up and down slightly," he said.

On the other occasion, Mr. MacEwen noticed: "A big commotion on the water, then a thing like a rather thick periscope appeared and moved along from right to left accompanied by a great disturbance both round about the periscope and behind it. It was some few hundred yards away."

IN October, 1954, Miss Margaret Brodie was first of a group of bus passengers to notice the monster, and she called the attention of the driver to the unusual object in the loch. Everyone got out and watched the monster for 10 minutes; it was still "cruising about" when the bus moved on. Miss Brodie wrote: "What I really saw

was a long brown shape with three humps which moved with an undulating movement. The middle hump appeared to be the largest and was moving backwards and forwards at an incredible speed."

Certain rather extraordinary observations have now to be recorded, however, some unique and some repeated a few times only.

One surprise which has to be faced is that the monster leaves the loch altogether, suns itself upon the shore, and, at times, has been known to travel for some distance overland, for on at least two occasions it has been observed crossing a main road.

On Friday, Jan. 5, 1934, T. P. Grant was travelling from Inverness on his motorcycle. All at once, he noticed a large dark object on the righthand side of the road, partly in the shadow of the bushes. As he drew nearer, a small head was turned toward him, then, as if it had taken fright, a large animal crossed the road in two great bounds.

"I had a splendid view of the object. In fact, I almost struck it with my motorcycle," said Mr. Grant. "It had a long neck and large oval-shaped eyes on the top of a small head. The tail would be from five to six feet long and very powerful. The total length of the animal would be 15 to 20 feet."

In July, 1934, Sir Edward Moun-

tain came on the scene. He had taken Beaufort Castle for the season and hearing of the monster from keepers and ghillies came to the conclusion that there might be something in the loch which was not a seal. (Actually it is safe to state that in living memory no seal has ever been seen in Loch Ness.) He decided to organize a thorough search.

The search started on Thursday, July 13, 1934, and was superintended by Captain James Fraser who toured the loch daily by motorcycle. Exact times and particulars of any appearances were taken down by a number of watchers equipped with binoculars and cameras. In the evening the reports were collected by Captain Fraser and sent to Beaufort Castle where Sir Edward plotted the events on a large-scale map. Many of the men taking part were skeptical when the hunt commenced but any doubts they may have had were soon dispelled.

The experiment was a success from the first and by putting together the records of these watchers without any other evidence whatever a very good idea of the creature's appearance was obtained.

Between them, 20 watchers saw the monster clearly about a score of times in the course of a month. Captain Fraser himself obtained several feet of movie film of the creature.

All the evidence seems to indicate that the monster is an animal new to science which has carried on its existence by retiring to the depths and unfrequented regions in a struggle, so far successful, to survive in a world of better-equipped rivals.

A number of other animals have only become known in the last 100 years and others may quite soon be added to the authenticated lists. Take for instance, the gorilla, discovered in 1847, the giant panda in 1869 and the okapi in 1901. In recent years a new race of chimpanzee has been found in Africa.

What the monster is, no one knows, or can know with any degree of certainty, until there has been a thorough scientific investigation.

In fairness to those who, in the face of ridicule and worse, have held publicly to what they know to be true, I hope the case for a large, live monster at home in Loch Ness will now be found proven.





TREASURE ISLAND

of the Seven Cities

Was this vanished island, where even the sands were rich
with gold, the source of the Atlantis story?

By Lawrence D. Hills

FOR HUNDREDS OF years men have talked and written about a lost continent and civilization and called it Atlantis. Voluminous evidence has been assembled to prove the existence of such a lost continent. Other men have spoken condescendingly of the Atlantis myth. But even myths have come from something, some-

where, sometime. Who knows? The story of Atlantis may be based on the fate of the Treasure Island of the Seven Cities.

In the year A.D. 734, over a century before King Alfred of England founded the Royal Navy, the conquering Moors swept across Spain and Portugal with cavalry as deadly and ruthless as modern

tanks and dive bombers. At Oporto, Portugal, the desperate hour produced its man—the Bishop of Oporto. He may have believed the whole world had gone down before the Mohammedan horde and that his was the duty of saving the last of the Christian faith.

With six other bishops as officers he took over the shipping in the port of Oporto, Portugal. He meant to get the refugees away from the advancing Moors. The vessels in the port were between 50 and 70 feet long, built like Roman cargo ships with one large square sail and very poor ability to hold a course against the wind. Packed with men, women and children, stores and water, sheep, goats, cattle and farm seeds they sailed. The Bishop fortunately knew where there was an island of refuge, which in itself seems a miracle in those days when oceanography was any man's guess.

One can picture the Bishop threatening greedy captains with Hell Fire, arguing with nobles who wanted to bring furniture, and leaving the quay littered with smashed carts and costly luggage—it must have resembled the littered quay at St. Nazaire in 1940, when Rolls Royces lined up to be abandoned. The last boat finally got away as the Moorish cavalry rode into the town, looting, burning, and killing as they came.

The Bishop had for a guide

Ptolemy's map of the world, then already 600 years out of date. Still, this and the *Geography* of Statius Sebosus, the Roman, offered clear directions for reaching "The Purples", now called the Azores, where the Phoenicians had gathered shell fish for their famous purple dye.

Navigating "by guess and by God", with only the sun for a compass the fleet missed the Azores completely. These islands still were uninhabited when the Genoese rediscovered them in the 13th Century, although coins and other relics found there show that the Phoenicians called there during the shell fish seasons. However, the Spanish refugees did find an island. Their island is usually said, by modern historians, to have been in the West Indies. But this can be claimed only by ignoring most of the contemporary evidence.

When Christopher Columbus and later voyagers crossed the Atlantic to the West Indies they found no evidence of the Spanish party, who had far too many skills, including knowledge of iron smelting, the wheel, and the arch, not to have left their mark on the culture of the islands. At the same time it would be incredible if the small, crowded Spanish ships had crossed the Atlantic in safety—to say nothing of whether their food and water was adequate for such a long trip.

Over 700 years later, in 1447,

when the Moors had been driven out of Europe Captain Antonio Leone was bound from the Mediterranean to his home port of Lisbon. His ship was a Portuguese freighter, as up to date as Columbus' *Santa Maria*, and of the same rig and build. He had a compass, a quarter staff which measured the altitude of the sun at noon to give him his latitude, and a parchment copy of one of the Spanish maps drawn and painted in 1375. (Such a map was not really wildly inaccurate except for distant countries like England.)

In the Atlantic, beyond Gibraltar, Captain Leone's ship was struck by a great gale and driven for days before it, a helpless wreck without a mast. He, too, hoped to hit the Azores which since 1434 had supported a thriving Portuguese colony. But he, too, missed the whole group. At last "he fell on an island where the people spake the Portuguese tongue and asked if the Moors did yet trouble Spain."

It was a low, volcanic island, roughly crescent shaped and about 28 miles long. Lying in the Gulf Stream approximately 550 miles north-west of the Azores it probably had a climate similar to that of the Scilly Islands but possibly more foggy in winter if one can judge by the weather in that area today.

When a mixed party, complete

with farm seeds and livestock and led by bishops who could shoe a horse, draw a tooth, or build a church, are left undisturbed for 713 years they could be expected to develop a strange and different civilization on any uninhabited island. On fertile volcanic soil, with the skills of peasants and craftsmen, they had built seven cities, dignified by that name because each had its bishop and its "cathedral", built of basalt rock and burnt seashell lime mortar.

So in 1447 Antonio Leone and his crew attended Mass in the cathedrals to give thanks to God for their safe landing. They were amazed by the splendor of the church furniture, the massive gold candlesticks, the gold crucifixes and heavily gold embroidered altar cloths.

Some days after they finally sailed away from the island in their refitted ship—toward the East and Europe, which fortunately is too large to miss—the bosun solved the mystery of where all the gold came from. He had gathered a quantity of white quartz sand from one of the beaches for scrubbing decks. Even in the days of the last windjammers bosuns kept their eyes open for good, free sand for this job. When this sand was spread on the deck and scrubbed in with the 1447 equivalent of the "deck bear" familiar to men still alive who have served under sail, it glittered on the

seams like "color" in a Klondyke gold miner's pan.

The geological formation of the island was evidently much the same as that of the Cape Verdes, and where there is white quartz, instead of the pounded black basalt sand of the Azores, there is a chance of gold. There was not a great quantity but the bosun sold it in Lisbon and from this and the stories the crew told round the taverns the legend of the wealth of the Island of Seven Cities has grown.

Antonio Leone was a merchant service captain and his problem was that the island was owned and inhabited already by his Catholic countrymen. Had it contained merely savages ripe for conversion and possible sale as slaves plenty of investors would have paid for a search ship and stores on the chance of sharing the gold. As it was, the main effect of Captain Leone's experience was on the ocean charts of the period.

Arab sailors of the 11th Century had sighted the same island and called it "Mam." Edrisi, the Moorish geographer of "occupied Spain" (1100 to 1165), has it in his *Description Of The World* written in 1154. The Bretons saw the island and called it "Mayda" or "Asmaida". And so its crescent shape floated about on the maps of the world according to where the mariner who saw it thought it was

or according to the cartographer's fancy, accompanied by warnings of marine perils including krakens and other sea monsters.

After Antonio's report the island slides like a bead along latitude 46° N, for although an observation made with a quarter staff gets latitude reasonably well it does not give longitude and Captain Leone could not know how far he had gone around a world he thought was flat—towards an America he did not know existed. His estimate of the distance his island lay to the West was based only on the time it took him to sail home.

Toscanelli, the Florentine map maker, sent a copy of his 1474 edition with the new discovery on it to Columbus with a covering letter containing this inaccurate information: "From the Island of Antillia, which you call the Seven Cities, to the most noble Island of Cipango (Japan) are 10 spaces which makes 2,500 miles."

Martin Behaim of Nuremberg, who made one of the first globes, in 1492, has the island clearly marked to the northeast of the Azores, and he had lived in this group for 14 years.

Contemporary evidence disposes of the 19th Century story that the island was St. Miguel in the Azores. For there is no record of gold hunting, or the furious legal wrangling in the reign of King Henry, the

Navigator, which would have arisen had this island already been settled by Portuguese refugees when it was discovered and colonized.

News of the Island of the Seven Cities reached England on maps and through travellers' tales. By July, 1498, Pedro de Ayala, Spanish Ambassador to the court of Henry VII, reported to King Ferdinand that the people of Bristol had "fitted out every year, two, three or four caravels in search of brazil and the Seven Cities". "Brazil" was a dye made from a lichen found on the rocks of the sea coast of the Atlantic islands, (*Rocella tinctoria*) which dyes fiery red. The concentrated dye known as "grana de brazil" was worth far more than its weight in gold, and the South American *country* of Brazil took this name from the logwood found there, which dyes the same color. It was this commodity that peppers the early maps with "ylla de brazils", the Latin meaning "here is brazil", just as English maps said "here be gold".

The thought of the gold of the Seven Cities, plus "brazil," drew men into the North Atlantic for the hunt. But by 1555 the Spanish geographer, Galvano, reported "this island is not now seen". From the middle of the 16th Century it is reported as a rock or a group of rocks, even as a source of "brazil," although still marked as "Mayda"

on maps made by copying older maps. Its last appearance under this name was on a map of the Atlantic published by E.M. Blunt, in New York in 1814. In the 19th Century it found a new name.

