

UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES  
OF THE  
OCEAN DEEPS

— Rachel Carson

WHY I BELIEVE  
IN FAITH CURES

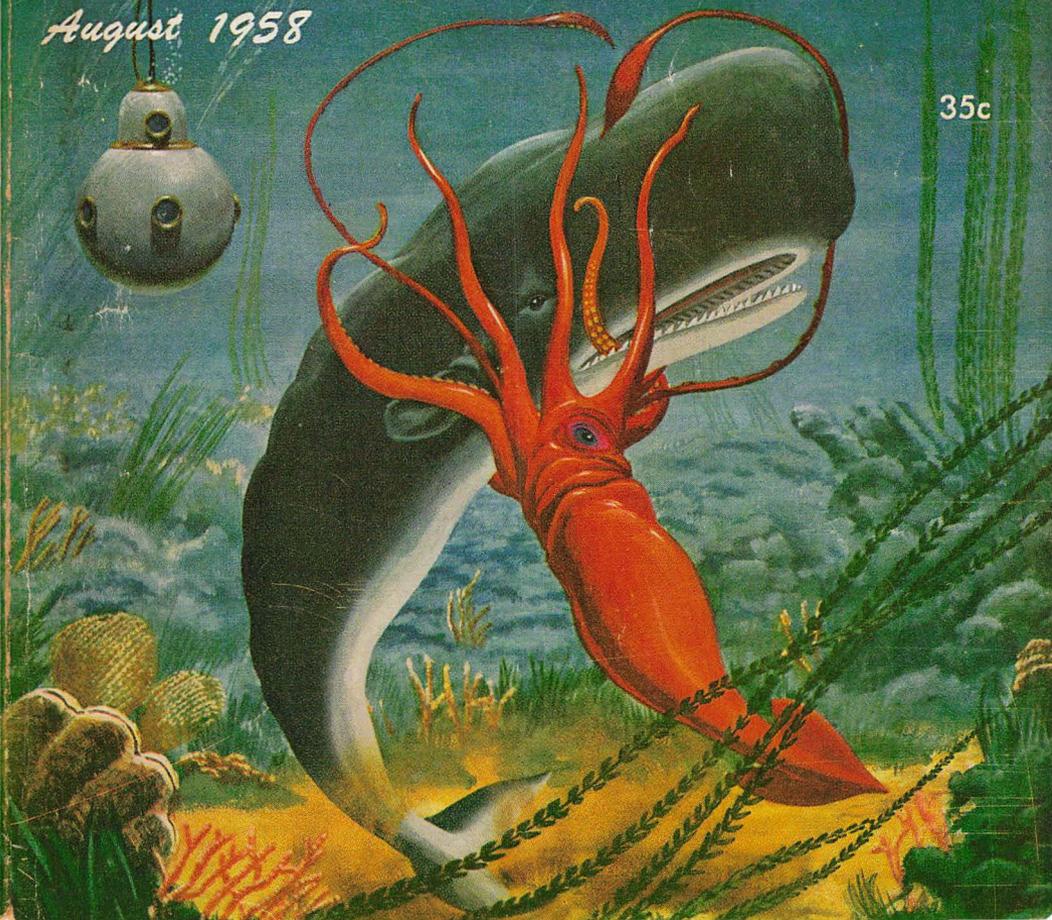
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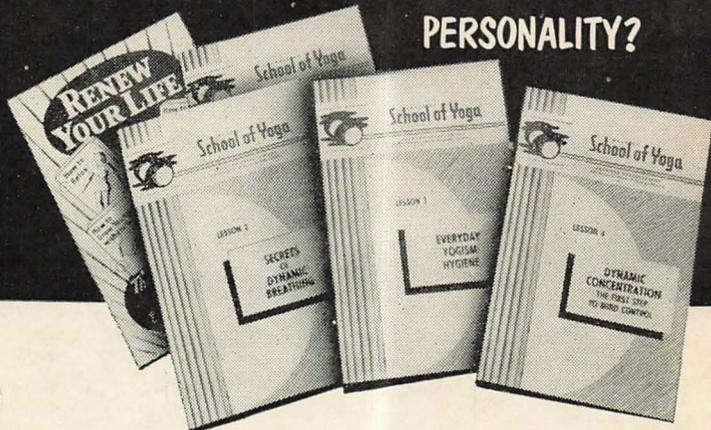
August 1958

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AUGUST 1958  
FATE  
TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN VOL. 11 - NO. 8 ISSUE 101

# WHAT DO YOU SEEK FROM LIFE? PSYCHIC POWERS? SELF CONFIDENCE? PERSONALITY?



## TEST YOURSELF

Yes No

- Are you satisfied with your mental power?
- Do you feel rested when you get up in the morning?
- Do you finish every job you tackle?
- Are you in tip-top shape physically?
- Do you control tension, fear, worry, "nerves"?
- Do people like you?
- Are you "getting ahead" in your work?
- Do you use the power of your subconscious mind?
- Is your life full, successful, happy?

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Sedalia, Colorado

AUGUST  
1958

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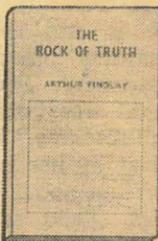
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# I See by the Papers...

## THE HAND THROUGH THE FLOOR

CLEVELAND POLICE had a puzzler on their hands on April 1, and it wasn't an April fool joke either.

Thomas Todd, 27, and his wife Geraldine, 18, of 4207 Mason Court, S.E., complained of "moans and screams" which had been terrorizing the family for months. They told of a human hand in the basement, and of a kitchen trap door which wouldn't even stay nailed shut.

It seems that last November the Todds and their two-year-old son Anthony moved into a first floor apartment. For a long time Mrs. Todd was bothered by the "moans and screams." This was mostly scoffed at by her husband.

Then about the middle of March Mrs. Todd saw a "human hand" sticking out from a pile of old furniture in the basement.

Mrs. Todd's reaction to this can well be imagined but her husband continued to doubt her—until a week or so later. Then, while both the Todds were in the kitchen, both saw the 2x4-foot trap door leading to the basement lift up—apparently by itself.

Todd had to see it. He told police, "I was standing on the trap door and it almost knocked me down."

The Todds nailed the door shut and moved out the next day.

On March 31 they took 15 doubt-



ing friends back into the house. The trap door, nailed down, lifted again.

Worse, from the Todd's viewpoint, two small holes each just large enough for a human finger had appeared in the living room floor. And, worse still, said the Todds, fingers were sticking through the holes.

That was when they called the cops, two hours before midnight on March 31; it was still two hours early for April Fool jokes.

Patrolmen Sinton and John Mancuso came in answer to the call. They didn't see any disembodied fingers, or hands either. But Mancuso said: "I did hear sounds like someone shoveling dirt in the basement."

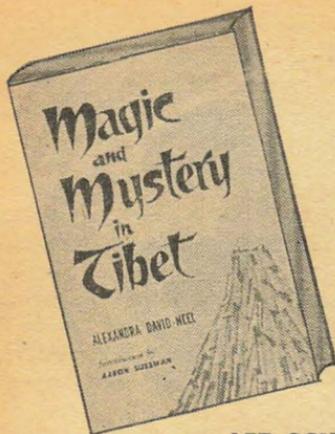
As for the Todds, they were having a mighty uncomfortable time of it sleeping in their car.

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

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## HELP, HELP!

MEANWHILE, IN South Carolina, Owner Hector de Rienzo was having a time getting help for his restaurant on U.S. Route 301, four miles south of Bamberg.

What was going on there didn't make much sense either. Rienzo said that a series of "strange occurrences" began about 3 p.m. on April 25.

"I heard this thing go pow!" he told the Associated Press. "I looked up and there were the pieces of a big plaster of paris horse falling off a shelf of souvenirs on sale in the restaurant."

Rienzo was mighty sure of what he was talking about. "It exploded into about 20 pieces and then fell. It was the biggest souvenir I had—about eight by 12 inches long."

Shortly afterwards, according to Mrs. Veronica Hesser, a waitress, she was leaning against an ice machine off the main dining room about 6 p.m. when suddenly a tray of 24 glasses atop the machine disintegrated. Fragments were scattered over a 20-foot circle but Mrs. Hesser wasn't hurt.

"The tray stayed on top of the machine," she said, "and there was one glass that didn't break. It was still on the tray."

That evening, kitchen workers turned off an exhaust fan after cooling the kitchen. A few minutes later the fan started up by itself. Three of them quit on the spot. That is why Mr. de Rienzo seeks help.

## MINOR MYSTERY

PUT THIS DOWN as a minor mystery, or maybe just as a curi-

osity, but Dr. Maurice Ewing of Columbia University is worrying about a strange layer of angular pebbles, about the size of lima beans, which he has discovered over the bottom of the Scotia Sea, southeast of Cape Horn.

The pebbles are of uniform size and only fine sediment lies beneath them.

"They came from massive continental ranges, possibly from the Andes or the Palmer Peninsula," he explained. "But how did they get here?"

He suggests that maybe they had passed through the alimentary canal of the emperor penguin. He's studying penguin culture to see if he can find a clue. Or maybe the leopard seals carried the stones in their stomachs, he suggests.

"They look like nothing I ever saw before, and I've been digging the ocean bottom for 30 years," said Dr. Ewing. "Fantastic. Absolutely fantastic."

## THINGS KEEP FALLING

WE KEEP TELLING you about it and it keeps happening all the time. Things just keep falling. . . . Familiar things, maybe, but where in the world do they keep coming from?

Ice, for instance. The middle of April a shower of ice came raining down into the backyard of Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Kozlowski, 560 Hoover Street, Napa, Calif.

The Kozlowskis had been shopping and returned home just before noon. Mrs. Kozlowski looked out of her kitchen window and the lawn

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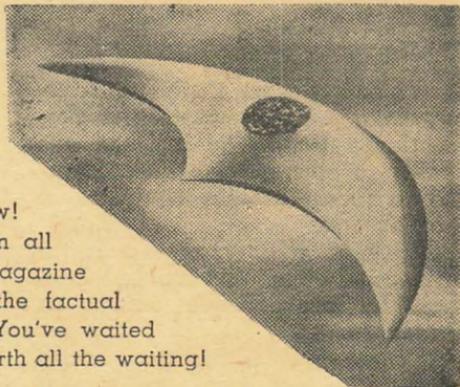
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was covered with big jagged pieces of ice, ranging in size from two to 12 inches in diameter. Some had made deep impressions where they struck.

Sheriff John Claussen suggested that maybe the ice had come from the wings of a high flying airplane. At the same time he admitted that it had been mighty clear that day.



### A BIGGER MYSTERY?

**I**CE FALLS ARE a common thing, of course. Even the *Napa Register*, from which our story comes, mentioned that "The incident was similar to others which have occurred in recent months elsewhere in the Bay area."

A bigger mystery appears to be an unusual object that plunged from the skies into a Naples suburb on Friday, February 7.

It came down with a roar, landed about 100 feet from the nearest house and buried itself in the ground.

Authorities were alarmed, cordoned off the area, and special teams began to investigate. Carefully they dug the object out.

It was a projectile, about 2½ feet long, eight inches in diameter, bearing the figures 1942 and the inscription of a cross and eagle. It did not contain an explosive charge.

Is it easy enough to explain that this was perhaps a shell or a mortar casing of the kind used in World War II.

But where did it come from out of the skies on February 7, 1958? And where has it been for the past 16 years?

### TRAGIC DREAM

**T**WELVE - YEAR - OLD Gordon Carl Brown of Butte, Mont., got out of bed sleepily one day early in April and told his mother he'd just dreamed that he was buried beneath earth and boards.

A few hours later, Mrs. Douglas Brown dug frantically with her bare hands into a collapsed earthen tunnel, supported by old boards, in which Gordon had been playing. She was too late—fire department crews were unable to revive the boy.



### REVERSE MIRACLE?

**I**F THE WILL to live sometimes results in healings that are accounted "miracles", is the successful will to die a "miracle in reverse?"

It is our contention that both of these things occur and that both offer tremendous evidence of the power of the human mind—even though one action is used for self-destruction.

But it is a paradox that a very large body of modern doctors deny the existence of "miracle healings" at the same time they admit the existence of self-willed death.

There are many proposed explanations for "miracle healings"—some people believe them to be spirit intervention, others believe that religious authority brings about the healing, others that the mind causes the healing directly, and still others that the mind merely creates the necessary climate in which the healing takes place.

But there is pretty general agreement among all people, including the skeptics of "miracle healing", a-

bout willed self-destruction. Psychiatric studies made during World War II, and more intensive follow-up during the Korean War have been given broad publicity.



#### FOR INSTANCE

**D**R. GEORGE C. RAINES, head of the neuro-psychiatry branch of the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, recently discussed the problem of persons who will their own deaths.

He mentioned the case of "Mrs. J, age 65, who fell over dead in her psychiatrist's office after she had been discussing her problems only about 10 minutes. No medical cause could be found and doctors concluded that she had killed herself solely

through her own will. She "wished herself to death."

Why? The medical explanation is that Mrs. J. was a very seriously troubled woman who considered death the only way by which she could escape her unconscious problems. She never before had had psychiatric treatment. But 10 minutes with a psychiatrist were long enough to raise her hidden disturbances into her consciousness and to kill her.

Dr. Raines said that he knew of many cases in which a person actually committed suicide "without external violence."

The death wish occurs even among strong and apparently well-balanced young men who find themselves among intolerable conditions such as war. "Countless U.S. soldiers died in Japanese prison camps dur-



#### A STUDY OF SATANISM TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

## DOWN THERE (La Bas)

The innocent can avoid Satanism by learning the bitter lessons of this wicked exploit.

The Abbe Boullan's first, sinful exploit was to profane a group of distressed nuns. He was disciplined by the Archbishop of Paris and finally expelled from the church.

But that was only the beginning of his fantastic career. Boullan formed his own church and set about perverting innocent minds by practicing mystic-erotic rites. He was challenged to a battle of spells and counter-spells by competing occultists.

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

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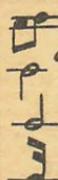
ing World War II because they will-  
ed to do so," said Dr. Raines.

This occurred even among healthy  
soldiers who were not captured.  
They would be found dead in fox-  
holes after a battle without a scratch  
on their bodies. Autopsies would fail  
to reveal the slightest clue to the rea-  
son.

Dr. Raines doesn't believe that  
everyone can wish himself to death.  
"Those who do are not any particu-  
lar type of individual. We just don't  
know what type of person can suc-  
ceed in wishing himself to death."

He believes, moreover, that most  
self-willed deaths occur in mental  
institutions.

The parallel with "miracle heal-  
ing" or "faith healing" again is obvi-  
ous. Undoubtedly not everyone can  
be cured by faith, nor do we yet  
know what kind of person can be so  
cured.

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### THE CREATIVE WORD

**T**HE HEART BEAT is the one,  
single measurable value by  
which relations between God and  
man may eventually be understood,  
according to a paper appearing in  
the midsummer issue of *The Philoso-  
pher*, published by the Philosophical  
Society of England.

The author is an American by the  
name of Gordon Speedie who uses  
the value of the heart beat to de-  
velop a periodic table of time. Time  
in turn becomes the key by which  
to classify all periodic phenomena,  
and thus the basis for a table of  
human culture.

Speedie's theory bridges psychologi-  
cal knowledge and fields of physi-

cal values and results in four laws: "Love is resonance, Power is relative, Order is power, and Systems have common value."



### MEET SUBUH

**P**AK SUBUH is a chain-smoking Indonesian clerk, recently touring in the United States, whom a number of people, especially well-heeled, are calling a "new messiah." At least he has "disciples."

Subuh's chief disciple is an English philosopher named John G. Bennett who brought Subuh to England and has been visiting the U.S. with him.

Ernie Hill, of the *Chicago Daily News* foreign service, writing from England, said that Eva Bartok gave Subuh and his cult (called *Subud*) his first big boost last fall.

Eva was about to have a baby and doctors said it would kill her. She called Bennett from Hollywood and he made an appointment with Pak Subuh for her. "After several sessions with him," said Hill, "she had the baby without difficulty."

Other disciples include Davina West, an heiress, and Dinah Day, niece of Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh.

Pak Subuh is claimed to have achieved a number of cures for chronic ailments. However he is primarily concerned with giving his followers a new outlook on life and on their fellow men.

The "inner self or soul is helped to break through the crust of personality by 'contact' with Pak Subuh."

Bennett claims that among the original 11 persons who received this

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power from Pak Subuh in England, several, including himself, are now able to transmit it to others.

The disciples hope the movement will spread by "contact" like a chain letter. The aim is that by studying and meditating, the followers will receive the power of freeing their inner selves from the strictures of modern living.

It is not clear exactly what is "new" about this unless Pak Subuh himself has a special magic about his personality.

### STUNT MAN

A SWAMI OF A more American type is Spencer Thornton, M.D., a 29-year-old surgeon at Brooke Army Medical Center, San Antonio.

Although he is a surgeon by avocation, for a hobby Dr. Thornton follows the perilous practice of "mentalists."

Last winter Paul Rosenfield, a staff writer of the Dallas *Times Herald*, decided to test Dr. Thornton's abilities. Taking along a staff photographer as a witness, Rosenfield asked Dr. Thornton for proof.

"Okay," said the surgeon-swami, "I'll mail you a letter." He jotted down a few notes on a piece of paper, called them "predictions", sealed them in an envelope, had Rosenfield sign his name on the back of the stamp, and together they mailed the letter to Rosenfield at the *Times Herald* office.

After the letter was safely in the mail box, witnessed by the photographer, Dr. Thornton asked Rosenfield three questions.

1. How much money is in your

pockets? (Answer: \$4.45)

2. What's your home town? (Answer: Clarksville, Tex.)

3. Think of a number between 100 and 1,000. (Answer: 632)

Sure enough, when Dr. Thornton's letter to Rosenfield arrived the next day there were all the answers. Except that Thornton had missed the amount of money in Rosenfield's pocket by one penny.



### SCRATCHING THE SURFACE

**WE HOPE WE** are not making a bad pun by saying that an increasing amount of news these days suggests that archeologists and anthropologists have barely scratched the surface of their science.

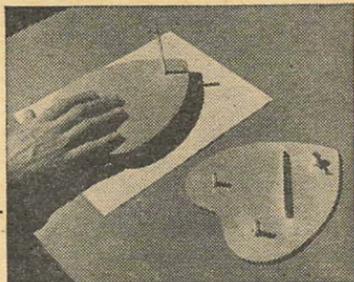
One of the most sensational finds in years has been turned up around the shores of a prehistoric lake in East Africa. Here, 100,000 years ago, primitive men left thousands of relics to be found by University of Chicago anthropologists.

The deposits are in four layers of dry beach sand, representing alternate wet and dry periods. Among the bones found in the lowest layer, slaughtered by the ancient men, were those of modern animals such as antelope, rhinoceros and lion, plus 20 extinct species including a huge elephant with 14-foot tusks, huge wart hogs, and a short-necked giraffe with antlers like a moose.

Ten thousand tools, ranging in size from tiny flake scrapers to huge sharp-edged cleavers, have been unearthed to date.

Most unusual have been huge pointed implements resembling hand axes but too heavy to be wielded by

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any known men. The anthropologists suggest they may have been dropped from trees to kill animals driven under them.

We make an alternate suggestion — perhaps the species of man who made them *was* able to wield them as hand axes!



## RICHES IN THE GROUND

**A**MONG THE AREAS where increasingly rich archeological finds can be expected the most obvious is the Arabian Peninsula.

Rich cultures, perhaps rivalling Babylon and perhaps even preceding it seem certain to lie beneath the burning sands.

For example, Dr. Wendell Phillips, on an expedition sponsored by the American Foundation for the Study of Man, recently explored sections of Oman, in southeastern Arabia, in areas not previously well known.

He found a forgotten Jewish cemetery confirming the existence at one time of a thriving Jewish community on the Gulf of Oman.

Fifteen miles inland from Sohar, Dr. Phillips investigated the ruins of a city once thought to have been Arabic. His investigations revealed that it was built by a people of unknown origin and history.

Most exciting, perhaps, was the visit to the ruins of a city in the Oman mountains which once contained an elaborate drainage system with dams, sluices and plastered baths.

On Bahrein Island, not too far away in the Persian Gulf, a Danish expedition has discovered links

pretty well establishing a connection between the ancient Sumerians and the mysterious dead cultures of the Indus Valley.

A French expedition digging in the Negev desert, has unearthed a cemetery more than 5,000 years old which belonged to a non-semitic people. Their sarcophaguses were each in the form of a house.

An amazing discovery is that they knew how to use copper before the Egyptians.



### THE PRE-INCAS

**T**HE INCAS WERE wonderful organizers, planners, conquerors. But it is a remarkable fact that a number of the civilizations that preceded them on the west coast of South America were richer and more impressive.

We hear about the Incas and not about their predecessors because the Incas, like the Spaniards after them, set about systematically to destroy even a memory of the people who were there before them. And in the absence of writing they propagandized the fact that all the ruins of the older races they themselves had created.

For a future FATE issue we are planning to publish some of the remarkable facts about the people who were there before the Incas. In the meantime, new discoveries are being made constantly.

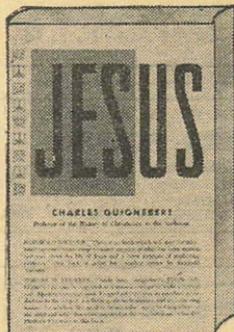
One of the important pre-Inca cultures were people we call the Chimus. The adobe ruins of their capital of Chan Chan cover an area of 11 square miles. For centuries Chan Chan was regarded as the

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most impressive of the civilizations swept away by the Incas.

Recently an explorer by the name of Gene Savoy uncovered a great series of ruins on the Rio Santa northeast of the port of Chimbote in Peru. Word from Lima reports that the Rio Santa ruins far surpass in extent and complexity the Chan Chan ruins.

They include vast stretches of walls, adobe and stone fortresses, citadels, observation posts, temples, pyramids, irrigation systems, art work on stone, cemeteries and tombs.

One huge adobe fortress perched on the crest of a hill is surrounded by several stone observation-strongholds. From these points the ancient Peruvians were able to see the Pacific ocean to the west and the vast stretches of desert to the north and south.

About 150 terraced levels approach the fortress. The terraces are supported by five-foot walls.

The fortress is part of the ancient Great Wall of Peru which has now been traced by Savoy for a distance of many miles.



### A BLOW AT HEYERDAHL

THE MAIN PURPOSE of Thor Heyerdahl in leading the Kon-Tiki expedition across the Pacific from South America was to lend support to his theory that Polynesia was settled from the east, not from Asia.

Heyerdahl believes that the Polynesians sailed or drifted west in rafts from either Peru or Chile.

A serious blow has now been

dealt to this theory by British and New Zealand scientists who tested the blood of 92 Polynesians as near "pure" as could be found.

Dr. Hermann Lehmann, chemical pathologist of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London; Dr. Alexander North, New Zealand ethnologist, and Dr. Jock M. Staveley, New Zealand hemotologist, were the men who did the work.

They sought to learn whether the blood of the Polynesians they tested contained any of the almost unique blood group factors found among South American Indians. They found it did not contain any.