All this time the island seems to have been slowly sinking. The gold of the Seven Cities was forgotten and the island became a marine mystery. Geographers denied its existence. Sailors yarned of its dangers, for in rough weather a submerged rock will "break" as the Virgin shoal does on the Grand Banks. After it caused the wreck of the *Barenetha* it became *Barenetha Rock*.

It was reported sighted about 1813 by the Captain of the British ship, *Crompton*. In 1873 Captain Urquhart of the American ship, *Trimountain*, altered course to go near its position to clear up the mystery and this decision brought him there just in time to rescue the passengers and crew of the French liner, *Ville de Paris*, sinking after a collision with the British barque, *Loch Earn*.

On August 22, 1948, the United States freighter, *American Scientist*, was bound from New Orleans to London along the regular shipping lane that crosses Antonio Leone's island site. Like Antonio her master had all the resources of his time and in the mysterious area he used his echo-sounder.

At 11.50 G.M.T. it registered 20 fathoms where there should have been 2,400 fathoms. This was exactly where Martin Behaim had placed the island in 1492—latitude $46^{\circ} 23' N.$, Longitude $37^{\circ} 20' W.$ The sounding machine continued to trace the shape of the island 120 feet beneath the waves for 20 minutes. The ship turned back along her course on another line, finding bottom in 15 fathoms and the needle wavered between this figure and 35 fathoms for 35 minutes before it again showed normal mid-Atlantic depths.

Steaming along the same marine line was another U.S. freighter, the *Southland*. It arrived at the site two days later and her Captain checked the *American Scientist's* radioed report with his own echo-sounder. He got 29 to 35 fathoms, with a 90 fathom sounding, in the middle of the island's harbor evidently. These two reports make up United States Hydrographic Office Notices to Mariners No. 42 (5592) and No. 32 (4352). And they bring the story of the Island of the Seven Cities up to date.

It is still there—out in the wide Atlantic. Its 28 mile length is still within the reach of aqualung divers, for the latest apparatus can

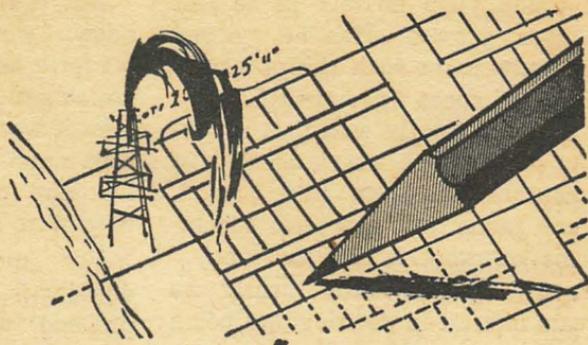
take a free diver down to 50 fathoms. Today there are cameras that can make a mosaic picture, much like an aerial survey, of the sea floor. There are underwater T.V. cameras, and salvage is possible in that relatively small depth—in the right weather, for the right ship.

Here is no lost continent, but a small, low island that could have gone under as the last and latest lost Atlantis perhaps only 70 years before the Spanish Armada sailed to defeat. Its sinking would have been felt merely as a severe submarine earthquake with a tidal wave in the Azores. There were six such shocks in the 19th Century after our records begin. Earlier such severe shocks are remembered in written history, like the bad one in 1638. One of the many forgotten shocks in the 16th Century may have brought disaster to the Island of the Seven Cities and cost the lives of the citizens.

Eight-hundred years of the history of a civilization we never knew, the story of the Spanish refugees who sailed to freedom and found it, may lie beneath the waves—waiting for the adventurer who seeks the treasure of the Island of the Seven Cities.



miracles of MAP DOWSING



Locating oil and minerals on maps of distant sites sounds impossible—but this man does it with 95% accuracy.

By Gaston Burridge

SCIENTISTS UNCEASINGLY test large numbers of dowsers and publish their results to prove that water divining is not possible. While all this takes place, a few exceptional dowsers keep establishing records for accuracy and achievement. One of these is Em-muel Carroll. He is a young, southern California mineral dowser fast climbing fame's dangling rope ladder by means of his proven work.

At Sylmar, Calif., an oil well was begun on March 31, 1956. The ink of this site's publication was hardly dry before Carroll pre-

dicted it would be a "miss", a dry hole, a "duster" —although he said there was sub-commercial oil in the area!

At the time he made this prediction he had not visited the spot, he had not been within 100 miles of its vicinity that he could remember.

This location was drilled vertically to a depth of 10,130 feet. No oil was found. The drillers removed their tools, cemented off the lower portion, and then drilled at a sharp angle to 8375 feet. They abandoned the site July 20, 1956,

without having struck oil.

How did Carroll know, 16 weeks before this operation closed, that it would yield no oil? Is he just a good guesser? Has he guessed correctly about such things a multitude of consecutive times?

But apparently scientists studying dowsing are not interested in exceptional dowzers like Carroll. They prefer to base their conclusions on work with "the many." In my opinion—after nearly 40 years interest in dowsing and being no dowser myself—such results are misleading. It is true there are more persons claiming dowsing ability than a forked stick can be shaken at. Yet, there are others for whom results indicate the stick shakes accurately. The work of these few can not be disregarded.

Guess 100 times and chance can make you correct from 48 to 52 times—but not 90 times. When the percentage reaches 95% or 96% correct, what can you say?

Mr. Carroll says, "I certainly have no quarrel with science in general. I have no quarrel with any scientist, or group of scientists. But, frankly, I do believe there are humans with minds of such construction that it is well within their capabilities to locate hidden materials of their choice deep within the earth."

And Mr. Carroll is one of these persons. I do not know *how* he does

it but surely the facts presented here would be accepted in any U. S. Court.

Mr. Carroll says further, "If science wishes to say the results set forth here were not achieved by dowsing means, as I say they were, then it would appear to me incumbent upon science to present outline and proof of how it thinks they were accomplished."

For most persons, ordinary dowsing is difficult enough to comprehend, when the dowser stands over the spot beneath which he says, "Here lies that for which I search." But when a diviner unfolds a map of any given area, perhaps hundreds of miles away, and proceeds to mark upon *it* the locations of that for which he searches, hands fly up in utter unbelief! Yet, evidence proves it has been done accurately many, many times.

There is only one way to prove map dowsing. That way consists of marking a location on a map and then going to that location, digging, and *finding* that which is sought! All this requires time, effort, and considerable expense. Consequently a dowser cannot prove many locations in a year.

But Mr. Carroll had an idea by which he might do many map dowsings a month on oil well locations and prove them without moving from his chair. He could map

dowse locations 1000 miles away from his home and prove them. And he did—more than 300 times—with an accuracy record of better than 95%! His predictions were *published* each week as he made them. They are on record. Whether he was correct or not can be checked today. His source records were printed five times a week. They too are available *now*.

This is what he did.

Before any oil or gas well can be “spudded in” anywhere in California a release must be granted by the State’s Department of Oil and Gas. This Department is not only interested in conservation of all petroleum bases, but in all underground water resources as well. Seldom is an oil well drilled that an aqueduct of some sort is not punctured. A \$5,000 bond must be posted with the Department before any release is granted. This bond is to insure that *all* subterranean water sources will be properly sealed off should the well be abandoned. No wasteful drainage of this vital water is allowed. In addition, all oil sands and oil strata must be properly confined if not used.

When a release is granted the *news* of its location becomes public property. Anyone may know the Section number, the Range and Township numbers. They may learn in which portion of the Section the

new well is to be drilled. Thus, no “claim jumping” can take place. However, no secret of the new well’s location is possible either, so it behooves those sponsoring the new well to have surrounding ground under lease or they may have company beside them! Several western states follow this arrangement.

When a well proves a hit this also must be reported to the Department, in barrels per day. If the well proves a duster—a miss—and is capped and abandoned, this likewise is reported. A rather complete history of each well attempt is on record. These records are open to public scrutiny.

In Los Angeles a special kind of newspaper known as *Munger’s Oil-O-Gram* has been published since 1919. The *Oil-O-Gram* carries news of oil and gas wells in California, as well as in other western and southwestern states. It is published Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturday mornings. It lists locations released the day before by each office of the Department of Oil and Gas. It publishes also reports of wells completed, whether good or abandoned.

Munger’s Oil-O-Gram may not be the oilman’s Bible but it comes close to being his daily Scripture lesson! Here, then, is an almost official list of new well sites to be drilled, the progress of those being

drilled, and the outcome of those which have been completed. Just what a map dowser needs to prove he can consistently call his shots.

But Carroll realized he would have no recorded proof of his map dowsing aptitude unless he could publish his predictions before the wells were completed, or better, before they were begun. He knew *Munger's* would not be interested in publishing such information. If they did so it would antagonize their reading public, the petroleum engineers and geologists who have no patience with dowsers.

Huntington Beach, Calif., lies on the coast between Los Angeles and San Diego. In many spots within that city oil wells are thicker than ants at a Sunday school picnic. Huntington Beach supports a weekly newspaper called *The Huntington Beach News* which has a column called *Oil Roundup*. After some negotiation, Mr. Carroll was permitted to use two or three inches of the *Oil Roundup* for weekly publication of his map dowsing predictions. Thus they became a permanent public record.

From *Munger's Oil-O-Gram* Carroll chose newly released oil well sites, both "wild cat" and those in known oil fields, at varied locations throughout the state. He attempted to locate these sites on one of his many standard U. S. Geological Survey maps. He has

some \$3000 worth of these maps, covering California and the Southwest. He does not possess *all* the maps which are published, by any means, and the Geological Survey has not published such maps covering the State's entire area as yet.

If he could find the proposed site on one of his maps he would map dows the location and write up his findings for publication in the *Oil Roundup*. His predictions were published each Thursday for many weeks. Carroll then watched *Munger's* for their published results on each site. When this information came through he charted his forecasts as right or wrong.

There could be no collusion here. *Munger's* would have nothing to gain and everything to lose by such skullduggery. There is no connection between the *Huntington Beach News* and *Munger's*. Carroll has no interest in either.

Let us examine several "case histories". *Munger's* reported a release granted Mr. Donald Frankel to drill a well in the Ramona section of Kings County. The well was spudded in on March 7, 1956. Carroll predicted this well would be a miss. It was. His prediction was published in *Oil Roundup* on Thursday, March 15. On March 20, *Munger's* reported this well had been drilled to 8,300 feet, and had been capped and abandoned with no shows.

Kings County is 150 miles, as the crow flies, north and west of Carroll's home in Bellflower, Calif.

Reaching out considerably farther from his base, he predicted for a well on the Eel River, Section 25, Township 3 North, Range 2 West, in Humboldt County, some 700 miles away. The Sunset Oil Company was drilling this one. In his July 24, 1956, report in *Oil Roundup* he said this site would be a hit—if the hole was bottomed on the *south* side of a fault running northwest-southeast at the well location.

This site can be counted a miss for Carroll, if you wish, because the bore yielded no oil. Even with the qualifications given in his prediction, he himself counts it as a miss.

In the Kraemer district of Orange County, Section 35, Township 3 South, Range 9 West, Patrick A. Doheny spudded in a well May 15, 1956, according to *Munger's*. Carroll predicted for this well on May 21, that it would be a small hit—at least a good show.

Subsequently, *Munger's* reported the well was drilled to 3,300 feet, the casing perforated between 3140 and 3186. The well was producing 24 barrels per day net!

Munger's listed a release granted Mr. John J. Moore to drill a site near Dunnigan, Yolo County, spudded in March 8, 1956. Yolo

County is about 600 miles from Carroll's home. On the following Tuesday, March 13, he predicted this well would be a miss. His prediction was published in *Oil Roundup* Thursday, March 15. On March 20, *Munger's* published that this site had been capped and abandoned after drilling 4800 feet.

Munger's gave notice of a well to be spudded in on Section 31, Township 27 South, Range 28 East, on June 24, 1956, by the Signal Oil and Gas Company. On July 8 the *News* carried Carroll's prediction that this well would be a hit. It was. Drilled to only 2615 feet, *Munger's* reported on July 13, that it was furnishing 28 barrels per day net.

As part of Carroll's more than 30 consecutive map dowsings for oil, but in a section by itself, was his complete *outlining* of the new "deep zone" or pool in the Santa Fe Springs, Calif., oil field. He did not discover this zone. It was prognosticated and first tapped by General Petroleum Company, early in February, 1956. But immediately after the zone's initial puncture he map dowsed its confines. The resulting map, as outlined by him, was published in the *Whittier California News*, Thursday, March 15, 1956.

Carroll also map dowsed 37 of the 40 releases granted to tap this pool. All these predictions are on

record. Of the 37 releases granted and dowsed, he was 100% correct in predicting all those drilled. Of the releases drilled, 17 were hits, and six were misses. The remaining 14 releases have not been drilled as of this date, and probably will not be now. If these 14 had been drilled, and had they followed his predictions, six would have tasted oil, eight would have been dry holes or pumped salt water. The remaining releases were drilled but as Carroll was away at the time he did not follow through on any of these.

The Santa Fe Springs oil field has been producing for nearly 35 years. In 1927 one of its wells caught fire when brought in. This fire burned savagely, shooting a huge volume of fire and smoke 200 feet into the air for many weeks. The resulting loss of gas pressure in the oil sands themselves was harmful to the overall condition of the entire field. It may have prevented its full development. The depth of the original structure lay between 3500 and 5000 feet. The new pool was found beneath the primary one at about 9000 feet.

This new pool, as outlined by Carroll, is roughly trapazoidal in shape, being 4300 feet long in its extreme dimension and approximately 1600 feet wide. The pool's longest side is bounded by a line akin to a very thin "S" curve.

What kind of a man is Emmuel Carroll? He is young, married, in his early 40's. He once drove a jeep into the wild plateau country of Utah as far as it would go, then climbed, scrambled and slid on foot another 10 miles to stake 10 claims on some uranium ore which "knocked the hand off the Geiger counter set on the third scale!" He originally had made this location in Los Angeles County, on an *aerial photograph* of this Utah region!

Emmuel Carroll doesn't smoke or drink and I never have heard him swear! He is not a dreamer. Carroll is tall and straight and confident, like a hod carrier—which trade he once followed. He is soft spoken and quiet with what are known here in the west as "killer eyes", calm, deep, honed sharp as a cat's tooth. He has no illusions concerning the integrity of men.

Carroll is not a wealthy man but unless he deliberately works to prevent it, he will wake up one morning a wealthy man. As president of the Oil Discovery & Development Corporation he has more work ahead of him than he can do.

Emmuel was born in Texas. His father was an expert oil well driller before the days of the rotary rig. He told us, "I was practically brought up on the platform of an oil drilling rig. The vibrations and thudding of the old-fashioned drills

are one of my earliest and strongest memories." His father helped drill Oklahoma into an oil state.

But it was not until 1932 that Carroll first became interested in dowsing. Somehow, he felt he could do it after watching another dowser. To learn how to control his ability has been a 25-year, uphill, heartbreaking, cut-and-try road. He experimented 14 years before receiving his first satisfactory dowsing response!

Most persons believe all dowsers use a forked stick. Carroll has never been able to manage one! Some diviners use a pendulum. Carroll's hand shakes so badly holding a pendulum that no reaction can be relied upon. His methods of working change continually as his ability and experience grow. Possibly he has not yet reached the zenith of his abilities and has not found his most efficient method of working.

In 1946 Carroll and his wife went to Wyoming and Montana on their honeymoon. They searched there for nephrite. Nephrite is a variety of jade. They walked through the hills and canyons, eyes on the ground, hoping to see nephrite. They were not very successful.

Then one morning, after they had searched for a while, Emmuel suddenly stopped in his tracks. He slowly turned on his heels, per-

haps 130 degrees, and looked back across the canyon. He said to his wife, "A strange feeling just came over me. I believe right over there in those bushes we will find a large piece of jade. Let's go over and see."

They proceeded as directly as possible over the rough terrain to the spot pointed out by Carroll. There they found a jade boulder as large as a man's head. It paid for their honeymoon!

Two summers later Carroll sat atop a high rock washed by the waters of the Feather River's north fork. They were 18 miles from the town of Quincy, Calif. This time they were looking for gold. Carroll found it in a crevice in the River bed, under 20 feet of rushing water and covered by four feet of gravel! They went for a diving suit, his wife worked the pumps, and Carroll removed from that crack, two feet long and six inches wide, \$1400 worth of gold nuggets! The largest nugget weighed 2 ounces.

It appears the uranium supply in our own country is ample for at least 25 years. But the development of atomic energy for peaceful uses has brought a great need for other metals—metals not so much unknown as previously unused. Two of these needed ores are the twins, zirconium and hafnium. In some respects these two elements are

more important at this time than uranium, because in their *pure* state they are used as "controls" for atomic reactions and in "shields" for atomic reactors.

Mr. Carroll has map dowsed nearly one-fourth of California's surface for ores bearing these elements. He has located 18 sites where he believes zirconium-hafnium are present.

The last time I talked with him, he had done nothing further with these sites. He replied, "It would take several million dollars to develop only a few of these sites and the time is not yet right."

I asked if there wasn't risk that someone else would find them?

"Yes", replied Carroll, "there is some, of course, but for the most part they are well hidden. As many prospectors search only for surface indications, we are not too worried."

Then he took from his brief case an 11x28 aerial photograph. The terrain was formidable looking even in the picture. I guessed correctly from the contours of the mountains that it covered a region somewhere near Death Valley.

This photograph had many red dots and long red lines marked on it. The red inscribings indicated "outcrop", where the ore came to the surface. Other dots and lines in blue ink indicated ore bodies completely beneath the surface.

Carroll told of a prospecting trip, from which he had just returned, and of more than 20 claims covering high grade *tungsten* ore. He had first divined the locations of the ore on the very photograph he was showing me!

"I want to show you some of this ore," he said. Reaching into a canvas sack he handed me a piece of rock. It was light brown and extremely heavy for its size. Under his violet-ray lamp he showed me a *two-inch* strip of closely packed lavender splotches set between the jet outlines of the crusts. The tungsten ore patterns brought out by the violet light were of myriad and fascinating design.

How does Carroll dowse a map?

What are his *physical* actions and reactions?

I had seen map dowsing done but was anxious to know how Carroll did his. Some dowers shun exposing their "trade secrets" but to my delight, Carroll said, "There's not much to see. If you have a table I can use I'll show you now."

From his brief case he produced a standard U.S. Geological Survey sheet—the "Newhall (California) Quadrangle".

This map had parallel, diagonal lines drawn about an inch apart in red pencil across its entire face. They ran northwest-southeast. Carroll explained these were placed

four to the mile, map scale. They were guides in the first, rough search. Any reactions noted along them were marked with a pencilled dot. Over strong reaction areas, other parallel lines were drawn—three or four equally spaced between the original ones. Each of these are worked separately for reactions and additional pencil dots are placed.

In following any line Carroll holds a sharpened pencil in his left hand. His left arm is free from shoulder to the pencil point. The right forearm rests on the table, pivoted at the elbow. His right hand holds nothing, its fingers are partly closed and lifted slightly at the wrist.

Beginning at the bottom of a diagonal line, he slowly pushes the pencil along the line toward the top of the map. His eyes are fixed on the pencil or, perhaps more correctly, on the map just ahead of the pencil point. It appears, when approaching a "hit" location, his right hand and arm begin to vibrate up and down. They hammer the table more violently as the pencil nears the "hit spot". When the maximum hand reaction is present, the pencil dot is placed on the map. This area will be explored in more detail later.

We noticed the following conditions in Carroll's right arm when it was working. It appeared re-

laxed. Its action seemed like that of palsy—uncontrolled and uncontrollable! Carroll opened his fingers outwardly after each hit spot was passed, or if the pencil remained *on* the hit spot. With the opening of the fingers his whole hand and arm fell heavily to the table and seemed to rest a few seconds, before he resumed work. His sleeves were rolled above the elbows. The muscles in his forearms did not appear to be tense and he told me he can map dowse for hours with no greater fatigue than he would experience writing for the same length of time.

The entire map need not be searched at one sitting. Any portion of it, large or small, can be examined at any time. First, the desired material must be located. Then, other information such as depth, direction of vein penetration, outcropping, amount of ore, etc., each require a separate search. For ore, it seems necessary to follow with the pencil, *between* the contour lines if fullest coverage is desired. This is a tedious process.

In either on-the-spot or map dowsing the majority of diviners use appendages called "samples", "witnesses", or "activators". These are bits of the same material they are searching for and vary widely with the individual operator.

Carroll uses no witnesses of any kind! He has tried a wide variety

but says he finds them more annoyance than help.

He told me he cannot map dowse in an east to west direction—or in reverse, from west to east. But he can follow a fault, once it is located, through all its twistings and liftings, regardless of its direction! This is important, for often the oil pool lies on the other side of the fault!

I asked Carroll, "What is your attitude when you sit down to map dowse?"

He replied, "What would be your attitude if I told you there was a silver dollar in the grass outside this window?"

"Do you have any special physical sensations when your hand finds a good location on the map?" I asked him.

"I used to," he answered. "My palm would feel hot, burn. But that seems to have passed. If I place my open palm toward an area holding a considerable amount of the item I am searching for, the spot seems to draw it down. It's

something like putting your hand over a vacuum cleaner hose—without the noise."

"Does your blood pressure rise as you continue to map dowse?" he was asked.

"I never have checked that," he replied, "but I doubt it. I haven't noticed my heart beats any faster. A cardiograph might make an interesting picture, even so. I'll have to try it sometime, just to see what happens!"

If any man is able to map dowse correctly 95% of the time why can't he do so 100% of the time? No one knows—yet. No answer to that question or to a myriad others has been found because the process seems to possess little *scientific* foundation. What would happen if the scientists spent as much time with the exceptional dowzers as they do with "the many"? They would find out that dowsing is not only possible, but successful, and then we could get on with it—and find out how and why it is successful.



CHAIN OF COINCIDENCE

AT A FORT DIX telephone center recently an attendant paged Pvt. Arthur J. Conner to announce that his long distance telephone call to Cleveland, Ohio, had come through. Confusion resulted when two privates named Arthur J. Conner, complete strangers, stepped forward. Both had placed a call to operator 310 in Cleveland.



and the JAPS came . . .

What caused me to witness the disaster at Pearl Harbor eight hours before the disaster actually took place?

By Dorothy Flynn

I WAS LIVING in Honolulu, Hawaii, doing private nursing duty on Saturday, December 6, 1941. Everyone on the U.S. Mainland, as well as in the Territory of Hawaii, was hoping that America and Japan would come to some peaceful agreement. Mr. Kurusu, the Peace Envoy, had been a recent smiling, amiable guest on the Islands, on his way to Washington to discuss the Japanese problems. Everyone was relaxing after the

long period of tension.

I went to bed at 9:30 planning to rise early to attend church before going on duty Sunday morning. I had nothing more serious on my mind than the pleasant time I had at a dance at Hickham Air Field two evenings previously.