### BRITAIN'S NEW STONEHENGE

EVERY SCHOOLBOY has seen pictures of the massive group of monoliths on Salisbury Plain called Stonehenge. But these are modern times and now even old Stonehenge is getting a face-lifting.

A trilithon, formed of two huge stone uprights and a carefully fitted lintel, and three other stones are being re-erected by a Ministry of Works crew at a cost of around \$25,000.

Many British, conservative to the core, have sharply criticized the government for mucking about with this historic rock pile. Some people have said it would be better to spend the money on cottages for old folks, while others feel that restoration is ruining a ruin—and they prefer the ruin.

The origins of Stonehenge are still fiercely debated but however it was built, even the conservatives have to agree that Stonehenge has

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not always been as ruined as it was before restoration began. In fact some of the stones being re-erected fell within the past 200 years.



### SPIRITUALISM IN BRAZIL

**A**LTHOUGH SPIRITUALIST churches and Spiritual healing are officially illegal in Brazil, *Psychic News* declares that there are actually 1½ million Spiritualists in that country. There are 116 different radio programs every week, 2,590 Spiritualist civil societies, 357 schools and 79 journals, *Psychic News* declares.

It is also claimed that 24 major hospitals are owned and run by Spiritualists, and 91 orphanages and homes.

At the same time, eight Czech Spiritualists have been jailed by Communist authorities in Czechoslovakia. Whether Spiritualist seances are illegal in Czechoslovakia is not clear since the problem is complicated by the prisoners' claim to have contacted the spirits of Thomas Masaryk, founder and first president of Czechoslovakia and Edward Benes, Masaryk's successor, who are anathema to the communists.

Question is, what would have happened if they had contacted Lenin?



### IN OUR LIFETIME?

**"M**ANY PEOPLE now living will have grandchildren born on planets other than the Earth and will visit them via rocket ship.

"During the next generation man will people Mars, Venus and a host of artificial planets he will con-

struct in the reaches of space.

"Meanwhile, he will build a globe-girdling communications chain which will permit TV watchers to see whatever is happening anywhere on earth."

These are the words of Dr. Arthur C. Clarke, a British science writer, who predicts that man will make his first landing on the Moon by 1980 and will travel to Mars and Venus by 1990.

Our way to Mars will be made easier because of that planet's two tiny moons, according to Prof. Jan Schilt, Columbia University astronomer. In fact, it may be easier to land on the moons of Mars than on our own moon, Dr. Schilt suggested, because in landing on our moon we will have to employ a braking counter-thrust of large proportions, whereas the gravity of the small Martian moons is so small that a rocket ship will need no such huge power expenditures for either landing or take-off. However, landing on Mars itself will be much more difficult.



### PREMONITION

**O**NE EVENING last February, Eugene Bovee, 23, of Clio, Mich., found himself worrying about the well-being of his uncle, Eugene LaBounty, 73, of Flint.

The next day Bovee telephoned a neighbor of his uncle's but was assured that things were okay. But Bovee was still worried. So an hour later he decided to drive into Flint to see for himself. He found smoke pouring from the house. He broke down the front door but couldn't

enter because of dense smoke. He burned himself slightly. Two Flint patrolmen were overcome by the smoke in attempting to rescue the aged man.

Too late, the uncle's body was found near a bathroom door.



**WHEN** an Air Force B-26 crashed after take-off from Salt Lake Airport late in January, a King James Bible was found open to the following underscored verse of Chapter 4 of the First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians:

*"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."*



#### QUOTE OF THE MONTH

**T**HE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, in an article published in January, 1906, entitled "The Wright Aeroplane and Its Fabled Performance," said:

*"If such sensational and tremendously important experiments are being conducted in a not very remote part of the country, on a subject in which almost everybody feels the most profound interest, is it possible to believe that the enterprising American reporter, who, it is well known, comes down the chimney when the door is locked in his face—even if he has to scale a 15-story skyscraper to do so—would not have ascertained all about them and published them broadcast long ago?"*

—Curtis Fuller

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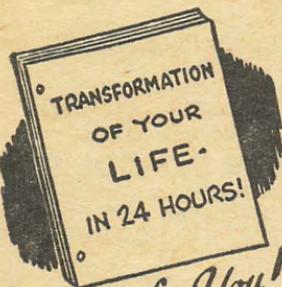
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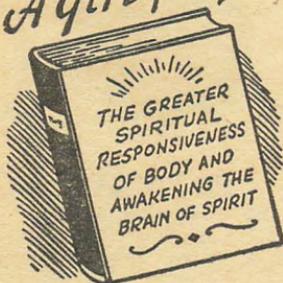
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### OF THE OCEAN DEEPS

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**B**ETWEEN THE sunlit surface waters of the open sea and the hidden hills and valleys of the ocean floor lies the least known region of the sea. These deep, dark waters, with all their mysteries and their unsolved problems, cover a very considerable part of the earth. The whole world ocean extends over about three-fourths of the surface of the globe. If we subtract the shallow areas of the continental shelves and the scattered banks and shoals, where at least the pale

ghost of sunlight moves over the underlying bottom, there still remains about half the earth that is covered by miles-deep, lightless water, that has been dark since the world began.

This region has withheld its secrets more obstinately than any other. Man, with all his ingenuity, has been able to venture only to its threshold. Carrying tanks of compressed air, he can swim down to depths of about 300 feet. He can descend about 500 feet wearing a

diving helmet and a rubberized suit. Only a few men in all the history of the world have had the experience of descending, alive, beyond the range of visible light. The first to do so were William Beebe and Otis Barton; in the bathysphere, they reached a depth of 3028 feet in the open ocean off Bermuda, in the year 1934. Barton alone, in the summer of 1949, descended to a depth of 4500 feet off California, in a steel sphere of somewhat different design; and in 1953 French divers penetrated depths greater than a mile, existing for several hours in a zone of cold and darkness where the presence of living man had never before been known.

Although only a fortunate few can ever visit the deep sea, the precise instruments of the oceanographer, recording light penetration, pressure, salinity, and temperature, have given us the materials with which to reconstruct in imagination these eerie, forbidding regions. Unlike the surface waters, which are sensitive to every gust of wind, which know day and night, respond to the pull of sun and moon, and change as the seasons change, the deep waters are a place where change comes slowly, if at all. Down beyond the reach of the sun's rays, there is no alternation of light and darkness. There is rather an endless night, as old as the sea it-

self. For most of its creatures, groping their way endlessly through its black waters, it must be a place of hunger, where food is scarce and hard to find, a shelterless place where there is no sanctuary from ever-present enemies, where one can only move on and on, from birth to death, through the darkness, confined as in a prison to his own particular layer of the sea.

They used to say that nothing could live in the deep sea. It was a belief that must have been easy to accept, for without proof to the contrary, how could anyone conceive of life in such a place?

A century ago the British biologist Edward Forbes wrote: "As we descend deeper and deeper into this region, the inhabitants become more and more modified, and fewer and fewer, indicating our approach to an abyss where life is either extinguished, or exhibits but a few sparks to mark its lingering presence." Yet Forbes urged further exploration of "this vast deep-sea region" to settle forever the question of the existence of life at great depths.

Even then, the evidence was accumulating. Sir John Ross, during his exploration of the arctic seas in 1818, had brought up from a depth of 1000 fathoms mud in which there were worms, "thus proving there was animal life in the bed of the ocean notwithstand-

ing the darkness, stillness, silence, and immense pressure produced by more than a mile of superincumbent water."

Then from the surveying ship *Bulldog*, examining a proposed northern route for a cable from Faroe to Labrador in 1860, came another report. The *Bulldog's* sounding line, which at one place had been allowed to lie for some time on the bottom at a depth of 1260 fathoms, came up with 13 starfish clinging to it. Through these starfish, the ship's naturalist wrote, "the deep has sent forth the long coveted message." But not all the zoologists of the day were prepared to accept the message. Some doubters asserted that the starfish had "convulsively embraced" the line somewhere on the way back to the surface.

In the same year, 1860, a cable in the Mediterranean was raised for repairs from a depth of 1200 fathoms. It was found to be heavily encrusted with corals and other sessile animals that had attached themselves at an early stage of development and grown to maturity over a period of months or years. There was not the slightest chance that they had become entangled in the cable as it was being raised to the surface.

Then the *Challenger*, the first ship ever equipped for oceanographic exploration, set out from

England in the year 1872 and traced a course around the globe. From bottoms lying under miles of water, from silent deeps carpeted with red clay ooze, and from all the lightless intermediate depths, net-haul after net-haul of strange and fantastic creatures came up and were spilled out on the decks. Poring over the weird beings thus brought up for the first time into the light of day, beings no man had ever seen before, the *Challenger* scientists realized that life existed even on the deepest floor of the abyss.

The recent discovery that a living cloud of some unknown creatures is spread over much of the ocean at a depth of several hundred fathoms below the surface is the most exciting thing that has been learned about the ocean for many years.

When, during the first quarter of the 20th century, echo sounding was developed to allow ships while under way to record the depth of the bottom, probably no one suspected that it would also provide a means of learning something about deep-sea life. But operators of the new instruments soon discovered that the sound waves, directed downward from the ship like a beam of light, were reflected back from any solid object they met. Answering echoes were returned from intermediate depths, presum-

ably from schools of fish, whales, or submarines; then a second echo was received from the bottom.

These facts were so well established by the late 1930's that fishermen had begun to talk about using their fathometers to search for schools of herring. Then the war brought the whole subject under strict security regulations, and little more was heard about it. In 1946, however, the United States Navy issued a significant bulletin. It was reported that several scientists, working with sonic equipment in deep water off the California coast, had discovered a widespread "layer" of some sort, which gave back an answering echo to the sound waves. This reflecting layer, seemingly suspended between the surface and the floor of the Pacific, was found over an area 300 miles wide. It lay from 1000 to 1500 feet below the surface. The discovery was made by three scientists, C. F. Eyring, R. J. Christensen, and R. W. Raitt, aboard the U.S.S. *Jasper* in 1942, and for a time this mysterious phenomenon, of wholly unknown nature, was called the ECR layer. Then in 1954 Martin W. Johnson, marine biologist of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, made a further discovery which gave the first clue to the nature of the layer. Working aboard the vessel, *E. W. Scripps*, Johnson found that whatever sent

back the echoes moved upward and downward in rhythmic fashion, being found near the surface at night, in deep water during the day. This discovery disposed of speculations that the reflections came from something inanimate, perhaps a mere physical discontinuity in the water, and showed that the layer is composed of living creatures capable of controlled movement.

From this time on, discoveries about the sea's "phantom bottom" came rapidly. With widespread use of echo-sounding instruments, it has become clear that the phenomenon is not something peculiar to the coast of California alone. It occurs almost universally in deep ocean basins—drifting by day at a depth of several hundred fathoms, at night rising to the surface, and again, before sunrise, sinking into the depths.

On the passage of the U.S.S. *Henderson* from San Diego to the Antarctic in 1947, the reflecting layer was detected during the greater part of each day, at depths varying from 150 to 450 fathoms, and on a later run from San Diego to Yokosuka, Japan, the *Henderson's* fathometer again recorded the layer every day, suggesting that it exists almost continuously across the Pacific.

During July and August 1947, the U.S.S. *Nereus* made a continuous fathogram from Pearl Harbor

to the Arctic and found the scattering layer over all deep waters along this course. It did not develop, however, in the shallow Bering and Chuckchee seas. Sometimes in the morning, the *Nereus*' fathogram showed two layers, responding in different ways to the growing illumination of the water; both descended into deep water, but there was an interval of 20 miles between the two descents.

Despite attempts to sample it or photograph it, no one is sure what the layer is, although the discovery may be made any day. There are three principal theories, each of which has its group of supporters. According to these theories, the sea's phantom bottom may consist of small planktonic shrimps, of fishes, or of squids.

As for the plankton theory, one of the most convincing arguments is the well-known fact that many plankton creatures make regular vertical migrations of hundreds of feet, rising toward the surface at night, sinking down below the zone of light penetration very early in the morning. This is, of course, exactly the behavior of the scattering layer. Whatever composes it is apparently strongly repelled by sunlight. The creatures of the layer seem almost to be held prisoner at the end—or beyond the end—of the sun's rays throughout the hours of daylight, waiting only for the

welcome return of darkness to hurry upward into the surface waters. But what is the power that repels; and what the attraction that draws them surfaceward once the inhibiting force is removed? Is it comparative safety from enemies that makes them seek darkness? Is it more abundant food near the surface that lures them back under cover of night?

Those who say that fish are the reflectors of the sound waves usually account for the vertical migrations of the layer as suggesting that the fish are feeding on planktonic shrimp and are following their food. They believe that the air bladder of a fish is, of all structures concerned, most likely from its construction to return a strong echo. There is one outstanding difficulty in the way of accepting this theory: we have no other evidence that concentrations of fish are universally present in the oceans. In fact, almost everything else we know suggests that the really dense populations of fish live over the continental shelves or in certain very definite determined zones of the open ocean where food is particularly abundant. If the reflecting layer is eventually proved to be composed of fish, the prevailing views of fish distribution will have to be radically revised.

The most startling theory (and the one that seems to have the few-

est supporters) is that the layer consists of concentrations of squid, "hovering below the illuminated zone of the sea and awaiting the arrival of darkness in which to resume their raids into the plankton-rich surface waters." Proponents of this theory argue that squid are abundant enough, and of wide enough distribution, to give the echoes that have been picked up almost everywhere from the equator to the two poles. Squid are known to be the sole food of the sperm whale, found in the open oceans in all temperate and tropical waters. They also form the exclusive diet of the bottlenosed whale and are eaten extensively by most other toothed whales, by seals, and by many sea birds. All these facts argue that they must be prodigiously abundant.

It is true that men who have worked close to the sea surface at night have received vivid impressions of the abundance and activity of squids in the surface waters in darkness. Long ago Johan Hjort wrote:

"One night we were hauling long lines on the Faroe slope, working with an electric lamp hanging over the side in order to see the line, when like lightning flashes one squid after another shot towards the light. . . . In October 1902 we were one night steaming outside the slopes of the coast banks of Norway, and

for many miles we could see the squids moving in the surface waters like luminous bubbles, resembling large milky white electric lamps being constantly lit and extinguished."\*

Thor Heyerdahl reports that at night his raft was literally bombarded by squids; and Richard Fleming says that in his oceanographic work off the coast of Panama it was common to see immense schools of squid gathering at the surface at night and leaping upward toward the lights that were used by the men to operate their instruments. But equally spectacular surface displays of shrimp have been seen, and most people find it difficult to believe in the ocean-wide abundance of squid.

Deep-water photography holds much promise for the solution of the mystery of the phantom bottom. There are technical difficulties, such as the problem of holding a camera still as it swings at the end of a long cable, twisting and turning, suspended from a ship which itself moves with the sea. Some of the pictures so taken look as though the photographer has pointed his camera at a starry sky and swung it in an arc as he exposed the film. Yet the Norwegian biologist Gunnar Rollefson had an encouraging experience in correlat-

\* From *The Depths of the Ocean*, by Sir John Murray and Johan Hjort, 1912 edition, MacMillan & Co., P. 649.

ing photography with echograms. On the research ship *Johan Hjort* off the Lofoten Islands, he persistently got reflection of sound from schools of fish in 20 to 30 fathoms. A specially constructed camera was lowered to the depth indicated by the echogram. When developed, the film showed moving shapes of fish at a distance, and a large and clearly recognizable cod appeared in the beam of light and hovered in front of the lens.

Direct sampling of the layer is the logical means of discovering its identity, but the problem is to develop large nets that can be operated rapidly enough to capture swift-moving animals. Scientists at Woods Hole, Mass., have towed ordinary plankton nets in the layer and have found that euphausiid shrimps, glassworms, and other deep-water plankton are concentrated there; but there is still a possibility that the layer itself may actually be made up of larger forms feeding on the shrimps—too large or swift to be taken in the presently used nets. New nets may give the answer. Television is another possibility.

Shadowy and indefinite though they be, these recent indications of an abundant life at mid-depths agree with the reports of the only observers who have actually visited comparable depths and brought back eyewitness accounts of what

they saw. William Beebe's impressions from the bathysphere were of a life far more abundant and varied than he had been prepared to find, although, over a period of six years, he had made many hundreds of net hauls in the same area. More than a quarter of a mile down, he reported aggregations of living things "as thick as I have ever seen them." At half a mile—the deepest descent of the bathysphere—Dr. Beebe recalled that "there was no instant when a mist of plankton . . . was not swirling in the path of the beam."

The existence of an abundant deep-sea fauna was discovered, probably millions of years ago, by certain whales and also, it now appears, by seals. The ancestors of all whales, we know by fossil remains, were land mammals. They must have been predatory beasts, if we are to judge by their powerful jaws and teeth. Perhaps in their foragings about the deltas of great rivers or around the edges of shallow seas, they discovered the abundance of fish and other marine life and over the centuries formed the habit of following them farther and farther into the sea. Little by little their bodies took on a form more suitable for aquatic life; their hind limbs were reduced to rudiments, which may be discovered in a modern whale by dissection, and the forelimbs were modified into

organs for steering and balancing.

Eventually the whales, as though to divide the sea's food resources among them, became separated into three groups: the plankton-eaters, the fish-eaters, and the squid-eaters. The plankton-eating whales can exist only where there are dense masses of small shrimp or copepods to supply their enormous food requirements. This limits them, except for scattered areas, to arctic and antarctic waters and the high temperate latitudes. Fish-eating whales may find food over a somewhat wider range of ocean, but they are restricted to places where there are enormous populations of schooling fish. The blue water of the tropics and of the open ocean basins offers little to either of these groups. But that immense, square-headed, formidably toothed whale known as the cachalot or sperm whale discovered long ago what men have known for only a short time—that hundreds of fathoms below the almost untenanted surface waters of these regions there is an abundant animal life. The sperm whale has taken these deep waters for his hunting grounds; his quarry is the deep-water population of squids including the giant squid *Architeuthis*, which lives pelagically at depths of 1500 feet or more. The head of the sperm whale is often marked with long stripes, which consist of a great

number of circular scars made by the suckers of the squid. From this evidence we can imagine the battles that go on, in the darkness of the deep water, between these two huge creatures—the sperm whale with its 70-ton bulk, the squid with a body as long as 30 feet, and writhing, grasping arms extending the total length of the animal to perhaps 50 feet.

The greatest depth at which the giant squid lives is not definitely known, but there is one instructive piece of evidence about the depth of which sperm whales descend, presumably in search of the squids. In April 1932, the cable repair ship *All America* was investigating an apparent break in the submarine cable between Balboa in the Canal Zone and Esmeraldas, Ecuador. The cable was brought to the surface off the coast of Colombia. Entangled in it was a dead 45-foot male sperm whale. The submarine cable was twisted around the lower jaw and was wrapped around one flipper, the body, and the caudal flukes. The cable was raised from a depth of 540 fathoms, or 3240 feet.

Some of the seals also appear to have discovered the hidden food reserves of the deep ocean. It has long been something of a mystery where, and on what, the northern fur seals of the eastern Pacific feed during the winter, which they spend

off the coast of North America from California to Alaska. There is no evidence that they are feeding to any great extent on sardines, mackerel, or other commercially important fishes. Presumably four million seals could not compete with commercial fishermen for the same species without the fact being known. But there is some evidence on the diet of the fur seals, and it is highly significant. Their stomachs have yielded the bones of a species of fish that has never been seen alive. Indeed, not even its remains have been found anywhere except in the stomachs of seals. Ichthyologists say that this "seal fish" belongs to a group that typically inhabits very deep water, off the edge of the continental shelf.

How either whales or seals endure the tremendous pressure changes involved in dives of several hundred fathoms is not definitely known. They are warm-blooded mammals like ourselves. Caisson disease, which is caused by the rapid accumulation of nitrogen bubbles in the blood with sudden release of pressure, kills human divers if they are brought up rapidly from depths of 200 feet or so. Yet, according to the testimony of whalers, a baleen whale, when harpooned, can dive straight down to a depth of half a mile, as measured by the amount of line carried out. From these depths, where it has

sustained a pressure of half a ton on every inch of body, it returns almost immediately to the surface. The most plausible explanation is that, unlike the diver, who has air pumped to him while he is under water the whale has in its body only the limited supply it carries down, and does not have enough nitrogen in its blood to do serious harm. The plain truth is, however, that we really do not know, since it is obviously impossible to confine a living whale and experiment on it, and almost as difficult to dissect a dead one satisfactorily.

At first thought it seems a paradox that creatures of such great fragility as the glass sponge and the jellyfish can live under the conditions of immense pressure that prevail in deep water. For creatures at home in the deep sea, however, the saving fact is that the pressure inside their tissues is the same as that without, and as long as this balance is preserved, they are no more inconvenienced by a pressure of a ton or so than we are by ordinary atmospheric pressure. And most abyssal creatures, it must be remembered, live out their whole lives in a comparatively restricted zone, and are never required to adjust themselves to extreme changes of pressure.

But of course there are exceptions, and the real miracle of sea

life in relation to great pressure is not the animal that lives its whole life on the bottom, bearing a pressure of perhaps five or six tons, but those that regularly move up and down through hundreds or thousands of feet of vertical change. The small shrimps and other planktonic creatures that descend into deep water during the day are examples. Fish that possess air bladders, on the other hand, are vitally affected by abrupt changes of pressure, as anyone knows who has seen a trawler's net raised from a hundred fathoms. Apart from the accident of being captured in a net and hauled up through waters of rapidly diminishing pressures, fish may sometimes wander out of the zone to which they are adjusted and find themselves unable

to return. Perhaps in their pursuit of food they roam upward to the ceiling of the zone that is theirs, and beyond whose invisible boundary they may not stray without meeting alien and inhospitable conditions. Moving from layer to layer of drifting plankton as they feed, they may pass beyond the boundary. In the lessened pressure of these upper waters the gas enclosed within the air bladder expands. The fish becomes lighter and more buoyant. Perhaps he tries to fight his way down again, opposing the upward lift with all the power of his muscles. If he does not succeed, he "falls" to the surface, injured and dying, for the abrupt release of pressure from without causes distension and rupture of the tissues.



### THE BANDAGED BRIDAL PARTY

**A**N AMAZING series of mishaps struck the bridal party at the recent wedding of Suzanne Archibald and Edward Stanton in Rochester, N.Y. The bride suffered a broken toe in an automobile crash. Injured in the same accident were the maid of honor, Mary Ehrstein, and Elizabeth Reger, who was to have poured at the reception. Miss Ehrstein suffered a black

eye and a sprained ankle, Miss Reger a broken neck.

Martha Lewis, a bridesmaid, fell while ice skating and broke an arm. Sally Scheuer, another bridesmaid, also fell while skating and suffered a dislocated shoulder.

The bridegroom was knocked unconscious in an automobile crash but recovered in time for the wedding.

# THE FORGOTTEN SEER

Amazing prophecies were made by this simple country boy—and the most amazing concerned his own future.

*By E. Lewis Russell*

ALTHOUGH MOTHER Shipton is generally regarded as England's major purveyor of prophecies there was another who was as accurate in his definite knowledge of the future. Yet his prophecies are seldom mentioned.

Robert Nixon was his name. His parents were farmers at Bridge House Farm, in 1467, in Cheshire near the residence of the famous old Cholmondeley family, in whose home Nixon made many of his prophecies.

At first most of his prophecies were concerned only with local families and proved amazingly accurate. However, it is possible that this country boy, grown to a half-witted manhood, may have changed the course of English history.

Nixon had predicted the violent death of the Duke of Buckingham, the betrayal of Charles I to the English by the Scots, the Great Fire in London, the plague, and the peace to be brought to the



English throne by the four Georges of the House of Hanover.

Then during the famous battle of Bosworth Field between Henry, the Earl of Richmond, and Richard III, Nixon was turning the soil in far-off Cheshire. Suddenly he stopped his horses and began to cavort about the field, gesturing and shouting commands. Pointing his whip he cried, "There—Richard!" Then pointing in another di-

rection he shouted, "Now—Henry—now!" At last he screamed, "Get over the ditch Henry and the battle is won." Then he returned to his plowing.

Soon after this messengers of King Henry VII arrived at the village with the announcement that he, Henry, Earl of Richmond, had ascended to the throne. From that time on the reputation of Nixon as a national prophet was made.

Nixon's antics on the afternoon of the Bosworth Field battle had been observed by many of the townsmen and the tale of his strange behavior was carried back to Henry VII by the messengers who had brought the proclamation.

By this time Nixon was living in the small town of Over and one afternoon he ran furiously about the village declaring that the king was sending for him and that he would be "clemmed to death in the palace." The villagers laughed and made sport of him, for although he was a prophet at times, no one believed that the king would send for a half-witted plowman. Their hoots of derision died away only when the messenger of the king arrived.

Just before the messenger arrived Nixon, who was at work in the farm house kitchen suddenly stopped and said, "The king's messenger is now at hand, I shall not return." Nixon insisted that he would die

in the palace because of starvation but, nevertheless, he returned with the messenger to the Royal Court.

Upon his arrival King Henry put him to a test by hiding a valuable ring. He then informed Nixon that his ring was lost and asked him to locate it. Nixon looked at the king steadily and then quoted an old proverb, "He who hideth can find." The king was so impressed that he ordered that any prophecy Nixon uttered was to be recorded.

A hunting trip had been planned by King Henry and when Nixon learned of it he begged the king not to leave or at least to allow him to go home. These requests the king brushed aside. He appointed a deputy to take sole charge of Nixon during the king's absence. This order was obeyed to the letter and when some of the servants tormented Nixon, the deputy locked him in one of the palace rooms, forbade any to go near the room and personally carried Nixon's food and drink to him. Then the deputy was called away on the king's business and failed to appoint a successor or to leave the key to the room where Nixon was confined. Upon the king's return he found Nixon dead from lack of food. Nixon's prophecy had come true. He had died of starvation in the palace.

In 1670 Lady Cowper investigated the story of Robert Nixon. Later it was reverified by Sir Thom-

as Aston and also by Doctor Patrick, the Bishop of Ely. No further investigation was made until 1845 when a manuscript of some of the prophecies came to light through a descendant of the Nixon family. Some of Nixon's prophecies have yet to be fulfilled; among them are the following:

"Foreign nations shall invade England with snow on their helms.

"London streets shall run with blood and at last shall sink.

"The Bear that hath been long

tied to a stake shall shake off his chains and cause much debate."

There is another prophecy made by Nixon which we can all hope will never be fulfilled. It follows:

"When summer in winter shall  
come,

And peace is made in every  
man's home,

Then shall be danger of war,  
For though with peace at night  
the nations ring,

Men shall rise to war in the  
morning."



### WARNED BY AN ANGEL

SOME SEVEN MILES from Staunton, Va., stands a gravestone memorializing a strange vision experienced by a farmer named Samuel Frame in 1870. The stone was erected by Samuel Frame's granddaughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Carson, who had been greatly impressed by the incident recorded.

The inscription on the stone reads:

Samuel Frame  
Buried on This Farm  
Warned by an Angel  
In a Dream September 22,  
1870

To remove his Wheat  
From Palmer Mill, Now  
Spring Hill, Which He Did.  
The Following Day

A Flood Destroyed the Mill.  
Erected by his Granddaughter  
Elizabeth Carson.

The story, in more detail, is that Samuel Frame, along with his neighbors, had brought his bags of wheat to the local mill. The next morning he said he had had a dream in which an angel had warned him to move the grain as a flood would destroy the mill. Frame told his neighbors of the warning but was greeted with derision. Nevertheless, he laboriously moved all his grain to higher ground.

That night there was a deluge of rain. The mill was swept away and with it all the grain that had been left there by Frame's neighbors.



my eyelids and gravely examined my fingernails which were darkening. He stayed on for a short time, his face clearly mirroring his wish to do something to help.

A friend, Wilma Thomas, stopped to see us minutes after the doctor had given his verdict. When my husband sadly told her I had only a short time to live, she telephoned a prayer group. Four of this group came soon after. They prayed for me. One of them made this prayer request aloud, "If it be the will of God, heal this woman." Then they were silent, standing with eyes closed beside my bed.

It seemed all sound ceased; even the sound of the hemorrhage, which moments before was like liquid gurgling from a jug, stopped. I felt a sharp electric charge pass through my body. It was a strong charge. My eyes flew open. The four strangers still had their eyes closed, otherwise they would have seen my body quiver convulsively from the strange charge.

Then I forgot everything except that the hemorrhage had stopped. I hardly noticed when the group left the room. It was as if I were suspended in stillness.

My second instant healing came four years later. This too was a hemorrhage though not as copious as the first. There was another difference too; it was fear that I would die a slow lingering death as

my body gradually lost all its blood. This hemorrhage had continued for three weeks, the doctor had treated me without avail, when my husband tried to telephone Wilma Thomas who had called her prayer group for me the other time. Finally, her phone was answered by a man neither of us knew. He said his name was John Stanton and asked if he could be of any help.

My husband told him what the trouble was and he said he would pray for me.

That same day the hemorrhage stopped. This occurred in the same way as the first time. There was the stillness, followed by the electric charge that tingled all through my body. Then the bleeding stopped.

After this I lived with a feeling of reverent thankfulness, and knew a return of strength and vitality that was itself miraculous. From time to time, however, when I looked into a mirror I was reminded that I had lost a lot of blood. Before these two hemorrhages I had a lot of color in my cheeks and lips and they were now pale and stayed so for several years. In fact, their naturally vivid color never has returned.

The other two instant healings were different, as the illnesses were different. I had chills and fever which grew steadily worse at the time we lived on the Mississippi

River, a few miles south of Memphis, Tenn. I had had malaria as a child and of course the area in which we were living near a quicksand stretch of river beach and the swamp land surrounding a wide, rushing creek, wasn't the wisest choice for me. Chills racked my body morning and afternoon and were followed by soaring temperatures. I lost weight alarmingly until my bones appeared almost fleshless, covered only by a saffron colored skin. My eyes seemed to get larger and larger in my thin face. Two doctors tried earnestly and unsuccessfully to find a remedy to stop the chills.

One day, a particularly hard chill made the bed on which I lay shake so that it moved several feet across the floor. This chill was followed by a fever that was the worst I had experienced. During it I lost consciousness.

After a blank period in which I lay in soft blackness, I heard the click of train wheels beneath me. In a flash I saw crates and boxes and I knew the place was a baggage car. I looked down through a plain wooden box into a coffin. There I recognized the body resting in the narrow white silk, tufted interior of the coffin. It was mine. It came to me that my body was being shipped to a small town east of Birmingham, Ala., to my parents' home, for burial in the family plot. I felt very sad for I knew

my family would grieve for me.

Then a voice said to me, "You can take up your body again."

"But," I replied, "What of the chills?"

The voice answered simply, "You will meet a woman wearing a sunbonnet." Immediately I saw a woman wearing a sunbonnet which hid her face, a print calico dress and a checked apron which covered her skirt down to her feet which were encased in soft, black, leather shoes. Then, coffin, box, baggage car, and woman disappeared.

I opened my eyes and saw my husband and the grave faced doctor beside my bed. I asked my husband to give me a glass of water. This he did. I felt a strong urge not to tell them about my strange vision. The doctor left soon saying he would look in on me again next day.

A short time later I felt I should walk along the creek path. I knew my husband would insist it was the worst thing I could possibly do. Yet the urge to walk there was all I could think of. I began to wonder how I could get away from the house unobserved.

I told myself that the reason for walking along the creek was to pick the tomatoes growing there. They grew from seed washed down from some point farther back. I could think of no other reason for my compelling notion. The toma-

toes were fine large ones, nourished by the damp black ground. I had seen them months before when they were only green spheres and I was sure they would be ripe.

Then my husband said, "I will go to the drugstore and get the prescription Doc said he would leave there for you. He thinks maybe a different medicine may stop those chills." He sighed when he said this.

I told him to go ahead and added, "I won't have another chill today." He kissed me and left.

Immediately I went out the back door and along the creek path. I had walked a short distance and seen the first tomato plant with its beautiful red fruit a short distance ahead, when I felt a chill begin along my spine. Then an old woman stood before me. We faced each other on the narrow path hemmed in on one side by a dense thicket and on the other by the wide creek rushing into the Mississippi River only a few hundred yards away.

"You are the Missy who has been having chills," the old woman said with a smile.

I nodded, unable to speak. For she wore a sunbonnet and a checked apron which covered the skirt of her calico dress down to the tips of her two feet, encased in soft, black, leather shoes. She was exactly the figure I had seen in my fever-induced vision.

She continued, "Take and open this and swallow 99 grains. Throw the 100th grain over your left shoulder. Now mind! Don't look to see where it falls. If you do as I say, you won't have any more chills."

With this she offered me a long, dried pod of dark red pepper. I took it, opened the pod and obediently counted 100 "grains" or seeds into my hand. I closed my eyes and swallowed 99 of them. Then I threw the last seed over my left shoulder. I closed my eyes expecting the pepper seed to burn my throat, for with the onset of the chills even common table salt in cooked food burned my throat and stomach. Yet this pepper seed did not burn.

When I opened my eyes I was alone on the path. The noisy creek made the only sound. Without stopping to pick tomatoes I searched the damp path ahead for the old woman. I wanted to thank her for her odd gift. But she was gone and I turned back to the house.

I have no notion where the old woman went. Yet I am just as sure now as I was then that she was not an apparition. She stood quite close to me on the path and I saw the fine network of wrinkles that covered her small face, the rosy blue veins on her hand as I took the pod of red pepper she offered me.

I never had another chill after I took the old woman's red pepper seeds. In some strange way the pepper seed worked, for I did not take anything else. The medicine the doctor prescribed and which my husband picked up at the drug-store that day was left untouched.

My fourth and most recent instant healing came about in an equally strange manner. My husband and I both had Asiatic flu this past August. In general, we each felt about the same at first. Then I was awakened one morning by a severe pain in my left shoulder. Soon my left arm was useless. It was agony even to grasp anything with the fingers of my left hand. The pain in my shoulder was constant. It was very difficult for me to dress and undress myself or to comb my hair. At night, the only way I could stay in bed was to sit only slightly reclined against pillows. Even so, pain was a constant and I slept lightly, restlessly.

Our doctor treated me for Asiatic flu; my fever and other symptoms abated, but the pain in my shoulder was no better. I took diathermy treatments but the pain remained. I grew desperate and telephoned a deeply religious friend and asked her to pray for me. We were living in San Diego, Calif., at this time.

During that night I was awaken-

ed by the sound of my own voice. I was repeating prayers I had never heard before. Before I could question the source of the strange litany, I was transported to a dim chapel lighted only by the glow of flickering candles on an altar. In this light I saw the ruby glow of stained glass windows and looked down on black robed nuns kneeling between pews of dark wood.

Each nun knelt a short distance from the other and each was repeating the prayers I had just recited. Instantly I realized that this was their 4:00 a.m. Office, that they were praying for the sick and for those in physical pain. I felt the intensity of their faith and love like a presence.

I looked into the face of one of the dark robed nuns and became conscious of a tapping on my left shoulder. The tapping seemed to produce small holes in my shoulder bone, like those in a honeycomb. Then there was a pull as if a piece of adhesive were being freed from between the socket bones of my shoulder. Then, again, as in the healings from hemorrhage, I was caught in stillness. Suddenly, I knew all pain was gone. I jumped out of bed in one quick movement, repeating over and over, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" The sudden absence of pain was disconcerting, even though I had been at the point of desperation.

Next day, I telephoned my friend to thank her for praying for me, and to report my strange experience and healing. When I recounted what had happened at 4:30 that morning, she said she had asked the Sisters to pray for me also. One of these nuns, to whom I later related my strange experience, said it was undoubtedly the power of the combined prayers of all the Sisters that had been responsible.

I do not speculate on the reason. I am filled with wonder and gratitude for the experience.

Each time I experienced instant healing, I had a feeling of desperation, a feeling that something had to give. Perhaps it was the idea that death was preferable to a continuation of my suffering, combined with the conviction that with God all things are possible, which brought to me these experiences.

Perhaps the above, together with the faith in God of those who prayed for me, is responsible for my healing. Perhaps similar circumstances account for all miraculous healings, for all miracles through the ages.

I am not a pious person, yet I live with the reality that I was healed "in the twinkling of an eye" four times.

I am aware in all humility that my illnesses were neither blindness, lameness, tb, cancer nor polio. Yet I am convinced that the spirit of life and healing which touched my body is of the same quality that made the blind see and the lame walk in Jesus' day. It is undoubtedly the same factor that enables the cripples to leave their crutches at Lourdes.

After these experiences I discovered that my instant healings have brought changes in my daily life. I can no longer drift along with a comfortable pattern of foreshortened awareness.

I have learned to associate a lot more with this business of healing than the dramatic flourish I encountered those four times of crisis. I have discovered that the brooding stillness, the Presence, is everywhere, in everything, and is vastly dependable. I have found there is no particular need to label it. For me it has many labels—scent, sound, sight, sensation. Faith cure is the name commonly used and comes as near as one can to combining them all.

I go for faith cures by any name one may dream up for the most wonderful boon mankind has ever found.



# I Remember Dying . . . 2,000 Years Ago

The girl seemed to relive an ancient tragedy in the Museum garden. Would excavating reveal why?

*By Bill Wharton*

Helen Parry had an amazing psychic experience on her visit to Alexandria.



THE OPPRESSIVE HEAT of the forenoon in Alexandria, Egypt, had developed into a lethargic humidity as attractive 21-year-old Helen Parry and her escort, 28-year-old Captain Charles L. Hill, walked into the Museum Gardens one day in November, 1901.

"It's like walking on sacred ground," the girl from Bristol, England, remarked. "It makes me feel all queer and cold."

Hill rested his hand lightly on her arm. "Would you not sooner let us go for a drive somewhere?" he

asked. "This place is creepy even in broad daylight."

Helen Parry smiled at her companion. "One cannot visit Alexandria and miss the Museum Gardens," she said. But even as she spoke Hill saw her shiver despite the afternoon heat.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"No—no, I just had a strange feeling as if—," she hesitated, her eyes riveted on an immense marble sarcophagus. "As if—"

"Yes?" the British Army captain asked.

"Oh, it's silly!" the girl exclaim-

ed, but the sarcophagus held her with magnetic attraction.

She moved forward and Hill saw that she appeared to be in a trance as she placed her hand on the edge of the marble coffin. He moved quickly to her side and took her arm but she appeared unaware of his presence. She was breathing heavily and her eyes seemed dazed. She turned and stared vacantly at Hill for a moment.

Afraid that his fiancee might be suffering from sunstroke, Hill took her arm and gently led her away from the site to another part of the gardens. There he took a handkerchief from his pocket, and dabbed perspiration from her forehead.

"Please take me to the hotel," Helen Parry said. "It must be the heat. I feel faint."

Hill saw her safely to the room which she shared with her mother, Lady Parry, and retired to his own to puzzle over the strange event of the afternoon. He did not see Helen Parry at the evening meal and when he knocked on her door later her mother told him that she was sleeping, but very restlessly.

"She seems to have suffered from some kind of shock," Mrs. Margaret Parry told Hill. "Did anything untoward happen this afternoon, Captain?"

Hill told her of their visit to the Museum Gardens.



Photo shows Helen Parry and Charles Hill in the Museum Gardens, Alexandria, Egypt, in November, 1901, a short time before the strange events related here took place.

"I have not told you before and perhaps it is of no interest to you," Mrs. Parry said, "but my daughter is highly psychic. We found this out when she was a little girl. Perhaps it would be as well if you did not take her to the Museum Gardens again."

Hill promised not to and hoped that Helen would have a good night's rest.

Towards eleven o'clock that night he was awakened by loud knocking at his door. When he opened it he found an alarmed Lady Parry standing there in her dressing gown.

"It's Helen," the distraught woman cried. "She is gone. I awoke when the door clicked and Helen was gone."

Swiftly dressing himself, Hill left the hotel as yet undecided in his own mind where to look for the girl. But something told him that she might have returned to the Museum Gardens and there, 20 minutes later, he found Helen kneeling in a suppliant position next to the sarcophagus. Her head was bowed; her hands were clasped together as though she were praying.

"Helen!" he called out loudly as he ran up to her. "Helen!"

She did not appear to hear him but remained in the same fixed posture until he took her under the arms and raised her to her feet. Even when he led her from the gardens she appeared unaware of what was happening.

At the entrance to the hotel he found four police officers ordering men to search for the girl. He told them briefly where he had found her then escorted her to her room where her mother took charge and made the still entranced girl lie on the bed. An Egyptian doctor was called and gave her a sedative.

At dawn when the girl awoke she did not remember leaving the hotel or going to the Museum Gardens. In the presence of Captain Hill she told her mother about a strange dream that she'd had.

"It seemed to be very, very long ago," she said. "I was a girl of 18 or 19 years and in love with a young man, but something happened. Some evil threatened to separate us so that we could not marry.

"There were fires everywhere and screaming people and blood in the streets." As she spoke Helen seemed to become entranced. "My lover clung to my hand and we began to run—we ran and ran, to escape from something that threatened to destroy us.

"At last we reached a place where there was a deep cleft in the land, a kind of canal, and my lover dived into it and pulled me in after him. He spoke to me in a strange language but I understood what he said, that we would be safe there."

The girl had turned and was staring out of the window overlooking the city. She seemed to be quite un-

aware of the people around her, her mother and Captain Hill, the Egyptian doctor, Hussein Mehemet, the hotel manager and a nurse sent in by Mehemet.

"We lay together in the depths of the canal for a long time. It was bitterly cold. My lover had his arms around me. My head was on his shoulder.

"I must have dozed for a long time afterwards I was awakened by screams around me and I felt my lover's arms holding me tightly to him. I heard the voices of many people. Then stones or spears began to strike us. I felt a sharp pain in my right side. I clung to my lover but it began to grow dark around me. I remember no more."

Captain Hill moved forward and gripped the girl's arm. "Helen!" he said sharply. She jerked as though awakened from a deep sleep.

"Do you remember what you were telling us?" he asked.

She looked at him blankly and shook her head. "I was telling you of a dream I had—"

"Do you remember what the dream was?" her mother asked.

"No. No, I don't," she replied.

When Dr. Mehemet left Hill walked out with him. The captain was puzzled. "It did not seem to me like a dream," he told the doctor. "It seemed as if she were reliving some event," he said. "Her mother says she is highly psychic."

Mehemet smiled. "We have had such cases before, of people reliving some incident from the past. Psychic people, walking on a place where some disaster occurred, often relive the events of the past as though they had been there."

"Do you think there could be any truth in Miss Parry's dream?"

Mehemet shrugged. "I do not know, Captain Hill. The history of Alexandria goes back many thousands of years and it is a bloody history. It is possible that the girl's dream actually happened thousands of years ago."

Hill studied the Egyptian doctor's face. "It seems a little far fetched to me."

"My dear Captain Hill, nothing is impossible. Under the Ptolemies Alexandria became the greatest trading center in this part of the world. We had a mixed population of Greeks, Egyptians, Jews, Romans and others, nearly a million people in all. Even when Egypt became a Roman province after Caesar's conquest of 48 B.C. the city remained the greatest seaport in this part of the world.

"During the reign of Caracalla, about 200 years after the birth of Christ, thousands were slaughtered in the city in a ruthless campaign between Christian and pagan. From that time until fairly recently the history of Alexandria has been one of bloodshed and pillage. Is it not

possible that a highly psychic girl like Miss Parry actually may be reliving some incident from that period?"

"How is it possible to find out?" Captain Hill asked.

"It is not possible to trace an individual case unless perhaps it concerned some prominent leader. However, Miss Parry might be made to take us to the spot where she saw this man and woman attacked and apparently killed," Mehemet said.

"It would be amazing—"

"Do not say anything to the young lady, it may break whatever spell she is under," Mehemet warned. "I, too, would like to see whether this is just a nightmare or whether it has some foundation in truth. Take Miss Parry for a walk today—to the Museum Gardens—and to-night we shall watch."

Strangely enough Helen Parry showed no sign of fear or uneasiness as she walked with Hill in the Museum Gardens that afternoon. However, Hill steered her away from the sarcophagus where the trouble had seemed to start on the previous day.

While Helen was at tea Captain Hill told Lady Parry that he and Dr. Mehemet intended to keep watch that night to see if the girl left the hotel. If she did they would follow her. Mehemet arrived soon after 9.00 o'clock to join Hill but the night passed uneventfully. Toward dawn they fell asleep. Helen

Parry slept through the night and awoke at daybreak.

Hill was at breakfast when Mrs. Parry hastened to tell him that Helen Parry was gone from their room. Without finishing his breakfast Hill hurried to Mehemet's home and together the two men went to the Museum Gardens. There they found Helen Parry, staring at a sarcophagus. She was fully awake and when she heard the men behind her, turned with a smile. But when Hill asked her why she had come there she had no answer.

"I don't know," she admitted. "I just had an urge to come here."

They escorted her back to the hotel and later in the day Mehemet sought authority to dig on the spot where the girl had stood. In his request for permission to excavate he said, "I have cause to believe that some object of historical value may be hidden on this spot."

Authority was granted and the next day under the supervision of Hill and Mehemet, men began carefully to excavate the ground over an area of 10 square yards. They had dug down about 12 feet when the ground became softer. Mehemet urged the men to scoop out the earth with their bare hands. At about 15 feet down one of the men gave a screech and dropped a bone which he had scooped up with the earth.

Mehemet jumped into the hole

and began carefully to clear the earth away from other bones which lay there. Ancient spears appeared, along with one or two rocks. After two hours' painstaking labor two skeletons, closely intertwined, lay revealed.

It took Mehemet less than 10 minutes to decide that the one on the left was that of a female, a girl who must have been under 30 years old. The other skeleton was that of a man of about the same age.

Mehemet ordered the skeletons removed, carefully. He then continued his probing in what appeared to have been an ancient canal or trench. He found more spears and rocks.

Without saying anything to Helen Parry about their discoveries, Hill told the secret to her mother and persuaded the older woman to move on to Cairo preparatory to returning to England.

Hill himself had been back in England for nearly two months when he had a letter from Mehemet. It was short and told Hill only what the captain had suspected.