At 11:30 I wakened with a cry. I was shaking with a chill, from a nightmare so vivid that I couldn't believe the quiet of the peaceful night was real.

I had dreamed that I was on night duty on the top floor of *Queen's Hospital*. I had walked out onto the lanai for a breath of fresh air and a cigarette to help me stay awake. I was joined there by the staff nurse. Suddenly we were amazed at the flaring of search lights, the blasting of big guns, and the large number of airplanes streaking through the tracer-bullet paths! We commented upon the strangeness of an unannounced practice at this late hour. Someone remarked behind us, "They're certainly using up ammunition tonight!"

With the vividness of some dreams, I could see the planes clearly in spite of the darkness. Seeing a dark colored plane headed toward the hospital I said, "I have never seen a plane as dark as this one."

The staff nurse suggested that it might be one of the new planes we had been expecting from the Mainland.

As the plane was directly over us, spotlighted in the glaring search beam, I could see it did not carry our Army Star. Instead I saw the red ball of the "Rising-Sun" of Japan! I screamed out this discovery just as there was a very loud explosion in my dream. I wakened to the reality of my own peaceful home. But I was uneasy because of the vivid clarity of my dream.

However, I located an extra blanket and went back to sleep.

After a restless night, I attended church, and I arrived on time at my patient's room, on the same floor of the *Queen's Hospital* as the scene of my nightmare.

While attending to Mrs. Young's morning grooming, I told her of my dream and even remarked on the fact that my family has had some strange, true dreams in the past.

About 7:30 in the evening we began to hear gunfire, as well as explosions and the sound of numerous planes. The pictures began to rattle on the hospital wall. It was annoying so we turned on the radio to drown out the noise. It was silent and we decided it was out-of-order.

Mrs. Young suggested that I open the French doors. As I did so I walked out onto the lanai, just as I had in my dream.

As Island residents we were accustomed to these practices and "dive-bombings". But we were surprised at the clouds of black smoke and at the increasing din of the explosions. Mrs. Young finally said, "They're certainly using up ammunition today!"

The words had a familiar sound.

Suddenly a plane came directly toward the Hospital and I heard myself saying, "This plane is different, I have never seen a plane this dark."

Mrs. Young's reply was an echo from my dream. "They're probably the ones we have been expecting from the Mainland," she said.

She had hardly finished this sentence when a stunning explosion shook the hospital.

"Let's shut the door. Remember your dream!" she said. "Maybe this is real. We have been repeating the words of your dream! Try the radio again."

The voice of the announcer was agitatedly repeating these words, "All servicemen, return to their bases and posts at once! This is an emergency."

"All doctors please report to Army or Navy Hospitals. You are urgently needed!

"All Civilian Defense personnel report to your assigned stations at once!

"Civilians having no urgent business, stay off the roads! Stop using

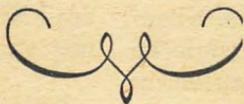
your telephones except for emergency calls.

"We are being attacked by Japanese planes! I repeat: Japan is attacking Hawaii! We are at war!"

Later while reading a book about this attack, I made a more amazing discovery! Allowing for time differences: at the time of my dream final plans for the bombing were being discussed (in code) between Tokyo and the Japanese attacking force which was still some distance from Hawaii.

It has been suggested by an authority on precognition and telepathy that the mental energy and terrific tension of the thought waves and code messages involved in these plans may have been the "cause" of my dream!

Whatever the "cause", I received a personal disaster warning almost eight hours before the real disaster of Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941!



IN THE NICK OF TIME

AT 9:00 A.M. on April 13, 1949, an agent for General Insurance Company of America submitted policies for earthquake insurance on seven Seattle buildings totaling over two million dollars. At 10:00 A.M. that day the firm's Seattle district manager, an earthquake expert, approved and accepted the policies. Two hours later Seattle was rocked by the worst earthquake in the city's history, and damage claims were filed on five of the newly insured buildings.



The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

Hiromichi Niigaki, of Fukuoka, Japan, had spent two years studying electrical engineering at Kyushu University. He felt that he was not absorbing much knowledge and was even less successful with practical experiments. So he wrote a farewell note, saying that he despaired of ever being able to accomplish anything worthwhile in his chosen field. Then he built his last electrical device—a wire cathode wrapped around one finger, another around his ankle, connected to an alarm clock device set to turn on a high-voltage current at 2:00 a.m. For the first time, Niigaki's experiment was successful—he found instant death as scheduled.

Oswald Beard, of St. Annes, England, who claimed to have lived on nothing more than 60 cups of tea a day, died at 58 recently. Wounded in the stomach during World War I, he underwent 21 operations. In 1941 he went on

his diet of tea-only. During World War II when tea was severely rationed in Britain his plight got world-wide attention. He received hundreds of pounds of tea from kindly strangers anxious to supplement his weekly 2-ounce-ration. Beard needed about 2½ pounds of tea every week to sustain his life, he said.

An 815-pound Hampshire sow was declared senior champion in her class at the Maryland State Fair. However, she was unable to enjoy her triumph. She dropped dead immediately after the decision was announced by the judges.

Night watchman Joseph Belskas, of Philadelphia, once read in a book that when caught on train tracks as a train is approaching one should just lie down between the tracks and let the train pass over him. The other day Belskas did just that when a four-car ele-

vated train bore down upon him. He escaped with minor cuts.

Bill Mathieson, who was erroneously identified as a train victim at Blackburn, England, decided to remain "dead" after he learned from official sources that he would have to pay a solicitor to prove that he is alive. "The people who killed me off should find a way to bring me back to life," he said. "If there's going to be all this trouble, I might as well continue 'dead.'"

When Etna Green, Ind., scavenger hunters, looking for a strawberry pie stopped at a bakery they heard a loud knocking coming from a refrigerator. They opened the door and out stumbled storekeeper Paul Hamlin. He thanked them for their timely arrival, which probably saved his life. But he wasn't able to repay his rescuers in the way they would have preferred—he was all out of strawberry pies!

An old Austrian bridal custom proved fatal to a Vienna groom. He and his two brothers were exploding fireworks under his girl's window to wake her on her wedding day, as tradition required, when the explosive went off prematurely. He was killed instantly and his brothers were severely injured. The bride had been "waked," in vain.

In Ladner, Canada, the fire chief threw a pail of what he thought was water on a bonfire in his backyard. The pail contained gasoline. The chief was hospitalized with bad burns.

Ernest Mills, a farmer of Herrin, Ill., told his wife that he had dreamed his truck was stolen. A few minutes later police contacted him to tell him his truck had been stolen.

A woman attending a Post Office Dead Letter auction in New York City came across a laundry bundle she had mailed to her son who was away at boarding school.

In Marengo, Ill., a fire-extinguisher salesman stood helplessly by while flames destroyed his car. He was unable to reach any of the five extinguishers on the car seat.

Louis Moscatello, 23, who survived the fateful sinking of the Italian liner *Andrea Doria* in the summer of 1956 drowned while wading in Snyder's Lake near Troy, N.Y.

In Seminole, Okla., an oil field worker slipped on an oil patch and broke his left leg. Unable to work he decided to take it easy and went fishing. While fishing, he broke his right leg.

HOW TO *Hypnotize* SAFELY

Here is a little-known method you may use to hypnotize others—and also simple rules to follow in practicing hypnosis safely.

By *Gerald M. Loe*



A part-time professional hypnotist and magician, the author is a member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians and is on the board of directors of the Society for Hypnotic Research of Chicago. He served in the Army Signal Corps during World War II and is the author of a book on paper magic, "Paper Capers." His hobby is fine construction work such as building telescopes.

In the fall of 1956 I developed what I believed to be a new hypnotic technique which has several advantages over other, more usual methods. I taught it to a friend, also a hypnotist, and we both found it to be very efficient.

A few months later, after describing this method to a number of other hypnotists, one of them told me that the method is *not* new. However, apparently it is not very widely known among hypnotists.

Before outlining this particular method I wish to discuss some of the "dangers" of hypnosis, inasmuch as there are so many articles published advising against its use

by other than medically-trained personnel. It is true, the dangers exist. However, there are dangers also in using knives, but we do not let the possibility of cutting ourselves keep us from making efficient use of our knives. The dangers in hypnosis can be avoided

if you know what they are and if you exercise common sense.

I have done hypnosis since 1934, when I was a Junior in High School in Blanchardville, Wis. To the best of my knowledge no harm has come to anyone from any hypnosis I have done. Some of my subjects have been benefited. All hypnotists and their subjects can be equally fortunate.

There are many "pocket" books on the subject of hypnotism on the market today. The knowledge of how to do hypnosis is available to anyone. However, few if any of these books are complete, in my opinion. Therefore, I feel duty bound to explain how hypnotism can be completely safe by adhering to a few simple rules.

I assume that you would not give any commands or suggestions to your subjects which you know would harm them or someone else. But even after eliminating all the obviously dangerous commands we still have the following "hidden" dangers with which to contend.

One hidden danger stems from restimulating traumatic experiences which have occurred in the subject's past, particularly in childhood. These traumatic experiences are usually buried in the subconscious mind and are not normally available to the consciousness. Webster defines a trauma as a wound, injury, or shock, so the

emotions we wish to avoid suggesting to the subject are those involving pain, grief, anxiety, nervousness, fear, illness. When fear, for example, is suggested to the subject it is possible that his subconscious will identify the fear with a particular incident in his past. Such a suggestion may act as a trigger to project this old fear into the present life of the subject. In hypnotherapy these traumatic experiences are frequently sought out and brought up to full conscious level where they may be dealt with by counter-suggestion or by re-evaluation on a mature level.

Certain words should not be used if we wish to avoid restimulating illnesses. Do not use the words "chill" or "fever" when suggesting a feeling of temperature change to a subject since these terms frequently are used during illnesses. It is safer to use the words "cool," "warm," or "hot."

Trouble can come from failing to remove suggestions at the end of the hypnotic session. Some of your suggestions may remain in the subject's subconscious for an indefinite period after the subject wakes up, to result in action at a later date when such action can cause harm or embarrassment to the subject and others with him. A friend of mine who was just starting to do hypnosis stuck his subject's right foot to the floor. This

was harmless enough at the time, but he did not entirely remove the suggestion of the stuck right foot at the end of the session. The next day the subject's foot stuck to his car's accelerator while he was driving. Fortunately only his car grill was dented as a result of his inability to get his foot off the accelerator and onto the brake. This could have been avoided by impressing on the subject the idea that the suggestions he was about to receive were only temporary—for the duration of the experiment.

You may have heard of cases where subjects have been difficult to awaken from hypnotic trance. Sometimes a hypnotist, doing hypnosis for the first time, becomes frightened when he actually has put his subject to sleep. He is at a loss as to what to do next. He gets panicky and his panic is transmitted to his subject. As a result the subject will not awaken. The correct way to prevent this is to explain before the trance is induced that waking the subject is the easiest part of the proceedings. Explain that the hypnotic sleep seems to be a half-waking, half-sleeping state of intense concentration; that it is the hypnotist's job to induce this condition. Explain that this hypnotic half-sleep is quite similar to one stage of normal sleep. Tell your subject that a person will in a little while, if

left alone, either wake up or fall into a normal sleep from which he will awaken normally. After being told this your subject always will awaken easily, since this explanation will counteract any previous ideas that hypnotic subjects are not easily waked and also will act as a suggestion.

After you wake a subject he may say that he is still sleepy. Simply hypnotize him again (usually this can be done quickly); suggest to him that he will awaken fully refreshed, that he will not be sleepy, and then wake him once more.