"My research into Alexandria's ancient history," the Egyptian doctor wrote, "has revealed that the

place where we found the skeletons was the site, about 2000 years ago, of a deep canal—"

Captain Hill related this story to the Royal Society For Psychological Research in London on February 10, 1902, a year after it had occurred. He also introduced Miss Parry, whom he married a short time later, and she retold the story, including all the details as she remembered them.

At the time of this strange incident of a memory which spanned 2000 years Hill was a captain in the Scots Guards on leave from Khartum. Helen Parry was the daughter of a biscuit-manufacturing millionaire, John R. Parry, of Birmingham, England. According to a short story on this subject which appeared in 1902 in *Strand Magazine* she was touring "the Mediterranean countries for her health in the company of her mother, Lady Parry" when she had this unusual experience.

Captain Hill gained the M.M. during World War I but no further record of the couple was contained in the files on this event in the British Museum or the Cairo Museum of Egyptology and Ancient History.



## NO. 2 -- How to



*By Desmond Dunne*

The Yogism method of Deep Relaxation can give you greater vitality and a clearer mind. If modern life has you filled with tension, here is how you can "let go."

**W**HEN I GAZE around me at people today I am struck by their lack of energy. They walk as though in a dream . . . talk with a listless air . . . appear half-dazed. They show as much enthusiasm for living as does a man with the gout!

Yet these same people look at me oddly when they hear that I write about Yoga. They seem to think that anyone interested in such a subject must be unbalanced! In their prejudice they do not realize that Western civilization needs some of the psychological benefits of Yogic practice. Of these benefits, inner peace is perhaps our greatest need.

We seek peace of mind and peace of spirit, and these the application

of Yoga is said to bestow. Deep, abiding peace is elusive under modern living conditions. For too many of us the joy of living is gone. There is no purpose to long life . . . because there is no happiness in it.

Yet there is no reason why the average man or woman reaching 70-plus should not retain a robust physical and happy mental fitness for many years. Instead, they die. Few die of old age; not many die of sickness. They die because they are unwanted. They die because they are idle.

But listen to Ernest V. Hayes: "Through *Raja Yoga* I entered into a life of *Ahimsa*—harmlessness, avoidance of all cruelty. I found it worked. At 77 I am without an

# Achieve Deep Relaxation

ache or a pain, through Yoga, and while my face wants lifting, my body seems no weaker than it was at 17. Another fact."

As we grow older it is natural that our artery walls should harden and our minds become slower. But the *pace* of the "decay" can be reduced. Properly oxygenated blood is one way (this can come through breathing . . . Dynamic Breathing, which I have devised). Another way is proper exercise and, for the mind, relaxation . . . *Deep Relaxation*.

Air, relaxation and exercise have, therefore, much to do with this natural process of aging.

Many famous people would have lived far longer to inspire humanity had they learned just one of my four lessons—deep relaxation. Take Lord Northcliffe, the great British publisher, for example.

He was typical of the type of men who live completely on their nerves, burning themselves up long before their appointed time. At the age of 23 he made a fortune with his newspaper *Answers*—a few years more and his fertile brain in-

spired the *Daily Mail*; and then more and still more empires arose to be conquered.

This dazzling genius left behind a trail of stupendous achievement. He worked day and night, collecting fortunes, fame, influence. And he died far too young. Today, many years after his death, London's Fleet Street still throbs with anecdotes of his volcanic activity.

What a pity that such a valuable member of the community never learned to relax.

Compare him with Talleyrand, the French statesman. He was a wise man who had learned the art of relaxation. When things became troublesome he always went "into conference". Going "into conference", in his case, meant slipping off to bed. There he lay, no one daring



to disturb him. He meditated his problem and then, having considered all the possibilities, he turned on his side and relaxed. He would awake refreshed, ready for action and with the solution in his head.

**A**LTHOUGH YOU do not realize it, you are already practicing Yogism (my term for the simple system of Yoga which I have devised for Western uses) in part because, basically, Yogism is a natural thing. It merely extends certain well-recognized activities to the stage where they transform ordinary day-to-day living into the full, rounded life.

These activities already have been identified as breathing, resting, thinking and acting. Although rest may not be the most important of the four it is, in these hectic days, certainly the most urgently needed.

The pay-off for today's fast pace is seen in indigestion, quarrelsomeness, and a mounting sense of inferiority, nervous fatigue, etc. Illness, in varied degree, follows.

A few years ago I asked a firm specializing in surveys to make one on reactions to life. This exhaustive survey showed me how little we know about other people's lives—their inner feelings and convictions.

Broadly speaking, the questions were framed to find out how far people are affected by the char-

acteristic afflictions of civilized life—lack of energy, frustration, the sense of purposelessness.

In reply to the question "Do you feel you have as much energy as you should have?" slightly more than half the people interviewed said "yes". The proportion saying "yes" was markedly higher among men than women and among the younger than the higher age groups—as follows:

Enough energy	52%
NOT enough energy	47%
Don't know	1%
	<hr/>
	100%

Those who felt that their energy was insufficient were then asked "What gives you the feeling that you haven't enough energy?" Some people described the symptoms as consisting of excessive tiredness. Others said they were not getting what they wanted from life—and blamed a variety of things, material conditions, not enough money, working and living conditions, mental and spiritual conditions, housing, shortages, unpleasant jobs, high cost of living. Those who felt frustrated were so by material circumstances.

All these things in our daily lives add up to mental stresses and strains. They are the things that "get on our nerves and lead to mental and nervous tension.

One out of every two deaths to-

day over the age of 45 is due to heart disease. And who are the persons most likely to suffer from heart disease?

The highpowered business executives . . . the men who habitually "live on their nerves" and work long hours. Inferiority complex is yet another by-product of an exhausted, frustrated personality.

And what are "nerves" but the poor, misused body's method of signalling its need for rest. Grasp the fact that every muscular contraction involves a preceding nervous impulse and you will understand how relaxation may soothe nervous complaints. Relaxation shuts down the nerve signals and allows the muscles to stand at ease.

When relaxed, the muscles go limp and during any period of enforced relaxation nervous discharge is diminished. Not only the muscles but the nerves enjoy a rest.

When you are at your wit's end and everything seems to turn against you, seize the opportunity to relax, instead of trying to continue the uneven fight. Later you will return to action re-invigorated.

One young mother I interviewed was having difficulty running her home. "I get fed up trying to get food and make it tasty, and then my family just eats it up and doesn't notice the trouble I've taken." This is a frustrating circle. This is a family out all day and

not relaxing, mother is in the kitchen all day, not relaxing. Everyone's nerves are on edge. These people are physically, mentally tried.

What a difference in that young woman after a few weeks of practicing Yogism. "I now have a clear skin, calm temper and a belief in the future. Before I came to see you I was wishing the world would end. I cannot thank you enough."

Another pupil who came to see me had made up his mind that life was a complete waste of time . . . that it held no prospects for him.

"I'm in a soul-destroying job. I hate it, but I have to stick it for family reasons. I'd like to feel I was able to create something, it would satisfy one; I try to do so by hobbies but it's not enough".

Yogism helped this man also.

**D**EEP RELAXATION simply means that your mind and body are relieved of all consciousness and contraction. Deep Relaxation, as taught in Yogism, enables you to "let go" as many muscles and thoughts as possible, allowing the brain and body to slump completely. It's a kind of complete resignation.

It is based on the ancient Yogic pose of *asana* known as *Savasana* (Death Posture). The Yogis studied animal life closely and based most of their exercises on their observations. Certain animals pass

the winter in sleep . . . so deep as to give the appearance of death. But all animals can relax at will . . . something most humans cannot do.

Watch your dog as it moves round in circles and then flops down. Its body becomes a dead weight . . . every muscle is completely at ease. Your dog is an expert at Deep Relaxation . . . far better at it than his master!

The animal favors the horizontal position with body in line with the floor. This is also the best position for human relaxation. A certain amount of muscular contraction is needed to keep an upright body from collapsing under its own weight. Even if you master the technique of Deep Relaxation and try to carry it out in a chair or while traveling in a train or bus (which can be done) you will never succeed *quite* so well as in the privacy of your home.

In the deepest stages of relaxation there is always a residue of muscular contraction. There are some 400 muscles on each side of your body; no fewer than 20 in the forearm alone!

Relaxation involves putting these muscles at ease. First you must focus on the principal muscular groups. When you relax these major muscles the subsidiary ones fall into line.

During the day you make multi-

tudinous movements of which you are quite unconscious. This means a constant drain on energy. Every muscle is made up of hundreds of thousands of independent fibres, each with its own "nerve-telephone". Most of these muscles and fibres are beyond your conscious feeling but every physical movement brings hundreds of thousands of "telephones" into action. Even when you move your little finger the whole systemized operation is as complicated as moving a military division!

If, for example, you lift your arm to pick up something, you do far more than contract the deltoid muscle. A battalion of ancillary muscles you know nothing about . . . and cannot feel . . . is instantly summoned into action. Tension comes into play through the very simple process of a nervous impulse being sent from the brain to the muscles concerned.

Tension of itself is no crime—without it we could not flex our muscles at all. What is wrong is unnecessary, destructive tension . . . *high* tension. That is what does the damage.

A distraught father called on me one day.

"I want to do more for my family but I can't," he said. "When the beer isn't strong enough or when my boss picks on me for no reason or when I can't go to sleep I shout

at my wife and kids. I always am sorry afterwards, but I can't bring myself to say so."

After studying Yogism he wrote me, "My head now feels clearer. I look and feel better than I have for a long time. I find that I am beginning to choose my thoughts and attitudes. I am thrilled to know that from now on I needn't be a victim of depression but know just how to side-track it."

Can you, therefore, doubt for one moment that curtailment of these thousands of daily movements . . . all bringing tension and leading to *high* tension in the end . . . would help to reduce the strain and make the long day happier? Of course not! The very first step to Deep Relaxation is to *cultivate the desire to enjoy it.*

I do not promise that learning Deep Relaxation will be easy. Indeed the highly-strung person will find it hardest of all even though he has the most need of it.

**S**TUDY THESE first-rules: You must (1) want to relax; (2) realize it is not a new-fangled craze but an age-old and sensible practice; (3) decide to practice it at *regular* intervals; and (4) you must understand that *Deep* Relaxation cannot be forced. Don't try too hard . . . that will only stop you from relaxing! Gently, smoothly, patiently you must approach it.



Choose a quiet place and time when you will be undisturbed. This is vital in the very early stages. Interruptions will hinder you.

The best place is on the floor in a quiet, warm room. Lie on a rug with another rug against the door to keep out drafts. Do not lie on a bed or couch as this may induce sleep which, although a good thing normally, is not as beneficial as Deep Relaxation. Ten minutes of the latter is of more benefit than half an hour's sleep.

Don't make the mistake of shifting about every now and then to find a more comfortable position. Distribute your weight as evenly as possible, in as comfortable a position as possible . . . then hold it. Make it a firm resolve to "stay put" once you settle.

Now stretch an arm, leg or even your neck or feet . . . any part of the body. Stretch it hard, make the

muscles contract *and study what is happening*. You will be surprised. For example, a clenched fist will cause contractions to be felt all the way up your arm. Hold the stretch while you trace these sensations in detail . . . then "let go". That is step one.

Now stretch hard again . . . but this time do it in *slow motion*. Build up the stretch slowly, observing every sensation as you do. Again hold the stretch while you make a mental note of all that is happening. Then, still in slow motion, "let go." Here, then, is the secret. You must "let go" as slowly as possible . . . *carrying the "let go" process beyond the point where you have ceased to be conscious of any physical sensation whatever*.

Continue this "let go" process until you reach the stage where you are no longer *trying* to relax but have lost all feeling of alertness in the portions of your anatomy concerned.

It will be sufficient, for a start, to direct your attention to one part of the body only. Don't be concerned about the things you can't do. If you concentrate on those you *can* do then with repetition your application of these principles should become more general until you cease, in time, to think of specific areas and commence relaxing your whole body as a coordinated unit.

As you go on you will become aware of certain muscle groups which have escaped your notice or, having been relaxed, again have grown tense. You must, of course, relax them once more. However, remember not to make too much effort in your first attempts. In time you will be doing Deep Relaxation like an expert. Any success and any relaxation at first is better than none at all.

After a time you will develop a definite sequence for Deep Relaxation and stop shifting attention from one group of muscles to another. It is best to start with the head and then pass down the entire body—relaxing groups of muscles as you find them . . . easing the arms from the shoulders . . . the legs from the hips, and so on.

When you have relaxed your whole body right down to your toes you must return to your eyebrows, eyelids and eyeballs, because these are the hardest parts of the body to relax.

This, then, is the technique for Deep Relaxation so far as it is possible to give it in a short article. But you have sufficient material to start working and to obtain definite results.

Give Deep Relaxation a place in your life every day for a week. Practice it in the morning and again in the evening and you will never revert to the old fixed ways.

You will start storing energy as well as using it up.

Your practice periods never should be less than five minutes. There is no maximum; if you can afford 15 minutes or even half an hour you won't find it too long. In the early stages, benefits accrue according to the amount of time you give to relaxation. Later, there will be as much response from a lesser period of increased depth.

Remember to persevere until you find that you are relaxing your whole body unconsciously. Deep Relaxation gives you the "kick" you vitally need in these hectic days and helps you along the road to long life and happiness.

In my next article I will tell you a little more about Yogism . . . how to practice Deep Contraction.

Meanwhile, happy Deep Relaxation!



#### REUNITED BY AN "URGE"

**B**ECAUSE OF a mysterious surge, Navyman Vern C. Baker, 43, recently was reunited in San Diego, Calif., with his mother, Mrs. Nellie Thomas, 62, whom he had not seen for 17 years.

A Seabee and bulldozer operator at Coronado Amphibious Base, Baker had injured his leg in an accident three weeks before. While on liberty from Naval Hospital in San Diego, he said, "something made me take a bus out to El Cajon Boulevard." He got off at the corner where his mother lived. "I don't know why," he said.

As he hobbled along on his crutches, Mrs. Thomas said she happened to glance out of her

apartment window and saw him. She gasped and raised a hesitant hand in his direction. "Vern?" she called. "Vern, come here!"

Baker said he recognized his mother's voice instantly. He swung around on his crutches and asked, "Is that you, Mother?"

The last time Baker had seen his mother was in Coos Bay, Ore., after she had married her present husband, Thomas Thomas. Baker left Coos Bay a short time later to join the Navy and lost track of his mother. After their happy reunion, made possible by a mysterious compulsion, Baker said, "You can bet we won't lose track again."



## SUMMONED BY GODDESS BAPUGHA

THE STORY of how an African native's dream led him on one of the strangest adventures of his career was told by the famous explorer Cmdr. Attilo Gatti in the November, 1937, issue of *Esquire*. The adventure, Gatti related, occurred while he was exploring the Loe-ti Swamps, a vast, treacherous expanse in Northern Rhodesia.

One of the members of his party was a loyal and intelligent native whom Gatti and the others had named Engineer. One day Engineer persuaded Gatti to make a two-day canoe trip to a place in the swamps where he would find something greatly interesting. Engineer claimed to have obtained information about this place from natives of the region. During the trip with Gatti, however, he revealed he had had a dream in which the goddess Bapugha had commanded him to bring Gatti to a cavern in a hill.

Gatti said he was dismayed further to learn that Engineer knew nothing about the country through which they were traveling. Questioned about Bapugha, Engineer said he had worshipped the goddess as a small child. He did not know where, as he claimed he did not know where he was born.

Engineer, however, guided the canoe as if he knew exactly where he was going. In the

late afternoon of the second day he and Gatti reached a native village at the foot of a hill. They were greeted by a crowd of natives led by a majestic old witch doctor, who spoke to Gatti in a dialect he understood. The witch doctor said he had been expecting Gatti and led him into a great natural cavern in the hill. Here Gatti saw a carved idol some 10 feet tall and was amazed when Engineer whispered it was Bapugha.

The old witch doctor, Gatti related, now told him that over 30 years before the Barotse tribe had raided the village, stealing women and children to sell into slavery. One of the stolen children was the witch doctor's son. Three days before Gatti arrived at the village, the witch doctor said, Bapugha had sent him a dream that his long-lost son would be brought back to him by a white man. Gatti, he stated, was that white man and Engineer was his son. Proof of this was a complicated tattoo on Engineer's stomach—identical to designs on the stomach of the idol in the cavern.

After a night-long celebration, Gatti said, he returned to where his companions awaited him, guided by one of the natives from the village. Engineer remained behind to learn from his father, the old witch doctor, the ancient secrets of Bapugha.

# 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

## ANSWER TO PRAYER

By Maxine M. Rivera

**I**N JANUARY, 1942, while living in Memphis, Tenn., I conducted a long search for employment. One day I finally obtained a job at a small restaurant called Lena's Cafe, and I trudged back to the tiny apartment I called home.

I had been instructed to report for work at seven o'clock in the morning. I dared not be late, but I had neither clock nor watch.

I asked my landlady to wake me at six in the morning, but she flatly refused. All of my neighbors also refused this request. Absolutely no one was willing to get out of bed an hour early to help an impoverished neighbor.

In my distress I turned to my Lord and prayed. I went to sleep with the complete assurance that He would cause some sort of noise in the morning to wake me in time to walk to work.

My tiny room was at the top of three flights of squeaky stairs and an icy wind blew in from the open

porch. In the morning I was waked by a firm knock on my door, quickly followed by two more knocks! A beautiful voice said, "It is six o'clock."

I said, "Thank you!" and bounced out of bed. At once I jerked open the door, wondering who had bothered to call me. Nobody was there, nor was anyone on the stairs. The only sound I heard was that made by the cold wind.

After I had failed to find a kind neighbor to help me, my Lord had



MAXINE M. RIVERA

come to my aid, for He has promised, "Whosoever calleth upon my name I shall in no wise cast out." Praise the Lord!—*Chicago, Ill.*

### THE PREACHER'S PROPHECY

By Edmund Niles

WHEN I WAS 21 years old I lived in Diamond Bluff, Wis., a quiet village of about 200 persons on the bank of the Mississippi River about 35 miles below St. Paul, Minn. With two brothers and a little sister, I was living with my father. Mother was dead and an older sister was married.

We had no railroad and the river was our only outlet. Steamboats of all description plied the river and many of the village men were employed on them.

A new steamboat just had been built by a man named Wethern and my brother-in-law, Mel Sparks. Wethern was captain of the boat and Sparks was head engineer. The new boat, named the *Sea Wing*, was a typical river tow boat, about 135 feet long and flat-bottomed, as were all the river boats to make them light draft. I was employed on the boat as clerk and something of a business manager.

A pleasure excursion was planned for a Sunday in July, 1890. The *Sea Wing* was to leave Diamond Bluff at 9:00 A.M. and stop at two or three towns for passengers. We were to go to Lake City,

Minn., and return in the evening, a trip of about 75 miles. We were to carry a large barge for music and dancing, as such excursions were supposed to be enjoyable affairs.

A few days before the excursion an itinerant preacher, known as the "walking missionary," appeared in the village. Some 65 years old, he said his name was Georgas and that he was of Greek parentage. He stopped wherever he was welcome, asking nothing but a mere living.

One night he stopped at our house, where Father gave him a warm welcome. I was greatly impressed with the old missionary. He was a large man with gray hair and beard. Well educated and refined, he was no fanatic but serious and sincere.

Like my father and many others in the village, the old missionary upheld a strict religious observance of Sunday. He was against the excursion and he dissuaded many who had planned to go.

Two days before the eventful day the old missionary told the townfolk that he had received a forewarning that the *Sea Wing* would be destroyed by a storm during the excursion trip and that many lives would be lost. He begged everybody not to go. Father believed him but we children, although considerably disturbed by the warning, decided to risk it.

Sunday morning was clear and very warm. Fully half of those who had purchased tickets for the trip turned them in, and only about 50 arrived at the boat landing. The missionary was there, still pleading with the excursionists not to go. In fact, had I not been employed on the boat, I would have remained ashore.

At nine o'clock we pulled out and headed downstream. The gaiety and chatter usual on such occasions was lacking.

At the first stop we took on about 50 more passengers. We took on about 100 at Red Wing and proceeded to Lake City, arriving there about noon. The excursionists all went to camp, having been told to be back on the boat at five. None of the crew left the boat. I put in a lot of time washing down the decks to keep the boat cool. The old missionary's warning lay heavy on my mind.

As the day wore on the weather became sultry and oppressive. I knew it was just the weather for a cyclone, already having been through two of them. I told myself I was not afraid, but I wished I was at home lying in the shade.

At five the excursionists were back on the boat and we prepared to pull out. I noticed a dark cloud in the west and I pointed it out to the skipper. He said, "Yes, I think it will rain and probably blow a

little, but we've got to head up the river and make the run on time."

The black cloud was coming up fast as we headed upstream. The skipper ordered me to go below and tell the passengers not to worry. I went down to the second deck where the more timid were hurrying inside the cabin to avoid the approaching wind and rain.

Five hundred yards away, directly in our course, a funnel-shaped cloud was darting to earth. Our only chance was that we might miss the vortex of the twister and be hit a glancing blow, which we could take without much damage.

The whirling fury struck us like a dive bomber. The *Sea Wing* was demolished and capsized. Ninety-eight lives were lost—my little sister being one of the number.

When I returned home Father told me that soon after the boat had left on the excursion the old missionary had come to say goodbye. He explained he was leaving town because he could not bear to remain and share the sorrow he was certain would follow. We never heard from him again.—*Seattle, Wash.*

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#### MARKED FOR A BULLET

By Bob L. Austin

**A**. V. BONHAM of Cotter, Ark., had three close calls with death during the month of January in 1928. He survived a serious auto

accident that took the life of one of his companions. He was rescued from the St. Francis River when he fell in and nearly drowned. Then he was kicked in the head by a mule and was in a coma for three days and nights.

He laughed at all these narrow escapes and declared that he would live to be 110 years old. When his friends asked him why he thought he would live to be that old, he casually shrugged his shoulders and said, "It's just a feeling."

One day he lost that feeling. While hunting in the woods with his 12-year-old son, Bonham's gun accidentally discharged. He stopped in his tracks as a cold fear gripped him.

Looking at his son, he said, "Something just told me that bullet was meant for me." And for three days and three nights fear kept him from sleeping.

On the fourth day Bonham was away from home when he saw smoke. Looking closely he realized that the smoke was coming from his own house. He ran home and learned that his son accidentally had set the house afire.

With the help of neighbors, Bonham managed to save most of the furniture in the house. However, the loaded revolver that he always kept in the bureau drawer was not saved. As he stood sadly watching the flames consume his home,

a gunshot was heard.

Mack Medley, a neighbor, felt something whiz past his face. He spun around as Bonham grabbed his chest, said, "I'm shot," and dropped to the ground—dead.

The heat had caused the loaded revolver to discharge, and A. V. Bonham was killed by one of his own bullets after all.—*Cotter, Ark.*

### A QUEER COMPULSION

By Michael Hervey

I HAVE BEEN connected with the theatre for many years. In 1945 I was called upon to reorganize the Westcliff Dramatic Society, of Essex, England, a semi-professional group of high standing.

I was happy to oblige although I found it a little difficult to attend some of the meetings because my father, who was suffering from a serious heart condition, was staying with me at the time. He was a bad patient, and was apt to do silly things unless checked. My mother, who was by no means well herself, was unable to cope with him, and it was left to me to reverse the procedure and act the stern parent!

On the evenings I was called upon to attend the meetings of the drama group I had my married sister, who lived within reasonable distance, to take over. The meetings invariably started about eight o'clock and went on until just after

ten, when the group usually adjourned to a nearby cafe for a coffee. I had to forgo the coffee since my sister had a bus to catch.

On the evening of June, 22, 1945, I left my father reasonably comfortable, having first briefed my sister as to what pills and medicine he was to receive at what hour and in what order, as I had done on so many occasions.

I arrived at the club a little after eight and soon was involved in a lengthy discussion with the group regarding the finances of the club.

Suddenly a strange uneasiness gripped me and for no apparent reason I felt that I could not stay in the room another minute. This queer compulsion forced me to my feet half-way through the proceedings. "I'm sorry, but I have to leave," I told the other members.

I could offer no reason for my odd behavior. They assumed that I was not feeling well and would have accompanied me to the bus had I not refused their kind offer.

I made my way home extremely puzzled by the strange uneasiness that had compelled me to leave an hour early. The journey home took me just over a quarter of an hour. The grandfather clock in the hall chimed quarter past nine as I inserted the key in the lock.

As the chimes died away I heard someone crying. On entering my

father's room I found my mother and sister in tears. My father had died of a heart attack at almost the precise moment the strange uneasiness had seized me at the club.—  
*Henley, N.S.W., Australia.*

### A MATTER OF DIMENSION

By Louise Whitney

**D**URING THE Labor Day weekend in 1929, when I was 10 years old, my father, my younger sister, Dorothy, and I went camping on Cape Cod. In the darkest morning hours we pitched our beloved, musty tent beside a way-side gas station in Eastham, Mass., the only oasis of civilization in sight. A few hours later Father, Dorothy and I arose to greet the day with the elation that only the Cape could instill in us. Father thought it would be better if we moved our tent to some point further along the Cape and so increase our opportunity of exploration for the little time remaining.

While we pulled up stakes and stowed gear in the Ford, the gas station owner attended to the wants of the car. It was when these preparations were completed and my father and the attendant were exchanging pleasantries that I noticed a young boy and girl, about 40 feet beyond the station, in a wilderness of pine. They stood with lowered heads, as if studying a plant or something on the ground.

I obeyed an immediate impulse and went to meet them, with Dorothy trailing behind.

As we approached they turned to face us, and I was struck by their beautiful faces and golden hair. It was apparent that they were brother and sister, the boy about my age and the girl somewhat younger. There was something pathetic in their beautiful faces; something empty; seeing, but not expectant.

Following the innate etiquette of children, a mixture of adventurousness and timidity, I stopped within a few feet of them and held the boy's gaze. Suddenly his eyes blazed with joy, eyes which only a moment before had been close to blankness. He hopped and waved his arms and ran to a nearby pine from which hung a makeshift trapeze bar.

His feats on the bar filled me with respect and astonishment. The expression of blissful abandon on his face as he swung and stunted caused my spirit to soar with his.

I had paid little heed to the girl, except to note that she was wearing a lovely dress. Now I turned to her and I was impressed by her atmosphere of complete goodness. Her eyes seemed to hold an ageless tolerance and wisdom.

With a slightly guilty expression, yet still smiling, the boy dropped to the ground and spoke to me.

"Now you try it."

I was abashed by his skill and could only protest my lack of acrobatic talent.

He hopped up and down and repeated over and over, "Yes, you can. You can do it. You can do it."

The command and sincere belief in his tone erased my doubts, and I walked to the pine. Dorothy was standing on the far side of the tree, frowning into space as though lost in thought. The boy's gleeful shouts of encouragement spurred me to try each of the stunts he had performed. When I found myself swinging by my ankles I, too, was exultant.

Dorothy started walking towards the car, and a vague, little fear entered my consciousness. In order to deter her, I called to my father with some pride, "Watch me! Watch me!"

At my father's smile Dorothy stopped, but in the next moment he called that we must now be on our way. Quite crudely I forsook my friends without a glance or word. When I reached the car guilt overtook me, and I turned to say goodbye. The boy and girl were again motionless, seeing, but unresponsive, and enveloped in an oppressive aloneness.

"Goodbye," I shouted. When I turned for a last look they were as when I had first seen them, heads lowered, oblivious of all else.

As we drove away Father asked, "Why did you say goodbye?"

"I was saying goodbye to that nice little boy and girl. Didn't you see them when I called and asked

you to watch me?"

Before he could answer Dorothy exclaimed, "There wasn't any boy or girl there at all. She's making up a story."—*Roxbury, Mass.*

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### WHEN "CHEIRO" SAW THE FUTURE

THE AMAZING psychic ability of the celebrated palmist, "Cheiro," the pseudonym of Count Louis Hamon, is strikingly illustrated in a prediction he made for Sir Edward Marshall Hall, a noted English barrister who became a member of the House of Commons and died in 1927 at the age of 69.

Having met Cheiro during a court trial, Marshall Hall visited him one day for a reading. Cheiro took an impression of the barrister's hand and cast his horoscope. As the seer interpreted the results for his visitor, he interrupted himself to say that he had had a sudden vision.

He vividly described a scene which he said lay in Marshall Hall's future. He saw Marshall Hall standing on a balcony, looking down at a shouting crowd in the garden below. The

scene was brightly lighted by colored electric bulbs which hung from the trees. At Marshall Hall's left stood a short woman who was waving a white handkerchief at the people.

A year and a half later Marshall Hall was asked to run for election as Conservative member for the Southport Division of Lancashire. He agreed and at the polls he won a close contest over his opponent.

That night Marshall Hall stood on a low balcony, looking down into a garden filled with people who were shouting congratulations. Their faces were brightly lighted by colored bulbs hanging from the trees. The scene was strangely familiar to Marshall Hall. Then, as he glanced at the short figure of his second wife, Henrietta, who stood at his left waving a white flag, he recalled Cheiro's prophecy.

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Home of Clinton Ward and family near Hartville, Mo., was the scene of baffling poltergeist phenomena. Most of the activity occurred here during June and July, 1957.

# HARTVILLE POLTERGEIST

*By W. E. Cox*

**FATE presents another amazing case of poltergeist activity.  
Does it give new clues—or deepen the mystery?**

**I**T WAS COINCIDENCE that shortly before I headed for Missouri in July, 1957, to give a lecture on psychical research, a newspaper account of some strange, apparently supernatural doings in that state came to my notice through a summary report in a small weekly newspaper.

I hastened immediately to Wright County, about 10 miles north of the small County Seat of Hartville, Mo. The scene of the poltergeist activity was the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Ward. Living with them were seven of their nine children. Nine-year-old Betty Ruth appeared particularly to be asso-

ciated with the phenomena. The long string of almost unbelievable occurrences was reported to have begun while Betty Ruth was cracking walnuts on June 5, 1957, at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Pearl Delcour, a quarter-mile up the hill.

During this afternoon both Betty and her grandmother saw more nuts than they could count flying about the room; some hopped from floor to ceiling. Together they hastened down to the Ward farm to report their experience and immediately beans, bowls, buckets, and even a bed began to move about the house. This commotion continued for three or four days, then became only sporadic up until the time I ar-

rived on the scene the end of July.

I went there prepared either to witness a hoax or some really inexplicable phenomena as had been reported. The *Daily Record* at Lebanon, 30 miles north, sent a young man, Jim Bethel, with me. He brought along a tape recorder.

On our first day at the farm we saw nothing unusual but the next morning as Mr. Bethel and I arrived Mrs. Delcour shouted from her door, "Come on in quick—things are just a-poppin'." This did not prove to be the case. The only thing we saw were some buttons and other small articles scattered on the floor as though some naughty hand had tossed them there. Not having seen them in ac-

Nine-year-old Betty Ruth Ward displays some of the household objects which figured in poltergeist activity at her home. She is thought to be the focal point of the mysterious phenomena which occurred at different places.



tion I was unimpressed. It was not long, however, before we heard noises such as are made by small falling objects. We turned toward each sound immediately but only saw the flight of the object in its last stage or simply saw it land.

Betty Ruth was present but as often as not was in no position to have deliberately thrown the objects which were falling. Jim Bethel saw the first phenomenon that was of any real interest. A can of shoe polish struck his foot. He first saw it about 18 inches away. It was not flying from Betty Ruth's direction. Mrs. Delcour and I were the only other persons present. Not long after this a small rock fell near Betty on the sofa where she sat with her hands clasped. I saw this land. Then a walnut fell onto a nearby table. I saw this while both of Betty's hands were on my shoulders.

At my suggestion we went into the kitchen where I asked Mrs. Delcour to describe one of the more dramatic episodes that had happened in June when she and Betty Ruth had seen a stew pot levitate above the kitchen stove and float into a bedroom where it fell on the floor, splashing its fluid contents. This phenomenon apparently had given Betty Ruth her first real fright. It is remarkable that she remained calm for the most part in the face of startling phenomena.

She seemed a plump, light-hearted girl who enjoys life.

When Mrs. Delcour described the flight of the pot we walked back the length of her long, narrow kitchen toward the living room. I walked behind Betty Ruth and Mrs. Delcour. Jim stood at the living room door. As I passed I heard a chair near the table slide several inches. Betty Ruth and her grandmother were too far away to have touched it.

A minute later, with Betty Ruth two yards in front of me, as I passed a chair standing beside the refrigerator a large oil lantern resting solidly on the chair suddenly overturned! No threads were attached, no hand (except my own) was near and it was a fairly heavy lantern. The refrigerator was between the lantern and everyone but me.

Shortly after this Jim approached a water cooler on a table which was firmly anchored to the wall. I was behind him and Betty Ruth and her grandmother were several feet away on either side of me. Suddenly, from a position near the edge of this table, a new cake of soap jumped to the floor. Jim and I saw it leave the table and fall to the floor without apparent natural cause. It could not have been accidentally knocked.

Several times while sitting in the front room I was struck by bits of bark which could not have

been thrown by anyone present.

On the afternoon of June 5, 1957, when the walnuts started acting up, Betty and her grandmother together saw them fly through the doorway more than one at a time. The speed of some, according to Mrs. Delcour, appeared to be considerably slower than if they had been thrown. They flew "more like a feather would float down." Several struck Mrs. Delcour who remarked to me, "I bruise easily and there were bruises on my arms for several days. One of them almost broke my glasses, and they often sort of popped in the air—like somebody or something was cracking them. They still kept comin' in and they'd hit the curtains and the door and roll down very gentle-like. They'd hit up over my head on the ceiling, then hit the floor and come up—just like bouncing rubber balls." The ceiling, which was made of a soft, papered material, bore at least 60 dents where the walnuts were said to have hit.

"I have lived in this house for the last 10 years, and also at three earlier times in my life," Mrs. Delcour said, "and nothing like this has ever happened before. It sounds crazy I know but that's what happened. None of us have any reason for telling something that is not true."

After the dance of the walnuts Betty Ruth and her grandmother

hurried to the Ward farm. On their way down the hill stones from the roadway struck them both, they told me.

At the Ward farm that same afternoon a half-gallon steeper and several jars were heard to hit the floor in one room or another. Mrs. Ward and some of the other children saw several items in flight. A glass coffee "can", a milk pail, a stew pot, flew short distances. Broken glass was scattered about the house in the process. Outside the house Mrs. Ward saw a heavy can of paint come flying from under a porch bench. She also saw a pan sail inside through the open door, apparently turning slightly as it did so. The children, who range from three months to 16 years, were about the place but Mrs. Ward was unable to place the blame on any one of them.

Fourteen-year-old Lola Mae had been washing clothes on the far end of the porch. Beside the washing machine was a small tub of clothes to be hung. Suddenly this tub flew off toward the hen house, spilling its contents on the ground. In addition to Mrs. Ward, a visiting daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lawrence Ward, Betty Ruth, Leon and Robert saw this happen.

"At the sight of this I didn't know what to think," Mrs. Ward told me. "Another bucket flew near me and scared me so I went on

back in the house. Things were flyin' around so fast that I worried for the babies asleep on the front room bed. I sat down there and put a pillow over the head of Lisa Jo, the youngest, and set Lola Mae to sweeping up glass. Then all at once the bed slowly rose up!"

In the presence of Lawrence Ward's wife and young Robert Lee the bed rose over a foot at the head while the foot end stayed on the floor. Where she sat beside the sleeping babies Mrs. Ward's toes were barely able to touch the floor. The bed came down slowly, then twice repeated its partial levitation. Mrs. Ward slipped off the bed when it was up for the third time and watched it come down. "It was just as easy as if you had set it down yourself," she told me. "I'll never forget it for it scared me, and . . . I made that expression on account of Robert Lee . . . it really scared him."

Mrs. Lawrence Ward wrote me later as follows: "I was setting in the chair right close to the bed and it all of a sudden just slowly rose a little off the floor and then sat back down . . ."

Betty Ruth was not far away but did not see it.

A bit later when Mr. Ward was entering through the screen door, carrying a box of groceries, the water pail and dipper slid off the shelf and fell to the porch floor. It

stands on a five-foot level shelf outside this door since the farm house is not piped for water. Much more amazing than the bucket's fall is the fact that the water shot out of the pail and into the house—all the way through the living room and into the kitchen.

As Mr. Ward told it, "I noticed the bucket kind a quiverin' and kept my eye on it as I took a step toward the door; it just slid down off of that shelf and got right in behind me and dashed the water. . . I'd say it was 15 or 20 inches above the floor. It wet me from my knees down. Then it just dropped right where the water left it."

Betty Ruth was holding open the screen but facing the other way when this occurred.

During my visit I deliberately tried to throw this pail of water that same distance myself. I succeeded but it took all the strength I had. Even then I could hardly prevent the pail from flying out of my hands and following the water.

Mr. Ward had calmly set down his groceries and drawn another pail of water from the well. He placed it carefully on the shelf but it promptly fell off, right in the same place, bottom side up. "This time it just poured the water out right on the porch, right where it dumped it," he said. "Then I went and drewed another one and it

done the same thing. Then I quit."

It is true that Betty Ruth was caught, on a number of occasions, tossing a few items herself, apparently in an effort to increase the number of the strange incidents. Occasionally, on being accused either by her brothers or parents, she quickly admitted it. At other times when she was caught, both during my visit and in June, she denied having thrown the object. Such incidents can be classified as "imitative" and have been excluded from this report along with some other phenomena that she might possibly have initiated. I have reported only the phenomena which, to my mind, Betty Ruth was unable to instigate, consciously or by normal means that is.

Friday morning, June 7, the children and Mrs. Delcour saw a series of mysteries as puzzling as they were small. In the Ward's farm house a pencil on the buffet flew across to Mrs. Delcour three or four times; seed-beans in a nearby can did the same. All who saw this agreed that each object flew remarkably slowly. My questioning also revealed that the beans accomplished their 10-foot flights one at a time. Betty Ruth was in the front yard at the moment.

Late that same day a can lid was seen to come from the kitchen and apparently fly around the corner of the front room bed before strik-

ing the leg of Finis Delcour, Mrs. Ward's brother. It struck him hard enough to cut into his flesh. A piece of bark was seen six inches inside the screen door at about center height, moving quite slowly toward the floor. It landed a few feet away and appeared to have come through the screen itself.

In the evening screams were heard from Finis' auto in the yard. When he and Mr. Ward ran to the scene they heard and saw rocks hitting the car's top. "The kids were inside having hemorrhages," as Finis put it. They found a number of large rocks inside the car—and also Betty. Thus she may have been the "culprit", having tossed the rocks up through a car window.

It is not easy to record all the occurrences. Mrs. Ward told me, "There was just so much excitement here; some of us were cleaning up glass in the front room and some in the bedroom, and some cleaning up spilt milk in the kitchen. And when fellers get excited like that they really can't pay attention to all that is happening. We was all busy with the broom and mop trying to get the floor cleaned . . . There was just too much excitement for a feller to know what did happen."

After lunch on Saturday the Wards took Betty Ruth, Leon and Robert shopping in Lebanon. As they entered a clothing store, with

Betty Ruth and her mother walking together and the two boys behind, a pair of shoes flew toward them, apparently from the shoe department in the rear. The shoes landed between Mrs. Ward and Betty Ruth, to their surprise and the amazement of one of the clerks. "They were in perfect alignment, with the heels facing her," Mrs. Ward told me. In the variety store some small items jumped off the counters as the quartet proceeded down the aisles. They heard a glass item crash to the floor as they retreated, but did not turn to see what it was. In the grocery several boxes fell. They did not fall toward Betty. Mrs. Ward either held onto Betty Ruth or had her walk in front. Fraud on her part would have been difficult.

During the Saturday over 50 people visited the Ward farm and some eight adults witnessed inexplicable flights of one thing or another.

It is my honest opinion that the phenomena of the Hartville poltergeist went considerably beyond the physical limits of "ordinary fraud."

As for an explanation of the phenomena, physical incidents of

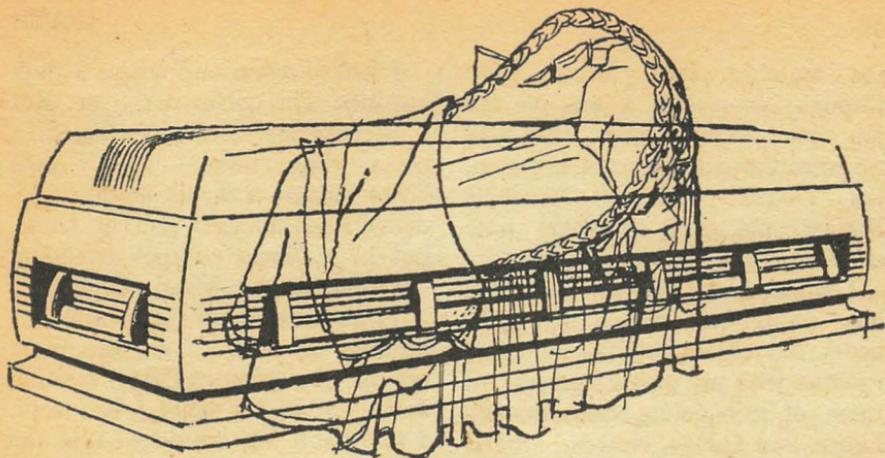
this sort are not yet scientifically reducible to any but the barest sort of "order." There is clearly a certain "lawfulness" about them, just as there is in psychokinesis, but this is all we can tell from formal researches to date.

Theories which might adequately account for them continue to elude us. The hypothesis of "departed entities", for example, is more complex than the phenomena themselves. To ascribe them directly to spirit intercourse can hardly help in discovering their mechanics. Perhaps telekinesis, or the PK Effect, is a more logical explanation, but telekinesis, too, is still beyond our understanding.

Why poltergeists are so rare we cannot determine (they comprise under 1% of recorded psi experiences), any more than we can determine why they occur at all. Certainly they do seem to transgress all known laws of ballistics.

Since poltergeists apparently must remain spontaneous, it is important for experienced investigators to observe and record all possible evidence, immediately, whenever, wherever the opportunity offers.





## the pink coffin

*By Frank Van Zant*

I reeled back when I saw the pink coffin on the patio table. I was convinced it meant the coming death of my baby.



**I** WAS TIRED when I arrived home in Orville, Calif., this Friday evening. One of the crew-members and I had been putting in horse trails on the old *Emmigrant Death Route*, hacking our way through brush and poison oak 15 to 20 feet high and so thick you

could not crawl through. Our camp was in an ancient Indian Cave, the walls of which were black from countless Indian fires.

It was winter and in the winter my work for the Forest Service allowed me to come home for week-ends. It was a different story in

the summer time. From June through November, I was on the job seven days a week. But now we were down to just the key-men, the District Ranger, Assistant Ranger, me, and one part time crew-member.

I stopped at the front door only long enough to remove my cork-boots. My oldest son, Daniel, came running with my house slippers. All three of my young sons, Daniel, Lance, and Sidney, crowded around me as I sat down in the living room. They commenced their usual news report of all they had done during the past week. It was good to be home and I felt relaxed and happy.

Then Daniel wanted to show me something on the patio out in back. Finally I left my soft spot and went to the back door where he joyously pointed to something on the patio table. I looked and reeled back. I felt as if I had been struck squarely between the eyes with a hammer. Daniel was joyously pointing to a pink coffin. It was illuminated by the 150 watt bulb which hung directly over it.

My wife, Wanda, who had been watching rushed to me thinking I suddenly had become ill.

I stammered, "What is that?"

She answered, "Why, it is the baby bassinet that our neighbor gave us. I left it there to sun and forgot to bring it in."

I looked again and it was a pink bassinet. The coffin was gone. But I retained the stunned feeling of a person who, relaxed in his own home, happy with his family, suddenly finds himself, not at home, but in a funeral chapel attending the funeral of a loved one.

Fright taking refuge in anger, I ordered my wife to get the thing off of the place. Then, calming down, I told her what I had seen. I told her I felt convinced that the baby we were expecting in a few months would be born dead.

Wanda told my mother who tried to reassure me. She said it was nothing more than an illusion brought on by fatigue, and the color of the bassinet with the bright light hanging over it. Yet no one else thought the bassinet even faintly resembled a coffin equipped with handles and lid.

Naturally I thought that the warning was of the death of the baby in as much as it was the baby's bassinet that had brought on what I firmly believed then and still believe was a precognitive vision.

From then on until the baby, John, was born several months later on May 16, 1953, for no apparent reason I would suddenly call to mind the little cemetery at Upham, near Bangor, Calif., where my father was buried and where both my wife and I had decided

we would like to be buried.

It was almost like a call. I felt a great urge to go there, to see my father's grave and the little chapel where I attended Sunday School as a small child.

However, the vision gradually slipped back onto my shelf of useless memories. Except for my urgent *memories* of the cemetery it was all but forgotten.

Soon it was spring and, being the only full time foreman in the district, I was everywhere opening roads, putting up telephone lines, lining out new crews, training new fire truck operators and crewmen. *I was everywhere but in my own district, where I very much wanted to be.*

About two o'clock one morning the Assistant Ranger, Ed Morris, shook me awake saying, "We just got a call that Wanda is in the hospital with labor."

Having a call come through to us was almost a miracle in itself. Our radio net-work was not yet in operation; our telephone lines were still out except for a small portion from another small mountain village. The State had managed to get the message to us by using both radio and telephone. We were deep in the still almost snow-bound Federal Forest.

I headed for Oroville, my home, some 70 miles away. I was firmly convinced that everything was fine.

This was Wanda's fourth child and there had been no previous trouble. I thought the new baby would be waiting for me when I arrived.

However, I arrived before the baby was born. Indeed, in spite of all sorts of medical manipulations and medicine designed to aid child-birth the baby had not come three days later.

Dr. F. I. O'Neill decided to do more to bring about the natural birth of the baby. But when the birth did start the cord became wrapped about the baby and was strangling him. An emergency Caesarian section was performed.

The baby came into the world apparently lifeless. He was rushed to an airlock where he soon commenced to cry lustily. There he was left for the next 24 hours.