Notice that the same suggestions are phrased in varying ways. This makes any suggestion more effective since certain people respond better to one phrase than they do to another and wording a suggestion in a number of ways increases your chances of hitting upon the particular words your subject responds to best.

It is wise to have your subjects go to the powder room before putting them into trance. This prevents possible, embarrassing accidents.

Respect your subject's dignity. Do not have him do anything that would embarrass him. This will instill in your subject and your audience greater confidence and trust in you. This will in turn make him a better subject and you a better hypnotist.

Do not hypnotize a pregnant woman (unless you are a qualified physician, of course) inasmuch as she may be the type who aborts or miscarries very easily. It is best to take no chances with such a misfortune.

Do not attempt to cure bad habits or illnesses by the use of hypnosis. These may be caused by a strong compulsion in the subject's subconscious mind. Any attempt to eliminate them by suggestion may result in some other, even less desirable manifestation. Most illnesses are psychosomatic in origin, caused by traumata in the subconscious mind; even bacteriological or other physiological illnesses may have psychosomatic aspects. Therefore, an illness suppressed by hypnosis may disappear only to be replaced, sooner or later, by another illness, perhaps worse than the first. A good book on this aspect of hypnosis is Bernheim's *Suggestive Therapeutics*. Many such cases are recorded in this book and it is interesting and instructive reading.

Books on Dianetics and Semantics will help you to understand how words affect us, even in our waking state.

If a subject shows signs of agitation or nervousness when going under hypnosis it is best to wake him up immediately. Choose another subject.

When you regress a subject to an earlier age make certain that you bring him up to his present age before awakening him. If this is not done part of his consciousness may not return to the present immediately and thus he may be caused some inconvenience or discomfort for a while.

Occasionally an hypnotic subject is put into a cataleptic state, a condition of muscular rigidity. The subject's shoulders then are put on one chair and his feet on another, and sometimes someone sits or stands on top of his rigid body. This demonstration is not recommended as we cannot know the physical condition of the subject unless he had undergone a physical examination first. Such strain might cause a rupture; or any spinal trouble could be greatly aggravated by this type of tension. Stay away from this type of demonstration.

Another quite common exhibition which shows bad taste on the part of the hypnotist uses two male subjects generally, although two female subjects may be used instead. One subject is told that he is a boy and the other is told he is a beautiful girl. The two then are told they are lovers sitting on a park bench. They start to embrace and kiss. This stunt is not only in bad taste but may do one or the other or both subjects harm by awakening homosexual tendencies.

For your own protection it always is best to have a third person present whenever you hypnotize a subject to avoid later, possible legal entanglements. Sometimes a tape recorder is used to record the entire session.

Do not give your subject an order that he cannot carry out—such as telling him to walk on the ceiling. It may disturb his sense of orientation and he may injure himself in trying to carry out your suggestion.

Do not give your subject conflicting orders. For example, do not tell him that he *must* pick up a certain object and then tell him that he *must* not pick it up. Such confusion may lead to a feeling of indecision and frustration and, if carried too far, could upset your subject seriously. *Stay away* from conflicting suggestions.

If you use the same subject repeatedly and have him carry out the same action over and over on the same cue and by means of post-hypnotic suggestion, a more or less permanent automatic reaction to the cue may be set up so that he may respond to an unintentional cue during his daily occupation. This could become annoying to the subject and might be bad for his mental health. Avoid this by not giving him the same suggestion too often, and by not hypnotizing any one subject too often. A subject

may become too dependent on the hypnotist. An attachment can develop which may not be good for the subject or the hypnotist.

For your own safety don't hypnotize a minor without his parents' consent. You may find yourself subject to legal prosecution, no matter how good your intentions.

Furthermore, it is best not to teach hypnotism to a minor unless you know he is trustworthy, concerned for the welfare of the subject and has good common sense. A rare combination in the young!

If you are a minor (having all the above qualifications) and wish to do hypnosis be very careful not to overstep your knowledge of hypnotism. Consider every aspect of any new effect you intend to try. Read books on hypnosis to get a broader understanding of it. In all fairness I cannot tell you not to do hypnosis since I was 16 years old when I first hypnotized a subject.

It may seem that the dangers of hypnosis are many. Actually such things seldom happen. And fortunately I am not aware of all these dangers through my personal experience.

The field of hypnosis is so broad that even after heeding all my dos and don'ts there are plenty of good experiments that can safely give you a deeper insight into the workings of the human mind and body.

There are many experiments in psychic phenomena possible.

Now for the technique itself, which I am told is called the *Fractionating Method*. The method as presented here is my own version.

It is known that a subject usually can be put into a deeper trance after he has been hypnotized a number of times. It seems a "channel" is established which makes successive attempts to hypnotize a subject easier and which allows him to go into a deeper trance. The *Fractionating Method* creates this channel during the initial attempt. This is done by putting the subject partly under, then bringing him out most of the way, putting him in deeper, bringing him partially out again, and repeating this alternating procedure until the subject is in deep trance. This method tends to make the subject more comfortable than do the other methods. It is most easily achieved by counting.

Explain to your subject the idea of creating a channel, as I have just done. Tell him that you will count upward to put him to sleep, and you will count backward when he is to come out of the trance, but that you will not bring him completely back to the count of one, which represents the state of being completely awake.

Have the subject sit with his feet flat on the floor, with his

hands resting on his thighs. Ask him to look at the end of your finger, or at a glass marble or some other shiny object held about five or six inches away from his eyes. Meanwhile, say something like this:

"Start to go to sleep as I count slowly. One, two, three, four, five. Now wake up again, five, four, three, two. Go deeper now. Two, three, four, five, six, seven. ten. As I count, your eyes will become very tired and your eyelids will become so heavy that in a short time they will close of their own accord and you will drift into a deep, pleasant, relaxing sleep. Listen only to my voice and relax. Do everything that I tell you to do, to the best of your ability. Take a deep breath, exhale slowly, and relax. Coming back out now, 10, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three. Go into a deeper state now, as I count higher. You are going into a deep sleep. Three, four, five, six. 18, 19, 20."

If the subject's eyes are not closed at this point give further suggestions that they are becoming very difficult to keep open, that the eyelids are becoming as heavy as lead, that they are starting to blink more frequently, that every time they blink they will stay shut a longer time. Watch your subject's eyes. If you see that they are starting to get moist suggest at once,

"Your eyes are starting to water now." This will make them water still more and will increase the effectiveness of your other suggestions. After the eyes are closed you can concentrate again on the sleep suggestions.

"Coming back awake again 20, 19, 18. . . 12, 11, 10. This time you will go into a deeper sleep, a deeper, more relaxed sleep. You will not fall out of the chair. As you go into a deep sleep your head will gradually bend forward until it is relaxed, with your chin on your chest. You will then be in a deep, relaxed sleep."

Continue counting upward again, to 30 this time. I wish to emphasize that it will *not* always be necessary to count this high to put your subject into a deep trance. I am only extending this method to illustrate what to do in case your subject is a difficult one. It may be necessary to count to 50 or more, depending upon the subject and upon your presentation of the method.

A simple way to see if the subject is under hypnosis is to tell him that when you move his arm to a certain position it will stay there. Take hold of his hand and lift one of his arms up until it extends straight out from his shoulder. When released it should stay there. If it falls down try it again. This time say "stiff and rigid" and give

the arm a slight tug when you extend it outward. If this fails try counting him into a deeper trance. Always give your suggestions in a clear, concise manner, rephrase them in different ways so that there will be no question in the mind of the subject as to what he is supposed to do.

I will not enumerate other tests as the literature on hypnosis covers this subject quite fully. At the end of the session be sure to cancel all suggestions before awaking your subject unless you wish to leave him with a post-hypnotic suggestion. If such is the case, after having given him the post-hypnotic suggestion, tell him that after he has carried it out all other suggestions will have no further effect upon him—that they will be fully canceled and that he will be able to remember all that has happened.

One of the simplest ways to awaken your subject is to say, "When I count to three you will wake up and open your eyes. You will be wide awake, feel refreshed, and experience no harmful after-effects. All suggestions I have given you will have no further effect and will be fully canceled. One, two, three."

That's all there is to it.

You can use other methods, of course, but the same basic ideas should be employed. In most cases, the subject will remember what

happened during the trance if he is told before he is waked that he will remember. It is advisable to tell him he will remember as most subjects like to know the details of the experiment.

The knowledge of hypnosis should not be restricted to a few. More people should become fami-

liar with the principles of suggestion as they apply to both the waking and sleeping states. The study of hypnotism can be very enlightening, can lead to a greater understanding of people, and is not likely to cause any harm.

It's fun, too, both for you and your subject.



THE HEXED RAILROAD

OFFICIALS AND EMPLOYEES of the Canadian National Railway reportedly are relieved that the year 1958 has brought the end of a strange series of difficulties following a hex placed on the railway's Newfoundland service by a woman from the Indian reservation at North Sydney, Nova Scotia.

The railway's troubles began a year ago when a shipment of home-woven baskets being sent by the woman, Mrs. Mary Johnston, from North Sydney to Port-Aux-Basques, was trampled in the C.N.R. warehouse by a herd of cattle. Mrs. Johnston demanded payment in full for the damage but C.N.R. agent Willis Morris explained that Mrs. Johnston first had to file a claim. Losing patience, she angrily cursed the railway's operations for a year.

A short time later a C.N.R. train was derailed. Officials, informed of the Indian woman's hex, shrugged off the accident as a coincidence. Within the next several months, however, six further major derailments took place. Oddly, the six derailments matched the number of groundings of the C.N.R.'s fleet of coastal vessels, according to the story.

C.N.R. officials, who now began watching the calendar, found that in 1957 there were more field fires caused by diesel-powered trains than the combined total for 1955 and 1956. The majority of blazes apparently resulted from spark-ignited ties, but many persons connected with the railway expressed the belief that something more than red-hot slivers from train brakes were responsible.

By D. H. B.

Are some events preordained? Is the future mapped for us and are we powerless to change our fate? It may seem that way when a . . .



DREAM OF

MURDER

BECOMES REALITY

I AM A fatalist. I believe that certain events in our lives are preordained and that we are powerless to change our fate. How else can I explain the series of weird experiences that culminated in my being sentenced to prison for a crime I did not commit?

In July, 1953, I was working as a dispatcher in a shipping company, in Hartford, Conn. I had worked faithfully at this job for nearly two years. One day my boss asked me if I would like to take over as manager of our new terminal in a neighboring city. I assured him that I would be happy

to accept the promotion. As I talked to my boss, however, I had the strange feeling that I never would report to my new position.

That night I had a dream in which I saw myself in a theatre—a theatre in a prison. It seemed to be a Saturday afternoon, and all the seats in the prison theatre were filled with convicts whose faces were unfamiliar to me. Then I awoke and, as I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, I realized that I'd had just another unpleasant dream. I tried to return to sleep, wondering if convicts ever got a chance to see movies. I knew

absolutely nothing about prisons.

As I left work on Friday night, July 24, an irresistible force seemed to pull me away from the street from which, in two years, I never had deviated on my way home. I walked down a side-street for the first time and went into a strange bar where I ordered a glass of whisky with a beer chaser. I felt that I had been there before, although my mind said I hadn't.

There were several other persons in the bar but I was oblivious to them as I ordered drink after drink. I seemed to be in a trance that could not be shaken off.

Presently I went to another strange bar, across the street. After that I have no recollection of what happened until two days later when I gave myself up to a lawyer, telling him that I had killed a woman and that I did not know her name nor where she was. The lawyer turned me over to the local police. Since no murders had been reported, the police surgeon thought I was a mental case and had me committed to the psychiatric ward of a local hospital.

The next day the police came for me at the hospital and took me to the police station. It seemed that a murdered woman had been found. After getting me to sign a confession, the police charged me with first-degree murder. I later was indicted by a grand

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jury for second-degree murder, and at my trial my lawyer had me plead guilty to manslaughter. I was sentenced to the state prison for from 10 to 13 years.

After I was released from quarantine, I attended a movie at the prison theatre on a Saturday afternoon. As I entered the theatre I knew I had been there before. Everything looked familiar. Then I recalled my dream. I found it difficult to distinguish between reality and my dream world. Even the unknown convicts with their blank stares and expressionless faces looked as they had in my dream.

Another unusual twist to my case is that in June, 1955, one of my fellow workers at the freight company confessed to two other employees that he had killed the woman I had confessed to killing. However, a short time later he was found drowned in two feet of water under mysterious circumstances—he was wearing only his undershorts.

Although the police suspected foul play, they have not yet solved the case. My friends are busy trying to prove my innocence. As for me, I don't know what to think. There seems no rational explanation for what has happened to me.

So as not to harm current efforts to free Author D.H.B., we withhold his name and other details.—Editors.

My PROOF of Survival

FATE will pay \$5 for each story published in this department. Stories should deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to "Survival" Editor, FATE Magazine, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill. Manuscripts must give author's name and address and include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

I STILL WONDER WHY

By Rev. Walter E. Thompson

MY MOTHER'S father, Edward Higgs, a lay preacher, was bitterly opposed to spirit communion, as he considered it intensely wicked. So in my early teens, I secretly attended a Spiritualistic meeting at Sheffield, England, in 1910.

The medium was a psychometrist. I handed him a pencil which he rubbed between his hands, while telling me that a young woman, who had passed over at an early age, and was exalted in character, stood at my side. He said she gave the name Winifred and that he had the impression she was related to me. As I did not recognize her, I was told to inquire at home.

Mother accused a neighbor of having told me about Winifred. She then told me that I was her fourth child; her first two babies had been born dead, but the third one was a girl baby who had lived three days, long enough to be given a name—Winifred.

In 1919, after living for five years in the United States, I returned home and visited the same Spiritualistic society that I went to previously. This time the leader

told me that by my side stood a man a little older than I, who looked very much like me. The leader said this man gave the name of John, and again I did not place him.

When I asked Mother about John, she told me that when I entered the house on this visit, she at first thought that I was my Uncle John, who had roomed with them just after their marriage. Father had to put John out because his only



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interests in life were whiskey and women. A short time afterwards, Father and some other members of the family took a collection, so that John might not have a pauper's burial.

During the period 1910-1919, I had become a Minister, and I still wonder why my guardian guide had changed from Winifred to John, whose earthly lives had been so different.—*Columbia, S.C.*

THE PASTURE ROAD

By Verna Lane

ONE AFTERNOON in the fall of 1933 I made a trip on horseback to visit my girl friend, Bonnie Schroeder.

As usual Bonnie and I had a lot to talk about. We saw each other only about once a month and when we got together, time flew by on wings.

My sister, with whom I had been living the past two years, had told me to leave Schroeders before twilight, and now the moon was riding high.

I hadn't noticed how late it was getting, until Mrs. Schroeder started to put the younger children to bed. She asked me to stay the night, saying she didn't think it wise for me to travel the country roads alone after dark. I just grinned and told her there wasn't anything I was afraid of as long as I could see it.

I was still grinning to myself as I went to the barn to saddle up Ned, my pony. I was confident that as long as I was on him, no one could catch me.

Mounting the horse, I waved goodbye to Bonnie and her mother.

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Ned hit a mile-eating gallop toward home five miles away.

Usually I paid no attention to any of the so-called ghost stories I had heard, but now with the moon shedding silver radiance over the South Dakota countryside, I glanced uneasily at bushes and trees that stood too close to the road.

When I came to the fork in the road below the old Murphy house, I hesitated. No one ever went near the old house after dark. Some said it was haunted and that it was not even safe to be nearby after the sun had gone down.

I usually detoured around the house and would have this night also, but I knew the road past the house would cut off a good half-hour from my journey. Any time saved might soften the scolding I would get from my sister when I arrived home.

The road ran through a cow pasture and I had to climb down from Ned's back to open the gate which led into it. When I turned to take Ned's reins, I was amazed to see the figure of a tall young man holding the horse's reins. I started to protest, but the man walked around and through the gate, still holding the reins.

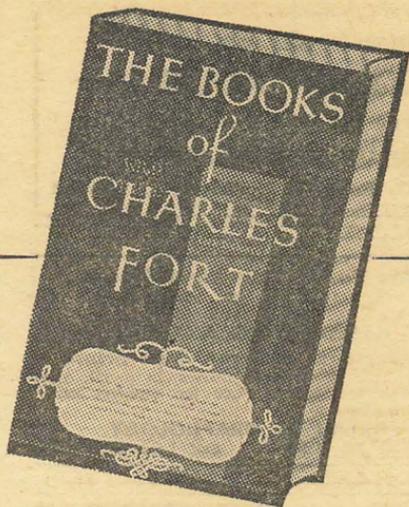
Puzzled, I closed the gate and followed him into the pasture. The man waited until I was about two steps behind him, then started to walk again, still leading the horse. This seemed odd to me, because Ned never let anyone but me feed and water him, let alone touch his reins.

I spoke to the man but he did not answer me. When I tried to catch up to him, he increased his

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pace also, keeping a few feet ahead of me.

We finally reached the far side of the pasture and came to the gate leading out. The man motioned me to open the gate, which I did. When I turned around to speak to him, ready to put up a fight for my horse if need be, he was gone! There was no one on the path or in the pasture but my horse and I.

A cold chill sweeping over me, I quickly swung into the saddle and as old as Ned was, made him run the last few miles home at top speed.

My sister must have heard me coming, because when Ned galloped up to the back porch, the door was wide open and Sis was standing there, the lamp in her hand.

"What's the matter?" she questioned.

I jumped from the horse and ran to her. I grabbed her and hung on. She had started to scold me for running Ned like that, but when she felt me trembling like a leaf she led me into the house. My brother-in-law was waiting by the kitchen table, his face questioning.

Finally I calmed down enough to tell Sis and my brother-in-law what had happened. I finished, "You both know no one has ever touched Ned but me. Who could the man have been?"

My sister's husband looked at her, then at me, and finally said, "All I know is what old man Murphy told me when I bought the horse for you, shortly before he died. He said the reason he had to get rid of the horse was because no one could handle him since his younger son died."

I still don't know for certain who

walked with me that night, but I never used that pasture road again.
—*El Segundo, Calif.*

AN INTERRUPTED SURPRISE

By Pearl Ferguson

IN March, 1954, I was called to Washington, D.C., on account of the illness of my sister. Just before I left a new double sink my husband and I had ordered was delivered. Installing it meant changing the pipes, and I asked my husband to please wait until I returned to have it done.

I found my sister improved, but the third night I was with her I received a phone call from home. My husband had died of a heart attack. Dazed and mute with grief, I caught the first train home.

In the early, gray dawn I sat by the train window, too stunned to see the passing landscape. Suddenly I heard my husband's voice: "Pearl, I'm so sorry I didn't get the sink fixed."

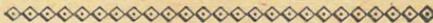
Startled, I sat bolt upright. How could I have heard that message with my mind so far from the subject of the new sink? I argued that it must be my imagination. Nevertheless the first feeling of comfort I had had stole over me.

Arriving in Kansas City, I went to my daughter's home until after the funeral. Then, with a sister, I returned to my lonely house. I went immediately to the kitchen to fix some coffee. As I turned the water on at the old sink, I heard a dripping sound and ran to the basement to investigate. The pipes were disconnected awaiting installation of the new sink. My husband had planned to surprise me on my return. I

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was certain then he had spoken to me on the train.—*Kansas City, Mo.*

THE AIRPLANE

By Virginia Miller

ONE MORNING in August, 1953, I was in my back yard hanging out clothes, when my neighbor called to me across the fence. She told me her brother, who had been ill, had passed away early that morning. This is what happened as Mrs. Briggs told it to me.

Her brother, Frank, had been in a coma for two days. The doctor had called the family together, as the end was near. The family was shocked when Frank sat up in bed and asked for his glasses. When his glasses were given to him, he put them on and looked around the room at his family.

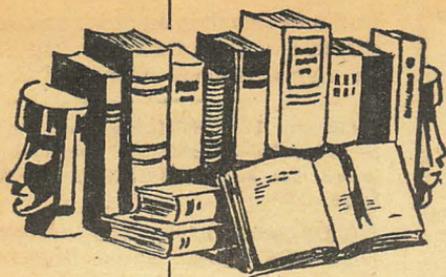
"I know why you are all here," he said. "I know I'm going to die."

Everyone in the room was too startled to speak. Frank sat quietly for a moment and then spoke again.

"You can't see it and maybe you won't believe it, but there is a great silver airplane here in this room. It has two baskets in it and in the baskets are two babies. One a boy, the other a girl. The baby girl is going to stay and I'm going back in her place."

Frank then removed his glasses, laid them on the stand beside his bed, and settled back on his bed. He soon lost consciousness again. The doctor and Frank's family remained until 2:10 A.M., when Frank died.

In another hospital, in another city, Frank's daughter-in-law gave birth to a baby girl at 2:10 A.M. of the same day.—*Gardiner, Me.*



NEW BOOKS

MAGIC AND MYSTERY IN TIBET, by Madame Alexandra David-Neel; introduction by Aaron Sussman. University Books, Evanston, Ill. 320 pages plus photo inserts, \$6.00

Madame David-Neel was already a practicing Buddhist when she first visited Tibet. She stayed 13 years; learned the language and the religion, and is the only European woman ever given the title of Lama. When she returned to France her work was considered so remarkable that she was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor and was awarded a gold medal by the Geographical Society of Paris. Her books have been translated into many foreign languages.

I give you this background to explain that this is not just another book on Tibet. It is part anthropology, part travelogue, but mostly it describes the religion of the Tibetans, their occult beliefs and practices, and some extraordinary personal psychic experiences. Lama David-Neel sought the secret lore of Tibet and she found it.

Lama David-Neel begins as a skeptic. She is never completely in

sympathy with Tibetan Buddhism or Lamaism, being herself an Orthodox Buddhist. But the accomplishments she witnessed in this amazing land deserve, as she says, a scientific expedition to study them; such an expedition as the West has never considered.

The author's method is by understatement. When she herself created a "thought form" or "tulpa" in the form of a fat and happy monk, she gradually became alarmed as the expression on the round face grew leaner and more malignant. Finally she decided that she had to destroy this creation of her mind—and it took her six months to do so. The understatement comes when Lama David-Neel suggests that her "thought form" was, of course, an hallucination. Except that amazingly enough others were able to see her "tulpa" also.

Among the areas of extrasensory perception that Lama David-Neel investigates are telepathy, clairvoyance, the strange "lung-gom" runners who seem able to run for days in a trance state, barely touching the ground; spiritual and "magic" training, psychokinesis, and the like.

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The text also discusses many curious modern survivals of the old Egyptian "black magic."