My wife came out of the ether. The baby was doing fine.

Mother placed her arm around me and said, "Now, son, you didn't see a coffin did you?"

I said I guessed that I had not.

There was a little trouble, though. Wanda grew pale and listless after a few days and was given a transfusion. But a few days later she was home and I went back to my job.

Fire season was not yet in full swing and I was still coming home weekends although we were going into June. On the Friday night two weeks after the baby was born

when I drove into the yard I noted my sister's car parked in the front. But I had some choice pieces of wood burls to unload and I drove on into the back yard and commenced to unload them.

My sister, Hazel, came out and said, "Frank, you better go on in. Your wife is a mighty sick girl."

The doctor arrived shortly after I did and Wanda was taken back to the hospital. She was given transfusions and other therapy but

a few days later Dr. O'Neill said to me. "Your wife has leukemia. There is no cure. It is a matter only of a few weeks, or months at the most.

Three terrible, sad months later, in September, 1953, I buried my 27-year-old wife next to my father in the Upham cemetery. The coffin, picked by relatives, was pink.

It was the same pink coffin I had seen on my patio table eight months earlier.



### THE HAUNTED AIR BASE

A NUMBER of reports of ghostly activities have issued recently from the Royal Air Force Station at Ouston near Stamfordhaven, England. The *Newcastle Journal* quotes an administrative officer at Ousten as saying: "These rumors exist at nearly all R.A.F. Stations where men have been killed at some time or another."

At Ousten, according to the reports, a door leading from the sick bay to a Roman Catholic Church often was found open,

although it was securely locked each night and the key placed in another building. Sick bay attendants have reported that on several occasions lights have been switched on and off with nobody near the switch, or even present in the room.

Airmen billeted near the sick bay state that they have been waked at night by mysterious noises and footsteps. They ascribe the manifestations to a flying officer who was killed near the billets during World War II.



# FRANK EDWARDS' REPORT

In any discussion of UFO's certain questions are asked repeatedly. These questions indicate what the average person particularly wishes to know. Here, one by one, they are listed—and expertly answered.



## An Open Forum on UFO's

**W**HAT ARE the flying saucers? Have they landed? Why does the United States government follow such a contradictory policy with regard to them? Are there living creatures inside the saucers? If there are, what do they look like? Why haven't they tried to contact us? What do they want? Where do they come from?

Over and over again, in any discussion of the ubiquitous UFO's, these questions crop up. They follow a pattern familiar to everyone who makes public appearances devoted to this subject.

Personally, I feel these questions are the best assurance I have that sound people are sincerely in search of answers to a subject that has been a target for official ridicule. They will, I think, some day bring about the official admission that flying saucers do exist.

Let's examine those recurrent questions, one by one.

*What are flying saucers?*

According to the United States Air Force, "flying saucers," as such, do not exist. The Air Force prefers to ridicule them under their slang name of flying saucers while

dealing with them as best it can under their official designation of Unidentified Flying Objects—better known to the personnel of pursuit squadrons and radar bases as U-FOBS. Either term is acceptable, I think, in this discussion, since we all know the various terms mean the same thing.

*Have they landed?*

The great mass of evidence that has slowly piled up over the past 11 years alone leads me to believe that the answer to that question is an unequivocal YES. By landed I mean that the things have been seen on the surface of the earth, not once but many times, by credible and competent witnesses. Sometimes the landings have been very brief, as on the night of November 4, 1957, when three widely separated groups of military police on the White Sands (New Mexico) Proving Grounds reported that an object answering the description of a UFO had touched down briefly on the great valley of white gypsum that constitutes a major portion of that particular base. Neither of these groups of observers had any knowledge that other patrols had reported the same incident. Here were three separate reports of the same thing at the same time, seen from different vantage points around the basin.

France, Italy and Spain had a rash of landings reported in late

1954, so did several South American countries, especially Venezuela. Almost without exception these reports dealt with rather small elliptical craft and where beings were described, they too fell into a common category. In Europe, and in Venezuela, the beings were described as short-bodied creatures averaging about four feet tall. They were said to be wearing shiny, metallic-looking coveralls in most cases. The creatures, particularly in the most authentic reports from Venezuela, were described as humanoid, at least to the extent that they had the conventional pairs of arms and legs, were very dark skinned, dark eyed, and appeared to have bristles on their faces comparable to stubbly beards, but extending right up to the eyes and even across the foreheads, according to some descriptions.

*What do they want?*

Nobody can answer this question with any degree of certainty. Any reply must be supposition based on a study of thousands of sightings, evaluated in terms of human experience, which may be quite misleading. However, misleading or no, it is the only yardstick we have.

With our own hopes for space travel soaring we already have begun to formulate plans for meeting conditions on other celestial bodies which we hope to explore

in the years to come. For instance, there is a possibility that we may some day be able to send manned craft across the millions of miles which separate us from Mars. There is also a possibility that we may find Mars inhabited by sentient beings. In any case, it is certain that our first Earth-Mars space ship will not go roaring up to that planet and plop down for a landing, welcome or otherwise. No indeed. The craft will scrutinize Mars carefully for signs of intelligent life long before approaching the planet. Powerful telescopes will examine the lines which we now, correctly or incorrectly call canals. The conjunctions of the "canals" will be scanned by telescope while our space craft is still at a great distance and presumably undetected by Martian inhabitants, if any. If nothing is seen to give alarm the space ship will move in cautiously for a closer, more intensive study of its goal. It will be very helpful if our space travelers can land on one of Mars' moons, using it as a base from which to peer at the surface of the nearby planet to ascertain what is there, where, and if possible, at what stage of development. But if the moons of Mars are not natural moons, as some suspect, then our space travelers will find themselves confronted with sentient creatures more advanced technologically than

ourselves. In this case it may seem advisable to abandon the effort to make a close-range study of Mars in order to avoid capture or destruction at the hands of this advanced race of beings.

I mention these suppositions as examples of the procedures which we will expect to follow in our own exploration of space, in which Mars will be one of the primary goals.

For anyone coming to this earth at this stage of human development, the conditions are altered somewhat. No human bases exist on the moon, and theoretically, at least, it can still be used as a base by anyone who can reach it. If these Unknowns use huge craft to cross space, for whatever reason, the laws of physics as we understand them lead us to believe that they would probably do two things—establish bases on the side of the moon away from the earth, and use smaller devices for close-up studies of the earth and its people. Establishing the base on the blind side of the moon would enable them to build and operate openly without fear of detection. Smaller craft used for close range study of the nearby earth would reduce the possibility of detection and would minimize the loss in case of mishap.

These are some of the factors involved in trying to rationalize what we know with what we think. We began this phase of our dis-

cussion by asking, *What do they want?* We have seen that if our visitors operate as we would operate under similar conditions, they apparently are conducting an intensive study of this earth and its inhabitants. I think we may safely and reasonably conclude that they are based in part on the moon. In the absence of any evidence of hostility on their part we can believe that their interest in us is friendly, or at least neutral.

Apparently they want to know how we live, how high and how fast we can fly and how soon we, too, may be expected to venture into space. It appears that if such things motivate them they have been patient and extremely cautious about their approach to earth and its people, just as we would be patient and cautious in our approach if our situations were reversed.

*Where do they come from?*

This question, like the question before it, is a key to the UFO riddle. Lacking any real answer we are left with the statement of Dr. Hermann Oberth, famed German rocket scientist, who summed up a lengthy study of UFO's for the West German government by expressing the opinion that these things are intergalactic in origin. Intergalactic space ships? This means that Dr. Oberth believes they could and did travel fantastic

distances, at speeds equal to or beyond the speed of light. And what about Mars? Possibly a way station, says Dr. Oberth.

Of their extra-terrestrial origin there has long been agreement among those closest to the study of these mysterious objects. Of their possible origin in other solar systems Dr. Oberth's assertion stands alone; but, considering its source, it is still worthy of consideration.

*Why don't they contact us?*

There are two possible answers to this question. First, they have no desire to contact us; Second, they are physically unable to do so.

A race of highly intelligent beings, capable of crossing space by using technologies far beyond anything we understand, would find little reason to make such trips for the sole purpose of establishing contact with people as warlike and unstable as we who inhabit this earth. It is understandable in terms of human experience why another race of beings, vastly more cultured and intelligent than we, would be reluctant to establish contact with us and thus hasten our development into space travelers like themselves, but with a different background on which to predicate our actions. Wise parents do not provide their babies with loaded revolvers. Wise space travelers might decline to provide us with a

share of their knowledge for similar reasons.

However, as I said earlier a great many credible accounts have reported small humanoid beings as the operators of the disc shaped UFO's. If this is a true picture of them then we can assume that they are capable of speech and writing, either of our own type or of a type which we might understand.

But there are other and less pleasant varieties of creatures reported in connection with these flying riddles. The Flatwoods, W. Va., "monster" was a gigantic, hissing, stinking creature that scooted its feet. There have been others of a monstrous type; witnesses have described some of them as claw-footed, others as six-armed and one-eyed. Actually no one can say with real assurance that such creatures do or do not exist, that they do or do not visit the earth on occasion. In the boundless universe wherein we still grope for fundamentals on one obscure and relatively new speck of matter, we can hardly know much about what unfamiliar forms of life may, perhaps do, exist elsewhere.

Although the Unknowns have made little if any effort to establish contact with human beings, there is some evidence to indicate that they recognize and understand human speech. This was borne out

in July of 1952 when UFO's maneuvered over Washington, D.C. Jet interceptors were sent up when the objects on the radar screens failed to respond to challenge by radio. Yet when the jets were vectored in on the UFO's, the objects blinked out and flipped out of the way with such superb timing that there could be little doubt they heard the radio messages to the jets and thus anticipated the jets' moves toward them as targets. The same thing has occurred many times elsewhere, before and since.

*Why does the Air Force persist in ridiculing those who report unidentified flying objects?*

There are probably several facets to this enigma.

In the first place the Air Force is responsible for the control of the skies over this nation. To admit that they do not have this control would be more than merely embarrassing. It could lead to a Congressional uproar that might result in some top level changes in the Air Force. When the saucers first exploded into the headlines in mid-1947 the official policy line dismissed them as figments of the imagination. When they continued to swarm in our skies the Air Force put out "studies" based on their continuing investigations and pretended to be able to account for virtually all the reports as conven-

tional objects, hallucinations or meteorological phenomena. And still the UFO's came. Doggedly the Air Force has clung to its policy of ridicule and deception. Fortunately for the pooh-pooh program, 1953 was a lean year saucerwise. But in 1954 they came back in record numbers and the Air Force found itself hard put to keep the lid on. By some arrangement not difficult to conceive the nations three news wire services suddenly stopped carrying reports of sightings to the newspapers and broadcasting stations. Three months later, in August, 1954, a White House deal with my sponsors silenced my national broadcasts and the veil of secrecy over the UFO's again was functioning. It continued to function reasonably well until late 1957 when earth satellites began circling the globe . . . and huge objects which interfered with electrical systems landed in Texas and elsewhere, including in the newspaper headlines.

The Air Force is still confronted with the same basic problems: It must maintain its pretense of controlling the skies over the United States; it must avoid touching off hysteria among unstable persons.

The Air Force has the same problems it had 10 years ago and it has the same propaganda line. But the world is changing around it and the American public is no

longer so easily fooled. Sooner or later the public will have to be told what the government knows about these remarkable objects that frequent the skies around the earth.

In the meantime we are spending huge sums trying to duplicate the performance of the objects whose existence we officially deny. Dr. Oberth gave us a clue in 1954 when he said that the UFO's are propelled by using gravity as a form of energy.

*Why do I insist that the public be enlightened as to the real origin and nature of the saucers if, as I have said, such official admission may cause hysteria in some quarters?*

If my study of these things has provided me with clues to their interplanetary or intergalactic origin, as I believe it has, then it is reasonable to believe that the public must some day be apprised of the astounding truth. If that revelation comes suddenly it may produce a catastrophic reaction among those who are not prepared for the impact. But experts in group psychology know that the public can be conditioned to knowledge by approaching the problem in a series of small steps. As the public absorbs these bits and pieces it develops a tolerance, as the medics say, for the big dose and its effects. My contention is that the admission of

the existence and nature of the UFO's cannot be postponed indefinitely and may be forced upon us overnight by some dramatic incident. Therefore, I feel that the American people and the people in other nations should be prepared, little by little, for the inevitable. Ridicule is not the answer. Reason, tempered with moderation in the approach, seems preferable to me.

*Do you believe in flying saucers?*

That question crops up virtually everywhere I go. Sometimes I have the feeling that I am being needled by some henpecked soul who was

dragged out to hear me speak against his will. At other times it is put to me by youngsters who are phrasing their question to the best of their ability.

I do not believe in flying saucers for the simple reason that flying saucers do not exist. I believe in Unidentified Flying Objects for the same reason that I believe in atomic bombs: I have seen pictures of them and I have many sane and credible friends who have seen them.

*Have I ever seen one?*

No. But I'm still watching and hoping. It's only a matter of time.

### THE GHOST IN CRINOLINE

A WEIRD ghost story came to light during a recent court trial in Manchester, England. George Hesketh, 45, of Manchester, was suing the Pembrokeshire County Council for personal injuries which he said he suffered when he fell down an unlit stairway at a school under construction and fractured his skull. The Pembrokeshire County Council denied all the charges.

As an incidental part of his testimony Hesketh related that in August, 1955, he and his son, Roy, 23, had gone to Pembroke to lay floors in the school building. As the accommodations which had been promised them proved unavailable, Hesketh and his son were put up in an old mansion called Bush House at the

suggestion of the clerk of works.

On their first night in Bush House, Hesketh said, he and Roy saw the ghostly figure of a woman in crinoline on the grounds. They heard queer tapping noises.

Hesketh said there were no electric lights in Bush House and he and Roy used a paraffin lamp during their stay. On the second night the lamp was turned down four times and he and Roy had their jackets pulled off their shoulders. On the third night tapping noises on the walls and windows kept them awake and at 1:00 A.M. they returned to the school.

Roy confirmed his father's story and said he had told the clerk of works about their experiences at the time.

# *Fingers of* **FATE**

By Harold Helfer

Two years ago Bernard Haines parked his auto in the Germantown area of Philadelphia. The brakes slipped, the car rolled downgrade and crashed through a shop display window. The other day Mr. Haines again parked his car in the same spot. The brakes slipped again and the car went crashing through the same window.

A year after double wedding ceremonies had united two sisters and two brothers in Campton, Ky.—Mary Etta Cockerham was married to Paul Edward White, and Eva Cockerham was married to Calvin White—the Paul Edward Whites became the parents of a daughter and two hours later the Calvin Whites had a son.

In Madison, Wis., two boys born two and one-half hours apart have mothers with the same name—Harriet Jane Mueller. The families are not related.

R. L. Parks of Dallas, Tex., spent an entire weekend hunting but didn't see any game. As he

drove home a buck leaped a fence beside the road, ran headlong into the side of Mr. Parks' car, and was killed.

Grieving beside the body of his wife who had died only 20 minutes before, Joseph Rice, of Kearny, N. J., told his daughter: "I'm going with your mother." Then he collapsed and died.

There are 13 planks in the hallway floor and 13 steps on the stairs to the first landing in the house where Abraham Lincoln died in Washington.

Several hours after Robert Westman reported for duty for the first time as an Ottawa, Ill., fireman he rode to a fire in surroundings with which he was familiar—his own home was ablaze.

The first child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles St. John of Cheshire, Mass., was born on September 24, 1955. Their second child was born on September 25, 1956. Their third child was born September 26, 1957.

Mrs. Joe Boven of Grand Rapids, Mich., had 16 children; 12 daughters and four sons. Now she also has 16 grandchildren; 12 granddaughters and four grandsons.

The first prize in a New York City raffle, a Chrysler automobile, was won by Jack Chrysler, heir to the Chrysler fortune.

Shortly after Don Davis entered a Battle Creek, Mich., hospital he met his roommate—Don Davis. Both men, who are unrelated, were suffering from pulled back muscles.

In San Diego three strangers jumped into an auto to get out of a sudden deluge of rain. After a while two of them, Robert Gault and Dave Stotsky, realized they had been high school buddies 27 years before. Then the third person introduced herself—Mrs. Marion Gilmore, their former history teacher.

Richard D. Varner's wedding saved his life. The Navy radar technician was on leave, honeymooning with his bride, when the Navy plane on which he served crashed off Hawaii with all 17 lives lost.

Florence McDermott, who came to Washington to console her sister

whose husband had been killed in an accident, learned shortly after arriving in the Nation's Capital that her own husband had been killed in an accident.

As a highway department official prepared to mark it as closed to the public, a bridge at Bloomfield, Ind., which was built in 1883, collapsed and fell into the White River.

Thirteen years ago Mrs. Fay High of Santa Maria, Calif., gave birth to a baby at the town's hospital—It was the hospital's 999th baby. The next birth, No. 1000, received free hospital care and a layette, compliments of the hospital. Recently, Mrs. High gave birth to a daughter—the 9999th child born at that hospital. Newcomer No. 10,000 received free hospitalization and a layette.

A Tokyo policeman arrested a man picking a woman's pocket in a downtown store. He soon discovered that the reason the woman hadn't noticed the pick pocket was because she was so busy shoplifting.

Moments after paying his bill at a Stoneham, Mass., hospital, Max Weiner was hit by an automobile and brought back to the hospital.

# HARRIET HOSMER

## SCULPTOR and PSYCHIC

*By Eugene Grossenheider*

**The all-important key could not be found. Then this great woman sculptor's super-sense became active.**

**I**n Lafayette Park, in St. Louis, stands a large bronze statue of that stormy petrel of American politics, Senator Thomas H. Benton. It is the work of Harriet Hosmer, America's first great woman sculptor. Born in Watertown, Mass., in 1830, she led a long and singularly happy life. Although a genius of a high order, her days had few of the storms and stresses, the emotional Gethsemanes, so often associated with genius. As a child she showed a special gift for modeling in clay and, encouraged by an understanding father, a skilled physician, she studied anatomy and acquired a deep knowledge of the human form. Moving to St. Louis as a girl, she

became the protege of that great educator, Wayman Crow, one of the founders of Washington University. It was he who, with unbounded faith in her abilities, financed her long apprenticeship in her chosen art.

In 1852 she moved to Rome, in company with her friend Charlotte Cushman, the famous actress. There, for seven years, she was the pupil of the English sculptor John Gibson. Rome was the art capital of the world and she met such persons as Hawthorne, Thorwaldsen, Flaxman, Thackeray, George Eliot, George Sand, Hans Andersen, and the Brownings.

Her work is scattered through

America, England, and elsewhere. Besides the Benton bronze, St. Louis has the striking marble of Beatrice Cenci, that tragic figure of Italian history who captured the fervid fancy of Shelley. Beatrice is shown lying on the floor of her prison cell, in chains. In the St. Louis Art Museum is the snow-white figure of Oenone, mourning over the faithlessness of the Trojan heart-breaker Paris. In Washington University is a bronze plaque of Wayman Crow.

For the Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, in 1893, she made figures of the Queen of Naples as the heroine of Gaeta, and of Isabella of Spain. But her masterpiece is Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City.

Harriet Hosmer died in February 1908, at the age of 78, where she had been born in Watertown. Wholly dedicated to her art, she seemed to need no other love. In a letter to Wayman Crow, in 1854, she wrote; "I am the only faithful worshiper of Celibacy, and her service becomes more fascinating the longer I remain in it."

Along with her creative genius she had another, less well known talent which showed itself in a variety of ways, and at the most unexpected times, throughout her long career.

She could find lost articles by some kind of super-sense, when oth-

er people had ceased to hunt. However, this ability came only involuntarily and could not be called into service at will.

After her fame as an artist had been established, the number of her friends in America, Italy, England, and elsewhere became almost an inconvenience. On one occasion she was staying with Lady A., at her country seat in Scotland, when her special faculty proved of service to her hostess. Lady A. wore an unusual type of gold ring made especially for her. When taken from the finger it could be straightened out to use as a key. This key fitted locks in jewel cases, writing desks, and the door to a private room. One morning the lady, much disturbed, told Miss Hosmer that she had lost this key, and had all the servants searching for it. She asked Miss Hosmer to join the quest. Miss Hosmer went into the other room with her, and as she did so she saw, in a vivid flash, a mental picture of the key lying on a table in the apartment of the lady's daughter. Turning to her hostess, she said it was useless to look further, for the key was in her daughter's room. Lady A. protested that it could not be there, but being urged to look, found it where Miss Hosmer had said.

On another occasion, not long after, the same Lady A. could not find a certain small box in which

legal papers were kept, Miss Hosmer told her it was not in the house at all, but in a large lock box at a local bank. Lady A. would not believe this, so Miss Hosmer took it upon herself to go to the bank. She induced the clerks to open certain drawers, telling them what she wanted. They expressed doubt that such a box was in their bank. Nevertheless, Miss Hosmer was so insistent that they yielded, and instituted a rather long and troublesome search. All the while Miss Hosmer stood by and visioned the missing box in the very bottom of one of the large drawers, which the clerks brought to her in succession. At long last it was found, in the place where she had asked them to look first. Later, when she returned and told Lady A. that the box was found, her friend turned pale and said; "I believe you are a witch."

Harriet Hosmer also had foreknowledge of coming events. One evening at dusk, in her studio in Rome, she remarked to a friend, "I think I'll lie on the sofa and take 40 winks." But as she lay down she added, "I have a strong feeling there will be a carriage accident."

"Nonsense," said her friend; "you've already been asleep and have been dreaming."

A moment later Harriet did doze off, but in 10 minutes was brought to her feet, awake, by a great crash in the street under her window. The

carriage of the Princess Orsini, on her way to a ball, had struck against a pile of bricks in the gloom and overturned. Harriet, Hosmer turned from the window to her friend, saying, "You see, I am a witch."

One of her early experiences was of a very different kind, and strongly suggests a poltergeist. It occurred in 1851. On the afternoon of a summer day she had taken her horse and ridden out to visit an acquaintance. It was late at night when she started home, retracing her way along the quiet country road. The sky was clear and moonlight flooded the landscape. In a meditative mood, she let her mount move slowly. At one point, passing a rail fence surrounding a field, she noticed that one long rail, an extra, was leaning against the fence. Even as she looked at it, the rail rose up on end, moved around to the outside of the fence, and stood erect. Apparently, from her account, it was still in that position when she rode out of view. Reporting the occurrence in a letter, she stated that every feature of the scene was clear and distinct, and there was no other human being in sight.

Her vision of an apparition was perhaps the most striking of all the psychic experiences of which she left a record.

In Rome she had a maid named Rosa. After being with her for sev-

eral years, Rosa fell ill with consumption, and had to leave. But Miss Hosmer kept in touch with her and occasionally took her some small gift. One morning, during one of these visits Rosa said she would like to have a certain kind of wine. Miss Hosmer promised to bring it the next morning. Rosa was in a pleasant mood, and even seemed to have improved of late. Miss Hosmer, returning to her studio, was busy the rest of the day, and late in the evening retired in a calm frame of mind, locking the door of her bedroom as was her habit and setting a tall folding screen near her bed.