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There is fascinating information on Tibetan occult theories, especially on reincarnation.—*Curtis Fuller.*

OVER THE THRESHOLD, by Dana Howard. Llewellyn Publications, 8921 National Boulevard, Los Angeles 34, Calif. 140 Pages, \$3.25.

This book is by the author of *Diane, She Came From Venus* and *My Flight To Venus*. Once more we meet the wondrous Diane. The author states that on April 29, 1955, before 27 persons and through the mediumship of Bertie Lilly Candler, Diane appeared as a figure some eight feet tall, which then shrank to about five feet, and since then has appeared many times to Dana Howard. The author claims to have touched the lady from Venus physically.

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The earth, says Diane, "will soon evolve to its next higher octave." If men pursue their "fetish of destruction," then beings from "on high" will come to earth in large numbers. Diane speaks of "hallowed spots" being prepared as "contact points between earthlings and those from other planets, to be known as sanctuaries of healing power;" of man developing new faculties, among which will be "direct knowing;" also of reincarnation, both "individual and collective." She states that "mastery of the subconscious is the hope of our planet," and that the life-stream of earth will one day inherit the planet Venus.

Diane describes a technique for healing, consisting of Elimination, Purification, Rejuvenation and Regeneration or Transmuting, which can be self-applied. Dana Howard claims that a group using this technique attained results "little short of magical."

Diane has appeared also, it is said, to Mrs. Zella Gebhart, of Glendale, Calif., and to Molly Malone, a San Diego nurse. When Diane first appeared, she is reported to have announced, "This is the first time we of the Greater Planets have been permitted to come to beings of Earth. From now on we shall be with you always," with which words the book closes.

One wonders: is this fantasy, or just fantastic? Fantastic events seem to be happening all over the world in growing numbers, at times seeming to outstrip even imaginative fantasy. Whether Diane's feats and pronouncements are fact, fantasy or fantastic, I leave to you.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

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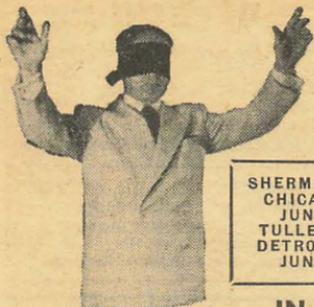
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BEYOND THE FIVE SENSES (An Anthology from *Tomorrow*), edited by Eileen J. Garrett. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 384 pages, \$4.95.

Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett is a very famous psychic whose unusual powers have been confirmed by tests in psychic research laboratories. In recent years she has sponsored psychic investigations and has been the moving spirit in the world-wide activities of the Parapsychology Foundation, of which she is president. In addition, Mrs. Garrett is the editor and publisher of *Tomorrow* magazine, the quarterly review of psychical research.

In *Beyond the Five Senses* Mrs. Garrett has sketched the development of the best thinking on the subject of psychical research from the writings of many of the leading students of this new science in the pages of *Tomorrow* over the past 10 years. She has not permitted the intrusion of any material in this anthology, however unusual or weird, which has failed to contribute something to the solutions which are now demanded in this field. In no sense is this a form of censorship. It is rather a presentation of reports and articles, however diverse, which bear directly upon most of the main issues.

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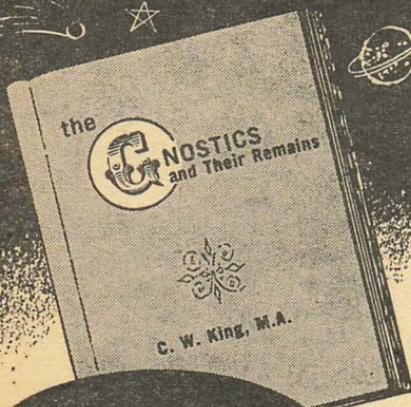
The student of psychical research will find this book a mine of fresh material on all phases of the investigation of the paranormal. It forms an unique encyclopedia bearing upon the main issues of the inquiry and the most recent thought thereon by prominent investigators in this field.—*Edmond P. Gibson.*

MANY WONDERFUL THINGS, by Robert W. Huffman and Irene Specht. Devorss and Co., 516 West Ninth St., Los Angeles 15, Calif. 379 pages, \$4.50.

This is another book on hypnotic regression, leading to memory of past lives. Bob Huffman claims to have hypnotized some 1000 persons. His present subject, Irene Specht, is a Boulder, Colo., housewife, mother of two children. She was regressed to her childhood, and wrote her name in a childish scrawl; then further back to a previous life in France as a farm girl named Bibi Giroux. Going still further back, she appears as a crippled English girl, Elsa Albritt, who took her life while in her teens. Before that, again, she was Dorcas Baptiste, a haughty, proud woman of Greece, who suspiciously evaded questions put to her.

The subject knew no French, nor, while in trance could she speak it, although she pronounced French names correctly and understood

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questions in French. She mentioned some facts in French history, afterwards found to be correct.

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The volume is interesting mainly as an addition to the growing literature on hypnotic regression, and as a pointer, as all such books seem to be, to the reality of Reincarnation.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

ORIENTAL RELIGIONS IN ROMAN PAGANISM by Franz Cumont. Dover Publications, Inc., New York 10, N. Y. 300 pages, \$1.75.

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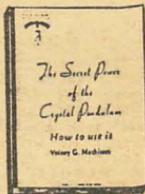
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REPORT FROM THE READERS

RHYTHMIC LIGHTS

Shortly after midnight on November 26, 1957, while parked on Skokie Highway waiting for a fare, I noticed three brilliant lights floating in the sky: two white, the middle one red.

The lights changed positions but remained in the same approximate position in the sky. Because of this and the fact that they shone so brilliantly, they could not have belonged to a plane.

I got out of the cab and watched for perhaps four minutes while the lights, larger than stars, blinked on and off in a mechanical rhythm, as though signalling.

I radioed my dispatcher and told him to look at the sky. He reported he saw them too. As I drove off they seemed to disappear behind some buildings. Some 60 seconds later I was amazed when I heard another cab company dispatcher announce over the radio that the lights were above his suburb, 25 miles from where I had seen them last.—*James Chapman, Chicago, Ill.*

STREAKING, SILVERY OBJECT

At 8:05 P.M. on December 5, 1957, I was leaving the Charlotte Hungerford Hospital after visiting a brother-in-law. With me were my father-in-law, my sister-in-law and her two daughters. They suddenly exclaimed, "What is that?"

We saw a large silvery object streak across the southwestern sky. It vanished in a few seconds. The sky was cold and clear.

I told the others that evidently we had seen a UFO.—*Edward Lake, Torrington, Conn.*

WOBBLING UFO

I saw a UFO on December 24, 1957, at 10:30 A. M. while in front of my house. It was silver in color and traveled from west to east at a slow speed, wobbling as it went. I first saw it when it was about halfway across the sky. It had no tail and there was no sign of an exhaust at the rear. At first I thought it was an airplane, but then I saw it was perfectly round.—*Edward Waite, Avon, Mass.*

ODD SILVER BALL

At 3:40 P.M. on Sunday, January, 12, 1958, while practicing archery at Genesee Valley Park, John Lenhard and I saw an odd-looking, glowing silver ball in the southern sky. As we were near the airport, we had seen at least 50 planes that day. The light was like nothing we ever had seen before. It appeared motionless and either emitted or reflected a bright light.

It faded out for a few seconds and then became visible again, remaining in the same position. After it faded out we did not see it again.

The object could not have been a balloon due to variation in intensity. Total time of observation was approximately two minutes.

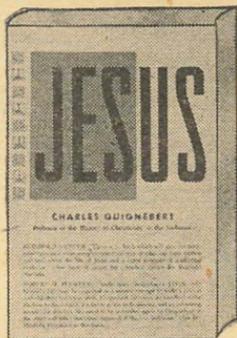
About 45 minutes later I called the CAA control tower. They said that the wind was from the South-

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east-South. This is practically opposite the apparent direction of the mysterious light. This also proves that the sighted object was not a balloon.

The sky was extremely clear, except for a few clouds that appeared over the horizon. When I asked the CAA control tower if anyone had reported a UFO, they replied there had been no report.—*Samuel John Ciurca, Jr., Rochester, N.Y.*

CRIMSON RAINBOW

At 8:30 P.M. on September 15, 1957, I was driving east on Highway 20 from Ainsworth, Neb., to Long Pine. About halfway between the two towns I saw a bright-red rainbow curving from the north horizon to the moon. It appeared to be about 18 inches wide.

At first I thought it was a reflection on my car window as I never had seen anything like it. I rolled down my car window but the rainbow was still there.

Where Highway 7 joins 20 I stopped my car and got out to look at it. I could see only half a rainbow from the north horizon to the moon from inside the car and I wished to see if there was another half going back down to the ground. There was not.

I got back into the car and drove on toward Long Pine. The farther east I went, the wider the rainbow appeared, until it seemed to be 20 feet wide and a bright crimson.

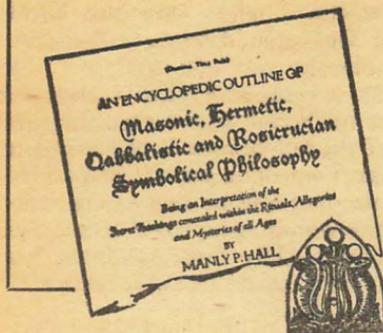
I intended to ask persons in Long Pine to look at it, but I found that as you enter Long Pine you go up and over a hill. I could not see the rainbow from Long Pine, so said nothing about it.

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A couple of weeks later, at O'Neill, Neb., which is 70 miles southeast of Ainsworth, I went into the K&M Cafe. DeMaris Murray, a waitress, told me she was out driving a few nights before and saw a strange bright red streak in the sky. She said she could not believe it as she never had seen anything like it. She added that she had told no one as she feared they would accuse her of imagining things. Only then did I tell her of my own experience.—Clarence E. Potter, O'Neill, Neb.

ICE IN ORBITS?

I have been greatly interested in articles in FATE Magazine concerning unexplained falls of ice from a clear sky. It long has been my theory that this ice comes from ice satellites which are in orbit around the earth at a distance which makes them almost impossible to see or locate.

When a collision with a small meteor occurs, some of this ice is broken from the main body and becomes subject to earth's gravity. It falls while the main body continues in orbit.—Ernest W. Bellam, Scottsville, N. Y.

BORNE BY TYPHOONS?

Where do the chunks of ice come from, as mentioned by Frank Edwards in the February issue of FATE? Simple! Typhoons pick them up and carry them for thousands of miles in lighter atmosphere, and their weight gradually draws them back to *terra firma*.

Some 50 years ago a typhoon picked up a church in Omaha and carried it over a thousand miles away. The church attendant grabbed



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the iron fence gates and was carried behind Council Bluffs to a hay stack on a farm. He was gently dropped there with the church gates still in his hands. Later the same man, drunk in a saloon, fell off a wooden bench, broke his neck and died instantly.—*J. A. Bluhm, Pasadena, Md.*

"WHAT DID I BUY?"

The article, "Hidden in the Sub-conscious," about the man who hid \$300 (January, 1958, issue) brings to my mind the following incident which happened to me 30 years ago:

One evening at about 8:00 I went across the street to get cigarettes at a small store where I regularly made purchases. The price of the cigarettes was 15c. On paying for them I found I had only 13c in small change and a \$5.00 bill. The merchant said, "Give me the 13c and you can pay the rest the next time you come in."

I went home and retired about 11:00, hanging my trousers on the bedpost. I was alone in the house.