She awoke early next morning, and heard the clock in the next room strike 5:00. At that moment she was conscious of someone moving in the room, behind the screen. When she asked, "Who is there?" Rosa appeared before the screen and said, "Adesso sono contento; adesso sono felice." (Now I am content; now I am happy.) For a moment Miss Hosmer did not think this unusual. Rosa had often come into her room like that, and lately she had seemed to be much improved in health. But a moment after

speaking, the maid vanished from sight. Miss Hosmer sprang out of bed and looked behind the screen. There was no one there. She looked in the clothes closet and everywhere else. Then she tried the bedroom door. It was locked, and the key still in it. Then she realized she had seen a vision. Instead of going to visit Rosa that morning as she had intended, Miss Hosmer sent a messenger to inquire. He returned saying Rosa had died that morning at 5:00 o'clock. Later, Harriet Hosmer wrote, she related the entire incident to her friend, William E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England. As a member of the British Society for Psychical Research, Gladstone was intensely interested in all such phenomena.

A line in one of her letters shows something of a prophetic vein. The letter is dated May 10, 1861, at the very beginning of the Civil War, scarcely a month after the surrender of Ft. Sumter. The sentence reads, "Lincoln may be shot, Davis may be hung, but I pray God to watch tenderly over you." Davis was not hung, it is true, but history teaches us he missed it by only a small margin.



# Spirit Beliefs of

Burmese belief in spirits may not be entirely superstition—for Burma is a land where strange things happen.

By G. Edward Wiatt

BURMA is a mysterious country, a country where spirits (*nats* the Burmans call them) inhabit every house and tree and body of water. Burma is a country where strange things happen.

The first time I recognized the Burman's deep-seated belief in *nats* (rhymes with pots), was on a trip from Rangoon to the one-time, up-country capital of Mandalay, shortly after I arrived in Burma.

A student from the University of Rangoon where I was teaching English accompanied me. On our first morning in the city that Kipling immortalized my student, Ba Sein, took me out to the fabulous palace of the last king of Burma. He was the dissolute, cruel Thebaw, who gained the throne by having 86 of his blood relatives, in-

Carved from a teak log, this figure of a female spirit-nat stands within the grounds of the palace at Mandalay.



# Burma



Men and women were buried alive under the wall which encircles the moat of the palace at Mandalay. Their ghosts are believed to stand guard against intruders.

cluding all his brothers and sisters battered and choked to death or trampled by elephants — egged on, I might add, by his ambitious wife, Supayalat.

As we crossed the bridge spanning the lotus-filled moat and started to enter one of the 12 gates leading into the walled palace grounds, I stopped to examine the

carved gate-posts. I noticed that Ba Sein hurried through and stood some distance inside, looking ill-at-ease.

When I rejoined him I asked if I had unknowingly violated some custom.

“No,” he said.

“Then what’s the matter?” I asked. “You seem upset.”

After a bit of coaxing he told me this story. In 1858, when the capital was moved from Amara-pura to Mandalay, and work was begun on the new palaces, deep holes were dug where the posts for the 12 gates were to be erected, and 52 people, of both sexes, were buried alive. It was believed that their spirits would thereafter hover around the gates and attack anyone who entered with evil intentions toward the king.

I said, "After such treatment it seems more likely that the spirits would let such persons go through unmolested" — but Ba Sein did not smile. I twitted him a little about being afraid of ghosts, until I saw that it was no laughing matter to him.

"Well," I said, wanting to put him at ease, "we certainly can't be accused of having evil intentions toward anyone."

"That is right," he said solemnly, "but no one is ever safe from a *nat*."

A year later I had occasion to recall his words. Three of us, the English manager of a chemical plant, the Burmese physical education instructor at Rangoon University, and I were on a hunting trip in the teak country north of Mandalay. It was the fourth day we had spent pushing into the jungle.

Toward evening we came on one

of those *dhak* bungalows built by the English Government for use by travelling officials, or any white man who asked for permission in Rangoon, as we had done. We had been told, by the people of a village we had passed through that forenoon, that the bungalow lay in the direction we were going.

It was a good place to stop for the night as it afforded protection against the tigers that roamed the territory. So far we had seen plenty of tracks alongside streambeds, but that was all. However, we knew the big cats were watching us, even if we couldn't see them; and having a house to sleep in did away with the need for our native servants to keep fires burning.

After dinner we latched the door and windows and, as a further precaution against *dacoits* (robbers), we piled all of our supplies against the wall and spread our bed-rolls in front. Stretching out on our blankets we listened to some victrola records played by the music-loving Englishman, Bert, on a portable phonograph he had insisted on bringing along. The records were selections from his favorite light opera, "The Pirates of Penzance". After a while, feeling relaxed and drowsy, we went to sleep.

Early the next morning we were awakened by an agitated cook. It took us a few moments to rub the sleep from our eyes and grasp what

had happened. Incredulously we looked around in the dim light. There wasn't a thing in the room except ourselves and the bed-rolls on which we had slept. Everything else had vanished. Even our guns, which we had placed right beside us, had disappeared. Hurriedly we went to the door and examined it. It was still latched from the inside. The windows also remained barred.

We lifted the steel catch on the door and went outside. The sun had not yet risen, but there was enough light to see as far as a shallow stream about 50 yards away. Our supplies lay scattered in an irregular line from the bungalow down to the water's edge.

*Dacoits*, we thought. But how could they have entered and left the room through the barred door or windows? How was it possible for them to have carried off all our supplies without disturbing anybody? And why, in the name of sanity, had the robbers left behind the things they had troubled to steal?

We started toward the stream, checking the various items as we came to them and looking closely for foot-prints to give us a clue as to how many *dacoits* there had been. Our canned goods, mostly evaporated milk, were strewn along as if dropped from a broken sack. Strangely, every can was open, but they appeared to have burst

from the inside instead of having been hacked with the Burman's sword-like knife, the *dah*. A little farther on was a pile of our extra clothing. A pair of pants and a shirt had been extracted from the pile and laid on the ground in the form of a shadow-man, with a pith topee just to one side as if the head had been lopped off. The cook's pot and his few simple utensils were scattered nearby. Just beyond them were our guns, which we certainly never had expected to see again. The cartridges had been dumped out of their boxes, but a quick count showed none were missing.

Just then Bert caught sight of a square object at the edge of the stream. He started running toward it, shouting, "The blighters better not have hurt my phonograph!"

We followed him. The phonograph had been set up in the mud of the bank, with a record in place and the needle in the groove. Bert was about to walk out and pick up the machine when the Burmese teacher, Hla, said, "Wait a minute. There's something funny here. There's not a single foot-print."

We stared. There wasn't a mark around the phonograph. It was physically impossible to have placed the machine there, in the soft mud, without having left deep prints. It was impossible—yet there it was! There was not a mark

of any sort. My scalp prickled.

Bert retrieved his phonograph and we started back toward the bungalow. On the way down we had found no prints, but we had thought little about it as the ground was relatively hard. However, our own feet left tell-tale marks in the dust, so now we examined the ground minutely. Neither we nor our Burmese servants could find a trace of a print anywhere, other than our own. By now the servants showed their agitation. They were jabbering in Burmese. Hla said, "They claim it was a *nat*. They say this stretch of jungle is ruled by a *nat* called Shwe Pyingyi." (Later I learned that he and his brother-*nat*, Shwe Pyin-nge, were two of the most troublesome *nats* in Upper Burma.)

Hla continued, "The people in the village we passed through yesterday told them that an English official was killed in this bungalow last year. His servants, who were sleeping outside, heard a commotion in the house. They ran to the door with their *dahs*, thinking it was *dacoits*—but the door was locked. They hurried around to the side and broke in a window. There on the floor lay the Englishman, his eyes starting from their sockets and a look of horror on his face. He was dead. The *nat* had killed him."

Bert exploded, "Poppycock! You

can't trust these servants. Probably the poor blighter was killed by his own men for a few *rupees*."

"Our servants say the thing that saved our lives," Hla went on, with a level look at Bert, "is the fact that they placated the *nat* by leaving offerings at a shrine in the village. But apparently Shwe Pyingyi wasn't entirely satisfied, so he used his own method of warning us to get out of the territory. The men have got their wind up. They want to get out of here as fast as they can."

"Without waiting for breakfast, I suppose," Bert said, tartly. "Well, I'm not leaving until we eat."

Bert was the only one who had his usual appetite. The servants refused to eat at all. They squatted on their heels, looking around apprehensively as if they expected to see some fire-spouting thing come roaring down at them from the tree-tops.

We had been eating for a while in silence, each absorbed in his own thoughts, when Bert suddenly snorted, "It's a lot of nonsense!" He rolled up a ball of warmed-over rice and popped it into his mouth with his fingers, in the Burmese fashion. "When you're dead, you're dead," he said. "There isn't such a thing as a ghost."

Hla looked at him thoughtfully. No one answered.

The Burmans are convinced that all mysterious occurrences are the work of spirits. The belief in *nats* is practically universal throughout the country. Although Buddhism, the official religion of Burma, tries to discourage the propitiation of spirits, its attitude has had little effect on the widespread custom of making offerings to them.

Propitiation is a matter of daily concern to the Burman. He is not particularly disturbed if his worship at the pagoda has to be postponed, for no harmful effects will follow except that he sacrifices accumulating a little more merit. But he will let nothing interfere with his daily offering to the village *nat*, because if the *nat* becomes angry because of neglect, unpleasant results are sure to follow.

Every village has its *nat* shrine. It may be just a bamboo cage hung in a tree, with an opening through which the offerings can be placed inside — tiny water-pots, oil-lamps, bits of food. Or it may be an elaborately carved and decorated structure, with an image of the *nat* placed on a dais.

In addition to the village *nat* there is the house-*nat*, the *eing saung*, which also must be placated. Since he likes to sit on top of one of the posts supporting the roof, each post is covered with a hood of white cotton cloth, so he can be comfortable.

In almost every house you will find, on the verandah, a clay water chatty, with leaves of the sacred *tha-bye* tree floating on top. It has been given special potency by the village astrologer who has uttered magic spells over it. Every now and then the water is sprinkled around the house as a protection against the machinations of the *nat*. For it is understood that even though the people of the house treat the *nat* with all respect, such treatment scarcely makes him more kindly disposed toward them and he may, at any time, do them injury.

An *eing-saung* occasionally may do the householder a good turn, but the motive can hardly be called altruistic. If a robber creeps into the house in the still of night and is unfortunate enough to disturb the *nat* sitting above him on a post, the *nat* will send the *dacoit* running, scared out of his wits — if indeed the *eing saung* doesn't kill the man on the spot.

To ward off the house spirits *dacoits* carry talismans of gold or silver, tortoise-shell or bits of horn, inserted under their skins. Many famous robbers have long rows of these knobby protuberances on their chests.

All *nats* must be treated with just as much respect and consideration as those at home. Every tree may have, not just one variety of

*nat* but three — the Akakaso who lives in the tops of trees, Shek-kaso who resides in the trunk, and Bumaso who makes his home in the roots. There is Upaka who sits on a cloud and watches for a chance to swoop down and snap up some poor mortal. The Hmin *nat* shakes everybody he catches until they go mad.

Every stream and pool of water has its *nat*, so does every glade and rock and cave. These, it would seem, are nature spirits rather than disembodied people. But it is believed that all are ready to resent a discourtesy, even though unintentional.

A Burman, starting on a journey, hangs a branch of the *tha-bye* tree on his bullock cart or boat to keep at bay any spirit he may unknowingly offend. The hunter in the jungle will offer a bit of rice at the foot of an especially imposing tree he comes across to propitiate the *thi'bin-saung nat* who lives there. It is thought that *the le-pan* tree, from which coffins are made, is particularly favored by this type of *nat*.

There are *nats* of particular localities which become famous — perhaps notorious is a better word. In addition to the brother *nats*, mentioned before, there is the much dreaded *Tagaung* ghost who is said to be the spirit of an ancient king who acquired magical powers from

black arts learned in Northern India. Then there is *Maung In Gyi* who strikes fear into the hearts of those who live around Rangoon. His home is in the water and many a drowning is credited to him. Another spirit is *Maung Min Gyaw*. He was a great drunkard while on earth, so the easiest way to pass him unharmed is to offer a section of bamboo filled with rice liquor.

For a proper fee a *bedin saya* (sorcerer) will undertake to have a poltergeist-type of *nat* haunt the house of your enemy. You can find these *bedin sayas* sitting under the trees on the way to the famous *Shwe Dagon* pagoda in Rangoon. They are making mysterious marks in their little black notebooks and hoping that someone will come along who wants a house haunted or some other magic performed.

The spirits are invoked by obtaining charred pieces of wood from the funeral pyre of someone who had an unsavory reputation. These ashes are put secretly into the house to be hexed, accompanied by the recitation of certain *mantrams*.

Another student of mine, whose home is in the Irrawaddy delta, told me of a haunting of this sort. The victim was one *Maunk Kyaw*, the richest man in the village, owner of extensive paddy fields. He was outwardly a very pious

man who observed the injunctions concerning pleasure and fasting during Buddhist Lent, placed chat-ties of drinking water alongside dusty roads, gave alms to the *pongyis* (priests), and otherwise obeyed the letter of the Buddhist law.

But in spite of these meritorious acts he was the most disliked man in the district. He and his wife (they had no children) lorded it over the other villagers. He drove his workers and paid them as little as possible. He was quick to take offense at any fancied slight, and once angered he seldom forgave or forgot. He made many enemies, but no one dared openly oppose him because of the power of his wealth.

One night Maung Kyaw and his wife were awakened in their teak-wood house by a terrific battering on the galvanized tin roof. Others also heard the commotion and ran outdoors to see what was happening. Rocks were raining down like meteorites, hitting the roof and bouncing to the ground. But there was no place the stones could have been coming from. If anyone had been throwing the rocks he would have been clearly visible in the bright moonlight.

"It's a *nat*!" the villagers shouted; and they ran back into their own houses for fear that the *nat*'s anger might be transferred to them.

The next day Maung Kyaw had his servants carry several baskets containing rice, mangoes, and various additional gifts to the *nat* shrine at the edge of the village.

That night Maung Kyaw stayed awake, ordering his servants to keep vigil in the room next to his. Early in the morning the servants heard a terrific noise. They hurried into their master's room and saw him and his wife cowering in a corner while rocks the size of a fist pelted the floor. Since all the windows were tightly closed with wooden shutters it was obvious that no human agency could have been the cause. The servants took to their heels, followed by Maung Kyaw and his spouse.

That morning the frightened Burman went to Rangoon to consult a famous *bedin saya*. The sorcerer opened his lacquer box containing powdered buffalo horn, bamboo vials of cow urine, the eyes of the *toc-deh* lizard, and other wonder-working items. He selected a small, smooth stone called an *amadeh*, said to be found in the heads of black, "brain-fever" birds.

A string was tied around the stone and the *bedin saya*'s assistant was told to swallow it. Almost immediately the lad went into a trance.

The *bedin saya* said, "The boy is now possessed by a *nat*. We will question him and find out if he can help us."

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The *nat* told them under the south-east corner of the house were some ashes and charred pieces of bone. They were the ashes of a *dacoit* who had recently been caught and burned alive by furious villagers, in retaliation for the tortures he had inflicted on his victims.

"Who was it planted the ashes under my house?" Maung Kyaw asked.

The *nat* said he was unable to find out. The *bedin saya* who did it had thrown a cloak of secrecy around himself and the person who hired him. The reason seemed to be because of an injury that Maung Kyaw had done to someone.

After the stone had been pulled, by means of the string, from the stomach of the sorcerer's apprentice, Maung Kyaw was told to go home, sprinkle cow urine and red pepper at the south-east corner of the house, and dig up the ashes which were to be scattered on the Irrawaddy.

The rich Burman, after paying the *bedin saya* an amount that made him wince, returned to his village and did as he was told. That put a stop to the nocturnal rock-throwing.

The college boy who told me the story — a trust-worthy Burman who accepted the incident as matter-of-factly as he accepted his experiments in chemistry class — said that a marked change in Maung Kyaw followed. His work-





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nearly out of his senses, turned and ran. He ran blindly, to get as far away from the *nat* as possible. On the outskirts of the village of Paukpogu, several miles away, he fell to the ground exhausted. When he was discovered the next morning he just was able to gasp out his story before he died.

The villagers now keep their distance from the hollow, though more than one person, returning to town late at night, has caught a glimpse of the *nat* dressed in his flaming red costume.

As a result of several fires that broke out in the village, the local *bedin saya* said that the smith was angry because the people were not showing him the proper honor. To placate him, each year every fire in the town is extinguished and re-lighted from a brand ignited from the *nat*-fire. The villagers are convinced that if anyone should fail to do this his house will burn down within the year.

Undoubtedly the Burman's belief that *nats* lurk everywhere, waiting to do mischief to those who offend them, causes the Burman to assign a spirit agency to many things readily explained by more natural causes.

But there is still a large residue of occurrences in this mysterious land that defy explanation on the basis of known laws. Burma offers a fertile field for study.

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## A CHAT WITH THE DEAD

By Mary A. Davis

**I**N NOVEMBER, 1910, my sister, Ellen, fell so seriously ill that we despaired of her life. As we were unable to obtain a nurse, a cousin and I took care of her. My cousin took the night watch and I stayed with Ellen during the day.

Across the street lived a couple by the name of Clark who were close friends of ours. The husband, Steve, also was very ill at the same time and we had been very careful to keep this knowledge from Ellen. No one entered her room except the doctor, my cousin and myself. In fact she had been in a sort of coma for some time and had not been much aware of anything.

Early one morning I was sitting beside Ellen's bed when she began to talk in a low tone, with her eyes closed. She said, "Hello, Steve, what are you doing here?" I heard no reply but Ellen seemed to, for she said, "I am sorry you have to go, Steve, we will miss you."

She then carried on a conversation of which I heard her side only; she answered questions and asked some. Whoever she was talking to seemed to be urging her to go with

them, for she finally said, "No, Steve, I would like to go—it sounds lovely. But I can't leave my children; they are little and they need me. Good-bye, Steve, and good luck." Then she gave a sigh and seemed to sleep.

A short time later she opened her eyes and looked at me with the first sign of recognition I had seen for days. She asked, "Why didn't you tell me Steve was dead?"

I stammered, "Why he isn't dead—what made you think that?" We had not had any news from outside the house that day.

Ellen said calmly, "I know he is dead; he was here a few minutes ago, talking to me. He said he had to go away, and he wanted me to go too. I would like to have gone but, I couldn't leave the children."

I said desperately, "Why, Ellen, you have been dreaming—you were asleep." She said, "No, I wasn't asleep; I saw him. He sat right here on the foot of the bed and talked to me. He was wearing his brown suit with a pink carnation in his buttonhole. He looked wonderful."

I called the doctor and he came and talked to us. He had been over at the Clark house across the street.

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Steve had died during the night. He was laid out in a brown suit with a pink carnation in his buttonhole, slipped in by his wife.

Ellen recovered and lived a long and useful life, but if I live to be 100 I never will forget her chat with the dead.—*San Francisco, Calif.*

**A ROMP WITH LEONA**

By Eudoxie Escalle

As told to Faith Kennedy

**I** WELL REMEMBER the year 1930 when my twin sister, Leona, and I were six years old. Playing tag, hide-and-seek or climbing trees had been the favorite pastime for Leona and me. We had so much fun together and we had been such pals. Work, too, was so much easier when Leona and I did it together.

Leona always had been frail, however. I think Mom let us stay out-doors so much in the hope that fresh air would make Leona strong. But her hope was in vain, for that winter the doctor told us that Leona would have to go to the T. B. sanitarium. The doctor said that it would be for a few weeks, or a couple months at the most, but the months dragged into a year. To me, time stood still as the days passed and Leona failed to return home. The companionship of my sister had meant much to me.

One day I was helping Mom with the washing. Mom had gone over to a neighbor lady's house and had asked me to hang up a basket of clothes. About half way through the basket, I went into the house to get a drink of water. When I stepped into the kitchen I saw Leona standing there.

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"Why, Leona, what are you doing here?" I asked.

"I came because I wanted to see you," she answered.

I thought she looked beautiful and I told her so. "Gee, and you're standing up, too!" I exclaimed. "Can you walk?"

"Sure," Leona laughed. She came across the floor and put her arms around me. "I feel just fine. I'm so glad to be home and out of that old bed. Come on, let's go outside and play!"

Play we did, and we had all the fun seven-year-olds can think of. We ran across the field and even climbed a tree or two. Finally we were breathless and lay down on the grass to rest.

I suddenly remembered the clothes I had left in the basket. I told Leona about them and added, "Gee, we better get back and hang them up before Mom gets mad at us."

We jumped to our feet and fairly flew back to the house and the clothes lines. We laughed and joked as we hung up the nearly dry clothes. Then I saw Dad approaching.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "I've been looking all over for you."

I answered, "Leona and I were playing."

Dad's voice sounded strange when he said, "You and Leona were playing?"

"Why, yes, we were." I stared at Dad as I saw that his eyes were red from crying. "What's the matter?" I asked. "What has happened? Leona, come here, something is the matter with Dad!"

I turned to where Leona had been hanging up the last of the clothes

and saw she was gone. I called to her again, but there was no answer.

Dad put his arms around me. "Leona couldn't have been here," he said gently. "The sun is hot and you are imagining things. Leona is dead. The hospital just called us."

I did not believe him. Leona had returned home. I really had seen her—and I have many times since.—  
*San Bernardino, Calif.*

### BREAD, FIGS AND BABA

By Viola Murray

ONE EVENING in 1915 darkness was gathering outside our shabby but respectable old house in Butte, Mont. This house stood out from others because of a large verandah that ran across the full length of the third floor. There were no stairs leading down from this verandah, but perhaps in its day of gaudy people called it a balcony.

In a small airless room on the third floor, my 10-year-old sister, Ange, and I lay huddled together, whimpering from fright and hunger. Ange was the beauty of the family, with large brown eyes that went with perfect features and long brown curls that reached to her shoulders. I was a skinny child of five years, my only asset a mass of reddish-brown ringlets that tumbled about my head.

"Baba," as we called our father in our Lebanese language, had died in the spring of that year. Our small and dainty mother now had to work to support us.

Mama did beautiful crocheting and tatting. She would work until late at night, making dainty caps and crocheted lace for pillow slips. In the morning she would go out

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● A Fifth Avenue shop recently advertised bracelet charms recommending a little pig for evil eye protection.

● In Northern Morocco a bride is placed in a box after the wedding, and carried to her new home as protection from evil eyes.

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and sell this handiwork from door to door.

Earlier this particular evening, Mama had told Ange and me she was going out to deliver an order to one of her customers, then she would have money to buy us good things to eat. She promised to be back before dark. But as darkness deepened and Mama did not return we became very frightened.

We finally fell asleep from exhaustion. Suddenly Ange awoke crying out, "Baba, Baba!" She said she saw our father walk across the verandah and into the room. Mama came home shortly afterwards and Ange sobbingly told her what had happened.

"Mama," Ange cried tearfully, "I dreamed of Baba. I am sure Baba

was here in the room with us. He came to me and asked why we were alone. He was angry that his little ones were hungry and frightened. I told Baba that you went to collect some money from a lady so you could buy us bread and other things to eat, as we were hungry, but you promised to be back before dark."

Ange continued, "Baba told me to go up into the attic and find his old black overcoat. In one of the pockets he said I would find a 'bread roll' and a package of dried 'figs.' I was to share them with my sister. Baba said they would satisfy our hunger until Mama got back. Then Baba walked out the door and across the verandah and disappeared. Then I woke up."

Mama was hurt to see us so



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frightened. Tenderly stroking Ange's curls, Mama explained to us that perhaps Ange had just dreamed. "Everything will be all right now my little ones. Come and see what I brought you to eat."

But Ange would not be consoled. She pleaded with Mama to go up into the attic and find Baba's old black overcoat. Mama finally gave in, not because she thought we would find the "bread and figs," but because she couldn't stand to see Ange cry.

Crawling up the ladder with us kids trailing close behind her, Mama searched through the trunks of clothes until she found the overcoat Baba had described to Ange. And there, in one of the pockets, was a "bread roll and a package of dried figs."—Portland, Ore.

## BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER

By Lonnie E. Legge

**J**IM DANIEL, of Logan County, W.Va., joined the Army early in 1917, and was among the first of the A.E.F. to arrive in France. His letters at first came regularly to his girl friend, Darlene Mastin, then they stopped entirely.

Darlene continued to write for some time, not knowing that Will Daniel, Jim's older brother, was intercepting their mail. Will also was in love with Darlene. He finally faked a telegram, stating Jim had been killed in action. Showing Darlene this telegram, he played so cleverly on her anguish that she agreed to marry him.

Will and Darlene were married in October and all went well until Christmas Eve, 1917. Darlene, who was preparing supper, heard the

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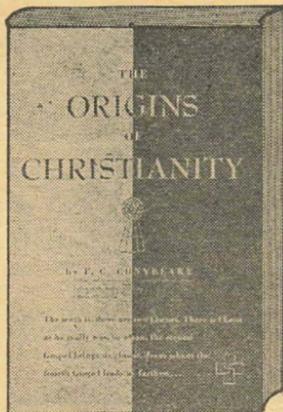
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front door open and recognized Jim Daniel's voice saying to her husband, Will, who was sitting in the living room: "I know what you have done to Darlene and me and I have come to kill you as you deserve."

Darlene knew that mountain people weren't in the habit of speaking without meaning what they said. She realized that Will either had made a mistake or deliberately had lied to her about Jim's death, as Jim was back home and seemed very much alive.

There was a blast from a gun and Darlene ran into the front room just in time to see a man in uniform go out the door. Will lay dead on the living room floor, a hole in his forehead and a look of disbelief in his dulling eyes.

How long Darlene stood rooted to the spot, staring down at her dead husband, she never knew. A brisk rapping on the front door brought her back to reality. Opening the door she saw a boy with a telegram. It was from the War Department and read: "To William Daniel: . . . Regret to inform you that on December 21, 1917, your brother, James Daniel, was killed in action in Germany. . . ."

The murderer of Will Daniel never was apprehended. There was no trace of anyone, other than the Western Union boy, ever having been there that night. No gun ever was found and it was proven that Will Daniel never had owned a gun. Darlene insisted that the ghost of the wronged brother had returned after death and done the killing. Of course, the law took a dim view of this explanation.—*Lewisburg, W. Va.*



## NEW BOOKS

PARAPSYCHOLOGY, Frontier Science of the Mind, by J. B. Rhine and J. G. Pratt. Charles C. Thomas, Publisher, Springfield, Ill. 220 pages, \$4.75.

Several years have passed since the group of experimenters at the Duke Parapsychology Laboratory published a popular report dealing with this subject. This new volume recapitulates much said before, but it clarifies the methods and summarizes the main facts derived from the experimentation of the past 30 years. The side effects of the experimentation, which also have produced evidence for extra-sensory perception under secondary examination, add further proof of the validity of the research if that were needed. So also does the scrutiny and repetition of the Duke results at other universities.

Of psychological interest to the observer is the report of the undeviating negativism on the part of a certain section of the scientific world to the results achieved at Duke, London, Utrecht, and elsewhere.

New directions of the research are noted in a chapter entitled "Psi

Research and Other Related Fields." This describes the impact that this research is making in such fields as psychiatry, medicine, anthropology, physiology, biology, philosophy, and its linkage to religion.

The testing for psychokinetic effects with dice is well described and should stimulate many to experiment in this direction.

The research is now studying the psychology of the good subject more adequately with the end in view of preventing the decline in scoring which has accompanied many of the test procedures.

Where is the Duke research going? This question is answered by the description of new experiments. Attempts are being made to discover psi effects upon protozoa, bacteria and other small forms of life. Can psi affect the growth of plants? Still other experiments are devoted to testing the homing abilities of birds and animals. Direct extra-sensory effects on dogs and cats also are being explored.

The Duke laboratory is doing a great deal to encourage the reporting of spontaneous psychic experi-

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ences, which are filed and studied. A great deal is being learned from such experiences as to conditions conducive to ESP.

Anyone who wishes to experiment in the field of ESP, to investigate physical psi effects or to be brought up to date as to the state of affairs in this field should purchase and study this book.—*Edmond P. Gibson.*

**THEY RODE IN SPACE SHIPS**, by Gavin Gibbons. Citadel Press, New York, 1957. 217 pages, \$3.50.

This very readable British import is authored by Gavin Gibbons, whose previous work was *The Coming of the Space Ships*. The bulk of *They Rode in Space Ships* consists of little more than a recounting of the narratives of Daniel W. Fry and Truman Bethurum, both of whom claim to have established contact with beings of other worlds. The author expresses his belief that these accounts are "most convincing, told by two obviously sincere men."

This reviewer found little in Gibbons' book which already has not been published in the American-produced *The White Sands Incident*, *Alan's Message To Men of Earth*, both by Daniel Fry, and *Aboard a Flying Saucer* by Truman Bethurum.

The author's logic can be examined after he related that Fry felt a prickling sensation when near the "space ship." "Here is pretty conclusive evidence that his story is true," Gibbons observed. "How often the witness of a Flying Saucer has had strange feelings before he has seen one? George Adamski had strange premonitions, and Stephen

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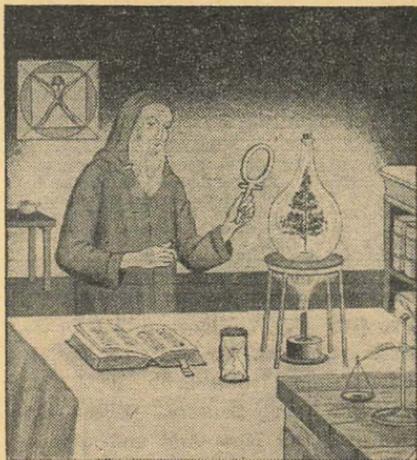
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Darbishire, who 'snapped' (a UFO) . . . had a queer feeling the whole morning and an urge to climb the fell."

In relating Bethurum's account, Gibbons records his own belief that flying saucers "as well as coming from other planets, can come from other dimensions, and have the ability to change from one dimension to another. Can it be that people from other dimensions and their activities, are not only the basis of spiritualism, but are indeed what we call spirits?" And when Bethurum claimed he was told that the "halo you see about the planet (Mars) is made of air and dust," the author explained that this was "probably referring to Mars in another dimension."

Gibbons, however, deplors the "lunatic fringe among Space Ship enthusiasts. Although these people are quite harmless in themselves," he opines, "they do a great deal of damage to the movement as, nearly always vociferous, they repel ordinary people from the subject of Flying Saucers owing to their extreme and unlikely views. Very often this phantasy increases in direct proportion to their lack of education and general knowledge."—*Max B. Miller.*

**SELF-SUGGESTION**, And the New Huna Theory of Mesmerism and Hypnosis, by Max Freedom Long. Huna Research Publications, P.O. Box 875, Vista, Calif. 117 pages, \$3.00.

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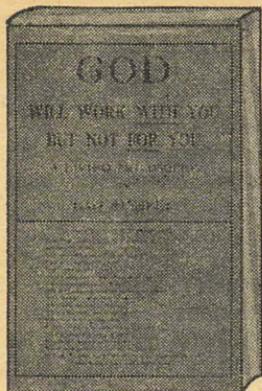
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Much stress is laid on generating Mana, mainly by breathing. Broadly, it may be said that the Middle Self is shown how to give orders to the Low Self, and "pray" to or through the High Self.

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Both its philosophy and its techniques I strongly commend to your attention. After studying it, I feel you will want to study also the earlier books.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

PRIMITIVE RELIGION, by Paul Radin.  
Dover Publications, Inc., New York 10,  
N. Y. 325 pages, \$1.85.

An attractive new paper-bound edition, this comprehensive work by Paul Radin is an attempt to describe briefly the religions and the religious experience of aboriginal peoples. The author states that he "has made it his main purpose to present the religions encountered in simple societies, in such manner that the reader will be in a position to understand the individuals and the forces that have been at work in fashioning the basic expressions which religion has there assumed."

The author examines carefully three specific aspects of primitive religions: the nature of the religious experience itself, the varying degree to which individuals possessed it, and the extent to which social-economic forces shaped the basic religious ideas.—*Chester Geier.*

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

## FLASHES IN THE SKY

On December 15, 1957, I left my home in Roseville, Mich., to drive to South Bend, Ind., where my father was very ill in a hospital. It was night and as I took the Ohio turnpike I noticed that the stars were shining brightly.

Suddenly there was a brilliant flash in the sky. Within a few minutes there was another flash, and from the same direction. I assumed the flashes were made by meteors or shooting stars.

By the time I reached the end of the Ohio Turnpike there were several more flashes in the same vicinity. When I paid my toll charge, I asked the attendant if he had noticed the meteor display. He told me he had been busy and hadn't looked up.

I next took the Indiana Toll Road, driving at 65 m.p.h. The time was almost 11:00 P.M. Suddenly I saw another flash, but instead of disappearing the light became brilliant orange fire and dropped toward the ground.

I involuntarily stepped on the brake—there were no other cars near me. I visualized flames leaping into the air as the object struck the ground. But as time passed and no flames appeared in the distance, the incident became more mystifying.

The next day I searched the South

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## ORIENTAL MAGIC



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Bend *Tribune* but found no report of the phenomenon. When I returned to Roseville I mentioned what I had seen to a friend. She told me of having seen in a Detroit paper a report of a flaming orange flying saucer dropping into Lake Erie on that particular date.—Mrs. *Margorie Royster, Roseville, Mich.*

## COIN-SHAPED OBJECTS

In the summer of 1947, while watching clouds in the sky from my bedroom, I saw six coin-shaped objects. At first they looked like six pennies. They went out of sight, moving not too rapidly.

Since that sighting I have moved into a home of my own near Mercer Airport, Trenton, N.J. One night in the summer of 1957 I was sitting outside, watching planes landing and taking off. I saw a light appear suddenly in the sky. It looked like a star but it was moving slowly. It made no noise.

I am an amateur astronomer and watch the stars and planets, but on this night, although the sky was clear, I did not have my binoculars with me. I ran to get them and returned outside only in time to see the light go out as if it were a light bulb that had been turned off.—*Tom Bevan, Trenton, N.J.*

## FROGS ON THE LAWN

The article, "The Day It Rained Frogs" recalled to my mind a pleasant June day about 71 years ago, when I was 17 years old, when it rained frogs.

One of those sudden thunder showers came up and it rained hard. After the rain I went out on the lawn and saw tiny toads hopping

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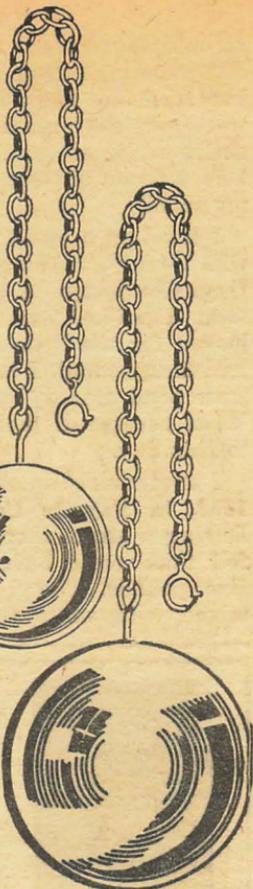
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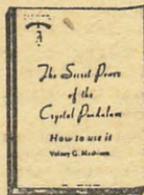
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all over it. I caught several of them and examined them closely. I never had seen any frogs like them. They were a bright brown color and very active to be so small. I could have held a dozen of them in the palm of my hand.

I lived on a small farm in Kanawha County, W. Va., about six miles from Charleston. A couple of hours later I walked over the lawn and looked for the little frogs, but they had disappeared. I looked even in a little pond nearby, but saw no frogs. What became of them is a mystery to this day.

I encountered another mystery in 1892, in Fayette County, W. Va. During a storm there chunks of ice fell that would have weighed some five pounds. The ice chunks were mixed with white flint gravel and

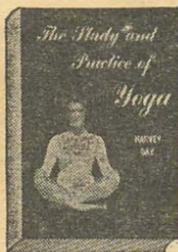
sand.—*Lewis F. Forberg, Kent, Ohio.*

#### SEEDS FROM SOMEWHERE

The article, "The Day It Rained Frogs," in the May issue says, quote, "Possibly the falls, whatever their cause, have been used by nature since time immemorial to spread living creatures about the earth—and certainly besides small fish, frogs and the like they could include seeds, spores, eggs and the young of many kinds of animals." End of quote.

I live 17 miles from Savannah, Ga., on a small farm. One day last February, after a hard rain, I noticed seeds all over the ground. I picked up about 30 and put them in a jar. I still have them.

I planted a few in a hotbed I had

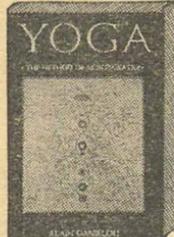


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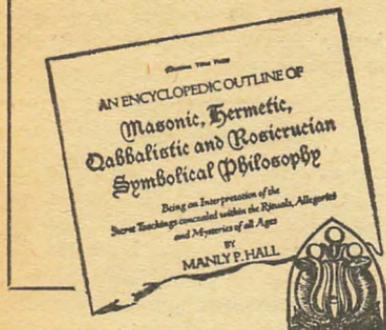
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at the time. The seed is in the shape of an oat, but much larger. It is gray in color, has ridges on it and is very hard.—*Douglas Turner, Bloomingdale, Ga.*

## "I'M OVER OIL"

The article on map dowsing in the June issue of FATE causes me to recall that several years ago an old man came to our laboratories and asked us to build for him a portable electropsychometer (an instrument that registers psychical responses on electronic meters) so that he could determine if it provided a more scientific dowsing medium than a forked stick or the like. We complied, and the old man came to try out his instrument.

He immediately obtained a sharp registration in one of our lab rooms. He had an oil "activator" on him (a small bottle of natural crude oil) and he reported, "I'm over oil right here."

I amusedly related this incident to one of my mechanics, who gave me a startled look and said, "Come down into the basement and I'll show you something."

I went down and found that a 50-gallon drum of lubricating oil stored there somehow had sprung a leak and had flooded the basement directly under the room in which the old man had obtained his sharp electropsychometric "oil" registration!

But the big pay-off came recently, several years later. Half a dozen oil companies are fighting for control of this specific Los Angeles area, since their geologists now state that in this district is one of the state's greatest untapped oil pools. They wish to drill for it in

our lab area.—*Volney G. Mathison, Mathison Electropsychometers, Los Angeles, Calif.*

**CORRECTIONS**

I have been reading FATE for about five years and like it quite well. I am writing to tell you someone made a "boo-boo" in the article, "Reaching Toward Infinity." The writer didn't reach nearly far enough and should have checked the accuracy of his figures.

Electricity and light travel some 186,000 miles per second, not 86,000 miles per second. This makes the figure 2,712,096,000 miles for the distance light travels yearly equally wrong. The distance light travels

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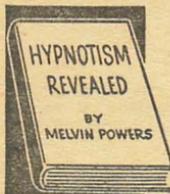
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yearly is some 5,865,696,000,000 miles.—*Charles E. Bryant, Albany, N. Y.*

I do not suppose that I will be the first to bring this error to your attention. The figure of 86,000 miles per second for the speed of light is incorrect.

Using 365.25 as the number of days in an average year and 186,324 miles per second as the accepted value of the speed of light, we obtain 5,879,938,262,400 miles in one light year.—*Fred R. Bear, Yucaipa, Calif.*

On page 36 of the April issue Therese Neuman is reported to have said she was born on April 9, 1898, a Friday. For your information, April 9, 1898 was a Saturday, not a Friday.—*H. Droge, Garden City, Mich.*

The story, "And The Japs Came," in the June issue states that the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor at 7:30 in the evening. This is wrong, for as I recall the Japs bombed Pearl harbor at 7:50 in the morning.—*Marvin Katz, Bronx, N. Y.*

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I learned the "art of dowsing" in a very painful manner. I was digging wells for a farmer at Birds Hill, a few miles east of Winnipeg, Manitoba. I had dug three without a sign of water and, since the matter was becoming too costly for the farmer, he paid me up on a Saturday evening, about \$300.

I was staying until the following Monday, when I was to return to



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Winnipeg. On Sunday morning, while sitting outside in the sunshine, I suddenly got the idea to try dowsing for water with a willow fork. I cut a small thin fork and held it as I had seen others do. As I climbed a large pile of big stones in front of the house, the willow fork suddenly shot straight down, right in the middle of the pile.

I thought the fork had been stretched too much and cut another to make sure it was no fluke. I cut a big fork but did not trim it well, leaving sharp points at one end. I climbed the stone pile once more and at the top the willow fork turned down sharply, the points digging into my thumb. I decided that the water was close to the surface and gave 20 feet as the depth.

"All right," said the farmer, "we will move the stones. If we don't find water, you will pile them back."

My feet got very cold and I decided to pack and be ready to leave in a hurry. The drill went down 14 feet and nothing happened. At 15 feet we pulled the drill and water spurting into the air. I got another \$25.

I still have a scar in my thumb from that carelessly trimmed willow fork. Since then I have trimmed carefully and have found lots of water.—*Herbert H. Wilkins, New Westminster, B.C., Can.*

### FINK CASE THEORIES

The article "Fourth Dimensional Homicide" in the May issue of FATE has aroused my curiosity about the explanation. The recluse laundry man, who lived in fear of robbery or attack, was shot to death

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in his locked apartment with no sign of an intruder having entered or left. Police experts could find no solution after years of investigation.

It is possible that a clever hypnotist committed the crime, using some unknown, powerful method of suggestion.—*Ross L. Bralley, Galesburg, Ill.*

My explanation of the mystery in "Fourth Dimensional Homicide" is that Fink was shot by a vengeful spirit, probably the spirit of someone he had wronged or had caused to die. Fink set the stage for his own death and the spirit that was after him seized the opportunity.

According to the article Fink closed and locked the front door. The other door already was closed and the windows were closed. Then Fink pulled down all the shades and switched off all the lights.

Anyone who knows how a room is arranged so that spirits may enter and appear will recognize that here was a perfect setting. Fink's terrified outcry, heard by the lady next door, indicates that a spirit did appear, that Fink recognized it and knew what was going to happen.—*Conrad H. F. Creuz, Jacksonville, Fla.*

This may be the solution to the "Fourth Dimensional Homicide:"

In the years 1927-29 the late Mr. Ashton-Wolffe, formerly of the French Surete, wrote a series of articles, based on actual crime cases, which appeared in *The American Weekly*. One of his articles dealt with just such a "locked room" murder as in the Isadore Fink case. It was concluded that the murderer

had remained hidden inside the room until the door was opened from the outside and several persons gathered around the victim. At that moment the murderer slipped unnoticed from his hiding place, mingled with the shocked crowd and left without causing suspicion.

As to the motive in the Fink case, the criminal might have read Mr. Ashton-Wolffe's article. He might have wanted to prove that he could get away with a clueless murder—and indeed has done so thus far.—*Otto Meinecke, Burbank, Calif.*

#### FATE'S THOROUGH COVERAGE

I was very pleased to see the thorough way in which FATE covered the Air Force vs. Keyhoe television incident. I also was relieved to learn that the failure of the sound portion of the program was not censorship in the true sense of the word, although I do think CBS made a sad mistake.—*Frank J. Crawford, Spirit Lake, Idaho.*

#### ANOTHER STRONG IMPRESSION

On page 120 of the April issue of FATE is a letter, "A Strong Impression," which I consider most interesting. I also have had a strong impression about Sibelius. I do not remember the date on which it happened, but it was about 10:30 A.M. I was busy with a household chore when suddenly the word "Sibelius" popped into my mind and seemed to repeat itself over and over.

I felt it was something I should know and I decided it was the name of a song, or a piece of music. It began repeating as "Jan Sibelius," but still meant nothing. I was disgusted with my lack of knowledge.

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I thought of the name a great deal that day and the next. Then I heard over the radio that Jan Sibelius, the great Finnish musician, had died.—*Dorothy Griffin, Oakland, Calif.*

### AIDED BY UFO'S?

Regarding Frank Edwards' article, "Why Shoot the Moon?" in the May issue, I wish to remind the readers what, according to the newspapers and a lengthy article in the New York Times Book Section, was the main reason for sending so many expeditions to the Antarctic.

It seems that our early A-bomb tests were aggravating an over-weighted ice condition there—so severe that the earth had begun to slip from its axis. It was feared that future jolts might cause it to flip completely. Frantic scientists bombarded Washington with telegrams. Tests were postponed. Heated debates ensued over ways and means of breaking up the ice without accidentally causing a flip.

Since most of us weren't on the expeditions, we'll never know exactly what happened. Obviously most of the information must remain classified. But we do know that Project "Earth Flip" (if such it was called) suddenly was dropped from the news and forgotten. A- and H-bomb tests were resumed; so it is natural to assume that the earth's dire situation mysteriously was brought under control. I believe we owe the UFO's a tremendous debt of gratitude. At least, that's the way it reads in my records. Their obviously superior intelligence makes them more qualified to engineer such a delicate feat than our most

brilliant scientists.—*Karla Dorn, Smithtown, N. H.*

### "GHOST SMELLS"

I have had a couple of experiences with what I call "ghost smells." My wife and I once lived in a house where we distinctly could smell bread being toasted in the middle of the day when this was not being done either by us or by an old lady who lived in another part of the house.

In the house where we live now I distinctly have smelled tobacco smoke at a certain time in the evening. The odor appeared in the bedroom and was noticeable only for a few minutes before vanishing. The former occupants of the house were two men, both of whom smoked. One of them is dead and the other now lives at another address. Several years have passed since they lived here. Neither my wife nor I smoke.—*Leon Brittell, Moriah Center, N. Y.*

### THE ASTRAL CIGAR

The transportation of the material into the astral and back again is a problem I have been working on for a considerable time.

A while back I had a dream in which I was given an excellent cigar—a luxury I cannot afford as the duty on them these days is fantastic. In the morning my wife awoke and asked, "You been smoking? What a smell of stale cigar!" She was right—there was an odor of cigar smoke, and I smelled of it, too. But there were no cigars in the house and I had not had one for months.—*J. P. J. Chapman, Parkstone, Dorset, England.*

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