In the morning as I put my trousers on, I heard money jingle in the pocket and to my amazement found \$4.50 in silver and the \$5.00 bill gone. Evidently I had during the night dressed, gone out, bought something for 50c and returned to bed, without having the slightest knowledge of having done so.—*A.D. Barber, Washington 10, D.C.*

THE ROCKING COTS

My wife and I live on the top floor of a walk-up apartment and during the humid summer months for the past eight years we have taken cots up to the roof and slept beneath the stars.

Nothing eventful happened until one night in July, 1957, when I was waked by a shriek from my wife. She accused me of rocking her cot with my foot.

She said she awoke out of a sound sleep because her cot was gently moving to and fro. Immediately she thought I was the culprit. She tried to open her eyes and was unable to. She tried to move her limbs but they seemed paralyzed. Only her mind was free and clear, and she concluded she was having a nightmare. But when she continued to be unable to move her arms and legs, she became frightened. Suddenly her paralysis lifted and her cry roused me from sleep.

I assured her I had not been rock-

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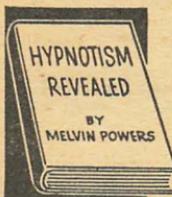
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ing her cot. I told her that apparently she had had a nightmare and to go back to sleep.

The night of August 31 was hot and humid. I prepared my cot on the roof but my wife stayed in the apartment as she was indisposed. The night was calm and clear. I slept soundly with my head, as always, toward the east.

I was awakened by the gentle motions of my cot. Several times the foot of the cot rose slowly and then gently came down. Instantly I thought of a night some 12 years before, shortly after my discharge from the Army, when we had tried table tipping at a friend's house. The cot seemed to be acting on the same principle.

I decided to get up and smoke a cigarette. Then I became frightened, for I realized that my eyes were closed and that I was unable to move my arms and legs. I fought to open my eyes, to move my limbs, but they were as inert as lead. After a mighty effort on my part, I felt my arms rise skywards. I still could not open my eyes or move my legs. Then my eyes opened.

For a moment I could not see my raised arms. Then twin shafts of pale, golden light—from my eyes, I surmised—beamed toward my hands, which looked as they would under a fluoroscope. I saw the bones, the grey, shadowy veins and the outer outline of the hands. This golden light lasted for two or three seconds, then I felt free to move.

It was 2:45 A.M. I sat on the edge of my cot, smoked a cigarette and wondered over my experience. Since our roof was tar papered, I had placed beneath the legs of the

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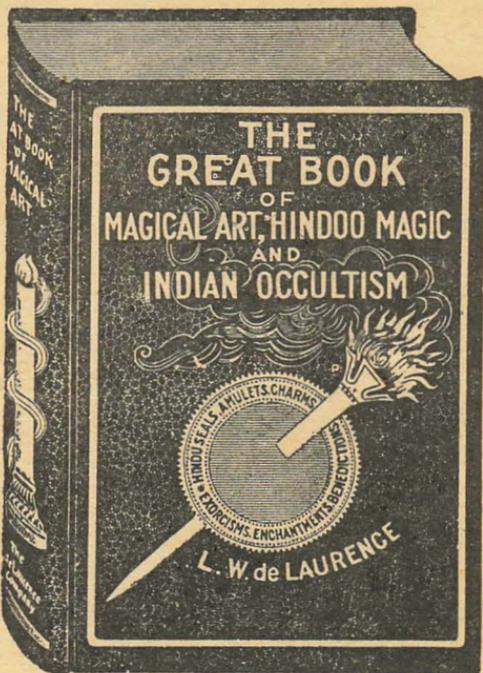
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cot long strips of wood to prevent them from sinking into the roof. Also, I thought of the tar blisters in the roof created by the hot summer sun and of how they expand in the heat and contract during the cool hours of the night. Did this explain the motions of my cot?

I crushed out my cigarette, thinking daylight would bring some rational answer. I lay back on my cot and returned to sleep.

In the morning I folded the cot and then raised the strips of wood the legs had been resting on to see if there were any blisters in the tar paper beneath them. But the paper was as flat as a board.

I am not a dreamer or a mystic. I am a veteran of World War II and was awarded five battle stars and a bronze arrowhead. What I experienced was too real, too vivid, to be a dream, nor do I believe in the long arm of coincidence where two persons a month apart could have the same nightmare.

I am most interested to know if any reader has had a similar experience or could explain the phenomenon to me.—*Andrew J. Galet, New York, N.Y.*

MAGNETISM AND THE BODY

R. E. Walters states in your October "Report From the Readers" that "human beings are totally impervious to magnetism." Mr. Walters or any of your readers can prove for themselves the astounding effect of magnetism on the body by this simple experiment:

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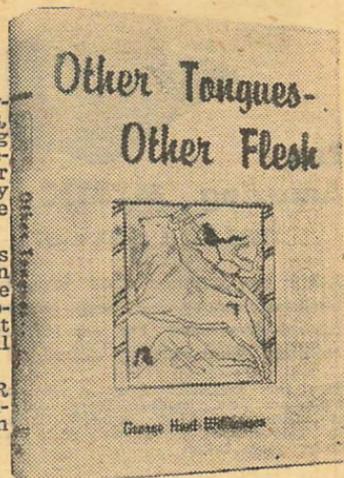
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logical short leg"). Place a corked bottle of any alkaline substance (vinegar will do) in the palm of his hand which is on the side of the short leg. You will note immediately that the leg will lengthen. Conversely, place a bottle of any acid (even a cigarette will do) in the hand on the long leg side and the leg will noticeably shorten.

These phenomena are due to magnetic polarities: North (acid) causes a contraction of the musculature; South (alkaline) causes a relaxation. Magnetism cannot be insulated as can electricity which explains why direct contact of the chemicals with the body is unnecessary.

Mr. Walters should note that the cells of our bodies are made up of atoms. Atoms, of course, have electrical properties. And magnetism, as we all know, always is associated with electricity.

As for the mystery spot near St. Ignace, Mich., there literally are thousands of these spots. Almost any cattleman will tell that there are certain spots that cattle will not go near. The eminent magazine *American Forest*, published by the American Forestry Association, Washington, D.C., has published an article regarding the peculiar effects of magnetic rays of the earth on plant and animal life.—Fred Burrous, Berkeley, Calif.

JOPLIN MYSTERY LIGHTS

Some time back (April, 1956, issue) there was an article in FATE concerning the mystery lights close to Joplin, Mo. I passed Joplin on a recent trip and saw the lights just as told in FATE. I wish to express my feelings.

The lights approached the car but before reaching it they turned back. Many of them looked as if they had a cord from the ground and they gave such a warm, friendly feeling. —T. A. Martin, Oklahoma City, Okla.

HEALING BY A SEVENTH SON

I am the seventh son of a seventh daughter and have had the ability to heal ailments practically all my life.

The first time I showed the healing ability I was so young (only three) that I know of it only from what my family has told me. At that time one of my older brothers was seriously ill with a complicated disease. Part of the time he was in a coma.

It seems that one day my sick brother began calling urgently for someone. When my parents arrived in his room they found me with my little arms outstretched over the sick brother. I was waving my arms over him and singing softly, "There Is Rest For The Weary."

My brother told my parents that the singing had started roaring noises in his head and to please take me out of the room, I still was singing and waving over him, seemingly oblivious to what the others were saying or doing. When I wouldn't leave, they attempted to carry me from the room, but they said they were unable to budge me from my position at the bedside. It seemed as if I weighed a ton. I continued to sing softly and wave my arms. My brother turned ashen and was delirious for some 30 minutes, then he fell asleep. At that time I left the room.

When my brother awoke he asked

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for food, and the next day he was up and about. He returned to work a short time afterward, which was considered a miracle as his chances for recovery had been slim.

I remember healing my mother when I was about eight years old, and since then I have healed and helped many. I should not say that "I" have healed anyone, for I do not consider that to be the case. I should say that God has healed many through me.—*Zelaway R. Sawyer, Sr., Van Etten, N.Y.*

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

Recently the *Ananai*, monthly magazine of the Ananai-Cause, of Shimizu City, Japan, published an article of mine regarding my experience with what the Buddhists term "Aruparaga, Existence without Body, i. e., without bodily sense or thought." I will here condense that experience and let readers judge for themselves.

I had secured a book from the Swastika Press of Denver in 1907, titled *A Visit to a Ganai Yoga* and written by Edward Carpenter, English poet and author. In the book learned yogis seek to eliminate thought from consciousness, and I decided to try to do so while in a coma state I could induce, wherein I was able to control my dreams merely by imagining I could.

So in such a state I tried to eliminate thought. Suddenly I seemed wrapped in a rosy, scintillating flame and was in ecstasy. I was conscious of myself but seemed freer and larger. This lasted only for a few seconds but left me assured of Immortality, strange to say. I learned later that what I had experienced

was termed Cosmic Consciousness, and that Walt Whitman had a similar experience. Later I read Maurice Bucke's book *Cosmic Consciousness*.—Robert C. Knox, Rogers, Ark.

REINCARNATED CAT?

I was impressed by the article "Is There Reincarnation Among Animals?" in the February, 1958, issue of FATE, because of a strange experience I had years ago.

When I was in Pittsburgh, Kan., in 1934, I took for a pet a small black kitten, with a white stripe around its throat. After a short time the kitten died and I buried it in a vacant lot. The little animal had taken a great liking to me and I was sad to have to bury it.

In 1943, in Galesburg, Ill., I was driving a truck and had backed up to the dock to load when I noticed a black cat with a white collared throat lying on some old sacks on the dock. Cats usually shy from strangers, but not this one. I jumped off the dock, opened the truck door to get in and right after me came the cat. It jumped up onto the seat as if it knew me and belonged there. It rode home with me, as contented, as if it long had been my pet.

The cat stayed with us for several months, and we became greatly attached to it. One night it disappeared under unusual circumstances. We do not know if it was abducted or killed, but we are certain it did not run away.

Why had this particular cat so suddenly adopted me, seeming to say by its action, "I belong to you"? Had my little pet of years ago in Kansas returned to me?—Ross L. Bralley, Galesburg, Ill.

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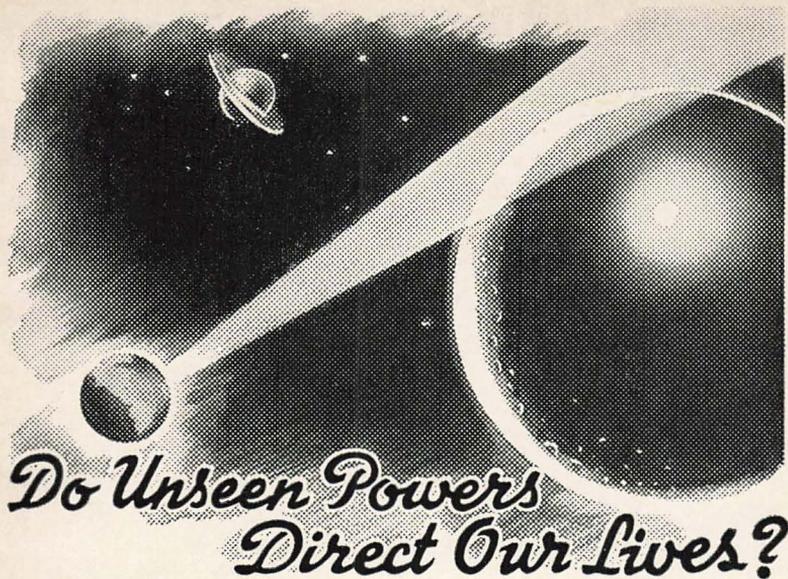
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